The Loco Issue Vol. 3 No. 7 September 2002

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## **MONTHLY AND FREE**

NASTYON

THE RUMOURS

Punk Rock Short Story Contest Winner 2002

Ron Jeremy The Makers Morning Maker SnowJam Danzig Big John Bates Good Riddance

MR. UNDERHIL

SPEED TO KILL

MAG FOR FREEDOM'S S





now under new management

Sundays / SicksOhFore Sundays - Live Underground Hip Hop Mondays / Spicy - Top 40 Tuesdays / Licensed to Chill - Ambient, Down Tempo, Chill Out, Lounge Wednesdays / Wasted - Fresh Urban Music presented by Concrete Streetwear Thursdays / Transformer - Tony Ezzy vs. The Fembots - Funk Fridays / Live acts

Saturdays / Block Party - DJ Avi Shack spinning Old School Hip Hop, Funk & Disco



sunday	ronday	Tuesday	wednesday	thursday	rriday	saturday
1 GOOLF SUNDAYS Body Language (UCG Breakers)	<sup>2</sup> Spicy	3 DEFEC DO OIII	4 LUDEE AUUERTO (Funk. Jazz, Groove)	5 FRAILS FORMER Tony Ezzy & the 100th Monkey Crew vs The Fembots w/Tamara Nile	6 FIDGITAL w/ guests (Live Electronica)	7 BLOCK PART DJ Avi Shack and Guests
8 <b>GOAL</b> SUNDAYS Team Diamond (Lazy B, That Foo'a)	° Spicy	10 DO DO AMBIENT LOUNGE	11 Concrete streetwoar presents: 1715730 THE NEW SOUND OF OLD SCHOOL W/DJ NOODLEZ	12 FIFTER FORMER Tony Ezzy & the 100th Monkey Crew vs The Fembots w/DJ Lush of MotorBooty	13 Thiest w/ guests (Live Electronica)	14 BLOCK PAR DJ Avi Shack and Guests
15 <b>GOAL</b> SUNDAYS SUNDAYS Slugfest & Scratchzilla (children of the Matrix)	16 <b>Spicy</b>	17 DBBBBD DD Gill AMBIENT LOUNGE	18 Concrete streetwysr presents: 	19 FRANK FORMER Tony Ezzy & the 100th Monkey Crew vs The Fembots w/Gabrielle Martin	<sup>20</sup> Smaq U2 Magnus Glen Garinther	21 BLOGK PAR DJ Avi Shack and Guests
22 GOAL SICTSOHFORE SUNDAYS Ty-C (UCG)	23 Spicy	24 (D) C) Ambient Lounge	25 Concrete streetness presents: 17715720 FUNKY BEATS WITH DJ JAALA	26 FRANS FORMER Tony Ezzy & the 100th Monkey Crew vs The Fembots w/DJ Ariel	27 J.C.O.S The Occidents Crew w/ guests (Live Hip-Hop)	28 BLOCK PART DJ Avi Shack and Guests
29 GOAL SURDAYS Sweatshop Union	30 Spicy	31 (1991)990 b) C) AMBIENT LOUNGE				





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# Nervous Response A

Once.... a long time ago I discovered I was a reasonably clever person with an average amount of talent, a couple of good ideas and an above average amount of luck. I guess I was in the right place at the right time. I suddenly found myself a somewhat famous young artist. I felt I had earned it, paying my dues for weeks, even months as a relative unknown. A famous old artist said to me that a famous old artist once said to him that "art is what you do between breakfast and dinner"

Fuck you, famous old artist, I said. Fuck you and your famous old artist ideas about what art is and isn't. I have art dripping out of my asshole, art spewing from my armpits and spraying out of my dick, while you lounge around in your squishy middle-aged body and tell me to turn it on and off like a french fry machine. Art is what I breathe and shit and eat and how dare you say it can be an "occupation"? Fuck you. Fuck you and your middle class middle aged complacency towards your calling and your god given talents.... he famous old artist just smiled wisely at this 20 something pre-generation-X-post-pepsi-generation know it all that was once me.

Art gave me everything. Art gave me a blowjob in the back of a bar and free Jack Daniels and a stupid haircut... an ability to live outside of regular society, without starving to death. Art got me a table at Earl's... and picked up the tab. Art made me smug and opinionated and rewarded me for it... I've watched the art scene gasp for life. I've seen the young artists with far more talent struggle to the surface of the pond, only to sink again, I've come to realise just how lucky I was then and have been ever since. People pay me their hard-earned money for boards with cartoon characters painted on them. Explain that without using the phrase: dumb fucking luck.

So what do I think of art? I think it's a bullshit game of craps with dice loaded by some chubby snake handler in a party dress and smeared lipstick somewhere, and I thank my lucky stars each and every day that he's loaded them to come up double sixes.

So, you may ask... is art really what you do between breakfast and dinner? ...only if you can afford to eat, my friend.

12 Midnite

Really? Art gave you some head in the back of a bar? Jesus, I'm in the wrong racket. Fuck this shit, get me some pencil crayons! Ed.

ED NOTE: Last issue, Casey Bourque did not write the Spitfire/Racket review. I don't know who did, but it wasn't her. Sorry Casey B.!

Whole Lotta Zero VII Here are two simple steps to increased popularity-Bathe more -Talk less. Cowboy Zero

UNCENSORED viewer discretion advised, enjoy! Cussin'

Adler Floyd recorded a moment when the cameras weren't flashing... Ed. The one thing that I will never forget about that night happened right after the after party. It was 3am, Cowboy Bob and I stood outside the Templeton on Granville St. getting ready to call it a night. We noticed Ron about 25

feet away leaning on a yellow sandwich

board that pimped the 24hr porn joint just



behind him. As the store's vibrant colours illuminated Ron's simple shape, we could see his eyes gazing into the dark sky. He stood there, alone, without an expression on his experienced face, just staring into nothing... maybe thinking of something or perhaps not. Maybe he was saying to himself, "what the fuck am I doing?" Who knows, but at that moment, what we saw was a man like you and I, not a celebrity. A man that goes through life one hour at a time without counting his seconds. *Adler Floyd* 





EXTURE FUN MAGIC



# A Fork in the Path of Apathy ... and a boot to the balls of Puil!

If you do nothing else in your life as a member of the Vancouver civic electorate, make it this: eviscerate George Puil in November. Ram the most humiliating loss in history down the head of the Lollipop Guild's throat... and do it because it's the right thing to do. How Satan's little gardener managed to take a break from hurling poo at the citizenry and stain the ballot with his name is an absolute anathema to this little civixen. People, he threw poo at you! And he laughed while doing it! So go right now to your calendar, put a HUGE circle around November 16, 2002 (it's a Saturday! No excuses!) and make a note for yourself that this is the day you exact a chode-blistering revenge on the cretinous piece of garbage that fucked up your life (and mine, and that of countless seniors, students and small business owners) for 4 months last summer and then "apologized" to you by flinging POO at your heads during a parade! Crush him, my pretties - I command you!!!

The day before the election, November 15, I urge you to phone all your friends and reminisce about how long it took the scars on your feet to heal (I still have marks from mine) during the transit strike of 2001. Remind them that not only is it their duty the next day to rip the power from Puil's gnarled, megalomaniacal claws, but what a joyous day it will be in Nerveland when our favourite political love muffin, Brian Salmi gets to take his rightful place at the council chambers in his South Park t-shirt. And even if Puil disappears in an ignoAttorney General Stephen Rogers than a reality-impaired homunculus like putrid Puil. At least with Rogers we'd have a mayor that rides a motorcycle (see page 6 in the Funarchist accessory catalogue)... I'm not naïve enough to think Rogers will win (or even run) but what is clear to everyone is that Puil and mayorapparent Jennifer Clarke are just two ends of the same old boy [network]... Puil obviously being the end from which the poo comes. (Jenny-wenny being the end from which the fucking over comes, as Mayor Owen is no doubt painfully aware).

#### What the fuck kind of electoral paralysis are we in if we let a glad-handing sack of shit like Georgie-boy have even ten seconds more in a position of power?

minious cloud of twigs and sheep shit (or should I say 'lawn fertilizer'), I am here to tell you that as a new resident of Kits Point myself, I will hex his every doddering step in my neighbourhood (and I might even water his front walk when I know the overnight lows will be dipping below zero). I have a voodoo doll and a book of curses from New Orleans and I am not afraid to use them. Black magic ain't so black when it's used to rid the village of the villainous little troll that has been stinking up City Hall for lo these many moons. As a wise man once said, "this town needs an enema."

What the fuck kind of electoral paralysis are we in if we let a glad-handing sack of shit like Georgie-boy have even ten seconds more in a position of power? I'd rather hand the reins of my city over to a former Socred like ex-

#### no fun city featuring special guest speaker! WHY I LOVE MY WORK BY-IN NEWFOUNDLAND, A TWO-TIME CONVICTED CHILD MOLESTER IS SATAN! SUING HIS PRISON BECAUSE. DESPITE BEING A SMOKER UNTIL 1988, HE BLAMES THE SECOND-HAND SMOKE THERE FOR HIS \* LUNG CANCER! civel + musual (125340 IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS REALLY-FOR INSTANCE. POOR LITTLE DANGEROUS JUST WAIT TIL HE GETS OFFENDER- THE PRISON TO MY PLACE ... ENVIRONMENT WAS JUST TOO HARSH FOR HIM! WHY DOES THAT MAKE SATAN SMILE? BECAUSE-THE PROVINCE- JULY29/02

It's up to you how much you want to know about the people that run your city. If you're okay with fucked-up Christian agendas sup-

planting the real needs of the Downtown Eastside (I want to see some Rastafarian preachers in Oppenheimer Park – now there's a religion with a shitload more relevance to those people, dontcha think?), if you don't mind your candidates sucking up to the malevolent cultists of \$cientology (how could you, Nancy Chiavario! Shame!) then just stay home and keep your head down and hope that when the poo is hucked, it doesn't bounce off the person next to you. But remember what Edmund Burke said: "all that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing."

Ye On a personal note, I'd like to say thanks to Mark Schultz for doing me a real solid when I needed it. Some people might not think a loan of \$2 for the bus is a big deal, but when the person you're meeting at the other end is the world's most famous porn star, I'm here to tell you that's \$2 well-spent. You made some truly freaky digital photos possible, so I owe you one, Markie. *civixen@thenervemagazine.com* 

Atomick BLAST

#### 9-11, Stirring the Bullshit Stew Again

It looks like the 9-11 bullshit stew is going to a boil again. I never really liked the smell of that stew and could never digest such a distasteful pile of crap. As the first anniversary approaches the bird cage liners and other mainstream media outlets are increasingly talking about it. The Province is asking people to send their memories of Sept. 11<sup>th</sup>. Well, I doubt they will publish it -they don't like the truth... but here's mine. That morning I get up late, go for coffee at the Blinding Light!! Café. As I enter I notice that a CBC news broadcast has replaced the usual eclectic music. Lowerbars something

That morning I get up late, go for coffee at the Blinding Light!! Café. As I enter I notice that a CBC news broadcast has replaced the usual eclectic music. I overhear something about towers collapsing. Elizabeth, the radiant barista asks if I know what happened. I don't. She tells me the story and concludes by saying that, already at this point she believes that the Americans did it to themselves. I can not believe her

As the time went by, it became apparent that she was right. The facts are piling up as quickly as the towers' debris. The truth is oozing out through the cracks into the mainstream. More people are skeptical and that's because so many glitches in the plot are blatant to the point of being hilarious. We're talking about huge mistakes that can't be explained at all. Someone's gonna ask questions and the only plausible answer would be "euh, I dunno, I think we fucked up..."

But before we get to the funny bloopers part, we need to understand the background, at least a bit. Why would some leaders, pretending to represent America as the savior of the world and the ambassador of democracy and freedom (pause and laugh here), recklessly organize or conveniently let organize the killing of nearly three thousand of their own people? Well, it seems that those leaders –Bush, Cheney and the rest of that clique- are absolutely insanely power mad and have an unquenchable thirst for money, big money, all the money in the fuckin' world. And even then, that's not enough, so they invent money that does not exist. Think Enron, the greatest corporate accounting scam of all times and, as we know now, only one amongst many. And where is the biggest money in the world? It's in gold, oil and of course, the drug trade. Oh my God, the GOD Mafial The Bush clique, which from this point on I will refer to as the GOD Mafia, can't resist the smell and they must have it al... and they plan accordingly. They won't tolerate any competition. If you get in the way, zap. you're history.

Incy mast nare names pair may plan teep interpretent of the plan of the pla

way. They must go. The Taliban, founded by the CIA and instrumental ally in Washington's quest to oppose USSR a few years ago, has somehow become an enemy that must by zapped from the planet, in the name of Good vs. Evil. More crap. But the GOD Mafia faces a problem.

Since America is a liberal democracy (to an extent), they require the support of enough of their citizens to go around the globe and play bullies. Since it's not there, it must be fabricated. How? They need something huge and shocking. Wow! How convenient.

O.K. The Bush administration has found a lot of convenience in the events of Sept. 11<sup>th</sup>. It did gamer popular support for the new War on Terror. It also conveniently allowed them to get rid of a major obstacle, our basic rights and freedom. Zap, they're gone. Only for five years they promise? From professional liars? I don't think so. Then they bring in crazy banan arepublic antics such as secret military tribunals and execution and jailing people they don't like for nothing. They are now going clinically insane in their explanations of what causes terrorism... such as smoking pot, painting your face and other stuff that doesn't make any sense at all. They use the War on Terror as their little personal war on everything they don't like. Everybody's in on it, the CIA, the FBI, the DEA, the Pentagon, as well as a bunch of completely balless wimps such as Canada and Britain.

Their addiction makes them so eager to carry out their agenda that they tend to rush too much and butch the job. They incredible amount of mistakes in 9-11 tells it all. Here's a small fraction of the bloopers:

the bioopers: -Who will come up with a plausible answer to the fact that the impact was so intense that the flight recorders disappeared (they're indestructible) but they fund one of the hijacker's passports, made of paper, amid the debris of the towers??? -For 50 minutes, while 4 planes were lost, they somehow forgot to scramble fighter jets always ready to do so as soon as a plane is high jacked. And by the way, they also forgot to tell the President. I guess he knew anyway... -Why would a bunch of Pentagon officials hap-

-Why would a bunch of Pentagon officials happen to cancel all their travel plans, for security reasons, the day before?

They didn't give of fuck when Russian intelligence notified the CIA that 25 terrorist pilots were specifically training for missions involving hijacked airliners.

 - Ódigo, an Israeli spying company, had an office near the World Trade Towers and received a two hour advance warning of the impending attack so that they could get the fuck outta there. Two hours means the warning was sent before the

THE PROVINCE JOETAST

# PUNK ROCK SHORT STORY CONTEST WINNER!

Congrats! to Chris Walter, winner of our first annual Punk Rock Short Story Contest. Chris takes home a lovely ice cold keg of beer.. and a BIG thanks to all the submitters (note to the guy who sent the balls between the ass while lying face first on the floor pic... didn't help va, pal.)



by Chris Walter

Business was blooming. Or to be more precise, business was bloomers; used ones, that is. Cheryl used her website, www.pantysniff.com to fill custom orders for previously-worn underwear and ship them all over the world. The way she looked at it, was if a buncha pervs wanted to pay good money for her crusty gitch, who was she to argue? After all, in Japan the pervs could buy smelly panties from vending machines. It was a good racket; simple, too.

Reading a computer printout of her latest orders. Chervl saw that her best customer, Jeff from Red Deer, had ordered yet another pair of fragrant undies. This was the second pair this month, and it seemed no sooner had she shipped Jeff one order than he would place another. Was the horny slob eating them or what? Shaking her head in wonder at the folly of male obsession, she stuffed the printout into the pocket of her leather jacket and headed down the stairs. Today, as any other, the living room was crowded with punk rock waifs and their stinky dogs, all flat broke, hungry, and thirsty. The inquisition began immediately:

"Gotta smoke, Cheryl?"

"Hey, Cheryl, do ya still wanna buy my Operation Ivy EP?" "Cheryl, can I have that leftover slice

of pizza in the fridge?"

"Do ya wanna buy some weed?"

Nothing ever changed. Welfare was on Wednesday and all cops were assholes. "Take the pizza," said Cheryl. "And stick around, Stacy and Donna the Dead, I'm going to the store, and I'll need yer help when I get back." She kicked a beer can from her path and left the punk house. Outside on the street, her spirits lifted. The sun was shining today, and although neighbours glowered fiercely at her, Cheryl did not allow them to sully her mood. Until she had started selling undies on the net, she had been just as pathetic as her roommates; subsisting on welfare cheques, small-time pot deals, and the occasional act of larceny. Now her situation had improved so much she was even considering moving out of the house. But she was in no hurry, and truth be told, she actually enjoyed her status as punk queen of shit castle. Grinning as if she had just talked her way onto Citizen Fish's guest list, she flipped a loonie at a panhandler and entered the discount clothing store. The sales clerks nodded to Chervl as she made her way to the lingerie department.

By now the staff knew that the girl with purple hair was not shoplifting, and had even loosened up enough to joke with her: "Washing machine broke at your house?" or "I know, you want a pair for every day of the year!" Cheryl just smiled and went about her shopping. As usual, most of her customers wanted either white or black nylon bikini panties, but there were also several specialty orders. Of six orders, three were for white bikinis; one for black; with one large white cotton brief and one red thong rounding out the pack. Quickly she selected the items she needed and took them to the cash register. A bemused clerk rang them up.

"Running low on underwear again? she asked with a smirk.

"Something like that," muttered Cheryl. If this store wasn't the cheapest she would shop somewhere else.

Back at the house, not much was happening. Derry had stopped by with a case of beer and was already regretting it. "Shit, don't you fuckers have *anything*?" he asked, handing out yet another cigarette.

"Nope," said Donna the Dead lighting the smoke. "But I should have some cash soon. I think my roommate needs some help."

Cheryl studied the printout and frowned. There was a small problem. "Any of you girls on the rag? I got a special order." She waved the pair of white cotton briefs.

Stacy and Donna the Dead both shook their heads in the negative. "'Fraid not, does this mean ya don't need us?" Donna asked apprehensively.

"Oh, I can probably use you, but I wish one a youse was on the rag. Now what am I gonna do?" said Cheryl. Her eyes scanned the room, resting in desperation on Derry's scraped knee. "What did ya do to yer knee?" she asked.

Derry glanced down at the fresh wound visible through the hole in his jeans. "Aw, wiped out on my skateboard on the way over. Stupid old lady stepped right in front of me!" He scowled at the memory. Moving fast, Cheryl crossed the room

and pressed the crotch of the panties tightly against Derry's scrape, rubbed it briskly to encourage blood flow. "Yowch!" shouted the wounded skater,

tearing Cheryl's arm away. "What the *fuck* do ya think yer doin??"

"I need blood. Play yer cards right and I'll buy the next case of beer."

Derry considered for a moment. The case he had brought was almost gone. "Okay, but I want at least four of 'em." Nobody was going to play him for a chump.

"Sure thing," agreed Cheryl sopping up the blood she had coaxed to the surface. Considering she got \$25 U.S. plus postage and handling for each pair of discount knickers, four beers was the least she could do. Satisfied the panties were sufficiently stained, she turned to Stacy and Donna the Dead. "Come upstairs in a few minutes. I have to take a few pictures but then you can have the panties," she told them, deciding to keep only one pair for herself. The number of orders she received ensured that the majority of the work had to be farmed out. There was no shortage of gitch, but she had, alas but one pussy.

In Red Deer, Jeff anxiously awaited the mailman. It had been two weeks and still nothing. Trying hard not to panic, he downed the last of his Yoo Hoo and squinted desperately down the road. He knew he should be out plowing the back 40, but he had convinced himself that it would be okay to take a little break to wait for the mail. Now, he sadly acknowledged, it was time to get back to work. "Are you still here, Jeffer??" called his

mother from the kitchen.

"Yes, Mother," said Jeff, rising wearily from his chair. He picked up his empty bottle and went into the kitchen. His mother was preparing a small pot roast for the evening's meal; tomato soup in a casserole dish with a chunk of beef and an onion.

"Have you given any thought as to what we were talking about?" she asked without looking up.

without looking up. "Yes, Mother," sighed Jeff. "But I already told you, I'm not interested in Betty Lou, she's just not my type. I wish you would quit playing matchmaker. I'll get married when I'm darn good and ready." He pulled his baseball cap down further on his head and prepared to leave. How could he tell his mother he liked 'em wild?

"I just wish you could find somebody already. You're almost forty. By the time your father was your age we had three children." She chopped an onion. Chop, chop, chop.

"I know, Mother, I know," said Jeff with one hand on the doorknob.

"By the way," said his mother with teary onion eyes. "A package came for you yesterday. The mailman was late."

Jeff stopped dead in his tracks. "A package? Why didn't you tell me yesterday! I've been waiting for this!"

His mother opened a drawer and passed him a bulky envelope. "I forgot, what's the big deal? Are those the new seeds we've been waiting for?"

we've been waiting for?" "No, something else," mumbled Jeff as he quickly untied his boots. This was a matter that could not wait.

"That back 40 has to be plowed today!" his mother called as he went up the stairs.

Locked safely in his room, Jeff sat down at his computer desk and opened the package with trembling fingers. The first thing he pulled from the envelope was a letter with a Polaroid photograph, stapled to one corner. On the photograph, a girl with purple hair and many tattoos and piercings modeled a pair of white corton briefs. Jeff inhaled sharply as his cock began to swell. He read the letter:

It's just the beer talking.

Dear Jeff,

When I get hot I think about sitting on your face and how good it would feel to have your tongue up my bloody hole. Yours in heat,

Nancy

Jeff almost came. Looking closer, he saw that the crotch of the panties was indeed bloodstained. His cock strained upwards harder than a Liberal budget cut He could barely contain his excitement as he reached into the envelope and pulled out a Zip-Loc baggie. Inside the baggie were the delicious panties, which he slipped over his head, fisting his cock frantically as he did so. The rust-stained crotch was directly in front of his nose the coppery scent of blood mixed with FDS filling his head. Unable to hold back any longer, he fired a ropy blast onto the computer monitor, nearly hitting Nancy's photograph resting against it. The room spun as he forward, utterly slumped drained Minutes passed before he found the energy to clean up. "Jeffery!" came his mother's voice

"Jeffery!" came his mother's voic from downstairs.

"Yes, Mother! I'm going out there in a minute!" he shouted, dumping a handful of soggy Kleenex into the wastebasket. But going back out to the field was the last thing on his mind. The time had come to put his plan into action. Taking a packed suitcase from his closet, opened it and added the items from Nancy's package. His longing for the punk temptress was a wild beast clawing at his chest; her panties were no longer enough to satisfy him. Fortunately it had been simple to hack into her post office and find out who had rented the box. He even knew Nancy's real name, but even more importantly, he knew where she lived. Picking up the suitcase, he went down the stairs and out the back door to his truck. His mother's strident voice echoed in his head as he drove away: "Don't be late for supper!

The party was in full swing and the punks were taking no prisoners. Toad, pissed to the tits and unable to keep pace, crawled away and tried to hide under a bed. His party mates rewarded his efforts by smearing his head with Neet and filling his pockets with cat shit. Sam said maybe the cat shit was going a bit too far, but Roid reminded him about the time Toad had stapled him to the floor and left him for the police. Besides, there was a strict rule at the house: Don't pass out with

your boots on. Upstairs, Derry and Cheryl were making the animal with two backs. As Oxymoron thundered up through the floor and rattled bottles on the table, they grunted and heaved themselves over the top into orgasm. After resting briefly, Derry wiped his cock on Cheryl's sheets and slugged back a warm Lucky Lager. "So, how's the mail order business goin'?" he asked by way of pillow talk.

Cheryl slipped on a pair of white silk panties for a cum-filled custom order. "Can't complain," she said, realizing it was *her* beer Derry had guzzled. "But your booze-stealin", dick-wipin' ways ain't making me too happy. I'm gonna hafta send ya to the liquor store." As far as part-time boyfriends went, Derry was cock on a codfish.

Loud shouting followed by a slamming door drifted up from below. Every good party had at least one fight.

"Wonder who got the boot?" said Derry pulling back a *Misfits* flag and looking out into the front yard. "Hey, who's this fool?"

Cheryl joined him at the window. A heavy-set middle-aged man with a ripped T-shirt and a baseball cap lumbered across the yard and got into a pickup truck. With a gnashing of gears, the truck rolled away.

"What the fuck was that all about?" wondered Cheryl.

"We might as well go see, we're outta beer anyway," said Derry searching the room wistfully.

The party was taking its toll on the house. Broken bottles littered the floor and water trickled down the hallway from a broken toilet. Roid and Sam were all fired up from the tussle at the door. "Some asshole just tried to push his way in here! We had to give him a few lumps to make him go away," said Roid. He paused to dump beer down his throat. "He wanted to talk to some girl named Nancy. Who the fuck is Nancy?"

Cheryl's heart thumped alarmingly. Only customers from the website knew her as Nancy. "Beats the fuck outta me," she said.

The next day, the party was winding down. Other than three tweakers smoking crystal in the kitchen and a small knot of die-hards, armed with yet another big plastic jug of vodka cackling madly in the back yard, the show was over. Derry and Cheryl sat numbly on the sofa working on a six-pack of wine coolers.

"Shit," said Cheryl. "I haven't even checked my website for three days. I'm probably swamped with orders."

"How much you paying them skanks fer stinkin' up them panties, anyway?" pried Derry. He wished he was a girl so he could get in on the action. He had pussy envy.

"Those 'skanks' are my friends, you fuckin'—"

The phone rang, loud and shrill, like an angry teacher.

"Jesus," said Derry covering his ears. "That phone is hurting my head!"

Cheryl located the phone under a pile of empty beer cans. "Hello?" She spoke for several moments then hung up. "That

see Contest on p. 11







www.theoldripper.com



f you live in Vancouver and consider yourself a true frequenteur of the live rock 'n' roll scene and claim not to have seen or heard of The Rumours yet... you're a liar! Vancouver's newest all-girl rock 'n' roll incarnation have played somewhere around the Lower Mainland pretty much every other week(end) since their first gig back in April of 2002. It's almost impossible NOT to have caught them recently opening for your favourite local band. And if they haven't, at the rate they're going, they will be pretty damn soon. Anyway, this is what they recently had to say for themselves.

The

Rumours

Nerve: State your name and position.

Just Janelle: I play guitar. Louise: I sing. Kim: Drums Melissa: Bass

Nerve: You are obviously a new band to the When did you start Nerve: So what's next for writing?

The Rumours?

**Band:** Action figures!

Louise: Technically, Janelle and I started about 2 years ago.

Janelle: More like 4... a 'born in the living room' kind of thing. But we only really became a band 6 months ago, when Kim joined.

Nerve: Where was the first gig?

Melissa: At the Cobalt, where many first gigs are.

**Nerve:** New bands often get compared to other bands right away. Who have people said you sound like?

All: No Doubt. (all laugh)

Nerve: Really?

Janelle: We hear the Runaways a lot.

Louise: One time I got "a female Danzig"

Nerve: There aren't really that many all-girl bands in Vancouver, if any at all right now.

Do you feel you've received a lot of attention because of this?

Louise: Possibly. But I think we have a lot of energy on stage because we have so much fun. That's what most people mention to us, not so much that we are girls, but that we look like we are having such a good time on stage.

Kim: I think we fill a void, too. Something that Vancouver doesn't have yet.

Melissa: There aren't any all-girl bands. I mean, there's bands like Operation Makeout and Superchild, you know, a lot of girl/guy bands, but...

Kim: There aren't that many girl drummers.

Janelle: Yeah, they're hard to find.

Louise: Especially cute ones

Kim: And that's all that matters!

Nerve: Well, the singer from the Makers seemed pretty impressed with you. What did he say?

Melissa: You were fantabulous! (all laugh)

Kim: Those were some good jeans. Actually, he was very well dressed. We don't have enough, cool... guys. There aren't enough guy bands who just go all out like that. Most of the Wet Coast guys are like, "give me my

jeans and tshirt..

Nerve: I think it's the transi-tion from the tail end of the grunge fashion into the

new... part glam rock, part old school rock 'n'roll and punk fashions. People are paying attention to what they look like on stage again.

Kim: People go to see the live show, right .... It's not just about the music.

Janelle: You need to entertain

Kim: It's about everything. About how you move, how you look

Nerve: So what are some of your influences?

Louise and Janelle: I think we're all all over the place.

Melissa: For me, Blondie, The Runaways, Joan Jett. Nicki and The Corvettes

# Speed to Kill

Nerve: All right, who am I talking to?

Jason Corbett: Singer and guitar player. Wes Regan: I play bass. I also play Sega Dreamcast. Rob Chursinoff: I'm the drummer. (Absent: Kelly Nordstrom, guitar)

Nerve: The drummer: They always bring along the drummer: Jason, you and Wes used to play in the Saddlesores together:

Rob: Wait a minute... I played a couple gigs with them.

Nerve: Did he?

Jason: Yeah, he played a few shows.

Nerve: You've all know each other for a while then?

Rob: Jason and I went to high school together.

Nerve: Ok, so how did Speed to Kill come to be?

Jason: Well, Speed to Kill is what I've wanted to do in music since I was about 14, but never had the right situation. I was always playing with other people and doing other things, and after being in the Saddlesores for a number of years, I got enough recording equip-ment together to start writing more and I learned everything I didn't want to be with the Saddlesores as well as things I wanted to do, so it was a good learn-ing experience with a positive and negative. So then, when I played my demos for Wes, he said he'd play those songs with me and was going to leave the Saddlesores, so I left the Saddlesores because [The Saddlesores] had kind of reached a plateau... then Rob said he was interested in playing as well, and we'd known each other for a long time so I wanted to make sure we had a group of people who really got along.

*Nerve:* You guys played together in the Saddlesores for how long?

Wes: I played in the last two years of the Saddlesores.

Nerve: So there's a lot of stage experience together for you two. Is there a lot of difference now, playing in Speed to Kill as opposed to The Saddlesores?

Jason: Well, the vision I started out with was that I wanted to get a bunch of guys together to play my songs, but now it's sort of flowering more and we're taking on more of a group approach... to convey my lyrics

Nerve: You are the main songwriter for the band?

Jason: Yeah, but we finish the songs together. More and more there's more contribution by other members of the band... which is good. Collectively, we combine all of our experience to be a better band.

Nerve: What has the reaction been from your old fans, to what you are doing now?

Jason: Well, I really kind of scared at first, because I didn't know how people were going to take it... me being kind of [formerly] the focal point of a cowboy punk band ... I thought a lot of people were going to hate what I was doing, but so far the response has been really good. People seem to be diggin' the sincerity of the songs. They're exposing a deeper side of me, that's for sure, lyrically.

Nerve: How did you decide on the name for the Rand

Jason: Speed to Kill was a ... I'm heavily influenced by David Lynch and Barry Gifford (who wrote Wild at Heart, later turned into a film by David Lynch), and there was a chapter in one of his books called 'Speed to Kill.' And every time I looked at it, it meant something different: time to kill, speed to kill, fast, the drug speed... it was a name I thought could mean different things to different people.

Rob: And we sometimes race cars with each other when we are drunk.

Jason: I have a Mustang and he has an Isuzu Trooper, and he usually beats me... so that tells you how talented a driver I am. (all laugh)

Nerve: Jason, you mentioned when we were talking before that the name sounds like a metal band and,



being a new band, doing shows with out any recordings, did you get people confused by that? Surprised?

Jason: I think once people see the show, they understand the name more. There's more of a technical precision that we practice towards, while still staying a bit loose... so some people might suspect [we're heavy metal] but the name, after you see the band, kind of falls away.

Wes: After the first show that we played at the Pic, a lot of people told me that it wasn't what they were expecting. But, they liked it. That was kind of the bottom line

**Rob:** For the record, we don't advo-cate speeding and killing people...

Jason: Speak for yourself, Rob. (all

Nerve: The current closer to your set is a song called Speed to Kill. It's quite a dramatic song.

laugh)

Jason: It's our heaviest song ... and there's an element of -

Nerve: Could you play that song anywhere else in the set?

Jason: I don't think so ...

Wes: No, because we usually end up smashing all our gear and walking off the stage bleeding.

Rob: The rest of the set is 'Gay Rock.'

Wes: That's a term Rob's coined

Jason: It used to be 'Runway Rock n' Roll,' but we're going all the way into 'Gay Rock.' Really, it's a song about frustration, and somehow it conveys itself in the music and by the end of that song we usually end up beating the hell out of ourselves

Wes: It's a great release... a lot of the songs are a really good release, but that one in particular... I don't know... we plan not to record it. We went into the studio and were thinking about it but we opted not too.

Nerve: Who are your influences these days?

Jason: Well, Wes and I were just talking about this earlier today, when we were on tour with the Saddlesores, [what] we were listening to... I really like the new Dandy Warhols record — how they melded pop music with rock 'n' roll — they are real-ly clever songs, but they still maintained a sense of integrity. I think Cheap Trick did that on their first couple of albums as well. We listen to a lot of Queens of the Stone Age ...

Wes: The Clash.

Rob: David Bowie. Even though we may not sound like those bands, their influence is in there

Jason: I think that after playing in kind of a shtick band, it made me feel challenged to write songs that band, it made the reel challenged to write songs that could stand on their own as songs where people could say, "hey, I like that song." Not because we were wearing a cowboy hat and a sparkly outfit, but because that song moved them. We really work on

Rob: Jason doesn't like this one, but I've heard The Cult, early Cult.

Jason: Maybe Cult Love, Cult Electric is a little too AC/DC sounding, but Cult Love, where they were a little more psychedelic ... I can hear that a little more. I like to look at us, in terms of song writing and

We definitely need more live venues... but I think that the number of live venues really reflects how much people want to go out to see a live band. There would be more venues if people were going out to support [bands]

> arrangements, as if Cheap Trick were around right now in their twenties like us, and were starting out right now. We're more along those lines. The lyrics are not so light-hearted, though. I just came through a pretty serious breakup after about seven years. A lot of these songs were about my infidelities leading up to the break up and dealing with that and a lot of guilt.

> Nerve: It's been what, six months since the band has been together

Jason: Since about February.

Rob: Our first show was April 11<sup>th</sup>.

Wes: Thing are really steaming ahead.

Nerve: Are you recording anything right now?

Jason: We just finished recording at Mushroom studios and partially on our own on a Mac. It was just mixed and will be mastered this week... 5 songs with maybe a different edit of one of the songs.

Don't make me come over there and

get meteorological on your ass.

#### Nerve: What else is on the agenda?

Wes: Basically we're gonna take the next few months and promote the band. Shop the demo around. We're really going to focus on letting people know about the band

Nerve: What are you thoughts on the live scene in Vancouver right now?

Jason: We definitely need more live venues, not to sound redundant, but I think that the number of live venues really reflects how much people want to go out to see a live band. There would be more venues if people were going out to support [bands].

Nerve: What do you feel is the current direction right now

Wes: It looks like there is more activity. Better bands are beginning to crop up. It's different that it was a while ago. Not as much shtick music.

Jason: The calibre of bands has really has really gone

Wes: I noticed more of a cohesive dialogue between people in different scenes and genres of music... more communication, more people out that you wouldn't have expected to see at a show. The scene seems to be getting better, but we do need more venues. We lack a good medium-sized venue.

Jason: I remember when I moved back here when I was 19, the Town Pump (which is now Sonar) was pumpin'. There were lineups down the street. And then, when it closed, everyone was like, "aw, man, I can't believe it closed. I used to go there all the time, it was so cool." And sure, but did you forget the last two years where there were fuckin' tumbleweeds rolling through there and a bunch of hippie bands? Because no one was going there.

Wes: I think the scene will inevitably build itself up when it's ready.

Nerve: Living or dead, your ultimate 3 band lineup. Go

Jason: Stooges, Ziggy Stardust-era David Bowie, and Cheap Trick, around '78

Wes: Marvin Gaye, just before he died, late 70's era... also, Cheap Trick, and Aphex Twin.

Rob: I'd like to see The Cure, The Police and Van Halen from the first record era

Jason: I would have liked to see the Clash as well, in the London Calling era.

Wes: WAIT! Revision here. Because Richard James would probably just be playing an i-Mac on stage, I'm switching my answer to Mötley Crüe... right around the time Live Wire was released.

A.D. MADGRAS











Aliens Vs Predator 2: Primal Hunt Developer: Third Law Interactive Publisher: Fox Interactive/Sierra Platform: PC Rating: Mature Web: avp2.sierra.com

Primal Hunt is the first and hopefully only expansion pack to last years hit Aliens Vs Predator 2. I am a big fan of the Aliens/Predator universe, but when I see a rushed, below-par product that shouldn't have been released, it pains me. For starters, the graphics have not been tweaked at all. AvP2 looked better. I have always liked the Lithtech grphx engine and have been supporting their products ever since Blood2, but for some reason this engine is just too happy-bright for this franchise, even the original AvP (*Rebellion*) had more creepy atmosphere. Anyway, apparently PH has a plot, must have missed it, was too busy jerking off to Giger art.

Once again, you may choose from 3 characters; Marine, Predator or the new gaysexual race known as Predatien, who's the dinkbag behind that one? Better yet, since when does Alien make sex with Predator? PH features 3 unimaginative and sometimes very tedious levels per character with new weapons that lack in style, especially the new Predator energy flechette (a la machine gun), what the fuck? You know! The remaining arsenal belongs to the Marine, but gun turrets and remote sentry guns were included, a little to late, I'd say. Also, the addition of dual handguns makes for a good idea and is fun for about 3 minutes. I'll take my M41A please & thank you. PH also features 3 new lame enemies that belong in the Turok games; a rock monster, bison type animal and a giant dildo with teeth that pop out of the ground. Do you see a pattern here? Everything in 3's. I haven't played PH online yet, but from what I know about the Lithtech netcode, I can safely say that LAN games are fun but online can get a bit frustrating. I ripped this game a new ass hole, and I did it out of love. I don't like to see half assed shit being dumped on fans, unless its Star Trek/Wars, they deserve to be shat on!

Eye Candy: 3.5 Tunes: 3 Gameplay: 2.5 Chill Factor: 2.5 Verdict: Primal Cunt is not complimenting the franchise at all, which is a fucking shame.





Rumours from p. 8

Louise: The Go Go's.

All: Jem and the Holograms!

*Nerve:* Any plans to record anything in the near future?

We're always planning on All: recording!

Janelle: It's kinda been about timing right now

**Kim:** We've just got so many shows booked. We haven't had any time.

Nerve: Melissa, you were a "Glam Girl" in The Province a little while hack

Melissa: I don't want to talk about that. (others laugh)

Kim: So many people come into my work and say, "hey, I saw your bass player in The Province."

Melissa: Yeah, and weird men come Menssa, real, and went men come up to me and say, "hey, you're Melissa, aren't you?" (all laugh) Nooo, why did I agree to that! She was asking me all these shallow questions... THESE are the lengths I go to to promote my band.

Nerve: I usually catch the Glam Girl page but I must have missed that one. All right, something that I try to ask all the local bands I talk to is what their opinions are on the local scene. You know, where it's been, what it's gone through and, most importantly, where it is going.

Melissa: I think right now it's in a kind of rebirth because, I mean, I only started going to shows a few years ago, because I only turned 19 a few years ago, so, I'm always hearing from my older friends about how

MPGON

COME

CE

DIE

TO HELL WITH THAT! PEOPLE NEED ME!

the scene used to be really good and how the Town Pump was like the place to play, and how now, the scene totally sucks. But that was a few months ago and now it seems like it's picking up a bit. There's a new feel to it.

Kim: I think the big problem is that it's just hard to get people out to support [live music] no matter how good you are or how hot you are ...

Nerve: Why do you think that is?

Louise: I think that, for some reason, Vancouver is really clique-y.

Melissa: And the scene is so small. It's like high school in a lot of ways.... but a lot of bands are comingling these days to create other bands and it seems that bands are being a lot more supportive of each other. I mean, they're all in the same boat, so why not?

Nerve: So what's next for The Rumours?

All: Action figures! (all laugh)

Kim: I'm up for getting famous and making a million or two

Janelle: I think, really, we're just going to continue doing what we're doing and take it as it goes. We've done really well so far and people have been really supportive.

The Rumours (therumourson*line@hotmail.com*) play The Royal with Flash Bastard and Hotwire, Sept. 11<sup>th</sup> and Sept. 21st at The Pic. with The Girls.

> JESUS CHRIST .! RIGHT! I GOTTA

OUT TA MY WAY CHUMPS! I GOTTA

DATE WITH DESTINY.

bö SOMETH THIS !! AD



#### Contest from p. 7

was my mom, visiting from Victoria. She'll be here in ten minutes. Shit!"

Derry quickly stood up, grabbed the last cooler, and stuck it in his pocket. "I just remembered I left some weed oil cooking on the stove. I gotta go."

"Whatever," said Chervl. It wasn't like Derry would help the situation any by sticking around. She put out the word that her mother was coming over, and within minutes the house and yard were deserted. Relations between her and her mother were strained, with Cheryl wanting to tell the older woman to fuck off but still slightly afraid. After her father had run off, mom had run the family with an iron hand and pity the poor fool who got in her way. Now, with only half a warm cooler between her and reality, Cheryl felt like running herself. Mom was one scary lady. And here she came now, striding up the

sidewalk, all steel-haired, five-foot-ten of her

She was wearing a familiar frown and already Cheryl could imagine what she would say when she saw the state of the house

"Hello, Mother," said Cheryl opening the door.

The matriarch looked around at the destroyed house and sniffed the air disdainfully. "What in God's name have you been doing? Just look at this place!

"Let's not get into this right now," Chervl said diplomatically. "Why don't you tell me the reason for this surprise visit?"

The older woman opened her mouth to protest, but before she could say anything there was a knock at the door.

Cheryl opened the door and saw it was the fool who had traced her from the website. His eyes were bloodshot and he stunk of cheap whisky. "Nancy!" he blurted. "I love you! Come live with me, we coul-

Reaching out and seizing the bumpkin by the T-shirt, Cheryl vented the anger she felt towards her mother "Listen I wouldn't go with you if you were the last man on earth. Now get the fuck outta

SIBAL

GONNA DO IS

YOURE GOING TO HELL

LIL NATAS

FINALLY ...

LF THERE'S SOMEBODY THAT'S GONNA PUT AN END TO THIS

BE ME !!

SUFFERING ,

here, and if I see you again I'll cut yer balls off and shove them down yer throat. Now git!" She shoved the stunned man backwards and slammed the door before he could respond. "Maybe we should talk upstairs, Mother, It's cleaner up there," she said calmly.

"Who was that, Dear?" asked her

"Wrong address," muttered Cheryl going into her room. "Now, are you going to tell me what this visit is really about? She knew her mother had something up her sleeve.

Realizing she could stall no longer, the older woman sighed. "Very well, I wanted to see if I could convince you to move back to the island. Your lifestyle here is scaring me-" She reached out and picked up a computer printout lying on the table, eyes quickly scanning the document. Chervl tried to tear the paper away but her mother held her at bay.

"What the hell are you doing. Mother! That paper is personal!" Cheryl was furi-0115

"What does 'one pair cum-stained white silk, mean?" The older woman struggled to comprehend. "I thought you said you were selling flowers online!

A shout from outside intruded.

"I LOVE YOU, NANCY! COME LIVE WITH ME AND I'LL BUY YOUR PANTIES EVERYDAY!

Cheryl gritted her teeth. "Just ignore him, Mother. He's a kook!

The old lady pushed her way to the window and looked down into the front yard. A chunky, middle-aged man hopped about on the lawn like a primate in the zoo. He was naked except for a pair of bloodstained panties he wore on his head like a cap.

"I LOVE YOU, NANCY!" screamed the kook.

Cheryl slowly leaned forward until her head made contact with the wall. She squeezed her eyes tightly shut

The website had seemed like such a good idea...





planes that eventually crashed into the World Trade Towers had even lef the ground!

"It was proven that five of the name included in the FBI list had nothing to do with what happened," Al-Faisal told the Arabic Press in Washington after meeting with U.S. President George W. Bush at the White House. A sixth identified hijacker is also reported to still be alive in Tunisia, while a 7th named man died two years

ago! -The 19 names of suspected hijackers released by the FBI don't even appear on the passenger lists of the hijacked

Bush and his cronies, realizing ney've hung themselves, are backthey peddling furiously, claiming now that while the warnings were sufficient to finger Osama bin Laden as the 9-11 villain, the warnings were simply far too general in all other aspects to prevent the attacks. Yet, Ari Fleischer's briefing after the attack claimed to have detailed and specific information regarding the targets.

-And the real movie blooper; those famous Bin Laden videos that are mysteriously found once in a while and are so badly done! Just take a Bin Laden photo and watch the video. Someone's gotta fire the art director because the nose is not even close This ain't expansive Hollywood stuff bet that was made in a basement disguised to look like a cave and done on a very low budget. Come on! If you try to cover up something that huge, at least put some effort into it.

The whole 9-11 bullshit proves a very sad thing. The New World Order ain't pretty and it's gonna be around for the next little while. A bunch of insane criminals running the planet down the shitter. But they are definitely runner ups for the World's Stupidest Criminals Awards



#### Here's where:

THE BARLEY HOTEL - 21 LOWER STILLP STREET, ILMA THE HARLEY ROTEL - 10 STATI AF 103 THE BAT'S BLEW - 207 CUEH'S CUAY WEST, TO MIDTOWN BAR & GIRL - 1127 HASTINES, INF YES SURREY BOB - THE IN STREET SURRY MOTHER - 123 DAVE AVE INHER FR BLAH-BLAH - 111 ST. STREET ST., BURA EDEDACEC - THE STREET, SOMER THE PLACE - 4000 ST. DHU

AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED MAURERIES





# MR. UNDERHILL

For most people, turning 19 means looking forward to having their first legal drink. For Robbie K and Anthony Kilz, it meant being able to play in their older brother's band, Mr. Underhill.

"I had always been following the band, using fake IDs to get in and see them until I was old enough," admits Kilz, who is the baby brother.

Last November, Mr. Underhill parted ways with their drummer, which happened to be a month after Kilz's 19th birthday. So naturally he was in, completing the trio of brotherly love.

"It's like a solidified band; its like a unit,' explains Kilz about the advantages of performing on stage as a fraternity. "It's kind of like you know what the other guy is thinking, more or less."

Middle child, Robbie K, who replaced Ryan Best on bass in 1999, recalls pestering Vind to be in Underhill: "I used to always ask him 'let me play, bass, let me play bass.' I had my own Faith No More-type band. And finally he was just like, 'o.k. you can come out' and it worked out and ever since then I've been it."

If you're not familiar with their oldest brother Nim Vind by name, you probably know the lead singer and guitar player by face. He's a hard one to miss, towering over crowds, with Robert Smith hair, cloaked in floor length faux fur and always with a gaggle of young vamped girls flocked around him. According to Kilz, Vind is also the driving force behind Vancouver's hardest working vamp rock act.

"He's totally got faith in what we're doing," says Kilz about Vind. "And he's totally dead set on the direction he wants the band to go in. He's always on the ball on how he wants our band to come across." And as a brother, he adds, "he'd be the first one to stand up for you in any type of situation."

Kilz has good reason to put so much trust in his sibling. Since returning from a sixmonth stint in LA in January 2001, where Mr. Underhill scored a slot opening up for Dee Dee Ramone, Vind and Robbie K have worked tirelessly at promoting the band. In between poster wars on Granville St. and networking with bigwig agents like Jonathan Simkin, they wrote and recorded the critically acclaimed *Phantasm Drive-In*, an album that Vind concurs is worthy of the media hype that's reached as far as New York.

"Yah, it's good. It fucking is, man," says Vind over a beer at the Pic. "Fuck, I don't care what anybody says, man. I hate people in these idiot bands that are like, 'our band sucks' and they think that everybody's supposed to say that. And if you say that your band's great then you have a giant ego. I don't have a giant ego. I think my band's fuckin' rad and if I didn't, then I'd be a moron to get on stage. You'd have to have a giant ego to get on stage and suck and make everybody listen to your shitty fuckin' music."

The cloaked one also has some very strong opinions about how "super important" his band's aesthetic image is: "There's nothing more annoying then watching guys in t-shirts be like 'don't play with the drums, whatever you do. This guy will go nuts if he finds out you were playing on his drums.' And so obviously, I'm going go do it, right? So I'd sneak in there and play."

With so little experience on drums, his older brothers had to take extra time teaching him their songs. However, Robbie K insists the advantages of keepin' it in the family outweigh the setbacks of having to break in a rookie behind the kit.

"Its a lot easier to tell him to fuck off and you never have to worry that you said the wrong thing," says Robbie K. "Put it this way, one day at a jam you could say 'fuck you – you're an asshole' like 30 times and then be like 'o.k., you need a ride home?"

Aside from being able to tell their own flesh and blood where to go, there are practical benefits to keeping Kilz around. Most importantly, when they feel the band is ready to go Stateside, there won't be any immigration

#### "I don't have a giant ego. I think my band's fuckin' rad and if I didn't, then I'd be a moron to get on stage. You'd have to have a giant ego to get on stage and suck and make everybody listen to your shitty fuckin' music.

and jeans get up on stage. It's like 'get some style or just get off.' You go see a band like Bauhaus and then you go see a band like the Tragically Hip, you're just going to puke after. And they're supposed to be Canada's band. I live in Canada. That's not my band."

His band's first show with Kilz was November 1, 2001 at the Cobalt. Kilz had only been playing drums six months, but the instrument had always been somewhat of a forbidden fruit for him.

"When I was way younger, my brothers would always have people jamming here and stuff," says Kilz, who still lives at home with Robbie K. "And they would always issues because (thanks to their mom), they all have dual citizenship. For now; however, they're confident that Vancouver is the best place for them.

"Vancouver is a cool place and the scene is a good scene," says Vind. "There are people who do support music here and do go out. You get these guys in bands who are like, 'nobody comes to see our shows cause the scene sucks.' And it's like, 'Dude, people don't come to see your shows because you suck. And you don't poster and you don't get out and push your band. You're too afraid to say 'hey come see our show.'"

Vind admits that despite their do-it-

#### By Sarah Rowland

yourself ethic, getting people out to their shows was no easy feat. While winning over female fans was never a problem, earning the respect of his male counterparts in Vancouver took a little longer.

"I was so bitter at first. I would call up all these bigger bands in town and nobody would call us back," explains Vind. "We played this fuckin' show at the Royal Hotel with a bunch of glam bands and no one said a fuckin' word to us. I tried to introduce myself and no one cared."

Nonetheless, they persevered and kicked their promotion into high gear. Eventually things began to turn around for them, and people started paying attention to the music as opposed to Vind's celebrity status among under-aged girls. They've been invited to play at Naughty Camp, North Carolina's *Ghouls' Night Out*, and open for the U.K. Subs

"It's weird. Maybe everyone was ready for what we were doing," says Vind. "All of sudden people got really excited fast."

Right now the band is working on their fourth official album, entitled *The World Through X-ray Eyes*. Vind is reluctant to call it a concept album, but he admits "it's going to be more like the Bauhaus album *The Sky's Gone Out*, where there's all these different sections — interlude sorgs and normal songs almost like you could watch a movie to it."

This will be the first album since they became a family act, and the idea of spending endless hours in a studio and months on the road together doesn't seem to scare them as much as it should.

"My two brothers are my best friends, honestly," confesses Vind. "I would rather hang out with them any day than anybody else I know."

Although he concedes they have yet to put their brotherly love to the ultimate test and tour together for more than two weeks. But they're not worried... they've been rehearsing their whole lives."You think back to family vacations, getting crammed in the parents' car," says Kilz. "You learn to deal with it that way...leave the bickering at home."

deckthreatsanddisrespect









14 🚸

# ARSTY ON: CITY SIEK AND LOUINE IT

here always seems to be people around, be they friends, acquaintances, what have you, who are just kinda there. You know the type: mildmannered, unassuming, usually on the scene but not really making one. One day you see them in a different light, whether you're really looking at them for the first time or they've grown into themselves and suddenly they're totally HOT! I had this sort of revelation upon witnessing Vancouver's Nasty On @ Richard's On Richards at The Spitfires' CD release party for "Three" in April. I'd watched them play innumerable gigs, mostly as opening slot stalwarts & I'd always dug them, vet it took this particular show to make me truly appreciate them. I sensed a newfound confidence & they never sounded bigger ... seeming to belie their 3 piece + vocals status. They were so much heavier than I had remembered, hazardous & almost METAL at times.

I caught up with 3/4 of Nasty On before their first ever performance at the newly gig-friendly Pat's Pub, luring them to the alley behind as the mic on my recorder was picking up everything but their voices. Several cop cars inched past us, curious of our goings-on since we were located under the piercing gaze of a "John Watch" camera. I quickly learned that the name 'Nasty On' doesn't refer to a boner (as I'd always assumed), rather the origin is somewhat ambiguous. The inspiration "came from one of two things: one is a book written on torture in the 14th century. It could also possibly be from an old blues song" informs singer Jason Grimmer. For the record. although he thought of the name, he HATES it, despite the fact that it has served them well since their inception 3 years ago. Typical of many Vancouver bands I'm aware of, none of the Nasty On originate from here. Jason and quietly sexy bass player Matt Lyons hail from St. Steven, New Brunswick, and guitarist Allen Forrister is native of North Battleford, Saskatchewan. Drummer Chad Mareels comes from the comparatively cosmopolitan London, Ontario, and although he was practicing with his other band, Dog eat Dogma, while



On band-mates, I got a chance to harass him later.

met with

hi

Nasty On have definitely put in their time gigging locally and rather than sitting idly hoping to get signed, they "put the (Lester Bangs) EP out on our own label 'cuz we didn't want "independent" next to our name. You create a label name and then people take it a little more seriously" says Jason referring to their Stutter Records venture, also home to Notes from the Underground and The Cinch (whose singer/guitarist Kathy is Jason's girlfriend, something he's quite tick led about!). In July, Nasty On released a fulllength entitled "City Sick", the title being " microcosm for the downfall of society, according to the band. It's a credit to Nasty On that they are able to touch on rather serious / depressing subject matter, without

driving the listener to slit their wrists... they entertain with their pain. Check out tracks like "The Ship That Died of Shame," "Amphetamine, Now!", "City Sick [C'mon, C'mon]," & "City Sick Pt. 2" to catch my drift. To put it simply, it's a scorching rock album that has been very well-received thus far & they are grateful to have been compared with Slow, one of their fave rock acts of all time.

Although I baited Nasty On to complain about Vancouver's rock scene, they all approve of the current state and feel it's on an upswing. The only obstacle they face is a lack of funds, but remain weary of signing with someone else's label. "We've been approached by shit but turned it We wouldn't really talk to any down. one who wasn't wholeheartedly into the band, as opposed to a demographic or market," says Forrister. Jason adds "just nowadays, man it doesn't make any sense at all to sign to a major label. It's always better to do it yourself or to get a small label who actually gives a shit about you."

For most of September, Nasty On will be spreading their "City Sick"-ness by touring to Montreal and back, loaded up in Chad's Get-a-Way van. I barely knew any of them prior to the interview, but they certainly have a good rapport & all were really funny — valuable assets while living in close quarters for an extended time. Hopefully these traits will help them cope with Allen's snoring and smelly of Corey (ooops, I mean CHAD! I called him Corey about 8x in the interview...). Nasty On claim they "try to give you quality rock," and so far they are managing to do that and quite a lot more.

words and pics: Casey Cougar





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#### THE MAKERS W/ HOTWIRE AND **3HT** RUMOURS @ the Pic August 14, 2002

In case you ain't heard, there's a Rock & Roll Revival going on, including hit singles and everything! Electric guitars and Rock Star Posing are back and it's like electronica never happened! The Welfare office is full of DJs and Ecstasy ped-



dlers, begging for a few scraps from cold bureaucrats who can't hear them because they've got the Strokes cranked to ELEVEN on their DiscMen. A new Golden Age has been declared and it's like '92 all over again except more Stones and less Sabbath. Everywhere you look, people are swaggering around in black leather and boots with greasy hair capped by beat-to-shit cowboy hats, silver necklaces swaying in time to the Wild Turkey rhythms pumping out of a mile long line of muscle cars! It has to be seen to be believed. people- all your years of waiting and hoping and moping and groping in a dark, heartless, sampled world are over! Take a look outside- do it now, I will wait- cos it's a- happenin' RIGHT NOW!

Tired of hiding in the basement where no one can see you wear your black jean jacket and Jack Daniels t-shirt, jerkin' back and forth to the sounds of Exile on Main Street? Your worrying days are over, friends- the dance clubs are boarded up. Z95 and the Beat are OFF THE AIR and the Fox is playing almost NOTHING but Motorhead, AC/DC and the MC5! Some old David Bowie, perhaps a little Spirit of '77 Punk Rock, a smidge of Sympathy for the Devil. The good times have been set to rolling again! The other week in Mexico, Britney gave the FINGER in a last ditch effort to save her career- apparently, the little girls are burning her in effigy all over the land while Joan Jett screams about not giving a damn about her Bad Reputation.

Meanwhile, down at the Pic, the Makers swung through town to rock and also to promote their new album: The Strangest Parade. They started out as a low fi garage band, but have mutated over time into the over the top Rock Extravaganza we know and love today. Leaving no Rockism unturned they swagger, gyrate, emote and pose up a storm. So I loved it.

Take some Ziggy Stardust Bowie,

Seventies Anthemic Rock, a little New York Dolls and mix it up in some freaks from Spokane and you apparently get yourself a damn good band. They whip up a little of everything pre-eighties with really good songwriting and excellent musicianship, then serve it up hot. Nothing NOT to like. High energy, high drama, high camp, high thrift rock wardrobe, high yeah!

Opening up were a couple of Vancouver outfits- the Stonesy Hotwire and the Runawaysy Rumours, both reasonably new to the scene in their current configurations, but stirring up some good word of mouth and both deserving of the aforementioned word of

mouth.

The Rumours combine snot and bubble gum in a way that is neither grotesque nor foul tasting. Catchy songs, charisma, Ronettes covers... why not? I've seen them a couple of times now and will go see them again. Hev- a ringing endorsement!

Hotwire were the pure 70's Rawk- pronounced RAWK - band on the bill. They boogie, they woogie they sing about important stuff like chicks. What one imagines a bar band sounding like when one pon-

ders the sound of bar bands. Third time seeing them and there will be a fourth so- see last sentence of previous paragraph!

This review's intro aside, it's good to see Rock Groups drawing a crowd. You know it never stopped, right? The kids kept goin', the bands kept comin' and so it shall remain even after the Fox stops playing bands that sound kind of like the Buzzcocks, but aren't the Buzzcocks. In real life, the radio will still suck, the print media will move from flavour to flavour in it's own whimsical and capricious fashion and the majority of people will still like total shit music. The rest of us?

Knives, needles, bullets, blood, rope, razors, Heavy Metal and God. Highway to Hell! Mike O

#### SNOWJAM 2002 Science World Saturday, August 24

Another outdoor festival hit our town this summer. Yay. These guys managed to stuff a skate course, a snowboard vert ramp, bmx halfpipe, a stage and two beer gardens behind Science World. The snowboard thing was pretty cool. They actually hauled in tons of snow and for about 10 minutes watching the guys go down and do tricks was interesting. But you can only watch that shit for so long before you get bored enough to wander over to the merch tents. Luckily they weren't selling a damn thing I wanted so I got to keep my money. Not enough young girls though.... Oh yeah, there was entertainment too.

Day 1 saw the Rascalz onstage, and I just don't understand how Vancouver could breed any kind of rap music, gangsta or non. I'm not familiar with these guy's stuff and supposedly

they're making it mostly through their live show, but nothing sounds worse live than rap music. And no set amount of waving my hands in the air or saving 'woah' when he savs 'ho' or whatever can make me enjoy it. Next. Unwritten Law. Good band. Powerful poppy punk with enough hooks and riffs to drag all the sorry asses out of the beer gardens. Unfortunately, the pit became filled with the violent jockassery that is usually found at any Thunderbird Stadium show or anyplace that gigantic Molson Canadian signs are placed (here for instance). At least I got to see bloodshed. If the meatheads weren't too busy beating the crap out of each other and any punk kid dumb enough to try and dance though, they would have seen the sexy go-go girls that got on stage for "Mean Girl". I like go-go girls. I doubt anyone reading the Nerve cares how 50-40 were, so I left after the girls finished chucking free condoms at the audience.

Day 2 had a much more interesting line-up. **Peppersands** played midday, before the crowds (and myself) showed up. It's a pity, cuz I keep hearing good stuff about them but never seen 'em. Got there just in time for the Dropkick Murphys, who just fucking rocked. They have an amazing ability to get hundreds of kids singing along, even to "Amazing Grace". Then they had a whole bunch of chubby girls get up on stage and dance to "Spicy McHaggis' Jig", I missed the lyrics but maybe there was a reason for that

It was a hot day, that Day 2 it was, and we needed some ice cold beers. Unfortunately, every other asshole had the same idea and the line-ups for the beer gardens seemed endless. So we left, skipped the rap bands, and saw some naked ladies at the No. 5 instead. Got back just in time to see Pennywise take the stage. The sound was really good for them, and their set sounded almost exactly like listening to one of their cds. As they charged into older tunes like "Unknown Road", one of the biggest circle pits I'd ever seen formed in front of the stage. The grounds almost couldn't contain the amount of people energized by their superfast skatepunk. They even yanked some random kid up from the crowd to sing a



Ramones song. It had the potential of being horrendous, but the kid was good. The only thing I was wishing for was for someone to take the microphone away from their guitarist, Fletcher. Man he likes to talk and it's just embarrassing. Aside from the blathering though, these guys put on a pretty good show, which ended in utter chaos onstage as they let up a hundred kids with them to sing along and create what looked like every security guard's worst nightmare.

Cowbov TexAss

#### NASTY ON W/ THE CINCH @ Pats Pub August24, 2002

Yes, Yes, there's a new venue in town and it's down in Cracktown. Nothing like a jaunt down East Hastings for some CHEAP DRINKS !! @! Yeehaw! They got highballs there for like \$2.50 or something stupidly cheap like that, and they serve them giant bottles of beer out of a boozecanish hole in the wall that can magically disappear if need be. Pat's Pub is a relatively clean looking place too, for the neighbourhood, but I don't know if it's really made for bands. The stage is set up in a corner, hidden behind many many support beams. You couldn't even tell there was a live band except for the crowd of people right up by the stage. It was the Cinch, opening up for the Nasty On, as they kicked off their big tour. The Cinch have a very Mint Records kind of poprock sound to them. Slightly scrappy but melodic, this co-ed quintet are probably gonna do well. Nearing the end of their set, Jason Grimmer from the Nasty On felt he had to crash their set and join the lovely ladies on vocals. The bar closes early, so I guess he wanted to get as much stage time as possible. The Nasty On rocked out hard. I saw them play quite a while ago and didn't like them to start, but either they've gotten a whole lot better or they're catchy rock is growing on me. But they were great, despite being stuck in the corner where no one could see them. You pretty much have to be right up there by the stage to see anything at Pat's, unfortunately. I wouldn't get too excited about seeing any shows there, unless they decide to move the stage, or knock down some posts, but it's a damn cool place to drink at!

Cowboy TexAss

#### AGRICUZTURE CZUB @ the Railway Club July 26, 2002

There is something that feels so incredibly perfect about sitting around with your friends and drinking a pitcher of beer while the Agriculture Club rock out. There's an honesty and realness to country music that anyone can relate to. It's comforting when you're depressed and its always nice to hear that someone else's life stinks more than yours. These guys take all that and mix it up with

#### continued over

### **10 Questions: TIM**

Member: Mike Rousseau

What's getting you excited these days? Recording our new album in August.

What is your latest fetish? The sun, and toasted cheese and lettuce sandwiches

What can't you get out of your cd player? My CD player doesn't put out at all.

Current favourite intoxicant? Vodka and Hansen's Energy Fruit Punch

What was your most memorable gig? Almost all the shows in northern BC always kick ass. Those kids just get bloody hammered and messed up on pine needles and glue, come into the show and go

bananas.

Shittiest gig? Oshawa, ONT. – We played for the fucking sound man, and didn't even get one beer or money.

Thunderbay, ONT. - Tyler from Grynd can eat my shit.



If you weren't in a punk band, say, your arm got chopped off or something, what would you be doing instead? Living in Spain with some beautiful Senorita, getting hammered on the beach, and making kids.

Top 3 people (anywhere) who should be shot immediately. lead singer from Supertramp the dink the Americans call a president

Ronald McDonald ( go to a rave, you silly dressed turkey)

The filler question: What do your parents think of you? I play in a punk rock band and work part time at a heath food store. I'm sure they think the world of me...

Your latest epiphany. Please, be graphic.

I am pretty lucky to live in a dysfunctional, yet free society. Shit, I can go to bar, eat a juicy cheeseburger, drink cold beer, and watch beautiful women get naked. How cool is that?

pic: Ewan Forres



# Live Wires

#### continued from p.17

a bit of humour and riotous rock and roll. I mean, sure, their songs of livin on the farm, shooting their wives and going to jail may seem depressing to those who haven't heard them, but they fucking rock and if you aren't slappin yer knees like a damn yokel and sloshing your beer when they launch into "Cattle Ranch Girl" than you don't know how to have a good time, alright. Country music is about the familiar, so it's almost a necessity that Country bands play covers. And the Agriculture Club deliver. They turned up the tempo and hammered out some old Johnny Cash, David Allen Coe ("Take This Job and Shove It") and they even did a souped up version of "The Devil Went Down to Georgia" that totally blew my mind. Have I mentioned these guys fucking rock live?

Cowboy TexAss



#### MORNING MAKER, THE EWOKS, CRYSTAL PISTOL, THE DINKS The Piccadilly

#### Friday August 30, 2002

So I found myself at the Pic. again. Go figure. The only difference from last week is that I got what I paid for.

The first band seemed so half-hazard, I wasn't sure they'd make it through their first song. But not only did The Dinks try to shake the roof off, I almost heard the mortar rumble. They tried hard; they tried so hard the lead singer seemed like a moot point, until he asked the staff to heat up his microphone.

During a break from one of their David Bowie songs-on-rock, a patron of the pub, sitting behind me, said she loved the singer's heels. The only other time I saw the hot-pink stud that night, was when he was being led to the basement by a heavy-set girl.

The Dinks music is pretty original,



grungy guitars, spastic singer, Ms. Johnny Nasty on drums cursing the cymbals. Pretty in Pink couldn't get off the floor, just rolled around on stage and tried to hump his guitarist while clouds of bubbles unleashed their kitschy cuteness on to the stage.

The Ewoks are not only one of the few female Vancouver bands, but strong enough to throw an attitude out to the crowd and not be mocked. They were awesome and hilarious. No guitar player (hey girls, give me a year!) but not that necessary for them at this point. Sparse sound of keyboards and drums wasn't flat or boring, mostly due to the 16-year-old lead singer, nattering like PJ Harvey on Helium. She flipped her hair, chugged her beers, while the keyboardist and drummer busted into songs with choruses like "Fuck, fuck, you fuck," or "Crack boyfriend don't come back." They even have a tribute song to the Cobalt.

All I have to say about Crystal Pistol is that they need a bigger stage. I don't say this as a big fat fan or anything, I say this as in studded belts and all, they rocked so hard I almost peed myself.

While Crystal Pistol seemed hard to beat, Morning Maker did not disappoint. Unlike the other bands of the night, these guys played no frills punk - although the lead singer can unleash some mean tambourine fury, especially with screamer songs like the memorable "Rockstar."

This band was slightly less interactive than the others, but seemed more focused on the task at hand; pressuring our insides to ooze out our ear drums with the sheer velocity of their relentless drums, discordant hooks and heavy vocals.

If you want to spend money on live bands in the city, and you're unsure how to spend it wisely, look out for any of the aforementioned bands - especially the last two. They are guaranteed to rock you out of your chair and lure you closer to the stage.

Emily Kendy Photos by Kevin Sarrazin

#### DANZIG @Commodore Ballroom July 29, 2002

I've heard Glenn Danzig referred to as the Elvis Presley of Heavy Metal. Maybe its his notoriety or his vocal stylings which echo as a darkened mockery of the King that invokes the comparison, I don't know, but he clearly is in the fat Vegas show-lounge era, skipping the bad movies altogether. Throughout the show, though, I kept thinking to myself gee, for a small man, Glenn Danzig has really big tits. Clawed black gloves donned and flanked by two devilish stage gargoyles, Mr Danzig leaned forth and crooned amidst a spectacle. For Elvis, it was the rhinestones and capes, for Danzig, it's beating the crap out of kids in the audience. Some kid gave Danzig the finger and he began posturing and shouting like a belligerent homeboy, "Yo bitch, you bait me? You gonna get your ass kicked Motherfucka, bitch, etc ... " until the crowd threw some random kid towards the stage like a human sacrifice, and Danzig dove at him and pounded him in the face about a dozen times before the bouncers broke it up. Whether it was staged or not, I couldn't tell, but the spectacle, not the performance, is what I'll remember. He wasn't bad,

covering songs from throughout his 7 albums, the 14 year old material from his self titled release getting the best reception overall. Most of his newer songs sound the same though, either punk metalish like the Misfits *Earth A.D.* album or slow and crunchy. I did get to hear him do "Mother" though, despite the fact that he did a disappointing, sloppy, sped up ver-

Captain Sausage

#### BIG JOHN BATES & THE VOOdoo DOLLZ W/ NAKEd ANd SHAMELESS

@the Railway Club

Psychobilly surfrock and a burlesque go-go dance troupe together, at last. A great combination. While **Big John Bates** and Co. played their asses off, delivering an excellent set of fast, driving surf/rockabilly/whatever the heck it is, his duo of

scantily-clad bombshells gyrated and stripped in time, all as one cohesive unit of psychobilly madness. Big John Bates drew in the crowd, but the girls earned everyone's attention: They blew fire, waved flaming batons, dressed up in vinyl cat suits with whips and had a cat fight. They even dragged some poor girl out of the audience, ripped her clothes off and smeared lipstick all over her face. Now that's entertainment. Mr. Bates brought out the big guns with some cool covers, "Too Drunk to Fuck" by the Dead Kennedys, a rockabilly "Tainted Love" and even an ACDC song, but it all became background noise while the Voodoo Dollz were performing. To even the score out though, their sexy stand-up bassist, Scaroline, came into the crowd and bellydanced Me and Ms. Dexter coulda sworn we were on a Tex and Dex night out.

In contrast, the opening act, Naked and Shameless were not sexy girls taking their clothes off, in fact, they were about as exciting as the guys who play covers at the Kings Head in Kitsilano. Two chubby guys with cowboy hats, playing acoustic covers of mostly bad radio songs. Hats off to their rendition of the **Real Mckenzies'** "Whiskey Heaven" though.

Cowboy TexAss

#### FERDINAND THE BULL Piccadilly Pub August 16, 2002

Ferdinand the Bull keep it pretty simple: drums, a riffing guitar and a stand-up bass. They don't mess around with any Stray Cats shit (rockabilly, psychobilly or any other billy) and sing mostly about sad things. They're from New York, kind of an urban cowboy thing. Waylon Jennings meets the Black Heart Procession? Close enough. Their big, tough-looking singer (with a big, silly mullet and cowboy boots) revealed his heart of goo partway through the show when he asked the crowd to quiet down for an especially heart-tugging song. It was at these moments that their lean approach was most effective, working up dirgelike sounds to complement the somber lyrical tone. They had been touring for a while by the time they hit Vancouver, slightly road-weary from several mishaps with their van and seemingly grateful for the response they got from the halffilled Pic. They got into a few full-on rave-ups late in the show, with the lead singer on the floor bashing away at his bass like he meant it, but these never quite reached critical mass. Wallowing in misery is definitely FTB's greater strength.

Paul Crowley

#### 80 PROOF YOB, STOKE, GHOST TOWN DRIVE The Piccadilly Pub, August 24, 2002

I'll tell you something: I'd never been to the Pic, and, even now - in the bleak and fuzzy early morning hours - I remember little other than the sexy bartender (very distracting), and the neonorange sign that was hanging on a back wall, behind the make-shift stage, that said, "So You Want To Get Picked Up Tonight?"

My thief roommate, Kevin, tagged along to the show and after the first few songs from Ghost Town Drive, he wrote a slightly incoherent scribble in my notepad, something about Sammy Davis Jr., and being lucky to be dead. I was like, "Hey, horse-snorter, if you're mocking the music, that's a bit harsh, eh?"

I thought the band was doing a fair job of holding its own. The lead singer had a little something something, and the bassist rocked just this hairy, animated fat dude totally into playing, which was really quite refreshing. The guitarist was a mod-kid, friendly with the ladies. Cute too, even if he was the one leaving reminders of the chili the band had eaten for dinner. Ass Shaker is a song worth remembering, and even Kevin was not immune as he soon became smitten with the singer's jeans (have I mentioned Kevin dries his clothes on the delicate cycle?) Soon, the One Big Fan (it's okay we've all been there) hit the dance floor, solo, and proceeded to sway his hips, making half-assed metal gestures in the air while clutching his beer bottle as though it were the neck of a guitar. Then Kevin spotted soft-porn on one of the TVs, which became even more distracting than the fan with an apparent case of Dancing Sickness.

I was stoked for Stoke, even if their name is unfortunately timed - they should go for the whole Stoke and letter/number thing. Like Stoke69. The reviews I'd read about the local band made them sound like the best live show ever, but after the opening beach song number, I was unsure. To be fair, high octane songs like Love Addict, and Hastings Express, showed true grit potential. But when the lead singer said they were a blues band from Burnaby, I became confused again. Burnaby? Blues? These guys looked like a cowboy, a snowboarder, and a kick-ass drummer (who, by the way, stole the show.)

Then one of the other TVs showed this



guy wrestling a crocodile and duct-taping its mouth shut.

Eventually, the lead singer of 80 Proof Yob - a mulleted cowboy in a "Squeal Like A Pig" t-shirt - shuffled up on stage with his blackcarved cane sipping from a pitcher of beer. I remarked on that admirable quality of musicians, who drank beer while they played (come on, it's pretty hard core) and my roommate agreed, adding that it was "Just kinda sad when the beer is draft." Touché, my friend.

I wasn't familiar with Yob's background flag, and hesitant to agree with the four guitars; while it didn't sound over done, it also didn't sound nearly as a raw as the guitarists in the first band. Needless to say, the atmosphere took on that of a trailer park stag-party and their song Cocaine Nose Bleed was a mild riot.

I took a break to go flirt with the bartender (aka: order more beer) and when I got back to my seat, the lead singer was passing around his 26er of Wild Turkey. One Big Fan drank half the bottle in under thirty seconds. I tried to take a picture but I was out of film. Ah well. Do they not say the road to Hell is paved with good intentions?

Emily Kendy

#### GOOJ RIJJANCE W/ CHOKE @ the Croation Cultural Centre August 25, 2002

All ages shows can be quite an eye opener. I realized how much I needed the little flask of whiskey we'd snuck in. I needed the comfort of alcohol to have fun or to unwind. The alienating feeling of being among probably the 4 oldest people in the hall, not counting the bouncers or the bands, might have added to that, though. Having a drink in your hand at a show helps cuz it gives you something to do, like holding it ... and drinking it ... and if you don't have a drink, you can always go and get one. But at an all ages show, all there really is to do is stand around in the hall until the band plays and you realize that you're old. There's a moment of nostalgia from the high school days and then there's the shameful urges as you ogle the tarted up 15 yr old girls. And then there's the gym hall sound system. I have only



one Good Riddance song on tape, and my stereo has this bad habit of fucking all my tapes up so that they sound like they're being played inside a garbage can with the lid being lifted on and off. Funny enough, the sound quality in the hall made them sound exactly the same. It was too bad because they're such a lyrically potent band. They played well though and hard enough that the half full hall filled with the intense heat of dancing kids. I was sweating just standing at the very back of the crowd. And as we left, an empty beer can hit my foot and I felt good.

Cowboy TexAss

#### THE MISFITS/ THE WIDOWS/ SPREAD EAGLE The Commodore Ballroom

August 19, 2002

Misfits puritans may have been put off by Jerry Only using the band's name with only one original member remaining on the bill. But what's in a name, anyway?

It's not like Misfits' co-founder Only just threw together any old line-up and hit the road. Instead, he drew together a triumvirate of punk rock legends, including Dez Cadena from Black Flag on guitar and Marky Ramone on drums.

The all-star cast treated the crowd to a collection of Misfit songs; ranging from the days of Danzig to *American Psycho* and beyond. "Sheena is a Punk Rocker" was one of the many Ramones songs they covered along with a Black Flag tune, "Rise Above." Of course, all songs were dominated by Only's distorted growling base line, which was met with mixed reviews— after all, one man's shitty sound is another man's vintage Misfits.

Ticket holders, who bothered to get there for the opening bands, were twice rewarded with a foretaste of Vancouver rock. Local fivepiece, The Widows, brought front man Billy Hopeless back to the stage that he hasn't graced since The Black Halos split. Proving he's still one of the most important people Vancouver's punk rock scene, Hopeless looked right at home with his new gravity defying Mohawk, singing crude punk songs to and about the people at Victoria Square "because they're human too."

Thrust in between the old school Widows and the aged Misfits, five cocky delinquents from Mission called Spread Eagle rocked the Commodore stage as if they were headlining their own reunion tour. Lead guitarist, who goes by 8-ball, (he has the insignia on his Arsenio Hall leather jacket in case you forget) tore through searing solos with the kind of rock star attitude that should one day earn him a mountain top clip in a power ballad video. While "Blood, Coke and Sodomy" may not score the heavy thrash rockers a top forty hit anytime soon, the infectious chorus quickly won them the respect of the fickle Misfits' fans. Lead singer, Juan Badmytha, who also fronts a Misfits cover band called Evilive, held his own in the rock star showmanship department, roaring out songs like "Bad Mutha", which went a little something like this: "bad mutha fucker, bad mutha fucker, bad mutha ...,' well you get the idea.

Spread Eagle's only downbeat was that with so much hard rockin' testosterone force up front, the waif like creature behind the drum kit din't really fit in. A fact made even more obvious after Marky Ramone beat his skins into submission and made her 45 minute set look like a needle point demo. Still, you can be that it won't be long before Spread Eagle quickly rises through the ranks of Pic house bands. Or even better: they could reach the ultimate mark of success and end up in their very own decade long legal battle fighting over song rights. Dare to dream, guys!

Even after two kick-ass opening acts, the three pioneers of PR did not disappoint. One highlight for this star-struck reviewer was when Marky Ramone came out from behind his kit in between encores and led the crowd in a "Hey Ho Let's Go!" chant. That's when the nearly sold out Ballroom united with the realization that they were seeing a Ramone in the flesh.

So, to all the fanatical Fiends: the next time Jerry Only raises hell on a Vancouver stage without any of his original band mates, don't think of it as losing a Misfit; think of it as gaining a Ramone

Sarah Rowland

CEPHALIC CARNAGE, DECE<mark>MB</mark>ER

@the Cobalt Thursday Aug.29th

It's kinda lame how rarely we get such shows in Vancouver, and it's too bad that Cephalic Carnage aren't as well known as Cannibal Corpse or something. The few grind/deathmetal shows we do get are generally awesome (like this one) even if there were only 50-100 people there.

Two bands cancelled: Serrated Scalpel from Winnipeg just didn't show up and Agiel was there, but their guitar player got food poisoning. December ended up as the opening act and did a fairly good job. Their first couple songs were a little tamer, but the set got more intense as it went on. December sounded a little like Dillinger Escape Plan, but with more straight forward grind/death metal riffs. My only complaint was that the majority of December's vocals sounded like Chaos A.D. era Sepultura. Otherwise, December was tight, fast and fairly technical in a math rock/metal crossover sort of way.

Cephalic Carnage headlined and were just a little more kick ass than December. CC mix a lot of bizarre jazz style riffs in with super heavy grind/death riffs. Lots of weird time changes and super technical drumming, John, CC's drummer is probably a jazz guy, you can tell by the cymbal work he pulled off. CC didn't play my request for a song called "Gracias" which is the 'special thanks' list from their second album put to music. However, they did play a super fast and heavy cover of "Jesus Saves" by Slayer to finish their set, which I felt was a little too short. Oh , by the way, my friend Bronwyn kept trying to get me to find an excuse to put her name in print, but of course that never worked out.

Stefan Nevatie







#### Record e

A Midnite Choir You Have Been Warned Silent City Records

Holly High Times. I think this band went on a Nordic acid trip and never returned. These glockenspiel plucked accordion-tinted contrabass fiddled songs create an anomaly of sound: if the bastard son of Tom Waits ran away with the circus and became a drugaddled Ringleader, this music would sound like the inside of his head.

The Elvis-twanged, Drunken Elephant March is right on the mark, and Whisky Eyes is a shiner, a black eye to be worn with pride. While the constant Led Zeppelin-esque 'Voice of Authority', from the lead singer, can be a bit, er, grating, he's also fucking hilarious. This band makes Tenacious D seem as clever as a calculator. These dudes are Ween, only less weenie. They're pirates, son. Aygh Matey, "Heave Ho, it's happy hour in Hell and we're pullin buckets of vermin from bottomless wells...

Little compares to the sweet irony of the ugly bastards tinkering around: like the accordion moves in 'Midget Caravan'; or the organ in' Ode to My Employer'. Damn, they're funny. You couldn't pay me to exchange this disc at Charlie's.

E. Kendy

Ben Weasel Fidatevi Lookout Records

Ben Weasel (born Foster) has never released anything not worth owning. Through every Screeching Weasel line-up, break up, and resulting reunion, to every band's record he's ever produced or appeared on (Teen Idols, The Eyeliners), everything has been a fucking gem when compared to the bullshit his compatriots had been spewing.

That being said, this album may catch a few fans off guard. Although the music and basic song structure hardly strays from the standard Weasel formula, brace yourself when you open the CD's accompanying booklet.

Inner peace, anyone?

Songs like 'Truth and Beauty' with the "sometimes things are as good as they lvrics look...like a pure inhalation of life...like your smile" are the proverbial far cry from the lines "we hate your poems/we hate your politics/we hate the way you smell" off of Screeching Weasel's BoogadaBoogadaBoogada album. This is not necessarily a bad thing. If Ben's found peace and content-ment via Buddhism/Falun Dafa/whatever, bully for him. He's still capable of rocking like a motherscratcher.

Remote Control Joe

#### Cherry Valence Riffin

Estrus Records

Is The Cherry Valence latest CD, Riffin' right for you? That depends. Do you like quirky lyrics? Do you use the term "quirky lyrics?" Do you like ironic ballads full of bitter sweet meaning?

If you answered yes to any of the above, then no, TCV is not for you because Riffin' is an unapologetic raunchy rock n' roll CD that will only appeal to people to who live rock as oppose to ana lyze it.

With two singers who alternate between drumming and vocal duties the five-piece from North Carolina offer the listener a veritable tag-teaming orgy for the ears. "Sweat, Sweat, Sweat [All Over You]", sung by Nick Whitley in an "Emotional Rescue" falsetto, is one of many boogie rock tunes on *Riffin* 'that will make you want to pump, grind and strut your stuff on the dance floor. Where as "Can't Get Enough" has a more vintage garage sound with Brian Quast stepping up to the mic with his gravelly nicotine stained howl. No matter who's on lead vocals, every song throbs with Paul Siler's rock-solid funk base line, making Riffin' the Viagra of rock.

So for those who derive pleasure from intellectualizing music into theoretical dust, look else where. But for those of you who like to party, dance, get drunk and fuck, Riffin' is an absolute must have Sarah Rowland

#### Death Threat For God & Government

I may be going out on a limb here, but... Kokanee is the kind of beer that doesn't fuck around. Although there's nothing that really makes it any better than its competitors, there's even less that makes it any worse. When you order it you know what you're getting; an intoxicating beverage that doesn't, as opposed to certain other beers, taste too much like rat pee. And there's a Sasquatch on the label.

Death Threat are much the same. No frills hardcore that'll fuck you up and produce violent tendencies if taken in large enough volumes. And despite the blatant lack of a hairy ape-man on their new CD's cover, I still dig 'em. Bonus points for covering an Operation Ivy song and not totally sucking in the process

Remote Control Joe

#### Discharge

EMI/Sanctuary No this is not Disclose

Disaffect. Distain. Disfear, Disrupt, Disgust, Recharge or any of the myriad of bands that cloned this seminal English

Hardcore act from the 80's. Take a closer look, my friend, what we have here is the classic line up of Discharge featuring Cal on Vocals, Bones on Guitar, Rainy on bass and Tezz on Drums. This act created a musical genre in itself which is now referred to as the D-beat style. I've heard some people say that if there had not been this act we wouldn't of had the whole crust/grind core style. But who could forget the major sell out this act became before their first demise in the mid 80's? With Glam style hairdos and vocals so high pitched even Robert Plant could have been given a run for his money. Which raises the question as to why they would release a new album in 2002. Back to their roots again the basic hard driving sound on this disc is comparable to such classic induction on this disc is comparable to such classic releases such as "Why" and "Never Again", with a much slicker production and metallic guitar sound hence the big time gap. The 11 songs here sound like they could have been written and laid down within the course of a day. That, along with the fact that this could be an attempt at a big cash grab, doesn't change the fact that this record shreds beyond belief and sounds amazing!

Aaronoid]

#### end this week with knives demo

Penis...this makes me want to listen to the Bruisers and beat emo kids up. Remember those asinine tent/sleeping bag combos your parents used to buy you for Christmas? The ones that had either Garfield or Barbie's respectable trademarks emblazoned on them? Well, these Tsawassen boys are still into that shit. Except theirs' have pictures of sobbing scenesters at d.b.s shows.

The "screaming shitty poetry over Iron Maiden licks" act has been played out for quite some time now. I'm tired of people referring to bands like this as 'intelligent' when they know damn well that the lyricist does no reading outside of other bands lyric books.

With a proper EP due out sometime soon, one must wonder if this demo gives the wrong impression. However, when confronted with the hor-rid Andy Dixon/Jesse Gander style vocals, I think I'd rather wait until these young men break up and start new bands before I put anymore money down for their current one

Whitev Palais

#### GusGus Attention Moonshine night.

Every day is Sunday, every night is Saturday except Thursdays. They are little Saturdays. (A recent posting on gusgus.com) As a side note, the win-

ner of the Tom Sellek - moustache - contest has been announced

This band will rock yer glowy club socks off, as this communal collective of spaceage DJs and other cerebral individuals spin frazzled waltzes with betts saturated in a danceable power as vulnerable and strong as an International Rave Against The Machine. My roommate has since stollen the disk, and when questioned said only this: "They're one big fucking party!" I don't think he plans on giving it back

Attention is the band's first product working in cahoots with Moonshine Records (sort of an Epitaph of electronica) but it's nice to hear the megadeal hasn't tainted their free-thinking, self-confident stylings. This band is COOL. Organic, Iceland cool though - foreign pale. Not like The Strokes' seedy, boomer-brats pale. GusGus is playing in Vancouver at - where else? - Sonar, September 15.





#### Guttermouth Gusto Epitaph

Holy fucking god-damn shit motherfucking cock suckertash. This album is gold. It's good to see a hand have fun and these guys sound like

they are having a blast. You got your straight ahead punk rock, your honky tonk twangy songs, your lounge lizard songs and yes, the humor to make you blush. If you liked any of the past five albums, you'll love this. Standouts are "My Girlfriend" and "Lemon Water" 4.5 ripped asses out of 5 ripped asses DC



#### Keepsake Black dress in a b movie keepsakeonline.com

The first thing that I noticed about this CD is the fine cover art. Any sleeve that has a cute naked brunette

lounging on a red afghan wins my vote. After gazing at the chick, I plunked that bitch into my laser reader and was sur-prised to hear this treat. "Today I stabbed your eye/ You've never seen so clearly/ now go paint me a pic-ture". See, I would have added, "BITCH" to the end of that line, but that's just me. Anyway, from the first track it was quite obvious that these nerd rockers got'z it going on. Shane doesn't yell his fucking way through these crisp cuts, which is nice for a change Keepsake shakes a good blend of melodic punk with a bit of emo shiznit for that extra knock to the funnysack. Did I hear a synthesizer here?

Adler Floyd



#### Kitchens and Bathrooms Utter A Sound Sonic Unyon

This is music at its most reluctant They should rename themselves Lame Or Self Duck. Abasement. Sounds

like their parents are making them play Unsurprisingly, the original guitarist in this Hamilton. Ontario trio has moved on to beat a dead horse of a different color - now playing in a Guns N Roses tribute band



#### Mammoth Volume The Early Years The Music Cartel

Here is a quote from Daniel Gustafsson, guitar and keyboard player for Mammoth Volume: "It's our responsibility to put

E.Kendy

something meaningful into music, otherwise people will think nothing of it in general." The prospect of trawling through seventy minutes of this dorkified philosophy put to the test filled my bowels with dread. Then I put the disk in, sat down, and what relief I felt when it came out and it all hung together. These Swedish stoner-prog-bunglers know how to whip up a good stew of Sabbathesque sludge with big smelly chunks of originality The rangy vocals, provided by Jorgen Andersson, pay homage to Ozzy without stealing the old bat-muncher's mojo. Even better, the last track, aptly titled "Studio Improv" is an eight and a half-minute

document of awesome noise that will never be played live again. It is a rare and delectable treat for a band to expose itself in such a manner, providing an irre-versible window into their writing process. What relief to hear something original. What immense relief I feel, after so many months of listening to heaps and steaming mounds of packaged genrebound crap.

#### Buttsack Jack

Manifesto Jukebox ESTO Remedy BYO Records AK

> When I first received this disc I did not know what to expect. All I knew was the label that put out the disc, and they usually out some damn put

good stuff like Youth Brigade and Manic Hispanic. So I took a chance on this one. Blend old Husker Du style with new Hot Water Music and you get three Finlandians who play with their hearts on their sleeves. Try something new I dare you. 3 ripped asses out of 5 ripped asses. DC

#### Mu330 Ultra Panic

Asian Man Records

Ska anyone? I'll take 3 please. Asian Man Records brings us yet another excellent ska charged release from Mu330 With the hook

up from Blue Meanies own J.P.Camp III & Chaz Boyd, Mu330 don't seem to fucking slow down on this album. Ultra Panic is full on rock, speed, punk, good time and trombone, minus the dancing dinksmack.

I can safely fucking say that there is enough ska here to fill our tall glasses from the musical keg.

Adler Flova

#### Punk-O-Rama Vol.7 Epitaph

Ah yes... it's that time of year again, when all the labels compile the very best of what they have to offer and showcase all the new found gems they want you to hear.

This is no exception. Seven years, seven compilations, most of these bands people know (NOFX, Bad Religion, Pennywise). Epitaph just keeps pulling them out of the hat with bands like Death by Stereo and Hot Water Music and Randy. A nineteen band compilation for a cheap price... you just can't say no and if you do i idiot! 3.5 ripped asses out of 5 ripped asses vou just can't say no and if you do you're an

Sinners and Saints

The Sky is Falling Bridge Nine Records Sooner or later, this

pseudo-driving radio rock will vibrate your tympanum whether like it or not. I you would have preferred not, but it's too late for me Besides mil-

lions will digest this ragged candy-coated music and love it. And when you see these consumers smiling.

Nineties (Foo Fighters), and the present (over-pro-duced ultra-positive ploop). The best part of the album is every time vocalist Rob or Mark Lind (could be either one) shout/sings with a rasp that shreds the plastic membrane of chorus/delay/harmony making the rest of the CD sound like it hasn't been unwrapped yet. Buttsack Jack Sixer ) H () Beautiful \* Trash BYO Records

real music this is.

like you and me. They are not robots. They are not thoughtless drones that are controlled by a fat bald

fuck who sits in his office in the sky and twiddles a

joystick in his gooey palm. Real people they are. And

created a powerful work of modern rock that draws

influences from the Eighties (Guns n Roses), the

Seriously though, Sinners and Saints have



Beautiful \* Trash is the first I've heard from Sixer, a band whose name is a pretty good indication of what you'll get from one of their albums. drink n' roll street

punk. The first track opens to what sounds like Social Distortion or Rancid covering Green Day's "Longview", and 9 more bouncy, gravely voiced, anthemic singalongs follow. Nothing on this disc really stands out, but nothing is all that bad about it either. This album is as easy to like.

Cowbov TexAss

The Stag Reels Dime a Dozen Independent

This independent release from the artists formerly known as Chapter 3 stinks. It stinks of liquor and sweaty leather cowboy boots. I guess some people's olfacto-

ry glands might not disagree with this combination of smells as mine did, but this is my fucking review. Front man Darcy Webb can sing well, but sometimes I just wish he wouldn't. The songs on this disc feature tight riffs, rockin' drumming, and good-enough tunes, but it's like a Jell-O shooter, y'know? Not totally bad, but nothing fresh, dude.

Jenni Talia



shame you! hailing on Originally from Victoria, this four piece plays a top notch old school style similar to such acts such as Dr Know Fang, Verbal Abuse, Poison Idea etc. There seems to be resurgence in this genre lately and for good rea-son. On this brand new release, The Excessives give us 11 songs with not a bad one in the bunch. The first 7 are brand new while the last 4 are remastered tracks from a few years back including the live crowd pleas-

er, "Repeat Offender". Highly recommended. Aaronoid

#### through their rotted teeth you will catch glimpses of their brains and see that there is really nothing wrong The Fartz with them. They are people with regular feelings just Iniustice

the Record

Alternative Tentacles

A good three years after their reformation and a couple of re-issues later, these west coast legends finally give a full length of new material. This release con-tains all the elements one would come to expect: an all out frantic grinding guitar attack and mid to fast paced drums all accompanied by Blaine's agonizing vocal style. The action is relentless with little to no time gaps between songs. Two thumbs up for this record jacket and inner sleeve which depict clever mockery of the right wing government and its adver-saries. Not since the mid-90's release of Crime Pays When Pigs Die has such a poignant and hard hitting album come out of the Washington State area. Listen to this release and see how a bunch of aging farts can lay waste to a big potion of macho mosh metal drivel that is referred to as hardcore these days.

Aaronoid

Insurgence Records This could possibly be the best Canadian compilation to come out in the existence of the Compact Disc. The

Various

Wide 2

Class Pride World

mighty Insurgence Records from Toronto give us the 2nd volume in the Class Pride series. In this edition, we're given 21 acts from Canada, U.S.A, England Germany, Argentina, Poland, Italy, Euskadi(?), Brazil, The Czech Republic, Germany, Sweden, France and Portugal. The majority of these acts, at least to my knowledge, are fairly obscure and newly formed; with the excep-tion of old English die hards Angelic Upstarts and Red Alert. The music is melodic, hard hitting street punk with an anti racist and pro blue collar message so strong that not even the language barrier distracts from it.

Having that, it is made impossible to pick any particular stand out...all the tracks here are brilliant! This is a must have!

Aaronoia

#### **Reaching Forward** Burning the Lies Bridge Nine Records

NYC's Reaching Forward chucks forth its second full-length release entitled Burning the Lies, which features fast, aggressive, spastic punk that changes tempos every four bars and generally fucks with your internal clockwork. These straight edge punkers know how to play their tools, and this time they've got the production to back them up. With a sound rivaling Metallica's ... And Justice For All, in terms of compressed tightness, Burning the Lies shits out music far superior in texture to the sloppy flavorless splatter expulsed by the average loose-boweled punks. I highly recommend it.

Buttsack Jack







SEP

JESUS CHRIST VAMPIRE HUNTER

CONDENSATION OF SENSATION

SWARM DAVID YONGE and LAURA MADERA let loose

SHORT STORIES & FRACTURED FABLES Featuring films by MICHAEL SNOW, MINA SHUM,

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PAUL KINCAID JAMIESON enlightens us with

his version of the real war on terrorism

NOAM CHOMSKY: Bringing the world home

Chomsky dissects the politics

JOINT EFFORT presents this film

on the infamous prison uprisings

of deceit and propaganda

ATTICA DAY

Rare early works by DAVID RIMMER, RICHARD REEVES, JOYCE WIELAND,

SPECIAL TWIN TOWERS EDITION!

AMERICA: LOVE IT OR DIE

Philosophy and psychedelia fornicate

the master of hand-manipulated

The second coming is upon us...

in this rare screening from

emulsion, CARL BROWN

MAINZER STRASSE

and the battles that ensue

THE LIGHTED FIELD

CARL BROWN and others

Anarchist occupation in Berlin,

1

3/4

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12

13

17-22

36 POWELI



### RETURN TO PORNO (HICIV: **Ron Jeremy Edition**

#### Friday, August 30 @ The Fox Theatre

Let's face it- porn is fascinating. Delve deep enough into it and you can lose yourself in its multifaceted hyper-sexuality and gender politics. For those who strive to understand the phenomenon, it becomes so much more than mere cheap thrills.

The Nerve's own porn afficionado in residence Dimidtrui Otis put together his fourth night of naughty shenanigans appropriately housed in the charmingly grotty Fox Theatre this past Labour Day weekend. Porno Chic-Otis' labour of love- promises and delivers a chance for open-minded adults to revel in their appreciation for porn, and while not exactly a drunken pool party, there was enough bare flesh and goofy double-entendres at PC4 to satiate. Many in attendance were there to witness a live appearance of the world's most famous male porn star, Mr. Ron Jeremy, and as such embodied that certain appreciation. To be in the same room with Ron Jeremy was one step closer to under-

#### for a living.

Ron Jeremy, who basically now makes a living making personal appearances relying on his distinctive shtick, a combination of nudge-nudge Borscht belt humor and conversational career reflection, may be the first porn star to go on the "lecture circuit" and

still have good TO BE IN THE SAME ROOM WITH RON things to say about his business. He JEREMY WAS ONE STEP (LOSER TO UNDERseemed immediately at ease with **STANDING WHY EXACTLY PEOPLE FUCK ON** the crowd, taking the adulation in

stride and cleverly, slowly working it to his advantage. I don't know how Ron Jeremy's other Labour Day weekend engagements went, but I doubt they had the same vibe as that of the Fox. Jeremy was immediately at ease with the crowd- these were his people.

CAMERA FOR A LIVING.

The Porno Chic audience was treated to a selection of trailers from Ron Jeremy's body of work, a ramshackle collection of increasingly surreal late 70's/early 80's smut with titles like SCANDALOUS SIMONE and BAD GIRLS. The hyper-sexualized world of porn never seems so evident then it does when watching a selection of trailers, replete

with all the money shots you can handle. Add that to the fact that most of the trailers had been cut and pasted within an inch of their lives and some even featured a few frames upsidedown and backwards for that extra-surreal feeling, and you've got a visual experience that is as rare as it is amusing.

But it wouldn't have been worth it if we hadn't been treated to Ron Jeremy's musings, which bookended the trailer sets. Jeremy threw out a wide array of thoroughly entetaining anecdotes like about becoming a porn actor because Broadway was too competitive, peppered with one-liners like "If I get wood the front row's in danger." The crowd ate it up.

The appeal of Ron Jeremy has been all-too simplistically encapsulated (specifically by Jeremy himself) that he is proof that any guy

can get laid. In order to continue to sell Ron Jeremy (the commodity) this is the official line, but Ron Jeremy would

never have had as much success as he has had without naturally interacting with women they way he does. Jeremy has sex appeal to women because he makes them feel like they are the immediate focus, because he will simply divert his attention whenever a woman is in his presence. Anyone who witnessed Ron Jeremy in action after things had calmed down at the Fox could attest to this. Undoubtedly he has learned a few things about pleasing women over the years, but the fact remains that he is a natural-born mack daddy.

Bjorn Olso pics: Saturnin



Ron Jeremy giving interviews





standing why exactly people fuck on camera



Fragmentation and loss of stability with 15 works by SARAH ABBOTT, BARBARA STERNBERG, ROBERT KENNEDY and more!

SHIRKA URECHKO'S THE WORM

Burlesque meets breakdance in wetdreamland, insect-style, with the World Premiere of Urechko's latest integrated audio-visual dance performance









#### PAUL NASCHY / SPANISH HORROR / MY EGO IS TOO BIG FOR THIS PAGE



"Half-ass" is the word of the day. Horror films can be labeled half-ass by heavy AFI and BFI critics alike, that is until they reach the point that Film Noir and Spaghetti Westerns are at right now (which is the point where teachers and critics, having finally realized the value of the genre, start pretending they knew about it first). Most true blue horror, genre, and cult film fans like to hang out and argue about shit. I've had my share of mentally challenged arguments - usually resulting in one party screaming at me, or me geeking out and screaming back about the exciting points of Zombie Lake or the Reincarnation of Isabel. One name that springs up again and again in horror film "talk" in conversation amongst (but rarely Vancouverites) is writer / director Paul Naschy (a/k/a Jacinto Molina). Whether the theme is a short-nosed werewolf who ages rapidly or constant tit-mangling mixed with classic Spanish monsters - Naschy isn't quite the most popular... which makes him half-ass popular.

Naschy is from Spain, home of directors like Jesus Franco, Amando de Ossorio, Carlos Aured, Miguel Madrid and Manuel Cano. As I've written somewhere before, Spain is the birthplace of some of the most messed-up entries into the genre film world. They kind of play out like a cheaper version of Italian rarities, but with just as much flair, gore, T & A and maybe even more atmosphere (per capita). Ex-strong man competitor Paul Naschy had always been a huge fan of the classic monsters Frankenstein, the Mummy and the Werewolf. Thinking that the genres could be extended for his own entertainment and that of others, he dominated the seventies with his obscure werewolf, zombie, and mummy re-tellings which usually featured him acting under his own direction, in makeup he applied himself. He catered to the tastes of the Spanish horror fan by pushing the envelope of Satanic rituals, werewolf blood mouth, and decapitated mannequins.

#### Some Naschy / Molina faves:

Horror Rises from the Tomb (1972) Most films Naschy has written were either directed by himself or one of his buddies. In this case, Carlos Aured took the reins, and it's my fave in the Naschy lineup. A 15th century knight gets his head chopped off and hidden somewhere, while his female partner is killed by his side. As in Black Sunday, while they are being put to death, they swear vengeance and are eventually unearthed by unsuspecting vacationers. Naschy's satanic demon knight and his partner in crime Helga Line (one of my Eurotrash babe faves) engage in heavily atmospheric Satan worshipping, gore, and lots of other very creepy events. Another cutey fave, Emma Cohen, makes a nice appearance as a plaything for a suave, older version of Naschy's character.

**Return of the Zombies** (1972) You'll notice that this is from the same year as *Horror*. Naschy was not unlike Franco and was obsessively prolific when it came making his fucked visions come to life. This features Naschy as a grave-robbing hunchback who takes a back seat to some very Hammerish zombies. Directed this time by Jose Luis Merino, this definitely doesn't put any kind of damper on the over-the-top Naschy atmosphere of amazing ruins, caves and graveyards. The scene of the hanging woman at the start matches anything *Graveyard Of Horror* might offer as far as the art of continuity.

*Exorcism* (1974) Directed by Juan Bosch, but again with Naschy imagery all over it and killer box art that made me have to grab this bad boy years ago at a Rogers sale. A hot chick (there's something about the ladies of Spain that is AMAZ-ING) turns into a freaky, possessed, rotting, foul-mouthed whore. Everyone had their take on the exorcist genre and Naschy is no exception. The satanic shit gets pushed to the max, as do the breasts and the sleaze.

Mummy's Revenge (1973) Also directed by Carlos Aured, and yet again featuring Naschy as the titular monster who comes back from the dead to pursue virgins and Helga Line (which is really pushing the original storyline), but with some nice Naschy-esque twists. One scene has the mummy selecting females to partake of (blood let, whatever) but they are unacceptable, so he then proceeds to smash all their faces in, H.G. Lewis-style. Some harsh shit really comes out of nowhere.

*Werewolf and the Yeti* (1975) Directed this time by Miguel Iglesias Bonns, Naschy plays his fave werewolf character, Waldemar Daninsky, living up in the mountains. What better time to go into a cave housing some vampire sluts who bite him into wolf form and bring about eventual journey and scrap with the Yeti. I have a soft spot for any film that takes place in the cold and snow — but add a werewolf, a Spanish-style Yeti, and a good flesh-peeling scene, and we're rocking.

Werewolf vs. the Vampire Women (1970) Leon Klimovsky (an amazing director in his own right) helmed this film that is a fave of many Naschy fans. Waldemar the werewolf is brought back to life by two cemetery workers who remove the silver bullet in his chest, thus unleashing the beast upon the unsuspecting people of some el creepo haunted forest. In his "offwolf" time, Naschy's character has no problem acquiring a Playboy mansion of sorts, only to find himself eventually pitted against Patty Shepard (the Spanish Barbara Steele) as the vampire woman. The scrap to end all scraps ensues. This film has it all — the gore, the atmosphere (again), the T&A, and the classic horror "angle" — making it one of Naschy's masterpieces of ideology.

An amazing actor, writer and director (although from this list, you wouldn't believe he directed anything, but I swear he did) who is a fixture in the horror world in Spain, but who only gets half-ass attention from horror fans. BUT... when the Naschy fandom hits the fan — watch out! He is VERY popular in among people who can appreciate his unique feel for pure horror.

Now, if only I could get MY half-ass in gear and not flake out on that Henry Silva "fest" I've been contemplating...

Sinister Sam

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# Reel-Horror.com Not your typical video store 11 E. Broadway next to Funhouse Tattoos & Teenage Rampage 3pm - 3am EVERYFUCKENDAY



### Books and Zines by Leather the Librarian

#### Zine-o-rama! (Part One)

Sunday, August 25<sup>th</sup> was the annual Comics and Stories convention (a/k/a "Vancouver Comicon") at the Heritage Hall on Main Street, attended by some 350 fans, artists and small publishers. In this edition of B&Z, I'm reviewing some of the lighter fare the convention produced. In Part Two, coming next month, we'll get into the really sick shit, as well as the official com-memorative Comicon digest, "Vancouver Special," featuring some of the artists listed here (like girl-friend's Emily Shoichet), as well as others like Owen Plummer, whose work has been reviewed in past editions of this column. Special thanks to Leonard Wong for his humour and hard work co-ordinating a great event.

*sod awf!* The Rebel Issue / The Notorious Issue (5 & 6) by Poison Ivy c/o 9440 Glenacres Dr., Richmond BC, V7A 1Y7

what's not to love about this rip-snortin' lip-smackin' home brew served up in black and white by an editrix who is so cute you could just spit? Solid music & skateboarding features, uncluttered design and witty features like the two-part series called "Rock n' Roll's Bad Asses" (nothing more than col-lected photos of musicians' denim and leather-clad this is a kickin' little 'zine with both street butts). cred and talent to spare. It's not often you read something and immediately want to befriend the person responsible, but I reckon Miss Ivv could charm the assless chaps off a Dufferin go-go boy. (And, hey, Ivy... if you have any luck getting someone to take you on a road trip to California, can I come too? Like you, I don't drive, but I am a dyed-in-the-wool funar-chist and I will swear a blood oath not to engage in any farting whatsoever) I printed her contact address for a reason... pony up a stamp for this quality 'zine and you'll get much more than your money's worth. This one wasn't at the Comicon, but maybe it should be next year.

Wine Women & Song (Spring 2002 issue) by Bob Prodor, Lowbuck Publishing lowbuck71@hotmail.com

Bob Prodor is an artist whose illustrations have, in the past, adorned posters for SNFU, Circle Jerks and DOA, and can currently be seen promoting the Empire Burlesque Follies (who were profiled in our Sex Issue this year). Bob is clearly a fan of boobies (or, as one of his characters calls them, "HYOOJ TEEYOTS") his comic showcases them with reverence. The drawings are simple but sexy (especially the front and back covers, which are really quite beautiful), and the funny, well-written dialogue is natural, conversational and far above average. Like sod awf!, this mag isn't specifically targeted at either gender (in one frame a sassy female character rents gay male porn, and in the next frame, mister "hyooj teevots" gets it on with two hot bar sluts) and whether it's the Playboy centerfold spoof (complete with questionnaire and lame party jokes) or the loving caress of the artist's pen across the curves of a realistically-proportioned female figure, this is a stylish yet unpretentious comic mercifully devoid of that bigeyed, pink-haired Japanime crap. God, I hate that shit.

#### girlfriend / girlfriend 2 by Emily Shoichet

Bent Comics (www.bentcomics.com) \$2 each emilychick@bust.com

both the cuteness! Edgy, nasty cuteness, about pet mice that are disturbingly difficult to euthanize, chilling-but-true sightings of teen idol Corey Haim on a Toronto-bound train and the inconceivable bulkiness of vending machine maxi-pads (a/k/a "crotch pillows"). Definitely girlier than some of these other offerings (the artist does confess to a high-school crush on red-headed 80s crooner Rick Astley...oh the horror!), this is a pleasant departure from the phallocentric (and often gore-centric) nature of a lot of modern comics. Loved the first issue's tale of the "Psychic Goatee" and the acerbic description of a generic 'boyfriend' near the end of issue 2. At times wickedly funny, and at times frighteningly insightful (yes, Emily, that's really the only word for it) ... this girlfriend done good.



2239 W. 4th Ave. Vancouver, B.C. (604) 732-5344

# It's Raining Me By Jason Ainsworth

#### **Call these Floats?** Oh come on.

Now, I thought it was the White Pride Day parade, but it was the Gay Day Pride parade, but I figured, White is White. In the tradition of Vancouver journalism I headed out to review the floats. Hey, I volunteered.

got to Denman street, not quite late enough. The streets were "thonged" with provincial men, all "enjoying" a day out. All hoping to see ass... ass and lesbian breasts. They wanted to see the see homosexual guys play out the sordid fantasies of suburban squares who want a whole bunch of dicks inside Half gays? I don't ever want to know. I was there in my press hat, and I wanted to belittle the floats. I wanted to hurt the float-peoples' feelings. I wanted to really hurt them with words, hopefully until they cry like a bunch of disgraces.

Like the marines, I hate drag queens when I'm sober, and there were so many drag queens there I don't have a number big enough to commincate it. I really don't like drag queens, but I volunteered, and have no right to complain about the fucking drag queens. Drag queen floats were generally unremarkable

Unremarkable. There's a word that will come up frequently in this article, don't you fucking worry.



Come on. Just fucking come on

I'd like to make something clear. A minivan with a box on top is not a float. Never was, never will be. I don't care if it's painted. It's not a float. Maybe in Angola a minivan with a box on top is a float. Good luck to them. The government told me on the radio that Vancouver is a world-class city. So no more emboxed mini-vans, please.

Speaking of world-class city, Vancouver once a gain earned its right to that mantle by having a bunch of pudgy weirdo assholes walking in front of the crowds yelling at people to stay back off the road. No one was trying to get on the road. The road was full of mini-vans with boxes on top. Everyone was happy standing *next* to the road, in traditional parade manner.

For fucks sake, this is Canada... you don't have to employ unemployables to yell at people to stay off a road no-one wants to get on. Did they fear a great rush of latent gays mothering the faggots and stealing their leather slacks? Maybe in Angola parades need armed guards. Have you

seen those Leather Guys? Jesus Christ - a lot more frightening than some Surrey boy with a bag of doorknobs.

Near the end, this abominably stupid float came by with a screech of goth fags and dykes on it, trying and failing to "dance" alluringly to "music", and God help me,

this is what they wrote on the float: "Rebel Yell", across the side in an approved punk font. It's enough to make you put your groin out to pasture. They were a disgrace to every single thing ever created in the entire history of Earth. They were the last float for a reason. And after the last float came a huge tide of pedestrians, like a Nazi death march. In the old days, huge floods of peasants used to follow the British Army for scraps, trade and prostitution, and I'm assuming there's some sort of connection here.



On the up-side, there were a lot of guys walking around in these home-made gold crowns, which was neat, creative and friendly

The National Gay Pilots Association made a day of it, on foot with a sign

The Canadian Unitarians for Social Justice made an appearance too, but frankly, I can't see that crew frigging it up much in a back alley. There is a disturbing trend these days for bland, dull homosexuality. Worries me. In my day, faggotry was all about ten strangers' dicks in your ass on any given day. Now it's all army officers getting married for life to only one dude. It's a cause for concern. *Anonymous* blowjobs, please!

Gay Hockey players, gay square dancers, it just became a wave of homosexual monotony. This thing went on for hours!

And then all those guys went home and frigged all night.

Assballs: Hey - good news, some guys sent in a thing that said about their art show, and I think you should all go. I would never, ever send you readers to a sissy art show. My word is my bond. And say what you want about Assballs, fucked if I understood a word of it, but it was one-hundred and-seventy-five-percent not sissy. It was a lot of drawings. Not sissy. It's at that Whip place in the back of beyond until September

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Just fucking come on

something. Hats off to the Assballs guys and ladies. Speaking of sissies, I saw a doozy the other day walking into Staples. Man was a disgrace. Minced in, bought a glue-gun, minced out like he was Jesus Christ himself.

In conclusion, I would like to maintain that the gay pride day was a load

of Rubbish, but the Assballs were manly. And, holy Christ, I went out the other day to buy a straw boater hat, a simple elegant straw boater, and the fucking thing cost one-hundred and fifty bucks! How do the sissies afford it?

# RIJIN' SHOTGUN



must say that though I love the drive, it is not somewhere I L thought Reece would agree to meet me with his very very sweet 1954 Ford Mainline. It looked pleasantly ironic parked across from the notorious hippy park, and I had a private laugh as this was indeed the last place in Vancouver I would have actually expected to see Reece's classic rod due to the tendency of a die hard greaser to keep oldschool traditions still alive. Thankfully, he got my hippy vs. greaser joke and handled the situation with the right amount of casual humour. This guy is living the 50's dream, in true devotion he "lives it, plays it, dates it, builds it and drives it". Quote, unquote.

Reece books the bands for Rockabilly Round-up every Saturday night at The World Famous Marine Club (573 Homer), where sometimes you can find him on stage with his upright bass slapping out the tunes with his current band The Sunsetters. He has also played with Rip Carson and the Twilight trio as well as a personal favorite of mine, the spookybilly band Deadbolt. If you are interested in hearing traditional rockabilly sounds, some dj'd and always a live band check out the roundup, \$3.50 a pale ale pint is hard to find downtown on a Saturday night and you don't have to be a diehard rockabilly to enjoy this evening, the doors are open to all. It only seems fitting that a guy so interested in the music and the look would also follow to have one of the most memorable hotrods in town. My personal memorable

sighting I will henceforth share: It occured while I was slugging away at my "how would you like your eggs?" (greasy) dayjob and there seemed a cummotion across the street. Without giving undue ego boosts for a blast from the past recreated, I have to say I was back in time. There was Reece, stopped by the cops at a red light, in this beast of a shining hot rod, with his Tracy Lords look alike burlesque dancer girlfriend Nikki snapping gum and scowling in the passenger seat looking foxy and appropriately bored. The light was green and the heat was still detaining them. When it came time for them to drive off it seemed the beast was louder than the indy. I found out later that the cops had stopped them for being "too loud". Fitting.

Glossy grey with a black flame job, a blue-grey leopard interior and dice suicide knobs is only the aestetic begining to this classic custom ride. This rod's got a 239 "Flattie" silver and black V8, it's been lowered, replaced and rebuilt during the two years Reece has owned "Precious", with all original parts. Reece has done most of the work himself or with the help of



"The Road Kutters", his hot rod gang. His dad was a big hotrod fan, teaching Reece to drive on a V8 Dunebuggy ( the lucky bugger). When Reece is not working on his car over the weekend, or hanging out at the Marine Club, or watching his lady dance to the burlesque beat, or showing off all his hard earned elbow grease at local car shows, he's down at the Mission track racing it as this "precious" baby isn't afraid to go fast or get dirty.

Pics and Words: Angela Fama



# MAIN LINES part 2 Luckily for me I have no kids for him to play with.

### **Park Park**

"It's called Park Park...so get fucked!," cackled a scraggly man with a toothless grin. The park I was inquiring about lies at E. 8<sup>th</sup> Ave. and Brunswick St. in East Vancouver. There are no signs naming it. I've lived across from this park for three years and walk through it daily. Occasionally, I ask neighbours and park-goers if they know the name. No one seems to know.

I asked T-Bone. He ignored me and continued to pet his lizards. T-Bone brings his iguanas on leashes down to Park Park. They are six and eight feet long and T-Bone only unleashes the larger one, he explains, because it runs faster than most small dogs. Nothing pleases him more than his reptile versus her poodle (the unsuspecting dog owner's reaction is the most enjoyable part). Last summer his pet ran down a terrier and clawed it apart. T-Bone told me he used to kill people for an unnamed crime syndicate, but I enjoy his company nonetheless. I crossed the field and heard T-Bone behind me yelling, "It's called Jurassic Park!"

I asked the local pedophile and he just stared at me blankly, unsure if I was a friend or foe. He is a repulsive old fellow with a brimmed hat, greasy skin and thick, black-rimmed glasses. While sitting on the bench adjacent the playground he initiates contact with small children. He sits there clutching a black leather bag that holds mysterious contents. If excited, he will get up and dance like a teddy bear, laughing along with the smiling kids. At other times, he is surrounded by police officers. Angry parents also gather around and shout horrible things. I cannot say if this man is guilty or not, but I'm definitely disturbed when the vigilante neighbours start hurling insults. Perhaps he accepts his illness, along with his position as the neighbourhood pariah, for people let him know so often he is disgusting and going to hell. He is certainly determined to sit at his bench and withstand the scorn. Luckily for him the police and parents are usually busy elsewhere.

One day I watched wasted headbangers cheer on a growling pit bull dangling from a tree branch. The snarling pooch was hanging several feet off the ground with its body writhing in spasm. "Arghhhhh!!!...Yah fuckin' fuck," they hollered. Lunching Jehovah's Witnesses looked on nervously. The man who looks exactly like Buffalo Bill from Silence of the Lambs, the guy who wears short-shorts and does Tai Chi, paid no attention to the menacing hound and carried on with his graceful routine. Nor did the ruckus faze the passed-out men on the far flank - children carried on using them as hurdles in their jumping games. The grisly canine didn't tire easily and eventually fell to the ground in a slobbering heap. I thought better than to interrupt the animal show and didn't ask anyone the name of the park that day.

Along with the gentrification process that is presently transforming the Main Street area, more and more young urbanites now frequent the grassy patches. They suntan, read books, and throw Ultimate discs. The tennis courts have yet to demand a dress code — many players still wear boots and can't hit the ball — yet there are definitely many who don't play hammered. The other day I saw a young couple falling in love on a blanket, smiling adoringly at one another with horned, art-school glasses and seventies ski jackets. I asked them park's name between smooches and they cheerfully said they hadn't a clue.

Despite its popularity, Park Park is neglected by the City of Vancouver. Perhaps they have trouble finding it. The grass looks like a wheat field by springtime. When Vancouver does finally arrive with their caged mower, they first wake up many sleeping folks hidden in the rough (so they don't shred their limbs off, I suppose). When the City leaves, the residents return and crack a fresh, warm Iron Horse to celebrate the Man's exit and their freshly mowed real estate. Iron Horse should sponsor Park Park and donate a sign. Maybe they could have a "Name That Park" contest and send the winners on an all-liquorexpenses-paid trip to see Trooper at the Biltmore. I asked the mower-guy if he knew the park's name, but he couldn't hear through his orange, municipal-issue earmuffs.

During my three-year survey, I've witnessed plenty of strange and edgy moments at Park Park. However, it is not gloomy. Nor does it ever seem dangerous, even when alarming things are happening. People mingle in a general atmosphere of safety, in the daytime at least. Many families have picnics. There are often weekend parties among various ethnic communities. Bangladeshi volleyball runs all summer, a game in which the ball may be struck only once by each side, back and forth between 25 man teams (this giant volley-pong match looks silly but there is a tremendous amount of smiling and laughing amongst the participants). Chinese Christians frequently have barbeques, and one day they beseeched me to share their hot dogs (I thank them for their benevolence and they did have some

goddamn good cheese-franks). One interesting group of multi-ethnic folks sets up a stage and sound system and performs with various funky instruments. Best of all, congregating at Park Park does not appear to require a permit - I have asked around and nobody seems to bother. I guess it is difficult to fill out an application for a nameless park.

This thought led me to figure that I could probably get the name if I inquired at City Hall. So, I telephoned the snivel servants at Gotham. After waiting on hold for way too much time, I was told the person who might know would be in the following Wednesday between 9:00 and 9:15 a.m. "So get fucked," I told them, "It's called Park Park."

(Author's note: it took only a quick look at a map to reveal that it is actually called Guelph Park... however, the fun was in the asking).

Laird Salton

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#### TEXAS DILDO MASQUERADE

(1997) Mile High Video

f there is one area where porn is on top of the game, it is parody. No sooner is a big budget movie released than a porn version - costing a mere fraction - is offered to Xrenters. Recent titles include SNATCH ADAMS, MISSIONARY POSITION: IMPOSSIBLE, and WHORE OF THE RINGS.

One of the most valuable subversive traditions in entertainment, the movie parody is, in cartoon form, a long established staple of MAD Magazine. The is idea to milk overblown epics for laughs, by reproducing the film in a satirical manner. An easy and legal way to prick the balloon of one the biggest control establishments in society Hollywood. Hollywood itself successfully launched into the movie parody with 1980's AIR-PLANE!, outrageously spoofing the AIRPORT franchise - in retrospect high camp material anyas the recent way,

Criminal Cinema retrospective revealed. The French, who take their film very

seriously, preferred the potential to copy positive qualities of one film in another. Thus, the film term "homage", and with TEXAS DILDO MASQUERADE, the Porn Movie Industry has proved it can 'homage' with the best of them. This entire porno is obviously a loving tribute to the classic 1974 horror groundbreak-



er, THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE. Not having seen the original, I

picked up a fancy-shmancy newly restored, etc...DVD from Reel Horror. Actually, I saw the last 10 minutes of CHAINSAW in 1979 when I went in early on a double bill to watch the overrated HALLOWEEN, and was sufficiently disgusted to not attempt a re-viewing Twenty-three years later, my appraisal was confirmed. CHAINSAW is a gruesome, relentless descent into cinematic verite murder and horror. Extremely well-done, but disturbing.

The porn version is a completely impressive and enjoyable re-doing, cutely substituting sex toys for

the chainsaw, and sordid penetration for slaughter (interestingly, the original is sexless - while the porn version is, out of legal necessity, violenceless.) Obviously, a lot of care and attention went into TEXAS DILDO, and the actors go all out. If you are a fan of CHAINSAW, you will definitely appreciate this

Dmidtrui Otis

Dildo Texas Masquerade can be rented at Reel Horror on Broadway

Check out Otis' new website on the Golden Age of Porn at realboogienights.com



www.nocturnalreflections.ca



### FAMIZY VACATION

#### Illustrations by Miss Dexter

Tex: Ready to take off on our cross Canada Tour of Booty, we just needed to pick up our rental car, a convertible luxury vehicle, reserved and waiting



Dex: What did we end up leaving with? A station wagon. Tex: Yes, a hideous family mobile was all they had left

for us at the

rental depot.

despite our prior reservation. But it got us to Kelowna in only 4 hours.

Dex: We checked into our seedy motel room, opened a phone book, and headed to Cheetahs. Tex: Kelowna only has about 5 night clubs, and the rest of them are as lame as church. Dex: Church can be fun... if nudity and sin are involved

Tex: We'll just leave that one alone ... it was only a Wednesday night and this bar was packed, and there were even a ton of girls there. Cheetahs was THE place to be in Kelowna. Dex: Yeah, for once I wasn't the only glassy eyed dame droolin over the ladies.

Tex: One of our more prudish friends showed up looking for us at this point.

Dex: How she found us, I'll never know .... Lex: Hey guys! I knew I'd find you here. I've never been to a strip joint before, what goes on? Dex: Well.

Tex: Usually, we get drunk, the girls get on stage, take off their clothes and dance around, take off more clothes

and then dance around some more. Lex: They get TOTALLY naked? Tex: Yup, we get to see everything. Look it's almost vagina time now!

Lex: aaaahh! (covers hers eyes)

Tex: The dancers got a real kick out of our friend and wouldn't leave her alone. We forced her to have a good time and then proceeded to get ourselves incredibly sloshed.

Tex: Closer to the end of the night, the girls in the bar all retreated to the back, where the pool tables are, leaving us alone with all the incredibly drunk perverts, where we belong, and despite the 'no' feeling we were getting from the guys around us, we were determined to stay

until we won at least one poster. Dex: You had the no feeling too?

Tex: Yeah, the guy next to me kept saying 'hola' and smiling at me like he wanted to do incredibly homoerotic things to me. The things I'll endure for free shit ....

Dex: The guy next to me was also quite drunk and kept telling everyone it was his birthday and he won lots of posters and nudie playing

cards from the dancers

Tex: He must have learned that trick from you last month.

Dex: He kept trying to touch me, it was creepy. It made me want to vomit all over his heinous doo-rag.

Tex: He even leaned over and licked the side of her glass. That was incredibly weird.

Dex: Then he tried to grab my thigh and that's when I went biker-chick on his ass Tex: Ms Dexter lashed out with violent force, knocking his sorry self off his stool and

onto the sticky floor of the bar. I was impressed. Dex: Then this hot chick named Karma came out and she had this hot vinyl outfit and I was like ... yeah ... now take it off !! Tex: All the dancers out there -Dex: All 3



Tex: had very impressive, homemade costumes. She had on a vinyl miniskirt, black arm stockings and black and silver boots. She was like somekinda superhero. Dex: A naked superhero

Tex: She was impressed with how Ms Dexter's 'take no shit' attitude and gave her a tiny little poster. Dex: Finally we could leave. Next stop - Calgary!

Days later, after much driving.. Tex: Lost in the maze of souths

and norths and nothing but numbers for streets that make up the city of Calgary, we stumbled upon a place called an 'Adult Sports Bar Liking the sound of this, we entered, despite the goawayedness that the 20 rule long "No Shirt No Shoes No Biker Colours No Golds Gym Clothes No Hats etc" dress code list posted at the door implied.

Dex: There were three naked girls on the stage together when we got there!

Tex: And one of them was in the shower! yeehar! Dex: We got service right away too



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Tex: This place had to be the classiest joint we've ever been in. It was two levels, with a balcony

overlooking the ladies and the backwalls were all made up to look like a street in New Orleans.

Dex: Good food too.

Tex: Extensive menu... they had everything. And it was cheap! We ate a meal each and had about 4 drinks each and it was 30 bucks. They don't give free stuff away there though. They make you EARN your free posters and other assorted crap by playing crazy stripper games Dex: Like throwing loonies at their crotches. Tex: Or the dildo-ring toss. That was an interesting one. But definitely, if you're ever in Calgary, go there.

Dex: Yeah but lunch time and driving mean Tex and I didn't get, get up on stage and shake our booty drunk, so

we got nothing funny to say or soy ha ha ha ha. Tex: Uh... I think little miss Dexter is a wee bit pissed right now







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