

The Grille Issue
Vol 4 No.4 April 2003

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32
PAGES
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The A Verve

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**The
SmearS**

The Rumours

**Man
& The Da
Marbles**

Live On Release

Che Chapter

The Organ

PLUS

BILLY HOPELESS CHATS UP HANDSOME DICK OF THE DICTATORS

Fuel Injected
— 45 —

T.V. MAMAS

The Dirtmitts

**Billy The Kid
and the lost boys**

Regular shit

Alnsworth

Alt + F4

Ridin' Shotgun

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Smut Ranch

Tex & Dex

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CHEAP SHOTS

cheapshotz@thenervemagazine.com

The Widows in LA?: "I'm going to Disneyland to talk with label peeps," grinned Billy Hopeless about the latest news regarding his post Black Halo's project, The Widows. But what has/is to come of these talks? Who knows, but as soon as we hear, I'm sure you'll have already heard it from Billy himself.

Local pornofunk master and DJ to the stars of NerveLand, **Todd Tomorrow**, along with the ultra stylish purveyors of all that is surf, glam, electro-country and hipster in Vancouver, **Rumbletone Productions**, are hosting a night called **Barracuda** at the bar Milk, 455 Abbott St., every Friday night. One can expect everything from glam rock to trash rock to punk and pop as well as a room full of rockers and talkers drinking getting comfortable. Guest appearances by **Mr. Hopeless**, **Otaku**, **Bryce Dunn** and **Frankenstone** (yeah, I got that off the poster).

Premature Death: Say goodbye to **303 Live** folks, looks like the landlords have refused to renew the lease with the current lease holders of the **Columbia Hotel** bar and, as a result, the club shut it's doors March 29th.

RESURRECTION! According to the promoters at **The Cobalt**, Vancouver's Hardcore bar will re-opening it's doors after extensive interior reconstruction (included, apparently, is a new dishwasher... yay! No more Hep Cl). According to wendythirteen, the grand re-opening weekend will feature: Fri. May 2 - **Kill Allen Wrench** [featuring Dr Heathen Scum of the Mentors] **sidesixtyseven** and **Jak-Uzi**. Sat, May 3 is **S.T.R.E.E.T.S.**, **Autopussy**, **Feral** [Seattle chicks dressed as cowboys] and **Motorama**.

DJ Todd Tomorrow spinnin it at Milk



Don't fuck with The Nerve, punk:

Syd Savage ripped us off. He's a lying, cock sucking, piece of shit. Syd? If you're reading this, was it worth it? Huh? Fucker?

ATTENTION TOURING BANDS: Now that we've breached the American border, we're starting a new section called **Full Body Cavity Search**, or **Assaulting the 49th**, or **Just Put The Dope In Your Bass Cab, Dude**, or something like that, and want to feature bands from Vancouver who are heading south of the 49th so as to give the Yanks the heads up.... AND bands that are heading to Vancouver from down south. So, please let us know if that means you and we'll tell everybody about it. Got it? Good.

Hey, got a cheap shot for us? E-mail your news to cheapshotz@thenervemagazine.com

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On the Cover: L. to R. Billy of Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys, Lou Rumour of the Rumours and Sue of the T.V. Mamas

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The Nerve s Employee of the Month

or The one who will get paid the most beer...)



Tex, Cowboy TexAss, Cowboy TexAssinine, Fuck Head, Cowboy TexAssHole, or whatever you they call him, if he s not being out off from the bar and/or kicked out while on assignment or crashing a party like a bull-horned helmeted Viking, drinking all your booze and making off with your women, he s hard at work bringing you the goods from out there to the Nerve Centre and then, with some heavy editing, to you, dear reader. We d just like to take this moment to recognize his excellence in the category of excellence in reporting while shitfaced. Cowboy TexAss is our employee of the month, which only happens when we feel like it. Keep up the good work!

RL

A true story told to me by a Graffiti Vandal in which he tries to justify his barbarism.

What I am about to reveal is certain to disturb and disgust you. Simply put, it is a tale of heinous immorality, inhuman behaviour and grotesquery. Inhuman. Will it irk you as it irked me? I honestly don't know.

Super-Rapper D sprays his so-called "tags" all over the city where even decent people can see them, a large swirly thing, looks like a D, with some other crap throw in, in red paint. Disgusting. He was marking up a wall near my household, in a back alley but it was an alley I liked. So I caught him and pulled his pants and underpants down and kicked him in the face hard. He was crying like a schoolgirl. Kicked him again and stood on his ***** along with the broken ground glass. Spat on him, I asked him, "What's the gag?" This is his tale of disgust.

IT'S RAININ' MEN

by Jason Ainsworth

"Mom said I was born into Earth to be red hot rad awesome, and I can even remember my birth. Then later, I went to school for many years, starting with kindergarten, which I graduated from with flying colours. Like all graffiti vandals, I had a minor talent for drawing which deluded me into thinking I might become an artist. But before I was sixteen, I decided it was too difficult and I wouldn't make any money, or "props" as we say in the rap industry. That's right: I am a rap-influenced individual. In many ways listening to rap music enabled my influence-ology of art per se. I was more interested in "grooving" out to rap-oriented music, such as Kool Rap Cool, and the Duck Sisters then studying or working hard. Later on I started tagging walls, or "cribs" as we say in the rap environment. That was six months ago. Now, as my life is about to end, I look back, not with tears, but a sense of accomplishment. No one will forget Super-Rapper D, a proud rap-influenced man."

Oh, by the way,

Apparently March something was World Ladies day, and the heifers were running around in a tizzy celebrating their vaginas, and a bunch of them put together a workshop. Nothing new there, standard banality, but one of the workshops was about Graffiti. Now what is this? I didn't go, of course, but I'm assuming they were reclaiming graffiti in the name of WYMYN hood or some such nonsense. Come on people, graffiti is a crime, just like skateboarding. Let's just grow up a bit.

I tied him up with no eyes and no cock and balls in the forest and he rots. Thanks for reading!

Join my anti-rap coalition! We endeavor to replace rap records on jukeboxes with soul enriching music by Spade Cooley, Ernest Tubbs and Tex Ritter (father of motion picture and TV star Sean Ritter.)

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SUNDAY APRIL 6



SUNDAY APRIL 13



SUNDAY APRIL 20

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plus guests...
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TUESDAYS

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- SKATER VIDEOS
- CHEAP SPECIALS
- FREE POOL



WEDNESDAY APRIL 2

CO-OP Radio Presents...
MOTHERDOWN
Random Blind
The POLY'S
DRIP
Mecha Messiah

WEDNESDAY APRIL 9

LIVE WIRE PALOOZA
BATTLE OF THE BANDS
TIM
All State
Champion
Moneyshot
MUSA

WEDNESDAY APRIL 16

LIVE WIRE PALOOZA
BATTLE OF THE BANDS
UNSUNG
DOGEATDOGMA
CHINATOWN
INFERNAL MAJESTY

WEDNESDAY APRIL 23

LUNCHBUCKET
SPLATTER
UNSUNG

THURSDAY APRIL 3

LIVE WIRE PALOOZA
BATTLE OF THE BANDS
SideSixtySeven
Superepop
Dirty Needles
Against The Grain

THURSDAY APRIL 10

Banner Year
Faces of Eve
Blind Driver
Subculture

THURSDAY APRIL 17

LIVE WIRE PALOOZA
BATTLE OF THE BANDS
TBA

THURSDAY APRIL 24

TBA

FRIDAY APRIL 4

Nerve Magazine Issue Release Party...
Billy the Kid and the lost boys
The Peculiars
Thunder Monkey
and RevZero

FRIDAY APRIL 11

CD RELEASE PARTY!
MARRIED to MUSIC
SOUND CURFEW
DOLLAR STORE JESUS

FRIDAY APRIL 18

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plus guests

FRIDAY APRIL 25

TENDONITIS
WITH OMEGA
CROM
ZUCKUSS
NOIZE-TRIBE-ZERO
ANGEL GRINDER

SATURDAY APRIL 5

LIVE WIRE PALOOZA
BATTLE OF THE BANDS
Abuse
Cradle to Grave
Cornucopia
DRIP

SATURDAY APRIL 12

LIVE WIRE PALOOZA
BATTLE OF THE BANDS
Savanah
Christ Complex
Masters of the Universe
Modus Operandi

SATURDAY APRIL 19

LIVE WIRE PALOOZA
BATTLE OF THE BANDS
Joanie Loves Chachle
Krome
Faces of Eve
INSIPID

SATURDAY APRIL 26

LIVE WIRE PALOOZA
BATTLE OF THE BANDS
ROUND 3

LIVE WIRE PALOOZA
BATTLE OF THE BANDS
ONLY ONE WILL SURVIVE
ROUND 2
CONTINUES

HOPELESSNESS by Billy Hopeless

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, women of rock and punk blah, blah, blah! Listen, I already paid my tribute and respect to the female arts last issue with my memorial to Wendy O. Williams and she was 1000 times the woman than most of the dames out there. So, since I'm already one up on the rest of the players here at the Nerve table, I see you all and raise you by showing you a king. But lo and behold, it's not just a king, but the king of MEN, lead singer with the Dictators, pro wrestling icon, owner of one of N.Y.'s finest bars, the handsomest man ALIVE and now The Nerve magazine's official man of the millennium (uh, wait just a sec there Billy, can I see you in my office? ed.) Mr. Handsome Dick Manitoba!!! Read 'em and drool kiddies!!!

Billy Hopeless: So, Handsome Dick, I know that you've held many titles throughout your illustrious career, and now I'm officially adding the title of The Nerve Magazine's "Man of the Millennium." Do you have any words of acceptance for your people?
Handsome Dick: The Canadian Belt!!!! Another feather in my cap! I'll put it on my wall next to my Fla. T.V. Championship belt!
B.H.: This interview is going to appear in our women of rock issue, and since it's well known that you are a true lover of the fairer sex, I was wondering who Handsome Dick's favourite female artists might be?
H.D.: Darlene Love and Ronnie Spector.

B.H.: Speaking of female artists, a beautiful songbird I know named Texas Terri and her band The Stiff Ones, recorded a cover of the Dictators' song "Baby Let's Twist" on their Eat Shit +1 album. Have you heard it? What's your opinion of her version?
H.D.: I love Texas Terri and support anything she does.
B.H.: In 2000, The Dictators had reformed after a long hiatus and released the album DFFD on an unsuspecting world. How does it feel to be back with your blood brothers?
H.D.: It feels great to still play to people who think we were the shit. Hanging with the boys has its ups and downs... we are supposed to put out a live follow up to the album this year.
B.H.: Cool. So, in the opening track of DFFD you ask us who will save rock 'n' roll. I must ask you, will The Dictators save rock 'n' roll? And who else do you think has the power to bring back the rock?
H.D.: We do what we do... it's our little part of keeping the music we love alive. I think we can show some people some shit and point them in the right direction, but it's going to be some young MTV guy or band (like Cobain/Nirvana) with youth on their side, passion, power and talent that will really fuck shit up!!
B.H.: The album DFFD was put out on your own label and got wicked reviews in magazines like Playboy and Rolling Stone. It must feel great

to get such praise for your own self-owned product. Is it paying off and are you planning on expanding the label or just keeping it as a way of maintaining artistic control?
H.D.: The album did well for a homegrown product and we have no plans for expansion as of yet.
B.H.: Since we're talking of expansions, I'd like to take this time to congratulate you and your wife Zoe on the newest edition to the Manitoba family, your new son Handsome Jake Manitoba! Is he truly the handsomest baby in the world and just how is the heir to the throne?
H.D.: He is beautiful, like his mama and poppa, the personality is oozing out of him, not to mention other stuff. I adore my chubby, laughing, smiling happy little guy.
B.H.: I tend to drink a lot so I often forget the unforgettable times so please remind me when, if ever, was the last time The Dictators played Vancouver? When can we expect you?
H.D.: We played the "Couv" in 1991, I think that was the year. We will be back when we play LA/SF/Portland/Seattle this year if the money is right! So get your shit together B.C.!
B.H.: Well, hopefully a promoter reads this and heads those words. Now, I've been to your bar Manitoba's Wild Kingdom in N.Y., but has Mr. Manitoba ever been to the province

of Manitoba?
H.D.: Once in the early 90's. We weren't blown away by all the beautiful landscape, but we were by all the beautiful women who live there. The show was great and I got one of the greatest blowjobs of my life! If I was smart, I'd have named myself H a n d s o m e Dick Hawaii!
B.H.: Ok, now on The Dictators' website you have a link to white asshole hamburgers who make them tiny little hamburgers. Are they the official meal of The Dictators and if so, how many of them little burgers does it take to fill a two-tub man?
H.D.: White Castle! White Castle! White Castle! You knucklehead... it's The Dictators' food of the world! Don't ever get that name wrong again! White Castles are the official hamburger of The Dictators!! They are as integral a part of our culture as anything else in the world! I usually get 3 White Castles, the hip way of saying hamburgers,



Hopeless (right) with the King of Men (left)

five cheeseburgers, a large fries and a drink.
B.H.: Well, thanks for the interview and we truly are hoping you'll return to Vancouver to play faster and louder than ever. Do you have any words to hold us until then?
H.D.: Yes. I am the LEADER of men. I can't help it. Just follow my words, ask me for advice, follow my advice and life will be good to you. Love H.D.M., King of Men!



Atomick BLAST

By Atomick Pete

opposed

to everything whine so much that nothing ever gets done...). Therefore, Louie and Stevenson argue, the province must put a mora-

It has been over four months since Vancouverites decided that they'd had enough and gave the boot to the "No Fun City" NPA city council and right from the start, COPE appeared much more promising at dealing with the tougher issues. They quickly solved the Woodwards squat, without any violence, got to work regarding safe injection sites for junkies, named a D.O.A. day, called for musicians to come and play a song at the beginning of each city council meeting and Larry started his sworn in speech with "It's gonna be fun!"

But four months later, it doesn't seem like more fun, especially in regards to loosening Vancouver's outdated liquor laws. Now that the province has finally somewhat updated and simplified the rules, it seems apparent that this makes some people at city hall rather uncomfortable. A city staff report recently presented to city council, as well as a motion presented by councilor Louie (Larry Campbell's liaison with the entertainment people) and seconded by councilor Stevenson, does not indicate that action will come quickly. The motion goes something like this; whereas similar changes in Alberta led to the tripling of liquor stores (a natural result stemming from the good old law of supply and demand...), caused the police to deal with a bit more trouble (big deal) and increased liquor prices (What? \$19.65 for a 15 pack of Canadian is more expensive than \$28??), there has been no opportunity for public discussion and community input into these far reaching changes (the type of thing where minority groups of people systematically

Coping with more of the Same

Are we in for more years of No Fun City?

torium on the new changes until at least the end of this year. That way, this will give time for the city bureaucrats to introduce a bunch more not always necessary rules, regulations and rolls of red tape to make sure that the people of Vancouver don't see any advantages, at least not yet, from one of the rare good moves that Gordo is doing.

The 10 page preliminary city staff report deals with what the city needs to do to address the provincial changes. The city will likely retain the old rules until new policy is developed and adopted which could take a very long time. Basically, that paper, in a nutshell, reads thus; for every area where the province is planning on simplifying, streamlining and getting off the back of those who cater to fun, it points to the necessity of introducing new, complicated municipal regulation. I am not saying here that every proposed regulation is wrong, I mean, you don't really want a restaurant with a food optional lounge acting as a nightclub till four in the morning right next to an old folks home, but I don't see anything wrong with Safeway selling beer late at night like they do in Quebec. It works there, why not

here?
Overall, at a time when a lot of people and businesses want less regulations, less red tape, and the provincial government is doing their bit to move in that direction, that report and the recent city council events indicates that we might be in for more rolls of the same blood coloured tape. It is imperative that city council keep

that in mind and stay aware of not falling victim to armies of municipal bureaucrats having to constantly justify there jobs as well as small groups of residents that want Vancouver to be a big suburb where everyone is in bed by 11pm. It is also very

important for all the funsters in this city to spend some energy on proactive action and lobbying of city council. We have a council that is more likely to listen now and we should take advantage of this. Attend council meetings, check the city's web site regularly, e-mail Larry and his cohorts as often as you can. It's time to rev up the funcover campaign's engines once again.

At a Planning and Development Standing Committee meeting on March 27th, council decided to debate on both the aforementioned motion and staff report at a regular council meeting on Tuesday April 8th at 2 PM at city hall. I will be there and I wanna see as many funsters as possible. We won't be able to speak, but our presence in an otherwise empty public gallery won't go unnoticed by the councilors. And we can catch a band or musician performing, thanks to Jim Green's brilliant idea for opening the meeting.

Funsters Unite! We are going to city hall on April 8th!



SLICKITY JIM'S

CHAT 'N' CHEW

Have you been to the Jim lately?





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LiveOnRelease

The Nerve Magazine did not sell out. The Nerve Magazine received no cash dollars for doing this interview. Cowboy TexAss just really wanted to talk to underage girls. Colette Trudeau, 17 year old lead lady of LiveOnRelease was the lucky jailbait. Avril was busy.

TexAss: What role do you feel that sex and gender have in music?

Colette: For women, it's a bigger deal. Usually when you go up on stage, people come and say, "Oh, you were really good, I was expecting, because you were girls, that you wouldn't be any good... but you were awesome." For a guy band, you wouldn't have people going, "I was really skeptical, cuz you're a guy band." In LiveOnRelease, we try to keep the mentality of 'let's just go up and rock out...'. Don't care that we're girls, just go up and play against the big boys. Not... 'let's go do the best Brittany Spears impression we can.'

Tex: Does that stereotype piss you off?

C: Yes, shit... we're always being stereotyped... that cuz you're a girl, apparently you can't play guitar or can't play drums.

Tex: There's just not enough saturation in the scene, not enough girls playing....

C: Exactly. What we're trying to do is open up doors for girls. Girls will go up to bands like the Moffatts, drooling, being like, "oh, he's so dreamy." But they don't think, "I can be up there too," that they could be playing for those people. We're trying to open up the eyes of a lot of young girls. "You could be playing, you could be doing this," Y'know, be

the idol.

T: How do you find being a woman in the Vancouver scene?

C: Hard. I got treated like shit. Back in grade 9, we played a battle of the bands at our school. You'd think that having all these friends who were in other bands would totally be supporting you right? Well, they weren't. We'd be walking down the halls and people would say "You guys suck, you're a GIRL band, you're gonna win just because you're girls." It was hard at the beginning. Either it's getting easier now or you just deal with it.

T: So they were judging you based on the fact that you were a marketable package? The next whatever...

C: People are going to shoot you down no matter what, even if you do what you love.

T: Is that where that Brittany song comes from? A backlash against that?

C: Yeah. Pop is a big thing. Rock music... I've always been into it. Growing up my father would listen to KISS, AC DC, Guns 'n' Roses and I'd be in the backseat rocking out, strapped into my car seat. It's just the way I was brought up... the whole Brittany thing... you see all these younger girls dressing up in skimpy clothes... Why are you dressing like that? Why are you wearing makeup at age 9?

T: Or ties a la Avril Lavigne?

C: Young people are so impressionable... and right now, yeah, all the young girls are wearing ties... and I mean, our bass player used to wear ties, back in the day. Its "whatever" who's the big thing right now.

T: Speaking of rock and pop, how do you define

yourself?

C: We've been asked that a lot, but we don't know where to place ourselves. Some of our new songs are heavier, some are top 40 radio songs... We haven't categorized ourselves. We're broad.

T: Broad broads?

C: Ha.

T: Do you get groupies?

C: Actually, yeah! We have people we like to call Superfans. They bring us birthday presents. They're wicked. We tend to bring them backstage. We hang out with them. Usually we just bring back people we know, though. We'll do the signings, say hello. We don't really have many groupies... we just have superfans. Not like guys... we don't have our chick groupies... like if they're hot they can come backstage.

T: You, you and you... not you...

C: Yeah, no, not you... no, no... the one behind you... yeah, ok, I send Riley to go and grab

the hot guys for us....

T: How do you feel feminism mixes with punk rock?

C: Feminism is equality for me. I don't think I'm a feminist... I don't think any of us bring it out in the music. We're trying to compete with the big boys, not bring out the fact that we are women and trying to use that as a weapon.

T: What's it like working with Bif Naked?

C: Really awesome. She's like a big sister. She keeps us informed of the music industry, how to react to certain things and people. She keeps everything light. She's so funny. She helps us cope with things, cuz she went through it all and she can relate. A good person to have on our side.

T: New record. Plug it.

C: LiveOnRelease Goes on a Field Trip. It's supposed to be a pun name. We decided that it would be best to come up with a name that

made people laugh and was kinda stupid and reflected how we perceive touring... nothing about going on a field trip. The sound is way better on this CD than the last one and we've had way more experience in the past year and a half... we're really proud of it. We've progressed....

T: One last question, your choice. Ask yourself a question and then answer it.

C: Do you do this to everyone? What's next for LiveOnRelease?

T: What is next for LiveOnRelease?

C: No idea. We're going on tour, across Canada. We're gonna start showcasing in the States... headline bigger shows, open for bigger acts, keep progressing, get more fans and keep having fun at we're doing.



TexAss talks with Sue, frontwoman for the T.V. Mamas

TexAss: As a woman, what role do you feel sex and gender have in music?

Sue: At one point, I thought sex appeal was important. Now I don't care, I'm more into the music. But the sexier you are, the better... more people will come to your show. Just look at JP5 for example. How important is sex? Kind of important, I think. I give it a 7 out of 10.

Tex: What are you thoughts on the Vancouver live music scene?

Sue: I think it's horrible. There are some good bands, but there's nowhere to play. There's no more Cobalt, no more Starfish. I think Vancouver generates good music, but I really don't think there's much of a scene for punk rock.

Tex: How do you find being a woman musician in Vancouver?

Sue: It has its advantages, for sure. My band isn't overly amazing, but people will still be

TV Mamas Much Better Than Reality T.V.

'oh wow, that was great' even if you played a shitty show... sure dude, you just wanna get in my pants.

Tex: Dream gig, 3 bands, dead or alive, go!

Sue: It'd have to be the Pixies, for them to reunite would be awesome and Frank Zappa, if he was still alive and NoMeansNo, cuz I love to see them.

Tex: Have you had any problems with sexism in the scene?

Sue: I think I'm not dissed as much, even if the music isn't 100%. That's kinda credible cuz there aren't many girls in this city who play very well, honestly. There's a select few.

Tex: Why did you start playing?

Sue: I've been playing since I was a wee tot. I can play so many instruments it's ridiculous... and as a kid, punk rock is what my older friends all listened to, that's what they played, and I started liking it when I was young. I started playing guitar when I was 11, bass when I was 14, because it's fast. I love fast music.

Tex: Me too - heavy, low ended, fast.

Sue: Faster, louder, deeper, harder.

Tex: Which female musicians/celebrities do you admire?

Sue: Kim Deal, because her voice is amazing, really crystal clear, and because of her bass playing. Does it have to be female?

Tex: I guess not....

Sue: Frank Black. And Bach. Johannes Sebastian Bach. I'd do him in a second.

Tex: Do politics come out in your music?

Sue: Yeah, they do, but mostly things that directly affect me, like worker's comp. We've got quite a few songs that are political. That's really all they are, love songs or political songs.

Tex: Define your sound, describe the TV Mamas.

Sue: Fast baby doll punk rock.

Tex: What about Avril Lavigne?

Sue: She can suck my twat.



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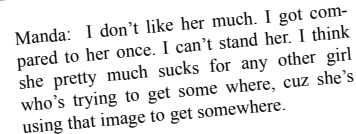
METAL

I got a chance to talk to Manda, lead vocalist and bassist for Go-Kart recording artists Manda and the Marbles. We talked long distance. She's from Ohio. She has a funny accent. This is the steamy hot conversation that ensued...

Manda: Yeah... it works both ways sometimes. If you have a bad show, people are less critical, "oh she's a girl, she can't play" or whatever, and other times it's more nerve wracking, cuz people are ultra critical of women. I try to steer away from all that. Another thing that happens... often we'll have shows, like out of town, and the promoters will be like "we've got the perfect band to

Manda: (laughter) Yeah... but she has an accent. Dunno where she's from

Tex: If you go to Seattle, you gotta come to Vancouver. Totally irrelevant question, but what's your opinion on the success of Avril Lavigne?



(Cowboy TexAss begged me to get him an interview with Avril Lavigne for this issue. When I refused, he made this vengeful face and walked out of my office. He asked everyone he interviewed in this issue her opinion on Avril Lavigne. Just another reason why he's employee of the month! Ed.)



The Dirtmitts kicked-off their

The fact that the women in the Dirtmints keep going forward, despite the harshness of an industry that does not want them to succeed, is a testimony to their conviction. It is easy to dream about the glory of performing, it is another thing to live the life of a female musician. Nobody tells you about the long drives through the freezing Canadian winters, with little sleep and bad food, an industry that always wants you to change you, asshole promoters that pay you peanuts and little or no support from mainstream radio. It is the determination in the face of all of this that really makes girls like Thirsk and her counterparts rock.

Niki Graham



Thirsk said the music industry does

Despite the struggles, Thirsk and her band have carved out a significant niche in the

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④

What's Going On In The Garment Trade

by Awesome Dan, the Polish Man. (temporary fashion standin. Ed.)

1
Lovely Lisa is a dazzling beacon of back-alley shenanigans in a black torn filthy shawl-like thing. With buttons fit for tearing and a tendency to rise up her hot and dripping thighs on a sunny day in the Coat D' Azur. Tempting. I would pay her \$100 for full sex in my friend's car.

2
Oh La La!! Kylie gives the term "half-and-half" new meaning in the duality of frothing white. Just look at those shorts! Her legs go all the way up her ass, don't doubt it. It's time for a white wedding here, even though I know this piece has enveloped more dick than the late Princess Diana (she was the Queen of Hearts). I tell you what, with an outfit like this there's no way you're first to dip the wick.

3
This tests my patience, "Veronique", if that is your real name, which I don't believe it is. She aims for a sleek, jungle look, the leaping jaguar, but comes across like a used sponge. I don't believe "Veronique" has ever heard of pomade. Watch out boys, she'll blow you away in this tight jump-dress, but she'll use her teeth on the downstroke. At most, fifty dollars for full sex including anal, double penetration and submission games. BOO!

4
Christ, I'm not sure. Is it too cheap? She must get chilly in this very revealing experiment in wearable trigonometry. My mind says yes, but let's no fool ourselves. It's just impossible. Keep your money in your pockets, boys, unless you're "that way inclined". She's got a two dick mouth.

5
A gentle, tastefully revealing outfit sure to be the apple of any man's eye. Busty's virginal top both defends and perpetuates the rack that made her fortune, whilst her smalls in this case serve only to accentuate the whole ensemble. Simply darling. I'd break the bank on this one fellows: One hundred and fifty dollars for full unprotected sex in an alleyway. Busty's a bargain at twice the price!

⑤

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Photo: Nicole Stefanopoulos

The Smears

The Smears, one of Vancouver's newest female fronted bands, are: Stevie Kicks on Bass (formerly of New Town Animals), Keith Gill on guitar, Rene on guitar and vocals and Angela on Drums. Present for the interview were Rene, Angela and Stevie.

Nerve: Let's start with the question that everyone hates. For those who don't know, how would you describe your sound?

Stevie: Rock. We're just a rock band. We play rock n' roll. That's pretty much it.

Nerve: What are your thoughts on the live scene in Vancouver these days?

Stevie: I think it's picking up again. For a while there, it seemed like everything was on hold.

Rene: There are way more bands with girls these days. It's exciting.

Nerve: How long have you guys been The Smears?

All: About a year. Stevie joined at Christmas time.

Nerve: What are your thoughts on being female musicians in Vancouver? Do you think that you are treated differently?

Rene: It's great. It's such a wide field, you can do so much being female in Vancouver right now and I don't think we're treated any differently.

Nerve: You don't find any problems with sexism or promoters not taking you seriously?

Rene: I'm not really sure. What do you think? (turns to Stevie)

Stevie: I don't know, I guess the differences I've noticed are that people seem to respond more maybe because it's girls. The Smears, they just grab people's attention. I think I've gotten off topic now (laughs).

Nerve: That's alright. So, who's the songwriter for the band?

Rene: I am.

Nerve: So, who has inspired you? Male or female.

Rene: Hm, well, definitely Concrete Blonde. I listened to a lot of girl bands growing up and Steve (quietly) the Jaded Ginas (all laugh). You should totally get the Jaded Ginas to do an interview.

Nerve: Um.

Angela: Bands that inspired me were the Lunachicks, L7 and Bif Naked.

Rene: Strong women. Chrissie Hynde.

Nerve: What about you Stevie?

Stevie: What kind of music have I been influenced by?

Nerve: No, the women who've influenced you.

Stevie: Um, well, I've been listening to the Distillers a lot, they're cool, um.

Nerve: Yeah, Brody is writing a new album right now so she wasn't available for an interview in this issue.

Stevie: That would have been fun.

Nerve: Yup. So, does politics ever

come into play in your music?

Rene: Not really. We're more of a light hearted, easy going punk band. We got together as a fun project and then got a show and just took it from there.

Nerve: You guys recording anytime soon?

Rene: Yeah, we should be recording sometime in the next month. We'll have something for the summer for sure.

Nerve: So, do you guys get groupies or what?

All: Of course! Stevie, he always has groupies! (all laugh)

Nerve: Groupie stories!

Angela: We had a groupie backstage once, puked in all our beer. It was at the Pic, downstairs, the bucket filled with beer and ice. I don't know why she

was back there, but yeah, she's at EVERY show.

Catch The Smears

May 2nd at The Brickyard with the Excessives, Wednesday Night Heroes and Dirty Needles.

A.D. MAD-GRAS

Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys

Local punk band Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys are front line talent in this city's punk scene. Charming and charismatic front woman Billy (the Kid) took a few minutes of her busy life as a punk rock goddess and Nerve Magazine cover girl to answer our lousy questionnaire. Here goes:

TexAss: What role do you feel that sex and gender have in your music, or in music in general?

Billy the Kid: In our music? Absolutely none. In general? Way too much.

Tex: What are your thoughts on the Vancouver music scene?

Billy: I fuckin' love it.

T: Why?

B: It's fun and great, and fun is #1 and beer is #2.

T: Have you had any problems with sexism in the scene?

B: A whole lot. Totally. People expect you to suck as soon as you plug in your guitar, or go 'oh no, not another girl band' or the only reference they have for female musicians are female musicians they aren't a fan of. So they make a bunch of assumptions that aren't true.

T: Why do think that is?

B: I don't know... I could blame a lot of things but I don't want to and all I can really do is keep playing and hope to change their minds.

T:

Do you blame Avril Lavigne? I have to work her into every interview, I'm sorry.

B: No, I don't blame her. She can't help being a girl any more than I can.

T: Feminism. Punk rock. How do they mix?

B: Females need someone to stick up for them and who better than musicians fronting bands? ...and speaking to people on a nightly basis. Punk rock is a great avenue for causes such as false judgment upon the female gender.

T: Why did you start playing?

B: Because someone was nice enough to donate a guitar to the high school I went to and I'd rather play guitar then go to class. I learned nothing more in high school than how to play guitar.

T: You lost all your old bandmates, got a whole new band, version 2...?

B: Actually, it's now version 3.0, the upgrade.

T: What's going on with the band?

B: First of all, I gotta admit, I never really understood why we were called Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys aside from the fact that my name was Billy and there happened to be some guys in the band.

T: And your name's not even Billy.

B: That's the other funny part. When I started playing music, when I was 16... it started out as just 'kid'....

T: Who are the new Lost Boys?

B: The newfound Lost Boys are Aaron Weis from Ziggy's Fix and Shane Wilson from Jack Tripper... I lost my other boys to other bands and other projects and I had to keep playing so I found them.

T: You're already recording a new CD?

B: One thing about my band is that we move really fast. The first lineup was together for 12 days before we played our first show. We recorded 6 months later. This lineup had been together 2 months, and we just finished our upcoming record entitled *Breaking Down the Barriers that Break Down Your Music*. Cd's done. Lineup's staying. I like them too much to ever give them reason to leave so I hope they don't.

T: Why do you move so quickly?

B: Why do you have two jobs? I dunno. Why do we do the things we do?

T: Why's the sky blue? Why do we do interviews? Cuz there's an answer to every question.

B: Why am I Billy? What was the question? Where am I? Did I leave the stove on?

T: Last question, you pick a question and then answer it.

B: Why is a raven like a writing desk?

T: Why?

B: Cuz they both make a noise when you kick it.

T: Thanks, this has been an incredible experience.

B: I've learned a lot and hope you have as well.

Cowboy TexAss

Pic: Courtesy of Billy the Kid



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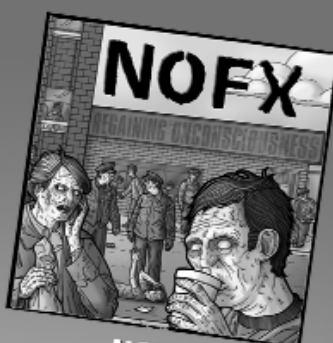
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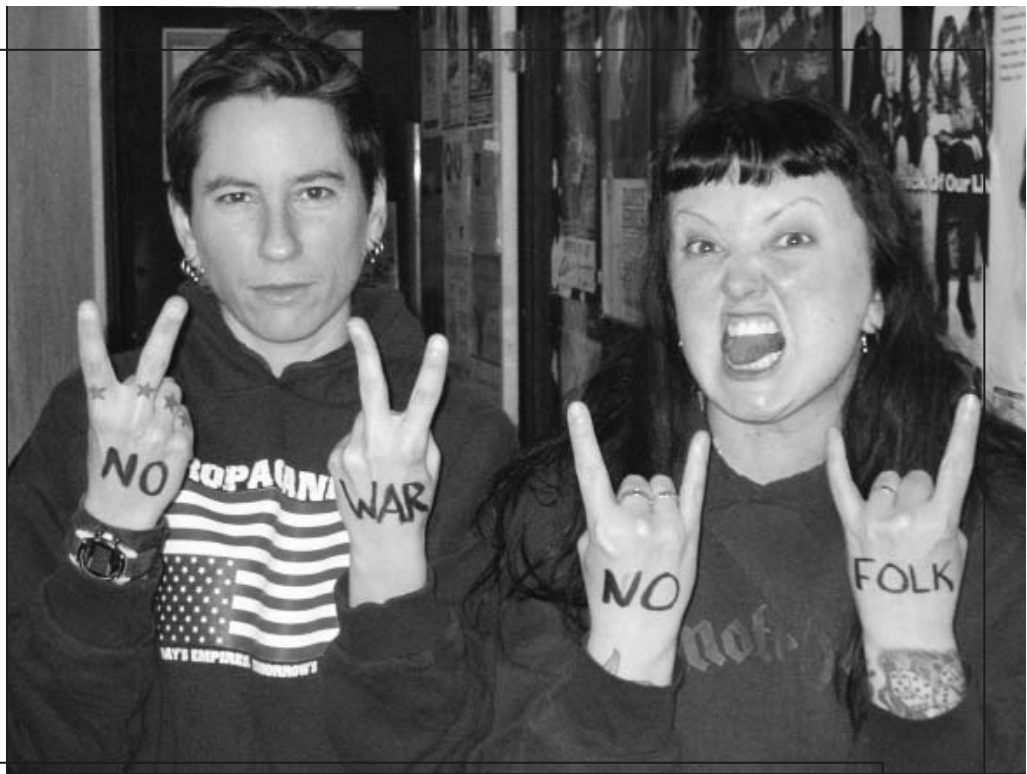


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Meegan Maultsaid and Ani Kyd Prove It Takes Balls to...



Rock without Cock!

Collectively, they've been blasting sonic rage on Vancouver stages for more than a quarter of a century, but don't expect these womyn of heavy rock to start turning down the volume anytime soon.

Meegan Maultsaid and Ani Kyd are part of the last bastion of female musicians dedicated to loud hard-hitting music. Maultsaid is the singer for the politically edged hardcore band Che Chapter 127 and Kyd is the guitarist for the heavy metal act, Fuel Injected 45. The two have played a dozen or so bands between them, so they know what kind of obstacles that lay ahead for some of their less experienced counterparts.

"You have to sometimes work twice as hard," says Kyd, who along with Maultsaid, sat down to talk to The Nerve at Lugz Coffee Lounge on Main St. about mixing

estrogen and rock. "I think that being a women, from my own experience, is really hard because people treat you in a different way. Guys think they're better musicians than you because they have a prick. It's sort of like, 'Oh, hey, I'm a much better guitar player because I have a cock,' that's sort of what I get a lot of the times."

And she would know about discrimination toward women playing heavy music. Kyd has a rock 'n' roll resume as long as Robert Downey Jr's rap sheet. The Ontarian, who moved here 20 year ago, has been performing on stage since about the age of 15. Now, for the first time in long time, she is concentrating on one project.

She remembers the world premiere of her legendary bondage rock act, Spank Machine more than 10 years ago with Gerry-Jenn Wilson, who unfortunately couldn't

make it to the interview due to scheduling conflicts. The band's posters for the Station Street gig were considered so risqué for that time that the telephone pole ads caught the eye of some unwelcome guests.

"When we did our first Spank Machine show, no one in Vancouver had done anything with dominatrix on stage and we had a row of cops in the back that came to check us out 'cause they were wondering what this was all about," she recalls. "Once they saw that it was just a band and it was OK, they left."

Today it takes a little more than a raunchy band name to attract the boys in blue. But the Vancouver hard rock scene is still sparsely populated with X-chromosome musicians.

"There's not really much of one is there?" Kyd says about the lack of a sisterhood for female musicians. "You look in the heavy metal magazines and there's maybe two women out of 500 all fronted male bands. Maybe there's the odd girl bass player."

Maultsaid, who began singing in bands 10 years ago with Tinkle Trunk, agrees and she doesn't see that ending anytime

soon.

"That's the frame work that's been set up in that scene," she adds. "It's always predominately been men and it caters to men. It's hard to break that mold when that's already the parameters. Do women even want to operate within those parameters when it's not really welcoming to them and it doesn't represent them? So then they kind of operate in the margins and nothing really changes."

When we did our first Spank Machine show, no one in Vancouver had done anything with dominatrix on stage and we had a row of cops in the back that came to check us out..." Ani Kyd

The hard core scene isn't much better as far as equal opportunity goes.

"When we tour and stuff" says Maultsaid. "Almost 90 per cent of the time we play with bands that are fronted by men or are all men. There are different scenes where it's probably more balanced but definitely not in the heavy music."

However, she's not about to conform artistically just for the sake of making a feminist statement and she points out that connecting with other local acts has more to do with genre and less to do with the gender.

"There are indie-rock bands that are all girls but I'm not interested in playing with those bands because they're not coming from the same position musically."

Unlike women playing folk with teeth or titillating pop,

Vancouver's female purveyors of hard rock don't have the support systems in place to pull off events like Lilith Fair. According to Kyd, that's simply because the numbers aren't there but, she says that shouldn't discourage the second coming of core chicks from persevering even in the face of harsh criticism from people who still don't get it.

"You can't be too sensitive," says Kyd. "You gotta do what you do because you love it. If someone says, 'Oh, that band is shitty and we don't like them' just keep going. If that's what you like to do, just keep playing the music."

While the subject of gender pigeonholing in music may be an exhausted subject, for the few women who refuse to be dismissed as merely cute chicks with guitars, sexism is still very much a reality.

"It's a stereotype that woman can't play music as well or aren't as dedicated to their instruments because they'd would rather suck their boyfriend's cock," says Maultsaid. "It's old mythology and that's so tired."

Despite the many challenges facing women in Vancouver's hard rock scene, Maultsaid, who plays the Pic Pub April 4 and Kyd, who performs at the Silvertone Tavern April 4, have no intention of slowing down.

"If you got the rock in ya, then ya gotta keep doing it," says Kyd.



Fuel Injected 45

Live Wires

Shit Disturbers.)

The Reverend was looking mighty haggard tonight and it might just be he's getting too old for the ole 'Psychobilly Freakout'. He did all the old standbys, he climbed onto Jimbo's bass while playing, did his whole freakout thing, but he looked much more tired than he usually does. He did play that new little ditty "Loco Gringos Like to Party" and we sang along like fools. Eventually Dexter got too drunk and we left early to avoid her getting thrown out, again.

Cowboy TexAss

Nashville Pussy SprēadEagle The Stag Reels

@ Richard's on Richards
Feb. 24th, 2003

Wicked local country/punk bastardisers The Stag Reels kicked this night of shit disturbing rock n' roll off to a good start. I love country but I hate wussy music, and these guys should get a medal for beating any lingering wussiness out of country music. Shortly following, Nerve Records recording all-stars SprēadEagle hit the stage, ripped Dick's a couple new assholes, and then proceeded to sodomize them with bad-ass rock 'n' roll like only a bunch of bad mother-fuckers from Mission can do. That said, Nashville Pussy geetar queen Ruyter Suys has gotten to be the hardest rocking mo-fo I have ever seen. That woman can give'er on stage like nobody else can give'er, and it has nothing to do with the G-string and her great big titties hangin' out, but that all don't hurt none neither. Head bangin', jumpin' up on the bar, and just thrashin' about while her balding, beer gutted husband poured beer on her (how did that marriage happen again?). Their new bass player, on the other hand, hasn't quite come out of her shell, and didn't move much from her corner of the stage. The playing itself was great: fast, heavy and it made me want to drink and fuck. The bar itself did not make me want to drink though, cuz Richard's sucks my swollen, bloody asshole. I don't need to pay \$6.50 for a goddamn highball and then be treated like a fucking criminal for wearing a chain on my wallet to a rock show and be watched by annoying, perching, ready for danger, 'roid monkey bouncers. THIS TOWN NEEDS A NEW VENUE GODDAMNIT! That, or that bar needs a hostile takeover in management....

Cowboy TexAss

Reverend Horton Heat The Unknown Hinson

@ the Commodore Ballroom
Sat, Feb. 22nd, 2003

I've seen the Reverend play countless times and if you've seen him once, you know the show. I only went cuz Dexter wanted a date and I figured I could check out all the sexy rockabilly chicks... but I guess they all forgot to come, cuz there was nothin to look at goddamnit. The evening was started by a trio called the Unknown Hinson. The lead guy of which had creepy glued on sideburns and eyebrows and did a whole bunch of 'fat' Elvis moves. Their bassist bore a freakish resemblance to Colonel Sanders, so much that all we could think about was fried chicken throughout their set(which was comprised of waaaay too many Hendrix

Strapping Young Lad, God Awakens Petrified Savannah

Friday, Feb. 28th, 2003
@ Studebaker's

In some ways it was an awesome night, but in other ways it was incredibly shitty. Shitty because earlier I was supposed to help a friend with roadie-ing gear from a S.T.R.E.E.T.S show at Sonar and ended up with a brutal leg injury from being thrown out through the front doors onto the side walk by super violent security guards (apparently because I came in through the back doors and wasn't officially supposed to be in there. I've heard that many S.T.R.E.E.T.S fans were hurt by these bastards. Oh well, I don't think I'll ever be at Sonar again. I'm still having problems walking two weeks after the fact.

Again, I was late getting to the show so we ended up missing Savannah, but God Awakens Petrified had just started to play. The house was packed, I was drunk and I realized that God Awakens Petrified would be G.A.P if you put it in initials. Not my favourite kind of metal. Some good riffs here and there, a few good blast and thrash beats, but just way too much "Nu-Metal" going on. And yeah, Studebaker's was packed to the gills. A friend of mine who's been the local metal scene for quite a while said that seeing the crowd and the intense atmosphere at this show was definitely a crucial victory for the local metal scene. I agree, but I think most of the people there mostly came for Strapping Young Lad.

SYL didn't come on till one in the morning, and considering it was at Studebaker's, I was lucky to be able to get a ride with someone after the show (back to East Van.). SYL lived up to my expectations. They mostly played material from their recent release (which I think is by far their best material). SYL plays a mix of thrash metal, grind core, black metal and some very majestic sounding

Nashville Pussy rip into the crowd at Richard's on Richards

Photo: Cowboy Texass



atmospheric, almost power metal style music... usually within the same song. A well known metal magazine recently said that SYL is the best metal band on earth, I wouldn't go that far, but they sure put Vancouver on the map and very worthy of checking out.

Stefan Nevatie

Sahara Hotnights The D4

Ikara Colt
Sunday, March 23rd 2003
@ Richard's on Richards

This show kicked my ass. The all girl quartet from Sweden known as Sahara Hotnights hit the stage of Dick's with much force and energy; speaking very little and rocking very much. The thick Swedish accent amplified the sweetly snotty voice of front woman Maria Andersson, and mingled perfectly with the back up vocals of the guitar and bass playing siblings

Sahara Hotnights' Maria Andersson gives a lesson on how to rock out.



in the band. Much like a female version of the Vines, yet incredibly more talented and listen-to-able, they played one of the best sets I've seen a band play in a long time. No lull, no bad songs, no slow songs, no dull moments - just good music - and I couldn't take my eyes off them either. Why is it the foreigners have to come all the way over here just to show us how to rock out? The D4 are another prime example of this, hailing from Auckland, New Zealand, they left the stage after a smoldering, high-powered, gritty rock 'n' roll set, with big shoes to fill for the Swedes, who effortlessly rose to the challenge.

Cowboy TexAss

The Mad Caddies The Real Mckenzie's Rise Against The Flipsides

Sunday, March 2, 2003

@Unit 20

It is really hard to have fun at an all ages show sober and over the age of fifteen. It's a good thing I brought my two little sisters. They had fun... it's a shame I couldn't too. Anyways, working on my hangover from that afternoon, I found a booth, got some soda pop and kept an eye on the kids. Lots of kids showed up, but none as cool as mine. Eventually, the Flipsides started playing and they were cute skater punk with a chick singer and my little sister Lexi really liked them. They had some boring banter with some drunk guy... I got jealous and wished I'd drank before I came. Next up was Rise Against they were boring screaming punk rock, but it seem like a lot of people were there to see them. The Real Mckenzie's were on next and they are so good, but like everything, better with beer. It hurt me too that they were drinking up on stage just feet from me and I couldn't share in the fun, kind of like having dirt thrown in your face after having your skin peeled off. The good news though my sister Genevieve thought they were kick ass, she almost got the balls to go in to the crowd and thrash about, but fearing getting squashed, she did not. Lastly, the headliners The Mad Caddies came on, late for an all ages thing on a Sunday night.

The crowd was pretty stoked on the Mad Caddies and the room seemed to 'come alive'. The Mad Caddies played their brand of slightly ska punk with a few songs off their new album and mixed it up with some older classics, witch I enjoyed. They have incredible horns that kind of break up the music making it sound different from anything else, which is probably why they are so successful. Good show and over early enough to still get a few beers.

Miss Dexter


Dirty And The Derelicts, Reign Of Terror, Dead End Job

Saturday, Mar. 15th, 2003
@ the Astoria


It's kind of funny to watch bands that are probably too young to be playing in a bar. Not that took anything away from their set. Dead End Job are a fairly fast, angry, kind of simple political punk with angry vox and a really cool name. And, although these guys are young, it didn't stop them from playing a pretty intense set with a crazy mosh pit. Definitely one of the more genuine sounding "punk" bands I've had the pleasure of seeing in awhile. One bit of criticism though, the guitar player should avoid trying to play solos... it's not his main strength. Wicked set otherwise.

Reign of Terror came on next. I really liked their music, but, the lead singers vocals

see Live Wires p. 20




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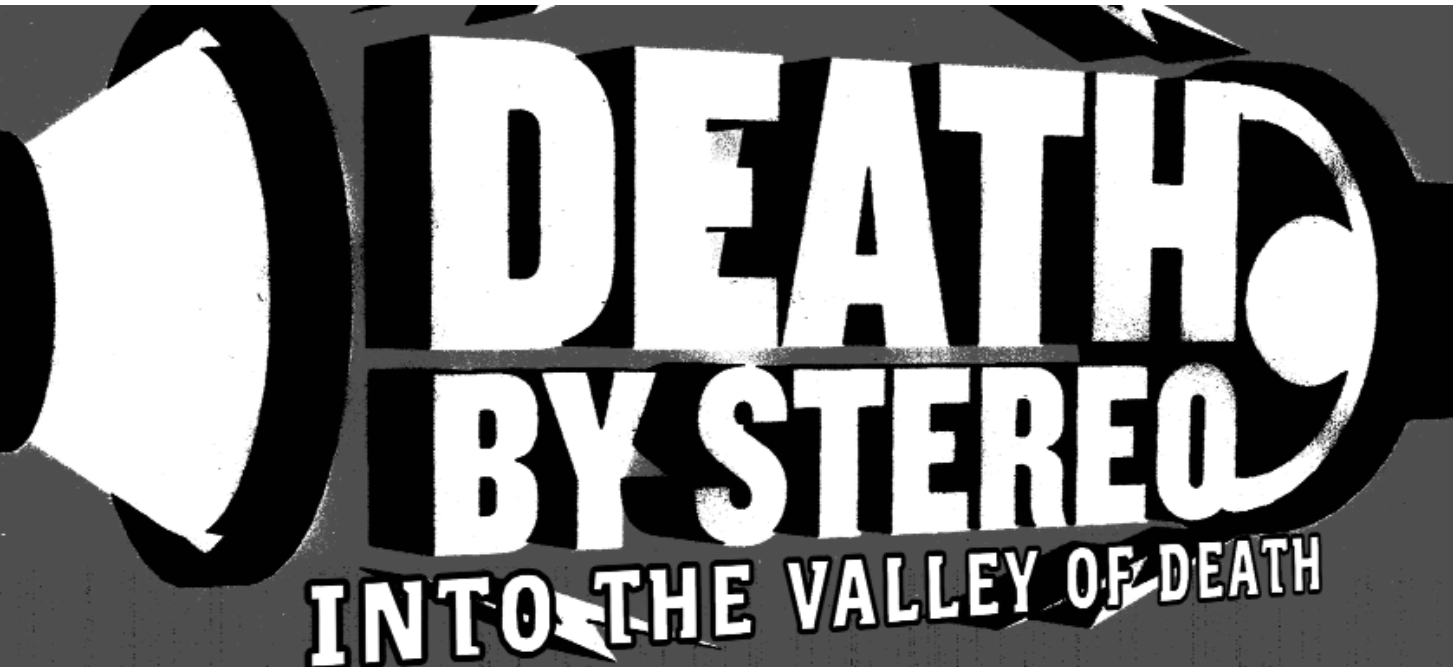


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Live Wires from p. 18

were fairly annoying. I mean, I like harsh guttural vox, I like clean rock and rolly or operatic or power metal vox, or even just angry yelled hardcore vox. R.O.T.'s singer managed to have a weird high-pitched sound that was just a little too unpleasant. The riffs, drumming etc. were all excellent, but man, the vocals were too much. Although some songs featured the guitarist or bassist on the mic and those weren't annoying at all. Lots of good grind/crust style stuff with a lot of D-beats and blast beats. They also did a Demon System 13 cover and Johnny Cash cover, "Folsom Prison Blues".

Dirty and the Derelicts were far better than I had hoped. I recognized a couple of the members of the band, and I've seen their name on lots of posters, but I wasn't expecting them to sound the way they did. Heavy rock with a lot of punk and metal influences, and even some double bass drumming. They opened their set with a cover of The Pogues "Dirty Old Town" which was pretty good, but I thought it a bit strange to open with

a cover. Their set consisted of mostly heavy, intense songs except one song that was a kind of lame ballad and out of place with the rest of the set. They did, however, pull off a pretty cool cover of Public Enemy's "Channel Zero".

Stefan Nevatie

Ted Leo and the Pharmacists, Radio Berlin

Pat's Pub
Feb. 28th, 2003

Where the eff were you guys? You suck. I know that we have all seen Radio Berlin a thousand billion times, and yes, they were as good as they always are, but dudes! You fucking missed Ted! And he is so rulin' and you all will be waiting in line for three hours outside Richard's or some other dive that sells overpriced drinks next time they come to Vancouver, and me and Marla will be skirting the line-up and like, helping Ted tune his guitar and maybe combing the Amish drummer's beard in the

back room before the show. I will only accept your apology if you swear you were at the Nilsson tribute.

Jenni Nelson

Sparta Glassjaw Hot Water Music Dredg Commodore Ballroom February 28, 2003

The concert poster for this show is fucking crazy. It's got an army of Velveteen rabbits pulling a massive Snowman on a wooden-wheeled trolley. The Snowman's stick-arms are raised like a victory pose, giving the metal sign. It took me a while to notice a more formidable rabbit, sitting on the trolley under the snowman, and lashing a whip with his other paw clutching a flask. Anyway.

Dredg are artsy, and seem talented; judging from the last half of a song I caught, upon my late arrival to the 'dore. Needless to say, the band ended with a flying circus of a drum solo. It was immediately evident that I've been spending a bit too much time at the Brickyard, because an Am can never be a Pro, and it's been too long since I've seen some real talent.

Hot Water Music was fucking insane, the guitarists were spraying bucket loads of sweat by the end of the first song. I listened to these guys three years ago, but they definitely don't show any signs of slowing down. They had so much energy it was hypnotizing.

Glassjaw busted out with their hardcore, unpredictable punk rock. The lead singer played the crowd like the charming little Long Island homie I bet he is, and the band breezed through the aggressively disjointed but distinctly coherent songs of Stuck Pig and Ape Dos Mil.

By the time Sparta took over, the crowd was insane. Like they'd all been locked in a sauna and Sparta let them out. This unique band held the reigns if you ask me—they were the rabbit with the whip that night. Frontman and ex-ATDI guitarist, Jim Ward, has an entirely unaffected stage presence and a voice as haunting as a coyote howl at night. The quartet's concentration on their music was admirable, given their intricate melodies and rollicking chord changes. They made songs like "Air" and "Sans Cosm" not only amazing to hear, but also inspiring to watch. I'm still relieved I made it through the night without fainting.

Sally Scribbles

Emergency, Wednesday Night Heroes, Rabid Dogs, The Lancasters

303 Live
Saturday Feb. 22nd, 2003

I hate starting reviews this way, but I missed the first band. Seattle's Rabid Dogs were on second and were pretty much straightforward rock and roll, sort of like a watered down version of The Stooges. Nothing really ground breaking, but still really good and energetic. The vocals weren't the typical whiny stuff you might hear from some other similar bands.

WNH were next and I couldn't help but notice that the singer had a Youth of Today shirt, which is nice to see. Very sing along choruses and a lot more energy than the Rabid Dogs, (more jumping around). The vox reminded me a bit of Guerilla Biscuits and the music was a little more to my liking than the openers, much more angry and fast, similar in some ways to shit like Reagan Youth. WNH also did a wicked cover of the Angelic Upstarts—"I Won't Pay for Liberty". And, speaking of Youth of Today T-shirts, it was a little ironic that WNH had a song called "Break Down the Walls". Very good tight and energetic set.

Emergency head lined the night and I just realized that I've seen these guys a year or so before at the Cobalt. Fairly heavy, angry, anthemic street punk/oi type stuff that was consistently intense. The only thing I didn't like about their set was something that most people didn't notice, but the guitar player's amp kept clipping and sounded like it was about to die. These guys are all pretty wicked musicians, but some of the songs do tend to sound a bit the same. Nevertheless, Emergency are more powerful than a lot of other local bands I can think of, and this is something that I wouldn't mind getting a copy of the album. Emergency ended their set with the singer jumping into the audience during the last song, which was a nice touch.


Stefan Nevatie



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The Rumours

Lou Rumour (vocals), Melissa Star (bass), Just Janelle (guitar) and newest member Sara Skelton (drums) make up The Rumours, possibly Vancouver's fastest rising all girl band, if not band, period. With a potentially high end record deal in the near future, The Nerve caught up with Just Janelle to get the truth behind all the, well, rumours.

Nerve: So, what's new in Rumourland these days?

Janelle: We're recording. We're doing the theme song for a T.V. show called Alienated today [March 26th] and we'll be recording our first full length sometime in the next month or so. We also just played C M W, and we won this contest thing that Universal and Future Shop put on so we got a little bit of money and a little bit of distribution.

N: So, this record, who's putting it out?

J: Universal is putting it out. We're still working on the details, but we hope to release it this summer.

N: Did you guys play a show in The Bay recently?

J: Um, well

N: Billy Hopeless was just in here and he

mentioned that you guys recently played a fashion show or something in The Bay. I didn't hear about it till he told me, but I just gotta ask.

J: That bastard! Damn you Billy Hopeless, and you can print that too! (laughs). Um, we, uh, The Bay puts on this talent show every year, and we weren't in the talent show, but MTV Canada was one of the sponsors, along with XFM, and they wanted a rock band just to be featured there so, I don't know, we thought it would be funny to play in the mall.

N: Was it fun?

J: Yeah, it was weird. There are senior citizens and children eating ice cream while you're trying to play music.

N: Did anybody ask you to turn it down a little bit?

J: No, they were pretty chill about it, so that was pretty cool.

N: Did you recently add a new member?

J: Yeah, Sara Skelton, she's our new drummer.

N: What are your thoughts on the local scene?

J: I wouldn't use the word thriving. But there seem to be a couple of [new spots to play] popping up, I mean, we're playing a gig at Sonar later this month.



N: Who are you playing with?

J: It's just us.

N: An early show before the dance crowd pours in kinda thing?

J: Um, maybe? I dunno. I think doors are at 8pm.

N: So, who has influenced you as a musician?

J: I never really had any female influences, really, I mean I listen to a lot of female musicians like Joan Jett, Josie Cotton, Pat Benatar and Cindi Lauper. But, as far as musically, it was more like Steve Stevens, Richie Sambora, Pantera (laughs).

N: Richie Sambora, isn't that the guy from Bon Jovi?

J: Yeah.

N: Have you had any problems with sexism? Do people take you less seriously because you are an all girl band?

J: No, not at all. But some people are really into the fact that we are an all girl band and they don't even really care what we sound like. We just do our thing, we're not always well, we are well aware that we are an all girl band.

N: Does that ever influence your song writing?

J: We just write songs about our thoughts the message isn't political with us as much as it is just our feelings about things and our experiences.

N: Anything else your fans should know?

J: We're going to try to do some all ages shows, definitely, and



The Organ

Revisited



From left; Shelby, Deb, Katie, Ashley and Jenn

Photo: Casey Cougar

A few months ago, Vancouver's Hammond-driven, simple and haunting pop quintet The Organ were featured here in The Nerve Magazine. They impressed me as perhaps the fastest rising year-old combo around. The Organ (Debora Cohen/guitar, Jenny Smyth/organ, Katie Sketch/vocals, Shelby stocks/drums and Ashley Webber/bass) are continuing on that upward arc for sure. A DIY self-titled 7" plus the Global Symphonic released EP *We've Got to Meet* combined with an exhausting number of gigs and glowing local press, resulted in immediate interest from several labels. Johnathan Simkin, an entertainment lawyer and early admirer of The Organ,

orchestrated a unique set up for the band: a deal with both Mint Records and 604 Records (a venture of Nickleback's Chad Kroeger). "Neither label had done anything like it but Johnathan and Randy Iwata (of Mint) have known each other for like 15 yrs, so it's old friends, good times," says Sketch. This rather curious coupling will definitely result in even broader exposure for everyone involved in August upon the full length debut of The Organ's, *Get That Gun*.

The Organ recently went on an 8 city Eastern Canadian tour, touted as one of the "hype bands" in Toronto during Canadian Music Week. Their reputation as one of the "Next Big things" according to such

mags as Chart, Exclaim and Macleans, preceeded them. However, the ladies in The Organ are acutely aware of the contrast between the people in the audience or press who genuinely dig them and those who are into it because "someone told them they ought to". A late spring jaunt opening for pop darlings the New Pornographers guarantees future praise from both camps. In the fucked up world of rock, The Organ are positive proof that enthusiasm, style and timing are equally important as musical chops & experience.

Casey Cougar



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Apparently recorded entirely in an abandoned warehouse.

Jenni Nelson



Atom and His Package
Attention! Blah Blah Blah
Hopeless Records

Let it be known that Atom and His Package isn't for everyone, especially the legions of scowling punk kids and jaded hipsters. However, for those open enough to let some irreverent piss-taking into their collection, *Attention! Blah Blah Blah* may be the record you are looking for. Atom travels alone with his 'package' (a few music sequencers and synthesizers) and volleys between riff-heavy numbers like "Mustache T.V." and "The Palestinians Are Not the Same As the Rebel Alliance, Jackass" and more synth-based tracks which are reminiscent of The Rentals and Le Tigre. Catchy and intelligent, this album doesn't out-stay its welcome after the 30 minutes are up.

Adam Simpkins



Aaroid
Now in their sixth year, this four piece from Hunting Beach, CA continues to administer a heavy dose of distorted, intense, cranked up hardcore damage.

Produced by the world famous Steve Albini, the duration of this 15 song, 36 minute CD is bound to make anyone's hairs stand on end. Vocalist's Erica Daking and Brad Logan take turns blurting out an all-out oral assault and sounding pissed off as hell. Musically, it seems apparent that F-minus may have taken lessons from American anarcho punk greats such as Christ On Parade, Nausea, Neurosis and Crucifix. Never a dull moment on this frantic release as my head continues to spin. Great stuff!

Aaroid



Into Eternity
Dead Or Dreaming
Century Media

There's a magical place where full grown men with long hair still play Dungeons and Dragons, where girls with short hair fight like angry bouncers and music like Into Eternity can be heard from behind closed garages every day. That place... is called Saskatchewan. Now, if this album was an omelet the ingredients would be 3 cracked Iron Maiden albums, one half cup of Fear Factory, 2 tablespoons of Megadeth, One halved Prong with a side of double kick pedal. The Screaming is oddly purposeful in this album, so I'd say add extra screaming sauce. Lyrical content summarized: apocalyptic fantasy realm of future earth, complete with carnage and self-deprecation of the foulest kind. Suicide, homicide, genocide, splintered factions of a world and humanity gone astray, there is no God, only the mistakes you make. Good shit, boys.

W.S. Regan

The Kings of Nuthin
Fight Songs... for Fuck Ups
Disaster Records

It's what swing would've sounded like if punk had happened first. Dax hair grease, big guitars, big amplifiers... horns soaked in lighter fluid and ignited with cigarette butts... Hand skeleton tattoos sticking out of pressed black suits and a dude named Necro who's credited as the "sock washer" player. Rough, whisky soaked and smoked out vocals range from Waitisian crooning to spitty oi! cursing. There's too much of too many good things, new and old, on this record to nail as anything else but a modern classic. Fast cars, faster women, heavy double-bass slappin', heavier drinkin'. Get it? You'd better, punk.

A.D. MADGRAS



The Immortal Lee County Killers
Love Is A Charm of Powerful Trouble
Estrus

Its amazing how two men, armed only with guitar and drums, can create such a cacophony of sound (the true art of which is really only captured in their live performance.) Expect more of the same spastic, distorted, semi-intelligible "blues" found on *The Essential Fucked Up Blues!*, but with a spattering of slow, pretty, listener friendly numbers.

Married to Music
The World's Gotta Go Round
Independent

G-O-L-D. These guys are fuckin great. At The Drive-In meets Janes meets Queens of the Stone Age. Complex, compelling, hard driving progressive rock songs, with lots of riff and tempo changes that flow perfectly. Highly listen-to-able. TexAss approved.

Cowboy TexAss



Mudhoney
Since We've Become Translucent
SubPop

I procrastinated Herculean on this review because it's the CD reviewer's worst

nightmare. What do you do when a band you've always really liked puts out a really lame album and you've been assigned to write about it? Correct- you Put It Off. Oh well, Damsgaard seems unwilling to let it go...

Mudhoney took a hiatus when original bass player Matt Lukin quit. In fact, it looked like they were done. Apparently, however, Lukin himself felt that Mudhoney should continue, which they eventually decided to do. The recorded result is *Since We've Become Translucent*, a half-assed collection of uninspired Mudhoneyisms. Frustrating because you know they could have done more, but they didn't. *Since We've Become Translucent* sounds pretty much like any other Mudhoney album except less inspired, less humorous, less everything. I gave it a few listens, but liked it less each time. Maybe next time....

Mike O



Mustard Plug
Yellow #5
Hopeless Records

Mustard Plug are one of those ska/punk hybrid bands that are just so infectiously poppy and obnoxiously talented that you wanna puke when you come to and realize how intensely you're into them. Good ska music hits you like a communicable disease. I started to love this cd the minute I put it in and can't stop listening to it... I came very close to skanking in the office, but I kept my cool. Their best, fastest, most danceable hit platter yet. TexAss Approved.

Cowboy TexAss

Patrizia
Defiance
United One Records

You know when companies come up with products that are a combination of two things you already know and love? Like that PB & J spread shit... and skorts? Well, to the classical aria / wanky rock appreciators, Patrizia extends a helping hand. This album is a fascinating conglomeration of wa-wa pedals and tenderly caressed snare drums paired with the glass shattering vocals of Patrizia herself. Honestly, though, I think this is some sort of joke that I am not fully getting. These guys are doing classical songs (songwriting credit given to Mozart, Verdi, Bizet, etc.) in the style of Styx, and then the back cover is all arty and electro looking. Who would put this much effort into a joke that isn't even that funny? The whole thing makes me feel a bit uncomfortable.



Rapture
Songs for the Withering
Centurymedia.com

A new month and a new Finnish act. It seems that a lot of Finn's are kickin' musical ass these days. *Songs for the Withering* is the follow up to 2001's *Futile*. *Futile* was good, but this is fuckin' excellent. Rapture has definitely matured. Two singers, two styles, and one great overall feel, definitely for anyone who digs the doom/death movement and bands such as Katatonia and Opeth.

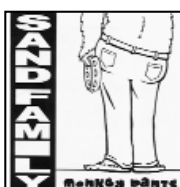
Adler Floyd



Raunchy
Velvet Noise
Nuclear Blast Records

If this album had been released ten years ago it would have been the heavy metal album of the year, but it didn't... it came out just last month. It has all the effects ProTools can provide, enough double kick you'd think the drummer was half jack rabbit, and a screaming lead singer who looks like a SoCal varsity boy but sounds like the Kurgan. This is like listening to a modern sci-fi soundtrack, it should have been used for battlefield earth... maybe, if they're lucky, they'll be on Blade 4 or 5. Closest comparison: Fear Factory, and a whole shwack of other 90's new metal acts. I will say in the band's defense, there's obviously some talent here, I'm just nostalgic for a different era. 90's new metal was never in any of my CD players or tape decks. Some interesting bridges and interludes, some nifty Nightmare on Elm Street keyboards, a whole lot of screaming and vocal effects, but not a whole lot of substance.

Wes Regan



Sand Family
Monkey Pants 7"
Independent

Are you this many (I'm holding up four fingers) years old? Are you a collector of obscure retardia?

Me neither.

Jenni Nelson



Skinjobs
Burn Your Rainbow
Agitpop / Bongo Beat

Queercore/Homopunk/Fistopop/Assplaythrash, whatever you want to call it, will always remain nothing more than a cultish subgenre. I don't get it - Instead of spending all your time writing overly queer lyrics, why not concentrate on writing good tunes? *We're here! Ok... We're Queer!* That's fine... *Get used to it!* Wasn't aware I wasn't... Look, The Buzzcocks' Pete Shelley was gay, so were 2/3rds of Husker Du, but they were fine with that and moved on and wrote some amazing songs. That said, the Skinjobs remind me an awful lot of a punk band from years ago called The Grumpies, who in turn sounded like Screeching Weasel by way of FYP. Overall, the result is a bizarro-world version of the overly het-

Daycare Swindlers
Heathen Radio
Go Kart Records.

Short, bitter and to the point, their longest song clocks in at an epic 2 minutes and 6 seconds. That doesn't say much about their music, but then again their music doesn't say much either. At least they're not singing about girls and high school... or are they? I can't make out the words. It's bringing me right back to grade 8 when everyone I hung out with had a band that sounded like this. Oh grade 8, I'd forgotten all about you.

Wes Regan

Dub Narcotic Sound System
Hand Clappin'
K records

If you are having a dance party and everyone has been dancing really well for a long time, slip this one in their ear like a wetted pinky finger and let them wind down a bit. Grade seven slow dancing sucks, let your dance floor become an arena for interpretive moves with less beats per minute and more tai chi hand waves.

Jenni Nelson

F-minus
Wake up Screaming
Hellcat

erosexual (and none-too-appealing) porno-punks, The Nobodys. Take it or leave it fellas. Regardless, I'm off to Davie St. for some cheap, gay Chinese Food at HoHo's.

Matt "Dig That Pussy" Davies



Spam Avenger
s/t
Catch and Release

The Spam Avenger avenges Spam – that loveable digital form of junk mail that clogs up your email

account with ads for various penile accessories and offers of front row tickets to a journey of enlightenment. It's a pain in the ass, but what can you do? Well you can take a cue from this guy and obtain the 1-800 numbers that the ads often include and harass them with your reverse Spam ways. It's often funny but something is lacking – the fact that no one ever gets angry. It's like the operators are totally brainwashed and are unable to respond with any true human emotions. Weird, especially in light of the last track, a phone orientation on soliciting sales and potential customers. Best call award goes to "They So Cute", in which the Spam Avenger casually mentions that he is the world's only talking Panda and is looking to move out of his roommate-Zoologist's place 'cause all he's been doing is sitting around smoking and watching TV – The Operator makes may a hesitation about this and continues on with her sales spiel.

Matt "Masturbates When Put on Hold" Davies

Scruffy Magoo
Scruffy Magoo
Independent

Alright, first off, if you guys are reading this, **YOU GOTTA CHANGE YOUR NAME!** That said, there a few good riffs on this three song disc, namely on the first track "Heart Attack", which also has a pretty decent funk-out bridge. Weak recording though, combined with even weaker vocals and boring songs for the most part make this lame alt-rock disc a hard listen.

Cowboy TexAss



Swingin' Utters
Dead Flowers,
Bottles, Bluegrass
and Bones
Fat Wreck Chords

Another stellar release by those Pogue influenced roots punkers. Full of really great, fast punk rock songs with an accordion thrown in here and there, like "Pariah" and "Leaves of Fate". *Dead Flowers...* is by far their best release so far. They play more acoustic stuff on here than previous albums, along the same lines as 'Fruitless Fortunes' from *Five Lessons...* Intensely gripping. TexAss approved!

Cowboy TexAss

The Last
L.A. Explosion!
Bomp.com

In the summer of '79, someone out there fucked to this 8 track and named their child Willow. Well, it's 20 some odd years later and this early psychedelic punk pop album is resurfacing, with bonus tracks and other goodies. This shit is tight, that is if you're into the whole 70's surf vibe mixed in with some early punk influences. If there was a sequel to American Graffiti, this would be the soundtrack. As records go, this isn't for everyone, but I'd buy this over any 604 release, if you catch my drift.

Adler Floyd

The Reunion Show
Kill Your Television
Victory Records

The Reunion Show are just another one of those countless pop-punk bands that have been cluttering up record stores and receiving unnecessary airplay and acclaim. TRS play very pedestrian pop and employ a Moog synthesizer to add some colour to their songs (already attempted by Reggie & the Full Effect and The Get Up Kids). Each track on this album bleeds into another with the same chugging riffs and frat-boy choruses. To be honest, there really isn't anything wrong with the album - it is well produced and gives way to a toe-tap or two, but there is nothing original or gripping about *Kill Your Television* (even this title was used by Ned's Atomic Dustbin back in '91).

Adam Simpkins

The Reverberators
Limbo Fury
Independent

Loungey instrumental surf guitar music with a saxophone, hailing back to "Lonely Road to Damascus" and *The Ventures*. Classic 60's beach surf. Great playing and they do the 007 theme song.

Cowboy TexAss

The Way Out
When the Comet Comes
Independent

From the cover-art, I was expecting (and looking forward to) some horrible King Diamond-esque metal band. Instead, I get this. Simply put, this is "indie because we have to" rock. A strong appreciation of Radiohead and Hawksley Workman is definitely lurking around. Word of advice – invest in some audio gear, add some noise, fire your "producer" and record the next album yourself. Thataway you can get signed to Matador Records, thus gaining instant street-cred. Easy? Sure thing, butternuts! See you at NMW!

Matt "Does Not Hang Out at the Guitar Store" Davies



US Bombs
Covert Action
Hellcat

Since day one I've been a fan of the sheer brilliance of the U.S. Bombs. Their style of upbeat melodic beach style punk is always a treat on even the worst of days. How can anyone go wrong with a US Bombs release? *Covert Action* is comprised of the all the top notch material that one would expect from a US Bombs album, with the addition of a ska type rhythm on a couple of tracks... but in a good way.

The big stand out on this release is singer Duanne Peters' radically outspoken political outlook. On the song "Framed", Duanne takes a distinctive look at the Oklahoma bombing, pointing the finger at the US Government in reference to using Tim McVeigh as a scapegoat. The next song "John Gotti" suggests that the Mob do a better job of running the Whitehouse. Well, what more can I say? If you're a US Bombs fan, you'll need this!

Aaronoid.



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Shane Hunter flying backside
Photo:

Damn, summertime is so close at hand I can smell it. The sound of skateboard wheels are everywhere. Cruising downtown the other day, I ran into my friend Mike who I hadn't seen since the final of the Bowl Series up in Whistler and the memories of the series came flooding back like it was yesterday.

John Ramondo and the Boarding House Crew started the Bowl Series years ago. It began as a fairly low-key event and grew into a yearly gathering of friends from far and wide. Even with

the Boarding House closing, the legacy lives on strong. Last year, a lot of shops and distributors kicked in with prizes and give aways.

The Bowl Series starts on Canada Day Long weekend and keeps on rolling every other Sunday for the rest of the summer. Seyllyn, Griffin, White Rock, New Westminster and then to Whistler for the series finale. Categories usually break down as: Beginner (they get all the good prizes), Intermediate, Advanced/Sponsored, Longboard, and Old Man (over 30). Skaters are divided into heats and skate for a song or two while judges try to focus, somewhat, on the skating going on. Then the finals are organized for each category and spectators are treated to some serious ripping.

The crowds are getting better every year. By better, I mean larger and cooler. Everyone is there to have a good time. Families come complete with strollers and coolers. Couples pull up camping chairs and chill. Skaters ride the bowls in between cold drinks and practice heats. The locals rage at their favourite bowl, while visitors are ready to show the visitors a new line.

And the



Upside down on Canada Day
Photo:

ladies!
Last year was

the first time I saw a women's category. If I remember right, they competed at Griffin, New Westminster and Whistler.

So many things happen at the Bowl Series that it's hard to get it all represented. Here are some highlights I remember: Seyllyn had a beer relay up and down the snake run, at Griffin, there was a "last man skating" in the bowl contest, at New Westminster, Eugene kick flip-backside grabbed over the spine from the bowl to the snake, in White Rock, Don Carver put on a style demo the likes of which, I had never seen., and up in Whistler, Shane Hunter hucked a huge air over the longest part of the second hip and smacked his board as he came in.

Dave Boyce summed up his feelings at the end of the Whistler contest with, "I look forward to this series all year long!" I agree completely. So, hey, this year, why not come see it for yourself?

Dennis Regan
skatemenace@thenervemagazine.com

Georgia

The first post-approval design meeting for the Georgia Viaduct skatepark, at the Roundhouse Wed. March 19, has started our beanie propellers a-whirling. D-Rock B.Sc. B.Arch. is obsessed, among other architectural issues, with exploring the aesthetic possibilities of skateparks. Some of my peeps and homies in architecture see skateparks as a second rate typology; new historically, low-budget, built with technical prowess but little intellectual content, theory, or art. The all-gray-concrete material palette tends towards visual monotony and encourages graffiti, a major reason for mainstream anti-park sentiment. I would argue, however, that they are an authentic contemporary form of public space; a collision of the Old World model of pedestrian space found in traditional public plazas with the New World instinct for constant motion that manifests itself the North American obsession with vehicles and

free-ways.

The future primitives of skating inhabit the blur point between individual and vehicle, as hyper-pedestrians. Backpacks filled with mp3 sound systems, laptops, and all-weather jackets, they are an actual version of the plug-in "urban nomad" predicted by Archigram in the 1960's. What if you envisioned skateboarder spaces as contemporary landscape architecture, inhabited by skaters and BMXers, instead of as "skateparks" with all that term's preconceptions?

The cultural subtext of skateboarding is rich; subversion and reinvention of the banal and marginal, in effect making Art out of Nowhere; the idea of "freedom" is metaphorically extracted via ritual transgression of spatial norms. Plus, people heelflip and stuff. This transcendence of the everyday is obvious in street skating, but vert skating too evolved from misuse of backyard pools and industrial drainpipes. In fact, parks' low street cred is from the absence of tension between the "sacred" use of an object and the "profane" creative use. A stair signifying "stair", with the attendant stairlike details, is more satisfying to skate than a flat bank representing a stair, even if the bank is safer and flows better. This same concern with authenticity is seen in skaters' insistence on "street", not athletic clothing.



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On My Mind

Skating has a history of being open to the cutting edge; graphic designer da vi d cArs oN of RayGun magazine/MOMA fame cut his teeth at TWS; Neil Blender, Ed Templeton, Mark Gonzales, and Thomas Campbell are artists; Ray Barbee, Tommy Guerrero, and Chad Muska make music; Jason Lee is a successful actor. Locally, the antisocial gallery, Acrow, Craig Williams, Capita's Jason Brown and many more can attest to this. Skaters are creative and visual; much attention is paid to style, shoe design, clothing, and board graphics. If their spot or park environment is a shithole, they're going to feel like, and be perceived as, criminals instead of the athlete/artists they are.

I have not approached this project on the terms of "how much temporary crap could you cut and paste into this site for \$200 000?" Pixels being free, I have instead asked myself "given this site and the idea of street skating, what is the best possible park bar none?" I see three fundamental approaches, two of which start with accurate representations of

skateboarding them; in other words, to ritualistically transgress the constraints of the elements into distortions that retain the recognizable source form but shatter and splinter into angular but flowing configurations. The trick is, the elements still have to function well for the dynamics of the sport. As well as accommodating the creative aggression of modern skating in the urban environment, a park would also represent it formally. These design ideas run formally parallel to the high design approaches of early Frank Gehry, or maybe Coop Himmelblau,

3. Distortion. Letting go of the source forms, could one simply represent the freedom of motion of modern street skating with pure form; Mark Gonzales has said of current street skating, "kids want to move in straights". These quick lines could be drawn and built as objects, in a way that works for skating. This would be a true contemporary modern approach, aesthetically riskier but

possibly beautiful; more like a hard sculpture garden than a prosaic business plaza. This approach might be manifested like work by Zaha Hadid or WTC winner Daniel Libeskind, and be more contextual to the Viaduct with its multiple motion vectors (merging traffic overhead, swooping SkyTrain, curving Expo Boulevard) than a business plaza.

Remember, I am talking about design approach, not specific obstacles. The park is not designed yet, so please give us your input - I swear we'll listen! The next VSPC meeting will be on Wednesday, April 2, at the RoundHouse Community Centre.

-D-Rock and Miss KIm. Email us at downspace@telus.net. Websites at both vspe.ca and downspace.com are now in effect.

Approaches 2 and 3 are more intellectually interesting...

2. Distorted Authentic. The idea is to take those authentic, recognizable elements and represent the ACT of

Ridin' Shotgun



Big Mama Malibu

Acquisition: I bought that beautiful hunk of steel, rust and bondo from some old guy for \$400 during the bus strike. Deemed unsafe for driving by a dumb-ass mechanic, I drove that thing for months without a single problem. Pieces of rust and rubber would fall off as I drove, but most weren't integral parts of the car. You could see the road through holes in the back seat, and sometimes people got splashed back there when I drove through puddles, but it got me all the way to Pemberton, Powell River and Seattle twice.



Specs: 1974 Malibu Classic. Mostly white (it had, uh, Zebra stripes for awhile. Ed.) 350 V8. Structurally, the entire frame was rusted off the body, but she handled like a damned racecar. Check the cardboard flame job driver's side right front (stolen from the stage at Naughty Camp 2001)



Claim to Fame: Miss Dexter and I, back when we were still young punks in love, headed on down to Seattle on a sleep-deprived whim. Tired as fuck, we pulled into a motel in the outskirts of town, the Surrey of Seattle. They wouldn't take us, but we got a room in a neighboring motel. Because of a median in the road, stretching 3 blocks in each direction, I drove on the wrong side of the road to the right lot. It was past 4 AM and I didn't think anyone would care. Then, out of fucking nowhere, 3 cop cars follow me in with lights flashing and corner me. Dex came out of the room, hands on hips, "What'd you do this time?" and the pigs loud-speaker yelled at her 'Just go back in the room, ma'am.' I got off with a warning.



The Demise: I let the ex-girlfriend drive it and she somehow managed to lodge a traffic pylon in the engine fan, eventually causing it to overheat and it seized. After a year of sitting idle, storage became a problem and there really wasn't anything salvageable. I knew what had to be done; I had that thing crushed and scrapped. A crazy long-armed dirty lookin' teeth missin' forklift driver poked and prodded it enthusiastically while the crushing machine squished every last bit of pride out of my beast. They flattened it like a damned pancake (although I was hoping for a cube...)



That car had the plushiest, most comfortable bench seats, the material of which now spews out of what was once the back window. Many a horrible, dirty and disgusting deed was performed in the back of that car. Hell, that's where Dex and I met one hungover morning. RIP Big Mama. Cowboy TexAss





APRIL

BEAT FILMS!

Hang with Ginsberg or Burroughs, Orlovsky, Corso and/or FRIEDSHOES, COOKED O'JANES and the delectable PULL MY DASSY.

DOC IN THE HOUSE: VOLCANO

Antiquary into the volcano and death of Volcan Lowry, with guest GILES RAY.

EXPERIMENTS IN TERROR

The horror of film and its own exploitation - non horror trailers and clips with works by WARREN COLOUGH, DAVID SHEPARD and more.

THE GODS OF TIMES SQUARE

Richard Sandler's astounding piece on the religious sect of New York's Times Square and Times Square.

SOCIETY OF THE SPECTACLE

Back by request, GUY DEBORD's astounding (and insane) treatise.

HELL HOUSE

Enter into the religious right's own conversion strategy - unsettling, unforgettable and truly strange.

COP TALK III

Strange and rare individuals from our urban police division of police training film is WARREN COLOUGH's images of death.

BYOB: BRING YOUR OWN FILM

BYOB, VHS Super Sound 16mm - bring it! (20 mins or less please)

UNDERSKATEMENT FILM FESTIVAL

A showcase of skateboarder-artists, both on and off their boards. New York's best and most.

FROM THE VAULTS III

You pick from our 1st, and 2nd series II - dated by genre, sex education, psychological abnormalities.

STRAIN AND ROMEO: THE

Anna McGovern's special (and dark) version of the Robert M. La Follette's "Crash" in 1932.

THE 7th VOICE OF SHIBAD

EYE OF HEART plays a role in the film in the classic SHIBAD series.

BEN HARPER: PLEASURE & PAIN

A 10-minute in-depth look at the film that defined the contemporary rock n' roll.

straight

Directed by George Ratliff. Showing April 11-13 @ The Blinding Light!!

Making a documentary is a risky proposition. Every day is a continuity nightmare. Locations are tentative, cast members unpredictable. Maybe, just maybe, you're lucky enough to end up with a story that unfolds before you, with enough human drama and pathos to allow you artistic license to make some small statement with your camera.

The best documentaries are not necessarily the ones that capture the most extraordinary highs and lows of the human experience, nor are they the ones with the most evenhanded, objective view of their subjects.

George Ratliff's HELL HOUSE, opening at The Blinding Light!! this month after a buzz-laden run on the festival circuit, is the kind of documentary that exemplifies the strengths of the medium. Granted, Ratliff is blessed with a documentarian's dream - a group of marginalized subjects ready to share themselves with the world - but it's his natural ease with the camera and

his passionate, unflinching eye that distinguish his film as something extraordinary.

HELL HOUSE is the account of the Trinity Assemblies of God Pentecostal Church in Cedar Hill, Texas, and the conception, realization and performance of their annual, unconventional, Halloween house of horrors. Rather than just the usual community centre spookfest, the Hell House itself is room after room of elaborate (albeit brief) sketches on the wages of sin, replete with amateurish acting and over-the-top theatrics. The aim of Hell House is to scare infidels into the arms of Jesus.

Ratliff has claimed that he was allowed full access simply because the church was glad to be able to tell their own story (particularly after being misrepresented in the media after a recreation of the Columbine massacre), but it's clear that he was savvy enough to build up the trust of Trinity's flock over time. For the secular viewer, HELL

HOUSE

allows a great deal of insight into the workings of the modern Evangelical church. It's easy to find the church's quizzical perspective on some of the seemingly innocuous vices we take for granted amusing. The Hell House vignettes themselves are often unintentionally funny whether it's the church's mild misconceptions of genuine teenage life in the suicide episode, or the gruesomely comedic ignorance of the usage of a Star of David rather than a pentagram in the room dealing with the occult. Ratliff is never so presumptuous as to make fun of the church, but he does allow them to reveal their own fallibility.

What makes HELL HOUSE extraordinary, though, is that while it points out the inherent goofiness of the Hell House, it somehow effortlessly manages to afford sympathy to nearly everyone it focuses on. Rather than looking like rubes from another less enlightened time, the people of Trinity Church are people who deal with the validity of religion in the modern world every day and they are not content to allow their particular brand of theology to fall into obsolescence. The struggles of the church's parishioners (whether it's the soft-spoken divorced father who can still barely contain his resentment toward his adulterous ex-wife, or the youth pastor clearly conflicted by the inherent hedonism of his beloved rave culture) are analogous with the struggles of the church itself to stay relevant.

Regardless of the credibility of its subjects, HELL HOUSE is an incredibly powerful film, simply because it depicts a group of people doing something they are

Hell House

passionate about. So much more could be said about the complexities of the film, but it really needs to be seen to be believed. HELL HOUSE will both shock you and move you. It is truth as the strangest fiction.

Bjorn Olson



previews - previews - previews

nects itself from its ostensible subjects and becomes a look at how the marginalized survive from day-to-day. Seeing these manic street preachers intermingling with the homeless and drug-addicted as well as the Manhattan commuters who either pay no mind, or only occasionally let their curiosity get the better of them, it becomes apparent how some adapt to their surroundings, and how the surroundings adapt to others.

Watching THE GODS OF TIMES SQUARE it's hard to tell whether the end times are coming, have arrived, or have been and gone. The groups of obsessives and savants on display can't seem to agree regardless. While it may have been a more interesting film had it a broader scope, THE GODS OF TIMES SQUARE is a fascinating snapshot of a time, a place, and a people.

PLEASURE & PAIN

April 25th-27th @ The Blinding Light!!

PLEASURE & PAIN is a documentary of a year-or-so in the touring life of Ben Harper and, as a documentary, it's a lot like Ben Harper's music: earthy, at times captivating, at other times middling.

Clearly made with fans in mind, PLEASURE & PAIN works best in its most personal moments. Harper's interactions with his musically inclined mother and grandfather are particularly illuminating with regard to the development of Harper's distinct style. This is the time when Harper comes off as most sincere. Moments where Harper and his bandmates talk about how their music reaches such a broad audience and how their style is so unlike anything else out there, on the other hand, are fairly ingratiating (if I hear one more boho, folk-informed musician talk about how they see ages ranging from 12 to 70 at their shows I swear I'm gonna punch the next hippie I see).

PLEASURE & PAIN isn't likely to win any converts to the Ben Harper army, and it certainly pales in comparison to landmark tour docs like Jem Cohen's Fugazi film INSTRUMENT and Grant Gee's Radiohead chronicle MEETING PEOPLE IS EASY.

INDIE-BABY 2

April 16th @ The Purple Onion

Promising to be a gathering of film aesthetes and rock n' roll godesei, Indie-Baby 2 is a benefit event for local indie film "Haly Saint".

Performers and Features include:

- *DJ Veronica
- *Trip Hop Artist Chelsi Schill
- *Indie Cult Rock Band Haly Saint
- *R&B Singer/Songwriter Anna Bains
- *Footage from indie film "SHELL"
- *2 "Haly Saint" Videos
- *uberbabe mini fashion show
- *surprise featured guest
- *indie film footage visuals throughout the evening
- *extras casting for the film "Haly Saint"

Tickets: 10 bucks at the door.



Seven Day Diamonds

Mystery Science Theater 3000: The Movie (1996)
Dir: Jim Mallon



You've all done it: you're watching a movie with a friend or three and something in the film strikes you as ridiculous or campy, and you can't help but make a witty comment out loud for everyone to enjoy. Well, what if a movie was so bad that the only way you could endure watching it

was to spend the entire 2 hours making fun of the movie? This is the idea behind the TV series created by Joel Hodgson in 1988, "Mystery Science Theater 3000."

Originally airing on a local cable station in Minneapolis, by the second season the series was picked up by Comedy Central in the states and by season nine, it moved to the Sci-Fi Channel. The background story is that the evil Dr. Forrester decided that the best way to rule the world would be to subject humanity to a movie so bad it would sap their wills. To test his experiment, he sent Joel the janitor into space where, on the Satellite of Love, he is forced to watch movies like *Rocketship X-M*, *The Amazing Colossal Man*, and the infamous *Manos: The Hands of Fate* every week, while Dr. Forrester monitors his mind.

Naturally, any "M.A.S.H." fan knows that the best way to avoid insanity in a ghastly situation is to make with the yuk-yuks, and in this, MST3K succeeds brilliantly. The first thing Joel does when he gets into space is to create a posse of sassy robots (puppets) to keep him company. When the crew gets "movie sign" from the satellite, Joel, Crow T. Robot and Tom Servo are forced to scramble to the on-board movie theater (presumably because the oxygen is being sucked out of the rest of the ship) and the hilarity begins in earnest.

You don't need to know how Joel was replaced by Mike, or that the show won a Peabody Award, or that MST3K fans are called MST-ies. All you need to know is that in 1996 Universal produced *Mystery Science Theater 3000: The Movie*, essentially a deluxe episode for the silver screen. In it, Mike and the bots take shots at the 1995 picture *This Island Earth*. What makes this episode different from a normal MST3K episode is that, comparatively, the movie isn't really all that bad. Oh, it's bad, but it's not what I would call MST3K bad. It's not *The Killer Shrews* or *Giant Spider Invasion* bad. Also, the movie is actually shorter than a typical episode of the series. On the TV show, the crew is allowed a few breaks during the movie where they perform little skits and we get to see what life is like on the Satellite of Love. The movie has them too, they're just not as common.

Detractors of MST3K can't understand why anyone would want to watch others make fun of a movie when you could just do that on your own. The difference between Mike and the bots wisecracking *This Island Earth* and the clown behind you when you saw *Punch Drunk Love* is that these guys have writers, and they're hilarious. All my explanations could never do justice to the experience, so just go check it out (for maximum results, view with friends) with an open mind, and if you like what you see move on to the 30 plus episodes available on DVD and VHS.

Toren McBoren MacBin



by Sinister Sam

JESS FRANCO PART 2 - THE "EROTICA"

But first...

Why Gaspar Noe's *IRREVERSIBLE* is easily one of the best films of the last decade:

The merciless, realistic violence portrays the acts as they are. This pisses most people off because they cannot handle brutality that isn't stylized. What is cheap exploitation then? Is it realistic portrayals of violence that makes you consider yourself and ones around you, or is it stylized violence that entertains?

It's strength relies on the portrayal of human nature - the true sense of brutality towards others, how the addition of life can sometimes bring immeasurable tragedy, and how vicious circle will travels throughout the galaxy.

And finally... Jess Franco's "Erotica":

Last time around I discussed the ins and outs of Jess/Jesus Franco and his film-making obsession which culminated in a quiver of films making him one of the most prolific filmmakers of all time. I looked at a few of his most famous films; some of them downright nasty, some of them pieces of art. Franco was also WELL known for his erotic films, a lot of which partook in the pleasures of XXX with lots of nice obsessive drawn out hairy vaginal shots, writhing, and soft to hardcore fuck shot manipulation. My utmost favourite films of Franco's have got to be his horror films, but I have a pretty healthy appreciation for his porn and soft-core film efforts. One major reason for my interest in the "erotic" films of Franco has mostly to do with Lina Romay. Like the perfect fanboy, I followed the career of Franco life partner Romay right from her early conception in the film industry in the early seventies, directly following at the heels of the legendary Soledad Miranda who was the Franco favourite until her untimely death.

I've made up a small list of favourite Jess Franco skin flicks:

99 WOMEN (1968)

An earlier effort from Franco in the direct sleaze department, even though he had already had lots of sleazier horror films under his belt at the time. A brazen dive into the world of the women's camp film that is ridden by the almighty gorgeous Rosalba Neri (Franco really knows how to show her skin here in the heyday of her youth) and operated by Inspector Clouseau opponent Herbert Lom in one of his only real Eurotrash appearances. The film lacks the intense X appeal of his later films as the film world loosened the leash on the porn genre, but spouts fine quality utilized from a modest budget.

JUSTINE (1968)

Franco's take on the classic Marquis de Sade story is a perennial fave even among students of Sade. The story is almost directly taken from the book (although it's hard to stuff in all the harsh details) and you genuinely get a feel for the period. The Almighty personality Klaus Kinski plays the role of the Marquis - telling the story as Jack Palance (himself) plays the last abuser before the tragic... oh shit... happy ending(?).

THE BARE BREASTED COUNTESS (1973)

This has to be the most famous of the Franco hardcore horror films. Instead of the traditional throat, we have cock-sucking by Lina Romay in an early role showing you what she's really got. There is another version that pokes around in the collector world that expurgates the hardcore scenes, but

keeps the atmospheric scenes of a cloaked topless Romay walking through a foggy Black Metal set.

care of it.

OBSCENE MIRROR (1973)

There is yet another Spanish Eurotrash actress that I think is widely overlooked (other than by her

small Spanish fan following) called Emma Cohen. She has a role in the amazing classic gore western *THE CUTTHROATS NINE* as the violated sheriff's daughter, and she has numerous roles in Spanish horror films of the seventies including my fave Naschy film *HORROR RISES FROM THE TOMB*. When I heard that she was in an XXX Franco film with Lina Romay I thought that I was dreaming. Turns out I was, as all the Emma Cohen scenes are cut with porn actress doubles, although Romay does all her own "stunts" (one of her most famous remarks is that she thinks that only a true actress will participate in all facets of a role). Emma is still great though, with many nude scenes; and the creepy black magic porn mirror scenes are very cool.

BARBED WIRE DOLLS (1975)

This is well known as Franco's "remake" of his popular 99 WOMEN, but not as slick - which means, in Eurotrash terms, better, and with Lina Romay instead of Rosalba Neri. The tortures are very brutal, the sex scenes very graphic with some peeks of hardcore, and the undoing plot of the film revolves around getting girls tied to electric racks (or sessioning each other) which gives the film an apocalyptic quality appreciated by the few who like good garbage that's easily digested. Franco knew the possibilities left out in 99 WOMEN and took

LOVE LETTERS OF A PORTUGUESE NUN (1976)

Many consider this to be Franco's finest effort as it keeps your attention and delivers the goods at the same time. This entry in the nuns have more fun genre follows a young girl shipped off to a convent that likes to fuck around with the young nuns all in the name of the lord (or evil, when necessary to advance the plot. Some thorned bleeding bodies, blasphemy, a man who saves the day and even a nice inquisition move the nubile nun bodies groping around the screen.



INTIMATE CONFESSIONS OF AN EXHIBITIONIST (1983)

Lina Romay decided to change her on screen name to Candy Coster for the nice string of early to late eighties porn films in which she participated in behind the camera with boyfriend Jess. This film is one of the most famous as it has a nice porno continuity to it, LOTS of sex (softcore that perks into penetration now and then), lots of Romay and her friends, and Romay in a nice blonde bobbed wig (her new signature for her eighties fuck films).

LULU'S BUTTONHOLE (1986)

Again and again I will bring a film to attention as we are bombarded with the shit that theatres and the new release racks have to offer. Romay has a talking asshole that puckers and stretches out the dialogue, which likes to be shut up with an Academy Award Oscar statue. Nothing like hearing a girl's asshole speak Spanish - only to get muffled (mmpphhghff).

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reviews
FOR THE WEEKEND WARRIOR IN YOU!

BY ADLER FLOYD

Black, purple, red, blue, pink. DESTROY YOUR FUCKING NINDO...



Splinter Cell

Developer: Ubi soft
Publisher: Ubi soft
Platform: PC
Rating: Teen
Web: splintercell.com

Splinter Cell. What the fuck you want me to say? I did introduce this game in Feb and went over its story, so I ain't gonna repeat myself. This game almost has it all. My only gripe is the lack of guns and the missing feature of being able to shoot hostages in the head as opposed to just knockin' them out. I want to be able to fuckin' execute every last mother-fucker blah blah blah, anyway. Sam Fisher only has two guns to choose from, a pistol and the 5.56mm SC-20K AR assault rifle, but there is an abundance of other cool gadgets (stiddy cameras, body shockers, lock picks and more) and moves. If the developers only threw in a shotgun, this would be a perfect game, ah well.

Splinter Cell is more

about stealth than killing, hence the title. There are pure run and gun levels, but you have to rely on brains and not American muscle to survive. Sam has plenty of crazy moves that help him along the way, wall jumps, rap-pel shooting, split jumps Van Dammage style and other cool tricks. Oh, and you can use hostages as meat shields, how fuckin' mint is that? The game features 10 levels varying in difficulty and look all the way from CIA headquarters to the streets of China. SC is lots of fun, it's one of those games that you will constantly keep installing every few months just like Max Payne. Tom Clancy's Splinter Cell is one of the greatest games released for the PC, period.

Adler Floyd

Eye Candy: 5
Tunes: 4
Gameplay: 5
Chill Factor: 4.5
Verdict: This is classic game.



War Puzzle Page!!

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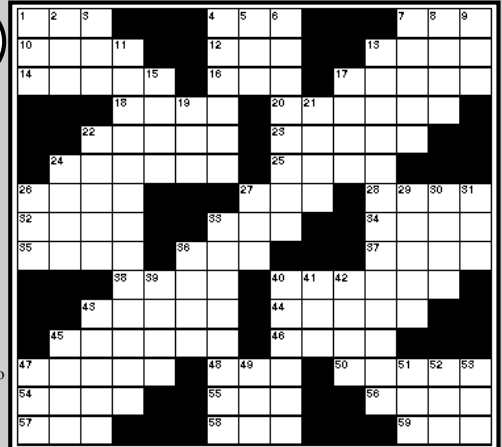
by Dan Scum
CROSSWORD

Across

1. Flying saucer
4. The "Toolman" Taylor
7. Ear part?
10. Taboo
12. Popular machine gun
13. _____ Batar, Mongolia
14. Grossly overweight
16. Phone number type (abbr.)
17. Military bungling
18. run _____ (out of control)
20. Not ours but....
22. Strike with force
23. Heart valve
24. Talkative
25. Japanese earthquake site also known for best beef
26. Middle East Man
27. War survivor
28. "_____ the bombs and let it burn"
32. White woman(Punjabi)
33. Calendar abbreviation
34. Weapon of mass destruction
35. "_____ fire,men!"
36. Popular Scottish name
37. Thicker or Alda
38. Crazy bird?
40. Great White LP "Once _____ twice shy"
43. Clair
44. Saline
45. Axis of evil's 1st name
46. Take back briefly
47. Events at Kuwaiti oil wells
48. _____ Wan Kenobi
50. Kill
54. Old Iraqi enemy
55. VCR button
56. Felled by a bullet
57. X
58. Psyche component
59. A _____ good men

Down

1. Crazy 8's variation
2. Pocket watch accessory
3. Metallica song about war
4. Key US ally in taking down the axis of evil
5. Verb ending
6. Something you should learn from
7. Santa _____, CA
8. Lummoxxes
9. Gabe from Gob's other band
11. FBI's Public Enemy #1
13. World sanctioning body
15. Give off
17. Croat's enemy
19. Van hockey enemy
21. Owl's warning
22. Divide equally amongst all
24. Farmer's bounty
26. Gone by
27. Ludwig-Beethoven connection
29. Bush or Hussein, e.g.
30. Quebec Mohawk Indian
31. "The _____ is mightier than the sword"
33. An abundance to come



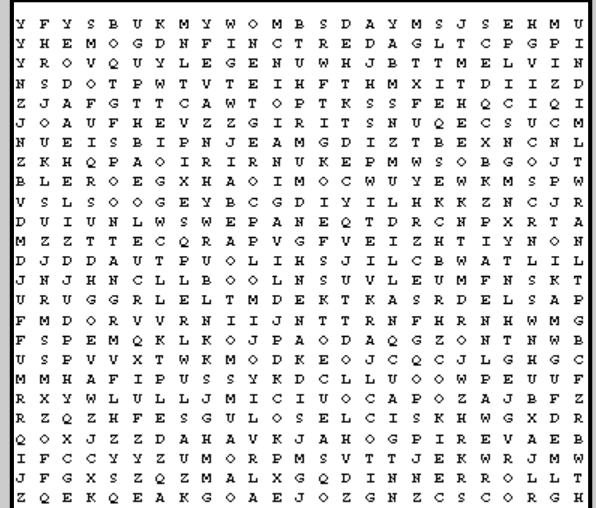
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WORD SEARCH

vagina
pussy
clam
beaver
cunt
trim
couch
cooter
bush
mound
snatch
twat
box
grassy
knoll
poontang
cookie
flower
Slurpy
pink taco
muff
dick mit-
ten
nookie
honey
pot
pink taco
wombs-
day
carpet
man in
the canoe
money-
maker

melvin
mud flaps
sausage wallet
dinner roll
saloon doors
flesh tuxedo

George W.
stinky mitt
cockpit
devil's hole
ponchita
bearded clam





NERVELAND SMUT RANCH

Mafioso
Directed by Michael Raven
Starring Sydnee Steele and Herschel Savage



I like porn that watches like a movie. This flick has it all: Sex, organized crime, hard drugs, killing, blackmail, deceit, sex, guns, more sex.... It also one thing that most porn movies don't have: A pretty decent plot. This is an actual MOVIE, close to being of the same caliber as some of the crap that Hollywood is sticking in theatres these days. Well... not that close, but *certainly* more clever than any episode of V.I.P. The sex scenes are pretty well placed and worked into the plot and the girls are hot. Many porno regulars star in this film, as actual actors and extras, and surprisingly don't get naked (a great thing in the case of Mike Horne, the last thing anyone needs to see is a balding old man having sex). Sydnee Steele 'stars' in the flick, but only really appears for one sex scene and some plot development. Despite her rather grotesque man-face, I find the sight of her taking it from behind quite arousing. This is the kind of movie you watch when she wants to watch Sopranos and you wanna see humping. **TexAss Approved.**

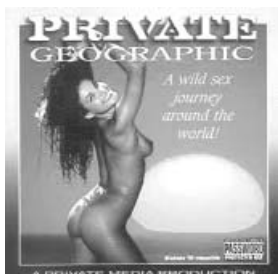
Dripping Fuckin' Wet

Directed by Tabitha Stevens
Starring: Tabitha Stevens, Daisy Chain, Allysin Embers, Shelbee Myne, Charlene Aspen, and Jezerec.



After spending most of my time in front of the T.V. watching "Shock and Awe Friday" on CBC, I thought it was time that I saw some pornography. This first film did not contain as many explosions as it did eruptions, which were a refreshing change of pace. This movie jumps right into the action. Opening with a large dildo being thrust into a dripping wet cunt offers a glimpse of things to come. Tabitha Stevens is the star in this film, not only in front of the camera, but also behind it. Stevens produced, directed, and wrote this entertaining flick.

What is great about this film is that it is very personable. The stars address the viewer on a one to one basis explaining what really gets them hot. Shelbee Myne is quoted saying, "You know what makes me dripping wet? It's when I'm in the bathroom, and I'm taking a bath and my husband comes in, pulls me out of the bathtub, bends me over and takes his nice hard cock and shoves it straight in my ass, there's nothing better than that." I thought it was nice that these ladies really shared what was on their minds, which gave a glimpse into their personalities. I felt that I really made a connection with these girls, the way the Busby Berkley pin-ups did with their audience so long ago. Another great thing about this film is that you get to see some hot lesbian action. Tabitha Stevens and Daisy Chain get it on starting with Chain sucking Stevens' toes. This scene is almost too hot to handle, especially when they begin toe fucking.



Private Geographic

Private has been making high quality films that are in a league of their own for years now. Many of their films have won awards including highest elevation fucking, and first cumshot in zero gravity. Private Geographic offers exotic worldly surroundings and the people who fuck in them. This film is a compilation of some of the most beautiful places in the world, which at times reminds me of the travel videos that they used to show in my travel agent's waiting room, but with fucking. I'm usually a stickler for plot, but with the time, effort, and money put into these scenes, who cares? Hot scenes include an orgy of about fourteen people on board a boat off of the shores of Brazil and a Hawaiian lesbian scene in front of a gorgeous waterfall by Bill Wright. There's a threesome while on safari in South Africa, sex on the beach in Australia and another threesome in the sands of Egypt..

Next month is the annual sex issue so be sure to see reviews of the old, new, and classic films in our porn review bonanza.

Max Crown

The Continuing Adventures of...

TEX AND DEX

Featuring:



At: T-BARZ! in Surrey!

Illustrations by Miss Dexter

TexAss: It's a Monday night. Armed with a dictaphone, an Ainsworth and our trusty chaffeur, Cowboy Bob, we embarked on yet another peeler joint road trip. Destination: T-barz, Surrey.
Dexter: We took quite possibly the longest route ever to get there too. Oh, and I was super moody and made the whole hour and a half really fun. That's sarcasm by the way.
Tex: Apparently it should've taken twenty-five to thirty minutes....
Cowboy Bob: Dude, you gave me terrible directions....
Tex: They were fine directions, goddamnit!
Dexter: ...if we had been taking the skytrain.
Tex: Yeah, actually... I even called and asked and everything... they said it was by the terminal, so I pretty much picked the direction I thought it was in and made up the route based on where I figured the sky train ended up. It all made sense in my head.
Bob: Well, that didn't fuckin' help much.
Dex: We went to nowhere first. We came from Not-Vancouver... from To-Surrey, but the wrong way.
Bob: We took the long route ALL the way AROUND Surrey to get there.
Tex: It made for a good, buddy bonding road trip though. Right?
Bob: Don't touch me, dude.
Dex: Then the really funny part was when we made Tex buy us all candy and get directions at a gas station and he somehow managed to get the wrong directions *again*... eventually we had to take a little detour to the bar and



ask. Oh and he also wrote the address down wrong. It could've taken us days....
Tex: Fine, I feel like an ass.
Ainsworth: I made rapping like the kids like these days to make the time pass slower... 'you're getting with me and my whole crew of bitchgoddamn that's what you gotta do ...the bitch go ...ah ...fuck off fuck off fuck off...'
Dex: I was nervous. Surrey scares me, and so does Ainsworth and his 'rapping'.
Tex: We parked in back and it was incredibly seedy and dark, the kind of alley you get shot in and no one ever finds your body.
Ainsworth: This all reminds of the time I got punched out in a stripper joint when I was underage.
Dex: I'm listening

intently.
Tex: I don't think that's a word, intently....
Ainsworth: We went, and it was me, Burger, Lefty, Mike, and Fatty... and there was this retarded guy there with his brother. He was a very retarded man, y'know... a real mongo... and he



lies on stage to get a dance with a two dollar bill in his mouth... we had two dollar bills back then... and when the stripper gets there... he reaches up and does the ole 'grab grab grab'...and they didn't want to kick him out, cuz he's a Down's Syndrome boy, but he was doing it a bit much and so they move him out. Unfortunately, that was me after a few drinks.... I got a two dollar bill in MY mouth on stage and I go 'oink oink'...and the next thing I knooooow... I took a good punch and I get shoved down and out the back doorway... landed in a garbage can and I laid there for a while. Then and they kicked my friends out and then we went out looking for marijuana....
Dex: Are you sure you didn't rip that story out of one of the *Revenge of the Nerds* movies?
Tex: The main thing to note about T-barz: it is loud. So loud that it hurt my ears with so much rap music. A little dingy, a little dodgy, but all in all, a good place to get a drink and see naked ladies.
Dex: Tex desperately needed to get drunk and by the looks of it, so did I.



They have pretty good drink specials there, so that's a plus in their favour. The stage is really high up, and has no ladder on the DJ side. They have a really fat DJ and it was quite amusing watching him clamber on and off the stage, awkwardly.
Dex: Too much rap music though....
Tex: Eventually little Miss Dexter got to the point where she needed to talk to complete strangers. She randomly got up, grabbed my tape recorder and went to 'interview' these young punks sitting by the stage. She been gone a while but seemed to be having fun and getting good material. These guys were all getting excited that a girl was talking to them in a strip joint I guess, cuz they were REALLY into her and the dictaphone. I eventually went to check on her... she was swaying drunkenly....
Dex: Yeah, this is where I get embarrassed... it was a good interview and I was getting funny stuff....
Tex: Until I came over and asked, "is that thing on?"
Dex: I said "Yes! Look, the light is on..." Then on closer inspection, I had just hit play and no such light was on. Immediately the entire interview was forgotten and I stumbled off.
Tex: All I caught was that they were from some tiny American backwater town and had come up here cuz it was one of their 19th birthdays....



Dex: That's about all I can recall from it... I'm a bad interviewer....
Tex: It was a great attempt though... in the name of Journalism.
Dex: So then this hot little number, Miss Naked from Russia or something, came on wearing a navy uniform and these cool sunglasses that made her look mysterious... until she got naked....
Tex: Stevie was dancing there too. She's always a favorite of mine. She's pure talent and beauty. Then she felt the need to make fun of my stupid drunkenness from up on stage. I didn't quite get it, but I knew it was time to leave....
Ainsworth: Do you have any glue for my finger? ...it's infected, I think.
Dex: I do! I constantly carry around Elmer's school glue.
Ainsworth: Really?
Dex: You need it almost 24 hours a day, every day of the year, 364 days.
Bob: Did you eat glue as a kid, too?
Dex: Yeah....
Tex: Glue or paste?
Dex: Glue, paste, I'll eat anything that's white and creamy. Haha. Dexter's drunk. Stop tape recording me now!

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