

THE DARKNESS

BACKYARD BABIES

MARK LANEGAN

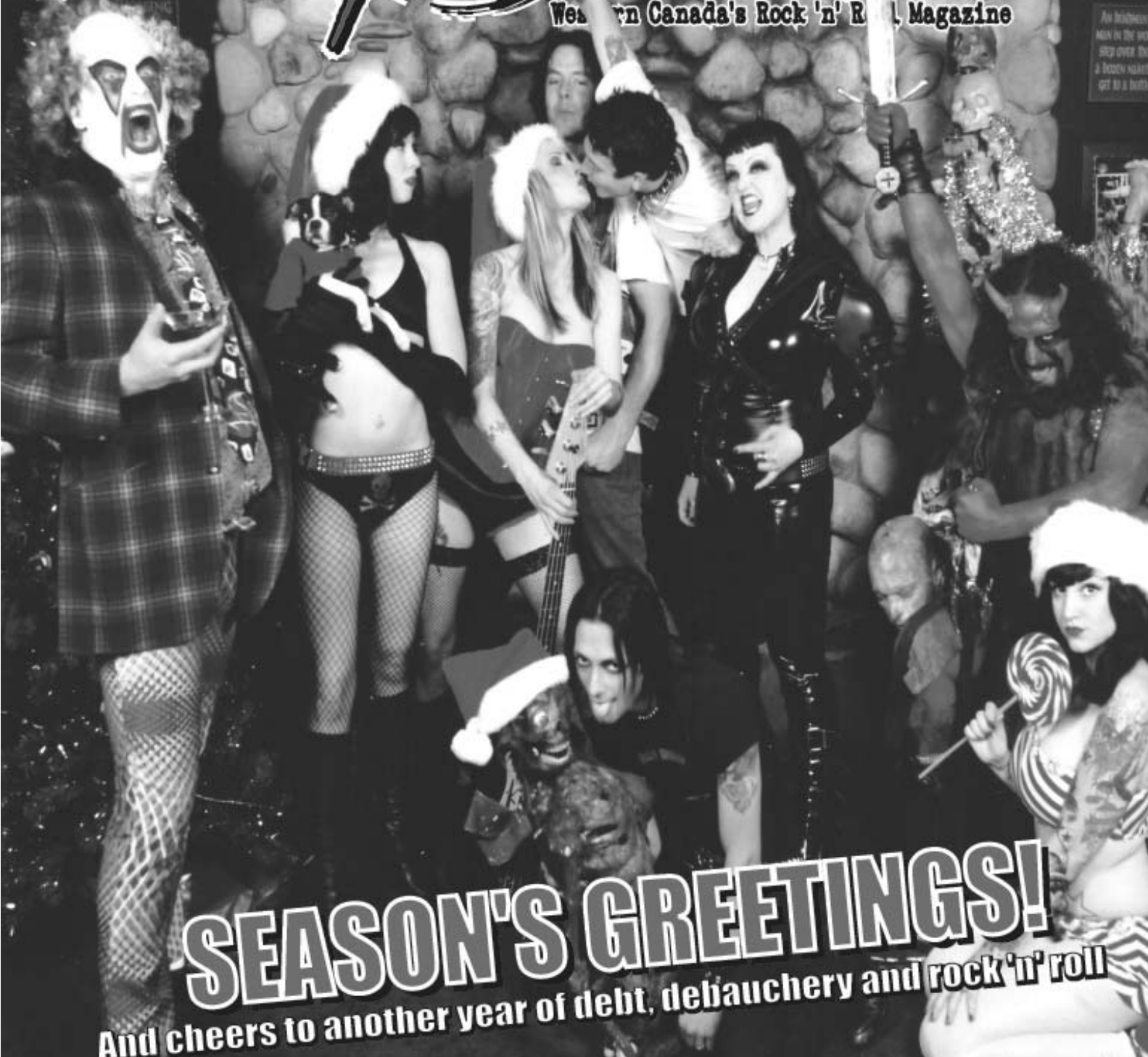
Vol. 5 No. 1  
Dec./Jan 2003/'04  
Issue #34

Free!



# The ~~A~~ ~~V~~ ~~E~~ ~~R~~ ~~V~~ ~~E~~

Western Canada's Rock 'n' Roll Magazine



# SEASON'S GREETINGS!

And cheers to another year of debt, debauchery and rock'n'roll

ADRIAN MACK

FESTIVAL OF GUNS

DRY FISTED

An industry  
man in the  
shop over the  
a booth who  
got a bottle



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<b>7</b> <b>JAM NIGHT</b> THE BIG RAILROAD BLUES REVUE & friends...	<b>8</b> <b>AFTER</b> <b>THE FALL</b> A SPECIAL LIVE EVENT	<b>9</b> Delirio Productions <b>BOOZEDAY</b> <b>TUESDAY</b> CHEAP DRINKS & FREE POOL	<b>10</b> <b>The Infamous Side</b> w/ the Sugar Beat Technologists HOUSE, BREAKS, FUNKY BEATS	<b>11</b> Groove U Campus Night NO COVER FOR STUDENTS <b>JELL</b> and STEREOGROUND LIVE	<b>12</b> <b>INJECT</b> W/ <b>DOPPLER (D)EFFECT</b> LIVE	<b>13</b> <b>FUNKSHUN</b> W/ <b>BREENLAW AVE.</b> LIVE
<b>14</b> <b>JAM NIGHT</b> THE BIG RAILROAD BLUES REVUE & friends...	<b>15</b> <b>METAL</b> <b>MADNESS</b> <b>NIGHT</b> HARD ROCK & METAL DJ	<b>16</b> Delirio Productions <b>BOOZEDAY</b> <b>TUESDAY</b> CHEAP DRINKS & FREE POOL	<b>17</b> <b>The Infamous Side</b> w/ the Sugar Beat Technologists HOUSE, BREAKS, FUNKY BEATS	<b>18</b> Groove U Campus Night NO COVER FOR STUDENTS <b>Charlie Higgins</b> and friends LIVE	<b>19</b> t/b/a LIVE	<b>20</b> <b>RAINWALKERS</b> w/ special guests LIVE
<b>21</b> <b>JAM NIGHT</b> THE BIG RAILROAD BLUES REVUE & friends...	<b>22</b> <b>METAL</b> <b>MADNESS</b> <b>NIGHT</b> HARD ROCK & METAL DJ	<b>23</b> Delirio Productions <b>BOOZEDAY</b> <b>TUESDAY</b> CHEAP DRINKS & FREE POOL	<b>24</b> <b>The Infamous Side</b> w/ the Sugar Beat Technologists HOUSE, BREAKS, FUNKY BEATS	<b>25</b> Merry Christmas!	<b>26</b> <b>Boxing Day Party!</b> t/b/a LIVE	<b>27</b> t/b/a LIVE
<b>28</b> <b>JAM NIGHT</b> THE BIG RAILROAD BLUES REVUE & friends...	<b>29</b> <b>METAL</b> <b>MADNESS</b> <b>NIGHT</b> HARD ROCK & METAL DJ	<b>30</b> Delirio Productions <b>BOOZEDAY</b> <b>TUESDAY</b> CHEAP DRINKS & FREE POOL	<b>31</b> New Year's Extravaganza! <b>BRICKHOUSE</b> and <b>SLAMMIN JACK</b> LIVE	Kitsilano's own live entertainment, cocktails and dancing cabaret Free pool Sun-Thurs. 7pm to 2am daily		

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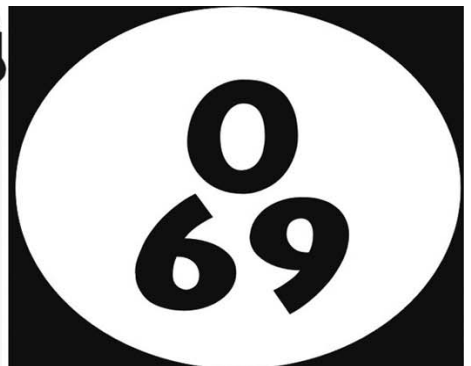
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# Band Slut of the year!

Since the Spitfires packed it in last fall, Jason Solyom technically isn't playing in any band right now. But since the former frontman spent the better part of 2003 in the studio recording all that is good in West Coast rock, he is the only musician that deserves Nerve's most prestigious title. Look forward to seeing his name in the liner notes on all your favourite 2004 albums.

## Stage name and homebase?

Jerk, get the fuck off the stage... hey ASShole, learn how to sing... get a LIFE (I've been called many names while on stage). I have been blessed by J.C. himself to be living quietly and peacefully in the Bible belt [Abbottsford].

## Bands you've played in (other than the Spitfires)?

Grave Mistake, Budget Rock Showcase, Seamen, The Idols, Chinatown, Psycho-mania, Flash Bastard, New Town Animals, The Fiends, Defect, Connect, Reason.

## Bands you've worked with in the recording studio this year?

Nasty On, The Cinch, SpréadEagle, John Ford, The Excessives, Chinatown, The Rumors, Gung-Hos (I think that's it). Oh Yeah, Petrie Frampton (French version of Peter Frampton)

## What band was the biggest pain in the ass to work with and why?

SPRÉADEAGLE. Total prima donnas. The singer, Juan, demanded that after every take, whoever was in the room would compliment him on his vocal stylings. 8-Ball paid high

school girls to come over and watch him play bass, Mattias & Donnie would have these jealous sibling spats over who was the greater guitarist, and Oke would demand I arm wrestle her to lower my hourly wage. They were just fuckin' rude and generally obnoxious people.

## Why the career move?

What career move? Career: Doesn't that mean you make money? Recording or playing music has made my life hell and I'm terribly in debt. No, I'll be playing again in the future, just got a bit tired of the same old.

## Any parting words for Spitfires' fans?

A new

double live record that will be coming out very soon (check website for

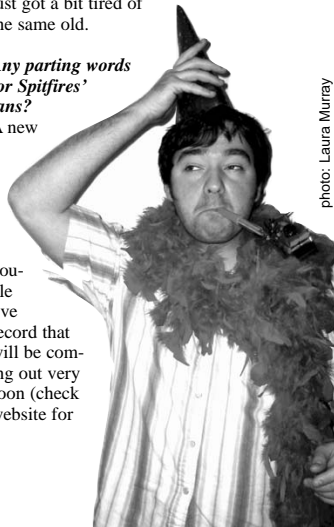


photo: Laura Murray



photo: Angela Fama

Cover models: (clockwise from front) Markus Morrison of Dry Fisted, the ravishing Kitten Coquette and Sonja, Chris Valagao of Zimmer's Hole, Pinto of Crystal Pistol, Stevie Kicks of The Smears, Ani Kyd of Fuel Injected .45, Dixie Di'Amo of Powerclown and the lovely Fatima. For more info on our cover models, go check out page 7.

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A Christmas Tale by Adrian Mack

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Billy Hopeless grabs a Backyard Baby

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The Mexican Blackbirds plus over 20 cd reviews

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Chris Walter plus more books and DVDs reviewed

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Yes, finally, some decent midget porn...

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Alt F4, Puzzle Page, Cartoons and Found!

**UNCENSORED!**  
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**FRI DEC 19**

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## Casey's Q & A

XXXmas is coming soon-have you been naughty or nice???



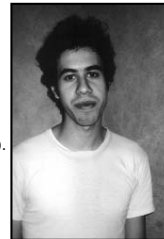
**Robbee-Salteens:**  
I've been naughty-when you deal with hookers & blow, sometimes"



**Katie Sketch-The Organ:**  
I've been goddamn nice and regret every second of it. I'll never waste my life like that again!

**Dante DeCaro-Hot Hot Heat:**

Nice. \*(I forget what he said but he's about the nicest person you'll ever meet).



**Joshua Winstead-The Metric:**

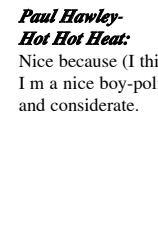
Naughty cuz Viva la Revolution!



**Mr. Plow:**  
Both, because I'm me.



**Angela-Smears:**  
Of course I've been naughty!



**Paul Hawley-Hot Hot Heat:**  
Nice because (I think) I'm a nice boy-polite and considerate.



**Rene-Smears:**  
Naughty-ALWAYS naughty!



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# Cheap Shotz

By Sarah Rowland



**Pinto Cholo**

He's the necrophiliac on the cover. But when he's not boning corpses, he plays guitar in Crystal Pistol. You can catch him in all his bleeding eyeliner glory Friday Dec. 19 at the Brickyard.

**Holiday gripes or greetings:** "Here's wishing you a white Christmas from Crystal Pistol"



**Feebie Fawkes**

This covergirl is obviously no stranger to the expression "Free coke for supermodels". At the last minute, she had her agent call and demand we provide twice as much blow as listed on her rider. Every five minutes she'd wander off to the can with her little coke flap, only to return with white crusties around her snout. But that's not her only nasty habit. Rumour has it she also likes to chew on stanky socks. And considering who her three roommates are, this bitch has access to the some of the rankest socks in rock. Yust Yoking. Feebie is the sweetest little girl.



**Dixie Di'Anno**

The frontman for Powerclown is looking for-

ward to a more cost-effective line-up in the New Year. Apparently nobody ever told Calvin Klown that the one thing you never do when you're in an all-clown Iron Maiden tribute band is show up to practice dressed in a mime costume. Nor do you ever pull a no-show right before a Victoria gig. So while the ousted Klown practices his invisible box moves, Dixie and his bandmates will play as a five-piece until further notice.

**Holiday gripes or greetings:** "I don't get enough presents and not enough rum & eggnog bought for me from hot chicks."



**Ani Kyd**

This Nerve-sanctioned evil temptress/singer for Fuel Injected .45 is currently recording her band's debut album, *Reload Diablo, Reload*.

**Holiday gripes or greetings:** "I'll be your mistress for Christmas and your metal horror for 2004"



**Employ of the month:**

Laura Murray/Photographer. Not sure what her last boyfriend did to deserve the same fate as Lorana Bobbit's husband, but we try to stay out of the personal lives of our employees. Bon appetite!

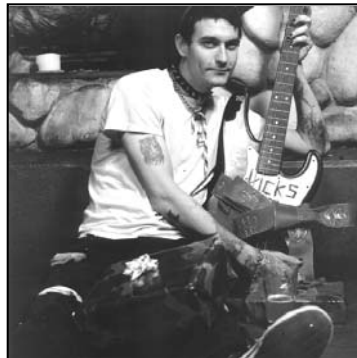


**Kitten Coquette/ Fatima/ Sonja**

This photo shoot was supposed to be a tradi-

tional nativity scene. That's why we requested a Virgin Mary look-a-like and two fair maiden types for this shoot. Instead we got three hot burlesque babes. Needless to say, the Ultravixen Peepshow won't be getting our business again. This is a family magazine damn it! But if gawking at gorgeous sexbombs with bodies that won't quit is your thing, check out [www.kittencoquette.com](http://www.kittencoquette.com)

**Holiday gripes or greetings:** "Send us presents... preferably lingerie"



**Stevie Kicks**

He's played bass for the on-again/off-again New Town Animals for the last five years. The resurrected five-piece is soon to release its second album on Dirtnap Records. He also just finished recording a demo with his latest band, The Smears. As well, he drums for the atmospheric indy-rock outfit, Ashtray Boy. The latter will perform at the Railway Sunday, Dec. 7 to launch its latest LP, *The Euro*. But what Kicks is really famous for is throwing the best house gigs. Most notably was his recent eviction party at his pad on 13<sup>th</sup> and Clarke in Van, where the Badamps, Rebel Spell and Gung-Hos blew the roof off. Without a doubt, this cover model is one of Vancouver's punk rock staples.

**Holiday gripes or greetings:** "Party lots"



**Mark Morrison**

He's the bassist for Calgary's Dry Fisted. It's hard to imagine that this gentle giant could ever harm a fly, but his former bandmates in Victoria's Breach say otherwise. Morrison plays down his past as a shit-kicker. Oh sure, he casually alludes to a road rage incident or two. But who hasn't dragged a middle-aged dad out of his car and beaten the tar out of him in front of his kids? Speaking of kids, Dry Fisted is playing a benefit at Calgary's the Mighty Underground Saturday, Dec 20. All proceeds go toward presents for underprivileged children. Those bastards in Breach must have made up all that bad shit about Morrison.

**Holiday gripes or greetings:** "Merry Fistmas"



**Chris (The Heathen) Valagao**

When we called the Zimmer's Hole lead singer about the cover shot, we asked him to bring a big red sock to hang by the fire place with the rest of the stockings. But the batteries must have been running low on the Nerve cell phone coz the only thing dangling from Val was a monster-sized red cock and he don't shoot blanks neither. If you don't believe me, head down to the Brickyard and watch him spray his demon seed all over Hiro's bar for the Blood and Gore 2004 New Year's eve metal bonanza (also on the bill are Sinned and Fuel Injected 45)

**Holiday gripes or greetings:** "Jesus who?"

**Chinatown cans lead singer**

When you check out Van's glam rockers at the Supersuckers Thursday Dec 4, you'll notice that they are once again a four-piece. Chinatown recently pulled the plug on lead singer Marus Ireland's mike. Guitarist Ben Yardley will fill in on vox until the band finds a new frontman. Apparently, a majority of the group felt that Ireland's vocal style didn't mesh with the band's musical direction. Yardley seemed genuinely anguished on the phone with The Nerve as he talked about the difficult decision to ax his buddy. "It's unfortunate," says Yardley. "But it's fuckin' show-business, not show-friends." Ireland wasn't available for comment at the time The Nerve went to publication.

**New club on the block kicking ass**

And now for the shameless self-promotion portion of Cheap Shotz. Thanks to a cooperative bar management, Pub 340 is going to keep the rock. The Nerve's production manager, Atomic Pete, has been booking the room for the last month and so far everyone's happy. Bands have somewhere else to play and patrons have somewhere to drink squeegee-priced booze.

**New Monday hang-out**

Check out Morrissey's bar on Granville every Monday, when DJ Miss-X and friends spin old school 80s punk. The tunes start at 10pm and Milwaukies for \$2.75 a can all day.

**NERVE FOOD BANK DRIVE**

**WHO: MARRIED TO MUSIC/THE EXCESSIVES/RICH HOPE/NIM VIND**

**WHEN: FRIDAY, DEC 5**

**WHY: COZ IT'S THAT TIME O'YEAR TO GIVE BACK**

**HOW MUCH: \$7 OR \$4 WITH AT LEAST ONE NON-PARACHUTE FOOD ITEM**

**BE THERE: IT'S THE PUNK ROCK THING TO DO!**

The cheap booze! daily specials!  
**BRICKYARD**

December 315 Carrall St.

8th Speedealer, Ten Miles Wide

The Hooded Fang

10th Goat's Blood and guests

11th Deadsure, Hope Against and guests

12th Cyanotic, Substance, Freebase, Absence

13th The Makers, Mr. Underhill and guests

18th Grace Nocturnal, Speed To Kill, Jets Overhead

19th Crystal Pistol, Chinatown and guests

20th S.T.R.E.E.T.S.. Paper LanternsFun 100

26th Cradle To Grave, Thulsa Doom, Inhuman

27th The Excessives and guests

**NEW YEARS  
EVIL**

**Zimmer's Hole  
Fuel Injected .45  
Sinned**

Wednesday, December 31st  
The Brickyard 315 Carrall St.

Tickets at Zulu, Scratch, Scrape, Noize, Red Cat and the clu



**HOPELESSNESS**

**One Swedish Dregen on the Rocks!**

By Billy Hopeless

Well it's shittmas again and what can I say but whenever I start feeling like it's getting cold, I think about places where your piss freezes before it hits the ground and somehow Vancouver feels pretty mild. So, on the thirteenth day of shittmas, what does Billy Hopeless give to you poor little ice king and queens? Well, how about an interview with the coolest fucking import to come out of Sweden since Seka, Dregen of the Backyard Babies. This guy has it all going on, the look, the attitude, and the riffs to back it up. He may just look like another well-wrapped package but inside there's a rock 'n' roll Molotov and the fuse is burning fast! So let's tear it up and enjoy a little warmth from a much colder place!

*Ok hotstuff, let's go straight for the groin right off the bat. It seems like everywhere I've traveled, there's a bunch of rock chicks bragging about having ridden the mighty Dregen. So, I must ask, are you truly God's gift to rock chicks or are they all just wishful little liars? Both you and me know that most of the rock chicks are liars... And both you and me know that any great rock band will deny everything. I need names for this question. And pictures....*

*Now I've heard that as a young Dregen, you had dreams of being a professional hockey player. Is this true? And if so, what's yer favourite position and can you still handle the stick?*

I played for almost 13 years on a team called the Nassjo Hockey Club as a centre. I still skate



Photo: Courtesy of Backyard Babies

was meant to be a one off-single from MEIG, but when he passed away we wanted to wait. "Friends" is a tribute to Joey.

*Well this is the X-mas issue of The Nerve, so I'm going to ask you a few shittmas questions beginning with if you could have anything, what would you ask the Scandinavian Santa Claus for and what kinda shoes would he be leaving this/these presents in?*

I'd love a new Technics 1200 turntable. Black preferable. Put it in a pair of high-heals if the needle breaks. Red preferable...

"Joan Jett would get our new album. George Bushie would get a bullet."

*Dregen's Christmas shopping list*

sometimes, but not as much as I would like. Next time in Canada? My slapshots are still pretty good. We are actually sponsors for the team I played in. (check out the photo)

*The Backyard Babies have just released the new album Stockholm Syndrome to once again light the world on fire with your Molotov rock 'n' roll assault. Give us five words that come to mind as descriptions for the new album.*

Well, after the last album, *Making Enemies Is Good*, we wanted to work with Joe Barresi as a producer. We were way more sure [about] what kind of album we wanted to make, and the recording took 3 weeks. *Making Enemies* took 4 months. We haven't messed around this time around. Songs. Attitude. Groove.

*On Stockholm Syndrome we find a song called "Friends" which includes guest appearances by quite a few of the bands you've befriended while touring, including L7, the Hellacopters, and the dead, but never forgotten saint, Joey Ramone. Since it's been said that people are kept alive through our memories, would you please share a few words about your time with Joey Ramone?*

He came to one of our first shows in New York in 1997 and loved the band. He saw most of the shows with us in NY. Without The Ramones, I would probably not be in a band. We recorded him at Spa Studios in NY in 2000. The song

*OK now let's pretend you are Santa Claus. If you could slide down anyone's chimney to deliver your naughty or nice X-mas magic whose stockings would you be hanging without care?*

Joan Jett would get our new album. George Bushie would get a bullet.

*Well, thanks a lot, and hopefully we'll hook up on the road sometime, but before we end this, I've got to ask one final question, although I'm beginning to feel like a volunteer for tourism Canada, I just feel it's my duty to ask when, if ever, can we expect the Backyard Babies to tour the great white north we know and love called Canada?*

We can't wait to come back to Canada! We haven't toured there since 2000. *Stockholm Syndrome* will be out in the US and Canada spring/summer '04. So see you Canadians ringside when your maples are falling off.

*Bonus question!*

*What's yer favourite Christmas song and if the Backyard Babies wrote one, what would it be called?*

Uhhh, Rudolf the Red Nosed Reindeer??? I dunno... Our song? -Santa Cocaine in Ball and Chain?





# Mark Lanegan

For the last twenty years, Mark Lanegan has been duking it out in a van or a bus, getting his knuckles bloodied first with the Screaming Trees – perhaps the most underrated act to emerge from Seattle in the last twenty years. They were originally signed by Greg Ginn to SST but were swept up in the Grunge Wave, albeit a little reluctantly as they had already established themselves on their own.

He currently plays with Queens of the Stone Age and has just released his sixth solo album. Lanegan has been an individualist from the very beginning, and moves naturally between singing, say, an old Fred Neil song to co-writing “No One Knows” with Josh Homme.

After a lot of years, a lot of miles, a whole heap of luck (good and bad), he started to wind down ‘till Johnny Cash told him to get back on stage. He hasn’t looked back as he embarks on another world tour, which incidentally will bring him to Richard’s on Richards on December 11th, along with bandmates keyboardist Greg Dulli (Afghan Whigs), bassist Eddie Nappi, drummer Norman Block and guitarists Brett Netson and Troy Van Leeuwen (Queens). Lanegan was taking a nap in Bologna, Italy when I reached him and his voice had the quality of rocks on cement.

**By Judge Smalls and Carl Spackler**

*Has your profile been raised since joining the Queens?*

It has and it hasn’t... the only people who seem

interested in that are guys like you who do professional interviews.

*Er... this is our first interview.*

It’s raised my profile, but I don’t know if it’s translated into sales.

*Have you signed a burned CD yet?*

No... no-one’s had the nut-sac to do that yet. *You’ve played with a lot of old C&W legends... Buck Owens, Waylon Jennings and, of course, Johnny Cash. What did you learn from that?*

Johnny was one of the most influential people in my life. I learned to sing along with his records... Willie Nelson, Buck Owens and Waylon Jennings, who really was a badass dude... I’ve been lucky.

*What’s it like meeting these guys?*

It’s like meeting someone not of this earth... But each of those guys was so down to earth, so natural. Johnny would hug you going into the studio, ‘how you doin’, grab yourself something to eat’... just a humble, beautiful man. I met Waylon in Indianapolis... I was having a pretty bad day... the guitar player in the Trees, Gary Lee Connor, had been swinging his mic stand and the mic came off and hit me in my bony ass. I was pretty angry about it and I was walking around the parking lot talking on my mobile phone, saying, ‘Fuck it, I quit’ when suddenly someone put his arm around my shoulder and I looked over... and it’s Waylon Jennings. And he says, “You don’t look like you’re having a very good day, son”, and that’s how I met him and of course it turned me around completely.

*Did they teach you anything?*

Absolutely... I learned that I didn’t want to be a fucking dickhead... I’ve known a lot of ‘rock stars’ in my time, but these guys have been everywhere and done everything and like I said... they’re the kind of human beings you hope to be.

*Did it help you with your substance abuse?*



Photo courtesy of Beggans Banquet / Beggans Group Canada

Knowing that they’ve been everywhere you can go and then some, and be the way they were... it gave me hope.

*Whatever happened to the Trees’ final recordings?*

They’re surfacing next year. We’re putting out our last record and it’s some of my favourite material we ever did... it’s coming out on a label with Greg Workman, who also has a label called Ipecac with Mike Patton. Sony’s also putting out a best-of that has a lot of unreleased stuff....

*Was it hard to hang it up after fifteen years?*

It was hard for me because I always had, uh... the band was just an unlikely entity and encountered such adversity, finding places to put out our records. Every time we had a deal it was the only deal there was... we were a band that had people saying ridiculous things like, “Get rid of one of the fat guys and we’ll sign

you.” But there’s a lot of satisfaction in saying, “You know what, there’s gonna be a box set”... there’s already a best-of our indie recordings and now there’s gonna be a best-of our major label recordings, several television shows, all this kind of stuff. And for some kids from Ellensburg, Washington, who were really just social outcasts in their hometown... we really did climb Everest a few times and I’m proud of that.

*Didn’t you have a shiner when you were on Letterman?*

Yeah, yeah, I did, (he sighs)... [but] through no fault of my own.

**Kids, pick up a copy of *Whiskey for the Holy Ghost*, pour yourself a stiff one, go see the show (I’ll be counting heads) and learn yourselves something, you dummies.**



# Dry Fisted Rock Like It’s 1984



photo: Courtesy of Dry Fisted

**By Sarah Rowland**

After waiting more than four years, Calgary’s hardcore kings were finally ready to record their first official full-length. Desperate to prove that Keith Richards isn’t God’s gift to songwriting, they boarded their private jet and set out to collaborate with as many other artists as possible. First stop: Lenny Kravitz’s space-age Miami mansion, where they penned a few riffs... no wait. I did it again. I confused Dry Fisted with Mick Jagger. What these oldschool punkers did was pick up some more than willing Bitchin’ Camaros back stage, and ordered some back-ups from the dial-a-Red-Hot-Lover rock ‘n’ roll escort service. Once everyone was all liquored up, they pressed “record” but forgot about the “pause” feature. The result? A seven-minute track of outtakes during a seemingly simple gang hymn that may or may not make it on the final mix.

“I’m fighting to put it on the CD,” says Jeff Pitt, the

drummer. He’s calling from his day job, answering questions in between pouring pints. “We didn’t know it was *all* being recorded and the talking is just hilarious. All we wanted to do was get the word ‘fuck’ and the word ‘who’ so I’d go ‘one, two, three fuck’. And ‘one, two, three who’ but it took four or five minutes just to get to that point coz we’re all drunk and we’re all making fun of each other. Then when we finally do it, you hear Dan go, ‘I didn’t do it.’”

Of course, he’s referring to none other than Danny Danger, who also chants “before it’s too late” on the “March to Die.” Like many of tracks on *In God We Thrust*, the three-minute threatening rally cry is led by frantic drumming, suspense-building axe pickin’ that escalates with headbanging tension and vox that explode with bros over hos camaraderie. In short, unapologetic vintage 80s hardcore aged to perfection by

musicians who aren’t afraid to admit that they’re old enough to know what C.O.C, S.O.D and D.R.I. stand for.

“What seems to have gotten lost in people’s heads is the heaviness,” says Makcus Morrison, who plays bass and splits vocal duties with guitarist Dave McAuley. Despite being in Vancouver for the Festival of Guns, the Nerve was unable to hook up with the soft-spoken Jak for an in-person interview. So we had to settle for a phone Q&A. “Some bands can do grind-core and sure that’s heavy music. But the days of really heavy punk and metal crossover has kind of been left by the waste side.”

But Pitt’s not worried. He’s confident that while diluted mutations of hardcore sprout up everyday and Oi! bands rule the Calgary punk scene; guttural uncut heavy music is on the comeback trail. And that’s not all; he credits Dry Fisted as one of the bands for the impending resurgence.

“We’re one of the only bands to sound like this right now and I just hear people picking up on it,” he says, citing the Calgarian Oi! band, Sneak Attack, as a recent example. “You can just hear it in the new stuff they’re writing.”

As far as what constitutes hardcore, Morrison’s personal philosophy is a band’s antics off stage are almost as important as a musical formula, which could explain why he recruited Mick and Keith...whoops, did it again... meant to say Danny and Randy of the Red Hot Lovers.

“They are rock,” admits Morrison about Dry Fisted’s hired guns. “But I respect a person’s lifestyle and they definitely have a very hardcore lifestyle.”

So theoretically, an Icelandic chamber pop band that only performs in candle-lit churches playing hypnotic ethereal soundscapes can be considered hardcore—as long as after the show they turn into fiends back stage, tearing down full-length mirrors from the walls to cut up their coke?

“I don’t know what chamber pop is,” says Morrison. And he means it.

*In God We Thrust will be out next January and Dry Fisted will beat some hardcore sense into your pussy emo ass at a crusty, puke-infested punk dive near you.*





C.C. Voltage (musician, student) in a shirt he stole from some asshole in his German class and Randy Romance (Gung-Hos, Red Hot Lovers) in a bra from LaSenza.



## Flusie's Night Out with Casey Cougar

**THE SCENE-** The Nerve Magazine's 4<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Bash @ The Purple Onion, 15 Water St. November 20

**THE STYLE-** Lots-a-skids and skanks outfitted in semen-stained rawk tees and tight jeans; most going commando, of course.

**DRUGS OF CHOICE-** Champagne and cocaine. I couldn't find a joint to save my life- doesn't anyone smoke pot in this town anymore??

**THE VIBE-** Two rooms filled with punk/glam/80's tunes fuelling a dirty dancing party. Numerous shots caused many impromptu lap dances and some outtercourse.



8-Ball in retro Jaks wear, Juan Badmutha (SprædEagle, Evilive) in his dad's "trucker hat", Pam Prostarr\* (animator) in a Yertle, the Turtleneck and Mike Park wearing yer mum's panties.



Dan Scum (Scum Element, Cum Soc, Powerclown) in a Don Ho original and Heather Watson (Terminal City columnist) in her underage boyfriend's shirt.



Jamie (Excessives, Real McKenzies), Jono (Excessives, Gung-Hos), 8-Ball (SprædEagle) and Eddie Big Beers (Gung-Hos), all wearing Jaks Skate Team castoffs.



Nerve Magazine CEO, Mr. Badley Damaged wearing anniversary cake.

Photos by Casey Cougar and Pam Prostarr

# Festival of Guns 2003

Vancouver, B.C.  
November 21-22

### Day One

Booze, Bad Attitudes, Guns, more Booze and Rock 'n' Roll. That's what was promised, that's what was expected, that's what dragged ole Cowboy TexAss out of semi-retirement hibernation. So we started the festivities with a cup of rye at the 'new venue'-a-lized watering hole, Pub 340. A good little drinkin' pub, kinda like a miniature Fairview with a 3-inch stage. **Ghost Town Drive**, a band of good ole boys playin' good ole fashioned rock, hit the stage with a reincarnated Jim Morrison behind the mike, backed by a time warp to the 70s and the

nicest lookin' cowskull I've seen in this city mounted onto their drum set. They were the perfect band to start the Festival of Guns. On to the Pic. Caught too little (the last 90 seconds) of **Billy the Kid** and the **Lost Boys** but were just in time for **Nicole Leigh Hurst**. I wasn't sure what to expect from this couple of young girls (Nicole of Superchild and Sue of TV Mamas) and a couple of longhaired Neanderthals. No offence to Nicole, who is very cute, has a good voice and a band that WILL get airplay (think girl-fronted Nickelback, with sugar on top), but I needed some RAWK. Hark, 'twas the call of the **EAG**. Brickyard Ho! **SprædEagle** were just hitting the stage when the Festival Shuttle Bus dropped our sorry asses off. A few 'Bad Muthafuckas' and half dozen very strong rye 'n' gingers, and it was all over for TexAss. **John Ford** was up next but remain in my memory as a drunken blur. "Bullets for Dreamers" is a good song. I somehow ended up at the Railway club in time to see Pinto from **Crystal Pistol** clearing gear off the stage and then, while any good outlaw gathering ends in a gun-fight or fisticuffs, I emerged unscathed from a run-in with a no good cowpoke from out of town. Alas, he was unarmed and I couldn't bring myself to kill the sombitch....

### Day Two

We joined a crowd consisting mostly of members of bands playing later that evening and two other Cobalt patrons for **Hissy Fit's** incredible return from their supposed breakup. Forget the rumours, Giselle and co. are back in full force. The Shuttle bus was out of commission for some reason, so we had to walk to the Pic for a band well worth a frozen trot through crack-town. I can't run out of good things to say about the boys in **Married to Music**. These guys are just so tight and entertaining. This

time they had help from a dirty, hairy psychopath who insisted on grabbing and mauling the band, and eventually got 'accidentally' bodychecked off the stage by the wild and crazed lead man Byron Slack, who spent half the set lying on or sliding across the floor. Back at the Brickyard, the **Red Hot Lovers** were like an explosion on stage. Good energy, fast, loud, asskicking Rock. Their music is like



Billy the Kid

photo: Badly Damaged



Sprædeagle

photo: Badly Damaged



Red Hot Lovers

photo: Laura Murray

a kick in the balls and a boot to the head. They played well into the time slot where the **Gung-Ho's** should have been. Mike Roche assured me that he was indeed too drunk to sing and just might go and sleep in his truck instead of going on stage and the Caravan-o-Guns was actually ready to roll, so we took the opportunity to mosey on up to see **Black Rice** all decked out in their outlaw cowboy shirts. My

little lady, who became emotionally possessed during their set, insists I describe them as a band that "taps into a cosmic void." I might have said "aurally pleasing musical chaos." Either vague description applies. A surprise gem in the festival was **The Uncaps Old Boys** who filled the middle slot in the country showcase. Pedal steel and backwoods, crazed farm boys from Edmonton. Only caught the last few songs of their set, but man they made me want to run out and rape a sheep. Speaking of Alberta and bestiality, the **Agriculture Club** layed out that sweet bastardized country that I love. Undisputedly the best performance of the festival, with a real life hoedown in front of the stage. Yeehaw!

-Cowboy TexAss



# Live Wires

D.O.A.'s Joey Shithead

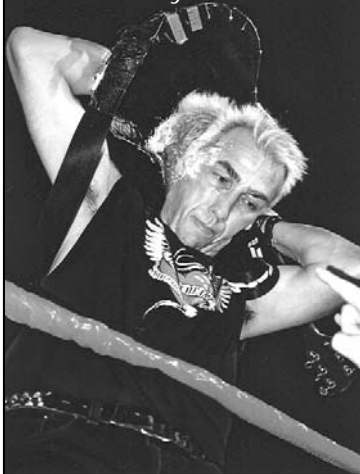


PHOTO: LUVENA ELIA VASER

## D.O.A. vs. Thor World Kickboxing Championship

Pacific Coliseum, Vancouver, BC  
Saturday, November 29, 2003

Not since they cancelled the demolition derby at the PNE has there been a spectacle of such cultural significance on our hallowed fairgrounds. D.O.A., Thor and eighteen men kicking the living piss out of each other... oh, and beer gardens. If that's not enough culture, add to that the fact that most of the attendees were either colours-flying members of a well-respected chapter of motorcycle enthusiasts, or one of the many scantily clad Coors hoorz. After several gasp-inducing bouts, D.O.A. kicked off the musical intermission from a boxing-ring side-stage, blasting through a mini-set of rink-rockers. Joe and co. were soon joined by the mighty Thunderhawk who, before he was even into his third mask, was attacked with cinder blocks by what could only have been a Cave Beast. Mayhem reigned as the converging bands crammed as much material and spectacle into the short set as was inhumanly possible, and Fuel Injected .45 singer Ani Kyd sang with the gang. Legendary guitar-rocker Frank Soda took the hardest head shot of the evening when he blew up a TV set while his melon was poked up through the bottom of it. I took a moment to imagine what must have been reeling through their heads at the time. Shithead about his cohorts: "You know what? Here's one for the old guys, right? Between Frank Soda, Thor, and me there must be about a hundred fuckin' years experience up there and after these shows we fuckin' feel every fuckin' day, every fuckin' minute, and every fuckin' second of it!" Thor's on the ongoing war with Cave Beast: "I think next time I'll bring Loki with me to battle the Cave Beast with his magic powers. Even though he is also a nemesis, we can sometimes join forces." D.O.A. drummer The Great Baldini on kickboxing: "Two guys fuckin' killin' each other, I love it."

-J. Pee Patchez

## Rocket From the Tombs

The Nasty On  
@Richard's On Richards, Vancouver, BC  
Saturday November 22, 2003

Nasty-On singer Jason Grimmer's new meds must be working as he managed to play an entire set without throwing one of his now infamous public shit-conniptions. Looking like

the singer for the Spin Doctors after a week-long binge on bootleg vet-grade injectables, Grimmer led his lurching, sneering crew through a set of some anxious, high-strung rock and roll. "Amphetamine Now" served as a warning shot of an absolutely caustic set of new material for the band's forthcoming record. It's fitting that the guys in Rocket from the Tombs look like professors, complete with blazers and flasks because tonight was a lesson in music history. Considering these songs existed in 1974, one has to wonder how the path of musical evolution would have been altered had this band released a proper album back then. These tunes were proto-everything...rock, punk, classic metal, even moments of what could very well be speed-metal, combine to make up this highly eclectic, very aggressive music. As with paleontology, the thrill of discovering a missing link in the Rock family tree was not lost on the packed house. Throngs of be-shaded new wavers, crusty punks, rockers, and rare-music-nerd-types got more than a museum exhibit, this band kicked ass like men a quarter of their age! And props to the drummer, who would collapse into a limp rag against the wall behind him between every song, only to spring back to life in the nick of time. And not unlike a stunt double for Dom DeLuis, the singer clutched a cane and a flask and, on occasion, stepped to the mike to let out the very winds of Hell. Only seeing the band from Star Wars would have been more holy-shit inducing.

-J. Pee Patchez



PHOTO: LUVENA ELIA VASER

## Dimmu Borgir Nevermore Children of Bodom Hypocrisy

@ The Commodore, Vancouver  
Monday, Dec. 1st, 2003

Hypocrisy's been around a long time, and I've been waiting at least 12 years to see them. They used to be brutal, intense, death metal/grind. The first song threw me off—it was slow, with a straightforward rock beat, melodic harmonized guitar riffs reminiscent of At the Gates or Heartwork-era Carcass, and the song generally sounded like gloom/power

metal with death and black metal flavourings. Not what I expected. We only got "Pleasure of Molestation" to satisfy the craving for classic Hypocrisy. A sort of disappointing set. Children of Bodom, on the other hand, totally rocked. And, no, it's not just because I'm Finnish and was wearing a Finnish coat-of-arms T-shirt that I was so stoked on C.O.B. The set was tight, and more intense and relentless than its albums. My only complaints with C.O.B. are some of the cheesy keyboard parts that sound a little too techno and out of place with the otherwise power metal/speed/trash metal with blackened vox, which is their sound. Musically, C.O.B. was by far the best band of the night with its super-hot ripping guitar solos. Nevermore came on next. I was more impressed with its set then last time I saw the Seattle group. However, something about the band strikes me as boring, as though all its riffs are on a record being played too slow. One of the highlights was a wicked cover of Simon & Garfunkel's "The Sounds of Silence". Dimmu Borgir headlined (obviously, being the most famous) and I've got to say straight away that I've always preferred more intense black metal outfits like Dimmu's side project Old Man's Child. The Norwegian act also had the best stage show by far, with props, appropriately dark and creepy lights, make-up and fake blood. I find D.B. and other such black metal bands really good at the stage theatrics and their moody atmospheric music is appropriate for the show. I found I was most impressed with, and banged my head most to, Children of Bodom, probably the least heavy of the four bands yet, the most intense of the four. A wicked show in terms of theatrics, turn-out and the general spirit of metalhead camaraderie. And all the bands did rock.

-Stefan Nevatte

## Sixty Stories Complete

@ Queen Alexandra Hall, Edmonton,  
Sunday November 2, 2003

Pity none of the bands thought to consult me before tonight's show. If they had, I'd have alerted them to the folly of booking a show in a tiny municipal hall, in a schoolyard, on a snowy, sub-zero Sunday night, in the middle of Assfuck Nowhere – not the best way to guarantee bums on seats. Oh, and there's no bar. Anyway, to business. Complete – the band with the name so amazingly vague that you can't even 'Google' them. Thankfully, the criticism stops there. Unlike most young bands these days, Vancouver's Complete have got their priorities right. More focused on writing great songs than cultivating an image, Complete's blend of pop/punk/rock provides a suitably balanced diet of angst and optimism, not unlike the dear, departed Gameface, primetime Get Up Kids, or Italy's best kept secret, the Miles Apart. The tracks culled from their latest CD, *Everything You Wanted* (available now on Spawner Records) are so smokin', I even forgive them for choosing *Poison the Well* on 'The Punk Show' the other week. A hard act to follow, 'tis true, but having recently heard Winnipeg indie-chicks *Sixty Stories' Anthem Red* CD (out now on Smallman), I had faith. Now, I know what you're thinking: "How DO Sixty Stories manage to craft such perfect pop numbers complete with super-infectious vocal melodies that make you cheerfully sing along to songs about anorexia without even a HINT of cloying sickness?" It's probably because Jo Snyder's voice is ballsier than most guy singers in 'punk rock' bands these days (seriously), and not in a dreadful Distillers style either – this lady can actually sing. Some of Canada's finest on stage this night – shame about the lack of

witnesses (not to mention the lack of beer).

-David Lawrence

## The Excessives Micky Christ The Keg Killers

Lucky Bar, Victoria BC  
Friday November 14, 2003

Nothing says "Victoria punk rock" like this bill. Even though The Excessives reside in Vancouver these days, their Victoria roots shine through in all of their tunes and they are always very well received when they come back to the Rock. This show was no different.

The Keg Killers kicked it all off with the debut of their new lineup (the third within a year!) and a set of short punk 'n' roll blasts that would curl your hair. Tunes like "Fuckin' Smokes" and "Blow Jobs" are a great blend of heavy, head bobbin' tunes and lowbrow humor that would make a trucker cringe. Dustin Jak (an excessive himself) was swinging the mic so hard that it was launching into the crowd more often than not. A good start to the night....

The mighty Micky Christ came up next. These guys are right up there with the Dayglos as longest running band in town. If you haven't had the fortune of experiencing MC before, you should know that it is a full theatrical presentation. When Gary Brainless and company blast through their vast repertoire with ferocity, you will more often than not, ask yourself, "just what the hell is that guy wearing?" In this case it was blackface makeup and a gold sequined jumpsuit. A great set from a band that is a living part of the city's history.

The Excessives closed the show like only they can. This was the first gig with their latest drummer, Death Sentence's Doug Donut. What a match! While Eddie is a smoking drummer in his own right, Doug brings a brand of insanity to the skins that the band hasn't seen since Dustin. They belted out all the classics to a crowd that was more than glad to have the boys back in town. Drunken vests as far as the eye could see! After all was said and done, Dustin had climbed behind the kit and the rest of the band came back out for a few more songs with more or less the original lineup.

-Ty Forslund



PHOTO: SMARLEN UP



**ANTI-FLAG**  
"THE TERROR STATE"  
OUT NOW ON CD/LP



**THE LAWRENCE ARMS**  
"THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD"  
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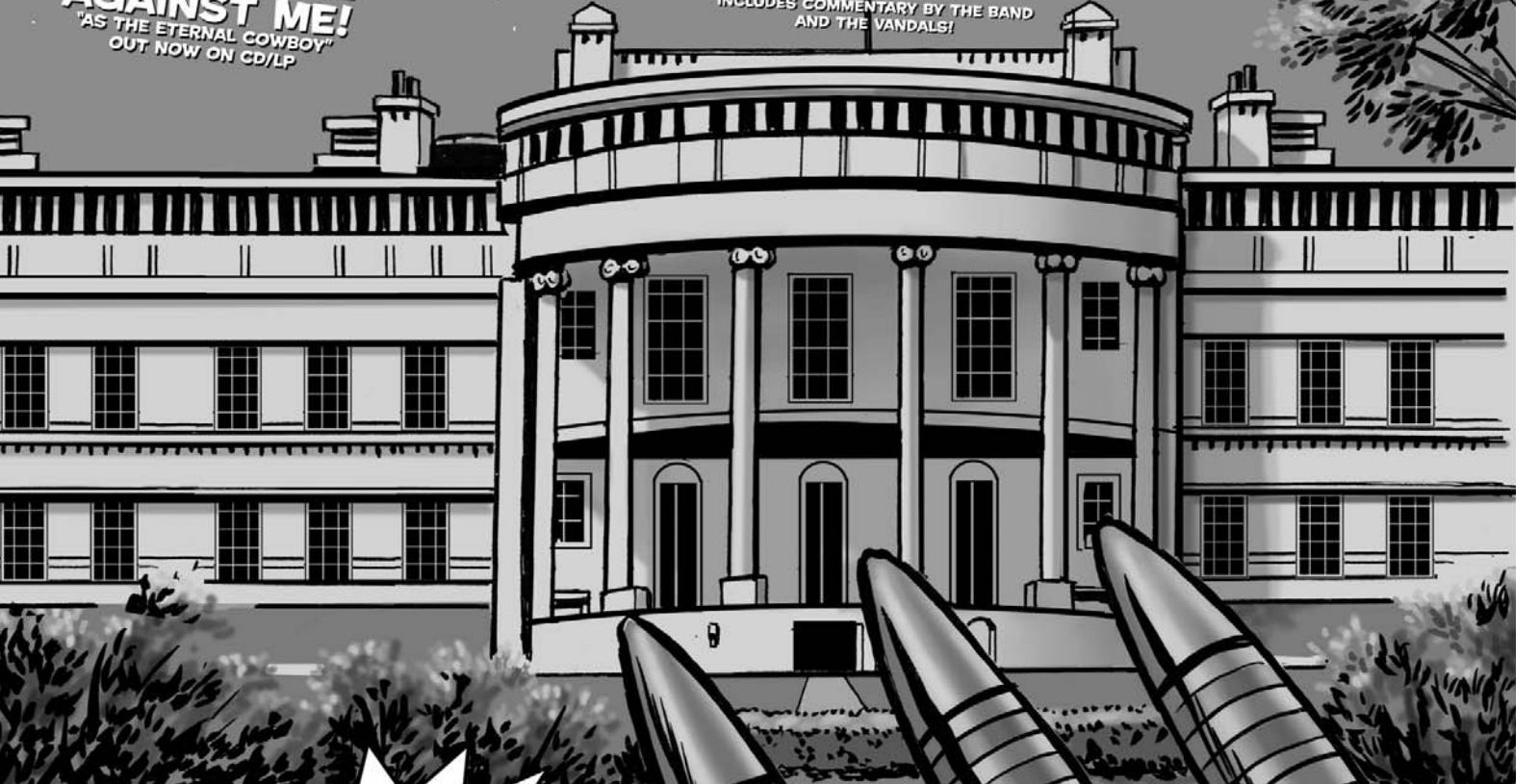
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*Les Tail*

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AT  
WILL!!**



# The Darkness

A pterodactyl humps a silver spaceship. A couple of wispy nymphets frolic in the autumnal light of a green and pleasant English country wold. Big orange egg-sacs give birth to a quartet of androgynous unitard-arians and amidst much frontman nudity, lightning bolts are shot out of guitars and all things dissolve eventually into *Slade in Flame*-style silveriness. All over the earth, meanwhile, conflicted pundits race to scientifically prove that this, the video for the second single from The Darkness, "Growing on Me", is an almighty prank of Freddie Mercury Theatre-sized proportions.

By Adrian Mack

But just because something looks and tastes like cheese, it doesn't necessarily mean that it is cheese. It might be a Martian, for all you know. Perhaps a real Martian looks and tastes exactly like cheese. How could you know?

Allow me to introduce Frankie Poullain, bassist for the biggest band in the world next summer, The Darkness.

"We already branched out on the Christmas single... which we produced with Bob Ezrin in Abbey Road studios..."

You worked with Bob Ezrin at Abbey Road Studios? I gasp, amazed that you can still do those things in 2003.

"Yeah, with a children's choir..."

And the London Symphony Orchestra...?

"No, no not quite," he laughs, "we used a Mellotron though. The Mellotron, a children's choir, sleigh bells, tubular bells... I think we've come up with a winner... it's heartfelt. It was played for the first time yesterday on Radio One. We gave 'em an exclusive... and it's gonna be on Top of the Pops next week."

In the UK, where The Darkness have weathered years of ridicule, there's a deeply entrenched national fever over which Christmas single, "Christmas Time (Don't Let the Bells End)", will reach the feted number one spot on that magical day... it's normally Sir Cliff Richard. Suddenly, The Darkness is the front runner for this cherished milestone with enough of an edge to convince even the band.

"...we liked it so much that we went down to the bookies to put down a decent sum of money on us being number one," he admits before asking, "is Christmas a big thing in Canada?"

Yeah, it's big, I tell him, but not The Darkness vs. Sir Cliff Richard sized.

"Oh," he harrumphs, "well it'll probably come out next year in Canada."

So I felt that my duty here was to debunk the big joke driving the post-everything insanity that is The Darkness. There could be, I contended, no mistaking the whiff of some Kim Fowley-inspired pop

maverick behind the glittery curtain, bent on making fools out of us all. Look at them, for one thing. They look like Saxon. Or UFO. They sound like Rainbow. There's good odds that singer Justin Hawkins will eventually show up in a Harlequin suit with doves flying out of his transom and I believe I spotted a pair of medieval boots on one of them. Over a leotard. The album art seems to be inspired exclusively by mid period Status Quo. It's all utterly ridiculous, maddeningly brilliant and catchier than an Icelandic trawler.

Frankie, the only Scot in a band of Englishmen, speaks softly and thoughtfully about their unprecedented culture-shifting impact in Europe.

"I think we're here to save rock," he muses casually, "to save rock from disappearing up its asshole. You know? What happened? People are so serious about it. If you look back to what rock 'n' roll was, what made it special in the early days, it certainly wasn't people slitting their wrists and whingeing... it wasn't about that in the early days was it? It was about a sense of euphoria. It was a release... there's so little sexuality and so little of the sexual in rock music these days. Freeing things up basically. That's what it's all about and that's what we're here to do hopefully."

I can't detect any guile or insincerity from this man, though I expected to get on the phone with a one-act play - a drama student on a bender. Frankie is, in reality, a musi-

"We have a saying that boobies are the currency of success..."

cian with the requisite amount of pride to play what he loves and an endless respect for Classic Rock.

"We've always been outsiders in a way... I've known those guys for seven years. We watched the whole scene, you know, in Camden... all the leftovers from Brit-Pop and we were never into that whole... none of us ever wore track-suits. We've always been into something a lot harder and more forceful, you know? All that baggy, all that Brit-Pop music... I just find it kinda wet and gay-sounding. I find there's



Photo: courtesy of Warner

no backbone. I find it fluffy."

Hence, the members of The Darkness hardened into a unit of unimpeachable integrity, making the most illegal music imaginable in a country ruled by Tony Blair and the New Village Preservation Act. In a moment of blinding improbability, however, The Darkness became bigger than, well... bigger than Jesus

since then. *Q Magazine* and *NME* haven't done a single page at all. In fact, we don't talk to the *NME*. They're just covering us because they want to increase their circulation because we've become so big in the UK they need us to sell magazines. We've never actually done an interview with the *NME*...all the stuff they've got is all picked up."

Jokingly, I ask if the *NME* have begged them for an interview yet.

"Well, actually, yeah..." laughs Frankie, shyly, "...the editor was actually on his knees begging Justin to change his mind and actually talk to him... I swear to God that's the truth. Basically they dished us really badly in the early days and we haven't forgiven them so we don't talk to them"

Currently, The Darkness is most effective at power-hosing all the shit out of rock radio. They might actually have destroyed Staind for instance:

"...and those guys all hate us as well. They refused to have their picture taken with us at the *Kerrang!* Awards, the guys from Staind. They actually went to K-Rock New York and they said we don't want to be played on the same radio station as

those guys, The Darkness. They actually refused to be on the same playlist as us. And the guys at K-Rock said well, if you're going to force us to make a choice... ha ha."

This is all well and good. Brace yourselves for a revolution in good-time Rock, replete with stadium rock breakdowns, tastefully rendered Thin Lizzy-style guitar harmonies and a potty, falsetto-happy dungeon-master leaping about in the foreground. And be prepared for the death of Irony (really...). This is no Crystal Piss-take. It only looks and sounds frivolous, but Frankie is relentlessly earnest:

"...in some ways we're more about aptitude rather than attitude... I think that's what makes us different. We know how to write songs and we come from that classic rock tradition."

Most important of all, though, they get to see lots of tits.

"We have a saying that boobies are the currency of success..." explains Frankie, before going on to tell me about every last one of them. I'm entranced. As the *NME* would say, after swallowing a big salty wad of Darkness spunk, best band on EARTH!!!!



# Epitaph

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**HOT WATER MUSIC**  
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**A: THESE RELEASES AND MORE  
ON SALE FOR THE HOLIDAYS**



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photo: Laura Murray

Hey kids, it's story time! And who better to tell a Christmas story than crazy old uncle Adrian?

# Merry Christmas, Grass

By Adrian Mack

When Danny woke up on Christmas morning and pulled himself out of his basket, the first thing he did was smack his head on the ceiling. “Arf!” he cried, except that it came out sounding like, “What the fuck?!” which was an expression he was used to hearing (if not comprehending) from his Master. Danny was standing on two legs – odd since he was a Great Dane conventionally accustomed to using all four – and he was freezing due to the loss of all his fur. “Very odd...” he thought, in halting English, using his interior voice which was also brand new.

Danny took stock of the situation: he was hairless, bi-pedal, seven feet tall and full of depressing self-awareness. And that’s a pretty unexpected condition for a Great Dane to wake up to. Equally, his Master was making a commotion now, standing in the threshold of the kitchen, clutching his heart and stammering weak threats to the naked giant standing in the dog basket. Danny did what he always did – he bounced over and took a good long snort off Master’s nuts. They smelled different today. Briny and unpleasant. Things weren’t right. The only reassurance he could take was from the familiar swing of his own proud nuts as he cantered away, waiting for Master to open the back door so that Danny could make his traditional morning trip to the piss tree. But Master had retreated into the house somewhere and Danny had to open the door himself, another new experience for him, not unpleasant, made possible by brand new fingers and thumbs.

Danny had never felt so hopeful or excited in his life and he raced around the garden, making sure to avoid the chain sunk in the fresh Christmas snow. “Haha!” he exclaimed, waving his arms in the air, circling the garden like a Springbok on tip-toes and screaming “Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!” into the bracing yuletide dawn. ‘Ooooh ooooh’, he thought, ‘I almost forgot to piss.’ He leapt

towards the piss tree and nearly made it before a cracking sound and unbearable pain reduced him to zero and nothingness again.

Big Bob Crockadom, a Unit Shipper for a company involved in the development and manufacturing of Units (“I ship Units” he would explain), gazed at the naked stranger lying like a vanquished angel in a cherry flavoured snowcone, pulled thoughtfully at his beard and then concluded, “Danny has somehow been transformed into a human boy.” Turning to his Old Lady who was peering nervously from the kitchen window, he barked, “Dog to boy transformation! You got something to do with this?”

“No!” she protested, anxiously, “Yes! Don’t hurt him!” Then she quickly ducked beneath the window as Big Bob shook his head and sighed.

Inside, Big Bob and his Old Lady disconsolately unwrapped their presents: an all-purpose Black & Decker valve crimper for Bob, raspberry knickers for the Old Lady and, painfully, a horse-hide chewy for Dan the Great Dane. Utterly useless now, concluded Big Bob, peering at the blond human sitting expectantly in the snow. He’d been staring at them for almost an hour now. Every time Big Bob would look out at the boy, Danny would erect himself a little and try and wag his tail (which was

gone). Big Bob would just look away, shake his head, and try to ignore the sensation that came from Danny’s intent and needful gaze.

“Alright,” started Big Bob, “explain it to me again.”

Bob’s Old Lady sniffed back some little tears and then nervously repeated the story. “I wished that Danny would be a human boy so that he could enjoy Christmas with us. I also wished for world peace.”

Big Bob had checked CNN for confirmation on that one. Reassuringly, the world was still at war so at least she hadn’t fucked that up.

“Anything else?” he squawked.

“Oneness with nature,” she squeaked in reply, lowering her head, “then I had a beautiful dream where a fairy told me that everything was going to be just fine and when I woke up I found some droppings. I think they were fairy droppings.” Then she started crying again. “Please let him in,” she moaned.

“Too dangerous,” said Big Bob, firmly. “The interference between his dog-like impulses and the new sensations that accompany his transformation into a human will likely cause unpredictable behaviour. I haven’t decided on a course of action yet.”

see *Christmas* on next page...

## Christmas cont'd from previous

He took another look at Danny. Danny's body once again tautened, his pleading eyes became bright and his ass started to shake expectantly.

"No dice," whispered Bob. The Old Lady started bawling again. Big Bob picked up the phone and called Dr. Larry Blackmon, over at the Animal Emergency Centre. Larry Blackmon was curious. "Bring Danny over," he said.

Larry Blackmon scanned the naked human sprawled across the clinic's stainless steel table. Thoughtfully, he cupped Danny's jaw and examined the inside of his mouth with an index finger. Then he helped him onto his knees and stroked his back. Danny smiled. Larry Blackmon had always been gentle with him.

"Well," began Larry Blackmon, "this is a human being. Probably the result of some sort of Christmas Miracle." Reaching into his pocket for a Canine/Human Conversion Table, he concluded that Danny was about thirteen years old.

"I'm just going to run a few tests, to see if he's Danish." Larry Blackmon explained, sliding a Lynyrd Skynyrd CD into his deck. "Let's try 'Saturday Night Special'."

Big Bob and his Old Lady looked on nervously. Danny stared back at them with a vaguely tortured expression. Nothing. Larry Blackmon shook his head and continued, "Just as I suspected. Now let's observe while I play current Euro-pop sensation 'Fruit Party' by The Hey! Boys."

*Oomst, oomst, oomst!*

"Yep..." he gestured towards the dancing 13 year old, "He's Danish. Note the seamless transition from *Cherry Moon*-era-Prince-derived hand fountains into robot with dying battery. He's a natural."

"Hand fountains!" yelled Danny, excitedly.

Larry Blackmon led Big Bob into the debriefing room, sat him down and engaged the scramblers. A low hum filled the sector and Larry Blackmon took an urgent drag on his cigarette, tapping his nails anxiously on the console.

"What I'm about to say," he began, "goes no further than this glass room. You got it?"

Big Bob nodded. Larry Blackmon threw the toggle on the blast shields, which slammed into position, quaking the entire clinic.

"I can't offer you a refund on Danny's imminent... procedure." His eyes narrowed.

Big Bob nodded again, slowly this time. *(Larry Blackmon may or may not be giving me a choice, he calculated. This is the critical moment in my life. Everything begins again, right here.)*

"Do you have to do it today?" he asked, weakly.

Dr. Larry Blackmon laughed. "Big Bob," he said between chuckles, "you know that I'm the only veterinarian in the entire region who offers this kind of service on Christmas Day. That's why I can afford to take the rest of the year off. See Big Bob, that's my angle. Do you understand that? My angle."

"No refunds, eh?"

"Word up, bro" he winked, "It's our policy."

"Policy...?" inquired Big Bob, one last time.

Larry Blackmon applied intensive care to each word. "We do not offer refunds," he repeated, sounding like a guillotine if a guillotine was a vet with a no refund policy.

Big Bob looked on, took a couple of big breaths and made his decision. Larry Blackmon smiled and spoke into his watch.

"We're moving in on the Danish kid," he instructed. Then he remembered that his watch was actually just a watch and not a combination voice transmitter. Then he remem-

bered that he didn't even have a watch and he was speaking into his wrist. They both had a good laugh about that, and then a guy in a Kevlar suit came out of the ceiling.

The ride home was cold and painful. Big Bob could sense all manner of long-suppressed human impulses volleying signals at his brain. Compassion, pity, love... the Old Lady was brimming with these things, though she remained pallid and inert for the entire drive. Occasionally, she would sniff a little. She didn't look at him and the roads were wet and vile with slush.

Danny snoozed on the back seat. When the car eventually stopped, he felt himself being lifted into the house and then folded roughly into his basket. He couldn't open his eyes and his mouth felt thick. Or his teeth felt loose. He didn't know. Being human was all about guessing, he thought gradually, and

a puddle of his own piss as he was put down.

"I did the right thing, so settle your ass down before I throw that goddamn turkey out of the goddamn window and you with it," Bob hollered.

And Danny could feel, all over again, his body in panic when something long and cruel was jabbed into his neck, the subsequent odour of fried onions and the terror of paralysis that followed. And he saw the darkness that billowed up and around him. And he could hear the wailing like it was right in front of him.

"He'll never know the difference..." said Big Bob, flatly, the ting of cutlery punctuating his indifference, while Danny, remembering everything now, moved a trembling hand across his stomach and abdomen, down and over his cock, between his thighs where, as the horror mounted, he found nothing but the crimped remnants of his ball-sac and a carelessly applied band-aid.

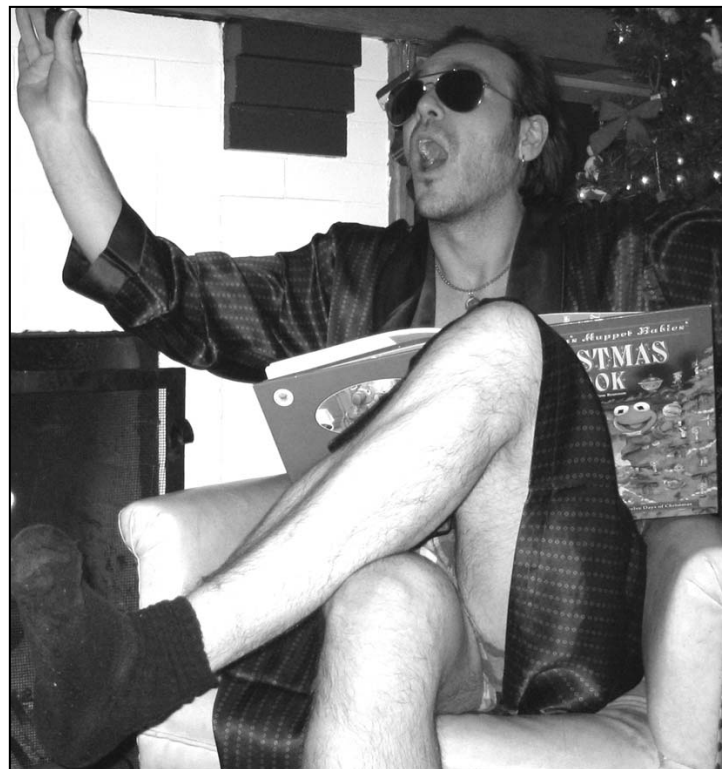


Photo: Laura Murray

everything seems to matter. He was uncomfortable with the possibility of things like disease. Warmth had become a need when it used to be a given. Humour was thin in this world. Voices were no longer a comfort. Now they were ominous. His thoughts were loud and strident and critically fast. He wanted to kill something.

When Danny woke up again, for the fifth time in one day, The Old Lady was rubbing his belly. It didn't help. They'd cut off his knackers. What an appalling thing to do on Christmas Day.

"It'll be OK, Danny," she sang-songed to him. "The only thing you'll never do

**Danny did what he always did - he bounced over and took a good long snort off Master's nuts. They smelled different today. Briny and unpleasant. Things weren't right.**

"You're a monster," he could hear the Old Lady braying. "And he's just a boy! Why couldn't you wait! Why couldn't you wait!?" And he heard a thumping sound followed by some gurgling.

"Fifteen years!" bellowed Big Bob. "Fifteen years I've been shipping Units!!! I'll make the decisions around here!!!!"

Danny's mind flashed back to the clinic and the dark figure with the parka and the balaclava and the Kevlar suit that slid down from the ceiling on a rope that seemed to unfurl out of nowhere. He remembered choking and a struggle and his feet pounding and sliding in

is enjoy sex. He's a good man, really," she was gazing absently at Big Bob, who was snoozing on the couch while the TV chattered. "Big Bob has been shipping Units for almost sixteen years, hon. You should know these things about your father."

She pointed a shortbread cookie baked into the shape of a bone and decorated with silver balls at him. She pushed it right up against his teeth and tried to jab it into his mouth. Her brow knitted and she jabbed a little harder but Danny had adopted a spring-coiled attitude of silent readiness that came out of his dog heart and usually signified his intention to

kill. The Old Lady pulled away slowly and her mouth curled into a tight p-p-p-pout as the tears started up again. She didn't put up a fight. Danny only had to lean in and pull her throat out and it yielded as easily as a well-boiled drumstick and tasted just as good, too. She was still fluttering against the floor when he did the same to Big Bob, who woke up just in time to see it coming. His throat tasted like hot smokes.

About twelve hours later Danny enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of shitting his parents out all over the yard, in vast ropes of curdled dump that felt luxurious compared to the diminutive dog-parcels of yesterday. Then he returned to the house where he slipped into the Old Lady's raspberry knickers, cranked up "Fruit Party" by The Hey! Boys and resumed crimping every last thing in the whole Goddamned place. Then he waited for spring.

It was spring and Danny was enjoying a cocktail on the patio when he heard the new grass arriving. Pop! Was the sound it made as it broke through the ground, stretching and yawning towards the sky and trembling at its own arrival. The first grass of spring, Danny marveled, it's like the down of the earth and as fresh as a farmer's daughter. He sniffed at it nervously then moved in even closer to behold the tiny green face of Big Bob Crockadom, who was beholding right back at Danny with widening green eyes and screaming in a tiny voice, audible only to dogs. Millions of little Bobs, as a matter of fact, a whole garden flush with tiny green Bobs and a million more tiny green Old Ladies, all of them twisting to survey their lot and each screaming silently into the buzzing maw of life on earth could be heard, not to mention a lot of barking from the neighbourhood dog population.

"Hello Bob!" Danny shouted as loudly as he could, causing the lawn to anguish visibly since grass has ears but not hands.

"There was still a little residual magic left in my colon, Bob!" he explained, very loudly, "Welcome back! By the way, the warehouse is a fucking mess! Units sitting around going nowhere, gathering dust and getting in everybody's way. It's an uproar of unshipped Units, Bob!" Millions of grass Bobs shrieked.

"It looks like the Old Lady got what she wanted after all! You're at one with nature now, ain't ya you fucking retard," Danny cackled.

"By the way," he continued, "you also got all that peace on earth business," and as if to prove it, a low-flying Muslim Goodwill Jet darted overhead, dropping friendship pins and a delicious Middle-Eastern sweet known as ghorayebah.

"It just took a little longer," he explained.

A small section of the lawn seemed to rear up suddenly, as if it might heave itself out of the ground and take off on foot, but Danny went and jumped all over it. Then, returning to the patio, he set up a big laminated poster on an easel. It illustrated the organic structure of grass. Danny had considerably circled the reproductive system, residing as it did in the tip. Turning to the lawn, he announced, "I intend to keep a well groomed garden. We'll meet again on Sunday. With a lawnmower."

Somewhere at the back, one vital and extraordinary little blade of Bob managed a scream that even Danny could hear and he dutifully tracked it down and pinched off its nuts.

"Fuck you," he said, "and a merry fucking Christmas, grass."

It was time for the New World President, Bill Murray, to address the planet with a message of continued global well-being and Danny eagerly made his way to the living room.

Picking a blade of the Old Lady on his way, he told her, "I'm sorry you had to be involved in this. You should never have hooked up with such an asshole."

Then he ate her.





Mr. Plow has struck back with 15 tracks of hilarity and filth.



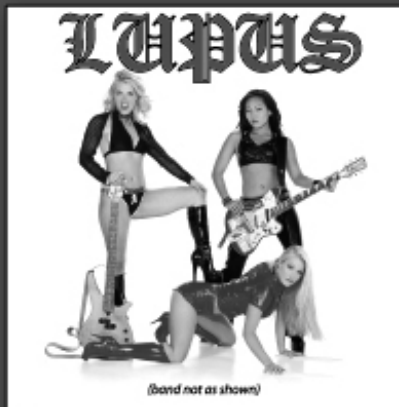
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# 8 Ball's Top Ten Wish List

In the true spirit of the season, I have decided to bequeath all of you would be Van-Halen-Ray-Vaughns with the most glorious gift of all - my expert opinion. I've noticed a disturbing trend lately. Whether you're gobbling turds at the Cobalt or deep-throating the "big nutty" for a 40 minute jam at the Sugar Refinery, you all stink! Look, Hendrix is nothing more than a poster on a retard's bedroom wall and Clapton was so terrible that his own son took a swandive of the 53rd floor. That is why I have compiled a list of THE top ten axe-slingers of all time and their most inspirational recorded moments for your gift-giving pleasure.

guitar the way it shouldn't be since the dawn of time. In a wrestling mask and diaper, no less.

**2 - Buck Dharma/ Blue Oyster Cult** - *Blue Oyster Cult*, Sony Okay, forget about 'Don't Fear The Reaper' for two seconds and just try to wrap your mind around "Transmaniacon M.C." or "Cities On Flame With Rock And Roll," just don't look at the laser.

ful in their solo endeavors, Schenker in the oft-overlooked U.F.O., Jon Roth riding a crystal unicorn through a storm of rainbow teardrops, their godlike tenure in the Scorpions is face-meltingly good.

**5 - Matt Pike / High On Fire** - *Surrounded By Thieves*, Relapse After he kicked everyone out of Sleep because they couldn't nail the bass solo on "Jerusalem", he formed H.O.F. and crushed all in his path. Better than stoner rock because he doesn't sing in that Chris Cornell voice or have wooden finger tips.

**7 - Brian May / Queen** - *Sheer Heart Attack*, Hollywood Records Insanely technical and classy at the same time. He could totally bro down at a 5-star bistro and talk fine wines or imported mustard all night long.

**8 - Ritchie Blackmore / Rainbow** - *Rainbow Rising*, Polygram Everyone knows that the solo on "Hi-Way Star" is one of the finest moments in O.W.O.B.H.M. (Old Wave Of British Heavy Metal), "Star Gazer" is the real mind-shit. They also have Dio.

**9 - Neal Schon / Journey** - *Infinity*, Sony While Journey came to represent the cocagne wishes and Chlamydia dreams of 80's excess, few can deny the inspirational power of "Don't Stop Believin'". For me, the real deal was Neal's dink-blistering leads on Steve Perry's 1978 debut with the boyz. Believe that.

**10 - Ernie C / Body Count** - *Body Count*, Warner Bros. Almost forgot about the brovaz. While I did consider legends like Ike and Curtis in this piece, my man Ernie C whipped them like a slave trader in the south. Besides having more taste in the tip of his cock than all these dudes combined, he is also one of the founding fathers of true black-metal.

-8 Ball



**1 - Hewhocannotbenamed / The Dwarves** - *Thank Heaven for Little Girls*, SubPop All you punks could learn a thing or two from Hewho, playing the



**3 - Neil Young / Crazy Horse** - *Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere*, Warner Bros.

If there's a style of wank-centric guitar music to emerge in the last 30 years that old Shakey didn't do before AND better than anyone else, I haven't heard it.



**6 - Rick Nielsen / Cheap Trick** - *Live At Budokan*, Sony Ripped off by everyone from Green Day to Turbonegro, the live album was faster, louder and harder than its studio counterparts. Up there with E.L.O. for 70's pop-rock genius.

**4 - Michael Schenker and Uli Jon Roth / Scorpions** - *The Tokyo Tapes*, Hip-O Records While they've both been success-



**Anthrax**  
*Volume 8: The threat is real Sanctuary*

This is a re-issue from 1998 because, apparently, the original album received insufficient distributed.

However, there are some differences between the first and second CD. The latest version includes a new track, "Giving the Horns", which is pretty good; a cover of Radiohead's "The Bends" that should have never been done; two DRI covers, "I'd Rather Be Sleeping" and "Snap", which are definite stand-outs. This version also contains a lame CDR video of "Inside Out". If you're a true Anthrax fan, you should check this out. If your sittin' on the fence, remain seated and enjoy the comfort of your post.

-Coffee Guy



**Antidote**  
*Back In Year Zero*  
Dirty Faces

Back with a vengeance, Holland's Antidote pull no punches in dishing out another balls-out release. Production wise,

things have been polished up, but the relentless agro style continues to pummel all those in sight. Lyrically, the message is strong, loud and clear, speaking against globalization, government corruption and the endless problems that plague the society we live in. Three out of fifteen songs are sung in the group's mother tongue. This is shit you can't fuck with!

-Aaronoid



**Blue Monday**  
*What's Done is Done*  
Stab and Kill Records

This is the kind of CD that you can listen to on endless repeat. I've lost count of how many times these 12 tracks have looped in the past two hours (running time is 21 minutes, so you figure it out). What we have here is East Coast hardcore straight outta, well, Vancouver. The cool thing about Blue Monday is they take a very typical youth crew sound and add their own originality to create a way more lively batch of songs that don't sound cliché, or old, or copycat. Just raging hardcore with bile-infested lyrics and enough finger-pointing to make even the toughest pit-bosses squirm in their baggy pants. Blue Monday's *What's Done Is Done* combined with its *War Wounds* EP, (both recorded at Jesse Gander's Rec-Age Recorders and sounding damn good too), will blow all hardcore posers clear out of circle pit. Fucking go!

-Jason Schreurs

**Catch 22**  
*Dinosaur Sounds*  
Victory Records

Catchy punk rock with horns and sing-along choruses. Good, but lacking that tingling sensation under the balls, so I'll be moving along.

-Coffee Guy

**Fuck... I'm Dead VS. Engorged**  
*s/t Split CD*  
No Escape Records

Brutal split CD from Australia's Fuck I'm Dead and Portland, Oregon's Engorged. The cover is a nice professional glossy job with gore artwork featuring a hand with hooked barbs holding an eyeball. Fuck I'm Dead is brutal death/gore grind with a drum machine. F.I.D. doesn't sound as bad, say, as Mortician or something, meaning the drum machine almost sounds like it could pass for over-triggered human drums. Judging by song titles like "Anal Abattoir", Carcass is a huge influence on F.I.D. The Engorged portion of this disc has only five tracks and like F.I.D., Carcass is a huge influence on Engorged— Only, unlike a lot of other Carcass worshipping bands (i.e. Exhumed), Engorged is much more original and the sound quality is wicked with super catchy break-downs and top quality musicianship. They have by far one of the best song titles "Surgery, Drugs and Rock & Roll". Overall, a kick-ass gore-grind disc.

-Stefan Nevatie



**A Global Threat**  
*Earache/Pass the Time*  
Rodent Popsicle

Like the majority of the many fine acts on this label, Global Threat hails from Boston. Playing an old-school hardcore style, which I picture accompanying a frantic circle-pit live, this disc, being 6 songs in 9 minutes and 30 some odd seconds, leaves the listener wanting more and wondering why more material wasn't included. However, the retail price is cheaper than that of a six-pack, so there's no reason not to go pick it up as well.

-Aaronoid



**Hey Mercedes**  
*Loses Control*  
Vagrant Records

Once a side-project for three members of Braid, Chicago's Hey Mercedes have untangled themselves from their emo roots and are now making head-

way into the straight-ahead rock circuit. Growing in scope and sound, while not neglecting their volatile punk beginnings, Hey Mercedes has the potential of finding a larger fan-base in much the same way *Bleed American* did for Jimmy Eat World. The lead-off single, "Quality Revenge At Last" and slower-paced "Police Police Me" are solid, energetic rock songs capable of becoming hits for these up-and-comers. While their dedicated followers may worry at the potential of *Loses Control* being another cross-over casualty, mainstream radio could benefit from this breath of fresh air.

-Adam Simpkins

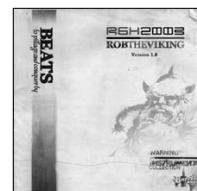


**Pennywise**  
*Out of the Ashes*  
Epitaph

Listening to new Pennywise is like going to McDonald's, you know what you're getting to get, but you still look up at

the menu. Pennywise fans will love this record. It's jam-packed with all the hooks that pretty much spawned this genre of punk music. They've put out a mediocre record or two in the past, but this one shreds. Stand-outs are "Waiting" and "Holiday in the Sun". The guys get a little more political on this record with content on post-9/11 America and coping with the bullshit. As an added bonus, there's a DVD with all sorts of insight into the making of the album, as well as footage of their jam spot and live footage.

-Jono Jak



**Rob the Viking**  
*Beats to Pillage and Conquer By Battle Axe*

There must have been badly damaged pickings from "The Nerve box on this day. The Swollen Members' DJ mixes some

sweet beats and samples. Nothing inspiring enough to make me pillage and conquer, but rather smoke some blunts and chill the fuck out.

-Coffee Guy



**Smogtown**  
*Tales of Gross Pollution*  
Disaster Records

This band captures the Southern California punk-hardcore sound in this album of early recordings. The tracks are fast, raw

and showcase their songwriting abilities. Now defunct, Smogtown is brimming with the sort of talent every new suburban garage band would love to have. With no song dragging on longer than three minutes, this best-of LP is lightning in a bottle; great old school punk with instrumental and vocal proficiency. Tales of Gross Pollution makes me want to see them live.

-Daniel Holiday

**The Mexican Blackbirds**  
*Just to Spite You*  
Dirtmap Records

A great sounding punk record! Lots of gritty high-end guitars, the same rad sound Zipgun captured in the 90s. I love that shit. Kicking off with "The Blackbird Theme", chanting "Everybody hates us" really sets the mood for the rest of the album. I love the sound coming out of Washington and these guys epitomize the Northwest punk sound. Your head starts uncontrollably moving... then it travels throughout your body down to your feet. Before you know it, you're just spazzing out. Or maybe I'm just drunk. I'm definitely going to take a closer look at the roster on Dirtnap.

-Jono Jak

**The Streetwalkin' Cheetahs**  
Maximum Overdrive  
Alive Records

I'd heard of The Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, yet couldn't remember much about them. It turns out they were at Naughty Camp 2001, but anyone who says they have a vivid recollection of what went on that weekend is lying. With an eclectic range of influences, this band fuses punk, rock 'n' roll and pop. *Maximum Overdrive* contains vinyl rarities compiled over their ten-year existence. Good shit. If you haven't already, get into it.

-Daniel Holiday



**V/A**  
*Take Action!*  
Volume 3  
Sub City

Here we have a 45 track enhanced double CD for a good cause, so pick it up regardless of the cost. Five per cent of the proceeds go to The National Hopeline Network that runs 1-800-SUICIDE (no, not the classic Gravediggaz track, the hotline silly!). And it's another one with a free e-book: *Suicide: The Forever Decision* by Dr. Quinnett. Also included is a depression screening tool, information on suicide prevention training programs, links, volunteer opportunities, and petitions to sign. All current emo and hardcore, all previously released with the exception of a couple tracks. Highlights consist of material from Shai Hulud, Good Riddance, Avenged Sevenfold, and Shadows Fall. As someone who's no stranger to depression, I can honestly say that this is an invaluable tool in getting the word out to the youth on this often misunderstood disease.

-Matt Smith

**The Bouncing Souls**  
*Anchors Aweigh*  
Epitaph

This is the fourth record the Bouncing Souls have put out on Epitaph and like the others, it's stuffed with sing-along anthems. Greg Attonito croons like a Japanese man doing karaoke, while The Pete carries him from beginning to end with thick sustaining power chords. From the ripping of "New Day" to the shredding of "Highway Kings", I dare you to pull the plug on this without listening to the entire album. The songs on this record seem more developed than past efforts. I guess that's what being around and playing steady for a decade will do.

-Jono Jak

**The Brat Attack**  
*Destruction Sound System*  
Steel Capped Records / Longshot Music

Agent Badly Damaged really shit the bed on this one. His mission was to flirt his way back to Chris Trashcan's apartment for an après-gig drink, where the coquetish Damaged would wait for the Mexican Blackbird frontman to excuse himself to slip into something a little more comfortable. At that point, our Nerve Mata Hari was supposed to roofie our unsuspecting lead singer and ransack his apartment for top secret code-of-the-road documents. Instead, Damaged was so gobsmacked by the soft silhouette of Trashcan in his negligee that he forgot what glass he slipped in the "forget pill". Long story short, Damaged blacked out, woke up with a bleeding ass and is currently waiting to hear from The Nerve Review Board about his future with the agency. In the meantime, Nerve officials hatched a new plan to pose as music writers and conduct the following email interview:

**What band or solo artist does your band never want to be compared to?**  
The fucking Grateful Dead.

**On your dream bill, what acts would your band be slotted in between?**  
Speaking solely for myself, I would definitely want The Motards to be on there, but I couldn't decide on the other band. The Stooges? The Loudmouths? The Chumps? New Bomb Turks? The Candysnatchers? FUCK! I don't know! Do I lose points for this one?

**What recording humbles you every time you hear it and why?**  
Raw Power is amazing in its total fucked-up-ened production wise. The Motards *Rock Kids* album, to me, is perfect imperfection, in all aspects. *Guitar Romantic* by The Exploding Hearts is a prime example of a perfect pop record. Totally jaw dropping. This is kind of like that "dream bill" question, because I could go on and on and on.

**Worst gig ever?**  
Funny since this mag is from Vancouver, but our "worst" show was in Vancouver, BC, a lit-

These 'Peg City punks have succeeded in putting together a decent album. With one army boot standing on the neck of political street punk, and the other stuck in a fat sticky wad of sugary pink bubblegum, The Brat Attack do a fine job of mixing textures and intensity levels. The music is varied and dynamic, but always maintaining an energetic, boppy sounding punk. Like Anti-Flag, they contrast the melodic style of the music with political lyrics of considerable venom. Environmental issues, anti-consumerism, and feminism are just a few of the themes covered by several different singers. Vocal duties are shared between a male, who has that Billy-Hopeless-type-of raspiness, and a sweet sounding female. Together, these two singers could take those two kissing siblings from Len out behind the woodshed fer an ol' fashioned whoopin'. And, like batteries for X-mas toys, guitar solos are generously included.

-J. Pee Patchez

**The Distillers**  
*Coral Fang*  
Hellcat/Sire

If this is Brodie's answer to the new Rancid album (most of Tim's songs on *Indestructible* were about their messy split) then I'm siding with the marble-mouthed Mohawk dude. *Coral Fang* sounds like second-rate Hole... Is it just



photo: Courtesy of The Mexican Blackbirds

over a year ago, at The Pic Pub. I think it was our 4th show ever. We showed up at 5 o'clock and started drinking beer. I had never been to Canada before, so I had no idea about the whole looney and tooney form of currency. I give the bartender a \$20 and he hands me back a handful of coins. I asked what gives, and he fucking goes off on me 'cause I didn't understand. Like, literally yelling at me, the dumb American rube. Luckily for me, the tip jar was full of coins (looneys and tooneys) so I tipped him all night in American nickels. Dick. Anyway, after that fiasco, we get our drink on. We had to borrow a friend's gear to play on, but I didn't know we had to go get it. I had to drive across Vancouver, drunk as hell, to 2 different places to get all the gear. Then we get back to the bar to discover that we are headlining the bill. Shit. The first and second bands go on, and we are completely shitfaced. COMPLETELY. I think we made it through the first song unscathed, but after that, our guitar player Corey just decided to go on some sort of freedom rock jam, because he sure as hell wasn't playing our songs. I look over and his eyes are closed and his head is tipped back, and he's just wailing away. Our drummer Jill had to tie the snare stand to the drum throne (a wooden seat) with her shoestring 'cause it was broken. I was kicking beers into the audience

as they poured out. We suck so bad, Jill decides we'd stunk up Canada enough and walks off stage. The 2 guys into us saw on our set list we had "Lights Out" (NOT the Angry Samoans tune, our own with the same title). They kept screaming for us to play it. We told them it wasn't a cover. We coerced Jill into coming back onstage to play for the few still left in attendance. Corey still had his eyes closed he was so wasted. We started the song, and I look down to see the 2 guys singing the Angry Samoans song along to our shitty song, which isn't even remotely close in sounding alike. I don't know if we finished or not. Goddamn we were drunk. One guy told us he had never seen a bar clear out so fast.

**Favourite D.O.A. song?**  
I'm not too knowledgeable on D.O.A., although I know I've heard a lot of their songs and liked them. I've even seen them twice. Can I substitute another Canadian band? I'll say "Ship That Died of Shame" or "Lester Bangs" from the Nasty On, or anything from The Evaporators since I'm not "in the know" on D.O.A. I guess some of those super-fine Canadian ladies will have to bring me a D.O.A. mixed tape next time we come up there.

-Sarah Rowland



me or is Brodie a dead-ringer for Courtney Love? Just a few of the 12 songs go beyond lovekick limp. I could pick maybe three that gallop up to a punk pace. The rest sound like something that could have come out in the second tier grunge/Veruca Salt era. *Coral Fang* comes across so last-decade, and with the mid-'90s dream team of Gil Norton (Pixies, Foo Fighters) and Andy Wallace (countless good '90s albums) behind the boards, it kinda makes sense. The Distillers' crack at the mainstream may just put them into every angsty teenager's bedroom, but those looking for a solid punk record better take another listen to the new Rancid.

-Jason Schreurs



**Toxic Narcotic**  
89-99  
Rodent Popsicle

I managed to catch these East Coast diehards open for both GBH and UK Subs on different occasions over the last year. Their live set proved that the all-out pulverizing HC ruckus could be dished out just as hard live! The mighty Toxic Narcotic has a great deal of

technical skill which could satisfy the likes of both punks and metal heads. 88-89 has re-recorded versions of songs from those years. A few of the positive ditties on this record are "Junkie Bastard", "Allston Violence", "Scum Bag", "Fuck You" "Scumbag" and "All Bands Suck". With "Shoot People Not Dope", the group's latest release illustrates that sound wise; 14 years have matured the group without distracting from its pessimism.

-Aaronoid.

**Trans Am**  
*Liberation*  
Thrill Jockey Records

This is highly ambitious stuff that goes beyond normal expectations of a good record. It starts with an instrumental of heavy handed funk that could only find company with Primus. Then straight into a Throbbing Gristle-like primitive electronic pulsating thing with doctored snippets of Bush speeches strung together to reveal his sinister plans for America. This album goes all over the place in terms of electronic and organic sounds, yet it never sounds scattered or fragmented. Fucking brilliant shit. HEAVY breakbeats and fuzzed-out guitar with space solos one minute, then a Cure-like synth-driven piece of classic alternative the next. Witness a seething, moody instrumental moment stopped short with a sample calling for the nuking of Washington DC, only to be thrown into a *Land of Rape and Honey* type of scary dance number. All the while, the live sounding instrumentation is amazing, interfacing perfectly with the robotic droning. Get very stoned.

-J. Pee Patchez

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## Chris Walter, I was a punk...

Bukowski.

### Who inspires you most as a punk?

Ha ha. Once again, you know, there is so many different answers. Everybody from the real old school guys like Iggy, who's before punk, to new bands who are still around like The Swinging Udders. I like local bands like the Nasty On. Fuck, you know, there's just so many to get it down to one or two.

### What has been the highest point in Vancouver punk history?

Shit, probably before I moved here. For me, the hardcore thing peaked around '82 or '83 but I think for kids who are just getting in to it now, they would tell you "last week". It all depends on how old you are I suppose, and who yer hangin' out with and what band yer into. It's hard to say.

### What do you reckon as the lowest point?

The lowest point was the years I spent too fucked up on dope to go to shows. That was the lowest point. But you know, things have swung back around since then and I'm going to start going out to a lot of shows. So things have changed, you know, there were good times, bad times, life goes on.

### What on God's green earth prompted you to share your personal memoirs with the world?

That's a good question. And, the truth is, I don't really know. I've thought about it sometimes, and (pauses) I just wanted to see if it was something I could do without coming across as some self-aggrandizing bullshit. I thought, well, if I can just be real about it. I wanted to see how it would turn out. I wasn't even sure if I was going to put it out there or not. I just figured I'd write it down and see what happens. I think I was pretty honest about a lot of shit.... So, after I finished it, I was like, well, it's the truth. It doesn't have the happiest ending and shit. Heh heh. But for me it was reality and there are definitely high and low points in it. That's life, you know?

-J. Pee Patchez

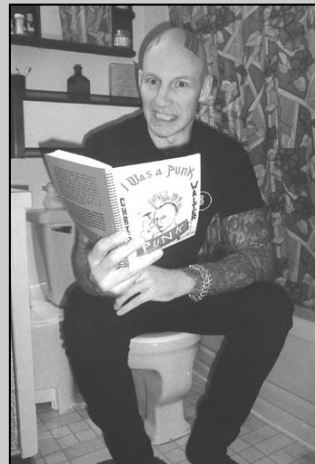


photo: Laura Murray

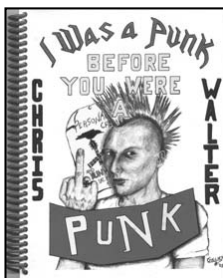
Chris Walter  
*I Was a Punk Before You Were a Punk*  
Gofuckyerselfpress

Three scruffy punks throw a sack over my head and start marching me up a dark alley. Spiked wristbands press into my back. I'm beginning to regret asking for the whereabouts of the author and old school punk. Why didn't they trust me? Must have been the Rainforest Ale on my breath. I'm led to a burnt-out subterranean squat and thrown at the boot covered feet of Chris Walter. Torches flicker on the walls, punk blares from some old speakers. It is Apocalypse Now, and he is their Brando. I hastily explain I'm with The Nerve and therefore not fully a bottom-feeding media parasite to punk culture. He agrees to a few questions but stops short of guaranteeing my safe return to the surface.

### Who inspires you most as a writer?

Well, lots of people, actually. Anyone from Steinbeck to Irvine Welsh. I have lots of different influences from lots of different places... anybody from Elmore James to

Chris Walter  
*I Was a Punk Before You Were a Punk*  
Gofuckyerselfpress



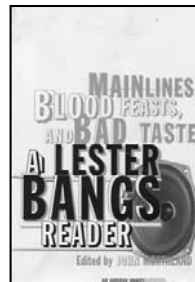
Whether you're a punk who thinks heavy reading is finding the rabbits on a can of Pil, or you can recite Mein Kampf backwards in Deutsche, as a fan, you gotta love learning the history of

punk culture. This book is as essential to any self-respecting punk as a stubby stained copy of Feed Us A Fetus. If you were a punk in Western Canada from 1980-1984, this book will be like a high school yearbook, only with MDA. If you were hatched from 1970 on this book provides a voyeuristic look into the earliest days of Canadian punk when, as Chris Walter will tell you, "punk rock was not available at the shopping mall; when a mohawk and a leather jacket was a standing invitation to rumble". In the spirit of an outlaw biker confessional, Walter's no-frills writing style comes across like old stories told over a table full of empties. He brings life to the small details of everyday existence, and spares the reader no ugly details about himself in the same bare manner as Charles Bukowski. Like a true

punk, he gives Chuck a holler in the book. Set against the backdrop of the first tours of Black Flag, DOA, SNFU, and countless others, are dark, squirmingly personal, often humorous stories about relationships, police brutality, redneck brutality, and more ugly drug use per chapter than Hunter S. Thompson's entire body of work. Like Suburbia and River's Edge, there are good times and camaraderie as well as tragedy and funerals. He may not have nicknamed an entire generation of humans yet, but as far as Vancouver writers go, Chris Walter makes Douglas Coupland look about as snide as Mike McCardle.

-J. Pee Patchez

Lester Bangs  
*Mainlines, Blood Feasts and Bad Taste*  
Anchor Books



The latest collection of Lester Bangs' music articles is the perfect Xmas gift for aspiring rock writers, musicians, members of Adrian Mack's inner circle, and general all-around opinionated assholes. *Mainlines, Blood Feasts and Bad Taste*, edited by fellow rock critic John Morthland, is a follow-up

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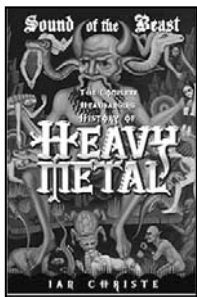


# Books & DVDs

to *Psychotic Reactions and Carburetor Dung*, a now-classic collection of Bangs' work compiled by Greil Marcus. Bangs was a music maniac who lived for rock 'n' roll. When he thought it was terrible, he wrote it down without the slightest hesitation and when he loved it, he gushed like a teenage boy trying to get laid. "From 1969 until his death in 1982, Lester Bangs was one of the most prolific rock critics in America," the introduction states, "writing for *Creem*, *The Village Voice*, *Rolling Stone* and pretty much every other music-oriented publication in the known world." His Kerouac-inspired spontaneous prose and chemically fueled run-on sentences are beautiful punk-rock imperfections that put substance before style. In the process, Bangs created a style of his own, one which would become the template for future rock writers everywhere. An interesting addition to the latest compilation is an excerpt from an autobiographical piece Bangs wrote as a teenager, which gives the reader a glimpse of Bangs' early writing and explains where the derangement began. The articles explore such absurdities as the brimming sexuality of Anne Murray, who Bangs cheekily calls "a hypnotically compelling interperitrix with a voice like molten high school rings and a heavy erotic vibe." In a more serious piece about Nico's record *The Marble Index*, the writer gets vulnerable and says "...I love it so passionately that I'm terrified of what that might say about me." There are moments when it seems Bangs had too much time and too many substances on hand and he loses the point or he verbally annihilates your childhood idol. He is also guilty of complicating the simple pleasure of rock 'n' roll and going too deep and taking it too literally, but his brilliant descriptions and gorgeous satire make it easy to forget. But most of all, what makes Bangs so damn readable is his absolute love for every moment the needle moves along the vinyl grooves and his ability to make the reader understand that rock 'n' roll means so much because it feels so fucking good.

-Cookie

**Ian Christe**  
*Sound of the Beast: The Complete Headbanging History of Heavy Metal*  
Harper Entertainment



Heavy metal nerds should give a hail of appreciation to Ian Christe and his new book, *Sound of the Beast*. This extensive, 400-page examination of a tragically misunderstood form of music proves, once and for all, that metalheads are not brainless bangers; they are intelligent,

socially conscious fans of music that speaks to their generation with equal moral clarity. Christe starts at metal's inception, some 30 years ago, in the dark, damp streets of Birmingham with the birth of metal dinosaurs Black Sabbath. He then painstakingly details the evolution of metal into its current position atop the rock mainstream. What makes this book so much more than a history lesson (which it definitely is, by all accounts) is Christe's thoughtful analysis throughout. Those things that have always been blindly attached to metal by society at large—perversity, violence, Satanism, drugs and everything else the Parent's Music Resource Centre felt an urge to complain about — are tackled by Christe with an unapologetic and clear composure that blows all anti-metal arguments out of the stratosphere. Even the notorious church-

burning Norwegian black metal scene is traced back to the shattered roots of the disturbed individuals responsible, instead of simply labeling the whole genre as violent and dangerous. All of the big metal names are candidly interviewed in the book (we get Ozzy, Halford, Dickinson, Ulrich, Mustaine and many, many more), and some rare live photos are the perfect visual compliment to Christe's beneath-the-surface reflections. The book also benefits from helpful chapter summaries and various trivia-style lists, something metal nerds have been known to obsess over from time to time. When it comes to books about heavy metal, "Sound of the Beast" is a comprehensive and exhilarating read that will have headbangers exclaiming, "Yes, someone finally gets it!"

-Jason Schreurs

## DVDs

**Paul Di'Anno**  
*The Beast in the East*  
Metal Mind Productions



For the early Maiden-head in your life, comes the first ever DVD from original singer Paul Di'Anno. Featuring three live concerts plus extras, *The Beast in the East* has the operatically challenged Di'Anno and his merry band of non-Maidens limping through classics like "Wrathchild," "Phantom of the Opera" and, of course, "Iron Maiden." It's all a little depressing until an in-depth interview with Di'Anno exposes the bald one as a down-to-earth punter with a fondness for UK punk bands like G.B.H. and The Exploited. Seems Maiden was getting a little too polished for him, so he moved on (just don't ask him to explain the second Battlezone album). Say what you want about the guy, but it was a bold move and he did manage to totally avoid Maiden's spandex years. Fans will be stoked to hear behind-the-scenes gossip as Di'Anno pulls no punches about Maiden's early days in a lengthy Q&A with a Metal Hammer journalist. The Di'Anno live shows take a back seat to the interview, but fret not, we get almost two hours worth of fairly ripping concert footage. This DVD could be the cheap gift alternative to a life-size Eddie doll; I hear those fetch a pretty penny.

-Jason Schreurs

**Guttermouth**  
*Guttermouth: Live at the House of Blues*  
Kung Fu Records

Kung Fu Records' sixth installment of *The Show Must Go Off! Live DVD Series*, features Guttermouth blazing through 20 of their all time hits at the House of Blues. They tear through songs like "Asshole", "Chicken Box" and "Bruce Lee vs. KISS Army" without missing a beat. Lots of groups are putting DVDs out and it's cool because you get a unique insight into the band that you don't get from just the straight record. *Guttermouth: Live at the House of Blues* offers a choice between voice-over or just the music. I opted to watch the show with the band's commentary, which was just brilliant. There's nothing funnier than a bunch of old punkers taking the piss out of each other. They also poke fun at the security and drunken yobs rushing the stage, but mostly just themselves. It's a fairly well shot concert with lots of cameras and good direction. Other features include a photo gallery, bonus footage and another CD of just the audio. And not to men-

tion online access, oh wait, I just did.

-Jono Jak

**Three Days**  
*Starring Jane's Addiction*  
EMI / Sanctuary



*Three Days* is presented as a film starring Jane's Addiction, which might seem obvious, but there is a reason for this. As the DVD rolls through the 1997 "I-It's M'My Party" Relapse tour with a documentary type setup, we get to see what appear

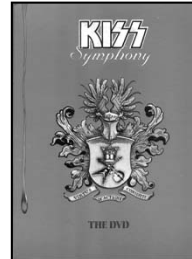
to be genuine backstage antics, drama and confusion. There's backstage footage of a strung-out Dave Navarro talking to a friend on the phone about being up for 5 days and another phone conversation trying to convince his girlfriend she'd leave him if he cleaned himself up. There is footage of Perry Farrell talking philosophy with rabbis and coming away looking prophetic and being called "ahead of his time". The self-promotion is evident, not surprisingly as it is co-produced by Navarro, but this isn't and overbearing element. Farrell is also quoted as saying he doesn't know how much money he has, only that he can get a sandwich within an hour anytime he wants one... and he's serious. I guess that's as good of a way to measure success as any. Verdict? Get it. It's good.

**Bonus Material:** This DVD has what amounts to a second film presented as a compilation of

outtakes, which is worth watching if not for its rougher, more candid feel, then for the simple fact that it is all still relevant to the actual film. I'm sure these scenes were only cut due to time constraints.

-A.D. MADGRAS

**KISS**  
*Symphony*  
Sanctuary



Over the top, over-produced, over-accessorized, over-indulgent, and huge as hell. Nothing less than KISS at their best, save for the Ace Frehley stand in...which leaves one wondering if they made Tommy Thayer a new outfit or just scrubbed out Ace's old one...

hmm. The two DVD *KISS Symphony* features the entire live concert in 3 acts (a set without the orchestra, an acoustic one with a small string section and then the full on orchestra for the third) and behind-the-scenes footage of the "making" the one-off concert played February 28th, 2003 in Melbourne, Australia. The entire orchestra wore KISS face makeup. Cute. The backstage, behind the scenes footage is interesting, but not all that enlightening. What can I say? It's KISS for fuck's sake. Go stuff it in that KISS fan's stocking, they'll love it.

-A.D. MADGRAS



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# It's Rainin' Men

# Dominatrix Art...Enough!



By Big Red Ainsworth

Enough of this. Just look at this doodle that came in the mail. I'm very sorry, but this dominatrix nonsense had been going on far too long now. It is a full decade of this! A full decade of being irritated by this! I don't

know why they still do this, but they keep doing this! Sado-masochistic behaviour is as sad as a grandfather, newly widowed, feeding birds with no pants down and talking to himself about GSPD action like he used to have, with his wife who he actually went through the time and effort of marrying, not like these dominatrixes and adulterers and half-human monsters. The world's going to hell in a handcart.

God piss on the day I ever asked you sados to send in drawings for a free-of-charge 110% right-on quality appreciation. I was just trying to get people hip to art again. I was just trying, and then some... god damn... dyke whore doma-fucking-natrix sends this eye-rotting rudeness to me. Some people are blind, no eyes at all, and yet you fucking sadomasochistic cunts are doing this... it's disrespectful to the very pen you used... and it more importantly disrespectful to Lawrence Schaffer, the inventor of the ball-point pen. Interesting factoid! Lawrence Schaffer was the only native born Englishman to be executed for war crimes in the Nuremberg trials. I'll bet a lot of inventions died with him. Not like Enoch fucking Powell. That fuck. I'm sure you endured his edition of Thucydides back at school... this is the man who led the post-war race movement in England? No wonder the streets are paved with all the blood stuff.

Have a look at this drawing. It was sent in by, ghasp! ... Mistress Persepiphone, a "professional" dominatrix. She is accepting clients, such as they are, don't you worry. It is

a picture of her (dreadful), whipping a man, a nude man in a prostrate position. He wants more whipping! FOOL FOOL FOOL!

You stupid useless cunt of a man! What subhuman bastard gender traitor would allow himself to pay for the privilege of being hit with a toy whip by a bored girl who undoubtedly was one of those awful rrirot girlzz whatever when it was fashionable a few years ago?! Just... I just can't believe this happens. Women are frightening enough when they aren't hitting you with faggy vinyl whips. I used to work for Mossad, the jew group, and let me tell you this, those guys whip with real fucking whips, the size of your forearm and made of leather, tight, tight leather, and in two strokes you can see the bones of the rib, there in plane view if you wash the blood off.

Masochist my testicles. You are confused and insane men who should be expelled from the male gender and sent away to rail yards to guide trains into port and to work the levers that change the tracks! I think that's a really boring job, you dominatrix-supporting dupe! Go to hell right away!

I'm not trying to complain about violence, or the visual or literary depiction of violence, don't get me wrong.

I really, really like to fight, especially to watch other people fight. Sometimes, actually quite often people like me cry when they get punched, but that's all part of the game. Sometimes you get hit so hard in the nose that it breaks your nose and then your eyes water

automatically, even though you're tough and can take the pain.

No matter which way you cut it, violence is great fun. But these Masochists, man... back ten years ago I was living in London and I lived in King's Cross, and Shoreditch and Earl's Court once, shithole full of Choreographers, and Camden and later once in Russell Square, and that's a fucking great story, but never mind, red-hot full-frontal golden shower action. I'll write about it in some other column....

Anyways, whenever I see a submissive man into SM I just wanna smush his face into a wall. That's real SM. No safety words here, you mess. I'd actually like to be a Hell's Angle, because I think they do stuff like that, but I'm scared of Motorcycles, so I guess it's a pipe dream.

There's a Denny's not five minuets from my bachelor's pad. I love Denny's so much because they don't put up with that gender-bending dominatrixing golden shower half-man transsexual semen-in-a-funnel crap there. I always order the bucket of eggs thing, and sometimes the Superbird, with a coke. Actually, my local Denny's is licensed now! It just goes to show, the more things change, the more they stay the same! Thanks for reading!



## ETC...

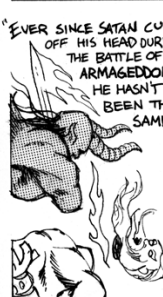


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Ah yes, when ESL pierces DEEP into the world of product branding. Cock brand special fish sauce? I mean, what the hell? Might as well make some (va)Gina juice ta wash éer all down... (ingredientie of cock sauce? Anchovies, salt and sugar)



AND GET YOUR LAZY ASSES OUTSIDE!! THIS PAGE WRITTEN BY IRA HUNTER! CHECK OUT [www.championsofhell.com](http://www.championsofhell.com)



# skate Spot

SKATE



## Public Art for the Masses

Token consultations are what we are all about here at Skate Spot. So in honour of you, the PUBLIC, we are beginning an exciting new process... feigning concern for your ideas, your input. So check out the Georgia Viaduct park site plan, and variations of the public art piece that D-Rock has proposed for one part of it. The site plan, a Van Der Zalm Ass (you said ass!!)ociates original, is available at <http://www.downspace.com/skatespot/map.html>. Here you will find a small black and white drawing of a triangle that looks like it was done by R2D2. So if you have genius ideas for the park, look at the plan, make some sketches and send 'em to SkatePlaza, 2099 Beach Avenue, Vancouver, BC V6G 1Z4 or Fax 604.257.8365 attn: City Manager Mark Vuillamy.

Also check out [http://www.downspace.com/skatespot/public\\_art.html](http://www.downspace.com/skatespot/public_art.html). Here you will find a cornucopia of skateable objects, megalomaniacal plans, and ego-driven concepts to baffle even the most post-modern mind. Okay, you'll find a series of basic sketches. Possible skateable art objects for you to conversely love and destroy. Simple drawings really. The megalomania will be provided by YOU. Our sponsor for this event. THE PUBLIC.

Please send comments or suggestions [fan/hatemail:downspace@telus.net](mailto:fan/hatemail:downspace@telus.net) or 101-4906 Main Street Vancouver, BC V5W 2R3.

### Hot off the VSPC Presses

In other skate news, the Vancouver SkatePark Coalition reports that the Vancouver Parks Board has unanimously approved the proposed new skateboard park in Quilchena Park. The park will be constructed early next year, and will be a street-style beginner to intermediate level park, similar in design to Strathcona park. This is park number two that the VSPC has lobbied for, including the Downtown Park, to be built under the Georgia Viaduct at Quebec & Union streets. The VSPC also initiated the recent retrofit of Coopers Park (located underneath the south end of the Cambie Street Bridge).

Yes. It is true. I suck ass all day. So what? What'cha gonna do about it? You wanna go?

D-Rock has decided he doesn't like my title of our next section "Richmond finally has a Follow-up to the Epic Skate Ranch". He felt it wasn't quite catchy enough. A bit too verbose. We here at Skate Spot want you to pick up this fine publication and really be moved by it. Really find some meaning to warm your heart.

Really inspire you to get out there and shred the rad. So get your lazy ass down to the new indoor skate park in Richmond. The location: The old Grizzlies training facility, on # 5 Road, close to the Silver City cinemas. You won't regret it. Session are \$7 for the early (11-3) or \$10 for (3-6). Call the peeps at Ultimate Distributors, they'll have more info for ya.

### Homefront Invasion!

Check out Homefront Invasion! Devo's Mark Mothersbaugh brings his weird and socially satirical art prints to Bfly Gallery, at 341 Water Street, to Dec. 20. Based on his series of post-card art pieces, tour scribbles and personal diaries, these prints are punk/new wave history, young'uns. Devo was, incidentally, the first band to feature skateboarding in a video - a little Skate Spot bit of trivia for ya there, kids. Just ask John Raimondo, of the legendary Boarding House... Devo is always playing in the shop. Bfly is open Tuesday to Saturday, after 12 pm. Call 604.647.1019 for more details. (Prints are cheap for real art - Mothersbaugh wants "to share (his fun obsession) with as many spuds as possible.")

Drop in on the Cractipe (now Shred Shed) for a session while you're in the hood - an art/fashion show was held on Nov. 29 (a portion of sales donated to the 84 foot wide miniramp to ensure it's survival as an indoor skateboard facility in Vancouver). Vaughan Neville, a professional skateboard and travel photographer and clothing designer Rachel Churchill were some of the featured artists. The art is available to the public for the next week, so be sure to drop in and give your support. And don't forget, the nice kids at Bombshell have an indoor mini, just \$4 a ride. You just have to be this tall.

### Snow news is good news

Snow on the mountains, means this year's snowboarding season might actually not suck as much ass as last year's big turd. Looks good so far, but here at Skate Spot, we just talk crap. We don't predict the weather. Get a Farmer's Almanac, you lazy bugger. Maybe Cypress will get off their lazy and build a decent park. After last year's fiasco of a season, Cypress has decided to reinstate their shuttle bus during the week. Snow good.

Calling Victoria, Edmonton, Calgary and Winnipeg! Got some skate news in your community? Let us know about it!  
-D. Rock and Miss Kimm  
[skatespot@thenervemagazine.com](mailto:skatespot@thenervemagazine.com)





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# Optical Nerve

Nerve-worthy Films New to DVD

By Bjorn Olson



## NEIL HAMBURGER: LIVE AT THE PHOENIX GREYHOUND PARK

Directed by Joe Escalante.

To see Neil Hamburger live is to understand Neil Hamburger. Self-proclaimed as "America's Funnyman", Neil

Hamburger is the current apotheosis of anti-comedy. A tireless performer, Hamburger is constantly on the road, playing rooms no comedian would dare play. Captured live here for the first time on DVD, *Live at the Phoenix Greyhound Park* is a perfect example of Neil Hamburger in his element.



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Explaining Neil Hamburger to the unfamiliar is a bit of a task. You really have to hear his hilariously unfunny comedy to understand how his mind works. The easiest shortcut is to say that Neil Hamburger is just a complete piss-take on absolutely everything comedy is about. He baits his audiences with rambling routines and caustic subject matter, and then somehow manages to earn their sympathy by being incredibly revealing about his personal life. He uses casual vulgarity in order to not only shock, but to confront his audience with their own thoughts. He delivers terrible, terrible jokes with such a perfect combination of pathos and anger, that he makes almost anything funny.

The performance captured on this DVD is a pretty good sampling of late-period Hamburger. He shows up on stage in his classic bad tuxedo with five drinks cradled under his arm. He takes a good five minutes to get into

the joke telling after being stymied by technical difficulties and a phlegmy throat. Hamburger's jokes are variations on the kind of shitty pop-culture referencing that passes for entertainment on late night TV and in lousy comedy clubs across America. Hamburger's no-holds-barred comedic attack on celebrities-du-jour and major fast-food brands (typical one-liner "Why does KFC come in a bucket? So you have something to throw up in afterwards") is not just an attack on shitty consumer culture, but on anyone who derives a cheap laugh from it in the process.

While this DVD is perhaps not the best introduction to the man right off the bat (try his "America's Funnyman" or "Raw Hamburger" CD's first to get a feel for what you're getting into), it's certainly an interesting document of where Hamburger is at in his career. After going through a period of tumult (including a split with his longtime manager), Neil Hamburger seems angrier and more confrontational than ever. While still retaining his lost puppy-dog demeanor that manages to earn him perhaps more audience sympathy than he deserves, his act seems a great deal less personal than it has been in the past. His emotional asides that often took his comedy into uncomfortable brilliance are in short supply here (though after one particularly harsh audience reaction he does pull out a classic Hamburgerian "Aw, come on. I have cancer.")

Perhaps the time has come for the once media-shy funnyman to take the spotlight and ascend to his rightful place in the annals of American comedy. There is undoubtedly no one else out there quite like NeeeeEEIILL HAAAM-BUR-Gerrr.



# GORE

## I'VE BEEN BITTEN... HOPEFULLY I DON'T TURN GOTH

By Sinister Sam

I have a "strange" take on the vampire film genre. I constantly, and proudly, dismiss the entire modern cloaked vampire as romantic crap. The old stories are amazing. We are subjected to wolves prowling the dead of night, turning into unhallowed fucking disgusting creatures, ready to consume and



maybe even eat other human beings or a cow etc... There's not a lot of romantic rhetoric in the original Vlad "the Impaler" Dracula (Vlad Tepes) and his dirty society dealings, and the dirt-mouthed wolf/rat pack dark ages in general. Vampires were described as dirty heathen hordes that wreaked havoc on the countryside along with the werewolves - who were one and the same most of the time. The 1840's "penny dreadful" VARNEY THE VAMPIRE or the FEAST OF BLOOD had a pretty kick ass rendition/illustration of the vampire "creature" that adorned the cover of the published story that consumed the dark majesty of the undead with a gruesome and monstrous approach smashing the loathsome cloaked romantic vision of the vampire to Goth pieces. Some of the earliest films of the genre took the vampire to new depths of horror darkness, the most notable being:

-Louis Feuillade's very dark and engaging epic 1915 vampire serial LES VAMPIRES.

-F.W. Murnau's legendary 1922 NOSFERATU, which pegged an aesthetic treatment that forced the viewer to presume a more grim story outside of the Bram Stoker myths.

-The 1931 "original" DRACULA that proceeded to turn the monster into more of an "attractive" being culminating in a thick accent and some fucking amazing castle basement scenes, and...

-My favourite of the classics - the atmospheric, claustrophobic, and plague-ridden darkness of Carl Dreyer's VAMPYR from 1931.

Here are some more "recent" favourites of mine that all have the right kick in the rotted grey toothy face:

NIGHT OF THE DEVILS (1972 Dir: Giorgio Ferroni)

This atmospheric Italian film is an update to the amazing Wurdalak story from Mario Bava's BLACK SUNDAY. A man's car breaks down and he finds himself stuck in a very creepy forest with a family who are the only local inhabitants. It seems that the family are the last of the Wurdalaks (vampires) in the area - slowly preying on each other and succumbing to the sickness as they only chase after the ones they love. This claustrophobic mini-masterpiece drills you with its masterful

disease-ridden grasp on one European version of the vampire story.

ORGY OF THE VAMPIRES (1972 Dir: Leon Klimovsky)  
Spanish director Klimovsky gives us a tale not unlike the above as a careless couple succumb to a town of vampires led by the one and only gorgeous Helga Line of NIGHTMARE CASTLE and HORROR OF THE ZOMBIES fame. Again we are thrust into a nightmarish escape drive that culminates in an amazing twist that wraps the atmospheric and Halloween infested locale with a classic monstrous/creature visage.

FANGS OF THE LIVING DEAD (1968 Dir: Amando De Ossorio)  
This is a BLIND DEAD director Ossorio rarity that stands tall as the legendary Spanish director's first foray into the horror genre. The film has the classic Spanish dark and authentic atmosphere, with a little bit of sixties-style comedic levity that kind of throws things off its horrific course, but the climactic rotting finale and the overall feel of the film still encompasses the master director's fucking creepy horrific cinematic skills.

HORROR OF DRACULA (1958 Dir: Terence Fisher)  
All the greats are here: Christopher Lee playing his most famous role, Peter Cushing as Helsing, and Terence Fisher at the directing helm. For me, the Hammer films play just like the seventies Spanish masterworks with never-ending ancient castle and township atmosphere, but with straight-ahead British-trained acting talents. My favourite variant ending to the Dracula myth is all there as well - featuring the age-old grotesque face rot.



DRACULA, PRISONER OF FRANKENSTEIN (1972 Dir: Jesus Franco)  
In the world of the vampire film genre, Franco is best known for his accomplished BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA

(1970) which is the closest thing to the original story to date and also stars Christopher Lee AND Klaus Kinski(!). But this film is nothing compared to the Universal monster inspired film DRACULA PRISONER OF FRANKENSTEIN. There's something to say for the style of some Spanish genre films and their use of "real time". The films sometimes feel fucking LONG, but have a VERY filling haunted atmosphere.

Remember - romance, fashion, and the horrific undead should NEVER mix!  
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## XXX-mas

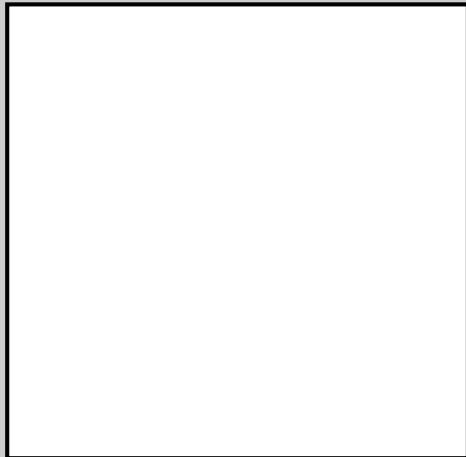
-by Dan Scum

### Across

1. M.A.S.H. star
5. Circuit
9. Chore
13. Foal colour
14. Caribbean resort 2
15. Sole word
16. Wander the land
17. In the meantime
18. Type of dirty sex
19. \_\_\_\_\_ Express (Broadway)
21. Master's servile
22. Opposite of sucks
23. Guy's partner
24. Sebring maker (abbrev.)
27. Rum maker
31. Slangy liquor
32. Invisible self
34. LummoX
35. \_\_\_\_\_ Fuck, Kill
36. Dead (French)
37. Seep
38. Flash in the pan
39. Islands (French)
40. Type of face
41. Iraqis' neighbours
43. Earnest
44. \_\_\_\_\_ Fi
45. Radioactive noble gas
47. Malice
50. \_\_\_\_\_ is 20/20
54. Hurt
55. One of Satan's little helpers
56. Elation
57. Vocal solo
58. Wipe out
59. Descendant's anthem of lost love (pick one)
60. Actresses West and Moore
61. Bundle of hay
62. \_\_\_\_\_ the night before Christmas

### Down

1. Music, dance, e.g.
2. Pirate's booty
3. Plato or Robertson
4. "We wish you \_\_\_\_\_"



- |  |                       |
|--|-----------------------|
| 5. Grab suddenly   | 42. A Ventura         |
| 6. Solemn vows   | 43. Befuddle          |
| 7. She's _____ (first B-boys vid)                        | 45. Hated opponent    |
| 8. Buddy   | 46. Ouzo ingredient   |
| 9. Last 5 words of 62 Across                             | 47. Farce             |
| 10. Ms. Kournikova                                       | 48. Chute opener      |
| 11. Anna's ethnicity                                     | 49. Rasta expression  |
| 12. South Park character who doesn't celebrate Christmas | 50. Wife of Zeus      |
| 14. Weight on the conscience                             | 51. J. Lo's fragrance |
| 20. Sexy Local Lola                                      | 52. Type of filter    |
| 21. Cul -de  | 53. Golf pegs         |
|  | 55. Blondie to pals   |

### Last Issue's Solution:

23. Strong wind
24. Disorder
25. In the mood
26. Bigger
27. "no ifs, ands, or \_\_\_\_\_"
28. Rooke
29. Donut quantity
30. Not moving
32. Certain
33. Cervezas
34. Mine lode
36. Type of skirt
40. Big leagues

### XXX-mas Word Search

- office
- christmas
- party
- food
- drinks
- rented
- santa
- with
- elves
- getting
- loaded
- real
- short
- green
- skirts
- dancing
- sneak
- out
- one
- elfette
- take
- home
- hammer
- time
- boss
- calls
- morning
- asks

- seen
- seventeen
- year
- old
- daughter
- look
- over
- smiling
- little
- face
- oh
- shit



reviews FOR THE WEEKEND WARRIOR IN YOU!

Electronic Arts will DESTROY YOUR FUCKING MIND....

BY ADLER FLOYD



## Call of Duty

Developer: Infinity Ward

Publisher: Activision

Platform: PC

Rating: Teen

Web: Callof Duty.com

What happens when the lead developers of *Medal of Honor: Allied Assault* leave Electronic Arts? Call of Duty happens, mate. It's safe to say that the departure was a wise choice for these 20+ members. This game is a war fanatics dream. As with the previous MOHAA games, it borrows heavily from films and improves the experience of battle. In one of the first scenarios, reminiscent of the *Enemy At The Gates* movie, you are handed a rifle clip and are expected to rush Stalingrad. If you decide to turn back, your comrades will pop a cap in your ass. All right, so *Call of Duty* spans over 28 levels and lets you experience the digital war through 3 different bands of brothers. American, British and Russian soldiers are at your disposal during the various campaigns over Europe. The game utilizes a heavily modified Quake 3 engine and unlike my review of *Jedi Knight 2*, the team from Infinity Ward has done a great job modifying the engine to the max to get the best results. Of course, COD doesn't look like *Max Payne 2* or even *Unreal Tournament 2003* but that doesn't matter. The atmosphere of the game makes up for

the slightly outdated graphics. From the very accurate sound effects of nearby fire-fights to the Axis bombers flying overhead with explosive gifts, this game has done it right. It makes you feel like a part-time soldier, and it can also get you kicked out of bed, know what I'm saying? The gameplay is very straightforward; you make your way across Europe and kill some Nazis, either by foot or in vehicles. Some of the intense action happens when you're shooting out of the window of a Benz, while being chased by motorcycles and trucks. Don't think that you're all alone, there is plenty of help to go around, and the best part is; you don't have to worry about your team. AI is decent; they will assist you and even take a bullet or two for you. That's dedication! To finish this off, this is a very well made game. Though it won't revolutionize the industry, it's refreshing to see a company put so much effort and come out like champ. Oh, and this game has a wicked multiplayer.

-Adler Floyd

Eye Candy: 4.5

Tunes: 5

Gameplay: 4.5

Chill Factor: 5

Verdict: This is one of the finest WW 2 FPS games out there, enough said.



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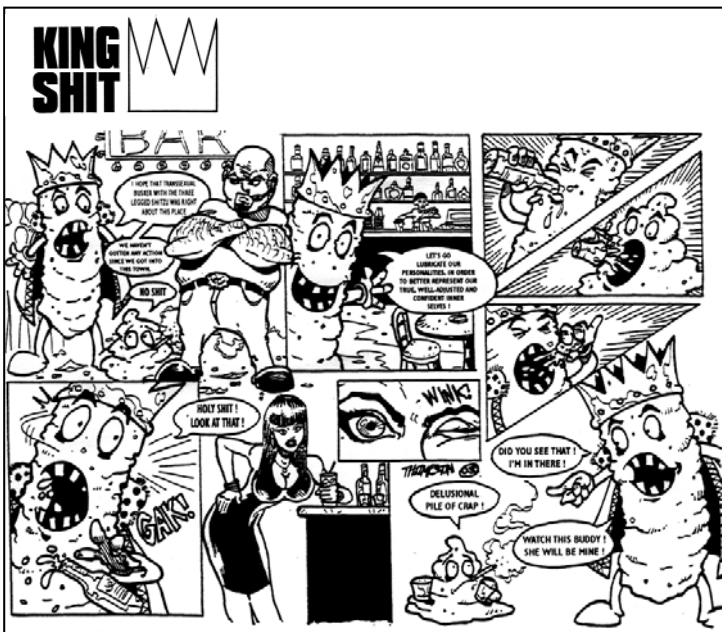
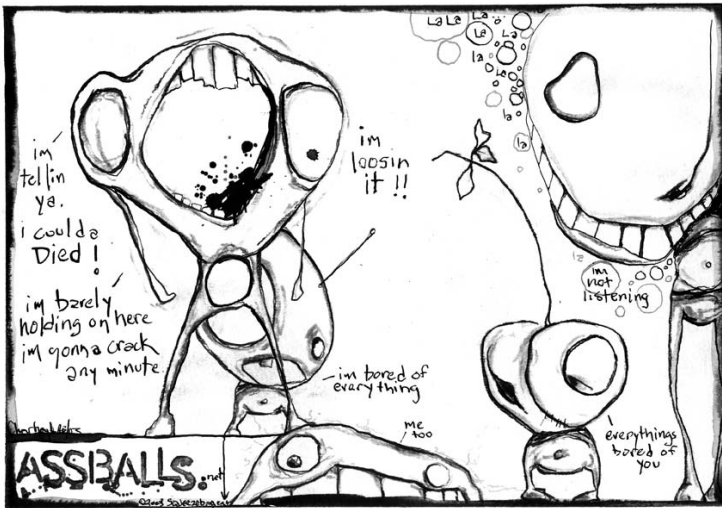
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# NERVELAND SMUT RANCH

Hello again my perverted peeps! The holiday season is on top of us and I just want to take this time to say Happy Holidays to all my readers. Even if you don't celebrate Christmas, stockings have no religious significance, so I have a couple of stocking stuffing suggestions to help you get through this "family" oriented month. What might that be, you wonder? Midgets and strap-on dildos of course!

describing, say, a cocktail. There is also very little to no dialog. Aside from the shortfalls, this movie will satisfy anyone who enjoys watching beautiful women with strap-on dildos pound each other.

Last month I did a little survey asking for reader comments on what they think about pubic hair. About 95% of the people who responded preferred to have at least some housekeeping done down there, especially for women. Here is an e-mail typical of the majority we received: "Super bushy is bad on men and women. Men should always shave the shaft. Women should always shave the lips and buttohole. I am a man." Joining me at this time is local porn star extraordinaire and Nerve correspondent: Maja Lee.



**Double Midgetation**  
 Director: Jerome Tanner  
 Starring: Bridget Powerz, Gwen Summers, Heather Lyn, Taylor St. Claire, Envy Mi, Chris Cannon, Dillion Day, Joel Lawrence and Dave Hardman.

**Max:** Thank you for joining me Maja, the last time we worked together was on The Nerve's July issue. Can you bring us up to speed on what you have been up to?

**Maja:** A ton!! I took a small hiatus for a couple months in the summer due to stress, but I've been back in full swing as a webmaster since October. I was in L.A. for most of October shooting for various companies as well as launching my new single-girl site on November 1st [www.maja-lee.com](http://www.maja-lee.com).

**Max:** I saw you on Herfirstbigcock.com what was that experience like? And have you had bigger?

**Maja:** Well, that wasn't my "first big cock" of course... I've fucked Mr. Marcus and Rod Fontana, so you can't get much bigger than that!! I haven't done Lexington or Mandingo yet... so I guess it was a "big" for Vancouver standards!

**Max:** I'll show you a big cock...

**Maja:** Anyways, it was a super fun shoot even though I didn't do my "I'm a Japanese exchange student, me no speak English" deal that I sometimes do for the reality sites. Both guys never lost wood and pounded me hard like I was the last girl on earth.

**Max:** What do you have planned for the near future?

**Maja:** Focusing on [www.maja-lee.com](http://www.maja-lee.com), and also making a new site for another local Asian hottie. I'd like to create a network of amateur single-girl sites as well as a better affiliate program for them.

**Max:** It sounds like you've been very busy.  
**Maja:** It's a lot of staring at the computer for the next little while... oh and don't forget Vegas in January!! There's Internext and then the AVN conference right after that.

**Max:** I did a little survey of hair and bush in the last issue. What do you think about the bush situation? Should we all be shaved, trimmed, or left natural?

**Maja:** I like some body hair on guys, especially hair on the chest!! And a goatee. Women should be trimmed at least, I used to be bald but now have a small "strip." It's all personal preference, so who I am I to be rambling on about that?

**Max:** How would you like to review a couple of porno movies with me next month?

**Maja:** Watch porno?! Yes please, that's such a rhetorical question, Max. When would you like to view more debauchery?

**Max:** Well alright then, you heard it here first! Next month will be The Return Of Max And Maja, see you all then!

An alien spacecraft from the planet Midgetation crashes to Earth and two pint sized chicks wearing silver jump-suits pop out. Bridget Powerz does double duty, playing characters Omega and Swan. The good thing is that earthlings seem pretty keen on trying new things. The crash separates Omega and Swan and where Swan finds refuge fucking some guy in a dilapidated yard, Omega gets arrested for masturbating in public. Did you know that midgets have regular sized sex organs? It's true, so you don't have to worry. Watching Bridget Powerz perform is definitely the highlight of this flick. Swan has a tendency to peep on unsuspecting couples getting it on and has a field day wandering the neighborhood in search of sexual adventure. Double Midgetation blends oddities, humor, interesting storyline, and, of course, fucking, all into a movie that is more about substance than sideshow.



**Strap-On Fever!**  
 Director: Roy Alexandre  
 Starring: Eve Eden, Simona Sun, Jessica May, Lisa, Michelle, Barbara, Jenny, and Tera Joy.

Stand back! The heat is on and these girls have the Strap-On Fever! This movie is an accurate depiction of what most girls do when they have a bit too much of the bubbly. They get it on, of course. I haven't seen this much finger fucking since... never mind. The chicks in this movie are totally hot and use a wide array of dildos to satisfy their urges. They put those rubber Johnsons in their mouths, their pussies, and up their bums. The panty snapping and sexual play fight scene is damn hot, and these girls are even better looking than the three that started it off. There is no plot to this movie and each chapter sets up the scene by providing a description one would give when





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**The ENDS "Sony XoXoXo" CD**  
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 Debut full length from Austin's The ENDS. Zines like Max RSR, Razorcake have compared them to such greats as The Boys, SLF, Generation X, Pistols & The Stitches.



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 Split CD by two of the East Coast top street punk bands! The Broken Heroes have been around for sometime and the Weekend Warriors make a big impression on this CD.



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 A must have for fans of LifeTime, Thursday and other like minded bands. Hardcore with a indie rock feel.



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**MIKEY DeSANTIS**  
**"Welcome To My Basement" CD**  
**AMP RECORDS**  
 Canada's biggest FORGOTTEN REBEL brings us his fabulous solo album. Fans of the Rebels won't be disappointed.



**EVEN IN BLACKOUTS**  
**"Foresadows On The Wall" CD**  
**AMP RECORDS**  
 Acoustic punk rock? Remember New Model Army or how about Against Me! EIB does it just as well if not better with female vocals!



**The HELGAS**  
**"All the Wheels Fall Off" CD**  
**PELADO RECORDS**  
 If you crossed Social Distortion, Ramones, Replacements and hints of the Muffs you'd get Atlanta's The HELGAS!



**EASTSIDE SUICIDES**  
**"Super Secret" CD**  
**SUPER SECRET REC.**  
 The NY DOLLS & Thunderheadbreakers is alive in well in Austin, Texas with the EASTSIDE SUICIDES and their brand of fresh punk rock n roll!



**RODDY RADIATION**  
**"Stabily Rebel" CD**  
**Field Music**  
 Former SPECIALS guitarist Roddy Radiation brings us a CD full of his solo releases from over the years. This a great release of roots rock and rockabilly!



**The SPINOFFS**  
**"Straight Leather Jacket" CD**  
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