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SOUTH





Just drink it up!

- Lazy Cowgirls opened up for the Gung-Hos - Lazy Cowgris opened up for the Gung-Hos at The Pic Jan II (which is a strange reversal of fortunes for the seasoned cowpunkers from LA). Anyway, the house was packed and lead singer, Pat Todd, who could pass for Damy DeVito's long lost twin, gave a big shout out and dedicated "Lookin'Back" to Vancouver's foxiest red-headed rock promoter ...No, not Steve Chase of Fireball Productions. We can't say whom because the promoter in question wishes to remain anonymous. Suit yourself, keeping in mind that not only are you going to miss out on your 15 minutes of fame but you're going to turn this town upside down trying to figure out who you are.
- Spitfires lead singer Jason Solyom will be producing Spreadeagle's first full-length EP due out early May on Nerveland's newest ven-ture, Nerve Records. If Solyom is able to ture, Nerve Records. If Solyom is able to duplicate the studio magic he used to help engineer Nasty On's post-punk master-piece CitySick, then expect this album to rock you off with guaranteed hits like "Blood, Coke and Sodomy." ... Yap, you can just call him Mutt.
- Don't know what you got until it's gone is not only a Cinderella song but the sentiment felt by many who were at The Pic Jan. 25 for the New Town Animals' last Vancouver show. I'm gong to miss those new wave critters. Not to worry though, some members have already found homes. Bassist Steve Kicks is in The Smears, guitarist Jeff McCloi! is working on his solo project The Clones and Alex Angel is joining The Dirty Needles.
- Speaking of Dirty Needles, those bastardly - speaking to Intry Needles, indee do Longshot Music. Here's hoping this will keep lead singer Jeff Fagoaga out of trouble. For those who don't know Fagoaga, he's the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of Vancouver rock... shy, sweet and beautiful one minute and then a spitting, topless, drunken maniac the next. Hey Fagoaga: You gotta keep your shirt on, especially when you're not even playing. Don't get me wrong; I think you rock. I mean not only does his band

have the best name but also Fagoaga had the best line of the month when he asked our door girl: "Wasn't I getting hit by a bus the last time I saw you?"

- No doubt many of you scenesters read about the scene in other local rags... so you've prob-ably come across the "Gig Guy" column in the Westender and reacted, like many of us here, with disgust over the gross lack of knowledge and accuracy. ITIS AFARCE! We have yet to guess how they figure such an idiotic move will do anything besides destroy their cred, but nonetheless, there they plod. Hey Conner, something you wanna let us in on?

- Gerry-Jenn Wilson of JP5 launched her solo -Gerry-Jenn Wilson of JP's launched her solo career Dec. 23 at the Sugar Refinery with an unplugged set... you heard right, unplugged... not undressed. No pie shots or clapping tisp-just a girl and her guitar. Good luck on your solo endeavors and thanks for playing that Clash song at the end of your set... miss it but "Gig Guy" told me all about it.

- John Ford's new album, Bullets for Dreamers is due out Feb. 25th and contrary to other bogus rock reports, Ford is nothing like The Walkerband. The members of Ford are hard rockin'gifted musicians who have made music their life's work, whereas, the wacky Walker boys sing about space bunnies.
- The Malcolm Young Cult is coming to gig near you. We don't think we need mention the near you. We don't think we need mention the inspiration for this new super group which con-sists of Naughty Camp pioneer "Creepy" Simon Game, old school rocker Randy Bowman, newcomer pretty boy Jonny Swenson and Dana Robertson who most will leave from and provided to the conknow from... well, everywhere. Don't be fooled by the name. MYCult is a band and not a Jonestown faction, so go check them out (but just to be on the safe side, don't drink the Kool-Aid, kids)
- This just in on The Nerve rock 'n'roll news wire: Bob Log III is playing at The Pic. Feb 9

Sarah Rowland and B.C. Damsgaard

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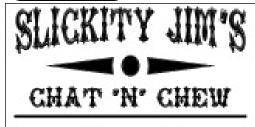
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS!!

It's just the beer falling

Hell's Belles **Gung-Hos** p. 9 Sack Blabbath D. 11 Livewirepalooza D. 17 COLUMNS **Tex and Dex** p. 26 p. 9 Hopelessness It's Rainin' Men Skate M SECTIONS



Have you been to the Jim lately?

s our first ever Nerve Band slut of the his guitar and bass skills to work. nonth, Dan Scum was honoured, but he assures Nerve readers that he has

higher aspirations.
"I like to think of myself as more of a

band whore because whores get paid, but that's not always the case so I guess ' am just a slut," says Scum.

And talk about dirty, this man is beating off his this man is beating off his drumsticks and deep throating mics in bands all over town and he still can't get enough. Scurr plays in four bands, singing fo punk rock legends Deat Sentence and the Iron Maid ribute freak show a. Powerclown. As well, he drur Cum Sock and in Scum Elem does double duty as a singing dr

But his insatiable ap won't be satisfied that easy. He' rently looking for a funk band to

"I'm still not gigging every day of the week and that's what I'd like to be doing," says Scum.

With so many egos to keep in check, Scum says he handles any sticky situations that good old fashioned talking

work, then some good old tion on everybody's mind is ir different bands mean that 1 gets his choice of four nes as many groupies?
"You'd think so

"You'd think so wouldn't ya?" quips Scum. However, it's a moot point ince Scum devotes all his ne to one groupie right now, hands off ladies; this Band lut is spoken for.

Sarah Rowland



NERVE RECORDS

Launch Party featuring...



With special guests...

the SPITFIRES Mr. Underhill Pirty Needles

Friday 14th 303 Live Teb. 14th 303 Live The Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia St.

Dreams Can Come True, Vancouver!

begin this year with what will surely be declared the hands-down winner in the Gayest Headline EVER contest. Why this sudden rush of optimism? Well, not only did I score a new job, so I'm finally making some money... but I also scored a new piece, so I'm finally tasting some honey. It's amazing how much better the world looks with someone's head between your thighs (and no, I'm not talking about my new job

But kids, I ask you, haven't we all been feeling deliciously smug since Gordo got his macadamias minced by the Maui five-O? To an editorial columnist, that was like Christmas, New Year's and St. Paddy's all rolled into one (with tasty bar snacks). Funny how quickly the citizenry get on the knife-sharpening and chop-licking tip when the town bully starts taking on all the characteristics of a limping gazelle with a fluorescent orange target on its ass. After we pick the carcass clean, we can make a nice soup from the bones! See? There IS a reason to live!

Ever the resilient hypocrite, "Suds" Campbell promptly jetted home (at whose expense, many are asking) and made a tearful apology to his family for embarrassing them. Super. I'm sure the welfare moms who can no longer feed, clothe or house their kids because of vicious government cutbacks are cool with just sitting tight for a few more years while Suds waits to for a similar apologetic inspiration to claw its way out of the bottomless black cess-pit where his heart is supposed to be. I look at Suds and I think,

"I bet sometimes he gets that not-so-fresh feeling,

So, like so many before him, Suds is hoisted on his own petard — one made of archival news footage of him calling for the balls of a whole phalanx of opposition members for the slightest whiff of scandal. Karmically speaking, you just know that ball-calling-for on that scale will get you nowhere but Eunuchville. I am not among those who

think this turn of events has managed to retrohabilitate (I just made that word up – the opposite of rehabilitate – get it?) Suds in a Dylan McKayvian fashion... and by this, of course I refer to the time-honoured 90210 tradition of image-roughening for dramatic effect, in an effort to win audi-ence sympathy for a ridiculously paper-thin character (e.g. Brandon's booze addiction, Dylan's booze, drug and adrenaline addictions, David Silver's meth addiction. Kelly's coke addiction. Steve's gambling addiction, Donna's painkiller addiction, Valerie's marijuana addiction, Nat/Joe E. Tata's pie addiction, etc.). I don't buy

that shit from Aaron Spelling, so why should I buy it from Suds? At least with Spelling you get a healthy dose of cheese with your T& A. With Suds, it would seem you just get the A. Maybe this realization of our great col-

lective dream has larger implications... maybe the ice is finally starting to crack and things are start-ing to become possible. Mayor Larry seems

determined to slap some sense into this town, and I say we let him. Furthermore, I say that we christen him "Slappy," to forever remind him of this adorable naïve enthusiasm, (the little muffin) and to avoid any nasty Campbell confusion. There we have them, Suds and Slappy - like some crazy midwinter night's dream from the mind of No Fun



City's Mike O - Suds makes the messes and Slappy sorts them out.

I have a pocketful of pennies, Vancouver... feel like making a few more wishes? Of course I want peace and love and lots of orgasms for all my friends, but my first civic wish would be for more swing sets at parks and pretty, pretty view points round Vancouver. I mean, when you all see a pretty, pretty view, do you want

to just sit there like a constipated parking atten to just sit there like a constipated parking atten-dant, or do you want to hurtle through the air and pretend you are flying feet-first into the wild blue yonder? Give it some thought. And by this I mean, you, Lyndsay Po

Commissioner for wom I voted (and wno was a late-round entry to a particularly ribald game of Spin the Bottle in which I participated [and at which, incidentally, my aforementioned piece was scored], a Spin the Bottle game conceived by Terminal City Weekly's incorrigible music minx, Amil Niazi)... to you Commissioner Poaps, wielder of park and swing set placement powers, I throw down my make-a-wish gauntlet. The empty Heineken points at you, girlfriend.

Besides the obvious liquor law loosening and the requisite funmongering that has been sorely lacking in this long shadow of a town, I'd like to hear from you statow of a down, I dike to lear itell you readers what other things you're wishing for, now that the gods seem to be in a play-ful mood. As for me, I don't want to get greedy. I suddenly feel like I have an embarrassment of riches (seey 25 hours a day), but if truth be told, I'm still waiting for that first

fan letter (I don't really count the one from prison because it wasn't technically addressed to me). But, you never know when that could change... and as recent weeks have shown, sometimes you just get lucky.

pic: Heather Watson











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THE GUNG-HOS:

A Group Worthy of Their Name.

by Casey Cougar

Think back for a minute to the mid-to-late 90s during Vancouver's live music heyday, when venues were abundant, but catching a good local

band was often hit-or-miss. Perhaps my biggest hit came the first time I caught The Hell Caminos, purveyors of a punk/rockabilly sound that won me over with the first few notes. I caught every subsequent show, leading me to discover more attention-worthy local

acts such as The Felchers, The Excessives and Hi-Alas, The Test. Hell Caminos came to a premature demise, something I never really recovered from... until 2002 and the formation of The Gung-Hos!

The Gung-Hos have an impressive rock/punk lineage and are unusual in that they are actually from Vancouver (aside from Jono, who emigrated from Vancouver Island). Mike Roche, singer/guitarist/ bassist from The Hell Caminos, has broken free from the shackles of his amp to concentrate on fronting The Gung-Hos. On drums is none other than ex-HC drummer Eddie Big Beers (who was playing in The Felchers for a time and currently in The

a time and currently in The Excessives). Hi-Test's guitar whiz Mike Park (also in The Felchers) plays bass for The Gung-Hos, allowing Joe (Hi-Test) and Jono (Breach, The Excessives) loose to assault us with per-feath is capable oriton all This Liver. fectly in synch guitars ala Thin Lizzy

sharing a passion for such heavyweights as The Hookers, Rocket From The Crypt, New Bomb Turks and Tight Bros From Way Back When, The Gung-Hos have created a sound reminis-cent of the myriad of bands they've played in, though not entirely the same. I hate to say it but yes, it's more MATURE. The

top to bottom: Ed, Roche, Jono, Park, Joe

aggression is still there but cleaner and meaner. They seem more focused, which is hard to believe considering they're such tramps (band sluts! Ed), playing in bands all over town. When I ask them all over town. When I ask them what they think they sound like, Jono says "walruses on cocaine." While Joe thinks, "Like throwin' a hot dog down a hallway (laughs).

Most bands are turning to straight-up rock 'n' roll, straight-up rock 'n' roll, we still gotta lotta punk in us." Very true, because Roche has a very deep yet strangely falsetto voice that gives their heavy, polished rock trip a definite punk vibe

If ya go to www.thegunghos.com you can check out tunes you can check out tunes from their 8 song demo, including; "Least of my Worries", which is a great song to say FUCK YOU by, "Shakin', Not Sturdy", a tome about makin'the same mistakes and "River

Deep", an Ike & Tina cover that I always got stuck in my head until I made them gimmie a copy.

However, I have a feeling they're almost gonna hafta sign Stateside to

be fully appreciated. "I was hopin' maybe The Nerve would cough up some \$ to put it

would cough up some \$ to put it out..." says Eddie Big Beers. In the mean time, The Gung-Hos are playing an impressive number of gigs around town, saturat-ing us with their sound before

Mike Park splits to Costa Rica for a few months and Eddie Big Beers goes on tour drumming for The Real McKenzies (he was born in Scotland after all and is now officially the biggest band tramp in The

Until then, let's hope Roche stays outta trouble 'cuz he claims, "These guys put this group together 'cuz they felt sorry that I wasn't in a band.' When they play their next gig, be sure to check it out 'cuz

every show is better than the last. When I actually tell them that, Mike Park says, "You say that every fucking time, Casey" and I say, "that's 'cuz it's true"— to which he says, "Oh, I guess that's 'cuz we've actually been practicing...."

pics: Casev Cougar



peak for you (even mough I wish I had that ower) so I can only guess that if you're read-ng this; you're probably waiting for a bus, eeking some form of entertainment or bored hitless! That's why I do this column (it sure in't for the money). Yah, see, I cad all the free papers hoping omehow I'll find something

omehow I'll find something iteresting or at least entertain-ng to help kill the doldrums of veryday life! Now I could pew fake excitement for the ocal scene all over this page ut I think there are appeared. nut, I think there are enough virties doing that and as a local nusician I thank them all for heir endeavors. But that's not he cure Doctor Billy is pre-cribing for all you bored, lone-y, dissatisfied, and jaded fur raders. What we need is a good rebal flucking delivered from he mouth of a punk rock sailor of distant hores! So, ladies and gentlemen (I use both hose terms loosely) here's my valentines gift oo you... Mr. Blag Dahlia of the dwarves!!!!

Billy: First off since this is the month of romance let's just say you're cupid for a day... if you could stick your magic arrow into anyone or thing, who/what and where

Blag: Self inflicted masturbation is sex with one I respect and care for very much. entally, what's your little sister up to

That does the mighty Blag look for in a

neone who isn't my mom. Is Blag Dahlia a romantic?

What is the most romantic lyric that Blag Dahlia has written?
Demonica" and "Dairy Queen" are probably

the two, maybe "Over You".
What music or sounds do you like to have in the background to set the mood for romance? The Mills Bros., Martin Denny, Mazzy Star. Have you ever got it on with someone dressed up as Snow White? If so, did either of you worked?

iny sammer vacation.

Ok, so now we know a bit about Blag the romantic, let's talk about Blag the artist. The dwarves have been doing their dirty work for

group/ hit machine. Wha this amazing occurrence:

We got real help with the producti Valentine, Brad Cook, the Greedy Bra Oliveri, it was a group effort.



ing coming to Vancouver?

ing coming to Vancouver?
We are making another album now. It shoul be out by this time next year. More genr warping gentus from the greatest band you'v never heard of.
When the moon hits your eye like a big pize

pie, is that really amore?
Yes, I'm Italian. We enjoy violence, our cock are big and we can sing.

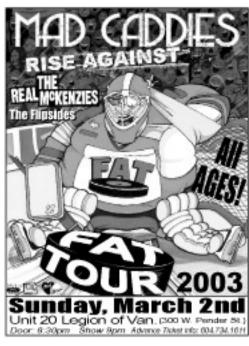
are big and we can sing. Finally, when we last spoke in person you gave me the musical advice, "We must hang on to what we've got." Do you have any musi cal advice for all the young lovers, such a myself, out here in Canada?

mysety, out neight nathaux, and the same and same good intentions. Don't forget to check www.thed warves.com for all the new shit.

So there yah have it kiddies and just for yo information, my little sister is doing just fir singing for The Rumours and I hope Bl chistle while you worked?

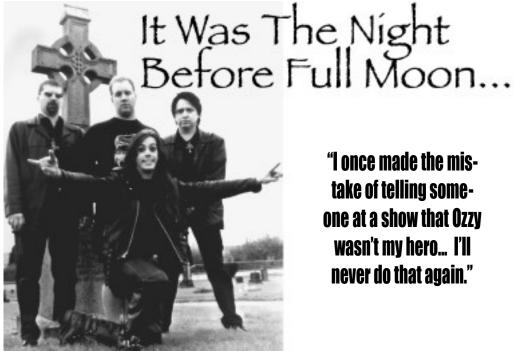
If have to file that away under things to do on of this drivel I call hopelessness.











"I once made the mistake of telling someone at a show that Ozzv wasn't my hero... I'll never do that again."

"Well it sure isn't rve anymore," says Sack Blabbath front man, Denton Booth, on his current favorite vice, during an interview outside of the Cambie, on Friday night. Apparently, the last time he partook in a little of the Canadian Club, he woke up after a night at the Astoria with only the random memories of everyone laughing at him. Or was it with him? As it is, the current reigning King of Karaoke, at the Cobalt, has his hands full with beer and the art of puking while singing (don't even get him started). While his Sack Blabbath colleagues, guitarist Tony McLauchlin, bassist Roger "Geezer" Smith, and drummer Colin "Bill" Furness, all have ladies in their lives: Booth is a "free bird" and therefore, the life of the party. And make no mistake Sack Blabbath is a pretty good party to be a part of; their sound is a calculated homage to Sabbath-through-the-years, including Dention's charming pride in his ability to sound like Ozgy, Ronnie James Dio, or lan Gillan, depending on the shots you buy him while he's on stage.

Nerve: Do you have a mission?

BOOTH: When I take the stage, I'm like the captain. I'm in charge of everyone getting crazy. I don't worry about my health: I entertain drunks and revelers. I set the bar. I have to attempt to drink more, swing my hair more and run around like a buffoon more than everyone else.

more than everyone else.

NERVE: 'es, but have you ever snorted ants off a sidewalk?

BOOTH: [Laughs] No...should I try it now?

NERVE: I dare you.

Booth: Let me have a few more beers first...

Nerve: Don't tease. Seriously though, don't you wish you were

NERVE: You don't fantasize that you're actually his bastard

BOOTH: No. I once made the mistake of telling someone at a BOUTH: No. I once made the mistake of telling someone at a show that Ozzy wasn't my hero, and I'll never do that again. NERVE: What...Ozzy's too famous now for a little respect? DENTON: Well, now he's just... a used tea bag, you know? But it's all about his legacy...
NERVE: Yeah, yeah, You know there's a New Jersey band

called Sack Blabbath?

called Sack Blubbath?
BOOTH: Oh yeah. They emailed us hate mail. They were like 'We were on People's Court, because they were having troubles with their publicist, and they were like, 'We are Sack Blabbath, and we've toured New Jersey and New York and the Tribeca

NERVE: Oooh, big words.

BOOTH: Yeah. We emailed them back saying Geezer was at our barbeque and to fuck off.

NERVE: So do you have anything to say about other Sabbath

cover bands?
BOOTH: Fuckin'way to go. I don't know. Fuck you, I'm drink-

ing. The sooner you get over caring the better.

NERVE: What about Son of Sabbath? Are they giving you the

NEKVE: What about Son of Sabbath? Are they giving you the runs from your booze?

BOOTH: I haven't heard them, but certainly I expect that they're quite good. but the singer can't compete with my ener-gy, which just solidifies that we rule.

NERVE: What makes you guys so special?

BOOTH: We play songs from the other lead singers of Sabbath,

BOO1H: We play songs from the other lead singers of Sabbath, like Dio and Gilman. Dio is a Hamlet. He's got a crazy voice, and nasty British teeth.

NEKVE: So, do you have to change your voice?
BOO1H: Sure, totally... I never knew how to sing so high [until Sack Blabbath]. I started as a guitar player. But everyone we

ever interviewed for singers sucked, so the next thing I knew I

NERVE: How did you perfect singing high, if it's not natural

had a lot to do with it. When I first started, I couldn't stand Dio. Now, though, I've received a good schooling, and he's just got a crazy voice. Fans are always happy to hear his songs...I think I spire to be the Rich Little of vocals

aspire to be the kitch. Little of Vocals.

NERVE: Do you remember the first time you heard Ozzy?

DENTON: I was eight and I heard their album Paranoid. The songs Electric fun, and Iron Man. Those songs were WAYbetter than Saturday morning cartoons. [Black Sabbath] and Led Zeppelin 4., [Black Sabbath] Was just totally groovy, and jumped around, with all those weird guitar riffs... I still get excited about that, I've just learned to have better control over my

Wigging.

NERVE: What's playing in your car stereo right now?

BOOTH: The Joint Chiefs. I know, I know...I listen to my own

NERVE: Seeing as you're in two original bands (Chiefs and Puck-Crew were you at all reticent to sign up for this gig?
BOOTH: No, not at all. I mean, sure I was worried I was going to embarrass myself. . I feel sort of like I bought into blue chip stock, signing up with this band [before the media]. At the time,

I saw it as a challenge. NERVE: Why? Why do you do the cover band?

BOOTH: Hell yeah [It's out of love]. It's about just doin'it. So many of my friends are in music, or publicity, or creative enterprises. It really takes a drive to do it continually.

NERVE: Did they put you through the ringer, during audi -

tions?
BOOTH: No, not really. It was sort of like being under a microscope, but they pretty much hired me on the spot, which was great. But I think they had a few really bad auditions. There was great. But I think they had a few really bad auditions. I here was this one guy who looked like the singer from Queensryche. They were really excited that he'd sound like the singer from Queensryche, but he. _pretty much. _sucked.

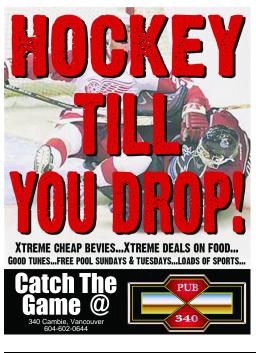
NERVE: Times up! Any last words?

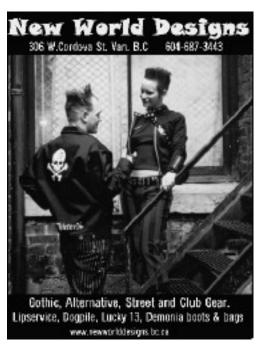
BOOTH: Mfphlumphshum ...ddrink... frumplyshlump...

party... fmrrpyhsyd.

You can check out Sack Blabbath at the Astoria, on February 7h. Be there or be square. How hard of a decision is that?

pic: courtesy of Sack Blabbath







IF YOU CAN'T BE NAKED

Fashion... Nerve Style by Niki Graham



k, there are a few key fashion pieces that every rock hoe must have—pieces that won't just be disposable in a year or appear on anyone's stupid "out" list. With so many sales happening around town right now, it's a good time to grab these eight fashion essentials that guarantee you'll take home the guitar player and nor the roadie

fashion essentials that guarantee you'll take home the guitar player and not the roadie.

1. Sexy black heels are always the right shoes to shake your ass in on a Saturday night. John Fluevog on Granville Street has mastered the art of decadent footwear. Nothing tops the feeling of Fluevog leather wrapped around your toes. I suggest the sharply pointed, black slip-on pumps called "Broadway," which are on sale right now for a measty \$89.

2. Never, ever (or at least rarely) should one buy a new leather jacket, because the world is full of amazing second-hand coats that fit nice and snug... just like extra large condoms on my bolyfriend! True Value Vintage (located at 710 Robson) always carries an abundance of gor-

cutta rage contours on my obsymenterine Three varieties (located at 710 Robson) always carries an abundance of gorgeous vintage coats that range in price from \$30 - \$150.

3. There's something so fun about undies with decals. It doesn't matter that nobody (or, for some of us, everybody) will know that you have a picture of a prehistoric woman holding two tigers resting near your own precious kitty. If yist fun, that's all. Find them for \$21.95, at Cheap Thrills, another Granville Street

4. For the year ahead, every girl deserves at least one kinda expensive, sexy dress. It should be a reliable item that is guaranteed to blow away even the headliners. One of my favorite stores, The Block (located at 350 West Cordova) is owned by two foxy ladies and has an impressive selection of dresses. I like the sassy burgundy number from Betsey Johnson, 'cause it has a modern burlesque feel and is on sale for \$219.

5. Hats are more heroic than Spiderman when it comes to helping a girl through rough hair days. The best bets for spring are Erin Templeton's reconstructed Erin Templeton's reconstructed vintage leather hats, which are a cross between jockey caps and 1960s Pucci stewardess hats. They can be found for \$125 at Eugene Choo (3683 Main Street).

 On the right girl with the right haircut, the studded belt the right harrout, the studded belt is still the toughest rock and roll accessory around. The Rock Shop, a Vancouver institution that has endured for 30 years, carries a ton of colours (all for \$32.95) but who cares when they come in bubble gum pink? 7. Heidi Schmidt (owner



New World Design on Cordova) makes black, red and white

New World Design on Cordova) makes black, red and white plaid armbands that sell for \$18. They fit snugly and add a pinch of flavour to any dish.

8. And yes, the neck should always be adorned, whether it be with a thinestone choker or beautiful flowers or a pair of lips. Both New World Design and The Block have some corrections again. gorgeous gems.

Lastly, the most important item of all is the sleazy sleepwear you slip out of before you cuddle up to the gorgeous guitar player who is passed out in your bed!





Hell's Belles: These Cirls Cot a Rhy

by Sarah Rowland

Tribute bands have come a long way. There was a time when ripping off respected indierock acts like The Pixies and Guided by Voices was considered a rock n'roll sacrilege, and Voices was considered a rock n'roll sacrilege, and cover bands paying homage to metal monsters were strictly kept within the confines of suburban bar circuits — not so anymore. In the last year, the trib ute band scene has shattered the traditionally accepted norms of ABBAimitators at the Vogue and Nearly Neil at wedding receptions.

Leading the pack in this new phenomenon is AC/DC tributes. Almost very corner of the developed world has a version of Australia's greatest export, from Chile's Ballbreaker to Scotland's Bon's Balls. But with so many out there, how is one to know which AC/DC band has the biggest balls of them all?

them all?

Well, that's actually a trick question, Well, that's actually a trick question, because one of the hottest AC/DC bands right now is Seattle's Hell's Belles, an all-female salute to those about to rock. Selling out clubs up and down the coast, the ladies have been winning over anti-tribute music puritans one fan at a time and, in some cases, converting non-AC/DC fans — if such a thing exists.

"I never though I'd be flown around to

"I never though I'd be flown around to places to play and get my picture in magazines for being somebody else," says lead guinarist Adrian Connor, from a friend's house in Portland. "I always thought that it would be for playing my own music. It's cool, you know. It's better than nothing."

Unlike the rest of her band-mates. Unlike the rest of her band-mates, Connor wasn't born a dichard AC/DC fan Over time she has developed an appreciation for the thunderstruck sound of the Young brothers. Whereas, her predecessor (and Hell's Belles co-founder), Amy Stolzenbach always had a bond with the blues guitar hellions from down under.

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cracked wide open. Portland got in on the action with the Miss U's, a Stones cover band and Live Wire, honouring those dirty bastards from L.A., Motley Crue.

"I wasn't really keeping track of that," admits Johani. "Our focus wasn't necessarily to ride some cover band wave. We were just doing it because it was a great idea. Ultimately, cover bands have always existed. You can't get on a cruise ship without seeing some cover band."

Well, The Belles don't have to worp laying along side Kathie Lee Gifford on a Carnival Cruise any time soon. In fact, they are in such high demand that Connor (who replaced Stolzenbach two years ago) has relocated to Austin, lexas and gets flown in to shows. Proving her talent as a by-Young-ualist, Connor started out playing the part of Malcolm. But when Stolzenbach left to pursue other projects (including auditioning for Wes Borland's spot in Limp Bizkit.) Connor stepped up to fill in her private schoolboy uniform.

"I basically copy everything he does, except for these little tiny sections of a solo where I just kind of make it up, because I can't copy it," says Connor about playing the role of Angus. "It's too crazyt to copy. They're just such small sections that people don't notice them, so they think I'm playing the exact thing when I'm not really. Well, I kind of amd I'm kind of not."

"I take Brisbois, who took over Malcolm's rhythm section, duplicating AC/DC's well-crafted noise pollution presented the same kind of challenges. It didn't take her long to figure out how complex AC/DC's seemily effortless yower-chord songs truly are.

"I wish that I could have a quarter as much talent as he has," she says of her idol. "After breaking down the songs and trying to learn them, I realized he is not by any means doing anything Orrny, I'm in the front and

"I think it makes guys horny, I'm in the front and they're grabbing at me. AC/DC is just like so horny and hard and fun. I mean it makes me horny. I feel wild." Adrian Conner

"It reminded her of when she was little," says lead singer Om Johari about Stolzenbach. "She's from Ohio and her parents are really reli-

"She's from Onto and her parents are really religious. I mean, her dad's a pastor, and when she brought Highway to Hell home, her mother would." It elt in the kept it— so she had to take it back. Fast forward to 2000, and the problem child from the Buckeye State grew up to be a rippin'gutarist in her own right, playing in various. Struth, bands, Schemberback, areasohed Labori, a pin guitarist in ner own right, paying in various scattle bands. Stolzenbach approached Johari, a kick-ass take-no-shit singer, who was also very busy with other bands, about starting a side project together. When the two met for coffee to discuss possible ideas, she asked Johari what her favorite bands were growing up. Johari didn't know it then, but she was being tested. There was only one right

but she was being tested. There was only one right answer.

"At the time, I thought she was just trying to gage what kind of music and what kind of
rock I was into," says Johari on the phone from her
Seattle home. "Now that I think about it, she sort of
had a little glint and I thought it was just that I was
on the right track. Then she was like, "what would
you think if we started an all female AC/DC cover
band?"

band?" So much for their "little side project." Even before their first show, there was a buzz in Seattle and it wasn't from the coffee. Their timing couldn't have been better, either. Shortly after they started playing around town, the tribute band scene

easy. He's very difficult to emulate and it's made me appreciate him even more. But I've always thought that he was one of the most underrated guitar players, not just a rhythm guitar player but as a guitar player in general."

Unfortunately for Brisbois, she came on

Unfortunately for Brisbois, she came on board after The Belles had met the real AC/DC. Johari remembers what it was like two years ago backstage at the Tacoma show when she, Stolzenbach and bassist Mandy Reed came face-to-

Stolzenbach and bassist Mandy Reed came face-to-face with their mirror images.
"For me it was totally surreal," recalls
Johari. "It was really cool, because we were all standing in front of our perspective member. It was like 'I'm you and I'm you', and Malcolm was like, 'Well, you guys are much cuter than we are."
Not only are the girls cuter, but it's no secret that the giants of hard rock are actually runts.
"When I huezed him Malcolm! he was

secret that the giants of nard rock are actually fulls "When I hugged him [Malcolm], he was so small and he had on these little-boy Wranglers on," coos Johari in a voice women reserve for talking to their cats. "He's got these tiny little hands. He's like a horse jockey. He's like, so small, you just want to cuddle him and make him suckle your titty."

Speaking of titties, The Belles admit that the novelty of chicks that Shoot to Thrill on stage is a wet dream for some guys. But for Conner making suburban middle-aged inbreds cream their jeans is

all in a day's work.
"I think it makes guys horny," says

Is Cot a Rhythm!

Conner. "I'm in the front and they're grabbing at me. AC/DC is just like so horny and hard and fun. I mean it makes me horny. I feel wild. The music just pounds and I just want to go nuts and that's kind of my job, so I'm glad it makes me do that."

Initiate (last fourines and r just wain to go meas auxiliary that's kind of my job, so I'm glad it makes me do that."

While "Shook Me All Night Long" guitar solos might get Connor aroused on stage, ris rare that The Belles will actually indulge in fan fucking. However, there was an incident in Denver last summer, when they couldn't resist the temptation to exploit two groupies, in true rock star fashion. The Belles took the two starfuckers back to their hotel room and made the lovesick chumps prove their loyalty by prancing around wearing nothing but Hell's Belles garings. The Belles then proceeded to ignore their be-thonged devotees, and instead carried on with their nightly routine, taking off their make-up and crawling into bed, making no moom for their guests. In the morning, the poor defeated admirers were gone.

"It was the verirdest thing," adds Lisa. "Granted, we treated them the same way that women have gotten treated over the years. We just wanted to see how far that we could go with it. But nobody was interested in sleeping with these guys."

As far as any stigma still attached to playing cover songs for a living. The Belles haven't encountered any flack from other musicians who are struggling to make their living

with original music. And besides, Johari says not many people have the balls to judge them for playing cover songs.

"They know better. If you've ever seen a show, you would never step to any of us with criticism. You'd probably keep it to your-self. This ain't no Sleater-Kinney, now."

You probably shouldn't try to pit her band against other all-girls AC/DC bands either.

band against other all-girls AC/DC bands either.

On the topic of the alleged rivalry between The Belles and two other all-female AC/DC tribute bands in California, Johari declares, "Fuck that! Let's like mix match the bands and let's just have a big old party. People seem to not be able to exist without negativity in their life. So when it's like females, it's like how can we get this like mud-wrestling thing out of the girls. You got George Bush and all those other motherfuckers to do that shit. We're the little people. We're the ones who need to plant the seeds of positivity."

She's not as intimidating as she sounds, but she does have one rule when she plays: men have to make room for ladies who want to come up front. She'll even stop a show and direct guys who are blocking a girl's view to step back.

"We won't play the song until they fucking move," she says. "I just remember going to see Jane's Addiction one time. "Summertime Rolls'is like one of my favorite

songs and I just really wanted to get to the front just for that song. And it was like guys were giving the elbows left and right. And I was like, this is fucked up. If I mever in a band, I'm going to make sure all the ladies get to the front."

Alas, both ladies and gents will have to wait another month until they can see Johan and her bitches rock a Vancouver stage, because they're trying to crack the last Coast market and break in their new drummer, Janet Trares. They are also making a conscious effort to strike a balance between their original music projects and Hell's Belles, to avoid tribute band burnout.

For the meantime, they are still having a blast paying homage to one of the greatest guitar rock bands of all time. "We're all stoked," Johari enthuses. "We're living off of our music... actually, we're living off of AC/DC's music, and the great thing its, they don't mind!"

Sarah Kowland (At press time, the date for the next



The Ramores

kamores formed from the ashes of local punk bands he McCrackins. Blue Collared Bullets and The Bitchin Cowpunk Massacre. Comprised of Joey who not only sounds enough like him but bares an meanny resemblance to a young Joey Ramone), kicky on guitar, Robbie on bass and Billy (the Kid and the Lost Boys) behind the drums, last names all 172 Ramone's of course. Their shtick, besides having all 172 Ramones songs in their repetoire, seems to be looy falling off tables, bleeding and breaking things; a so a myone who's seen their annual Hallowen gig at the Pic will know. "We do the Ramones circa 1978 - the alcoholic crackhead erawe bring that spirit back, not this cleaned up Ramones of the 90's... and we could kick the crap out of those Sedated guys," quoth Joey Ramore when asked what he had to say for himself.

Cowboy TexAs

Wrathchild, Calvin Klown and Clive Burrito Enough said? Fuggedaboudit.



Live Wires

Ants Invasion & New Town **Animals**

Jan. 25, 2003

It's great to see a tribute band who goes all out to make their act and costumes look the part they're playing, and Ants Invasion do just that and more. Fully decked out in their NewWave pirate warrior outfits, they had the tapered vinyl pants, loose fit-ting blouses, skull belts, war paint, etc. These guys apparently spent thousands of American dollars to make their 'antwear' look authentic and Seattle's version of 'Adam'does, and sounds incredibly authentic as well. They reproduced every aspect, from fake British accents, dual drummers for that big. cacophonous native beat sound and even the goofy way Adam used to prance around the stage back in the day, before he checked himself into the loony bin. They played hits, they played misses, they did "Goody Two Shoes" and "Ant Music". I danced like a drunk en asshole, it was great but I couldn't help but wonder how any of the original band members ever managed to get laid, prancing around like gay pirates.

The night was also the landmark 'last Vancouver show ever' of local pop punk band New Town Animals. These boys know how to go out in style, and played, well, like it was their last show. They ran around the stage like a bunch of freaks on amphetamines, making those cute little New Town Animal faces they always make. Another one bites the dust...

The Dirtmitts, Speed to Kill

@ The Royal Hotel Jan. 10th,2003

"What the hell are YOU doing at such a mainstream rock gig, inquired a high school chum I bumped into upon entering The Royal that fateful night. The Straight had run a piece on Speed to Kill that piqued my curiosity because their singer talked about how the band ook like Gucci models who gave

it all up for the music" but gave no indication of their sound. So naturally, I wanted to go check them out but couldn't make it to their headlining show @303 Live the prior evening. The confusion started for me here. Firstly, there were 4 dudes on stage & I believed them to be a quintet including keyboards. Then they started up & were rather cute but I couldn't really figure them out. I'm all for diversity within a group or songs even, but they were all over the place & I couldn't focus. About 3 ongs in, the keyboardist showed up fashionably late (ex models after all) further adding static. I dunno, I didn't really get it, maybe if I saw them again I would but I was scratching

my head.

I don't believe I've actually seen The Dirtmitts before but was curious 'cuz I'd heard good things. From the first few bars I knew I was in trouble. I could just sense they weren't gonna get any faster. They were so fucking mellow and really pretty sounding in that chick rock sorta way but sooo not my bag. I went out to smoke.

I walked in through the outdoor & asked the girl selling Buds out of an ice filled trough when The Royal closed 'cuz I thought it was early. "Oh no, we're open 'til 2am. There's a DJ... have you ever heard of 99.3 The Fox? DJ so-and-so's spinning tonight." Oh joy. A friend of mine had met me down there & paid \$8 to get in (I was on the list thanks to The Nerve) & we couldn't find anything else going on in the paper so we decided to brave it. If you think The Fox usually plays shite music, well the shite we heard was sub-par to their play list at its worst. The shit was so rancid and I've blocked it out. We distracted ourselves with a very sloppy game of pool. Soon my pal went to get a drink and I gotta tell ya, I've been to many gigs, pubs etc. alone but I actually felt like prey. There were so many greasy, horny dudes and it was not safe to look anywhere-DON'T MAKE EYE CONTACT! As a fairly foxy female I've grown accustomed to a bit of staring but this honestly made me feel unsafe, so we left. I don't think it was the fan base of



either band. I think it's The Royal's usual Friday scene and all I can think is what a waste. It was the weirdest night out I've had in a very long, long, long time.

Casev Cougar

Henry Rollins Spoke Word

Sat, January 11th, 2003

As Henry Rollins mounted the stage,

he glowed with a wide smile. Nothing of the bitterness that he puts in his diaries came across onto the stage. Rollins was appreciative and just a happy guy telling stories that he thought were funny. The person that he constructs in his writings is a man tortured by life who blocks off spots in his schedule to crack a joke The "Machine of Intensity" that may be familiar to Rollins Band fan doesn't come across at all as he speaks. Throughout the show Rollins poked fun at himself admitting that he's a pussy that tours to avoid his life. It was obvious that the idea of his own mortality had humbled Rollins and made him calmer and more open to humour. He spoke of the deaths of punk rock legends Joe Strummer and Dee Dee Ramone like he was entertaining guests. Rollins snoke like a star struck kid access pass. While he told his stories it became obvious that Rollins does-n't cultivate celebrity for the sake of fame but to do the things children dream of. Meeting his heroes appeared to be the biggest thrill in his life besides performing. The inno-cence that Rollins put on display

made him very likable and entertain ing. The skull crushing guy that refers to people simply as "motherfuckers" was tame and just out to

Rollins was confident and interesting even doing impressions and observational humour without his former contempt for humanity. His performance was reminiscent of a very relaxed stand-un comedian Henry Rollins' spoken word performance refreshed an interest in Rollins that had been fading after he began to dip so far into self-parody. As Rollins reminded the audience, it is only the beginning of the tour. He reassured us that a hundred and fifteen shows from now his bitterness will return and he will be so introspective that he will be able to tell us what his own spit tastes like.

Matt Whalley

Alcoholic White Trash **Gallow's End Johnny Sizzle**

@ the Astoria Jan. 17th, 2003

Johnny Sizzle, if you haven't seen him before, actually works at the Cobalt/Astoria. He did a solo acoustic set that for some weird reason reminds me of Canadian teenag er TVlike Degrassi High with funny lyrics, wicked costumes, a slightly annoying voice (I think that's done on purpose) and really weird music that is almost ska-ish with a bit of metal type riffs. This night Sizzle was wearing a fake Mohawk and some strange make-up.

Gallow's End are from Victoria with a bass player originally from Nanaimo. G.E. remind me a lot of bands like At The Gates, Soil Vork and with vocals similar to Rob Urbanatti of Sacrifice. It was totally high quality melodic thrash death metalish type music. I think that they could and should have done more upbeat and faster stuff, but still they rocked Tight excellent musicianship from all members apparently, including Aaron Clark formerly of Severance and Left of Centre (here's

AWT headlined and did their usual awesome job of fast intense angry alcoholic punk rock. They mostly stuck to songs off their first CD but also played a few new tunes including a wicked metal song. I forgot to write down the title because I was too drunk and busy in the pit. I accidentally smacked my right hand against a table and seem to have a bit of nerve damage or something because... damn this is hard to type right now. Awesome show, especially with the mixed genre of bands, something that should happen as a rule, not an exception.

Stefan Nevatie

The Gung-Hos The Lazy Cowgirls **The Superbees**

roll? Anyone who hadn't heard of them might have been shocked to see

see Live Wires on p. 18

Holy Rock, It's Livewirepalooza!!!

step away from your TVand join 99.3 The Fox's Indie Night in Canada for some real reality. Yes folks, Livewirepalooza, the 14-week intense battle of the bands, is back!

contest, which began on January 29, presents 128 bands throughout 14 weeks at Studebaker's Cabaret, The Purple Onion, The Brickyard, and 303 Live. Each band is either kept in the race or thrown out on their ass. Four nights a week four bands take the stage and two bands walk away winners as they fight their way to become

away winners as they fight their way to become
the sole survivor.

On Wednesday nights at 303 Live,
fans can enjoy metal/heavy contenders,
Thursday's at the Purple Onion will have
pop/rock, Friday's at Studebaker' si sunk/ska,
and Saturday at the Brickyard is rock and roll.

"The band slots are decided by the
style of music, trying to keep the same genre on
the same night whenever possible so people will
know what to expect," said Kevin Angel the
publicist for Livewirepalooza. "This venue
arrangement is for only the first round. The second round will be different."
Sole Sixty Seven is one of the bands
playing this years competition and bassist Sean
Colig is not only looking forward to the exposure and amount of networking that
Livewirepaloca brings, but also in meeting all
the other bands. Angel also believes networking is im: Each band should also take this a
huge networking opportunity," said Angel.
"With so many industry folks being involved,

isten up chumps! It's time to step away from your TVand /join 99.3 The Fox's Indie tin Canada for some real real-Yes folks, Livewirepalooza, the veck intense battle of the bands, t. Which began on January 29, presents at the began on January 29, presents at the began on January 29, presents at the strict of the bands throughout 14 weeks at Studebaker's et, The Purple Onion, The Brickyard, and tive. Each band is either kept in the race wands take the stage and two bands walk winners as they fight their way to become le survivor.

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Side Sixty Seven is one of the bands is one aspect of many ways to have one me night whenever possible so people will what to expect, said Kevin Angel the cist for Livewirepalooza. "This venue men ight whenever possible so people will be different."

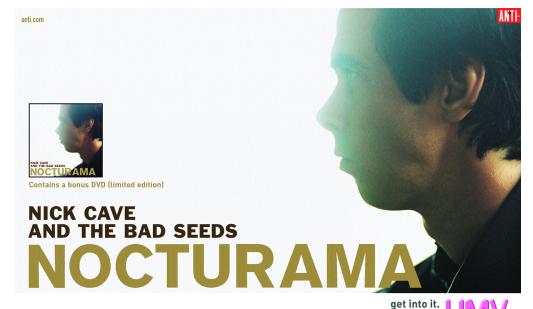
Side Sixty Seven is one of the bands is not only looking forward to the exposure will be different.

Side Sixty Seven is one of the bands ghis years competition and bassist Sean is not only looking forward to the exposure will be different.

Bands in the competition will be eighted the prizes are hefty and include: \$1,000 cash, an interview with Jeff O'Neil and folding the bands. Angel also believes network-important.

"Each band should also take this an etworking opportunity," said Angel, so many industry folks being involved, so many industry folks being invol





cont'd from p. 16

a bunch of short balding men instead of chicks with cowboy hats. As garage rockers from L.A., the Lazy Cowgirls took the Pic stage and proved that looks can be deceiving They plowed through a kick-ass set and were begged back for an encore even after they played one and they weren't even headlining. The four piece played material from almost all their releases and they even managed to pull off a couple acoustic songs without losing the rock crowd.

It seemed a tough act to follow, but Vancouver's Gung-Hos blasted them away playing louder and faster and raunchier. Their reaser guitarist, Joe , just exuded the kind of stage coolness that usually is accompanied by flying panties. With one leg on the speaker and leaning his guitar way out into the crowd, he looked good Meanwhile, front man Mike Roche, who just sweats dirty rock 'n' roll, let the diehards sing along into his crotch. Oh yeah, these guys are fucking great. They have the look, the sound and the attitude

Cowboy TexAss

S.T.R.E.E.T.S **Dissent** The Chafed

(a) The Astoria

Too bad I missed most of The Chafed's set, but what can you do. Apparently, it was their last show The Chafed reminded me a bit of Lupus but not as funny or (to some people) offensive. Musically, they were fast punk with a bit ska influ-

Dissent came on next and I think every time I see Dissent they sound better- tight, fast heavy angry hard core. Sean is a kick-ass front man who dives into the audience to get the pit going. Their current lineup is probably the best they've had in years. I couldn't help but notice the weird guy with the pink and blue robes go-go dancing and pretending to know the words He should be on stage. Afterward, I asked what his clothes were about and he said something about the effects of gravity and plants punishing him for wearing normal clothes. Dissent finished with their four Agnostic Front covers, including the cover of Iron Cross's

"Crucified." A bunch of us got to sing along on these last few songs. Awesome.

S.T.R.E.E.T.S came on next and the crowd was about as big as it was on New Year's Eve at the Astoria. Where the hell were all these people earlier? S.T.R.E.E.T.S. are old school fast skate punk with lots of obvious Iron Maiden influence (the double harmonized guitars) and some other stuff like old Suicidal Tendencies— excellent musicianship all around with lots of technical tasty riffs. One thing I thought was kinda strange, though, was how the crowd wasn't typical Cobalt/Astoria regulars and that a lot of them looked like extras from "That 70's show" or GAP ads or something, guys and girls with that cheesy messy feathered hair. I don't care what people look like, but apparently this is why cloning is illegal. Super intense gig, and I think S.T.R.E.E.T.S. should play at the Cobalt/Astoria more

Stefan Nevatie

Frog Eyes, The **Battles**

Pat's Pub Sat., Dec. 21, 2002

I think Frog Eyes might be the next big cult thing. No, seriously. (Frog Eves, you're thinking, I know, same reaction when I saw "Thicke" the album by the son of the Growing Pains guy. Horrible.) Get past it. I don't really know anything about music, so I look for the Sign o'the Times. First, my grouchy roommate likes them-- This from the man who said he had "an okay time" at the Flaming Lips show. Secondly, there were lots of super hot stylish outfit matching girls and their Coquihalla highway haircut boyfriends fully getting down on the dance floor at Pats. Third, take it with a grain of salt, this young man looks like the real deal. Mr. Frogeyes himself, probably tor-tured in highschool endlessly, is an excellent singer. However, interestingly, he chooses not to sing but instead subject his audience to a series of yelps, howls, and wails, the magnitude of which has not been seen since Frank Black in the early days, or maybe more like Issac Brock and Modest Mouse. This isn't giving his band enough credit, though. The band did actually seem to know what they were doing meandering through abstracts and

then suddenly closing it up like a suture, with a flourish. ("That will be all, Dr. Benton. Could you hand me my beer?") I wish I went to Music School, if the results were like this From the plebes point of view though, good portions of the show were pretty fucking monotonous and the erratic drumming was irritating. It was kind of like a foreign movie that way, ninety percent of bores you to sleep, and then for no reason you're crying, or shouting out loud in the theater and saying in Portuguese "Eu! Eu tambien Jhuninhia!!!!" a maniac, and realize that everyone else is doing the same thing.

As for the Battles...

they were super. I loved their catchy songs and organ playing. And really when it comes down to it, it's their ep that I'll be buying at Red Cat Records. But what do I know. This is my advice: Don't drink so much, and next time when your torn about whether or not to spend your Safeway grocery money on a band or not, spend it on the band. Things are looking up in Vancouver

Rachel Guy





80 Proof Yob Give'r 'Till She Quiever! 80proofyob.com

"" don' 'need conversation. I Just want to get it out". You can't get anymore fuckin Nouthern out." You can't get anymore fuckin Nouthern than that It's been a while since a well made, no bullstin; whiskey soaked, nock of roll album hit the streets outh Naconover. It's 8 no facility in refreshing to hear a hand such as 80 Proof Yoh show that we can have a good line without the facility antitude. This is a sweet release, reminiscent of ACIDC, Nashville Passy, and Southern Culture on the Skids. These wife-beater wearn truckers pound away on their guitars and put smiles on kids' faces. Get this record!

Aller Floyd

Atomic 7 ...Gowns by Edith Head Mint Record

Hailing out of Hogtown, Atomic 7's surf-esque induced cuts are pure icing on the cake. Compared remotely to The Ventures or even The Shadows and with the style of a Sergio Loose film, Atomic 7's brand of 'sandin jour flexich face' lounge anthems are perfect for all. Listening to them brings bock the groovy feel of life and sense of time, when it was sight to jout chillar and dimt. until the style of the s

Sanctuary Records

About the only thing I like about this album is the title. The title track is also about the only song I can even get into. Biohazard are good musicians with excellent production on the album, but the with excellent production on the album, but the distribution of the album, but the control of the production of the album, but the production of the album, but the control attack of the production of the album, and the overall attacked of this gener is really what bugs me the most, the whole tough guy thing over to of generic milk. Sure there's a lost of guest suppearances by people such as Roger Miret of Agonsic Frortu, but it doesn't make that any better of the production of the shole rappearances by people such as Roger Miret of Agonsic Frortu, but it doesn't make that any better of the production of the shole rappearances by people such as Roger Miret of Agonsic Frortu, but to doesn't make that any better of the production of the shole rappearance by people such as Roger Miret of the whole rappearent and the short of the shole rappearance when the short of the

Brothers Of Conquest All the Colours of Darkness Go-Kart Records

Dong meets T0's ern Judas Priest and AntiSeon.

I like the metal and rock speecs of this dies, but
that southern neck towang Duarig vocal thing is
just a bit annoying. "Kill for Rock and Roll" is
just a bit annoying. "Kill for Rock and Roll" is
just a bit annoying. "Kill for Rock and Roll" is
just a bit annoying. "Kill for Rock and Roll" is
just a bit annoying. "Kill for Rock and Roll" is
related to the control of the Witch" and "Monster
rectaor". Generally, the faster more upbeat stuff
rocks and the slower tracks are a bit too cheesy for
new, but net out it avoid rush out to buy. If they
would like it better. But, overall, a pretty kick ass
album.

Dan Potthast Sweets and Meats Asian Man Records

Do you like appropriated reggae beats and enthu -siastically strummed acoustic guitars? If so, this

new release is sure to please! You can find it at your local record store in the Adult Contemporary for Aging Punks section.

Go Kart Records.

Short, hiter and so the point, their longest song clecks in at me go're Centurymedia.com good clecks in at me pec? 2 minutes and 5 seconds. That Gene is say much about their music doesn't say much both their music doesn't say much either. At least hey re not singing about grist and hijst school— or are they? I can't make out the words. I'm so tried of that fixing polab beat, alt must his shit. It's bringing me right back to grade 8 when every need the contract of the state of the s

Death From Above

Heads Up Ache Records

Hailing out of Higdown, Atomic 7's surf-eque induced cits are pare king on the cade. Compared and with the style of a Sergie Losen film, Atomic 7's brand of 'sand in your fuckin' face' loung and with the style of a Sergie Losen film, Atomic 7's brand of 'sand in your fuckin' face' loung anthems are perfect for all. Listening to them brings back the groovy feel of life and sense of time, when it was sight to just thinks and drink martins at Trader Vics.

Aller Floyd
VIA
Billy 'Idanue Che.
Bad title, cheesy tatto oart, but a really good compilation from Hepcat Records (se a promo for their work or believe to the strength of the stre

When I saw the record label Asia Man records, I thought maybe some Asian goys were going to 19 and 1

Matt Whalley
Good Clean Fun
Postively Positive 1997-2002
Equal Vision

Equal Vision

Good Clean Fun will remind you of Sunday school. They fell you what you should do then claim they are being positive. The album is full of chanting about heir go soitive while people's was centrely wrong. If the stories told on this album were sandwiched between a week creation myth and a few revealants it closels like Good Clean Fun were taking as that writing the blibe. Each song addresses a factitious "you" that is in one way or another harming themselves or others with their actions. It's timing to here this constant enunciation another harming themselves or other with the stander that the standard of the standard themselves to the standard themselves are the standard that the pains of a positive attitude. The band doesn't talk bout how they live their lives without needing something to compare themselves to. The music depends on this outside force and is bound by it. When It R. from Bad Brinaris talks about keeping show the Wart Al Muttalo, he is acting alone and talking about his own life. He is not

can find it at dependent on anyone but himself to make his point. Good Clean Fun lays down their commandments and manage to always choose the negative to show how positive they really are.

Matt Whalley

Grave
Back from the grave
Centurymedia.com

Nuclear Blast Records
If The Scorpions and Europe facked in the 80's, their offspring would be Sweden's HammerFall.
Flattery or a reason for abstroat? HammerFall.
Flattery or a reason for abstroat? However the state of the sta

Sick Of It All
Let us and the leaving the

Nate Ashley The Darker Corners of Your Heart Left Handed Label / Knw-Yr-Own

Nate Ashloy has the voice of an angel, but not in that untimely deceased sally missed only one ablum released kind of way. This is his fourth album; I haven't heard any of the others, but now think! I want think! I want to My only objection is with the words be writes to accompany his sad sad songs. Nate's voice is no pretty that he could sing about taking a shit and it would sound romantic, so the sentimental nature of some of his lyrics is a bit redundant. But hey, it's pop.

Janu Nelson

independent indepe

Sick Of It All



OFF THE RECORD

NeckBeerd

Stefan Nevatie

Independent

































the track titled: "Ecodyne Harmonic (demix)". But they seem more sad than ATD, more subtly angry, I. don't know, but that Just makes mes out of angry too, and turned on. No, seriously, it just brings out low, and sold, and comfortable. It's easy music, in an understated way. Where At The Drive-In is sexy in a full-frontal way, Sparts is more about the something something. This is intellectual high school music. Okay, fine, college.

What's really fucking wicked is they recorded in Nancouver initially, as a warm up for the final project. Well, maybe it's not FUCKING wicked. Maybe it's just sort of neat.

Entity Kendy

Speed To Kill

Speed To Kill s/t Independent

Indepenses. Good shirt This 6 song cl (well, 5 and a remix) opens with a choppy, bouncy guitar similar to the intro of that Stokes song that everyone went starpid over last year, but with much more talented and needice vocals. The songs are well written, with pop sensibilities, good guitar with even a couple of country riffs. These guits have thiny progressed from (some of their) days in Saddleorers. Speed to Kill rock hand but these songs are polished enough that this will get rathor play for some. Conboy Texts Seneralist Rittle.

I've never liked Pantera, or any of the other stuff

The Liars

I've heard Phil Anselmo in. This is a little better than Pantens, slightly better riffs and drumming. A Particular street of the property of t

Emily Kendy The Blow

"These songs have a playground feel; some are made-up for entertaining oneself while leaning against the chain link at the far dego of the field, others are singing games where the notes get a rowenful. The part of singers or a roomful. The part of the singer of a roomful facts that you find in the bottom of your purse, the part of the part

Jenni Nelson

The Dirtmitts Get On Sonic Unyon

County of the property of the

Cowboy TexAss

I'm goma have to be a bastard and just be brutally honorat about this col. It's boring. Daill, yet distort red power chord and keyleard rock with oceasional "alternative rock' clean guistre plinkerings interludes and over processed, entontolies, repetitive, soft apoken vocals. The hand seem to almost grow a spine for the last track on the disc, but in all ruined with a much too long breakdown and the the word how's coughe of times during the last chorus. At least it's all radio friendly.

Control Textus

tigermountain analog heads gone french Lucky Cat Records

Trains records

Totalize have become one of my all time favourite bands in recent years. From Sweden, Totalizer play blistering Euro-Hardroore, which some call 'D-Beat nowadays, and they do it well. Sure, their Needish hardroor and punk influences such as Anti-Climes and Moh 47 are obvious, but good hands glean their influences. They don't exploit them. Now thanks to being a big Totalizer fan, 1 just had to listen to the other band on his split CD in part of the split of the split

Andy Gronberg Toxic Narcotic

What the fuck happened to this band!? I picked up their first 7" in 1989 and thought they sucked. They had that horrible distorted vocal thing going. I've never been able to stand hands that put the singer's voice through a freaking distortion pedal! I've i gnorred them since. Nowadays, Toxic Narcotic play excellent speedy D-Beat style hard-

core in the vein of bands like Deathfreat, Totalitar and a host of bands coming out of Western Europe and Japan. Lytestly, it would be self to say Toxic Narcotic have just a tiny little negative view on life and society. "We're all Donned", "We're Not Huppy" il You're Not Huppy" il You're Not Huppy" il You're Not Huppy "and you good of Silblinn Pepple Must Die" are just a couple titles. Pariah's or Messiah's, not too sure, but I do know this release will kick ya in the head!

guy who screams
s during the last
dly. Two Man Advantage
Don't Label Us
Gowboy TexAss
Go-Kart Records

tigermountain
autog heads gome french
Lucky Cat Records
These guys play rock. And not the kind that is
preceded by a qualifier, like indie or moustache or
preceded by a qualifier, like indie or moustache or
preceded by a qualifier, like indie or moustache or
preceded by a qualifier, like indie or moustache or
preceded by a qualifier, like indie or moustache
or or of my fare bands. Make hockey your
forming late seventies. On the maintaining the swagger
forming late seventies. On the maintaining the swagger
forming late seventies. On the maintaining the swagger
forming late seventies for face skalet lesh solots, he scores (Himn, 1
figure the goalie is drunk)!

Andy Growberg

Andy Growberg

The Digidal Me Moonshine

I heard a Mongoloid kid tapping the keys of a Moonshine

Yamaha home organ that made heavier music. Like the vast glut of techno, Uberzone's Digital Meis is a dispossable a spaties cutlery. The sample and the beats aren't fanny or interesting. If a Di recorded half ar an hour of dialogue from the Christian Network, they'd have two records worth of solid half ar an hour of dialogue from the Christian Network, they'd have two records worth of solid or scientists talking in stem voices that play-up an image of a dark techno laboratory where important isocoveries are made, but they don't use samples to brighten up the music or give them character, hey reju stut used to re-enforce a standard image of techno music. The album cover should have had a photo of frow gay fellows with sandard image of techno music. The album cover should have had been placed in Hedisiak or Master Jean-Paul in liner notes could have been written in German and there would be shout outs to other Dry his hed DDe Sade in Hedisiaki or Master Jean-Paul in Reykjavick. Uberzone goes half-way in constructing an image that, with a few sharp refinements, would make this album techno gold.

Mater Whalley



SKATE MENACE



Saturn Returns

Mark had decided to celebrate his birthday at the Cractpipe. Put the skate back in celebrate. I hadn't seen him in awhile so I came to say happy birthday, catch up on shit, eat food and drink brews. It was his thirtieth birthday. Mark told me about this astrological theory – the Saturn Return. Every 29 years Saturn returns to the same place as when you were born. Astrologers think that it causes great changes your next begins. Sounded like mid-life crisis, under the cover of new age mystique to me, but

anyway....

There were a lot of people there that I hadn't seen since last summer's bowl series. There were a couple of men's magazines floating around the table. I started discussing the mg around me taboe. I stanted discussing the Maxim Magazine layout of Christina Aguilera with some women. I had no problems with the tasteful pictures, especially with the gratuitous crotch shots... they, on the other hand, had some specific issues...

Char and her Dad sang some country Char and her Dad sang some country songs and there's nothing like listening to a Johnny Cash classic such as 'Ring of Fire' while skating. A song ended just as Mark's best run came to an end. Everyone launched into applause at the great coincidence. Skateboarding to live music is such a privilege. It reminded me of an old booze can called SUAVE that had a mini ramp. Bands would play on the deck of the ramp as skaters rode the

pipe. and her dad carried the music. She joined the and net dua carried use muste. She joined the session just as thing were hearing up. Steve ripped around the pipe; Nose picks on the bench, backside ollie to tail revert up the extension, and huge stylin frontside grabs. Don the Carver styled it up in cramped quarters with bert grinds on the extension and smooth lines. Troy was flowin around on the pipe with speedy backside 50-50's and ollie's onto the extension. Mark the Birthday Boy, was taking as many runs as he could possibly get. Even if he was completely out of breath he would still



drop in. I think he was determined to ride every second that he possibly could. "It's my party and I'll ride when I want to, grind if I want to, slide if I want to." Mark was floating frontside ollies and following up with backside grabs on to the extension. Steggles showed up after work and started to work the ramp; Cab feeble stall on the bench to 270 back in, followed up with some fast five - 0 grinds that were so close to the end of the ramp I thought he would fly off, back-

side nollie heel flip caught, - not flopped.

I busted myself shortly into the session so I nursed some beer and played with my new toy. I brought a small laser pointer to the ramp as some juvenile form of fun. No one else seemed to enjoy me shining this laser peace sign on everything and some people got pissed off. One person threatened my life, so I stopped.

If you want to have a skate event call Andy at the Cractpipe and set something up. The guys are happy to accommodate skate events and in turn you are helping to support the biggest indoor ramp in Vancouver. Or just head on down for a session, \$5 drop-in fee. Open 11AM -11PM

Dennis Regan



Victory Square and the VSPC

The dodo, the wooly mam-The dodo, the wooly mammoth, the street skater... all endangered species? Not so far in the distant past, when not every SUV-driving soccer mom knew what a krooked grind was, before skaters appeared in every ad from Telus to Corn Pops to Sprite, there were a firm when these them. there was a time when street skating was underground, and the opportunities were vast. As the popularity of skating has exploded, so has its profile, and for some time now citizens groups have worked with professional 'spot busters'and with City Fathers to try to curb (excuse the pun) the demon known as skateboarding. "It's not safe"... "my marble ledges have unsightly markings"...

the complaints go on.
Legitimate or not, street skating today is a much different beast, still

today is a much different beast, still possible but under constraints not known in the salad days.

One of the ways some skaters have been trying to rewrite the word on the streets is the old "if you can't beat "em".—you know the drill. For some time now, a plot project wherein the city builds certain 'legal' spots for skaters within the urban core in the hopes of keeping them off other undesignated its draws back (skating is about claiming that space as your own, without worrying about pidding details like permission or bylaws - freedom, basically) but, with all the tragically butsed spots in a once endless landscape of smooth ledges and rails, it is at least some sort of compromise. The Vancouver SkatePark Coalition has been lobbying to reclaim certain old street spots, and add other new ones as mini skateparks within the downtown core. Sites under consideration include Cooper's Park under the skateparks within the downtown core. Since singer consideration include Cooper's Park under the Cambie bridge, the Hot Spot at Andy Livingstone Park, Cathedral Park, and the tricky Victory Square.

The Vancouver SkatePark Coalition
The VSPC was founded as the Vancouver
Skateboarding Association (VSA) around 1994 with



the intent of lobbying for a large skatepark under the Burrard Bridge. In 1999, the VSA evolved into the VSPC in its current form, with a wider agenda of attempting to coordinate various issues relating to skateboarding in metropolitan Vancouver. Continuing to lobby for the long-overdue downtown park, it also began pursuing a large publicly-supported indoor park, working toward the legalization of skateboarding on the street, and lately discussing USA Roller Spott's unwelcome attempt to represent skateboarding regarding the Olympics. The current VSPC board, consisting of president Croy McInitye, vice-president Travis Cutler, treasurer/intern architect Derek Del and (D-Rock), and secretary Aaron Orlando, is particularly concerned with counteracting this skatestopping of natural street spots and promoting the creation of new spots elsewhere.

Victory Square
Despite the fact that people have been lobbying for some time, the work of the VSPC only seems to have popped into the collective civic consciousness since the Victory Square project get tentive approval from the City, At the forefront of reclaiming based street spots within Vincorvect, the set has a sketchy past. While it is not ideal, it is an area that the City would amorable to incovative ideas than they might be in a less contested space. Of course, there is the not-so-

minor concern of getting busted by dealers instead of cops, but we'll get to that in a Skate Spot moment.

Friends
The general effort to overhaul the park was catalyzed by the formation of the Friends of Victory Square interest group. Representatives from the Veterans, the adjacent VCC, the DIES Residents Ass in, Marceau-Evans and Pechet-Robb architects, police, the City and the Parks Board were meeting to plan an overall stategy for reactivating this somewhat with the "help-the three breath of the Parks Hoard three breath of the Parks Hoard three helps that you see now. Planner Michael Gordon heard about the initiative and mentioned it to Cory Melntrye and

and mentioned it to Cory McIntyre and Travis Cutler, who attended FOVS meet-ings to raise the idea of a skateboarding bench. Despite initially seeing the bench initiative as an awareness-raising exercise, manuve as an awareness-raising exercise, many meetings later the VSPC'rs were pleased to find that people were open to the idea.

pleased to find that people were open to the idea.

Barcelona bench
Acouple of different bench types were discussed before were discussed before were discussed before were decided to the property of the bi-level grantie-and-steel ones at the Sants train station in Barcelona, Spain. The bench was proposed to sit on a simple concrete slab with low retaining walls, nestled into the existing park as subtly as possible- a skate spot, not a skatepark. The City then commissioned land-scape architect leff Culter and skatepark designer Jim Barnum to execute the project, with them slightly enlarging the concrete and and proposing possiments. But here's where it gets more complex. All of the VSPC'rs had skateboarded downtown, and all of us had been by Victory Square, but none of us lived right nearby. We did not realize ments. But here's where it gets more complex. All of the VSPC'rs had skateboarded downtown, and all of us had been by Victory Square, but none of us lived right nearby. We did not realize the full extend of the drug trade in the park, bissically until we had already managed to procure the space. D-Rock's photographer friend the full drug shatation, and not warting to put kick in harm's way, the VSPC asked the city to put the project on hold until they left that they had agreement from city police that they would ensure skateboarders would be safe there.

The Current Situation

The Current Situation
So what do you do? Give up on precious, historic and
potentially great immer-tipy parks? Lobby for 9 years
and, having a site, not make use of it? That would
make the VSFC appear not to be serious about taking
make the VSFC appear not to be serious about taking
developed, and some kid were what thouring, got
offered part ("is so Hip Hop, yo?), and it was lued
with crack? There are no easy answers to this one.
Downtown police, including Inspector Dave Jones,
have been quite open and approachable on skateboarding issues. Despite the wend mit of skateboarding issues. Despite the word my offen the order
specialising with cops, there does seem to be commitment by police to keeping an eye on the bench
spot, although meetings are still ongoing. Should the
VSPC wat tuttl the square is offung-free for a year
before giving the OK to install the benches? In a perfect faintasy word, sure. In the real word, that might
never happen, so having some positive activity in the
square may cataluty ze some positive change. The
VSPC will support this mitiative under the conditions
that the police extendly police the park and keep it salts of that the police actually police the park and keep it safe for whoever skates there. As of right now, the VSPC,





the Police, and the City seem committed to working things out, and skate spot installation is tentatively slated for May.

The VSPC meets on the first Wednesday of every month at the Roundhouse Community Centre. Thanks to Chase BMX for hosting the VSPC website on their site for some time;a new freestanding web-site is currently under construction at

www.vspc.ca.

-D-Rock and Miss Kim. email us at downspace@telus.net



Iðin' shotgur

ittle did I know the subject of this month's column also produces an endeavour entitled "SHOTGUN". Just so everyone is clear on this: HE COPIED ME, REALLY I'm full of shit, actually - neither of us had any idea about this exciting cosmic parallel. Mr. DJTodd Tomorrow, if you don't already know, hosts an evening of 60's and 70's groovin's exy soul Saturdays at the Milk Bar (kind of like AuBar, but for hipsour Saturdays at the WHIK Bar (KING OF THE AUSAR; DUT OF INP per people), directly above the Lotus Lounge just off Pender, in that crappy area of town. Not only has Todd been Dling around Vancouver for many years, hosting other events such as the recent ska nights @ The Royal, he also drives a bitchin 'car. If it ain't a skoo-ter, it has to be a 1966 2-Door Pontiac

I must say that it takes guts to drive a car as big as my living room, not to mention a fair bit of talent. Parallel parking in Vancouver is difficult at the best of times but it is well near rocket science in a beast like this. When a car is this pretty, one doesn't mind going for a swim in the boat even if it means one doesn't mind going for a swim in the boat even if it means having to hyperxetend your arm as you lean across to open the passenger door. Talk about good cars to take to the drive-in.... Anyway, back to the car.

It's deep, metallic sky blue with a matching interior, and more stock than muscle power. Todd prefers it to remain in



its original state, with the factory-issue 283 Bulletproof (I wouldn't advise testing it) V8 engine still purring. Apparently, because of the 2-speed powerglide transmission in this baby, he can go up to 80 miles per hour in first gear. Drag racers have been known to seek out this specific tranny, loving the time saved by cutting out shifting lag time. Though he is doing his best to restore it, he says that get-ting parts are a bitch, "so if you happen to have an old one rusting on your apartment balcony, Todd hopes you'll give him a shout.

Toda nopes you it give him a snout. When I asked him about the most exciting thing that's happened in his car, he chuckled a bit and refused to give details. Can you blame him? Sadly though, he says that instead of being a chick magnet, it's more like a wino magnet. When he drives by, drunk guys are forever shouting at him about the identical cars they had back in the day.

With a name like Todd Tomorrow, you might expect him to say something philosophical about his ride, and sure enough, he did. "Hopefully the person driving it is way more interesting than the car." Amen to that. Let none of us define ourselves by such silly things tal. But dagnabbit, they sure are pretty hunks

as hunks of me







straight 8

THE BEST MOVIES OF 2002

25TH HOUR (Spike Lee)
An incredible journey through one man's love-hate relationship with the city he lives in and the things it made him do. Edward Norton delivers another flawless performance (it helps that he 's surrounded by an incredible supporting cast) in Spike Lee's stunning urban fable that announces Lee as a director that is nowhere near done saying what he has to say. The kind of movie that builds and builds upon itself until you feel you can't take anymore, when suddenly it pulls you to the brink, and simply let you go. The movie of the year.

and simply lets you go. The movie of the year.

THE RING (Gore Verbinski) and THE MOTHMAN PROPHECIES (Mark Pellington)
When metaphysical mumbo-jumbo like Signs
passes for a horror film these days, it's good to be
reminded that Hollywood can still churn out genundey effective creep-fests like these. A deserved
sleeper hit, Gore Verbinski's The Ring managed
to milk a sure-fire concept for all it was worth,
while continually ratchetting up the tension
through a coy use of horrific magery. The similarly paced Mothman (from Arlington Road
director Mark Pellington) managed to deliver
tighty-wound thrills (despite the presence of
Richard Gere) with the added bonus of an opening title card which simply reads "Based on true
events" which made the constant uncasiness
throughout the film all the more potent.

TROUBLE EVERY DAY(Claire Denis)
The only film this year that had me literally trembling as I emerged from the theatre, this is the first time Denis' wonderful imagery had seemed like it was actually in the service of something, in this case a grim story about overcoming one obsession to keep another out of harm's way.

DAGON (Stuart Gordon)
Adelirious, old-skool thriller from *Re-Animator* director Stuart Gordon. No other film left me with quite the giddy excitement this year of a creepy monster story well-told like *Dagon*.

PANIC ROOM (David Fincher) More thrills, this time from master stylist Fincher, a man who could not make a mediocre film if he was forced to by the Russian mafia.

was totect to by the Nussian main.

HELL HOUSE (George Ratliff)
The documentary of the year-a truly scary chronicle of a Texas Baptist church and their self-stylet
Halloween house of horros portraying the dangers of pre-martial sex, drugs and other fun
things. Director George Ratliff does an incredible
job of allowing the pairshioners to tell their story
without making them hook like completely delud-ed morons, and at the same time getting in close
enough to allow outsiders a glimpse into just how
self-deluded they are. In a word-fascinating.

INTACTO (Juan Carlos Fresnadillo)

One of those movies where you just sit back, watch it unfold and think, "how the hell did they come up with that?"

CQ (Roman Coppola) Jeremy Davies' most interesting performance in a

year of interesting performance in a year of interesting performances. Amovie that could only be made by the son of a legendary Hollywood director that manages to be completely self-indulgent and utterly involving because of it.

IRREVERSIBLE (Gaspar Noe)
Premiered at this year's Vancouver International
Film Festival (and likely not coming anytime
soon to a theatre near you). Gaspar Noe redefines
provocative with this insanely ambitious philosophical treatise of the nature of
man/time/britt/death etc... Packs a visceral
impact in that it pretty much continually challengesy you to keep watching it from the first
frame, becoming more and more difficult until it
seems to let you down easy before becoming a
personal challenge to finish.

PUNCH-DRUNK LOVE (Paul Thomas

Anderson)
Aglorious mediation on love and sex through the eyes of the awkward, socially unstable, potentially violent nerd in us all. Adam Sandler finally gets the respect he deserves, and it's well-earned

ROGER DODGER (Dylan Kidd) Campbell Scott is the motherfucking man.

INSOMNIA (Christopher Nolan) In which Christopher Nolan takes everything he learned in the indie trenches and applies it to a Hollywood thriller starring Al Pacino. Thick with atmosphere and tightly paced- after re-inventing noir with Memento, Insomita proves Nolan can do absolutely anything he wants.

'R XMAS (Abel Ferrara)
What kind of a world is it that we live in when an epic, brilliant paced and performed, heartbreaking husband and wife gangster saga from one of the most important outlaw auteurs heads straight to video?

DOGTOWN AND Z-BOYS (Stacy Peralta)
As talking head documentaries go, this is about as
interesting as they get, managing to convey the
stranger-than-fiction story of the rise of skateboarding on the California coats, and its subsequent takeover of the entire world with an infectious energy that makes absolutely anything that
ever looked cool look totally lame in comparison.

GANGS OF NEWYORK (Martin Scorsese) Scorses's pic labour of love finally comes to the screen, and it was well worth the wait. Perhaps the most densely crafted movie of the year, and the only truly emotionally potent historical epic in many a year. Also, Daniel Day-Lewis rules.

BOWLING FOR COLUMBINE (Michael

Moore)
A.K.A., When Americans Attack, a brilliant (often darkly hilarious) piece of agit-prop from The Excited States of America's favourite shit-disturbing fatman. Michael Moore's persona has devel-

with a performance of remarkable depth and longing.

ROGER DODGER (Dylan Kidd)

Composall Scott is the perspectivelying ments.

ADAPTATION. (Spike Jonze)
Pretty much the ultimate writer's movie (but
enjoyable by normal people too), Adaptation is
perhaps the most insular, self-referential movie to
ever come out of Hollywood.
gazing could be this brilliant?

24 HOUR PARTY PEOPLE (Michael Winterbottom)
Abreathless look at the evolution of music in Manchester through the eyes of TV presenter and record impresario Tony Wilson (played brilliantly by Steve Coogna), a self-described "minor player in his own story".

DONNIE DARKO (Richard Kelly) and JACK-

DONNIE DARKO (Richard Kelly) and JACK-POT (Mark and Michael Polish) Technically, a pair of 2001 films, but included here because it was priety much flucking impossible to see either of them in this country until this year. Both are visually inventive, emotionally wrenching chanacter studies, Darko being a coming-of-age story, and Jackpot being a story about growing old. Both feature incredible lead per-formances that anchor their respective films (Jake Gyllenhall in Donnie Darko and Jon Gries in Jackpot), of characters searching for understanding in their time-fucked worlds, and both herald the arrival of a trio of visionary new directors. Seek these films out of your local video dispensary and once you recover from the emotional punch, shake your head at their woeful distribute. nch, shake your head at their woeful distribu-

Bjorn Olson





∠ GGRE

ALL HAIL SATANIC CINEMA!!

By: Sinister Stam

As I bow my mind away while listening to the first ANTACEUS album, certain ane-clotes come to mind. For example: blood, going to hell, black frozen lakes, great white sharks, np tearing, blood feast, and stamic goat head enema. As the blackness takes over our hearts are all the stame of the stame



genre (that likes to prod into the worst or Hollywood in which we'll ingone supplying the blood to paper and a list for the cover.

BRAINI-AC (1962) Dir: Chano Uncertain the blood to paper and a list for the cover. The blood of the Mexican horizontal the paper and the blood to paper and a list for the cover. In the blood to paper and the blood to the Mexican horizontal the blood of the blood of the Mexican horizontal the blood of the Mexican horizontal the blood of the blood o

CURSE OF THE DEVIL(1973 Dir: Carlos

Aured)
Annea print of this evil fack whip recently got released from the clutches of the Anchor Bay empire (who have been making Euro genre collecting really easy for starters for the past few years) and what an evil peecy further than the collecting really easy for starters for the past few years and what an evil peecy that it was a second to the peech of the past of the past of the past of the peech of the peech when it came to the first film couldn't be beaten when it came to

pure Satanic evil, but then this film pried me into a new black reality. Black is the key word the state of t

a suit of armour.

MAGDALENA POSSESSED BY THE
DEVIL (1974 Dr. Waher Boos)
DEVIL (1974 Dr. Waher Boos)
And the Boos of the possessed
altr films even supposing Andrea Banchi's
AMALABIMBA and Juan Bosch's EXORCISM. The usual rape by an "invisible
demon" sets the ball rolling as the young
woman begins to screw wheever whenever
up to the ball rolling as the young
woman begins to screw wheever whenever
up to the ball rolling as the young
woman begins to screw wheever whenever
up to the properties of the properties

THE WITCHMAKER (1969 Dir: William

THE WITCHMAKER (1969 Dir. William Brown)
I must admit that this film didn't stand up to the hype that it got from certain distributors and reviews, but the atmosphere is unbeatable (even compared to a fogge/Seson film) with the whole of the celluloid taking place in the crepy swamp land of Lousians. The technical theme aspects of the film are interesting a whole ordeal of a wing an almighty black mass. The unsuspecting little crew of people and up laking part in the blood rites and are blessed with the appearances of the most unportant of the circle when they puff into action. There are many speeches, much fogunch darkens, some breats, and a tot d'auxing for the sake of pure orgy evil. Heavy shit.

WITCHES MOUNTAIN (1972 Dir: Raul

Artigot)
The Spanish have it again with this minor, highly looked over masterpiece of the black arts and the evil in the mountain landscape. After checking the "landscape" of the very

beautiful PMS hepard, and very weird looking crary side burned stud decides to take her
on a trip to photograph the nearby mounted
on a trip to photograph the nearby mounted
on the proper of the proper of the proper of the proper
vevery out as they come upon a small village
in the mountains that only has one? Occupant.
After the dude C radde "S the Unimate word to
describe this guy) has shot off some rolls of
thim to develops them in his singly patable dark.
If the proper of the proper of the proper of the proper
black in every shot. The freaky thing is that
they weren't there when he took the shots
(brirrir!). Thus, the story unfolds that the
whole small village is actually a coven of
women for Satan who also have a penchant for
taked up orchestral chrous overfood soundtrack also has to been heard to be believed.
In sill pure fusch every of the proper o

ing desolation to match!

Here's some other Satanic blood highlights to round off the ring of evil:

"The bloody lake hand and atmosphere of the possessed hottie in the THE LAKE.

"The super harsh actually very disturbing face of the possessed hottie in the Naschy project EXORCISM.

"The pure bell and Ammagedon of the round of the possessed hottie in the nation of the possessed hottie in the Naschy project EXORCISM.

"The pure bell and Ammagedon of the round of EXPT OF THE LIVING DEAD/ZOMPIRE.

The pure bell and Ammagedon of the round service with the pure, Statine held of the goat monster screwing the chick in Michele Scow's THE CHURCH effective sex senses that turn man into skeleton in Jess Franco's THE DEMONS.

The amazing dog murder, dog sound eating, and fuck fest of SATANS BLOOD.

Rossalba Neri naked A LOT in the Italian DEVIL'S WEDDING NIGHT

BLOOD. - Rosaalba Neri naked A LOTin the Italian DEVIL'S WEDDING NIGHT. - The carbs that card out from Lina Romay's crotch on LORNATHE EXOR-CIST.

-We must never forget the faked satanic blood rites (involving sexy mainstay Lina Romay) that riddle the Jess Franco mas terpiece EXORCISM/DEMONIAC.

ALL THE HAILTHE DARK POWERS THATMADE THESE FILMS

Next issue – the warped world of the obsessi filmmaker Jess/Jesus Franco.



Reel Horror Goes Down-Town

Reel Horror – the video'dvd store that popped up in SoMa last year and quickly became a mecca for cultural freaks, before slipping away into the night – has reappeared in that mini-stretch of funky Homer between Pender and Hastings (right by what used to be Virgin Mary's and is now Minr. – talk about Madonna and Whost Hours Hornville Strip and talloring their hours for sanity and safety.

So, check them out from noon-700 Mon-Sat. The new descriptor is "Horror Shop", since all things scary will be available. That means books (mostly used), 'zines, and mags – along with local Art on consigment. So if you got weird aestheties, take yer creative product down to Jess for exposure. There will be an Opening Party - described as "a gathering of Special people" – on Nov. 8 after regular hours, co-starring the Launch of the new issue of CINEMASEWER, Robin Bougie's excellent movie/porn 'zine.

dm ot



BOOKS & ZINES

by Leather the Librarian

Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Copy Editors...

Nothing tastes quite like the bitter chagrin a copy editor feels after a big, steaming glitch makes it past the quality control filtration systems and poohs its way onto the page. The only thing worse: being that copy editor, and having said glitch occur in the column your write, to a review of the work of one of the sparkier sparks of



review of the work of one of the sparker of the sparker of the work of one of the sparker of Norvelland.

One of the sparker o

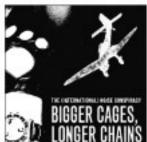
RubberProtozoic MotherfuckerFactory (#1 & 2) Ketchup Chip Igloo RubberPopsicle Factory (Assorted Titles 1999-2002) By Owen Plummer marchingchickenpress@hotmail.com

By Owen Plummer marchingchickenpress@hotmail.com

I first commented on Owen Plummer's work in the September 2001 issue of The Nerve when, ironically, I reviewed a white trash-themed zine called Fiereety Sad Moron Ann(e), put out by his firiend Steph Lau. Owen's contributions were mostly in the form of observational humour and zany stories (like one about a white trash wedding he attended), and I am thrilled to have final-hisded zinectious goodles (most of which self lot for the bargain. I have the self-possible descriptions goodles (most of which self lot for the bargain. The card, like much of Owen's artwork, features chunky little unisters grooving under a glittering disco ball. Never have I seen a finer artistic representation of a disco ball (and I am a fan of them, so I have looked), and I haven't even begun to discuss Owen's madeap renderings of DI Spud the Ketchup Chip and the almighty Mr. T, shown in an intoxicating array of garments and situations (among the best — 'Bad T Steals Good T's Heart' — work (like his strip "Spoolmak") has also been featured in Robert Dayton's DrippytownComics, the Drippy Gazene and Terminal City, and for more than two years Owen has been curator of shows at Lucky's Comic Shop. Owen shows regularly himself at Switch, I assume, are as awesome as the one he sent me) It is with pleasure and pride that I welcome Owen to our Nerve family of tixsin' cousins... starting this issue, his brilliant local satire "East Van T" appears as a regular strip on our new comics page, and his illustrations will start popping up like that strange rash you just have to show all Juckey as a more than the vegation stranger as a farment of the submit of the submit he suburbs have Tragically Hirp cover bands. I know there are the submits have Tragically Hirp cover bands. I know there are the submits have Tragically Hirp cover bands. I know there are the submits have Tragically Hirp cover bands. I know there are the submits have Tragically Hirp cover bands. I know there are the submits have Tragically H



Enter to W



The (International) Noise Conspiracy hit you with another politically explosive musical protest! This six-song neo-rock assault contains

5 unreleased tracks

(including a stellar cover of 'Baby Doll' by N.E.R.D.),

4 videos

and lecture footone of Noam Chomsky

Epitoph

Email epitaph@thenervemagazine.com



uck, there is nothing good out there to play! I'm so fuckin'pissed off. This is the wors ime for vids, cuz the developers are still workin'or tweakin'the shit out of products the should have been already released. Actually, my major "fuck off" is the fuckin Steams offware delivery and content management tool. About a week ago the 1.6 Counter Strike beta-upgrade (two new weapons, riot shield, new level) was supposed to be eleased, normally the upgrade comes out in a form of a .exe, which is mirrored on a le major gaming sites for users to grab, well not this fucking time. Like I said earlie Valve is tryin'to implement this new Steam thing (so users buy games online direct) from them). The minute that Steam v2 came out, there were thousands of geeks tryin'to load it at once, and overloaded the one fuckin'server that was up. One fuckin'server, that the fuck were they thinking? In any case, Steam is down until the patched version omes out, you can still grab 1.6 from other sources and play, but since most servers are till 1.5, there is no point. I hate when these companies pull this gay shit on the gamers

Aite, next in line is the PC demo for Tom Clancy's *Splinter Cell*. Last dovember SC was released on the XBOX and it got awesome reviews. Now it's PC's arm. As all you fuckers know, Tom Clancy is a rich conspiracy nut, thanks to clever censing (movies, games) of his vivid imagination. In *Splinter Cell* you play the role of am Fisher, you guessed it, another top-secret uncle Tom that works for some hush husl hant i since, you guessed it, amount up-secret unite from that works for some tails in hish. Thirid Echelon) government agency that no one knows about except Dick Chency. The game looks pretty fucking good, it's a mix between Metal Gear Sold and Tomb Raider, ome really fancy shit going on, stealth shit and shit. The demo of SC is about 30 mins ong, it takes you through a few settings, outdoors and indoors, so far the PC port looks great and plays even better. Can't wait for this one to come out in a few weeks. Keep your eye out for next month's column for a full review of Unreal 2.





Puzzie Page!!

First person to solve both puzzles wins an All Skanadian Club Vol.4 CD Show your ugly face at the Nerve Office: 508-425 Granville St. Vancouver, Mon-Fri

10am-5pm by Dan Scum



min. part bodybuilder's weight

58. adorned 62. bread spread 63. Nova Scotia Hillbilly family

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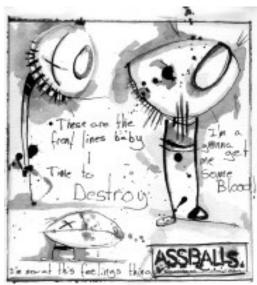
53. Scum
54. scatter about
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57. lot of paper
58. bubbly chocolate bar
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61. decry
64. Strapping Young

WORD SEARCH

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GEARHUNTERS

MUSIC SHOPPE

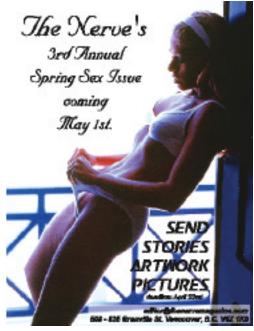
We'll fix your fuckin guitar

and

hook you up with the shit you need!

The name says it all ! Just call ! Ph# (604) 526-8526

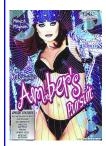
667 Columbia street New Westminster





Amber's Pursuit

Directed by F.J. Lincoln Starring: Monica Mayhem, Gwen Summers, Dru Barrymore, Kristal Summers, Nikita Denise, Billy Glide Marty Romano, Cheyne Collins, Steven St. Croix,



When beautiful Amber (Mayhem) pulls up in front of Billy Glide's house, he is willing to buy anything the suspected Avon lady has to offer... however, Amber turns out to be a porn actor from a film being shot next door who sadistically wreaks mayhem on Glide's life door who sadistically wreaks mayhem on Glide's life and proves that porn stars CAN be stalkers tool. When Glide's girlfriend Melissa, played by Gwen Summers, who is quite a screamer when getting fucked, finds Amber at Glide's place the drama begins. It is up to Glide to put things right with his girlfriend, and try to get rid of Amber, which is no easy feat. All the girls in this film are drop dead gorgeous with glistening pink twats, especially Mayhem who shows it off nicely during sex in a limo, as well as fantastic breasts and asses. These women look great at every angle, but there's a very unflattering camera angle of Glide from behind showing a rather bulbous and odd looking penis. The story and sex meld together nicely to advance the plot story and sex meld together nicely to advance the plo

story and sex meld together nicely to advance the plot but misses a step with a gratutious poslide sex scene whose only purpose is to lengthen the film. Despite a couple minor flaws, Amber's Pursuit is not only tight filmmaking with a great selection of ladies, there is also a moral to the story; think before you fuck, and stay faithful to your partner, or else you may end up with more than you can handle, like a porn star stalker! Until next month, keep your happy places happy.



AKA 'Can I Have A Little More Tex In the Monitor?



TexAss: It was my goddamned mother fucking birthday so my friends all came over and gave me liquor and porn and we ate mass quantities of the control of the



systems on â

need: Auenin: Fear light, Hooked nice toyany. Averyany who shirts gue maybe...

maybe...

Yeahyou did look great, but did I mention it was my birthday and I looked like: Yeah you did look globe.

Bet an illoo hocked.

Bet an illoo hocked.

Bet an illoo hocked.

Bet alloo it was my birthday and I looked like: A looked like an illoo hocked.

Bet alloo it look where those if friends came from but about twenty drunk people wearing suits and ties ended up accompanying us to Brandi's.

Bet We look up more than half of gyno row.

Bet Don't call it that, gross.

Tex: The stage and seating are all set at the same level at Brandi's, real low...

Asshole: It's like being at a cockfight or somethin', you're right down in there with it! with it!

Dex: You can practically SMELLthe girls.
Tex: Mmm... heaven scent
Dex: Gross.

Dex: You can practically SMELLthe girls.

Tex: Mrnm... heaven sent
Dex: Gross.

Tex: I tried to reserve seating ahead of time, cuz I thought that I was an important asshole and should have special seating on my 19¹⁰ brithday extravafluckinganza but apparently I'm not that important of an asshole, just a regular asshole, and there were much more important and famouser assholes than me who got to have the saved seating.

Dex: You're not I9.

Tex: I via an important age goddamnit! Here's a tip for guys out there to feel like a more important asshole than you actually are: Go to a nudie bar, bring at least a half a dozen cute, young girds with you, have them buy you drinks and lell everyone at the bar it's your goddamned brithday.

Dex: Yeah. Tree shots. spells of 4-ta-nl-k me messy. I think by this point in the evening I was already on my fifth of ten or so double gin and tonics and the veryone at the bar it's your goddamned brithday.

Dex: Yeah, rice shots. spells of 4-ta-nl-k me messy. I think by this point in the evening I was already on my fifth of ten or so double gin and tonics and the province of the girls would go to get me a drink and she'd come back with a handful of fire, sickeningly sweet shots of who knows what, on the house. I got very drunk cut it was my birthday. I also go to so firee crap from the dancers cuz it's my birthday. I also go to so firee crap from the dancers cuz it's my birthday. I also go to a free lapdance cuz it was my birthday.

Tex: Yeah, so this beautiful young lady took me in the back, through a maze of mirrored and reflective walls, into a padded booth wheat, I also go that the believes and dancing sexy over you and you start to believe thing about lap dances is, you get a few drinks in you and you're all alone with this beautiful woman, she's getting all undressed and dancing sexy over you and you start to believe that its all about you and she's actually mady in love with you and that after she's done you're all gonna go home and have passionates ext gegether, but really, y



IT'S RAINING MEN

Rumpus Room: An analysis of the History and Nature of Visual Humour or "Comic Jokes" as pertaining to the comic strip entitled "Family Circles".

Like a sucker I fell for a homeless man's come-on when he offered me an astounding deal. A limittied edition print, by one of the greatest visual minds in graphical ogism alive today. All he wanted was ten dollars and something else. But then it just turned lars and something else. But then it just turned out to be a page of comics ripped out of a local newspaper, dreadful rag. I was so angry, I tripped him and jumped on him, bearing down with all my two hundred pounds, ribs crushing and cracking, I slapped him like a docker, then made a fist. I struck the homeless man. I struck. him twice, my knee in his groin, mauling his lift hip between bone and ashvault. I took his

I went home after a light but filling lunch at some place looked like a fucking queer bathhouse if you can believe this fucking queet oanmouse i you can believe ins nicking goddam city (I still can't believe it) And like any dipshit short ten bucks, I read my scrap of newspaper. I am one-hundred peercent not lying when I say it was like stepping into a new world of form, of colour, of a humour made solid. You could have knocked me over with a bucket of come I was so magnicientated. Ter dollars? I would have paid a million for this creation. The Family Circles is practically like giving fresh blood to an AIDS victim.

F abulous	C reative
Awesome	I mpressive
M arvellous	R ight on!
I talianate	C lassy
L eft-wing	L eibenstraun
Y es more more!	E xcellent

No one in the Family Circles "world", or perhaps a better word would be a multi-charcter-initiallized geographic simulactrum, would ever use the term AIDS victim. Becuase there are no AIDS victims here at all! Not one of are no AIDS victims nete at air. Not one on them. By emambling a new, almost undefinable leap in intuitive imagination, the Auteur Bil Keane had redirectualized the Zeitgeist of the co-conceptualized ideal of the narritive through the eyes, so to speak, of an idealized child-symbol, an "any child", if you will. As an artistic achievement I do not engage in bones. artistic achievement I do not engage in hyper-bole when I say that Bil Keane has, quite simbole when I say that Bit Keane has, quite sim-ply, reengineerred the aesthetic trigonometery. Like building the pyramids using only one cock. I want to point out that I am not joking. Family Circles, I am aware, has a reputation for pallour in the eyes of some "people", or assholes. I mean, just look at it, for God's sake.



The old crone to the left of the tableau takes a comfortening yet threatening dispostion. The young boy, Billy, clearly adolescent, is in open young ooy, Billy, caerry acotescent, is m open-terror, probably of sex. Having sex with women, the potentiality of "stickin" it to a woman, one day, the sexual mores of twentieth century life... his mind is in chaos. How he wishes to express this chaos, to walk hormon-ally through his future, a meandering walk, stopping only long enough to penetrate another hole, his mental word ballooon world is nothing more then a green, floral, archticutral-lly-parklike vagina. It is literally breath taking.

But at the end the moral appraoch wins through, the smile on the boy's face in the world bubble indicates that the boy remains boylike. He has not penetrated, not today. He has done the right thing. Unblemished, he can, at the end of his search, smile at the crone-fig-ure, and say, "Grandmother, I have not fucked today.

As gabriel Garcia Marquwz once said, "I'd As ganter or action of the variety of the said, I do love to shove my dirty cock up some lady's blipper right about now". This is the power of great art, if only you would look. You'd see great art, if only you would look. For a see that there is greatness in much of what is conthat there is greatness in much of what is considered uncool, or reactionary to the march of youth culture and rap "music". So many bitter tears for all the unvasculation I spat on uncool works in the days of my youth. But as Mangus Aurelius Cassiodorus said, "Actus dei savara quod dactus. "A few hours of research in the local so-called library (pick up joint is all it is, sich us so it for feet for the backow grad theta). Life iocal so-caused norary (pick up joint is an it is, pick up joint for dirty hookers and sluts.), I discovered the happy fact that there are literally thousands of these Family Circles digests, filled with cartoons dating back, as far as I can tell, to the Prague uprisings. Truely, a lifetime's achievement. Thanks for reading!

Filler!

Please enjoy some homosexual Star Trek fanfiction!!

Captain Spock stood in the steamy gym, nude. He reached Capiam spokes stood in the stearing gym, nucle. He reactived for a towel, but "DING DONG", the doorbell went. The door opened and Captain Kirk walked in, wearing a slight pair of briefs that his manhood was outlined in. He sat down.

"Hello Spock, I'd like to talk to you ATLENGTH."
"Captain Kirk, say it WITH YOUR MOUTH"

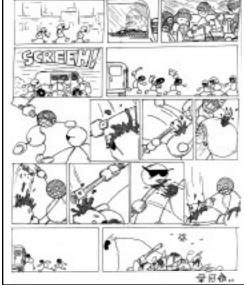
- "I'm starting now... oh, no!."
 "Is that the door again?"
- "Yes?"

- 1es;
 The door opened. Captain Robot came in, nude. Kirk said, "Captain Robot, where are your clothes?.
 "It's been one of those days. Will you top me, Captain Kirk.?"

Kirk's hot huge flesh stick was ready and in it went, and then it spurt a lot of hot sperm into Captain Robot. "That was hot to watch," said Captain Spock, erect, "But let's go find someone for me to bottom!"

It really was one of those days.









BAD RELIGION OFFSPRING REFUSED PENNYWISE RANCID NOFX BOUNCING SOULS DESCENDENTS T(I)NC DROPKICK MURPHYS HOT WATER MUSIC MILLENCOLIN GUTTERMOUTH DIVISION OF LAURA LEE

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