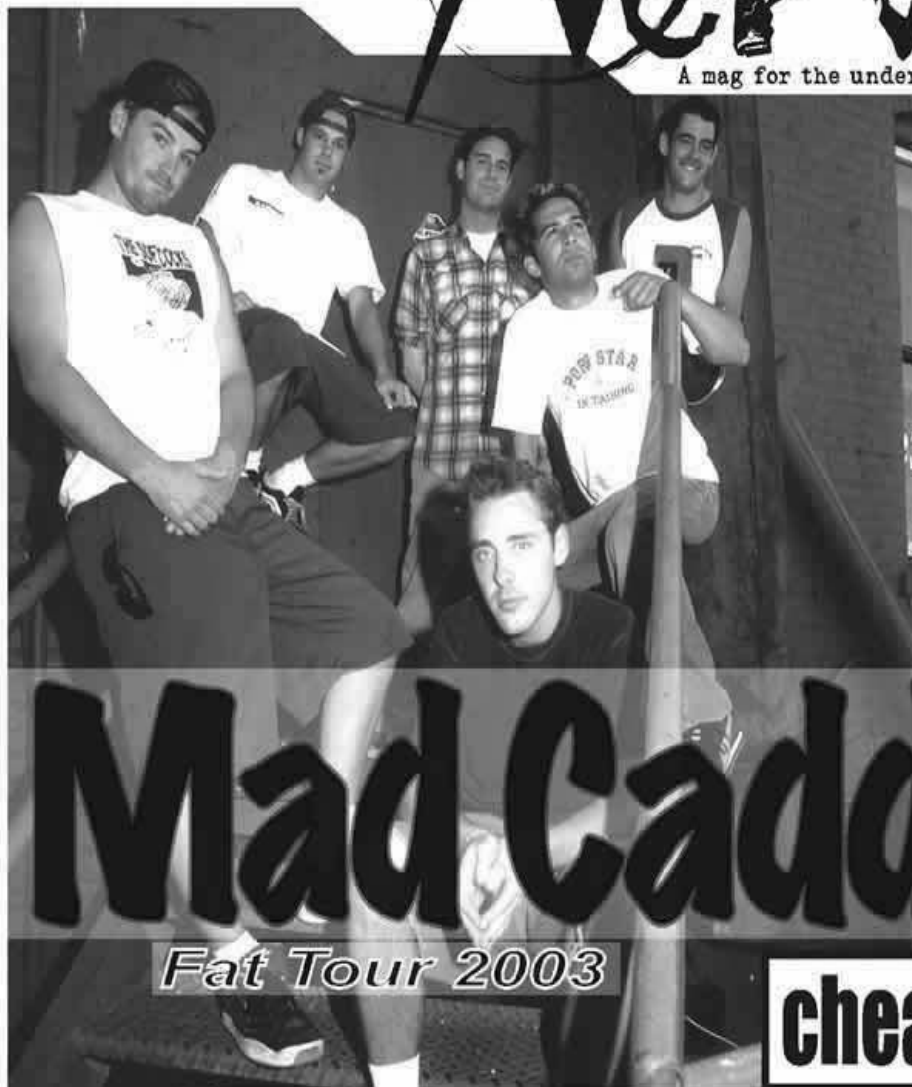


# The ~~A~~ Nerve

A mag for the underaged!



**JOHN FORD**  
**Tex and Dex**

## Mad Caddies

*Fat Tour 2003*

**cheap shotz**

*(porn)*

**MINISTRY**



**AL JOURGENSEN INSIDE**

CHEAP BOOZE

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## CALENDAR FOR MARCH 2003

### SATURDAYS



**SATURDAY MARCH 1**

**MONEY SHOT  
SUPERPOP  
SELF CONTROL  
MALCOLM YOUNG CULT**

**SATURDAY MARCH 8**

**SIDESIXTYSEVEN  
MARTIAL LAW  
ALL STATE CHAMPION  
ZAPPIN BLACK**

**SATURDAY MARCH 15**

**THE BTU'S  
CHINATOWN  
SHAKE APPEAL  
FAILSAFE**

**SATURDAY MARCH 22**

**FREEBASE  
MUSA  
BLACKFIN  
1/2 WAY HOME**

**SATURDAY MARCH 29**

**START OF ROUND 2...**

### SUNDAYS

**NO COVER  
FREE POOL  
SPECIALS**

**WEDNESDAY MARCH 5**

**WRECKIN  
CREW  
PÖ  
SOURMASH**

**WEDNESDAY MARCH 12**

**DRIP  
with  
ZUCKUSS  
and  
MINDSHIFT**

**WEDNESDAY MARCH 19**

**CHRIST  
COMPLEX**

**DOGEATDOGMA  
ROCKHARDERS  
Internal Majesty**

**WEDNESDAY MARCH 26**

**Double Down Clothing Presents  
Against the Grain  
With Guests**

### MONDAYS

**MALCOLM CULT MONDAYS**  
**OPEN JAM  
FREE POOL  
CHEAP SPECIALS  
NO COVER!**

**THURSDAY MARCH 6**

**CAP COLLEGE  
WINDOW TO IRAN BENEFIT  
YOUTH OUGHT ROCK  
MARQ DESOUZA  
FORMERLY OF SOLAR BABY  
PLAN ORANGE  
GO-GO STOP**

**THURSDAY MARCH 13**

**DIRTY NEEDLES  
The  
Sore Throats  
SHAKE APPEAL  
MUSA**

**THURSDAY MARCH 20**

**Coffee Pot Productions presents...  
DOWNWAY  
with  
DIVOTS  
+ GUESTS**

**THURSDAY MARCH 27**

**RUMBLETONE PRODUCTIONS  
SHOWCASE**

### TUESDAYS

**DJ IRIL PIRATE & ROCK PRESENT...**  
**• PUNK DJ'S  
• SKATER VIDEOS  
• CHEAP SPECIALS  
• FREE POOL**

**FRIDAY MARCH 7**

**blackfin  
Sam  
lazy boy  
Ross Vegas**

**FRIDAY MARCH 14**

**FOURTY  
FOOT FALL  
with  
Faces of  
Eve  
Mommy Made  
Monsters**

**FRIDAY MARCH 21**

**REDSKARE  
A VIRGIN IN  
HOLLYWOOD  
PLUS GUESTS...**

**FRIDAY MARCH 28**

**SHARP  
TEETH  
WITH GUESTS**

# CHEAP SHOTS

cheapshotz@thenervemagazine.com

**Wanted:** Cute female, who looks good straddling a drum kit. And if you can keep a beat, even better. Local all-girl sex-kitten-punk band, **The Rumours**, is currently holding auditions for a new drummer. If you're interested in the job, email [therumoursonline@hotmail.com](mailto:therumoursonline@hotmail.com). In the mean time, Chuckie from Chinatown is filling in to keep the beat, but he doesn't look nearly as hot in a ragged asymmetrical mini jean skirt.

- Speaking of **Chinatown**, many concerned smut-rock fans have been writing in wondering why they never see **Hotwire** and **Chinatown** appear on the same bill. This, despite the undeniable similarities in their delivery of over-the-top-raunch 'n' roll. That, and the fact that the bands clearly use the same hairdresser and shop at the same ultra-cool thrift shops. Mystery solved. They never share the same stage for the same reason: Latoya and Michael are never interviewed together... they're one in the same. Hotwire officially changed its name to Chinatown last October because they thought the name sounded too much like a hair-metal band and there was the little matter of another band in L.A. with the same name. For more proof that Hotwire shares the same genetic makeup as Chinatown, check out the Brickyard on March 15 and see for yourself.

- Word on the **S.T.R.E.E.T.S.** is that they are getting their first 'tape cassette only' release, *Worms*, pressed to CD this month and released on Teenage Rampage. Their long awaited new album, *Bo Bo Gnar Gnar*, coming out on Global Symphonic, is due around the first week of March as well (the vinyl for *Bo Bo Gnar Gnar* was apparently released Feb. 18th).

- Two tall cans in the air to The Royal's 'talent booker' Paul for having the guts to bring in the fire-breathing, chainsaw-wielding, stripper-supporting 10-piece traveling trashfest known as Toronto's **White Cowbell Oklahoma**. I'm pretty sure they violated (in all senses of the word) a good half-dozen by-laws during their set but, alas, the show went on... oh, and congrats to the redheaded dame who survived the cock tease... you earned that cock rag.

## BAND SLUT

Of the Month

This month's **Band Slut** was one of the founding members of the Hard Rock Miners, before going on to play with the Molestics and more recently, Royal Grand Prix. He serves as Tommy Lee to Good Tanyas (with whom he is currently touring the UK). In his spare time, he devises secret initiation rituals for the staff of the Railway Club. (If I told you more, we'd have to kill you.)

First person to guess this **Band Slut's** full name (his nickname isn't enough) will probably win some shit.  
[bandslut2thenervemagazine.com](http://bandslut2thenervemagazine.com)



**Unit 20** Legion of Vancouver is hosting their first 'all-ages' show with arrival of the **Fat Tour 2003** this Sunday, March 2nd. According to the management, if things go well, we could see more all-ages shows at the legion. Let's hope so, 'cause goddamn this town needs a new all-ages venue that isn't a cement box or residentially located.

- Ever wondered what ever happened to those prolific punkers from Edmonton, **SNFU**? Yah, well, neither did we. Until now that is. It was recently been brought to Nerve's attention that Chi Pig has managed to pull himself away from **Wrestlemania** reruns long enough to start another project, **SLAVECO**, a band that is a little bit more rock than Chi's previous gig. But don't worry, it's still punk and yes, Chi still wears tighties.

- Expect to see indie-rockers **All State Champion** showcasing their emotionally charged, radio-friendly, sensitive (but-not-sappy) music all over town this month. Lead singer, Dan Sioui, (he's the Britpop-type hottie who always looks like he's on the verge of tears) is currently negotiating with Sonic Unyon Records for a three-album deal. You can show your support for Vancouver's next greatest chart-topping export at the Brickyard on March 8th or at the Pic on March 9th. Finally... an event where a man can sport his canvas utility pouch as an over-the-shoulder-emo purse and not be embarrassed.

- In response to the first *Cheap Shotz* hate mail: Hey, nobody's denying the **Walkerband's** punk rock lineage. The point of that particular *Cheap Shot* was that **John Ford** rocks. I say this with utmost professionalism and objectivity. Furthermore, I resent the implication that John Ford has any influence into what gets published in Nerve Magazine. If you're suggesting that I have some sort of bias towards John Ford (and I think you are), you couldn't be further from the truth. Just because I'm best friends with Ford guitarist Rich Hope's girlfriend, that in no way effects how much press they get here at the Nerve (see page 9 for an exclusive John Ford interview) and just because I have a huge crush on Ford drummer Adrian Mack, that in no way skews my judgment of their new album (which incidentally kicks ass). And as far as flipping through our lowly rag on the Cobalt shutter, I feel obligated to inform you that you missed last call by three months. The Cobalt has been closed since November.

Sarah Rowland  
B.C. Damsgaard

## INNARDS

Mad Caddies p. 15

Fat Tour 2003

John Ford p. 9

Ministry p. 11

Al Jourgenson

Ultimate Fighter II p. 20

Bad Art for You p. 7

### COLUMNS

Tex and Dex p. 26

Hopelessness p. 17

Civixen p. 6

Ridin' Shotgun p. 21

It's Rainin' Men p. 27

Skate Spot p. 21

Skate Menace p. 20

### SECTIONS

Straight 8 p. 22

Live Wires p. 16

Off the record p. 19

Fashion p. 13

Puzzles and Comics p. 24

Alt F4 (Games) p. 24

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# Screw Shining — It's Our Time to DRINK, Candidate City!

## CIVIXEN

by Leather Twatson

Rather than bore you with the nipple-hardening details of my now mercifully active romantic life (not quite *Sex and the City* so much as *69ing in the 604*), I've found a couple of ripe political melons for you to do with what you will. Stuff them down your shirt, heave them off your roof, get into fights with them when you're drunk (ever read *Rubyfruit Jungle*?) ... Politics, like soft fruit, should be a sticky business. At least there are health benefits — even the swarthiest pirate can be cured of scurvy.

### Let's All Ride the Bid Corp Gravy Train

The votes are in and it looks like it's going to be our turn to fucking shine, whether we are ready or not. I like winter sport as much as the next Nervette, but I'd sure be a little more inclined to wave my big foam finger if I knew I'd actually be able to reap any of what is being sown over the next few years. Our ruling co-Campbells, Suds and Slappy, might have joined wonder twin powers to invite the world in 2010, but since I live here now and

I have no interest in the pre-packaged Cinderella story of some plucky young curler from Moose Jaw, I'd like it if the city wasn't quite so cavalier about siphoning off all its public funds just so Bev & Wayne from Tallahassee can buy cheap figure skating souvenirs. Hell, I enjoy a little hockey and a few triple lutzers from time to time myself, but I'd also like my library to stay open all year, I'd like my parks to have plants in them, and I've got this crazy hankering to actually be able to get places on public transit *with-in the same day*. Let's hope they at least freshen the message as the event draws nearer — if I have to listen to that bloody "watch how brightly we shine" song one more time, I'm going to burst into ceremonial flame...

### Drunks Pay More to Arrive Alive

I know I sound like a broken record, but Translink head Doug "Bozo" McCallum deserves to be booted repeatedly in his unsightly gunt, and now I have a new reason. According to a recent edition of

the Pulitzer Prize-calibre *Buzzer*, limited late night bus service is scheduled for re-introduction later this year, and the band of spineless jackals that commands all things transit has decided, in its infinite wisdom, to charge your drunk ass a whopping dollar more for the privilege of not getting home dead. The little unelected bitches... who the hell do they think they are kidding? Mayor Bozo is lucky he hasn't already been dragged bobbing through the water behind the 6 p.m. Seabus as penance for last year's strike. The clown deserves to go down.

### The Number of the Least

What really steams my dim sum is the everyday reality of living on the worst-served major bus route in Vancouver: the #22. This one sucks so badly it's *inverted*. It chugs along from the seniors' centres of Kerrisdale to the seniors' centres of East Van, with pickups throughout fleece-wrapped Kitsilano, the Satan-worshipping financial district and unsettlingly aromatic Chinatown. No respecter of persons, Translink has made

sure that all #22 users get to take it up the hoop equally. How modern. Maybe they can buy us some nice pushcarts or coal-fired locomotives to alleviate traffic in time for the Doughlympics.

### And Finally

How I hate you, Gordon Campbell, because on top of everything, your drunk-driving bust got all the Puritans whining about responsible drinking again. Speaking as one who always takes pains to be responsible for drinking every thing that's put in front of me, I hate you for undoubtedly setting back the cause of 4 a.m. closings and relaxed booze laws, just when we all really need a good, stiff drink. Suck my ass, Suds... and that of the horse you rode in on, too.

Don't miss the next column. I'll give details of my first fan letter. No shit!

civixen@thenervemagazine.com



# Bad Art...



We had a Bad Art party at my house. What was sort of funny after one beer, (oil paintings of hockey players, optical illusions of donuts) became straight up comedy after a forty of Jim Beam. The watercolour of a mother cougar and her cubs overlooking Castlegar airport caused quite the stir; a nautical painting of a sea captain with disproportionately big hands made everyone scream so hard the neighbors complained.

Kind of lame, though, hey? Laughing at bad art is what people do when they are unable or too chicken shit to make their own. Irony gets tired after a while, which is why people still periodically go out and buy Tom Waits records, or read Solzhenitzin, or spend a long time trying to take a good picture of their girlfriend when she's sleeping.

But why has sincerity taken such a beating? And does it deserve it? Do we really need any more sincere art? 9/11 rock ballads? Geist magazine? We decided to find out. These, dear readers, are the results of the Nerve Magazine's first annual Irony vs. Sincerity survey.

#1-Porn

About four years ago, thanks to Hollywood and the Internet, porn became mainstream

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# it's everywhere!!!!

again. And, at the time, it was a refreshing lick in the ass. First, it was kind of a relief to know that we all weren't perverts. Secondly, deep down, everyone in Canada secretly suspected that we were better than Quebec, but was something missing. What was it? Ah, yes. Tits! In the newspaper! On bus shelters! Up on billboards! With that out of the way, we were free to mock eight month winters and 30 per cent unemployment mercilessly.

But it's over. Porn, in general, belongs in two places; under your bed and video stores with blacked out windows. It does not belong, for example, on my boss's screen-saver. (What does he think I'm going to say? "Oh, Earl, you're so *urbane*!") The same thing goes for strip clubs. The next time your boyfriend tries to talk you into going to see strippers because it's cool, suggest calling up his mum and asking her to get naked, while you stuff cash down her Hanes Her Ways. How hot is that?

Sincerity = 1 Irony = 0



## #2- Poetry.

Oh, brother. Let me tell you it was hard, walking into the Starry Dynamo Cafe on a Monday

night, to be objective. Poets, ack. The thing about poetry is that to be good, it has to be sincere, and 99.9 per cent of the population is unable to pluck the appropriate word out of their brain to express that sincerity *correctly*. It reminds me of the time after having sex with my Japanese boyfriend, he leaned over and whispered in my ear, "Did you have ecstasy?"

Then again, people who have actually chosen a profession which ranks up there somewhere between "harpis-chordist" and "pedophile" must get a fair chance. Think about it: no one is ever going to scream "fag" and hurl a table at a civil servant.

So, at Starry Dynamo there was no laughing, no raised eyebrows, knowing glances, elbows, quotation marks, etc. (But really, don't you fucking hate those "Yeah, Tom wrote a short story about his 'childhood'"). We in the audience were respectful, and dignified. Around nine, a bunch of young aspiring poets got up and in somber tones commented on canoes, locks, families, Robson St., poverty, masturbation, tea-spoons, jewelry, cats, and the rain. Fine. Sure, most of it was pretty awful, but you have to give them credit for being so goddamn brave, and remember, there was time when Anne Carson and Phil Larkin used to do that, too.

Sincerity = 1 Irony = 0



## #3-Drinking

One day, one day very soon, the martini bar will be over, and we will all heave a huge sigh of relief. All those well meaning frat kids and yuppies will go back to drinking wine coolers and light beer, and leave the rest of us in peace. Drinking isn't fashion. Where do you think we live, New York? No! People drink to hurt themselves and forget everything. They drink to behave recklessly, get arrested, cry, fight, fuck and dance without the cold hand of reason interrupting. James Bond has a lot to answer for. Do you think after eight White Russians anyone can seamlessly slip into a wet suit and drive a nuclear powered submarine? What we need is new fad. I think the ironic use of cocaine should be encouraged, or maybe gas huffing. Wouldn't that be great? Imagine a group of university engineering students permanently unable to locate their lacrosse game. ("Brad, is it in Kits, Brad? I'm scared.") It's time to get these fools off our backs and out of our bars. That includes you, Mr. Hipster on East Hastings drinker. Leave those skids alone.

Sincerity = 1 Irony = 0

## #4-Music

For some reason, this one touches a nerve in everyone. People seem defensive and on edge, and their minds filled with doubt. ("God, is it possible to like Prince and Beck?") Perhaps this is because the irony-sincerity lines are so blurred. Take the Americana-Alt-Country revival. Sincere? In spades. What's not to love about people who can actually harmonize and play their own mandolin? Except after the fifteenth zillion strum and twang, it gets pretty fucking boring. Likewise, Electroclash. It's refreshing to see music being self-conscious, getting a little arty. Everyone needs to shake their inner Euro sometimes. But admit it, it's a little unnerving. Especially when all the guitars seem to be made of plastic. So at moments like this, I like to think about what Stanley Fish said about Milton, the Devil and God. It's neither! The joke is on you, music snobs, so just shut up and dance.

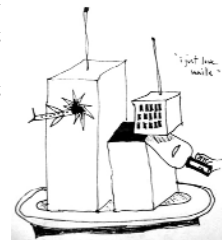
Sincerity = 1 Irony = 1

## #5 Haircuts

My neighborhood is full of stylish 20-somethings who looked like they just walked out of the Jeffersons or Welcome Back Kotter. Especially the boys. What is up with their hair? Dax Wax and Foaming Mousse must be being shoplifted at an alarming rate if the sculpted mod shags and feathered wings are anything to

go by. Is it possible to have an ironic haircut? And if so, is it so bad? Would you rather unwashed tree planter hair? French Canadian squeegee heroin addict hair? Kits squash playing beefcake hair? No. It's nice to see boys trying again.

Sincerity = 0  
Irony = 1



## #6-War

War. Mmm. Unfortunately, the ironic use of war is often in bad taste, even if your intentions are good. My roommates, for example, were irritated with the hoopla surrounding September 11<sup>th</sup> so they held an Ironic Anniversary party. The climactic moment came when the Twin Towers cake (complete with marzipan airplanes) was chopped up with a box cutter. There were lots of nervous smiles and anxious coughs. Then again, the peaceniks are also a little hard to stomach. Sometimes you

just want to lean over and rip off the "Food Not Bombs" sign on the door of your local organic store. Or at least pencil in your own version, like "Food not Boobs" (feminist) or "Fags not Bombs" (queer) or "Frogs not Bombs" (separatist). This might work. We could possibly encourage people to come out and demonstrate, if it didn't seem so touchy feely. "We're having an El Fitr party! Dress as your favourite Muslim! Prize for the best chador!" etc. In Vancouver, at least, this might not be necessary. In the last civic election, voter turnout was up 125%, and young people turned up in droves to canvass, stuff envelopes and poll. There's nothing funny about that at all.

Sincerity = 1 Irony = 0



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# John Ford

## pumps new album full of lead

From roots to rock, JF shoots down any chance of being pigeonholed with *Bullets for Dreamers*

By Cowboy TexAss

**Tex:** I'm here at the Anza Club with Adrian Mack and Rich Hope, drummer and guitarist, respectively; of kick-ass local rock outfit John Ford.

**Adrian:** Cue country music.

**T:** One half, the meat and potato, of John Ford.

**Rich:** More like the potato and gravy. The meat's not here.

**A:** I think it's the spine and the heart, actually.

**T:** Chris is the meat?

**R:** Chris is the phallus, the exploding phallus.

**T:** Who is John Ford?

**R:** Well, we are.

**A:** Us, and Rich Jones...

**R:** And Chris Read

**T:** But who the hell is John Ford?

**A:** A one-eyed, tall in the saddle, macho film making motherfucker.

**T:** So you ARE named after the Western director?

**A:** The man that pissed on John Wayne's boots and got away with it.

**T:** ...but he made John Wayne.

**R:** That's why he got away with it.

**A:** It's a God's only man kinda thing. It's an appreciation of the artist, this difficult asshole.

**R:** The guy had a way of doing things: He did the things his way, and thus created a way of doing things.

**T:** What about the hopeless cowboy, the outlaw heroes, his characters? Are they you?

**A:** I think there is a lot of mythology around John Ford and all of it is appropriate. It informs what we do.

**R:** He's a representative for what we do.

**T:** You lost a member a while back. Has there been a new music direction since then?

**A:** I don't know if the music took a new direction so much as it became less complex. Paul contributed a certain dynamic, a certain sound, and a certain melodic idea to the band. He took it with him and it hasn't been replaced. I think what you have is a more stripped down version of what we had before.

**R:** It's really quite similar to when the Stones lost Brian Jones... only he died. It wasn't so much "OK, let's replace this guy," cuz we can't replace this guy. Paul was a great guitar player. Three of the members of the band were pulling in a direction that I don't think he was super happy with. The point is, we got another guitar player and it's melded with the rest of the band, just in a different way.

**T:** But your sound and direction HAS changed. The melodic country, the honky tonk—it's gone on your new CD.

**A:** Throughout our history our sound has changed pretty much on a weekly basis.

**R:** When you listen to the first record, there was a lot of country there, but there was a lot of rock, too. We just got more into playing the rock, really.

**A:** The difference between the two albums is that the first represents what we could play at the time. We were much more of a mid-tempo band three years ago. I couldn't play that well and I've gotten a little better and faster, and I've been forced to catch up to them. If you listen to the first album, we tried to be heavier and faster...

**R:** ...but we just couldn't pull it off.

**A:** The bottom line is we've learned how

to play better.

**R:** We're way tighter now.

**A:** It's a natural process. You speed up. Sometimes I wish we would slow down.

**R:** We wanted to re-record "Ocean". It's a slow melodic number, super popular when we play live, and we re-recorded it for the record. We ended up with 13 or 14 really strong songs. I can't tell you, the last two months of trying to figure out what to leave off, it was absolutely the hardest part. We've always been fans of records that hit you really hard. It's ten songs. You're more likely to wanna play it again because it's short and sweet. That's what I love about a vinyl LP. It's short. So this is the stuff that came out—the heavier rock.

**T:** You seem to have gotten away from being grouped under 'alt-country'.

**A:** Only in the sense that I think we hope to not be grouped at all... with anything, in anything. No matter what we do, I can assure you that it will change again, cuz we're music fans. We collectively become excited about something, chase that for a while, and then become excited about something else and chase that. Don't be surprised if we come out with a reggae

tain type of music and they play a certain kind of music, and I take my hat off to anyone who plays, but I just wonder at the inhibitions one places on themselves by not exploring different things. I'll fucking stand up for anything. I'll stand up for country. I'll stand up for blues. I'll stand up for Britney Spears. I'll certainly stand up for Justin Timberlake, cuz he's gorgeous.

**R:** We talked... you weren't gonna say shit like that...  
**T:** (just then The Strokes come on the radio) What do you think of these guys, the White Stripes, The Heavies, etc.?

**A:** I'll stand up for The Strokes cuz first of all, Fab is gorgeous.

**T:** What do you think of the timing

**"We haven't just said, 'hey, let's hang up our cowboy boots and do this....' We still listen to country. It is an umbrella that we just got saddled with early on."**

**-Rich Hope**

of your new release, a very rock album, after the buzz of these 'nouveau rock' bands?

**A:** It's completely deliberate. We're absolutely aware of that.

**R:** That stuff we said about country before... we dropped it like a hot potato and changed the record (laughs).

**A:** Our management said that... it's the crest of a wave; we had to put something out fast. This album was made really, really quickly.

**T:** Is it a wave, just a buzz or is it more a musical climate?

**R:** I think it's all three.

**A:** I think it might be a proto-zeitgeist.

**R:** From what I can tell, it's almost a 'not real' buzz. These 'rock' bands aren't selling all that well. None of them have gone gold in the States, considering how much press they get.

**T:** It is a buzz, the sheer fact that we're using their names in the discussion of rock music....

**R:** It's riding a wave of credibility. They may not be selling that many records but they certainly are getting attention.

**A:** I don't think sales is really a measure of a band's importance. What matters is how much people are talking about them. A band's impact is not defined by their music anymore. The idea of pop... is selling a lifestyle.

**R:** That certainly explains the popularity of mall punk. They all write the same melody... what's punk about that? Look at how they sell Avril Lavigne... that lat-est single? That isn't punk. That isn't anti-



**A:** I s  
**R:** Rich  
Jones an ass-  
hole?

**R:** He's the biggest asshole I've ever met. You should see

him.

It's as Britney as Britney is.

**A:** When I was a kid and listening to punk, the critical thing about it was credibility. A band had to prove its credibility. That's not really a part of the ethos anymore. Blink 182 and Sum 41 will never be asked to prove their credibility....

**R:** ...nobody cares to ask.

**T:** You've gained a Black Halo, Rich Jones.

**A:** Amen.

**T:** Is he your official new member?

**A:** We're not sure.

**R:** We haven't heard from him since he went to Europe. We hope he's coming back for this tour, cuz we kinda need him. **A:** He was a hired gun, no bones about it. The thing that surprised us about him is that... his contribution was huge. He was clearly excited about it. He didn't just show up and play... he ended up writing as well. That was really cool. I don't think any of us were banking on that.

**R:** We just wanted someone else in the mix. I mean, we coulda just left it to me to play both guitars, and then you'd have two Rich Hopes on it... and it's just more interesting to have somebody else come in and put something different in it. He put his own stamp on a lot of stuff. He's really great.

**T:** The Black Halos were a very radio friendly band. Do you think Rich brought those pop sensibilities with him?

**A:** As a matter of fact, yeah. He brought a lot of ideas, which I hesitate to call gimmicky, but have a real sense of fun about them. I got excited about that. I wanted more sense of fun on this album.

**R:** I think that it's important to recognize that we've all developed more of a pop sensibility from our years of writing... Paul had a huge pop sense too, but his wasn't in line with ours; whereas, Jones' is.

**A:** He has a really un-expectant gay Britpop thing....

**R:** Adrian's got a kindred spirit in Jones. They're both from England... We've got a separate compartment in the van for them now... a big Union Jack around the back seat and they just sit back there and giggle like school girls.

**T:** You were asked once about the difference between your solo project and John Ford and replied, "There's four assholes in John Ford and only one asshole in my band."

**A:** How many times has this come up? (Laughs)

**R:** The greatest thing I've ever said.

**T:** Does this guy fit the mold? Does he fit in?

see John Ford on p. 27

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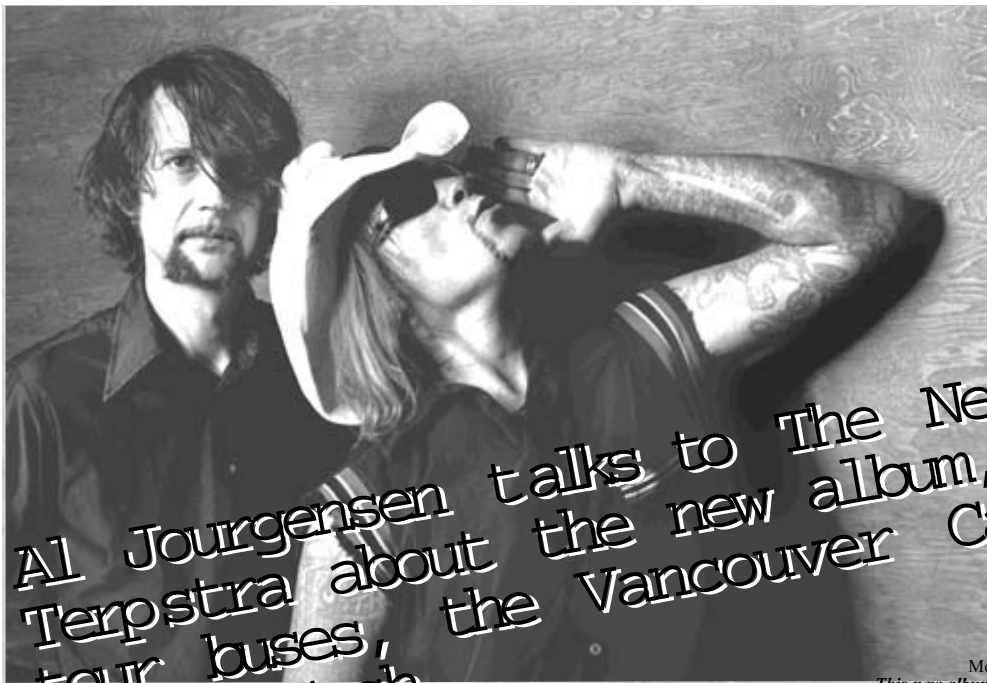
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# Al Jourgensen talks to The Nerve s Isaac Terpstra about the new album, blowing up tour buses, the Vancouver Canucks, and Johnny Cash.

By  
ISAAC TERPSTRA:

Four years since their last full length release or new material, Ministry has just unleashed their ninth studio album, *Animositisomina*, and it is a stoping return to the blistering aggressiveness, wailing walls of sound and incoherence that have decimated audiences for over two decades. Ministry and its many side projects have touched down in multiple genres ranging from dance to alternative rock to industrial to metal and were an integral part of the now legendary Wax Trax record label and the industrial explosion in the early and mid 90s.

Always experimenting in the studio, Ministry's last few albums have charted new territory for the group, whereas *Animositisomina* returns to a sound more reminiscent of classic albums like *Psalm 69* and *The Mind is a Terrible Thing to Taste*.

Ministry's notorious front man, Al Jourgensen, has also publicly gone clean and sober. Far from slowing down, after over a dozen tours and years of inspiring scores of imitators, the man behind Ministry, Lard, the Revolting Cocks and scads of side projects, along with long-time band mate Paul Barker, has returned to write a new chapter in the handbook of sonic devastation with *Animositisomina*. Al Jourgensen explains it simply as: "I got pissed off again!"

Far from being a cynical, jaded musician from a band which remains an icon to many people, Jourgensen is refreshingly honest, to the point, and above all, quite sincere in his drive to simply make good goddamn music... and he's also one hell of a fun guy.

**OK. It's Al Jourgensen's perfect world. It's been made according to your every desire. How would your perfect morning go for the next 6**

**hours starting from you hanging up the phone?**

[laughs] Well, for starters, a plane that doesn't crash or get bombed. That would be nice. I'm a horrible flyer, so yeah, that's my main concern today... a plane that can fly. **You've had bad experiences with planes?**

I've had two emergency landings in my life and been arrested coming off a plane for smoking. So yeah, I've had my battles.

**That leads pretty nicely into our next question. Do you have a criminal record?**

Do I have a criminal record? Yes.

Is the Pope Catholic?

**What's the most bizarre thing that you pulled off that you should have gotten busted for, but weren't?**

Ah - we blew up our tour bus. [laughs]

**And got away with it?**

Well, yeah, the cops came up and the bus was pulled over - it was going down the road when we blew it up and the bus driver was screaming at us and he called the cops. The thing was on fire and the cops - it was in Texas, actually, of all places, and these Texas rangers, state troopers, came up and I thought, "Aw shit we're goin' to jail." But they just came up and they both had chewing tobacco in their mouth and they did a big spit and looked at the bus on fire. There were all these coloured flames because it had set off a pyrotechnic in the bus, you know, like one that was supposed to look like a pirate ship in the sky, except we lit it off in the bus. It was one of those things like you launch a mile offshore in the water on the 4th of July. The cops just looked at all this coloured smoke and just looked at the bus driver screaming "Put 'em in jail, put 'em in jail!" and the cop goes [puts on a thick Southern drawl] "Well, whudja expect! This ain't Mozart, this is rock n' roll. Now get them boys back on that bus, put out that fire and get outta here."

**And you got the heck outta Texas?**

Fast!

**Do you have any main vices or extravagances?**

Right now my only vice is press. [laughing]

**Press? All right, that's a good one I**

**guess. I hate talking to you guys! [still laughing]**

**What more than anything, really pisses you off?**

Incompetence. And mediocrity. I think they're tied.

**OK, prioritize this list: Sex, drugs, music, money.**

Ahhhh - music first, sex second, money third, drugs fourth. I mean, I don't even do drugs any more. And money comes and goes. Money is just this concept that people spend so much time on. I've had my parents be millionaires when I was a kid, then go bankrupt. I was a rich person, then in poverty. I've had my records sell a shit load, and then all of a sudden not sell the next record. You know, so it goes up and down. You just learn not to worry about it. **It's always feast or famine.**

Yep.

**If it could be absolutely anything in the world, what would be the three best presents that you could ever hope to receive from anybody?**

That's a tough one. I'd have to say - it may sound corny - but tranquility.

**"All these artists are so afraid because of their little royalties and bullshit. I love anarchy... peace and anarchy. Those are my two favourite dichotomies."**

-Al Jourgensen

from someone that makes me calm down because I'm a hyper sort, love of course, and animals. Give me a puppy or a kitten or a baby bird or a baby parrot or something like that and I'm happy as hell. I love animals!

**Really? You have some pets then obviously.**

Oh yeah. I've got two Revolting Cockatiels, two kittens and a dog. So we're set.

**I've got a couple more warm-up questions for you, and then we've got some questions about the album.**

**If you and the rest of the guys in the band were a pro-wrestling team, what would all your names be?**

Well, Buck Satan for me of course. And Paul would be the Pink Anvil. And that's basically Ministry. Who else... after the tour I'll have names for them. How's that?

**Everyone has a pet name for their band. What's your pet name for**

**This new album - I've listened to it a whole bunch in the last couple of days. It totally kicks ass. It's got an edge and a feel more like some of the older albums like Psalm 69 and Mind is a Terrible Thing to Taste...**

A lot of people are saying this is almost like *Psalm 70* - the follow up to 69.

**Everyone is saying Ministry is 'back.' What do you have to say about this?**

I didn't know we were away!

**There are three symbols from separate religions on the cover of the album gracing the face of a dead sheep. Are you personally part of any organized religion yourself?**

No, I'm a very spiritual person, but I have no organized connections.

**There's got to be four plans supporting the album, I'm guessing.**

There sure are! We do a warm-up show here on the 16th in El Paso, Texas, because that's where we're rehearsing, at the studio, where we made the album. That's why we're back here in the desert. Then it's kind of a weird routine... we go from El Paso to Amsterdam and then do Europe for a couple of weeks, and

then back to the States where we start March 7th in Buffalo. We'll be doing Canada too.

**Of the new songs off of the album, which song are you most looking forward to playing live?**

Probably the first cut, "Animosity". That's what we're going to open the show with. It's a barn burner!

**It sure is!**

We're sounding pretty good on it right now.

**Out of your prior material, what's the one song that gets requested the most often that you'd be happy to never play again?**

Oh, easy. "Stigmata".

**Really? That's a #1 request?**

Yeah, I'm really sick of that song. [laughs]

**If you could have any prop, or pull off any stunt imaginable on stage unlimited by budget, technology, legality, good taste, whatever, what would it be?**

To do a ramp jump with a bike, Evil Knievel style, on to the stage. I

would love to do that. My only problem is the rest of the band... I'm not afraid of doing it. I want to do it. But the rest of the guys are afraid I'd wipe out and take them with me.

**Is Ministry coming to Vancouver?**

Absolutely. I know we're in Seattle on the 15th of April, so somewhere around there for sure.

**I know you've been up here before... I think it was at the Coliseum. What do you guys think of Vancouver?**

I love Vancouver. I spent two months up there producing the Skinny Puppy album *Rabies* and I loved it up there. My wife's from there. I hate your hockey team though! I'm a Blackhawks fan. **Fair enough. At least this year we're providing some opposition.**

Damn good this year, yes! Great first line. Wow! Todd Bertuzzi is one of my favourite players.

**Do you find there's any difference playing Canada, U.S., Europe, and the rest of the world? Or is there a universal reaction? Is it different from place to place?**

Well, the main difference is that I don't have to scramble around to get a satellite dish for the bus to watch hockey games because you guys have it on all the time up there! But

as far as the fans go, no, it's the same.

**Are the Revolting Cocks ever going to rise again?**

Oh yeah. We've got six songs recorded for a new record already. We're in the process of doing that, and we've got a new Lard record too. We've got our fingers on the three-headed monster - Ministry, Lard and Cocks.

**That's pretty exciting!**

[sarcastically] Yeah, we're 'back' I guess!

**Not just Ministry, but the whole shebang! ... Twitch stands out from all the rest of the Ministry albums in a totally unique way. Are there any plans to ever make music in that 'vein' again?**

We just wing it. Whatever happens, happens when we go into the studio. I mean, I may do a bluegrass record next. You never know.

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# IF YOU CAN'T BE NAKED

Fashion... Nerve Style

A true story by Niki Graham



Angela Wiebe: Before the bad

I've always been inexplicably drawn to anything involving dangerous boys, drugs, and rock 'n' roll. If it seemed even slightly dangerous, yeah, I craved it. All of this has done little for me, really, except earn me a stint in rehab... so I had to give it up. But when it was suggested I take a "good" girl and make her "bad", I became as excited as an adolescent boy who accidentally grazes up against the fuzz of an angora sweater.

Most of the women in my life are slowly creeping upon the age of powersuits and expensive eye-creams... not girls, but not yet cougars. So I had to branch out from my inner-circle to find someone *truly* good.

Ever since I taught my best friend in grade nine how to eat a banana without using her teeth, I've had a knack for corrupting sweet young darlings. Although, not to give the wrong impression, to this day she thanks me for that lesson.

But the girls in these photos, Angela Wiebe, 19, and Eleanor Owst, 20, are genuinely "good" girls.

Angela lives with her parents in Richmond. Church and bible study are integral parts of her life. When I asked Angela if she does anything bad, she paused for a long time..... "I have a Bellini every now and then."

Eleanor lives with her family in Kerrisdale. She is an English major at UBC. She works at an upscale clothing store for older clientele. But perhaps the greatest testimony to Eleanor's goodness was her ability to stay away from illicit substances while growing up in Chilliwack. Once, during her adolescence, Eleanor went to the mall with some friends. To her dismay she discovered the girls planned to shoplift. She was outraged and caught the next bus home.

So, I blasted *Funhouse*, packed on the make-up, tore through several closets, cracked open the Wild Turkey and let the BAD times roll.

All of this, however, was in vain because when the girls tried to be bad and look mean... the best they could do was pout. I mean, what was I to do, force them? Hmmm....

Photos: Lillie Louise



Eleanor Owst: Well before the bad



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# Mad Caddies

Still skanking...but not ska?

In these times of economic uncertainty, downsizing is the operative word for industry sustainability and ska bands are no exception.

Santa Barbara's Mad Caddies have cut back from an octet in their formidable beginnings in the mid-90s to a sextet. And with each passing album, the core group lays off another band mate. Not even the horn section, which is so crucial for that distinct SoCal punk sound, has job security. Lead singer Chuck Robertson remembers the financial burden of touring with eight musicians and a merch guy.

"It was pretty rough with no money," says Robertson from his home two days before heading out on a six-week North American tour. "One less guy is one less mouth to feed on the road."

But the Caddies weren't just losing out on a bigger piece of the pie. Touring across Canada and the US in the middle of summer with nine guys who have limited access to laundry for their skanking ska skivvies, was also taking its toll on Robertson's Ford Econoline.

"Oh my god, it still smells from that tour," he recalls as he exhales smoke into the phone from a never-ending cigarette.

These days Robertson can leave his van at home. After spending years on the road and having to spend hours in a bar killing time before sound check, the Caddies now have the luxury of touring in a fully loaded tour bus. Robertson describes the bus as basically a little mobile living room with a TV, a PlayStation and a couch.

"It makes a huge difference for peace of mind," he says. "When you do the same thing every day for five months, you don't have a place to call your home that's actually comfortable to hang out in."

Hanging out together is something that most of the Caddies have been doing since playing in bands in Santa Ynez Valley, a small town 30 miles out of Santa Barbara. Robertson, guitarist Sascha Lazor, and bassist Mark Iversen started out as The Ivy League in early 90s before becoming the Caddies in 1995. The current line-up also includes trombone player Ed Hernandez, trumpet player Keith Douglas and drummer Brian Slenken.

Before recording their latest album, *Just One More*, Robertson, Douglas, Derek the merch guy and Lazor, who has since then moved out, rented a house on the edge of town and built a jam/studio space.

"We bicker all the time," says Robertson about spending so much quality time together. "But nothing ever serious that can't be settled over a beer."

And as far as Robertson is concerned, eating, breathing, sleeping, jamming and recording under one roof has paid off for their fourth full-length.

"I'm really, really proud of it," he says about their latest 15 song CD put out by Fat Wreck Chords.

He can't, however, say the same thing about their last record, *Rock the Plank*. In more

than one interview, Robertson risked pissing off Fat Mike by saying how lukewarm he felt about it. Bold move when you consider that interviews are generally granted for the purpose of promoting.

"It's easy to say it sucks now because we can blame it in the guy who left," he says, but then he recants and admits it had more to do with meeting deadlines. "No, it was more like we didn't get to take six months off to record a record. It was kinda like tour, tour, tour and then, 'OK, you have a month to come home, write the new record and record it a month later.'"

In the past, most Caddies' songs were written almost in their entirety before heading into the recording studio, but not all.

"There's always been a few songs on the record where we just smoked a joint in practice and someone started playing a riff and it turned into a song," he says.

For this album, they worked collectively during the writing process for almost every track.

"This [record] was [a collective effort], definitely."

**"At this point in my career, I'm barely making enough money to pay rent and stay fat."** - Chuck Robertson

More like, I'd have a part or Sascha would have a part and then we'd kind of all come together and watch it grow and build it together," he says. "It definitely takes longer, but it's been way better for the morale of the whole band."

The collaboration is obvious on first listen. The album has everything from Dixieland-jazz infused punk songs like "Villain" to more straight up soft-core punk tunes such as "Contraband". Of course, the requisite ska tunes are still present like "10 West." And to kick things off with a bang, song one is a reggae ballad?

"You can blame Fat Mike for that... he insisted," says Robertson about "Drinking For". "We wanted to start off with a really hardcore punk rock song, but he was 'let's mess with people and start off with a super slow song... no one ever does that.'"

They wisely chose to listen to the man who signs their pay checks and who brought them up from the Vans' Warped Tour side stage in '97 to the main stage this summer.

In retrospect, Robertson is happy that it took them six years to climb their way to the top of the Warped roster.

"The whole ska thing was really big

then and we're kind of glad that we never did get really big back then because all the bands that were big are totally gone now. There was this big backlash that like 'ska sucks,'" says Robertson. "We did get kind of pigeonholed for a while, but I feel like we're just now starting to, in the last few years, show people that we're not a ska band. We can play ska, but we're a band."

The Caddies will also be headlining the upcoming Fat Wreck Chord's showcase, Fat Tour 2003. The bill includes two other Californian soft-core punk acts, Rise Against and The Flipsides, as well as Vancouver's Real McKenzies.

"I'm a little nervous," he says about touring with The McKenzies, but he wouldn't elaborate except to say, "No comment."

Perhaps the McKenzies' reputation for being erratic, raunchy, rock 'n' roll rogues has preceded them all the way down to sunny shores of Santa Barbara.

"We're all drunks, but we're never out of control," says Robertson about his own clan. "We're all pretty non-confrontational guys."

Although Robertson does admit that his band mate Douglas did not, in fact, knock out his two front teeth from reaming on his trumpet over-enthusiastically, as stated on the Caddies' Web site.

"It's a total lie," confesses Robertson. "He's been doing a bunch of interviews so I don't know if he came clean about that or not. He's one of those guys who can blackout and keep drinking."

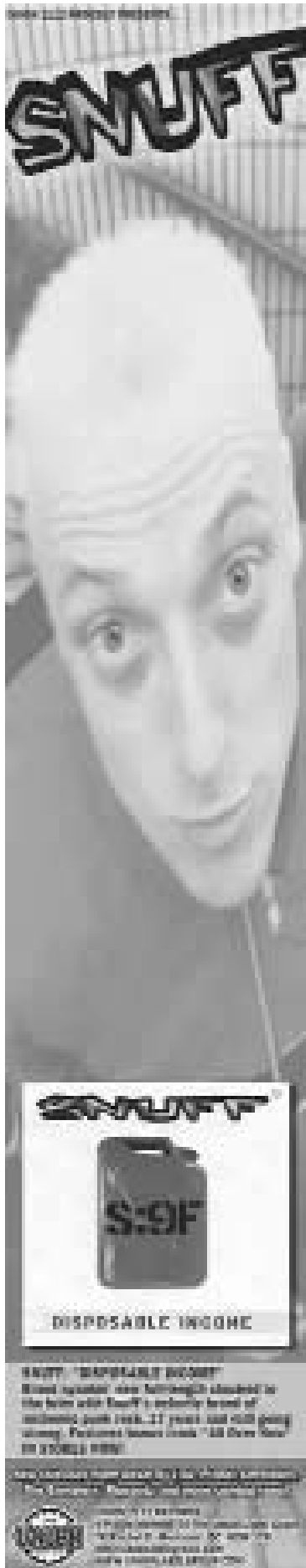
It turns out that one night last December, Douglas did a 'butt-load' of shots and proceeded to attempt four or five stairs in one stride. Instead, he did a face a plant and used his pearly ivories to break the fall. As a result, the Caddies had to cancel a bunch of shows that month.

With help from some dentures, they're back on the road and doing quite well. Robertson says the band has been getting a lot of support for this album. But the 25-year-old knows he's still got a long way to go before he can start living the life of a decadent rock star. That doesn't stop him from indulging, though.

"At this point in my career, I'm barely making enough money to pay rent and stay fat," he says referring to his expensive and high caloric diet of beer, beer and more beer. "You can play one night and have a thousand people and play the next to 60, so you never know what the hell's going on."

When he says people, he means of the

see Mad Caddies on p. 27...





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**Oklahoma,  
80 Proof Yob**  
@ The Royal Hotel  
February 7, 2003

It was an early show and there was a desolate period of waiting, a veil of sorrow, and then there was this really good band, 80 Proof Yob... ugly as a monkey's ying and fronted by a guy bearing a resemblance to Alan Jackson. Quality headwear and sleazy southern filth music. I'm white trash myself, and it was great to see the brothers doing it. It was exactly what I want in a rock show: sleaze-boogie south-fun rock with no pretension. Then, Jesus Christ I couldn't believe it, the singer unsheathed a full fifth of Wild Turkey, popped the cap, and passed the grainious treat amongst the audience like Santa. You don't get down home generosity like that at a gay-rave-dancehall, no way. The audience killed that bottle in three minutes. It was great.

There was little knickerbocking at this point due to a lack of liquored patrons, but this wasn't the band's fault. OK, it was an early show, and a sadly shortened set. There was nothing they could do about that. Don't miss the next show. What more can I say? I loved it.

I didn't know much about the next band- Toronto types-but they promised degeneracy. Then all of a sudden they came out and there were a thousand of them in the band! Holy shit, there were six or eight guitar players! And the singer, he looked vicious. He had a little cat walk thing and he sang and danced on it. They played songs, the usual things, and then some degeneracy started. Nudity appeared. Dancing girl appeared with fleshies like a double softball. Writhed about, then audience nudity happened, and then they got a freaking chainsaw and cut up an animal simulacra, the room filled with smoke and stuffing. Then this maniac girl in the audience got to be in the middle of a circle of band nudity, several cocks made an appearance. Do you get it?

Jason Ainsworth

**Bob Log III,  
Bebe and Serge**  
@ The Pic  
Feb 9, 2003

Boob + Scotch = Log. I knew partly what to expect from the one-man band circus show known as Bob Log III: wicked slide guitar played by a motorcycle helmeted madman, and breasts being clapped, exposed and possibly 'Scotched' as well. My curiosity over the Boob Scotch, a new invention by the scrawny, breast-obsessed southerner, was sated this evening by a brazen Amazonian who simply came up on stage and dipped her breast in a glass of Scotch.



Bob Log III at the Pic Photo: Cowboy TexAss

Bob Log played mostly from his new album, astoundingly sounding like a full band, with his whole body thrashing wildly as he played. He was thoroughly entertaining, enough so that girls came up from the audience and rode his knees like bucking broncos. I can now honestly say I've seen it all.

Bebe and Serge? I arrived in time to see just them whipping each other on stage to what sounded like a Thrill Kill Kult song, followed by karaoke sung along to a Tom Jones song. At first I thought I didn't get it, that there was some brilliant art behind what they were doing and I was missing it. Then I realized that there was nothing to get, it was just bad karaoke with bad choreography, and I didn't like it.

Cowboy TexAss

**Death Sentence,  
SLAVECO.**  
Ten Days Late  
@ The Astoria  
Jan. 31, 2003

I remember about eight or nine years ago my band was supposed to open for Ten Days Late in Victoria, but the Malahat Highway was too snowy for us to make it down from Nanaimo. So this night was the first time I'd ever seen or heard TDL. And, well, now that I've seen them... I don't think I missed much back then. TDL are not my cup of tea. Syrupy sweet female pop punk that's slightly heavier than Cub. They play really well, and they've been around a long time, but yeah, not my thing.

SLAVECO. are a new band fronted by Chi Pig (ex-SNFU, The Wongs, etc.). SLAVECO. was a little more to my liking than TDL, but not as intense as I was hoping. SLAVECO. played semi-fast, semi-heavy punk type stuff. And, of course, they didn't play any SNFU covers. Chi Pig still has the same signature voice, which still sounds fairly cool, but SLAVECO. lacked the energy I was hoping for. A little disappointing.

And, of course, Death Sentence headlined the show. Death Sentence was on fire... way more intense and rocking than last time I saw them during the Festival of Guns in November. For any of you who aren't familiar with Death Sentence, they're fast, heavy, angry, semi-political punk with a little bit of metal thrown in. They played all their classics like "Fake", "RCMP", "Death Squad", "Dawn of the Dead", and "Live to Die" among others, as well as a kick-ass cover of Bad Brains' "Sail On". There was a large crowd and mosh pit and Dan Scum, Doug Donut and company did a kick-ass job. It's nice to see an old classic band come back and still kick ass like this. Death Sentence stole the show and made the whole night totally worthwhile.

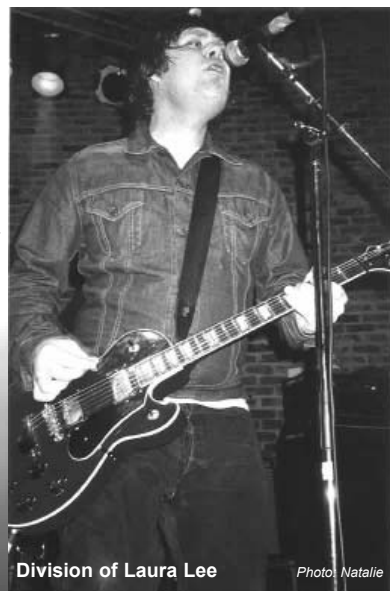
Stefan Nevatie

**Zuckuss,  
Hoosegow**  
@ The Astoria  
Friday, Jan. 24, 2003

I missed about half of Hoosegow's set but I've seen them before and this time they played better than last. They're from Victoria and play fast angry punk with a lot of rock 'n' rollish parts. The drummer of this band is Jay Brown from AWT. Apparently, I missed them cover SNFU's "Cannibal Cafe", but I've heard them play it before and it's better than the original. They finished their set with a wicked cover of Bad Brains' "Pay To Cum". During the Bad Brains song, I was standing at the front with a pitcher of beer in my hand and my notebook in the other and the woman I'm dating and her friend were standing behind me with glasses of beer in their hands as well. We were enjoying the song and our beer when some greasy haired guy with a Minor Threat "Bottle Full of Violence" t-shirt came up and asked if we wanted to mosh. We all said NO. Obviously this guy is from some kind of backwards world where "no" means "yes". He came flying into my date and her friend, cutting my girlfriend's mouth and smashing her friend's glass. What happened next was pretty crazy. My date punched this guy in the face and then threw her beer at him. After that, my date and her friend left. I'd like to give that guy a bottle full of violence. But, of course, he's someone I've never seen before or since.

Zuckuss came on next with some really wicked tight grind/death. Too bad there weren't more people in the crowd, but apparently there were some more boring bands playing elsewhere. The guy with the Minor Threat t-shirt yelled something about how the VOX sucked and everyone at my table (me included) glared at him and started talking about how to deal with him. He disappeared after that, which was good for him and I guess, good for us—not that we would have hurt him in or anywhere near the bar. If you've never seen Zuckuss, they've got technical grindcore down to a fine art, like super detailed paintings that have pictures within pictures. Not only that, but one of the guitarists, Dengar, plays with his middle finger sticking out all the time, and the drummer, Boss Jass (last time I reviewed Zuckuss, I made a mistake with his name and called him Jesse) managed to puke six times during the set. Impressive. Zuckuss are a STAR WARS porno band lyrically, and if you're either a STAR WARS nerd or a fan of brutal music, then Zuckuss is one of the best bands in the universe.

Stefan Nevatie



Division of Laura Lee

Photo: Natalie

The Nerve  
Magazine presents

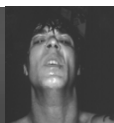
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# HOPELESSNESS by Billy Hopeless

Well, my faithless readers, although I do have a few cards up my sleeve I think its more important to lay down a memorial to a queen in front of you jokers before I start pulling out aces!

So here she is, lest you forget. Put on your *Plasmatics* albums, go rent *Reform School Girls*, grab a can of whipping cream and pay worship to the goddess of destruction known only as Wendy O. Williams! When she left, the world just seemed a whole lot safer. At the time of her death, Wendy was residing in Storrs, Connecticut and was working as an animal rehabilitator. May she always be remembered and always missed. May 28, 1949 - Apr 6, 1998.



**Division of Laura Lee, Burning Brides, The Catheters @ Richard's on Richards January 30, 2003**

The Catheters started the night off right with some great shrieking and mic-lassoing rock 'n' roll. My only complaint was that the singer spat a little TOO much, but moving right along....

Burning Brides inspired a two-word reaction: vein-popping! The 3-piece alternated between toe-tappin', catchy guitar strokin' and head-noddin' bluesy rawkin', while singer Dimitri worked his neck veins to full potential and bassist Melanie, dwarfed by her bass, played so madly it seemed her right arm was gonna rip off. Despite obvious talent, I slowly lost interest as their set progressed... even when Dimitri proudly announced an upcoming tour with Audioslave. Oh, hooray.

Soon it was time for Division of Laura Lee. I was mega curious to see these Swedes. For one: because they claim to be one of the best bands ever, and two: because

*"The act of taking my own life is not something I am doing without a lot of thought. I don't believe that people should take their own lives without deep and thoughtful reflection over a considerable period of time. I do believe strongly, however, that the right to do so is one of the most fundamental rights that anyone in a free society should have. For me much of the world makes no sense, but my feelings about what I am doing ring loud and clear to an inner ear and a place where there is no self, only calm. Love always, Wendy."*

— Wendy O. Williams' suicide note



see Live Wires on p. 18

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cont d from p. 16

their press photos don't try to represent them as some pretty band from Sweden. One of the singers, Per, is a slightly heavier guy, and it was kind of disturbing when the band was setting up and his butt crack was visible on a number of occasions. But later he danced around so sweetly, I caught myself giggling, "awwww!" a couple times.

The band was quite lively during their set but I think I'll call their style "daintily thrashing". It wasn't so controlled as to look forced, but their rapid movements somehow looked very relaxed. They were definitely excited to be there. In fact, Per announced, "We're Division of Laura Lee, from Gothenburg, Sweden", three times.

They started their set with their energetic "We've Been Planning This for Years". They basically played all of their full-length, *Blackcity*, and slipped a few new ones into the mix, but the crowd was the most active for the band's catchy first single, "Need to Get Some". D.O.L.L.'s encore consisted of a new song and "Pretty Electric". They finished off with "Wild and Crazy" and each member of the band left the stage one by one. They dramatically swung their instruments around and tossed them carefully to not actually wreck them, but maybe to appear like they didn't care if they did?

These guys definitely know what they're doing, but aren't prepared to get flaky or all dolled up in order to portray a certain image. Good on 'em!

Natalie Vermeer

**Lupus  
Dirty Needles  
@ the Astoria  
January 18, 2003**

The Dirty Needles started the show with some spastic rock 'n' roll. They had an entertaining set in which they somehow destroyed one of their amps by dropping it down a set of stairs. Their bass player tried to induce himself to vomit on stage, but failed miserably. However,

their fan clowns of 16-year-old girls made up for their shortcomings. Lupus came on next and started with a song about drinkin', drugin', and fuckin' and then a reggae song about killing cops and selling drugs. They then started in on fatty Osborne (Ozzy's daughter) and made fun of the whole Osborne TV show and continued the set with songs about STDs, young girls, and more sick stories from their lives. The best part was that they managed to stay sober for their set, which was a plus because they actually stayed in tune. They're a band that shouldn't be missed (unless you're some politically correct punk who can't take a joke).

### Trezticuler Cancer

**Masters of the Universe**  
**Lazy Boy**  
**@ 303 Live**  
**Thursday, Jan. 23, 2003**

Rarely are acts so shockingly mismatched with each other. Lazy Boy came out first looking like a boy band from the Canadian North. They had weird-looking, long-haired singers with a few pieces of jewelry, dressed between a player and a guitarist that looked bewildered. Lazy Boy played wholesome rock music that was reminiscent of Kashtin or Wave. After every few songs, they mentioned whether or not the next song they were going to play was on one of their albums. It seemed like a faint attempt to justify their music. These guys needed to be force fed Bruce La-Prince films and Godz albums. Backstage people mumbled and heckled as the lead singer said things like, "I didn't get beat up last night. It was fascinating to see these guys actually playing up the pathetic angle. Throughout the entire performance, they looked defeated and scared. Finally, when the lead singer mumbled something about having ten minutes to go, someone in the back of the club screamed, "One more!" and they obeyed.

Lazy Boy packed up their gear and settled in with their girlfriends at a table near the bar. Over the noise of the club stereo you could here them bragging and discussing the show. All the confidence they lacked showed up like an acid rush. They looked delirious. Cigarettes were sparked up and drink tickets were tossed

on the bar. The metamorphosis from sissy soft rockers to brash young rebels was a matter of leaving the stage lights.

Masters of the Universe didn't have the same kind of quality. Four beat up looking guys set up their equipment and played heavy metal. Their guitarist was sporting a baseball cap and baseball jersey draped with long fuzzy hair. The guy made perfect sense. His look went with the sound. The Masters of the Universe destroyed for about twelve people. They played all styles of metal showing they could handle all kinds of sounds. The guys from Lazy Boy mockingly bobbed their heads and held up their fingers. If someone would mint them some balls, perhaps they could play as well. Near the end of the show, Masters of the Universe looked like they were on the verge of sacrificing a virgin and all the guys from Lazy Boy started to tremble.

*Matt Whalley*

**S.T.R.E.E.T.S**  
**Sidesixtyseven**  
**Blem de la Blem**  
**Jak Uzi**  
**@ The Astoria**  
**February 8, 2003**

Some nights it's worth it to sneak out, even when you're under house arrest. This was a good cause: a benefit for V.I.S.P.A. (Vancouver Indoor Skatepark Association). There were supposed to be petitions to sign, but I think they got lost. You know how it is with punk rockers and paperwork.

First up was Jak Uzi. I missed the set completely, but everyone I asked said they were really good. Whaddaya want me to do? I didn't see it! I'm all for absolute music, but could there ever be a Jak band greater than Lummox? I want to see Merrick onstage, skull-fucking the front row and eating an Eskimo pie! Why the hell don't they play anymore? Lummox! Lummox!

Anyway, next up was Blem de la Blem, who have been around for a fuck of a long time and play that hardcore death/black/thrash/speed metal. A better critic

could make finer distinctions. I couldn't understand what they were saying except they were yelling because the building was coming down. It's the soundtrack to doing a line of speed and enjoying your own car accident. And sometimes that is really good. Besides, Jay LeBlanc has done more than anyone for the punk scene in this city, so I will always support him and his many bands. Does that sound biased? Oh, probably.

Here is a sidesixtyseven ripped, like always. This is a useful guideline: if this band is on the bill, it's probably going to be a good show. These guys demonstrate how if you get to the point where your songs are so tight and you play your instruments so well, you achieve a certain level where your style naturally takes over... instead of when you're a little scrub still trying to find it. Over the years I've seen these guys put everything they had into playing tiny shows, illegal after-hours or in basements. They are punk rock in the perfect sense that they will be very good for a long time without any measure of success and still only care about the music. And that's why we love them. Plus, they're all fucken hot.

It was the Astoria so we borrowed some weapons and went outside for a cigarette. And then up was S.T.R.E.E.T.S. What can you say about the great punk hope? It's like watching the children of the revolution—foam mesh, mustaches, skateboards in the air, and attitude you deserve when you can do something well. Multi-layered guitar harmonies, complexly structured songs, and the sickest leads I've ever heard. These guys can't *play* a bad show. It must've been what it was like watching Tony Alva skate in the seventies: knowing you were seeing something bigger than the show. It's the sound of blood in the streets and underage girls running wild. In case that doesn't make enough sense, S.T.R.E.E.T.S. are so fucken good and that's all that matters.

It was a great show and everyone got really drunk and fucked up and had a good time. I sat there and thought about how if punk rockers could deal with paperwork, we could've taken over the world by now.

*T. Dawg*



**Alcoholic White Trash**  
*"Outta Key and Outta Time"*  
*Live at The SoundGarden*  
 Independent

I have to say the cover artwork on this disc is nothing short of amazing. It's black and white photocopied paper with "Iron Maiden" font for the title, a pentagram beside a "666" with an inverted cross that says "Fuckin' your mom". There's no track listing, but Rathboy Roy manages to say the song titles between every song, and even one title of a song that I'm still not sure made it on to the disc.

Surprisingly, the sound on this disc is kick ass. They must have a wicked sound board at the Sound Garden, everything is pretty clear and distinguishable. For anyone who's never heard AWT, imagine fast heavy angry punk about drinking, drugs, fucking and having cancer, similar in some ways to stuff like the Accused but not as heavy and with more rockish elements... then mix in a bit of old SNFU, some metal, etc. etc. If you don't know what real hardcore punk sounds like by now, too bad for you. Contact VICPUNX@HOTMAIL.COM .

Stefan Nevatie.

**all girl summer fun band**  
 2  
 K Records

Remember when it was summer? Too drunk? Want to remember when it was summer? Well, you'll have to wait till April 22<sup>nd</sup> when the all girl summer fun band releases their, their second album. It's called 2. I think that's because it is their second album. Remember, their first album? It is similar to this one, except they sing about different stuff and rearranged the three chords into different progressions. And in this one they have this song called "jason lee" and it's about Jason Lee doing kick flips in their dreams. I thought I was the only one! But seriously: you've got to be an un-medicated closet goth not to enjoy this.

Jenni Nelson

**Derita Sisters**  
*The Great Satan*  
 Trash 2001

I'm told that these boys from Santa Barbara have been around for ten years now, so where the fuck have I been! This shit rocks. The first bit of this disc opens with some Ramones influenced stuff, but not the stuff in the pop punk genre. At times bordering on that modern day SoCal he style but not to the point where my interest was lost. With songs such as "Born without a Punk Rock Name", "I Don't Wanna go to the Turkish Prison" and "Butterface" give good indication of the Derita Sisters sarcastic outlook, however, the song "Clash Reunion" was unfortunately poorly timed for obvious reasons.

Aaronoid.

**Evil Conduct**  
*Eye For An Eye*  
 Knockout Rstrecords

After being virtually ignored in the mid 80s, these boys from the South of Holland called it a day. However the attention of a released demo on vinyl inspired the members to regroup in 1998. On this 12 song release Evil Conduct give us some traditional sounding Oi! stuff. A tad more simplistic than a lot of acts around nowadays, but very solid nonetheless. Lyrically the message is loud and clear from a working class point of view. One song entitled "No Pain, No Gain" about the rush of getting tattooed could possibly break some new ground. Also included is a cover of the Sham 69 classic "Borstal Breakout".

Aaronoid.

**Various Artists**  
*Killed By Finnish Hardcore LP*  
 Redrum Records

If I were religious, I would say that God brought me peace and happiness on the day I received this platter from Him. I would also say that I believe in miracles for they have rarely happen in life. But since I'm NOT religious, I'm gonna tell you that this is one kick-in-the-head hardcore compilation of fucking goddamn awesome Finnish hardcore punk bands. I would not call it believe Redrum Records released this album! Thank the lord they brought us this compilation of bands from '81 - '85. Being a big fan of Euro-hardcore I was more than happy to listen to this release multiple times for this review. Bands like KAAOS, LAMA, RATTUS, TAMPERE SS and TERVEET KADET are on here, but there's tons more Finnish punk bands I've never heard of. All good, all praise miracles!

Andy Gronberg

**The Hope Conspiracy**  
*Endnote*  
 Equal Vision

Endnote came out sometime last year, but I never got around to reviewing it. The Hope Conspiracy is, plain and simple, "fuckin' dope". Hard-core & speed punk roots are very visible in this highly charged sophomore release. This is the shit that the Boston Strangler would have listened to, you know what I mean?

Adler Floyd

**Icons of Filth**  
*Nostodamnedus*  
 Go-Kart Records

Boring. Really boring. I.O.F. play a style of unlistenable British Hardcore. Speaking of old, these guys have been spinning their wheels

since the early 80s and apparently are the "Icons of underground punk legend". Huh? What about Drunken Anti-Christ from San Deigo? "Music To Get Murdered By" (thanks Scooter) starts with a sample from Reservoir Dogs, you know, the "ear part." From there they tear into "Shut the Fuck Up (Snitch)" and keep going ball's deep all the way to motherfuckin' track 11. I was not the least bit surprised to learn these hombes intentionally run people over while driving and stab people at video stores in their spare time. Seriously folks, if you have even the slightest tendency for unchecked aggression, this will send you over the fucking edge. The last time my girlfriend asked if her jeans "make her ass look fat", I punched her right in the stomach.

While I.O.F. just isn't my bag, I'm sure it would appeal to the camouflage cargo set. If you really want some punk rock, D.A.C. will show you fucking hardcore. They'll hard-core your motherfuckin' ass right into the pavement.

Ricky Kasso

**Jett Brando**  
*Jagged Junktion*  
 Go-kart Records

Mr. Jeremy Winter, formerly of All Natural Lemon and Lime Flavors, has put out a cassette machine behind this release, his second solo album. All of the six songs on this EP start off with small, pleasant riffs that are then overtaken by spacey echoes and chants. Almost like a male singer fronting Stereolab, but more astronaut and less chasteuse. This album accomplishes everything it sets out to achieve, and is pleasant to listen to. The chances of me ever listening to it again are slim though, as I don't smoke pot.

Jenni Nelson

**Midnight Creeps**  
*Doomed from The Get Go*  
 Rodent Popsickle

I saw this act at the (in)famous CBGBS's club while in New York City last summer. They blew my mind, playing a set of raunchy female fronted punk 'n' Roll that ended with a Motorhead cover. The music on this disc lives up to what I expect of their live performance. The production is clean and that distracts slightly, but over all, a great release. I bet fans of The Lunachicks would stoke on this.

Aaronoid.

**Poisonblack**  
*Wish Upon a Star*  
 Century Media

Ridiculously over the top production that weaves a rich tapestry of Swedish meatball-metal with a dash of gothic flair, but with a twist- These guys are from Finland! This drippy little polar bear boasts manley Kr sue, heavyweights as Sentenced, Shadowlands and Charon. Wow!

The bio that accompanies this nugget dares to ask "...have you ever invited your demons up from your personal hell for a candid, mature discussion?" Well, no, I haven't. But I fear they meet on certain Saturday nights at Snatchez in Whalley for a pagan-esque ritual of blood-letting and carpooling they like to call Goth-Night. They even have a special dance where everyone falls to the floor and shakes in epileptic delight. How naughty! I also heard they can only do the 'dance' when a special song is played. Can you imagine? What is it-the fuckin' Caterpillar song the Cure? Give me a fucking break. Said bio also mentions how "...at times, people are shocked that a guitarist can also play wind instruments." This is too easy. Fucking wind instruments. However, this isn't too surprising from a band that sounds like they would be willing to bet the farm that Type-O-Negative invented music in 1991.

Raymond Belknap

**Riot 99**  
*Last Train To Nowhere*  
 Longshot Music

Upon first hearing Toronto's Riot 99, I remember thinking to myself, "Man, this guy singing sure sounds British. Is that his background or is he just emulating the accent?" I was wrong on both accounts. Their singer Drew is in fact an authentic Australian who immigrated here a few years back and has had vocal duties in both Compound Fracture and Stanley Knife, two acts from the land down under who were featured on some of the "Punks Skins and Herbs" compilations on Helen Of Oi! Records. Drummer Ter was previously in great Canadian acts such as The Glory Stompers, King Sized Braces and The Systematics.

The Class is Andy who also plays in The Class also out of the Toronto area. Riot 99 not surprisingly have a heavily English feel and if I had to compare them to anybody it would be the Cockney Rejects. This CD contains good singalong anthemic Punk Rock backed by clean sounding modern day production. The musician-ship is a step above the average in the '82 punk scene, and the style and destined to take Canada back on the map. Get this CD if you know what's good for you.

Aaronoid.

**Rock Kills Kid**  
*s/*  
 Fearless Records

Rock Kills Kid have a clean sound that gives their songs a deliberate feel and even though the music isn't really noisy, it still manages to be forceful. It's too bad the unique sound is accompanied with embarrassing lyrics. Lead Vocalist, Jeff Tucker, sings out a silly sort of poetry that makes the listener uncomfortable when listening

to it... it's like getting a lap dance and finding out the stripper has wooden leg.

Matt Whalley

**Sandman**  
*The Long Ride Home*  
 Loner Records

Acoustic country/folk songs, sung from the heart of a little white rapper from a Western Montana Indian reserve, occasionally interrupted by scratching and loops. Some deeply moving, some painfully dorky, the songs are all rather honestly sung, punctuated by the kid's lack of vocal range, as most of the songs are actually out of his vocal range. Not exceptionally terrible at all.

Cowboy TexAss

**Since By Man**  
*We Sing the Body Electric*  
 Revelation Records

Whenever I look at song titles on heavy metal albums, I start to wonder if they're derived from Williams Burroughs' cut-up method. Each album has different permutations of the same words all trying to convey the hardness that lies in the grooves of the album. "Dead", "Death", "Blood" and "Enemy" seem to be the standard fare. It's this kind of standardization of a genre that makes R&B and Metal so similar. Instead of saying, "Death or Decadence", you can substitute it for, "The Boy's No Good" and end up a dramatic shift in target audience. When genres get so tight and constrained, you might as well start playing tunes from the Duke Ellington songbook - at least then you wouldn't be the illusion that these are actually new songs.

Matt Whalley

**Solace**  
 13  
 Meteor City

I really wanted to give this disc a good review, but the more I listen to it, the more it bores me. Solace worships Black Sabbath, C.O.C., Monster Magnet, and Soundgarden without question. The problem is even if you like this stuff this record will probably still put you to bed. It has all the basics of a good doom/stoner kind of thing, but nothing all stand-outable. Even with a guest appearance by Wino of the Obsessed (oooh!) and heavy as fuck riffs, it still feels like something is missing. Somebody must like them though, because they've toured with Black Sabbath, (under their old name, Godspeed). Go buy J3 by Solace, listen to it then put it on your shelf and give it the same old trade to an idiot for something better. Sorry guys.

Art Guitarfunkel

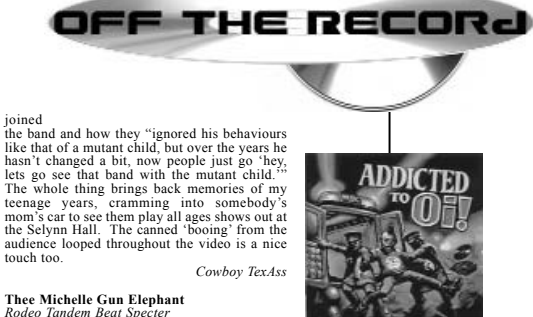
**Stratovarius**  
*Elements Pt.1*  
 Nuclear Blast

I must admit I was pretty stoked when this hunk of cheese fell into my lap. However, my enthusiasm quickly faded as the keyboard solos flew by... you get the idea. Anyway, Stratovarius plays classically inspired power metal, keeping it fairly simple, catchy, and melodic. These guys are from Finland, and have ten albums to their name including this one. It's a shame that this record is like, "Stratovarius light" kinda like "diet metal". I was hoping for something a little more bruising. Don't get me wrong though, this Finnish quintet can definitely throw down, but it's just not "Black Diamond" (my only favorite Stratovarius tune). Basically, if you're into anything in this genre, Elements Pt.1 won't disappoint. But for heavier shit similar to this (e.g., Rhapsody, Gamma Ray), look elsewhere. Good album, just not quite enough here for me to give a dump. I personally think these guys have gone as far as they can go with this thing, but what do I know? Oh yeah, WARNING: "TOP GUN" GUITAR MELODIES MAY BE PRESENT!!!

Art Guitarfunkel

**Sweatin' to the Oldies: the Vandals Live**  
 Kung Fu Records

After ten years, the fine people at Kung Fu records have decided to re-release this gem of punk rock nostalgia and stuff as much bonus DVD crap, to go along with this new craze of stuffing bonus crap onto DVDs, into the package as possible. Literally hours of random tidbits to numb your mind while sitting on the couch, procrastinating, including embarrassing electronic drum commercials starring a tiny Jus Freese, cameos by Bjork and MoonUnit Zappa, music videos, more recent live footage and commentary by the band which mainly consists of them making fun of the original movie and each other for an hour. If you haven't ever seen it, the original footage is of a Vandals show in Orange County, back in 1992. It's mainly live footage of that show and shots of their guitarist, aptly called "the Mutant Boy", running around naked (which, if you've seen the Vandals play live, you've probably seen already...), plus some introductions and brief history of the band narrated by long time bassist Joe Escalante. Extremely amusing was Joe describing the chaos that ensued when their guitarist first



"Well, let's see what the "cool" kids in Japan are listening to these days." I thought to myself as I grabbed the new The Michelle Gun Elephant CD from the crammed Nerve review box last week. I have heard the band before and had an idea of what to expect, but I must admit they've improved a lot in a few years. I didn't think Japan had enough space for houses with a garage, but somehow garage rock got over there. These guys have CULT status in parts of North America and I must admit this CD rocks hard. If you can get past the snarly Japanese singing (the only English is singer Yusuke Chiba screaming MONA LISA!!! on track 8) there's a lot of good stuff to find. They explore a real raunchy blues influence as well as create some jazzy moments, a little rockabilly and then it rips back into the garage. Nothing terribly new but pulled off very well by these boys from the main island. Tracks 1,5 and 8 are my favorites. Tama Tama ski des? Watashi Wa Manku ski ka? Bakayaro!

Wes Regan

**Throne of Chaos**  
*Pervertigo*  
 Spine Farm Records

From a glance, it's hard to tell what the hell this band is. The Bosh style stand-up cover art, salmon style liner notes and pictures of a very psychobilly looking band would not have me to believe that these guys were to sound an awful lot like Metallica. But they do, though a bit sped up at parts partly due to a double kick drum, from the Hammett style solos, incredibly similar song structuring and melodies, right to the slow breakdown choruses. The vocals are all over the place though, soft and whiney at parts, screaming death metal in others and they employ a synth player. Also, though you can't really tell from listening to it at all, the bassist plays a stand-up. Despite the comparison, they do have a slightly original sound and they're from Finland. Didn't the Finns invent the Molotov Cocktail?

Cowboy TexAss

**V/A**  
**The Trans-Canada Beaver Cookout**  
 Catch and Release

Kick ass sampler of Canadian garage rock with 6 great bands and almost all unreleased tracks. Features Brent from Huevos Rancheros' new band, the Rambling Ambassadors (expect much of what was great about the former), as well as Calgarian creep rock Forbidden Dimension, some older songs by Bionic, Vancouver locals The Nasty On and four tracks off the new album by Toronto thrash funk band Shikasta. The highlight of this disc is two colon bursting, ass tearing rock 'n' roll songs contributed by a band called the Donkeys, who I know nothing about, but if this sampler is any indication of what they're capable of, might just become my new favorite band.

Cowboy TexAss

**Various**  
*Addicted to Oi!*  
 Captain Oi! records

Captain Oi! Records have been a predominant force in the world of British Punk Rock for over a decade now. Name almost any act that was around way back when in that Union Jack flying country, and you can be sure that they'll have some, if not all, their releases re-issued on this fantastic label! To say that that Captain Oi! has saved the average collector myriads of dollars would be an understatement. With over 200 releases under the belt of Captain Oi!, they decided to put out an entire compilation of new material. On this 20-band CD we get classic acts (many recently reformed), such as The Cockney Rejects, Menace, Slaughter And The Dogs, Special Duties, The Crack and The Business just to name a few. Newer Acts such as Argy Bargy, Beerzone, Deadline and The Filaments show that Street Punk can pack as much now as it did in it's origination in the early 80's.

Aaronoid.



# Ultimate Fight Part II



By Emily Kendy

If you attended the last World Freestyle Fighting championship at the Orpheum Theatre, you might have noticed local middleweight fighter Denis Kang curiously absent. As it turns out, Kang busted his hand in a previous Kelowna fight and had to take time out for surgery. Since 1996, Kang has been training under the wing of Marcus Soares, a veteran ultimate fighter and internationally respected coach of Carlson Gracie Jui-Jitsu. Soares has been a member of the Gracie team for over 30 years, 11 as a fighter, with a sixth degree black belt in karate (six degrees beyond the black). Soares came to Vancouver in 1997 to start his own team, in which Kang is a member, and over the last year, under the guidance of Soares, Kang has also started coaching jiu-jitsu, a form of grappling, or wrestling, used during a mixed martial arts fight. Other techniques include Muay Thai (kick boxing) and boxing. And now that his hand has healed, Kang only has this to say to his opponent in next month's fight: "Be ready."

**Nerve:** It must help your technique, now that you're doing a bit of coaching yourself.

**Kang:** Absolutely, you really have to break down techniques in your head to explain them to other people, and answering their questions. Having to explain things in different ways because some people learn in different ways, helps to turn things over in your head so you're looking at every side.

**Nerve:** Have you checked out the Pride play station game?

**Kang:** Yeah, the Pride and UFC games are awesome. It's also bringing mainstream attention and education [to the sport].

**Nerve:** What fighters do you admire?

**Kang:** Wanderlei Silva (Pride superstar/world champion) from Brazil, and Rodrigo Minotauro (Nogueira, heavy-weight champion).

**Nerve:** Do you remember your first fight?

**Kang:** Yep. It was in '98, a year after I started [with Soares]. It was an illegal event, right, and it was held in some warehouse in Richmond. I showed up and it was all these bikers and rough type of characters in attendance and I thought to myself, "What am I getting into?" But I

went out and I won in seventeen seconds. [For] every fight I still think to myself, shit what am I doing here? I'm nervous. I just learn to control it-block it out, how to welcome in the adrenaline, the positive side of it, and how to block out the negative parts.

**Nerve:** What's your specialty in the ring?

**Kang:** Grappling. Specialty in grappling, a specialty of specialties you could say... passing the guard: moving around your opponent's leg and securing your position.

**Nerve:** Best moment in the ring?

**Kang:** When I won in Japan against Minoru Suzuki, and one I fought in Kelowna, against Dennis Hallman, who's a fairly big name. That was a good fight, even though, technically, I didn't win that fight... but I believe I was on my way to winning.

**Nerve:** What happened?

**Kang:** It was no contest. I broke the rules. It was an accidental kick.

**Nerve:** What was fighting in Japan like? Tough competition?

**Kang:** Well, for one thing there's the jet lag... but yeah. In Japan, most of the Japanese fighters have a lot of experience. All of the guys I fought had a minimum of 40 fights under their belts.

**Nerve:** How many have you been in?

**Kang:** Fourteen or fifteen.

**Nerve:** How about the scene here in Vancouver?

**Kang:** Definitely getting better; it's starting to grow. Regular people who don't train know about it now, whereas two years ago no one not immediately involved knew about what was going on.



# SKATE MEN

## Vancouver Indoor Skatepark Association Fundraiser

A couple of Saturdays ago, The Astoria held a fundraiser for the Vancouver Indoor Skatepark Association (VISPA). Four bands played on the bill; Jak Uzi, Blem de la Blem, Sidesixtyseven, and S.T.R.E.E.T.S. Every skater wants an indoor skatepark in Rain City. VISPA is trying to get the appropriate funding and approval of the city to construct one in Vancouver. The Port Moody Park is a little too far to travel to for a quick session in the winter. Riding the Cractpipe is great, but it's hard to do ledge and gap tricks on a halfpipe. So I went to support the VISPA fundraiser.

Of course I arrived slightly intoxicated and late. I ended up missing Jak Uzi and Blem de la Blem had already taken the stage. They belted out some good punk rock sounds. Jason, the singer, is a huge supporter of VISPA and anything fun in this city. He sported a helmet and wailed on lead guitar. Jason and Seb had a petition to get an indoor park circulating in the audience and at the bar. The list at the bar was easy for people to sign up on, but this led to a slow beer

**Nerve:** Does the blood lust factor of crowds bug you?

**Kang:** Not at all. It is a fight, right?

**Nerve:** Yeah. So are you big agro-angry man all the time?

**Kang:** It's a sport. It's all business in the ring. Afterwards, you shake hands. It's nothing personal. My mentality when I go out there isn't to summon up anger and want to kill the guy. If there's aggression in me it's not to hurt him. It's to win.

**Nerve:** Have you ever seriously injured someone, in the ring?

**Kang:** Yeah. It was a kickboxing fight, but it wasn't my fault. The ref should have stopped it... I just knocked him out pretty bad.

**Nerve:** Unconscious?

**Kang:** Yeah. I broke his jaw on both sides, but you know what happened? I gave him a really big right hand, and he went down. The ref gave him 8 counts, right? He gets up and he's really groggy. Right away, the ref should have stopped it right there -I have the video tape- so I tee off with more punches, and he's taking them all in, in the corner. The ref gives him another eight counts, he's still groggy, but [the ref] lets him go again. So I gave him a roundhouse kick to the head.

**Nerve:** Shit man, you're crazy.

**Kang:** Competitive. He almost knocked me out in the first round.

*(The WFF Championship will be held at the Orpheum, April 4th, tickets will be available through ticketmaster.)*



line. If you signed up, they gave you a raffle ticket for the end of the night prizes. Free stuff is always good. Free stuff for drunk skatepunks can cause a riot.

Sidesixtyseven took the stage and took the crowds attention. All eyes were on this explosive punk band from Van. They played some new songs from their new EP. I liked the new tracks. The rest of The Astoria liked the new songs too, as they tore up the floor - slammin' to the upbeat punk sound. Sidesixtyseven played punk like it should be played, loud, fast, and loose.

In case you didn't know, S.T.R.E.E.T.S. is an acronym for skating totally rules everything else totally sucks. This band was made to play this kind of show. These VISPA supporters came out swinging, sweating and rocking. Skate rock rang out over the excited crowd. The band tore through songs like Skate in the Heart, Georgia Street, and Worms, while they drank huge bottles of Heineken. What is not to love about this band?

Next, Seb and Jason came on stage to start the raffle. The crowd didn't respond too well to the numbers being called out over and over. Many people had left or had just plain lost the raffle ticket they were given. To appease the crowd, Seb started tossing stuff off the stage. That started something. Every skater, punk and miscreant in the place was screaming for FREE STUFF. Seb would call a number and two or three seconds later be forced to toss another item into the crowd. CIRCA kicked down lots of goodies and so did Alex Chalmers. Now, Alex is not a company looking for promotion. He is a skater giving back to his community. RESPECT. When the raffle neared its close, the free deck came out. Jason wanted to give it to the person with the worst deck in the place. Many boards came up for inspection but none were in bad enough shape to warrant a free board. One guy had a dead board. It had completely lost its pop. It was worn out, but not chipped, so Mark suggested focusing the board and trying to get the free deck. CRACK! Free board.

Afterward I saw the guy outside breaking his cracked deck into little pieces. You know, break off the nose and tail so you just have your trucks left. The board wouldn't break into clean pieces. A couple people were trying to get a clean break on it. Someone shot the board out into traffic. Luckily, a tow truck was speeding down Hasting and broke the board into pieces. The guy had to dodge drunk drivers to get his trucks back.

VISPA is trying to do what other parks have done in the past. Vancouver has had indoor halfpipes, indoor street spots, and even The





ACE



Aerial photo of site. Design and Rendering by D. Rock

### Skate Spot

#### The Big Downtown Street Park

Well, someone had to do it, and who better to raise some hell and strong opinions than Terminal City's Brian Salmi? A recent article in Terminal City derided a proposed street-style

# Nowhere to park in VanCity

skatepark under the Georgia Viaduct, saying that skaters would be better served by waiting for a larger park at CRAB Park or elsewhere. While many of Salmi's points are valid - the proposal is not everything the long awaited downtown skatepark could be - the proposal does have some merit. A mid-size park on a decent, if unexciting, site may be better than waiting forever for a perfect site that may not materialize for ten years. Yes, there are no bowls or transitions in the rendering, but in response to a series of meetings and design sketches with many skaters in which a general desire for street was apparent. Add to that the amount of time spent looking at a bunch of sites makes this project worth at least some consideration. The design sketch by park designer Kyle Dion (New Line Skateparks) and landscape architect Mark Van Der Zalm was intended to provoke discussion, not necessarily be the final word on the subject; it's a testament to people's passion for the subject that such strong sentiments are being expressed. The sketch found in Terminal City is one recent version of a larger design and siting process which started several years ago and is ongoing; there are several designs that have been proposed for this site, including one by your co-author, intern architect D-Rock.

#### A Brief History of Time

The idea of a Big Downtown Park has been floating around VanCity circles since 1995 (at least), and when the Vancouver Skateboard

Association's Blair Codling spied the rain-sheltered concrete pad under the South end of the Burrard bridge while walking home to Kits to get away from the 1996 Canucks riots, he thought of Burnside and mentioned it to fellow VSA founders Robin Calver and Aaron Orlando. The non-profit VSA made a proposal and, with the assistance of then-Parks Board Nancy MacLean, pitched the idea to the city. Unfortunately, neighbouring residents protested until the city unilaterally cancelled the project. A similar fate awaited the second proposed site, the bi-level parking lot at Dunsmuir and Beatty (prime real estate is generally not just handed over to skate rats). A third site at the downtown north end of the Georgia Viaduct was considered and rejected as way too small. The fourth, at Cathedral Park, was rejected due to concerns about the extra structural load on the Hydro station below (although recently the site has come back into discussion as a possible refitted street spot). Site number five, just east of the north end of the Granville bridge, was shot down as quickly as it came up because it was Concord Pacific land and not available to the public citizens of Vancouver.

#### Site #6: The Georgia Viaduct Site

A fairly feasible site was finally found: a triangular parking lot under the Georgia Viaduct, bounded by Quebec Street, Union Street, and Expo Boulevard, close to Science

World skytrain, and adjacent to Andy Livingstone Park soccer fields (and its public washrooms). The viaduct overhead provides some rain cover (and also makes the land less attractive for siting a conventional building). This new site attracted the attention from the skate community and around the year 2000, some serious design work started happening thanks to various contributors, including Blair Codling, Jason Dashney of the Downtown skaters, Cory McIntyre and Vaughan Neville, Jesse Oye, skatepark designers Jim Barnum and Kyle Dion, and others. At the same time, the VSA was evolving into the current VSPC. The general consensus seemed to be that the park should stay fairly authentic to the idea of a downtown plaza, with minimal transition. D-Rock amalgamated proposals by Blair, Dashney, Cory and Vaughan, and others and constructed the computer model that appears in this article.

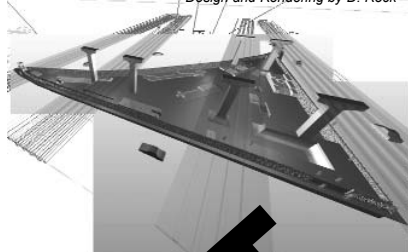
#### D-Rock's Amalgamated Park

The main surface of the park is low-

see Skate Spot on p. 23

#### Model overview looking West.

Design and Rendering by D. Rock



# SKATE SPOT

Clubhouse. The Clubhouse had a huge vert ramp, a mini and a small street area. It went the way of the dodo after many attempts to save it. If VISPA is to have a successful park that is skater supported, it needs a good start. So, if you see another fundraiser, show your support. Spread the word and we won't have to go out to Port Moody when the skateboard jonesing strikes.

Dennis Regan



but she can't quite seem to part with it. She's put it into storage but always seems to bring 'er back home. How could you part with a little red car that's got converse mudflap girls in the rear window and leopard (back to the Amazon) seat covering?

Angela Fama



If you like to go to The Pic Pub, then you'd probably like Betty and Joe. If you already know them, then you already know that Betty and Joe are of the good people. Betty is shit resident Pic door lady, demanding of respect, and Joe is shit disturber supreme and guitar clad front man of the band Hi-Test, as well as 6-string slinger for new project Gung-Hos. When I first met Betty, I thought to myself, "Who is this seven-foot Amazonian lady complete with leopard print mini and shocking peroxide hair?" My next thought was, "It is pure evil for any woman over 7 feet tall to wear platforms, as it puts the rest of us vertically challenged at a severe disadvantage." Then I found out she drove a monster truck and, well, all was well. Also, I get to look up her nostrils. The couple are currently living in marital bliss in a funky ramshackle home off of Main Street where they reside with their darlin' dawg. And though the monster truck (an 83' Toyota Stampede) has since gone the way of the dodo (R.I.P), the

car they drive now is pretty cool too. "Bunny", a red 67' Dodge Coronet, was purchased by Betty about 8 years ago from a fella in White Rock complete with stories of how he "remembered those days when he used to wear his zoot suits and square toed shoes". Feeling like a criminal but going strong anyway, she talked him down to \$450 from \$500 (she really is evil). But, he might have been the real evil one with the parting words he laid on her- "Careful on that big hill, get the brakes fixed SOON." I guess she got them fixed. Interesting side fact: Bunny also came equipped with a rain slicker and a harmonica.

Betty has since plugged a lot of dollars into Bunny in repair bills



## SLAMDANCING IN UTAH

## MARCH

MARK STREET IN PERSON:  
AT HOME AND ASEA

A poignant and subtly crafted portrait of an economically blighted city... (Village Voice)

## EYE OF NEWT: THE DARK CRYSTAL

Live musical accompaniment to Henson fantasy!

## SCHMELVSI!

DWs was a Jew-blow's biggest fan here...

## CELLULOID DREAMS

DOC IN THE HOUSE presents his study of famed directors Lynch, Madsen, Leone & The Brothers Quay.

## SISTA'HOOD 2003: REEL SISTA'S

VelocityMediaArts presents independent film by women from around the world.

## A. BUJALSKI'S FUNNY HA-HA

Named IndieWire's best undistributed film of the year, a brilliant and understated examination of romantic failing.

## FREEDOM DOWNTIME

The true story of computer hacker Kevin Mitnick.

## THIS SIDE UP: THE SLIDE SHOW

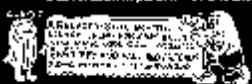
Mia Ramey presents over 20 artists' original, unconventional and custom slide shows.

## ATTACK OF THE 50 FOOT REELS

FLICKER head honcho Norwood Cheek appears in person with spontaneous and never-before-seen Super 8 from fifteen astounding artists.

## THE CENTRE'S CROOKED

Mani Bista Tons of Mani boba Mania with a ura for S.O.L. NIGLER in person - BYO Bialin!



## HUMAN HIGHWAY

The obscure classic from Neil Young starring DEWD, DENNIS HOPPER & DIN STOKWELL.

## URBAN WARRIOR

The incredible due on the militarization of the police force in America, with activist PAUL RICHMOND in person.

## BRING YOUR OWN FILM

DVD, VHS, Super 8 and 16mm - bring it!

## FILMGROPPE CHAOS FAITES VOS JEUX

Radical in form and aggressive in politics, this is a hit by year "assault on the senses" history of the world.

## THE "WORK SUCKS" TOUR

MARC MOSCAT and DAVE ROCHER in person with readings, video and more... work sucks!

SHOWS  
START  
AT 8pm!

## GREY GARDENS

The haunting and humorous classic from the Mayles Brothers.

## THE SEVENTH SEAL

EYE OF NEWT playlive to the Bergman classic!

## PRECIOUS FATHERS

Vancouver's favorite instrumentalist returns...

## CANDY VON DEWD &amp; THE GIRLS FROM LATEXSPLITTIA

LaTeX-jammed punk sci-fi trash courtesy of THE CRIMINAL MIND.



Fobes and Boyle, dreaming of the big time

Two local film producers talk about their experience with a short film they brought to this year's Slamdance Film Festival.

Conceived in 1994 by a trio of rejected filmmakers as a reaction to the increasingly corporate (and increasingly crappy) Sundance Film Festival in Park City, Utah, Slamdance is an anarchic mini-festival committed to showcasing edgy, independent films. Dubbed a "guerrilla" festival, Slamdance essentially invaded Sundance's territory and made a name for itself (and as a result inspired several other similarly-monikered mini-festivals to do the same), and is today one of the foremost independent film festivals on the planet.

This year there were 1,500 submissions to Slamdance, 1,200 of which were short films. Of those 1,200, 13 films were selected for competition. Of those 13, one was Canadian.

That film, entitled *BLANK*, is a creepy paranoid thriller about, among other things, schizophrenia and agoraphobia directed by Vancouver via Manchester filmmaker Steven Young. Starring a single actor (David Richmond Peck) playing many characters, *BLANK* managed to creep out a fair number of Slamdance attendees with its *PI* meets *DAWN OF THE DEAD* atmosphere. I spoke over lunch with the film's two local producers, Lee Boyle and Sarah Fobes, who made the journey to Park City with Young and their film.

Fobes and Boyle, a pair of ambitious, creative movie geeks in their mid-twenties were brought together through a mutual love of film, and more significantly, a desire to become positively involved with the business aspects of filmmaking. Both Fobes and Boyle did time in film school - Boyle at Vancouver Film School, Fobes at the University of Calgary - which grounded them well enough but left them hungry to begin actually making films.

"We wanted to produce because we were interested in the business end of film, but also had enough love for the medium that we didn't want to be left out of the creative process," Fobes tells me. "It's good not to just be a business head. There are not a lot of auteur producers out there."

"We are struggling producers, in effect," says Boyle, clad in his Serpico coat and high on coffee beans. "People don't generally know what a producer does. Groupies don't rush up to the ones taking care of the budget."

*BLANK* was Fobes and Boyle's first foray into producing. "I had known Steven Young from VFS, and one day he came to where I was working and the next thing we knew Sarah and I were watching a rough cut of *BLANK* at his house," says Boyle. "It turned out to be the kind of project we were looking for."

Fobes concurs. "Steven had been scared from a past project that went nowhere, and he needed somebody to take his project as is and not tell him that it wasn't marketable. He appreciated the fact that we were the first producers he'd come in contact with that



Despite all of their idiosyncrasies, a few of these sci-fi flicks still stand up 50 years later. *The Day the Earth Stood Still* and *War of the Worlds* spring to mind, as does *Forbidden Planet*. In MGM's first real stab at the genre, Commander J. J. Adams (Leslie Nielsen) commands the crew of the United Planets Cruiser C57D on their mission to investigate



Young before the *Blank* screening

and Boyle then helped shepherd the film to Slamdance.

"When they called and asked if I'd submitted the film to Sundance I said, 'HELL NO'. I think they liked that," Boyle says. "Slamdance is a true independent film festival where you talk with other filmmakers about making films. It's not overrun with industry flacks talking about 'your deal'. And did I mention the open bar?"

Fobes was surprised at how friendly everyone was. "I'd heard horror stories about attending festivals and everyone being an asshole, but everyone was accessible. The cool thing about this industry is this is how you network: drinking, hanging out, meeting creative people. There were like eight to ten other festivals happening at the same time, so you were always meeting new people."

While the *BLANK* screenings were a rousing success ("We were sitting on the floor," says Boyle), the highlight of the fest for all three was definitely attending TromaDance and meeting Troma impresario Lloyd Kaufman (and the man behind such trash classics as *TROMEO & JULIET* and *THE TOXIC AVENGER* series).

"We were at the Troma party, which had to be at what was the seediest bar in Utah, and Lloyd Kaufman was there wearing this tweed suit and purple ascot, videotaping everything," Fobes recalls. "Steven cornered him and wanted him to look at his film *HEADS*, which he had done before he met us, that he had made in the Troma spirit, being that it's a film about aliens with heads in place of their genitalia and vice-versa. I think Lloyd Kaufman saw a lot of genuine passion in Steven because we were negotiating a distribution deal by the end of the festival."

While *BLANK*, as a project, was nearly finished when Fobes and Boyle came aboard, their hands-off approach has allowed them to work with it.

The various science-fiction elements in *Forbidden Planet* are stylistically fascinating, powerful, memorable, and perfectly executed. Though seemingly dated by today's standards, the special effects were very sophisticated at the time and are still a joy to behold.

The characters, though somewhat stereotypical, are pretty solid, and with talent like Nielsen, Pidgeon and Francis the acting is nothing to sneeze at. Tensions between Adams and Morbius, the interplay between the crew and the free-spirited Altaira, and the subtle camaraderie between the commander and his doctor (Warren Stevens) are well-placed.

The theremin soundtrack is something else - you have to hear it to believe it - and it really gives the film an otherworldly quality and very much adds to the suspense of the story. Oddly enough, the score for the film wasn't what the studio had planned - due to the Hollywood Musicians' Union strike, a husband & wife team was hired for the task.

Texturally, the whole story works on several different levels. There are Shakespearean (the film is based on *The Tempest*) and Freudian aspects mixed in with the comic relief of Robot and 'Cookie', the ship's cook. It's a rich antecedent to the diluted Star Trek franchise. If you have never seen *Forbidden Planet*, you're in for a memorable voyage of discovery.



Fobes and Boyle driven insane by camera

from the ground up on his latest projects. Up next for the trio is *HALY SAINT*, a psychotic rock 'n' roll fable, as well as the second installment of their IndieBaby fundraiser, details for which will be announced shortly.

If you're interested in seeing *BLANK* contact Staveley Films via e-mail at staveleyfilms@yahoo.com or visit them on the web at www.staveleyfilms.com

Bjorn Olson

the mysterious loss of contact with a colony of scientists on the planet Altair. Once they approach the planet they receive a transmission from the last surviving scientist, Dr. Morbius (Walter Pidgeon), who warns Adams, "if you set down on this planet I cannot be held accountable for the safety of your ship or your crew." Naturally, the Commander ignores the warning and lands to further survey the situation. Dr. Morbius, less sinister than his name seems to imply, reluctantly welcomes the crew and introduces them to the now familiar Robot (who was known as "Robbie the Robot" only outside of the film), his lovely daughter Altaira (Anne Francis), and an



MGM presents  
**FORBIDDEN PLANET**  
AMAZING!  
WALTER PIDGEON - ANNE FRANCIS - LESLIE NIELSEN  
WARREN STEVENS - ROBBY THE ROBOT  
FRED MACEDO - WILCOX - NICHOLAS WATKINS - CINEMASCOPE COLOR

between the crew and the free-spirited Altaira, and the subtle camaraderie between the commander and his doctor (Warren Stevens) are well-placed.

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Toren McBoren MacBin





# GORE



**JESS FRANCO - THE ULTIMATE FILM "CRAFTSMAN"**  
Part 1: The Horror

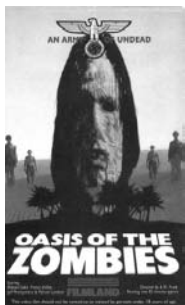
When I consider the ultimate filmmaker, there are definitely some names that come to my mind. Names such as Shohei Imamura, Fernando Di Leo, Sergio Martino, Andrea Bianchi, Amando de Ossorio.... One director that gets cudos from the greatest of the greats for his sheer addiction and obsession for filmmaking is none other than the Spanish Director Jesus/Jess Franco. When I mention great directors that liked to drop Franco's name, I speak of the one and only Orson Welles. Welles entrusted Franco to edit and co-direct his "lost" film *Don Quixote*, in which he entrusted Franco with the job of directing the rest of the pre-planned picture during his illness-death and then taking care of the careful Welles editing process. Franco treated the camera like a canvas that could be used again and again, constantly driving forward (and backward) to achieve that quality that was often out of Franco's reach due to budgetary restraints and/or time issues.

We can speak of quality versus quantity, especially where Franco is concerned as the man directed literally HUNDREDS of films taking on every genre imaginable: gothic horror, erotica, adventure, spy thriller, porn, naughty nuns, giallo, slasher, cannibal, rock'n roll, etc. Much has been written about the man, his obsessions, his constant straying into the world of hardcore, his women (Soledad Miranda and Lina Romay) that influenced and participated in the creative process of many of his films and his undying strive to make a movie that he personally likes. His name has popped up in my past articles on numerous occasions as I am a HUGE fan of the "genre" director and his love of pure cinema. Anyone that consciously tried to make art out of raspy film stock/shit, vagina close ups, money shots, or talking asshole with long drawn out shots and severe camera angles is aces in my books. Every exploitation jackass has tried to do this, but usually without the finesse of Jesus Franco, probably due to the amazingly weird quality of the Eurocine production era film stock. The quality versus quantity issue is constantly brought into play as the sheer amount of movies he made. He is just as well known for his pieces of crap (many people swear that every film he made post 1980 is unwatchable) but his hits outdo his misses. Franco's "ingenius" usage of small crews of all different nationalities started a trend for directors that wanted to pimp their product to producers and the theatre rackets in different countries.

To start, I'll just rattle off my favourite more horrifically slanted films that Franco pulled off, and in the next article, I'll tackle the erotica (including what I believe to be the most important film EVER made - *LULU'S ASSHOLE*):

**AWFUL DR. ORLOFF** (1961)  
The mad doctor is played by Howard Vernon who became a mainstay in the Franco list of films from horror all the way through to some of his sleazier outings (like *A VIRGIN AMONG THE LIVING DEAD*). Franco's early break out

into the world of feature film contains a lot of excellent Bavaesque atmosphere, a good messed up/fucked up monster face (the servant Morpho) and some very early writhing character breast shots that would stand to become Franco's moniker in the future - but just much more often would the skin hit the celluloid. Morpho's role in the film is awesome as he stalks giallo style and even has a tendency to be quite graphic when it comes to the goring and the violence.



## THE DEMONS (1972)

This is a highly underrated piece from the maestro that, in my opinion, is one of his best efforts in the horror/erotica genre. Everyone goes off on *LOVE LETTERS OF A PORTUGUESE NUN*, but this film has way more of a kick with very hasty witch whores taking the religion in their own hands and turning whoever they fuck into skeletons. Some very gratuitous "evil reaming" is also prevalent - as with the "culo" stop stopper on *GRETA THE MAD BUTCHER*.

## BLOODY MOON (1980)

France's famous contribution to the slasher genre that has some very gory moments that surpasses any effects work that may have happened to appear in his previous films. I read somewhere that the money was actually around for this bad boy, thus the power to makes the heads roll off the band saw and the knife/scissor action take on a whole new reality. Another film where the face rot becomes the evil in some cases.

## FACELESS (1987)

This is hands down Franco's most famous horror film as the gore is to the max (face transplants) and the "star power" takes over the show. Caroline Munro, French porn fave Brigitte Lahaie, and Helmut Burger all take on the sleazy and very bloody stage where tits don't flop out from Lahaie as much as the skilled precision of the knife (and the hypodermic in the eye). This was also one of Franco's biggest budgets that he got to play around with, resulting in this somewhat splashy (not really to my taste) eighties feel of the whole film.

## EXORCISM (1974)

This one has been moving around the genre film collector world under the title of *DEMONIACS* missing some crucial "story" that moves the characters through the blood rites and the fuckings. Franco himself plays a troubled priest that has to cleanse/murder the "whores" that participate in either prostitution or faked black mass. A lot of knife play and bush shots permeate this nasty effort which has pegged many a time as Franco's most accomplished and overwhelmingly "personal" effort. Also features a small introductory role from my favourite (don't ask me why) Franco actress - Monica Swinn (probably because she

looks real good dressed as a hot pants, eye patched head warden in *BARB WIRE DOLLS*).

## ZOMBIE LAKE (1980)

One of my favourite Eurocine studio releases (who did many of Franco's classics) that was slated for Franco to direct, but he didn't show up so Jean Rollin took the helm. Thought I'd mention the title anyways since this film is played around my house more than anything else.

## MANION OF THE LIVING DEAD (1982)

This is actually Franco's amazing porno sleazy take on Ossorio's *BLIND DEAD* films. A lot of good romping around by Franco girlfriend and mainstay Lina Romay (the very cute partner that "took the place" of the haunting Soledad Miranda of Vampiros Lesbos fame who died in a car crash. These two girls are the milestones in Franco's career. Romay even more so as she helped to direct, edit, and get naked for the XXX scenes) in some very atmospheric old tombs that house the skeletal, robed "blind dead". A rarity that has my all time fave hotel desk visit included.

## AVIRGIN AMONG THE LIVING DEAD (1971)

I like to think of this film as Franco's masterpiece as he takes the abstraction and creepiness to new levels amongst the very fucked up acting, blood play, and the mentally challenged character groanings of Franco himself. Some amazing plot twists and turns drive you in and out of the dead green forest, the monotone



inheritance zombie family, and the very familiar swamp swimming (Franco girls like to play in scummy ponds naked). Try to avoid the cut US version that actually blacks out half the screen to hide the bloodletting and sex and features the Rollin added crummy zombie dream footage.

## OASIS OF THE ZOMBIES (1981)

This film is really fucked up. It's a compilation between Marius Lesouer of Eurocine Productions' plot, while the amazing zombie footage is taken from Franco's very rare *TOMBS OF THE LIVING DEAD*. The zombies are ex-nazi soldiers ala *ZOMBIE LAKE* (the underwater Nazi genre started by *SHOCK WAVES* is probably the most fucked up genre type ever). Watch carefully as one of the more rotted out zombie heads is actually a puppet and you won't get enough of the one of the other rot faces that has the wicked bugged out eyes.

## LORNA THE EXORCIST (1974)

Jess Franco's very nice take on the EXORCIST possession genre that

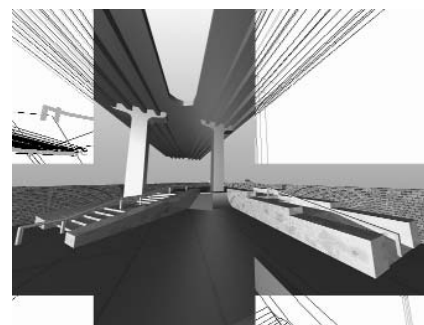
## Skate Spot

from p. 21

ered a couple of feet down from street level, with a brick-veneered concrete perimeter wall with enough mass to absorb much of the significant traffic noise, and bushes all around the exterior to discourage graffiti. The park is primarily composed of street elements, although one corner is left as a five foot miniramp with one bowl end and a Burnside-ish transitioned column. It has one raised corner with the more aggressive street elements like long kinked rails and hubbas over real stairs. The smaller South stair ledges are actually steep banks. I have tried to include as many recognizable street elements as possible, including a sidewalk section with deep curb cuts, a fire hydrant and an abstract steel "car" suitable for grinding. There is also a serious multilevel granite-edged ledge setup that would be everything Eaton's was and more.

## Weak Civic Steeze

It finally seemed that the park was going to happen, but the Chinatown business association was not enthusiastic. There were concerns about traffic and an internal decision within the Parks Board canceled it, at least for the moment. Leaving aside the history lesson for a second, let us compare the level of commitment made by the government of Vancouver, Canada's skateboarding capital, and the government of neighbouring Calgary, to creating facilities for skateboarding. In both cities, skateboarding is the second most popular sport, next only to soccer. Calgary came through with a big, beautiful site near the downtown core and a budget of \$2.5 million. Their downtown park is world-class. In comparison,



Stairs and rails.

Design and Rendering by D. Rock

Vancouver, with at least twice the population and a huge skate scene, has dragged its feet on sites, and committed a measly \$200,000. Granted, they did build the impressive Hastings bowl for tranny skaters (funded primarily by the Italian community and not public funds), but it isn't very central and doesn't solve the demand for street style terrain. Even North Vancouver has built more skateparks in recent history (Ambleside, Parkgate, Kirkstone) than VanCity, which can really only boast the \$25,000 Strathcona mini-park in recent memory.

## A Giant Election

Until recently, city hall has been stacked with the NPA, who for the most part, have ignored any skate issues or youth issues or cultural life of any kind for that matter. The recent election of a left-leaning COPE city council could result in more skate friendly action, but that remains to be seen. During the election, the idea of CRAB Park was raised very strongly by candidate Nancy Chiavario. It seems to have merit and if it is feasible, I'm sure people would get very excited about it. Other than that, after a couple of years in limbo, interest in the

Viaduct has perked up again lately, so who knows? The other recently raised possibility is the South shore of False Creek, but that is definitely years away as it involves larger scale excavation and development because of the polluted soil.

## Ass Orted

On a punk rock note, the Side67/STREET\$ show at the Astoria on Feb. 8<sup>th</sup> was great - one of the best live gigs we've been to in a long time. It was in support of an indoor skatepark, an admirable goal - hopefully the skate community will work together to make it happen. If The Kids Are United... The Cractpipe was recently renovated again, with the wallride and the tight little tranny sections being yanked to make way for the city-mandated retail area.... The mountains got a dump, and nothing feels better than one of those, so ignore our petty complaining and go play in the sunshine.

-D-Rock and Miss Kim; all drawings by D-Rock. Email us at [downspace@telus.net](mailto:downspace@telus.net).



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reviews  
FOR THE WEEKEND WARRIOR IN YOU!

BY ADLER FLOYD

## Unreal 2: The Awakening

Developer: Legend Entertainment  
Publisher: Infogrames  
Platform: PC  
Rating: Mature  
Web: [unreal2.com](http://unreal2.com)

Not to be insensitive and shit, but the thinkers behind this pile of sci-fi shit should have been on the space shuttle Columbia. The original *Unreal* was one of the worst games, in my opinion, so when the news came around about a sequel, I almost shit myself. The thought of a new and improved *Unreal* game made me smile, wait, no it fuckin' didn't. I've been a *Quake* fan since the start and *Unreal* just didn't have what it took to compete with greatness and from what I've seen so far, it's never gonna happen. Granted, the graphics are fucking nice (still, no round shit like the Q3A engine), but that's where the good ends. Once again the gayest fuckin' enemy ever made in a video game is back. These fuckers are called Skarj (pictured below). It's a creature with blades on his hands, fucking retarded. This game might have been good if this enemy was excluded, and replaced with

more human characters, anyway. I didn't pay much attention to the story, but I got pissed off when it wouldn't let me skip the fuckin' yapping. I don't have fuckin' time to listen to some fuckin' space talk about energy capsules and force fields, o.k.?! It sure felt like the reason you couldn't skip through the cut scenes was so the game would seem longer.

Half way through the game I just put the cheats on and wanted to get it over with and see the shitty ending. I never got to that point, cuz the gameplay was fuckin' treacherous. This is just another bad FPS with slightly better graphics and no replay value whatsoever. Crappy enemies, weapons and some sort of a story, I don't know. If you're looking for a better *Unreal* game, check out *Unreal Tournament 2003*, it feels more like *Quake 3*.

Eye Candy: 4

Tunes: 3

Gameplay: 3

Chill Factor: 2.5

Verdict: Fucking shitty game, save your pennies for a high-end blowjob.



# NERVE RECORDS

## Puzzle Page!!

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by Dan Scum

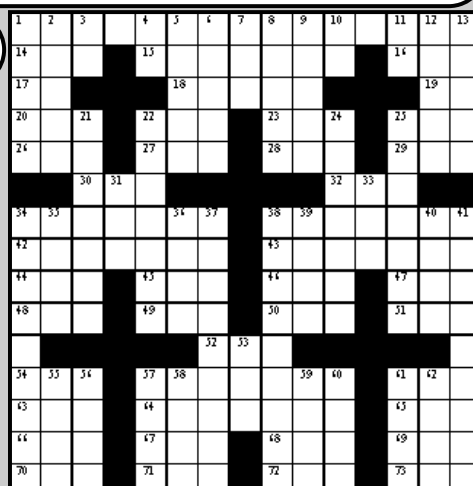
## CROSSWORD

### Across

1. Book and chapter with number of the beast intro
14. Hoosiers sch.
15. Plummer and Lewis
16. Finish
17. State above SD
18. Person with title to 19. Do
20. Creator
22. News channel
23. Between sel. and freq.
25. \_\_\_\_\_ tin tin
26. \_\_\_\_\_ Lanka
27. Original gangsta yo
28. Negative conjunction
29. Consume
30. \_\_\_\_\_ Quentin
32. Unagi
34. Book of rights
38. \_\_\_\_\_ to betsy
42. Estrogen e.g.
43. Hamlet's girl
44. Type of memory
45. Symmetrical stick
46. Water ending?
47. Elliot to pals
48. \_\_\_\_\_ pat!
49. Canadian Dow Jones
50. Fabled daytime soap
51. Spock to pals
52. Mrs. Bundy
54. Aluminum forerunner
57. Male Mormon
61. Evil Dead hero
63. Fury
64. Write a soundtrack again
65. GOD (Italian)
66. Atmosphere
67. Roman 3
68. Adultery, e.g.
69. Fuss
70. New prefix
71. Toronto timezone
72. AC/DC hit (oi!)
73. Sch. course

### Down

1. Lord of the \_\_\_\_\_
2. Ewok's planet
3. Herpes, Syphilis, etc.
4. A note to follow sew
5. Amidst
6. Light brown
7. Hotel
8. Cineplex \_\_\_\_\_
9. Drug (Spanish)
10. Nazis
11. "for example"
12. Asian sub-continent
13. What you DON'T want to hear at the alter
21. Takes away weapons
22. Move unnaturally
24. GOD, e.g.
25. Balance again
31. Give weapons to
33. The nice Gabor
34. Follower of Jesus
35. Owl's fanfare
36. Bumbling deputy on the Dukes of Hazzard
37. Put back in
38. the father, the son, and the \_\_\_\_\_
39. College class



D	R	A	B		H	E	L	L	S		B	C	D	C
E	A	S	E		O	C	E	A	N		O	R	A	L
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G	U	M	S		E	N	D	O	W		E	D	A	M

## WORD SEARCH

cherrypoppin

allages

cradlerobber

kitpub

boot

highschool

coolers

zima

litebeer

finland

ritalin

lufair

fakeid

cougars

dirtyoldmen

shitmix

virgin

beep

bigbear

avril

britney

nineteen

alberta

curfew

allowance

easy

cheap

tramps

pedophiles

oldenglish

multiquor

johnford

madcaddies

babyduck

chaperon

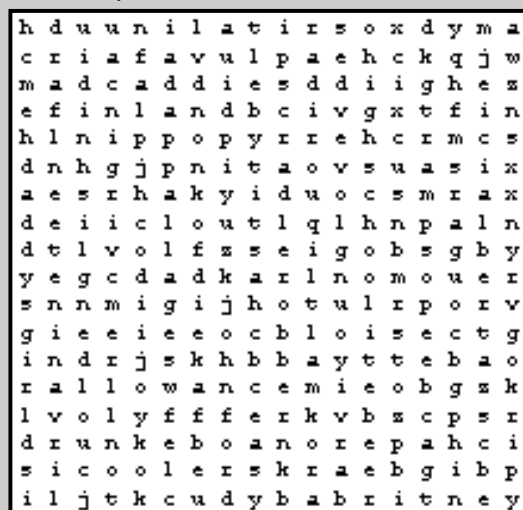
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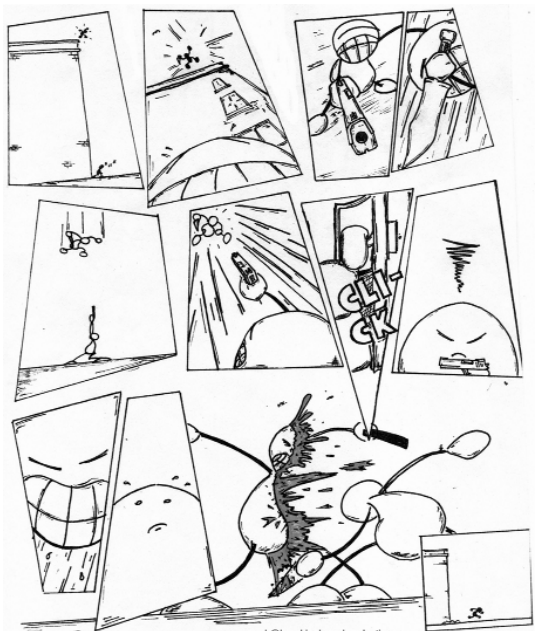
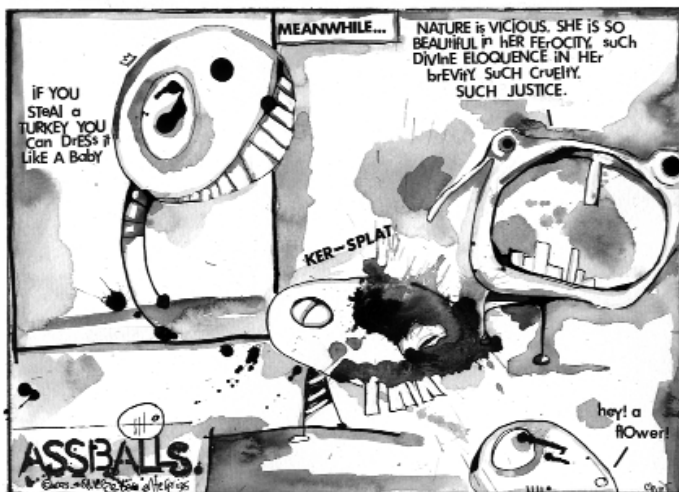
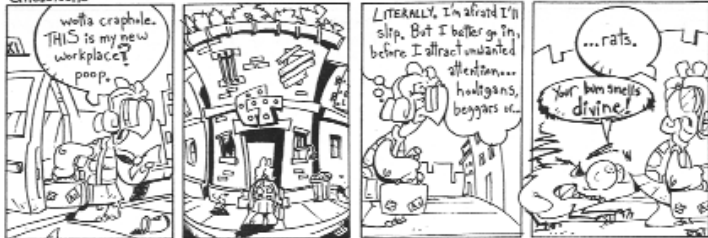
betty

drunk

daddysgirl

younglove





# GEARHUNTERS MUSIC SHOPPE

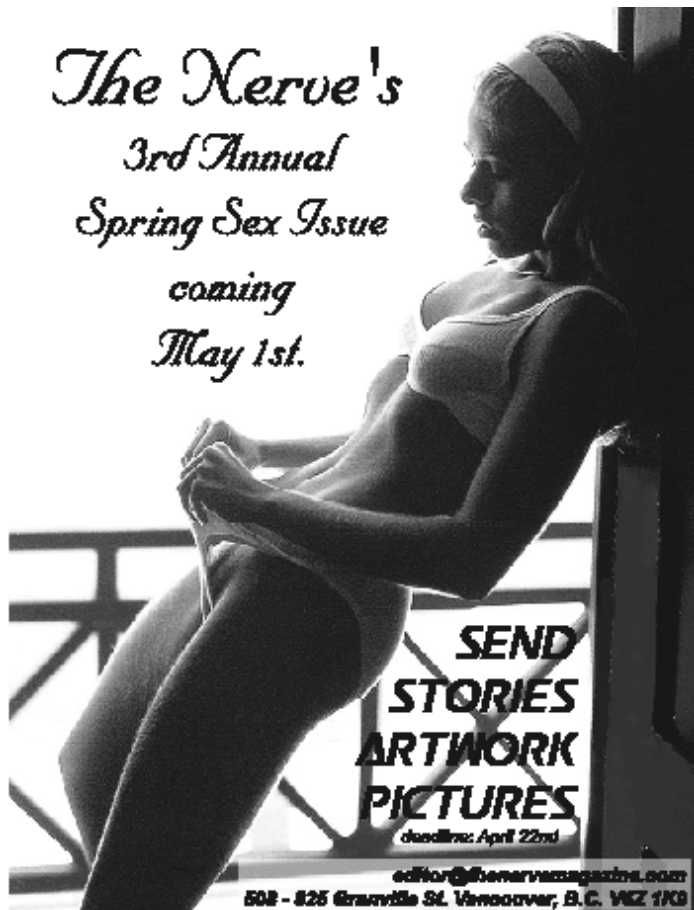
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# The Nerve's 3rd Annual Spring Sex Issue coming May 1st.



## White Trash

Directed by Michael Raven

Starring: Jessica Drake, Evan Stone, Marc Davis, Kristi Myst, Chandler, Stevie, Ava Vincent, John Decker, April, Mr. Marcus, Zoe Young, and Dillion Day.

This film is one of the few that actually lives up to its name. Expect to see plenty of blondes in short cut-off jean shorts, big boobs, and plenty of blue eye shadow. Even with the trashy get-ups the ladies will peak the attention of any guy who likes silicone and hot bodies. The background music is top notch and I just had to turn it up to experience the whole trashy, honky-tonk jukebox effect. They even found a guy who looks just like Kid Rock in overall jeans. The memorable scenes include: sex in a greasy mechanics garage, sex in a subway station and sex in a graffiti covered alley-way, just to name a few. Did I mention that there is also some hot lesbian action? Well there is. If you just want pure trashy looking people having sex with no plot, then this is your film. This is not a low budget movie but the money used on the slick looking opening credits could have gone into some sort of script. If people continue to produce porn flicks with no plot, just pure sex in interesting setups, the least they can do is offer a gang-bang, or a journey into the bunglehole.

## Pretty Little Asians Vol. 15

Starring: Reiko, Megumi, Touko, and Yumi.

Boy do these Asians girls get hot fast! All it takes is a gentle brush of the breast and these girls are writhing with anticipatory sexual pleasure. The films *White Trash* and *Pretty Little Asians Vol. 15* definitely show the cultural differences between American and Asian fucking. Where the trash girls moan and groan, the Asians sound like crying babies, and where American porno searches for guys with large cocks and women with large breasts, Asian stars make do with what they have (or don't have). Unlike the first film mentioned, this one does *not* live up to its name. Reiko is the only girl who is worthy of the name: "pretty little Asian" while the other three fit the title of "slutty little Asians" (and one of them is even a bit tubby). This video choos-



es to use the minimalist approach to filmmaking with no music to make the scenes more entertaining, no subtitles to attempt teaching us Japanese, and no unique positions for viewing enjoyment and future reference. In this luke-warm, low budg-

et, overseas import there is also no anal and no gang-bang. So what *does* one get out of this film? Be sure to expect clean looking sex in generic looking hotel rooms, all which look the same except for the picture behind the bed, a couple of solitary post-sex clean-up scenes in the shower viewed through an awkward sideways angled camera shot for voyeuristic pleasure, some dude in a violet coloured speedo, and a quad of woolly bullies.

My obsession with Asian porn has just about run its course, but if someone knows of one that might interest me, please let me know. Out of the two films viewed this month, rent the first one because it definitely has some entertainment value and is totally jackoffable, but stay away from the second unless you have a soft spot in your heart for not so pretty or little Asians.

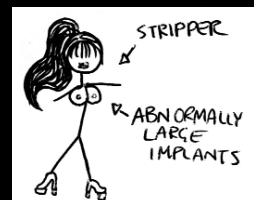
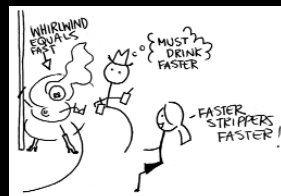
Max Crown

The Continuing Adventures of:



# TEX AND DEX

In: "Sooooooooo Sober..."



# IT'S RAININ' MEN

by Jason Ainsworth

## Jenny. A New Icon for a New Age?



All you people reading out there, you know what you should do? You should shop more! You can buy an assload of stuff around town, in stores, etcetera. It's good for the economy to have money "circulate" through stuff like blood stuff and stuff like that. I went into a cheap store, disgusting place, looking for condoms, and in the toy aisle I had my eye filled with an innovation so thick with revolutionary visual thought that it was awesome. A simple colouring book... no a colouring Mecca. It was called "Jenny". It was filled with thick line drawings of a pretty lady like most girls should look like and would look like if they took care of themselves and did their fucken hair up nice once in a while and stop trying to look like lesbians and crying when their irritated boyfriends leave them for a girl like Jenny if they aren't secret fags which they probably are judging by the state of modern ladies. Come on Ladies! Lose some weight and get a short dress and you'll soon find a husband! Liberals, every one of them, world's going to hell in a handcart but for one dollar you could have a mess of drawings of Jenny.

The adventures she has are literally mind-bending. She drives a boat, and does science experiments, and picks apples. Yes, apples. And you get puzzles, including mazes, word-searches and crosswords! Awesome, I know, but I feel that, in the valuation of a colouring book, it's all about the *quality of the colouring*.

Well, no lie, I was coloring all night like a monkey.

What does this have to do with performance art in a new-academiditain conceptual framework? Don't ask!! All this conceptual stuff coming out of the universities, I don't know. It's all stuff. Don't know. Stuff on the floor. Stuff here, stuff there, here goes the stuff, like THAT. After a wonderful night with Jenny, I went like a fool to the art supply shop run by idiots on Granville Island. Awful fate made me walk by the library, as it calls itself, LIE-brary more like it, spreading lies about the Aryans. There is a large window there, which displays unwelcome works of art by the delusional sub-

normals that attend Emily Carr. But this time, my god, I'm literally shaking with the memory, the window was dedicated to a performance piece. I mean, really. In this day and age. A pointless man was sitting there on a chair, with a pile of books. He was reading a book, a huge green one; his shoulders slumped, pretending to think. The title of the piece, needless to say, was I think "Learning From My Mistakes". Christ. Look, I know he's just a kid, possibly not the brightest if he's at that school, but there's no excuse for this continual reinterpretation of old trends in conceptual and performance-based art that were boring, conservative and staid when they were fresh in New York TWENTY FIVE FUCKING YEARS AGO. It's the damn teachers who do it. They missed their chance, of course, it's hard, and as a result they just keep preaching the stuff that was maybe sort of relevant when they were fresh boys. Actually, these failed teachers are often women. Some of them even have babies, the kiss of death to rational thought. I say to these teachers, "Put good stuff into the heads of these ridiculous students! What about Jenny?!" But they never listen.

In the final analysis, Jenny only costs a dollar and that's less than Emily Carr at many thousands of dollars, and you'll be just as bad an artist either way. Thanks for reading!

**Review:** Attila Lucas show at The Belkin Satellite, Feb-March 2003



This fucken computer just crashed and erased the review of this show I just wrote and I am utterly pissed off, so to recapture:

- Non-stupid people already know who he is
- Young guy, painted nude skinheads, some other stuff, trees
- New show sucks
- Crap homemade paper the only thing he's interested in
- Bad, weak images
- Boring, burnt out
- I blame the Germans
- Lives in Germany

Ministry from p. 11

*That would be pretty cool. Why are none of the songs from Twitch ever on any of the 'Best Of' albums?*

Well, because they only gave us 72 minutes. We actually did a poll when we picked out our stuff of what people wanted, and we gave people what they wanted. You just gotta stuff the ballot box if you want *Twitch* on the next one! **Now that anybody with a 500 MHz computer or better can have a professional quality recording studio in their living room and record an album, what do you think this holds in store for the future?**

I think that's so awesome. I think that that is the new punk rock ethos. Same ideas. Cut out the middle man, cut out the big corporations... I think it's wonderful. All these artists are so afraid because of their little royalties and bullshit. I love anarchy, peace and anarchy. Those are my two favourite dichotomies.

**Do you think it's going to put more good music or more bad music out there?**

Both! Just more music. There's people that should be a night custodian for a living that are in music and there's people that are night custodians that should be musicians.

**It definitely does level things. What do you think of industrial music as a genre?**

I think Johnny Cash is great! Didn't he just do a Nine Inch Nails song?

**He sure did! He did a Depeche Mode song too.**

Well there you go. That's your industrial king right there.

**Johnny Cash aside, Ministry has been involved on the forefront of the industrial scene for a hell of a long time now. What do you think of the industrial music scene today?**

I don't think there is an industrial music scene. We always wore that moniker kind of uncomfortably. There's just good music, and there's crap music. I remember the industrial bands went out to industrial sites to get their samples. When we started, that's the kind of shit we were doing, and that's fine, but the thing is, the industrial scene to me just brings up pollution and petro-chemical crap.

**A lot of negative imagery.**

It's a scene I don't really want to be a part of. And you know, ZZ Top uses sequencers and samples and all that stuff, and Johnny Cash sings Nine Inch Nails. What is the scene anymore?

**Whatever it is, do you think it's progressed at all?**

I really couldn't tell you. The kind of stuff I listen to at home is so much different than anything that we would do.

**Who are your favourite artists out there? Who's putting out your favourite stuff right now?**

Right now?  
**Yeah, like in the last couple of months.**

In the last couple of months... I don't know anything in the last couple of months. But I do know I sit at home and listen to Buck Owens, Charles Mingus, Hank Williams, George Jones, Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Charlie Parker, you know, all the greats.

**You have a daughter right?**

A 17-year old, yeah!

**What does she think of your music?**

She loves it! Well, you know what, I take that back. She likes that type of music, but to her I'm just dad, so I'm just like, stupid to her. God forbid she ever played a Ministry record or CD. She listens to a lot of other stuff.

**You guys appeared in the movie A.I. How did that come about?**

Kubrick's people called before he died.

**So it was instigated by them?**

Yeah, it was really cool. It only took us like a nanosecond to accept that.

**Who would be your ideal acting role? Who would you play?**

Who would I play? Fuck that, who would play me?

**I don't know... who would play you?**

Gary Oldman!

**Last but not least - what can we look forward to from Ministry in the next year?**

A huge tour, a Lard record and a Revolting Cocks record in the next 12 months. That's our goal.

John Ford from p. 9

**R:** All the way?

**A:** Half way. We're going all the way to half the way of all the way.

*(The conversation digresses to how reggae great Willie Williams came to contribute to their new album, famous misquotes, pickled phalluses... but there's not enough room for that.)*

**T:** Shamelessly plug yourself now.

**R:** We've got a new CD out on the 25<sup>th</sup> [of February], *Bullets for Dreamers*, and a website, [www.johnford-music.com](http://www.johnford-music.com)

**T:** And a video.

**A:** Which on the 25<sup>th</sup> of February, I believe, MuchMusic is planning to still not play at all.

**T:** It's on 'Loud'. John Ford is a national band now.

**A:** We are?

**T:** Yeah, you are, and the Nerve is going national. How do you feel about that? The Nerve and John Ford, going national?

**R:** Well, that's great.

*Catch John Ford live when they release their new record at Richard's on Richards Sunday, March 23<sup>rd</sup> Cowboy TexAss*

Mad Caddies from p. 15

underage persuasion. Most Caddies' shows are all-ages events, including the Sunday, March 2nd gig at Unit 20. He says he likes it that way because kids go a little crazier.

"When there's people reacting physically to your music, that, in turn, makes you want to go crazy and it makes us put on a better show," he says. "The difference between from when you're 17 and going to a show and when you're 23 is that you might be more interested in having a beer and *maybe* checking out the band."

Of course, this all depends on whether or not Robertson is still one of Canada's most wanted.

"I'm trying to keep my last name out of the picture in Canada," he says. "The Canadian authorities have never found me and I'd like to keep it that way."

The incident took place at an Ottawa show and, as Robertson recalls, his brush with the law was justified.

"The bouncers were being really, really abusive to the kids," he says. "They punched one kid. They threw one kid out the back for no reason... and I didn't throw a bottle at the guy, but I threw it kind of near him and they freaked out and called the riot police and the Patti wagon came to pick me up... but the promoter snuck me out the back."

And he's been on the lamb ever since. So you better check out The Caddies soon before the law catches up with Robertson or the market takes a nose dive, forcing the band to cut back their line-up to a one-man Moog show.

Gore from p. 23

features arachnids coming from the crotch and Romay running around a lot possessed and naked. I only have a French print of the film (like most of my Franco collection), so the plot is sketchy, but I remember a lot of sex, a lot of Romay, and those very stoked satanic spiders.

**MANHUNTER and WHITE CANNIBAL QUEEN** (1979 & 1980)

I feel it necessary to include these two efforts together as they have a very direct feel of cheap cannibal romps, eye bugging giant cannibal monsters, and a lot of sweet slow-mo gore scenes. You can get a lot of aesthetic appreciation out of an extended gut ripping scene where you cannot see the skin break - but the intestines hang out of natives mouths forever. Al Cliver from Fulci's *ZOMBIE* is in both of them as well. He fucking loses his arm right off the bat in *WHITE CANNIBAL QUEEN*. Also, watch for the amazing complaining lady that is dubbed to perfection - along for the ride on a cannibal adventure.

So, there you go, a nice little intro into the world of Franco horror films. The above titles are my fave standouts and are only the tip of the prolific Franco iceberg (for example let's not forget the "to the book" but very long *DRACULA*, any of his films that involved Frankenstein, and Klaus Kinski giving prostitutes very cheap and bloody breast reductions in Franco's rendition of *JACK THE RIPPER*). Next month I'll take a stab at his erotic / porn films - some of which also have a horror slant such as *FEMALE VAMPIRE*.





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