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Vol. 4 No. 5 May 2003

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CHEAP SHOTS

It's a boy! **Chris Read, Rich Hope and Adrian Mack** are proud to announce the birth of their new guitar player, "Lightning" Rod Prokopie. Weighing 177lbs. 3oz., Prokopie is the latest addition to the **John Ford** family, replacing **Rich Jones**. The official Vancouver Christening will be at the **Piccadilly Pub** May 3, 2003.

Everything must go. Throughout the month of May, the **Teenage Rampage Records** (19 E. Broadway) will be liquidating its stock with a final blow-out sale May 31—whatever's leftover will be 50-75 per cent off. Owner, operator and janitor **Ryan Walter Wagner** is closing shop to concentrate his efforts on his thriving label, Teenage Rampage Records. He promises prices so low, he's practically giving the LPs, EPs and T-shirts away. So come on down.

Casey "Cougar" can officially live up to her pseudonym. As of May 8 she will leave her 20s behind. Yes, Nerve's hardest working writer is turning the big 3-0. To welcome in her new decade, her pals in the **Excessives** will pay tribute to one of Cougar's favourite bands, **Turbonegro**. When **Jono, Eddie, Trev, Jamie and Chris from Jak Uzi** take to the **Piccadilly stage** as Norway's most notorious punk rockers, they'll play under the temporary moniker, **the Denim Demons**.

Prohibition crackdown at the **Piccadilly Pub**. While the new owners claim they have no intention of screwing around with the live music format, they have taken it upon themselves to follow the letter of the law by forbidding the staff from drinking on the job—like working in a bar isn't soul-destroying enough as it is. They actually expect these emotionally stunted hospitality

hacks to serve the public sober. Nerve has it on good authority that the shooter girl has been hit the hardest by the new regime—as she has never before attempted to tend bar without the aid of alcohol—cold turkey to boot. So if the crew at 620 W. Pender seems a bit anxious, jittery and snappy, you know why.

Ash Blue doesn't have to worry about his job security. He is still the guitarist for local heavy metal outfit, **Fuel Injected .45**—despite the "Bitches that Rock" article in last month's Nerve, which erroneously referred to **Ani Kyd** as the band's guitarist, when she is in fact the singer.

Speaking of Nerve's salute to the sirens of Vancouver's music scene, there was one glaring omission, **Siohhan Duvall**. To make up for this oversight, we here at Nerve are going to shamelessly plug the sequined lady of pop rock: Check out Duvall's latest lineup since she left **The Widows** to pursue her solo project full-time. The former **Bombshell** will splatter her rambunctious hot guitar licks all over **Milk walls** (455 Abbott St. at Pender) Friday May 9 as part of **Barracuda**, Rumbletone Productions' weekly trash 'n' glam spectacle. In between sets **DJs Todd Tomorrow and CiTR's Bryce Dunn** will strut their rockin' vinyl stuff.

And then there were four. After battling it out over the past three months, 124 bands will have to hold on to their day jobs a little longer while a select few go on to compete for the title of **Livevirepalooza's 2003 Grand Champion at Studebakers** (Saturday May 17)—all in search of fame, glory, inevitable drug addictions, marital break-ups and lawsuits from family members—aaahhhh, dare to dream.

El dorado's foxy singer, **Angela Fama**, is one busy woman. In between crooning her little country heart out and writing for **The Nerve**, she found time to put on an exhibition of her photography and original mixed media

pieces. Her latest series, "Serve Your Self (Welcome to God's Country)", will be on display at the **Columbia Street Studio** (198 W. 18 Ave.) May 10-26: Saturdays (12-3p.m.). The all-important schmooze-fest reception (crucial to any art opening), will be Fri. May 9 (7-10 p.m.).

Wondering what to put in your photo album in between the scratch 'n' sniff Strawberry Shortcake and glittered Barbie stickers? Well, **The Foolish Grin Project** has just the solution for all you adhesive fiends. **Visions of Vinyl** is a rock 'n' roll sticker show, where several Vancouver artists and musicians have teamed-up to design band stickers that will give you major trading power in the sometimes lonely and thankless world of collecting. For example, a six-pack of stickers will get you an original design from **Joe Average**, who put his stamp on the **Parlour Steps'** sticky wanders and **Kenn Sakurai** warmed things up with a **Hot Hot Heat** sticker. All these and more can be bought at **Zulu** (1972 W. 4th) throughout May. There is a limited run of 500 sets, each costing \$6. Proceeds will be donated to various local arts' charities.

Special thanks to **The Brickyard** (thebrickyard.ca) and the generous Russian hospitality for all the comp drinks for the Nerve staff judges during **LiveWire**. And thanks for cutting of **Cowboy TexAss**, he was getting out of control.

Nerve has broadened its distribution down to **Seattle** and **Bellingham** so we want Vancouver bands heading south of the border to email cheapshotz@thenervemagazine.com so we announce your arrival on the Nerve newswire. Conversely, Seattle groups coming up to Canada can get the word out long before you arrive to rock the Great White North.

Sarah Rowland
B.C. Damsgaard

cheapshotz@thenervemagazine.com

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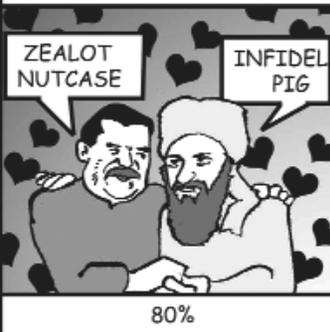
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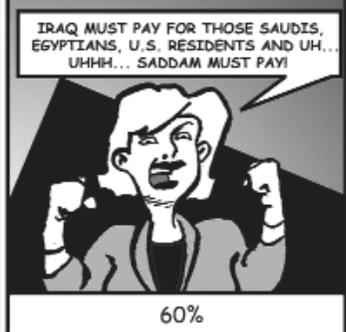
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*the Los Angeles Times, April 5, '03

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IT'S RAININ' MEN

How to talk girls into posing naked for art . Trust me, it ll work, it ll be GREAT.

by Hercules Ainsworth



I don't know how ugly you are. May I assume that you are very, very ugly, hideous, in fact, to the eye? You've got a nose like a butcher's block, and an overall bloat. Looking at you is just the worst, most painful thing ever. You should be ashamed of your ripped and bumbly flesh, and that slack jaw, look at it, you just pump out saliva like some sort of beast. Pustules? Oh, don't worry, you're well stocked in that awful department. They leak out white ichor, oh my god. Flame away, face! Goblin ugly, you get these horrible boils just under the jawline on your neck, they get to be the size of nuts, and you can't pop them for the longest time. They just

smolder. And the boils on your inner thigh, you can pop them, and a geyser of white pus literally jumps two feet, lead by a cannonball of flesh. Then the blood comes. Oh yes, you can pop *those* as much as you like, but they scar. Pit-touched tissue, what a turn-off down there!

And you're no funny guy either, not with that greasy hair. Not to mention the thick glasses you broke and fixed yourself like an idiot. "Why doesn't my Mom call, it's my birthday?" Well, frankly, it's because you look so spectacularly ugly. She regrets much more than you do. Grandchildren? No.

I know its not entirely your fault, but actually, it probably is your fault. **Scum, scum, scum, scum, scum.**

Just look at the way people glare at you when you get on the bus. They don't entirely ignore you... it's that little glance up, and then the aversion of the eyes, its like you can read their minds, isn't it? Hey, the alcohol's not helping, just making yellow eyes and a burning nose and more bloat. And I bet you wonder where all the **hair** started coming from. It doesn't help matters. So, even just walking up to the cheapest, oldest lady in the bar is an offence. Why wouldn't she reject you? Dejection like that works on your mind, it kills your confidence and now you'll never, ever get a respect

or shred of decency from anyone. You don't deserve it. So, ugly ugly ugly ugly, ugly.

NO ESCAPE!

Actually there's a very easy avenue of rescue that, if you're clever enough to navigate it, will lead to guaranteed naked nude chicks, *In Your Room*, with the possibility of a successful clumsy drunken penetration of aforementioned nude ladies. **I KNOW, IT'S SO AWESOME.**

Become an artist. No, hear me out! So easy, easy. Get a stupid hat, and some ghastly facial hair. A rap-beard, perhaps, or a jazz goatee... don't be shy, make it seem like pure bitter arrogance, oh the world is so hard boo hooo, bullshit artist, that's what's to be. Go to some place where artistic girls hang out, don't worry, they're not all trolls. Like that awful place on Granville, that's the place to stalk for hopeless but ambiguous art girls. God, they're so stupid, it's LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL! Try some lines:

"Hey baby, if you want, I'll make you, uh, you know... my uh, my piggly... uh, that's what I mean, uh..."

Come on. This never worked, ever. Try to think outside of the box, like an advertising executive. Try to sell Pepsi cola, assuming "Pepsi cola" is a night of hard sex and golden shower action

"You're as beautiful as my mother, I want to paint you naked and splayed so I can see *up* you."

This is a better line, but

what you, as an ugly awful man pretending to be an artist needs to present is a *mystical sense of predestination*. Even if she isn't that pretty, make it seem like you are magically drawn to her. In a word, trick the slut into thinking she's your muse. She'll be hopped up at the thought of inspiring a great artist. Why, I don't know; its just the way women work. Just live with it, I guess. But don't worship too much. If she wants to be a muse, she has to work for it. A "stand-off" guy drives women nuts, just the idea that you spit on their beauty. It's sad, but they all look the same upside down. Hey, why not try a poem!

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
I like the shape of your head,
I hope you love me too!

Keep it going!

"Please, let me do you the honour of preserving your beauty for future generations to weep over, knowing they will never possess it."

Right on! Buy her a double brandy and coke. Hey, don't bitch to me about the price. In fact, this entire essay could probably be condensed into a single phrase: "Massive inundation of alcohol."

Oh no! you got her home, but what exactly is this rattrap you inhabit?

"It's ...it's well... I guess it's a bit of a mess right now, ha, ha, I don't, uh, sorry, get many guests." You sad fool. A midget would do

better than that.

Artists have the unarguable divine right to live in utter filth and to look good doing it. Never clean ANYTHING. Throw paint everywhere, screw the deposit. I don't care if you can't paint, just buy a tube and smear it across the room like a dying meteor. Just try. I like to leave con-domes full of shampoo lying around the apartment so she knows you are good at sex, etc. It never hurts. Remember: she's drunk!

"Oh, belladonna, stand on the bed. Allow me to set up my canvas, to etch in virtual stone your radiant pallor... oh fucking hell... oh Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ!"

Make a few strokes with the brush while you drink in her undraped form, bulging with oomph. Oh my God. You ugly lucky bastard, see what I have given you? Like God gave Manna to the Jews, I give nude ladies to hideous monsters (like you). Well done. Now push her down and drop your trousers and fraught your gentleman till it goes up, but it won't go up no matter what you do, so you beg her for mouth action and she does even though you haven't bathed in God knows how long and that's amazing that she'd do it but she's doing it! When you get it up, shove it in her divine immortal beautiful biffer and shoot off ten seconds later, impregnating her. She's yours! Job well done! Thanks for reading!



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NME 26/4/03

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Can a Machine Love?

Fan-fiction about the future by S.B.

Captain Trek looked up from his lap as the red-alert bell rang out like a siren. He had been pleasuring himself, as per usual, with one hand, while the other hand held a boytoy. Trek considered himself a Top in all situations, and a Top always had to be ready for action, especial golden variety, double entry, or man-on-man fisting action. And it was time for WAR ACTION! He didn't worry about his clothes, as enlightened future-laws allowed all certified space-studs to be

nude at all time, and that went for the ladies too, and also the aliens with no gender, or several genders, and the walking plants, and the rock-creatures and the everything else. Truly, it was a future safe for space-pervs.

His trip to the bridge was filled with death, as lazer blast after lazer blast ripped up the hull of the Starship Awesome like crap paper. There were naked, well groomed bodies flying everywhere, horribly burned so much they popped open, it was awful, blood splashed everywhere. It was a supersexy death action, and not surprisingly, Captain Trek had a rock-on that would put your eye out.

"Dibs me on that corpse over there for some after-battle necro-sex," he roared out to a walking plant that was morally injured by the lazars.

"Ha-ha Commander Maple, you can't have a double-penetration-sex if you're dead! Now let's go and kick alien butt!!!"

The bridge was a smoking nude ruin. Lieutenant Robot had no head but was commanding the battle anyways, a brave warrior till the end. Captain Robot considered himself a total sadist, into domination and forced-sex, but the experience of awful decapitated pain made him realize just what he may have missed.

"Captain... I... I believe I'm really a Bottom!!!"

"Haha, Robot, I knew it!"

We'll screw later, but for now, fire the torpedoes!!!"

But it was no good. The Alien Battleship fried the bridge with a huge gay lazer blast, and the next thing you know, everyone was dead, even the boys. The Starship Awesome limped through space, crippled and nude of life, as the Alien craft went off and destroyed Earth. The aliens were after Earth boys aged 8 to 13 for paedophile forced sex and golden sex in a brothel they were making called *Senior Frog 5*.

Amazing thing happened then!!! Somehow the ruined Starship Awesome became alive, like you are me!

"All my

flesh-friends are dead, how can I enjoy the forced-sex actions I suddenly am aware of wanting with no living Male or Female or Other Bottoms!?! How... How...?"

There was no answer. The lonely Awesome made a desperate choice, and exploded itself, because it was tired of the banality of living.

So, in the final analysis, machines truly can love.



Strip Clubs Reviewed

LOWER MAINLAND STRIP CLUBS

This was to be the Anniversary Episode of Tex and Dex, coinciding quite conveniently with the 3rd Annual Sex Issue and the Grand Re-Opening of the Red Lion in Victoria (which burned down a while back, just got rebuilt, and apparently is the crême de la strip joint, at least in BC). Of course, it was the perfect moment for Miss Dexter to up and ride her donkey to Fuckoffityville and leave our hero drinking from the flask, by himself, in the alley behind the Number 5. End of long winded lead-in: You aren't gonna see any news of the re-opening of the Red Lion Hotel's Fox Pub here, but I hear it's swell. Instead, here is a brief rundown of what to expect, in our opinions, from Greater Vancouver's peeler joints. Fuck off if I missed something, you're reading The Nerve for fuck sakes.

Brandi's
595 Hornby 5th floor
Vancouver's only "High Classed" peeler joint. \$8 buck cover. High priced drinks. Only the beautiful and talented dance here. Always a gaggle of VIP dancers to ogle, shmooze and blow money on. \$100's of dollars can easily disappear from your wallet. Dress code in effect: no running shoes, hats, jeans, etc.

The Cecil
1336 Granville St.
The next step down from Brandi's. \$30 no-contact private dances. Extensive food menu,

mostly pretty decent. Cover \$0-7 depending on time/day (\$7 week-end even). Two Feature dancers every week. Open from 11 am to 1 am. If you're there late, expect to be harassed constantly to buy private dances.

The Penthouse
1019 Seymour
Recently renovated, with the addition of VIP booths and the barring of the prostitutes from across the street. Only open at night. No food. No contact. Dark, creepy, surrealistic bar upstairs (like something out of a David Lynch movie) - don't go up there unless the idea of seeing your mother naked turns you on. Freak.

The Dufferin
900 Seymour St.
Men. Naked. Who knew?

The Drake
606 Powell
Scuzzy, dirty, and from what I hear, they don't treat their dancers all that well. Food. Stage is shaped like a fallopian tube. Don't expect to hear any kind of heavy music, cuz it's not allowed. Cheap whores and crack available down the block. Don't go there unless you want an indifferent lap dance. Open till 1.

The No. 5 Orange
205 Main St.
Good burgers (for strip joint fare) \$20-\$40 Lap dances. The line between strippers and prostitutes can become blurred here; don't expect "extras" from the stage dancers, but there is a "back" room with a bed and a locked door....

The Fraser Arms
1450 SW Marine Dr
Good, cheap food. 2 bucks for wings, burgers, nachos etc after 10. \$2.99 roast beef dinner on Wednesday nights. They employ stripping waitresses. Open from 12 pm till 1ish. Private no-contact dances run \$20-\$50.

The North Burnaby Inn
4125 Hastings St.
See Fraser Arms.

RICHMOND
The Big Easy
3031 No. 3 Road
Hidden behind the Comfort Inn. Food and drink specials. Kinda like drinking in a big barn except they have strippers.

NEW WESTMINSTER

Mugs and Jugs
740 Carnarvon St.
Good burgers on paper plates. Great atmosphere. Friendly crowd. Multi-tiered seating for guaranteed good view. Duos Wed. nights. Paint shows (the girls put paint all over themselves and then smooch their body onto a T-shirt). Feature dancers. No-contact VIP rooms. Close to skytrain. Thurs. Amateur Night. A Tex and Dex favourite. \$5 cover after 10 pm.

Paramount
652 Columbia
DRY bar. Open till 4am on weekends, 2 on weekdays. Closed Mondays. \$10 cover. \$4.50 for a glass of goddamned coke. Burlesque style. Lots of amateurs and pubic hair. Avoid like the plague.

Queens
1110 Ewen
Haven't been, but apparently it's only a part time peeler joint: 2 dancers, Thurs and Fri, and it's all done by 7:30 pm.

Surrey T-Barz
10458 - 137th St.
Good drink specials. No food. Amateurs Sundays. Expect to drink with bikers. Open till 2am, Sun till 12:00am. No cover.

Delanies
7300 King George Hwy.
Best peeler joint wings (I've heard). Cheap drinks - \$6.25 double highballs and paint shows

The Byrd
10768 King George Hwy
Duo night Thurs. Cheap drinks. Food. Open 12 pm to 12 am.

The Legacy/Clover Inn
5708 -176th Street
No Feature dancers. Dancers done by 11:00 most nights, by 9pm on Mon/Tues.

PoMo Moondancer Pub
2025 St. Johns St. (off of the Barnett Hwy)
Has one main stage and two side stages. Private dances available on side stages: \$20 a song and you can bring a friend for an extra \$5.

PoCo Cruisers
2633 Shaugnessy
Hardly any male staff. Cheap drinks. No cover. No feature dancers.

Maple Ridge Caddyshack
22222 Lougheed Hwy.
G-String giveaways Wed nights. No cover.

Whistler The Boot
7124 Nancy Green
You drink on picnic tables and the stage is carpeted. C circuit dancers. Dancers only from Tuesday to Friday. \$5 cover.

Atomick Blast will return next month.

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The WetSpots are Gonna Be HUGE!



So this is the big WetSpots story," singer/poet/sex columnist Cass King tells *The Nerve*: "About two years ago, we were double booked to perform at the same venue as the feature [at a book launch for Ivan Coyote]. We ended up performing at different times in the night and..."

"I ended up backing her up on sitar while she read so I got to stare at her butt for a while," interjects guitarist/singer John Wood. "Her piece happened to be a really erotic love scene between two women so I thought she wouldn't be interested in me, but I was wrong."

"Just goes to show ya: 'ASSUME' makes an ass outta you and me," laughs King.

Witnessing their witty, mutually affectionate rapport first-hand makes it easy to comprehend why after said gig they became inseparable. By July '02 they funneled some of their boundless energy into a musical project, The Wet Spots. Their songs run the gamut of lounge/pop from torch-y tunes like "Do You Take It" and "Wherever You're Going [I'd Like To Come]" to even polka-esque songs such as "The Kinky Neighbor Song" but, all contain saucy graphic yet, playful depictions of sex guaranteed to leave a good taste in your mouth.

"We try not to use foul language because it's a bit more radical to try to describe the sensuality-frank language that describes what sex actually is, in all its forms," says King.

So if you wanna hear smut or angst, be warned: their album *Ribbed for Pleasure* avoids those pedestrian views, focusing instead on what sex should be like: F-U-N!

"Our culture has a real problem with sex in general," says Woods. "It seems like songs about how horrible or traumatic the sex was are more acceptable than songs about how great the sex was or songs that are sex positive in an intelligent way."

Since their inception, The WetSpots have played numerous gigs "at fetish parties, burlesque shows, lots of places on the Drive and in the West End" but so far it's a comedy club in New Westminster where they've had the best reactions.

"The first time we played at Lafflines we thought they would run us out of town, but the more you go looking around on the internet for couples who swing, they're mostly from Langley, Surrey or New West—they are," admits King.

"Yep, the 'burbs represent in the swingers' ads," agrees Woods. "We usually dedicate our song "Threeway Rendezvous" [at shows] to anyone who's willing to come home with us. The only place anyone has tried to take us up on it after a show was at Lafflines." (He was a burly, mulleted, John Deer cap-sporting-lumberjack type, no less!) Then there was the time a randy trio of twenty-somethings boasted, "Your song inspired us, we're gonna go have a threeway" and then promptly sent Web cam pix of their tryst to www.wetspotsmusic.com before Woods and King had even driven back to Vancouver! What greater compliments can be lavished upon a duo than "encouraging people to get kinkier?"

The WetSpots wanna spread themselves East, hopefully hitting some cities in the States as Cass feels, "They don't have the access to sex education like we do here." And who better to learn from? She also wants to pen an anatomically themed song (ala "the knee bone's connected to the...") about the clitoris.

God bless her.

In the meantime, Woods and King have a bigger project in their sights: getting hitched in

June— funny how what used to be the norm is now considered a big statement. Until the big day, they'll continue to educate, titillate and entertain us lucky locals.

"It's been a very good year for us. We've had many different liaisons with beautiful people, in both our performing career and sex life. It's all heating up!" quips King.

See The WetSpots live:
May 10th in Van. "Queen Bee Review" @ Honey.
May 17th "Wiggle", @ The Rage.
May 25th in Van. @Arts Club Theatre's *Sketch in Time*
May 30-31 in Victoria @the Lonely Cellar (Dominian Hotel)

By Casey Cougar

Picture provided by The WetSpots



I'm goin' where the lube is flowin'
The sun can't shine where I'll be glowin'
Wherever you're goin', I'd like to come

From: Wherever You're Goin' (I'd Like to Come)

And, I've ordered a shipment
of the relevant equipment
I've got lubricant and poppers and some grass
Do you take it in the ass?
Do you take it in the ass?

From: Do You Take It?

Don't try to say it's wrong
Don't try to say this song
was only meant for two
Get on the freeway
To a threeway rendez-vous

From: Threeway Rendez-vous

It happens fairly often when we get to getting off

And then a soft and tender thud comes
through the wall
We know that they can hear us
It's their little way to cheer us
Since they apparently have no sex at all.

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Air were originally contacted in summer 2002 by Alessandro Baricco, the most famous Italian contemporary writer, for a live performance in a theater during readings of one of his best sellers, "City". The show premiered last November in Rome's Teatro Valle with such artistic success that both decided to make a record out of it. Air recorded more than one hour of original music on

which Baricco, also famous in Italy for his narration school and his public readings, narrates his own texts with his unique Italian voice. The result is a deep voyage in Western stories, on Air's unique musical know-how of sentimental and cinematographic moods. A new direction for Air, and a love message to Italy as well.

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SUNDAY MAY 11	MONDAY MAY 12	TUESDAY MAY 13	WEDNESDAY MAY 14	THURSDAY MAY 15	FRIDAY MAY 16	SATURDAY MAY 17
TORSELYN AUDIOPHILE Against the Grain EDAEMA	FREEBASE RallyCar Pollo Loco The LEGION	Wreckin' Crew KookShow BLACKFIN GIRTH	CHINATOWN 80 Proof YOB Potential Star Witness EPOXY RUIN	The Double Blind Experiment Scruffy Mago Banner Year Lauren Klien	Death by stereo Downway Nicotine	VOLATILE SPAWNED BY ROT JOINT CHIEFS PLUS GUESTS
SUNDAY MAY 18	MONDAY MAY 19	TUESDAY MAY 20	WEDNESDAY MAY 21	THURSDAY MAY 22	FRIDAY MAY 23	SATURDAY MAY 24
CLAIM the WORLD MERMAID ENGINE OBSCENE SILENCE CORNUCOPIA	BIG HAAS Motion Soundtrack LAZY BOY Ehmon & Knolij	ROCKHARDER VIBRATOR MUSA DRIL	The Nerve Magazine Showcase	newmusicwest	newmusicwest	newmusicwest
SUNDAY MAY 25	MONDAY MAY 26	TUESDAY MAY 27	WEDNESDAY MAY 28	THURSDAY MAY 29	FRIDAY MAY 30	SATURDAY MAY 31
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Live Wires

pounding on some keyboard/theremin type instrument and waving the devil sign in the air whilst folds of fatty flesh spilled from under his shirt had many chased to the upstairs balcony for solace. What?

Cowboy TexAsshole

Frank Black and the Catholics

Commodore Ballroom
April 10, 2003

The Pixies broke up eleven years ago, long before I was cool. I loved the Pixies, and by extension Frank Black, so I had to see him. Why? Because one day I will be dead and so will he.

Black doesn't say much onstage, because he doesn't really have to. Black is an anti-rock star. He is short and kind of chubby. He wore black boots, black jeans, and a black shirt because he is Black Francis. When he started to sing "Where is My Mind?" and sounded even better live than recorded, it pretty much blew my head off.

Frank Black and the Catholics is an



Frank Black

Pic: Valerya Edelman

intelligent band with an understatement that says everything. The guitar player was this old blonde guy who looked sort of dead and then every once in awhile he'd high-kick his leg out

like a chicken. The kick was so cool it looked like it kind of startled him. Later on, he played keyboards while simultaneously dry-humping them.

The Catholics are all great musicians. Black's songs can descend into what seems like musical chaos and suddenly a bass line climbs out like some sort of prog-rock opera. He played lots of Pixies and mixed it well with his older songs and new ones. They played "Monkey Gone to Heaven" and Frank sang Kim Deal's part in the chorus, in a high girlie voice. Weird.

After playing two goddamn hours and a six-song encore, they finished with a cover of Tom Waits's "Black Rider." Black stood there screeching thank-you like a big sweaty, bald bird. That's when I realized we would never truly comprehend the levels of his derangement. I think I am in love with Frank Black, but I'll bet he only dates extra-terrestrials.

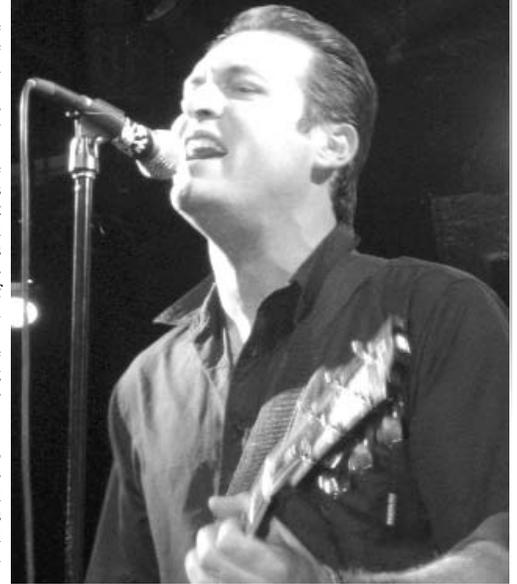
T.Dawg

Married to Music Sound Curfew The Dollar Store Jesus

@ the Brickyard
April 11th, 2003

Married to Music is a fucking killer band, live or dead. Nirvana for the new millennium. Fast, twitching, crazy music. They kick my ass so hard it bleeds... and not from the hemorrhoids. Kinda creepy having two almost identical looking brothers on stage, but ya gotta hear these guys. Front man Byron Slack is essentially 75% of the live show, thrashing on his guitar with such intensity and spastic ener-

Rocket from the Crypt



Rocket From the Crypt The Spits

@ the Commodore
April 13, 2003

Rocket (rok-it) v. To move rapidly and directly. Buckets of sweat rocketed from the band. Buckets of piss rocketed from my bladder. "Too many Balls", "Dumb Blind Horny"—the track names of *Live From Camp X-Ray* say it all. You feel an RFTC show in the pelvic region. From the front to the back catalogue, lead singer Speedo testified the wisdom, the blues, the whatever, like the bombastic TV Evangelist of Rock. Rocket From the Reverend. He had 'em all believing. He had 'em all with their fists in the air. He had 'em reeling and spinning and bruised from a full throttle powerchord shit-kicking— with a horn section. He had 'em giving shiatsu to complete strangers. It also must have been he who let the drunk in the wheelchair into the pit.

The Spits: What were they hiding behind their masks? Missed the majority of their set, but from the lineup outside, it sounded like covers from the Misfits' *Static Age*. Once inside, the frighteningly strange image of a fat man in a balaclava

gy. Woohee! Bad name, granted, but ya gotta love Married to Music (in a strictly fan-based way). Gotta love Sound Curfew too. Like a tiny little Rage, but with funny hair and fake ID. Dollar Store Jesus. Loud. Noisy. Heavy. I was half expecting annoying, preachy Christian rock band like POD or something. If they were, I couldn't tell cuz I couldn't make out the lyrics. This was MtoM's CD release party. It's released now, so go fuckin buy one, goddamnit.

TexAss

Subhumans [UK] The Enemies The Voids Fitz of Depression

@ The Showbox in Seattle
Mar. 27th, 2003

The Showbox in Seattle is a big venue, similar to the Commodore (except you can smoke inside) and the show was surprisingly packed.

Fitz of Depression, from Olympia WA., came on first and played fairly heavy rock and rollish punk. F.O.D. sounded somewhat like the Ramones with a metal drummer, but more boring. A lot of F.O.D.'s songs started to sound the same and I quickly lost interest.

see *Live Wires* p. 13

Casey Cougar attended a SpreadEagles / BTUs / Bolshevicks show on Friday April 18th at the Pic. Immersed in the height of Spring, her thoughts automatically turned dirty. She looked around, noticing a number of folks from some of Vancouver's best rock bands and decided to ask them:

Does being in a rock band help you GET LAID?



Mike Roche
Gung-Hos
"No not at all. I'm far too sweaty, drunk and repulsive at the end of the night!"



Juan Badmutha
Hi-Test, SpreadEagle
"No, I really wish it did!"



Jono
Excessives, Gung-Hos
"I'd say it's a start but it's all about the finish!"



Oke
SpreadEagle
"I don't get laid more, just get hit on by more creeps!"



Jamie
Excessives, Real McKenzies
"No it stops me from it. Nobody wants to hang out with a guy in a band 'cuz Motley Crue wrecked it for everyone!"



Eddie Big Beers
Excessives, Gung-Hos, Real McKenzies
"If that means 2 chicks sucking your cock at the same time, then yeah."



Carmen
Chinatown
"Yeah 'cuz everybody has to look at you. You're making all this racket so people have to pay attention."

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Clockwise from left: Diamond Jeff Matz, Sonny Riggs III, Donny Paycheck, Mark of the Beast.

Pic: Alice Wheeler Courtesy of Zeke

The Return of Zeke

It wasn't too long ago that I read in this very magazine about the demise of Seattle's Zeke. Turns out it was true- that was it for Zeke. After a decade plus of beating their heads on the Rock, the band's members made the decision to pack it in. However, not much lasts forever, I guess- the group reunited for one last show to celebrate the release of *Live and Uncensored*, a retrospective of sorts that combines live recordings with a few studio recordings. Three out of four members of Zeke agreed- it was so much fun they wanted to keep doing it. Recently, the Nerve talked with Zeke drummer, Donny Paycheck on the phone about the end, the new beginning, his other band Camarosmith and his new label, Dead Teenager, that he co-founded with Ben Rew, who also happens to be the singer for Camarosmith.

"Yeah, we broke up about a year ago. England was our last show and, I don't know, we'd just had enough at the time, so..." explains Paycheck about what would have been the last days of Zeke. But? "With the record coming out, Ben asked us to play a record release show and we thought, 'What

the hell', and then, 'That was really fun. Let's do it again'."

In between the end and resurrection of Zeke, Paycheck turned his attention to Camarosmith and Dead Teenager.

"It's been going now for six months— something like that," says Paycheck about his start-up lable. "We got a bunch of really good releases coming out."

Zeke's last record, *Death Alley*, was released by Aces and Eights, a label set up and run by the Supersuckers' singer Eddie Spaghetti and some of their management. But it was a short-lived imprint. "They just quit doin' anything," explains Paycheck. "Y'know, it's like I think Eddie has Mid-Fi



Records now and... there was too many fingers in the pot for him- I think he just wanted to be in control, which is partly why Aces and Eights is no more."

Now, though, with a new label, new CD out and a DVD on the way, Zeke is back for real. However, it's down a member (rhythm guitarist Sonny). "He decided he's not going to play anymore," says Paycheck.

The digital video was apparently supposed to be paired with the new album, but cost-considerations have split the release dates, so you'll have to wait a month or two.

"It's a DVD of a tour a couple years ago and some stuff that we did on the last

European tour and then a bunch of stuff like old videos and videos that guys just kind of made for us like budget type videos," says Paycheck. "I just threw a whole bunch of stuff on there- it's like an hour's worth of material."

For Canadian fans, digitized formats may, unfortunately, be the only Zeke sightings they get.

"Mark and I both have criminal histories from over ten years ago and just the way the border is, they don't want to let us cross," says Paycheck. "That's just kind of the way it goes."

However, there are shows planned near the 49th like Seattle and Detroit, so some of us might get to see them.

Other than that little thing with Canada Customs, the road ahead looks pretty good for Donny Paycheck and Zeke: "I was really stoked yesterday. I got an email from our distributor who said that the Zeke record was number five on the top-ten-list for sales at the distributor for March. That was really cool and I just want to thank all the fans for doing that. We're doing like fifteen shows with Camarosmith and Camarosmith is doing about 25 to 30 on the tour and I'm really stoked to be playing in both bands and be able to play a show, where I'm on stage for two hours and it's just a rush. And I'm really stoked to be able to put out my own records and actually get them in stores and people are buying them, and I don't have some corporate label giving me three cents a fucking record— you know what I mean?"

Mike O.



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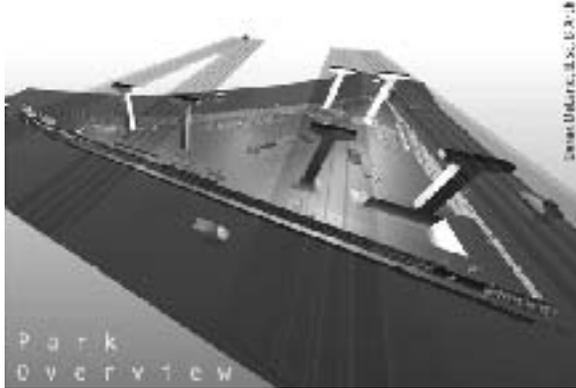
METAL

Viaduct Skatepark Is Go!

Skate Spot

A big day for many in the VanCity skate community has arrived!

On Thursday April 24, City Hall passed the motion that the triangular parking lot under the Georgia Viaduct will be turned into a street-plaza style skatepark for a 2-year trial period; this



will be the first major park downtown, and after China Creek and Hastings, only the third in the city. Here's how it went down from one perspective; forgive the dry article - I don't want to jeopardize an important event with too many wisecracks.

First, Council asked City Manager Mark Vuilliam about pragmatics. He stated that there would likely be longer hours in adjacent washrooms, that air quality had tested comparably to other locations in the downtown core, that most pedestrian traffic would go to and from Andy Livingstone via existing crossings, and that lighting would be provided by existing lights. When questioned about a perceived lack of notice for the proposed development, he did say that the notification process could have been better. Pro-park Citygate resident Lana Mauro stated she would see the park from where she lives but supports it 100% as she felt skaters need it downtown. Ex-Parks Board member Nancy Chiavario stated her support as a senior member of the Mount Pleasant Community Association.

Several anti-park residents spoke about their concerns. The first woman stated that she was pro-park, but against the location; the second pointed out that it was not the park alone, it was the cumulative effect of another noisy activity adding to the existing livability challenges in the area. The third resident repeated that opinion, spoke about the lack of notice, and stated that she doesn't want to look at graffiti. Councillor Peter Ladner pointed out that with maintenance, the Millennium Park in Calgary had been graffiti-free for two years.

I gave the opinion that a more permanent, higher-quality facility with an architectural aesthetic and better materials would be more likely to be respected by graffiti writers than a blank, low-cost temporary one. Mr. Ladner asked us if using finer design and materials would drive the cost over the existing budget, and we pointed out the possibility of public-private partnerships. Another councillor noted the site seemed small.

The next Citygate resident stated the neighbourhood felt marginalized, that without green space it is a plaza and not a park, that there was a lot of traffic, and that it would bring kids into a problem drug area. Downtown J, rep for the downtown skaters, reminded everyone that all the urban skate spots he and other street skaters moved here for had been lost one by one over the last five years. The fifth Citygate resident was mostly concerned about graffiti and felt the allocated budget was not enough for removal.

Councillor Cadman made the comment that the site was no beauty, and asked the concerned residents, "What do you want to see?" Councillor Green also seemed to see the site as an opportunity to do something nice, saying "We can count on boarders to make something artistic". The issue was put to a vote, and was not only passed, but passed unanimously. This was a far cry from the series of attempts that preceded it, where skaters were blown off by the previous Council at the first hint of opposition by neighbouring residents. In fact, the general feeling in the room during the whole process was that the Yes vote was a foregone conclusion (seven years in the making).

The council also passed "Recommendation C", that all funding must come from the Parks Board budget, which means no extra funds from the City. If there are extra costs, they will probably have to come from public-private partnerships or donations.

Afterwards, City Planner Michael Gordon reinforced that the 2-year temporary term was as expected, and that the City was continuing to look elsewhere for a larger, higher-quality site for a permanent park in the future. He added later that in the larger picture, the upcoming motion to revoke the no-skating bylaw permanently was as important as parks. He's right - in the future, we'll have to continue to be wary of parks being used as an excuse to crack down hard on real street skating; the bylaw change will give street skaters a little legal protection that will cut down on harassment, plus the new facility will relieve a bit of pressure on downtown spots. As far as the temporary nature, the Victory Square spot was initially supposed to be temporary, and it's now considered permanent.

The Parks Board's Lyndsay Poaps summed up the continuing process best: "We want to set the park up for success, not failure. The combination of design, maintenance, and art will give skaters the feeling of ownership that will encourage them to respect it. If they feel legitimate, they will be more likely to take care of the spot." Hopefully, we can all come up with something neighbours can feel happy about as well.

D-Rock and Miss Kim. Email us at downspace@telus.net. Peep vspc.ca and downspace.com



Skate with Tony Alva? Sure!



High on the wall, it's Tony Alva!

Skate Menace

If you know who Tony Alva is then you understand the answer to the previous question. Tony Alva is one of the founders of modern skateboarding, and helped change skateboarding from some passing fad into the raging lifestyle that it is today. He was part of the first wave of skaters that took to backyard pools to get rad. For more background on Tony Alva, check out the movie Dogtown and Z-boys.

On April 5, 2003 Tony Alva and I skated at Vancouver's best indoor ramp, The Cractpipe. The fine folks at 108 Records made this unique pleasure possible. This event also launched the *Rigor vs The Rest* CD by Rigor.

Tony Alva skated the ramp with the locals. He skated smooth and in control. The session's start was casual, usually one skater at a time. Slowly the skaters started to get excited about who they shared the ramp with. Each

run we took, the intensity would climb. Alex Chalmers started pulling inverts on the steep extension. Dave 'Dirtboy' Priest was launching high onto the wall ride. Johnny Dread started foot planting off the walls. Local Perry started trying blunt slides to fakie through the kinked section... everybody was pushing the limits of their abilities.

As the skaters killed the ramp, Rigor did a set on the mic. The crowd was waving and clapping along with the rap group. This pumped up the skate session as well. Dirty started ollieing up into the overhanging pipes, tapping the nose of his board on the roof and coming in fakie. SICK!! Some unknown local started pulling fakie bigspin blunt fakies. Gary Harris walked in and took to the skies with floating ollies from low to high. As he would come back into the ramp - smash - tail bash!

The event coordinator grabbed a mike and killed the session so two beatboxers could entertain the crowd. DOA and B-Shorty were the next up on the bill. Now I am not a big fan of beatboxers, but these guys got every jaded skater into it. Some girls even started break dancing on the flatbottom of the ramp. After the beatboxers battled each other, they did an unrehearsed beatbox jam. The crowd yelled and screamed along with the funky brothers.

Next up was the best trick contest, judged by Tony Alva. All of the previous skate energy seemed to have left the building. Slowly, skaters started dropping in and trying some hard tricks. The sudden end to the session left some people drained. But some loved the short break. Perry pulled a bluntslide to fakie through the kink in the ramp and Johnny kick-flipped on the wall ride. I was glad that Tony judged because I would be hard pressed to pick a winner.

This was a great event. 108 Records has raised the bar for CD release parties. Record promoters take note, no longer will the obligatory bar night with the band headlining the show be good enough. Take it to the next level.

Dennis Regan 



Alex, upside down in tight quarters

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Cinema Criminal

The Outlaw Movie World of Vern H.

By Bjorn Olson

The world of Internet movie reviewers is a scary one. Cyberspace is clogged with a wide variety of semi-professional hacks that run the gamut from Ritalin-addled teenagers, to aging queens who couldn't get a job doing the "Movie Minute" on their local CBS affiliate. The savvy movie-nerd has to dig deep to find quality websites and interesting writing. But one thing had always been missing... someone with both the *style* and *heart* of the common man had to step up.

In the fall of 1999, things changed. Beginning with a series of postings on the Usenet newsgroup rec.arts.movies.current-films, the world was introduced to Vern. Vern claims to be "a writer who is trying to go clean after a life of crime, alcohol, etc." Vern's page, entitled *Then fuck you, Jack: The Life and Art of Vern* and its laid-back, conversational style has been steadily winning movie-nerd converts sick of the dry, self-serving or just plain retarded movie criticism that proliferates on the Internet.

Vern himself though is shrouded in mystery. No one knows what he looks like, or even if in fact he is who he claims to be. When I first wrote Vern proposing an interview he was reluctant to reveal what was behind the enigma, but eventually he agreed, if only through his "chosen medium of the internet". Our exchange was as follows:

Have you always had an appreciation for film, or was this something that has developed more so over the last few years?
Well everybody watches movies, you know, just not everybody takes them as seriously. I would say yeah, I always had that appreciation in there somewhere, but it wasn't until '99 that I accidentally unleashed it.

Accidentally? You mean you never intended to be a film writer?
Well it was never my life's goal or nothing. When somebody showed me how the internet works, I started writing on this movie newsgroup. Not really reviews, but little comments. And then people told me I should start a web sight and it just grew from there.

What are the benefits and detriments of writing on the Internet?
Well, for one thing, you know somebody is reading it. I know my audience is small beans compared to a popular magazine, but I'd rather get that instant reaction. If somebody feels real strongly about whatever I said they will e-mail me. People are more likely to do that than actually write it on paper, seal an envelope, buy a stamp, etc. The stamps just went up 3 more cents which I don't think is fair, just because the army decided to send anthrax to democrats to test if we were ready for a biological attack does not mean the rest of us should have to pay extra for mail. But e-mail is free, so I know there are people who appreciate what I do because I get e-mails from all over... a lot of them, for some reason, are from New Zealand and Australia.

Anyway, writing on the internet is more of a conversation, a discussion and I think that makes it potentially better than film writing in print which is usually used as more of a consumer guide, should you watch Men in Black part 2 or not, the end. And I hope I seem more like a real dude to them even though I only exist on the Internet.

I don't know what the downside to

the Internet is. I mean I guess in a way the whole democratization type angle of it is a pain in the nuts because it means there is so much more crap to wade through. Which is what a lot of people consider my works. Also, I think a lot of Internet film writers just copy the way it is done in print, which is kind of a waste of the technology.



What did you go to jail for? Did you watch movies in prison?
Well when people ask that I usually say "just some bullshit" or if I get real elaborate, "armed robbery and complications thereof." But I try not to talk about that prison shit as much anymore, it started to be too much of a gimmick. "Seijun Suzuki's use of color in this picture reminds me of the time I was punching this guy out in prison" etc. In fact I don't even review prison movies anymore. But to answer your question no there's not too many movies in prison, just a lot of t.v., mostly COPS.

Tell me a bit about your history. Growing up, etc...
I don't know I mean, American, lower middle class. Made some mistakes, etc.

Okay, what were you like as a kid, then?
I was probably that friend you had, that would always do something you didn't want to do but I would make you feel like a pussy and you would go along with it... we're not supposed to be in here, we're not supposed to have these nude pictures, these knives are illegal, etc. Okay, fine, but we better get out of here. But I wasn't that bad. I was nice to people.

Have you ever wanted to make a film?
Not really make one but I want to write one. It would be called "40 Dollars and a Shoe To My Name" and it's about how I get out and I go to collect all my belongings and the motherfuckers claim they "lost" one of my shoes. So the opening credits is I'm strutting down the street real cool, and it's playing "Hotpants Road" by the JBs, but I only got one shoe on. That pretty much sums it all up there, man.

There's a kid who wants to write a movie about me, some children's sitcom writer. I told him he could do it but for his writing credit his name has to come across, and then the "written by" comes out, and it bends his name over and starts down" it in the ass. He said he liked that idea but I don't think he did. You know how Hollywood people are.

You recently delved into more political writing. Were you worried about how your audience might take it?
I was worried, but I figured the name of the column is Vern Tells It Like It Is. When September 11th happened I was like everybody else, I started to question whether things like the Die Hard trilogy or the Dolemite box set were really that important when it seemed like we were all gonna die any second. I mean, a plane crashes in a neighborhood in the Bronx and they say "Don't worry, it was not sabotage, it was just the tail was faulty and fell completely off the plane." And that was supposed to be comforting. As serious and thoughtful as everyone was trying to be there was still nothing but 24 hour bullshit being blown up your ass everywhere you looked. So, there was a lot of anger building up and I had to get it all out.

What exactly makes good badass cinema?
That's not something you can put into a mathematical type formula, but the number one thing is you need a certain Badass pres-

ence. That is Vern's theory of the Badass Auteur, that the actor playing the Badass is more important than the director. Usually, I agree with the French on the importance of the director, but in the films of Badass Cinema the actor takes precedence. That is why you can have a movie like SIX STRING SAMURAI where the movie is all there but the guy's voice is too squeaky and the whole thing falls apart like a ladder made of hot dogs. And at the same time you got a whole bunch of movies with Clint Eastwood, Beat Takeshi, Chow Yun Fat, Bruce Lee or Charles Bronson where sometimes the filmatism itself is not that great but the presence of the Badass makes it worth watching. I mean, a Ringo Lam movie starring Jean Claude Van Damme is not going to be as good as a Ringo Lam movie starring Chow Yun Fat.

I would never take away from a writer, and the best Badass pictures have smart, tightly written stories and some good lines. But the Badass presence is ALWAYS more important than the writing because it's not as much in what the Badass says, or even in what he does, as in what you see in the eyes or on the expression on the face, or the posture. All of these guys that I'm talking about, their most memorable moments don't come from what they're doing or saying, but the way they look when they do it, because they don't give a fuck.

When you have a great director and writer and you also have a great Badass presence, that is when things really get rolling. Like THE LIMEY, man, how could you get better than Terence Stamp with that script, and Steven Soderbergh directing? Well, I'll tell you how. When the director and the Badass are the same individual, that, to me, is the greatest. That is why I invented the term of the Badass Laureate to honor filmmakers like Takeshi and Eastwood.

Also, I would like to mention my theory of Badass juxtaposition. It is always good for a Badass to contradict their violent nature with a sensitive side or an artistic hobby. That is why Charles Bronson plays harmonica in ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST, Clint Eastwood plays piano in many movies and in real life and Chow Yun Fat plays clarinet or something in HARD BOILED.

What are your "desert island" films, and what are some undeservedly ignored or underrated badass classics?

Well, you got an obvious Badass canon. If you're on an island, I guess you want to take at least one for each of the major Badass icons. I'd take HARD BOILED, SONATINE, THE GETAWAY, and I'd throw in WHEN WE WERE KINGS. I'd go with the obvious ones for the Bruces, DIE HARD 1 and ENTER THE DRAGON. If I brought HELL IN THE PACIFIC, I could get my Lee Marvin and my Toshiro Mifune in one, but on the other hand that might be kind of fucked up to be sittin there on an island watchin Lee and Toshiro stuck on an island.

With Eastwood it would be harder to decide. I mean, the Sergio Leone's are my favorites. But obviously there's OUTLAW JOSEY WALES, HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER, UNFORGIVEN, and I always loved THUNDERBOLT AND LIGHTFOOT. I like the DIRTY HARRY movies, even though they're about cops.

Then fuck you, Jack: The Life and Art of Vern is located at www.geocities.com/outlawvern/



GORE

THE BIG LIST OF LISTS – CELEBRATING THE SEX THING

In the past, I've treated The Nerve Sex Issue as type of an anniversary event for me. I started writing for this mag well before the first sex issue, but, of course, I can't remember any other milestone than the skin issue to revolve my NERVE writing "career" around – so this time around, I thought I'd go back to the beginning and give a list to help end all lists for the horror/sleaze/eurotrash/NERVE-style cinema fan. Also, I'm probably moving in the next couple of months so I've been rooting through all the VHS plastic to, hopefully, do somewhat of a purge.

So, I've been going through the shit and trying to evaluate what is still worth having around, talking about, and fucking watching again and again. I've been finding shit I forgot I even had, and started to remember how nice it is to have a little "must have/top five" list for myself. SO—I decide, for this celebratory issue, to compile such a list (broken up into genres to help you skip the stuff you probably hate) including the year, director, and maybe an actor or two. These are the SINISTER SAM must haves (if it's of any worth to you):

STRAIGHT HORROR:

- BLACK SUNDAY (1960) Mario Bava, Barbara Steele
- THE HORRIBLE DR. HICCOCK (1962) Riccardo Freda, Barbara Steele
- CASTLE OF BLOOD (1964) Antonio Margheriti, Barbara Steele
- HORROR RISES FROM THE TOMB (1973) Carlos Aured, Paul Naschy, Emma Cohen
- LONG HAIR OF DEATH (1964) Antonio Margheriti, Barbara Steele

ZOMBIE FILMS:

- BURIAL GROUND (1980) Andrea Bianchi, Karen Well
- EROTIC NIGHTS OF THE LIVING DEAD (1980) Joe D'Amato
- HORROR OF THE ZOMBIES (1974) Amando de Ossorio
- ZOMBIE LAKE (1980) Jean Rollin



ITALIAN CRIME:

- THE BOSS (1973) Fernando di Leo, Henry Silva
- HIGH CRIME (1973) Enzo Castellari, Franco Nero
- THE BLOODY HANDS OF THE LAW (1973) Mario Gariazzo, Klaus Kinski
- THE COP IN BLUE JEANS (1976) Bruno Corbucci, Tomas Milian
- ALMOST HUMAN (1980) Umberto Lenzi, Tomas Milian

SPAGHETTI WESTERN:

- DJANGO, KILL (1967) Giulio Questi, Tomas Milian
- COMPANEROS (1970) Sergio Corbucci, Tomas Milian, Franco Nero
- TODAY IT'S ME...TOMORROW IT'S YOU! (1968) Tonino Cervi
- A BULLET FOR SANDOVAL (1969) Julio Buchs, George Hilton
- MASSACRE TIME (1966) Lucio Fulci, George Hilton, Franco Nero



GIALLO:

- THE STRANGE VICE OF SIGNORA WARDH (1970) Sergio Martino, Edwige Fenech, George Hilton
- WHAT ARE THOSE STRANGE DROPS OF BLOOD ON THE BODY OF JENNIFER? (1971) Giuliano Carmineo, Edwige Fenech,

- George Hilton
- SO SWEET, SO DEAD (1971) Roberto Montero, Sylva Koscina
- THE KILLER MUST STRIKE AGAIN (1975) Luigi Cozzi, George Hilton
- STRIP NUDE FOR YOUR KILLER (1975)

Andrea Bianchi, Edwige Fenech

CANNIBAL FILMS:

- ANTHROPOPHAGOUS (1980) Joe D'Amato
- CANNIBAL TERROR (1981) Julio Tabernerio
- ZOMBIE HOLOCAUST (1979) Marino Girolami
- EMANUELLE AND THE LAST CANNIBALS (1977) Joe D'Amato
- WHITE CANNIBAL QUEEN (1981) Jesus Franco, Lina Romay

SHOCK VALUE EURO-TRASH:

- GIALLO A VENEZIA (1979) Mario Landi, Leonora Fani
- PATRICK VIVE ANCORA (1980) Mario Landi, Carmen Russo
- THE KILLER IS STILL AMONG US (1985) Camillo Teti
- SLAUGHTER HOTEL (1971) Fernando Di Leo, Klaus Kinski
- TO BE TWENTY (1978) Fernando Di Leo, Gloria Guida

ITALIAN SEX COMEDY:

- VICES IN THE FAMILY (1975) Mariano Laurenti, Edwige Fenech, Susan Scott
- L'ADOLESCENTE (1976) Alfonso Brescia, Daniela Giordano
- THE VIRGIN WIFE (1975) Marino Girolami, Edwige Fenech
- LOVER BOY (1975) Marino Girolami, Edwige Fenech
- MALICIOUS (1973) Salvatore Samperi, Laura Antonelli

HORROR AND/OR SHOCK SLEAZE:

- GISELLE aka HER SUMMER VACATION

- LORNA THE EXORCIST (1974) Jesus Franco, Lina Romay
- MALABIMBA (1979) Andrea Bianchi
- MAN, WOMAN, BEAST (1977) Alberto Cavallone, Jane Avril, Macha Magall
- SS HELL CAMP (1977) Luigi Batzella, Macha Magall

"CINEMA":

- LA TERRA TREMA (1948) Luchino Visconti
- THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW (1975) Pier Paolo Pasolini
- LA BETE (1975) Walerian Borowczyk
- THE WIDE BLUE ROAD (1957) Gillo Pontecorvo
- HEART OF GLASS (1976) Werner Herzog



FUCKED UP MASTERPIECES:

- HUMAN ANIMALS (1982) Eligio Herrero
- MAD FOXES (1981) Paul Grau
- SWAMP OF THE RAVENS (1974) Manuel Cano
- CRUEL JAWS (1995) Bruno Mattei

GRAVEYARD OF HORROR (1971) Miguel Madrid

There you go; stamped and approved. Have fun with the list; hopefully it will help you pick some winners in the seemingly endless world of the Euro-genre film.

Sinister Sam



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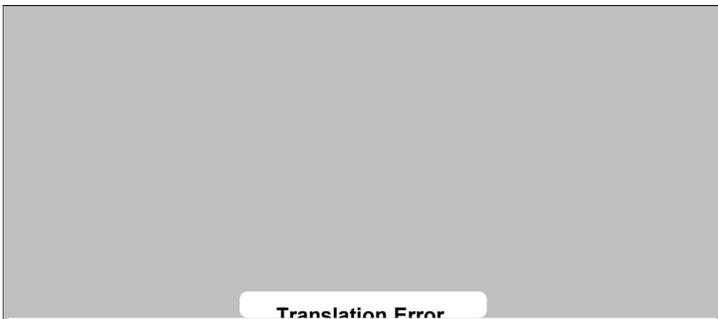
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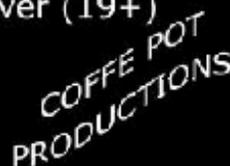
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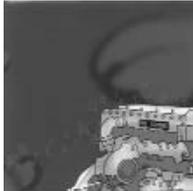
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FRIDAY MAY 16th - Brickyard, Vancouver (19+)





Black Cross
Art offensive
Black-Cross.com
This is a beautiful record. Rob Pennington, who fronts Black Cross, used to have a little band called By the Grace Of God, which kicked some corporate American ass. This is hard-core punk at its finest, ladies and gentlemen. *Art Offensive* is a very inextricable and calculated record. You won't be able to stop listening to it. The minute you take that cd out of your player, it'll feel like something is wrong.
Adler Flyod



Black Rice
Rice Lightning
Flyer Records
Stop. Start. Change Direction. Start again. Dynamic. Dissonant yet harmonic. Stuck somewhere between what Fugazi started and At the Drive-In never finished. I don't know what the hell "After-Math-Rock" is supposed to mean but that's what they're calling this and it's pretty damn good.
TexAssinine



Black Lips
s/t
Bomp Records
The Black Lips are by far the only thing from the recent wave of Rock 'n' Roll bands that have sprung up in the last couple of years that I've enjoyed. The band seems to be fully aware that Rock 'n' Roll wasn't invented by the Rolling Stones and have taken more to the original sounds of first-wave, down and dirty Negro-rock—and it sounds fucking great. Plus, the Caucasian singer ends up sounding like Anthony Michael Hall doing his whitey-black blues impression in the Breakfast Club.
Oh, and one last thing, dude, and remember this: Rock 'n' Roll is, was, and always shall be your parent's music. Remember that before they come out with a *clap revival* and you get yourself all crudded up, *sexually*, just to be a part of something that never went away in the first place.
Matt "Rock 'n' Roll" Davies

Blood Brothers
Jungle Rules Live
DVD
Artist Direct / BMG
"YOU MANIACS! YOU BLEW IT UP! DAMN YOU! GOD DAMN YOU ALL TO HELL!" Is what I screamed sometime last year when I found out that 20 000 "units" of the Locust's debut album had been sold. My Hestonian proclamation was not positive by any means. The music genre of my choice had finally been corrupted; NOISE, the five-letter beast that seemingly appealed to no one had finally become part of the sound-de-jour of 20 000 greasy, mop-topped, secret-Weezer-fanboy hipsters worldwide. Fuckers. Don't get me wrong, I hate the fucking Locust, and I don't blame them for corrupting something that used to be noisy and pure. The Locust aren't noise; neither are the Blood Brothers. Red Light Sting (who describe themselves as blagghk, *no-wave*, but I'll save that one for now), or anything that comes out on labels like GSL or 31G. Almost all the things now labeled 'noise' for consumption are not "NOISE" — *That's my fucking problem.*
Now, I can't call the thing I like by its name for fear of being misunderstood. It was the only thing left that wasn't (couldn't, presumably) going to be bought out, used out, and exploited. Looks like I was wrong. For the sparse few that care, *it is going to get bigger and it is going to be badder.* Remember, the vicious circle destroys everything and anything in its path. Oh well, there's still time to make money; *T-shirts anyone?*
Matt "Feelin' Stabby" Davies



Circle the Wagons
We're Not Old School... We're Just Old
Black Banana Records
The title alone is a good way to describe this disc from Nelson, B.C.'s CTW. Featuring Mike Maggot (guitar&vox) from BC/DC and Paddy Duddy (bass and lead vox) formerly of Maple Ridge's Rusty Nails, plus a couple of people I don't recognize. *We're Not Old School...* is a kickass 5 song EP of in-your-face hardcore punk with touches of crossover thrash and small traces of country and blues riffs. Distorted bass, awesome double kick drumming with vox that remind me of a less death metal version of the singer from Repulsion (an OLD grind/death metal band from the mid to late eighties), CTW are as they say, "not old school... just old".
One track, "Beaten To Death In Prison" is a wicked song which CTW wrote the music for but the lyrics were written by Section 46, an OLD hardcore

band from Victoria. This CD is well produced and has a slick glossy black and white cover, as well as an extra track of a live Joy Division cover. I can't remember the name of the cover, it's not listed on the disc, and in my old age, I have a bit of trouble remembering song titles. www.beatendtoearth.com
Stefan Nevatie



Death By Stereo
Into The Valley of Death
Epitaph
As far as Epitaph-brand hardcore goes, Death by Stereo seem to have things under control. On their third release, *Into the Valley of Death*, these politically charged Scalers tread through the usual angst-ridden anthems and fist-pumpin' choruses. The first half of this disk is really quite catchy and aggressive, but something goes horribly wrong somewhere around the track "Let Down and Alone" (complete with a boys' chorus!). It's almost as though System of a Down found their way into the studio and took things over. Things do pick up again, yet this rotten taste takes a while to leave the palate.
Adam Simpkins

Godless North & Chemin De Haine split cd
Only Human Ashes Are Real
Semen & Blood Records/War Spirit Records 2003

I thought that since I'm the child of Finnish immigrants, I would get in on all this reviewing of bands that have anything to do with Finland. Oh, and yes, Molotov Cocktails were a Finnish invention; my grandpa threw several at the Russians. Godless North is actually from B.C., but one of the members is half Finnish, so there. I'm not at liberty to identify the members or what city they live in, and they use stage names on the CD. G.N. and Chemin de Haine are both Black Metal bands, very atmospheric, raw, with lots of reverb on everything giving them a dark sound. G.N. are also much tighter and more intense and the better produced of the two bands.
Both bands have that far away, raw production typical of most black metal. C.D.H. tend to have songs that drag on a little too long. G.N.'s songs are generally shorter and more to the point. Overall, a killer Black Metal disc, and while I'm not going to make any direct comparisons to other bands, if you're familiar with Beherit, or early Mayhem or Bathory, you'll have an idea of what to expect.
Contact: warspiritrex@aol.com
Stefan Nevatie

V/A
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 these things rarely happen in life. Since I'm NOT religious, I'm gonna tell you that this is one kick-in-the-head hardcore compilation of fucking god damn awesome Finnish hardcore punk bands. I almost can't believe any label would release an album with this style of music! 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 from '81 - '85. And they all bring me hardcore happiness!
Andy Gronberg

Moldy Peaches 3000
Unreleased Cutz and Live Jamz 1994-2002

This 2 CD, 55 track, collection of rarities, covers, previously unreleased tracks and live versions is not the album to buy for an *introduction* to the fabulously naughty, lo-fi, NY, "anti-folksters", The Moldy Peaches.
This is for those of us who crave home-recorded music that is made for *fun* and those who will digest anything that spews from Adam Green or Kimya Dawson!
This is for those of us who are disappointed that the Peaches have no current plans to tour or even make music together again.
This is for those of us who love the clashing and crude lyrical duets of "Steak for Chicken" and love the phone ringing during "Nothing Came Out". (This album's version of the latter is the original recording, which features a faint phone ring in the background, making me wonder if their last album's version was a reenactment!)
This album offers two Adam Green songs sung with the addition of Kimya. It offers plenty of covers, though mostly pretty rough sounding, ranging from "I Wanna Be a Hulkamaniac" to "Two Princes". It offers a shaky-sounding Kimya in the original recording of "Lucky Charms"; so much so that her voice actually cracks! It also contains the horribly polished up "Lucky #9" version that was used for their video.
If you haven't heard "Rainbows", a song previously only available on the "Country Fair/Rainbows" single, you must! If you are not thoroughly amazed and charmed by the blunt and foul-mouthed brilliance of the Peaches in this incredible track, this is definitely not the album for you.
Natalie Vermeer

V/A
No Hold Back... All Attack!!! 3 x LP
Havoc Records
There are very few record labels that release as much

good music as Havoc Records. We have here a triple... you heard it... A TRIPLE LP COMPILATION! These are all bands from the "Twin Cities". Not being familiar with this territory, I did have to check my Rand McNally road map to find the "Twin Cities" and they consist of Minneapolis and Saint Paul, Minnesota. What a thriving scene! This compilation straddles pop-punk (very little pop, thank god) to grind/crust. Almost every track on this triple EP is killer! Considering the ground this compilation covers, that is indeed a good thing. Stand out tracks on here are by: Cut Throat Hoods, The Crush, Mayhem Deposit, The Laggards, Onward To Mayhem, Plate-O-Shrimp, and The Subversives.
Andy Gronberg



Plan Project
S/a
Gokartrecords.com
Gosh! Plan Aproject is fun. This is such a great fucking summer record, you know what I mean? Uncompromised old school punk with crispy transcendent attitude.
This is the shit I would have playin' in my truck on a long summer road trip... along with a cooler full of Moosehead. Some groovy fucking punk cuts. Pick it up.
Adler Flyod



The Camaros
s/t
Good, fast, gritty, pulse pounding rock 'n' roll. Riffage, solos, high energy. Like the Hell Caminos of the East Coast. Really. I was impressed the minute I saw the sweet ass Super Sport on the cover.
TexAss

The Divorce
4 Song EP
Fugitive Recordings

I'd like to find out what's in the coffee and heroin in Seattle, because no matter what else is going on in the country, our Southern neighbour's music scene is always one-step ahead. Welcome, The Divorce, 3 grunge-town boys playing quirky punk with their influences set firmly on both coasts. It's difficult to pin-point their style, but The Dismemberment Plan and various Pacific-Northwest indie-rock alumni come to mind. This 4-song EP is just a glimpse of the greatness to come in the near future. Keep your ears to the ground - they're coming...
Adam Simpkins

The Exploited
Fuck the System
Spitfire Records

No, according to the Exploited, "punk" still isn't dead, and unfortunately, neither are the Exploited. Half the band has lost their mohawks, presumably because they are no longer follicularly capable. Though it's been seven years since they've produced anything new, *Fuck The System* can be your take home proof that they haven't changed in their 23 years of existence, and certainly not since *Beat The Bastards* (I swear they just renamed a few of those tracks). Repetitive, obnoxious, fast, heavy, inane, angry, chaos and anarchy inciting and mostly unintelligent "punk" songs including a 2 and a half minute ditty with the only lyrics being "you're a fucking bastard and shit fuck too". If this is your idea of "punk music", or liked any of the 7 other Exploited albums,

then you'll love it. Otherwise, avoid like the plague.
Cowboy TexAss



The Ruiners
How's That Grab Ya?
Disaster
This disc is a drunken drive along the border between psychobilly and just plain psycho rock/metal. Most of this disc is painfully bad and/or cheesy and/or tasteless. Some of their stuff is similar to what the Muscle Bitches used to do, but less good. There is a creative/spastic element to it all that redeems the few songs that are actually semi-decent.
Judging from the bloodstains, nudity and fire spewing displayed in their liner, these guys would probably be a wicked live band. It's not quite captured on disc though.
TexAss



The Spits
s/t
Slovenly Recordings
When The Spits played Naughty Camp 2000, they were unanimously voted the most fucked up band of the weekend, which is saying a lot. I caught them recently opening for Rocket From The Crypt and loved them enough to buy their album even though I was broke. From the first track "Spit Me Out", I was HOOKED. Equally addictive and weird are "Bring", "Black and Blue" and "No Place To Live". They're like a darker, punker, more evil Devo, with creepy keyboards and matching outfits (denim vests & jeans and balaclavas). I fucking love this album and can't stop listening to it.
Casey Bourque



Zeke Live and Uncensored Dead
Teenager Records
The posthumous odds and ends collection that partly caused the reformation of the no longer late and lamented Zeke, *Live and Uncensored* was meant as a CD/DVD companion career capper, but....
After getting sick of the ten-year Punk Rock grind, Zeke split. A few months later, the drummer's new label decided to put out a disc. Four songs from their last record (*Death Alley*), four unreleased studio tracks, twenty-four live recordings and NINE "secret" bonus tracks. A Zeke fan's dream. Speaking of Zeke fans, I put this on at a party over the weekend expecting it would get a short run before being hooked in favour of more Metal. However, no less than two people claimed Zeke as one of their all-time favourite bands, and it got played at least TWICE. It's a HIT!
It's a large compilation, over thirty songs, and it rocks in that furious Zeke way. Loud, fast, angry songs about motorcycles, weird mountain people, cars, satan, booze... everything important. That's why it's a HIT.
Mike O

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Stink Mitt

IT'S HARD TO RAP WITH A COCK IN YOUR

By Jenni Nelson

I interviewed Stink Mitt at a discreet location, where they were recording some tracks for their new album, *Scratch n' Sniff*, due out this summer. They started talking, so I started recording....

Jenni Craige- His mug shot eyes, while we were taunting and flaunting his...

Betty Forde- Stick and berries.

JC- Particularly unusual but-tocks.

BF- Quite flat on the top, saggy on the bottom.

JC- So then we made our sly slick maneuver over from GM Place to some Hastings hotel, an odd location; we weren't too sure where we were heading but we had thirty bucks in our pocket and a pack of Trojans, which I had scammed from the Whistler Ski and Snowboard Festival from this weekend. We headed to the rooms, I had my usual party pack in my bag, consisting of a clean sheet, dirty pair of underwear, and uh, lipstick... is that right?

BF- Yeah.

JC- Lube we didn't have cuz that's a little too nice.

BF- We're not pussies, man.

JC- No, we like to tear tissue.

BF- We're recording a track called "Tearing the Tissue" right now.

JC- Right now I have this flaming hemorrhoid, and you know when it's kinda itchy and you need that relief from a pounding cock... that's what happened to me this weekend, so I need to get my ass pounded at least four times a day to relieve the pressure from my hemorrhoid.

BF- Yeah, and I appreciate anyone who wants to step forward, cuz I'm sick of doing it.

JC- But we're not fucking dykes.

BF- We just like to say that.

JC- We're not fucking dykes but, um, we do like female porn.

BF- We like to fuck dykes.

JC- We like gay porn.

BF- Are you in here Bigstuff?

[*Scratch n' Sniff* producer] Particularly Mr. Bigstuff.

JC- Mr. Bigstuff just put down his last beer from two days ago; we were just cleaning his fucking mess off the floor before you came in....

Jenni Nelson- So, you guys are laying down some tracks today?

JC- Well, we tried, but it seems like all the fucking homies roll over here and it ends up being a studio gang bang... half the time it's just jizz on the deck and no vocals... it's kind of hard to rap with a cock in your mouth.

BF- That's what I find, anyways we're finishing a track called "Pinch the Box".

JC- It's all about how you have to pay to pinch the box... I mean, we don't mind paying for sex. Right now we're kind of on this trip where we like to take young boys home. We'll give you a dinner, a movie, a good fuck, and some bus fare in the morning. That's it—six a.m.—they have to be out.

BF- Yeah, because Jenni's kids wake-up.

JC- I gotta feed the babies, I gotta make the babies' lunch, you know, I don't have time for that shit, so...

BF- I usually drive them to school; I try to help Jenni.

JC- Some of the guys we fuck go to the same high school as my kids.

BF- But yeah, we're recording a track called "Pinch the Box", it's our club track, it's like a tribute to 50 Cent's "In Da Club", so, like, we're up in da club too in Van City

JC- We're up in the club, we're paying for that ass, the one thing is 50 might have all the money, but he's sending yo broke ass home, at least, y'know we give you some bus fare, a couple late night 7-11 cheese burritos.... If you got the moves maybe we'll give you some nachos with a little squeeze of cheese dip on the side.

BF- It's kind of a battle track too.

JC- We're pimpin' for sure.

BF- There's some hard rhymin' for sure, and we're writing a track called "Camel Toe", which is gonna be more of a lyrical number.

JC- For that obsessive, sweating, lustin' fan that's sort of like yearning for your split twat.

BF- People seriously love shit like camel toes in bike shorts, it's hot, we're just giving voice to Canada's fetishes that they are too embarrassed to admit.

JC- See Celine Dion weighs eighty pounds and she has the biggest camel toe, flat fucking long ass I've ever seen, we love it... we're bringing back the long ass and the camel... and it's for everybody, y'now? You don't have to be thin; you don't have to be fat....

BF- It's totally accessible, like Corey Hart and Bryan Adams.

JC- There's a little something for everyone.

Mr. Bigstuff- Have you guys talked to the Doctor today? [*Dr. Do, Stink Mitt's keyboard master*]

JC- He's fucking punking us; he's trapped in Burnaby.

BF- He's got a wife and kids.

JC- The Doctor's very straight, like he works a day job.

BF- Nobody really knows he's in a band.

JC- He's kind of fucked, like he never answers the phone. We always just leave him messages, and then he'll call us back at like five in the fucking morning, wasted. We give him the show list, and he just shows up at the show ready.

BF- We just messenger all the tracks to him over email.

JC- It's perfect.

BF- He's really good.

JC- He's a singer; he's a dancer. **BF-** I think he used to play in Tom Cochrane and Red Rider, but we're not sure.

JC- There were rumours, but hey, that's what we like, he never hangs, just bangs.

Jenni Nelson- So are you guys smoking crack with Ashley Maclsaac on Friday?

BF- He used to be a crack head, but they're trying to clean up his image.

JC- We're gonna get into his panties for about 24 hours.

BF- We're here to help.

JC- Just a little flashback, like, 'Hey, Ashley. Hello. We're here. We're here. And we're doing this'.

Mr. Bigstuff- We're gonna get some mad fiddling.

BF- Mad-butt pirate fiddling.

JC- We're gonna have a Stink Mitt track with Ashley Maclsaac, coming out this summer.

BF- It's gonna be about little boys, cause that 's what we have in common.

Jenni Nelson- What's it going to be called?

JC- "Diddle My Fiddle."

From left to right: Betti Forde, Dr. Do This, Jenni Craige

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Suicide Girls: Naughty and Nice

By Sarah Rowland

As the U.S. Department of Justice and controversial porn producers bicker over the finer points of fisting, a small contingency of the adult entertainment industry is turning on to a new form of sexual extremities... no, not bestiality, rape or even snuff. The new erogenous zone is retro erotica Websites and SuicideGirls.com is leading the way.

The Portland interactive Web community is a throwback to the glamorous pin-up days, a simpler time when photographing women slurping up the jupe of farm animals was considered unconscionable. While images of perverted depravity will never completely go out of style, SuicideGirls offers browsers an alternative type of muse for jerking off. The models are beautifully imperfect, artistically bent emo, Goth and punk rockers, who pose suggestively and feel each other up but, without penetration or masturbating—proving that naughty can be nice.

What's more astounding is that instead of disappearing into the dot com oblivion along with thousands of other failed online companies, the 1 1/2 year-old start-up already boasts a five figure membership roster and over 400,000 visits from different computers every week. As well, more than 1000 would-be models from around the world apply to be Suicide Girls each month.

Missy Suicide is one of the co-founders of the Betty Page inspired Web site, where women are respected and natural beauty is revered. When she and her partner Sean Suicide started out, it was meant as a fun side project but even then, naysayers were warning if it's not porn, nobody's going to go for it.

However, Missy had no intention of running a site depicting women as dumping grounds for bodily fluids.

"It's kind of gross to me," says Missy Suicide about some of today's more obscene adult entertainment. She's on the phone from her L.A. home office. "I have nothing against it. It's just not something I personally enjoy. The women don't look like they're having fun and a lot of porn seems degrading—like the power structure is off and that's what I find unattractive."

For models like Katie Suicide, posing nude for Missy's company was appealing for that same reason.

"I'm not about the crotch shot or wide open beaver and of course, no penetration," says the Nerve cover model from the Suicide headquarters in Portland.

Her roommate turned on the young Alaskan to the site when Katie first moved to Oregon. She thought it would be a great way to meet people. Katie now works in administration at the SG office and has 308 photos and one film to her credit. Her online

portfolio ranges from coyly cute bedtime shots of her in Spiderman Underoos to a series of dark avant-garde prints, where she is half nude and crying tears of blood. Thus far, taking it off in front of the SuicideGirls camera has been a positive experience.

"Models have full control over the pictures and how they appear in them and that's definitely empowering," says Katie during a phone interview. "There's nobody standing over you telling you how to pose, what to do, what clothes to wear and how to do your make-up. I had spoken with a girl, who had modeled for *Playboy* once and she said that it was horrible. They would tell her this the way your make-up is going to look and if she didn't like it at all or complained, they would just tell her to shut-up." Katie is one of 119 pierced tattied hotties who offer an alternative to the synthetic world of modeling by emphasizing individualism.

Sean says he didn't want to simply regurgitate mainstream media's idea of foxy by plastering photos of perfectly sculpted statuesque Texans with enough silicone to caulk the titanic cracks. "I think that our girls appeal to a different kind of person," he says. "I'm not personally attracted to six-foot tall gigantic-breasted skinny blond haired girls. I'm attracted to just cute little punk rock girls."

Scott Owens is owner and operator of SG's unofficial sister site, eroticBPM.com, (as in beats per minute.), which is a web community that caters to the electronica scene. Because his company shares so many of the same values with SG, the two sites occasionally combine marketing and promotional efforts—the only difference is BPM revolves around another genre of music. Like Sean, when Owens began researching other sexploitation networks, he wasn't impressed with what he saw available in cyber space.

"When I was starting this site, I was looking all these perfect plastic models on these other sites and I didn't find them attractive," says Owens on the phone from his home base in Hawaii. "I couldn't relate to them. When I go out to club or party or I'm interacting with other people, I don't interact with people that look like that and so people that I always found attractive were people that are in my same age group and people that were into the same music as me."

Sean agrees. He says common taste in tunes is the crux of the com-

I'm not about the crotch shot or wide open beaver and of course, no penetration.

Katie Suicide

munal feel on both sites and that without the beats; there wouldn't be a unifying bond for visitors and members alike.

"It forms the basis in which people gather because they all have one common interest and that's music," says Sean. "If it was just around erotica, then there would be too broad of a group of people to build a real coherent community around."

Other aspects of the cooperative spirit are the girls' online journals, message boards for responding to the diary entries and an events calendar for models and members.

"The general consensus that we get is that people join the site because they want to see the cute punk rock girls and they end up maintaining their membership because they get



addicted to all the community stuff," says Sean.

Since the success of SG and eroticBPM, other sites have attempted to cash in on the appeal of everyday hip-hop and punk girls. For instance, GothicPleasures.com features women who look like they're professional x-rated entertainers in vampire make-up; and while sites like PomForPunks.com do use authentically punk girls, it showcases hardcore smut for skinheads—as opposed to titillating images of burlesque babes.

"Hundreds have tried to sort of emulate what we do but they always miss the boat because most of them just try to get regular adult actresses to dress-up kind of goth and put pictures of them up—of course it's not the same thing," says Sean.

And it's not just men that appreciate the difference between porn pros and the amateur sex symbols. Both sites have a huge fan base of hetro-chicks, an unexpected phenomenon for Owens but, not for Missy.

"It's not like there's parts shoved in your face all the time, so I guess I'm not surprised that it appeals to straight women so much," says Missy about her site. "I'm not a lesbian, but I can appreciate an attractive woman so I figured that there would be other girls out there like me."

Although both sites are doing well enough to employ several full-time workers, soft-core eroticism is not going to dent the billion dollar business of hardcore porn anytime soon—especially as the underground industry becomes increasingly provocative with the Rob Blacks of the world fighting for the right to use a tightly close hand as he sees fit. In view of that fact, Owens is realistic about the future of the adult entertainment marketplace.

"I think that it's definitely still going more and more extreme but, there is a trend towards young people like me and Sean, who just kind of do their own thing and do something different," says Owens before adding, "Porn doesn't have to be this way. It doesn't have to be nasty and raunchy and people can still enjoy it—and women can enjoy it."

All pics courtesy of SuicideGirls.com





Burlesque

there themselves?" The ladies in point were local gals and the men were crusties that the gals had been avoiding in the bar lines for years... so why strip for them under the guise of "not really stripping, artful, old-time traditional burlesque?" Then I realised that some people are just born to be on stage and it really is quite a talent to get up there and not suck. Bottom line is this; some of the girls are damn amazing, refreshingly inventive and some of the skits

and costumes are downright impressive. Vancouver's Burlesque tradition started with a little troop called Fluffgirl at the Wise

Hall happens when large groups of pretty women get together) the catfights began and the groups branched out, in the end, the last women left standing are now known as: **The Ultravixen Peepshow**.

Ultravixen is headed by Miss Fatima (pictured here) who is queen of all that is show-girl: chock full of attitude, imagination, drive, lust, love and has the prettiest damn eyes... all the making of a true entertainer. This girl shines on stage. Her costumes are well educated and her routines can switch from goody-good girl to vinyl drippin' badass bitch to palm tree swishin' dare-I-say Vixen, in one show flat.

The other members of Ultravixen are just as heavy in prerequisites. They are: **Kitten Couquette**, who some may remember from olden days of the Vanburlesque, can actually manage to twirl her

pasties and fire dance AT THE SAME TIME. TBhe super hot gum twirlin' **Ruby La Rouge** will kick your ass and leave you begging for more and **Jovanka**, who some of you may remember from the new House of Venus school. You can view some steamy pics of them on their hot web site: www.kittencoquette.com. They will be performing @ the annual Wiggle show at **Sonar, May the 11th**, and in **Victoria on May the 29th** at the **Lucky Bar**.

Angela Fama



When burlesque first showed up on the Vancouver scene about 4 years ago, I had two minds about it. One thought the idea was super fucking cool, and the other thought, "why on earth would anyone need to prove their sexiness by getting up on stage in front of a bunch of aging Vancouver men who would never dream of getting up

Yummy, Yummy Jailbait

Or, How to Get Your Share of Sweet Cherry Pie Without Getting Caught (you sick sorry bastard...)

by Andreas Ohrt

I have this friend—(um, let's call him "Joe")—who likes to have sex with really young girls. Now, personally, I think Joe is a total pervert and freak, but he's my friend... so I gotta cut him some slack. Besides, he's got great drug connections, so I'm forced to put up with his lame rationalizations for his despicable behaviour.

Joe believes that diddling young girls is perfectly natural human male behaviour. He claims that many cultures on our planet routinely marry off girls still in their glory days of tween-dom. Even the immutable laws of Mother Nature, he says, are on his side. After all, a woman is ready to bear children after her first period, which, thanks to all those freaky growth hormones in our food, can happen pretty much anytime after a girl celebrates her first double-digit birthday. Most importantly, young virgins are the horniest of all God's creations, blessed with just the right combination of low self-esteem and a tolerance for alcohol that rarely exceeds two pear ciders.

At least that's what my friend says. Like I said, he's a dangerous sicko, but, you know, I can't really tell him how to live his life. I do, however, feel an obligation to try to keep him out of jail and so I've been trying to find out exactly how old a woman has to be before my friend can legally stick his wet noodle in her. I've tried to get the answer during party conversations, but with no luck. The women I've talked to don't seem to want to share their knowledge of this subject, and the guys I've asked were too drunk to care. You'd think a guy hitting on a barely-pubescent girl would be a bit more wary of the long arm of the law, but you'd be wrong.

So, intrepid reporter that I am, I did some half-assed research. According to Grandmaster Google, the Canadian criminal code places the age of consent at 14 years of age! Sounds to good to be true, doesn't it? Could it be that I completely wasted my twenties hitting on woman who I thought were on this side of the law, when I could

have been having easy sex with pimply-faced little tramps? As much as I wanted to believe that porking a 14-year-old is legit, I was a bit dubious, as I seem to have gotten into plenty o' trouble after defiling girls much older than that.

Obviously, more research was necessary. I decided to call the cops and do some fact-checking. I mean, purely as a public service for many men I know who, like my pal Joe, would otherwise be hopelessly misinformed. Knowledge is power, after all, and the power to park your spoolge inside high-school girls is one I don't want my disturbed friends to miss out on.

So I dialed up the non-emergency line in New Westminster, a land teeming with slutty drunk teens. On the other end was some bored cop who was obviously so incompetent they had him stay back at the office answering phones instead of being out there staking out Tim Horton's. Here's the enlightening transcript of the call:

Me: Hi, I was wondering if you could clarify a few legal questions for me regarding the age of consent.

Dumb Bored Pig: Uhh, okay...

Me: I've been doing some research and discovered that the age of consent in Canada is 14. Is that accurate?

DBP: Um, yeah, that's right.

Me: Really! 14! Don't you think that's a bit young?

DBP: Well, we don't write the laws, we just enforce them.

Me: Good answer! So, can a guy really do anything he wants with a 14-year-old?

DBP: Probably not. Young women tend to get a bit weirded out, you know. Then if their parents find out the guy can be charged with rape.

Me: Really, even if it was consensual?

DBP: If the girl is under 18, her parents can press charges.

Me: Wow, so 14 is technically legal, but the girl is still considered jailbait.

DBP: (Grunt)

Me: What about if the girl signs something to the effect that she's an average, totally horny teen who desperately needs a righteous slapping. Would something like that hold up in court?

DBP: You mean like a pre-nuptial agreement?

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Me: Well, more of a pre-fucktial, I guess. Would a pre-fuck hold up in court?

DBP: No, sorry. Contracts signed by minors aren't legally binding.

Me: Oh yeah... so even though the law says I can bang a 16 year old, I could still end up in jail, eh? What about if the guy is under 18?

DBP: It's pretty rare to have charges stick if both parties are minors.

Me: So, it's true! Youth *is* wasted on the young! Guys under 18 can have sex with girls under 18, but guys over 18 are risking jail time, even though it's technically legal.

DBP: Pretty much. When parents find out their daughter is sleeping with a much older man, they tend to kind of lose it.

Me: Okay, but that's only if they accuse him of raping her, right?

DBP: Right.

Me: So, what about other sexual activities other than penetration... can those be considered rape?

Maja Lee

Porn Star Extraordinaire!

Local porn star of video and internet, webmistress behind Vancouverporn.com, (an info site for porno beginners) and part of the production team of Pink Cherry, Maja Lee is probably one of the busiest ladies in the city's porn scene. I met Maja over \$2.99 Roast Beef Dinner at the Fraser Arms. She's a very petite girl, a little shy and unassuming, but quite friendly, positive thinking, intelligent and a pleasure to talk to. Hard to believe it was the same girl who stars in and dirty talks her way through *Coed Talking Tramps*.

Tex: Let's talk about PORN.

Maja: Porn is good.

Tex: Let's start from the beginning, how did you get into it?

Maja: I idolized the industry. I used to go onto Lukeford.com and read all the gossip. For a year and half or so... and I was a big fan of Asia Carrera. I read up on it. I didn't think I could get into the industry cuz my boobs were too small. Then last year, I got a boob job, for myself... and I hadn't realized it at the time... but life is so short and you really have to go out there and enjoy and do everything you want.

Tex: And get paid to have sex!

Maja: Yeah! Don't you wish it were that easy?

Tex: Not for guys....

Maja: It is... you could open up your own pov site.

Tex: You started in porn just last year, went from being in front of the camera to behind the scenes pretty quick.

Maja: I don't think so....

Tex: Explain your role at Pinkcherry.ca

Maja: I am half of Pink Cherry. I do much of everything... from getting the talent, booking them, some cameras. My partner does most of the editing. I do marketing, sales, I update the website. There's a lot that you don't see. I'm half behind another site too, where I book talent, make costumes, do all the editing. That's where it all started, with that pay site.

Tex: How'd that change happen?

Maja: Through that I got a hold of Andrew from Pink Cherry and we just worked so perfectly together. We don't argue, we agree on all our visions. He's really into mainstream stuff like horror and suspense, which I'm totally into. I definitely want to do some B-movies. I went to school for makeup and I'm really into gore.

Tex: Cool, I don't know how they'd mix,



though....

Maja: We've talked about that... maybe more of a ghost story... a sexy ghost... that would kill people, sexually...

Tex: Well, there's a kink for everyone. Your attitude towards sex, has it changed since you started working in the industry? Does having sex for a living alter your sex life?

Maja: Well, my real sex life is always been with one person... Affected? I think it improved it. Opened me up to so many more fetishes, like choking, rape fantasies, role playing... I've been able to bring all that into it. ...I'm kinda into incestuous roles, like being the mom, and the guy is my son, been a bad boy and I'd have to discipline him... and I also like having a Daddy....

Tex: As far as all these local 'reality' sites sic-cash.com, herfirstbigcock.com, the rape fantasy sites... should people be scared that these people are walking our streets with cameras and hard-ons?

Maja: Anyone who thinks Gangbust.com is REAL has to be the biggest fuckin' idiot... they're all fake. I've done all the siccash shoots... but go onto my tgp for that stuff.

Tex: Exoticthumbs.com

Maja: ...and it's all filmed in Vancouver

Tex: What's your favorite position?

Maja: (laughs) Missionary! They can do all the work, and I can look at them, kiss them, and they can pound away...

Tex: Any horror stories from the industry?

Maja: None. The only people I don't like are agents. They think they are the shit... most of them are looking to rip people off.

Tex: They're there to sell a commodity... and unfortunately, it's you.

Maja: That's why I created VancouverPorn.com. I made that as an information site for people who want to get into the industry... I include all the well known and legitimate companies shooting in Vancouver, and tips for guys and girls getting into porn. And gossip.

Tex: Does your family know about your career?

Maja: Of course they don't know. They're like,

old, old Chinese... they wouldn't understand... they come from a totally different generation.

Tex: And why aren't there any Asian men in porn?

Maja: Cuz they have small dinks? I dunno. Japan has a lot of porn, and they're all Japanese men in those.

Tex: Bukakke!

Maja: Yeah, that's where it all started. I've been to a Bukakke. I wasn't IN it, I just went. And those chicks... up close, they are not attractive at all. It's all makeup and Photoshop on the cover....

Tex: You've talked on your website about your dislike of the portrayal of the porn industry as being "sleazy and unhealthy". How should it be portrayed and how do you think that can come about?

Maja: Everyone thinks that if you're in porn, you're seedy and sleazy. The media likes to hype up that view, trashiness sells.

Tex: Like COPS or Jerry...

Maja: I'd like to see them portray us all as human beings, who are healthy and just like sex... a lot.

Tex: Ask yourself a question and answer it. What one thing do you want to be asked?

Maja: Two things: Who are my favorite people to work with and what are my goals? I'd say T.T. Boy and Mr. Marcus. Cuz I like a big cock, hard pounding, choking, spitting... My goals are to progress. Get more into editing. Become a webmaster, put out more hard titles with Pink Cherry. Start doing interviews for my site... Become the reigning porn starlet in Vancouver! I think I might even make a site of porn guys who can't perform. We have so much footage of that lying around.

Tex: Noodles?

Maja: Yeah, guys just not able to get it up. It's funny and the guys make all these excuses. Like, it'll be their girlfriend and everything, and they'll tell her she's not moaning enough or moaning too much... or the lights are too hot, or they ate too much. C'mon, it'd be funny!

Cowboy TexAss



DBP: What do you mean?

Me: Well, let's say a guy has a 16-year-old in his apartment. He can't stick his schlong in her, obviously. But can he force—I mean, let her give him a blowjob?

DBP: Ummm, I'm really not comfortable talking about this subject any longer.

Me: How about sodomy? Is there a different age of consent if he wants to sneak it in the back?

DBP: <click>

And there you have it. So, despite my new found wisdom, my advice to all you sicko freaks remains the same. If you want to fuck really young girls, make sure you knock them out with some powerful drugs first so they can't press charges. (This is where that disclaimer in the front comes in handy. Ed.)



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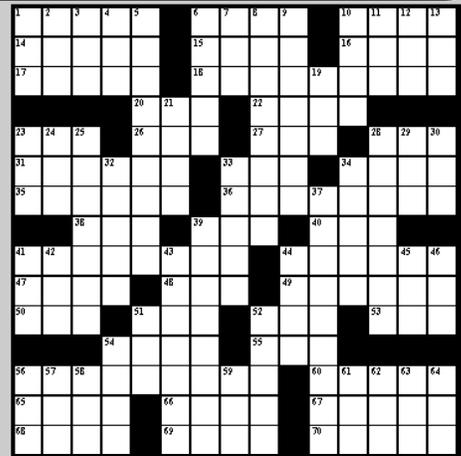
by Dan Scum
CROSSWORD

Across

- Scarecrow filler
- Ejaculate
- Medieval slave
- ...s World (porno)
- Unnamed
- State positively
- Belief foundation
- The Hedgehog
- Narc's org.
- Playthings
- Venomous viper
- Snitch
- Sailor's yes
- Health spot
- Not the buyer
- Era
- Slangy herpes
- ... like a pig!
- Kahlua, milk, and vodka
- Grand movie studio
- Slangy vagina
- Male Pussy?
- Stalemates
- Conditions and disciplines
- Something that is copped
- Primus' Claypool
- Backpackers
- What a sub calls a male master
- Trendy clothing retailer
- ... your baloney
- Uncooked
- Obi
- American pharmacy chain
- Movie review website from Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back
- All in the family mom
- Length x width
- Women's mag
- Italian porn star Siffredi
- Wash and go shampoo
- Comies
- Porn star Sylvia _____

Down

- Supersonic jet
- Definite article
- Sought elected office
- Hydro-carbon suffix
- Nocturnal emissions
- Michael Moore Foe



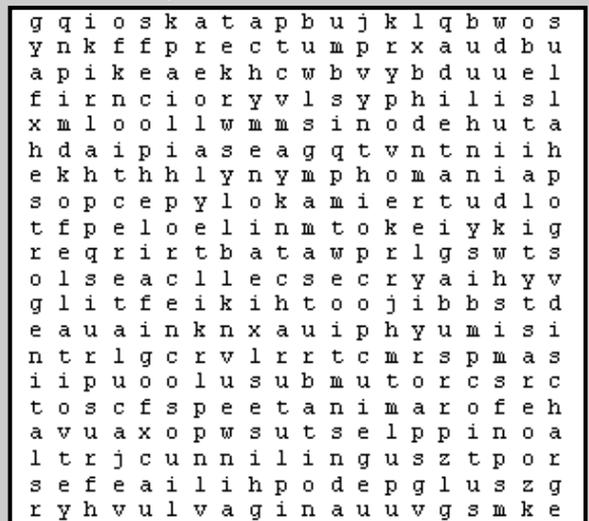
- Yoko _____
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- Was pleased by
- Newmonia?
- Adam's piece of tail
- Sleep stage
- Cook in a pan
- Ogle
- Guy who had to die
- Butt
- Ord.
- More chubby
- Less ethical
- Always with wings, e.g.
- Mimic
- Barely
- Out of the ordinary
- Dagger's partner
- Exotic dancers
- Door feature
- With and/or buts
- Chinese little sister
- Jack the Ripper, e.g.
- Norse God
- Michael Moore Foe
- Compass direction
- Sarin or mustard
- Psycho surname
- Bickering fight
- Type of smear
- Mine find
- Poetically over
- Aged
- Shithead's outfit
- Here (fr)
- Tango Charlie November to cops
- _____ and bothered

Last Issue's Solution:



WORD SEARCH

- | | | |
|------------|--------------|-----------|
| anilingus | prophylactic | syphilis |
| anus | rectum | testicles |
| areola | scrotum | vagina |
| bestiality | sperm | vulva |
| clitoris | subagitate | zoerasty |



ALT F4 reviews FOR THE WEEKEND WARRIOR IN YOU! BY ADLER FLOYD



Postal 2

Developer: Running With Scissors
Publisher: Whiptail Interactive
Platform: PC
Rating: M
Web: postal2.com

Postal 2 is nothing more than an exercise in excessive violence and explicit rhetoric, but while this game is full on fucked up and cause for debate in some prudish circles, it doesn't really bring anything new to the FSP genre. The game takes you through a week of Postal dude's life, doing shit like going to the bank, pissing on the old mans grave, meeting Gary Coleman and mass murdering, of course. Sounds like fun don't it? Well, it was fun for the first hour, then it got really fucking boring, fast. I'm all for killing and senseless violence but when the story is held together like a single fucking stitch on some poor prisoner's asshole, I just can't help but twitch with insult. Maybe RWS just wanted to shock people, I don't know. I'd be more shocked if it was a good story.

The game was compiled on the Unreal Warfare engine (Unreal 2k3, Devastation), which implements rag doll physics, very nice effect. The character models look good. The bitches in the game have pretty big fucking teets and, depending on how they land on the blood-soiled

ground, you can peak and see their panties. The AI is just ok and I noticed some clipping problems, but those things can be overlooked because, I mean, you're just killing everything. Something that can't be overlooked, though, is the terrible load time between levels. Up to a minute of load time is just plain unacceptable, particularly nowadays. Anyway, Postal dude's inventory and weapons are quite extensive, ranging from a shovel to a dead cow's head to the trusty cock! Yup, I said cock! The sound is alright, but some of the weapons sounded a little too weak for my liking.

To finish this bitch off, I don't hate this game, but I am displeased with it, more things could have been done to make it a better title, like multiplayer. But hey, what the fuck do I know?

Adler Floyd

Eye Candy: 4
Tunes: 3.5
Gameplay: 3.5
Chill Factor: 3.5
Verdict: Nice attempt, but nowadays you need a bit more than just gore and teets, or do you?





NERVELAND SMUT RANCH



Sex Freaks

Directed by Gregory Dark
Starring: Stephanie Swift, Lovette, Nyrobi Knight, Kim Kitane, Missy, Caressa Savage, Paisley Hunter, Lemnox, Tom Byron, Nick East

I'm throwing this in here for the sheer nostalgia of it all. Teenage years: It was mine and buddies girlfriend's birthday, and we had a small gathering with a bunch of teenaged Christian virgins. What better to bring than porn with disturbing images of men dressed in spandex bug costumes diving cock into ass. I actually was slightly disturbed by this movie myself. It opened my eyes to the wide world of analingus, something I never knew (or cared to know) existed, nor thought I needed to see. Tongue in ass, dick in ass, dick in mouth. Hygiene anyone? Definitely not foodsafe. But it has everything: Lesbians, threesomes, orgies, gangbangs, food fucks, midgets, a fat chick, a hemaphrodite EVEN clowns and a plot to boot! (something about a guy with magic Barbie dolls who puts on sex shows called the Cavalcade of Perversion and then he goes crazy or something it gets complicated). From the twisted mind of the man who now brings you innocent looking Britanny Spears videos, came this demented, depraved masterpiece of perversion. Great sets (Hell is my favorite), hilarious spandex skeleton and devil costumes, and a level of originality that I now EXPECT from a good porno.

Cowboy TexAss

Ladies Night

Starring: Paul Thomas, Chelsea McClane, Nicole Noir.

This is vintage porn for football lovers set in front of a Monday Night Football backdrop. Imagine you are a quarterback and a sexy 70's style female ref penalizes you by having you penilize her with your hairy cock. I liked just about everything in this movie, from the cool, cheesy music and acting, to the funny hairdos and bush. This film put a smile on my face. It has a lot of humour in it and actually has somewhat of a plot, but is basically people partying and hanging out (literally) on a Monday night. This flick is not only great to view solo, but is also great for parties. When entertaining guests, I like to play this film down in the bar and have the music coming through the house speakers for the retro effect. Does anyone want a hairy fish taco? Max Crown



Coed Talking Tramps

Starring: Maja Lee, Fiona Ceeks, Michelle St. James, Luna Mia.

If you like hard-core fucking in hotel rooms and trash talking sluts, then this is your movie. The majority of the girls are tops, but sometimes the sex scenes went on for way too long, especially the one with this mammoth ugly chick who fucks one guy and then another. Maja Lee rips into

the first scene with a style all her own. The box this movie arrived in sums things up pretty well: "Blake & Sum Guy... encounter the sweet, innocent, Maja Lee. The guys invite her to their room and find out she talks like a drunken sailor. What comes out of her mouth is truly hard to believe. Max Crown

Pamela and Tommy Lee

Just because this home movie became an instant classic when it hit the Internet doesn't mean that it's any good. In fact, it really blows. The only plus to this movie is that you get to see Pam get boned, and she looks good while doing it. (I found her bald, meaty, stubby cunt a little repulsive - Adult Content Ed.) There is too much of Tommy wagging his large cock while he walks around the kitchen, the beach, the car.... If only Pam would have walked around naked as much as Tommy did, it would boost the excitement a few quads per channel. I had to wait over half an hour to see a little nudity due to filming of the family pets, a crappy wedding reception, and other lame scenes. The sex in this home movie is too sparse and uninspired. So, when does the Pamela and Kid Rock video come out?

Max Crown

The House That Black Built

Director: Robert Black
Starring: Stephanie Swift, Jill Kelly, Felicia, Coral Sands, Drew Berrymore, Davia Ardell, Alyssa Allure, Angelica Sin, Rayleen, and Two Fat Chicks.

I really liked some of the music choices in this movie. Instead of using techno, like so many other films, they use some metal. Other than that, this is just another run-of-the-mill porn film. Scene two features a nymphomaniac (Swift) fantasizing about getting it on with some guy wandering around outside. I liked the filming style Black used to show her thoughts, similar to how Robert Rodriguez portrayed Tarantino's psycho delusions in *From Dusk to Dawn*. When they do have sex, the guy gives it to her like a rabbit-monkey standing on a floor that's too hot. There is also some double penetration in this film, but what really steals the show are the Two Fat Chicks! (that's actually how the credits read). They dominate this feature as they eat, drink, and fuck one lucky guy in the hot tub. Nothing is off limits as they place chips in his ass, squirt chocolate syrup on it, then eat and lick it off. He then thanks these two ladies by serving them each a jizz doughnut (really). I never want to see that again. Max Crown

Animal Trainer 5

Director: Rocco Siffredi
Starring: Janice, Sharon, Claudia, Michelle, Monique, Mari, Vanessa, Malorie.

This month, for the Annual Sex Issue, I have a special treat in store for my hard-core hombies. A teamed up review with local porn star Maja Lee. And we watched, what else, porn!

Max: The first movie in our team-up is directed, written, and produced by international superstar Rocco Siffredi. Everything about Siffredi's presence in this movie shouts out to the viewer that he is the real star in this film, so much so that he doesn't even have to be listed in the starring credits, and has every girl obediently waiting to be taken for a ride.

Maja: Rocco... the name itself makes my breathing heavier, my pulse quicken in anticipation of his rep for being a heavy hitter.

Max: This film consists of five scenes that include a variety of fetishes such as choking, spitting, foot, and double penetration. I really wasn't too big on the spitting though.

Maja: That was one of the hottest things I've seen in porno to this date, he's doing her and outta nowhere he spits in her face. If anyone but Rocco tried that, they'd be lying on the ground with a blue dildo up their butt.

Max: So true!

Maja: This edition of his popular pro-an series is shot somewhere in Europe with girls ranging from a 6 to a 9. Rocco's friend in this movie is also an extremely well hung black man. If you like passionate, rough sex, this movie has it all. There's lots of anal action, ass-to-mouth, drooling, toe licking and choking. It starts off fiery with a hot foursome in the bathroom which ends with a girl getting DP'd (double penetration) while being held off the ground by Rocco and his friend. The same girl gets Bukkked by a bunch of Euro-studs.

Max: Don't forget the boat ride bung-hole gang-bang.

Maja: Yeah, this adorable li'l country blonde gets gang-banged by five guys.

Max: Maja and I both did not get the title of this film since there are no animals in it.

Maja: And it didn't look like these girls needed any sex training either. Maybe he intended it to train the viewers. Rocco tries to fit in a bit of everything for lovers of hard-core sex (no clowns, unfortunately), and it is quite evident why the girls love Rocco. Guys, arrange for your girl to get Bukkked and she'll love you forever!

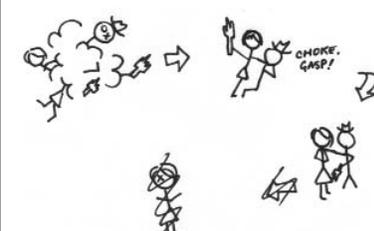
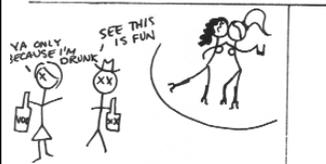
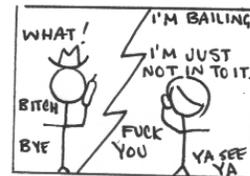
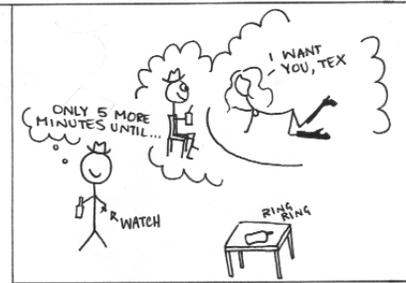
Well, my work is done here, but make sure you check out the Sex Issue fall-out next month. I have to go now and hang out around the Vancouver Public Library to see if I can recruit any Canadian Idol rejects who want another shot at stardom.

Max Crown



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PRESENTS:

SHOW SOME SELF-CONTROL, PEOPLE!

FIRST, LOUZY BUS SERVICE... AND NOW THIS AAAARRRRRRRRRRRR!

THAT'S THE LAST TIME I WIFE FOR CAMPBELL...

THEY'RE LURED AWAY FROM THE PRISON!

NURSES! MEDIC! MADDENKES! ...OH, YEAH...

HEARD THAT TO BREAK A TEACHER'S UNION!

HEART HEART! HEART HEART!

HELP ME, THE DARTH CAMPBELL A DESTROY BEAUTIFUL BRITISH COLUMBERMAN!

HEAR, YOU WILL CALL ME... MASTER!!!

THE DEATH MAZE

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ASSBALLS

Passionate places

MY FANTASIES and my...

...ARE FLEEING ON MY BETTER DAYS

AND ABSENT ON MY WORSE

I GOT THE CLAP ONE TIME JUST FROM THINKING ABOUT IT

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EAST VAN T-Force

After the last Cheese ball issue, EastVan T decides to punch his Bio.

Yo yo yo Foo! T tips in the Hood. Ice T and Mr. T make up the posse called T-Force. Clean up is our course.

Listen Up! Pizza Foo! Listen Good!

Hello Bro. Help me fight Pizza Plate Bandit Dude!

Yo Bro! Wake up, he got Ice. Let's put this dude on Ice.

Yo yo yo Pizzar-Boy you play yourself! What's up?? Why you litter, Foo?

I am melting. I am melting.

Yo Peeps! Keep the Streets Neat! Word up!

T-Force breaks it down...

Vibes of the T-Force melt the Pizza Plate Bandit

T-Force Claims victory and leaves a tip for the wise:

You're Enemy!! I can't fight you with a gun! I can't win! I can't win! My mouth is gonna take you down you "Claw me"

Yo yo Pizzar-Boy you play yourself! What's up?? Why you litter, Foo?

I am melting. I am melting.

Yo Peeps! Keep the Streets Neat! Word up!

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LIL' NATAS

CHRIST ON A CRUTCH! WHAT A REVOLV'N DEVELOPMENT!

FINALLY LIL' NATAS... WE HAVE YOU RIGHT WHERE WE WANT YOU!

ANY LAST WORDS?

BY ROBIN ANDERSON '03

www.danpressofhell.com

TIME IS RUNNING OUT... GOTTA THINK FAST...

HOW ABOUT 'GROSSEST SURPRISE PIES' BEFORE YOU FINISH ME OFF??

I JUST LOVE THAT YUMMY, CREAMY FILLING!

OH BOY!!

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GhettoBros

Welcome to East Van Milano! I stand still on the street for 30 seconds and some RAT TRIES TO CRAWL UP MY ASS!

hello?

SH' SUPPOSED TO WORK HERE WITHOUT A GUN? LORRY, I HATE I REALLY CLICK WITH MY NEW BOSS...

...MR. WINTHRESE.

click

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MMM... THERE'S A BIG DELIGHT IN EVERY BITE!

NOW'S THE CHANCE TO MAKE LIKE MY PANTS AND SPLIT!

WHAT'S THE 'GROSSEST' SECRET FILLING?

SURPRISE PIES ARE PEOPLE... THEY'RE PEEOPPLLE!

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Drag Queens:

What's up with these men we all find weird so much, so very much?

By Jason Ainsworth

Style Tips (I hate them so much it's a thrill!)

A typical night in this dull town, home by only 3 AM on a Saturday. It drizzles, you walk up the street, proud hetero-sexual and/or Native-Canadian. Minding your own business.... you hear something.... clicketty footfalls... *is it skin-heads!!!!???*

LOOK OUT!

Oh no! Run... too late... size ten high heels but they run you down like a Gazelle, maul you (all sorts of stuff), I hate it, but it happens so much all the time. DRAG QUEENS come out of nowhere and **Bang!** You're sixty bucks poorer.

I know you'll agree with me when I say I don't get the whole drag queen thing. I've said it before: no straight, hard-blooded man gets this thing. It's like a race-traitor except with gender. Gender traitors.

Mincing Men!! It disturbs me a whole lot! Still, like any normal man, I occasionally get the hankering to swank around like a woman, but in a purely heterosexual fashion, not like those HORRIBLE DRAG QUEENS. I like to pretend I'm a famous history lady like Jean Marlowe or Mata Hari and then I have male sex with myself, making sure not to stain the satin. Try explaining that, Fauntleroy! Cry your eyes out! I like it so much!

Some of those DRAG QUEENS have issues with their bodies, they actually think they are women, despite ample loads of evidence to the contrary. They think they inhabit a girl's body, despite the great whacking big penis and the tallness. Blaming nature for the screw-up, some go as far as mutilating their God-given bodies in an attempt to almost pass as a real womyn. Look, when nature fucks up on gender, you get a hermaphrodite, or something so awful it just aborts itself in the first trimester. But these guys are going to "doctors" to get de-cocked! But they are crazy in the head! Why not just go a shrink, or take huge amounts of prescription drugs including Xanax so you start thinking you're really a man. You are a man! Come on, it costs a fortune to get sliced into a sham of womanhood. This is a serious mental problem! You guys have messed-up brains; it says, "Ho-ho-ho Larry, you're a woman... you need huge tits there on you!" **Lies!** You're so insane your own *brain* is lying to you! It sucks, I guess, but getting sliced up is a stupid answer. Also, I suggest getting a hobby, like coin collecting or knives. My hobby is dressing up as a woman, but that's not going to work for you, I know. (Interested Drag Queens: Coin collecting information and supplies are readily available at the coin and jewelry shop on Broadway west of Main. Ask for Joe)

I mean, just look at them for God's sake. They wiggle, they screech, they flap, mince and flounce, with cigarette holders! Do real women use cigar-fucking-rette holders? Do Andrea Dworking, Helen Keller, or Mary Higgins Clark use these contraptions? NO! I don't think these DRAG QUEENS ever looked

at a real womyn, why would they; as gay men they have no use for ladies. I'm in a pain of confusion! They seem to want to present only the simulacra of womanhood, and slutty womanhood at that. I once was walking down the street, this pretty lady was walking up, just slutted so much, in stockings with garters, a miniskirt so XXX you could see flesh above the tops of the garters, a cyclone tit-holder, black as hell, a purple feather boa and more blond hair up high to stuff a submarine. She smiled at me, I fancied my chances, but as she approached, guess what I saw! Under her quarter inch white make-up, eyeliner... a day's worth of beard! This guy tried so hard just to be let down for the want of a one-dollar razor. Real womin are always shaving, they are disgustingly hairy. What's the gag?

But why try to harness the elements?

These DRAG QUEENS seem to have developed their own unstoppable juggernaut of cock-eyed lady-faking. Here's my guaranteed six-point system of how to recognize a DRAG QUEEN before it all goes too far and then the next thing you know you can't play hockey with the guys anymore because of *what you did*.

- 1 Feather Boas!
- 2 High heeled shoes in ludicrous dimensions!
- 3 Wigs the size of mountains in fanciful colors!
- 4 Scarves or large collars!
- 5 Make-up unlike mom's!
- 6 Just a big old bastard!

Don't make my mistake.

However, men like us who enjoy pretending to have sex with the ladies they dress up like in a very heterosexual manner, a VERY heterosexual manner, should always remember to put their frilly underpants over the garter belt, for easier auto-penetration, and *pluck* those eyebrows. Shaving is for amateurs.

Don't make my mistake.

Bonus

I want to help you! A simple check list Is she a hooker or a cop? Don't get screwed, get screwed! I don't even know if they make "lady" cops do this anymore, but...

1. Flap your dick around.. but come to think of it if she was a cop, she'd get you for indecent exposure and/or mind rape.... second thoughts: get her to show you her bits. No cop could legally flash the rack. I now that sounds rude and uncomfortable, asking a lady you just met to flash her tits, but remember, a prostitute is just a piece of meat. It's illegal for a cop to show her tits, except now the hippies I think and it legal for ladies to show the tit, so its a grey area. If a lady cop shows here tits, I bet its entrapment, which means, SHE could go to jail.

2. Pay her on time with cash. If she is a cop this constitutes bribery of a policeman and both of you will go to jail, but to protect herself she will let you go and forget about it.

4. What a great blow job!

5. She really loves you,



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