Hot Hot Heat

Vol. 4 No. 11 November 2003 Issue #33 Dirty Needles

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Band Slut of the month!



1. Stage Name and home base? Roothless is my name. [From Vancouver] 2. How many musical projects are you currently whoring around with?

I play in six bands at this present time. I play guitar for the First Day, Dissent, This Machine Destroys, Stompin' Stevie Dinners and the Lonesome Pine and the Jazz Nazis. I play keyboard for up and coming rapper known as Toothbrush. I'm also auditioning to play bass in Zuckuss, Oh yeah, I also sit in on guitar for Dog Eat Dogma here and there.

3. How is one capable of such a task? It's not a task. 20 bands would be a task 4. Do you think of yourself as a band slut or a band whore?

Both. A band sluttin' whore!

5. Any advice for those who want to be a band

Learn your fuckin' chops. Make it obvious that you should be playing in all of those bands.





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Cover Story







Taking pictures of The Nerve's Calgary coverboys was no easy feat. Knucklehead's Clay and Kyle clearly have some intimacy issues because they wouldn't stand close enough to even be in the same shot and let's just say that Rubber Duck and Waylon from Agriculture Club didn't exactly dispel the myth that Calgarians are nothing but a bunch of bar-room brawling rednecks. And the Red Hot Lovers? Well, after Danny worked some Infusium through his wavy locks to combat the westcoast frizz, he and Randy couldn't keep their hands off each other.

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Cheap Shotz

By Sarah Rowland

Folding bands
Some of you are probably wondering why The
Smears, Hi-Test and The Bolsheviks aren't listed on
the Festival of Guns line-up, Well, it's not due to any
bad blood between the bands and coordinator Badly
Damaged; nor does it have anything to do with outrageously demanding riders. Although Stevie Kicks'
request for a dozen pairs of socks, two Shanghai
nookers and a case of Dom did seem a little excessive
for a local show. But if that was what it was gonna
take to get the Smears bassist to play at FO.G.
Damaged was prepared to pick up his trusty squeegee
to raise the money. Unfortunately, before the deal
was signed, the Smears parted ways with their guitarist. Anyone interested in auditioning for the punk
n'roll quartet can email the group at thesmears@hotmail.com. As for Hi-Test, lead singer Bosh is hanging
up his beer bong... for now anyway, which is too bad
for bassist Shawn Blondin, who only joined the band
a month before senior members decided to call it
quits. Who knew that his first show would also be his
last? Same goes for guitarist Adam Payne, who started playing with the Bolsheviks a couple of months
ago, only to have the group disband unexpectedly. If
it's any consolation, there's an opening in the Smears.

New Club

New Club
For every five or six live music venues that Vancouver loses, it actually gains one. The Drink Cabaret, located at 398 Richards, is open for rock shows. The former gansta' paradise known as Madisons, holds about 400 people so it's perfect for a band that has a draw somewhere in between old Nashville Pussy and new Nashville Pussy. Guided by Voices put the new stage to the test October 22nd, when they played one of their standard three-hour concerts. The general consensus by those in attendance that evening was that the new bar is lot like the Starfish Room, only cleaner, bigger and better.

Chicks that Rock

The Iron Maiden of Vancouver's Vancouver's metal scene is taking the cock right out of rock. Ani Kyd will host "Chicks Who Rock" night at the Lick Club, 455 Abbott, warry Thursday 455 Abbott, every Thursday. As the title sug-gests, no men allowed, only local female tal-ent from various genres, which is a good idea because the Fuel Injected .45 lead singer rocks harder rocks than



women in this city and so rather than booking her self every week, she can dip into the ever plentiful pool of singer/song-writers. Marnie Mains kicks off CWR Nov 6.

Employees of the month!

Good help is hard to find, especially when you pay in beer and dope like The Nerve. (Badly Damaged's facial products eat up most of our profits.) That's why



Employees of the month: J. Pee Patchez & Luvena Ella Vader

we want to acknowledge J. Pee Patchez and his lovely wife, Luvena Ella Vader for all their hard work. This Bonnie and Clyde reviewing team never lets us down. Vader's topnotch photography combined with Patchez's witty words raise the standards for all free-lance contributors. We'd love to offer them fulltime positions but as you probably figured out by their photo, Vader's B.O. is just too rank for the small confines of our office.

The Nerve's four-year anniversary

Four years? We've been doing this for four freakin' years? Christ, seems like only yesterday Pierre and I were thinking about buying our own sheet fed printing press to print this thing. That would have been a mistake. Think of all the Mexican slave boys we would've needed....



digress...

Oh right, the party! I'd like to personally invite you all down to our 4 year anniversary party! (also the Festival of Guns kick-off bash) at the Purple Onion Thursday, November 20th. A good chance to pick up any back issues you may have missed over the past 2-3 years, depending on which ones we can still find, that is. So, yah, thanks for reading, because, without all of you, hell, it just wouldn't be any fun only offending our families every month.

-Bradley C. Damsgaard Editor – In- Chief



Casey's Q & A

What was the last lie you told?





8 Ball-Spread Eagle: "I care-no, I really do!"



Becca-Sweet Fuck All: "Don't worry, I'm sterile!"



CC-The Cinch: "I told my mom I was fine."



Vas-The Girls: "I'm 28 and I'm a mortgage broker!"



Megan-Sweet Fuck All: "I lied & told a bouncer it was my sister's birthday so she could get into the bar. She was only 15..."



Chris Read-John Ford: "I really liked your set!"

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Adrian Mack is an Idiot

By Adrian Mack

orn. Roy Horn. Am I the only person around here who is amused to discover that the manlier side of the Siegfried and Roy equation is named Horn? Fishbacher and Horn. That's awesome. And it leads me to confess that I'm learning some sharp lessons of late. In short, I've come to understand just how damning the written word can be and that I have to be accountable for everything I put down in this rag. From the sheer number of questions I've volleyed about my microendowment, which I courageously disclosed a few issues ago, I can faithfully say that I'm going to be much more careful – and honest – about everything that we share in this column.

See, anyone who writes is a liar. My job, here, is to mythologize the insignificant events in my dreary life and to create a larger than life impression of myself. Were you to see me right now, composing my legend on an old 386 DX that I stole from a public school in the poorest part of town, you would see a round, bald chap in a beige suit given to him upon his discharge from Her Majesty's 518th Punjab Regiment (The Dreaded WimWam), 1936. But then look up at that picture above my name and what do you see? Correct. Mr. Fuckin' Alright. A real looker. Custom built to intimidate with my almost supernatural loveliness.

Well none of it is true. The National

Well none of it is true. The National Post recently puffed up the Montreal Pop Festival and I was struck by the irresponsibility of the item. I must have been at another Montreal Pop Festival because I don't recall the riot of indie-boy ecstasy that accompanied Broken Social Scene's appearance or the great-st-night-of-our-lives majesty of the Fuck Montreal after-party that followed. I remember

a pretty squalid and disorganized event followed by a tacky warehouse party rendered much worse by a shitty 80's cover band who managed to demonstrate the perplexing nature of French "humour".

Then I remembered that anyone who writes is a liar and in the case of this anhedonic sap, a self-aggrandizing one. This man wants you to think that his life is better than yours. That he is in and you are out. He hates you because you're small and his contempt is evident in every line. It's a pathological condition, should be treated and belies the fact that any journalist lives a life much, much, MUCH worse than yours.

Still, I would like to report that I saw a band from Detroit called the Singles, at the Barfly on St-Laurent, and they were magical. They were all puppy fat and shy harmonies. They mostly looked like bashful puddings in oversized suits and the drummer had this cute Adam Goldberg/Angry Jew feel. But with hooks! And big smiles! I loved them – I bought their CD and it was a revelation. None of 'em past 21 years of age and they're making chiming, Mersey-drenched confections like this... it made me appreciate what the Flaming Groovies might have sounded like if they had only ever been influenced by the Flaming Groovies! So the Singles, cunningly, are the Flaming Groovies squared, which justifies their charming extension of old-world values into our Matrix-savvy new world of metaphysical revolution! Ahem. My leg's gone soft again, due to a pellet I took upon being ambushed by the Wog on the road to Hanumanghar, blasted savages.

The Singles also reminded me of the other great discovery of '03 – the Exploding Hearts. These kids, similarly youthful yet wise,

kicked out the one bona-fide masterpiece I've heard all year with "Guitar Romantics". The Hearts pitched their obsessions somewhere between the Buzzcocks and Badfinger which adds up, for me, to the perfect band. On top of that, they were beautifully geeky, looking like the various possibilities that might arise from a make-over session between Jimmy Osmond and Vivienne Westwood. They had the balls and the suss to deck themselves out in bublegum pink and rancid yellow and they made it look like a million bucks. Then they rolled their van a few months ago and three of them died

I don't want to dwell on that as I'm inspired to say something stupid, like: "Why not Good Charlotte? Or even Broken Social Scene?" But then I think back to poor old Roy Horn, convalescing in some fluorescent I.C. Ward with his face hanging off – it having been mauled in succession by Siegfried Fishbacher, his plastic surgeon and finally the rare and exquisite White Tiger of Shangri-FruitCake-La. The funny thing is, just three days before it happened, a writer for Slate.com expressed his desire to see Siegfried and Roy die beneath the mighty paws of their captive menagerie and I'm sure he's feeling like an appalling putz right now. Which is nothing new for a writer I suppose, but it's worth remembering that sometimes these words have some juju on them.

So live and be well, Good Charlotte. Live and be well, Broken Social Scene. And live and be well, Herr Roy Horn. I know your kind. I fought shoulder to shoulder with the brave Teuton on the day we took General Mehboob, the Lion of Mandi Dabwali. They are bred for victory, these men.



No, really you look fine. Nothing a little rouge and powder won't fix.





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This living Mistake Skates with Disaster

By Billy Hopeless

K, so last month I wasn't here 'cause my column wasn't up to the high standards of this magazine's expectations of me. What can I say? I never promised you a rose garden, just a low down roll through the thorns! See, I may not always be the best example of anything comparable to greatness, but I know I'm not alone. All through my life I have seen prime examples and role models who have kept me on the wrong path, allowing me to become the glorious mistake that writes this column. As the saying goes, the scum always rises to the top, so I prefer to hang with the meat and vegetables on the lower depths of this human stew. This leads me to the importance of Mr. Duanne Peters in my world. He has been an institution in both the punk rock and skateboarding world since the 70s and refuses to quit. If you ain't heard about him, well, we know about you. As well as being an innovative legend in the skateboard scene, he currently fronts two great and well-respected punk bands, the U.S. Bombs and The Hunns. He also runs his own label, Disaster Records! He's brutally honest and really doesn't hold back on anything he says or does. For this, I'm glad to say the master of disaster is still rolling, faster and more recklessly than ever!

First, before we get into the abnormalities of informality, I've got to ask you, do you ever recall carving the words anti you/fuck off into a button backing? I can't remember where it was, but a sound man at a club gave it to me after playing a gig and said that you had just played there and left it for me and it's been on my leather since.

I don't remember that, although it's very possible

What deck /decks are you currently skating? I'm currently skating the Skull Skates dead guy's coffin longboard as my main deck. Oh, and do you have a favourite run /park or skating experience at the moment?

I've got three models on Red Cross skates, which is an offshoot of Black label, but I mainly ride the mid model 33x10 in pipes and pools. My quiver right now is 32 boards, I ride Pocket Pistol slalom boards and I have a lot of downhill and longboards including a Dead Guys skull longboard decked out with huge hearse coffin wheels. My favourite places are Bellmar's pool and Baldy Pipe... but I ride everywhere!

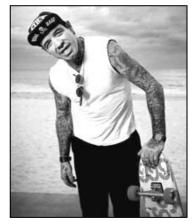
Which leads me to the shoes. You've got your own signature line of Vision Street Wear shoes! They look great! How does it feel to be a signature name in the fast lane of fashion?

It's the only cool shoe out there and the fast lane of fashion has become a bunch of lame looking little racecar shoes that have no style at all.

I also understand your life story, to date, has been captured and is about to be released, which parallels the release of Vancouver's own Joe "Shithead" Keithley, who has just released his memoirs. I can't wait to see both of them, but this is your time so tell us about yours. Who's putting it out, what can the world expect, where will it be available, and in your own words, what might we learn?

It's not a book, it's a mini movie and it's got cool footage from the past till now and it's basically my fusion of PunkRock and Skateboarding with my ups and Downs of this thing we call life! www.blacklabelskates.com/REDKROSSpeters.

Ok, while were plugging away, let's talk about the Hunns. You've just added Corey Parks (ex. Nashville Pussy bassist) to the lineup and have



The master of disaster, Duanne Peters, still rolling recklessly...

just released what I believe is the first 7 inch release with her on it on you own Disaster Records label. This unholy union makes me happy, as I have never really been big on red necks or faux redneck chic, but I've always thought of Corey, from what I've experienced of her, as more of a fellow rock 'n' roll monster. How's it going with Corey in the band?

Corey is from Huntington Beach, CA, and when she was in Nashville Pussy she was the only thing that made that band of inbreds interesting. They are truly a bunch of hicks and I took the pussy out of Nashville! And now I call 'em the Nashville Pussies! Corey Fucking Rules!

Since we're talking about ladies, how's your love life? Last I heard you were madly in love, still true?

Corey and I shacked up over a year ago and it's the raddest!

Speaking of love and madness, maybe you can help me with something that has recently disturbed me and made me question the sanity of others. Someone I thought was fighting the same war as those I consider allies, has been making bold statements including that (not so) Good Charlotte are the future of punk rock. What's your opinion?

I think it's fucking pathetic! And I think punk rock has always been saturated with weak, non threatening posers that toss the word around to get underground points and realistically, they're just as fucking lame as any boy band! It's mainstream bubble-punk and I don't care about any of 'em!

What's new with the U.S. Bombs boot camp?

Nothing! Boredom! I like being in a band where everybody lives in the same area and being able to rehearse and get along without ego road bullshit! I'm pursuing the Hunns right now and everyone in the Bombs is doing bands in their area of the country. We've needed a long break for a long time. Maybe we'll do something in a year or two if we're all still alive and around and everyone is into it.

Finally, I'm coming to L.A. with the Halos in Nov. Any chance of maybe hooking up for some goofy fun like a skateboard catamaran run? And are there any plans for a tour of Canada or at least a Vancouver show in the future?

AbsoFuckinlutely!



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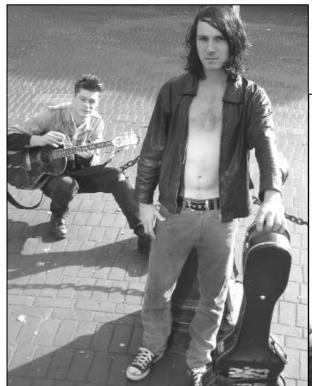
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Dirty Needles



After being banned from playing at most of Vancouver's clubs because of Jeff's antics, his bandmate, Jonnie, finally loses it during an improptu street performance in Gastown.

By Adrian Mack

The Dirty Needles are an oppressed minority. They're running out of breaks and it feels like the Man has won, It's a real shame coz they're swell at what they do, which is making violent, intense Punk Rock. But that's the least well-known thing about them... how good they actually are. Listening to their CD, which is currently unreleased and unsung, all I can do is shake my head. It's great. They're great. Everyone's beautiful. What a fucking

If this band has a siege mentality, and it should, it's reflected in the slightly reluctant conversation of bassist Jonnie Needles. How do you feel about the way things are going? I ask.

"Not too good..." he sighs, "we can't play a lot of places anymore and our drummer quit."

Guitarist Jeff Fagoaga has a theory about that, but we'll leave it for now, coz Jonnie has a few things to say first. Like whether or not the Dirty Needles' reputation is justified:

"Some of it... yes and no.
The Arts Club Theatre? We shouldn't really have played there. What
happened was Jeff said "Faggot" or
something like that and then some
guy started a fight with us, right?
And he never got thrown out but they
banned us, even though we never
really started the fight. But it turned
into a brawl."

The Dirty Needles, live, is like the Universe in uproar. They don't put on a show so much as they put on a dispute. You will see disputes between band-members, disputes with the audience, disputes with their own material, apparent non-compliance between their hands and their heads, a major dispute with Steve Chase and on one haunted and unfor-

gettable walpurgisnacht, a shocking disagreement between Jeff and a razor blade. Jonnie laughs about it:

"I was pretty surprised. It was weird. Jeff was pretty loaded and he couldn't get through any songs. Then he cut himself. I think that's when they shut us off."

It's a fairly anodyne recollection from Jonnie compared to the audience reaction, which might charitably be described as "appalled, sickened and traumatized".

"I suppose maybe we should not drink as much before we go on," he concedes, "but that makes it more entertaining at the same time. You know, compared to our live show, our CD's really tight."

Jeff Fagoaga tells me that he hasn't had a drink in five weeks. He thinks his brain is damaged.

I've known Jeff for a long time. I was his boss once, in this print

vening years, Jeff has stacked up a lot of silliness. Enough to give him Post Traumatic Stress, he claims. That long fugue ends with the Needles:

"...and I came out of that insane," he tells me, explaining the genesis of the band, "so I went out every night and lived a completely surface life, basically, and got wasted every night and just wrote about what I saw... in the area I live in, I saw broken glass, needles and whores. That's what I wrote about."

Jeff is the funniest motherfucker on earth right up to shirts-off time, then he's a pain in the ass. Talking to him in any condition is a lot like taking a flying fuck at a rolling donut, to paraphrase Marlon Brando. It's pointless trying to keep up or make sense of it. Observe: "You know, lots of good

"You know, lots of good bands really get held down by this city. And I'm not gonna go off about Steve Chase... I'm sure Jonnie went

Jeff is the funniest motherfucker on earth right up to shirts-off time, then he's a pain in the ass.

Adrian Mack about Dirty Needles' singer

assistant I ever had. He was punctual, organized and energetic. Then I hired his friend, Paul, and Jeff became the worst person I've ever met. He spent his remaining days there with his pants around his ankles because Jeff and Paul were fascinated with each other's genitalia. Stupidly, I got them to work all night once. When I arrived the next day, they'd somehow gotten some liquid LSD and were into their seventh hour of breakdancing. Later, I found two small gobbets of semen in the sink. We lost several thousands of dollars to their weird, cartoonish and slightly gay antics that night. In the inter-

off about him."

No, he was pretty polite.

about Steve Chase, coz he's trying to promote live music in this city and he's doing the best he can in this city and I've got nothing bad to say about the guy and he felt the need to ban us from his clubs, the Piccadilly and the Brickward [where he books now Ed.]

"I have nothing bad to say

from his clubs, the Piccadilly and the Brickyard [where he books now. Ed.] and that's fine and I have nothing bad to say about him... and I think he's great... and I have no animosity toward that guy and I'm not saying that to get a show coz I could give a rat's ass coz our drummer quit and we don't really have a band anymore,

you know what I'm saying?"

Steve Chase sounds weary when I ask him about the Needles.

"You know, I played their CD last night and it's good stuff... That to me is the ultimate in frustration, seeing potential fucked away by alcohol or drugs or even inner-band bullshit. Come on guys! You're bringing a baby into the world! ...I could give you the A-Z of dysfunctional motherfuckers that I've dealt with and some get it together and move on and some don't."

So it's not for lack of talent that the Dirty Needles find themselves in dry dock, right now. Maybe Jeff has some thoughts on this: "I'm an eighth German...
I'm from California originally, born
and raised until I was twelve but now
Arnold Schwarzenneger, who is
German, who's father was a Nazi,
unfortunately, is running the country.
How does that happen?"

He's Austrian and he's actually not running the country.

"...the other thing is I'm a Mexican. That's another thing I wanna touch on. I'm truly Mexican. I just wanna state this: I am a Mexican."

You're a little bit Mexican.

see *Dirty Needles* on page 13





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Dirty Needles

cont'd from page 11

"No, I am FULLY Mexican. My Dad's Mexican and it's like a Jewish person. You see, you're not Jewish unless your Dad is Jewish."

No, you're not Jewish unless your mother is Jewish.

"I though it was the other way round"

It's the other way round if you're Mexican, perhaps. Or wasted.

"I think that's why I got it mixed up because I...I...I don't know what happened."

Why'd Eric quit?

"He quit because... he got a broken glass thrown in his face because people tend to throw things and/or spit at our shows... John Casablancas has been chasing him since he got here and I think Eric realized when you got a mug like that ...that could fuck up his modeling career"

One thing that I should mention about Jeff – and believe me, there are so many things I want to mention about this tiny, gravelly-voiced enigma... like when he puked in his hand at a friend's wedding and denied it while it spilled all over the furniture, or his Masterclass appreciation of early Rod Stewart, or his Superhero alter-ego, "Windex" (he can only be destroyed by Windex), or those curious Roger Years when he would show up everywhere, legless, with his buddy Roger. And Roger would fastidiously and soberly clean up after Jeff until home time when he would ambulance a blacked-out Jeff home and tuck him into his little bed.

But the one thing I would like to really mention is Radiohead. And how Jeff ruined them.

"Remember when I called them a bunch of cocksucking assholes ... ?" he asks disingenuously, like he's asking Jackie Kennedy if she remembers the day we all went to Dealey Plaza. ...And how they hated Vancouver and they'd never come play here? I haven't seen the full glory of that yet. You were there. You witnessed it... (Johnny Greenwood) grabbed me and started shaking me..." It's been covered elsewhere – and mostly by Radiohead themselves but in brief, Jeff abolished one of their performances many years ago. Through sheer pretty-boy hoodoo he managed to get the entire crowd on his side and against theirs. They RAN from the stage. Then their guitar player's fist ran into Jeff's head. It was the pansiest fight I've ever seen. It was like Jello wrestling. The girls at the Club Paradise were tougher. I tell him, you were condemned in the international press by Radiohead

"...he was being a fuckin' conceited cunt that night. He was just an ASSHOLE."

Yeah, they were arrogant fucks and they got what they deserved from our best candidate, Jeff Fagoaga, president of the early-nineties Rock and Roll Debating Team.

"Coz he was a cunt and, like, they were just being, like, pompous fuckin' assholes..."

They were. Then they started making those shitty experimental albums.

Tell me about your bandmates, ex-bandmates, whatever...

'The thing is, with Eric quitting, that pretty much kills the band. He's a Dirty Needle man, and he was there when it started. Eric is the best drummer in the city... he can drum fast but he's on the beat. He made it fast, and on, and I couldn't have played that good unless he was on. Alex, coming into the fold, he's an amazing guitar player, he adds so much and he wrote some songs and hopefully we'll put them on an album and John he's an amazing, like INSANE bass player... those guys are amazing musicians and I would like that printed. We're all really exceptional players. Whaddya wanna talk about now?"

Your quasi-gay sensibili-

tv.

"I'm doing it more in an underlying way so they (the Needles) don't really understand what's going on but when they finally realize that they have a cock in their ass at 2 a.m. and they're enjoying it... ummm... I don't know what to say."

We should wrap it up.

"OK. Adrian, can you make sure that the article is like.. is like... I'm drinking tonight but this is an anomaly now. I don't drink anymore, I'm fuckin' sobering up, I wanna be sober and I wanna pull some shit off, that's all I wanna do. I don't wanna be portrayed as a drunk anymore and crazy... I don't care about crazy, but I don't wanna be portraved as a drunk, crazy person anymore.' Movingly, he goes on to tell me his retiring homelife, describing a bucolic evening watching the Gilmore Girls with a blanket. "To be quite honest Adrian," he says, "I look forward

"This year was the worst. I woke up with like, things carved in me that I'd done to myself that were really bad, you know, like CUNT or like, whatever..."

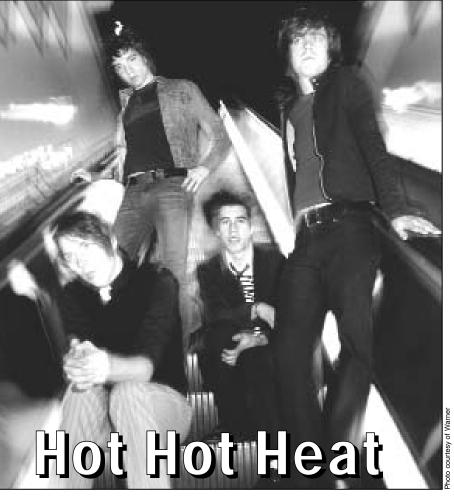
You carved the word CUNT into yourself?

"Yes, several times. And actually the show that I got banned from at the Piccadilly... I was carving CUNT in my arm, but I'd already done it before. Those shows, I mean.... I feel bad for my band because they have to deal with it, right? They have to deal with me."

Well they do, but if the recordings are any indication, it's worth it. They've won my faith and I believe Jeff when he tells me he wants to start taking it seriously. They're actually in a pretty desirable position as I see it because they've managed to accumulate enough of a legend in their short time together to concentrate exclusively on being great. The myth will take care of itself now... all they gotta do is play, which is so much easier than dying slowly.

Dirty Needles will play (their last, or perhaps their breakthrough performance?) at the Festival of Guns in Vancouver at the Brickyard, Saturday Nov. 22





They recently signed a seven-figure deal with Warner in exchange for their forthcoming album. But, first they have to stop touring the planet long enough to get into the studio! I chatted with Hot Heat's keyboardist/vocalist, Steve Bays, on the phone (he was ill and chillin' at his mum's house) the night before yet ANOTHER jaunt to Europe.

Casey Cougar: When you guys started 4 yrs ago, did you even FATHOM the possibility of scoring a record deal such as the one you snagged with Warner? How has it changed your lives?

Steve Bays: We've always just been a punk band. Before we would play shows plus work jobs. Now this has become our job. We never set our goals towards being mainstream.

CC: 104.9 XFM is presenting your Vancouver shows in November & y'all are in heavy rotation on that station. How do you guys feel about being sandwiched in between a 10year-old Offspring song and Puddle of Mudd?

SB: There's so many motives and agendas attached to mainstream music- I don't feel like we're the same as Evanessence or Puddle of Mudd and I think people know that when they hear us. I'm not insulted by it or feel like we're going to the dark side. There are so many amazing independent bands that the last thing the world needs is another indie band! The world definitely needs more good mainstream music- I mean the 90's were SO BAD!

CC: What's a bigger trip for you guys: being splashed on the covers of British music mags or being the coverboys for "The Future of

Canada" issue of Macleans magazine?

SB: Definitely the Macleans! It seems like it's easier to get press in the UK than in Canada 'cuz Canada kind of ignored us until we got signed to Sub Pop. To be on the cover of a Canadian magazine was big! Especially] because Macleans isn't a music mag and 'cuz of my parents-it made it seem more legitimate in their

CC: I saw an issue of Kerrang! magazine where they were critiquing rock stars? hair, including Chad Kroeger of Nickleback. I thought to myself, "Wow, you know you've made it when magazines make fun of your hair". A few days later, I saw an issue of Jane in which they commented on Dustin's [huge] hair-how did you guys react to that?

SB: I thought it was bizarre because it made it seem as though people should know who we are and we're still totally developing.

CC: What was more nerve-wracking: playing live for thousands at those European festivals or being on the David Letterman show for an audience of millions?

SB: Definitely the Letterman show was weirder. He doesn't ever talk to any of his guests except on stage. He arrives in private and leaves the second the show is done.

CC: You guys often get compared to The Cure 'cuz you're both quite poppy and your voice sounds a lot like Robert Smith's. Do you get sick of that or do you find it flattering? SB: That's funny: I was just talking about that today. They have a piece in the latest Rolling Stone about 4 bands that sound like The Cure: Interpol, Rapture, us and AFI. I got sick of it

for a while, but it's cool now.

CC: Last time I saw you guys play was last November at the Commodore. All of you looked overwhelmed by the reaction you got from the audience. Is it like that everywhere and are you always surprised by it?

SB: I'm still always surprised by it.

SB: I'm still always surprised by it. Plus for me, the Commodore was always reserved for a different kind of band. We had always played at Ms T's, The Pic or the Brickyard. On our last tour [in the USA], almost every show was sold-out. But it's mostly in the big cities that people pick up on us early on. I think I'll always feel like we don't deserve it!

CC: I accidentally used the phrase "Hot Hot Heat" when describing the temperature in Costa Rica. Where did you get the name?

SB: Paul just thought it sounded cool. I've seen it on the internet in reference to porn, like "feel her hot hot heat" in a creepy voice.

CC: That didn't sound creepy to me; it sounded kinda sexy! By the way, you've got a really good rock bulge [in his tight, tight pants]...

SB: [Steve audibly blushes over the phone] Ha ha ha, I do what I can! Ha ha ha actually, I have really small legs; it's not a big bulge...

Hot Hot Heat play in Victoria at UVIC Saturday, Nov. 15 and Sugar Sunday, Nov. 16. In Vancouver, you catch 'em at the Croatian Cultural Centre Monday, Nov. 17 and the Commodore Tuesday, Nov 18. In Calgary at the MacEwan Hall Friday, Nov. 21 and Edmonton at Red's Saturday, Nov. 22.









When Cowtown Rock Calgary Invades Festival of Guns

Hey, remember the time when Alberta's charitable premiere, Ralph the Tank, decided to spread some Christmas cheer at the homeless shelters and ended up slurring obscenities at poor people? Or the time when that inbred redneck, Weibo Ludwig, who hails from the same province fighting against mandatory gun registration, shot and killed a teenager for joyriding on his property? And who doesn't crack a smile at the thought of k.d. lang being chased out of her hometown for condemning the beef industry? These are just a few of the stereotypical images that flood the ignorant minds of Vancouverites when we think of Calgary. With such a dense and unenlightened view of our provincial neighbours, it's no wonder that we rarely associate Cowtown with all that is good in rock. Until now, that is,



adies and Gentlemen: Meet the Red Hot Lovers. When the metal-laden hard rock act plays this year's Festival of Guns (November 21&22), it will change the way you think about Calgary music circa 2003. They won't be doing it alone, though. The hardcore punks in Dry Fisted, cow punks in the Agriculture Club, and quasi-poli punks in Knucklehead will also cram into their respective rundown vans and drive for 12 solid hours, stopping only for greasy spoons and road

However, there is one exception. Randy Romance of the Red Hot Lovers no longer has to trek through the Rockies to rock 'couve. He recently moved to B.C. to be with his lady. Now he's convinced that relocating the whole band would be a good career move. "The first week I was here, I went to the bars and got offered a record deal and about three shows— just from going out in one night," says Romance, who hopes his bandmates will follow suit by next spring. "I thought, 'This is it! There's no reason to be in Caleary." Calgary.

Romance and RHL singer, Danny Danger, are polishing off a jug of Bourbon Street swill in Gastown after their Nerve photo shoot. Danger wants to relocate too, but for dif-

ferent reasons.
"I fucked my way through Calgary," admits Danger, who currently has a scoring average of two lays for every three shows he plays in Vancouver. "I'm ready for some new

Well, you've come to the right town. We had a bumper crop of hot, young, tight-assed girls at shows this season. And they're easy to spot from the stage with their white studded belts, died black pineapple haircuts and

that special gleam in their eye.

For some, that's not enough incentive. Bands like Knucklehead are staying put because the career opportunities aren't worth the upheaval.

"I think it's something that we'll struggle with forever," says Kyle Hegel, whose



Clockwise from top: Red Hot Lovers, Agriculture Club, Knucklehead

inconspicuous speaking voice belies his deep raspy singing gusto. He and guitarists, Clayton MacNeill and James Gamble, are having a pint at the Lennox pub downtown, talking to The Nerve about their local music scene. "I mean, if we were in LA or San Francisco or even Vancouver, we'd be at a different point than where we're at. But even thinking about relocating five people plus their families all at once, that's a big fuckin' chore. Destined for failure,

Agriculture Club lead singer Rubber

Bourbon "It's total rock 'n' roll threads leather

and denim, heels and make-up and it's great."

"Lots of eye candy," pipes in Danger with a mischievous grin and one of the thickest Canadian accents I've ever heard, bar none.

Of the four bands, only Knucklehead and Dry Fisted ever play on the same bill these days. But like Vancouver, they all know each other from back in the day.
"We played together at our very first

show in our very first bands," says Romance, who was in a band called the Serial Hereos in

that touring acts make a pit stop in the Prairies.

"We don't get any good outside rock," says Danger. "You guys got non-stop rock coming up the West coast and we get nothing 'cause we're in the middle of butt-fuck nowhere" nowhere.

Nowhere to some. But a source of pride for others. In particular cornbread-fed farm boys like Knucklehead's Hegel, who challenged the Rubber Duck to name five tractor implements.

rou got yer pull-type balers, you got yer pull-type swathers, you've got your chisel plow, you've got cultivators and you got disks." "You got yer pull-type balers, you got

But like a man possessed, he just keeps going, determined to defend his rural honour and his band's right to put out an album called *Farmageddon*. "There's a million different types of sprays and fertilizers and there's yer good old fashioned shit spreader. Do I got five yet? So what I'm saying is, 'Fuck you, Kyle.'"

The politics of farming aren't too much of a concern for the Lovers, nor any kind of politics for that matter, especially when it comes to their music. "We're a simple rock band," says Romance, the man whose group band," says Romance, the man whose group penned the genius lyrics, "I Don't Care if We Fuck or Fight Tonight." "We have no political agenda at all. Don't try to analyze it. There's nothing intelligent about our rock.

Danger agrees.

"I grew up shooting signs and fuckin' racing cars and we didn't really care about what was going on in the world around us and I still don't," says Danger, who was raised in Bowden, a small town known for its proximity to a medium security sex offender prison. "We just have booze-fueled good times

After one listen to Knucklehead's latest CD, *Hostage Radio*, it's obvious that they don't share the same view. "Shelters" is a

"I fucked my way through Calgary and I'm ready for some new blood."

Danny Danger

Duck has no intention of leaving Calgary, even though he feels that, musically, Vancouver is more receptive to his band. He admits AC isn't valued in Cowtown as much as he would like, especially by scenesters that want their city to be the next New York.

"The rule of thumb is you're always appreciated better out of your hometown, but it is tough," says the Rubber Duck, whose stage handle is named after a character in a Kris Kristofferson film. He's on the phone from his home in the 403 area code. "However, it's good because the bands that really want to do it are forced to get off their asses and drive and I think it does breed a tougher rock band. The ones that do make it to Vancouver regularly are gonna be better groups for it. Like the Red Hot Lovers, I would put them up against a lot of other bands out there because they've had to get in a fucking van and get the hell out of Calgary. Same with us and same with Knucklehead.'

Maybe so, but the lure of Vancouver's rock fashion sense is just too

tempting for a dirty-rock group like the RHL.

"You come to Vancouver and everyone dresses up," says Romance, back at the

'95 when Knucklehead was just starting out. "They're just great beer-drinking bros and they work really hard and they have good chemistry going. We have such a huge history together."
"Hey, didn't we get blamed for throwing chairs at them in this town?" inter-

rupts Danger, who clearly isn't as sentimental as Romance.

"No, that was Wednesday Night Heroes and it was Mike Roche [singer for the Gung-Hos] that threw the chair," corrects

Romance.

"Fuck, OK, never mind. Different band," says Danger, topping up everyone's beer glass. "They're all the same to me. Nothing against them. They just all sound the same."

Romance is quick to jump in and mit-

igate the verbal damage.
"We're always proud of a band from Calgary, no matter what sound, that hits the road as often and as frequently as they do," he says. "Yah, we're rock 'n' rollers. Whatever. We may not be into their sound so much, but we're always totally proud of a band from Calgary that hits the road for, like, three months at a time because it's very rare."

According to Danger, it's also rare

see Cowtown on next page

Cowtown

cont'd from previous page

straight-up punk tune with an Oi!-inspired chanting chorus and lyrics that expose the flip

side of living in one of the richest provinces.

"That song in particular is about the working poor," says Hegel, pointing to the fact that an estimated 50% of people in living in Calgary shelters have jobs. "That's bullshit if you're working fulltime and can't afford to put a roof over your head. There are families living there. That's the real piss-off."

Although Knucklehead's general philosophy is if you have any conscience, you can't ignore these kinds of injustices in your songs, they don't look down on bands whose lyrical content doesn't go beyond pilsner, 18-

intrical content doesn't go beyond plisher, 18-wheelers and cattle ranching.
"That's fine," says Knucklehead's MacNeill about writing party anthems. "We do that too. We just feel that there's more to the world than just that."

Agriculture Club, on the other hand, is faced with the challenge of coming up with clever lyrics for songs about going to tractor pulls. But these cowboys don't mind because

they've stuck to their original vision.

"We both like old country like Johnny Cash and Waylon Jennings and stuff and we thought, 'What if we sped it up really fast? That would be pretty cool'", say AC six string picker, Waylon Nelson. "Then we just wrote songs around those country sorta themes

wrote songs around those country sorta memes like drinking beer and truck driving and beer drinking and driving trucks."

As far as being considered a shtick band, Nelson is a little less defensive than his bandmate. Where Rubber Duck thinks it's ignorant to dismiss the group as gimmicky just 'cause its members sport cowboy hats, Nelson says "As long as you come to our show and buy a CD and maybe a shirt, you can call us whatever you want. Just don't call me late for dinner."

Spoken like a true cud-chewin Calgary gent.



From Autumn to Ashes



By Sarah Rowland

ardcore singers looking for an alternative to periodic polyp-scrapings need look no further than the new hybrid of music taking over the alternative airwaves.

Emo-core is a potent cocktail, containing equal parts melodic cries of emotion and demonic growling. The challenge for bands who genuinely like this type of musical interbreeding is not to become victims of an over-saturated market, only to wind up the laughing stock of genre puritans.

From Autumn to Ashes, however, worrying about getting heaped into a new "nu" is not a top priority, because it's all they know and they're good at it.
"I'd be mildly concerned if a million

other bands started forming, trying to do the same thing as each other, like what happens with every other genre that gets popular," says Francis Mark, who must have a cardiovascular system as strong as Phil Collins because he is both the drummer and sensitive melodic vocalist in FATA. He's calling from North Carolina, right after sound check. "But I'm not really concerned about it. I can only do what I do. If it does get huge, we can take comfort in the fact that we were doing it before it was the cool thing to do.

His collaborator, Benjamin Perri, ays that even though record labels are stockpiling these kinds of bands, they won't succeed in capitalizing on the sound, like in the case of nu metal.

"I think the industry is trying to," says Perri, who roars the guttural growls in FATA. "But I don't think that it's happening the

way they want it to because it's too personal to be able to lump into a category and throw it into a mass-produced blender and just spit out bands here and there."

Another hurdle members of FATA have cleared, when it comes to sharing vocal duties, is making sure songwriting credit is paid where it is due. Every single intertwining lyric on their sophomore album, The Fiction We Live is attributed (instead of the usual Jagger/Richards type of credit), with Perri's in bold and Mark's in caps.

"We each wrote our own parts and we kind of wanted to distinguish that coz each of it is our own emotion," explains Perri. "It's kind of strange that even though we don't write our words together, somehow they fit together. You can't really decipher. If you read the songs straight through without knowing who did what, you wouldn't know who wrote what. And I think we just really wanted to distinguish that and make it more accessible to the fans."

With all their brazen melding of influences on their stormy post-metalcore LP, why not just throw in an acoustic pop ballad sung by an angelic sounding female guest vocalist? Melanie Wills' "Autumns Monologue" showcases a talent in her own right and FATA's determination to do whatever the hell they please.

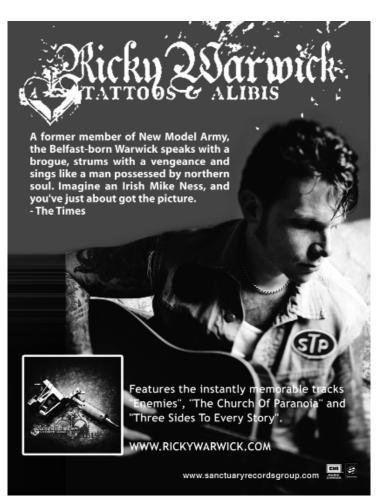
"When we first started the band, we always wanted to have a female vocalist somewhere on the record just to mix it up and have something new", says Perri. "It's something that we wanted to do and no matter what people were gonna think, we were gonna do it.

And so they did.

From Autumn to Ashes, along with Vagrant recording artists Alkaline Trio, Reggie and the Full Effect and No Motiv will play in Vancouver at the Croatian Cultural Centre Monday Dec. 1.











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Live Wires



Turbonegro/ Amulet Graceland, Seattle, WA Tuesday October 7, 2003

I have never endured a rock show as exhausting as Turbonegro. I got stomped and sweated on, pushed, groped and punched in the face- and that was BEFORE they even hit the stage. The venue was seriously oversold, packed to the sweaty gills with rabid fans dying to get up front but I dug my claws into the stage refusing to be bullied out of my prime spot. As "The Age of Pamparius" started, the five denim-drenched instrumentalists took their marks on stage. After a dramatic pause, singer Hank Von Helvete strutted out, so packed-full of stage presence that it threatened to burst through his immense hairy gut. The crowd erupted and that enthusiasm never wavered for the duration of the show. Somehow, amidst all the chaos, I'd fortuitously placed myself directly in front of lead guitarist Euroboy who literally bent over backwards whilst playing, giving me many a photo-op to drool over later. The bulk of their set came from their latest album Scandinavian Leather including, "Gimmie Some", "Drenched in Blood" and "Ride With Us", as well as "F.T.W" (Fuck The World") -a song I never really cared for until I heard it live. My expectations for this show were sky high and I was not disappointed, although I woulda liked more songs from "Ass Cobra", but many other tunes came from the classic album "Apocalypse Dudes", which pleased everyone a little too much for my liking- I could no longer handle being crushed against the stage. When the band pretended to leave the stage before the encore, I bolted to the bar in the other room. I'm sure I missed a lot (including Hank's shout-out to all the Canadians) but I felt almost completely satisfied- all I needed was some "Good Head".

-Casey Cougar

D.O.A./ Thor/ The Failure/ The Motherfuckers/ Fasten

MacEwan Hall Ballroom, Calgary, AB Thursday Oct. 23, 2003

This show was a fundraiser for CJSW 90.9 fm the university radio station here in Calgary. Fasten played a tight, heavy Good Riddance-type of show. Then the kings of 5-dollar Calgary shows, The Motherfuckers, took to the stage with a mercilessly fast, loud, snotty set including songs from their upcoming album as well as classics like "Ode to beer".

The next band was pop punk trendy sensations, The Failure. These guys are a living tribute to Simple Plan if I ever saw one. They play the half pop/half emo crap that seems to be all the rage and some people foolishly categorize this with punk. If you missed the show last night, don't worry, they'll be on MuchMusic soon enough.

Next up was the almighty THOR. It's really cool to

see a spectacle in rock and metal stage shows... many bands need to learn the value of a good stage show.... shit like exploding TVs, bending metal bars with your mouth and then spitting out your teeth and, of course, holding cinder blocks to your chest while someone smashes them with a sledge hammer.

Fuck yeah!!! D.O.A., the pride of Vancouver... these guys kick ass! They opened the set with "Nazi Training Camp" and, fortunately for the crowd, they stuck to many old songs like "Disco Sucks", "Liar for Hire", "World War 3" and "Race Riot". They also have a new bass player, Dammed Dan, formerly of Bif Naked's band (uggg) he doesn't really seem to fit into the D.O.A. mold, probably because he's still in his 20s. Still, it was an all-around ripper of a show.



AFI/ Poison the Well/ **Autopilot Off**

Commodore, Vancouver, BC Saturday Oct 18, 2003

Man, was this one long day. I woke-up with a massive 5-alarm hangover and desperately needed booze. So I picked myself up off the floor (where I generally find myself after a night of binge drinking), and made my way for the closest bar. There I consumed what was needed to review the first bands on the bill. Due to some minor complications, I had missed the first act (which by the grapevine wasn't a big loss anyways). Now on to Poison the Well. As musicians these guys had their shit going on, but I'm not down with that hardcore/Limbizkit/Korn bull-jive that we're all being forcefed. I felt as though I should have eaten a whole roast just so I could stomach this meat-headed bullshit. It seemed as though they had a fair fan base. Bottom line: I didn't like them. Finally, it was time for AFI. The Despair Faction (AFI's fan club) was in full effect. AFI started the show with 'Miseria Cantare - The Beginning" off their new album, which had the crowd singing/chanting along to every word from then on. Now if none of you have ever seen AFI live before, I suggest checking them out. They are Full Force energy from start to finish. Second song in, "The Lost Souls", singer Davey Havok did a flip off the stage right out into the audience. Fuckin' nuts. They played a good selection of old & new songs, mostly from the last few albums. When they encored, Havok stepped out onto the hands and shoulders of the fans to sing the final song. This by far was one of the best shows that I have seen in a long time.

-Lil' Jeffy

Junction 18 Stars Nightclub, Edmonton, AB Friday October 10, 2003

Upon entering Stars Nightclub, I was welcomed by the disturbing sight of some poor guy getting his head stomped on, which is not, perhaps, the ideal first impression, but it definitely helped put the old homesickness for Glasgow to bed. Anyway, after wading thru the Great Unwashed (Strapping Young Lad were playing downstairs) I made it upstairs to the relative safety of the altogether more intimate (not to mention deodorant-friendly), Junction 18 show. Unfortunately, my fashionably late entrance meant that I'd missed ALL of the support acts - oh well, with time and counseling, I'm sure I'll get over it. So it's third time lucky for the young Boston five-piece, J18, having been refused entry into Canada twice by non punk-loving customs officials.

I had my low expectations pleasantly crushed by the fact that the band actually DOESN'T play 'emotionally-charged post hardcore', nor do they favour the seemingly obligatory black uniform and Blink 182 fringe. Nope, in today's climate of angry young men, J18 churn out some surprisingly cheerful, upbeat pop-punk rock, reminiscent of early Saves the Day and not unlike the Alkaline Trio (if they dropped the tiresome graveyard fixation). In fact, apart from the occasional dodgy falsetto, the string-bean vocalist sound, at times, uncannily like Alkaline Trio singer/bassist Dan Adriano. However, originality is, as always in the now saturated market of melodic punk, thrown nonchalantly to the lions. Not a big problem for me (nor, apparently, for the other five people at the show), but if Fearless Records is hoping for a repeat of the success they had with At the Drive-In, then their attentions might be best focused elsewhere. Oh, and the wee security chick at the door frisked me three times - must be the accent.

-David Lawrence

S.T.R.E.E.T.S./ The Bitchin' Camaros/ The Hooded Fang The Brickyard, Vancouver, BC Thursday, Oct. 9, 2003

Openers, The Hooded Fang, valiantly rawked upstream, leading the still-filling room from head-nodding through to throwing up the horns and yee-hawing. True to their namesake, they made a sound that was mighty and imposing, but all their grinning revealed a nature not born of evil, but of goodness. A flying-V, avalache drums, and thunderous bass cut some new swaths through the overgrown paths of BTO and the body-strewn fields of Kill 'Em All-era thrash. Jacob Two-Two would tell you to see them twice. Not exactly a Latino tribute to The Dead Milkmen, The Bitchin Camaros dropped the clutch and burnt the kind of rock 'n roll rubber that has Dinko Jones and that sucka from Big Sugar seein' nothin but tail lights. Just as fast, heavy, and energetic as punk or metal, the Ottawa four-piece don't



directly use either in creating a sound that pushes the limits of how furious pure rock 'n' roll can be before we have to call it something else. The woman who was struck point-first between the eyes with one of Camaros CDs hurled shuriken-like from the stage is a perfect pictogram for the band's sound. S.T.R.E.E.T.S. is a welcome slice of skate-punk to starved oldschoolers and it was good to see their tunes cranked up even harder in the live setting. Their potent homebrew of hardcore and classic metal blew the dust off of several of the assembled corpses and got the mosh-pit going. As if to demonstrate, the guitarist crash-landed himself into a wounded-gull pile in the middle of the dance-floor. If you like skating, beer, Maiden, Preist, skating, Excel, and beer then put on yer foam-mesh hat, build a raindeck and go see them next time.

-J. Pee Patchez





Warsawpack

20 Miles

Life Doesn't Rhyme Fat Possum Records

The latest from Judah Bauer, moonlighting from his day job in the JSBX, this album finds him continuing to mellow out from previous efforts and further finding his own voice based in blues, country and gospel music. I'm getting pretty good at making vague comparisons, so here goes - sounding slightly like Bringing It All Back Home-era Dylan mixed with a little Tattoo You and sounding a lot like John Cougar Mellencamp, I prefer the I'm A Lucky Guy album. Still, it's a nice change of pace from his spazzy, self-referencing Spencer body of work



All Out War Condemned to Suffer Victory Records

Terrorizer zine calls album "A this "A triumphant tour de force of evil guitar harmonies and rip-

ping double bass..." AOW's bio describes the band as being a mix of Cro-Mags Age of Quarrel era and Slayer's Reign in Blood era. I think AOW has some more of the tough guy New York hardcore sound as opposed to the classic east coast hardcore sound, i.e. Agnostic Front, Cro-Mags, Negative Approach, etc. As far as comparing it to current shit, I lost faith in Slayer some time after South of Heaven and this album is heavier and darker than garbage like God Hates Us All. I can't use this album to beat on the Cro-Mags, since I haven't heard the new Cro-Mags shit. But this album is really heavy, intense and everything I pretty much like about crossover. One drawback, the vocals kinda get a bit monotonous at times, but not in a way as to be annoying. If you've heard AOW's first album, For Those Who Were Crucified, Condemned to Suffer kicks that album's ass in terms of heaviness, speed, and

-Stefan Nevatie



Avenged Sevenfold Waking The Fallen Hopeless Records

Why is it that only Metal and Hip-Hop artists have the audacity to max out their 80 minute allotted time on albums? Unless

your name happens to be Slayer or Outkast, chances are you won't be able to come up with enough quality material to keep the listener Avenged Sevenfold have the hooks, let their devil-signs fly, splatter some blood, and long over-stav their welcome. It's all about editing folks, and you could certainly use a few trims. When the Sevenfold want to "give'r", they do without hesitation, but when they tread into the unnecessary power-ballads and bic-lighter moments, you may raise a skeptical eyebrow or two. Look, if you're going to rock - fucking rock. I don't want your lullabies and awkward bridges of Yanni-influenced instrumentation. Slit the necks of goats, sacrifice your virgins, and leave it at that.

-Adam Simpkins



Between the Buried and Me The Silent Circus Victory Records

A classic case of a band trying to take on too much (and almost pulling it off); Between the Buried and Me are

genre-crossers looking to impress fans of met-alcore, Swedish thrash, death metal, grind, hardcore and math-rock. It's a huge undertaking with results that deserve much credit (these guys have tons of talent) but the end result is

often a frustrating mess. Short attention spanners will love the endless stops, starts, lurches and changes; a dizzying episode of A.D.D.-core at its finest. Only three songs in and I'm left floundering in a state of anxiety-ridden vertigo. These Jersey natives are determined and intelligent dudes who write great lyrics and can set a demented, ugly mood better than the bulk of metalcore weenies. Those looking for nightmare soundscapes with schizophrenic tempo changes, growling gutturals and all-over-the-place blasts will obsess over *The Silent Circus*. It had me scrambling for some AC/DC, but it totally depends on the mood.

-Jason Schreurs

Warsawpack Stocks & Bombs

G7 Welcoming Committee

If there is an unwritten rule about not snooping too far into the haunted amusement park of post 9-11 politics, someone forgot to tell Warsawpack. This Hamilton 7-piece is back with their second album in less than a year. Keeping step with evil these days requires such urgency. Though on par with them in terms of political content, don't expect Public Enemy levels of noise, or the punkiness of the Goats. Warsawpack set their message to a P-Funk, wakka-wakka guitar, horn driven groove. The instrumental segments are good enough to be

stand out tracks on Check Your Head. The lone vocalist raps in a pepper spray burned raspy beat-poetry style delivery, or a rising hys-terical Joe Cocker-like freak out. A purposeful album, but it's not gonna be easy playing protest music in an era where the Olson twins the cover Rolling Stone.



-J. Pee Patchez

Christiansen Stylish Nihilists Revelation Records

After listening to this album, these guys sound more pessimistic than anything else, don't even get me started on the nihilism part.

This angst-ridden band, fusing hip-hop, jazz, and rock, want to redefine the way music is made and want to change the way the listener hears the music... too large of a task, I think, for this band. For those who think it's a bit harsh to judge this band on their attitudes about their 'great plans' for music, then this is for you: their sound is not all that great either.
-Daniel Holiday

Destruction

Metal Discharge 2003 Nuclear Blast Records

Destruction is a classic German thrash metal Destruction is a classic overhain ultrast inicial band that's been around for about 20 years and still manages to make music that hasn't become washed-up sell-out crap. Metal Discharge is very reminiscent of their Eternal Devastation and Release From Agony era mixed with the tiniest bit of some of their Infernal Overkill sound. A couple of complaints though: the last track, "Vendetta" opens with a lame riff that sounds too nu-metal influenced. And when I say that, I include crap like Pantera. It's one of those choppy riffs that doesn't flow and it just pisses me off. Also, this disc at times lacks the original meanness that one could find on such classic albums as Sentence Of Death and others of Destruction's back catalogue. Otherwise, a wicked kick-ass thrash album by one of the all-time classic bands to bear the thrash metal banner.

-Stefan Nevatie

D.O.A. War and Peace Sudden Death Records

Due to Lee Raback's lack of cooperation during routine questioning, Detective Badly Damaged detained the close-lipped rapper in the Nerve holding cell along with five out-ofwork Elvis impersonators jacked up on crank. But after 48 hours, Raback still wouldn't roll over on his buddies. However, when we threatened to take away all his Public Enemy records, he cried like a little girly-man before signing this confession. It was pathetic.

By Sarah Rowland

What band or musician do you never want to be compared to and why?

That's tough. We get the stu-pidest cross section of comparisons. I'd prefer not to be compared to ANYONE really. But I guess I would say I could die happily having never been com-

pared to Elvis. As a white performer working within a kind of black musical tradition I try to be respect-ful of the cultural spaces I'm working in, taking great pains to approach my material as originally as I can, putting as much of myself into the

work as I can and essentially trying to steer completely clear of "borrowing" (or in the case of Elvis 'STEALING') from black culture. Basically, Elvis was a thief, a slightly safer rock and roll for the teeny-boppers of a subur-ban yesteryear. He stole that image, he stole those hips, he stole those moves, he stole every one of those hit songs; he stole the very throne of rock and roll from struggling/emerging black artists and declared himself king. I

guess he was king, but only insofar as he died on the throne. Really, his only true contribution to Rock was a lit-tle number called "the deep fried peanut butter sandwich".

On your dream bill, what acts would you be slotted

between? WOW. I like this game! I'm sure each of the guys in the band would give you a different answer to this one. Me, I would love to bridge a set between the Roots and Public Enemy. But in the real world, I wouldn't go near a stage after the Roots just played and I would be paralyzed, screaming like a teen girl on one of those "meet the superstar" shows, if I ever saw Chuck D waiting in the wings. But it's fun to dream.

What recording humbles you every time you hear it and why?

There are a few albums out there that can do that to me. But I would say Public Enemy's first album, Yo! Bum Rush the Show. Although I think It Takes a Nation of Millions is a better album, I've got a soft spot for their first one. The intensity of a young Chuck is totally unbeatable. With the release of this album they were instantly the most important thing hip-hop had given birth to; truly revolutionary, before the term was cliché. The beats were dirty and raw; some of them crafted from James Brown samples. giving hip hop its funk. And the lyrics, oh man, I am totally humbled by that voice Chuck D gives me goose

What was your worst gig?

Very early into our career played a show in Buffalo This was to be the first and ONLY time we've ventured south of the border to perform. Where to start? system couldn't have made your favourite CD sound good. The sound guy thought the system was fine, which spoke volumes about his ability as a sound tech. The beer tasted like stale piss. There were about 20 very unenthusiastic patrons glaring at us the whole time. The club gave us a medium 8-slice pizza to split between the 7 of us; just before collecting on the bar tab we had run up, trying to drink the whole experience out of our collective memory. It was 100 times worse that our worst Canadian gig. haven't really been in much of a rush to get stateside since.

Favourite SpreadEagle song?

Sorry - I live a pretty sheltered life but, who is SpreadEagle???



Another great collection spanning DOA's ongoing career, though it's too bad, due to label conflicts, that 'Songs of Murder couldn't be included. There's nothing like listening to classics like "Behind the Smile" and "Unknown". This stuff

is like mother's milk to Vancouver's music scene... so face it kids, we're all D.O.A.! -Hopeless

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

Brutal split CD from Australia's Fuck I'm Dead and Portland, Oregon's Engorged. The cover is a nice professional glossy job with gore artwork featuring a hand with hooked barbs holding an eyeball. Fuck I'm Dead is brutal death/gore grind with a drum machine. Unlike other drum machine bands, F.I.D. doesn't sound as bad, say, as Mortician or something, meaning the drum machine almost sounds like it could pass for over-triggered human drums. Judging by song titles like "Anal Abbatoir", Carcass is a huge influence on F.I.D. The Engorged portion of this disc has only five tracks and like F.I.D., Carcass is a huge influence on Engorged, only, unlike a lot of other Carcass worship bands (i.e. Exhumed),

Engorged are much more original and the sound quality is wicked with super catchy break downs and top quality musicianship.
They have by far one of the best song titles "Surgery, Drugs and Rock & Roll". Overall a kick-ass gore-grind disc.

-Stefan Nevatie



The Lawrence Arms The Greatest Story Ever Told Fat Wreck Chords

If imitation is truly the most sincere form of flattery. then Schwarzenbach

would swell with pride if he heard The Greatest Story Ever Told by The Lawrence Arms. It's almost ridiculous how much this band sounds like Jawbreaker and Jets to Brazil, but that's not necessarily such a bad thing. The Chicago trio has been in the game for a few years now, but still hasn't found a distinctive sound for themselves. They can spit out the aggressive punk when they want to, but usually take the more "emotional" approach. Which is fine, but unfortunately a bit too derivative not to notice. Yet, if you can get past all the 'influences-onour-sleeves business', you're bound to find some pretty infectious and solid material here.

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Living deep in the Alberta outback, Al Charlton, didn't have access to email and we had no way of getting our questions to him. Thankfully, Badly Damaged has trained homoccasions. Unfortunately, some of the less experienced birds weren't prepared for the pineapple express monsoons. Ergo, only a few of the feathered messengers were able to persevere through the merciless weather system and back make it Charlton's answers. Meanwhile, a teary-eyed Damaged is camped out on the Nerve roof, awaiting the unlikely the return of his beloved companions.

By Sarah Rowland

What band or musician do you never want to be com-

pared to?
We tend not to be concerned about comparisons, fully believing everyone's entitled to their own opinion. If some-one out there likens my vocal abilities to those of Seals and Croft, who am I to question

On your dream bill, what acts would your band be slotted between?

Personally, I'd be delighted to play first on an all-ages (and I mean all-ages, including seniors) bill featuring the Subhumans (the Vancouver Subhumans, not those crumpet-munching British punks), 'monster'-era Steppenwolf, and a midnight screening of Bowling for Columbine. I think Joe Strummer would

have to be the mc.

What recording humbles you every time you hear and why? There are lots (no wonder I am so damn humble). One is old blues guy, Bukka White's "When Can I Change My Clothes?" It's meaningful, intense and recorded during times of more hardship than you or I could probably ever know.

Worst gig ever? Quite possibly every time we Vancouver visit, we're either robbed or electro-

cuted. Hopefully, [we'll] be out [we'll] be out again in No ve m be r. Weirdest gig? (Sorry I couldn't resist) [Music Ed. Friender: we ask the auestions

remnder: we ask the questions around here] A seafood restau-rant in Eureka, California. Even though we were sleep-deprived, half-blind and con-stipated the owner citil insic stipated, the owner still insist-ed on paying us in "Humboldt homegrown".

What is your favourite Loverboy song? Definitely "Working for the Weekend", a timeless anthem for the proletariat if there ever

The Von Zippers The Crime Is Now! Estrus Records

These good 'ol Calgary boys drop this album like a safety-pin-laced banana cream pie to the face of all that is anywhere right of the way-left on the socio-polital spectrum. Monsanto, oil companies, politicians, media, are all taken to task. The Zippers take names and call for jus-tice, holding up a mirror to the fat cats exploit-ing this planet. The music is riffy, jangly, punk and the songs are compact with sweet breakdowns. Nice garage style production brings out an almost rootsy feel. There is even some

well placed harmonica work in there. Stand out lines include; "I think there's something in the burger that makes me wanna kill", and "51st state politics, lower ceilings and higher rents.". If you like uncompromising political punk like DK, DOA, and even the Pistols in places, then The Von Zippers deserve your atten-

-J. Pee Patchez

Superjoint Ritual A Lethal Dose of American Hatred Sanctuary Records

The tunes still rip, but what the fuck is Phil Anselmo thinking? Superjoint's sophomore album is a patriotic reaction to America's worldwide reputation as war-mongering bullies. Says filthy Phil in the album's bio, "When nes, ays muny rnii in the aibum's bio, "When our freedom, our way of life, our belief in our system is threatened, you'd better not fuck with the US! 'Cos we will do what it takes to maintain the quality of life that we have here." Ya, okay Phil, so let's go to war so you can protect your right to sit on the couch, drink Jack and smoke copious amounts of reefer?! Fuck that. Like I said, the tunes rip as hard as, if not harder than, Superjoint's excellent debut... and this time around they've added a bit more Sabbath to their Black Flag and it helps to mix things up. But, knowing what this album stands for, it can be a pretty hard listen if you aren't 110%

-Jason Schreurs



the opening of the first song, "Adult High", I was High", I was hooked. With their influences ranging from The New York Dolls and Jerry Lee

As soon as I heard

Wild Emotions carries the energy of classic Rolling Stones albums, but with a slight punk element thrown in for good measure. The song "Sweet Bitch" has a honky-tonk sound which adds to the overall versatility of this album. This band incorporates the organ, harmonica, piano, trumpet, trombone, and violin to produce one rockin' record. Take my word for it, this is some good shit.

-Dan Holiday



Strychnine Die Oakland Stadtmusikanten: Live in Bremen, Germany TKO Records

"It's our last show. so we're going to blow out voices, drums, guitars,

eardrums – everything must go." So begins the chaos of Oakland punks Strychnine's live album. With absolutely no regard for eardrums or hitting all of the right notes, these drunk punkers tear through a set of their sloppy tunes and covers by the likes of Willie Nelson, Turbonegro and Poison Idea. Some of the in-between song banter is painful, but they manage to do justice to most of their cover selections, and a few of their own songs are even catchy enough to hum in the shower. Okay, maybe singing "Shit or Git" or "Dead Rats and Oakland Dogs" while cleaning yourself kinda defeats the purpose, but hey, it's worth a try. With blazing guitars, out of control vocals and a surprisingly tight rhythm section, this live album is recommended for fans of no-bullshit punk rock.

-Jason Schreurs



The Darkness Permission To Land Atlantic

Sounding like a hybrid of 'Electric'-era Cult crossed with the guitar histrionics of Brian May/Thin

Lizzy and overall 70's arena rock trappings a la Journey or Boston, the jury's still out on whether or not this is a smoking take on all things loud and (over)indulgent or a superironic-in-joke in the tradition of Mr. W.K. (come on, his first album might have fooled you, but he's basically Meatloaf, minus about 50 pounds.) Add to this a lead singer who makes King Diamond sound like Danzig, and you get a pretty amusing rock album with huge riffs, huge falsetto vocals and a huge col-lection of spandex jumpsuits.

-8 - Ball



www.iotolas.com

Hey, remember those bad kids that hung around the pool hall and tried to sell you pills when all you wanted was an undercut

gram of some low-grade weed? Well, they've formed a kick-ass rock 'n' roll band and not only have they hooked me up but they've got me addicted to the song "Coming of age"! -Honeless



The Misfits Project 1950 Misfit Records

Jerry Only, Dez Cadena, and Marky Ramone are joined by guests Ronnie Spector (Ronnettes) and Jimmy Desrti (Blondie) as they

lovingly butcher and rebuild classic hits from the 50s and 60s. I admire everyone involved and I'm a sucker for the oldies, so I applaud these fine grave robbers... oh, and as a you get a c.d. rom of live and hilarious footage of the band dodging snowballs and the Japanese band Balzac.

-Hopeless



Type O Negative Life is Killing Me Roadrunner

The first new material since 1999's ultra-depressing World Coming Down, T.O.N. has thrown us for a

loop with its seventh release. We delve right into their new experimental outlook, starting with doomy guitar intro "Thir13teen" (pastime music from the Munsters apparently). The album still has the unique buzzing downtuned guitar sonority and Pete Steele's deep, sensual baritone crooning that'll surely continue to have ladies swooning, (and only the ladies, as he insists on "I Like Goils"; a paean extolling the virtues of heterosexuality), plus his trademark the self-deprecating dark humour. But they've thrown all kinds of new shit into the mix: Middle Eastern instrumentation, a lesbian choir, a cool cover of "Angry Inch" and a heady brew of rock, pop, punk and goth mixed with their semi-mainstream doom aesthetic make this more upbeat than anything they've done previously.

-Matt Smith



The Business Hardcore Hooligan BYO

Well what more can one say about The Business? They're one of England's finest hard working Street Punk outfits,

doing their thing since what seems like the beginning of time and have gained legendary status for good reason. I've always felt that The Business material of the last decade was the best, which is what the majority of this concept style compilation has. Aside from the remake of the 80's classic Saturdays Heroes we're given recent tracks such as Viva Bobby Moore, Guinness Boys, Maradona, Southgate as well as other recent hits. The majority of the songs share one thing in common that being the subject matter of English style Football. This is a great introduction to any newcomer and overall a great compilation.

-Aaronoid

Ween Québec Sanctuary/EMI

One time I ate so many hash cookies I thought I was melting and everyone could read my mind. I "telepathically" forced my friend to barf in his slurpee cup, went home and stared in the bathroom mirror for about 3 hours. After my little magical mystery tour was over, I came down and (almost) never had anything to do with weed, dope or grass again. True

-8 - Ball



Maypole

cont'd from previous page



Burning in Water, Drowning in Flame Gangstyle Records

This is a re-release of speedy, heart-onsleeve hardcore from Netherlands. That adrenaline rush

Dutch hardcore sound is completely intact, with a guitar sound to absolutely die for. Some serious time and effort was put into getting that perfect git tone and it does wonders to these punchy songs. The lyrics and vocals come across a little juvenile, but this is an older album redux, so let's cut them a little slack. Mostly, this is just fast, fun, intense hardcore. A cover of that mainstream ska-punk band Sublime's song "Date Rape" was puzzling and unnecessary.

-Jason Schreurs



Nightrage Sweet Vengeance Century Media

Nightrage is one of those few thrash metal bands that can produce the melodic sounds from a time when the guitar was king,

yet can still create music that is progressive and modern. This Swedish band was formed three years ago. The power fueling Nightrage comes from lead singer Thomas Lindberg, whose voice makes this band a force to be reckoned with. The end result is an album about alienation from self and others. The combination of Lindberg's voice and the guitars of Marios Iliopoulos, and Gus G. are a perfect match

-Dan Holiday

The Preacher's Kids Wild Emotions Get Hip Recordings

COLUMN

Absinthe

by Michael Mann

bsinthe has a long history of fucking people up... so I was eager to try it. The They used unconventional colours and weird angles. My art history teacher said they did this because they were influenced by Japanese because they were influenced by Japanese woodprint art or something. That's bullshit. They did because they were fucked up on absinthe. If you do a couple shots of absinthe, you'll be seeing all sorts of weird angles too. The most common unconventional angle is the "how the world looks when you're lying on your stomach in a puddle of your own vomit' angle. It's a remarkable angle that is all too often ignored by the art community.

It was exciting the day they started selling this stuff in BC liquor stores. There are two brands of absinthe for sale in liquor stores: Hills and Absento. It goes for about \$80 a bottle but, sadly, the stuff they sell here has low wormwood content. Wormwood is the stuff that makes you hallucinate. It doesn't really matter which brand you buy, as both taste worse than that shit your friend made in his bathtub. If you're one of those people who has a lot of faith in what writers say, I'd suggest buying the Hills brend of shitths. brand of absinthe... it comes in a cooler bottle.

If you're not up for buying your own

bottle of Absinthe, there are a few places around town that sell the stuff, just ask the bartender. One place advertises a martini that is two shots of vodka and a shot of absinthe. If you can drink two of these and walk a straight line, you're probably either not of this world or weigh over 300 pounds. A few serve it in the traditional way. The traditional way of drinking absinthe is to dip a sugar cube in absinthe and light it on fire. Let the sugar caramelize and when it burns out dump it in a shot of absinthe on ice. Then add a shot or two of cold water and mix it up.

The internet suggests all sorts of drinks you can make with absinthe. Really weird stuff like three shots of Jägermeister, a shot of absinthe and a bottle of Red Bull. you're drunk enough to even consider ingesting that combo, you probably won't remember how it tasted the next day anyway. Sadly, there is no way to mask the awful taste of absinthe. So I suggest you just choke it down straight. It's painful. Really painful. And for about two minutes after you do a shot, you won't be certain if you're going to puke it up or not. While print is an ineffective medium for conveying how something tastes, the best description I can come up with is that absinthe tastes a little like Sambuca mixed with burning, a punch in the face and a little garnish of nausea.

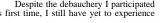
So I went and purchased a bottle of Hills absinthe. I've had it for a year and it's still only half done. It only comes out when I'm extremely drunk. I do a couple shots of it to help cross the line from polite and semi-coherent to rude and slurring badly. The last time, I did a couple shots before heading to a nightclub. Suffice to say, I don't remember how the night went, but I was informed the next day that I was yelling at the DI to play "Rhythm is a Dancer" by Snap all night along, laid on my back in a parking lot on the corner of Drake and Howe for 20 minutes and then proceeded to climb the fence at an apartment complex and go swim-ming. The next day, the bottle of absinthe was given to my girlfriend to hide from me for the

Despite the debauchery I participated in this first time, I still have yet to experience



wormwood-induced hallucinations, which is the only reason why non-goth people drink it. See, I'm all about finding legal ways to hallucinate. I thought my experiences with absinthe were over, until a friend of mine went on a trip to Portugal and brought me back a bottle of Portuguese absinthe. For those of you who aren't familiar with the laws for controlled substances in Europe, Portugal and the Czech Republic are the only two European countries that sell absinthe with a high wormwood content. This shit is the real deal.

So, after a few drinks one day, I decided it was time to tackle the green demon again to try and have some sweet, wormwood induced hallucinations. But sadly, my contraband absinthe did not give me any hallucina-tions either. It did, however, give me a couple bruises as I fell down two flights of stairs... caused me to get a little aggro as, apparently, I nearly got into a fight with a homeless woman (I swear to God she started it)... made me the life of the party when I tried to make snow angels in a gravel parking lot... it also inhibited my sexual performance as my girlfriend claimed we had the "worst sex ever" that evening. And so, ya, the next day the bottle was given to the receiver of the "worst sex ever" to hide from me for the rest of my life. The problem with absinthe is the alcohol is far too strong (it ranges from 120 to 140 proof) for you to be able to consume enough of it to have wormwood hallucinations. It's a cruel paradox. You don't want to drink it when you're sober. But you have to be sober to be able to drink enough of it to hallucinate. My advice to you is if you want to hallucinate, stay away from absinthe and stick with illicit drugs like mushrooms, LSD, 2CB, MDA or DMT. But, if you're like me and have to this bizarre urge to drink so much that you black-out and make an ass out of yourself and possibly end up in the drunk tank or a cheap motel bathtub full of ice water, a victim of organ thieves, I suggest you try drinking

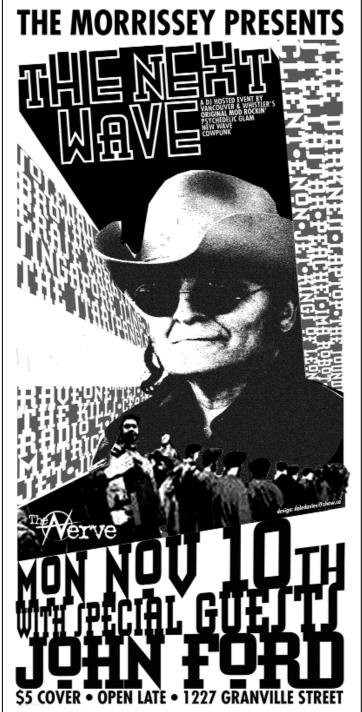












Tis Raininí Men

Crippled

By Ainsworth

ed Alert! I've got a funny story for you, and it informs an even funnier story you also will hear, or be shown. I got hit by a car last week, and it literally changed my life... for the better! I got to lie around all day like a dago priest and everything gets brought to me. And no work for me! Hah! I lie on the couch and watch TV like a dragking.

Did you know you can watch Star Trek from 9 am to 6 pm straight. That's one episode after another! It's a thrill! This is the way you do it. At nine, it's Deep Space Nine on channel 13 (that's the show with Odo). Then usually at 10 you can see Star Trek: The Now Generation on channel 32. Believe it or not they play another episode at 11 on this same, wonderful channel.

Now it gets tricky, because I think you need cable to see Deep Space Nine at 12, on channel 45, the SPACE NETWORK. I have cable! After that, one o'clock, it's Voyager on the same channel. I don't recommend Voyager because it has a girl captain

and sucks, but what the hell. At two, flip to either channel 12 or 13, and you get yet another Deep Space Nine, followed by yet another Voyager. Then, it's back to channel 32 for another The Now Generation. All in all, it makes for a great day of Star Trek. Oh wait! They also show the original Star Trek at seven o'clock in the morning! I for-

Anyway, by putting out my fightin' knee, I became one of the handicapped. Society has many of these layabouts, and let me tell you this: a lazier bunch of scum you'll never meet! If they're anything like me, they don't even put on trousers. Talk about hobbling around! If you blow out a knee you have to hobble like Christ on a crutch, okay, and it wears you down in the mind.

Have you ever seen those blank greeting cards they sell in packets of ten, and the covers all have these awful paintings of sheep and mountains and the like? Made by cripples. No lie. Read the back of the card. A lot of grandparents like to buy these because it's for charity. It all evens their guilty minds because death is looking for them, remember they used to be S.S. (It was a different world then.)



So they just get a box of this rubbish and use them to put money in to send to the grandchildren. If you ever live in a house with skinheads, you have to be careful because modern skinheads are just bummers and they will open your letters looking for goods and valuables. I can't believe skinheads today with their goatees. Goatees, for

I figger, as an act-

drew this thing.

And I had new respect for mouth painters.

ing-cripple, I was entitled to a

piece of this lucre. So I picked

Bill Garret did this little barn one for which he won a rather patronizing prize from some cripple-club. But just think of that guy's dexter-ity! He can do things with his lips that would make you swoon, from an aesthetic point of view. Using only a nimble

tongue, full lips, perhaps a quick upstroke of the teeth, he put his innermost feelings on paper.

Using only his mouth, he expressed himself. In motion, caught in paint, on paper. He must have strained so hard to get the tints just right, then licked up the brush from his table, his neck-high table. He twisted the brush around, tongue heaving, touching, feeling, until he got a good bite on it... firmly he clenched in his teeth, but not hard like a bite meant to draw blood. His lips drew back, in a grimace, clear silky spit coursing down his chin, into his beard? Or just falling to his lap if he is clean-shaven. Then he pauses his immobile body... he has no feeling or movement below the neck, yet every muscle in his mind tenses, waits, for the explosion. Tensed up like Shaq, he takes



his first touch... just a nibble, tentative, like the first time he touched a woman's pillows. And then he is in there! Like a wobbly Viking he ravages the canvas with his brush! Slash! Slash!... then to drop the brush into a jar of water... slowly lap up a fresh one, tongue thrashing like a Viking, he leaps again to confront the barn he is drawing. Blue this time, blue mixed with black... and the sky grows dim. There is angst here. And why not? He's in a wheelchair. But the next brush he sucks is a yellow mixed heavily with white... barely a yellow at all... the moon. A crescent moon. smiling. Bill Garret has won his battle, today. He sells the painting to the printing and marketing concern for nine dollars.

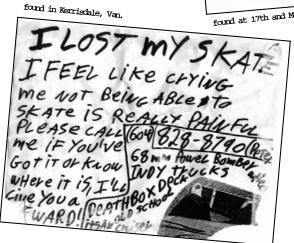
In many ways, Bill Garrett raises the bar a little bit higher for all of us, except me. Because I have lived the life. Anyway, I got rid of the cane after five days, and the cripple-card publishers wouldn't buy my picture because they're racist jack-offs. SCREW YOU MCLEN-NAN CORP!

ETC...

HEY! This is a new section where we rip off what many other magazines have done and print shit that people like you find on the street everyday. SO, start picking up other people's garbage and send it to us! FOUND! c/o The Nerve Magazine, 508 - 825

Granville St., Vancouver, B.C., V6Z 1K9 Each month we'll pick a couple submissions and then send you a mystery prize!

TO THE SCUMBER Who are breaking into our cars. we are going to find you and beat the shit out of you. Be prepared. found at 17th and Main. Van.





skate Menace



Cory McIntyre performs a back side nose grind

Tony Hawk's Boom Boom Huck Jam Tour

By The Menace

This was the best fusion of sport and entertainment since the Honky Tonk Man smashed a guitar over Rowdy Roddy Piper's back. Well, actually it was the same thing but without the cool names, that will be next year. Tony 'Boney Hi-Sock' vs Andy 'Sobe Sports' Macdonald enter the vert ramp to go head to head, with chainsaws!!

The jam started out in a highflying intro with skaters, BMXers, and motocross freestylers all riding at the same time. The layout was a vert ramp with a motocross track surrounding it. The moto guys would fly over the entire ramp while the other riders took runs on the vert ramp.

After the intro, the event turned into a doubles competition. Each sport (Skateboarding and BMX) took their turn on the vert ramp exhibiting what is possible for two riders. From board transfers to nose picks on held boards, the doubles exhibition held the audiences attention.

In the middle of the vert ramp a huge launch beckoned to the skaters and BMXers to fly high. The huck fest started with the skaters tentatively testing the launch. The BMX guys busted backflips on their first try on the huck machine. To respond to the BMX guys, the skaters started pushing their limits. A couple of kickflip indys and the skaters finished the session

The 20-minute jam held the audience in awe as Rick Thorne, the MC, proceeded to nearly knock himself out. Tony Hawk pulled 720s and Bob Brusquest ripped frontside noseslides over the bridge of death to fakie. Bucky Lasek pulled frontside rodeos and huge

gay twists. The BMX guys did some stuff too. Matt Hoffman did a no handed flair over the channel. But he also rolled off the ramp to flat bottom, he forgot there was a channel. Oops.

The Moto guys blew my mind. I have a hard time pulling any air on a vert ramp. These guys flew over the entire ramp, jumped off the bike, kicked their legs and landed on the other side of the ramp. Holy shit.

The finale was pretty cool, with all of the riders pushing their limits at the same time. BMX and skate doubles routines with a Moto guy flying overhead is a damn impressive sight. It lasted for just long enough to enjoy, but not to be bored.

Locals Rejoice

The Vancouver Skateboard coalition had a barbecue to celebrate their opening of the Cambie Spot. Local Vancouver skaters have sessioned this spot since its creation. The angled flatbar has been in as many magazines and videos as the now deceased new spot.

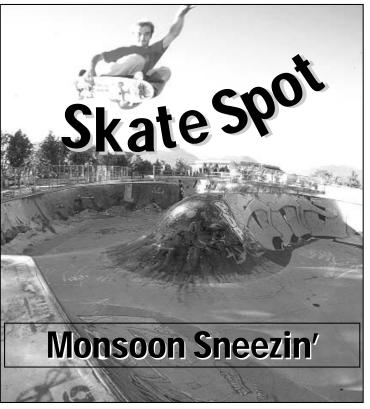
Now, the city of Vancouver has regulated the anarchist's paradise into a downtown skate spot. They have installed a couple of benches and a flat bar. The best part is the fact that the cops will not bust this COVERED skate spot.

A covered skate spot is a huge bonus to the street skater of today. Most parkades have security and are a bust within minutes. Now we can session under cover until the rain stops.

Special thanks goes to Cory McIntyre and the rest of the VSC for guaranteeing skateboarding in Vancouver's downtown.

The Menace





The seasonal torrents have arrived, washing away your summer, your hopes, your dreams, your youth, and several bridges. Now you're middle-aged, with outdated tricks and a potbelly, and it's six months 'til you can go sprain another ankle. Screw you. Oh, wait no, that's me. My mistake.

Richmond Indoor Park

The demise of the Projekt and Friction indoor parks left a wet hole in VanCity facilities, but a new indoor park is slated for Richmond. This time the facility will be supported by 2 distributors with deeper pockets, so it should live longer than a mayfly. It'll have 19,000 skatable square feet, plus a lobby and a shop with Phase 1 being a 12,000 sqft street park room and Phase II a 7000 sqft minirampt/Vert room. There's no ETA yet, as they don't want to rush it and have it be mediocre. Stay tuned to the Skate Spot and keep yer ear to the ground as the situation develops. In the meantime, back to the minis and parkades...

Indoor Miniramps

But fraaaap!! What wind from yon window breaks? 'Tis dawn, and minis are the sun! Wherefort art thou, Shred Shed? To be or not to be, that is the question; whether 'tis nobler to suffer the slams and arrows of outrageous Westbeach, or to take arms against Bombshell. To slide, perchance to dream...

Shred Shed, a/k/a the Cract Pipe; the longest

and probably the best, 136 Powell St.

Westbeach, nice 5' shop mini, 1766 West 4th

Bombshell, 4' steel shop mini, 3561 East
Hastings

Hastings **Parkades** are also quite fun, but keep in mind that this is trespassing, so wear pantyhose over your head.

Downtown Skate Plaza

Consultation for the formal design process has begun for the new park on the 29,000 sqft triangle under the Georgia Viaduct between Quebec, Union, and Expo Blvd. \$170,000 in City funds has been slated for the project, with construction due to begin in late February or early March. The project is intended to look and feel permanent and of high quality, although it may be moved or rebuilt elsewhere after the 2yr trial period. So far, the design has been moving away from your typical generic park to more specific, artier, more aesthetic paproach. The plaza may feel something like the Vancouver Art Gallery plaza, Hot Spot, New Spot, or Eaton's. D-Rock is making a proposal for an additional \$15,000 Community Public Art grant for a skatable sculpture to add

to the project's street cred, but the process is competitive, so there's no guarantee....

Skate Plaza Questionnaire:

1. What 8 obstacles do you most want in the new downtown park? (ie: hammer rail, gap, 5-set, granite ledge,etc)

2. What 3 words best describe your ideal park? (ie: simple, deluxe, street plaza, street plaza plus, obstacle park, etc)

plus, obstacle park, etc)

3. What kind of skateable public art object would you most like to see in the plaza? (modern sculpture, distorted picnic table, steel car, Love Park-style signage, etc)

4. Do you have any other comments regarding the park?

To answer these questions, make comments, or enclose sketches, send them "Attn: SkatePlaza" to:

1.City manager Mark Vulliamy: Fax 604.257.8365 or snailmail to 2099 Beach Avenue, Vancouver BC, V6G 1Z4.

2. Landscape architect Mark Van Der Zalm/ park designer Kyle Dion: Fax 604.882.0042 or email mark@vdz.ca.

According to Parks Board skate rep Lyndsay Poaps, a skatepark plan for the whole city is in the works, so more parks may soon be coming to the West Side, East Van, Kits, and who knows where.

Shred Shed Photo Gallery Fundraiser:

On Dec. 6, 50 skate and fine arts prints plus paintings, renderings, sculpture and what have you will be hanging at the Shred Shed. If you are a tortured artiste and want to participate, email organizer/photographer Vaughan Neville at focus_one@canada.com

Correction:

Last month's photo should have read "Johnny B footplants over a hip

B footplants over a hip @Hastings. Photo by Vaughan Neville". I blame Nerve "editor" Bradley Damsgaard, so send him h(sk)8 mail.

Monster Cookies Productions presents the fundraising preview of "\$k8 On" Nov. 8th @7 pm, at the Misanthropy gallery (440 W. Pender, rear entrance). It's "an urban investigation of the underground, looking at graf & skate culture, its patrons and saints." There are 3 screenings (8 pm, 9:30 pm, 11:30 pm), sliding scale \$5-\$5,000,000,000,000.

-D-Rock and Miss Kim. downspace@telus.net



ptical Nerve

Nerve-worthy Films New to DVD



Starring Philip Seymour Hoffman, John Hurt and Minnie Driver. Directed by Richard Kwietniowski.

of the things movie geeks like to do to differentiate themselves from the movie going "herd" is latch onto character actors. Often relegated to the "best friend" or "co-worker" or "child molester" role in big budget Hollywood films, the character actor is usually the most talented (though least photogenic) person on screen. On occasion, they get the chance to break out into a leading role in a more independent project.

Owning Mahowny is just such a film, and anyone who's excited about the prospect of Owning Mahowny is not likely excited about it's tense dramatization of bank fraud. Owning Mahowny fans are lining up because of three words: Philip Seymour Hoffman.

Hoffman, whose breakthrough was Paul Thomas Anderson's 1997 one-two punch of Hard Eight and Boogie Nights, has been enthralling audiences with a consistent string of remarkable supporting performances and character roles. Perhaps more skilled than any other working actor at capturing a genuine sense of pathos, Hoffman has become a critical favourite and cult icon while retaining a great deal of integrity

Recently, Hoffman has ventured into the realm of lead roles, appearing recently in Todd Louiso's criminally underseen *Love Liza* and now, his most complex role thus far, as fraudulent Toronto bank manager and gambling addict Dan Mahowny.

Mahowny is a classic Hoffman char-

acter; a non-descript, unassuming, average kind of guy who possesses a deep-seated, secret life. In the early 1980s, over the course of fifteen months, through a series of falsified documents, creative paperwork and outright lying, was able to use his position as Assistant Bank Manager to finance his gambling addiction.

Mahowny's fraud starts as a desperate act to pay off his bookie (well played by Maury Chaykin, sort of a Canadian version of Hoffman), and once he realizes what he's allowed to get away with, he uses his position of trust to hit Atlantic City. While Mahowny's machinations at the bank are interesting, and Hoffman shrewdly never plays it like something he's "getting away with", it's his time at the casino where the film really takes off. Mahowny goes from a mere faceless compulsive who shuffles through the casino a million times a day, to the kind of "whale" casinos break their backs to accommodate.

While Hoffman owns Mahowny, director Richard Kwietniowski is no slouch either, and the film shows marked improvement from his first feature, Love and Death on Long Island. While Love and Death seemed content simply to ride on the performance of its lead (John Hurt, who appears as casino manager Victor Foss); Owning Mahowny uses Hoffman's command of the screen to add dramatic weight to the story, and expand on its premise as it goes along. Both films focused on one man's compulsion, and both Hurt's Giles D'Eath in Love and Death and Hoffman's Mahowny were given to compulsion due to their insular environment, but Owning Mahowny is not just about one man's gambling joneses, nor is it simply a film about addiction in general. The film serves as a skillful treatise on all the enabling forces in our

The compulsive gambler (or the compulsive *anything*) who ignores everything but their addiction makes excellent dramatic fodder. It is the nature of compulsiveness to go and go and go until you can't go anymore. But there is a terrific moment late in the film where Hoffman merely suggests that he may be able to walk away. Here, *Owning Mahowny* takes on an entirely new level of ambition and becomes like the nerd version of Steven Spielberg's Catch Me If You Can, replacing Leo's jet-setting playboy with Hoffman's shy retiring bank manager, and incisively examining how trust can be manipulated.

The performances here are solid allaround, but it's undeniably The P.S. Hoffman show. Fans of in-depth character study are well advised to hedge their bets with Owning Mahowny

GURE

HE HOMAGE IS DEAD

As it has popped up in many discussions with my buddies as of late, the premise of homage and satire in the world of film has rapidly become the most derivative excuse to make a feature. Quentin Tarantino has done a lot for the Eurotrash film world INDIRECTLY through his own special brand of genre film and fandom, but man, it's a lot more fun to watch his "Rolling Thunder" releases than his high budget "best of" re-make KILL BILL VOL. 1. A good example of the "Tarantino effect" is watching how many times his name is dropped by Italian genre film directors who heard that Tarantino liked their films. I mean, yeah, as the population escalates and we begin the official stamped vicious circle of "art", we will begin to sit back and take cleaned up "homage", "satire," and "tributes" without even flicking an eyelid. If you want to do this shit, at least do it right. The world of Euro exploitation has a knack for making the most obscene "rip-offs" that entertain with over-the-top semi-complete irresponsibility or responsibility - depending upon how you watch the films.

In collector circles, the mighty Bruno Mattei is one of the most unbelievable directors of such schlock. Of course he has his own masterpieces of the horror and action genres, such as the classics RATS: NIGHTS OF TERROR (1985) and CANNIBAL APOCALYPSE (1980), but his most infamous films have to be the following:

CRUEL JAWS (1994)



For any fan of the first three IAWS films. CRUEL JAWS is nothing short of a phenome-I've non. already discussed this film in an earlier Nerve column, but the film, in this context, definitely needs mentioning again. Mattei has no qualms stealing direct lines from all of

the first three JAWS films, and makes mighty good use of the mechanical shark scenes leftover from Enzo Castellari's THE LAST SHARK (1980). Mattei focuses most of his attention on the amazing dialogue, the soundtrack clearly lifted from STAR WARS, a Hulk Hogan doppelganger, and a young girl's teeth that truly define the title "cruel jaws" Atrocity spectacle or masterpiece of visual arts? All I know is that I've watched this film with friends a lot more than the original Spielberg version.

SHOCKING DARK (1989)



Here Mattei combines not only creatures and scenarios that resemble the ALIEN films, but also an android character that has an amazing likeness to the TERMI-NATOR

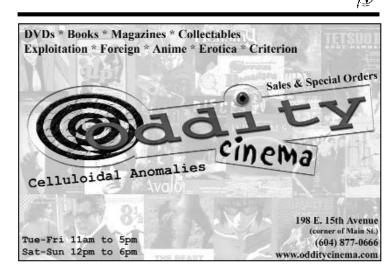
(hence the other alternate title TERMINA-TOR 2). Couple this with verbatim dialogue stolen from the ALIEN series (a la CRUEL JAWS), and you have another Mattei masterpiece to show your ALIEN movie fan friends. They should play this fucker at the theatre rather than that stupid ALIEN re-edit that's coming out.

ROBOWAR (1988)

This time, Mattei laid all his cards on the table and decided to combine PREDATOR with ROBOCOP. This film really hums and bleeps along as the rip-off robot walks around blowing everything up with his PREDATOR style laser gun. The actors are all over-the-top amazing, and perfectly matched line-for-line with their Hollywood counterparts. Plus it seems like the ammo never stops flying in ROBOWAR which is fine by me.

All in all, Bruno Mattei has an amazingly prolific history in the world of Eurotrash filmmaking. One of his biggest classics, HELL OF THE LIVING DEAD from 1981. (which boasts Goblin's DAWN OF THE DEAD soundtrack, stock footage, and some other familiar situations) was my first foray as a kid into the world of Italian zombie films, and I've never gone back since! - SINISTER SAM







Halloween Puzzle Page
Solve both puzzles and win a pair of tickets to Nashville Pussy at the Brickyard on Nov. 12th.

In Person: Bring your completed puzzles to the Nerve office weekdays between noon and 5pm

or you can mail them.

Our address is 508-825 Granville St. Vancouver, BC V6Z 1K9

Halloween

-bv Dan Scum

Across

- Lee Ving's band
- Engrave on a surface Lion from the Narnia chroni-
- 14. Wile E. Coyote's mail order
- 15. Brake component
- 16. Steal 17. Wrestlers
- 19. Jewish holiday
- Dave Osbourne
- 21. Dave Mustaine's band Mega
- 23. Tiger Gas Station (shittiest
- gas) 24. Ogler
- 26. Drive out
- 28. Halloween greeting 35. Ostralian Austrich
- 36. Hindquarters
- 37. Long for 38. Charged particles
- 40. Dirty political ad campaign43. Gillette razor
- 44. Ethnically divided North
- African nation
- 46. Grower's harvest 48. Best part of the plant
- 49. Dressed up kids looking for
- candy 53. Lotto game
- 54. Island
- 55. Bridge columnist Sharif
- 58. Ethnic eastern European
- 60. Heals or fixes _ "A place for 64. Tony ___
- ribs'
- 66. High interest cash advancer
- 68. Marc Crawford e.g. 69. Sole
- 70. NYPD Blue's Morales
- 71. Concur
- 72. Mike from Social D's loch

73. Dines Down

- 1 British smokes
- Shade of beige
- 3. What you might find in an

- 5. Foreigner's class " Olajuwon
- of the NBA

- 7. Nucleus 8. Past NRA president Charlton
- 9. Bum
- 10. Popeye's boy 11. Old school ounces of grass 12. Planet of the
- 13. Crazy Fiddling Roman
- emperor 18. Black comic Richard
- 22. Flower in Chinese
- 25. Female Sheep 27. James Bond or Austin
- Powers
- 28. Hijacking style
- robbery 29. French Love
- 30. French Monday
- 31. Not limp 32. Starbucks item
- 33. Mistake
- 34. Goes off the deep end
- 39. Field Day Event
- 41. Airport Level 42. Varieties of fish
- eggs 45. Sprtng gds mnfc-
- 47. Tropical trees
- 50. Switch positions
- 51. Type of deodor-
- 52. Little giggle

- sound 55. Killer Whale
- 56. Oilers goaltending legend Andy (#35)
- 57. Management company being sued by Nickleback
- 59. Top notch
- 61. Space agency 62. Grandparent's curse word
- 63. Cross-country or downhill
- 65. He's opposite
- 67. New York State

Last Issue's Solution:



Halloween Word Search

huge halloween party costume cardboard beer boxes drinkino heavy firecrackers burned fingers exploding pumpkins cops arrive leave more liquor

fall

down

stairs

bloody

stewardess

makeout

dead

flirt

cheerleader buy mushrooms from skeleton bad

wakeun backyard garden again shit.

pumpkinsexob 0 рs ekawbbif romofi u С d e a d tuoe kamdik р h ldrayk С a b uwnx а **†**. i r С chcy d 0 lbgf е 0 d t d е us s е W a r s s n е r m o У r 1 r f W v х t x r o i onc0 ladl apus b s uоe f b i +. n o e t 1 е y m е k krddqwdaro е i hrs ieisdpatigr q f n sazledidenrub i guglsnnjhwrhdsc р mahqqvzqaeozoe m С fivuzahrpwomvf i rtnbcayjcnniwp



STROY YOUR FUCKING NIND.

Max Payne 2: The fall of Max Payne

Developer: Remedy Publisher: RockStar Games Platform: PC

Rating: Mature Web: Rockstargames.com

he Fall of Max Payne plays, once again, like a film noir. Max rejoins the NYPD and is back on the beat. But the story gets complicated from there on in; tits, Russian mobsters, mascots, and some other very weird shit. There's Mona Sax, a femme fatale that Max wants to get it on with, and then there's pretty much just the countless corpses that Payne leaves behind, face down in their own blood.

Max Payne 2 delivers the goods and then some. Remedy hasn't really included anything new to this sequel, but they made the things that we are familiar with better. The graphics are fuckin' amazing. Everything from the NY interiors to the collateral damage is just pimp. The sound is perfect, from the shells hitting the floor to the thump of bodies falling on the asphalt. Max looks older and more

worn out. Along with the many enhancements, we get an improved bullet-time effect. If Payne runs out of ammo while in the John Woo moment, he does this crazy 360° move and reloads or changes his guns in order to kick some more fuckin' ass.

The ragdoll physics are just amazing and the Havok engine is pimp. If you throw a grenade into a room full of baddies, just watch everything and everyone get tossed around. It looks like a million bucks. Ok, the only gripe that I have with Max 2 is its length. It's a tad bit short. Remedy sure packed lots of goodies into those 2 disks, and some of that shit is very addictive, but the game doesn't have much replay value. Not that Max is not fun, the game is beyond fun, it's just too fuckin' short.

Adler Floyd

Eye Candy: 5 Tunes: 5

Gameplay: 5

Chill Factor: 4.5 Verdict: Max Payne 2 brings to the table total motherfuckin' action. Get it

or get shot in the face!



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Friday, Nov.21st @ the Cabalt w/ the Excessives



This intest 7 song release Originally released in from Knuddeheed includes 1998 on Far Out Records the video for Plight of the . It long since sold out, this Living Deed Amore...



LITTLE MOTS CO is a Knudishesi desid



2001 by the band, this cold shum prompting our repress of it.

MI, LINGSBOT BEGERSES ME AMALANE AT A FINE BESIDED STUDE WEAR or by mail-order directly from Leoguhot: CD:=\$12, CD E7:=\$7 (ports)



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12 anthonic pank classics to be taling stories from the streets and alleys of any given dity...

This is a powerful 3-place w/ former GLORY STOMPERS and SUBWAY THUGS frontman Greg leading the charge?

LONGSHOT

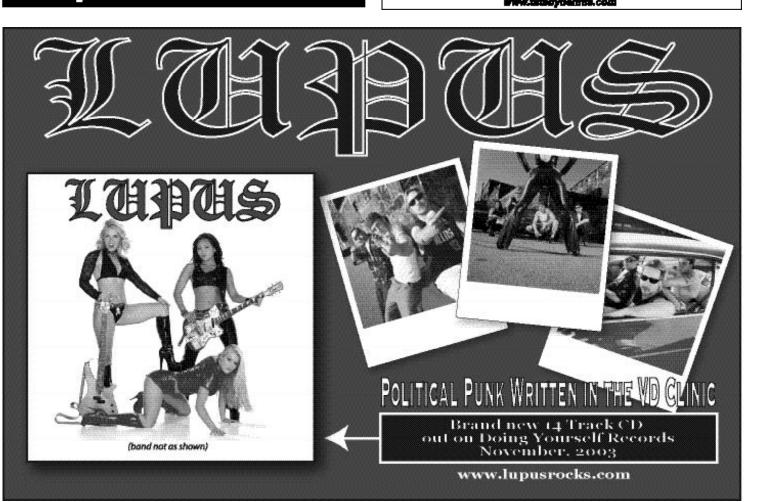
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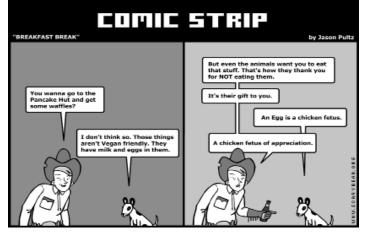
















neryeland



Interracial Nation 2 Director: Mark Wood. Starring: Cailey Taylor, Billy Banks. Jessica Darlin. Darren James.

of studded bras and very high heels. This flick has a lesbo scene, but I was expecting more from Strawberry Delight, too slow and predictable. Strawberry Delight has another scene though where she gets it on with two guys. It's a pretty good scene.

There is no plot to this film. It acts more as a showcase for Quebecois girls. Those who are into bondage fashions will like this movie. It's a bit too low quality for me even though the DVD did have outtakes showing some of the makings of the scenes.



Seduce And Destroy Jim Director: Enright Starring: Shanna McCullough, Nici Sterling, Chloe Toni James Johnny Black, T.T Boy, Tony Tedeschi, Peter North, Brac Armstrong, Vince Vouyer, Claudio Wylde Oscar.

Wood Bangin' In Da Hood' comes the flipside..." Classy right from the opening scene, these white girls get down and dirty. The first girl gets it in every hole and, man, is she a screamer. At times she sounds like a whimpering puppy, then she appears possessed by a screaming banshee! She has reason to scream, though, because that's one MOTHER of a black cock she gets skewered with. The second girl, "Katrina" is funny.

The intro states: "From the maker of 'Mark

She doesn't even know what movie she's fucking for. She thinks it's for Interracial, um... America? Oh well, everyone has a confused day at work every now and then. She's young, 18, and from Riverside, yeah, she looks like a white trash hoe, but I'm not complaining. This chick has her tongue pierced and one of her pussy lips pierced. She's pretty hot.

I know there's the stereotype that black guys have big cocks, but it's cheating when you totally shave the 'old Johnson' like the second guy in this film. When Ron Jeremy was in Vancouver a little over a year ago, he said that you can tell the difference between movies made in the 70's from those made more recently due to the bush or lack thereof. Even though I think it's cheating for a guy to shave it to make it look bigger, female bush has become almost extinct over the past years, and the male bush is also climbing the endangered species list.

This movie is good in a ghetto kind of way. Slutty girls who crave big cocks is a good thing, but, alas, no real plot to support this impulse item.



Québec Superstars: Uncut

Director: Starring: Marie Lou, Nancy, Sherry Lipps, Strawberry Delight, and Jerebelle.

Quebec is very culturally different from the rest of the provinces. Anyone who has been there, and has frequented their nightlife, will tell you that french chicks are cheap, dirty sluts... and if they argue, you can say Quebec Superstars: Uncut told you so.

This film has a plain hand-held camera look to it, something typical of many Canadian movies, mainstream and other. To go with the gritty style, this movie focuses on leather bondage and fetish wear. There are lots film has to offer. Seduce And Destroy is an action packed sexual adventure with spies stunts, espionage, and, of course, fucking. It has all the qualities of a James Bond movie the only difference is that the special agent is a The viewer is thrust right into the

The large all-star cast only hints at what this

action in the opening scene. A group of guys skydive out of a plane right above a yacht full of beautiful women, but only one of them lands next to the boat. This skydiver turns out to be the 'James Bond' character of this action adventure!

This is a quality film that actually has a plot and a script! The script was written by George Kaplan, and is quite entertaining This movie also delivers visually, as huge mansions and different exotic locations are used. The sex scenes offer a variety too. There is some double penetration thrown in with the regular fucking to show that this movie is not just plot driven.

This movie has it all: fast boats, fast cars, and even faster women. I was thoroughly entertained by this movie and I think that director Jim Enright did a fairly good job keeping the story on track. In a world full of bad porno movies, this one has seduced and destroyed its competition.... and for that I recommend it.

Thanks for joining me for yet another month as we all prepare for the winter holidays coming up. In one of the reviews above, I mentioned the shaving of genitals vs. non-shaving Nerve's Smut Ranch would like to take a sur vey of what you, the readers, think about this to shave, or not to shave? that is the question If you could please e-mail us your preference shaved, or non-shaved to the address provided below, and include whether you are male or female. Hope to hear form all of you!

> -Max Crown smutranch@thenervemagazine.com





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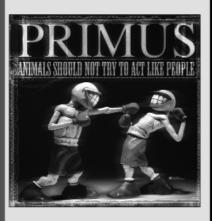


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