

Death By Stereo

Turbonegro

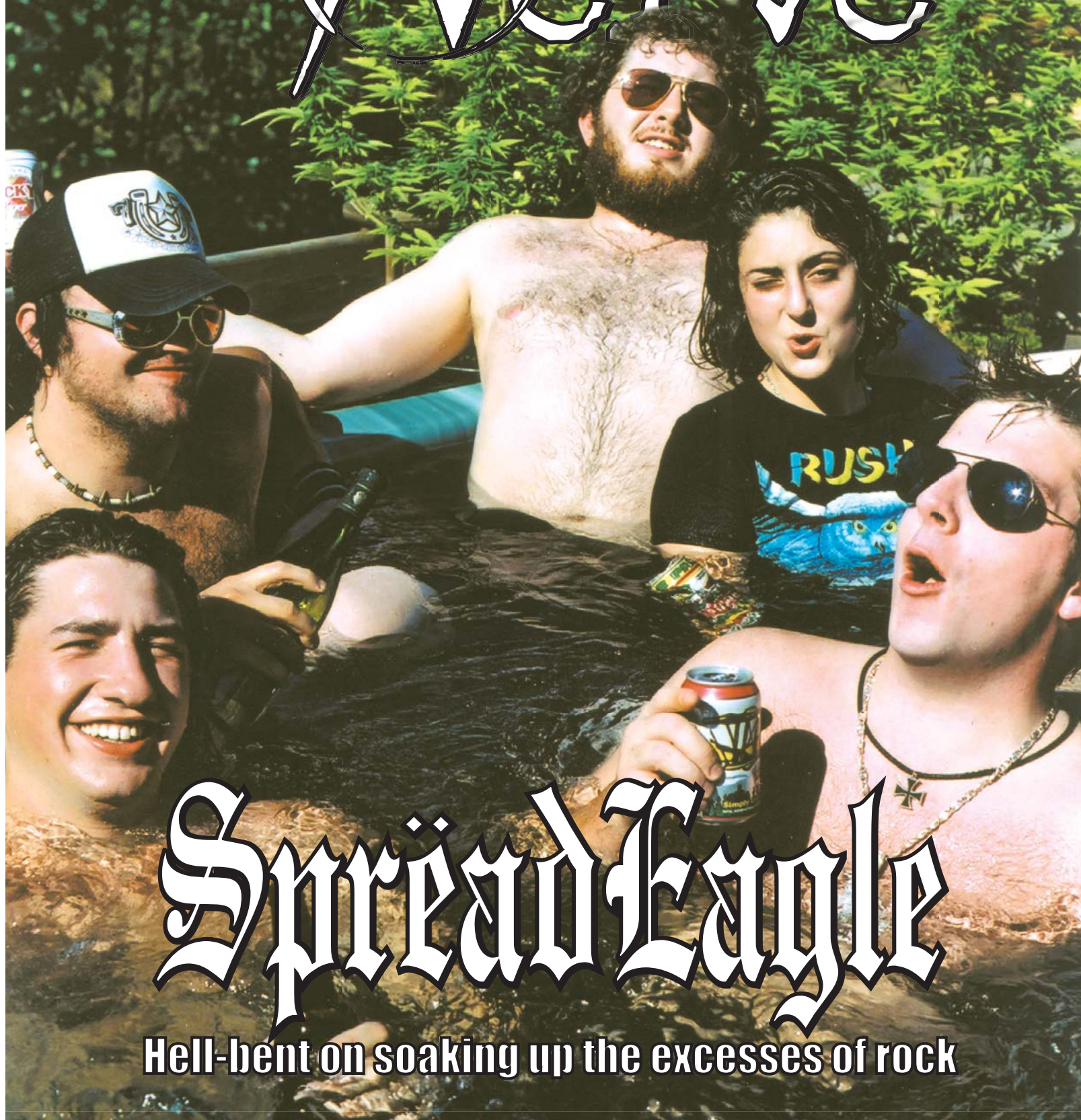
Naughty Camp 2003

Raised Fist

Vol. 4 No. 10  
October 2003  
Issue #32

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# The A Verve



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**11**  
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w/ **THE WOLF**

**13**  
**campus night**  
LIVE TUNES

**14**  
**TWONIE TUESDAYS**  
CHEAP DRINKS & GROOVES

**15**  
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w/ the Sugar Beat Technologists

HOUSE-TECHNO-FUNKY BEATS

**16**  
**Inject**  
LIVE TRANCESTRONICA

**17**  
**THE MASSES**  
LIVE FUNKTRONICA

**18**  
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**19**  
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Los Angeles  
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**21**  
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**24** Discover Entertainment Presents  
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w/ **THE WOLF**

**27**  
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w/ the Sugar Beat Technologists

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## MUSIC



8-Ball of SpreadEagle look-  
ing suspiciously well fed...  
Adrian? Are you in there?

### Incoming

Turbonegro  
Death by Stereo

### Naughty Camp

Behind the scenes  
2003 Awards

### Northwest Rock Files

### Casey's Q & A

### Recipe for Disaster

### Live wires

### Off the Record

Now that the Halos are back together, Billy Hopeless  
is looking to renegotiate his Nerve contract. Thus he  
won't be writing his column until our union busters  
beat some sense into that Commie bastard.

## Cover Story

### SprëadEagle

After spening the day with  
the boys from Mission,  
Adrian Mack is off on dis-  
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UNCENSORED!  
Viewer Discretion Advised

# Cheap Shotz

This month's Cheap Shotz  
salutes the brightest and  
bravest of punk rock by  
presenting: The first annu-  
al Naughty Camp 2003  
awards

### By Sarah Rowland

**Best Crack:** Bosh from Hi-Test. But he had  
some pretty stiff competition. Uncle Anus from  
Toronto's Dirty Bird wanted to walk away with  
this title. Either that or he had a piece of pop-  
corn stuck in his cornhole. For whatever rea-  
son, he insisted on flossing his ass with the  
communal mike chord.

**Best Rack:** NC chief of staff, Kelly  
Drinkwater. They weren't the biggest swingin'  
udders on the farm, but they're natch and hold-  
ing up quite nicely. Elizabeth Hurley comes to  
mind.

**Best reason to periodically check for  
Naughty ticks:** Jesse Birch's beard. Still not  
sure if the lead singer from Cum Soc is using  
his facial fur to smuggle weapons of mass  
destruction into the Holy Land or just pullin' a  
Cat Stevens?

**Best Lyric:** "I don't care if we fuck or fight  
tonight!"—Red Hot Lovers. Something about  
that sentiment made me miss my oldman.

**Best line:** "He's got a kid and no home. He  
treats his crack addiction with heroin but he's  
still the best drummer you'll ever hear"—  
Matthew Russell of the Kidnappers talking

about his former bandmate.

**Best Idea:** Jason LeBlanc's decision not to  
share the stage with his bandmates in Cum Soc  
who were too wasted to rise to the occasion of  
headlining.

**Best man vs. Animal showdown:** Creepy and  
the Duck on the Coquihalla. For those keepin'  
score: that's two for bird and zero for Creepy.

**Naughty Champ:** Eddie Anarchy. The rock  
stocker from Edmonchuk is probably still wan-  
dering the streets of Peachland looking for  
more bands.

**Naughty Chump:** Grumpy soundman. Dude,  
you're mixing in a barn, not Carnegie fuckin'  
Hall. Don't be so serious.

**Best loss of bowel control:** Out of respect to  
his family, we'll just call him Lou S. Bowels.  
Yah, some shitbag finally dethroned the 2001  
victor. (Again, out of respect to his loved ones,  
Mt. Currie's defecating titleholder shall remain  
nameless.)

**Sexiest on-stage chemistry:** Danny Danger  
and Randy Romance of the Red Hot lovers.  
Not since Mick and Keith circa *Cocksucker  
Blues*, has there been a hotter guitar/ singer  
combination.

*The Nerve Academy would like to acknowledge  
the McKagues for realizing their land has a  
higher purpose and give props to Bolsheviks  
guitarist, Adam Payne, for pulling off Naughty  
Camp 2003. Acting as the middle man between  
Creepy and the civilized world, Payne man-  
aged to do what few thought possible. For the  
full story, turn to page 16.*



# Casey's Q & A

What was your most memorable  
Halloween Costume?



### Al Camino from Les Tabernacles

"This one time in junior high I went as a  
grandma. The bad part was i was taking a  
piss at the urinal and hiked up my dress and  
dropped my reading glasses in there. I had  
to retrieve them because they belonged to  
my friend."

### Jonathan Cummins from Bionic

"Last year we dressed up as the  
Norwegian death metal band, Mayhem.  
We used lots of blood capsules that night."

### Minty Delicious from Red Hot Lovers

"In grade six, I made a godzilla costume  
out of green foam ...I looked like a huge  
cucumber, really."

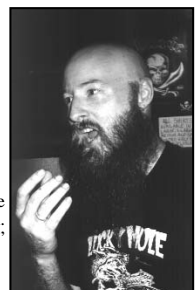


### Lucas Jones from the Electric Eye

"In 1999 my roommate, Carrie, and I  
dressed up like Milli Vanilli. I was the  
dead one! That was the first time I  
wore spandex."

### Bill Heatherington from the Neckers

"My mum dressed me up as Charlie  
Chaplin when I was six or seven. That  
was pretty cool."





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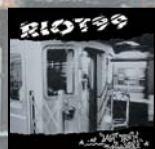
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THE NEW BREED  
'PORT CITY REBELS' CD EP



KNUCKLEHEAD  
'HOSTAGE RADIO' CD EP



RIOT99  
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THE EXCESSIVES  
'S/T' CD



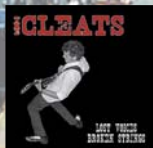
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'BASTARD RADIO' CD



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## Recipe for Disaster!

By Sarah Rowland

James Farwell suffers from a bad case of post-tour-depression. His band S.T.R.E.E.T.S just spent two months on the road in support of their debut skate punk/metal album, *Bobognarnar*.

"I'm in a pit of despair and sorrow," says the singer/guitarist. He's hackin' a butt on his porch as he waits for the tofu steaks to marinate. "I got used to every day; getting up, getting drunk and playing my guitar and now I have to get a job."

Despite his all-encompassing depression, he agrees to cook one of his favourite vegetarian dishes, Tofu Steaks Gnarnar with his signature mashed potatoes. He used to be vegan but, trying to find cheeseless pizza slices at three in the morning proved to be too much of a hassle. He says the mere fact that he cares about what he puts in his cakehole is a surprise to some, considering his financial status.

"Don't get me wrong, I'm a total fuckin' skid," admits the 31-year-old skater,

who is scarred with "ganks and danks", which he defines as cop-inflicted and or skateboarding injuries. "But I just can't eat garbage because I wreck my body enough with booze, smokes and other things."

One of the "things" he recently did to his vessel was ride the roof a friend's car, resulting in a monster scab over his right eye and possibly a cracked rib. Even though his mental and physical health weren't up to par, he still made kick-ass dinner. In fact, he scored a perfect five out of five Nerve stars. Best mashers I've ever had the pleasure to scarf down and Farwell's hospitality, humour and Pacific Pilsner made the grits just that much better. (By the way, if the Pacific Pilsner marketing department is reading this, S.T.R.E.E.T.S is looking for a new sponsor). My only criticism is he didn't know who Mike Reno is???



### Tofu Steaks Gnarnar

#### Marinade:

Soy sauce  
Red wine (if your roommate was careless enough to leave an open bottle lying around)  
Fresh lime juice  
1/2 finely sliced bulb of garlic.  
Cock sauce (Spiracha hot chili sauce)  
Olive oil  
Worcestershire sauce (Safeway brand coz it doesn't have any sardines)  
Pacific Pilsner  
\*All to taste

#### Potatos

1 Dozen mushrooms  
6 potatoes  
1 large leek  
Olive oil  
1/2 finely sliced bulb of garlic  
Soya Milk  
Butter  
Salt to taste  
Pacific Pilsner

### DIRECTIONS

-Mix together first eight ingredients  
-Fork lots of holes in 1/2 inch thick tofu steaks and place in marinade (very important so tofu is hydrated with marinade and won't burn)  
-Refrigerate for 6 hours (ideally), but you don't have the foresight to plan your menu, just add sauce and cook)  
-Meanwhile cut potatoes small and put in boiling water  
-Slice-up leek and mushrooms and sauté in olive oil, salt and garlic and Pacific Pilsner.  
-Strain cooked potatoes and mash in pot with sauté mixture and set aside  
-Crank heat and pour 1/3 of marinade and place steaks in mushroom/leek residue and cook for twenty minutes, adding portions of remaining marinade periodically.  
-When steaks are crispy and brownish black, serve with a side of potatoes

Total cost: \$5 (not including sauces)  
Total prep time: 30 mins. (not including marinade hours)  
Special tip: "Don't clean the mushrooms, because we eat shit twice every day anyway"

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- 4th Crystal Pistol and guests
- 8th Mr. Airplane Man, Clover Honey and Kick In The Eye
- 9th S.T.R.E.E.T.S., The Bitchin' Camero's and guests
- 10th Broadcast Oblivion, Despistado and The Charming Snakes
- 11th Gorky's Zygotic Minci and guests
- 12th Richard Devine, Phoenecia and Otto Von Schirach
- 15th The Demolition Doll Rods, Sweet Fuck All and guests
- 16th Junction 18, Weak At Best and guests
- 17th The Buttless Chaps. The Gay and The Ramblin Ambassadors
- 18th Spread Eagle, The Girls and Hi-Test
- 22nd Sharp Teeth, Blacklist and guests
- 23rd Leeroy Stagger, The No No Spots and Grace Nocturnal
- 24th Raised Fist, 21st Blow and guests
- 25th All State Champion and guests
- 26th Death By Stereo, Himsa and Side 67
- 29th The Dears and Pilate
- 30th Threat From Outer Space
- 31st Three Inches of Blood, Goat's Blood and guests

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 ON THE STAGE SOUTH  
 CO'ESSENT TO THAN  
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 ESENT HE HE  
 PRESENT ESENT SAA  
 PRESENT MAY MAY"

★ A PORTION OF THE PROCEEDS EARNED  
 BY THE ARTIST AND SUB CITY FROM THE  
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 TO THE PLEA FOR PEACE FOUNDATION.

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# Torn Between Two Cities

by **Christeen Aebi**

Seems to me there's some kind of uncanny parallel/opposite-type universe of Rock, a synchronicity, happening between Portland, Oregon, and Vancouver, B.C. Geographically, Portland has the West Hills and the Willamette River, which pale in comparison to the vista of English Bay and the Coast Range; not to mention, our optional-nudie Sauvie Island river respite cannot approach the infamy of Wreck Beach.

Of course, we've sent marauding invaders of raunch-and-roll back and forth over the border these past couple of decades, upping the ante of the dirty lowdown of sound. Much of the PDX scene was distilled in the then-decaying haunts of our Old Town, and Vancouver's Gastown provided a similar breeding ground. As overly made-up, punk-ass teenyboppers, we swilled booze at PDX Chinatown's Hung Far Low while Vancouver's primal punks were taking over the Smilin' Buddha [a cross between the Pic and the Cobalt, located on East Hastings in the early 90s]. Dennis Hopper has long been a huge fan of the killer punk rock 'n' roll coming from both our burgs. Hopper put the Pointed Sticks in his own film, *Out of the Blue*, and insisted that the Wipers (the Portland band that made Kurt Cobain wanna rock out) be on the soundtrack for the classic teen-fuckup movie, *River's Edge*. Two of the anthems howled by those in attendance at gigs by our "rock church," the legendary Dead Moon, are titled "D.O.A." and "54/40 or Fight."

Recreational habits also converge.

Portland rockers guzzle the ever-crappy and supercheap Pabst Blue Ribbon, and you have your delectable Kokanee, [*Music ed: um... actually, that's one of our high-end brews*], best served at car-trunk temperature in the wee hours, after enduring unsatisfactory delivery time by those crafty B.C. bootleggers. While you-all have "decriminalization," we have "medical marijuana" (at least, according to the voters, but maybe not law enforcement and the judiciary). And though Vancouver used to hold the title of "Highest Number of Strip Clubs per Citizen," it is widely known that PDX vanquished your right to that claim some years back. Portland has amazing community and college radio, KBOO 90.7 FM and KPSU 1450 AM, and lucky Vancouver has UBC's CTR 101.9 FM. You have Fireball Productions; we have the Fireballs of Freedom.

Which brings me to my bitchin' point: You keep stealing our band names! I've had a Runaways tribute band called Cherry Bomb since 1996, and lately the 'Couv has had some 3-piece ACOUSTIC (!!!) chick lineup using *our* name! We have the Neins, you have a Neins. We have The Gays, you have The Gay. You have some Denim Demons, we have some Denim Demons. We have Starantula—you have I, Braineater (but I digress). We have Christeen, you have Canada Jones [not to be confused with Danko Jones]. You have the Jaks; we have the Jaks. (God help us all!)

But it's OK, Vancouver, because we can still be friends. It's meant to be, don'tcha know? I mean, look how much we have in



[left to right:] The Great Baldini, Randy Rampage, Devil Girl, Cy Stanger, Christeen Aebi, Bob Cutler, Joey Shithead, Tim the D.O.A. Roadie.

photo: Jaki Cunha

common—how could we *not* feel a kindred Rock spirit? So many of us have found each other already. Odds are great that every time I visit Terminal City, I will run into yet another familiar, formerly blurry face that's crashed on my floor, on the couch, in the practice room or basement, or in a chair with a bottle of rum in hand, lung-butter floaties and all. (Hello, Paul McKenzie!) Any number of Vancouver

bands—brand-spankin' new, or time-encrusted—has stayed at Christeen's (Aging) Rock Youth Hostel. And a good number of yourselves have been kind enough to lend me a corner of the floor or a spare room, during my Great Northern Adventures. ...

See you at the pub! (Your town or mine?)



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# Turbonegro

The Norwegian disseminators of deathpunk are doing the impossible: maintaining cult status while stockpiling heaps of Kroner from sold-out shows and reissued LPs. Good for them. Shitty for me, because I have to come up with questions they haven't been asked a hundred times before in countless metal and punk fanzines. Thankfully, the band's bassist, lyricist and mastermind, Happy-Tom, points me in the right direction by letting me know what *not* to ask.

By Sarah Rowland

"I'm most sick of being asked about the homo thing and the 'Can I have sex with you' question is getting pretty tiring," he says during a phone interview after sound-check for their Toronto show.

Scratching out questions two and three, I skip to lucky number four: Are you surprised that Slurpee-addled MTV-dependent North American kids can relate to homoerotic Norwegian deathpunk?

"Who would have expected that?" he asks. "We've never been big careerists and never had any strategy. We've done everything wrong and some of that turned out to be some-

**It's almost turned into a Jonestown and Manson thing, it just started out as a joke. We made these diplomas that just said Turbojugend member. We gave them out to good friends, bars and people that did us favours...î**  
**Happy-Tom talking about the fan club.**

thing good in the long run."

Yap, it turns out that breaking up was the best career move the sextet could have made. Fans got lazy. They just took for granted that after putting out (arguably) two of the most important European LPs in the 90s, *Ass Cobra* and *Apocalypse Dudes*, that the group would want to stick around to reap, snort and shoot up the benefits of rock decadence. Wrong.

In 1998, they called it quits and did the unthinkable. They got day jobs. Even singer Hank Von Helvete, who lives with his own personal *Bell Jar* hovering over his Lincoln lid, opted for a steady income. But while the Scandinavian answer to a modern-day metal Village People kept to their nine-to-five grind, an all-star cast of American musicians put together a tribute album, *Alpha Motherfuckers*. Around the same time, countless tribute acts kicked out their best Levis Strauss threads all over the world to play covers of their beloved, including Vancouver's own Denim Demons.

"That's one of the reasons we got back together: because of the fans," says Happy-Tom. "We thought we were going to be forgotten and after a couple years nobody would remember us, but instead it just exploded."

The Turbo-deprived disciples exemplified the type of extreme devotion normally reserved for world beat gods and

reality show castaways. Happy-Tom rationalizes the Turbo-phenomenon as merely a reflection of the band's excesses. "We're not into nuances ourselves," says the man who gussies into an effeminate sailor boy get-up every time he hits the stage. "There aren't many grey zones in our world."

And their fan club mirrors that. Turbojugend is obsessive even by fan-club standards. According to the official web site, there are over a 100 chapters pledging allegiance to Happy-Tom and Co., including a four-member subdivision in Baghdad—not even enough members to form a cover band, but it's still impressive. After all, how many Scandinavian quasi-

drag punk/metal bands can boast representation in the Middle East?

"It's almost turned into a Jonestown and Manson thing," says the succinct, quick-witted musician. "It just started out as a joke. We made these diplomas that just said Turbojugend member. We gave them out to good friends, bars and people that did us favours on the road."

Since then, Von Helvete estimates that Turbojugend has swelled to 10 000 members. But even with so many devoted Turbo minions, the group still had one last hurdle to clear when they released their latest LP, *Scandinavian Leather*. With two critically acclaimed albums under their studded belts, Turbo's previous successes became their worst enemy when it came to review time.

"Yah, that's a problem. Our record isn't compared to other records that came out that same month; it's compared to a record we put out five years ago. I mean, that's our price for being in the world's best rock 'n' roll band," he says dismissively.

"The last one before that, *Apocalypse Dudes*, really grew on everybody and so everybody's comparing the new one to that and they're two different records. I think our latest is our best record. I think it's the most focused one and the most

grandiose one, in a way."

An example of that extravagance can be heard at the beginning of *Scandinavian Leather*, which has the same type of ethereal, mythical, whispery narrative intro as *Apocalypse Dudes*.

The rest of the LP predictability rocks. The last track, "Ride with Us" borrows a page from the Euro book of devil-fisting rock riffs. Fair enough. They practically invented it with "The Age of Pamparius" back in '98. For the fourth song, Von Helvete takes his magician's top hat off to the Ramones' "Hey Ho" upbeat lyrical filler in "Turbonegro Must Be Destroyed" when they chant "No, No, No" in the same kind of campy cheerlead. Nothing to be ashamed about there either 'cause unlike some groups that overextend their influences, Turbonegro doesn't sound like a clumsy tribute to its predecessors. Instead, they sutra their persuasions tightly. In short, Turbonegro is just a fuckin' wicked band.

The only disappointment may be for fans of reach-around rock. The group doesn't seem nearly as ass-obsessed. Oh sure, they touch on bleeding sphincters in "Turbonegro Must Be Destroyed", but for the most part, their asses just aren't in it.

"We matured," admits Happy-Tom. "It's a more negative record in a way. It's not a record where we're, like, foolin' around having fun... it's just like this beautiful fountain of negativity."

So what does a man who writes lyrics that celebrate life's cascading river of darkness listen to on his days off? Why he listens to Hans Fenger's Langley Youth Project, of course.

"I love it. I think it's real scary like the "Desperado" cover," he says about the 1976 recording of disadvantaged elementary students in a school gym performing their favourite hits on a two-track. "It's really dark. I can envision these kids growing up in a poor area of British Columbia. It's just really touching and I think it's really dark and scary in a way. It's just got this nerve that I haven't heard on any other music in my life."

In keeping with the festive season, I thought I'd end the interview by asking Happy-Tom how the purveyors of deathpunk celebrate October 31, to which he quips, "We do like everybody else and dress up like the Misfits."

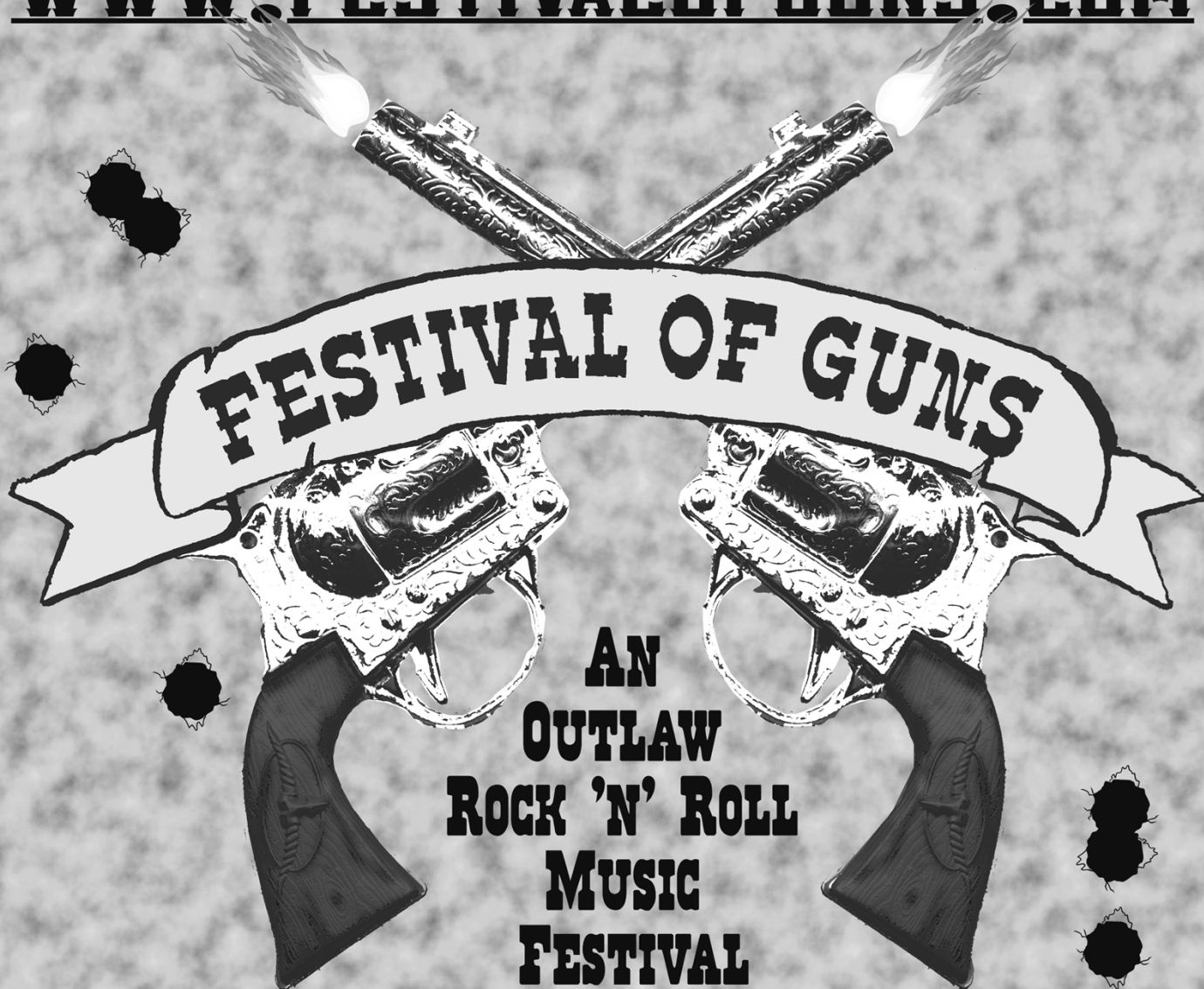
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# Death by Stereo

I'm talking to Efreem Schulz, singer of So-Cal punk-metalers Death by Stereo, while their tour van hurtles down the free-way somewhere en-route to Chicago. The five-piece are on the road in support of their second album, *Into the Valley of Death*.

**By J. Pee Patchez**

## How's the tour going?

It's a lot of fun. There's been a good amount of nudity on this tour. Getting naked a lot during the Thursday's set trying to distract them while their playing.

## Describe your sound.

We're kind of like a metal influenced punk band. A thrash kind of thing, ya know? We try and stay away from labels 'cause we think it's kind of limiting. Terms like "metal-core", we get called that stuff a lot, and I don't think we sound like those bands. Don't get me wrong, I love that stuff. I just don't think we sound like



photo: Dan Morick

that. I'd say we relate more to some of the late-80s-early-90s thrash bands, crossover stuff [such as] DRI and stuff like that.

## The new album sounds more straightforward and not as eclectic as the first.

We tried to focus more on what was good for the song as opposed to just the part. Our earlier stuff was way all over the place. But I do think, on this record, we went beyond our previous boundaries. If we had heavy parts, we

said, 'How can we make them heavier, the melodic parts more melodic, and how can we tie them together to make them fit into each other better.' I think the new record sounds like where we've been trying to get to for a long time.

## You guys made the move up to Epitaph with the new album, yet still opted to self-produce it, why?

Number one, it's a hell of a lot cheaper.

Number two, we've always done everything with Paul [Miner]. We just figured we got to where we were doing everything with Paul, so why change it? I couldn't think of a better guy to know what we want than our own bass player. With every record Paul gets better and he really out-did himself this time.

## Has the current political climate in America made you harden your stance, or think twice about what you say?

If anything, it's hardened our stance... and definitely next time we make a record, I'm preparing to have an all-out assault and just fight it with everything we've got. It's just getting more conservative and more scary.

## You guys are playing the Brickyard Sunday, Oct 26 in Vancouver. Any threats or promises for Vancouver?

We are hoping to raise the bar from the last time we were there, and the last time we were there, we had a blast! I'd love to give a shout out to all the people of Vancouver because the last time we couldn't believe how well received we were and how cool everyone was. And there was a band we played with called Sidesixtyseven, who I'd like to give a shout out to... I love those guys!

Death by Stereo will hit Calgary Saturday 25<sup>th</sup> of October at the Warehouse for an early all-ages gig and later that night a 19+ at the Black Swan.



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# SprëadEagle: Born to Rock



Juan Badmutha  
Singer

Mattias Stabz  
Leadz

Oke-Leigh Blades  
Drums

Donnie James Rio  
Rhythm?/Vocals

8-Ball  
Bass/Player

By Adrian Mack

"Manowar is a way of life!!" announces 8-Ball as he emerges from my bathroom, having pissed all over the toilet seat, the floor and his shoes. 8-Ball is the most outspoken of the three members of SprëadEagle who I foolishly invited into my home after an incident at the Fairview Pub on Broadway. We were all gasping for a cigarette and Mattias Stabz, already pretty legless from the night before (the night before having lasted about six years now) was throwing darts at the Barmaid until some old red-faced Bulldog from the office took us on and then out.

Outside, blinded by the sun on Broadway, I suggest repairing to my apartment where we could smoke like Free Men and where I, though I don't say this obviously, might finally establish a psychological advantage over these quasi-criminal reprobates.

Donnie James Rio is with us too. Initially the softest touch out of the three of them, he will later turn on me as our chemical descent gradually peels away all the polite back and forth and I see SprëadEagle as God really made them. More about that later, but 'til then, let me just say that few things have chilled me as quickly and comprehensively as one irritated glance from those sheep killing eyes.

SprëadEagle are on the verge of releasing their debut self-titled album on Nerve Records, though I've been instructed by Music Editor Sarah Rowland to concentrate on the negative since she feels that these lunatics have been given too much power already. Dutifully, I ask them to dish some dirt on Jay Solyom, erstwhile producer of everything good in Vancouver presently.

"Well," offers Donnie, "he's a neat freak... but then so am I, so that's probably why I noticed that." I mention that I couldn't get Jay to say anything bad about them either and they all just look at me, each nodding his head slowly in unison with the others. The message is clear: Jay is too frightened to say anything. If I'm smart, I won't say anything either. In short, I should consider myself lucky that, so far, all they've done is piss all over my things, though I should mention that OCD Donnie was careful to lift the seat and hit the target every time.

How about Brad (Damsgaard, Nerve Editor, founder of Nerve Records), I ask, is he acting as your manager?

"He's acting like a fuckin' jerk!" exclaims 8-Ball, who goes on to tell me about some sensitive photos that Damsgaard has consigned to a safety deposit box, somewhere. All I can say is that they're related to the cover of the album and that they feature a friend of the band, Meghan. My own lurid inquiries about Meghan leads to more scary stonewalling from Donnie. "She's a friend" he says, directly. Then he gives me that ungodly stare for the first time.

\*\*\*\*\*

8-Ball: "Vancouver and BC in general has a pretty rich musical history. I remember being little, before my testes were refined, I thought Bryan Adams was pretty shit hot."

"Did you say testes?" I ask, distracted.

"I like Bruce Allen," continues 8-Ball, thoughtfully, "I'm not sure who he is or what he does but I listen to Rockline when I can because he's such an asshole."

"Can we smoke dope?" asks someone - I don't know who because I've been smoking weed since we got here, trying to calm my nerves - "Uh, yeah..." I reply, puzzled by this solitary moment of etiquette.

I ask about the new record, mentioning that I found it pretty groovy.

Donnie: "I don't wanna sound like a queer or nothing, but I think the groooooove," and he says groove like that: "groooooove"...proving he knows what he's talking about, "...the groove is probably the most important thing. I don't care how many cool technical riffs you can pull together... the seventies had a lot of groooooove".

Was that the best decade for music, SprëadEagle? Sixties...seventies....

Donnie: "Seventies."

Mattias: "Maybe the early Eighties."

Donnie: "But then Slayer existed in their prime in the eighties."

8-Ball: "Yeah, there's a lot that's rad in the 80s"

Mattias: "Slayer has no groooooove!"

Donnie: "I don't know about that... It depends on what kind of groove. Sexy Groooooove? No. But circle pit groooooove? It's got it all."

8-Ball: "What about Motörhead?"

Every one agrees: Motörhead has groooooove.

"They won't eat pussy?  
I'll eat butt... I'll eat the  
sandwich."

"This is a pure Hash joint," says Donnie, waving a pure Hash joint in my face. I suck the whole thing down to its nub. The ash makes it look like the old Indoor Firework Monkey. We discuss a bunch of things: Christian Punk (Mission seems to be the World HQ), stealing riffs, the act of "nerding records apart", and their plan for World-Dom starting in Chemainus. "If you can break there, then the Island is yours." Mattias explains. Donnie talks about his escape from the Death Metal ghetto they all inhabited before SprëadEagle set them free. "Playing this stuff is way funner," he begins, "playing Death Metal is just... counting. It's boring."

Is it because they're getting older?

"Honestly? Yeah... Physically, this stuff is way easier.... I'm just not that pissed off"

It's at about this time that we are all gripped by the first waves of nausea as the SprëadEagle Super Hash takes hold. I furtively block out all the sunlight with some baffles that I keep around for such an event (this is the first time I've ever had to use them). The sun is a monstrous drag on our evil mood and I have the sense that I've been taken hostage. Mattias has gone from baby-faced to shit-faced and he looks ready to pop. I slide a paring knife into my sock. Donnie is toying with what appears to be a couple of eyeballs that he removed from an enemy's head, like in *Five Fingers of Death*. Apropos of nothing, he screams, "Like that thing we seen today! From that magazine..."

Fifty Worst Bands of All Fuckin' Time! They were so BANG ON, dude."

Mattias: "Spin Doctors."

Donnie: "Bang on."

Mattias: "Manowar"

Donnie: (excited) "Manowar was in there! Number 44! At least they were high."

8-Ball: "Who?"

Mattias: "Manowar"

8-Ball: "MANOWAR?!? Fuck Off, man!" He gets very serious all of a sudden and levels this somber challenge to the magazine that dared to identify Manowar as the 44<sup>th</sup> Worst Band of All Time. "Go see a Manowar show," he spits but before we go on, let's be clear that we *are* talking about those lunthead, Frazetta-baked Heavy Metal morons, Manowar. I mention that Manowar are truly fucking crap but 8 Ball is stubborn. "I take offense to that coz I really dig Manowar." And he seems a little hurt. Donnie shores him up: "Oh Manowar... fuck. Still probably the best show I've ever fuckin' seen."

Mattias "Very inspirational."

Donnie: "I first listened and I was, like, this is the cheesiest fuckin' metal I've ever heard, and it was *funny*. And I liked it coz it was funny, and then it became, fuckin'... just became... like... A WAY OF FUCKIN' LIFE!"

8-Ball: "If it wasn't for Heavy Metal in the eighties, I wouldn't be here now." And he curtly excuses himself to pee all over my bathroom, as I mentioned earlier.

\*\*\*\*\*

Do you guys enjoy drugs?

8-Ball: "Alcohol, marijuana, nicotine..."

Mattias: "We're concerned with the whole spectrum."

Donnie: "I like to keep my mind limber with a strict drug regimen."

Mattias: "I enjoy the entire catalogue."

8-Ball: "In moderation."

Cocaine, I ask. Is it the champagne of drugs?

"I would say so because it sounds the same and I like to spell cocaine C-O-C-A-G-N-E," replies 8-Ball. Donnie looks a little cagey now. "We dabble," he offers, as if I'm not going to print anything else. Mattias insists, however, "when it's time to party, it's time to party."

"We dabble," Donnie reminds me.

Well yeah, I reply. I *dabble*. I just dabble every night.

"Exactly," he smiles.

Anyway, I continue, weed isn't a drug. It's food.

8-Ball: "That's how I feel."

Donnie: "It's a vegetable."

Sent by Jah.

Donnie "Essentially."

I'm down with Jah, I tell them. I'd be a Rasta if they'd change their policy on cunnilingus.

8-Ball: "What? They won't eat pussy? Fuck... I'll eat pussy. I'll eat butt... I'll eat the whole fuckin' jam sandwich."

Mattias: "There are 10 states where gay sex is still illegal. Oral sex is illegal. You can't make balloon animals in Victoria on the street."

8-Ball: "What?? That's the best fuckin' law I ever heard."

Mattias: "You can't make balloon animals in Victoria

...y? Fuck... I'll eat pussy.  
...t the whole fuckin' jam  
...ich." 8-Ball

on the street."

I take a good long look at Mattias at this point. You little jerk-off, I think. Prick. Look at you. What are you? 22-years-old? Fucker. I work hard at hating him, but it's difficult. He seems very sweet-natured. And cute. I wonder if SprēadEagle will sell him to me for a night. Probably, I suppose - he seems like someone who has a lot of bad luck.

"Yeah, I got some bad luck," he informs me. "It's usually if I wear a zebra skin sports jacket, I have bad luck... I got a 65 dollar fine for warming up my fuckin' car in my driveway in Mission. Cops goin' through my shit. Took my insurance papers. Didn't grab my fuckin' thing full of finger hash, thank God."

Donnie: "That woulda' been a douche."

Mattias: "Oh I woulda' been choked. Like, for 65 bucks, that was a good 120 bucks worth of hash, so I woulda been out like a hundred percent profit... Eighties party: got arrested."

8-Ball: "For touching a cop."

Mattias: "No, the cop threw my buddy through a fuckin' gyp-rock wall head first, so I was like, excuse me, I don't wanna be a fuckin' dick, but... so he arrested me, fuckin gave me the old arm bend. Same fuckin' zebra sports coat."

Donnie: "It's a nice coat though." I theorize that Donnie is insidiously encouraging Mattias to wear that coat

because, like me, he extracts pleasure from the consequences.

By now, this interview has made an afternoon feel like a week and I puzzle at how SprēadEagle have managed to manifest a thousand dangerous midnights in my living room on a sunny and warm late-summer afternoon. Naturally, the topic turns to violence at their shows. Mattias softly admits that "it's usually just 8-Ball kicking me or hitting somebody in the face with a Bass Guitar"

Donnie: "Sometimes there's scuffles with our buddies. Slobb gets a little drunk sometimes and Slobb will get beat you up, you know. Our other buddy Sherpa, he just goes mental sometimes. You can't take him anywhere."

I tell them about the time I was fag-bashed on Davie Street by five guys from Mission with baseball bats. Donnie bristles.

"What, they drove in to Vancouver, hit you with bats and they were yelling 'We're from Mission'?" he asks in a slightly Joe Pesci way. Then I get that look from him. This is where things turn bloody, like I said in the beginning. Donnie James Rio springs across my living room and pounds me in the eyeballs until 8-Ball, laughing, pulls him off. Then Donnie starts pounding 8 Ball. Mattias snickers but he won't look up from the floor. He seems to be shrinking. I start screaming "HELP!! HELP!!!" but nobody comes and Donnie calmly steps over 8-Ball's body and makes towards me. I weep and plead for mercy. Donnie is upon me now...

This was one possible scenario that flashed through my febrile mind as Donnie buzzed me with those crazy, mean fucking eyes and I might have brought you this far into the article with a mild deception. BUT... I nevertheless had to endure those few deadly seconds of adrenalized nausea to get where I am now and you didn't... that look is enough to stop your heart and I can tell you about the thickness of the air but I cannot make you feel its breathtaking curdle. Then, mercifully, Donnie James Rio laughs. I feel tenderness and release as if a million tiny feathery darts are exploding from my knob. I mention this to him but he's on his own tangent.

Donnie: "You wanna know something really funny?" He turns to 8-Ball. "Remember when you used to hear about \*\*\*\* and \*\*\*\*... they would go to Vancouver and just randomly bat people? Seriously, I used to hear shit like that about those guys."

8-Ball: "How do a bunch of dudes from Mission know that Davie Street, you know, is the fuckin' gay part of town?"

Frequent, clandestine visits for a cum-drenched ritual shaming, I suggest.

"Exactly!" he concurs.

Happily, it turns out that these wood brandishing morons ended up dying! And guess where? At a SprēadEagle show! Coincidence, as they say, is God hiding the evidence. And as we wind up this delightful, afternoon mixer, 8-Ball once more ponders the missing photographs. He alludes to an episode during the shoot "as we got drunker and more high" and the depravity that ensued. Brad won't give back the pictures. 8 Ball also alludes to a possible revenge scenario. Mattias claims HE got them back, but as "one solid picture. One four inch picture." Then, inexplicably, 8-Ball announces, "Brad's fuckin' AWE-SOME!" in the same way that Mattias, earlier, had inexplicably shouted, "We were born to ROCK!"

Meanwhile, under his breath, Donnie says, "Safety deposit box at the TD... Fuck off. Give them back."

\*\*\*\*\*

Mattias: "We should say shit about our drummer and our singer"

Oke-Leigh-Blades:

"One word," says Donnie. "Kick Ass drummer."

That's 3 words.

"Therein lies the joke," says 8-Ball, impatiently.

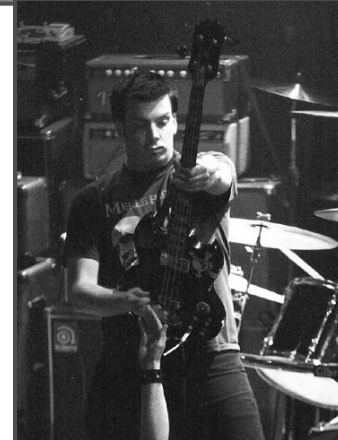
Juan Badmutha?

Donnie: "Kick ass drummer. If you thought Oak was a kick-ass drummer you should hear Juan. His singing is pretty fuckin' good too."

Mattias: "I think he stepped up big time for the record. It was probably the whiskey he was drinking straight... daily"

8-Ball: "The singing... it's probably my favourite part of the whole record, it just fit in so cool when we heard it comin' through the speakers. It's like a Punk/Bruce Dickinson kind of sound, it's fuckin' awesome. Makes the songs."

And it's 8-Ball's wistful tribute to his band's art that reminds us why we are all here and why they must now get the fuck out of my house. It is indeed fuckin' awesome, this thing they've done, and they oughta be proud, having proved Mattias' assertion that they were born to rock. I can't keep up with these boys as my nature is delicate and I'm prone to bouts of romantic melancholy. I also own the Beatles Anthology on DVD and therefore lead them to the door in a vaguely humiliated way. They pulled it off and I'm envious. Go buy it.





# Naughty Camp 2003



Top row from left to right: Bosh and Shawn Blondin sandwich NC matriarch, Kelly Drinkwater; Tequila and Tis; Garry Cinnamon hosts an alien living in his guts  
Bottom: Uncle Anus decides to pick out a peanut on stage; Jason LeBlanc and Jesse Birch fight over shotgun; oh yah, and there was music too... Thunderfist

Photos by Adam Payne & Sarah Rowland

By Sarah Rowland

"I fucking came home ripped on acid and Naughty Camp was at my house. That's when I figured out Naughty Camp was happening here," says the sixteen-year-old with a Jerry Only-inspired tail combed forward.

With dried pasties coagulating at the corners of his mouth, Jake McKague could be any teenager nursing an LSD hangover. But he's not. His dad, Ray, just gave their tenant, "Creepy" Simon Norton Game, the go-ahead to hold a two-day outdoor concert on their farm. In his work shed, where he collects and repairs motors, McKague recalls returning to his country digs after a day of skateboarding and his initial reaction to the surreal landscape of scattered punks and abandoned tour vans in his driveway. "I saw lights flashing around and I fuckin' heard all these people and I thought it was a big-ass hallucination."

But it wasn't. Earlier that day, the original location, Komasket Park near Vernon, fell through. According to Creepy, officials from the Okanagan Indian band decided that in light of B.C. Forestry's threat to slap those who violate fire restrictions with a \$10,000 fine, they would not cover Creepy's Labour Day weekend event under their insurance policy, nor allow NC on their land without proper liability protection.

Even with the possibility of Naughty Camp 2003 going up in smoke, the unlikely promoter remains calm as he casually makes a few phone calls from his Vancouver headquarters to inquire about the \$2 million liability coverage required by law. But oddly enough, trying to find an insurance broker retarded enough to indemnify a punk rock camping festival in the Okanagan just a couple of days after a chunk of Kelowna burnt to a crisp, proved impossible. And so began the delicate operation to transplant Naughty Camp 2003.

**Day one:** Since only a few hours remained before the first of 28 bands was scheduled to the hit the stage, Creepy had his Okanagan peeps post signage at Komasket, redirecting talent and spectators to go right at the billowing smoke stacks instead of left. He hopped on his hog, yelled to his staff, "My place. See ya

there", and headed east.

A few hours later, it's dark. No sign of Creepy. He's an inexperienced motorcyclist. People start to think the worst. It's not long before their greatest fears have been realized: Creepy's been hit by a duck.

No word on the bird's condition, but, fortunately, Creepy wasn't seriously injured. However, the Harley showdown pretty much wiped out any chance of saving day one and with day two up in the air, it's clear that that this year's N.C. is not going to turn an Ozzfestian profit.

**"I think Canada has some of the most beautiful scenery there is. It's too bad it's on fire." -Jeremy Cardenas from Thunderfist**

Then again, it never did. Every summer Creepy loses money. True, the 2003 numbers haven't been crunched yet, but without a cover charge and numerous bands looking to get paid, he should be collecting empties for a while.

**Day two:** Creepy quietly starts building the Naughty stage at 3 a.m. A few hours later, tunes are cranked from the barn, including AC/DC, Johnny Cash, Stones, the Exploited, Hayseed Dixie and some tracks off of Elvis's *Aloha from Hawaii Album*. People slowly crawl out of the clusters of tent cities and start voluntarily helping out.

McKague is cleaning up the barn/music venue. On set-design duty, members of Portland's sci-fi rockabilly group, Muddy River Nightmare Band, are spray-painting fluorescent flames on vintage hubcaps. Garry Cinnamon, a farm resident, keeps conversation going with stories about rodeo poets, hillbilly bikers and the numerous bone-crushing car accidents that have left him with a smashed disk, jutting ribs and the bleeding track marks of a self-medicated man. Just getting out of his seat results in excruciating pain for Cinnamon, who could be heard yelling, "God Hates me", if he sneezed the wrong way. Still, he does his bit by hobbling around, picking up garbage off the grounds. A team of volunteers is filling five-gallon oil drums with water and strategically placing them around the site to protect against any wayward BBQs sparks or cigarette butts. Randy Romance of the Red Hot Lovers is posting a sign at the main

entrance with the word "rawk" and a roughly sketched guitar pointing toward the hub of activity.

It turns out that many musicians were orphaned en route to the new site. Consequently, the landscape is littered with rock refugees waiting for their renegade rhythm sections to show up. Members of Vancouver's Dirty and the Derelicts wait for their drummer. Romance is on the look-out for his whole band.

But as the day progresses, displaced musicians are reunited. Fourteen groups in total

geetar and ragged redneck vox. Whereas, Toronto's street-core crustage, Dirty Bird performing in a souped-up country shed stood out as a punk rock rarity.

Throughout the seven-hour concert, people wandered in and out of the rock-shak, picking and choosing their preferred brand of punk. Everyone that is, except Eddie Anarchy. The Edmontonian rock stalker didn't miss a single beat. He could be seen banging his head to Kelowna's Oi! kids, the Hippiecrutz, or spinning a full-on metal windmill with his stringy mane to Portland's gods of garage rock, The High and the Mighty.

The definite highlight was the relentless rock 'n' roll intensity of the Red Hot Lovers. Teetering on a couple of unstable planks of wood, the band proved it could sweat out thunderstruck rawk anytime, anyhow and yah, that's right: anywhere.

Thunderfist followed with loud, fast, rock 'n' roll and the show could have easily ended there, as attention spans were starting to wane and supplies were running low. However, Cum Soc's, bearded, belligerent lead singer, Jesse Birch, who played last, did try to endear the audience by dedicating a song to all "the ladies with shitty tits and garbage cunt." For some reason this had the reverse effect and the few remaining female spectators packed it in at this juncture of the night and spent the rest of the evening in the dustbowl, where everyone polished off whatever was left floating in their coolers.

**The morning after:** Like a skanky one-night-stand with someone who would otherwise repulse you in the unforgiving light of day, nobody stuck around long enough to spoon. While Jake the Kid slept peacefully in his cozy cot, dust-encrusted campers evacuated faster than dispossessed Kelowna residents. Everyone, that is, except Eddie Anarchy, who wandered the grounds wearing his maimed glasses, indiscriminately asking, "So ah, do you guys know if there's any more bands playing tonight?"

The show kicked off with the first few bands blazing through 20-minute sets. That's not to say there weren't kinks in Creepy's newly acquired Swagard Stadium sound system. For instance, Bob Dog, frontman for Vancouver's metal-laden punk outfit, Dog Eat Dogma, didn't have any vocals in his monitor and couldn't hear his own barking. Billy and the Lost Boys' bassist, Aaron Weiss, had amp anxieties. But, by the time their perspective situations were rectified, their set was up.

Next. Dirty and the Derelicts sounded right at home playing in a barn with their cross-breed of *Deliverance* and southern fried rock

# Live Wires

## The Exploited



Photo: Luvena Ella Vader

## The Exploited/ Cum Soc/ The First Day @The Cobalt, Vancouver Monday, September 15, 2003

"It's raining in here" announced Brett, the guitarist for the opening act, The First Day, as water dripped from the ceiling. This was the beginning of technical problems that would plague the night.

It was my third time seeing Cum Soc. Paying closer attention this time, would compare their sound to that of Dayglo Abortions, fronted by a bald, bearded vocalist and accompanied by three female backups, spewing forth a sarcastic lyrical content in the vein of an Andrew Dice Clay skit. In other words, not all that funny.

At Midnight with a capacity crowd on hand and using borrowed gear, The Exploited took the stage and quickly launched into the title track of 1983's *Let's Start a War*. This latest incarnation of the group featured the original lead singer, Wattie Buchan, and his younger brother on drums. The other two members, looked like they were young enough to be toddlers during the early days of the group. After the first song, it became apparent that the vocals were crapping out and a mic change was needed. Four songs and four microphones later, things were finally rectified in front of an exuberant crowd chanting "Exploited Barmy Army". After everything was up and running on stage, a lack of energy and enthusiasm on the band's part was noticeable. Among a bunch of newer material, classics such as "Alternative", "Army Life", "UK 82", "Punks Not Dead", "Dead Cities", "Fuck The U.S.A." were played. All things considered, this was an intimate night at The Cobalt with The Exploited and memorable for that fact alone.

-Aaronoid

## No Coast Hardcore/ McGillicuddys/ When All's Been Said @ The Underground, Calgary Sat. Sept. 13

Nothing kicks more ass than when a six-dollar show is better than a lot of the twenty-dollar shows around town.

Cheap beer, cheap cover and quality tributes to the late, great Johnny Cash... fuck, yeah! The first band was Nova Scotia refugees, When All's Been Said. Finally a band to show us that punk rock does exist east of Montreal. They played fast and loud with a kick-ass cover of Fear's "I Love Livin in the City" and their own brilliant tune, "Fuck Madonna". It's about time a punk band bashed the old cougar instead of playing homage to her through crappy cover songs like so many "punk" bands choose to do.

The next band was Victoria's, more-Celtic-than-punk, McGillicuddys. They played the standard Celtic set: lots of tin whistles, accordions and drinking songs. They also did a hilarious cover of the Proclaimers mixed in with Billy Idol and a cover of Cock Sparrer's "Take 'em All". Not punk enough for me and I really couldn't hear the guitars worth a shit, not enough bite.

It's easy to see which coast No Coast Hardcore is influenced by watching these local Oi! Boys blast out the Scottish street punk with fuck-loads of bite. They have a way better Cock Sparrer song in their set, "Riot Squad", and these guys played with tons of fuckin' energy and really got the crowd moving. These guys are definitely one of the best street punk

bands in Calgary. After line-up changes and almost a year with no shows, it's good to see this band is fuckin' here to stay.

-Sleepy

## Strength Thru Oiltober Festival @Fernwood Community Center, Victoria BC Friday, September 12, 2003

Anyone who has ever put on a show will tell you, what can go wrong WILL go wrong.

The first problem was Red Alert. Due to a dodgy booking agent, they were unable to cross the sea to play. Upon my arrival, I found that I had already missed Machine Gun Kelly and The Atomics. Apparently, this was going to be the first all-ages show in the history of time to be on schedule. Betty Ford, one of Victoria's longest running bands, was a couple of songs into their set when I walked into the hall. These guys never disappoint. Straight to the point punk rock with a heaping dose of Oi!

After crackin' a few cans, (this is where the review gets sloppy), The Rampant got on stage and truly ripped it up as Victoria's only straight-up Oi! band (that I'm aware of). Emergency from Vancouver was up next. I started to come to the realization that I was having a really hard time distinguishing between the bands. I chalked part of that up to the nature of Oi! and part of it up to the total lack of the soundman doing his job. I am really surprised that he didn't get beat up. It was just a straight-up bad mix. I gotta mention that I've seen and really enjoy The Lancasters in the past, but the sound here was utter shit.

Pressure Point closed out the show. They were still smarting over their treatment at the border, and took plenty of opportunity to talk about it. They have good tunes, and good presence, but the sound was once again too bad to overcome. I hope things go a little smoother for next year's show.

-Ty Forslund

## Fireball Freakout 2003 @ The Brickyard, Vancouver Sept. 18, 19, 20

What if you threw a party and nobody came? That's a question promoter Steve Chase is pondering in the wake of the extremely disappointing audience turnout at this year's Freakout. For the past several years, the Freakout has been a showcase for talented punk/rock/garage bands. Despite an excellent roster, the support simply wasn't there this time 'round.

Thursday started with a bang from locals Black Rice, hammering the small audience with heavy, disjointed punk-core songs. I took a pee break when Edmonton's Les Tabernacles hit the stage and was pleased upon returning to see virtually everyone in attendance on their feet. Les Tabs are one of my fave live acts, specializing in dirty, hard, fast rock (funny, that's how I like my lovin' too). Bionic ended the night & sounded really good, kinda similar to Queens of the Stone Age, but with scary harmonies and quite a bit darker. Seems one of Canada's best kept secrets shall remain that way in Vancouver, but the small audience was very enthusiastic.

I was soooo fucking hung-over on the Friday, yet optimistic, hoping for a larger crowd as I dragged my ass through the Brickyard's door but was immediately bummed. There were fewer bodies than the previous night—ouch. Local Shindig contestants, The Badamps, played a set of charmingly unpolished punk, kinda like you eavesdropped on your little brother's band but will never tell him how good they are. I have never seen or heard heavy rock heroes, The Gung-Hos, play as well as they did that night. In a word: tight, and I'm not just talkin' 'bout singer Roche's genius "Mumbles" t-shirt. Headliners, The Dt's, were a no-show but forgotten once Seattle's organ-driven popsters, The Boss Martians, took the stage, winning over the crowd with snappy, simple songs about love.

I was workin' the door for the Freakout's final chapter and pleased at a much better showing of support. Vancouver rockers The Rumours opened, playing a really strong set of their trashrock ditties from a (hot) chick's perspective. Their new-ish (hot) male drummer rocks. My only hang-up is that vocalist Louise concentrates so much on projecting emotion/toughness with her voice that I usually can't understand a damn word she's saying—enunciate lady! Calgary's The Neckers were fun-played, fluffy boy pop (come to think of it, kinda similar to Chixdiggit), fronted by a cuter, hornier version of Neil Diamond with some great dance moves thrown in. All I can say about the third act is John Ford = Rock 'n' Roll.

Once The Electric Eye hit the stage, I quickly got my ass up to the front 'cuz they were blowing what was left of my

## The Gung-Hos' Mike Roche



Photo: Casey Cougar

mind! This group was right up my alley, filling the void left by the demise of The Tight Bros From Way Back When. Both bands possess a soaring guitar duo and lead-heavy bass but EE have an exceptional drummer and less operatic vocals than TBFWBW with singer August's more laidback, yet equally effective style. They were totally awesome!

I know the mid-size touring shows still pack 'em in, but it just seems folks aren't going out as often, for whatever reason, to the shows I'm at. Sure, it sucked that many of you missed some excellent bands that weekend, but I can assure you that every single act ripped it up as though playing to packed house.

-Casey Cougar

## Andrew W.K./ The Black Halos @ Richards on Richards, Vancouver Tuesday, August 26, 2003

Five blocks away from Dicks and already the streets are being overrun by the Mongol hordes of Andrew W.K. fans, piling tent-time from rusty hatchbacks, slamming one last Wildcat Strong and firing off some passionate "WOOOOOS." The Black Halos are back from the brink of breakup and breaking in a pair of new players. The Halos seemed happy to be up there and doin' it again, and judging from the reaction of the swelling crowd, the people were too. Billy Hopeless was holding court, whether up on the stage or down in the circle-pit. Everyone was amped by the "Some Things Never Fall" encore, and gang-sung it accordingly. Some things never fall, indeed. One could be a snob and pull out a dog-eared copy of The Punk Rock Rulebook on Andrew W.K. and debate his authenticity, but a peek behind the curtain would only ruin a GOOD TIME. Like professional wrestling, AWK is "music-entertainment".

By the time the Wolf appeared, the place was ready to explode. The exchange of energy between fans and the performer was a constant and unyielding policy, as the stage and pit became one. The most fired-up of fans were greeted with warm hugs from a dripping Mr. W.K. when they clamoured aboard the run-away partywagon the stage had become. His band looked like a rough and ready crew of disgruntled Spinal Tap roadies that said, "Fuck it! We can make our own band!" Musically, King Crimson it is not. All songs had that beer-swigin'-parking-lot-rock feel of the mid-80s, being performed by a dude who looks like he's being attacked by bees. The end result is a snot-knockin', pit-party style good 'ol time.

-J. Pee Patchez



## Andrew W.K.



Photo: Luvena Ella Vader



# The Forgotten



**Exhumed**  
*Anatomy is Destiny*  
Relapse Records

This newest release from these gore metal masters finds them heading in a more melodic and slightly more technical direction than previous albums. Instead of stuff that sounds like Carcass's *Symphonies of Sickness*-era, *Anatomy is Destiny* is more akin to Carcass's *Heartwork*-era. There are some Pestilence and Disincarnate influences but the album still has wickedly sick multi-vox and brutal grind blast beats. Also, the lead guitar work is a vast improvement over other releases, being more technical and original than before, not to mention the super catchy riffs and cool breakdowns. Really kick-ass album and Exhumed's best to date... and if you like inventive, well done DIY band photos, check out the inner sleeve of this album.

-Stefan Nevatie

fans of the extreme could do much worse than Helvis. It's a hell of a noisy mess, but you've gotta love 'em for it.

-Jason Schreurs



**The Jet City Fix**  
*Play To Kill*  
King Bee/Inflect Records

Having twice missed what I heard were totally fucking killer sets opening up for High on Fire/the dwarves in Seattle and more recently, at the Brickyard with the Spitfires, imagine my shock when I eagerly cranked this up and a strange brew of Buck Cherry cum Good Charlotte slaps me in the face. No shit. It wasn't until about the 5th or 6th track that things started to pick up. I'll chalk up the first half of this album to the band's uncanny knack for writing near perfect pop-punk songs, but my personal favourites are "Bullet", "Love It Or Leave It" and the very Motörheady "The Fix". Singer Shane Flauding destroys the mic and his vocal chords like a young Steven Tyler possessed by a fifth of Jim Beam... Ty and John sling their guitars like a high-noon knife fight between Thunders and Slash... all this backed up by the tightest riddim-section since the glory days of Williams/Rudd. This hasn't left the stereo at work or home and is easily one of the best straight-up rock records in quite some time.

-8-Ball

So, like, we threw together a cocktail of GHB, Special K and drain cleaner, sucked it up into a used syringe and cranked it into Mr. Gordy Forgotton's neck and told our little song bird that if wanted another fix, he better start singing about some of his outfit's more memorable moments.

**1. What band or musician do you never want to be compared to?**

Bands are like women. There is always an aspect that will turn you on... something that makes you wanna lay there and just feel it. So I guess, in light of that, we never want to be compared to the Village People.

**2 On your dream bill, who would your band be slotted between?**

Cock Sparrer and the Stones.

**3. What recording humbles you every time you hear it and why?**

Sex Pistols. *Never Mind the Bollocks*. So simple, but so powerful and fully talking shit. That album was the first to move me and still does today.

**4. Worst gig ever?**

Any of 'em that my band members get drunk and start talking too much. Kidding, no bad gigs if you love yer music.... just shitty crowds!

**5. Favourite track off of Canned Hamm's latest album, Karazma: Reimagined and why?**

Ain't got no fucking idea what yer talking about.

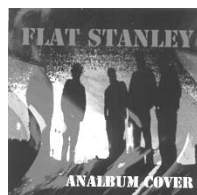
-Sarah Rowland



**The Forgotten**  
*Out of Print*  
BYO Records

The latest album from the San Francisco punk band, The Forgotten, is a collection of straightforward street punk tracks. The question is not what came first: The Forgotten or Rancid? It's which band would have Kelly Osbourne and the guy from Good Charlotte in their video and which wouldn't? The fact that members of The Forgotten may never reach the point where they have to ask themselves this question, makes a great song like "American Rock 'n' Roll Rebellion" really ring true!

-Billy Hopeless



**Flat Stanley**  
*Analum Cover*  
Amp Records

This sounds like a bunch of fat guys trying to do the Fat Wreck Chords thing. Not my bag.

-Cornelius Beardsnood

**Goatsblood**  
*Drull*  
Willowtip Records

If you like plodding, punishing, semi-noisy, dark heavy music with a few grind core blasts thrown in, this album delivers all of the above. And yes, this *Drull* is way better than their first CD, which I didn't really enjoy listening to. Live, Goatsblood's material always sounded much better. This time around they managed to capture the intensity of their on-stage performances. This LP is super heavy sludge core that at times reminds me of some stuff like Winter. There are a few Godflesh-like riffs and an evil, non-southern-fried version of "Eye Hate God". The sound quality on this recording is also exceptional, as is the cover art and inner sleeve. All in all, a wicked production that does Goat's Blood a lot of justice.

-Stefan Nevatie



**Helvis**  
*Reverence the Sacrifice*  
Loudspeaker Records

Helvis is a rat pack of English metalheads, bringing together the unlikely combination of folks from The Varukers, Pitchshifter and Cerebral Fix. Formed after the dissolution of Iron Monkey (who?), this band shreds through 15 tracks of punk/metal damage that will have your ears bleeding and head pounding by the end of track one. The main weapon here is singer Bloody Kev who pulls no punches with his death metal, grind, tough-guy hardcore vocals. Yep, he does it all and he tends to carry the band more often than not. The plodding, repetitive riffing and amateurish sounding production bring things down a notch or two, but

**July Fourth Toilet**  
*Something For Everyone*  
Pro-Am Entertainment International

Hey! I remember MY first quad of acid. I'm all for deviation from the accepted norm, but fuck, this is a "bomination" straight out of The Chrysalids. Noriega would have pulled a Butch-and-Sundance after 30 seconds of this sitar-fart. Sounds like the unfinished children's record before the killing spree. If this was recorded by a band composed of hyper-intelligent elephants, I would still say it's shit. Helium-influenced lyrics that should be left for the psychotherapist, and crack-fired harmonica, pure discomfort. Seriously, I WANT TO KILL. If you are coaxing confessions out of ex Afghani shopkeepers in Guantanamo Bay, then go for it. If not, make sure you can plug your ears AND your nose at the same time.

-J. Pee Patchez

**The Keg Killers**  
*Living Like Assholes EP*  
Let's Get More Records

Here we have the debut record from Victoria's latest punk rock supergroup, The Keg Killers. Anyone who knows Vic Punk, knows Dustin Schwam and his history as a Band Slut of the highest degree, but this outfit is a little different. You see, Mr. Schwam is on the mic this time, and he's got a lot to say.

There are only six songs on this EP, but it's all quality. Featuring members of Bunsie Brawlers, Betty Ford and Self Inflicted, these guys are playing it hard, heavy and loud. Think about Schwam's old projects such as Shutdown, Don Teflon and The Excessives, and you've got the right idea. The lyrical content is what many would come to expect from a Jak band: Dope, Booze, Skating, Blowjob and out and out hatred. As a bonus, the first pressing of these come with a free sticker and an official Keg Killers snort bill. Sweet.

-Ty Forslund



**Mongoose**  
*White Plastic Deer*  
Copperspine Records

This CD is so fucked up, I'm likin' it more and more each time I put my ear against the ghetto-blasta. Goose is made up of 3 Vancouverites, Brock, Shockk and RC on vocals. *White Plastic Deer* manages to mix modern techno samples with grungy punk bits and

# Red Cat Records

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pieces of funky old school blues jive. It kinda reminds me of the first BV3000 album. Fucked up yet quite mesmerizing with each song clocking in at about 2 mins.

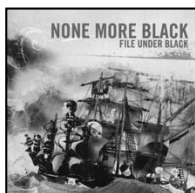
Adler Floyd

#### My Ruin

*The Shape of Things to Come*  
Century Media

5-song EP from their upcoming album. This female fronted band from La-La-Land sound like a cross between Dr. Feelgood-era Crue and newer Pantera. Half decent, but alas, not my bag.

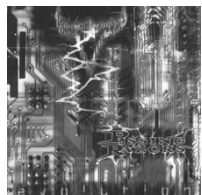
-Muff Brandywine



**None More Black**  
*File Under Black*  
Fat Wreck Chords

Rising from the ashes of Kid Dynamite, comes Jason Shevchuk's new project, None More Black. This album is without a doubt the most exciting Fat Wreck Chords release in the last few years and it's refreshing to see some new blood in Fat Mike's camp. While there aren't any fundamental differences between NMB and KD, the material on *File Under Black* seems further realized and willing to take more risks than most of the latter's catalogue. This record has it all: big riffs, fist-pumping choruses and plenty of soon-to-be punk-anthems (see: "Zero Tolerance Drum Policy" and "M.A.T.T.H").

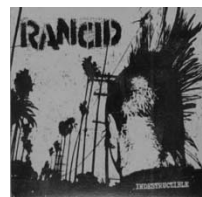
-Adam Simpkins



**Pissing Razors**  
*Evolution*  
Spitfire Records

The Texas thrash demons are back with another album of amped-up aggro metal. *Evolution* has a cleaner, chunkier production sound than the past couple of Pissing Razors albums, which gives the proceedings a bit more staying power. Andre's clean vocal parts need to crawl under a rock somewhere and die. I much prefer his distorted screaming. As the album wears on, it starts to drone a bit in the background, but that's pretty standard in the metal world, even when your album clocks in under 35 minutes, as is the case here. I don't really include Pissing Razors in the metal elite (their name is right up there, though), but they are definitely worth a listen for anyone into extreme metal.

-Jason Schreurs



**Rancid**  
*Indestructible*  
Hellcat Records

I've been listening to this one non-stop since I got it. Rancid are one of the few punk bands who have stayed true to their roots. Sure, they went off on a Clash trip around album three (hey, if you have to ape your heroes, ape the Clash!) but they really have come into their own on the past two albums. *Indestructible* is a 19-song blast of punk anthems that'll blow your head off your neck. It's balls-out punk, for the most part, and the mellower songs are catchier and better than ever (check out the amazing "Arrested in Shanghai"). This is probably their best album since the unforgettable *Let's Go*. Kudos to these guys! They have survived the big festivals and the big hype and emerged with dignity and respect for themselves. Not only that, but they can still write a fuck of a great album! No filler here, just excellent punk rock.

-Jason Schreurs



**Sick of it All**  
*Life on the ropes*  
Fat Wreck Chords

Finally after two long years, the almighty SOIA return with a new album. It follows the standard blueprint of chugga chugga riffs, tough guy vocals, thundering drums, sing along choruses and the formula fuckin' kicks ass once again. This record is right on it from start to finish. By song six I was jumping and hardcore dancing around the apartment. The songs "Paper Tiger (Fakin' the punk)" and "On the Brink" stood out. I can't wait 'til these guys come to town again.

-Sleepy

**Raised Fist**  
*Dedication*  
Epitaph/Burning Heart

Evolution requires successful mutation. This is the culmination of the decades-long courtship of hardcore and metal. By concentrating only on the chromosomes that match, Raised Fist represents the most recent, most streamlined, most destined for survival mutation of heavy music. A shake of their family tree reveals direct links to Slayer and the New York hardcore sound, but this album stands on its own merits. If you liked the way Suicidal, DRI, SOD, and that-Slayer-album-of-punk-covers crossed over, then you'll shit spiked armbands over this combination of new (definitely NOT "nu") and classic metal-hardcore sounds. The vocals are an androgynous high growl that never conveys anything less than pure angry strength. Pick-slides. Yeah! Carcassy backup yell-roars! If you like the cutting edge type of heavy stuff, this is crack.

-J. Pee Patchez



**The Weakerthans**  
*Reconstruction Site*  
Epitaph

Their first album on Epitaph, The Weakerthans have done something right to catch the attention of a record label known for punk rock. The Weakerthans are not punk rock but they are punks. They follow no one and are creating their own path with really good music. Their style is subdued rock with influences from folk, and alt-country. This band has a distinctly Canadian sound: laid-back, honest, and ironic. From Winnipeg, this four-piece band has garnered recognition around the world. *Reconstruction Site* is musically and lyrically masterful which will appeal to a wide range of musical tastes. Their music reads like poetry, but to listen to them is pure music enjoyment. Their latest album *Reconstruction Site* is sure to do good things for a band which has no comparison.

-Daniel Holiday

**V/A**  
*Blast from the Underworld*  
Neoblast Records

Neoblast, out of Montreal, is fast becoming a contender for most extreme metal label on the planet right now. With bands hailing from Sweden, Australia, Finland, South Korea(!), France, Chile and Canada, this disc is a twenty-plus-song world tour of what's happening in metal. Standouts for me were Neuraxis, Stormrider and Doxology. Check 'em out at neoblast.com!

-Bif Hammermaster



After every question the lead singer for Raised Fist, Alexander Rajkovic, would put his hand over the receiver and jibber with his bandmates like he was in a "Family Feud" huddle, trying to come up with the most popular answers on the board. Some parts of the brief phone interview are inaudible because of his thick accent and schoolboy giggling. But, from what I was able to piece together, this is what the Swedish survey says:

1. What band or musician do you never want to be compared to?

[members of Raised Fist hash it out in the back-

ground]...ah...ah... were' having troubles here. It could be 59 Times the Pain from Sweden... wait a minute... we got another band coming here. OK, the German trance band called Scooter because it's German trance... A combination between 59 times the pain and Scooter. If we here something like that, then we leave the room.

2. On your dream bill, who would your band be slotted between?

Ahhhhh... wait a minute; I have to ask my colleagues here... for headliners, we got Beatles and between the headliners and the Rolling Stones, there would be Raised Fist.

3. What recording humbles you every time you hear and why?

*Royal Straight Flesh* by Defleshed because it's so fast and it's a really good album.

4. Worst gig ever?

It was in Stockholm once. They promoted the show the wrong day. They said we were going to play the 21<sup>st</sup> and we played the 20<sup>th</sup>. It was in the beginning of our career. We just drove down 1000 km for one gig and the money we got didn't even cover our gas cost. We got there and we ended up with two girls standing in front of us. But we gave them a full show, of course. I mean, those girls had paid for the whole thing.

5. Favourite Manowar song?

"Hail to England". It's an old classic. "Heavy Metal Days" is also a good one.

-Sarah Rowland

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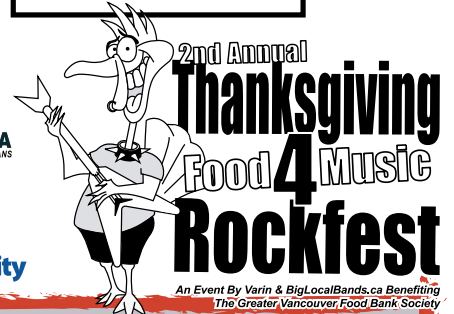


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# Atomick BLAST

A Column for Freedom's Sake!



## The Death of Freedom Canadian Style? Internet Privacy Now Under Attack!

By Atomick Pete

Like a little white lap dog dutifully following Uncle Sam everywhere he goes, Canada is slowly (or not so slowly anymore) diggin' itself into a hole that smells of fascism. (Read 'The End of Freedom?' in The Nerve, Sept. 03) Following the Attacks of 9/11, Canada was pretty quick to get on the War on Terrorism™ bandwagon by ramming in a bunch of so-called anti-terrorism measures that, honestly, should be called anti-freedom regulations. Bill C-36 and a slew of other smaller bills that came in the package could be named "Patriot Lite", 'cause of their lighter but similar resemblance to Patriot (all-out surveillance, searches without warrant, unlawful seizures, pre-emptive arrests and detention based upon loose suspicion, racial and political profiling...). These bills were passed with very little debate. Where the fuck were we? We should not forget that Canada's constitution is weaker than that of the US, so much so that even a weak bill can have a devastating effect on our freedom and peace of mind.

Now, while we remain complacent, I mean fuckin' numb and lazy, the little white lap dog, following his master, aims for the Internet because, of course, there is way too much freedom and privacy there. Since the 90s, the Internet has become the most effective way for Joe Whothefuk to communicate on a global scale. He'd talk to all kinds of people, make friends, exchange ideas, debate ideologies and vent frustrations about the all-out-scam we're stuck livin' in every day and ways to maybe knock it out or hopes to improve it...! Seattle 99, Quebec City 00, Genoa 01, this had to stop. The World agenda had been high jacked by the people. Joe Whothefuk was now sitting in the driver's seat.

The already existing, but little known, 'Lawful Access' laws, are the means by which the state can monitor your communications and collect information about you, with some regards to a certain level of privacy. Before, they could only be used with probable cause. But now that level of privacy is eroding pretty fuckin' fast. Checking every e-mail (as is pretty much planned) would amount to opening every single letter at the post office or wiretapping every phone line. Here's what's cooking for us all. Changes to the existing 'Lawful Access' legislation, "in order to adapt to the new technologies", will have the little white lap dog and his uncle watch what you're talking about in e-mails, trace what areas of the Internet you surf and take note of you if they don't like your political beliefs or actions. Even more, they want to force the ISPs to store and, upon request by the State, report all your cyber whereabouts, your banking information (for the

taxman...) or even your health and medication information and who knows what else... this turns ISPs into agents of the State by force.

The little white lap dog and his uncle say it's needed to combat cyber crime. Has cyber crime killed anybody? Let me know. Apparently, every web citizen is suspected of such crime 'cause they want to increase the means of surveillance and investigation on ALL people that use "new technologies." Whether it's your Aunt e-mailing you or Osama Bin Laden e-mailing his Hollywood producer regarding his upcoming video, we all are gonna be on the same file. Even freakier, the little white lap dog wants to share what he finds with other countries, including his Uncle's, of course. And he will guarantee the cops total immunity if they illegally intercept information during an investigation. What the fuck is that? This reeks of purposely made mistakes to gather information on innocent people and then just say, "Sorry!"

This crappy bill has been in consultation for nearly a year and the very quiet process has just been extended until November. It probably won't get to Parliament before the end of Jean Chretien's reign as PM early next year. Then it'll be up to Paul Martin, our next imposed PM. Unfortunately, he wants to make Canada into an even more docile little white lap dog for the leash holder down south... shitty... that is, unless we fuckin' wake up!

Next month: What I think about apathy, including mine...

In the meantime, check out these web sites:  
[www.bccla.org](http://www.bccla.org) British Columbia Civil Liberties Association  
[www.creativeresistance.ca](http://www.creativeresistance.ca)  
[www.liguedesdroits.ca](http://www.liguedesdroits.ca) This is in French but is where I connected to the most links and found the most information on the Lawful Access shit.  
[www.indymedia.org](http://www.indymedia.org)  
[www.copvicia.com](http://www.copvicia.com) A killer site by former LAPD police officer with tons of information and good links. Mike Ruppert is definitely a pain in the butt of our corrupt powers that be.  
[www.cannabisculture.com](http://www.cannabisculture.com) It's not just about pot. Features some very insightful articles about freedom issues.

[www.americanfreepress.net](http://www.americanfreepress.net) That's a really good source with loads of information and links to lots more. Very Libertarian.

In last's month's column about the Death of Freedom in America, I consulted and mentioned a site called [www.hermespress.com](http://www.hermespress.com) which featured a poignant piece on the parallels between Hitler's and Bush's rise to power. For some reason, this site is currently inaccessible and its domain name 'parked'. Hum.



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# Is Rainini Men

## Why can't anyone put on a decent cockfight anymore?



Gyllob Gabor May 2003.

By Ainsworth

I got this great picture here from an anonymous source. Nowadays because of PETA and the hippies, cockfight enthusiasts must fear the law. This guy he sent the picture in (it's

the greatcock fights of the past.... eeeee, they're silhouetted in sepi now, those wonderful days of two dollar beers and comic books. Back in Fergus there was this guy, Denny, nice

a picture of chickens) and it was like a wistful dream... of what cockfighting used to be like. Except these are hens. And they... they just are sort of pecking each other. I don't want to criticize, but it lacks the "extreme!" power-rage of a true cockfight. Six out of ten: could do better.

I'm only angry because PETA said, "cruel to animals". Animals are even worse than people to people! I once as a small child got bit by a gerbil. Gerbils are pretty big, fierce animals to a small child! Go to hell, environmentalist! Fag!

I remember

guy, he used to say he had "ten years and a hunderd pounds" on me, which was true, and it was a pretty good decimal-system joke, and Denny was good with the decimal system; he had a real brawling cock, raised it from chick-hood to be a warrior. Man, that guy was like a mother to that rooster! He used to play it music, Cinderella, Sleeze Beez, Hung Jury, heavy metal shit like that; this was awhile ago before it all came back again in fashion like a nightmare. He played the Sleeze Beez because he liked it, and because his bird liked it. It really toughened up that bird. Shit, I remember one time Steve went to the library and he was reading a book about boxing and he heard that boxers in the old days used to soak their hands in salt water to toughen them up. He told me about that out in the back property later that day, and I saw that look in his eyes, I said, "Denny, don't do it man, no way don't fucken do it..." Of course, he did it. I went yonder the next day and he had that cock swimming around in a big ol' bucket of water. He put two bags of salt in, but he didn't stir it none, so all the fucken salt was on the bottom so it did not dissolve. IT DID NOT CREATE A FAVORABLE SALTWATER SOLUTION! IT WAS JUST A STUPID WASTE!

Anyway, I'm getting off topic. Denny got a little famous 'cause of his bird, He called it the nameless bird because he couldn't think of a name that was good enough, his bird did so good in a couple of district fights that the guy who ran fights in St. Jacobs got wind of it and he invited 'em up to compete in an intra-county match, hundred buck first prize and all. That's not far from the real big leagues, and you could see the stars in Denny's eyes. Man, he was over the moon. But this guy, Wiebe, from St. Jacobs told Denny he had to find a name for his fucking bird. And that was that! Man, poor Denny racked his brain for a suitable moniker, but busted out. Hey, don't make fun; could you come up with a name for your mom if she hadn't no name? No way. Denny loved his cock more than his mom, and I can't blame him, cause frankly his mom was just, wow, all fists, okay. WHHOOW!

Anyway, Denny just could not come up with a name. We had just begun to experiment a little with hand relief, so of course, all the names were really macho, like Wayne, Arnold, Schwarzenigger, Arnold, Schwarzenbird, Arnold, Roosternigger, BloodBird, Spike, Al Capone-bird, you can imagine the nomenclatorial syllogism for yourself, I bet. I figured, hell, I'm only a kid, but I bet Denny'll listen to me after **what I did**. So I suggested he name the bird Randy, after the world famous musician Randy Bachman from the Grateful Dead hippy band. And Denny went for it. And that's how I came to name the future Wellington County Champion Fighting Cock, 1988-89.

Randy was as freaked out as Denny was the night of the fight. You can always tell when a chicken's got a case of the nervous nellys, cause they won't shut the fuck up. Randy was screaming like a little girls' first, okay, it was "clucking" loud, if you'll excuse my levity. But there was no point to it. Randy punched three other fighting birds to fucking hell in that county-wide round-robin competition. Steve got that hundred dollars and bought a new vacuum cleaner. There's no buzz better then to be a boy of fourteen and that close to a prize-winning rooster. It was one of the greatest days in my life.

What happened to Randy, you ask? Well, let me tell you, after he FUCKED UP ALL THOSE FAGBIRDS IN 1988 he retired his way to a Thanksgiving dinner, if you get my drift. Hey, don't bitch, country folk have a more practical approach to the meaninglessness of life and death than you city-pussies. Good eatin' bird too, which is atypical when you consider that Randy had so much exercise in his life; it was like he was one of these fucking Pilates instructors. I don't know why you get so upset about a chicken. I just can't get it, you know! Wil Wheaton, the world-famous Star Trek actor is like that. Just a big pussy. Wil Wheaton WENT INTO FUCKING OUTER SPACE and yet he can't "bring" himself to cut up a rooster. Randy was so loved it was like he had a human personality. Randy was the most pet-like of all champion Bantam Cockfighters. He was, truly, in the final analysis, a rooster with an "attitude", as the rappers say.

Men were men back then. Not like today. I can't beg some ethnic to put on a fight these days. Men these days just can't be bothered to put in the time and sheer WORK it takes to fight cocks for money.

And I can see now what you are saying to yourself, sitting on a chair...

"Hey, Jew, don't whine about it... put on one of your own, Jew!"

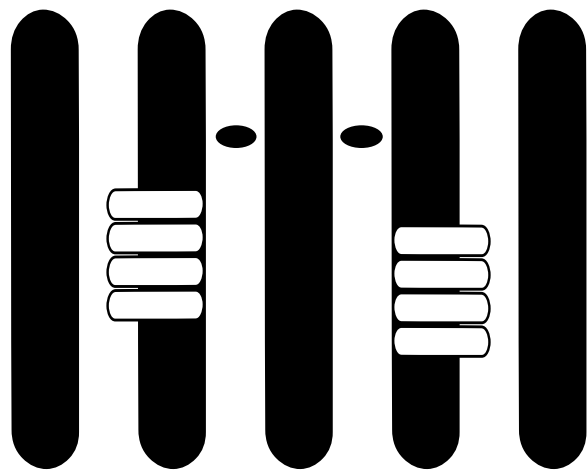
Hey, let me tell you how hard it is to be a promoter of **anything** in this town. Not six months ago I "rented" a back alley, I posted the entire frigging town telling people about this child-boxing event I had lined-up. It wasn't even raining that day, but not a single paying customer showed up. Just a bunch of homeless losers.

I simply am not capable of putting on an event because I have no vim. I'd love to drop some cash and book at a fight, but I just can't get together the venue, the birds, the handlers; it is beyond me.

Also I think cock fights, or "extreme" cockfights, should include men dressed at roosters fighting *for real*. It costs probably a hunderd dollars for a rooster costume, but that's just money, it can be made back. Those two rooster dressed faggy will kick the hell out of each other and it'll be great. I hope the one guy kicks the other guy in the groin and when his head comes down and he goes "whhhopph!" the other guy grabs his head and rams him in the face with the knee a few times, laughing. Word on the street is that forgotten rap superstar Slick Rick is a huge fan of cockfighting, I bet he'd play a few numbers at the fight if his agent was approached the right way, with vim. That would be great. Slick Rick in many ways is a symbol of the future hopes and dreams of cockfighting and the related sports of dog-fighting and child-fighting.

A great idea would be to have one guy dressed as a rooster fighting for children under the age of ten in a no-holds-barred match, and if the rooster looses he will be entirely shaved by the children.... and I mean entirely!

"You'll have to pry my fighting cock from my cold, dead hands!"



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# Skate Menace

## The Summer Sessions



**Matt 'not a frontside air'  
Fazackerley**



**Lindsey chugs a beer during her  
heat.**



**This air is as tall as him!**

The Vancouver Summer came to a close last month with the end of the Bowl Series and The Annual Jak's skateboard competition. Everyday obligations sometimes restrict us from skating as much as we want, but if you managed to make it to any of the series or to the Jaks contest, you should at least feel like you got a decent summer dose.

### Whistler Bowl

The August 24th bowl contest in Whistler was a little disappointing. The skating was great but the weather proved unfriendly. I arrived around 2 PM but the contest hadn't started. People were getting anxious. Apparently the generator hadn't arrived yet. This was a perfect excuse for me to set down the camera and do some skating. I carved the bowl and nearly exploded out of the Bong hit while trying to avoid a line of skaters doing a long snake

down and back up the run. Some words of advice for anyone at a crowded session - KEEP YOUR HEAD UP!

Eventually the generator arrived and the contest began. The beginners were great. They all wore helmets and pads. One little guy was doing fly-outs over four stacked skateboards. The future of Whistler skateboarding is quite safe if these young guys keep that up.

The intermediates were even better. A lot of these young guys have skated at all of the different contests and on all the different terrain. You can really see the versatility in their skating. Then, half way through the intermediates the clouds started to spit... but only lightly. Trevor actually put on quite a show on the slick concrete. He set up a bunch of beer cans along the top of a concrete curb and then slappy-ground them off. The wet concrete made it a challenge because his board kept shooting away, but after a few tries and the encouragement of the entire crowd, he rode up, knocked 'em down, and rode away.

The rain stopped but the clouds didn't leave.

Whistler and women's competition seem to go hand in hand. Usually it's men competing for the attention of the low ratio of women that live in Whistler, but not today. The women's heats were impressive. The different styles don't just apply to the intermediates - these women skate everything. Some were carving the bowl with style while others were slapping frontside disasters.

The day was getting late and when the advanced category was announced, the rains finally came... immediately soaking everyone and everything. The contest was postponed and finally carried out at the Hastings bowl on Sunday September 6. I didn't make it, so ask someone else - Who is the King of the bowls?

### The Jaks Comp

Every second Saturday of September the Jaks competition is held at the China Creek Bowls. This year shit was no different - Booze, Tunes and Skating!

The contest was well underway before I arrived. It seemed like every skater and punk rock kid from the entire Eastside was there. This contest had your typical beginner, intermediate and advanced categories.

During the intermediates there was a call for Mr. Boozy-Pants. It took a while to find him but Mr Boozy-Pants took his run with a beer in hand. This turned on the crowd almost as much as runs when people were actually trying tricks.

Some of the skaters were really tearing up the bowls. Matt Fazackerley had an amazing run. He used the entire course, including the rickety quarter pipes. Johnny B. showed the crowd how to pull a backside disaster even when the ramp is swaying from side to side. Steve Lange pulled out the style show and roared around the tub at high speed. I would tell you who won, but I got a little too distracted with the party. Big thanks to the Jaks and the crew down at Shred City (Cractpipe).

*The Menace*



# Skate Spot



## Hastings hosts King of Bowls



It was a dark and stormy day, raining on the North Shore with stormclouds a-loomin' overhead, but the weather held out and the King of the Bowls comp went off. It was nice to see John Raimondo in attendance, and thanks to all the local sponsors and to Circa for helping things happen.

Beginner results were as follows: 1. Britt 2. James 3. Stephen (who skated in every comp and could be considered the kid's King of the Bowls) and 4. Cory Myers.

The Women's event saw serious ripping by Leeside Lee's little sister Alison (aka Nugget) who placed first, by, amongst other stunts, ollieing out, manoulling the deck and rolling back in. Second place went to Char Hunter with her trademark solid style, and 3rd to Lindsay whose flow matched the flow from her tallboy. Runners up were 4. Cathy 5. Breanna, 6. Allie and 7. Marina.

George (DJ Day Break) just escaped killision, then ollied to tail over the hip and into first place in Intermediate. Second went to Vaughan, with healthy frontside air flyouts and nollie backside180s, and third place to Terry. 4th went to Rich's speedlines and rock fakie in the deep end; 5th to Matt (one-footed flyouts and fs flips on flat) 6. Mike and Mike K. 7. Ben 8. Jeff 9. Kenji.

It sure is fun watching the Advanced rippers treat this gnar park like a miniramp. This year's Hastings champ and King of the Bowls was Johnny B, who's been on fire all summer. He threw down flowing lines with inventive tricks, like a kickflip backside disaster, or a line with a backside Smith stall 270 pivot out spine transfer followed by a footplant-to-tail over a hip. Second went to Rich Wiens' mix of comfortable vert style sweepers and nosebone transfers and tech stuff like frontside flips. Third went to techy Stevie Denham, who nollied into the deep end, fakie noseblunted, Cab 270'd over a hip, and did a FS hurricane 270 out. 4th placer Rosie did BS disasters in the deep end 5th Mike Pragnell (vert-style big airs, KF indy, alley-oop lien over a hip 6th Marky Anderson (Alley-oop BS 50-50, fs sweep-er) 7th Ryan (watch out for this kid; 15 years old, backside airing over the deep end hip, huge bs 180 flyouts.) 8th Nicky (speedy, fast 50-50 grinds around the corner, salad grinds to fakie in the 4').

The early heats of the comp saw some cunning stunts by peeps not making the finals: Young Cody (the final third of the "Pony Posse" along with Ryan and Nicky) melon transferred

over the spine - the kids are alright, cuz they basically live here in the summers). Seb announced Jeff Logan "dropping in" to the Porta-potty...that'd be "rolling in" if he used toilet paper... Logan nollied out to nose manual then nollied back in. Dave 'Dirtboy' Priest busted out some fat slob and fs airs, and Howie did a nice fakie boardslide revert.

We had to run after the King was crowned due to the dog eating our homework, so we missed the Longboard and Over 30 comps, but then we never claimed to be real journalists, now did we? Our secondhand sources indicate results as follows:

### Longboard

1. Steve Lange 2. Shane Hunter 3. Jamie Sherritt 4. Eve

### Over 30

1. Howie 2. Aussie Scott (nollie fs 360 over spine to blown knee)

In other Bowl Series News, the comp at Seyllynn (25 years old this summer) saw lotsa people including the Jaks and had the best contest vibe of bowl series. China Creek comp was host to the usual East Van locals and much carousing. Best trick went to Ray for his 'Ray-deo' flip outta the teacup; props to Ray for his recent sponsorship by the Boardroom.

Geoff Dermer and writer Frank Daniello, amongst others, just returned from a 7-week, 34-stop Canadian tour sponsored by the Underworld shop in Montreal. 7 people did the ENTIRE tour - see underattacktour.com for details.

Sat. Sept 20 saw local photog Vaughan Neville's "Saturday Night Fever" jam at the Richmond park, where, once again, Johnny B took top spot, followed by China Creek loc Aaron Carruthers and Jiro from Japan. Best Trick went to Adrian for a nollie kickflip noseslide shuvit off of a funbox. Thanx to the City Centre Community Association, DJ's Indy and DayBreak, and Richmond bands Rally Car and Coalition.

-D-Rock and Miss Kim.  
email us at [downspace@telus.net](mailto:downspace@telus.net)



# Optical Nerve

First in a series of columns on Nerve-worthy films new to DVD.



## RUN RONNIE RUN

Directed by Troy Miller  
Starring David Cross and Bob Odenkirk

Filmdom is littered with the ghosts of misunderstood, and sometimes, misguided film efforts from TV comedians. While TV has been a breeding ground for many comedians better known as filmatists (from Woody Allen to Bill Murray), there are infinitely more who were never able to parlay their TV careers into box-office gold. For all the *Wayne's World's* and *Monty Python* and the *Holy Grail's* there are just as many *It's Pat's* and *Kevin & Perry Go Large's*.

That's why it's imperative that you, the tastemaking readership of this magazine, head down to your local video rental establishment and rent the shit out of *Run Ronnie Run*, the first, and most likely last, feature film based on characters from the cult HBO series *Mr. Show*. If any film manages to capture the creative insanity of the show that birthed it, *Run Ronnie Run* is it.

For the uninitiated, *Mr. Show* was a half-hour, free-associative, sketch-comedy show shuffled around the HBO late-night schedule from 1995-1998 based around the singular talents of David Cross, Bob Odenkirk (who met writing for *The Ben Stiller Show*) and their stock company. *Mr. Show's* closest formal kin is probably *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, in that sketches often use associative threads to make transitions more seamless and allow non-linear jokes. While *Mr. Show* never set the

world on fire in terms of cultural penetration, those seeking refuge from the 20 minute-long dead stretches on *Saturday Night Live* found companionship in the arms of Bob and David. A post-modern masterpiece, *Mr. Show's* favourite target was the hand that fed it: pop culture, and the artifice of comedy itself.

Which is why it comes as no surprise that *Run Ronnie Run* takes aim at reality TV, the latest idiotic pop culture trend. Cross plays Ronwell Q. Dobbs (known to his drinking buddies as Ronnie), an unrepentant recidivist who begins to achieve notoriety for being continually arrested on TV, and his often hilarious belligerence towards anyone pursuing him. Odenkirk is Terry Twillstien, a television kitchen gadget pitchman, whose latest invention has an unfortunate design flaw that causes its rotating blades to fly off and turn into deadly projectiles, who travels to Ronnie's backwoods home in order to turn him into a reality TV celebrity. The pitch: Ronnie gets arrested in a different way each week.

*Run Ronnie Run* began germinating immediately after *Mr. Show* stopped production, and it took until now for it to finally see the light of day. After completing production in 2000, *Run Ronnie Run* became the focus of a protracted struggle between Bob and David, director Troy Miller and the distributor, New Line. While the film showed at festivals here and there, and later became a hot bootleg, New Line deemed it un-releasable and shelved it. Bob and David fought to be able to re-edit the film, but were unsuccessful, and have essentially disowned the film on their website [bobanddavid.com](http://bobanddavid.com). Granted, *Run Ronnie Run* doesn't quite reach the inspired genius of their TV show, but it manages to be consistent and never feels compromised.

More to the point, *Run Ronnie Run* is fucking hilarious. While an appreciation of *Mr. Show* probably helps, it's hard not to laugh at what Cross and Odenkirk have conceived. Equally literate, and un-PC, *Run Ronnie Run* takes on everyone from trailer trash to idiot celebrities and paints them all with the same satirical brush. When Ronnie realizes how awry his life has gone, the film manages to be simultaneously absurd and poignant. See *Run Ronnie Run* for yourself, and then maybe, once they've been deservedly canonized, we'll all be able to see it as Bob and David intended.

-Bjorn Olson



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# GORE

## WHOOAAHH...HOWWWLLL!! IT'S HALLOWEEN AGAIN!



a stick with the opening titles over what looks like a Halloween painting for the LP cover of an old "scary sounds" horror album.

**NIGHT CREATURES** (aka CAPTAIN CLEGG, Dir: Peter Graham Scott, 1962)

I finally got ahold of this obscure Hammer Studios film after doing some "importing". Peter Cushing plays the lead with a young Oliver Reed in an important supporting role. You CANNOT go wrong with this spooky little number. It has all the Hammer atmosphere with an old classic pirate story(!) eventually leading to you being stuck to the screen as skeletal horses and riders take over a dark foggy swamp scaring the shit out of villagers. The skeleton suits are unbeatable; they'll have you running to your old Famous Monster magazines and garage rock LP covers to look again at the stills that were taken from this film.

**SHE BEAST** (Dir: Michael Reeves, 1966)

Barbara Steele graces the screen in this fast-paced witch story that has one of the greatest witch costumes in the history of cinema. Bloody mouthed, open eyed, missing teeth, raspy hair, and cloaked rot woman screaming bloody terror after being resurrected from a dark lake where she was dunked during the witch-hunts. Overlooked by some fans of the Steele horror films (thanks to the unexpected keystone cops chase near the end), but I think that this film stands its ground with its scenery



These days, it seems, not only are plagued with the direct-to-video Fangoria-style bad horror films (which do occasionally boast some amazing dialogue), but we now have to cope with horror films that promise "cinema" quality for the aficionado, but then kick us in the balls. So, if you're a Eurotrash horror fanatic and want to put a bad taste in your mouth and eventually puke; follow these steps:

Think about Fulci's *ZOMBIE* while you watch *28 DAYS LATER* and have a seizure from the flashing edits and lights....

Then go watch *CABIN FEVER* at the theatre....

Watch the shit poor trailer for the shit poor remake of *TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE*....

...then try to make it through *CABIN FEVER*.

This is the age of the lowest common denominator. Films that are *too* out there? - stick 'em in the festival circuit. Films that depresses us? - direct-to-video for the lazy asses that missed it at the festival. Make the ending good, make a guaranteed customer magnet horror comedy - and everything is cool for another year!

Yes, it is Halloween again, and the only way I can cleanse my palate from the above ranting is via some good classic horror films. After an afternoon of listening to the unholy blasting of *Sarcophago*, a little early thrashing *Sodom*, and then some mighty *VON*, we have the time to lighten our eyes a touch with some Eurotrash and a few obscure horror masterpieces of Halloween:

**SWAMP OF THE LOST MONSTER** (1956, Dir: Rafael Baledon)

Kick ass rip-off of *THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON* with an amazing orange coloured gillman that has an oversized head and bloody air tank hump on the back. Nice underwater scenes where the monster battles an oar and a lot of western aesthetics including a western hero "Gaston" to round things out. The atmosphere is actually really cool as the muddy riverbed features a skull on

and horror, thanks to *CONQUERER WORM* director Michael Reeves.

**INQUISITION** (Dir: Paul Naschy, 1976)

This was Naschy's first official directorial effort and sports a sort of seriousness in direction that is powerful for even a Naschy film... that and the usual Naschy atmospheric flair makes this one a Spanish horror must have. The gorgeous Daniela Giordano plays the female who succumbs to witchcraft until the lead Inquisitor (played by none other than Naschy) ends up falling for her. Fucking hail Satan! Naschy also plays Satan himself at the Sabbath, sporting an amazing eye-bulging goat style/devil mask that even gives *THE BRAINIAC* a run for his money. Perfect.

Keep it classic, atmospheric, grainy, washed out, and creepy as hell.

- SINISTER SAM





# SpreadEagle NERVE RECORDS

## Puzzle Page

The first 3 people to solve both puzzles win a copy of the brand new **SpreadEagle** cd! Bring your completed puzzles to the Nerve office, weekdays between noon and 5pm at 508-825 Granville St, Vancouver.

### Boogie Nights -by Dan Scum

#### ACROSS

1. \_\_\_\_\_ Diggle
5. Women's Professional Rugby Association
9. Owner of the bar in Fight Club
12. Persia
13. Buddies
15. Anally Inflicted Death Sentence
16. Cover with cement
17. Molson mini-keg
18. Rasta word
19. Porn Star Lexington
21. Home of the Indians
23. \_\_\_\_\_ Adams from Torrance
25. Boner (abbrev.)
26. Madame Cleo, e.g.
28. Two of them don't make a right
32. Perform simple math
35. Sturgis location (Abbrev.)
37. Keener word
39. Mustachioed male stripper in Boogie Nights
41. Master's minion
43. Equally scored
44. Escargot
46. English county
48. Compass directions
49. Atypical black man name
51. Aligns broken bones
53. Dodge muscle car
55. Diamond and Young
58. Baldwin's better half
63. Schemes
63. Do \_\_\_\_\_ others....
65. Greasy spoon
66. 2,4,6,8,e.g.
68. French resort
69. Figure skater Brian
70. Scream starlet Campbell
71. Royal Dutch airlines
72. Port not Starboard
73. Very (fr.)

#### DOWN

1. Guacamole, babaganoush, hummous
2. Pissed off
3. Danced to techno all night on drugs
4. Prepares dough for bread baking
5. Worker safety watchdog
6. Offensive Vietnamese word

7. Russian currency unit
8. Jack Horner's wife in boogie nights
9. Italian currency unit
10. Norse god
11. Second hand
14. Goatender
15. Fall sick
20. Deceived
22. Finance class
24. Scared housewife sounds
27. Heather Graham in Boogie Nights
29. Gross minus overhead
30. Guaranteed Available Income for Need
31. Crock pot meal
32. Position prepositions
33. Do not
34. June 6,1944
36. \_\_\_\_\_ kwon do
38. Overdoses
40. N, S, E, or W
42. Eve and Adam's crib
45. "O lord stuck in \_\_\_\_\_ again"
47. Walk
50. Fernando to pals
52. Without sound
54. On edge
56. Sex partner
57. Bionic Man Austin
58. Black cowboy on Boogie Nights
59. Of the ass
60. Plant part
61. Male descendant
62. Coral formation
64. Super Nintendo Entertainment System
67. Rural route denotation

### August Issue's Solution:

### Porno Word Search

- |          |          |         |
|----------|----------|---------|
| big      | poolside | another |
| porn     | lesbian  | hard    |
| audition | scene    | days    |
| office   | dildo    | work    |
| huge     | fisting  |         |

- breasts  
drink  
couch  
knees  
zipper  
head  
good  
shoot  
hotel  
room  
pizza  
delivery  
guy  
with  
hammer  
bad  
dialogue  
dick  
suck  
hotel  
manager  
arrives  
double  
penetration  
spitroast  
facial  
cut



**reviews**  
FOR THE WEEKEND WARRIOR IN YOU!

BY ADLER FLOYD

### Jedi Knight: Jedi Academy

Developer:  
Raven Software  
  
Publisher: Lucasarts  
  
Platform: PC  
  
Rating: Teen  
  
Web: lucasarts.com



I hope this is the last Jedi Knight installment that utilizes the outdated Quake 3 engine. Even though that motherfucker still has some engine life, it's time they got hooked up with the shiny graphix. *Jedi Academy* looks exactly like the previous, but with new maps and shit. All right, so you want to be a goddamn Jedi? What are you fucking waiting for? Strap that blaster to yer side, pick your lightsaber, space-cowboy, and choose your side. *Jedi Academy* is the 3<sup>rd</sup> game in this outlandish sci-fi series. As you gather from the title, you play a student who is just learnin' the fine Jedi craft. The game lets you customize your character up to the fuckin' balls. 70 different skin combinations, single or dual saber combinations and more. For all you hard-core freaks, Kyle Katarn from the first two games is back, but this time he's only teaching you and sometimes fights along your inexperienced side. The game has some sort of a typical Star Wars story, but that don't matter to me, as long as I get to kill some Storm Troopers. Oh shit, speaking of Storm Troopers, these cunts don't do much in this game except get slaughtered by your character. It's like they were only programmed to take a royal

fuckin' beating, not that there is anything wrong with that, but it would have been nice if they were a bit smarter. Other enemies are more bloodthirsty. The dark Jedis go after you like crazy, but if you've got your game face on and the death choke, you're good to go. Anyway, the game is very linear in nature; open doors and kick ass... press a button and kick ass... you get the point. There are some neat additions such as the ability to ride swoop bikes, taun-tauns and other vehicles and a number of characters make cameos, but no Darth Vader. But even with those extra things, the game still feels like it should have been just an add-on and not a stand-alone. The most fun you'll have is with the multiplayer... until you go back to CS 1.5.

Eye Candy: 3.5  
Tunes: 3  
Gameplay: 4  
Chill Factor: 4  
Verdict: Dual lightsabers and the deadly fucking Vader choke make this a Star Wars pud fest.



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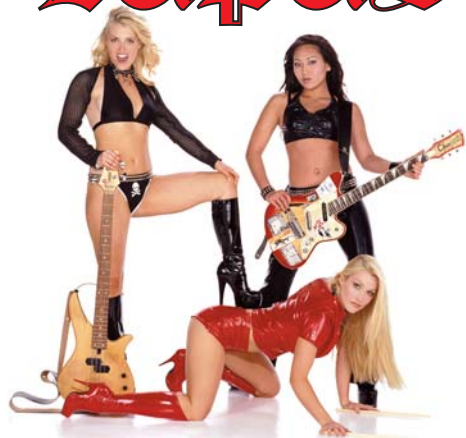
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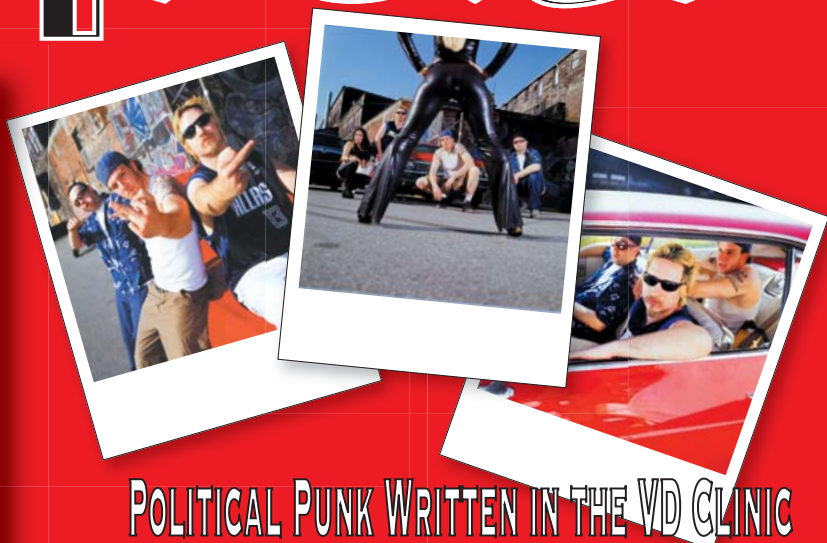
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# NERVELAND SMUT RANCH

Welcome to another installment of NerveLand Smut Ranch! After last issue, I hope many of you found that special college co-ed to hold you tight over these chilling fall months. Ooooo it's a spooky month and Halloween horror rentals will definitely hit their yearly high. It occurred to me that slasher movies, such as those from the Friday the 13th and Massacre franchises, have a direct correlation visually and emotionally to that of a hard-core porno film. In a porno flick, you start with a scenario or plot, then you wait for the attractive or desirable woman to come onto the scene so she can inevitably get fucked by a spear-like member, leading to the expulsion of bodily fluids over the tits, stomach, or face. In a horror film, the cliché scenario or plot often involves a young woman running into an unknown evil, in perfect fashion that still seems to capture our attention, much like that of a porno, as we eventually see the stalker come up from behind her, fuck her up with a spear-like object such as a knife or an ax which inevitably leads to the spurting and splattering of blood across the victims tits, stomach, and face. As you can obviously see, the same carnal attraction that brings someone to look at a porno movie can also propel one to watch a blood squirting horror flick. So, since it is October, I've chosen a couple of pornos that appeal to the darker side of the human psyche and are sure to heat up your Halloween.

## Dark Angels

Starring: Sydnee Steele, Jewel de Nyle, Dillion Day, Ginger Paige, Evan Stone, Erik Everhard, April, McKayla, Phylisha Ryder, Mickey G, Voodoo Child, Mike Horner, Steve Carpenter, and George Kaplan.  
Director: Nic Andrews.



Dark Angels instantly captivated me right from the opening credits. A mysterious, dark cloaked woman ventures into a seedy goth club. She then proceeds to seduce an unsuspecting club-goer and gives him mad head in the bathroom stall. When they are through fucking, she feeds her bloodthirsty habit, and leaves the fuck dead in the stall. As men start ending up dead, the police try to stay on the trail of the woman behind the murders. The problem is that where there is one vampire, there are others. A female witness, whom a detective is trying to protect, has been bitten and will eventually become one of the undead. This is a dark, sensual, gothic, and erotic movie that satisfies the viewer's vampiric thirst for an A grade porno film. Dark Angels goes farther than most porno movies as it explores the darker side of lust. This film deals with the give and take aspect of sex, and the power that one can hold over another. The cloaked woman is forced to go out every

night to satisfy an urge that is beyond her control. She loses her life essence as she seduces and submits to men who use her to satisfy their urges. She is left feeling fucked, but empty, she must feed. Like a drug one has no control over, she has to give away a part of herself to lessen the hunger that is inside. This film has plenty of shiny black vinyl clothing, attractive women, special effects, and a hot lesbian scene. This is a porno movie that watches like a decent B-movie. It seems like the perfect story to make into a cable TV mini-series. In a perfect world, that is.

## Psychosis

Starring: Sondra Hall, Tyler, Star E. Knight, Jenna Haze, Jorjon Haze, Shyla Stylez, John West, Brett Rockman, Steven St. Croix, and Dale Dabone.  
Director: Jim Enright



The mob has a hit out for sex psychiatrist Dr. Brodsky who owes them half a million dollars after betting on a dog race. After visiting the doctor at her office, the femme fatale takes over the office. With Dr. Brodsky in hiding, the psychotic assassin has free reign over the office and starts giving out her own twisted therapy to the female patients, resulting in molestation and eventually some hammer-time. While busy looking for Brodsky, the hit-woman puts the male secretary in charge of the sessions. The female patients take to him immediately. Her new form of sex therapy ends up being very popular with the patients who seem to look forward to their sessions. This thriller works on a more subtle level. Imagine spilling all your innermost feelings to someone you think is a psychiatrist, but turns out to be someone fulfilling a fantasy of their own. This is what makes the movie tick. The tone of this movie is creepier than anything, and the ending leaves you guessing.... But, even though I did like the ending, Psychosis seemed like it was just going through the motions and it lacked in both the sex scenes and in the script. If more care was taken with the script and the plot was developed more, this movie could have been a porn-thriller masterpiece.

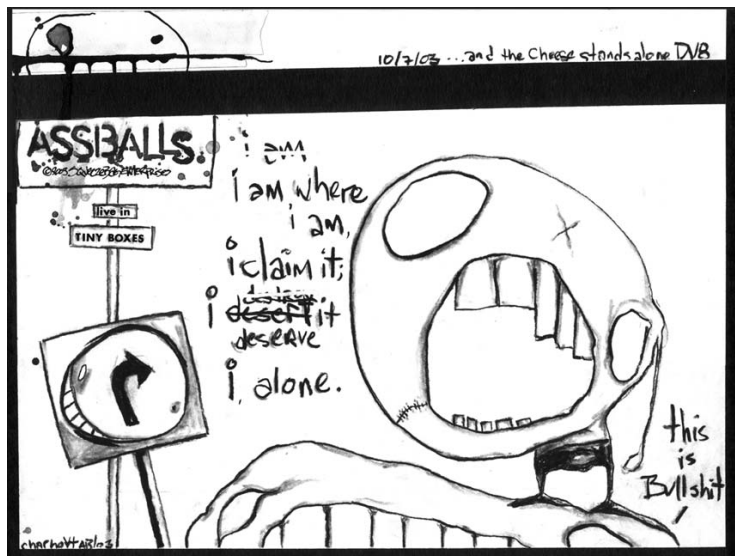
Thanks for joining me for the special Halloween review. I only wish there were more supernatural porno films out there. Maybe there's a wolfman porn out there where some poor cursed man changes into a werewolf every full moon and has to fuck the living bejesus out of the village women. One can only hope.

-Max Crown  
smut ranch@thenervemagazine.com



# Found!

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  
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