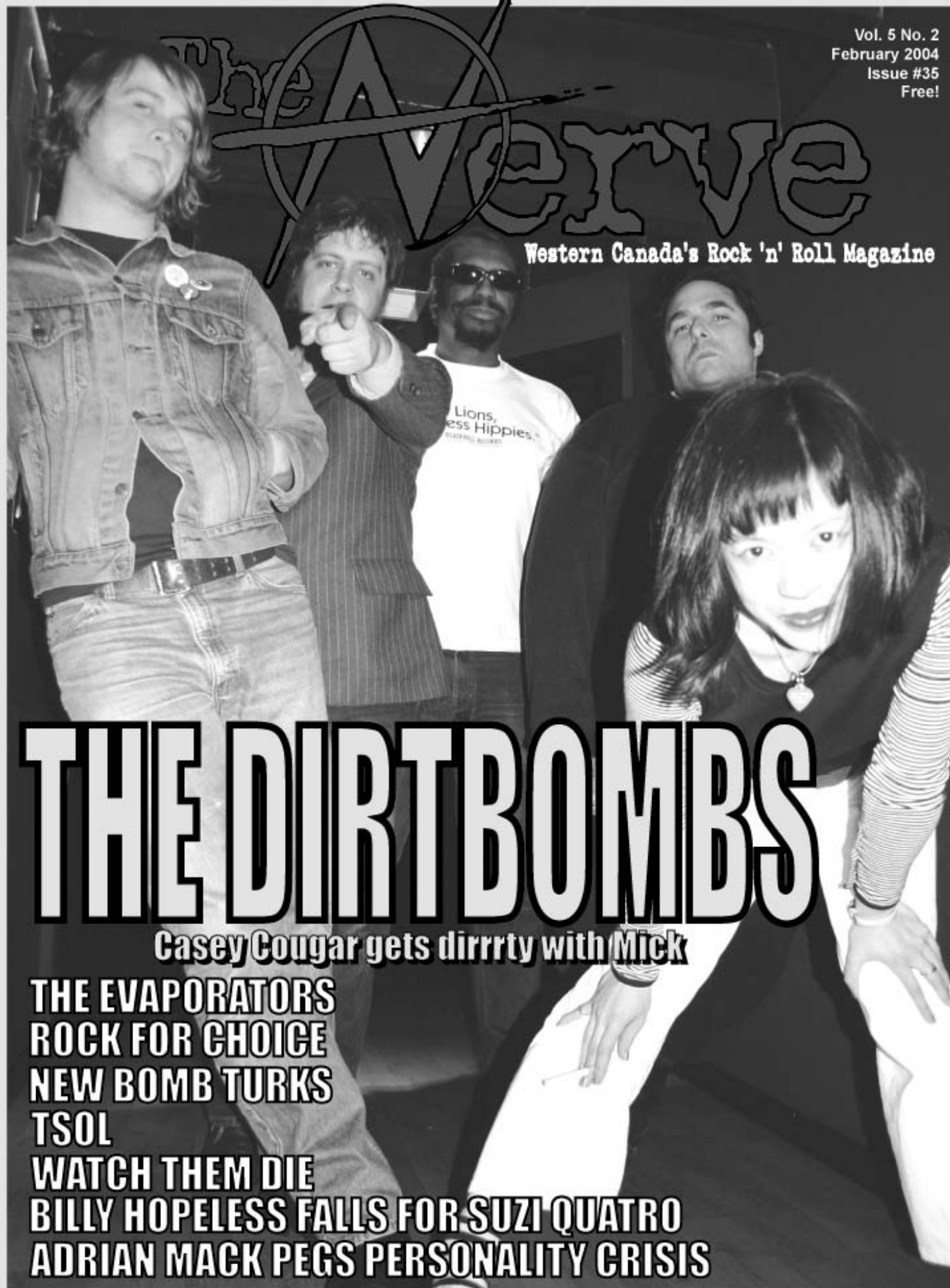


Vol. 5 No. 2
February 2004
Issue #35
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The A-Verve

Western Canada's Rock 'n' Roll Magazine



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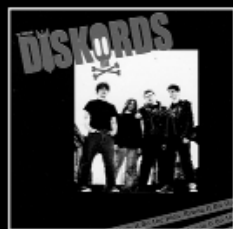
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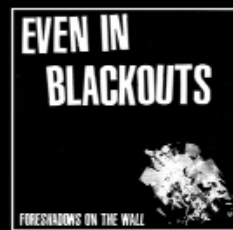
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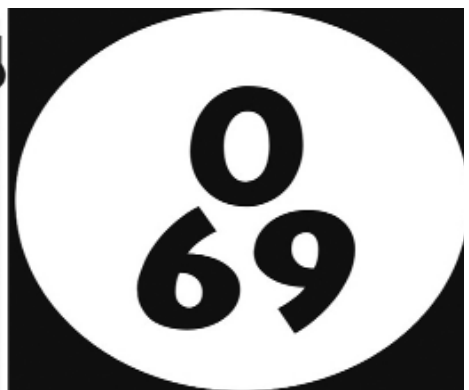
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Band Slut of the month!



Blind Marc (Marc Hlady) has become a key element of the Victoria punk scene in the last ten years. Whether he's drumming or singing, you know that if Blark is in the band it's gonna be hard as hell. You'd think that drinking and playing would take up all of his time, but Marc also likes to treat people to the unnerving sight of a blind guy barreling down Cook Street on his skateboard now and again. White cane in hand. I guess the tattoo across his gut sums it up the best. **BLIND AND PROUD.**

What is your stage name and where are you based?

It's Blind Marc or Blark. I'm based in Victoria BC.

How many musical outfits are you currently whoring around with?

Four right now: Betty Ford (Drums), The Shivs (Vocals), Keg Killers (Drums), The Bloody Hells (Drums), Dayglo Abortions (U.S. Tour Drummer).

How do you keep all your bands separate?

I pretty much separate them by the music style. They're all punk, but slightly different. The Shivs is more hardcore, while Betty Ford is a street punk thing. Keg Killers is more of a 70's style rock 'n' roll punk. Not too sure about the Bloody Hells yet, since I just joined.

How often do you fall off the stage?

Well, The Shivs haven't played a show in awhile, so not lately... It all depends on the amount of booze and how fast it goes down. It doesn't happen so much with the other bands, since I can use the drums to prop myself up.

How do you know when it's time to sleep in the tub?

It's pretty much a given after 20 or so beers... you just know.

-Ty Forslund



photo: Laura Murray

The Dirtbombs... Casey Cougar talks to Mick and surprisingly *doesn't* take off her underwear...

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WARNING! UNCENSORED!
please, enjoy.

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Cheap Shotz

By Sarah Rowland

The Uncas Old Boys



The Edmonton-based **Uncas Old Boys**, who played at the Festival of Guns last November, were incorrectly labeled as the "Uncaps Old Boys" in our last issue. This typo is almost as embarrassing as the time I wrote, "Jono is the sexiest man in rock" when what I meant to say was "Bono is the sexiest man in rock". I don't know how these mistakes keep getting past our copy editing department. But you can be damn sure that Blark will never proof read in this town again.

The Mexican Blackbirds

The Nerve in no way condones drinking and driving but we also don't approve of leaving death threats on band message boards. The Mexican Blackbirds have been receiving some pretty disturbing emails since the *Nerve's* December 2003 issue, where lead singer Chris Trashcan alluded to downing a few before getting behind the wheel when his band played in Vancouver. One particular vigilante has threatened to bottle Trashcan if he ever makes it back to the 'Couv. Keep in mind, the Blackbirds, who play with, you guessed it, the Gung-Hos at *The Nerve* issue release party Friday, Feb 6 at Pub 340, are based out of Tacoma, Washington. Yet, we're the ones coming across as igniant red necks... see what's wrong with

this picture? Of course, if these these on-line stalkers want to rock Trashcan, they're are gonna have to get past Badly Damaged first, who just happens to have a third-degree black belt in pilates and let me tell you, there's nothing more terrifying than seeing Damaged practicing his lethal downward facing dog manoeuvre in a skin-toned thong. Not only that. He's got some new moves that he recently picked up from Sting's instructional video.

Dog Eat Dogma is looking for a Bass Guitarist.



Frontman Bob Dog

Fuck the Atkinson diet. If you want to lose weight fast, go on the road with Dog Eat Dogma. Vancouver's metal tinged punk band is looking for a new bassist. DD Dumper has officially retired from starvation tours. But if making a living against all odds appeals to you, contact Dog Eat Dogma immediately. dogeatdogma@suddendead.com For more info visit the website www.suddendead.com/dogeatdogma

The Gung-Hos



The fab five posed in a pre-game huddle backstage, just minutes before they made their Commodore debut. Now I know there's been some grumbings, especially in the States, about how much ink the Hos get in *The Nerve*. Some Seattle readers have even gone so far as to suggest that they are Vancouver's answer to the Beatles. This simply isn't true. The whole Ho-mania thing is a myth. We just love supporting our hometown heroes. That's why when the boys next door of heavy rock opened up for The Dirtbombs Jan 22 at the crack of 9 pm, they played to three rows of friends and give or take 73 million American TV viewers. Of course, when the guys were loading out, the usual mob of hysterical female fans started chasing the mop-top sensations down Granville Street. But they took it in stride. As they gaily darted in and out of storefront alcoves in a mad-cap game of cat and mouse, the girls kept screaming out the names of their favourite Ho. However, it was difficult to hear make out what they were saying with Hard Day's Night blasting so loudly in the background.

SLEAZEBALL no*8*

Happy Valentine's Day! Slezeball on Friday the 13th of February @ Vancouver's Fabulous Penthouse night club featuring: Radio Berlin, All You Can Eat, Fashion by Faint, Hostess Cotton, Miss Kitty. It's the perfect way to spend the holiday—for everyone from happy couples to lonely perverts and people who are just really into high-end stripping.

Billy Hopeless



The man who made it cool to wear multi-zippered stretch pants is *Nerve's* employee of the month. If you want to know more about the Black Halos punk rock legend, you can check him out at Van's Pub 340. As of Feb 1st, he'll be hosting Tigerbeat Sundays, a night of teenage rock 'n' roll and all the bubble gum you can swallow. Spinning the likes of the Jackson Five, The Ramones, Abba, The Bay City Rollers, ABBA and AC/DC, DJ B. Hopeless guarantees that every chick in the joint will be dancing.

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22 Half of the Dog Movies 2PM Fri Tiger Beat with DJ Billy Hopeless No Cover 8PM	23 Fifteen Minutes of Fame Acoustic Open Mic Hosted by Sweet D No Cover 8PM	24 DJ DISTURBO No Cover 8PM	25 THE LADY KISSERS with guests No Cover 8PM	26 ROCK ACTIVE THURSDAYS w/ DJ Almirick Pelt No Cover 8PM	27 SLAVEGO Tim Mandown No Cover 8PM	28 MUSA with guests No Cover 8PM

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Adrian Mack Is An Idiot

By Adrian Mack

My girlfriend complains that I always give the impression I'm a Gay Man when I write this column. Not that I can blame her. Most people think I'm Gay. My mother still thinks I'm Gay - she once saw me described as a "talented percussionist" in the Georgia Straight and to her mind that was proof. She called me up that day. I was at work.

"Adrian Mack - Idiot Desk," I said.

"Yo! Princess Tiny Meat! (That's what she calls me) Even the Georgia Straight says you're Gay!"

"Yeah - they think I'm a racist, too. Ignore it."

"So what are you then," she continued. "Are you Gay?"

"No, I'm not. I'm impotent. I've been impotent ever since that Industrial Tribunal ran over my legs. I can't walk either. That's why I have a GIRLFRIEND..." and I emphasized the word, "...to push me around."

or the score for "Taboo!") is sitting in some asshole's recycle bin.

Not that I care anymore. I'm tired of being your idiot. It's a horrendous burden. Billy gets to be "Hopeless" which gives him way more latitude. Casey's allowed to be a "Cougar". I have to be an idiot. It's hard. On top of all that, people are trying to lift my shtick by claiming they're idiots too. Fuckers... you can have it. Walk a mile in my shoes if you dare. You'll notice that my shoes have big Air Horns on them.

Not a whole lot of fun, is it? Everybody is looking at you, aren't they?

Now you don't feel so fucking smart, or idiotic, or both...do you? Ass.

So I write this offensive piece of garbage and just about lose my job while the Norwegians can arse about killing and eating each other and everybody at Nerve HQ thinks

There's a terrible double standard at work here and it doesn't end with the cold winds of homophobia licking at my marble virgin ass like those ghosts in Raiders of the Lost Ark.

"You let that gold-digging tart push you around? Sounds pretty Gay to me..."

"No...I mean, to push my wheelchair around. Her upper body strength has increased ten-fold."

"Yeah, you like that don't you? Big arms, I mean."

Fine...

I'm not Gay and I'm not a Racist - which incidentally is exactly what Kirk Brandon said when I saw his terrible old band Spear of Destiny about two decades ago in London. We learned since then that he was actually both, but I'm standing my ground on this matter - or at least sitting in my whee-ee on a level surface. I'm writing this column in a state of some despair. I already submitted one this month and it was junked because Sarah and Brad thought I might get beaten up, on account of how offensive it was. I pleaded with them - "It's satire!" I moaned. "Nobody reads this shit except my friends. They're not going to beat me up. Not anymore. Who's gonna punch a guy with floppy legs? And a floppy wiener? I don't even have any friends! And I have to pay some tart to push me around!!! I'm an idiot!!!" But they were intractable. I even pulled out the old "I'm Gay" defense and it still didn't wash.

So the greatest piece of writing I ever did in my entire life (not including the screenplay for Rainer Werner Fassbinder's "Querelle"

that's just fucking splendid. There's a terrible double standard at work here and it doesn't end with the cold winds of homophobia licking at my marble virgin ass like those ghosts in Raiders of the Lost Ark. What about every time a bus rumbles past the office and I start rolling away from the keyboard, leaving me incapable of reaching anything beyond the space bar? That's why these columns are always so short. Do you think Sarah Rowland is going to gently push me back into my office which, incidentally, is on the fire escape beneath the window where Brad sits in an overstuffed chair gesturing with a pipe before a roaring fireplace and women in gossamer tunics waft about spritzing the air with atomized baby tears... well, is she? That's right. No.

It's very, very cold here. I wish my mom had NOT given me a subscription to Bulk Male magazine (don't even ask) for Christmas. I wish that she had just written me a cheque because my team of cats have not eaten for a long time and nobody can live off tastefully composed images of the "heavier man" forever. I found one of the little buggers chewing my catheter this morning. Maybe I'll just chew on his for a while.

That'll show you all. Possibly.



Casey's Q & A

Are you a lover or a fighter?



Jeff Lee, Black Rice: "I'm a lover 'cuz I'm really skinny & wimpy-I can't even kick my own ass!"



Matt Lyons, Nasty On (and sometimes The Cinch): "Both 'cuz I like my sex really rough!"

Mick Collins, The Dirtbombs: "I'm a lover. I've done waaaay too much fightin' in my life and not enough lovin'!"



Chad Mureels, Nasty On, Dog Eat Dogma: A lover. The last fight I was in was two years ago at a DOA show (@ The Pic).



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HOPELESSNESS

Suzi, Love, and Other Four Letter Words

By Billy Hopeless

5-4-3-2-1 it's 2004! Happy New Year Whoohoo! This year I'm going to really improve things! Yeah right, you go for it keener. As for me, well I'm just going to keep doing my worst. Thus, I'll never be let down or a letdown. Now last year I gave you the funny Valentine known as Blag Dahlia, which I'm sure made most of the girls in Nerverland as ready for love as Britney Spears on her wedding/honeymoon/annulment night. So, this year I'm going to separate the boys from the men and the girls from the goddesses. See, anyone can drop names from Joan Jett to Brody Armstrong, who are all relevant to the world of rock 'n' roll. But let's face it, if it wasn't for Suzi Quatro, the whole tough rock chick thing may have never turned on to turn us on. Suzi's always been the coolest and I'm pleased to say that she is back in action and ready to once

I hear there's a live DVD/documentary on the way called Naked Under the Leather. When will this be released and where can we find out more about this? It's truly about time your story was told!

For more details about the DVD, you can contact victory@sacreddogs.com. She is the director. It should be out by spring on next year. Also, we are producing a documentary together. We already have lots of footage in the can... I bet you're excited now... I sure am. And yes, it's about time.

The last time you played in Vancouver, you were opening for your friend Alice Cooper. I've just bought his new album and I've got to say it's not only one of my fave albums of last year but the best thing he's done in ages and a definite return to rock. Have you heard the new Coop and are you aware of the so called "sounds of today" or do you, like me, try to ignore the future and just keep faithful to rock 'n' roll?

Haven't heard my old pal's new stuff yet, but will listen on your recommendation. I like lots of stuff. My 19-year-old son keeps me up on everything by constantly playing the music channels... Limp Bizkit... Kid Rock... spring to mind.

Cool, do it for the Coop! Now as I was saying earlier, I was first introduced to you via television and that led to me buying your albums, since then you've starred in the Broadway musical Annie Get Your Gun, as well as a guest spot on Absolutely Fabulous. Have you had any other acting opportunities that we might not know about?

Yeah, check out my website for all info (www.suziquatro.com). I also did "Minder", a popular series here in England and played a crazy woman in "Dempsey and Makepeace", which was shown in America. I also wrote and starred in my own musical, based on a 30's heroine actress Tallulah Bankhead called Tallulah Who? I would love to do this one again... someday, somewhere... it was a great show.



Photo: Courtesy of Suzi Quatro

again show the world that her cool class can out rock the hot trash in 2004. I'm still so in love with her rock 'n' roll that I feel this interview is truly one of the greatest honours that I'm not worthy of. Now let's can the can.

Wow Suzi, I've got to say you look and sound as great as ever. Just seeing your smiling face stirs up crazy emotions in me that I haven't felt since I first saw you playing the part of Leather Tuscadero on the T.V. show Happy Days. Does rock 'n' roll truly keep you young or do you have some other secret to eternal youth?

Hi... yes, rock 'n' roll does keep me young. I have also been blessed with a face that has aged well. Stage work in itself is an aerobic workout. Dressed in leather under hot lights with a heavy bass strapped on, running around, playing and singing for 2 hours... you'd better be fit. Also, when I shake my ass, I WANT a reaction... thank God I am still getting one.

I'm so happy to hear you're back on the attack and I can hardly wait to hear more Quatro! I understand you're presently recording a new album in New York with long time Quatro contributor Mike Chapman on board. Will this truly be the return of the rocking Suzi we know and love?

I'll be doing some stuff with Mike and I'm writing myself and yes, this will be returning to my roots. I am ready to remind the world of what I do best... which is kick-ass rock 'n' roll.

This interview is for the Valentine's day issue of The Nerve and here I am talking to my first rock 'n' roll crush. I've got to ask you some questions on the subject of romance. Please be gentle with me as I'm feeling as fragile as a teenager in love. You've written many songs on the subject, but what are your top heart-throbbers/heartsobbers to listen to? What songs make you melt?

My fav. of all time is Nat King Cole, "When I Fall in Love". Other faves, off the top of my head, "Then You Can Tell Me Goodbye" by the Casinos, "The Way You Look Tonight" by The Lettermen, "You Belong to Me", the Duprees, "Rosie" by Jackson Browne and last, but not least, "Desperado" by the Eagles... whew.

Well as everyone knows Billy Hopeless is a master poet. In fact, some call me the Bard of the Red Roses, Sir William Hopeless. Thank you again and again for this interview and for being there then and now to teach us all about love and rock 'n' roll. Do you have any parting words for you're humble students?

Teaching about love and rock 'n' roll... well... it's elementary, isn't it?



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Rock for Choice

By Sarah Rowland

Have you ever come up with a, like, really great way to make a difference in the world but then your favourite TV show comes on and your thoughts of altruism drift to more pressing matters like pizza toppings? Or in a fleeting moment of spiritual enlightenment, decided that you were gonna volunteer your services to some worthy cause, only before you get the chance to sign up, your E starts to wear off? Don't worry, it happens to everybody... well, almost everybody.

When Meegan Maultsaid is inspired to take on the man, she actually follows through.

Ten years ago, she started the Rock for Choice Vancouver chapter, a benefit that helps fund women's health clinics. The lead singer for hardcore straightedge outfit, Che Chapter 127, was inspired to kick off the only charity event of its kind in Western Canada by a magazine ad for the L.A. R4C concert and that was all it took—that and a lot of sacrificed couch time that she can never get back. But she's too busy to think of all the reruns she's missed. As one of the coordinators for Under the Volcano, an nonprofit music festival that addresses pretty much everything wrong with the free world, Maultsaid usually has several jam-packed calendars on the go at once. However, she took some time out from filling out a grant application to reminisce about her first R4C.

"It was a pretty small show," says Maultsaid on the phone. "It was at Hastings Community Centre. Sparkmarker was headlining. There was like 300 people or something. I mean, it was cool that it happened, but it was small... then it kept getting propelled further and further."

Since then it's evolved into a seven-day event, Jan 29- Feb 7, with over 20 performing artists and an all-day conference. The roster has broadened from the usual feminist suspects like Biff Naked to bands that you maybe wouldn't expect such as, S.T.R.E.E.T.S., a skate punk band that has expressed a deep commitment to landing a

Pacific Pilsner sponsorship—a fact that perhaps overshadows their personal politics.

"It's not like you have to fill out a check list to play at Rock for Choice," says Maultsaid. "If you're willing to attach your name to it—whether or not you're vehemently pro-choice and you can talk for 20 minutes about the state of the pro-choice movement—I don't give a fuck. I mean, obviously there's some criteria. We're not going to work with bands that are fascists or whatever. But a band like S.T.R.E.E.T.S., they fit perfectly. It's gonna be fun. It's gonna be totally packed and it's gonna be sorta like a community party vibe but at the same time, those guys know their shit."

And the feeling is mutual.

"Her particular love of integrating some pretty hefty politics and music is hard to get away with coz in a lot of cases it sort of takes away from the artistic merits of things and it all becomes too literal," says S.T.R.E.E.T.S. guitarist James Farwell whose band will be performing with Maultsaid's Chapter 127 at the Brickyard, Saturday February 7th. "But I think she manages to get a good mix of the two. And she's just a fucking fireball. She fuck-



Rock for Choice organizer Meegan Maultsaid backed by the S.T.R.E.E.T.S.

Photo: Laura Murray

ing goes." The director of Everywoman's Health Centre, a clinic where doctors perform abortions, doesn't know her Sarah Harmer from her Black Rice, but she does know what it's like to work behind a bulletproof window because of weekly harassment from anti-choice protesters. For her, knowing that R4C is not just going strong but that bands like S.T.R.E.E.T.S. give a fuck, is encouraging.

"It gives us a connection to the community," says Jackie, who doesn't want to give her last name for security reasons. "The only way we can

make sure that women have access to safe abortions is if the young people continue to support us."

So with all this respect from the music community and gratitude from the people she helps, is there anyone who won't take Maultsaid's calls?

"I would think that some people in the industry wouldn't—like the higher echelon. Maybe someone at Feldman would be like, 'Who the fuck are you?'," says Maultsaid. "But, then again, I might not take their phone calls either. It kind of goes both ways."



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Honouring Canadian Punk Rock History... St

By Adrian Mack

Richard Duguay is at war with his memory as he starts to run down the history of his band. Other members will exhibit the same vaguely amnesiac groping when I talk to them – they all assume that the others will remember things differently. But who was taking notes back then, aside from the FBI?

Duguay is at least certain that doing sound for Le Kille at the Marion one evening in the early 80s, or rather, puking in the parking lot while he was supposed to be doing sound for Le Kille is what seemed to initially endear him to that band. "There was feedback going on and there I wasn't. So we became close."

Le Kille evolved into a new group with Duguay on bass, Mark Hallderson on drums, Jimmy Green and Walter Kot handling the guitars and Mitch Funk – otherwise known to the rest of Winnipeg as Frankenstein – taking up front man duties in grand, baritone and beefcake style.

With little behind them aside from less than nothing, the band managed to score a show at The 7th Street Entry in Minneapolis so they came up with the name "Personality Crisis".

The opening band for these dates was Husker Du and Bob Mould was suitably impressed or intimidated enough to take aim at the fresh-faced Canucks. "We're gonna play 20 songs in 20 minutes and blow you guys away," he pledged.

Back in Winnipeg, PC dove into a work schedule that would shame most other bands.

Mitch concurs: "We used to go over parts endlessly you know just to make sure they had a lot of impact. We were ALWAYS ready to play," he adds, summing up the fight or die attitude they needed to survive in Winnipeg's micro-scene. In a fit of either blinding genius or grand stupidity, Duguay would later take matters into his own hands when he approached the owners of Wellingtons – a downtown shit-hole with a disco in the basement typically awash with bikers, call girls and genital warts. They made a deal:

"...The deal was there was no deal," he laughs. "They wouldn't pay us a dime. Nothing."

That first night, the club turned off the PA but backpedaled when the soundman pointed out that things would get much worse if the band wasn't allowed to play. Winnipeg Punk had won its first standoff and raised its blackest flag – even if nobody was expecting it. The band still sound surprised at this primal, flashpoint event. "I think it was the Wellingtons punk rock riot where we kinda realized...holy shit what have we got here? ...I was kind of scared actually," giggles Mitch.

It's worth remembering that in their infancy, anybody with Gonads large enough to dress the way that PC dressed – which at that point was a Technicolor amalgam of Glam Rock Glad Rags and Thunders-inspired sartorial dissolution – was likely to receive a nice shit-kicking for their efforts. Pulling into Calgary for a brief residency at The Calgarian Hotel, the band was advised to not leave their rooms. Nonetheless, PC managed to wallop that town too, connecting meanwhile with a kid in the audience who answered their call for future drummers since Hallderson was looking to get out.

Further down the line, PC will prove to be just as intransigent as the stakes get even higher. But whatever it is that gives a great band its X-Factor, total philosophical independence is a big part of it. That and a fucking killer drummer, which brings us back to a pre-riot Winnipeg and the growing stature of the band. A local scenester called Steve Thompson was handling the bands' affairs up to a point – raising their profile when he scored a tour with The Romantics and a Billy Idol show for two things – as well as suggesting that they dress like the Keystone Cops. That didn't happen. He also helped them purchase an old school bus from the impossibly ridiculous Walsh Twins, who worked as Identical Elvis Impersonators.

But with Hallderson now out of the band, they were marooned. They auditioned a Russian guy called Yakov who threw a bunch of jazzy hi-hat fills into their version of "Search and Destroy" before leaving with his jazzy hi-hat fills between his legs and gales of laughter at his back. Then, with perfect serendipity, that kid from Calgary showed up, pretending that he was on his way to Toronto.

"I was kind of mouthy back then," says Jon Card, "I was probably a bit of an asshole."

"He rocked..." says Duguay with due Gravitas, "he was this phenomenal drummer."

During the summer of '81 the new line-up returned to

Vancouver for another round with the Big City Punks. They concurrently went a few rounds with the bouncers at Gary Taylor's Rock Club too, after their roadie, Matt, stuffed the Club's Space Invaders machine into the back of the bus. At the Smilin' Buddha the next night, band tensions caused Duguay and Funk to throw in the towel and they flew home in a huff (a Boeing Huff).

Mitch later had a change of heart and met up with remaining band in Calgary. Duane Eddie became their new bass player – he was re-christened by the band when they gave up trying to spell his real name (I gave up too). Mitch fondly remembers the enigmatic Eddie:

"He's a mysterious character. He had really smelly feet. The rest of him didn't smell bad but then he'd take off those leather sneakers..."

Catching them on a return visit to their hometown, Duguay was amazed:

"They'd gotten a lot harder and faster. The sheer power was fuckin' insane."

Walter was also insane, sadly. PC were principally a hard drinking band but they weren't snobs when it came to the Syd Barrett Diet and Walter in particular had embarked on a seemingly endless psychedelic odyssey. "He kinda went off the deep-end," confides Card. Walter saw the band split again, only to reform with Duguay on guitar. And Richard is visibly uncomfortable when he talks about it though his sympathies lie with Walter. He recalls that he was sighted in the Osborne Village in a Marching Band Jacket with piping and brass and a Top Hat, a Lords of the New Church LP stuffed under his arm and leaning on a cane, his head full of liquid LSD.

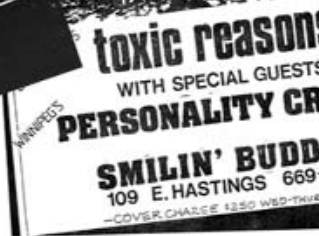
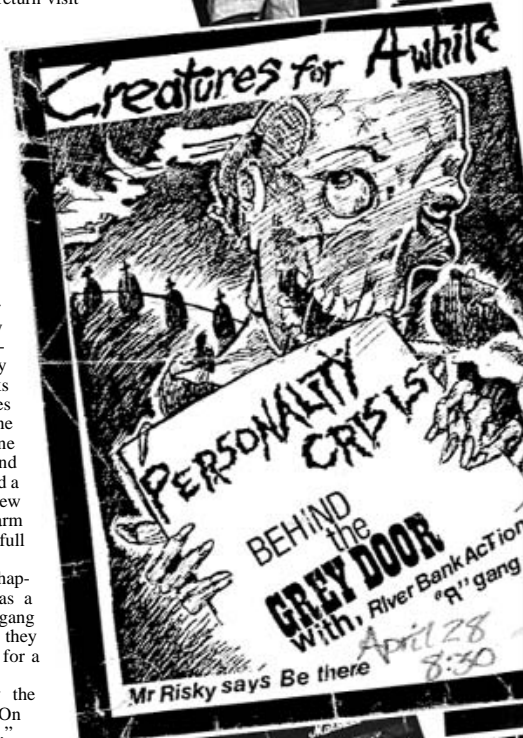
The entire band will happily admit that everybody was a fuck-up by this point but the gang sensibility still prevailed and they headed back to San Francisco for a glorious Last Stand.

"We were basically the house warm-up band for On Broadway, summer of 83," explains Duguay. "We opened for Gun Club, Circle Jerks, Bad Brains...\$150 a night which is piss all. It was just the best summer..."

A friend of the band had modified a VW Beetle so that a tube could be fed through the glove compartment, and they'd take turns swilling on the keg that sat in the boot. By all accounts it was a glorious time – their reputation as a live band was peaking, to the extent, claims Mitch, that some acts didn't want to play with them.

"We never seemed to get on any Dead Kennedy shows..." he muses (although others refute this). Indeed, Personality Crisis were romantic individualists at heart (just check out Funk's outstanding lyrics) and they weren't about to fall in with the stone-jawed preaching of San Fran's political punk annex – the same people who's migraine-friendly humour and sanctimony precipitated the other form of PC that plagued the eighties. "You see a lot of the people that were all into that kind of thing and they're all fucking stock brokers now," remarks Mitch. True. Or they run a record label. Speaking of which, San Fran is where they met Mike Risky, dealer of things exotic and speedy through the back door while running Risky Records through the front. Mike (Risky) Barbeau was the brother of pneumatic TV-crumpted

graphics and photos: courtesy Doug Hamish



Starting With Winnipeg's Personality Crisis

PERSONALITY CRISIS
 story and photos by Tim

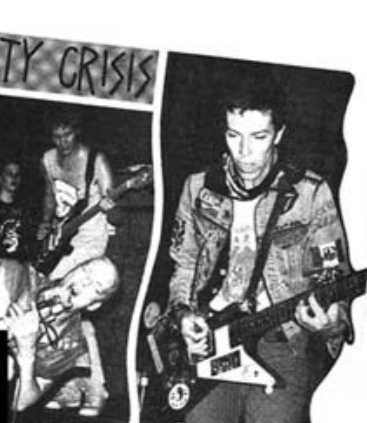
"Tell the world that Personality Crisis is the best fucking band in North America. Our drummer told us they blew away D.O.A. in Vancouver. They're hot!" -Rob Stein, lead singer for Toxic Business

He sure ain't kidding! I saw this wild, and I mean WILD band for the first time June 11, 1982 at the KNU Club in San Francisco, and they were absolutely stunning. Here in the Bay and you get a lot of great bands. So it takes something really special to get my excited, and these guys have what it takes. They make you want to smash your head through the wall.

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FRESH BLOOD:
HOT NEW BANDS



JIMMY
 they were light. The power that will knock your ass off! Part of the credit must go to their soundness. Jim, he's obviously on the ball.

DWAYNE
 Personality Crisis is from Canada, where half from Winnipeg. The present lineup has been together seven months. They write songs about whatever pisses them off. Some relationships, politics and party. They love to eat, drink, screw for a month and had a great time. They were here in the Bay tonight for a few days in jail. They'd like to see more American bands touring through Canada. They've been getting very low on the Canadian band list. The Pression, from the Bay Music Department, from the Bay.



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Adrienne, though Mitch points out that "his breasts weren't quite as nice." Duguay is a little more direct: "Psycho," he says. "Cocaine freak." He launches into a yellow-fanged impersonation, "Hey Dickhead, put this up your snoot! That was him." Naturally, our boys signed on and continued pursuing their endless summer.

They motored out to the middle of a lake in a stolen House Boat with a diy pirate flag flapping from the mast. They were accosted by cops for "Stealing power from the State of California" after an impromptu concert in the middle of a field one "beautiful, starlit California night"

Mitch spent four nights in jail when he broke into Jim Jones' Temple with a couple of the guys from The Fuck Ups. Never get busted before a statutory holiday is the lesson.

He also fell off a cliff one night. Duguay remembers emerging from his own coma to find the indestructible but dazed singer drinking off the pain and shock.

Card tried to wheel the legendary Olga DeVolga by handing her a golf ball. This act of tribute to the untouchable moon-woman was so bizarre and fucky and cute that Card got what he wanted while so many others had died trying. "She inserted it..." he says.

Sometimes the party got too good - they couldn't make it through a set with the Gun Club coz some of 'em had been awake for a few days. "Jim, John and I" says Duguay, looking like the other guys are still in the room with him, "we were terrible. Mitch was absolutely livid. We didn't put the band first."

Moving back to Winnipeg, Duguay's gang spirit was flagging again and he was turfed for a while. "This is what we did," he offers, "we just drank. A LOT. And it really started to effect me and it just got ugly."

When the Album "Creatures For A while" was finally released after an unreasonably long time, Card welcomed him back in though Duguay was still unsettled. "The band was so fragile at that point," he continues, "there was drugs and lots of alcohol..."

A badly organized tour followed till the demoralized band found itself coming full circle in Minneapolis and facing both another phantom gig and their own mortality. Three shows later and Duguay had to split once more. "I was getting really sick again so I just said I have to go home. I thought I was dying. To this day I still feel horrible that I left but at that point I had to go."

So Duguay did the old fly-out to dry-out again while the others continued on for a handful of shows in the east. Ironically, when they got back to Winnipeg to kick-off the release of a compilation called "Something to Believe In", there was Duguay stage-managing the show. By now, however, it was pretty much over for everyone.

"Five fuck-ups in a van playing rock n roll," is how Duguay characterizes it now. "No management, no money...it was sheer heart and soul and you can only run a machine like that for so long."

Mitch calls it a "lingering, painful death." I asked him if he thought they blew it. "Oh, I'm sure we did", he laughs.

In the end, they all seem to agree that it was a lack of organization that did them in. All the other stuff is part of the job.

"We burned bright, we

were burned hard, we burned fast and then we...burnt out," concludes Duguay.

And what about the album? Well, "Creatures For Awhile" is a lost classic except that it's even better than that. It doesn't sound period bound. It's musically complex in some places, incomprehensibly fast in others and always deep in the pocket. The riffing is stone great - bearing out their continuing assertion that PC were just a good old electric rock and roll act. Mitch's droll lyrics are a standout and his voice - THAT voice - the secret weapon according to Card - it lies somewhere between Ian Curtis with good pitch and Beef from "Phantom of the Paradise".

Imagine your favourite Classic Canadian Punk Rock LP and there you go. That's how good it is.

It was re-issued with a 45 in 1990 and there's talk of re-issuing it on CD. "It's gotta be done," insists Mitch. "It's long overdue...but we're just as disorganized as we used to be even when we're apart... I don't think any of those guys can agree on who wrote the music."

There are rumours of another re-issue on vinyl on the exceedingly rare, er, Jimmy Label but the myriad financial shenanigans of such a thing is best left for Woodward and Bernstein to uncover. "I wouldn't mind knowing but I don't think I'll ever find out one way or another," says Mitch with a resigned laugh.

And speaking of Jimmy - we haven't really spoken of Jimmy. That's partly because he deserves a whole article to himself and partly because I didn't get to talk to him... Suffice to say that he's still out there playing like a hell-bound thing. This in spite of him perhaps having the roughest time out of all of them since the heydays. He'll be joining Card and Duguay on stage as Rogues Gallery on February 13th at the Railway Club, which is no small miracle. Getting just three of them together is better than we deserve and a full-blown reunion isn't expected.

"Our first gig at the Elite Club we played with Fear and we just blew the crowd away...that was then and it was beautiful but...Leave 'em wanting more," says Card.

Mitch is philosophical, even when I tell him that the Nerve is willing to pay them One Million Dollars for just one show:

"I have too much respect for the music... It was a moment in time and not to be recreated."

Walter, in the meantime, has bounced back and lives a quiet life. "He's doing fine," Mitch tells me. "He's a good carpenter."

What they left behind is a lot of fingerprints (and not just on other people's girlfriends or the things that went missing from your house.) Their musical fingerprints are all over everything that came out of the West Coast in their wake. And there's a lot of lingering respect. "Tell the world," wrote Toxic Reasons bassist Rob Snot in a letter to Ripper fanzine in '82, "that Personality Crisis are the greatest fucking band in North America!"

Says Card (who would go on to play with DOA, SNFU and a whole lot of other great acts), "You know, when you see a guy walking up to you and he has a PC tattoo on his leg...I met a guy yesterday. He came up and said I've been following your career. PC is still the best band ever. Shook my hand, wouldn't let go."

Richard (who cut a version of "You Can't Put Your Arms Around a Memory" with his old buddy Duff McKagen that Axel liked enough to put on "The Spaghetti Incident?"):

"I still have people coming up to me when they find out I was in PC and they just...get down at the altar. I think of bands like DOA - I held them on pedestal but I'm thinking we were just as much up there with less visibility."

Mitch (who chose singing over Professional Wrestling and managed to show up in TWO of my favourite Canadian movies - "Crimewave" and Guy Maddin's "Archangel"):

"History will vindicate us eventually. I think it has in some respects." He laughs. "I don't know...I was there!" (Big thanks to the band, Doug Humiski, Slats and Read.)



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Photos: Courtesy of TSOL

TSOL: Now (above). Then (right).



TSOL

By Judge Smails and Carl Spackler

Jack Grisham, Are You My Pal?

Labour Day 1999. I have come down into the United Snakes of America on a mission. A journey. I find myself in a giant cement bunker on one of the hottest days of the summer enduring band after band of paunchy, balding, ageing punk rockers who limp through their back catalogues at half their original speed with half their original members. The day seems to go on forever while crappy-ass bands like The Business and their moronic fanbase jump up and down to crappy-ass soccer chants. When at long last they enter the stage, like grenade cannons on a whirling dervish, the once and still mighty True Sounds of Liberty make monkeys out of the lifeless no-hopers that preceded them. Jack Grisham, clad in a black full length dress, prowls the stage like a panther. Ron Emory scorches the eardrums with his unique overdriven bat cave guitar sound and Mike Roche who some claim is a God among us, lays down the cannonball basslines with more cool than Chet Baker. The drummer Todd Barnes is a year away from his own death and too preoccupied with self-destruction to be part of this reunion tour. They're better than I could ever had hoped.

I spoke to Jack Grisham, the man who would later eulogize his drummer by announcing how weird it is to be putting a body in the ground for once instead of digging one out.

By Judge Smails and Carl Spackler

How's Nitro as a label?
That's funny coz they're afraid of us.
We all are.

(Laughs) I just told 'em, you're not coming down. They had no idea what we were doing. I don't want someone coming down there! I'm pretty fucking neurotic. All it takes is one guy to say one thing when we're laying something down...fuck you! I don't wanna hear it. Leave me alone. You fuckin' make the record then, I'll go work in the office.

At parties does the rest of the band still have to sweep through the house...

...and remove any knives or incendiary devices? I stopped doing that shit.

What's different now?
I remember driving down the street and, you know, if I saw someone with orange hair I'd pull the car over and say hey man, what's up? What are you into? You need a ride? Do you like the Damned? It was like a bond. Now it's not like that. Especially the shows...

It kinda got ruined for me when the Heavy Metal guys started coming to the shows.

Yeah, you know who's ass I'd like to kick? The first guy that moshed at a Metal show!

Was that one of the reasons for "Beneath the Shadows" - to rebel against the code that was setting in?

"Beneath the Shadows" was just a natural experimentation just like other bands. You don't have any rules. You can do whatever you want, wear whatever you want. I guess we were stupid coz we believed it. And I always believed that there were no heroes involved and that's why I changed my name on every record. And we were told that you don't just take the same sound and recycle it over and over again and sell it to make money. If we were gonna sell out every record we would have made would sound exactly like our first EP. That's a sell-out to me. Coz that's what YOU want.

But you also won a lot of new fans...

That was the one thing also about our shows - anyone was welcome. We started crossing that barrier. Anyone can come. People would say, you wanna meet girls? Go to a TSOL show. We'd get guys at our shows that were total hardcore prison guys and then you'd get nice college students. And we tried to preach that unity.

What were the best Elizabethan Era costumes that you guys lifted from George Washington University?

Man I had the best clothes. I had the shit man. I had a pair of Herman Boots that somebody nailed an eight inch heel onto. It was like

I'll come home, my daughter will be smoking pot and I'll say, hey, knock that shit off! And she'll say, 'Dad you're in TSOL!' And I'll say, yeah - look what happened to me.

Frankenstein or something. I'd put those on I'd be seven feet fuckin' tall, walkin' around. Just sticking out.

The powdered wigs?

Yeah wigs, everything. I had a full Blue Boy outfit. I remember one time I'm wearing the outfit, we're playing a show. I mean it's blue, white-lace, the whole thing...I'm in the bathroom taking a piss and these guys are making fun of me. And they're kinda looking at me like, should we just kick this guy's ass? And they're calling me a fag and whatever and the guy turns around and he has TSOL on his jacket.

I bet it broke his heart when I got on stage and started singing.

Sir! How dare you raise a child!?!? The Grave-robbing! The Church-plundering! The Fire-starting...!

....The kidnapping? The torture?

The cars in swimming pools! All that stabbing?

Yeah, my daughter knows all about it.

The crash and grab from music stores?!!

The bomb making. Underage marriage....

And then running for Governor!

I'll come home, my daughter will be smoking pot and I'll say, hey, knock that shit off! And she'll say, 'Dad you're in TSOL!' And I'll say, yeah - look what happened to me. And she'll say, 'you've got a great life! You're loved by hundreds of people, you fuckin' ran for Governor, you go to prisons, you help guys, you do all this shit. What's the matter with your life? Your life's good'

How's everyone else in the band feel about touring these days?

It's probably gonna be the last little thing we do. It's hard to get away from our families. It's hard to come home nowadays with only \$200...a lot of people are gonna be pissed off. I worked it out once and I make about \$0.69 an hour on tour.

You guys take a lot of friends and family on the road with you. What's the deal?

What's really funny is we've had more people detox on tour with us than any band in the

whole world. The guys we take on tour are fresh out of prison if their parole officer will let 'em go. We take guys straight out of rehab. Or not even in rehab. They basically end up kicking in our vehicle. These guys end up being our family and that's what it is. A big, tight family. And we take these guys on tour with us to show them that you can have fun without getting high. Basically a lot of these tours turn into a fucking rolling rehab!

Is it tough to convince a parole officer that the best form of rehabilitation is to tour with TSOL?

It sounds weird at first but I've talked to these guys and I lay it out for them. They're gonna come with us and be around guys who are clean and if they stay here, they're gonna go to clubs and be around guys who aren't.

When was the last time you tried to come to Canada?

We've tried lots of times and the last time they got really upset. Because we're all red-flagged at home. We all have FBI numbers on us.

During that Reagan era they didn't like you attacking the guy. That didn't fly. So I was trying to get a prison clearance - you need to be clean for five years to get one of those - I was like, fuck, what's the problem. Then I found out they classified me as an Enemy of the State. So whatever. One time we snuck in. But the last time they caught us coming across the border they were really pissed. I mean, they did not think it was funny at all. You know, the guy asked me, have you ever been arrested? I go, ahh..a couple of times. Nothing really.

Whatever. So he punches up my name and he looks at me and he starts turning all fuckin' red. He looks at me and he says, 'Do you think this is some fuckin' joke?' And he goes, 'Well it's not a fuckin' joke!' Sit the fuck down. We got a deportation here.' They informed that I'm not welcome, ever, in that country. And then they didn't want us back in the United States after that. We were left hanging at the river between Windsor and Detroit.

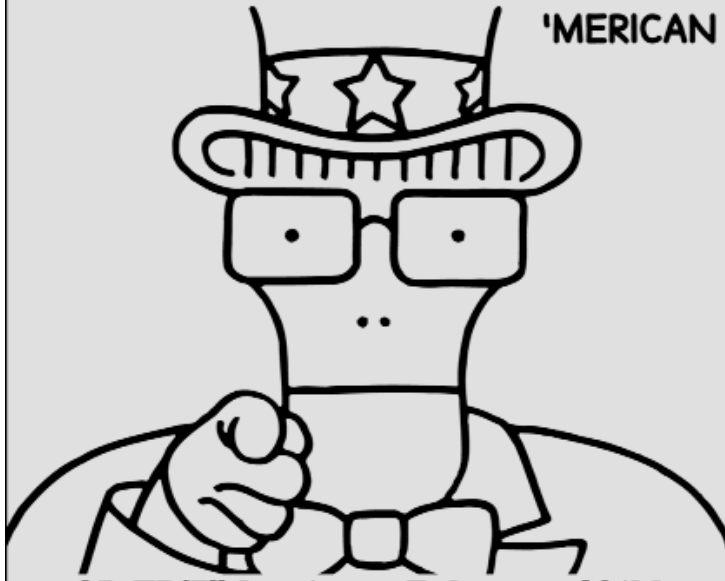
I have asked that Mr. Grisham be removed from the roster at Bushwood. Good day.

TSOL play at CHop Suey in Seattle, WA Feb. 9th



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The Dirtbombs

The Dirtbombs could not have chosen a more appropriate title for their latest full-length album than "Dangerous Magical Noise". Their sound is impossible to label because they refuse commit to a single style of music long enough for it to stick; encapsulating many of the musical genres Detroit is famous for but especially soul, rock and roll, funk and punk. They are sooo heavy (not in a "metal" sense) that it pounds your chest and forces you to shake your ass. Much of their power is derived from the fact The Dirtbombs' current lineup includes two bassists: Diamond Jim and Ko Melina Zydeco (Detroit's hardest working musician; in the past two years I've seen her play in Soledad Brothers, The Von Bondies, KO and the Knockouts & The Dirtbombs) plus two drummers, Ben Blackwell and Pat Pantano. Mick Collins (from the seminal punk band The Gories) provides the heart, soul and vision of the band via vocals/fuzz guitar. He couldn't pull off The Dirtbombs without their contributions, but there's no doubt it's HIS band. Thus I was literally quaking in my go-go boots, so nervous I couldn't even drink or get high (which is saying A LOT) before interviewing him. Wanna eavesdrop on our conversation?

By Casey Cougar

CC: Hi Mick, I'm Casey. How are you?

MC: I'm good, how are you?

CC: Awesome! So have you ever been to Vancouver?

MC: Nope. And it was raining so I didn't get a chance to see it.

CC: Me and about 50 of my friends from Vancouver made the trek to Seattle to see your October 2002 show at the Crocodile with the Detroit Cobras and Ko and the Knockouts. During the show, you gave a shout-out to all the Canadians. How did you know about us?

MC: 'Cuz they told me.

CC: Who, the promoter?

MC: No, people came up to me and said they drove all the way from Edmonton... holy shit!

CC: I was shocked that you even knew what Edmonton was!

MC: (laughs) C'mon, I live on the border of Canada, I'm practically Canadian!

CC: A Windsorite.

MC: Yeah, I'm a Windsorite as much as I'm a Detroitier, really.

CC: Why did you guys bypass Vancouver on that tour?

MC: Because Tom Potter had an outstanding warrant so he wasn't allowed in the country! (laughs)

CC: Ouch! But he's no longer in the band?

MC: Nope. He went off to do his own band.

CC: The show tonight was supposed to be at Richard's on Richards down the street....

MC: Yes it was.

CC: ...at the bargain price of \$12.50 Canadian.

MC: (laughs) Oh man!

CC: Tickets sold swiftly so they bumped up the price to \$16. Then they moved the show here to the Commodore, which holds twice as many people. Do you guys pay much attention to the political and financial aspects of the music biz?

MC: Actually, we don't. We have an agent who takes care of all that. They tell us where to go and I get in the van. I never actually know how much people are paying to see us, but I'm usually really offended when I find out! (laughs)

CC: The Dirtbombs are a bargain! Part of your appeal, in my opinion, is the combination of choice covers and innovative original tunes. You guys are all over the map musically and physically. Do you ever get all discombobulated?

MC: Nope. That's how I've always played - all over the map.

CC: Do you thrive on chaos?

MC: Some people would say I do, but I never think about it.

CC: What's more enjoyable: reinterpreting classic songs that have influenced you or the more obscure, contemporary punk/rock covers you do?

MC: (laughs) Um... I don't think about it that way - they're just songs. The show's the show. We just sorta pick 'em... there's no rhyme or reason. If there's a song that most of us know and it's easy for us to play, we'll do it. There's no point we're trying to get across with our selection, we just do a lot of covers.

CC: The Gories were so raw and primal while The Dirtbombs are extremely slick and polished. Was it a natural progression to go in that direction or a conscious decision?

MC: I wanted a band that sounded as little like The Gories as possible and still be a rock band. That was really the only aesthetic decision I made. I wanted a band that could no way be described as "garage rock". Pretty much everything I've done [with The Dirtbombs] is to that end.

CC: I've never been to Detroit but I get the impression that's a tough city to live in.

MC: (laughs)

CC: Why do you suppose Detroit is such fertile ground for influential music of all genres?

MC: 'Cuz there's nuthin' else to do - that's really what it is. You either leave or pick somethin' up and start makin' noise with it. Music is such an easy thing to do in Detroit. That's what it boils down to. There are so many musicians around that it's always easy to find people with common interests. It's really 'cuz of boredom and isolation-you end up with a lot of time on your hands.

CC: ...But you've stayed there even though you've traveled a lot.

MC: It's because I've traveled a lot that I stay there. If I wasn't from Detroit, I probably wouldn't move there but I was born and raised there. There's always Toronto, I suppose.

CC: I've never even been there!

MC: (laughs) It's really nice there.

CC: It's cheaper for Canadians to fly pretty much anywhere in the States or a lot of other countries than to fly across our huge fucking country. Way to promote unity - no wonder Quebec wants to separate! They're like, "zatalor, fuck them-zey don't understand us! We just want to smoke and read books!"

MC: (laughs)

CC: Whose Us magazine is that?

MC: Our merch girl's.

CC: I thought you didn't bring any T-shirts and stuff?

MC: We got sumthin'...

CC: There are rumours! Do you have panties?

MC: Do we have what?

CC: Panties!

MC: (laughs) I'm sure there's some around now that Ko's in the band. Oh, do you mean Dirtbombs emblazoned ones?

CC: Yeah!

MC: No.

CC: Aww, why not?

MC: It never occurred to us.

CC: How about a Dirtbra?



Photo: Courtesy of The Dirtbombs

MC: We had halter-tops for a while. We don't currently have those, but we might bring them back.

CC: Yeah, you need stuff for the ladies!

MC: (laughs) Yes we do!

CC: What's a bigger concern: pleasing the diehard fans or reaching out to a new audience?

MC: No. (laughs) Just being the best band we can be is what's important to us. The fans appreciate what we do. I'm not consciously trying to please anybody 'cuz the nature of fame is fleeting, as they say. There's no point in trying to set yourself up for an audience. We do what we do and if people are willing to watch, that's OK by us.

CC: This is what - The Dirtbombs 14th lineup?

MC: (laughs) Yeah!

CC: Since you started touring in '96, there has been less member turnover. Is it a matter of getting everyone's planets in alignment?

MC: (laughs) There was a 3 year period where we had a really stable lineup, which was really nice.

CC: Are there ever any hard feelings?

MC: People just come and go. Most of the hard feelings, they got over it! (laughs) If they don't, tough.

CC: Many of your original songs and covers touch on love and heartache but the presentation remains upbeat. How do you exercise your demons without sounding bitter?

MC: That's a really good question because most punk bands want their sound to be confrontational. We decided to make the records the confrontational part. Making a lot of loud ass songs only goes so far. If you keep changing all the time, people get their noses out of joint so

that's why I chose to do it. When we first did it, people - the punkers - were so mad, so I was like, shit! It was such an extreme reaction that I knew I was on the right track. By making a record of pop songs... that really torked off all the punk rock people. It doesn't change the fact that we're this noisy, punkish art-rock band but we cut this (new) record that sounds so different from the last one. People see us live then buy our record, which sounds completely different from our show, which adds to the confusion: people don't know what to make of it and that's what I'm goin' for.

CC: What's more likely to happen at a Dirtbombs show: people fainting or throwing their undergarments at you?

MC: (laughs) We get a lot of screamers! We've never had anyone throw underwear...

CC: Are you serious? That shocks me!

MC: It's never happened - it'd be pretty cool if it did!

CC: I shoulda brought an extra pair! I can't go commando, otherwise I'd throw these ones!

MC: (laughs) I don't think anyone's ever fainted...

CC: At that Seattle show, my friend was so shitfaced she passed out on the front of the stage! I was like "I'm not moving from my spot, fuck her!" Some random guy ended up carrying her outta there. Don't tell her, I'm a really bad friend!

MC: (laughs) REALLY hard!

CC: So anything else you wanna tell the people of Vancouver?

MC: No. (laughs) Just lookin' forward to the show. I don't have anything to say.

CC: Nuthin'?

MC: No, not really! Read more books! (laughs)



Live Wires



Strapping Young Lad's Devin Townsend

Strapping Young Lad/ Three Inches of Blood/ The Heavils

@Commodore Ballroom, Vancouver, B.C.
Friday, January 16, 2004

Straight outta Rockford, Illinois, the Heavils took immediate command of the rapidly filling Commodore with the givin' er-shit style of a backyard party. The singer had a toilet seat guitar complete with a dangling roll of tp. The other guitarist also dabbled in custom axes with a right/left double-necked thing that dude from Cheap Trick wishes he thought of. They kept it chunky and stompy with a wide variety of sub-styles. At moments they were bluesy, then all proggy and funky without ever losing sight of the heavy metal shoreline. Damn good fun! Returning heroes Three Inches of Blood stepped out into a storm of adoration from the hometown crowd. Devil horns reached out to the sky as the metal hundry masses were rewarded with spiked leather armbands, dueling leads, and falsetto squeals, as legends of Horesemen, Dark Kingdoms, and scary Lighthouse keepers were set to a NWBHM frenzy. Remember the 80's? Iron Maiden! Judas Priest! Krokus! They're ALL here! Strapping Young Lad was fucking godlike! One of the top five live metal bands ever! The intensity level was on constant increase as the band and audience just kept feeding off one another. The pit stretched halfway to the back of the venue and even boiled over the railings at the front. Hundreds of voices sang along with every word at all times. The band attacked the crowd and a Gollum-like Devin Townsend glowered and charismatically stalked his way back and forth across the stage. Gene Hoglan's drumming sounded like he had 8 limbs and he still found time to twirl sticks, yawn, and make it look easy. This is truly evolved metal, going from pile driver to food-processor and back in the blink of an eye. Where only heaviness matters, SYL are the current masters. Cameras were rolling, so look for a DVD of this show.

-J. Pee Patchez

Hardcore Mayhem

@James Bay Community Center, Victoria B.C.
Friday, Jan 9th, 2004

Let 5 liters of enraged vocals, 25 ml of obnoxious riffs and 50 gallons of mad foot stomping coalesce in a little barrel of laughs called the James Bay Community Center and you've got yourself some un-pasteurized Hardcore Mayhem. The all-ages show featured five of the top straightedge hardcore bands from the East, the West and the South.

Members of Vancouver's Blue Monday brought together the likes of Boston's Mental, Maryland's Desperate Measures, Texas's Far From Breaking and local Island punks, Tough as Nails.

This brand of puritanical booze-free punk music has gained a strong following as of lately and I can see why. The



Photo: smarten up

energy and rabidity at the show reminded me of early 80s basement jams. They looked more like a bunch of friends banging away and having a good time rather than a bunch of bands that have been living in vans for the last few weeks. Literally, touring the whole of the West Coast in less than a month, the groups showed no mercy to their fans as they screamed out song after song—and when they weren't encouraging the audience from the front, they *were* the audience.

-smarten up

Eve 6/ Yellowcard/ Jersey

@ Red's, West Edmonton Mall, Edmonton AB
Monday, January 19, 2004

This place is crazy. Is it a bowling alley? Is it a pool hall? What the fuck? Bewildered as I am, it's only upon seeing the sign for the "Rumpus Room", that I fully understand why every hip Edmontonian scenester is so deeply ashamed of Red's. Sadly, misinformation prevented me from witnessing Jersey. (a hitherto semi-respectable, if somewhat average, street-punk outfit) making their shopping mall debut. Still, if they wanna swap credibility for cash, that's their business. They won't be the last. Yellowcard have a violinist. For this, I am thankful, as it's only the highly humorous spectacle of the feckless fiddler striking 'punk rock' poses whilst playing a violin, that gets me thru their insipid, squeaky clean, pop-punk shtick. Yellowcard's vocalist looks *so* young, that I half expect his mother to drag him off-stage by the ear, scolding him for being out on a school night. And just while we're on the subject, why was this billed as an 'all-ages' show? As I surrender my floor-space to a plague of nauseating adolescents for the umpteenth time, it occurs to me that I must be the only person here over 25. It seems that being long-term carriers of the pretty-boy punk virus precludes Eve 6 from full-blown commercial success. A tad unfair perhaps, given their *infinite* superiority to the Good Charlottes or Simple Plans of this world. There's a creeping, Gothic-y, undercurrent to Max Collins' vocal delivery that affords Eve 6's melodic MTV rock just a sliver of individuality.

-David Lawrence

Nickelback

@GM Place, Vancouver, BC
Friday January 23, 2004

Letter to the Stockholders:

We here at Nickelback Inc. are pleased to report that the general assembly Friday night at General Motors Place January 23 was one of the most profitable ventures to date. Company representatives presented its latest product to more than 13,000 appreciative consumers. These consumers, the majority of whom occupy the valuable 14-28-year-old demographic, responded with a resounding show of faith in the company's adherence to the formula which has driven up stocks to the point where Nickelback Inc. has become one of the fastest-growing and most lucrative businesses in B.C. Those board members who expressed concern earlier that the company's investment of thousands of dollars in flashpots, dry ice and fire effects have only to regard the graph (see fig. 1) which shows that, far from being an unnecessary addition to the overall presentation, the pyrotechnics helped reinforce identification with the Nickelback TM brand and further enhanced the belief amongst consumers that they had experienced an actual rock concert event. (Consumers polled as they stopped to buy \$35 Nickelback Inc. T-shirts confirmed this belief.) The same could also be said for the relatively minor amount invested in several flats of Molson Canadian beer product, which Singing Unit One dispensed after asking the time, and responding with the answer: "It's beer o'clock!" Guitar Playing Units 1 and 2 kept interaction with consumers to a minimum. This practice allowed them to engage in Nickelback TM brand's standard "maximum riffage TM" which, in its overwhelming volume and repetition, further enhanced the illusion of a rock concert experience for consumers. Drumming Unit 1's beat rarely faltered in the concert's

90-minute duration, although he was showing signs of fatigue in the encores. (Note: Plans to replace with Drumming Unit 2 should not be dismissed out-of-hand.) To maximize potential profits in the future it is this board member's opinion that Singing Unit One, who doubles as Writing Unit One, continue to compose the same three-minute radio-friendly unit ad infinitum into the foreseeable future. Also recommended: further ties with Hollywood action blockbusters, cover versions of chart hits which Nickelback TM consumers aren't old enough to recall, and the sponsorship of leading beer and acne medicine manufacturers.

-Shareholder Unit 38

The Distillers/ Loft Six/ Crowned King

@ Croation Cultural Centre, Vancouver B.C.
Tuesday December, 16 2003

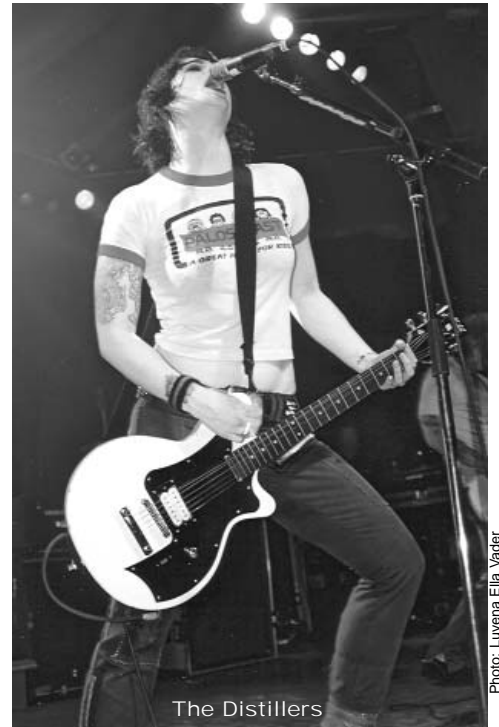


Photo: Luvena Ella Vaeder

The Distillers

Well, this was a weird show for me to review, since I remember sharing the stage with The Distillers on some Warped Tour dates when their first album came out. Back then, both bands were drawing less curious and less devoted crowds than this sold-out all-ages show. So, to keep my jadedness in check, I brought along my 12-year-old niece who, like most young girls, just discovered the Distillers on their second effort, *Sing Sing Death House*. Opening, Vancouver's Crowned King, was a pretty edgeless mainstream radio band trying to tell us how they could bring the power back to the streets and how they had a song that you couldn't hear on the radio—lest the station would die. We both found these statements unbelievable and figured if given the right push, they'd be all over the radio and we'd change the channel. Next up, a change in the channel, as Loft Six came on and reminded me of an angry Pixies/Nirvana fronted by Johnny Rotten and I actually really enjoyed their set. My niece said that even though she isn't into the whole screaming constantly thing, she agreed they were better and more believable than Crowned Queen. Finally, it was the moment all the kinder gentler punks were waiting for. As the Distillers hit the stage, teenagers screamed, "I love you Brody" and "Brody, you're so hot!" The band played most of the material from the last two albums and barely touched the first LP, which I still prefer. My niece sang along to all the songs and the kids slammed and I came to the realization that even though the Distillers now lean more over to the rock side of things than the punk, to my niece and rest of the crowd, it was like when I first witnessed Joan Jett or Suzi Quatro and hey, that ain't a bad thing for the kids to like at all!

-Billy Hopeless



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Watch Them Die



Deciding to publish a piece of writing that defames Sir Elton John was not easy. Still, we here at Nerve are adamantly opposed to censorship of any kind. However, printing the article is one thing but breaking it to Adrian Mack is quite another. No one could have predicted the brute force he would employ when Badly Damaged tried holding him back from calling the lead singer for Watch them Die, Pat V. Mack ripped the phone out of Damaged's hands and flung him out of the way like he was snatching a purse from an old lady with a bad hip. Damaged fell to the ground and just sobbed, "Adrian, you broke my finger nail, why don't you like me?" This only seemed to incite our star writer as he proceeded to give Damaged the boots once again—this despite a new company policy that strictly forbids contributors from beating the editor-in-

chief in his own office. Blinded by rage, Mack just kept screaming "NO ONE talks about my piano man that way. King of your own music empire, my ass. Now give me V.'s number, you useless piece of publishing shit!"

What group does Watch Them Die never want to be compared to?

I can't answer this with out talking shit on other bands, and that is something we try not to do. But if you're forcing me to answer this question, I will say Elton John.

On your dream bill, who would your band be sandwiched between?

SLAYER and KREATOR.

Worst gig ever?

We played a show in Pittsburgh and we got paid \$9 not to play. That was by far the worst one.

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

"Fall From Grace" and "Sadist Ways" [I guess I should have specified recordings other than your own. Music Ed.] I think they best deliver the sound we were trying to achieve and the direction we were trying to go.

What kind of influence has Elton John had on your music?

None and we'd like to keep it that way, no offence to "Elton".



songs enhancing the experience? It's embarrassing. Too bad for Austria's Belphegor the rest of us have evolved, cuz their music is wicked-bad.

J. Pee Patchez

Watch Them Die

s/t
Century Media

You never had a perm or wore snakeskin boots outside your tight pants. You even avoided Bermuda shorts. Later, you refused to dread your hair or turn yer ball cap backwards. You also think keyboards are a little fruity, and King Diamond should be the only one in face-paint. You miss that rare spine tingle of actually being scared by a metal album. Well, *Watch Them Die* is one of those unlikely records. The production has this classic 80s' warmth to it, as opposed to the tinny, protooled affairs of late. It is very punk in terms of attitude and lyrics, but musical influences are found in the graves of black metalers like Venom, the mean streets of the Cro-Mags, and vintage Bay Area thrash/speed. That's not to say they're a gratuitous throwback, far from it. This project is classic because it pushes the art form.

J. Pee Patchez



Bayside
Sirens and Condolences
Victory Records

You know a genre has run its course when new groups begin to emulate bands that were never that good in the first place. Take for example, Bayside – A New York based quartet whose emotional approach to punk-rock sounds obscenely similar to Chicago's Alkaline Trio. Not to say that AT are anything to scoff at, but isn't there someone better to rip-off? Bayside's songs are a little fuller owing much to an additional guitar, but if you didn't know any better you would think this was a side-project for The Trio's Matt Skiba. To be fair, there is some very good material here and I might not leave the room if they were playing, but I can't help thinking that I've heard this all before. This, my friends, is why emo was pronounced dead back in 1999 – and if you're going to try and ride it out, you should follow Joan of Arc's lead by fucking things up art-school style.

-Adam Simpkins

Belphegor
Lucifer Incestus
Napalm Records



Technically speaking, this album is fucking crazy. Relentless hyperblast beats, in-yer-face production and

flawless execution of extremely fast and indestructible music. Elements of death, gore, and black metal are present for those as into sub-genres as our dance-happy opposites. In terms of overall sound, this is, as they say, the shit. Not one slow boring second. *Lucifer Incestus* not only respects the sanctity of heavy music, it builds upon it. Now for the downside: What is it about metalheads in particular that feel it's their duty to announce to the world that they are sexually corrupt? With music this good, why are misogynistic fantasies of abusing women a matter of subject? How are the sounds of our mothers and sisters being raped in between

song six, however, things start to take on a humdrum tone but then the best track on the album, "Blood to Walk," kicks in and everything is alright in the world. Horror buffs and fans of humorously dramatic metal will be stoked on *The Puppet Master*, but if you're not into songs about marionettes, stay the hell away!

-Jason Schreurs



Leeroy Stagger
Dear Love
Sad Boy

This CD sounds like what would have happened if Linda had dumped Paul or Yoko had dumped John before the Beatles broke up: A whole album full of pop songs about heart-break—And hey, I'd rather listen to McCartney, Lennon, or Stagger gently weep than either of those birds sing.

-Billy Hopeless



Mickey DeSadist
(A Forgotten Rebel)
Welcome To My Basement
Amp records

Just hearing Mikey's sarcastic-asshole-playing-Romeo voice always put a smile on my face. What we got here are some songs old, some songs new, and some songs to leave you black and blue. Mr. DeSadist woos us with some of his earliest stabs at romance "Oh girl" and a few new flings like "Hawaii on Welfare", and "All That Glitters" and a few choice covers (G.G. Allin's "Scumfuck Tradition" and Pee Wee King's "Tennessee Waltz"). My favourite lyric on this piece of crap majesty is "I remember sharing needles and listening to the Beatles"—true poetry from one of Canada's forgotten rebels!

-Billy Hopeless



Moonspell
The Antidote
Century Media

Beginning as an eccentric black/death metal hybrid, Portuguese Moonspell have blossomed—or wilted, depending on your POV—into a dark gothic rock act in a metamorphosis similar to that of labelmates Tiamat. They've carved out a unique sound over the course of their career, mostly due to frontman Fernando Ribeiro's instantly recognizable low-but-nasal tone of voice. He alternates this style with powerful demonic growls for the choruses. Bass duties are handled competently by guest Niclas Etelavuori from Amorphis. A couple cool extras come with the enhanced portion of the CD including, a video for "Everything Invaded" and to tie in with the album's concept, there's a full e-book version of *Antidote* by Portuguese author Peixoto. *The Antidote* is a recording of beauty and darkness, and the beauty in darkness.

-Matt Smith



Myopia
Dancing On Landmines
CDN Records

You might want to call a buddy and let them know where you are before you



Alice Cooper
The Eyes of Alice Cooper
Eagle Records

Just in case you either skipped my column this issue or just need further encouragement, once again I am going to tell you to buy this album!! Classic Alice Cooper rock 'n' roll from the opening track, "What do You Want from Me", to the eerie "This House is Haunted" to the idiot genius of "The Song that Didn't Rhyme". It's so good to hear the Coop come back so strong after a string of weak albums. The single "Novocaine" is my #1 hook/addiction of 2003!!

-Billy Hopeless



Anti-Flag
The Terror State
Fat Wreck Chords

Not only is war good for gunsmiths, it gives music a kick in the ass, too. In this day of state media control, the minstrel becomes the voice of the people. Philly's Anti-Flag takes the unreported truth to the streets with the determination of a clenched fist kid standing up to a bully. The album starts with "Turncoat", an ode to American raptivist G-Dub. From there, the band continues with a message that makes Noam Chomsky sound like Dr. Phil. Produced

press play on this one. It will make locating your body much easier. This is a very well produced skull-pummeling of grind/gore metal that switches pace between deliberate steam-engine chugging and explosive blasts of speed. Subject matter includes, but is not limited to: suicide, Satan, various activities involving bodily excretions, and most frightening of all, pro-Americanism. Yipes! Songs are separated by, and peppered with, violent samples such as gun blasts, evil laughter, and the bleating cries of barnyard indiscretions. Vocals erupt like blood from the neck-stump of a freshly decapitated pig that is on the other side of an industrial fan and being jabbed in the hoop with a red-hot poker. And that's a good thing.

-J. Pee Patchez



Rocket from the Tombs
Rocket Redux
Smog Veil Records

Although seeing/hearing this band play all the classics live was one of my highlights last year, I really wish these guys would have put out an album of new songs instead of re-recording the hits. Nevertheless, I guess *Rocket Redux* will tie me over until they do—After all, it only fell in a day, but it took a bit longer to build the Roman Empire!

-Billy Hopeless



Speeddealer
Bleed
Dead Teenager Records

Like Motörhead, Slayer or Zeke, you either like

Speeddealer or you don't. And they really don't give a shit either way 'cause they're Speeddealer, so Fuck You!

-Billy Hopeless



The Business
Hardcore Hooligan
BYO

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

Street Punk outfits, doing their thing since what seems like the beginning of time and have gained legendary status for good reason. However, I've always felt that The Business material from the last decade was the best, which is what the majority of this concept-style compilation has. Aside from the remake of the 80's classic "Saturday's Heroes" we're given recent tracks such as "Viva Bobby Moore", "Guinness Boys", "Maradona", "Southgate (Euro 96)", as well as other recent hits. Predictably, most of songs share one thing in common: English style Football subject matter. This is a great introduction to any newcomer and an overall great compilation.

-Aaronoid



The Unseen
Explode
BYO

As one of the leading acts in the new breed of American charged punk, this East Coast powerhouse continues the momentum for their second BYO full-length. The release opens with the track "False Hope", which looks at the redundancy and inevitability of "punk" culture. The subject matter of "So Sick of You" is about a band

receiving mainstream attention and being judged for it. A good 22 solid minutes of quality punk and a very worthwhile buy at that.

-Aaronoid



The Cokes
First Album
Wizzard in Vinyl

Although I am a huge fan of Japanese rock 'n' roll, this CD just seems to lack the passion that I normally associate with great rock 'n' roll. *First Album* has the songs and the hooks to be great and I do hear the potential of the Cokes, as they remind me of the Stiv Bators' Beatle-esque *Disconnected* and *LALA* records. I just hope that they're a bit rawer and more energetic sounding live.

-Billy Hopeless

The Evaporators
Ripple Rock
Nardwuar/Mint/Alternative Tentacles

Already a credit to the Dominion for his feats of gonzo journalism, Nardwuar the Human Serviette can rock the mike onstage, as well as up in the faces of world leaders and rock stars. This is wild, manic garage rock executed with amazing dexterity. Nardwuar shrieks and squeaks funny/stupid/smart stories about cheese, testicles, and of course, Campbell River. The music is twangy and punk-fast, played with Rush-like complexity and precision. It's also funny as hell without being crass or gimmicky. Extras include massive liner notes, audio interview clips, a bonus EP by Thee Dublins and a huge enhanced portion for the computer-box including, 3 rock videos and several of Nardwuar's infamous interviews. Members of The New Pornographers, Superconductor, The Smugglers, Zumpano and Cub play on the album as well. Oh yeah, it's also available on 8-track.

-J. Pee Patchez



ing his face looking like regurgitated Purina Dog Chow. (X-rays

now be heard in a beer commercial, so maybe The Toasters will become a household name after all (and rightly so).

-Jason Schreurs



The Hard-Ons
Very Exciting Bomp

Holy shit, what's going on here? *Very Exciting* is a crazy cacophony of goodness! From tracks like the Jesus and Mary Chain sounding melodic drone of "Sunny" to "Punk Police" to blasts of the death metal, the Hard-Ons have gone out on a limb and have me climbing up and down this album like a squirrel on Hastings Street! I like it, but then again, I'm always impressed by the art of the mentally unstable!

-Billy Hopeless



The Toasters
In Retrospect
Stomp Records

These New Yorkers, now in their 23rd year of keeping the kids skankin', are so contagiously tuneful, so impressively talented at what they do, even non-fans of the white man's reggae will appreciate them. *In Retrospect* is a collection of the best Toasters songs from the past two decades, and it's just one excellent tune after another. "Thrill Me Up" is probably the best; it's got the kind of chorus that should have been all over the airwaves. Actually, their tune "I'm Running Right Through the World" can



The Evaporators

Sometimes the toughest interviews are with people that are used to asking the questions. Knowing Nardwuar the Human Serviette's reputation as a take-no-prisoners kind of journalist, we put together a team of our most aggressive reporters to ambush the Evaporators frontman.

Unfortunately, our media scrum turned ugly when Badly Damaged got towed under the stampepe and was nearly trampled to death, leav-

would later reveal the imprint of Adrian Mack's Dayton on our fearless leader's cheek.) Doctors say that Damaged's jaw will be wired up for another six weeks, which gives us a break from him roaming around the office dressed up in his rented Julius Caesar costume and declaring "I am king of my own musical empire". The other good news is that the spectacle of a bloodied Damaged crying "I told Mack specifically not to wear his shit-kickers to press conferences anymore!" caught Nardwuar off guard long enough to answer a few of my questions.

What group do you never want the Evaporators to be compared to?

Actually, we would be honoured to be compared to anyone!

On your dream bill, who would your band be sandwiched between?

The Squires (Neil Young's first band from 1963) and The Rockin' Vicars (Lemmy from Motorhead's

band from 1965)
Worst gig ever?
Brownies, New York, 1994. We had to go on after the Demolition Doll Rods and Speedball Baby. Not only did the crowd leave when we came on, but so did the promoter with the little money he was going to pay us!

What recording humbles you every time you hear it and why?
The 'Vancouver Complication' LP from 1979. So many great toons by bands like The Pointed Sticks, K-Tels, Subhumans, Dishrags, The Shades... the list goes on. Maybe someday this will come out on CD.

Is Snoop's breath as bad as it looks?

Snoop was drinking Sprite when I talked to him (check out the interview at nardwuar.com if you are bored) so I didn't notice a thing. I do know he likes Captain Crunch cereal though!

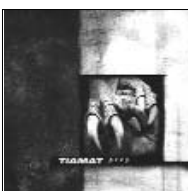
-Sarah Rowland



The Spinoffs
Straight Leather Jacket
Amp Records

Ben Weasel once said that if it wasn't for the Ramones, there wouldn't have been a Screaming Weasel. The Spinoffs would definitely agree and this album is definite recorded proof. I love both the Ramones and Screaming Weasel. Thus, I love the Spinoffs. 1-2-3-4 rock 'n' roll!!!

-Billy Hopeless



Tiamat
Prey
Century Media

Into their 14th year, Tiamat has never stayed in one musical place for too long, making them very difficult for fans to peg down. They began very death-metal heavy and evolved into a moody, atmospheric, artsy sort of affair, shedding the shredding for acoustic fingerpicking, and harsh vocals for growling and crooning. The fact that they are not afraid to take chances

can be admired, but the riffs are generic and lifeless and the drummer and bass player are so low in the mix that I don't think they have to be legally paid. This stuff is bloody slow and gloomy. If you are of the crushed-velvet, fun-fang, pale-face ilk, these tunes make a fitting soundtrack by which to brood. The career path of AFI was successful, so then there is no reason why this record should not find it's audience. It just isn't a HEAVY metal audience.

-J. Pee Patchez



v/a
Zombie Night in Canada
Stumble Records

A Canadian compilation of horror themed Rockabilly: The Deadcats - a more monstrous mash, The Sin-Tones - more fun than Satanism, Big John Bates - best Frankenstein song ever, The Gutter Demons - furious gritty lowdown, The Farrel Bros.- pluckin' AND grinnin, Flesh - No Doubty progably, The Matadors - kinder gentler Misfits, The Fever Breaks - drunk zombies RULE, The Brains - rattletap speedbability, The Astrobillies - tasteful surfy element, KC & The Moonshine Band - Addams Family creepiness,

New Bomb Turks



Answers courtesy of lead singer Eric Davidson

What group do the New Bomb Turks never want to be compared to?

Any, and I mean any, "punk" band from the American west coast, specifically California. I challenge anyone to name one great, important, influential band from California. And I mean a band with ALL indigenous Californians. Crime and The Weirdoes are the only ones I've come up with, and they're not that important.

On your dream bill, who would your band be sandwiched between?

Rose McGowan and Gloria Graham.

Worst gig ever?

Working at Friendly's serving "mushroom" burgers and fake

seafood. Ugh.

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

Prince's "Dirty Mind." He's fucking Prince, the motherfucker wrote, recorded, sang everything, and it was all so fine. Plus he's hilarious. Oh, and the Saints first 2 records, because that's goddamn R'n'R. And a long way from California. And Otis Redding's entire recorded output. And "Fuck 'Em All" from the Geto Boys.

Favourite beats coming out of the WCR scene (Western Canadian Region)?

The Starvations, who actually are an incredibly great all L.A. band, though only time will tell if they're important. But man, do they rule right now. The Cuts be cool too! Doh, you said Canadian, not California. Sorry, don't know any, though I liked The Spitfires. The Chickens were

cool too.

You shouldn't have to worry about good music in a country that offers so much. I've used music mainly as a way to alleviate all the bullshit of being an American. You guys have it good.

Oh, and there's this girl I made out with on a Sunday the last time I was in Vancouver. I lost touch with her. She was pretty nuts, but pretty nonetheless. If she's reading this, I hope you're doing well. Thanks for the memories....

-Sarah Rowland



The Alley Dukes - old school purists, Cadillac Bill & The Creeping Bent - leather pants? Hello, PETA..., Bloodshot Bill - cheeky minimalist folkabilly, WrekDefy - loud with blazing solos, Screamin' Black Cadillacs - classy croonin', Howlin' Hound Dogs authentic classic billyness, Night Stalkers - rabble rousing gallop, Buzz Deluxe - neat clean cool, Hellbound '71 - bar brawl soundtrack, The Swingin' Blackjacks - grab a partner, Rosekill - Valentines meets Halloween, Attic Daddy - twangsome humour, The Rowdymen - tight and VERY rowdy, Crazy Rhythm Daddies - sax enhanced

-J. Pee Patchez

New Bomb Turks

Switchblade Tongues Butterknife Brains Gearhead Records

It is amazing how so many bands who have called it quits still manage to keep pumping out material year after year. Usually these releases consist of outtakes, remixes, covers and tracks previously released on ultra rare limited release 7-inches. Well this offering is no exception, but hey, this is the New Bomb Turks we are talking about here! Myself being a long time fan of the legendary Columbus, Ohio punk rock juggernaut, I did not mind having to feed off the audio table scraps. Much to my pleasure these "scraps" did not leave me wanting. Granted there are only 7 originals out of 16 tracks they all stand up well with "Bad for Me" a stand-out. The two Devil Dogs covers included are a treat. The enhanced CD also includes a trailer

for the upcoming Turks documentary. This disc is a searing punk rock requiem for all those who mourn the loss of the mighty Turks.

-the Sidewinder



Endless Decade of Obscurity
Da'Core Records

NYC Hardcore.
NYC Hardcore.
NYC Hardcore from Pittsburgh.

Everything you'd expect from a ripping hardcore band, scorching riffs, lots of tempo changes and throaty Agnostic Front style vocals. Definitely not gonna pick up ANY chicks at an Endless gig.

-Jono Jak



40 Watt Domain
Shortwave
Gaki Records

This album kicks off with some heavy guitar, which makes you go..." Hey, this might be okay "

Then the singing hits and you go, " Aw, that's too bad, but it's still listenable", Next song starts and you think, "Shit, Blink 182." From here it just slides into 1990's cover band hell. \$0 Watt Domain timidly dips its big toe into every possible genre of lame music. It tries its hand at everything from Infectious Grooves type crap to believe it or not, Limp Bizit garbage. This stinks so bad, not even some well placed dj scratching can save it. PU

-Jono Jak



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It's Rainin' Men

MARCH OR DIE!

By Ainsworth

Don't do what this article tells you! In fact don't even read it. It should never have been written. I'm sorry it was ever written. There was no need for it at all. My mother always said, she was a quaker, that you shouldn't make anything unless it was needed and functional, but if you needed it, you should at least make it nice.

Everybody's done it. Walked right into an adult-themed "shop", waddled fatly up to the counter, and ordered, in a voice that could break open Heaven itself....

"One sack of pornography, please."
"And why not? It's everywhere!" replies the vendor, bending under the counter for your prize....

No, it's not. Youth-oriented fagplay digests are hard to find, like emeralds. The problem is all you readers have fantasy and reality mixed up. It's not fair.

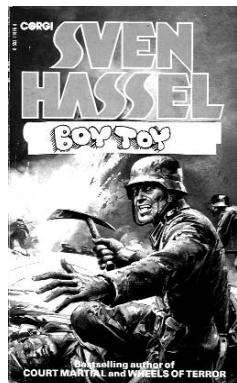
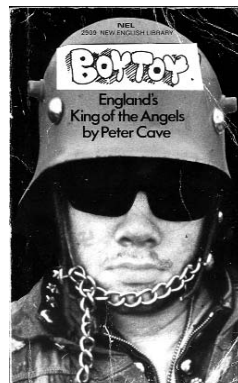
Anyway, when collecting paper-based collectables, or "emphera", there is one important rule: condition is everything. You see that copy of *Boytoy* under your mattress. Look at it. Look at it, damn you! Cover separating from the magazine, a small lateral tear, 3/4 of an inch, frequent dog-earing, stains; I won't talk about that distasteful episode. You know what your copy of *Boytoy* is gonna be worth in twenty years and you'll be regarded as a brave persecuted boy lover? It won't be worth very

MUCH AT ALL! You know why! Because collectors with a sense of self-respect are presenting into the future market a copy of *Boytoy* in mint condition. But I don't believe a magazine or paper empherial can ever truly be mint. I take every imperfection seriously. So, put *Boytoy* in a Mylar bag. Seal it hermetically and pull your strings to a dvd instead. A dvd version of *Boytoy*.

It's a really good idea, as your collection grows, to familiarize yourself with with condition grading standards. Comic-book jerks have spent the better part of three decades hammering these guidelines into a catechism that not even God would violate. I don't really care, myself, so I'll just run through what I think is the way it works. I read about it from some comic-book reading idiot's comic book intranet thing. It was hard work, but here is the result.

Good: A misnomer. Your copy of *Boytoy* is a diseased ruin. No investment value. A reading copy. *Boytoy* in this condition would be all fucked up with tears, a "rolled spine", whatever the hell that is, or stains, whatever.

Fine: Mathematically, this is a step up from good. It's still a battered copy of *Boytoy*, with age wear, small nicks and internal tearing allowed. The spine must be tight. Some pen marks. Minor staining allowed. (How the cuntary fuck can you tell a minor stain from an intermediate stain? HOW? It didn't say.) This is not an investment quality piece of youthfag



literature.

Very Fine: It's getting tedious now. This book is a little bit better than a Fine book, I don't care anymore. No tears, I guess, a bit of staining and yellowing. This is stupid, all the time people waste with collecting things for investment they could be working at a real job and make real money, which can be used to make real investments in commodities... All I'm saying, think twice before you abuse yourself with a Very Fine copy of *Boytoy*.

Near Mint: Almost perfect copy of *Boytoy*. Minor imperfections keep it from being an utterly perfect copy of *Boytoy*. I'll bet it'll be worth a lot of money in the future, in Star Trek days. Cocksucker.

Mint: I reckon you'll never see a copy of *Boytoy* in Mint Condition. Why? I don't care

anymore. Find your own answer.

Now, the legal stuff...
Being the depiction in photos (or, in Canada, in accordance with Tariff Code 9956, a written description or narrative) of "acts" of an adult or reproductive nature or suckjobs as performed by humans under the age of whatever it is, eighteen are illegal So, this is important, even if the photograph is eighteen years old, ie: developed in 1986 (Jesus Christ, it's a cut-off date of 1986 now. I remember when it was 1974. This was before Nair for Men, of course. Queers knew their place when I was a boy. That would have been 1992) it doesn't change things.

Remember, folks.... March or Die!



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Club Flyers (4 1/2" x 6")	\$310	\$350
Bookmarks (1 1/2" x 7")	\$310	\$350
Postcards (4" x 6")	\$375	\$425
Full Flyers (2 1/2" x 7" or 4" x 9")	\$450	\$500
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2" Circles	\$275.40	\$385.00
2" Squares	\$285.00	\$395.00
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The Joys of Being Unemployed

By Michael Mann

Being unemployed has its perks. Starting at noon, you can watch three episodes of Star Trek in a row on TV. First it's The Next Generation, followed by Deep Space Nine, then Voyager. It'd make sense if the original Star Trek was on at 11 AM but you'll have to consult your TV Guide for the 411 on that as I don't get up that early. Being unemployed also has its downside. As you lay awake in bed at night you wonder why it's so hard to get a decent job. The only way to make these thoughts pass is to relive past sexual experiences and play with yourself. But if you aren't like me in the need to constantly gratify yourself before you go to bed, thoughts of why it's so difficult to find a decent job may keep you awake.

From grade one onward it's drilled into us that if we work hard in school, we'll be rewarded with a good life. If we slack off and spend all our days getting drunk, smoking pot, playing video games and masturbating, we'll be utter failures and work for minimum wage for the rest of our miserable pathetic lives until we eventually kill ourselves. Well, I did pretty good in school and I work pretty hard. In fact, I even ended up with a degree. Granted, I can't build a website, but I can do lots of cool stuff. SO WHERE THE FUCK IS MY JOB ALREADY?

I'm getting to the point where I'm willing to work on Christmas at an advertising agency whose clients are a company that makes clubs to kill baby seals and a manufacturer of stun guns for guards at sweat shops so long as

it pays more than eight dollars an hour.

Every day you can diligently look online at Monster.com and read the classifieds of your daily rag of choice but no good places are ever advertising that they're hiring. The only places that ever advertise that they're hiring are multinational chains (like Starbucks or The Gap) and telemarketing companies. At Starbucks and The Gap they deprive you of sleep by making you work long shifts that can start as early as 5am. They try to brainwash you by forcing you to watch mind numbing training videos, make you adopt their language and do grueling repetitive work. So these places are basically like cults except they won't be forcing you to commit suicide until they invent an espresso machine that works by itself or an automated folding machine that can tell you that your ass doesn't look fat in those jeans.

Then there's telemarketing. Which is basically the fast food of office jobs. Land one of these jobs and you'll end up a) selling bonds to old people in Texas or b) trying to give people a free trip to Palm Desert or c) trying to get people to donate to a charity.

People often lament that the best jobs are never advertised. I'm assuming this is true because I rarely read in the paper about some place I'd like to work hiring. Once in a blue moon a good place that you'd like to work at finally advertises that they're hiring you submit a resume and cover and they say: *Don't call us, only those selected for an interview will be contacted.* This means you're never going to hear from these people ever again.

Regardless if the job is advertised or not, all the good places that you'd like to work

have human resources departments. If you work in a human resources department please roll this magazine up and whack yourself in the head as it will save me the time of tracking you down, finding out where you live and doing it myself. If you've never dealt with a human resources department, their job is basically to prevent you from getting a job. They're a company's first line of defense to keep you from talking to anyone who may be able to hire you.

Though they're called human resources, they're very far from being human, as they're soulless inhuman robots. If a mental picture of Data from Star Trek just popped into your head, think again, as they aren't like Data. Even though Data couldn't feel emotion until he got the emotion chip from his brother Lor, he was at least helpful. The image that should be in your head is the heartless, crushing-human-skulls-with-their-metal-feet killing machines from Terminator. They don't want to help you. They just want to see you dead. Okay, maybe it's not that bad but these people certainly don't give two shits if you eat, have a nice place to live or a \$150 gorilla costume that'd you'd like to buy so you can walk around downtown Vancouver and freak out the straights. "Human" resources workers favorite saying is: *We're not hiring at the moment but we have your resume on file and will call you if something that you're qualified for opens up.* It's total bullshit. You will never hear from these people again.

If you manage to fight your way through the human resources department and land yourself a job you'll be given a contract. You aren't staff and you get no benefits and you

have no job security as they don't even have to go to the trouble of firing you as when your contract expires they can simply choose not to renew it. In plain English, it's like dating a frigid girl who claims to be a virgin but really isn't.

Because there's so few good jobs and so many people, prospective employers are asking a lot of people entering the workforce to work for free. They call them internships but really it's just slave labor. You apply to them like they're hiring for a paid job. You get an interview and try to sell yourself to them. After the interview you make the mandatory call back a couple days later. You plead and you beg and you pretty much bust your ass for the privilege of being able to work for free. Most places won't even toss you a couple hundred bucks a month to cover the cost of lunches and transportation to get to your internship. After you've done your four-month internship you're released into the work force with four months of valuable work experience on your resume. So what this means is you just got owned because you've been working as a volunteer for the last four months and haven't even scored yourself a free meal so thanks for nothing.

This is the end and normally the part of the article where I'd offer up some universal truth that would solve all your job finding woes. Sadly, I have none and anything I'd tell you would simply be the blind leading the blind. So it'd be much appreciated if someone who knows what the fuck's up could give me some advice.



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BELOW: Ever forget to pick up your pictures from the developer? They don't keep them forever, you know. This little gem was part of a series "discovered" in the dumpster behind the Kodak on Granville (Vancouver) by M. Mann.



ABOVE: As a carryover from last issue's dirty sounding product names. I think it speaks for itself. (Sent in by Angela Perkin)

skate Spot SKATE



Photo: Courtesy of Pacific Press

Rachel Davis 1980-2004

On January 3rd, Vancouver lost a very special individual, a family lost a daughter and sister, and our skateboarding community lost one of its own. Rachel Davis died in the act of trying to save a life; many have said she died the same way she lived - with courage, strength and compassion. The coverage is now all but out of the media, but many people are still attempting to put the pieces of the puzzle in place, asking questions and trying to make sense of it all. One thing that can be said, is that Rachel could not have done differently; as was said at her wake, "She could not ration her strength. She could not tolerate things that insult the dignity and the light in all of us." Her effect on people's lives was apparent at her wake; hundreds attended. Side 67 played a show in her honour that weekend and a vigil was organized by friend Vaughan Nevile Sunday, January 18, at the Art Gallery. People brought candles to the vigil, along with some difficult questions to ask of each other and the community at large, about how and why something like this has happened here in Vancouver and what can be done to prevent it from ever happening again.

Questions were raised about the Campbell government's deep budget cuts, and what effect they might have on compromised security, as well as on the growing poverty and violence in the Downtown East Side and surrounding area. Questions about what anti-violence programs we have and their effectiveness. Questions about the point of handguns within our city, or in Canada at all, except for hunting. Questions about our obsession with image and whether people are fighting and dying simply from their own insecurities. There were no police around when the bars closed that night, or when similar incidents happened in the same area this past August. Was there a shift change in officers that night at 4 am (bar closing time) and if so, why? There are many police on Granville Street on weekends, yet none were in Gastown the night of the shooting. And finally there were questions about our society at large and our roles and responsibilities within it; we often pride ourselves as Canadians on being different from the US, yet we look increasingly

similar in terms of the social ills we see growing. Will the next person who wants to get involved to save a life think twice, afraid for their own well being, and be forced to walk by? Hopefully not, because we need more brave and caring people like Rachel, not fewer.

There are several memorials being considered to honour Rachel's memory. A tree will be planted at Seylynn skatepark for her, where the Bowl Series begins each year, and a place she was sure to be found over the summer. There is talk of a skatepark being named after her as well, and of a possible memorial such as a gazebo, bench or public art piece. Her parents have set up a memorial fund to give money in her name to charities and causes that Rachel held important. Donations to this can be made to the:

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 c/o Ray Wallis
 Senior Account Consultant
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We can all think of ways to try to remember Rachel, and to try to bring meaning to this incomprehensible event. The best memorial to a life might be more than physical plaques or monuments; it might be the change in the way we live, the ways in which we treat each other, the thought we put into our choices. One thing that really stayed with me the day of the wake, was something Rachel's mother said; "Life is only one day long".

We all have a choice in how we live that day.

-D-Rock and Miss Kim. email us at downspace@telus.net. Thanks to Vaughan Nevile for organizing the vigil and raising the right questions. Thanks to Rachel for brightening our lives





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Optic Nerve

Nerve-worthy Films New to DVD

MORVERN CALLAR & GERRY



Filmmakers love to go on the road. Who needs a coherent story when you can have panoramic vistas standing in as metaphors for loneliness and alienation? *Morvern Callar* from Lynne Ramsey and *Gerry* from Gus Van Sant are two films new to DVD about being on the road and getting lost.

Morvern Callar was adapted by Ramsey from Alan Warner's cult novel of the same name. Samantha Morton plays Morvern who wakes up one post-Christmas morn to find her boyfriend has killed himself and left his recently completed novel for her to find a publisher. Morvern places her name on the novel instead, empties her boyfriend's bank account, and heads off for a holiday in Spain with her best friend Lanna.

Gerry is even less plot-heavy than *Morvern Callar*. The film can basically be described in one sentence: Matt Damon and Casey Affleck get lost in the desert. A kind of existentialist horror film, *Gerry* simply follows the two friends (both, apparently, called Gerry) as an innocent hike turns horribly awry.

I guess both *Gerry* and *Morvern Callar* could be called pretentious art movies, as they're about as pretentious as English language films get these days. These are 'journey' films, filled with long, uncut shots to emphasize that feeling of being lost.

Of the two films, *Morvern Callar* is more traditional. The hardest thing the follow about it is the Scottish accents. Morton, who has won raves recently for films like *Minority Report* and *In America* is the anchor for the

film, and she does a terrific job of conveying Morvern's aimlessness. We kind of come in at the end of the story in *Morvern Callar*, and the film is more of a mood piece than anything. Morvern is the same at the end as the beginning, and while this kind of obfuscation can be maddening, Morton manages to hold it all together.

Gerry is an odd experience. It seems like there should be more to it, but I think reading into it too heavily will just result in brain leakage, and no one wants that. It is an incredible visual experience (which admittedly loses something on DVD), but those who crave a distinctive narrative may eventually get itchy. As Gerry and Gerry get further and further lost, their relationship becomes stronger and things get bleaker. It's man against nature as the two become one, and the frailty of life becomes apparent.

Affleck and Damon are both solid in the film, and Van Sant manages to cleverly hold a balance between a sense of dread and a sense of hope. Gus Van Sant is one of our finest filmmakers, and what he does with the little he has given himself to work with is a testament to his skill.

Both *Gerry* and *Morvern Callar* prove to be fascinating, if frustrating journeys. The two films may seem distant, but what they share is an uncanny ability to portray the ups and downs of friendship through visual metaphor. Once you understand where they're going, it's easier to get there.

Bjorn Olson



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GORE

THE MUMMY RETURNS TO ROT



By: Sinister Sam

The mummy genre has taken a back seat to the zombie films which seem to be so prevalent in the world of the Eurotrash fan. Even straight up horror film fans can do up a list of their top twenty zombie films and always find the time to excavate the rarest that Spain and Italy have to offer in the zombie film world, but what about the good old mummy movie? One major detail that always comes to mind for me is the appreciation for the face rot aesthetic that we have always equated with the zombie film. In fact, it wasn't really until Hammer studio's *PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES* (1966) that the face rot really began to make the change to the old aesthetic of *WHITE ZOMBIE* (1932) and *I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE* (1943). What's really strange is the absence of charred make-up on the faces of the zombies of *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* (1968), which became par for the course through to the early '90s. No worries though, as this is where the creature feature film fan has his/her share of history to take part in.

The earliest of the face rot undead scenes that really rings true for me is Boris Karloff in the original *THE MUMMY* (1932). The Universal films from that point on always had a major play in the amount of monsterish face rot applied to the actors that were the walking dead. Hammer continued the tra-

dition with their amazing version of *THE MUMMY* (1959) featuring Christopher Lee adorned with the proper amount of rotted zombie make-up, thus realizing the future of '70s zombie films to come. There are not just a few scenes in the film as Peter Cushing tries to beat down the undead wrapped monster that don't resemble anything from Andrea Bianchi's zombie film *LE NOTTE DEL TERRORE* (1980) or even D'Amato's "fucking" epic *EROTIC NIGHTS OF THE LIVING DEAD* (1980).

The aesthetic of these undead zombie mummies may seem trivial, but I take a strong stand for the atmosphere of these early films resulting in the aesthetic of "what the zombies look like" in the films that followed. Anyways, here's the historical proof! Check out this tablet I dug up on my last archaeological dig in Egypt. I found the catacombs of some fucked up old Eurotrash cave drawing rental store, and found these atmospheric mummy movie faves listed out for all to see. Even the Hieroglyphics worked out to match the names of the films!



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NERVELAND SMUT RANCH



Over the holidays I was able to catch up on my favorite pastime... watching porn, of course! Local porn star extraordinaire **Maja Lee** found time in her busy schedule for us to critique Lust World 2. The following is a play-by-play review, tag team style.

Lust World 2

Starring: Bridgette Kerkove, Gwen Summers, Jodie Moore, Sienna, Alana Evans, T.J. Cummings, Mark Cummings, Brian Surewood, Rick Masters, Skeeter Kerkove, Johnny Thrust.
Director: Jim Powers

Max: Just couldn't resist this little gem, could we Maja?

Maja: Flying dinosaurs, mutated snakes and hot sex... oh my! This is what porno *should* be about. When I saw the box cover, I freaked out... I knew it was a keeper.

Max: The movie starts off with Bridgette in a hospital raving about dinosaurs attacking her and her friends, but the doctors say it's just the medication speaking. Then the story begins...

Maja: *BAM!* There's a flashback to the woods where the four of them are exploring a cave. Go figure, two of them start making out in the woods...

Max: Those two were definitely laying down on the job (*insert laughter here*). This was one cave Bridgette's beau just couldn't resist.

Maja: Watching them fuck with flies buzzing around really gets you into the whole "woody" feel of things...

Max: That was a nice added touch of realism... seeing flies circle around Bridgette's bumhole.

Maja: By the way, there's a cosmetic procedure that's apparently "in" right now, you can get your asshole bleached pink. She could've really used that, it looked like she didn't really wipe too well...

Max: Bleaching assholes! What'll they think

of next! OK, so, after everyone regroups, they come across a skeleton, which the professor concludes are Neanderthal remains. Soon after, they set up camp and call it a night. This is when things really start getting campy.

Maja: While everyone is asleep, these snake/alligator things come after them... and the camera dude starts making these "rrrrroooaargh, arrrgh!" noises.

Max: Then there is an earthquake and everyone gets disoriented. Then there's a flash forward as Bridgette explains to the doctors that they must have traveled through some sort of porthole, which transported them back in time.

Maja: After the earthquake, everyone makes it out of the caves but Bridgette is traumatized and wants to go back inside and her "friends" just abandon her and go about their merry way...

Max: Maja, you get so emotional when watching movies... *You* know that her wandering off can only lead to... more sex!

Maja: I know, she meets up with two cavemen who sniff her out and have some hot primitive sex "ooga ooga" style.

Max: Besides being just interested in banging the hairless future girl, the cavemen are fascinated with her interesting clothes. I think it's odd that the cavemen have tattoos... but to get it on with two cavemen is dirty, and we like that, so I guess I'll overlook such minor historical inconsistencies.

Maja: Meanwhile back outside, the first girl gets it on with the old professor dude. She just had sex with her hottie boyfriend, but now she's boning sum old stud... porno plots make no sense. But the dinosaurs do! Her

boyfriend gets attacked by some guy in a dino costume and gets saved by two hot cave girls. Yummmmy... cave girls in their lil' leopard skin mini-skirts really get me going. They attack the guy, rewarding him with some hot sex.

Max: Okay Maja, let's not give away the whole story. How about just skipping to the last scene... please say something about it for me because I'm not sure if I can do it....

Maja: The last scene is the weirdest... it's got Bridgette having sex with this lizard mutant with a long prosthetic green penis with spikes on the top... I mean, as horny as I am, if I was disturbed from my slumber to find a mutant creature probing me with his alien bits, I'd have a cow...

Max: Yes, but get to the gross part!
Maja: The creature just starts pouring out "cum" from his shaft... like non-stop tons of it. Max, I thought you were gonna lose your dinner on me!

Max: By the way, if you didn't figure it out, this is definitely something worth watching.

I'd just like to take the time to thank all of Smut Ranch's loyal readers as this month we celebrate our one-year anniversary. Cheers!

-Max Crown & Maja Lee



EPITAPH Puzzle Page!

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Serial Killers

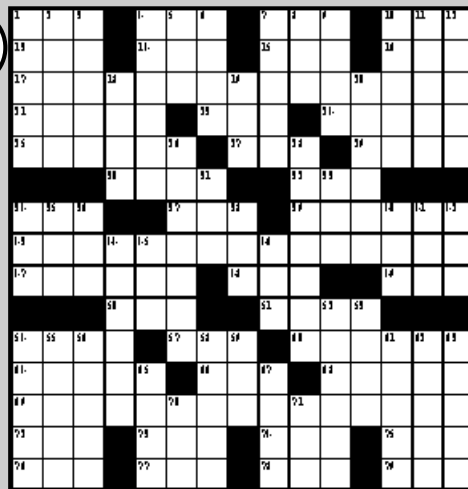
-by Dan Scum

ACROSS

- Petrol
- Actress Ryan
- Better Youth Organization
- Type of alarm system
- Rhea kin (abbrv.)
- Metallica hit
- What Albert Fish did to little kids
- Doctor's office abbreviation
- Uncaught KILLER who wrote cryptic messages to the San Francisco Chronicle
- "To love, _____, and obey
- Nike stock letters
- Booze
- Habitual toker
- Lou Gehrig's disease
- Hillbilly name
- Dutch cheese
- 3-fix?
- Paintings, e.g.
- Molson slogan
- Raved like a lunatic
- KILLER Albert DeSalvo
- Wes Craven thriller
- Zappa apprentice
- After ay and bee
- American KILLER's org.
- "Rollin' down the street smokin' _____ sippin' on gin and juice."
- Eden groundskeeper
- Shaq's org.
- Caesar, Greek, tossed, and chef's
- French touque
- Brown courier
- Prefix meaning BLOOD
- Canadian Schoolgirl KILLERS
- Earned run average
- Silent yes
- I _____ a mouse!!!
- Roger that
- DeGarmo & _____
- Mountain top
- Network Data Services

DOWN

- Marilyn Manson fans, e.g.
- _____ in the dark (wild guess)
- _____grapher (courtroom job)
- Fastened to
- Final
- Cannibal and KILLER Ed
- Light margarine maker
- Woolly ox
- KILLER Henry Lee Lucas'



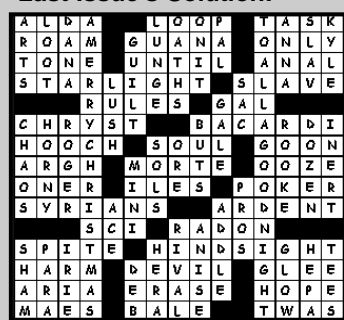
dimwitted accomplice Tool

- _____ Village
- Chicago KILLER Richard who raped and killed eight nurses
- KILLING or shopping fol-lower
- Area
- Alias
- Loafing about
- Dustin Hoffman role
- KILLER virus variations
- Pa's partners
- Sought elected office
- Type of brakes or plastic
- Mythological bird
- U-Q connection
- Place to watch Jackass or The Osbournes
- Sexy soul singers
- Cry heard when someone falls down a well?
- Eminem's producer
- Hercules' strength equivalent
- Row boat propeller
- Bigmouth

Martha

- Homo KILLER Jeffrey
- Butter substitute
- Westminster _____
- "Nothing runs like a _____"
- Tapstry
- Blues Guy
- Type of address
- Home Improvement Tim
- Built up with embankments
- Takes to the cleaners
- UFC KILLER Abbott
- KILLED with a gun
- Fish eggs
- KILLED John's Yoko

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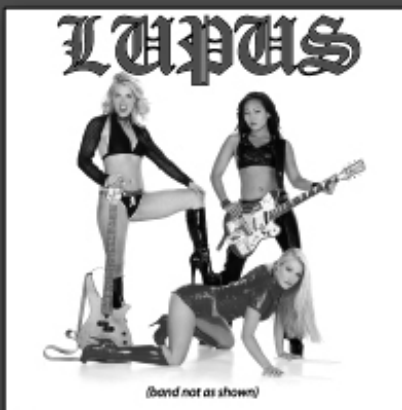
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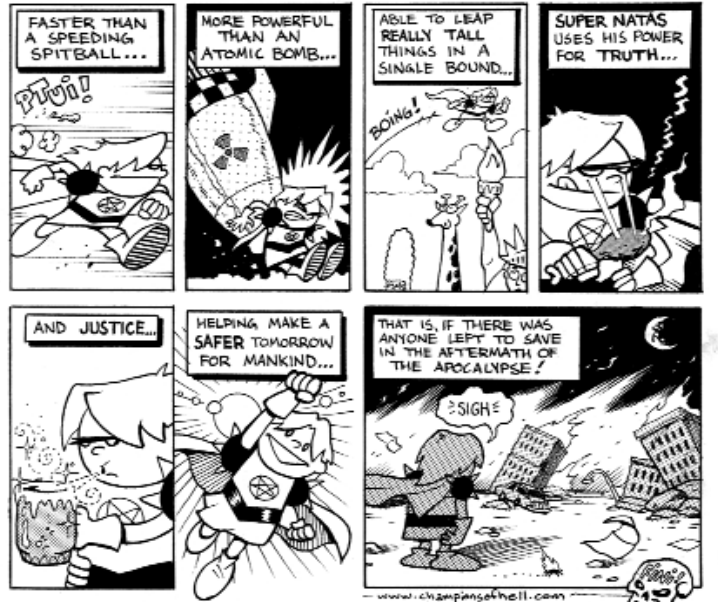
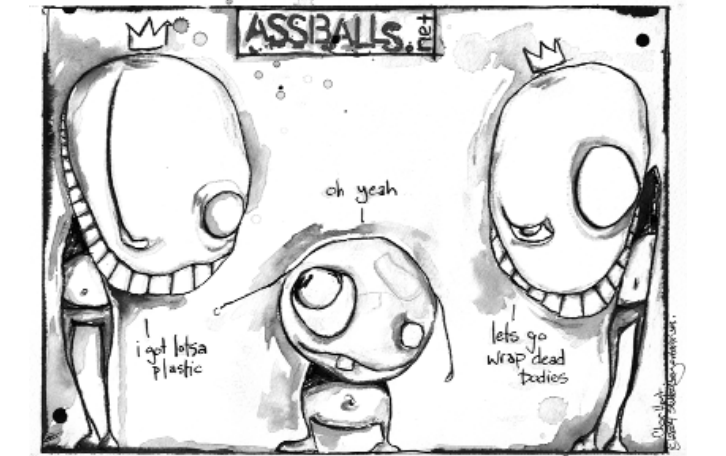
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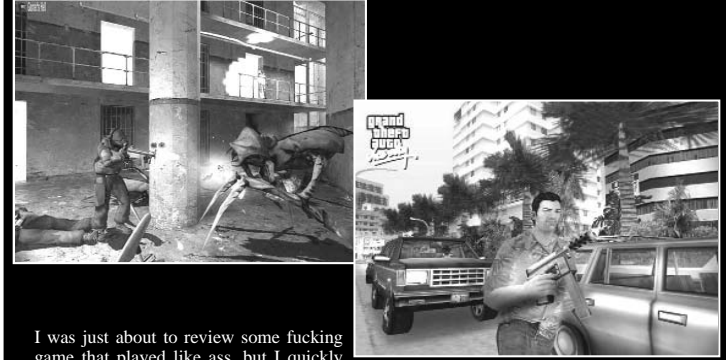
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ALT F4 reviews
FOR THE WEEKEND WARRIOR IN YOU!
BY ADLER FLOYD



I was just about to review some fucking game that played like ass, but I quickly lost interest due to the fact that it didn't have anything to do with the Star Wars/Trek universe. Instead, this month I'll be discussing some of the recent stories that are plaguing the game industry, specifically the pc market. Last year we learned that some keyboard jockey stole the Half-Life 2 source code, and then made it readily available to anyone with an Internet connection and slight determination. Having the source leaked proved to be a big problem, as it should be, so the Valve team pushed the highly anticipated Half-Life 2 release back a few months in order to fix and update the code. Done deal, right? Fucking wrong! On Jan 15th, the FBI raided Chris Toshok's pad, looking for the leaked source code. What the fuck? FBI going back wild over stolen video game code, you gotta be fucking shitting me, don't they have, like, terrorist pedophiles to catch? How bout defending the State of America from the weapons of ass destruction? Or protecting G.W.Bush from himself so he doesn't choke on his own tongue while he gnaws on his sweet potato Gerber formula. Once again, this just shows how inept some organizations are at making decisions.

Up next we have GTA: Vice City, a game that's popular with everyone who isn't a stuck up republican jolly cunt and or Haitian apparently. For a while now the GTA universe was criticism free, due to the fact that everyone went after Rockstars new uber violent game called Manhunt. So just when you thought things were settling down, some knob gobbler decides to exploit his financial possibilities by suing Rockstar for having one of the characters talk about killing Haitians. The Cuban American Bar Association has also signed up to sue Rockstar. Here is a snip from the letter that was sent to Rockstar. CABA's letter quotes the Haitian government spokesperson, Mr. Mario Dupuy, who stated, "this racist game is psychologically extremely dangerous and is an incitement to genocide." Ok, I'm not fucking stupid, I know that Haiti and Cuba are in financial crisis. Shit, I mean, exporting cigars and mangoes can't be all that lucrative, right? What bothers me is the way the CABA refers to genocide in their letter to get some coin. I never knew that video games shaped young minds to become the future Hitlers of the world. What about the kids who play these games, well you know what? Jacko Wacko has the right idea, fuck the children.

America is too sensitive on issues that are trivial in nature but going after games is beyond retarded. Its amazing to see how opportunity is only a video game away, you know what I'm saying? Hell why not go after Counter Strike, it has characters resembling Middle Eastern men with Ak's, killing police. The people on earth are not getting any smarter, just greedy and that's a fucking shame. Keep playing!

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