

Vol. 5 No. 7
July 2004
Issue #40

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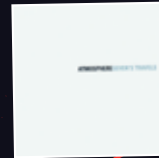
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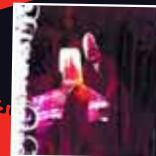
**I Am The
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FROM FIRST TO LAST



**Dear Diary, My
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Vol. 9



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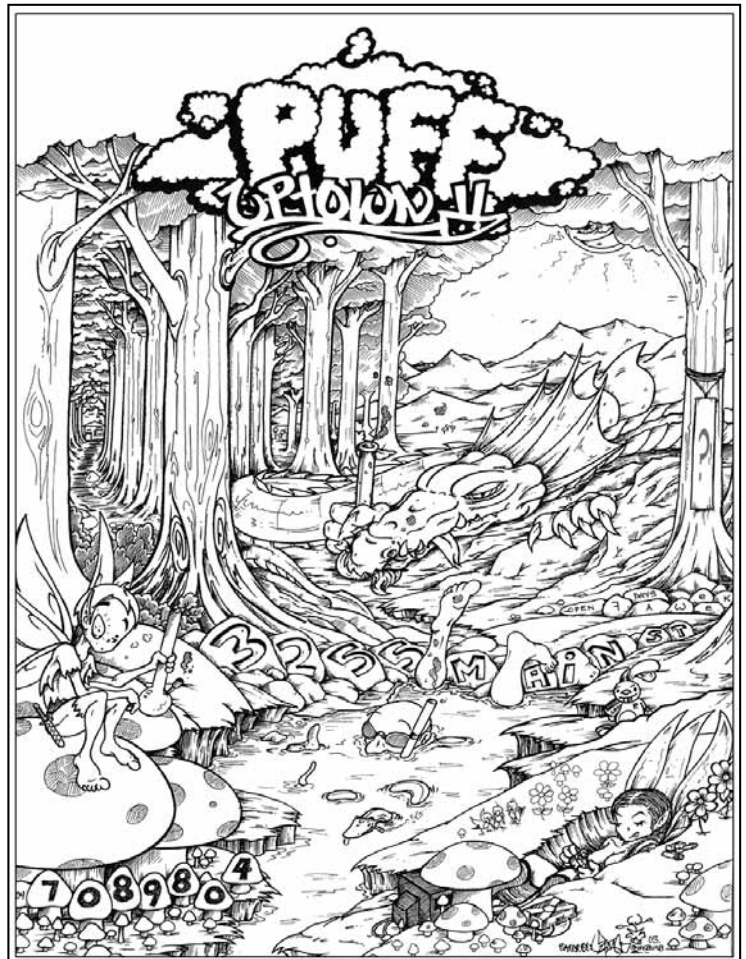


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photo: courtesy of Epitaph

Cover Story ATMOSPHERE

Put those limes down!
The best thing on this
year's Warped Tour
comes in a Beat Box.
MC Slug tells Adrian
Mack how his career
was shaped by Big
Daddy Kane, N.W.A.
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E.S. Day confronts the Denver trio on their influences, the state of punk today, bad wigs and, um... their influences.

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For centuries, men have been instructing women on the correct use of their own anatomy. Because we know best.

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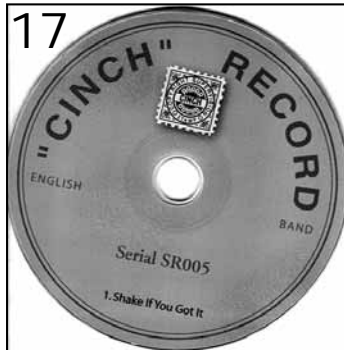
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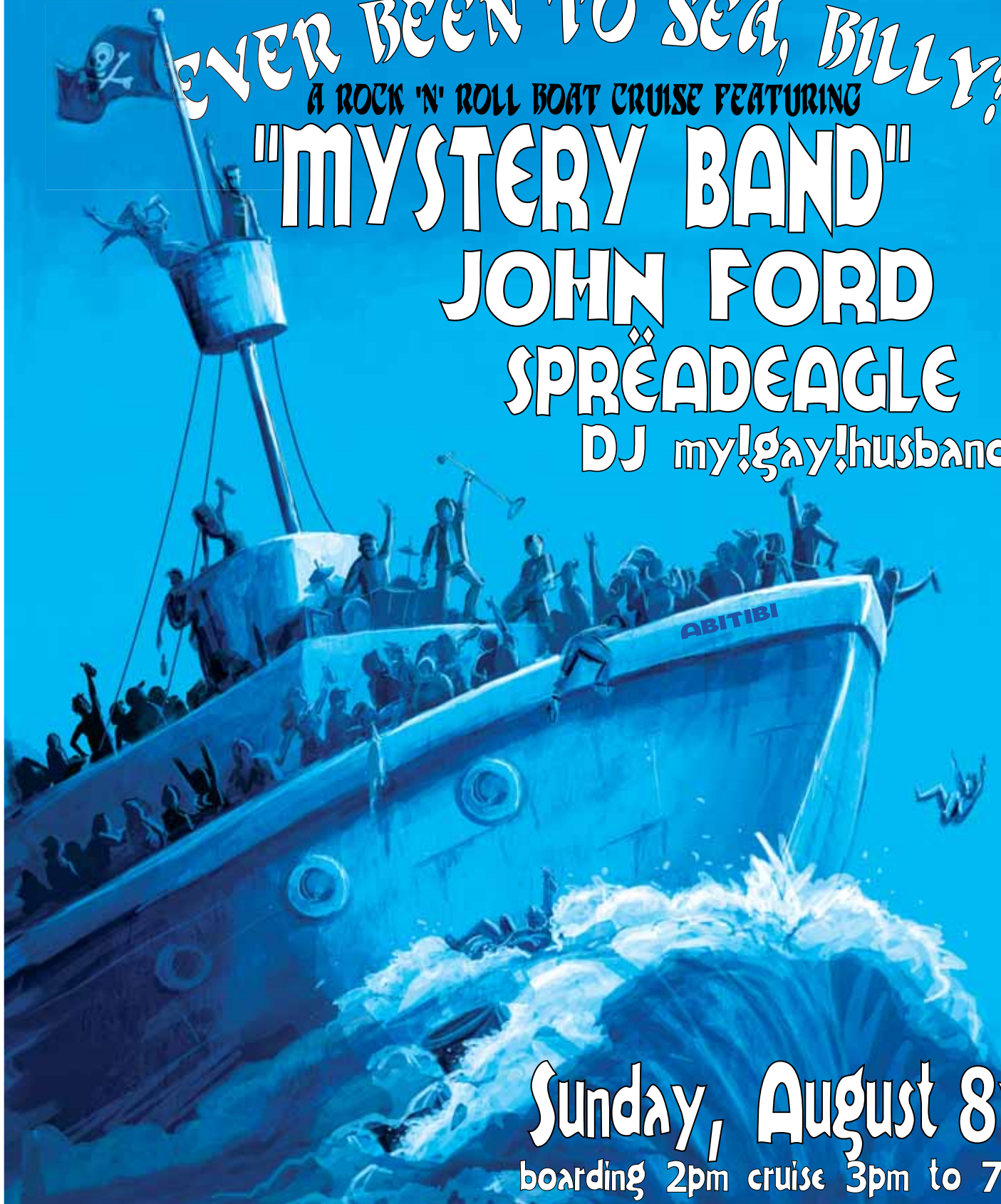
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Cheap Shotz

By Adrian Mack

The Nerve to Be Distributed to Vancouver Area Elementary Schools.
Just kidding.



Franz Ferdinand: Scotland mourns

Indie Rock Tragedy Devastates a Handful.

In a startling turn of events, angular Scottish Guitar Semioticians Franz Ferdinand were assassinated on June 28th in the Former Yugoslavian city of Sarajevo. An "organization" called the Black Hand took responsibility for the killings. The darlings of modernist dance music and vanguard of the New Wave of the New Wave of the New Wave, Franz Ferdinand took many music journalists by storm and managed to parlay that small but influential cache into an article in the NME. A spokesman for the group described the tragedy as "angular, stark, breathtaking, new."

In a related story, a plot was foiled to poison Vancouver "outfit" (and musical band) Elizabeth. Among the conspirators was the evil Duke of Norfolk, who has since been sentenced to The Tower.

The US Government: What a Bunch of Retards.

The Reverend Sun Myung Moon, Founder of the Unification Church and pioneering Zombie Maker was crowned America's new "Messiah" at a coronation that took place at The Dirksen Senate Office Building in Washington, DC, this March. Among the guests were several US Congressmen. In fact, the bejeweled and somewhat gay looking helmet was presented by Democratic Congressman and skilled two-face Danny Davis. The Reverend Moon owns The Washington Times and UPI (with whom The Nerve shares an office) and has long provided financial backing to the American Freedom Coalition - who in turn have created an environment wherein Rush Limbaugh, Ann Coulter and all the other blood-lusting junkies and booze-bags of the Right Wing Media may thrive. Not surprisingly, this extraordinary (an unconstitutional) event went almost completely unreported. Congratulations, then, to America's new Messiah: That's just super.

And what does it have to do with Rock 'n' Roll? Um.... Hey! Look up there! It's something about

the Gung Hos!!

Gung Hos Do More Weird Shit

Mere minutes after Sarah Rowland had vacated her seat as Music Editor, new "Messiah" Adrian Mack was concocting lies about Vancouver's Gung Hos. Among the stories under consideration:

1. New member Randy Romance has quit already, ostensibly to pursue his interest in "Boogie Rock", but more probably to avoid the nightly strap-on orgies and Double-Headed Dilly adventures reputed to take place in the band's "jam" "space".
2. The Gung Hos are taking on Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger's proposal to shorten the Stay of Execution for California's thousands of stray little puppy dogs and kitties. Said a wild-eyed Eddie Big Beers: "he's talking about killing them on the second or third day. We don't think he's going far enough. We propose going in earlier, maybe in the first twenty minutes or so. In fact, we think it's better to not take any chances at all and widen the legislation to take in puppy dogs and kitties that actually have homes. We also advocate taking these animals by force. Actually, we're calling for mandatory execution of anything that walks on four legs (with the exception of Mike). Fuck those little animals! Where's California?" Added Billy Hopeless: "Me too!"
3. Sources close to The Nerve report that if you place the Gung Hos in front of a mirror, they appear to "double" in "number". Unconfirmed.

Real News

Imagine our delight when The Nerve Office received a CD that was actually really fucking good. So good, in fact, that our Empire Building Editor Badly Damaged promptly got on the blower with Mississippi's Fat Possum Records and screamed, "Get me Thee Shams! NOW!!!" And get them he did - the Garage Rock 5-piece will be playing at Mike's Tavern on July 13th with special guests Swank... and a bunch of other guys I've never met. Thee Shams' album *Please Yourself* is the only thing that has made life bearable at The Nerve for the last month. That and the Salad Loop on Granville, which ROCKS!

More Real News

We wanna give a head's up on Mr. Plow's Annual Anti-Folk Fest, now heading into its first year at swish uptown canteen The Cobalt. Sharing the stage with the Noel Coward-like Plow will be The Wet Spots, Who Cares, Whiskey Dick, Fat Joe

Satan and more. Best part? Organizers promise free entry to anybody carrying a Day Pass for the real Folk Fest - should they accidentally mistake Main Street for Jericho Beach or "Bukakke Night in Canada" for "The Bells of Rhymney".

Probably Not Real News

Received from the Offices Of BYO Records:

"French punk band The Briefs' new album *Sex Objects* will be released June 29th on BYO Records. The band will be returning to their adopted hometown, Seattle, to play a record release show at Vera on July 11 with The Spits, Schoolyard Hero and Diskord. Industry jaws dropped when the Briefs' lawyer, Les "The Fist" Turnbladt revealed that BYO, an independent punk record label, had agreed to pay the band an advance of \$900,000 (US) for a one record deal. According to Turnbladt, no one is sure where BYO found that kind of money, but it is rumored that one of the owners got extremely lucky at an off-track betting establishment in Tijuana. Also, as it is well known that The Briefs have little to no interest in money, they have decided to donate the entire amount to their ex-tour manager, Falcon, who will be returning to the US from Berlin to open a chain of vegetarian fast food restaurants along the interstates of America."

We're confident that this is accurate information and needs no further investigation.

And Finally...

Our apologies to stalwart Nerve staff photographer Laura Murray who was credited as Laura Lemay in last month's issue. An internal investigation has yielded little although the names Brad Dingdang and Adrian Mook keep coming up.

In His Own Words

Well, I almost died on the Trans-Canada near Revelstoke. A van in the oncoming lane lost control and crossed the centerline. I accelerated to avoid a head-on collision saving my own life and the lives of my brother, father and occupants of the other vehicle. The resulting side-swipe totaled our car but left us without a scratch. I Fuckin' Rock! Dan Scum



YOU HAVE... 2 NEW MESSAGES, FIRST MESSAGE...

Received: Monday, June 7th 12:28am

From the President of the Rita McNeil Fan Club.

...yes, this message is for the person who's by-line says "Crop Duster". She's talking about Rita McNeil and saying that she has a fucked up hairlip and everything, I mean, who is she to judge? So Rita has a hairlip? Come on, she's a person, and who is this woman, this person, to judge her? It's just wrong, wrong, wrong! She says "people tell me she's a real cunt." Well, people tell her? Why doesn't she make her own judgments? Just letting off a little steam here, venting, and I'd love a reply. Thank you.

"Oh look, it's the latest Nerve! I wonder if there's anything about Rita McNeil in there! There is? Yay! Wait a minute...No! NO!!!!!!!"

Received: June 19th 2:34 pm

From a reluctant coffee shop employee.

Hey, guys, this is Bean Around the World on Main St. I just called to ask you not to bring your magazine here anymore, we're not trying to be prudish, but a mother actually found her little kid scribbling on (suppresses a laugh) some little pictures of people having sex and, well, she wasn't very impressed. So, yeah, if you don't mind not bringing it here anymore. Thanks.

She "wasn't very impressed"? Presumably she's referring to the 10 inches of Rock Allen disappearing into Jessie James' snatch on the cover of "Boneanza" (Nerve issue #39, page 27). Again - she "wasn't very impressed"? Why are Size Queens always so bitchy?



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Snatch Catch FEVER

Hemi Cuda Baffles the brain, boggles the balls and breaks our hearts (except for the guy on drums)

By E.S. Day

The State of Colorado. The Land of Milk & Honey's, chunky mountaintop chalets, Kobe Bryant's pansy trial, as well as home to lunatic Hunter S. Thompson and a 3 piece outfit who seem to like cars. Denver's Hemi Cuda: a brazen attempt at recreating a trash-a-go-go vibe that would make Russ Meyer proud. The band takes the time to let me find out if there is indeed a serious side to yet another female-fronted punk group trying to make it without the use of the terms "Angst-ridden" or "Grrrl" (enough already).

Nerve: *Colorado. No offence, but it seems like the most boring piece of shit state to have an emerging punk scene, besides Hunter S. Thompson, there really isn't a hell of a lot going on is there. Why don't you just LEAVE!?*

Karen Cuda: Well someone and their town have a case of low self esteem!!! Actually, Denver rocks - you should try it sometime.

Nerve: *Your influences seem to be all over the map. So when can we expect a new album of songs relating to those influences or are you going to continue to just play/write 3 chord wonders?*

Karen: Here it is again - the most cliché interview question ever... the one relating to influences. I don't think anyone really cares what our influences are and if they do maybe they're just hoping to see their name in there somewhere. What would you say if I said my biggest influence was my high school counselor? We just do what WE do, and if it's 3 chord "wonders" then so be it. We're expecting to release our EP later this summer and a full length as soon as we find the right label to do it.

Nerve: *Dream tour - what bands would you be sharing the stage with?*

Karen: The Darkness and Gluecifer.

Nerve: *Dream drummer? (besides Rikki Rockett & Todd Marino - GazaStrippers)*

Karen: Funny you mention those two. First, because I was obsessed with Rikki Rockett as a kid. I actually still have a poem I wrote about him - funny shit! Secondly, because Todd Marino only played with the Gaza Strippers for about 45 days of their 5 year existence. Mark Allen, who IS our dream drummer, played with Gaza Strippers for the last 3-plus years... and he just happens to be playing with us now.

Nerve: *2 girls & a guy drummer - considering the wigs and all, why not dress up as 2 guys and a girl drummer?*

Karen: Because I would never wanna stop waxing my chest and I would have to in order to really pull off the guy thing. Plus, you wouldn't be doing this interview right now... Or would you??

Nerve: *I noticed you cite author Harry Crews (A Feast of Snakes) in your bio, any other authors on your list? And do they have an influence over your lyrics?*

Karen: So many authors, so many good books to read. I'm sure everything I read affects my writing, but not necessarily my lyrics. I write about what inspires me at the time.

Nerve: *When it comes to Punk Chix like The Slits, Bikini Kill, Girlschool (my fave) etc... do Hemi Cuda draw an influence from their mentors. If so, who and why?*

Karen: What is it with all the influence questions??? I am influenced musically by everything that happens in my life. I will always have tons of respect for other women with rock in their blood but I wouldn't call any of those bands my mentors just because they are women playing rock. To me, music is an androgynous thing - if it moves me - cool. But if I must flatter you with some females who have been inspirational to me I would say Bianca Butthole (RIP), Alana Davis, and PJ Harvey.

Nerve: *If you were in The Runaways, who would you compare yourself to: Joan Jett or Lita Ford*

Karen: That question sounds kinda silly cuz if I were IN the Runaways, I wouldn't be comparing myself to them but I think I know what you mean; Joan Jett.

Nerve: *Are you sick of car questions?*

I would never wanna stop waxing my chest...

Karen: No, I'm sick of influence questions.

Nerve: *Are drugs involved with the songwriting process or do you just rearrange the same 3 chords and slap a different title on it?*

Karen: Drugs are involved with a lot. And no.

Nerve: *What's bumpin' in yo ride right now?*

Karen: The new Gluecifer - Automatic Thrill.

Nerve: *The Nerve Magazine can be found in both Vancouver & Seattle, so riddle me this Catwomen & Batboy, which city rocks harder and is by far the coolest?*

Karen: Hmmm.... I love both places so much for different reasons so it's a toss up. But if



The girls of Hemi Cuda working on material for their next 3 albums.

YOU really need that reassurance (see question one) I'll say ...Vancouver. Happy?

Nerve: *After appearing in "Nixing The Twist" have you considered straying from the music business to do more film?*

Karen: It was my first shot at it - sounded like fun and it was. I'd consider doing more but I wouldn't give up music to do so. But shit, I can be like Beyonce and be in the next Austin Powers movie. Yah Baby.

Nerve: *If you were asked to do a reality show (god forbid) that centered around the rise and possible fall of a girl band gone awry, would there be scenes of Anika & Karen PMS-ing and kicking the be-jesus out of the drummer?*

Karen: You betcha, minus the kicking our drummer's ass. We don't do that. I don't see us going awry anytime soon, though. We crossed that road once and decided it wasn't one we wanted to travel, at least anytime soon...

as long as everyone behaves!!!

Well with all of the action-packed questions, and attitude driven answers, this writer has been put in his place. I should be ashamed of myself for kicking off the interview with such a salty tone. How dare I embark on such a treacherous smear campaign! Boy, do I have some Nerve! (No pun) I shouldn't approach such a sensitive and delicate matter, such as trying to get info (for you our faithful music buying readers), on a band that's put out one indie release in a 3 year period, that NO ONE has (really) heard of. Furthermore, I should have just realized that Hemi Cuda rock, after seeing that picture of them with Gene Simmons, which they posted on their web site. For Christ's sake: he is the God of Fucking Thunder! That alone is proof! He must be a great influence to the girls. Hopefully the novelty won't wear off.

Note: Since they don't like talking about their influences and you're curious about what they sound like, we'll just say: Gluecifer meets The Darkness. With tits. Mind you, The Darkness IS a girl band, aren't they? Catch Hemi Cuda LIVE with the Red Hot Lovers, G.G. Dartray and Sulturro July 16th at Mike's Tavern, 303 Columbia St, Vancouver B.C.



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Casey Cougar's picks for Babes of the Month!

Photos by Casey Cougar



My pal Donna, mere hours after
quitting a job she hated!



Nick from The Girls who manages
to rock the framers, thong and fish-
nets simultaneously.



Mike Park (Gung Hos), The Boy (artist) and Julia
(homecare worker). Just look at them....



Kitten Coquette (Ultravixen
Peepshow, Sexwolf) celebrating
her birthday 06/14/04



Shannon Brown (The Girls) -
note that lady's hand
reachin' for the spots.

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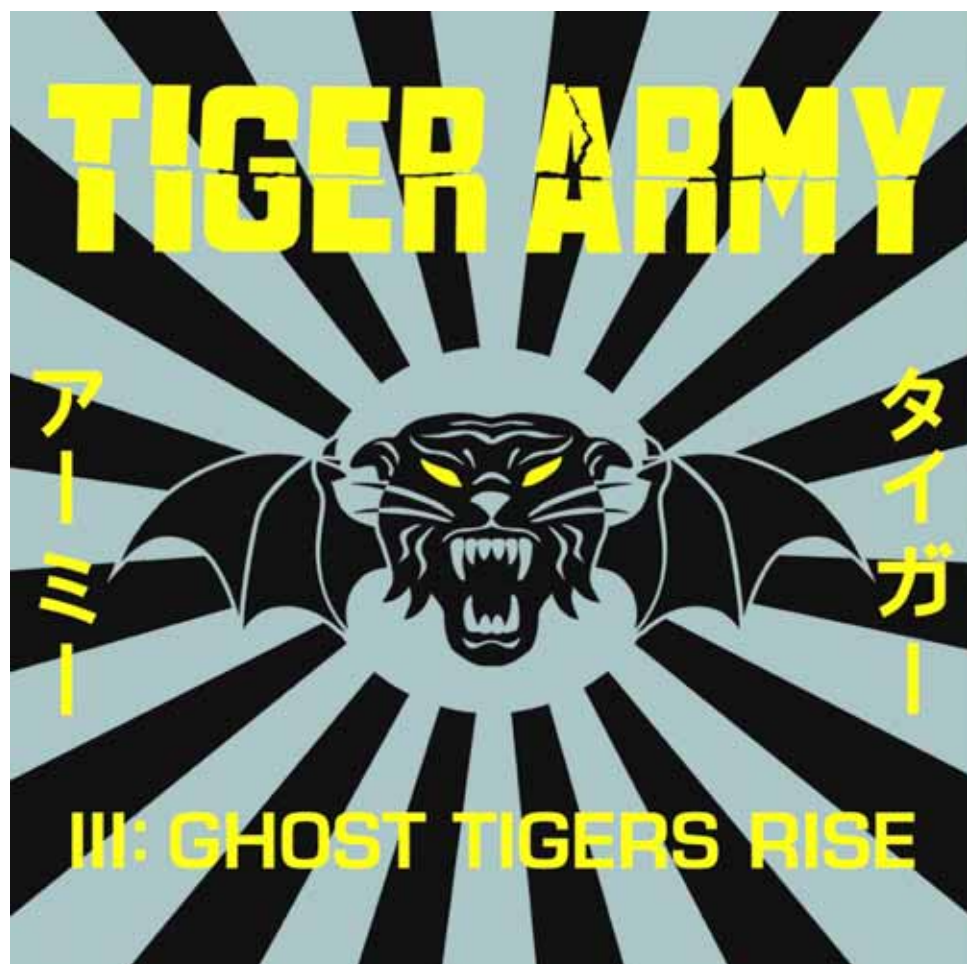
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LARS FREDERIKSEN AND THE BASTARDS - HIKING -



By Adrian Mack

Atmosphere's MC Slug told me a story at the end of our interview that made me SHIT MY MIND because every last word of it was true. The proud Minneapolis native is this year's Hip-Hop model on the hedgy old Warped Tour and he's actually colonizing an unknown frontier where skaters, punks and moping representatives of the Emo Union can agree that this shit is the shit. Cut to five years ago when Eminem hauled his unlovable skinny ass on that same stage and got pelted with limes. And I can't say I blame you. Talented he might be, but I'm only *thinking* about Eminem and I've started lobbing fruit around the living room. I just hit my girlfriend. Sorry honey. Cut to only three years ago, this time in Camden, New Jersey, and Eminem's buddies D12 are kicking holes in Esham's face. What is WITH these people? Is it just a Detroit thang? Cos Atmosphere, who celebrate the Twin Cities by lightly advising, "sshhh-hh....", they're too nice for this game. And you guys are like flies on honey for it. Amazing.

"Three weeks long and we were very well received," he tells me about a short Warped stint last year. "It was incredible... everybody was mad cool with us."

I explain to Slug that I'm a jerk and then tell him that I think Atmosphere is the punkest thing on the Warped Tour this year. He compassionately stoops to help me out of the gutter:

"...I'm not gonna co-sign it but I'm flattered that you said it and honestly, that's very flattering to the Warped Tour as well."

I think Slug's diplomacy comes about partly because he's a gentleman but also partly because he's a businessman. Furthermore, he's got a deal with Epitaph Records – trusted by millions, the official label of Punk Rock™ – who are distributing Atmosphere's most recent CD *Seven's Travels* to the kind of places Seven never would have Traveled otherwise. It's a great idea. We talk about his anxieties going into the deal and hitting the road with guys who play guitars and scream, but it's paying off:

"...if you're at my show, one of my headline tours, you know who I am whereas here! These kids are not here for me, man. They're here for a whole different fuckin' thing so for us to be able to, you know, reach out and grab some of them by their faces too, is really fresh, really inspiring."

"Yeah," I say, "things never turn out the way you expect them to, basically. Ever." I try and say that like it's my credo or a Golden Rule or something. It's pretty weak. Then Slug says, "That's a good rule but then it kinda defeats itself if you *make* it the rule." Smartass.

Slug will continue to give considerate answers to my questions – sometimes he vexes audibly with himself. He's at pains to be a moral guy, it seems, though the source of Atmosphere's charisma and mounting success might be the evil comedy Slug deploys in taking the piss out of himself. In the shame-drenched new single "National Disgrace", he joins hands with Rick James, Anna Nicole Smith, Bill Clinton, Mötley Crüe "and anyone else who has ever utilized their 15 minutes of fame to realize their true dreams of being an absolute jerk-off, just to keep the masses entertained..."

The guy has had his problems, mostly with women and booze. But more on that later... let's start at the beginning.

"I never really knew how much money my parents had, I just kinda knew that they never had any fuckin' money... I mean, they had a house, but they busted their asses doing double shifts in two different factories. I was a kid man, so I was like, let me play with an old tire! I never really started thinking about that shit till it was too late to go back and ask."

Slug started the label Rhymesayers as a young man, with a bunch of friends. Since then he's gotten kinda famous, fucked up a lot, jammed with Prince (sorta), toured a shitload, put out four of his own records with

Greets and Rhymes: Amiable rapper Slug welcomes all patrons to this year's Warped Tour. Then the dude from Queens of the Stone Age curb stomps them.

Atmosphere

It Takes a Nation of Mall Punks to Hold Us Back

producer/DJ Ant (who doesn't like people), carved out his weird place in Underground Hip Hop and now he's here, on the phone with me – which is, of course, the pinnacle of his career. About the label, he tells me:

"Now that I tour so much, it's like I'm always a phone call away and I still get a vote and all that kind of shit but I gotta be honest, this thing has grown into something that scares me at this point. I don't mean that in a bad way but... if I all of a sudden was like, OK – I'm gonna come sit in the office for the next year, I would have to relearn so much shit – you know, we got fuckin' interns, dude!"

"Our intern was useless," I tell him, "he got along with the janitor, though."

"Ours are the shit! But you know why? Coz I advocate hazing."

"You do?"

"Oh yeah. I talk down to them and call them names and all they're allowed to do about it is smile. And dude, I'll be honest..."

"You all get naked?"

"No, never... Jesus, any of the three of them could whup the shit out of me if it ever came down to it. That goes without saying. It's not *hard* hazing." He even bullies people like a gentleman. This man's too nice. It's time for some Dirt! And Karma!

"Were you a bad kid?" I ask.

"I think I was probably what you call a bad kid with good intentions," he answers. "There's Dirt. And there's Karma coming for me here and there but, you know, I'm never gonna get killed with Karma and I probably won't even end up in hospital with Karma."

No. I'm afraid we're going to have to ask again. Were you a bad kid?

"I've got a pretty crazy history with women," BINGO! "...and I guess, in that sense, I wasn't always such a good kid."

Actually, Slug's battles with the ladies are well known. His *Lucy Ford* album chronicled the war from all sides. Except hers, HAR HAR. In truth, it's unfair to finger Atmosphere with misogyny when you consider so many of their peers or Slug's candidness on the subject. Some dummies do believe this is Emo Rap, after all. Slug then acknowledges the delicate pussy-feedback-loop:

"I'm the guy that makes rap songs about relationships, so now I've got a larger female following or fanbase than a lot of my contemporaries do and it's kinda strange."

And since he brought them up, I mention that I find a lot of his contemporaries pretty foul. Hip Hop is dominated by Bling-Bling bullshit and worse these days. Fuck I miss PE.

"Yeah, I don't agree with it," Slug tells me, "but at the same time, I can sit down at a table and eat dinner with plenty of people that I don't agree with but I still have to embrace the fact that Bling-Bling and the git money-movement is part of my movement, is part of my tree. When I was young, Big Daddy Kane was THE MAN and these are the results of Big Daddy Kane, you know what I'm saying? And those over there? Those are the results of NWA. And those over there? Those are the results of De La Soul." He then adds, "I mean, honestly man, anything that Black people can do in this country to get fuckin' rich... I'm down for it as long as it doesn't hurt other people."

One of the reasons I personally am excited

about seeing Atmosphere on this tour is because I think it's High Time that Punk got a little less vanilla, musically. The book needs to be re-opened. These are dull times as five minutes with say, Bad Brains, will remind you. Or ten with those granddads in the MC5. I don't hear so many bands acknowledging black music anymore (and I ain't talkin' about that Rock-Rap fraud put about by the likes of Kirsten Dunst or whatever that baseball hat Hostess Ding Dong guy in Linkin Park is called.) It's all cut from the same cloth but there seems to be too much dogma in Punk. There's a couple of pretty brain damaged mes-

"and I ignored it and so what happened is, on the tale end of it, it slapped me on the head with a 2 x 4... it was like a transitional thing where I could literally – and this is without the use of narcotics – I could almost literally SEE my life physically and SEE that it was doing things and I didn't understand that because I'm a control freak and I don't want it to do that because I'm a fuckin' Virgo! I got 30,000 fuckin' records and they're all alphabetized! Instead of just reaching out, putting my hands out Jesus-style and laying back on it like it's a big pillow with a Hip-Hop beat behind it, instead I just went, OK – you wanna play touch football? Watch!

soulful like this stuff. It's a great record. He's a cool fucker. Here's the big story Slug told me – all true:

"Can I tell you a story about Punk Rock and the Warped Tour? I was on the fuckin' bus last year and we had played a show in Albuquerque, New Mexico on one of our off days... and during our show, a security guard lured a 16 year-old girl upstairs in the Theatre, raped her and killed her. We didn't find out till about five days later because he hid her in the Theatre. And the news, when it happened, devastated the city. And it devastated us because of just how connected it was to us and to something we love. We didn't know the girl but... at the risk of sounding stupid, I loved the fan. I love every fuckin' fan. This is tied into the Saturn's Return shit we were talkin' about: so there I am, drunk out of my mind. Somebody on the tour with us had some pain pills that he got from the doctor so I stole one of his codeines. It's never been my thing, but I always hear that if you take a painkiller while you're drunk you'll get really high and I'm feelin' really sorry for myself and feelin' really sorry for this young girl and her family and I'm just feelin' sorry. So I ate it and it was stupid but I got high and I'm, like, experiencing the inside of my mouth with my tongue... you know, rubbing my tongue across my teeth and thinking wow, that feels weird and I'm staring out the window looking at the trees as they fly by the window of the bus, it's like four in the morning and all of a sudden, chhkkk! I broke a piece of one of my teeth off! With my fuckin' tongue! So I reach in and pull it out of my mouth and I set it on the table and I'm kinda looking at it and I'm like: Wow. The world SUCKS. You know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna prove the world sucks tonight. I'm gonna put this broken fuckin' tooth underneath my pillow and tomorrow morning when I wake up if that tooth is still there, then I quit. I give up. I don't believe in God, I don't believe in this shit, I gotta go find something else to do and hide. So I put the tooth under this pillow... and I pass out. And the next morning I wake up and I get up out of my bunk and I remember suddenly! Whoa! Fuck! I made a pretty heavy agreement last night with that tooth. How am I gonna stand up for that? So I reach under the pillow and I don't find the tooth! Instead I find something that's kind of crispy. But it's also kind of wet and so I zip back the pillow to look and laying there is a dead tooth fairy. I must have killed her in my sleep. I don't know what happened, I move around a lot in my sleep. So now I got the guilt of being the guy that killed the fuckin' tooth fairy to add to everything, you know what I'm saying? I was afraid to tell people. People are gonna have kids, kids are gonna want money for their teeth and so, I kinda freaked out and then I fuckin' calmed way down and I was like, there's no way that there's only one tooth fairy. For this whole world? Do you know how many people lose teeth? And I stopped feeling guilty, I stopped feeling sorry for myself. You don't even get to control your own life half the time. You get to enable the options and your path is going to be walked regardless of where you are and that's now what I believe. And it all comes from the tooth fairy."

"...as for those idiot kids who are upset at Epitaph... you should be... but not for this... you should be mad at Epitaph for letting bands like Rancid be distributed by Warner... these guys are more punk than Tim Armstrong will ever be." From the Epitaph Message Board

"There's no way in Hell that we're more punk than Tim Armstrong... but at the same time, I'm way more Hip Hop than he is."
Slug

sages on the Epitaph website, of the "rap sucks I thought epitaph was a punk label fuck this wiggas shit" variety. Slug the diplomat knows that it starts with collecting records.

"I guess when I hear those types of statements it's generally coming from one certain bracket of the people... somewhere between the ages of 19 and 25 and they're incredibly fucking tuned in. They're way too tuned in. They're more tuned in than the artists are. Dude, I used to be one of 'em. I used to work at this record store here called The Electric Fetus and I would give you a review of a record without even fucking hearing the fucking record because I was THAT cool! People would come to me, I was in the circle... I'm SO glad I grew out of that shit, coz I was an elitist. I was a snob. I was the guy that was telling kids "this is what Hip-Hop is!" like yeah – get the fuck outta here."

Me too. But not with Hip-Hop. The good ones chill, usually after all that Saturn's Return crap, when they're hitting thirty.

"Saturn's Return came for me," he says,

And I started dodging and diving in different directions."

This is my experience of Slug. He's charming when he admits that he fucks up. He also admitted that out of those 30,000 records, only one is by The Ramones. "...it's one where all four of their big heads are on the front cover," he says. "I can probably guarantee that I've never played it."

We talk a little longer about politics and the war. Slug admires Canadians:

"I think it's amazing because 16 year-olds will talk about it whereas 16 year-olds at home don't even watch their local network news much less read a newspaper, you now what I mean?" Slug's take on the situation? He's freaked:

"... this is all some Mafioso type shit," he says when I go off about stolen elections and right wing vampires. Gradually, we wrap up. It's been warm.... The truth is, *Seven's Travels* pulled me out of a slump when I was preparing to talk to Slug. I realized I could still dig Hip Hop – especially when it's smart, snakey and

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Has it been long enough yet? Bored and looking to get their drink on, our heroes re-unite for a long overdue update on what's goin on under the seedy undergarments of our city's 'other' ballet.

TexAss: With all the bar closings over the last year (Fraser Arms, Big Easy, NBI) it seemed as though the end of peeler joints was not far away. But alas, a new club has emerged from the bowels of indecency, the long since shut down old Club Paradise. Located at Kingsway and Broadway, it was a magical place that used to house underage and underfed strippers, junkie hookers, drugs, Chinese Mafioso, unisex bathrooms, cheap drinks, cheap thrills, liquor infractions, skid marks and jello wrestling...

Miss Dexter: Oh how we missed it...

Tex: The birthplace of the stillborn child of too many Black Russians and Vodka Cranberries... where this stupid, ill-advised column was originally conceived just prior to a flurry of regurgitation and a couple of severe hangovers.

The Paradise has finally returned! Under new management and with a dynamic new name:

Dex: Uranus! We found a strip joint called Uranus! And so it begins again...

Tex: We wanted to be the first ones in Uranus so we got there early. There were so many questions we had about Uranus.

Dex: Such as: How big is Uranus now?

Tex: What sort of people would be coming in Uranus?

Dex: Did they clean up Uranus? It used to be pretty nasty in there.

Tex: Is there food in Uranus?

Dex: (the answer to that one is "no", unfortunately...)

Tex: I wanted to eat at Uranus.

Dex: Do you have to pay to get into Uranus?

Tex: What does Uranus have to offer?

Dex: We decided to stick around in Uranus for a while

Tex: People were in and out of Uranus all night.

Dex: It was the Grand Opening of Uranus.

Tex: I wonder when this will get old. Who the hell names a bar "Uranus" anyways? What were they thinking?

Dex: It's already old, you're the only one

laughing... What WAS funny was the DJ insisting on referring to the place as *YER-inis*. Like he was fooling anybody...

Tex: Uranus: A big gassy planet astrologically associated with bisexuality and transvestites, seems like the perfect name for a strip joint. When I saw the sign first go up, I was convinced it was a gay bar; that probably would have been more appropriate. I, for one, was disappointed by the lack of cock.

Dex: Uh huh... Speaking of yer anus, I made a b-line to the bathroom to see if they got them to lock yet. 2 out of 3 do now, but they're still unisex, just for confusion, and I'm easily confused, especially after 7 or 8 doubles.

Tex: The place is actually really nice though. They totally cleaned it up and they replaced the broken, old, chewing gum covered chairs with new ones that are extremely comfortable. It's like a 'high class-ish' strip joint now. Even the pole is upgraded - it actually goes all the way to the ceiling and it's attached to it and everything...

Dex: Definitely not as seedy as the Paradise used to be. But at least they kept the neon palm tree and Ferrari mural. Classic décor.

Tex: The only place aside from Brandi's that has metal detectors at the doors!

Dex: The dancers were all hot! - not scary, "I needed 5 bucks so I'm stripping tonight" girls

like back in the day...

Tex: We entered Uranus on good behaviour, as professional Journalasses and left completely wasted jackasses.

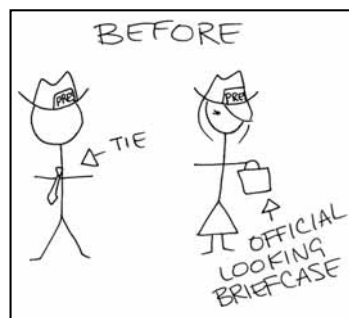
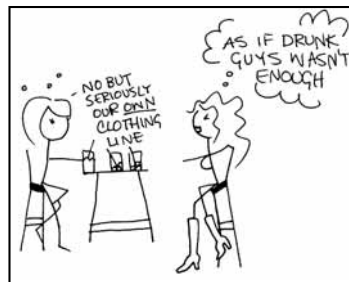
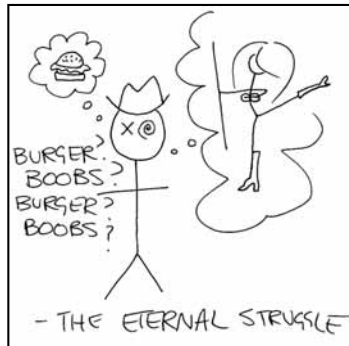
Dex: I got drunk and tried to go into business with one particular dancer - clothing, ironically. I don't think she was particularly impressed with my 'drunk girl at a strip club' act

Tex: I had to practically pry you off of her, the poor girl.

Dex: We chilled with the new manager for a while too, shot the shit.

Tex: No promos for us respected journasses and we're still giving it a good review! Surprisingly no 'outer space travel' theme (though it wouldn't hurt) but the place is great. Good service, affordable drinks, clean glasses...

Dex: Now we don't have to go all the way downtown for a little T & A. Alright!



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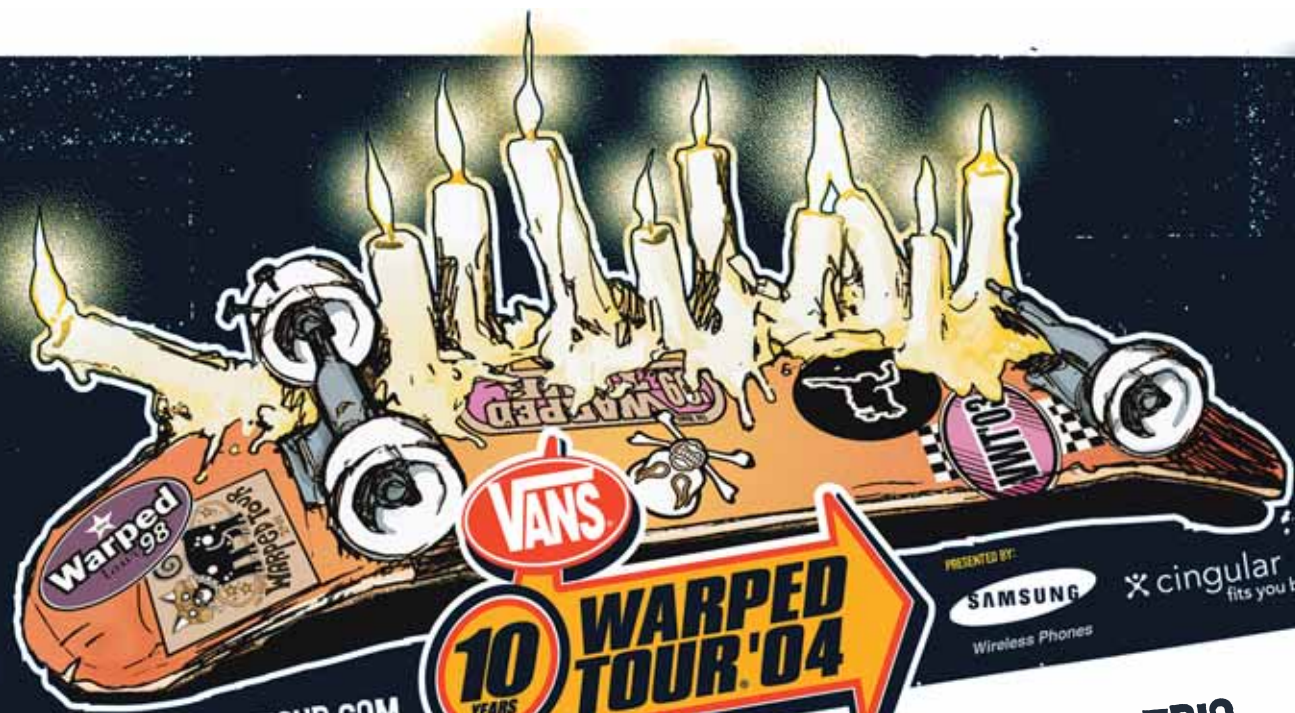
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The Cinch Got It

When most bands take a “hiatus” it either means they ain’t coming back or they shouldn’t. Metronomic Art Rockers The Cinch, however, are breaking all the rules again and they’ve got a whole new album to make up for the eerie quiet of the past six months. The Nerve celebrates.

By Casey Cougar

If you’re trying to get a band together, perhaps you should try shopping for musicians rather than albums at Vancouver’s Virgin Megastore. “That’s where I met all my friends who play in bands - at my job!” laughs guitarist/vocalist Kathy Dube of The Cinch. I’m sitting with the band and tossing back beers at a popular pub disguised as a restaurant on Main St. Dube tells me about teaming with fellow guitarist/co-worker Mark Epp to form Janitor back in ’99, a project that, she admits, “never really left the living room.” They soon began collaborating with singer/guitarist/tambourinist extraordinaire Jennifer Smyth, who says their convergence felt natural:

“It seems like everyone is an artist in this town,” she explains, “coz we’re in that group of people. It feels like the whole world is like that coz our world is.” Virgin’s Human Resources Department also provided The Cinch with CC Rose, who has played piano/organ since childhood but has quietly (if that’s possible) emerged as one of the premier drummers in town. She is also currently playing in Vancouver as well as upcoming group Christa Min.

“CC made it all happen,” continues Dube, “and Matt” (Lyons - a frequent character in The Cinch and current bassist in Nasty On).

With all members firmly in place by 2000, The Cinch carved out a sound highly influenced by 60’s pop bands. They simultaneously provide a smooth yet rock-y pop ride marked by sharp dual riffs that swirl over groovy beats. Smyth’s cool, laid back voice blends with Dube’s ever present, ultra-femme backing vocals to ethereal effect. While so many others demand your attention via smut and skimpy outfits, The Cinch exude a smoldering sexiness they’re likely unaware of. Within two months The Cinch tested their formula by entering Shindig, the “rock and roll death match” sponsored by CTR 101.9 FM (www.citr.ca). This annual competition fosters Vancouver’s music scene, encouraging fresh bands to strut their stuff at the Railway Club on potentially dull Tuesday nights throughout the fall. Past Shindig participants include notable bands such as The Organ, Three Inches of Blood and Nasty



Photo: Jason Grimmer

It’s been a long time coming, but guitar hero Mark Epp finally gets his moment in the spotlight.

On, all of whom gained exposure from the experience.

Eventually The Cinch won Shindig 2000, netting them 25 hrs recording time at Mushroom studios. “We didn’t have anything recorded yet so that gave us our (self titled) EP,” says Rose, which sold briskly at the myriad of shows they played around town. One

her daughter with partner Jason Grimmer of Nasty On/Stutter Records. These two are Vancouver’s Kim Gordon and Thurston Moore except they play in separate bands and are about a million years younger. Once Dube mastered motherhood, The Cinch got serious. They recorded *Shake If You Got It* with ex-Spittfire frontman (and current Nasty On drum-

organized, plus the music helps her sleep... most likely, we’re gonna hit the States and do shows in short spurts”

“If only they would let us over the border (with less hassle),” laments Rose. “We can go anywhere in Canada, but the distance...”

“Touring across Canada can be a bit of a brick wall,” interjects Epp. “It’s so long in between shows. Plus, no one in Toronto cares who we are but people in Seattle do. So why not go down? Crossing the border will become easier, assuming George W. Bush doesn’t get re-elected. It won’t happen right away but it will eventually.” This would certainly please the legions of hot guys I know in Seattle who love The Cinch. The ladies are flattered when I mention those dudes as they’re somewhat oblivious to that sort of attention, but they’re wise to admit, “...we’re hot chicks and we rock too. Pretty hard. Then there’s Mark. The quiet genius of the band! He holds it all together!”

Epp savours his role of sole male Cinch: “...ever since I was 3 yrs old my closest friends have been female. I was an early bloomer.”

The Cinch will hold their CD release party at The Brickyard, Friday July 23rd, with guests Human Hi-Lite Reel and Elizabeth. Check out myspace.com - they’re myspace addicts. 4 songs available.

“...we’re hot chicks and we rock too. Pretty hard. Then there’s Mark...”

early supporter, Brian LaManna (Valentine Killers) liked what he heard and insisted his pal Ken Cheppaikode buy The Cinch’s EP during a visit to Vancouver. Ken happens to run Dirtnap Records, one of the top labels in the Northwest, and was so enamored by his purchase he returned to Vancouver in short order to check them out live. “He just loves music... he’s the most enthusiastic person I’ve ever met,” proclaims Smyth. Ken invited The Cinch into the Dirtnap fold that very weekend but chose to keep the association with local label Stutter out of respect for their roots.

Following the Dirtnap merger, The Cinch played innumerable shows prior to taking a necessary hiatus just before Dube gave birth to

mer) Jason Solyom. The album succeeds in representing their live persona whilst showcasing their growth, not to mention an obvious (and justified) surge in confidence.

Though the new album features Geoff Thompson (Notes from Underground) on bass, they’ve since recruited Jen Deon for the position; she recently played her second show with The Cinch at the Commodore, opening for The New Pornographers


Deon, like Dube, has an infant daughter at home so one might assume the wee babes would diminish the yummy mummies’ time spent with the band, but Dube says otherwise:

“I will always do what I love doing - playing music... (the baby) forces me to be more


WAYNE KRAMER

"Brother Wayne Kramer! Brother Wayne Kramer!" And with Rob Tyner's righteous testimonial ringin' in my well lubricated lobes, I dial up one of the original rock 'n' soul men. The card carrying White Panther, free-jazz freakout artist, Punk Godfather, atom-smashing guitar player, jailbird, sonic revolutionary, solo artist, label owner, and enemy of the state: Brother Wayne Kramer. The man has certainly done a lot of things in his 56 years on the planet. Hell, he even started a band with Johnny Thunders (now that woulda shortened any man's stretch). But it's with MC5 that Kramer will forever be identified. That band was many things, but the one thing they weren't was kiddin' around. In the early days, they wanted nothing less than a total revolution: of the mind, the body and the country, and they were willing to go all the way with it no matter the cost. Listen to those records. Learn their history and be amazed. They had F.B.I. files on them before they released their first record. They created something new, something so powerful it is still expanding minds, hearts and souls a full 35 years after it was conceived. And now the surviving members, which means Kramer and the feral rhythm section of Dennis Thompson and Mike Davis are back playing to a new audience, blowin' minds coast to coast and around the world. Do NOT miss out when the circus rolls into Vangroovy...because there WILL be thunder in the night and Motherfucker! Jams WILL be kicked OUT!!

By Carl Spackler




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Carl: You'll be here on the Fourth of July.

Wayne: Independence Day.

Carl: Independence Day in a foreign country - isn't that frowned upon?

Wayne: Yeah, by a country that seems to have forgotten what independence means.

Carl: How do you feel about the current state of America?

Wayne: Very discouraging.

Carl: Do you find it cosmic happenstance that you are on the road again? Do you feel the parallel vibes with late Sixties America?

Wayne: There's no little irony in it.

Carl: And a president who seems to be acting like Nixon, quoting the Old Testament one moment, swearing at his advisors the next. But Bush has a far more savage jones for the kill.

Wayne: To tell you the truth he's not as smart as Nixon. Nixon was dangerous, bordering on incompetent. This guy is dangerous and absolutely does not have the intellectual or emotional depth for the responsibility of his job. To me, he's qualified to be a good grocery store manager. You know, if you got a loaf of bread that had mold on it, and you take it back and they say, "Hold on we'll get our manager, Mr. Bush". And Mr. Bush would come over and say, "Gosh, you know, we'll take care of this. Get Mr. Kramer a fresh loaf of bread and have a nice day." You know, he could do that. And as far as the biblical quotes you'd have to be deaf, dumb and blind to see that he doesn't live by any of Jesus' rules. As much lip service as he gives faith, religion, God, he doesn't seem to know what the principles are or live by them.

Carl: Bush seems to have a very immature concept of death, like when he famously mocked death row inmate Karla Faye Tucker: "Please don't kill me. Tee-hee-hee!"

Wayne: Leading the most powerful nation on earth today is a tremendous responsibility and sometimes you have to make life and death decisions, and they should be based on principles, not ideology.

Wayne: Leading the most powerful nation on earth today is a tremendous responsibility and sometimes you have to make life and death decisions, and they should be based on principles, not ideology.

Carl: Do you feel that the rest of his cronies have gotten better at making the population less politically active? Did they learn a lesson from the Vietnam War?

Wayne: Not only did they learn it, they perfected it to high art. (It's) probably the most manipulative administration in the history of America. I mean, they manipulate science for political purposes. They're scary guys.

Carl: Certain Right Wing blowhards are implying that if you go to see the new Michael Moore film, you are supporting Al-Qaeda.

Wayne: Exactly. If that's the truth, then I'm Al-Qaeda all the way.

Carl: Back in the Sixties, when did you first become aware the C.I.A. was watching you?

Wayne: Well, at the time everyone was a little paranoid in general. But when you started seeing it over and over again—when there's two guys with sunglasses and short hair sitting out in front of your house taking pictures—somebody's interested in what we're doin' and they're not a record company.

Carl: As a young man, were you brazen and fearless or did it ever flip you?

Wayne: Oh, it strikes fear into your heart.

Carl: Did you guys ever discuss backing down?

Wayne: Nah, we were too young and crazy to back down. You know, what were our options? Roll over? That's what they wanted. And we had been in worse trouble...There is nothing that I consciously remember that I won't talk about.

Carl: The bombing of the C.I.A. office in Ann Arbor?

Wayne: (intense) I didn't set a bomb. That's all I can tell you.

Carl: What was Detroit like in the Golden Age, the period known as Heaven on Earth?

Wayne: There was a total agreement of a gen-

Career Advice for Mr. Bush



Above: The 5 in their prime; shirts off! It's time to change the world.
Left: Thompson, Kramer, Davis today.



eration that the direction that the country was going in was wrong. And they didn't listen to us, and they never did listen to us until it was too late. Until, you know, 65,000 young Americans came home dead and millions of Vietnamese died. They're not listenin' now either.

Carl: I actually read a Ted Nugent quote about you guys that I could agree with: "The 5 had way more fuck-youness than anybody else."

Wayne: (*sarcastically*) Well, coming from no less of an authority than Ted Nugent, who am I to disagree?

we coined a phrase, "High Energy", and it was a way of life, really. What happened is a lot of those bands and many bands since have narrowcasted slices of this and marketed it to great success, but never really getting a handle on the message of the MC5.

Carl: What would you sum that up as?

Wayne: I think the message is always the same: You can make something from nothing. I mean, that's what we did. Five knuckleheads from Detroit. And you have to give it all you got! You have to hurl yourself into it! That's the message of the MC5. "Kick out the jams, motherfucker". It doesn't say, you know, put the

court.) Do you care to comment any further on the matter?

Wayne: No one is more disappointed than I am in the filmmakers. You know, I worked very hard to make that movie a reality, and I threw everything I had into the filmmaking only to have them renege on their deal with me. And they've made some terrible mistakes, and it's their job to fix them, not mine...the story belongs to us, the members of the MC5 and we are not giving it away. Some things are worth fighting for.

Carl: Do you ever feel the free jazz element of the MC5 is overlooked?

hidden but it's in there.

Carl: I know you like Eminem. Are there any other current artists you enjoy?

Wayne: Missy Elliott and Timbaland are really cutting edge. I mean, those records are spectacular. They change tempos, they change feels—it's whole scenic shifts in one single. It's the most creative stuff being recorded today. I like anyone that is playing me something I haven't heard before. Sing me your song.

Carl: What about current rock 'roll today?

Wayne: Well, I'm an adult today and most of the music today is marketed to teenagers. I have to work at finding things that I like. I love Tom Waits, Steve Earle. I love someone with something to say, that's not interested in being part of a trend or a fashion.

Carl: Do you still play your star-spangled Strat?

Wayne: As a matter of fact, Fender guitars is going to make a signature Wayne Kramer American Revolution Kick Out the Jams Stratocaster. The original Stars and Stripes motif - they are gonna make a Custom shop limited edition that will come with CDs and notes, photos and posters and everything.

Carl: How is Mark Arm getting along with you guys?

Wayne: He is fuckin' incredible man. He knows what the lead singer's job is. And he is spectacular at it. A very intense guy.

Carl: He has now played with The Sonics, the Asheton brothers and you guys. He leads a very charmed life. So, are you feelin' the love from the audience?

Wayne: I'm feelin' the love.

Carl: Do you feel proud of the legacy and what you guys are doing right now?

Wayne: I tell you, it's humbling. It's a humbling experience to see in people's faces what this music means to them.

Carl: Alright, I'm lookin' forward to seeing you guys real soon.

Wayne: Us too. Take care, brother.

"...I'm Al-Qaeda all the way."

Wayne Kramer

Carl: Do you run into people from the past much? Seen Bob Seger lately?

Wayne: Oh, I run into people from time to time. I saw Bob a few years ago. He seemed to be doin' fine. You know these guys are all multi-millionaires today.

Carl: Are you not running in the same circles?

Wayne: (*laughing*) Yeah, we're not in the same circles. We don't run into each other at the supermarket.

Carl: Or the Yacht Club?

Wayne: Right, huh-huh.

Carl: What was it like the first time you saw The Stooges?

Wayne: Oh yeah, they terrified people. People hated 'em. They weren't popular at all. But we loved 'em and that's why we made sure they were on our shows. And that's why I made sure that they got a record deal. Personally.

Carl: Were there any other bands from the Detroit scene you liked?

Wayne: (*pauses*) You know, we perfected a methodology. We invented a way to play music that was new and we perfected an approach...

jams out on a platter and go get some iced tea.

Carl: When you are up on stage do you think about Fred and Rob?

Wayne: One of the joys of this tour is we get to celebrate the work of Rob Tyner and Fred Smith, and we get to expose it to the audience they always wanted to have their music heard by: the people of the future. It's an honour and it is very humbling.

Carl: When is the DVD coming out?

Wayne: That's really the reason behind all of this. It's released on July 6th, and it's called *A Sonic Revolution - A Celebration of the Music of the MC5*. It's a one-hour concert with a 30-minute short documentary, and then some United States government surveillance footage of the MC5.

Carl: Do you have to pay them royalties?

Wayne: No, your tax dollars do. Ha-ha-ha!!! It's really a cool package, great liner notes. I'm really into DVDs today. I think it's all about DVDs.

Carl: I've read the group's statement concerning the feature-length documentary (a nearly decade long project, now tied up in

Wayne: Always have, still do and it's one of the reasons we have a horn section on the gig. To keep that connection alive... jazz doesn't have to be smooth jazz. Smooth jazz blows. It's the worst.

Carl: When I listen to jazz it's always the classics, nothing current. Is there anything out there today worth listening to?

Wayne: Not really...there was an entire shift there and I call it "The Curse of Miles", where Miles Davis saw that he could play in front of the rock audience and reach way more people than four sets a night at the Blue Note, and he influenced a generation of musicians in his aesthetic, which was the cool aesthetic. The outgrowth of that was fusion where nothing really ever fused. And then today we end up with smooth jazz. The whole movement that 'trane, Albert Ayler, Cecil Taylor, Sun Ra, everyone was pushing forward...Sunny Murray, Rashied Ali and the late great Elvin Jones. The whole thing just got nipped in the bud.

Carl: Do you think a similar thing happened with soul music?

Wayne: Nah, it's wrapped up in Hip-Hop. It's

Gene Simmons?

It was THIS big.



The Goddess of Thunder is the bassist for Black Diamond, an Ohio-based, all-female Kiss tribute band. We asked for her thoughts on Gene's nutty solo record, coyly titled ****hole* on the Advance Copy we received. (Gene - we're very disappointed. Unless those asterisks are there because the CD is actually called something TRULY offensive, like "Jew-Hole", in which case you would be right to censor yourself.)

Nerve: Honestly - what did you think of *Asshole*?

Goddess of Thunder: Honestly, it has grown on me the more I listen to it.

At first I was a bit disappointed because it wasn't as 'heavy' as I was hoping it would be, but I gave it a chance and now I rather like it!! I hear a lot of Beatles influence in some of the songs. And a few of the songs are just plain FUNNY, such as "Asshole"! **Nerve: Firestarter? C'mon! What is he? Insane?**

Goddess: INSANE?? I THINK NOT!! As you probably realize, "Firestarter" is a remake of the Prodigy tune. I really like this song. It's my favorite on the album. Perfect for Gene to do, seeing as he breathes FIRE and all!

Nerve: Does it bother you that an obscenely wealthy and corrupt old shit like Gene Simmons would try and make money by impersonating you?

Goddess: HAHA! RIGHT! How DARE he impersonate ME!! Corrupt old shit...hmmmmmm, I'd have to disagree with that. How many 55-year-old men do you know that can still jump around in 7-inch heels breathing fire?? NOT MANY!! (Actually, I know six - Music Ed.) I don't see Gene as corrupt at all. He has a product, "KISS", and he sells whatever he can with the KISS name. People aren't forced to buy.

Nerve: What's worse: *Asshole* or the other solo record? The disco one.

Goddess: HEY, I loved Gene's '78 solo album. I still listen to it a lot! It definitely was NOT disco. You must be confusing it with DYNASTY!!

Nerve: What's worse: *Asshole* or *The Elder*?

Goddess: OK, now THESE are fightin' words!! *The Elder* is just misunderstood - I LOVE *The Elder*! There are some great songs on there! "I" is rockin', and "Mr. Blackwell" and "Dark Light", these are great tunes! *The Elder* gets a bad rap.

Nerve: What's worse: *The Elder* or getting your vagina trapped in a swing door?

Goddess: Ummmm, I can say I've NEVER had my vagina trapped in a swing door, but I would imagine that would be MUCH more painful than listening to *The Elder*.

Nerve: Did Gene hit on you when you guys met?

Goddess: Well of COURSE Gene hit on me! It's to be expected! I'd probably be disappointed and insulted if he didn't! Gene is so damn entertaining I can't stand it!! I just love him!!

Nerve: How creepy would it be if he hit on you while you were both in make-up? And then he started calling you "Gene". Right in the middle of the grope.

Goddess: Hmmm, that would be 'different'. **Nerve: When are you gals coming to Vancouver?**

Goddess: We would LOVE to come up!! We are the only all-female KISS tribute band that we know of that is actually out there playing. It is SO much fun impersonating my favorite rock Hero...I even recently learned to breathe fire!!

-Adriam Mack



show you how angry these guys really are. "Of Breakups and Breakdowns" sticks out the most, showing off amazing percussion and guitar leads. These guys know they are tight; I'm sure if they continue to expand and explore they will be at the top of the screamo game in no time.

-Hooped



Burning Image
1983-1987
The Mentally III
Gacy's Place: The Undiscovered Corpses
Alternative
Tentacles

Another couple of re-issues from the label that has everything but sales on its mind, Alternative Tentacles gives us a goth punk entry into the Reissues of Necessity series (Burning Image) and a punk/noise chapter in the Killed by Death series (The Mentally III). Let's start with Burning Image, shall we? Perhaps the forerunners of the whole goth punk phenomenon (AFI, Pitch Black, Phantom Limbs), they combine elements of surf, punk, goth and New Wave to create a cool sound. Dated and a little atonal, but good. Next up is The Mentally III, a noisy, sloppy punk band totally involved in the racket they are creating without a care for who's listening. Most songs are about serial killers and genocide, fitting topics for these screechy weirdos. Like fingernails on a chalkboard. These CDs aren't going to fly off the shelves anytime soon, but both bands should be heard.

-Jason Schreurs

Gene Simmons
Asshole
Sanctuary

Not since the heady, heady days of '78 when Gene was doing Disney tunes while buying ice cream for Cher and Gregg Allman's illegitimate albino child have we heard a solo effort from the demon-god of thunder himself. And while he's not banging Diana Ross anymore, his star power is undeniable.

D'ya like The Beatles? What about Frank Zappa? What about Eric Burdon and War, Jane's Addiction, Queens Of the Stone Age, Bob Dylan, The Prodigy and Don Ho. Yeah, my man Gene's got 'em all. This is without a doubt the single greatest album of this year or any other year for that matter. Wait a minute, I'm lying. I would be a real asshole if I led anyone to believe this was a good album. Asshole? How about DOUCHEBAG.

-8 Ball

C.AARME

s/t
Burning Heart/Epitaph

Apart from the horrendously bad *Lost Patrol* album released earlier this year, Burning Heart has an impressive track record of putting out solid Swedish hardcore releases. C.AARME's full-length debut matches these expectations and goes one step further. While some bands stop short on their first outing, C.AARME come out fighting with a full assault of classic and current hardcore mayhem. Mirroring the immediacy of Minor Threat and Dead Kennedys, and underpinned by a dark, driving bass akin to The Division of Laura Lee, this album strikes a heavy blow with a ruthless fist.

-Adam Simpkins

Keith Levene
Killer in the Crowd
Underground

You may remember Keith Levene as the "lesser of the two inflated egos" from PIL or as one of the founding members of The Clash

(although he never recorded any albums with them and was only given partial credit for "What's My Name"). Either way, he's back! You would think that after being away from the spotlight for 15 years, he could come up with something more than a 15-minute EP filled with eight minutes of filler and only one decent

song. You might think that, but you'd be wrong. Jumping to and fro from soulless funk and clumsy dub, *Killer in the Crowd* is the sound of a jaded musician still trying to find his voice, but unfortunately in all the wrong places.

-Adam Simpkins



Morrissey
You Are The Quarry
Attack/EMI

So in high school I dated this crazy chick that had a major Smiths boner. It would also be safe to say she held

a little girly crush on any members of said band's solo projects. Anyhoo, things didn't pan out for my little Manchurian and me. I lost touch with her AND old Steve. Fast forward a few pant sizes and seven years, and guess who has a new album out? That's right. The Moz. He's back and he's pissed. American politics, hamburgers, you name it. I like hamburgers.

-8 Ball

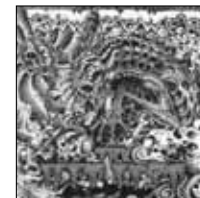


Planet Smashers
Ten - The DVD
Stomp

Well it's been ten years since The Planet Smashers started blessing our musical ska-punk ears with their interpretation of the genre. Their new DVD, *Ten*, sums it all up quite nicely in a straight-ahead fashion. It has all 12

videos dating back to '94, some interviews that most of us on the West Coast haven't seen (because they're all done by *Musique Plus*—the dirty word for Much Music), the complete animated movie of *Catman* by Ryosuke Aoi, tons of live footage from Canada, the USA and Japan plus outtakes and other shenanigans from the mighty ska-sters. If you love The Planet Smashers, this is a must-have. If you're in the dark, then it's the easiest way to cheat and find out almost everything you need to know in order to become part of the clan.

-Coffee Guy



Raw Power
The Hit List
Sudden Death

Good old thrashin' metal punk from Italy. This disc spans the last twenty some odd years of Raw Power's discography.

Kickass, in-your-face, crossover punk rock. Remember bands like D.R.I. and S.O.D.?? This disc is a good history lesson, so pick it up, bitch.

-DC



The 3tards
The Greatest Hits
Vol 2
Wounded Paw

Actors say that comedy is more difficult than drama, which must explain the rarity of good comedy

music. Being the uncontested godfathers of the ASSCORE style, Ontario's 3tards have set a steep career hill for themselves, which they are only interested in climbing so they can pratfall down the other side like a Chevy Chase with long hair and scabies. The problem with most comedy acts is that once you hear the jokes, the need to keep listening diminishes, but not so much with 3tards because they actually play funny too, like the Dead Milkmen or Forgotten Rebels. And the sound is all 80's metal pinched from the unattended weedbags of M.O.D., Dayglos, Scatterbrain and Helix. Plus, the drummer was in Sacrifice for chrisakes! Good Canadian kids. Buy this party record despite potential pawability once the jokes get old, but DO NOT, UNDER ANY



Billy Butcher
Penny Dreadful
Outlaw

"My balls are big enough to start the Third World War," claims Vancouver's own blues-rock guitar hero Billy Butcher, and you

kind of have to believe him. You can almost smell the bourbon, stale smoke and puke-stained carpet wafting out of the speakers as Mr. Butcher rasps tale after paranoid tale of hard livin', down-and-out rock debauchery. Hot rods, cocaine, tattoos, fast women, firearms and general lawlessness permeate every single second of this record, making it

impossible to not understand what this guy is all about. It's blues-based rock with a heavy accent on the rock. Comparisons to Thorogood are not unwarranted, but Butcher also has a lot in common with bad-dude bands like Circus of Power and Little Caesar. If half of the shit he sings is true, I suggest seeing him live before this album becomes all that's left of him.

-J. Pee Patchez

At Arms Length
Still In The Storm
Independent

This is a tuff thing to say. I'm not sure if I can get this out right, but I will try anyways. At Arms Length is the Edmonton punk version of Alexisonfire. They have eccentric guitar licks, howling vocals and those fucking screams that

CIRCUMSTANCES, MISS THESE GUYS LIVE!

-J. Pee Patchez

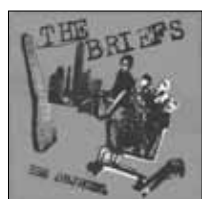


The Argument
Holden On
Teenage Rampage

The Argument are a punk rock band from Vancouver, and *Holden On* is their first album. Each song is differ-

ent from the last, but for the most part they gravitate toward the heavier side of the punk spectrum. There are chanted gang-sung back-ups, nifty little breakdowns, two or more six-strings set on "shred", soft-to-hard sound explosions, and well shouted vocals shared by two main singers with occasional input from the female bass player. On a local level, this is a strong debut although the band seems to be finding themselves as the tape is recording. It sounds loose, unforced and unpretentious, indicating a steez built upon their live set. There is enough good stuff here to get you to drag yer ass down to the 'Balt next time they play, and there is also the implied promise of a bright future as they evolve and focus.

-J. Pee Patchez



The Briefs
Sex Objects
BYO

If The Briefs fuck as well as they write songs, they don't need any Sex Objects to help them along. No first-listen instant mix tape classics on this, their third full length album, but they still maintain a sense of urgency that actually started to stress me out as the album played through. When I took a second listen, the pop hooks started to bob their little peroxidized heads and this record started whipping my ass so hard I checked for a "Kick Me" sign. It's exciting to not be able to pick out the instant hit on a record because it plays like a greatest hits album. You should probably get this one today.....Oh, I'm sorry, did you need some help? The Briefs are pun-krock

- Killed by Jeff



The Electric Wizard
We Live
Rise Above

You would think that getting hit repeatedly in the face with a brick would be monotonous. Maybe mix it up with a hammer or a sock full of quarters once in a while, but hey, the brick hurts, the brick works, why don't I just fuck off and let them use the brick? Got to admire a band that looks at such grand concepts as progress, experimentation and competent musicianship, and then raises a resin-stained middle finger, high and proud. Big, dumb apeman-style song dynamics that take that same fucking unmemorable riff they've been belting out for the last 10 minutes and speed it up to the level of Cro-Magnon man. The addition of a new female second guitarist is cool, not because she adds any more depth but because Doom + Chicks + Guitars = Hot. If you take this trip, remember to pack a bong. Shaped like a wizard.

-David Bertrand

The Heavils
Heavilution
Metal Blade

The Heavils were one of the most entertaining live acts to hit Vanshitty in recent months, opening for their buddies in Strapping Young Lad. But that is not the Illinois three-piece's only connection to our little town. *Heavilution* was recorded here at Greenhouse studios with SYL's Devin Townsend twiddling knobs as well as collaborating with them on a couple of compositions. In keeping with their love for custom-built guitars, they even got custom-built Guitar Hero Rick Neilsen to play on a cover of Cheap Trick's "Just Got Back". As for

their sound, let's just say you have NOT heard anything like this before! It's heavy, yet playful and eclectic. They are weird in a Primus sort of way, but with a way more aggressive approach. The lyrical content is personal and scathing, standing almost in contrast to the fun-as-hell music. HIGH-ly recommended!

-J. Pee Patchez



The Matches
E. Von Dahl Killed the Locals
Epitaph

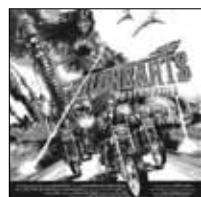
There are 12 things I found horribly wrong with this CD and that would be tracks 1 to 12. I think this album blows. It's not punk, it's not rockin', it isn't really anything but a pile of pop bullshit. The lyrics make me feel like I'm in high school reading stupid, poetic shit notes from the fat goth girls that want to suck my face after class. That makes me wanna puke and, sorry, so does this album. Screw off The Matches, you're giving punk a bad name!

-Hooped

The Operators 780
Advance Copy CD
Longshot Music

I've heard The Operators 780 described as alternatively playing ska or reggae. Ska inspires visions of 20 piece brass sections and reggae brings up images of Dennis Brown and Bob Marley. This isn't quite the case with these Operators. Many people want to fold them into a niche that says they sound like The Clash, which isn't exactly a bad comparison, but it doesn't go far enough. Sure, there's a bit of a "Police and Thieves" vibe to "Say It Again", and "Indecision" is a pretty standard second wave ska anthem. Still, these boys have created their own sound with this CD. Lots of guitar and organ, and the only horn here is a single saxophone that blends in well. Best feature: no brass section.

-Richard Murray



The Wildhearts
...Must Be Destroyed!
Sanctuary

The Wildhearts' forte is Stadium Rock with heart and brains - probably part of the school curriculum in the UK these days. As such, they fall somewhere between angry, identity-troubled pioneers The Manic Street Preachers and that band's sensitivity-free Yang, The Darkness. Aside from a ghastly opener, the techno friendly earwax stimulant "Nexus Icon", and a mid-album dive into pointless hard beat Ministry-omics (why??), Ginger and Co. really shine on glamular, sing-a-long pop tunes that belie an affection for The New Seekers or Brotherhood of Man. But with Marshalls etc. You'll be adding your own falsetto harmonies by the second listen.

Be warned: this is a "new" record in the contemporary "Compact Disc" format, and therefore sounds like a million vast sheets of glass humming in a migraine chamber conjured by the sort of mind that also dreams up Laser Defense Shields and other notably inhumane apparatuses.

- Mack

Various Artists

Let's Start the Action - An Electronic Tribute to D.O.A.
Sudden Death

You can't even tell what half these covers are without looking at the sleeve. What's that about? D.O.A. are the O.G.s of Canadian punk rock and this isn't how one should pay tribute. Next time, get punk bands. That would be

The Operators 780



Photo: Kristi Ropoleski

I spoke with Brad Natrass of The Operators 780 from his home in the urban oasis of Edmonton, deep in the northern wilderness of Alberta. The Operators 780 will be playing Mike's Tavern in Vancouver on July 15 and the following day in Victoria for the Ska Festival.

NERVE: Little of the coverage I've seen on you guys touches on the origin of the band other than it evolved out of a collaboration between Eric, Brad and Mike.

BRAD NATRASS: Basically before The Operators, Eric and Mike played together in a high school ska band called The Clones. The Clones broke up, that led Eric to eventually join Mad Bomber Society and later the Cleats. He was in these two bands when The Operators officially got together. For the rest of us, The Operators is our first band of note, and first band at all for some of us.

Nerve: Does it worry you at all that the constant comparisons to The Clash could lead to people viewing you as some sort of "knockoff" than anything else?

Brad: I love The Clash. I would argue that they were the best band of all time. Not for any par-

ticular song or record, but simply for the fact that they continued to evolve and experiment with new things constantly. Lyrically they were always on point. I don't mind being compared to The Clash one bit. I don't know if we live up to that comparison, but it's something that I hope we are striving for. At the same time I think it is just easy for people who don't listen to reggae to say that. For most people, that's what immediately comes to mind because they often don't hear reggae influences anywhere else. I guess that's OK too. We can't expect listeners to have the same tastes in music as us. All of that is what makes us unique in our approach and sound.

Nerve: What do you guys want out of all this?

Brad: I always feel thankful for all of the amazing things that we've gotten a chance to experience. Making this record with full creative control was a huge highlight for me and the band. Being away on tour is also a blessing. Last summer we were in every major Canadian city from Victoria to Montreal. This year we are touring once again. We just got news that we will likely be recording a new single for Longshot Music in a New York City studio. These are all things that I could have never imagined happening to us when this got started.

-Richard Murray

worthwhile. This disc won't tear you a new ass unless you suck on a soother and watch *The Teletubbies*.

-DC

US Roughnecks

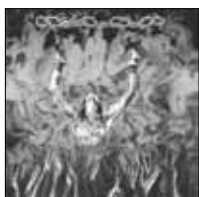
Twenty Bucks and Two Black Eyes
HellCat



These fucking Knuckleheads sure sound pissed. I think I'm gonna try and book them an All Ages Gig in North Van somewhere. I'll charge five bucks, let in four kids,

-Hooped

W.A.S.P.
The Neon God: Pt. 1 - The Rise
Sanctuary



Like Alf in Pog form, Blackie Lawless is back with a new W.A.S.P. album. Part 1 of a concept

series at that. Skeptical? No shit. How is Blackie to legitimize himself after being a cartoon metal heathen in the uber-cheesy 80's? Well guess what? Blackie gets props for chal-

lenging himself and absolutely KILLING his older material. The whole neo-Who-like concept shit is bold to say the least. The production is large and crystal-clear. Blackie has never boasted a hot set of pipes, but his vox are better than they should be. W.A.S.P. fans (I'm looking at you, Al from Nasty On) will attempt cordial relations with the hole in this CD. Blackie performed and oversaw every single note of this album and has shown himself to be more than just a sawblade jockstrap and four-letter song titles.

-J. Pee Patchez

The Waxwings
Let's Make Our Descent
Rainbow Quartz

As Americans with their heads apparently not firmly stuck inside their asses, the tasteful folks at Rainbow Quartz Records in New York (New York) oughta have their own border and government. Until that happens, we should support their satellite economy as it relies on Power Pop and Psych instead of Imperialism, Illegal War and Psy-Ops. The Waxwings, brave citizens of The United Rainbow of Quartz (stationed in Detroit), have released an album that would be merely OK if this were the only label in the world. Since reality is all stinky-wet-shit, this jangly throwback ends up being much better than average, though it's no cock-tickler like labelmates Outrageous Cherry or The Singles.

-Mack



Born to Rock

Todd Taylor
Gorsky Press

Todd Taylor is the man behind the music magazine *Razorcake*, and was once a major all-round force behind the scenes at Flipside, which is likely why his book, *Born To Rock*, reads more like a giant punk rock double-digest than a regular book. In it, Taylor puts forth for posterity a huge collection of interviews and essays for and about punk rock. Band interviews include: Dillinger Four, Smogtown, Kid Dynamite, Bloodhag, Toys That Kill, the Thumbs, Strike Anywhere, NOFX, Fletcher from Pennywise, Rev. Norb, Hot Water Music, and Tiltwheel. As well as musicians, Taylor thoroughly picks the brains of skatepunk psycho Duane Peters, child-rights advocate Andrew Vachss, DK album cover artist Winston Smith, censored and jailed Boiled Angel comics artist Mike Diana, as well as Tim Yohannan and Jen Angel from punk zine *Maximumrockroll*.

The interviews are all HUGE in length and very in-depth. Taylor does a great job of allowing his natural curiosity to lead the conversations down paths laden with information and anecdotes. He gets right in there when he's taking on an interview subject by tactfully manoeuvring the conversation away from superficial rock talk. Taylor's love for punk tints everything he writes about and the reader is rewarded with an uplifting, reverent handling of the culture free of negativity and cynicism. Nowhere is this more evident than in his handful of essays that fill us with pride and hope on the touchy subject of being punk and aging, and drops mad science on the topics of journalism and interviewing. *Born To Rock* is about keeping it real, being hardcore, not quitting, doing what you love, evolving and being loyal. In short, being punk.

-J. Pee Patchez

I use my one good arm to dig my fingernails into the jagged rock as I drag myself up the mountain. At the top I hope to obtain a precious nugget or two of wisdom from punk journalism guru Todd Taylor. How does one interview a master interviewer? Will an interview vortex open up and swallow the universe? Probably not, but I have to find out.

By J. Pee Patchez

Worst interview experience ever?

One that didn't happen. I'd been a big fan of Jawbreaker but never got a chance to interview them when they were an active band. I'd contacted Blake Schwarzenbach after they broke up to see if he'd like to

talk, but he said he wasn't doing music for a bit. A year or so later, he was touring with Jets to Brazil, so I set up to interview him. I got there about three hours before the show, when I was told to. I told the bouncer that I was there to interview the band, he took a business card - the one and only time a band had asked for one - and he came back and said the band didn't want to be disturbed, but they'd get with me after. I sat outside as they sound checked. So I ended up sitting for two-and-a-half hours and right as I got up I saw Blake walking away, head down. He didn't want to talk and I didn't want to bother him, figuring his publicist had set it up and he didn't care about an interview. I felt a little snubbed, but no big deal. I didn't even try to sell my tickets. I just gave them away to a couple of kids and drove home.

What interview has given you the most bragging rights?

I don't really brag. Shit, most of the bands I interview the general populace has no idea exists. The thing that makes me the most proud is that a vast majority of the bands I've interviewed, I can call them friends. That said, I'm still sort of amazed that the historian Howard Zinn let me and my buddy Sean interview him.

What books would you be honoured to have *Born To Rock* share shelf space with?

Tortilla Flats by Steinbeck, *Revolt of the Cockroach People* by Oscar Zeta Acosta, *Working by Studs Terkel*, *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicles* by Haruki Murakami, *Fucked Up and Photocopied*, *Hardcore California*, *The George Seldes Anthology*, and *Willard and His Bowling Trophies* by Richard Brautigan. That'd be a mighty fine bookshelf.

As a music journalist, is there ever any "rock star envy" lurking in the back of your mind?

Not in the slightest. I don't like the idea of fame. I'm a very shy and private guy. There's no picture in the book, or any magazine that I've published, that has a distinguishable picture of me. (Yet I understand that people interviewing me would want one.) I'm not the point when I interview a band. The point is the music and the culture. Anti-fame would be better. I figure if I'm forced to learn that the last *Friends* episode just aired and it's part of "TV history", then the rest of the planet should be forced to listen to Leatherface's *Mush* when they pump their gas or read about Davey Tiltwheel considering clown school when they're standing in line buying toilet paper.



The Cobwebs of Carl Spackler's Mind

The Assignment: I asked Spackler to review these two new discs. "150 words each," I said. "Tops."

The Problem: Alcoholism. Possibly some brain damage and latent psychosis, but who knows. He doesn't like to talk about what those sick bastards did to him. Just know that The Junior Rangers aren't the benign peace-keeping force that they claim to be. Gungala gun gungala.

The Results: Read on. The author lives in a garage.



Monster Magnet
Monolithic Baby!
SPV/Steamhammer

I used to really dig stoner rock. Lots o' hair, fuzz pedals, grass, mescaline, phaser pedals, ice cold beer, giant phallic riffs, head splitting volume, flange pedals, über-groovy beats, over-driven Ampex stacks rumblin' your kidneys, buried vocals implying an urgent lust for the ladies, Impalas, Chevy Vans, the desert, skateboarding, the Lords of this World and theories about the Cosmos, spaceships, aliens and magic snowmen that woulda made Carl Sagan proud or that smart little dude in the wheelchair, the one that's getting all those beat-downs. "Metal Dance Party" was the term my amigos and I coined and when it was mentioned, the rest of the world was put on hold. We would get into a primordial state of being with heroic doses of whatever we could get our greasy mitts on and shimmy 'til dawn. How long ago was that now? Five years? Eight years? Where have the psychedelic boogie masters gone? Fu-Manchu? Scotty cut his hair fer' chrissake! C.O.C.?

They haven't made a decent record since *Deliverance*. Nebula? Eddie Glass has got the dirtbag gearhead look down to his fuckin' greasy semen-caked dungarees, and his guitar playin' sounds like a Superjudge on nitrous, but I wish he was still the Fu's gunslinger. Kyuss? Well, the Queens are awesome, but sometimes I miss the Captain Caveman singin' and it's not the same with the Kraftwerk feel. I mean, there is no desert in Germany! And the Krauts don't drive Detroit muscle on the Autobahn, and they sure as fuck shouldn't be allowed to ingest large quantities of illicit substances! Those people will be goose-steppin' their way back into a heart of darkness that already has enough members (Hi Bushy, you crazy drunk fuck!). There are other newer stoner acts, but I won't get into it. I've been tortured by an "Atomic Bitchwax" record before. Nasty bit o' business that I'm still licking my wounds from. Anyway, the disc that has crossed my path is the new Monster Magnet, who were once heavily involved in the whole mess of lysergic volume and debauchery I described. Fucking sweet Hashish Psychosis, did I love *Spine of God*? And Dick Clark shoulda had them on the "Electric Circus" for *Megasonic Teenage Warhead*! Talk about your disco inferno! Well after they leapt into the major labels, put away the 'Electric Mistress' and sucked royally on "Space Lord", they find themselves back in the land o' indie rock. (Not K Records, dumbasses! Don't even bring that up! Herr Mack has given me a headline that I must stick to or I'll miss out on my share of the SprædEagle finger hash! If I even get started on those whinin', sweater wearin', out of tune, no rhythm, white-bread, no sex library types, my spleen will explode in a river of black hate that will engulf us all!) And even though they are free from the shackles of the "Man" they still are playin' the same kinda stuff as when they were under his wheels. The "Man" also confiscated their flange pedals and has not

been kind enough to return them. A couple of songs generate some heat in a kinda "I'm a scumbag, I know what I like" Tesco Vee-style, but not enough to rally the troops and make me put on my boogie shoes and boogie with you. Maybe I'll chew on some reds and listen to that Sleep record. Nah, fuck it - it's a Thursday. A couple cannonballs, a little "In Search Of" is just the medicine this boy needs just to get my head together and fill my heart with joy.

The London Quireboys

Well Oiled
SPV/Steamhammer



Jesus fuck! The wind is blowing something fierce tonight. I'm hunkered in the bunker and thank the great god'z wisdom that I am. A fine glass of blood red Ital beside me and a handful of the best Charlie that E**** B** B**** could provide me with. Mother fuckin' Mary! What is this stuff? The goddamn walls are flexin' back and forth like a fuckin' Japanese car full a 'roid monkeys on Robson street on a Saturday Nite, jacked up on Red Bull, ecstasy and repressed homo desires. But me, I'm just a red blooded male enjoying a loud stereo. Just a good Canadian like yourself. Now I'm spinnin' round the room (can't beat 'em ...). This Whiteman's shuffle I've got going is really fuckin' something, I've gotta say. I move like a cobra. I turn it up higher and lurch into a full high kick! Woo! The sound is going right thru me! Everything swells. The good times are underway. The Hi-Fi is playin' Rock 'n' Roll. A specific kind of rock 'n' roll: Geezer Rock 'n' Roll. Riffs, Grooves, Songs!

Sweet guitars of both kind: boogie and slide, Hammonds, barrel-house Wurltizers, Marlboro whiskey vocals, Tartan pants that have the look and cut of some highly deranged and sexualized 19th hole mad-man, sport coats, scarves, platform shoes, Ron Wood haircuts! Ron Wood! No, there's no Woody here, yet. At least not until I finish up all this cocaine. Hell, the label this disc is on is called Steamhammer, 'fer Chrissakes! That alone calls fer another round of the good stuff! And what a disc it is! The London Quireboys. "It's Seven 'o Clock", that was the song wasn't it? I'm drawn back to a time in the late eighties, the last time Geezer Rock enjoyed a little

popularity. The Quireboys, The Four Horsemen, The Georgia Satellites, The Black Crowes (one good first record, an OK 2nd, the rest so fuckin' boring). Hell, there was a moment when these Quireboys were dukin' it out for top spot. Their last record, *This Is Rock'n Roll*, kinda had me wondering where my party pants were! (Turns out the party is when I ain't wearin' 'em) The new album ain't exactly rediscoverin' new terra. Hell, mother-fucker steals Ian McLagan's lines wholesale on a couple tracks, and these lyrics ain't gonna make me forget Ronnie Lane any time soon. Or even Frank "Rockin is My Business and Business is Good" C. Starr, R.I.P. But it sure as shit beats listenin' to Rod "I Hope Someone Makes You Drink 20 Gallons of Semen on the Slight Chance It Makes You Record a Decent Rocker" Stewart (before volume three of the Great American Song Book comes out - *Music for Larry King's Colonoscopy*), cuz you sound like you downed at least a quart or two. And the extra pecker snort? That's just for "Forever Young"! You pissed it all away, limey bastard!

(SPACKLER! GET IN MY MOTHERFUCKING OFFICE, NOW!!! Music Ed.)

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Photo: Ben Johnson

3 Inches of Blood, The Cloak, Pariah

@ Logan's Pub, Victoria, B.C.
Thursday, June 24th, 2004

The eve of destruction was finally upon us when Metal Lords 3 Inches of Blood made their triumphant return to the "Isle of Infernal Despair". Local savages Pariah kicked off the show with a shredfest of metal and carnage. This is the third time I've seen Pariah and each time they've had a different singer. The new vocalist was cool, but I tripped out because he's a dead ringer for the lead singer of Korn. They're tight as fuck and keep up an unrelenting pace. The Cloak took the stage next and I was shocked at how fucking good these six maniacs were. Every member had energy to burn and their mix of screampcore and metal had the place throwing punches at the floor and spin kicks to the head. The Cloak boasts dual vocals and members of the hardcore set Tough as Nails. I really liked their song "Night Terrors as Failed Attempts at Astral Projection". This was 3 Inches of Blood's first live show since recording their new album *Advance &*

Vanquish for Roadrunner Records. After countless rumours, the new line-up was revealed. New drummer Matt Wood, from Goatsblood and Tacoma native Brian Redman on bass filled the rhythm section void effortlessly. Local hero Cam Pipes opened the set with the now classic "Destroy the Orcs" and the crowd went fucking insane. They played mostly new songs and they all fucking ripped, especially "Dismember the Innocent", "Deadly Sinners" and "Revenge is a Vulture". One of the singers, who shall remain nameless, was a little wasted to say the least and ended up destroying not only the orcs but a couple microphones as well. Needless to say, the entire planet is anxiously awaiting the new album, which is sure to alter the history of Heavy Metal forever. Praise Hail Satan!!!

-Ira "Hellborn" Hunter

Agent Orange, S.T.R.E.E.T.S, Excessives, Jak-Uzi

@ The Brickyard, Vancouver, B.C.
Sunday, June 20th, 2004

At first, I was going to write this review the way the cats down at *Vice* Magazine might, but then I remembered it was only The Nerve and said, "fuck it". You get the bare bones, fuckers, THE BARE BONES!

Jak-Uzi were up first with their chugging, old school sound and gruff vocals. Good set. Hey, it works for me.

Excessives: Fast, tight, and very hard-hitting punk rock. Great drummer. The dudes at *Vice* would probably say they were "off the hook", but since I'm using that expression, it must be dated. Instead, I'll just say that The Excessives "went like a wombat". A mean motherfucking wombat, dig. But I'm not sure about the Van Halen cover, and what's with the vests? Ha ha, just kidding....

What can I say about S.T.R.E.E.T.S? These guys are the aural equivalent of TNT in a suitcase. Their prime directive seems to be squeezing the maximum number of notes into the shortest possible time. My head was

blown clean off, but I later found it, covered with cigarette burns, on the floor of the smoking room. Whew!

Agent Orange hit the stage looking like they'd spent the afternoon sitting around in the Amsterdam Café smoking blunts (and they had been). It was only then that I remembered that I'd seen this lineup four years ago at the Columbia or somewhere, and that the only original member was the drummer! Since for me Agent Orange was all about Mike Palm's nasally voice and that Dick Dale surf-punk sound, the new line-up, which fails to capture either of these elements, doesn't work at all. Everyone seemed to be having a great time, but I just found myself fuming about how these guys have toured the country for years, making money from songs they didn't even write. Too bad most of this crowd was too young to have seen the real Agent Orange back in '84.

Did I mention The Excessives?

-Chris Walters

Destroyer, Frog Eyes, Pink Mountaintops

@ Richard's on Richards, Vancouver, B.C.
Saturday, June 5th, 2004

Sadly, I had already missed Pink Mountaintops. They released a great CD last month. They have a feel for what I like to call: "sex". It might have gone over some heads tonight. I challenged myself to not hate Frog Eyes because I didn't see them either. This leaves us with Destroyer for whom Frog Eyes provided excellent accompaniment. The last time I had my patience tested by Destroyer, it was during the *Thief* era when Vancouver's most strenuously hip musicians were lining up to get their names in the yearbook. What a depressing display that was - a bunch of fine players having gotten too strong a snort off Danger Dan Bejar's practiced ennui. That performance was so careless and pissy that it amounted to nothing short of a big fuck-you to all of us. Not that I care, but what of those poor girls in their dime store hairshirts and skinny white arms, or their gimlet-browed, sexless, list-keeping boy "friends" with their pleading eyes? You're putting one over on

them, Dan! That's mean! They're looking for answers and you're feeding 'em doggerel (always in the same wearying meter, I might add). And then to climb on stage and act as if it's an inconvenience - that's just bad manners! How many cheeks are we meant to turn? It's fascism! So, in conclusion, if you dig those somewhat horny seventies movies about the sexual decadence of the Nazi Party, movies like *Salon Kitty* or *The Night Porter*, then Destroyer may take on a whole new fascination for you. If not, I suggest that you lie back and think of Montreal. My guess: liquor sales were down tonight. Zero babies were conceived. On a positive note, I found a line that I could admire: "Warm yourself by the fiery stage/Fiery 'cause I lit it! Ahh!"

That's a good one. Cue "were we at different shows?"-style letters of complaint.

-Mack

Mr. Quintron & Miss Pussycat, Canned Hamm, Vancougar

@ The Brickyard, Vancouver B.C.
Saturday, June 12th, 2004

It wasn't until the next day when I tried to explain just what I'd seen to a friend. "There was a puppet show about talking cave formations and then this guy played this LIGHT TURNTABLE DRUM THING!" I sounded like I'd joined a cult.

I didn't even try explaining Canned Hamm. On stage they remind me of a pair of drunken, inappropriate uncles you may also have had as a kid - the ones that get sloshed and sing torch songs very loudly and a little bit off-key while jumping around a lot and knocking over your aunt's coffee table. The same ones that tend to remove their clothing or wear lampshades. Yeah, well that's a lot what a Canned Hamm show is like, but now you're old enough to drink. You'd think that that this would be the kind of thing you'd need extensive therapy to overcome, but it's genius. Canned Hamm is a comforting platonic hug from a large, sweaty fat man. Literally.

Then we have Mr. Quintron and Miss

Pussycat. Miss Pussycat opened with a puppet show about those talking cave formations and an underground rave/Mardi Gras. Yes, a puppet show. It was excellent and the crowd ate it up. After this, Miss Pussycat came out from behind the puppet stage to shake her maracas and sing backup for Mr. Quintron's musical set.

There's really nothing I can compare the sound to that will do it any justice. There were a couple keyboards, an assortment of foot pedals and other switches, and the Drum Buddy. The Drum Buddy is Quintron's very own colour-coded analog synth that works from light. A turntable, a light, and a bunch of colour-coded knobs. The man's hands are everywhere, and he has an amazing look of concentration on his face. Maybe I did join a cult; the whole show was a religious experience.

-Richard Murray

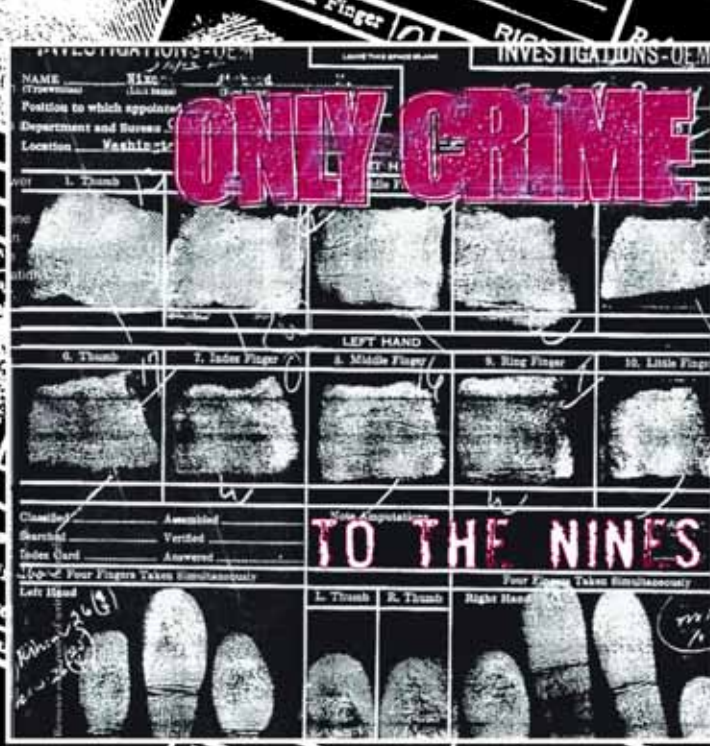
Trans Am

@ Richards On Richards, Vancouver B.C.
Tuesday, June 1st, 2004

I had a dream. Not quite a nightmare, but scary nonetheless. It took place in a not too distant *Logan's Run*-esque future. Things were a little fuzzy but I'm pretty sure I saw Buck Rogers and Twiggy ("...beedy, beedy, beedy...") tag-teaming a young Jane Fonda. Jane Fonda, that two-timing, anti-American, communist dyke. Maybe she was the one responsible for the real version of the future that I experienced at Dick's that night. Six-dollar beers, seven-dollar highballs, uncomfortable smoking facilities and Gestapo-like security. That was until Trans Am showed up to share their harsh toke of

the future. Looking more than a little haggard, the dudes wasted no time in turning an atmosphere thick with pussy into an all out freak-fuck fest! Phone numbers were exchanged and imported chocolate bars were passed around like so much homemade wine to a sweet and sweaty set derived mostly from *Liberation*, their latest release, as well as their now classic *Futureworld*. I screamed out "Babados" (*who wouldn't?* - *Music Ed.*) and I got exactly that - balls. In a tropical tennis short-y surrounding, mind you.

-8 Ball



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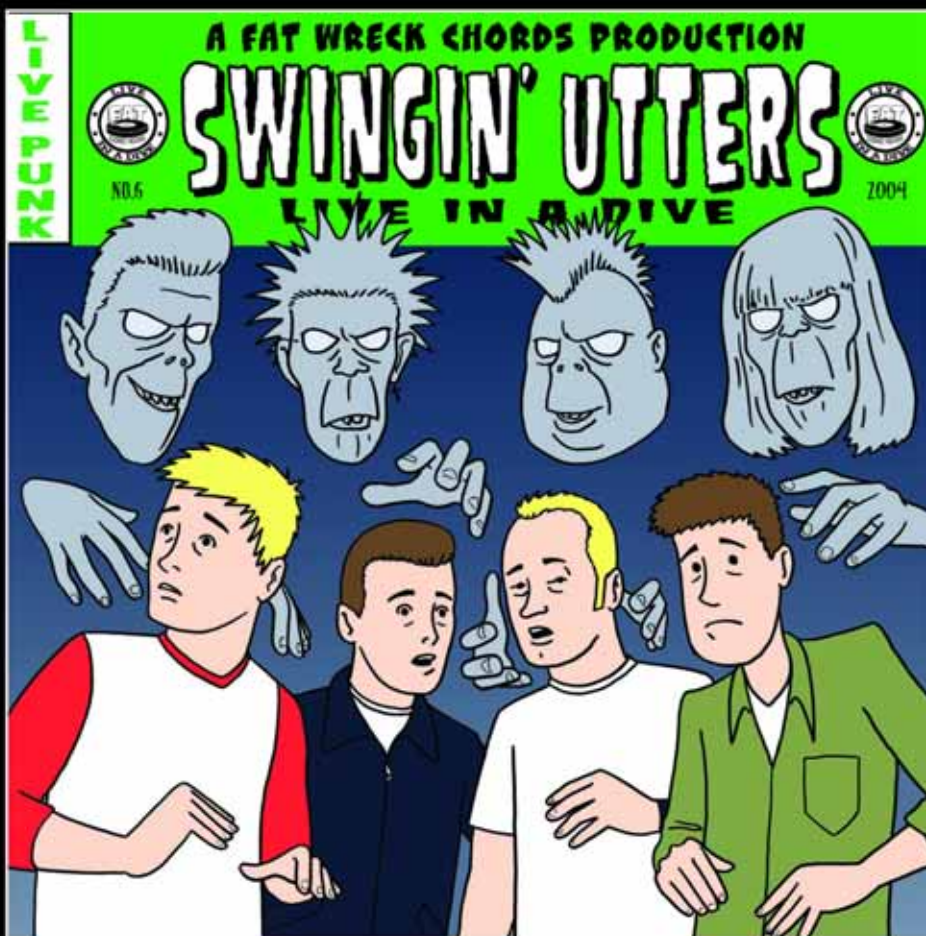
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Skate Spot

Search and Destroy

Now that they've been open for all of about 5 months, Logan and Nick from 434 Skate Shop (434 Homer) have started to drink. The skate industry will do that to people. Because they want company, they've invented the inaugural Skate!Drink!Destroy! night Wed, June 30 at Pub 340 (340 Cambie Street downtown). They'll be there, nursing their \$2.50 pints, watching skate videos with bloodshot eyes, and listening to sets from DJ Phat Pat, One-Eyed Jacks, Sulturro, and the Badamps. Don't let them drink alone; it's your civic duty to co-depend with these guys. They plan to have a Skate Night every Wednesday, and if ya bring yer video footy and people like it, you could walk home with rad product from sponsors like Felon Skates, Landyachts, Rednek, Sector 9, Cypher Skateboards, or coastlongboarding.com. Phone the 434 shop at 604.683.4349 or 604.209.9387 for more details.

Speaking of new downtown skate shops, watch out for the new Underworld shop in the former Pharsyde space on Granville Street. Underworld has been around in Montreal since the mid-90's, and owner Alex is teaming up with Sk8itup's Kevin Kelly to make it happen here.

Arrrrgh! If ye went out to the last conces-

sion stand at Spanish Banks at noon on June 18th and looked due north, matey, you'd see the skull and crossbones. She be not a pirate ship, ol' salt, she be the Skull Skates Skim Jam. So bring an eye patch and a parrot and watch out for buried treasures. PD's Hot Shop is at 2868 W. 4th Avenue (604.739.7796) or haul the mainsail for some computer piracy at www.skullskates.com.

But what's that to port, or is that starboard? It's those damned Black Russians!! BLKRSN.com is Black Russian skateboards, and includes subversives Josh Evin, Rob Sigaty, Jesse Stockwood, Ben Demoskoff, Quinn Starr, Mike Stewart and Keegan Sauder. If yer eye is more on the lasses, www.theside-project.com/pages/1/index will get ye news about the girls' skate scene.

Summer's here, and that means the Bowl Series. In keeping with skate tradition, the chaos starts on Thurs, July 1 at Seyllynn, then moves to Griffin on Sunday July 11, White Rock on Sunday July 25, and then to Whistler on Sunday, August 8. The Extra! Special! Super! Hastings bowl comp date is yet to be announced, so keep your eyes peeled even if it hurts a lot. Also keep an eye out for last year's champ Johnny B. Two peeled eyes, and one kept out? Sounds like ye'll be needin' that eye-



SideSixtySeven rippin' it at the West Beach party April 29th

patch, ol' salt. Arrrrgh!

Volcom sponsored a jam at the Tsawwassen park on Saturday, July 26th. It was pretty casual, with skaters given 15 minutes to do a best trick on an obstacle. Andrew from Replay tells us local skaters like Dima and Paul were bustin' out, and some walked away with booty for their efforts.

Finally, Side 67 will be showcasing their blanderized mix of harmonies and raw punk aesthetics on the Volcom stage of the Warped

tour July 13th in Vancouver, July 15th in Calgary, August 13th in Montreal, and August 14th in Toronto. Hard work and dedication pay off. You can see them live in action Friday, July 9th at Pub 340 with Sacramento's Another Damn Disappointment and The Rebel Spell, and July 14th in Banff also with A.D.D. Their new ep *Punktuality* is out now, so search and enjoy.

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



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Gore

IS THAT A KNIFE YOU'RE WEARING?

By Sinister Sam

"What did the killer look like as you watched him slit that person's throat?"

"Well, he was all dressed in black, was wearing mask or a hood, had black gloves on, had a strange limp, and was very silent."

The real draw to most slasher and horror films is the look and/or aesthetic of the killer. The cheaper, or B grade of the noir series' always seemed to boast some great empty mansion atmosphere coupled with hooded figures that lurked around and set up the murder scenes via the painting on the wall's eyes or the classic hooded man with a knife. The Phantom films of the early 20th century set up an amazingly dark aesthetic with an almost cartoon or comic-like character that seemed to indulge the fantastical elements of the street killer a la Jack the Ripper (the seminal figure) with the ongoing shots of the cloaked murderer flowing through the streets ready to snap up a victim. THE SHADOW (1933), THE TERROR (1938), THE THIRTEENTH GUEST (1932), THE PHANTOM (1931), A SCREAM IN THE NIGHT (1935), and THE PHANTOM OF 42nd STREET (1945) to name a few, all have the serial film style murder mystery atmosphere that's almost always coupled with an Edgar Wallace or E.W. type storyline. The slasher films of the golden age of contemporary horror have featured some of the darkest and most mysterious figures of the genre and all its seemingly exploitive cheapness/valid scares. Some of my favourite standouts strongly driven by the early eras of the creative "phantom" films are:



THE PROWLER (1981 Dir: Joseph Zito) Features a great design for the killer as it's basically just an army soldier get up but the collar/jacket and the helmet are utilised so that they meet and form a closed off face that comes off like a mask or a hood. The darkened colours of the suit also match the new feel derived by the closed off and masked face making the army fatigues parallel as a Jack the Ripper type campus stalker. MY BLOODY VALENTINE (1981 Dir: George Mihalka)

This film also fucking rules in its play to make a seemingly ordinary working outfit turn to a murderous face hiding slash uniform. This time it's a pissed off miner who uses the tools of the underground trade to pull off a simple but effective suit that makes use of a hard hat, gas/ventilation mask, and the important hard hat light that ultimately plays an important role in fucking with the viewer as the light

approaches through the tunnels. Fucking underrated film.

PIECES (1983 Dir: Juan Piquer Simon)

This great classic phantom approach has got to be one of the best aesthetics for this fucking classic and brutal sleaze murder celluloid spool as the outfit worn by the killer is an ode to the giallo (Italian thriller) era a decade before, but still manages to achieve the brash and harsh cheap piss-your-pants savagery of the slasher timeline.

THE EMBALMER (1966 Dir: Dino Tavella)

This film could fall into the classic B/W category, but it laid way too much importance on the close future giallo genre and managed to have a skeletal masked figure lurking through the streets and catacombs searching for females to kill. Basically another rendition of the great skeleton faced criminal mastermind in the serial THE CRIMSON GHOST (1946).

Here's an incomplete list of the plethora of my favourite Italian giallo films from the Seventies that all make use of the dressed in black with black gloves, sometimes with or without a black fedora, but always the gloves and even a choice hood, balaclava or nylon cover. This was a fucking defining genre that used some heavy tools of the trade to define a decade of Euro-style slasher films. And yes, I got my hands on a lot of these just to encompass the black-gloved aesthetic of these sleazy murder masterpieces:

CASE OF THE SCORPION'S TAIL (1971 Dir. Sergio Martino) Great black wetsuit used for the outfit. CRIMES OF THE BLACK CAT, THE (1972 Dir. Sergio Pastore) DEATH CARRIES A CANE (1972 Dir. Maurizio Pradeaux), DEATH STEPS IN THE DARK (1977 Dir. Maurizio Pradeaux), DEATH WALKS IN HIGH HEELS (1971 Dir. Luciano Ercoli), ENIGMA ROSSO (1978 Dir. Alberto Negrin), FIVE WOMEN FOR THE KILLER (1974 Dir. Stelvio Massi), GENTLY BEFORE SHE DIES (1972 Dir. Sergio Martino), MY DEAR KILLER (1972 Dir. Tonino Valerii) great gloves on a clothesline psych out, PARIS SEX MURDERS (1973 Dir. Ferdinando Merighi), PLAY MOTEL (1979 Dir. Mario Gariazzo) black gloved killer in the whore house, POLIZIA BRANCOLA NEL BUIO, LA (1975 Dir. Helia Colombo) SLAUGHTER HOTEL (1971 Dir. Fernando Di Leo) added cape, SO SWEET, SO DEAD (1972 Dir. Roberto Bianchi Montero) the most perfect overall example of the defined giallo genre and its staples, STRANGE VICE OF SIGNORA WARDH, THE (1970 Dir. Sergio Martino), STRIP NUDE FOR YOUR KILLER (1975 Dir. Andrea Bianchi), TORSO (1973 Dir. Sergio Martino), VICE WEARS BLACK HOSE (1975 Dir. Tano Cimarosa), WAILING, THE (1980 Dir. Riccardo Freda), WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO OUR DAUGHTERS? (1974 Dir. Massimo Dallamano), WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO SOLANGE? (1972 Dir. Massimo Dallamano), WHO'S THE KILLER? (1974 Dir. Mario Moroni). Stay out of the dark corners and carry your own knife - although you probably won't look as good as the person cutting you up.



The Bloody Road to Death

By J. Ainsworth, a Pastier.

Jugs of Praise Part one: Creation and manufacturing of the Jug of Praise and also a discussion of the Proper Visual Description of the Gospels.



As Julio Eggesias once said in song, "I travel in and out many doors." The Bible is a lot like Julio Eggesias in that way, by which I mean that to read the bible is to open doors... in the mind. Also, to carry it around in the ass pocket, that's a good thing. He never missed a chance to witness for some soul, just some scummer on the street with two dicks in his mouth. Julio Eggesias, you can say what you want about him, one thing's for sure: The Bible is a compendium of ancient folklore.

What that Spanish bastard Julio Eggesias, who I suspect WITHOUT ANY EVIDENCE AT

ALL as being an all action so-called Bisexual action fan, did not in fact infer in his classic duet with rock icon Willie Eggson was that the proper medium for depiction of the events and tribulations of the life of Jesus Christ was visual. If some asshole starts singing a song about Jesus, just whale off and punch him in the tits. It is Not Holy and It is NOT Bible to depict Christ in song because when a note is finished in the ear, it dies. Yet Christ said quite clearly in the Bible that there is an eternity. So because music does not last in the ear forever, it is a sinner's art. Unclean. And it should be cast down. Because painting, drawings, and sculptures in the round are everlasting being made of inviolable materials made from the rib of Adam, then it is only in the visual arts, ipso facto, that an ART of Praise can be contextualized. Have you ever been sucking off a stranger and the next thing you know you got all this goop in your eye? I bet it stings! That's like what Religious art should be like. Stingy.

Am I saying, "Guy, go off and make a macaroni picture of Moses and then spray paint it gold like a kindergartener???" No. I am in fact not saying do this, or a nude macaroni portrait of Jesus, or Enoch, or a Jesus painted on an egg, or a nude egg Gorbachev, or Adam and Eve in the Garden, made of eggs, or Adam and an Egg in the garden, or Eggs on the Cross, and Egg with Eve, nude, in the Garden of Gethsemane, or a Last Supper with twelve eggs and a bronzed celery, or Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden

portrayed as two nude eggs with a snake, a nude snake. Or a nude Gorbachev, Adam, Eve, the Snake, Jesus and some other guys painted in Eggs in the Garden of Eve. I am not saying to do this because there is no PRAISE in these artworks. Works of PRAISE, people. Works of praise. Jesus as a macaroni caterpillar. Fuck off.

Second thoughts about music. While music is still six inches deep in sin and sperm it CAN BE MADE WHOLE AGAIN THROUGH DECORATIVE WHIMSICAL CRAFTSMANSHIP, or AM I JUST BEING WRONG????

No. I drank a huge cunt of a bottle of really good Carlo Rossi wine. A huge, huge bitch of a bottle. God, it was wonderful. But the fun had just begun.

My good friend Carl, (604-720-7632 ask for Carl, Jody or Elmira), past master with the spitoon, agreed to paint my jug. He painted it to PRAISE GOD AND TO PRAISE JESUS SON OF GOD AND A MAN. He painted Ham Contemplating the Nudity of Noah Contrary to God's Clear Directions. From the book of Geronimo. You will agree with me. It is a beautiful piece. And the sound? Perfect pitch, man, perfect pitch. The jug was later purchased off me by Marilyn Monsoon's jug player, who said playing it was... "like being up to my nuts in God's guts and/or Jesus's Guts"

I could not say it better than that. Thanks for reading.



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Go With the Flow

By Dr. Ezra Kohlic

Squirting. Female Ejaculation. As late as 1980, the medical community did not believe it was possible. Most confuse it with urination. Now, peeing during sex has its own delights, and one need only pick up a copy of Hustler to see that a woman urinating has officially entered mainstream porn as a turn on. Squirting, on the other hand, is far more difficult to pull off unless the lady in question is seriously, genuinely aroused. Although that hasn't stopped porn directors giving it a jolly old try.

But first, the technical explanation. Female ejaculation is almost always caused by stimulation of the G-Spot. The liquid is either clear or milky, and is usually quite odorless. The secretion comes out of the urethra, but in case you still think this is pee, the scientists up nigh confirm it is impossible to pee and orgasm simultaneously. It can be sticky, in a sexy kind of way (as opposed to a bubblegum-under-the-shoe kind of way), but does not provide further lubrication. It's edible, far tastier than pee, although not something you'd want to bottle in Japan. When a woman ejaculates accidentally for the first time, she often gets embarrassed and assumes she has urinated, leaving a soggy partner and a small dry spot on the bed. When a woman ejaculates with purpose and will, she screams like a hyena giving birth to a golden duck while simultaneously realizing the meaning of life and achieving self-actualization. Her partner, male or female, gets further aroused and both proceed to work together to rid the sheet of that one remaining dry spot.

Porn companies have been quick to capitalize on the effect of squirting on its viewers. However, unlike a screaming, hollering, oh-fuck-yes and entirely fake porn orgasm, squirting is the real deal, and there are few porn queens in the world capable of enjoying themselves authentically for the glaring lights and

cameras. Furthermore, a budding director would need a secret, vaginal gland camera to truly capture the reality of a good squirt. As a responsible reporter to my interested readers, I rented a few titles, and this is what I can report.

Real Female Orgasms (Elegant Angel): The idea is that squirting raises the decibels of fake screaming so we know that this time, she really means it. I haven't seen anyone holler like that since my 83-year-old neighbour fell down the stairs. Boy, that old lady screamed like she really meant it! Anyway, stars Chloe and Teri seemed really into it, but this was all just a tad dramatic to be meaningful.

Gush #3 (Knob Ryder): Wow, its fucking Niagara Falls! Bring out the raincoat and lets go paddy-whacking. There are eruptions of fluid everywhere, and I could only bless those underwater cameras for keeping me in the action. Even with those physiologically impossible spurts, most likely the result of a carefully placed hose, enema or squirting device. Brings new meaning to "Give me your hose, big boy!" The reality is, if capturing a decent squirt was so easy, you'd see it in porno everywhere, not just a few specialty titles made specifically for reporters researching articles like this.

Naturally, I can't believe everything I see or read, so case studies are in order. I spoke to a couple who we'll call Jody and Jeremy (real names used for maximum embarrassment) at a recent dinner party about the subject. After learning their names, jobs, thoughts on the weather and political leanings, I jumped straight into female ejaculation. They were both shocked and left the table. A pity, because Jody had great cans. My next happy couple thought that peeing in sex was nice but not for



photo: Andrea Schmitt



them, and the third couple thought it was inappropriate conversation for a funeral. Finally, I met a couple who I'll call Doug and Suzie, and eureka, Suzie was not afraid to reveal that she squirts like a supersoaker in the hands of a 12 year old. Re-reading that last line, I feel a little queasy, but we'll move on. Their story was familiar to me... a happy accident leads to wilder, passionate and more meaningful sex for both of them, and the purchase of several new sheets for the bed. "It's not something I can do every time," confesses Suzie, "but when the mood is right and Doug hits just the right spot, I'm not afraid to release the juices." I know what you're thinking, so I asked her the question. No, she had never hit him in the eye.

Here is a step-by-step guide to the art of squirting:

1. Make sure you're aware that squirting is not

peeing. This is crucial.

2. Stimulate G-Spot and clitoris until female subject (you) is about to blow, possibly feeling the need to pee. You are not going to pee. If you stop the flow, kiss the squirt goodbye. Once you're confident you're not peeing, you'll realize it's a different, far more arousing sensation. Just go with the flow. Squirt it baby!

3 Have towels handy, some women can squirt well across the room.

4. Just like multiple orgasms, women can have multiple ejaculations – sometimes as many as 3 to 5 before the juice dries up. Go for it!

Be proud of yourself... and welcome to the rest of your life.



Nerveland Smut Ranch



The Exotic Time Machine
Starring: Gabriella Hall, Joseph Daniels, Nikki Fritz, Tiffany Gonzales, Buck O'Brian, Everett J. Rodd, and Taylor St. Claire.
Director: Felicia Sinclair

The opening of this film reminded me of the sets one would see on Red Dwarf. For those who like campy pornos, this one's for you. Just like Red Dwarf, this movie is set in a future where time travel is possible. Not only does this film fit into the science fiction category, it also fits into the science fiction category! The

Exotic Time Machine reeks of hilarity with its shitty dialog and bad acting. It was surprising to see Marie Antoinette (whose face was kind of mannish) get it on with another woman before discovering time traveler Icon (Joseph Daniels) spying on her in

her room. There was only one thing for her to do —fuck him. The one criticism I have of this film is that it is not hardcore enough. It has plenty of nudity, heavy petting, and erotic adventures, but I wouldn't mind seeing some penetration. It reminded me of those adult films on late night local TV. Although it lacks the hardcore scenes, this film has some pretty hot sex in it. That Marie Antoinette is one firecracker in the sac. This is a thoroughly entertaining film and I recommend it.

Deep Inside Dirty Debutantes #10

Starring: Ed Powers, Christina Clark, Diva, Anisa, Nadia, and Jade East.

Director: Ed Powers

After reviewing the time machine film, I really needed something dirty. This film will surely fulfill your voyeuristic pleasures with an inquisitive Ed Powers behind the camera, interviewing the soon to be Dirty Debutantes. The first-person camera angle gives the viewer an intimate view inside the interviewing process. With all the makings of a home movie, this film starts off kinda slow and for christ sakes, can only tell each other that "Oooo, you are so pretty," and "Oooo, your pussy's so pretty" so much before you just need to get down and penetrate.

The first scene starts off with a girl masturbating and then two more join in. But this has got to be the most boring threesome I have ever seen. These girls stimulate each other at a snail's pace, and it seemed like there was just no end to this scene... just when I thought it was over, they bust out the freakin' toys. You can only see muff munchin' for so long before things need to be changed up. But I spoke too soon. The next thing I see, the strap-ons come out and, oh joy, one of the lucky girls gets one up her pussy and one up her ass.



The scene ends just the way it started, with more boring chitchat on the bed. Ed Powers finally gets too horny watching them from behind the camera and grabs some private one-on-one action. This film is too long with not enough quality fucking. Out of a scale from one to ten, I would give it, like, a two.

-Max Crown





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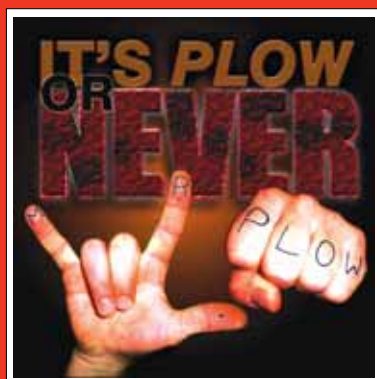
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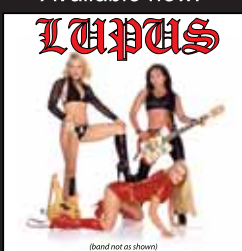


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Crossword

-by Dan Scum

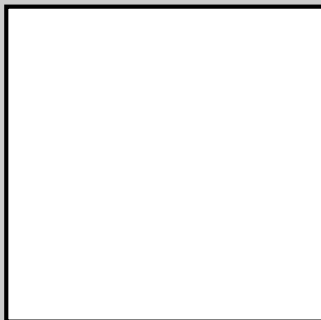
Across

1. Fido's expletives
5. Casio tone
10. Tit
14. Golf shot around the green
15. Eagle auto
16. Volvo driving 70's pop group
17. Severe highway accident
20. Consume
21. Air Jordan's e.g.
22. Issue a ticket
23. Of earthquakes (abbr.)
24. Auto safety feature
25. Lucy in the Sky w/ Diamonds
28. Sports network
29. "Don't go chasin' waterfalls...."
30. Dibasic Esters
33. Honda subsidiary
35. The hoosegow
37. Old Italian currency
38. Mercury make
39. Updating Leprosy Registrars
40. Luxury Sedan maker
41. Fraternal Order of _____
42. Plains Indian
43. Bring together
44. Furious bass Claypool
45. Male dog's designation
46. Graffiti name
48. Lamprey kin
49. Cunning
50. 47D's songwriter
51. Open widely
53. First name in erotica
54. Fen
57. Type of fender bender
60. Surname of Canadian tortured in Syria
61. Generator manufacturer
62. Butter substitute
63. Remove rinds
64. Skirt's cousin
65. My favorite breathing disease

Down

1. Head malady
2. Emu kin
3. Fix It Again Tony
4. Wiggum's outfit
5. Dope-ass sk8 shoes
6. Possible result of 17 or 56A
7. Lotion additives
8. Mexi-beers
9. Farley & Hartman's old show
10. Foundation
11. Write-up for a corpse
12. Clarinet cousin
13. Ray-_____ sunglasses
18. Satellite system for autos
19. BC insurance agency
24. Descendents' descendants
25. Blazer feature
26. HighWEIGH feature
27. Cunardos
29. Forensic evidence of an accident
30. Type of Jazz or a Di'anno
31. Et tu _____!
32. Artist's stand
34. Dorm, e.g.
36. India Pale, or amber
37. Dr. Frankstone on the Flintstones
40. Dracula portrayer
42. Demure
45. Cordon _____
47. _____ restaurant
49. Type of tire
50. I've got _____ up my sleeve!
51. Whitey (Punjabi)
52. A great distance (away)
53. Type of jet
54. First name of 40 D
55. Lone time
56. Type of autos
57. Small sleep
58. Ford model
59. Computer acronym

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