

Vol. 5 No. 6
June 2004
Issue #39

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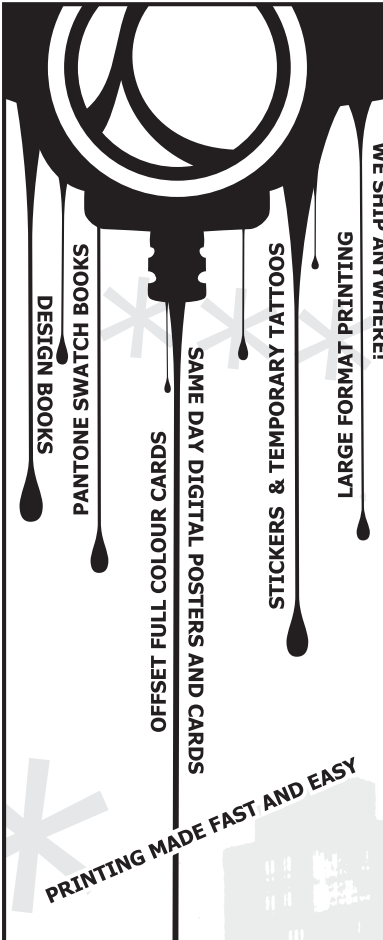
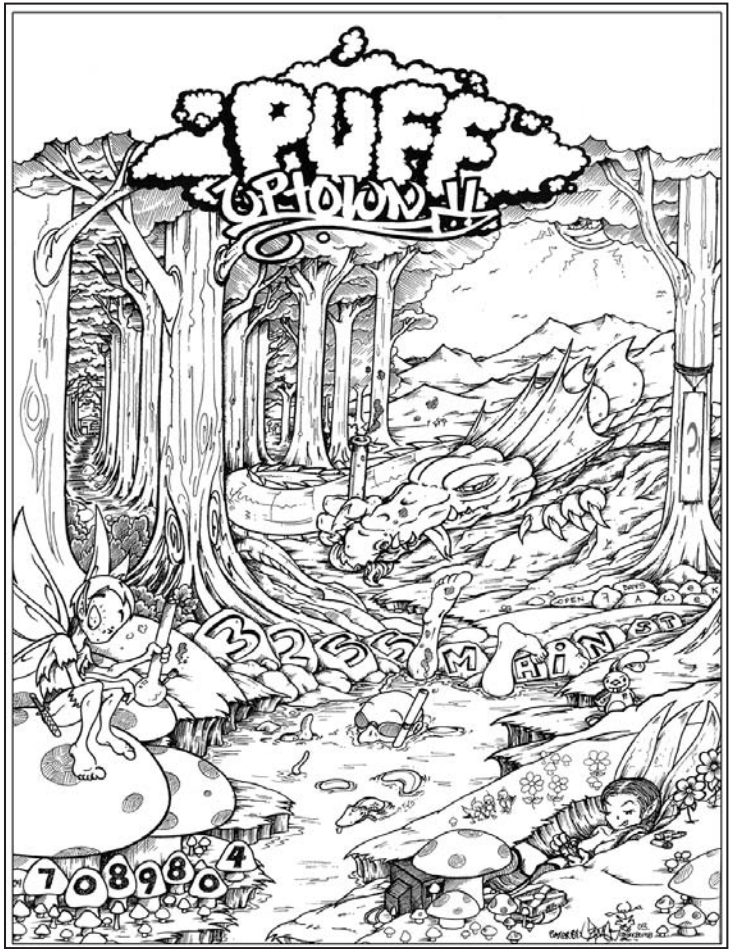


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The Nerve

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King Pin
(a/k/a Editor-In-Chief)
Bradley C. Damsgaard
editor@thenervemagazine.com

Pistol Whipper
(a/k/a Music Editor)
Sarah Rowland
sarah@thenervemagazine.com

Yes Ma'am
(a/k/a Music Editor in Training)
Adrian Mack
mack@thenervemagazine.com

The Getaway Driver
(a/k/a Production Manager)
Pierre Lortie
production@thenervemagazine.com

2 Bit Rounders
(a/k/a Editorial Assistants)
Music Ed's Mom, Ryan Calvery

Weapons Cleaner
(a/k/a Article Editor)
Jon Azpiri

Surveillance Team
(a/k/a Photographers)
Laura Murray
Jeremy Van Nieuwkerk

Launderer
(a/k/a Book Editor)
J. Pee Patchez

Shotgun
(a/k/a Film Editor)
Bjorn Olson

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(a/k/a Design & Graphics)
Pierre Lortie, Aina Young, Kevin Angel

The Muscle (a/k/a Staff Writers)
Atomick Pete, A.D. MADGRAS, Cowboy
TexAss, Casey Bourque, Sinister Sam,
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Adrian Mack, Jake Poole, Max Crown, 8-
Ball, Jono Jak, Jake Warren

Girl Friday
(a/k/a Subscriptions/Mailouts)
Sue Hobler

Fire Insurance
(a/k/a Advertising Dept.)
Brad Damsgaard, Kevin Angel
advertise@thenervemagazine.com

Cover Photo: Jeremy Van Nieuwkerk

Out-of-town Connections
(a/k/a Distribution and Street Team)
Calgary: Rick Overwater, Mike Taylor.
Edmonton: Freecloud Records Graeme
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The Nerve Magazine
508 - 825 Granville St.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6Z 1K9
604.734.1611
604.684.1698 (fax)

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photo: Jeremy Van Nieuwkerk

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The A-Z of Moustache Rock!

Starting with Hitler, the moustache has long been the outre rocker's best friend. The Nerve gives you the full shave

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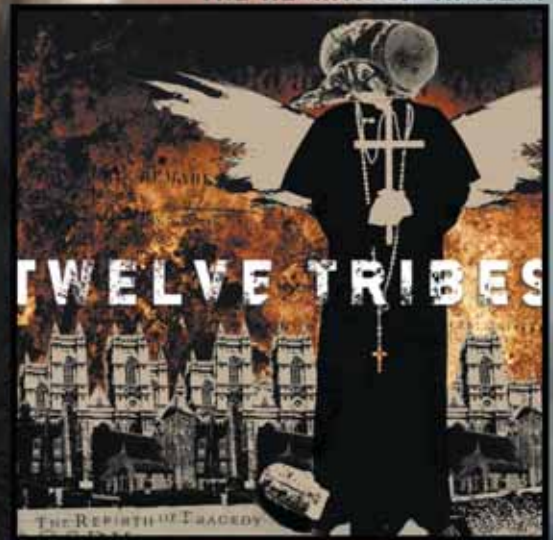


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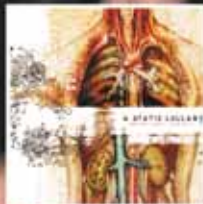
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photos by quav



Cougie's Night Out

Photos by Casey Cougar

What: Nerve Records and Longshot Music Showcase

Who: SpreadEagle, Red Hot Lovers, the Excessives, Sound City Hooligans

When: Saturday, May 8th @ Purple Onion. It was also MY BIRTHDAY plus there was a shooting and, as an added bonus, a couple stabbings out on the street!



Charlie Horse (Red Hot Lovers) lookin' VERY foxy (sans glasses).



Randy Romance (Red Hot Lovers, Gung-Hos) doin' what he does.



Meggers, Jenni, Christine & Jill havin' a Mission reunion in the can.



Longshot's Mike Joe came all the way from Brooklyn to give me the bumps.



Meggers (SpreadEagle's mascot) and Miss Kitten (Ultravixens Peep show, Sex Wolf two).



Esther the Molester.



Fat Chris with his fat fist.



Guess who????

Cheap Shotz

By Sarah Rowland

Here are my top ten reasons why I'll miss this God-forsaken hell-hole.

1. Working with the incomparable Mr. Mack.
Not only did I have the distinct honour of collaborating with one of Canada's greatest writers, I also made a friend for life. For example, Mack was really there for me when I received hate mail from a disgruntled employee who kept referring to himself in third person as Billy Hopeless. In return, I lent Mack a shoulder to cry on when he was unceremoniously kicked out of a Karla Homolka chatroom. Because of our friendship, we've both been able to move on. Today, he happily surfs ratemyboner.com and I don't talk to Hopeless.



1

2. Nerve Brain with Badly Damaged
Medical definition: *Cerebral Nervecephali-tis*. Only those who work in the Nerve orifice as much as Badly Damaged and myself can understand this heinous side effect of post-production. Effecting one in ten editors, symptoms may include a shortness of breath, waking up at 5 am with a vice clamped to your pounding heart and an electric storm of typos short-circuiting your synapses. This acute syndrome may also result in spastic self-doubting questions like, "What if you lost all objectivity when you wrote about your ex-boyfriend?" "What if you made him out to be a drugbag?" "What if, on some unconscious level, you sullied his good name?" It's only when the Nerve Brain episode subsides that you can answer these internal quandaries honestly. In my case, the answers to these questions are as follows: yes, yes and the bastard deserved it.



4A

3. Red Hot Lovers at Naughty Camp 2003
My only regret is not using my position of power to take advantage of frontman Danny Danger.

4. Jason Ainsworth (see exhibit 4)
Oh yah, my *other* only regret is using my position of power to take advantage of my slutbag co-worker. Especially when I found out I wasn't the only one he mounted on the Xerox machine that fateful night at the staff Christmas party. But unlike the members of the Stanley Park Cruisers (see exhibit 4A), I used a condom.



3

5. Turbonegro in Seattle
After months of bagging a cheap imitator in a tribute band, it was nice to experience the real Euroboy live.

6. Stalking the Riverboat Gamblers: If you haven't heard of them, you will (Are you reading this Emily?). These Texan rock stars are full of southern charm until, that is, bassist Patrick Lillard has a few. I believe his pick-up line was, "Do you girls like to be shat upon during sex?" Answer Key: Only if you spoon me after.

7. wendythirteen's smiling face gracing *The Nerve cover*

I thought maybe if I put the First Lady of Western Canadian punk on the cover, she would talk to me at the Cobalt rather than looking through me with her cold, dead stare. No such luck. But her e-mails are a little friendlier.



4

8. Chasing Casey Cougar
Not big on deadlines, but still it was nice to have a little injection of estrogen into the Nerve's sausage party. Seriously though, I'll miss her drunken interviews. Take care, Casey, and if I get wind of you handing in your assignments on time for Mack, I'll cunt you down, bee-yatch.

9. Dining with James Farwell.
My attempt at writing punk's answer to Jan Wong's column was based on the premise that rock stars should make me dinner in exchange for press ink. But my first installment ended up being my last. It turns out there's not a huge crossover readership between the Nerve and that cunt Back East. Furthermore, James Farwell from S.T.R.E.E.T.S. was the only one game. Although he made a great tofu dish, I wasn't too crazy about the Peg Bundy ashes in my mashed potatoes.



9

10. Everybody Else
I will miss pistol-whipping the following people: Jono Jak (who will always be My Sweetness), the Pooles, the Hopes, Ryan Calvery, Jon Azpiri, Kevin Angel, 8-Ball, Pierre Lortie, Laura Murray, Jeremy Van Nieuwkerk, Roche, Mom, Jake Warren, Chris Read, Aine Young, Chris from Rebel Spell and Mr. Conner.

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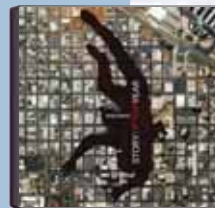
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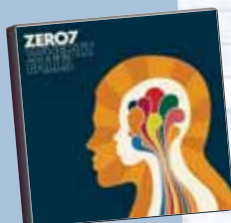
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photo: Laura Lemay

The Radio Asks: Was Syd 3 Apples High?

Ray, Kayoko and David ponder ways to finally destroy the Justice League of America with their laser-emitting sunglasses.

By Adrian Mack

I've come to the sun-dappled heart of deepest Kits to discuss some crypto-history with Ray W. Down of Vancouver's splendid the Radio, whose HQ seems to have been conjured out of Phil Dick's *A Scanner Darkly*. Fittingly, I'm interested in his theories concerning the fate of Syd Barrett, the storied founding member of Pink Floyd and psychedelic pioneer. To most of us, Barrett's extraordinary tale ends in his mother's basement in Cambridge in the early seventies, cut down by what is variously said to be schizophrenia, lysergic madness or an untenable surplus of creativity. Whatever the diagnosis, the poor fucker took an all-time champion dive from the heights of popular and artistic success to dribbling incoherence in a breathtakingly short time. In the forty years since, whilst being nursed and protected by family, the polite wisdom is that after the breakdown Syd dried up musically and emotionally he was simply out of reach.

Ray has another view entirely and he pulls out a dog-eared copy of *The Smurf's All Star Show LP*, proceeding directly to track 10, "The Silly Shy Smurf". We listen to it at 16 RPM (which means, kids, at the wrong speed) and the sound is ponderous and obese (if obese were a sound). It's actually quite alarming if you've spent any time falling in love with the music of Syd Barrett because, well...this sounds like Syd Barrett, goddammit. Ray smiles at me 'cos he knows what's going through my head. I point out that the accent and cadence fit and Ray picks up the thread, "yes, the phrasing too. And the harmonies are a perfect take on *Piper-era* Pink Floyd." The middle eight bars settles it though. Barrett would typically go left, not right. Here are the Smurfs doing the same thing. On the song "Space Smurf", Ray becomes even more Barrett-ological picking out a weird minor chord. "That note right there is total Barrett," he says, "Not a lot of people do that either. It's pretty characteristic and it's not easy to do."

"Why'd you pick up the record in the

first place?" I ask.

"The cover was so classic," he answers, "I picked it up at a flea-market and took it home and got myself into the psychedelic state of mind and listened to some of the songs and they sounded pretty interesting."

"But why would you listen to them at the wrong speed?"

"Just because..." he smiles, which is explanation enough for me.

The Smurfs have long attracted Acid Head theorists (like in the movie *Slacker*) due, I think, to its characteristic Euro-ineptitude which always comes off as alien or slightly brain-damaged. There are vast Aryan nations over there involved in the business of not getting it and the Smurfs are a solid example of what that phenomenon looks and sounds like. It's therefore unsurprising that a bright and I'd say largely mischievous pundit like Ray would conjure his own mad ideas from the results. Except that once you slow it down, it really does sound like Syd Barrett. No...REALLY!

Ray continues, "I tried to track down...all four (LPs) which were recorded totally independently of the TV show and none of the characters from the show are in the records...no Brainy Smurf, Papa Smurf...I don't think Smurfette is ever in it."

The records seem to come from a whole different franchise, I say. Ray concurs.

"For sure.... there's actually very little to nothing on the internet about it. But there's a lot of stuff about the show."

The only thing we know for certain is that the Barrett-esque material that appears intermittently over four albums is the work of one composer, Barry Corbett (hmmm), and that's pretty much it.

Corbett's contributions soar above the rest. "Silly Shy Smurf", to these ears, possesses an exquisitely lachrymose frisson. It might, in its heightened infantilism, be describing Syd's mammoth regression. "He better get hold of himself," goes the doleful chorus. It's raw enough to be uncomfortable- hardly very useful on a kid's record and yes, I am talking

about a track on *The Smurf's All Star Show*.

"There are two ways of looking at it," reasons Ray. "It's Barrett himself or it's someone in Holland who's influenced by him and if that's the case, who is this guy? I want more!" It's sure unusual that our unbottled Googleverse provides only Blind Alleys and Dead Ends. Jesus - even Thomas Pynchon has been sending out flares recently. Corbett, please stand up!

To further confuse matters, Syd Barrett's sister has confessed that the legendary shut-in was perhaps not so shut in after all. "...Like once a year Syd goes to London to check out the art museums," Ray tells me, "and she mentioned that...he's still got his acoustic guitar and he's still writing songs. It's not a huge distance from Cambridge to Holland..." At this point I recall a curious picture of Syd taken at a Village Fete in 1979. There's a twinkle in his eye that belongs to a saner person rather than a legendary burn-out. Says Ray, "yeah that's the time-frame we're looking at. He looks pretty together in that picture." So how about the skeptics, I ask. "There's no parts that don't fit and there's not a scrap of evidence to the contrary," he replies. "I'm not sure if I believe it myself, but..." he continues, "Even if it's not Syd, this guy happens to sound like him."

Then he gets all clever on me: "A coincidence is where skeptics and believers kind of cross paths and they've got different beliefs about these facts..." meaning that neither one of 'em is certifiably wrong...right? Bottom line: There's NOTHING on this Corbett guy, so why not?

One thing we can say for sure is that there's a history of psychedelic infiltration into children's entertainment and to that end Ray cites the song "Smurfing Beer".

"The lyrics have this weird suggestiveness to them...it's like 'beer, beer, smurfing beer, you don't get drunk and it isn't beer'."

He also points out that the typical Smurf home is carved into a mushroom.

"Sleep Until the Brand New Day" is

Corbett's last statement from the *Best of Friends* LP. It's a beautiful and emotional tone poem, like Barrett's "Golden Hair", and God knows if it ain't Barrett then it's some other damaged psycho-naut who deserves his place in yer book of great creative fuck-ups.

Still, it is tempting to imagine that, having made his point quickly and well, Syd just didn't want to sit around and turn into Roger Waters' guitar player. Would you? Mom's basement, some paints, a big ol' media scam and a secret career penning melancholy nursery rhymes seems infinitely better than that, don't you think?

And aren't those nascent Smurf-creatures yodeling away in the background of "Scream Thy Last Scream", an unreleased Barrett treasure from the breakdown days? Moreover, what was it that Syd asked on his last official recording with the Floyd in the fractured oompah of "Jugband Blues"? "What exactly is a dream," he sighs, "and what exactly is a joke?"



Silly, shy Syd Barrett in 1979

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Urge's Run

After a spectacular crack-up ten years ago, the grizzly old fucks of Urge Overkill did what the entire world gave nary a fuck to see; they re-formed. Carl Spackler and Judge Smalls went along to kiss their perfect hems.

By Carl Spackler

Carl Spackler -- Why Highway to Heaven?

Eddie "King" Roeser -- I think it goes back to our first record, *Jesus Urge Superstar*, arguably a shamelessly commercial document. The religious themes, those of redemption, sodomy, resurrection...

Carl -- I didn't catch that on the show.

King - Most people didn't catch it on the record, but they're there.

Carl -- I remember hearing when the band played Calgary on that tour that all the members of the group were found in bed together transfixed by "Highway to Heaven."

King -- I'm sure we don't recall this. However, the connection with Urge should be obvious and has been to many interviewers less astute than you, I might add. I'm shocked! But that is a great kickoff question, it really puts us in a great mood; it's really bringing me back. But we've moved on; I mean, Nash and I haven't watched much TV together, you know. I don't know where you heard this, probably from sources close to the band.

Carl -- No. I was at the gig and the word spread thru the club like the clap thru a Hell's Angels chapter.

King -- Wait a second, was that one of those hotel-slash-bars? Where you just walk downstairs?

Carl -- Yes! The Westward Hotel.

King -- No, don't remember.

Carl -- And the nature of this memory loss—is it time? The elements? Horse tranquilizers?

King -- I think all three and alcohol consumption.

Carl -- And how are things now?

King - Things have gone swimmingly.

Nash Kato (*see/thing*) -- Yeah, I cut my massage too damn short.

King - I've never heard of a two-and-a-half hour massage being *short*. Apparently, there is a different concept of time up here.

Nash - The girl said it's too bad I had to cut it short because apparently there is a climatic ending.

Carl - There was no "Happy Ending"?

Nash -- No.

King - Does he look happy?

Nash -- She was putting oil on my sack.

Carl -- I am sensing his chakras are out of alignment but I don't think I'm able to help.

King - Don't worry, we'll be playing a better show for it.

Carl -- Aaah! Keeping it in like a prizefighter.

King -- Exactly.

Carl -- Or a matador.

King -- Yes, yes, I like that. I like that image a lot. The Matador! So guys, what have you been doing the last eight years?

Carl and the Judge -- We, uhhh, we...been busy n' shit. You know. Things. We were trying to pick up the torch where you guys left off but, uh, my back is killing me.

Nash (*grouchy*) -- Join the club.

King -- Yeah, we were unable to bring our entire gigantic load down.

Carl -- Mmmm, I think Nash already told us that.

King -- We've moved down from the 'four cabinet' look. For this tour we're down to one

Carl -- Any new material? Have you guys

been writing?

King -- Yeah we weren't sure what was gonna come from this reunion, if you wanna call it that. I don't like the term, right? Cause it seemed kinda phoney baloney. Anyway, we decided to do some shows. We sort of, I won't say we disbanded, we just *de-banded*.

Carl -- A lot of animosity?

King -- Yeah. And I'm like, "Nash you don't call very often" and he's like, "you don't call." One of those, you know? ...Just a gigantic misunderstanding it turns out.

Carl -- Did you guys talk at all over the eight years?

King -- We've heard reports that we had talked. And apparently they are from sources close to the band. But, I have no recollection of that. Do you recall any discussions?

Nash (*livid*) -- I don't know.

King -- I wouldn't characterize them as discussions. I mean apparently we had discussions in a form that I cannot recall.

Carl -- Does that happen to you too? Weird!

King -- Like I said, this was a tentative plan. We did a bash in Chicago...since then, as a result of the fact that we were actually in the same room, this was leaked to the sources that control the industry as we know it, and offers were rolling in from L.A., London, whatever town you wanna pick. We had a lot of people interested, far more interested than *we* were in fact.

Carl -- Well, I can't speak for the Judge since he's drinkin' your rider dry right now, but I for one am glad you did.

The Judge - Say, whatever happened to Dean Scott Fever? And Paco?

Nash (*testily*) -- Who?

King -- *Fabre*. We think he took over the family business. A racetrack in Kentucky.

Nash -- A drag strip.

King -- I think he is back where he belongs. You know he was in the band for the looks. Everybody knows it. He looked fucking great. He looked like a million fucking dollars! A living muppet come to life! A living legend. And it wasn't hard to feed him a few bass parts you know, not really an important part of the whole chemistry, to be honest.

Carl - Do you guys love or hate the Darkness for stealing your song? "Get your Hands Off My Woman" is a pretty blatant rip-off or tip of the cap to "Sister Havana".

King -- There is no hate in Urge for us anymore. I mean we've seen the bulb go out and it's not good.

Nash (*exasperated and impatient*) -- I can't believe I raced down here to listen to this shit! (*Peering out the door at the openers, the Last Vegas.*) I was naked on a massage table!

King -- We had to talk to these gentlemen, we had extra time built in.

Nash - I was bone-ass naked on a massage table. It was hot shit! Applying oil to my bag.

The Judge - Madame Cleo's?

Nash -- No, she came to the suite.

King -- It was legit. He pulled a back muscle!

Nash -- I didn't know she would go two-and-a-half hours. I certainly wasn't complaining. I race down here, you know, no offence...

Carl -- None taken. You guys got raked over the coals for *Exit the Dragon*.

Nash - No we didn't.

Carl -- Yeah you did.

Nash -- Maybe in the States, everywhere else loved it. (*Nash promptly exits looking even*



Photo: Laura Lemay

The band reacts to Spackler's "Urge Over-the-Hill" crack.

angrier than he did about his severe case of blue balls.)

Carl -- Was that a bad time for you?

King -- For people who were into Urge, *Saturation* was the big left turn for the band. We always had a dark outlook and that was on purpose a sunnier record. And it was something that was deliberately landscaped to sound a certain way. There were other problems surrounding the *Exit the Dragon* time period for us that made things suck. As well as that people weren't ready for a dark, not a dark really... a *black* record. In fact, the cover is black. Why did we do that? It was stupid really. But we felt like it was an artistic success from beginning to end given what we were working with, which was a band that was barely speaking. I think people got used to the Urge of *Saturation* and that's just fine. The problem was we didn't want to be those guys anymore. Hell, we weren't those guys anymore. Sources close to the band wanted *Saturation 2*. That was sort of the big thing... nothing would be worse than a watered down lame *Saturation*; it woulda sucked. And that's not the sunniest record on earth either, you know. The second song is completely sick.

The Judge -- I recall an interview around that time when Nash said, "Two men Enter the Dragon, one man leaves."

Nash (*unimpressed*) -- No. Three men enter one man leaves.

The Judge -- Oh. Hmmm.

Carl -- Anything you'd like to say about those left behind?

Nash -- No.

Carl -- What are you listening to on the road?

King -- The Sights. We played with them and they were really cool.

Nash -- The Soundtrack of our Lives. I just got

turned on to the New Pornographers, they're great. The Wrens, I like them.

Carl -- What about the classics, your "go-to" stuff?

King -- We still like our Dusty's and Al Green and shit like that. That's always gonna be there. (Bassist) Hodgie is our DJ on the road.

Nash -- We always had an in-house DJ with Blackie.

Carl -- I'm not supposed to ask about the last time you guys were in Vancouver.

King -- Something about a Chinese chef and butcher knife.

Carl -- I will respect your request. But the promoter found you guys and dragged you outta the No.5.

Nash (*now, inexplicably, animated and gregarious*) -- Yeah! They checked every strip club 'til they found us. They knew we'd be in one of them. And they said you gotta come play and we were saying, no it's too late and besides we'd already had way too many of those Canadian mind-fuck lagers.

Carl -- Any chance of you guys sticking around to make another album?

Nash -- Yeah...we just sort of take this as it comes, see how it goes, how the response is, how we fare. But so far, so good. There's a European tour in the works. But yeah, I've got some things; I know King does. Maybe in the fall. You know, there is no master plan.

Carl -- Was there ever a master plan in the past?

King - The master plan was we were gonna disintegrate after our fifth record. That was the plan before we made even our first record.

Nash -- Yeah, it's like *Logan's Run*.

The Judge -- Sanctuary?

Carl - In this demented slaughterhouse of a world? Not likely, my friend.

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Drunk On Ink! Surviving A Day With Crystal Pistol

I must be a real pussy. I enter the PNE Agrodome with bare arms—Casper-The-GhostWhite arms to be exact. It's the third and final day of Vancouver's 1st International Tattoo Convention, and I have entered the dark and bloody realm of Rock & Roll that I have avoided my whole life. It seems the "Big Guns" have arrived in our city to puncture and maim the surface of society in this age-old art form which has been a trademark in the world of R&R for decades. Bob Tyrell, known for his work with country-fried closet-rapper-turned-musically-confused-idiot Kid Rock amongst others, has set up shop. He can make a grown man wince with delight on the table. To my surprise, this has me flipping through his catalogue contemplating a Maori makeover across my face. To this day I'm still frightened to death of getting "art" under my skin. Not so for Brian Bresett, lead guitarist for Vancouver's—no make that Canada's bastard sons of motherfucker rock & roll, Crystal Pistol. Brian's right arm is about to lose its virginity to the needle of a young artist (I think it's Glen) from Wes' Tattoo booth. He has chosen Lucifer's' area code 666 in Motörhead lettering. Cool. I'm urged by my friend Joe to do the same. Sorry, didn't bring my balls with me tonight. While I wait for the results, the boys give us an update from the CP camp.

Crystal Pistol - The Glam/Sleaze Metal hybrid of cocaine-stained lyricism and three chord debaucheries have opened the doors to their own private hell for yours truly to bring you 24 hours in the life of Canada's reigning kings of trash. Problem is - they don't get out of bed 'til 6:30 in the evening. And so we begin. Looking like he crawled out from under a rock in West Hollywood, CP's charismatic frontman Mik Ireland and the other lead guitarist Pinto Cholo pulled it together just enough to spit a few words in my face.

By E.S. Day

E.S. Day -- There seems to be a lot of whiny music out there dominating the charts, as a band that seems to be resuscitating the sleaze metal scene, is there really a demand for it right now?

Mik Ireland -- No. Actually, we're wasting our time.

E.S. Day -- Since we're at a tattoo convention, why do you think the association still exists between R&R and Tattoos?

Mik -- To tell you the truth, they both hurt and they both cause infections.

Pinto -- Yeah, they both go together for one reason: they're permanent.

E.S. Day: What are you guys listening to these days?

Mik: Actually, I listen to nothing but T. Rex
Pinto: Billy Joel's *52nd Street*.

E.S. Day: CP has been around for about three years now, when are we going to see a full-length album for Christ sake?

Mik: ?

Pinto: We should have a 12-song master ready to go around the end of August.

E.S. Day: Any tentative titles?

Mik: NFA - No Fixed Address.

E.S. Day: Tours?

Pinto: Yeah in July. Not really a tour, we're heading to L.A., we might be playing the Roxy in Hollywood. Maybe. We'll be playing

in Vancouver at the Media Club on June 11th. We're concentrating more on the album right now. Our fans have been waiting long enough.

E.S. Day -- Surely the major labels have been expressing interest have they not?

Pinto -- Well, right now we have an overseas label, Nicotine, showing a lot of interest, so we'll see what happens. Right now we want to hold out for the right deal, possibly keep it indie with major label distribution.

(Back at the booth, Brian is bleeding R&R out of his right arm)

E.S. Day -- Are you in pain right now?

Brian -- No.

E.S. Day -- Anything you would like to say to the public?

Brian -- We don't put makeup on the music, just on our eyes.

Back at the beer garden I spot Mik and Outlaw Entertainment's CEO, Tommy Floyd. I decide to go break up the conversation until bassist Greg Laiken hands me their latest CD while drummer Dave Troutman is still chatting with the same two ladies that he's been with since the beginning of the night. (Two of the chicks are chained together at the neck, complete with stiletos and drenched in PVC). I leave him alone. Drummers should be getting all the pussy anyway. At this point



Photo: Jeremy Van Nieuwkerk

Crystal Pistol's Brian Bresett proudly shows us how high he can count while his bandmates anxiously fact-check. Turns out he was wrong.

I finally get Mik to confess on the record, his feelings for the following bands:

E.S. Day -- Mik, tell me the first thing that comes into your estranged mind when I mention the following groups. Faster Pussycat.

Mik -- Cocaine.

E.S. Day -- L.A. Guns.

Mik -- Tracii Guns fucked my ex-girlfriend.

E.S. Day -- Love/Hate.

Mik -- Crackheads.

E.S. Day -- Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction.

Mik -- I love TV and I love T.Rex.

E.S. Day -- Murderdolls.

Mik -- Posers.

E.S. Day -- Hanoi Rocks.

Mik -- That's a good one. I know I liked them but...

E.S. Day -- Salty Dog.

Mik -- Where are they now?

E.S. Day -- Amen.

Mik -- Hallelujah!

E.S. Day -- Mötley Crüe.

Mik -- More cocaine.

E.S. Day -- Dogs D'amour.

Mik -- Went to see them while I was in England, couldn't get in.

E.S. Day -- The Stooges.

Mik -- Gods.

E.S. Day -- The New York Dolls.

Mik -- Goddesses.

E.S. Day -- What if I told you that the general public assumes that a Crystal Pistol is slang for a meth pipe?

Mik -- I'd say, "you're damn right!"
E.S. Day -- That's condoning hardcore drug use, don't you think? The same goes for your track "Line It Up". It's a blatant glorification of cocaine. Can't you just sing about booze like everyone else?

Mik -- Ask me when I get clean and sober.

E.S. Day -- Is there any way of reviving that dark glam rock scene from '88-'93.

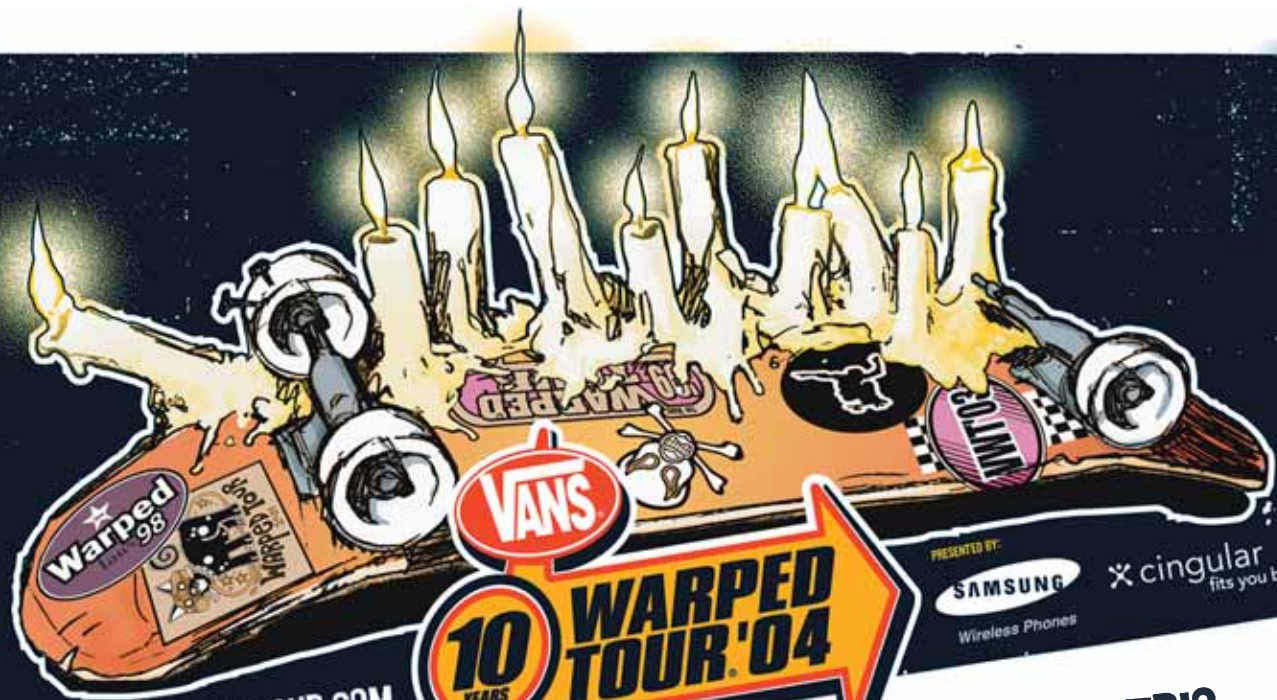
Brian (from the needle chair) -- I think people just want real R&R again. No more fake shit. Samples and stuff.

E.S. Day -- There doesn't seem too much competition out there as far as what you guys are doing. Like Robin "The Goblin" Black, for example. Why is that?

Mik -- Let me tell you something about Robin Black. Backstage one night, we were trying to see who was the most outrageous. His girlfriend pissed in a cup and Robin hands it to me. I immediately chugged the whole cup!
Mik wins. Hands down.

Crystal Pistol plays Vancouver's Media Club on June 11th





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The A-Z of Moustache Rock



More hair than a Brazilian ball of wax: (clockwise from bottom left) Willie Nelson, Jesse Hughes, Freddie Mercury, Jesse Birch, Sam Roberts, Duane Allman, Janis Joplin, Brian Wilson, Jon Cummins, Frankie Poullain, Caleb Followill, Peaches

By 8-Ball, Adrian Mack and Sarah Rowland

Remember when if you had a moustache it meant you were a total fag? Or if you had a moustache but weren't a fag, then you were a cop? Or if you weren't either of those and you had a moustache, then you were Burt Reynolds? Excluding those three fine categories of outstanding manhood, time was you couldn't find anybody out there with a half decent facial hair program. Not anymore, buddy! Except for those foppish Scottish popsters with the angular hair-sillies and faces like baby's arses Franz Ferdinand, every

red-blooded rocker is applying Rogaine to their physiognomy these days in an attempt to prove that their testicles actually produce hormones as well as rock n' roll thunder. And that's just the ladies!

We have therefore decided to be first out of the gate with an in-depth examination of this growing dirtbag trend: Hair! All over your face!!

In keeping with the traditional use of "letters" to form "words", a key weapon in the writer's arsenal, we're employing the "alphabet" to tell our story. So it is with overmuch pride that The Nerve presents to you:

Allman Brothers-- Duane, Gregg and Tito are filthy Southern **Skidmarks** who reputedly have taken some drugs. Eventually, one of them finger-raped Cher while she was immobilized with Bell's Palsy and her daughter turned out to be a lesbian. There was a moustache or two in the room, at the time.

Allin Brothers -- Merle and GG rocked the eternally cool **Infinite Stencil** or the **Two-Man Jigsaw**, requiring that you put them together to achieve a complete facial hair system. Imagine GG and Merle kissing in *Outer Space* with an electric blue corona tracing their merging bodies in cosmic holy congress; two crystal beings united in awesome oneness reflecting the vistas of spiritual possibility contained in GG's transcendent art-love. Like two halves of a locket forged by God.

Bionic -- When former Doughboy-turned-Bionic man Jon Cummins isn't producing "It" bands Back East, DJing

at "It" hangouts or writing for "It" local rock rags, the hardest working man in Montreal Rock fronts this beaut of a band. But perhaps his greatest accomplishment is pulling off what only three percent of the world's population is able to achieve naturally: a fully cultivated **Rattled Rooster**. This look is a birthright. For starters, you must be born with a flaming fire crotch and a Canadian Grade "A" egghead. Then simply skirt it with a crimson turkey wattle and presto! You have the rarest of facial/lid hair combos on our A-Z. What a precious and mysterious jewel!

Bono, Sonny -- With "Pammie's on a Bummer", Sonny Bono set out to debunk all those lies told to you by the likes of Jim Morrison, Charo! and Rush Limbaugh -- to whit, that drug use is no way to get high and will inevitably lead to your death. Much more acceptable is smacking into a tree at 100 mph

Continued next page...

The A-Z of Rock's Hairy Bastards

...continued from previous

with all your senses intact so that you feel every bone-shattering microsecond of your unspeakably painful demise. Some philosophers (i.e. me) suggest that the soul, detached from the body upon **Death** remains frozen in the emotional attitude of the moment, meaning that Sonny Bono's soul will persist eternally in a condition that resembles this: AAGGGGGHHH-HH - - FUUUUUCCCKKKK NOOOO MAKE IT STOP AAAARRRRRGGHHHHHHHH IT HURTS SSSSSOOO MUCH!!!! Which is a shame really. Now he's in Heaven with his moustache (screaming).

Cheap Trick -- Bun E. Carlos is the gifted drummer behind such beats as "Da DA-DA, Da DA-DA, Da DA-DA" ("Southern Girls") and Boom CHIK Boom CHIK Boom CHIK ("I Want You To Want Me"). That little **Cutie-Pie** that lives under his nose is just one aspect of Bun's victorious style, offset by a big ol' cunt belly and hair that continues to work well into retirement. Bun, therefore, is the balding, middle-aged drummer's abiding inspiration, as the dude from John Ford will tell you.



York, Chris -- This guy has been meticulously preening his magnificent **Plumage** since the 8th grade. He once shaved it off around '93 and kept it in a wooden box. His dedication to his beard can only be rivaled by Al Borland. Ironically, he is physically unable to grow a moustache. Them's the breaks!



Eddie Big Beers -- Always on the cutting edge of rock fashion, the Gung-Hos drummer was one of the first to sport last year's tennis wristband. So it's only fitting that he would be leading the pack with this season's must-have accessory, the **Prickly Pear**.

Frankie Poullain - The bassist with the world's all-time greatest band the Darkness, has reached into very darkness-esses indeed for his UK-based 'tache

which mimics accurately the hairy vector strategy employed by famed killer Peter Sutcliffe a.k.a. **The Yorkshire Ripper**. This was confirmed in an imaginary interview that I dreamt up while nodding off during a hash binge wherein Frankie told me, "it was inspired by the Yorkshire Ripper."



Georgia Street shredders -- OK, it's a stretch. What we really mean is S.T.R.E.E.T.S., but the letter "S" was already being used. We settled for the name of their signature skate punk tune coz we couldn't afford to miss out on their fine array of chin ornaments. Here we have a veritable feast of facial fur with everything from bassist Mapee's classic **Pilsner Sieve** to lead singer Jonny Olsen's endangered **Catfish**.

Hughes, Jesse -- Currently leading the whole **Snow-Shovel** revival. Besides making neat little X-rated fuck jams, he even makes sure his female backup singers sport soup-strainers.

Indigo Girls -- More of a **Figurative** 'Stache. You still can't tell which one's the Mom and which one's the "Dad". Thanks a lot, Lilith Fair.

Jesse Birch -- You may have seen him in bands like Tard, Cum Soc, Zuckuss, etc. I can assure you that you have not seen anything until you've seen him use his oversized beard as a sponge to clean up his own puke, only to wring out the contents into his willing mouth. Delicious!

Kings of Leon -- Good tunes. Great whiskers. Terrible 18th Century Mongoloid Fringe.



Lemmy -- The overlord of everything that Moustache Rock has come to represent. He's done more drugs than Fleetwood Mac and dined on enough fresh groupie pelt ("this is Cindy's first moustache") to turn his face into a glazed donut on a nightly basis. Oh yeah, and he sings with his head held high to the heavens just to let the big guy upstairs know

that he is coming to fucking claim what is rightfully his.



MacNeil, Rita -- We're not suggesting that Rita MacNeil has a moustache. We're suggesting that she *should* have a moustache to conceal that fucked-up harelip. Then we'd all feel more comfortable having to look at her. People tell me she's a real cunt so don't feel bad about reading this or even quoting it to your friends.

Nervous Breakdown Beard, The -- Brian Wilson's mother of all mental collapses makes every other rock star's dance under the *Bell Jar* seem like rainy day blues, especially Rivers Cuomo, that nerd rock pussy. But in the spirit of equal opportunity, we feel obligated to point out that the depression **Bloat Cloak** is not exclusive to men. For example, when Janis Joplin was busy making chundercide chic for sisters of rock, she probably didn't have time to think about her bikini line. File this one under **Thigh Rasta**.



Outlaw Country -- We're paid very well to dream up insults and invent scandal here at The Nerve and for every merciless attack that we launch the Boss compensates us handsomely. For every career that is destroyed, rest assured, ours is advanced. When it comes to Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson, however, we will not be bought. We *couldn't* be bought -- nothing that any of us here could do or say will ever amount to a hill of shit compared to these giants of the Outlaw Country movement. So take a good long look at the cover of *Are You Ready for the Country* and drink of the perfect male essence that is ol' Waylon and wonder at how the world has gone so very wrong in the years since. In short, **The Only Beard That Matters**. (Incidentally, if you want

to know just how funky a bunch of coked-up crackers can sound, check out the re-issue of *Waylon Live*. Those hillbillies could swing like the fuckin' Meters, Jack.)

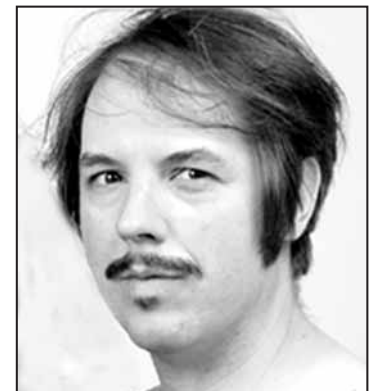
Peaches -- She's turned down offers to remix Madonna and Britney then she was turned down at Coachella '03 when the Stooges' Ron Asheton refused to go on stage with anyone with a **Bush** that fucking big. Set it off!

Queen -- When Freddie Mercury shored off his luxurious locks in favour of growing a **Police Badge**, heart-broken male AND female fans threw disposable razors at him in protest. But come on, the guy had so much freaky sex that his dink exploded. Don't hate!

Roberts, Sam -- This one's for the ladies. Currently the hottest rock star in Canada offers a great **Cock Sub** for his groupies. Free beard rides, anyone?



Serve and Protect Special -- Countless rock stars fall into this category, but we picked Junior Senior in a desperate attempt to broaden our readership. Considering none of us here at the Nerve moonlight at Zulu Records, we're really chuffed with ourselves that we've heard of them. Just check out that orange **Blue Boy** on Senior. Too bad this photo doesn't also showcase his glorious doughnut gunt.



The Gay -- For months we were under the illusion that the guy from The Gay was just some guy. So we looked him up in the Mint Records Hall Monitor registry, cross-referenced that with a Sweater Catalogue we

keep handy for such things and lo-and-behold! Turns out it's Keith Parry! The inventor of Carl Newman! Keith's fine version of the **Colonel Blimp** brings to mind the "sensitive crimes" undertaken by many of the characters in *Bridesead Revisited*. Side note: Keith, strangely, is not from West Van.

U2 -- As the premier Homosexual dance band of our time, U2 have long sported tidy upper lips as a sop to those who prefer their blowjobs clean. In the "anything goes" 90's, however, troubled bad-boy The Edge finally busted out with a near perfect **Burt Reynolds**-driven number for accessorized fluffing. Bono's lyrics became much more upbeat during this period. **Unicorns, The** -- No moustache yet, but as Rob Dayton has taught us, it's only a matter of time. Except that Dayton is actually funny while The Unicorns are pathetic and we can't believe they haven't been signed to Mint already.



X-Rated -- Uh.... we're talking about the fake porn 'staches. The members of Sex Wolf consider themselves serious musicians. Sure, they haven't completed their lineup yet, and we don't even know if they've ever practiced or know how to play their instruments. But do you have any idea how hard it is to find a band starting with the letter "X" that is this hot to boot? (www.kittencoquette.com)

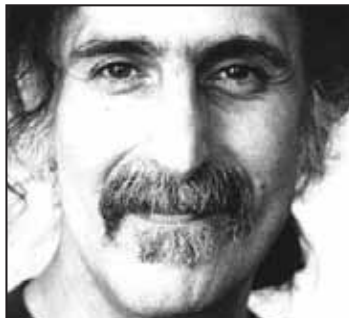
Yankovic, Weird Al -- How ironic that Weird Al's parents were recently slaughtered by a splinter terrorist organization known as Weird Al-Qaeda whose stated goal is to kill all of Weird Al's parents. It's ironic because Weird Al's celebrated moustache is really only one snip away from the style favoured by **Sophisticated Muslim Go-Getters** such as pre-spider hole era Saddam Hussein who had no connection to Weird Al-Qaeda or Al-Qaeda but who did co-write "I'm Fat" and other gut-busting masterpieces of decadent American humour with Weird Al Yankovic. Or so I'm assuming. One other strange coincidence: many people on earth are "fat".



Yon Helvete, Hank -- What do you get if you cross Alice Cooper with that creepy little **French-Tickler** from the Strangers? I don't know, but if you add about a hundred pounds you might just end up with this Norwegian grizzly bear. Rock WITH ass!



Who, The Guess -- The fat fuck from The Guess Who whose breath stinks like Hippo Ass (I'm guessing) provided your correspondent with a deliciously comic moment. I was once fortunate enough to meet **The Collection Agent** who was systematically destroying my life and was delighted to find that he looked just like Burton Cummings -- that is, a fat fuck from Winnipeg with piggly-wiggly eyes and a big, pudding dough face beneath tousled beer mattress stink hair modeled after his homeless pickled mother, I'll bet. He was so drunk (the Collection Agent) that I talked him into introducing me to his whole office and guess what? Every single one of them looked like Burton Cummings with that fat fuck moustache of his, the fuck.



Zappa, Frank -- On one hand we have two very hirsute Southern gentlemen and a fellow with the unique distinction of having the surname Beard although he has never been photographed while wearing his namesake.

On the other hand, we have the late, brilliant satirist and anti-censorship crusader. In his lifetime he managed to release about 300 albums, dozens of films and even a few household appliances. The only thing bigger than his artistic output is his giant nose and glorious **Crop-Duster**.

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The Pink Mountaintops



Photo: Laura Murray

with sex. But we did manage to capture McBean's responses on paper. Using the following answers as clues, it's up to you to piece the puzzle together. And remember, it's time to turn the page when you hear the chimes ring like this...

What band/solo artist does your band never want to be compared to?
Fugazi or the Mentors.

On your dream bill, what two acts would the Pink Mountaintops be sandwiched in between?
Lil' Kim and Serge Gainsbourg.

What recording humbles you every time you hear it and why?
The Richard Harris Love Album. Hearing a grown man get so worked up over cake never sounded so good.

Worst gig ever?
I've never had a bad show.

When did you get so dirty?
Closet perverts can only contain themselves for so long before the cream begins to spill through their jeans. I've been holding it all in since 1969.



-Ryan Calvery

The Pink Mountaintops
s/t
Scratch

Stephen McBean may or may not have a porn star cock, but the frontman for Vancouver's critically acclaimed Jerk with a Bomb sings like he's got a punishing pleasure pole throbbing between his legs. If you haven't been laid in a while and fear that you might forget what a proper fuck feels like, check out McBean's side project, The Pink Mountaintops. One listen to the self-titled CD will bring you back to that lazy summer nooner you had years ago when Portishead's *Dummy* was the best sex album going. Lyrically, McBean is downright raunchy, engorging the tightest of twats with lines like, "I came all over myself/ Wish I came all over your blouse." Musically, this album is little on the Velvet Underground side, especially the cover of Joy Division's "Atmosphere". It's not all sweaty smut though. McBean shares a lovely tryst in Paris with Amber Webber in the delightful duet "Tourist in Your Town". As sweet as the aforementioned track is, it doesn't detract from the fact that the rest of *The Pink Mountains* is an audio handjob.

-Meathole



V/A
Rock Against Bush
Vol. 1
Fat Wreck Chords

I took this off of the back of the CD: "The bands on this comp have come together for one reason and that's to express our outrage at—and form a unified front against—the dangerous, destructive, and deadly policies of George W. Bush and his administration." I think that says a lot, so you know what to expect with this comp: a lot of great tunes from punks that are on the rocktivist frontlines, including a track featuring Jello Biafra with D.O.A. as well as unreleased songs from Anti-Flag, NOFX, Rise Against, Descendents and Billy Bragg. A lot of other great bands, not all punk though. Who the fuck is New Found Glory? And the Ataris totally suck. There's even some sorta hip-hop reggae song and I can't forget to mention a killer song by Ministry. As a bonus, four music videos are thrown into the mix. Basically, *Rock Against Bush Vol. 1* just has so much going on that I've maxed out my word-count. Therefore, if you like buying comps, steal this one.

-Hooped



Sex Positions
Sex Positions
Deathwish Inc.

A pretty silly name for a ripping hardcore band, but what's in a name anyway? I was hoping for songs like "The Wheelbarrow", "Reverse Cowgirl" and "The Swayze Walkaround" but no luck. Instead, 11 songs of blistering hardcore linked together by all sorts of industrial noise like power drills, air compressors and R2D2 on meth. Fans of Refused, the Blood Brothers and the Locust will tear their fishnets over this.

-Jono Jak

After a torturous interrogation of Steve McBean of the Pink Mountaintops we fell short of concluding what the band's name means—either a desire to paint the peaks of the Pacific Northwest in delightful rosy flesh-tones or a 35-year-old pent-up obsession



Belvedere
Fast Forward Eats the Tape
Union 2112

Belvedere has been around since '95 and I believe this is their third release. It would be a safe bet to call these guys the Canadian Millencolin. Tight melodic punk. The type of stuff you could kickflip and rail slide your bag off to.

-Jono Jak

The Girls
The Girls
Dirtnap

Holy shit, when did these guys turn New Wave? Last time I saw them they were chock full of Hate City guys punking out in jean vests. Since then they've cleaned shop and traded in their jean vests for suit vests. A solid 10-song disc that kinda sounds like a cross between the Cars and the Briefs. Seems to be THE sound coming out of Seattle these days.

-Jono Jak

The Marked Men
One The Outside
Dirtnap

I don't know a lot about this band, other than it's guitarist Mark Ryan's side project when he's not playing with the Riverboat Gamblers. The Marked Men is definitely a little more "janglier" than RGB's blistering rock. This disc will play great along side any Briefs album. Hands down, another fine release from Dirtnap Records.

-Jono Jak



Blondie
The Curse of Blondie
Sanctuary

OK, so "Maria" was such a great Blondie song that it made up for rest of the shit on their last

album. Well, *The Curse of Blondie* is the exact opposite. The first song, "Shake Down", is a failed attempt to recreate the success Deborah Harry and co. had with "Rapture", their previous stab at rap music. This latest effort comes off sounding like a ranting audience member in a daytime talk show and I think she should have cut it shorter like Patti Smith's "Babelogue". But once the opening track is over, we suddenly find ourselves submerged in a true Blondie album, full of everything that made this band so great. Danceable, sweet, sultry and fashionable music just like mom used to make!

-Billy Hopeless

Mistress Jen
Buzz
Independent

Well, the music is refreshing—the vocals are good and I am a sucker for a good keyboardist. The lyrics, however, are embarrassing to me. I'm sure all of her friends have already told her how great this CD is but I've got to give my personal honest opinion. I'll leave it up to the readers to judge for themselves: "His name is Fred the Cat/And he's a spoiled brat/And he keeps getting fat". Now it's my turn: "Don't believe your coffee shop friends/They'll lie 'til the end./Some just think yer cute/Some are afraid to tell you the truth/That's 'cause they don't want you to cry/And you had to try/So don't give up/But write some better stuff!"

-Billy Hopeless



The Marvels
Cheat To Win
Abbey Lounge

Boston by way of Portland punks the Marvels are on some crooked-nose, army boot 'n' wool hat wearin, sleeve-tatted street punk. It's pissed to the gills on some cheap swill and hittin' the bricks like that gang of punks with the modified bus in *The Warriors*. This is the kind of record that makes Beantown after dark on St. Patti's Day about as safe as Fallujah. Nasty, snotty, and plenty chatty. Ten minutes of this shit and Ghandi himself would be slammin' cooking sherry and getting all up in faces with a broken bottleneck and bein' all like, "Who's yer brother?" The only complaint is that at only seven songs (the ballad doesn't count), it's way too short.

-J. Pee Patchez



The Organ
Grab That Gun
Mint/ 604

This is what is playing in the background on a Sunday morning as rain streaks down the windows of your cozy basement suite and you're curled up with your cat writing in your diary. Very atmospheric, yet almost drab and very British 80's alterna-pop sounding. Imagine the music of the Cure with the moody droning of Stereolab and vocals that sound like Justine from Elastica doing a bang-on Morrissey. Anyone who grew up on any of that stuff (or wants to appear sensitive enough to sleep with people who grew up on that stuff) owes it to themselves to get this record. The Organ are from Vancouver, but if this came out in England they would no doubt be hailed by *Q* as the greatest thing since lipstick on straight men.

-J. Pee Patchez



Primal Fear
Devil's Ground
Nuclear Blast

How to make a skin vest. You will need: 1 denim jacket (well worn), 1 kick-ass back patch and 1 heart of steel.

First, remove the sleeves from your jacket. You will not need these. Next, take your kick-ass back patch (I'm going to go with Priest's "Painkiller") and fasten it to the centre of the back of your vest. I find sewing works well for this step. Finally, get in the pit and thrash!

-8-Ball

The Hangmen
Loteria
Acetate

OK, what can I say about the new album by one of my favourite rock 'n' roll bands of all time besides that I'm yet to be let down by them and still as impressed as ever. Although I don't find this album as dark as Metallic I.O.U., there's still a very bittersweet feeling to *Loteria*. In fact I think the band just sounds more excited, energized, and fresher than on the last CD. Take all this into account and toss in the best cover of the Stones classic "Citadel" and I'm still a huge Hangmen fan who is willing to cough up a few dollars more for anything they release.

-Billy Hopeless

Die Hunns
Long Legs Die Hunns
Disaster

Some might remember a few months back when I interviewed Duane Peters and said that I couldn't wait for this album to come out. Well, now that it's here I've got to say that it was well worth the wait and the money I had to spend to get a copy. Songs like "Animals", "Love & Hate" are the perfect soundtrack for bombing the streets, and the addition of Corey Parks is the finest icing to this exploding wedding cake! Viva Les Hunns!

-Billy Hopeless

Starvin Hungry
Damnesty
Grenadine

For some dudes from Montreal, Starvin Hungry got some real balls making a rock record that is



Photo: Kristi Ropaleski

Starvin Hungry

A long, long time ago in a far off mysterious land known as To-ron-to, two twin brothers decided to create a musical sensation that would change the way people viewed the universe as a whole. John, with the help of his brother Glenn Milchem of Blue Rodeo and the Swallows fame, became Starvin Hungry. Unfortunately nobody could tell them apart. They tried everything to get people to realize they were different: they juggled back and forth between solo and duo, John even got a giant snake & skull tattooed on his chest but still nothing worked. Finally, after three years John left his brother and traveled to the enchanted world of Montreal. There he managed to gather a band of merry men to bring Starvin Hungry music to the masses. John even managed to wrangle a member out of Tricky Woo and when he got scared replaced him with a little Soft Canyon.

What band/solo artist does your band never want to be compared to?



more New York than anything actually coming

out of New York. Try and imagine if art-school rock-models like the Strokes actually had some edge and actually felt a little dangerous. These guys are dark, riffy, distorted, and fuzzed-out, yet aren't afraid to pull out some moments of nearly Voivod-like innovation. As well as rocking out as hard as say, early AC/DC, these guys can also come with the harmonicas or violins and get into some fancy Velvet Undergroundy parts. The vocals are clear and naked, sometimes sounding like an early Glenn Danzig, other times a little like Jim Morrison or Lou Reed. That is not to say that this stuff is gratuitous throwback rawk. Nope, these guys don't even budge the needle on the bullshit detector.

-J. Pee Patchez



Zeke
Til The Livin End
Relapse

Do ya think these guys like Motörhead??? This 15-song CD burns from start to finish

The Tea Party comes to mind as do The Smiths and The Cure. Oh and uhh.... Hot Hot Heat.

On your dream bill, what two acts would Starvin Hungry be sandwiched in between?

The Velvet Underground and The Dirtbombs. We'd be happy to be destroyed on stage by both bands.

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

The list is endless but the current choice would have to be *Dangerous Magical Noise* by The Dirtbombs or *Wonderful Rainbow* by Lightning Bolt.

Worst gig ever?

Opening for The Constantines in front of a minute, apathetic crowd. Most of them were waiting outside the club for us to finish our set. John's amp died during soundcheck and the other opening act refused to lend him theirs. We sucked.

Favourite beats coming out of the WCR (Western Canadian Region) scene, G?
No Means No, Nasty On, Carolyn Mark, 3 Inches of Blood, the first two Battleaxe comps, Rock & Hyde, Loverboy and Chilliwack.

-Ryan Calvery

as supercharged guitars, electrifying leads, and raucous punk attitude race full throttle to hell. Like all Zeke, this is straight up ass-kicking rock! You've just met your new favourite band... again.

-Jono Jak

Wolf Eyes

Stabbed in the Face 12"
Sub Pop

You know that guy who walks around Home Depot all dressed in black? No, not me. I'm just there for the Harvey's, man. I'm talking about the other guy who's always renting huge power tools and asking the sales clerks what kinda sound they make. He's an artist and a very troubled one at that, as he hates the guys who work at music stores so much that he decided to find other places to shop for instruments. Just the thought of some guy wearing a bolo tie trying to sell him a guitar makes him growl and scream like a street crazy and he really understands where Wolf Eyes are coming from. As for me, I just really like the option of getting my pickles on the side and laughing as I tell the music store clerk I'm looking for the cheapest mike stand possible 'cause it'll be broken by the second song.

-Billy Hopeless

Every month *The Nerve* gets a dozen or so CDs that make us wonder if the band's publicist has ever read our magazine. So, from now on we're going to feature the most heinous example of shite music that lands on our doorstep and see what the artist(s) have to say for themselves. Here's our June staff pick:

Evil & Stupid
s/t
Independent

It takes a particularly corny coil to draw worst album status. However, this pretentious, over-reaching, masturbatory tripe that takes itself seriously deserves not only the title, but a counter-attack. How dare you slap the face of Pan himself? Even grandma sprung for a Korg in 1985 and stopped using that wood-panelled organ with six different pre-set metronomic drumbeats. Shag carpeting, lava lamps, wood-panel walls that match that damn organ are unforgivable in the modern day of this great country. Tambourines stop and unexplainably start; the organ starts and suddenly stops; a man of highly questionable hardness starts speak-singing and drifts off; but that fucking synthetic robo, water-torture drumming NEVER STOPS. Now a woman is reading a kids book. Ugh. Put this album to sleep!

-J. Pee Patchez



Photo: Laura Lemay

Nerve: What were you thinking?

Evil & Stupid: What were we thinking? Let's see what the Motley Crüe revivalists at the Nerve think, darling. I guess we should have put a vagina on the cover. PS - Should I wear spikes live?

DVDs

Black Label Society
Boozed, Broozed & Broken Boned
Spitfire/Eagle Vision

The main attraction here is Ozzy Osbourne's guitarist, Zakk Wylde, and his band Black Label Society playing a sold out show in front of 3,000 boozed maniacs at Harpo's in Detroit. Zakk has his own insane rock guitar style and slays a Les Paul like no other. Some songs are definitely on the CHEEEEESE borderline, but when you're as boozed and broozed as these fans are it just doesn't matter. This visual feast has a bunch of options. There's an interview section where Zakk talks about everything from being a jock to his first Gibson to a bunch of other stuff that he mumbles his way through. There's even a segment called "3 minutes with Rae Rae" where he sings with his baby daughter (I dare you to

tell him that it's gay). What rocker digital endeavour would be complete without a couple of longhairs sitting on stools doing an unplugged set somewhere? Rockers ain't funny, especially when they are trying to be, so skip the section called "Dumb Shit". Wylde does shred a rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner" that would definitely straighten Jimi's 'fro and he does it at an L.A. Kings game. Also included is the band's video for "Stillborn" directed by Wylde's good buddy Rob Zombie. The best section, however, is the "Hardcore Vol.1 Guitar Lesson" by Zakk himself.....spread the cheese from crust to crust. I played along with my own axe and still couldn't quite nail those Zakk Wylde Hammer-ons. All in all, entertaining and my hair grew a full six inches by the end of it.

-Jono Jak

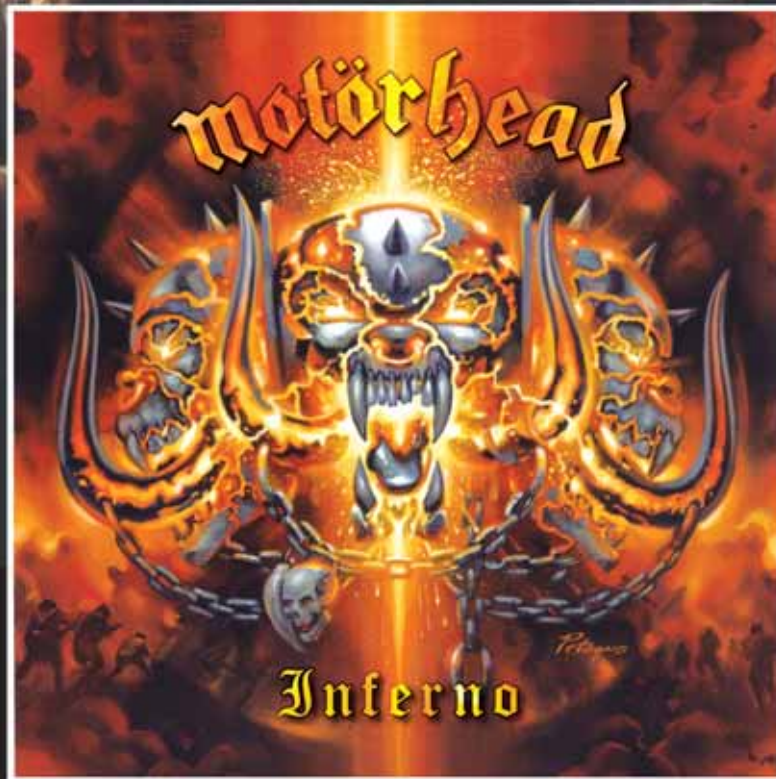
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The Span Prove That Hooks Matter More Than Looks



Too drunk to fuck: puzzled by a human female, The Span accidentally rip both her legs off.

By Jake Warren

Looks can be so bloody deceiving. Take The Span, for instance. I walked in half way through their set and was instantly blown away. I remember seeing Ben from Lucky watching the band closely. He screamed in my direction, "Have you seen these guys yet!?" I hadn't. From the small crowd I assumed they were from out of town. Fuck, they were good. A four piece playing some of the catchiest pop-punk I'd heard in a long, long time. But as great the Span guys sounded that night, something was off. They looked wrong. Now I hate to categorize people or label them, but honestly man, I was half-waiting for my dad to stand up from behind the kit. There wasn't a single black t-shirt or visible tattoo up there. Isn't that illegal now or something? As I continued to watch them tear through one great song after another, I couldn't help but think, "Shit, where do these guys get off sounding like Samiam meets The Promise Ring when they look like they should be programming someone's computer? I had to know what was going on with The Span so I did what I always do when I'm really stoked on a live band and I've been drinking since 2:00pm: I introduced myself.

Over a beer or three, I shout at lead guitarist Dwayne about how much I loved the set and that I'd like to do an article about the band. Dwayne agrees and I learn the cold hard truth about The Span. Just what I expected, too. They're friends that have come from Chilliwack and Cobble Hill to Victoria to, get this, actually make a go of playing music for a living! They chose to avoid Vancouver and other major cities with any music industry bullshit. I figure I got these guys pegged right from the start. Fuckers. Is this what punk has

become? Why not move to Bowser or Oyster Bay? No industry bullshit there. Eventually I meet the drummer Lindy, who is of course not my dad, and Trenton who plays guitar. I tell them how much I loved the set. They all smile and thank me for coming. Nice guys, eh? I mention the whole sound thing, hoping that they are huge fans of some of my favourite groups and this will explain why they are so good at this shit. "You guys sound a lot like Samiam and The Promise Ring, man. You must be huge fans right?" Dwayne takes a sip of his beer, smiles way too politely for punk rock and asks, "Who's Samiam? The Promise what?" Now I'm just angry.

Pushing aside my frustration, I kept my word and made a date with the band for a full interview and photo shoot. I have to admit though; I was hesitating about doing the story. I'm a huge fan but are they, dare I say it, *punk* enough for the pages of *The Nerve*? After a quick chat with *The Nerve* editor, the idea of a standard interview was scrapped. Instead, we would try to do something more involved—go bowling or shoot pool or go to the Petting Zoo in Beacon Hill Park – anything to make this article a little more colourful. Ya, that sounds punk—do your story at the fucking heavy petting zoo. Fucking GNAR! I called Dwayne back to get his thoughts. He loved the zoo idea but wanted to save it for *Exclaim*. I needed help but I wasn't prepared for *his* suggestion. We decided to meet on Friday night to do what The Span do every Friday night—go drinking. I'm sorry, what did you say?

Friday night. 10:00pm. Downtown Victoria. I was already a bit loaded, I got blindsided by an old friend carrying a full bottle of champagne. We pop the bottle and I think, this is gonna be a good year. The Span arrives, down goes the champagne, out come

the tits and the game is fucking on. I don't know what kind of workout system these dudes have or what kind of special diets they're on—I know it's not Atkins—but when these guys aren't being super nice to everyone and looking like my dad, they're drinking hard liquor under a table somewhere. What happened next is a blur. Like you, the reader, I have only these photos to help tell the story. All I know about that night is that between the guys telling me about their love of Radiohead, writing songs about life, recording their first album with famed Island engineer Scott Henderson, and Dwayne telling me he only started singing two years ago, I drank more hard liquor, chaser-free, than I have ever drank before.

So, The Span is my favourite new Van. Island band. This title carries a few responsibilities for both the band and myself. I will go to all of their local shows, get too drunk and start my own private pit while pissing off all their close friends and family. I will yell loudly in between their songs about how good the last song was, drawing as much attention to myself as possible. I will tell as many people about The Span as I can, describing in detail how they sound like bands that they have never actually heard. I will write about them in *The Nerve* so people will remember to check them out when they play. And I will never mention how un-punk they look. It ain't a dress code, man – it's a state of mind. I will do all this and more in exchange for a promise from The Span that they never, no matter how much press it might get them, make me meet them for drinks ever again.

The Span's self titled, first full length CD is out now on 15 Story Records.

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- June 21 Victoria, BC @ Lucky Bar *
- June 22 Langley, BC @ Ethical Addictions
- June 23 Vancouver, BC @ Railway Club *
- June 25 Edmonton, AL @ Likwid Lounge
- June 26 Calgary, AL @ Night Gallery
- June 27 Calgary, AB @ Carpenters Union
- June 27- Nelson BC @ Charlotte's #
- June 29 Winnipeg, MB @ Central Hotel

* = with HOGPUNCHER
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photos: courtesy of The Span



The Hangmen



photo: Laura Murray

The Hangmen, John Ford, Blood Meridian @ The Brickyard, Vancouver Thursday, May 13th

Once in a while a cool obscure band will blow up so huge it makes you puke. Then there are those highly influential bands that slug it out for years and can't seem to get arrested (unless drunk). L.A. rock outfit The Hangmen are still standing while many other bands around them have burnt out or busted up and seeing them live explains it all. Not sure how many of them are original members aside from ultrasexy singer/guitarist Bryan Small but they are a tight unit that can only be described as Supersuckers + Rocket from the Crypt. The Hangmen slipped over/under my radar as a young 'un but after that show I need one of their albums - so many bands, so little \$. I feel Vancouver's punked up arena rock band John Ford is one the most underrated in town. (I'm not sayin' this 'cuz I know them--I think they're all PRICKS!) Their sound is all over

the map, blink and you'll miss a genre. Plus, I'm always sucked in by bands with tag-team vocals. JoFo should have a wider appeal but for some reason, most of the lil' rock brats in this city are only into image-- as opposed to slick musicianship. Hey assholes: Just 'cuz you're all fashion victims doesn't mean all bands should be.

I had never seen openers Blood Meridian and was curious how they'd sound since this group was formed by ex-Black Halo Matt Camirand. I was completely shocked by how...mellow they are. Camirand sings so delicately and musically that they sound rather subdued, although they picked up the pace for their last song. They reminded me of latter-day Pavement. It'll be interesting to see what direction they end up choosing down the road.

-Casey Cougar

Southern Culture on the Skids

@ The Drink, Vancouver
Sunday May 9th, 2004

A good ole hillbilly show is the perfect place for a Texass family outing, so for Mother's Day I done took my ole hillbilly ma out to see her favourite band. The Drink door guy searched me, but Ma managed to sneak in a flask of her home-cooked corn whiskey. Good ole ma. Classy place, The Drink is—and they serve liquor in plastic cups.

The late Ray Condo was supposed to open up this here show but since he couldn't make it (R.I.P.) they threw in some random replacement, didn't introduce 'em and hoped no one would notice. The no-name band played background Alt-Country music with no character or soul and with the volume turned down. Tex's ma was bored.

As soon as the boys and gal of S.C.O.T.S. hit the stage our table was emptied like a shot of whiskey. "These guys remind

me of back home, junior!" Tex's ma shouts while booging on the dance floor. Southern Culture brought their country funk, hillbilly surf and even dished up some swamp garage boogie from their new album *Mojo Box* that got the whole bar on the dance floor. They followed that up with a picnic pack of songs from their 19-year back catalogue that are all about eatin' chicken, drivin' cars, drinkin' and lovin'. Rick Miller paid homage to Dick Dale with some smoking surf guitar pickin' while bassist Mary Huff and that candy sweet voice of hers took over on the mic for a handful of songs. Aside from finally replacing the fat clown (and his keyboards) with a new trailer park reject, these guys have stayed reliably the same, delivering the same good energy, good times, good tunes and fried chicken. Tex's ma says, "yeehaw".

-Cowboy TexAss

NoMeansNo, Married to Music, Ford Pier

@ Richards on Richards, Vancouver
Wednesday, May 19th

It figures that we get one of the greatest lineups in a long time and I miss half the show. I blame Seany Blitzkrieg (of The Ramones) and Cowboy Bob for coming over and drinking all my liquor before the show. I've been waiting to see Married to Music open for NoMeansNo since the first time I seen those guys and blew it. My apologies.

As for the old timers, the Wright brothers are still at it and they still got it. At times a little rusty, they still hammered out some of the best bass-heavy punk rock out there. They

played songs from all their albums and ended the night with two encores and a molasses-slow rendition of "Beat on the Brat". Didn't get to see the Neanderthal jock who sucker-punched me at the last Married to Music show. If you're actually literate and are reading this fuck: I hope you feel real good about exerting your masculinity on a 130 lb. weakling. By the by, what were you doing using the girl's bathroom anyways? Queer. The NoMeansNo show was good.

- Cowboy TexAss

Grind Tour 2004 - Death By Stereo, BigWig, Belvedere, Tsunami Bomb, Misconduct

@ The Boot Pub, Whistler
Saturday, May 15th

The Boot Pub rocks and we can all thank Paul, Lindsay and the Nerve Empire for bringing in such a stellar fucking show.

Misconduct made the trip all the way from Sweden to play in Whistler for the Grind Tour. These kids are full of energy, catchy and heavy hooks plus they seem to play their pop-punk songs while spending half the time in the air. Overall, Misconduct was a tight band that rocked the socks off the capacity crowd at the Boot. The majority of their blistering set was off their new full length ...united as one.

Tsunami Bomb took the stage and their lovely vocalist, Agent M, blew the roof off the Boot. What can you say about an extremely talented, hyperactive stage commander—good looking to boot—that keeps you mesmerized? Holy fuck is what I say! Despite all eyes on Agent M, it was the unit as a whole that made the set a knock-out punch.

I have watched Belvedere's musical career over the years and can say that these guys get better and better with every live show. Playing their golden oldies from 1998's *Because No one Stopped Us* to newer materi-

al off their latest full length, *Fast Forward Eats the Tape*, these guys will not stop for anything and good on 'em. They displayed the characteristics of true punk rock veterans.

Bigwig: some of the nicest guys I've met in the industry and they truly enjoy the B.C. Chron. They rocked, had the patrons singing their songs and literally dancing in a spastic epileptic fashion. If you missed them you suck and need to be educated about good punk rock. Don't be so fucking cheap and support your punk rock scene.

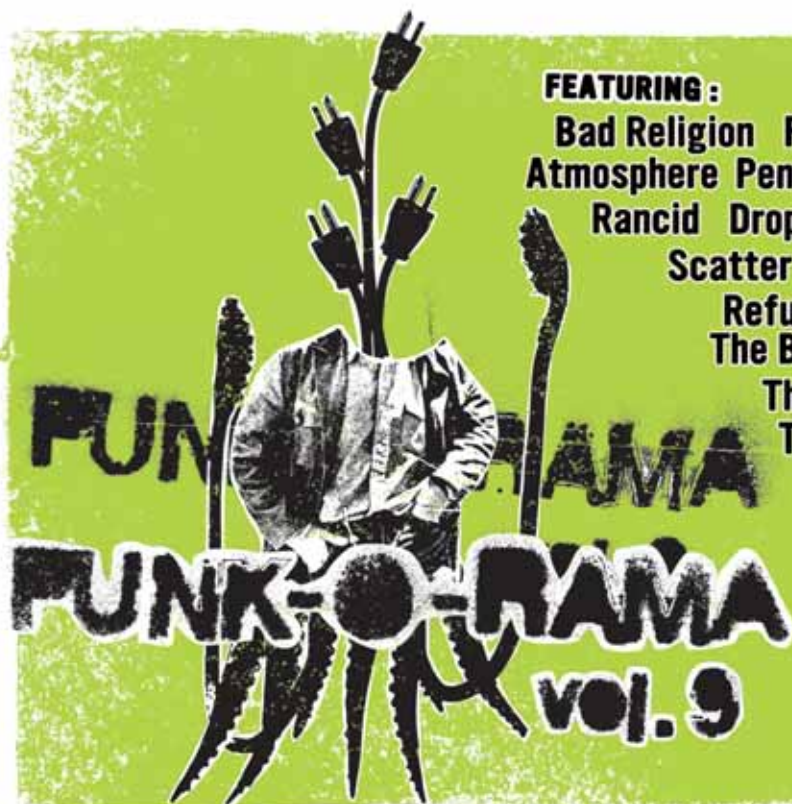
Death By Stereo took to the stage and the energy level was so intense, I could feel my 'roid jingle between my cheeks. I say that these guys fuck California, move to B.C. and play monthly shows for me. Yes you read that right, ME. Fresh from a tour opening for Slipknot, they played their instruments absolutely perfectly. Lead singer Efreem shared the mic with whoever was up front and not a word was missed. As well, if you're thinking of becoming a drummer - listen to Todd Henning's drumming and think twice because you most likely suck.

-Die from Death



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Optic Nerve

Freaks and Geeks: The Complete Series The Kids in the Hall: Season One



By Bjorn Olson

The dawn of DVD has been a boon to nerds everywhere. But where the format has really taken off is within the realm of TV. More and more, cult shows that fans thought would never see the inside of a picture tube again have been making appearances in deluxe DVD box sets. This past April 27th was a watershed day, as it saw the release of a pair of sets whose simple existence speaks volumes about the power of a strong fan base.

Freaks and Geeks ran for 18 episodes on various nights on NBC in 1999 and 2000. The death knell seemed to sound as soon as the show was out of the gate, and the fact that it managed to last as long as it did is remarkable. In the wake of a great deal of ridiculous high school dramas, *Freaks and Geeks* was welcomed as a refreshing and realistic change of pace. Being too smart for TV, it was never meant to last. Nevertheless, an on-line campaign (spurred by series co-creators Paul Feig and Judd Apatow) allowed the show to jump through some logistic hoops (mainly music clearance) to ascend to the relative posterity of DVD.

I'm sure I don't need to introduce anyone to the *Kids in the Hall*. Canada's foremost comedy troupe, the Kids ran for 5 seasons from 1989-1994 on CBC and HBO. A *K.I.T.H.* set was pretty much a foregone conclusion, but for the longest time it was only available via their web site. Demand proved to be so great that a mass-market set was eventually announced.

Freaks and Geeks is one of those shows that was never meant to last on network TV. There is no doubt it touched a nerve with its incisive recreation of high school in all its shitty glory. Packed with commentaries, deleted scenes, out-takes and other swag, this massive 6-disc set is so bountiful it almost makes me want to cry. *Freaks and Geeks* is one of those shows that was never meant to last on network TV. There is no doubt it touched a nerve with its incisive recreation of high school in all its shitty glory. Now I know you've heard this kind of thing before, but the extras here make a great show even greater. Most impressive are the commentaries, and while I've only been able to sample a handful of the 29 or so, Co-cre-

ators Feig and Apatow are featured on most of the commentaries and they are masters at engaging those who appear (from the cast, to a group of super-nerdy fans) in scintillating discussion. Simply because getting interesting commentary out of actors who usually sound like they have nothing else better to do if like pulling teeth, Feig and Apatow deserve huge points for creating a DVD package that does their little show justice.

Anyone who came of age in the early '90s knows and loves *Kids in the Hall*, moreover, anyone who knows anything about comedy has *Kids in the Hall* to thank for turning it on its ear. Masters of subversive suburban-influenced humor, the Kids have been deservedly treasured like a dirty little secret.

Being 13 in 1989, I grew up with the Kids. They pretty much came along at the perfect time, just as I was starting to question the validity of Sunday dinners and mowing the lawn. The Kids' greatest strength lies in their dead-on parodies of the worlds they came from, from their merciless skewering of office politics, to their critical yet endearing critique of the family unit. Besides the fact that they said "shit" and "fuck" on TV, this was the most exciting thing about the show.

The great thing about the Kids DVD set is how the humor not only holds up, but has become more complex and poignant over time. A great example is the legendary sketch "Womyn", in which a group of guys playing cards around a table eventually reveal how they'd like to become emotionally and physically more like women ("Okay gents, I wanna be a dyke.") Now that I'm the same age as the Kids were when they were making the show, everything I found funny as a kid just makes that much more sense.

The DVD set itself is, well, not that impressive. The Kids do a ramshackle, ill-prepared commentary for a few sketches, and there is some early performance footage that's certainly of interest, but for the most part there's not much to get excited about with regard to special features. No matter, as the real meat are the episodes themselves. Utterly unique, the Kids in the Hall are for the ages.



Gore

The Haunted House (or) Girls Get Their Heads Cut Off

By Sinister Sam

As I blinkingly descend into a whirlwind state of mind, the only films that seem to make sense to watch again and again is the haunted house epic. The cheapened aesthetic possibilities are relentless. Trying to get a keen sense of all this haunted aesthetic and feel, I've been gathering as many old pre-code horror reprints as I can, going for the old EC illustrative efforts that spell good ol' horror ideology and twisty murder spouse story lines that obsessively recreate some sort of fucked up Americana relationship hole. Along with the pile of ECs, I also tackled the TALES TOO TERRIBLE TO TELL and FIFTIES HORROR reprint titles and guides to see more of the spectrum of the horror efforts from the golden fifties. Even the seventies promise of HORROR TALES and WITCHES' TALES had the right idea, but were hit and miss compared to the mouldy creaturific oldies. All of these, again, reached to quench some sort of blood thirst for the spreading of the dark haunt plague, but it still needed some virtual movement and creep show action to seal the deal in blood and wax mask paper.

As I meandered through the newish releases from the one and only Something Weird Video, I noticed (after still trying to recover from their long awaited SWAMP OF THE RAVENS release) the aptly titled MONSTER CRASH THE PYJAMA PARTY Spook Show Spectacular DVD that had the skeleton aesthetic that I've been searching for.

This DVD, first and foremost, is capitalizing on the old spook-show idea. In the old days, teens got to watch a good horror flick accompanied by theatre-planned strange occurrences up and down the walkways, within the crowds, or from the balconies. It didn't stop there, as many of the film features were thrown aside for straight up live action stage shows that had actors, monsters, and screaming women prepared before hand for the theatre turned death house. MCTPP Spook Show Spectacular is an amazing DVD with HOURS of special features that you can click away at for your every day Halloween party. Here's a rundown of some of the things you get:

MONSTERS CRASH THE PYJAMA PARTY (1965)



An actual film that was used for audience participation/victims that is more of a haunted house comedy than a straight fright fest, which is kind of a bummer since the kids back then would have freaked out at anything cold falling on their faces or reaching out for them regardless of the cop-out horror comedy bit.

45 MINUTES OF SPOOK SHOW TRAILERS I find myself watching this feature again and again for the art of the old B/W live spook show trailers and the intensity of the horrific dialogue. Things along the lines of, "See monsters through the aisle and cut off girls' heads!" The darkened hues and fantagastic narration against the haunted paintings and dripping words that appear on the screen would make any retro rockabilly horror band cry. Worth the price of the DVD alone and rapidly becoming one of my most watched "features".

GALLERY OF SPOOK SHOW STILLS 300 images of ads and posters for the old spook shows gathered and scanned for the DVD by Something Weird. VERY cool skeletons, creatures, and ghosts terrorizing mankind with cluttered typography that goes along well after the trailers since as you watch the slide show you get to dig the radio ads.

SPOOK HOUSE RIDE Actual film footage of a cool ride through mini train car haunted house at a fair or carnival.

TORMENTED (1960 Dir: Bert I. Gordon) This was the icing on the bloodied cake that made me decide to grab this DVD. Richard Carlson (THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON) is haunted by a floozie that he let fall from the top of a lighthouse. He has another woman lined up and didn't need the fast one screwing things up for him. Of course, her ghost antics drive him crazy and the whole ocean ghost beach seaweed rot extravaganza is always a peach for any haunted dark ocean story run amok.

PLUS... lots of other extras including a guide to making your own spook show straight from some old leaflet instructions for a theatre. Now, if anyone had the balls to do a spook show up here and try to resurrect this thing, we'd all be dead from screaming with pure headless TERROR.



Skate Spot



Jamie Thomas front boards thru the kinks

photo: Miss Kim

Slam City - No Joke!

Vans Demo Rocks

The Vans Demo Thursday, May 20 at Hastings Park was a skate/drinking fest, more like a summer BBQ than an athletic event. It had tasty waves, free hot dogs and some cool bud. Cab & Ray Barbee rockin' the bowl and striped knee-socks, TnT rocked backside Smiths with one green and one black shoe (yes children, the 80's returneth). Cardiel was absent, recovering from a car accident, leaving the door open for the locs to shine. Keegan Sauder (big transfers, 360 blunt transfer, lookin' good in a big pink hat), Johnny B with the BS Smiths as well, Craig Williams and Dave Priest were going off... sometimes domestic can be as tasty as imported.

Slam City Results

The Men's Street contest was a chaotic frenzy of skating, including a best trick and long gap contest. Greg Lutzka won street, Rodil placed second with a really solid run (switch fs/ts to fakie, full speed gap to front lip), Ryan Sheckler third with solid tricks - does he ever come off? (kf front board), 4 Colt Cannon (360 flip up, to crooks down ledge, fs/nosegrind, kf manual to fs/bs), 5 Austen Seaholm (ns tp fs attempts down a ledge, ns to switch fs-5-0, combotricks), 6 Van local Chris Haslam (360 flip bs, kf varial fs/bs, nollie front foot flip, Plan B style), 7 Van local Rick McCrank (krooks down a big rail, bs smith along flat bar, fs flip revert), 8 Dayne Brummet (fs 5-0 180 out backlip on flat bar, switch front lip down rail), 9 Carlos de Andrade (lots of pop and control, bs ollie 360 bigspin), 10 Tony Trujillo, 11 Paul Rodriguez, 12 Chad Fernandez (kf to 180 nosegrind, fs/ts fakie down 10 stair granite), 13 Daniel Vieira, 14 Van local Paul Machnau (popshuv to fs nosegrind, fs nosebluntslide on borrowed board after breaking his own), 15 Clint Peterson. Canadian skaters represented and lots of locals placed pretty well - 21 Ted DeGros (switch 5-0 on ledge), 25 Jordan McInnis, 31 Geoff Dermer (switch ns, shuvit out), 32 Aaron Johnson, 34 Moses Itkonen, 35 Kris Foley, 38 Trevor Houlihan, 44 Mike Hastie, 49 Keegan Sauder, 51 Brett Stobbart,

52 Jason Dashney, 53 Jordan Hoffart, 56 Sean Hayes, 58 Gailea Momolu, 60 Chris Kendall, 61 Josh Evin, 62 Swell Lloydsmith. **Men's Vert** was won by Bucky Lasek, 2 Chris Gentry, 3 Sandro Dias, 4 Lincoln Ueda, 5 Andy Mac. Canadian rippers include - 10 Pierre-Luc Gagnon, MTL, 16 Max Dufour, MTL, 24 Anthony Hancock, Calgary. The long gap comp was won by Tony Trujillo, clearing 18'6" (no joke!) and matched (after timeout) by local ripper Josh Evin.

Look out boyz, tha girlz are coming up. **Girls Street** results as follows: 1 Vanessa Torres (kf/bs down rail), 2 Elissa Steamer (big kf over hip), 3 Lauren Perkins, 4 Patiane Freitas, 5 Jessica Krause, and Canadians - 9 Jessie Van Roechoudt, 15 Alison Matasi, 18 Rose Archie, 20 Cass Belanger. **Girl's Vert** results, 1 Cara-Beth, 2 Mimi Knoop, 3 Lyn-Z Adams Hawkins, 4 Holly Lyons, 5 Tina Neff, and Whistler local Starr Quinn placed 7th.

Friday April 30, Slam held a competition in the W49 Public Skatepark for **most consecutive kickflips**, no sketchy primo landings, with only 3 seconds between each. First prize was a weeklong trip to the Vans High Cascade Snowboard/Skateboard camp in Oregon. The second highest didn't break 50, but Pitt Meadows local, 15 yr old David Novotny, landed 75 kickflips in a row.

Upcoming:

The Bowl Series is taking over BC this summer, so check out your local skate shops for posters and event dates coming soon. The Underattack Tour is coming your way this summer as well - check underworld.com for dates near you. Alex has opened an Underworld skatepark to go along with the shop, so check it out! In other East Coast news, the Southshore of Mtl has a new park, and Mtl loc/occasional Whistler loc, Mike Townsend is now in Vans, Canada. Shouts! Skimmin' season is here, so drop by the hoptshop, get a tidal chart and out and drop some rad coffins on us.

-D-Rock and Miss Kim with Jay Pay. Email us at downspace@telus.net.

The Bloody Road to Death



By J. Ainsworth

The best thing about chewing tobacco is you can talk about it endlessly, often for months. Last month I told you people about the proper care and maintenance of a spittoon, and now I get this letter from this idiot, this... goddamned goofball who had the endless gall to ask me how, in fact, how a fellow should go about learning the habit. First of all, this is something that should be learned from your father. My father taught me, I'm not playing the surrogate father game to you scumfuck readers, fuck off. Second of all, you really should just *know*. Instinct, that's what the scientists call it. The.... Understanding of tobacco handling is as natural to a superior man as riding horses. You should just know. The fact is that you, Mr. Justin Anderson of 2376 W.70th ave, Vancouver, BC, are no man. You're a walking half animal, possible a female ape of some sort, absolutely repulsive. Just how rottenly awful are you, Justin?

Anyway, I figure, what the hell, I'll tell you subanimals how it's done, how to walk the talk as they say in betting circles. I have provided illustrations at my expense, because no expense should be spared when looking for the truth, as Diemenes said. And it's as true now as it was then.

First, take the little disk thing in the left hand. Also you can buy the little disk in a variety of stores. I like Copenhagen brand tobacco, but you might want to experiment a bit.

Now open it, this is kind of tricky, give it a twist or something. Hey Presto! It's open. That horrid ammonia smell is as natural as a summer's rain.

Take a pinch. Insert that pinch in mouth. Scoochle it over into the side of your filthy dripping mouth using your sensual tongue. Give it a good squiggle.

By the Holy Mother of Kazan do NOT, repeat not, swallow the mouth mess. It's natural for your rotten mouth to produce spit. Mix the spit into the tobacco using your long, rotten, sensual gay tongue. You do so much with that tongue, don't you, you fat dirty whore....

By the Holy Saint Sophia do not, under any circumstances, hesitate to spit. As I said last issue, people who look down on spitting proud men are "not fit for work."

Make sure to have your spittoon at the ready!!! I recommend putting down some papers in case you miss. It's okay to miss when you're a novice. And you will miss, in the beginning. But you won't miss... when you're a man.

(I got this nice spittoon just the other day, its hand decorated and very very chic. If you need one, call 720-7632 and ask for Carl. You won't be disappointed; it is a very nice spittoon.)

Do not, by the holy Mother of Saint Cyril, under any circumstances, let the mess all dribble out of the corner of your mouth and all over everywhere, because it doesn't look good.

It all came out of my nose at one particularly entertaining juncture.

Now, hooshle it out, straight into the spittoon and not on the walls. You're done! It really is this simple! Now light up a regular cigarette and fuck, it's like your head leaps up to the moon and sucks itself. It's a great feeling. Very sensual.

Anyway, I don't know about you, but I see a pretty bleak day at the horse races this Saturday. It's a dicksucking extravaganza, I reckon, just staying at home and practicing your tobacco might be the best answer. Still, I like Sandshrew in the fourth, Annie's Legacy in the fifth won't suck your cock. Sixth, that one's a cocksucker. Cocksucker of a race. I have Jody H, but, come on, it's all a suck-cock mouth action situation. Seventh race is a complete cocksucker, you're on your own. Exotic Sheeba might suck your cock. Play this one for the odds, fellows. It's all cocksucking faghanging gay action in this one. The eighth race can just suck your dick right out of you. Total cocksucking race. Shesagoldmine looks interesting, for a cocksucker, but coming off a long break, it just aint good cocksucker money. Really, you might as well just stay home and practice spitting your tobacco. Thanks for reading!!!





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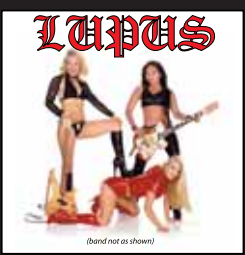
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Crossword -by Dan Scum

Across

1. Breast area
6. Hot stripes?
11. Sprint _____
14. The Soprano's place
15. Type of acid
16. Uncensored
17. 1/3 of Henry Miller's trilogy
18. Romantic flowers
19. Jackie O's jo
20. One of _____
21. _____ the season
23. Toronto-Montreal Express
24. Until now
25. Place where sex happens usually
26. Supporter of 1 Across
27. Mexi-PCP (abbr)
28. Serpent
31. 1/6 of NWA
32. South Park surname
33. 2nd Samiam LP
34. Of easiest virtue
36. S/M
41. Opts
42. Carmella's real name
43. Fetish material
46. Nintendo Entertainment System
47. Fish hook feature
48. God of Love
49. Francisco starter
50. Lou Gehrig's disease
51. Opp. of Ave.
52. Type of lifestyle
53. Busty West
54. Emergency Medical Assistance
57. What 49D might call 5D
58. _____ Quebecois
60. Copier name
62. Chin or Guyan follower
63. _____ of the world
64. Golden shower medium
65. Southpaw's jabs (abbr)
66. 1/3 of sexy trilogy
67. 25A and more

Down

1. _____ Fide
2. Sexually uninhibited
3. Desirable
4. Oral Roberts University
5. Top
6. It'll leave you breathless
7. With feelings
8. 5D's perhaps
9. Anal douche
10. Olfactory organ
11. "Like a _____" (madge)
12. Touch sensually
13. One who is 5D and 49D
22. One of the components of the psyche
25. Puts down
26. Make wider
27. Eminem's surname
28. Spanking target
29. Shithead's trio
30. Dear of _____
31. 5D perhaps
32. Master Slave Connection
34. Livestock & Meat Commission
35. Goddess of the dawn
37. Madge's book
38. Groom's
- promise
39. Lust, eg.
40. Goody two shoes actress Ryan
43. Inferior
44. The _____ formerly known...
45. Bon Jovi Drummer Tico
47. Last in Miller's trilogy
49. Servile
50. 12 step org.
52. Mimes
53. Young woman's address
54. The Red
55. Holy Man
56. Guitars
59. Artificial neurons
61. The great depression, eg.

Last Issue's Solution:



Nerveland Smut Ranch

Jessie James's Boneanza

Starring: Jessie James, Veronica, Lexxxx, Courtney Cox, Gabriel Kane, Goldie Summers, Tess, Alex, Barry, Peter, Rock Allen, Michael Angelo.

Because of the title of this little cinematic ditty, I was expecting to a good old-fashioned western sex-off and, yeah, that's pretty much you get. Actually, it was more of a sex-a-thon as Jessie starts off by breaking in a new stud and then takes others for a ride... taking it every which way she can. In the second scene, Jessie introduces one of her studs to a new girl, a country girl and they fuck to some country square dance music. Jessie watches for a while and masturbates before getting in on a bit of the action. All the women in this film are smokin' hot. TONNES of threesome action with some wonderful double penetration and bum hole sex. There is one threesome where toys are used and Jessie dons a strap-on. This film kinda drags near the end and the finale is just one-on-one action with Jessie just watching the action and jerkin' it in the corner, again. In the finale, the guy cums in the girl's ass and she slowly lets it dribble out. She then uses her sphincter muscles to make here anus say "bye-bye" to the camera, which is, if anything, something worth seeing.



shit in this one. So, what could one expect to see in a film like this? You won't get any story connecting the scenes together, or interesting dialog, or even any good looking actors... actually, there is one and she looks like Erika Eleniak, remember, from Baywatch? But that's about it. What you will see is a freak-show of abnormal proportions, and that proportion is BIG. For this film, bigger is better. In a later scene there's a guy with a 24-inch cock that gushes load after load of cum, completely covering a woman's stomach and tits. There is a scene where some dude sucks his own dick, and cums in his mouth. Uh, yeah, good job buddy. You will also witness a couple of threesomes, toys, bondage, sodomy, hot lesbian action, hermaphrodites, and, you guessed it, milk squirtin' tits.

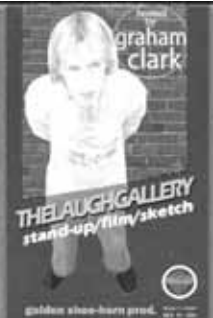
-Max Crown



Kink-O-Rama Vol. 17

Kink-O-Rama is a compilation of scenes of a circus freak-show nature, not to be confused with the Ron Jeremy flick bearing the same name. I went on the internet to find out a little about this film, and came up with practically nothing. All I found were links to sites using the name "Foot-O-Rama," and "Man-O-Rama." To make things even more bizarre, I couldn't find this movie is a XXX shop that specializes in hard-to-find porn, but instead, I got it in a mainstream video store's adult section. One would have thought that a series that made a butt-load of films would have at least something on it. None of the actors are even credited! Perhaps this is not a bad thing considering the low production value and straight up freaky





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