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Vol. 5 No. 5  
May 2004  
Issue #38

Free!

# The A Verve

The Northwest's Rock 'n' Roll Magazine



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soloists - comedians - guitar players -  
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  - FRI MAY 21 - MUSIC WASTE - S.T.R.E.E.T.S. - THE DOERS - BLACK RICE - CHANNELS 3 + 4
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  - SUN MAY 23 - NUCLEAR BLAST RECORDING ARTISTS - DEATH ANGEL WITH GUESTS THE GOLERS AND S.T.R.E.E.T.S.
  - FRI MAY 28 - THE ALMIGHTY PUNCHDRUNK - SAVANNAH
  - SAT MAY 29 - ONE YEAR ANNIVERSARY GAME SHOW NIGHT EXTRAVAGANZA

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# Band Slut of the month!



photo: courtesy of Pam McKenzie

**Flag.** The Nerve asked the first ever female band slut of the month what it's like splitting duties.

**What's your home base?**  
Winnipeg, MB.

**What's your stage name?**  
I don't have a stage name, although John (Insaniacs) seems pretty into the name "Pam Wham Bam" for me.

**How many bands are you currently "whoring" around with?**

PAM: Two: Teenage Knockups and the Insaniacs.

**Any bizarre qualifications needed to become a Knockup or Insaniac?**

Well, Zade from the Insaniacs did come up with a "bass player's check-list" when I first started with them and I had to score a certain amount of points to pass. As for the Knockups, as long as I could accept the fact they're a bunch of jerks, that was good enough.

**Since you're the only girl in both bands, what male traits are you adopting? Better yet, what female traits have the boys adopted?**

Let's see...Baxter (Knockups) says that he's noticed I've been peeing standing up a lot more. As far as them adopting female traits—Gaddy (Knockups) talks about his ass all the time while Danny B (Knockups) takes forever in the bathroom...and all of the Insaniacs have experienced their period since I've joined.

-Phil Heidenreich



**B**eing the only girl in Winnipeg's two most notorious blood-and-sweat-inducing punk rock outfits, bassist Pam McKenzie provides some much-needed estrogen to offset the testosterone-fuelled antics of frontmen Gaddy (Teenage Knockups) and Johnny Nuclear (Insaniacs). Both bands play a similar style of pissed-off, angry punk, heavily influenced by early-'80's L.A. legends such as the Adolescents, Circle Jerks, and Black



photo: Jeremy Van Nieuwerkerk

Shortly after the Longshot Music photo shoot, all four members of The Rebel Spell mysteriously disappeared. The Jaks aren't talking. But the Nerve received an anonymous tip, which led us to the trunk of the Excessives' '61 Impala, where the rising stars of punk rock were found alive— though slightly dehydrated. For the gruesome details turn to page 17.

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**UNCENSORED!**  
Viewer Discretion Advised... enjoy.





LONGSHOT MUSIC / NERVE RECORDS SHOWCASE

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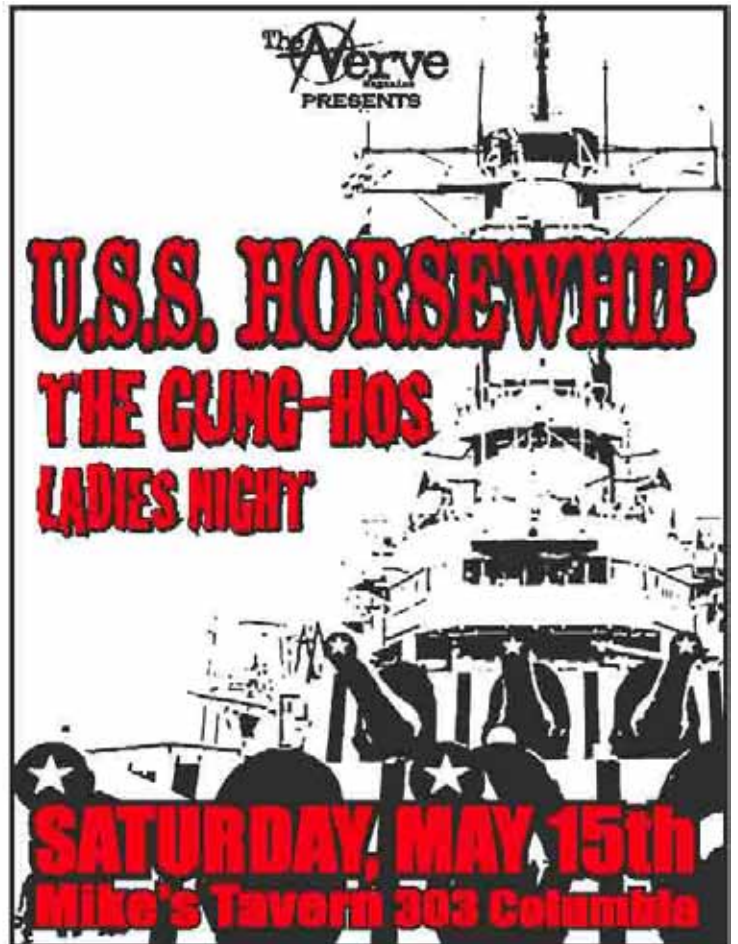


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**THURSDAY, MAY 13TH**  
THE COBALT 913 MAIN ST.  
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Photos by Casey Cougar

# Casey's Q & A

I was born in May plus have allergies and a really high sex drive so, naturally, I get spring fever like the dickens. I wondered what other folks did for relief this time of year: What do you do when you get SPRING FEVER?



**#1 Geoff Thunder, Mandown:** "I get drunk and hopefully catch a good (rawk) show."



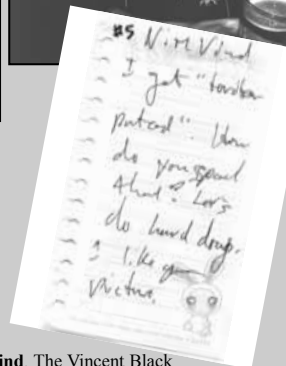
**#2 Mike Hawk, The Beladeans:** "I take a tent, a backpack full of drugs and go into the woods... disappear from society for a while."



**#3 The Boy, artist (www.boyart.8k.com):** "Spring fever is good. That's when all the beautiful flowers come out. Plus girls start wearing skimpy clothes."



**#4 Danny Danger, Red Hot Lovers:** "I don't stave off spring fever, I embrace it. Fuck the girls of summer, I want the girls of spring."



**#5 Nim Vind, The Vincent Black Shadow:** \*I made him write his answer himself-can anyone read it?



## Cheap Shotz



**Sands** (above), Adrienne Pierce and Josh Martinez & the Pissed Off Wild will be taking place from May 27 to 30. Venues include Tonic Night Club, Richards on Richards, The Brickyard and more. Log on to [www.food4music.com](http://www.food4music.com) for details.

-Ryan Calvery

### Playing for Feedback

For those people who share the twin passions of feeding the needy and rockin' the hell out there is an event to link these life ambitions. Food4Music has been putting on show since October 2002 to benefit the local food banks. More than \$2000 has been raised since the inaugural event in October 2002. Founder **Colin Gale** has assembled a crack team of fundraisers this year to help fight the scourge of hunger and has expanded beyond the traditional Hard Rock/Metal format. Included now are R&B, Hip Hop and acoustic music to soothe your jangled nerves. Over 25 performances including, the Devin Townsend Band, **Pepper**

### Who Needs a Punk?

If your band can attract hundreds of people on any given night but can't get a venue to play then look no further. Mike's Tavern on the corner of Columbia and Cordova is becoming a live music locale and are seeking the big draw talent. The trial run involving the **Lancasters** on March 27 convinced owner **Mike Raufeisen** to present live music every Saturday and some weeknights. Punk, metal or rock n' roll acts interested contact **Michael Nice** at booking: [303columbia@hotmail.com](mailto:303columbia@hotmail.com).

-Ryan Calvery



### Blood is Thicker than Major Distribution

The cold, hard bitter world of rock n' roll has swallowed up yet another naïve pack of innocent young lambs. **Three Inches of Blood** currently recording their first album in Tacoma were ordered to cast drummer, **Geoff Trawick** aside. A betrayed Trawick was seemingly unaware of the ancient advice spouted by the oracles of average Canadian rock, April Wine. "No one ever told the boy rock n' roll is a vicious game." After the brothers of metal told their percussionist to beat it (elsewhere), bassist **Rich Trawick** also left the band in protest. Coincidentally Rich is Geoff's brother. The remaining members of the band were unavailable for interview due to preoccupation with "other band matters."

-Ryan Calvery

### Cabbages' Condolences

On Sunday morning I was redirected from my usual skateboard route to witness the early morning tragedy that occurred as Cabbages and Kinks clothing store and Blunt Brothers burned down. Although I wasn't a patron of Blunt Brothers, I always stopped in to Cabbages to say hi to Steve and the staff and to look around and all I can say is I find it really sad to see a store that has walked the fringe with such integrity and punk cred for 31 years burn away. I hope for the sake of the city that Steve reopens Cabbages and doesn't leave us with just a memory of a darker better time!

-Billy Hopeless



### Rock to Live

Ex-Budgie drummer, **Pete Boot** was diagnosed with Parkinson's and launched Fill Your Head With Rock in the UK five years ago as a benefit to find a cure for the debilitating disease. On May 27-29 the festival fundraiser will be at Pub 340 at the Churchill Arms Hotel. The Hooded Fang, A New Hope The Gung-Hos, and many other will be performing. All proceeds will go towards the Parkinson's Society of British Columbia. For more information log on to [www.fillyourheadwithrock.com](http://www.fillyourheadwithrock.com).

-Ryan Calvery



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# Bunch of Kids Make Greatest Record I Ever Heard!!!

By Adrian Mack

I have a lot of problems with my brain that you don't know about. I'm pathologically shy and can't really "do" interviews anymore. I fall apart in a one-on-one—my memory fails, my skin seems to rear, prickly heat overcomes me. I've seen a counselor who has his own theories, though I'm inclined to think that, actually, HE'S the one with the borderline personality and maybe he should clean up his own backyard before he leaps into mine with all his talk of "delusion", "ego fracture" and "primal masturbation hate reflex".

Vince Frederick, on the other hand, is the singer/songwriter and frontman for Detroit's outstanding Electric Rock 'n' Roll Band, the Singles. He's young, talented and high on spunk. In order to promote an album that came out last year and a tour that avoids Vancouver by 5,000 miles or so, I decided to interview Vince. The Singles did, after all, release my favourite album of 2003, the monolithic *Better Than Before*. But then my brain went crazy and I scrapped the whole idea, deciding in the end to simply write Vince a letter. That way, my fear of Vince—an *al fresco* response to his youth, talent and spunk—could rightly postpone total world collapse a little longer. I sent him the letter and he dutifully replied. Then I sent him a chicken's foot, which must have spooked the bejeezus out of him. The Singles made the best album I heard last year and it's called *Better Than Before*. Bryce Dunn gets it! Little Steven gets it! Adrian gets it! You can get it too!

-Adrian Mack



photos: Courtesy of Rainbow Quartz

Dear Vince,

Adrian here. I edit and publish the Nerve, a West Coast lifestyle review for dynamic young moderns. This piece is designed to sell your record. I won't lie, my words carry an awful lot of weight around here and you should expect to see a spike in West Coast sales in May. I saw you guys at the Barfly in Montreal. I was so impressed that I cornered your guitar player, Will, and I think maybe freaked him out a little. I can be kinda overzealous. Sorry. Do you know how hard it is to keep a band together? You probably do but on the other hand, you guys seem so organic and fully formed that I suspect you bypassed all the usual immutable laws of rock n' roll and came about through divine inspiration. OK, maybe that's a little fruity but seriously, it's as if the four of you came from the same Island or the same Tribe or something. There's a hint of something otherworldly to all this talent you guys have. You're too young to be writing these songs. It feels like necromancy. Or worse. Confess!

As I write this letter, I'm wearing a Sarong, given to me by my girlfriend and I'm listening to "Get the Picture?" by the Pretty Things (re-issue on Norton) given to me by an ex-girlfriend. What I'm saying here is play your cards right and girls will give you things. Perhaps you already know this.

Do you guys have day jobs? Check this out: some friends of mine started a band in their teens and promised each other that they would never have day jobs. They all lived together in a house in Niagara Falls and played all day and all night, starving themselves sexy and getting into all that great, gay shit that most of us plan but never

accomplish. Now they have the #1 single in Canada. Of course, having the #1 single in Canada is like having the #1 single in your kitchen or the #1 single in the Hardware Store or something because you only need to sell about two dozen copies. So with that in mind, do you guys live in a house together like the Beatles in *Help*?

Anyway, I should wrap this up. I'm a pretty insecure guy. And I'm old. It would be nice if you could say something kind or reassuring to me as I've talked you up to a lot of people now. You're not even coming to Vancouver but here we are.

So it was good chatting. Hurry up with the next album. I hope you're working with Jim Diamond again. Here's one last question in case you need something to write about:

In Nov. 2002, a top aide to Canada's Prime Minister was famously overheard describing your President as a "moron". In January of this year, former Tennis ace John McEnroe admitted using steroids. What's the connection?

Please write back. I'm pretty Big Time out here, you know.

Adrian

*PS - YOU may have the edge on me when it comes to youth, talent and spunk but I think we both know that I would probably survive a Nuclear Winter scenario better than anyone in the Singles. So in THAT context, I am the better man. Yes? No?*

Hello Adrian,

Thanks for plugging our album out there on the West Coast. We don't get a chance to play out there much, so if it is true that your words carry a lot of weight, then keep up the good work so we can save some money and stay home. But first things first...I think you really scared Will at that Bar Fly gig so much that he has chosen to go back to college and pursue a degree and get a real job. We now have a guitarist that is just as good and younger! (19 years of age) (*Idiot Note: aarrgh....*) So please, if you attend another show you'll have to keep at least ten feet away from the group so you don't incite anymore band member departures.

To answer your first question: yes.

As I write this letter back to you I'm listening to "Made to Love" by the Everly Brothers. Weird coincidence. We all have day jobs still. But let's get things straight: we are in this "business" to make lots of money! Yes, I called this a "business". This band doesn't focus much on artistic merit. Basically we spend most of our time discussing fashion and how much we can overcharge on our merchandise.

To answer your second question: no.

I'm going to wrap everything up at this point too. I've got to get back to my busy day of deciding if the white tie is back in style and if we can bump up t-shirt prices from \$10 to \$15. In the meantime, I'll put together 18 songs to record for another album. Take a day or two and record everything to put out in stores for a retail price of \$14.99 (USD).

Take care Adrian and thanks again for promoting the band even though we won't be playing any time soon in your neck of the woods.

And to answer your last question: Don't use steroids.

Cheers,

Vince  
PS - Maybe.

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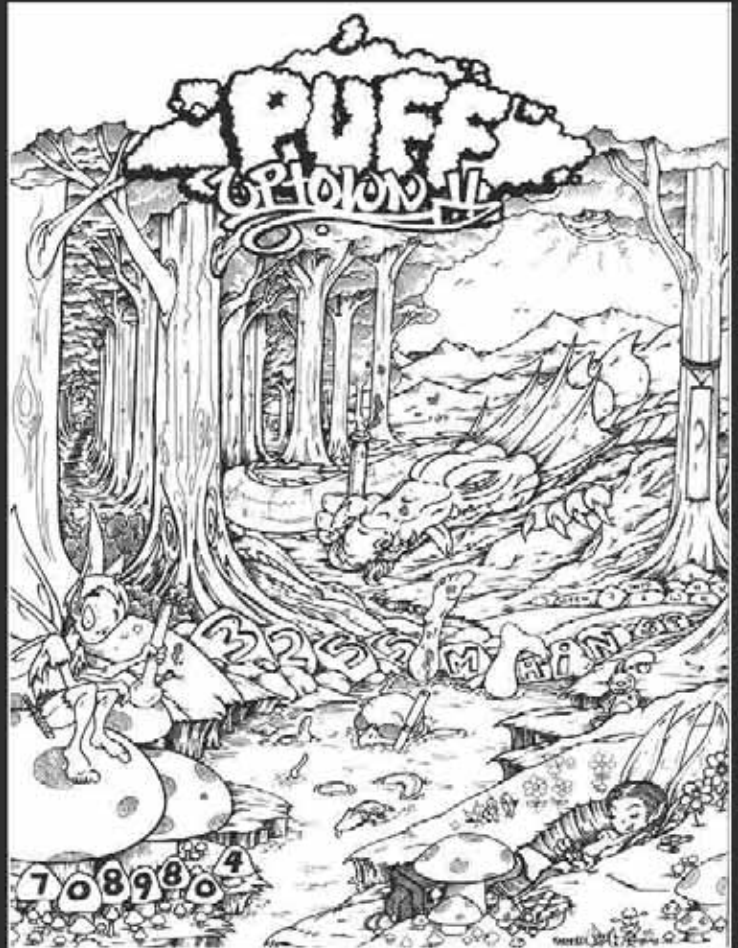
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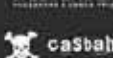
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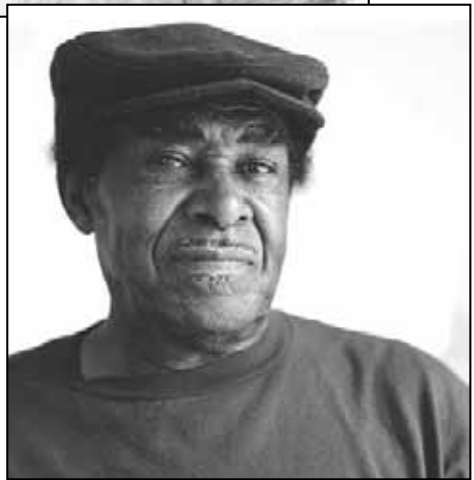
# The Fat Possum Caravan Tour Is Decadent and Depraved

By Carl Spackler



photos: Courtesy of Fat Possum

clockwise from left: Kenny Brown, Paul "Wine" Jones, T-Model Ford.



**"I have never known anyone worth a damn who wasn't irascible." – Ezra Pound, blues critic**

Bangkok International Airport. 3 A.M. - sitting in the lounge sipping on Mekong Whiskey and the local beer Singa, which they say has formaldehyde in it. Over the roar of the screaming jets and German tourists bargaining with pancaked ladyboys ("How many baht for a fisting?" "Ooooh, tee-hee, not too many for you Fritz. Maybe 800?"), I spy a couple of sore thumbs across the bar; a greasy-haired white boy and a hard eyed brother. The whitey is none other than Kenny Brown, guitar player extraordinaire for R.L. Burnside. The legend to his right: Paul "Wine" Jones, a man whose nickname and spirit were well known to me.

Paul Wine Jones was so badass he recorded his album *Mule* in a garage. In a real fuckin' garage! An automobile repair shop where men actually change the oil, tires and shit! Wine uses a wah-wah pedal the same way a \$500 hooker gives a blowjob. Fucking great and a lot! I waded over to their table past the plastic palm trees and German crotch stench.

"Gentlemen," they looked up immediately. I knew they too were picking up on the special vibrations emanating from my head. "What brings you to these parts? Ass, gas or grass?" "Do I have to pick just one?" said Kenny with a wide shit-eating grin.

"Definitely the grass," replied Wine sagely. "That and the Fat Possum Caravan Tour. We be on tour."

Base paranoia seized my brain. The answer to my next question was already in my head, nay, it was stuck in my guts like bad poi. "Is T-Model Ford and Spam on this expedition?"

"They around here somewhere boy." Creeping Jesus and Wholly fucking Moses! They let that man outta the country, outta incarceration?! Was there not a Bush IN the fucking Whiteman's House? Fuck me, this is T-Model! He'd already killed once - with a shotgun! And told the judge at his sentencing, "your Honour, I may have shot the man, but his death was between himself and the Lord." And

his drummer Spam, armed only with a kick and a snare, could whip any motherfucker in the house. I scanned the room casually, catching no sign of two violent, elderly, belligerent bluesmen. If they did come around and happened to notice the large bag of bootleg CD's in my possession, with T-Model's grizzled face on them, there would be some 'splainin' to do. I smiled and ordered us a fresh round. "Give us Wild Turkey all around, waiter, and none of your Thai bullshit!" I bellowed. There was a long silence.

"Beatles or Stones?" I inquired. "Stones, definitely," Kenny said. "Me too. You know when Sonny Boy Williamson came back from Europe after playin' with the Yardbirds he said 'I don't know what they're playin' but it sure ain't the blues.'" "Yeah, he was right. S'all 'bout where you from," whooped Wine.

"Well, I reckon I been a lot places and seen a lot of good guitar players. Shit, I seen guys in Japan playin' and they sure got the licks and the riffs down. But they ain't got the feel," said Kenny.

"The Japanese not able to play the blues? But they're so good at making those cute, girl farting videos and L-ockabilly," I replied.

"No they ain't got it." "Do you have to be from Mississippi to play the blues?"

"It shore helps," said Kenny. "Are all the Fat Possum artists from Mississippi?"

"Well, the real ones are. I think the Black Keys are from Ohio."

"Why are you Fat Possum guys so raucous? It's so elemental!" "Oh, it's *mental* all right, it's called Moonshine!" Wine giggled.

"Do you cats dig the rock?" I asked. "Allman Brothers, motherfucker!" hollered Kenny. It was clear he was picking up the vibrations loud and clear. I felt compelled to stand on my chair really feeling it now.

"Does the name Dickey Betts mean nothing in this denguefever ridden tropical hell-hole?!" The room went silent. Even the ladyboys had stopped their tittering. I was rolling and everything felt good and right.

"Sit your ass down fool! They gon' throw us out and I still got three hours 'fore my plane

be leavin'."

"Oh, I'm okay," I replied. "These people," sweeping my arm, "are the ones with the problem. I feel good. Never better in fact."

"Hell, I used to play rock n' roll. Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Everly Brothers." Wine pounded his hand on the table. "Shit I'm crazy for country too—Charley Pride, Roy Clark;"

"Well, of course you're gonna pick Charley Pride," I slurred. Wine just scowled. I felt that creeping sensation on my spine again. Was T-Model showing his face? Was him and Spam right behind me, looking down at their wizened faces on the cover of some Koh Sahn Road blues bootleg that they sure as shit weren't gonna get one fuckin' dollar for, never mind a one single baht! The Fear had got to me. Were they gonna shoot me down like a rabid dog in the street?

I screamed, "don't do it! I fuckin' love Elmore James!" and spun like a cornered cat, thinking: I'll mace the fuckers before they know what the fuck they're doing and run like hell for the gate! My mind raced. Fuck it, I thought. This was the jungle baby! Primal! DO IT NOW!! The ladyboy fell with a terrible thud. Probably couldn't have been more than a 110 lbs. soaking wet (with Kraut jism). I sat back down quickly and muttered something about finding a more suitable place in which we could drink like gentlemen and not be disturbed by these savages. But the Fat Possum Gang would have none of that talk.

"Knock that shit off, boy! Or I'll set my Komodo Dragon on your ass. Macin' that fine female!"

"Keep that goddamn dragon in its cage! I know what those fuckers are capable of! Done give motherfuckin' Mr. Sharon Stone the limp!" I hissed.

"Say where you headin' to, whitebread?" Wine wondered.

"Oh Vancouver, Canada."

"Hell, we be playin' there on May 21! Well, shit maybe you can do me a solid then."

"I don't know fellows. I think I got some

bad satay sticks or somethin' cuz I been in the head every twenty minutes or so."

"No dumbass, can you carry something for me?" Wine pulled out a Maalox bottle from his satchel.

"Sure, probably straighten me right out." "I don't know if'n there's anything that'll straighten your crazy white ass out! But this sure as shit will *knock* you out. It's moonshine, motherfucker! I can't carry it runnin' with this crew! Shit man, you ever cross a border with a killer!? They got them gloves on when we drive up boy! And they ain't checkin' for dust motherfucker!"

"No problem, Wine." I grabbed the bottle and said my good-byes.

The bottle of hooch was the least of my concerns. The giant black ball of opium was gonna weigh a little heavier on my mind when going thru customs. But they never searched me...must have a honest face I guess. I will hold on to your booze 'til you boys ride into town. That show is gonna be one bad-ass throwdown of a showdown! Makes those fake cheapass mall punks from the Whipped tour—'scuse me, the *Warped Tour*—look like the little bunch a blubberin' sissy-pants that they is! Dummies! Get your head straight and get down to Dick's on Dick's May 21. And be ready to give praise to some bad men cuz in the words of T-Model:

"I'll show you sorry fuckers how it's done."




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# USS Horsewhip

So they begged and begged and begged for the ole TexAss to come out of retirement to do one last interview. So, cutting it as close to deadline as possible, I hashed this one out with Brian Slodysko, guitarist for Bellingham rock band USS Horsewhip. This is all I came up with:

By Cowboy TexAss

**Tex: Who are USS Horsewhip?**

**Horsewhip:** Basically we're four guys from Bellingham who play together. It's not really refined. James (*guitarist/vocalist*) and I have played music for some time together. We're basically four average guys doing Hardcore meets Rock 'n' Roll... like Gang of Four, Motorhead. We're a punk rock band except our sound has grown—it's not just three-chord hardcore anymore. We're influenced by a lot of different stuff and our music reflects that.

**Tex: What's your band's general goal or direction?**

**Horsewhip:** I think collectively we want get to the point where we can tour around the country and go to a town where people know our names, maybe not a lot of people, but make our tours self-sustaining, where we don't have to spend our own money. Y'know, eat canned food, get an oil change and make enough to pay for gas. A bad day on tour is better than a good day at work. We actually just got back from tour.

**Tex: How was the tour?**

**Horsewhip:** Pretty good. We got this guy from Bellingham, we took him on tour to play keyboards for us and we get halfway on tour and we find out he's bi-polar. We were playing with the DT's (with Dave Crider from Estrus Records) and the Midnight Evils and he's [Matthew, the keyboardist] on one of his manic upswings of his bi-polar thing and they give you free beer there and he's drinking a lot and starts to get manic. He hit on a friend's girlfriend who wasn't having any of that and so he [Matthew] grabs her by the hair and threw her to the floor. Her boyfriend comes up, (Joel, our former bass player) and they end up getting into it, but he's harder to pacify than a guy on PCP, and he was on top of Joel and our drummer went over and tried to pull him off, and he couldn't do it. Dave Crider came over and the two of them managed to pull him off and Matthew ended up wrapping himself around Dave's leg in a fetal position and bit him as hard as he could. Dave turned around and hit him with cold, hard precision four times in the face. He got thrown out of the bar, ended up eventually getting a ride back to Bellingham and on the ride back tried to dive out of the window of the car.

**Tex: So you don't have a keyboardist anymore.**

**Horsewhip:** To say the least, he didn't play keyboards for the rest of the tour. Dave pretty much kicked our keyboard player



photo: courtesy USS Horsewhip

**"SHUT UP MOM, WE'RE TRYING TO REHEARSE! What? K.D. and weiners? FUCKIN' AI!"**

of our band for us. The tour ended early for Matthew

**Tex: You won an award for 'Best Live Band' in Bellingham.**

**Horsewhip:** Yeah, there's a local magazine in Bellingham called *What's Up* and basically it was like one big community handjob so we didn't really take it seriously. They had an award ceremony. We missed it, but it's all so biased. If you're a local musician, they're not gonna give an honest review of your band. If they think you suck, they'll gloss over that and focus on something that can sell your band. I mean, it's good but at the same time it builds up people's egos. Everyone likes to talk trash about that magazine, but every single month everyone rushes out and reads it. It's not a big thing—yeah, we won...

**Tex: Yeah, but you did win out over other bands. Obviously there's a reason why.**

**Horsewhip:** We like to rock out. We aren't just gonna stand there on stage. When we play, we mean it. If we're sweaty at the end then it couldn't have been that bad.

*We started talking politics. I'd been drinking and went on a bit of a directionless rant about bands who talk politics in interviews. It got removed.*

**Horsewhip:** We're not really political. Writing songs about your immediate surroundings holds a lot more clout than writing about things on a national level. You have a personal connection to it and people can be passionate about that. It's not as cliché. What is us screaming about George Bush gonna do?

**Tex: Speaking of news, y'know what I'm really drawn to lately? Those trashy little bits of gossip that pop up on MSN and in the music section of the non-music newspapers, where it's got crap like Hilary Duff and Avril Lavigne talking shit about each other. That's news. I can relate to that more than interviews with bands about politics, so, let's go that route. Is there a rival band in Bellingham or in Seattle that you wanna talk shit about? That'd be fun.**

**Horsewhip:** That shit's stupid. We don't really have a rival band. We're just starting to get accepted in Bellingham. There are a lot of bands in Bellingham that draw a lot cuz they have a lot of friends that show up to their shows. At our shows, we'll have like 10 friends there collectively and in a way it forces us

to work harder. You don't have a bunch of friends there to stroke your ego.

**Tex: What is the Bellingham scene like?**

**Horsewhip:** We got Bellis Fair. Because of the college it's a more liberal-minded community—once a hippie haven, slightly bohemian. But we got some really good bands—the Cheaps, Federation X—bands you wouldn't have expected to come from a small town. In turn, having good bands like that, it raises the bar for up-and-coming bands.

**Tex: USS Horsewhip – what's in the name?**

**Horsewhip:** It's actually a historical naval reference. In the 1700's, the British were fighting the Dutch right on the east coast of Great Britain and the Dutch admiral had his crew climb to the top of the mast and latch a broom to it, symbolic of how they were going to sweep the English off the seas. The British admiral, William Blake, saw that and told his crew to tie a horse-whip to the top of the mast to show how they were going to chastise the Dutch for being so arrogant, and the English ended up just totally kicking the shit of the Dutch.

**Tex: So you're making a bold statement.**

**Horsewhip:** At the same time it's completely horseshit. There's a Wesley Willis song called "Open Up a Can of Horsewhip" and we thought it was really funny. A few weeks later I was surfin' the net and that story popped up.

**Tex: Last question – the question you've been wanting me to ask this whole time. This is the question you've been wanting to answer.**

**Horsewhip:** Well, I'd like to answer it articulately...

**Tex: Well, you pick the question. What do you want to be asked?**

**Horsewhip:** What kind of band are we? We're not stupid guys. We're fairly intelligent but we're a humble, working-class band. We're not a super fashionable band. We're simple, that's the way we were brought up, just a bunch of regular dudes who rock out.

*Be sure to catch U.S.S. Horsewhip with the Gung-Ho's abd Ladies Night May 15<sup>th</sup>, at Mike's Tavern, Vancouver, BC.*



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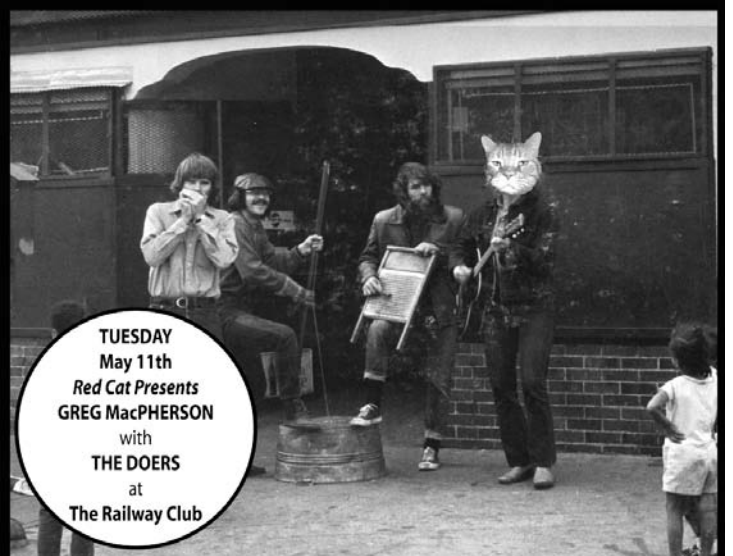


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# Leeroy's Staggering Rise to Success

By Jake Warren

Leeroy Stagger knows what everybody who lives on Vancouver Island knows - if you want shit to happen, you have to start it yourself. Growing up in Mill Bay, Lee learned this real quick. Whether it was finding music to listen to, instruments to play or people to force into playing them with him, Leeroy never waited for anyone - ever. In less than five years he's made quite a name for himself screaming for the Stagers and now fronting his own band—a collection of some of Victoria's finest—ploughing out their own dirggy brand of sad-sack country punk. I hung out with him and his band (just back from touring the West Coast of the U.S.) as they prepared for their big deal show with the legendary, now sell-out fucks, the Pixies. I couldn't get into the 30 dollar gig so don't ask me about it. Here's what was said before and after.

EXT. STEAMERS PUB PATIO - 5:50pm

**JAKE:** What was the first music you remember being excited about and who brought it to you?

LEEROY: Ever since I was young my grandparents surrounded me with country music: Johnny Cash, Waylon Jennings, Hank Williams, all that stuff. So that's where the country influence comes from. My old man had an old collection of tapes and there was always this weird shit, like "Stick it deep inside". And I remember being like eight or nine and listening to these tunes and going like, "What the fuck!" I didn't get it. There was always the Romantics, Iggy and the Stooges, the Stones. He took me to see the Stones once. The *Bridges to Babylon* tour. I saw the Stones and thought, "I want to be in a rock band!" I mean there's booze, there's drugs, there's women, there's loud music.

**JAKE:** How did this whole playing music thing start?

LEEROY: I fooled around with it in high school 'n' stuff—playing drums. I was kind of a shitty drummer but I could hold my own. I tried to pick up a guitar when I was 12 and I remember thinking it was like the hardest thing in the world. I was working at a coffee shop and next door was a hair salon where Tyson from the Stagers worked, and I heard that he played guitar and was into punk rock. I was like, "Let's start a band" and he said "OK". So then we started writing songs and then I went



photo: Bill Stuart

up to Tyler who was in The Jizzwailers, who were basically my favourite band. I was about 16 and I said, "Do you know how to play bass?" He's like "No." I said, "well, you're going to learn because you're going to be in our band". We did the Stagers thing for about two years. It was cool. I mean, we got a lot of slack, a lot of shit because we were the only band crossing over rock 'n' roll and punk rock in Victoria at the time, where I don't think the city was really ready for it. The Stagers fizzled out and I went on the road with Hot Hot Heat. Then I

**My old man had an old collection of tapes and there was always this weird shit, like "Stick it deep inside".**

started digging the alt-country thing—Mike Ness, Ryan Adams and Whiskeytown—and I kinda decided I wanted to do my own thing. So I got back from tour with HHH and forced myself to learn to play guitar. This was about two years ago.

**JAKE:** So you've been playing guitar for two years and now you're fronting a band opening for TFP. What does that say? **Tolan,** you've been playing for a long time, what do you think of this?

LEEROY: Tolan's seen me come up from playing guitar like shit.

TOLAN: It's true.

LEEROY: Learn five chords and learn how to play them well.

TOLAN: That's totally it, that's it.

**JAKE:** Any resentment toward this kid?

TOLAN: No, 'cause I know what happened. Leeroy didn't really smoke pot and I did.

**JAKE:** So pot is the deciding factor?

TOLAN: Oh, you'll learn to solo but you won't be fronting your band opening for the Pixies every day.

LEEROY: So I got back from tour and I go up to Tolan and say, "Hey I'm gonna make a record with you." It kind of just evolved from there, just putting together the best of the best of Victoria.

**JAKE:** You're playing with some of the most talented people in Victoria. That's got to feel good.

LEEROY: I feel comfortable. Especially right now. There was this time where I had a different band and I decided I didn't want to work with them anymore so I went on my own for a while and basically it all fell into place. I did the Modest Mouse show with Dan [Weisenberger] and I decided I wanted a band again. Modest Mouse was the first show where I was like, "I feel good about this, I felt good about music".

**JAKE:** Your first full-length album, what do you think of it?

LEEROY: It's out on Magic Teeth. I think it's a little bit piecy [In Stagger speak that means

there's not enough flow]. I think the new songs are really good. I think the next one that we do will be a lot better. I feel a lot more comfortable with the new material that we're working on right now.

**JAKE:** Is tonight's show a big deal?

LEEROY: I just feel really honoured. I'm not nervous. I feel like hopefully I'll get some respect from the city, the people who maybe haven't heard me yet.

**JAKE:** Does that matter to you?

LEEROY: Ya, I think it does, because I think I'm pretty loyal to Victoria and I put out a lot. I guess it matters. This is my home and I love it here and I figure everybody else is catching on, why can't Victoria?

INT. LEEROYS PAD - 11:00pm

Leeroy and I sit at the kitchen table drinking. The show is only 20 minutes old.

**JAKE:** You just opened for the Pixies. What do you think of them?

LEEROY: I think they're fat and old but they're great. Musically, they're decent. It was such an honour to play that show. I'm a fan, but in all their interviews they're like, "we're just getting back together for the money".

**JAKE:** Is that cool or what?

LEEROY: I think it's fine. I mean, money makes the world go round. I don't play to make money but I like to make money when I play.

**JAKE:** OK, but how do you feel when you can't even get your girlfriend on the list for a show this size when you see people making that much money?

LEEROY: I think the sick, shitty reality is if you want to go somewhere in music you kind of have to buy into that bullshit. I think the music industry is going so fucking sideways. It just seems like there's a lot of really shitty music considered popular. I think people are making the kind of music that people want to hear. I mean, like the whole rock revival thing is pretty much a joke.

**JAKE:** So do you want to be part of this recent rock movement? Will you be selling your soul anytime soon?

LEEROY: No, because I don't think I'll ever have a problem being successful as long as I keep doing what I want and follow my heart.

**JAKE:** So let's pretend you get it all offered to you tonight.

LEEROY: I think I just kind of do my own thing and if people want to consider that a part of something else, fine. I don't think I fit into a group with those kinds of bands. I'm into that kind of stuff but my music isn't like that—it's got balls. It's stood the test of time. It's more like Neil Young or Bruce Springsteen. I don't think I sound like the Strokes. I mean, I'm young and I have a certain style to me, but that's just what makes me feel comfortable. I dress the way I dress. If I get shit for that, that's fine. If people want to say you look like you're in the Strokes or whatever, I don't fucking care. At the end of the day though you just have to be a real person and dictate your own path. Just do your thing.

**JAKE:** Do you think about what it is you're going to wear a lot?

LEEROY: I'm a hairdresser for Christ's sake.

LEEROY STAGGER will be in Toronto in June working on a new album. Watch for Canadian tour dates in July.



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FEARLESS





# Longshot Music is Punk

By Sarah Rowland  
pics: Jeremy Van Nieuwerker

Out of nowhere, Chris from the Rebel Spell steers the conversation away from Longshot Music, the record label that is currently negotiating a deal to sign the up-and-coming, hook-filled, three-chord darlings. Instead, he starts gushing about how honoured he feels to be sharing his first magazine cover with the very same crusty Jaks that inspired him to plug in his first amp when he was 15. We can't be sure if any of those notorious skateboarding gangstas got to the impressionable young bassist before he sat down with the Nerve, but listen to this verbal handjob and decide for yourself: "It's kind of sweet because they're honestly what got me into underground punk when I was a kid."

Need further proof?  
"I've always been stoked on the Excessives and Shut Down," he says about two of his favourite Jaks-infested bands. "And like ten years later, they're still excessive and they're still so stoked. They're still doin' what they're doin' after all this time."

Words you don't hear everyday. This reeks of Excessives guitarist Jono Jak, who allegedly bribed our photographer to take better pictures of his group than of his future labelmates, going against everything that Longshot CEO, Mike Thug, set out to do with his label back in '95.

"The whole goal was to create a national network of support through likeminded bands that would try to help each other in booking shows and promoting each other," says the punk rock impresario.

Dear sweet Thug. He means it too, which is why he is often credited for keeping street punk alive in Western Canada (by "often" I mean throughout this article and by "street punk" I mean all non-commercial punk).

Nine years ago, Thug, along with two other partners, decided to start a record distribution company as an easy way to get their hands on some great new music. He then decided to take it one step further and turn it into a label. Today, he runs Longshot by himself and has succeeded in his vision of bringing bands together. For example, the seasoned surf 'core vusted vets .a.k.a. the Excessives, would probably not bother representin' at a Rebel Spell show if it weren't for their label bond. Thug's dedication to sustaining a coalition of underground punk



left to right: Shad, Ben "Lightning" Thomas, Doug Donut, Jono Jak

pretty much guarantees that he won't be leaving his day job anytime soon.

"The reality is that I've never really had the aspirations that Nerve CEO Bradley Damsgaard, [Badly Damaged] has to run an empire," says Thug, on the phone from his homebase in New York, where he moved almost a year ago. "I'd just be happy to still be doing it tomorrow."

Let's hope so. The second annual Longshot showcase is scheduled this month, where Nerve Records will ride Longshot's coattails and present all our talent (SpræadEagle & Red Hot Lovers). As Thug prepares for the three-day event, the record exec takes time out to reflect on everything he's learned about working with musicians.

"I love 'em but you can't count on them," Thug says, releasing almost a decade of pent-up anger. The soft-spoken skinhead rarely shows his teeth like this. "They're flaky. You basically have to just baby-sit them. They're like children. They're your bastard offspring. You just have to keep on their case to get stuff done. Rarely, once in a while, they're really

responsive and get stuff done. But overall, bands are very hard to motivate. There's usually one person in the band that does all the work."

Which brings us to Shad, the former frontman for the now defunct Shut Down and lead singer for the Excessives. After Shut Down disbanded, Shad went into a downward spiral that eventually led to him being banned from Jaks-sanctioned events. Showing blatant disregard for his crew's image, he started doing too much E and was spotted at the Cobalt instigating cuddle puddles. His longtime friends considered throwing a punk rock intervention, which consists of copious amounts of Colombian Marching Powder and repeated listens to Gang Green albums. Instead, his posse decided the only way to save Shad from becoming a hippy was to re-group as the Excessives, a band that's been with Lonshot for two years. So far, they've released a full-length LP known as The Exorcist album and their latest EP, "Backs Against the Wall".

Ever since he got his act together and started writing songs like "Man, Do I Ever Hate You", he's been leading a campaign of backdoor marketing. Rumour has it he's so hungry for band publicity, he convinced one of his bandmates to sleep with the Music Editor of an underground rock rag in an attempt to get more ink. It worked. But that's neither here nor there. Today, Shad puts up a good cover when he sits down for an interview, pretending that he's really there to support Thug.

"He's done tons for the scene," Shad says rather convincingly, I might add. "He's doing the thing that nobody else wants to do. He's doing all the legwork and there's not a lot of reward or fun to it. We get to play the shows."

Oh, he's good. Obviously, his bandmate, the Svengali-like Jono, prepped him before the interview.

Thug has no idea. He can't say enough nice things about the Excessives

"Shad's voice is just amazing," says Thug sincerely. "It goes back to the good old days like Death Sentence. He sounds like he's going to cough up razor blades. When he sings and

the music is so stripped down and aggressive and straightforward but it's still catchy. I don't like hardcore per se because it's just too bland to my ear. I like a little bit of melody and they still have a way of getting a little bit of a hook in there, like one my favourite bands of recent years, Bone Crusher."

When I mention Thug's sweet words, Shad slips out of his false modesty routine briefly and agrees with this statement.

"It is sort of a nice juxtaposition I suppose," says Shad. "It wasn't something we started doing intentionally. It's just that it's the only way I know how to sing. It's a good thing for bands to have some depth and range. A lot of times bands try to do everything under the sun and then they don't quite hit any of them."

He proceeds to whip out his punk rock war stories.

"I got polyps on my throat and I had to have an operation done," he says eying my notepad, making sure that I'm writing all this down. "The doctor said, of course, no smoking, no drinking, no late nights—basically a list of impossible things. I do occasionally drink slippery elm tea. [Music note: not punk ] I don't know if it does anything. If we've been playing a lot and jamming my voice starts to get used to the abuse and the assault that I put on it. Other than that, I'm not a very responsible person when it comes to taking care of my voice."

Back at the other café Chris' girlfriend, Stepha, who is also the drummer for the Rebel Spell is pretty tight-lipped. Apparently, she can't be bought or bullied by the Jaks for she has nothing nice to say about the Excessives. In fact, she only recently found out that they weren't an INXS tribute band. The young sexy percussionist wants to make one thing clear to Nerve readers because she's sick of people calling her band the Fleetwood Mac of punk rock: "It's not like we make-out at practice."

In the spirit of full disclosure, Shad admits that the Excessives also have a strict band policy against snogging at the jam space. But



left to right: Chris, Erin, Todd, Stepha

Continued on p. 19



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## Longshot cont.

there's something else nagging him. I can tell by his furrowed brow and the way he puts his hand to his hip like a little teapot that he wants to tell me more. Finally, he spits it out: He doesn't like his group's name. Never did. "It sounds like a different sort of a band, like a bad hair metal band."

However, those who have witnessed Jono (jokingly ?) ask for more "cocaine in his monitor" at sound check know that the Excessives past & present have more than lived up to their moniker.

"Well, this is true," confesses Shad before retreating to a quiet place in his mind where he and Jono are still touring through Germany with the Real McKenzie's, testing the purity of their coke on the nipples of underage oi! fans. Eventually, he comes to. "Our former drummer Dustin Jak was all over that. It was almost a scary thing because I think that he felt that he needed to prove that all the time. Maybe that's part of it too. I don't want to have to prove that we're these complete imbeciles."

He needn't worry. It's quite clear that there's nothing stupid about these guys, especially Shad. He's been around too long and clearly knows how to manipulate the media.

"Money has never been the driving force at all," he says, speaking loudly into my recorder. "I mean just being recognized is nice...or when it happens it will be nice, I suppose. The anticipation of being recognized makes it worthwhile and fun."

Chris has apparently fulfilled his Jaks-stroking quota and lights up at the thought of talking about his own band that only started jamming a year ago.

"When I was first typing the lyrics out for the CD artwork, that's when I first got to sit down and read them all in true form and I was blown away," he says. He speaks in rants that are equally earnest and confusing. "Right then my whole focus on the band changed. Until that point, when the album came out, I was like, 'You know? It's all right. We're playing punk rock—it's fun'. But once I knew that we weren't just singing about beer and pussy and shit like that, it was like, 'oh, cool.'"

Thug agrees. Although he wasn't fully convinced of the band's potential at first.

"It grew on me and I really like it," he says about the Rebel Spell's debut album, *Expression in Laymen's Terms*. "It takes me a while to come around. So I listened to it and heard a couple of gems there. Then I listened to it more and more and all of a sudden it became like hit after hit. I'm definitely looking forward to seeing them next month."

Chris, on the other hand, didn't need persuading. For him, Longshot was the only Canadian label that he wanted to sign with because it appeals to his DIY sensibilities.

As much as Shad loves being a part of the Longshot family, he's moved beyond those heady days of idealism.

"A lot of young bands starting out are so concerned about their image and how they're portrayed," he says. "It's a detriment because they're becoming the government and the authority that they hate so much. They want to have everything about them orchestrated so that only certain things are said about them so that nothing is misconstrued. It's like they're forcing opinion on people instead of just being themselves."

Do you get the feeling that if the right record company came along and demanded that Shad fire his drummer, he'd do it in a heartbeat via text message? In contrast, the members of the Rebel Spell still operate their band as a "democracy."

"I would be screwed if I had to kick her out of the band," Chris shudders at the thought of Steph's wrath. "That would be horrible. I would get kicked out of my house. No one is going to put that decision in front of us. I don't



### Longshot Music CEO Mike Thug is homeward bound .

think Brad [band management] or Mike is going to make me kick her out if it's a matter of selling 200 records so we can reprint."

Well, he clearly doesn't know Brad (aka Badly Damaged) very well. Anyone reading this remember Oke-Leigh Blades, SpréadEagle's former drummer? Throughout the band's recording process, Damaged would storm in on Jay Solyom's recording studio and scream, "I don't hear a hit here, people". Regretfully, 8-Ball would kick him in the kidneys until Damaged peed blood.

Unlike the control freak Damaged, Thug's biggest mistake was just loving too much. "I just tried to bite off more than I could chew at one point," he says. "I was very fortunate to have a lot of success with my third ever release because it has the Dropkick Murphys on it just as they were breaking. I sold 4,500 copies and I instantly thought that running a record label was a piece of cake. So I rather aggressively went ahead and did a couple of releases without any kind of game plan. So my complete dumb-luck success story gave me some confidence that was unmerited and the bubble burst. I basically walked away with my tail between my legs and tried to regroup."

Two years later, Thug was back on track, signing up Edmonton's Wednesday Night Heroes, Calgary's Knucklehead and Vancouver's Lancasters. Once in a while, he veers from the street punk thing and delves into some sweaty rock. No one batted an eye when he signed the Spitfires, but there was some concern when he added the trashy, glam outfit, Flash Bastard to the roster.

"Everyone laughed when I did it and the band broke up on the night of their release party yet I still managed to sell almost all of the pressings of a 1,000 copies. Somewhere in Japan is about three or four hundred Flash Bastard fans," says Thug.

However, he never wanders too far from his original vision for a label. More importantly, he didn't abandon his bands when he moved south of the border. In fact, he's encouraged by how much more he'll be able to do as far as raising the profile of bands like the Excessives, and now the Rebel Spell, in the biggest music market in the world.

"I was told by different people that just having a US-based address—specifically a New York City address—would give the label a certain amount of credibility that it wouldn't get in Canada. It's really unfair, but really true," he sighs.

But for three days, from May 6 to 8, we can forget about our inferiority complex, celebrate the Excessives' longevity, the Rebel Spell's future drug additions, and everything else that is good in Western Canadian street punk thanks to Mike Thug.



# STEVEN TAYLOR



**I'm on the campus of Naropa University looking for punk-turned-professor Steven Taylor so I can interview him for my slave-driving editors at the Nerve. After throwing a sack over the head of some poindexter and procuring a student pass, I slip into a classroom where Mr. Taylor is busy moulding the minds of wealthy nerds. After several minutes of listening to words too big to still be English, I raise my hand...**

### Why do you think so many retired punks hop on the spoken word bandwagon?

Why do people speak? Spoken word carries the sense that speech is something new, somehow eccentric, a "niche market." In an age of increasingly enforced silence, the sense is apt. Rock is the child of gospel and the blues. It's a kind of ritual speech or protest. It testifies for love and glory and shouts about freedom,

### False Prophet: Field Notes From the Punk Underground Steven Taylor Wesleyan University Press



The False Prophets were an anarchist/punk/alternative band that took flight in the mid-eighties before dropping off the radar in the early nineties. Despite being a solid act, the group never got a break. The group briefly signed to

Alternative Tentacles but left following the financially devastating scandal surrounding the obscene artwork included in the Dead Kennedys' *Frankenchrist* album. Several personnel changes and the Prophets' unwavering DIY credo further condemned them to the deep underground. Author Steven Taylor (who was also Allen Ginsberg's musical partner and a member of the ultra-seminal band the Fugs) was the Prophets' guitarist from '88 to '93. He is currently the Chair of the Department of Writing and Poetics at Naropa

history, and social conditions. This is why folk and rock songsters, and more recently hip-hop artists, have been placed under surveillance. Prophecy encounters the cops immediately in a fundamentalist society. You could do a musical history of the FBI.

The periodic submergence and emergence of speech in music describes something eons older than the pop-versus-punk split. Punk is classical in the sense of being connected to the body through speech and movement. Song is at its root a didactic art and the impulse to talk about something, to testify, is so basic to punk that even when massively amplified guitars and drums shred the vocals into indecipherable retching, the fans know the words and retch along. It's the word. Take away the band, you get the word. Speak, poet. **How does the creative fulfillment differ between performing in the False Prophets and writing about the False Prophets?**

One is a quintet and the other is a solo. Writing is obviously the quieter activity. The band is five people blowing as hard as they can. The power of that is hard to describe. It's like standing in a hurricane while in telepathic contact with four other people. It's instant, broad perception and earth-shaking, howling power. It is a kind of athletics. You're not so much playing the guitar as trying to ride this huge, screaming, six-octave resonance. You shout and laugh and dance because that's the condition of the body in that music. I think of John Coltrane speaking to God. He's blowing very, very hard. It's a total commitment. *A Love Supreme*. That's what it is.

**You seem well-read. What's the last sweaty punk show that really rocked your world?** As far as good reading goes, Gayatri C. Spivak rocked my world this afternoon. Music? False Prophets at CBGBs after sixty shows in Europe. I just don't have anything else to compare that to.

-J. Pee Patchez

University in Boulder, Colorado.

*False Prophet* is essentially two books within the same jacket. The first half is a series of sophisticated ethnographic essays exploring the whole of punk culture while the second half is a diary of the False Prophets' tours and tribulations. Although the essay portion is academic and dry with sentences that read like the bottom row of an eye chart, it goes deep into the roots and ideology of punk culture. If you can plow through it, you will definitely gain some fresh insights.

The tour diary portion is a MUST read for any band with plans to tour. Not only does Taylor give readers an unflinching insider's view on interpersonal relationships within the band and the usual van-broke-down-in-Buttfuckgart-Europe stories, he also meticulously documents every penny spent, every power plug adapter and every travel document needed. Indispensable information along with the ups and downs of band life make for a galvanizing read. Included as a bonus is a False Prophets CD that provides some context as you read along. Recommended reading for social anthropologists and crusties alike.

-J. Pee Patchez





Photo: Laura Lemay

**I**f the Accident were a flower they would be a vibrant, yellow tulip. I say this for no particular reason other than the fact they open up and reveal their tender true selves so sincerely, almost therapeutically. Unveiling such painstakingly, heartfelt truths ranging from the real reason Ben and J-Lo parted ways to what they think Regina smells like, the Accident want you to know the facts.

**What group or solo artist does your band never want to be compared to and why?**

Rob: Anyone shitty I suppose.

**On your dream bill, what two acts would you be sandwiched between?**

Rob: 98° and C.W. McCall.

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

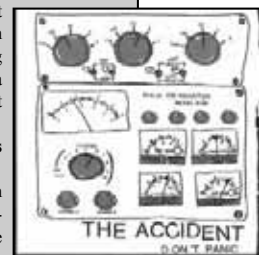
Rob: "Rock Lobster" by the B-52's because it's the rockiest rock song that ever rocked.

**Worst gig ever?**

Gary: We played in Regina with a leather-clad, lip-synching Todd Kerns to seven cougars and their cagey boyfriends. By the end of the show the girls had convinced their boyfriends to beat us up purely for entertainment purposes. We left town REAL fast. The funny thing about Regina is that for a city so far from the ocean it sure smells like fish.

**So like how come no one's ever heard of your band?**

Rob: We've been living in an underwater research station 12 miles beneath the surface of the ocean for the last year- and-a-half as test subjects in a top secret government project known simply as "Nautilus". The purpose of Project Nautilus is classified and, as such, details cannot be revealed (we can say, however, that it may be involved in the recent Bennifer break-up).



-Ryan Calvery



ed than ever. In my opinion they'll never top *Butchered* or *Tomb*, and although I must admit that technically they're much better musicians now, it just doesn't have that twisted aura of yore. Their lyrics are getting sillier as well; just how many zombie songs can one band write? Quit calling them misogynists though, they're now equal-opportunity offenders as demonstrated with "Blunt Force Castration". Lovely. Vincent Locke's thankfully still doing the artwork, displaying a return to form with the most over-the-top cover since *Tomb*. It comes with a bonus DVD that wasn't included in the promo, but should be a nice addition to an already sweet package

-Matt Smith

**The Accident**  
*Don't Panic*  
Independent

This one makes you raise your eyebrows, look over at your buddy and nod with that "hmm, not too fuckin' bad, eh?" look on your face. Very impressive, indeed. It doesn't sound like an accident at all, more like an effortless fusion of hardcore, new wave, ska, and plain old-fashioned rock 'n' roll. Every song comes at you from a different angle, making the skip button unthinkable. The passionate vocals are the thread that holds this relentless fury all together, along with some assertive beyond-the-call-of-duty basslines. The drummer is extremely active, the guitar sound goes from fast funk to ska to Motorhead, and as an added bonus there is also a keyboard banger away in a most cheese-free manner. Closest comparisons might include FIREHOSE, Sparkmarker, and in the wild moments, Mr. Bungle. Lyrics are mentally nutritious as well.

-J. Pee Patchez

and shoulders. This album isn't terrible it just doesn't attack you. It holds back almost passively as you wait in vain for it to really break loose. There are a few songs that stand up to *Leprosy*-era Death, but it's 15 years later so they should. If the bass and double-kicks were given the same attention in the mix as the guitars were, things might be better. But the outcome falls short of their high potential. Maybe a couple of tours and better production could make their next album one to watch out for.

-J. Pee Patchez

**Eddie Spaghetti**  
*The Sauce*  
Mid Fi

New solo effort from the Supersuckers lead sideburns-wrangler. Two OG's and a whole mess of tunes by the likes of Kris Kristofferson, Willy Nelson and Steve Earle. This is the perfect soundtrack for getting fucked up, being fucked up and doing fucked up shit.

-8-Ball

**Hide Your Daughters**  
*Twisted and Distorted Gender Relations 101*  
No List



Hide your daughters indeed! Note to all parents of girls in the greater Winnipeg area:

write down all the names you read on the inner sleeve of this CD and post them up on your fridge, these guys are trouble. As promised by the title, all songs pertain to the classic "boy meets girl, boy gets super fucked-up and can't deal except by screaming into a mic" type of story. The sound is extremely caustic, complex, frantic, and hardcore. Think of a lo-fi sounding Fugazi in a Cuisinart. The drums are so apeshit they sound like they were recorded while tumbling down a long flight of stairs and the vocals sound like that tin-can mic in *O Brother, Where Art Thou*. The songs are short, to the point and never let up. Considering the personal, emo-type lyrics, it's a huge relief to not have to endure any whining. Well done, fellows.

-J. Pee Patchez



**1208**  
*Turn of the screw*  
Epitaph

1208 kicks Simple Plan in the fuckin' cock 'n' lack of balls then pisses on Nufan. Finally, a lead singer that doesn't sound like a

fucking bitch in heat. Thank you, 1208! Their sounds and ideals are pretty standard—typical "wallet on a chain" angst. Gotta sing bout the corrupt 5-0 and the girlfriend that turned into a psycho. Conventional shit, yet 1208 pull it off like pants on a John. 1208 could evolve into a really good band if they try new things on their next album; maybe more crunchy and raw sounds and less polished production. Otherwise they will be stuck in the teenage pimple vortex of, "can I get the car tonight, mom?"

-Adler Floyd



**Broken Nose**  
*The Evidence Room EP*  
Independent

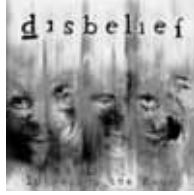
Four words used best to describe Edmonton's Broken Nose indy release: not so new metal. Or: thank

God it was only an EP. Wait, that's seven words. I'm definitely not a big fan of this genre, it actually pisses me off. For example, one time I went to a new metal show at the Brickyard in Vancouver (I didn't pay to get in), and I got so mad that I left during the second act and ended up drinking in a gay bar down on Davie St. Now that's distraught. This record pukes random, artsy lyrics, all sung with minimal soul and over-exaggerated grunts and growls. I just wasn't stoked, especially when I was expecting something a bit more tuff with a name like Broken Nose. Seeing that two out of the four members could possibly kick my ass, I will only offer this little bit of critical advice: next time you guys write an album, try leaving the System of a Down CD in your depressed sister's room and come up with something a bit more original.

-Hooped

**Cannibal Corpse**  
*The Wretched Spawn*  
Metal Blade

While you can't say that the gore-purveying pervs in CC have progressed exponentially between albums, viewing their career from the primitive roots of their *Eaten Back to Life* debut, it becomes clear just how far they've come. This latest spurt of rancid jizzum is fucking brutal, technical and more song-orient-



**Disbelief**  
*Spreading the Rage*  
Nuclear Blast

Germany's Disbelief has managed to cut through the faster/harder cartoon muck that the genre of extreme metal has

devolved into and made a bona-fide classic. *Spreading the Rage* deserves a place in the metalhead's collection right up there with Death, Obituary and early Sepultura. Sure, they had a good 15 years to perfect the formula, but what does it matter when the outcome is this crazy good? The production is HUGE and very well balanced. The double-kicks pound, the riffs shred, and thankfully the bass is given high priority in the mix, rumbling along and often leading the whole sound. If Chuck from Death had throat cancer, this singer must have flesh-eating disease cuz he sounds massive. The cover of Killing Joke's "Democracy" is amazing, and fits the record's theme perfectly. Buy it or cut your hair off, simple as that.

-J. Pee Patchez



**In Flames**  
*Soundtrack To Your Escape*  
Nuclear Blast

This Swedish five-piece comes chugging and shredding from the gate in a clean *Heartwork*-era-Carcass-fashion

promising the listener a major death metal dismembering only to neuter itself for the next two songs with sensitive, Deftones-style groaned vocals and light, soaring guitar work. They return to harder death styles throughout the album, but the contrast between the softer melodic parts and the heavy stuff is too stark. The production is awesome with lots of extra little sounds, trippy soundscapes and instrumental separation that is well suited to headphones (psst... smoke a doob). If this record could be distilled down to it's harder core, it would be untouchable. It's like being punched square in the face one minute and then having your feet tickled with a feather the next. They deserve credit for pushing the limits of the art form but an underlying attitude or theme would serve them better than bi-polarity.

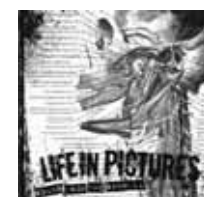
-J. Pee Patchez



**Fragments of Unbecoming**  
*Skywards - A Sylphe's Ascension*  
Metal Blade

There are certain elements that must be present for a death metal album to be worthy of

longsleeve space on a banger's back. The double-kick drums have to be pummeling, the vocals have to inspire true terror, and the riffs have to reach out and stab you about the head



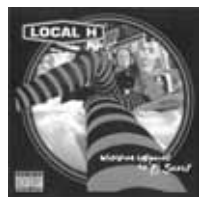
**Life in Pictures**  
*Songs from the Sawmill*  
Limekin

Who would have guessed that a group of young men from rural Arizona could be so gosh-darned angry and able to create such a ruckus? I, for one, was pleasantly surprised by this dynamic debut EP from post-hardcore kids Life in Pictures. Despite their occasional communist,



power-to-the-people lyrics that tend to read like an amateur take of Marx's *Das Kapital*, LIP's tight musicianship and eagerness to create brutally loud, disjointed melodies is more than refreshing. Never stopping short of a scream and thunder, *Songs from the Sawmill* is an unpredictable fury and brilliant start to a career.

-Adam Simpkins



**Local H**  
*Whatever Happened To P.J. Soles?*  
Studio E

Chicago duo Local H has created an admirably fearless piece of off-center alternative rock here. They take more chances than yer average rock radio crew, which results in an eclectic record full of some highly original, inspired songs with depth and structure. As is bound to happen with taking risks, there are some boring moments as well. When things are going right, they have the rawness of an early Mudhoney tempered with the dreaminess of Jane's Addiction. When things don't go too well, they sound dangerously close to the Offspring (albeit with much better lyrics). Wailing harmonicas, quiet-to-loud dynamics, a 10-minute epic song, and some seriously ripping boogie-rock passages could put Local H near the top of the FM heap, provided they go with the rockin' shit and leave the heard-that-somewhere-before stuff back at the jam space.

-J. Pee Patchez



**Nekromantix**  
*Dead Girls Don't Cry*  
HellCat

Danish horror-themed psychobilly trio Nekromantix have been doin' it for 15 years now, so you can't accuse them of being fashion chasers. With all of that experience under their skull-shaped belt buckles, it seems foolish for them to have rushed the making of this record. It is breakneck fast and raw the way good psychobilly should be. There are plenty of zombies, cannibals, coffin-shaped upright basses and all that good stuff, but the whole affair never really lives up to its potential. The lyrics are very clever at times; other times, they are unfathomably retarded such as wondering if monsters pee. "Struck by a Wreckin' Ball" stands out as the best song on the strength of its speed and drinkin' lyrics. Unfortunately, the bulk of the material never seems to cut through the murk and really take off.

-J. Pee Patchez



**Smogtown**  
*All Wiped Out*  
TKO

After eight years, these Orange County beach Punks have called it a day. Although they seldom played live, Smogtown had the youth of North America on its ear with their angst-driven early suburban hardcore style. Eight blistering tracks done in fine form: punchy, fast and straight to the point. With a release this good I'm left to wonder why they would call it a day, but I suppose going out on such a high note is sometimes not necessarily a bad thing. Give them a few years and legendary status could possibly prevail. I recommend getting this release as well as all their previous material, whatever the cost.

-Aaronoid.

**Some Girls**  
*All My Friends Are Going Death*  
Deathwish, Inc.

What happens when a Christian punk band turns its back on the institution? You get Some Girls. With lyrics that are distressed and alienated, this album lives up to its name with just about every song being about suicide. The message of this album: God made it really easy to kill myself. Is it true that those who talk



about killing themselves have a greater likelihood of actually doing it? I don't know if lead-singer and writer Wes Eisold has a death wish, so this album could be a prelude to the grand finale. Their sound is raw and fast. They cover the song "No Fun" by the Stooges, which is the slowest and most melodic song on the album. This band has a really great sound if you can get past all the screaming.

-Dan Holiday



**Street Dogs/Dents**  
*round one split 7"*  
Abbey Lounge

What we got here is a split CD featuring two of Boston's finest punk rock 'n' roll bands. The Street Dogs come recklessly racing at us with a roots rock 'n' roll sound crossbred with rabid punk rock reminiscent of New York City's the Heartdrops, the Yo-Yo's, and Social Distortion while the Dents have more of a Holly Golightly meets the Ramones thing happening. It's obvious that in Boston, Abbey Lounge has got some great rock 'n' roll shaking. Bring on round two.

-Billy Hopeless

**Eagles Of Death Metal**  
*Peace, Love Death Metal*  
Ipeacac

Have you ever been to a party and some douchebag insists on playing Sepultura or Pink Floyd all night. It's like dude, it might get you off but it ain't going to get you laid. See all those girls over there? They're bored and are planning their escape right now. Put on something else, man. They want to dance and they want to fuck. If you don't believe me, put on the new E.O.D.M. and see for yourself.

-8-Ball

**Various Artists**  
*Strong Bad Sings and other type hits*  
Harmless Junk, Inc.

In case you've never visited, www.homestarrunner.com is a great website filled with flash animation and lovable characters, all of whom are ready to sing at the drop of a hat. Strong Bad (in the Mexican wrestling mask) is more willing than most, so 15 of the 20 tracks on this compilation are his. From the metal freak-out of "Troglod" to the acapella/techno brilliance of "The System is Down", Strong Bad proves himself a master of many genres. H\*R fans will be glad to know that *Strong Bad Sings...* also features a pair of tracks from hair-metal maniacs Limozeen, a punk rock gem from Marzipan and a freestyle throwdown by Coach Z. The rest of the CD features new hi-fi versions of favourites from the website. No Strong Bad enthusiast's collection would be complete without the live version of "Everybody to the Limit" or the gospel choir version of "The Cheat is Not Dead."

-Jason Lewis

**The Franklins**  
*Let's Get Dead EP*  
Reluctant

I stole this CD off my guitar player who picked it off these guys at a show we played in Lethbridge. It seems it's always the little hick towns where you find some of the greatest bands. I listen to this CD whenever I get a chance and I can't stop telling people about this short but great album. These dudes from Edmonton slay through these songs with pure teenage angst. Powered with rage and an obvious hatred towards the fucked up system that



photo: Nigel Copp

**EAGLES OF DEATH METAL**

Anyone with half an eye and a wooden asshole could tell you who's in this band. That's not important. What's important is that there's not a trace of Glenn Frey or Cookie Monster to be found. What you will find is stripped-down guitar boogie, hypnotic drumming and some smooth-ass soul singin'. This bitch goes from laid back to fucked up in seconds and is kind of like a sweaty little mustache for your ears. The Nerve recently spoke with Guitarist/vocalist/Froot Bootin' Jesse "The Devil" Hughes to get to the bottom of all the church burnings and such. Thank you for supporting the scene.

**What group or solo artist does your band never want to be compared to and why?**  
Menudo...I think mostly because we don't speak Spanish. I think the fact that they utterly sucked is also a major factor. They had horrible pants. Or Foghat because I alone have the Most Important Moustache in Rock 'n' Roll. **What two acts would you be sandwiched between?**

Act 3 and Act 1 or Madonna and Thalia. Or Sheryl Crow and Liz Phair. **What recording humbles you every time you hear it and why?**  
Dave Mason's *Alone Together*. It is one of the greatest rock albums ever made but it was eclipsed by the multitude of great records produced in the early 70's. After splitting Traffic, Mason put out *Alone Together* showcasing his talent for taking poetic reflections of deep human emotions and fusing it with his down home, southern rock-influenced boogie woogie. Every song is great. A true Long Player.

**Worst gig ever?**  
I've only played 21 in my life so I don't have a big selection to choose from...but I would have to say Middle East in Boston because we didn't make it sexy enough. And so, therefore, the ladies weren't pleased and that hurts me.

**What the fuck do peace and love have to do with death metal?**  
Everything. Really all things have stuff to do with P.L.D.M. Or the smart sounding way to say it is this: it is an ironic statement about society as a whole.

-8-Ball

can't hold these Satanic looking skaters back, this record is the bomb. The vocals are forceful, the guitars sound pissed and with lyrics like "I wanna kill, kill, kill the rich/steal from the queen then murder the bitch" u can't help but wanna start a hardcore skate thrash band and bleed all over the world. This album is totally DIY and the actual CD looks like a tiny fucking record. With a limited release of 100, I hope you can all get your copy.

-Hooped

**The Living Things**  
*Turn In Friends & Neighbors EP*  
DreamWorks

This St. Louis-turned-L.A. trio must have set the boardrooms in Hollywood on fire. Not only do they sound like every other kinda garagey, kinda rock, middle of the road band (Jet, Datsuns, Vines, etc.), they mix that low energy with a sort of bubblegum political view. I mean seriously, even Black Sabbath wrote better political commentaries than this. Maybe they'll get their 15 seconds of MTV2 fame. This whole record is like Rage Against the Black Halos. At least the production is lean and mean thanks to Steve Albini. All I'm saying is that three pissed-off brothers should sound a little more pissed to me. "Standard Oil Trust" is a rocker, but that's about it.

-Willie Crane

**The Pulses**  
*Little Brothers EP*  
Dirtnap

Good fuck!? Is this what they call new wave? Jeffy, I think you need to gimme a lesson. The Pulses crank outta the speakers full bore with driving, redundant beats, accompanied by nasally, yet poppy vocals. Velvet Underground

comes to mind while listening to this record, and that's not to be taken as a bad comparison. With the help of an obviously very talented keyboardist and some noisy guitar licks, I think the Pulses accomplished what they set out to do: create another addition to the record collections of the many scenesters who eat this shit up. Now after rewriting my first slanderous draft of this review—two cigarettes, and four spins of this EP later—I can say that if these guys ever come to Vancouver, you might catch me checking 'em out. Standing up front, stoned, head bobbing and toe tapping. If I get drunk, you might even see me dancing like a crazy fucking beatnik.

-Hooped



**Zero Down**  
*Pound for Pound*  
Independent

Not to be confused with the band of the same name on Fat Wreck Chords, Seattle's Zero Down are a little less interesting than their namesake and probably due for a name change. Setting things off with the Motörhead-inspired "Kick it Down", there is some serious jam-kicking going on but the results are mixed. There's no denying that these six songs "rock", but I can't help but hear a bar band that is only enjoyable while beer is still being served.

-Adam Simpkins



**Weezer**  
Video Capture Device  
Universal

In the late 70's one would think that American pop-culture had a major jones for the glory days of the 1950's. Movies like *Grease*, the music of Sha Na Na and TV shows like *Happy Days* indicated a longing for simpler times.

When I was first introduced to Weezer via their "Buddy Holly" video, I thought maybe they were pining for these simpler times as well. Wrongo! They were just hung up on the 70's, with their Arena Rock posturing and lyrical references to Kiss and Dungeons & Dragons. Anyhoo, any semblance of a full on boogie van revival (*Dazed And Confused*, anyone?) was soon forgotten with the popularity of bands like Sugar Ray and Smash Mouth. America wasn't interested in the *Leave it To Beaver* or *Welcome Back Kotter* generations. What they wanted was shallow, syrupy, beach bum bullshit with frosted tips and facial hair. Nowadays, it seems that people might be more than a little 80's-obsessed. With iron(ic)-on concert t-shirts finding their way into every suburban mall teenyboutique from here to the middle of nowhere, it won't be long until the post-everything, neo art-fag latches on to the first Gulf War era and starts rocking the Hyper Colour down at Gerardo Night at Shine, and rest assure, a Weezer will lead us.

-8-Ball

**Goldfinger**  
*The Show Must Go Off: Live at the House of Blues*  
Kung Fu Films

Super-slick DVD featuring a full 14-song concert at the House of Blues in Orange County. The disc has an option for you to switch between seven cameras, which is kinda cool. They have lotsa stuff on this DVD—videos of songs; videos of goofin' around; lotsa concert footage chock full of synchro jumping, guitar twirling and stage diving.... more bubble gum than Bazooka Joe. It definitely pays to bring your video camera along on your all-ages world tour. I say all-ages because I can't picture the over-21 crowd being THAT excited over this band, although they do play a pretty killer brand of ska/pop punk. If you didn't get enough of these guys from the endless hours of video footage, there is a photo gallery as well. If you are one who enjoys all-ages pogging...GET THIS!

-Jono Jak

**The Vandals**  
*Live at The House Of Blues, Anaheim DVD*  
Kung Fu Films

Another installment in the "Show Must Go OFF" series. I originally thought it was the "Show Must Go ON" series and not having seen any of the previous editions, I was expecting something a little different. Yes, the Vandals do indeed go off, but the real star here is drummer Josh Freese. If you're not familiar with his work, it may be helpful to know that he also plays drums for Elton John, Beyonce and Rush. He's that good! If you are still a little unconvinced, this DVD comes with an option of watching the show through a "Josh Freese Drums Only Cam", complete with a picture-in-picture kick-pedal viewpoint. Technology truly is an amazing thing.

-8-Ball



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## UK Subs, Ab Irato, Alley Mattress

@The Cobalt, Vancouver  
Saturday, April 17, 2004



the material, the singer and the guitarist switched places every couple of songs. No golden voiced crooners here.

Then, after the Canucks somehow managed to pull off a 5-4 victory in overtime, Charlie Harper and the boys took to the stage. "Time for your history lesson," said the old man as the UK Subs kicked in. Technical problems plagued the band for the first couple of songs, and fear settled in me. What if these Englishmen traveled all the way across the ocean just to embarrass me? I mean, I've been a Subs fan since I first got my teenage hands on *Another Kind of Blues* back in 1979. What if these punk legends had slid down the slippery slope of self-parody and sloppy nostalgia? Nothing worse than a bunch of old farts trying to re-live the glories of youth. Fortunately, after

replacing a faulty patch cord, the original Subs lineup of Alvin Gibbs, Charlie Harper, and Nicky Garratt dished up a glorious serving of my favourite punk rock gems. The magic is still there because these guys love what they are doing and it shows. So thanks, Charlie, for validating this old man and proving that you never have to grow up.

-Chris Walter

I arrived early to make sure I got in, but I needn't have worried because the bar was still empty. Alley Mattress played short, fast songs, and got extra points for having a singer with an afro like Handsome Dick Manitoba had in the 70's. All the young punks began to drift in and multi-coloured tri-hawks and Sid Vicious bondage belts ruled the night. Ab Irato from Montreal was up next, pleasing the crowd with an even speedier set of general chaos. Due to the throat-shredding nature of

photo: Laura Murray

## The Sounds

@Sonar, Vancouver  
Saturday, April 10, 2004

There's something wrong about going into a club to see a show when it is blazing hot and still daytime out. That's one of the reasons I don't frequent all-ages shows—that and the lack of booze. But the Sounds show was licensed and there was a fuckload of people willing to skip dinner to see the Swedish shock act. It had been years since I'd been to the old Town Pump—they moved the stage to the rear and the floor was packed by around 8:00 pm. AND GUESTS were a no show. I'd seen them before—wastebags, kinda boring and predictable, so I wasn't bummed when I didn't see their bus out front. As I looked around I noticed there were a lot of REALLY good-looking people standing around looking REALLY attractive. I thought, "if this place blows up right now, Vancouver would lose 33% of its really good-looking rock types."

Time seemed to drag on and still no band. I was concerned that there would be no show and the muscle men would kick us out to make way for the Sonar disco bloodbath that was sure to follow...then the lights dimmed and the rock started. The sound in the club was awesome. Maja's voice was raspy and sexy as the band rolled through hit after hit. They started with "On The Radio" and the mixture of good tunes and overpriced liquor blended together in perfect bliss. The one good thing about early shows is that it primes you EARLY for a ridiculous evening of debauchery.

The Sounds rocked! I'm glad I got to see them in a relatively small club. If you missed them you can always catch them at the Warped Tour. HA!!

-Jono Jak

## Tricky Woo, The Illuminati, The Feminists and Mandown

@Pub 340  
Saturday April 10<sup>th</sup>



photo: Casey Cougar

When someone has broken your heart it's difficult, or even STUPID, to get past it and forgive them. Tricky Woo broke mine and a thousand others around the globe with their major sonic shift in 2000—changing from an explosive rock experience to borderline psychedelic wanking—and subsequent break-up. Shortly after they announced a cross-Canada reunion tour, I watched my calendar like a hawk until their Vancouver appearance April 7<sup>th</sup> @The Drink. Whoever promoted that show SHIT THE BED! It was a Wednesday night show the night before the night before Good Friday at a new rock venue with ZERO advertising. I didn't see a poster, did you??? Although the turnout was rather dismal, Tricky Woo knocked off the few socks in the audience.

Tricky Woo knew they had hurt us and understood why many folks didn't show, but I decided they deserved another chance. They played Whistler on Thursday the 8<sup>th</sup> and Victoria on the 9<sup>th</sup> so I made a phone call to Atomick Pete and he booked them at Pub 340 for Saturday the 10<sup>th</sup>. Props to excellent local hardcore trio Mandown and creepy (in a good

way) new wave act the Feminists for agreeing to play their sets earlier to accommodate two extremely last-minute additions to the lineup. Montreal's The Illuminati squeezed in third, borrowing Tricky Woo's gear. Their heavy style reminded me of Reo Speedealer in their prime.

This show had only two days worth of postering to advertise it, but the crowd swelled to twice that of the Drink turnout which says a lot about the power of gossip. The boys in Tricky Woo turned up their rock 'n' roll charms to 10, eager to redeem themselves in our eyes and I gotta say, I was sucked right back in. Andrew and Adrian had a guitar showdown, riffing madly for our attention with mucho hair-tossing and literally getting down on their knees begging for mercy. They plied us with songs from previous albums and teased us with new ditties from their forthcoming album *Heavy Feelings*. The new Pat on drums proved himself worthy of being in the group, connecting with bassist/vox Rocco to back the other Woos up making it impossible not to melt.

-Casey Cougar

## Moneen, Ten Foot Pole

@Starlite Room, Edmonton  
Sunday, April 4, 2004

With scant regard for the thirsty Scotsman in attendance, the recently re-opened Starlite Room is lacking one essential component—a bar. Man, what is it about you pesky hosers and your shows in unlicensed premises? I demand to have some booze!

A few years back, Ten Foot Pole would've been tonight's main attraction (you know what I mean), but these skate-punk veterans still managed to get my foot tapping. I must admit, I thought TFP had packed it in, but here they are fighting the good fight, armed with a brand new album. Hats off to them.

Fortunately, their set consisted mainly of their mid-era Epitaph albums, *Unleashed* and *Insider*. I got to sing along to some old faves while the more demonstrative attendees showed their appreciation by forming a small but determined mosh pit. Ah, the old-school EpiFat sound: a little dated – but still good.

Suspicious as I am of all things hyped, I'm duty bound to inform you that Moneen gave the most energetic live performance I've had the pleasure to witness.

When ADD-afflicted main man Kenny Bridges wasn't bouncing off the walls (literally) or rolling around on the floor, he was waxing conversational about his 90-year-old granny—awww. Love him or hate him, the guy single-handedly proves that musicianship and stage presence need not be mutually exclusive.

Even if Moneen's "aggressive melodic pop" doesn't grab you on CD, the sheer exuberance of their live set would win over all but the most hardened emo-skeptic. Their multi-layered vocals and swirling dreadlocks are also a welcome reminder of fellow hyperactive hairies, the Doughboys.

Press darlings they may be, but a good band is still a good band – and make no mistake, Moneen is a FUCKING good band.

-David Lawrence

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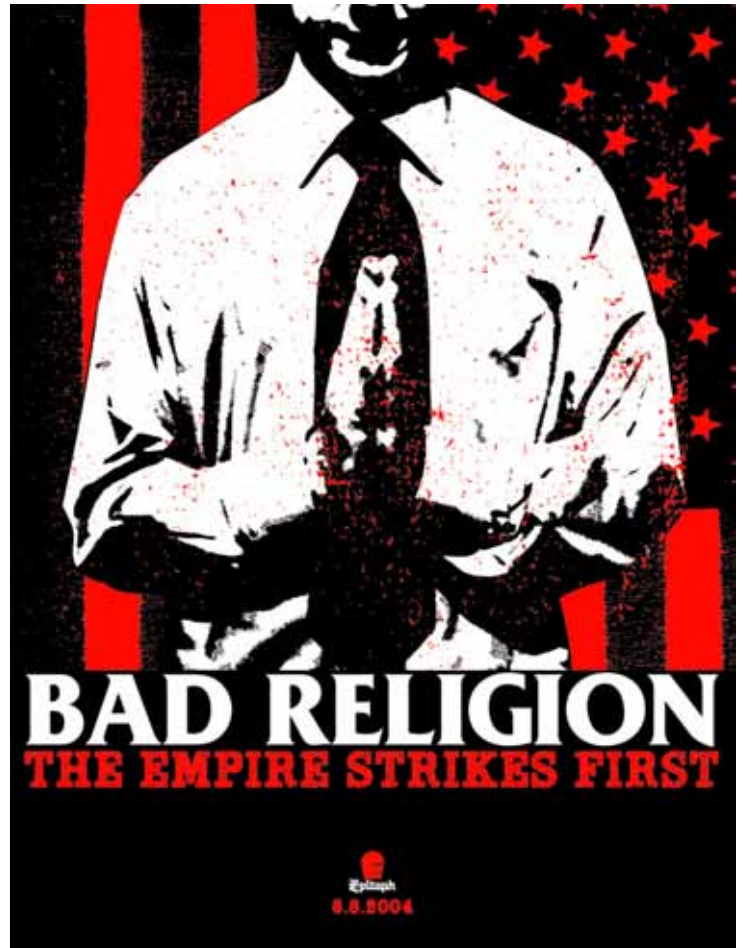
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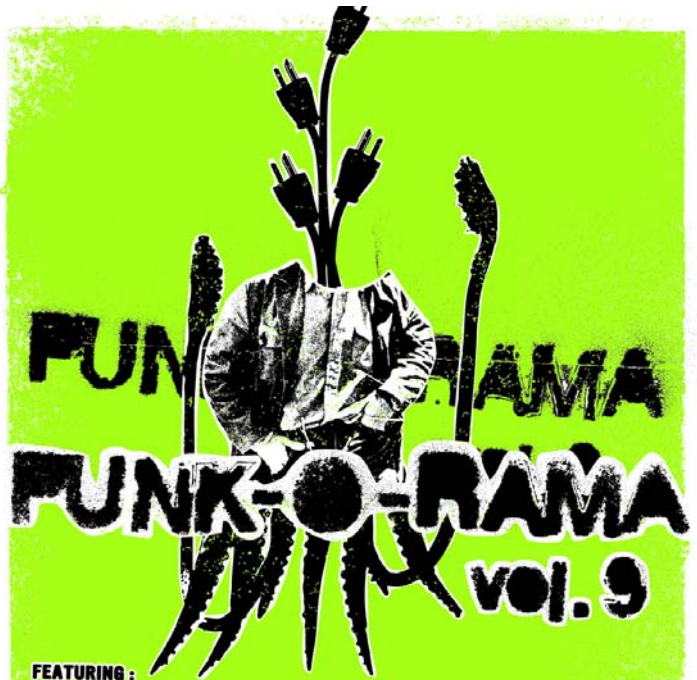
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# SKATE SPOT

## The Mark of Zero

When we here at the Skate Spot hear the words "Zero demo", we start salivating as if by Pavlovian reflex. Jamie Thomas! Leap of Faith! "Dying to Live"! Rails for breakfast! Gnar gnar! So we decided to rock across the Rockies to Calgary and go to the Source indoor park's Zero/Mystery tour stop. The park was buzzing with anticipation, with all eyes focused on the roped-off advanced street course. Soon more human bodies were flying through the air than in the Gaza Strip.

We thought the standout for the evening was Chris Cole. This up 'n' comer has got all the pop, consistency, and control he needs to wreak havoc all over this paved world. From the tech of a 360 flip 50-50 along a ledge to the Chalmers of speedy floaty ollies and 3 flips over the whole flat of the big pyramid, he killed everything and seldom came off.

Jamie Thomas was definitely the crowd favourite, not disappointing the blood-thirsty youth; he was the first to attack the big pink rail with a BS 50-50, did a nice FS 180 melon over a pyramid to flat, and closed out the demo with an ollie from the deck of the 8ft quarterpipe to flat. For some reason Jamie was coming off on more technical manoeuvres—definitely an off night for an icon. Jamie's got way more of the tricky stuff in the bag than was coming out tonight — watch "Dying to Live" for proof, and hope Zero comes to Slam.

Another guy who stood out was Ryan Smith, who mixed up his approach with burly tricks, like kickflip fastplanting over a ledge to a bank, and tall nosepick Indys. He's got some Mike V New Jersey steez, but don't think he's a pure power skater, as he pulled out a nollie flip crooks across a ledge, and showed some pure street knowledge with a FS tailslide on a 2ft ledge from flat.

Light, leapin' Lindsay Robertson's lofted from the top deck over the bank to flat. He ruled the 4-stair upgap with a FS 180 flip, FS varial flip, and FS 360 ollies, did poppy BS 180 kickflips and a big nollie 360 over the pyramid. Big tricks from a small guy, reminiscent of a cleaner-cut Steve Olson. No Chris

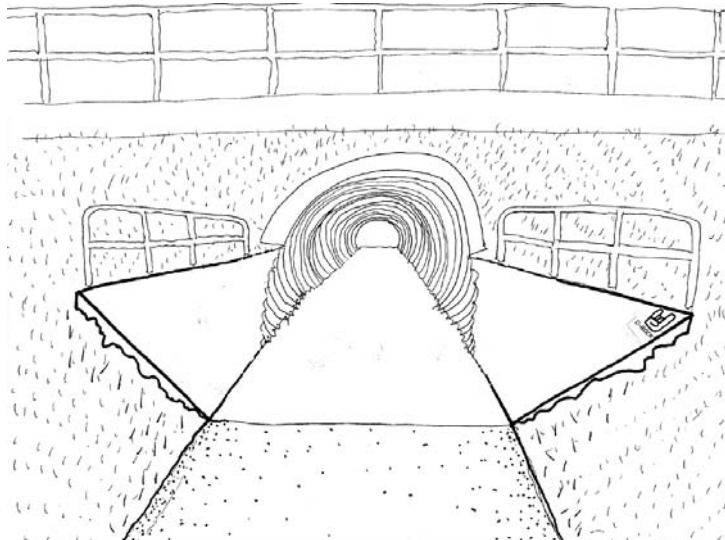
Haslam or Adrian Lopez, but the rest of the team had a lot of comparable tech-gnar in their arsenal, and it made for an entertaining night of Good Stuff.

After the mandatory product toss, all the groms swarmed the skaters with autograph demands and admiration, which must have lasted an hour and a half. Jamie even looks like Jesus these days, what with all the hair and disciples. Lots of skate energy in the house - Chris Cole put it best when he said, "It's easy to put on a good demo when the kids are so into it." So go buy some Zero/ Mystery gear so these guys can pay their substantial medical billz.

### Spare Parts

Slam City is the big news — check the Skate Menace for preview. Miss Kim was at the Edge indoor park on April 19th and it was closed; rumour had it that indoor parks were being closed due to an insurance industry-wide reclassification of skating as an "extreme" sport. Don't you love that word? Genico Aiello, from Skate Skates, the local Wpg shop, says they are working on getting the park reopened as soon as possible. RDS indoor insider Cory McIntyre said they'd heard nothing about such a policy, speculating that specific local insurers may have made individual decisions. He also stated that RDS is already covered for a long period, with contracts signed and deals done. Centre and Ultimate have sunk about \$700,000 into that Skatelite paradise, and will no doubt do whatever it takes to keep it going. Starting May 1, don't forget to check out the History of Skateboarding exhibit (thanks to P.D. from Skull Skates for the collection!) at the Vancouver Museum (1100 Chestnut Street, call 604.736.4431). Also, looks like this year's Skate Week will be July 1-7, with events planned for Andy Livingstone, UBC, Cambie Bridge, Strathcona Park, a long-board race, and an Old-School night at Vibe nightclub. Summer's here — go break yo'self!!!

-D-Rock and Miss Kim with shady informant Cory MC. Email: [downspace@telus.net](mailto:downspace@telus.net)



## Back to the Skating Board!

By Billy Hopeless

I remember when my parents bought me my first skateboard. It was a plastic yellow shark deck purchased from the Sears department store and I rode the crap out of it, taking on every hill that stood in my way and trying to jock all the tricks all the older 70's skaters were pulling. But eventually, for some unknown reason, I stopped for a few years and the deck I had at one time lived on, disappeared into the dark recesses of my adolescents. It was in the 80's that I came crawling back to one of my favourite pastimes as I walked into P.D.'s Hotshop on Pender Street and bought a team skull deck and began running into business people's ankles all over downtown. Since then, I've never turned back and have always trusted in the Zen like wisdom, knowledge and friendship of P.D. So when I heard about his involvement in the Skateboarding Vancouver exhibit at the Vancouver museum, I immediately decided to use my column this month to help spread the word on the streets! So come on, grab a board and go sidewalk surfing with me down to 1100 Chestnut Street and embrace the way of life that refuses to grow old or die! I now turn you over to the chairman of the board for a further discussion and propaganda bombing on the subject. Billy Hopeless calling Planet Skull, do you read me? Planet Skull, come in planet skull, do you read me? Hmm, does anybody out there read me?



tions to ensure that there are no references to music whatsoever in the Skateboarding Vancouver exhibit.

*You've shown me many interesting pieces of skate history throughout my non-career of skateboarding, but I have a feeling that you've got some unseen gems that you're going to pull out of the dark corners of the Hotshop's inner sanctum. Give us a few hints and if you don't want to give it away, just make up some fascinating artifact of skate mythology to entice us.*

Skateboarding exists because humans exist... some skateboarding humans are also pack rats. Skateboarding and pack ratting in combination have merged to create an exhibit that will extol the virtues of human existence. Go to the Vancouver Museum and see for yourself.

*I gather from my superior intellect that skateboarding won't be allowed in the museum, but do you think anyone will or has tried to ride the rail that surrounds the giant steel crab outside the museum?*

Yes. Actually, we're planning on turning the museum into a skateboard park and then we're going to display all the artifacts at China Creek.

*OK, last question. Putting on a show like this has got to be way more work than play so let me ask you, is it worth it and why would you, a man who's already busier than a centipede in a foot counting competition, take on such a challenge?*

Yeah, it's really a big pain in the ass, but if I risk letting someone else do it, then there's a chance that skateboarding will be misrepresented and that's no good for anybody. I'm also really looking forward to the criticism and ridicule once the show's up and running.

*OK, this Skateboarding Vancouver exhibit you got going on at the Vancouver museum. Give us the scoop boss, what's the hubbub, bub? What can all us museum heads expect to see?*

Vintage skateboard artifacts used to illustrate skateboarding. Shown in a time line, chronologically displayed and presented with regards to technical and social contexts and as to how they relate to the city of Vancouver, specifically.

*And how about hear as I've always felt skateboarding is more of a culture than a sport and that music is more of a part of skateboarding than say, Kellogg's Corn Pops? (even though my television would have me believe otherwise) Will there be a soundtrack to this exhibit or will there be bowls of Corn Pops everywhere?*

I thought this interview was about skateboarding... absolutely not. We've taken great precau-

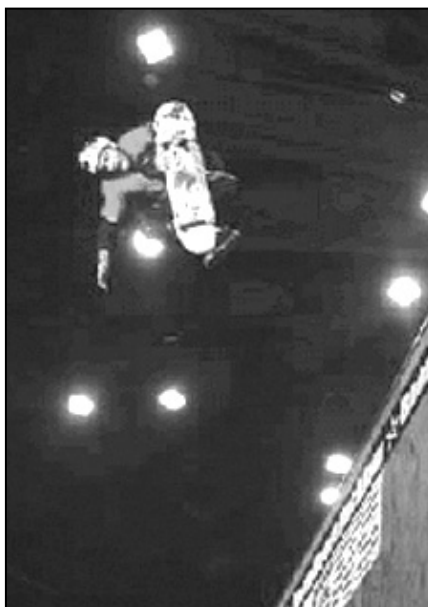


Carlos Longo hits Seylynn Skatepark circa 1985 photo: Steve Bennet all pics: [www.skullskates.com](http://www.skullskates.com)



# Slam City Jam 2004 Weekend Guide

## By The Menace



This is The Menace's guide to the Slam weekend's festivities. Please keep this with you at all times so you know where you are and what you are doing. Trust me, by Saturday Morning you will need to be told. Slam City Jam has been written about a million times and every one says the same things. Not me. In my guide, I include the right amount and type of liquor to consume at the various points along the way. After years of slamming 'em down, I think it's high time to share my unique wisdom.

### Thursday

This is when the whole thing starts. So get out of school or leave work early... by early, I mean don't even bother going. Head on down to the Annual Ultimate BBQ at RDS Skatepark Unit 150 14380 Triangle Rd, Richmond. Stop at the liquor store and pick up six beers. Skate and enjoy everything the park has to offer. Take a few time-outs to chill with friends and drink a few cool ones.

After the Demo is over, hop into a car with a sober driver and head to the Richmond skatepark. Stop at the liquor store and pick up a case of Pilsner. This park is perfect for an easy-going session of rails and banks. Once you're warmed up, heat up the mini-ramp.

Once the session is over head down to either Voda 783 Homer St. feat DJ Rizk, Hedspin and Satva Leung, host will be Harold Hunter or Atlantis 1320 Richards St. feat Burning Pallets - A Canadian Bush Party w/djs Renee Renee, Syd Cee and My! Gay! Husband! Either party will be a blast. Remember to keep it light with the rye and cokes. No doubles allowed on Thursday.

### Friday

Start your long weekend right with a cheap breakfast and on to any of the top quality parks around the lower mainland. My suggestions are Parkgate with a six of Heineken, then over to Selynn with a case of Canadian. Remember share with the locals and they will share the speed lines. Head back to Vancouver and skate

Hastings. I guarantee a heated session will be going on at any time of day. You will definitely need another case - Kokanee.

Grab some grub and head on down to the contest for Street Qualifying from 2-7pm. If you can still skate enter the World Record Kickflip challenge because it's open to the public.

That night its time to party at Atlantis 1320 Richards St. feat DJ Vice, Dilated Peoples après album release party. Definitely time for some Fireball liquor in the parking lot and then head inside for some shots and Blues by the fistful.

### Saturday

This is it the make or break day. If you are still ready to skate and party then give'r. Hopefully your favourite street skater isn't skating too early today. That way you can go on down to Hastings and pull all those tricks that you tried and died on yesterday. Bring the Captain. Captain Morgan's rum that is!

As you session to your heart's content, you will slowly feel the pull of the ongoing Street Semi Finals 11-5pm. Head on down. Bring the Captain, discretely if you dare. Stick around for Vert Qualifying 4-7pm.

You have just enough time to skate to The Cambie for a burger and a brew. Or skip that and head straight to The Ivanhoe for \$2 shots of Jagermeister.

Then once your head is spinning, grab a six of Extra Old Stock and skate down to Vital 1216 Robson 8-11 pm feat Photographic a photography and art exhibition. If you have a ticket for The Commodore feat. DJ Jam with guests DJ Hedspin, turntablist Kut Co., and the Massive Monkees then check that shit out. If you don't have a ticket, go to The Penthouse 1019 Seymour St. feat. NK video premiere/bikini contest. Drink everything; tomorrow will be the best hangover ever!

### Sunday

Crawl out of bed some time of day and eat Bon's on Broadway, drink a litre of banana/pineapple juice, and mix a few Caesars (doubles). Now go see the Girls Vert Jam 11-11:30am, followed by the Girls Street Contest 11:45am-1:30pm.

If you have to be sick, do it now. You want to be back in your seat for the rest of the day. The Vert Finals 2-3pm, Vert Best Trick 3-3:30pm, Street Finals 4-5:15pm, Street Best Trick 5:30-6:15pm, and finally the Awards 6:45pm.

After this very full weekend there will be a few wrap up parties to go to - USE CAUTION. You have probably been drinking for three days straight, and if you work on Monday, you will not be able to get up. After day 4 of Slam you need about 24 hours of coma sleep.

If you are a trooper and are going for the full Slam experience I hope I have helped steer you in the right direction. I'll see you at the after party on Sunday Night, I'll be the guy with the cross-eyed smile.

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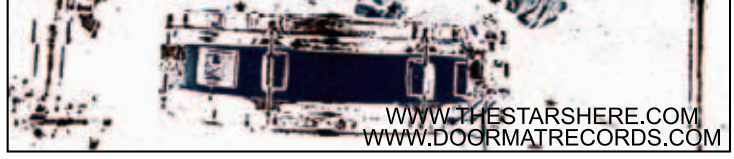
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# My Bloody Road to Death

By Big Red Ainsworth

Spittoonless, everything went all horse-cocky and it can never be the same again. Every normal person enjoys a good, sweet mouthful of chewing tobacco now and again. And why apologize? It's as natural as breathing. I was sitting there with a beer back Monday way, waiting for the hockey riot to begin, and like any normal tyke, I had myself a nice fistful of chewing tobacco. I took it slowly, masticating well, thoroughly, pensively. It was natural and beautiful. It was a taste treat. Now, after a while, well, one seems to get a whole mess of wet in the hole. IT BECOMES TOO FULL IN THERE TO KEEP CHEWING. I looked around for a spittoon. I looked everywhere. In a state that was panicky, I looked everywhere for a second time. I was angry now.... This is a rotten trick to play on a fellow. Face the truth! There was no spittoon in the bar. I splattered my chard all over the floor, without dignity, without elegance, without anything but the splat of desperation, fear and indignance.

It made one damn hell of a mess. Now look at it this way, what sort of son-of-a-bitch drinking hole is so disrespectful of its clientele not to provide a simple ten-dollar spittoon? All it is simple decency. Old fashioned manners, the kind you don't see anymore in these so called bars, which are usually full of women, no I won't call them ladies, because they are not ladies. Any woman who goes to a bar is saying that they are available; it's as simple as that. I have to sit there looking like a fool in a

puddle of molasses just because of female so-called liberation or, as I call it, illiberation. Doctor Laura, a tobacco-chewer herself, I'm sorry to say, has often remarked that women who are not married at twenty-seven are little more than strippers.

I feel I've made my point. Bars without spittoons are bars without simple self-respect, and they are establishments wash up to the collar with a fluid mountain of tobacco-spit. And I think that's a problem.

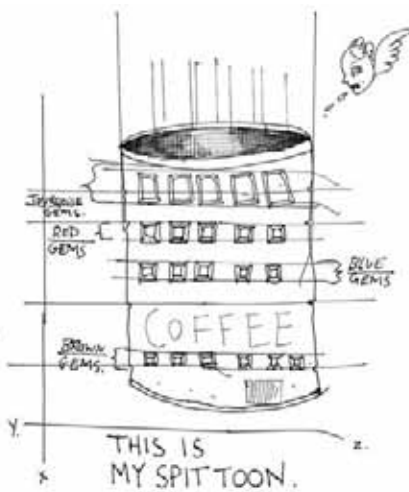
To make a long story short, I've started carrying around my own spittoon in my purse. It's an old coffee can. I painted it. A little later I had the happy notion of gluing on these little rhinestone sequin things. My portable and lightweight spittoon is one of the loveliest things you could ever hope to see.

The other day I went looking for a hockey riot, just me and my spittoon. I expected to be shocked at all the fighting, and the teats, and rage screaming. No. It was dismal.

"Old spittoon," I said, "old spittoon, this isn't much to write about. FUCK!"

And then... I saw it.

It was dark as night. A young, drunk youth staggered into an alleyway. I could taste the troubles to come and, walking like a silent cat, I followed. Like an investigative reporter, I crept up behind him. He faced the wall. He... he removed his member, it was a horse sized member. A torrent like the Niagara falls trick-



led over my boot.

"Asshole!" roared the goon whose cock I stared at like a veterinarian! Trouble! I regret to say, I threw my spittoon aside as I ran in blind panic to escape my new friend's gay rage. But I slipped in the urine, twisting my ankle like a little girl, and fell. I thought... well, I thought I was going to die. But in the end I minced out of it with a simple handjob.

A little later, I went back to get my spit-

toon. It was in pretty good shape, considering it took a pretty hard tumble. It lost one of the turquoise sequins near the rim, which is a total suck-mess because these are the rarest ones and have to be imported from somewhere foreign at great expense. (Word to the wise! Building your own spittoon is not a cheap, light-hearted ha ha ha project. You stupid little piss artists out there building spittoons out of fucking children's fucking construction paper can just fuck off. Don't faggot it up like that! Jesus, learn some fucking decency! A spittoon isn't just a receptacle for fluids! It's more than that!)

I sat down and spat a little into my spittoon. Some drunk comes up, he heaves a great cry from the soul. His hose-sized member spews out its liquid gold. Slowly, I push my spittoon under the flow. The sound it made was like rain.

My new friend looked down at my wet, old friend. And then he looked at me. He smiled at me. "Fucking awesome can, man!"

It is a fucking awesome can. Maxwell House, it says on the label. But really, it was made by romance and by the tradition of craftsmanship started so long ago by the first sheet metal workers. Maybe you at home, maybe you should think about that, the next time you go out.

Thanks for reading!



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# GORE STRIKE HARD - EYEBALL VIOLENCE

By: Sinister Sam



Blood films have always had a squirm equivalent that can send even the diehard fan running for cover. Cheap horror/sleaze and Eurotrash alike push the distaste envelope as the blood is ensued and the limbs are carefully scarpd or dismembered.

Let's pretend that we're watching a horror film that concerns itself strictly with storyline and maybe a bit of T & A. Here we have a Giallo concept that flows along nicely and builds lineage that spells thriller to the viewer via climaxes and maybe some Edwige Fenech derrière. Then, if you tilt your eyes toward another style of film along the lines of the gore filled Mario Landi piece PATRICK VIVE ANCORA or Fulci's NIGHTMARE IN THE BRAIN, you begin to see the screen in a new way that can be brought down to constructed measures like an abstract painting.

More than anything, eyeball violence has struck a chord with the horror film for years and years. We can all watch a lot of shit, but when the eyes get fucked with at close quarters, we know we're for some deeply seeded reaction. In the seemingly endless lists of lists, here's just some directional master-trash favourites that leave you with more than the regular A to B film:

**ZOMBIE / ZOMBIES 2** (1979 Dir: Lucio Fulci)

Probably the most infamous of the eye violence scenes inflicted during the golden age of splatter. The 14" skewer of wood that goes into the beautiful eye of Olga Karlatos is priceless and legendary - especially since the piece of broken siding breaks off in there.

**THE NEW YORK RIPPER**

(1982 Dir: Lucio Fulci)

This is still, hands down, my favourite Fulci film, much to many a friend's chagrin, but fuck 'em, it's very nasty and pulls no punches, culminating into a sleazy and turbulent viewing experience that never fails to bring corruption into the mind of the Fulci fan. The on-bed torture that climaxes with the razor to the eye scene acts as an excellent pre-empt shock that evolves and ends with a gunplay conclusion.

**THE BEYOND** (1981 Dir: Lucio Fulci)

Fulci knew how to get the goods rumbling onto the tinted and Italo film stock, never missing a pulse. Joe Plumber gets his double-digit action ala EVIL DEAD, but through a wall and after a

shock. Good rhythm.

**THEY CALL HER ONE EYE** (1974 Dir: Bo Vibenius)

As the story goes, a real corpse was used for the eyeball punishment razor stab scene. You can believe it, as the eye looks amazingly "fresh" as the fluid and the dirty atmosphere flow as the soundtrack and the dirt rolls on. Great film, especially good to watch instead of KILL BILL.

**ZOMBIE HOLOCAUST** (1980 Dir: Marino Girolami)

You have the hanging eyeball from real view in CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST, but you also have the cannibal scene here that goes for the more diagnosed finger carving effect. The simplicity of the fake head and the "vividness" of the eyes being torn out are akin to something from Lewis' THE GORE GORE GIRLS or one of the final in and outs via the hand and a mouth and then into the eyes on Mattei's NIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES. It's a great sculptural perception of eye violence that is very effective.

**KILLING BIRDS** (1987 Claude Milliken / Joe D'Amato)

The eyes are lost to the birds, ala THE BIRDS of Hitchcock, but we get to see the action. The zombies near the end are actually worth waiting for no matter what you read. Pretty fucked up movie. Another animal (in this case a cat), also likes to take/scratch Luciano Rossi's eyes away in D'Amato's DEATH SMILES AT MURDER.

**EYEBALL** (1975 Dir: Umberto Lenzi)

Lenzi was still playing around with linear plots and great Giallo formulas with this entry, but you can totally see the tides turning for the blood scenes. This plot REVOLVES around eye stealing and thriller murder manipulation with some great, blackened eye effects after



removal that are also used in D'Amato's ALL THE COLORS OF DARKNESS.

**THE VIRGIN OF NUREMBERG** (1963 Dir: Antonio Margeriti) + **MURDER IN PARIS** (1973 Dir: Ferdinando Merighi)

I've paired these two films up since they both have great aftermath eyeless corpse scenes (as per, again, THE BIRDS) that are visually stunning. VIRGIN is classic Italo-gothic horror that features sixties blood letting shock while MURDER IN PARIS features a great after Giallo murder moment of another eyeless female (plus, Rosalba Neri plays a role which is always good).

# NERVELAND SMUT RANCH



**Caligula**

**Starring:** Malcolm McDowell, Teresa Ann Savoy, Peter O'Toole, John Gielgud, Helen Mirren, Guido Mannari, John Steiner.  
**Directed by:** Tinto Brass, and Bob Guccione.

You may wonder, as I do, what spawned this indulgent glorified turkey of a porn film. This question, I cannot answer, and it is a question that the makers of this film would want everyone to forget. Caligula was made with a 15 million dollar budget and is just as infamous today as it was when released in 1980. Produced in part by Penthouse Films International, it features an all-star cast with Malcolm McDowell and Peter O'Toole on the top of the bill. Caligula is set in Pagan Rome in 37 A.D. and follows the deranged sexual exploits of Rome's third emperor. This film has scenes involving incest, rape, molestation, necrophilia, hermaphrodites, midgits, bestiality, lesbians, torture, and tons of gratuitous nudity. The novelty of watching a high budget porn film with real actors interested me, but the problem is that it's not as hardcore as this porn enthusiast would like.

There is a whole lot of real sex in this film in the form of extravagant orgies. The thing that sets it apart from the standard porn movie is the camera angles and lack of extreme close-ups of penetration. The camera

angles in this film provide an overview of the orgy action, so you have to strain your eyes to make out what is happening in a sea of bodies. If you have not yet seen this film, it is worth checking out just to see what this mess is all about. But you have been warned.

**Casanova**

**Starring:** Rocco Siffredi, Tabatha Cash, Flame, Tracy West, Skye Blue, Randy West, Tina Tyler, and Brigitte Monroe.  
**Directed By:** F.J. Lincoln.

Who other than Rocco Siffredi could star in a movie named after the 18<sup>th</sup> century European adventurer and womanizer? According to his biography, Giacomo Casanova reported having sexual exploits with 122 women. Sure, it's nothing compared to Gene Simmons... it's all about quality and not quantity, right? In the eighteenth century, orgies were popular and fashionable for those in high society, and although Casanova was a member of high society, he preferred sex one on one. Rocco Siffredi plays an updated version of the legendary lover in this film. After being turned down by two women at the beginning of this film, it seems Casanova is off to a rocky start. The women take part in some girl on girl action beside the pool and engage in some synchronized muff diving. Casanova reminisces about a better time when he was able to attract any woman he wanted. There is a flashback scene, which has Siffredi donning a matador's outfit and having his way with a beautiful redhead. You must see this scene to believe it as Siffredi proves why he has become the international star that he is. They do it from the front, from behind, on the stairs, sideways, upside-down, and downside-up. The pacing of this film is perfect, providing just the right amount of dialog to set up the scenes, and alternates between male on female, and female on female action. There is even a slight twist on the standard convention as Casanova is the one seduced instead of the other way around. This is a damn fine film. The production quality is tops and the sex scenes are great. I highly recommend this one.

-Max Crown



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-by Dan Scum

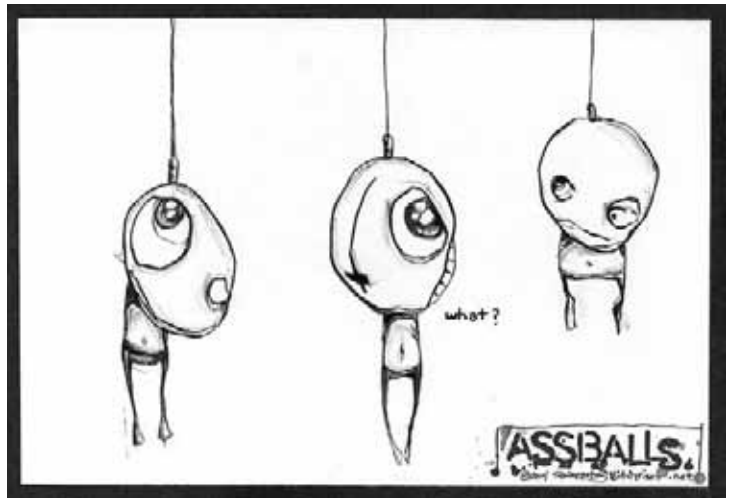
**Across**

1. \_\_\_\_\_ & Gomorrah
  6. Q-U connection
  9. Writeable discs
  13. Fit of rage
  14. Emanate
  16. Wilson of the Tennenbaums
  17. Self serve depot sign
  18. Kimberly
  19. Kiwi Lucy
  20. ?\_ of Tenacious D + Rollins & co.=?
  23. Emporia State Univ.
  25. Social misdoings
  26. Survey
  27. 1 Cellular co. + 1 Phallic symbol=?
  30. Extr.
  31. Useful
  32. Current events
  35. Sean John Mom
  38. 1 Ice Cream cart + 1 Twisted Sister =?
  42. Deployment Network Estimator
  43. Blanc + Torme =
  44. Like a Panther
  45. Levels always have 2
  47. Vince Neil's + Tom Keifer's =? (CC)
  49. Newmonia?
  51. Norge capitol
  53. "Atlas" Rand
  54. 1 Drag Queen + \_ ? KISS =?
  58. Self Images
  59. 1 Down e.g.
  60. Entertain
  63. Uncovered
  64. Pathic or Kinetic prefix
  65. Deadly snake
  66. Martial
  67. \_\_\_\_\_ & Stimpyl!
  68. Gay Lick Asses
- Down**
1. A BC Univ.
  2. Belonging to us
  3. Discrimination towards 1/6 of NWA
  4. Chaplin's chaplin?
  5. ? of The A-Team +

- Magnum's pilot =?
6. Truckin' Sovine + Michael Madsen's Reservoir Dogs character=?
7. Wee
8. Turners + Yothers=?
9. Courtney + Jamie =?
10. Reside inside
11. Of the Kidneys
12. Unforeseen setback
15. Sailing term
21. Rock, Vegas, Ugly Joe (or Vanigo)
22. Alaskan Telecom Provider
23. B. Bunny's pursuer
24. Be a guest at a Jam session
28. SCUM!
29. "Rocker" Tommy
30. Gluteus Maximi
33. Unagi
34. 1 horror master + 1 bum-bling postman =?
35. Beck's Basketball Moves ?
36. Cam of the NHL
37. Mork's mother tongue
39. There are 2 per millennium
40. A Louisiana Univ.
41. French Isle
45. Wipes clean
46. Another Louisiana Univ.
48. Howard or Hubbard
49. Ray Leonard or Ray Robinson
50. To the Left on a sailboat
51. Ozzy + Kevin
52. Gate
54. Ms. MacIntyre (yee haw)
55. Ger. Relig.
56. Magma
57. Kuwaiti royal
61. "I told ya so!"
62. Hockey interview pauses

**Last Issue's Solution:**

B	E	D	T	B	S	P	T	O	P	S			
U	G	O	T	R	I	P	O	D	A	R	E	A	
Y	O	U	G	I	G	A	L	O	N	A	A	M	
	B	U	R	G	E	R	K	I	N	G			
I	L	K	S	X	R	A	T	E	C	A	P		
A	D	E	S	R	T	E	S	P	R	O	B	E	
R	A	P	E	R	R	W	H	A	L	E	R		
C	H	A	L	U	P	A	M	A	S	C	O	T	S
H	O	T	E	L	S	F	U	R	N	T	O		
E	A	T	I	T	E	R	N	S	B	E	E	N	
S	N	Y	R	E	L	I	C	H	O	L	D		
			D	A	V	E	T	H	O	M	A	S	
A	R	S	E	A	V	A	I	L	S	I	C	E	
H	O	O	F	R	E	D	E	A	L	Z	A	G	
A	B	B	Y	N	A	S	Y	E	N	G			



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