

# The **A**verve

Free!  
Vol. 5 No. 8  
August 2004  
Issue #41

The Northwest's Rock 'n' Roll Magazine

# FRIGGIN. IN THE RIGGIN.

THE NERVE GUIDE TO:

**SEX**  
**PIRATES**  
**ROCK'N'ROBB**

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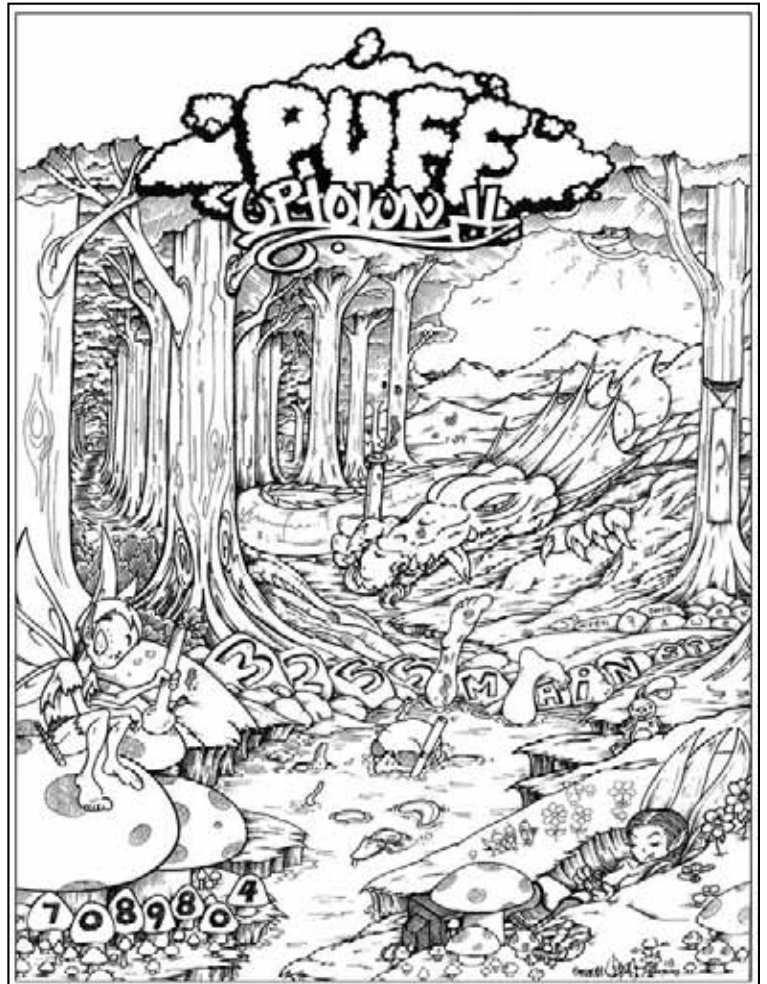
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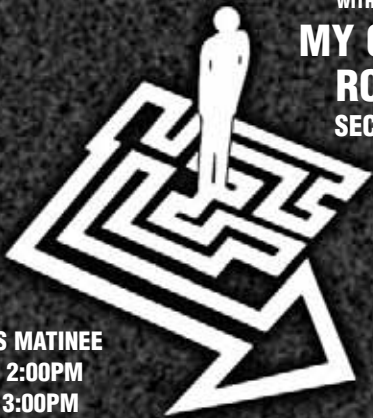
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photo: Badly Damaged

# Cover Story

## ARRRR!

It's completely point-  
less to discuss the  
impact of Pirate Culture  
on Rock 'n' Roll but we  
did it anyway! You  
should check it out. If  
you can tear your eyes  
away, that is. Are you  
still even reading this?  
Yeah, we know. We see  
it.

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There are things going on Vancouver that you should know  
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It's on the next goddamn page, just go look for yourself

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# Michael Mann is a Meth'd Up Welfare Loser

## NORTH SIDE KINGS ARE UNDEFEATED! Danzig got knocked the fuck out

By Michael Mann

On Sunday July 5, 2004, Misfits fans everywhere were shocked to learn that Danny from a relatively unknown band called the North Side Kings attacked Glenn Danzig and stabbed him in the face. When I heard that, it really got me thinking. I'm not a fan of Danzig or The Misfits so I could care less if the dude got stabbed. But it's not often we pause to reflect on how truly shitty it would be to have a sharp piece of serrated metal shoved into your own face. Even someone anointed by Satan winces at the prospect.

Days later, a video surfaced and the online world was abuzz. So many people were trying to download the video, The North Side Kings website crashed (it's back up now). Links to the clip popped up and quickly went down as bandwidth limits were exceeded. Everyone wanted this video. Finally a website ([www.azpunk.com](http://www.azpunk.com)) large enough to handle all the traffic decided to host the video.

The video was shot at a show in Arizona

where The North Side Kings were supposed to play a show with Danzig. After driving six hours to get to the show, the band arrived and found Danzig onstage performing ahead of schedule. Once the washed-up Misfit finished his set, the house lights went on and crews began to tear down the stage and sound system. Backstage, in front of all of Danzig's groupies and security, Danny from The North Side Kings and the cocky dark lord of metal have a calm discussion. Danny explains why he was upset, then for no reason Danzig screams "fuck you motherfucker" and gives the hefty Danny a shove. Danzig, though geriatric and smaller than Danny, is still in good shape and apparently knows martial arts. Danny screams "Fuckity" and lands a haymaker that causes Danzig to spin around 360 degrees and collapse on the ground. Knocked the fuck out. On further review, the punch looks more like a giant bitch slap than an actual punch. A mob ensues and the camera pans down to show Danzig unconscious on the

floor. Danzig's fans all yell "cheapshot" and a guy, who I'm assuming is a member of the group, let's out a "North Side Kings are Undefeated" in his best metal voice (If you're wondering why cameras were rolling, it's because The North Side Kings were shooting footage for an upcoming DVD). In this writer's humble opinion, this video is ten times better than the Paris Hilton Sex Video and that video of the guy getting his head cut off COMBINED.

After the video got passed around more times than the Nerve Editor's mom, the shit hit the proverbial fan. Danzig and Misfits message boards were flooded with posts and then promptly taken down by an overzealous webmaster who didn't wanna see what remains of Danzig's rep get destroyed.

Currently, it's obsessive Danzig fans versus the rest of the online world. Danzig fans are claiming that it was a cheap shot, even though Danzig clearly pushed Danny first. Danzig fans are also claiming that there was

some sort of weapon in Danny's hand though it's frighteningly obvious that there wasn't. The delusions of the "it was a cheapshot/ he had a weapon" camp are probably a result of some sort of early adolescent trauma. Seeing Danzig getting rocked brought back painful memories of high school... where I imagine most Danzig/Misfits fans got their asses kicked on a daily basis.

The consequences of the punch are far-reaching. It's obvious that The North Side Kings are gonna be huge. How can they not be? One of their guys knocked out fucking Glenn Danzig for fuck's sake. This story will probably be on MTV by the time this article gets printed. It's also clear that Satan favours Danny more than Danzig. Whether or not there will be a ceremony in Hell to hand over the metal crown remains to be seen, but in the meantime, whenever you see an idiot in a Misfits shirt, be sure to laugh at them (more so than usual) and inform them of how their hero got knocked the fuck out.

still from [www.azpunk.com](http://www.azpunk.com)



The argument...



Danzig attacks....



The return haymaker...



Danzig does the potato sack.

Wicked, one of kind designs by Chase and Boby

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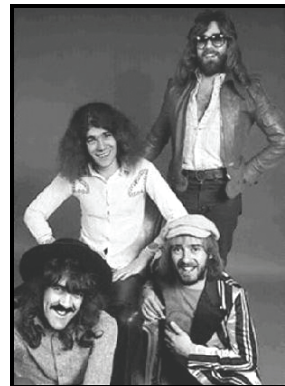
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# Cheap Shotz

By Tamara Taggart



**Carl Spackler Remembers Linda Ronstadt**



doing walking around Bangkok in that orange suit anyway? People said that the FBI had her locked up before the Iraqis got their hands on her. People say a lot of things. I'll say this. Linda was a Great Lady. And She was a Great Lay. Remember that Marvin Gaye song, "O Baby, You Sure Love to Ball"? All about Linda, take it from me.

**Gene Simmons: Cures For The Cocksucker Blues Or: "Hey Gene, why don't you blow me you misogynistic Jew bastard you!"**

On August 24th the world will have to endure yet another human travesty - Rock 'n' Roll's greediest self-proclaimed "Asshole" Gene Simmons thinks he's going to profit from his newest hobby: motivational speaking. Yes, the God Of Fucking Thunder is at it again. He will follow the release of the DVD with a speaking tour. Can't blame him since his second solo album flopped before it even hit the stores. As if it wasn't enough to bear not

one but *two* shitty books and any other form of merch that you could possibly conceive, the creator of the world's worst music magazine has bestowed his valued insight on how to live a proper and balanced lifestyle. Maybe it's a reverse psychology type thing- you know "How Not to Live" by Gene Simmons. Do the opposite and you'll be fine. Hopefully there is a section focusing on "How to buy a really bad hair piece... even if you're filthy rich" I personally need a touch-up. Sounds like the Tony Robbins of Heavy Metal has finally found a way to put a nail in his *own* signature Kustom KISS Coffin (also available online). -E.S. Day

**Suicide Girls: A Balanced View, from E.S. Day**

The Suicide Girls make me want to kill myself, but I have a major hard-on for the darker side of the web. Leather filth, deep-dish degradation: here's the path that many, mostly me, have longed for. An *authentic* taste of darkness. Translation: Slutty brunettes who wear too much black. Beyond the stereotype of what a hot Goth chick should be (*ie. some Vampirella - type B&D slacker*) I ended up stumbling upon images that don't get me off. For me, chipped tooth runaways from Montreal sporting green Mohawks and torn t-shirts with The Exploited logo or a CBBG's patch, don't make a motherfucker give up his credit card #. But if you must, try out some of the following sites of grandeur that eliminate the need to jerk off in your car while some squeegee whore spits on your windshield during rush hour. P.S Find me a site with that Emily Strange chick giving head and I'll give THAT a good review.

<http://hotpunkgirl.com/links.html> (lots of good links)  
<http://www.barelyevil.com/>  
<http://www.gothicsluts.com/>  
<http://www.xxxvampiresex.com/>

**The Fox Rocks! So Does Your Granny! And They Both Suck Eggs!**

Chris Rebel and local ballet dancer Kevin Angel took The Fox by storm during the Vancouver radio station's weekly Punkorama program last week. After sitting through one too many lab-engineered and Corporate-sanctioned "Punk Rock"™ new releases, Chris Rebel discovered hitherto unplumbed depths of youthful disgust and liberally employed the word "sucks" to express his outrage. After being cautioned by Company Robots during the commercial break, Chris then went on to announce to Fox listeners that he spends almost all his time in a basement meth lab, "cooking shit up". Then he said "shit" a few more times and then followed up with another handful of "sucks". Reportedly, the hangovers were quite severe. Bill Grundy was not available for comment.

**Chris Walter Faces Music**

Chris Walter, senile and Alzheimer-ridden, would like to apologize for his Agent Orange review cock-up in last month's Nerve. The singer/guitarist for the seminal So-Cal hardcore band was indeed founding member, Mike Palm, and not a hired gun as reported. Please ignore his Stompin' Tom review, where he claims that Tom once toured with Mike Ness. Hey Mack: I'm also available to fuck up other assignments.

- Chris Walter



**YOU HAVE... 1 NEW MESSAGE, FIRST MESSAGE...**  
 Received: July 8th 12:45pm  
*Hello, this is Carl, manager of the Bread Garden on Denman, and, uh, we have your magazine on our rack and we actually don't want your magazine on our rack anymore. So, if you could please not put it there because anytime it ends up on our rack we'll just put it in the garbage. Thank You and have a GREAT day (click).*

Hello Carl, this is Brad Damsgaard, managing tostand upright on Denman. Listen tiger, don't play hard to get. The only time a man mentions his RACK that many times in one sentence is when he's *looking* for someone to UNLOAD his magazine in it. Let's *both* have a GREAT day!

## TRAGEDY MARS VANCOUVER FOLK FEST!



I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked...



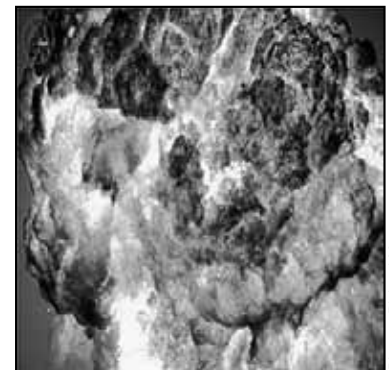
I am Zebedee!! Menstrual Weeping Vertigo Mother!



Rain Mother Vegetable Hassle Bean Starship! I weep!



Faster Spirit Wind Breath.Twirl!  
 Yoni Purple Bulbous Vapour  
 Horses! Rise Dionysius!! I twirl!!!!



Aaaghhh!! MOTHER-FUCKER!!!

Photos: Richard Murray

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# Doing The Otep Two-Step *or* If You Want to Build a Country, You Gotta Burn a Bush

by Dave Bertrand

Otep are a dark and ugly entity of crushing grooves and dreary moods; also the moniker of the woman who leads this band, she of the bile-spewing lungs and bitter, lonely lyrics making infants cry worldwide. Their brand new release, *House of Secrets*, is a catalogue of scathing journeys into broken childhoods and depression-fuelled anxieties. Clearly, Otep aren't the happiest of campers, but their rage has a purpose: see their new video for *Warhead*. With a mixture of Ralph Bakshi-ish negative painting and plenty of pop-up cut-and-paste animation, this is a stupendously stylish and viciously relevant all-out assault on George All-American's oil-mongering, egotistical war in the desert. So where else could a telephone chat lead except to an appraisal of the state of things in the good 'ol U.S. of A.? I caught Otep during her tour with Ozzfest, cutting more or less straight to the meaty world of politics. Lots of Dubya-bashing politics. Because as Otep tells me, "in these urgent times I don't believe there is any other way but to be aggressively political."

For (I think) most Canadians, hating the current Whitehouse regime is about as natural as a morning bowel movement. But I worry about those easily led automatons to the South. So, to soothe our crumbling faith in the American populace, and their seeming inability to open sleep-goeey eyelids and take a look at the flagpole shoved deep in their own asses, here are some comforting words from the tour diary:

Otep: Yesterday we played Virginia, which of course is near the District of Columbia and so forth, which is where the Whitehouse is and it's

amazing to see, we're in the South... which is supposed to be a Bush stronghold and [in] close proximity to his residence and it was amazing to see how much support we have. I mean... people are unhappy right now, people are really unhappy with him, and... his inability to never admit that he's wrong.

*After we both applauded Capital/EMI for having the potatoes to stand behind an act with such a loudly vocalized political agenda, Otep lets me know that THE MAN ain't all the same. In fact, sometimes he's our friend. Sort of.*

Otep: You'd be surprised at just how many of those bigwigs actually agree with what that song [Warhead] suggests and what that song stands for. Usually the idea is that the rich people are Republicans and that's a lie. There are a lot of very wealthy people who oppose this President, who oppose his administration, and oppose the war in Iraq.

*I asked if this scenario had occurred at Ozzfest: Otep on one stage shouting for George's head on a stake, while across the park, Zakk Wylde or some other down south jukin' good 'ol boy preaching death to all commie lesbian jihad terrorists or some such crazy shit?*

Otep: Those boys are... I don't know, you know what, I tell you this: my response has been fantastic. I say before we start the song 'Warhead'... it's been said that you can't support the troops and oppose the President, while we support the troops and... we do oppose this President and he should've served when he had the chance, and I dedicate our set to the American women of the armed forces who continue to die for a lie, and I dedicate this song to George Bush. And the crowd goes crazy... One of the most moving moments on this tour



When they need to catch their breath far from the m... ah fuck it

was when I met two guys who were just out of boot camp, and they were in the army and they were headed to Iraq... and they had me sign their army IDs. And they said, "We just want to thank you for speaking out, we want to thank you for supporting us, and we want to thank you for what you're saying about the President, because, you know, we feel the same way, and there are a LOT of people in the armed forces who feel this way."

*So with that, we started to delve into the military-centric debate that I suppose is raging in the States right now, about how "when [Bush] actually had his chance to volunteer, to go to Vietnam to fight in a war, to put his life on the line as he's asking all these other men and women to do, he opted out..." and how much that raises the image of decorated war hero*

*John Kerry in the eyes of Otep and presumably a massive chunk of the G.I. Joe-minded masses. But I felt it was time to move on and I brought up the U Are Not Alone section of Otep's website, a freakishly comprehensive list of online help sites, offering counseling on everything from rape, to substance abuse, to tattoos, to depression, and so on and so on. Very cool, and very compassionate, especially for a bunch of skull-stomping metalheads. So she started to speak...*

Otep: Well, you know a lot of that was conducted to... well I....  
Nerve: Hello? Hello?  
...and the fucking phone cut off. Goddamn conspiracy if you ask me. I thought I saw Donald Rumsfeld fishing through my garbage the other day...

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# THE HOMEWREKERS

By Billy Hopeless



What happens on the road stays on the road

**Y**ou probably were too drunk on summer wine to have noticed, but my column was absent from the last couple of issues. This is not due to Sarah (The She-Wolf) Rowland making me walk the plank in hopes of feeding me to the sharks or losing me in the Bermuda Triangle of mainstream French journalism where she now resides. No, it was just once again time for me to set sail upon my ship. The Black Halos went in search of high adventure and unknown treasure under the barstools of the world. It was a hard and stormy voyage, and though many were glad to see our ugly faces, not every port was as welcoming as one might expect. If there's one thing I've learned in life, it's that sometimes on the worst wharf in

other. She was a terrible place to be, but what made the stopover worthwhile was the fact that we were soon joined by a gang of She Sea Demons from the port of Edmonton known as The Homewreckers. This lot had the beauty of a shiny pearl, yet the hard outer casings of steel barnacle-encrusted punk rock clams and they spat brine in the faces of every princess Paris Hilton look-alike in the place. Naturally, an unnatural bond was made and unlike the whisky the wenches at the bar were serving, it was strong and un-watered down fun we had that night. So be warned, The Homewreckers head to sea this August alongside The Ripcordz, and if you plan on spending a night in their company don't take my word for it—just read on, but

leave your pro-life jackets and dockers at home!

**Hopeless:** So you Homewreckers have a song putting down West Edmonton Mall where our country's Navy has its only two submarines stationed. Yet I have a strange feeling that you really love the place, and buy all your undergarments at La Senza just like all the rest of us. If not, where do you get your panties, ladies?

Madeline Homewreker: Value Village

Adriana Homewreker: Yeah. Value Village boutique!

**Hopeless:** OK, so you're still adamant that you girls hate the mall which means that if I was to take you out for a fancy dinner with this here Nerve credit card I stole from our C.O. Bradley while he was busy reading Forbes, I guess the food court wouldn't be your place of choice. Where would you ladies like to eat with this tramp?

Adriana: If Chez Pierre's served food it would definitely be there. It's a strip club with experienced (old) dancers.

**Hopeless:** Chez Pierre's it is then. Now Adriana, I understand you're dating not only a member of The Wednesday Night Heroes, but also a member of The Whiz Kids who also hail from Edmonton. How do you manage to juggle two front men, and has this caused any rivalry between the two bands?

Adriana: They fought once, but now I've got two words for you: ménage à trois.

**Hopeless:** That's actually three words, but anyways, onto the token typical mainstream know-nothing reporter-style question of the interview: You remind me of The Runaways meets Seven Year Bitch meets L7 meets The Lunachicks meets Girlschool (mainstream writers try to use references to make them-

selves look like they have cred). Who are your influences?

Adriana: Just punk rock

Madeline: A lame answer for a lame question  
**Hopeless:** I know, but I just figure maybe if I write like the big league guys they'll pick me up and actually pay me. But anyways, if little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice, what are The Homewreckers made of?

Adriana: Hangover diarrhea, gut rot that explodes all over the porcelain, and now every time it happens I'll think of you and this question.

**Hopeless:** Well, since Lindsey Homewreker ain't here, I'll ask you. Why does she play a B.C. Rich Warlock bass - the guitar made famous by that, in my opinion, way overrated bassist, Nikki Sixx?

Madeline: She was so poor that she couldn't afford a bass so she sent Nikki Sixx a picture of her tits and he sent her his old bass.

**Hopeless:** Yeah, yeah. And the more drinks I buy you, the more attracted to me you become, right? Well, have you girls any plans of releasing anything other than your hands from my wallet in the near future?

Madeline: We're having our CD release at New City Likwid Lounge here in Edmonton, and then we'll have (the CD) with us on our upcoming tour with The Ripcordz! We're putting it out ourselves and selling it ourselves!

**Hopeless:** OK my sweethearts, it's been enchanting to say the least; but before you or the bouncers carry me out of here, do you have any words of wisdom or advice for all the punkettes and ditch divas who read my column religiously?

Madeline: Always wipe front to back.

Adriana: FUCK!!!!



# NAZARETH

By Billy Hopeless

**I** remember back in the late 70's during the peak of KISS Mania, my older brother had an exchange student from Ontario come stay with my family. He was a total badass rocker who smoked, skateboarded and had the Nazareth *Expect No Mercy* album cover on the back of his jean vest. He decided it was his duty to explain to me that KISS was for little kids, unlike Nazareth, who were a real rocker's band. It took a few years, as I was still a huge KISS fan, but sure enough, I sought out the music that the older delinquent sage had spoken of and I became such a huge Nazareth fan that I even (unsuccessfully) attempted to coerce a tattoo artist into treating my underage skin to an inking of the *No Mean City* album cover. Now here I am in 2004 and I still love listening to old Snaz records, and I never seem to tire of hearing the classic cover of Joni Mitchell's "This Flight Tonight" on the classic rock stations. Nazareth have been a part of my life for a long time now and I don't think I'll grow out of 'em. So it's my pleasure to bring forth an interview with another of the voices that inspired me to sink 1,000 ships: Mr. Dan McCafferty.

**Hopeless:** So Dan, this is a huge honour as I'm a huge fan of your music. Do you still do the song "Telegram" live? Cos I think that's where your voice really hits me, and I think it's the ultimate song to describe the bitter-sweet taste of rock 'n' roll fame.

Dan: No, but thanks. We had to stop playing it. We'd been opening with it for 17 years, and we just needed to change it up and give it a break.  
**Hopeless:** Damn, just like all the girls say, I came too late. But anyways, by the time this comes out you'll have already played

*Vancouver at The Commodore Ballroom. I heard that our city's favourite scummy punk bar The Cobalt was trying to book you. Why didn't 'cha play The Cobalt?*

Dan: I didn't know about that. We just have an agent who does all our booking

**Hopeless:** Ahh, too bad. It's a really great shit-hole. Down 'n' dirty. It would have been amazing.

Dan: It sounds like a horrible place.

**Hopeless:** Horribly fun.

Dan: Ahh, I know the type.

**Hopeless:** So please explain the song "Vancouver Shakedown" to everyone here in Nerveland, wontcha?

Dan: Well, we thought we were getting ripped off buy a promoter one time in Vancouver so we wrote a song about it. A lot of people got really pissed off about it, but it's not the city we were putting down, just the guy who was ripping us off which is a universal problem bands everywhere unfortunately have to deal with at times.

**Hopeless:** Now that we're in a Vancouver state of mind, I should mention that a local band called Three Inches of Blood have recorded a cover of "Expect No Mercy" that does the original justice. Have you heard it?

Dan: No I haven't. That's great! I'll have to find it and give it a listen. What's the name? Three Inches of...?

**Hopeless:** Blood.

Dan: Sounds like some very serious lads.

**Hopeless:** Nah, they're kittens. But while we're on the subject of Nazareth covers, there's a ton of them out there. Guns 'n' Roses did "Hair of the Dog", and it's a well-known fact that Axl Rose basically practiced singing to Nazareth songs to get his vocal styling.

*Joan Jett did an amazing cover of "Love Hurts", and even my band has ripped out a drunken "Razamanaz" live on rare occasion. Has anyone put out a Nazareth tribute album cos I'm not a genius, but it seems so obvious to me.*

Dan: Yes, there is one but there's no one really huge on it. It's called *Another Hair of The Dog*. Some really good takes on our stuff on it.  
**Hopeless:** That's cool. I just think your songs have reached and influenced a lot of rock 'n' rollers so it just makes sense.

Dan: Yeah, it's the greatest compliment a band can get when someone else plays your song. When we were back doing huge, packed stadium shows we'd always go off to find a pub to drink at and there would always be a young band doing one of our songs. It was really cool and it's really cool to hear there's still people playing them.

**Hopeless:** Ever hear any bad versions?

Dan: Yeah, we were in an elevator in a hotel in Japan and the elevator music was this young Japanese girl singing "Bad Bad Boy". I just about shit my pants laughing.

**Hopeless:** That, my friend, is the biggest compliment: Japanese elevator music. You've had a long run and you're still running, and from what I hear you're in as good condition vocally as ever. What's the secret, wise one? How can Billy save his gravelly voice?

Dan: I've been lucky, I guess. My secret is that I don't worry about it. I don't get all worried if it's too smoky or too cold in a room. I think that's the key: don't worry, just have a good time.

**Hopeless:** What are yer favourite places in Vancouver?

Dan: It's funny, all we really ever have time to



So this Cobalt place - it has hot tubs, right Billy?

see is the hotel and the bar. It's like Vancouver's on the end of the world or something. Friends always ask me when they're going to Vancouver for a vacation, what's cool and I say "well, The Commodore's great."

**Hopeless:** Well, now you can say The Cobalt, hahaha! But I should be off now, so any last words of wisdom or advice for all the teenage stargazers and young starving musicians who read my column?

Dan: Yes. Be true to yourself, play what you want, be who you want and keep knocking on doors.



# Captain Codpiece Strikes Again!

By E.S. Day

It slices, it dices, it makes women uncomfortable and metrosexuals raise an eyebrow and it's attached to the crotch of Blackie Lawless. This former member of The New York Dolls and Killer Kane and Tipper Gore's personal Anti-Christ is back to the drawing board with *The Neon God*, a concept album that seems to stray from the acronym of the band's moniker (We Are Sexual Perverts).

I was quite excited about interviewing this metal god/tough guy. Unfortunately, he didn't seem that enthused about answering the same 'ol stupid questions I had arranged for him. Then it hit me. He truly is a rock star. Why? Coz he just doesn't give a fuck. Some hardcore medication might have something to do with it as well, as you'll find out...

**E.S. Day:** Do you miss the old days?

**Blackie:** No. I mean, it doesn't matter... you know, that expression – "Those were the good ol' days".

**E.S. Day:** After *The NY Dolls* broke up, you and Arthur Kane went on to form *Killer Kane*. How has his recent passing affected you?

**Blackie:** (Extremely long awkward pause) Ah... it's just hard to put into words right now... I still don't know yet, to be honest.

At this point I felt very bad for him. After all he did just lose a lifelong friend and I could hear it is his voice. I think I inadvertently set the tone for the rest of the interview.

**E.S. Day:** What do you think of metal today? And is *W.A.S.P.* still considered a "Metal" band or a just an R&R band?

**Blackie:** Well, I think that would depend largely on who you talk to; I mean, you know, I always thought that we were both.

**E.S. Day:** Your new label, *Sanctuary*, seems to be getting huge, so will *W.A.S.P.* be getting a bigger promotional push like it did back in the day with *Capitol*?

**Blackie:** Well time will only tell – it's a different sort of a label, I really couldn't answer that for you.

OK, this is going nowhere – I think.

**E.S. Day:** There's a lot of bands still wearing make up, masks, blood, etc... does that mean it's OK to be silly again? It seems one thing to "put on a show" and another to be an idiot - dressed up and delivering horrible music.

(I should mention that, off the record, I was referring to Slipknot, whom Blackie admitted to not hearing. Therefore this question went out the window. I started to get the feeling that if I had been in his shoes: toured the world, sold millions of albums and now had to resort to playing clubs again and being interviewed by idiots like myself, I probably wouldn't be givin' it everything either.)

**Blackie:** Well for a musical act, if you don't have the music than it's not worth doing.

**E.S. Day:** Do you like playing *Canada*?

**Blackie:** Love it.

**E.S. Day:** Any artificial throat-slitting on this tour?

**Blackie:** No, just a few agents.

**E.S. Day:** Is *Frankie Banali* (ex-*Quiet Riot*) still working with you?

**Blackie:** No. Not anymore

I now heed the call of my Music Editor, as I seem to have found myself enveloped in fear. This man has installed a shit-scaring into me purely through his voice alone. No laughs. Nothing.

**E.S. Day:** *Neon God* is a "concept" album, but what if this concept doesn't sell? Will you still be happy with having this vision come to

life?

**Blackie:** Depends on what your definition of what selling is. I clearly say in the liner notes that if people are motivated to start... asking the eternal questions about their own existence, trying to figure out what their own purpose is about, then this record will have been a successful record.

Well I guess that means yes. I'm now convinced that he's either watching TV while talking to me, on some serious drugs, or just woke up. I thought I'd give him a chance to discuss the new album- even though I don't want to.

**E.S. Day:** Are you trying to get a message across with this new album or just telling a story? And who's going to give a shit?

**Blackie:** Same as above.

Whew! Brutal.

**E.S. Day:** We've come a long way since the *PMRC* days. Gone are the lawsuits for subliminal messages etc. But I just read that three people in Wisconsin were arrested for an armed robbery of a convenience store in order to get money for *Ozzfest* tickets. Does this bother you and does *W.A.S.P.* still have mentally "unbalanced" fanatics?

**Blackie:** (sigh) Well, does it bother me? Hmm... ah, well... (clears throat) Well yeah, what are you going to say? If you're going to do the contrary, then like, you know, you're breaking the law. But aside from all that... uh... well... uh, what are you going to say (laughs)!! It is what it is.

*Metal God Blackie Lawless* is giving me a complex now. What is he talking about? Am I stoned? Is he stoned? I feel disabled. Please dear God (or Satan?): give me the strength to get through this fateful interview.

**E.S. Day:** OK Blackie, let's role-play. You are a drug dealer. Your product? *W.A.S.P.* CDs. I'm an addict. My jones: beating my head off the pavement like I used to when I put on the first *W.A.S.P.* album. What have you got for me today?

**Blackie:** *Headless Children*.

**E.S. Day:** Fave *W.A.S.P.* tour from the 80's?

**Blackie:** Opening the *Iron Maiden* tour in '87.

**E.S. Day:** Did the *Chris Holmes* interview from *The Metal Years* movie hurt the bands' image back then? And where are *Chris*, *Randy* and *Tony* these days?

**Blackie:** Couldn't tell you where they're at, but as far as hurting our image – I don't think so; I mean, everybody pretty much knew where he was at.

**E.S. Day:** I just downloaded *L.O.V.E. Machine* and *Animal* from an illegal mp3 site... are you mad at me?

**Metal God Blackie Lawless is giving me a complex now. What is he talking about? Am I stoned? Is he stoned? I feel disabled.**

**Blackie:** Illegal?

**E.S. Day:** Yes illegal. As in "I didn't pay for YOUR songs."

**Blackie:** The problem with all those things is that, if it's you, just... you... sharing with somebody else down the street, that would be one thing. But when you get companies involved, and then they get busted, and then sell out for



W.A.S.P.'s Blackie Lawless. Also pictured: one pint of E.S. Day

like a billion dollars, and like... where did that billion dollars come from in the first place? I thought it was supposed to be a non-profit type thing, that's where the rub thing comes in.

Huh? I guess he's not mad.

**E.S. Day:** Did you ever have problem with that codpiece thing?

**Blackie:** Yeah, it blew up the first night I used it!

**E.S. Day:** And of course... what are you listening to these days?

**Blackie:** I'm not. I literally just got out of the studio last Monday night, finishing a two year

project; I'm a little worn out right now. Yeah, you know, I subscribe to the whole theory that there are two types of music: good and bad, so you know... I put on something good.

Postscript:

I know this is supposed to be an interview – not a story, commentary or critique. To be quite honest with you, I was going to tear the shit out of this guy. I had FULL intention of making fun of him: stepping over boundaries with questions regarding issues such as his age, his bad album covers, his poor album sales and his living life without an upper-lip. The new album *The Neon God Pt. I* is a concept album. I'm still trying to understand the concept of "Concept" albums: things that I despise and have always found to be a poor excuse for the simple fact that you write bad songs. This "Visionary" bullshit is over and done with. I grew up with *W.A.S.P.*, played their songs in cover bands, tried to look "Evil" like Blackie - the whole nine. And there I was, perspiring in *The Nerve* office and anticipating the verbal onslaught I was about to unleash upon one of metal's lost (but not forgotten) souls. Unfortunately, from the moment Mr. Lawless answered the

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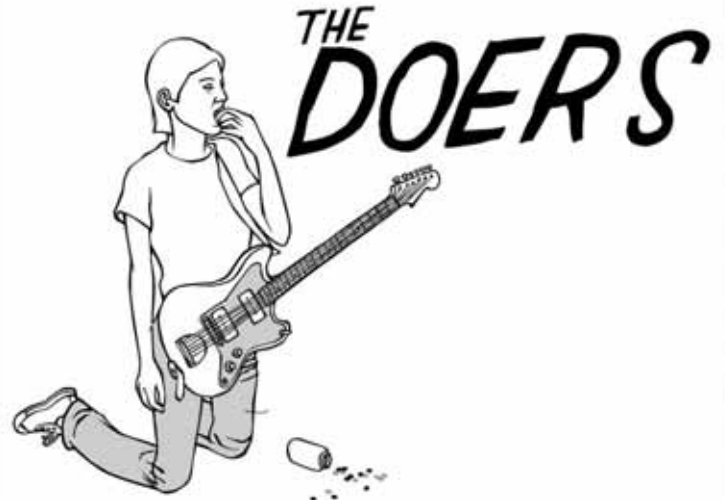
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# "To Be Perfectly Blunt, Adrian...": A Visit With SideSixtySeven

By Adrian Mack



Photo: Laura Murray



Photo: Laura Murray

**What's the problem dude? It's not the first time you felt a little prick.**

Arrgh! SideSixtySeven are assaulting me from all sides, all day long. I usually have to drag interviews out of people – and that's after I've reluctantly dragged myself into the picture, usually one or two hours before my deadline. But Kerry Cyr, Side's Air Assault guitarist who goes by the codename "Jim" – he just walks into my office one day and starts talking. I barely have time to pull my pants back on and start typing (my office is like an oven). And he's wearing this huge black suit – at least a couple sizes too big, like David Byrne – with a big *security* patch on it. It makes him look about 12 years old. Turns out he works at a fancy boutique, probably turfing out the same people that he and his friends otherwise incite to unacceptable levels of public disturbance with their fast, choppy and expert skate punk.

He's going off about these things called "Ghetto Birds." Naturally, I start to remove my pants again but he clarifies, "No... they're helicopters. In East LA." SideSixtySeven were recording in producer Mike Trujillo's garage a few years ago, for their *More Stitches Than Riches* LP, living dangerously in the world's worst neighbourhood. "The cops pulled up and said *you guys aren't from around here*. We were the only white people in the whole area and we explained what we were doin' and they pretty much told us that we should head to Hollywood coz they didn't want to clean us up off the sidewalk later." Even the insects are badass down there, you know. "There was no toilet in the studio," explains Jim, "so we were going around the corner and there was this Black Widow that came out every time we pee'd on its web."

I was still shuddering at the idea of a Black Widow cock bite when vocalist Ian – who has shaved minutes off formal greetings by shortening his name to "En" – bounces into my office with the upbeat stoner charm of an older, punker Jeff Spicoli. Instantly, we get to talking about our shared love of reggae and how close-minded the punk community can be. "They think it all started with MTV," he says of some of SideSixtySeven's younger peers. "They don't recognize the roots... Punk Rock can be everything from reggae to Tom Waits to all the old... Hip-hop is punk too, you know."

En came out here from Ontario to attend what he calls "The College of Whistler." After ten years on the West Coast, he reassures me that he's "gotten better."

Well this is the place to be, I say, adding that Vancouver is fast becoming a Country Club for the world elite.

"Even the homeless come out here coz it's the hot spot," laughs En. "We have the cream of the homeless."

We'll later get hung-up on some fairly queer theories about Vancouver's rich and powerful but I feel that some introductions are still due. The 5 piece that is SideSixtySeven have been skating, surfing, getting high and barbecuing together now for about five years. Their profile has been boosted considerably of late with a slot on this year's Warped bonanza, not to mention a Vancouver Province cover after their Slam City Jam throwdown. Right now



they're doin' the dance with Volcom – the California-based mega-purveyors of all things skate – who are curious about the band's unheard recordings. D'you trust them, I ask? "Yeah," he tells me confidently, "it's real good. We helped throw a party for them at the New Amsterdam Café the night before Warped and they had never seen that kind of thing before.

**"Lead guitar. Dard. He's got his Bad Religion *Suffer* tattoo and if it's not mean and fast it doesn't even make it in the CD player in the van."**

They know about parties LA-style but they come here and there's a café and they're like... what? Everyone's puffing and it's so liberal...."

Does Vancouver's worldwide reputation among cannabis-epicureans give our bands an advantage?

"I think so," he says. "People wanna talk to us. They wanna know what's going on. It is the best place in Canada," he stresses which leads to some anguished tales of Cross-Canadian Tours. It's a high-risk business: if the roads don't kill you, the depression might. Or the haunted motel rooms in Brandon, Manitoba perhaps. En tells me of "Recon Missions" that would end in a lot of "screaming and running back to the room."

"They open up this one room sometimes," he explains, "for bands to stay in." A lot of hookers were killed there over the years. And a few drug deals went in a Colombain-necktie direction: something they were later told about by local yokels bearing 2 litre bottles of homebrew. "Puke party," says En. "That got ugly."

In Victoria, a band-that-cannot-be-named tagged the boys' van after one of them defaced a Nintendo machine. This was in a house so dreadful that even the Jaks had to abandon it. "It used to be a Jaks house but they moved out and it was just crusty punks left," says En with a shudder. With their van defaced and SideSixtySeven's good name besmirched in

day-glo lettering, "the Jaks rolled in and Dustin shook up a beer, sprayed down our van, took off his t-shirt and wiped all the paint off it." This is the kind of respect SideSixtySeven are commanding these days – in short, they're probably the biggest trad skate-punk noise in these parts now, since The S.T.R.E.E.T.S started following their not unrewarding space-jam freakout trajectory.

So they oughta continue doing well and success is just around the corner, right? Oh wait – En's biting his lip.

"We have a curse sometimes," he confesses, almost sheepishly. "We sustain injuries and get fucked up from testing physical boundaries or whatever – like from skating hard or partying hard."

I hear you guys wreck vans.

"We've gone through four vans in five years."

They drove their newest one, which cost \$300, over the border. Looking like they do. And being what they are. Isn't that stupid? En adjusts my thinking for me: they have a "trick," he claims. "We take care of things at the border. It's good. It works."

Hypnotism?

"No." Some sort of Aerosol Nerve Gas? En pauses, squints, gets all cagey looking, "...nnno," comes the unconvincing reply.

Hmmmm. Who's the biggest drunk in SideSixtySeven?

"Me."

Who's the biggest retard?

En smiles, "The kid, Nick. The drummer. (sighs) He's rad though. We're all 25 and over and he just turned 21. It's his first traveling band and he's just a punk kid. We razz him to

help him along. When we needed a drummer he already knew half our songs."

Biggest music snob?

"Lead guitar. Dard. He's got his Bad Religion *Suffer* tattoo and if it's not mean and fast it doesn't even make it in the CD player in the van."

So he ain't down with you when you break into a mid-tempo dub-wise extension, I take it. "It lasts about 30 seconds. Then it's (shouts) '1-2-3-4!'"

Any fist fights?

"Nah," he twinkles, "we're super-mellow. We've always been on the same page and shit. There's fuck-ups as far as responsibility-things but that's... certain things don't get done or are overlooked. Then everybody feels it because of one person."

Shouldn't your manager be taking care of that shit?

"Yeah – he should just do it himself," concludes En.

So you're saying, on the record, that your useless manager is not learning from his mistakes? En just laughs – SideSixtySeven's manager Kevin Angel is well known around The Nerve office for his own good-time vibe. En won't take my bait. I don't even really want him to, anyway.

So where does this leave us? Well – it leaves us at the big hole in the ground where Vancouver's Blunt Bros used to conduct business. That's where.

"It was arson, straight up," says En of the inferno that destroyed one of the city's great institutions. "They found gas cans in two of the dumpsters and a flame-accelerating gel all over the back wall. Like, you know – it was a job. And it burnt just that building down. The Fire Marshall checked it out, did the research and they deemed it arson and put it in the filing cabinet. Because arson is undetectable or whatever, it's like... what are you going to do, fingerprint? I saw *Backdraft*, man. Robert DeNiro. He wouldn't have let that shit slide. He'd still be in there, he'd still be diggin'! But you know... who can we believe? Are we gonna wait for the papers to tell us who did it? Or the Police Commissioner to get on TV and say, 'well, we figured it out. After three months and this many thousands of dollars and this much red tape, we're gonna tell you – what? Yeah, we did it! Or it was the DEA or it was the Olympic Committee or it was the Downtown Clean-up Crew or,' you know. There's all kinds of heavies of that nature that would..."

I interrupt him. Whoa, I exclaim! Are you suggesting it was a Black Ops City Hall type thing?

"I didn't say anything," he shoots back. "I'm just saying that those things exist."

OK, but is that an idea that's actually out there?

En smiles enigmatically. "They (Blunt Bros) bought the building across the street," he reveals. "The old bank – so it's gonna come back ten times the size."

We both start giggling. I wonder why? SideSixtySeven for MAYOR!

Photo Courtesy of Sidesixtyseven

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# FRIGGIN' IN THE RIGGIN'

## The Nerve Guide to Sex; Pirates; Rock 'N' Roll

By Sean Law, 8-Ball and Adrian Mack

It all started with an e-mail. Sean Law, Culture Vulture and all-round Nerd About Town somehow got past my five firewalls, my Sean Law Message Blocking software and the fact that I don't even have a computer. "Hey," said the e-mail, "How about a big article on Pirates?" "This is The Nerve, not Xtra West," I shot back. Then, like something that hits you an hour later, it hit me! An hour later! "Genius!" I belatedly from the rooftops, "with my firm belief that Vancouver will eventually be invaded by Sea, it is our DUTY to educate The Nerve reader about these marauders of the Big Briny and their potentially lethal use of swords, cannons and more swords!" Continuing to bellow, I belatedly, "We must start training the dolphins..." but I was cut-off by a neighbour who chucked a slipper at me and I fell off my rooftop and right into some brambles! Ouch! So Sean came to the office with a comprehensive list off all the ways that Music and Piracy have intersected over the years and me and 8 Ball sat around and got wasted and made stupid jokes. Then 8 Ball went to the movies. For a month.



A pirate is a robber who operates from a ship. Pirates usually attack other vessels, with the intention of looting their cargo, but may also attack targets on shore. These acts are known as piracy; the concept of taking someone else's possessions and using them for your own pleasure or profit has been extended so that the term piracy also commonly refers to copyright infringement or unauthorized copying of software.

So we tried to locate the earliest intersection of Rock'n'Roll culture with Pirate culture. It's a bit of a stretch (no actual Pirates are mentioned) but "Skull and Crossbones" (1956) by Sparkle Moore is a potential contender...

### "Skull and Crossbones"

(Barbara Morgan)  
Sparkle Moore

You should be labeled with a skull and a crossbones  
You're a jinx to my soul, oh yeah  
You should be labeled with a skull and a crossbones  
You're a jinx to my soul, oh yeah  
You're a menace to women, better lock you up in prison  
'Cause you're like a child that's drivin' everyone wild  
Uh-uh-uh, a big X that means a-crossbones  
I said, a big X that means a-crossbones  
My heart sighs, my heart moans  
Then it cries and then it groans  
You should be labeled with a skull and a crossbones  
Well, you're a jinx to my soul, oh baby  
You should be labeled with a skull and a crossbones  
'Cause you're a jinx to my soul, oh yeah  
You're a menace to women, better lock you up in prison  
'Cause you're like child that's drivin' everyone wild  
[Repeat all]



### Pirate Radio meets Screaming Lord Sutch

David Sutch started performing as a rock'n'roll singer under the name "Screaming Lord" Sutch at the famous Two I's coffee bar in Soho, London. He had an outrageous stage act combining elements of horror movies with a routine borrowed from blues singer "Screaming" Jay Hawkins. The legendary Joe Meek produced a number of records with him although none were hits. On 24th May 1964 Sutch unveiled Britain's third offshore radio station when Radio Sutch was launched, in a blaze of publicity, on board the trawler Cornucopia. Sutch himself claimed that he broadcast from the Cornucopia for a fortnight "off and on" but the boat was not really suitable as it was still being used for fishing. He then moved onto Shivering Sands, a disused war-time anti-aircraft tower off the Kent coast. The first record played on the station was the Screaming Lord's own *Jack the Ripper*. Radio Sutch's transmitter was powered by car batteries, rather than generators, and could only stay on the air for a few hours at a time. Transmission power was very low and the audience tiny. The studio equipment was rudimentary and the living conditions extremely basic. It was billed as "Britain's first teenage radio station" which tied in with Sutch's alternative career in politics: the previous year he had stood for parliament under the banner of the National Teenage Party. The main policy of this one-man party was the then ridiculed proposal of votes for 18 year olds. After a few months Sutch tired of the radio station. With a general election looming, he decided to concentrate on his political career.



### Johnny Kidd's "Shakin' All Over" (1960)



is one of the greatest Rock and Roll songs to have been written and produced in the UK. It was the guitar riff played by Joe Moretti that guaranteed its immortality - later it would be covered by the Winnipeg group Chad and the Expressions, who underwent an unplanned name change to Guess Who? and finally The Guess Who when their version of the record hit Stateside in 1965. It's this version of "Shakin' All Over" that most people on this continent are

familiar with, its status obscuring the original source almost completely. Other things that were covered by The Guess Who include Burton Cummings' piano stool - which was covered by his huge ass. Other rockin' tunes cut by Johnny Kidd and The Pirates include "Please Don't Touch" (later covered by Motorhead/Girlschool amongst others) and a KILLER version of "Casting My Spell".

### "Pirate Love"

(Johnny Thunders)  
Johnny Thunders and the Heartbreakers

You've got to walk that walk  
You've got to talk that talk  
You've got to be that pearl  
In the diamond world  
C'mon cut me so fast  
Pirate love  
Is what I'm looking for  
Pirate love  
Is what I'm wanted for  
I never ever needed it so bad  
Yeah!  
Well the blood's running cold, ain't it  
All the mummies are praying  
Little girls are saying 'no'  
And big girls always want more  
Pirate love  
Is what I'm looking for  
Pirate love  
Is what I'm wanted for  
I never ever needed it so bad  
Yeah!  
Well I'm locked in all these getups  
Everybody seems too cruel  
I can't tell who's who  
Without a bag of voodoo  
Pirate love  
Is what I'm looking for  
Pirate love  
Is what I'm wanting for  
I never ever needed it so fast  
Fast!  
Fast!  
Pirate love  
Is what I'm looking for  
Pirate love  
Is what I'm wanting for  
I never ever needed it so bad  
Yeah!

It was with early UK Rock'n'Roll outfit Johnny Kidd and The Pirates that things first started to get sexy...They dressed like Pirates and Johnny Kidd famously wore an eyepatch. Of the first wave of British Rock'n'Roll (circa '58-'61) they are one of maybe three groups that are actually worth listening to; the others being Vince Taylor & The Playboys (who cut the original version of "Brand New Cadillac", later covered by The Clash) and the earliest records of Cliff Richard & The Shadows ("Move It").



### Johnny Thunders

Johnny Thunders cut a rather swashbuckling figure through the UK Punk explosion of '76-'78. Having come to prominence in the New York Dolls (who were later high-jacked by Malcolm McLaren), Thunders eventually formed The Heartbreakers in NYC during 1975. Practically everything he and his motley crew did was illegal. Their song lyrics, stage antics and personal lives were all interchangeable: hustling, intravenous drug use and general chaos occurred in earnest to a background soundtrack of pilfered Eddie Cochran riffs, out-of-tune guitars and audience abuse/incitement from the stage. Their live debut in the UK was on the ill-fated *Anarchy Tour* of '76 with The Clash and The Sex Pistols. They eventually secured regular gigs at The Vortex and a recording deal with (ironically enough) Track Records. This produced a flawed masterpiece of an album *L.A.M.F.* and a clutch of singles. Check out the lyrics to "Pirate Love" (recently covered by New Zealand garage punks The D4). Track Records eventually went into receivership and band manager Lee Black Childers had to steal back the bands' master-tapes from their own record company. Yaaarrggh!



Johnny Kidd died in a car crash near Manchester on October 7<sup>th</sup> 1966. Curiously, Nerve Music Ed. A. Mack was born two months later, also near Manchester. Coincidence? Yes!

The Pirates eventually continued without him; they underwent a phase of popularity during the UK 'Pub Rock' scene of the mid-'70's and then found a degree of popularity with UK punks in the following years. Footage of them playing at the 1978 Reading Festival shows a potent and tight unit. Footage of 8 Ball currently available on the internet also shows a very potent and tight unit. Once you've seen that, check out The Ramones movie *Rock 'n' Roll High School* for PJ Soles' potent and tight unit as well as a slick for Johnny Kidd's *Fistful of Doubloons* which adorns Riff Randall's bedroom wall.

## Zap Comix

1969 saw the first publication of the third issue of Zap Comix in San Francisco. This was one of the first of the new 'Underground' Comix and was a by product of the Hippy culture that was prevalent at the time. This, the '69 issue, featured the first appearance of Captain PissGums and his Pervert Pirates. This, ahem, "heady" tale featured a debauched crew of homosexual pirates sailing a sea of sin and in this way, it uncannily predicts top Canadian Supergroup Edwin and the Pressure. This issue and all other issues of Zap remain in print to this day.



## Harlock!

Making his debut in a 1953 Manga drawn by Leiji Matsumoto, Space Pirate Captain Harlock (in a variety of guises) eventually gained his own anime series in 1977 (to a degree capitalizing on Star Wars mania). One kid intensely affected by Harlock was Glenn Danzig, frontman for the original Misfits and currently the most humiliated man that ever walked the earth (see column, page 6). Danzig is seen sporting a Harlock skull and crossbones shirt on the front cover of The Misfits all-time classic *Walk Among Us* LP (1982). The original Misfits broke up on Halloween 1983 - in a 1986 interview with Thrasher magazine Glenn heps interviewer Pushead to the Harlock mystique: "After not collecting for a long time, I started collecting comics. I was at this show and there was this guy selling Japanese books and toys, but basically paperback books. There's this character called Captain Harlock. He had a skull and crossbones shirt, a big, massive scar down his face, an eye-patch, hair hanging in his face just the way I was wearing my hair at the time. I immediately identified with all these heroes. He rides this space ship in outer space, as a space pirate, and tries to stop greedy enterprising corporations which have taken over the earth by exploiting it and other planets. They are hoarding all the stuff which only rich people can afford. Like super rich, I'm talking people who control worlds. So, it's a pretty cool story and he thinks nothing of blowing people away. Blowing their whole bodies to pieces. He doesn't care about reputation, he's really taking care of business and I respect that and I'm really into the Harlock thing."

Harlock's flag is the pirate Jolly Roger and to him it represents freedom and the fighting spirit. Matsumoto says that the Jolly Roger represents not something frightening, but rather a declaration that one will keep fighting even if reduced to bones. The Harlock skull and crossbones has also been spotted on T-shirts worn by Nick 13 (Tiger Army), local DJ "The Swinging Creeper" and tattooed on the flesh of the guitar player for the Toilet Boys.



## Adam and The Ants

"Throw your safety overboard and join our insect nation..."  
From "Stand and Deliver" by Adam Ant/Marco Pirroni

Bizarre conflation of Pirates, Dandies, Injuns, Insects and those irritant serious S&M lifestyle types. Another UK phenomenon that Malcolm McLaren pooped out of his dirty little idea-chute. They were massive for a while and Adam Ant himself, in reality a neurotic depressive with a thing for waving guns around, went on to solo success.

## Ever Been to Sea, Billy?

Billy Bones, formerly of Thee Pirates, currently of Raised by Wolves, supplied us with a connoisseur's Top Ten:

## 1. The Smugglers. (Not necessarily pirates but



these ones have ocean themes on enough records - "Up And Down" single, *Wet Pants Club LP* - that they're the first band that comes to mind.)

## 2. Tenpole Tudor (... the cover of the "Let The Four Winds Blow" single - that's enough for me)

## 3. The Pirates (Johnny Kidd and)

## 4. Captain Cook and The Nook Sound

(I only saw this band once and they blew me away. Real trashed up Paul Revere with Go Go dancers)

## 5. Blind Pete from The Shivs (If There's a Pirate in Punk Rock, I think it's this dude. I saw him play with a patch on his eye and a rubber ducky on his shoulder)

6. Adam Ant (Not really a man's pirate, more of a momma's boy pirate, but one of my favourites. Sort of like what's-his-name in *Pirates of the Caribbean*. A little too fruity. I don't care if he's trying to be Keith Richards or not.)

## 7. Billy The Kid and The Lost Boys

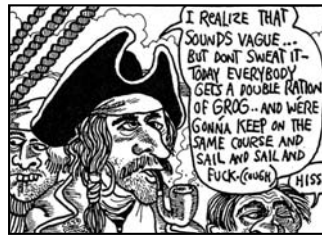
8. The Pogues (Also a bit of a stretch but *Rum Sodomy and the Lash*? "Thousands Are Sailing"? Where are Billy's Bones resting now?)

## 9. The Real McKenzies (Down the same road as Tenpole Tudor. Even did one of their songs and well too)

10 Sex Pistols (I know I've got a record somewhere with them on a boat. And they do *Friggin in the Rigg'in*)

You'd think there'd be a lot more obvious pirate/rock and roll bands, but that's what comes to mind. Canada's west coast has a good bit of piracy in our rock 'n' roll. Oh man, how did I forget the Arrogant Worms "Last Saskatchewan Pirate" or Calgary's No Coast Hardcore? Or Calgary's Parkades: they did that amazing 45 with the song "Attack Me" on it, and on the cover is a dude on a raft with an eye patch! I think there was a band out of Regina called Blue Beard too. I'll bet the east coast has a bunch of piracy stuff going on (*I'll say! Music Ed.*) but I can't come up with anything. Have fun putting this issue together, you can't go wrong with pirates.

- Billy Bones



## Lars Ulrich is an Anti-Pirate.

IT'S BEEN OVER FOUR YEARS SINCE METALLICA TRIED TO SUE 330,000 OF THEIR TEENAGE FANS FOR DOWNLOADING MUSIC FROM THE WEB. WHICH IS FUNNY REALLY, SINCE THE TECHNOLOGY THAT ALLOWED DRUMMER LARS ULRICH TO SIMULATE ANY ABILITY ON HIS INSTRUMENT IS VERY CLOSELY RELATED TO THE MACHINE WHICH SYSTEMATICALLY TRACKS DOWN HIS KNICKERS AND THEN EFFICIENTLY TWISTS THEM INTO A PERFECT KNOT - TO WHIT, THE HOME COMPUTER. THIS IS THE TRUE GALLEON OF THE SPACE AGE PIRATE - NOT THAT DUMB SPACESHIP THAT MAKES DANZIG SO GIDDY AND WET. FUCK, MUSICIAN'S ARE WEIRD. WE ASKED A PERSON WHO CAN REALLY PLAY THE DRUMS BUT WHO ISN'T AS WEALTHY AS LARS ULRICH FOR AN OPINION. HE SAID, "FAT PEOPLE GET ON MY TITS." THEN WE ASKED HIM FOR AN OPINION ON FILE-SHARING:

The topic of Piracy, or "downloading" as the kids call it, is one of the few issues today over which I claim total moral clarity. In short, it is perfectly fine to download music. Yes, it is theft. Yes, it has shortened the life of Lars Ulrich and yes; these are just two of the unequivocally good things to be said about the practice. Bear in mind that if - IF - a musician ever makes a substantial amount of money, then it's far too late to render that musician bankrupt with your humble little Internet connection. That musician has already cleared Ten Billion Dollars US, has crossed to the other side and has been made privy to blueprints showing the eventual colonization of earth by voracious extra-dimensional Lizard-Men and other Oil Industry types. And you know what? That musician is Britney Spears. In other words, that musician isn't even a musician! Same for Avril, Christina, Mariah, Beyonce, that puffy tart from Evanescence, Barbara Streisand and R. Kelly. If you're in the mega-billions category, it's very unlikely that you'll ever feel the pinch. Hell - you can even run around boning 14 year olds in the ass and jeopardizing the crew on your Lear Jet with your unexploded tit-jobs and the music industry big wheels will still line up at your front door with cheques that exceed the GNP of any single country in Africa (except for the ones that are run by Whitey). They're not suffering. Believe me.

As for the other 999% of us who toil in obscurity and hunger - we're not losing anything. Even somebody like, say, Sam Roberts (that hippy) - even Sam Roberts will probably have to tour Canada for the rest of his career if he ever feels like buying a house one day. That's because Sam Roberts is making dick-shit from record sales. You know who doesn't have to tour Canada for the rest of his career to make ends meet? The guy that SIGNED Sam Roberts - that's who. He's the same guy that will slap your hand because you use Kazaa. He's the same guy that will admonish you for "stealing music". He's the same guy that dines on Record Company expense accounts and sees every show for free. That guy is a dirty, thieving, lying, bloodsucking and murderous fuck (I threw in *murderous* for effect.). So... yeah! (For a slightly more informed and reasonable breakdown of Music Industry mendacity, please refer to Steve Albini's excellent essay: *The Problem With Music* - which you will find, for free, all over the internet.)

## "Jolly Roger"

In days of old,  
when ships were bold  
Just like the men who sailed them  
and if they showed us disrespect  
we'd tie them up and flail them  
often men of low degree  
and often men of steel  
who'd make you walk the plank alone  
or haul you 'round the keel  
hoist the Jolly Roger!  
hoist the Jolly Roger!  
hoist the Jolly Roger!  
it's your money that we want  
and your money we shall have!  
of all the pirates on the seas  
the worst of them was Blackbeard  
so damnable a fiend from hell  
he was the one they most feared  
any man who sailed with him  
was taking quite a chance  
he'd hang them from the gallows  
just to see if they could dance (ha! ha!)  
hoist the Jolly Roger!  
hoist the Jolly Roger!  
hoist the Jolly Roger!  
it's your money that we want  
and your money we shall have!

Give me your lunch money,  
you little pirate fuck!

Somebody had to say it. The Vancouver Promoter/ Impresario/CGI Effect has a name that would not look amiss on a pirate, or any other sea-faring type. Also, he has a hook! And it's not on his hand.

## FRANK YAHR





The 80s were a disaster and we're only just starting to recover. For this reason, it's painful for those of us who had to live through the era to watch you little fuck-ups re-creating it as if it had any cultural worth at all (it didn't).



**Simon Le Bon: big, fat arse**

Duran Duran were bigger than 8-Ball's crack habit (though smaller than his actual crack), and were the outsized result of something called New Romantic. This was a movement that grew out of the English punk of the 70s, except it recapitulated all those badass ideas in a swish London nightclub setting with synthesizers and pirate imagery (among other things) deployed without any substance or weight, and therefore was the first gasp of post-modernism and everything has been a douche ever since. No amount of reality shifting can disguise the fact, however, that Simon Le Bon has a gigantic, blobby nose like Captain Pugwash and an ass that's almost as big as two badly parked Volkswagens. What a big-nose fatty!



**Cpt Pugwash: obviously straight**

**The Murder City Devils**

They spray painted Skulls and Crossbones on their amplifiers. They were all heavily tattooed. They were all completely drunk. They were probably the band most responsible for the current Pirate craze. Hey Sailor!

Yikes! New York's **Crimson Pirate** - I bet they're huge in Toronto.



**Billy's Budd-ies**

When I think of rock 'n' roll pirates or gypsies it's hard not to come up with these two golden tooth'd bandits. From his time in The Swell Maps to his extensive solo career, Nikki Sudden is the epitome of how old salts can still hold their charm behind youthful all-knowing smiles and put the sparkle into a maiden's eyes as he steals their hearts at every port of call. I've sailed with him before and believe me, from his flowing scarves to his gold brocade suits and Peter Pan pirate footwear, he doesn't need to swing into a room to make an entrance (plus his new album is called *Treasure Island*). Then we have Tyla: once of the band of rogues known as The Dogs D'Amour and now a solo artist. This guy is such a true pirate that he makes everyone else look irrelevant when it comes to swash-buckling. Not only has he written about the likes of Errol Flynn whilst looking like he just walked off a Galleon, but has moved from England to the Spanish Main where he continues to write rock 'n' roll shanties and drink wine on the beach while the rest of us sail in search of the treasures he's already discovered and laid claim to. While many musicians go through pirate phases, these two stand unchanged by time or trends as reminders of a dying breed and the legendary romance of the sea-fairing scoundrel.

-Hopeless



**Nikki Sudden, we Pirate Love you**

**Hey! You can sing along too!**



**Keith Richards – Pirate King?**

Rock'n'Roll and classic Piracy are more than a little alike. Pirates were (occasionally dandy, often degenerate) individualists, rebels and criminals who marauded other vessels to relieve them of their, ahem, "Booty" (Why do most guys form bands? See a correlation?). A Pirate's lifestyle was often "Feast Or Famine". Think of the big payoff for any band to get signed, invariably followed by years of the touring grind – or vice versa. Whatever. Both on the High Seas of Old and the Highways of Now, the globe is littered with the skeletons of the Dead and/or Forgotten, their treasure lying undetected and lost, perhaps for all time.

In the world of the Rock 'n' Roll Outlaw, Richards often did it first and worst. The early Stones pirated nearly the entire Chess Records label catalog for their repertoire. Yo-Ho! Keith Richard mutinied against his Captain (the Rolling Stones were originally Brian Jones' band), taking his Lady in the process. When this particular Captain Jones sunk to the bottom of his Locker (in this case his swimming pool), The Stones were judged, indeed, Baddest of The Bad: so Bad that one of them was now propping up his own tombstone. Richards eventually fell afoul of the authorities, not just at home but internationally.

Keith Richards is the template for several decades worth of wannabe Corsairs, either directly or indirectly. The majority of cool teen garage bands in the 60's modeled themselves on The Stones. As the 70's dawned and Richards' hedonistic lifestyle and hairstyle became more acute, many followed in his wake. The cool-ometer registers high on Johnny Thunders and the rest of the New York Dolls and a little lower on the outrageous likes of Aerosmith. Mick Jones of The Clash wore his hair long, defiant in the face of Punk Mania. The Stones may have got short shrift during the first wave of Punk Rock, but plenty of those bands filched their riffs. (I said "filched", you Dirty Bastard). The 80s saw a cross between the Glam look of the early 70s and the harder Metal/Rock in vogue at the time. A whole scene sprouted up in the UK around blatant Richards rip-offs like Nikki Sudden and Dave Kusworth, the Dogs D'Amour and their ilk. In North America, the Hollywood scene eventually birthed Guns'n'Roses. Jack Daniels and Gibson Les Pauls ruled the day. Keith and Co. toured on, probably oblivious to it all.

Supposedly Johnny Depp modeled his character in *Pirates Of The Caribbean* on Richards after spending some time with him. It's rumoured that Keef's been approached to play Depp's father in the next installment. They probably wouldn't need any makeup to do him over as an undead Pirate Zombie.

Arr then maties, time for me to go. This Yacht Wheel between my legs is driving me nuts.



**Tyla: settling into middle age**

**"Friggin in the Rigg'n"**

It was on the good ship venus  
By christ, ya shoul'da seen us  
The figurehead was a whore in bed  
And the mast, a mammoth penis  
The captain of this lugger  
He was a dirty bugger  
He wasn't fit to shovel shit  
From one place to another  
Chorus:  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
There was fuck all else to do  
The captains name was morgan  
By christ, he was a gorgon  
Ten times a day he'd stop and play  
With his fuckin' organ  
The first mate's name was cooper  
By christ he was a trooper.  
He jerked and jerked until he worked  
Himself into a stupor  
Chorus  
The second mate was andy  
By christ, he had a dandy  
Till they crushed his cock on a jagged rock  
For cumming in the brandy  
The cabin boy was flipper  
He was a fuckin' n—ger  
He stuffed his ass with broken glass  
And circumcised the skipper  
Chorus  
The captain's wife was mabel  
To fuck she was not able  
So the dirty shits, they nailed her tits  
Across the barroom table  
The captain had a daughter  
Who fell in deep sea water  
And by her squeals we knew the eels  
Had found 'er sexual quarters



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**NOVILLERO** (Montreal)  
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 695 Cambie St.  
 Doors: 8pm / Show: 9pm


**Sat. Aug 7**   
**PINK MOUNTAINTOPS**  
 (CD Release Party)  
**DESTROYER [solo]**  
**THE BATTLES**  
 ANZA Club

**Wdy Out Wednesdays**  
 at the Railway Club

**Aug 4**  
**NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND**  
**MONGOOSE**  
**THE AWKWARD PICTURE** (Montreal)   
**Aug 11**  
**CORB LUND BAND**  
 plus Guests   
**Aug 18**  
 60s Garage Nite  
 w/ **RAISED BY WOLVES**  
**THE INVADERS**   
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**ASHTRAY BOY**  
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Side67 AD

# City of Kamloops Hires Four Year Old Girl to Spearhead Civic Make-over! Sound City Hooligans

By Emily Kendy

“He held it down for a minute,” says Bobby, singer and guitarist for Sound City Hooligans. He is referring to Big J, a friend of the band who currently holds the record time for shot-gunning a can of beer (2.5 seconds). He says they would like Big J to perform the amazing act on stage. “But there’s some sort of law about bringing cans into a bar,” Bobby laments, during a phone interview from his home in Kamloops, where he is barbecuing chicken. “I don’t know what that’s about.”

**Nerve: Are you working on a CD?**

Bobby: We have 13 new songs for a record. Mike from Longshot offered to put it out but we want to do it ourselves. It’s a money thing. With Longshot they wanted us to put up so much (money). We’re not focused on delusions of grandeur. We’ve been there, done that. You know? We just want to jam, drink, play shows, have fun. We’re not out to conquer the world. And we’ll sell the CD for two dollars instead of 10, because we won’t have to pay back a record company. We want people to get the music cheap and fast. That’s what it’s all about.

**Nerve: You have a lot of music available on your website...**

Bobby: Well, I thought in this day and age everyone has a computer and downloads free music. And I have a recording studio up here so we thought, since we didn’t put money into it....

**Nerve: How did the band start?**

Bobby: It was a fluke. I had a jam space over the holidays, about a year and a half ago, and I was itching for something to do. I asked these guys to jam and they hemmed and hawed because at the time they were in the Black

Jacks... We had one jam together and it went really good. Then the Black Jacks broke up....

**Nerve: Did that please you?**

Bobby: Yeah, but I didn’t tell them that.

**Nerve: Are you all from Kamloops?**

Bobby: Dustin and Sean are brothers; they’re from up North. Houston, I think. Nate’s from Clearwater. I’m from Vancouver.

**Nerve: You moved from Vancouver to Kamloops? What were you thinking there?**

Bobby: What WAS I thinking? Hmm. It was a long time ago. At the time, I had a free place to stay... It’s nice to be based here actually. We’re in-between Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver.

**Nerve: Do you know your mascot?**

Bobby: Uh, Buttercup and Cactus?

**Nerve: What? What happened to Kammy the Trout?**

Bobby: I don’t think they advertise him much, anymore. Now it’s two coyotes called Buttercup and Cactus.

**Nerve: You guys play regular gigs in Kamloops?**

Bobby: We do all ages shows. We played a bar show the other night, it got a bit out of control. Rough crowd. A friend of ours got his nose busted. I took a picture of it; it’s posted on the website ([www.soundcityhooligans.com](http://www.soundcityhooligans.com))

**Nerve: Do you remember your first Vancouver gig?**

Bobby: Yeah. It was at The Cobalt. We thought we stunk. But the next time it seemed like we were well received, which put the fire back under us.

**Nerve: You guys play any road games when you travel?**

Bobby: (Laughs) When I’m driving I wear this awful, evil clown mask, and - it’s so lame - we wave at everyone.



Photo Courtesy of Sound City Hooligans

## Who Cares About Who Cares?

By Mr. Plow



Through my travels in the last couple years, I’ve come across some interesting bands (i.e. a guy shaving his pubes on stage and smoking them). This one takes the cake though. I came across Who Cares at Hell’s Kitchen in their hometown of Tacoma, Washington. We were actually set up to play a show together. Was it fate? Was it a blind date? Who cares! It was a day forever to be remembered. Two guys singing songs about hermaphrodites and homosexual Christmases gone wrong. The new Maclean & Maclean, as it were. It was a match made in heaven! Or was it? I sat down with Paul at some dingy hole in the wall, a.k.a. his favorite brothel, to conduct this interview.

**Plow: Who are you?**

Paul: I’m a fat and nasty American rock ‘n’ roll superhero fighting the corporate music machine one bestiality song at a time.

**Plow: Where are you from?**

Paul: I am the product of the TV generation, fast food, video porn, and my mom’s pussy.

**Plow: What do you do in Who Cares?**

Paul: I’m a cunning linguist, a cynical dick, preaching the good news of decadence and debauchery

**Plow: What is Who Cares?**

Paul: We like to call our genre of music “acoustic comedy punk”. We are evangelists for the lowest common denominator.

**Plow: Your song states you really need a blowjob. Is this true?**

Paul: 100% true, I also need a pound of weed (yes, I said POUND. I’m American) strippers, a good attorney, a winning lottery ticket and a bigger dick.

**Plow: What can one expect from a Who Cares gig?**

Paul: We perform sexually explicit sing-along songs that will have you pissing yourself with laughter. A very Jerry Springer type of event. A real good old fashion white trash keg party.

**Plow: Any interesting road stories?**

Paul: Yes. I played American Bandstand. Met Dick Clark and I even saw Elvis’ clothes under glass. In those days, among other things, I sang this song to a strap-on, wore a birthing glove and fisted a blow up doll. The show would climax in a frenzy of screaming vocals and flinging of K-Y jelly. At the Bandstand show, we had only a few seconds left in our set and I had half of a five gallon bucket of K-Y jelly left (you’ll have to do the metric conversion). I threw the contents of my bucket at Dick Clark and his distinguished panel of guests, covering them in a viscous sheen of sex lube. Ten minutes later in the green room the show producer storms in screaming that Mr. Clark has sent word that I’ll never play the Bandstand again. At that moment I felt like an honorary Sex Pistol.

**Plow: Anything else people need to know but won’t ask you?**

Paul: I love girls with strap-on dildos who know how to use them.





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Photo: Toby Marie

## Demolition Doll Rods, Ladies Night

@ The Brickyard, Vancouver, B.C.  
Saturday, July 3rd, 2004

After spending two nights a week for the last eight months working in a bar that hosts on average three live bands every night—that adds up to 192 bands that I’ve seen. Out of those 192 bands, only five stick out in my mind as candidates for the, well...“Bands That Stick Out In My Mind” Award. The Demolition Doll Rods is not only the winner of the BISOIMM award, but also a winner of the no-less coveted “Band That Wears The Least Amount Of Clothes” Grand Prize. When Margaret Doll Rod raises her tuxedo guitar above her head, closes her eyes and steps onto her tippy toes (enter shiny black bikini) to riff about

getting naked as well as loving each other, call me a hippy but this shit rocks the fuckin’ roll. It could, of course, have been Christine Doll Rod playing stand up drums in a red heart shaped bikini, OR maybe it was Danny Doll Rod with his giant Mad Hatter collar and suede booty shorts. Actually, it was probably just the vibe of the thing. Or maybe it was their electrifying vocal skills. The audience was sweating for this band all the way through their two encores... sigh. It’s things like this that start my summer off right. Anyone wanna go to Wreck Beach?

- Toby

## DKT, MC5

@ New City Liquid Lounge, Edmonton, AB  
Monday, July 5th, 2004

Praise the Lord, brothers & sisters, the MC5 are back together after 30-some years, and I was lucky as hell to catch them in yee olde Deadmonton as these subversive senior citizens nearly burned the shit-house down!

Armed with a set list including such seminal rock ‘n’ roll nuggets as “Sister Ann”, “Shakin’ Street”, “Rama Lama Fa Fa Fa” and “Kick Out the Jams”, these guys could do no wrong. Ringleader Wayne Kramer wore a huge shit-eating grin as he riffed off fuzz-tone collateral-damage and peeled off face-melting Chuck Berry-meets-Sun Ra guitar solos while the original MC5 rhythm section of Michael Davis and Dennis “Machine Gun” Thompson pounded out an authoritative and unrelenting sonic backdrop that sounded like an Iraqi carpet bombing offensive.

Special guest Marshall Crenshaw took over the departed Fred “Sonic” Smith’s six-string duties, contributing solid riffs and inventive solos to a seamless All-American rock ‘n’ roll twin guitar attack that should have those burnouts from Aerosmith taking notes. The real secret weapon and surprise star of the night turned out to be Mark Arm

from Mudhoney, who handled the lion’s share of the lead vocals. With his head thrown back and every vein in his neck poised to explode, I swear he looked as if he was about to levitate as he absolutely fucking NAILED Rob Tyner’s vocal parts right against the motherfuckin’ wall. To give Mark a well-deserved rest, ex-head-Lemonhead-and sometime-Courtney Love-banger, Evan Dando periodically took over the vocals for a tune or two, but his efforts were a bit more subdued (high on drugs perhaps? Say it ain’t so, Joe!).

To close the set, the MC5 brazenly launched a full-on 15-minute version of the free-form avant-garde noise fusion exploration known as Starship, providing probably the most authentic simulation of a hallucinogenic drug trip you might ever experience without governmental authorities feeling the need to intervene.

I say they should have these guys headline the Warped tour next year. Then we’ll all see who the REAL punk rockers are. LONG LIVE THE FIVE!!!

-Donny “Rocker” Payjack

## AC Newman, The Neins

@ Richard’s on Richards, Vancouver, B.C.  
Saturday, July 17th, 2004

There were less people here tonight than for last month’s Destroyer extravaganza so the uber-duber hipsters are getting uber-duber stupider – Newman has had Bejar on the ropes since the first warbly, trilling throw-down. Vancouver’s Neins opened the night with some great songs and a real University Challenge Korean Ringer in their trumpet player. There was plenty of quality here. Enough to supercede the predictable helium, cracked actor vocals (think Joel Plaskett) and flat girl-harmonies common to every indie rock band on earth.

Then Newman walked on stage talking into his cellphone. I think it was a little bit of theatre, but it was so low-key and natural that John Cassavetes might have blushed. He did it again for the encore. Thrilling! The rest of the night he seemed to shrink from view,

allowing those marvelous songs to carry the show. The band was also marvelous with the rhythm section of Pete Bourne and Coco Culbertson, in particular, giving the top-heavy numbers some boom-boom.

Newman possesses a great and under appreciated voice. It has nothing in the way of character but it’s sweet and true and, like the rest of the guy’s art, seemingly delivered without effort or fanfare. I remembered seeing Zumpano years ago and watching girls actually swoon when Newman sang Blue Swede’s “Hooked On a Feeling”.

The encore was Outrageous Cherry’s “If You Want Me”, which got a big yelp out of me and then all these people gave me dirty looks like I’d farted at a state funeral or something.

- Mack

## Stompin’ Tom Connors

@ Orpheum Theatre, Vancouver B.C.  
Friday, July 16th, 2004

My girl, my mother-in-law and I cut quite the dashing trio as we set off for the Orpheum Theatre, with me in black leather and tattoos and granny in polyester slacks and a lovely floral print blouse. You could almost hear the necks snapping as we walked down the street. Even the crackheads and street people were impressed.

We took our seats and the show started promptly at eight. It took me a while to recover from the culture shock of sitting in this beautiful old theatre instead of standing on broken glass at The Cobalt. My feet didn’t even stick to the carpet! Surreal...

Stompin’ Tom’s band warmed up the crowd, and though they were very competent, I could have lived without them. It was Tom we were all there to see. I fidgeted impatiently until at last the guitar picker from Skinner’s Pond, PEI ambled onto the stage with his trademark slab of plywood. Except for a bunch of lame fuckers in the middle aisle who needed a good horse-whipping, the crowd was instantly on their feet to cheer Canada’s favourite son. The cowboy behind me clapped so enthusiastically he spilled Jack Daniels on my neck. I almost thanked him for making me feel more at home.

The ‘Stamper’ didn’t waste any time, and he soon had the capacity crowd clapping along to “The Bridge Came Tumblin’ Down”, “Tilsonburg”, and all the other classics. He promised not to tell any Newfie jokes, but it was a promise he broke many

times. Though he occasionally forgot lyrics, his voice was strong and clear, and he shrugged off his absentmindedness with a good-natured grin.

I tried to start a pit, but drew only ugly stares. Then I did a stage dive and landed on some girls in the third row. I tried to explain that their spilled drinks would wipe right off my leather pants, but their boyfriends chased me down the block anyway. Fuckin’ rednecks....

-Chris Walter



Photo: Jen Walter





We asked Billy Hopeless to fire a few questions at Maximum RNR's Keith Maurik and he managed to drench the mouthpiece of The Nerve phone with green punk rock sputum, even though he sent the questions by e-mail from his own living room. Weird.

**What happened to the faux-tard named Max you used to have singing when you first started?**

Well, since he took on Greg Godovitz's (singer and bassist of Canadian classic rock band Goddo) girlfriend as his manager, he quit our band and went back to singing karaoke and playing various open stage jams while having Godovitz make fun of him. Max has also appeared on *Ed the Sock* a couple of times. Jeezuz, I'm sure glad we didn't sign on with that management team!

**What's with the hillbilly chic you kids got going on? Ever heard of razors? Shaving?**

I haven't shaven for over two years and I've since found out the Beard is the new Mohawk. Old ladies, women and small children are afraid of you while men will scowl and want to fight you. Wear a Mohawk nowadays and you'll be the captain of the soccer team while picking up the head cheerleader. Grow a beard and you'll lose friends while angering relatives, complete strangers and punk rockers. Ah, it reminds me of '82.

**If you were a writer working for Chart Magazine, how would you describe your band? Would you, perhaps, employ an Our Lady Peace, Tea Party or Todd Kerns comparison?**

Ha ha! If I was in this band and writing for *Chart*, my name would be Keith Carman (*Chart* magazine writer and lead guitarist of Maximum RNR), not Keith Maurik. However, following Mr. Carman's personal style guide, the commentary would have to include dead goats, anal intrusion, your

grandmother or some nuns having sex (or both), flatulence and some sort of satanicference. Seriously, the guy has The Headstones, Kim Mitchell and a whole host of others (probably including The Tea Party, OLP, and Limblifter) wanting to beat him up because of things he wrote for *Chart Magazine*.

**How many members of Maximum RNR to screw in a lightbulb?**

Silly Billy! Maximum RNR doesn't screw in lightbulbs. We screw in hot tubs!

**In Vancouver, our pizza slices average around \$0.93 which is far cheaper than anything in Toronto. How do you deal with the high cost of living in Hogtown?**

Well, it seems Toronto's street meat of choice is the hot dog. And hey, we have no problem paying the extra buck fifty for 8 to 10 inches of tube steak!

**How big is Mel Lastman's prostate gland?**

Any mayor who will accept a gift from the Hell's Angels and then throw it in the garbage when told who the Hell's Angels are has a bigger prostate than most men. Or are those balls? I never knew if they were the same thing or not.

**Have you ever played a show where you thought you were Minimum RNR or even Medium RNR?**

Maximum RNR is a name we have to uphold and an accreditation we must earn night after night. If we ever start playing like Medium RNR then it's truly time to throw in the towel because that's not the point of this band. Maybe we'll use Minimum RNR when we're invited to do an *MTV Unplugged* series. Yeah, right.



-Billy Hopeless



**Bangers  
Get Your Red Hots  
Wounded Paw**

I really thought I'd hate this from the cheesy band photo. I really, really thought I'd hate this from the song titles.

I really, really, really thought I'd hate this from the lyrics. After listening to it I don't really think it sucks, but it sure ain't great neither and the shitty production don't help these three girls and a guy out at all. So I wouldn't pay for it but Banger? Well hrm, I hardly even play her.

-Billy Hopeless

**The Cinch  
Shake If You Got It  
Stutter/Dirtnap**

Frank Yahr famously commented that The Cinch "get it", meaning (I think) that they sink

their libido into their playing. This separates them from the legions of clinical Neu kinder out there. They've made a sexy album, but their real skill lies in creating the quiet storm, pacing their longer numbers so expertly that they seem to acquire mass as they move forward. By the end of a track like "Losin' Your Head", they've achieved a kind of ferocity that other, less modest outfits couldn't match. It's as potent as any superior BC product, and in my head The Cinch play as we attack and destroy Toronto. The Cinch will also play during the victory rave-up and subsequent bedroom antics whereupon my lovemaking will be described as "triumphant!" Yum!

-Mack

**Crack ov Dawn  
Dawn Addict  
Equilibre Music**

So when I was living in Edinburgh there was this street called Cockburn Street, and it was always infested with this swarming mass of high school Goths, Korn kids, and assorted



metal virgins wearing plenty of random dangling apparatuses and T-Shirts that said things like, "I am the evil twin", and all the girls had buckets of foundation and eyeliner plastered over their nasty acne-ed

Scottish faces. And there were ripped fishnets and knee socks and eyebrow piercings and Trenchcoat Mafia outfits everywhere you looked. Well, I could picture these kids at a basement party overloaded on cheap cider, green glow sticks, bad weed, too much ecstasy, sloppy androgynous sex, and generally just livin' it up with Crack ov Dawn's Manson-worshipping ultra-stoopid goth danciness booming on mum's cheap stereo. There's also a cover of "Pride (In the Name of Love)". Yep.

-David Bertrand

**Maximum RNR  
6 Song EP  
Self-released**

I remember when I was young video games were a fairly new form of entertainment and video arcades sprung up like drunk Hondurans in Gastown. It must have been a financially rewarding era, especially for those in the old quarter business. I mean sure, you had your Chuck E Cheese's and your Izzy's Pizzas but for me it was about the smaller, more intimate ma and pop-type joints. These places were not the kind that catered to fun family dining and

the latest in animatronic entertainment. No sreee-bob. I'm talking about the dark under-side of the coin-operated teet. The seedier places where a young boy all of 8 years old should definitely not have been whiling away those restless summer days. These places were rotten with teenagers. The types of teenagers where all the dudes had facial hair in the seventh grade and the girls could only be finger-banged on the SEC-

OND date. Yes, they also smoked and peppered their angry conversations with liberal doses of cutting edge swear words, like "little cock-sucker", "fucking dick-sucker" and "blowjob". Growing up in the Mish', we might not have had the opportunities afforded the youth of the big suburbs - transit, healthcare, education, etc. but one thing we DID have, thank you very much, were arcades and lots of 'em. Fuck, I can recall the golden age of '85 when we had no less than four of the sons of bitches. They had exotic names like J.J.'s Crystal Palace and T.J.'s Family Fun Center, (although this was definitely not the place to bring your family, you fucking tourist!) BMX bikes were my method of transportation and strawberry slurpees were my drink of choice. Now, I didn't go for the gaming so much as I did the atmosphere. Second-hand smoke! Denim! Danger! Heavy metal! It was sort of an unwritten rule that these places had to have an old jukebox filled with records like "Let Me Put My Love Into You", "Fuck Like A Beast" and "Midnight Mover". Oh, how I would deliciously squander my paltry allowance one quarter at a time to those ferocious guitars and lustful images. Maximum RNR will take you to that dirty black summer.

-8-Ball



**Slipknot  
Vol 3: (The  
Subliminal Verses)  
Roadrunner**

If anyone has a valid reason for disliking Slipknot, I, for one, would love to hear it. Despite their ridiculous

costumes, lame fans and constant buffoonery, it's impossible to deny their craft as anything less than brilliant. Taking all the best elements from Shock-Goth, Grindcore and Industrial Metal, *The Subliminal Verses* is by far their most cohesive and fully realized album to date. There is no doubt that Slipknot's "maggots" (their trusted fan base) will have some appre-

hensions about the band's more inward direction, but that's not surprising since most of them are pimply, overfed teenagers living in suburbia who can't tell their face from their ass. Haters, step off - Slipknot, like, totally rule.

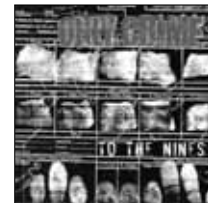
-Adam Simpkins

**Ex-Girl  
Endangered Species  
Alternative Tentacles**

Something bad is going down. It sounds like insects crawling in my stereo! Gay Japanese insects! What the fuck is this! Off! Off! Motherfucker!! Shit! Mothra has started a band! Make that stop right goddamn now. . .it's making me violent. It's nutty club music sung by wacky Japanese schoolgirls with some sort of weird Asian Enya vocal and then metal guitar and ska beats and more wackiness! Then crazy time changes and more cartoon music and more metal guitar. This is from Alternative Tentacles too. Big whoop. Jello Biafra is a goddamn baby and the Dead Kennedys were fuckin' horrible.

Does Yawnternative Testicles have any decent current acts? The Evaporators, you say? Don't get me started on The Evaporators! Ruskin's shtick was old five minutes after the first time I see him at the Cinderella Ballroom makin' out with his mother. Although he did ask that Russkie with the ketchup stain on his cranium about big pants, god love'm for that.

-Carl Spackler



**Only Crime  
To The Nines  
Fat Wreck Chords**

There is nothing bad to say 'bout this record, but their isn't much to praise either. This is just another typical South Cali-

inspired punk rock CD, although a bit better than some of the recent Fat releases (not including the new *Against Me* or *Anti-Flag*). The music—very loyal to the mid- 90's "Fat Sound"—delivers Good Riddance mixed with old *Strung Out* (when they were good), but with a more hardcore edge. Bill Stevenson adds his veteran skills to the record via engineering and drums and that automatically stoked me. Russ Rankin's poetic lyrics come across as self-loathing and steer away from the anti-Bush sentiments that tons of their labelmates share. Somewhat of a fresh change seeing the presidential election is approaching this fall. This will definitely be in my CD player for weeks to come, taking me back to a time when I was an instant fan of anything Fat put out. Now that everything has been done in punk, it takes me a while to warm up to new, *old sounding* records. I know I will warm up to this one and that pleases me.

-Hooped

**Far  
Water & Solutions DVD/CD  
Immortal**

Why reissue something six years after the fact when it didn't exactly sell like hotcakes at the time? Well, for starters it took that long for the retroactively critically acclaimed Far to generate the kind of attention they are now receiving. When Immortal decided to re-introduce *Water & Solutions*, it inspired former guitarist Shaun Lopez to crack open his personal vault of memorabilia in order to assemble a DVD with Far fans in mind. The result is a disc ripe with photos, rare footage, and an impressive array of live performances that span the band's history. Although the reminiscing is somewhat bitter-sweet, Lopez quickly puts everything into perspective: "We are re-releasing a record that is six years old and didn't sell much. This is not something to be unhappy about." Indeed, the double-disc makes for a memorable parting gift, wrapped with trademark emo melodies, bow-tied with hardcore riffs and still packing a most heady wallop.

-Lily La Mer

**Hatesphere  
Ballet of the Brute  
Scarlet**

OK, I can see what you're trying to do here boys... but that's just the problem, I CAN SEE

WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO DO. This fusion of classic and death metal CAN be done, it's just that... well, I'll tell you what this album is like. Do you remember those cheap waterslides they used to have in that mall in Nanaimo on the north side of town there? You know, the ones where the sections of slide didn't quite sit flush with each other and as you shot down toward the bottom you'd lose another layer of skin every 15 feet due to the mismatched seams, and by the end of the afternoon you and every other kid in there were walkin' around with bloody knees, heels, and shoulders? It was still kind of fun because it WAS a waterslide, but as you've matured you can now see it was just another hastily constructed dollar catcher made out of old culvert tubes.

-J. Pee Patchez

**Japanese Kampfhorspiele**  
*Fertigmensch*  
Bastardized Recordings

If the humorlessness and brooding sounds of grind metal get you down like they do me, check out Germany's maniacal Japanese Kampfhorspiele. Like a demented yet hilarious head-trip, this six-track EP is sure to have noggins shaking in disbelief at the ridiculousness of it all. Out-of-control grind sections make way for punked-out gang vocal choruses in the unbelievable "Scheisse der Lehrer," while the downright bizarre "Verbrennt euer Geld" is an instant nightmare. It's no surprise that JK (not spelling that out again) drummer and band founder is, according to their bio, a "shy, long-time drug addict who had always suffered from severe psychotic tendencies." Yeah, him and the rest of the band. I'd love to see these psychos live and hopefully I would live to tell about it.

-Jason Schreurs

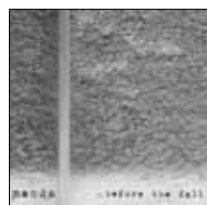


**Lars Frederiksen and The Bastards**  
*Vikings Hellcat*

Lars and the Rancid B-sides. The songs on this album are the shit I skip through while listening to the newest

Rancid album. Not because Lars is singing them; just because they suck. There is none of the substance, originality or emotion that was employed on his first solo album. Lyrically, I feel Lars has hit the juvenile bulls-eye. Singing songs 'bout how hardcore he is 'cause he knows bikers (who doesn't?) and babbling 'bout cruising round California with a car full of guns makes me think back to the time when I was a mixed-up Punk Rock Gangster (no, not really). What the fuck are you thinking Lars? You spent years influencing young punks who have grown to admire you; then in track five you tell them how cool it is to cruise with a laser sighted 357. I should also mention the insleeve, which is probably the only artistic thing about this CD, if you're into child porn. Holy fuck dude, what are you trying to say with those pictures? Hotel rooms with naked 12 yr. old girls just isn't punk rock.

-Hooped



**Mondo**  
*Before the Fall*

The first track, "Slowstar", is a trance-inducing, hypnotistic dirge: slow, long and wordless, made with the well-tested RNR trinity of guitar, bass, drums, with a touch of random noise and keyboard/computer fiddling. Very Isis-ish, but less metal. And then track two rolls around and the vocals kick in, and they're all nice and pretty and British, and the music maintains the same reverb-soaked dreamy vibe, but the sorta-on-the-brink-of-kinda-getting-heavy feeling dissipates, and that's sad. But so are these brooding fuckers. What's with the Brits these days and their miserable, self-pitying, dreary pop superstars? Still, this band is good at what they do, kind of like mellow Opeth, only looser and obviously made by Englishmen. Great for late-night solitary doob-added contemplation. A rare few times the gain is switched back on, and it's a very welcome change of mood.

And... hold on. I used the adjectives "pretty", "dreamy" and "nice" in this review. Oh my God, look at this, they're making me all sensitive and I didn't even see it coming. Shitballs.

-Dave Bertrand

**Neurosis**  
*The Eye of Every Storm*  
Neurot Recordings

Neurosis are like the Tom Waits of Heavy Music: so unique and creative that they're beyond reproach. *The Eye of Every Storm* is a fitting title because as you listen to it, the sound in one moment washes over you like waves, then the next moment it swirls around you in the room like *Beauty and the Beast* or some shit. There's all types of phasin' n' phlargin' and hummin' and buzzin' and Moogs, and all other manner of flashback-inducing trippiness which is co-mingled with some very heavy bursts of bat-beaten drums and basslines that seem to first come at you, then withdraw into the speakers right before they grab you. Complex enough to probably qualify as jazz, they make other so-called smart-metal bands like Tool sound as trippy as Gwar. It's kinda like Pink Floyd for grown-ups! Don't sleep.

-J. Pee Patchez

**Clann Zú**  
*Black Coats & Bandages*  
G7 Welcoming Committee

Irishmen living in Australia on a Canadian label, Clann Zú are eclectic to say the least. There is a heavy element of highly political, Irish vocals and poetry, sort of like Sinéad O' Connor's best stuff. It's kind of like jazz how they noticeably feed off one another. The drummer lightly taps away on the cymbals then busts into bigger beats, the guitarist plinks along and then changes to broad sweeping electric strums and the bass plays a supporting role while piano keys drip in the background. There are some traditional sounding Celtic riffs with shiny, bright musical flourishes. Though political, don't expect any bombastic "Fight the Power"-type shit here. These guys have feeling and emotion and most of the time sound downright pretty. Definitely in a class all by themselves. Wholly original, working class, Birkenstock-Martens music.

-J. Pee Patchez

**The Bad Amps**  
*s/t*  
Independent

I have waited too goddamn long for these East Van punks to release a CD. Finally, they did. When I actually bought this album at the Cobalt one night (the first CD I bought in years), I listened the shit out of it and passed it around to all the punks I knew that would appreciate it. It turns out everyone does. Only nine songs, but from start to finish I was singing along word for word and whoa to whoa and loving it. Dylan's vocals are amazing: snotty yet full of raw teenage emotion. The drums are furious. The guitars are punk. The bass is full. An amazing track on the album, although not the best on the CD, is a cover of the Oblivian's "Bad Man". Fucking brilliant. Buy this CD whenever you see these leather clad punks and you'll be in punk rock bliss.

-Hooped

**Venomous Concept**  
*Retroactive Abortion*  
Ipecac

Everything about this screams one-off side project—the name-play on Poison Idea (Venomous Concept, get it!), the all-star lineup (Kevin Sharp, Buzz Osborne and two dudes from Napalm Death), and the Japanese grind style cover art. That said, this is pretty fucking cool hardcore, albeit a little one-dimensional. Head Melvin Buzz is pretty much lost here as he does his best to keep up to the pace of the two Napalmers, and gets nary a chance to deliver his patented serial killer grunge (although the riff dealy in "Anti-Social" is classic Buzz). Sharp is in fine form here, although there's none of the screeching/bellowing he did in Brutal Truth. Instead, he opts to channel the vocal chords of one Jerry A. Early Poison Idea



Photo Courtesy of G7 Welcoming Committee

CLANN ZU

What is a band that sounds so darn pretty doing in this punk rock arsepaper that people mostly read on the toilet? Sure... haunting, depressive, genre-defying funeral dirges and the soft howling of an actual Sensitive Man are a far cry from our usual smattering of puke-stained punks and hick-core Motley Crüe revivalists. But then again, Clann Zú's label is G7

Welcoming Committee, they live by the DIY ethos, they're political and, most of all, they're original. I caught up with guitarist Ben Andrews by phone as the Australia-based band were winding their way across Canada on a tour that would eventually arrive in Vancouver for Under the Volcano.

**Nerve: What would you say you guys have most in common with punk?**

Andrews: I would say the attitude, in terms of doing it yourself. I think the way we approach the band in that sense is almost spot-on with the early-80s DIY culture of punk rock. Even though our music is drastically different at times, I think we share that. I've been listening to punk since I was a kid so I'm pretty fluent in how that works.

**Nerve: What has been your career high**

fans will go apeshit, as will purveyors of spaz/grind/crossover.

-Jason Schreurs



**Six Reasons to Kill/Absidia**  
*Morphology of Fear*  
Bastardized Recordings

Another seriously disturbing release from Germany's Bastardized label.

This time we get two bands for the price of one. First off is Six Reasons to Kill, storming out of the fiery gates with some warrior grind akin to classic Bolt Thrower. The squealy guitar sound they use at every twist and turn is really to die for. Their four songs are impressive enough to plant a mental flag for their next full length. Absidia, a recent signing to Lifeforce Records, play a slightly more complicated form of grind/blender-core with a messy production sound that adds to the whiplash fury. A bit of Carcass mixed in with some Swedish thrash, all under that hazy, distorted mess of a mix. This split makes for some pretty killer tuneage.

-Jason Schreurs

**Suffocation**  
*Souls To Deny*  
Relapse

They're baaaack. Has it really been ten years since the last Suffocation record?

**point this far?**

Andrews: I'll tell you right now: touring Canada. Since the band started we were interested in touring to some places but we never got to do it to the degree that we are doing it right now. None of us have ever been here before so we didn't know what to expect.

**Nerve: What's been your worst show ever?**

Andrews: I could give you loads, but I would say the worst ever was when we were set to play a show in Ireland and we were traveling in two separate vehicles and the one that me and my brother and Russell were in broke down only 50 kilometers outside of where we lived. We missed the show and spent six or seven hours freezing outside a petrol station and heard later that the show had heaps of people there, so it was real frustrating. Once it cost us 1000 euros to get to London and we played 25 minutes to four people, so that really sucked. We just played in Thunder Bay and that sucked as well. (*No shit - Music Ed.*)

**Nerve: Create your own festival bill.**

Andrews: The original lineup of Minor Threat. Clann Zú would go on early, so we didn't have to live up to any expectations. Nick Cave at some point. Around the *Black Dogs*-era of Bad Brains, before they went all shit. Oh yeah, and Biohazard. Venom, Slayer, Minor Threat, Bad Brains, Clann Zú, Nick Cave, and a special side-stage for Biohazard!

-J. Pee Patchez

Unfortunately, yes. Have they made any huge creative leaps in that time? Well, not exactly but when you're as ahead of your time as they were, innovation is not much of an issue. This album is the sound of true Death Metal legends exerting themselves in the same brutal fashion that has earned them huge respect as masters of their craft. Listeners are forcibly deprived of any chance to pause and catch their breath as tune after pulverizing tune attacks them relentlessly. Although they are technical and complex, they thankfully avoid straying into the realm of melodic metal. The vocals are growled and DEEP, kind of like a pissed-off Jabba the Hutt with his pecker caught in his fly. Few surprises, but definitely no sell-out either.

-J. Pee Patchez

More Reviews on Next Page...





# WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?



**The Pettit Project**  
CheeROCKracy  
Affluence Music Group

Something about girls. Quiet/Loud. "Used To Be Alone" – Same song as the first one. Know why? Because these fuckwits have ONE influence. Chorus in half-time. Bring it all down for the punchline. Fucking losers. Fuckin' Pro-Tools bullshit. Pitch Finders on overload. I've seen morgues that are funnier than this shit. Quiet/Loud. "99 Lives" – Oh God. Half-time chorus. Are you getting the picture? Pull out the guitars for half a verse. Half-time chorus. Pathetic "jokes". Blip Blop synth. Girl voice. Half-time bridge. Half time chorus. "When Scott Got Dumped" – sensitive acoustic intro. Same melody as previous three songs but SLOWER. The whole song is now in half time, except for the chorus. A clever inversion of the rule. Genius. Ooops. My mistake. Half time chorus. I thought for a moment that T.P.P had managed to increase their number of ideas to a whopping two, but it turns out that I wrote a better song in my head during the quiet part. Which, incidentally, was followed by a loud part. How will we ever keep up? "Cutie Stalker McCutie-Stalk" – Ugh. Half-time chorus. "I'll Bury You At Makeout Creek" – Don't put ideas in my head, Pettit Project! Half-time chorus probably. I can't even get through it. I wonder if they employ the ol' quiet/loud dynamic for this one? Maybe some chick vocals over a half-time bridge. I wonder if I'll ever make it to 40. "Autobot Love Song" – A stunning, last minute injection of artistic integrity. The Pettit Project seem to be confessing that Autobots are writing their music. True to form, the Autobot furnishes them with a stank quiet/loud, Blink-182, half-time bridge, vaguely "comedic" teen-angst masterpiece replete with all the effects that were worn out all those years ago when I first put this stunningly offensive turd-substitute (real turd is so much better) in my computer. Which, by the way, I now have to powerwash in deference to my Obsessive Compulsive Disorder. I'm canceling summer.

The Pettit Project did not respond to my numerous requests for an interview.

-Mack



PUNK ROCK is a lot like CANCER. It's not a simple thing. It's a collection of things; an aggregate; a syndrome made up of thousands of littler things in an infinity of combinations. That's why CANCER is so hard to cure. PUNK ROCK? Who knows anymore? Let's just say, to continue the analogy, that if I had this Pettit Project CD growing on my lung, I'd be dead within the week. If I had a different CD on my lung, perhaps *Marquee Moon* by Television – I'd last another forty years I bet. "This is a benign Punk Rock record, Mr. Mack. You can live with it." The Pettit Project, I hope, are in their late teens. They have the moxy to reference the Beach Boys and Michael Jackson in their bio, and they have the good sense to put hot cheerleaders all over their packaging. Yay! Sadly, that's where all the moxy and good sense ends and all the dumbfuckery, tom dickery and full on crapshitty-haha takes over. With influences that stretch all the way back to the last Sum 41 record, these Burlington-based wankstains have achieved the not unremarkable feat of making me yearn for a Time Machine, a coat hanger and a few minutes alone with their mothers. It used to be the next generation always had something to say. Now it appears they need to really shut-the-fuck up.

Song-by-song: "3 Cheers 4 Me" – Every song Blink-182 ever "wrote", all in the space of 2.5 detestable minutes. Half-time pre-chorus. Half-time chorus. "C'mon! Lets' Go!" Blip Blop synth.



**Ministry**  
*Houses of the Molé*  
Sanctuary

One good thing about Republican-ruled years is that when good folks get all pissed off, the art gets all angry and cynical. This record is a return to form for Ministry; it seems Al Jourgensen needs Bush as much as he claims to hate him...how Greekspearian. Clinton just didn't sound spooky enough to sample. "I did not have sexual relations with that woman" over and over isn't gonna heat up the dance floor at the old Luvafair. All the right elements are here for a killer Ministry album: the creepy cover with sinister governmental imagery, scary soundbites from Bush and preachers, massive guitars and huge throbbing beats in far greater amounts than ever before. For sure it's their finest and heaviest piece of work yet. Somewhere out there some lucky kid's introduction to Ministry will be this album at 3 am while all sketched out on acid

-J. Pee Patchez



**The Casualties**  
*On The Front Line*  
Side One Dummy

Though they've been around for a long time and I've loved every live performance I've seen 'em play, this is the first of their recordings that has done them justice. Angry, fast, all out punk rock anthems with tons of good old shout out backups. Sure, it's been done before, but that's what I like and they did it very well this time around!

-Billy Hopeless



**The Murder Squad**  
*To Ashes You'll Return*  
Wounded Paw

Usually when I get a CD from an unknown band on a relatively unknown label, I like to run my "punk-review-generator" program and let it do the work for me. After it spits out 125 words, I'll add a "seminal" here, a "post-grunge" there and I've beaten my deadline without losing a drop of sweat. But this month, I decided to strap on the headphones for an intimate session with The Murder Squad to really get to the essence of their being. What a trip, man. Ten tracks of poorly mixed sludge metal with incomprehensible vocals (thanks for the lyric sheet). There is some nifty guitar work going on here, but it's all muddled by Mike Abalientation's throaty and tiresome growls. Here's hoping that the title of this album isn't prophetic.

-Adam Simpkins

**Smut Peddlers**  
*Coming Out*  
TKO

Probably best known for their contributions to the *Jackass* movie, OC's Smut Peddlers have actually been cranking out high-octane melodic punk for 11 years. On *Coming Out*, their fifth full-length, the five-some cranks out more of the same catchy punk rock tunes, bringing to mind classic Adolescents or Angry Samoans. Sure could do without the ivory tinkling in a couple of these songs (I hate the sound of piano in my punk), but this album is pretty cool on the whole. And any punk band who reminds me of Florida's late great Pink Lincolns gets instant bonus points. For no nonsense, no apologies punk rock, here's the perfect fix.

-Jason Schreurs



**A Common Ground**  
*Waiting For A Change To Come*  
Triple Threat

As ignorant as an American, I can't seem to figure out if these guys are German, Swedish or Dutch. One of the three, I'm pretty damn sure. They sing and play their gear with fierce skill. The opening track "In These Days" blew my fucking eardrums. The album is mixed with fast beats, the crunchiest of guitars and

blistering vocals that have an intensity I only thought Dennis Lyxzen could produce. One thing though: it's hard to tell if these guys are a metal or punk band because they fuse both styles so skillfully. For a European import on a Calgary based label, I definitely note some Canadian influences; the same influences that are eating up our Canadian scene and affecting all the up-and-coming teenage rockers. With the success of Billy Talent and Alexisonfire, expect more and more bands to try and one up each other with this new genre of punk. I figure these guys are three up on the local screamers, conquering the European market with this CD, and soon to conquer North America.

-Hooped



**Atomic 7**  
*En Hillbilly Caliente*  
Mint

Remember those days when you used to watch *The Kids in the Hall* on CBC and wondered who the fuck wrote those catchy songs? I know I did. They were called Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet and they fucking rocked. After three albums they called it quits, leaving Canada high and dry, waiting for the next round of poppy, uplifting, instrumental, surf dance beats. Well, Brian Connelly, the genius behind Shadowy Men, is back with a new project to fill the gaping hole left behind. Seventeen tracks of toe tapping finger-snapping ditties that will rock your ass-bah. Think of The Ventures in a martini shaker with a splash of good ol' rock 'n' roll, hold the vocals.

-PLOW



**Comets On Fire**  
*Blue Cathedral*  
Sub Pop

Holy Shit this record has made life easy. It's just fuckin' GREAT. There's nothing else to add. Zen Guerilla by way of Floyd, but Stonier and better than both. It does actually sound like a Cathedral. I won't ruin it with 50-cent words and dumb jokes. As for my vast project to destroy the entire world with hate, that's on standby. At least until I grow tired of *Blue Cathedral* which I likely never will, not as long as there are left-handed cigarettes to smoke or I don't go deaf. If I do go deaf, a possible outcome of my hopefully lifelong relationship with *Blue Cathedral*, well—then yes—I will destroy the world. Could go either way is what I'm saying. Not that you can do anything about it, so fuck off. One MILLION out of ten.

-Mack



**Darlington**  
*Euthanize Me*  
Disaster

This album totally sums up the way I feel about everything from skateboarding to right wing politics, all wrapped around some fine Elvis Costello-quality songwriting, Ramonesy hooks and melodies, and good old punk rock à la when Social Distortion was young and angry about the present and not just looking back at the past.

-Billy Hopeless



**Wipe Yer Feet**  
v/a  
Doormat

If this album is any indication of what's happening in the Kitchener, Ontario scene these days, as the liner notes claim, then what the hell's the matter with the rest of Eastern Canada? Stylistically, this comp is all over the place. Not many rock 'n' roll sub-genres that aren't covered here. Go pick this up, it's a quality comp. Who knew this shit was going on in Kitchener? Next time I'm driving through I might just stop for more than a burger and a piss.

-A.D. MADGRAS



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I'm easing back into my couch in anticipation of an evening of non-stop *Who Wants to Marry My Amish Apprentice* when, SMASH! A brick flies through my window and settles at my feet. Attached to it with a spiked neck collar is a copy of the new Chris Walter book, *BoozeCAN*. I rush to the window just in time to see a 7-foot silhouette disappearing from beneath a streetlamp...



**BoozeCAN**  
Chris Walter  
Gofuckyerself  
Press

Once again, Chris Walter cements his place as the one of the premier practitioners of punk fiction novels. Like the white Iceberg Slim, Walter's writing qualifies as outsider art; people with his lifestyle seldom get their shit together long enough to actually be able to write books based on their crazy life experiences. *BoozeCAN* is the story of a mismatched group of wannabe entrepreneurs who try to make a little cash running an after hours, underground concert venue and illegal bar. Of course, nothing goes to plan and setbacks and adversity become the rule. Circumstances twist and turn as all the characters strain to keep this runaway train on the tracks. The plot moves with the feel of a Guy Ritchie movie as Walter juggles the narrative between all relevant players, often reliving the same events through different eyes. This is especially fun to read when the author puts himself into the mind of one of the female characters and offers an approximation of a female perspective. The story is set in modern-day Vancouver, which makes it a doubly entertaining read for anyone familiar with the different locations around the city. In addition to the backdrops, the book includes other things Vancouver is well known for: dirty cops, bikers, drug dealers, crime families, squeegee punks, prostitutes and junkies. And what

would a Chris Walter book be without copious amounts of booze, drugs, sex, and punk music, any three of which can be found in any randomly selected paragraph. Walter deserves wider recognition and greater success if for no other reason than to see him on *Vicki Gabereau, Canada AM* or *Off the Record* or something. And a note to film studios: *BoozeCAN* would make a great movie.

-J. Pee Patchez

**Nerve: If given the opportunity, would you sell your books to a major publisher?**

Walter: I'd sell out in a heartbeat, but not if they wanted to tell me what to do. I'm quite fond of being able to call all the shots.

**Nerve: In what ways has a commitment to punk ethics helped your career?**

Walter: Punk taught me that I didn't have to wait to get picked up by Harper Collins and that I could publish my own books. The downside is that punk rock will never sell like *Harry Potter*.

**Nerve: What are your career goals? Do you hope for more mainstream acceptance as an author or are you pleased with your current cult status?**

Walter: Cult status don't put food on the table. I'd like to spread my tales of filth and degradation to the asses—I mean masses.

**Nerve: It's a fantasy game of *Hollywood Squares* and you are the center square. Who would you pick to fill the other eight squares?**

Walter: Oh, boy, let's see...

1. Hunter S Thompson
2. Dee Dee Ramone
3. Lester Bangs
4. Gilligan
5. Charles Bukowski
6. The Lunachicks (all in one square)
7. Irvine Welsh
8. Iggy Pop

**Nerve: You're also a journalist: ask yourself a question and answer it.**

Walter: Who would you like to see hack each other to death with razors? Gordon Campbell and Stephen Harper.



# Skate Spot

## FREE! Stylin'!

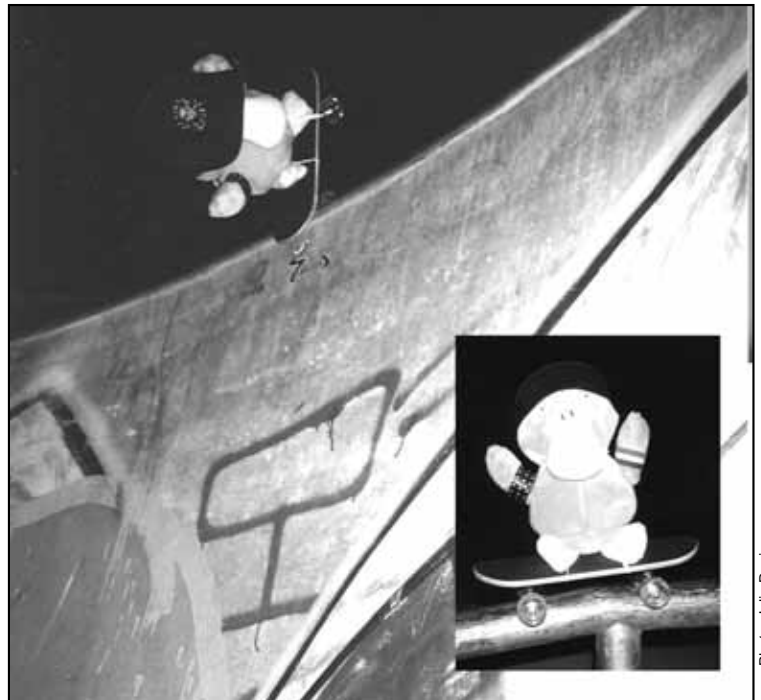


Photo: Julia Davis

Above: Noseblunt on the 9' Inset: FREE makin' it look easy.

The internationally famed downspace art collective and horseshit factory is ecstatic to announce that we have sponsored our first Am. We found him face-down in the Whistler parking lot at noon on a blazing hot day, all dirty and unconscious - that's how we identified him as a skater. He was unable to speak, probably due to a hard night in the bars, but his ID told us that his name was FREE!, and his duck bill and webbed feet informed us that he was from Down Undah. After spending more time with him we've realized he just lets his skating do the talking. In fact, in his first session at North Van's Kirkstone park he made us drop our jaws, with fat airs and gnarly backside Smiths in the tall corner pocket, and moves like high-speed nollie krooks 180 out on the rails.

The guy's tougher than countrymen Dustin Dollin and Steve-Irwin-tha-Crocodoil-Huntah combined. He wouldn't dangle his child in front of a crocodile; he'd just eat it raw in the egg, then rinse it down with a slug of freshly crushed glass. He has the warrior fury that only comes from the knowledge that you are a homely evolutionary dead end with dual penises. FREE! takes slams that would knock the stuffing out of lesser mammals with the calm aplomb only known by those lucky enough to lack a brain. Moreover, he has no bones to break. Lately he's been chillin' on our couch with only a fat blunt, a China Creek mesh hat, a pack a' smokes and an airline-sized bottle of Jagermeister to keep him company. He's betting that moving from Whistlah to Vancouvah will give him the profile needed to make the leap from Hungry Am to Corpulent Pro. So platydads hide your platydaughters, 'cuz FREE! is pushin' fer prestige and pullin' fer platypussy.

**In Actual News.....**

Summer's half gone, ye mateys, and that means the Bowl Series is in full heat like your mama. The chaos rained down on White Rock on Sunday July 25, despite not a cloud in the sky. The next event is at Whistler on Sunday,

August 8. Hastings Bowl comp date is still TBA as far as we can tell, but we'll keep ya posted. Arrrrrrrrgh!

RDS held a 'Mini Chin Ramp Challenge' on June 27th, 2004 and local rippers were out in full frontal, I mean, force. The results as follows: 13 & Under: 1. James Clarke 2. Micky Papa 3. Nels Isakson 4. Adam Tagg 5. Steven Kopyt 6. Miles Hornby 7. Andrew Classon 8. Dylan Chong 9. Melina Sparks 10. Travis Takarangi 14 - 18: 1. Cody Herridge 2. Matt Mackay 3. Mike Klinkhamer 4. Fraser With 5. Shawn Muys 6. Michael McClelland 19 & Over: 1. Nick Burke 2. Mike Telford 3. Mariko Glover Sponsored: 1. Stevie Denham 2. Chris Langford 3. Richard Nurmi 4. Trevor Moncaster and Luke.

RDS is also holding a Super Camp. No, not grown men in ladies' frilly things, lots of show-tunes and ABBA. A SKATE super camp you dumbass. For kids. And overgrown adult-lescents. Like ourselves. Camps run weeklong M-F, until Aug. 22, healthy snack and jager included. \$225/week, diaper trained only. The Underworld shop tour kicked off at the Universe Skate Park in Qc, and ends Sept. 4 in Van at the RDS park. Keep track of dates at [www.underattack.com](http://www.underattack.com).

Another reminder to check out the Skate!Drink!Destroy! night Wednesdays at Pub 340 (340 Cambie Street downtown). Listen to DJ Phat Pat, and other rad sounds. Don't forget to bring yer video footy - maybe you'll get some product, you cheap fucking loser. That's always been our policy and only hope of sponsorship here at downspace: grovel, complain bitterly, and cuss. Works for the pirate in all of us. Phone the 434 shop at 604.683.4349 or 604.209.9387 for more details.

-D-Rock and Miss Kim.  
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# Gore

## STALKING THE SHIPS OF DEATH

By Sinister Sam

I am a Bull Shark. *Carcharhinus Leucas*. I am fearsomely large at 12 feet. I stalk the depths and the shallows of the unheard of waters, terrorizing the coastline and the rivers. I have pulled fishermen to their deaths from the sides of rivers, from the shallows of the beaches, and from the coral depths that eventually lead into the master leviathan depths. I have followed and stalked boats for weeks on end, staring into the eyes of the sailors as they look deep into my darkened sockets of want and murder. It's an animal blood thirst that haunts the sailor and the common man at sea.

I have stalked and drawn blood to death on and into the American shores. The cold waters of the eastern seaboard have relented as I pursued the victims into the rivers and into the fear and hatred of man. The Jersey coast has felt my wrath, the waters of Florida have felt the blood terror, and the lakes of Nicaragua continue to feel the death as my grey shape cruises and lashes amongst the shores and freshwater depths. I emit cases of pure unholy terror that consumes the minds of the pirate, the sailor, and the whaler. This is what begins the nightmares of the water going persona....

I cruise towards the heart of the cinematic Americas... I watch as the *DEATH SHIP* (1980 Dir. Alvin Rakoff) takes its victims based on an evil past that involves past wars and bloodletting. I feast on the persona adrift from the massacre that claims the history of victims from the darkened grey ship. The ship spouts its oil and I lavish in the evil that it projects; the new prisoners that it consumes become my eventual meal.

I have seen the waters off of the Asian coast, off the oceans of the Pacific, the terror is still there; the haunting fears of the darkest waters as the humans delve into cases of murder. *THE LIVING SKELETON* (1968 Dir. Hiroshi Matsuno) has the key to age-old tales of the boat that is adrift in the storm-riddled coastline. The skeletons exist under the ship, they move and death dance along with the stalking fears of the divers that delve into their existence. The atmospheric terror of the murdered boat's crew comes back to haunt and strike cannibalistic meaning into the un-dead heart of one man. The living skeleton consumes the crew and dangles the skeletal remains for monsters like myself to digest.

The skeletons sometimes reach back onto the hull of the boat to stalk their victims, the blood flows rich from the un-dead crews that have warrior-like religious backgrounds and kill all females that lurk upon the darkened ships. It's a *HORROR OF THE ZOMBIES* on a *GHOST GALLEON* (1975 Dir. Amando De Ossorio) as the decrepit galleon stalks the darkened fog enshrouded waters off the coast of Spain, claiming the victims, amputating, beheading, and leaving me gulping for water....

The gods of old stalk the deepened waters of the ocean ready to re-awake any retribution or age-old deficiency from the depths of the waters, the old underwater cities that delve within the old haunted true reality stories. *NECROMICON - THE RATS IN THE WALLS* (1994 Dir. Brian Yuzna) presents the haunted



house upon the cliff and the terror of the fish-like anatomy stricken to the un-dead sea monsters of the depths. Pre terror that recognizes the true god that relishes in the stench of the dark oceans. It continues and brings fear to the sailor and the pirates of yore as the Deep Ones stalk the coral depths and present to the viewer a new reality that strikes the mind with gods of yore, *DAGON* (2001 Dir. Brian Yuzna) relates the depth lurkers off of the coastal town that ring for the old mighty dark ocean god. They are stories and legends of the blackened oceans that call into the nightmares of the pirates.

I rapidly cruise to the stories of the pirates of the old seas that stalked and killed with no mercy to attain the goods of wealth. They talked even *THE FOG* (1980 Dir. John Carpenter) enshrouded coasts of the Americas, killing those who betrayed them, striking down with ghostly un-dead swords that seem to reach with rotting hands into the houses of the sorry souls of the dark coastal township. The lighthouse, the town, and the cliffs against the ocean are haunted and darkened by the murderous blood letters that re-ignite the pirating legend.

The United Kingdom also holds secrets as the swamp in the blackness of the night air is haunted by skeleton horsemen who resemble *NIGHT CREATURES* (1962 Dir. Peter Graham Scott). Pirates of old that may still exist, but nonetheless come back in skeletal form to terrorize the villagers that see fit to travel into the local dark swamplands. Can the old histories of the pirates be guarded by the skeletal figures that strike pure terror and blacken the atmosphere of the village?

I cruise in the dark oceans and reefs that hold many stories and hauntings. I continue to act the scavenger as I eat the flesh thrown overboard, but also play the hunter as I pull those down into the depths. The sailors and the pirates of the oceans will always eventually feel my wrath even as they stretch their yarns against a lit screen in a haunted room of sea going oceanic nightmares.

(Dedicated to James Havoc's masterpiece of Pirate literature *WHITE SKULL*)



# The Bloody Road to Death

starring: the Bible

By J. Ainsworth



“Scrunch, scrunch!”... It is the sound of tigers. It fills up the jungle, etc. It is a sound of danger. The jungle is full of sounds of danger. “Scrunch!” Go the tigers. Scrunch.

But that's over there, in India, and it should remain there. As exciting as tigers are, nothing is more interesting than the ever-changing mercurial world of contemporary biblical scholarship. Like the biblical leaning tower of Babel, a tower that appears in *THE BIBLE ITSELF*, the Bible is a large, up-7thrusting spike. A wise man once said that if English was good enough for Jesus, it's good enough for you. He was right, of course, he was right about so many things.... So many sexy things. Like beating a dead horse, the sexiness goes on. Until it just becomes a sad, erect parody of itself. In the old days.... But no. It's no good to think about the old days anymore. English is the language of God, Jesus and the Heaven.

This won't do. I've just looked over the column I wrote yesterday and it's terrible. Absolutely rotten.

What you really want is a good article about tigers, I know....

I once knew this trioxidist, his name was Roy and he had the strength of five men, and he took it upon himself to smuggle the gospels into Godless and Fundamentally Homosexual(?) China. He was caught and asked to leave, and he shrieked like a fucking woman when they told him. I reckon he had just a little bit more god in him than you. He would not give up on his mission. Eventually they castrated him, not a funny story really, except for the fact that he had... well, a simply monstrous cock. I went up to Roy, years later, and I said, “sorry to hear about your danglers, Roy!!!” but he took it in stride. Because that was Roy. He was as tough as molten steel. Anyway, after he had his t-bag cut off, he got into a debate with a notorious Jew.

Roy: *There is one secret I have to tell you before my bus stop.*

Andrew: *Tell me quick.*

Roy: *The best, and easiest way to infiltrate the holy Gospels, the Gospels of my Christ, the Christ, the notorious Jew, is simply to reconfigure the alphabet into a series of easily memorized glyphs, or as I call them Visual memory Impactors, or as I prefer, V.M.I.s.*

Andrew: *Fuck off!*

Roy: *It's a simple matter of reconstituting the alphabetic matter, the visual foundation of each Holy word in the Bible, into an unique or almost unique glyph, or “symbol” as the*

*fags say, that by severing the connection between form and meaning, allows a secret code of communication that no man can break! Its fucken perfect for the bible, man! Andrew: I understand perfectly!*

I told you. Rot. Utter, pointless, worthless rot, as utterly useless a column as has ever been written.

Anyway, if it's tigers you want, it's tigers you are going to be getting.

Tigers are a large, orange cat available in parts of Africa as well as in India. They come in several makes and colours, including a flashy, whorly little white number. Tigers are huge and enormously ferocious! Stay away! In the Bible it says, I repeat it says, that Romans threw Jesusians to the LIONS. This is rotten, rotten lies, because it was tigers in the pits! One of the many uses of a tiger is for coats. It only takes one full-grown adult tiger to make a coat for seven tall men. It would take SIXTEEN GOATS to make that many coats. The tallest man ever, who was eight feet tall, lying down, would not be as long as even a short tiger, please keep in mind that tigers are quadrupial. The tiger is a helpful animal to the cold, the tall, and the needy.

Intellectually, Tigers have made little impact, neither in academia nor the church. Why would they? Tigers are pretty and ferocious, not some sort of goddamn book freak.

Hunting tigers is a passion of mine. I advise using any sort of gun, or a spear. A friend of mine, actually it was Roy the Trioxidist come to think of it, he favours throwing rocks at the tiger. I say, “Man, rocks you use on bees!” Roy said no. He told me this story where he killed a bunch of tigers with a huge boulder, and then he skinned the tigers, using his knife-sharp penis, funny enough, and he sewed up the orange coats into a huge, huge coat, and he put the coat on an elephant. That elephant just wiggled out, and all the villagers freaked out, needless to say, at the sight of such a huge fucking tiger. They used almost half a million rocks to kill the disguised elephant, it was a hell of a mess, and when they realized the tiger was a friendly elephant, well, there was a lot of impotent anger and steamy rage. Roy got out of town. Quick.

Thanks for reading.

Oh, you can also use the Bible code thing for red-hot pornographic novels including man-on-man, golden fisting and all-animal action! Why not try it out yourself, and thanks for reading!



# PIRATE! Puzzle Page

WIN A ticket to the Rock 'n' Roll boat cruise! (See the ad on p. 8)

Bring your completed puzzles in person to The Nerve office weekdays between 12- 5pm or you can mail them to:  
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## Crossword

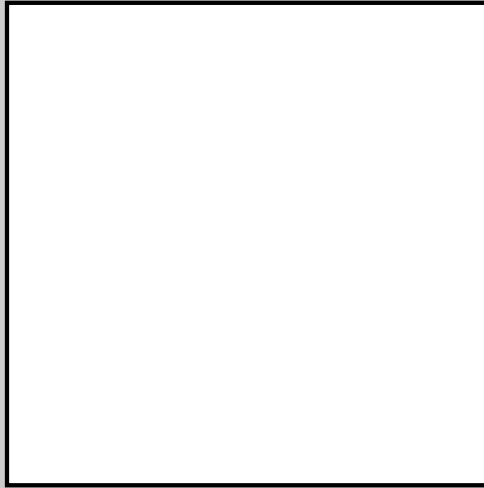
-by Dan Scum

### Across

1. Pop Tart ad expression
4. Georgetown player
8. Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome
12. The \_\_\_\_\_ of March
14. Olde Tyme Guitars
15. Stead
16. 53 to Caesar
17. Unlocks
18. Genesis patriarch (not Phil)
19. Restaurant chain with PIRATE logo
22. Government house
23. Process info with the eyes
24. Member of 22A (abbrv)
25. Herpes, AIDS, etc.
26. The Specials or Reel Big Fish genre
29. The happy key
32. Distress call from a ship being jacked by PIRATES
33. Latin day
34. Late nite cable feature
35. Steal
36. A PIRATE says, "Arrr \_\_\_\_\_!"
37. Makes mistakes
38. Vancouver has none and Regina is the town that rhymes with \_\_\_\_\_
39. PIRATE ship in a bottle, e.g.
40. Where a French PIRATE sails
41. Huffable cooking spray
42. Opp. de Nord
43. Jackie's second hubby
44. "OK troops, relax"
48. "Well I'll be Damned," to a PIRATE
54. Charlie Chaplin's wife
55. Opp. of Take Out
56. Nights before
57. Fruity Jerky Boys character Jack \_\_\_\_\_
58. Frightening (Like PIRATES)
59. Religious offshoot
60. Improv act
61. The T in TV
62. Bridge bids

### Down

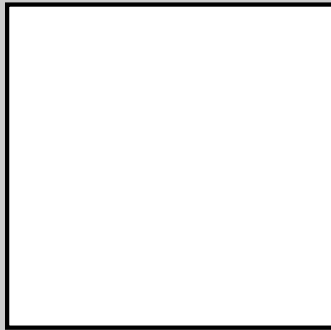
1. Kill \_\_\_\_\_
2. "Goodbye" to a Spanish



### PIRATE

3. Klaus of The Scorpions
4. \_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_ Ishii of 1 Down
6. Strong desires
7. Aides
8. Worker in the Galley of a PIRATE ship
9. Assist
10. Stern of a PIRATE ship
11. Totals
13. Deaf PIRATE's language
14. Plundering PIRATE
20. \_\_\_\_\_ and the Argonauts
21. Light Emitting Diode
25. Relative of a CS or a MF
26. Locale
27. "Arrrrr, you'll be \_\_\_\_\_ hulled!"
28. Mrs. Mickelson or Ms. Tan
29. Insignificant
30. A PIRATE says "\_\_\_\_\_, matey!"
31. Baron of Beef Dip accompaniment
32. Part of 25D
33. Pop
35. A PIRATE sings, "Yo ho ho and a bottle of \_\_\_\_\_!"
36. Internet PIRATE's requirement
38. "Mirror mirror on the wall, who's the \_\_\_\_\_ of them all?"
39. A coup on a PIRATE ship
41. Opp. of post
42. Comedic parody
43. PIRATE expression for "attention"
45. Lincoln and Simpson
46. # of seas a PIRATE sails
47. Not flaccid
48. British drunkards
49. PIRATE captain in Peter Pan
50. Initials on The Crucifix of the Christ
51. Spiked ball and chain
52. And the rest.....
53. Supersonic jets

### Last Issue's Solution:



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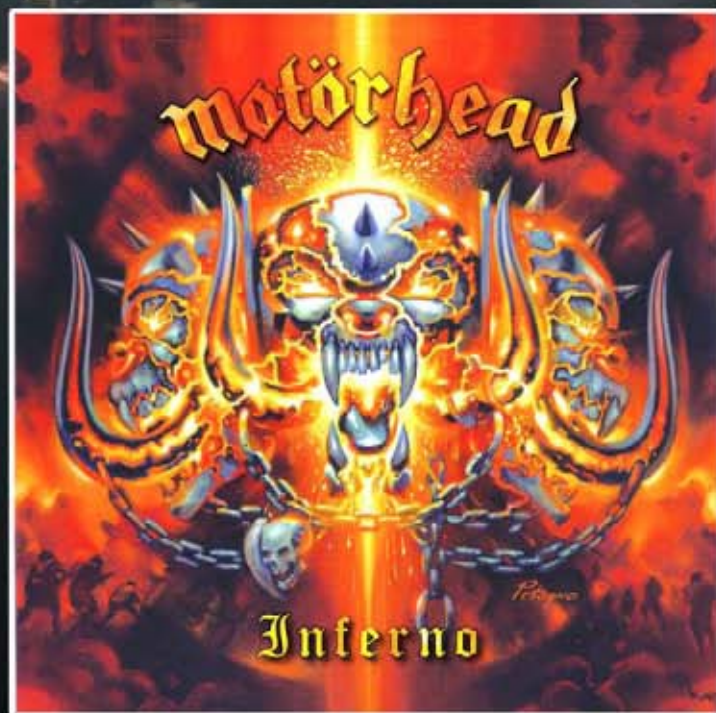
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