

MAYHEM & CHAOS ISSUE

#5

U ABSOLUTE UNDERGROUND

AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 2005 • ABSOLUTELY FREE

PUNK, HARDCORE & METAL - THE SCUM ALSO RISES

ADOLESCENTS



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ABSOLUTE EDITORIAL

It's been a hectic dash to the finish on this issue, but well worth it. Once again we bring you more pages of excess and debauchery (32 and counting).

While in San Diego this summer I was stoked to catch the Dwarves live. (Jaw dropping chaos!)

Back on native soil I survived Sounds of the Underground where I saw three of the best current hardcore bands, Madball, Throwdown and Terror. Plus I got pumped on metal again by discovering Chimaira and Lamb of God (Strapping Young Lad and Gwar were wicked as well).

Next I bore witness to a true rock spectacle when Motley Crue played the Coliseum (strippers, midgets, explosions, fireballs, and titties on the JumboTron. What more could you ask for?)

Special mega thanks to the all our contributors and advertisers. We couldn't get this done without your support. You rock!

See you all at the Absolute Underground Benefit show Aug 13th (Logan's) & Aug 14th (Big Fernwood All-Ager)

Until next time.
Ira "Horrorshow" Hunter
Editor-in-Chief

ABSOLUTE UNDERGROUND 5

Five is a good number, it's one of my lucky numbers and it was my Dad's number in hockey. Plus it's the second to last issue of our first year in print. The wild and crazy world of publishing.

Next issue is Halloween so that rules too.

But fuck Halloween, this is August.

Summer is well under way. Chatham was a gas. London was a blast. The hardcore show in Fernwood was a ripper. Lost my guitar... got my guitar back. Thank the good lord. Went camping and got way too drunk on rye (almost went out like John Bonham.)

I even considered never drinking again... for a minute.

Over here at ABSOLUTE UNDERGROUND were gearing up for the benefit show. That should be rockin', eleven bands in two days. Also our web page still sucks so if anyone can help us out with that please e-mail us. Got some cool stuff this time around so hope you enjoy ABSOLUTE #5.

Best episode ever.
-WILLY JAK
Chairman of the board

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GOOF OF THE MONTH

This drunken maniac has been banned for life at all local all-ages shows for being a complete loser and wrecking shit!



SKANK OF THE MONTH



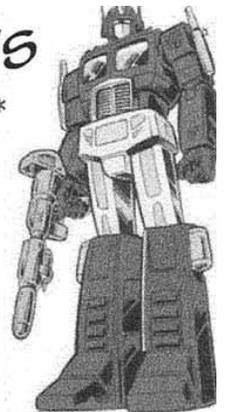
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by Liam LUX

THE SWITCHBLADE VALENTINES



“We’re not trying to bring anything back, we’re just trying to play something real.”

- Bassist Alec Valentine

THE SWITCHBLADE VALENTINES TOUR KICKOFF SHOW
With Special Guests The Nightstalkers
Tuesday August 31 at Lucky, Doors at 9pm.
and
They will also be making an all-ages appearance at
the ABSOLUTE UNDERGROUND BENEFIT SHOW
Sunday, August 14th at Big Fernwood!

The first thing The Switchblade Valentines say when they show up for the interview is NOT to call them a Rockabilly band. They don't say a word about the fact that it's obvious I had completely forgot about the interview, had no dictaphone, and had zero questions prepared. In fact, they are very cool about the whole thing. As one of them (I forget which) says: "It's kind of the way of the band, we're never prepared... we're just like 'fuck it let's do it!'" Sounds like a good plan. If it works for them it should work for an article about them.

As for the R-word, anyone who's seen the band knows that they have a bit of a Rockabilly look to them, with greased hair, leather and denim, and a stand-up bass. Anyone who's heard them, however, knows that their style is not limited to a re-hash of the days of old. As lead singer and rhythm guitar player RP Fogarty (aka Ryan) explains: "We are not playing recycled Sun records. Take away the stand-up bass and what you're left with is 50's sounding Punk." Lead guitarist Mikey Valentine adds: "We're all pretty influenced by Punk. We all grew up in Punk bands." Drummer Pauly Valentine continues: "There is so much shit out there right now that it's good to go back to the roots. We like original Rock n' Roll because it's true. We have a lot of respect for that music." Bassist Alec Valentine sums it up nicely: "We're not trying to bring anything back, we're just trying to play something real."

And that sincerity resounds in the Punk-influenced genuine Rock that they play. It must, considering how things have gone since the Valentines appeared from out of nowhere about a year ago. "Alberta, actually..." says Ryan, adding that he moved back to Vic "...due to a lynchin' cheatin' horrible wife." That's not the only thing that seems to resound with the Valentines. The "Fuck it, let's do it!" motto seems to run through everything they have accomplished so far, and could be the title of a story on how the band came together.

At this point, I would say stop me if you've heard this one before but I won't because you haven't. This one's backwards. After returning from Alberta about a year ago, Ryan had been writing songs on the \$100 acoustic guitar he bought and was toying with the idea of doing them solo. That's when he met Mikey - out of the blue at a Supersuckers show. "I was trying to hook him up with my friend"; Mikey confirms. Ryan adds "He came up to me and said What do you do? I said I was a welder. He said Yeah... but what do you do?" Then they got talking about music, and it turned out Mikey played guitar as well.

Eventually, they tried out some of Ryan's material, and the combo worked. As he puts it "I was just writing songs, but they sounded like a million bucks when we played them together." With the intention of starting a band, they posted a couple of ads on LiveVic looking for a bass player and a drummer.

Before they even found the second half of the band they got their first booking - to play on Halloween night at Logan's. "We met Jesse from BrandX Media one night. I asked if he knew any bass players and he said 'Is that all you need? Do you want to open for the Deadcats?' We now had four songs and no band and we were about to play our first show." "Fuck it, let's do it!"; right?

They found themselves a drummer and bass player and went for it. Alec was in the other opening band at the show: "I remember thinking, 'Where's the stand-up? There's some hippy guy playing electric bass. It sounded awesome but looked a little awkward, like half the band...' "...should have been beating up the other half"; interrupts Mikey.

No matter what it looked like, it definitely sounded good. Good enough for the Valentines to get another choice booking - this time to open for Big John Bates and The Voodoo Dollz at Lucky. Now they just had to keep the band together. The hippy did what hippies do and flaked off, and Alec saw yet another posting for a bass player. He had just quit his other band, so he got in touch, then went out and rented a stand-up. "I had never actually even touched one in my life. I was a guitar player. I learned to play it over the internet."

Then The Blue Man group stole their drummer. No lie. "He took off to Toronto for an audition two weeks before the show." explains Ryan, "He didn't get in." Things seemed grim. "Yeah, Ryan was leaving me messages," says Mikey, who was away in Vernon at the time, "The band is over and some fucker smashed my T-Bird!"

Instead of giving up the gig, Alec suggested they try out his roommate "I wasn't doing anything," explains Pauly, "and their drummer sort of forgot about the band, so Alec asked me to sit in for a practice. But they slowed everything down - 'to make it easier' - and they didn't tell me that. I was watching the clock, thinking 'Who are these fuckers with their slow-ass country shit?' I just wanted to get the fuck out of there."

No such luck. The band needed him to go ahead with the BJB gig, so they taped a note to Pauly's door telling him he was in. It was now less than two weeks before the show and Mikey was still away, Pauly still had to learn the songs at regular speed, Alec was still learning stand-up, and it turned out the bass needed pick-ups and had the wrong strings. "There's not many places around here you can get the right strings to play the bass the way we wanted it to sound." He explains. Eventually, he called a store in New Jersey (called Upton) and by some divine intervention the guy who answered the phone was none other than Jack the Swinger from the Amazing Crowns. Not only did he have the right shit, but he promised to ship them UPS 24 hour delivery. Which was handy, because it was now the day before the show. Ryan did have a back-up plan, however: "I went to Home Depot and bought him a full set of weed-wacker cords... every gauge."

Anyone who was at the show can tell you what happened next, but Pauly explains it best: "I think I shocked them a little bit. I was like 'I'd like to rock a little bit harder', and Ryan was like 'OK, just don't fuck up.'" Alec strung his bass just in time to walk on stage, Pauly didn't fuck up, and the band found their sound. As Ryan puts it: "It blew our minds."

Since then the Switchblades have played a solid string of shows on and off the Island with bands like Moneyshot, The Rod Iron Haulers, David Chenery, The Deadcats and The Matadors (for Zombie Night in Canada), as well as adding musical accompaniment to elegant semi-nude female entertainers such as the Fluffgirls, The UltraVixen Peepshow, and The Bettilu Bombshells. They even headlined one of the Island Invasion Hot Rod Weekend shows. They have recorded one full-length CD (with Scott Henderson at the infamous Sea of Shit studios), and have a song on the Stumble Records Zombie Night in Canada Volume Two compilation coming out in September.

AND, they are getting set to go out on their first cross-Canada tour this fall - from Vic to Halifax and back, with the kickoff at Lucky on August 31. Despite all the hubbub, the guys seem to be taking everything in stride, and are genuinely thankful to those who have helped them out and to those who have come out to their shows. "Everyone's been so cool to us it's fucking ridiculous." Just don't call them Rockabillys.



photos by Anastasia Andrews

CHATHAM ISLAND PARTY '05

by Willy Jak

JULY 16TH 3:00 PM.

The madness all began down at the Cattle Point boat launch. Mass peeps were hangin' around waiting to get into one of the boats that are taking groups over to Chatham Island for Rhys Palmer's annual birthday bash. It took about a half hour before it was our turn to get in the boat but it was a super hot day and Blind Mark was already drinkin' pilsner. This guy we didn't even know took us over to the island and the whole trip only took like four minutes. When I got off the boat there was already like 100 people there, and the party was well under way. I think there must have been 200 there in total by the end of the night. Anyway I set up my tent and started drinkin'. Bourbon and beer baby. Bourbon and beer. Rhys told my friend that the trick is to wait till after the Oak Bay cops go home from work then start the bands that way they won't get a boat together to come bust the party up till morning. So around the time the sun started going down they fired up the generator and started getting' shit set up for the bands to play. I think there was ten bands in total. There was a beer flat stapled to a tree with the order the bands who were gonna play. First up was SUPER TANKER... now there was about five bands that were made up of like five guys, so it gets kinda confusing.

Next was the REMAINES... they rocked!

Then NIBBLER who let me sing a NEW YORK DOLLS tune with them for sound check.

Then L.I.D., good ol' L.I.D., they were on fire and it was just around this time everyone was getting pretty lit up and the sun was way down. It was awesome.

Next was BIG BROWN JOBBIE who I've always liked but they're one of those five bands and it's hard to remember which is which.

Then SWEATHOGZ, they were good ol' rock and Big Rick handed out about a million joints to the crowd.

Then it was MICKY CHRIST. The singer Garry Brainless did a duet with his oldest kid Kyle Brainless.

Then the BEAUMONTS, short handed, played their set with only one guitar player and by then I was really drunk but we made it through the set.

Next it was the MURRAY the CRETIN EXPERIENCE which was Cretin on guitar, me on bass, and Blind Mark on drums.

And last but not least was SMOKED OUT BRAINZZZ, who totally rocked. Then of course there was a bunch of drunk dudes trying to jam after all the bands were done. Then everyone was really drunk. My friend Kelly lost her coke. When the sun started coming up I passed out in my tent. In the morning these kids collected like \$70 in empties. And I think someone collapsed Big Rick's tent on him and he was still sleeping away. When I got in the boat to go back to Vancouver Island, I was still drunk and drove off leaving my guitar at the boat launch at Cattle Point. Some good samaritan took it to the Oak Bay police station and I got it back about a week later and after a million phone calls. I'm already looking forward to next summer. Happy birthday Rhys... and thank you Oak Bay police. See y'all next year.

-Willy Jak



POSTCARDS FROM CAMP

WMA sessions !!



Yo Absolute Underground,

Greetings from Element YMCA skatecamp!

Doug Hardy and myself are skating hard and stoked.

We've been hiding 5300 feet-up in the Sierra Mountain range of the California Valley for the last month or so.

Aside from the irritating mosquitoes, repetitive camp food, and the occasional bear, all is great.

For all of you old dogs; it's the camp that was in *H-Street's Shackle-Me-Not & Hokus Pokus Vids*. For all of you youngsters; peep the bonus features of the new *Elementality* DVD.

With an average camp population of 100 or so, there's always someone around to get you hyped on skating one of the numerous skate-facilities up here. The brand new bowl is an obvious favorite of ours (perhaps in substitute for the notably absent Vee Dub bowl).

Rest assured that Dougie and I miss our home-turf, bros, and girlies plenty, yet, we're both finding time to escape from day-to-do woes and wet-terrain in a productive way.

In fact; just last weekend we furthered our quest by pool-hunting within in the fast food clustered confines and blistering heat of Fresno... included are some snapshots of our success.

While I wish that I could claim ultimate badass rank, and say that we found it, bailed it, and ran from the cops.

This wasn't the case (I did have a shaved head for punk points though).

This was a permission pool... kinda... We barged it.

The owner Ray was cool when he eventually came home; complete with careless attendance, eccentric demeanor, a random dog sidekick and a beer can attached to a fishing pole.

Homeboy ruled!

We left with a new knowledge of why Fresno folks appreciate what they have and how they destroy it... amazing skateboarding.

That being said (and maybe I'm reaching for this one); perhaps we're all a product of our environments and that's why B.C. offers so many versatile skaters to the cosmos.

Just a thought.

Well I best sign-off before I get all misty eyed for native soil (or concrete for that matter).

I hope you're all having as much fun as us!

Love Jimmy & Doug.



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2005 JaKs Team Reunion Klamath Falls Oregon.

"Yous bastads." A van load of Victoria's representatives made the drive down into the USA and had more fun then a bag of snakes... and it was as dangerous at times! For those who don't know JaKs Team = skateboarding, hockey, absolute music, booze, fireworks, camping, and more skateboarding and booze. Every year on the 4th of July weekend Jaks from all over get together at a location and.... "Give-ER" This years location was Klamath Falls in Oregon.

Our trip begins with the usual down to the wire who's coming and who isn't. Next year hopefully all Vic division can be in attendance, those who are allowed into the US anyway, right Willy. The van was rented and the map was navigated for the best route out of Canada and into the USA. We chose the Blackballs ferry to Port Angeles. We suit up in our best, covered up our Islamic/nazi clown tattoos, then put on our "yes sir no sir smiles" and drive through customs with no problem at all. Yes it was a strange moment. It was too easy.

The first stop was the Mega-mart for cheap beer, smokes, Copenhagen, and Carefree maxi-pads for any bad gashes that might occur. Blind Marc also used the empty box of heavy flow pads as a petition for "our Girl Coen" to join the JaKs team. The petition has to be signed by every member of The Michael Jackson fan club before the idiot can be initiated into the JaKS TEAM. Anyway we load back in the van and start our road trip. The first stop is Washington's finest Indian Reservation fireworks stands. There is about twenty stands in a three mile strip. Money is spent on handfuls of the coolest exploding things that are just not available to us back home in Canada land.

The road is long and we drive to our first overnight stop in a backwoods town called Aumsville, Oregon. The population is 3600 people and the skate park is open all night with lights. The place is an incredible stop with a large interconnected run of half-pipes bowls and pockets. The biggest pocket measures about 9 ft with just a slight touch of vert! The park is all steel coping that the locals used to the fullest by locking into a 20 ft 50/50 grind. We arrived at 11:30 at night and about a dozen rippers where tearing the place up. No ollieing railslides at this park just fast times and big air. I found a fun line that gave a very satisfying amount of speed and carvability. This is a park definately worth the scary dark hillbilly back road drive. It was skated until 5:00 am with only one state trooper visit. This was only the first taste of the awesome skateparks we were about to taste.



The morn was a bombs eye run down the I-5 highway to arrive on time for the first meeting place at high noon at the Ashland skatepark. We drove and arrived just as a portion of the JaKs team where leaving for the insane mountain shortcut road to Klamath Falls. It was good to see old friends and the feeling of the Reunion was just beginning. The Ashland skatepark in the mid afternoon was hot and we left the air-conditioned rental van to pad up for another sampling of concrete. This was a smaller park with the usual pyramids in the middle. The one end contains a six foot deep bowl which was fun but could have stood to be a little deeper. The other end contains a combi type bowl that with a little more time could be really fun. The deep section was near 9 feet tall. I skate a little then start the reunion by meeting Jaks I haven't and getting a hug from the ones I have. JoeKing is a San Francisco Jak whom I was happy to see again and of course he was already sporting some serious scraps and bruises all over his body from falling off a cliff.

The train to Klamath was leaving and our orchestrater Roy Wonder was going to show us the short cut up the mountain road. About 8 cars and van loads of Jaks tried to keep up to Wonders nascar speed through these mountain roads. Abraham and Buckwheat's car just decided to slow down to a snails pace and we pulled over to see if there was anything we could do. He said his car just needed to cool off and they would be fine.

The group met us at the junction of Dead Indian Pass then continued on for another eternity till we finally arrived at the Klamath Falls Skatepark... Holy Shit is all I can say. We sampled a few of the bowls and pockets. This park is designed and built by a company called Dreamland, and it is a dream! More JaKs are starting to dribble in and the park is slowly being taken over. The first run in the park is what we named a catcher's mitt. You have to tighten your trucks because you get speed wobbles skating down into this 14 foot steel coping wall of concrete. It's sick. Monk Jak bombs down into this mitt with his longboard and in his bare feet and makes the run. A young local girl is just standing at the top of the run as we all snake her run, she finally takes her run and floats a frontside air over the coping. She was very quiet but as twenty or thirty Jaks watched her skate... she proved worthy of our respect. This was her park! As I sat on the edge of the park, Easy Rider JaK gave me my first firework spanking. The area around my back and under my ass ignites in explosions as a string of firecrackers do their dance. The fun has begun!

The sun starts to go down and now it is time to head out to the camping area deep in the woods past a town named Keno. We hit the Fred Myer super store to pick up some food supplies and more beer as well as Mudfoot picks up a BB gun that looks like a 357 Magnum. America, the only place you can get food and guns all in the same store. As Blind Marc is paying for his new stock of beers the teller asks him for some ID. Marc responds by saying "Ahh jeeze I just turned 14 last week!"

Now a detailed list of instructions where given to us on how to get to the campsite. It was deep in the mountain and away from the law. The instructions say "if you think you've gone too far, you haven't, keep going." We turn down a dirt road and drive more... I'm sure we are going to be lost. There is a campfire ban so a small twinkle of light can be seen from the road in one corner of the darkness. I open the window and can hear the sweet sounds of Absolute Punk Music and realize we have made our destination. A small fire is burning and a pow wow of folks are sitting around suckin back brewsssss. It is a quieter night with only a few major fire fights and some not so crazy drunkenness. Tomorrow would be a busy day and I have had way too much fun and pass out in the reclining drivers seat.

I awoke to the gentle sounds of our girl Coen purring away in the passenger seat and the heavy heavy panting of Blind Marc sleeping in the back. I only hope Marc didn't drink too much and hasn't peed the seat. The campsite is just a litter of beer cans. JoeKing and I both agree we need coffee and head to

Keno to round up coffee. Coen is now a jaks petitioner so his duty is to have the campsite clean for when we get back. This was a nice opportunity to spend some time with Joe, he fills me in on the troubles in his life and his distaste for his President. Politics are something I chose to totally avoid while with my Jak Brothers but it is a big issue. Joe also has a bad habit to kick... I only hope he can do it, because a reunion wouldn't be complete without him. Anyway we speed down the country road listening to some bluegrass by the Gourds... JoeKing gives this band a huge thumbs up so do yourself a favor and hunt a Gourds CD down. We arrive at the Keno store and drain all three of the big coffee jugs into Styrofoam cups. A flat of coffees for \$11, this is more than a flat of beer! Ahhh USA. The Gourds sooth our ride back into the woods to the campsite. I park the van and hear in the backseat some grunting followed by "You BASTADS" and turn to see Blind Marc finally waking up. We were lucky, Marc had not peed his pants so I gave him a coffee and then we did a little BB gun shooting followed by Freestyle giving Marc some axe throwing lessons! Coen and a few others have done well cleaning up the campsite and it's time to head for town for a day of Roy Wonder skate shoot-outs.

On the way out of the campsite we hit the cliff for a wake up jump. The sun is cooking and normally I don't jump off cliffs but today was an exception. Mr. Tom Scott who is one of the originators of Jaks and also only has one leg didn't jump off this thirty foot cliff, he dove. I gave it a few more jumps then Blind Marc canes over and says "If a wimp like Ricky is jumping off this cliff, set me up you bastads." Away Marc jumped and we never thought to ask if he knew how to swim before he did it, yet again he did trust us jaks when we said there was water at the bottom of the jump.

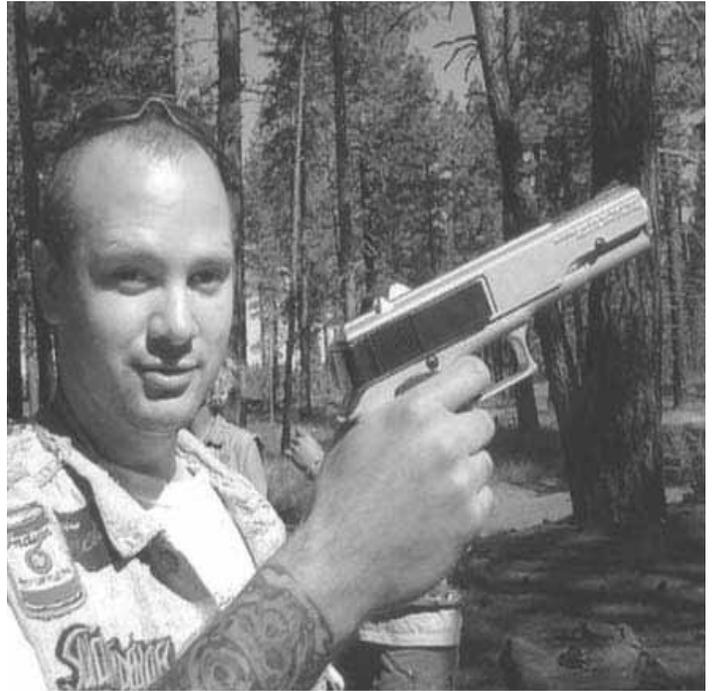
We arrive at the Rivers Inn Hotel. The good part about this hotel is it has a pool, that's empty and you can skate it dude! This would be the location for the pool shoot out and barbeque. We get two rooms him in the shower. It ends up what Beeve thought was Marc's cane wasn't... that'll teach him to drop the soap. All cleaned up we headed down to the pool for a skate... Oh yes, the roots of skateboarding. Now the first carv proved to be very slick and I ended up sliding out. The pool looked great but it was tight and although I could clear the light I could not hit the tile or coping. It was fun and again Marc says "If a wimp like Ricky is skating this pool, set me up you bastads," So I handed him my skate and then my helmet. Straight ahead and straight up, does a Mr. Wilson flip and a harsh roll that looks like his arms are being dislocated. He lays in the bottom of the pool. We run to his aid and as he starts to get up all skinned and bleeding he says "Well isn't one of you BASTADS gonna get me a beer!"

The barbecues are stoked up and more carloads of Jaks and friends arrive. The perimeter of the swimming pool is in full reunion mode. Roy gets out his mega-phone and starts announcing each skater as they hit the pool... In a while the pool is in session and the skating is intense. The TeJas boys, Ripper, Cruzo and the Mute show up and it is clear these Jaks have skated a few pools in their lifetimes. This was their land and as Ripper Jak throws his skate up onto the coping, the coping lifts and concrete is being broken. Seattle Jaks from the band the Fakies jump in the pool and also give the coping a work-out. The death box gets conquered on several occasions. Easy Rider rips it. Timmy SF slashes up

a frontside that slashes up his finger and he heads off to the hospital for some stitches. Then when you think it couldn't get any hotter non-Jak Pat Black rolls into the deep end and then pulls off a frontside air. Holy shit, it's Chris Cook's run and he shows style that totally validates why he was on the ALVA team back in the day. The pool dust is thick and everyone has it around their nose holes and on their faces! All's I can say is it was better than any video I've watched... Except maybe Fubar.

too be continued...

-rickylong jak



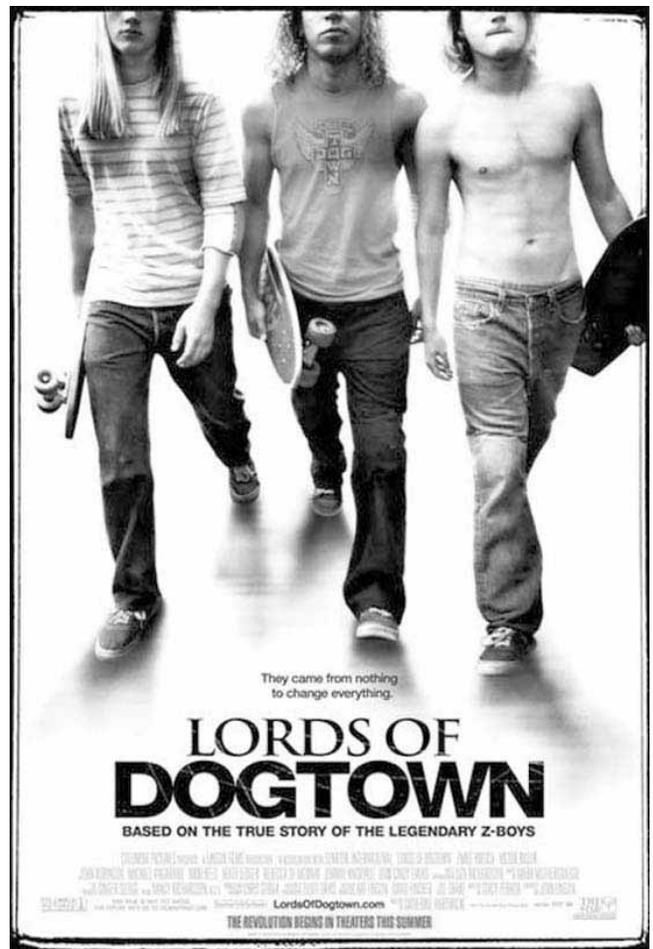
Lords of Dogtown

Movie Review By: Jake Warren

We've seen it happen before. And to be honest, I didn't know if I could go through it again. Every 5 years or so, (you can almost set your Mark Gator signature series Swatch to it) skateboarding gets super-happy-popular again and all sorts of idiots come out of the woodwork to cash in. Then right about the time that the big shoe companies have lost interest and everyone realizes that skaters really do in fact 'SUCK!' and its popularity peaks, some asshole in L.A. decides that it's a perfect time to put salt the wound by making another big budget feature film about this new craze sweeping the nation - like this time they'll do it justice? Probably not. More like, this time they'll make their money back.

Whatever cause when everyone's spent on the 6 month siege of 'coming soon trailers' hype and the actual movie comes out - call it 'Gleaming the Cube' (skater slang for getting gnarly I guess) or 'Grind' or 'Thrashin' (the only decent Hollywood effort) it always ends the same way - does someone smell rollerblading? Once again, Hollywood didn't pay attention and hired a dude who's never ridden a board to write it, some other kook who's never even seen a board to direct it and the studio goons release another over-hyped, over-priced piece-o-shite, so cheesy, so far off the mark and so embarrassingly bad, it makes fools of all the real skaters out there - not to mention real film fans! In the bitter end, no one, especially skaters, ever wants to see another movie about the rough and tumble world of sassy teen skateboarders ever again.

That was of course, until Stacy Peralta made 'DogTown and Z-Boys.' It was no huge surprise when Stacy Peralta's 2002 documentary 'DogTown and Z-Boys' got great reviews, kicking ass in almost every international film festival that year, that Hollywood would soon be calling. For a year or two following the release of 'Z-Boys' some big names were being thrown around to direct the feature film version. Most notably, David Fincher, of 'Seven' and 'Fight Club' fame. But it was Catherine Hardwicke, director of the hard-hitting, coming -of-age girl flick 'Thirteen' that was finally handed the helm of 'Lords' and ultimately the responsibility of making the truth of skateboarding's past look as cool and as honest as it was for the people who've lived it.



ABSOLUTE METAL

DESENSITIZED



Back in early 2002, I quit the band I was in (Undoing) to start a new project.

I started by enlisting the talents of the almighty Quinn McCulloch (previously of Meatlocker 7, Debt of Nature, Arcfiend) and writing music based on the grooves of thrash mixed with the speed and heaviness of Florida death metal.

At the same time Quinn had begun collaborating with our drummer, James Munroe (original ML7 drummer).

Once we all got together the first few songs stated to come forth. After a couple of months we took someone's advice and called Jason Stearn (previously of First Four, Birth of Sickness) to round out the lineup.

Thus, Desensitized was born. Since then we have lost Quinn, for personal reasons, and gained Jeff Carter on guitar, which is cool because he has a history of blues which adds a lot to leads and Brandon Jonston on vocals (previously of Delicious face).

He is heavily influenced by the likes of Lamb of God which is undeniably one of the most impressive metal bands of the day.

So since about the spring of 2004, we have been what is now Desensitized.

Our music is what happens when you just love what you're doing and the truth is, we don't care who likes it or not.

We have a lot of really technical fucked up shit, odd time changes and rhythms peppered with fist pounding breakdowns, accented by ripping vocals and kick your head in drums. We put on one helluva metal show and our motto is simple:

F.U.C.K W.H.A.T Y.O.U T.H.I.N.K

A.U. - Have you recorded anything?

AL - We got a rough recording with 5 mics in the jam room, to send the chick from the Kelowna metal fest. Our shitty little recording got us second from headlining but it got cancelled. ML7 hooked us up with that.

A.U. - When are you planning on a real disc?

AL - We're looking at doing an EP in six months. Leave the old shit behind then move on to something new. Hopefully we'll have something by the end of the summer.

A.U. - Where?

AL - Maybe S.O.S, ERD recorded there and it sounded good.

A.U. - How long have you known Jeff Janie, did you know Jeff was the king of the goose?

AL - I've only met the whole band in the last five years, but I've seen The Birth of Sickness, which Jeff was in. We never hung out until recently.

A.U. - So you didn't know Jeff was the king of the goose?

AL - No, but let me tell you I soon found out. I've smoked weed forever but as soon as I started to jam with them I was leaving so blazed because they smoke so much....that's when we write our best shit!



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ABSOLUTELY LIVE

Saturday June 4th the Navy League Hall in Campbell River was the host to a Benefit concert for our new skate park. The day was broken into a day show and an evening show, featuring bands from the Comox Valley, Campbell River area and one from Gold River/ Tahsis area. The lineup included Hellbound, Blacklist, Golgotha, Guess What Peter Did, Midnight Sun and Lymozeen.

For myself, the night's highlight was a band from Campbell River, called Hellbound. They are a fairly new-formed band, but from the show they put on you wouldn't know it. These guys slammed out their own original songs, at a volume that would make your ears bleed. The group consists of Mike, Trent, Ryan, Lee and Ken. They are currently working on a demo, so keep your eye out for these guys!

Golgotha are a group of crazy fuckers coming to us from Courtenay, playing some original and some cover tunes, including some killer Slayer songs. Their group consists of Hoon, Jeff, Troy, Andrew, Matt and Grant. Their punk/hardcore metal roots show through with the brutally fast, eardrum shattering barrage of vocals and instruments ripping into your skull. For the last song of the night Hoon called members of the other bands on stage for a group rendition of Angel of death, which was a hell of a great way to end the night's craziness.

Blacklist is a group of guys from the Courtenay & Campbell River area consisting of Bryan, Terry, Ryan and Jay. They played some hardcore fast moving music that had the pit full of crazy buggers to let out some aggression on each other. Their music is all original, and they are hoping to work on a demo in the near future.

Guess What Peter Did hail from Gold River and Tahsis, with members The Major, Chug, Whiskey Willy, Pat and Tiff.

They have a nice fast beat and all original content with songs like "Throw my Pigs" (about Robert Picton), "Buccaneers of Brent McKay" and "Caught With Your Cousin" to just name a few. The drummer Pat had me laughing with his hardhat tuned spittoon for his chew.

They are finishing up their demo now, and have some upcoming show dates July 1st in Gold River and July 16th in Union Bay, so be sure to check them out.

Midnight Sun hail from Campbell River, with members Will, Josh, Eric, Mitch the drummer Will. These guys have been jamming together on and off since grade 8, and got together as Midnight Sun just recently. Singing all original tunes, they put on a great show, and something that really stood out in my head was they all swap instruments, and still keep the music going.

Last but not least is Lymozeen. This band was formed by junior high students in 2004 and has been rocking ever since. Lineup consists of Bryce, Gordon and Callum, who say they were greatly influenced by bands like Van Halen, Ozzy, and Motley Crew.

These young guys can surely rock, with Bryce playing many roles including lead guitar, keyboard and filling in for vocals right now. Bryce, I have to say, is an extremely talented guitarist. You forget his age when he is playing; I can only imagine what he will be like in ten years

The show left me deaf as hell, but it was so worth it, with the music I enjoyed that day and we raised some much needed money for the skate park. I want to thank Pat from the C.R. Musicians Trading Post for putting this event together, and to Tim for running the sound. Any bands looking to play future shows, should drop Pat a call at 250-287-8853

Ken Falta
Wldfire_1@yahoo.com

The Switchblade Valentines, The Deadcats, and The Matadors live at Logan's Pub, July 14, 2005

"Zombie Night In Canada" promised to deliver rockabilly madness and mayhem unparalleled in Canada (or perhaps the world), to little Logan's Pub right here in Victoria, BC.

Local heroes The Switchblade Valentines were in charge of getting this little crime spree underway. They offered a set of slick, competent rockabilly to a packed house. The Switchblades have the germ of a hot rockabilly powerhouse locked inside them, but they don't always get the crowd moving. I'd like to see them rocking a little looser and playing to the crowd more. I bet after more gigs playing out, the Switchblade Valentines will develop into a fan favorite as they learn to work a room.

You know those rockabilly bands where a bunch of good looking young guys have fancy new tattoos and the best new equipment money can buy? You won't find that kind of band with Vancouver's Deadcats! This band of grizzled veterans played a hot set of grimy, sweaty, punk psychobilly that reached deep into girls' panties and hauled them against their will on to the

dance floor. No slick stage tricks for The Deadcats. They just poured cheap lighter fluid onto their washtub bass, set it on fire and launched into a rockin' set. You could easily imagine these guys plying their trade in the backwoods roadhouses, grimy juke joints and state penitentiaries of yore, but the audience at Logan's were lucky enough to enjoy them in the here and now.



Ontario's Matadors offered all manner of stage wizardry to enhance their swampy horror blues sound. A talking skeleton and hooded minions of evil stalked the smoky red-lit stage, as The Matadors entered. Much like their red-caped namesakes, The Matadors hypnotized, stabbed and slaughtered the audience with their music. Their singer/guitarist channeled the long dead ghost of Danzig back when he was actually cool, while their handsome bass player dazzled the ladies with his showy stylings. He climbed up on his stand-up bass (made from actual human bones) and glowered down at all his future nubile sex slaves in the crowd. The highlight of the set was the song "Nine Shots Of Bourbon". One of the hooded minions prepared a Bourbon bong with many more than just nine shots, and poured the contents down the singer's throat, leaving the poor bastard retching and gagging right on stage. A man's man, he quickly recovered to finish off the set and send the crowd staggering into the night to spread the shows debauchery on to the rest of Victoria.

-Bryn

July 8th/2005 : Ungoliant, Peruke, Mitochondrion and Grimlorn @ Logan's Pub

For some people, summer conjures up images of beach volleyball, enjoyable camping and carefree romance. For others, it means deathly heat waves, corpse-paint and shotgunning cheap beer. Certainly this particularly well attended night at Logan's Pub fell into the second category. This was a bulletbelt showdown of epic proportions... A necessary Island metal sound check which confirmed that the metal scene is strong, diverse and growing. There are some punishing new acts shutting away under the full moon at Ross Bay. Band by band, here's the blow by blow.

Ungoliant:

Well, I caught about 1 minute of them. It was loud and fast and had a girl on vocals. I'm truly sad, since this was promising. Who would have thought a metal show would start on time?

Peruke:

One of the most recognizable names in Victoria metal - Peruke - was up next. They have upped the ante from a two piece to a three piece with a new vocalist. They have a HUGE sound for just guitar and drums. The new vocalist was an excellent addition. Doug was obviously confident behind the kit and with Paul on guitar, the band seems at ease. As a combo they have many shows under their belt. A somewhat short set, but tightly packed. Who needs more songs and more band members when you kick ass? They made their point.

You have got to love drummers who can blast beat and scream at the same time. For some indication of what that is like, sprint across a field while screaming the lyrics to "Angel of Death" at maximum volume.

Mitochondrion:

An exciting night for Mitochondrion, it marked the debut of guitarist Mitch Aramenko into the band and the release of the super-limited, (10 copies, fool) self titled demo release. Shirts were on sale as well featuring the new Mitochondrion logo. The inverted cross covered in candles made another appearance, adding to the overall evil vibe.

This band is always full of energy and always professional about playing their brand of soul-flaying metal. With the dual Nicks furiously windmilling away, Shawn grabbing invisible grapefruits of Satan and Jesse smashing the kit senseless - Mito is a visual spectacle. The most well received band of the night and the crowd favorite, Mito had everyone moshing, horns a' flyin' for the unrelenting grind.

Ungoliant:

That's right, a black metal band. With corpse-paint, Venom shirts and pointy guitars. From Nanaimo. Heavy. The word is they have recently recruited a new bass player and second guitarist, upping the factor from two piece to four.

Ungoliant's main guitarist and vocalist was it top form screaming his balls off for satanic glory. Transgressor as he is known, has definite stage presence. The rest of the band backed the aggression perfectly, with fluid, brutal playing. At this point in the night, (1:00 AM) everyone was right drunk and thrashed out. Floored by the blastbeats and reefing on the guitars,

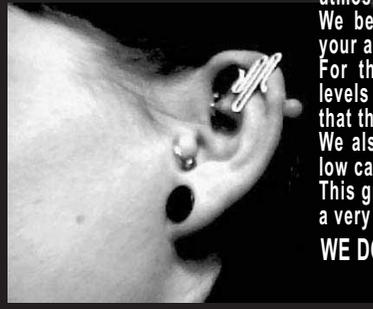
the crowd stood transfixed by the traditional blackened sounds. I'm looking forward to more gigs in town by these guys.

To close: There were some problems with damage to venue. Cut that shit out lads. There are precious few places to play as it is. The metal continues, unconquerable and unrelenting.

- Erik Lindholm



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VIHC

Saturday, July 23rd at the Fernwood Community Centre



Vancouver Island, known as a place for rich young couples and seniors to "settle down"? Under it all, however, a scene is stirring, centralized in Victoria. A scene that has seen the likes of such bands as Modern Life Is War, Blue Monday, and Trial. This is the home of the Van Isle Crew and Van Isle Hardcore. Music that expresses views against what you see and hear in the media, music that demonstrates honesty and unity.

Saturday, July 23rd, at the Fernwood Community Center in Victoria saw Van Isle Hardcore's first Hardcorefest. Organized by Leslie Schofield (A huge change since Brian Clement has been responsible for most shows in the past), the show featured 8 bands and even a barbeque. A lot of bands came from the mainland of BC and friends were made, one of the best things about the nature of touring bands.



First up were Modern Day Fire (of Victoria), who played a really short 3-song-set due to time restrictions. Their name describes them well; a modern spark of metalcore and hardcore-influenced music. Next were Self Inflicted, another local band who play a different take of metalcore. Rougher, darker, and generally angrier. Then the out-of-town bands started up, starting with Vancouver's Rivalry. Formerly called Murdered Without a Trace (having played a show here not-too-long-ago), I knew to expect energy. I'm going to say this about a lot of bands in this review, but these guys brought the mosh. Two-stepping and throwing down filled the pit during their set. They played a Death Threat cover and I was among the people screaming along the lyrics "Hardcore, good friends, good times!!"

Next up were Revenge (Vancouver). Fast thrashy hardcore. The speed reminded me of the way older hardcore used to be, yet clearly modern influences resulted in a well-rounded style of pure energy. Many circle pits occurred, with mobs of kids moshing in a circular motion. Halfway through the set, the Vancouver guys took their shirts off in a united "Vancouver pig belly mosh". Keep in mind, by now, the show was only half-over. Seriously, so many bands. It kept building up steam too. Each band left me with the feeling "Wow, that band tore it up." The twenty or so Vancouver kids who came over really brought a lot of energy too. And, heh, matching attire of jerseys, athletic shorts and shoes.



A Crow's Glory, another Vancouver band, followed. I had heard nothing about these guys so I had a fresh unbiased mindset. And I'm serious about the unbiased; you may notice that I've given mostly positive comments about all the bands so far. I can't stress this point enough; this was a good show if you dig hardcore at all. This particular band was tough and heavy hardcore. Everything was tough. The pit especially, as fists flailed with windmills and hardcore dancing. I was knocked back into a wall and bruised, but that comes with the fact that so many people were into the band. Think of it like this. I, a person who owes somebody \$140, spent money with my limited jobless finances on a shirt because I was so stoked on them.

Tired from moshing, during the break I collapsed on a grassy hill just outside the venue. A drunk girl poured beer in my eye. This pissed me off since I'm straightedge (against drinking and smoking). Don't let this make you judge shows like this though. Everyone can have fun but people who are drunk out of their minds and causing trouble are not really what the scene wants. Keep in mind this venue is right next to a daycare and good all-ages venues are hard to come by.

Temper, of Nanaimo, was next. I thought these guys had played "their last show" earlier but I guess they were put on the bill in the interest of pushing the "rad level" even higher. A melodic style of "honest hardcore" has resulted in a band that quickly gathered the interest in the Van Isle Hardcore scene. This time they played, the mosh had calmed a bit. I believe that people were into listening to the music and absorbing an opinion of this tight band. Us locals moved around the most and everyone piled on to yell the vocals for the cover of Everybody Gets Hurt's "Homefront", with the letters NYC altered to VIC.



In Stride, from Vancouver, finally broke out. This was the band most people here were stoked on seeing, based on impressions I got from people. I last saw them a year ago with Step It Up (who are playing a show mid-August), and had been the best local show I've ever been to. Then again, this show was probably the second best local show. Anyway In Stride definitely didn't let anyone down. More pile-ons and moshing insanity were inspired from this hardcore band's music. And speeches such as "If you like this music, if it means anything to you, move around. Don't worry about looking like fools. We're all fools, I mean look at my hair!" He had a bleached almost-afro. The point is they got personal. During a song about skateboarding, Hunter and his friend in Rivalry pulled out their skateboards and rode them in the pit. And pointed them in the air during one of the many pile-ons of the night. The point of this all is that these guys are rad. You should be sure to check them out.

If anyone was suitable to close this show off, it's the local heroes Tough As Nails. The lights were dimmed as they played probably the most intense set I've seen them do. Intensity that should never be missed. If you hear of a show with them playing coming up, GO TO IT. I'm serious. I'm sure everyone was impressed with this raw hardcore band that has been crucial in keeping the scene here alive. Everyone piled on for the song "Van Isle Crew", which is practically a theme song for things here.

I hope the bands made a lot of money in merch sales. This was not a night anyone here is going to forget for a long time. Things are alive and here to stay, as long as the music is supported and kept true.

-xtylrx
Tyler Pantella
check my site, <http://xtylrx.tk> if you want to see more pictures of the show

Tough As Nails, In Stride, Temper, A Crow's Glory, Revenge, Rivalry, Self Inflicted, Modern Day Fire.

Photos by Tyler Pantella and Troy Lemberg.

TRAILER PARK BOYS

Before Sunnyvale

The biography of Mike Smith as "Bubbles"

Bubbles is the loveable, thick glassed, kitty lover of Sunnyvale. Bubbles is the balance between the parks leading businessmen, Ricky and Julian. When not involved in his favorite hobby "shopping cart repair", Bubbles helps navigate the impossibly complex obstacles of life in the park.

Mike Smith was born and raised in Thorburn, Nova Scotia.

At an early age he showed signs of musical talent when he learned to play guitar at the age of seven. Hockey was also a love of his life, but Mike eventually gave up hockey to pursue music.

Attending St. Francis Xavier University he earned a degree in English. In 1992, he played guitar and was one of the principal songwriters in the band Sandbox and signed a record deal with EMI in Canada and Nettwerk in the U.S. Sandbox released two albums with EMI and Nettwerk - "Bionic" and "A Murder In The Glee Club." Later Sandbox was nominated for a Juno Award, an East Coast Music Award, and a Casby Award. In 1999, Mike started composing music for film and television and has worked on such feature films as The Weight of Water starring Sean Penn and Elizabeth Hurley, and Serendipity starring John Cusack and Kate Beckinsale.



While sound mixing on the Trailer Park Boys feature, Mike met Robb Wells and John Paul Tremblay. Goofing around one day on set, Mike was imitating a character he had been doing for years. Mike Clattenburg decided to write the character into the series and thus the birth of the loveable character Bubbles.

Mike has also worked on the US cable pilot called Espia as writer and musical director and appeared as Bubbles in the music video Legal by Canadian artist Snow. He also appeared with Robb Wells (Ricky) and John Paul Tremblay (Julian) in The Tragically Hip's music video, The Darkest One, featuring Don Cherry. Just before that, Mike joined Robb and John Paul on a cross-Canada tour with the musical group, Our Lady Peace.

Mike won a Gemini Viewer's Choice Award in 2003, for his portrayal of Bubbles.

next issue: RICKY

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Things Start Moving

ADOLESCENTS

Picture the sun beating down on a parking lot in Seattle as you watch such legends as Clay Wheels, DI, The Hunns, and Agent Orange hitting the stage one after another. This was the scene at the Experience Music Project Hey Punk 3 event in late August of 2002. Awesome bands, and skate demos by legends such as Duane Peters. Not bad for a free event. The icing on the cake had to be when Fullerton California's Adolescents hit the stage around 8pm. The show will always stick out in my mind. I have loved the Adolescents for years, but never really thought seeing a band who put out great material in the early 80s could be so great live (though DI had proved it earlier in the day). Playing a set of tunes from the self titled album, and the Welcome to Reality EP, the Adolescents drove the crowd into a fury. I was singing the lyrics to Welcome to Reality for days and weeks following the show, and I will never forget the circle pit for Rip It Up. People of all ages circling like drooling high speed vultures.

Every great band gets their start somewhere, the Adolescents as they are known, started in Fullerton, CA a suburb of the giant sprawling city of Los Angeles. They were just kids in high school at the time, but the bass player had already played in the now infamous Agent Orange. They were part of the early 80s Los Angeles punk rock scene that spawned such bands as Fear, X, The Germs, and countless others, who were not featured in the Decline of the Western Civilization movie made by Penelope Spheeris. The band's official birth occurred in the year 1980. The musicians behind this sound were five young men by the names of: Tony, Frank, Steve, John and Peter. John and Peter were not in the band long. Their replacements were (as the story goes) the other dudes who started Social Distortion with Mike Ness. Casey Royer on drums, and Frank's brother Rikk Agnew on guitar. This lineup did not last long, times change and so do band members. However while this lineup was together they brought one of punk rock's most famous pieces. It was their self titled album that went on to be known as the Blue Album. A punk classic, and at 25 years old it really is a classic. The first album along with, the Welcome To Reality EP contain some of their best work. I am lucky enough to own a CD version of the first album that includes the EP, and Rikk Agnew's solo album. The raw ferociousness is apparent as soon as you play this CD, right from the first track I Hate Children, to the lyrics on the EP. "Let the weak say lim a warrior- Bring down the warriors, Let the Faithless regain faith- Your faith is hopeless", lines taken from Welcome to Reality a powerful song from 1981 about apocalyptic madness. This band in a mere few songs sums up teen angst, teen delusion and where the whole world is headed. Not bad for a bunch of kids still in high school. Bands ten years their senior are still trying to write songs this defining and musically sound.

Many things have happened to the Adolescents over the years, but it always seems that every once and awhile if you are in the right place at the right time, you can see these legends perform. I don't use the term legends loosely either. If you think these guys sound good on a 25 year old release, go see these old dudes live, they do not disappoint. The energy of their old tunes is still there live, they give it their all and the crowd really does go wild.

So who plays in this legendary aging act these days? Well Tony Cadena is still yellin the words, and Steve Soto is still thumping the bass when he is not rockin with Manic Hispanic. Frank Agnew is he still there? Two fold in fact. He plays guitar, and so does his son Frank Agnew Jr. Yup you read that correctly. Derek O'Brien plays drums these days, you might remember him from old Social Distortion records.

This band is, and always has been, a cast of characters, having played in some of the most legendary punk bands from their neck of the woods, and having had other legends playing in their band. Steve Soto the bass player was originally in Agent Orange, and played on such classic AO tunes as Bloodstains. The Adolescents may take the cake for Orange County bands period (voted #1 by the Orange County Weekly in 2003 out of 129 bands, of all time from the area). When the Adolescents broke up in 1981, Casey Royer started DI. These guys put out some of their greatest endeavors in the early to mid 80s, while Rikk Agnew and the OTHER Agnew brother Alfie were involved. Through their "family tree" the Adolescents have been somehow related to great bands from the Germs to Christian Death, to Rocket from the Crypt. To see this "family tree" as compiled by Tony Cadena, just check out theadolescents.net.

Chances are you have heard the Adolescents even if you don't think you have. Ever seen Empire Records or SLC Punk? Yup there you go. Maybe you have even heard Mudhoney or Jughead's Revenge doing covers of Adolescents songs, both of which are truly homages to these living legends.

They reformed with the original lineup in 1986 and played a ton of shows, then broke up, then got back together in different forms ever since, so what are they really up to currently? Well they have just released their lost demos from the early 80s on Frontier Records, and have a new album out on Finger Records entitled OC Confidential. Not only are they putting out music, but in true Adolescents fashion they are doing a lot of gigs. So what are you waiting for? Put on those headphones skate down to a Ticketmaster and go see them rock...

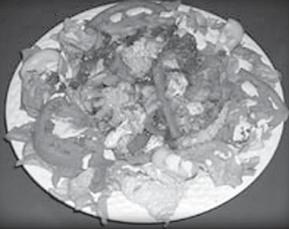
Clarence Wurley
August 2005
theadolescents.net



photo: teamgoon.com

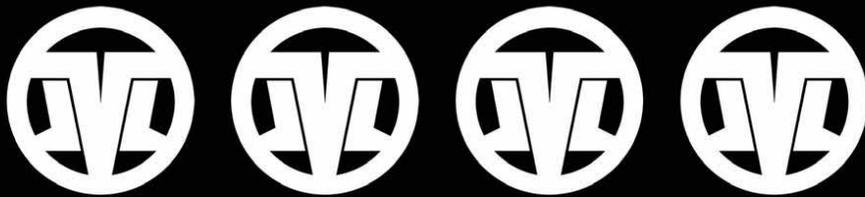


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ABSOLUTE HORROR

Ghouls Night Out with Mickey Maggot

25 YEARS AGO IN HORROR!

In 1979, director William Lustig and famous Hollywood character actor Joe Spinell (the Godfathers, Cruising, Nighthawks) set out to create "Jaws" on land by putting the monster inside of a 45-year old loner named Frank Zito.

Frank was terribly abused by his mother and we sort of figure this out early on in the film. The special effects are handled by Tom Savini, fresh off of the Friday the 13th set. Zito wastes no time slitting the throat of an innocent female, then scalping a prostitute in one of the genre's most famous scenes. Spinell has got to be seen to be believed in his role as the sociopathic/psychopathic Frank Zito, adlibbing almost all of his dialogue. The voice of him talking to his abusive mother in a babyish accent continue on throughout the film adding to the utterly dismal and sleazy feel this film gets across. The scenes in the apartment with Spinell and his "trophies" were obvious influences to the directors and make-up artists on the set of "Silence of the Lambs". Savini is also seriously on top of his game here even with the limited budget of \$48,000. We get scalplings, more scalplings, stranglings, stabbings and the classic "shot gun through the windshield and head" scene which still looks convincing even a quarter of a century later. The film even takes a weird twist, showing us that the killer can even muster up enough balls to lure the beautiful Caroline Munro into his morbid lifestyle.

This movie was filmed in 16 mm (same as the Texas Chainsaw Massacre) yet is one of the first films to use Dolby sound, and the soundtrack is a key element in this film, being a mixture of Spinell's incoherent schizophrenic ramblings, minimalist keyboard shit not unlike early Carpenter (Assault on Precinct 13, Halloween) and other horrid sounding bassy rumblings. The screams in this film rival those in "I Spit On Your Grave" and the previously mentioned "Texas Chainsaw Massacre". This whole story was conceived by Spinell who also funded the film with money he made a year earlier in the Al Pacino gay-cop romp "Cruising". His nickname amongst his many Hollywood peers was "Maniac" due to the excessive nature of his lifestyle. It was rumoured Spinell would party for 7 days straight without sleep, then crash for a day or two and get up again going "Where the fuck are we gonna party next man?" This kind of round the clock partying would eventually lead to his early death in 1988.

After making Maniac, Spinell had a hard time getting character spots in the

bigger Hollywood films, although his good bro Sylvester Stallone was able to hook him up with a role in his 1981 cop drama "Nighthawks" with Rutger Hauer playing a psychopath. Spinell didn't give a shit and even made a follow-up to Maniac that still remains unreleased to this day. Lustig went on to make "Maniac Cop" in 1986 with then relatively unknown Bruce Campbell, which flopped. Its sequel "Maniac Cop 2" remains a cult classic to this day, making it as an entry in Fangoria magazine's "the 20 best films you've never seen" book.

Ex-Vietnam photographer Tom Savini got his start in horror make-up in 1972 in the Canadian horror masterpiece "Deathdream" (just released last year on blue underground) followed by "Derranged" a film based on Ed Gein in which Savini came up with some pretty convincing looking cadavers, by 1978 after Friday the 13th he was earning quite a rep as not only a special effects artist, but as a stunt man as well. This is when he was called on by George A. Romero for "Dawn of the Dead" which put him on top. It was cool of Tom to work on Maniac after this. With a limited budget, Savini even took a small role in the film so they could use an already made bust of his head to blow to smithereens with a 12 gauge. Fuck I love that scene! Anyways, Savini would go on doing the same shit, continuing with 1982's brilliant underrated zombie army flick "The Prowler", pitchfork in the titties anyone? Followed by Creepshow, more Friday the 13th, shit the list must exceed 100 by now. His directorial debut, the remake of "Night of the Living Dead" was loved by fans, yet hated by both Savini and critics. He now runs a special effects school in Pennsylvania and is still working in film. He now uses a lot more than flower pots and ketchup (no shit).

No one thought the film would go on to become a midnight show phenomenon. In 1980 if you were trying to apply the bone to some honeypie, a good place to start was by scaring the living shit out of her and taking her to a film like Maniac, The Fog, Friday the 13th, Halloween or Alien.

I remember all of these fuckers playing down at the Nootka or the Counting House, shit, Maniac was one of the first films I rented on betamax.

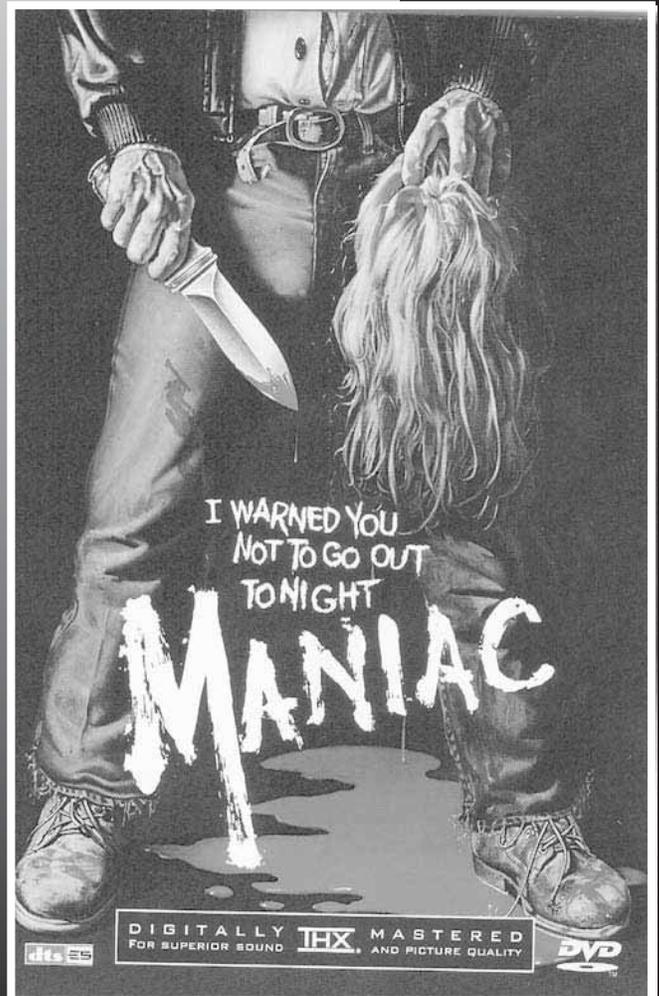
Another key element for making this film such a hit (Siskel and Ebert loathed this film almost as much as "I Spit On Your Grave") was the seriously disturbing poster that accompanied this film to houses all across North America. "I warned you not to go out tonight!" read the caption, beneath it, the bottom half of an obviously male figure holding a knife in one hand and what appears to be the scalp of one of his female victims in the other. Everything about this poster is creepy from the detail in the testicle under the tight denim, to the work boots, to the pools of blood, to the veins in the hands. Topping off this tour de force is

the letters MANIAC in Manson style blood smear. Who the fuck in their right mind would go to a movie with a poster like this if they too weren't themselves a little messed?

The DVD version of this comes with a killer transfer and the sound is crazy with Dolby 5.1. surround sound. The commentary with Savini and Lustig is chopping hilarious and it also contains a gritty one hour documentary on the life and times of Joe Spinell. This movie almost received an X-rating, and was chopped horribly for its Canadian screenings in 1980. Finally you get all the jaw-dropping gore you were once promised. It's pretty hard watching the scene where Spinell tears the scalp away from the unlucky prostitute after hearing Savini brag about twisting his leather Harley Davidson wallet around in a microphone to come up with this uniquely horrid sound. You can order this prick from Anchor Bay Entertainment for about \$23.95. You will also seriously want to have a shower after watching this film, and I'm not supposed to give the end away when all the dolls dismember poor ol' Frank Zito.

Next issue we will be having a nice little chat about a 1978 film called "I Spit On Your Grave". Until then, here are ten of the sickest flicks I've seen in the last little while...

- 1) King Of The Ants
- 2) The Manson Family
- 3) August Underground's Mordum
(Illegal in Canada, toetagpictures.com)
- 4) Terror Firmer (Troma)
- 5) Toolbox Murders
- 6) Beyond Reanimator (A cock fights a rat! Dude!)
- 7) Dracula
-The Dark Prince
- 8) The Latest Exorcist
(where the dogs eat that kid)
- 9) Saw
- 10) Man on Fire



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Mainland Mayhem

By Emily Kendy

NEO NASTIES

Inside Renegade Studios, on Hastings, The Neo Nasties are warming up with a few tunes including "Out Of The Gash" and the definitely-not-a-rock-opera "Thorazine" at deafening decibel levels. Eventually they take a break and I fork over my money to buy their broke asses some beer. Al. E. Trash, bass, and Dyldo, guitar, take off for Pub 340 to get the goods, while Ashtrey explains how close he is to getting his petition complete for Jakhood. He and Al each have petitions for 25 signatures but as of yet the Neo Nasties are of no relation.

Including Erich Von Trapp, drums, this is Vancouver's most notorious punk band, especially after a recent show in Victoria that got a little out of hand. When the other two return they sit in a circle around a tape recorder on the floor of the practice space, amidst cigarette butts and electrical wires. Cans of Kokanee and Old Stock are cracked open as they show off "taser scars" and talk about erm, very little besides an endless stream of bullshit and dry wit. But with this gang of four anything less would be uncharacteristic.

What's the last thing that made you laugh?

Erich: The show at Logan's Pub, that was funnier than Sinbad.

What the hell happened at that show anyway?

Al: Nothing

Ashtrey: What didn't.

Well some guy who works there said he wasn't planning on booking you again...

Al: Yeah Jake from alcoholic White Trash said we're slightly less popular than the Ebola virus.

So the monkey man who went crazy was part of your crew?

Erich: Monkey man?

Ashtrey: Unless they were talking about my monkey, he was out...

Al: Ashtrey's monkey was out in full force.

Ashtrey: We were just playing our songs.

Then what happened?

Ashtrey: We were in a half-circle singing kumbaya-

Erich: I was doing my interpretive dance with my didgeridoo...

Ashtrey: I don't know what happened. All of a sudden there were police everywhere. We got pepper sprayed, we got tasered...

Al: I got tasered in the head-

Dylan: Al got a taser broken over his head that's true.

Ashtrey: there's fork marks there.

Erich: It actually made him smarter.

Ashtrey: I got tasered in the nuts, my pubic hair caught fire.

Dylan: That's why the smoke alarm went off.

Erich: The smell was intoxicating.

Is there anything serious you would like to say about that show?

Erich: "We didn't start that trouble and we certainly didn't encourage it, it was NOT our fault despite what they were saying on the Internet. We were on the stage playing all this shit happened in the audience. I don't feel responsible and apologizing kinda implies responsibility. I feel badly that the guy got his leg busted."

So you guys have trouble booking shows?

Ashtrey: Yes.

Erich: No, not if it's at The Astoria! We have to say Wendy-

Ashtrey: Yeah Wendy (Thirteen) is a Patron Saint-

Erich: What would you call a double saint? There is no such thing...

If your band was a vehicle what kind of vehicle would it be?

Ashtrey: I don't know...that's a good question.

Al: I think about that every day. What would it be? What would it be?

Erich: It'd be an escalade with gold rims and shit!

Al: or like sneaking on the bus...

Ashtrey: Yeah. Sneaking onto the short bus.



How long have you guys been together?

Erich: 30 years-

Al: 33.

Erich: In the fall it'll be 33. What is that the brown anniversary?

I assume you must have a catalogue of CDs then?

Erich: Oh God no! Our songs take a long time to put together.

So when's the first album coming out then?

Erich: I think in October we're actually going to have a record out. Ugly Pop records, it depends on when they want to put it out.

Ok describe the band member to your right.

Al: (about Ashtrey) A nourishing tattooed Care Bear.

Sorry, did you say, "nurturing?"

Al: Nourishing. Nutritional substance.

Ashtrey: Erich Von Nasty is a sick, sick individual that uh, I dunno fuck man he's ah, uh, a...dog fucker.

Erich: Youch, that one hurt.

Al: You're a beautiful man.

Ashtrey: He's a beautiful man with ah, uh...ah...beautiful a beautiful...

Al: soul

Ashtrey: soul...and uh, ah...

Al: a beautiful body

Ashtrey: okay a beautiful body to go with his beautiful soul...

Erich: Dylan my lover, my muse inspiration. The guy who shaves my back but not my front because that's just gross.

Dylan: How can I describe Al? He likes bedtime stories and the smell of crayons.

So your lyrics are: against cops, if your dick was snipped off you'd be sad and the East Side...is that pretty much the Neo Nasties?

Ashtrey: We're a very serious band. Our lyrics are...explosive.

Erich: They're like our children.

Ashtrey: They're like our little unborn...stillborns that we nurture.

You have a really weird one though that's a rip off of a rip off?

Ashtrey: We don't play it anymore...

Al: We have a song called Everything Sucks When You Think You Got Aids and it was a rip off of a (Day Glo Abortions) song, called Christina Bin Laden which was a rip off of Commando, by The Ramones.

What's your pre-show warmup?

Al: We pray.

Ashtrey: We have a circle jerk.

Al: We have a prayer circle jerk

Erich: Dylan forces 18 Ben-Wa balls into my rectum. It sounds funny but it works.

Ashtrey: Gets all the tension out, you know? It's why we're so successful.



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10 Years of URGE and Counting

In early 1995, down what is commonly know to the locals as "piss alley" (Odeon Alley), URGE Tattoos emerged. Headed by Johnny Faulds URGE began recruiting and training some of Victoria's premier tattoo artists and piercers. By turning out high quality custom tattoos and piercing, the popularity of the shop quickly grew. As popularity grew so did URGE and in 1998 the shop was moved to 586 Johnson St.

In 2000 Johnny Faulds decided to expand the URGE family to Edmonton and opened URGE II. With the opening of the new studio, the artists were able to rotate between shops creating a larger customer base. The Johnson St. studio, with its high ceilings and roomy working environment, allows for a relaxing tattoo experience.

Over the past 10 years, URGE has been blessed with some of the best tattoo talent Vancouver Island has ever seen. Today URGE's Victoria line-up is filled with creative newcomers and veteran artists. Headed by Mark "Sparky" Adamson and backed by Jeff, Mataio, Emily, Kim and a qualified piercing staff, URGE can make any piercing or tattoo concept a reality.



Mark "Sparky" Adamson

You wanted the best you got the best! After building a solid reputation over the last 10 years Sparky is regarded as one of Victoria's premier tattoo artists.

I set out to URGE to have my feet tattooed by Sparky while I interviewed him. A little nervous I prepared for him to ink Turbonegro eyes onto my feet. The end result was outstanding and very life like.

Sparky has a very outgoing personality and was anxious to answer my questions:

Criss - What inspired you to begin tattooing? And how did you get into the business

Sparky - As a child I always dreamed I would be covered in tattoos even though I never got one until my mid 20's. In 1989 while having tea with a friend I met a women named Karen Silverman (aka Chinchilla). Karen had just written a book about her life as a tattoo artist. The more stories she told, the more I knew a tattoo artist was what I wanted to be.

Two or three years later through yet another friend I met John Faulds (owner of URGE). I approached John about an apprenticeship and he liked my art, so he took me on at the first location. Now I am the owner and operator of URGE Victoria and John owns URGE II in Edmonton.

Criss - You have inked dozens of amazing pieces in many styles. What style do you consider your favorite and the one you excel in?

Sparky - I really respect Japanese art because of its rigid sense of design. It exhibits a masterful use of positive and negative space. I attribute my artistic success to my versatility, so I don't think I excel in one particular style, as a result that is what pushes me to improve every time I tattoo.

Criss - In light of the latest mainstream popularity of tattooing (i.e. reality TV shows about tattoo shops, celebrities with tattoos), what do you think this has done to the industry, and where will it send it?

Sparky - I think it's a double-edged sword! It will increase my business but will become too commercialized! Along with that, there will be more "Rock Star" tattoo artists (thumbs down). Some people just shouldn't get tattooed and when they view these shows and celebrities, they rush to gain acceptance and get stupid shit with little or no thought. Also the more mainstream it becomes the more likely the education industry will take it upon themselves to offer schooling. As a result this will make it accessible for those with the money to become tattoo artists based merely on their money, not genuine talent. If that happens the government will likely start regulating the industry.

Over the years many respected artists have come and gone from the URGE crew. Despite this the quality and integrity has never been lost. If anything it has been fine-tuned. I should know I have had over 2/3 of my body tattooed at URGE and Sparky is responsible for almost all of my amazing art but don't just take my word for it. Go down and see for yourself!



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Fri. Aug. 5

- Special Ops, Machina, The Intended, Perkins @ Lucky Bar 9pm
- Among The Betrayed, Muffgoat @ The Arch (Vancouver) 9pm
- The Adolescents, The Excessives, The Tranzmittors @ Richard's On Richards (Vancouver) 7pm
- In This Defiance, Liferuiner, A Crow's Glory, Nikloa Tesla @ Video-In Studios (All Ages) (Vancouver) 7pm
- Death Sentence, Neo Nasties, Hot Karl, The Likely Lads @ The Asbalt in the Astoria Hotel (Vancouver)

Sat. Aug. 6

- In This Defiance, Liferuiner, Self Inflicted, Friday Night Murder @ Gary Oak Room (All Ages) 7pm
- One Drop, Grey Army, Cambridge @ Steamers Pub 9pm
- Self Rule, Iskra, Mechanical Separation, Acting Ensign @ 1510 Hillside (All Ages) 9pm
- Lobe, Slave Traitor, Mendoza, Faces of Black @ The Asbalt in the Astoria Hotel (Vancouver)
- Cyanotic, Soulscar, Insipid @ The Brickyard (Vancouver)
- Born Of Ashes, Assimilator, Farsighted @ Pub 340 (Vancouver) 9pm
- Gothic Art Show - Little Fernwood @ 7pm more info @ gothicvic.com

Sun. Aug. 7

- Angel Grinder, Civil Ruin, Devoured Remains @ The Brickyard (Vancouver) 9pm

Wed. Aug 10

- Bury Your Dead, The Gorgeous, A Javeling Reign, Angel Grinder @ Mesa Luna - all-ages

Fri. Aug. 12

- SNFU, L.I.D. @ Lucky Bar 9pm
- Sinned, Musspelheim, Fetal Butchery @ The Brickyard (Vancouver)

Sat. Aug. 13

- Absolute Underfest Day 1 - Grey Army, Sweathogs, Mitochondrian, Beaumonts, Enchanted Faeries, A.W.T. @ Logan's Pub 8pm
- Our Common Struggle, Amazing Lee Possibles @ The Asbalt in the Astoria Hotel (Vancouver)
- Cradle To Grave, Farewell to Freeway, Pureblank @ Pub 340 (Vancouver) 9pm

Sun. Aug. 14

- Absolute Underfest Day 2- Desensitized, L.I.D., Self Inflicted, Switchblade Valentines, Meatlocker Seven @ Big Fernwood (All Ages) 5pm
- SNFU, Removal @ The Boot Pub (All Ages) (Vancouver)
- Ice Cold, Dispute, No Fate, Daggermouth, Jealous Again @ Video-In Studios (All Ages) (Vancouver) 8pm

Mon. Aug. 15

- Risky Business, Step It Up, Hero, War By Other Means @ Venue TBA (All Ages) 6:30pm

Wed. Aug. 18

- At Risk, Crime In Stereo, Life Long Tragedy, Modern Day Fire @ Fifty Fifty Arts Collective (All Ages) 7pm

Fri. Aug. 19

- Daggermouth, Kersey, Open Fire, Mr. Plow @ The Break Away (All Ages) (Maple Ridge) 9pm

Thurs. Aug. 18

- Illuminati, Whitney Houston, From Fiction @ Logan's Pub 9pm

Sat. Aug. 20

- A Javelin Reign, Goatsblood, Limb From Limb, Terror Strike, Who Cares @ The Asbalt in the Astoria Hotel (Vancouver)
- Desensitized with guests @ Sugar

Sun. Aug. 21

- Death By Stereo @ Mesa Luna (All Ages?) (Vancouver)

Thurs. Aug 25

- Hammerfall & Edguy, Into Eternity @ Commodore Ballroom (Vancouver)

Fri. Aug. 26

- Life Against Death, The Video Dead, Kersey, Open Fire @ The Asbalt in the Astoria Hotel (Vancouver) 9pm
- Desensitized, The Joint Chiefs, Cradle to the Grave @ Lucky Bar 9pm

Sat. Aug. 27

- Open Fire, The Video Dead, more tba @ Gary Oak Room (All Ages) 7pm

Tues. Aug. 30

- Switchblade Valentines, and guests @ Lucky Bar 9pm

Wed. Aug 31

- Therion @ Commodore Ballroom

Thurs. Sept. 1

- New York Dolls @ The Commodore Ballroom (Vancouver)

Sat. Sept. 3

- Black Halos @ University Of British Columbia (Vancouver)

Fri. Sept. 9

- Alcoholic White Trash, Neo Nasties, The Hoosgow @ Pub 340 (Vancouver) 9pm

Sat. Sept. 24

- Converge, Terror, Cursed, Mare @ Mesa Luna (All Ages) (Vancouver) 2pm

Monday Sept. 26

- Nine inch Nails, Queens of the Stone Age, Autolux @ Pacific Coliseum (Vancouver)

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absolute album reviews ABSOLUTE ALBUM REVIEWS

JOHNNY COCK AND HIS NUTS: Tear You A New One CD

You gotta love a good scum-rock band. Meatmen, Dayglo Abortions, Kill Allen Wrench... It's just a good feeling to know that there is someone out there sicker than you. Johnny Cock and the Nuts are now apart of that prestigious group. The band plays tight yet chaotic punk rock that'll get you moving and the lyrics just might get you puking a little in the back of your throat. It's not all sleaze though. You also get boozing and Bush bashing for your buck here. Throw in a live set at the end of the disc and call it a damn fun time! -Ty Stranglehold (www.bitchslaprecords.com)

SNUFF: Six Of One, Half A Dozen Of Another CD

Where do I start with Snuff? Well, I was led to them in '94 when told that they shared members with Leatherface. That was enough for me so I went out and got Demmamussabebonk... And then all the other records as fast as I could. Yep, Snuff is one of those bands that can wrench just about any emotion out of me but in the end leave me wanting more and more.

Disc One covers the "Hits" quite well. Well rounded and a good listen. Disc two is the gravy for fans. It's got all that Snuff craziness that we know and love (live antics, wacky covers and just plain good songs) and more. Highly recommended. The whole package is a great way for someone to get into the band, but I would really suggest getting all of the records NOW! - Ty Stranglehold (Fat Wreck Chords PO Box 193690 San Francisco CA 94119-3690)

VARIOUS: Walk The Plank Vol. 1 CD

DISCLAIMER: My band is on this compilation but I won't mention them any further. Here we have a benefit compilation for a member of one of the bands who has Multiple Sclerosis. That is as good a cause as any, as MS is an evil disease that needs to be stopped. On to the music. The first few bands here kind of dashed my hopes for this. Sort of a post-hardcore emo deal. Uhh...yeah. My discouragement was soon forgot when I got to the middle portion of the disc. Bands such as Love Me Destroyer (ex Pinhead Circus), Handy With Shovels, Whiskey Kiss and Sack had me rocking. The majority of this rocks and you can't beat a good cause. -Ty Stranglehold (Mutiny Promotions 301 Thelma Dr. #209 Casper WY 82609)

MR. PLOW: Mad Plow Disease CD

Do you like GG Allin? How about Raffi? Have you ever heard what the two would sound like if mixed together? Enter Mr. Plow! Acoustic punk rock dirtyness that will have you crying with laughter at every turn. Why try and describe it when I can let the song titles speak for themselves. "Crackhead Momma", "Are You Really A Guy?", and "Morning Boner" are obviously love songs while "Officer BJ", "Bitch Slap Me Face" and "Meat Truck Carnival" are just songs about life in East Vancouver. Oh, and bonus points for taking Joey Shithead up on his dare to write a song about him ("DOA"). The best in feel good, scuz-rock acoustichaos! -Ty Stranglehold (Crusty Records PO Box 59, 1895 Commercial Drive, Vancouver BC, Canada, V5N 4A6)

THE ROTTEN FRUITS: Abomination 7"

Holy crap! Did The Evaporators move to Chicago to start a "homocore" band? Seriously, this singer sounds so much like our own beloved Nardwuar The Human Serviette, that it's scary. Rather than sing about cheese addictions, rashes and obscure Canadian historical oddities, The Rotten Fruits sing about being gay, and having sex with skinhead boys.

The record isn't bad, but I just can get past how much it sounds like The 'Vaps. -Ty Stranglehold (Criminal IQ Records 3540 N Southport, Chicago IL, 60657)

HOMBRINUS DUDES/ LOADED FOR BEAR: Split 7"

I'm really not a fan of that crazy, wall o death growly (grind? crust? Who cares?) stuff, so I guess this might be a short review. My first tip off is the Hombrinus Dudes' logo. It's all barbed and all over the place and you can't really read it. I find that in most of my experience, bands with logos like that play tunes that I don't like. Yep, I was right. Loaded For Bear we're already ahead in my books since I could read who they were. They also had funnier song titles ("The Jack Lord Fan Club" and "Machine Powered Orgasms"). They had more song structure and less growl, but at the end of the day, I'm still not a fan. - Ty Stranglehold

CAPITAL DEATH: Carbon 7"

In another review somewhere around here I said that I couldn't handle that crusty, growly grind stuff. I stand by that, but this record brings up an interesting point (to me anyways). How is it that I do like crusty, creamy political hardcore stuff? Both are, for the most part, annoying and unintelligible, yet the latter just seems more, you know, PUNK, I guess.

At any rate, Capital Death play screamy, crust political punk that will suit me just fine when the mood strikes me. Somehow I knew these guys were Canadian just by hearing them. Confirmation came well hidden in the liner notes. Strange. - Ty Stranglehold (Punks Before Profits 537 Caroline St. Rochester NY, 14620)

HIBRIA - "Defying The Rules"

When it comes to power metal, bands that stand out are few and far between. We've all heard the good ones: Manowar, Lost Horizon, Rhapsody, Stratovarius, Iced Earth, etc. And now into the arena of mightiness enters Hibria! This Brazilian quintet output pumping power metal with intense rhythms and epic riffing. The vocals are reminiscent of Cryonic Temple but with more range. Each song is full of catchy hooks and ear-pleasing choruses. No ballads here, just straightforward power! The album opens up with the song "Steel Lord On Wheels" which hooked me in within the first

30 seconds. Unlike bands like Hanker, Manticora, and to some extent Hammerfall, Hibria reach that point where when you just feel the vocals should soar and give out a wail, they deliver it with gusto. The downfall of power metal is these bands where their vocalists can't reach those wailing ranges. Fortunately acts like Hibria are keeping true metal alive! I recommend this band to everyone who digs true power metal. If power metal is your thing, keep your eye on this band. They will surely make it big in the scene.

-Jaron Evil

Pentagram, First Daze Here, Relapse Records

So I have been listening to metal my whole life, I mean really my whole fucking life. My dad was into Sabbath and Deep Purple when I was a kid, so I grew up on the shit. I thought I knew all the old metal, and until about a month ago I figured I knew it all. Then I was introduced to a new album by a band named Pentagram. I had never heard of them before and when I put it on I thought, holy fuck these guys sound like they came straight out of the seventies, they must love Deep Purple. Now for all you little fuckheads that listen to all this screamo shit and think you know it all about metal, your full of shit, you don't know anything. Your head is so far up your ass you'll be able to blow your boyfriend a second time when he thrusts. The seventies are when metal truly became metal, and well fuck me, these guys did it fact form in 1971. After reading up on them, I realized they have been going on and off ever since, and even had the drummer from Raven and Cathedral in the band. How the fuck they never became rock gods is beyond me, but they didn't and here we are today. Apparently someone at relapse records thought the same thing, so they re-released the first five years of the band on this album, and fuck I have been banging my head ever since. For you old fuckers, take Deep Purple, Black Sabbath, Jethro Tull, Uriah Heep, and mix all the good parts together and that's what you've got. For you young fuckers, go buy all those bands albums and then talk to me about metal, maybe I will give a shit then. This album is metal the way it was supposed to be played back in the early days and it fucking rules. Buy this shit and make them rock stars thirty years later. -jay brown



DROPKICK MURPHYS: The Singles Collection Vol. 2 CD - Hellcat

The thing that gets me about Dropkick Murphys is that I think that they are a great band yet find myself annoyed by them much of the time. The band is tight and the songwriting is solid, but I just have a hard time getting by the wishy-washy Irish sthick. I mean, I just can't handle it when a band is ripping it up only to stop and bust out the tin whistle and mandolin. It just kills the momentum.

That said, this record is full of the type of Dropkick tunes that I love to hear. Balls out, sing along tunes that to compliment multiple pints at the local shithole. Strong rockers with a good dose of covers of the likes of CCR, Gang Green and Stiff Little Fingers make this record a worthy listen. Be warned that they do delve into the Irishism a bit here. I guess they kind of have to at this point but it's okay though because it's far outweighed the good stuff. -Ty Stranglehold

BLACK HALOS - Alive Without Control - Liquor and Poker/Century Media

The Black Halos are back after a brief hiatus that saw two members replaced. The new CD was produced by Jack Endino who is famous for producing a long string of Sub- Pop, Seattle grunge-esque bands. This sound on the other hand is reminiscent of the DEAD BOYS, HANOI ROCKS and any other hard rockin' glam punk band you wanna compare them to. I really liked the first BLACK HALOS record. On the second release, THE VIOLENT YEARS, I loved one song but the rest didn't really grab me. This new one however... I'm lovin'. Way more melodic than any of the aforementioned releases. There's a couple IRON MAIDEN/THIN LIZZY type guitar harmonies, as well as some simple few note guitar lines making for a good mix. All the songs essentially rock. I can't really single out one as being the strongest. There's even a TOM PETTY cover at the end. I will say this, BLACK HALOS are way better live. Check them out next time they come around. -WILLY JAK BITCHES



SWITCHBLADE VALENTINES S/T LP

This is a great release and certainly does not come across sounding like a local one. This old school punk/psychobilly outfit has been filling up Logan's and Lucky w/out a CD until now, and this shit smokes. These guys throw in a whole mixture of style from X, Tex and the Horseheads, the Gun Club, the Cramps, Deadbolt, Straycats, and the Meteors to the newer styles of the Tiger Army, Necromantix or Demented Are Go. The songs are all catchy and each is quite different from the next. This is one fine recording courtesy of Scotty Henderson (this guy plows thru as much chronic as Brainless!) and the disc features killer cover art by Jeff from Urge. Go see these guys and start going hard at about 3 p.m. the day of the show. A perfect soundtrack for a puking, drooling, high, horny, violent, tanked-up punk. -Dustin Jak

NAGLFAR - "Pariah"

Naglfar are back with a new album full of blasphemous melodic black metal hymns! This time around the band have a more polished sound, reminiscent of Dimmu Borgir sans orchestra. Naglfar vocalist of yore, Jens Ryden, has left the group and does not lend his voice to this amazing release, however, bassist Kristoffer Olivius takes over lead vocal duties, and doesn't disappoint. A little known fact is that Mr. Olivius is also the lead vocalist for black metallers Setherial!! Anyone who's heard Setherial will know that his voice is quite a worthy replacement for Jens Ryden. The band's new sound is less melodically repetitive than earlier releases like "Vittra". This disc in many ways picks up where "Sheol" left off, but still evolves into something different. When all is said and done, "Pariah" comes across as an aural assault of evil that is a worthy addition to the Naglfar discography, and an exciting new step in the evolution of these metal masters!

-Jaron Evil



the DUANE PETERS GUNFIGHT - disaster records

This is by far the best work this skate punk legend has pumped out, and he has put out a ton of shit with the Exploding Fuck Dolls, The Hunns and the fuckin Bombs! Not to mention this guy still skates pools daily! Oh yeah he also had a kid with Corey Parks. What a busy motherfucker, anyways this line up consists of a few ex-members from some of his bands and boasts three guitar slingers! One being kind of metal, the other being kinda punk rock/guttermouthish and one going the thunders/cheetah chrome route! The lyrics are harsh and all these songs are pretty much the same speed, yet each is quite different moving from Lizzy-esque riffage to full-on Cockney Rejects style street rasp, but still keeping this shit sounding different from the other 3 bands with the exception of Duane's trademark Jonny Rotten bark. Song topics range from cowboys shooting women "gunfighter" to warped tour/mall punk bands in "too sensitive" even going so far as to call Epitaph "emotaph". Thanx for the shout-out to the JaKs team. Even if you are not a total U.S. Bombs/Hunns fan try this shit out, you might find yourself liking it. But a must have for all Bombs/Fuckdoll/Hunn fans.

-al bangya



ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN - Burn Bright, Burn Fast - TKO records 2005

These guys got a fuckin' back catalogue longer than poor ol' Jonny "Wad" Holmes' really big dead dink(it don't shrink when you croak!) This is like album 14? Anyways, they are now stripped down to a four piece and the sound is still extremely powerful. This album is a lot stronger than "The Buzz of a Thousand Volts" or "Annie's Grave" and finds the band returning to the "Listen-Up Baby" or "How To Make A Monster" sound (those fuckin' albums ruled!) Steve Miller handles the lead guitar duties exceptionally well, pulling off a Ross the Boss/Dictators meets "Machine Gun Etiquette"-era Damned style riffage. "Everybody's Dead Again", "Spit It Out" and "Rock City Rocks" will all go down as E.F. classics and the Cars "Candy-O" is executed with razor sharp precision. This is a fuckin' go-get for all fans! And a good place to start if you are unfamiliar with this 12-year old Rock and Roll band from New Jersey who must now have 750 songs out on over 100 labels.

-p.ness



The Rebel Spell, Days Of Rage - Clandestine DIY Collective

Finally, The Rebel Spell have an album that totally does them justice. The first album was good but it just didn't quite get the sound of the band right I thought. If you are a fan of that street punk oi sound you will most probably cream your pants over this CD. The recording quality is great which is a treat for punk rock. Hey Chris, you think the Neo Nasties heard that? The Layout of the CD is pretty fucking cool too, it looks damn professional I must say and I liked reading all the stuff in the book. Solid beats in this one, and tons of really cool back up vocals for you beer drinking punks that love singing along. Hell, I betcha even the straight edge kids like it. For all you D.I.Y. punks out there putting out half assed crap, buy this CD, go home and listen to it, then hang your heads in shame when you realize how good D.I.Y. can actually be with some serious talent and the urge to put out a damn good album.

-jay brown

DEATH BY STEREO – Death For Life Label: Epitaph

This album marks a new sound and dynamic for Death by Stereo. Death For Life is a balance between chaos and consciousness that embraces the extremities of hardcore and the fluid riffs of metal. In this effort the guitars are louder, the drumming is more technical, and the vocals are far more angry. I admire the fact that the band made an effort to release a new album that differs in sound from the last. All in all it shows the growth and versatility of Death by Stereo. If and when they come to your town, I suggest you check them out for they put on a high-energy live show matched by few.

-Criss Crass

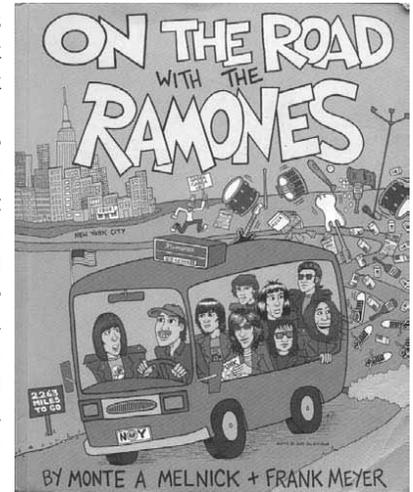
ON THE ROAD WITH THE RAMONES

Monte A. Melnick/Frank Meyer
Sanctuary Publishing, Ltd.

First off I'll start by saying I'm a RAMONES fiend and this is the best thing I have ever seen concerning the RAMONES. Written by their tour manager who was with the band since day one. (2,263 live-shows) Monty saw it all: the arrests, the ODs, the fights, the breakups, the make-ups, the girlfriends, the hotels and the binges. The book is co-written by Frank Meyer, who plays in a rippin band called the STREET WALKIN CHEETAHS. Monty must have been planning a book because he had the good sense to save absolutely everything, from stage passes to visa slips. He photographed them at Stonehenge, Graceland (hellz yeah) and at the Berlin wall with chisels on the night

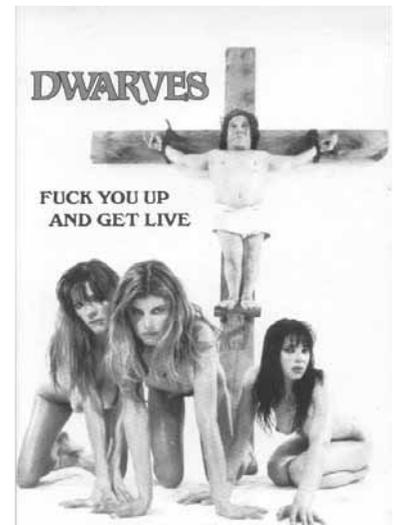
it came down. He interviewed everyone including the elusive JOHNNY RAMONE. There's some craazzy shit between the pages of this book.

-Jack Williams



Dwarves fuck you up and get live greedy

I scored this DVD when I caught the Dwarves live in San Diego this summer at a killer dive called the Casbah. It features a chaotic live set recorded at The Continental in New York. The Dwarves blaze through all their classic gems including "must have blood" "you gotta burn" "unrepentant" and "back seat of my car". The great thing about the live show is that their is never a dull moment and each songs just flows into the next. Blag Dahlia and HeWhoCanNotBeNamed are in rare form as they crowd surf and kick



people in the head. Sextras on this DVD include some wicked Dwarves videos including "bleed on" and "pimp". The picture of the crucified midget surrounded by sexy vixens on the cover makes it a must have. All in all it's 75 minutes of relentless punk rock from the most violent band in the world.

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WEED OLYMPIICS

Special Guest Judges SMOKED OUT BRAINZZZ



JUDGE - MIKE / S.O.B. / GUITAR

TYPE OF WEED	APPEARANCE	SMELL	TASTE	POTENCY	BURN	OVERALL	COMMENTS
HAWAIIAN HAZE	GOOEY STICKY	A TENDER YOUNG FLOWER	THE FIRST TASTE MADE ME DROOL ON MYSELF	SOMEWHAT BUZZED NOT ASCARED YET	ONE LIGHT WE SMOKED IT ALL	THE JOINT WAS FINE I WOULD'NT BITCH ABOUT IT	AFTER THE FIRST JOINT I WASN'T STONED... BUT I SMOKE QUITE A BIT OF POT 6/10
CAT PISS	HAIRY CHUNKS	LIKE THE WHOREHOUSE DOWN THE HALL	PUNGENT, MILD, TAME SMOKE. SKANKIER AS IT BURNS	I DON'T KNOW	IT BURNT	THE PISS PISS GOT FILTHY AND SKANKY BY END OF THE JOINT	I WOULD'NT WRITE HOME ABOUT IT 5/10
HAWAIIAN PUNCH	TIGHT SWEET LITTLE BUTTONS	SMELLS LIKE THE BUSH	SMOOTH WITH A BERRYLIKE AFTERTASTE	NOW I'M BAKED WE'RE LAUGHING HARD HAAA	BURNED DOWN NICELY	I'M STONED AND IT WAS A NICE SMOKE. IT'S GOOD WEED ROLL ANOTHER	NOW THAT I'M MORE HIGH, AND REFLECTING BACK TO THE FIRST JOINT, I WOULD SAY THAT THIS JOINT WAS THE BEST SO FAR BUT I'M YET TO TRY THE GOD 8/10
BLUE TRUCK	THICK AND PLUMP GIRTH	JUICY AND MOIST	A HARSHER TOKE DRY	I THINK THAT LAST JOINT KINDA GOT ME STRAIGHTER, NOT AS BAKED NOW	PUFFY STUFFY AND HUFFY	SORRY BUT IT'S A SHITBOX	BEST BET FOR THE BLUE TRUCK IS TO TRADE IT IN. I HOPE THE NEXT JOINT FIXES IT. 4/10
GOD	LARGER LEAFS WITH CRYSTAL BITS ON THEM	A RECOGNIZABLE STENCIL, I'M GUESSING IT'S GOOD SHIT	BITTER BUT SMOOTH AND EASY	I'VE BEEN SAVED BY THE GOD BUD WORKS WONDERS ON MY MIND AND FAST FORWARD MY SENSE OF TIME	DIG TOES THICK SMOKE WICKED CHOKES FROG GROWS	WICKED HIGH FROM GOD, I GIVE THE BUD A NOD	I'M RIGHT HIGH AND READY TO ROCK 9/10
BASEAMP HERMI	MISSED IT I WAS FIGHTING BRAINZ	SMELLS LIKE A BEAUTIFUL FRESH YOUNG BUD	IT TASTES DAMN GOOD I LIKE IT A LOT	I'M ALMOST TOO HIGH TO WRITE ANYMORE. I WANT TO JAM	HHH	I'M HAPPY WE GOT TO DO THE WEED OLYMPICS	THE AMAZING EFFECTS OF THE MARIJUANA HAS MADE ME WANNA START DOING...



JUDGE - BRAINZ FROM THE AMAZING SMOKED OUT BRAINZZZ

TYPE OF WEED	APPEARANCE	SMELL	TASTE	POTENCY	BURN	OVERALL	COMMENTS
HAWAIIAN HAZE	PRETTY GOOD SQUISHY	SMELLS LIKE STRIPPER FARTS!	SMOOOOTH LIKE BUTTER	HEAD NUMBING	RESIN CARED TACKY TAR	8/10	BODACIOUS SMOKE DUDE. LEFT LEG NUMB. WHAT'S THE QUESTION?
CAT PISS	PRETTY SWAGGY	LITTER BOX	GAGABLE DRY HEAVER	GARBAGE DUMP	BAD CRACK	2/10	I WOULD'NT SHOTGUN HOOT THIS CRAP WITH MY ASS
HAWAIIAN PUNCH	'S ALLRIGHT PASS THE FOLIAGE	MARY KATE AND ASHLEY'S LITTLE MITTENS	PINEY WINTERFRESH	DANK AND DELICIOUS	LITTLE HARSH ON THE LUNG	8.5/10	SIMILAR TO THE HAZE BUT I'M SURE BAKED
BLUE TRUCK	DONKEY DICK	RICH AND CREAMY	STRONG LIKE BULL!	SMART LIKE TRACTOR	SLOW & SWEET	7/10	-DUH-
GOD	POPCORN NUGGETS	U-REEK-AHH	CHOCOLAT COVERED CLITORIS		SMOOTH CRISP CLEAN SWEET NECTAR	999/1000	
BASEAMP HERMI	LITTLE COW CAKES	I SMELL TOAST	ARSE END OF A SKUNK		DUNG CHUNK	4/10	IT'S LIKE HERMAPHRODITE DRIED ON AN AMPLIFIER



JUDGE - MATT / S.O.B. / VOCALS & BASS

TYPE OF WEED	APPEARANCE	SMELL	TASTE	POTENCY	BURN	OVERALL	COMMENTS
HAWAIIAN HAZE	SQUISHED COMPRESSED MIDDLE RANKER	I'M JONESIN' FOR A TOKE. SMELLS LIKE A YOUNG GIRL	THIS WOULD MAKE A LOAF OF SHIT TASTE LIKE PEACHES	SEEMS STRONG. CAN'T SHOOT THESE FUCKERS WHO BROUGHT IT TO ME FOR FREE	IT WAS SMOKING. I WAS HAPPY.	SHE'D BE FINE AFTER 3 BEERS 7.333	NOT A REAL LOOKER. STRONG TASTE, NO PASTE, FIRST HOOT SO I'M LIKING IT. BACKLASH OF CHEMICAL ENHANCEMENT. IT'LL DO.
CAT PISS	TINY SHIT LOOKS LIKE CHEMICAL CRAP WEED	SMELLS LIKE A BABY CURED OUTDOOR. LIMP DICED	THIN AND WEAK. TASTES WINDA USELESS. LIKE AN UGLY CHICK	WHO CARES WHEN THE TASTE IS LIKE A HAIRY ANUS	DIDN'T GO OUT	UGLY, YUCKY NEW GROWER. 5.725	TASTES SLIGHTLY MOLDY LIKE CHALK OR SOMETHING. I HAVE NO RESPECT FOR THIS CHEAP LOW GRADE BUNK.
HAWAIIAN PUNCH	CRYSTAL COUNT IS SOPPING, SHITTY TRIM LUV AT FIRST SIGHT	IF HOOKERS SMELLED THIS NICE, I'D BE BROKE AND HAVE THE ITCH	YUMMY. IF THIS WAS YER MOMMA SHE'D BE GETTING PREGNANT	GETTIN' RIPPED. A BIT THICK ON THE LEFT LUNG. NICE BREASTS	BURNS TOO QUICK	EVEN A FUCKIN RETARD WOULD LOVE THIS	THE FLAVOUR IS A REAL STANDOUT. SOMEONE'S GETTING RICH AS A BITCH OFF THIS SHIT AS FAR AS LOOKS. TASTES LIKE A B GRADE WHEN BURNING
BLUE TRUCK	FIRM, BIG BREASTS MOIST TIGHT GUSTIERING HALLELUJAH!	ALVIN DITCH WEED ORIGINAL SMELL	AND STRONGEST FLAVOUR IF THIS STUFF REALLY IS WEED, I'M STEALING IT	FOURTH FATTY IN A ROW AND MAYBE IT'S STARTING TO WORK. NO ONE MORE	LIKE BURNT POPCORN	I LIKE THE TASTE MARS WEED WITH A TONIC CHEMICAL RESEMBLANCE 6.8	OFF THE GREEN I'D WIN THE RACE TO A BAG OF THIS SHIT. MY BUDDY SAID HE INVENTED THIS STRAIN 5 YEARS AGO. HE MUST BE PROUD TOXICITY IS HIGH. RINSE YOUR WEED BETTER.
GOD	NICELY TRIMMED DUSH ON HER. A REAL GOOD GIRL	LIKE A BIG GIRL ON A DIET AFTER A LONG JOG ON A SUMMER DAY	LIKE A WELL TANNED RHINO DIPPED IN HONEY MARINADE	LEFT EYE DROPPIN TONGUE DRY EYES GETTIN' HELLA RED OK. IT'S OK.	I'VE ALWAYS LOVED THIS STRAIN	SHE'S NEED TO DEERS TO DATE ME. GOOD SHIT. 8.75	GOD BUD IS ONE FLAVOUR THAT IN A BAG CURED RIGHT WOULD KICK YOUR OWN MOTHER IN THE GUNT FOR HER PAYCHECK. THEN SHE'S SMOKE IT WITH THE DAND YUMMY!
BASEAMP HERMI	IF IT'S FREE AND IT'S WEED IT'S FOR ME. I LOVE THIS SHIT.	STOLEN OFF A BUM. SMELLED LIKE SWEAT, CHEAP BEER AND FISH	RIGHT OFF THE WINE FLAVOUR. STILL WET LIKE A TROUT OUT OF WATER.	3 MILLION MEGAWATTS OF PURE POWER. LIKE A YOUNGER BLACK SABBATH ON METH	THIS IS IT!	ONE BUD WEIGHED 269 GRAMS 10	I'VE NEVER LIED ON OR ABOUT WEED. THIS SHIT GOT ME RIPPED AS IF I'D SMOKED 6 DIFFERENT KINDS IN A ROW

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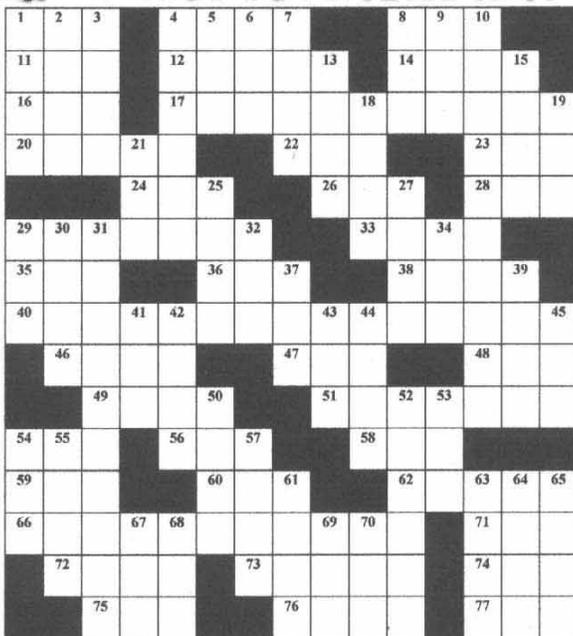
COMICS

HATE SONG

by Fred Grisold



EVIL SERIAL KILLERS



- Across
1. Video Relay Service
 4. Marquis de _____
 8. Electric guitar output
 11. French Luke
 12. Crossdressing cannibal KILLER
 14. sordid act
 16. Pie _____ Mode
 17. The French Bluebeard
 20. Sadistic Gambino Family Hitman Roy
 22. Compass direction
 23. Flee
 24. MSN competitor
 26. Son of _____
 28. Original Gangstas
 29. Ng or Manson
 33. Where all serial KILLERS burn
 35. Amp option
 36. How a slave addresses a male master
 38. Swedish crust core band
- Down
1. _____ The Impaler
 2. KILLER author and biographer Ann
 3. Swindle
 4. Old or New in Hardcore
 5. Beer cousin
 6. Me!
 7. Fucks up
 8. Doogie's peers
 9. Gender of most KILLERS
 10. The Monster of the Andes(KILLER)
 13. Hungarian Vampire and KILLER Bela
 15. Narcotic
 18. 1st name of Joel Rifkin's 1st victim
 19. University News Service
 21. Van Gogh's missing organ
 25. Sometimes it's more
 27. Of medicine
 29. Pussy
 30. Dumfounded remarks
 31. Unsolved New Orleans crimes
 32. Command for Fido
 34. Chop off neatly
 37. Decompose
 39. Dole out
 41. What to do if you see an agent
 42. Henry's KILLER accomplice
 43. Alternative to UHF
 44. Seldom
 45. RAR
 50. Domesticated
 52. Avoids capture
 53. Compass direction
 54. Some BMX and mtb bikes
 55. Former US house leader
 57. Not nights
 61. Puncture with a knife
 63. KILLER Ed
 64. Columbine KILLER Harris
 65. Left an egg
 67. Unagi
 68. KILLER lawyer
 69. Poem
 70. Stop living





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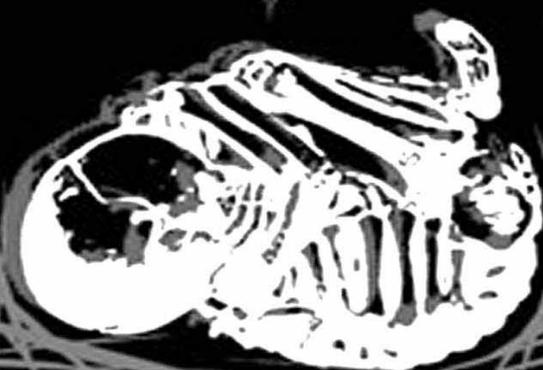
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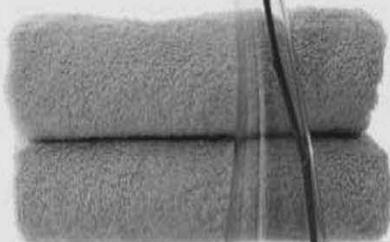
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