THE DAYGLO'S AUSSIE TOUR



APRIL/MAY 2005 - ABSOLUTELY FREE

PUNK, HARDCORE & METAL - THE SCUM ALSO RISES





Self Inklicted







and shitloads more!









LIVE HARDCORE BANDS
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WITH JOHN THE SOUNDGUY

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GHYUR ZK KJOZUSOGB

Absolute Editorial #3

Things are coming together nicely for us here at Absolute Underground. This is starting go be fun! We're getting into a few free shows and people are starting to send in CD's for us to review. We've got a lot of new people pitching in to make this rag better than ever. Emily Kendy joins us from Vancouver and brings with her a very impressive resume (The Nerve, Discorder, Terminal City, Exclaim...). We'll be featuring a different Vancouver based band each issue starting with scum punks the Excessives.

With the new Arena and Rod Stewart having played Victoria, you can just feel that this is going to be a great year for live music around town. I'm always impressed with the turnout and energy of the younger crowds at the all-ages shows. Even if you're old you should go check one out sometime. You might find it invigorating to jump in a circle pit of mohawked fury. It was great hanging out with the crew at Spitfire Tattoo special thanks to Rick and Amanda. Electric Frankenstein was an amazing show and just proves that Victoria gets wicked shows all the time. A big middle finger to the asshole bouncers @ Diego's who wouldn't let me in even though I was on the guest list and then proceeded to tell the headlining act CHOKE to "pack their shit, they weren't going to play." This was after two huge idiots working the door beat up CHOKE's drummer who weighs about a buck ten soaking wet. Since the incident, the bouncers in question have been fired. Way

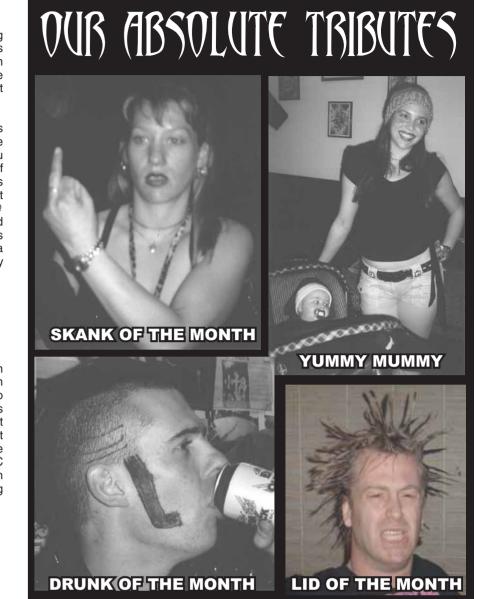
Ira "Horrorshow" Hunter Editor-In-Grief

ABSOLUTE #3

All right here we are again... it's been a blast comin' up with this one. Spent a month in Australia where I saw some amazing bands. This issue we've had a lot more help from the outside. We stepped it up this month by adding even more pages and we've also sprung for some color in the mag. Distribution is pickin' up and Absolute Underground is now being read all over Canada. In fact things are looking up in general, even if that bitch named Anne don't like our mag, but then again what does she know about anything. Anyway, in issue #1 I stated that we wanted to help shed some light on the music scene and I heard from a few people that they went to the ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN show after reading the piece we ran on them, so I guess it's mission accomplished. Big thanks go out to Nick Blasco from Atomique prod for the help getting in touch with STRAPPING YOUNG LAD.

See you in June, suckers.

WILLY JAK
Public Relations Director



LETTERS TO THE SHREDITORS

Hey!

I'm from the NEO-NASTIES and HONG KONG BLONDE and I was asking about shows/reviews and submissions to your mag....

...you've (your mag, I mean) already got a "buzz" here in town probably 'cause we're all a little tired of the NER(D)VE even though we ALL read it.

Dear Wil

The girls at Victoria's Eden would like to put in a request. Could you use softer paper in your next printing. It makes are battered mitts hurt when wiping man jizzim from them. Thanks.

Co-published by Ira Hunter & Willy Jak

Contributing Editor (Right-Hand-Man): Criss Crass

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Man up and send submissions and hatemail to absoluteunderground@hotmail.com or mail it to PO Box 48076, Victoria, BC V8Z 7H5



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LOCALS ONLY

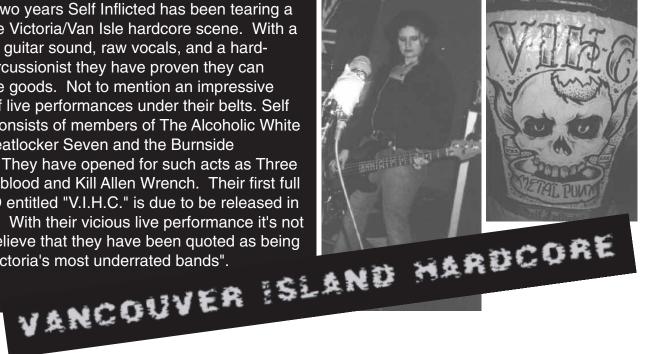
Self Inflicted







For over two years Self Inflicted has been tearing a hole in the Victoria/Van Isle hardcore scene. With a punishing guitar sound, raw vocals, and a hardhitting percussionist they have proven they can deliver the goods. Not to mention an impressive amount of live performances under their belts. Self Inflicted consists of members of The Alcoholic White Trash. Meatlocker Seven and the Burnside Brawlers. They have opened for such acts as Three Inches of blood and Kill Allen Wrench. Their first full length CD entitled "V.I.H.C." is due to be released in mid June. With their vicious live performance it's not hard to believe that they have been quoted as being "one of Victoria's most underrated bands".



Tell us about V.I.H.C. What is it and what does it represent?

Criss Crass - First off it stands for Vancouver Island Hardcore. It represents kind of a community of bands and the kids who come to see the all age's shows. The shows are mostly put on at the James Bay community center, Gary Oak room, Fernwood Community Center and other places that will have us play. Brian of Bruticus Productions mainly puts on the all-ages shows we play, but there are lots of other people putting them on as well not just for hardcore/punk/metal shows. It allows for us to get to play with some really good local bands like AK47, Tough as Nails, Alcoholic White Trash, and War by Other Means. Also the advantage to these shows is that we also get to play with some bigger hardcore bands from the U.S. and eastern Canada giving the kids and us a chance to check out styles from other cities. We do also often play at local bars but I consider the all-ages shows the more rewarding shows for my band because the kids genuinely throw down to every song. So appropriately we have decide to title our first full length CD "V.I.H.C."

Tell us about your new CD "V.I.H.C."

Criss Crass - Like I said it is our first full-length CD. Our first effort was just a demo EP that we recorded very early on so we would have something to promote ourselves with. The whole demo was recorded for about \$300. We recorded it about a month and a half after we started so our sound and line up have changed dramatically since then. This time around we have the addition of my brother (Gene-O) and a new bass player (Sarah) who have definitely made us a much tighter band than I think we were at the beginning. The new CD is pretty much the songs from our demo and about 8-10 new songs. I think the whole band is pretty excited about it. It should be out by mid June.

Tell us more about the members of S.I.

Criss Crass - Well originally we started as a four piece but we thought we could deliver a heavier fuller sound if we threw another guitar player in the mix. So about 3-4 months after we started we recruited Gene-O. He already had a steady gig as guitarist for the Alcoholic White Trash so it took awhile to get him onboard. Ross B ay and I had asked him when we were starting up to join, but he was too busy. So with a little perseverance and time juggling we made it happen. Personally I think it was a very valuable acquisition for the band and has done a lot for our sound and creativity. I guess next up is Ross Bay (guitar). He is formerly of the bands Burnside Brawlers, Subverts and Ted Bundy Project to name a few. Primarily he had written most of the music for the band until Gene-O joined. On bass we have Sarah who I think is an awesome bass player. Her ability to learn and adapt to just the way we act is amazing and that's no easy task. Musically she is one of the most versatile musicians I know. Formerly of The Staggers, The Jizzwailers, and Mudslinger, she plays everything drums, bass, guitar you name it. Lastly we have Lincoln McCulloch on Drums. I often compare him to an expensive watch cos he never loses time. Lincoln was recently recruited by Meatlocker Seven but has also played for Arc Fiend, Black Belt Jones, and Grump. Mikey Brawler a good bro of S.I.'s was our first bass player and he is currently shredding it

Gene - O what do you think your sound and presence has brought to the band?

Gene - O - I think my sound has thickened tha band up a lot, and maybe added a bit of excitement to the songs by putting my own touch on some of the pre existing songs. Also I like to try to make the live shit a little more interesting to watch

On your upcoming CD there are several new unreleased songs, some you haven't even played live yet. What do they show about the progression of the band?

Lincoln - They show just that, "Progression". It is a result of the band being together for over two years now and everyone being more comfortable with each other in the writing process. We are all better players as well, which allows us to write more interesting songs. When a band starts out, there is pressure to get enough material for at least a 20-30 minute set. Once that hurdle is over, you can then somewhat relax about writing music that fits with everyone in the group. So overall, the newer songs are more mature musically and show the progression of our writing style over the last couple of years. We continue to do what we've set out to do from the beginning... add to the growing hardcore/metal scene in Victoria and the surrounding area.

Describe how your live performance sound differs from your studio sound?

Gene - O - I think our live performance isn't usually quite as tight but that gives it more energy. I think you can get away with a few blunders live if you make up for it with an interesting visual experience. The crowd loves it when the band is into playing for them.

Lincoln - Tough question since the CD isn't finished yet, but there shouldn't be much difference between our live shows and the new CD. Why? Well we recorded Ross's guitar, Sarah's bass and me on drums all at once and kept the first take for pretty much all-16 songs (unless we royally screwed one up). Then Gene-O overdubbed his quitar tracks for all the songs. Finally the vocals laid on last. Nowhere during the recording process did we demand perfection from anyone nor did we spend hours and hours retaking parts. So, just like our live show, the CD will keep the subtle mistakes and should have a raw flavor to it (which we like to think of as keeping it real). This should end up with the CD sounding pretty close to our live set with really only one exception, you can replay the CD whenever you want.

Ross B ay - When we play live, we really feed off each other's energy. We get to turn everything up and throw down hard on stage, which was always the idea from day one. Our albums are pretty much extensions of that, usually using the first take on everything and not trying too hard to be something we're not. We won't make a pretty sounding album because we're not a pretty sounding band. We've always said we wouldn't do anything on an album that we couldn't do live, and we've always stayed true to that

$So \, Sarah, what \textit{'s it like being the only girl in a hardcore band, and how does it differ from your}$ former music ventures?

Sarah - It's great. I never have to carry anything heavy... until they read this I suppose. Most of the bands that I've been in, I've been the only girl, so I'm totally used to it, and actually really like it. Really, it doesn't (or shouldn't) matter what gender you are. It's about playing and your personalities. That being said there inevitably is some skepticism out there that you have to overcome being a girl to play this kind of music (hardcore, metal, punk, whatever). Playing with the SI guys has been wicked, and musically this is the band I've enjoyed playing in the most

Twice vou have entered Lucky Bar's Battle of the Bands. What the fuck were vou thinkina as a hardcore band entering a contest like that?

Criss Crass - We just thought it would be fun to enter and maybe show some new people what Victoria's hardcore scene is all about. Plus it also gave us a chance to work with Ira Hunter who writes the "Champions of Hell" comics and does local zombie flicks. He set us up with some blood theatrics, fireworks, smoke and then he made an appearance as one of his comic

What lies in the future for \$1.?

Lincoln - More of the same you've seen from S.I. in the last two years. More material the new CD of course, more live shows new merchandise etc. Also very likely at the least some small outings and mini-tours. Something perhaps up/down the Island and West Cost, and maybe out towards Alberta. Once the new CD is out and people get an idea of the musical direction we're taking, they can expect us to keep heading in that direction. Which is basically just getting heavier and more punishing but with music that is easy to mosh to.

Ross B ay - We're gonna finish recording the new album right now, and we should be ready to get that shit out in around 2 or 3 months. Its' been a long time coming (for us anyway...!) We wrote about half the songs on it starting a year and a half ago for fuck sakes! After that, the plan is to promote it with some shows. We're also itching to get back to Vancouver for a few more shows this summer and kill some mainlanders for a change! Then its' back to the drawing board and get to work on a new one for next year. VIHC!!!!



OH MY FUCKING GOD!

There are two types of bands in the metal world. The type who seek to master an existing genre and those who seek to create their own genre. One listen to the latest release Alien, it becomes very clear that these Century Media shredders are not following any fucking

A 2000 pound laser guided munition to the staid metal world, SYL is calculated chaos. At the same time, careening out of control and marching lockstep. The sound contains impossible drumming via Gene Hoglan (Dark Angel, ex-Death, ex-Testament), thumping bass supplied by Byron Stroud (also of Fear Factory) and the monumental riffage of Jed Simon (ex Frontline Assembly). Add Devin Townsend's furious guitar work, brilliant keyboard/sampling, hateful screams and soaring vocal melodies over this rhythmic carnage and you have a certifiable metal monstrosity. A band with multiple personality disorder, SYL goes from quiet acoustic melodies to full speed industrial carnage... in seconds flat. This is a band unhindered by shifty media campaigns, close minded fans or domineering record executives pushing filtered, corporate rock. The effect of having no limits, constraints or direction would mystify most heavy bands. With Strapping, the possibilities are endless. The result: unpredictable, original music.

Now on the verge of releasing their fourth studio album, Alien, along with tour dates across Canada and America - SYL have reached critical mass. Debuting in 1995 on Century Media with "Heavy as a Really Heavy Thing", Strapping forced the world to take notice. The second release, "City" is a cult classic of epic proportions. It cemented the maddening time structures, electronic sampling and punishing riffs which would serve to establish the Strapping sound. "All Hail The New Flesh", "Detox" and "Oh My Fucking God" still conjure up awe, even 8 years after their release. After this landmark release, SYL was indefinitely put on ice by Devin. He moved to other forms of music, releasing various solo projects on his personal Vancouver based imprint HevyDevy Records. Solo records Ocean Machine, Infinity, Physicist and Terria were all self produced in the six year Strapping hiatus. As if heading up 4 solo albums wasn't enough. Devin also produced and engineered career defining albums for other bands: Lamb of God - As The Palaces Burn, December - Lament Configuration and Soilwork - Natural Born Chaos, just to name a few. Honing his skills in other forms of music would only serve to strengthen his vision.

Fans waited patiently, as the band was neither listed as broken up or active. The events of September 11th, 2001 triggered a flood of rage in Devin and he once again put together the band and set out to write the self titled third album. Released in 2003, "Strapping Young Lad" is the grooviest SYL album to date. Standouts include "Dire", "Relentless" and the unbelievable "Aftermath."

"Aftermath"

...Give us a reason for coming of war / Fighting for Jesus through prices of oil...

Now we are faced with the fourth barrage - Alien - (due for a March 22nd 2005 release.) Side stepping the usual heavy metal cliche traps of satanism, grisly murderous lyrics and stoned apocalypse predictions Devin and co. tackle applicable issues. As in past Strapping releases - love troubles, everyday relationships, self esteem, trendy idiots, birth control, overwork, terrorism, alcoholism, two week vacations and Burnaby provide lyrical ammunition. Musically, things are as intense and precise as ever. Gene Hoglan on drums and Byron Stroud on bass provide perfect rhythm. No doubt the combo is stronger than ever, with Byron picking up new tricks with a Fear Factory album and tour. Gene just gets better. As a whole, the sound is more diverse but still very recognizable. Alien is sure to please longtime fans. Killer tracks include "Possessions", "Skeksis", "Shitstorm", "Landscape" and "Love"

Now SYL take to the road to punish the listener up close and personal. After sharing stages with Nile, Meshuggah, Fear Factory, Napalm Death, Dark Tranquility, Superjoint Ritual, Testament, Entombed, Obituary and Crowbar, they know how to rock you like a hurricane. So if the visions of hammering double bass and blistering guitars fill your skull in dreamland, you had best unfuck yourself and get in the pit... Strapping Young Lad are

Erik Lindholm





Now SYL take to the road to punish the listener up close and personal. After sharing stages with Nile, Meshuggah, Fear Factory, Napalm Death, Dark Tranquility, Superjoint Ritual. Testament Entombed, Obituary and Crowbar, they know how to rock you like a hurricane. So if the visions of hammering double bass and blistering guitars fill your skull in dreamland, you had best unfuck yourself and get in the pit... Strapping Young Lad are



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GHYUR ZK OTO GJJOIZ



It's been close to 5 years since I was last tattooed. I don't know why it's been so long, maybe I was strapped for cash? Was I afraid of the pain? Was I getting old? I remember I was 19 years old when I had my first piece done. I was instantly addicted, and ended up living with a 35 year old tattoo artist for close to a year, having work done weekly. He ended up almost stabbing me to death in a pill and booze enraged fury, but that's another story; let's just say some people like the needle a little too much.

So no more excuses. It was time to man-up, and there's no better way to get back into the swing of things, than by getting your kneecap tattooed. I say bring it on. (Hey, Criss Crass, I go drug free baby. You don't need a prescription to get work done.) I decided I would have one of the characters from my comic book, 'Champions of Hell', The Angel of Death done.

The nicest of the newer shops around town, SPITFIRE (located @ 552 Pandora Ave), is a slick greaser style shop, that has great dÈcor and killer art adorning the walls . Artist Rick Wilson and his wife Amanda are super cool and genuinely friendly. I was highly impressed with Rick's portfolio, blown away actually, especially by the original and stylistic skulls he does. His detail and precision seems to come completely natural, as he usually has more than one image rotating through his head when drawing. This is also extremely helpful for those who would like to know their options when Rick is designing a tattoo for them.

Rick originally grew up in Halifax, but then lived and worked in Calgary for five years before settling in Victoria about a year ago. When asked why, the answer was simple: He was "sick of shoveling his frickin' car

After receiving his first tattoo in Halifax from "some old bike guy", Rick started to think about his own potential as a tattoo artist. He also sites various superhero comic books and artists, as some of his earliest

Rick apprenticed under Steve Peace at Symbols in Strength in Calgary. He told me he mostly learned from watching Steve at work, and later through actual tattooing of friends. Rick tries not to specialize in any one specific type of style. "I don't want to get stuck doing the same thing all the time. I like doing all of it. It's fun just having somebody come up with different ideas all of the time, and just trying to make them work".

Rick and Amanda had struggled to find a place to open Spitfire when they first arrived. One deal fell through at the last minute, and others didn't want to rent to them, solely because of the tattooing aspect. But in the end things worked out, and Spitfire was officially opened in June of 2004.

When Rick and Amanda officially opened, their business got off to a slow start, simply because they were new to the city, and didn't know too many people at the time. But things have been getting better since then, thanks to positive word of mouth. The people who come in seem to already know they have a good reputation for custom work around town. "All of it's pretty much original designs, whether it's mine or theirs. A lot of the time, somebody will bring in their own drawing and then we'll both kind of work on it together. A lot of designs work really well on paper, but not so good as a tattoo, you know. It's all custom. There's no flash at all here. "Rick goes on a mini-rant about how flash works "It's not like it's just one sheet of flash per shop, that same sheet is distributed all throughout North America. So that one design you like, everybody else likes, and there are thousands of them out there, everybody has the exact same thing." Rick is stoked to not be working in a shop without flash, and finds the custom requests to be more challenging. "Everyone who comes in wants some really cool stuff. I think Victoria is known for having eccentric people and independent thinkers and it's showing up in the tattoo I've been asked to do."

There were some wicked tunes blasting in the shop while he worked on me. Murder City Devils, Social Distortion, Rancid, Tiger Army, Electric Frankenstein, Reverend Horton Heat, Slayer, Johnny Cash, Motorhead, Tom Waits, Supersuckers. Rick also likes bands like and the old rockabilly stuff like Johnny Burnett.

Rick runs Mickey B's, Time Machine and a couple of Mack Braggs

Rick did all his work standing up while I laid down on his medical examiner's table with the white butchers paper on it. I'm just glad he

In the end it was a great experience and has definitely revitalized my

Give Spitfire a shout @ 381-4471 and tell them Absolute Underground sent va











Upcoming Gig Listings powered by

GET OFF YER ASS AND CHECK OUT THESE SHOWS!!!

Apr. 7 - King Bong, The Hoochy Girls @ Vertigo UVIC
Apr. 8 - Rockabilly Burlesque Show, Fluffgirl Burlesque Academy, Switchblade Valentines @ Lucky
Apr. 8 - Armchair Cynics, Blue Mundae, Another Day Lived @ Diego's
Apr. 8 - Moneyshot, Rod Iron Haulers, Zappnin Black @ Steamers Pub
Apr 10 - Victoria Comic Book Show - Silver Threads Hall 1728 Douglas St. Victoria
Apr. 10 - Ion Dissonance, Premonitions Of War, Despised Icon @ The Boot Pub
Apr. 11 - Ion Dissonance, Premonitions Of War, Despised Icon @ The Brickyard
Apr. 12 - Ion Dissonance, Despised Icon, Self Inflicted @ Lucky Bar
Apr. 12 - Motorhead, Corrosion Of Conformity @ The Commodore Ballroom
Apr. 14 - Rod Iron Haulers, Huged Inc., Where's Veronica @ The Upstairs Cabaret
Apr. 15 - The Rebel Spell, Sound City Hooligans, Secondstall, Harmless Heros @ Pub 340
Apr. 15 - Into Eternity, Explosive Bage Disorder, Meatlocker Seven @ Lucky Bar

Apr. 15 - The Shivs, Lupus @ The Asbalt
Apr. 15 - Into Eternity, Explosive Rage Disorder, Meatlocker Seven @ Lucky Bar
Apr. 15 - King Bong, Phat Tank @ Steamers Pub
Apr. 16 - Tough As Nails, Friday Night Murder & guests @ James Bay Community Center
Apr. 16 - Motley II @ Sugar

Apr. 16 - Into Eternity, Crackwhore, Soulscar @ The Brickyard (Vancouver)
Apr. 16 - Rise Against, Alexisonfire @ The Commodore Ballroom (Vancouver)

Apr. 16 - Hise Against, Alexisonfire @ The Commodore Ballroom (Vancouver)
Apr. 18 - Greg Macpherson, Leeroy Stagger @ Lucky Bar
Apr. 19 - SNFU, Shivs, Married To Music @ Lucky Bar
Apr. 20 - Blackie LeBlanc, Kytami @ DV8 (Vancouver)
Apr 20 - One Drop, Moneyshot, One Shot Left @ Diego's Night Club
Apr 22 - L. I.D's Tenth Anniversary show!!! W/ The Shivs & The Hooded Rats @ Logan's Pub
Apr. 22 - Pushing Up Daisies, One Shot Left, Eight Bit Dream, Moneyshot, Counting Heartbeats @
Fernwood Community Center

Apr. 22 - Black Mountain, Frog Eyes @ Lucky Bar

Apr. 30 - Splatter, S.I.C.K., Enchanted Faeries, Desensitized @ Logan's Pub Apr. 30 - Ron Jeremy (The Hedgehog) @ The Blue Pearl May 6 - LOWER CLASS BRATS, Clit45, THE DRAFT @ The Astoria Hotel (Vancouver) May 8- Agnostic Front @ The Mesa Luna (Vancouver)

May 11 - No Means No @ The Mesa Luna (Vancouver)
May 13 - Belvedre, High Five Drive, The Resistance, 5 Days Off (Belgium) Big Ferwood
May 14 - The Vibrators, Emergency @The Astoria Hotel (Vancouver)
May 14 - Strapping Young Lad, The Agony Scene, Reflux, Misery Signals @ The Commodore
May 14 - D.O.A., Hong Kong Blonde, R.O.S., The Bad Amps @ Seylynn Hall (North Vancouver)
May 15 - The Vibrators, Gutter Demons, Alcoholic White Trash @ Lucky Bar

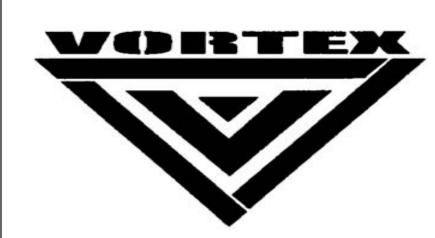
May 20 - Big John Bates and the Voodoo Dolls @ Lucky Bar May 23 - Grant Hart (of Husker Du), The Doers, The May Kings @ Lucky Bar May 28th - The Third Annual Noise! Festival @ fifty/fifty

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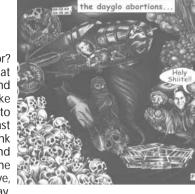
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absolute album reviews ABSOLUTE ALBUM REVIEWS

DAYGLO ABORTIONS Holy Shiite GOD Records

How long have these guys been doing this for? Seems like I was about 14 when I first heard "that song about dog fartz". Now I'm all grown up, and these guys are still writing songs that both make me laugh, and wanna push the guy beside me into the guy beside him, etc. Some bands try to last forever, riding on only their old songs. Just think about all the old punk bands that tour around with the one original member, playing the one album worth of good music they used to have, \ \ and really just depressing everyone along the way.



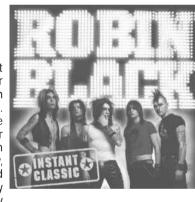
The Dayglo's are relatively in tact, or have made excellent replacement choices, and are not only ripping up the old shit, they're busting out new shit that can dislodge George W's butt plug and launch it all the way to North Korea! All ass kissing aside, I was hooked on this album the first time I heard it, and would say that it's the catchiest Dayglo album ever, and with songs like "Everyone Hates Christina Bin Laden" and "Lets Get Drunk" there's plenty to sing along to.

Everything about this album is pure Dayglo's. From the name "Holy Shiite" to the last song "Fuck The World" it is pure uncompromising Punk Rock that'll take yer little sister into the closet, commit unspeakable acts on her, and then swear she told him she was 18 all while chugging your last beer. This album tackles all the issues relevant to society right now. They discuss Wacko Jacko's little "indiscretions" and Vince Kneels's intense lameness. In fact if it weren't for the Dayglo's albums I wouldn't know anything about current affairs. But it's not all fun and games; there are some serious punk songs about getting laid, and spending too much time with yourself in the bathroom while your wife

With riffage to spare, and the tag team slander of Jimbo, and Murray this album has it all, but what rules the most about this ablum is that it re-affirms the Dayglo Abortions position as one of the great punk bands of all times.

ROBIN BLACK Instant Classic Venus Records

I scored this CD after hanging out all night blazing rockets with Robin Black's guitarist Killer Ky. He was so excited to have worked with legendary producer Bob Ezrin on this album. Ezrin has produced such gems a Pink Floyd The Wall, KISS Destroyer and tons of Alice Cooper classics. So knowing that, having just seen them play an entertaining attitude fueled live show, and with a title like "Instant Classic", I had extremely high hopes for this album. Heavily influenced by the New York Dolls and Johnny



Thunders the first few songs are pretty rockin' but then the album falls apart with a barrage of Motley Crue "Home Sweet Home" style ballads. None of Robin Black's egomaniacal attitude of his live performance comes across in the vocals. I do like the era of rock they are trying hard to reinvent but I like Flash Bastard better as far as throwback bands go. About half the tracks have balls but overall it's missing the edginess I like. I did find myself humming along to a couple songs but overall this album was definitely produced on the safe bubble gummy side. Not to say that will stop me from going to check them out next time they play live because the were a fucking blast and totally

THE DEAD WILL RISE "Kill Or Be Killed" **Independent 2005**

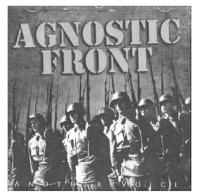
For a first time out, this demo CD by Calgary's The Dead Will Rise is a pretty good effort. However, don't make the mistake of thinking that the band's name has anything to do with the Terrorizer song, "The Dead Shall Rise". Not nearly grind enough for that. The Dead... are a band singing about zombie flicks to music that's a cross between death metal, thrash and a bit of hardcore elements with a couple songs that seem to have some Iron Maiden-esque riffs. The performance



on this disc sounds a little sloppy at times and seems to have a live off the floor feel as opposed to separate tracks. Also the drums could be louder in the mix, especially on the few blast beats on this recording (hard to hear everything the drummer does on the blasts except on the one part where there are no other instruments). I got to see TDWR live at the Asbalt and I've got to say that live they were much more intense, tighter, etc. Still, for an initial effort, pretty good. Check them out at www.thedeadwillrise.ca

AGNOSTIC FRONT Another Voice

Listen up, sissies! In a world saturated by fake punk garbage the Godfathers of NYC Hardcore have put out another album, showing wannabes how it's done. "Another Voice" was produced by Zeuss (Hatebreed, Shadows Fall) and Jamey Jasta (Hatebreed) and is said to be the group's meanest" and "nastiest" offering to date. couldnít agree more. The lyrics are fueled with calls of pride, unity and respect at any cost. There are tons of gang vocals and solid heavy guitar riffs usually more signature to Vinnie Stigma's "Madball



sound". At any rate the guitar sound gives the album a more punk metal crossover sound. The Enhanced CD includes a band performance and a guest appearance by Jasta Special guest vocal appearances on "Another Voice" include Scott Vogel (Terror) and Karl Buechner (Earth Crisis, Freya). Agnostic Front has always been the mark of the true N.Y.C sound, but for them, this is on a completely different level. -Criss Crass

XASTHUR Telepathic With The Deceased Moribund Cult Records

"Dark art for the Satanic elite" is a very apt statement for this piece of black metal mastery. Xasthur is part of Moribund Cult Records' unholy trinity: Leviathan, Draugar, and Xasthur. And just like Leviathan and Draugar, Xasthur is a one-man black metal band that plays the same type of raw, overly atmospheric American black metal. This album is packed with evil goodies. The album opens with the ambient intro, "Entrance Into Nothingness", which perfectly sets the mood for the rest of the album. After the intro, when the first



track of pure black metal assault kicks in, my the main complaint I have is that the production is a little too raw. The volume of the track should be louder to really rip the istener a new one. Instead it comes in fierce, but as a quieter recording. (Picture Darkthrone's Transylvanian Hunger coming in after an Opeth-quality intro.) It just doesn't assault the senses as it should. That being said, the album as a whole is spectacular. Xasthur is very Darkthronian but laden with keyboards and swirling ambience. The songwriting is very much like Leviathan, and the sound is very similar, but Xasthur deliver something more a little more artistic while Leviathan is a bit more heavyhitting. Xasthur has a very ambient drone that should appeal to "true black metal" elitists. The safest recommendation I can make is if you liked Leviathan's "Tentacles Of Whorror", then "Telepathic For The Deceased" should be a high priority on your grocery list. I'd even go as far as to say that the influence of Mortiis-era Emperor can be heard in the music of Xasthur. In short, this disc kicks ass, though if you prefer the whole new wave black metal thing like Dimmu Borgir or Cradle Of Filth, you'll probably dislike this release. If a very raw production is your thing, this album will be one of your new favorites. I personally love both styles of black metal, but this albums style of raw is just the right amount of muddy, but the overall mix is a tad too guiet. But hey problem solved if you got a volume dial

The black metal scene may have its foundation in Norway, but the black metal revival has begun in the SF Bay area with the likes of Leviathan, Crebain, Draugar, and the very worthy Xasthur. Thank you, Moribund Cult! -Jaron Evil

MONEYSHOT **Cowboys and Angels** Independent

Moneyshot's new album "Cowboys and Angels" is definitely a step back for this local Rock and Roll band. The album is a disappointment for those fans who hoped they might stray as far as possible from the typical over-done radio-punk style and go heavier. Their last album Amped was pretty rockin' and left me hoping Moneyshot would take more of a punk rock approach to their next album. Unfortunately, Cowboys and Angels is plagued by cliché cheesy pop songs which have a somewhat



hopeful country twang that left me covering my ears. However...on a more positive note, Moneyshot's distinctive sense of unity among the band members and their overwhelming amount of on-stage energy, makes them one of the best local bands to see play live. And although this harmony continues to shine through on their new album their choice of tracks was somewhat regrettable. While I don't recommend running out to buy their new album, I do recommend seeing this band next time you are looking for an enjoyable show. How many bands give out a free CD at their shows!?! -Goody Two-shoes

SEND US YOUR CD'S FOR REVIEW! Mail your CD in Duplicate to: PO Box 48076 Victoria, BC V8Z 7H5 or Send CD Reviews to absoluteundergroundreviews@hotmail.com

HOLLYWOOD HATE **Product Of Our Environment TKO Records**

This is one rip-roaring hardcore album from start to finish Think Poison Idea, Wasted Youth, Battalion of Saints all topped off with Scotty Wilkins out of the legendary Verbal Abuse on the mic! This guy sang for Electric Frankenstein between 96-97, and his voice has not aged a bit. Killer O.C. style surf-leads litter this punk train wreck. Try to picture a meaner, tougher version of the Adolescents. Another cock-cruncher from TKO records. -Deez Nuts



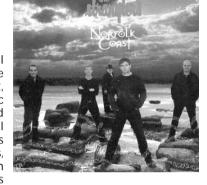
RIVER CITY REBELS **Hate To Be Loved Victory Records**

This puppy just could be a taker for cover of the year!!! See for yourself! Those are chick's heads! Anyhoo! This is rock and fuckin' roll produced by Syvain Sylvain of The New York Dolls. These guys roar through 12 songs with a huge mix of style from The Cars to The Clash from T-Rex to The Specials. This is something fun. These guys even have a trombone player and a sax player that admits he can't even fuckin' play. This looks like a fun band to be in and the lead singer Bopper looks like nuthin' but trouble Includes a great cover of The Dolls classic "Don't Mess With Cupid"



THE STRANGLERS Norfolk Coast

Doug Donut told me this was good and he is nuts, but I picked it up anyway and shit was he right. This finds the original "MENINBLACK" back making the same violent, swirling, rumbling, haunting noise that they called music back in 1978 when they hung out with strippers and Hell's Angels, were addicts, drunks, brawlers (JJ Burnell holds a 5th degree black belt) and shouted anthems about beating spouses, beating anyone in general, rats, young girls, real young girls, and shagging anything with a pulse. The heavy up-front bass assault is what makes



this CD, it's not unlike the NoMeansNo sound, Dave Greenfield's keyboards are quite bearable and singer Paul Roberts does an amazing job at capturing Hugh Cornwall's 1976 style. Toy Doll's axeman Baz Warne tears through these tracks without taking away from the keyboard-bass formula. And let us not forget that powerhouse drummer, Jet Black, is the oldest player in punk music. He's now in his late 60's! If you did not like anything The Stranglers have done since 1983, seriously give this a try. This shit still hurts your balls 30 years later! -Oxy Moron

BACKYARD BABIES Liquor & Poker Music/BMG

The American debut of Sweden's Backyard Babies is finally here... about 8 years in the fuckin making and this is some hard-pure shit! These guys huck in a mix of Hanoi, GNR, Social D (who they are on tour with as you read this) and the old school of shit like Thunders and the Pistols and come out winning with a sound all their own. Scorching leads and two lead singers make this one serious fuckin euro-treat! There are cameos by L7, Ramones, Turbonegro, Dictators, Hanoi Rocks, and



Rancid. Choice! And to top this mofo off, ya get a killer 16track Liquor and Poker sampler w /tracks by these dudes, Crash Kelly, Dirty Americans, Nebula, Hellacopters, The Bones, Hanoi Rocks (first new shit in over a decade!) Brand new Sin and a new one from The Black Halos that is a good indication that their new LP is gonna burn the depends right into grama's crotch! Why are you still reading this and not on your way to the record store choch?

BLEEDING THROUGH This Is Love This Is Murderous

The album is entitled, "This Is Love This Is Murderous"... I kinda like that, makes me think of Valentines Day with the Manson family. I saw this group open up for Cradle Of Filth awhile ago, and I had never heard them when they took the stage. By the time the night was over I had the CD and a new favorite band. I fucking love this band, I should just write a page of that over and over again and call it a review. Looks-wise, they crack me up. Picture if you will. Hot Hot heat crossed with the Misfits... EVIL EMO!!!!!!!!!!! Evo, if you will. But you sure don't hear that on the album, this is fucking screamo style metal taken to a



whole new level. Kind of in the same vein as Himsa, whom I also love but a few steps up the ladder. Serious fucking talent here, and it shines through on the CD. Gonna end up being this bands Swan Song... I don't know how they could do better, unless maybe I listen to it again with a hooker and some cocaine. Maybe two hookers and some Viagra.

HOLLOW GROUND Cold Reality

O.K., I love hardcore so I guess I am kind of biased. But even I would be willing to admit that there are a lot of generic boring hardcore bands out there Maybe they just need to stop putting X's on their hands and start up a GG Allin cover band. Now there's a mental picture for ya. All right back to reality, I went to see these guys last week and of course the P.A. crapped out right after the local bands had finished playing so I stood there for a half hour waiting and eventually got bored and wandered home to my X-Box. Of course the P.A was fixed about five minutes after I left, and



apparently they ripped the place up. I did buy the CD before I left though, supporting the touring bands and all ya know. So I put it in the CD player the next day and was just fucking stunned... these guys are fucking awesome. Go to New York, or Boston and find me a band that good, you will have to search pretty fucking hard. Slick riffs, seriously talented musicians all around. Great vocals, and a great quality recording. The CD is called, "Cold Reality", six tracks of kick you in the fucking teeth hardcore straight out of Winnipeg. Maybe we can convince them to shitkick Robin Black when they get home. -Jay Brown

BLACK MOUNTAIN

All righty, for those of you that have actually been around long enough to remember punk rock back in the beginning of the Eighties, you will remember a band called Jerk Ward, then a while later a speed metal band called Mission Of Christ, and over the years a slew of other bands, Onion House, Gus, Jerk With A Bomb, the list goes on and on. That is the history of Steve McBean, and there are very few musical artists out there that can list that many great bands under their belts. Having been in the



audience watching him play since the early Eighties, it has always been a pleasure, the talent there is impressive to say the least. Since this is about the band and not a Steve ego stroke I will get on with the band as a whole. Eight tracks of pure genius, let me try to give you an idea of what you are going to get... this is where the music genre Nazi's are going to crucify me later. Picture if you will, Neil Young, crossed with the Pixies, with maybe a little bit of old folky Bob Dylan in there... and then get them all high on acid and make them listen to Jesus Lizard over and over again. Go to their website check this out, www.blackmountainarmy.com. Next time they play a show, go and support them, buy their shit, tell your friends, spread it to the masses motherfuckers. -Jay Brown

ABSOLUTE DVD BEVIEWS

RAMONES End of the century D.V.D. Rhino/Sire

It's hard to talk about early punk without mentioning the RAMONES. These guys could hardly give away a record in North America but caught fire in the U.K. where they inspired loads of other bands who quickly surpassed them in record sales.

Basically these guys are to punk rock what Betsy Ross was to the American flag. And with "End of the Century" these guys finally get some of the respect they deserve. Chronicling the band from its inception to its end, with all the chaos in between.

Dee Dee wrote the gutter poetry, Joey, the the tunes about being crazy (because he



Johnny didn't write shit but ran the show with an iron fist. Then there's Tommy, the original drummer

Tommy's relationship with the RAMONES is similar to Brian Jones's role in the ROLLING STONES; both were integral in the early days

and once they were gone the band soared to enormous heights. Tommy wasn't forced out, like Jones was from the Stones, but his absence seemed to confound the other members.

Killer extra features too including a interview with Joe Strummer.

This movie should be seen by more than just RAMONES fans. It's a historical document that provides a glimpse into the past as we witness the birth of an American art form

DogTown & Z-Boys springs to mind... remember how people who didn't even care one way or another about skateboarding loved that movie?

Also it was only \$16.99

- JAK STFAM

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ABSOLUTELY LIT

Big John Bates/Voo-Doo Dolls with Switchblade Valentine @ Lucky Bar Jan 14

Humph... Well it was a full house of greasy guys with tattoos, scary for an innocent bystander like myself. Still, Ben was serving beer and highballs in GLASSES... yes GLASSES... not plastic cups like at the punk rock shows he puts on. So even though the tattooed greaseballs looked mean, they were all gentlemen and no glasses were thrown. An ugly swab of freshly URGE tattooed guys from Vancouver showed to support Mr. Bates and maybe pick-up a few car parts from the WAY BACK GARAGE as well as pick-up a few of the local women. It was nice to chat with the owner of BEALE KUSTOMS in Vancouver. It's another fine place to get your old school auto restorations done. Whew... how's that for shameless advertising!

The first band was The Switchblade Valentines, who are probably Victoria's only greaser Rocka-Billy band and they do a damn fine job. The drummer ripps and really looked like he was enjoying the music he was playing. The singer belted out the songs, going from emotional to country to rockin. The stand-up bass player slapped it just fine but did anyone check his ID at the door? It's nice to see a Rock-a-Billy band based in this town.

The Big John Bates band came on stage and executed a Big John Bates style set of billy, surf, soft cell, ac/dc, toe tappin music. The Hugh Hefner cigarette smokin drummer played with a flat drum style that was quite unique to watch. The stand-up bass playin good lookin lady was smiling the whole time... still more proof that if you like the music your playin "Smile". Then about the third song into the set the Voo-Doo Dolls came out and danced to John's music. Hey, did anyone ID these girls at the door? Anyway, they were good at the TEASE and just when you thought you were going to get a peep they left the stage with their pert unmilked breasts. It was fun and all in all I had a good evening with good music.

I reckon it's safe to serve drinks in glasses at Rock-a-Billy shows when the music is good and the tattooed greasballs are wimps... Man, am I ever gonna get it the next time I go to one of these shows -ehl

RULE 62 bros.... ha ha ha

- YOKO ONO

Tegan & Sara at the McPherson Theater. Feb 3

What the hell was i doing at something like this??? An old scumbag punk like myself landed two tickets to this show and I knew nothing about this music. A twinkle in my wife's eye said get a babysitter and let's go check this theater event out... it'll be fun.

Well ifn' I was a few years younger I might have noticed the large crowd of beautiful women that was at this show... but I didn't. It made me wonder if this was maybe a lesbian show... No... it was an alt-folk/pop concert man, a pop concert! Tegan & Sara: The livevic website totes them as alt-folk. O.K. These twin girls hail from Calgary and have a handful of music under their belts to show. 4-5 CDs worth. The merch lady says theys gettin good radio play too.

So now we have a venue like the McPherson with a sitting only situation. Yikes... music is for dancin' ain't it? The crowd was well behaved and I smelled no stinky smoke or saw anyone being bounced out for being too drunk. In fact nearly everyone stayed in their seats and just enjoyed the music. The big headed guy sitting in front of me never moved once the whole show... I wanted to poke him to see if he was alive.

The first band was a three piece called Lindy. Acoustic guitar ridden vocals leading into full finished endings kickin' in with a red headed bass player and drummer. The lights really added emo to this band and one time I'm sure the bass player and drummer where wooed to tears in the blue light as the front man sang his song. This was nice music and the singer is from Victoria. I think of acoustic guitars mostly being played in front of liquor stores... so if Lindy was playing in front of a liquor store it would be a more classy one like the one in Oak Bay. They were good. (remember I'm just an old punk eh)

The crowd started screaming and cheering as the Tegan & Sara band took to the stage. Whew these are good lookin sisters and their music is as equally good sounding. There is a sea of girl bands out there but for some reason these girls had a little something to make them be noticed a bit more. Face it... this was a sell-out show so they must be doing something right musically. I did enjoy them and their between song banter did make me laugh a little. It was good and they played to a more than satisfied crowd that cheered so loud in between songs that I had to plug my ears. This is just the start of their tour and I'm sure they will have a bigger fan base when the tour is over.

In closing I will be returning to my safe dancefloor this weekend when the Dayglo Abortions take to the stage and dancing isn't governed by people with mics in their ears. Alt-folk/pop is good but sometimes anarchy can be good too.

"If You missed Acting Ensign You're a Fucking Idiot" Acting Ensign, Cambodia, Trial vs. Russia, Married To Music: March 18th, The Asbalt

Coming over to Van for a show or two is always a great time, there's something about hopping on that ferry and leaving Victoria behind that never fails to make me feel liberated, even though the Spirit of Vancouver Island is no USS Enterprise but instead an aging hunk of metal with no warp capabilities. Acting Ensign, cosmic gore hailing from Victoria, have played a handful of epic shows in the now defunct Burnside Basement. I decided to trek over to the Asbalt, in the heart of East Van. to catch the first bar show that these butt rocking stoners were playing, and man did they ever rock my butt. Complete with pink federation uniform manskirts circa The Next Generation season 1, plenty of up the skirt sac shots, a Klingon bust, and an episode of The Next Generation playing on the television. With amazing samples and

killer use of an EA1 Analog Synth, Acting Ensign in their 2 song/25 minute set delivered an amazing progression from mere stoner rock to an epic crusty grinding space odyssey. They transcended the Star Trek schtick and took the set to a different level than I'd previously seen.

Up after Acting Ensign was Cambodia, a 3 piece of vast, mind blowing doom from Vancouver featuring members of Ten Miles Wide, Mendoza and Goatsblood. In the break between bands a large gathering of showgoers had gathered in the parking lot to expand our minds with some good old THC so I was particularly open to the intensely driven set that Cambodia played. Combining great sludgy riffs and solid building rhythm Cambodia were 30 minutes of pure aural orgasmic bliss along the lines of Isis. They grabbed me with the first riff and didn't

Next up was Trial By Russia, an instrumental experimental mathcore 3 piece from Vancouver. They were amazingly technical and precise. The rhythm section was so deliberate and calculated. They led you along but they were so controlled and their timing was fucking perfect. It was like being on the verge of blowing your load the whole time they played. I was very impressed with the exemplary musicianship and timing of Trial by Russia. They aren't something that I'd often find myself getting into (I prefer most everything kinda sloppy and outta control) but my appreciation for the skill involved, after watching this band play has

Married to Music finished the night off with an extremely high-energy, near new-wave sound. With jangly guitars, balls-in-a-vice vocals and some poppy riffs I even pulled out my retired HotHotHeat inspired dance moves for a few songs. They were very engaging to watch, with great moves, crowd interaction and a super tight sound but weren't quite what I was looking

This show was the highlight of my trip to Vancouver, I enjoyed the diversity of the bands and the turn out was better than I expected for a non crust-punk show @ the Asbalt Keep it sleazy.

-bumsexien

Tsunami Relief @ Diegos... Feb 12th, 2005 Switchblade Valentines, Bettylou Bombshells, and The Rod Island Haulers.

Whew... first off it was really cool to see a turn out of some of the original Street Machines Unlimited car club guys. It's been 17 years and us Queers was talking about a full blown reunion at the twenty year mark. Even Jerome was there, Victoria's original greaser, since he moved to Vancouver about twenty greasers have taken his place. But that's what it takes, twenty guys to replace an act like Jerome! Anyway, the Diegos was full of grease and tattoos. Diegos is a strange venue. Diegos is not really the venue for this sort of event. Still it went

The Switchblade Valentines are a Rock-a-Billy band and the sound man probably has never heard Rock-a Billy..... The band played good but if'n you can't hear the slappin stand up bass, you loose a serious element of your rockabillity!! I like the Valentines and have to say Victoria has been long overdue to have a Rock-a-Billy band of their own and these greasers are it!

The Bettylou Bombshells then took to the stage and alls I can say is SEXXXYY. I'm sure during wartime men dreamed of ladies like this all day and night. The music pulsed away as the two vixens teased and danced their way to a near climax. This was burlesque and it is a totally different thing than what goes on in the basement of Diegos. The Bombshells leave more to the imagination and I think that's tastier

The stage smoked and the DJ introduced the Rod Iron Haulers. It's Rock and Roll baby. This is one heavy sounding band and they grind away a music that should make the crowd go off... but they didn't really. Their was a little scuffle and the bouncers where in there like dogs to arse. The Haulers are a dangerous looking lot of guys but they played a safe set of rock music. Me and me Jak friend, Free, where saying we should climb up the palm trees that are in this Diegos and start chucking the coconuts at the dancefloor. Then it happened, the DJ shut off the mic and said goodnight to the boys, WOW. It was over like that! If n the Haulers ever play Diegos again I think they have an invitation to not play a safe set.

The whole purpose of this show was to raise money for the Tsunami Relief and by far that is more important than the DJ booting the Haulers off stage.

-Gene Vincent



Valentines rocking out at the Bia Fernwood Community Centre All Ager

G.F.K., Self Inflicted, Grey Army, February 24, 2005 @ Logan's Pub -

All right, I knew it was going to be a good show and fucking rights I wasn't disappointed. Grey Army started the shit rolling with some seriously good hardcore. I was totally surprised and pretty damn impressed I must say, nice fucking work guys. I couldn't believe the voice, I had no fucking idea you could sing!!! Self Inflicted were up next, awesome as usual. Hey Zak, tune your guitar. I have wet dreams at night about breaking Lincoln's fingers... then I wake up and realize that the hair queens in his other band would cry. Fucking hell, if you haven't seen this guy play drums you are missing out on an awesome sight. All in all they were great as usual. O.K. so I drank a few beers, watched pretty girls wander around the bar, then G.F.K. took the stage. O.K. let's try to explain this, take a couple of hair metal guys like, oh, I don't know, the hair queens in Lincoln's other band, and make then join Tough As Nails... and teach them about anarchy and politics... then teach them how to do spin kicks. There you have it, G.F.K. thought they fucking ruled, good hardcore vocals and some seriously impressive guitar playing. How many fucking time changes can you fit into one song? The drummer was good with his feet, and he liked Iron Maiden, which is always a bonus in my world. And as I said earlier... many, many, spin kicks. I wonder how many times the guitarist has kicked his band mates in the face? So yup they rocked. Heft the bar before I got hammered and woke up the next day remembering the whole show. Fuck I love it when that happens... bwahahahahahah, hair queens... oh shit, that's good.

Buried Inside, Kincade, Desensitized @ Lucky March 21st/2005

O.K. it was a Monday and I expected about four people to be in the bar... lo and behold I was wrong, it was damn near full. Desensitized opened the show up, and this was by far the best set I have seen them play. As I heard someone else mention maybe the fact that it was a Monday had them drinking less than usual. Jay was getting some pretty impressive hair flicks down though... way to go Hesher. Ya they fucking rock. If your a metalhead and you live in Victoria and you haven't seen them get your head out of your boyfriend's ass, feather your hair, jump in the trans-am and go see them. Up next was Kincaide... I have been trying to figure out what to write here cause I don't want to hack them... they just aren't my thing. would call them radio rock that is written for people that don't play music and leave it at that I will state for the record I think the singer loves his hair way too much... reminds me of me in the eighties. Buried Inside were up next... I watched them put the gong on stage and knew I was in for a treat. O.K. now close your eyes and picture if you will... Neurosis, with a touch of old Melvins feedback, with some Napalm Death growls, plus let's not forget... A FUCKING GONG!!!! Mix that all up, throw in a kick ass drummer, and a band that puts out more energy on stage than three normal bands. Now I am willing to bet if you like metal, or noise, or just sheer in your face intensity you would have loved this. When they finished the finale at the end of their encore I was fucking stunned with the intensity of it and there was a lot of people standing around me with that same, Holy Fuck, I just crapped my pants looks on their faces. If you're into metal and you missed this show you are just plain dumb... nobody cares if you had to work, your still dumb, and you should be run over by a rather large bus so we don't have to put up with your dumb children if you ever decide to procreate.

The Lancasters, The Borderguards, Switchblade Valentines, Yeknob, The Proles @ Big Fernwood Community Centre - Friday April 1st, 2005

O.K. I had band practice so I missed the first two bands. I got there just in time to see Switchblade Valentines, by far the best I have seen them play yet, I was totally impressed. I have seen them a few times before and I wasn't extremely impressed with the music. Maybe they are improving or maybe I just wasn't in the right mood before. I gotta tell ya, if you haven't seen them and you like Rock-a-billy, your gay, and not even the good cock sucking kind... just gay. Get off your fat lazy ass and go see them. Greasy slicked back hair, stand up bass, leather jackets, yup it's Buddy Holly on meth. They had a great pit going and were just a bunch of fun. The turn out was good, I haven't seen such an assortment at a show since the eighties, a ton of greasers, a shitload of punks, and I mean leather jacket wearing, mohawks standing straight up, punks. As it was an oi show there were in fact more skinheads at that show than I have seen anywhere since Geraldo had his nose broken. I must say I do in fact enjoy seeing a shitload of skins and not one nazi, it makes me all warm and fuzzy inside. So ya anyways, the Bordergaurds were up next. I can't even review them because they turned the amps up so loud I had to go outside cause everything was just a wall of noise. If I wanted a wall of noise I would of skipped band practice and showed up in time to see Yeknob play After looking at girls and chatting with Mr.Goluza for awhile it was time for the Lancasters They fucking ripped it up. There's not much else to say about them than that... they fucking rocked, start to finish. The crowd went ballistic, it looked like a fucking war in the pit, it was awesome. Took a shitload of great pics, handed out a bag of candy to little girls and tried to show them all my unmarked van, next time I'll try a cast on my arm and a puppy



FEATURE LIVE REVIEW

Electric Frankenstein, The Rod Stewart Haulers, Keg Spillers @ Lucky Bar Mar

First off it was the Urge Tattoodios 10th anniversary and a flash load of people where at Lucky bar to celebrate. Congrats goes out to the Urge crew... they are an inspiration for so many in this town. Ten years ago, you only had maybe two or three tattoo shops, now there is one on every corner! I personally would never get a tattoo but who am I to judge!

The Lucky Bar was full and I think it was a near sold out show. Greasers, JaKs, punx, skinheads, perverted Team Shitty guys, and even good old Stranglehold

was there for this evening of punk and rock. Hev. even my husband was there! It was a good social event with lots of old faces. In the chatter of aossip I was eavesdropping on, I overheard possibly a Breach reunion was in the minds of Jerk Warren with Paul who is hanging around again. I wouldn't mind seeing that punk band again... What's it



been ten years? I stuck close to my neighbor John B (old surf punk from Sacramento). He shared his story about the Circle Jerks show in 82 where he got a 2 by 4 in the nose. We are both lame old punks so we just drank a few soft ones... By the way, thanks for the free drinks, Ben! Funny how probably back in 82 Ben wouldnít have been giving us free drinks! But yet again we were drinking booze back then.

The Keg Killers started the night and as usual these guys play a damn fine mix of old classic punk covers as well as a handful of their own. If you like the old school North American punk sound you must see the KK! The dancefloor was a little shy in the dance department but I did see a few old women shaking their thing! I think the Keg Killers have recently been



included in a punk compilation that Duane Peters (US Bombs) is involved in.. have to find that when it comes out. My condolences go out to Dust for his recent family losses. I'm here for you bro!

The Urge house band Rod Islamic Haulers where up next and what can you say other than itis a blast of Rock & Roll. They rock not in a Dio or Sabbath way but a more of a "We will be playing at Angel Acres this year," kinda way! They have a pretty big following and the dancefloor had a good layer of grease tattoos and the likes. I hear they will be playing at the StickShift car clubs annual Island Invasion on the long weekend in July. Better get your mom's car tuned down

I went outside for some fresh air and a cig then ran back inside for some Electric Frankenstein. This band came with a huge merch table and due to my poor reading ability it looked like this band had released about thirty cds! The reality was I had never heard of this band before so there was that feeling of mystery and anticipation. Would they live up to this near sold out crowd? The first chord was struck and the band took off into a full force set of... Electric Frankenstein! The floor was sardined with bodies swaying to the aggressive punk/rock beat. Hey, was that Dee Dee on bass? I really enjoyed this band but after a half dozen songs they stared to sound the same. This is where it might have been better if I was familiar with their songs... I reckon I should buy one of their releases soon. They are a screaming good band and certainly worth checking out.

- Whitney Houston

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DAUGLO ABOREJONS

This tour actually began in my basement with Bonehead, Cretin and me staring blankly at each other. "What do you wanna play?" someone asks. We haven't played a note together in three months but before that we did a two-month road trip where we only had three nights off, so I think we're going to do all right.

Gymbo arrives at the Victoria airport

I pick his ass up and we head back to mine for practice, this being our third or fourth practice with only one day left 'till the shows start.

The first show is at the ASTORIA in Van. Kick ass spot to have our first show it's always fun as hell. Wendy flows the booze and they wont care if we suck. First up was THE NEO NASTIES, these guys rule and are good ol partyin guys. They rocked. Then it was CUM SOC and I'll start by sayin holy fuck was LeBlanc drunk. I couldn't help but feel this was his last hoorah as far as hardcore goes. As we all know he's doing the acoustic art-fag thing now. They were getting in fistfights onstage while Dan Scum was trying to play drums and guitar at the same time. LeBlanc's amp blew, then Syd Savage fixed it, then it fucked up again. Finally Syd got it goin' again but didn't plug LeBlanc in. I don't think he even noticed because he played the rest of the set like that. We played next and we did some songs that we haven't played in years, and we didn't even fuck them up. I thought it went over pretty well. After the show we did the usual thing we do at the ASTORIA, which is drink till 6:00 in the morning. Wendy always pulls out some weird beer I've never even seen before which probably costs 50 cents a case. She always has a bottle of Jagermeister for herself. Then I caught a cab with the girlfriend to the luxurious City Center Hotel.

We're all supposed to meet back at Wendy Thirteen's house and when I get there I notice that Cretin and Gymbo aren't there. Gymbo is wandering around town tryn' to find the house and Cretin is at Deborah's house, (see skank of the month absolute in underground issue #1) but keep that under your hat. Bonehead and Wendy haven't slept a wink and are still drinking

Finally everyone shows up and I talk my buddy into comin' up to Whistler so I don't

JAN.30 - 6:00 P.M.

Me and my bro left Vancouver before the rest of the band but we kinda got lost on the way so we arrived in Whistler a little late. The show is packed as fuck and I'm

Turns out Chi Pig's name is Ken and he's just about as weird as I imagined. They play a deadly set with only about two or three songs that I remember from back in the day. After the show everyone is surprisingly chill, I guess last night took a lot out of us. I call the girlfriend then pass out. The next day I notice in the daylight that there is no snow anywhere, that's fuckin' hilarious, I picture a bunch of suit and ties driving around Whistler in Lexus's crying into their cell phones about how they're loosing their shirts this winter. Not to mention the geek snowboarders, to bad for you, should have learned to skate instead, you fuckin nerds

Tonight we're playin' Victoria. I usually like to play Vic at the end of a tour when the chops are up, but oh well. Also another band I'm in called the BEAUMONTS is opening up so I've gotta play two sets which is cool because I get twice as many beer tickets, but Bonehead is keeping a watchful eye on me and he must have told Ben the promoter to do the same because

Ben says not to get too fucked up before the show, to which I reply "It's kinda hard to get fucked up on three beer tickets Ben" (cheap bastard). Good thing I brought a bottle of bourbon... "Hey Murray wanna shot?"... "Are the Kennedys gun shy?" plus I had some pre-rolled OZZY GOD.

Either way I get fucked up before the show anyway, so everyone can fuck off. Both bands played wickedly so fuck everyone again. During the last song of the show Spud jumps up and sings "Drugged and Driving" that was kind of cool. Then unfortunately, or should I say as fuckin always when I got home half the fuckin bar is at my house. I think I got the last person out at like 7:30 A.M.

FEB. 5 - 9:00 P.M.

105 Australian Lour,

We're playin at the Cambie in Nanaimo so I get to drive me own car there with me bird.

If you're in Nanaimo go to that Mexican place on the hill called Gina's, it kicks ass... coyote all the way. By the time I got to the Cambie it was almost time to play. The show was packed as fuck again and A.W.T. opened up so that was pretty fuckin cool. The show was kinda weird because I wasn't drinkin. Last night was kinda crazy and tomorrow is my last day before we fly out so I decided to drive home after the show so I didn't waste half the day in Nanaimo. On the way home we

pulled over in a parking lot in Mill bay to get a little action and we totally got busted by some old security dude. I'm starting to get nervous about flying.

Gordo's BBQ in Brisbane

Alarm goes off but I haven't slept anyway... gotta say goodbye to the girlfriend. I call a cab. Thank God I already packed (for once).

Mr. Chaipig "Ken" and Willy Jak in Whistler

Cab drops me off at the Greyline where I meet up with Bonehead and Cretin. Gymbo went to Vancouver on the day off and is supposed to meet us at the airport, also Steve Goof from the infamous BUNCHOFUCKINGOOFS has flown into Van from Toronto and is meeting us at the airport. He's gonna be our t-shirt sellin, skinhead fighting roadie. So Boney, Cretin and I get on the hound, get on the ferry, and take the hound to the airport. By the time we get there I'm already sick of traveling. Cretin and I bought flats of Canadian beer at duty free and he's already into his, and we haven't even gotten on the plane yet.

FEB. 8 - 12:00 A.M.

We've crossed the time and date lines here so it's getting hard to determine what day it is let alone what time it is. All I know is that it was a ten-hour flight that seemed like twenty hours. Now I'm in Hong Kong and it's Chinese New Year. Me and Steve Goof wander around the airport and send some e-mails. We notice Cretin is sitting smoking in one of those glass rooms where your allowed to smoke. Just as we look over at him, he cheers' us with his last beer, hope they let him on the plane, he's starting to get lit.

FEB. 9 - 11:00 A.M. (Aussie time)

Aussie customs and immigration always seems to be a fuckin cakewalk. I think they'll let any old Mick in there. Been traveling for twenty-three hours, thank God for Valium. When I walk into Sydney airport, Nigel, our man in Australia who is an absolute madman, is waiting for us. Only he's wearing an old ladies dress and a gray wig. Because we all went our separate ways at customs and pretended we didn't know each other, we all walked into the airport one at a time so he got to freak us all out individually. Once we get outside sure enough it's hot as all hell. We throw our guitars in the van and Nigel's got a couple pre-rolls and a cooler full of

We get back to Epping, which is I guess a suburb of Sydney, and we head straight to our bro Colin's house to set up camp. More beers and some bong hits (these idiots put tobacco in their weed). We have tomorrow off to get past the jetlag.

We're at the train station waiting to get the train from Epping station to Sydney airport when my bag of Aussie nugs falls outta my pocket. Nigel (tour manager) freaks out and says there are dogs at the airport, which there wasn't. We are only flying from Sydney to Brisbane so I figure we should be o.k. but Nigel has a serious issue with it so Steve Goof, Gymbo and me had to eat my bag of nugs. When we get to Brisbane this dude, Victor, that we've known for four years (since our first Australian. tour) picks us up. Victor has a copy of MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL from the 80's with Steve on the cover. We get dropped off at this guy Gordo's

house where we will be staying and it turns out I remember this guy too from two tours ago. Of course he's got a dog, everywhere we stay they have a dog and usually a cat litter box too, only I don't think Gordo has one of those.

By this time it's almost time to get down to the venue and get ready for our first show. The first show is at a club called the

Depot. It kinda sucked, the stage had this weird runway attached to it and it was a giant club so it didn't feel like it was packed at all, and there was like five bands on the bill which is two too many. The show is pretty uneventful which sucks, as it was our first show of the tour but no worries 'cause shit will always happen.

FEB. 11 - 7:00 P.M.
Gold Coast. We always have fun in Gold Coast. Our mates VICIOUS, they're from Gold Coast, we've done three tours with these guys. They even got the shit together to come to Canada for a tour. However, rumour has it that this is to be their last show. If that's true then we were stoked to be a part of it. It's about an hour drive from Brisbane to the bar. We played this exact club (Troadero's) last year. The beach is like right across the street so me Steve and Gymbo grab some beers and head down to check it out. Then we hang out on the sidewalk drinkin beer with the punks. The place is packed and the show goes off huge! Vicious has a lot of fans in their hometown and their set gets a pretty huge response. Lots of familiar faces everywhere. This feels more like a kick-off to a tour. It was killer to see Vicious again. Later that night we drive back to

FEB. 12 - 3:00 P.M.

The show tonight is only half an hour away and Gordo is having a BBQ today. Of course it turns into a piss up and Gymbo drinks a half a vard of bourbon and coke. Gordo's BBQ is killer and it turns out that Aussies call squash pumpkin. Gordo's go a sweet pool in his back yard, which rocks because it's fuckin forty degrees. Nigel is outta control, he's tripping on LSD and he slices his hand open on a beer bottle. He then tapes a plastic bag around his hand and before long it's full of blood and it looks like his hand is inside a blood filled balloon. We skated down to the store and people were gawking like mad at the guy with the mohawk skating along with a bag full of blood. It was totally a scene from "Suburbia". Then on the way back we cut through a field and knocked into a hornets nest and we both got stung a bunch of times. Then it was off to the show, Aussie Nash is the name of the pub and it's really small but it goes way off and ends up being probably the best show of the tour. I drank out in the parking lot with Andre the guitar player from Vicious and got real drunk. The next day we gotta fly back to Sydney where we got a couple days off.

We're playing in Adelaide tonight and it's a three-hour flight from Sydney. On the plane we meet this group of guys from Oakland and it turns out to be the guys outta DIGITAL UNDERGROUND. Now I ain't never heard of these guys before but they seemed cool and it turns into a piss up. The thing about Australia is you can drink anywhere. It's not really that you're allowed to, it's still against the law, I think, it's just that no one gives a fuck. Adelaide is super cool and we get picked up at the airport by Glen, the singer of GLEN and the PEANUT BUTTER MEN. They drive us to the house we're stayin at. Then we hook up some bud and some beers and head off to the show. Killer line up tonight; PEANUTBUTTER MEN, BASTARD SQUAD (best punk band in Australia) and the DAYGLOS. The show is crazy as all fuck... guys are stealing the mic to sing along. After our set Cretin walks over to me as he's leaving the stage he says to me "Don't go far, we're gonna play one more", then he takes one step towards

the greenroom and slips and falls on his back. He lands on a pile of broken been bottles. He comes back plays a couple more with blood sprayin' everywhere. After the show we all go to a pub up the road. Nigel is all fucked up and hanging out in the alle Cretin is lying on the ground. He says he's ok so I fuck off to the bar. When I get home everyone is asleep but I notice Cretin is asleep in a gigantic fuckin pool of blood. Next thing you know it's five A.M. and we're at the hospital in

emergency waiting for Cretin to get sewn shut. Fuckin Adelaide... good weed there though.



Bonehead and his biggest fan

fly Melbourne, which is the most kick ass town in all of Australia. always have the best fuckin time there. We play at this huge club called the Espy. We played there last year but this year it's different because we're playin' with the

PSYCHOS. First up is Nigel's band RULE 303. They really get the crowd moving, you can tell they've warmed up a bit with four shows under their belts. The COSMICS are up and they tear the place a new arsehole. They were even better than I imagined. All in all it was a ripper and once again I got fucked up on booze and speed.

The place in Melbourne that we're staying at is like a hostel and it's called the Greenroom. As luck would have it that's where we're playing tonight as well. Me and Steve spend most of the day in the back alley gettin drunk with the punks. One punk is this fat dude who they ever so lovingly refer to as "Boobs". He's the only guy in the whole fuckin city who can score weed. I was kind of worried because the DWARVES are also playing tonight but it didn't seem to affect the attendance at our show and sure enough it goes off. More familiar faces, more speed. After RULE 303's set Nigel leaps off the stage and breaks his ankle. The show as I say was ripper and all I've got to do is get an elevator up to my room to pass out. Bonehead however decides to drink all night with the Maoris. This is what Bonehead had to say about this evening of debauchery "We were in Australia

and we played 5 shows in three days. I was hanging out with Willy and we went to an after party thing at this bar and I asked the guy what time is it? and he says "It's six-thirty" and I go "Ah fuck, six-thirty in the morning?" and he goes "Six-thirty in the Abbo, Mate." I go "What?!" and I gotta play at eleven. I just freaked out and had to get some go-ee (ausi slang for speed). This is in Melbourne, where there are 24-hour bars. After all the partying we did there, Gymbo bet me my per diem I wouldn't make it on the plane

We've got one last show in Melbourne and it's an all-ager. Bonehead shows up right before we go on all liquored up. The show is no biggie and after we head straight to the airport back to Sidney.

The show tonight is only an hour out of Sydney in Newcastle. We've played here before too. Loads of guys from Nigel's gang of hooligans are comin out. We played with a girl band who I'd have to say sucked. Everyone is ripped on the shards. It was not the best show in terms of attendance but all the bro's being there makes a big difference. My mate, Madman Dave gets up on stage and throws out the brown eye to the crowd. He then gets chased around for five minutes while these fat fuckin' bouncers try to catch him

Tonight we play at the Excelsior in Sydney. This venue rules and there's a deadly Thai place across the street. The show is packed like fuck. We play with RULE 303, GLEN and the PEANUT BUTTER MEN, BASTARD SQUAD. Killer fuckin show, more shards. Deadly last bar show. After the show James from RULE and Steve Goof, me and some of the BASTARD SQUAD go drinkin till 7:00 in the morning then we get a cab back to Epping and I passed out on the floor surrounded by partying punks.

These were the last shows of the tour. We played an all-ager in the park, where every band in Sydney played. It was a rad beautiful day and the pigs showed up and didn't shut it down. There must've been ten bands. After the show we drove a few blocks up and played the final show of the tour at some place I forget the name of. After the show I was so fuckin beat that I went straight from the stage to sleep in the van. All in all it was a good fuckin time. I spent the next four days buying records and in Nigel's studio with Nigel and James writing and recording some songs we wrote together. They turned out deadly and if you want to hear the Cracked Pipe recordings go to www.crucifiedvenus.com and go to the downloads section.



"Cretin" almost bled to death after the show in Adelaide.



Gymbo with Australia's Finest stash!



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TRAILER PARK BOYS

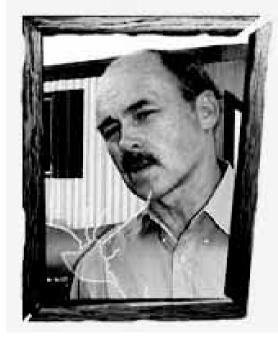
Before Sunnyvale

The Bio of John Dunsworth aka "Mr. Lahey"

By Criss Crass

As the Sunnyvale Trailer Park Supervisor ex-cop Jim Lahey (John Dunsworth) dreams of making the park a nicer place to live. He has guite a lot of responsibility weighing on his skinny alcoholic frame, but fortunately, the brawny Randy helps shoulder the burden. Between chasing off bottle kids and dodging insults from Ricky, Mr. Lahey manages to

In reality John Dunsworth seems more like an average citizen of a Canadian coastal city. When he's not working he can be seen spending most of his time on his boat. John Dunsworth was born in Bridgewater, Nova Scotia and is now one of Halifax's most renerable and revered actors. He has appeared in several CBC radio dramas and has held



pefore cities were into waterfront restoration, John convinced the city of Halifax to lease to him a run-down old building by the shipyards which he turned into Pier One Theatre Halifax's first and most successful

John first met Mike Clattenburg in the mid-1990s when he auditioned for a small role in Mike's short film, One Last Shot. Halfway through shooting, John's small role blossomed into a leading part, a part that captured him a Best Performance award From there, John developed that role into the character Jim Lahey, the trailer park supervisor on the

John's recent film credits include principle roles in Sleepmurder for CTV, Blessing for CBS, Shattered City: Halifax Explosion for Salter Street Films and Thom Fitzgerald's Indie film Three Needles. John is an avid bridge player, holding master points. He also holds, until

Trailer Park Boys season premiere April 17, 2005 on Showcase.

Next issue we'll be featuring Mr. Lahev's "best friend" Randy, the no-shirt, white pants wearing cheese burgular. He will be discussing his new play him and Mr. Lahey have been practising for their local community centre



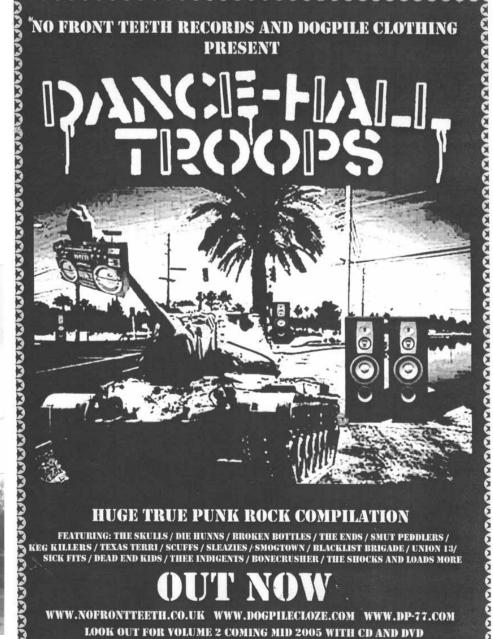
Recently while on vacation Mr. Lahey and Randy could be found on the school grounds of Quadra Street Elementary - creepy



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"BLAZING WHEELS AND BARKING TRUCKS" read the graffiti on the 7 foot high Ogden Point banks, it is late January 1985, my friend Pete Lembcke is also quick to point out the spiked skull with the radioactive symbol for the nose and eyes, beneath it in dripping red letters are the initials "C.O.C." Within the next week, I had scored both CORROSION OF CONFORMITY albums. This shit was BLACK SABBATH meets BLACK FLAG, VENOM meets THE GERMS, SLAYER meets THE EXPLOITED, in other words too metal for punk and too punk for metal. Most of the skate rock up to this point was straight up punk/hardcore like the BIG BOYS (who had a deck out on Zorlac 83-85), JFA (who also made their own line of boards), GANG GREEN (sponsored by P.D./SKULL SKATES), LOS OLIVIDADOS, THE OFFENDERS, DRUNK INJUNS, TALES OF TERROR (W/rats ass jak), CODE OF HONOR (featured 3 skateboards on the cover of their 1982 Ip) also AGENT ORANGE and the likes. A few months later while smoking hash in the back of Strictly Skates in Cook

Street Village, I got my first blast of D.R.I. and a Calgary band called BEYOND POSSESSION. Fuck was this shit only getting better and better. Then on a Mount Doug highschool band trip to Seattle I came across the latest album from D.R.I. They had for some reason called it "CROSS-OVER" we finally had a name for this new yet old genre. Everyone and anyone was starting a band, making stickers and recording shitty demos, writing songs about cops and tampons and fucking animals. Everything had a skull on it. I went through approximately 1267 jiffy markers during this period. Vancouver had FRATRICIDE, DIOXIN, O.O.C.(all jaks), ADVERSITY, SLUDGE and ORGANIZED CHAOS. The rock had the mighty MISSION OF CHRIST, Courtenay's INVALIDS, ATROSITY (future jaks).

There was also a musical piss shit fuck church called the DAYGLO FUCKING ABORTIONS, who were as big as there American rivals! Then something happened, slowly pants got baggy, dudes started doing kick-flips instead of sweepers. Dudes started borrowing their old ladies BIG DRILL CAR records and dudes started reading poetry, crying and drinking coffee instead of beer. Dudes hanging out at Pags (shit some guys are still there 20 years on!) This was the slow beginnings of the

hanging out at Pags (shit some guys are still there 20 years on!) This was the slow beginnings of the hip-hop/emo trip that would send the old guard into the underground once again! ANTHRAX were getting lame, kids were getting board w/ Slayer, the GHETTO BOYS were busy rappin about slicing females to ribbons, new killer punk was emerging in bands like PEGBOY (ex-naked raygun) POISON IDEA, NOFX, THE DWARVES, JEFF DAHL, THE DIDGITS and any band on California's NEMESIS RECORDS from 1988-1991. Like I said, this shit was hard to find in the wuss city. NOFX, GREEN DAY and BAD RELIGION all cam to town and went in a flash, yet people made a bigger stink about Jane's fuckin' Addiction and Lallapolooza! Fast forward to 2001, while deciding to resurrect crossover and banzai records metal through the BURNSIDE BRAWLERS, w/ ex-boxer Paul Deluca, ex-Last Laugh guitarist Adam "Adumbfucker" Jessop plays a tape entitled S.T.R.E.E.T.S. at jam. Everyone in the fuckin room does not say a word for ten minutes (we were high too!) THIS WAS CROSSOVER! This was like THIN LIZZY meets old school "Ribbed" NOFX. MERCIFUL FATE meets MOTORHEAD with guitar solos longer than entire DWARVES songs. And fuck my old boots if every song wasn't about skating, drinking, skating, pigs, parties, sessions, slides, slams, shove-its and bombing a hill so hard that its "TOO FAST TO POWER-SLIDE". They have only gotten bigger since then and are ready to drop "THE BIG ONE".

"COME ON EVERYBODY GRAB YER SKATE AND LET'S GO!" DUSTIN JAK VI 13

S.T.R.E.E.T.S.

interview by P. Ness

HOW LONG HAVE YOU GUYS BEEN TOGETHER?

Jonny - Since Corey Webster morphed into the S.T.R.E.E.T.S., and Corey Webster was actually a band over here on the mainland before I was in it.

WHAT BANDS WERE YOU CATS ALL IN?

Jonny - Last Laugh, Pebble, Finegrind, X-Dead Teenager, Mercury the Winged Messenger, etc.

WHERE YOU BEEN MANG?

Jonny - All through Canada and all over most of the States.

ARE THERE A LOT OF BROS OUT THERE INTO YOUR 1989 TRIP?

Jonny - Not really, skating is kinda lame right now. Not enough old school ripping.

WHO WERE YOUR FAVES?

Jonny - Gonz, Guerrero, Natas, NOT Rocco! Basically the first wave of the real street skaters, Jess the mess!

WHAT WERE YER FAVOURITE SKATE FLICKS?

Jonny - Thrashin really opened our eyes, had bunk shit but had Jaks so it was kinda cool. Back to the Future, Police Academy part 4 (with the Tony Hawk and Lance Mountain scene at the start) Public Domain, the Powell shit!

WHAT CHILD STAR DID YOU LIKE? ARE THEY HOT NOW? Jonny - McCaully Caulkin

FAVE VAN BANDS @THE MOMENT?

Jonny - Goatsblood, Ladyhawke, Pride Tyger, Black Mountain

MAIN INFLUENCES?

Jonny - Thin Lizzy, Diamond Head, Budgie, Hendrix, any early metal also Poison Idea, Descendents, and I'm younger so I was into NOFX's early shit like "Ribbed", "S&M Airlines" and "The Longest Line"

DESCRIBE THE S.T.R.E.E.T.S. SOUND

Jonny - Basically fast riffing punk mixed with early metal prog.

FAVE SKATE TRICKS?

Jonny - Hills, ollies, carving.

HOW MANY HOUSES HAS THE BAND TRASHED DUDE?

Jonny - uh...i...dunno, Georgia Street was the ultimate destruction of a house.

GOT ANY KIDS YA KNOW OF?

Jonny - None yet.

ARE YOU CATS GONNA PUT OUT A SKATERS COOKBOOK?

Jonny - Yeah, dude we were gonna get scarfing material reinstated into Thrasher magazine.

EAST OR WEST COAST?

Jonny - Fuckin West man

WEED OR HASHISH?

Jonny - Beer!

COKE OR SPEED?

Jonny - Wine!

THANX A FUCKWHACK JONNY, YA GOTZ ANY LAST WORDS KINDA SHIT FER THE KIDDIES OUT THERE?

Jonny - I know it sounds cheesy, but you must follow your boart.

Interview with Pro-Skater

Keegan Sauder



Why sk8boarding? What is it about skating that stokes you so much?

Keegan: When I started skateboarding it looked like the coolest thing you could do, and still today there is nothing like a good session and some nasty savage, even if I just got back from a road trip first thing I want to do is go to my favorite spot and rage with Morrison.

Why Morrison what is it about Morrison that appeals to you so much?

Keegan: Just lately it seems as though if I call Morrison he will say yes to going skating, most times when I call him he says "Dude, I've been listening to Sabbath all morning we have to go to Bonsor". No fucking around there.

I hate hip hop in skate videos. Imagine a Cardiel part to techno or some shit. For me it would just destroy the essence of what 'Cards' is going through while destroying some bowl at some park. What's your take on tunes and skating?

Keegan: Cards skated to "Brotha Lynch Hung" some fuckin harsh gangsta from sac town, so as long as it's a good tune I am stoked, but none of that emo-indie shit.

Sorry, I'm an idiot. Anyways, what's your 10 most fave songs of all time. That just make you fuckin rip as soon as you leave the stereo and hit the streets.

Keegan:
Metallica
Motorhead
Budgie
Pogues
Nasty Savage
sacrifice
infernal majesty
S.T.R.E.E.T.S.
old Three Inches of Blood
High Tower

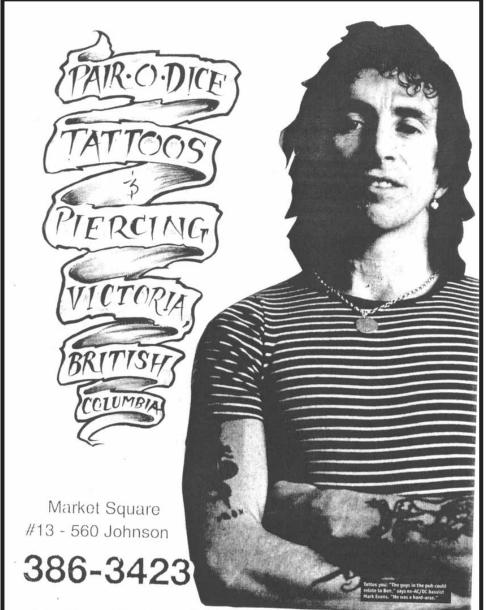
Why Vancouver?

Keegan: Why not? I like BC and I ain't gonna live in Chetwynd, it's in the middle of nowhere.

We're gonna try a little jock talk. Kay here goes. So Keegan, you're a wicked rad skater. You're solid on and off the court. You got any advice for the kids at home readin this?

Keegan: Kids should just watch their older friends when they're growing up. Watch them make mistakes, so they don't have to make, or can try and not make them too badly when they are older. And don't be afraid to slam trying a trick. Skate everything if you can, go fast, pay your credit card on time, don't drop out unless it's for a really good reason. That's about it.

-interview by Jamer







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mainland Mapheny By Emily Kendy

THE EXCESSIVES

"My head still hurts," says Trevor Shadley, singer for Vancouver's punk rock outfit, The Excessives. He is sitting inside the band's rehearsal room, with guitarist Jono Jak. "I've got a goose-egg!"

The injury was the result of a beer bottle thrown at his head; halfway into the band's set at The Purple Onion, four nights ago. When I tell him it looked as though the bottle hadn't made contact, given his continued singing and apparent ignorance of the occurrence, Shadley says, "Well, I had to be professional, you know? Not like, Owwww!!!! That's it. I'm taking my microphone home."

And while the singer may not be known for his more sensitive leanings- tea, and Coronation Street- The Excessives certainly live up to their name, what with partying and slapping the backs of Jaks jean jackets, the infamous skateboarding team (not gang).

You guys are working on a new album, no?

Jono: Backs Against the Wall I think it the, uh... Trevor: Working title.

Is it almost done?

Jono: Yeah. Yeah, well that's up to us, and hopefully... Trevor: Really we're not DIY... we're D...D...

Jono: DNY. Do Nothing Yourself.

Trevor: We're Why Don't You Do It (WDYDI).

Jono: So to answer your question I'm going to say, what is it now?

Trevor: Hoping the end of summer, probably.

Jono: Middle of summer. Middle of summer FOR SURE.

Is there a theme, or storyline to this album?

Trevor: The last record (second self-titled album) had a song, Repeat Offender, about a guy who just keeps going to jail and every time he gets out of jail he goes and fucks over this same guy, every time. And so there's a song on this one that's going to be a part two, I guess.

Jono: Called "Action Man".

Trevor: He's fresh out of jail, and his friends weren't even there to pick him up in front of the jailhouse so he's a little pissed as well as ready to go.

Have your lyrics changed now that you're old?

Jono: He has lyrics now, instead of screaming inaudibly into the mike. He actually HAS lyrics. And they're pretty good, I've read them. They're quite moving, touching.

Trevor: I mean, originally there tended to be a lot more about skating and drinking.

Jono: But now they're about drinking and -

Trevor: [laughs] skating [...] I guess I write more about individual stuff about my feelings about, um...feeling dislocated from society.

You mentioned you have a street punk label, Absolute Music.

Jono: It's something I did a couple years ago with the first Excessives thing (first self-titled album). It's more of a co-op sort of a thing, kind of like Longshot (Records) is.

Trevor: An idea for a sticker. I'd like to ask a question in this interview...what does this label do besides put a name on the record?

Jono: Well you wouldn't know anything about it because it's private stuff within the label. There's lots of stuff…I want a compilation of all Jaks bands.

Trevor: So when we have costs I'll come to you, as head of the label. Jono: That's CEO.

How many Jaks bands are there?

Jono: There's so many Jaks bands, that's the thing. Jak Uzi, I don't think they've recorded anything yet, but ah...Dry Fisted from Calgary. DayGlo Abortions, US Bombs....

Did you have to be initiated into the Jaks?

Trevor: Oh yeah. I had to go buy fireworks on the forth of July in the middle of the day.

Butt naked, I had to go butt naked! And buy fireworks at Bainbridge Island (Washington), with fifty other Jaks shootin' bottle rockets at my naked ass.

Jono: He was also tethered to two other naked guys.

Trevor: They had shoes, but I only had one sock. On my foot. All of their buddies brought their clothes down to the fireworks place, but none of my friends did.

Jono: So he had to walk all the way back.

Is it true you guys invented the snowboard?

Jono: I made one, but see then again that's just showing how old we are and I can't have that.

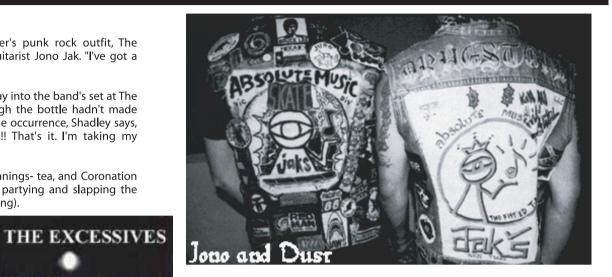
You can never ask a lady or a punk rocking man his age.

Trevor: [laughs] or when he invented his first snowboard.

Jono: [Using an old man's voice] Back in '83....

Trevor: You should talk about your first guitar that was made out of plywood and painted up like Eddie Van Halen's.

Jono: I still have it at my mom's house. It was just an air band guitar. I was about 12, I think. 13 was when I started playing real guitar.



Tell the story about partying with Sammy Hagar..

Jono: Oh, see that doesn't fit into this interview. That's not punk rock.

Tell it!

Jono: When we were down in Cabo San Lucas we met up with him.

Trevor: We played volleyball with Sammy Hagar.

Jono: We hooked up with the guy from Heart, his son. We went back to his dad's place and crashed there, and he's saying 'Yeah, Sammy's comin'." And next thing you know it was Sammy Hagar, his dad's best friend.

Trevor: I was a little disappointed; I thought it was going to be Sammy Davis Jr. But it was Sammy Hagar.

Jono: We hung out for two days, smoking weed and playing volleyball with the Red Rocket.

Did he say anything memorable?

Trevor: He said "Side out" to me once.

Jono: Oh, don't bring that into it.

Trevor: 'Cause we were playing volleyball. That was a really weak attempt at a joke.

Jono: Volleyball's not very punk, dude.

Use an Excessives lyric to finish up the interview.

Trevor: [Head in hands] Uhhh.

Jono: "Living the dream but I keep waking up/the nightmare begins as I stare at the empty cup." What about that one?



SHOCK COBBIDOR CINEMA

ABSULTE HURRUR

While hardcore Italian horror fans have always referred to the late Lucio Fulci as 'the godfather of gore', the entire gore genre tradition really owes a debt of gratitude to schlock auteur, exploitation huckster Herschell Gordon Lewis and his production colleague, David Friedman. Together, these two mavericks of shock cinema composed a myriad of gore and nudie films for independent circulation at a pivotal time in the early 60s when Hollywood's conservative production code was lifted.

The exploitation film was a favourite choice among Drive-In Cinema programmers as their cheap distribution costs and youth culture themes would guarantee hefty profits at the box office. Much like a traveling circus Lewis and Friedman are said to have distributed their films out of their own car, driving from town to town in search of a theater that would screen their works. This would signal the birthplace of an independent commercial cinema, (existing

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outside of artistic control and distribution from the studios) and as such would require material that the studios were simply not screening. Titillation and exploitation was in Lewis' view, material that would bring the audiences back for more as this explicit approach offered a clear alternative to mainstream film, regardless if the filmmaker himself could identify with it: "Blood Feast started an entire new category of filmmaking, Everyone was surprised at the business this picture did, including myself. There were many people who not see it. There were a great many who wanted their money back. There were others who saw it five or six times, which bewilders me."

Often using headlines from newspaper articles as their source, the H.G. Lewis/Friedman team worked to titillate audiences with explicit material never before experienced in theaters. Executed by low budgets that would entice, rather than hamper economical creativity, Lewis' catalogue is filled with films that test audience's

endurance with kitchen sink special effects, simultaneously undercut by calling attention to the illusion of constructing "reality" for the viewer. Lewis' classic The Wizard of Gore (1970) is a key example of this self-reflexive cinema as a magician's stage act includes the "illusion" of sawing audiences members in half, and the bulk of the audience believing that the subject was permanently disembodied (thus mimicking the film viewer's own belief in the film's images). Playing with the "reality effect" of the film's own explicit gore is a H.G. Lewis trademark, and would inevitably influence the reflexive tone of future horror films that call attention to their own special effects and explicit body mutilation.

Blood Feast and 2000 Maniacs are the first two in works in what would become known as Lewis' "Blood Trilogy" (the other film of this series, Color Me Blood Red was produced in 1965). The Blood Trilogy would mark Lewis' departure from nudie films and roughies, genres that were staple movements of the exploitation movement. Their promiscuous visualizations of sexuality and social delinquency would ultimately inspire the boundarycrossing gore films that followed. What makes the exploitation movement of historical interest is two fold: they give the viewer some understanding of a primitive independent cinema that would circulate among the increasingly obsolete venue of the Drive-In; more importantly, perhaps, is the way in which these films developed risque themes that both implicated the dominant culture in ideological contradictions and at times forced the society of the 60s to look at their own repression and excess

Although undercut by comic relief, Two Thousand Maniacs (1964) is relentless in its critique of culturally sanctioned civilization as the rural folk take revenge on the pompous Northerner. The violence appears justified as the society of Pleasant Valley is imbued by a set of rules that takes matters into their own hands. Unlike revenge films like The Accused and Thelma and Louise where their appears to be a considerable faith in the system (law and justice), the characters of Two Thousand Maniacs revel in their own version of ritualized violence. While it may seem absurd to some, its important to remember the "acceptable" violence that takes place in our so-called 'civilized' culture; sporting events, hunting, video games are all sanctioned perhaps because they are coded as 'leisure' and thus work to distance the spectator from their inherent act of oppression. Lewis'

film clearly stares bourgeoisie culture in the face, asking of them to take some responsibility for the assumptions and material violence they create in the world. Currently, much can be said about the income gap between the wealthy and the poor, between the rich resources of the North Hemisphere and the poverty in the South. Perhaps the popularity of Two Thousand Maniacs can be explained as an effective symbolic critique of the suffering that capitalism has caused in the West.

Blood Feast is yet another text that questions the excess of the bourgeoisie. While the monstrous caterer is clearly Othered (exists outside of society) by his reclusive life and bizarre rituals, it can be argued that the film posits, in explicit terms, the way in which the wealthy live off the backs of the poor and thus are, in part, responsible for such repulsive figures. Theorist Robin Wood suggests the mechanisms of most apocalyptic horror works through the concept of social repression as the Monsters of these (progressive) films are made up of the values and ideologies that mainstream

culture refuses to own in an effort to "normalize" society (homosexuality is an example of this repression). Hence, the monster is not from outside our society (i.e. outer space) but is born from within it. One could the make the case for Fuad Ramses as a logical extension of bourgeoisie repression gone awry as his catering business involves labouring for the privileged class while he secretly fetishes cannibal acts against the oppressor (Tobe Hopper and George Romero would develop this theme in The Texas Chainsaw Massacre and The Living Dead Trilogy). The bourgeoisie are thus unsafe because they, in part, create the problem and in the world of the exploitation film will in some way have to bare the responsibility of the monster that evolves from their material excess. The birthday party for Playboy Playmate Connie Mason helps drive this point home as her character is less than sympathetic to audiences due, in part, to her overstated acting and all too excessive family wealth. In the subversive world of the exploitation film, such subjects are to be feared rather than valued.

- Alan Kollins

Shock Corridor Cinema runs (for the most part) every second Tuesday at the fifty fifty arts collective. Please see the fifty fifty web site for upcoming program info: thefiftyfifty.org

[Probable] Upcoming Shock Corridor Programs: Oldboy (Chan-wook Park, 2003); Fat Girl (Catherine Breillat, 2001); A Living Hell (Shougo Fujii, 2000); Dottie Gets Spanked (Todd Haynes, 1994).



Kill Allen Wrench 'My Bitch Is A German Junky' tour 2005!

Italia – w/ The Nerds! 20.04. Codevilla, Pavia, @ Thunder Road 21.04. Verona, @ Gate 52 22.04. Villadossola, @ Trash Cafe 23.04. Lidolo di Zenone, Treviso, @ Punkyreggaepub 24.04. Mezzago, Milano, @ Bloom

Deutschland: 27.04. Schwäbisch Hall, @ Club Alpha 28.04. Chemnitz, @ Bunker 29.04. Berlin, @ Wild At Heart 30.04. Weinheim, @ Cafe Central

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www.killallenwrench.com

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... after the show we return to the tour bus for round two. This time around there was no "Second Coming" for Jesus Bonehead. Chris "The Kidd" sat out as well, but had this to say when we asked him if he was OK playing the drums after the first round, "I was doubtin it at first, but then once I sat down and started playing it was all good. Actually I think it even unsized it, it made it better."

The Olympic torch was passed to the next three competitors: FLO, Plum & Reign (Last Months Champion).

FLO

Killer Ky - "Crystally but no smell, can't smell nothing. Fuck that shit no second toke, it's not my kinda weed. Overall a Zero."

Criss Crass - "Looks text book. Good color and crystal. Despite the look it's got no smell. Disappointing, a contest pre-requisite I guess. Not the shit at all"

PLUM

Killer Ky - "Light green, tighter than I normally get. A smell that I trust. I trust I'm going to get stoned. I can taste the pluminess. I like the smooth taste. It's cerebral. I like plum. No more no less. I'd have it with a cup of Earl Grey tea. A 7."

Criss Crass - "Like the FLO, no smell. It tastes like a fruit smoothy. It's got a decent kick and burns good. Decent."

REIGN

Killer Ky - "Nice crystals, light green, not to leafy. Perfect Dude! Smell like a fresh cut green on a golf course. Great taste and it's an expander. Take a puff and it grows in your lungs. I love that taste. Very organic tasting. The back of the tongue really dries up which is a sign of some really killer shit."

Criss Crass - "Purple color loaded with crystal, sticky, poster weed. Distinct smell. Blueberries, definately the best smelling entry. Smell sells!! Sweet candy taste. Heavy hitting. Rookies clean under your couch cos that's where you'll be hiding. Overall I think this is the best of all competitors. Has the smell and the hard hit."

After a heated a battle, resulting in the loss of some Sativa soldiers. Here are the final results:

Killer Ky GOLD - White Rhino SILVER - REIGN BRONZE - PLUM Bunk OfThe Month - FLO

Criss Crass GOLD - REIGN SILVER - RED SONYA BRONZE - WHITE RHINO Dishonourable Mention - Cormack

Jesus Bonehead - receives a medal for participation. It turns out in the end (he could not be converted from "GOD" (his weed of his choice)

Christopher Kidd - receives a medal for participation. He said he had a blast and that the Weed Olympics made his night. He assured us that Robin Black and his Intergalactic RockStoners would be back soon for some more drinking, drugs and debauchery.

Until next time,
Stay High and avoid swaggle at all costs.
Pot Snob - Chairman of the Chalice April, 2005
Big props to Criss Crass for helping type half this dope article out.
Peace out!



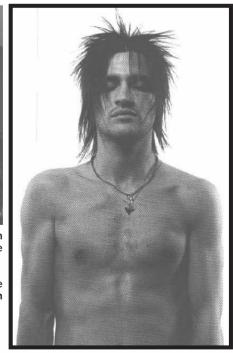




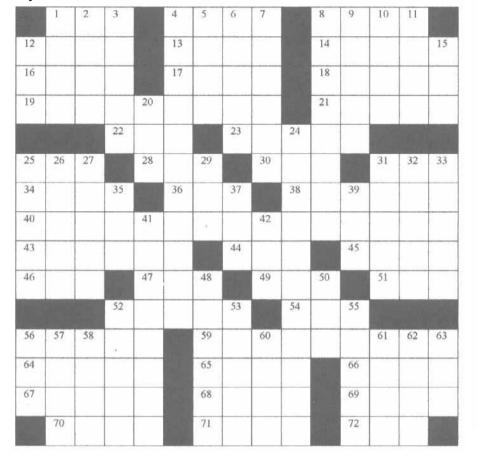
Left: Last Month's Celebrity Judge - Terry from Fubar, enjoys a puff while reading Absolute Underground.

Above: Jesus Bonehead contemplates the meaning of life and his relationship with GOD.

Right: Chris Kidd sleeps standing up.







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The management of Diego's night club would like to apologize for the incident at Smallman Records Tour show on March 28. The individual door staff has be effectively removed from the position. Diego's night club will continue to support all form of live venues for our local music fans.

