



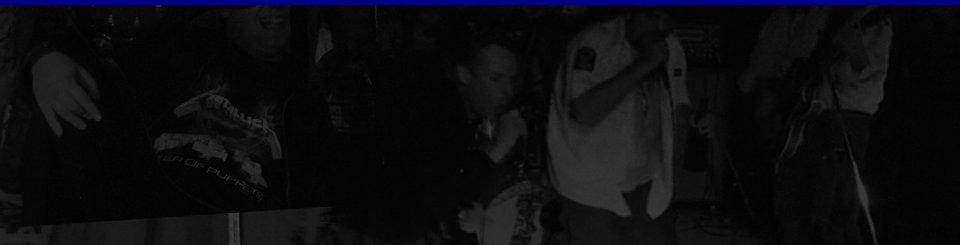
F\*CK YOU EVERYBODY



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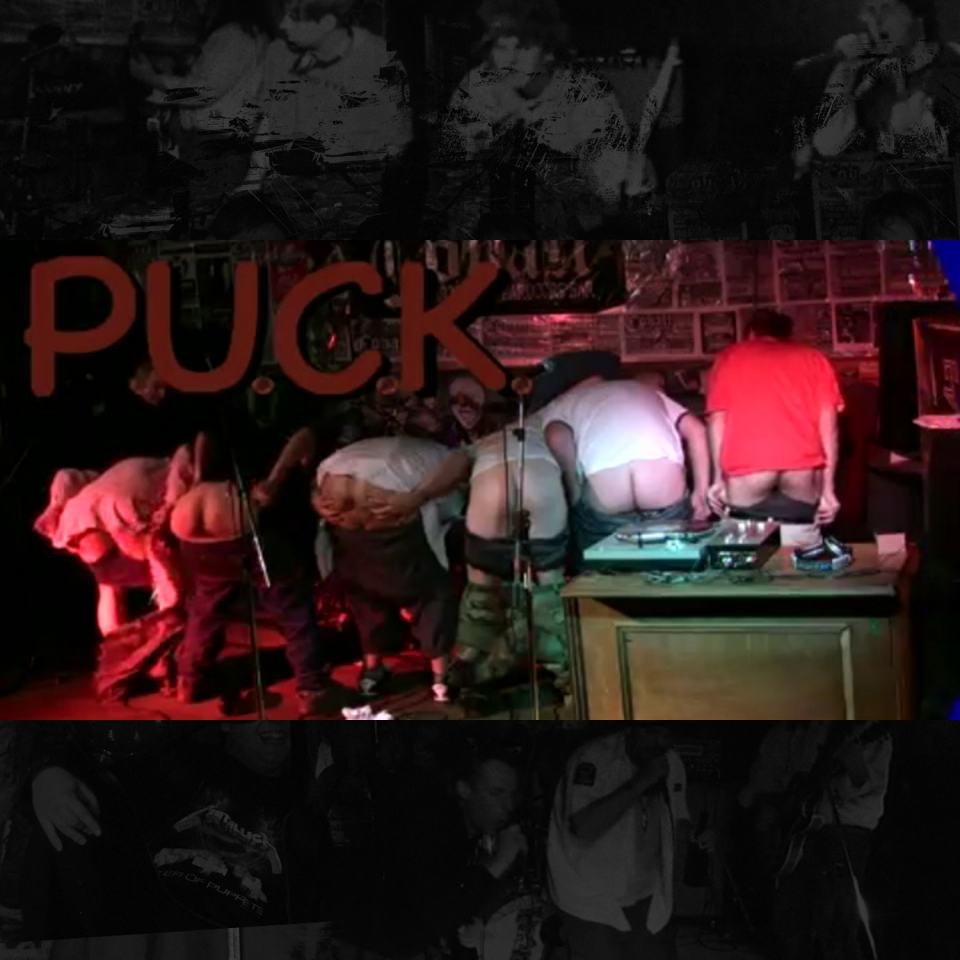


P.U.C.K.





PUCK









1 **FUCK YOU EVERYBODY** 3:15

**Raps:** Pot-C, Long John, Dementon aka Tha D

**Backing Vocals:** P.U.C.K.

**Drums:** Kenny-K

**Bass:** Dementon aka Tha D

**Guitar:** Tha R

**Scratches:** DJ Shitty

**Recorded by** Disa Cameron at Hot Sole Studios

**Scratches recorded by** J.T. Edmondson at Paranoyd Sound Studios 1.0

**Both studios are / were in** Port Coquitlam, B.C., Canada

**Paranoyd Sound Studios is now in** Port Moody, B.C., Canada

**Recorded in** July 2004

CD booklet photos of the live performance of this song are taken from the DVD magazine Ear Goggles Volume 5, which is produced, edited and released by Clayton Holmes. The performance was recorded on May 10th, 2009 at The Cobalt, Vancouver, B.C., Canada

The video is available on Youtube at  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=28fxGyZm3yM>

fortyFive









**2 FUCK GARY BETTMAN**  
**(HOCKEYPALOOZA 98 BEATBOX VERSION) 2:44**

**Raps:** Long John

**Antics and Back-ups:** How Now Lau aka Pot-C

**Beatbox:** DJ Murtle aka Cheese

**Host:** Johnny Hanson

Recorded live on January 16th, 1998 at The Starfish Room, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

Audio taken from video footage recorded by Carrie Human.

CD booklet photos of the performance are from the source video for this audio release.

Original version released through Sudden Death Records on the punk hockey song compilation

JOHNNY HANSON PRESENTS PUCK ROCK VOL. 2, copyright

Goalie Fight Publishing 1998.

The entire album is available on Youtube through license to

The Orchard Music on behalf of Sudden Death Records at

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5SHoad3D124>

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# **THE P.U.C.K. (PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN CANADIAN KIDS) CREW IS:**

**Long John:** Vocals, Scratches

**Cheese:** Vocals, Scratches, Beats

**Pot-C:** Vocals, Scratches, Beats

**Kenny-K:** Drums, Vocals

**Dementon aka Tha D:** Bass Guitar, Vocals

**Tha R:** Guitar, Vocals

**Herbal-T:** Vocals, Guitar

**Yuk MC:** Vocals, Beats

**Qwest-Dogg:** Vocals

**Pee Wee:** Vocals

**Tha G.M.C.:** Vocals

Mega blocSonic props to Mike and the blocSonic fam. All the P.U.C.K. Crew fans who have been waiting since the days we put out tapes to finally get around to releasing new material on the interwebs. All the crew families that have put up with these dudes for 25 plus years. Bonus round props to Wendy13, Clay and John the Sound Guy at The Cobalt. Double Jeopardy props to The Hanson Brothers, Joey Shithead, DOA and Sudden Death Records.

**fortyFive**











**P.U.C.K. ONLINE**

<https://blocsonic.com/artist/puck>

<http://zeopolis.jp>

**fortyFive**





Photo Le Journal - Michel MEEFF

Le capitaine Yvan Cournoyer s'est fait un plaisir de poser en compagnie du premier magistrat de la ville de Montréal, Jean Drapeau.

The writer as a young pup sneaks into the mayor's reception.  
L-R Yvan Cournoyer, Montréal mayor Jean Drapeau, young Phill

## **"Fuck Gary Bettman and his rule changes/Fuck Wayne Gretzky and the New York Rangers" (P.U.C.K)**

Hockey isn't just glowing pucks and cheezy \$1m slapshots: it's also punk rock and Bryan Adams screwing up O Canada

**By Phill Oats**

**N**ever written about hockey, but I sure have talked about it. With all the hockey hoopla in town last week this seems a good time to take a gander at our national game. For me, the highlight of the whole All-Star Weekend that blew through town was Hockeypaloza at the Starfish Room last Friday where the glitz and glamour of the All-Star circus was replaced with a get-down celebration of this great game through a similar passion: music. Two of our most intense passions, rock and hockey, it's silly how well the two co-exist and do so as a subtle common bond. Expertly MC'd by Johnny Hanson of the Hanson Brothers, the place was full of hockey sweaters of all sorts and the two themes combined for a noble bash indeed. Five acts, along with a crowd that understands the love for *and importance* of this game and its inherent importance in our culture both past and present and future.

P.U.C.K. came out of nowhere to put together a menacing rap they contributed for the upcoming **Johnny Hanson Presents Puck Rock Vol. 2**. Swank, decked out in their tuxes, slammed out their *End 2 End Rush*. Ted, whose beautiful logo tributes the sorely missed Winful logo, appeared as though they had niipege Jets, appeared as though they had just come from a bench-clearing brawl, with bruises, scars and missing teeth. A flashing light on one of the guitars was announced as being there to help any Americans in the crowd who might have trouble following the show, alluding to Yank broadcaster Fox and their inane glowing puck. JP5, with Gerry-Jen in Colonel Sanders hockey sweater blasted out *Ode To Gino*. Joey Keithley did his solo crank with his Team D.O.A. sweater on (natch) then Royal Grand Prix laid down their roaring set decked out in matching custom RG Prix sweaters. At the end of their set they were joined on stage by two of the Hansons, Johnny on lead

vocals and Tommy on guitar, along with a goalie who was set on fire! Hockey cards were distributed as raffle tix and on hand was the most fun selection of gear assembled at a merch table in ages. What a great night, yeah. If you can't dig it that's too bad. It's the kind of fun that knows no bandwagon jumpers because you can't fake being a hockey fan, you're either there or you ain't. The folks at Power Play who put this shindig on sure understand this. Congrats.

There was tons of media in town for this weekend and they missed out. Imagine all the great visuals described above as an aside to all the standard gala puffery. Instead they were lead around to all the usual media traps and gushed on and on about the official festivities like the interactive hockey circus at the PNE and all the functions none of us could attend with all their unbelievable amounts of fancy free food and drink.

Which brings us to the actual All-Star hoopla with its boring skills competition, oldtimers game and All-Star game itself. The skills competition is useless for measuring the talents of a true competitor like, say, Shane Corson. The shooting accuracy event is almost interesting, particularly when it involved some contest winnery when it involved some contest winnery schmuck who had a chance at winning schmock his life by winning a million dollars for each target he could hit. He choked so completely that he's likely to choke that horrendous moment daily for the rest of his life. Now that was drama. The purest essence of hockey is found in the breakaway, that one-on-one challenge unparalleled in any other sport. Even this was tainted with and watered down as

## Fun

When white men spent North America, the Mohawks playing a frozen rivers. When was hurt, he would Mohawk word for "the word for the mode

from More! All Star Pool  
by Stephen



The Breakaway Relay. Whatever. The oldtimers game is momentarily interesting if only to see them trot out all these players we grew up watching, players who, unlike today, were genuine characters, who didn't wear helmets and who didn't come from the carbon copy minors-through-juniors ranks of jock life that breeds today's athletes. I suppose it's that breeds today's athletes. I suppose it's exciting if you get close enough to actually meet one of these old cats at one of the functions (I hear Bobby Hull can balance a full shot glass on that squashed beak of his; "Hey Mr. and Mrs. Chelios, watch this!"). Once in a while a player like Al Laferte comes along, who rides Harleys, hosts metal radio shows, and sits in front of his locker stall lighting a cigarette with a blow torch for the TV cameras. Yeah, where are the Garry Ungers and Derek Sandersons these days? One bright side of these out-of-the-mold athletes today is that the Canadians are still let's-soft-spoken, team-dedicated, non-christians unlike the blowhard braggarts that populate baseball, basketball and football. Though, just once I'd like to hear Gretzky, who is undoubtedly a brilliant player but has the personality of a clam, use the word art in describing what he does. A goalie like Domenic Hasek is a treat because not only is he the best in the game, but he's completely unorthodox and hugely entertaining to watch as a result. He plays just like we did on the snowy roads as kids. Jaromir Jagr is an incredibly talented player, only as Don Cherry once stated, "He is everything that is wrong with hockey." He has the most embarrassing haircut, feigns injury if someone so much as knocks him over and has taken to doing a showboating bragging nose-rubbing salute each time he scores. That's not character, that's boegus. It was one thing for Tiger Williams to ride his stick down the ice when he scored one of his infrequent goals, it's another thing to do it when you're already better than most everybody else.

Which brings us to the All-Star game itself, a great representation of pick-up or pond hockey as played by extremely talented players, but a lousy representation of what actual pro hockey is about. So North American All-Stars beat the Rest Of The World All-Stars 8-7. Oh Joy. Glancing at the *Vancouver Sun* the next day I noticed the word magic banded about at least three times - twice in headlines - when mentioning a couple of pretty passes between former glory year teammates Gretzky and Messier. Great fucking Scott! Relax, it wasn't that exciting. Bloody sports press, where's the *Bum Report* when we need it. Fox was billing the game as World War 3 on ice. Stupid Yanks. Thanks to Bryan Adams for embarrassing us all by fucking up the words to our anthem. Stupid bloody git.

## Fact

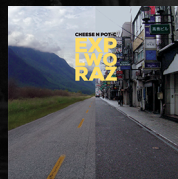
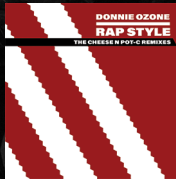
their first winter in  
witnessed the  
of hockey on the  
of the players  
tellt "Ah-ki!", the  
From this came  
game of hockey.

er & Selected Poems  
Driver

It's all over now thank god and we can get back to the real game, which is still tainted by all the American money and influence. Goddamn Disney and their Mighty Ducks are the worst thing to ever happen to pro hockey. I hope that team wallows in mediocrity for eternity and you'd better hope so. If they become a hockey power, which seems inevitable what with the amount of money behind it, they'll turn the game into the family-oriented entertainment it's already in danger of becoming. Anyway, things aren't so bad right now because when they drop the puck it's still the good old hockey game. It's when they blow the whistle and make all the players skate to their benches so they can turn down the house lights and deliver pizza to lucky section 113 that it all turns to shit. The Olympics should be killer though and here's to Team Canada, the Russians were never the enemy, it's always been the U.S., in every way. May we righteously kick their ass and take our game back. And by the way, Recchi should be on the team, not Linden. oats@terminalcity.com

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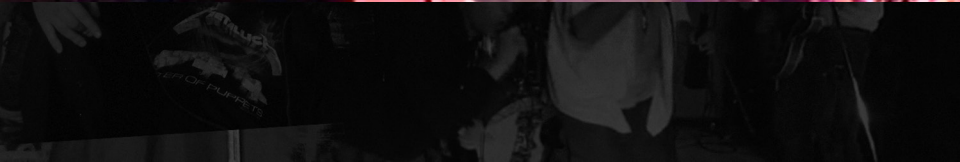
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DOA

"Beat 'Em Bust 'Em"

JP5

"Ode to Gino"

Royal Grand Prix  
"CCM"

Swank

"End 2 End Rush"

P.U.C.K.

"Fuck Gary Bettman"

Ted

"Ted Got the Puck"



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Johnny Hanson Presents  
*Puck Rock Classics Vol. 2*  
coming in March  
on Sudden Death Records



Moscrop PO Box #43001  
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# SOUNDBITES

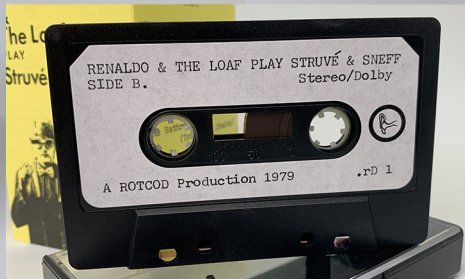
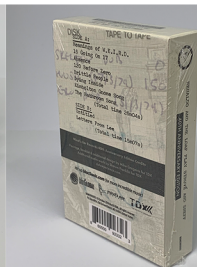
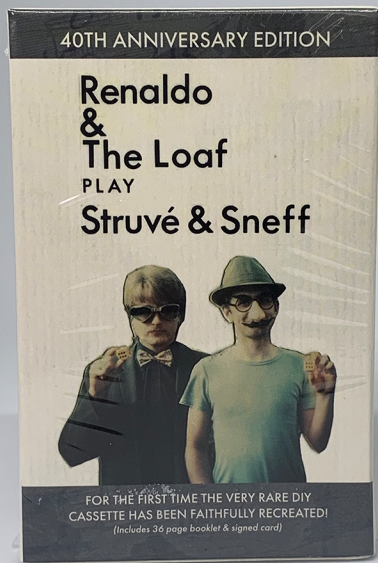
While Newfoundland's unsigned **ENNIS SISTERS** were all the rage at the recent ECMAs, it's Cape Breton's **NATALIE MACMASTER** who's destined to be the major, fiddle-sweetened noise from the Maritimes this year. Her second album for Warner Music Canada, *My Roots Are Showing*, is due in late April. And label reps shouldn't have any trouble securing U.S. support, not after *Entertainment Weekly* slapped an "A" rating on the 25-year-old's new Rounder package, *A Compilation*, which culls 16 tunes off her first two indie releases (also available domestically through Warner). MacMaster is "poised on the brink of international stardom," claimed the Feb. 13 edition of the Time-Warner weekly, and her music is "as pure and bracing as North Atlantic sea spray" ... Long before

**CÉLINE DION** trod the boards, the Quebecois hailed **OSCAR THIFFAULT** as the province's greatest musical export. A francophone **WOODY GUTHRIE** of sorts who died at age 85 in Trois-Rivieres on Feb. 6, Thiffault used his experiences as a lumber man and miner as the springboard to folk stardom with tunes like the half-million selling *Le rapide blanc* (*White Rapids*) in the 1950s ... With the Essential Noise imprint dormant, **LAURIE MERCER** is licensing the second volume of the Puck Rock series to ex-management client **JOE KEITHLEY** for release on the **D.O.A.** front man's indie imprint, Sudden Death. The track lineup includes an ode to the NHL commissioner titled *F\*\*\* Gary Bettman* by the Campbell River, B.C. group **PUCK** (AKA **PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN CANADIAN KIDS**). (J.B.)



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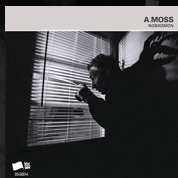
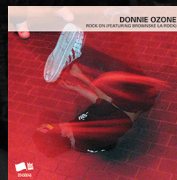
## Various

### *Johnny Hanson Presents Puck Rock Vol. II, 1999*

The same idea as *Vol. I* with a number of different artists and a little less inspiration. Several European punk contributors add an international flavour, but the cursory liner notes fail to provide details of band origins. Pansy Division, D.O.A., Riverdales and the Hansons make the 20-band roster. Hip-hop unit P.U.C.K scores big points with "Fuck Gary Bettman."

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# JOHNNY HANSON'S PUCK VOL. 2 ROCK PRESENTS

BOSKODS



THE DINKS



PANSY DIVISION



steaknife



Riverdale





Took it in the head  
I've never been the same

Ted got the puck  
I took it in the ear  
I pick it up and took it  
home  
As a souvenir

Ted got the puck  
Satan missed the pass  
Guess I didn't see it  
Comin' over the glass

Ted got the puck  
But I showed no fear  
Couldn't feel a thing  
'Cause I was piss drunk on beer

Team roster: Will E. Beats - permanently demoted to minors

The Bone - beer vendor  
Ted - team captain  
Kuba - enforcer

Ted c/o Sudden Death Records, Moscrop PO #43001,  
Burnaby, BC Canada V5G 3H0

## You High Sticked My Heart THE DINKS

© Rusty Bedsprings 1998 (SOCAN)

I'm a killer on the rink  
I don't even stop to think  
Before laying punks to waste

All the cretins that I mug  
They all call me a thug  
But never to my face

But when I saw you in the stands  
I wished we were holding hands  
I'd never felt this way before

And I knew that I could score  
You high-sticked my heart (X2)

When I see you in your seat  
I know my heart just skips a beat  
Like gettin' checked into the boards

And when I see you every night

**Johnny Hanson sez:**  
strengths: hardened by bitter  
Manitoba winters, they  
can survive anything pro-  
viding they keep parking  
and concession rights  
weaknesses:  
owned by  
Biosbuster  
video  
prediction:  
will eventually  
go broke and  
move to  
Phoenix



Well I can never lose a fight  
I know it's me you're cheerin' for  
And when I saw you in the stands  
I wished we were holding hands  
I'd never felt this way before  
And I knew that I could score  
You high-sticked my heart (X4)

Team roster: Steve Dink - demoted to Thunder Bay  
Turkeys of the Nickel League  
Johnny Nasty - demoted to Thunder  
Bay Turkeys of the Nickel League  
Rusty Bedsprings - demoted to  
Thunder Bay Turkeys of the Nickel  
League  
Melonhead - demoted to Thunder  
Bay Turkeys of the Nickel League

The Dinks c/o Sudden Death Records,  
Moscrop PO #43001,  
Burnaby, BC Canada  
V5G 3H0

## Penalty Box STEAKNIFE

© Steakknife, copyright  
control

You've got to sit down  
You've got to sit down  
now

You've got to sit down  
in the penalty box

Team roster: Stoffel - sweeper  
Fabstich - Autobahn mechanic  
Lee Hollis -

Steakknife c/o Sudden Death Records, Moscrop PO  
#43001, Burnaby, BC Canada V5G 3H0

## CCM ROYAL GRAND PRIX

© Royal Grand Prix, copyright control 1998  
(SOCAN). Royal Grand Prix appear courtesy of  
Wrong Records.

Second captain, first pick  
Nobody wants Teddy, Larry's good for a hat trick  
Even with his bum knee  
Denny got some nets for Christmas  
We're on the road again

Dad's number one on my hit list  
For breaking my CCM, breaking my CCM...

We just won Lord Stanley, let's play the Russians again  
We just won Lord Stanley, let's play the Russians again

Get your sister's dandy  
Would she like to see my  
CCM? Like to see my CCM?

Twenty-eight to thirty, next  
goals the game

Your brother's playing dirty,  
I know he likes the Flames  
Doug's brother's a jerk but  
he brought the puck  
No I ain't playing goalie,  
I'm a winger you fuck  
I'm a winger you fuck  
I'm a winger you fuck

Team roster: Mac Romoli - sieve in goal  
Robbie Romoli - stand-still defense  
Rosie Romoli - demoted to the Surrey Car  
Thieves of the B&E League  
Rocky Romoli - promoted to front office  
Royal Grand Prix c/o Wrong Records, PO Box 3243,  
Vancouver, BC Canada V6B 3Y4

## Fuck Gary Bettman P.U.C.K.

© Goalie Fight Publishing 1998

It's time for a rhyme so sad to report  
About the cash-in fashion of our national sport

[chorus X 2]  
Fuck Gary Bettman, fuck the rule changes  
Fuck Wayne Gretzky and the New York Rangers

Rest in peace, Quebec Nordiques  
Bought to be Yankee Colorado geeks  
Next Winnipeg was next to go  
They may as well be the Jets of Mexico  
I've heard of free trade but fuck this sucks  
Trade Canadian tradition for Yankee bucks  
Hang Gary Bettman, I'll hold the rope  
NHL merchandise I just say nope  
Yeah Bettman ya bet I be mad at ya  
Keep yer little wass-ess the fuck outta Canada

[chorus X 2]  
Fuck Gary Bettman, fuck the rule changes  
Fuck Wayne Gretzky and the New York Rangers  
Hockey's left a tacky taste in my mouth

**Johnny Hanson sez:**  
strengths: Rosie Romoli,  
aka The Chairman of the  
Boards

weaknesses: always fighting  
over who gets to  
drive the  
Zamboni  
prediction: will  
suffer career  
ending liver  
damage



Ever since number 99 broke south  
Chasin' a taste of the Yankee dollar  
In Yankee rinks where the dinks don't heller  
Picket ticket wickets all gone insane  
A true blue fan can't afford the game  
Coast to coast the rinks sound silent  
Full of rich dinks wintry dinin' clients  
With no understanding of the price and the glory  
They never had a practice at six in the morning  
Fuck what's a flat broke fan I do  
Don Cherry must be turning  
blue

[chorus X 2]

Fuck Gary Bettman, fuck  
the rule changes  
Fuck Wayne Gretzky and  
the New York Rangers

Fuck the Mighty Ducks  
and their cute little logo  
Got me benta outta shape like Tim Hunter's nose yo  
Ya can't take the fight right out of the game  
Sweetheart jamtarts making hockey lame  
Don Cherry I wish we were commissioner  
Hollywood's wack get it back to Kitchener  
Fuck Fox fucks of red and blue  
Leave hockey up north where the feelin's true

[chorus X 2]

Fuck Gary Bettman, fuck the rule changes  
Fuck Wayne Gretzky and the New York Rangers  
Team! Yostar: D.J. Murtie - sent to San Quentin  
How Now Law - sent to Leavenworth  
LongJohn - slickboy sent to Attica

PUCK c/o Sudden Death Records, Moscrop PO  
#43001, Burnaby, BC Canada V5G 3H0

## Beat 'Em Bust 'Em D.O.A.

(Joe Keithley) © D.O.A., Prisoner Publishing 1995  
© Sudden Death Records 1995

There I was at the end of the bench, silvers up my  
butt  
The coach said, "Joe, here's your chance, chop  
them like a cleatcut" (Coach Charleton Heston)  
so I hopped on the ice and swung my stick like a  
scoytie in a field of wheat  
The first guy who got in my way I knocked in to the  
cheap seats

Sin Bin Sin Bin Sin Bin that's where I belong  
Beat 'em bust 'em well that's our custom

Then we mug 'em, drop the gloves, pop them in the  
beak  
Beat 'em bust 'em that's our custom  
Slash 'em hook 'em, the cops are coming after the  
game

Like Eddie Shore said  
If you can't beat them in the alley, you can't beat them  
on the ice  
You got to smash them in the teeth at least once or  
twice  
It reminds me of all the clumps that said they'd take  
us on  
Then I think of the blood on the ice, what a bunch of  
morons

Sin Bin Sin Bin Sin Bin that's where I belong  
Beat 'em bust 'em well that's our custom

Smash 'em hook 'em we beat them like a rented mule  
Beat 'em bust 'em well that's our custom  
Then we mug them, it's down to the station after the  
game

Headbutting, eyegouging,  
impaling, decapitating  
A broken arm and a skull  
fracture, conquest + defeat  
A 5 minute major and a  
suspension, a new team +  
a hospital sheet

Sin Bin Sin Bin Sin Bin  
that's where I belong

Beat 'em bust 'em well  
that's our custom

Spear 'em board 'em, put  
'em right through the glass  
Beat 'em bust 'em well that's our custom  
We like to mug 'em, pitchfork 'em like a bale of hay

Team roster: Joe Shithead Keithley - banned for life  
after any organized sport, now residing  
in Las Vegas

Ford Pier - impaled on a long stick off a  
short pier  
John Wright - traded to Hansons for bag  
of pucks

Brian Gube - inducted into Hall of Fame

DOA c/o Sudden Death Records, Moscrop PO  
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## HNIT KING HOKUM AND THE MEAT BEES

© King Hokum And The Meat Bees, copyright control  
(SOCAN)

Oh it's hockey night in Toronto, another night of grief  
I never liked Toronto, and I sure won't cheer for the  
Leas

It's a crummy town of ro-  
ten snobs, who think  
their arse is the sun  
You can simply ask their  
mother's opinion, I'm not  
the only one  
Toronto's alright if yer  
British, Toronto's alright if  
you're dead

Toronto's alright to be  
crowded by strangers, or if something's with yer head  
Toronto is cool to the Newfies, they think they're in  
Montreal

Toronto's just they're empty inside, or if you're short  
and fat and bald  
Dirty stinkin' Toronto, lousy crummy Leas, the rest of  
the band aren't in this song  
'Cause they're kissing The Doms' feet (hor)

It's an awful lousy crummy team, I sees them every-  
day

Sundin's fixin' my muffler, while Wendel's served on  
my tray

Potvin's in my bathroom, he's what I call my crap  
I know the Canucks are a bunch of bums, but I'm still  
not taking that back  
Cherry should move to Edmonton, to live near a team  
with guts

This Eastern Canadian tradition is showing itself a bust  
Stinkin' lousy celebrities, dirty rotten creeps  
Norway has valhalla, Canada's got the Leas

Somewhere there is some manians, they're checking  
up on us

They wonder what we're in for a bout, & who &  
where & what

And they don't give a frig about Bruce La Bruce  
Or give a hoot about Mump and Smoot  
Nor do they promenade in tiner biker jackets to Pizza

222

They just wonder every Saturday night, come hell or  
hockey game

That of all the possible combinations, one team

**Johnny Hanson sez:**  
strengths: shitty rookies  
with a bad attitude  
weaknesses: can't get  
enough of that  
sugar crisp  
prediction: will  
eventually get  
a bad rap



**Johnny Hanson sez:**  
strengths: a willingness to  
maim, and if possible, kill  
weaknesses: glacially slow  
defence, injury prone,  
changes line-ups  
faster than Mike  
Keenan  
prediction:  
future house  
band for the  
Ralph  
Bennurung  
Show



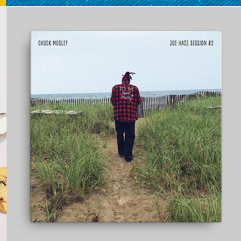
**Johnny Hanson sez:**  
strengths: trash-talking as  
an art form  
weaknesses: easily  
disposed of  
prediction: I see  
a lucrative  
endorsement as  
spokesmodels  
of Laidlaw







# **blocGLOBAL** STORE



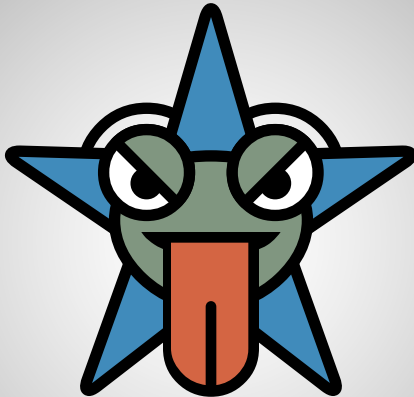
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FRIDAY JANUARY 16TH

THE STARFISH ROOM - 1055 HOMER

DOORS 8:00PM


SHOW STARTS AT 9:30 SHARP

TICKETS \$10 AT THE DOOR ONLY





Left to Right: Dementon, Kenny-K, Pot-C, Long John, Tha R, Cheese · Bottom: Oleg



Yo, P.U.C.K.! Welcome back! This is great stuff. Thank you for  
allowing blocSonic to help you continue the P.U.C.K. legacy!  
Welcome to the bloc fam! Now we're waiting for an album.  
:)

- Mike Gregoire, blocSonic

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