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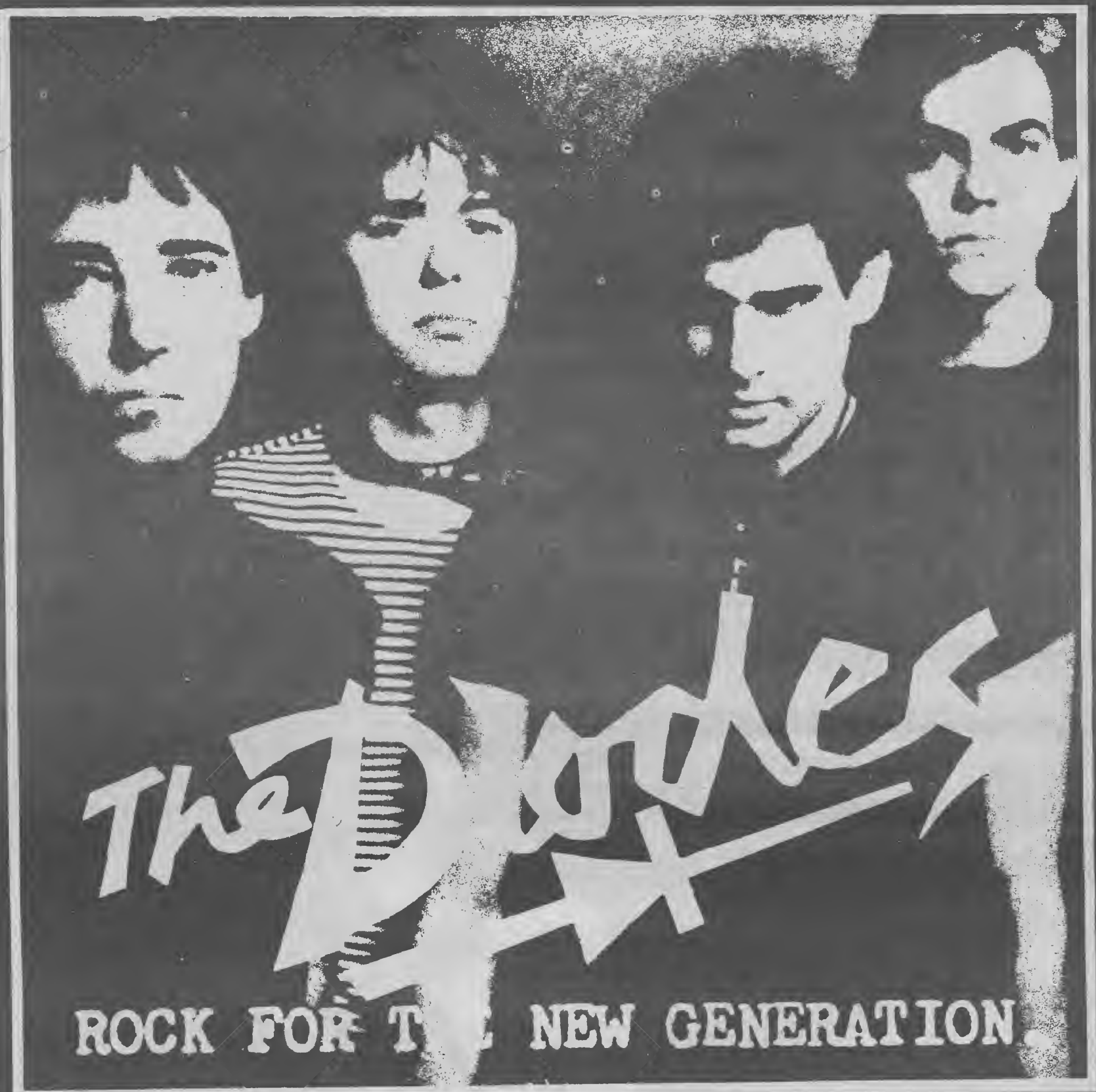
shades

NEW WAVE IN TORONTO

POLES
VILETONES
TEENAGE
HEAD
DIODES
VIBRATORS
DISHES

AND MUCH
MORE!!!



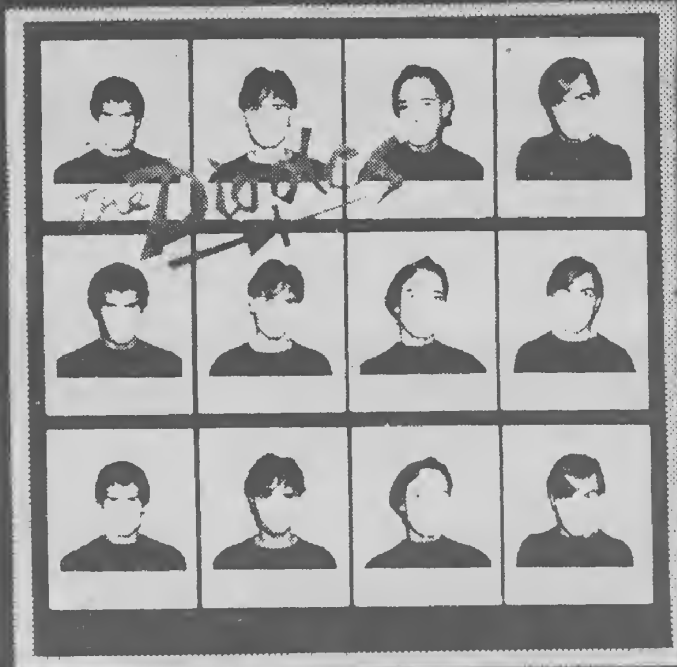


THE DIODES

Loud.
Hard.
Angry.

New rock
and roll
for people
tired of
the past.

Debut
single.
Debut
album.
Buy both.



shades

Cover photo Michaela Jordana of The Poles by Danny Berman

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VILETONES HIT NEW YORK: AND NEW YORK HITS BACK

By Roscoe Guard

One night late in 1977, at Max's Kansas City on Park Avenue South in New York, Toronto's Viletones were from another planet. Interplanetary war threatened to break out a number of times when a huffy Nat Z. Dog told the audience what he thought of them.

"You guys look like deaf-mutes in phone booths to me. You guys look old, you look tired," which remark was greeted by applause from scattered sections of the audience. Were they endorsing Dog's analysis or making some sardonic comment on their world-weary selves?

After the next selection was greeted with polite applause by young Americans as interested in talking among themselves as watching the stage, Nat Z. Dog began to get a little hot under the collar. "We don't expect New York audiences to clap, in fact, next song don't clap!" he snarled into the mike.

"If we do we get a disease," said someone at the next table.

Nat Z. Dog made the mistake of thinking the New Yorkers were against him. They were not. They accepted the band for what it is: a stylish, hard-driving group of new-wavers. But that description also fits the band that followed the Viletones that night, and a dozen other bands around town.

When some people insisted on applauding the next song, which was a raw R&B number featuring the Dog and a nine inch dagger, some simple but emphatic guitar work from Freddy Pompeii, a forceful bass supplied by Jimmy Hate and reliable drums by Motor X, the signer snapped, "Don't clap! You'll make fools of yourself if you do!"

"Go home!" someone shouted right next to me. "We'd love to but the money's good," returned the Dog. He felt compelled to explain the novel situation of being on stage in front of an audience that did not scream and squeal and try to maul him.

"We're from Toronto. Just keep remembering it!"

"The point is, we don't give a fuck."
"You people don't seem to understand that the music in 1977 is only about 30% important to what's happening on stage." And here he hit the nail on the head. The Viletones are best appreciated as a theatrical phenomenon who would seem to owe as much to characters from Japan's Kabuki drama as they would to any American singing group. They are archetypes of Youth driven from the suburban Garden of Eden by their own consciousness of the fact that, as Johnny Rotten puts it: "There's no future for you, there's no future for me." Yet the image of a singer on stage pressing a dagger to his cheek may not be so piquant in a city where a good portion of the population carries some sort of weapon in the expectation that they may, at any time, have to draw real blood in self-defense or otherwise.

A few tables away I spied the only man in the dingy club wearing shades. It might have been Bob Dylan in 1965 but it was Joey Ramone in 1977. I slid into the booth next to him.

"How do you like the band, Joey?"

"I like them, you know?"

To be heard over the music I had to put my face right into Joey's hair and shout, "Are you a fan?"

"An observer," he corrected.
On stage Nat Z. Dog had hoisted lead guitarist Freddy Pompeii onto his shoulders, except that under the nine foot ceiling there was no room for Freddy's head. They both kept singing and playing, then, without warning, the Dog launched Freddy backwards off his shoulder. The hapless guitarist completed the long trip back to the stage with a loud and ugly thud. Joey said it looked like he, "Really fucked his health... really flung him off." You could see that the chance of real violence getting mixed in with all the show violence gave this leader of one of the greatest punk bands in the world pause.

The set was over. I chatted a bit more with Joey and Arturo Vega, the Ramones' art director, then excused myself and went up to the Viletones' dressing room.

Upstairs they were not celebrating.

"Want to go to the hospital, Fred?" one member of the Viletones touring party asked.

"No, fuck it," said Fred. But he looked even paler than usual and kept rubbing his shoulder. I sat down in a corner just as two lanky young ladies with good bones came in.

"Somebody wants to wish you well," said one of the other. "She just got back from Nam. She was missing in action," which must have been a reference to the

fatigue jacket the veteran was wearing. She came and sat next to me.

"You guys were too drunk up there for these kids," said someone to the Dog, who was too tired and sweaty to reply.

"What's wrong with the New York audience, Nat Z.?" I asked him.

"They're too square compared to what we're used to... really conservative."

"Are these the Two Timers?" asked the young lady in fatigues.

"No, these are the Viletones from Toronto, Canada," I said.

"Canadians have definitely got to do something with themselves," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"They can't cut it," she tried to explain. A few feet away her companion was reciting a poem called 'When Farrah Fawcett Takes A Healthy Shit'. I was intrigued.

"Did you write that?"

"No, it was printed on the centerfold of Screw magazine," she said, "and I thought it was good so I committed it to memory."

"Where are you from?" I asked, noting a slight lilt in

her diphthongs.

"Chatanooga, Tennessee," she replied somewhat abashed.

As I went around getting the band to autograph my drinks menu that Joey Ramone had already signed, it was decided to take Freddy to the hospital just to be on the safe side.

I filed out with Freddy, the Viletones' manager, and a rock writer from the Village Voice. We got to the band's station wagon and I said, "So long fellas." A real newshound like the guy from the Voice would have hustled into the car and followed the story to the hospital, which is exactly what he did. But this Canadian "couldn't cut it", so I went back to the club. A young roadie caught up to me. I asked him if they had ever had an accident with that part of the act before.

"The fall didn't hurt him. It was the people stepping on his arm when they rushed the stage," he said.

"I didn't notice anybody rushing the stage," I said.

"Well it was right at the end when I was closing the curtain. Somebody rushed on stage."

Maybe somebody did. I was talking to Joey Ramone at the time and might not have noticed. So it is with myth-making in New York.



Nazi Dog and Freddy Pompeii at Max's in N.Y.

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Punk. I don't know. Is it all just a conspiracy by a lot of ageing Beatlemaniacs to relive their puberty? Is it a genuine movement to wrestle control of rock art from the hands of neo-Tin Pan Alley? One hopes so. The consensus sounds as though the phenomenon is virtually indefinable, but everybody has an opinion, and, more significant, everybody reacts to it. At any rate, new wave music saved rock 'n' roll's life. Accept this. There's no turning back. Shades will be a journal about rock 'n' roll music and related eruptions in Toronto.

New wave music seems to be a focus for the young and disenchanted. It is an expression of a generation's most twisted, violent and desperate fear reflecting twisted and violent environment. These are anthems of Metropolis.

Form / From the Ministry of Art: MEMO /
"art for the masses...."

THRILLS!

CHILLS!

EXCITEMENT!

In the sixties rock 'n' roll aligned briefly with radical / reform politics and was coopted. Suddenly in 1977 rock collided with revolutionary / nihilist / anarchist politics and there is an epic struggle at the moment to subvert or not to let subversion exist. The media and media-sponsored lashback will at least slow down the process of cooption if that has not already taken place. One never knows.



'Ghoulis' sideshow closed

WAUKEGAN, Ill. (UPI) — The operator of a local sideshow "Wondercase Exhibits" has been arrested here after exhibiting the remains of 20 deformed infants at a county fair.

The Lake County Coroner Robert Babcox said the exhibit was "absolutely ghoulish... When we first saw the exhibits we thought they were plastic or rubber. But our pathologist found them to be human monstrosities... malformed babies, ranging from gestation beyond live birth."

They were billed as "the Elephant Nose Baby, the Cyclops and the Frog Girl." The authorities are now trying to find out where the operator got the bodies.

COP'S BODY DRAGGED THROUGH STREETS

BELEM, Brazil (Reuter) — A mob broke into a hospital morgue, stole the body of a policeman and dragged it through the streets of the town of Braganca, authorities said here yesterday.

The crowd of 2,000 earlier set fire to a police station when they heard the alleged killer of the policeman had died in custody—the authorities added.

Walter de Souza a local bar owner was reported to have died while being questioned. Seven military policemen who were questioning de Souza fled before the station was destroyed Thursday and are being hunted.

YOU ARE THE TARGET

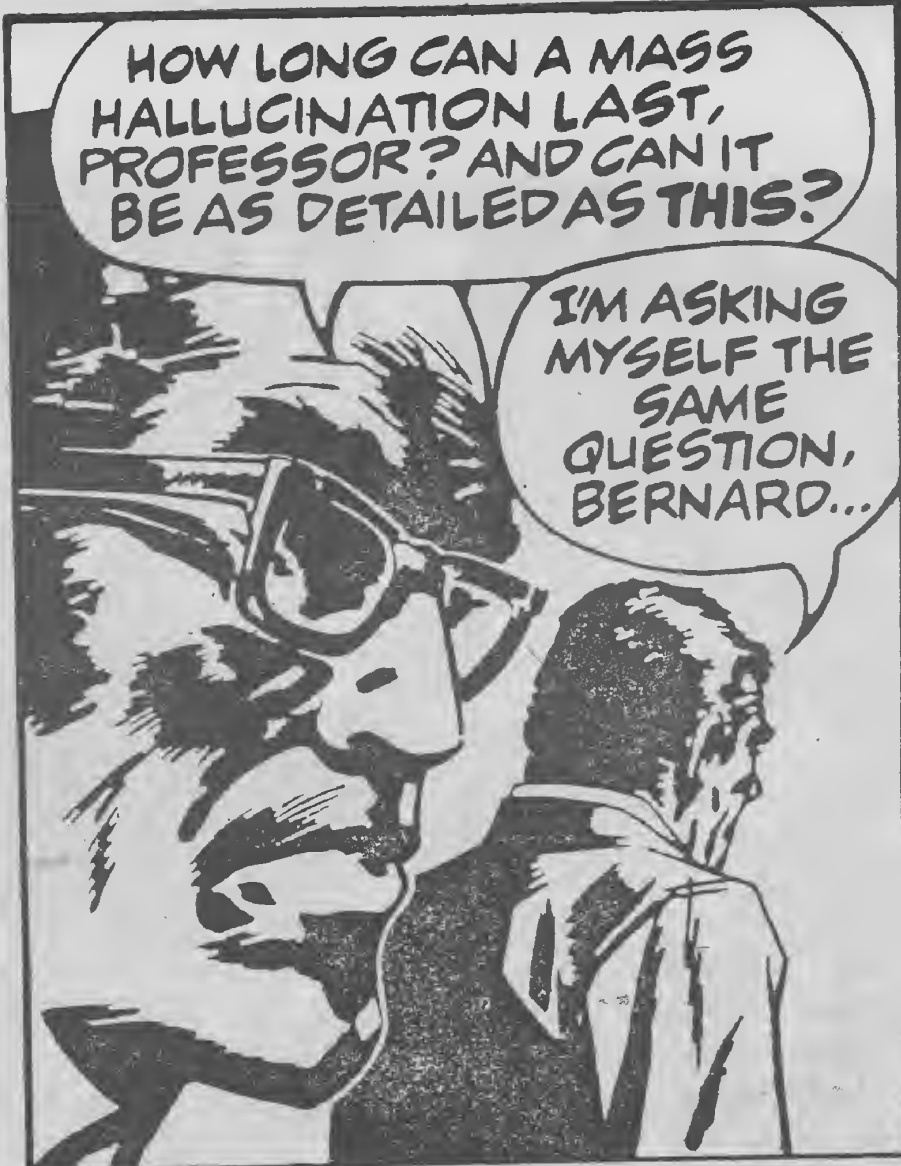


Image from the FIFTH ESTATE, 1977

The household word in Punk consumerism in the daily operations of punk politics, punk economics, punk business, punk education or punk entertainment is punk market research. Without any doubt, we already know that punk buying power is sought after and cultivated and pampered. Accurate combing of statistical data of punk consumers' market desires are transformed into punk consumer goods.

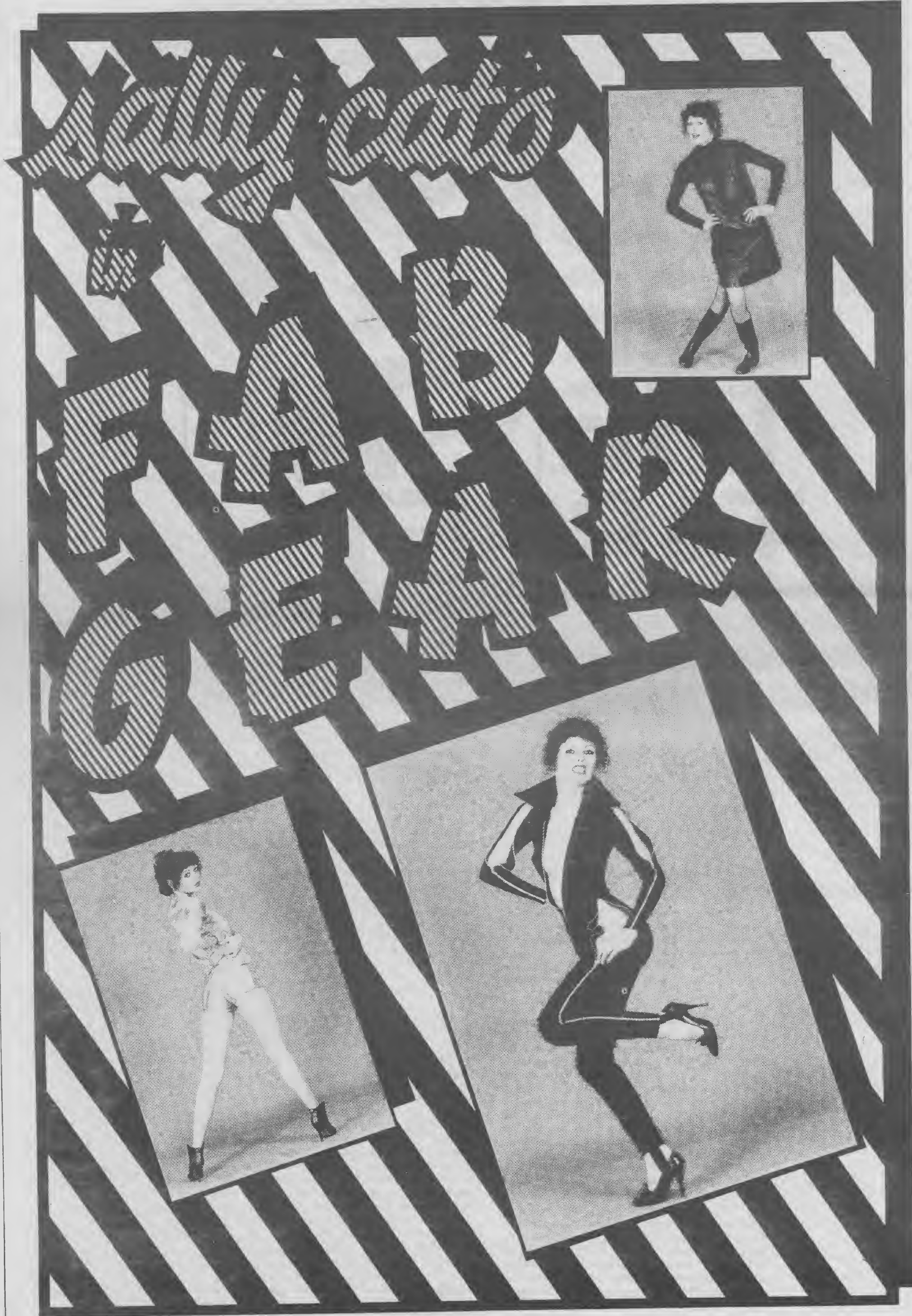
Processing punk consumer goods is the further transformation of what used to be punks' raw material. The processing is the transformation of neutral quality into punk value oriented goods that satisfy potentially unfulfilled punk desires. The punk technique is however never to exhaust the punk market. In order not to exhaust itself, the punk market feeds the potentially punk consumer society's buying power with unfulfilled punk desires.

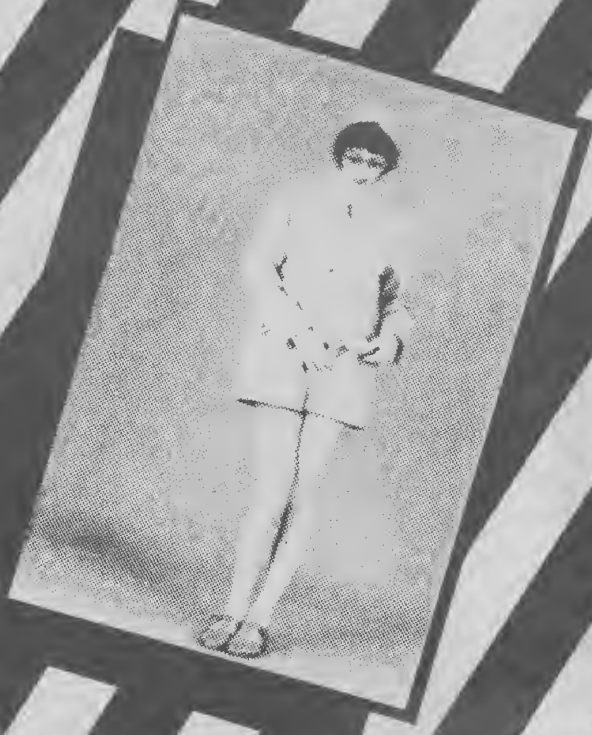
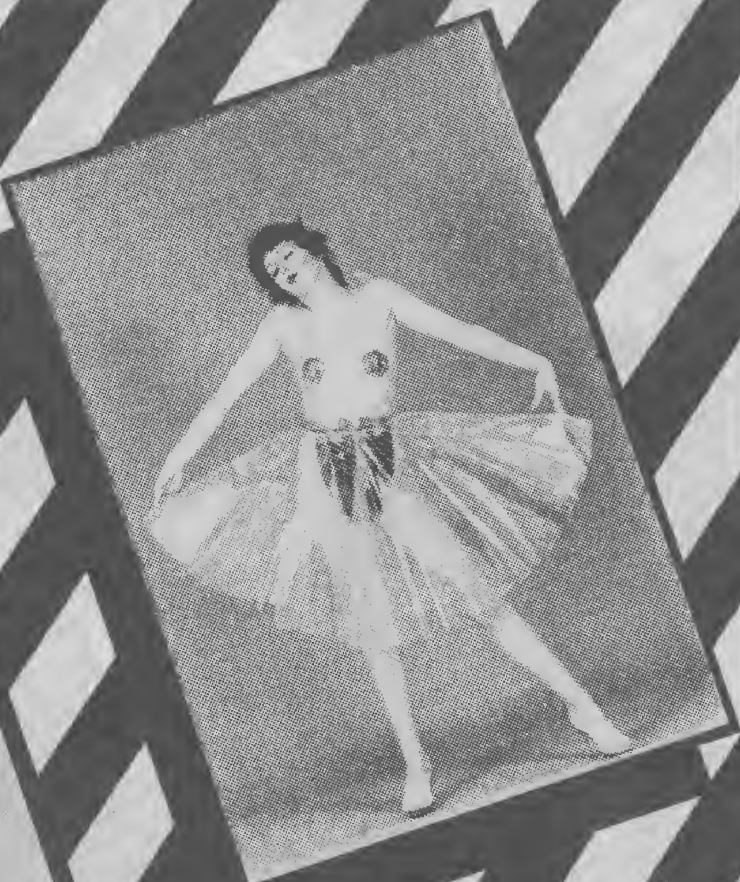
Punk market changes are current. Changes are allowed to happen within the limits of punk habits. Punk habits are punk addictive conditions in which one expresses repetitive punk behaviour of punk addictions. By punk repetition it is possible to create a punk condition, a punk environment.

To facilitate both the punk addiction and the punk market research, contemporary punk society has installed punk target research for punk marketing. Addicted punk consumers with definite punk lifestyles are targeted 'en masse' and sold to punk support systems of definite punk consumer goods manufacturers. Suppose you are an average metropolitan punk youth, late teens, which has an addiction for punk new wave; in this case the punk addiction can be defined by the punk market research as a punk target value. In fact you as a punk will consume daily a precise punk value of punk consumer goods that will satisfy your punk desires, say for example, punk records, punk cigarettes, punk stiletto shoes, punk paper napkins, punk razor blades, punk beer cans, punk key holders, punk instamatics, punk nail polish, punk t-shirts, punk waterproof watches or whatever else the punk market determines as the punk target's habit. We as punk target advertise the punk market. And our unfulfilled punk desires are the springs to expand the punk

market. The problem of the punk market is not to suddenly lack of punk targets, but to maintain an accurate picture of the punk habit changes. The punk system has to remain alive, but punks' slow death is allowed. One cannot totally avoid being a punk consumer power, therefore staying the punk market target. On the contrary, when one individual expands the punk target surface (by expanding the punk addictions), one follows the orders of the punk market, as programmed. The outcome of punk work is punk culture. The punk readers and the punk collaborators to this journal have something in common: the punk addiction they have developed, outlined by punk language, punk interests, punk forms. If we were to adopt a change in punk consciousness, we would find a different set of readers which are framed by the different context. Within a radical and critical punk milieu, if we could express a punk language that exposes the potentially unrepressed punk expressions, we would be creating a revolutionary punk state. The question then arises: 'is it possible to create a revolutionary punk condition?' A punk journal, for example, requires a punk support system, a punk market that will sustain the whole potential punk identity: its survival punk habits, its punk food, its punk habitations, its punk uniforms, its punk literature, its punk work process. But to a degree we are fragmented from the totality of the punk support system. The second question is: 'if one is practicing a fragmentary action, such as the publishing a punk rock magazine, how can we expose the revolutionary punk culture for shifting the punk target into the total punk market?' We have to make a nexus with the totality of life support of this society with occasional correct patterns for the blowing of the punk target itself as in punk terrorism, punk hijacking, punk barricades, punk occupations, and all other forms of punk appropriations of the punk means of production (punk work base). By modifying the punk work base we also change the punk cultural base and its punk social relationships. However the punk process is one directional. We cannot start from the punk cultural base and then proceed to modify the punk work base. Such is in fact the failure of a punk rock in its punk market: the punk market that stagnated in its punk target.

Amerigo Marras,
Toronto, January, 1978

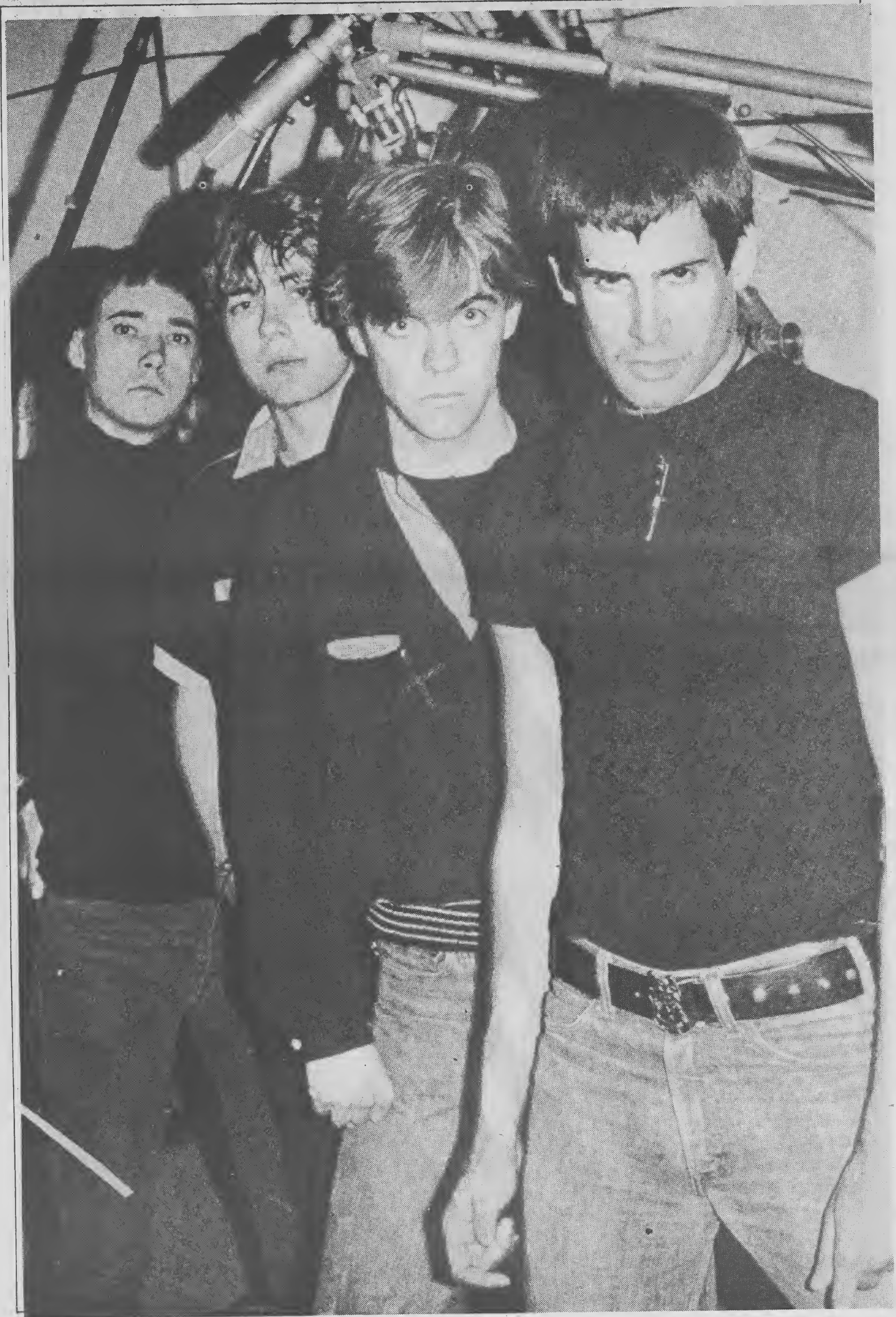




PHOTOS BY EEDIE STEINER

CLOTHES BY SALLY CATO

DESIGN BY DAVID ANDOFF



THE DIODES: TIME DAMAGE

By Ralph Alfonso

It's late 1976.

And it's Toronto.

A horrible combination.

There's nothing to do and nothing to see.

Except for the Diodes. The city's first punk band, they were met with disbelief and scorn. It was unheard of: a group whose specific concept and purpose was to play louder, faster and harder than anybody else.

January, 1977. The Diodes open for the Talking Heads at the Ontario College of Art. February, 1977. Same place, except now it's the Diodes' second appearance (the 3D Concert with the Doncasters and the Dishes).

In June, the group played the Colonial "Underground" for a one-night performance. In the upstairs room, Long John Baldry decided to do some acoustic numbers so the owner sent bouncers down to unplug the Diodes. Audience goes wild. Broomhandles, skulls and bouncers mix. Blood. Casualties. Police. All the details in the Toronto Sun (picture, too).

Banned everywhere, Toronto punk might have died stillborn had the Diodes not opened Crash 'n' Burn, the country's first punk club. The basement of Toronto's Centre For Experimental Art and Communication, the club ran from June till early August.

In the next few months, the Diodes played CBGB's, signed to CBS Records, headlined at Max's Kansas City, gave their first Toronto concert in five months at the Shock Theatre and are now off on a major American tour. A single, "Red Rubber Ball," and an album, "The Diodes," are selling well. The LP has sold 5,000 in barely three weeks of release.

Most unusual.

The Diodes are Paul Robinson, vocals; John Catto, guitar; Ian Mackay, bass; and John Hamilton, drums.

Shades: Are you going to be famous for more than 15 minutes?

Paul: I hope so. I hope I'm famous for 15 minutes.

Shades: How does it feel, seeing your pictures and stories in major rock magazines?

John Catto: It's diminished all faith I ever had in the press.

Shades: How has signing with CBS affected you personally?

John Hamilton: I can pay the rent now. I moved out of one room into two.

Shades: What are your songs about?

Ian: Our songs are about the gap and interval between the suburbs and downtown. They're about the late 70s, not the 60s.

Shades: What makes the late 70s different?

Ian: Well, sociologically, it's always different. There's mass unemployment instead of opportunity for youth. There's a lot of frustration. . . I think everyone's looking for something they can all fall behind. There hasn't been any sort of movement for about eight years now.

Shades: How do you compare Toronto with the other scenes in London and New York?

Paul: It's all a myth. These scenes don't exist. Only people that write about them.

Shades: What about England?

Catto: There's always people making a scene there.

Shades: What is punk to you?

Hamilton: Punk is like now, improved Fab. Only with more energy 'cause we're not so tired.

Paul: It's new blood into an industry staffed with old blood. We're surprised that we were even signed.

Ian: Most of the people being signed by the industry right now have usually spent 10 years playing the same

thing and all they ever wanted to do was what was done 10 years ago, only in the r style. The new thing, I guess, that New Wave did was it sort of threw everything out and started again with three chords, and it'll evolve and compound again.

Shades: How do you think people will react to a Canadian punk band?

Hamilton: Just don't tell them you're Canadian and you might get away with it.

Shades: Are there any people you look up to?

Hamilton: Joey Ramone. He's about a foot taller than me.

Shades: How do you feel about the Teds versus Punks thing in England?

Hamilton: Who's the biggest? Whoever wins, we like.

Shades: What was it like playing New York?

Catto: It's all a myth. We never played there.

Paul: We just put posters up.

Shades: How does your music affect your art, for you and you who do art?

Paul: We hate art.

Ian: When we were in New York the first time, we went around Soho screaming "Fuck art!" at the top of our lungs.

Paul: And Ian smashed up displays at a gallery.

Shades: Why?

Paul: Because we hate art.

Hamilton: Actually he was drunk and tripped over them.

Shades: Is there anything you'd like to add?

Catto: You need a haircut.



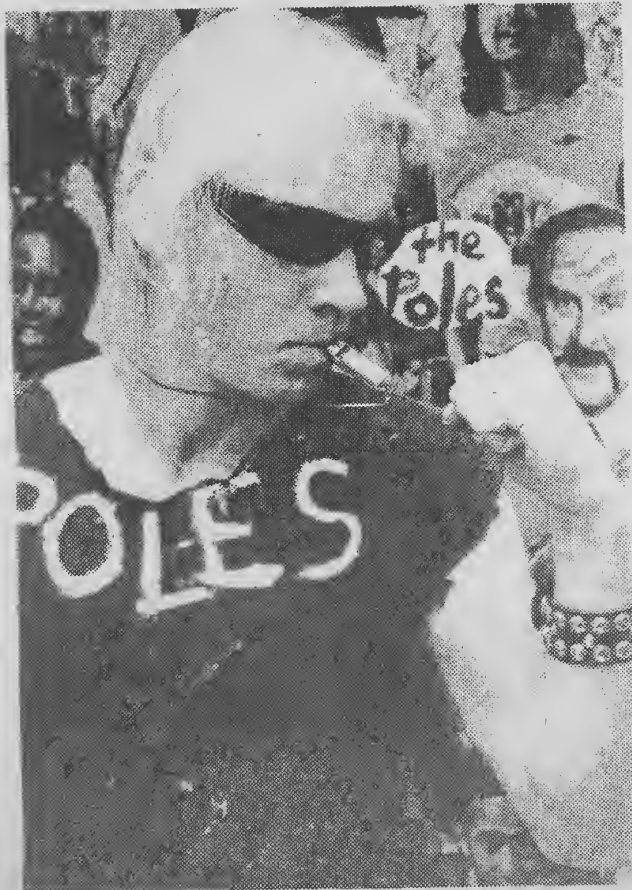
Left to right: John Hamilton, John Catto, Paul Robinson, Ian McKay.

Photo: Carole Starr

SHADES 11

ICE AGE HEAT WAVE

By Michaela Jordana and Doug Pringle



Stevie B. Goode



Rex Chainbelt



Ricky Swede



Michaela and Doug



Douglas: *The Poles* arrive in America like a blast of icy Arctic wind...there is freedom but no choice for *The Poles*...fight for survival and the triumph of inner heat over the frozen outside world...the ice age sweeps over the tropical jungle, and the great grazing herbivores are its first victims...only the wary carnivore survives...whether he's a pea-brained reptile or the supermind mammal...either go with the cold and cool it...or pump out hot blood to resist the wave.

Style is the animal's coat...beauty for no reason other than survival, the sexual display and the mottled sworls that create invisibility.

Michaela: Style is a transparent layer of crystal ice coating the huge mammoth...it hides the black cavern that stops only at the steaming centre of the globe. Style is a thin gossamer of reality upon which we can see a mirror image of ourselves. Just like Narcissus. But beneath this fragile membrane, the core remains intact...*The Poles* are focused...their outward manifestations change...volcanic eruptions, deep tremors of the earth...but the feelings remain solid. Survival.

Douglas: The cold, the ice, the holocaust. We either die like dinosaurs, by the natural drama, or rise above it like pterodactyls, those great crimson birds scouting from the ark.

Michaela: The tips of my fingers are like molecular antennae. They contain the nerve fibres...beaming in the radio waves that cross unspoken boundaries...probing the recesses of ancient genetic mysteries. *The Poles*. We're the "Cannibal Kids" breaking the time barrier. We're the link. I mean look around you. Huge robots...computer lovers...territorial animals with no space to feel anything...yr fibres yr body, yr lust...power...pleasure...desire. All ya feel is shame. Tha animal pulse. SHAME. So ya eat more. Ya puke. Ya shit. Yr repulsed by the holes. Remnants of the amoeba suction cup...beneath the sea...waving it's tubular vessel. *The Poles*. Going wild. I'm gonna go now...gonna break down those barriers. Between me and you. FROZEN...but intact...suspended animation.

He was heaving...one huge mass heaving his colossal body from the sand into the sea. The Leviathon made it...he kept moving...didn't stop for a second...couldn't think clear...all that kept him going were those feelings...pushing him further out till he became weightless...No gravity under the water...he rolls round and round. That urge to fuck...to make babies...billions of creatures dead...couldn't make the transition...heaved their final moans of existence...then suffocated.

There's only so much space on board the ship.

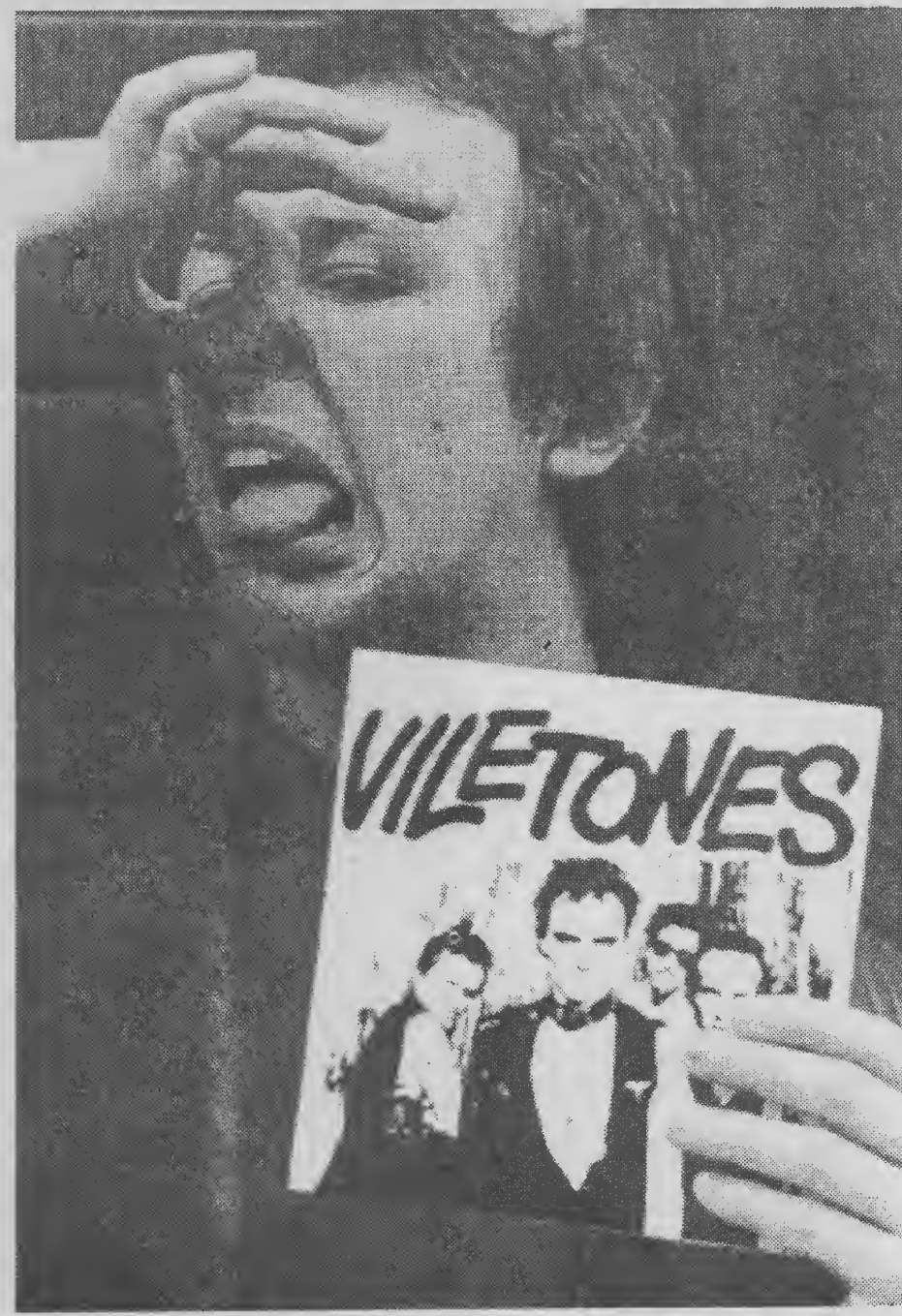
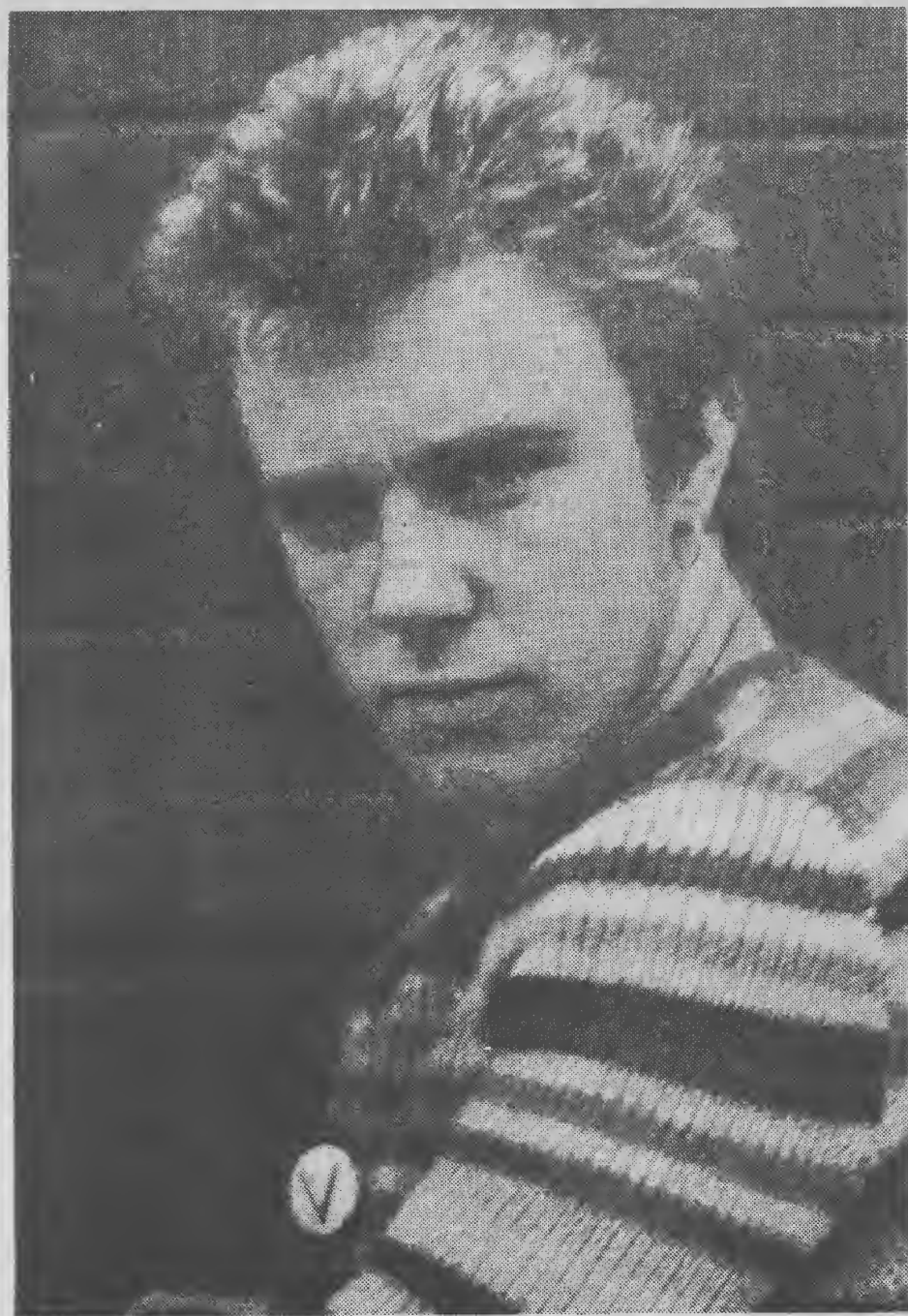
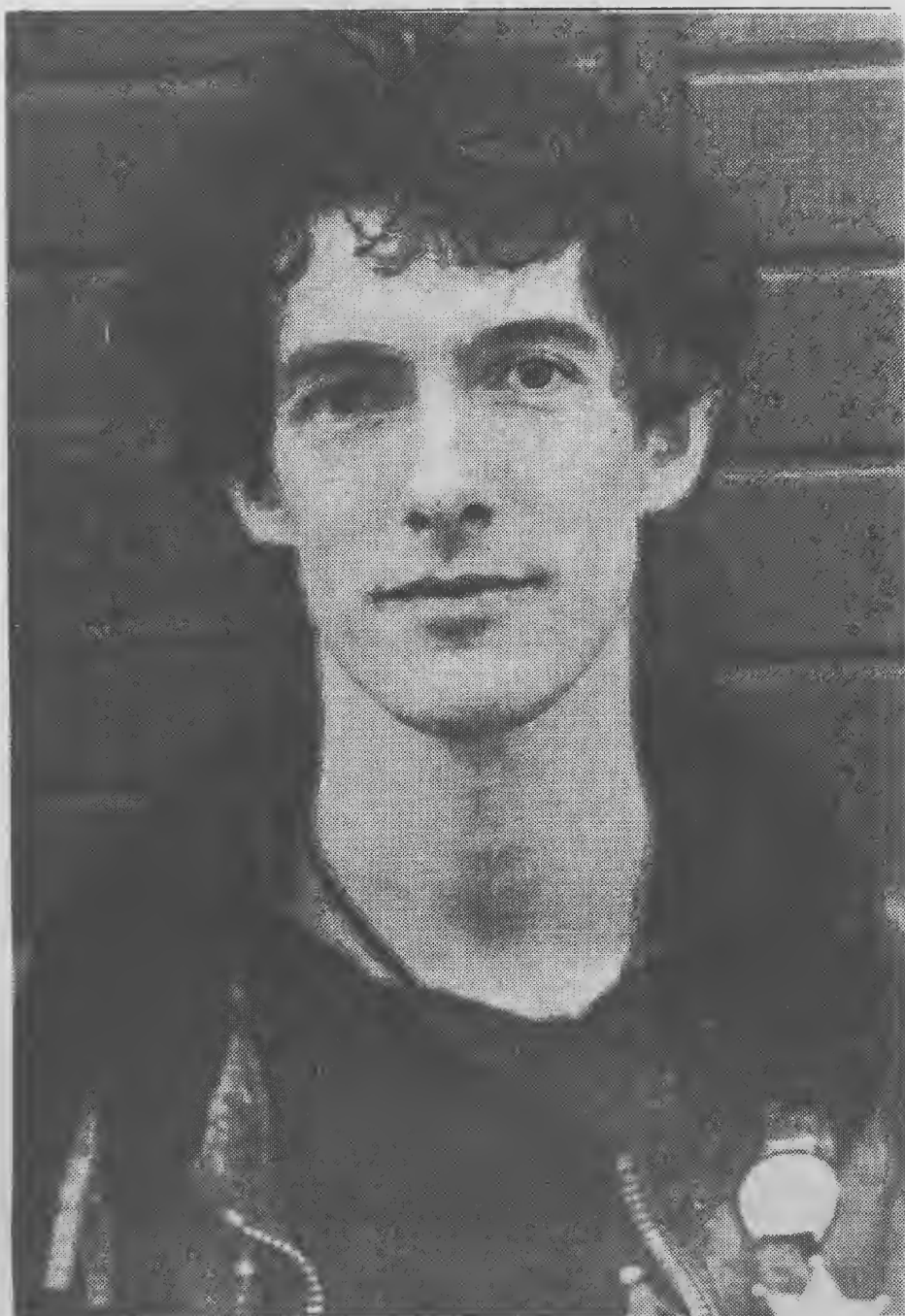
Douglas: The crisis is the only thing that makes us do anything at all...like war when the human being loses his senses...goes blind...has his leg cut off...loses his life just 'cause he was born.

½ the movie takes place in a lush and tropical paradise where the frail butterflies sip from orchids...the other ½ takes place in oceans of crushing ice-bergs...where fierce muscular beasts consume one another...These are *The Poles* the sexes of life on earth...*The Poles* taking care of themselves...surviving the blizzards, the severe storms...the endless winter. We are hunters stalking our prey...burning with ice and flames. We are *The Poles*.

Photos: Peter Noble Eedie Steiner Danny Berman

GEORGE HEAT WAVE





VIBRATORS PENETRATE

By Peter Noble

Shades: Here we are in the elevator and we're on our way up to the 18th floor to interview John Ellis of the Vibrators. Come with us. Here we go. Hmm... 18... here it is... hi, how are you?

John: Hi, this is Gary Simms. He plays bass for us. This is a conveyor-belt interview, you know.

Gary: This is about our fourth interview.

Shades: Do you enjoy doing this?

John: Yeah, it's alright. It's nice. It depends very much on the interviewer.

Shades: You won't like the album. It's by somebody who's dead now...

John: Mark! I really like Mark Bolan. It was a real tragedy that he snuffed it. We did a show.

Shades: Were you on his show? [T.V.]

John: Yeah, but it never got out 'cause he didn't do a 'link'. He died before he could actually use our piece of film. We were gonna be on the show with Bowie.

Shades: Eddie and the Hotrods were here a few days ago.

John: Were they good?

Shades: Yeah. They played a small place, Masonic Temple, a nice place. It's the last music that will be featured there. They played two shows with a really good Canadian band called Teenage Head.

John: They blew 'em off the stage. But it's not difficult to blow the Hotrods off the stage.

Shades: The Rods are interesting. Like Slade but more hip.

Gary: They're like sort of a fifties rock band only faster. They just rely on Barry running around a lot. Apparently they've got a lot better since Graham Douglas joined. He's a good guitar player.

Shades: Isn't everybody asking you why you left England for Berlin?

John: Because London about three months ago had gotten very dull. There just wasn't much happening there.

Shades: What was this about you being raided in Berlin?

John: It was in Hamburg. What happened was that an industrialist was kidnapped and subsequently found with his throat cut in a car in France. And his four bodyguards were shot. We were all in bed at this farm in Hamburg the next day, and all of a sudden the door burst open and there were all these guys like riot police with machine guns and pistols and things. They said, "Get up!" They searched the place and made us unload our equipment 'cause they thought we were the guys who done it. We were suspicious-looking guys driving around late at night from England and the way the murder was carried out had all the earmarks of the I.R.A. They found nothing of course. Eventually they called up and told us to stop the publicity in the papers and they'd lay off. But in Germany, apart from that incident, we were very popular.

Shades: Well, you were the first band that was playing... and I'm not going to mention that word I can't stand which begins with P....

Gary: Piss!

Shades: What was the reaction like in Berlin? I thought it was great you decided to get away from London. Where'd you play?

John: A place called the Cantina.

Shades: I read that it was a very diversified audience.

John: It's an amazing place, like a little island.

Shades: How'd you guys get in?

John: We drove in. You're allowed to drive thru East Germany. We were in East Berlin, which is a weird trip. In order to get into West Berlin you have to drive from West Germany thru East Germany, and then again into West Germany, which is only a little part of West Berlin. But in order to go in you have to stay on one of three roads, and if you go off one of those three roads, even to pull over to check a tire or something, you can be arrested and like disappear.

Shades: Where do you go after Toronto?

John: London, England.

Shades: Where have you been in North America?

John: Here. Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto.

Shades: But why Canada?

John: 'Cause we wanted to come to Canada first. We drew out of the States 'cause we didn't wanna go down till next year. We wanted to come here first.

Gary: It's a good place. We hadn't been across the water before.

John: It was partly due to our man in Canada, in Montreal, Francis Tessaud (CBS), his enthusiasm. He's the most amazing bloke you ever met. He's just so into this band.

Shades: These gigs (New Yorker) will definitely sell out. I mean, everybody's wearing Vibrators buttons...

Gary: Have you heard any reports about the gigs we've done in Canada so far?

Shades: Well, you see this is the big place to play in Canada. This city. It's like the Hollywood of Canada. The Stones played the El Mocambo and now everybody's getting these ideas.

John: We came here because the Canadian people we met in England were so amazing.

Shades: Where would you meet them? In clubs?

John: Yeah, a lot at a club called the Vortex in London.

Shades: I guess I have to see you guys live.

John: You don't like the album?

Shades: Well, I have to be honest with you—I think there's a lotta good things on it, but I think your second album is ultimately gonna surpass it.

John: Yeah, you're right. The production on that album

isn't tough. You get the American version and you'll find it a lot different. It's remixed completely.

Shades: Are you kidding? Is that what they do a lot?

John: No! We hustled. It got to a point where the album came out and we listened to it, and suddenly you get so fucking embarrassed you have to go out and do something about it. And because the album was going out into America, we said: "alright. At least we can salvage the American album." So we hustled and we said: "Look, we want to remix it." We're not doing it to make twice as much money, we're doing it 'cause hopefully it'll be a lot better.

Shades: When did the band form?

John: Two years ago. Nineteen months.

Gary: I joined in June, when the other bass player left.

John: Gary's not on the album. Pal Collier, who wrote 2 or 3 of the tracks (Petrol; Yeah, Yeah, Yeah; We Vibrate) played bass then.

Shades: John, what were you involved with before the Vibrators? Any other bands?

John: No, not really. No bands that have ever made it. After I left grammar school in England, which is like high school here, I was an art student for a year, and a film librarian for a year, and a warehouseman for a year, and a civil servant for a year and I was a lumberjack, would you believe in England, and I was a student of graphic art for two more years and then I joined the band.

Shades: What gave you that idea?

John: I was bored! Everyone was...



Left to right: John, Grouppe, Gary (on ground) Knox and Eddy.

INTERVIEW WITH MICHAELE JORDANA

By George Dean Higton

Shades: Do you wanna be a star?

Michaele: I am a star.

Shades: Queen of the scene!

Michaele: I mean, obviously, if you're into this *thing*, you want to project something, you feel you've got something to give, so, uhm, you have to believe that you're on fire...and if you're on fire you're a star. And I'm volatile. I'm out there spinning around, doing it.

Shades: How old are you?

Michaele: Sixteen (laughs)...I don't know, it depends how I feel. Right now I'm around twelve. The image I'm projecting is somewhere between the age of twelve and fifteen, uh, not quite puberty. I haven't reached it yet.

Shades: Are The Poles a threat to society?

Michaele: I don't know but we're defiant. We say: "We're gonna fight!" We're really street fighters. I mean, we all know the street. If you know how to survive, ya know it anywhere, whether you're here or stranded on an ice floe at the north pole, which I've been... We're out there on stage with our two by fours flashing, aiming them at the audience. And they can feel it. Well, you were in the audience on Saturday nite. What was going on?

Shades: I remember talking to a guy who remarked that there was a strong element of fandom.

Michaele: Of what?

Shades: Fandom. You're getting a cult.

Michaele: Well, there's one thing called a trend and there's another thing called Forever. I don't think the new wave is a trend. I mean, I think it's happening, but what's inside, what's gonna last, is what's tapping eternal sources.

Shades: Do you express rage?

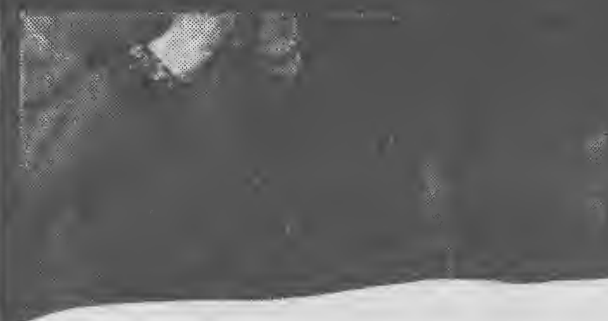
Michaele: For sure! Well maybe a song like "Human Sacrifice" is about the whole punk scene but it's like Noah's Ark. I mean, how many people were ready to be on the ark with all the animals? Just a few, and it was a lonely voyage. It was real lonely, but they had to do it. And that's what the song is about. The only thing we have is that network of Eternity to keep us going; and the present; right now. Right now! 'Cause there isn't any real tomorrow. All there is is this very second. We're not waiting anymore. We're gonna make it happen right now.

Shades: Do you have a manager?

Michaele: No. We have Nimbus 9 but no manager.

Shades: Do you have a hairdresser?

Michaele: Ha! My hair is chewed off at the roots. I don't get my hair cut. This guy comes around and he just yanks it and twists it off. Every time I perform, as part of the ritual, he comes around backstage, and takes big knobs of my hair and just twists and chews it off.







TEENAGE HEAD AT HOME INTERIM REPORT:

By Andy Payne

Not long ago a number of bands began to spring up around Toronto and bill themselves as part of the New Wave. They succeeded for a while in curing the crisis which has plagued the Toronto bar rock scene for the past couple of years. Now, hardly a year after its inception, the new wave seems to be faced with the same crisis: "How do we keep from getting bored?"

Older bands have quickly become tired and predictable and the new bands around smell suspiciously of opportunism. The problem seems to stem from a failure to provide music which can sustain interest after the visual context has lost its effect.

Right now the scene can be grouped into two factions: The artsy-sissy contingent such as the Dishes and the Cads, and the quasi-nihilist school as exemplified by bands such as the Viletones and the Ugly. Both of these are cute concepts. The problem is that after having had the idea, doing it seems somewhat after the fact. Do you really care what colour Steven Davies hair is this week? How long can Nazi Dog threaten suicide before he becomes tedious?

There is however one band that has succeeded in maintaining the energy with which the scene began, Hamilton's own Teenage Head. Maybe it's dedication, maybe geographic isolation. Who knows? Maybe these guys are just too dumb to sell out. But Teenage Head succeeds in turning out consistently exciting rock 'n' roll with a minimum of pretentious packaging.

The first time I saw Teenage Head was last June. We had just left a Diodes show at CEAC and someone told us to check out the band playing the Underground Colonial. When we got there we found a half-empty bar (mostly middle-aged winos) and four kids wearing scowls and syntho-leather jackets leaning on pool cues trying to look tough (this was back in the days when the Colonial still used pool cues for playing pool). I took a seat not far from the pool table and leaning towards one of the four I asked: "are these guys any good?"

The kid grins from ear to ear.

"Yeah, great. I'm the drummer."

He then proceeds to introduce me to the other three. This is the band people have been telling me about? They look like refugees from MacDonald's. I quickly decide these guys are all wrong, too much hair and a chubby bass player with fringed pants.

Twenty minutes later I've changed my mind. Teenage Head look, act and play exactly right...maximum energy MC5 raunch and a singer who looks like a cross between Lou Reed and your little brother, and who shakes with Iggyesque, epileptic abandon. These guys, more than any other band in Toronto, realize the value of rock as temper tantrum. The only drawback was avoiding their Hamilton disciples, who entertained themselves between sets by messing up Toronto gays. Unfortunately, some guy wearing an eyepatch and a black leather jacket decided I was queer and punched me in the face. Sure, they were delinquents but was their violence self-conscious sadism?

Now, some seven months later, Teenage Head have acquired a large and extremely loyal following. Suddenly there is talk of record contracts and shows in New York. I begin to wonder what's happened to the four skinny kids wearing scowls and imitation leather jackets.

Sat. Nov. 26

...phone Frankie...his mother answers the phone with a thick Scottish brogue. I ask if he's in. She says no but he's expected home for supper. I can't help smiling to myself; I wonder what he has for desert....

Wed. Nov. 30

...get in touch with Frankie...arrange interview. He tells me to meet him at a place called the Paddy Green...make it to Hamilton, land of grey snow and Stelco....

"We arrived at the Paddy Green about ten o'clock Wednesday (Frankie's mom gave us directions over the phone). It's one of those places that has an entrance for men and an entrance for ladies and escorts. For forty-five cents you can get a glass of green draft. As we walk in the door some guy with brown shoes and no teeth grabs Tish's thigh. I decide against retaliation. She gives brown shoes a dirty look and he goes back to watching the hockey game.

I spot Frankie sitting in a corner with some pale skinny kid. The pale skinny kid claims to be lead singer for a band called the Mopes. He belches a lot. Frankie's looking rather silly in an oversized trenchcoat and

baseball cap pulled down over his eyes. He turns to me and says: "This place is dirt."

He smiles as he spits in an empty glass. Yeah, this place is dirt and Frankie loves it. There is nothing jaded about this kid's lawlessness. He is one in a long line of all-American outlaws, a bad guy with charm.

Band members Steve and Gord arrive apologizing for their lateness and explain that they had a hockey game. They are accompanied by my friend with the eyepatch. I carefully avoid the subject of our last encounter, and he doesn't seem to care to discuss it either, smiling, slapping my back and taking my last cigarette.

I begin the interview and find that they are all in their early twenties, all living at home, all share a respect for early MC5 and Stooges music and a particular dislike

for art bands.

The interview is cut short when the Mope decides to drop my microphone into a glass of beer. Somehow, after the ninth or tenth draft, it doesn't seem to matter. We talk some more about the Criminals, Hamilton, and their dislike for school. Finally, Tish begins to yawn and reminds me that it's a long drive home. Goodbyes are said and we head for the door.

As we are leaving Tish turns to me and says: "Nice kids, huh?"

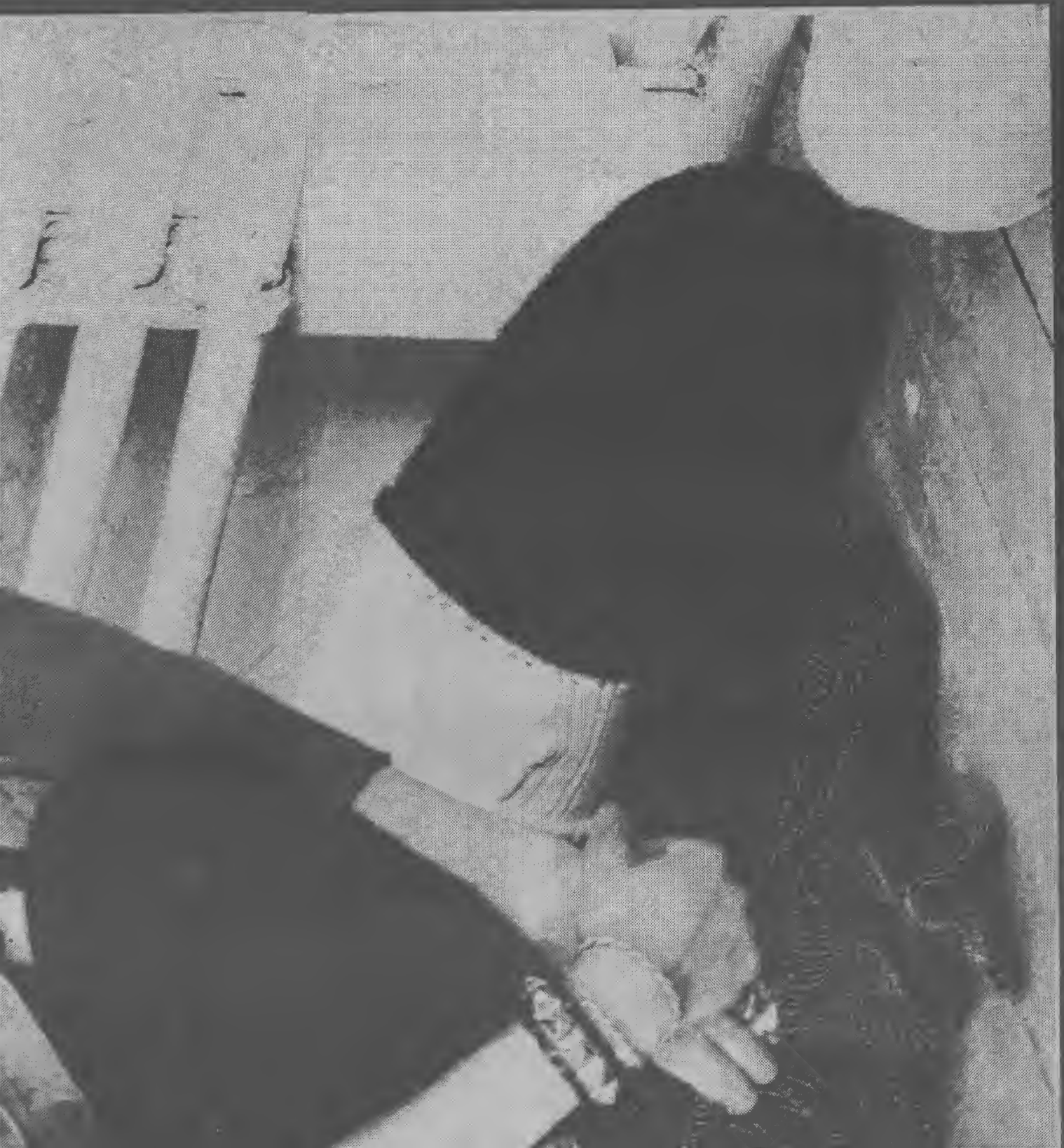
I see Eyepatch smiling and waving to us as he takes someone else's cigarettes and I can't help being reminded of something Jack Kerouac once said.

"Yeah, nice kids. They only steal cars for joy rides."!!



Frankie Head of Teenage Head relates at David's





Handwritten text, likely a caption or description, located below the photograph. The text is faint and difficult to read, but appears to be a single line of writing.

STIV BATORS IN BLACK SPRING

Smash it! Smash it! That's all I can say. The old man's riding around in an open barouche. I envy the bastard his peace of mind. A bosom pal by his side and a quart of rye under his belt. My toes are blistering with malice. Twenty years ahead of me and this thing growing worse by the hour. It's throttling me. In twenty years there won't be any soft, lovable men waiting to greet me. Every bosom pal that goes now is a buffalo lost and gone forever. Steel and concrete hedging me in. The pavement getting harder and harder. The new world eating into me, expropriating me. Soon I won't even need a name.

Now I am lost, *lost*, do you hear? You don't hear? I'm yowling and screaming—don't you hear me? Switch the lights off! Smash the bulbs! Can you hear me now? *Louder!* You say. *Louder!* Christ, are you making sport of me? Are you deaf, dumb, and blind? Must I yank my clothes off? Must I dance on my head?



Marshall



THE KONKORDES

discuss:



citron? [ep.]
son

THE BOYFRIENDS GET IN

By George Dean Higton

Shades: What do you wanna talk about?

Assorted Boyfriends: Wow! What do you wanna talk about? How long have you been doing this? What *is* punk rock?

Shades: Punk? It's showbusiness, as if you didn't know. How do you like the room? Feel good?

Bobby: We basically feel good in most any room, 'cause it's the group that makes the room, and the people.

Shades: Well, this is a big deal for Toronto, the Chimney going New Wave. Do you find the audience particularly susceptible?

Bobby: At least as susceptible to, uh, new diseases as Americans or anyone else.

Shades: You guys have seen 'A Hard Day's Night' a lotta times haven't you?

Jay: A few times.

Lee: Love the movie.

Bobby: I never saw it.

Lee: He never saw it.

Bobby: I've seen 'Help'.

Paddy: I've seen it. I like it. I wanna see it again!

Bobby: Everytime it plays on TV something's happening; we're rehearsing or playing or my girlfriend is going to Outer Slobovia or something.

Lee: Probably involved with some girl. We're always involved with girls one way or the other. We just can't get out of being involved. Wherever we go they're just there.

Shades: Out on the streets looking...

Jay: I think they look for us is what it is.

Shades: Looking for boyfriends. Who'd you listen to when you were fourteen?

Bobby: My mother!

Shades: And look where you are now.

Bobby: Well, I guess the Beatles, the Stones, the Animals. Anyone who was around at the time.

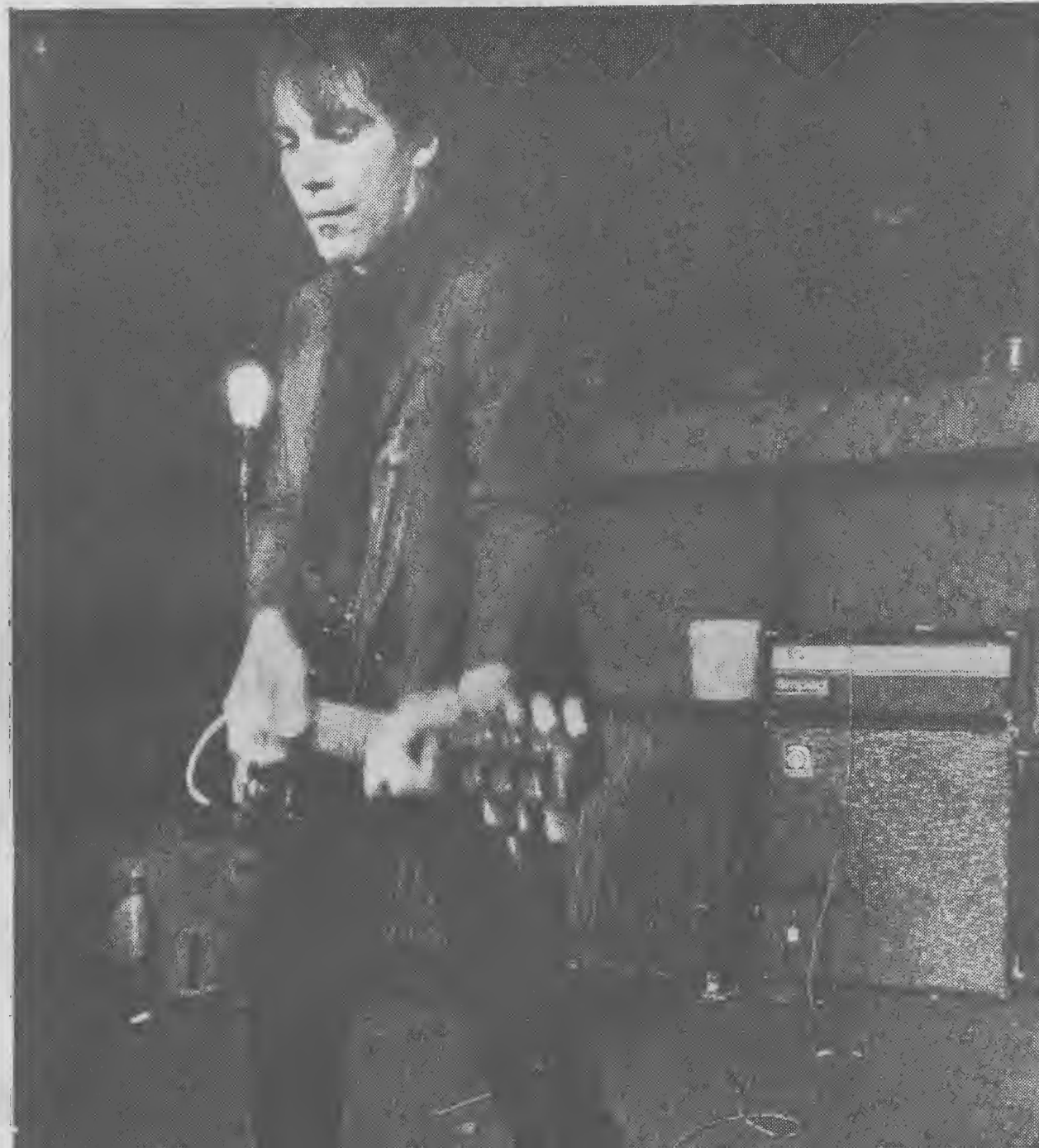
Paddy: Paul Revere and the Raiders. They're my favourite.

Bobby: The Raiders, the greatest.

Jay: Herman's Hermits.

Bobby: We got into a lotta Eddy Cochrane and Gene Vincent, you know? For kids our age we were a little over into it and I guess you can see the influence.

Shades: The British stuff in 64, 63 was really a heavy influence on everyone in Toronto.



the night

I'm sitting in the audience at
SHOCK with about 12 other
people in the place on a cheap-o Fri.
and me ~~and~~ and 1 other guy are clapping.
"shut up!" shouts drummer...
guitar is fucked & distorted so
everything up to drown

MURKY MURDER
THE SCENIC



THE SCENICS / MURKY MUSIC

By Rick Robertson

The most striking quality about the Scenics music when you first hear it is that it sounds kind of strange, Different. Different enough that the band has had to invent a new term to describe itself: "murky".

"Murky" is not to be confused with muddy or indistinct. Rather it's a feel, like the early Velvet Underground (their confessed single most important influence).

The Scenics consist of Brad Cooper (drums), with Andy Myers and Ken Badger sharing vocals, guitar, bass. The band had its beginning about a year and a half ago when Andy and Ken decided to put something together.

"We were sick of most of what was going on. We wanted to do something different, something that would be interesting to us."

Initially the band was slowed down with problems in finding a suitable drummer that would be compatible. "We spent the first couple of months just getting the feel. It took us over a year to get a permanent drummer,

but with the present trio we have a much clearer idea of what we want to do. The feeling has developed on its own."

The Scenics show both variety and freshness in their approach to songwriting. They use simplicity to develop ideas in such a way that lyrics come across being both direct and unpretentious. Vocally, they knew how to harmonize (See Me Smile) but they can also certainly shout like anyone else (I'm Hurt). The music itself is more complex, being made up of fast changing guitar rhythms and textures, with a backbone of lead bass guitar. Much of the murkiness comes from the vocals, which shift in and out of focus hauntingly.

Besides original material they also do covers, like the Kinks "Where Have All The Good Times Gone?"

As yet the Scenics have played few live shows (this will be remedied shortly). Instead they have concentrated on first developing the individuality of the band. They have opened for Talking Heads (at the New

Yorker) and have also played The Beverly, but these shows were before the band had jelled.

On stage the show is the music. No grovelling. No phony New York accents. Just music. "We don't want to be disgusting. Too many bands get into being outrageous on stage without any reason, without thinking why. Not that we're that pure or anything, but we'd rather disgust people by not being disgusting."

The Scenics recently spent about two months in the studio working on new material for a demo tape. "The stuff we're doing now has a much harder edge to it. Our earlier songs had a lot of energy, but not in the same way. There has always been a certain mood, a certain feel we've been working towards and now we seem to be capturing that a lot better."

And what kind of a feel is it The Scenics are working towards? To me it sounds like clean, high-energy new-wave murky music that leaves you feeling good when it's all over. You can walk out the door with a smile on your face instead of a scowl.

Left to right: Ken Badger, Brad Cooper, Andy Myers

Photo: Peter Noble





THE DISHES

GENERAL IDEA'S
HOT PROPERTY
WINNIPES ART GALLERY OCT 77

The evening's hosts, Bronson, Partz and Zontal, gave the audience a painstakingly orchestrated and video documented parade of their sexual fantasies. High on their list is Miss Hot Property, this year's candidate for Miss General Idea. Flamboyant tableaux are her specialty, which she performed spotlit against one wall of the auditorium, accompanied by an off stage monologue. She dreamed of ascending the 'escalier d'honneur' to the grande luxe of the General Idea Pavilion. The climax featured the Toronto punk rock group The Dishes, their lead singer dressed in full station fireman's gear executed by General Idea in wet look vinyl. According to custom (theirs), Miss General Idea was not named, and the audience retired to the foyer for a reception and two sets by The Dishes.

The Dishes gave all a chance to play pretend punk. The lead singer of group would, in mid song, body tackle groups of dancers, knocking them to the floor and smashing cocktail glasses on the marble. As instructed by the band, many were dancing punk style. The Pogo involves partners clutching each other by the throat and jumping up and down to the music. Overheard were all of the current punk catch phrases. "I don't know what I want but I know how to get it," screamed one Dish. And the universal punk rejoinder, to be said with a snarl, 'It's not the same as before, darling.'

The Dishes

DISHES' ANARCHY IN THE UKRAINE TO...



PRIMAL VINYL

By Cam Carpenter

I realize a lot of the material I'm going to cover is somewhat dated, but this being the first edition, I thought I'd quickly go over some of the best new music to come out over the past few months. Next month's reviews will be much longer and indepth.

On the homefront not much in the way of albums, except for the Diodes which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. The Poles and Teenage Head have both ventured into the seclusion of the studio and we should be hearing from them very shortly. Singles, on the other hand have been issued by quite a few Toronto bands. The Diodes have released a remake of Paul Simon's "Red Rubber Ball" b / w "We're Ripped." The band has been receiving a lot of press recently and after hearing "Red Rubber Ball" I know why. Paul Robinson sounds as desperate as he looked in last month's Quest, John Catto's guitar work is par excellence and Ian Mackay's and John Hamilton's rhythm section is perfect. With a great B-side like "We're Ripped" this is a better than safe bet for a buck. (On CBS Records) Toronto's favorite rebels, the Viletones have released a triple threat E.P. "Screamin' Fist" b / w "Possibilities" and "Rebel". "Possibilities" is what makes this a great single instead of a good one. It's lyrical poignancy and musical accessibility make this a first rate tune. "Rebel" and "Screamin' Fist" are the Tones at their most terrifying, loud, hard and painfully honest. (On Vile Records). The Dishes "Fashion Plates" puts down on record what the Dishes have been putting down in bars for the last few years. This is in its fourth pressing proving that there are many Dishes fans around. The E.P. includes "Fred Victor's Mission", "Police Band", "Walky-Talky" and "Monopolies Are Made At Night." A great starter E.P. for anyone starting a Dishes collection.

Down in the cold depths of New York, Wayne County & The Electric Chairs have released a three tune E.P. "Stuck On You", "Paranoia Panic" b / w "The Last Time". The rendition of the Stones' classic "The Last Time" makes this record worth the price of admission. Wayne and the band work out for over 7 minutes and include spits, coughs and many other early Stones' effects. Anybody who can rhyme "Stuck On You" with "Aylmer's Glue" is okay in my book. Wayne, your okay in my book. (On Illegal Records).

The Lobotomy Brathus, Tommy, Joey, Johnny and Dee-Dee, have released their third album "Rocket To Russia" and this is the best Ramones album to date. Included in this terminal ward favorite are "Rockaway Beach", "Ramona", "Cretin Hop" and everyone's fave "Sheena Is A Punkrocker". (On Island Records).

Lastly but not leastly we have those crazee guys from Britain "The Vibrators" who struck it rich with their heart-warming single "We Vibrate". Now immortalized on an LP. The Vibrators are "Pure Mania". Toronto has found the Vibrators due to two shows in

November and this LP is a credit to their genius. "Baby, Baby" new-wave's first ballad is breathtaking. The scratchy guitar intro (which I'm sure is played through a toaster) is one of the niftiest ever put down on wax. "Keep It Clean" sums up the whole scene and "Into the Future" sounds like the Chimpmonks gone punk. I love it, yeah, yeah, yeah! (On CBS Records).

So there we have it kids. An overview of some of the best stuff put down on wax over the past while. I know some of your faves have been emitted (J.J. Cale, the Rods, Stranglers, etc) but I only have so much space. I promise I'll get to them all. See ya!







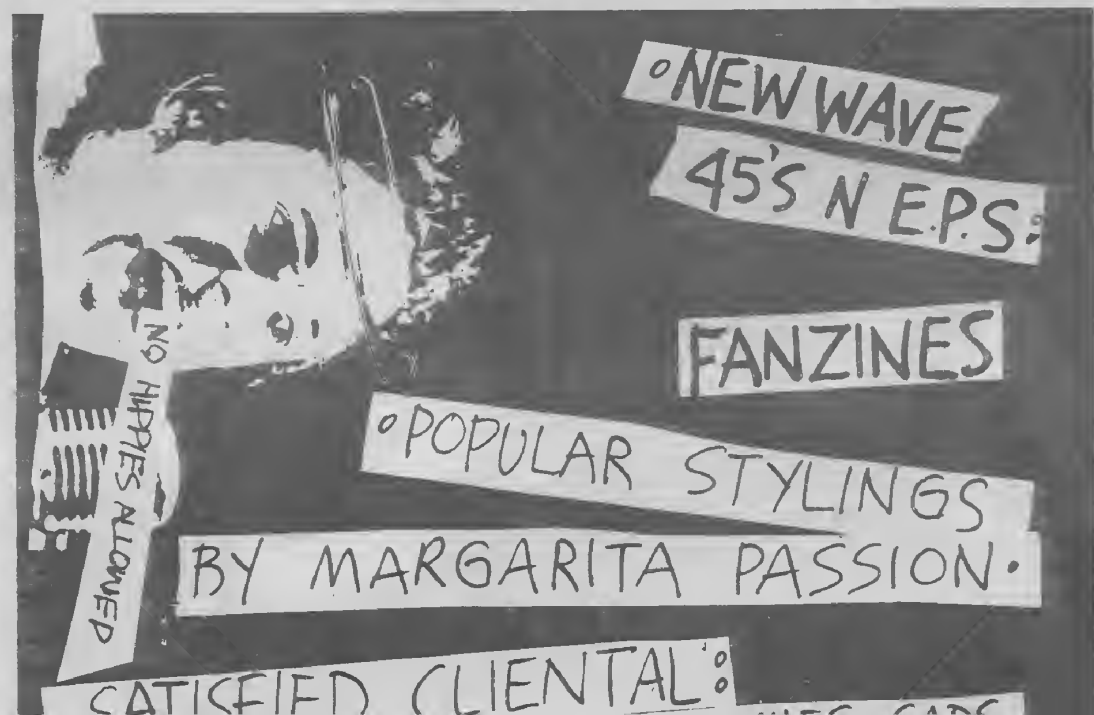
MUSIC BIZ madness

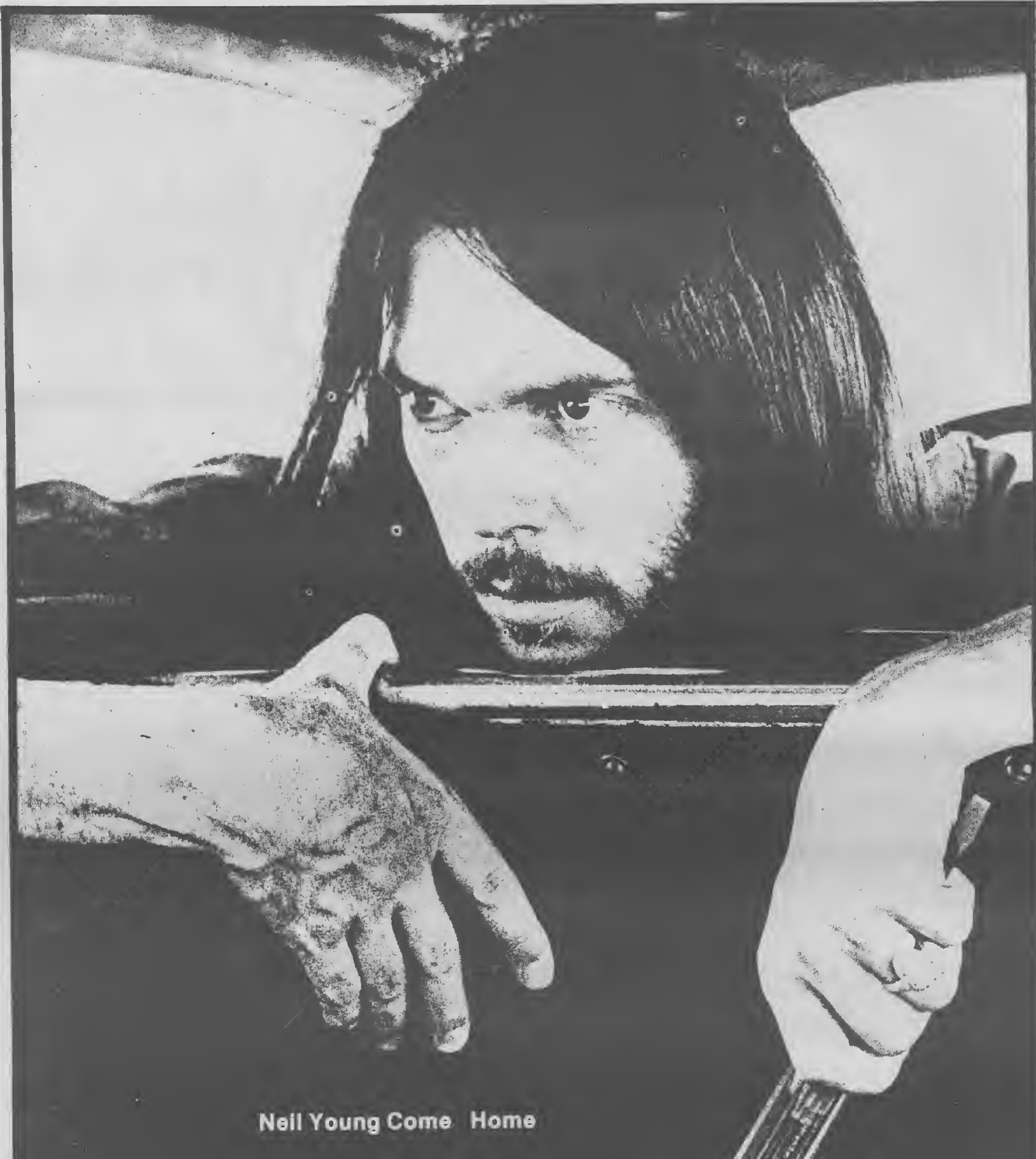
WHAT THE HELL ARE

FORGOTTEN RECORD COMPANIES WAITING FOR? WHY HASN'T THIS RED-BLOODED Canadian boy been signed to an album deal?

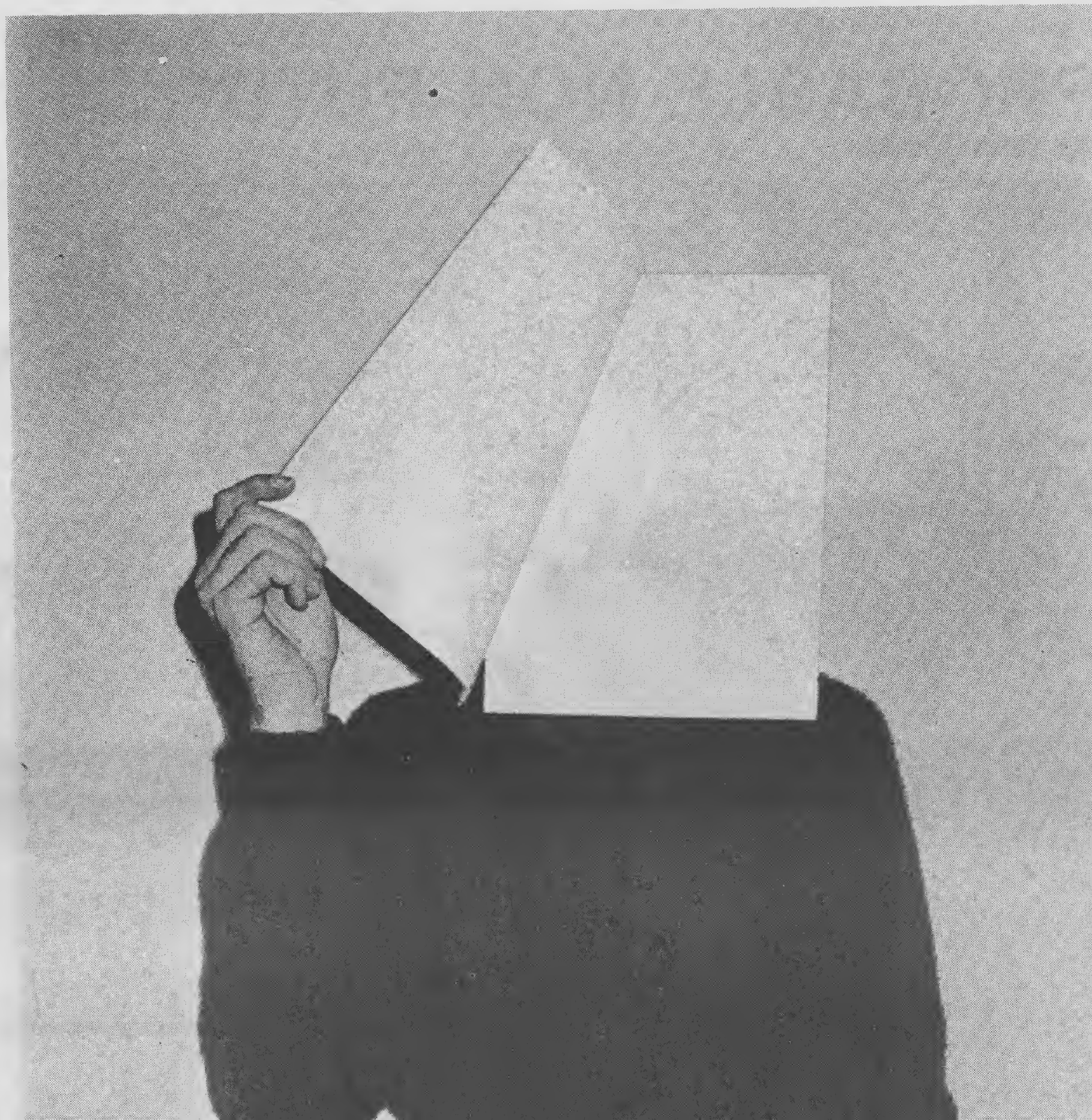
HOW MUCH LONGER ARE WE gonna have to listen TO cheeseburgers LIKE can hill & ken topics ON LOCAL RADIO STATIONS ?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?

I mean, aren't you guys aware that murray mclauchlan's kid brother, the MUTANT



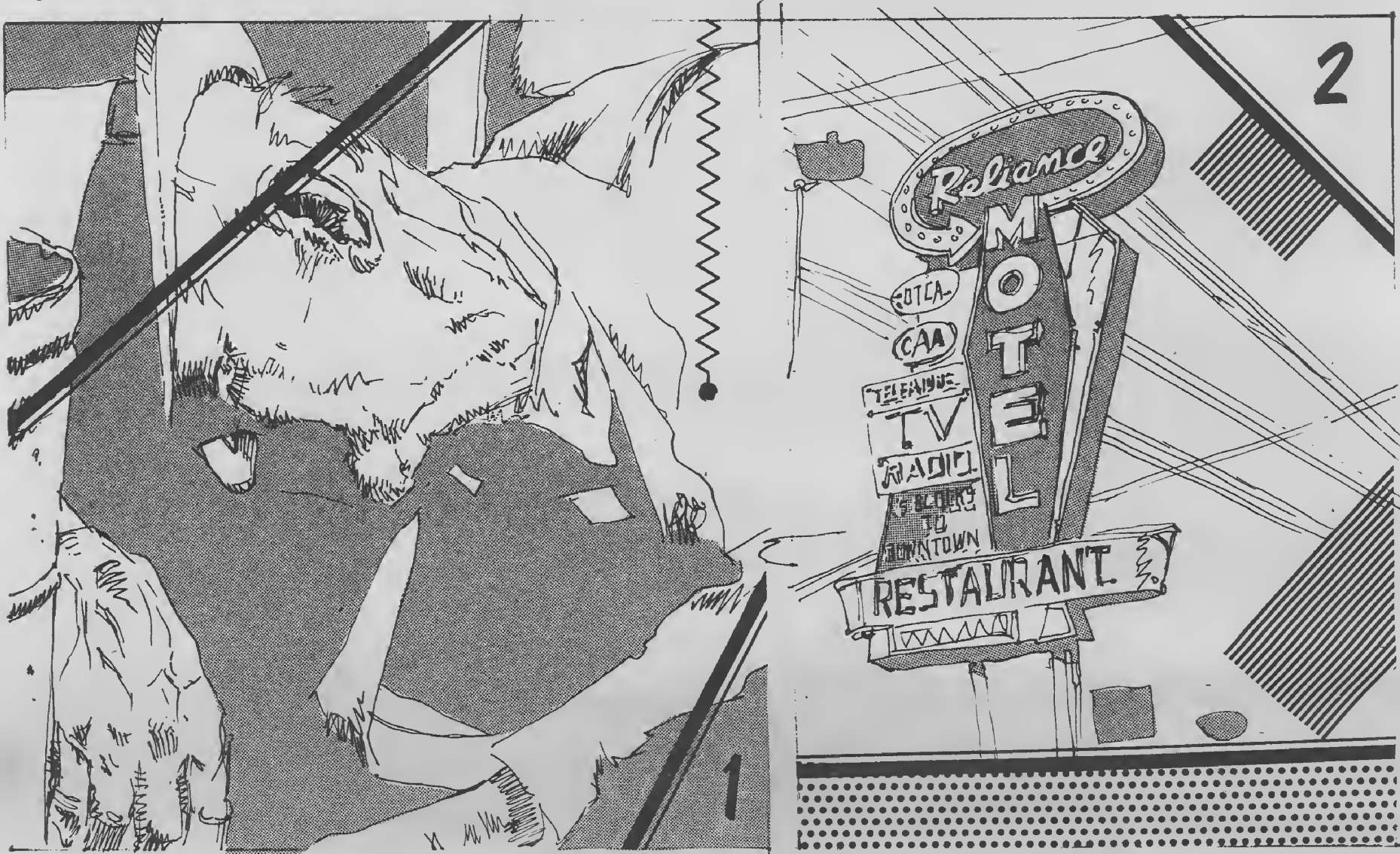


Neil Young Come Home



PROBABLE NON-FUTURES

By Dean Motter



C.N. TOWER: FOR THE

By George

A NATURAL POLES

Dean Higton

*And they painted on the graveposts
Each his own ancestral totem,
Each the symbol of his household.*

—Longfellow

*Take me to the Tower,
Turn on the Power....*

—Micheale Jordana

The Poles are a band who in performance and stated intent never fail to raise the hairs on the back of my neck. Consider their stated intentions in lead-singer-lyricist Micheale Jordana's words.

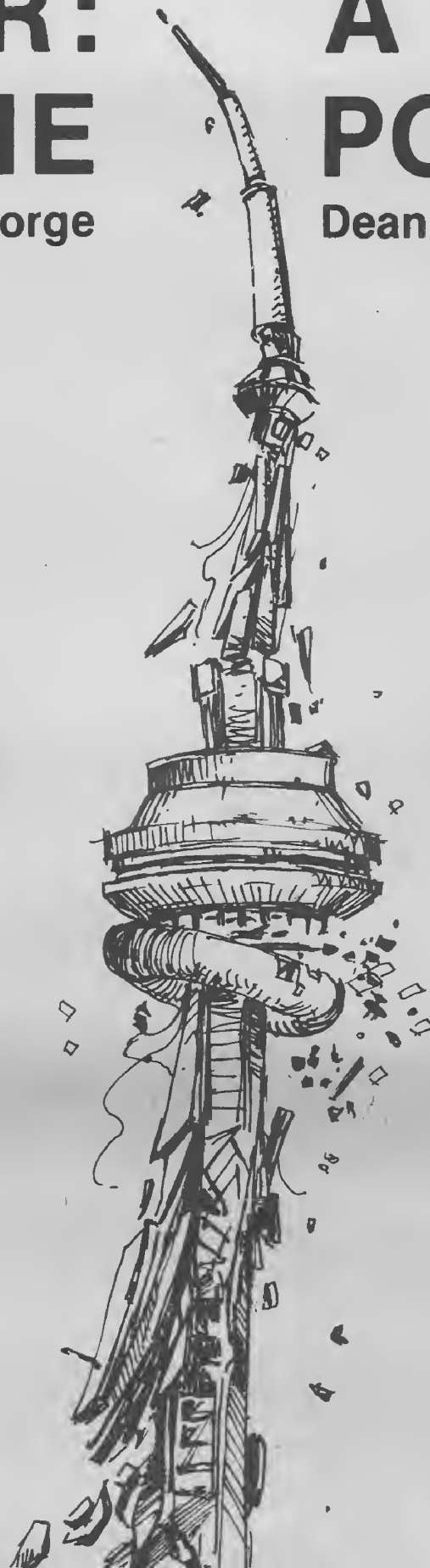
"It's like we're all estranged from this planet. We're all looking for something new, really new. I think that I'm a receiver for the New Wave, the new messages. I'm riding on a wave right now. It's beyond my control, happening, and it's like a big, big tidal wave, you know? And I don't think the effects of a tidal wave are ever forgotten. It changes things; it restructures the globe. And that's what we wanna do is completely restructure things by redirecting energy."

Ambitious, to be sure.

"C.N. Tower", the Poles' first single, is a good song. A great song. Possibly the best recorded rock out of Toronto since the long-lost, lamented Ugly Ducklings wailed, and a sign, I hope, of a renaissance of that manic energy that burned out Yorkville in the golden sixties.

It's a schizoid number in an agreeable sort of way. Split into two time parts, the colours of those two parts are set against each other successfully to wrench a gut reaction. When the coda comes smashing through like a Niagara of pure HOOK, Micheale Jordana is heard shouting defiantly above it, inciting everyone who can hear to burn it down, burn it down, while in the first part of the song, like a cobra coiled to spring, she tells of crawling up the fucking thing in awe and wonder.

Who else but the Poles could finally tell what it's really like to live in the shadow of the World's Tallest corporate totem? This is a song about *Identity*, both in a personal sense for Micheale Jordana, it being on the surface a story about a trip to the tower by the band members, and in a broader, national sense (at last!) for us all.

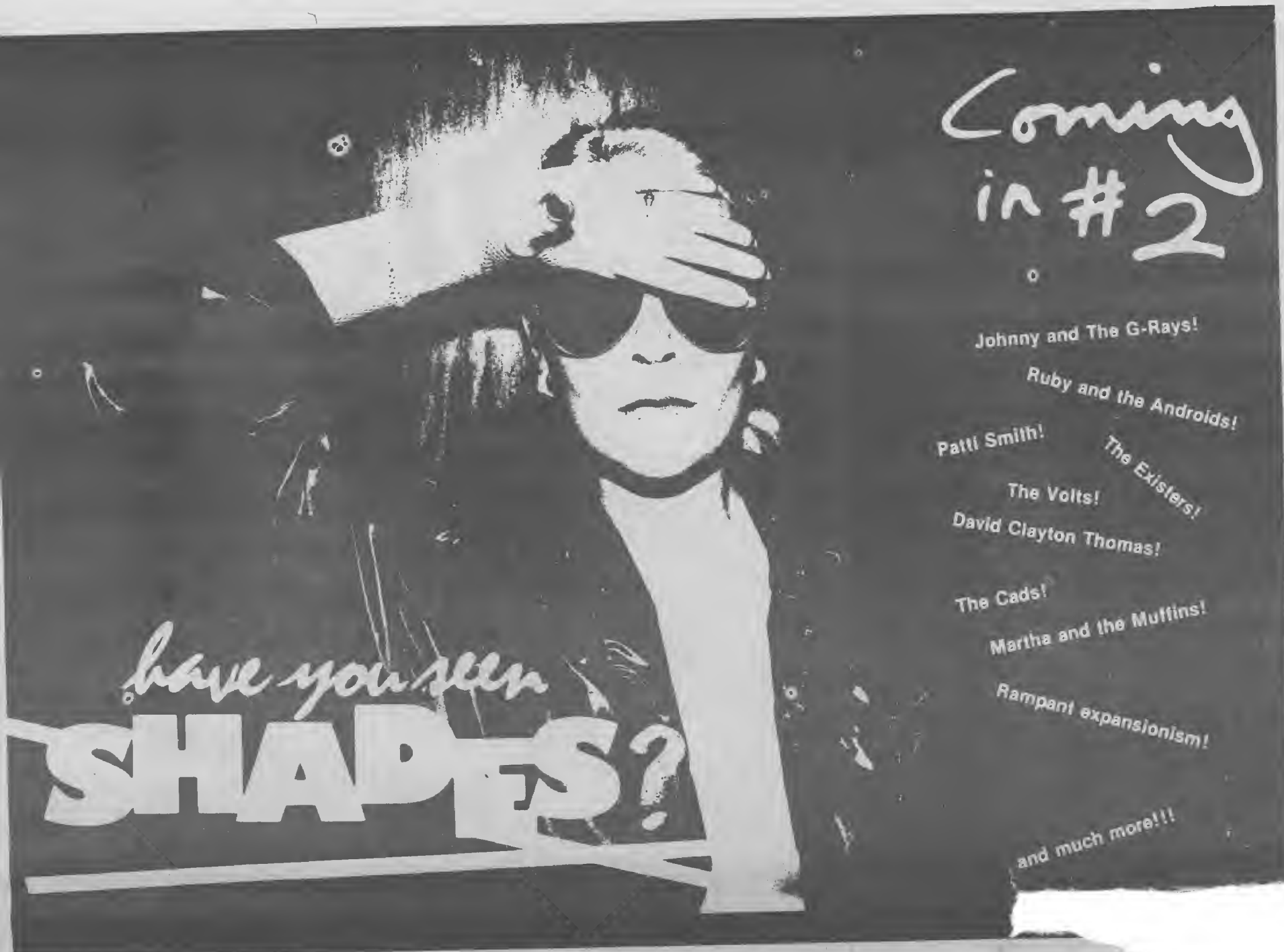


Totemism has been the hallmark theme of all Jordana's lyrics. The Poles themselves are a stylized totem in construction and effect, in as much as they work collectively as a system which bears in its name and lyric symbols (Arctic beasts, dinosaurs, great birds) the marks of an imminent state of spiritual and social advancement. Right here, right now in Toronto, Canada.

Micheale and the guys have always acknowledged, through the ritual nature of their performances, the influence and direction that comes to them from the native people in Canada, whose presence exerts a continuing, pervasive but subsurface momentum on the evolution of our state of consciousness. This is one striking differentiating factor between US and the U.S., where the Indians have been utterly subdued. Personally, a big reason why the Poles appeal so much is that they're so aggressively Canadian.

When fetish objects fail to deliver on prayers and devotions offered up, the worshipper invariably casts off or destroys the fetish. For Institutional Age Man living in Toronto, the C.N. Tower promises a lot. But you and I know it can never deliver. What happens now? Well, I'm not fool enough to make predictions but I can see that there's something going on here, and the Poles are certainly in the forefront of the changes. If they succeed in getting "C.N. Tower" played on A.M., where the energy is and where they have their sights (punks are such idealists), this will be an inducement to start turning the radio on again. It's a beginning.!!





Coming
in #2

Johnny and The G-Rays!

Ruby and the Androids!

Patti Smith!

The Existers!

The Volts!

David Clayton Thomas!

The Cads!

Martha and the Muffins!

Rampant expansionism!

and much more!!!

have you seen
SHADES?

**WHAT DO ALL THESE
PEOPLE HAVE IN COMMON?**

Terry Wilkins, Kevin Staples, Ken Gord,
Andy Fenton, George Elms, Courtney

