

# TALK-ACTION=0

AN ILLUSTRATED  
HISTORY OF D.O.A.



JOE KEITHLEY

**TALK - ACTION = 0**



## **THIRTY-THREE YEARS OF D.O.A.**

**3,500 shows and counting**

**More than a million sales on fifty releases that include:**

**thirteen studio albums  
thirteen singles and EPs  
one live album  
two split albums  
five split singles and EPs  
six DVDs  
two solo albums  
eight D.O.A. compilations  
more than twenty V/A (various artists) compilations  
two D.O.A. tribute albums by other artists**

**The tours:**

**close to two million miles logged by land, air, and sea (actually, it's incalculable!), and thirty countries on four different continents:  
fifteen European tours  
thirty cross-Canada tours  
twenty national tours of the US  
three tours of Australia  
two of New Zealand  
one tour of China  
one tour of Japan**

**Band members (the Men of Action who played two shows or more includes):**

**eight bass players  
six other guitarists  
fourteen drummers plus another four who filled in for one show**

**Fourteen riots and countless run-ins with cops and border guards.**

**Vehicles (strangely enough, we've had only five vans and one school bus):**

**Randy's green panel van  
The Blue Bullet  
Miss Piggy, the school bus  
Gallopig Gertie  
The Iron Lung  
Reid Fleming, the white truck, purchased brand new in 1988 and still running today with 800,000 kilometres on it.**

**The number of motors, tires, and various parts that have blown up, I just don't like to think about.**

**OK, LET'S GO!**



WORLD WAR 3

J. KEITHLEY / C. BISCUITS  
PRISONER PUBLISHING

WORLD WAR 3 - 4 TIMES

AN ILLUSTRATED  
HISTORY OF D.O.A.

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU SAY, YOU WON'T MAKE IT NO BLEEDIN' WAY  
 IT DOESN'T MATTER, YOU GOT NO CHOICE, YOU REALLY HAVEN'T GOT ANY CHOICE  
 PREVIOUS MEASURES HAVE BEEN TAKEN, IT WILL REALLY HAPPEN AGAINST NUCLEAR RAPING  
 NO MORE NO PEOPLE, LEFT ON THE GROUND, THE POLICE GO OUT ON OUR PLAN  
CMO WORLD WAR - PEOPLE IN THE RUN  
 WORLD WAR - HOUSEHOLDING THE GUN  
 WORLD WAR - A PANIC ON THE RUN  
 WORLD WAR - SITT  
 WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT OIL IS OUR RIGHT  
 UNLOCK IT'S BREAKIN' UP THE VIET BOMBERS YEAH A NET  
 NO HUMAN LIVES GONNA SAIL  
 A NEW CLEAR DAY  
 I DON'T WANT IT  
 WITH NAPS  
 DONT GO FOR REASONS U  
 I JUST DON'T WANT A  
 A CHANCE TO  
 TAKE IT  
 GONNA BREAK II  
 YOU REALLY HAVEN'T  
 GOT ANY CHOICE  
 NO HUMAN LIVES STAND IN THE WAY, CAUSE WE'RE ON  
 OUR WAY TO A NUCLEAR DAY  
 WHILE WE'RE PAWNS IN THE MIDDLE  
 SITTING DUCKS WITH NO AQUITTAZ  
 END UP DEAD, END UP DEAD,  
 WORLD WAR - I DON'T WANT IT  
 WORLD WAR - I DON'T NEED IT  
 II U - NOT GONNA TAKE IT.

# TALK - ACTION



Joe Keithley



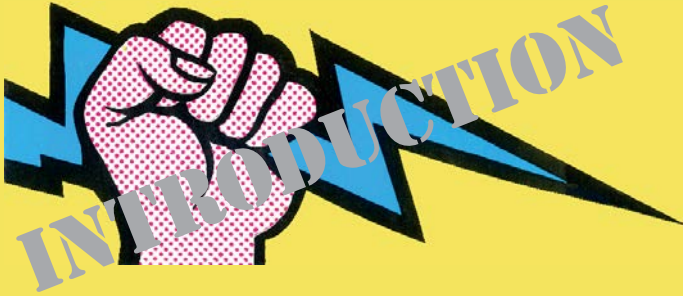
*I dedicate this book to my loving family, thanks for putting up with me!*

*A special thanks to all who played in D.O.A., all who worked for D.O.A., and especially to all the fans of D.O.A. A big thanks to everybody at Arsenal Pulp Press for believing we could make a great book!*

*—Joe Shithead Keithley*

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When I started down this road, I had no idea where it would take me, nor did I perceive just how rough that road would turn out to be. I was a young man of eighteen, and I just wanted to play music, excite people, and change the world; I mean, how hard could it be? You just get up there and play the music that you love and dig the sheer power and thrill of it all. But like almost everything in life, tough odds, weird circumstances, and the ill-intentioned always manage to get in the way.

D.O.A. had a veritable raging river of trouble from the start. The press and the general populace perceived right away that we were troublemakers and out to fuck with anything that got in our way. The fuck-ups and problems (forget about “issues”; I hate that weak-kneed euphemism) ranged from police to border guards to rip-off promoters to stab-you-in-the-back record companies. But probably the toughest part was losing some of our comrades along the way—friends and band members like Dimwit, Ken Jensen, and Stubby Pecker, and many other pals as well.

I was first consciously inspired to be an activist when I was about sixteen years old. Events around the world, like the nuclear arms race, the war in Vietnam, and protests all across North America and Europe, stoked the fire in me. When I realized that artists were uniting and fighting together for good causes, I was drawn into activism forever. When I coupled that with the high of firing people up with our blitzkrieg form of music—that, to me, was the perfect marriage of the arts. I’ll always be thrilled by riling people up while I’m on stage.

When we first heard of punk rock back in 1976, we thought it was strange and primitive. That turned out to be true, but as we got deeper and deeper into it, there was a whole lot more that wasn’t visible to the naked eye or ear. What I dug about it was the freedom of expression; you could say whatever you wanted. It didn’t matter if the masses thought it was crazy or unacceptable. And I loved the camaraderie, the feeling of being part of a movement, a social phenomenon that challenged the status quo.

We released the 7-inch single “Disco Sucks” in 1978, and that gave us a passport to travel the world as professional troublemakers, taking on evil-doers, slimy corporations, and scuzzy politicians, all the while having a real cool time doing it. This book illustrates, literally and figuratively, how we have done our best to fuck with the system and once in awhile make it work in our favour.

When we started, I thought the world was screwed up, but it took me a few years before I realized just how messed up it *really* was. Part of what attracted me to punk rock in the first place is that it stood up to bullshit. Bullshit like RACISM, SEXISM, GREED, and WARMONGERING. So, when people ask me why I still do what I do, the answer is easy: 'Cause the world is still full of RACISM, SEXISM, GREED, and WARMONGERING. In some ways, it's worse today than back then. We came across the slogan TALK – ACTION = 0 on the front of an anarchist mag called *Open Road*, and we immediately knew that it fit D.O.A. like a glove. When we asked *Open Road* if we could use that phrase, they said, "Go ahead. The world and everything in it belongs to all of us." To us, that meant:

BE YOUR OWN BOSS.  
THINK FOR YOURSELF.  
EFFECT SOME POSITIVE CHANGE IN THIS WORLD.

And in that spirit, I thought it would be cool to share D.O.A.'s thirty-three plus years of punk, troublemaking, and fun. When I started to go through my fourteen boxes of posters, tour schedules, photos, and memorabilia, it was tough to pare it down. D.O.A. has played somewhere around 3,500 shows over the years, so there are a lot that aren't included here, given the space limitations of this book. Still, I believe that I've painted a pretty broad canvas.

While it's true that punk, like most artistic or social movements, would eventually lose some of its focus and get partially mired in self parody—much to the delight of various naysayers—that's not the whole picture. To the critics, I say: Shove it! Try getting off your butts and creating something that has a shred of meaning. Punk's positives far outweigh its negatives. When you distill what came out of punk—the-think-for-yourself, do-it-yourself ethic for helping those around you and effecting positive change—I'd say punk is still potent. So watch your step when you mess with the rebel kind. Remember this:

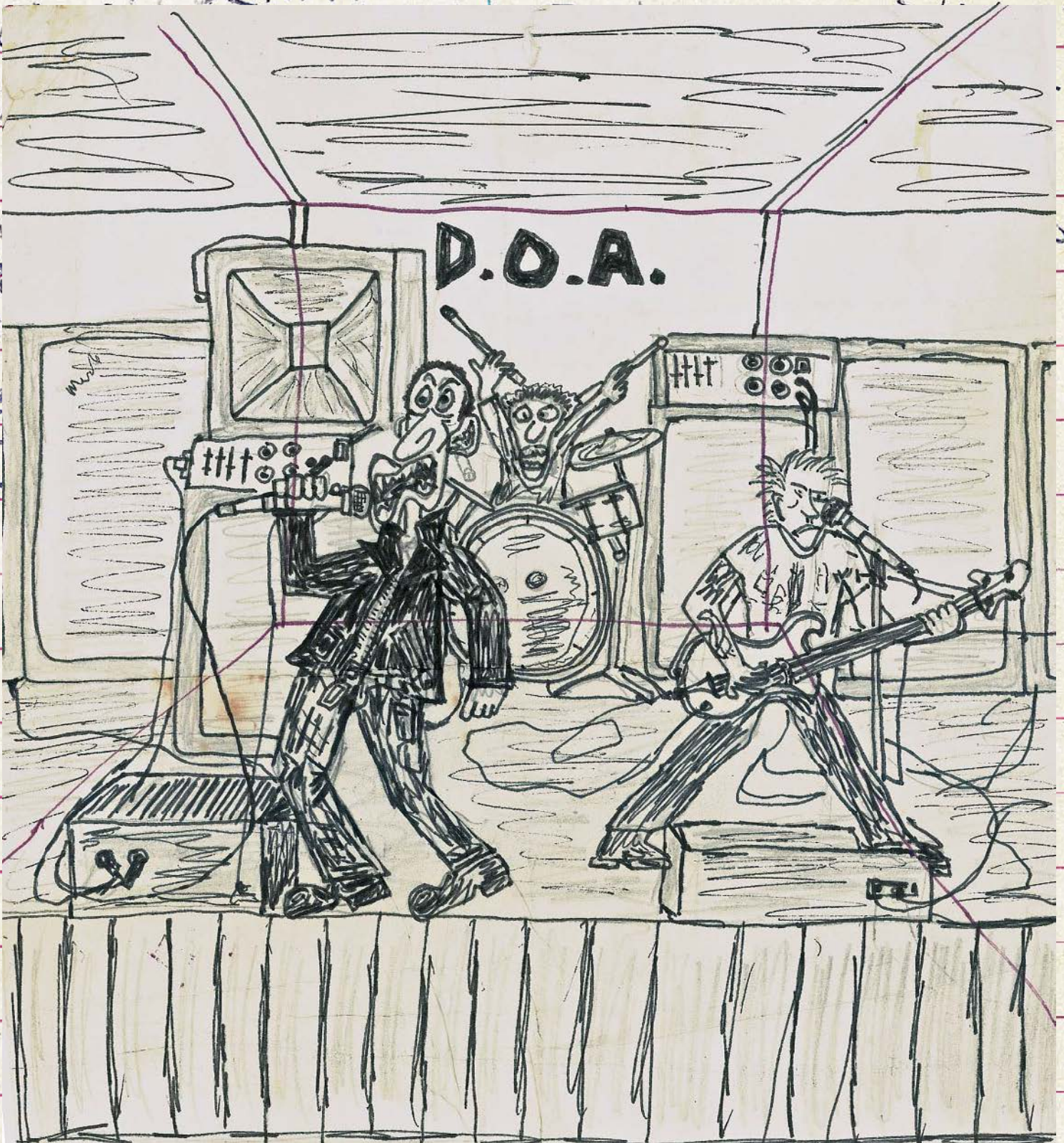
WE CAN AND WE WILL  
CHANGE THIS WORLD  
INTO A BETTER PLACE

So, my friends, I humbly say to all of you:

**TALK – ACTION = 0**



WANT A  
YOU ~~THINK YOU~~ MAKE A DIFFERENCE  
IT SEEMS



DESTROY

Chapter 1



TRADITION

## THE CHAOTIC START

As a teenager, I wanted to be a pro hockey player, hopefully for the Boston Bruins. Around the same time, I bought my first drum set and that was a turning point. As I went through high school, I started to become politically aware, and the '60s folk music that my older sister brought home stirred the mental pot for me as well.

In 1973, while I was in grade ten, Greenpeace was holding demonstrations against the buildup of nuclear arms between America and the Soviet Union. This encouraged us teenaged kids to skip school and demonstrate with them. In Vancouver, we marched around the US consulate downtown. This was big: I had attended my first demonstration. I no longer thought about playing for the Bruins; now I wanted to be a civil rights lawyer. I held up William Kunstler (who defended the Chicago Seven) as my role model. Oh yeah, music was still there for me too; I was busy beating the crap out of the drums in crummy high school rock bands.

Two days in September 1974 sealed my fate. The first day, I enrolled at Simon Fraser University; the next day I bought my first guitar from a pawn shop. I had to take up guitar 'cause one of my best friends, who we nicknamed Dimwit, was becoming a far better drummer than I could ever be. I was about to be kicked out of the band, so learning guitar was a matter of survival. We formed a mediocre rock band to play some club shows—our payoff was getting fired from our first gig. We collectively said, "Shit! This rock business ain't what it's cracked up to be!"

Then in '76 we heard about punk rock. Wow! What weird shit is this? It all happened pretty fast after that. We started covering Iggy Pop songs, the Ramones came to town, and singles from the Sex Pistols and the Clash started arriving at the coolest record store in town, Quintessence Records. So in June '77, we formed a band called the Skulls; we thought the name sounded "mean"! We moved to Toronto and raised shit there till February '78, when we broke up.

I arrived back in Vancouver and put an ad in the *Georgia Straight*, Vancouver's alternative newsweekly. I wanted to form a new punk rock band and take the world by storm. First I found Randy Archibald. He was an okay drummer, but not incredible, so I taught him how to play

bass and nicknamed him Randy Rampage. Then I came across Chuck Biscuits, who was Dimwit's little brother, and he turned out to be one of the greatest drummers of all time. We were set.

We played a few club shows as part of the burgeoning Van City punk scene, but what really got us going was a "Battle of the Bands" contest. We didn't win, but the MC, Tom Harrison (music critic for the *Georgia Straight*), got covered with gob and stale beer when he announced we lost, which outraged the punks. Next we played an Anti-Canada Day picnic in Stanley Park; the burning of money and the Canadian Constitution and the pissing off of the police department cemented D.O.A. as Vancouver's official troublemakers.

After releasing "Disco Sucks" in June '78, we did our first road trip. We ended up at San Francisco's birthplace of punk, the Mabuhay Gardens. We did two shows, befriended the Avengers, Jello Biafra, and the Dead Kennedys as well as Negative Trend (which mutated into Flipper), and I pissed all over the crowd, which established our punk cred in SF.

With that original trio, we put out two more singles in '78 and '79 and started travelling down an unknown path. It was like punk rock pioneering; in our travels across North America, we found that bigger cities usually had their own fledgling scenes, but the small- to mid-size towns had only vaguely heard about the new threatening phenomenon of punk. So, for a lot of people, D.O.A. was their punk rock baptism. We never really had time to take in what was happening; we were just too fuckin' busy doing it.

By the end of '79, things were starting to shake for the band: we had a manager, journalist Ken Lester; we had record companies wanting to put out our records; and we had tons of offers for shows, particularly in California. We started travelling to California as often as six times a year.

We were on our way.

# FIRST BANDS

It's been a rough and rocky road. But this is how it all started for my friends and me. Our rock band Stone Crazy, which consisted of Dimwit (RIP), Wimpy, Brad Kent, and I, had our first pro gig at the Grasslands Motor Inn in Merritt, BC, where we were supposed to play Top Forty cover songs. The owner, Mussolini Joe, didn't like us, so he gave us the boot.

After the Stone Crazy firing, we started our first punk band. We needed a name; we came up with the Skulls, it had a threatening ring to it. It was Brad and me on guitar, Wimpy on bass, Dimwit on drums. This crazy Australian guy (what other kind is there?) became our lead singer.

**STONE CRAZY**

507 AUSTIN  
COQUITLAM, B.C.  
V3K 3M6      PHONE: 931-4790

**PERSONNEL:**

Jack The Ripper - Bass, Vocals.  
Col. Saunders - Guitar, Vocals.  
Sgt. Perry - Drums  
Simon Warner - Guitar  
J.E. Knightley - Manager

"Stone Crazy" consists of the above people who play a wide variety of rock, covering most everything from TOP 40 to old favorites.

For the past year "Stone Crazy" has been employed by satisfied customers such as these:

PLACE	ADDRESS	TELEPHONE
Armal Hotel	4125 West Hastings, Burnaby	298-7232
Billmore Hotel	925 Kingsway, Vancouver	872-5252
Capitola Hotel	Gastown, Vancouver	-
Royal Towers (Riding Cabaret)	6th & Royal, New Westminister	524-3777
The Wilson Place	1026 Strathville, Vancouver	681-6341
Scandinavia Inn	13607 - 70th Avenue, Delta	930-8444
Burnaby North Jr. Sec.	North Burnaby	-
Washington Jr. Sec.	North Burnaby	-
Finchmere Jr. & Jr. Sec.	Vancouver	-
Port Moody Jr. Sec.	Port Moody	-

**PRIVATE BUSINESSES**

House of Highway Hill	South Burnaby	-
Port Moody Legion Hall	Port Moody	-
Lakshila Hall	North Burnaby	-

**DANCE**  
WITH  
THE HARD DRIVING  
"STONE  
CRAZY"

"BURNABY NORTH REUNION  
DANCE"

EVERYBODY WELCOME  
APRIL 29th - FRIDAY  
8:00 P.M. \$ 3.00  
PORT MOODY LEGION HALL  
XXX REFRESHMENTS!!!

N<sup>o</sup> 175 Stone Crazy, et al vs. Joe Haywood and Grasslands Hotel

Joe Haywood, # 1 Grasslands Motor Hotel, Merritt, B.C. Defendant  
Grasslands Motor Hotel, Nicola Highway, Merritt, B.C. Guarantor

Date rec'd... Oct. 11/77  
Type of doc. Summons Date Oct. 12th, 1977

Execution No. 19  
Court No. J.C.C. M Stone Crazy, 507 Austin Ave., Coquitlam, B.C. Solicitors  
S.D. 106/77 serves Grasslands Motor Hotel, Mrs. Magnusson desk clerk on Oct. 12th, 1977 at Nicola Highway, Merritt, B.C.

SHERIFF'S FEES

Rec. Est. and Ret.		
Serving Defendant	2	11.00
Serving Guarantor		
Serving Summons at Clerk's Office		
Serving		
Mileage		
Notary		
Correspondence		
Admitt.		
Other Disburse		
Miscellaneous		

Served Joe Haywood on the 12th day of October 1977 At # 1 House, Grasslands Motor Hotel, Merritt, B.C. By D/Sheriff Vanderbrink

11.00 Rec # 3317847

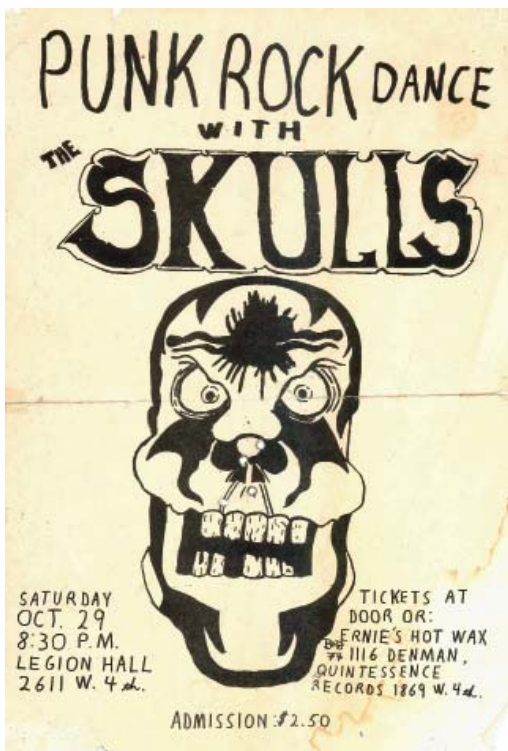
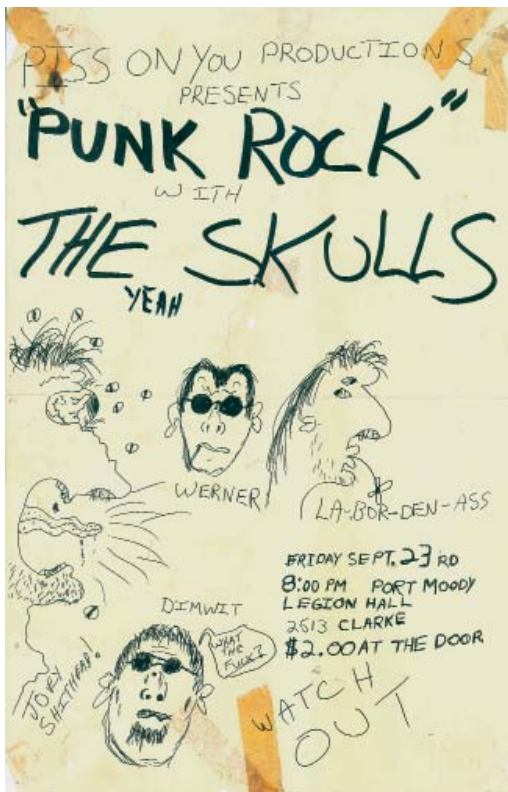
Derek Smith, Registrar No. 7  
Box 659, Merritt, B.C.



Our first show was on the beach at White Rock, BC. It was an outdoor bandshell and we snuck our way onto the bill by saying, "Yeah, yeah, sure, sure, we're just a rock band like Led Zeppelin, that kind of shit." The crowd consisted of a bunch of greaseball hippies wearing Jack Daniels T-shirts. Our set was greeted by a barrage of garbage and bottles. Our singer Lee punched a couple of those geeks in the head.

The next day I phoned up Tom Harrison and told him about the shit that had gone on. That week in the *Straight*, we were said to be Vancouver's most hated band! Wow! We were on our way. At that show we also met some of White Rock's best: Art Bergmann (Young Canadians) and John Armstrong (Modernettes).

We heard about a punk show in Vancouver at the Japanese Hall with the Lewd and the Furies. We wormed our way onto the bill at the last minute, so whenever I saw the gig posters I would write the Skulls on them with a sharpie. We opened the not-so-gala event and were met with a shitload of indifference. About halfway through I started getting egged by a guy yelling, "Man, you're so punk!" Squinting through the lights, I finally got a bead on the fucker who was doing the egging. I jumped off the stage and tackled him to the ground. Then I took the rest of his carton of eggs and smashed them into his face. I clambered back on stage and sang the rest of the set.



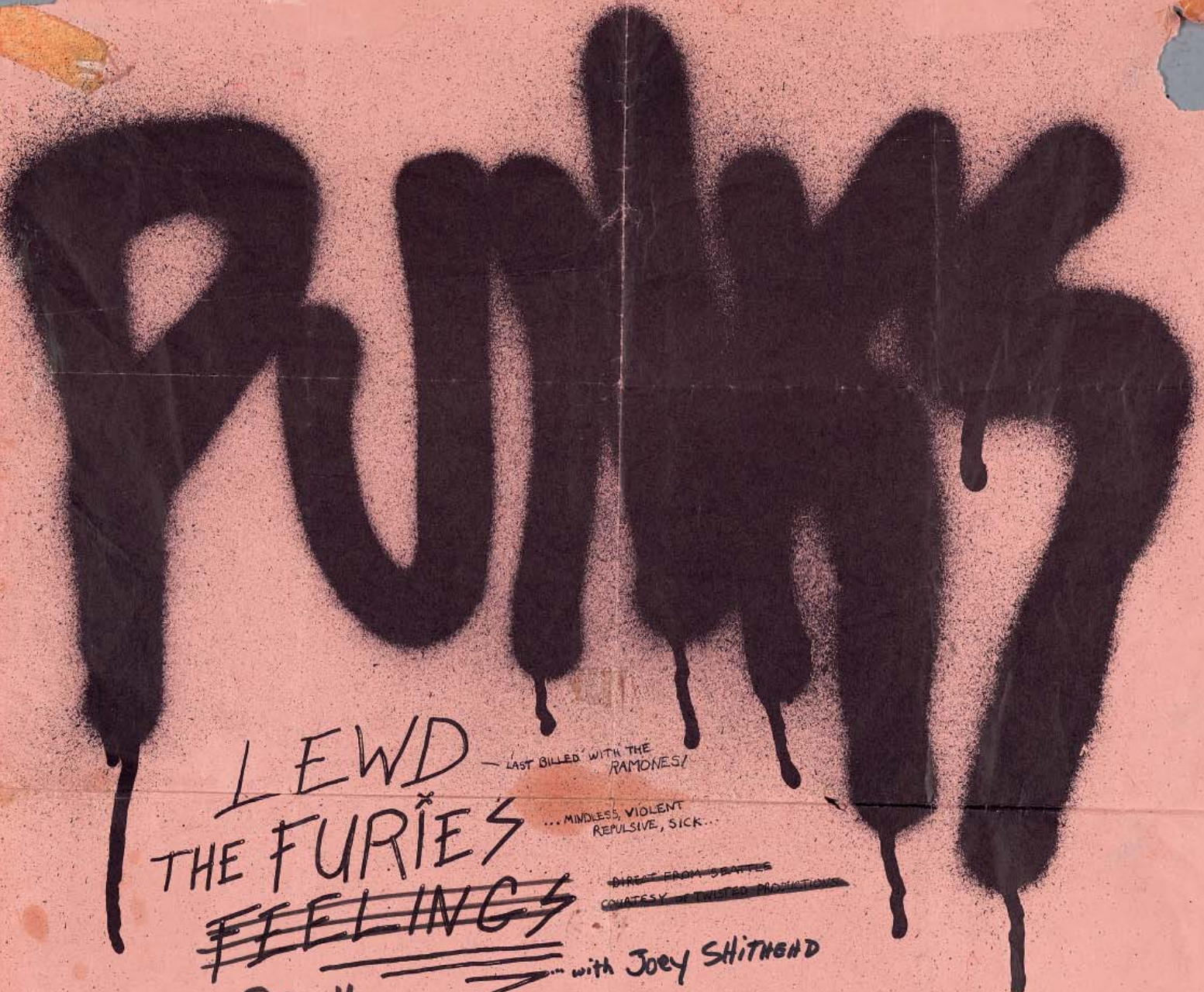
By September '77 our line-up had solidified; Dimwit on drums, myself on vocals, Wimpy, a.k.a. Labordenass, and Simon Werner (RIP) (the Pack) on guitar. At a Japanese Hall show, a huge biker from the Satan's Angels (now the Hell's Angels) came backstage to confirm that the Skulls and the Furies would play that weekend at their Labour Day run. Chris Arnett, leader of the Furies, freaked out and told the guy that he was leaving for South America the next day and couldn't do the show. The biker chased Chris around the dressing room calling him a chickenshit while throwing punches at him. Fearing for his life, Chris ran out, and the Furies never showed up. The Skulls did play the entire biker weekend; it was fucking unreal.

Now that we had established that we were a bunch of troublemakers, we quickly realized that nobody in their right mind would hire us. Damn! That was fucking smart!

So we just went D.I.Y. because when you burn your bridges, you'd better figure out how to swim. I rented the Legion Hall in one of Vancouver's suburbs, a hick town called Port Moody. Besides setting up the show, I did all the postering (hopping on and off buses) and set up the PA. The day of the show we were at the hall getting ready, and in walked two undercover Port Moody police officers. They called out, "Who's in charge of this?" I walked over and said, "That would be me." The cops said our poster was obscene. He held up the poster and said, "Look at this! Piss on You Productions! Shithead! That's sick!" I told him it was my democratic right to print whatever I wanted. The cops said they would be back later to "keep an eye on things." As the evening progressed, maybe twenty would-be punk fans/curiosity seekers showed up, as well as about twenty Satan's Angels. The bikers offered to run the door for me; well, who was I to argue? So they charged people \$2 to get in and \$3 to get out.

To actually have a show in Vancouver I had to rent the West 4th Legion Hall. We got around fifty people. There were no other punk bands in town, the Furies had broken up, and the Dishrags were stuck over in Victoria, so we started the first of what became a proud Vancouver tradition: We formed the first "fuck band." We all traded instruments: I played drums and called myself "Flab Jiggle," Dimwit played bass; Brad Kent played guitar, and Dave Noga sang. We called it Victorian Pork.

The Skulls' plan was to relocate to London to try and make it in the UK punk scene. We had all been saving up dough for the move. Then we heard about this thing called a drive through. Basically, you return a rental vehicle to its original location and just pay for the fuel. So we decided to take all of our gear and personal crap, jump in a motor home, and relocate to Toronto for awhile, before the big move to London. We left Vancouver in mid-November '77 and drove for four days straight across the icy northern wasteland to get to T.O. The drive was all right, but the toilet in the Winnebago wouldn't flush, so by the time we got there, the bowl was overflowing. Nice!



LEWD  
THE FURIES  
~~FEELINGS~~  
THE SKULLS

LAST BILLED WITH THE RAMONES!

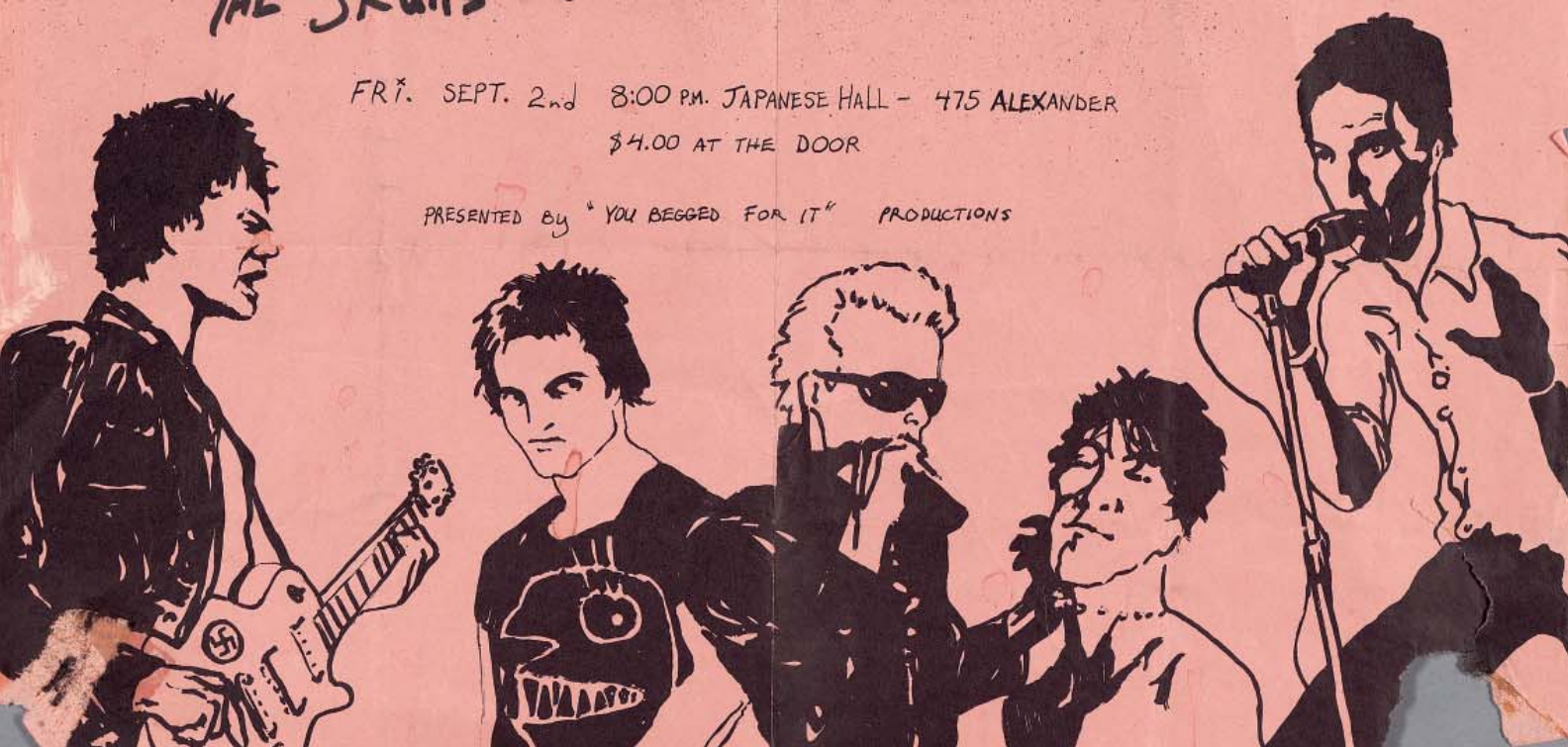
...MINDLESS, VIOLENT  
REPULSIVE, SICK...

~~DIRECT FROM SEATTLE  
CONVATESY TRUSTED PRODUCTIONS~~

...with JOEY SHITHEAD

FRİ. SEPT. 2nd 8:00 PM. JAPANESE HALL - 475 ALEXANDER  
\$4.00 AT THE DOOR

PRESENTED BY "YOU BEGGED FOR IT" PRODUCTIONS




THE PAPER FOR PEOPLE WITH SUB-HUMAN TENDENCIES

# DRONES

40 LOUSY CENTS

STILL CHEAPER THAN ALL OTHERS



BLONDIE

THIS ISSUE INCLUDES CRAP LIKE THE MISFITS, TEENAGE READ, THE SKULL INTERVIEW, THE DAMNED, THE POLES, NEW YEARS AT DAVIDS, LOTS OF PICTURE AND NOT MUCH MORE

AND ALSO A SPECIAL SECTION ON CONTROLLING BOWEL MOVEMENTS

THE NEW YEAR EDITION 78 NO BOLLOCKS TO THE OLD HACKS

DESTROY ALL MUSIC

NO FUN

First Class, Premiere Classe

**I IMPROVED!!!**  
AND EXPANDED TOO

# SHOCK THEATRE

565 COLLEGE ST. 532-5580



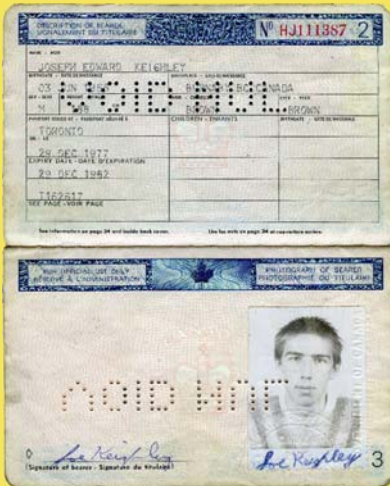
## thee UGLY

With the SKULLS



GARBAGE CAN PRODUCTIONS  
DECEMBER 2 9:00pm 299

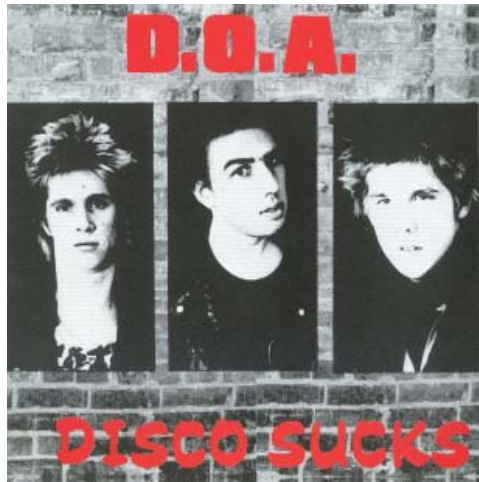




We bummed our way onto a few bills in Toronto. At first people didn't like us, but we made friends and played shows at Club David and the Shock Theatre. We played shows with the Ugly, the Viletones, and the B Girls. We were pissing away our savings for the UK move, waiting for shows that rarely came; I was bored. So to fill the time I started a fanzine called *Drones*. There was only one issue, but it was a classic, for sure. My other main occupation was spraypainting: I would tag anything I could with "the Skulls Rule!" Sometimes I would mindlessly just walk along with the spray can going, painting businesses, churches, whatever. In February '78, Wimpy and Simon Werner moved to London. Dimwit and I were supposed to follow closely behind, but we never did—we decided to move back to Vancouver, and that was the end of the Skulls. Wimpy came back in March and formed the Subhumans along with Dimwit and Brad.



When I got back to Vancouver, I recruited Randy to be the bass player. Then I discovered that Dimwit's little brother Chuck was a good drummer. We met a singer who called himself Harry Homo. He said, "You guys be the band, I'll be the singer, we'll call ourselves D.O.A., and make a million dollars." Well, that was good enough for us, and D.O.A. was born. It was February 11th, 1978, and we talked our way onto a show with the Generators at the Japanese Hall. When the Generators realized we were starting to play the same three songs over again, they pulled the plug on the power. While we had been in Toronto Victorian Pork had gotten "serious" with a new line-up. We opened for them and that was the first time D.O.A. appeared on a poster.



I've always believed that band members should be comrades, and a band should fight against the odds and try to change the world. In our case, common enemies drew Randy, Chuck, and me together. It basically boiled down to two things: the pathetic apathy of mainstream society and the slimy corruption that riddled the music business. So one night while sitting around considering our fate with a case of O'Keefe's Extra Old Stock, we came to our three basic truths:

EVERYBODY HATES US • NOBODY WILL BOOK US • WE'LL NEVER GET A RECORD DEAL

After briefly pondering those sobering realizations, I said, "Why don't we put out our own record? There's this band I used to see when I went to SFU called the Pied Pumkin String Ensemble; they did it, so why can't we?" Well, there was one big problem—we had no fuckin' dough! But like everybody else, the rock 'n' roll gods have to grind one out on a regular basis like us destitute mortals, and manna fell from heaven! Some unemployment enjoyment cheques came in. I cashed those and booked Ocean Sound in North Vancouver. We recorded and mixed the four-song *Disco Sucks* EP in nine hours. That included finishing half the lyrics in the studio. To the right is my notebook from that recording session.

WOKE UP SCREAMING

I DON'T REALLY CARE WHAT THEY SAY  
I DON'T REALLY CARE WHAT THEY DO  
I JUST KNOW I'M SICK OF THEIR CRAP

THE COPS THEY TOOK ME AND BEAT ME BLUE  
IT WASN'T WHO I WAS OR WHAT I DO  
IT WAS JUST BEING ALIVE

TOOK A CHANCE ON THE OTHER SIDE  
GOT OFF THE DOWNHILL SLIDE  
STOPPED WASTIN' MY TIME

HAD A DREAM, SAW A SCHEME  
SAW A MAN, HANG ON A BEAM  
NEXT THING WAS I WOKE UP SCREAMING  
HIS EYES WERE SCREAMING

~~IT WASN'T WHO I WAS OR WHAT I DO~~  
IT WASN'T WHO I WAS OR WHAT I DO  
IT'S JUST BEING ALIVE  
NOT JUST DREAMING

TOOK A CHANCE ON THE OTHER SIDE  
GOT OFF THE DOWNHILL SLIDE  
STOPPED WASTIN' MY TIME

DISCO SUCKER  
EP  
1978

ROYAL POLICE

THEIR BLOODY FOOLS  
WITH THEIR STUPID RULES  
KICK EM' OUT,  
BEAT EM' ABOUT

THEIR DISGUSTING  
BUT THEIR ONLY Pawns  
TRAINED TO KEEP  
THE PUBLIC IN LINE

NEW STORMTROOPERS  
SO SHUT YOUR MOUTH  
CAUSE THE MONEY BEHIND EM'  
DON'T WANT NO RIOT

NAZI TRAINING CAMP

~~THIS PLACE IS DECADENT CRAP~~  
~~THIS PLACE IS USELESS USELESS GARBAGE~~  
~~IT'S YOUR WORLD I'M TALKIN' ABOUT~~  
~~SWASTIKAS ARE IN YOUR BRAIN~~

~~I'M TALKIN'~~

YOUR AT THE CATTIE TROUGH  
ELECTRIC PRO UP YOUR ASS  
YOU SEEM TO ENJOY IT  
SWASTIKAS ARE IN YOUR BRAIN

I'M TALKIN' BOUT THE GREEDY SLUTS  
I'M TALKIN' BOUT THE NIFTY PRICKS  
IT'S YOUR WORLD I'M TELLIN' ABOUT  
SWASTIKAS ARE IN YOUR BRAIN



Office  
Specialty

steno note book  
cahier de  
sténographie

book no. / numéro de l'article:

to / à:

from / de:

stenographer / sténographe:

151-0734 Feint and Centre Line / Green Tint  
Papier rayé avec ligne centrale / vert clair

120 pages



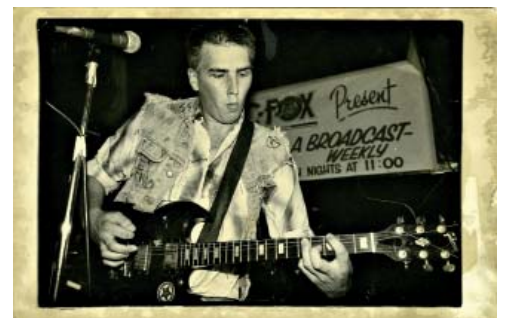
Punk rock was the new sensation in Vancouver and D.O.A. epitomized it, so Tom Harrison got us on the bill of the Battle of the Bands. The show was at the Body Shop, a local meat market, and the local punks came down there determined to raise shit. That they did, especially when D.O.A. were knocked out of the competition.

On July 1st, 1978 (Canada Day), D.O.A., the Subhumans, and Private School tried to play in Vancouver's magnificent Stanley Park without a permit. The bulls were having none of this. They blocked us from playing until we borrowed a permit for the park from a picnicking church group (hey, there's good people in every walk of life). The bands finally played five hours later than scheduled. Anarchists burned the Canadian Constitution and money. The concert got a lot of media coverage, so the public's perception of our less-than-savoury attitude increased exponentially around BC.

Our first road trip was to Victoria. Tim Ray and AV had asked to come over and play on the bill with them and the Dishrags. We planned to go to the Dishrags' high school (they were all sixteen) and do some flyer-ing for the show. The Dishrags met us at the front of the school about 11 a.m., then the two bands and road crew all ran pell mell through the classrooms throwing flyers at kids. In short order we had a posse of teachers and the principal in hot pursuit. They grabbed us and kicked us out of the school. Jeez! What ingrates—we were just spreading Canadian culture. Only about fifty people showed up at the gig and, of course, we didn't get paid, but it was a lark.



Once the *Disco Sucks* EP came out, we mailed it everywhere we could think of, and about a month later it was number one on a San Francisco college radio station. That summer, I got us booked for two nights at Mabuhay Gardens, SF's home of punk. To get there, I took the train, Randy and Chuck took the Greyhound, and Brad hitchhiked. We arrived without any gear, so we borrowed some from Negative Trend, and I became fast friends with their bassist Will Shatter (RIP) (Flipper). On Friday night we warmed up for the Avengers, which was great, and the joint was packed. On Saturday night we opened for Ray Campi and the Rockabilly Rebels. The crowd was a bunch of tourists that were definitely indifferent to our brand of noise. At that time I was just singing, so to entertain the crowd I decided to try to wrap my entire body with gaffer's tape. It didn't work; the crowd stared at me with all the emotion that you might see in a shark's eye. Sensing their boredom—and having to piss like a racehorse—I unzipped and sent forth a stream that went clear across the dance floor. The yellow liquid ended up in some girl's drink about twenty feet away. Needless to say, that (wet) cemented our rep in SF. On Sunday, we didn't have a show, but the Dead Kennedys were playing at the Fab Mab. I caused such a ruckus that the bouncers threw me out. Dirk Dirksen (RIP), who ran the Mab, said I was banned for life. Jello stopped the DK's set and said they wouldn't continue unless they let "that Joey Shithead back into the club." Dirk relented and that was the start of my great friendships with Jello and Dirk.





San Francisco Examiner  
 Vol. 1978, No. 40  
 SATURDAY  
 October 14, 1978  
 Preview edition

Handicapped scream for help

# MUTANTS

PLUS COLOR VIDEO MONITORS FOR D.O.A.'S  
 SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE APPEARANCE  
 and Special Segue Classes!!!!

11pm *saturday* October 14

**MABUHAY Gardens** 443 Broadway San Francisco 956-3315  
 A DIRKSEN-MILLER PRODUCTION



THEATRE CAN BE PURCHASED AT ALL NEWS OUTLETS AND SQUARE RECORDS  
 Telerec Page 1/Space


This was our second trip to San Francisco in '78. We played with the Mutants and got paid \$102.13. This time we rode in style in Al Steadman's green Chevy panel van. Simon Wilde, a.k.a. Stubby Pecker (RIP) (he briefly played bass for D.O.A. in 1980) had an upside-down swastika on his jacket. By chance, Simon encountered a racist gang of whites outside the Mab and got punched out by these cretins. When we heard about the fight, our roadie, Bob Montgomery (Chuck's older brother) and I went out front to see what was going on. I was immediately confronted by the head racist, backed up by about twelve or thirteen guys. This head dick screamed at me, then ripped off his wife beater. At first I wondered if he didn't want to get it dirty while they pummelled me. He turned around and showed me a full back tattoo of an eagle clutching a swastika. It was his point of pride. We had a ten-minute argument, with the club's security standing by. Amazingly, no punches were thrown. After they left, I told Simon to never wear a stupid fucking swastika again.

DIRKSEN-MILLER PRODUCTIONS  
 TALENT PAYMENT AND BOX OFFICE REPORT


EVENT: D.O.A. DATE: 9/19/78

ADVANCE:	200 x 7 = 2400	GROSS:	44850
BASS:	0 x 0 = 0	GROUPS:	25
COMPS:	0 x 71 = 0	GROUPS:	10213
DISCOUNT: (A)	0 x 0 = 0		4485
(B)	150 x 71 = 7650		4885
(C)	200 x 26 = 5200		2243
DOOR:	300 x 112 = 33600		11213
TOTALS:	ATTENDANCE:	44800	
	BOX OFFICE RECEIPTS:	44800	

NO PRESENTS THIS YEAR  
 SANTA GETTING  
 DRUNK! with



**D.O.A.**  
 DEC. 21st 22nd 23rd at the  
 WINDMILL  
 \$4.00 AT DOOR



(133)  
 1046-213

**WILL RISE  
 AGAIN**

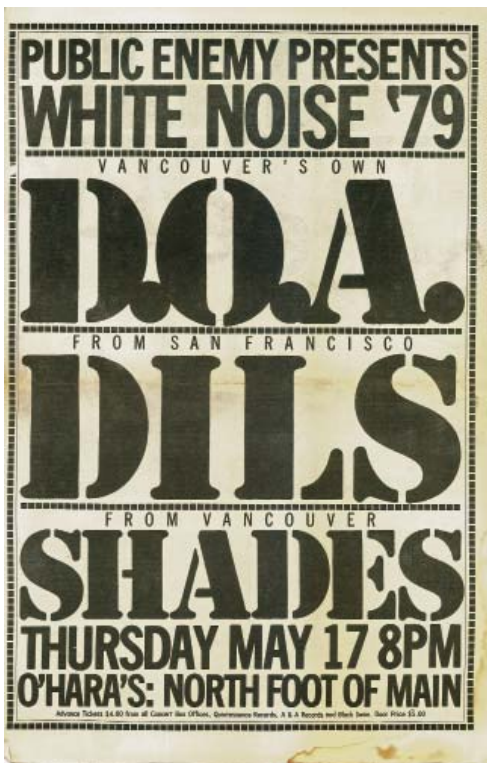




We got the Avengers up to Vancouver for a two-night stand. These were the last shows at the Japanese Hall, Vancouver's original home of punk rock. We also played in Victoria again, and the poster showed me with then-Prime Minister Joe Clark. It was the Wright brothers' (No Means No) first introduction to punk rock, and a wild one it was, as Randy, Chuck, and I took on some really moronic patrons with mike and cymbal stands.

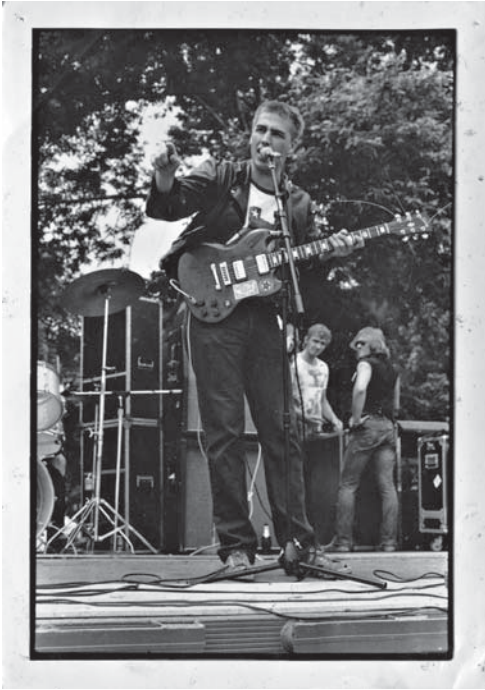
In late '78, Quintessence Records released our *The Prisoner/Thirteen* 7-inch single, recorded at Little Mountain Sound by Ron Obvious. Bob Rock helped out on the session.





We played this new rather large club called O'Hara's with the Dils and the Shades. Sponsored by *Public Enemy* magazine, it was a good show. The next night, there was the 3D Party: D.O.A., the Dils, and the Dishrags. It was held at a squat house, one of Vancouver's oldest and most trashed, right next door to Dave Gregg's "Fort Gore" pad. So many fucking people showed up that they smashed holes in the wall that separated the hallway from the room where the bands performed. This was a better show.





**COMPILATION ALBUM ~ BENEFIT**

# VANCOUVER NEW WAVE

**DO A  
DISHRAGS  
POINTED STICKS  
PRIVATE SCHOOL  
SUBHUMANS  
U~J3RK5**

**MAY 10 8 PM**

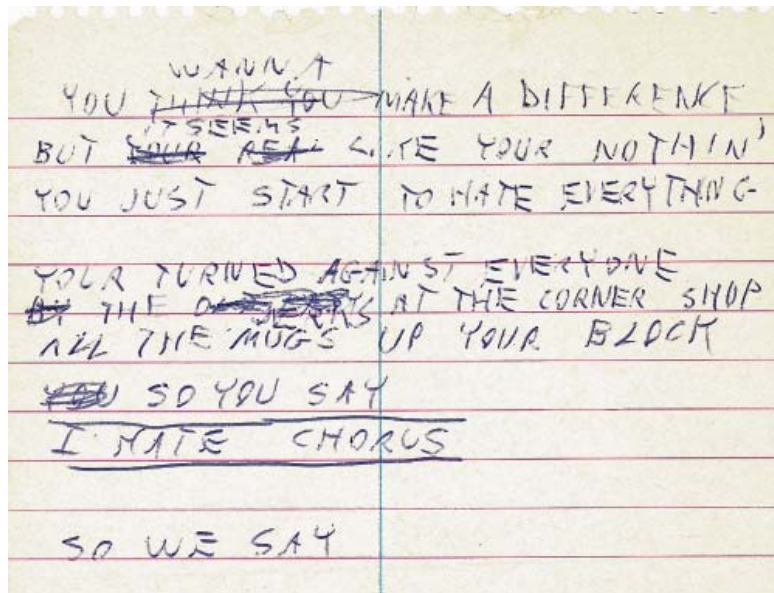
**O-HARA'S north foot of MAIN ST.**

**TICKETS \$4.00 available at QUINTESSENCE**

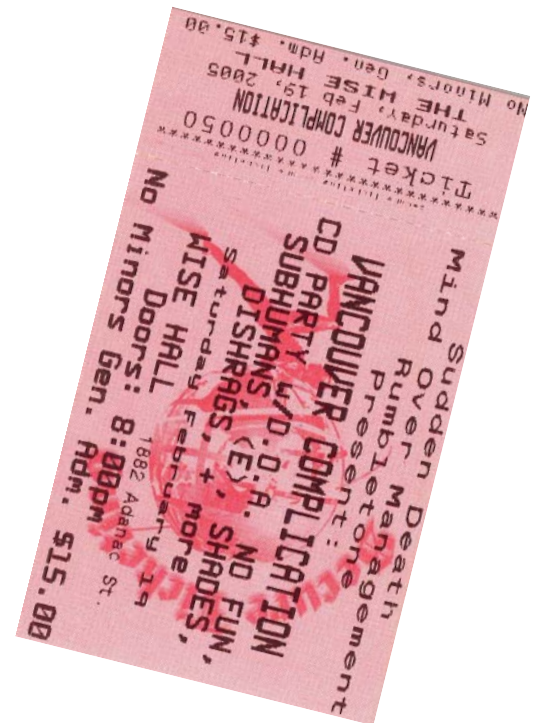




Vancouver had a really vibrant and creative punk/new wave scene. Jack Rabid of the Big Takeover called it one of the best in the world. So Phil Smith, Steve Macklam (Pointed Sticks manager), Gerry Barad (Quintessence and D.O.A. advisor), and Grant McDonough (Quintessence) had an idea: Let's record all the bands in the scene and put out a compilation album. Great idea, but as usual, nobody had any dough except maybe Ted Thomas (he owned Quintessence Records), but he wouldn't back it. So we found Chris Cutress (CBC recording engineer) who ran Sabre Sound, an 8-track studio in Burnaby. Chris recorded everybody for free. To pay for the initial pressing, we put together a benefit show for the compilation at O'Hara's. Despite the petty in-scene fighting, we put out a great album. It was re-issued by Sudden Death Records as a benefit for the Vancouver Food Bank in 2005.



An early version of "I Hate You."



FOR THE DILLS

It's Not MacDonald's

3\$ Three Bucks

Blow Up

WITH DOA AND SEATTLE'S OWN CHINAS COMPOS

MAY 19TH 9:00 (p.m.)

AT WASHINGTON HALL

14TH & 4TH [ONE block off Yesler]

What? NA/BS

ADMISSION: 3 BUCKS

FRIDAY APRIL 13

9 P.M.

DILLS

NEGATIVE TREND S.F.

DOA

330 GROVE ST

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2610 GUADALUPE  
PRESENT  
FROM VANCOUVER, B.C.

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RICHARD '79

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**ROCK AGAINST RACISM CONCERT!!!!!!**

TELL

**DOA**  
**JAH JAH CHILDREN**  
**RUDE NORTON**

8PM SATURDAY, MAY 5

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