

in New York at the Mudd Club with the Sluts from New Orleans. The organizers hadn't done anything to promote the show, though, so as we were getting a percentage of the door, we made our own posters and stuck them up around the Lower East Side. We couldn't afford that show to be a dud too. The night of the gig, the club had nobody assigned to the door, so I did that as well. When it was time to get up and play, I got the singer from the Sluts to take people's three-dollar covers. After a gig in Philadelphia at the Eastside Club, we were set to play a show at Casablanca's in Richmond, Virginia, with Channel Three, White Cross, and Graven Image. Along the way, we decided to stop in Atlantic City, the gambling capital of the east. We hung out there till the afternoon, becoming even poorer, if that was possible, then hit the road to Richmond. When we arrived at the venue, we could see quite a crowd outside. Wow, we said to ourselves; this should be good. There were a lot of people there and it was still early! But just as we were parking the Blue Bullet, the promoter ran out and started yelling, "Where the fuck have you guys been? I just refunded the door money because you guys never showed up!" It turned out our show was scheduled for Sunday afternoon, but nobody had bothered to tell us. That's when I learned the hard way that you should "advance the show" — phone ahead to see what's shakin'.

In the third week of January 1983, we played the Jockey Club in Newport, Kentucky. A great crew ran the place: Bill Leist, Clem, and Jughead, punk fans turned promoters. The club itself had an incredibly rich history. Back in the fifties and sixties, Newport had been *the* gambling town of the midwest, and the Jockey Club was at the centre of it. All sorts of cats had graced its stage, from Little Richard to Fats Domino, Frank Sinatra, Elvis, and Marilyn Monroe had been among its patrons. People had even been gunned down on the sidewalk out front. I don't think any maintenance had been done on the club since the glory days, though. The wallpaper was peeling off, the ceiling was falling in, and the bathroom smelled like it hadn't been cleaned in twenty years. The show went over great. We had a real loyal following in that area. It was also cool to hit the same stage that had been graced by early rock 'n' roll greats.

Ed Pitman came down to the Jockey Club with a crew from Dayton. After the show, he offered to take us to what he called the finest eatery in the midwest: it was White Castle, the burger joint chain. The burgers were tiny, square, and full of holes, for some unknown reason. But here was the best part: they were only twenty-five cents each! The price was right. With our budget, we yelled out, "Holy fuckin' Bob Barker!" and ordered about six each. Ed said he'd once eaten seventy-six White Castle burgers in one sitting on a bet.

Our next show was January 21, 1983, at the City Club in Detroit, where we were support for the Angelic Upstarts. Around dinner time, sitting around in the dressing room, we started to speculate about what had happened to Gerry Useless. None of us had heard hide nor hair of him in over a year. That seemed strange to us, since we'd been pretty tight as the gang of four.

As we were talking, somebody came into the dressing room and said, "Hey, your manager is on the phone." What Lester had to say was shocking. Gerry and four others had been arrested by an RCMP swat team on Highway 99, near Squamish, a little town halfway between Vancouver and Whistler. The cops had posed as a highway crew to stop the van Gerry and his friends were in. They were dragged out at gunpoint, arrested, and booked. The charges were staggering. The five were charged with the bombings of the Litton plant in Toronto, two adult video stores called Red Hot Video in Vancouver, and a BC Hydro power plant on Vancouver Island, as well as various weapons offences. Charged along with Gerry were Brent Taylor, Ann Hansen, Doug Stewart, and Julie Belmas. It was uncanny that we had been talking about Gerry just a few minutes earlier.

We were stunned by the news and very concerned for Gerry's well-being. D.O.A. was committed to changing the system. We believed that injustice and inequality could be dealt with through words, ideas, and people power, not through violence and bombs. But one of our best friends was now in bad trouble. We knew right then we wanted to help him and the others.

In October the year before, we had heard about an explosion at Litton Systems in Toronto, the company contracted to build the guidance system for the U.S. cruise missiles that were being built at the Boeing plant in Seattle. The police attributed the action to would-be terrorists. Apparently there had been a phone warning which the guards at Litton had chosen to ignore. Nobody was killed, but one person was seriously hurt. We had no idea back then that this kind of protest action would end up becoming so personal.

As soon as we got back to Vancouver, we met with Ken Lester and mulled over what to do about the "Squamish Five," as they were being called by the press. We didn't know whether Gerry and the others were guilty or not. But we figured they would need some money to get a fair trial. This was the biggest "underground" action in Canada since the FLQ crisis in Quebec in 1970. The communiqués issued at the time of the bombings stated that the targets were companies that were anti-women, anti-environmental, and pro-war. Whether you agreed with their tactics or not, they made some strong points.

The Squamish Five's supporters had already set up a defence fund, and

