

1 ...intro (br)

This disc begins with a quick scan through the AM radio band to find the Joey Did radio station. Once found, the delicate harmonies of Joey Did singing *Bohemian Rhapsody* are briefly heard. Dennis then makes the revelation that we should try playing songs that we know the words to. I counter by suggesting we do some “shit”. We agree to play *Automobile*.

2 Automobile

The same stupid song by Hansy first heard on *Next Of Kin*. Ed starts the song in double time. I panic and yell out, “Slower!” and he brings it down to a more manageable pace. Mike and Dennis do an admirable job on the vocals. As mentioned on the track notes to *Next Of Kin*, we liked to destroy this song and we quickly wind up doing just that.

3 You Really Got Me

Dennis starts off this track with some acapella vocalizing. It then cuts into a brief snippet of the Kinks’ *You Really Got Me* with Mike and Dennis on vocals and Lionel Venuti on guitar. Unlike myself, Lionel could actually play guitar and jammed with us at several of our earliest band practices. I was just watching from the sidelines when this was recorded.

4 ...br

A snippet from our rendition of *Bohemian Rhapsody*. This was the first point where the song fell apart. As Anthony (Fulmes) eloquently sums it up, “This is fucking bad”.

5 Bodies

A brief extract of the Sex Pistols’ *Bodies* featuring the lifeless Mike McDonald on vocals. Mike was in one of his moods that day and didn’t want to sing *Bodies*. So he sat down and merely recited the words in defiance. The rest of us stopped when we saw what was going on. Months of endless bickering were about to begin.

6 Faggot Killer

Words by Mike. Music by Scott.

A failed attempt at playing *Faggot Killer* with an extremely uncooperative guitar amp. I had this horrible Univox guitar amp that could be as temperamental as Mike. It worked fine much of the time. But on some days it would insist on blowing fuses repeatedly until I had none left. A fuse would blow, I’d replace it, and we’d get through another song or two. Then another fuse would blow and I’d replace that one. This would go on until I had no fuses left. This track was recorded on one of those days. At this practice, we were also putting the vocals through the amp. When the fuse blows both the guitar and vocals go silent. After realizing I have no more fuses left, I let out a whimper and Dennis asks, “Is that the last one?” Band practice over.

7 1984

Words by Dennis. Music by Scott.

An early take of *1984*. Mike did an admirable job of creating a vocal melody over what is essentially a one-note song. I recall an earlier performance where Mike sang this to the tune of the Beatles’ *Run For Your Life*. Sadly, that rendition was never recorded, but it led to

the vocal melody heard on this take. We hadn’t yet worked out an ending to the song; this version was edited after the last chorus. A better recording of *1984* can be heard on track 15 of this disc.

8 ...not a dirty white sock

This track is just some goofing around between songs. Such goofing around would often go on far too long. In order to get everyone playing again I would often start counting out loud, “One, two, three, four!” and immediately start playing a song. The others would then have to try and figure out what I was playing and catch up to me. I start to do that at the end of this track and Dennis panics, “What are we doing?”

9 La Villa Strangiato

Ed was very pleased that he could play the drum part to *La Villa Strangiato* by Rush. There was no hope in hell that the rest of us could play it, so I just made up my own guitar part. This track is one of those instances where Ed plays the real thing and I play the fake thing. Mike joins in at the end with a burp. Dennis follows suit with a bass burp. Mike is revisited by onions.

10 My Generation

A fairly lame version of The Who’s classic song. Dennis’ bass solos, or lack thereof, are hilarious. The ending is not too bad; we were always able to do a decent job of creating feedback.

11 ...his own personal experience

Dennis and I were teasing Mike about the lackluster way he was doing the screaming part from the Buzzcocks’ *Orgasm Addict*. We start to give some demonstrations of how we think it should sound. Mike assures us that from now on he will do it his own way, from his own personal experience. Ugh. We didn’t ask for any more details.

12 Orgasm Addict

Our version of the Buzzcocks song. We were never able to figure out the correct words for this song. I found them on the Internet a few years ago. We had most of them wrong. I’m not sure why Mike thinks I am playing wrong chords on this track. However, there is a wrong bass note in one spot near the end.

13 Insomnia

Words by Mike. Music by Scott.

This was likely the most progressive song we had written, and this is not a bad recording of it. I have no idea what Mike is saying during the mumbling part at the end. I believe he made up new mumbles every time we played it. This song could have become a pop classic when it was slated to appear on the *Be My Barbie* single. Unfortunately, Mike seemed to hate everything he wrote and *Insomnia* was rechristened *Wednesday Morning* after a complete lyric rewrite. I was never happy with the rewrite, I liked *Insomnia* just the way it was.

14 ...count down

Ed teases the rest of us with a drawn out introduction to *1984*.

15 1984

Words by Dennis. Music by Scott.

A better recording of the same song heard on track 7 of this disc. I created the sound effect at the end on a MiniMoog. As Mike says, “Oh fucking goddamn shit!”

16 ...it’s the glasses

A bit of tomfoolery between songs.

Whereas Dennis and I were barely competent on our instruments, Ed was an absolutely superb drummer who could play things as complicated as Rush and ELP. But somehow, Ed used to screw up just as often as the rest of us, maybe even more so. His mistakes were not due to technical inabilities, but rather simply not remembering when to stop playing, or when to switch from verse to chorus.

At the time, Ed was the only one in the band who wore glasses (I wore contact lenses). Mike used to tease Ed by inferring that wearing glasses was the cause of all of Ed’s misfortunes. This track begins mere moments after one of those incidents where a song fell apart because of an Ed screw up. I ask Ed in dismay, “Why is it always you?” and Mike answers, “It’s the glasses”.

I borrowed a record of traditional African music from the library one day. There was one track where a guy would say a phrase and then play the same phrase on this (talking) drum. We used to listen to this track on our ghetto blaster in the hallways at school and became familiar with phrases such as, “Bah room, bah room, tee tee” and “Ewalla fish og bah, ewalla fish ay”. Dennis tries to duplicate “Bah room, bah room, tee tee” on Ed’s drums while I answer back on guitar. I then try to simulate a submarine with the “dive” alarm sounding.

During all of the above, Mike is regurgitating his lunch and Anthony is in the background working on some articles for our underground school newspaper.

17 I Don’t Like Liver

A spontaneous improvisation to the tune of *I’m So Bored With The USA*. I’m not sure what got this started, other than a deep inner hatred of organ consumption which all, but Anthony, shared. Maybe that’s why he was booted out of the band.

18 Mediamatic

Words by Dennis.

Tracks 16 to 27 were recorded in one particularly prolific session known as the Save Joey Did Telethon: a mythical fund drive to save the ailing Joey Did. Apparently, it didn’t work because the last track on this disc is entitled Death Of Joey Did.

This track begins with Mike’s first pledge drive of the evening. At the time, Anthony was working on an article for our underground school newspaper that involved Sid Vicious. He wouldn’t let us see the article until he was finished creating it. While Mike asks if we can see Sid Vicious, the rest of us start another improvisation. The first few notes played on the guitar are a silly riff that Ed made up. The music rapidly settles down into a country motif as Mike continues his monologue. After he’s finished, I point to a binder full of lyrics (where I stored all the lyrics that Mike and Dennis gave me) and say

to Mike, “Get some words”. Mike reaches into the binder, pulls out *Mediamatic*, and recites the lyrics. Suddenly, a song! When the lyrics run out we resort to our trademark feedback ending with plenty of screaming from Mike. Dennis gets the best line in the song when he blasts out in teenage defiance, “I hate my mother (evil laugh)!”

19 ...pledge drive

There was this guy in Edmonton who would hand out pamphlets downtown while uttering in a dry monotone, “Testimony of what Jesus did”. Dennis spoofs this with his, “Testimony of what Joey Did”.

20 La Villa Strangiato

Another vain attempt at Rush’s *La Villa Strangiato* while Mike recites a list of telethon sponsors. I had made an edit in the tape by manipulating the tape speed when I first archived this recording back in 1980. Mike had recently gotten in trouble for saying, “fuck” in the hallway at school. A certain Mr. Kuzyk had heard Mike using, as he phrased it, the “four letter friend getter” and had Mike sent to the school office for some manner of punishment. Mike was bitter about this incident and after mentioning the Marxist-Leninists he said, “Mr. Kuzyk, who doesn’t like the word ‘fuck’, well fuck you Kuzyk”. I edited this statement out of the tape because we used to play these recordings in the hallway at school. No point in making things worse, I thought at the time. Mike then goes on to thank “any drummer that wears glasses” to which Ed responds, “Fuck off”.

21 Let’s Dance

Although Mike had been promising all evening that we were going to do *Let’s Dance* at 150 MPH, the only recording I have of this song is at normal speed. We did indeed have a version of *Let’s Dance* that we played in double-time, but that version was never archived (I believe we got the song down to 45 seconds). Near the beginning of this song, the guitar amp starts to act as a radio receiver.

22 ...pledge drive

Another pledge drive with a very brief snippet from our rendition of *Bohemian Rhapsody*.

23 Automobile

The third and final version of *Automobile* heard in this series of discs. Unlike *Let’s Dance*, this version is played at 150 MPH. There seems to be some confusion about when the song should end.

24 Satisfaction

Ed starts playing the Devo version of *Satisfaction* but Mike requests the Rolling Stones version. We never played this song apart from this one incident. But somehow, everybody seems to know it.

25 ...pledge drive

Mike’s final pledge drive of the evening with Ed insisting on getting the last word in.

26 Public Image

Our version of the PiL song. We were never able to figure out the correct words for this song, and I still don’t know them.

27 Something Else

An Eddie Cochran song that everybody started playing once the Sex Pistols did it. Just before starting this song Anthony asks, “How do you spell ‘itch’?”

28 ...br

A snippet from our rendition of *Bohemian Rhapsody*.

29 ...this time for real

Some goofing around before playing *American Boy*.

30 American Boy

Words by Dennis and Scott. Music by Scott.

Like Modern Western World, this was another song that seemed to go on too long. We eventually trimmed the lyrics down from four verses to three verses.

31 ...count down

Some goofing around before playing *Insomnia*.

32 Insomnia

Words by Mike. Music by Scott.

A very silly version of *Insomnia*. Mike and I make mistakes at the same time during the introduction but we keep on playing. This sets the tone for the rest of the song; anything goes. Mike makes up new words while providing commentary on the originals, “I work twelve hours at the job and write shit lyrics.” Dennis yells out all manner of odd things, many of which are barely understandable. I can be heard uttering various phrases in the background and screaming just before the final chorus.

33 I’m So Bored With The USA

Our rendition of the Clash song. We weren’t using the correct lyrics in this recording. We figured them out a short time later with some help from the Diefenbakers. Mike sang this song while lying flat on his back on the couch, microphone pointing vertically toward the ceiling. At the end of the song I ask, “Comfortable, Mike?”

34 Money

When we heard the Flying Lizards’ version of *Money* we thought, “We can do that”. Technically, anybody can, but it was that realization that spawned Joey Did. We banged out a version of *Money* in room 266 1/2 at our high school in January 1980. That version was never archived, but we improvised another version during the summer of 1980. That version is heard here. Mike and Dennis do some very funny vocals. I briefly put down the guitar and play piano during the quiet part in the middle. After finishing the song Ed says, “OK, now let’s do some ‘shit’”, in reference to my comment from track 1 on this disc. Mike then tries using the microphone as a back scratcher.

35 ...blues variations

This track is a collection of oddities and casualties.

It begins with a brief extract from the end of a practice session at my house. I am playing organ, while Dennis is on drums, Mike is on bass, and Ed is wandering around with a microphone interviewing the rest of us. Dennis counts off “one, two, three, four” as I say “Shut up” to Ed’s interview and we start playing something dreadful. Ed mumbles something about, “I’ll play the guitar, hold on” and I break into *Comic Relief*. After the din subsides, Dennis rearranges Ed’s drums into a left-handed configuration, much to Ed’s dismay.

This track ends with a brief interlude recorded during a failed attempt to practice in Dennis’ garage. We managed to play for about 20 minutes before a neighbour came over to complain about the racket. We tried turning our amps down but it was still too loud. This quiet interlude was the last thing we played, mere seconds after Dennis’ parents told us to shut it down.

36 Barbara Anne

Mike and Dennis singing the Beach Boys’ *Barbara Anne* while I mangle their voices with a tape echo.

37 Death Of Joey Did

Another of our many improvisations. This one features Mike and Dennis on vocals while I pound out a succession of minor chords. Ed tries his best to follow along with what I’m playing. Among the moaning, Dennis notes “UK Subs are faster than ETS buses”. Mike does a brilliant job on the vocals near the end when he sings *Comic Relief* in the exact manner that Dennis did at the first band practice, “All this pressure’s really got me, all this pressure’s really got me, aw shit”. It truly invokes an image of Joey Did lying on his deathbed with his life passing before him. Bravo. The song comes crashing to a halt when someone upstairs yells, “Ed telephone” and Ed runs out of the room to answer it. The final sound effect was done by myself on a Minimoog.