

The POLES: The Breakneck Evolution

by George-Dean Higton

Greetings from Toronto, your frozen neighbor to the North. This Spring in T.O. the SCENE had the rug pulled out from under it. Purveyors of hear-wo-go-again dog shit rock & accomplices in mainstream media have gone screaming berserk in conceptual agony. The mutant hordes are on the march! I mean, everywhere ya look the New (Tidal) Wave is sweeping over basement clubs, bars, laneways & streetcar tracks.

Anyway, I want to tell you about my favourite New Wave band. They're visionary, raw, powerful, original. **THE POLES** defy gravity, bringing a message of hope (rock 'n roll can save the species), an awesome vision of breakneck evolution in a runaway Corvette gunning headlong into year 2000.

Incredible Michaele Jordana, lead singer, riveting all eyes on stage. Such a tiger, such an exotic cutie. Whirling like a dervish, little girl tough, Cleopatra sexy, radar night eyes piercing. A National Gallery hero prior to rockin', she knows she's the Snow Queen & the obvious focus in the band, writing all the lyrics. Michaele & bandmaster/keyboard & synthesizer sorcerer, Doug Pringle, have actually wandered the drifting ice floes of the North Pole, where all the molecules eventually end up. There at the top of the world is the electro-magnetic dimple in the atmosphere, where all messages from SPACE are received first & in the newborn state. **THE POLES** have beamed in on these airwaves with their music reflecting the impulses.

Michaele says: "The North Pole is totally like space. I mean, there's no trees, nothin'. You're out there all alone & all you can feel is Eternity. I mean, there's nothin' else to feel. It's ancient. I'm relating to the Ancients. It's a ritual."



Michaele Jordana

Edie Steiner

THE POLES performances have an intense & palpable 'something's happening' impact. Jordana's medicine dance & direct challenging of the audience provokes a spontaneous call & response that's truly moving. THE POLES are the beasts responding to Michaele & the audience becomes part of the primal howl. The last ten minutes of the show

must be seen to be believed. In an electronic duel (male/female molecular clash), Jordana & Pringle literally blast apart the airwaves in the room with synthesizer guns, spewing invisible rays of atom-smashing pulse.

The titles of the songs "Human Sacrifice," "Cannibal Kids," "I'm An Animal," "Prime Time," "Snow Queen," I guess speak better of their themes than I could, but there's a strong subliminal suggestion of Jimmy Morrison at work here, as THE POLES readily acknowledge. Morrison was travelling in space all the time; so are THE POLES.

I don't mean to make them all sound precious or anything. Supporting all the visual & rural drama (Michaele's voice cuts) is a bitch of a rock band spearheaded by Doug Pringle on keyboards & synthesizer, (Doug was earlier involved with another ground-breaking Canadian band called Syrinx on Columbia Records). The rhythm section flows dynamically with Ricky Swede lashing out on Les Paul, Stevie Goode slaying dragons on bass, & Luc Wildebeest keeping it all pulsing on the drums.

Obviously, there's several record companies making offers, and THE POLES expect to be in the studio by October. Radio stations here have been jumping on their basement tapes as fast as they're produced. Meanwhile, a tour is being set up in the eastern States. They'll play Boston, N.Y., & other U.S. cities this fall.

THE POLES are a band who compel you to be involved in their creative process. Recently, in concert at Toronto Workshop Productins, Michaele Jordana instructed her fans: "If anyone asks you what I'm doin' here, just tell them I'm painting electro-magnetic fields of energy, 3-D sound." What's happened I think, is that THE POLES just maybe have picked up the torch that Jim Morrison used to shine to lead the way to transformation from the reptiled state to the angel state. These punks & all other mutants will probably get there sooner, cause they're in more of a hurry.