

die SCHWEINE-zeitung

THE PIG PAPER

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featuring

NEW WAVE NEWS

SIMPLY SAUCER

THE SAINTS

TEENAGE HEAD

THE BROTHERS

BATTERED WIVES

THE CURSE

SEX PISTOLS

THE VILETONES

The Beach Boys **The Delete Zone**

Improvisational Ironing

and more



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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

The Fifth PIG Paper has finally been issued, several months behind schedule as always but more than worth the wait. It wouldn't be here had it not been for the hospitality of Don, Barb, and Colleen Thompson, and the kash of Rock Serling. Let me just remind you all that if you have a band, record, fanzine, event or whatever you want plugged, or have any fiction, non-fiction, gossip, reviews, interviews, photography, artwork, or comments you'd like to see in print, or require back issues of PIG Papers One, Two, or Three at a buck apiece (regarding PIG Paper #4, "Kinks": Kultists - stop your sobbing. You haven't missed it coz we haven't done it yet), write

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Gary 

LETTERS FROM THE SAINTS

Dear Cindy,

Thanx for your lovely letter. We used to like The Ramones but now you're our fave. Imants should have his copy of the album by now so you've probably heard it. At the moment we're not sure when we're going to be able to get to Canada as we're going to the UK for a couple of months in a fortnight. Anyway thanx again. See you soon (maybe).

Luv,

The Saints

PS: Sorry this was so long in coming but we've been pretty busy lately. The album should be out over there in about 6-8 weeks on Sire records.

released in Canada. Easybeats records have unfortunately all been deleted and you can't have my copies. The only other band I like are RADIO BIRDMAN and you can get their EP by sending \$2 to

RADIO BIRDMAN

PO Box 14

North Sydney

N.S.W. 2060

Australia

A North American is on the cards near the end of the year so hopefully see you then.

Luv,

The Saints

Dear Imants,

Thanks for writing. In answer to your questions: We've just had our first album released over here. It should be out in Canada in about a month or so. It's called (I'M) STRANDED.

I don't know of any stores who export the records you mentioned. AC/DC as far as I know have been

LETTERS FROM YOU

Yes, We STILL Print Your Letters!

Write PIG PRODUCTIONS at the address above and see yourself in black and white.

PIG PUNK PART ONE

FIRST IN AN EXCLUSIVE SERIES by GARY PIG

TEENAGE HEAD

continue to outrun the competition on the Toronto scene. FRANKIE, GORD, STEVE and NICK triumphantly returned from their headlining weekend at NYC's punk palace CBGBs for a two-niter at Toronto's own ad hoc dive the Crash'n' Burn. Both of their sets had something to offer even the most seasoned of new waves: During Set 1, frontman FRANKIE exposed his bum. What could top that? A film crew from local TV station CFTO of course, who invaded the C&B stage during Set 2 and captured HEAD, plus vopping MARTIN AND THE E-CHORDS singer MARVIN GOODAMAN, on celluloid. The next night, punk aired coast-to-coast on The CTV National News. Soon afterwards, TEENAGE HEAD entered a Toronto recording studio to commit to polyvinyl the sounds which are soon to make them legends.

SIMPLY SAUCER

landed May 20 1977 at The Masonic Temple in Toronto to kick off RockShock, the country's first all-punk concert. They haven't been heard of since except in reverent and inquisitive whispers along the groupvine. Why? EDGAR (star of PIG Paper #3), ALEX, KEVIN and DON are busy in their rehearsal facilities preparing for a re-emergence this fall, and don't care to reveal themselves till everything is 100% flawless. Judging from their total overshadowing of the other RockShock offerings, JOHNNY LOVESIN and TEENAGE HEAD, the SAUCER can't help but hover high upon their return. Until then, keep an eye on the sky.

THE PINSTEADS

are one punk band that live up to its label: Who else secure gigs by threatening to blow up any club that doesn't hire them? At presstime, the C&B Staff are still deep in their bunkers, as THE PINSTEADS remain so mysterious as to lead some to believe they are actually KLATTU. They promise a SYD BARRETT-produced EP any day now, and are reportedly negotiating their concert debut, to take place in Toronto's Beverly Tavern sometime during April 1979. Can you wait?

THE VILETONES

known alternately as THE VILES, THE TONES, and even NAZI DOG'S VILETONES, have come a long way since being the only punk outfit to play the strictly-rock Picadilly Tube nitery way back in the pre-C&B era circa Spring '77. They shared the CBGBs bill with TEENAGE HEAD, and THE CURSE, and THE DENTS, and THE DIODES, and... , plus share, as manager, PAUL KASH KOBAK of Star Records fame. MIKE, JACKIE, FREDDIE and NAZI are subsequently basking in media attention of BEATLE proportions, but nonetheless continue to be a productive part of the wave they helped create, and only good things lie ahead, as well as in their wake.

BATTERED WIVES

survive. They've been booted out of a Beverly gig (for attracting too many people!), fallen victim to equip rippers, had what was left of their PA ravaged by NAZI DOG, and had their own club, the short-lived Homemade Theatre, squeezed out of existence thanks to a Dry or Die decree from the Liquor Control Board. Undaunted, TOBY, ROBERT and COLIN promise to mount another stage, if they can find an empty one, with their danceable doses of Merseybeat and soon-to-be-nuggets from the ever-growing WIVES wepetoire. The trio gained further notoriety when they recently became the recipients of the coveted PIG Band Of The Month Award from the hands of MARVIN GOODAMAN Himself. So, wherever THE WIVES surface next, you can be sure that 'll be Where The Action Is.

THE CURSE

began life as THE SHANGRI-LAS but are quickly becoming the new wave's leading spokeswomen. MICKEY, TRIxie, DOCTOR and PATSY remain the only band who've ever opened for THE VILETONES and lived to laugh about it: Proof positive these girls know what they're doing. Currently caught in the late summer gig scarcity, THE CURSE spend their days polishing up their showstopping rendition of "Eve Of Destruction", and their nights commanding the bar at the C&B, where TRIxie busily denies she was ever in ROUGH TRADE and MICKEY demonstrates the latest gyrations direct from the pages of Rock Scene magazine. Yes, definately bonafide trendsetters and worth watching for everywhere.

Cindy Pig's

IMPROVISATIO IRONING. NAL

"(RE) DISCOVERING THE BEACH BOYS"
PART ONE:

While breaking my fast with The Viletoasts at the Guild Restaurant (178 Carlton Street, Toronto) last Sunday evening, I heard the familiar strains of "Good Vibrations" emanating from the antique jukebox at the next table. It suddenly struck me over the head that, despite the wasp-wasted faces The Viletoasts were making in the general

direction of the music, It was truly magnificent. I decided to investigate further when I arrived uptown later.

I made my way past the disco bin and other unmentionable obscenities to the "B" section. Since I had no money I just looked.

NEXT ISSUE: I interview David Marks, ex-Beach Boy.

ANARCHY IN CANADA

Dateline PORT CREDIT August 14, 1977 - It was announced today from the offices of PIG Productions that their own PIG Records has won the right to exclusively distribute in Canada all forthcoming releases by the notorious British "punk rock" band The Sex Pistols. The quartet's first release in this country will be their recent UK chart-topper "God Save The Queen".

Many figures in the recording industry expressed amazement that the comparatively new and tiny PIG company beat out such long-established labels as Capitol Records Of Canada and Boot Records Incorporated in the war to sign the Pistols. Apparently, credit for the scoop belongs to PIG's noted acquisitions officer I. Mants.

"We had a hell of a time, but I believe it was well worth it", said Mants from his luxurious Hamilville penthouse complex. "We had a terrific scrap with some of the competition, especially True North Records who were determined to be the first Canadian punk label".

Following the release of "God Save The Queen", which has already racked up advance orders of a staggering 52,000,000 in Ontario alone, PIG plans to issue its self-compiled THE SEX PISTOLS' GOLDEN LAWSUITS album, which will feature material that up until now has remained unmarketable by any of the band's labels.

For the benefit of those that have not been within reach of a television, radio, or ad hoc dive during the past several months, The Sex Pistols are front and foremost among the thousands of young pop music groups currently operating in England. The Pistols, like their many counterparts, perform loud and often lewd songs in a chain of dilapidated clubs which dot the European thoroughfares. These bands, like their legions of adoring fans, dress to the height of disgust, often piercing bodily appendages with carving knives and sporting drugged lizards as jewelry. These youngsters, often referred to as "punks", spend their leisure time in battle with their arch rivals, the leather-clad "rockers". Death tolls as a result of these clashes are incalculable, but many feel them to be the most suc-

cessful war games since the IRA conflicts earlier in the decade.

The Sex Pistols, since their formation over eleven years ago, have grown to represent this entire "new wave" youth movement. The foursome consist of singer Johnathin Rotten, guitarist Peave Bones, bassist Cid Dishes, and drummer John Cleese. All gained particular notoriety of late by being savagely beaten to near death by a rival band, The 101ers. Rotten, 37, retained the most injuries as a result of the brawl: A total of ninety-six stitches to the cheek and underarm, but was well enough nonetheless to attend in person his band's contract signing to PIG. To demonstrate his pleasure with the Canadian deal, he proceeded to toss buckets of hot vomit on visiting members of the press. This is but the most recent example of the "sick" humor practiced by the "punks" and admired by their followers everywhere.

DO YOU REMEMBER:

"Glad All Over", "Because", "You Got What It Takes", "Having A Wild Weekend", "Ol Sol", "Can't You See That She's Mine".....

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BIG STAR MAGAZINE

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THE DELETE ZONE

You have entered the door into a new land. A land that is its own universe. The Delete Zone. A land where You are its latest citizen.

The road through The Delete Zone is as long as you make it, stretching wide into the realm of re-issues, junk shops, budget bins, supermarket racks, and auction lists. You've only just begun to travel and explore this discmension: A grooveyard of veteran vinyl. A whole new world awaits rediscovery. Awaits You.

Compelled to press on and accept the challenge, you walk, for minutes, hours; Who knows? One must remember that time is not relevant in this Zone.

On both sides of the road lie infinite open spaces. They stretch as far and as wide as they stretch out below your feet. Off on the distant horizon, a sunrise glow illuminates. To your left, you notice an ever-changing, black-dotted, white cloud drifting into view. You estimate that these miniscule dots could number perhaps six thousand. These specs eventually reveal themselves to be 45 RPM discs, out of sleeve and encircled by a cluster of fine, dust-like particles. One record opposite you begins to revolve at its natural speed. An attraction caused by this rotation condenses the dust particles into a solid tubular mass. This ring-shaped entity makes precise contact with the rim of the record and proceeds to travel to the end of the grooved surface. As quickly as these particles, now ascertained to be diamond dust, collate, they disperse back within the cloud.

The disc, which has been spinning like a simple saucer, stops, and is returned to a state of stillness. The song which has just been emmited by this act you recognize as "Psychotic Reaction" by The Count Five. Then, another disc comes forth and begins a similar routine: By gosh, it's "She's About A Mover" by The Sir Douglas Quintet. Suddenly, a voice speaks.

"Welcome, new citizen. We, the inhabitants of Cloud 42, are pleased you have activated us. We could sense what you wanted to hear by tapping your mind's musical memory banks. There are thousands of such tunes imbedded in every cloud for you".

"Shall I continue onward?", you ask yourself.

"Yes, most heartily. Do let your mind select one of our inhabitants for play", the cloud replies, able to read your thoughts as a newspaper.

So you line up old faves by Lou Christie, The Human Beinz, Eric Burdon, The Balloon Farm, B.J. Thomas, and The Ugly Ducklings. But a cold yearning soon materialises within you, and you puzzle, "Is this to be my only time in the clouds?"

"Fear not, my dear citizen. There are many clouds awaiting you, so long as the music lives in your soul. Good luck, time traveller!"

You extend a most gracious Thank You to Cloud 42 and Move On.

On to DOUGGO'S DELETE DINER, where a gear gourmet heats you up a sound de jour, a soul salade, and much, much more, for this is to be your next stop.....
.....in The Delete Zone.

FIG PRODUCTIONS PATENTED POP PARADE #9

August 20, 1975

1. WOULDN'T IT BE NICE.....THE BEACH BOYS.....(1966)
2. PURE AND EASY.....The Who.....(1971)
3. I'M GONNA BE A WHEEL SOME DAY....The Mindbenders.....(1965)
4. HOW SHE BOOGALOOED IT.....The Beach Boys.....(1967)
5. A QUICK ONE WHILE HE'S AWAY.....The Who.....(1966)
6. IN MY LIFE.....The Beatles.....(1965)
7. SURFIN' SAFARI.....The Beach Boys.....(1962)
8. VEGETABLES.....The Beach Boys.....(1967)
9. BAD TO ME.....Billy J. Kramer.....(1964)
10. POPSICLE.. ..Jan And Dean.....(1966)

THE SAINTS

Did you know that there's a punk band in Australia? Well, there are punk bands in Toronto so nothing should surprise you. The Australian punk band is called THE SAINTS, and they're not in Australia at the moment. They're in England, touring extensively with such veterans of the genre as The Ramones and Talking Heads, and stealing the spits away from the competition at most every venue. THE SAINTS first album, (I'M)STRANDED, was cut in a day and a half (EMI Records released the band's demo tape), and their new 45 is THIS PERFECT DAY. All are highly recommended by PIG and therefore deserve immediate purchase (Try Records On Wheels if you live within commuting distance of Toronto, and our address if you don't).

Chris Bailey(vocals), Ed Kuepper(guitar), Kim Bradshaw (bass), and Ivor Hay(drums) have come quite a distance since sending their B&W 8-by-10 glossy pic into Rock Scene magazine's "More New Bands" page last spring. For instance: At their debut performance in Sydney, THE SAINTS managed to flush 147 people from the hall. "But those who stayed had a vopping good time", Chris insists. Such are the haphazards of being ahead of your time down under, I suppose.

Apparently life in Australia is not like Raymond Douglas Davies told us it was in ARTHUR's seventh track. Chris again: "It isn't a classless society. There are the haves and the have nots. There are lots of immigrants who have a hell of a time. There are the people who've been there for years who work in factories and there are the executives. And there are the Aborigines, who are at the bottom of the pile".

by GARY PIG

Except for that last sentence, Australia sounds a lot like Canada doesn't it? So how does punkrock go over there? "They have to take a boat because it's an island. But seriously folks, the police in Queensland are rough, tough, and ready".

After spending summer vacation in the UK, Chris and his fellow Saints have, as PIG predicted, avoided becoming glass chowers etc but discovered, "The people in the new wave bands there have become stars and there should be no stars (Take THAT, Johnathin Rotten). There seems to be some weird social circle: You have to look a certain wave and talk a certain wave to become accepted.

"But I don't think the new wave is pessimistic. It came from outside the music industry, that's all. Yes, it's inevitable that they'll get accepted by the record companies, but I hope we don't get sucked in". I hope not either. One punk band at the top of the British charts is quite enough, thank you. Yet in all fairness, THE SAINTS consider themselves a Pop group, and their album certainly reflects this. They'd be right at home alongside The Ramones in 16 Magazine's "Spot The Five Errors" contest no doubt.

At the moment, PIG's trying to bring THE SAINTS to Toronto. I can just hear The New Yorker Theatre now, ringing some mid nite with the haunting tones of "Erotic Neurotic". Perhaps to make this dream come true, a few partitions are in order, so get out your pens and write to The New Yorker (951 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario) and THE SAINTS, care of Ed Kuepper himself (20 Lawson Street, Oxley 4075, Queensland, Australia). Meanwhile, begin your Saints collection by following I.Mants' handy consumer guide overleaf.

THE SAINTS' DISCO PAGE by I.MANTS

(I'm) Stranded/No Time...Fatal Records (Australia) 1976
(I'm) Stranded/No Time...Power Exchange Records (England, Canada) 1977
(I'M) STRANDED.....EMI Records (Australia) 1977
(I'M) STRANDED.....Harvest Records (England) 1977
Erotic Neurotic/One
Way Street...Harvest Records (England) 1977
This Perfect Day/ ?Harvest Records (England) 1977

"(I'm) Stranded" on Fatal has the guitars turned way up loud and is the best. The UK Power Exchange comes in a neat pic cover and has a nice black engraved label, but the guitars are way down and the sound is a penguinheap as is the LP mix. The Canadian is really good: Next best to the Fatal. "No Time" is reasonably consistent throughout. The LP, apart from "(I'm) Stranded", is mixed like the Fatal, and the Harvest is the better pressing. EMI fades "Erotic Neurotic" after seven (if you turn it up loud) while the Harvest counts all the way up to eight and has a final-chord ending. Dunno about the single yet: Haven't heard it. Heard somewhere that they're on Sire in the States, so that's three singles and one thirty-three-tours on five different labels already.

ELVIS IS DEAD

I was at Cindy Pig's grandmother's when Edgar of Simply Saucer told me. blunt and to the point, "Elvis is dead". I reeled momentarily before sinking deep into a teenaged depression that not even MORE OF THE MONKEES could pull me from blah blah.

Apart from the "King Is Dead" stuff that was all over the media on the 17th day of August 1977 (Day One After El), just sit down and think a minute how Elvis Presley changed the world. Jerry Rubin was right: the pelvis killed Ike Eisenhower, but he brought to life alot of ears, souls, and feets. Even after the Army and all those dumb-as-ass movies, Presley couldn't seriously be dismissed. Even recently, as his karate-sequined, burger-filled bulk hauled in front of housewives in Vegas the US over, Elvis still could do it. Maybe not as effectively as "Paralysed", "His Latest Flame", or "Promised Land", but after all, he's over forty (not to mention thirty).

I'll never forget, at the Dead Boys/Ramones concert earlier in the season, how much better Elvis came off, even on faded kinescopes between sets (some one pulled some Elvis films out of the vaults to project during the intermission). E.P. didn't need to throw peanut butter, show his buns, or any of those other creepy excuses for headline-grabbing: Elvis just let his sideburns do the talking. And those eyes! And that curly top lip! God, what a rock star. The FIRST rock star, upon whom all rock stars since have been modelled. John Davidson is alive. Mel Torme is alive. Frank Sinatra and even Barry White are alive. But Elvis is dead. Oh, God.

-GARY PIG

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1:00 PM TO 10:00 PM, CLOSED
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A NIGHT AT THE RAMONES by GARY PIG

If you weren't square, you weren't there, or something. In other words, the gasping legions of Canadian punkdom filled the aptly-named New Yorker Theatre in Toronto this past June for three shows by The Dead Boys and The Ramones. Such bands, according to local rock critics and record promotion men, are representative of the current pop/cultural upheaval that is reportedly sweeping The Globe. Consequently, off the sidewalks poured the nouveau-shit to witness a mutant Fabulous 60s Revisited: Bands of four and five with Brian Jones bowl haircuts and Swinging Bluejeans stagewear, performing clumps of one and two-minute selections which brought back memories of the halycon daze of Murry The K package tours.

I kinda dug it all myself. Like the bandmembers themselves, I'm just old enough to recall the Golden Era twelve years ago, so all in our age bracket were content to believe this was quite simply, quite pimply, a 1964 Herman's Hermits tour. And why not? That period had class, despite the fact that it was merely a custom-produced diversion. But diversion, especially during these months of recession/deepression, is the name of our game, and without it, rock may as well up and croak. That's why the Seventies thus far have been stagnant rock'n'roll years. But enough of this analytical pooh.

Now, with our tongues firmly back in our cheeks, we can forge ahead, or back if you prefer. Viewing The Ramones was fun, so after the final set I invited myself into their dressing room for a chat.

Manager Danny Fields was sitting in all his fragile splendor, surrounded by three-quarters of his band. (Drummer Tommy was AWOL somewhere in the city). Joey who has to be one of the most clever frontmen in years, sat speechless on a couch with his knees framing his bowed head.

However, the guitar section, Johnny and DeeDee, wanted to talk. So after sending Danny under the fridge to retrieve my pen, we began.

Chipping away at them, I discovered that, like all successful trendsetters, The Ramones have been meticulously constructed, with the emphasis on durability and longevity. Danny's own illustrious history in the biz, coupled with his current post as 16 Magazine co-editor and salaried Bay City Rollers pal, has made sure of this. But his boys are well aware of went and goes on too:

"I remember seeing Elvis on the Ed Sullivan show, and that was something", confessed Johnny. (How old are these Ramones anyways?) "They only showed him from the waist up". Danny grins mischievously at this. That's probably because he was the cameraman. "Plus the Beatle years. Those were the days.....". Then Johnny glanced down at his stovepipe Levis as if they were walking tributes to his words. DeeDee is more up to date in his R&R reminiscence: "You know Neal Smith in that Alice Cooper book BILLION DOLLAR BABY? Well, that's who I can identify with. A guy that lives to be a Star, and isn't happy unless he's in front of people doing what he likes. You know what I mean?" I assure DeeDee that I do, being a part-time rockstar myself.

Johnny completes our rumble down Memory Lane by recalling the closely guarded Origins Of The Ramones. He spins a colourful tale of elation and frustration that is the beginning of any bonafide social phenomenon. "It took us AGES to find the right people then we had all this equipment and no place to practice. Nobody wanted to know about us. We were just another bunch of kids with guitars. Then we got a few friends and some help". Now, here they are: The Ramones. It all sounds so easy, don't it? Go out and try it then.

Suddenly, bagels were served. This confirmed my suspicions that The Ramones had Made It, because bagels are not an easily aquired commodity in Toronto, particularly during the

wee hours. Next, it is suggested that all present attend the Crash & Burn which is holding an ad hoc Ramones benefit. Danny personally places Joey, Johnny, and DeeDee into PIG's acquisition officer's brother's car, and follows at a fatherly distance behind, commenting on how swinging a city Toronto really is. Meanwhile at the C&B, every piece of local talent is fighting its way on stage for the privilege of performing before the Guests Of Honor. Every band that makes it to the mics dedicate every song to Danny Fields, who, upon entering the club, begins to re-evaluate Toronto's swing. The Guests Of Honor, who realize they won't be getting the opportunity of jamming out "Little Girl" on this bandstand, quickly tire off being clawed over and take refuge in a waiting cab. The last I saw of them was as they waved GoodBye en route to the Holiday Inn. I debated remaining at the benefit but The Diodes were busy laying waste to The Cyrkle's biggest hit so I opted for a streetcar home to the suburbs. Some good did come out of the shenanigans nonetheless: Hilly Kristal, Dead Boys guiding light, found Teenage Head and The Viletones, which he later showcased at his club CBGBs. A healthy boost for the swinging Toronto scene no doubt.

Well, that's it. A terrifyin loss for words prevents me from getting overtly detailed regardin The Ramones, and that's the way it's supposed to be, I hope. As it all peters out and is itself the subject of nostalgia any day now, Johnny, Joey, DeeDee and Tommy Ramone will undoubtedly be ripe for the Punk Revival. Danny Fields, and You, have seen to that, and I wouldn't have it any other way. Really.



THE BOYS WERE BACK IN TOWN

A TRUE STORY by Johnny Pig

The winner of PIG Paper #5's Preparation H Award is none other than Mister Thin Lizzy himself, PHIL LYNOTT. The Pigs crossed Phil at a recent Crash'n'Bore all-nite talent showcase to celebrate the release of The Ramones' smashed new jingle "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker". According to sources un-named, Mr.Lynott was in town to deliver the key note address at the annual Irish Immigrant Aid Society Dinner And Dance, but rumours being what they are revealed that he was actually in Toronto for a hush-hush hair transplant to his upper lip. Maybe that's why foul-mouth Phil risked a possible hemorrhage to remark menacingly to the roving PIG lens, and I quote, "Fuck off ...FUCK OFF. If you want to keep your film, you better stop takin pictures". Of course no-one took Mr.Lynott's idle threats seriously; no-one except a trim little fellow with sizeable biceps and a stance that would lead one to assume that his livelyHOOD was making good on any idle threat that could afford his services. Oh to be a rock star! Well, here's to you Phil. I have no doubt that you'll know exactly what to do with your gold-plated suppository.

O.REXTASY MAGAZINE

*Solomon Spector and assorted crazees publish this wild fanzine out of Brooklyn which deserves your attention. They've also put out their own gear maxi-single, "My Head's In '73"/"Califawnia Gurls"/"Suzi", with more on the way. To find out what it's all about, write Solomon today at...
*P.O.Box 206, Brooklyn, New York, USA, 11223
and tell'em The PIGs sentcha



REVIEW



(I'M) STRANDED

THE SAINTS

What's your excuse? Where's your Saints LP? Pick a label and love it: EMI, Island, or Sire (soon). Eclectic rock resembling the Stones, the Ramones, and the 'tones. The Saints aren't legends (yet), repetitive nor are they "new wave punks". The Saints are a great rock'n'roll band and they have all the energy and talent they need to beat any band around now. Listen to them.

"(I'm) Stranded" and I got "No Time". Don't ask me why because I don't know. Probably side effects from listening to the album. One of the two unAustralaboriginal cuts on the LP is "Kissin' Cousins". As with the entire album, it's got a nice beat, and you can vop to it. The other is "Wild About You", written by Unknown or Andy James. Take your pick. Whoever wrote it sure knows how to rock. "Messin' With The Kid" is the BLACK AND BLUE Stones/Mink de Ville song on this LP. Every great record has one. Almost. "Story Of Love" is about the glory of love. Shades of Lou Reed. "Erotic Neurotic" vocals and lyrics are reminiscent of Iggy with The Stooges. Incredible! "Demolition Girl" is a Ramones-length blast song. "One Way Street" is a song about going crazy while and because of "hanging around", with just the right number of characteristic Saints "huh"s in just the right places. "Nights In Venice" is a full length, non-stop, rock-out classic that finishes an album that should not end. These songs will grow on you like white-pine blister rust.

The Saints are solid, not only because of their musical abilities and sheer talent which exceed belief, but because they still have the same guys in the band as they had in 1973 when they began. The Saints are steady and reliable. This is reassuring in an era of superchange, where people are constantly switching about or simply dropping dead left and right. Have faith in this band: They maintain with Saintsability.

The Saints are in England until autumn. The "punk scene" there won't change them into glass-chewing, safety pin-wearing, self-abusing punkos, but it will open their eyes up to the fact that any band with guts can make it. That talent is only an asset: One which they possess.

After their stay in England, the only logical step for them is North America, preferably Toronto.

Watch out for The Saints. They'll extrude your fireplace!

-CINDY PIG

SURFIN' WITH THE VILETONES

THE VILETONES

(GNP-Crescendo GNP-84)

Side One:

1. VILIN' USA
2. (DO THE) OSTRICH JERK
3. FUTURE FABRICATORS
4. WAKE DOWN SHUT DOWN (or SHUT DOWN SHUT UP)
5. SURFIN' TOO HARD
6. THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE VILETONE

Side Two:

1. SURFIN' WITH THE TV ON
2. KOJAK HANDSTANDS
3. SCHIZOPHRENIA NOT GLUE
4. JURISDICTION-FRAMEWORK PUNK CITY
5. WAITING FOR MY O.I.M.P.I.L.
6. I-NEVER-THOUGHT-IT-WOULD-HAPPEN WOULDN'T IT BE NICE

The late great Brian Wilson would probably turn in his grave if he heard this record.

The Viletones are most likely going to be GNP's biggest money spinners in North America and they owe much of their success to the hole left in AM radio music since The Beach Boys split up and Shaun Cassidy died in a plane crash at the ripe old age of Buddy Holly. This

FOUND SOME MOULDY OLDIE UP IN THE ATTIC? ABOUT TO PUT OUT YOUR VERY OWN TWO-DOLLAR EXTENDED PLAY? HEARD SOMETHING ON THE RADIO LATELY? GOT A DEMO TAPE? WRITE US A REVIEW, OK?

album fills that gap very effectively with its high-rolling and low-rolling rock and roll and rock and rolling, and although it doesn't hit the peaks of the above-mentioned victims of panic, it certainly covers the ground in the proper style.

SURFIN' WITH THE VILETONES is something of a departure for the boys from Toronto (of all the places to have a surf band! But then, there were all those Japanese surf bands a couple of years ago, and you couldn't even read the lyric sheets!) and it certainly makes a refreshing change after listening to all the disco-punk on the radio.

The album is smooth and atmospheric and sophisticated. Almost eclectic, in fact. There's a distinct taste of California in much of Freddy Pompeii's guitar (especially the acoustic passages in "Schizophrenia Not Glue" and "Future Fabricators"). Nazi Dog's singing is exotic and rich in flavour throughout, especially on "Vilin' USA" (a suedo-rework of "Blue Swede Pseuds") and ~~"I Never Thought It Would Happen"~~ "Wouldn't It Be Nice" (which is almost as magnificent as the original version by The Rubinoos).

Check out Motor Mike's fabulous drumming on the slowly swinging, almost jazzy "Surfin' With The TV On" and you'll hear the closest a surf band has ever come to making a music soundtrack for a Japanese horror movie film. I must also mention Jackie-Death's Chris Hate's bass guitar solo at the end of "Surfin' Too Hard" which loop-de-loops through all kinds of time changes before fading out into an electronic climax that links this song and the next one, "The Loneliness Of The Long Distance Viletone": an autobiographical sketch of life on the road as The Viletones know it.

The lyrics of "Surfin' Too Hard" bear repeating in their entirety:

I'M SURFIN' TOO HARD ON THE RADIO
I'M SURFIN' TOO HARD, GOT NOWHERE
TO GO
I'M GONNA GIVE UP, BABY I DON'T
KNOW
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, IT'S ON
WITH THE SHOW
YEAH, I'M SURFIN' TOO HARD ON THE
R.A.D.I.O. YEAH YEAH *

Now that's rock and roll: makes The Ramones sound like TV And The Sunshine Band. I can't wait for the next one.

-I-MANTS

*© Vile-Tunes Inc.

THE BEACH BOYS LOVE YOU

THE BEACH BOYS

(Brother/Reprise KMS-2258)

WHY DOES EVERY CANADIAN POP PUBLICATION IGNORE THE BEACH BOYS? WHY IS THEIR NEW SINGLE, "ROLLER SKATING CHILD", DIED ON THE RACKS?

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO DAVID MARKS?

(see PIG Paper #6)

I SUBMITTED THE FOLLOWING TO SAM "CHEEP THRILLS" CHARTERS FOR USE IN "STAGE LIFE NUMBER ONE" BUT LOST OUT IN FAVOUR TO A REVIEW OF NANETTE WORKMAN'S "GRITS AND CORNBREAD". BUT I DIDN'T GIVE UP. I'VE REPRINTED IT BELOW IN ITS ENTIRITY. (SOMETIMES IT PAYS TO HAVE YOUR OWN MAGAZINE) (BUT USUALLY IT DOESN'T). EVERYONE GO SEE THE BEACH BOYS AT THE CNE AUGUST 28 AND 29, OKAY? AND FLOOD THIS ADDRESS WITH FAN MAIL IF YOU WILL:

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AND BUY ANY ONE OF THE HUNDREDS OF BB LPs NOW ON THE MARKET. PLEASE.

As you pick up KMS-2258, you'll notice first a spanking-new Dean O. Torrence (of JAN AND DEAN MEET BATMAN fame) creation on the cover, which recalls to my mind his wife's artwork on Nilsson's THE POINT. Inside, a snappy B&W sleeve, recording pictorially the band's "Sweet 16 (Years Old) Concert And Party" on one side, and a suitable-for-worship pic of Brian Wilson on the flip, atop an inscription from brothers Carl and Dennis, cousin Michael Love, and ex-dental student Alan Jardine. I'm not gonna tell you what said inscription sez either: You'll just have to buy the album, or at least slit the shrink wrap and peek inside it when Sam isn't looking.

Next, you lunge towards the turntable as you gawk at the writing credits on the label: All big fourteen authored by B.Wilson, with help on one apiece by M.Love, A.Jardine, and R. McGUINN?!? You sit down, just like you did with PET SOUNDS eleven years ago, and await rock&roll frontiers to crumble.

APRIL FOOLS! You find yourself boogalooing instead: The first Beach Boys party music since WILD HONEY is making your feet do things you never thought they could. To hell with art: LONG LIVE ROCK! And all of this during

Side One, Song One, which, incidentally, is called "Let Us Go On This Way". Dennis is flailing away at his snare in true Dave Clark style as Brian lets loose with those patented "Little Girl I Once Knew" chords on the Brother Studios synthesizer. True to BB R&B form, lil' brother Carl's voice is front and centre. I think the song's about Brian's \$90-an-hour shrink, though co-author Mike pups up that theory with his lyrical references to the Maharishi, or ESP if you prefer.

Next, you're still vopping, 'cause it's "Roller Skating Child", which, along with "Mona" and single-that-should-be "Honkin' Down The Highway", are atypical Brian rockers which would be just as at home on the SUMMER DAYS album. Great music. Fun, fun, fun.

You can sit down for "Johnny Carson" and "Good Time" however. The Tonight Show cut is outstanding, both musically (put tongue in cheek to Mike's rye'n'dry delivery of the all-time most banal refrain Rhymin' Brian's ever produced:

WHO'S THE MAN WE ALL ADMIRE?

JOHNNY CARSON IS A REAL LIVE WIRE **) and lyrically (marvel at the ingenious organ/drum break). Bonafide Beach Boy Freaks United will recognize "Good Time" from Marilyn and Diane Rovell's long-deleted and sorrowfully-ignored SPRING album: It's the same instrumental track on LOVES YOU, only streamlined somewhat. Herein, Al demonstrates that he's the only B.Boy who can still hit those audible-only-to-hound-dog notes.

And speaking of honeys, Marilyn joins Brian on "Let Us Put Our Hearts Together", which is Mrs. Wilson's first appearance on one of hubby's elpees since "Bull Session With The Big Daddy" circa March '65. This item is bound to be covered to death by the likes of Donny & Marie & Sonny & Cher. Gurls also crop up in "The Night Was So Young" "I'll Bet He's Nice", "Love Is A Woman", and "I Want To Pick You Up". Only the latter, sung by the group's resident heart-throb Denny, approaches anywhere near the emotion which the syrupy lyric deserve. (By the way, the Dennis Wilson LP, PACIFIC OCEAN BLUES, is due any day now. Buy it too).

"Solar System" and "Airplane" consist of Brian's Crayola poetry. But in defence of this shortcoming, I subscribe to Terry Melcher's view of the role of lyrics in rock: "Nobody ever asked Mozart what the fucking words were".

Okay: A fine album, right? A far

cry from the graffiti-ridden 15 BIG ONES and proof that Bashful Bri's on his way back. We could've used a bit more input from Carl (I guess he's just letting Big Brother catch up) BUT WAIT JUST A MINUTE or fifty-seven seconds to be exact: You've probably missed the highlight of the entire record. No, I don't mean that inscription on the sleeve... It's hidden right at the end of the first side. You recognize the name of band seven as the working title of one of Dennis' P.O. BLUES cuts. Yes, "Ding Dang (Ding And A Ding Dong)". Yeah, I know, dumb words again, but you know what Terry said. Just listen instead to The Beach Boys' prime asset: The Five Voices. The Hawthornian Chant has never sounded finer. My Gawd, it's "Mama Says" and "Our Prayer" all rock-and-rolled into one, with a dash of Mike Love, still master of the "fast songs". We knew The Beach Boys always put their best stuff on Side One, but who could have ever expected THIS?! Brian should compose on Roger McGuinn's piano more often.

Allright. Dance time again. Time to start THE BEACH BOYS LOVE YOU all over again. But to prevent wearing it out too fast, all you kids who are now confirmed surfniks oughta pick up on these other platters real fast:

All 24 remaining Beach Boys albums
THE JAN AND DEAN ANTHOLOGY ALBUM on
United Artists

SURF BATTLE: DAVE MYERS & THE SURF
TONES VERSUS THE RHYTHM KINGS on
GNP-Crescendo

and if you just can't stop,
THE MANY MOODS OF MURRY WILSON on, of
course, Capitol.

Or start up your very own vocal-oriented pop combo. These records will tell you how. Just don't say I didn't warn you.

-GARY PIG

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