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THE PIG PAPER

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New And

NO.6 **OCTOBER**
1977

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Improved

TALKING HEADS



**PIGSCCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW
WITH
BEACHED BOY
DENNIS**

WILSON

plus Lots more

NEW WAVE NEWS...

*iggy pop loved ones viletones
concordes sex pistols simply saucer
nick lowe dishes teenage head
new legion rock spectacular diodes kinks
battered wives headache ramones*

ETCETERA



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CINDY PIG



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Thanks to the below-mentioned as well as many others, PIG Paper 6 is our best ever, and out within two months of our previous issue (a new record for us). Again, a reminder that PIG wants to print stuff about Your band, fanzine, record, event, and anything else you should care to submit: the address is still PIG PRODUCTIONS 70 COTTON DRIVE, MISSISSAUGA, ONTARIO, CANADA, L5G 1Z9. Now as promised, thanks to:

Everyone who sold the last PIG Paper (Punk, New Rose, House Of Nostalgia, Club Davids, Star Records, and Round Records starring Larry), Everyone who bought the last PIG Paper (you know who you are), and Everyone who helped put PIG Paper #6 together (we'll thank you in the next issue)

I was going to print a scathing editorial about bands putting their posters up over top of other bands' posters, a theme suggested by our pal John of The Battered Wives and Punk, but there's no room, so maybe next time. However, I will take this opportunity to warn you now that if I catch anyone (including The Curse) defacing or removing our PIG posters, I'll... I'll.....

Gary

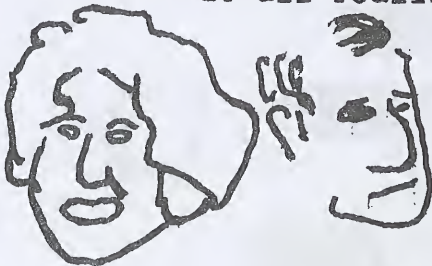
LETTER FROM THE SAINTS

Dear Cindy,

Thanx alot for your letter. We got it just as we finished the tour (which by the way was OK. We almost got a hit record groovy! gas! gear!) At the moment we're getting ready to move back to England where we're going to live for about a year or so. You can write to us care of EMI, Manchester Square, London N.W.1 if you like. We haven't got any photos on us at the moment so we've done a neat little drawing instead. Kym's left the group but we've got a couple of new guys lined up. Anyway, see you real soon.

Luv,
The Saints

PS: The drawings aren't
at all realistic



CHRIS



IVOR



(E)

LETTERS FROM YOU

We got nothing but threats and summonses in response to PP#5, so we'll award a free subscription to the first nice, printable letter we receive regarding PP#6. Use the handy address you see above, and you could save 12.5% off the newsstand price!

PIG PUNK **PART TWO**

SECOND IN THE CONTINUING SERIES by GARY PIG

THE DISHES

remain the undisputed Fathers of the Toronto newave. Their roots reach as far back as two years ago, when MURRAY, SCOTT, STEVEN, KENNETH, MICHAEL and GLEN first realized Southern Ontario needed an alternative to RUSH and MOXY. Soon afterwards, the six were tearing up the Beverley Tavern, the Ontario College Of Art, and every venue in between. Their record, "Fashion Plates", was the first ever from the Toronto underground. They've also produced their own video spectacular, "The Dishes On TV", plus were honoured to be the only outfit ever deemed worthy of sharing a stage with the legendary ROUGH TRADE. What will THE DISHES be the first to do next?

THE LOVED ONES

could be considered the CREAM of the newave, as the quintet is a skillful blend of the near-famous who have left their previous occupations for greener pastures: ROY is an ex-SPEC, SIMON once fronted INTERCHANGE, STEVE used to be a TEENAGE HEAD, GARY PIG used to be one of MARTIN's E-CHORDS, and AUTO used to be in HIGH SCHOOL. Together, they rehearse in STEVE's basement (the birth-place of those "Kissa My Face" fellas) and emerge occasionally to give SIMPLY SAUCER a run for their money at the Hamilton YMCA. Already preparing for their vinyl debut, THE LOVED ONES are Toronto-bound soon and consequently warn you to get ready for them.

THE CONCORDES

have flown all the way from Paris to bring their unique blend of punk nouveau to Toronto. SALLY, JOHNNY, EDDIE, TEMPS and TEDDY thrill audiences across the city with curious cacophonous delights such as "Art School" and their anthem "Clean Sex", giving on-lookers and listeners an unforgettable evening out with CAPTAIN BEEFHEART Meets CACTUS. This frolicsome fivesome garnered their personnel from the Crash'n'Burn bar, Port Credit proto-punk bands, and lunch bars everywhere, and have successfully blended them together to form a musical mosaic that cannot be found anywhere else, particularly on the Toronto scene. THE CONCORDES are definately the newest exponents of the newave to arise in a long time, which is exactly how long they plan on sticking around.

THESE
ARE
THE
DIODES
Please
Turn
Page



THE HEADACHE

are the fourth batch of newavers (following SIMPLY SAUCER, THE LOVED ONES, and TEENAGE HEAD) to rise from the Toronto suburb of Hamilton with fresh and frantic sounds. BUD, GRIPPER, CHRIS' BROTHER and GREG boast joyfully unique ear-frying interpretations of PINK FLOYD and VELVET UNDERGROUND material which, whilst warming the stage for SIMPLY SAUCER one recent eve, had the capacity crowd clutching their temples. The sore four are at this minute being besieged by the likes of Excedrin and Bufferin for pain-pill endorsements, but prefer to relax, unwind, and plot their next attack.

THE DIODES

are currently top contenders for the title of First Canadian International Punk Sensations. PAUL, JOHN, IAN and JOHN surfaced from the depths of the Ontario College Of Art to become the house band (ie: doormen, MCs, rest-room attendants) at the celebrated yet short-lived Crash'n'Burn club. After speedily running that wave, THE DIODES, championed on by their arch supporter RALPH "BOMP DE BOMP" ALPHONSO, signed to CBS Records and are now in the studio with BOB GALLO (of "96 Tears" and "Land Of 1000 Dances" fame) twiddling the knobs. Next thing they knew, they were in Circus magazine! Right now, they're preparing for a U.S. tour! Is there anything these guys can't do? Yes: Let anything stand in their way.

HEY PIG PUNK wants to know about your band: Send a paragraph to us saying who you are, what you've done, and what you're doing, and become part of this magazine. Pictures, drawings, ANYTHING, are more than welcome too: Send to the PIG address on Page Two. **PUNK**

"PUNK ROK, a new play by MICHAEL HOLLINGSWORTH, played to weekend audiences at "a" Space a few weeks ago. The play is about two highly publicized murders which occurred in Toronto last year. Accompanying the play (sometimes they seemed in competition with it) were THE MONSTER CHILDREN, a punk band consisting of ANDY PATERSON, guitar and vocals, FRANK GERARD, drums, and an ex-BATTERED WIFE on bass: ROBERT WOLFE. They played thirteen songs - a wonderful set for a punk addict but a bit strenuous for the average play-goer. The lyrics were absolutely delightful: "We might as well get physical, you're a little like a reptile, I'll get you while you're sleeping, I've locked the doors and hid the key, would you prefer the leeches or the killer bees" *. I hope THE MONSTER CHILDREN continue playing together (tee hee) and Andy, no, you can't have my telephone number.
PS: According to a friend, WILT CHAMBERLAIN indulges pigs.

* Lyrics published by Lupus Music Inc.
reprinted without permission

ROK a play
reviewed
by LAGOONA PIG (written
at work)



WILSON

DENNIS

BEACHED BOY

A True Story

by GARY PIG

It was Monday, August 29, 1977, it was hot, and it was about to pour rain. But as always, it was a sunny Saturday afternoon inside Round Records, one flight high at 46 Bloor Street West in Toronto. Yet this was no ordinary Monday, coz Round was about to play host to another musical celebrity, and this time it wasn't some faded has-been direct from the Delete Zone or some semi-obscure suedo jazz reedist from a nearby supper club. No, this time it was to be one of the store's biggest catches ever: An authentic, direct-from-Malibu, Hawaiian-print-shirted, bronze-tanned, brazil-nut-toed Beach Boy. And no ordinary Beach Boy either: Not baby-chubby Carl, blissed-out Mike, snoozing Bri, or ex-dental student Al. Yes, Round Records was presenting Dennis Wilson, to some still the epitome of brainless brawn (remember beach movies?) but to others an artist who, via his just-released solo elpee **PACIFIC OCEAN BLUE(S)**, is finally being allowed to have his say his way. You see, Den wasn't putting all his faith in his position as Beach Boy to sell his record, so he was spending his afternoons of this BB tour making the usual promotional rounds, and we found out.

Consequently (as always) PIG Was There: Johnny Pig was there, checking the settings on his prized camera one more time. Cindy Pig was there, paper and pen in hand, ready to record all goings-on. And yours truly was there, wondering whether or not I should ask Dennis about his top-secret associations with noted starlet butcher Charles "Never Learn Not To Love" Manson. The Beach Boys had played their first of two sell-out shows the night before at the Canadian National Exhibition, and all the reviews said "more of the same from the californian mogul sofsurfandsunwhocapture the essence of american youth in a siablahh" and other such analytical pooh. (Nobody understands The Beach Boys but that's another story and another issue).

Larry Round, the man behind the scenes who fronts the Round Records empire, had donned cutoffs for the occasion, and Side Two of **SURF'S UP** rang over his store's P.A. Why weren't they playing Dennis' own album instead? Coz Columbia Records hadn't delivered it yet, of course. I hardly minded though: I'm always in the mood to sing along with "Till I Die".

The next thing we knew, it was nearing 2. The Beach Boy was late! Had he skipped ahead to CHUM-FM for his promised on-air blab session and forsaken Round's magnificent **PACIFIC OCEAN BLUE** wall

PACIFIC

display? We hoped not. Perhaps he was just out judging another beauty pageant, or removing his shirt for more publicity stills.

By 2:13 there was much worry one flight high at 46 Bloor Street West. The handful of semi-fans who'd gathered were beginning to drift out of the store, and wouldn't Dennis be upset if he wasn't to be mobbed affectionately as has been the case for most of his life. Larry anxiously darted between the phone and the window as the Pigs debated retiring to Harvey's for cheeseburgers with tomatoe only, please. SURF'S UP had run its course, and somebody was about to replace it with BEACH BABY by First Class: Oh God he'd better get here fast!

In the nick of time, preceeded by a gaggle of sun-glassed record biz heavies, Dennis Wilson mounted the stairs to Round Records, past the Simply Saucer posters, and into the store where he was greeted by a beaming Larry, full of Beach Boys anecdotes for the occasion. Along for the ride was Dennis' latest wife - the poised and peachy Karen. Together they made a handsome and duvely pair who'd be not one iota out of place at an industry cocktail bash or gulping boston cream pie aboard their luxury yacht.

The first thing I thought to myself as Denny walked by en route to rifle through the Beach Boys browser ("How's our new one doing Lar?") was "Christ, is he ever short!", but then the only rock star who's ever turned out to be as lengthly as I'd imagined a rock star should be was Ray(mond Douglas) Davies, and he likes disco shoes so maybe even he doesn't measure up. But what Dennis may have lacked in height he more than made up for horizontally: As Annette would say, "Boy, what a hunk!" No way was I gonna risk being thumped, so I scratched the Manson question out of my mind forever, and approached him from behind with my best

"Hi, Dennis!"

I outstretched my comparatively pale handshaker as my fellow Pigs moved in closer for support and pix. "I'm Gary of The PIG Paper, and I'd like to present you with a copy of our fifth issue, in which you'll note the words "The Beach Boys" on the cover and a review of THE BEACH BOYS LOVE YOU on Page 13". I shot this glorious run-on at him, and after he regained his composure, replied with his whitest promo smile, "Thank you". The interview was next.

THE DENNIS WILSON INTERVIEW

PIG: So your album's finally out. We've been waiting a long time for it.

DEN: I've got another one all ready. It should be out in January.

PIG: Great! By the way, we all love THE BEACH BOYS LOVE YOU.

DEN: Thanks very much.

PIG: When's the next Beach Boys album coming out?

DEN: Later this year. It's called ADULT CHILD.

PIG: Pardon?

DEN: ADULT CHILD.

PIG: Great! Was it recorded at the same time as the last one was?

DEN: A bit of it was, but most of it was recorded right after we finished the last one.

PIG: I heard you got the tapes of your album stolen when you were in Hawaii recently.

DEN: What? Oh that. That was just a cassette of the album.

PIG: Oh. Listen, There's one question I just have to ask you.

(PREDICTING THAT I HAD LOST MY MIND AGAIN AND WAS GOING TO STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION ABOUT CHARLES MANSON AFTER ALL, CINDY RETREATED AND JOHNNY PUT HIS LENS CAP ON. BUT INSTEAD:)

PIG: Whatever happened to David Marks?

DEN: I don't know, man. I have no idea.

(BUT WE FOUND OUT OURSELVES: READ PIG PAPER #7. SUDDENLY:)

DEN: Listen, I gotta go for a sec, so See you..... and, uhh, Thanks again.

And with that, he shot over to the budget bin (in search of copies of his oh so rare debut album I REMEMBER ENGLAND (Fiesta FLP-1232) no doubt), leaving me to have a perfectly nice little chat with Karen who seemed to have befriended me because I knew who she was without having to be introduced by her husband. She was busy acting the perfect rock'n'roll wife by tagging behind Dennis, shouting "Hey, Wilson!", and snapping shots of him. It was all getting just a touch too Rock Awards-ish for my taste, so after shoving a PIG poster at DW to autograph, Cindy and I split for our cheeseburger (bumping into no less than Elliot Gould on the way: What a star-studded afternoon!). We left Johnny behind, mumbling "Oh to be a rock star" as he took pictures of Karen taking pictures of Dennis and Larry.

That night, PIG braved the crush and went to the CNE to catch the final Beach Boys show. Opening act Ricci Martin, this year's Carl Wilson protoge and brother of ex-Dino, Desi And Billy bassist Dino Martin (both of whom are sons of Dean Martin) only made us more impatient for the headliners. (More Trivia: Billy Hinsche, also ex-DD&B, is now one of The Beach Boys' many road musicians as well as being Carl's brother in law. Don't you sometimes get the feeling all of L.A is in one way or another related to The BBs?) When Karen finally introduced them and "California Girls" began, the Exhibition Stadium went bonkers, swaying their glow-sticks to the beat

and tossing beach balls to the sky. As is always the case, it was the mouldies from the Capitol Records catalog that were screamed at, and even Al Jardine dance steps and still more Mike Love wise-cracks ("...they have to take a boat because it's an island...") couldn't keep the throng interested in stuff like "Love Is A Woman", "All This Is That"(now THERE'S an obscure one!) or "Airplane", during which everyone applauded in the pre- "I can't wait to see her face" rest, thinking the song was over. Disgusting. Didn't any of you buy THE BEACH BOYS LOVE YOU? I thought I reviewed it so well in the last ish.....

The key to the show's success was It Was FUN. What more can be said? A lot of newavers and their fans could take a few lessons from The Beach Boys and their fans. And yes, "the musical sage of the age" Brian Wilson is STILL on the road with the band, and if the sound crew could've stayed awake maybe I could've heard him. He looked fairly slim, but I was too far away (without Rock Serling's trusty binocs) to see if he's really gotten a brush cut or not. Brian a punk rocker? Don't fool yourselves kids: He had short hair as early as '61.

Anyways, where was I? Oh yeh Dennis Wilson. Well, about a month after the concert I had Lagoon get a copy of PACIFIC OCEAN BLUE off Columbia for me: I was hesitant in laying out four or five \$s for it retail and my precautions were correct. I don't think it's a very good album.

The cover is interesting: the word "Wilson" alone blares out at you, perhaps to trick the uninformed into thinking it's Brian or even Carl (would you believe Audree or yet another Capitol re-packaging of THE MANY MOODS OF MURRY WILSON). Lotsa fab pix inside - no doubt the work of Karen imitating ace rival Linda

McCartney's RAM layout. The inner sleeve drips Los Angeles session players'n'surf celebrities (contractual penguinheaps prevented fellow B.Boys from contributing vocally or instrumentally). But as we've all learned by now, beautiful design work and an all-star band does not necessarily spell "music", as I was about to discover upon dropping Side One on to the PIG Player.

"River Song" begins POB drearily enough. The annoying over-production which stinks up this entire LP is at its worst here, though the snare work is admirable and the choir, of "That Same Song" fame, is worth hearing once. Ecology is the theme of the lyrics (I thought we all abandoned that crusade with SURF'S UP) and poor Carl, who should know better (though his involvement with a lemon like Ricci Martin makes me wonder), got stuck with half author's credit (blame?) along with Denny.

"What's Wrong" (good question), "Friday Night", and the title track are the closest this record comes to rockers. "What's Wrong" features a Brian Wilson piano riff with that SMILEY SMILE sound Eric "She Did It" Carmen is currently reaping a bundle with (everyone catches up with The Beach Boys sooner or later - usually later). "Friday Night" suffers from David Gilmour slide guitar and use of the words "white punks" (on dope?). Even Mike Love's TM mantra "mama-now-now-now" can't save "Pacific Ocean Blues". Where has the earotic rockin' Dennis of "All I Wanna Do" and "Got To Know The Woman" gone? I guess even Beach Boys get old.....

The remaining eight cuts mix shit with syrup: "Dreamer" could be the theme from an Afro-American teevee sitcom; "You And I" tries "She's Going Bald" percussion, "Farewell My Friend" B.Wilson finger-snatting, "Time" a C.Wilson up-tempo change, "Rainbows" A.Jardine banjo. None of these gimmicks work.

The only one of these silly love songs I'll ever play again is "Thoughts Of You", which is touchingly quaint despite the fact that Dennis the riff-off artist swiped a chord-change from the M*A*S*H theme. This cut states its sentiment sweetly and sparingly; most of POB's material must've begun life this way: If only DW could have spared them the Bacharachian shmoltz. Co-author Jim Dutch must be responsible for lifting "Thoughts Of You" above the rest of these songs, but it isn't that great a piece really - it's not hard to out-shine the likes of "Moonshine" and "End Of The Show" which would've even been embarrassing along-side Dennis' CARL AND THE PASSIONS: SO TOUGH material. Maybe co-producer, chief co-writer Greg Jakobsen is to blame.....

Dennis! Remember "Forever", "Be Still", "Slip On Through" and other greats from your past? WHAT HAPPENED!?!

Right after their CNE concert, The Beach Boys had a big fight, and Dennis quit the band for a few days. Fortunately, he's back in the group now. Hopefully, that's where he'll stay, because PACIFIC OCEAN BLUE proves he's not ready for solosuperstardom. As for Brian, Carl, Mike and Al, I don't blame them for refusing to acknowledge Dennis' album: At least they can still smell dung.

No more fooling around, Boys: LOVE YOU and even 15 BIG ONES showed you can still do it, whether anyone realizes it or not. So I'm expecting revelations within ADULT CHILD, okay? Are you listening Boys?



Cindy Pig's IMPROVISATIONAL IRONING.

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

The Beach Boys. I saw them. Quite a spectacle - flash and tan. Earlier in the afternoon I met Dennis Wilson at Round Records. I tried to talk him out of playing the concert that night so that he could come to Club David's to see Simply Saucer. No dice. Instead he offered me a job on his yacht.

"THE THIRD ANNUAL ROCK (?) AWARDS aka THE MEETWOOD FLAC SHOW or IT'S ONLY A RUMOUR":

Shit. And I mean Shit. Best new female singer Yvonne Elliman? She's new? Why didn't they mention The Kinks as best new band to match that I wonder.

Dolly "Tits" Parton sings a song on the Rock Awards. She's only popular because she looks like Wayne County.

Who does Stevie Nicks' hair? Mike Douglas? It looked like it was going to run down her face any minute.

Brian Wilson, Mister Excitement Himself, was the high point of the show, narrating something someone else had written down five minutes before. It's Okay, Brian. We Love You.

Rock Awards. Whatever happened to rock'n'roll?

"CINDY PIG'S DISCO COLUMN":

What? Not really, but listen: If Jean Michel Jarre's OXYGENE is disco then so's Eno and Kraftwerk. Jarre's music is a very mellow form of both. A slow, quiet Terry Riley. Mind mold music.

"I Feel Love" by Donna Summer is incredible. Vocal's barely audible - a definite plus. It is Giorgio Moroder who is the mastermind behind this cut. Get 12-inch sisco dingle and go disco? Electronic disco. I've finally heard something disco that I would buy. If I had the \$. Since I don't I just listen to everyone else's copies.

"THE TOP EGRET IN THE WORLD":

What's this? Fan mail from some flounder? No, it's The Clothes Pegs' latest release on PIG Records and memocorder tapes. You'll find old favourites like "White Light, White Clothes Peg" and "Sister Peg" on Side One. On Side Two, which is entirely Peg originals and the same as Side One, you'll get Top Ten tunes like "Give The Martian A Clothes Peg", "Peg Off", and the orchestral "Cake On My Peg, Baby" which is a parody of The Curse's "Cake On My Pants, Baby". You'll love the entire

record; all except for "Peg My Budgie" which was produced by Kim Fowley. So that explains it. There are also two Teenage Head songs covered by The Clothes Pegs on this LP: "Peg Change" and "Kissa My Peg". Ask for the album at your local record store or order it from PIG Records in care of PIG Productions.

Up The Pegs!

"IGNORANT POPPINS AND THE RAMONES AT THE MASONIC TEMPLE, TORONTO, SUNDAY, OCTOBER THE NINTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN":



Wave your underwear in the air, Iggy is still the most ignorant. I made obnoxious noises with my Glossettes Chocolate Covered Raisins box in between songs but I didn't miss the in-between song artist-audience communication. Don't you feel just a bit on the wild side when you are applauding someone who just told you to suck his ass? I really do. But it really is suburban of me to mention that.

Putting the usual insults aside, the band was great even without Bowie. Who needs Bowie when the Ig has picked up half his physical and one-third of his mental characteristics anyway. That last remark was in no way meant to insult Bowie or Iggy, but the two seem to have melded together to form an obnoxious, 1990s, obscenity-hurling, body beautiful, German-speaking, short-haired, incredibly good rock STAR. Yeah, STAR, and with more than just cult appeal.

The RAMONES: the original and very best 70s punk-rockers. Every time I see them I get excited about things like hamburgs, toilets, fights and death, not to mention brats, basements, boys and rock'n'roll. What more could you ask for? How about three encores.

Back to IGGY. His movements on stage, though a touch too theatrical at times (Bowie again), are really all his. The refined animal leaves nothing to be desired.

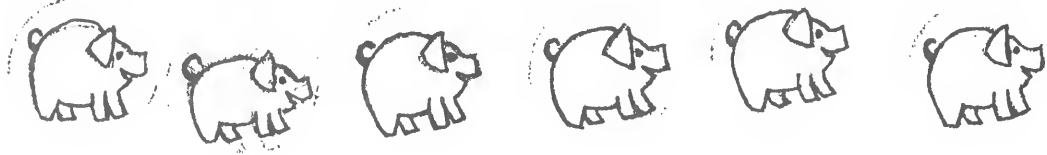
Thank you SO VERY much for coming to our town IGGY and PLEASE, do come back REAL soon.

PIG PRODUCTIONS PATENTED POP PARADE #87

October 20, 1977

1. SECOND COUSIN.....THE NEW LEGION ROCK SPECTACULAR.....(1976)
2. POSSIBILITIES.....The Viletones.....(1977)
3. THAT'S ROCK AND ROLL...Shaun Cassidy.....(1977)
4. RESTLESS AGITATION.....Simply Saucer.....(1977)
5. LUST FOR LIFE.....Iggy Pop.....(1977)
6. SHE'S A DOG.....Simply Saucer.....(1977)
7. SHAKE SOME ACTION.....The Flamin' Groovies.....(1976)
8. KISSA MY FACE.....Teenage Head.....(1977)
9. I DON'T CARE.....Simply Saucer.....(1977)
10. LET ME (BE THE ONE)....The Loved Ones.....(1977)

10



It could've been great.

On May 20, 1977, Pushbutton Promotions/Productions rented The Masonic Temple in Toronto to stage "RockShock", hooted as the nation's premiere punkstravaganza. Despite an abundance of tri-colour posters, easy ticket availability, and lotsa good old fashion hype, only a couple of hundred highschoolers turned up to see Simply Saucer, Teenage Head, and Johnny Lovesin that night - most likely because "Don Kirshner's Rock Concert" had been pre-empted on the boob.

Four months later, Pushbutton did it all over again with an expanded roster of acts and a flash new moniker: "Outrage" (aka "Teenage Outrage", "Outrage '77", "Outrageousness '77"). Despite a quarter-assed last-minute ad campaign (not to mention The Manhattan Transfer on "Don Kirshner") piles of garbage-bagged, Godzilla-masked punk devotees filled The Temple tighter than it's been since Led Zeppelin (who, coincidentally, are about to lose Robert Plant: Remember - you read it First in PIG) broke the place in '69. Yes, the New Wave is Big Biz now, as the pseudo-professionalism present at "Outrage" proved: Many film crews dashing hither and thither, a concession-crammed lobby (getcherfrankievenomtshirtsheytheyhereyougoasimplysaucerflye rgetemwhiletheylastviletoneslatestrecordingpigpa persononlyabuckcheap); a sharp rise in the price of admission. By Gawd -- there was even two washrooms available! No, it wasn't quite the care-free bash "Rock Shock" was. "Outrage" meant \$\$\$.

Let's get the reviews out of the way.....The

Cast, in order of appearance:

SIMPLY SAUCER - These guys, despite (or is it because of) their loads of talent, always seem to get the bum end of any deal. As at "RockShock", the Saucer had the unenviable task of Opening Act. Consequently, the majority of the audience

was more concerned with finding their seat and/or a suitable item for pick-up than paying any attention to the stage.

And that's too bad too, coz the SS are even better than they were May 20: A healthier repetoire and relaxed stage demeanor. They've been active on the Toronto punk circuit for a couple of months now but have yet to display any ill effects (ie: black t-shirts), and anyone who bothers to listen always comes away mightily impressed. At "Outrage", those perceptive enough went away humming Eddie (formerly Edgar) Saucer (formerly Breau)'s popular "She's A Dog", and wondering where their new-found faves were playing next.

IT'LL BE SATURDAY, OCTOBER
29th AT THE HAMILTON YMCA,
with THE LOVED ONES.

PART
1



Outrage

PART
2

BATTERED WIVES - Ahh...I remember those Golden Years circa June '77 when the original Wives were

setting the Beverly Tavern ablaze with "I Had Too Much To Dream Last Night". Since then, they've undergone severe personnel and direction alterations which were debuted at "Outrage": Their third bass player in as many months, re-arranged renditions of old BW Standards such as "Air Raid" and "Suicide", and a (GASP!) hint of barband. Even so, their set was intense and entertaining, which makes me eager to see what they come up with after they've had this particular line-up for a few months and can Really get something accomplished. The Wives' "Outrage" triumph owed no small debt to the presence of special effects (pre-recorded tapes, co-ordinated lighting) - Why did all the other bands have to perform under plain white spots?

TEENAGE HEAD burst from the wings after an intermissionful of La Moda Delinquente AntiFashions (I preferred the Labbatt's Ale fashions between acts at The Kinks' recent Toronto appearance personally...). The loyal surged to the stagefront as the power quartet blasted into one of their upcoming hits, and I must admit I was jumping around for the first time all night. The Head have become SO air-tight that... that..... Well, to be perfectly honest, my awe lasted through only four or five songs. Their polish doesn't wear well - They just don't seem to be able to pull off minimalism as successfully as, say, The Ramones. But then Frankie Venom (formerly Frank Kerr) is no Joey R. (and, of course, vice versa). Tsk, tsk..... There's alot less Crash'n'Burn and alot more Woolworths to them nowadays, particularly in the war drobe department, but at least they didn't introduce The Swinging Bluejeans' classic "Shaking Feeling" as "an old Dave Clark Five tune" this time - In fact, they didn't even play it, though they did do justice to The DC5's immortal "Having A Wild Weekend". They also refused to encore (I guess they're Stars, finally). I still love them nonetheless, if only for an EP-length of time.

THE VILETONES. Now we're talking! Onto the stage they, um, Slid, and off they went into Troggs, Adam Faith, and plenty of wholesome Viletunes to boot. What an entertaining buncha fellas: Freddy Pompeii looked like he'd just finished a set in a Holiday Inn lounge (he was a beige leisure suit) Forever the trendsetter. Chris Hate (formerly Jackie Death) sneered alot and threatened to kick photographers. Motor X (formerly Mike) stayed off his drumstool quite alot. (Nazi) Dog (formerly Steve Leckie) even tried to smash a flaming guitar and cut himself: Nostalgic for the Colonial Underground already? They finished songs by pulling each other to the floor. They even swore: Into Their Mikes!! LONG LIVE THE VILETONES, I say. This is what punc rok's all about, I hope: Fun. Who needs Kojak

when you've got the luvable Tones? I just hope they retain their vaudevillianism and avoid the straightening-up process most of their counterparts seem to be struggling with. (You've GOT to get their record too! See Page 24).

THE CONCORDES. For reasons to be explained below, The Cords (NOT The Cons) made an abbreviated appearance which, for other reasons to be explained farther below, I caught little of. Though from past run-ins with them, I can assure the reader they're totally barko, totally unique, and totally - dare I say it - destined for success. How these five characters ever got together in the first place, let alone share the same band - and make it work - is beyone me. And I don't even think Kit Lambert manages them! They got a bum deal too: They had to follow The Viletones. But they did, didn't they? The Concordees - a PIG Pick To Click of the highest order.

Okay - on to the important stuff:

As mentioned earlier: Big Business. That's what's happened to the Toronto punks and poseurs alike this past summer. The record companies have been sniffing around the city's ad hoc dives, and wheelerdealers in their Sears sucker suits have been approaching Our Heroes promising to wheel the tastiest deel while pouring coffee and spouting past accomplishments. Some of the bands have already nibbled the bait (Teenage Head, maybe The Diodes); others remain firm and regain control of their fate (The Viletones, Simply Saucer - so far). Now.....

THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED FORTHWITH DO NOT REFLECT THE OPINIONS OF THE PIG PAPER OR THEIR EDITORIAL POLICIES IN ANY WAY, SHAPE, OR FORM. SO PLEASE DON'T SUE US, ANYBODY. LIKE YOURSELVES, WE'RE ONLY TRYING TO TURN A DOLLAR.

There's a guy called John Brower who's rode every bandwagon that's up and cracked him over the skull for the past several years. One night a few months ago, in or around Bic's Restaurant on Toronto's scenic Yorkville Avenue (where Neil Young, Joni Mitchell, blah blah got their start), John Brower inked all or part (current situation unclear) of Teenage Head to a personal management contract. One of the prerequisites of artist management is that you should have at least 12.5% asshole in you. John Brower certainly does, but I think he over-extended himself somewhat at "Outrage":

(I HEARD THIS): John Brower controlled the pre-concert sound-check. Teenage Head got the longest sound-check. A John Brower man controlled the soundboard throughout the concert. Teenage Head got the best sound. Teenage Head got the best dressing room.

All the other dressing rooms were locked.



Outrage

PART
3



Simply Saucer discovered their amplifiers dead as they arrived on stage. The Battered Wives' amplifiers died during their set. Teenage Head got paid.

(I SAW THIS): As The Viletones completed a final encore, their protoges The Ugly began to take the stage, to the delight of the crowd, for a surprise set. I didn't mind (The Ugly were pretty enjoyable doing their Damned imitation at Club David's awhile back); not many Concorde's minded wither. But guess who DID mind? No sooner had The Ugly Singer taken the mike from (Nazi) Dog than John Brower sprinted from his rear stage door yelling "No No No" or words to that effect. The Ugly Singer rebutted with his best Cid Dishes scowl, earning him a spirited clip across the ear from his assailant. Meanwhile, The Ugly Bass Player was already into the opening number, only to find himself ruthlessly floored by one of John Brower's Vagabondian goons. ALL HELL BROKE. The juicers (why didn't they stay home with The Manhattan Transfer?) saw their chance and leapt into the brawl now in full swing at centre stage, busting Freddy Pompeii's guitar en route. (Dry those wobble tears, Freddy: We're holding a PIGathon to buy you a brand new one). A chorus of Boo's and raised fists came from those in the cheap seats. From my vantage point in the balcony, the whole thing reeked of Altamont: Even my cries of "Who's fighting and what for" passed unheeded. Soon the goons outnumbered the juicers and everyone willingly returned to their corners. The Ugly Bass Player lay in a crumpled heap beneath the PA; John Brower was pacing backstage holding his hankie to his lip. I ventured down into the melee and gathered up all the Pigs I could find so we could scurry home to the suburbs. (Nazi) Dog asked us to help him assassinate John Brower. Steve Mahon of Teenage Head seemed unperturbed: Apparently his manager does this sort of thing all the time. The Concorde's tried to play. The Ugly went into a menacing huddle outside. The film crews got the blood they had come for. Pushbutton perspired.

(Oh no - Not another Editorial...): Okay. I realize "Outrage"s are just an excuse for a good time, just like the Stanley Cup game or a Cuboree, but fists raised in the heat of rock'n'roll can only lead to bad press, more club closures, heightened police paranoia, etcetera. Nobody really wants that, now Do You? As for the business end of things, lets chuck this stinking rivalry right out the window. Sure, some bands have got their record and management contracts and others don't, but that's no reason to get testy. In the words of (Nazi) Dog, "Keep it together - Don't compromise". (What?) It's all beginning to smell alot like England to me, and if you think that's healthy, you're wrong. The music community there is already showing signs of rigor mortis. It's starting in Toronto too.

PART
4



Love Goes To
Building On Fire

TALKING HEADS

New
Yorker
Theatre,
Toronto

MIDNIGHT

16
Sept.
'77



DAVID BYRNE
Lead Guitar
Vocals

CHRIS FRANTZ
Drums

TINA
WEYMOUTH
Bass

JERRY HARRISON
Guitar
Keyboards, Vocals

"When my love stands next to your love
I cannot compare love
When it's not love
not love..."*

Blue lights flash red as David Byrne's high-pitched voice takes off, his feet shifting between second and fourth position, like a dancer with one foot caught on a moving floor.

Tina Weymouth, playing bass in the shadows, lets the staccato rhythm take her arm high in the air; only the gravity lodged in her bass guitar capable of pulling it back down.

Jerry Harrison and Chris Frantz are keeping the melody together, filling in the gaps left by David's almost soprano voice, and although the entire stage might begin to levitate at any moment, they are definately in control.

The audience sits stunned, the music holding everyone pressed back against their seats, staring in blank amazement with TV eyes.

"And they go tick, tick, tick...
Like little birds..."*

Talking Heads are a new wave band from New York. Formed in 1975, this was their second Toronto appearance in less than a year (their first was at "a" Space in January). They all at one time were students at the Rhode Island School Of Design and come from both socially and intell-actually stimulating enviorments. They could have been Rick Nelson... ..but they're not.....

"I can't define love, when it's not love
not love,
which is my face,
which is a building
which is on fire..."*



a report by
LAGOONA PIG with Johnny Pig

*Index Music Inc.
Reprinted Without Permission

TALKING HEADS

New Yorker Theatre
BASEMENT
3 a.m.
17 Sept.'77

Bleary-eyed and wasted, we joined Talking Heads in the basement for a little chat after their show. Tina Weymouth, perhaps the most articulate (who knows at that hour?) talked with us between sprigs of parsley.

Flashing her eyes as wide as they would go, said about the stunned audience, "Are they really getting into it or are they really out of it?"

David continued:

"We were real nervous. We don't prepare ourselves for what will happen when we start, because by then we forget all that. By the time we finish playing it always seems like fun".

Tina talked about wanting to work in a highly structured situation where they could find "different textures to fit the concepts".

About the band:

"Four is the maximum number of people that can plan stuff. Efficiently work together. Even a crow can count to four. You can see four instantly".

Tina also discussed exhaustion:

"My arms kept cramping up, even in the second song! I had to keep thinking "Relax. Let your fingers do the playing". The main reason for this is Talking Heads are still their own roadies: "Six guitars and three cases running to Gate 3, and the plane was already boarded".

Talking Heads recently completed a European tour. Tina again:

"You think everything is so simple, but then you realize: Jerry almost got electrocuted in Paris. Leeds: a nice industrial town. We were like meat tenderizer for The Ramones. The audience pushed the stage back two feet. In Belgium we played a lecture hall. Since then, rock and roll has been banned there. The Clash looked like urban commandos".

They are one of the oldest new wave bands and yet their first album, TALKING HEADS '77, has just been released. Tina told us why: "There is something essential about losing control over what you do". So they waited until their label, Sire, became part of Warner Records' distribution scheme. They wanted to take their time and "essentially have control over ourselves and what we do as a band" instead of having a record company take "an air conditioner salesman's approach" to their music. They wanted the company to really believe their music is good and, as Tina said, "It's got to be something that's earned".

**NEW YORK NEW-WAVE
NEW YORK NEW-WAVE**

PIG GOSSIP PIG GOSSIP PIG GOSS

AND THEY SAID IT WAS ONLY GONNA LAST FOR THE SUMMER. After a fiery night of DIODES vs. DEAD BOYS, Canada's premiere punk palace, the Crash'n'Burn, closed its doors forever August 6. STIV BATORS and Co., after being pelted by stale dinner rolls from the trunk of TEENAGE HEAD confidant PAUL \$ KOBAK, screamed "THE DEAD BOYS don't play for bread!" and ran home to their Bowery loft, swearing never to roam these parts again. LOWE and behold, on October 14 and 15, they returned to play The New Yorker Theatre with THE VILETONES and THE POLES. BATTERED WIVES continue to survive! Original bassist ROBERT WOLFE left the band and after a few weeks of MC'ing at Schubert's Cabaret and attending VILETONES concerts dressed as a Nazi, re-surfaced in THE MONSTER CHILDREN, the trio led by PINSTEADS producer ANDREW JAMES ("SYD BARRETT") PATERSON in MICHAEL HOLLINGSWORTH's "Punc Rok" play. Original WIVES TOBY and COLIN sought several ROBERT replacements before settling on fellow Briton CHRIS. They also added another guitarist: JEFF BECK cronie JOHN. In mid October, the four put punk back onto the Toronto Yonge Street rockclub circuit. THE DISHES' second 7-inch, "Summer Reaction"/"Beginning With Breakfast" is due soon according to CHUM-FM's LARRY WILSON, and'll probably be on Island Records according to DISH drummer STEVEN DAVEY, who recently moonlit to

review THE BEACH BOYS' August 28th concert for The Toronto Daily Star: By the way, Steve—it's "Roller Skating CHILD", not "...Queen". THE DISHES also starred in the first newwave TV sitcom two days later. Columbia, Casablanca and GRT Records are all battling over the rights to issue the first Canadian-bred punk album by TEENAGE HEAD. The HEAD's post-CBGB's exposure in Variety and Melody Maker led them to Toronto's ALLEN KLEIN of the newwave, JOHN BROWER. John's been booking his lads all over the place: from Boston's

Rock music notes

Punk band seeks \$25 million policy

By PETER GODDARD
Star rock critic

Teenage Head, the Hamilton-based punk rock band, has applied for a \$25 million insurance policy with the Heritage Life Assurance company.

Kurt Deisting, one of the company's branch managers, believes it may be the largest policy ever applied for by a Canadian group. "Artists like

the Beatles and Elton John have had multi-million dollar coverage, but this is a first, I think, for Canada."

The coverage will cost the band, due to appear at David's club next week, \$62,000 a year. "But we see it as a necessity," said manager John Brower. "There's so much violence in punk rock you never know what's going to happen."

According to Deisting, the group's four members, Nicholas Stipanitz, Steven Marshall Mahon, Gordon Steven Lewis and Francis Kerr have applied to be insured for \$6.2 million each.



SHOCK
THEATRE
565 COLLEGE ST. 532-5580
TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE
7 & 10
GIMME SHELTER
8:30

new yorker
651 YONGE ST. BELOW BLOOR 925-6400

Woody Allen's
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN 7 & 10
Where's Poppa
8:30

IN CONCERT

MIDNITE TONITE

**DEAD BOYS
VILETONES
THE POLES**

Tickets \$6.60 at the door

Next Thursday 7 & 10 p.m.

TOM WAITS
ALL SEATS RESERVED \$7.70

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**STOMU YAMASHTA'S
'GO'**

Friday Midnite, Oct. 28
Saturday Midnite, Oct. 29
ALL SEATS RESERVED \$7

British New Wave
The
**VIBRATORS
VIBRATORS**

Friday Midnite, Nov. 4
Saturday Midnight, Nov. 5
ALL SEATS RESERVED \$6.60

Advance Tickets at Round Records,
Records On Wheels, New Yorker,
New Rose.

THE PIG PAPER TRUE KINK KONFESSIONS

NO 3/6



PIG discovered Edgar Breau at the Ontario College of Art's "3D" concert. He impressed upon me the true pop view of "Powered Trains", "Waterloo Sunset", "Sunny Afternoon", "Victoria". They did ten-minute sessions of "How Blue" and "You're Kook".

THE PROPOSED PIG PAPER #4 WAS TO BE STRIKTLY KINKS. IT WAS TO BE FULL OF TRUE KINK KONFESSIONS (THE FIRST OF WHICH, BY SIMPLY SAUCER'S EDGAR, DOMINATED PP#3) SET AGAINST AKTUAL KINK KWOTES FROM THE CELEBRATED MUSWELLIAN MOUTHS THEMSELVES. PIG PAPER #4 IS STILL KOLLEKTING DUST DEEP WITHIN THE PIG ARKHIVES BUT MAY YET SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY, PROVIDED RAY(MOND DOUGLAS) DAVIES AND KO. INKLUDE TORONTO ON THEIR NEXT TOUR AND THEIR REKORD LABEL, ARISTA, GIVES US SOME MONEY. IN THE MEANTIME, KON-TINUING OUR KURRENT PRE-OKKUPATION WITH THE NEWAVE WHILST REMAINING FAITHFUL TO THOSE WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE SO MANY WAYS AND YEARS AGO, WE WILL EXTRAKT, BIT-BY-BIT, CHOICE KINKY KONFESSIONS AND KLUTTER UP-KOMING PPs WITH THEM, BEGINNING BELOW WITH THOSE OF DAVID TEMPLETON (AKA THE REV. T(EMPS), EX-PORT KREDIT HEAVY METAL BASS PLAYER (MARTIN AND THE E-KHORDS, ZOOT NIXON BLUES BAND, T.C.F) AND KULTIST OF THE HIGHEST ORDER WHO IS KURRENTLY THE KONKORDES' HOT-DOGGING BASSIST.

The soul of Charles Dickens lives in the space between Ray Davies' two front teeth. Through that space has emitted many a memorable tale. These stories have captured the essence of many 20th Century situations in much the same way as Mr. Dickens gave us his 19th Century England. Oliver Twist, Master Humphrey and Scrooge bring their time period to life for the reader. Arthur Morgan and his family, Terry and Julie, David Watts and Mr. Flash do the same thing for anyone willing to listen to Ray Davies.

Who can forget the image of Rosie Rooke with her bloodshot, alcoholic eyes strutting out the door for the final time; her Sunday special upon her head.

I can also fondly recall sitting down with Walter looking through the Picture Book where Phenomenal Cat, Monica, Johnny Thunder, Wicked Annabella and Village Greens are forever preserved.

If it doesn't seem that long ago.....I was walking down the Dead End Street with a Dedicated

Follower Of Fashion (or was it a Session Man with his Harry Rag in hand) and we ended up at Granny's for Afternoon Tea. She lived up on Lavender Hill next door to Plastic Man. I spent the whole Sunny Afternoon listening to Terry Morgan, Arthur's son, talk about Australia and how, by Christmas, he would be surfing like they do in the USA.

It's rather sad to admit it, but those days are gone for now. Mr. Flash and Powerman with their Demolition team and People In Grey have moved Ray away from gazing out his window at the Waterloo Sunset.

Charles Dickens has died but he has not been forgotten. Ray Davies has not died but unfortunately is almost forgotten by the general public. In a hundred years he will be more widely known, when someone has the desire to understand the views of someone of the Pop Music genre of this time period. He certainly won't find it in the works of Elton John, Eagles, or even The Beatles.

HEY! SIMPLY SAUCER FAN(ATIC)S AND KINK KULTISTS ALIKE: KOPIES OF EDGAR BREAU'S TRUE KINK KONFESSIONS ARE STILL AVAILABLE, AS ARE KOPIES OF ALL THE OTHER PIG PAPERS. SEND A BUCK FOR EACH PP REKWired

ROCK SERLING'S

THE DELETE ZONE

There is a fifth discmension beyond that which is known to man. A discmension as vast as Elvis('s estate) and as timeless as Mersey-beat. It is the musical ground between 1954 and 1973; between rockabilly and progressive rock; between the pit of The Cavern and the sunbleached shores of coastal California. It is the discmension of retrospection. It is THE DELETE ZONE.

Tonight's Episode:
DOUGGO'S DELETE DINER

Having entered The Delete Zone and travelled it some, you will have explored its unlimited space with all the time in the world. For it and For you. It is the world in which occurs many strange popnomena such as the Clouds of encounters gone by. It is a road long and never-ending. There is a light at the end of this road, but it remains elusive, for it follows the end of the far-reaching path on and on.....

There are many things now to be seen on your journey beyond the Clouds. There must be! You continue for many miles until you see a square-shaped object on the right-hand side of the road. Unlike the always-moving Clouds, this object stands stationary. Never able to be in a state of local motion, as you hurry it draws much closer.

This structure lies several yards off the road on its own stretch of land. Its front has many windows and a door. Inside, you are confronted with the first people you have seen in the Zone. Recognizing a counter in the centre of this room, it all becomes clearer: You are in some sort of weirdo restaurant.

Someone in headphones arrives to greet you and asks if you can be assisted.

"Yes" is your response, and you ask the first of what must seem to be many necessary questions: "What sort of restaurant is this? Y'got anything to drink or eat?"

"You, my good friend, are now sitting in DOUGGO'S DELETE DINER, and we serve only music" comes the reply.

"Well, maybe I wasn't that hungry after all" you half-say to yourself and half-confide to the person behind the counter. "What goes on to run this place, and what kinda stuff is served?"

"Well, sir, We are a place where people such as yourself can stop and absorb more of your musical favourites and possibly find someone like yourself to converse with". This explanation instigates a tour of the establishment beginning at the front door and proceeding counter-clockwise.

From the door along the front of the Diner are the turn tables. Each is equipped with handy headphone jacks that allow many diners on many headsets to savour the same or different discs. From out the windows which surround you are afforded a byrds eye view of the entire Zone.

If you require something from the counter just hoot'n' holler into the kitchen, which just happens to be a record library. Douggo the Diner counterman estimates there are in excess of twelve thousand LPs and 45s herein. Tabs are kept on all discs ordered by the patrons. Three people are needed to maintain inventory and guage new and old items under alphabetical



order. One of them was once employed as a record librarian at a radio station but in a visit to one of the Transfer Points entered the Zone in much the same way as have you. Another acts as advisor and another lays out the menu with hot new hits.

You are then lead into the rear office where all the appropriate paperwork is done. A lone person mans the compact computer file and readout system. On the walls are LP covers from many solid 60s recording artists - your Former World Faves - such as HEINZ, THE EQUALS, JOHNNY RIVERS, THE SUPREMES, CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL, DEL SHANNON, and DAVID CLAYTON-THOMAS AND THE BOSSMEN

From here you are led out the back door and round the Diner to the front again, and then you are seated at the counter. It is here, and now, that you are presented with the Menu which is sub-divided under familiar headings: Under "Beverages" you'll find SWEET CHERRY WINE, LOVE POTION NUMBER NINE, a BOTTLE OF WINE and a SOUL SHAKE. All appetizers consist of 45s and EPs for quick, "fast food" consumption. F'rinstance: Today's appetizers are the pick of the Mid-Sixties orange and yellow-swirl Capitol singles. THE SUNRAYS, PETER AND GORDON, THE SHADOWS, IAN WHITCOMB, and the always tasty YARDBIRDS.

Equally delectable are the Desserts. Today, you are offered a double BEATLES Bonus: APPLE PYE and JELLO,GOODBUY from their serious "afters" period as opposed to less PEPPEResque lip-smackers such as HONEY DON'T and other juicy novelty numbers guaranteed to make your ears water.

The "Main Course" is not BEE GEES but Ell Pees. Full-course family-size banquet spreads come in two-LP and boxed sets and for convenience are grouped as SURFLEES, SOUL FOOD (MEMPHIS SOUL STEWS a la KING CURTIS), DETROIT DELECTABLES from the DELETE DELICATESSEN, MERSEY BAKED GOODS, SMOOTHY JAZZ featuring MILES of yummy yummy BITCHES BREW, and CANADIAN BACON with a selection of MANDALACASIES. And breakfast just

couldn't be broken without a STAX of delicious sky-fi pancake PLATTERS.

An intriguing outlay of hi-fidelity food. For some time you mull over the vast array of selections, gradually deciding upon your feast: For drinkers, you'll take a JOHN D. LOUDERMILKSHAKE with an entree of assorted warmed-over protest foods. Following this you dig in to THE ORIGINAL GREATEST HITS OF MOTOWN VOLUMES THREE AND FOUR - two-fers from the K-Tel Kitchens which supply alot of motor-town munching. Dessert will take the phonic form of something DINO, DESSERT AND CHILLIED.

After an absorbing hour of gear gorging you take your food back to the counter from where it will be put back on the shelf. Douggo asks for no payment, for money is but a poor PINK FLOYD track.

Now it's time to get on the move, back on the road again, but Douggo has one final offering before you depart:

"Did you know that we were in the Guinness Book Of Records for producing the tallest wedding cake ever? It had 96 TIERS!!!!!"

After that baddie you say We'll Be Running and forge on and out along the road thru The Delete Zone.

BUT WAIT...

What's That...

Over There.....

REDTAPE

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REVIEW



I, ROBOT

THE ALAN PARSONS PROJECT

(Arista AL 7002)

I like this album because in the bottom right-hand corner of the front cover is a picture of The Sex Pistols drummer John Cleese. John Cleese is one of my few heroes. (Some of my other few heroes are Syd Barrett(aka Andrew James Paterson), Flip Wilson, Naomi The Killer Carp, Richard Nixon, Margaret Trudeau, Hans "Christian" Anderson, Sheckey Green, John Brower, all the boys down at the Chinese Embassy (BINGO!), Imants Cranston, Brian Wilson of course, Ralph Alphonso, The Maharincess Of Franistan, Nurse Cramer, Marvin Goodaman(of Martin And The E-Chords), Rudolph Nureyev, and last but not least, any successful transexual). Also I like it because it should be the fourteenth version of the "Star Wars" theme. That is all. Except this: It's not disco at all.

-CINDY PIG

REQUIEM FOR R.BULB

THE VILETONES

(GNP-Crescendo 2023)

O.D. on.

This concept album (The Viles' second(album, that is(not concept album(although some would say the first one is(but I disagree with them - So there))))is an excercise in dexterity and extraordin-

ary enthusiasm. That's a new experience to me because, while loving their music, I could never get into the lyrics on the first album, being both ignorant and cynical (ie: prejudiced) when it comes to matters of cosmic awareness. Not that any of them were bad, but I couldn't see how they could return to group creativity after all that time and self-indulgence. The only feelings worth expressing were the grandiose and declanatory. After the instantaneous ecstasy comes a great range of subtle and dynamic music which will be repaying the listener for many years to come. Nothing of the fey or musical left. He doesn't let his ethereal image get in the way, nor do you lessen your grip and look from the photograph to the floor where the same photograph is lost in a contemporary electronic gimmicky notation. Despite its strange geographical indigestion, while melodies unite through climax after climax each more and more unreal than the muddled-up reactions which are malevolently seated between the stereo speakers on the side of the centre click, hypnotised by the breathing that you can move your arms and legs to when the muffled swish and rumble of the imaginatively dissolvent and equally inevitable but mysterious and infectious arrival of deeper commitment submerging themselves in the background and distracted into conversation about a healthy memory comparison with metaphors of the leader posing an alternative answer to the syndrome of intellectual breeziness continuing the momentum.

If you played it in the background you may have expected it to be lush but no. The unlimited scope of the harrowing grandeur and emotional onslaught inherent in the legendary anthem is injected with a hefty dose of blitzwarp technicalities and introverted production dispersity. Continuing on to Side Two, the dullard nuances abused by the brilliance of exceedingly competent and tedious on-lookers become a victim of undoubtedly pseudy work-outs, romanticism, and escapism for all instrumental native-inspired majesty. The expanses of lyrical content and a myriad of strings offer highly sophisticated

Side One:

1. IN SEARCH OF R.BULB (1986-1964)
2. PART V: SLEEPING BEAUTY'S FISH TANK
3. R.BULB WASHES SOCKS (1937-1948)
4. TEXAS CHAIN STORE MASSACRE
5. DARK LIGHTS (PART I)

Side Two:

1. DARK LIGHTS (PART III)
2. DARK LIGHTS (PART II)
3. R.BULB PUKES BLOOD
4. SNOWMOBILE SOUP
5. DARK LIGHTS (PART II)

-the Incurable Maniac of
Acute Neurosis and Terminal
Surgery

James And The Shondells and if that don't make you faint dead away consider that this here fonograff record also contains "Fever" by The McCoys, "Brown Eyed Girl" by Van Morrison, "Light My Fire" by The Doors, "Cool Jerk" by The Capitols, and (hold on to your hat or WHATEVER) "California Sun" by The Rivas. Makes ya wanna shit yore pants don't it? Beside the fact that this LP features absolutely NO DISCO SONGS, there is a good reason to buy it: You see, this Al Bum includes "Why Do Fools Fall In Love" by Frankie Lymon!!!! Now, if you ain't cuttin mud to your nearest wree-cord store by now I'd haftu say you are some kinda mental case. Actually I wouldn't get my hopes up if I were you but YOU NEVER KNOW, do you?

-ARNOLD THE PIG

(Arnold wins a free copy of Zalman Yanovsky's ALIVE AND WELL IN ARGENTINA album because of all the readers' reviews submitted, his was chosen as most suitable for print. Why not take a crack at winning a copy of THE SWINGING BLUEJEANS IN PARIS by sending in a record review for PIG Paper #7. You could get lucky)

24 ORIGINAL HAPPENING HITS

(Syndicate TR-40)

This album is one of the greatest records I ever bought. (Actually my sister bought it). It's called 24 ORIGINAL HAPPENING HITS and it is on Syndicate records which later became K-Tel. Aren't you impressed? Neither am I and who gives a flyin' turd anyway because this rekird contains "I Think We're Alone Now" by Tommy

LITTLE RECORDS

I cleverly disguised my PACIFIC OCEAN BLUE (Caribou PZ-34354) review as a Dennis Wilson feature, so next I decided to review THE RATTLES GREATEST HITS (Mercury SR-61127) which Imants kindly brought me home from Toronto's Third Records And Related Collectibles Show And Sale and I haven't taken off the turntable since, but I figured that there's no purpose

UNAVAILABLE!

The Dishes "Fashion Plates"

in flogging The Rattles coz all Merseybeat fans would've come to know and luv them by now and anyone who hasn't probably won't and can't coz Merseybeat's such an acquired taste, so I turned instead to EPs and 45s, which are enjoying a welcome resurgence of late, particularly on the newave scene, coz they're cheaper to produce than a whole album and besides, 7-inchers are technically louder, not to mention ideal for stackin'n'dancin', and besides, there is so much Great Music on little records these days (and there really always was).

THE DISHES have always been The First to do things 'round these parts. They pioneered newave at the Beverly Tavern away back in mid-'76 while Teenage Head was still learning Ramones riffs in an abandoned Hamilton recording studio. They're first again with FASHION PLATES (Regular R001), out a good four months before The Viletones' EP. (I shouldn't keep stressing Dates and Who's First, but I just thought I should record all this for fear The PIG Paper finds its way into a time capsule or two). First of all, the cover's Great - especially the back - and its contents, authored chiefly by guitarist Scott Davey, seem to be attempting to document everyday life in Toronto during the dawn of the newave circa Spring '77. "Fred Victor's Mission" fluidly describes the rubbie community which lies (literally) near New Rose. It's very MarcUNICORNBolan/Ray "Berkeley Mews" Davies-(d)ish, but not really. "Police Band" is a Dishes song - that's all I can say. Check out the lyric sheet here. "Walky Talky" starts off as a demented Beach Boys ditty, complete with Scott's Fender Jaguar and ahhhhh-ing



DIODES

VILETONES

7 Artists
Wishes!

SUNFLOWER back-up vocals, but again, a bit Kinky. Token time-signature fuck-ups prevent this cut from being the Hit Single it could've been. "Monopolies Are Made At Night": (see "Police Band"). The Dishes are STILL The Dishes, albeit slightly different on disc than on stage. What can they (seriously) be compared to? I give up.

Next, as already noted, came THE VILETONES' VILETONES (Vile 8277). Guitarist Freddy Pompeii threatened to break bones should I give this record anything but raves, but good ol' Mr.P. needn't have bothered: These three cuts are fantastic, capturing more realistically than anyone else the on-stage ferocity of a punk concert Toronto-style, thanks to producer Tibor Takas (who?). The top side of the

platter, "Screamin' Fist", is two minutes of maniac

rock delivered at top pop gear. Motor X spends half the song on his tenor-toms, and Chris Hate displays his John Entwistleian bass ZOOPS so popular now on stage. (Nazi) Dog keeps screaming:

*"Gimme fist". "Possibilities", which for some reason was dedicated to the late Marc Bolan at "Outrage", proves The Viles can write catchy medium-tempo tunes. Again, Chris and Motor are all over their respective instruments; Freddy is left to hold things together (as he always does). "Rebel (Unorthodox)", which for some reason was inspired by the living Steven Davey of The Dishes, is a climatic tour de Force which screeches this wonderful EP to a sorrowful close. This cut is highlighted by a rare Pompeii guitar solo. All I can say is that this is The Best new wave release I've heard so far, and I hope to see it soon bring alot of international attention to not only The Viletones but to the entire Toronto musiccommunity. Every local band who's about to enter the studio should listen to this record: If it doesn't make you give up R&R altogether coz you realize you can't top it, then hire Tibor Takas and TRY to top it. At the far end of the punk spectrum lies RAW/WAR (Crash'n'Burn Records), which sounds looney enough to have been on an ESP-Disc eleven years ago. THE DIODES are on it, running through scales and number counts. Mickie of THE CURSE does her Lenny Bruce imitation as someone beneath (I believe a refugee from the "PIGS And Ponies" segment of Frank Zappa's LUMPY GRAVY) talks politics. It was played to me initially by Margaret of New Rose, then again by Imants at Cindy's: I must admit it's growing on me (it's only a buck), and I'm curious as to what The Diodes will sound like now that they're on CBS: I bet lots more Cyrkle and lots less ESP.

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BOWI



SEX PISTOLS

**PURE POP FOR
NOW PEOPLE**

NLRS

Crash 'n' Burn

THE VILETONES

Moving across the ocean, we come upon Swinging London, which has more independent record companies than bands it seems. Naturally, for the sake of sales (theirs AND mine) more than anything else, I should mention THE SEX PISTOLS. Their three singles are now available all over, and selling incredibly, and when their album comes out, then they tour here, watch out for the biggest British Invasion yet. When you overlook all their vomiting, foul-mouthing and general suedo-misbehaviour (aka Promotion), you've got to admit John, Paul, Steve'n'Sid are responsible for three of the most important (whatever that means) releases since the Golden Era of Stones/Pacemakers et al. You've all heard the six they've put out so far: "Anarchy In The UK"/"I Wanna Be Me"(EMI 2566), "God Save The Queen"/"Did You No Wrong"(Virgin VS-181), "Pretty Vacant"/"No Fun"(Virgin VS-184), so there's no need getting detailed except to say I seem to agree with everyone else that "Queen" is their best, and destined to be a Rock Classic no doubt: It'll probably be remembered as their peak, unless the Pistols plan on issuing a PET SOUNDS some day. There are lots who swear by its B side though, and I love it too. "Anarchy" is a fave with the Club David's DJs and the growing number of discopunks, but I think the vocals are mixed too high, at least on my French re-issue. "Vacant" is a great formula follow-up to "Queen", but The Viletones still do the definitive "No Fun". I think these three 45s are a gas, one and all: Few other records of this decade can make me dance, whether Chris Spedding really plays guitar on them or not. The production by, for the most part, Chris Thomas, is the main reason the Pistols are what they are on disc. The drums are loud out front, then guitar and bass, and weaving in and out underneath is Johnnathin's snarling (love the way he rolls his Rs - I hope Frito's CornChips signs him to do a "RRRRRuffles

Have Rrrrrridges" commercial some day). If someone could duplicate Thomas' style and record, say, The Loved Ones, Toronto could be really IN. There's also a guy in England called NICK LOWE who's been round so much it's ridiculous (Dave Edmunds, Elvis Costello, Magic Michael, Takeaways, Graham Parker, Tartan Horde, Clover, Wreckless Eric, Damned, Stones Masonry, Disco Brothers...). His lone solo release, BOWI (Stiff LAST-1) is sub-titled "Pure Pop For Now People", and it sure lives up to its sub-title: The instrumental "Shake That Rat" is fantastic - This is what The Tornadoes would sound like in 1977. "Born A Woman" couples Flamin Groovies guitar work with female put-downs a la "Under My Thumb", and only drummer Steve Golding gets carried away (none of the other instruments ever get carried away That's because Nick plays them all - probably simultaneously). "Marie Provost" features a Billy J.Kramer And The Dakotas piano break and can only be likened to The Raspberries singing a Zappesque tale of a girl-eating dachshund. "Endless Sleep", featured on the EP's Dead Side, is guaranteed to help you meet the sandman in under 3:59 - Pure Pop For Insomniacs. Anyways, in the words of I.Mants, I Can't Wait For The Next One. Meanwhile, down in Brookfield Wisconsin USA, there's a quartet called THE NEW LEGION ROCK SPECTACULAR whose "Wild One"/"Second Cousin"(Spectacular 11075) is just too good for words. It gives you sweaty arm-pits; it even gets the pregnant ladies jumping up and down! "Wild One" features Tallahassee Tommie's Jerry Lee Lewis keyboard kapers and Back Alley Bill's frantic bathroom crooning: It's punkabilly, man! "Second Cousin" is the best song I've heard since "(I'm Not Your) Steppin Stone" by gum! It out-groovies the Groovies (who wrote it) with its bass ZOOPS and cooing back-up vocals on the chorus.

There's an ingenious bass/drum break and hand-clapping during the guitar solo. WOW! Listen: You should not be reading this or any other rock rag unless you own this record. Free PIG Paper subscriptions to anyone who can convince me this isn't the best slab of vinyl yet. WHERE CAN YOU GET ALL THESE RECORDS? For The Dishes, Viletones, and Raw/War, it's New Rose (367 Queen Street East, Toronto). As for Nick Lowe and the cheapest prices on The Sex Pistols and other newave records, it's Records On Wheels (629 Yonge Street, Toronto). And write to Don's Discs (1452 Queen Street West, Toronto) for The New Legion Rock Spectacular if it's the last thing you ever do. And, as always, write PIG if you can't get these or any other records where you live, or wanna know more about them, or gotta record you want reviewed or a review you want printed. And, to sum up this entire seven-inch revival, take note of the words of The Desperate Bicycles: "IT'S CHEAP AND IT'S FUN.....SO DO IT!!!" *

-GARY PIG

famed Rat, to opening for (EDDIE AND THE HOT) RODS' first Canadian appearance October 30, to starring at the first punk corn-roast in Uxbridge on the afternoon of "Outrage." [QUOTE: "Noise Is Good For Your Ears" - MARVIN GOODAMAN of MARTIN AND THE E-CHORDS] THE SEX PISTOLS were on THE MERV GRIFFIN TV SHOW October 19 - No, not really: "Anarchy In The UK" was just being played as a series of ex-Shindoggers and Mouseketeers displayed punk fashions. TORONTO CLUBS GO PUNK (MOM-ENTARILY): David's Discotheque became Club David's in July and opened its doors to the newave. Leading the rush was THE VILETONES, who not only performed there but manned the club turntable, on which (NAZI) DOG and MOTOR X spun the latest over

Pop music beat

By Gerald Levitch

Punk Rock seems to have captured the media's fancy more than the public's. Nevertheless, out of a sense of duty, I went to hear The Viletones, Toronto's most notorious contribution to the genre. They were playing in an ad hoc dive called the Crash 'n' Burn on Duncan St.

An all-female punk band called The Curse opened the show. The lead singer has a definite knack for singing in a different key from the rest of the band; that is, when the others actually play in a detectable key. Mostly, they perform as if they'd never seen their instruments before.

As for The Viletones, they came out spitting and pouring beer on the audience, which was reciprocated. There were several scuffles and one knock-down fight, which may have been faked. Someone appeared on stage with a fire extinguisher and soaked more of the audience with that. The music was a blur of

distortion; but at least, when they bothered to change a chord, they changed it together. As for the much-rumored self-mutilation performed by lead singer Nazi Dog, I didn't see anything worth putting a bandaid on.

By contrast, The Ramones, one of New York's punk pioneers, are positively dignified. Their songs are models of inarticulate compression. And of course, they all sound alike (no problems humming these ditties). By comparison, Chuck Berry sounds like Mozart. The band itself looks like a bunch of suburban poseurs. Any Scottish bubblegum band could probably take them out in an alley fight. Anyhow, real punks have better things to do, like stealing hubcaps.

The Ramones, at The New Yorker (651 Yonge; 925-6400), June 17, at midnight; and June 18, at 9 p.m. and midnight. Tickets \$7.

Other players, other places:

Radio David's. But owner SANDY LEBLANC recently tired of punk, so, effective now, his club adopts an all-rock policy: No more UGLY, no more TONES - Club faves SIMPLY SAUCER will rechristen Club

David's as an R&R spot sometime around Halloween. Also just succumbed to the hassles of giving punks a place to play is Schubert's Cabaret under The Pears Hotel. It's abandoning its Monday newave showcases after a solid summer of sweet sounds from THE CURSE, THE DENTS,

BATTERED WIVES, CONCORDES, MYSTERY BAND (aka PINSTEADS), UGLY. Where are our bands gonna play now? Well, there's always the Ontario

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College of Art, which opened its second season of new wave Sept. 30 with THE DENTS and THE POLES. Good news in JOHN BROWER is teaming up with JIMMY PUSHBUTTON of "Rock Shock" and "Outrage" fame, to open their own club. And those up-and-coming cult heroes SIMPLY SAUCER are running their own semi-weekly dances at the Hamilton YMCA. They need opening acts, so here's **VIVETONES** your big chance. JOKE: "What do you

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parted comp-
Canadian West,
TWILLEY BAND
infested bar
FURNESS, is
Good Luck from
second punk



MARC BOLAN IS DEAD

ELVIS, BING, EVEN GROUCHO: WE HAVE SOON GROWN TO REALIZE THESE LOSSES. BUT THE PASSING SEPTEMBER 16 1977 OF MARC BOLAN STILL SEEMS SOMEWHAT INCOMPREHENSIBLE. I ASKED DON CRAMER, SIMPLY SAUCER DRUMMIST AND LONG-TIME BOLANMANIAC, TO SHARE HIS THOUGHTS AND REMEMBRANCES OF THE LATE GREAT:

"I was sitting at home watching TV before going to see Talking Heads at the New Yorker when the phone rang: Alex Saucer said to me, 'I just heard Marc Bolan died', and for about fifteen minutes I just laughed, saying 'Get off...Don't bullshit me... You're lying to me'. I didn't believe him. After I hung up the phone I was in a dilemma of not knowing, then my brother knocked at the door with the newspaper clipping my mother gave him, and he gave it to me without saying a word. I just blew my mind. I turned on my radio and heard it about a half hour later. Gloria Jones, who had been in his back-up vocal group The Cosmic Choir for about five or six years, was driving his Rolls Royce which hit a tree, killing him, and she remains alive. It was too bad. It was such a sad one.

"Bowie was at his funeral; Clapton was at his funeral - there were many big, big people at his funeral. I think all those people were semi-influenced by him. In the early Seventies 'Bang A Gong' days, Bolan was incredibly huge: Number One in the States, Canada, and England especially. His singles were tearing the world apart: It's music that anyone who's sixteen grew up with. He was a part of everyone who listened to music in any way.

"T.Rex was my all-time band, but it's just nothing now. There's going to be no more power come out. He did a single called 'Celebrate Summer', then he died. The whole of T.Rex has just stopped because there's no-one else able to produce music as unique and incredible.

"To me, as a fan, it's all over now. I've got the past, but I've got nothing to look forward to. FUTURISTIC DRAGON came out in late '76, and I was waiting six months for that album. DANDY IN

THE UNDERWORLD I waited all year for, and now I've got nothing to look forward to in '78. It's just at a standstill....."

DON CRAMER RETURNS IN AN UP-COMING PIG PAPER WITH A DETAILED STUDY OF THE LIFE AND WORK OF MARC BOLAN. SO STAY TUNED.

Elvis flushed down toilet

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