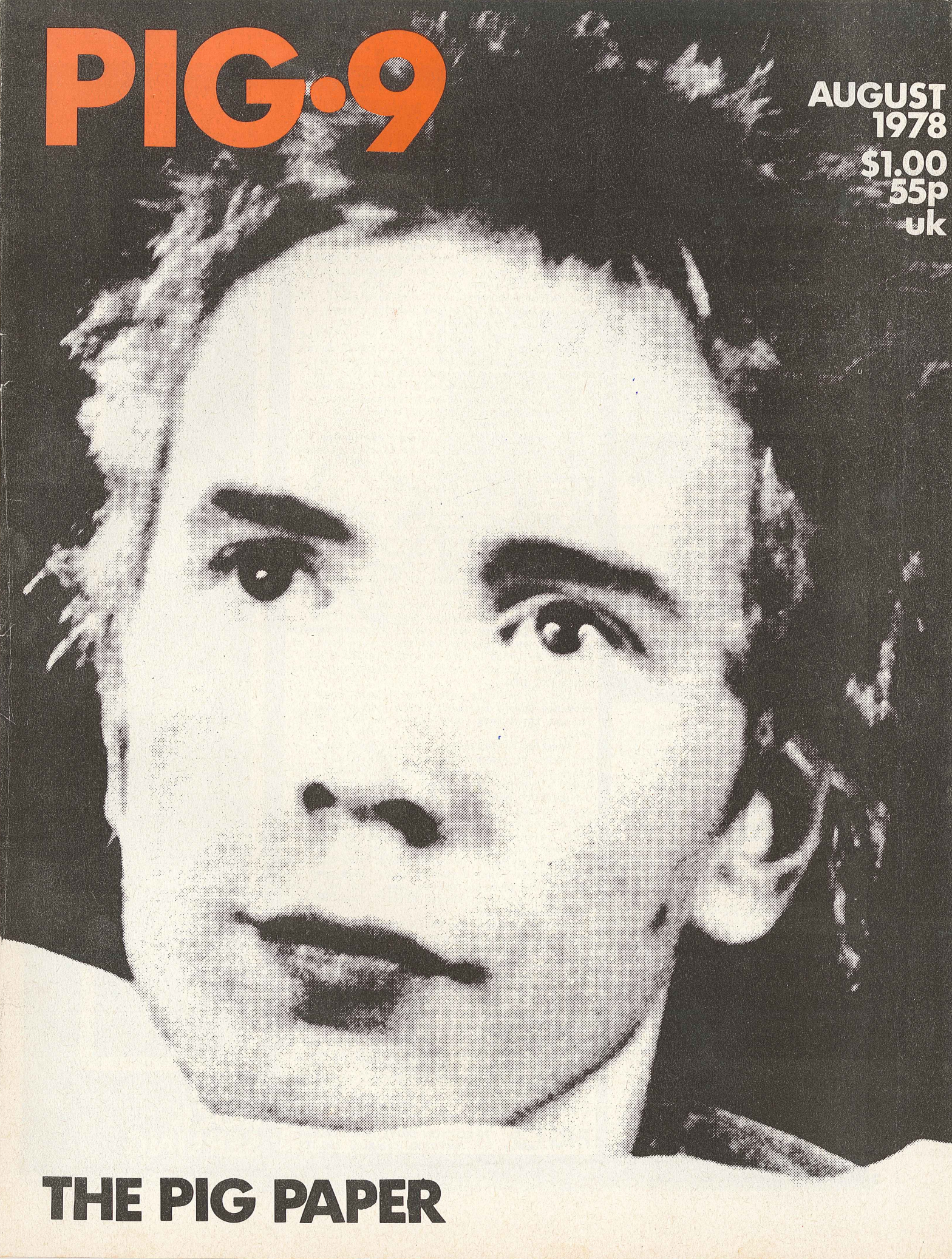


# PIG.9

AUGUST  
1978  
\$1.00  
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## THE PIG PAPER



# STY

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## LETTERS

Dear PIG PAPER,

Enclosed, please find 8-by-10 promo pix, clippings, and test cassette of The Carniverous Buttockflys. I hope you can find a place for them somewhere in your next issue.

Sincerely,  
John L.

PS: Please?

Dear Pigs (how appropriate),

Jake has just shown me THE PIG PAPER #8 which you so bravely sent to me.

I thought the Elvis Costello "interview" was very enlightening to say the least, which I try to whenever possible.

Consequently,

Yours,  
Declan MacManus

# PIG-9:

Seeing as most every other magazine chief, from Ira I WROTE ABOUT ELVIS COSTELLO FIRST Robbins to Greg I INVENTED PUNK ROCK/I INVENTED POWER POP Shaw, spend their editorial spouting self-praise, I thought I'd join the tribe seeing as I'm at least as accomplished as a Trouser Press. And, true to journalistic tradition, I'm gonna plunge the knife deep into selected "competitors". So here goes:

PIG 9 finds our fave mag nearing three years of age: Second only to the nation's trade publication, RPM, as Longest-Established Canadian Music Periodical. PIG 9 also finds us Pigs having produced the slickest, most compact (less pages don't mean less words!) and grandest PIG PAPER of em all. Reviews, interviews, and overviews of rock the world over: From local wizards to British bonkers and everything in between.

But, alas, it is time to move on. Having single-handedly cultivated and fertilized the Canadian (a.k.a. Toronto) New Wave, PIG, in its up-coming Gala Tenth Anniversary Issue, will progress to bigger and better things, leaving all our shady imitators to persist with purely Punk coverage. Don't Fret though: We'll continue to keep you informed as to who The Curse are fucking and where The Viletones are supposedly bound for, but at the same time reveal there's more to rock than G,F, and B-flat.

Coming Next Time, then, is the beginning of a more serious and thorough look at pop's past, which will consist of far more than just old press releases and shallow Bomp-like discographies. In other words, we'll be teaching all you kids new to Pigdom that there were loads of records released before "Anarchy In The U.K." plus give all our veteran subscribers more than plain PIG PUNK.


Also, premiering next time, is our long-promised Snappy Expanded Format, which, once you see it, I know you'll agree was worth the wait.

Speaking of expansion, PIG did just that recently. We started our own little record label to give those jaded jugs at Chiswick and Radar a run for their money. PIG Record No.1, a debut 45 by (who else?) Simply Saucer, may not sport a sterile "Kissa My Face" sound, but have any of you so-called critics ever heard Stiff's first release? Or Apple's, for that matter? I rest my case. Besides, once we get our hands on The Beach Boys' 24-track board, plus dig deep into defunct label's vaults to re-issue some choice cuts from the Delete Zone, then we'll see who says "Shoddy", "Wasted Effort", and "Ho-Hum" to us PIG Rec Execs!

And speaking of The Beach Boys, we'll soon be embarking on our very own California Saga. Yes, PIG is fleeing to the sun'n'surf of Malibu for a stay which, weather and authorities permitting, could be permanent. We've smartened up Canada's rock'n'roll, so, Next step: AMERICA.

Yes, it's been a hard but fun three years, and if you'd like to be a part of it, PIG subscriptions are \$10 for twelve issues plus PIG newsletters, contests, and assorted additional junk mail. Make those cheques payable to the address below. Aren't we wonderful?

See you all this fall in PIG 10.

- Gary 

PIG 

70 COTTON DRIVE, MISSISSAUGA  
ONTARIO, CANADA. L5G 1Z9

Now  
you can  
MEET  
THE PIGS!



No.1:  
ROCK  
SERLING

# PIG PUNK LAST PART

GARY PIG'S EPITAPH OF CANADIAN NEWAVE, as commissioned by NEW YORK ROCKER Magazine:

Punk is dead. That catch-all phrase applied to the late-Seventies pop renaissance has outlived its effectiveness, and the entire genre has outrun itself it seems. What remains is a lot of recording contracts which wouldn't have materialized a few years ago. Whether this is good or bad is for the Reverend Charles M. Young to babble about....  
(A NOTED CANADIAN JOURNALIST)

Crash'n-Burn

Up here in Toronto, not only is the "genre" dead, but many now question whether it ever truly existed.

You see, it always has been, and probably always will be, next to impossible to earn a living as a musician in Canada unless one can mimic precisely whatever's high on the American charts. Therefore, when someone catches a whiff of something new, as loads of Toronto college students did when The Sex Pistols first snuck into the local papers 'way back in '76, everyone jumps aboard the bandwagon and consequently runs it right off the road.

Skip back to New York Rocker 10 if you will. To Page 20. Here lies documentation of the city's newave heyday of a year ago: Columns-ful of Diodes secretly and sneakily authored by their manager Ralph "Bomp-de-Bomb" Alfonzo. A tearful tribute to the short-lived punkhole, the Crash'n'Burn, which never really amounted to much more than Diodes rehearsals you'd pay to attend. And a quaint run-down of Toronto's "Top 14" Bands, each of whom represented the Clique-Elite of the city's seude-o musical headline hunters.

If you don't have NYR-10 lying around, a similar scam filled the February '78 Creem "Consumer Guide To Toronto Punk".

DEAR  
MACHINE  
ROCK  
VOL 10

If you're anything at all like myself—and you certainly must be—then you'll fast appreciate the fact that this is DMR-10, Canada's most widely read monthly rock 'n' roll forum wherein YOU, the actual record buying public get to have your own say on any rock 'n' roll related topics.

Herein, author Jeffrey Morgan, long-known in town as a "jiving wise ass" by most who fall in contact with him, rose the art of fiction to an all-time low by proclaiming (1) An

irregular little affair called StageLife was "Canada's ONLY rock'n'roll magazine" and (2) Someone or something called "Machine Rock" was "Toronto's best-known rock'n'roller". Let the truth at last be revealed: (1) StageLife was in existence for less than a year before folding, was in fact a free hand-out publication industry-supported and industry-run, and always seemed more concerned with Barry Manilow & Bee Gees than Canadian talent; (2) "Machine Rock" was in fact the pen-name Mr. Morgan hid behind as editor of SL - hardly a rock'n'roller coz he never performed in public.

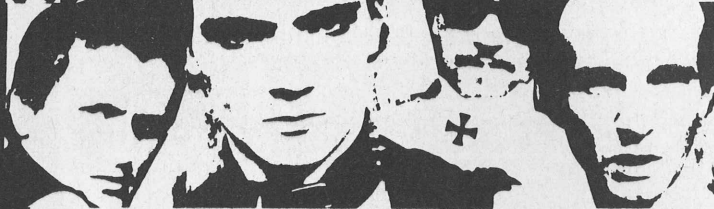
Starting to get the picture? The Toronto Punk Scene was little more than a few dead-end bar guitarists and a few bored journalists with overactive imaginations. There was, and to a certain extent remains, an impenetrable little cluster of bands and hangers-on who control the punk community. They're the ones with the richest parents, biggest mouths, and, not surprisingly, least talent. I'm talking about the Ontario College Of Art set (The Cads, Johnny & The G-Rays, The Curse, The Androids, Drastic Measures...). Others are merely an assortment of backstagers who said to themselves "This looks easy" and



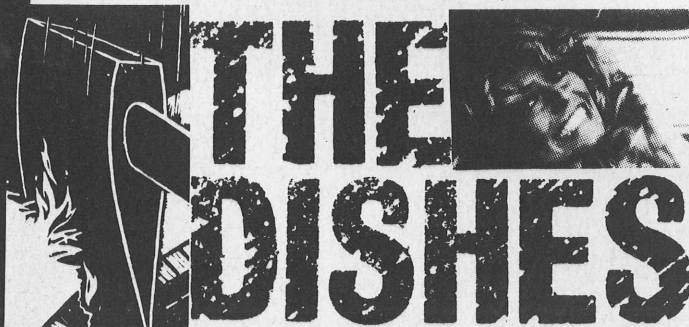
formed bands overnight. Such throw-togethers (The B-Girls, The Ugly) don't even deserve mention.

What's left? To up-date the Top 14, which I've whittled down to four,

## VILETONES



One minute they're saying "We're gonna stay in Toronto and fuckin' turn it upside down". Next minute they're getting ready to relocate in London or New York. (At the moment they've still got their eyes on London, where Stiff Records supposedly has their eyes on them). Despite such endearing inconsistencies in press releases, The Viles have long outgrown the dull churn and bloodletting which hurled them into prominence and have turned into the city's Number One band. They deserve the position more than any one. Insofar as Canada is concerned, The Viletones are the most unique, vital, and important domestic product since - dare I say it? - The Ugly Ducklings.



Even though they hail from the Art College, this sextet of amiable zanies enter their fourth year of existence with a hot new EP, HOT PROPERTY, which demonstrates more than ever before that beneath all their Sparks/Roxy poop lies a great pop band struggling to get out (Current showstopper: Tommy James' "Mirage"). Besides, drummer Steven Davey's kit once belonged to Dave Clark!

# POLES



A painter, an electriccomposer, and three neighbourhood faces make unlikely components for a new sensation - even up here near the tundra. But they did, and they are. Their vinyl debut, "C.N. Tower", was the cleanest, most professional release from these parts, and since then they've been busy recording under the auspices of none other than John Cale. This fall will see them as the first Canadian newavists to undertake a full-scale North American tour. In the words of their keyboardist Doug Pringle, "If you love the sound of whales, you'll love The Poles".



This foursome are constantly being put down 'round here because (a) They're good and (b) They choose to operate outside the aforementioned clique of trendies. Nonetheless, they struggle onwards, improving with each step of the way. Today they divide their time between touring high school gyms (OK!) and recording an album. Check back here in a year and you'll almost certainly find The Battered Wives on their way.

It's happened twice before at least: Booms in the local musical society that is. Over a decade ago bands such as The Lords Of London, Little Caesar & The



Consuls, and the legendary Ugly Ducks had us all shouting "Toronto will be the next music capitol of the world!". At the turn of the decade, another eruption: Folks like Edward Bear, Crowbar and Lighthouse were actually getting their songs on the radio!

What happened in '66-'67 then '69-'70 is already happening in '78: Lack of support, both financial and spiritual, from both inside and outside the Canadian record industry. The age old feeling that our local lads may be good, but never good enough to compete on an international scale. But worst of all it is the bandmembers themselves, along with the seedier characters of the biz (managers, writers...) who tend to sour a good thing before it is allowed to ripen to maturity. They frustrate and ultimately foil the struggling hopefuls while forcing the better and bolder bands to seek refuge in the U.S or U.K. And it's happening in Toronto.

We all agree that the punk phenomenon's prime contribution was its clearing of the air and opening of doors. Nowhere was this more evident than in this city. Yet the opportunities which arose courtesy of the New Wave have been all but fumbled and lost, never to knock again.

#### PIG TORONTO PUNK DISCOGRAPHY: JULY 1978

\*Nov. 76...45...ZOOM.....SWEET DESPERATION/MASSACRE AT CENTRAL HIGH...Riot 1001  
 Apr. 77...EP...THE DISHES.....FASHION PLATES... (PS).....Regular R-001  
 \*Jul. 77...45...JOHNNY LOVESIN.....TONIGHT/CE SOIR.....Smile SLE-113  
 Aug. 77...EP...THE VILETONES.....VILETONES... (PS).....Vile 8277  
 \*Aug. 77...45...THE DIODES/THE CURSE et al...RAW/WAR... (PS).....Crash'n'Burn CEAC  
 Sep. 77...45...THE POLES.....C.N.TOWER/PRIME TIME... (PS).....Nimbus 9 NN-313  
 Oct. 77...45...THE DIODES.....RED RUBBER BALL/WE'RE RIPPED... (PS).....Columbia C4-4168  
 Nov. 77...LP...THE DIODES.....THE DIODES... (PS).....Columbia PES-90441  
 Mar. 78...EP...THE CADS.....DO THE CRABWALK... (PS).....Bi-R 001  
 Mar. 78...EP...THE DISHES.....HOT PROPERTY... (PS).....Regular R-02  
 Apr. 78...45...THE CURSE.....SHOESHINE BOY/THE KILLER BEES... (PS).....Hi-Fi 001  
 Jun. 78...45...SIMPLY SAUCER.....SHE'S A DOG/I CAN CHANGE MY MIND... (PS).....PIG-1  
 Jun. 78...45...THE DIODES.....TIRED OF WAKING UP TIRED/CHILD STAR.....Epic E4-4186

NB: Items preceded by \* are no longer available. However, the ZOOM 45, which features Chris Hate of The Viletones and John Hamilton of The Diodes, was re-issued in picture sleeve June 1978. Titles followed by (PS) indicate they were originally issued in picture sleeve. CURRENTLY ON THE BOARDS: New EPs by The Viletones, The Poles, and Johnny Lovesin; New LP by The Diodes; New 45 by Simply Saucer. About to make their vinyl debuts: The Battered Wives, The Androids, The B-Girls and The Ugly. ALL ITEMS AVAILABLE BY WRITING TO PIG PRODUCTIONS.

## Not entertained by this music

In disgust, I heaved a record which is supposedly today's music into the fireplace and watched it melt away. Unfortunately, the words and the memories that they conjure up cannot be destroyed. With the thought of provoking citizenship action I must quote a few of the lyrics from this tune:

"Shoeshine Boy, is that your pay?

How'd ya earn a hundred dollars today

They'll beat you, Mistreat you!

They'll find you — wrapped in a plastic bag."

To make things even worse the name of the shoeshine boy used in this song is Emmanuel.

The ink is not yet dry on the judge's orders to commit some criminals to prison for the heinous killing of a 12-year-old shoeshine boy. The ink is not yet dry on the eight weeks of the most nauseating disgorge of garbage that we read in all of the daily newspapers. And here today, people, if we can even call them that, are using this sad, pitiful and brutal murder as a means to fill their coffers with blood money.

What is our direction? Where is our society going? How can so-called, "honorable businessmen" allow this type of music to be published? How can we as parents and citizens of the upcoming generation permit our children to have their minds brainwashed with this drive in the name of music?

Lawrence Evans,  
Burlington.

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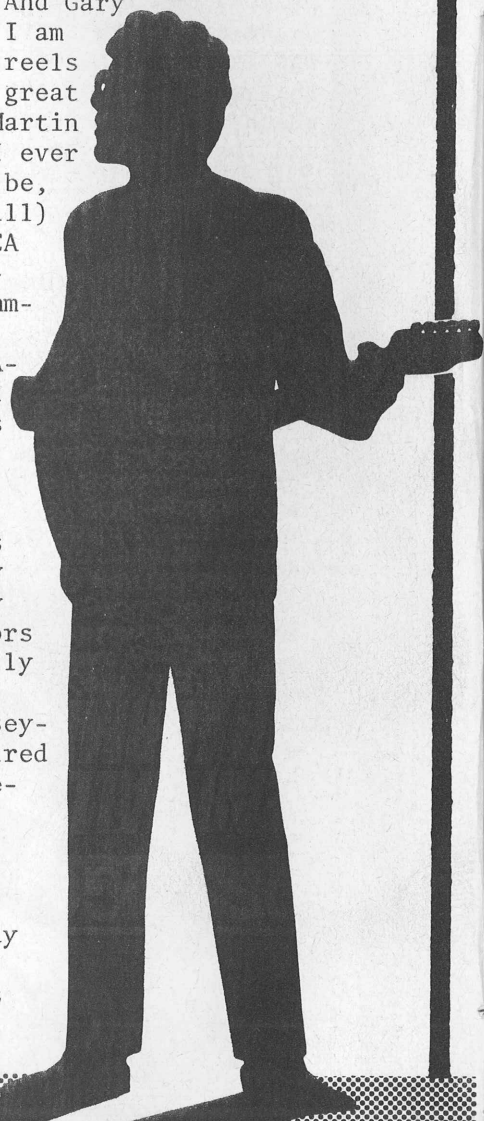
11:00 A.M. - 6:00 P.M., TH. & FR. TIL' 9:00



GARY  
PIG'S

# HOLLY DAZE

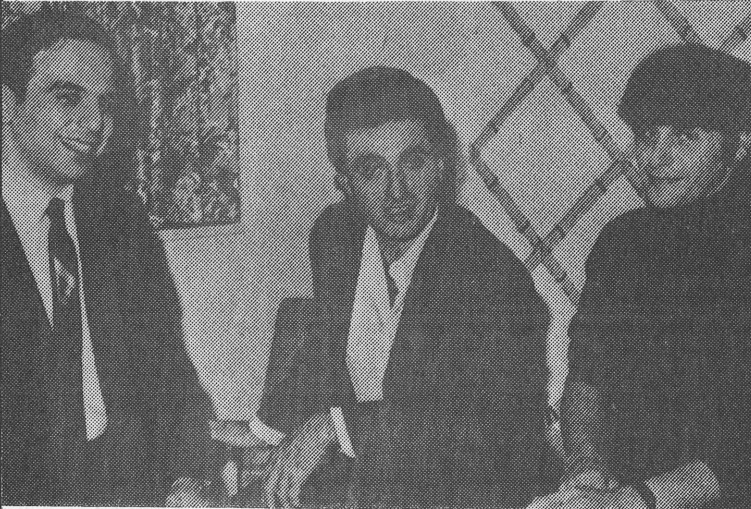
For the past six weeks without fail I've been spending my Friday nights in various theatres across Southern Ontario watching, over and over again, THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY. And I'm playing the grooves off my Buddy Holly albums between trips to the movies. Why? Well, probably because Buddy Holly has some great songs. And his film biography isn't anywhere near the Holly Wood "Happy Days" non-epic I feared. Despite piles of historical and musical inaccuracies (how can any recreation of the Holly legacy take place without his brilliant co-writer and producer Norman Petty?!), the movie is a joyous success in that it portrays so acutely the personality of Buddy and of rock'n'roll's infancy. "He had class, but above all he had poise, charm, and politeness", which is how Bill Grigs, president of the Buddy Holly Memorial Society, described the man to me. "He knew what he was after and went after it very determinedly, but always with a sense of humor". Check. Director Steve Rash's celluloid Holly makes us, true to the movie's promotional slogan, sing, cheer, laugh, and cry. And Gary Busey is nothing short of amazing in portraying Buddy Holly. I am not alone in believing I'm watching Holly, not Busey, as the reels spin by. Gary sings Holly, walks and talks Holly, even plays great Holly guitar along with his "Crickets" (Don Stroud, Charles Martin Smith) and it's as close a recreation of the Holly Sound as I ever imagined possible. But THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY, good as it may be, hopefully will serve as but a reminder (commercial, if you will) for the REAL Buddy Holly, whose music lives on courtesy of MCA Records (which bought out Coral: the folks who originally recorded Buddy) and Paul McCartney of all people (whose MPL Communications bought the publishing rights to most of the Holly catalog). MCA's recent cash-in quickie, 20 GOLDEN GREATS (MCA-3040) is, like the movie which inspired it, surprisingly well presented. Just listen to the wealth of inventiveness Holly's pop, C&W, MOR and R&R present. Production-wise, the team of Holly and Petty was responsible for dozens of innovative experiments: For example, the vocal tracks introduced many new techniques of production seldom heard elsewhere on recordings from the 1950s. And that oft-forgotten Cricket, drummer Jerry Allison, demonstrates he's as adept playing his knees ("Every Day") and mike stands ("Well Allright") as his kit. All factors contributed to make records which were not, shall we say, fully understood or appreciated when first issued twenty years ago but have resurfaced many times in new forms. Much of the Mersey-beat of the 1963-65 British Invasion was directly Holly-inspired (where do you think The Hollies got their name?). And more recently, three of Linda Ronstadt's most recent hits have been out-and-out Holly re-hashes. So, just like the cover of 20 GOLDEN GREATS proclaims, Buddy Holly Lives. I for one hope this entire Holly revival inspires some lowly kid with a guitar out there to pick up on the mood and the music of Buddy and use it to repair the pathetic state of pop we find ourselves in nineteen years after that Iowa plane crash. Perhaps I'll be that lowly kid.....after the movies let out.





# GEAR GALLO DUMPS DIODES FOR FORMER FAB FOURTH

**DOWNSVIEW (PIG)**—CBS Record's budget label, Epic, has announced it is dropping from its roster "Canada's premier newwave band!" the Ontario College Of Art's **DIODES**, and signed in its place British cult drummer **PETE BEST**, founding member of the now-defunct **BEATLES**. Mastermind behind the move is CBS Canada's house producer **BOB "GALLOPING" GALLO**, who gave sound advice to such Sixties semi-stars as **THE RASCALS** and **SYNDICATE OF SOUND** before having **THE DIODES** dumped into his lap. His plans for the ex-BEATLE, whose 13-year-old debut elpee **BEST OF THE BEATLES** (Savage BM7 1) sold a reputed 43 copies worldwide, include a debut 45 & LP both to be titled **CRASH'N'BURN**.



Left to right are Pete's manager, David L. Rolnick, record producer Bob Gallo and Pete. They are the two men responsible for guiding the ex-Beatle's career today.

REMEMBER!  
YOU READ IT FIRST IN  
PIG!

# DEAD STARS AREN'T

Those **ELVIS** and **DOORS** tickets you bought may not be useless after all, for it has been revealed that the deaths of **ELVIS PRESLEY** and **JIM MORRISON** are nothing but hoaxes perpetrated to save the two superstars from a life of rock'n'roll adulation. **PRESLEY'S** death a year ago, executed by his manager **COL. T. PARKER** and several of the King's "friends in way-up places" has allowed 'EL to let his hair fade back to its natural grey and move into a luxury New York apartment, free at last from the pressures of stardom. **MORRISON** concocted his turn-of-the-decade French heart attack and turned up several years later as Chairman Of The Board of **THE BANK OF AMERICA OF LOUISIANA**. He has also privately published a book detailing his hoax and his new corporation. But there are NO truth to the rumors that **BRIAN JONES** is really **KEITH REIF** & really **GREG SHAW** is really **PIGPEN**.

# SAUCER OVER U.K.

Age-old **HAMILTON, ONTARIO** foursome, who are retrospectively receiving recognition as one of the land's original newavists, are **TOP OF THE POPS** in England, as this review of their debut 45 from the July 8 '78 **RECORD MIRROR** shows. The record's also chart-charging in **BOSTON, OTTAWA, and**

**SAN FRAN**  
**5150.**  
A 2nd  
45 is  
due by  
Xmas,  
plus a  
U.S.  
Tour.

## WE'VE SAVED IT TO THE END... THE SINGLE OF THE WEEK

**SIMPLY SAUCER:** 'She's A Dog' (Fig 1). Canadian band sounding a bit 'Oooo very approximately the best single this week, reminiscent of the fab four (harmony wise), constructive guitar work, although the lyrics... err... woof? If you can find it, buy it...

# TORANNA PUNKS

By **LOTTE LASCIVIOUS- NESSE**

**THE UGLY**, who began their career 16 months ago as **VILETONES** roadies, have broken up. So what, right? Except that **UGLY** bassist **TONY TORTURE** has replaced **CHRIS HATE** as **VILETONES** bassist! And **CHRIS** has become **VILETONES** lead guitarist! **THE VILES'** new EP, **Look Back In Anger**, due this month... **THE CURSE**, yet more ex-**TONES** roadettes, broke up... then reformed! **Hb-humm...** Coming soon: ex-**CORDES**, **LOVED ONES** etc. as **THE HITS** (maybe)... **MISSING IN ACTION:** The **CADS**. Fortunately... **BATTERED WIVES** LP and **TORANNA NEWAVE SAMPLER** LP coming soon from this town's answer to **Stiff, Bomp, and Bang: BOMB RECORDS**. Eh?



Nice Art



# NO FUTURE

## Sex PISTOLS

1975-1978

I was walking down Queen Street E. in Toronto on the afternoon of Saturday April 15 en route to New Rose Punk Shoppe (where The Viletones were hopefully gonna pay me the \$\$ they owed me) when I was seized by a vicious attack of The Munchies (happens everytime I'm owed \$\$). I immediately sought refuge in my favourite restaurant, the ironically-empty Blue Sea Eatery at 90 Queen East. I always eat here when in Toronto coz it's always empty save for some rubby sleeping in his soup at the rear. But besides the rubby and I on this particular afternoon, however, was a young man with tossed dirt-red hair and a slick Eaton's-looking jacket. He looked vaguely familiar. "Is it?...Could it be?..." After all, he was supposed to be in Toronto... I was scared to go up and strike a conversation with him (he's supposed to be REAL

mean), so I decided to grab a nearby table and advertise the fact that I was a journalist to see what happened. Shunning the menu (after all, I was broke) I littered the tabletop with contact sheets, rulers, layout pals.

It worked. After repeatedly eyeing me from behind his large 7-Up he finally mumbled in a crazed London accent, "You a writer?"

"Yeah" I replied, scarcely glancing up from my Mickey'n'Blondie prints (see Page ) "What?" the 7-Up asked. "I said Yeah, I'm a writer" I repeated. "No, I mean What do you write?" he said. "Oh. Umm, Lots of things. Here", and I handed him a copy of PIG PAPER 8. He grabbed it and stuffed it into an old briefcase which lay at the foot of his seat.

ROT: Thanks. I got another one of your papers yesterday and thought it was pretty funny.

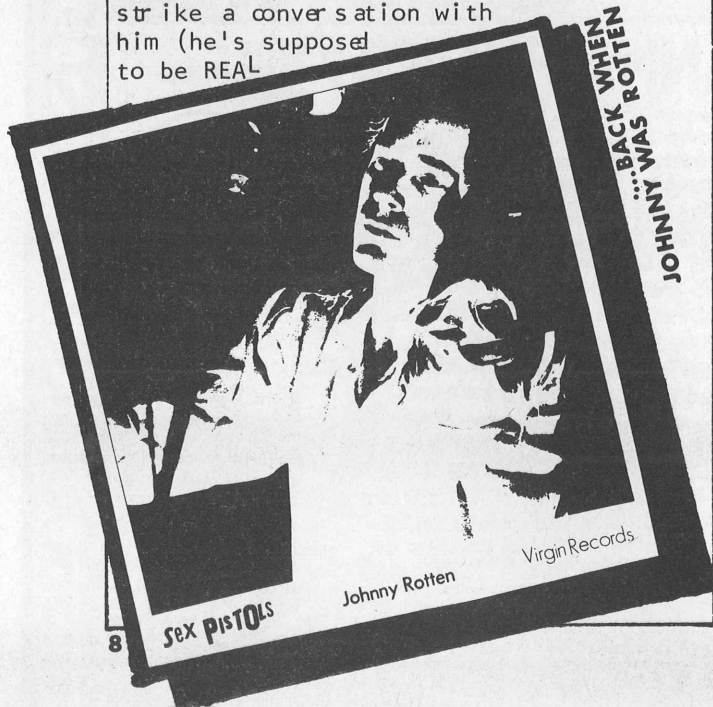
PIG: Er, Thank you. Most people say that about my magazine.

ROT: Then why do you keep doing it?

PIG: It's a god way to lose money!

Feeling I'd broken the ice with that last statement I'm sure he and most of us can readily identify with, I bravely told him "But I bet I'd make a fortune if the next PIG PAPER had a Johnny Rotten interview in it".

Rottendidn't tell me to Fuck Off. He said Why Not - he has nowhere to go till seven when he was to re-unite with his mum whom he was visiting Toronto with. He even let me record his words with my trusty Panasonic Mini-Tapey, but warned me that I'd get sued blind if I bootlegged the interview onto vinyl. (Coming Soon: ROTTEN TALKS, on Time Warp Records - Not a one lawsuit has stuck to me yet).





JOHNNY  
SEZ

# NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS

Some personal impressions of Rotten before we begin: He's got nothing like the diseased oatmeal complexion he reputed to have. After all, he's been busy vacationing in the tropics. But the infamous JR Eyes are as icy and stare-insistent as legend proclaims. Makes Nazi Dog an Osmord by comparison. No, I couldn't spot any Johnson & Johnson baby powder sprinkled in his hair. He literally spits out words like "Malcolm" and "Pistols" with a vengeance, yet the rest of his speech is slurred and lifeless. Oh, and of course he wants to be known as John Lydon these days.

The cast of characters, then:

JOHNNY ROTTEN-LYDON: Ex-Pistol  
STEVE JONES, PAUL COOK,  
SID VICIOUS: Sex  
Pistols

BEFORE SID...  
BEFORE AMERICA...

**SEX PISTOLS**

**100 CLUB**

**TUES 15th**

100 OXFORD ST, W1

sartorial  
correctness

Sex Pistols  
and a CAST (PLASTER)  
7.30 till LATE. bars

LONDON, 1976:  
BACK IN THE GOOD OLD DAZE...

MALCOLM McLAREN: Sex Pistols manager

DUCKS DELUXE: Belatedly-acclaimed British rockband

\*\*\*\*\*

PIG: Here comes the obvious question. I know it must make you feel like an ex-Beatle or something but are The Sex Pistols ever going to reform?

ROT: They can go right ahead without me if they want, but I have a feeling they won't. They are too messed up individually.

PIG: Specifically?

ROT: Without getting too specific, Jones and Cook are schemers. Sid is a follower. Malcolm is a manipulator.

PIG: Did that cause the break-up?

ROT: In affect, yeah. The main problem was Malcolm, and still is by the way because he's threatened to sue me if I ever go back on stage with anything but Sex Pistols.

PIG: How can he do that?

ROT: I dunno. He's got good lawyers.

PIG: Do you ever want to go back on stage?

ROT: Yeah, but not until this whole thing dies down, which shouldn't take too long.

PIG: You're supposed to be starting a reggae band.

ROT: Am I?

PIG: You just got back from Jamaica didn't you?

ROT: Yeah, but what does that mean? I was there on holiday till one of Malcolm's boys discovered me with his camera.

PIG: What's McLaren up to?

ROT: I dunno. Most likely something stupid.

PIG: Would The Sex Pistols have stayed together if they hadn't of toured America?

ROT: No. It was coming apart before then. America just speeded up the process. The Pistols were finished in '76

ROT  
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A GARY  
PIGCLUSIVE



when we cut our first record, as far as I was concerned. Since then it's just been a job: "Write another song", "Sign this".

PIG: That's what you all wanted, wasn't it? Records out, success...

ROT: Yes, but we wanted it to be harder right, and it wasn't.

PIG: How so?

ROT: We were treated as a circus act for a year. That was the fault of the press, of course, but nobody did anything to

**TONITE**  
**SEX PISTOLS**

**JAN 19 MERLE HAGGARD**



00536  
 SEC ROW SEAT  
 GEN. ADM.  
 JAN. 8, 1978  
 ADULTS ONE ONE ADULTS ONE ONE

STONE CITY ATTRACTIONS  
 PROUDLY PRESENTS

**Sex Pistols**

RANDY'S RODEO

JAN	8	1	SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
		9	SUNDAY
		7	8:00 P.M.
		8	

THE SEX PISTOLS' SUICIDE TOUR: "APATHY IN THE U.S."

stop it.

PIG: Perhaps they encouraged it.

ROT: Perhaps. I'll never know half of what went on.

PIG: An English friend of mine told me the Pistols and British punk in general reached its peak in mid-'76, with the 100 Club's Punk Festival and all that.

ROT: Musically and socially it was at its peak then, but that's for historians. I don't want to waste time dwelling on the past. No more Sex Pistols questions.

PIG: Okay. Let's talk about Britain.

ROT: That's not much of an improvement.

PIG: Were you brought up as a working-class kid?

ROT: If you had to call it something, it'd be that, but I went out of my way to avoid working.

PIG: What did you do in school?

ROT: Wasted time. Met a few people.

PIG: Sid and you were classmates?

ROT: Our paths crossed occasionally back then, yes.

PIG: What did you two think of each other?

ROT: I think we hated each other.

PIG: Were you a rock fan back then?

ROT: No. You don't have to be a fan to hear it. It just comes in your ears through windows and outdoors.

PIG: Did you hear anything you liked particularly?

ROT: I can't remember. Ducks Deluxe, but don't quote me on it. I heard lots of things, but I didn't start getting records till later. I used to steal them at parties.

PIG: What records did you steal?

ROT: Whatever I could get me hands on. I couldn't read the labels till I got them home. Some were great nicks.

PIG: Did you ever imagine you'd be in a band someday?

ROT: Never. I never imagined anything.

PIG: Is it true you got in the Pistols my lip-syncing "I'm Eighteen" from Malcolm's jukebox?

ROT: I can't remember. No more Pistols please.

PIG: Okay. Back to Britain: What do you like about that country? What do you hate about it?

ROT: I like the weather. I like some of the people. I hate most of it.

PIG: Are you going to live there the rest of your life?

ROT: Maybe.

PIG: How does it compare to the U.S.?

ROT: I dunno. These are stupid questions.

PIG: I know, but I'm unprepared. Like most people I just know what I've read in Rolling Stone about you.

ROT: Too bad. I've got nothing to say.

PIG: What are you doing in Toronto?

ROT: I don't know, but I can tell you right now that I bet the bands here suck.

PIG: How can you tell that?

ROT: From the cut of the buildings.

PIG: Hmmm. What are you going to do now?

ROT: I think I'll have a rest. I think I deserve one. I'll get another band going:



No-one's gonna stop me. I'll make some records maybe. I'll have to work though: All my money's tied up. It's all in courts with you-know-who. I got a house. A little one. That's all. That's all I need. That's all I can afford.

PIG: Any idea what your new band will consist of?

ROT: No. Just music. And a little less hype than last time.

\*\*\*\*\*

With that, Johnny finished off his 7-Up, left an American dollar on the table, told me to "Keep it up" (?) and walked out of the restaurant. So much for the scoop of the century.

In the months since that lunch, The Sex Pistols have reformed without Rotten but with you-know-who still managing, and have a new twelve-inch singledue any minute. Along with the 45 will be a documentary film of the Pistols tentatively titled THE GREAT ROCK AND ROLL SWINDLE and a flurry of paper back histories of the band. John Lydon has formed The Carniverous Buttockflys with three other young, unknown London musicians and, according to a nice letter I received from his little house last week, they're rehearsing hard.

I don't really know how to end off...

## JEREMY GLUCK PROUDLY PRESENTS

Magical news has reached me now of a facilely accessible pinnacle of contemporary rock'n'roll stupidity which will transform the until-now relatively elitist field of nonsense prospecting entirely. A song so water tight in its conception and execution of kitsch that it is a landmark in musical malfaisance the type of which may occur only once in a decade.

The guilty party's title is "Ca Plane Pour Moi" by a Belgian limpwrist malmy palmy calling himself Plastic Bertrand, the continent's own made good. On the charts in a half-dozen nations, Plastic Bertrand is setting a precedent in infantile extremism unchallenged in scale and quality for many years. I'm so intoxicated with ol' Plastic that I could be pushed to say he is

THE SAM THE SHAM OF THE SEVENTIES !!

Look at the evidence:

"Ca Plane Pour Moi" is (oh magic digit) three chords at a pinch, has a two-note searing pulp of a solo and (sharp intake of breath) SURF HARMONIES. Genuine Beach Whoops that could slim Brian Wilson - and that's saying alot! The lyrics, sung in fuel-injected Français, are utterly and extravagantly SILLY. Not clever; Not a finely woven tapestry of parody, mind. Simply T O T A L L Y D U M B. They are senseless to all but the most hardy of rubbish snipers. I have, with the help of a translation, threaded the needle of Bert's absurdity and it is foolproof. From every angle this record is crystalline in its worthlessness. That is to say It Is Indispensable. A record collection without "Ca Plane Pour Moi" is as a fish without a bicycle.

Enough waxing lyrical on the vinyl. It was my great honor shortly ago to witness Plastic Bertrand visually expositing his epic on that eternal showcase of slime, Top Of The Pops. (For you idiots out there, TOP is sort of the British television equivalent of The Midnight Special. Sort of). Plastic Bertrand How Ridiculous Art Thou, can I count the ways?

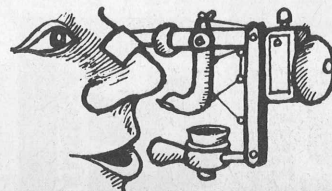
Basically, Plastic didn't sing his song so much as demonstrate a case of epilepsy. Shaking in time in between an eye-catching batch of beauties bedecked in balloons, this fruit of faddish excess grinned and up-staged an assortment of bonafide musicians in grand style. Leather strands clinging to his weedy gams, Plastic came across to an aghast crowd as nothing less than nothing. He is definitely Goofsville. A megablast of beautifully-tailored foderole. I Am In Love.

Let us now praise Plastic Bertrand! An idiot grin in a world of frowns! The Ambassador Of Good Swill!

fin

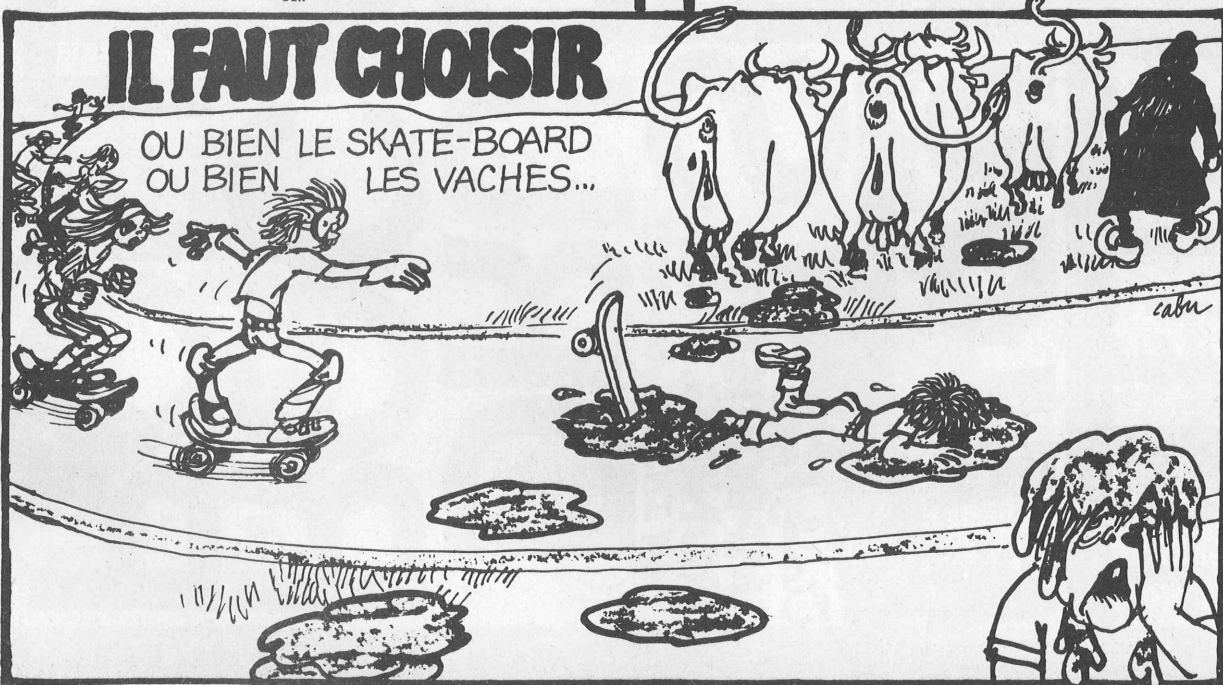
The kid breaks me up.

# MORE STUPID SONGS



## 4. THE "HYGENA" AUTOMATIC NOSE PICKER

Strapped to the nose in the normal way, this highly sensitive automatic device is activated by any foreign particle entering the nose. The yellow light glows, an alarm bell rings, and the extricating mechanism springs into action, removing everything in the wearer's nose within seconds, wraps it up into a neat ball and pops it in his mouth.



CAMPAGNE NATIONALE DES PARENTS D'ADEPTES DE LA PLANCHE À ROULETTES MENACÉS PAR LES BOUSES DE VACHES.



# Midnight

# ENQUIRE

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY PAPER IN AMERICA

OUR PRICE  
**60c**  
CHEAP

**High-Protein Diet  
Can Kill Your Dog**  
page 62

# SICK!

**EXCLUSIVE:**

**Cindy Pig's  
IMPROVISATIO  
IRONING. NAL  
AN INSIDE REPORT!**

# SEX DRUGS ROCK'N ROLL

## Punk rockers turn our kids into Nazis

*Punk rock followers wear swastikas and tell people Hitler is their idol. After a riot in Tampa, the mayor has banned the punk rock group Led Zeppelin from ever appearing in the Florida city. This is only shades of things to come!*

PAGES 6-7

TO MANY ALL-AMERICAN INFLATION-FEARING FOLKS, THE WORDS "SEX" AND "DRUGS" AND "ROCK AND ROLL" REPRESENT THREE OF OUR COUNTRY'S GREAT THREATS. BUT TO MANY OF OUR OWN YOUNGSTERS, THESE WORDS, RECENTLY THE TITLE OF A BIG HIT DISC BY BRITISH "SCUZ-ROCKER" IAN DRURY, ARE A WAY OF LIFE.

Ever since the "Psychodelic Revolution" of a decade ago, teens have been "tuning on" and "turning out" with the weird "LSD-Rock" of The Beatles, Rolling Stones, and

Singer David Burns, clad in tattered puck-rock attire, immediately demanded I pay him ten bucks if I wished to in-

# DISHES



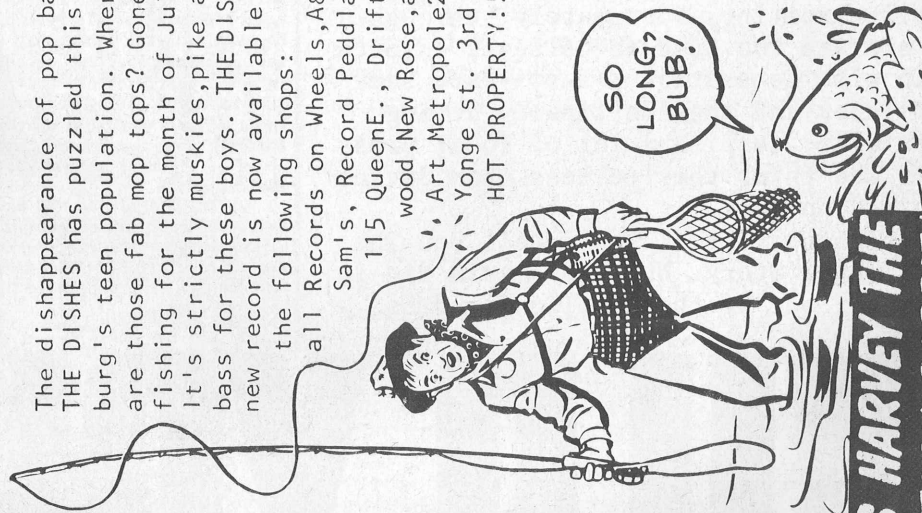
# DISHES

## GO FISHIN'



The disappearance of pop band THE DISHES has puzzled this burg's teen population. Where are those fab mop tops? Gone fishing for the month of July! It's strictly muskies, pike and bass for these boys. THE DISHES new record is now available at the following shops:

all Records on Wheels, A&A,  
Sam's, Record Peddler  
115 Queen E., Drift-  
wood, New Rose, and  
Art Metropole 241  
Yonge st. 3rd fl.  
HOT PROPERTY!!!!



IT'S HARVEY THE  
'ATTACK RABBIT'

revolution of a decade ago, teens have been "tuning on" and "turning out" with the weird "LSD-Rock" of The Beatles, Rolling Stones, and Bob Dylan. Even once respectable entertainers, such as the late Bob E. Darin, turned "hippy" and "yippy" much to the confusion and annoyance of the Over-30's.

But recently, with the advent of such popnomenas as Alice Cooper (actually a man!), and "Punk Rock", young people are being bombarded from their hi-fi sets with filth and disgust the likes of which make olden-day rock rebels such as the also late Buddy Holly meek by comparison.

So I decided to go Underground - deep into the dingy and dank caverns where today's vile and ugly rock and rollers breed.

Cleverly disguised as a correspondent for "16" Magazine - long regarded as the Voice of Teenaged Rebellion - I squeezed into my tightest "bondage gear" and received a shocking first-hand view of the Alternative Society.

The place was called the Horse--- Tavern, and the combo on stage, producing sounds no more musical than the sound of nails on chalkboards, was called the Talking Heads. After this band's thankfully brief performance, I managed to sneak backstage into their dressing room.

A more terrifying experience I have never experienced in my many years of investigative journalism!

in tattooed punk attire, immediately demanded I pay him ten bucks if I wished to in-



## "TOKING HEAD" TINA

terview him.

Needless to say I declined! But worse than this was young Tina Wavemouth, the band's female, who as casually as others may walk a dog, prepared and then consumed an entire "reefer" (cigarette) of obnoxious-smelling young

**PUNK ROCK  
violence takes  
over the stage**

**THE**  
**"THE 2nd COMING!"**  
**New Pop Prophets: VERBS**

SEE PAGE 24

**AMERICA**  
**DOLLAR**  
**DRAINERS**



free contraceptives  
**RIGHT OLD MESS**  
**RELIGION PUNCH**  
**IS A LOAD OF**  
**SHY OF MEET**  
**GIRLS** I GET ON GO  
**DEEP**  
**TO BASH**  
**BLUE**  
**IRITY A**

FROM  
 THE BOOK  
 OF THE SAME NAME  
 PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 1964



**GENERATION X**

Charles Hamblett and Jane Deverson

**TODAY'S GENERATION TALKING ABOUT ITSELF**  
 'I'm sometimes scared... but normally I think I'm just great.'  
 'You want to hit back at all the old geezers who tell us what to do.'  
 'I'd prefer to do something for the good of humanity.'  
 'I feel right proud of myself when I can bash someone in...'  
 'I wouldn't go through with an abortion again...'  
 'Religion is the only thing which really scares me...'  
 'Marriage is a nice convention and the only way to decrease the  
 number of redundant children.'  
 'We all want to see the conservatives in power. Let's face it - they  
 know all about running the country.'  
 'We don't trust any...'  
 'We don't trust any...'  
 'You've really had an idiot to understand you. That's the only thing  
 past to be any good.'  
 'You've really had an idiot to understand you. That's the only thing  
 past to be any good.'  
 'You've really had an idiot to understand you. That's the only thing  
 past to be any good.'  
 'I'm not afraid of death. Roll on death and let's have a bash at the  
 angels.'  
 ... talking about Education, Marriage, Money, Pops, Politics,  
 Parents, Drugs, Drink, God, Sex, Class, Colour, Kinks, and  
 Living for Kicks.

**TANDEM BOOKS**

**WHY  
 GENERATION X  
 ARE THE BEST  
 GROUP IN THE WORLD**

Keep The Sex Pistols (someone is going to have to now), keep The Clash and someone take The Stranglers, please. I've got a group on my side to beat the lot of ya.

Now, I ain't gonna run down an itemized list of what it is that has had me mouthin off about Generation X for the past year, ever since I first heard their John Peel BBC broadcast, coz if you can't feel it yourself from their debut LP (Chrysalis # CHR-1169) then I just can't help.

Some things in life are self-evident, okay? Let's just say Generation X are self-evident, as in self-evidently brilliant or self-evidently sincere or self-evidently exciting. Fortunately, through a twist of fate too kind to believe, I sorta fell in with Generation X last year. Back a year later and they're finally acting the new wave, despite a lot of local press jackals who think they're less than divine though I dunno why.

I hate history so I won't tell you The Generation X Story. Why, you could dig it up yourself out of those yellowing NMEs

and thrill as I did each time Billy Idol changed his hair colour. I really couldn't rush in and have you miss that! What I could do (included in the price of this issue) is hammer out this interview with Billy Idol and Tony James, Gen.X's twin turbines.

This chat took place in a plush Brighton hotel suite Generation X booked after having been thrown out of their original choice on first sight. First I talked to Tony James. Billy Idol entered later:

**DO YOU ALREADY HAVE PLANS FOR MORE RECORDS?**

I always think you should record when you're ready, which is what we did with the album: We took our time. We've written two or three new songs which we rehearse in sound-checks. If I have to write a whole new album in two weeks it's all gonna sound the same. If I rush and try to write three songs at the same time I split my ideas three ways so it's better to take those three songs and put them into one.

**NOW THAT YOUR FIRST THREE SINGLES HAVEN'T MADE THE TOP 30, ARE YOU RETHINKING YOUR APPROACH AT ALL?**

No. I like putting singles out. The reason our singles haven't been big is because we don't have any radio airplay. I don't know why. I think we'll put out an EP next of material we had left over from the album. (These cuts appeared on the North American pressings of the Generation X album). I'd like to get everything out and then get on with the new stuff.

**WHY DO PARTS OF THE U.K. PRESS HAVE ANTI-PATHY TOWARDS YOU?**

Ever since we started they've been down on us. It's always been "They're great, but..." I know what we're doing so I don't really care what anyone else does now.

**WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN ON YOUR ENCOUNTER WITH KEITH MOON?**

He was drunk, right? Billy just met him at a reception and he came down to the studio. He walked in and Mark, our drummer, just fainted! Keith's always been good to us: One of the few from the big groups who's like one of the lads when you meet him. When we met Pete Townshend he punched Mark in the face! Some argument or other. Anyways, we played Keith our stuff and then he played with us on some Who stuff, until he broke the bass pedal...

**WHY WAS YOUR ALBUM SO LONG IN COMING OUT? COULDN'T YOU HAVE DONE IT ANY SOONER?**

We could have done it last summer. We did some recording with our old drummer, John Towe, but it wasn't happening. It was a drag to break up because we knew that if we asked John to leave it would delay the record. But I felt it was better to do it then than in the middle of a deal. You see, we don't need to be carried along on the crest of a new wave. We're quite content to ride along behind in a boat.

**ENTER BILLY IDOL.**

**WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE POWER-POP FIASCO THAT WAS INVENTED IN BRITAIN BY THE RECORD COMPANIES?**

Record company people even had to change the way they looked to be involved with punk music and that frightened people. I think they created power-pop because it's nostalgic and reaches back into the past, so they don't have to change. I think that people like us are speaking for ourselves. Whether it's new or not I don't know. I just know it's what we're saying and the way we dress and think. I know our record company find it hard; they don't understand us. I think that's great though, because it makes people use their heads.

**DO YOU THINK THAT THE NEW WAVE HAS FAILED AT ALL?**

No. I think it did change things. It opened doors for lots and lots of new groups. Not just punk groups either; just people with ideas who would never have picked up a guitar otherwise. It could only have failed if groups like us weren't around. But we're here, so it hasn't failed.

**WILD YOUTH**





I THINK YOUR SOUND HAS CHANGED ALOT DURING THE PAST YEAR, DO YOU?  
 A lot of people have said we're becoming more "pop". I think we've always played a sort of punk-strong rock'n'roll though. Music with feeling and emotion which is also the loudest, heaviest music possible: That's what I've always wanted to play. I never wanted to be in a "pop" group because it's exactly what we're not.

WHAT ABOUT THE NEXT GENERATION X ALBUM?

I think it should... I dunno. People say we started out as a punk group but I don't think we did. Not exactly. I'm not saying I minded being labelled "punk", but I think there's always been many different aspects to our music. Now that the one album is out people can see that we were always capable of writing good rock like "From The Heart". But also, more complicated songs like "Kiss Me Deadly". All I can say is that the next album will be even better.

Now, if I were you, I would do something straight off: Buy the Generation X album and play it over and over and over again (which you're bound to do inspite of yourself) and once you've memorized it thoroughly, loan it to a friend. Just long enough so he gets the feeling he can't live without a copy. Then take it back coz by then you'll be missing it something awful. In this way, in your own home, you can be a Generation X Representative.

Just think: In homes all over North America, thousands, and soon millions of kids singing, playing, and worshipping to Generation X! Can a more sparkling ideal be aspired to? When God finished creating this mad orb and said it was good he surely must have meant: "All we need to glue this whole proposition together is one record. One hunk of black (yes: Black) vinyl that will top it all off!"

This, my dear friends, is the first, not last album by Generation X. The greatest group on God's green earth.

You know what to do.

free contraceptives  
 RIGHT OLD MESS  
 RELIGION PUN  
 IS A LOAD OF  
 SHY OF MEETING  
 GIRLS I GET ON GREAT WITH  
 DEPRESSION  
 TO BASH SOMEONE  
 BLUE BEAT OBLIVION  
 RITY AN AIM IN L

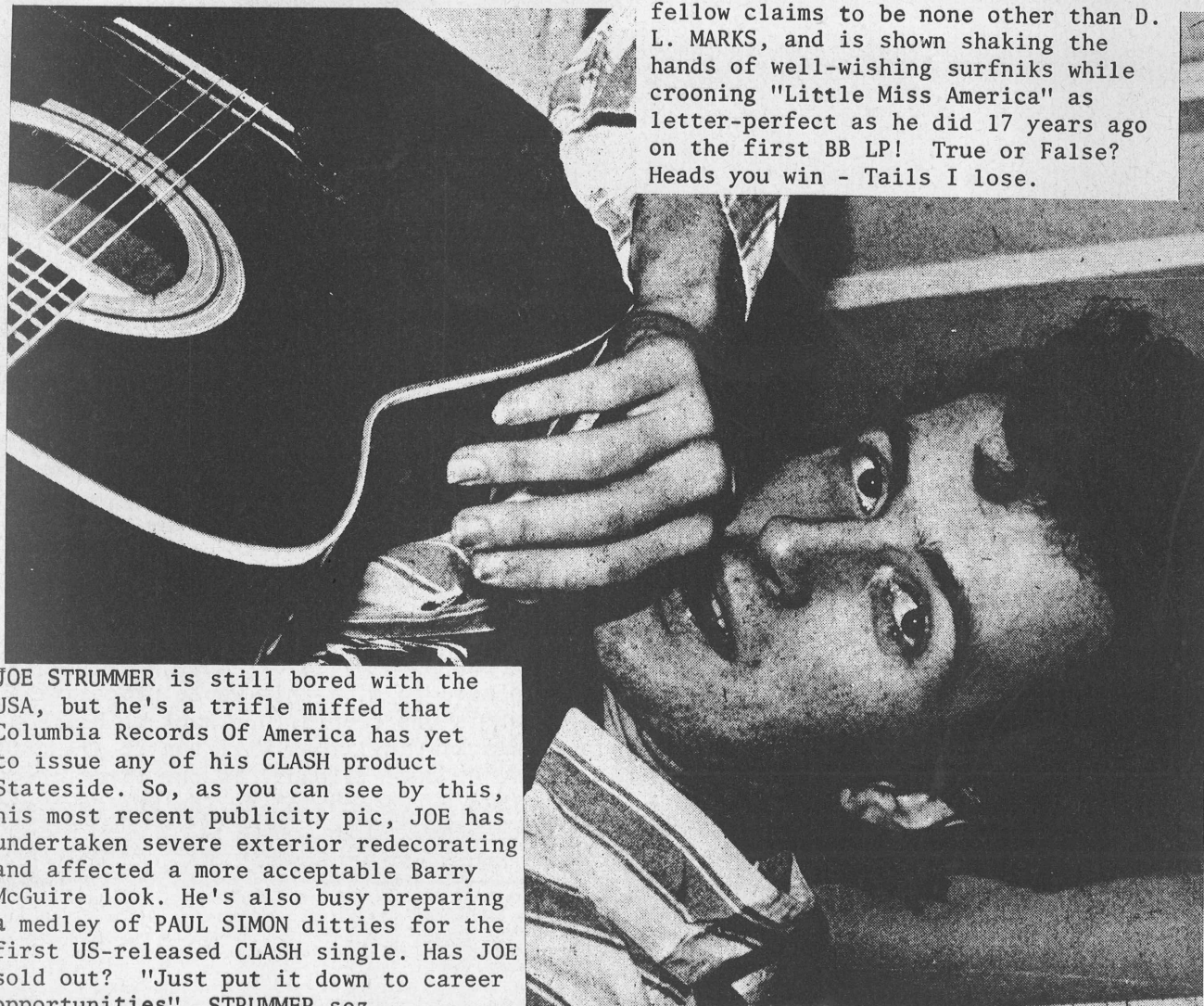
Young Jeremy Gluck just happens to be one of the greatest writers on so-and-so's green earth. Long active (and frustrated) a character on the Canadian music scene Jeremy at last found freedom: A home with PIG. Now acting as our pigsclusive European correspondent (with Big Interviews up-coming with Ray Davies, The Saints et al), he would like all his Toronto pals to know he is now busy gigging with his very own band, The Baracuda, and wonders, as do we all, why The Viletones aren't yet in London.





## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO?

Veteran PIG PAPER readers will know well of our search for renegade ex-BEACH BOY DAVID MARKS, who subbed for dental student AL JARDINE during the "In My Room" days. We recently dispelled the rumour that MARKS was in fact teen actor-cum-hearthrob JOHNNY CRAWFORD of "Cindy's Birthday" and "The Rifleman" fame. But even B. Boy drummer DENNIS "She Was NOT Under Age" WILSON, in a pigsclusive P.P.6 Interview, failed to shed sun upon the whereabouts of DAVID. Well, we've hopefully solved the mystery for good! The roving lens of JOHNNY PIG was alerted to the man pictured at left who ROCK SERLING stumbled upon at a New York City rock convention this summer. This fellow claims to be none other than D. L. MARKS, and is shown shaking the hands of well-wishing surfniks while crooning "Little Miss America" as letter-perfect as he did 17 years ago on the first BB LP! True or False? Heads you win - Tails I lose.



JOE STRUMMER is still bored with the USA, but he's a trifle miffed that Columbia Records Of America has yet to issue any of his CLASH product Stateside. So, as you can see by this, his most recent publicity pic, JOE has undertaken severe exterior redecorating and affected a more acceptable Barry McGuire look. He's also busy preparing a medley of PAUL SIMON ditties for the first US-released CLASH single. Has JOE sold out? "Just put it down to career opportunities" STRUMMER sez.

SHAHN KERMANI



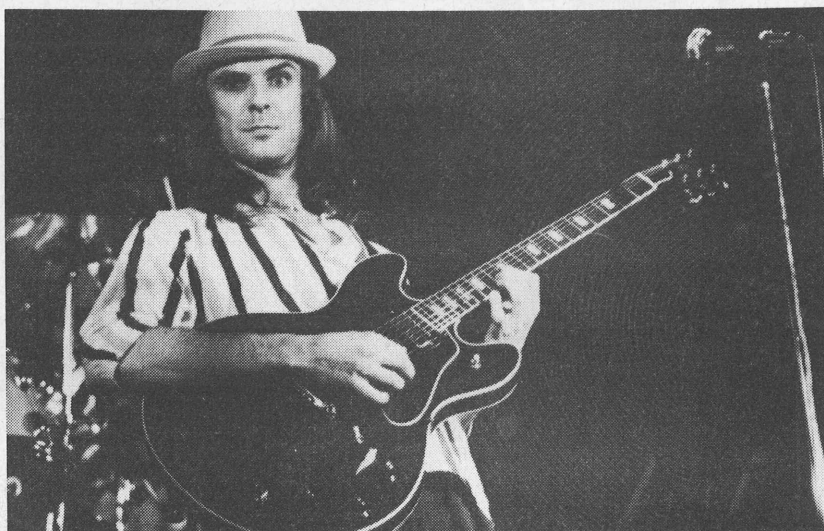
PLEASE SEND IN YOUR OWN PIGALLERY PIX FOR PUBLICATION. (B&W Only)

# PIGALLERY



RALFONZO

Long-time PIGALLERY pin-up pixie, MICKEY SKIN (of THE CURSE?) exchanges little girl lies with a harried DEBORAH HARRY of BLONDIE backstage in Toronto recently. Shadowing Deb as they do all visiting celebs are DIODES JOHN HAMILTON and PAUL ROBINSON, who unsuccessfully invited Ms.H to a party at Ralfonzo's that evening. (MICKEY went though...)



MIKE TUTT

## WHO IS THIS?

Ex-SPEC TREVOR HAWKINS?! If you think you know who this is, or even if you'd care to make some dumb guesses, Send your answers into PIG today! and you could win copies of this man's (HINT) two Anthem Records albums (TWO MORE HINTS). What have you got to lose?





## BILL MCAVORY

Hey, kids! Did any of you know that The Diodes did NOT release the first local punk album? That distinction belongs to the late and lately-lamented Ugly Ducklings, whose **SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE** LP appeared in 1966. John Hamilton of the just-mentioned Diodes claims that all the Toronto punkheads know about the Ducks, and the quintet's "Just In Case You Wonder" 45 was a fave on the old Crash'n'Burn jukebox, though everyone insisted it was the Roogilators From Space or something. You see, unfortunately, most people just know nothing about this great band. The Ugly Ducklings (originally named The Strolling Bones) got together in a Scarborough, Ontario high school around 1965. As their lead singer Dave Byngham revealed to **PIG** recently, "The Ducks and The Haunted in Montreal were the only bands in Canada doing Stones material. Back then, everyone else was doing Beatle stuff".

Other original Ducklings were John Read (bass), Glynn Bell (rhythm guitar), Roger Mayne (lead guitar), and Robin Boers (drums). Their first record, "Nothin'", featured a kinky raunch guitar that sounds almost like Dave "Death Of A Clown" Davies (or Jimmy Page, depending on which fable you subscribe to). The song blasted into Toronto's Top Ten and was followed by three other nits, including the classic "Gaslight", which hit Number One. In an up-coming column, I'll present an in-depth chat with Dave Byngham, who is fortunately still very much alive but is too busy to talk at the moment coz he's in the middle of moving. Meanwhile, haunt the bargain bins and delete zones everywhere for Ugly Ducklings records - get them now while they're going for a dime. Because someday, someone, somewhere will unearth the band's material and re-issue it to death at inflated prices. Mind you, this music is worth hearing at any price. To make your shopping easier, I've enclosed a handy Ducks Discography.



## The UGLY DUCKLINGS

Every so often, opportunity lends itself to a person or persons, deserving or otherwise, in one fashion or another, for a moment or two. Several months ago, in a fit of passion, opportunity laid itself bare, for a quiet, dedicated group of 5— "THE UGLY DUCKLINGS". It came as a record called "NOTHIN" and a lot of work on the part of the group; along with that moment of opportunity, made NOTHIN a hit. So, they wrote, "SHE AIN'T NO USE TO ME", and recorded it and put it on the market, and it too became a hit.

They have also released an L.P. called "SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE". At about the same time, the "DUCKS" single, "THAT'S JUST THE THOUGHT THAT I HAD IN MY MIND, and "JUST IN CASE YOU WONDER", was released. Both the album and the single are indicative of the "UGLY DUCKLINGS" ingenious style and quality of recording and writing.

GLYNN BELL, is the "UGLY DUCKLINGS" rhythm guitarist, and is probably the 'least' ugly DUCKLING, of them all. Glynn plays guitar, some mouthorgan (harmonica) and has even tried the Bagpipes. He is a Jaguar fan, and hails originally from England. The PRETTY THINGS, the WHO, and PAUL REVERE AND THE RAIDERS, are his favourite groups, and hot tea and cold tea are his likes and dislikes in that order. Glynn, who's long blonde hair once hung well below his shoulders has had a haircut, pity!

ROGER MAYNE, is the lead guitarist for the group, and stands as perhaps the most regal soul of all. With green eyes, blonde hair, and an overbearing manner, Roger carries a good many fans over the threshold of ecstasy every time he smiles. Aside from orange sodas, Roger Ramjet and pretzels, Roger carries a torch for "SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE", the Lovin' Spoonful, Roger Miller, Mad Magazine, a Cooper Climax and Jake the Bear.

JOHN READ is the bass guitarist for the "DUCKS" . . . He is the proud owner of two basses and a guitar and is most fond of all three. John's musical tastes run from the Blues to Butterscotch. Lady Jezebel, (a brown, black, and white beagle) is his best friend and PAUL REVERE AND THE RAIDERS, his favourite group. Yorktown is his recording label, and Barbra Streisand shares the limelight along with Gene Autry as his favourite vocalist. So much for John.

ROBERT BOERS, is the DUCK'S drummer. Blue eyes, brown hair, self-taught, loves Rocky and Bullwinkle, that's our Bob. Pizza and applesauce make it as food of the day, and progressive jazz makes it as tops in listening enjoyment. Unlike the rest of the group, Robert went to West Hill Collegiate, "but we won't hold it against him".

DAVE BYNGHAM, is lead singer and harmonica player, who claims he never entered show business. Dave is a coffee and fair play man for breakfast; a pierced arrow and Chuck berry for lunch; and "SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE", for dinner. Some diet eh Dave?

These then are the "UGLY DUCKLINGS".

### 45s

- 1966 NOTHIN'/I CAN TELL (Yorktown 45001)
- 1966 10:30 TRAIN/SHE AIN'T NO USE TO ME (Yorktown Y-45002)
- 1966 THAT'S JUST A THOUGHT THAT I HAD IN MY MIND/JUST IN CASE YOU WONDER (mis-titled JUST IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING) (Yorktown Y 45003)
- 1967 POSTMAN'S FANCY/NOT FOR LONG (Yorktown Y 45005)
- 1967 GASLIGHT/RIMB NUGGET (Yorkville YV 45013)
- 1967 I KNOW WHAT TO SAY/EPILOGUE (Yorkville YV 45017)

### LP

- 1966 SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE (Yorktown YT 50.001)  
(A: Nothin', Do What You Want, She Ain't No Use To Me, Just In Case You Wonder, Not For Long, Ain't Gonna Eat Out My Heart Any More)  
(B: Hey Mama (Keep Your Big Mouth Shut), 10:30 Train, That's Just A Thought I Had In My Mind, Postman's Fancy, Windy City (Noise At The North End))

### ALSO

- 1968 GASLIGHT appeared on YORKVILLE EVOLUTION album (Yorkville YVM 33001)
- 1968 EPILOGUE appeared on AFTER FOUR album (Yorkville YVM 33003)



# DELETE ZONE

A DELETE ZONE REVIEW  
by Rock Serling

**Horseshoe**  
QUEEN AT SPADINA • 348-0111  
THIS THURSDAY FRIDAY SAT  
JUNE 1-3  
FROM NYC  
**SUICIDE**  
FROM DETROIT  
WITH EX-STOOGES  
RON ASHETON  
AND EX-MC5  
MICHAEL DAVIS  
**DESTROY ALL MONSTERS**

DESTROY ALL MONSTERS has the 1968 Inoshiro Honda, TOHO FILMS Monster spectacular, has a Michigan new-wave power-pop band to mark its 10th anniversary. Torontonians got their first taste of the group from Ann Arbor at the Horseshoe Tavern June 1st, 2nd, 3rd. The outfit came into Hogtown with sparse publicity in mags like CREEM (nice colour plk) and Rock Scene plus several boxes of their initial single release.

Just as interesting as the present state of affairs are for the group, so is a little history of the group and its make-up. There are two Millers, one plays the sax, (SHADES OF DENIS PAYTON!), maybe there we have a brother act. There is an ex-STOOGES, Ronnie Asheton and ex-MC5-er Mike Davis. Rob King is the skins beater. But the lead singer is a story all to her own. Her name is Niagara like the Falls and has her hands very full when up there on stage. In one hand, of course, is the Mike, and in the other is an identifiable pink can of Sugar free Tab. Rumour has it that she is an avowed pastry freak and that she went to Berkely High in 72. She and rhythm guitarist Cary Loren founded the five in 73 but the STOOGES-MC5 additions are recent.

On stage she it is hard to divide one's attention between studying the lead work of Asheton and the bass work of Davis, and the vocals of Nie. She has a voice that approximates accurately the sound and tone of boredom and apathy. Witness the verse and chorus in the BORED side of their single. But what the hell, that is perfect for their cover of Nancy Sinatra's THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKING. Oh yes, she can crank up the voice from this motoring state into a post-adolescent acreech (You're Gonna die Die DIE!!!)

Her dress is equally unique, with this get-up she had on that night, A flame orange vinyl-or was it leather?- mini skirt and a compact corset-bra. Her flame red-orange-bronze hair-doo looks like it was dried out using the house fan. Having never seen Blondie and Debby Harry for that matter, I'll not know at this moment how much she, Niagara patterned her stage presence after Debby.

Niag's talents do not end here. She drew the front jacket illo for the IBDI surprise single as well as the label design. And both of the a 45's songs have her in the writing credit. Wowf, another Patti Smith.

The single's songs are a collection of power pop near heavy metall with strong guitar parts, machine gun drumming and snaring and both bear the strangely affecting vocals of Niagara. You can cut the frustration and boredom of I'M BORED and YOU'RE GONNA DIE ah, has a surprise ending.

In the Japanese D.A.M., TOHO's monsters, lead by GODZILLA and radio-active mates, went on to sack the world and thms up and going Michigan Monsters should have little trouble doing the same. I look forward to an album if it is in the wind and a return to Toronto.

SUICIDE, also on the DESTROY ALL MONSTERS-TEENAGE HEAD Horseshoe bill are a duo who are very much off the punk path. I deem it hazardous to wholly lump them in with the mainstream of punk, for there is not one guitar or drum as the group plays. Martin Rev is the assault officer behind the synthesizer, percussion-rhythm box, and cassette unit he plays. While he lays out a loud almost fire alarmese riff patterns lead singer Alan Vega, no relation to the car, iggies around the stage like a controlled and caged tiger occasionally darting into the crowd to raise the skin of those in the front rows. And that is what he did to those of us who hung around out of sheer curiosity. While you're viewing Martin who is wearing sunglasses found in a sci-fi movie where people have to shield there eyes from an atomic blast or solar eclipse, Alan shakes around and changes vocal gears randomly. The group's main claim to fame is a Mysteron-Dalek cover version of 96 TEARS. It is as fascinating and innovative as DEVO's Satisfaction.

I was laid out by this unit and they have an album selling somewhere in limited quantities, and if you like this form of avant-garde offbeat neo-punk KRAFTWERKian rock riot then get it. And catch them if you can live, BECAUSE you'll never be the same after committing SUICIDE.

The MONSTERS  
are in REVOLT  
...and The World  
is on the brink of  
DESTRUCTION!

## "DESTROY ALL MONSTERS"

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If you think you're such a girl, or know of one, pay attention. Who Put the Bomp, along with Kim Fowley (renowned maker of stars) is sponsoring a contest to uncover new talent in this field. The contest is open to all-girl bands, solo girls who sing or play an instrument, or any combination thereof. Entries will be judged by Kim Fowley and a panel of Bomp editors. Winners will be flown to Hollywood where demo records will be cut and the product (hopefully) sold to a major record label. Runners-up will receive a free 3-year subscription to Bomp and a free girl-group record of our choice. Send demo tape, photo and bio to: GIRLS,

B-DAY  
THE B-GIRLS  
(GNP/Bomp 2107)

## RECORD REVIEW

Good girls like bad boys. We like bad girls: They're more fun. Bad girls like bad boys. Good boys are good buys. Sometimes B-Girls don't wear white. Write B-Girls Fan Club: 798 Richmond Street West, Apartment 652, Toronto, Ontario, Canada (367-1742)

CRASH AND BARN  
SIMPLY SAUCER / TEENAGE HEAD  
(Friday, June 23, 1978)

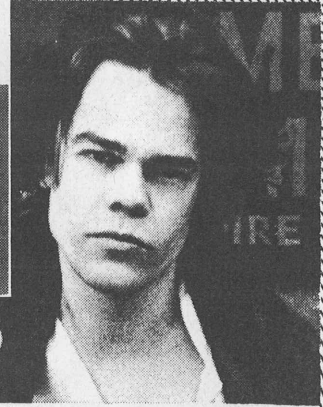
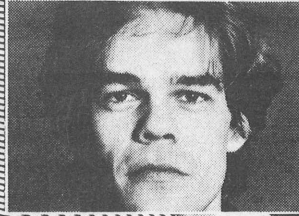
## CONCERT REVIEW

This show was scheduled at some unknown barn on the outskirts of Hamilton, Ontario, so me and my brother drove out there. First act was Edgar Breaux: Solo, on acoustic guitar, because the rest of the Saucer were on holiday that night. He did a set of folk-styled numbers to an appreciative crowd. After finishing the set, he was joined onstage by Frankie Venom and Steve Mahon for a modern-day interpretation of the Crosby Stills & Nash sound. All three said "We're taking a break now" and walked off stage, punching each other in the head until it finally degenerated into a brawl. The three of them then continued outside. Now came the long wait for Teenage Head who were supposed to come on at midnight. There was quite a line-up by now, and at 11:50 Head came on to tumultuous applause. They began their set with a new number: A really good fast one. In the middle of the song Gord Lewis apologized for the shitty sound system. Head began their second song: A slow one and a new one, and then a guy from the audience began pulling at Frankie's leg. But Frankie carried on regardless. Just then Chris Hate jumped onstage and beat the shit out of the guy pulling Frankie's leg as the song finished. Unfortunately word of the bomb scare had got around, and the barn was evacuated and everybody went away. My brother went home to sleep on a neighbour's front lawn and I went home to walk around my front lawn for the rest of the night.

PIG wants YOUR record reviews And  
PIG wants YOUR records to review!

DAVID JOHANSEN

including:  
Funky But Chic/Girls  
Frenchette/Pain In My Heart/Cool Metro



DAVID JOHANSEN

DAVID JOHANSEN

(Columbia/Blue Sky PZ-34926)

Uh oh, folks: It's another review by Arnold "Wannahearmylifestory?" The Pig. Well, maybe I'm a little long-winded and I can't help it if this album, like the one I taught you about in the last issue, is by a former New York Doll. It just so happens that the Dolls were a gas, and that the new wave just might not have happened without them.

So David Johansen, the Dolls' singer, has his own album out now and, Yes, it is Great. Just great. How could an album that starts off with a song called "Funky But Chic" be bad? As for "Funky But Chic", it's sorta disco-punk but the guitars are pretty loud and Sarah Dash and Nona Hendryx of Labelle make it sound good.

The best song on the record is "Pain In My Heart". It's so good it makes you yearn to vop, pogo, pony, eat a greasy hamburger, play pinball, and hang out. Super stuff with Felix "Rascal" Cavaliere playing organ, Stan Bronstein on horns, multi-vocals, a good beat, a catchy chorus, and, and....Gosh, It's Great!

"Donna" is a romantic 3/4-time song with lotsa coo-ing and great singing from Dave. "Frenchette" is another girl song but it starts off slow and builds dramatically, like Springsteen's "Thunder Road" except louder.

The remainder is fast, loud, tough rock'n'roll. DJ Himself is without equal when it comes to singing. As sarcastic and ridiculous as some of the songs are, Davey always manages to sound sincere. His phrasing and his lyrics are unique. The band is more than just competent, which is really something these days: Raw-cuss when they should be and quiet when Johansen sings.

As opposed to (although not necessarily better than) the powerpop of The Ramones, this is mainstream rock'n'roll: Lots of nifty arrangements, spontaneous improvisation (where did these big words come from?) and you can dance to it! So if punk is wearing thin with you (and it should be by now) Get this LP.

-Arnold The Pig

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TEENAGE  
HEAD**

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AND HIS  
BUCKAROO'S**



# LITTLE REVIEWS

BY GARY PIG

**BLONDIE** PLASTIC LETTERS (Chrysalis CHR-1166): Keyboardist James Destri has abandoned his beloved Farfisa organ in favour of the dreaded Roland synthesizer all over this disc. Consequently, "Denis" is the only cut that has more than the title going for it. Therefore, it went Top Ten in England. **SIX OINKS**

**BOYS** THE BOYS (Nems NEL-6001)

**ALTERNATIVE CHARTBUSTERS** (Nems NEL-6015): I'm afraid that like most Canadian consumers I wrongly overlooked these two wonders from the golden year of 1977. Thankfully, I.Mants came to my rescue. Let me now come to yours by advising you scarf up at least one of this twosome immediately. If not completely satisfied, send proof of purchase to PIG and I'll personally send you hate mail. **TEN OINKS EACH**

**ALLAN CLARKE** I WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY (Atlantic KSD-19175): He's left The Hollies again, but this time for better, I must admit. Overall, this LP tops The Hollies' last few, and that's real hard for me to say because I LUV The Hollies but hate Allan Clarke. Mainly coz he's such a prick at press functions. But then again so was John Lennon. **SEVEN OINKS**

**(COUNT) BISHOPS** BISHOPS LIVE! (Chiswick CH-7): Habit is to clump the Counts into the late pub/early punk era, but that doesn't do anyone justice. Despite sounding cliché, I'm just have to go to BISHOPS LIVE is a great rock'n'roll record - nothing more, nothing less - in the grand tradition of THE STANDELLS LIVE AND OUT OF SIGHT AT P.J.'S and KENNY AND THE KASUALS LIVE AT THE STUDIO CLUB. **NINE OINKS**

**ELVIS COSTELLO** "STRANGER IN THE HOUSE"/"NEAT NEAT NEAT" (Radar SAM-83) and **LAST YEAR'S MODEL** (Time Warp WARP-1): My hate of Declan is well known and well documented, and that score of **NINE OINKS** below must surprise you, but despite two dung-filled LPs, I believe there's hope. And as always, it lies in a 7-inch as opposed to a 12. The Radar 45 came as a bonus to the first million or so buyers of the UK THIS YEARS MODEL. "Stranger..." shows that The King would be better off on Hee Haw than Saturday Night Live. "Neat Neat Neat" tears The Damned apart, believe it or not. **LAST YEAR'S MODEL** is an EP illegally pressed from Columbia-Canada's ELVIS COSTELLO LIVE AT THE EL MOCAMBO promo album, and shows The King should not release studio albums. Search both of these out, and while you're at it, ditch his 12-inches. **NINE OINKS EACH**

**THE DIODES** "TIREDD OF WAKING UP TIREDD"/"CHILD STAR" (Epic E4-4186): I've pulled my typewriter into the closet so I can say this without fear of execution: I like The Diodes new single. "Tired...", even though it's got real dumb words (that aren't helped any by the REAL dumb singer), is a cute little bop. And "Child Star" was the only good cut on their album. So there: I like The Diodes new single. (Would it help any to say I now hate The Cads EP?) **SEVEN OINKS**

**THE DISHES** HOT PROPERTY (Regular R-02): I watched the year-old television film of a Dishes concert instead of the news last night. That, plus this new EP of theirs, leads me to one unescapable judgement: The Dishes should release a live record. Either that or find a producer who can make them sound even half as good as they really are the next time they step into the studio. I volunteer. **SEVEN OINKS**

**IAN DURY** NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES!! (Stiff STF-0002): I've never been able to figure this guy out. **FIVE OINKS**

**WILDMAN FISCHER** WILDMANIA! (Rhino RNLP-1): Ahhh, now this is more like it! There's three reasons why I'm relocating in L.A. as soon as I can. This record is one of them. **TEN OINKS**

**GENERATION X** GENERATION X (Chrysalis CHR-1169): The album of 1978 (so far). **TEN OINKS**

**THE KINKS** MISFITS (Arista AB-4167): Maybe it's because the band just lost their keyboardist and bassist. Or maybe it's because Kinks have been at it for fifteen years. But MISFITS is like the first grey hair or the first heart attack: Signs of approaching death. **SIX OINKS**

**MINK DEVILLE** RETURN TO MAGNETA (Capitol SW-11780): Willy & Co. sound like they're coasting. A bit early in the game for that, isn't it? **SIX OINKS**

**NEW LEGION** ROCK SPECTACULAR WILD ONES (Spectacular SPLP-7777): It was 'way back on Page 25 of PIG PAPER 6 that I first immortalized these guys in print. So grateful were they that they sent me a copy of their only LP to date. All the way from Brookfield, Wisconsin! Air Mail!! Needles to say it's fabulous. For your own copy, write Lee at PO Box 588, Brookfield 53005. And, Gary Topp, if you're listening: They're only charging \$2000 for a Canadian concert tour! **TEN OINKS**

**999** 999 (United Artists UAG-30199): Nice cover. **666 OINKS**

**OHO** OKINAWA (OHO NR-4579): I get a lot of WEIRD records in the mail, believe me. If you don't, write 8 Cedar Ave. Apt. B, Baltimore MD 21204 for this one. **FOUR OHOINKS**

**PALEY BROTHERS** THE PALEY BROTHERS (Sire 9147-6052): Produced in The Beach Boys' studio by Earle Mankey: How could it be anything but stupendous? Dwight Twilley taken one step ahead. **NINE OINKS**

**TOM PETTY** AND THE HEARTBREAKERS YOU'RE GONNA GET IT! (Shelter 9309-52029): Am I? **SIX OINKS**

**PLASTIC BERTRAND** PLASTIC BERTRAND (Vogue VO-15008): I must agree with it looks like everyone else and proclaim this as one of the year's top newcomers (along with The Rutles). I only wish I hadn't dropped French in Grade 10. **EIGHT OINKS**

**THE POINT** ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING (MCA MCF-2826): The soundtrack of the British stage adaptation of Harry Nilsson's 1970 album is a landmark in that it heralds the triumphant return of ex-Monkees Mickey and Davy. Not quite as potent as Capitol's DOLENZ JONES BOYCE AND HART but I'm not complaining. **NINE OINKS**

**IGGY POP** TV EYE (RCA AFL-12796): The only act which has released more albums in the past twelve months is that other famous RCA stiff Elvis. **FIVE OINKS**

**PORK DUKES** "MAKING BACON"/"TIGHT PUSSY" (Wood BRANCH-9): It's on yellow vinyl isn't it? **SEVEN OINKS**

**RADIO BIRDMAN** RADIOS APPEAR (Sire 9147-6050): I wrote these guys a letter a year ago that I still haven't got a reply from. Regarding this debut LP: I know I've heard it all somewhere before. It must be a lot like Canada in Australia. **FOUR OINKS** (if they had've answered my letter they would've got a FIVE)

**TOM ROBINSON BAND** POWER IN THE DARKNESS (Capitol STB-11778): I like it. (I like girls too) **SEVEN OINKS**

**THE ROLLING STONES** SOME GIRLS (Rolling Stones COC-39108): Pretty good considering, but there's something definitely missing: That something drowned nine years ago. **SIX OINKS**

**THE ROMANTICS** "LITTLE WHITE LIES"/"I CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING" (Spider SPDR-101): This is a great little single. My industry spies tell me these guys are headed for bigger (but better?) things at Columbia Records this fall. **NINE OINKS**

**THE RUNAWAYS** LIVE IN JAPAN (Mercury SRM-1-3740): Budget domestic pressing of the expensive Oriental import for those of you who haven't yet had the thrill of seeing The Runaways live. (For LP review, see ELVIS COSTELLO: LAST YEAR'S MODEL) **EIGHT OINKS**

**THE SAINTS** ETERNALLY YOURS (Harvest SHSP-4078): Like Eddie And The Hot Rods' LIFE ON THE LINE, the first song on ETERNALLY YOURS is the band's best ever and the rest is just the rest. **SEVEN OINKS**

**SEX PISTOLS** SPUNK/LIVE IN ATLANTA/LIVE AT WINTERLAND (bootlegs - label (and cuts) depend on where you buy them): If the Pistols are ever awarded Gold Discs for NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS they should go to Chris Thomas, Bill Price, Malcolm McLaren, and, most of all, Chris Spedding. SPUNK, however, contains a demo of "Anarchy In The UK" that's better than the released version. **SEVEN/THREE/TWO OINKS**

**SHAKIN' STREET** VAMPIRE ROCK (Columbia PCC-90479): First The Diodes, then this: This sure ain't a good year for Columbia. **FIVE OINKS**

**SNEAKERS** IN THE RED (Car CRR-3): Spiffy mini-album featuring a fine twenty-second adaptation of a Mexican folk tune. (I TOLD you I get a lot of weird records: Write 89 Bleecker Street Suite 2-C, NYC 10012 for this one). **SIX OINKS**

**SOFT BOYS** "WADING THROUGH A VENTILATOR"/"THE FACE OF DEATH"/"HEAR MY BRANE" (Raw S-B): Fabulous, fabulous, fabulous. For those of you still into the sounds of '77, listen to the sounds of '79. **TEN OINKS**

**STARR, RINGO** "BAD BOY" (Portrait PR-35378): Ex-Beatle becomes Elvis/Vegas Seventies tune slaughterer. Still beats LONDON TOWN though. **FOUR OINKS**

**TELEVISION** ADVENTURE (Elektra 6E-133): Mine didn't come on red vinyl. Consequently, **SEVEN OINKS**

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** STIFFS LIVE (Arista STF-0001)

**CHISWICK CHARTBUSTERS VOLUME TWO** (Chiswick CH-5): One of my favourite bands of all time back again with TWO albums, still in a punk vein. The Arista set is a live one, and as such is fairly electric. The Chiswick set, however, is studio, but not too-so. Both albums far exceed their usual K-Tel output though. **SIX/EIGHT OINKS**

**WRECKLESS S ERIC** WRECKLESS ERIC (Stiff Sez B-6): Is this supposed to be a 78 or what? Sounds too much like Donald "Disco" Duck when it is. Oh well, what can you expect from the birthplace of Elvis Costello and The Damned? **FOUR OINKS**

**zoom** "MASSACRE AT CENTRAL HIGH"/"SWEET DESPERATION" (Riot! 1001): A 1976 item re-issued because the band (Johnny "7" Hamilton, Chris "Kris" Hate) are now more popular elsewhere (Diodes, Viletones). For Canadian pre-punk enthusiasts only. **FIVE OINKS**

Introducing EDGAR of SIMPLY SAUCER in

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**THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH** "A NIGHT AT THE SPACE OPERA" (Aware 45-000): Bela Lagosi and "Sally Can't Dance"

**CELEBRATION** "ALMOST SUMMER" (MCA 40891): It's got a good beat. That's so we can understand the vocals.

**PETER HOLSAPPLE** "BIG BLACK TRUCK" (Car CRR-5): I hate this record. It sounds like a country & western song. The guy sounds like a trucker. It started off good but then it got really obnoxious.

**THE RAMONES** "BABYSITTER" (Sire SRE-1017): These guys sound like they've spawned many imitators.

**DESTROY ALL MONSTERS** "BORED" (Idbi EEEE-1): Look over there somewhere and that's how you feel when you hear this record.

**HALF JAPANESE** "DREAM DATE" (50,000,000,000,000,000,000 Volts 7084-18): It's a hit, folks!

**THE BIZARROS** "IT HURTS, JANEEY" (Clone CL-003): This is awful.

**KEN KAISER** "I LOVE YOU LAURIE" (Kleen Kut KK-514): This is like a phone that won't stop ringing.

**HARVEY GOLD** "I KEEP A CLOSE WATCH" (Clone CL-005): Is this some kind of joke?

**ALTERNATIVE T.V.** "LOVE LIES LIMP" (S.G. .75 RPS): This is Edgar Breau speaking: This record has no redeeming virtue. It's awful. I can say 100% that it is awful and know it is awful. However, I've got nothing against whoever made this record, but whoever it was, they should go out and get regular jobs. There's so many bands now that are hyped. All I can say is "Go home".

**TIN HUEY** "ROBERT TAKES THE ROAD TO LIEBERNAWASH" (Clone CL-004): A miss. Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!

**STANLEY FRANK** "S'COOL DAYS" (Attic AT-130): This is like when I used to be in school adding up different columns of numbers. I'd have about eight columns and I'd pick numbers at random: 5,3,9,8,6,3,2,1,0,8,9,1,7,6,3,8,7,9,9,1,0,2,4,5,6,7,10. I'd get to the bottom of the page then I'd go to the next column: 7,6,3,10,9,5,4,8,9,8,7,4,8,8,3,2,1. Like old notebook paper. I would have columns all down the page and then I'd add them all up. It was just like a horse race. One column would be the winner. That's what this record's like. It's really repetitive, but any record that is this repetitive can be really great! Things can always be the same but you can still like it.

**THE CURSE** "SHOESHINE BOY" (Hi-Fi HF-001): I wouldn't listen to this in my spare time.

**THE WAITRESSES** "SLIDE" (Clone CL-006): When you don't like something you don't even think what you have to say. You just take it off.

**SIMPLY SAUCER** "SHE'S A DOG" (Pig PIG-1): I gotta get another drink.....

**THE CRAMPS** "SURFIN' BIRD" (Vengeance 666): How did I put up with it for this long?

**THE DARK SIDE** "SWEET PROMISES" (Go Hog B-002): Making stupid records is a real art.

**X-RAY SPEX** "THE DAY THE WORLD TURNED DAYGLO" (X-Ray Spex INT-553): Who will point the accusing finger? Males do not understand other males.



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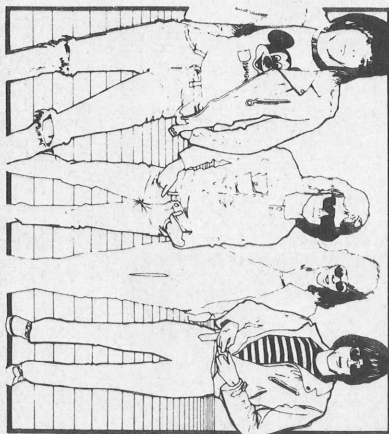
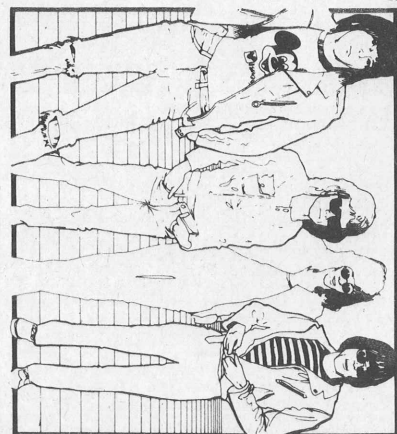
August 10, 1978

COVER: JOHNNY ROTTEN by R. STEVENSON



## SPOT THE ERRORS! WIN \$5.00!

Recognize these four (or is it five?) gorgeous guys? Don't let the dark glasses fool ya - They're four of the best lookin' rockinest music-makers around! They're THE RAMONES, and their new album, THE RAMONES CLOSE THE WINDOW, on the Sire label, is causing an incredible sensation. Just try listening to their strong, fast, exciting rock'n'roll without jumping up out of your seat and singing and dancing along. It's impossible to keep it from the spirit of things when JOHNNY, JOEY, DEE DEE & TOMMY (or is it MARKIE?) start to cook! THE RAMONES are upward bound and ready for action - so take a good long look at this foxy four-some (or is it fivesome?)! And take a good long look at these two drawings while you are at it - something's not quite right! THE TOP DRAWING is the correct one. Can you spot them? If you can, just draw a circle around EACH ERROR with a pen or pencil, fill in the coupon below line and mail the coupon to 5 PAPER. All entries will be dropped inside a barrel - so everybody has a chance - and Cindy Pig, blindfolded, will pick FIVE WINNERS. To each of the five lucky winners who correctly identify all the errors PIG will send FIVE dollars in Cash! So get your pencils and heads sharpened and SPOT THE ERRORS!!!!



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7. THE BEST OF, VOLUME III (LP)..... HERMAN'S HERMITS
8. BABY TALK..... JAN AND DEAN
9. THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY (Soundtrack LP)..... GARY BUSEY Et Al
10. MISS YOU (Pink 12" Disco 45)..... THE ROLLING STONES

For information regarding all of the Canadian acts mentioned within PIG PUNK and elsewhere, just write to PIG PRODUCTIONS and your inquiries will be forwarded on to the proper person(s). For folks like JOHNNY ROTTEN and GENERATION X, try writing to the record companies which put out their stuff, but don't hold your breath. BUDDY HOLLY fans should contact BILL GREGG at 75 Belcher Road, Wethersfield, Connecticut USA 06109. ROCK SERLING reminds you that you can contact SUTCHIE care of KEN STAR RECORDS at 200 West 57th Street in New York City USA 10019 and DESTROY ALL MONSTERS care of 1181 RECORDS at PO Box 7241 in Ann Arbor, Michigan, USA 48107. There are lots of independent recordings reviewed in REVIEW. Write us for INFO LINE (you can order REMA records, and we just send you a separate 25¢ 4209 AP Schellington Holland and THE BEACH BOYS & JAN AND DEAN care of LEAF PUBLICATIONS 1546 South Salidar Avenue, Los Angeles California USA 90025. The fanzine scene seems to be slowing somewhat after the punk boom, but the bast rags carry on. They are BIG STAR (104 Claremont Avenue, Buffalo, New York, USA 14222), BOMB (PO Box 7112, Burbank, California, USA 91510), NEW YORK ROCKERS (166 Fifth Avenue, New York City, USA 10010), FILPSIDE (724-A Whittier Avenue, Whittier, California, USA 90602), TROUSERS PRESS (Room 801, 147 West 42 Street, New York City, USA 10036). Britain is still producing worthwhile publications and STEVE at ROUGH TRADE (202 Kensington Park Road, London W.11) will help you get what you want. And, of course, don't forget THE PIG PAPER, which still have back issues of Numbers 3, 5, 6, 7, and 8 available at a buck a piece, but They're Going Fast. Any questions? Our address is on Page TWO.



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