

Editor: GARY PIG Contributors: ROCK SERLING, JEREMY GLUCK, LIZ IRELAND, COUNT VIGLIONE, PHIL SOLLAR, JOHN MARS and AL FLIPSIDE Layout/Design: GARY PIG Rent: CINDY PIG Missing In Action: PHOTOGRAPHERS! PIG #10 Copyright ODecember 1978 by PIG PRODUCTIONS All Rights Reserved



September 28,1978

Dear Gary Piggee;

In reference to your Toronto Punk "Epitaph" (PP#9)

...excuse me for begging to differ, but uh..."Biggest mouths" Compared to who? The Poles? I don't mind being wiped for having, according to you, "no talent" (compared to who? The Vilestones?) but I do oppose being tossed off as an Ontario College Of Art band with rich parents etc.etc. Even this I wouldn't mind if it was true, but since at least two members of the band you were referring to (since we've now undergone the usual "personel changes") had not even reached college age yet (including myself) and if I hadn't been selling off my personal possessions in order to make amplifier and rehearsal space rentals during the six months of hard work and practicing we put in before we ever played anywhere (and certainly not the art college). I would appreciate you either research your subject or come up with something a little more valid to slag us off with. But all that aside, if it's supposed to be an insult to be dumped in with all the other bands you consider useless (need I reiterate? The Cads, The G-Rays, The Curse, The Androids, and the "unmentionable" B-Girls and Ugly) are, with a few more recent exceptions (Ricardo Nova, Martha And The Muffins), perhaps the only musically innovative alternative bands in Toronto; the only ones who've attempted to forge ahead with new ideas and concepts and progressed while at it. Even The Ugly are the only real "punk" band to attempt a musical progression and still retain some energy and excitement. Yet the four bands you praise are of dubious value to Toronto's underground culture: The Battered Wives have become simply an acceptable bar band, The Poles ran to New York to find appreciation as "artistes", and The Viletones have never made the right moves at the right immension of the order of the College of Art (don't forget, The Diodes were really an extention of Paul Robinson's final thesis for 1976), why pass off the most notorious of the artibanes in the first place? (Need I reiterate? Our own Tony Malo

EQUUS PARVUS SUM BONUS ET MAGNUS!

Good Evening Sports Fans! This is your old pal Gary the Pig welcoming you to THE PIG PAPER's gala Tenth Anniversary Issue. Yes, during the past three years us folks in the sty have churned out Ten -count'em- Ten PIG PAPERs for your reading and dancing pleasure, ranging from our crude two-page Kinks hand-out (PP#3) to what you hold now: The spiffiest PIG of them all.

The majority of PIG PAPER 10 was concocted as I spent the autumn of '78 lounging on the beaches of sunny California. That's right: After fifteen years of listening to Jan And Dean records, I finally escaped Canada for a voyage to the Promised Land. My visit was admitt-edly brief coz I had to get back to Toronto in time to compile this issue (and pick up my Christmas cheques from (and pick up my christmas cheques from all my wonderful relations), but I'll be back in L.A. this spring, hopefully scoring some pigsclusive interviews with all our fave ho-dads'n'hopscotchers. (Whatever Happened To David Marks?) Yes, California is a great state, and the gurls all get so tanned ...

Back in Toronto, I realized I'd returned just in time to see my Death Of Canadian Punk predictions of PIG PAPER 9 become reality: The fabulous Viletones disbanded, the city's top newave lounge The Horseshoe Tavern - returned to an all-C&W policy, and the scene in general despite what Ral(ph Al)fonzo may say, is in shambles and disrepair. NOTE: To any would-be punk stars, or musicians of any sort for that matter - Steer clear of Toronto. You won't find any gigs here, and if you do you won't get paid (much). May I suggest Massachusetts as a good launching pad for your careers. Or even

But Toronto's not the only town housing a bunch of ex-bands: It seems the new wave has washed ashore at last, and few musical combos have made it intact. In PIG #10 read all about it: Who's broken up, Who is about to, and Who should.

Speaking of Who: Our heartfelt condolences to ourselves over the loss of a great rocker (not to mention one of PIGs longest and loyalist fans), the great Keith Moon. No special tribute to his memory is offered herein; in fact, I'm not even going to bend under public demand and re-release the first two PIG PAPERs: the Who issues. Let dead drummists lie I say. However, I do feel some supposedly with-it mag out there should do a spread on producer-extrodinaire Tom Wilson, who suffered a fatal heart att-ack of late. Had it not been for Tom, we would be without such fine songs as Subterranean Homesick Blues, I Am A Rock, What's The Ugliest Part Of Your Body, Sister Ray, and Sky Pilot, to name but five. Bye Bye, Tom - Hope you produce a few Buddy Holly tracks in that big sound

studio in the sky.

Death, Death, Death: The music, and the people who make it, are dropping like flies it seems. 1976, 1977, 1978:

What a lousy era for pop... On that encouraging note, I bid Adieu till 1979 and PIG PAPER #11, and Happy Motoring through the next twenty-two pages.

PIG (

70 COTTON DRIVE. MISSISSAUGA ONTARIO. CANADA, L5G IZ9 Now ou can





Last summer I was combing the delete bins of a new Toronto disc shop (NB: I'll pay top dollar if any of you out there have mint copies of the Tommy James I THINK WE'RE ALONE NOW or INTRODUCING THE SONICS albums) when suddenly something other than GREASE came over the store's sound system. "Don't go feelin' Sorry" someone was singing over and over a Raspberries riff. I cocked one ear towards the music. Next came a tune which sported an honest-togod Monkees aroma. WHAT IN HELL IS THIS?! I thought as I forsook the piles of dollar-ninety-eight Donovan LPs to discover a gawdy suede-o Van Gogh sleeve sitting empty in the NOW PLAYING rack. Why, my new-found friend was called NEXT OF KIHN, the third album by San Fransisco's (by way of Baltimore) boy-wonder Greg Kihn. I must admit I was ignorantly oblivious to Greg's previous two LPs (they're not available in Canada, though I've since scarfed them up in New York, thank you), but I fast

(Left to Right) EDDY SCUFFLE, JOHNNY CITREON, THE TEMPS & TODD FURY: America Dollar Drainers

FROM THE ASHES OF SOME OF ONTARIO'S MOST LEGENDARY PROTO-PUNK OUTFITS (MARTIN AND THE E-CHORDS, T.C.F., THE CONCORDES) HAS SPROUTED THE VERBS, CURRENTLY TORONTO'S HOTTEST LITTLE BEAT COMBO. THIS YOUNG KICK-SKULL QUARTET LIKE TO THINK THEY PICK UP WHERE ERIC BURDON AND THE ANIMALS AND THE ORIGINAL SMALL FACES LEFT OFF. A SAUCY CLAIM, BUT ONE WHICH IS LIVED UP TO EACH AND EVERY TIME (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT IN THE ABOVE PHOTO) EDDY SCUFFLE, JOHNNY CITREON, THE TEMPS, AND TODD FURY MOUNT A STAGE. PIG APPROACHED JOHN MARS, LONG-TIME VERB-BOOSTER, ABOUT COMPOSING A VERBS BLURB FOR THE TENTH PIG PAPER. JOHN IN TURN APPROACHED THE TEMPS, THE LEAD GUITAR, AND HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED:

PIG: So, I guess we should begin making plans for The Decade Of Absence. TEMPS: Yes, everyone should. We all should. Brian Jones HAS been gone for a while, hasn't he? Ten years?

PIG: Yes, ten years next July.

TEMPS: Well, we'd better get ourselves concerned with The Absence then. We'll get a few snuggies and a few Newcastle Brown..

PIG: I guess we should tell the folks out there where The Verbs came from.

TEMPS: All the guys were in The Concordes and at that time we had this girl singer, Sally Cato, and she's in The Androids now. Anyhow, to bring everything up to date, The Verbs all sing and it's Johnny on guitar, Eddy on bass, Todd on drums, and me on lead. Johnny has been mostly just singing lately though. He smashed his yellow Gibson in half and now he just can't tune it. PIG: You guys smash up a lot of equipment.

TEMPS: Mostly at rehearsals. Doing it in public is pretty corny. Can I ask a question now? Do you want another beer?

PIG: Todd's drumming has a lot of those off-beat bass-drum patterns which I would imagine come from Dino Danelli of The Rascals.

TEMPS: Yes, and when I write a song I always rip off the chords from old Paul Revere And The Raiders singles. When we make our single we'll have an Acetone organ on both sides!

PIG: What do you think of Sky Saxon changing his name to Sky Sunlight? TEMPS: That's something that no one paid any attention to. Someday they'll all wish they'd marched right on through the desert following Sky.

PIG: Now that you've almost mastered the Paul Kossoff method for sustaining notes on the guitar... wait... I forgot what I was gonna ask! Whew... any more beer?

TEMPS: I betcha want to know what's next for The Verbs.

PIG: Sort of, but uh... any more beer?

TEMPS: We are going to play by the rules! We are going to write pop songs with a message. We've got some new ones: "I Hate The Radio" is Johnny's new one, I wrote "Back In My Heart", Eddy wrote...

PIG: Where's the opener?

TEMPS: Aren't you going to ask me to name my main influences? PIG: Haven't we already talked about all those pop history thingies? I mean what do you want to do next? Go sit around in the local bar and wait for Danny Weis of Rhinoceros to show up? Okay, okay... Start naming off all those idols of yours...

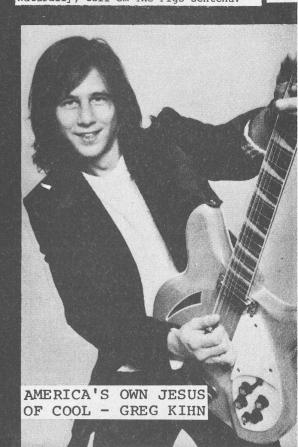
TEMPS: Well, there's Dave Davies, and...

PIG: How about Peggy Lipton? She sure has nice feet, eh?

made up for lost spins by impulse-buying NEXT OF that very day and rushing it home, where it's sat in my Daily Play stack ever since. The album is a pure and simple joy - Each cut recreating its very own pop-pourri of jangling Rickenbackers and neo-Beach Boys vocalising whilst never plunging head-first into the depths of Swinging Sixties. (Such plunging drowned many a power-popper, from Blondie to Ramones). Yet it's not all bubblegum: "Cold Hard Cash" (hopefully the album's single) rocks like a 1978 Badfinger; it's followed by "Museum" (no relation to Herman's Hermits), which could hold its own at your Saturday night pogo parties provided your speakers are big enough.

I asked GK to describe himself and his new long-player: Musically? "I compare my songs to those of The Beau Brummels, Searchers, and Byrds". And lyrically? "I like to write about the things I know about. I'm a white middle class kid and my life adds up to a lot of different relationships, and they come out in the songs". Then I asked Greg how old he was: "None of your business!"

Enough analytical pooh. The Greg Kihn Band has three LPs available, all on my fave label Beserkley: GREG KIHN, GREG KIHN AGAIN, and NEXT OF KIHN. He can also be heard elsewhere on other fine Beserkley compilations - Write to their Home Of The Hits direct: PO Box 589, Berkeley, California, USA 94701. Naturally, tell'em The Pigs sentcha.





RUSTY EGAN

MIDGE URE

STEVE NEW

The Rich Kids, who had been just going to the dogs lately by coasting on a premature reputation, seem to have shored up their inconsistencies and gotten down to real work. The release of their debut album GHOSTS OF PRINCES IN TOWERS (Title Of The Year) and the unforseeable failure of their brilliant but illproduced single "The Sound Of Marching Men" to hit has sobered up the four dashing cutesies and the effect is wholly satisfactory.

Every song in a shorter, tighter, and gutsier set is a kicker, and the latter-day vaudevillian garb is actually quite charming. Were it not for a discouragingly loud sound level the songs would have been communicated in their full splendour.

Guitarist Steve New amazed me with his imaginative, perhaps deceptively simple lead. In an outfit worthy of St. Laurent, Mr., New managed to remain in full control despite the inebriation that had previously cost him some credibility. Whirling in and out of his scalding solos like a top, his interplay with Midge Ure (formerly of Slik, I can't help reminding the triviaweary) was a perfect balance of pop passion and heavy metal pummeling. The melodies that struggled to the surface of the mix were often breathtakingly

"The Sound Of Marching Men", a remarkably mature and cohesive political statement for these slogan-ridden times, shone out as the classic it is. Menacing and chilling, aided by shadowy neon-tube lighting, the strength of its grinding, agonized military tempo is really grabbing. The newest of the Kids singles, "Ghosts Of Princes In

Towers", is their best yet with a hookline made in heaven. If it isn't a hit then The Rich Kids have every right to go to seed. Consistent high quality was stamped on the ultra-jingle "Young Girls", "Rich Kids", and many of the less familiar album tracks.

GLEN MATLOCK

Contrary to my expectations, and happily so, The Rich Kids are the ablest hard pop crew in London today, with enough vitality and ideas to take them to the top. Once their new balance and genuine professionalism takes hold there can be no stopping them.

STUPID SHOWS

Meanwhile, over at the good old Lyceum Ballroom, there was something known as THE JOHNNY THUNDERS FUND-RAISER. The rationale behind this All-Star Special Event High-Ticket-Price Extravaganza has still not been adequately explained to me. Unpleasant (probably accurate) rumors suggest it was merely an incidental to Thunders' latest London dopefinding mission. Johnny himself had only this to say: "It sure wasn't my idea!" Whosever idea it was, I hope they feel misgui-

The All-Stars weren't overwhelming, numbering two in the persons of the spectral Peter Perret of The Only Ones and Snatch's Patty Palladin, with the help of assorted Thin Lizzys and Hot Rods. Steve Jones and Paul Cook did not turn up as advertised, choosing to remain in the States for the Sid Vicious Hom-icide Follies. Johnny himself must have been feeling his return ticket in his pocket coz he sure wasn't too happy. That doesn't excuse his pathetically underrehearsed band or the abuse he regaled the audience with.

Despite my disillusionment, the crumbs of a brilliant career we paying paeons were thrown were choice if imperfect.

The highlight of the show (he said, grasping for straws) was "London Boys", a song about "one of your folk heroes", meaning John Rotten, to whose "New York" it is a savage retort. A fabimundo speed version of The Shangri Las' "Give Him A Great Big Kiss' was also uplifting, restoring my lagging faith, albeit only momentarily. The memory of these two gems was obscured by ragged treat-ments of the Dolls' "Subway Train" and The Heartbreakers' "Born To Lose" and "Chinese Rocks", both of which seemed to have concrete in their beat. Truth be told, the effort required to really enjoy this show was hardly worth it.

The spectacle wound up rather quickly, after a begrudging but fabulous encore of "Be Bop A Lula". Johnny then toddled off back to his dope, bouffant and whine intact.

The moral of this sad tale is two very simple and obvious laws of rock'n'roll:

(1) FOLK HEROES ARE REGULAR FOLK. (2) DON'T LOOK BACK.

once more

Meanwhile, in the record racks: Scientists tell us that time travel is still only theoretical. But Radar Records, by re-launching the INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS label from Texas, have dashed this claim on the rocks. To prove it, they've transported a man last seen active in 1968 onto a stage in a dank basement called the Hope And Anchor where, to establish his functional status, he played a sparkling set of vintage psychedelic music.

I speak of Mayo Thompson of The Red Crayola, who recorded two rather unique and obscure albums for IA, one in 1967 and one the following year. Radar's first release of their new Psychedelic Series, along with THE PSYCHEDELIC SOUNDS OF THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR ELEVATORS, is The Red Crayola's PARABLE OF ARABLE LAND. Coveted by collectors these LPs sport boggling covers, liner notes oh so captivating in their dated naivete ... and some of the dreck in the grooves is pretty fair too!

Looking a bit shellshocked and shy, Mayo, in suit and tie, and his drummer Jesse Chamberlain, who looked the noble surfer, ran thru a frenetic, brief set. The music is weird free-form guitar blasted over the intricate drum patterns of Jesse, with Mayo's voice wafting through like seal barks. Puts many of today's post-newave avant garde-rockers to shame nonetheless.

The curiosity value of this whole exercise outweighs its sales potential however, but, as Jon Savage points out, perhaps the demystification of the Sixties will free us from too much more retrospection. Again, rock's cyclic nature reveals itself: Tomorrow's Sound Today Is Yesterday's Sound Again.

The Beat Goes On. (What's ten years anyhow?) I was eight years old when I first heard "Bits And Pieces" by The Dave Clark Five. So impressed was I by this record's raw brutality that I grabbed my hockey stick, ran across the street to my mean neighbour's house, and began systematically smashing out their basement windows in beat with the song. Take THAT, punk rockers!

That's what The DC5 did to me in that historic spring of 1964. Remember: this was before Canadian radio had ever heard the likes of the Who or the Stones - the Five were the HARDEST of hard rockers to come out of my tiny AM radio speaker for the subsequent twelve months.

Let's talk turkey before I rave on: The Dave Clark Five was a tightly-honed, self-contained (they wrote the majority of their material and Dave produced it: Still a rare occurrence in the mid Sixties) hit factory. When, like Herman's Hermits, they were snickered off the increasingly blues and arty British pop charts in 1965, the quintet based their activities in North America, touring the US and Canada twice a year,

releasing record upon record (13 singles and 14 albums between '64 and '68), and appearing somewhere on TV practically every week. I doubt if any rock act operating today would even attempt to keep such a break-neck schedule. Once the British Invasion era ended, The Dave Clark Five returned to the European charts, and racked up nearly a dozen more hit LPs, EPs, and 45s before calling it quits in 1972. Last summer, six years after disbanding, the band was in the Top Ten again with 25 THUMPING GREATS, a double-album of their worldwide hits.

five by five

DAVE CLARK. Born 15 December 1942 Bought a \$25 drumkit and formed the Five in 1960 to raise money for his soccer team. Worked as a draughtsman and stunt-man before turning The DC5 professional in 1963. During the next nine years, he co-authored the majority of the band's repetoire as well as producing and managing his quintet. Today, he is still active in record and film production.

MIKE SMITH. Born 6 December 1943. Spent his teen years as a pub pianist before joining his gymnast pal Dave in the Five. He was the voice and the soul of the DC5 and was Dave's most frequent writing partner. He is still recording today, sometimes solo but often in collaboration with others (most notably ex-Manfred Mann'er Mike D'abo).

LENNY DAVIDSON. Born 30 May 1944.
Played guitar in several amateur combos before becoming one-fifth of the Five on New Year's Day 1962. His job in the band was that of rhythmic anchor, letting the organ and sax take the majority of the solos. Co-wrote with Dave and sang lead occa-sionally. Plays for fun only

these days.

DENNIS PAYTON. Born 10 September 1944. Worked the sax for another Clark-managed group before joining the Five itself in 1962. He was one of the only saxophonists of the British Invasion, and was instrumental in creating the unique DC5 Sound. Unfortunately, music is no longer a part of his life.



RICK HUXLEY. Born 6 August 1942. Worked in his father's pub and as guitarist/harmonicist in a few local bands before answering Dave's newspaper ad and becoming The Dave Clark Five's bassist. His throbbing, heavypicked, zooping bass patterns (later heard to a tee on Who records) gave The DC5 their pulsating depth. Since the band's break-up, Rick has toyed with photography.

year by year

1963 - 1965. During these years, The Dave Clark Five were at their peak. Although critically attacked (as was everyone short of The Singing Nun in those days), they were second only to The Beatles in international record sales. The millionsellers amongst the Five's 14 Top 20 hits of this period were "Glad All Over", "Bits And Pieces", "Can't You See That She's Mine", "Because", "Anyway You Want It", "Do You Love Me", "Come Home", "I Like It Like That", "Catch Us If You Can", and "Over And Over". It was also during this time that their brilliant yet oft-overlooked film, "Catch Us If You Can" (re-titled "Having A Wild Weekend" for North America) was released. All-in-all, an amazingly productive period! DC5 Sound on record in the mid-Sixties deviated little from the four-to-the-bar big beat of "Glad All Over" and "Bits And Pieces", although Dave's ballads (the classic "Because" and the intricate "Come Home") and the 1965 material ("Anyway You Want It", "Catch Us If You Can", and album cuts such as "Remember It's Me" and "Don't You Realize") were becoming increasingly polished both in arrangement and production. 1966. The boys slowed down some-

what this year, with only two LPs and five singles released in the US. All showed that, like many of their counterparts of the era, The DC5 were spending more time in the recording studio. "Try Too Hard" b/w "All Night Long", unleashed in March, remains one of the sockingest two-fisted 45s ever to puncture the ear-drums. "Try...", more than any other song, defines the mid-period Clark Five: a scorching rocker with a military beat, pumping bass and piano, droning sax, and Lenny's trademark guitar. The flip, "All Night Long", is an instrumental rave-up that's unequalled for force and power - in my record collection at least. This single went to #10 on the BILLBOARD Hot 100. It should've made Number One. The LP that followed, named after the single, aptly audiolizes the Swinging London of '66. SATISFIED WITH YOU, the next album (and single), was the quintet's most advanced to date. Amongst its ten superb tracks are "Don't Let Me Down"
(a highly-stylized Fifties rocker - again, a rarity for the time), "Go On" (their most

accomplished ballad), and a startling version of The Rascals' "Good Lovin'". As the year drew to a close, Dave and his band were in the studio once again, preparing for The Transition.

1967 - 1969. The FIVE BY FIVE album, recorded and released parallel with The Kinks' FACE TO FACE and the Stones' BETWEEN THE BUTTONS, was, like Davies' and Jagger/ Richard's efforts, a major step forward. Yet The DC5 still loved to produce some good old rock'n' roll as well - one of the few who could and would during this heady period. Consequently, radio programmers, record companies, and therefore fans began abandoning bands like the Five and The Beach Boys for being "too simple" and "too bubblegummy" in favour of the "progressive" rock which was becoming oh-so fashionable. Nonetheless, our heroes rode into '67 atop their fifteenth consecutive smash, "Nineteen Days". Like its suede-o jazz B-side "Sitting Here Baby" and the whole of FIVE BY FIVE, Dave & Co. were advancing musically (coming to the fore for the first time were Rick's harp and Mike's voice, both of which had matured incredibly over the years) as they entered a phase of less rambunctious, more carefully

cess story of '64-'66 on the far side of the globe. It began with the lushly orchestrated "Everybody Knows" (not to be confused with their identically-titled 1965 cut), and, as usual, an LP quickly followed with the same name. Other European hits from '68-'69 were "No One Can Break A Heart Like You" (a ballad sung by Lenny) "Live In The Sky" (Dave and Mike's flower-power spoof), "The Red Bal-loon" (no, that's NOT Syd Barrett inging on this one), "Paradise Is Half As Nice", "If Somebody Loves You" (also an album), "The Mulberry Tree", and two covers of US hits (Jackie De Shannon's "Put A Little Love In Your Heart" and Cat Mother's "Good Old Rock'n'Roll").
All were best-sellers in Britain and, well, everywhere but North America where I, like my fellow DC5 fanatics, had to be content to order the records from England (only the occasional Clark disc was even issued here) and catch the Five's periodic TV appearances on The Tom Jones Show.

the end

As The Fabulous Sixties drew to a close, so did The Dave Clark Five. Having amassed incredible fortunes over the past several years thanks to Dave's astute management, the



MIKE, DENIS, ED SULLIVAN (not in band), DAVE, LENNY, RICK

tailored music-making. "I've Got To Have A Reason" (a perfect example of the refined DC5 Sound) b/w "Good Time Woman" (featuring a rare - and joyously psychedelic tongue-in-cheek - guitar solo from Lenny) was Hit #16, and it paved the way for The Dave Clark Five's last great North American success: "You've Got What It Takes". This song, with its brazen and ballsy brass section, was custom-built for the then Motown-infatuated US market. How could it do anything but crash into the Top Ten, as did the LP of the same name? It was now, with nowhere to go but down, that Dave, ever the shrewd businessman, decided to retire his band from the road and concentrate on producing hits with the new-found Big-Band DC5 approach. Epic, the group's US label, stupidly lost interest in the Clark Five (and many of its other British acts, such as The Hollies and Yardbirds), and naturally, without the promo-tion and airplay, Dave, Mike, Lenny, Dennis and Rick quickly faded into the delete zone on this side of the Atlantic. Overseas however, during the next two years, The DC Five repeated their phenomenal suc-

five slowly began to retire to their respective businesses. Singles (mainly covers of American hits: The Youngbloods' "Everybody Get Together", Crash Craddock's
"Rub It In", Neil Young's "Southern Man", Tommy James' "Draggin'
The Line", even The Stampeders' "Sweet City Woman") and albums (a Greatest Hits package and, most notably, THE DAVE CLARK FIVE PLAY GOOD OLD ROCK'N'ROLL - the band's two ultra-successful rock-revival EPs padded out to a full LP) were issued as by The DC5 and Dave Clark And Friends, the latter being Dave and Mike plus various session players such as Alan Parker of Blue Mink. After a final single (an adaptation of Steam's "Na Na Hey Hey Kiss Him Goodbye") and album (DAVE CLARK AND FRIENDS: primarily the preceeding eighteen months' single releases) in 1972, The Dave Clark Five officially announced their disbandment. Dave immediately reentered the charts, this time as producer of various John Christie hits. Mike teamed up with Mike D' abo in 1976 to release a fine album that died due to lack of interest. Most recently, Dave has been master minding the European re-issue campaign of his old band's material, which resulted in 25 THUMPING GREATS putting The DC5 back in the

British hit parade in the summer of 1978. In 1979, a second volume of THUMPING GREATS is due in Europe (and will reportedly contain some previously unissued tracks!) and, as always, Dave Clark Five reunions are rumoured. However, we North American fans of the Five remain as neglected now as we have for the past decade. In America, instead of releasing the wealth of post-1967 material which never saw the light of day here, Epic has tossed out two slaphazardly-compiled and poorlypublicized repackages of oftissued songs (ANTHOLOGY in 1973 and GLAD ALL OVER AGAIN in 1975) and, at press-time, has no intentions of bringing out either of the THUMPING albums Stateside. This is indeed a grand folly as retrospective interest in the band has never been greater, due to the growing realization that the "new wave" was in fact the old wave (circa "Glad All Over") re-hashed. I now suggest that all you cultists and curious alike fill your jeans pockets with quarters and leg it down to the local junk shop. There, beneath the washboards and mouldy Shades magazines in that used records pile, inevitably lie choice chunks of what Dave and his boys used to once call The Tottenham Sound. Scarf up every disc with "Dave Clark Five" written on the label that you can find, rush home to your turntable, dump all your Billy Joel and Stranglers records, flick the Mode switch on your amp to "Mono", and slap on a DC5 song. why?

That's without doubt the mostasked question regarding the often unexplicable triumph of The Dave Clark Five. To be totally unbiased (well, I'll TRY to be), the music of The DC5 was often no better though certainly no worse - than that of the majority of the top recording sensations of the Sixties. Image-wise, The DC5 went out of their way to be conservative: in dress (matching jacket/ slacks/mod shirt ensembles till '68) and in stance (at interviews, Dave always insisted that luck and timing had as much to do with his band's success as talent, as he patiently fielded the flood of "What do you think of The Beatles' and "What do you think of The Rolling Stones" questions). ("Oh, they're all very nice fellows" Dave would constantly reply, deadpan). I mean, it was the News Of The Day when it was revealed in mid-'64 that Mr.Clark had once received the coveted "Personality Milkman Award" from England's national dairy council. (Dave wasn't all toff, kids: I remember hearing about how he punched the shit out of a DJ in Phoenix once way back when). And it certainly wasn't all hype that created the DC5 furor - NOBODY on Epic could EVER be accused of making it on publicity alone, coz Epic very rarely bothered to publicize ANY ONE (and still don't). So what was it then? Their legendary concerts perhaps? DC5 shows were TRULY Something Else: hit after hit after hit ground out through the beefiest sound system then on the road, interspersed with snatches of spy music from James Bond films and (how many bands had THIS in '64?) A Light Show!, which at first consisted of pulsating strobe-flickers then progressed to coloured lights beneath the drums which illuminated briefly each

skin. Naw - come to think of it, it couldn't have been the concerts. NO act has persisted in myth over ten years since the curtain fell on their final show. I guess (he said, realizing there's less than a column of space left) it was that old saviour, Consistency, that keeps post-teenaged buggers like me and my pals grooving to DC5 discs when our peers have all long since gone disco. The Dave Clark Five were constantly accused of being boring, one-dimensional, and repetitive. That, to me, was what made them so untouchable! They never used a sitar, never wore a peace symbol, never had a gatefold album cover, and (I'm praying) never took dope. They never recorded a concept album, never performed with The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and never sang about politics or god. They never went Blues in '66 or Progressive in '67. And they didn't have to Return To Roots in '68, mainly because they had never abandoned them. You see, The Dave Clark Five realized that that age-old invention, the two-and one-half-minute five-chord rock song in two-part harmony could never be improved on, so they never tried. If that means boring, then condemn The Sex Pistols, The Ramones, and (please!) The Bee Gees along with my beloved DC5.



After selling more than 35 million records and spending nearly seven years together as a group, England's Dave Clark Five have decided to disband. But dry those tears — cos you'll still be hearing from these five fav guys! From left to right: Dave Clark is now attending the Central School of School of And Drama and intends to make acting, directing and film production his career. Dave will also continue to release records under the name of the

Dave Clark Five. Mike Smith will work in record and film production as well as publishing and composing with Dave Clark for the DC5 records. Apart from their music, Lenny Davidson has his own antique business, Rick Huxley is interested in photography and Denis Payton plans to go into the property business. Lots of luck, fellas, in your new careers!

Personally, I firmly believe that each and every band out there should break up (or at least undergo one hell of a personnel shake-up) three years at the most - after first becoming successful (ie: worldwide release of at least one LP and regular gossip in Rolling Stone magazine's Random Notes column). Why? Because after 36 months in the limelight, the average gathering of musicians are suffering from too much recognition, too much money (sometimes), and too good a taste of outside opportunities. Solo albums and semi-retirement aren't the answer: note Bill Wyman and The Who as examples of such follies. No, after three years, a band should have pushed their capabilities as a unit to the limit and achieved everything they set out to (or achieved nothing, in which case a split is also the only same solution). To be more specific, after three years the average group has spent, say, ninety weeks on tour. Inevitably, some musicians grow to adore life on the road (the room service, the blow jobs, the "Gilligan's Island" re-runs...) whereas others soon learn to detest it, preferring the domesticity of a cuppa hot cocoa and a recording studio. Then of course there's the old "So-And-So In Our Band Is Getting All The Attention, All The Credit, All The Interviews...FUCK THIS!" syndrome. Anyone who's seen the movie "Stardust" knows what I'm talking about. (Anyone who hasn't seen "Stardust" should never read another PIG PAPER). But, let's face it: A union of four or five musicians is like a marriage, right? Well, it should be. And people naturally grow out of marriages...then why not rock bands?

Everyone's flown into a mighty dither lately because all of yesterday's heroes are dissolving. The Vibrators, Link Wray And Robert Gordon, Tuff Darts (who?), Be Bop Deluxe (what?!), The Heartbreakers (AGAIN??)... On the critical list are The Motors (whose Bram Tchaikovsky may or may not go solo), John Richman And The Modern Lovers (Johnathan's currently shopping for new Modern Lovers and performing solo in the mean-time to pay the rent), The Damned (tho at last report their reunion as The Doomed may stick), The Dead Boys (currently suffering all 'round from management and label hassles, not to mention Master Bators' recent nuptials), and recent nuptials), and on and on anon (However, there are some gala reunions in the wind: Paul Revere And The Raiders, The Searchers, and even Frankie Avalon And Annette Funicello for pete's sake!)

A perfect example of all this Break-Up broo-ha-ha is the tale of the late, lamented Television. Let's see: Half of TV's phone numbers (Richard Lloyd, Fred Smith) are unlisted; The other half (Tom Verlaine, Billy Ficca) don't even HAVE telephones. (Christ - I didn't know they were THAT famous). Anyways, I've spent the better part of a month trying to piece together The TV Break-Up, and here's what I've come up with: Lloyd rebelled against Verlaine's domination of the band: that seems to be the key issue. Richard's pulled this stunt twice before to my knowledge: He threw himself into a rage when Tom booted Richard Hell out of the band years ago, and got mad again later when Tom insisted, against Lloyd's feelings, that "Little Johnny Jewel" be the band's first record release (a 45 on then-manager Terry



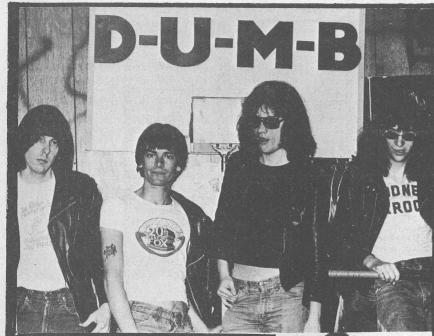
TELEVISION GOT CARRIED AWAY WITH FRICTION

Ork's label). More recently, during Television's ascent, Richard recorded two vintage Rolling Stones selections ("Get Off My Cloud" and "Connection") as a "HAH! I can do it myself!" power-play (available as a bootleg only so far). And the third Lloyd/Verlaine clash, circa Summer '78, ended the band. Each of the four members are now following accepted post-split routes: Tom's completing his solo LP with TV bassist Fred Smith. Fred's also slated for work on Richard's solo LP. And what of drummer Billy? Why, he's hooked up with a New York suede-o jazz outfit called Sappho. So there we go - another band calls it a day. Not a very innovative disbanding, although I'm not extremely upset because I'm positive some incredible music will result. Elektra promises a posthumous live LP of old Television concerts for those of you who feel two TV albums weren't enough.





The story of The Dwight Twilley Band — in fact, the group itself — is unique. The "band" revolved solely around quitarist/pianist/singer/composer Twilley and bassist/drummist/ singer Phil Seymour. This multi-faceted twosome spent years in their Tulsa, Oklahoma headquarters playing with their 40-track sound facilities and in 1975 a single, "I'm On Fire", was released (and remains to this day one of PIG's All-Time Top Ten Tunes). The record sold well independently, made a few note-worthy in-roads towards then heavy metal-preoccupied music biz, and it seemed that once again there could be a place for clean, fun pop on the air-waves and the turntables of the land. However, to make their music more readily available, the Twilley Band realized they must inevitably go label shopping, and this they did with expected luke-warm results. "No company wanted to sign a band that could not play live to promote their records", Dwicht told PIG last year. "We could not play live because we weren't really a band. It was just Phil and me overdubbing all the parts". Eventually, Leon Pussell's Shelter conglomerate signed Dwight and Phil, their debut album SINCERLY was on the racks in 1976 (to great critical but indifferent sales reaction — a la Flamin' Groovies), and a pick-up band thrown together to play selected American club dates. A year later, when "Power Pop" became the fashionable post-punk cliche, The DT Band had their two year old "I'm On Fire" on the European charts again, and a new album, TWILLEY DON'TM INND, on a new label, Arista. The duo were now in a stronger position than ever before: Growing acclaim and (surprise!) sales, a big label's big budget at work for them, and, in general, a much more wide-spread and fanatical reaction to their sounds. It was at this most inoportune time that the plug was pulled, grinding The Dwight Twilley Band to a bewildering and premature halt. Why? The old Jan And Dean dilemma, according to rumours then buzzing along the groupvine to the effect that Phil was becoming increasingly resent





Meanwhile in the dressing pit of Toronto's once-luxurious Hotel Isabella, Freddy Pompeii, Chris Hate, Motor Mike, and Son Of Sam, otherwise known as The Viletones, are waiting to pounce on stage. Their singer The Dog, otherwise known as Nazi Dog, is pacing the tiles and sobbing "Christ Almighty, I love you guys! We're the greatest fuckin' band in the whole fuckin' world! And now this! You guys can't leave me! Oh, God .. (blubber, blubber.."). Silence from Fred, Chris, Mike and Sam. Fifteen minutes later The Dog's mood has reversed once again: "Fuck ya! Fuck each and every one of youse!
I AM The Viletones! You guys are nothin' but my back-up band! Fuck you! You can't fire me - I QUIT!" And with that, after an unchallengeable fifteen-month reign as Canada's premier punks, The Viles called it a day. Freddy Pompeii, Chris Hate, and Motor Mike became Frederick dePasquale, Kris Hatrinee, and Michael Anderson for reasons of commerciality, grabbed John Hamilton from The Diodes, and became The Secrets. Nazi Dog became Steven Leckie for reasons of self-preservation, grabbed some of The Ugly (at one time The Viletones' proteges...or should I say Roadies...) and tried



IT'S TIME TO PLAY WHO'S THE DRUMMIST Hint: Both partook in haircuts within days of one another

Is ROAD TO RUIN more a State Of Affairs description than title of The Ramones' new LP? Was ex-Ramone Tommy's revelation of his true surname (Erdelyi) and subsequent haircut the real reason behind his far-from-amicable split from Joey, Johnny, and Dee Dee? Is Ramones daddy Danny Fields beginning to lose faith in his entire Ramones game plan due to the fact that his quartet has failed miserably five times to crack the Top 40 AM-Radio barrier? Is Ramones label Sire harbouring similar doubts due to the fact that label-mates Talking Heads outsell Ramones releases four-to-one? Is Ramones frontman Joey currently in Los Angeles at work on his long-rumored Phil Spector-produced solo LP? Is new Ramone Marky yearning for the ol' Blank Generation days already? In other words, HAVE THE RAMONES DISBANDED? To get to the basement of the matter, I put in a call to GRT Records, Sire's Canadian distributors:

PIG: Hello. This is Gary Pig calling from THE PIG PAPER.

Who?

PIG: This is Gary Pig of THE PIG PAPER.

PIG: This is dary ray of the Fig Faper.

GRT: I beg your pardon? Is that you, Perry?

PIG: I would like some information regarding The Ramones.

GRT: The Raw who?

FIG: The Ramones, the New York punk band.

GRT: Uhh... Um... Are you sure you shouldn't be talking to warner Brothers?

PIG: No I'm afraid you people bandle The Paperes in Canada.

Warner Brotners;
PIG: No, I'm afraid you people handle The Ramones in Canada.
GRT: The Maw who?
KNOWING BETTER THAN TO WASTE ANY MORE TIME TRYING TO TALK
ROCK'N'ROLL TO A CANADIAN RECORD COMPANY, I CASHED IN A FEW DR.PEPPER EMPTIES AND PLACED A LONG-DISTANCE CALL TO SIRE'S

DR.PEPPER EMPTIES AND PLACED A LONG-DISTANCE CALL TO SIR NEW YORK CITY HEADQUARTERS:
PIG: Hello. This is Gary Pig calling from THE PIG PAPER.
SIRE: Did you say Gary Pig? THE Gary Pig?
PIG: Uh.. Yes, I suppose so...
SIRE: The Gary Pig who puts out THE PIG PAPER?

PIG: Yes

SIRE: And PIG Records?

PIG: Yes.

SIRE: Good morning, Mr.Pig. Has our Mr.Stein contacted you regarding our proposed licensing agreement between (THE NEXT SEVERAL MINUTES OF CONVERSATION CONSIST WHOLLY OF (THE NEXT SEVERAL MINUTES OF CONVERSATION CONSIST WHOLLY OF TOP SECRET TRIPLE-PRIORITY RECORD BIZ CHATTER. THEN, BACK TO THE POINT AT HAND):
PIG: The reason I'm calling is because I've heard from various sources that The Ramones have broken up.
SIRE: The Raw who?
NEXT STEP WAS TO CASH IN A FEW USED WHO ALBUMS AND PLACE YET ANOTHER LONG-DISTANCE CALL; THIS TIME TO MANAGER DANNY FIELDS' MANHATTAN OFFICE:
DIG: Hello, This is Gary Pr

FIELDS' MANHATTAN OFFICE:
PIG: Hello. This is Gary PPRE-RECORDED TAPE: Thank you for calling Danny Fields Enterprises. I am sorry - There is no-one in the office at
the moment, but if you would care to leave your name and
brief message at the sound of the tone, I will be pleased
to return your call at my earliest possible convenience. Thank you.
The reason I'm calling is because I've heard from

various sources-PRE-RECORDED TAPE: A reminder that no inquiries regarding The Ramones' current status will be entertained at this time Thank you.

PIG: -Uh..hmm... I-PRE-RECORDED TAPE: Please state brief message now. BEEEEEEEEEP PIG: Um.. Hey, Danny? Any chance I could score some old 16 Magazines off you?

PUNK-ROCK SINGER SAYS MILITANT JEWS THREATENED BOMBING

Nazi Dog, lead singer of Canada's most infamous punk band, the Viletones, has dropped his name and the Nazi theme from the band's act because of alleged bomb threats from the ultra-militant Jewish Defence League.

In New York last night, JDL national president Simon Greenstein confirmed that there are league agents in Toronto that could have made the threats on their "own initiative".

Toronto that could have made the threats on agents in Toronto that could have made the threats on their "own Toronto that could have made the threats on their wown "If the JDL doesn't take care of this kind of thing, who will?" he asked.

The Viletones' singer, whose real name is Steven Leckie, won international notorlety for the Toronto-based band because of on-stage violence which included slashing himself with broken glass and delivering Nazi propaganda speeches. Leckie also gave away Nazi war medals at each concert and frequently made the absurd boast that he was related to former So kinel Heydrich Himmler.

But Leckie says that ally a local concert two weeks of the control of the says that ally a local concert two weeks of the properties of the properties. The latest the says that ally a local concert two weeks of the properties of the says that the say which is the latest of the says that the say is the says that the say is the says that the say when the was just trying to scare me," Leckies said. "We get some weird people at our shows. But this guy meant it, I made some inquiries and he has a record.

"I've been threatened before, usually by flakes, and they don't bother me. But I'm taking this one serious-live."

The JDL insists its activities are within the law.

but in the past it has has been accused of offering bounties to anyone who kills a member of the American Nazi party and has applauded acts of violence by Jewish

bounties to anyone who kills a member of the American Nazi party and has applicated acts of violence by Jewish extremists.

The members in Toronto and we're opening an official chapter in a couple of months, "Greensteins and last night. "It could be one of our people up there acting on his own intitative.

"We don't encourage our people to break the law, but sometimes the only way to stop this Nazi stuff is with physical force and there are Jewish militants who will go beyond the law.

Who will go beyond the law there are Jewish militants who will go beyond the law.

The state of the

are laced with scar tissue.

He has frequently incited punk fans to fight with



VILETONES' singer Steven Leckie...'I'm no Nazi!

each other for the Nazi medals he gives away at

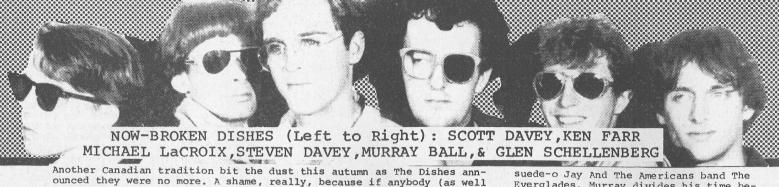
each other for the Nazi medals we access shows.

While he has dropped the Nazi theme and announces at each show that he no longer answers to the Nazi Dog name, he still lives the punk life to the hilt and Dog name, he still lives the punk life to the hilt and punk grouple.

Beginner of the still lives the punk life to day—he never leaves the house without a bodyguard.

"Violence has always been part of punk," he says. "But some people don't know when to leave it on stage."

in vain to form a new Viletones. Ironically, the original Tones have just released their second smash extended-player LOOK BACK IN ANGER: A record which in retrospect serves as a fitting epitaph to Canada's last great hope for rock'n roll, The Viletones. Reactions to the split? LENNY KAYE (aka DOC ROCK - member of The Patti Smith Group): "I was just getting over Elvis when I heard The Viletones were no more. I am deeply saddened. Who will play Mondays at Max's now?"...JACKIE DEATH (aka JACK RICHARDSON world-renowned record producer and original Viletones bassist): "I didn't even know they were still together"...MARVIN GOODAMAN (vocalist with Martin And The E-Chords and President of The World-Wide Freddy Pompeii Fan Club): "It's the best thing that's ever happened to Fred".



ounced they were no more. A shame, really, because if anybody (as well as THE PIG PAPER of course) deserves credit for the short life of Canadian newave, it's that wacky sextet from the Ontario College Of Art (pictured above). All that remains of The Dishes' legend today is The Beverley Tavern - the original and still prominent Toronto newave showcase pioneered by the Brothers Davey 'way back in 1975 - and two bark-o Dishes EPs on their own Regular Records. 1979 finds Dish drummist Steve supplement his meager income as casual entertainment reviewer for the Toronto Star newspaper by gigging with Michael and Glen in his new

Edition ***

October 13, 1978 15 cents 62 pages METRO WEATHER Showers or flurries tomorrow. High 8 Celsius. Low tonight 3C. Details, A2.



When there's no future How can there be sin

This little piece is in response to all you CIRCUS Magazine-reading weekend punks who clog my mailbox every day with "Have The Sex Pistols REALLY Broken Up?" letters. YES, The Sex Pistols have REALLY broken up. I think... PUNK Magazine, who should know about such things, agree with us know-it-alls in citing John, Paul, Steve'n'Sid's January 14,1978 concert in San Fransisco as the band's bowing out, but then there was Ronnie Bigg's Summer '78 Hit Single, the comedy team of Cook & Jones showing up in a different band from night to night, and John Rotten's new band Public Image. (I liked "Carniverous Buttockflys" way better). And then there's Sid Vicious, who chopped up his suedeo wife/manager Nancy Spungen so he too could grab his share of the post-Pistols press. At last report, the Original Sex Pistols, WITH Johnny and vintage Pistol (current Rich Kid) Glen Matlock, are together again in a London recording studio creating an LP to be called THE SID VICIOUS STORY - profits of which will supposedly help pay Sid's legal fees while he tries to convince a murder jury that Nancy WANTED to die. (?) So...Have The Sex Pistols REALLY Broken Up? Well, had I not run up such a phone bill for my Ramones write-up last page, I could've called Virgin Records or Malcolm McLaren or somebody or other I suppose



Everglades. Murray divides his time between acting as maitre'd in his new Toronto eatery Fiesta (that's at 838 Yonge Street) and recording with Robert Fripp for (maybe) Sire Records. Scott, besides remaining Steven's brother, writes for Rough Trade (the Toronto rock group NOT the London record store). And Ken recently joined founding-Dish Tony Malone in Drastic Measures (aka Dishes Graveyard). That leaves us with nothing but cheap imitators of The Dishes Sound, but ain't that always the way?

Elsewhere, in rec rooms and converted strip joints across Ontario, the old bands die and the new bands rise. From across Canada, the rock'n'roll hopefuls land in Toronto with guitars and new shoes, itching to hit the stage. Some become the week's cult heroes. Many return home poorer but wiser.

Over the past three years, anywhere from forty to seventy acts with something to offer other than lounge-rock or disco are alive within Toronto and its outskirts at any given moment. It is a grossly overpopulated yet under-supported musical community, with not enough places to play or patrons to pay. Suffice to say there's a lot of talent going to waste. Here's an index of Toronto's talent:

TORONTO'S TOP 63-

ACE - busy imitating Kiss
ACTION - "there's no action"
ANDROIDS - split (up the thighs)
ARSON - only Raifonzo knows for sure
B-GIRLS - still together and still boring
(BATTERED) WIVES - healthy, wealthy, but wise? GRATTERED) WIVES - healthy, wealthy, but wise?
BERLIN - split
BIFFS - busy alternating sets with EVERGLADES
BRAT - split (thank god)
BUNS - split
CADS - busy repackaging their only EP
CARDBOARD BRAINS - surface only occasionally
CINEMA FACE - split
CONCORDES - split to become VERBS and ANDROIDS
CONDENNED - condemned
CURSE - together one week, split the next
DENTS - split because they were underage
DENTEENS - busy rehearsing in the old HITS studio
DIODES - reformed with a new drummer but to no avail
DOLE-Q - looking for a way into Toronto
DONCASTERS - split
DRASTIC MEASURES - busy writing Letters To The Editor
EXISTERS - existing DIODES reformed with a new drummer but to no avail
DIOLEQ - looking for away into Toronto
DOLAGTERS - split
DRASTIC MEASURES - busy writing Letters To The Editor
EXISTERS - existing
PACE - split
PILIVAR - (see COVERNMENT)
PORCOTTEN REBELS - think Patti Smith is after them
GOVERNMENT - (see FLIVWA)
HEADACHE - split to become SIMPLY SAUCER's road crew
HITS - split to become LOVED ONES
JOHNNY AND THE G-RAYS - busy writing Greg Shaw
JOHNNY LOVESIN - cult figure!
LOUDMOUTHS - rehearsing between busts
LOVED ONES - about to embark on Canadian tour
MACHINE ROCK - (see PIE PAPER #9)
MARTHA AND THE E-CHORDS - temporarily split
MARTHA AND THE E-CHORDS - temporarily split
MAX MOUSE AND THE GORILLAS - busy repackaging their only 45
MeDS - busy learning the first Who album
MONSTER CHILDREN - split to become FILVWA and/or GOVERNMENT
NASH THE SLASH - can't split because it's a one-man act
OH THOSE PANTS - split (unfortunately)
PICTURES - one of the Toronto newave originals, now split
PINSTEADS - cult band!
POLES - still hanging out with the trendies at Max's and CBGB's
RICARDO NOVA - rich Toronto record store owner's no-talent son
ROUGH TRADE - wish they were hanging out with the trendies at
Max's and CBGB's
RUNS - ran
SCENICS - busy hustling demo cassettes
SIMPLY SAUCER - about to land on America
SKITZOIDS - split
SKULLS - split en route to England
SPACE PHLEGM - busy keeping the prices of records low!
SWEATERS - the latest fanzine band
SWOLLEN MEMBERS - deflated
TERNACE HEAD - prematurely retired
TOYS - split
UGLY - who cares?
VEGETABLES - went bad

TEENAGE HEAD - prematurely retired TOYS - split UGLY - who cares? VEGETABLES - went bad VERBS - looking for a way out of Toronto WADS - split WAGCES - going up WANDERERS - split ZOOM - augmented to become SECRETS



MANAGER, SID VICIOUS

HANDLES HIMSELF



NGOSSIPIGOSSIPIGOSSIPIGOSSIPIGOSSIPIGOSSIPIGOSSI

POCK SERLING'S L

4ROCK'SA

ENCL BURGON MOT THE NEW ANNIALS When I Was Young

ENCL BURGON AND THE NEW ANNIALS When I Was Young

ANY LOCATION THOMAS AND THE BOSSHEME RESILIVASHED

ANY LOCATION THOMAS AND THE BOSSHEME RESILIVASHED

FOR ANY ALBERT CONCEPTOR.

FOR ANY

167. CROW EVIL WOMEN IN NO MONEYAIR High Encages
169. JA, MALKER AND THE ALL-STAND ORDER Hold on To This Feeling
169. JA, MALKER AND THE ALL-STAND ORDER HOLD ON THIS Feeling
169. JA, MALKER AND THE CAMPAGE OF THE COMPILIS BELIEVING TO MY LIFE
177. THE COMPILIS THE MESTAGE AND THE CAMPAGE OF THE COMPILIS HEART HAS AND THE PARK HOLD OF THE COMPILIS HEART HAS AND THE PARK HOLD OF THE COMPILIS HEART HAS AND THE PARK HOLD OF THE PAR

JIL THE PROMETICES Silence is Golden
JIL THE PROMETICES Silence is Golden
JIL THE PROMETICE TO THE THE PROMETIC SILENCE TO THE PROMETIC SILENCE SILENC

169. THE KINKE Tared Of Walting For You
161. THE YAMEDINGS In the motion picture "November 161.

161. THE YAMEDINGS In the motion picture "November 161.

162. THE YAMEDINGS IN THE MOTION PROBLEM TO THE YAMEDINGS IN THE YAMEDING

THE CARPOTETES COOCHY TO Love

The black main from the talavision show "Moditals Navy"

The black main from the talavision show "Moditals Navy"

The black main from the talavision show "Moditals Navy"

The black main from the talavision show "Moditals Navy"

The black main from the talavision show "Moditals Navy"

The black main from the talavision show "Moditals Navy"

The black main from the talavision show "Moditals Navy"

The black main from the talavision show "Moditals Navy"

The black main from the talavision show "The Naubers"

The black main from the talavision show "The Pallight Sone"

The black main from the talavision show "The Pallight Sone"

The black main from the talavision show "The Pallight Sone"

The black main from the talavision show "The Pallight Sone"

The black main from the talavision show "The Saint"

The black from the talavision show "The Pallight Sone"

The black from the talavision show "The Pallight Sone"

The black from the talavision show "The Saint"

The black from the talavision show "The

THE BATTLE Nello Gooding

COMENT OAL DOWN MAKE LOVE

SHEWILL CALL DOWN MAKE LOVE

SHEWILL CALL THE SHEW SHALE FOR "THE Professionals" talevision series

12 MARIO SHEWILL CHARLES SHEW SHALE SHEW SHEW SHEW SHALE SHALE



BOSTON

A PRELIMINARY WORD OF CAUTION:
NO, THIS IS NOT AN ARTICLE ABOUT
"BOSTON", THAT UTTERLY GROTESQUE
QUEASY-METAL BAND. IT IS AN ARTICLE ABOUT BOSTON, THE CITY AND
THE SOUND, COMPILED FOR PIG BY
TWO OF MASSACHUSETTS' ROCK'N'ROLL
FOCAL POINTS, COUNT (JOSEPH ALLEN)
VIGLIONE AND LIZ(ZIE) IRELAND.

INTRODUCING ...

Howdy. You're talking with (no, actually you're listening to) The Count. Gary asked for a sort of "Introduction To Boston Rock", but that would be pretty impossible without at least a thousand pages. All I can say to introduce is that Boston is the most under-rated and over-talented city in the world. You hear about New York, LA, San Fransisco, The Pinsteads, London, Detroit... but how much press does Roston really get?

Boston really get?
Maybe we can blame "The Bosstown Sound" for that. When psychedelia was happening on the West US Coast twelve years ago, the record companies then in power ran to the East US Coast to see if they could make it happen here too. Well, with bands like THE ULTIMATE SPIN-ACH and EDEN'S CHILDREN (and so many others), it is easy to see why it didn't happen!

But there was talent here to be sure. BARRY AND THE REMAINS seem to be brought to my attention too many times by fellow musicians claiming they were The Best band in the world. Well, their debut LP on Epic left me un-moved. And WILLIE LOCO ALEXANDER, a Proven rock'n'roll genius, was a member of THE LOST (Capitol records) and BAGATELLE (ABC records)... and a couple of houses down from mine lived CHRIS CUNNINGHAM of THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPERS. He jammed with me seven years ago when I could hardly play three chords... that Is the band Chris Wilson of The Flamin Groovies was in, is it

not? There was (is) plenty of talent here. But because many people have one-track minds (you know who we're talking about) it wasn't really until JOHNATHAN RICHMAN AND THE MODERN LOVERS starting causing a stir (right up the street from me here in lovely Arlington, Massachusetts), or until AEROSMITH grabbed a Columbia contract before Clive Davis got ousted, and with zero support from CBS got "Dream On" to become the #1 song of the summer of '73. The fans did it! AEROSMITH toured and toured and when Columbia didn't want them coz the guy who signed them had been ousted, they pressed ahead and became one of the top heavy-metal bands in history. It was their own preserverance and the enthusiasm of the fans that did it. Oh, and THE J.GEILS BAND (nee THE HALLU-CINATIONS) seemed to succeed the usual way (first LP does okay, a hit off the second, red vinyl and a big hit for the third), but they seemed an exception.

At the time AEROSMITH were on the way up, a local band from Winchester, REDDY TEDDY, got signed to Mercury Records. Mercury shelved the band's LP: One of the first examples of luck going bad for the extremely talented local group. R.T. recently disbanded after releasing an LP on Spoonfed Records to rave critical reviews. They are important to this entire picture

were produced by Michael Brown, ex of Stories and The Left Banke). WILLIE LOCO continued the do-it-yourself trend with "Kerouac" b/w "Massachusetts Avenue" on Garage Records and MARC THOR on his Indy Records with "Holiday Fire" b/w "Boystown Boize". Not to mention FOX PASS and Yours Truly with our own Paradise and Varulven records. Now, you see, there was another way.



Here are people who have something to say and aren't about to wait for some record company to come along and supposedly help them say it. Here are people who say Here We Are whether you like it or not. Boston Rock in 1978 was like a kaleidescope. Finally, after many years, there were more and more places to play, more record stores stocking our discs, fanzines, and letting us stick up our posters and distribute freebies. But there is still much to do.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1978: It is a Friday



THE BOOM BOOM BAND

OFFICIAL STATES

THE BOOM BOOM BAND

OFFICIAL STATES

THE PARADISE IN ASSET

SEPTEMBER 31 1

WHAT TO BAND!

BAND!

EVER-CHARMING WILLIE (Photo: PAT IRETON) & PUNK POSTER BOSTON-STYLE (WHAT NEWAVE NEEDS IS ARTISTS

of Boston Rock because they tie the professional bands and the street bands together. Before TEDDY got their Spoonfed contract, they released a single from the Mercury sessions on their own Flexible Records label ("Goo Goo Eyes" b/w "Novelty Shoes"), which was one of the first home-grown 45s of the newave and one which inspired other local bands to put out their own recordings. (Historical Note: REDDY TEDDY's tapes

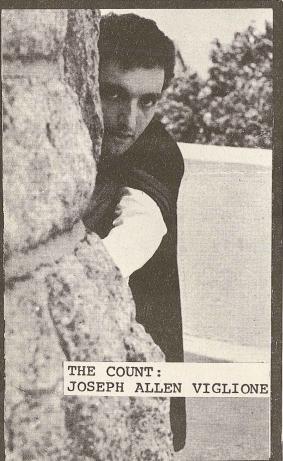
evening. Three members of the Varulven staff head over to the Boston Architectural Center on Newbury Street to experience a double bill consisting of HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE and Varulven recording artists UNNATURAL AXE. The Center is fantastic: My first visit to this new venue was greeted by a psychedelic green poster with the bands' names artfully splashed on it. MARK FLYNN, editor of Boston's strangest fanzine "Skunk Piss", was

at the door collecting the \$3 cover charge and peddling his latest cre-ation, "Skunk Piss 21" (50¢ from 17 High Street Apt. #5, Brookline, Massachusetts, USA, 20146). Covering the walls were photos by PHIL IN PHLASH, local r&r shutterbug. These art people are something else: the second newave (along with bands like THRILLS, LA PESTE, STOMPERS, MARSHALLS, GIRLS ...) . Proof positive that the tide that rolls out rolls back. These arty-clique bands with their huge followings have injected new enthusiasm into Boston. They all seem very money-conscious, which may keep them afloat longer that those of the "I'm in it for the music" syndrome. RICH PARSONS. of the AXE, is a photographer whose work has been published at home (in the "Boston Groupie News": Box 450, Cambridge, Massachusetts, USA, 02138) and abroad (ie: "Creem"). He should be happy, but on top of that he's a great guitarist and composer, and with his pal TOM WHITE they put together UNNATURAL AXE and released one EP (so far). Tonight, Lizzie and myself walk onstage hand-inhand and take the microphones. COUNT: Maxanne, dear, do you know the name of this hot new band on the Varulven label?

LIZZIE: No, Oeddy, tell me who they

It was a dream to mimic the two famed DJs Maxanne and Oedipus from WBCN (who'll air your records too if you send them to 5005 Prudential Tower, Boston, Massachusetts, USA, 02199) and better them at their own game. The AXE put on a dynamite show which ended with their big hit "They Saved Hitler's Brain" and encored with "I Wanna Be Your Dog".

A scant couple of weeks later, the legendary WILLIE ALEXANDER and his BOOM BOOM BAND put on another ace show. Liz Ireland takes you there:



Head out of town on Mass. Ave. and keep going, and you eventually come to Lowell. Home-town of beat writer Jack Kerouac; one of those old industrial towns that are scattered in river valleys all over New England. The Commodore Ballroom was once the stronghold of the Big Bands, and it still looks pretty much like it must have when Jack and "Maggie Cassidy" used to go there. But on this Saturday night, it was WILLIE LOCO ALEXANDER AND THE BOOM BOOM BAND who took the stage and proceeded to thrill the audience with what most agreed was the best show he's done since the old days at The Rat in '75. The band was just loose enough to be interesting, and Willie was in top form: Energetic, funny, and relaxed. Adoring fans danced at the edge of the stage (a rare luxury in these days of autocratic club bouncers who are ready to beat the shit out of anyone that BREATHES), and tossed the usual collection of toys and presents onstage for Willie to play with: DAVE MINEHAN of THE NEIGH-BORHOODS brought a stuffed lobster NIKKI BUZZ of THE LAZERS a squirt gun; and of course, Lots Of Hats! It was an MCA-sponsered performance so those fans who screamed for old favourites like "Pup Tune" and "Garbageman" did so to no avail. But at the end of the concert, the Boom Booms stunned the hell out of long-time fans who can remember the "Fuck The Rat" days by performing Willie's ode to that venue, "At The Rat", as a sing-along with Loco sprawled casually on the floor handing the mike to selected members of the audience.

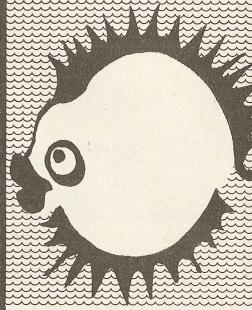
GARY PIG SPECULATES ON BOSTON'79

Well, as you can see, all seems very alive and very, very well in ol' Bosstown. Really, as The Count explained in his kick-off to this article, there has been, is, and will be A LOT going on in Boston, and future PIG PAPERS will be adding to and up-dating this capsule intro-piece. However, with Canada currently between postal strikes for a few weeks, some long-awaited mail from Massachusetts trickled into the sty recently. To nutshell:

What promises to be the definitive Boston Rock Anthology album, THE BOSTON BOOTLEG, at last seems set for release after many, many delays. Scheduled for inclusion are cuts by BRUCE BAD, FOX PASS, PASTICHE, TINA PEEL, GARY SOPRANO, HONEY PIE, the incredible BLOWFISH, DICK NOLAN AND THIRD RAIL, UNNATURAL AXE, a collection of various AUGUSTE PHENOME-NONS, THE NEIGHBORHOODS, something known as THE BOSTON ROCK ALL-STARS, and still more. Fortunately (or should that be UNfortunately), THE BOSTON BOOTLEG should hit the racks at just about the same time as Ork Records similar Boston anthology LP. COUNT VIGLIONE's album, originally assembled for Flamingo Records of Europe, will also be issued in North America with subtle little title and content alterations as in Nick Lowe. Featured on it will be selections from the Count's EPs, golden nuggets from the vaults, and many new recordings (possibly "a super-long

version of the Lou Reed classic, "Foggy Notion"".)Lots more 45s,EPs, and LPs forthcoming, with full details as they happen in future PIG

The guy to get in touch with when Boston comes to mind, as you may have gathered by now, is COUNT VIGLIONE. For copies of the several spiffy releases on his VARULVEN



BLOWFISH IN THE NEW WAVE

label, or copies of his very regularlarily-published newsletter on the area's activities, "Auguste Pages", write Today to Box 83, Tufts University Branch, Medford Massachusetts, USA 02153. The lead The leading vinyl suppliers for the town (write to them with all your Boston Rock wants) is Discount (ask for Ray: 505 Washington St., Boston, 02111). There are many, many fine and certainly varied records coming out of the city these days. To try to prepare a shopping list in what little space remains here would be silly (ask the Count to draw up a discography for you), but I'll make one little review here: A year ago I received this EP called BLOWFISH IN THE NEW WAVE (see PIG PAPER #8). It's a sort of comedy/rock/satire creation, though simply labelling it as such grossly short-sells it. (Call it a Boston answer to Johnny Rubbish ... or should that be the other way around?) I urge you to send \$2 now to Paul Lovell (PO Box 132, Chesnut Hill, Massachusetts, USA 02617) for a copy, until I get my hands on fifty or so for pigsclusive distribution. And if you just can't stop, there's always that relic from punkdom Boston-style, the LIVE AT THE RAT album which should still be sitting in your local disc shop I'd wager. And don't dare forget Willie Loco's MCA albums (or, for history's sake, the first Aerosmith LP, on Columbia). Or Paley Brothers and Modern Lovers LPs as examples of vintage Boston rock up-rooted.

WHERE THE ACTION IS



It's really very hard to say any thing new about Los Angeles, is it not? Ever since The Byrds first played Peter Fonda's birthday party way back when, LA's always seemed to be Rock'n'Roll City to me. Initial stomping grounds of The Beach Boys, The Mothers Of Invention, and every musician in between, the city's heydaze (1965/1966) has been immortalized in print by ex-Beatle booster Derek Taylor's liner notes and teen rag columns of the time, on celluloid in such cinematic milestones as "How To Stuff A Wild Bikini" (surf flick=good



2 CROONERS CIRCA L.A.78
Top: JOHN DENNY(WEIRDOS)
Below: SCOTT GRUEN(DEAD
BEATS) Q: WHAT DO WHITE
UPPER MIDDLE CLASS TEEN
CALIFORNIANS GOT TO COMPLAIN(OR EVEN SING) ABOUT

OR, "WHAT GARY PIG DID ON HIS HOLIDAYS"

guys) and "Riot On The Sunset Strip" (drug flick=bad boys), and on vinyl in, well, literally MILLIONS of releases (Sunrays to Seeds, Johnny Rivers to Jan And Dean, Captain Beefheart to The Barbarians). LA, a decade ago, housed the world's top recording facilities, a bumper-crop of able and ready musicians to suit every need, and a host of clubs at which to showcase the rash of nearby talent.

Something's definately happened over the past ten years. Like the art of R&R itself, Los A. has stagnated. Those golden kids who once mindlessly played volleyball and Dick Dale discs by the Pacific now mindlessly snort cocaine and new car interiors in the gold record dens of rock's Malibu elite. Those once vibrant "I want the world!" singers and players of that golden era have now all but vanished completely, be it in hippyhair and fringes to the north California hills (farewell, Sky Saxon...) or in rented tuxedoes to the supper clubs and afternoon TV showbands (a long way down from "The Little Old Lady From Pasadena", eh, Tommy Tedesco?). What went wrong? Well go read BOMP Editorials if you crave such analytical pooh. Gary Pig doesn't know what went wrong, and if he did, he couldn't afford to add extra pages to his Paper to expound his bullshit. Let's just say it's now 1979 and we're all, to varying degrees,

Punk Rock (many argue it BEGAN in Los Angeles courtesy of The Count Five et al) always maintained it stood to bring back the fun and pop of the Monkees period. LA caught Punk in early 1977 and, like here in Toronto, went to town with it. (San Fransisco '67 all over again). Rock clubs, some dormant since the Good Old Days Themselves, had a veritable stream of bands littering their stages for months. Stars (like The Quick, Arthur J And The Gold Cups, The Twits, Black Randy, The Doodoettes....) became Overnight Sensations only to realize they were Has-Beens by the weekend. The accompanying hoopla (fanzines and radio shows) drove the media berserk with sensationalism. And the kids poured out of their bedrooms to dance. THAT'S ROCK'N' ROLL, right?

Right! But here it is, a little over one year since the newave explosion, and it's already funcking NOSTALGIA in some circles. And the Top 40's still stuffed with shit.

The story of What Happened is in essence the Story Of Los Angeles. Now PIG's Man In LA, our pal Al of FLIPSIDE Magazine (Western America's PIG PAPER), picks up the tale:

1978 started off with The Masque closing: the prime club responsible for bringing out new bands. It was the place almost every local punk band got their start in. Other bands too. The doors closed January 20 because of fire codes etcetera. The case immediately went to court.

The famed Whisky then became

The famed Whisky then became THEE club and supported newave until August when they banned most local stuff (especially PUNK, that four-letter word). Reason: nobody pays, damage, disrespect...

Next, The Rock Corporation, an old biker bar in the San

BLOW-UP IN 1998:

JANUARY 13 MASQUE

MAXIMUM

BLOW-UP IN 1998:

JANUARY 13 MASQUE

MAY 14 MASQUE

MAY 11 WHISKY-A-JO-30

MAY 11 WHISKY-A-JO-30

JUME 20 STAKWOOD

PUNK POSTER, L.A.-STYLE

(I'M CONVINCED ALL THESE

NEWAVE POSTER DESIGNERS

ARE GOING TO END UP IN THE

Fernando Valley, was the spot, with newave on Wednesdays and, starting in September, on week-ends too!

ART DEPT. AT K-TEL RECORDS)

As you read this, The Masque should have reopened. The reason, I'll take an educated guess, is pressure on various city departments and the landlord. There will be drastic remodelling done first, and, thanks to some obscure law called The Grandfather Ruling which states the premises were originally zoned for assemblies, a limited capacity will be enforced. Just how many people are allowed in will determine the whole style of the place. Most important of all,



THE RUNAWAYS' NUMBER ONE QUEEN OF NOISE JOAN JETT GETTIN HOT SOMEWHERE ON STAGE IN CALIFORNIA (AND GETTIN PLUMP BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS) AND, TO THE RIGHT, L.A.'S BIG HOPES, THE DICKIES, GOOFIN OFF

The Masque will now be a legal, legitimate club as opposed to an underground one. I hope this will prevent it from being killed again.

Meanwhile, there are lots of one night stands where halls get trashed and an occasional newave show at other mainstream clubs such as the Starwood, Golden Bear, and CooCoo's Nest.

We still need our own place to showcase our own music in. Until then, things will remain on ice.

As for Talent, the now active

bands include

+ BAGS * WEIRDOS

* WEIRDOS * GERMS * DICKIES

* ZIPPERS
* ALLEYCATS
* X

+ BLOW UP
SCREAMERS
* PLUGZ
* RUNAWAYS

* SHOCK + DOGS

KIDS

* WEASELS

* CONTROLLERS * RUNAWAYS
Now those are the bands that play
around alot. Most have records
out (*) or will (+). You gotta
realize that I like punkrock so
most of these bands are punk.
They are the scene in LA. We also
have alot of heavy metal, MOR,
progressive and Top 40 bands but
there's no scene there and I do
not know much about them.

The bands listed below play regularily but some are going through radical personnel changes (could be gone altogether by the time you're reading this) and others are brand new:

EYES
FLESHEATERS
MIDDLE CLASS
ZEROS
DEADBEATS
FEAR
RED LIGHTS
BACK STAGE
PASS
POP
MOTELS
L.A.SHAKERS

F-WORD
NEEDLES & PINS
FURYS
GO GO'S
FLY BOYS
RHINO 39
HOLLYWOOD STARS
DYAN DIAMOND
SUNSET BOMBERS
HEATERS
VOM
LAST
MAKES it SOOM

Writing this down makes it seem like there's piles of bands, but in fact many are very much the same. I'm sure that by 1979 there will be many new bands, many old ones gone, and lots more to report in general. Stay tuned to THE PIG PAPER for my regular updates.

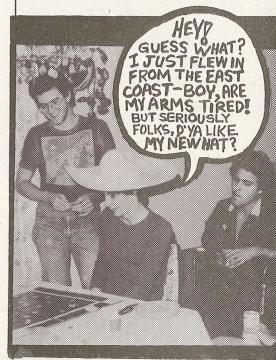
Thanks, Al. Now it's time for Gary to fill up the rest of the page.

Whilst in the thick of compiling this LA report, good old Rhino Records ("on Westwood Boulevard...") sent me a copy of the SATURDAY NIGHT POGO album, their collection of Los Angeles newave bands. Comprising of fourteen groups' fourteen tracks recorded over the last couple of years, SNP is an often fun yet more often disappointing assemblage which just goes to prove that acts which make it to vinyl for the most part make it on hype, connections, and cash, NOT talent.

All but two of the cuts are of demo quality at best, but that actually helps! However, nothing short of erasure could save "I Wanna Play With Guns" by Needles And Pins, "Counting" by The Motels, or ALL of Side Two, which is highlighted only by the lamely nostalgic (as in B-Girls) "Legend" by Backstage Pass and a Ramones treatment of The Bee Gees! "Night Fever" (by The Hebe Geebees, ha ha

ha ha). Side One kicks off with the supposedly Yardbirds-influenced "Beauty Queen" by The Winos, which would've been much more at home on the Mothers' ABSOLUTELY FREE album. Good thing Keith Relf isn't around to witness such fluff. The Berlin Brats, LA's very own New York Dolls story, are a California cult band whose "Tropically Hot" is typically luke-warm. The Low Numbers fail miserably at producing The Great Lost Pistols Single ("Belsen Was A Gas"), Vom demonstrates once again that rock critics shouldn't be given guitars, and the rest is, well, the rest.

SATURDAY NIGHT POGO, like nearly all LPs these days, could be condensed into a single 99¢ 45: The Droogs' "Set My Love On You" (decidedly Paul Revere And The Raiders



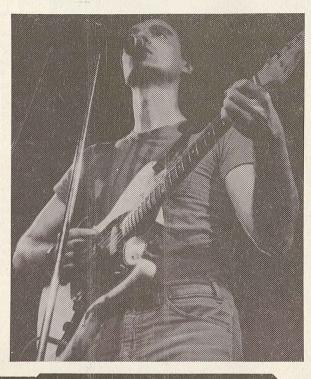
circa 1966) b/w Wildman Fischer croaking "I Wanna Be Well". I believe I'd be safe in assuming that POGO is NOT a true representation of LA'78. Al assures me of such, plus I know enough from my experiences here that if and when a collection of Toronto newave bands is released on disc, I'll bet my mint-condition BEATLES AND FRANK IFIELD ON STAGE record that this town's top talent (Simply Saucer, Secrets, Everglades...) would be deleted in favour of last year's model (Battered Wives, Diodes...). So, Los Angeles, and maybe even Rhino Records: You are forgiven.

There's not much left to say, except FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: Write Al c/o FLIPSIDE(7245 A. WHITTIER AVENUE, WHITTIER, CALIF. USA, 90602). He'll answer your questions, get you any of the LA records you desire, and send you copies of the definitive South California rock publication: His own! Also recommended fanzine-wise is SLASH(PO Box 48888, Los Angeles, Calif. USA, 90048). The latest and possibly greatest LA record shop is MOXIELAND(1417 S. Robertson Blvd.#4, West Los Angeles, Calif. USA, 90035). And, of course, there's always Bomp....

PIGALLERY

CLASH'n'DIODE - is that the name of Toronto's newest ad-hoc punk dive? No, sez local know-it-all Ralph Alphonzo: It's the title of the photo above, the latest in Ralfonzo's seemingly never-ending PAUL ROBINSON, LEAD SINGER OF CANADA'S PREMIERE NEW WAVE BAND THE DIODES, MEETS THE STARS series. This time, the unsuspecting celeb is none other than TERRY CHIMES (?) whose band THE CLASH is so desperate for a North American break-through that they may even tour with the aforementioned Diodes in 1979. All we here at PIG can say is, Where In Hell Are THE 101'ERS now that we need'em?

At long last the truth can be told! At a recent Toronto appearance, DAVID BYRNE confirmed the year-long rumour regarding the interior sleeve photo of TALKING HEADS '77, his band's first album: "Yes, you heard correctly. The reason everyone's looking so weird in that photograph is because just before the shot was taken, I let out a huge fart!" PIG shutterbug Scott Graham can vouch for David: the singer/guitarist let loose with several glorious SBD ("Silent But Deadly") ones as the show below progressed (particularily during "Warning Sign").



ELVIS IS DEAD. So we told the world 'way back on Page 8 of PIG PAPER \$5. But in the seventeen months since the King's fatal bathroom mishap and subsequent heart failure, the occupation of Elvis Presley Clone has kept thousands off the unemployment statistics. The best Elvis Imitator PIG's caught wind of to date is none other than veteran rock'n'roll on-stage trouser-splitter PJ PROBY, who, ironically, began his musical career eighteen years ago by recording demos for El. Recently, PJ underwent plastic surgery and molded his features - in fact, his entire body - to match the pose struck by the original Elvis in 1956 for the cover of his first LP. Proby now tours the world wailing "Tutti Frutti" and "Blue Moon" whilst retaining the famous pose, all the while moving only his lips and, occasionally, his hips. What does Presley's manager COL.TOM PARKER think of this latest Elvis Copy? "Well, sah, I'll tell ya: That there ROBERT GORDON sure does a better one".



Everyone was sure there'd be No Future for rotund STEVE JONES after his SEX PISTOLS mis-fired a year ago. But he doesn't say Die so easily: Steve recently hooked up with another famed rock'n'roll loser, the drug-hooked ex-NEW YORK DOLL and HEARTBREAKER JOHNNY THUNDERS, to form a new band for the specific purpose of, in the ex-Pistol's words, "Makin' lots of fuckin' money so's I can have my junk food and Johnny can have his junk".



CLASH & DIODE by David Buckley, DAVID BYRNE by Scott Graham, JOHNNY & STEVE by Anna Sui. Send us your own B&W Pigallery photographs for publication, ok?



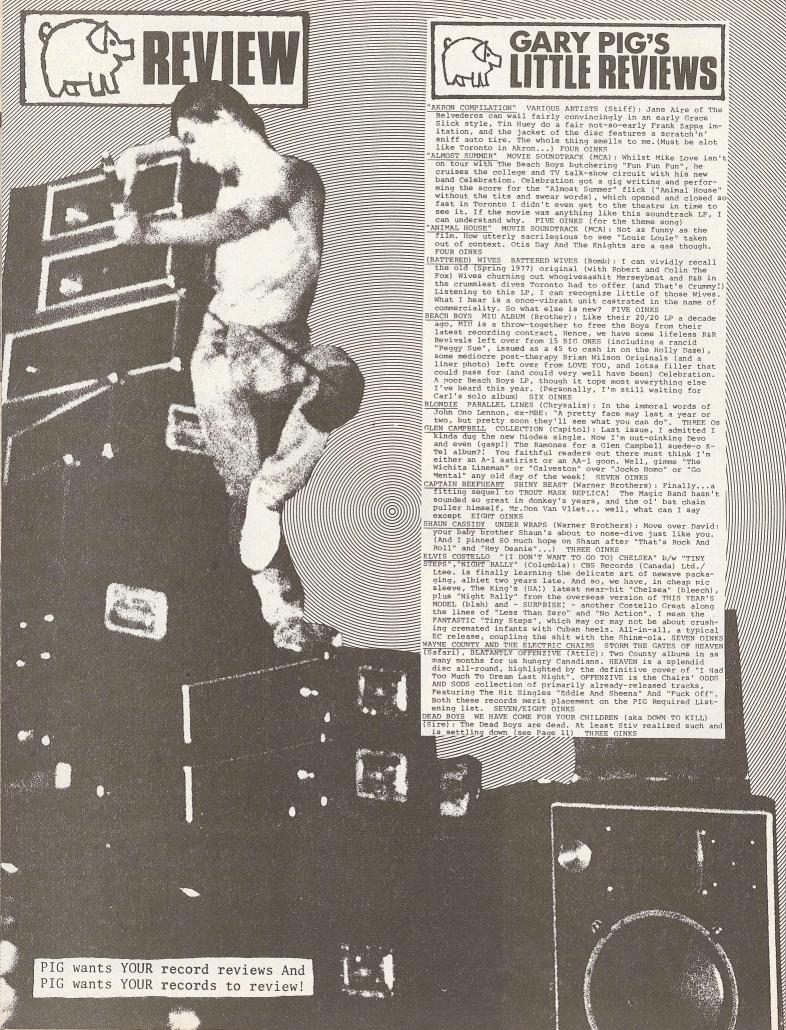
"He was just getting too unco-operative" complained MIKE LOVE (second from right with the skinny, hairy legs). "Yeah, even worse than Brian!" chipped in AL JARDINE (far right with the chubby, clean-shaven legs). Who are the two TM'd-out BEACH BOYS bitching about now? None other than their drummist of eighteen years DENNIS WILSON, who prefers his Himilayan villa to the rigours of the BB's road tours these days. So Mike and Al recently decided Enough Was Enough and booted Denny right out of the band. Long-time Beach Boy back-up percussionist and ex-RUTLE RICKY FATAAR will once again take over Dennis' abandoned drum stool, but who will sing Dennis' crucial vocal parts on stage? BRIAN WILSON, demonstrating that his brain can still work when it has to, came up with the solution: JAN AND DEAN, tragic pop duo of yesteryear who are currently skateboarding down memory lane to new-found fame and fortune. In this pigsclusive pic just wired in to the sty by the vacationing (somewhere near Surf City) Johnny Pig, we see The New And Improved Beach Boys on stage in Sacramento California (left to right: CARL WILSON, JAN BERRY, DEAN O. TORRENCE, BRAIN, MIKE, And AL). The big question is: Can Jan, after spending the past decade recovering from his legendary 1966 car crash, stand the gruelling pace of one-night stands? Mr.Berry confidently replied "By all means, if only Dean would learn to sing on key".



Who's This? A pudgy David Clayton Thomas in the midst of dredging up Blood Sweat And Tears yet again? Hell, no: Surprise Surprise: it's The Raver himself, pleasantly plump REG PRESLEY, in the midst of rejuvenating THE TROGGS so as to give all his punkrock imitators a run for the mucus. The Original Wild Things are back in North America eleven years since last denting the Billboard Hot 100 and are sounding cruder than ever, as will be amply demonstrated (legalities permitting) on their up-coming LIVE AT MAX'S KANSAS CITY album. How is Reg coping with his latest come-back? "Simply marvellously, however, people keep screaming at me to throw them my white silk scarf. "That was the OTHER Presley" I have to keep reminding them". Oh, to be a rock star.....

Forget The Curse, Forget The (Battered) Wives, and PLEASE, Forget The Viletones: Toronto's latest and greatest "don't call us punk" sensations are THE SECRETS, pictured above (left to right: bassist JOHN HAMILTON, vocalist FREDDY POMPEII, drummist MIKE ANDERSON, and guitarist CHRIS HAIGHT) in their first hotfrom-the-lab publicity pin-up. This crackerjack quartet, one-quarter ex-DIODES and three-quarters ex-VILETONES, are busy thrilling Ontario teens with their dynamite mixture of newave'n'nostalgia, and are reportedly about to sign a multi-dollar recording contract with (who else?) Bomb Records. And if that isn't enough to whet your armpits, rumor has it the band is about to embark on a Canadian tour with the infamous SIMPLY SAUCER (as "A Saucerful Of Secrets?"). Do You Want To Know A Secret? Write to the lads at 94 Power Street, Toronto,Ontario,Canada,M4A 3A7.

SUEDE-O ELVIS and NEW BEACH BOYS by Johnny Pig, REG PRESLEY by Scott Isler, and THE SECRETS picture came to PIG courtesy of Margarita Passion (thanks!)



DEVO Q: ARE WE NOT MEN? (Warner Brothers): 50% Show (as in Ted Nugent), and 50% Hype (as in Kiss), all to the beat of recycled Led Zeppelin and KC And The Sunshine Band riffs. A: WE ARE NOT AMUSED! TWO OINKS

DUCKS DELUXE DON'T MIND ROCKIN' TONITE (RCA): Canada finally has its very own domestic Ducks release, several years after the band's sorrowful demise (good old Canada!). It's a Greatest Misses package with some good and lotsa great cuts. RCA would've loved to call this record ROOTS OF PUNK I bet. SEVEN OINKS

Greatest Misses package with some good and lotsa great cuts. RCA would've loved to call this record ROOTS OF PUNK I bet. SEVEN OINKS

(ROMPIN') RONNIE HAWKINS SOLD OUT (Roulette): Ronnie didn't really sell out. It's just that despite several unsuccessful stabs at global stardom, the undisputed King of Canadian Rock remains content to sing his pioneering hits of the early Sixties to an ever-faithful following in the bars across Ontario. Those hits are herein repackaged yet again for the benefit of those curious movie-goers who watched Ronnie steal "The Last_Waltz" away from all those six-figure L.A. "rock stars", many of whom (The Band in particular) can be heard on this LP in embryonic fine form. This album is worthy of purchase if only for the gut-wrenching "Who Do You Love", which after fifteen years is as dazzling an example of good old rock'n'roll as any. NINE OINKS
MODERN LOVERS LIVE (Beserkley): For some reason this, along with all of Johnathan Richman's repetoire, evokes a sense of 1961 Monday Night Hoot. Don't ask me why... NINE OINKS
MOTORS APPROVED BY (Virgin): Okay, okay: I realize all those bands whose first albums last year were labelled Punk are turning Pop in '18. But nothing on this second Motors LP meets my approval. I say Take me back to the phoney heaven of '77. FOUR OINKS
NASH THE SLASH NASH THE SLASH (Cut-Throat): Toronto's very own one-man eclectic electronic ensemble releases a twelve-inch disco-mix 45. Like the Slash's concerts, I marvel more at his courage than his talent. FIVE OINKS
PAGLIARO LIVE (RCA): Here's this Montrealer who has single-handedly defined Canadian Top 40 Rock in the Seventies. Unfortunately, it seems nobody hears enough of him to become as enthralled as I was when his 1971 opus "Lovin' You Ain't Easy" first came my way. Now RCA's re-issued the Pag's totally stupendous 1973 In Concert album, so all of you out there have no excuse. Become a Pagliaro fanatic! NINE OINKS PAGLIARO LIVE (RCA): There's this maximum R&B band of sixteen years ago? If not, catch up with the la

RAMONES ROAD TO RUIN (Sire): The lads' aptly-title RUBBER SOUL. "It's a step ahead!" cry Ramones defenders. "It's a lousy record!" the majority of us are beginning to realize. FOUR OINKS

SOUL. "It's a step ahead!" cry Ramones defenders. "It's a lousy record!" the majority of us are beginning to realize. FOUR OINKS

FRINO ROYALE" VARIOUS ARTISTS (Rhino): Anything Rhino Records cares to release is A-OK with me. Because Rhino's the label that freed one of the premiers Sixties Ref legends, wild Man Fischer, from a cruel and premature disappearance to relate that freed one of the premiers Sixties Ref legends, wild Man Fischer, from a cruel and premature disappearance to relate that freed one of the premiers of the Wall o

Introducing KEITH RICHARD(S) of the ROLLING STONES in

IN WHICH PEOPLE **REVIEW STUFF BUT** ARE NOT TOLD WHAT THEY ARE REVIEWING UNTIL AFTER THEY HAVE REVIEWED IT.



(PICTURED ABOVE) HALF OF THE GLIMMER TWINS FIRST HEARS HALF JAPANESE

KEEF IS NO STRANGER TO THE CITY OF TORONTO THESE DAYS, WHAT WITH HIS DRUG DEALING, DRUG BUSTS, DRUG TRIALS, AND DRUG BENEFITS. HOWEVER POPULAR HE MAY BE WITH THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE, HE'S NOT A WELCOME FACE TO THE HOTEL OWNERS OF THE CITY. CONSEQUENTLY, WHILE IN TOWN RECENTLY FOR HIS LATEST DRUG HEARINGS, KEITH DROPPED BY PIG'S TORONTO STY FOR SOME TEA AND SYMPATHY (NOT TO MENTION A BUNK FOR THE NIGHT). THE MORNING AFTER, THE DARTFORD RENEGADE AGREED TO PLAY "BLINDATE" WITH US BY WAY OF THANKING US FOR OUR HOSPITALITY.

AUGUSTE PHENOMENON "THE GUITARMASTER" (Varulven)

KEITH: Starts off like an old Alice Cooper thing. The singer sounds
like a cheap imitation Barry McGuire. What - is this song all about
famous guitar players? JIMMY PAGE?! They mentioned ol! Baby-Face
Page and not ME? Bomb! Bomb! Take this fuckin' record off....

MICHAEL BLAISE AND CHEATER "SCORING POWER" (APB)

KEITH: The beginning of this one gives me the old New York City
crawls. Pretty effective. Sorta falls apart as it goes on though,
don't it? I mean, what's there left to say about New York anyway?
Could you tell me who produced this one?

GARY: Funny you should ask. You're not going to believe this: Giorgio Gomelski.

Glorgio Gomelski.
KEITH: Giorgio produced it? THE Giorgio Gomelski?!
GARY: Yes. How many Giorgio Gomelski's are there around? He used to manage the Stones didn't he?
KEITH: Very early on, yes. But the Stones tracks he recorded sure sounded better than this record.

HE BOYFRIENDS "I DON'T WANT NOBODY (I WANT YOU)" (Bomp)
KEITH: Wow! What the fuck is this?! It's incredible! Sounds like me
at nineteen! FABULOUS! Play it again, will ya?
GARY: Sure. I love this one alot too. Even the B-Side's a killer.
KEITH: Beautiful song. I wanna tape of this one.

VIGLIONE "THE MORN OF THE CONFRONTATION" (Varulven) KEITH: Never takes off. Disjointed. Remind me to play you some old Brian Jones songs we recorded around SATANIC MAJESTIES: They sound just like this. Silly chord-organ, too long.... Thank god we got rid of Brian when we did.

LTH "DON'T HIDE YOUR HATE" (Plurex)
KEITH: Ahh - Punk Rock! I wondered when you were gonna make me
listen to some of this stuff. Nice guitar solo. This isn't The
Viletones is it?

O'S HEART ATTACK "TREAT ME LIKE A DOLL" (No Fun) KEITH: This starts off like The Ramones, back when they were good. Then it turns into punk. Take it off.....

HALF JAPANESE "NO DIRECT LINE FROM MY BRAIN TO MY HEART" (50,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 watts)

GARY: No.

KEITH: Hmmm.... in that case, No Comment.

E HELMETTES "I DON'T CARE WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY" (No Fun)
KEITH: More punk. The singer sounds like Johnny whatisname. Still,
as I was telling Mick the other day, you gotta admire these bands
for their high energy level. If the Stones tried to keep up this
kinda pace nowadays, we'd have a coronary before the second
verse. Take it off. It's making me feel old.

N KRISS "DON'T TELL ME" (Carrot)
KEITH: This is a nice enough one. Nothing spectacular, but it
would've made the Top Ten back in '65.

LORD MANUEL "ASTRAL WARRIOR" (Lord Manuel)

KEITH: Uh-oh.... get out the hash pipes. Is
from that new Dracula movie they're making? Is this the soundtrack

THE MOLLESTERS "PLASTIC" (Plurex)
KEITH: Not again! GET OFF THIS PUNK STUFF!!!

THE NOW "I'M EATING OFF A FASHION PLATE" (Out Of Print)

REITH: This sounds really amateur. Crummy playing, crummy song, crummy production. The singer thinks he's in "The Rocky Horror Picture Show". Awful record. Is it from Toronto?

TINA PEEL "PYJAMA PARTY" (Dacoit)

KEITH: Blondie without that chick singer? No? Well, doesn't matter.... Hey, let me take a look at that one. What a great lookin' label!

THE RESIDENTS "SANTA DOG '78" (Ralph)

KEITH: Hmmm.... Sounds like Brian's come back to haunt me again.

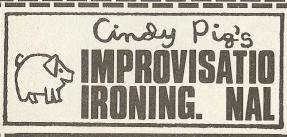
This could be the musical score from some obscure black-and-white
European film. Is it about Christmas or what? I bet it's The
Residents, isn't it?
GARY: Right!
KEITH: Know how I knew? We were recording with them a while back
in L.A. Watch out: the new Stones album is gonna be a gas!

THE SPYS "MIDNIGHT RIDERS" (Black Market)
KEITH: What a drag. Can I use your can?

E STRANGLERS "WALK ON BY" (United Artists)

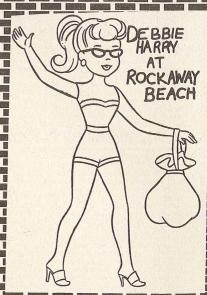
KEITH: Wait a minute - I've got it! Dionne Warwick at 1

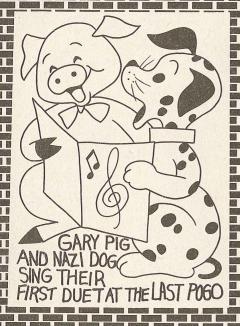
NO? Ummm.... The Doors? NO! I know: The Stranglers! Dionne Warwick at 16 R.P.M. GARY: Yup. KEITH: The Stranglers' success today is as baffling to me as The Dave Clark Five's success in the Sixties.

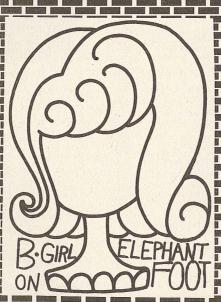


8 PAGES FROM PIG'S POP SKETCH BOOK

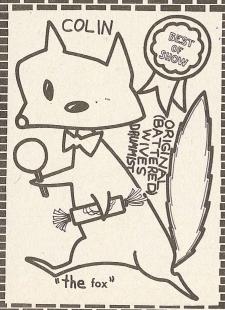




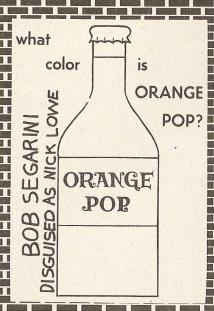














CLASSIFIED ADS (RECORD SALES etc.) 20¢ PER WORD **DISPLAY ADS** QUARTER · HALF and FULL PAGES: CHEAP! write for rate card

WARNING: DON'T BLAME US IF YOU GET RIPPED

Limited Edition COLLECTORS RECORDS For Sale (Aerosmith, Beatles, Boston, Bowie, Jackson Browne, Clapton, Costello, Dylan, Eagles, ELP, Fleetwood Mac, Genesis, Yes, Heart, Hendrix, Tull, Kiss, Zeppelin, Nazz, Nugent, Iggy, Elvis, Queen, Ramones, Sex Pistols, Stones, Ronstadt, Runaways, Neil Young, Springsteen, Rundgren, Zappa, etc.)
ROCKAWAY: PO BOX 708, BROOKFIELD
STATION, VIRGINIA, USA, 22150

THE BUDDY HOLLY MEMORIAL SOCIETY New Membership Rates As Follows: US AND CANADA \$6, EUROPE & SOUTH AMERICA \$10, ASIA AND AUSTRALIA \$11, or Anywhere by surface mail \$7.50. You receive pics, discographies, and one year subscription to "Reminiscing", the Society's newsletter. Make all amounts payable in US Dollars to WILLIAM F.GRIGGS 75 BELCHER ROAD, WETHERSFIELD, CONNETI-CUT.USA.06109 *****

SURFIN BIRD's Premier Issue Now Out! Springsteen, Devo, Battered Wives, Keith Richards, Elvis Costello, Feelgoods, Blondie, and Much More! Only a buck: NO.6,1278 ST.MATTHEW STREET, MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA, H3H 2H8

FOR SALE: Collectors Items/Rare 45s, EPs, LPs, Picture Sleeves, Fanzines, etc. (Apple label, Punk, 50s, 60s, 70s...trade, bid, swop, buy, sell, send want lists...)
BOB MORRIS 13060 VICTORY #6, VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA, USA, 91401

T-SHIRTS! Eno, Kinks "Face To Face", E= MC5,Blank Generation,Warhol,Modern Lovers, Pistols, John Cale, Jam, Dolls, etc INCHWORM ENTERPRISES PO BOX 68, GRIFFITH, INDIANA, USA, 46319

FRIENDS OF THE BEACH BOYS: Write to MARTY TABER (33 Caroline St., Albion, New York, USA, 14411) *******

DAVE CLARK FIVE and other 1960s rock & pop for sale/trade. TIM HUCHES 899 HORNE TERRACE, DES PLAINES, ILLINOIS, USA ********

A FANZINE NATION We are putting together a complete listing of all active fanzines for the purpose of setting up a decent distribution method and information center. If you have a publication you wish listed, send your name and address, subscription rate, & specializations to AL c/o FLIPSIDE at 7245 A.WHITTIER AVENUE, WHITTIER, CALIF. USA,90602 ******

THE NEW RALPH RECORDS CATALOG IS NOW AVAILABLE. Residents, Schwump, Snake Finger, plus T-Shirts and Collectors Items. BUY. OR DIE. 444 GROVE STREET, SAN FRANSISCO, CALIFORNIA, USA, 94102

THE OFFICIAL DICTATORS FAN CLUB! PO Box #572, Canal Street Station, New York City, New York, USA, 10013

RECORDS FOR SALE. Specializing in Punk and New Wave present and past, plus much more. BOB ZILLI 5698 WRIGHT ST. TROY, MICHIGAN, USA, 48098

THE TOP TEN OF 1978

1. "RICH KIDS" by THE RICH KIDS

(from the "Ghosts Of Princes In Towers" album on EMI)

"ALMOST SUMMER" by CELEBRATION

(from the "Almost Summer" soundtrack album on MCA)
"I MUST BE IN LOVE" by THE RUTLES
(from "The Rutles" album on Warner Brothers)
"TAKE A CHANCE ON ME" by ABBA

"CA PLANCE ON ME" by ABBA
(from "The Album" on Atlantic)
"CA PLANE POUR MOI" by PLASTIC BERTRAND
(from the "An 1" album on Vogue)
"SORRY" by GREG KIHN

6.

(from the "Next Of Kihn" album on Beserkley)

"WILD DUB" by GENERATION X
(from the "Generation X" album on Chrysalis)

"ARTISTS ONLY" by TALKING HEADS
(from the "More Songs About Buildings And Food" album on Sire)

"DADDY IS MY PUSHER" by TITS (from the single on Plurex)

"SHATTERED" by THE ROLLING STONES

(from the "Some Girls" album on Rolling Stones)

"HIGH VOLTAGE" FANZINE And "SINGERSONGS RECORD ROOM" write: ED SINGER A-5483 144th AVENUE, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN, USA, 49423

THE BRIAN JONES CLUB is now preparing, in co-operation with Rolling Stones Records, a special event in commemoration of Brian's tenth anniversary of passing. I would like to hear from all of Brian's fans with their ideas and support. I am ROSEANN FONTANA and my address is 80 BILTMORE AVENUE, ELMONT, NEW YORK, USA, 11003

Announcing THE HATE Punk Band from the west-end of Toronto:



Dimentia Principle/Louie Poohie/ Mickey Impetuous. Address: 1042 SHAW STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA M6G 3N3

有食物食物食物食物食物食物食物食物食物食物食物食物 For the lowest prices and widest selection of European records of all kinds, write for our free catalog and monthly mail-outs: INTERGALACTIC TRADING COMPANY 3158 E.BURNSIDE, PORTLAND, OREGON, USA,97214

NEW ROSE: Toronto's leading centre for Canadian and foreign new wave records and fanzines, plus popular styles by Margarita Passion and -oh yeah - Pinball. NEW ROSE: 367 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

MIRROR RECORDS Can Sell To You: Armand Schaubroeck albums, singles and guitar picks, plus Much More: 645 TITUS AVENUE, IRONDEQUOIT, NEW YORK, USA, 14617

HOUSE OF NOSTALGIA specializes in 50s,60s, and 70s rock, 45s,EPs,LPs, movie and comic memorabelia. Send your want lists to TED c/o 1250 WELLINGTON STREET, OTTAWA, ONTARIO, CANADA, KIS 5G3

The Largest Used/Import Record Store In The US. Carrying the largest, most comprehensive in-stock selection of New Wave 45s and EPs Anywhere! PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM: 1115 ELMWOOD AVENUE, BUFFALO, NEW YORK, USA, 14222

TIRED OF THE SAME OLD SPACE PHLEGM? Write Today to the two guys at THE RECORD PEDDLER (115 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA) for The Best in New Wave, Old Wave LPs, EPs, and 45s. Imports and (Hey!) Coloured Vinyl. Lots of those infamous Toronto punk records too.

DOWNSTAIRS RECORDS INCORPORATED: "Specializing In Hard-To-Get Records": 55 WEST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK, USA, 10036

PIG SALES (another off-shoot of PIG PRODUCTIONS) has stuff to sell: The famed TITS 45 "Daddy Is My Pusher" b/w "We're So Glad Elvis Is Dead", "Plastic" b/w "I Am" (MOLLESTERS), "Don't Hide Your Hate" b/w "Sex' "Nothing For Me"(FILTH), "I Don't Care What The People Say" b/w "\2" (HELMETTES), "Treat Me Like A Doll" b/w "Ain't No Hooker" (GOD'S HEART ATTACK), "She's A Dog" b/w "I Can Change My Mind" (SIMPLY SAUCER), and BOTH EPs by 1979's cult items HALF JAPANESE. All \$2 Each including pic sleeves and postage. FANZINES FOR SALE: BIG STAR, AUGUSTE PAGES, SURFIN BIRD, FLIPSIDE: \$1 Each. PIG can also distribute for you. Write NoW!

THE COMPLETE MICHAEL NESMITH ALBUM COLLECTION, including his new "Live" LP write PACIFIC ARTS CORPORATION (PO BOX 5547, CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, USA, 93921). Dealer Inquiries Welcomed.



Write a review of a concert you just saw or a record you just heard (or a movie or a TV show). Write up an interview with a star you just met or a band you just took out to dinner (or a friend who has something to say or a librarian). Write up a true, false, or in-between account of something that just happened to you or to someone else (or spout off your views or opinions). Gawdammit: Write a song fer chrissake! In other words, Write Anything That Pops Into Your Head Which NOBODY ELSE would ever, ever THINK of publishing. (Just make sure the emphasis is on Fun and/or Rock'n'Roll). Or best of all, Write a cheque or money order for \$10 to PIG PRODUCTIONS and receive as promptly as the mails permit (a)A Year's Worth Of Brand New PIG PAPERS, (b)All Available PIG PAPER Back Issues, (c)Periodic PIG Newsletters, Junk Mail, Etc., (d)PIG Records, (e)PIG Posters, and (f)Much, MUCH More! DO IT TODAY! (Look...this is 1979 for crying out loud, and I know each and every one of you out there have ten dollars to spare...AT LEAST...)



Recording Star of Radio and Television

SENSATIONAL NEW

SHOWS HOW TO PLAY GUITAR in 10 DAYS or YOUR MONEY BACK

48 PHOTOS Show EXACTLY Where to Put **Your Fingers**

OVER 100 SONGS Words & Music

INCLUDED

I've discovered a brand new way of showing folks Five discovered a brand new way of showing folks how to play the Guitar . . . and I guarantee to SHOW YOU in just 10 days. It's done with pictures, 48 actual photos that show you exactly how to do the fingering, strumming, etc. You don't have to study a lot of printed words like you do in most courses. With my home-teaching course, it's mostly a matter of just doing what you see being shown in the pictures. It's the easiest and best way that anybody's ever seen. Even if you've never held a Guitar in your hand before to a me easiest and best way that anybody's ever seen. Even if you've never held a Guitar in your hand before, my New "PICTURE WAY" will show you how to play. Experienced players, even other professional entertainers have told me that this "PICTURE WAY" improves their playing.

What's more, you get the words and music for over 100 songs that I've picked for their radio and television popularity Sing and play along with your favorite records, radio and television programs DON'T DELAY! Start TODAY!

PLAY BEAUTIFUL MUSIC IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

I'm so sure that my New "PICTURE WAY" can show EVERYONE HOW TO PLAY the Guitar, that I'm giving you this IRONCLAD GUARANTEE if you are not playing beautiful music on your Guitar 10 days after you receive the new TOWNShend Home Teaching Course, return the course to me and get your money back. Could anything be fairer?

NO MONEY!

Just send your name and address to TOWNSHEND Pay the postman only. \$1.98 plus C.O.D. and postage (Or send \$1.98 with the order and I'll pay the postage). Start playing beautiful chords the very first day. Be playing music in 10 days or your money back.

Studio 706, 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, III.

THE WHO - OWN Guitar Bargain

NOW you can own a Guitar that PETE personally selected to offer to you as AMERICA'S BEST GUITAR ONLY \$19.95 Send \$2.00 Deposit Pay balance on de en ...
Write me Today — Address: WHO , Studio (1991)

75 East Wacker Drive

CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

IT'S THE **PICTURES** THAT SHOW HOW TO PLAY

00



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Write me Today —

Studio 706, 75 East Wacker Drive CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

Please send me, by mail, one of your new "Picture Way" frome Teaching Guitar Courses. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus C.O.D. and postage. (Or send \$1.98 with order and you pay postage.) I understand that you will retund my \$1.98 if I am not playing beautiful music 10 days after I receive it.

NAME.... ADDRESS......RFD.....BOX..... CITY _____STATE.____