

POCKET PIG

PIG PAPER No.11
ONE THIN DOLLAR/55p:uk

TOUCH OF GOLD

YOUR OWN
I REALLY DON'T WANT TO KNOW
IT HURTS ME

RCA

STEREO EFFECT REPROCESSED FROM MONOPHONIC


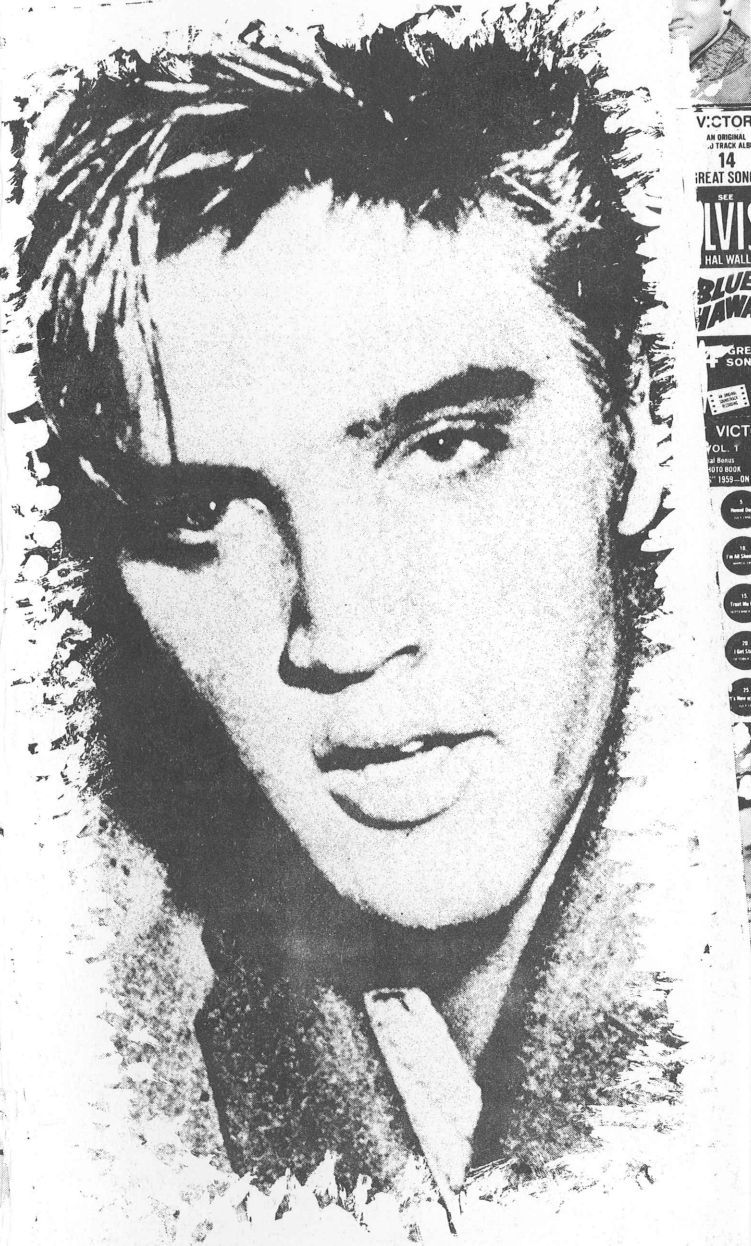
FOR LP FANS ONLY



RCA

STEREO EFFECT REPROCESSED FROM MONOPHONIC

Elvis' Golden Records

VICTOR

AN ORIGINAL 3 TRACK ALBUM

14 GREAT SONGS

SEE **ELVIS** HAL WALLIS

BLUE HAWAII

GREAT SONGS

VICTOR

VOL. 1

1. I'm All Shook Up

2. I Got a Feeling

3. I Can't Help Myself

4. I'm a Big Boy Now

5. I'm Gonna Be (The Way You Were)

6. I'm Leavin' Now

7. I'm Not a Monster

8. I'm Not a Joke

9. I'm Not a Joke

10. I'm Not a Joke


11. I'm Not a Joke

12. I'm Not a Joke

13. I'm Not a Joke

14. I'm Not a Joke

sing
I Won't of Christmas



ELVIS

PARADISE, HAWAIIAN STYLE

A HAL WALLIS PRODUCTION

PURE GOLD

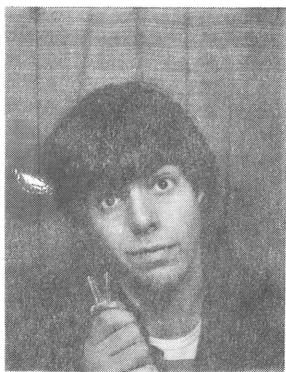
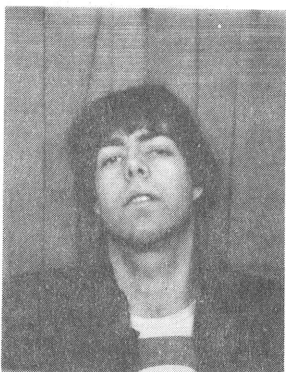
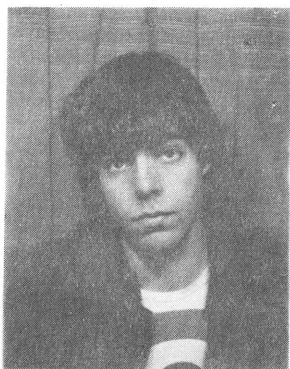
ELVIS

S GARY PIG GOLD
T (now you all
Y know my real
 last name):
 Everything,
 almost (with
 CINDY PIG:

Concept & Bunnies).

"PIG PAPER #11 ©
 JANUARY 1980 BY PIG
 PRODUCTIONS"

**Now
 you can
 MEET
 THE PIGS!**



**No.3:
 JEREMY
 GLUCK**

PIG-11

Welcome to the ELEVENTH (so there) PIG PAPER - the first to feature our long-promised Snappy Deflated Format. Now, before all you wimps start screeching "Boy, PIG's really gone down the drain...no more colour, less pages, and it's half the size of a regular mag like CIRCUS 'n TROUSER PRESS dagnabit, tsk tsk, blah blah", here's the explanation (NOT apology): In the year since PIG #10 (the now-classic Dave Clark Five issue which was our healthiest to date: over 4,322 copies successfully peddled at last count), I've been spending all my time, energy, and \$\$\$ constructing my band THE LOVED ONES. (plug) This entailed two jaunts to Los Angeles - a wallet-raper even when flying turd class (I've since given up on Surf City though. Too many drugs and Knack LPs. It's London for me in a few months, once I've made my fortune off a few POCKET PIGs), many hours in cheap-o (in quality only) demo studios, lotsa fruitless auditions (CAN'T ANYBODY IN NORTH AMERICA PLAY MINDLESS NEO-BUBBLE GUM DITTIES ANYMORE?), and too much aggro (as my old pal Derek "There's An Adolph Hitler In Reception Sir" Taylor would say). Whilst all this nonsense was underway, everyone would keep filling my ears with the likes of "Hey Gary, where's the new PIG PAPER? It's been months. It was the best thing on the market. Sure hope you're not thinking of packing it in. Aw, c'mon" etcetera. Hell, some folks even offered to HELP ME. And with us in the midst of war-time and all... So, after piles of deliberation, I've given in to my public. (After all, I'm usually pretty loaded money-wise this time of year, thanks to fruit-filled negotiations with my backers - grandma, auntie, Santa...) so Here You Are - POCKET PIG a/k/a PIG PAPER 11. Now in the new Economy Size. EAT UP.

- GARY OINK!



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



PIG PICKS

走的路子就是威廉式的。威廉善於喜在作品中深入淺出的對人生思考，屬於現代藝術範疇。

中元並利用晚間到南加州大學修讀動畫評論課程，也加入了世界動畫

製作「布娃娃兄妹歷險記」會成為會員。

Alotta with-it whiz-kids around town often ask me why I'm so eternally "down on" (their words) the latest "in things" (my words) like The B-52s, "Eraserhead", and Wazmo Nariz, or why I never whip out my old Captain Beefheart and Metal Machine Music records at PIG Parties. Well, I'm going to tell you once and for all: It's because I'm a HALF JAPANESE fan.

"Who, or What, is Half Japanese?" you snort. Simple. They're a _____ (fill in your own descriptions. I cannot conjure up appropriate metaphoricals; besides, the cat used my thesaurus for a toilet over the holiday) duo (now possibly a quartet!) led by brothers (perhaps) Jad and David Fair from scenic (your words) Uniontown, Maryland, USA. They've so far released a couple of singles, lotsa cassettes, snuck onto a few American anthology LPs, and David's even written a book entitled "Worms In It" which has forever replaced "The Boy Looked At Johnny" on my night-table. Put'em all together and you've got a lotta laffs, bucketsful of confusion, and plenty of heel-tappin' sounds running under it all. You can dance to Half Japanese. You can dress to Half Japanese. You can even try singing snatches of Desi Arnaz tunes to Half Japanese. Because their music is, umm... ALL-PURPOSE. Yeah!

Use it instead of "Tusk" to prune your toenails by. Play it while you're on the phone ordering sweet&sour chicken balls. Or file it away in the linen closet for future reference.

Take Half Japanese to the mall with you Tuesday night after the news. Take Half Japanese to your favourite club and play it over the PA between sets (careful tho!) Or let Half Japanese accompany you on your trip to Allen, Texas next fall.

GET THE PICTURE?

And while you're at it, remember: You Read It First In PIG. Just like Martin And The E-Chords, The Saints, Nick Lowe, The Loved Ones (plug), XTC, The Forgotten Rebels, The Motors, Count Viglione, and of course, The Pinsteads.

The moral of this story is: TO HELL with your Clevelands, your Zions, even your Port Credits as Eighties capitals of pop. I know right where music's headed: UNIONTOWN, MARYLAND!



人員。王中元把作品寄了工作通知。

「布娃娃兄妹歷險記」製作時，小時以上，不僅在工作受威廉先生對藝術的執目前國內創立宏廣公

THE

1980: BOB DYLAN REPLACES ROBERT RAC-IOPPO IN THE SHIRTS JUST IN TIME TO HEADLINE THE GALA "PTL CLUB" SATELLITE TELETHON

.....CLASS

AGAINST

ACTION LAWSUIT LAUNCHED

"PUNK" MAGAZINE FOR ITS MARKETING OF THEIR "HOSTAGE CARDS" BUBBLEGUM CONFECTIONARY.....

1981: JOHN ENTWISTLE DIES OF AN ACCIDENTAL SELF-INFLICTED IMPALEMENT WHILE SCYTHING THE GROUNDS OF HIS 750-ACRE ESTATE NEAR PIDDLIPOOH, WALES.....PETE TOWNSHEND IMMEDIATELY SETS TO WORK IMMORTALIZING THE EVENT WITH A CONCEPT ALBUM.....KRAFTWERK ARE APPOINTED MUSICAL DIRECTORS OF "THE MUPPETS" TELEVISION SERIES.....THE NOTED QUASI-SIXTIES COMBO "THE FLAMING GROOVIES" DISBANDS AND NOBODY NOTICES.....AND INFAMOUS PUSS-ROCKER STIV BATORS MARRIES MODEL CHERYL TEETH IN A PRIVATE CEREMONY ABOARD THE QUEEN MARY..... 1982: THE NATIONAL AERONAUTICS AND SPACE ADMINISTRATION'S FINAL ENDEAVOUR BEFORE CLAIMING BANKRUPTCY IS THE LAUNCHING OF "THE 1970s TIME CAPSULE", WHICH CARRIES DEEP INTO SPACE SUCH ARTIFACTS FROM THE FORGOTTEN DECADE AS THE LAST GLORIA STAVERS-PRODUCED "16" MAGAZINE, A PHOTOGRAPH OF ABBA STANDING VICTORIOUS ATOP A SLAIN VOLVO, A PAIR OF RENE SIMARD

PYJAMAS, A RECORDING OF THE "STAR WARS" THEME AS PERFORMED BY BOSTON, A 1977 RAMONES PRESS KIT, AND A PINK VINYL PRESSING OF "FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE".....

DU

THE LATEST TEEN FAD SWEEPING THE WEST IS LAYING TONGUES ACROSS FLASHLIGHT BATTERY TERMINALS...

.. 1983: PAUL McCARTNEY AIR-LIFTS HIS ENTIRE

MB

BAND TO JOHN LENNON'S UPPER NEW YORK STATE COW PASTURE IN ORDER TO PERFORM "JUNIOR'S FARM" FOR UNICEF'S "YEAR OF THE VIRGIN" CELEBRATION. JOHN'S ONLY AUDIBLE COMMENT: "A LOT OF BULL".....AND THE BEATLES DID NOT GET BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.....THE CINEMATIC TRIUMPH OF THE YEAR IS AMERICAN-INTERNATIONAL'S "LEAVE IT TO BEAVER: THE MOTION PICTURE"..... 1984: AUTHOR GEORGE ORWELL'S BODY IS EXHUMED AND PUBLICALLY CASTRATED.....JOHN LYDON DEVELOPS AND HOSTS THE DECADE'S MOST POPULAR TELEVISION GAME SHOW: "CELEBRITY PALS".....THE HIGHLY TOOTED WORLD TOUR OF "THE BARNUM AND BAILEY DISCO CIRCUS", STARRING LINDA BLAIR AND MAC DAVIS, CLOSES AFTER AN INITIAL THREE-MINUTE RUN IN LITTLE ROCK..... IN A RELATED EVENT, ALL FORTY-THREE MEMBERS OF KC AND THE SUNSHINE BAND PERISH IN A MIAMI BEACH HYDROFOIL MISHAP.....NAZI DOG DOES NOT KILL HIMSELF.....KEITH MOON RISES FROM THE DEAD..... 1985: 250 DRUG-PLUGGED YOUNGSTERS ARE ASPHYXIATED WHILE ATTENDING A MADISON, WISCONSIN PLASTIC BERTRAND/SAM THE SHAM AND THE PHARAOHS

CONCERT..... A SERIES OF FATAL STROKES ENDS THE LONG AND ILLUSTRIOUS CAREER OF

DEC

ROCK SERLING'S DELETE ZONE

"SOUL BROTHER NUMBER ONE"

JAMES BROWN,

WHO IS

THEN

POSTHU-

MOUSLY

STILL

COSTELLO

KNIGHTED.....THE BEATLES

DON'T GET BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.....ELVIS

SWITCHES TO CONTACT LENSES AND JOINS THE ZAL YANOV-

SKY BAND..... 1986: NOTHING HAPPENED. EVERYONE IS

REMIND OF THE SEVENTIES..... 1987: SCENTED VINYL

BAILS OUT THE AILING RECORD INDUSTRY AFTER THE FOOD

AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION BANS VIDEO-DISCS.....CHEAP

TRICK DISBAND AFTER BEING ASKED BY THE WHITE HOUSE

TO PERFORM AT AMY CARTER'S BRIDAL SHOWER.....DON

KIRSHNER'S "THOSE PHENOMENAL MONKEES" BECOMES

BROADWAY'S LONGEST-RUNNING STAGE SHOW.....JOAN BAEZ

JOINS WITH THE CARS, JOE JACKSON, PATTI SMITH, RIP

TAYLOR, INTERCHANGE, AND THE POLICE AT THE EDWARD

KENNEDY MEMORIAL LASERIUM BOWLERAMA FOR THE FIRST

(AND LAST) ANNUAL "NO SUN" ANTI-SOLAR ENERGY BENE-

FIT..... 1988: LESTER BANGS DROPS HIS PANTS WHILE

GUEST-HOSTING THE "DINAH SHORE" TELEVISION SHOW AND

RATINGS SKY-ROCKET. "SUCH A BIG FUSS OVER SUCH A

LITTLE THING", DINAH

COMMENTS.....BRUCE

SPRINGSTEEN IS ASS-

ASSINATED BY BUDDY

HOLLY'S WIDOW.....

HAILEY'S COMET MAKES

ITS SCHEDULED NEAR-

BYPASS OF EARTH,

CAUSING A BIZARRE

RADIATORY REACTION

WHICH EFFECTIVELY

MELTS ALL SUPERTRAMP

RECORDS.....SKYLAB

RISES FROM THE DEAD

..... 1989: THE

BEATLES FLATLY RE-

FUSE TO GET BACK TO-

GETHER AGAIN, BUT

THE FLAMING GROOVIES

DO.....THE DIODES TOUR RUSSIA AND GLOBAL NUCLEAR WAR

IMMEDIATELY ERUPTS.....A "BILLBOX" MAGAZINE TABULATION

OF THE EIGHTIES' MOST POPULAR RECORDINGS IS PUBLISHED.

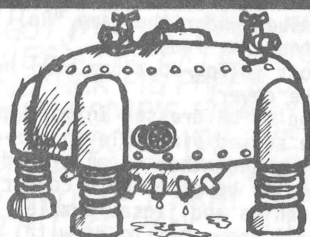
NUMBER ONE IS MARGARET TRUDEAU'S RENDITION OF THE OLD

THREE DOG NIGHT HIT, "JOY TO THE WORLD". RUNNERS-UP

INCLUDE "THE MONKEY'S UNCLE" BY THE B-GIRLS, "BRIAN

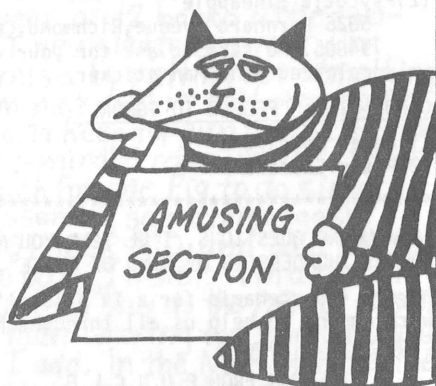
WILSON" BY JOHNNY CARSON, AND "TOWN WITHOUT PITY" BY

SUICIDE.....



2. THE "TALLY-HO" AUTOMATIC BED-WETTER

A strangely pointless device, but one which has brought pleasure to thousands. Primed and placed beside the bed before retiring, the "Tally-Ho" Automatic Bed-Wetter remains crouching for a random length of time (min. 3 hours) after which it will suddenly spring onto the bed and wet it.



ADE



Cindy Pig's IMPROVISATION IRONING. NAL

'S
TIT

LOW

THAT'S MY

Whilst playing radio roulette late one Sunday night under the dwarf maples, I recognized the familiar sexful twang of Reg Presley (no relation) bleating out onto the rugs. He was being interviewed - IN STEREO - and between narrating the blow-by-blows of choice chunks of Troggsongs, he seemed to be reaching out of my woofers for HELP. Consequently, I hereby toss my wallet into the ring: REG, HERE'S WHAT I, CINDY THE PIG, CAN DO FOR YOU AND THE TROGGS:

- *You can record Free Of Charge within the sumptuous PIG Studios (that is, when dad isn't asleep).
- *Your long-awaited country & western single will be issued under the name "Rollickin' Reg And His Tennessee Troggs".
- *Your follow-up album will have pulsating balls on the cover.
- *You'll be dressed in moss green leisure suits and be served pineapple-upside-down cake by a sprightly grandmother in an organdy dress.
- *You'll be given more colouring books, crayons, bunnies and jigsaw puzzles than you (or even I) will know what to do with.
- *You'll embark on a world tour as opening act for

The Pinsteads.

Now, doesn't all this sound just too good to be true? Even so, if you still question my managerial prowess, JUST LOOK WHAT I DID FOR BILLY AND BOBBY BEANO!

CINDY PIG's "PEOPLE TO WRITE TO":

- (1) Bill-Dale Marcinko/AFTA Magazine
RPO 5009, CN 5063, Rutgers, New Brunswick, New Jersey
USA 08903 (September to April); 47 Crater Avenue,
Wharton, New Jersey, USA 07885 (May to August).
- (2) Psycotic Pineapple
6026 Bernhard Avenue, Richmond, California, USA
94805. Be sure to ask for your very own gold-
coloured Pino Man sticker.

CINDY PIG's "PEOPLE TO IGNORE":

- (1) Peter Goddard
- (2) Peter Goddard

"ASK ME NO QUESTIONS, I'LL TELL YOU NO LIES
JOHNNY THUNDERS IS MY KIND OF GUISE" *

Here's the scenario for a TV pilot I'm
working on, to help us all through the
Eighties, y'know?

THE MAN FROM P.U.N.C.L.E.
starring NAPOLEON MOJO and SILLYA
GARYAKIN, and their commander-in-
chief MR. NEWAVERLY. Their arch
enemies? That loathsome subversive
operation known only as... R.U.S.H.
(would you believe "Open Channel
Devo"?)

Well, don't blame me: It was Rock
Serling's idea.....

OKAY KIDS: What Does P.U.N.C.L.E. stand
for?

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GARY PIG'S DIARY

Dec. 16/79 - I
return from
sunny Calif.
to the usual
piles of mail.

I begin the usual - Sorting them into Categories
(ARTICLES, MONEY, BILLS, FAN MAIL, HATE MAIL
etc.) and my latest, ever-growing (believe it or
not) category, WE WANT A
PIG PAPER Cate-

ry. Here's my #1
favourites:

① DEAR PIGS - I
HAVEN'T SEEN



**WE PRINT YOUR
LETTERS**

NEW
go
3
=

A PIG PAPER IN A
LONG TIME AND I EVEN LIKED IT. HOPE IT'S
STILL GOING. IF SO, PLEASE FIND NEW PRO-
MO PIX OF PIG IN ENCLOSED METAL BOX.

-JOHN "ROTTEN NO MORE" LYDON. (PS: COULD I
HAVE A FEW MORE PIG PAPER 9's FOR THE
RELATIONS?). ② DEAR GARY - ENCLOSED IS A
CHEQUE (BETTER CASH IT QUICK THOUGH)

FOR \$320 (FINALLY GOT MONIES OWED FROM
THE FUCKIN' GROOVIES): THE EXTRA \$100's
TO HELP YOU GET ANOTHER PIG PAPER OUT.

ESPECIALLY NOW THAT BOMP'S FINALLY BIT
THE DUST... -GREG "WHY DON'T YOU EVER
CALL WHEN IN CALIFORNIA" SHAW. ③ DEAR

PIG PAPER - GREAT STUFF! I PRAY THAT
YOUR PAPER'S DEATH, LIKE PAUL'S, IS JUST
A PUBLICITY STUNT. AS I WAS TELLING MY

ASTROLOGER THE OTHER DAY: I REFUSE TO
RELEASE ANOTHER RECORD UNTIL YOU GIVE
BIRTH TO ANOTHER PIG! -JOHN "WINSTON/
ONO/O'BOOGIE" LENNON, M.B.E. (ret.). So this

very eve, after placing Side Two of "THE BEACH
BOYS TODAY" on the trusty PIG Player, I set
to work on PIG PAPER ELEVEN! Dec. 24/79:

Been broadcasting to a few pals and local sce-
nemakers my thoughts of ushering the 80's
via a new PIG mag. Everyone (well, except

Shades) says Yeah! Great Idea! But when I
tell them, Look, rather than putting out one
boffo issue a year, or 12 barko little two-

sided PIGSHEET newsletters a year, I'm
gonna compromise by putting out something
In Between, I'm met with: "NO! - You can't

digress - You gotta keep topping yourself" from
all my most biz-minded consultants. "But
it's just too much for one Pig to do single-

handedly; to assemble something (gasp!)
Better Than PIG PAPER #10, and do it several
times a year to boot", I insist. "I'm a rock'n'

roll star by heart - I only do the P.P. for pocket
money, rather than whoring for work down at
the Job Mart," I add. In the NICK of time, the

handy Cindy, armed only with a stapler, a
ruler, a layout pad (an owl, a sink, and a spoon),
invents POCKET PIG while wrapping Xmas

gifts. EUREKA! We go see a war movie by
way of celebration. Dec. 26 - Yeah, so there
WILL be a new PIG PAPER, but What's there to

write about?! The past? People claim I dwell
back in the Golden Era Of Pop (and remember,
that's WELL over a decade ago!) but, Gee

Willikers - THAT'S MY LIFE. Hmmm - oh
well, yeah yeah, we know, eat yer spinach....

...guess I'll just give "Tomorrow Never Knows" yet another spin, and if that doesn't illuminate a light bulb atop my scalp, it's back to Huntington Beach, USA for "Outer Limits" re-runs. (Kathy—how's the cat lady?)
JANUARY 6, 1980 - TODAY'S LITTLE YARN: I HATE CONDUCTING FORMAL INTERVIEWS NEARLY AS MUCH AS THE INTERVIEWEES USUALLY HATE BEING FORMALLY INTERVIEWED. BUT WHAT'S A CLASS LITTLE RAG LIKE THE PIG PAPER WITHOUT STIMULATING, FACT-FILLED INTERVIEWS? WELL, I CAN ONLY REPLY BY SAYING—SOMEONE 'UP THERE LIKES ME. NO, I'M NOT TURNING RELIGIOUS NOW THAT THE DOOMSDAY CLOCK'S BEEN MOVED AHEAD TO SEVEN(!) MINUTES BEFORE (GULP) MIDNIGHT. IT'S JUST THAT IT SEEMS EVERYTIME THE DEADLINE IS APPROACHING FOR A NEW P.P., AND I FIND MYSELF ROAMING THE CONSERVATIVE STREETS OF TORONTO HUNGRY AND INTERVIEWLESS, I USUALLY FIND MYSELF SEEKING REFUGE IN THE NEAREST RESTAURANT IN ORDER TO BURGER UP. THAT SOMETIMES TAKES CARE OF THE HUNGRY PART OF MY PREDICAMENT. YET MIRACULOUSLY, I USUALLY BUMP INTO NONE OTHER THAN A STIMULATING, FACT-FILLED POTENTIAL INTERVIEWEE SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE AFOREMENTIONED EATERY, THUS ELIMINATING THE INTERVIEW DILEMMA AS WELL, CHRIST ALMIGHTY! LIKE, I CAN'T FATHOM IT: I HAVE NEITHER THE STOMACH OR THE BUCKS TO ENABLE ME TO GORGE IN POSH JOINTS LIKE THE FIESTA (see PIG PAPER 10, page 10) OR EVEN MARS FOOD (see that girl, meet that girl). I'D EXPECT TO RUN ACROSS ~~★~~STARS~~★~~ THERE. BUT WOW. RIGHT BEFORE P. PAPER 9, I DISCOVERED MYSELF DINING NEXT TO NONE OTHER THAN JOHNNY WHATSISNAME, (S)EX PISTOL. THEN, RIGHT BEFORE PEE PAPER 10, WHILST RIPPING DOWN MY DRUMS AFTER A PARTICULARLY HELLISH PERFORMANCE WITH THE LOVED ONES (plug), WHO BUT DAVID JO-HANSEN SHOULD OOZE INTO THE ADJACENT BOOTH! — ESPECIALLY ODD SEEING AS WE WERE IN THE BEVERLEY TAVERN !!! (in joke). (by the way, The David Johansen Interview appeared only in non-Canadian pressings of P.P. 10). NONETHELESS, THERE I WAS, STEWING OVER THE EMPTY NEXT PAGE → WHILST SIPPING A STEAMING ALFALFA OVALTINE IN A RINKY LITTLE SUEDE-O VILLAGE DIVE KNOWN AS "THE RITZ" I SUPPOSE THE FEARFUL INTERVIEW PROBLEM WAS PLAGUING ME SUBCONSCIOUSLY. IRONY OF IRONIES, IT WAS THAT I MYSELF, GARY, INTERVIEWED (BY A LABONTÉ) FOR THE "NEWSPAPER. SO, AS BATTLESHIP WITH T OVER THE FINGERBO I LOOK UP TO VIEW-DID-WAYNE COUNT JAYNE COUNTY. SO I PROBLEM SOLVED IN



NEVER BE AFRAID OF BEING YOURSELF...

LET'S SEE... I FIRST HEARD OF WAYNE COUNTY YEARS AGO, WHEN YOU USED TO WRITE ALL THOSE NEAT ARTICLES FOR "HIT PARADER" MAGAZINE.

Well! And I must say, I first heard of PIG when my dear friend Miriam Linna (NOTED NEW YORKER OF ZANTEES AND "KICKS" MAGAZINE NEAR-FAME) showed me a copy of your fabulous Dave Clark Five mag. YEAH - PIG PAPER 10. YOU LOVE THE DC5, DON'T YOU Goodness, you just know I do! They looked so, so... YUM! in their little matching white slacks and dickies...

AND THEY COULD ROCK TOO.

They were The Best. They were absolutely IT with me in high school. My, the times I'd get into schoolyard brawls in the name of my very faves, Mr.Dave's Five, against all those ugly Rolling Stones fans.

YOU AND ME BOTH. DEFENDING THE DC5 IN THE MID-SIXTIES WAS ABOUT AS HAZARDOUS AS BEING A BEACH BOYS FAN IN THE LATE-SIXTIES!

What?

ANYWAYS...

I could never identify with surfers or surfing. It sorta made my face run.

SO HERE IT IS, THE 1980s, AND YOU YOURSELF: A ROCK AND ROLL STAR!

Well, well, Aren't all rock journalists just frustrated celebrities?

TRUE, TRUE.

And Gary, the way you carry yourself - I bet YOU could be a star yourself!

THEY SAY I'M WIREY ENOUGH.

So keep working on it!

TO WHAT DO YOU ATTRIBUTE YOUR OWN STARDOM?

As far as Canada is concerned, three things:

Max Webster, "The Rocky Horror Picture Show", and Tiny Tim, but not in that particular order necessarily.

TELL ME - IN YOUR OLD "HIT PARADER" PIECES, YOU NOT ONLY RAVED OVER DAVE CLARK ALL OF THE TIME (HIDDEN MEANING THERE TO ALL DC5 FANATICS), BUT DUSTY SPRINGFIELD TOO, RIGHT?

Of course! She was the ultimate. In many ways, she made me what I am today!

I SEE... HOWZABOUT CILLA BLACK?

Oh, no no no. Too rugged. Too hard.

SHE WAS A WORKING GIRL...

...north of England way... (GROAN) (YAWN)

PERSONALLY, WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT OF SIXTIES PIXIES, I ALWAYS RELATED MORE TO TWIGGY. Well, you see, You are a boy.

I KNOW. OKAY - NOW, LET'S UPDATE TO THE PRESENT, ALRIGHT? YOU AND YOUR BAND SPEND ALOT OF TIME IN AND AROUND TORONTO. IS THERE ANY TALENT 'ROUND THESE PARTS THAT STRIKES YOUR FANCY?

Oh yes! That young one who plays the bass in The Flamin' - I mean Teenage Head.

STEVE! HE'S A BIG ABBA FAN I HEAR.

I knew it! I knew it! My, he's SO hairy. But there's not a butch bone in that boy's entire body!

YEAH, WELL...

And their manager: Johnny, uhh...

JOHN BROWER. HE'S NOT WITH THE BAND ANYMORE, AT LEAST THE LAST TIME I LOOKED.

That's a shame, because he could have been another Brian Epstein!

I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR WORD ON THAT...





PIGALLERY POP PIN-UP



And while we're on the subject of Rock'n'Roll Kings, here's the most unsung hero of the genre:

CHUCK BERRY

Inventor of the duck-walk, the ding-a-ling, and, many insist, the entire concept of rock'n' roll guitaring itself, The Chucker's contribution to modern history cannot be over-emphasized. He first assaulted the Top Forty 'way back in '55, and even today, between jaunts to the slammer and The Merv Griffin Show, Mr. Berry still out-riffs and out-rhymes all comers. Let us pause for a moment, to offer humble praise and prayer to this undeniable Pop God.

ELVIS

On (or near) one of RCA-Colonel's flimsiest-ever excuses for a Presley platter, the hideous **HAVING FUN WITH ELVIS ON STAGE: A TALKING ALBUM ONLY**, the unquestionable King Of Rock'n'Roll, already dink-deep in to his decline, monologued autobiographically between songs thusly:

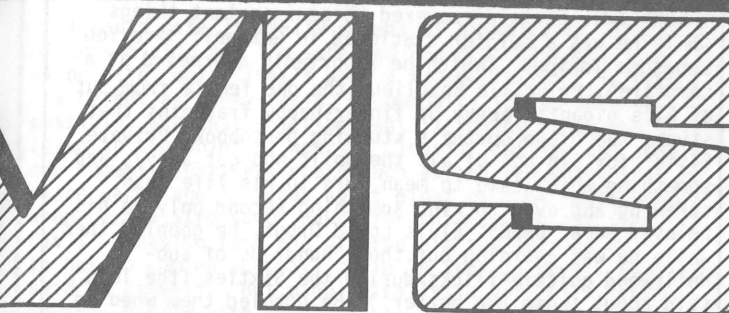
"Like to tell you a little about myself. I started out... in childhood. I started out when I was in high school, went into a record company one day, made a record, and when the record came out a lot of people liked it and you could hear folks around town saying, "Is he? Is he?", and I'm going, "Am I? Am I?"... whew (OUT OF BREATH)... Elvis deterioratin' at the Showroom Internationale in Las Vegas... where was I?... oh, anyway, made a record, got kinda big in my home town, few people got to know who I was, that's w-u-z, was. See, so I started down in the wuz... ah shucks, what I mean to tell you is I was playin' around these nightclubs, alleys, and things. Did that for about a year and a half, then I ran into Colonel Sanders... Parker, Parker... and he arranged to get me some (BLOWS NOSE) Kleenex... he arranged to get me... whew, I'm tellin' you... shot to hell, this boy can't even finish a sentence straight... anyway, there was a lot of controversy at the time about my movin' around on stage so I... cleared my throat again, looked at my watch and ring and the guy said... the guy said?... the guy said nothin'... I'm the guy! I'm telling you, you better get this together, boy, or this is gonna be the last time they let you up on a stage. So, as I said, I went up to New York, did "The Jackie Gleason Show" three times... whew, sure has been a long time... anyway, did that couple of times... had pretty long hair for that time, and I tell you it got pretty weird. They used to see me comin' down the street and they'd say "Hot dang, let's get him! He's just a squirrel, get him, he just come down outta the trees". Well, anyway, did "The Ed Sullivan Show". They just shot me from the waist up. Ed's standing there in the wings sayin' "Son of a bitch! Son of a bitch!". I didn't know what he was sayin' so I'd say "Thank you very much, Mr. Sullivan". Next thing, they dressed me up in a tuxedo and had me singin' to a dog on a stool. You know I'm singin' to this dog and the dog is goin' "Whhhooooaaugh!" and I'm goin' "Whhhooooaaugh!". Then I got into the movies... "King Creole", "Jailhouse Rock", "Love Me Tender", "Loving You", loving her... so I done four movies and I was feeling pretty good with myself. Had a pair of sunglasses and was sittin' there in my Cadillac going "I'm a movie star. Hot damn!", and the driver's goin' "Whew, watch that squirrel! Man, he's just outta the trees". I was living it up purty good there for a while and then I got drafted, and shafted and ever' thing else. One thing I found out though, is that guys really miss their parents in the Army. They're always goin' around callin' each other "mother". When I got out I did a few more movies, and a few more movies, and I got into a rut; you know, there's this big rut just the other side of Hollywood Boulevard... POW!... you know they let me do my thing here for a while and then they put me away for another nine years..."

Is this man trying to tell us something? Why, yes he is as a matter of fact. But he's real strung out on leapers and Gatorade, so I'll tell you this tragic tale myself... in English, OK?

Elvis was born in the deep redneck south in 1935. His twin brother died at birth, so his mama Gladys loved Elvis too much. The boy grew up ragged and poor, so he thought he was hot shit when he started wearing pink shirts, yellow pants, long hair and sideburns in high school. He also sang, played guitar, and liked girls. Because of all this he got beat on lots. Once out of school, he got a job driving a truck, either because he thought it was cool or because he had to. Coz he had to I guess.

But Elvis was not as dumb or as untalented as I bet most of you think he was, for soon he began visiting a local record company, Sun, during his lunch-hours. His parents loved music (the medicine of the destitute) so Elvis began cutting 78-RPM acetates for (yup) his mama when he wasn't driving his truck or combing his sideburns. Sun's miracle man, Sam C. Phillips, heard Elvis crooning Dean Martin medleys and immediately hooked him up with two local bop musicians, Bill Black and the exquisite Scotty Moore. Then he made them rehearse till their fingers bled.

Now, there's an RCA album still firmly in print called **THE ELVIS PRESLEY SUN COLLECTION** that each and every one of you should own, if you don't already - and don't kid yourself that you know anything about rock'n'roll until you've played the grooves off this disc. Why? Because (Hank Williams, Sr., aside) this is the Roots of our music. It contains all the elements essential to classic R&R: Speed, brevity, guts, distortion, and wrecklessness. Musicians are still, a quarter of a cen-



tury later, struggling to re-create the Elvis Sun sound; John Fogerty came a bit close, but NOBODY's ever really captured it. And I doubt if anybody ever will. For one thing, sound and recording equipment is too "good" (I use the term apprehensively) nowadays. Secondly, most people say "Ahhyw... that's old dumb stuff. That kinda stuff's for my parents; dumb old stuff from the past...". Any true rock'n'roll fan who says sacrilegious things like those in reference to vintage Elvis by way of defending their current musical tastes is just chicken. Or stupid. Most likely both. Suffice to say, the material Elvis, his band, and Sam created at Sun in the mid-fifties is untouchable. Meaning, it is THE BEST. If you don't agree, you haven't properly heard THE SUN COLLECTION. If you have and you still don't agree with me, then Fuck Off.

Sun Records was a relatively tiny operation, but it had the ability to spot talent and do the very utmost it could to launch it. Sort of the Stiff or Bomp of its day, if I may be allowed to stretch a point. But Elvis' recordings, plus his greaseball-bump'n'grind stage show, were soon making him so big big big throughout the south that even Mr. Phillips was having a hard time keeping everything under control. (Which reminds me: Not only was Elvis the greatest singer of all time, but the best on-stage performer too, but I can't prove that to you here. You had to be there, y' know. Or at least have a closet-top full of video tapes). One day, an old ex-carnival shuckster and so-so country and western agent entitled Colonel Thomas A. Parker saw Elvis, smelled BIG BUCKS, and lured our hero away from Sun and Memphis and on to New York, Hollywood, the Army, the middle-of-the-road, and mindless musical mediocrity. It took ten years, but the Colonel castrated Elvis, all to the tune of 50% (at least) off the top.

But remember: I told you earlier on that Elvis had brains. In 1968 he made a valiant attempt to free himself from the clutches of his candy-coated career by taping a sizzling TV special, cutting a slew of great records back in Memphis, and snapping his ass back onto the concert stage. Had he still been a young crazy truck driver in his twenties, he most assuredly could have pulled it off. But Elvis only partially succeeded in resurrecting his greatness, and by the mid-seventies, deteriorated into a burger-bloated syringe-cushion, he gave up and died alone on his bathroom floor while we were all busy waiting for the first Sex Pistols album.

In the words of a bunch of his old bodyguards, ELVIS: WHAT HAPPENED? A snotty cock-sure rocker surely can't transform into a jibbering Vegas cream-puff all by himself. You're absolutely right: He can't. Elvis had lots of help.

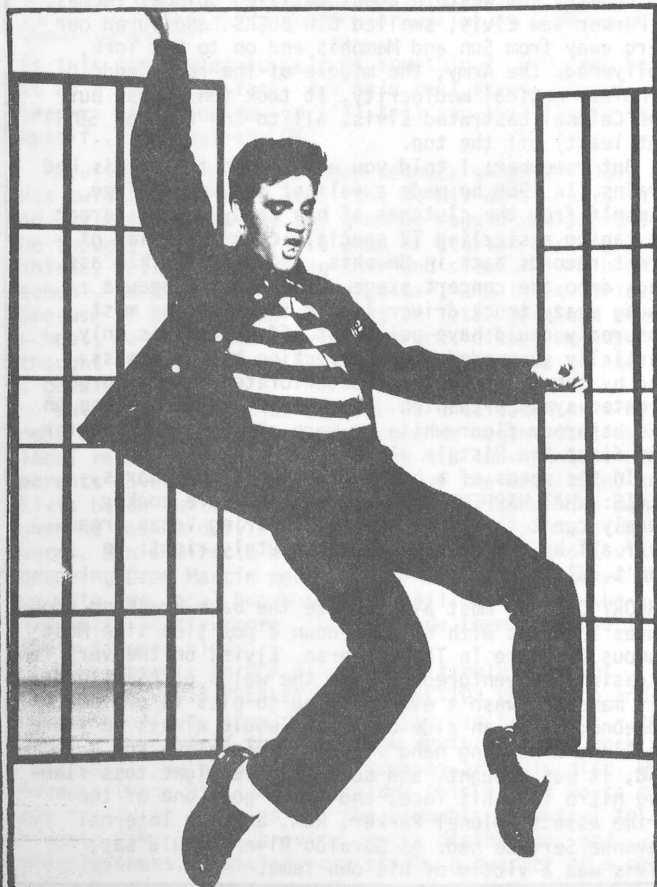
THEORY ONE: We must all realize the back-breaking pressures inherent with holding down a position like Most Famous Creature In The Universe. Elvis, on the very few occasions he ventured outside the walls of his floodlit mansion, wasn't even allowed to piss in private. Someone, be it an aide or a fan, would always be there to "lend a helping hand". Leave Elvis alone for a second, it was thought, and some lunatic might toss flaming nitro into his face, and there goes one of the prime assets Colonel Parker, RCA, and the Internal Revenue Service had. As Geraldo Rivera would say, Elvis was a victim of his own fame.

THEORY TWO: Elvis discovered three important things while he was a soldier stationed in Germany: "Are You Lonesome Tonight" (which he reportedly overheard at a campfire), Priscilla Beaulieu (the one female from out of El's gigantic bevvvy of finger-happy frauleins that stuck; see Diego Cortez's stunning photobook "Private Elvis" for pin-ups of all the goils who got away), and something which came to mean more to his life than screwing and even rockin; something second only to his beloved mama: DRUGS. Elvis Loved Drugs. He gobbled them while he was churning out those hundreds of sub-Hollywood quickie-flicks during the Sixties (the less said about those the better!). He gobbled them when he was playing the part of God On Tour during the Seventies. And, most of all, he gobbled them to blot out the agony of his mama's death, his Priscilla's escape, and, eventually, the horror of his empty existence (as Geraldo Rivera would say).

THEORY THREE: Elvis was constantly besieged with folks who were forever hounding him "in his best interests": His daddy Vernon, who paid the bills, his physician Dr. Nichopoulos, who wanted to sell lots and lots of pills (and not only to El), his wife Priscilla, who wanted The King all to herself, and Colonel Parker, who felt it was his patriotic duty to keep Elvis in the 98% tax bracket. I think Colonel Parker should be shot and shat upon.

Go into a record store tomorrow and look up an album called OUR MEMORIES OF ELVIS (VOLUME ONE). On the front cover is a quaint pic of Vernon and the Colonel posed in front of the King's castle. Now pull the LP closer and just eyeball the Colonel: stubby little chub-arms, crappy new clog shoes, and a sizeable gut almost hidden behind a flimsy (but I bet real expensive) sports shirt. (Vernon looks okay though, don't he? Rest In Peace, daddy). It was this old man, Tom Parker, that cruelly white-washed Elvis' music and his hips, all in the name of (heavens!) Commerciality.

Although I wouldn't for a minute deny that the Colonel invaluablely helped Elvis on the long way up (Elvis would have Made It regardless though), conversly, I'm convinced the Colonel REALLY helped Elvis on the long way down ...all the way down to that cold bathroom floor.



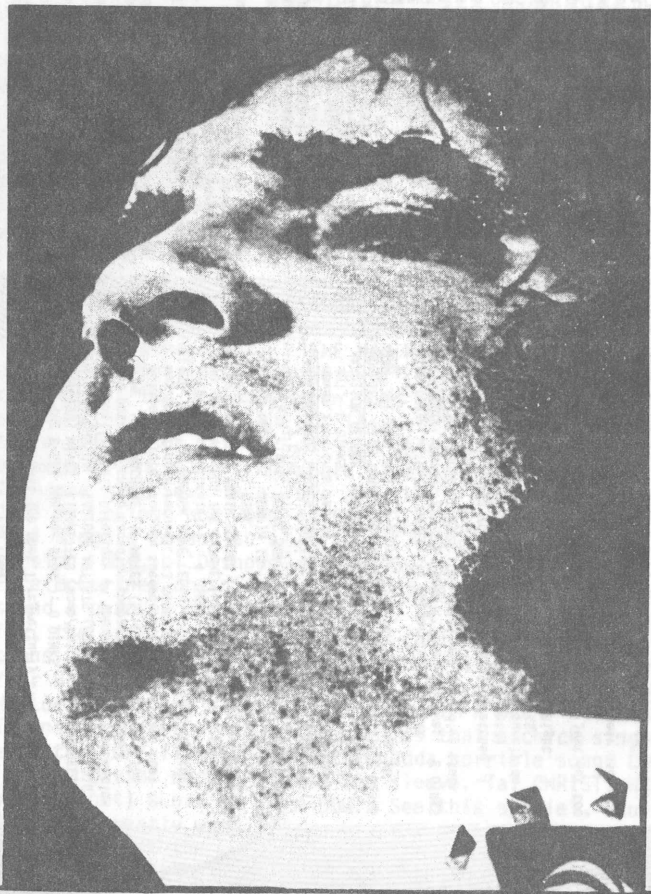
I could cite literally dozens of examples in defence of this claim, and I'm sure one could simply retaliate by pointing out, "That's what a manager's for! To keep his client as money-making a commodity for as long as possible, and that sometimes entails being obnoxious" (even to the point of wearing clogs?). But how can anyone humanly justify a scene such as the one which took place backstage in Vegas about eight or nine years ago, when Barbra Streisand (pause for snickers) burst into Elvis' dressing room and offered him the leading role in her up-coming mushball movie "A Star Is Born". Elvis said to himself, "Hot dang! Finally: a part with TEETH to it! A film with somethin' to it other than purty gurls 'n racin' cars!" But the Colonel vetoed the deal (not enough cash in it for him I reckon), and Elvis was totally crushed that his life-long dream - his one remaining unrealized ambition - of being recognized as a serious dramatic actor had been denied him. (Okay, okay, "A Star Is Born": big deal, right? But could it have been any worse than, say, "Harum Scarum" or "Clambake"?) It was then, many inside Elvis' world agree, that the King decided, quite rightly, "Fuck It", and the end was not far off.

I could end by saying something real Flash that even Geraldo Rivera wouldn't say, like, "Fried banana sandwiches and amphetamines aside, it was really Colonel Tom Parker that killed Elvis". Or I could get wimpy and conclude with something like "Isn't it a terrific shame that such an immense talent and all-round gift to mankind such as Elvis had to end the way he did. His sorrowful story is but a reflection upon us all and our world". But, nyahhhh.....

I just hope that the most fabulous rock'n'roller of them all will be remembered for more than his movies or his last sixty-or-so albums. I hope he will be remembered for:

MEET ME IN A HURRY BEHIND THE BARN
DON'T YOU BE AFRAID I'LL DO YOU NO HARM
HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS:
THERE'S GOOD ROCKIN' TONIGHT

Nothing more, Nothing less.





Too long since the last PIG PAPER means Too many records to review. So here's a handy bed-side guide to 1979 vinyl (that's like hypnotizing chickens) with even-

littler-than-usual snide comments when the item in question is either good or bad enough to merit any. You may well discover lots missing. If so, be sure to reserve your copy of PIG PAPER 12 at your favourite newsstand today!

PIG PICKS

(Indispensables. Scarf each and every one of 'em up NOW before they fall victim to the dreaded Delete Zone)

ABBA GREATEST HITS VOLUME TWO (Atlantic): 8 OINKS
AMERICAN MOVIE SOUNDTRACK (Columbia): It's about time someone honoured my surname in song and dance. 9 OINKS
BERRY, CHUCK ROCK-IT (Atco): Jailhouse rock. 8 OINKS
BEST OF BOMP, VOLUME ONE VARIOUS ARTISTS (Bomp/Bomb): Back when 20/20 were good. 8 OINKS
GRAMS GRAVEST HITS (Penguinheep): How that "Monster Mash" is out of print again. 10 OINKS
GORDON, ROBERT ROCK BILLY BOOGIE (RCA): Where's the Colonel? 8 OINKS
HEARTBREAKERS LIVE AT MAX'S KANSAS CITY (Max's Kansas City): Where's Sid? 8 OINKS
JAM AND DEAN DEAD MAN'S CURVE (United Artists): Jan's new semi-Frampton hairdo aside, this is a wonderful excuse for a TV-movie soundtrack. 10 OINKS
LEWIS, JERRY LEE JERRY LEE LEWIS (Elektra): A killer! 10 OINKS
MENDELSON, JOE NOT HOMOGENIZED (Boot): More than just Canadian Content. 8 OINKS
MOTELLO, ELTON VICTIM OF TIME (Attic): But is he really Plastic Bertrand? 9 OINKS
RICH KIDS GHOSTS OF PRINCES IN TOWERS (EMI): A 1978 platter, I know, but it took me a year to find. Well worth the wait though. 9 OINKS
ROCK AND ROLL HIGH SCHOOL MOVIE SOUNDTRACK (Sire): I'm in 1-u-v with P.J.'Soties. 9 OINKS
SAINTS PREHISTORIC SOUNDS (Harvest): R.I.P. 9 OINKS
SEX PISTOLS SOME PRODUCT (Virgin): Funnier than "The Jerk" or even "Apocalypse Now" by far! 10 OINKS
SONGS LENNON AND MCCARTNEY GAVE AWAY VARIOUS ARTISTS (EMI): John and Paul have yet to top the likes of "I Don't Want to See You Again" or "Bad to Me". 10 OINKS
WHO THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT (MCA): For the pre-TOMMY material only, natch. Speaking of whom, Tom Smothers almost steals the show! (Poor Keith...) 9 OINKS
WRAY, LINK BULLSHOT (Passport): When's he gonna team up with Jerry Lee? 10 OINKS

PIG POSSIBILITIES

(Worth it only if your good pal works in a record store and can sell you play copies for up to 30% off list)

ABBA VOLEZ VOUS (Atlantic): "Does Your Mother Know" could've been their best yet. 6 OINKS
BADFINGER AIR WAVES (Elektra): 6 OINKS
BEACH BOULEVARD VARIOUS ARTISTS (Posh Boy): Makes me nostalgic for Huntington Beach (Hi/Plastic Punks!). 7 OINKS
BEACH BOYS L.A. (LIGHT ALBUM) (Capitol): Disco? Break-up soon? 6 OINKS
BLUB KRAD VARIOUS ARTISTS (Los Angeles Free Music Society) Contains Half Japanese. Consequently: 7 OINKS
CLASH THE CLASH (Epic): I mean the US-derived version. (I think. You know, with the blue on the front cover instead of green? And the name at the TOP of the... oh, forget it. 7 OINKS
COSTELLO, ELVIS ARMED FORCES (Columbia): The 4-oink is for the occasionally-enclosed EP. 7 1/2 OINKS
COUNTY, JIMMYNE THINGS YOUR MOTHER NEVER TOLD YOU (Attic): 7 OINKS
DIODES RELEASED (Epic): But why? 5 OINKS
FOWLEY, KIM SUNSET BOULEVARD (Passport): Doesn't make me nostalgic for Huntington Beach. 5 OINKS
KINKS LOW BUDGET (Arista): (see BEACH BOYS: L.A.) Great cover nonetheless... 7 OINKS
NESMITH, MICHAEL INFINITE RIDER ON THE BIG DOGMA (Pacific): Too bad of 'ol Wool! Hat can never come up with songs as silly as his album titles. 5 OINKS
POP, IGGY NEW VALUES (Arista): 5 OINKS
PUBLIC IMAGE LTD METAL BOX (Virgin): What's next? "COOKIE TIN"? 6 OINKS
QUADROPHENIA MOVIE SOUNDTRACK (Polydor): Just play Side Four. 5 OINKS
RESIDENTS LIVE AT BUDDOKAN (Ralph): Not a cult band much longer. 7 OINKS
SEX PISTOLS THE GREAT ROCK AND ROLL SWINDLE (Virgin): A real cute pic of Sid's crotch. 6 OINKS
SHIRTS STREET LIGHT SHINE (Capitol): 7 OINKS
TALKING HEADS FEAR OF MUSIC (Sire): Is success going to David Byrne's picture tube? 6 OINKS
20/20 20/20 (Portrait): Will The Jam's art department sue? 5 OINKS
XTC DRUMS AND WIRES (Virgin): Time for another 3D EP. 7 OINKS

PIG PANS

(So many 1979 releases to choose from here! However, the following are just the ones I regretfully blew my wad on)

B-52s THE B-52s (Warner Bros.): 0 OINKS
(BATTERED) LIVES CIGARETTES (Bomp/Epic): -2 OINKS (CELSIUS)
BUSINESS UNUSUAL VARIOUS ARTISTS (CRI): How come no ZIG ZAG Small Label Directory on the back of my free enclosed poster? (cheap Canadian companies...) 2 OINKS
CHROME HALF MACHINE LIP MOVES (Siren): "Star Trek: The Motion Picture" for you sussed-intellectuals too cool to buy Snakefinger records. 3 OINKS
CLASH GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE (Epic): Someone produced this record (unfortunately). 4 OINKS
DEVO DUTY NOW FOR THE FUTURE (Warner Bros.): 0 OINKS
DYLAN, BOB SLOW TRAIN COMING (Columbia): Now I lay me down to sleep... -1 OINK
FLAMING GROOVIES JUMPIN IN THE NIGHT (Sire): I guess everyone was right: SHAKE SOME ACTION really MUST'VE been a fluke. 2 OINKS
GAUDINTE, RON WARREN GUITAR STAR (Sound Ceremony): You'll never find this record in your local diskery. Be thankful. 0 OINKS
HARRISON, GEORGE GEORGE HARRISON (Dark Horse): 1 OINK
HOLLIES FIVE THREE ONE DOUBLE SEVEN 0 FOUR (Epic): 2 OINKS
JAM ALL MOD CONS (Polydor): Time for a Rock Opera, eh Paul? 2 OINKS
KIM, GREG WITH THE NAKED EYE (Beserkley): 1 OINK
LAST POGO VARIOUS ARTISTS (Bomp): It sure is/was. 2 OINKS
LOWE, NICK LABOUR OF LUST (Columbia): He should've stuck with The Damned. 1 OINK
MCCARTNEY, PAUL BACK TO THE EGG (Columbia): Wretched. 1 OINK (and I bet Linda cooked the labels, right?)
PERE UBU DUB HOUSING (Chrysalis): Slowly but surely descending into the realm of fart rock. 2 OINKS
PRICE, ALAN LUCKY DAY (Jee): This Price Isn't Right. 1 OINK
RUNAWAYS AND NOW THE RUNAWAYS (Quality): Joan just got too plump to pop I reckon. 4 OINKS
SHOES PRESENT TENSE (Elektra): 1 OINK (for their name, even though it was John Lennon's idea)
TEENAGE HEAD TEENAGE HEAD (IGM/Epic): 2 OINKS (properly mixed it could've gotten at least an Eight)
WAVES, VOLUME ONE VARIOUS ARTISTS (Bomp/Bomb): Cool vintage Cheetha Chrome pin-ups. 1 OINK

GARY'S DELETE ZONE DELIGHTS

THE Chipmunks sing the Beatles HITS
ALVIN SIMON C. THEODORE with DAVID BEVILLE



The object of this column is to pick up where Jeremy Gluck's "Stupid Songs" series of past PIG PAPERS left off. In other words, to explore that oft-overlooked yet nonetheless essential ingredient of true rock and roll: TASTELESSNESS. There are piles of bad records being released every week - in fact, they form the basis upon which the entire Rock Industry is built. However, there's an enormous difference between Bad records and Tasteless records. Such as the difference between, for example, GET THE KNACK and THE CHIPMUNKS SING THE BEATLES HITS. Both quartets are attempting to blatantly line their pocketbooks by apeing the Fab Four From Liverpool (which I find kinda pointless seeing as The Beatles weren't all that great to begin with, having produced only a handful of songs worthy of merit). That's fine (The Knack obviously being too dumb to realize the advantages of cloning a GOOD act, like Tommy James or The Monkees), but whereas The Knack succeed only in emitting an odour of faceless, chordless toffee, The Chipmunks have not only spent their album riffing-off The Beatles, but TOPPING them! Just try a comparison test between Alvin, Simon, Theodore & Mr. Seville's "All My Loving" and John Paul Ringo & so-and-so's version. Why, ol'Dishpan Face McCartney doesn't stand a chance! Similarly, the Beatle renditions of "I Want To Hold Your Hand", "Can't Buy Me Love", "Do You Want To Know A Secret", and even the surf-flavoured (as Ray Davies once pointed out) "Love Me Do" pale greatly when pitted against the

Introducing STEVE JONES in

BLINDATE

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

A dear pal of us all, the man who played (most of) the guitar on the best LP of the 70s, Steve "Fatty" Jones and his straight-man Paul "Giggles" Cook, were in Toronto over Christmas (OK trendies: What local band were they supposedly producing while in town?). The duo requested and, naturally, received an audience with the Pigs. After polishing off a dozen or so scotch'n'cokes, I forced Steve at pen-point to play BLINDATE. Read the following to discover just how witty the English can be:

BRIAN'S CHILDREN "CUT HER HAIR" (Ugly Dog): "Christ, what a borin' record. I thought we killed off this type of music". DISTORTED LEVELS "HEY MISTER" (Nowhere): "Bit shorter, but still pretty fuckin' awful" (belch). DOCTOR MIX "NO FUN" (Rough Trade): "Some (belch), I said Some people dunno went to let Iggy die. Even the Pistols did this, didn't we Paul?" FORGOTTEN REBELS "THIRD HOMOSEXUAL MURDER" (S&M): "Listen now, I hate fags as much (wheeze) as the next bloke, but, God, this song's worse than a bleedin' butt-fuck!" MARTHA AND THE MUFFINS "INSECT LOVE" (Muffin Music): "Chick singer, eh? Does she got big tits?" MINNYPOPS "KOJAK" (Plurex): "I said, has she got big tits? Has she?" NO FUN "THE MAN WHO COLLECTED DISEASES" (Werewolf T-Shirts): "Come on then, has she?" SAUCERS "WHAT WE DO" (Saucers): "Does that record wiv the chick singer got a pic-shure sleeve? Just tell me...how big are they? Come on..." THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICANS "EPP OPP ORK AH AHH" (Tekno Tunes): "Listen...either you tell me, or I ain't fuckin' playing this fuckin' game any more. At least (belch) (wheeze) (RETCH) at least you got anymore records with chicks onum? Play one then..." TRUE CONFESSIONS "GIVE HIM A GREAT BIG KISS" (Bomb): "Is that a chick singin'? Fuck, whadda horrible song. Lemme see the sleeve. Ta. CHRIST, WHAT A DOG! See this spaniel, Paul..."

PAUL VS. THE NEW WAVE

His Frank Opinions Of The British

TS: Paul, the purpose of this interview is to find out how you feel about the "British Invasion" of America's entertainment world. You're one of the few American personalities to retain popularity under the new British rule. You've remained in the limelight, but at the moment you're sharing it with half the population of England. To begin, do you think any permanent damage has been done to the careers of stars who are presently lost in the crowd?

PAUL: Definitely not! Most of the English groups have relied on gimmicks, such as far-out haircuts and kooky clothes, to get them launched. Once an image has been established, it's almost impossible to get away from. Teenagers tastes constantly change and I feel sure the majority will revert to the more conservative tastes that preceded the Beatles. As a matter of fact, I see definite indications that the change is already starting. In teenage clubs, I see less and less long hair and more attention to good grooming.

TS: In your opinion, how have the newcomers affected the American entertainment industry at the "box-office?"

PAUL: If they have had an affect, it's been to stimulate box office sales all the way around. The Beatles completely revived the record business at a time when it needed reviving. It has been a dwindling market since Elvis Presley's peak, but now has come back stronger than ever. The stimulus carried over into movies and television, too. For example, the Ed Sullivan show used few teenager performers until the Beatles sent the Sullivan ratings soaring. Ever since that

PAUL: I'm happy for the effect it's had on reviving the whole industry, but I strongly resent some of the newer British groups who are riding in on the wave. I said from the beginning that the Beatles, although they're admittedly talented, were setting a dangerous precedent by relying on a gimmick such as their long hair to get their careers launched. And I believe my doubts have been borne out. New English groups of lesser and lesser talent keep popping up, with all of them making it on a gimmick rather than real talent (which I again must point out, the Beatles did have and still do).

TS: If you have English favorites, who are they, and why are they your favorites?

PAUL: Personally, I prefer the Beatles. Despite my resentment of the gimmick they used to get there, they have continued to write and record good songs. And I think they've suffered because of the other groups who followed in their image with nothing besides gimmicks to back them up.

TS: How do you feel about the English look in styles for girls?

PAUL: I don't like anything about the English style in dress. And I don't care for the Beatnik trend that preceded it in America. When I go out with a girl, I want her to look attractive, be well groomed, and wear the type of clothes that enhance her God-given features. The English effect on teenage fashion makes them look more like something out of "The Addams Family."

TS: How about fashions for boys? Longer hair and that sort of thing?

PAUL: The same opinion applies to male attire and grooming. I don't like to run around dressed to the teeth all the time, but I think it's possible to be casual in slacks or jeans and still look clean and presentable. A shaggy appearance is for dogs, and only certain breeds of them.

TS: Do you think any of the English acts could have made it in America on their own, without traveling the road paved by the Beatles?

PAUL: No, with the possible exception of one or two groups who do have something to offer besides a freakish appearance.



Paul doesn't pull punches!

TS: How long do you think the trend will last, and how will it end?

PAUL: I think it's definitely on the down-grade right now, as evidenced by the fabulous success of the Righteous Brothers. Not only have they topped the charts in this country, they've also done the same in England. I think the present trend will end through talent which will start a new trend toward non-reliance on gimmicks.

TS: In your opinion, why did the trend "happen" in the first place?

PAUL: This is a subject that's kept psychologists guessing for more than a year. My personal feeling, for whatever it's worth, is that the society in which we live has brought down the age level of the record-buying public to a point where kids from seven to twelve years of age are influencing record trends just as much as teenagers. It stands to reason that they're less qualified to evaluate talent than those in the later teens, and also more easily influenced by gimmicks. Also, I have a sneaking suspicion that the craze would never have reached such a feverish pitch if our parents hadn't taken such a strong stand against it.

TS: Do you feel the trend has been harmful in any way, or helpful in any way?

PAUL: I can't help but feel the effect may have been a little harmful. I know I've had to battle with my little sister Patty about wanting to emulate the crazy hairstyles and unattractive clothes associated with the trend. Also, the dozens of inferior groups that have come along recently have done nothing to elevate musical tastes.

TS: Every major trend leaves an impression that remains long after the

time, teenage performers have been featured almost every week, at least half of them American. The effect on motion pictures has probably been to a lesser degree, but nonetheless profitable if only because of the general revitalized interest in all show business on the teenage level. I seriously doubt the Beach party pictures would have been so wildly popular without the overall emphasis in teen entertainment generated by the English groups.

TS: Paul, in your opinion, how does our entertainment industry feel about the Red Coats?

PAUL: I think the reaction is mixed. Many young performers feel their English counterparts are robbing them of work. On the other hand, many of them would never have attained their own success if it hadn't been for the teen interest generated by the new trend. On the executive level, there are undoubtedly the same mixed emotions. I've already mentioned the fact that interest in teenage entertainment is at a much higher level. But by the same token, Hollywood is having to share this box office with the foreign made films and recordings which follow in the same vein.

TS: How do you personally feel about the new trend?

(Continued on next page)

trend is replaced. In your opinion, what will be the mark left by the British?

PAUL: I think it will be something to look back on and laugh about. The way our parents do about the goldfish-swallowing and flag pole sitting era of their teens.

TS: After the trend fades, do you feel any of the British stars will be able to retain their popularity in America?

PAUL: I frankly doubt it. If it weren't for being copied by so many lesser talents, the Beatles might last forever. But with the way things are, they may die with the trend. And I must say, in all sincerity, that would be a pity.

TS: What future trend might replace British rule?

PAUL: As I mentioned previously, it has already started with the Righteous Brothers, and I think they will inspire other groups to follow in their footsteps and make it on talent alone. Also, I feel it won't be too long until the big bands come back.

TS: Thanks so much, Paul, for taking the time to give us your opinions on one of the hottest topics of the day. And thanks especially for the forthright, honest answers you gave to our questions. We personally don't agree with you on all counts, but we respect your right to your opinions, and respect even more your willingness to express them freely. Thanks again!

(Editor's Note: We at TS welcome your comments regarding the article you've just read. As far as we know, it's the first of its type to appear in an American magazine. And it appeared in TS because we knew you'd be interested in what one of our entertainment world's most successful native sons had to say about the tidal wave of British influence now flooding our country. Some of you will agree with Paul's frank opinions, and some won't. Whatever the case may be, let us know if you'd like TS to print more opinions on this subject, both pro and con.

Also, if you'd like to share your own opinions with other TS readers, why not personally answer the questions we asked Paul and mail them off to us? We'll print as many of them as we possibly can in a near future issue.)



PIG PEN

IMANTS On ROMANTS

Dear Imants: I am 16, Portuguese, and my boyfriend's 18. The problem is my parents think I am too young to be dating. I feel I'm very mature, but they think all Canadian boys take drugs and look for one night stands. But my boyfriend lives at home, roller skates, and has a steady job with the Big Brothers Organization. What should I do?

OH, SHUT YER NECK.

Dear Imants: A few summers ago, one of my brothers was on a sports team. On this team was a boy with a very bad reputation who was voted "most likely to" before he was 18. I was warned by my friends to keep my distance but, naive 8-year-old that I am, found myself falling for him. His subtle passes made me, a girl who hasn't started her monthly discharges yet, feel like a fully grown woman. Should we get married and start a family of our own? My parents think I am too young. Please help.

FLY UP MY ARSEHOLE, YOU BORING GIT.

Dear Imants: I am a 12 year old girl and sometimes I get a pain in my left breast when I breathe in. My mother, a nurse, says not to worry. What do you think?

ALRIGHT: EVERYONE INTO THE CAR.

ATTENTION! BECAUSE OF THE ELECTRICAL DILEMMA, IT WILL BE MANDATORY THAT CANDLES BE USED IN EVERY HOME THIS WILL NOT AFFECT YOUR GOVERNMENT CONTROLLED TELEVISION SETS...A GLASS OF RECLAIMED DRINKING WATER IS NOW \$5.60 A GLASS...GOOD NEWS...SCIENCE WILL SOON SOLVE THE ECOLOGY CRISIS.



PIG PRODUCTIONS PATENTED POP PARADE TOP TEN OF THE SEVENTIES

1. "NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS" By THE SEX PISTOLS (Warner Bros.)
2. "IT'S ALIVE" By THE RAMONES (Sire)
3. "THE BEACH BOYS LOVE YOU" By THE BEACH BOYS (Brother)
4. "GREATEST HITS VOLUME ONE" By ABBA (Atlantic)
5. "THAT'S ROCK AND ROLL: SHAUN IN CONCERT" By SHAUN CASSIDY (Warner Bros.)
6. "SHAKE SOME ACTION" By THE FLAMING GROOVIES (Sire)
7. "LIVE AT BUDOKAN" By CHEAP TRICK (Epic)
8. "SURF'S UP" By THE BEACH BOYS (Brother)
9. "SUNFLOWER" By THE BEACH BOYS (Brother)
10. "WILDMANIA" By WILD MAN FISCHER (Rhino)

(Actually, the whole point of trying to squeeze a Top Ten out of the Stupid Seventies is pretty ludicrous, right? We all know 1970-1979 was nothing more than a repackaging of 1954-1968. Consequently, my REAL 1970's Top Ten reads thusly:

"THE JAN AND DEAN ANTHOLOGY", "PAUL REVERE AND THE RAIDERS ALL-TIME GREATEST HITS", "THE DAVE CLARK FIVE: GLAD ALL OVER AGAIN", "THE ELVIS PRESLEY SUN COLLECTION", "THE TURTLES: HAPPY TOGETHER AGAIN", "PEBBLES, VOLUMES ONE TO FOUR", "THE BEACH BOYS: ENDLESS SUMMER", Sire's "HISTORY OF BRITISH ROCK" albums, "THE MOTOWN STORY", and "THE BEATLES 1962-1966")


DAD, WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

CONNIE, THE FORCES OF ANTI-CHRIST ARE CLOSING IN ON US.



RCA **VICTOR**
STEREO EFFECT REPROCESSED FROM MONOPHONIC

ELVIS PRESLEY
HAL WALLIS
KING OF CREOLE

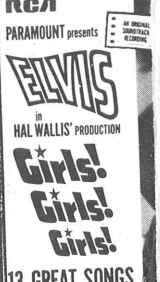


RCA **VICTOR**
STEREO EFFECT REPROCESSED FROM MONOPHONIC

ELVIS

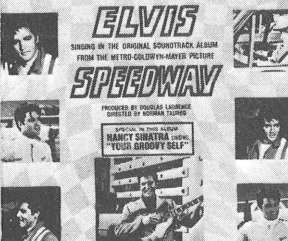


RCA **PARAMOUNT** presents
ELVIS
in HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION
Girls! Girls! Girls!
13 GREAT SONGS



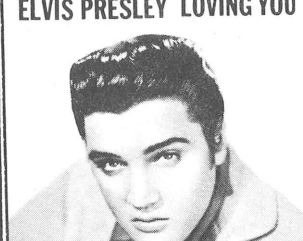
RCA **VICTOR**

ELVIS
SINGING IN THE ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ALBUM
FROM THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
SPEEDWAY
PRODUCED BY THOMAS LAURIE
DIRECTED BY NORMAN TAUBOG
SPECIAL IN THIS ALBUM
NANCY SINATRA SINGS
"YOUR BROUVY SELF"



RCA **VICTOR**
STEREO EFFECT REPROCESSED FROM MONOPHONIC

ELVIS PRESLEY LOVING YOU



ELVIS
THE ULTIMATE
WORLDWIDE GOLD

A TOUCH OF GOLD - VOLS. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100



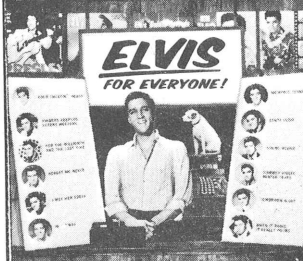
RCA **VICTOR**

3 VOLUME 3
ELVIS' GOLDEN RECORDS



RCA **VICTOR**

ELVIS FOR EVERYONE!




ELVIS
THE ULTIMATE
WORLDWIDE GOLD



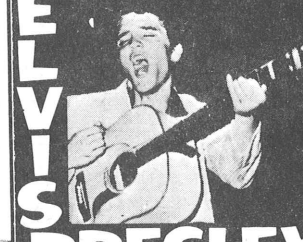
RCA **VICTOR**

ELVIS
IN AN ORIGINAL
SOUNDTRACK ALBUM
from the
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
"Kissin' Cousins"
A SAM KATZMAN
FOUR LEAF PRODUCTION



RCA **VICTOR**
STEREO EFFECT REPROCESSED FROM MONOPHONIC

ELVIS PRESLEY

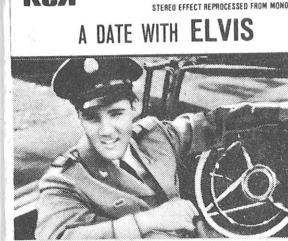


ELVIS
THE ULTIMATE
WORLDWIDE GOLD



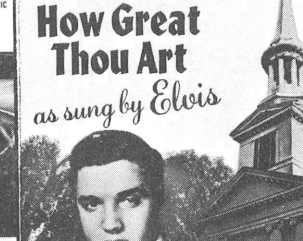
RCA **VICTOR**
STEREO EFFECT REPROCESSED FROM MONOPHONIC

A DATE WITH ELVIS



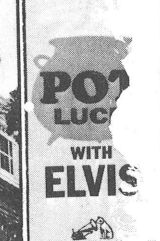
RCA **VICTOR**

How Great Thou Art
as sung by *Elvis*



RCA **VICTOR**

PO? LUC? WITH ELVIS



RCA **VICTOR**

ELVIS IS BACK!

EXTRA
ELVIS PHOTOS INSIDE



RCA **VICTOR**
STEREO EFFECT REPROCESSED FROM MONOPHONIC


50,000,000 ELVIS FANS
CAN'T BE WRONG

ELVIS' GOLD RECORDS
Volume 2



RCA **VICTOR**

ELVIS
THE ULTIMATE
WORLDWIDE GOLD



RCA **VICTOR**

VOLUME 4 **ELVIS' GOLD RECORDS** VOLUME 4



RCA **VICTOR**

ELVIS
IN AN ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ALBUM
FROM THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE
"Fun in Acapulco"



RCA **VICTOR**

The Wonderful World of Elvis

