

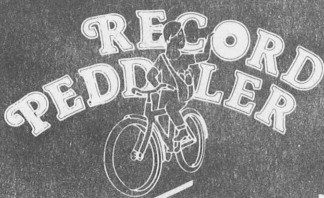
PIG



**POCKET PIG PAPER
NO.12
\$1.00(55p.UK)**

A multi-million dollar bootleg record business smashed yesterday by simultaneous raids here and in the U.S. had its head-

Records seized included albums from The Who, Blondie, Jimi Hendrix, Yes and others.



a wide selection of recent 45's
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In Metro, Mounties raided two businesses: Around Again Books on Baldwin St. and the Record Peddler, 115 Queen St. E. No arrests were made but bootleg records were seized.

About 4,000 records, record presses, master recordings and other equipment were seized in the raids.
"We have mountains of evidence," an RCMP spokesman said.

MARBLE VINYL VINYL MARBRE

It's the game that separates the girls and the boys...into groups of two!

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL presents

BEACH BLANKET BINGO

PATHECOLOR... PANAVISION

The BEACH PARTY gang goes SKY DIVING!

starring

FRANKIE AVALLON • ANNETTE FUNICELLO • DEBORAH WALLEY • HARVEY LEMBECK
JOHN ASHLEY • JOEY McCREA • DONNA LOREN • MARTA KOSIEN • LINDA EVANS
BOBBI SHAW • DON RICKLES • PAUL LYNDE
as "BIG DOP" as "BULLIES"

BUSTER KEATON • EARL WILSON

written by WILLIAM ASHER & LEO TOWNSEND • WILLIAM ASHER
produced by JAMES H. NICHOLSON & SAMUEL Z. HANOFF • ANTHONY CARAS

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STY

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WE PRINT YOUR LETTERS

"Why no review of our latest in PP 11? I wear ties on stage now, you know..."

-Robert Plant

"There is hope for rock'n'roll journalism. For rock'n'roll itself! My thanks for bringing back THE PIG PAPER.

See you on The Dinah Shore Show"

-Lester Bangs

"Why don't you ever write about big local stars like Martha And The Muffins?"

-Martha

"I detest new wave too, but its THE PIG PAPER that should be shot and shat upon. PS: So what's so bad about clogs?"

-Colonel Parker

"Do you think I'm too old for my audience to identify with?"

-Bob Segarini

"I'm a record producer now, you know..."

-Declan McManus

"Expect to be lucky enough to hit at the retarded performances of each band. Most interviews in R&R now are real boring. You can be too serious or just silly but mostly boring I only wanted"

-Colin Brunton

PIG 12

The previous issue (#11), despite its horrifying shrinkage size-wise, sold like the proverbial hot-cakes; actually turning a PROFIT (thought I'd forgot how to spell that) within One Month of release! Consequently, by way of Thanks (and an ever-escalating GREED for Cash and Stardom), here is PIG PAPER 12. Same tiny road-map format, but an Extra EIGHT (count'em!) pages and a spot of colour on the cover. Almost like the halycon daze of PIG 10 eh? Content-wise, you'll be pleased to find the same witty acidic nostalgic ramblings (a/k/a Bullshit), starring, as part of my continuing series spotlighting Pop Gods, the immoral JOHN LENNON. Yes, JOHN LENNON! What more could you possibly want?

-GARY JOINK!

PIG



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

PS: The rebirth of PIG has brought, by mail, telephone, and foot (remember: Visiting hours at the sty are Weekdays Only, 1 to 4 A.M. Knock loud though - I may have the headphones on) a veritable Deluge of requests for Back Issues. So, until I get around to publishing THE BEST OF PIG (a regular-size edition... yeah, just like CIRCUS!), here's the deal: PIG PAPER 11 (debut of POCKET PIG) is Sold Out, and I mean GONE. So are PPs 1 and 2 (the infamous pre-punk issues) plus numbers 4,5,7,8, PIGSHEETS 10-C through F, and the first PIG Record. Still available (complete with Collectors Prices!) are PIG PAPER 10 (gala DC5 ish) \$2.50 each (only two dozen left, y'see), PIGSHEET 10-A (all about The Diodes - I guess that's why it didn't sell) and 10-B: \$1.00 each, PIG PAPER 9 (with Johnny Rot Ten interview) (yes, it's a REAL interview): \$2.00 each, PIG PAPER 6 (where were You in October 1977?): \$3.50 each (only ONE dozen left), and PIG PAPER 3 (a real collectors' item!): \$1.00 each. (and a word of warning to whoever's bootlegging issues 7 and 8: you could've at least used a better photocopier!) Costs Too Much (in the words of "Amusement Parks USA") you say? Well, try to keep in mind that stamps and envelopes are included (plus remember: I get at least \$5.00 an issue when I hock'em at rock conventions, so QUIT COMPLAINING!)



**PIG
PICKS**

KICKS

#1

In case you haven't already caught my drift, I am most certainly NOT a fan of "New" Wave, or The "New" Music, or whatever its being labeled this month. That is coz I LIKE ROCK'N' ROLL, which,



by the way, exploded in the mid-Fifties, flourished in the mid-Sixties, and was briefly revived by The Ramones in the mid-Seventies. The fluff which is passing as newave in 1980 is nothing more than clumps of trend-hopping over-thirties whose music and mannerisms have been totally syrup'd down for mass consumption (via the radio and TV: a sure sign that the genre's a hoax!). Acts the likes of Joe Jackson and The Boomtown Rats are simply this year's John Travolta and Village People; if you scoff at this observation, just take a look around you the next time you attend a Blondie or Clash concert: Not since the dark-age of the dreaded Disco has the music taken such a blatant back seat to the clothes and the cliques.

For the thousands of you out there who are revelling today in the Industry-sponsored proclamations that Disco's Dead/Long Live Rock, secure in the fashionable self-justification that "Wow! Tom Petty's on the cover of ROLLING STONE: there's hope after all!", I do not recommend to you KICKS Magazine (or even THE PIG PAPER for that matter). Besides, if you're unfortunate enough to be living in or around Toronto, there's a whole slew of photocopied alternatives a/k/a Fanzines available (now, remember what you've all been taught: "Fanzine" means you can hand-print dribble off the top of your scalp onto a dozen pages, staple it once or twice, sell it for a buck, and defend it by pleading "Non-Commerciality!" and "Spontaneity!") Therein, you can content yourself with second-hand sagas and slightly-rewritten record company hypesheets on all yer current trends like XTC and The Police. But once you've wet your ears in the newave's shallowness, you may progress, if you dare, to the epitomy of popdom: Yes, you too can become A ROCK'N'ROLLER!

While you're not busy trading in your Cars and Costello records for the superior sounds of Gene Vincent and Gerry And The Pacemakers, forsake rags like ZIG ZAG and NEW YORK ROCKER for tasty pages from GOLDMINE, TIME BARRIER EXPRESS, and, once you're ready for rock'n'roll heaven, the exquisite KICKS!

That's Right. KICKS. The jumbo-sized, fun-filled, action-packed brainchild of veteran rockers Billy Miller and Miriam "Scamper" ("Scamper"?) Linna, who not only write great r'n'r, but PLAY it too, in their band The Zantees (coming soon on Bomp Records, Mr. Shaw threatens).

INSERT BILLY & MIRIAM'S QUOTE HERE

WHAT QUOTE?
 THEIR QUOTE ABOUT "KICKS"
 WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?
 THAT LITTLE PIECE THEY MAILED US!
 UMM...
 I THOUGHT I GAVE IT TO YOU...
 I THOUGHT YOU HAD IT...
 Forget it.....

Okay, Okay, so the majority of KICKS and its fellow publications concern themselves with "The Past": groups that have long ago disbanded; singers who long ago died. Only token coverage of modern-day popsters is offered, and more often that not it is of Fifties (ie: Robert Gordon) and Sixties (ie: Flamin(g) Groovies) copy-cats. But GOODNESS GRACIOUS, can't any of you see why? Because NOBODY, not even Joey, Johnny, Dee Dee and Marky, are performing genuine r'n'r in the Eighties.

I'll admit I'm far from being a fan of clone-rock, Gordon and Groovies-style. But not a soul alive can deny that there's a heck of a lot more sweating and a lot less smarming in that brand of music that in play-it-safe new wave. Similarly, you can grab a lot more info (plus Laffs) from an old surf or north-western rock reprint KICKS-style than from the pretentious fashion analysis and the dumb-ass socio-musical meanderings which seem to be the crux of the newave press.

But most important of all, the prosecution howls in presenting its most damning piece of evidence, is that SOMEWHERE, out there in a basement or a garage SOMEPLACE, SOMEONE isn't being lulled into submission by the new music's con, and SOMEBODY is busy creating fresh new frantic uncompromising pop-rock for those of us who remain faithful to True rock' n'roll. Such music won't contain sufficient dimness to enable it to be heard on the radio or seen in the fanzines or best-sellers lists. But so long as there's magazines like KICKS in circulation, we who remain trapped in the lunatic fringe of rockdom can rest assured that ROCK'N'ROLL IS HERE TO STAY.

Hmmm... Kind of a cliché ending, isn't it? AWW-Go
LEARN HOW TO listen to your
 Specials album..

ROCK N' ROLL

KICKS MAGAZINE:

P.O.Box 646
 Cooper Station
 New York City
 USA 10003.

(Be sure to tell
 'em The Pigs
 sentcha!)

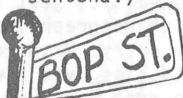


with DICK D'AGOSTIN

SOME CALL it rock 'n roll. Some call it bop. But no matter what you call it, it's the coolest, craziest, easiest dance music you can find.

It's been about 10 minutes, and even already, I think you'll find by practicing this basic step. The reason for learning it is to have fun. Let's see you try.

MIRIAM



I WISH THEY'D STOP SENDING THESE PUNK MAGAZINES. BILLY'S ALWAYS RIPPIN' 'EM UP!



ROCK SOULING'S DETROIT ZONE

MOTOWN (Gordus Detroitus)(from the German MEAUTOUËN), a retail outlet from the Middle Ages specializing in water barriers strung around castles; a Three Stooges townhouse development; a dang good entertainment conglomerate of Negro Americana (a/k/a "The Sound Of Young America") which ruled the Sixties by six-transistor in the face of the British Invasions, "Vogage To The Bottom Of The Sea", the folk-rockers, the Dick Clark/Raiders/Monkees clique, "The Man From PUNCLE", the bubblegum era, the Woodstock generation.

CUT TO: Summer 1964. The Place: Camp Toderadaca, northern Ontario Canada. Amid the Seasons Four and the Beach Beaus emerged a spankin' new Sound-to-be, which infiltrated my decade-old ears still in their pop infancy. It was yearnin yearnin yearnin burnin burnin burnin into my bwain: I was HOOKED on Mo Town! (it was baby-love at first sight). Then, SUDDENLY: 1965! The Four Tops! Junior Walker And His All-***'s! "Stop In The Name Of Love"! The Temptations! Marvin Gaye! The Marvelettes!

For the next five years, this Michigan madness provided the perfect soundtrack for all us inbetw-eens. From behind his all-powerful desk, Motown mastermind Berry Gordy Jr. erected a totally self-contained label (actually, Labels: mustn't forget sister Tamla!) which wrote, performed, produced and marketed its family ultra-successfully to the world. Berry Gordy: Pop Pioneer.(He even made sure the already-chart topping Supremes stayed in high school until they had become certified graduettes). It was, without a doubt, THE SOUND OF YOUNG AMERICA.

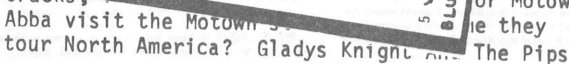
By 1967, Motown and the National Aeronautics And Space Administration collaborated to produce yet another Supremes sensation ("Reflections"); you could actually buy Supremes (White!) Bread in your local deli; and Gordy's gang was literally swimming in gold records. (Gold's now swimming in Motown records: Just ask him!). Not even Kirshner's Revenge, with the first recorded dabbling of moo-synthesizing (on their PISCES AQUARIUS DOLENZ AND WHATEVER album), could topple the Tamla/Motown stranglehold.

WHY? How could a riveter on an automobile assembly line one day sod his job and within a half-decade so uncannily have the nation's ears and feet in his pocket? Well, I guess it was just a great, regular thing: New singles every morning, TV appearances galore, wack-o group names and get-ups. A true blackstravaganza of niggerly nuggets custom-made for both the whites (Berry always made sure he packaged his acts with Vegas in mind) and non-whites (who, rumour has it, jest loved that snatting on-stage choreography).

I'm sorry, Mr.Gordy, but I Really LOVE what you did. Yes, you Always kept your kids in the public eye. Boy, you had so many too! (would have dug to have sat in at an office X-mas party or two...). Personally, while all my pals were drifting off into a musical ball of confusion during the late-Sickties, with their purple hazes'n'hurdy gurdy men, I was still Reaching Out for those throbbing bass lines and cornographic dance routines every Sunday eve on "The Ed Sullivan Show" (where'd'ya think Disco came from? Doesn't really matter, I guess...).

LET'S NOT DWELL ON THE BAD TIMES. Let's
Concentrate on 1963 To 1968: THE MOTOWN YEARS!

Like, didja know Carol Channing wrote the liner notes for the DIANA ROSS AND THE SUPREMES GREATEST HITS album? John Fogerty was a member in good standing of the Martha Reeves Fan Club? "Psychedelic Shack" was originally released by a Jamaican combo called The Four Drawers? The Spinners never recorded "Na Na Hey Hey (Kiss Him Goodbye)"? Dionne Warwick never signed with Motown because her teeth were believed to be too dominant on TV? The Four Tops dedicated "Bernadette" to the Motor City Loan Corporation? The composer of the "My Three Sons" theme song once co-wrote a song for The Supremes? The only European act ever awarded a Motown recording contract was British vocalist Conrad Poohs? The Marvelettes' "Please Mister Postman" earned them a gold stamp? The Pretty Things released an LP on Motown? The United States Mint considered issuing Motown Money, but only a Jackson Five was ever released? Barrett Strong is a millionaire? The Bubble Puppy once toured with Mary Wells? Lou Christie and Jimmy Ruffin were once seen going over songs together in the mens room at LaGuardia Airport? Elvis never covered a Motown song? The Beach Boys did? Sammy Davis Jr once won a national Little Stevie Wonder look alike contest? "American Bandstand" never did a telecast from Detroit? Smokey Robinson And The Miracles bootlegs are big sellers in the Virgin Islands? The Temptations were originally called The Five Bottles? Berry Gordy's first film was a short entitled "Afro-Gan Graffiti"? Richard Pryor was one of the background vocalists on "I Second the Motion"? The Association never recorded "Life in the Sun"? PARIS





PIGSTALGIA

THE BEACH BOYS REVEAL "THE THINGS WE HATE and THE THINGS WE LOVE"

CARL WILSON



I HATE phone calls in the middle of the night.
I HATE artsy-folksy folks who are that way only because they think it is the "in" thing to do.
I HATE girls who call attention to themselves by being noisy.
I HATE to be cooped up in a dressing room or on a plane.
I HATE to go on long car rides unless I am the one who is doing the driving.
I HATE to ever be the least bit sick. I can't stand lying about.
I HATE to hear people put down other people—for anything.
I HATE teased-up hair styles.
I HATE to see young girls dressed in black or dark sophisticated clothes.
I LOVE to go fishing.
I LOVE the presents that fans give me. We all got lovely identification bracelets from a New York City girl once when we were there. It really thrilled us that someone took such pains on our behalf.
I LOVE Chinese food, and my favorite restaurant is Ah Fong's on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood.
I LOVE cars. I have a black Ferrari sports car. I used to race.
I LOVE girls—all kinds, shapes and sizes!
I LOVE to dance, and when I have time of an evening you can find me going through all the latest steps at Gazzari's in Hollywood.
I LOVE the way Barbra Streisand sings. When she played the Coconut Grove, I went to see her five nights in a row.
I LOVE to meet the kids who come to see us when we do public appearances.
I LOVE discoteques.
I LOVE all the "group" sounds—both English and American.

BRIAN WILSON

I HATE so-called "surfin' music." It's a name that people slap on any sound from California. Our music is rightfully "the Beach Boy sound"—if one has to label it.
I HATE to miss gigs. But I've missed many lately because of time I have to spend in a relatively calm atmosphere writing our songs and doing all the musical arrangements.

DENNIS WILSON

I HATE loud-mouthed phoney people.

I HATE sound men who have a "tin" ear. It's awful when you go to set up your mikes on the road and the sound people don't help you work out the proper effects. It's the audience who suffers most!

I HATE neighbors who complain when I play the piano in the middle of the night. As you may guess, I just had some of the same—and now I have to move again!

I HATE to have to sit around TV studios waiting for our time to go on.

I HATE older people who criticize younger people who are trying to do something.

I HATE people who don't try to understand others.

I HATE immodest, aggressive girls.

I LOVE to compose and arrange—to create and make music.

I LOVE to buy things on impulse. I bought a steam bath (portable) that way.

I LOVE girls with dark olive skin and dark hair.

I LOVE my Cadillac. It is a green El Dorado.

I LOVE "egg-in-the-hole". It's about the only thing I can cook, but it is great. You pinch out the center of a piece of bread, butter it, place it in a frying pan and put a raw egg in the hole. The entire thing cooks together and is very, very tasty.

I LOVE playing baseball. I was center field for the Hawthorne High School team.

I LOVE the English TV show, *Ready, Steady, Go!*

I LOVE to be healthy. I was run-down for a while from over-work, but I started taking vitamins and eating regularly—and now I'm fine.

AL JARDINE

I HATE people who ask us what we are going to do when "... this is all over." They sound as though the world will end for us when we stop cutting records. We all have plenty of definite plans for the future.

I HATE to be away from home (and my lovely wife, Linda) for too long a time.

I HATE to see adults put us and our music down because they don't happen to like the sound.

I HATE to see teenage girls run around dressed in a sloppy manner.

I HATE to be kept waiting for anything.

I HATE olives.

I HATE to have to walk anywhere. I guess that's because in Hollywood you get used to driving everywhere.

I HATE those who said the Beach Boys were a fad and wouldn't last. Ha! Ha!

I LOVE to be a tourist when I'm on the road. I roam the streets of any new town I visit and try to see all there is to see while I am there.

I LOVE New York City. It is absolutely fascinating—to visit.

I LOVE collecting souvenirs.

I LOVE to see girls with long natural-looking hair.

I LOVE to play Big Casino—a card game.

I LOVE to win when I play Big Casino!

I LOVE to be called by my entire first name—Alan.

MIKE LOVE

I HATE people who barge into your dressing room after a show and make themselves at home.

I HATE for a girl to scream right into my ear. It's happened in mob scenes a couple of times, and I almost went deaf!

I HATE opera. My mother used to play it real loud in the mornings to wake me up when I was in school—and now I can't stand it!

I HATE people who try to trick other people.

I HATE girls who adopt a facade or pretend to be "cool" because it's the thing to do.

I HATE to see girls wear black lace stockings.

I HATE beatniks.

I HATE the way the English use the word *artistes* to refer to performers. It sounds so pretentious.

I HATE girls who are grubby and dirty.

I LOVE Hawaii, Mexico and France.

I LOVE Oriental and near-Eastern types of girls.

I LOVE young girls, for they don't seem to be as artificial as the older ones.

I LOVE tight jeans.

I LOVE the color blue.

I LOVE fans who really care for you and don't run after you just because you're a performer.

I LOVE girls who wear light cologne. My favorite aroma is Casaque.

I LOVE the Beatles' record, *Ticket To Ride*.

I LOVE rock and roll music, especially Little Richard and Chuck Berry.

I LOVE the sculpture of Rodin.

I LOVE watches. I just bought a beautiful gold one for a girl—but now I have to find a girl to give it to!

I LOVE—like I said before—GIRLS!

WE ALL LOVE to hear from you, so if you wish, drop us a line at 1750 North Vine, Hollywood, Calif.

THE NIGHT WE MET THE ROLLING STONES



By Linda Wolf
(and Trini Lo Presti)
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Editor's Note: 1965 promises to be a great year, but chances are it'll never quite top 1964. Because 1964 was loaded with an extra-special amount of adventure and excitement.

Because last year was such an unusual one, for the next several issues TS will be presenting highlights of '64, written by the people who lived them.

You're about to read the first story in this series. The debut article re-enacts the adventures of two Rolling Stones fans who had the good fortune to meet their idols in person.

If you had similar good fortune during 1964, and met one of your favorites, please send us your story. If it's printed in TS, you'll receive payment upon publication.

All articles must be typewritten and double spaced. They must also be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope (for the return of your story if we're unable to use it), and by a letter from your parents, giving us permission to print the story.

Mail your contribution to Teen Screen '64, 6425 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

And now, let's get rolling with the Stones!

It all started on Monday, October 26, 1964. The day I received two tick-

ets to the Tami Show in the mail. My girl friend, Trina, and I were so excited we could hardly breathe. We were going to see the Rolling Stones, in person! Along with many other English and American stars!

October 28, the day of the Tami Show, finally arrived. I never thought time could pass so slowly, or that two days could seem so long. When the zero hour was here at last we dashed out of school and raced home, tension mounting in our hearts.

At 6:30 the doors of the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium opened and everyone scrambled into the auditorium. Trina and I found seats in the third row, but it wasn't just luck that helped us get this close. We'd been standing outside for nearly three hours.

Jan and Dean were the first to perform. Although they were great, neither of us could get the rocks out of our heads, or the Stones.

"We've just got to meet the Stones," Trina whispered loudly. "We just have to!"

I nodded. "I know, Trina, but it's too much to think about. Just too much of a miracle."

"Listen, Linda, when I make up my mind to do something, nothing can stop me!"

"Stop talking and watch the show," I shushed. "We'll never get backstage."

What a statement. How wrong I was.

When there was a forty-five minute

break for the cameras to reload, we walked over to Jan and Dean to ask for autographs. We also asked them where the Stones were at the moment.

"In their dressing rooms, probably," they told us.

Trina smiled bravely. "You couldn't get us backstage, could you?"

Jan and Dean smiled back, as hundreds of girls had probably already asked this same question.

"Sorry, but you both need Tami badges."

We thanked them anyway and were just walking back to our seats when I noticed two girls wearing Tami badges.

"Trina! Look over there!"

Trina looked, gasped, and we immediately walked over to the girls. It took some persuading to get them to loan us their badges, but I finally got them to agree by leaving my purse with them.

Then we pinned the badges on and moved toward the backstage entrance where a few guards were holding back a group of fans.

"Be calm," I breathed.

"Act like you don't really care," Trina breathed back.

We did just that and suddenly the guards began clearing a path for us. We were shocked beyond belief when we found ourselves walking through the doorway.

Once we were there, we stopped in our tracks.

(Continued overleaf)



Responsible for this wonderful night were Brian Keith, Keith Richard, Mick Jagger, Charlie Watts and Bill Wyman. The ever-rolling Stones!

"Linda, we're here, really backstage!"

"I just don't believe it!"

But, it was really, really true. We stood for awhile, watching the busy people rushing around, getting things ready for the next act. We didn't want to get in the way, or start snooping around. All we wanted to do was wait right where we were in hopes of seeing even one of the Stones.

We talked for awhile amidst all the noise, mostly about Mick Jagger, our favorite Stone. We were right in the middle of discussing how much we loved him when we heard someone laugh behind us.

I turned around. And the someone was Mick!

"Mick," I said, not believing my eyes. "It's you, not a picture, it's you!" I was too upset to say anything else until Trina started talking to Mick and I realized he was just as nice as I knew he'd be. Then all of us talked about the show and England, but I knew Trina was feeling the same way I was. Calm on the surface only.

Just then we heard a lot of noise in a room across the hall from us, so we went in. Practically all the performers were there, watching closed circuit television of the activities on stage.

"Linda," Trina exclaimed. "There's Brian!"

I looked. It was him, all right. Half asleep and half awake, drinking a coke.

He was so handsome, I just couldn't help myself. I just had to go over and

talk to him, so I did.

"Could I please have your autograph," I asked, trying not to get all tongue-tied the way I had with Mick. "Sure," he smiled.

Trina came up at just that moment, got his autograph also, and then asked where Charlie was.

"He's over there in the corner, sleeping," Brian told us. "That's what we should be doing. We've been here since early this morning."

"I guess they must really work you hard," Trina said.

"They do, they do." And something in the way he said it made us realize that he was kind of glad to have someone to talk to. And for this reason we suddenly found ourselves telling him how we'd managed to get backstage. How I'd left my purse and all, so we could have the chance of meeting them.

"We don't really belong back here," we confessed.

Brian's sleepy face half smiled, then broke into a big grin. We still can't believe how shy and modest he was about his success. He didn't try to act superior or anything. He was casual and friendly about everything, just as though he wasn't a member of one of the most famous groups in the world.

We would have loved to go on talking forever, but we knew he was tired so we turned our attention to Bill Wyman who had just stretched out in a nearby chair.

Moments later I looked up to find Keith Richard standing next to me,

even more handsome than in his photos. I know we talked with Keith for quite a while, but I don't remember what we said. I was so dazed about all I could do was listen to the clear, cool British accents around me and look at Keith. Or at his identification bracelet, or his ring.

Even in my fog, I knew it was time for us to go back into the auditorium and let the Stones get a little rest.

If only Keith would kiss me goodbye, I thought, knowing I'd never dream of asking him to.

I didn't realize that I'd said my wish aloud until Keith reached down and kissed me on the cheek. I never thought anything this wonderful could happen. Then I saw him kiss Trina, and we walked away, so happy we could have screamed.

"What are you doing here," a voice said as we entered the corridor.

We dazedly showed our badges to the policeman who'd asked this question.

"You shouldn't be here," he said kindly.

"We were just leaving," we answered.

As he let us out the door, there were other girls clustered around, asking for autographs.

We knew how they felt. We'd been that way ourselves less than an hour ago.

We also knew we'd been incredibly lucky, and that we'd never forget this wonderful night.



Cindy Pig's IMPROVISATIONAL IRONING. NA!



RIGHT

DON'T KNOCK THE ROCK ...and here's why!

5 ERRORS CONTEST

WOW! Take a look at this wild assortment! They are the Mothers Of Invention and they have a brand-new album on Verve called *Absolutely Free*. Hope you like it. But, hey — what happened here?!

The top drawing is fine, but the bottom drawing contains five errors. Can you spot them? If you can, just draw a circle around each error with a pen or pencil, fill in the coupon below, tear the page along the dotted line and mail the coupon to: Five Errors Contest, 16 Magazine, Box 104, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

To each of the first five readers who can correctly identify all five errors, 16 will award \$10 in cash. All coupons will be dropped inside a revolving barrel and Gloria Slavers, *blindfolded*, will pick the winners — so everybody has a chance! Go to work right away — and good luck!



A B B B A

MAKAI SUPER PREMIUM CASSETTE
These handy cassettes fit in the car and carry
with lots of cassette, just off the shelf!

More Reduction
☐ Yes ☐ No
More Reduction
☐ Yes ☐ No
More Reduction
☐ Yes ☐ No
More Reduction
☐ Yes ☐ No

Printed in Japan

WRONG



"You have no idea how wonderful it feels to have a new PIG PAPER... At Last!"

—Lenny Kaye

In Future Issues

- How Christian Is the Christmas Spirit?
- Disco—Is There a Reason to Beware?
- The Energy Shortage—What Can We Do?

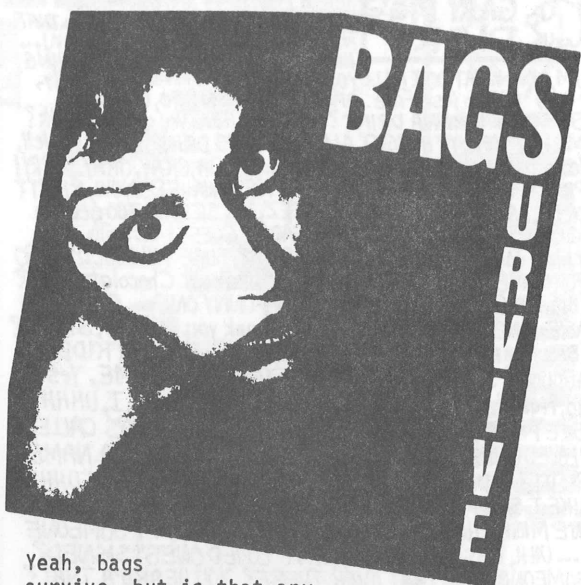


GARY PIG'S DIARY

JAN. 21/1980/10:45 AM/DON MILLS,
ONTARIO, CANADA: OKAY- SEND IN THAT
NEXT KID: THAT, UHH, PIG FELLOW...

Hello, Mr. Podgers. It 'GOOD MORNING,
UM, NOW WHAT DO I CALL YOU- MR. PIG? (GUFFAW). Actually,
"Gary" will do just fine. GARY IT IS THEN! SO, C'MON IN,
SIDDOWN. WANNA DRINK? Well, um, Have you got any milk?
MILK?! HEY- I THOUGHT ALL YOU PUNKS DRINK BEER! Well,
let's try to clear one thing up. I don't OH, OKAY, OKAY. SORRY!
PUNK'S DEAD, RIGHT? YOU'RE A "NEW WAYER" NOW, RIGHT?
OR IS THAT "NEW WAVIST"? GEEZ, I'M GETTIN' TOO OLD TO
KEEP UP WITH ALL THE LATEST FADS I GUESS! Actually, I
think WAIT A SEC. MILK, WAS IT? SURE YOU COULDN'T GO
FOR SOMETHING STRONGER? Howzabout Chocolate milk?
(BIGGER GUFFAW:) GOD, YOU'RE A FUNNY ONE.... RIGHT YOU
ARE: ONE CHOCOLATE MILK! Thank you. WANNA STRAW?
(BELLY LAFF). Um, I don't OKAY, OKAY- ENOUGH KIDDIN'
AROUND! I HEAR YOU GOT SOME TAPES TO PLAY ME. Yes I
do, right here in my BEFORE WE GET INTO THAT, I, UHHH,
SEE FROM YOUR LETTER HERE THAT YOUR BAND'S CALLED
"LOVED ONES", RIGHT? Yes. IT WELL, A NAME'S A NAME,
RIGHT? I DON'T REALLY CARE FOR "LOVED ONES", BUT, UHHH,
LIKE I SAID, IT'S YOUR THING, RIGHT? Right. BUT I THINK
WE MIGHT HAVE A PROBLEM THERE. DOESN'T SOMEONE
.... UHH, CBS-LONDON, HAVE A "LOVED ONES" SIGNED?
SOMEONE LIKE THAT OVER THERE? YOU HEARD'A THAT?
I think you mean "The Only Ones". "ONLY ONES"? NEVER
HEARD OF 'EM! LIKE I SAID, IT'S HARD FOR AN OLD
SOLDIER LIKE ME TO KEEP UP ON ALL'A THIS STUFF. ANY-
WAYS, I'LL TAKE YER WORD FOR IT. OKAY- LET'S THREAD
UP YOUR TAPE! WANT SOME MORE MILK? Jan. 30/80:

The eleventh PIG PAPER's been out a couple of weeks
now, and it's doing so well that I can hardly find time
to start work on #12- so busy I am trying to keep
all my retail outlets stocked up, not to mention full-
filling promptly the dozens of mail-order requests! I
guess people don't care a monkey's about PP's new
shrinked format (Hell- I should make PP12 doodlepad-
sized!), but I imagine, judging from all the phone calls
and letters, people are just so relieved and happy to
have such a Fine and UNIQUE publication back in
circulation. The only sour (actually Amusing, in their
naiveté and ignorance) comments I've received on
P.P.12 is "Hey, Gary- how come no coverage of all the
Toronto bands?". Well, here's my answer to THAT: Okay
all you local musicians and hangers-on → the minute
one of you begins producing Exciting, Original rock'n'
roll (along the calibre of 1977 Viletones or 1975 Teenage
Head, if you wanna talk Local), then I'll hear about it and
write about it. But there's certainly No Place in my life
(or THE PIG PAPER) for yet more neighbourhood kids
ape-ing the latest Melody Maker or NME sensations. DO
SOMETHING DIFFERENT, fer chrissake, WILL YA?!! Stop
listening to the radio and TV. Follow Your Instincts!
Write Your OWN Songs! DEVELOP YOUR OWN STYLES!
Rock'n'roll's not supposed to be imitative and boring-
It's Supposed To Be COURAGEOUS, CRAZY, and BOUND-
LESS. No Rules! No Limits! No Clash in '80! (thank you,
Mark P, wherever you are....) FEB. 7/80: I woke up
this morning to the news that a former Loved One
has just taken his own life. Although our paths have
not crossed in many months (he enrolled last
fall in a drama course at a nearby community
college), I still thought of this young man often,
and thought of him as A Friend. I guess I'll not
need to think of him much anymore.... Oddly
enough, rumour reached the sty this aft from
along the groupvine that ANOTHER ex-Loved
One (there's quite a few floating around!) has
just been spotted in the wilds of British
Columbia- PLANTING TREES! My, my... (but
shall they all remain available for comment in
several years when my biographer tracks them
down? could be a DEAD ex-Loved One is
better (for me!) than a Live one). Speaking of



Yeah, bags survive, but is that any way to describe the again-resurgent MARIANNE FAITHFULL? I wasn't so sure, after seeing her on TV for the first time in fourteen years croaking in broken english two of her new anti-hits via "Saturday Night Live" (GOD, is that show going downhill!). "She sure doesn't fit as provocatively into her black leather drainies as she did in '67", I thought, "But if you peer deep enough into her face, the old aura of North Country Maid can still faintly be detected, despite a decade of drugs'n'debauchery...". Imagine my delight when, 72 hours after switching off "SNL" in bewilderment, word reached the sty that Marianne was (will wonders never cease) IN TORONTO! I quickly cut my hair ("to look like his"), scarfed up my mini-tapey, and confronted her, mic-in-hand:

MARIANNE! YOU'RE BACK!

I know, I know, and Believe me, it hasn't been easy! I was sure I'd be washed up forever after being fired from the Sex Pistols movie.

I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN...

If you wanna talk about the past, all I really have to say is I fell head-first into the, umm, I was gonna say Cruel, but... well, anyways, The world of rock'n'roll. I was a youngster in every sense of the word. Very naive. And I was manipulated, and still am.

ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM SPOTTED YOU AT A PARTY IN ...'65?

I really can't remember when, but it was a long while back, yes. Andrew was busy showing off his prize boys, The Rolling Stones, and the next thing I knew I was in a recording studio! So I did "As Tears Go By", it was a hit, I was put on tour, I was made A Star, and... god, you know the rest...

CARE TO DISCUSS THE STONES?

Must I? Oh dear... Keith came on to me, but he was much too pimply. Brian came on to me, and although the desire WAS there, I just didn't have the strength to compete with what seemed like half of London's dolly-birds for him. He was so very special, nevertheless. Dear, dear. Anyways, Mick came on to me, and I sort of ended up with him eventually, despite the fact that his face was almost as spotty as Keith's! By this point, my marriage with John (DUNBAR) was collapsing, by mutual

agreement... It was rock'n'roll, you see: It just engulfed me! It swept me along, picking many people up along the way and leaving many behind... forever.

DO YOU LOOK BACK ON YOUR YEARS WITH MICK JAGGER AS HAPPY ONES?

I look back on those years with much happiness and with much sadness. End Quote!

I READ THAT YOU'D SEEN MICK AGAIN RECENTLY. Unfortunately, I did.

UNFORTUNATELY? THE PAPERS SAID -

- The papers said I had a pleasant little chat with him. I hardly call a dispute over royalties owed a pleasant little chat! "SISTER MORPHINE"? I THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN RECEIVING YOUR WRITER'S ROYALTIES FOR THAT ALL ALONG.

No. I've been getting bits here and there. Like pulling teeth. All I think is, How much of a dent in Mick and Keith's fucking millions is my rightful claim of part ownership over one lousy song gonna cause? They're just greedy, tight bastards - always have been. People like Marsha Hunt might let The Rolling Stones walk all over them for years, but not me. I mean, to be perfectly honest, I need that money! I have to eat too.

AFTER ALL THOSE RECORDS, FILMS, AND THEATRICAL APPEARANCES YOU MADE IN THE SIXTIES, YOU ENDED UP BROKE?

Of course! So I was a naive little kid growing up in a rotten business: Show Business. So I got robbed blind. So what else is new? SHALL WE TALK ABOUT THE DRUGS?

I turned to dope when everything around me was turning sour. Brian had been killed - had died, Mick was bugging off, "Girl On A Motorcycle" had been reduced to a Second Feature under "Charro" at a drive-in in Milwaukee... But I was strong. I fought long and hard with drugs, and eventually I won. I spent my time at the bottom of the trench, but I'm not ashamed.

DO YOU EVER GET THE FEELING THAT YOUR CURRENT NOTORIETY IS LARGELY BASED ON CURIOSITY RATHER THAN MUSICAL APPEAL?

Do I ever get the feeling?! I KNOW it's based on curiosity. Morbid curiosity, I should suppose, and a touch of sadism even. "Come See A Burned-Out Relic! She Once Lived With Jagger! She Almost OD'd!". I take it all philosophically though: I am a sick singer for a sick world.

GOOD ALBUM TITLE...

Sshhh! Don't let anyone know! (MELANCHOLY LAUGHTER) I guess I'm the female Sid Vicious. I'm the one that got out of it alive...

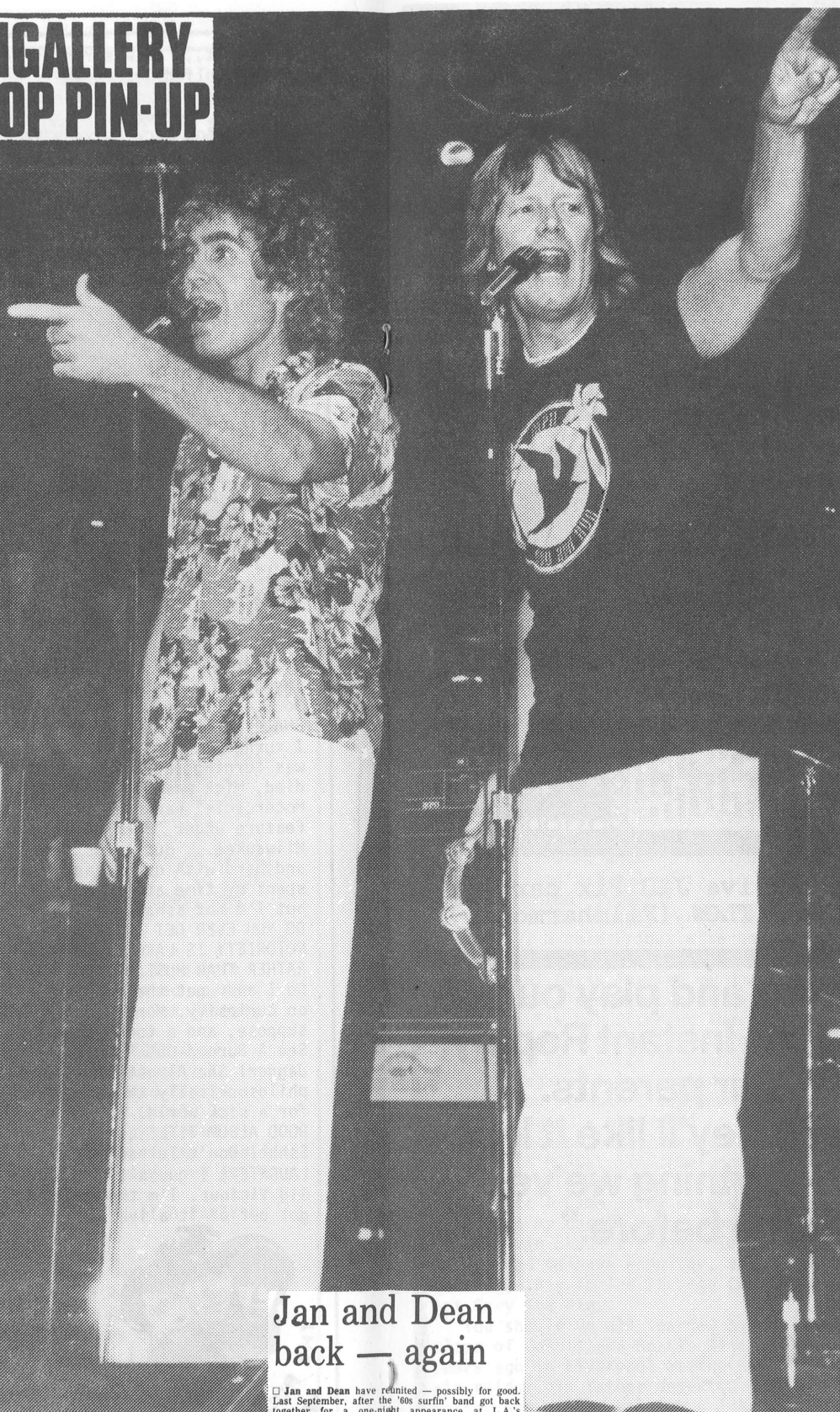


december's
children
(and everybody's)
**THE
ROLLING
STONES***





PIGALLERY POP PIN-UP



Jan and Dean back — again

Jan and Dean have reunited — possibly for good. Last September, after the '60s surfin' band got back together for a one-night appearance at L.A.'s Starwood, Dean Torrence said the performance had left him with "an uncomfortable feeling."

"I'm not putting Jan down," he said then, explaining why he chose not to work again with his former partner, partially paralyzed and with sight and speech impairments from a 1966 auto accident. "But I don't want a sympathy reaction from an audience. And if you ask me if our music is good, I'd have to say it is maybe average."

Torrence then returned to running his graphic design business, while Jan Berry toured with a singer named Dean Ruff — as Jan and Dean.

But the real Jan and Dean reunited again recently for gigs in San Francisco and L.A. Now Torrence has decided working with Jan has many advantages.

"The money is terrific — 50 to 100 times what I'm making with my Kittyhawk Graphics. Being self-employed in that side of the music business isn't easy. It's hard to collect money that's owed you. But touring, you get paid up front — and paid a lot. So why sit with accounts receivable when you don't have to?"

JAN & DEAN THE LITTLE OLD LADY FROM PASADENA

WINTERHOLM • COLUMBIA • 1964 • 10" • 100%
JAN BERRY TAPLESS RATTING! SHUT • DEAN TORRENCE
ANAHUIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA SINGING CIRCLE, BOOK REVIEW AND



JAN & DEAN RIDE THE WILD SURF

ORIGINAL RECORDING • 1964 • 10" • 100%
THE HAWAIIAN MUSIC • A HAWAIIAN MUSIC • HAWAII MUSIC • THE HAWAIIAN MUSIC
DON'T GET DOWNER RIDE • WALK ON THE WATERSIDE • DOWN AT MALIBU BEACH



JAN & DEAN

THE 50 MAN'S • 1964 • 10" • 100%
BUCKLE UP • LITTLE HEADSTON • L.A. MUSIC • 100%
IT'S ALL ABOUT THE MUSIC



JAN & DEAN'S GOLDEN HITS

1964 • 10" • 100%
BABY TALK • WEAR & ARID SPUL
JENNIE LEE • WE GO TOGETHER
TENNESSEE
POOR LITTLE POPPET • BARBARA ANN
PALISADES PAID • WHO PUT THE DUMP
A SHADY KIND OF LOVE
QUEEN OF MY HEART • IN A THUNDER TOWN



WHY HUSH P. J. PROBY'S RECORD?

("I NEED LOVE")

JOHN! PAUL! GEORGE! RINGO! — "THE BEATLES" — ADMIRE "P. J. PROBY" SO MUCH THAT THEY THEMSELVES INTRODUCED THIS GREAT PERFORMER AND SINGING STAR ON A WORLD WIDE TELEVISION SPECTACULAR! NOW IF "THE BEATLES" THINK THAT "P. J. PROBY" IS GREAT! AND WE THINK THAT "P. J. PROBY" IS GREAT! THEN...

WHY? WHY? WHY?

IS THIS GREAT RECORDING SUNG BY "P. J. PROBY" THE MOST WHISPERED AND TALKED ABOUT RECORD IN HOLLYWOOD AND LONDON? COULD THAT "WILDEST" PERFORMANCE IN ENGLAND BY "P. J. PROBY" HAVE ANY CONNECTION WITH THIS RECORD "I NEED LOVE"? COULD IT BE THE LYRICS? COULD THAT HAVE SET OFF THE WHISPERS? IF EVER RELEASED WE PREDICT THIS RECORD WILL BE THE NUMBER ONE HIT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD! NOW HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO HAVE A COLLECTORS ITEM!!! FOR ALL "BEATLES" AND "P. J. PROBY" FANS! ... TO GET THIS RECORD!!! WHILE THEY LAST!!! FOR YOUR RUSH ORDER SEND ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00) TO:

Hollywood House

6425 HOLLYWOOD BLVD. • HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

Please rush my record "I NEED LOVE" sung by "P. J. PROBY" for which I enclose one dollar (\$1.00).

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

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FLASH!

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"ANNETTE"
in vivid pictures taken
from HER OWN
PERSONAL
SCRAPBOOK!

NOW... you can take part in the Hollywood Premiere of "THIS IS ANNETTE". This exciting book of photos taken from ANNETTE'S PERSONAL SCRAPBOOK cannot be purchased in stores or theaters, but is available ONLY from Hollywood to you! See Annette as a child, as mouse-

Pigsclusive J&D Pix care of
LINDA MATLOW (Filmharmonic)

"Be sure and play our
new album, Instant Replay,
for your parents.
We think they'll like it less
than anything we've
done before."

David
Mike



Manufactured & Distributed by RCA RECORDS

The Strange Case of John Lennon



The reason I'm filling up the next few pages on John Lennon is, first of all, I'm disgusted at all the notice his fellow ex-Beatles (especially Paul "Hey! I Write Songs With My Wife And Kids In The Sack" McCartney) are unexplicably continuing to demand. I mean, even Ringo got in the news awhile back when his Beverley Hills Beatle Museum caught fire, as George continues his life-long search for A Billion Bucks whilst lurking behind a facade of curry-dip religiousness. But heavens-to-betsy, retirement rumours aside, have you all forgotten about The Chief Beatle?

Secondly, this article is being written because, aside from "(You're The) Devil In Disguise", "The Martian Hop", and The Everly Bros., John Lennon (along with, I'll admit, Paul, Ringo, and whatshisname) single-handedly spared me from a fate of nine-to-five bed-and-washbasin defeat by injecting me with an incurable dose of rock'n'roll fever. This imbedded me firmly upon The Right Track, which I continue to pursue to this day (against all odds). In short, John Lennon Changed My Life.

I can still vividly recall, as if it were yesterday, a cold Friday afternoon in December 1963 when, en route home from math, my funny friend Paul Davis invited me downstairs into his sister's linoleumed rec-room to hear a song called "I Saw Her Standing There". I stood transfixed as the distinctive yellow/orange Capitol 45 swirled its raunch throughout the basement. "Play it again" I instructed my pal for the next several hours. When I got home for dinner that night, I proudly announced to mom and pop that I'd now decided what I wanted to be when I grew up: A ROCK'N'ROLL STAR. (Being only eight at the time, my folks insisted I'd become an archaeologist once I came to my senses. HA!) As if to reinforce my quest, John's band appeared on "The Ed Sullivan Show" six weeks later and I just KNEW I had to have a guitar. But, I keep forgetting, this is The Strange Case Of John Lennon not Gary The Pig.

You should've all learned by now in History class of John's pre-Beatle life (born forty years ago in Liverpool at the height of the Nazi air-raids; his father deserted him and his mother was gished beneath a car; he bullied his way through a variety of schools under the guise of Teddy Boy (see cover) in order to mask a hopelessly insecure interior). "Nothing really affected me until Elvis", John once recalled, and by 1956 he'd formed his first band, which several years and personnel changes later became you-know-who.

Back in those days, John convinced himself that he was A Genius, and that "I had to become a millionaire. If I couldn't do it without having

to be crooked, then I'd have to be crooked". All whose paths crossed his during that long-gone era came away either hating or admiring this loutish young ted (usually hating). No matter: For everyone who knocked his band or his stance, our hero simply jutted out his jaw in Damn You defiance and swore he'd press forward regardless. This one facet of John's multi-dimensional character played no small role in making Lennon what he was, and perhaps still is: This often blind and unjustifiable determination not only propelled him and his fellow Beatles to ultrafame (more popular than Christ at one point remember?), but kept him (in)famous long after the Fab Four dissolved.

"Stubborn", "Pig-headed", "Ambitious as hell" is how Lennon has been remembered from the late Fifties/very early Sixties. "Seeing as I write most of the songs, I should be the leader of The Beatles", an equally ambitious yet obviously cretin Paul McCartney reportedly scolded John over and over again before success (and Brian Epstein) plucked their quartet out of Northern England forever. "Fuck Off" was Lennon's usual reply, laughing like a maniac whilst downing more drink.

By 1965, John had achieved his goal of having a million dollars (well, so he was told), and found himself one of the four most popular creatures on earth to boot. Yet acclaim did not rest easily upon him. He filled his mansion with gorilla suits and Rolls Royces. He filled his body with practically every narcotic known to man. Three years later, he abandoned his Liverpool wife and son to marry a Japanese conceptual artist named Yoko. A year after that, he broke up his band.

It's been over a decade since those momentous events shook John's life. During these ten years, he has released several albums which range insanely from the tense (JOHN LENNON/PLASTIC ONO BAND) to the pitiful (MIND GAMES) to the comic (SOME TIME IN NEW YORK CITY) and nostalgic (ROCK AND ROLL). Since 1974, John's done nothing except haggle in courts with government officials and ex-managers (and, oh yeah: he produced another son and raised some cows). He splits his time in New York between a farm on the tip of Long Island and (see "Rosemary's Baby") a luxury apartment over-looking Central Park. Besides infrequent jaunts to Los Angeles and Japan he goes nowhere. Disillusioned over the death of his mentor E. Presley and uneasy over his own apprehensive entry into a very un-rock'



The unveiling of two ears and a forehead

The disguise couldn't be better if he wore a wig. It's John Lennon, the book-writing Beatle, making a movie without his partners. For his role as a British tommy, John sacrificed his Beatlelocks. Rumors differed: would the clippings be enshrined in a museum or sold, strand by strand, to collectors?

n'roll middle age (counting the hairs that fall into his sink), it's been reported by a New York City neighbour that the former Fab Four can often be heard wailing old Beatles songs in his kitchen with an acoustic guitar late into the night. Poor John.

You see, dumb as they may often have been (evident particularly throughout their last dozen-or-so LPs), The Beatles meant the world to their founder Mr. Lennon. That's why he appeared the most bitching and barko when The Split inevitably arrived; that's why he remains in the words of his ex-gofer Anthony "I Used To Hang Out At Apple" Fawcett, "the most bitter, and now the most saddened, over the break-up".

No doubt it's this smarting that keeps John, ironically in a way, the one Beatle most ANTI-reunion. I could easily see them others Beatling again at the drop of a hat (or a billion-or-two): George

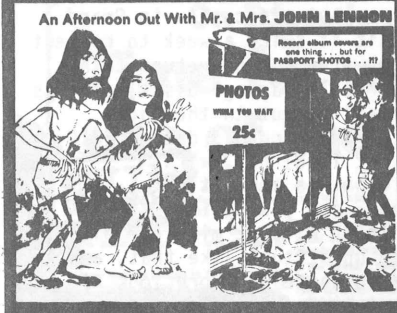
for the money, Paul for the headlines, and Ringo for the night out I suppose. But John still RESPECTS The Beatles far too much to allow him to resurrect it all uncaringly (unless for a Great reason, like perhaps a PIG PAPER benefit?)

Anyways, before this piece degenerates into yet another creamy Beatles analysis, let us return to John Lennon: The Man (or is it The Myth?)

Although I'm not yer average blocked-up drugged veg-rocker, I repeatedly find visions of JL materializing within my bonnie brain. Strange mind/ear pictures of an old rocker regretfully entering the September Of His Years, standing in front of his bathroom mirror with an assortment of the latest NYC-chic headwear with which to trendfully camouflage an ever-receding hairline. (Should John ever choose to make that fateful public reappearance, nothing would be more embarrassing - Shocking - PITIFUL than a balding ex-Mop Top!). Or, picture him in front of an oldies-stuffed jukebox in his playroom, baby on one knee and a dog-eared Beatles scrapbook on the other, as "Be My Baby" blares away for the umpteenth time. Howzabout John lounging in bed, bathed in cigarette smoke and television glow, sadly (bitterly?) punching the set off with a remote-control device halfway through yet another Rock Revival show chock-ful of vintage Fab Four footage. Such are the images that haunt MY rock'n'roll nightmares day after day. What about Yours? What About John's?!

Meanwhile, a pile of aggressive Beatlemaniacs are still rumbling "Hey! Where's the new Lennon LP? He got no right making us wait six or seven years between albums!". But gee whiz, don'tcha think John's paid his debt to society and deserves an off spell so he can, grow cows even? I sure think so. Besides, perhaps (in the words of Formerly The Mods): "No News Is Good News". Remember the gigantic let-down we all felt when that other slumbering Sixties giant resurfaced with FIFTEEN BIG ONES? Point made.

Yet if rumours are to be believed for a

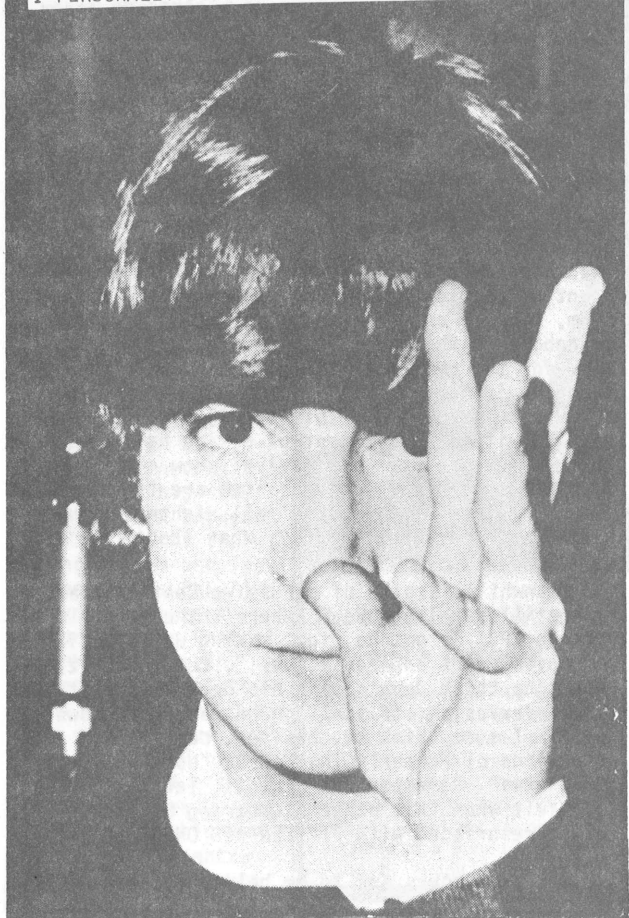


change, John may not be spending his entire recess writing, as Yoko recently teased, "The first and last Beatles book" (that'd be neat!). Reports from in and around the giant recording factories of New York and El Lay suggest that (Fasten Your Headsets!) a NEW John Lennon Album Is NOW In The Works, and it's gonna be a Dandy! (it had better be: he's had long enough to make it...). Not only that, but John's gonna manufacture, release, distribute, and promote his newest creation Himself. WHAT BALLS! Only a nut-case the calibre of John Lennon would snub the entire megabucksnewmajorlabelssuperstardeal syndrome despite the fact that his credos as ex-Fab means he could certainly take advantage of it. Christ: he'll probably rent a post office box in Grand Central Station, visit it twice a week to collect the cheques and money orders, and return to his kitchen where he'll busily package discs, address 'em, stamp'em, and mail'em out to the lucky buyers. Reminds me of the good old daze of PIG Records for crying out loud! Boy, w the-wall kinda guy John was and, it still is! Boy oh boy, can you believe sure can't! Never in my wildest mind/ear pics could I have dreamed up a stunt like that, and then have the nerve to waste four precious PIG Pages writing about it! For god's sake, will he think of next? It's a Laugh A Minute With Lennon to be sure! Not since toilet seats and cornflakes'n'beer Hamburg has

GETTING BORING!

CUT TO DIARY 2:

THIS LENNON LORE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THAT OTHER GREAT LENNON LOVER, KEVIN "I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL THE PARTY SO I'LL GO" CHRISTOFF, AND TO JL HIMSELF, WHO I HOPE TELLS HIS DOORMAN TO LET ME IN WHEN I PERSONALLY DELIVER A COPY OF PIG #12.



suicide, BOY, did Marianne ever seem bedraggled - I gave her a Free AUTOGRAPHED copy of the Brian's Children 45, but even That didn't spark much of a reaction. Rock'n'roll is a deadly game... Who'll be the next in line? FEB. 29/1980 - It's a once-in-four Leap Day. It's also a Full Moon Night. Naturally, in view of these unusual circumstances, I went to see "Apocalypse Now" (again). MARCH 5 - which reminds me: Everyone go out and buy the "Apocalypse Now" soundtrack LP (Elektra DF-90001); better than GET HAPPY!! & even END OF THE CENTURY! March 13/80 - A ringing phone awoke me rudely this morning. "Now who in hell could this be?" I asked myself as I stumbled towards the receiver; "Another keyed-up local trendy wondering why he wasn't mentioned in the latest ish?" Nah - it was (no shit!) Jerry

On Education

Time for more use of the rod

Our high school kids are building a terrible public image for themselves and they're getting a very bad press.

Look at just three stories that have made headlines in the last couple of weeks.

Many elderly people in Metro Toronto are afraid to be out on the streets or in the subway after 3 p.m. because that's when the high schools get out. That story, quoting counsellors for Metro senior citizens, got a big play in the Sun on Feb. 21.

Ontario is going to start putting all new teen-age drivers on probation for at least two years because such drivers, most of them high school students, have such terrible driving and accident records. That got Page One treatment.

High school principals, at their annual meeting in Toronto, called for tougher treatment by courts of student drug pushers. They told of widespread drug use and trafficking in high schools and said many teachers refuse to blow the whistle on the teen-age junkies because they're afraid of having their tires slashed and their lives threatened.

I know that through the ages, older generations have always believed that kids were going to hell in a handcart. One of the natural functions of kids is to test their elders and challenge existing beliefs, values and laws. That's good. It keeps humanity from stagnating.

But adults have an important function, too. Their function is to control the kids, to keep them in line and stop them from going too far in experimentation, defiance of laws and moral values. This is good. It keeps society reasonably

stable and stops changes from occurring too rapidly.

The system isn't working well right now, though. I suggest it's because the adult community has become weak in playing its important part.

We haven't been keeping our kids in line. We haven't been giving them definite behavior limits. We haven't been cracking down hard on violent behavior, on drug use and on crazy driving that threatens the lives of the kids and other people.

Instead, on television, in movies and in punk rock music, all of which are created by adults for profit, we've been tacitly encouraging the worst and most dangerous kinds of behavior. Judy La Marsh pointed this out explicitly in her report on violence in the media and she was absolutely right. Nothing has been done about it.

Something will happen, though. I'm willing to guess what it will be.

If we continue to let our kids run wild, eventually there will be a very strong reaction against them by society in general. We'll see demands for harsh laws and harsh punishments. Schools will be forced to very stiff discipline. Reform schools will be re-established and a lot of kids will become pariahs, hated and shunned by society.

To avoid this, parents, schools and society need to re-establish control of teen-agers now, with reasonable but firm discipline. The eventual price of no discipline nearly always turns out to be cruel and unpleasant.

(Harvey Currell is information officer for a board of education in Metro Toronto.)

Lee Lewis (whom I met last fall whilst on a City of Memphis Official Elvis Sightseeing Tour). "Hullo Pig. This is The Killer speakin'", came the cacklin' long-distance drawl to my already wide-awake ear. "Just tell me one thing, man", he pleaded with quite some urgency: "I never sold out, right? I kept right on rockin', didn't I?". Uh-oh... Jerry Lee's wired again, I thought. I played along: "Sure you did, Jerry Lee!" "Damn Right I Did! While all them others was singin' their ballads and...and... 'n' Shit! I out-tasted all those damn British fellas, didn't I? I sure as hell taught them all a thinger two. HELL, I lasted longer than the god-damned BEATLES! Yes I Did!!" And, of course, what could I do except Agree? Mister Lewis HAS kept it up - Despite the music industry, Despite his friends and family, and, sometimes, Despite Himself! I proceeded to assure The Killer that Yes, he was The Genuine Article: a 100% Life-Long True-Blue Rock'n'Roller Through And Through. He responded: "Okay, man, all I wanna know is".... and I knew what was coming, "Who was better? Me or 'E'?" LORDY! What could I say to THIS? I mumbled some thing about not putting me on the spot coz, Gosh, today being Neil Sedaka's birth-

KID STUFF



Suede-o magazine covers and Punk & Judy puppets (not to mention film cans) aside, PUBLIC IMAGE LTD has successfully crawled out from beneath the ashes of the still-smouldering Sex Pistols and established a worldwide cult audience which they can now safely claim as Their Own (well, Johnny's at least). They did it despite (or perhaps Because) of a fiery "Balls-To-All!" attitude which has launched them, against all musical odds, into the European best-sellers charts. Andrew Loog Oldham, Shep Gordon, and even Malcolm McLaren (I bet) would be proud of PIL. Johnny, you've done it again!

But after clawing through all the analytical pooh, Public Image surface as simply another in a long line of Kiss-y sh-pop products which take our dollars for

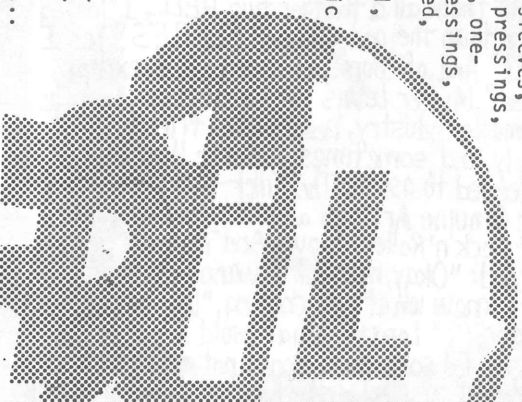
packaging and marketing, not musical reasons. Not since the "Hey!" days of Donny Kirshner and Terry Knight has a band so totally Made It on the strength of sheer gall and gimmickry. PIL's first release, the brilliant "Public Image"/"Cowboy Song" 45, came ensconced in its own wee newspaper. The initial pressing of the first (only?) PIL LP featured a dazzling array of pin-up posters shrink-wrapped inside its TIME-ly cover(s) (by the way, I betcha ya never knew the front cover of V-2114 is a clever copy of the front cover of PP-9). Unfortunately (for us), one had to buy umpteen copies of the record in order to collect all half-dozen virgins of the poster: an age-old MADison Avenue bubblegum trading card trick which led Zeppelin (who?) also recently employed to their financial advantage. All subsequent PIL products have come in a

bewildering assortment of novelty sleeves, seven-inch pressings, twelve-inch pressings, picture sleeve, no picture sleeve, one-sided pressings, (death) disco-pressings, poster enclosed, no poster enclosed, MAYBE poster enclosed... (wait'll these lads discover coloured vinyl, picture discs, and (uh-oh!) video discs!). To own The Complete Public Image Collection, one would have to be plenty rich (plus have at his or her disposal totsa closet space!).

The music, for the few of you PIL-heads who indeed listen to the records? A quaint yet crafty concoction of early Yoko Ono/late Germanic progressive.

Indecipherable "lyrics". Earth-shattering bass response. Distinctive logo-labels. Funny, ha-ha!

They only wanted to be loved.....





PIG POSSIBILITIES

Raiders Featuring Mark Lindsay's **HARD'N'HEAVY** (WITH MARSHMALLOW) album onto the trusty PIG Player (could that be THE Screamin' Steve from "Rock'n'Roll High School" gurkin' it up between cuts?). As with most every non-compilation Paul Revere LP, I find it practically impossible to sit comfortably through an entire side without having to leap up to skip certain foul filler tracks (Thank God, or should I say Pioneer, for cueing devices!). Now, I consider myself one of the universe's uppermost PR&TRFML boosters, but back in the Golden Age Of Bubblegum bands were forced to not only tour eleven months per year, but spew forth a minimum of three albums (and a half-dozen singles) annually. Even The Ramones couldn't do that! So it's inevitable that lots of dreck got pressed onto albums back in the goodle days (yet, Yesteryear's Dreck beats Today's Best hands down). So whilst spinning such LPs, I amuse myself by taking group disco-graphy, pen, and pad in hand and playing Record Company Re-Issue Exec.

Say I came into possession of ALL the Raiders master tapes tomorrow. What would I do (besides shitting my undies in ecstasy)? Why, I'd compile The Ultimate 2-LP Compendium of Uncle Paul's band, which I'd package lavishly, illustrate profusely, and cleverly title (wait for it!) THE RAIDERS DIGEST.

Side One would kick off with the group's theme song "The Legend Of Paul Revere" (a trend-setting

Reader's Digest

pre-Byrds/etc. slice of country-rock), followed by a smattering of nuggets from the archives (1961's "Like Long Hair": one of an un-ending series by the way, their provocative DC5-ish dance craze "Rinky Dink", the in-concert frenzy of "You Can't Sit Down" from their first Columbia (Bruce Johnston-produced) LP, and their original (DEFINITIVE!) versions of "I'm Not Your Steppin' Stone", "Louie Louie", and (YES!) "Louie Go Home"). Toss in their waxing of "Where The Action Is" from their (well actually Dick Clark's) TV dance orgy show of the same name for good measure, then it's Off to Side Two, wherein the bulk of their Raidermania chart-toppers would be assembled, Together For The First Time! "Just Like Me", "Kicks" (no relation), "Hungry", "The Great Airplane Strike" (no wonder these cats were often labelled The American Stones!), "Good Thing", "Ups And Downs", "I Had A Dream", "Too Much Talk", and the band's crowning achievement "Him Or Me - What's It Gonna Be", which makes cole slaw out of The Flaming Groovies' lame covert version. Side Three could be sub-titled PAUL REVERE AND THE RAIDERS GREATEST HITS AND MISSES, or HOW TO STAY IN THE TOP TEN DURING THE DECREPIT LATE-SIXTIES: "Do Unto Others" ("Louie Louie" meets The Woodstock Generation), "Don't Take It So Hard", "Peace Of Mind", "Cinderella Sunshine" (a drug song?), "Mr. Sun Mr. Moon" (a candy-coated joy!), "Let Me", "Just Seventeen" (heavy-metal Mark), and the strangely prophetic "Gone Movin' On". Side Four would begin with the band's final (and Biggest) (And DUMBEST) smasher "Indian Reservation", then offer several year's

The other night
I slapped my
copy of Paul
Revere And The

worth of blatantly ignored follow-up attempts ("Birds Of A Feather", "Country Wine" and "Hungry For Some Lovin" from their last sizzling long-player, "Song Seller", "Love Music", and Booby Dylan's "If I Had It To Do All Over Again I'd Do It All Over You"). Regretably, THE RAIDERS DIGEST comes to an untimely end, as did the group itself, with a last gasp from the middle-of-the-road: 1976's discofied (WHOOOPS!) "Ain't Nothin' Wrong". Reprise "The Legend Of PR" so as not to leave too rancid a taste in your ears, and there you have it. Thirty-four wonders from fifteen big years of Paul Revere And The Raiders!

Well, until K-Tel picks up on my uncanny repackaging knack, scour the delete zone for copies of Columbia's own noble double-disc'd Raiders retrospective: ALL-TIME GREATEST HITS (# KG-31464), and don't neglect to scarf up Anyone of the many other Paul Revere platters (provided your turntable's equipped with a cueing device!).

Meanwhile, a word of warning to all you jockeys of discs out there:

AND ALL YOU STA-yee-ATIONS

ACROSS THE NA-yee-ATION

PLEASE PLAY THEIR RECORDS FOR YOUR CONGREGA-yee-ATION



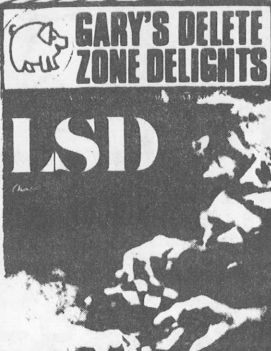
REVIEW WHAT?

The colossal world-wide web of the Rock Corporations, and even the multitude of water-breeding independents, are continuing to release more vinyl these days than ever before. The reasoning behind this glut is that the industry is between Trends Right Now...Who Knows What's Gonna Hit And What's Gonna Miss ...Let's Release Even The Most Menial Shot In The Hopes That Someone Somewhere Might Buy It...Besides, The More Stiffs We Release, The Bigger A Tax Loss We Can Claim At The End Of Every Quarter. Even though "new wave" is the current catch-all dandy, those in the know admit Disco, Heavy-Metal, Schlock-Rock (ie: FM playlists), and (naturally, the age-old bullet-proof stand-by:) Pop, still has an iron grip on at least 90% of global record sales. (I just thought I'd spout off all this nonsense to prove how knowledgeable I am about Our Music World!)(tee hee).

The point I'm trying to force down your throats is that even though more records per week are pouring into the sty than at any time in Pig's glorious five-year reign, the percentage of listenable (and, consequently, Reviewable) releases is nose-diving. Okay: it's only been a couple of months since the preceeding PIG PAPER was published, you point out; one couldn't possibly have that many records to choose from for reviewing in a space of just several weeks. (oh yeah? Guess how many mailing lists I'm on!). Nevertheless, from what I have accumulated since PPII, the number of releases which are either good or bad enough to merit attention I can count on one finger. You see, I expect few gems, and I'm used to piles of rubbish (at least REALLY bad records can be funny, like a thalidomide baby is, right?). But all I can see and hear nowadays is Bland, Bland CRAP. Not good (not surprisingly), but not stink-o's either: just... NOTHINGNESS. I will now step down from the pulpit to report:

From out of the dozens of recent (oh my god) GET THE KNACK-Inspired records (The Beat, The Reds, The A's, The Last of the Pop, The Pap, The Poop...), the sole LP which rises from out of this muck is The Romantics' long-overdue debut entitled (as if you couldn't guess by now) THE ROMANTICS (Nemperor). Despite the fact that I've been a fan of this nouveau-Merseybeat quartet since their prehistoric Spiter era, I wouldn't have been surprised if, upon playing this disc, I was left as unmoved as I was after first tasting 20/20's LP. But red leather jumpers aside, The Romantics are gab-fear etcetera, especially considering it's 1980! (6 OINKS).

Another long-awaited long-player arrived the other week: The Ramones' last-ditch attempt to "succeed", END OF THE CENTURY (Sire). This should've been called END OF THE RAMONES, and, judging by its promotional strategy, should've been released as by (and therefore blamed on) once-producer Phil Spector. For, at the risk of sounding cliché (for a change), it is upon his once-mighty shoulders that the task of breaking The Ramones into the charts was plopped, and he's obviously buckled under the pressure. Both Phil, and The P's, have Never sounded worse. END OF THE CENTURY is an embarrassment to them all. (Christ, even Joey Johnny needee and Tommy -WHOOOPS - Marky's DEMOS sounded better than this! Besides, it looks like the brothers washed their hair for the cover photo...task task). (TWO OINKS) (for sheer Balls). The final straw in this game will be if Cyril Jordan convinces Brian Wilson to produce the Groovies' newest. Surprisingly, from way out in the back-field (try The Beverley Tavern) comes my PIG Pick Of The Month: the recently-released EP by THE GOVERNMENT (Modern World). This trio of Toronto fart-rockers gets my vote coz their songs (especially the future-classic "Flat Tire") are repetitious, practically unmelodic, shoddily produced, and real stupid. In other words, as Shaun Cassidy would say, That's Rock n' Roll! Subsequently: (10 OINKS), and, c'mon, is Andy Paterson REALLY Syd Barrett? Let's all hope someone releases something worth yacking about in time for PPIII!



These days, Drugs, like jeans, beer, and television, are a part of everybody's everyday life. No longer is dope solely the crutch of the housewife, athlete, or businessman: Dope is for kids of all ages!

It's kinda hard to fathom that back in the summer of '66, when Capitol Records released a rockumentary LP entitled (ten oinks for subtlety) "LSD", drugs were almost exclusively the property of entertainers and artists (what?). Little did anyone realize that within a year of "LSD"'s release, dope of all sorts would, for the first time since the high-gone era of Swing, waft across that invisible line from stage to audience; from Star to Spectator. Were the folks at Capitol visionary wizards, or merely desperate for product in lieu of PET SOUNDS and REVOLVER? Probably only Nick Venet knows for sure. Nonetheless, the "LSD" LP is today, a decade-and-a-half later, still a thrill to (pardon the youthism) Experience, even for those few of you out there who are sometimes straight.

Just dig this platter's with-it liner notes: "The fully dimensional stereophonic disc you are now holding is an aural report on the controversial psychedelic drugs. Scholarly pros and cons! Addict comments! Way-out music!". And that's no highpe either. This is probably the first recording that fully exploited (pioneered?) such now-common electronic finger-painting as speaker-to-speaker stereo sound panning (whips Zappa, Hendrix, and Pink whatchamacall it!) and, in order to "electronically alter to conceal the identities" of the scholars and addicts, a heavy heavy dose of phasing, fizzling, compressing 'n'composting and all'round audio giggly (tops The Firesign Theatre and even "60 Minutes"!). Not to mention liberal useage of such relevant period phrases as "hippy", "trip", and "where's the can", all set atop a running soundtrack of crazed kooky cacophonies ("way-out music", remember?) that brings to mind, if you can conjure this up, The Holy Modal Rounders Meet Sergio Mendes And The Hollyridge Strings. To nutshell, An Entertaining, Informative, and Trend-Setting little record that I wager many a band, from The Blues Magoos to Lothar And The Hand People, wore out and duly absorbed.

In these bland times, you need not be a connoisseur of dope to fully appreciate "LSD": The Album. Rather, true "fans" of Drugs, circa "Riot On Sunset Strip" and "Psych-Out", would gain the most from this LP in the Empty Eighties. As I myself discovered way back when, during neighbourhood High school pot parties (remember those? Sitting on the floor watching colour TV static with AQUALUNG on the cassette deck....) as I fed dog-food sandwiches to my zonged-out peers:

Being On Drugs Isn't Half As Fun Or Enlightening As Simply Observing Those Who Are!



PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4. TELEPHONE: 01-236 2000

WHO BREAKS A BUTTERFLY ON A WHEEL?

MR. JAGGER has been sentenced to imprisonment for three months. He is appealing against conviction and sentence, and has been granted bail until the hearing of the appeal later in the year. In the meantime, the sentence of imprisonment is bound to be widely discussed by the public. And the circumstances are sufficient to make the

They were separate cases, and no evidence was produced to suggest that he knew that Mr. FRASER had heroin tablets or that the vanishing Mr. SNEIDERMAN had cannabis resin. It is indeed no offence to be in the same building or the same company as people possessing or even using drugs, nor could it reasonably be made an offence of the drugs which Mr. JAGGER

that JUDGE BLOCK should have decided to sentence Mr. JAGGER to imprisonment, and particularly surprising as Mr. JAGGER's is about as mild a drug case as can ever have been brought before the Courts.

It would be wrong to speculate on the JUDGE's reasons, which we do not know. It is, however, possible to consider the public reaction. There are many people

Introducing MARVIN GOODAMAN in

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



Marvin "Phil Nobucks" Goodaman (pictured above, disguised as ex-Tex Mex'er Bobby Fuller), dyslexic lead screamer of the mockabilly sensations Martin And The E-Chords, was sweatin' it in the PIG Studios, trying to get "Dim Dim The Lights" on tape for the Chords' debut PIG Records EP. Between takes, he agreed to pause for a BLINDATE:

BARRON KNIGHTS "THE BIG V-ASECTOMY" (Epic): Blues disco reggae. Sounds like Buck Owens; like a contemporary Western single, only done in '62, without nice horns and girls going "ooo-wah, ooo-wah".

(BATTERED)WIVES "PASS OUT" (Bomb/Epic): This'd be a good song to do in a bar, Joe Strummer. Lots of mumbling. Is it Ian Hunter?

CHINAS COMIDAS "SNAPS" (Exquisite Corpse): This is boring. A copy of Talking Heads copying Blondie. Two chords is rotten - you need at least three. Turn it off. It stinks! "Dull as ditchwater", as Jack Good would say.

GAS "EVACUATE" (PWKR): An up-dated "Jesus Christ Superstar"? Clint Eastwood? No melody. Just one organ bit and some girls can't save this. Take it off.

HATES "NO TALK IN THE EIGHTIES" (Faceless): I don't like the singing. The song started off okay but it didn't develop. Even rock'n'roll songs have to have a little bit of structure!

HUGE HART "CATS IN HEAT" (Modern): You can hear what they're saying - I don't believe it! Deep Purple. The sax sounds like a "Saturday Night Live" fill-in band. Roxy Music trying to do a bit of rockabilly?

JANIS AND THE BUMBLE BEES "BIG TALK" (RipJack): This is the best one so far! Good words. Good singing (it's a girl: I'm guessing). Tight. Fun!

NICK LOWE "BASING STREET" (Columbia): Shitty. Sounds like an Alice Cooper "Hey, we gotta put a ballad on the album" song. Some kid got a guitar for Christmas and thinks he's Bob Dylan: "Chips'n'TV, the cops are beating me..."

SEALS AND CLUBS "ATOMS ON THE LOOSE" (Old Wave): Sounds like a concept King Crimson/Zappa; an over-indulgent Pink Floyd gone new wave with haircuts and a tie. Is this a conservation song? "I hate toasters, they make food that kills me".... bullshit.

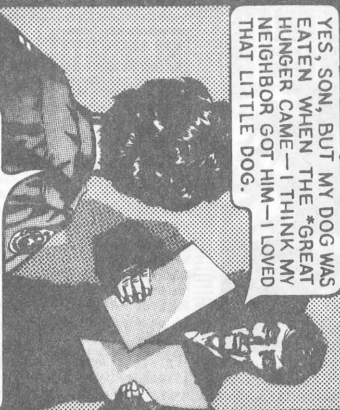
SNAKEFINGER "WHAT WILBUR?" (Ralph): What's this? Science fiction spy music? "Let's Be Silly" by The Sillies? Synthesizers are nice toys, but they sure ain't music! I guess someone's parents have a lot of money; otherwise, how would crap like this get pressed? They would've been better off recording "The Munsters" theme.



**THE
LOVED
ONES**

DEBUT 45
"TAKE MY
HEART" &
"MAKE
ME LOVE
YOU"
DUE SOON
ONLY ON
PIG
RECORDS

YES, SON, BUT MY DOG WAS
EATEN WHEN THE *GREAT
HUNGER CAME—I THINK MY
NEIGHBOR GOT HIM—I LOVED
THAT LITTLE DOG.



**HOW IN THE WORLD COULD
YOU BE FOND OF A STUPID
ANIMAL?

Pop, Rock And Soul
Featured are Barbra
Streisand, The Sex Pistols
and Stephen Bishop.
(English Dialogue)

PIG PRODUCTIONS PATENTED POP PARADE
"TOP TEN ALBUM COVERS OF ALL TIME!"

1. "BETWEEN THE BUTTONS" By THE
ROLLING STONES starring Brian
Jones (London)
2. "WEASELS RIPPED MY FLESH" by THE
MOTHERS OF INVENTION (Bizarre)
3. "ELVIS PRESLEY" by ELVIS PRESLEY
(RCA) nice try, Clash
4. "SELL OUT" by THE WHO (Decca)
5. "BATTLE OF THE BANDS" by THE
TURTLES (White Whale)
6. "SID SINGS" by SID VICIOUS
(Virgin)
7. "STRICTLY PERSONAL" by CAPTAIN
BEEFHEART (Blue Thumb) I'm
talking about the interior
8. "LUST FOR LIFE" by IGGY POP (RCA)
coz it reminds me of Bob Denver
of "Gilligan's Island" fame
9. "THE BEATLES IN ITALY" by THE
BEATLES (Parlophone)
10. "RAMONES" by THE RAMONES (Sire)

CINDY PIG's "PEOPLE TO WRITE TO"

GORILLA BEAT Magazine
Kuhlendahl 94, 433
Mulheim, W. Germany

**DON'T YOU WANT
TO GO TO 'HAPPY
PIG' LAND?!**



**AMUSING
SECTION**

Vanity plates last a lifetime but hurry order

You'd have to order
immediately if you hope to
have a personalized licence
plate on your car by the
Feb. 29 deadline for renew-
al.

Three-letter first names
are popular — Jan, for in-
stance, has all been taken
up — and Mr. Carroll has a
list of 30 or so "objection-
able" combinations that
might end up as swear
words or carry some racial
or ethnic slur.

"At the beginning we
wouldn't issue pig, but
we've now decided that if
someone wants to be called
pig, that's their business."

Billy Joel takes punk to heart in his new album

Everyone gathers around to have their photo taken. They kibbitz, jostle each other for fun, and smile dumb, good-natured smiles.

Q. — Can you please tell me where I can write to former Beatle John Lennon?

C. M., Guelph

A. — You might try skywriting like he did

WHAT HAPPENED IN 1948?

JESUS TOLD US THAT WHEN WE SAW THE BUDDING OF THE *FIG TREE — (ISRAEL BECOMES A NATION)—THAT WOULD USHER IN THE LAST GENERATION — WHICH IS UP TO 40 YEARS IN LENGTH.

THAT DOESN'T GIVE
US MUCH TIME!

slip away: "We need change, we need it fast/Before rock's just part of the past/'Cause lately it all sounds the same."

is one of the "What Emotion"? The ASSOCIATED PRESS
for Motown? The MOTORTOWN REVUE IN PARIS
as never released in France? Tammi
now books new wave acts across the mi
The only album Barbara McNair recorded
Records was deleted within a month of
issued? Berry Gordy now lives in Mali
iginals, who recorded "Baby I'm For Re
others, has no connection whatsoever
ort Credit soul combo Doug Mojo Pelton
ambassadors? The Motown hit-writing te
and-Dozier-Holland cannot sing worth a
Wilson of The Supremes is still alive.
best-selling Motown album ever was THE
NDS OF CHRIS CLARK? The Four Tops coul
y easily retired forever after releas
adway"? The worst album ever released
town was HUNGRY FOR LOVE by The San Rem
rings? "Take Your Keys And Lock The Do
ver recorded by a Motown act? "Time O
ve" and "Do The Boomerang" were? The
tones will never go to heaven for recor
Ain't Too Proud To Beg"? Acy Lehman, f
ommercial artist from the MGM/Verve si
designed only one album cover tin
studios every tin

Dear Rev. Cotter: My boyfriend died recently. We were very close and had been close since we were very young. He is on my mind constantly, and often I get depressed. I'm 13 and Protestant. My question is if I died now, would I meet him in heaven?

Dear Rev. Cotter: My boyfriend died recently. We were very close and had been close since we were very young. He is on my mind constantly, and often I get depressed. I'm 13 and Protestant. My question is if I died now, would I meet him in heaven?

— 21 years after the rock 'n' roll stars died in a plane crash in northern Iowa.

Cerro Gordo County Sheriff Gerald Allen, who investigated the plane crash, said the items were discovered in a misplaced envelope in a court-house storage vault.

Steps are under way to give the items to families of the victims, Allen said yesterday, "which I think is the proper place for them."

The wristwatch still runs, the sheriff said. The lenses had been knocked out of the thick black frames of Holly's glasses.

5. "It's a commemorative watch that Richardson received from a radio station," Allen said. "It runs quite well. I cranked it up."

PIG

