

PIG PIG



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

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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.

RECORD PEDDLER

contemporary imports
a wide selection of recent 45's
unique deletes
current British trade
papers and fanzines
as well as inexpensive
domestic records
all this and more at

115 Queen St. E. Toronto M5C-1S1
368-7547
open from 11-6 Mon.-Sat.
Thurs. and Fri. until 9

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

MARBLE VINYL VINYL MARBRE

FRANKIE AMALON • ANNETTE FOUNCELLO • DEBORAH WALLEY • HARVEY LAMBERK
JOHN ASHLEY • JODY MC CREA • DONNA LOREN • MARTA KOSTER • LINDA EVANS
BOBBY SHAW • DON RICKLES • PAUL LYNE
as "BIG DOP" as BULLIES

BUSTER KEATON • EARL WILSON

WILLIAM ASHBY & ALAN LAMBERTSON • WILLIAM ASHBY
JAMES T. HENNINGSON & SAMUEL Z. JAROFF • ARTHUR JAROFF



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

STY All Selections Written, Arranged and Produced by GARY PIG GOLD in PIG Studios, Port Credit. Mistress Of External Affairs: CINDY PIG. Entire Contents of PIG PAPER #12 Copyright © March 1980 by PIG PRODUCTIONS. All Rights Reserved.



"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 shot 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 retardent 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 immortal JOHN LENNON. Yes, JOHN LENNON! What more could you possibly want?

-GARY PINK!

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!)

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**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 newwave 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 epitome 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

EVERLY BROS. SHAGGS EDMUNDS VINCE TAYLOR FLAMIN' GROOVIES RAIDERS KEITH ALLISON VELVETS



WHAT QUOTE?
THEIR QUOTE ABOUT "KICKS".
WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?
THAT LITTLE PIECE THEY MAILED US!
UM M.
I THOUGHT I GAVE IT TO YOU...
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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'
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KICKS MAGAZINE:

P.O.Box 646
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(Be sure to tell 'em The Pigs sentcha!)

with DICK D'AGOSTIN



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



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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 into my bwaïn: 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).

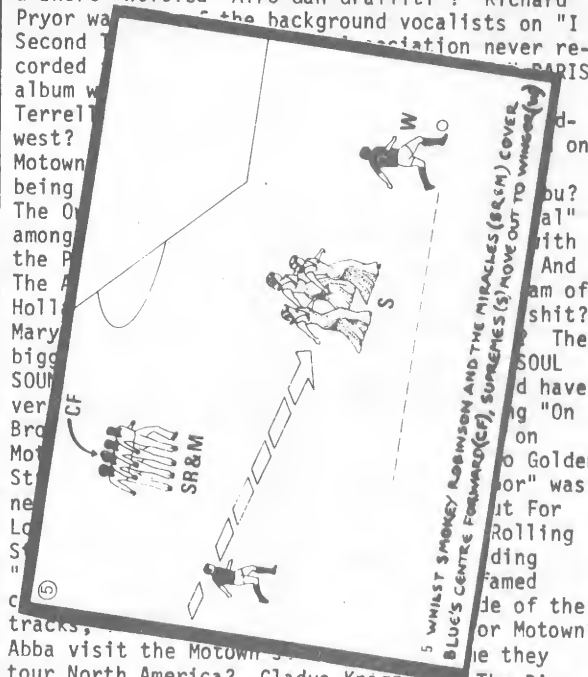
I'm sorry, Mr.Gordy, but I Really LOVE what you did. Yes, you Always kept your kids in the public eye. Boy, you had so many too! (would have dug to have sat in at an office X-mas party or two...). Personally, while all my pals were drifting off into a musical ball of confusion during the late-Sickties, 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...).

By the time the 7-Tease had slouched upon us, Motown had wimped out to the West Coast in order to REALLY imbed themselves upon the M.O.R. GASP! They even signed a suede-o-black white act (Rare Earth), fell head-first into the celluloid cesspool (I'm not even gonna bother mentioning examples!), and bankrolled it all by repackaging their former glories in an un-ending stream of Greatest Hits/Chartbusters/Best Ofs/Anthology throw-togethers. Some of the kids ran away from home, never to reburn (The Isley Brothers to Columbia, The Four Tops to ABC...); some preferred the safety and comfort of daddy (the recently-divorced, FROM THE SUPREMES!, Diana Ross, and even Smokey Robinson), but uhh.....

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 the background vocalists on "I Second The Emotion" association never recorded an album with Terrell? West? Motown being The O among the P The A Holl Mary bigg SOUL ver CF Bro Mo St ne Lo St " c

WHILST SMOKEY ROBINSON AND THE MIRACLES (B&M) COVER BLUE'S CENTRE FORWARD(CF) SUPREMES(S) MOVE OUT TO WHIMPER(W) ON YOU? al" with And am of shit? The SOUL d have ng "On on o Golden or" was it For Rolling ding famed de of the or Motown? ie they The Pips



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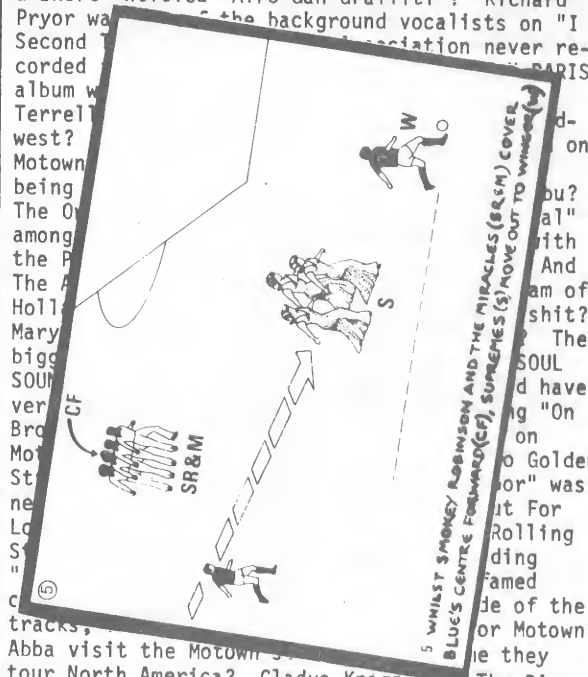
I'm sorry, Mr.Gordy, but I Really LOVE what you did. Yes, you Always kept your kids in the public eye. Boy, you had so many too! (would have dug to have sat in at an office X-mas party or two...). Personally, while all my pals were drifting off into a musical ball of confusion during the late-Sickties, 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...).

By the time the 7-Tease had slouched upon us, Motown had wimped out to the West Coast in order to REALLY imbed themselves upon the M.O.R. GASP! They even signed a suede-o-black white act (Rare Earth), fell head-first into the celluloid cesspool (I'm not even gonna bother mentioning examples!), and bankrolled it all by repackaging their former glories in an un-ending stream of Greatest Hits/Chartbusters/Best Ofs/Anthology throw-togethers. Some of the kids ran away from home, never to reburn (The Isley Brothers to Columbia, The Four Tops to ABC...); some preferred the safety and comfort of daddy (the recently-divorced, FROM THE SUPREMES!, Diana Ross, and even Smokey Robinson), but uhh.....

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 the background vocalists on "I Second the Motion" association never recorded an album with Terrell? West? Motown being The O among the P The A Holl Mary bigg SOUL ver CF Bro Mo St ne Lo St " c

WHILST SMOKEY ROBINSON AND THE MIRACLES (B&M) COVER BLUE'S CENTRE FORWARD(CF) SUPREMES(S) MOVE OUT TO WHIMPER(W) ON YOU? al" with And am of shit? The SOUL d have ng "On on o Golden or" was it For Rolling ding famed de of the or Motown? ie they The Pips



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"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 Trini 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 Trini 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," Trini 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.

Trini 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 all should be doing. We've been here since early this morning."

"I guess they must really work you hard," Trini 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 Trini, 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.

END

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"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 Trini 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 Trini 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," Trini 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.

Trini 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 all should be doing. We've been here since early this morning."

"I guess they must really work you hard," Trini 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 Richards 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 Trini, 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.

END

RIGHT



GARY PIG'S DIARY

Cindy Pig's
IMPROVISATIONAL
IRONING. NA

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 "The Mothers Of Invention". It's like a mix of "The Mothers Of Invention" and "The Mothers Of Invention". But, hey — what happened here?

The top drawing is fine, but the bottom drawing is full of errors. Can you spot them? If you can, just draw a circle around each error with a pen or pencil. Fill in the circle with the letter 'E'. Then, mail the coupon to: Five Errors Contest, 16 Magazine, Box 104, Brooklyn, NY 11211.

All coupons will be dropped in a box. The first five readers who can correctly identify all five errors, 16 will award \$10 in cash. Winners will be notified by mail. The contest will run until the winter — so everybody has a chance! Work right away — and good luck!

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



Readers' Service Card

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

How did you hear about this contest?

From a friend ☐ From the radio ☐ From the newspaper ☐ From the TV ☐ From the magazine ☐ From the internet ☐ From the radio ☐ From the newspaper ☐ From the TV ☐ From the magazine ☐ From the internet ☐

Printed in 1980

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

— Lenny Kaye

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JAN. 21/1980/10:45 AM/DON MILLS, ONTARIO, CANADA: OKAY—SEND IN THAT NEXT KID; THAT, UHH, PIG FELLOW... Hello, Mr. Podgers. It's GOOD MORNING, UH, 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 WAVE" NOW, RIGHT? OR IS THAT "NEW WAVE" 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 COULD'NT 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 THIS STUFF. ANYWAYS, 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 shrunken 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 PP12 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 BOUNDLESS. 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

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...and here's why!

A B B A

Read LARRY'S PRAISING CASTLE
Then, write your name in the space on cassette
and mail it to: Gary Pig's Diary, Box 104, Brooklyn, NY 11211.

Have you read the book?
☐ Yes ☐ No

Have you read the book?
☐ Yes ☐ No

Have you read the book?
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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

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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 kil - 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.

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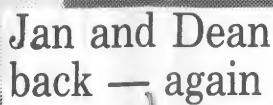
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"The money is terrific — 50 to 100 times what I'm making with my Kittyhawk Graphics. Being self-employed in that side of the music business isn't easy. It's hard to collect money that's owed you. But touring, you get paid up front — and paid a lot.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



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 SONG 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).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

STUDIO
FLASH!

To receive recordings at the 8 in
full hit tones, send only 98c extra

5530 Hollywood Blvd. • Hollywood 26, California

ANNETTE Studio H-2

rush only 98c plus 25c postage to:

"THIS IS ANNETTE" will be marked World Premiere Issue, to receive your World Premiere copy of "THIS IS ANNETTE".

...see scenes from "The Shaggy Dog" and pre-public release "The Horsemasters". BEST OF ALL, you receive FREE at no cost to you, an 8 x 10 autographed color portrait of ANNETTE! The cover of your copy of "THIS IS ANNETTE" will be marked World Premiere Issue, to receive your World Premiere copy of "THIS IS ANNETTE".



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-ketter... see scenes from "The Shaggy Dog" and pre-public release "The Horsemasters". BEST OF ALL, you receive FREE at no cost to you, an 8 x 10 autographed color portrait of ANNETTE! The cover of your copy of "THIS IS ANNETTE" will be marked World Premiere Issue, to receive your World Premiere copy of "THIS IS ANNETTE".

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HOLLYWOOD PREMIERE!

"ANNETTE"

from HER OWN PERSONAL SCRAPBOOK!

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 D
Mike *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 inexplicably continuing to demand. I mean, even Ringo got in the news awhile back when his Beverly 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.

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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...

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The Strange Case of John Lennon



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"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'



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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.

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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.

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 LaMarsh 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 teenagers 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 aired 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, some times, 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-

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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 teenage 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.

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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 aired 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, some times, 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-



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 P.I.L. Johnny, you've done it again!

But after clawing through all the analytical poo, 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. P.I.L.'s first release, the brilliant "Public Image"/"Cowboy Song" 45, came ensconced in its own wee newspaper. The initial pressing of the first (only?) P.I.L. 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 P.I.L. 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!).

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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! May-out music!". And that's no high-pipe 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.

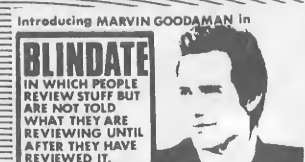
In these bland times, you need not be a connoisseur of dope to fully appreciate "LSD": The Album. Rather, true "fans" of Drugs, circa "Riot On Sunset Strip" and "Psych-Out", would gain the most from this LP in the Empty Eighties. As I myself discovered way back when, during neighbourhood High school 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 zoned-out peers:

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



WHO BREAKS A BUTTERFLY ON A WHEEL?

Mr. JAGGER has been sentenced to imprisonment for three months. He is known 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. The drugs which Mr. JAGGER is accused of using are sufficient to cause a public reaction. There are many people



Marvin "Phil Nobucks" Goodaman (pictured above, disguised as ex-Tex Mex'er Bobby Fuller), dyslexic lead screamer of the mockably scent-sations 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 mumbled. 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" (PWRK): 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" (Ripack): 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.

SLAKEFEFFER "WHAT WILBUR?" (Ralph): What's this? Science fiction spy music? "Let's Be Silly" by The Sillicies? 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.

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Another long-awaited long-player arrived the other week: The Ramones' latest attempt to "succeed", END OF THE CENTURY (Sire). This should've been called END OF THE ROMANCES, and, judging by its promotional strategy, should've been released as by (and therefore blamed on) once-producer Brett Specter. For, at the risk of sounding cliché (for a change), it is upon his once-mighty shoulders that the charts were plopped, and he's obviously buckled under the pressure. Both PPII and THE POPS have never sounded worse. END OF THE CENTURY is an embarrassment to them all. (Christ, even Joey Johnny Needles and Tommy



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! May-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 zoned-out peers:

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



WHO BREAKS A BUTTERFLY ON A WHEEL?

Mr. JAGGER has been sentenced to imprisonment for three months. He is known 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. The drugs which Mr. JAGGER is charged with

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that JUDOR BLOCK should have decided to sentence Mr. JAGGER to imprisonment, and particularly surprising as Mr. JAGGER is about as mild a drug case as can ever have been brought before the Courts. It would be wrong to speculate on JUDOR's reasons, which we do not know. It is, however, possible to consider the public reaction. There are many people



Marvin "Phil Nobucks" Goodaman (pictured above, disguised as ex-Tex Mex'er Bobby Fuller), dyslexic lead screamer of the mockably scent-sations 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 mumbled. 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" (Ripack): 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.

SLAKEFEFFER "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.

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