

PIC



PIG PAPER 14

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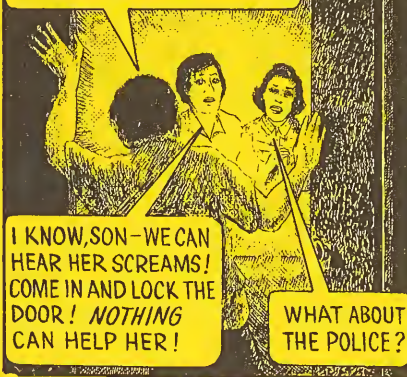
STY

GARY PIG: Editor
CINDY PIG: Help!
NO-ONE: Chief Columnist
krissy: more help!
KAUPHYN NAILS: Pigossip
Columnist (Cal State
Long Beach)
MICK CLINTROCK: Pig's
Own Jimmy Olsen
JOHNNY WONDERFUL: Boy
Wonderful
BELINDA JOHNSTON: Staph
Photographer
(GoldenWest)
GARY SPERRAZZA?: Guest
Writer
DUNCAN STUPOR:
Advertising!
and Thanks To Everybody
Else except Jason.

ENTIRE CONTENTS
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P.O.Box 2700, Huntington
Beach, California 92647



MOTHER-- IT'S MARIA-- THE THING
IS AFTER HER AGAIN!



I KNOW, SON-- WE CAN
HEAR HER SCREAMS!
COME IN AND LOCK THE
DOOR! NOTHING
CAN HELP HER!

WHAT ABOUT
THE POLICE?

PIG 14

"URBO GRAVIS VANITAS"

MR. PIG, JUST EXACTLY WHAT IS A PIG PAPER?

It's exactly a new publication from
Huntington Beach, California about all things
pop, sort of.

A "NEW" PUBLICATION? BUT IT SAYS NUMBER "14" ON
THE COVER.

Well, yes, there exists thirteen previous
issues north of the border - everthing from a
written-whilst-lining-up-for-Who-tickets Who
issue or two to the FIRST post-pistols Johnny
Rotten/Lydon interview to a Dave Clark Five
edition to a "greatest hits"
Promotional-compilation-PIG magazine - but I
prefer not to discuss those.

SO WHY HAS THE PIG PAPER CHOSEN TO RETURN HERE
AND NOW?

Here because it beats Toronto, and Now
because it's 1982 (finally).

THUMBING THROUGH PIG PAPER 14, I CAN'T HELP BUT
NOTICE THAT YOU'RE NOT
YOUR AVERAGE ROCK MAGAZINE.

Nor your's, either.

HOW DOES ONE GO ABOUT COMPILING AND PRODUCING A
PIG PAPER?

First, "one" rounds up a half-dozen-or-so
fellow "jornalists" by combing local record
bars and Dick Dale (patron PIG saint) concerts,
acquiring lots of pens, notebooks, and
double-sided tape, tuning in KLON, staying up
til 5am for a week, then finding a photocopier
"one" can use after dark for free.

WILL THERE BE MORE PIG PAPERS FORTHCOMING?

The More the Merrier, I always say. How many
and how often depends on how many of our
readers actually take the iniative and submit
their own stories, pictures, recordings, and
ideas for publication, and how often they do
so.

AND WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU HOPE TO ACHIEVE BY ALL
THIS?

Pig Paper 15.



WE READ YOUR LETTERS

Pembroke Lodge
Richmond Park
England W.D.40

My Dear Friends,

I applaud your efforts.
Please help keep the spirit
of '77 alive!

Bert Russell

Dear Pig Paper,

I'd like to introduce myself to you and your readers. My name is Bill Miller and I am the base player with Orange County's number one band, THE SNOWMEN. We have been together for many years, and we used to all live in one big house until I got married and had to get an aptment in Garden Grove. But the reason I'm writing is to ask The Pig Paper to write about my band, ~~THE~~ THE SNOWMEN. We will send some 8x10 color pictures of us in our white stage suits if you promise to right about us. Please write about us and our great rock music which everybody in Orange County really loves. If you do a Story on My band, THE SNOWMEN, I will personally see to it that you and your fellow readers will be able to come and see us play all over Orange County for free, o.k. ? Please right about us please.

Yours truly,
Bill Miller.
(base player THE SNOWMEN)

Dear Sirs,

10/ 9/81

I'am writing to commend your publication on its outstanding coverage and treatment of black music/culture. Looking forward to your next issue.

Sincerely yours,

signed- Thomas Brady

Tom Brady

636 NEBO ROAD
MINNESKOGA, CANADA

DEAR PIGS,

WHEN'S THE NEW PIG PAPER
COMING OUT ANYWAYS, Y'KNOW?

GOTTA GO - HAND'S GETTING
CRAMPED.

—HOWARD POPE*

*Carol's Brother!

BOSS * FELLOWS

YOU'VE GOT HORRIBLE
TASTE. I'VE TOLD
YOU BEFORE, AND I'LL
TELL YOU AGAIN!!

By the way, whens the next
issue due?

(NOT TO MENTION MY 100.00 \$
US)

KISSES,

Jimmy Persey
ENGLAND - Ed.

(HE'S FROM
LONDON!

Dear Pig Paper,

Please don't print ~~this~~ this letter either. Inside this envelope is 5 8x10 color pictures of us in ~~our~~ our white stage suits and some "incentive" (ha ha). If you like it I can get LOTS more (ha ha). Please give me a call now and right about my band, THE SNOWMEN, and thank you for not printing this letter.

Yours truly,
Bill Miller.
(Base player THE SNOWMEN)

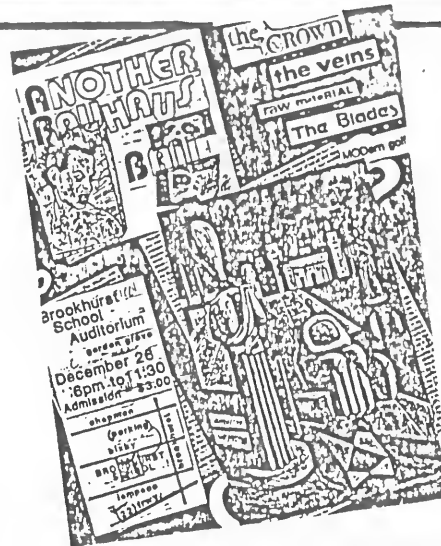
P.S. Thanks alot.



PIG PICKS

Guest
Writer:

*Dave
Speranza?*



David Levy's been a friend for a while and when I found out he was putting on another BAUHAUS BRAWL, I thought I might as well drop by see what kind of merriment (mayhem-ED.) ensued.

The first generation flyers had the line up something like this: MODERN GOLF, VEINS, BLADES, and THE CROWD, but the actual show held a surprise or two...

After passing the site and almost ending up in Reno (Buena Park, same thing -ED.), we pulled into the Brookhurst Elementary School playground (a nice enough place for a show). Drove until we started running over broken beer bottles and parked. Inside was fantastic(!), perfect size... there were a few benches on the sides, a whole-lot of dance space, and the stage was aprox. 5 ft. above the floor. Consequently view was no problem: there was even a curtain!

MODERN GOLF played, but I didn't notice (hence, no-comment). I was too busy getting pissed... but the name should speak for itself.

After the lights came back up and with them the night's bevvies (almost), we were

treated to a witty half-hour wait, during which I took a look at the people around me... (present company excepted)... GAWD... I mean we all know punk was dead so fast it was almost still-born, but maybe we all hung around for awhile to stare at the corpse. So I was curious as to who these "new punks" were/are. I still don't know WHO they are, but I CAN tell you they wear ALOT of black, CRASS and PIL emblems, still-short hair, Swastikas(!), and some -get this- moustaches (Not many, but enough to make this reporter promptly lose his pink squirrel). It seems that most of these kid-people would've been into disco when it was around if they hadn't been to afraid. Lots of would-be Marines too....

The lights dimmed again as the VEINS started crashing. Not incredible, but good. And I have seen MUCH worse. THEN EXPLODING OUT OF NO-WHERE CAME AN INCREDIBLE ONE-HALF HOUR WAIT/BREAK/PAUSE whilst the next band preened themselves behind the curtain. WAIT! These aren't The Blades! What is this? Some peroxide-pixie-punkette picks her stance and bellows, in her own inimitable (on this side of the Atlantic, anyways...) style, "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! PLEASE, A WARM HARD-CORE WELCOME FOR... THE PSYCHTONES !!!"

Stranglerishish bass. Tribal drums! Cavalcading guitar. AND, best of all, the Singer: a too-tall non-descript kid; a

Bauhaus Boy
DAVID LEVY:

A Provocative
Self-Portrait



wanna-be prep wielding "numb chucks" ... "pnum chux" ... "dump trucks" ... you know- sticks with chains a la "My Name Called Bluce" Lee. IN-FUCKING-CREDIBLE! Almost hits the guitar player. Manages to pop himself on the crust. Sings like a deaf leppard, Punk for a day. Very in-lightening. TOO MUCH! (to say the least) "The Psychtones": remember, You Saw It First In PIG.

Now came THE BLADES. Nice guys, good songs, klean-kut kids, pod-munks... allright stuff... Really. Almost fresh, they reminded this perpetually-pissed'n'puzzled reporter of SALVATION ARMY, who are also a good band (send more tapes, guys! -ED). THE BLADES sharpened the show for my money, MAAAAANNNN. People actually tried to dance: Thirty-pound-year-old weaklings slamming as their elder brothers and sisters put up their feet and watched. Great set.

Now comes THE CROWD. I dunno, they need a shot of rhythm and screws or something... I mean, individually everyone is good... especially Jay, and whatshisface the drummer. Weren't THE CROWD once? I was to olivered to remember, and everyone else in attendance was too busy crumb-nucking each other with the Security (HA!) Crew, severed limbs, or whatever else was littered underfoot.

Suddenly, "Uh-oh - 11:30!". Here come the 'copters... Time to: Dash outside, turn on the car, tune in Wodney, and drop out of sight and mind. Me? I bumbed into promoter Levy en route out. "Wow, what a show, Dave!" I enthused. "How often do you think I'll get sued next week?" was his only reply. See you in small claims court, kids.

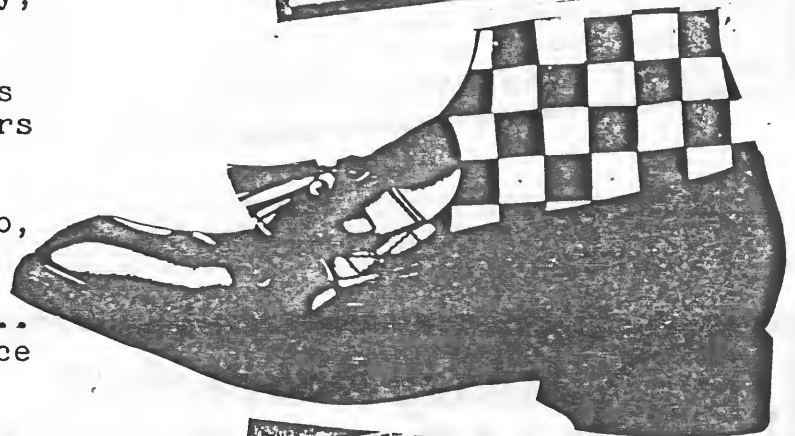
NEXT ISSUE: The infamous David Street Party Scene (*sigh*), Starring Our Pals Mark And Andy.

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chapman
(parking) bixby
BROOKHURST SCHOOL
lampoon
(22) irwy

the CROWD

the veins
raw material
The Blades
MODern



IMPROVISATIONAL IRONY *By Cindy Pig*

HAPPILY MY NEW EAR EVERYONE!

I have changed the title of my column because I prefer irony to ironing.

"THEE 1982 PIGDICTIONS"

JANUARY 1982: Not to be mean, but this being My Own Special Month, seeing as I was born in it, I would like to say that by the middle of said month, Elvis (fellow Capricorn) will have arisen to save Poland from itself and others. Also in Janvier, Plastic Bertrand (who isn't dead) does his froggy best to keep up with the musical Joneses by turning new romantic for about three weeks before discovering that it's just too much trouble to keep braiding his ~~bangs~~ ~~FINGERNAILS~~ EYEBROWS

FEBRUARY 1982: Alas, we no longer have the long-haired bald-headed triple-guitar threat of April Wino to contend with. Soon after the release of "The Revenge Of The Wine Queen Of Ixtopia", all sixteen - count'em! - members of this inimitable pop combo were crushed to death by a falling business man outside the World Trade Center. In New York City.



Johnny Wonderful's

WONDERFUL WORDS

(Elvis' 68th Birthday it was, as we parked the trusty pigmobile outside the Wonderful residence. The last rays of day struggled through Johnny's levelor blinds as Mr. Wonderful Himself is made to comment on music in general - by no means a slight task. We join this one-sided discussion already in progress)

Popular Music Today is disco (don't capitalize that "D", boys), and Olivia Newton-John is still scoring #1's. THAT'S pop(ular) music. Meanwhile, bands like Styx, a VERY dead issue, are lining their Malibu coke dens with polyplatinum-disc-awards. WHY? Simple: such bands say nothing, do nothing new, go nowhere, and neither de-, re-, or pro-gress. They are essentially Faceless. A perfect product for today's going-bankrupt-boys-so-let's-play-it-safe music industry. Thanks to the record companies and raydidio programmers who dictate the tastes of 95% of America, people accept and support the ilk of Styx, Foreigner, and MOR Speedwagon. Hopefully, only because their audience has no mind of its own; nor have they been exposed to anything new or different.

SEPTEMBER 1982: The Annual (and painful) Southern California Rock'n'Roll Bobsled Races are held in Dana Point. Kevin "Cake On My Pants, Baby" Richter of the All-"New" Rod Stewart Belly Troupe takes first prize after Britishly ripping his arm off on "dead man's curve". I love sports, don't you?

NOVEMBER 1982: The capricious Suzi Quatro re-re-emerges (for the Holiday Season) in a new studless leather jumperette. It seems she is desperately trying to make amends for having appeared on that Hippy Daze teevee show. The title on her just re-released (for the JOYOUS Holiday Season) elpee is "I'm Not Nostalgic Nor Have I Been That Way Inclined. Ever".

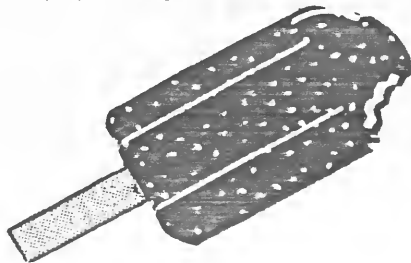
OCTOBER 1982: cancelled this year due to budget restraints/misappropriations

DECEMBER 1982: "I'm Not Nostalgic Nor Have I Been That Way Inclined. Ever" already out of print. Boxing Day forfeited overseas due to poorest ratings in twenty-five years. Besides, last year's bills are still on the desk...

HECK - 1982 makes me long for the Seventies! sorry

itself is a white/black genre. Nowadays, The Police (current hit machine extrodinaire) dilute all of the above plus reggae and blue-beat. Or take The Stray Cats (please!), whose "Stray Cat Strut" mimics, note for note, Count Basie's immortal "Ride On"; or witness Joan Jett and Billy Idol's photocopied Tommy James And The Shondells hits. And Tommy James isn't even black! And in your own backyard, The Loved Ones combine The Monkees, Dave Clark Five, Beach Boys, Who, themselves, and everyone else I know that's great. And So It Goes.

I don't know... people say they can't get into the old records because they aren't perfectly performed or flawlessly recorded, which is caca. All I know is that when you're out til three and you wake up with a hangover that makes you consider suicide as a better-than-most solution, you don't want to hear depressing songs about lovers' quarrels while you're trying not to upchuck it into the trash can luckily parked by your bed. You want to hear Louis Jordan doing "What's The Use In Getting Sober If You're Just Gonna Get Drunk Again". I'll talk more about The Greats On 78's later, but in the meantime, ask your grandfather what HE listened to at 17. Chances are it was the same rhymes'n'riffs you're listening to today. And while we're on the subject, don't bother asking the obvious question - "Is there such a thing as an ORIGINAL pop song" - or I'm liable to answer with "Ziggy Stardust" by David Bowie!



MARCH 1982: Adam Ant will finally succumb to the weight of all those things wrapped 'round his tiny (little) waist. The afore-mentioned ant will be found all greased up and in a compromising position with the also dead Darby Crash. The following days will find women and pretty boys of All ages wandering the streets aimlessly, boxes of tissue paper under their arms and feet, glossy-eyed, and sobbing into their neo-pre-post-new-necromantic-wavist clothes (with Many Lacey Sleeves).

APRIL 1982: no predictions this month due to the limited Cuban/Russian/Polish/Libian nuclear strike on North Dakota

MAY 1982: If we thought Public Image was something for Tom Snyder (not to mention Dick Clark) to reckon with, we weren't prepared for Mr. Lydon's new company/band "The Useless Minstrels". This non-touring, non-profit, non-musical assembly will be accepting limited donations of bangers'n'mashed to their favourite charities. In metal boxes only please.

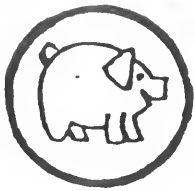
SUMMER '82 (sounds like Fun!): We are all on a much-deserved Permanent Vacation except for the notoriously nice Loved Ones. This "cute yet available" (quote courtesy of Suzanne Beal -Ed.) quartet inadvertently causes a riot race on the world-famous (See Page 16!) Huntington Beach Pier, resulting in its burning promptly down to sea level.

What's as much of a crime is so-called "Progressive" music, which is just another name for non-melodic, technological parrot-dropping. This is a trap that many seemingly bright kids fall into, and that's quite a sin unto itself.

So much for BAD music. What's GOOD music then? Listen: this is a GREAT example - Doris Day doing "Lullaby Of Broadway". People call such material commercial because they remember it from somewhere / sometime, which shows how much you can trust labels...

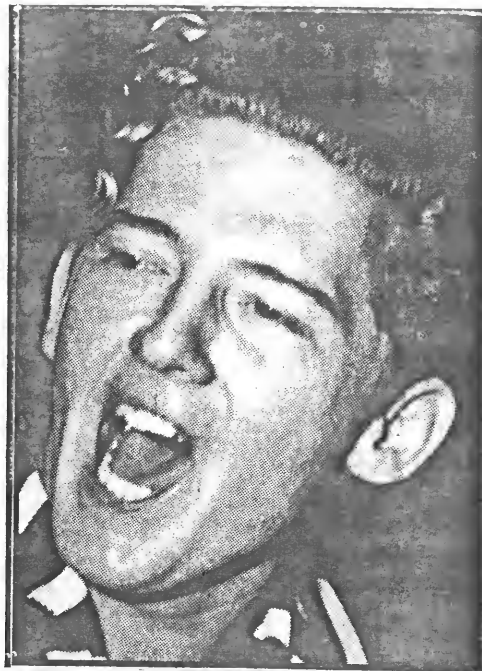
There is SO MUCH music out there, I can safely wager, that most of you have never heard. But I bet you'd recognize the majority of it from throughout your own record collection because today's pop is without a doubt built upon yesterday's pre-rock pop of the 20's, 30's, and 40's. And yesterday's pop is itself firmly rooted in earlier a/k/a Black music.

As the Blasters would be the first to admit, "American Music" = "Black" Music. This is a fact. Consequently, the reason America remains the world's leader in music is that (this isn't supposed to sound racist) we house so many blacks within our borders. To draw a handy analogy, Elvis (ie: "That's When Your Heartaches Begin") comes from The Mills Brothers and Ink Spots (ie: "Either It's Love Or It Isn't"); Pat Boone, Bill Haley, et al followed Elvis in further homogenizing black bop 'n' R+B. The Stones and Beatles harken as well back to rhythm'n'blues, adding a dash of Motown ("the sound of young America") which in



"INTERVIEW" with MICK CLINTROCK

It Was a grey evening. The sun had already sank into the Pacific as my bus deposited me at the door of the southland's veteran watering hole, The Drowning Pool. Inside lurked a LIVING LEGEND who NEVER recorded "Louie Louie" - need we say more?



JERRY LEE LEWIS

PIG- WELCOME TO ORANGE COUNTY, MR. LEWIS. IT'S AN HONOR TO MEET YOU.

JLL- I know it is. But listen, son - you can call me Jerry.

PIG- THANK YOU. HOW ARE YOU FEELING THESE DAYS, MR. LEW-- I MEAN, JERRY... YOU HAD THE WHOLE WORLD SITTING ON THE EDGE OF ITS SEATS WITH YOUR RECENT ILLNESS.

JLL- Did I? Well, this is a pretty big old world....

PIG- WAS IT AS SERIOUS AN ILLNESS AS THE MEDIA LED US TO BELIEVE?

JLL- First, son, ALL illness is serious. Like I've always said, "You don't know what you've got til it's gone". But... I ain't dead. Yet. Besides, the wife was after me to lose some weight anyhow.

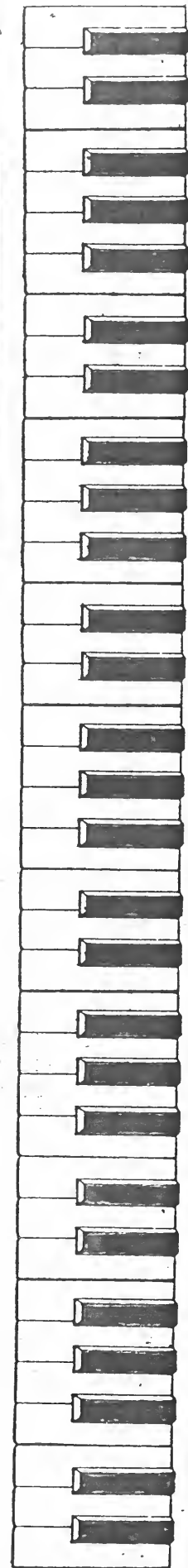
PIG- AND AMAZINGLY ENOUGH, ALREADY YOU'RE BACK ON THE ROAD.

JLL- Well, it's the only life this broken down piano picker knows. But I've jumped bigger hurdles than this and kept on rockin'.

PIG- I SHOULD SAY SO, SIR - UM, JERRY. YOU CERTAINLY PUT ON QUITE A SHOW TONIGHT.

JLL- TWO shows, boy. I go on again 'at midnight. I'm a workin' man! Besides, the liquor comes free. You look like a scotch-drinkin' man yourself. (suddenly, Jerry motioned over a bartender and before I knew it, I was nursing the BIGGEST shot glass I'd ever seen.) What's the matter? You should be able to down that in a flash, high pockets!

PIG- I'VE NEVER SEEN A SHOT GLASS I COULDN'T PUT MY HAND AROUND!



JLL- Owner's my cousin. I got a hell of alot of cousins.

PIG- SPEAKING OF COUSINS, THE BIGGEST THREAT TO YOUR CAREER SO FAR WOULD HAD TO HAVE BEEN YOUR INFAMOUS MARRIAGE TO MYRA, YOUR ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD COUSIN, BACK IN 1957.

JLL- Thirteen son, thirteen. And I don't take kindly to words like "infamous". People seem too quick to judge. Then And Now. "LET HE WHO IS WITHOUT SIN...".

PIG- ...?

JLL- I said, "LET HE WHO IS WITHOUT SIN CAST THE FIRST STONE". Don't you read your bible, son?

PIG- (jokingly) I'M WAITING FOR IT TO COME ON HBO.

JLL- (standing up, sternly) Did I detect a bit of irreverent humor there? THAT'S the problem nowadays: Too many damn jokes!

PIG- WELL, I MEANT...

JLL- I know exactly what you meant. Times ain't changed much since '57... or the YEAR ONE for that matter... People always been kinda devo. What's that sayin' - "Roll With the flow"? It's that kind of thinking that got us where we are today. And that ain't very far.

PIG- YOU'RE KNOWN AS A VERY OUTSPOKEN MAN.

JLL- I know where I been, I know where I am, and I sure as HELL know where I'm goin'. Can you say the same for yourself, son?

PIG- SURE. I'M GOING BACK TO U.C.I. IN THE SPRING.

JLL- U.C. What?

PIG- UCI.

JLL- Yeah, I see you

(laughter) and I ain't to sure I like what I see.

Answer just one question.

PIG- OKAY.

JLL- How often you shave?

PIG- PARDON ME?

JLL- Once a week? Twice? Like I was sayin'- I know where I'm going. In fact, somtimes I can see the end of that big old road called Life. And I've seen more forks on that road than you've ever seen miles. Ain't that the truth? But, I've always stuck to the right, when everyone else was runnin' this way and that, like chickens with their heads cut off...

Hell, Elvis -- One minute, it's just him and me, neck'n'neck, goin' for that rock'n'roll crown. But "E", he was never the King in my books. He came outta the Army singin' ballads and makin' movies. And on the radio there weren't nothin' but "Bobby"s! Hell, Bobby Vinton. Bobby Darin. Bobby Vee. Bobby Curtola. Bobby Wyman. Bobby Idol.... Y'know, I was the only one left playin' REAL rock'n'roll. Then AND Now.

Have you seen today's excuse for these rockefellers -- er, Rockabillies? Rockabilly my candy ass! Before these pussies was even hatched, Jerry Lee was pushin' flaming Steinways off the Atlantic City Pier! Exceptin' for Johnny Wonderful, there ain't NOBODY that can come close to me. Ain't that right? You damn well can't argue with history. PIG- I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A FAN OF YOURS.

JLL- Few have truly stuck by me through thick and thin.

PIG- I'VE ALWAYS REMAINED LOYAL. EVEN AFTER DEAN MARTIN.

JLL- How's that?

PIG- I'VE SEEN "THE NUTTY PROFESSOR" EIGHT TIMES!

JLL- Nutty? What EXACTLY are you on about boy!?

Watch yourself now - Straighten up! Drink easy!

PIG- BUT JERRY, YOU'VE BEEN AROUND TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

JLL- Yup.

PIG- THAT'S ALOT OF SHOWS.

JLL- (laughter) Thats alot of wives!

PIG- YOU'VE BEEN MARRIED ABOUT HALF-A-DOZEN TIMES-

JLL- But who's countin'.

PIG- ...YOU'VE LOST TWO OF YOUR SONS TO SENSELESS DEATHS-

JLL- Our Almighty Creator works in some mighty mysterious ways...

PIG- ...YOU SHOT YOUR BASS PLAYER ONCE-

JLL- They don't call me "The Killer" for nothin'!

PIG- YOU EVEN TRIED TO SHOOT ELVIS ONCE.

JLL- (defensively) I DID? (pause) Oh yeah, maybe I did. Well, someone had to try to put that sumbitch outta his misery...

PIG- BUT STILL, YOU AND YOUR PUMPIN' PIANO ROLL ON. HOW? WHAT KEEPS YOU GOING? THE MONEY? THE DRUGS? THE WOMEN? OR SIMPLY A LUST FOR LIFE?

JLL- Let me address them items one by one: Money? Yeah, I can use it.

Drugs? Hell no! I smoked a joint once, and I started singin' like Johnny Cash. Then all of a sudden I sounded like Kitty Wells! ahh, but WOMEN- that's another story boy, There ain't nothin' finer in this whole damn world than the

love of a good woman. But as for your question, I love'em and leave'em. Or they leave me. "A whorish woman leads a man as an ox to slaughter". But, that "lust for life" you spoke of - besides being a darn good title for an album, let me just jot that one down- I guess you could say- yeah, Lust. Lust for that great seductive Black Nothing.

PIG- HUH?


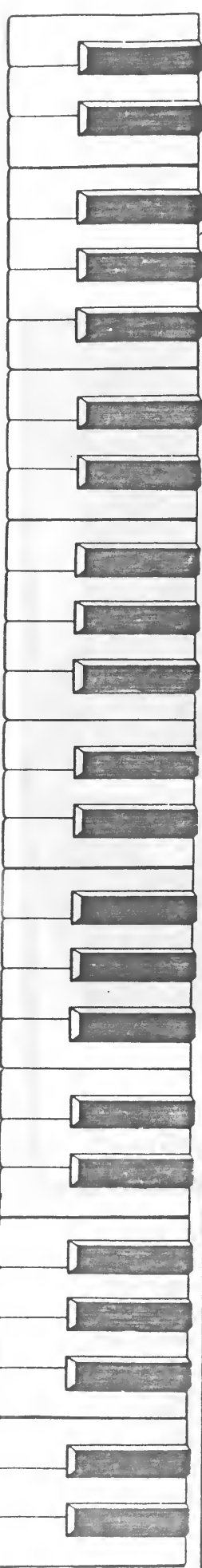
JLL- Yessir- Now, I ain't talkin' about



Jerry Lee makes a point:

"ALL illness is serious..."

the orgasm as PETIT MORT, or even the ejaculation of the hanged man. Hell, that's about as meaningful as a can of pork and beans! I'm talkin' about what runs through your mind when you've been fucking for maybe a couple of days, and realize that you're still fucking, because your lustin' after something beyond flesh... BEYOND rock'n'roll. You're lustin after that onrushing, that supremely seductive Black Nothing.



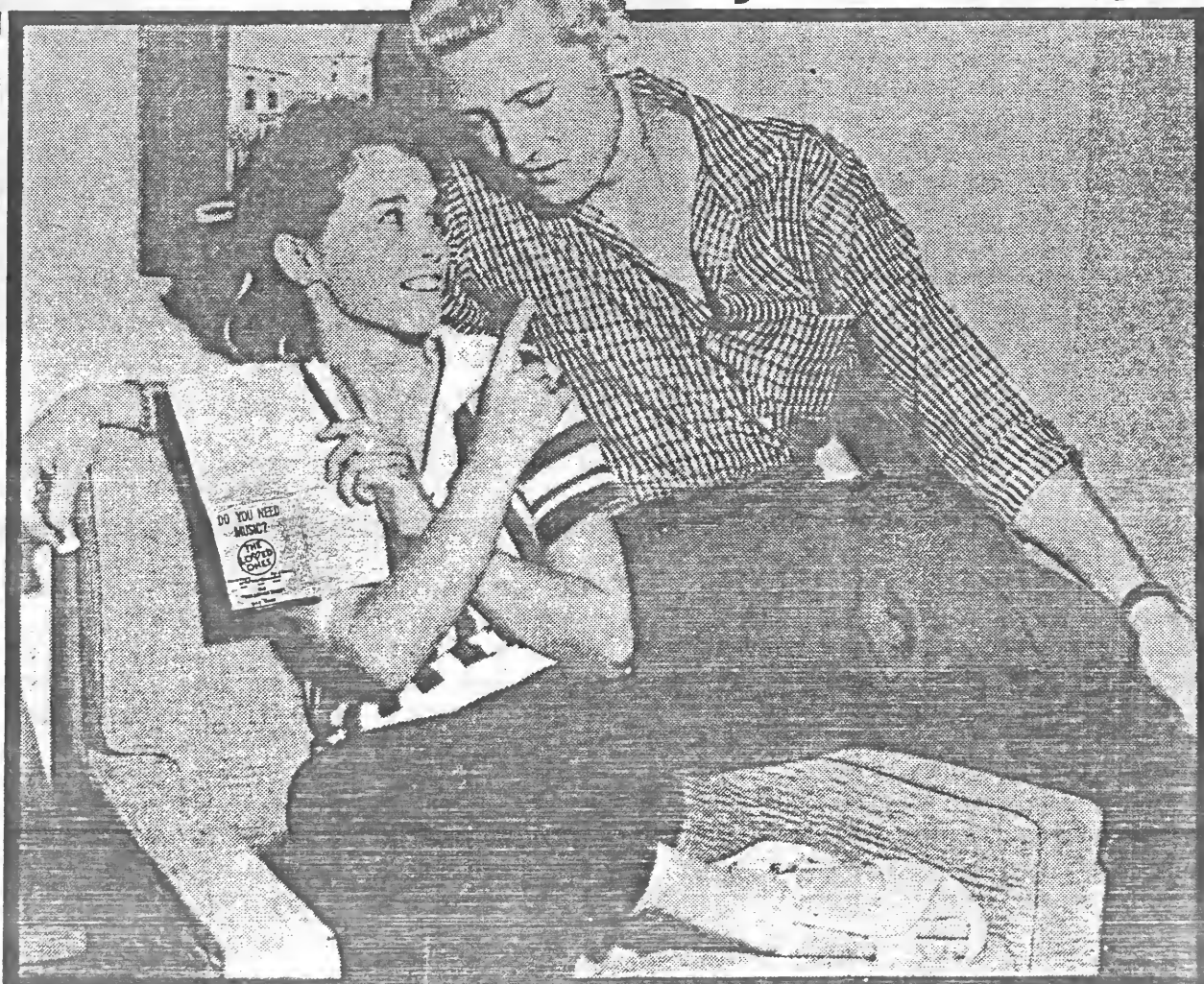
I'm talkin' about what runs through your mind when you've had so many drinks and so many pills that you start to get aroused in a very Spiritual sort of way; in how many drinks and pills it'll take you to get to the very edge of that elusive Black Nothing. I ain't sure this is exactly what Hammer or Blackwell had in mind when they wrote me "GREAT BALLS O'FIRE", but it sure as hell is what Jerry Lee's got in HIS mind when he sings "Too much love drives a man insane"!

PIG- ONE LAST QUESTION BEFORE I'VE GOT TO CATCH THE LAST BUS.... YOU'VE OFTEN SAID THAT YOU BELIEVE, FUNDAMENTALLY, YOU'RE A GOOD CHRISTIAN SOUL, AND THAT YOU'VE TRIED TO LIVE A DECENT, HONEST, YET FULL LIFE.

JLL- Yes, I have tried. MOST of the time, anyways....

PIG- BUT AT THE SAME TIME, YOU SEEM CONVINCED THAT YOU'RE DOOMED TO HELL FOR SINGING ROCK AND ROLL.

Jerry Lee & Myra



JLL- Now, that may smell of paradox,
but essentially, it's the one-and-only,
God-fearin', Bible-beatin' Truth! Like
I already said: I know where I been, I
know where I am, and-
PIG- YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE GOING TO ROT
IN HELL.

JLL- You took the words right outta my
mouth, son.

PIG- BUT WHY?? WHAT'S THE REASON FOR
NAILING YOURSELF TO A CROSS??

JLL- (Jerry looked at me... took a drag
off of his Havana, then (without
exhaling) took another swig of Old Crow
whilst blowing whiskey-stained cigar
smoke at the ceiling) Because for the
life of me, I just can't picture Jesus
Christ doin' a whole lotta shakin'.



Myra Gale Lewis
618 Rockborough Dr.
Stone Mountain, Ga.
30083

13 March 1981

Reverend Kenneth Burke
1409 Rural Road Apt. H
Tempe, Arizona 85281

Dear Reverend Burke,

A mutual friend of ours, Barrie Gamblin, recently sent word to me regarding you and your interest in my husband of thirteen years, Jerry Lee Lewis. Perhaps you will be interested to know that for several years we have been working on the authorized biography of Jerry's life and that hopefully it will be published before the end of this year.

My purpose for writing you stems from our concern with the credence you have placed upon Nick Tosches and the unauthorized work he intends to publish in November. Since the inception of his project, he was asked to desist and when he continued over our objections, he was denied cooperation with any and all reputable sources of information. His persistence has caused us a great deal of difficulty and embarrassment, and it is hard to accept that someone who claims to have a great love and respect for Jerry would make the creation of an authorized biography such nasty work.

Our concern regarding Tosches began with several articles and his book, "Country, America's Biggest Music." Herein lies the source of our complaint: Tosches has little regard for detail and accuracy and, when he is denied the information we wish to publish in our own project, he proceeds to print half-truths, myths and rumors. Therefore, whenever we hear of decent people such as yourself making proud claims to Jerry's fan club president, we feel obligated to clarify the difference between fact and fiction. The fact is, we are writing an honest definitive biography; for fiction, you are free to resort to a "Faulknerian saga, rather than a collection of facts and data."

As a man of God, one who loves the truth, I ask of you, "How long, O God, shall the adversary reproach?"

Sincerely,

Myra Lewis
Myra Gale Lewis



HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL
Jerry Lee and Myra's
Wedding pic



no-one's opinion

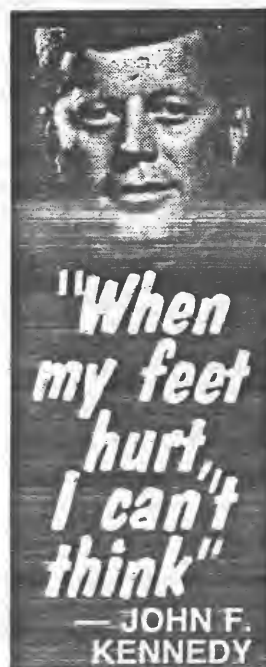
Umm, Hi. I am No-One. That sounds kinda odd, but it's the truth. "'Doubly Doubly Doubly', she said thrice", nonsense. How can "No-one" be "Some-one"? Good question. I might have been a little more substantial at one time, but if I was I don't remember... Actually, being No-one has its advantages, but there's one BIG disadvantage: Lack of Miss. No-one, you know, "Some-one" to do things with. I know, I know, I'm looking for a non-existent girl. I'll find her so I don't worry, though it's amazing how many girls love ME. But some good that does: they don't even know I exist! Well, in the meantime, I've started to commit my thoughts to PIG PAPER, and hope that "some-one" can/will read them before the ink fades.

"What advantages?" you ask. Jeepers- they ALMOST offset the lack of anyone to do them with! Actually, if you want to know what kinds of things I can do that "some-one" can't, just ask yourself what kinda things "no-one" can do (ie: fly, ride my bike to Hollywood, be in two places at once when I'm not anywhere at all...). As a matter of fact, I'm watching you read this, but of course you don't see-feel-hear-smell me. But it IS nice to know that "Some-one" (namely you) reads this.

Mostly I like to go see bands and stuff, but it's hard to find good ones around here. There are a few, but I'll devote more time to those later.... As for current music everywhere else, I've always liked The JAM, Keith West, and the Edingslow/Southport Teds (who just broke up, but you can still get tapes). I used to like Tenpole Tudor, but my mind changes like the ill-wind.

REMEMBER: No-one listens to KPFK 90.7 (Pacifica), especially "Somethings Happening" (Midnight, Mon-Thrs), "Hour 25" (10:00 pm, Fri), "Maximum Rock and Roll" (Midnight, Sat), "Club 907" (1:00 am, Sat), "2 O'clock Rock" (Sat) with Andrea 'Enthal (Who SHOULD be program director) and Robert Francis.

AND: No-one drinks CLUNY. "Touch not the cat bot a glove". God Good and Night Bless.



"Go to sleep with Yesterday... and wake up with Hey Jude"

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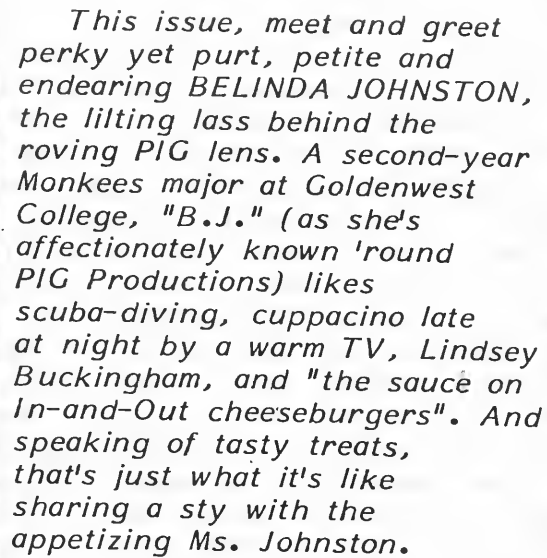
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DATELINE: LONDON.... ENGLANDWS (BY WAY OF MARTIN AND THE
E-CHORDS) NEWEST HITMAKERS THE BARRACUDAS WAXING UP FOR AN
AMERICAN TOUR WITH KNOTT'S OWN SURF CITY BOYS. "AND IF
SCREAMING LORD SUTCH WON'T ROADIE FOR US MAYBE JAN BERRY
WILL!" ENTHUSED CHIEF 'CUDA JEREMY "STUPID SONGS" GLUCK.....
...ONE-TIME HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE CARNABETIAN ARMY, TWIGGY,
CURRENTLY MAKING A SPLASH THROUGHOUT HER CHELSEA DIGS IN
CELEBRATION OF HER ENGAGEMENT TO BLANK NEW YORKER RICHARD HELL
..... AND SPEAKING OF COZY TETE-A-TETE'S, WHAT ANCIENT MOD/
POP STAR WITH AN AFFINATY FOR HIENZ BAKED BEANS HAS BEEN
SEEN HOLDING HANDS WITH THEE PRINCE CHARMINGOF THE PNU

Telox/TWX

SPIGOSPIG

PIGOSIPIGOSSIPIGOSIPIGOS

PIGSS! PIGSS! PIGSS!



BLINDATE

In which We play recordings for anybody we can get to listen, Don't tell them what they're hearing, Tape what they say, and Let You Read It!

THIS ISSUE WE SPIN WAX FOR "FLATDISK NEWSLETTER" STARLET
STEPHANIE FOWLEY (Kim's Dotter).

S.F- Hi!

PIG- Hi, Steph.

S.F- C'mon- I've asked you not to call me that!

PIG- Sorry cuddles... better?

S.F- (giggles) Will do... (pointing at my recorder:) Is that thing already on?

PIG- (affirmative nod)

S.F- Then turn it off for a bit.

PIG- (affirmative nod)(click)

A BIT LATER....

S.F- Okay. Spin 'em!

PIG- (affirmative nod) (plays "RAVE ON" By THE REAL KIDS -- NOT The Rich Kids)

S.F- Have you got this album on 45 or 33?... This sounds like Buddy Holly on a dozen Dramamines and the Crickets on speed, but I know it's The Real Kids so... OFF IT!

PIG- Sorry cheekie. Gives us a kiss while we pop another platter. (Next up, for a change of pace: "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN IN THE MARKET" By JOHNATHAN RICHMAN)

S.F- Who's this? The Modern Loved Ones?

PIG- No, but maybe this is! (HERMAN'S HERMITS play: "THE GEORGE AND DRAGON")

S.F- I heard this one over at Mike McDowell's the other day. Boy, was I blitzed! Whatever happened to Peter Noone anyways?

PIG- (trembling) He was a big man yesterday, but boy you oughta should see him now! Anyways, here's a hint on the next one: "cellophane swans". (inserts cassette of DEPECHE MODE doing "LOCKED UP IN A DEAD LETTER OFFICE")

S.F- ... Have these guys ever seen "The Gene Krupa Story" ?

PIG- Who's she?

S.F- Never mind... (pointing at my play button:) Turn that off for a minute, okay?



Pouting Stephanie:
"do we HAVE to play
another record?"

PIG- (affirmative nod)(click)

STILL LATER....

PIG- C'mon, first gimme a chance to put this on...

("CEASE TO RESIST" By THE BEACH BOYS)

S.F- I like that line! what is it?

PIG- "Submission is your gift - Give it to your lover".

S.F- Oh! that reminds me- Did you see Manson on the "Tomorrow Show"?

PIG- Did you ever review a record without asking a question?



S.F- What?

PIG- There! You did it again!

S.F- Next?

PIG- Omigod... (I cue up "TOGETHER WE CAN MAKE A MERRY CHRISTMAS" By FRANKIE (Avalon) and ANNETTE (Funicello))

S.F- This one sounds like a Loved Ones/Motens duet! FANTASTIC!

PIG- C'mon, let go (skirmish). I said LET GO! I gotta put on another tape ("SPINOUT" By THE DISCHORDS - And NOT a remake of Elvis')

S.F- Where'd you get this?

PIG- I used to live at Harris Sound.

S.F- How much you want for it?

PIG- Snookums baby (sic -ED), The Tapes As Good As Yours.

Just stop asking so many F*****g QUESTIONS! and listen to... (THE SAN FRANCISCO GODS' "CHINA")

S.F- Is this The Soft Boys?

PIG- You asked a another question! Once more and I keep the Tape... (the next offering is "WADING THROUGH THE VENTILATOR" By THE SOFT BOYS)

S.F- Is this The San Fransisco Gods? (giggle) Or just simple minded Furs on MDA?

PIG- Okay- THAT'S IT. GIMME BACK THAT TAPE! (tussle)

(click) (gnaw) (nuzzle)

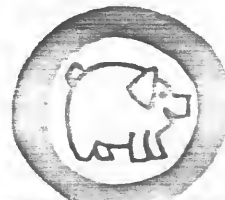
(click)... alright, alright, the tape's yours....

S.F- But do we HAVE to play another record?

PIG- Just one more, honeykins ("DANCE WITH ME" By TSOL)

S.F- (snidley:) Great- all the world needs in another girl group... Now will you turn that thing off and LEAVE IT OFF?

PIG- YOU ASKED ANOTHER- (click.)



In Coming Issues

- Can You Tell Right from Wrong?
- Enduring After a Tragic Loss
- Parents, Reach Your Child's Heart

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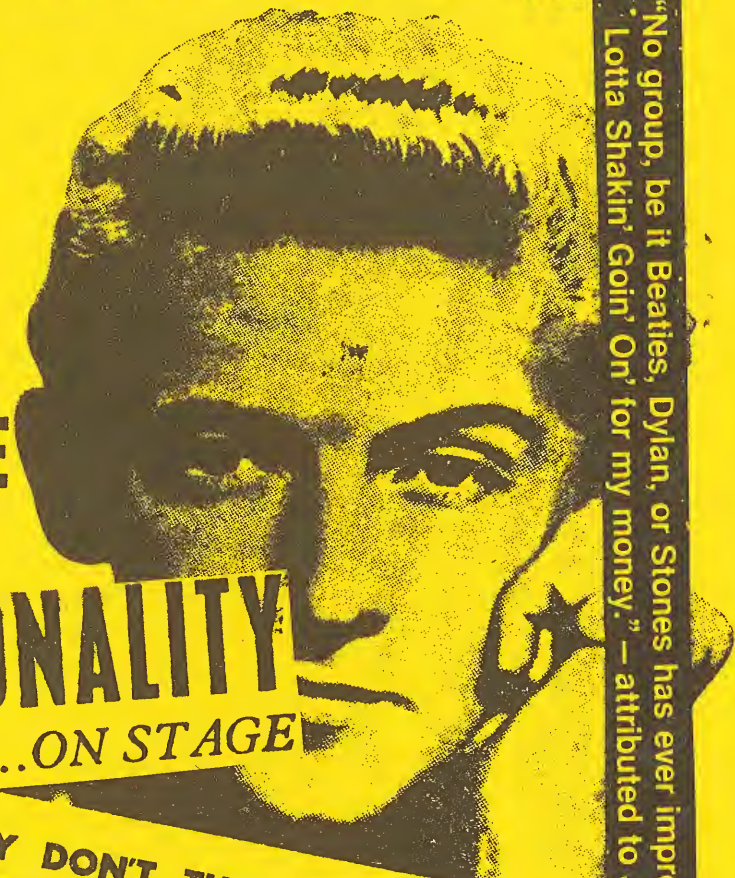
PIG PRODUCTIONS PATENTED POP PARADE #454

December 29, 1981

- 1) "PEPPERMINT LUMP" by ANGIE (Epic/Stiff 45)
- 2) "TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS" starring DICK POWELL (American International film)
- 3) "MAKE ME LOVE YOU" by DARBY CRASH (PIG cassette)
- 4) "REVOLUTION" by TOMORROW (Visa LP track)
- 5) "TALKING WORLD WAR III BLUES" by BOB DYLAN (Columbia LP track)
- 6) "LIFE IS SO PECULIAR" by LOUIS JORDAN And LOUIS ARMSTRONG (Decca 78)
- 7) "DARLING, LET'S HAVE ANOTHER BABY" by THE JOHNNY MOPED EXPERIENCE (Chiswick LP track)
- 8) "W.O.R.K" by BOW WOW WOW (EMI 45)
- 9) "BLACK FLAG" by ADAM AND THE ANTS (Epic/MTV video)
- 10) "PHYSICAL" by OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN (MCA 45)

YOU DIG MY KILLER HAIR?'

— ASKED JERRY LEE LEWIS PERSONALITY



"No group, be it Beatles, Dylan, or Stones has ever improved on 'Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On' for my money." — attributed to John Lennon.

Two years ago Jerry Lee Lewis on his first ever visit to a visit that was cut short, with Jerry Lee Lewis and re-

JERRY LEE LEWIS ... who plays the Rebel on the scene and began

... sound like Jerry Lee ... the greatest thing that's

SHAKIN' SPLIT PERSONALITY

JERRY LEE LEWIS GOES WILD...ON STAGE

WHY DON'T THEY ISSUE MY DISC

Jerry Lee's son dies in pool

I'M not a fussy guy, in fact I'm really very easy going. But there's one thing I'm finnick about and that's food. I like clean food, well cooked, well served in clean and pleasant surroundings.

Often I have raised a lot of trouble because something hasn't matched up to my own standards, and this has given me a reputation as a hell-raiser.

I only wish people in general were more careful about the food they ate and then perhaps I shouldn't have to fight so many over-the-counter battles in roadside cafes.

Rocker Has Baby

Jerry Lee Lewis, the rock 'n' roller, sits at bedside of his 14-year-old wife, Myra, in Ferri-day, La., hospital. She gave birth earlier in the day to their first-born, a son as yet unnamed. (Associated Press Wirefoto)

Myra keeps him waiting

January 10, 1961

The original Sun studio is on the left, next door to Taylor's Restaurant

Mr. Jerry Lee Lewis
7 Kay Martin
1220 Shakespeare Avenue
Brooklyn 52, New York

Dear Jerry Lee:

Just a short note to thank you for the Christmas card.

Here's hoping the New Year will bring you and yours much happiness.

Sincerely,

Elvis Presley
Elvis Presley

JERRY LEE SHOWS IT CAN BE DONE

● Sam Phillips' Million Dollar Quartet—left to right are Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Elvis Presley (at the piano), and Johnny Cash