

THE PIG PAPER #17

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THE LORD SPEAKETH by James Lord

There sure has been a big hoopola about The Music Of Your Life going on these days. I dunno, but whenever I think of the music of MY life, running home from school every day to watch THE FLINTSTONES immediately comes to mind. And what really great music that was! True, Pebbles and Bam Bam did get a little tiresome with "Open Up Your Heart (And Let The Sun Shine In)", but I could never get enough of Rock Roll's blockbuster hit "Twitch". Lyrically it's a straightforward 50's rocker... but just listen to that wild'n' twangy guitar! And good ol' Fred even got to fill in for Rock Roll once after a pickled doo-doo egg made off with his vocal cords.

However, I'm sure you'll all agree Fred truly came to musical prominence as teen heart-throb Hi Fi. This cat toured the nation by bus, becoming almost the next-biggest-thing since that boy from down south (can't remember his name, but he shore was polite)... that is until all the kids discovered he was so s-q-u-a-r-e! Baby I don't care though: "Listen To The Rockin' Bird" is still Number One on my cave-o-ponic system.

Ahh, remember the days when The Beasties (managed by - who else? - Brian Epstone) were IT? Along about the same time as The Four Insects took "Bug Music" to the top of the heap. Well, both these bands may have lasted an eternity in the music biz (four days)... then The Wayouts invaded Bedrock. Despite being nearly lynched by an angry mob of Water Buffalos, The Wayouts finally succeeded in performing "The Wayout Song" - with Fred on electric guitar! That really WAS way-out, but personally I always felt the Flintstone/Rubble clan were far more at home on the beach than anywhere else. Fred got to ride ride ride the wild surf to the accompaniment of not one, but TWO incredible songs by Jimmy Darrock backed by... The Fantastic Baggy's! "Wax Up Yer Board" is as cool as anything The Trashmen put out (almost), and "Surfin' Craze" is a wall of a tune too.

Whilst not out jazzin' the glass, Fred would often invent some classic dance steps. First, the Frantic swept Bedrock ("Yaba daba die i yi yi..."). And who could forget Fred's landmark appearance on "Shinrock" alongside The Beau Brummelstones, wherein he created the legendary Flintstone Flop (which to this very day is still practiced by those most pissed on Monday nights at the Bev). In the immortal words of Barney Rubble, "Every time Fred hurts himself, he starts a new dance craze".

Yes, with classic tunes like these, and with a cool soothing Cactus Cola in one hand, it's impossible NOT to wanna dance dance dance. Meanwhile, I'm waiting for one of the more with-it record companies (are you listening, Rhino?) to get off their butts and package this stuff onto vinyl. C'mon: this could be the biggest thing since Judy Jetson won a date with Jet Screamer!

IMANTS On ROMANTS

Dear Imants, I just had my left ear lobe pierced for the sixteenth time and it has become one large puss-exuding hole. Do you have any advice for me? -Big Ear Hole.

DEAR BIG EAR HOLE, I HOPE YOUR EAR ROTS OFF, THAT'D BE RARE.

Dear Imants, My boy-friend likes to come over to my house and shut the door to my bedroom. My parents object to this, but I think they are being unfair. After all, I AM nine years old. -Mature Enough. DEAR MATURE ENOUGH, YOU BORE ME WITH THIS POST-ADOLESCENT CRAP. GO OUT AND GET A JOB YOU SLIMY LITTLE CRETIN.



WE READ YOUR LETTERS

Stiffen the penalties for drunk drivers

If society wants to rid itself of the blight of drunk-drivers there should be no middle ground. We should not have to tolerate successive convictions for offences of impaired or drunk-driving.

I suggest first-offenders automatically have their vehicles confiscated (the government can auction the booty) and those foolish souls who are convicted more than once, again confiscation plus suspension for life. In the event of a death as a result of drunk or impaired driving, the penalty should be an automatic five years (no parole) of hard labor.

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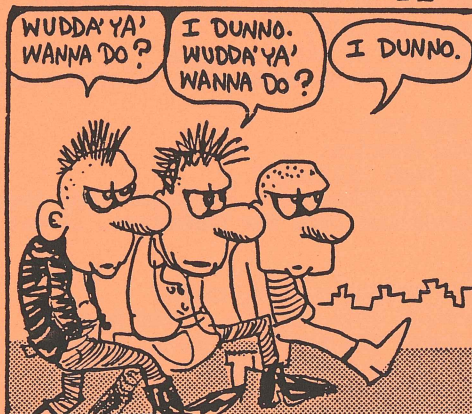


IMPROVISATIONAL IRONY by Cindy Pig

KIMONA NAILS, the very latest in a series of combos formed by that world-reknowned voice Dick Mangler, promises to be the too-long-awaited purveyor of Canadian psycho-raunch that we've all been anxiously sitting around for. These young fresh fellows cite Hank Williams and The Boston Strangler as two of their strongest influences: I don't know about you, but that makes them a Must-See for me! No info is available at press time from their thoroughly alright manager Skitz Wallet, but I have a rumour that the first twelve-inch will feature "I Left My Scissors In Your Bed" b/w "Choose My Cajun Soup Recipe, Bob". Other K-Nails include drummer Mick Stud, lead guitarist Jeffrey Swamprat, rhythmic guitarist Tombstone Smith, and, of course, Jeremy X on bass. And I've been told that monarch of mayhem himself, Dick Mangler, has more than a few surprises in store for you music lovers everywhere, including a couple -a cowpunk tunes. So Watch Out, I say: THIS SOUNDS LIKE A REALLY SERIOUS BUNCH

TEEN ACTION COMIX

by Ace Backwords - ©12-1984



S: There's Kendra, she plays bass and she's wonderful and all that. Our guitarist is Karl Precoda. He plays through a Champ amp with a Sears Silvertone guitar.

M: Too Much! I have both of those. Gee, small world.

S: Really!? Wow, the first Karl Precoda imitator.

M: Feedback city.

S: Karl plays feedback fuzztone raga-ish melodies and he's a one internal combustion engine. He's our Angus.

M: I woulda sworn I heard a sitar...

S: We had curry that night.

M: ... and a tabla in the background.

S: Yeah, he had curry and we all had little baby elephants. Well, I'll tell about Karl. He was seperated from his parents (Royalty; Indian) at the tender age of six months, raised by a pack of wild elephants, brought back to civalization at 17, he couldn't speak a word.

M: Can he talk?

S: He can talk, now. When he wishes to. He jumps around and lights candles and all that.

M: Speaking of candles, you guys aren't a "gloom band" are you? I mean, you were a little gray the other evening. It could've been the lighting....

S: Gloom? No! We're easily the happiest band around. What's there to be gloomy about?

M: Good man.

S: I just got a raise. But then again, I threw up too. I wasn't too happy about that.

M: What do you think of alchohol? Do you just drink every so often?

S: I had a country dinner at Mac's. That must have done it. Bisquits, gravy, two eggs over easy, a piece of ham and a bunch of coffee.

M: egghrghhhh... No alchohol.

S: Not this morning.

M: This might be too general, right? But why aren't you happy just to work, listen to records, read books, stare at TV or go play in the park?

S: As opposed to what?

M: As opposed to having a band.

S: Oh, I see.

[Boss comes in and tells Steve that he IS at W-O-R-K.]

S: We're all big fans. We're all record addicts. Buy 'em, sell 'em, listen to 'em. I've been playing guitar for a long time, and writing songs for a long time because I enjoy it. It's what I get the most fun from.

[the following are bits that surface out of all the noise and poor recording]

S:we did our record ("The Dream Syndicate", Down There DT-2, available Today from 11028 Sunset Blvd., LA. 90049) (a truly neat platter) in an hour and a half, no over-dubs, we're a live band... (something about wearing black. (ugh).... and a Christmas Live/Greatest Hits album....)

M: Yeah, I had breakfast with Paul, Wodney, Al Kowalewski (Flipside) and his faithful side-kick-boy-face Pooch...wow.

S: 45 Grave. Great band. Paul and I served in the war together. We were in a nuclear submarine, we were DOWN THERE... we thought we were gonna die. We had enough for forty days. Paul said, "Who gets 'em? ". I said, "I do". He said "fine". We both lived. To this day Paul Outler saved my life. If it wasn't for Paul Outler I wouldn't be here throwing up in front of you today.

M: So, you guys are really tight....

S: We were together in Vietnam... small submarine...

M: You don't LOOK that old...

S: It's music. It's like Barsaloma skin care. Takes care of age spots.

M: You don't really see 'em... I guess you can tell they're there if you look really hard.

S: Ask me about my age spots.

M: Actually, what about your age spots?

S: I don't want to talk about them.

G: How old are you?

M: Good question. Let's date you. How old are you?

S: Date me?

M: Yeah, you get a dream date with the Pig of your choice. Hmm.. good idea for a marketing gimmick. Wynn a dream-date with Dream Syndicate....

S: I'm um, wait. I'm as old as I [tape garbled; he said one or more of the following... a) want b) was c) woke d) somebody who's name we can't make out]. We served together during Armageddon. Me, Duke Ferdinand Archbishop of Milan, and Paul Outler.

M: God, must have been traumatic. Armageddon and all that. Was that what made you get in a band? Or was it more like birthdays and stuff; was it happy things like puppies or bad things like wars, or a mixture of the two?

S: Ask us how we got together.

M: How did you get together?

(All in unison): "I don't want to talk about it."

G: Why "Dream Syndicate"?

S: It was taken from a Tony Conrad record. But there was a band in the mid-sixties with John Cale, who of course went on to join The Velvet Underground and this guy Tony Conrad who went on to join Faust. They had a white noise band which you could go see for free, but you would have to pay to get out. The longer you stayed and put up with it, the cheaper it was to get out, until, if

Kendra



you stayed in for the whole show, it was free to get out. The band was called The Dream Syndicate.

G: Good concept.

S: That's where I heard it. I may be making this up.

M: I do that too. Great autographed [Bay City -Ed.] Rollers poster.

S: ...With Iggy and Squiggy...

M: Buffin and Muffin... incredible. What do you think of jazz?

S: Jazz is great. Our record came out on Impulse, but they changed the name to Down There. John Coletrane saved my life.

G: Along with alot of other people.

S: I'm very lucky to be here. John Coletrane and I-

M: ...We go way back.

S: -we founded America.

G: What about Hank Williams?

S: We sold his saxophone for 24 dollars and then traded the saxophone back for Manhattan. It was a good deal.

G: Trinkets.

M: You're self taught guitar, right?

S: No, I actually took lessons, I had a guitar teacher who spent six months trying to teach me how to play half of Freddie King's "Hideaway". We'd learn a new note each week, until I had almost the whole song down. Freddie King ...