

THE PIG PAPER #19

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Jack Stevenson's
LIVING COLOR

ON THE TRAIL OF THE MUNGAWANIEES

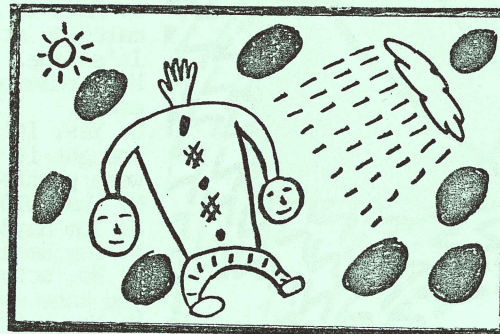
The Mungawaniees (Hormabuttius, Trans Lictum, Ural, Homo) were a strange and ancient tribe of Prairie Indians who existed long ago in what is today called Oklahoma. Historians and scholars look with a cheap sort of disgust upon the Mungawaniees and a disgusted and impatient look comes across their faces whenever the name is mentioned.

The main pillar of the ancient Mungawaniee "religion" was a mixture of sexual perversion and tornado worship, which is the primary reason that educated and respectable men look with loathing upon this dirty, barbaric people. This religion of theirs also resulted in their extinction, weakening their gene pools and turning them into aimless nomads later massacred by healthier tribes. The Mungawaniees didn't fish, hunt or farm, spending most of their time engaged in rites of tornado communication and sacrifice, waiting to be sucked up into heaven by tornados that never came.

Their practice was to select the most beautiful virgin from among the tribe and sacrifice her to a tornado, placing her on a large phallic-shaped throne constructed out of mud and rocks to await the tornado. The Mungawaniees viewed tornados as holy, and anyone who died in a tornado, they believed would experience multiple orgasms and go straight to heaven. While the virgin was thus seated, the rest of them danced, chanted, engaged in

unnatural sexual acts and cut themselves with sharp objects. In order not to "corrupt" or "offend" the virgin, they wore animal heads while engaging in the sexual acts.

If a tornado did come along, as perhaps once or twice it did, it would invariably wipe out the whole tribe. This was viewed as a blessing by the survivors, since obviously they had been guilty of some divine transgression and this was just punishment. But more than likely they would simply starve or die of thirst or bleed to death waiting for a tornado, or another tribe would come across them and take great delight in slaughtering them. They hated the Mungawaniees. Yet the skulls of the tornado-worshippers were so thick that their enemies' stone axes often broke over them.



While museums throughout the country display tons of old clay vases, plates, jugs and stone arrowheads of other historical tribes, the curators are loathe to set out the small, worthless and usually obscene clay mouldings of the Mungawaniees. The walls of the caves in which they once dwelt are lined with chaotic figures of hard-ons, tornados and

deer and bison. Archeologists have been known to dynamite these caves upon finding them.

Other reasons the Mungawaniees remain obscure in the pages of history are: (1) they were wiped out by other tribes long before the advance of white settlers, and (2) they had no written language, and even their verbal language consisted of nothing but a series of grunts groans and obscene gestures. How they survived as long as they did is a puzzle to experts. They slept in caves and holes dug in the ground, and even in trees, and they barely managed to feed and clothe themselves by killing the odd wild animal - usually sick or wounded - they stumbled upon, and by stealing the stores of other tribes.

While other tribes such as the Aztecs and Incas established great civilizations, the Mungawaniees believed their great civilization would be built in the sky after they had all been killed by tornados.

The foremost authority on the Mungawaniees is Professor Leopold Minter, who lives in a YMCA in New York City and subsists on Social Security checks. The study of the Mungawaniees has become an obsession with the elderly professor, who started out in Real Estate.

LETTERS

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Dick Gavity

by Ace Backwards- ©1985



M: It wouldn't be some animal or food record store could it?
 S: It's somewhere in LA, and you won't find it. People walk in, buy the Dream Syndicate record and they don't know it's me coz you can't see my face on the cover.
 M: How do we know you're you then?
 S: I work at Vinyl Fetish, my real name is Joesph Peck. Hi!
 M: Joseph Peck saved my life.
 S: Is this gonna be a direct transcription?
 M: No, not at all... No, um, uh, I mean...
 S: Well that's no fun.
 M: I mean like we'll take out things like, uh, um, well NOT like what I'm saying right now. This goes in, all right? OK. Like, um, it's more or less....

Dennis "Bob" Duck



MOLE
on 45's

JEAN KNIGHT

"MR. BIG STUFF"/
 "YOU THINK YOU'RE
 HOT STUFF" (Stax-
 Stx 1014) 3/73

This, along with the collected works of Big Star was the last gasp of Stax/Memphis. She sounds so bitchy it's bitchin'! Precision-fitting guitar and horn parts mesh together to make this a fond memory of my first 'mixed party' back in the 7th grade. (Remember that?)

THE ROLLING STONES

"I WANNA BE YOUR
 MAN"/"NOT FADE
 AWAY" (London L9657)
 3/64

Is this a marriage

in heaven or what?
 The Stones cover of a Beatles tune, and it shreds the original (even Jagger can outsing Ringo when necessary). Keef does a brilliant 20-second guitar solo that sounds like nails on a chalkboard. All of this and yet this track has never surfaced on a North American lp. I'm not sure you can get the single anymore...

PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS

"HIM OR ME (WHAT'S IT
 GONNA BE?)" / "HUNGRY"
 (URC 1044)

As our editor once put it, "H or M, their crowning achievement". This track never appeared on the original greatest hits compilation (circa '67) and the double-lp anthology has long since been deleted. The people at Underground took pity on us mortals and released it as a single. We are eternally grateful...

STEVE WYNN OF DREAM SYNDICATE ("S") Interviewed at work by NO-ONE ("M") and GARY PIG ("G"), Summer '82

S: Good.
 M: Um, uh, except for like the "uh"s and, uh, the "um"s...
 G: Those we put more in.
 S: And when we repeat, repeat our selves actually, or sense make none. Um, like it adds flavor.
 S: We walked to the store, we walked to the store, we walked to the store, we walked to the store....
 M: [Assuming the narrative:] "The phone rang. Some one else answered. Steve paced. Wow, a this is a Za Zen interview... gee, Zen records".
 S: My favorite record store.
 M: Say you had a half page in TIME magazine. What would you do with it?
 S: Probably draw a color picture, then cover it in black, and scrape the black away.
 S: How 'bout long bowling? [lawn bowling? -Ed.]
 M: What do you think of long bowling?
 S: I don't want to talk about it.
 M: No, really. How 'bout guns? Do you like things that shoot things and all that?
 S: Guns?
 M: I don't want to drag you down, but I think gunns are funn.
 S: Guns? Well, it's like this... Guns are OK.
 G,M: [shock]
 S: Our band's very involved in the liberal cause. WHAT!?? Did he really say that? No. I didn't. Sorry Karl.
 M: What do you think of nuclear waste?
 S: Karl is a major liberal. I saw Karl; he was marching at the Palladium, so Karl's a liberal. It's true.
 M: I remember seeing you guys at an anti-nuclear event.
 S: Yes. It's true. But we were mislead. We thought it was to build a new MX missile plant. We were promised \$20(US) and Jane Fonda.
 M: What DID they deliver?
 S: Tom Hayden.
 M: Dom Heading?
 S: No, actually, Pat Hayden. Which is worse. Do you know who Pat Hayden is? I got lost.
 M: No, but I'm sure Gary does. "He knows everthing".
 G: No I don't... Oh, yes I do. The sister or mother of Jane's hubby who went on to become famous for-
 S: [sudden realization and total awe] Are YOU Gary Pig?
 G: Yes.
 S: [swooning] Oh Man...
 G: I don't tell anyone though, coz they never believe me.
 S: God. I know Gary Pig's REAL name!
 M: No you don't.
 — tape noise, scratch click —
 M: OK, we're running out of tape. Quick. What's your favorite chord?
 S: THAT'S a good one; it's- [tape ends; we quickly flip tape, but alas, Too Late...]
 G: On behalf of Dream Syndicate, how about something Warm & Relevant to wynn over our readers with?
 S: I wish everyone of you could live in my living room with me and share my carrots. I love you all.
 M: How sweet. You eat vegetables.
 S: I wrote "Some Kind Of Itch" for all of you. I love you.
 M: Ahhhhh. We're in tears. [sniff] Touching; that was touching.
 G: A little heart at the ending.

