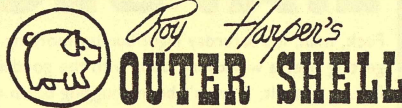


THE PIG PAPER #21

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Every Friday & Saturday night, with beer in hand and enough cigarettes for a week, I step into a booth, where I am supposed to provide dancing & listening entertainment. As David Bowie once sang, "I am a DJ. I am what I play." But - it's not that easy.

I DJ in a bar that caters to ages from 19 to 70. While some-one wants to hear Johnny Mathis, someone else wants to hear Power Station. Someone wants to hear 50's music, and someone else wants Disco. It's my job to play requests, and keep everyone happy, dancing, and drinking. You might, perhaps, consider me an 'Ambassador of Sounds'. I've been called great, and I've been called the worst DJ ever.

Picture yourself in this dilemma - - You are asked to play Van Halen's 'Hot For Teacher', and someone else asks for The Holly-wood Argyles' 'Alley Oop' (Remember that one?). What do you do? If you play neither, two people are upset. The one who requested and hears 'Alley Oop' is now happy, but looks like he's going to get violently ill when 'Hot For Teacher' comes on. Our Van Halen fan can't believe his ears. SO - each person has had their moment of musical ecstasy, but each has been disgusted. Oh well... have another beer!

If there's any trick to playing all sorts of music, it is in being able to provide easy flow or transition from one style to another. Again - not always as easily done as said. After a few drinks, some patrons can become upset if they don't hear their requests within 5 minutes of asking. I must admit that I do have a vast record collection, and can usually accommodate any request, especially since the bar's general format is usually Top 40 and Rock. But - the night that a 350 pound man stood on his bar stool and yelled, "You suck!", because I didn't play any George Jones; what was I to do? I looked at him and said, "I know." (You don't argue with someone over twice your size!)

So now - What's the final solution? I love music; many types and many artists. I love getting people into a party mood, bringing back their happy memories, and making them feel good. But, one minute someone loves you, and the next minute someone hates you.

When I leave the booth, at the end of the evening, and begin my drive home, I often wonder if I performed satisfactory, if not well. I hope everyone had a good time. Afterall, every Friday and Saturday night, I can never be 100% satisfying. Even after 4 years of DJ'ing in the same bar, it's a weekly dilemma.



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- R. Crumb

"These strips aren't gonna make me angry, now are they??"

- John Crawford

"I am beginning to like your work..."

- Margot Insley

"Absolutely astounding!!!"

- Ace Backwards

P.S. I LOVE GETTING WEIRD MAIL!

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6MAN TAG MATCH

ROCK SERLING'S DELETE ZONE

So what's been up since last column? Well, there have been many things, some related. Wrestling, a sport I have supported since '69 & '80 (in two parts) is coming out of the closet much to the chagrin of purists who, although it's nice to see well-known's liking it, only serves as a distraction to the athletes who must go into the ring, and not the singers and actors who stay on the outside safe and sound. The locally headquartered World Wrestling Federation is not letting this rock'n'wrestling connection die. If it hasn't repeated its bloated Wrestlemania card of March 31st, it HAS set about to keep the rasslers and Cyndi Looper in near-perpetual view in her new comic/video "The Goonies R Good Enough", replete with WWF baddies, nasty types, and managers Albano'n'Blassie. If this turns you off then ABC had the better idea: have a wrestler adapt to the entertainment system. I refer to their short-lived series "Wildside", a Western about this collection of defending-type fellas called the Chairmen of the Board of the Town of Wildside. They kept the local burb safe from rustlers, radicals, and grudge-bearers of all sorts, and each of the "chairmen" had a speciality that acted for and added to the "board's" wealth. Now, former and still (I think) GIRL MIDGETS ALSO FEATURED National Wrestling Association heavy-weight champion Terry Funk took the part of Prometheus the whip-wielding veterinarian, who when things called for action added a few head-butts hung over from his wrestling days to the scrap scenes. Funk blended in well; there was no media hoopla, it was all kept low-profile, and could serve as a very good springboard towards more and better roles for Terry... which is more - MUCH more - than can be said for Mr.T!

WRESTLING MAIN EVENT Whipper Billy WATSON VS E ASSASSIN MI-FINAL VS THE BLACK KNIGHT

PORT CREDIT ARENA FRI MAY 16 at 8:30 p.m. SPECIAL OPENING EVENT MR. WRESTLER VS HAYSTACKS CALHOUN VS. TWO MEN MIDGET GIRLS - BIG GIRLS MIXED GIRLS TAG MATCH Bernie (The Cat) Livingstone vs. Gene (The Bear) DeBois Golden Boy Apollo

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WRESTLING

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THE UGLY TRUTH

H. GERTZ (ROCK CRITIC) SPEAKS!

Vol.1 No.3

Free



"WHY I HATE THE PSYCHEDELIC REVIVAL"

by H. Gertz

There's a good possibility that a lot of you people aren't even aware that there is a psychedelic revival going on. Well, consider yourself lucky. Unfortunately, since I have some sort of morbid desire to pay attention to current trends, I can't help but notice (in New York and L.A. at least) a new glut of shithheads jumping on the mid-sixties psychedelic bandwagon. The same morons who only a year ago were spending their time trying to achieve the perfect pompadour are now destroying their feet in pointy-toed suede boots, combing their hair over their eyes and paying outrageous sums of money for Sonny Bono vests and Jim McGuinn glasses. Why? So they can look "authentic" as they plug their Vox guitars into Vox amplifiers for the purpose of grinding out paint-by-numbers recreations of every mid-sixties record that ever had a tambourine on it.

Sounds pretty stupid, doesn't it? Especially when you realize that these fuckwads in black turtlenecks were only about five years old when this stuff was actually happenin' and if they have dropped acid it wasn't real acid 'cause real acid hasn't existed for at least fifteen years (sorry, Deadheads)

Honestly, though, about ten years ago I would've welcomed both the psychedelic and rockabilly revivals with open arms. However, now that they have arrived it just don't seem right somehow. Now either I was more desperate back then and

thought I was crazy for liking those records so much or it's just that the insincerity that any kind of revival brings to the original spirit and ideas of exciting music make it real hard for me to groove to anything short of the real thing. I guess it just proves that things happen when they're supposed to happen and last as long as they're supposed to last. But who don't know that?

Anyway, now that I've made it clear that I think Shelly Ganz & Company should all go get themselves crewcuts (like the Standells said), I would like to say that the one saving grace of this revival (and rockabilly, too) is that a lot of the old stuff is more available now than it may have been when it was originally released. I certainly don't remember running into French versions of "Talk Talk" by the Haunted in New Jersey in the 60's, that's for sure. So let's at least be thankful for that and the fact that it should all be over soon considering you've got country & western waiting in the wings to be misunderstood and appreciated for the wrong reasons. Sure, that already happened in the late sixties but these tambourine wacking wingwangs aren't old enough to remember that either!

L.A. BLUES

Fuck, man, it's Saturday night/Sunday morning, and I'm finally getting over a week-long bout with the goddamn summer flu. As a result, I haven't been chugging down the usual quota of beer, so I'm sitting here wide-eyed with insomnia as the wee wee hours grow even more so. I'm reading back issues of the fabulous PIG PAPER which Gary was kind of enough to send and looking at the teevee occasionally as Channel 7's rock video show *Goodnight L.A.* rolls by. Molly Ringwald did the intro tonight and is doing occasional voice-overs—what a kutie-pie! Videos come and go, come and go: Simple Minds, Bryan Adams, Big Country, the Police, Depeche Mode, and other people I despise. The old PIGs are good but slightly depressing as I read about new releases of the time by the Saints and the Ramones. Not that there isn't new stuff NOW that I dig, but the last thing I heard that hit me as hard as "(I'm) Stranded" or "This Perfect Day" or "Rockaway Beach" was "What's This Shit Called Love?" "Street Where Nobody Lives," a 1978 45 by the Pagans that I missed the first time around. And speaking of Aussies (Saints, not Pagans—the Pagans were from Cleveland), two groups of 'em show up as *Goodnight L.A.* goes on: the Birthday Party and Hunters & Collectors. The Birthday Party do "Nick the Stripper" on a set that looks like a beach party in Hell. Even Jesus is there—nailed up on the cross where he belongs. Nick Cave is not a nice person, and why should he be? As for Hunters & Collectors, they're the newest Slash "discovery," and they're not bad from what I've dug here. Punk-funk—I think that's what you might call it. And look at the guy with the case of Foster's—Jesus, I could use a few of those right now! They interrupt the show for an ABC "Hostage Update." Sheesh! Hope I don't miss anything good. I mean, sure, I like America as much as the next guy, but I can wait till I get some sleep to hear this stuff. Besides, it's 75% bullshit media sensationalism, which is okay with me, BUT NOT NOW! I wanna sleep. Anything else good on here? Jason & the Scorchers' "White Lies"? MTV shows it—I mean, I've seen it just flippin' by on the remote control. It's not very good anyway. Fogerty's "Old Man" video—yeah! I've seen it a lot, but I still like it even if it is pretty silly. Why am I watching fucking rock videos at 3:00 a.m.?! Wait, here comes Johnny Rotten & Afrika Bambata (however you spell it) a.k.a. the Time Zone. "World Destruction"! Wow! Look at Johnny kiss Reagan's face on the teevee screen. Rad! Afrika and Johnny aren't even on the same set. It's okay, though—sort of "Ebony and Ivory" for all the would-be revolutionaries. But Afrika's duet with James Brown was better. Willie Nelson next! I'll drink some more Diet Coke, yes, and read Gary Pig's history of the DC5. Another ABC interruption comes to tell us not much more about the shit in Lebanon. And they resume the show in the middle of "Since Yesterday" by the Strawberry Switchblade. I actually kinda like it despite the fact that it's the stuff Rodney Bingenheimer's dreams are made of. At least Rodney's motivation in that department is okay even if the guy is a trendy retard. But I think I prefer Bananarama's videos, although I wouldn't buy any of the stuff. Is that U2 on the screen? Gimme a fuckin' break! Uh-oh, I'm flashing back to *Magical Mystery Tour*, seen earlier on USA Cable. Actually, I only watched the Bonzos doing "Death Cab for Cutie" and the Fab 4's "I Am the Walrus"—the rest is pretty painful. I hear—I hear the Rain Parade doing "This Can't Be Today." Trippy, of course. If I were the same right now, maybe at least my insomnia would be interesting. That's it—the closing credits are rolling with Gram & Emmylou singing "Grievous Angel" (somebody at the show has good taste). It's after 4:00 now. Man, I gotta go to sleep. Goodnight, Molly. (sigh)

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