

THE PIG PAPER #23

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San Francisco

YOUR BAY AREA PORN REVIEW

"Ace" by Backwards

Detroit Free Press

Creem magazine closes, lays off staff members

By GARY GRAFF and SANDY MCCLURE
Free Press Staff Writers

Birmingham-based Creem magazine, which calls itself "America's Only Rock 'n' Roll Magazine," suspended publication Monday and laid off its staff in preparation to be sold.

Publisher Connie Kramer — wife of the late Barry Kramer, who founded the magazine in 1969 — said Creem had "suspended publication of the magazine in the midst of negotiations" with prospective buyers.

Connie Kramer, her father, Harold

Warren — who had provided financial backing after the 1981 death of Barry Kramer — and general manager George Agoglia announced the move at an 11 a.m. staff meeting Monday. The magazine's staff members were given two weeks' severance pay.

While the locks were changed on Creem's Continental Building headquarters Monday afternoon, the 16-member staff cleaned out desks and drank white wine and whisky in an impromptu wake for the magazine. Local musicians dropped by the office to offer their condolences.

BARRY KRAMER started Creem with \$1,200 as a forum for aggressive young music writers. Working out of a run-down office in the Cass Corridor and paying its staffers as little as \$15 a week — along with a place to sleep — Creem treated music with a free-wheeling irreverence and hip wit that set it apart from competitors like Rolling Stone and Circus.

Some of its alumni — such as Dave Marsh, the late Lester Bangs and Robert Christgau — went on to become nationally respected music critics.

By 1972, Creem had switched from tabloid to a conventional magazine format, had moved its offices to Walled Lake and was being distributed to newsstands across the country. By 1973, circulation was 150,000 with advertising revenue of almost \$1 million.

Tuesday, August

EST. 1969
FOUNDER
BARRY KRAMER
1943-1981

I wrote a column praising San Francisco pornography scene. I feel that pornography is basically a healthy medium. However there are many people who disagree with this philosophy. Just last week I was kicking back in my plush downtown office, working on my latest X-rated story, when suddenly this strange man came bursting into the room. He was disheveled and perspiring heavily. He said that he had come to warn me of "the dangers of pornography." He then sat down and proceeded to tell me this terrifying story.

Confessions of a Pornoholic

"It all started innocently enough when I was a kid. I used to sneak off with the *National Geographic* and ogle the bare breasted African women as they chug-a-lugged around the campfire. From there I graduated to stealing the *Playboys* from my father's desk. But it wasn't until *Penthouse* went 'pubic' that I realized that I was getting into the hard stuff!

"But even that wasn't enough to satisfy my sexual cravings. It wasn't long before I was mainlining on 'Open Beaver' magazines!

"It was about this time that I realized that I was becoming addicted to pornography. Gradually my whole life began to fall apart because of my addiction. I lost my job and my family because every penny that I got I spent on sex magazines. I had to turn to a life of crime to support my habit.

"I ended up moving into San Francisco's Tenderloin district, the sleaziest section in town; home of skid row winos, assorted casualties and dozens of porno shops. I was in my element!

"I rented a cheap, cockroach-ridden hotel room above one of these porno shops. Pretty soon my habit had escalated to more than \$50 a day. Man, I got just about every porno magazine that was printed: from *Hustler* to *The Bondage Annual* to *The National Geographic* (a sentimental favorite). I spent just about every waking minute hopping from one porno shop to the next, drawn like a fly to a lightbulb. And every day the mailman would deliver several more bundles of my subscriptions. Pretty soon my room got so crowded with magazines that I had to throw out the bed to make room for my ever-expanding X-rated library!

"At nights I used to sleep on top of my stacks of magazines, gently fondling their hot little pages like a deranged Midas in a vault of Golden Showers! Sometimes I would lie there for hours, staring out my window at the porno shops below.

"SEX MAGS! OPEN BEAVERS! PEEP SHOWS! beckoned the neon lights. And I would drift off to sleep on top of my heavenly cloud of pornography and feel that all was right with the world.

"However, this euphoric high was short-lived. Gradually I realized that pornography was controlling my whole life! I spent every waking minute looking at pornography, thinking about pornography, or trying to score more pornography. I even began to dream about pornography!

"Then one day the inevitable occurred. I fell in love with one of the porno models! She was a blonde-haired beauty, the featured attraction of *Bottoms Up* magazine, and I worshipped her as she was printed on. I was completely infatuated with her. I spent hours leafing through her glossy pages, staring at her open invitation. I even began to talk to her and make out with her, whispering sweet nothings in her ear as I kissed her paper lips, and fondled her two-dimensional breasts. I wrote her love letters and recited her poetry. I cut out little paper clothes and had her perform stripteases. Man, I was hooked!

"This went on for many years until one day a social worker came by to see me. He was horrified by my emaciated figure and the depraved state of my room. So the men in white suits came and took my away to the hospital for what they called 'anti-pornography treatment.'

"Let me tell you, the anti-pornography treatment was torture. First they locked me in a padded cell where I had to go cold turkey! Then they began pumping in this wholesome Muzak into the cell. For two months I heard nothing but Pat Boone, Lawrence Welk and Donny and Marie records.

"Next they forced me *Clockwork-Orange* style to watch thousands of hours of wholesome movies. For weeks at a time I was strapped in a chair and forced to watch Walt Disney, Doris Day, Lassie, and re-runs of *My Three Sons*. Cringe! Cringe!

"But the worst part was that the only magazines they would allow me to read were *Popular Mechanics*, *Readers Digest*, and *The Bowlers Journal*.

"Gradually all this G-rated wholesomeness began to wash the pornographic poison out of my system. Yes, thanks to the Anti-Pornography Treatment I've kicked my habit! In fact, I'm no longer the least bit aroused by pictures of naked women.

"The only problem is that now I'm only aroused by pictures of Julie Nixon-Eisenhower."

speaking of FLO and EDDIE, the twosome have joined forces with DEAN TORRANCE (of JAN & DEAN) and developed a game which they're currently trying to sell. Supposedly, it's all about the real music business and shows how one could be top-pop star and still be in financial hot water, plus revealing a score of possibilities for fame game or falling on your talent, face first. The game is called: "So You Want To Be A Rock 'N' Roll Star."

Florence Ballard, Former Singer With the World-Famous Supremes, Now on Welfare

By CYNTHIA TYERS

Florence Ballard, a former member of the world-famous Supremes, is singing a very sad song these days — she's down and out and scraping by on welfare.

"I used to be rich and fa- lished around the world giving house, the car, the ring, I mous with all the luxuries concerts. And we were on all didn't get the money I thought money could buy, but now I the big TV shows like Ed Sul- it live on welfare payments of \$95 a week," the 32-year-old

mother of three told THE EN- in two years and some gold

QUER in Detroit. "I was an original member I had a diamond ring and lots of the Supremes along with of fancy clothes.

Mary Wilson and Diana Ross. "I drove a Cadillac. I bought with the group until 1967.

"During that time, we trav- and I lost everything — the cash to keep up the payments. I had to sell them all." The downcast singer added an even sadder note: "Now I live in poverty," she confessed. "Believe me, keep- ing a family on \$95 a week is hard.

"I have been on welfare since 1973 — that's when my husband and I separated after we'd been married for five years.

"I have three children and live with them in a rented house which has two apart- ments.

"My mother lives in the apartment upstairs. "I spend all my time taking care of the kids and watching TV.

"I haven't been doing any singing. I plan to go back to singing — but I just haven't had the right offer yet," she said.

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THE CONTINUING SAGA OF DR. IGUANA
THE SEARCH CONTINUES.

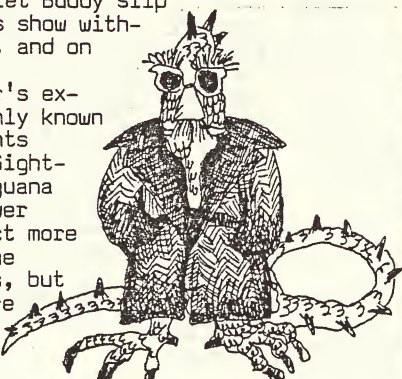
The drawing below is an artist's conception of Dr. Iguana. No-one has actually seen him, least of all the artist. His ethereal spirit is known by a few, and these are the men who taught us all how to rock.

Elvis knew him and scared his mother with talk of him. Jerry Lee met him and befriended him in Ferriday, and wanted his cousin Jimmy Swaggart to meet him. But the doctor had other appointments to make and ended up waving at Mickey Gilley on his way out of town.

Gene Vincent helped Dr. Iguana put his luggage in an overhead rack when he met him on a bus. Later he made jokes about the doctor's tie. Buddy Holly met the doctor in Lubbock: he let Buddy slip into an Elvis show without paying... and on and on.

The doctor's exploits are only known through moments like those. Sightings of Dr. Iguana have been fewer and his impact more obscure in the 70's and 80's, but he's out there somewhere.

And we'd like to find him.



"THE DOCTOR IS IN"

In Future Issues

- Will There Ever Be an End to Poverty?
- The Robots Are Coming!
- Why Are Some Babies Born Deformed?

Cecil
by BANK

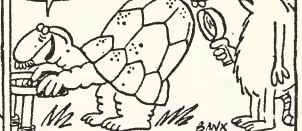
IT MUST BE NICE FOR YOU HAVING ALL THOSE FOND MEMORIES OF THE SWINGING SIXTIES



AND THAT'S NOT ALL—CILLA BLACK SIGNED MY SHELL IN 1966!



HE'S NOT JOKING EITHER. SHE WAS WEARING A YELLOW MINI-SKIRT AT THE TIME



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CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-LOVED ONE

ED O'BRYAN

Bass, Backing Vocals, and Strategic Collapsing

Feb.5 - Apr.24, '82

PART ONE

Things have gone well for me since I last saw you. I am now more active in music that I ever have been. Let me fill you in on what has been happening since The Loved Ones.

About six months after we parted I became a member of a band called Toxic Era. This was the start of a crazy period of my life. Toxic Era was a band that had a very harsh, droning, but melodic psychedelic sound. I liked the band at the time but the sound lacked a certain energy level. When we played our one show the only song that I and some others felt went over with ANY energy was "I Wanna Be Your Dog". To make matters worse it was our only cover.

It was during this period that I got into smoking alot of pot and drinking like a fish. A small fish, though. Then one time at my guitarist James' house I took acid and transformed into Ed O'Bryan: Psychedelic Guru. I know that you warned me of this Gary when you caught me at practice with caffeine tabs. I was so naive not to know that Vivvy-Voo leads to bigger things. Well, I started to hang out with James more and more. We swam an endless sea of drugs. But in my book LSD was the Number One High. I was into taking acid whenever I could get it. Fortunately I could only get it sporadically.

Once when James and I went out to this park in the middle of the Anaheim Hills! The park was set in a rather out of the way spot. So to avoid the rangers we would go one or two miles up an old fire road, cut across an open field, then, using an animal trail I had found, cut around the back of a hill. There we found a flat ledge of sand stone surrounded by cactus and shrub. I know this sounds like a Fabulous Furry Freak Bros. comic, but please bear with me. Well, this is the spot where we usually would smoke out. But this time we got to the park a little late, so the only place we could go was behind this dam up a canyon. We thought this would be safer because it was only half a mile from the parking lot. So we went and did our thing man, and like got really blazed you know? Before you could say Sam Hill it was black as a lump of coal out. We decided it would be a good idea to head back. At one point on the homeward journey we had to cross over the aforementioned dam. In doing so I lost my footing and fell twenty feet and landed flat on my ass. I was completely unhurt; a sober man would have died (never mind that a sober man would not have fallen, much less gone dam-climbing in the dead of night). This fortunately ended my marijuana-influenced night-time excursions. I would go in the day time.

Soon after this we played the show I told you about previously. It was during this show that I forever ruined myself insofar as Cool went in Orange County, California. Thinking that since I had the most background job in the band, I decided to leave at least a visual impact on the audience. In preparation for the show I assembled the most optically powerful outfit that I could. First, the shirt: Nothing turns the stomach of a Californian worse than a Mickey Mouse shirt. Nothing, that is, than a dirty, electric urine-coloured Mickey Mouse shirt. I wasn't there to pick up groupies Jack, that's for sure! Well, I

STORY OF A JILTED JUNIOR (TEEN STORY)
She learned her lesson the hard way, and her life will never be the same!



WOLFMAN JACKSON POLLOCK

thought Why just stop with a dumb shit shirt! This was an arty crowd, so why not give the fuckers some damn culture. Hey, am I right or what?! I would make this my Jackson Pollock designer rock'n'roll outfit! I took a pair of camel colour hippie jeans and sewed zippers in the cuffs to make them straight-legs. Then splatter-painted the fronts with the most disgusting choice of hues known to man. A two-inch-wide white belt, for no other purpose than bad taste. Of course slam boots too, for that element of the audience that likes to attack you for dressing in such a repulsive way. Then the leather jacket: brown and of the Easy Rider ilk, hippie-fringe and all. BUT... would Jackson be happy with merely pants in his honor? HELL NO! A quick spray paint job on the back and VOILA, the masterpiece was nearly finished. All that remained was to peroxide my hair to a burnt-out orange and throw in some Brylcreem mixed with red food dye. I looked weird enough to out-weird Captain Beefheart, Wild Man Fischer and Charles Manson at one of Ken Kesey's Acid Tests.

As it turned out, most people were too repulsed to comment. Ah, but What The Hell... it was fun.

Soon after that I was dropped from the band. Wonder why?

Burton Cummings hit with beer bottle

WINNIPEG (CP) — Singer Burton Cummings was kicked and hit over the head with a beer bottle after coming to the aid of convenience store clerk last weekend, police say.

The man turned to Cummings, smashed a full bottle of beer over his head and kicked him after he fell to the floor. A 19-year-old man has been charged with assault.

Cummings was taken to hospital and released following the incident in north-end Winnipeg early Sunday morning.

Slip of tongue 30-year mistake

OKLAHOMA CITY (UPI) — Dennis Newton was on trial for the armed robbery of a convenience store in district court this week when he decided to fire his lawyer and act as his own attorney.

District Judge James L. Gullett agreed, and assistant District Attorney Larry Jones said Newton, 47, did a fair job up until the time the manager of the store testified he was the robber.

Newton jumped up, accused the woman of lying and then said, "I should have blown your (expletive) head off."

The defendant paused for a moment, then quickly added, "If I'd been the one that was there."

It took the jury 20 minutes Tuesday to convict Newton of armed robbery and recommend he be given a 30-year sentence.



WE READ YOUR LETTERS

BIG LOUD DRUMMER—X-DOA, Painted Sticks, and Subhumans. Like to join working club band doing 50s & 60s rock-pop, C&W or Rockabilly. No punk rock. Call Dimwit: 689-5710. (815)

Human foot found on Vancouver street

VANCOUVER (CP) — A human foot was found lying on an east end boulevard near the Pacific National Exhibition grounds yesterday.

Police said residents told them the foot had been there since Saturday. Police could not give a reason why it had not been reported.

Dies in gravy

News Services WARREN, Mich. — A worker in the kitchens of a restaurant chain died yesterday after he fell into a vat of hot gravy.

Nazir Zia, 28, fell screaming into the vat at the Elias Bros. kitchens in this Detroit suburb.

Zia suffered severe burns, a brain hemorrhage and a broken pelvis and back.

He died in hospital about five hours after the accident.

Police consider the death accidental.

you've read the arguments heard the name calling seen the crack in their fanatical believers faces so now lets take a close look at:
The Great Punk Political DIVIDE!



AGE: 32
Sex: Not in Years
Drugs: feels they increase his political awareness

I say to hell with the apolitical assholes and violent fascist goons! If you're not like me you're anazi! Death to Reagan!



AGE: 24
Sex: Doesn't know
Drugs: likes beer in green bottles

They're both nuts! Like what the hell's their problem? I know, they need strong beliefs to compensate for their inability to deal with life as it really is! I want my MTV!



AGE: 17
Sex: Closet Case
Drugs: Says he's straight Edge, does dope like a camel.

Hey look, if they're not for America, they're commies, eh? And if they ain't fighting the commies and rich fags, then they're one of them, right? Huh? Right?

How wasn't that fun and educational? No? It is Punk Rock, isn't it? You don't know? Useless poser.