

**WARNING!
TAKE COVER!**

**FLYING SAUCERS
INVADE OUR PLANET!**

**WASHINGTON, LONDON,
PARIS, MOSCOW**

FIGHT BACK!

"We'd forget all the little local differences that we have between our countries and we would find out once and for all that we really are all human beings here on this earth together."

Mrs. J. Howard
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DUCK'S BREATH

MYSTERY
THEATRE

FEATURING ASK DR. SCIENCE

Two TV stations in Salt Lake City were swamped with complaints. "It's unbelievable," said Renee Gordon, a KSL-TV secretary. "Something as tragic as the space shuttle blowing up happens, and people want to know what is happening on their soap operas."

People (people!) Needed Now
EARTH GETTING TOO THICK
MOVE ON OUT
to the
COOL & THE DARK

*All positions open: captains, astral navigators, cooks, dancers, energy centers
We need experts in explosives, wave mechanics, laser technics, atomic
& trionic physics, labrian tantrionics, telemetry, etc.
Telepaths, machinists, chemists, woodworkers, physicians,
craftsmen, poets, artists, recording engineers, moon pair, & particularly people
who don't have any idea what they're all about*

Embarkation date: Mill 4 (App. 1989-9)

We intend to hijack the first sound interstellar or interplanetary starship built by the people of this planet. A time of 3-7 months will be needed for tantronic conversion of the machinery to make it usable for practical travel — involving light years.

*We need people on earth now to begin preparing the necessary tools
There will be room for 7000 or more people.*

If it seems that your head is into this please write & talk about something for a bit

You will not be contacted immediately

Please just prepare your minds & your bodies. Experiment — move your mind
Practice telepathy & telekinesis — if you feel it

SEARCH OUT ATLANTIS IT LIVES & BREATHES INSIDE OF YOU
JOIN U6—A PLUNGE INTO REALITY

STARSHIP FOUNDATION

O.K., THIS IS THE SECOND STRIP IN THIS FASCINATING SERIES OF CARTOONS ALL ABOUT THE GREAT ME, ME, ME!!

PERSONALLY, I'D RATHER BE DOING A CUTIE-PIE LI'L STRIP LIKE "GARFIELD" AND RAKE IN A COOL FORTUNE, BUT UNFORTUNATELY, I'M TOO NUTS IN THE HEAD TO CRANK OUT SOMETHING THAT'LL PLAY TO THE PEONS IN PEORIA.

BUT WHAT THE HECK, EVEN THO I WON'T MAKE A MILLION ON THIS EPIC COMICAL STRIP, AT LEAST I HAVE THE IMMENSE SATISFACTION OF KNOWING I'M PRODUCING GREAT ART!



CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-LOVED ONE

ED O'BRYAN

Bass, Backing Vocals, and
Dropping On The Downbeat
Feb. 5 - Apr. 24, '82
PART THREE

It was in the month of June 1983 that the world-famous Renfield Brik formed. This all started when Jon Wahl and his brother Phil called me up to play in this new hard-rock outfit they were forming. Influences? MC 5, Stooges, Damned, Ramones, Stones, Motorhead, and Flamin' Groovies. Chuck Berger (aka Kid Bastard) from Phil's earlier band Kene White was on lead guitar. Jon Wahl was also lead guitar. Phil was to be the drummer. And I played bass... what else?

I feel I must stop and clarify something at this point. After I left The Loved Ones I bought a Big Muff, known the world over as the most distorted distort box conceived by man. On a normal bass, this device produces an even, sustained fuzz. But on a \$16 pawn-shop imitation Hofner going through a Fender Bassman 50 with blown tubes and Radio Shack speakers cranked to the max, the sound of my instrument could raise the dead in a seven-state area.

We practiced on and off all summer. Jon soon left to devote more energy to his full-time combo The Electric Tombstones. I managed to stay away from all drugs and was even looking forward to starting school in the fall. My rotten boss at work was asked to resign. My cousins, aunt, uncle and grandmother came out to visit. My car was running better than ever: I would take it out to the desert and run it at 80 MPH on the back roads. I went out and bought new clothes for school and all the books I would need. I was determined to ace every class that semester.

September came and school started. I did very well for the first month. Then I started hanging around with my friends: I went to parties and started back with the drugs. By December I was out of all my classes except for American Literature. (During this time I was reading two books a month... this made American Lit a breeze). My parents had had it. It was time to save up and move out. I had until March to find a job. I messed around for three months. Just when I seemed to be reaching the deadline, I got a job with my father driving a truck.

Renfield Brik kept practicing and we inched ever closer to the sound we wanted. In April we booked our first show at the Cathay de Grande, on one of their Tuesday no-talent nights. Attendance was good, with a healthy share of the audience there to see us. I must say, with a very small measure of humility, we drew some bonafide see-leb-re-teez: Zoogz Rift and several members of his band, the amazing Shit Heads. (I realize you probably haven't heard of him... well, that's YOUR problem) (and I happen to be sitting on a hot interview of him if THE PIG PAPER is interested).

To make a long story short, we went over well. We scheduled another show for August, which was a memorable experience: At the time I had been switched to the night shift at work, and was told that I could NOT get time off. So an elaborate plan was rigged so that I could make the gig.

I told my parents I was going to a friend's house in the valley, and from there to work. But unbeknownst to them I would run into car trouble and would have to miss work (such a pity). My equipment was always in the trunk of my car so I would not have to explain why I had my bass. Well, the fateful day came. I woke and slipped silently out the door. Got in my car and promptly drove to Los Angeles, taking hits of that dangerous mind-warping marijuana whenever the coast was clear. I got off the 5 Freeway and onto the 10 (remember the difficulties us Loved Ones had negotiating this turn-off!). The road swept out before me like a swath of toilet paper cutting through a trough of pickle relish dotted with the homes of greasy mutants tucked between chunks of pimento fragments. This scene was one of pure inspiration, so I downed some acid and pointed my car up Fairfax towards the tar pits of oblivion.

I spent the day in the art gallery, and made the calls that needed to be made regarding my supposedly stalled vehicle. Needles to say this piece of genius worked like a charm! I bullshitted the rest of the day away and arrived at the club about 8:00 only to discover that instead of four bands being booked to play that eve, there were NINE. (Typical Surf City tactics -Ed.) On top of this, our guitarist showed up pissed as hell, and fighting with his girlfriend. This show he pulled a total freak-out and disappeared to get drunk. Phil and I were terrified he would not make it back in time to play, but on the other hand were relieved we wouldn't have to babysit him til showtime.

Upon his return we pinned him to the floor while sneaking onstage to set up before anyone could tell us if it was our turn or not. (WUKYUK (ALSO typical -Ed.) We proceeded to play one of the shortest sets imaginable ending in us trashing the monitors while our guitarist ran to the nearest corner of the club to puke his guts out.

We found out later a rep from Flipside magazine was there and we were reviewed as being one of the best band to ever have played the Cathay (cf: FS #44).

Aside from all this, I am involved in a project called The Free Bass Ensemble. We have been profiled in Music Connection magazine and have played the Club Lingerie. The format of the band is that of ten to fifteen bassists performing simultaneously. Many of LA's best bass players have sat in with us, including Harry Shearer (Spinal Tap), John Trubee (Ugly Janitors of America) and possibly even Flea from the Red Hot Chili Peppers.

You are free to use this story if you like in THE PIG PAPER as "Confessions Of An Ex-Loved One". Of course you may edit in any way you wish...



The World's First Hardcore Compilation Letter!

by John Crawford

Ever wonder what an average letter to a politically concerned fanzine would look like? Well we uns at Baboon Centre sure did, yay bo. And being real technical and scientific and all, what we did is take the letters in the November 1985 Maximum Rock and Roll, fed them into our X300SV IBM Arifliver: Auto-Fed Computer, hit all the crucial buttons and came up with the following, what we feel is truly the exact average readers letter to that publication. So prepare for a remarkable intellectual experience for herein lies perhaps the last best hope for all of humankind. (All language guaranteed verbatim, check for yourself!)

Dear MRR,

I was not at all surprised to see Mr Hatch's name mentioned in your "New Right" article. Although I am aware that the trendies and the poseurs have come dangerously close to drowning out the original punk ethic of "no more bullshit", the military has already destroyed several thousand sheep. If we don't do it today, those Stepe brothers will do anything to keep their legs spread. Michael says he's a skinhead who's not like the stereotypical skinhead, so if you dress in the uniform of violent bigots we'll have fags who are forever pissed, high, and hard for a fuck or a fight. Why do you think most punks stopped wearing swastikas years ago? That's right you fashion nazi, when you're my age you'll be shouting as I do, "I'm a drunk, not a punk!" Yes, that's right, punk is dead. I should know as my best friend and I are known as lesbians in our high school just cos we don't dress in ruffles and flounces or keep Henry Rollins comfortable in his Cadillac. Anyone knows that a person who uses their looks to make themselves popular won't say, "Oh, its GG so it sucks." Moreover, if you do not believe a dog for lunch should look and act as such, then may I address the problem you may face by contracting AIDS? Holy herbivores Mykel, if you're going to continue poisoning yourself through drugged cow carcasses, at least eat animals that were killed slamming in the pit. I got thrown out for taking a shit on the stage and rubbing it on my body and flinging it at the crowd! Why? Because I'm not some Jerry Falwell type trying to make others live by my ethics. If anything is to be blamed, its the ideas that take control of a persons mind and actions, like apathy, machoism, racism, sexism, etc, and these have to be fought with the main perpetrators of nazi violence, Positive Force. Firstly, I'm 17, and like Yohannon I have totally lost contact with people of my generation. I'm sure there are plenty of closed-minded assholes out there ready to fuck the brains out of any unsuspecting girl, but that doesn't mean you have to lie there with your skate board permanently attached to your feet. If you think it is Mykel I'm going to rape you and drink my own piss off the floor. To me hardcore is group therapy, wouldn't it be great if the whole world could smile at each other and not worry about asshole govts fucking their new Circle Jerks t-shirts? Due to a lack of money, too much beer, and my own stupidity, the people here are interesting and often intellectual, most notably Jello Biafra and Gimp. But I still see "Fuck Russia" bumperstickers and "Kill a commie for mommy" t-shirts. Here in Chicago we have been having trouble keeping our scene going in the midst of nazi punk agitation, punks throwing away all of their ideas and trading them in for LSD. Anyone who has any information on the whereabouts of Dave Ramage, please write me. I'm 30 years old and I'd really like to get acquainted with nonviolent nonsexist muscle flexing pricks who do not mind explaining bruises to family members. Like Yohannon says, we must maintain our integrity, vision, energy and sense of humor in the lonely battle ahead, but then again it could be any jerk who'd do the same, and besides, not all skinheads are certified sluts. If anyone wants to communicate their problems, or just write, please do.

Wespie Snivels
P.S. I do not wish to sound racist, I sincerely apologize to all those who had to wait so long for my hispanic. The road to hell is paved with compilation tapes.



1 GIRL PLUS 2 BOYS EQUALS NO ROMANCE! (TRUE TEEN STORY) Help! If I don't choose one, I'll lose them both!

FIG PRODUCTIONS PATENTED POP PARADE #2503

April 1, 1986

1. "SIX AND SIX" by JANDEK.....These
2. "LATER ON" by JANDEK.....albums
3. "CHAIR BESIDE A WINDOW" by JANDEK.....available
4. "LIVING IN A MOON SO BLUE" by JANDEK.....Now
5. "STARING AT THE CELLOPHANE" by JANDEK.....from
6. "YOUR TURN TO FALL" by JANDEK.....Corwood
7. "THE ROCKS CRUMBLE" by JANDEK.....Industries
8. "INTERSTELLAR DISCUSSION" by JANDEK.....P.O. Box 15375
9. "NINE THIRTY" by JANDEK.....Houston, Texas
10. "FOREIGN KEYS" by JANDEK.....USA 77020