

THE PIG PAPER #26

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SUBTITLE: STYX AND STONES

The dictionary defines DEAD as: 1. no longer living. Nice, sensible, to the point. Kind of bland, though. Needs some piggyness, bubble sweetie baby, needs to play in the stiches. Hmm....

Ever look at a corpse? Not a movie corpse, or a TV corpse fresh from everyone's favorite ghoul-for-hire Quincy; but a real, collapsed-face, gut-striking, marble-eyed, ashen, cold-slab-of-meat-corpse? Not very much fun any more, no good for a party (unless you're short on patty meat for the 'nord d'oeuvre'), and really only good for paperwork and worm-feast. Dead. The spark is gone, and no set of Seas jumper cables will do the trick (unless you're a descendant of dear old Doc Stein, Frank to his buddies).

These days, death needs a new face. His scythe is getting rusty, his cloak is worn and-moth-eaten, and his feet hurt. No shoes. Corpses are getting used for more than coffin-weight. God knows the media love to get in close close! CLOSE! on the jellied brains and splayed limbs. Shouldn't Death himself get a new image? Shouldn't Dead mean more than no longer living? Fuckin' age, it should!

TV does something odd to dead people.



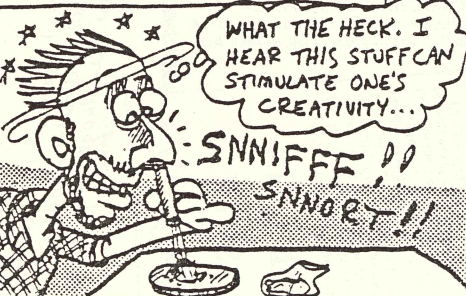
WHATEVER-I-FEEL-LIKE COMIX

I WAS TRYING TO DEVELOP A CUTE LIL "KIDDY COMIC" TO MAKE MONEY, WHEN I HAD A GREAT FLASH:

DAMMIT!! I'M A GREAT ARTISTE! I SHOULDN'T BE WASTING MY TIME WITH THIS CRAP!



I IMMEDIATELY FELT BETTER, AND DECIDED TO DEDICATE MY LIFE TO EXPRESSING MY ARTISTIC SOUL AND TAKING A LOT OF DRUGS.



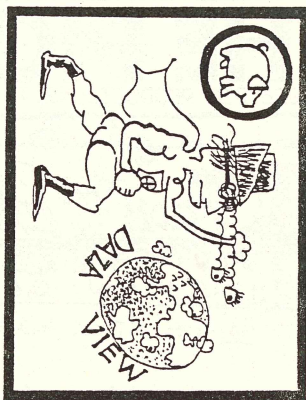
AND BESIDES, NOW I GOT SOMETHING TO DO WHEN NOBODY CALLS ME ON THE TELEPHONE!



That globular eye with rabbit ears and a ^{taste} for VHS food (god knows I hear of enough "she fucks people back to life" MANIAC stories!) brings dead was on my TV, only a few weeks ago. They interviewed him! So he's not dead. On is he? Is James Mason dead? Is Dan Blocker (Hoss from Bonanza) dead? You'd find lotsa evidence of the existence of lots of people who are supposedly dead just from late movies. Is Ronald Reagan dead? Ah, there's the rub. Sometimes I'm sure I can see Nancy's mouth move. She'd better practise, or someone's going to catch her on her "p"s and "b"s!

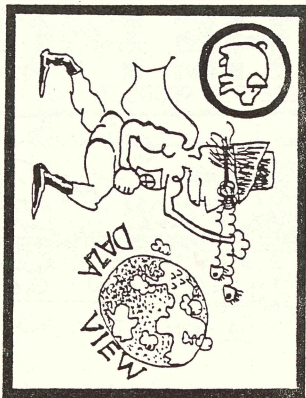
No-ones really scared of the old version of death, now. The man/skeleton in his cloak and scythe gets made fun of by Monty Python and used to sell any number of cancer-stick-banger eliminators. Death doesn't scare people like it used to. So let's put the old Death out to pasture and bring in his replacement. Welcome, the new improved, low-fat, high-protein Death. Abusive, mike rammed into your phig, a personal question slammed down your throat. Lights, cameras, decay! No more scythe to lop off your head, his camera adds 10 years every second and through, you're ready for an eternity of guest spots on Family Feud. Have fun!! I will.....

by Ace Backwards ©12-1984



embarrassing PERIOD. Politics is a game mostly men play, and diplomacy is an international version of it: these are CAREERS, not causes. At least that is how they are practiced. What's good is usually clear, but these people clearly aren't very good. They who manage the affairs of state think they are too important. Public servants should be paid lousy wages. You can see how well these people avoid answering questions directly: a fundamental prerequisite for public service. Idiots could do no worse. Music in general is wonderful in that we can enjoy it emotionally, intellectually, spiritually, technically, and so long as you don't take it too seriously (foolish wasted words of caution) music can make TV police stories, used Kleenex, and even the Clan absurdly amusing... though it hasn't done much for Kenny Rogers. Downhill after a good start, all the way.

Okay, I admit it: there ARE one or two nice people in the public political arena who do a decent job from nine to five; save your letters about your relatives and friends in public office. There ARE sincere people.



Religion a business, the common variety, is REALLY embarrassing, but that may be the best part of it. Religion, including the Big Three, IS a business. What really bothers me is that they all silently agree to disagree, having exclusive gods that, with good P.R. melt at the edges, though we're told they're all the same old guy in beard and cane. I'm sorry... no no no - only ONE god allowed in here at a time? This is 1986! But the Holy cows who did in Galileo and shut up Davinci have really put a big one over: a lot of people still believe that our species is so special to a heavenly being; that in effect the Earth is in the middle of the solar system (if not the entire universe). Even the biggest ecotists in the world, just in case, cow-tow up to that one. So how can this be liberating? The uniqueness of western religious doctrine is partly based on the special one-to-one relationship the individual has with the Old Man in the Sky. This does wonders for the unimaginative down-trodden ego. Without merit, you can be greater (presuming greatness is BETTER) than nothing with this blessed touch. Unfortunately, being still largely an animal (only too proud to admit it) we can embrace this ideology and still produce TV police stories, bouncy bouncy, bang bang. Is it nasty to enjoy that? No, it's harmless enough. You might experiment with your style of clothes or idiom of speech, but you are Still YOU. (Most of you). What IS liberating about religion is that it is so ridiculously embarrassing if you think about it. That embarrassment shakes off a lot of dust, and for each person one hopes positively to find a jewel underneath...but maybe not.

going creative bit, changing shape, changing definition without contradiction, instead with compliment. This is also what betrays bad music: when those responsible lose the sense of fun. Life plays at creative impulses. It dances all over. Stop dancing and you lose the rhythm maybe. Does that feel insecure? Better get serious about it? Completely wrong. RELAX. Put on the headphones. It's comforting to think there is a god in charge, and only one. We like singular simplicity. One head of the corporation; one head of the group; one champion in this or that; one ice cream that's best. One winner. MANY losers. But you can't pin these things down; they all shift around. The need to feel secure destroys the looseness that the embarrassment of finding out you're not quite right liberates. THAT'S creativity. The tendency to base security in things basically temporal is suicidal. You've GOT to dance. The rhythm of life doesn't stand still. Rock'n'roll used to make people uncomfortably excited; it kept them dancing. Then it took itself too seriously. Rock is an institution, but there's still life in it. Look how long it's been around! Into the next generation!

Let's hear something new - the New dance step - that compliments the old, but isn't.

Dr. Jerry Falwell

Can you stand by while millions
are murdered?

Our Save-A-Baby Ministry is exploding -- over 7,000 churches, pastors, and citizens are waiting to start Save-A-Baby Centers in their communities.

But without your help thousands of unborn babies will continue to be slaughtered as over 16 million have since January 1973.


After having seen an actual suction abortion through the technology of Sonogram and witnessing a baby secure in his mother's womb -- suddenly torn to pieces -- knowing that the baby is able to feel this unimaginable pain, I am now doing everything in my power to stop abortion.

That is why I am writing you this letter today. I know your heart breaks, like mine, everytime I hear of a misguided young girl who decides to opt for abortion because there is not a Save-A-Baby Center available.

But a \$100 gift of \$50, \$75 or even \$100 would help us to open the life-saving doors to thousands of scared hurting women seeking the abortion clinic, says the turn except the abortion clinic.

Day in and day out our Goodwillity Net Line receives hundreds of calls from pregnant girls seeking help.

Our today our children are filled — and because of limited facilities we may have to eventually turn away desperate young girls.



You can protect and guard the life of thousands of innocent unborn babies -- by helping us establish these desperately needed Safe-A-Baby Centers.

A young girl recently wrote me a letter explaining that a year ago she had an abortion. Today she is married and

has two children of her own. Today she is married and has two children of her own, but as she looks on them her heart throbs because of the baby that never had a chance to live. She writes, "Please let every girl in this nation know of the consequences of this selfish and unforgotten tragedy. If I had only known the horror of abortion, surely I would have made the right choice and saved my baby."

It is only through thousands of Save-A-Baby Centers that we can reach these young girls. So many of them are alone and are ashamed because of their mistake that they simply do not realize the impact of an abortion.

Please help me protect these innocent unborn babies by establishing 7,000 new Save-A-Baby Centers immediately! Help me guard the sanctity of their lives.


Your \$50, \$75, or \$100 could be the very tool that God uses to save the lives of thousands of beautiful unborn babies.

Sincerely in Christ,
Jerry Falwell

P.S. Without your help thousands of babies like this precious one will never know the joy of love and life!

Please help me to establish these 7,000 centers immediately...

...By sending your \$50, \$75 or \$100 gift today!



Imagine! You are standing
idly by while precious horses
sell these are slaughter!
the hands of abominators!

**Old Coke
kills
Sperm**

BOSTON (Reuters)—In a twist in the battle over whether the old Coca-Cola is better than the new version, doctors announced Wednesday the old Coke is the real thing—as a sperm killer.

As a form of birth control, douching with the soft drink is a practice in some developing countries.

To test Coke's ability

dispensary, Dr. Shavee Umperre and her colleagues at the Harvard Medical School mixed sperm with different formulations of Cote to see how many sperm would stop moving after one minute. They reported in the New England Journal of Medicine that 42 per cent were still moving after a minute in new

But Coke formula proved to be a much more potent sperm killer. Each Coca-Cola Classic, the name under which original formula Coke is now sold, made 91 per cent stop moving. Diet Coke killed them all. The acidity of the drinks was not a factor in the results.

... whatever form, is not an effective method of after-sex birth control, the researchers said, because sperm moves too quickly into the uterus where eggs are fertilized. Coca-Cola spokesman said the company has not seen the report, and does not promote Coca-Cola for "medical uses," the spokesman said. "It is a soft drink."

Wanted sacrificial virgin for birthday deflowering your dates a dog but he is black serious inq only.

PIG PEN