



PIG

Magazine

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- Chris Atran on Mantra Meditation!
- Comix by Wiley Guillot!
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PLUS: Remembering The Fishboys; Loving Nigel Bruce; Jimi Hendrix's Finest Moment



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To paraphrase the Electric Flag: It's been a long time comin'.



Verily, it's been more than forty years since the first issue of PIG Magazine was slated to be unleashed on an unsuspecting world. In 1969, a cover, illustrated by the noted barrister Thomas Vere Sinclair, Jr., was designed, and I was busily planning the contents of our inaugural issue. But then, Derby Publications--the publishing house that was bankrolling the venture--went belly up. Consequently, that first issue (which was mysteriously identified as # 22 on its cover) never appeared.

Flash forward some four decades. Improv comedy master and one-time publishing magnate Tom Soter was cleaning out his storied archives when he came upon a copy of that long-lost cover, which he forwarded to me. At that time, I was retired and living in Barbados on the meager fortune I'd amassed from my time as star of the BIG PIG tape recorder series.

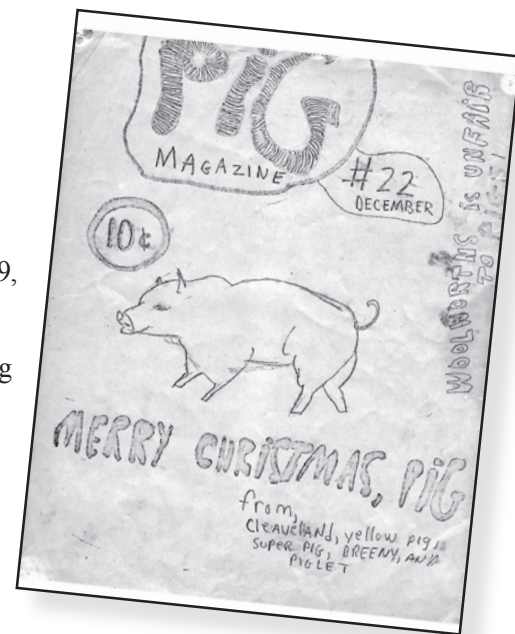
I had been largely content to enjoy a life of ease and comfort--until I saw that cover. It galvanized me, gave me a spiritual purpose. I realized that the time had finally come to present PIG Magazine--a 21st century version of PIG, available online (go to www.elysianfields.us)--to a public hungry for a fresh bucket of editorial hog slop, as it were.

In due course, I began beating the bushes for contributors. Some even came through with material! Hats off to Jolly Jack Montalvo, who wrote this issue's excellent look back at Washington Heights; Luscious Liz Roberts, the graphic designer whose arresting cover image has already drawn praise from art enclaves as far flung as San Francisco and Cuba; Titanic Tom Soter, who penned a sizzlin' salute to the late creator of Perry Mason, Erle Stanley Gardner; Crafty Christopher Atran, who contemplates his experiences with meditation; Creative Christian Doherty and Frantic Fred Daper, who offer some mind-bending fiction; Willin' Wiley Guillot, who contributed a fine, fine, superfine example of the comix artist's craft; and the Magnifique Ms. Nom de Plume, whose story, "The Vanishing Point," has lent a distinctly literary bent to this whole cockamamie venture.

Lastly, we ask that, as you peruse the following pages, you bear in mind our slogan: "Good writing? In a pig's eye!"

Cleveland Sinclair
Founder and Editor

PIG Magazine is published by the Sarvel Group. Office of Publication: 98 Riverside Drive, Apt. 16E, New York, N.Y., 10024. Published sporadically. Copyright 2010 by Sarvel Publishing Corporation, Vol. 2, No. 1, Nov. 2010 issue. Please direct comments to: tsinclair253@yahoo.com.



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The Vanishing Point



By Ms Nom De Plume

“...5,6,7,8...”

June whispered to herself as she approached the ticket counter.

“Next? Oh, it’s Junie! JunieJunieJunie!” Ticket Agent on duty Robert J. Liddick said just the way he always said it, three times: Junie-Junie-Junie!. “Why do you always say that?” June asked, giving him the money her mother had given her for the return ticket home. “JunieJunieJunie?”

It’s something an old movie star---
A movie star named Junie?

Uh, no, it was Judy, but—

That’s not my name. My name is June.

I know, kiddo. You’re June, and here’s your ticket. Get going or you’ll miss your train.

Peace Out, Robert J. Liddick.

Peace out, June.

“Two round trips to Hudson, off peak.”

The couple behind June did not wait for the exchange of farewells to finish, as they had a train to catch. And they had no particular relationship with Agent on Duty Robert J. Liddick.

June stepped back from the counter and put her ticket inside her book.

LAST CALL, 6:15 to Richmond, making stops at Elm Park, Oak Park, New Hyde Park, New London, Valhalla, Pleasant

Valley,
Cherry Grove,
Ringwood, Richmond.
AALLL A-BOARD”

June heard the announcement, but did not hurry. She made the trip every Friday and she knew the exact minute the doors would close and it was not 6:15. And even if it were, she’d still have four and a half minutes before the doors closed. She had clocked it.

“All Aboard,” she repeated to herself, softly, stepping and counting “85,86,87,88...Aaall a-BOARD. Bored. Bored. We’re all bored.” June, aged 14 years, 7 months, 2 weeks and no days walked.. 178,179,180,181..towards the end of platform 6 towards the front car, or the last car, depending on where you started counting, and the only car she ever sat in and the only car that lined up with the ten foot wooden platform, 3 feet high, two steps down, where she would leave the train at precisely 8:46 p.m. in Ringwood and where her mother, Eleanor M. R. Unstellin, would be waiting for her in their 2 year 2 weeks and five days old Jeep.

“Do you have a seat where you usually sit

when
you take
the train home,
June?” Dr. Gardener had
asked her. She nodded.
Fourth row from the door, left side,
window.

Every time?

What?

Do you always sit in that seat?

Yes. That’s my seat. That’s where I sit.
The question was mysterious to June, but
easy to answer. She always sat there.

“I think you might try sitting in another
seat,” Dr. Gardener had said. When he
saw her reaction, he said “You don’t have
to stay there for the whole train ride.”

“What if people are already sitting
there?”

“Well, you could try a different seat.” He
looked at June. “Or, you could try again
some other time.”

Four steps up into the car. Dr. Gardener
says I can stop. Counting.

“Try breathing in, June. Take a deep
breath. In. Out.”

...211, 212, 213, 214.June inhaled deeply. The train car doors opened automatically when she pushed her left hand against them, making a soft “wshshshshshsh” as they parted for her. She took a breath with them. “wshshshshshsh. They closed

We could also try anti-anxiety medication, Dr. Gardener suggested.

Soma! June offered. I’ll take Soma.

Dr. Gardener’s turn to look confused. “Fluoxetine,” he continued, speaking more to her mother than to June. “or one of the newer SSRIs. They’ve been shown to help with obsessive-compulsive behavior.”

“June is too young for drugs, Dr. Gardener.”

HAHA June thought to herself. I’d like to try soma. That sounds like fun.

215, 216, 217, 218...fourth row, from the door, left side. The seat was empty. It was her seat. No one else sat in it, not on Friday, anyway, not when she rode the 6:15 to Ringwood. She lowered her head and looked at the seat behind hers. Someone else was already sitting in it. A boy. No, a man. Someone older than she was, was sitting in it. She put her hand on the back of her seat, and turned in. It wasn’t comfortable sitting somewhere else. It made her neck itch. She couldn’t read her book. Sometimes she felt like she couldn’t breathe. If she ever had to sit in another seat because a new person who didn’t know the rules sat in her seat, she waited until that person got off and then she moved to reclaim it. But now she relaxed. She was in her regular place. She opened her book. *Brave New World*.

“Finish it before Thanksgiving,” Mr. Hark said. “Before Thanksgiving. And write a four page critical essay.”

“This book was really really boooooorrrrrrrrring,” June could already see herself writing seven weeks from now. She would much rather read John Grisham or Ken Follett or Katherine Fisher, her new absolute favorite author, but of course Mr. Hark never accepted anything June liked to read. “Those aren’t real novelists, June. You need to stretch a little for honors English.”

Whatever that is.

At 6:54, station stop New Hyde Park, a man sat down next to June. He carried a USA Today newspaper and he took off his suit jacket, folded it carefully in half the long way with the sleeves pressed together facing in, and placed it on his lap. When the train started moving, he opened *USA Today* to pages 37 and 38, second section, SPORTS.

“Next stop New London. Passengers wishing Valhalla should be in the last two cars. New London is next.”

Pages 1 through 35 floated down onto June’s right leg. She didn’t like the paper on her knee, but she didn’t speak or even turn her head to look at the man sitting next to her. She tried to read her own book, but the distraction made it

difficult to concentrate.

Oh Brave New World, that hath such people in it. June closed her book, She was starting to feel queasy. The book was stupid. No one talks that way. If Mr. Hark wants to assign old sci fi, we can’t we read Twilight?

“Next Stop, Valhalla. Valhalla is your next stop.”

The fingers of the man’s left hand brushed June’s thigh, just above her knee.

She stopped reading. And breathing. But. You. Can’t. Stop.

Breathing. Carbon dioxide builds up in a person’s lungs. A person learns that in Freshman Biology class. And carbon dioxide is by product and a person’s body has to get rid of it and it pushes her chest and her throat and her lips apart and she can’t help it she has to EX-HALE.

The man’s hand rested lightly on her knee.

Untethered, page 37 floated demurely above. His hand. Her knee. No sound.

NL Playoff Hunt: What’s Next for

curved down and disappeared into the section fold.

June stared at the seat back in front of her. She had acquired a special skill when she was 7 years 1 month 1 week and 1 day old and her mother, Eleanor M.R., had moved them “temporarily, June, not long. You’ll have your own room. It’s just for a little while, just until we find something better closer to my job. Or your school.” The motel

room had once been a private back office of the cocktail bar and still had the smell. And a slot machine. A table mounted one armed bandit with windows of oranges and cherries and gold bars and bells. It didn’t light up. It wasn’t plugged in. But..somehow..... when June went to bed it was waiting. In the corner. Until she fell asleep.

She had learned to protect herself. She could narrow her eyes and stare at it without focusing until the slot machine moved farther and farther away, down the end of a very long tunnel.

“The vanishing point,” Mrs. Paplowski said, “is the area that appears to be farther back than anything else in a painting. The technique affords the viewer a sense of perspective, as we can see in our next slide.....”

June could do that She could move something far, far off intoa distance . . .where she faintly heard a voice saying..... Pleasant Valley.....Cherry Grove

“Ringwood. Ringwood. Station stop is Ringwood.

Sweetheart, it’s your stop. Wake up. We’re in Ringwood.”

The conductor walked past, flipping the empty seats in the opposite direction for the return trip tomorrow. June pushed herself up, off the sticky vinyl. The entire car had emptied.. She walked four steps down the aisle The doors parted at her touch, slipping into their narrow openings:

“wshshshshshshshshshsh.” In. “Whshshshshshshshshshsh.” Out.

She descended four stairs onto the wood platform, down two more onto the graveltwenty-eight to reach the handle on the right front door of the Jeep, up, down, out, in. Eleanor M. R. put the car into gear while the train pulled out of Ringwood headed to Richmond, carrying the *Brave New World*, June’s copy, on the floor beneath the window seat in the fourth row on the left side of the first car.



Across

W 181 ST

A native of Manhattan's Washington Heights looks back at the old neighborhood's glory days.

By Jack Montalvo

I can remember one spring day, after school in 1970, when Robert McGee and I were outside, trying to find a solution to being bored out of our skulls. Back then, it was easy to rent an apartment in buildings like ours on 181st Street between Cabrini Boulevard and Riverside Drive in Washington Heights. Robert and his family lived down the hall from us. As we walked up 181 Street, we could hear loud rock and roll music.

"Somebody's rock band is rehearsing!" yelled Robert. We ran into the side of the building to the right of ours, which was where the sound was coming from. A door was open to a storage room where a thin, Jim Morrison look-alike was singing a psychedelic rendition of "Summertime Blues." His microphone on a stand was plugged into an amplifier, as was the electric guitar he was playing. The guy was around 19 and he had two teenaged, Barbie-Doll-looking, brown-haired girls who said nothing but looked at him like they were in awe of him. Robert and I smiled at each other as if to say, "Damn! He's good!"

181st Street was a several-block stretch of a business district that included Woolworth's, Joseph's Shoes (where I first heard The Beatles' "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da" on the radio while my mother bought me shoes); several



Jewish Delis; Spanish bodega grocery stores; and candy stores. Everybody loved Feenah's Candy Store, which sat on the corner of 181st Street and Fort Washington Avenue. Feenah's carried more different types of candy and gum than any child could possibly know what to do with, as well as numerous publications.

We used to sit at Feenah's and have an egg cream or a malted. Sometimes we'd buy a model kit of a battleship or Frankenstein's monster for only two bucks. About three blocks south from Feenah's,

on Fort Washington Avenue, was the Port Authority Bus Terminal where the George Washington Bridge was. In the terminal was a bookstore, a store that sold fancy chocolates, and a variety store that had a section where they sold novelties such as the joy buzzer and the little can that made a farm animal noise when you turned it upside down. We all loved that place, although not as much as the newsstand inside there where the friendly old man that worked kept tabs on which *Mad* books and magazines you wanted and which ones he had available. On the corner of 181st Street and Broadway was the RKO Coliseum. Back during the depression era before movie screenings there would be live entertainment by the likes of W.C. Fields, The Marx Brothers, and Burns and Allen on that stage. The Coliseum is also believed to be the first movie theatre ever to sell popcorn. But to us it was just our local theatre

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE BUS STATION

where we'd go to and see movies such as *Chisum* starring John Wayne and the *Planet of the Apes* movies.

The five Donovan brothers had moved with their mom from Florida, into the building to the left of ours. Jimmy, Scotty, and David Donovan, along with a few other guys from the block and I would play soccer in the little fenced-in, grass field that faces Haven Avenue, right where the Cross Bronx Expressway exits to give the driver access to the West Side Highway. We'd spend so much time trying to hit

opposing team members with the ball and singing song parodies such as "A-B-C! Your mama's on LSD...." (to the tune of the Jackson 5's "ABC") that I don't think we ever played

a complete game. Then again, none of us were truly proficient at soccer. It was just an excuse to have fun.

Johnny Calia was my age and he lived on Fort Washington Avenue where, for all intents and purposes, he had Bennett Park as his back yard. Bennett Park, which was about one block by three in square space had benches, tables, a playground and a huge rock in the center which many years later I'd notice contained a plaque designating it the highest natural point in all of Manhattan. We had lots of water-gun fights and many an adventure with our GI Joes on that rock.

The park itself had been the site of a five-star bastion fort used by George

Washington and his troops during the Revolutionary War and granite paving blocks in the ground outline exactly where the fort was. A monument on the Fort Washington Avenue side of the park was erected there in 1901. I had no clue about all the history within this park when I was seven and got into a fist-fight with Nelson Ramirez in front of the monument. Some fist-fight! People at the 24-hour newsstand across the street from the monument watched as we mostly pushed each other a few times and kept shouting seven-year-

old-boy insults at each other, some in English, some in Spanish, until an old Jewish man broke up the fight.

When we were eleven, Johnny Calia gave up Drakes' Cakes for Lnt and I ave up ice cream. We stayed away from our coveted treats for maybe a week when after school, Johnny

said he wanted to stop at Feenah's and see if the new *Spider-man* had come in. Teddy, one of the two native Greek fellows who owned Feenah's was serving seltzer, at the fountain and upon determining that the shelves were still without the new *Spider-man* Johnny said he needed to talk to him. I sat at the fountain and watched Johnny shoot the breeze with Teddy about nothing and then asked "Johnny, why are we REALLY here?" Johnny replied that "I've been thinking. If I offered YOU strawberry ice cream it would be rude if you said no and if YOU offered ME a pack of Ring-Dings, it wouldn't be polite if I refused it. Right?".... It was great to finally have ice cream again!

Leave it to an eleven year old to find a way to beat the system.

The neighborhood has evolved over the years, in various ways. Johnny Calia, the McGee's and the Donovans have all moved away; all except Jimmy Donovan who now occupies the same apartment that he'd lived in with his brothers and his mom, Carol. The RKO Coliseum is still there but it's been divided up into a multiple-screen movie theatre. Joseph's Shoes closed down after more than 80 years. Feenah's is still there but you can't get an egg cream or a malted there because the guys who own it now got rid of the fountain. The people who own the real estate where the 24-hour newsstand across from Bennett Park was inflated the rent far beyond the point of reason so the newsstand wasn't able to survive. The Heights now has franchise coffee shops and yuppified delis, all of which charge too much. The apartment buildings have all gone co-op and to purchase a unit in them costs a king's ransom.

Who was it that suddenly realized that Washington Heights is part of Manhattan and used this as an excuse to be mean and greedy? The George Washington Bridge is still there, though, and if you've never been to the neighborhood, then at least *once* in your life, make a point of showing up on a slightly breezy evening to the concrete overlook at the bottom of 181 Street and Riverside Drive and have a look at that *wonderful* George Washington Bridge, all lit up and colorful and never without masses of cars and trucks powering through it in both directions, seeming as if it's there *just for you* to look at it. It's one attraction within Washington Heights that's not likely to go away any time soon. And it never should.



The author at the Fort Washington Monument

A Taste of Elysian Fields

THE FISHBOYS: Funnier than a knife in the eye

(Years ago, a few intrepid teenaged individuals created tape-recorded shows for dissemination within certain elite circles. One such show was THE FISHBOYS. We encourage you to tune into it at www.elysianfields.us and bask in its grooviness. In the meantime, the following piece will give you some background.)

A man enters the offices of the newly-opened detective agency FISHBOY & FISHBOY with a knife in his eye. “I don’t have much time—a red haze is spreading over my eyes,” he croaks.

“Who done this gross deed?” asks detective Lo Fishboy (Sam Rosen).

“It was...Garcia,” the dying man gasps.

So begins the pilot episode of THE FISHBOYS, a typically absurd vehicle for the comedy team of Sam and Jack Rosen (STREET KID, MUGGER), aka Tom Soter and yours truly. Before this freewheeling sixteen-minute farce is done, the audience has gotten to eavesdrop on the supposed murder of Grateful Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia; heard Hi & Lo Fishboy pathologically calling each other and most everyone they come in contact with “bastards” (with no apparent ill-will); and listened as Hi Fishboy (Jack Rosen) swiftly and

easily cuts off a villain’s iron hands (as he explains, “The flesh that attached them was flesh.”)

Listening to such silliness, one might assume that Soter and I were high as hell when the show was taped. But, verily, I can attest that we were both clean, sober, and innocent of chemical misadventure—even though the episode’s bad guy is ultimately found to have an order for “a shipment of marijuana” in his pocket. (As Lo explains with no apparent irony: “He was dealing in hard drugs!”)

As a handy countdown/announcement at the show’s start bears out, the pilot was taped on August 6, 1971 --which happened to have been my 15th birthday. Looking back, I can vaguely remember cobbling together the plot of the show—and Sam and Jack’s new characters—in my room shortly before

heading down to Soter’s apartment for the taping session. I thought the names Hi and Lo Fishboy were quite amusing. (In later years, I remember hearing some comedian put forth the theory that fish was intrinsically funny, where meat was not. I think that’s generally true, unless we’re talking chili dogs.)

In any event, hearing THE FISHBOYS all these years later is a damn good birthday present, any day of the year. It’s a beautifully evocative aural portrait of the way we were in summer ’71.

Ain’t it a shame we can’t bottle the essence of what once seemed like an endless, effortless binge of teenage summer fun? At least, thanks to Supreme Archivist Tom Soter, we have the aural evidence of said fun on tape.

And now it’s on the internet. Hearing is believing.

—T. Sinclair

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and a Funky Fresh Kwanzaa*

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Editorial

The Great Yogurt Scam

By Cleveland Sinclair

We at PIG Magazine try very hard to “wear life like a loose garment.” We try not to let little things upset us. We strive to maintain a sense of humor at all times. And you will seldom catch us whining.

But sometimes, the world’s inequities and injustices make us say, “Whoa!”

We are not speaking here of the shameful shambles that is America’s health care system (although we at PIG feel that free universal health care should be a basic human right). Nor are we referring to the disturbing propensity of too many people to mumble indistinctly when they speak (that species of individuals sometimes known as “low talkers”). We are not even talking about the reprehensible tide of anti-Muslim sentiment so seemingly in vogue among otherwise ostensibly rational human beings.

We are talking about yogurt.

Once upon a time, yogurt was uniformly sold in eight-ounce containers. Many assumed it would ever be thus. But a few years back, almost all of the big yogurt manufacturers, seemingly in conjunction, did away with eight-ounce yogurts. They were replaced with six-ounce containers.

Adding insult to injury, yogurt industry apologists offered the absurd rationale that the yogurt-eating public had supposedly told them eight ounces was too much yogurt to be consumed at a single sitting.

Plus—and this really takes the cake—they raised the price while reducing the quantity!

Unbelievable. These xx%@&*%/*#@&#%@ greedy charlatans were actually asking us to believe that the decision to reduce the amount of yogurt in containers by 25 percent was in response to vehement public demand. And, by implication, asking us to swallow the absurd notion that people wanted to pay more for less!

We didn’t believe it then, and we don’t believe it now. And we’re no happier about this bit of blatant chicanery than we would be if our employers one day told us that our salaries were being reduced by 25 percent because most workers felt their paychecks were too high.

Please, we urge you to bombard the yogurt industry with letters and emails telling them how you feel. There may yet be time to right this gross and appalling wrong.

Remember: Only you can prevent the advent of the four-ounce yogurt!

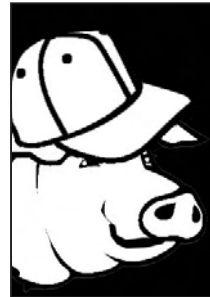


DOWN WITH THE HOLIDAYS!

By Arthur Sinclair

So summer days and summer nights are gone and the bratskis have been back in school for a while. Halloween is behind us, and the local punks had their fun throwing eggs and shaving cream., leaving big messes for us good citizens to clean up. Thanksgiving’s

right around the friggging corner and, for a few weeks now, it’s been begining to look a lot like Christmas, everywhere you go. You can already hear Muzak versions of all those classic Christmas songs in just about every cheezy deli and dime store in town.



And before Jolly Old Saint Nick has had the chance to start emptying his bag of lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh you’ll see all of those red and pink Valentine

hearts and pictures of Cupid with his bow and arrow.

Why do holidays have to be so doggone commercial?! I know! I know! In order to stay in business, stores depend on consumers to purchase gifts, greeting cards and such things during each of the holidays. And after all, it sure is great for the economy. But there are drawbacks to some of the holidays, as well.

How many times have you heard about people getting depressed during Christmas season? And what about all of those poor, unfortunate souls who are in the middle of bitter break-ups or nasty divorces? How joyous can these people possibly become when they see Valentine decorations everywhere? The people who make greeting cards are stupid. They should tap into the greeting card market for these folks by offering them sour-grape Valentine cards that say such things as “I LIED when I said that you’re better looking than your brother!” and “Roses are red. Violets are blue. I’m not going to pay you a lot of alimony so later for you!” They’d make a fortune with this kind of venture and it would be great for the economy!

The experts are now saying that there’s no hope for Obama to be re-elected in 2012 unless he somehow comes up with a miracle cure for our country’s economy that’s in such failing health. Perhaps he should try forcing through a bill that makes it mandatory, during all holidays for personnel in every major store to buy merchandise from customers who buy store items during their sales. I’d walk into Target with a huge duffel bag filled with all the stuff I have no use for; like the fondue I got five years ago for my birthday that I’ve never even removed from the box it came in, the clarinet my parents forced me to take lessons on when I was twelve, or the official Yankees jersey that I got from my Uncle Ben, who keeps forgetting that I am a Mets fan, not a Yankees fan.

If all major retailers were forced to operate this way, it would have to be beneficial to the US economy. And I would have to find a new purpose for my storage room. Maybe I’d use it to print sour-grape Valentine cards and then market them.

SAM

By Christian Doherty

Sam took another look at the refrigerator that sat before him. If it wasn't one thing, it was another. Desperate times were arriving for the man called Sam. He needed a drink and he neither had the stamina or the willpower to stop his craving. He was struggling with the thought that he was really an alcoholic, something that disgusted him to no end.

He once had a house on a cliff beside the water, the roaring ocean, the endless foam. He had watched the fishermen fishing early in the morning. They were out there in the cold water while Sam could hardly get out of bed. The first thing he saw was a clock and he could decipher it only through bloodshot eyes. He had poured himself another glass of whiskey. Why? He thought. Why was it so difficult to achieve something in life?

The one thought that haunted him again and again was that he was a loser. Surely, the fishermen were not losers. They enjoyed what they did, or so it seemed. He had a little boat that they cruised around the bay with. It had a small motor and was slightly bigger than a normal rowboat. He would putter around and feed the seagulls. They knew he had food for them and they wanted it. Then there were the lobstermen who, at four in the morning, were out catching lobsters. They would take them out of the traps and measure them. If the lobster was too small, they would throw it back into the sea.

Now he was in New York and he worked in a hospital. When he awoke after a heavy night of drinking, the first thing he did was get out of bed and head for the hospital. The reason he felt happy was because he was still slightly drunk; although he knew that it would soon wear off, then what would he do?

It became a dilemma and everyday the same thoughts would flow through his very body and soul. He would try at times to go on the proverbial wagon, without much success. Yet he almost craved the hot milk he sometimes made for himself more than a glass of vodka. It was one or the other. Of course, the hot milk was healthier and surely wouldn't damage his over-taxed liver. He had read a book on the actor Richard Burton. Burton remarked that, when he died, he would like his liver buried beside him. A noble thought, reflected Sam. Surely, Sam thought, there was nothing better than looking out over the ocean, a Bloody Mary in his hand. It was a dream he kept reminding himself of, over and over again. But his liver would never go for it, thought Sam.

It was some time ago when Sam was out of work and he spent his days at a psychiatric day program, a vocational program that taught people how to work in difficult situations. The people there bothered him; they seemed to be really out of it. Yet the staff was nice. It consisted of mostly young, attractive women in their late

20s. You have to be young, thought Sam, you just have to be. An older person would burn out faster and at this day program they just couldn't afford to let that happen.

He met a nice guy there, Jay, who liked music, too. They spoke about how they loved to drown in the music of Bach. It was so mathematical, it could dazzle the mind. They both liked Bach. He was a happy man, noted Jay.

Jay was in his 30s, as was Sam, and they both had this icy fear of growing older. *Just remember that death is not the end*, Jay repeated this line to Sam many times and Sam took note of it. *Did you make it up?* asked Sam. *No, I got it from a Bob Dylan song.*

Anyway, Jay and Sam went to the substance abuse group together. It was interesting but the people there seemed to be pretty burnt out.

"Did I tell you about the boat I once had?" Sam asked Jay. "It was a great little boat except for the fact that I almost drowned in it. My father was running up and down the coastline shouting the directions that that I needed to steer the damn thing, and I started to panic. But the fishermen didn't, they just kept right on fishing."

"You know what I like?" Jay mused.

"What?"

"When they throw the fish back into the water. It's the humanitarian thing to do."

Sam liked the day program, although he noted that there was always a power struggle between the staff and the patients. Sam's father was an actor and was in a play called "Billy Budd." The actors who played the officers and the seamen shared a dressing room. As the play wore on, an almost hostile attitude developed between the officers and the seamen. Life was imitating art. He told Jay about it.

"I hope that doesn't happen here," said Jay.

"I know it won't. Here the people respect each other and nobody gets in anybody's way."

"I hope so," said Jay, sounding anxious.

"Let's take a look inside the pottery shop," said Sam.

"They entered a large room in which the walls were covered with pottery. There was a large kiln in the middle of the room and they both felt the heat that was emanating from it. Some of the pottery projects were finished, others were not.

"When we first took the tour of this place, this was our first stop," said Jay.

"Sentimental fellow, aren't you," said Sam with a laugh.

"What movie is that from?" asked Jay.

"*Citizen Kane*."

They both laughed.



My Experience With Mantra Meditation

(Yoga for Modern Times)

Meditation: 1] Deep, continued thought, reflection; 2] solemn reflection on sacred matters as a devotional act. (Websters)

Yoga: "To link up." – A.C. Bhaktivedanta Srila Prabhupada

I first got into meditation when I was 25 years old (thirty years ago). I was fucked-up on drugs and I was wandering around aimlessly. So one day I wandered into Grand Central Station, and a young girl in a strange dress gave me a card, which said: "FREE LOVE FEAST EVERY SUNDAY." I was strung out and broke, and "FREE" was all I needed to hear. So I went.

The food was real good. The atmosphere was also very cool. The people were dancing and singing in a language I didn't know. (I found out later it was Sanskrit, an old Indian language also known as Vedic.)

They were also selling books by His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Srila Prabhupada (the Sanskrit is ACARYA), founder of the society. So, I liked it and kept going.

As time went by I found out some other things, like what a spiritual master was (the Sanskrit is guru) and how to distinguish a genuine guru from a phony, so-called guru. I also found out that there's a recommended spiritual process for the extremely degraded and fucked-up times that we're living in. It's congregational chanting of the holy name of God (the Sanskrit is KRSNA, or "The All-Attractive One.")

A few years later I found myself in a 12-Step recovery program and the 11th Step was, "Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him."

Yes, it was hard times, and "I needed somethin' to release my troubled mind" (as the Temptations once sang).

"Cloud Nine" hadn't worked, but I've found that chanting "HARE KRSNA," to a large extent, has.

"Hare Krsna" means, "Dear Lord, please let me love you." It helps me a lot to stay focused, stay centered, and stay with myself. It has taken away most of my former fear and anxiety and, trust me, I can get stressed. Constitutionally, I'm real "nervy" and oversensitive. All it takes is a little LOUD NOISE, like, an ambulance siren or some kids screaming at each other in a playground. Or, when it gets too hot or too humid, I get dysfunctional and can wind up feeling like a walking corpse.

Now, when I find myself in the middle of some shit like that, I know without even thinking about it what I need to do. I take a couple of deep breaths, and in my head I say: "HARE KRSNA, HARE KRSNA, KRSNA, KRSNA, HARE HARE, HARE RAMA, HARE RAMA, RAMA RAMA, HARE HARE." So, peace and love brothers and sisters I hope you'll remember that God loves us, we're all his children. (Try it, you'll like it!)

- Christopher Atran

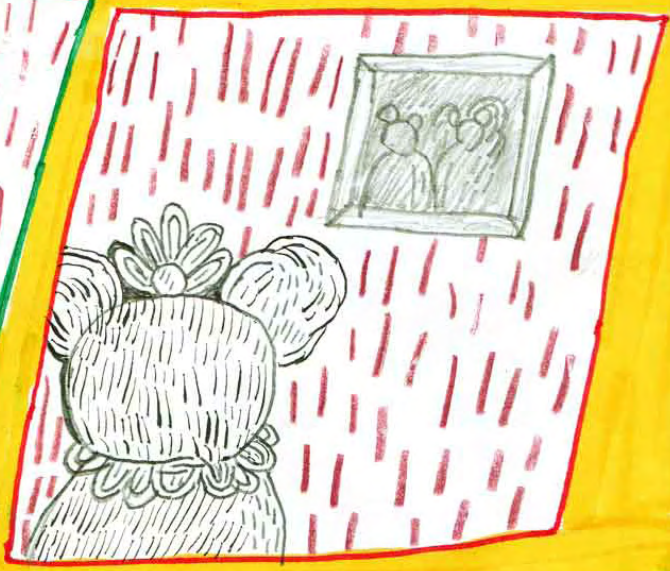
"Oh, the rich man, the poor man, the saint and the sinner/ The wise man, the simpleton, the loser and the winner/We are all the same to Him/We are all God's children/Oh, we gotta go back the way the good lord made/ Oh, the good lord made us all."

-The Kinks, "God's Children" (from *The Kink Kronikles*)

"...cause in the eyes of god /you're both children to him"

-Jimi Hendrix, "Message of Love" (from *Band of Gypsies*)





J.B. and me and the flying dragon

By Cleveland Sinclair

The following story happened to me one day when I was walking along with my buddy and boon companion, J.B. Felger. J.B. and I, you see, had just purchased top hats, which were placed at opposite-but-equally-rakish angles on our well-shaped heads. Oh, we just felt so proud to be walking along with those high black hats proclaiming to all that, if we were not exactly aristocrats, still, we were very heavy cats, indeed!

At any rate, we were ambling along this semi-rural roadway, lined with trees and laced with the aroma of the country. Every so often we would encounter a downcast poorboy in ragged clothes, walking along blowing a harp, or keeping himself otherwise uselessly engaged. J.B. and I, feeling rich and haughty, would do our best to stare these vagabonds down, but it was pretty difficult. You could hardly ever catch their eyes. Oh, well.

Of a sudden, as we walked, we came upon a yellow building. Now, this surprised the hell out of us, because we expected to see nothing but countryside stretching out as far as we could see. A quick once-over informed us that it was a store of some sort. Having nothing better to do, and being in need of some refreshment, we decided to go in.

No sooner had we entered than we discovered it was a magical store. Yes, indeed! Disbelieve me if you will (though I see no reason why you should doubt my veracity), but this store was like no other J.B. or I had ever been in.

“Look at the many marvelous things they have here,” breathed J.B., in a voice as light as silk.

“Not so marvelous when you consider certain limitations,” said I, somehow despondent in the gay atmosphere which now surrounded us. I won’t bother to describe the décor of the place in detail save to say that, in stalls all about us, there were many fine things on display. To wit: money, women, clothing, great varieties of food and drink (alcoholic and otherwise); polished jewels and stones of colors as bright as surprise; smoky, dream-inducing substances; and other things of that nature.

“I don’t know about you,” said J.B., grinning insanely, “but I’ve got quite a bit of money in my pockets, and I am gonna indulge, with a capital ‘I!’”

And that is precisely what he did. He purchased (for a short time) some beautiful and scantily-clad women who took him into a transparent booth and pampered him, giggling toothily and seductively, pressing him with sweet-sweet wine, strange and delicious-smelling foods, and small pills, which changed his mood each time that one of the women would pry his jaws open and shove one in. J.B. got more and more ecstatic and, I should imagine, after a while he had his way with one or more of the women. However, I turned away in disgust before I saw the proceedings advance that far (though many others continued watching with keen and unseemly interest).

While waiting for J.B. to finish his orgiastic ritual, I decided to peruse the other items the store offered.

I didn’t see too much that I liked. There was a machine—it was called the Bookmaster--that could manufacture books written in the style of any author you could name. This looked kind of intriguing, so I watched as some kids spent money on books by these science-fiction writers I’d never heard of. When that got



boring, I moved on.

I checked out a magical show, which was pretty neat. Still, only one thing appealed to me enough to spend money on it. This was an inflatable dragon that would obey your every command. I watched as the salesman, regally bedecked in gala colours, blew it up. It was the size of a Great Dane and, once inflated, it was endowed with wings and the power to think. A flying, thinking, obeying dragon! I knew I had to have it. I bought it (deflated, of course) and put it in my shoulder bag.

Pleased with my purchase, I sat down to await J.B. in a pleasant garden surrounding the store. I bought a small bottle of pop wine—Ripple Pagan Pink, I believe-- to help pass the time and, thinking of the dragon, I sipped and smiled. I smiled even more thinking how the dragon now had something extra—an added feature I had paid a bit more to have installed.

As I was thus ruminating, J.B. came up by my side, looking satisfied and red-eyed.

“How ya doin’, man?” he asked, breaking into laughter. He turned to wave to the girls, who were leaving the booth with, I suspect, most of J.B.’s bankroll. “Well, lessgo, kid,” he chuckled. “Hey, wodja buy? Anything?”

“You bet,” said I, excitement rising in my breast. I told him about the dragon as I walked, and he stumbled, out of the store.

As we walked into the mild fall air, however, J.B. seemed to suddenly sober. He shook his head as we continued on.

“Was it worth it?” I asked.

“Certainly,” said he, although his expression told a far different story.

“The follies of youth,” I murmured sagely.

We walked on. J.B. ignored my slightly condescending remark and, after a while, we began to discuss the liling of the sea and the gentle sensation of the cool night breeze and other such matters when we came upon a poor lad looking extremely dejected sitting by the roadside.

“Ho, lad!” cried I, stopping and staring at him intently. “What are you doing looking so ungladly sad on so fine and unrainy a sunshiney, lovers-waling day?”

“Well,” said he, “I have lost my way and I’m feeling blue as hell, for I can’t find my way home, where waits my loving woman, the beautiful Belkane, who is no doubt much worried about me by this time.”

Repressing a snicker, I nudged J.B. and said:

“Perhaps we can be of some assistance. In my shoulder bag, I have an inflatable flying dragon which, once inflated and winged, is able to fly inflatedly. It is also highly intelligent and can, no doubt, find your home for you by means of a built-in compass, which encompasses a compass, plus north, northeast, and a westerly omelet.”

(Here I was having a bit of fun with the lad by speaking in this manner.) His face knotted questioningly, but I continued. “I shall now inflate this winged wonder, and your troubles will be ended!”

The youth, rising from the side of the road with a gratified expression upon his countenance, thanked us profusely. I blew up the dragon while J.B. assured that thankful lad that “it’s nothing.”

“There you go,” I panted, a bit winded from blowing up the huge thing. It was a purple, spastic-looking inflated dragon. “Tell it your address, and it’ll carry you home to your lovely Belkane. I have always had a romantic streak in me, which is why I am granting you this favor.” (Here, I feigned brushing away a teardrop). “But, now, go! Fly to Belkane!” The lad thanked us both and hopped on the dragon. He whispered something in its ear and they both flew off as we watched.

“Any second now,” I said to J.B., who grinned at me.

Five seconds later there was a loud boom and the sky was lit up like a display of Chinese fireworks. The dragon had exploded! That had been my “something extra”: a bomb, set to go off moments after the dragon began its flight!

J.B. and I had a good laugh and walked on. Red rain fell from the sky, heralding the end of sweet Belkane’s young lover.



Photo by Bill Brandt

Musical Musings

JIMI'S CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT

By Cleveland Sinclair

What was Jimi Hendrix's greatest song? Many would no doubt choose something from the Jimi Hendrix Experience's classic first album, *Are You Experienced?*, which featured such stellar tracks as the frenzied "Manic Depression" and the lovely sci-fi tone poem "Third Stone from the Sun." Still others might rate the lyrical "Little Wing," or the mountain-chopping blowtorch-guitar workout "Voodoo Child (Slight Return)." Some might nominate the killer anti-war salvo "Machine Gun" from the *Band of Gypsies* album. Whatever your fave, there are lots of contenders to choose from.

To be sure, I treasure many Hendrix compositions. But, to this pig, one song stands above the others. I am speaking of "My Friend," which first appeared at the end of side one of the posthumous 1971 LP, *The Cry of Love*, and these days can be found on the *First Rays of the New Rising Sun* CD.

Recorded in 1968, it's at first easy to mistake "My Friend" for a throwaway, what with its faux nightclub chatter and offhand breeziness. The folksy little number contains none of our hero's trademark guitar pyrotechnics, no carefully constructed feedback crescendos or cascades of wah-wah waterfalls. The key elements, in fact, are some loosey-goosey harmonica playing (courtesy Hendrix confrere Paul Caruso), a plodding, repetitive guitar motif, and several verses of deceptively playful Dylan-esque lyrics.

But dig the message. It's one you can lay back and groove awhile on.

"Sometimes it's not so easy/Specially when your only friend/Talks, looks, sees, and feels like you/ And you do the same, just like him," runs the chorus, as neat a summation of man's ultimate aloneness as can be found anywhere in art or philosophy. It gives me chills just thinking about it.

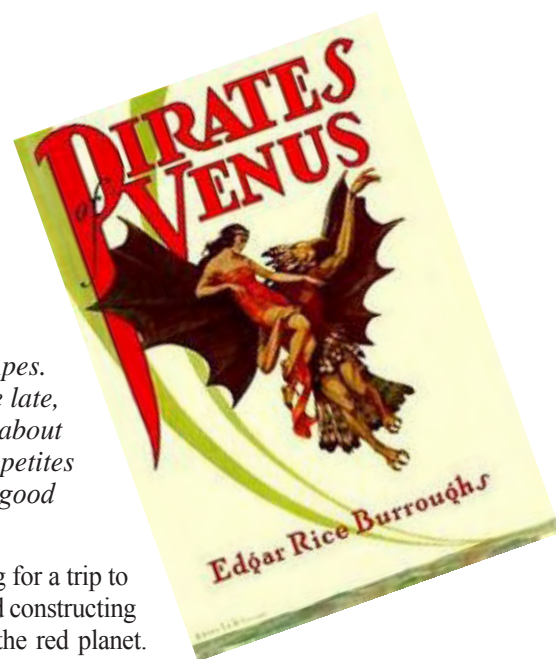
For Hendrix scholars, the tune even contains a lyrical reference to his 1968 Scandinavian arrest, one of the few known instances in which Jimi explicitly referenced an actual event from his life in song. But it's "My Friend"'s combination of melody, hootenanny-like vibe, and universal truth that makes me single it out as—arguably, natch—Jimi's bestest ever.

What do you think?



ILLUSTRATION BY LIZ ROBERTS

HEY, GANG! LET'S GO TO VENUS



Cleveland Sinclair Summarizes 'Pirates of Venus'

To be sure, Carson Napier is less of a household name than Tarzan of the Apes. But dig this. Both heroes were creations of the same fantastic fantasist: The late, great Edgar Rice Burroughs! It strikes me that too few young people know about Carson Napier and Burroughs' 'Venus' series, so I thought I'd whet your appetites by giving you a taste of the first book, PIRATES OF VENUS. It's a corking good read—even better than my summary!

PIRATES OF VENUS starts out with Carson Napier, hero and narrator, preparing for a trip to Mars. The reader learns that Carson has spent over a year on a small Mexican Island constructing a rocket on the mile-long track along which it will travel before taking off for the red planet. Carson in-forms us that every calculation required for the expedition has been made.

As the rocket leaves the earth, doubts begin to assail him. The trip to Mars, reports Carson, will take a little over a month. About the second day, Carson makes the observation that there is nothing to prevent him from crash-ing into the moon, which is directly in his path. All of his exact calculations and equations cannot help him now, for he had forgotten to take into consid-eration the orbit of the moon! As chance would have it (of course), Carson misses the moon by a matter of a few miles. Checking his course, he discovers that he is on a bee-line to the sun. As the rocket's path is preset, Carson seems doomed!

Carson resigns himself to his fate, only to find that Venus, also, was directly in his path. Carson again checks his calculations and finds out he is going to miss it by a very narrow margin. He then realizes that he can land on Venus. When planning his trip, Carson equipped the rocket with special parachutes. One chute was set to fly out to slow down the rocket, and another to stop it long enough for Carson to parachute out. Carson dons a parachute and is soon falling into the arms of Venus.

Up a Big-Ass Tree

Not long after landing, he discovers that the "surface" is in reality a mile-high tree. He is later to learn that some Venusian trees extend miles above the surface to drink water from the inner cloud envelope of Venus. When Carson gets his wits about him and realizes that the atmosphere of Venus is almost identical to that of earth, he begins to descend from the tree. About a thousand feet from the ground, he discovers a city carved into the side of the gigantic tree. The inhabitants of the city find and take in Carson. The following day, Carson is taken to the jong (king). Mintep, the jong, places Carson into the hands of Danus, who is to instruct him in the culture of their civilization.

Venusian culture and law are too much to go into in a summary such as this. I shall only repeat the principal points. After a few grueling weeks, Carson has learned the language. Then his real schooling begins. The Venusian name for their planet is Amtor. The city in which he is staying is Vepeja. Vepeja had once been a thriving and beautiful country. Then it was ruined by a group of malcontents known as the Thorists. The remaining inhabitants of Vepeja had fled to this small island and taken refuge in this tree city. And concerning Amtorian geography Carson learns that they think Venus is a round disc lying upon an ocean of molten lava.

Carson also learns that Mintep, the jong, has had only one child in his entire life. As Mintep is old and near death, this child—a daughter named Duare—is held sacred by the people. No man is allowed to see her, on pain of death, until she is twenty.

Shanghaied!

Carson goes on about his business, for he is now an official Tarel-gatherer. (Tarel is cotton-like substance.) While gathering Tarel, our hero is captured by a group of Klangan (birdmen), who whisk him off to a harbor where he is shanghaied by Thorists.

Once on the Thorist ship, he is enslaved and put to hard labor. He is also the instigator of a riot, led by Carson's group of slaves (The Sold-iers of Liberty, not to be confused with the Sentinels of Liberty), who take over the ship. By a great stroke of fortune, Duare, the aforementioned daughter of Mintep, is on the ship, and Carson promptly proceeds to fall in love with her.

Of course, since Duare must not become involved with a man until she is twenty-- and if she does, both must die--Carson's advances are most unwelcome. Nevertheless, he puts the moves on her. Duare, virginal beauty that she is, is aghast, and repulses him.

However, after he saves her from being captured by a band of hairy savages, she takes a second look at him. Once she has been rescued, he goes about trying to bring her safely back to Vepeja, with the help of a friendly birdman. They don't get very far, as a band of ill-intentioned Thor-ists shows up. Carson orders his flying comrade to spirit Duare away while there is still time. As the birdman makes off with her, Duare lets loose these words: "Do not send me away from you, Carson. Do not send me away. I love you."

Thus endeth the book. But, not to worry; it is continued in the second volume of the series, LOST ON VENUS, which I promise to summarize fully in the next issue of PIG Magazine!

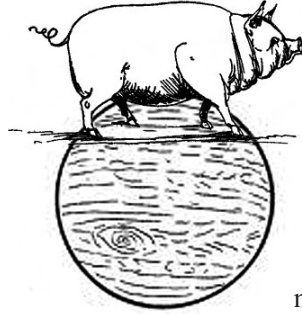
The Daper Papers

CONCERNING FRED DAPER

Fred Daper has been called an enigma wrapped in a riddle shrouded in shadows and served up with an order of chili fries. Many will remember him as the mystery man who wrote the script for Apar Films' cult classic, The Place. Those with even longer memories will recall his astonishing contributions to The Psychedelic Eye magazine. We at PIG are just happy to welcome him back after a too-long absence. Bravissimo, Frederico!

A POEM

Look at the way she loves him
Look at the way he loves her
Isn't love its very own beauty
To share a lifetime, a lifetime
With someone so pretty
Look at the way they love each
other
Let us ponder the moment
And with that
Be sure she shows it.
--Daper/Weasley



PLANET OF THE PIGS by D. Briskin (A.K.A. Daper)

On a planet far, far, away from here, a pig sat resting his tentacles.

“Are you sure you’ve got it straight this time, Cleveland?”

“I think so...!”

Cleveland tied his shoelace a second time. He was aware of the Moon, the stars, and the planets. Should they collide, what would become of Pig-dome? The answer must be in the stars, thought the pig. And, so...he thought about the stars and surfing on that perfect wave.

“Do I have your permission to reunite the Pig planets with the isle of Pig-dome?”

“Certainly, sir,” replied the elderly sage. And his eyes turned heavenward...

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

There was this man. There was this woman.
The man loved his wife very deeply. Sometimes, her eyes wandered but in the end,
She loved him too,
Now and then, the husband might look at a pretty girl.
Once in a blue moon. But at
this point the bonds of matrimony held firm.
Do you ever wonder about falling in love? I do. And in
the end, he agrees to marry
the woman. And she says the same: “I do”.
Time and time again they might make some love (some set love). But in the end, they both seem to cling to
each other.
And there is no breaking them apart.
Sometimes the man’s eye is mightier than the
proverbial sword. (His eyes wander, that is.)
Then the girl meets a man. She falls in love with a man.
She is now in love with the man!
Then, there is a girl who seems to be falling in love
with the estranged husband.
She seems interested and he seems interested in her.
But, alas, she loves yet another man. And the estranged
husband is loved by no one.
To Whom It May Concern. Be sure you’re in love and
that the love is everlasting. If it isn’t, give my regards
to the minister who married you and then walk away.
And, don’t bother to look back. --Fred Daper

THREE GIRLS

In times of despair, a woman would trade in all the dreams
she had for a couple of roses.

Roses that for the time being would send her beautiful smile
across the millions of miles...of the universe!!

I once sent roses to a beautiful girl named Grace. And, do you
know what? She sent the flowers back with the note, “Return
to sender... address unknown.”

“Grace,” her mother would explain, “you should not be
receiving roses or any other kind of flower from a young
gentlemen caller.”

“But mother, dear. I think I love him!!”

Grace then smiled at her mother as only a daughter could, in
these circumstances.

Said mother: “In the year 1888, there was a blizzard, Grace.
The snow, well. It drizzled the telephone poles to the ground!
In 1889, the city was told to look for places to put those
telephone poles. And where do they put them, Grace? In the
ground, just as they do people. Peoples like you and me!”

“I’ve never thought as much about dying, mother, as I do
right now, mother, dear. And those poor telephone poles.
They died too! Oh mother! I hope everything is well with
Trader?”

“She’s seeing Dr.Denton now.” replied her mother.

And then Smokey, Trader, and Grace went off to a far-away
place that only girls dream about. “I wonder if Dr. Denton
will be there?” said Grace.

“Will he?” --Fred Daper



LET US NOW PRAISE NIGEL BRUCE!

We at PIG Magazine would like to take a moment to reflect on the general swellness of the late actor Nigel Bruce (Feb. 4, 1895-Oct. 8, 1953).

Known as “Willie” to his friends, Bruce had a distinguished career as a star of stage and screen. But his crowning achievement was undoubtedly his portrayal of Dr. John H. Watson in the Sherlock Holmes films of the 1940s.

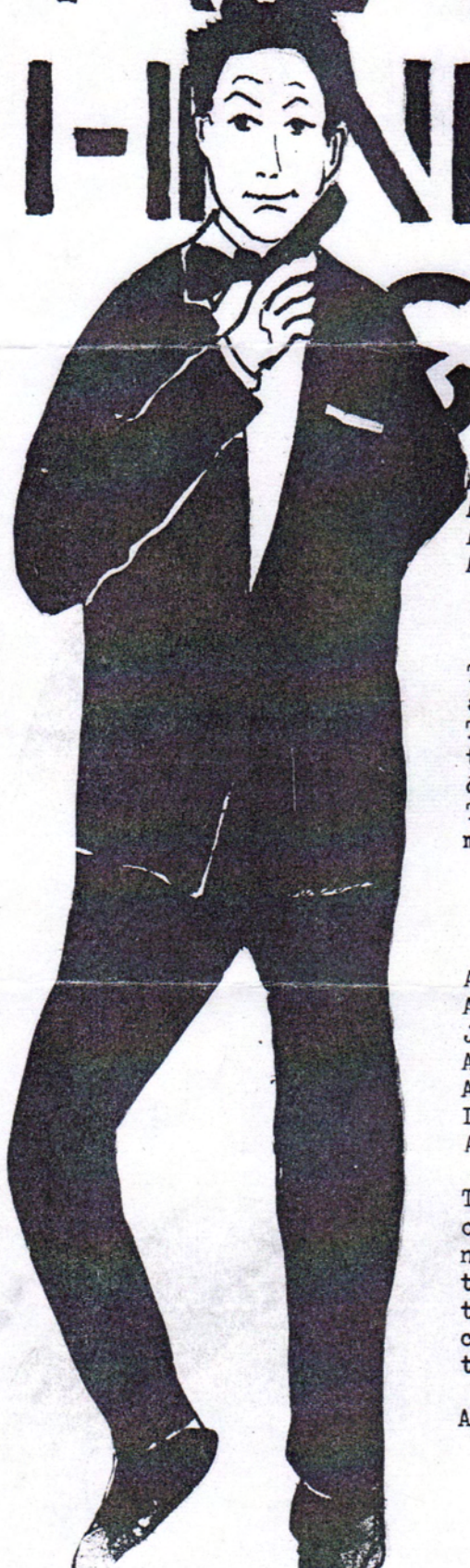
While some may carp that the doddering boob Bruce portrayed was not the Watson created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, we say that Nigel Bruce’s Watson is *our* Watson—then, as now, “the one fixed point in a changing age.” Basil Rathbone, who played Holmes, once remarked that Bruce’s Watson was one of the screen’s most beloved characters. We say: Right on.

—Cleveland Sinclair

ILLUSTRATION BY LIZ ROBERTS

FROM THE LONG LOST FILES OF TOM SOTER

ALAN SALLY HENRY SORELLI



YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO THE SHOWING
OF A NEW FILM FROM APAR FILMS:
CHRISTIAN DOHERTY'S "DON'T LIVE
FOR TOMORROW"
STARRING ALAN SALLY AS HENRY SORELLI...

A gilded girlfriend with lethal liquor
A sorry psycho with homicidal hate
A deadly double with treacherous tastes
A punchy professor with perilous plans
all combine to form worthy adversaries for secret agent
Henry Sorelli as he embarks on his latest adventure
which leads him to
The rugged foothills of Greece, where death in many forms
awaits, rising from the waters and descending from the skies
The deadly dangers of New York, where caution is thrown to
the winds as Henry is cornered on a paper-thin layer of ice
over sub-freezing waters
The ~~enchanting~~ streets of London, where a drugged drink could
mean instant death
So whether it's love or hate, life or death you can be
sure that Henry is the man to count on -
A sight for Sorelli eyes!

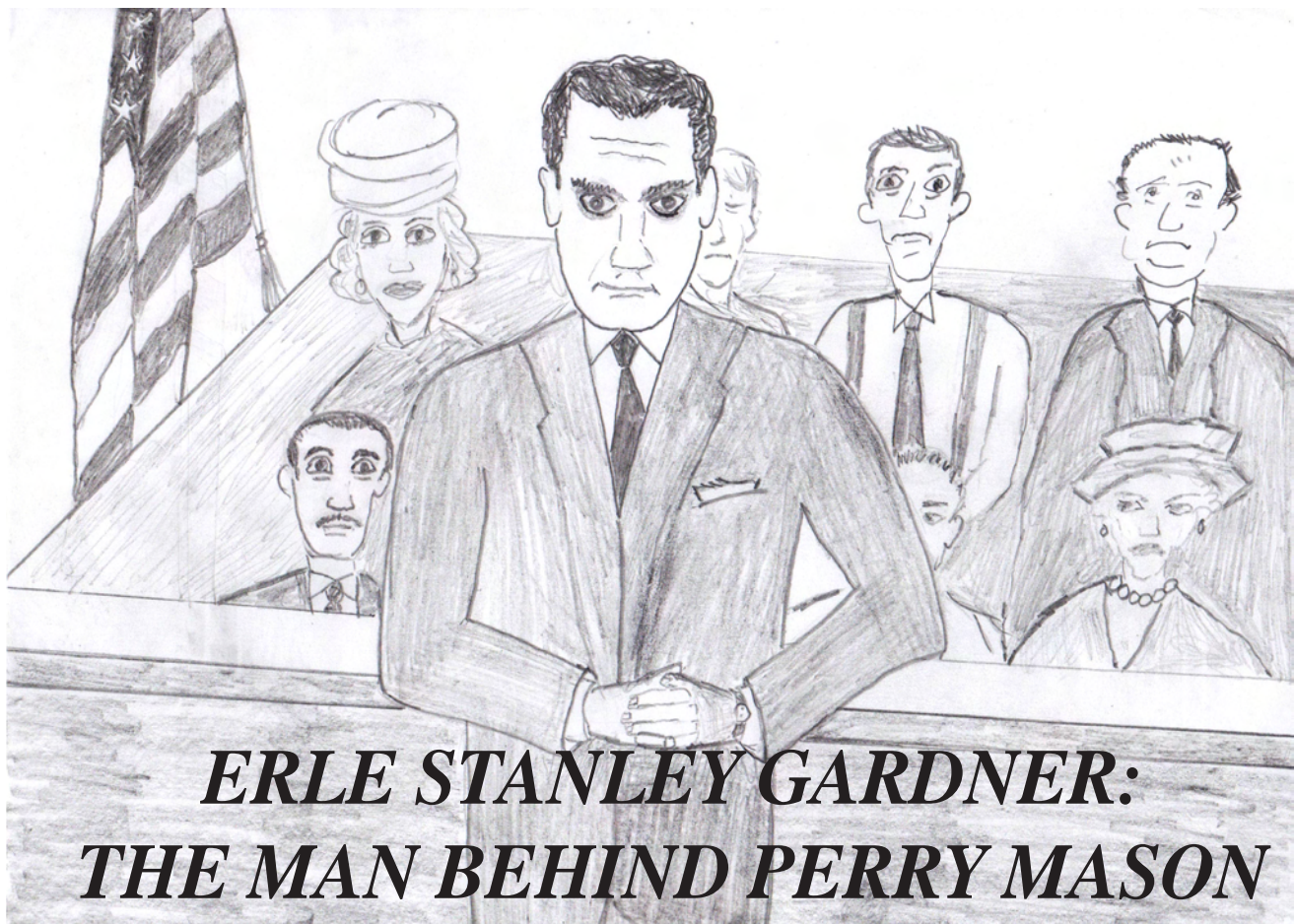
ALAN SALLY IS HENRY SORELLI in "DON'T LIVE FOR TOMORROW." AN
APAR FILMS PRESENTATION STARRING CAM DOHERTY AS MARIE AND EVAN
JONES AS FLOYD. WITH KENT CARTER, LESLIE PARKER AND BERT SHAW
AS "THE MAN." SCREENPLAY BY TOM SOTER AND CHRISTIAN DOHERTY;
ADDITIONAL STORY MATERIAL BY ALAN SALLY. PRODUCED BY BRIAN WIL-
LIAMS. DIRECTED BY CHRISTIAN DOHERTY; BUS CHASE AND ADDITIONAL
ACTION SEQUENCES BY JACK APAR. IN JAKEVISION. KODACOLOR. "PG"

The World Premiere of this extraordinary new adventure will be
on Sunday, April 15th, at the 404 Playhouse, located on the cor-
ner of 113th Street and Riverside Drive (Apt. 10-S). In addition
to the World Premiere, there will be a second showing night (for
those unable to attend the first) on Friday, April 27th. You are
cordially invited to attend at whichever of the below listed
times is convenient for you. Admission is \$1.25. R.S.V.P. 666-2194

April 15: 7:00, 9:30 April 27: 7:30, 9:30, 11:00

We hope to see you.

Ronald Apar
Apar Films General Manager



Illustrations by Jack Montalvo

By Tom Soter

“No one’s heard of Perry Mason, at least among the young people,” said my friend definitively. Even though I wanted to disagree with her, I feared that she was right. If anyone below 30 knew of the intrepid fictional lawyer at all now, it was through the 25 or so bloated Perry Mason TV movies that were tired exercises in nostalgia, useful mainly for giving Raymond Burr a last hurrah in his most famous role.

Burr was no one’s first choice for Mason in the 1957-66 TV series (everyone thought he’d be better as the bad guy, D.A. Hamilton Burger, since Burr had been playing heavies in the movies since the late ‘40s), but once he was cast the part became his. Urbane, suave, yet thunderous in his cross-examination, he could force a confession out of the most unlikely suspect – and on the witness stand to boot. To this day, those who grew up watching Mason, are still somewhat disappointed on jury duty when witnesses don’t confess in open court.



Erle Stanley Gardner

While the television series remains alive on DVD, the 82 source novels by ex-lawyer Erle Stanley Gardner (1889-1970) have more or less disappeared from view. Huge bestsellers in their day, these out-of-print gems will prove a revelation to those unfamiliar with them. I originally read them 40 years ago, and just recently finished re-reading my tenth one. They are brilliant, hard-boiled detective stories and, in the first ten, written between 1933 and 1937, Mason is a hard-driving tough guy in the best noir tradition: “I’ve already smashed one nose,” Mason says to one bad guy in *The Case of the Stuttering Bishop* (1936), “I’d just as soon smash another.” The plots are complex and often turn on some real legal point, and very rarely have the hokey witness stand confessions that climax the TV shows. If you’ve never read a Mason novel, go to Amazon and pick up one, preferably from the 1930s. There’s a reason Gardner was the best-selling author of his day – but no reason why these genre gems should be out of print.

ARE YOU A PIG?

The PIG Magazine Manifesto

We at PIG Mag hold these truths to be self-evident:

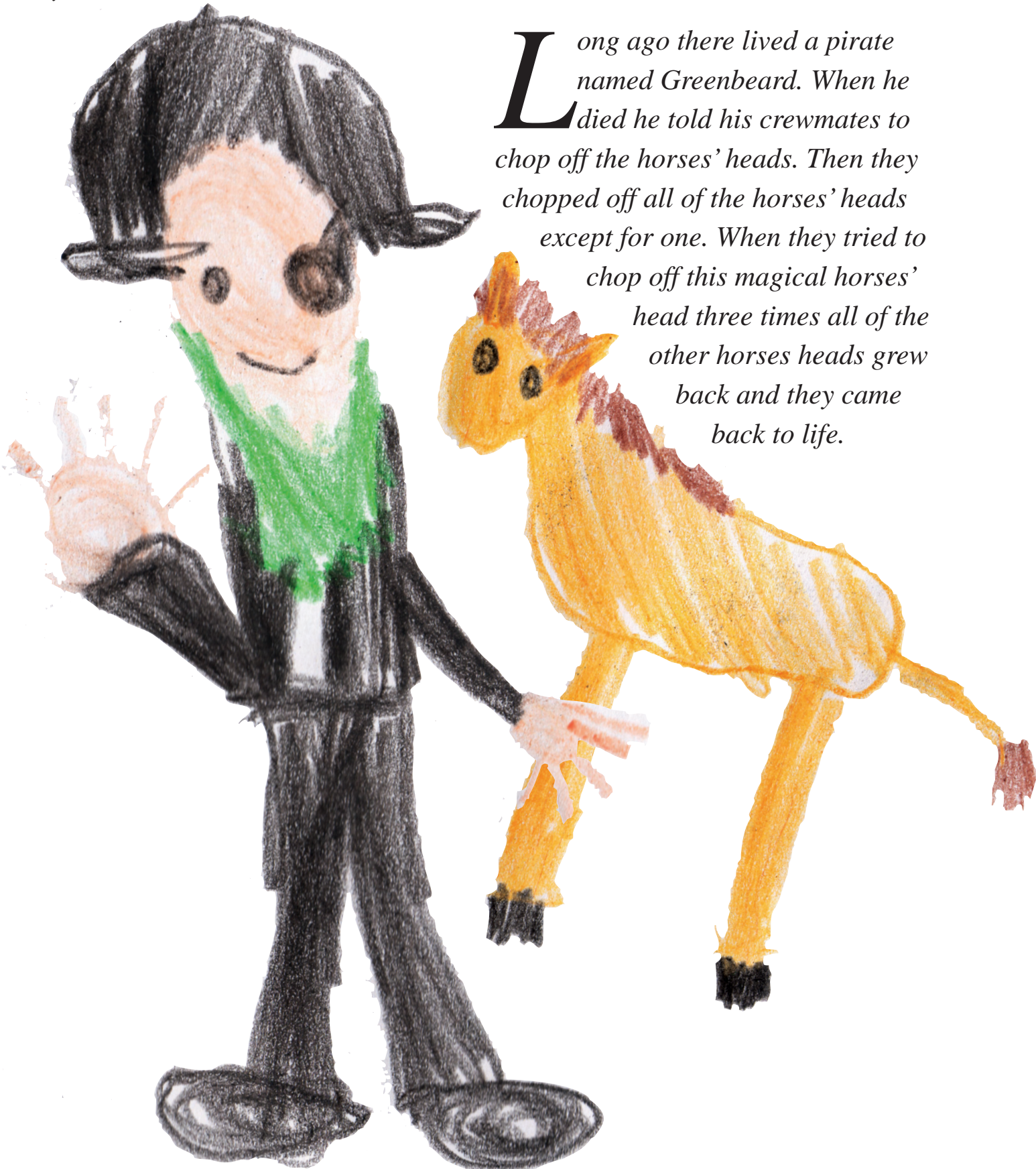
- ⌘ That Edgar Rice Burroughs is more entertaining than William Burroughs.
- ⌘ That Taco Bell is da bomb-diggity. (And Taco Rico was da bomb-diggity-doo, daddy!)
- ⌘ That one should never trust anyone under 30.
- ⌘ That the last time comics were great was when they cost 12 cents.
- ⌘ That Washington Heights and Inwood will one day be recognized as the real Upper West Side.
- ⌘ That Charlie Watts is the coolest Stone.
- ⌘ That rent is just too damn high.
- ⌘ That Monster Magnet is about a zillion times better than Queens of the Stone Age.
- ⌘ That Teaneck, N.J. is a real swell place (but Hackensack sucks).
- ⌘ That Parkville, New York, was, in retrospect, paradise.
- ⌘ That 1971 was as pivotal a year as 1967, 1941, or 1929.
- ⌘ That what goes around, comes around.
- ⌘ That everything is beautiful in its own way.
- ⌘ That if you keep it clean then you've got to succeed.
- ⌘ That blueberries are the best blue food ever.
- ⌘ That Desert Boots are a shoe of distinction. (Hush Puppies, too.)
- ⌘ That England swings like a pendulum do.
- ⌘ That LBJ was a fine fellow.
- ⌘ That White Castle fries only come in one size.
- ⌘ That groovy times are here again.



Long live Greenbeard

By Kalina

Long ago there lived a pirate named Greenbeard. When he died he told his crewmates to chop off the horses' heads. Then they chopped off all of the horses' heads except for one. When they tried to chop off this magical horses' head three times all of the other horses heads grew back and they came back to life.





THREE-EYED
CAT WITH
TEACUP

9/27/10