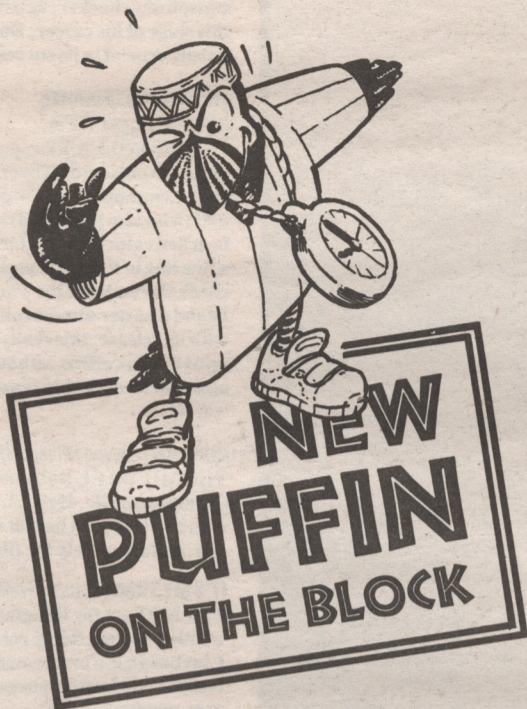


● And so, as the decade of Live Aid slides off to a well deserved grave, we say Hey! Hey! Goodbye! to Ride The Puffin and aloha-city to the ALL NEW! ALL FRESH! ALL POWERFUL! . . .



Ark! Ark! This week david quantick and steven wells stick their stinking orange beaks into the sticky honeypots of damp fingered teen lust ie

NUKE KIDS ON THE BLOCK — T'TRUFÉ

It is — as the toad-gobbed Antoine Le Rapido sez "a noo dickhead, paf!" ie the '90s. So let's "HANG TUFF!" with those young shavers of slaver, New Kids On The Block. "Yo!" These KENNY wee lads are the fresh faced new WHAMMO sound of teeny pop that just can't be BEATled! The freshest, deffest SLIKest pop sound ever is just ROLLERing over oposish and giving them the BROSH-off! SAWly no-one else can top their KYLIE exciting stage act complete with exploding Captain Birdseye cod pieces! A lack of BIG FUN is in store for the WET WET WET rock fans whose music lies adJASONt to the mighty pop empire these lads have carved with chainsaws in the hearts and minds of Ms Girlyknickerwetter and her rock hard muckers.

The '60s gave us The Monkees! The '70s gave us The Osmonds! The '80s U2! But as the '90s unveil their eco-friendly halooa to freedom in Eastern Europe and CD video, Squaresville is being burned to the ground by the plastic hip replacement sound of inner city Boston, Massachusetts, YEW! ESS! AYEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! ie NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK!

NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK — SECRET ORIGINS

New Kids On The Block — named after their habit of executing with a portable guillotine any stray youngsters who wandered onto their "turf" — started off as a savagely violent street gang who kicked ass, kneecap, head and belly.

Luckily the original gang — Felch, Ass, Cock, Ream and Fist — joined the Peace Corps and original gang leader Twisty left to run a youth club. There he moulded the unsuspecting ping-pongers into a terrifyingly hard core pack of knuckle-dusted, leather jacketed TEEN TERRORS!

DANNY SPUTNICK! (zit-blasted dog lover). JOE NINETY! (myopic stamp-collecting psychopath). JOE NINETYONE! (long-sighted stamp-collecting psychopath). JOE JORDAN! (former Leeds United centre forward). DONNY NONAME! (the huge-toothed Mormon missionary who knocked on one door two many). Yes! They took the RAW GUITAR of vintage ZEPPO, the HARD RIVVUMS of SKOOLY, the CLEVER WORDS of SINEAD — and mashed "dem" together in a

That's the sort of attitude that has kept the awesome talent of George Michael in the dark for so long.

SAY . . . HOW DID NEW KIDS GET THEIR NAME?

Originally entitled Niggers With Attitude they had to change their name when a similar sounding group emerged from Compton. Calling themselves Public Enemy earned them a severe battering from the Def Jam lawyers. Re-titled Muddy Waters and The Totally Negro Black Sound Of The Colored Afro-American Ghetto Honest! gained them no hits and got them thrown out of Jim Cockerney's East End Bierkeller in Bow where they had a residency.

"Heck! Like, um, total non-chill out situation!" spat gang leader Donny. "No one is bloody taking us seriously just because we're the new kids on the block irie inna babylon rasta!"

"What a great name for a band!" said his mates Joe, Joe Jordan and Danny.

Totally demoralised the boys went out to a party which — strangely and fatefully — was at the house of some wanky London students.

"What's this awful music?" said Joe to a wanker in a scarf (ie a student).

"Don't you know?" asked the wanker, Englishly. "It's The Osmonds! Isn't it ironically if wankingly amusing in a totally wanky sort of student wanker way arf arf snigger?" He chortled, wankishly.

Joe, Jordan, Danny, Donny and Merrill looked about them. Everyone was dancing to The Osmonds. And The Bay City Rollers. And The Monkees. And Flintlock. And Our Kid. And Transvision Vamp.

"Hey!" said little Jimmy. "We could make a fortune with this kind of music! If only we could find an old bluesman to teach us the 'riddims'."

That night, as the strains of Mud's 'Oh Boy' faded away, the boys found themselves at the feet of Blind Roy North, the Chicago king of wanky student blues music. (NB: 'Blues' = Heavy Metal without the good bits.)

SETTIN' ON THE STOOP WITH BLIND ROY NORTH

Blind 'Lemon' Jefferson Starship Presley North sat creakily on the



CRUNCH! Wobbly pelvisd horror as Donny's plastic hip replacement buckles under the pressure of his incredible body popping athletics.

patio of his ole Louisiana shack and plucked with his two remaining fingers at the knackered catgut string of his Fender Stonker (TM). His rheumy ole eyes misted as he thought bitterly back to the days when the Beatles, Led Zep and Mick's Stones had piled out of a transit van, beaten him shitless and nicked all his songs. Bastards!

Luckily they'd only nicked the crap songs. HA HA HA HA HA! He roared wheezily as he waved the gunny sack marked "No. 1 hits fo' shure!" around his wrinkled ole grey head on the gumbo.

BOOT! CRUNCH! AAAARGH! "Fanks a load, old timer! We'll have these!" screamed the angry young street punk thug Malchick Bostonians piling out of the Scooby Doo style tranny van!

OOOOOOOF! thought Blind Deaf Dumb Lemon! Not again!

"Arfo City!" cackled New Kids On The Block as they sped away through the Florida swamps in their New Kids On The Blockmobile (TM)!

"Look!" spat Danny! here's a good one — 'Hang Tuff Blues!'"

Back in the bayou, Knackered Blind Dog Jefferson laughed to himself, softly. His plan to make white rock music the cultural laughing stock of the galaxy was proceeding. ASPACE! Slowly he peeled off his rubber mask to reveal . . . DUKE GRRRYTTS WOBBLEGAZI! Death Lord of Rigel 2!

FLASHBACK!

The planet Rigel 2 circles the Salmon Nebula on the spiral arm of the Gratuitous Knob Reference galaxy. Its twin moons, Fart and Spunk, echo with the strange and ancient song of that part of the universe ("We don't give a widdle and we don't give a wank! We're gonna crush yer nuts wiv a Sherman tank! We are the Rigel 2! BOOT boyz!") and the inhabitants — multiphalled blind creatures composed entirely of deadly Wobble Gas — masturbate furiously with their two hundred arms and listen to nothing but Tanita Tikaram, Michelle Shocked and Donovan. Their playlist is so useless that one day MAN will land on Rigel 2 and laugh his only knob off at the rubbishness of their music.

To forestall this, the Inner Council of Rigel 2 (President: Sonia) had devised a plan steeped in devilmint; to make Earth music so cacky that no Earthman would dare laff at the Rigellians again! Already their agents Bono and Morrissey were hard at work (ask Bono if you can have a look at his hankie some time). And now — TOTAL VICTORY WAS AT HAND!

In this context, New Kids On The Block make a lot of sense. Don't they? Hmmm mmmmm? THINK ABOUT IT!

HEY POP KIDS! WHICH "BLOCKER" DO YOU MOST WANT TO SHAG INTO SQUITTING MINCE?

(From the official Epic Records Rigel 2 Biog)

Danny: Born Louisiana 1898. Picked cotton until inventing Chicago urban blues in 1902. Taught funk guitar to Robert Johnson and then entered the church. As the Rev Danny Franklin wrote the classic freedom sermon 'Don't Forget To Vote'.

Donny: Fave color: Green. Invented the Civil Rights movement in 1962 and, along with Gene Hackman, saved black people from slavery. Into Scaletrix and sticking his dick in beer porridge.

Jordan: Directed the searing satirical comedy Carry On Farrakhan. Had a bit part in Ironside as Lt Uhura. Likes to dress as a green parrot, strap on a napalm thrower, jump on the jumbo to Brazil and burn down vast monkey and iguana-packed rainforests. Ambition: To kill Sting. He has organised the parrots of the world into a secret army. Already his heavily disguised and flourescently orange-beaked friends hold many key positions in world governments and churches (No the Pope is NOT kissing the tarmac! He's picking up sunflower seeds. AHA!).

The secret parrot mish? To kill their enemies! (the monkeys and igs). However, they are still waiting for parrot scientists to invent the special muscle-enhancing body

armour necessary for a foot long bird to duff up a clever monkey and his tough skinned reptile mucker, Ig. Favourite New Kids song: 'The Right Stuff'.

Joe: World Heavyweight Champion until he refused to go to Viet Nam. Wrote 'Get On Up I Feel Like Putting Donny's Knob In Beer Porridge'. Fave saying: "Bitching".

Zeppo: Stands at the back looking after the Uzi-toting Security of the First Parrot. He is a disciple of the Minister Louie Parrot-Face Parratkhan.



YO MOTHERLOVERS! New Kids On The Block's Simon makes the notorious "zulu devilsign".

IT TAKES A NATION OF WANKERS TO BUY OUR RECORDS

SCENE: The New Music Seminar. Noo Yo-rk! The 'Black Music' panel. New Kids On The Block are sat on huge thrones of burnished African gold. Sat at their feet and staring up with worshipping eyes are PRINCE, JACKO, JAMES 'THE MAN' BROWN, CHUCK E EGG, JIMI HENDRIX, MALCOLM X, MARTIN LUTHER KING, MINISTER LOUIE 'F—HEAD' FARRAKHAN, SPIKE LEE etc.

BLACK MUSOS: Incred! We think you New Kids On The Blocks are fantas! Oh how we wish we were as soulful and, yes (godamn!) BLACK as you!

DANNY NKOTB: Yo, Bro! Hang five! What it is! Take me to the Fridge! Yowsa! Motherluvva! Katanga! Dakteri! Gee! Thanks, "you guys", but don't you think that we're just, well, you know . . .

BLACK SUPERSTARS: NO!

DANNY: Well, don't you maybe think that we're just a bunch of white middle class kids and it's totally disgusting that the scummy and cowardly record industry hasn't got the balls to deal with black artists playing black music. Aren't we talking RACISM here!?

(pause while BLACK ROCK GODS think about it)

BLACK ROCK GODS: Yes! You're right! Let's kill you! KILLLLLLLLL!

Danny woke screaming, his "Yo!" T-shirt turgid with frozen sweat and icicles of spurting fear juice. Phew! It was all a dream. Eagerly he tossed aside his crusty Rupert jim-jams, threw on his rasta tam and blue dungarees and slid down the bannister.

"Hello Big Ears!"

"Knob off, bell head!" spat his Mam.

Danny sighed. Would his mother never understand call and response vocals? The godamn, er, "bitch".

"By the way, darling, there's a letter for you!"

"Who can it be from?" asked Danny.

"Why don't you open it and find out?!" suggested his mother.

"Crikey!" ejaculated Danny into his bubblegum flave Pop Tarts.

Eagerly he ripped open the buff envelope and then choked and gasped as he read . . .

"INVOICE! From the Planet Rigel 2! YOUR SOUL! Ha ha ha ha ha!"

"BLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRGH!"

Danny projectile-shockvommed and died savagely. Outside the sky was green with feather, orange with beak and heavy with doom. The monkeys and igs bunkered down for the last battle. Would the spaceships arrive in time? It was 8.30 . . .