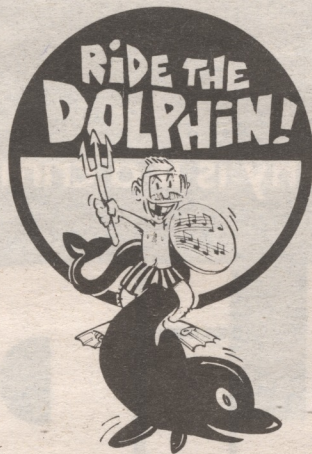


Well, hold on to your Bay Shakra and polish up yer crystals as we (ie, DAVID 'Crystal Balls' QUANTICK and STEVEN 'Alistair' WELLS) slide onto the slippery back of our grinnny aquatic friend and head off to frolic in the frothy spume of The Dawn Of The Age of Aquarius. Yes! This wik's wicked exposé of everything that's crap about pop music (ie, everything) ie, *Ride The Dolphin* exposes:



NEW AGE

Flaked out on a hessian crashbag that cost over a day's wages at the mung bean co-op you slip on the K-Tel 'Sounds Like The Sound Of Whales Shagging Vol 14 - The Metal Years' and light a cheesecloth flavoured joss stick and stick your sandalled and socked feet behind your ears! RIIIIIIIIIP! You've torn your self completely in half - Oh no! Your stomach and slimy things are wobbling all over the velvet carpet and your specially trained veggie dog, Krishna, is storing up megabad karma for himself by chomping the really disgusting thing that looks like a giant bogey and hangs next to your spleen, thus putting himself back by about a thousand years on the karmic ladder to becoming a human being.

Never mind, he'll always be able to sing for Pop Will Eat Itself. So why have you accidentally ripped yer self apart when you should have transcendently pulled yourself together (clever journalistic trick Number 67)? You weren't ready for the New Age because your karma was crap and you hadn't been doing your Kung Fu (with David Carradine as Glasshopper) exercises.

Quick! Before it's too late and all the sensible people are rounded up and put into camps by the jack-sandalled thought police of the New Hippy junta! Get New Agefied now or ELSE!

WHAT IS THE NEW AGE?

It is an era of peace and prosperity brought on by the combined good vibes of a trillion successful businessmen and women who like CDs, a bit of "blow" now and again and grow-their-own washing-up liquid. The music part is horrible. It is like slowed-down Belgian New Beat with wave noises instead of trombone solos and it makes your brain go totally spongy. AVOID.

SOME NEW AGE TERMINOLO

1. Heart Shakra: The Heart, one of the "shakras" or "centres of consciousness" (really!).
2. Stomach Shakra: The stomach.
3. Head Shakra: The head.
4. Bay Shakra: The groin (don't ask).

popular with students.

BUSTER: Has had several novelty hits, ie 'The Can Can' and 'Lip Up Fatso'.

EARTH: Has had no hits.

BUSTER: Can unroll his tongue down to his waist and wipe his ass with it.

EARTH: Can't.

BUSTER: Has a bald head.

EARTH: Can drink a cup of water standing on its head.

BUSTER: Made (over the space of several years) by mad scientist Jerry Dammers at a top secret MOD Chemical Weapons Plant.

EARTH: Made by God in his garage. Maybe.

9. Yoga: Curdled milk prone to bouts of listeria.

10. Friends Of The Earth: Frequently duffed up by Friends Of Buster Bloodvessel. Sort of the civilian wing of Greenpeace. Very into growing enormous beards and then shaving them off to present a

have to work at it. Mind you - give me some E, and I'll have a swig of that heroin, thanks very much.

WOW! GET THIS HIPPIY SHIT OFF THE CD AND LET'S HAVE SOME SHAM 69!

JIMMY PERCY: Orrright! Howya doin' Landan!

BUSTER BLOODVESSEL: Geezer!

JAMMY DODGER: Itsa nappy

'olidayah wif Mareeeeeeee!

Kerrang!

JAMMY STREET PERSEY: If the kids (CRUNCH CRUNCH!) are united (crunch crunch) they will nevah (crunch crunch) be divided!

BUSTER "BLOODVESSEL"

EDWARDS: I nevah made nuffink on that job! 'Ere you are, pretty lady, buy some laverly flars 'cos you've got a lucky face!

PROFESSOR HIGGINS: Why, within a fortnight I could have him talking like a duchess!

VIOLET KRAY: SHAT YER

BLEEDING 'OLE!

crystals you sell that you claim can increase the size of an erection. **BAB GURU RAMA:** See these three fingers?

COOKIE MONSTER: Yes?

BUNGARAMBABAGROOROO:

Now you don't! Poke!

TOP US TV EVANG ELMER J

PINEAL-GLAND Jr: Now hold it

right thur! You goddanged hippy

rebrate! Get a faceful of THIS!

BONGOBABBABUBUGROOBO:

Aaaaaargh! A Murderburger!

Sizzle! Melt! Puddle!

ELMER J PINHEAD: Friends! I ain't

here to ask for your money! I'm here

to tell you about the message of

LOVE! Of HOPE! Of the JOY that is

yours when you accept Jesus H

Christ Jr as your personal saviour.

And also watch out for New Age,

kids. Not only is it the work of the

devil! - it's shit and the music is

excruciatingly wank city, USA!

NEW AGERS IN POSITIONS OF POWER: KNOW YOUR ENEMY!

1) **Mike Read.** All of them, the comedian that works in the Old Vic that says "I didn't know..." and "Oima onlya an ugleeeeeee Dacklingah!" a lot and shakes his head AND the disc jockey who was humiliated and destroyed on that epic ep of Saturday Superstore when a really cool kid phoned up and said:

COOL KID: Mike Read?

MIKE READ: Yes!

COOL KID: You're a wanker!

2) **Steve Wright.** All of them. The wispy-moustachioed king of "funny" radio whose sense of humour is that of an imbecilic baby orang-u-tang addicted to stuffing clag through old ladies' letter boxes and then masturbating over the door mats AND the "weird" American comedian who made his British debut on (home-of-comedy) The Des O'Connor Show (Des - he makes you laugh, he makes you cry) AND the American "composer" whose weird "music" is the accompaniment to many anight of karma-smoking swapping of Steve Wright routines, ie "Hello, it's Mr Angry and I'm really angry". Ho ho? Ho bastard HUM!

3) **John Peel.** All of them. The bogey-toned DJ whose championing of some of the worst music of the past decade has made him wealthier than the Gettys because he plugs all the duff indie records when they first come out and when they're deleted and become collectors' items, he FLOGS them to art dealers for millions of quid AND the jolly-faced huntsman who everybody kens in his coat so gay singing 'fol fal a do fal a day'.

4) **Bruno Brookes.** All of them. The Radio 1 DJ with the Keith Chegwin grin and the shrively anaconda-shaped private.

5) **Simon "Hold The" Mayo.** All of them. The goon-faced ex-stude with a voice like dead fly-infested treacle AND the popular composer of the theme from Howard's Way, AND the delicious creamy white stuff from Hellman's which enhances any snack but makes your genitals swell to the size of a (Look here! - Ed.)

6) **Derek Jameson.** All of them. The delightful morning radio host AND the toothy Cockernee git who says

"Do they mean us! They certainly do". Ha ha.

7) **Richard Branson.** All of them. The Stonehenge-toothed entrepreneur who released the first Mike Oldfield album. Why? So he could buy some balloons? Kids, this man is New Age incarnate! And also the savagely-jumpered Government Spokesman For Young People, 42, who wants to solve the unemployment problem by giving kids 20p Virgin Vouchers if they pick up litter in public places (like outside Virgin Megastores). Resist the fieeeeeeend!

8) **Craig Proclaimer.** Both of them. Both Craig and his astral Siamese twin, Charlie, who Craig has thus far convinced a gullible music press is his twin brother. Ever see them in the same place at the same time? Yes! Exactly!

CRAIG: Och! I'm rumbled!

CHAS: You mean we're rumbled.

CRAIG: Oh my God! I'm hearing

voices!

CHAS: Gottle of whisky! Gottle of

whisky!

9) **Ronnie Corbett.** All of them. The cuddly little straight man to Ronnie Barker's crazed manic depressive wordsmith. The cuddly little straightman to Eric Morecambe's heartstopping acrobatic virility. The cuddly little straightman to Eddie Large's own highly individual brand of specious, unfunny wank. Yes, he is all of them and more for does not the K'Kattarran Book Of Nine Fingers Pointing Heavenwards say: "Ronnie Corbett? Don't make me laugh! That little bastard is a master of disguise and why? To spread the evil CD gospel of ambient tranquility HA HA HA HA!"

10) **Tanita Tikaram.** All ten million of them. The Elvis-after-death visaged stone beauty of serious thought and bright melody, the Goddess Of The Hunt Of Dawn who terrorised all Babylon for a thousand years, "Jinty" the best darned friend that poor old "Porky" Windrush ever had until she became Wendy "Whoops! there goes me 'gear' again!" James.

REINCARNATION - WHAT WILL THE STARS COME BACK AS?

Nothing. Bigger all except maybe worm shit and then grass for dogs wandering into the cemetery to wipe their sphinxes on after a good shit on Jim Morrison's tomb. After, yes when even M***** dies, that's it! Ha! And no, he won't come back as a butterfly, you wanker! No, nor a pussycat. He'll just rot and go all slimy like everybody else.

Except us. We're coming back as Tanita's pony. We haven't quite sorted out who's going to be which end yet but it's pretty certain that only one of us is going to get the sugarcubes, know what I mean? **EINAR SUGARCUBE:** By Odin! A donkey's 'ass' as the Americans so amusingly put it. How lucky! ZIIIIIIIIIIIP!

(Yes, readers, whenever Einar sees a donkey's bum, he unzips his pencilcase and rams a thousand sugarlumps up its arse!

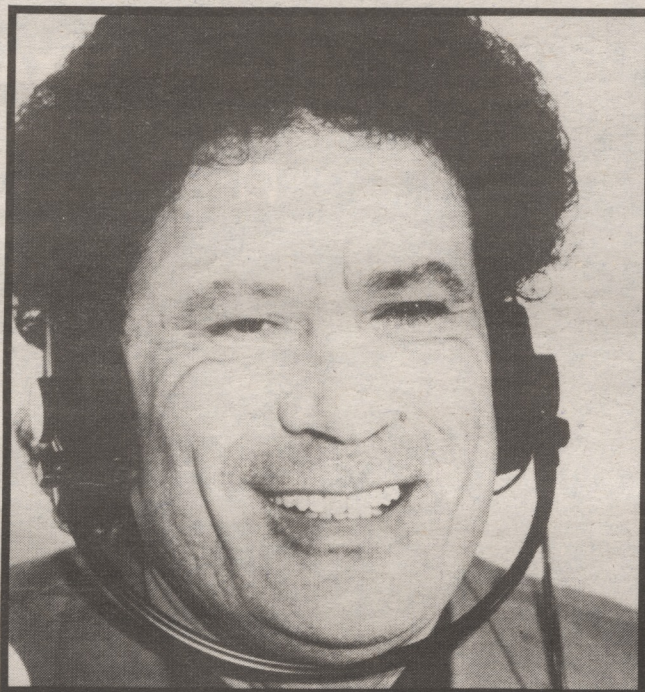
Bizzzzzarre! - NME lawyer.)

(I want to see you two in my room

straight after lessons - Ed.)

Oooh err!

So think on!



GROOVY SOUNDS! Col Moamar Gaddafi! Duck! The Col enjoys an out of body tripoli as he trances out to the new age groove of Tanita's 'Levitare My Pony'. Let him go, we say!

5. The Third Eye: Um, it's this sort of "invisible eye" in the middle of your head. No, you can't feel it either. No, nor can anybody else. No, there is no evidence at all, anywhere, in any form whatsoever, that this third eye exists. Bit like God really. Only smaller and without a beard and a nasty temper. And stuff.

6. Karma: The Campaign For Real Ale.

7. Candid Karma: When you die, a bald man comes up to you, points at a film camera and tells you it was all a joke.

8. The Gaia Theory: A "bleef" that the world is "conshus" and will one day wake up and kill everyone for dropping crisp packets and fish and chip papers and things... Yes, the planet is really a person only bigger and smellier and round and floating in space as if spliffed out of its box. In fact, the Earth is Buster Bloodvessel from top ska group NeeNaaNooNoo. Only not as

cool public image. Like Ben Elton, only not a comedian who's a total wanker.

11. Ambience: The peace that follows the attainment of the 39th state of consciousness otherwise known as death. Hence the chant, "YOU'RE GOING HOME IN A COSMIC AMBIENCE!"

12. Primal Scream Therapy: Tell a New Ager that his record collection is shit and they will say, "Well, it's better than liking some duff Scottish indie band with silly hair, isn't it?"

13. Buddhism. New Agers espouse a variant of Buddhism in which you chant for money and success. "Gimme 50 grand please. Om."

Mind you, in your next life you come back as Jeremy Beadle.

14. Drugs. Oh well, you know! Perhaps the odd token toke now and then... oh all right. You know, when you get to our age you realise that, no, drugs are NOT a shortcut to becoming a total wanker. You really



BODYSWERVE! Top togger athlete George Best nicked by plod for injecting the juicy half-time jaffers with levitation-juice. Let him go, we say!

SO WHAT EXACTLY IS THE DAWNING OF THE AGE OF AQUARIUS?

So, what exactly is the 'Dawning Of The Age Of Aquarius'? Is it the beginning of a new phase of human development? No, not really. Is it the end of the barbarism we call civilisation and the awakening of planetary conshusness. Not exactly. So what is it then? IT'S A PILE OF astounding WANK! IS WHAT IT IS!

YES, WE EXPOSE THE NEW AGE SCAM!

Yes! We expose the 'New Age' scam that has seen millions of pensioners tricked out of their savings. **ROGER COOK:** Excuse me. Mr Banga Guru Maharisha Baba? I'd like to talk to you about these

PICTURE: ASSOCIATED PRESS PHOTOS

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