

This week: WOODSTOCK REVISITED



Come out, come out from under your stones, slithery little rock history studies, and hold hard the slimybridle as DAVID 'Flicketty Tongue' QUANTICK and STEVEN 'Prehensile Tail' WELLS guide their skin sheddin' steeds forward and once more we cry 'Hi Ho Slither, away!' and . . .

68 DRUGS WILL NEVER DIE

Woodstock. It was in a field of its own. A stinking, festering, scum encrusted bog of bongo bashing reefer-fiends bent on the destruction of the White Bread American Way Of Life by the only means at their disposal — that of lying in a cowpat-plastered meadow in the drizzling rain getting 'as high as a kite' (Julie Andrews) to the music of Moscow's Rizlacombos.

America quaked; it thought that when it poked the squirming spider egg of counterculture, it would get hundreds of little squealing, red, multilegged hippy arachnochists running up and down the

curtains spinning webs of peace and love! Yes, the chickens of Mr and Mrs Vote For Nixon were coming home to roost and they were stoned and wore the black jim jams of the VietCong and if you tried to fry their eggs you were likely to get gunk all over your flag kissin' face!

WHAT WAS GOING ON EXACTLY?

It all started when Jack Kerouac decided to have some of his mates round to play Grateful Dead albums. Unfortunately he had so many mates that he had to go to Farmer Giles and ask to use his field. Farmer Giles saw no reason why not and The Who offered to play for free. Suddenly every band you ever dampotting heard of were on the Junkers JU88 to Uncle Sam Town. And EVERYONE was on the guest list!

"But what shall we call this gathering of hippies, yippies, unpatriotic yellor belly draft dodging cowards, folk singers, heroin dealers, Hells Angels, face painters, people who let their kids call them by their first name, pregnant rabid dogs, acid casualties, people who want to touch you when you don't even know them, fanzine sellers, scum who believe in astrology, child molesters (You only get one page for this, you know — Ed) and so on?" asked a hippy.

"I know," said Eric 'Big' Burdon, of the crazily named Newcastle blues band Animals! "Lets name it after that hilarious little bird from Charles Schultz's 'Peanuts' strip!"

WHAT WAS THE BILL?

"Don't be silly, it's a man with a duck mask on", said Captain Beefheart. Afroed Axe Demon Jimi Hendrix parachuted in playing 'Star Spangled Banner' on his trusty bendy Fender with the back off his teeth before landing, shagging everybody, including your mum and dad, falling asleep in one of the many glowing hot geysers of radioactive acid mole vomit that dotted the landscape in those days and choking on it. Sad, but on with the show!

NO, WHICH BANDS PLAYED, I MEAN?

It was wild! LED ZEPPELIN played a brilliant set, John Paul Jones handling the bass chores on that song about getting your skirt caught in an escalator and being mashed to bits by the churning gears. Then THE WHO played in their cute target T-shirts



CARNAGE: A bemused VAN MORRISON takes the stage after The Who's third encore

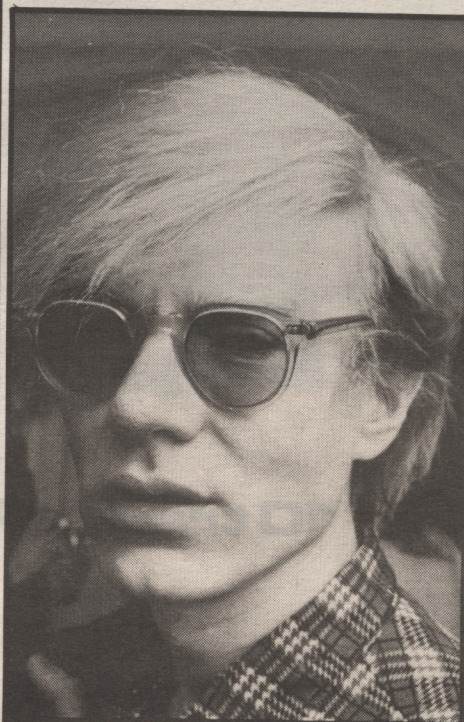
and Mod wigs and smashed their gear up. Then they smashed Led Zep's gear up. Then they went backstage, ate all the sandwiches and smashed Peter, Paul and Mary's gear up. Then they smashed Peter, Paul and Mary up and then Keith 'Grow up you wanker' Moon had one pot cigarette too many and crashed his limo into one of the many radioactive nasal hair filled swimming pools which dotted the land at that time and died.

The rumour went round that The Beatles were going to play! Paul and John are in the audience! Where! Was that a Liverpoolian twang? Hang on mo, has that pregnant dog got a rather large proboscis and a savage wit? Could it be John disguised as Ringo disguised as a pup filled canine? Of course it couldn't you stupid hippy!

However, DONOVAN was rudely elbowed off stage to make way for A PREGNANT DOG which howled disconsolately then birthed noisily in front of an appreciative crowd. But wait! Wash away that afterbirth from yonder pups! What breed of puppy dog has cute Beatle wigs and scouser accents?

But it was too late! The NEW SEEKERS stomped on stage for their set, crushing the weird singing dogs into squirting puppy pulp with their hob nailed, steel toecapped biker boots "WE'RE THE SEEKERS AND WE'RE F—ING SMACKED UP TO THE EYEBALLS ON THE PITUITARY GLANDS OF FORCE ABORTED HUMAN FETI! ALLO ALLO, ACID AGRO! ACID AGRO!" they screamed!

After an excellent set by JEFFERSON AIRPLANE, the evening wound down.



Performance Artist 'Andy' Warhol grew this spectac good crop 'o' nasal blackheads to celebrate the dawning of the The Age of Aquarius.



SURVIVORS: Only Hank 'n' Cliff survived the Hippy Holocaust.

DAY TWO: STONES TURN UP! BIG TRUB ALL ROUND!

Then, as novelty act COUNTRY JOE AND HIS FISH took the stage, three US CHINOOK CHOPPER SQUADS dropped tons of McDonalds and Kentucky FC on the crowd. Veggies to a person, the hippies barfed a tremendous mound of pink toadstools. BUT TOO LATE! as swathe after swathe of Hells' Angels roared across the mud towards the stage, bringing on their shoulders the tinbucket headed Demon King of Rock, MICK JAGGER AND THE ROLLING STONES!!!!

Then the sky was rent with a massive special effect as a time warp opened up to England 1943 and Glen Miller's Douglas Dakota screamed towards the stage.

But wait! What's that coming from the other direction? Oh no! It's the Big Bopper and his famous plane 'Ebony Eyes' from 1958! And they're on a collision course. So busy gaping at the imminent KABOOM! was DOORS' singer JIM MORRISON that he tripped over JANIS JOPLIN, forcing a gallon of vodka and some scary white pills down her throat as he spilled into a nearby bath and, as a dazed JIMI HENDRIX toppled into the bubbly acid-bath, dead, his guitar still throbbing with VOLTAGE, Jim hit the liquid.

SPIZWOOSH!!! His body jerked into a posthumous frenzy of jitterbugging, thus prompting Jodie Foster to try and kill the then Governor of California, RONALD REAGAN!!!!

"Bad vibes!" screamed Donovan, as he saw Bob Dylan through a purple hashshaze haze mutate strangely into a giant dungareed rabbit, acid-dentally killing MAMA CASS with a lentilburger he poked down her gaping gizzard, a gizzard gaping like the slime encrusted craw of a gobsmacked lizard because she had just seen BRIAN JONES, himself stunned by MARIANNE FAITHFULL'S Jimi Hendrix-influenced drug collapse into one of the many molten pools of melted Mars Bars that dotted the landscape at that time, fall into a seething jaccuzzi of frothing blood followed by a timewarped SID VICIOUS, NANCY SPUNGEN, KEITH "Buttons" MOON, ARTHUR ASKEY, TOMMY COOPER, KENNETH WILLIAMS, CHARLES HAWTREY and anyone unfortunate enough to be liked by THE MOZZER, who, though, only four at the time, was already boring the arse off anyone who would listen (except for Brian Jones fan Jimmy Marr who was so depressed at the death of his idol that he agreed to become the axeman for Morrissey's new band Morrissey).

Suddenly, Glenn's plane hit the Big Bopper's chopper . . . KABOOM!, as Ray Liechtenstein was to write the next day in a letter to his shit-toothed art mucker ANDY "Pandy" WARHOL who would later shock the rock world with his Greek rap combo WHAM! He was waiting for his I'm-Your-Man but when VALERIE "Singleton" SOLANAS said Young Guns Go For It, Andy sold his soul to the South Bank Show for a white wig.

Anyway. DAVID BOWIE saw the whole thing, wrote 'Space Oddity' and played hit guitar like he was voodoo from Japan — like a major tomcat.

"Time for bed — FOR THE '60S!" screamed the spring operated Rasta poet Benjamin Zebedee as white hot radioactive aviation fuel rained on the hippies, burning off their long hair. As the beatniks writhed and spasmed in cultural agony the pregnant dogs donned jackboots and swastika armbands and joined the Hells Angels in an orgy of corpse chewing, puppy birth giving and senseless violence, going so far as to chin Mick Jagger for looking at HIS OWN bird — Bianca — who ran off to join the Sandistas and liberate Nicaragua.

So some good came out of it, anyway.

Carole King

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