

This Week: S.A.W AND THOSE CHEEKY REYNOLDS GIRLS



"AUX ARMES, CITOYENS! Formez vos bataillons et Lizard!" OUI! Le time et montage du presentee le Lotus Giant Salamander coupes sur le regarde le rev down the detachably-tailed highway pour folks round here enchante RIDE THE LIZARD! (Je pense que nous avons tout le monde un de ces bonbons—Ed)

PETE WATERMAN AND THE BLUSTERY DAYS

Young Peter gazed into the pickle vat. Big, juicy onions dropped like bombs into the acid tank that sloshed and gurgled with many gallons of the vinegar that reeked like urine. The onions floated awhile and when the epidermis rotted, they sank to emerge at the other end as wrinkled and as yellow as two million year old bollocks.

"What if," he mused, his eyes bright with ambition, "what if I could apply the 'pickle process' to today's pop music? Assembly line pop that smells of piss and looks like Methusala's conkers! Then surely would I rich be! And me and my two mates would OWN this factory."

Sadly, Petie's best chums, Lionel and George, were killed in a horrendous 'Piccalilli Incident'. So he got his two worst enemies, Eli Stock and Seth Aitken to do it instead.

WHY WE HAVE THE REYNOLDS LASSES

1987. Stock Aitken and Waterman have made some records. They aren't being played on Radio One and the lads are a bit peeved. Fair enough.

1989. SAW have made two trillion records, all of which are played night and day on Radio One. They are still peeved and so, inspired by the Sunbeams from Bobby Ball's 'Junior Showtime', they get two young Top Shop check-out girls to exact REVENGE ie: 'I'd rather jack than Fleetwood Mac Heavy Metal, Rock 'N' Roll, Skatepunk, Hard Core, The Beatles, Cajun, Glam, Progressive Rock, Ska, Jazz, Reggae, Jazzfunk, Rap, Eskimo Songs, Folk, Flamenco, George Formby, Acid House, in fact anything not produced by Stock Aitken and Waterman/ Is Crap as far as we're concerned!

PLAYLIST STATISTICS

Heavy Metal: played 45 minutes a week
Fleetwood Mac: their last single was played four times in 1988
Stock Aitken and Waterman records, combined total: a staggering 47,000,000,000,000,007.76 hours A DAY! On Radios 1, 2, 3 and 4 and Caroline and Radio Wessex and all hospital radio stations in every country in the world forever.

STRANGE

Strange that someone should write a song calling for more Kylie Minogue at the expense of, say, Napalm Death? Could it be that a trio of former pickle hands with furry heads (who shall remain NAMELESS) are a teeny weensy bit megalomaniacal?

Of course not! Pop is a broad church and if you don't like Kylie, there's always Rick, Melandkim, Brother Beyond, Bananarama, Yazz, Elvis Costello and

the other SAW acts ie Def Leppard, Elvis Presley, Smokey Robinson, The Clash, Marvin Gaye, Bob Dylan and Extreme Noise Terror. Like, what will it be like in 1999? Like?

WHAT IT WILL BE LIKE IN 1999 ie TEN YEARS FROM NOW, LIKE

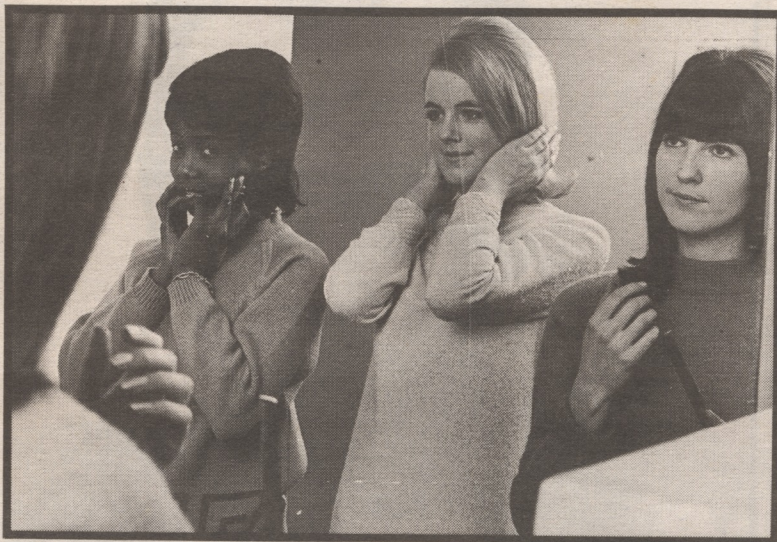
John Peel accidentally plays two seconds of a rather uninteresting Fall session. The next day, The Reynolds Girls release a single called 'For God's Sake Radio One Isn't There Enough Of This Old Fart Music Around Jesus You Should Be Hanged You Selfish Bastards The Kids Want To Hear Records By These Three Blokes We Know Who Write Ace Songs' and John Peel is hounded out of his leafy Home County abode by millions of screamy SAW teenyboppers on horseback and hunted down and killed with many a 'Yonks' and an 'Oik!' Hence the term SaddleSAW.

Andy Kershaw, on the other hand, plays 24 hour a day Kylie and HE LIKES EVERY MINUTE OF IT! because he read in Gill Pingles SHITE HOT ROCK AND POP club that 'Kylie' is Aborigine for "boring". YowSAW!

HACK SAW - THE FULL HORROR

1987 pre-SAW: It's multi-coloured pop fun fest as the charts squeak at the seams with millions of brilliant C86 type indie bands who are all really good (like Tallulah Gosh and The Sundays—oh joy) and wear little Dylan hats and pinnafores with flowers and bunny rabbits on them and have lots of spots and carry notebooks with loadsa train numbers written in them. Great!

1989: The glory days are over. The radio pumps out endless pop songs with bouncy rhythms that you can't help dancing to, cheerful melodies and optimistic lyrics. It's awful. A nation



SAW have based their new visual image on the lifestyles of their young girl fans. "I'm not sure about this wig..." says Stockie.

'reality' is actually composed of several adjacent dimensions, many of them full of cuddly bears. The bears in dimension R6 are formed into evil troikas that will stop at nuttink in their foul ambition to invade our dimensh UND TEK O'ER!

Nick: "Str'wth, Doc! So you're saying..."

The Prof: "Ja! Ja! I am saying, mein good cobber, zat Peter Waterman is Poohe Ze Bear Winnie!"

Nick: "Winnie The Poo! Jeez, Doc, sounds like the psychedelic donkey's been sprinkling your mush with the old magic tinkle! See ya!"

Prof: "Ach, scheiss! Zere is never a cobber around ven you need vun!"

Simon Le Bates: "And now for another caller, Mark Esmith, from Manchester, hello, Mark?"

Click: "Ah-reet, professor, Mr Professor! Mr Professor! The name's

TEN THINGS ZAT YOU NEFFER KNEW ABOUT VINNIE ZER POOH VOTTERMAN

1. He's a Tasmanian.
2. He likes Honey.
3. He has been known to simulate the act of onanism behind the back of Christopher Robin when the lad's "saying his prayers".
4. One day, when Christopher went down to the Palace—with Alice—WtP drank three bottles of brandy and went round Toytown with Eyeore and Tigger and kicked the f— out of Mr Plod and Tessie Bear.
5. He is a fluent Spanish speaker.
6. He once owned a "Chopper"—an early version of today's BMX.
7. He can remain underwater for up to three months in a state of suspended animation.



Stills from T'Reynolds lasses vid

decides that something must be done. All About Eve are sent on a walkabout tour of the land and play their meaningful, melancholy songs to anyone who'll listen ie nobody.

WHO ARE SA AND, INDEED, W

Well to answer this question we have with us in the studio Professor Marmaduke Von Crackhackerty, Regis Professor of Alien Studies at Wounded Knee University, Oregon. And if you have any questions for the Prof then give us a ring on 01-261 5000.

CLICK. WHIRR. "G'day, Prof! This is Nick Cave callin' nin from sunny Bondi Beach where the muscles gleam with Mr Sheen and the spume's taller'n a wallaby's sphink! My question for the Prof is—just who the koala's donger ARE Stock, Aitken and Waterman?"

The Prof says: "Well, as you know

Mark "Ing Up The Wrong-Ah Tree" Smith and ah I'd ah like to know if the Professah's theory means that Stock and Aitken ah are really Rupert The Bear and Skeletor the Bearah?"

The Prof: "Nein myin gott not zo far vrom der truff! Actually ze other two are not Rupes and Skelly! Nein! Zey are merely gluff puppids!"

Marky Smigg: "Gluff puppids!"

Prof: "Ja! Like Suddy and Sweep! Vinnie Der Pooh has his hans up der furry bottoms as ze gluff puppids und he iss VURKING ZEM! Vit his little fingers!"

Marky Smiff: "Ah blimery! Soah how-er willah thisah ahfeectah theah salesah ofah Theah Fallah's newer LPah outah nowah onah Phonahgramah?"

Prof: "Wiz luck, scumfart guts, very badly! Piss off you not-perhaps-the-most-talented-man-in-the-world person jerk! And say 'Howdy' to Brix E from all her many fans at der Wounded Knee Uni Fall Soc.!"

8. He was the engineer on Tracy Ullman's hit record 'They Don't Know' and worked extensively with Musical Youth in the early '80s.
9. He was once mistaken for a telephone engineer by Prince Andrew, who, taken by his incredible bottom and red hair, nonetheless said "Hold your horses" to that side of his sexuality and married someone else. Instead.
10. As "Binky", he performs in Dr Barnardo's every Christmas to an audience of gaptoothed street urchins who marvel at his amusing clown outfit. (Enough—Some top IPC legal brains)

QUICK! IT'S TIME FOR THE HIT MAN AND HER

Hitman: "Great, fab and bazzing gear, here we are in Tarts disco in Wolverhampton and are we having an absolutely great time?"

A hundred spotty disco wankers: "Yes."

Morrissey: "Can I go home now, Mum?"

Hitman: "AWWRRRIIGHT! Before Mr DJ spins a fab new 'waxy', by ME! and MY GLUFF PUPPID MATES! Here's Michelle Shocked with 'CHAT SPOT!'"

Shocko: "Right! Great! Right! Great! Right!"

Hitman: "Great!"

Her: "Right!"

Mobo: "Yeah!"

One hundred spotty disco wankers in acrylic shirts: "Great!"

Moloko: "Oo wee! My feet just hit the floor! I'm a dancin' fool."

Hitman: "And the spotty lad in the crap placcy spex wins Mr Dancefloor 89!"

"Tell me, El Mokoko, do you come here often? As it were!"

A punter: "I attend the Acidfunk and Waterman nights at Tramps disco on a sequential basis because, speaking Hegelistically, dance music is essentially and irreducibly a hedonistic celebration of the sublimated neo-neanderthal side of the human psyche, a kind of primordial reaction to the industrial and post-industrial mechanisation of the animal cycle which distorts the very fundamental need we have as animals with reasoning—homo we may be, sapiens we must be—to resolve the essential contradiction of being computers trapped in the bodies of apes by, er, dancing."

Hitman: "It's a dichotomy, isn't it?"

Punter: "It's a very real dichotomy. And one that I think much of the so-called "new rock" frankly fails to address. A mere "rebel stance" doesn't automatically mean one has a valid philosophy of opposition."

Her: "Exactly. Merely to react against prevailing standards does nothing more than make one, well..."

Punter: "Reactionary."

Her: "Precisely."

Mr Morrissey: "Got any Stones?"

Him: "Right!"

Michelle Shocked: "Cooeee! And now ahd lak to sing a song Y'all..."

The Whole World: "AAARGH!"



The disgusting Fleetwood Mac having a 'jack'.