

Rot into the sofa slimily as we join the strange half-man/half reptile 'tongue beasts' (STEVEN WELLS & DAVID QUANTICK) who inhabit the incredibly brown universe known to the Eastern masters of meditation as . . .



This Week YOOF TV!

1966: A 'kid' all snot and scabby knees, the front of his trutex shirt akin to yellow armour, so encrusted be it with school dinner style custard, slings down his dinosaur book and ruler, his insult biroed satchel and school cap, and flicks on the TV hoping for some hot entertainment.

Whirr! The cathode grey light fills the room and in few minutes the familiar jaunty notes of the 'Sailor's Hornpipe' announce John Noakes and Valerie Singleton. "Tonight" says John, "Val will be interviewing new young playwright Joe Orton about his holiday in Morocco, I'll be going to the Isle of Wight festival with Jimi Hendrix, and there's a Blue Peter special report by Peter from North Viet Nam on the spectacular territorial gains made by the Cong in the past fortnight. And of course Bleep and Booster."

Homework forgotten, the 'kid' settles back for a brilliant night of serious entertainment . . .

1989: A 'young person', Kylie T-shirt aglowing with ozone friendly Big Mac juice, throws down the word processor he has rented from the school stores, the CD Walkman containing his GCSE special project ("Write two words about how much money you want to earn by the time you are 20. If you feel like it"), the empty syringe the Head gave him as a reward for winning the St Janet Street Porter Skateboarding Cup, and roots through a pile of his parents' condoms, Tanita Tikaram DAT tapes and filofaxes for the remote.

CLICK! BLAT! The TV erupts in a hail of "groovy" graphics as some anorexic moron with a rockabilly haircut and a mouth full of cockerockermee pebbles stands on his head in a stupid Next suit and shouts over some hip house music about how there's a lot of dogshit in Amsterdam. Next an incompetent rapper makes a mess of the link to the following item, an incoherent shouting match between some fool who believes in God and six teenagers who wouldn't know God if SAW were producing his next single.

TREV HIPWANKERTROUSERS: "Right, OK! Now here's a spesh report on a very serious prob that faces a lot of 'young people'. Baz?"

BAZ: "OK, right! Yes, like constipation is not a very 'young' sort of subject but it's pretty serious. Right?"

TREV CRAPTROUSERS: "OK! Yes, but you're mean't to be talking about 'youth' homelessness, Baz?"

BAZ: "I'm sorry we're right out of time, Magenta?"

MAGENTA TWOGLASSEYES: "A lot of 'young people' are constantly 'up against' the prob of trying to, er, read the auto Cue without taking their sunglasses off so. That the viewers don't realise that I look like that woman out of Rising Damp. Right. A lot of 'young people' are really pissed off with the mindless shit that passes for 'youth TV' which takes about three minutes to deal with a subject like AIDS and then makes the whole thing totally unwatchable with shite graphics that totally f— the whole thing up. Janet?"

JANET GORBLIMEYTROUSERS: "And now Buck Rogers."

BUCK ROGERS: "A lot of 'young people' find Buck Rogers In The 25th Century a load of halfwitted drivel. John Javna's The Best Of Science Fiction TV (Titan Books, £5.95) calls it 'clunky and boring'. As for Twinky the robot, Javna cites Washington Post critic Tom Shalkes, who remarks, "That stupid robot was beneath contempt". Janet?"



PICTURE: KEVIN CUMMINS

LEFT: Why Magenta De Vine wears shades



PICTURE: P. McHUGH

ABOVE: "Clearasil! Testing! Clearasil!" Andy Kershaw passes his Whistle Test audition with flying colours



PICTURE: FOUR EYES

"Mollusc!" Dougal the Magic Roundabout dog disses his snail chum Brian

TEN TOTALLY BORING FINGS THAT EVERY 'YOOF TV' DOES A TWO MINUTE MINIDOCO ON

1. Those chaps who live in cardboard boxes.
2. Yoof TV
3. Comics. Have they 'grown up'? They're called graphic novels now, yawn.
4. Rural violence ie. Woking is full of pissed up lads on Saturday. How 'new'.
A GONK: "I say Janet! There's some ruddy oik apukin' in the herbaceous!"
JANET: "Give him a blast with the 12 bore, Martin, and pass me the steadicam."

LATER THAT NIGHT

SOME TALENTLESS YOUNG PILLOCK. "Crazy graphics, yeah? And now a look at a problem that faces a lot of 'young people'. Yes, rural vioAAAAAAAARGH!"
FARMER GILES: "Arr! Rotate those



PICTURE: KEVIN CUMMINS

ABOVE: Gary Numan - TOTP tried to ban him but he was too clever for them

going to Africa these days you know. Something of an expert on the old African music scene I am, If I say so myself. Hmmm?"

HANK: "No, I . . ."

ANDY: "Reet. It was great, that bit when I went into the bank and I couldn't get any money, ha ha, and the man behind the counter kept me waiting for ages, ha ha ha, anyway, who's done more for the kids, me or you, eh?"

(Before Hank can reply, the 'swish! swish!' of the hitech studio doors is heard and a volley of Uzi fire disturbs the calm of gentlemanly debate.

DAVID HEPWORTH is eviscerated by the flailing kukri of FRED DINEAGE, while TONY BASTABLE and AYSHEA hold a blowtorch to the quivering knackers of TREVOR DANN)

VALERIE SINGLETON: "Right you bastards! This is the end of the line! You've ruined your last evening of kid's TV!"

JOHN NOAKES: "Die doppelgangers!"

SHEP: "Rarrgh! Rip! Snarl! Bite!"

ANDY KERSHAW: "Ooh! Ow! Aargh! Spurt! Slump!"

JOHN WALTERS: "I say! Blimey! Leggo my beardaaaaarrrrrrrrghWHOOMPH!"

JOHN CRAVEN: "Not so much lighterfuel, Val, ha ha ha!"

VAL: "That'll teach the unfunny BASTARD! Keep that camera turning, mofo, or you're next!"

SIR PRANCELOT: "No probs, Val!"

VALERIE SINGLETON: "Thus perish all enemies of the people! Deregulate this you bastard!"

RUPERT MURDOCH: "Get these animals off me!"

JASON, PETRA, PATCH, FREDA THE TORTOISE, PARSLEY THE LION: "Chew! Chew! Burp!"

THE CHIVES: "Ho! Ho! Ho Chi Minh!"

(Suddenly the forces of oppression are boosted by all those Woodo's from Trumpton and Chigley BUT!)

THE ENTIRE CAST OF GRANGE HILL (FIRST SERIES): "Chaaaaarge! Heroin! Underage sex!"

(Studio Three, Shepherd's Bush, erupts into a flaming ball of righteous violence, sadly causing Any Questions to come to an end as a visiting THATCH spontaneously combusts all over David Owen and Victoria Gillick)

VALERIE SINGLETON: "Right! let's go round Night Network and 'disrupt' the Video Vote!"

CRAIG CHARLES: "Quick. lads, scarpel!"

LT SULU: "No so fast unfunny fat lad with the crap poetry and the abysmal scouse accent, la!"

MAGNET DEVINE: "Oh no! Look, um, here's one I made earlier!"

VALERIE: "What! You Dare! Swipe!"

MAGENTA: "No, not the shades! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

NOAKESY: "Look out! Death rays!"

PETER PURVES: "Death raybans! Geddit!"

(Long pause)

MR DIRECTOR GENERAL MARMADUKE "SHAMELESS WAYNE" HUSSEY: (arriving home early) "Right, you toys! Back in your box! AAAAARGH!"

DOUGAL THE DOG: "Snik! Chomp!"

ZEBEDEE: (rather predictably) "Time for bed!"

THE ENTIRE CAST: "Hurrah! Me first for oily spring fun shagging!"

crops, Bilko!"

SOME HOPELESS GIT IN A CRAP SUIT WITH A MASSEY FERGUSON UP HIS ARSE: "Right, OK!"

5. Low alcohol bevs.

6. Boring foreign music.

7. The drug problem.

8. Somebody who used to work for the NME and is reduced to flogging their opinions about pop music for 50 notes a shot.

9. Scotland. Arr.

10. Discos. No, not the dancing clubs, those nice round crisps by KP.

WHY THEY AXED THE WHISTLE TEST

SCENE: A grey studio. Tartan shirted spot seller ANDY "LIZ" KERSHAW is sitting crosskagoolied (anoracked by guilt) upon the floor interviewing Hank 'Andy' Williams.

ANDY: "Hank, I believe your last EP, was directly influenced by some of the new sounds that I discovered while on a freebie to Mali in Africa. I'm quite often