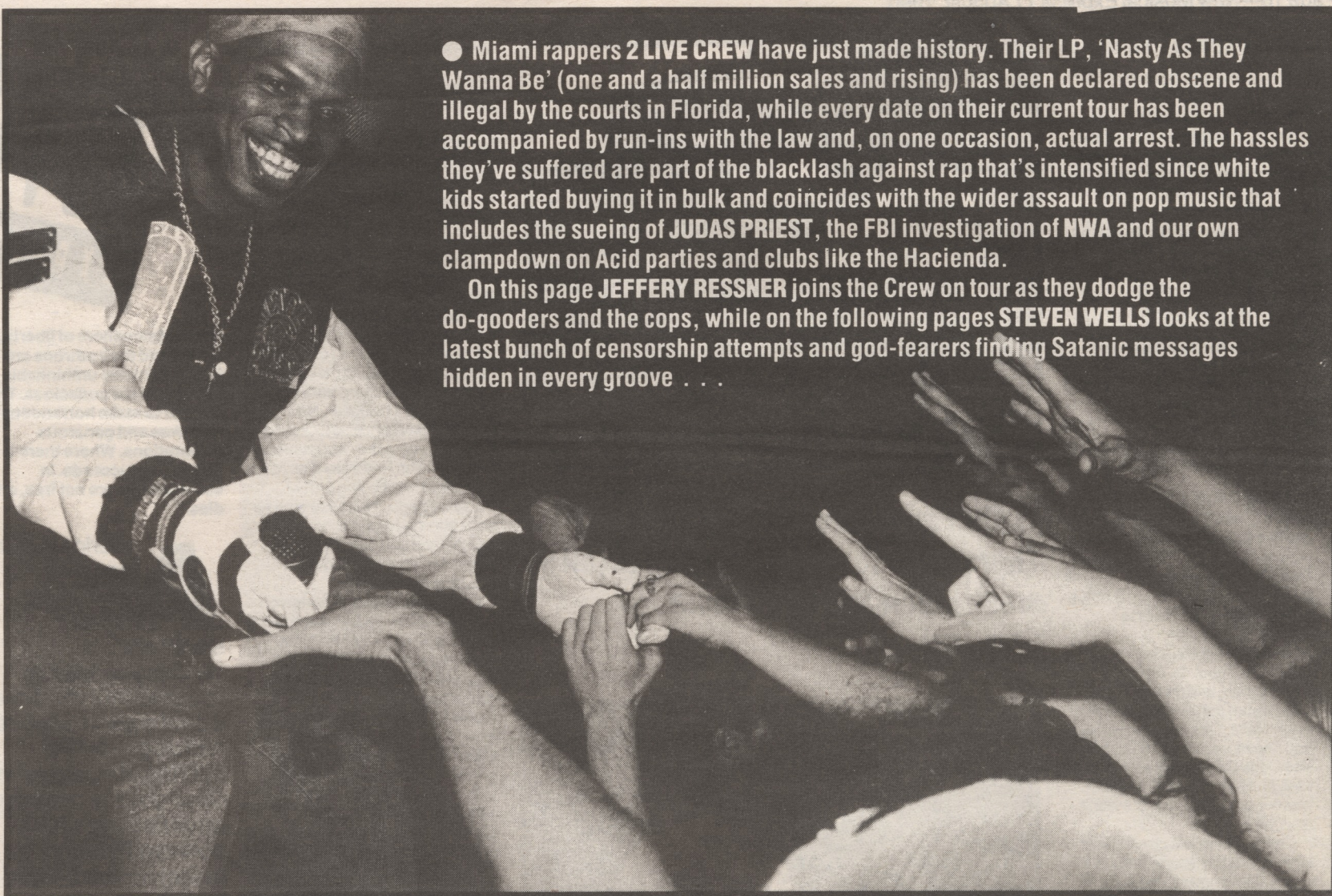


**“We want some pussy! We want some pussy!”** That chant is booming outside the Ozone Teen Club, in Duluth, Georgia, as hundreds of people push and shove to get a closer look at the most notorious band in America.

It's a hot, muggy night in the Deep South, and the members of the 2 Live Crew are running into the rear entrance of this backwoods club, making things even hotter.

A week earlier, the group's album 'As Nasty As They Wanna Be' was ruled obscene by a Florida judge. A record store owner was busted for selling it. And three band members were arrested for performing its songs at an "adults only" concert. Now the Crew is in the buckle of the Bible Belt to play a gig at a teen disco. Getting arrested is one thing, but the rappers are concerned that before tonight is over, they may get lynched.

The chanting outside grows louder. Meanwhile, all four Crew members are huddled inside the cramped dressing-room area with the county police chief, Wayne Bolden. "This is a club for kids from 14 to 18 years old," says Bolden. "Let's have a good time and a good clean show, and we will part as friends." He extends



PICTURE: TINA PAUL

● Miami rappers **2 LIVE CREW** have just made history. Their LP, 'Nasty As They Wanna Be' (one and a half million sales and rising) has been declared obscene and illegal by the courts in Florida, while every date on their current tour has been accompanied by run-ins with the law and, on one occasion, actual arrest. The hassles they've suffered are part of the backlash against rap that's intensified since white kids started buying it in bulk and coincides with the wider assault on pop music that includes the suing of **JUDAS PRIEST**, the FBI investigation of **NWA** and our own clampdown on Acid parties and clubs like the Hacienda.

On this page **JEFFERY RESSNER** joins the Crew on tour as they dodge the do-gooders and the cops, while on the following pages **STEVEN WELLS** looks at the latest bunch of censorship attempts and god-fearers finding Satanic messages hidden in every groove . . .

# LIVE AND DANGEROUS?

his arm to shake hands. "No problem," says Luther Campbell, the lanky leader of the Crew.

"This ain't no place to go to jail."

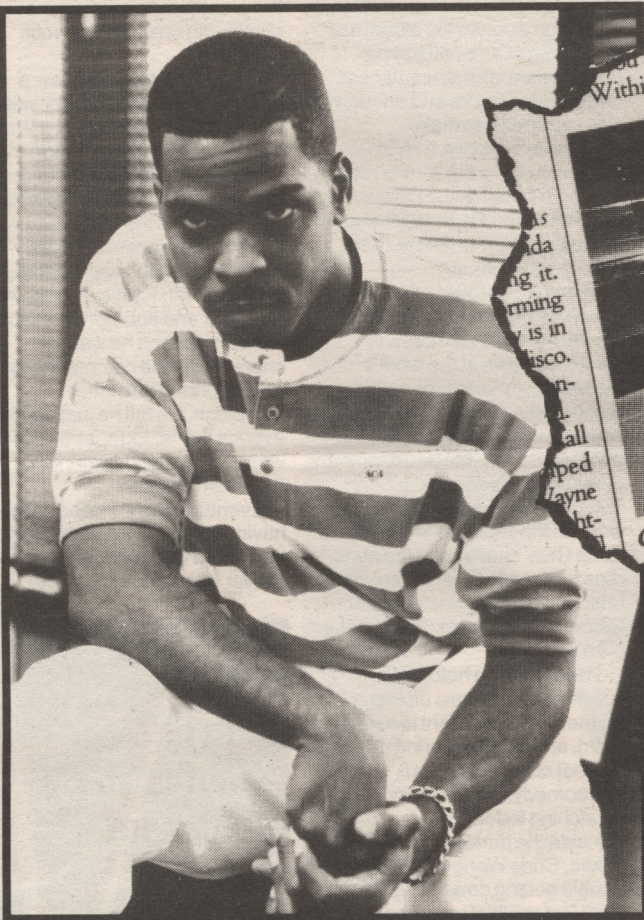
Once the chief leaves, the Crew members heave a collective sigh of relief. David Hobbs, the turntable DJ nicknamed Mr Mixx, begins to skim through his stack of records. Rapper Chris Wong Won, known as Fresh Kid Ice, struggles to put on a T-shirt, his left arm having been mangled in a car crash two years ago. Another rapper, Mark 'Brother Marquis' Ross, struts around the tiny room, bobbing his head to a Public Enemy tape playing on his Walkman.

Campbell, meanwhile, uses this opportunity to speak his mind. "This is how I feel about doing a 'clean' show," he says, sticking his finger up his nostril. Beaming a wide, gaptoothed grin, he holds up a cassette of Andrew Dice Clay's latest album. "I wonder if I'd go to jail if I played my man Dice on stage?" he asks, punctuating his comment with a sharp, sputtering laugh.

Then Campbell takes a knife and begins to carve up a 2 Live Crew T-shirt, carefully slicing out the Skywalker Records emblem printed on the back. Campbell used Luke Skywalker for his stage name and the name of his record company until he was sued for \$300 million by George Lucas, creator of *Star Wars*. Campbell is now restricted from using the Skywalker moniker and is simply calling the label Luke Records.

"This is for George's sake," says Campbell as he finishes cutting the symbol from the shirt. "And this is what we think of George," he adds, taking the swatch of material and pretending to use it as toilet paper. After donning the slashed T-shirt, he puts the finishing touch on his costume—a black kerchief tied around his head and pulled to a point so it resembles a KKK hood.

It's show time. Campbell and his Crew rush on stage and look out over the crowd of some 300 teenagers, vice cops and reporters. "I gotta say one thing since we got the whole world here tonight," Campbell yells towards the TV cameras. "They say 2 Live Crew can't do a clean show and



**Luther Campbell—sued for \$300 million by George Lucas for using the name Luke Skywalker.**

still rock. We're gonna prove 'em wrong!"

As it turns out, the 'clean' show is essentially the same as the 'adult' version that got the Crew arrested in Florida. The main difference is that the audience provides all the objectionable words. During the group's version of 'Do Wah Diddy', for example, Campbell sings, 'I saw a girl walkin' down the block/Between her legs she had a great big . . .'. Without missing a beat, the kids scream out the racy rhyme.

The cops look at one another and shrug their shoulders, clearly defeated. The audience goes nuts. The band cracks up, and later Campbell admonishes the crowd with a sarcastic warning. "Y'all supposed to be singin' the clean version," he says. "Y'all

gonna go to jail if you keep singin' like that."

The entire set lasts less than an hour, featuring songs like the Top 40 hit 'Me So Horny', a display of Mr Mixx's scratching skills and a pair of go-go dancers gyrating suggestively. There's no hassle from the cops. After the show, the police chief says he could barely understand the words, let alone tell if they were obscene.

THE YOUNGEST son of a hairdresser and a custodian, Luther Campbell grew up in a harsh Miami slum called Liberty City. Though he was raised by his folks and four brothers, he credits his late uncle with raising his social consciousness.

"He would tell me about people like Rap Brown and Malcolm X

when I was ten years old," the 29-year-old Campbell says. "I'd be watching cartoons and shit on Sunday morning, and my uncle would say, 'You better watch out, because while you're looking at these damn Three Stooges there are people on TV talking about putting chains back on you.' I never forgot that, and from then on I always listened to the news."

School, on the other hand, was a joke. One of Campbell's elementary-school teachers was a howling drunk. Later he bribed his teachers so he could skip class and shoot dice. By the time he reached his late teens, Campbell could play a mean game of craps but couldn't read a newspaper. Bussed into a white Miami Beach school, he was taken under the wing of a sympathetic young teacher who taught him basic English in the eleventh grade.

Campbell began his musical career around this time, spinning records at school dances with a group called the Ghetto Style DJs. He took on cooking jobs at a hospital and a hotel but after a year decided to turn his attention to promoting rap concerts.

He also started getting into trouble with local authorities, mostly for fighting at the events he promoted. "Gang members would come to our dances, and we would defend ourselves and

the people coming to see us," Campbell says. "It wasn't like we were running around bullying people." Florida police records show Campbell was busted four times on charges ranging from aggravated assault to carrying a concealed weapon, but he always avoided conviction. "I ain't never said I was no angel," Campbell says. "There were times I was going to jail so much I thought I lived there."

During one arrest in 1985, police stopped his car outside a shopping mall and found a ski mask wrapped around a 9mm semi-automatic gun in his lap. Asked about this incident last month, Campbell refused to comment other than to joke that the mask was for "skiing in the Alps." He boasts of an impressive gun collection and admits he "shot at a lot of people but didn't shoot nobody."

While Campbell was playing gunslinger and promoting concerts in 1985, he heard a record called 'Revelation In A Beat Box', which grabbed his attention. "The song was the work of Trinidad-born rapper Chris Wong Won and California scratch DJ David Hobbs, who had formed the 2 Live Crew after serving together in the air force. Campbell brought them to Miami for a show, and the three hit it off instantly.

Wong Won, Hobbs and Campbell all had problems getting paid for their previous recording work, so, vowing never

to get ripped off, Luther decided to start his own label. Their first record was a rap titled 'Throw The D', after a popular Miami dance craze. "D", of course, stands for the part of the male anatomy that's "thrown" during the dance.

Campbell hawked the single out of his car trunk at swap meets and record pools, and when the tune caught on, he wound up selling more than 200,000 copies. Soon afterwards, New York rapper Mark Ross was recruited into the group by Hobbs, and the foursome began work on the complete album. 'The 2 Live Crew Is What We Are', released in 1986, contained a few crude numbers, like 'We Want Some Pussy', and sold a half million copies.

A sales assistant in Callaway, Florida, was arrested for selling the album to a minor, but the case was dropped.

Next came 'Move Somethin'', a million seller with considerably more explicit songs, including 'S&M' and 'Head, Booty And Cock'. A record-store owner in Alabama was prosecuted and subsequently acquitted for selling that album to a police detective in violation of local obscenity laws.

The Crew had found a surefire gimmick—combining the thudding Miami bass sound with extremely rude lyrics that bragged about outrageous sexual conquests. Campbell originally believed that the group's third album, 'As Nasty As They Wanna Be', would sell the same amount as its predecessor. But fuelled by all the controversy, the double album has nearly reached the two million mark in sales.

Along the way, Luther Campbell has become a very rich man, parlaying his leadership of the 2 Live Crew into a corporate empire that includes three record labels, a recording studio, a construction company, three discos and an investment portfolio brimming with mutual funds and real estate. He owns a Jaguar, a BMW convertible, a Westwind jet and a new home. Campbell won't disclose his net worth, but one magazine

CONTINUES OVER



## FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

estimated his assets at \$11 million last year.

What about the worth of his lyrics? Campbell defends 2 Live Crew's material as adult comedy, often referring to the group as "the Eddie Murphys of rap." There's no "voodoo sex" in his music like there is on some rock albums, he argues, no necrophilia or satanic rituals.

When taken to task for repeatedly calling women "bitches", Campbell explains it's actually a term of endearment. "We're talking about a hell of a woman who ain't gonna take shit—one of those *Dynasty* motherf—ers," he says. "That's what I like in a woman. I want me a real bitch, not some pushover."

THE MORNING after the Georgia concert, the 2 Live Crew heads north to Chicago. On the schedule is a promotional visit to a record store, more interviews and a show at the International Amphitheater with several other rap acts.

As soon as the band members arrive at their hotel, they are descended upon by a storm of TV cameramen, and the lobby is instantly awash in the harsh glare of arc lights. One journalist brings good news from the political front: The Cook County state's attorney says he finds the Crew music "personally offensive" but won't stop the concert.

Campbell serves up his usual array of snappy sound bites to the press, then retires to his suite for some rest. Meanwhile, Wong Won and Marquis drive to the south side of town for a brief autograph session at a black record store. On the way down, an oldies station plays Ben E King's 'Stand By Me' on the radio. Wong Won sings along quietly to the classic R&B ballad, and a hulking roadie snaps his fingers in time. "I can't stand this shit," says Marquis, adjusting his Walkman headphones to he can better concentrate on his Public Enemy tape.

Jimmy's Records is located near Ashland and West Eighty-seventh, past Club Superfly, Bell & Bunnie's Bar-B-Que and the Hide-A-Way Lounge ("Easy to Get Here, Hard to Go Home"). A swarm of black kids surround the Crew members as their roadie gives away free posters. To celebrate the group's arrival, a young clerk puts on the 'Nasty' album, and the store's speakers begin to blast a graphic rap about anal sex. An older woman quickly lifts the needle from the turntable. "Thanks, Mom," says Marquis with a roguish smirk.

After the stop at Jimmy's and some chitchat at a radio station, the Crew heads back to the hotel to prepare for the evening's performance. Campbell gulps down Long Island iced teas and becomes a bit woozy. On the crazed trip to the Amphitheater he starts crooning Sinatra's 'Chicago', then asks the driver to "put on some uptempo rock 'n' roll, some Mötley Crüe." Once inside the dressing room of the cavernous venue, the group learns that every speaker in the place has blown out except for a lone monitor at the rim of the stage.

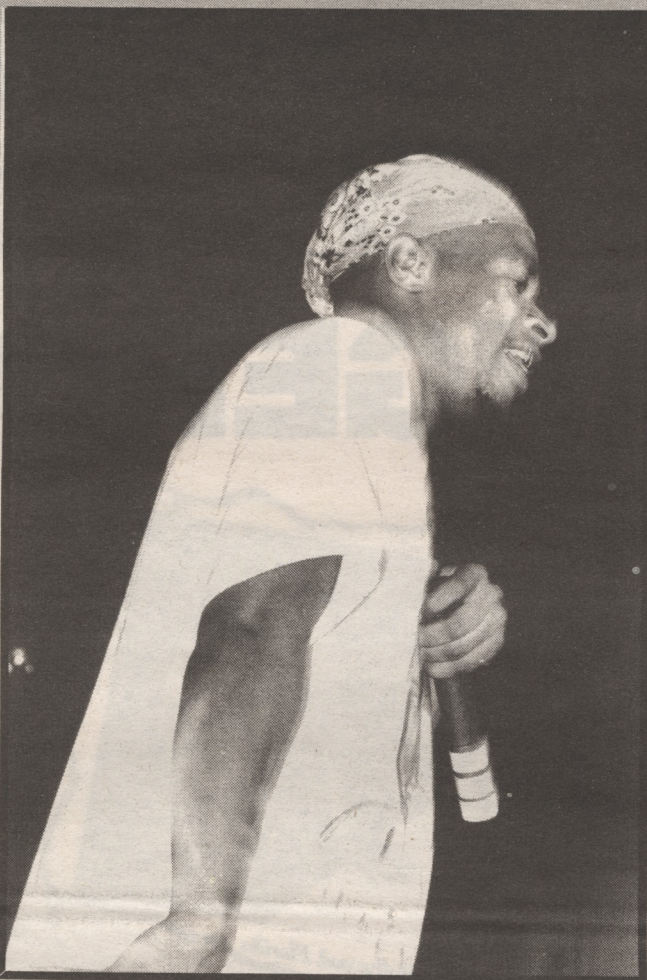
Once again, it's show time. As Mr Mixx begins the set with some fancy turntable stunts, Campbell, Wong Won and Marquis bang their forearms together for good luck. They should be banging the speakers instead. The sound is so wretched it prompts one reporter to ask, "Can music be obscene if no one can hear it?"

Unlike the bar stage at the Georgia teen club, the Amphitheater concert includes an elaborate backdrop, strobe lights and fog machines. The Crew's dancers are also far less restrained, furiously undulating, bumping and grinding to the wild hardcore beat.

Following a 'Nasty' version of 'The F— Shop', Campbell cries out, "We want the finest women you got!" and several ladies in skintight dresses climb up on to the stage. They start playfully



**"I ain't never said I was no angel. There were times I was going to jail so much I thought I lived there." — Campbell**



teasing the band members, but before long, the segment becomes an unbridled frenzy of simulated sex between the band members and their guests from the audience. After Campbell and Marquis engage one volunteer in a mock *ménage à trois*, the concert ends abruptly and the sweaty Crew sprints off to the dressing room.

Backstage, Campbell moans about the faulty sound system. "I couldn't hear a motherf—ing thing," he says. "All that shit was loud noise."

The two slinky go-go dancers have a different gripe. They begin complaining about how tame and mundane the live shows have become lately. Cindy Mullins, who works for a lawyer during the day, feels the need to get more extreme. "Listen," she says in earnest, "when the publicity dies down, you should start using whips and drag us out there in chains. Now that would be awesome."

"Hey, I told him about that stuff a year ago," says the other dancer, Juliet Caballero.

"You could get some red dye and put it on a paddle," says Mullins. "That way, when you spank us, it would look like our butts were smacked raw."

Campbell shakes his head and strokes his pencil-thin moustache in disbelief. All this talk of bondage and spanking is obviously nastier than he wants to be. Turning to a visitor in the

dressing room, he smiles and says "See! That's where it all comes from—the women!"

A BROILING Saturday in Miami. The Crew has returned home after four long days on the road. Besides the concerts in Georgia and Illinois, there have been appearances on *Donahue*, *Geraldo*, *Sally Jessy Raphael* and countless local news programmes. The 2 Live Crew saga has produced banner headlines across the country, and Campbell is astounded at the sheer volume of front-page coverage. "Damn!" he says at the airport. "Nelson Mandela comes to America, and he's on page three!"

The media in the area continue to buzz with daily updates. There are rallies, TV specials, radio phone-in programs—everything but a 2 Live Crew ride at Disney World. Today the *Miami Herald* ran a story about the University of Miami athletic director pledging to take action against any athlete who associates with the rap group. "Now they're trying to blame us because the team plays nasty," Campbell says incredulously.

The UM director isn't the only local citizen bothered by the Crew's antics. In the quaint Miami suburb of Coral Gables, an attorney named Jack Thompson has spent the past six months in his small home office attacking the rappers with his telephone,

word processor and fax machine. Thompson, a born-again Christian obsessed with banning the Crew's albums, has sent 'Nasty' lyrics to record chains like Musicland and state authorities like Florida Governor Bob Martinez, hoping to stop the group he claims fosters "the brutalization of women and children."

Thompson seems sincere, but his sanity has been called into question on at least one occasion. He has a poster of Michael Keaton as Batman on his refrigerator and is fond of comparing himself to the Caped Crusader while characterizing Campbell as The Joker. He harassed a Miami disc jockey to the point where the court issued a restraining order that forbids him from even mentioning the DJ. Two years ago, Thompson ran for state attorney against incumbent Janet Reno and demanded she sign a document stating her sexual preferences.

Campbell believes Thompson launched his anti-Crew campaign because Skywalker Records once released a song that supported Reno. But Thompson disputes his claim, saying his motivation stems solely from his moral beliefs. "A Christian is called in Scripture to protect the widows and orphans," he says. "I've looked at a lot of albums and concluded that only one is obscene. The law ought to be enforced because in this instance it's designed to protect women and children." Thompson says he enjoys MC Hammer, Sinéad O'Connor and Paul Simon, but the Crew's material "comes straight from hell and smells like smoke."

These days, Thompson is shifting his attention away from 'Nasty' toward a new album, Campbell's first solo effort, titled 'Banned In The USA'. Slated for release in August, the album is a mixed bag of anti-censorship raps, stream-of-consciousness rants, dance tracks and enough sleazy material to make Thompson's stomach churn in disgust. Among the X-rated songs are 'Strip Club', 'Face Down, Ass Up' and a raucous number about Florida's governor that features the repeated chant 'F— Martinez, F— F— Martinez'.

A week before the album is mastered, the 2 Live Crew is hunkered down at the label's recording studio in Liberty City. Many tracks still need to be completed, including a dance cut about Bart Simpson and a topical piece called 'News Flash'. Tonight, however, is reserved for work on the Martinez chant, some 'Strip Club' chatter and the main raps for the title tune, which will feature a backing track lifted from Bruce Springsteen's 'Born In The USA'.

The studio is a hotbed of activity, with Marquis dictating rhymes to an assistant in a side room, and Mr Mixx poring through his vast collection of soul, rock and comedy albums to find new scratching fodder.

Inside the darkened recording studio, Chris Wong Won is having trouble getting down his lyrics. "I don't like political raps," he says. But his work on the track should pay off. The title song is the lynchpin of the entire album—a collage of music, including 'Born In The USA', 'Yankee Doodle Dandy', along with samples of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

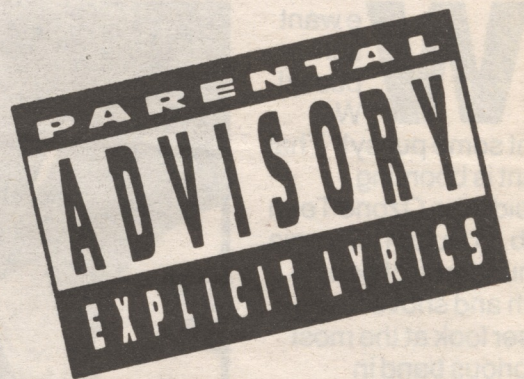
"We got some white-collared people trying to cramp our style," raps Wong Won. "Saying we're too nasty and we're too live."

"No, no, no—that won't work," says Campbell. "Don't say 'white-collared people'. Say 'white politicians' instead."

The choice of lyrics is critical. Campbell knows all too well about his adversaries. "The main ones are those right-wing motherf—ers—they're the ones around here doing all the crazy shit," he says, alluding to politicians like Jimmy Swaggart.

"When they hear us talking about [nasty sex], they see themselves, you know."

© Rolling Stone



**"In an atmosphere of liberty, artists and their patrons are free to think the unthinkable and create the audacious. They are free to make horrendous mistakes and generous celebrations. Where there's liberty, art succeeds. In societies that are not free, art dies."**

**A**merica is going ape over "declining moral standards". In Washington they've chopped an inch off the dick of a park sculpture and discussed the banning of vibrators. In Chicago they "arrested" an oil painting which portrayed a former (male) mayor dressed in lingerie.

Books as diverse as *The Wizard Of Oz* and *Catcher In The Rye* get pulled out of classrooms. Allen Ginsberg and William Burroughs are effectively censored off the airwaves. . . and ageing metallers Judas Priest and rude boys 2 Live Crew are bearing the brunt of the new puritans' continuing onslaught on rock music.

In 1987, 18-year-old Laura Ragsdale was arrested for selling a copy of 2 Live Crew's 'It's What You Want' to a minor. When the charges were thrown out of court many thought the issue was dead. Wrong. When the lyrics to 2 Live Crew's most recent LP 'Nasty As They Wanna Be' were posted by the American Family Association to lawyer and anti-porn crusader Jack Thompson he was so shocked that he commenced a furious phone and letter campaign. He felt he just had to expose the "sludge" and "toxic waste" that was threatening American children.

Eventually he succeeded in having a Florida judge decree that the record was "obscene". A similar verdict has just been

delivered by a judge in Greenville, South Carolina. Three 2 Live Crew members were arrested after an "adults only show" and seven record store owners have been prosecuted for continuing to sell the album.

But Jack Thompson isn't finished. He's currently railing against 2 Live Crew's recent reworking of a Bruce Springsteen tune—'Banned In The USA'—which he claims is "racist stereotyping of blacks" and "mental molestation of children".

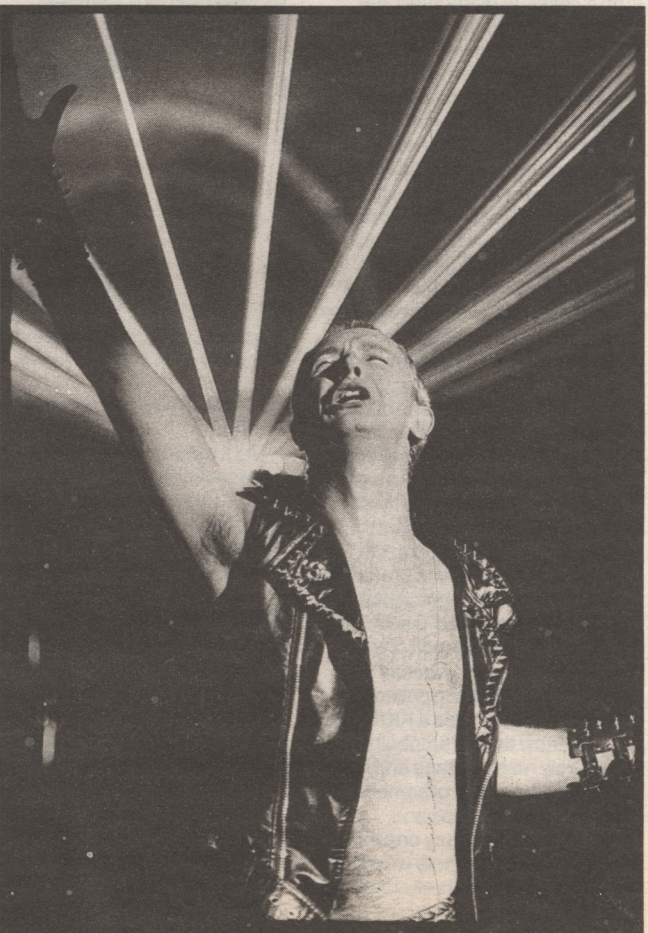
Meanwhile, in San Antonio, Texas, the police have delivered transcripts of the album to shops. The law there requires that store owners know exactly what they're selling before they can be prosecuted for peddling pornography.

San Antonio, by an amazing coincidence, is the home of Dr Joe Stussy, Professor of Music and author of *The Heavy Metal User's Handbook*. Dr Stussy reckons:

"Most people (fortunately!) do not listen to heavy metal music and then run out and commit rape and incest, murder their parents, burn down their schools, commit suicide or satanic sacrifice . . . (but) the generally negative images of heavy metal may stockpile in your mind and make you a different person . . . scary isn't it?"

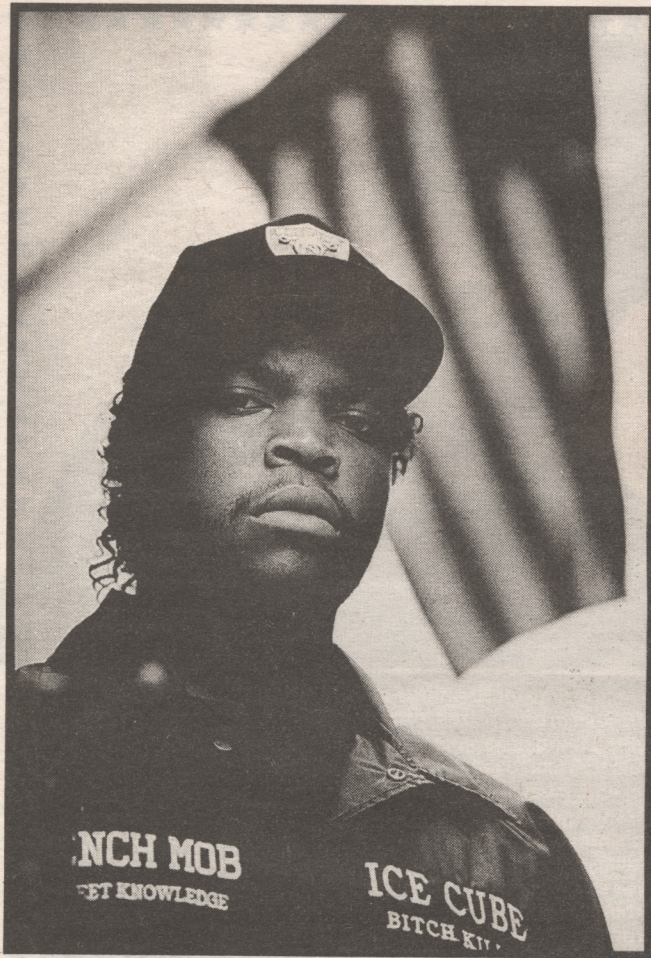
Five years ago two American lads, having grown up battered and/or neglected and having acquired a taste for marijuana, LSD, speed, heroin, PCP and coke—typical clean-cut American teenagers—blew their heads off with shotguns. Why? A court in Reno is hearing evidence that puts the blame squarely on the shoulders of the Judas Priest album 'Stained Class'. And this despite the fact that no posters or magazines mentioning Judas Priest were found in the teenagers' bedrooms and that one of the suicides' mother has admitted that she never heard her son even mention the band he was allegedly obsessed with.

The prosecution's "expert" witness, the man who claims to be able to detect "satanic programming" in some Judas

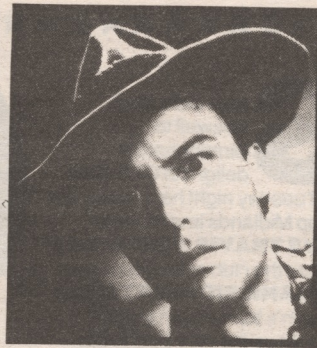


**Court in the act: Judas Priest**

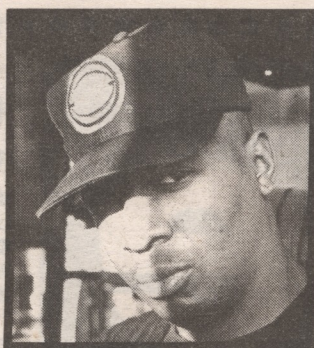




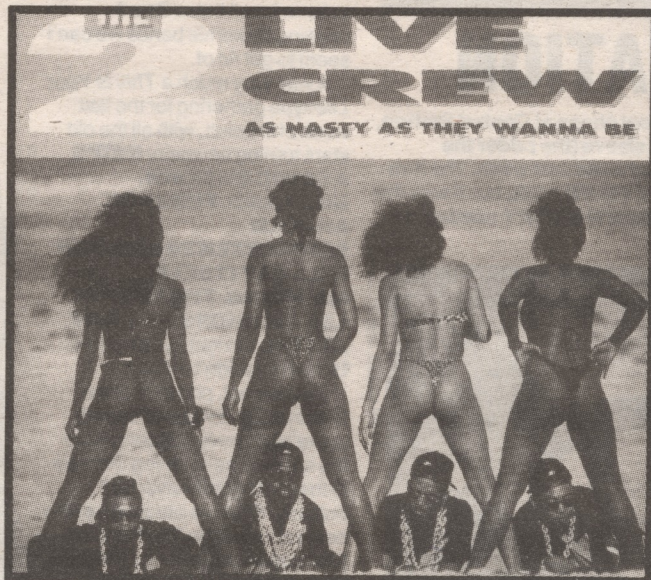
Ice Cube, ex-NWA: FBI investigation



Jello Biafra



PE's Chuck D



2 Live Crew's LP: declared obscene

# CENSORS WORKING OVERTIME

Priest tracks, also claims to have found the word "sex" on a Ritz cracker and a picture of Jesus in an ice cube!

It's becoming almost fashionable to blame Heavy Metal for everything from mass murder to drug addiction to incest. In 1985, Richard Ramirez (aka The Nightstalker) killed 16 people in California whilst allegedly under the influence of AC/DC's 'Highway To Hell'. In 1986 parents of a Californian youth tried to blame Ozzy Osbourne for their son's suicide when they discovered the song 'Suicide Solution' in his record collection. Recently a 14-year-old girl from Fullerton, California was sentenced to 325 years in prison for stabbing and bludgeoning her mother to death. It was alleged by the prosecution that she was "obsessed" with Heavy Metal. The only thing that's stopping sceptics asking if the common link between these deaths might not be California rather than Heavy Metal is the case this year of a Canadian teenager who, in a suicide note, asked that

Metallica's 'Fade To Black' be played at his funeral. I mean, what more proof do you need?

The Priest case has once again dragged out and dusted down the bogeyman of "subliminal messages". Most anti-rockers are now wary of the issue, not just because there is no concrete evidence that the brain can pick up and 'store' reversed messages, but because the whole issue of backwards masking is tied up with the Fundamentalist theory of Rock As A Satanic Conspiracy. This decrees that we are in The Last Days and that Satan is using rock music to either brainwash or desensitise the youth of the West so that they'll fight for the devil come Armageddon.

Not surprisingly, the ultra-respectable and allegedly secular heart of the US rock censorship movement – the Parents Music Resource Center (aka The Washington Wives) – have tried to distance themselves from the crazed blabberings of the fundamentalist ayatollahs. Fortunately, people like anti-

censorship campaigner Phyllis Pollack have carried on digging. When NWA received 150 'hate letters' for their track 'F--- Tha Police' she phoned every one of the letter writers:

"Not one of them could tell me who Robert Plant was, or Run DMC – I mean these people were musically illiterate! Then it turns out that most of them are part of a letter writing campaign organised by a fundamentalist group in Pamona, California, called Focus On The Family. So me and Dave Marsh from *Rock 'N' Roll Confidential* infiltrated them – and guess who's on the board of Family Focus? Susan Baker of the PMRC!"

Pollack is adamant that the PMRCers and the Christian crazies are tarred with the same brush.

"The PMRC is merely a PR front to make the goals of the religious extremists look moderate and mainstream."

THOSE WHO claim that the *real* motivation behind the current anti-rock hysteria is the same

racist fear of "white children dragged down to the level of the negro" that first emerged in the '50s, point to the fact that rap music was almost totally ignored by both the PMRC and the numerous Fundamentalist anti-rock preachers . . . until it started to become popular with middle class white kids, MTV started running its *Yo! MTV Rap* show and Run DMC hit the crossover market with 'Walk This Way'.

The most recent PMRC 'hitlist' is composed *entirely* of black rap artists. Little Richard told chat show host Arsenio Hall that he is convinced that the flak that the rappers are catching is the same racist bullshit that was directed at black rock 'n' rollers in the 1950s.

After the targeting of 2 Live Crew and the FBI harassment of NWA, strong rumours now abound of an FBI letter which cites Public Enemy and Sir Mix-A-Lot's '(I'm Ashamed Of My) National Anthem' as threats to "national security".

Since 1985 the censors have tried to push through "labelling" legislation in over 20 states. This would require some records to carry warning stickers. These attempts have all failed or are in the process of failing as they blatantly contravene the US Constitution's First Amendment which guarantees freedom of speech. But the resulting media coverage and the occasional prosecution (most notably of Jello Biafra and friends) has had the desired effect of cowering the major record companies into introducing *voluntary* labelling of those records with "explicit" lyrics. MCA (US), for instance, now has all its releases vetted by

"senior executives".

After several prosecutions of store owners some chains are refusing to sell any "stickered" records. Many college and hard-core radio stations like San Francisco's *Maximum Rock 'N' Roll* are now unable to play "up to 50 per cent" of the records they get sent for fear of losing their licences (usually to religious broadcasters). Bay Area punk publisher Martin Sprouse has so far had over 40 refusals from printers who won't touch a collection of artwork by New York comics editor 'Tobocman' because "the book's got the word 'f---' in the title. Forty of them turned us down! Even a year ago that wouldn't have happened. It's not direct censorship – it's intimidation. They've set out to scare everyone and that's exactly what they've succeeded in doing."

Meanwhile, in the UK, the mainstream press has all but ignored the 2 Live Crew case and treated the Judas Priest story as a silly season special whilst *The Sun* – the main perpetrator of last year's anti-Acid House hysteria – has printed savage condemnations of police raids on raves ("Police heavy mob are out of control") and James Anderton's attempt to close The Hacienda ("Fascist interference").

Unfortunately a 'Franklin' cartoon – from the days when *The Sun* thought that Acid House was the biggest threat to Christian civilization since Stalin – appeared on the front cover of *The Truth About Rock Music* published by the London based Truth Temple. It shows Mr Smiley, luring (with what looks like a fistful of mothballs) two children onto a doormat marked "WELCOME TO ACID HOUSE" which turns into a fiery pit of sulphurous flames as Mr Smiley whips off his mask to reveal . . . THE DEVIL!

Are the British fuddy duddies gearing themselves up for a fight? Or are we just too darn sensible over here? Two weeks ago in Brighton the right wing, anti-gay, anti-choice International Congress of The Family (brought to you by the same people who claimed that the *NME* contained "satanic" propaganda) played host to American Michael Keating (author of *Highway To Hell*) who told them:

"Upon what is this new youth culture founded? It is founded upon animal sexuality, rebellion against every form of authority, drugs and alcohol addiction and profound hostility to God . . . It is obsessed with death, by skeletons and skulls, by the world

of the occult . . . I suggest that we are seeing an attempt by the enemy of the human race to steal away an entire generation. . ."

God knows what the attending Royal Princess and Duran Duran fan Diana Windsor made of that! Note (again) the use of the word "rebellion" in the now almost traditional list of the "bad" things that rock music encourages (if only it were true!). This is more than just an attack on certain bands or certain forms of music, it is an attempt to put the clock back to 1959 or before. The 1960s – with all that horrid sexual liberation – are regarded as the font of all evil: child pornography, AIDS, the break-up of the family, the crime rate, the increase in teenage suicides . . . and, of course, that *awful* music . . .

IN HIS prosecution of 2 Live Crew, attorney John Jolly claimed that he didn't need to produce expert witnesses to prove that 'Nasty As You Wanna Be' is obscene because "you don't need a weatherman to tell you which way the wind's blowing . . ." Perhaps he was unaware that Bob Dylan, in the '60s, was accused of peddling Kremlin propaganda by the racist opponents of Civil Rights and that Southern Baptists called for his records to be banned as obscene. Strange then that Mr Jolly – who has obviously been exposed to Dylan – isn't a corpse-shagging, devil-worshipping, communist, paedophile junkie!

The attack on rock comes from several sources but all the would-be censors have one thing in common – they are all conservatives. They are all in love with the system that produces so much rape, so many teenage suicides, so much child molesting and so much drug addiction. To quote Graham Nash:

"I sometimes wonder about the definition of the word 'obscenity'. I think it's obscene for 10 million American kids to go to bed hungry every night. It's obscene to spend a trillion dollars worldwide on weapons when people are not being fed correctly, not being medically taken care of – in many cases not even having homes."

In the '50s the conservatives looked around for something, *anything*, other than their precious system to put all the blame on . . . and they discovered that nine out of ten "juvenile delinquents" read comics. So the comics industry was campaigned against and was effectively censored to the point of blandness for nearly 30 years.

Now it's our turn . . .  
\* Ronald Reagan – I kid you not!



Angus Young, AC/DC

IT'S BECOMING ALMOST FASHIONABLE TO BLAME HEAVY METAL FOR EVERYTHING FROM MASS MURDER TO DRUG ADDICTION TO INCEST



Ozzy Osbourne



A 2 Live Crew dancer in action

PICTURE: TINA PAUL