



This week we refrain from booting the donkey and instead Pic some serious asso!

The paint-bespattered white wine drinkers of **RIDE THE PUFFIN!** (David Quantick and Steven Wells) don smocks and berets and investigate the question:

IS ROCK ART OR IS IT NART?!

Why do people humiliate themselves by becoming pop stars? Is it: A) Artistic fulfilment? Bollocks! Being a pop star means it's goodbye to starving in a poxy garret and hating Fatch and hello to the satanic manipulations of SAW and Carol their evil make-up woman (who'll make you wear horrible itchy and distinctly gurdy gunk everytime you go on TOTP!) You think Jason Donovan hasn't really got a face like a boil-blistered, zit-cratered pig's rectum halfway through the excretion of a huge binliner full of sheepbrains, frogvomit and sherry trifle? He has! He used to be Australia's greatest free-form dancer and avant-garde jazz sculptor before he sold his soul to the triple-headed monster from the depths of Kylie Hell and decided to become PRETTY!! ie POP and ART are as compatible as baby kittens and broken glass! ie, Not very!

B) Getting shagged and pissed LOTS! ie MONEY! Of course it is! WE CHECKED IT OUT! Here are the results of our special Gallop Poll conducted among rock stars. The results may shock you.

Q: Are you tremendo rich? Yes—99 per cent. No—1 per cent (Guy Chadwick from the House Of Blood)

Q: Have you given away all of your wad to the poor and needy, like you said you would when you were a punk rocker on Indie Shite Records? Yes—0 per cent. No—100 per cent

Q: Do you know much about money and stuff? Yes—0 per cent. No, I can't get my head round that sort of shit. I was always crap at maths—100 per cent

Q: What's the square root of 25 multiplied by 20 and divided by three and minus seven? 25.33—99 per cent. Sixpence—1 per cent (Guy Chadwick from The House Of Blood)

Q: Are you devoted to your 'art' at the expense of all else? Yes—100 per cent. No—0 per cent

Q: So, if a scantily clad sexkitten offered you 10p and a glass of shandy and some sex vouchers to write a song called 'I Hate My Fans And I Think Nuclear Power Is Ace', you would refuse?

No—99 per cent. Yes—One per cent (Clint Poppie) (Sample. One hundred rock stars. One spoiled paper—Morrissey, who drew a picture of a horse. How very grown up.)

BUT HOLD ON! SURELY SOMEONE SERIOUS LIKE BONO OR STING CARES MORE ABOUT REAL ROCK 'N' ROLL AND THE KIDS THAN FLIBBERTY-GIBBERTING FLY-BY-NIGHTS LIKE KYLIE AND SINITTA?

Oh yeah? SCENE: A secret rock star resort in Borneo, a golden beach,

a pillock with a big hat suns his pale and pasty bod whilst sucking a pencil and musing! Around him, young women discuss advanced mathematics and philosophy and write novels etc.

BONO: Um, you should be, er, happy, no... fortunate, er, quite not unlucky, la lala, er, blessed by the baby Lord Jesus la la la...

KYLIE: Oi, Bono! You lazy get! Have you finished my song yet?

BONO: Oh give a fellow a chance! 'The Locomotion' wasn't written in a day you know, Jesus!

SINNITA: Hey! Has anyone seen my copy of Man And Superman by Friedrich Nietzsche in the oridge German?

BONO: Oh... er... I think Adam took it to make a cigarette with or something. Here! You can borrow myBunty if you like!

SONIA: Oi, Bono, you slag! Have you finished 'Happy Lucky Disco Fun' for me yet, you lazy bastard! I gave you enough money and sex 'n' drug vouchers, didn't I? Mr so-called 'Serious' Rock Star!

STING: Er, no, preshus, I'm writing that one...

THE TREES: Save us! Save us!

ALL RIGHT THEN! WHAT ABOUT THE INANE LYRICS ON POP SONGS THEN, COMPARED TO THE VOLUMINOUS GLORY THAT IS THE SERIOUS ROCK LYRIC?

What? You mean like...

"Skateboard rocket laser beam/ JFK and Jimmy Dean/ T Rex God Save The Queen/ Lawks a mercy my dress has fallen off" — Tranny Vamp, 'Landslide Of Shite'

Or... "The Jack of Hearts was a diamond/ My lady walked the shore/ The senators all laugh like apes/ Bring poetry, not war" — Bob Dylan, 'Talking Total Bollocks Blues'

Or... "I have a VISION! I have seen the PEOPLE CRYING! In the sad-eyed streets of NICARAGUA! When the HILLS call your name and the MOUNTAINS REPLY!" — U2,

'Filling In Time While The Edge Tunes Up' C'mon!

OK THEN—IS IT NOT THE CASE THAT GREAT ROCK SONGS WILL OUTLIVE MANUFACTURED POP DROSS?

No. In the year 2000, the only person singing Matt Johnson's "intense social poetry" will be the man with the wobbly eyes who sits next to you on the bus and tries to show you his beetle collection. In fact, that man is Matt Johnson, a broken shell of a person ever since he entered a Radio 4 debate on philosophy against Five Star and they thrashed him 25-nil.

And who are these croaking old fools in see-through plastic macs (decorated with large acrylic daisies) outside the sold-out Rick concert performing old Police songs on ukelele and spoons? 'Tis the Mozzer and Mark E Smith! Yes, in the year 2000, Sir

then in those days were divided into two sorts; those who liked nice tunes and dancing and those who liked loud guitars and bad poetry. So we saw an opening as it were.

HACK: My God! So you are claiming Bob Dylan was a SAW act?

PETE: Yes! Of course! Let me tell you about 'Bob'! Shirley Thirteenyearoldgurdy used to work in a launderette in Wythenshawe. We stuck her in a tumble drier for a month, chopped our her adenoids, taught her two chords and Yowsa! Bob's yer uncle!

HACK: But all those awesome lyrics that encapsulated through beautiful, serene and profound verse the experiences of a whole generation?

MIKE: Whar! You mean them crap words she sang!

MATT: Ha Ha Ha!

PETE: I wrote them, you wanker!

HACK: You! You're, the scumbag who wrote 'I Should Be So Lucky'?

PETE: Good song, that! Took me an hour! 'Blowin' In The Wind'? Took me six minutes while me and the boys were having a farting competition. And you know that Leonard Cohen bloke?

HACK: Leonard Cohen? Sensitive yet ironic balladeer of melancholic genius?

MATT: Or Tracy Thirkettle from Oldham as we know her, yes: Failed her CSEs, her mum was a mate, we did her a favour. Didn't make much, though. Not as much as we did with Karen Perkins.

HACK: Karen Perkins?

PETE: ... Or Jim Morrison as you probably know her. Jim let us down. Took it too seriously. Thought she wrote 'Riders On The Pavement', whatever the f—er's called...

MIKE: Sad, really. We had some great stuff for her. 'Jean Genie', 'Virginia Plain', 'Anarchy In The UK', 'Let It Be', 'Love Will Tear Us Apart'...

HACK: Gasp! So what you are saying is that all the great heroes of rock 'n' roll that the kids what read the NME worship as great poets and warriors of angry youth culture are really teenage girls into disco music and make-up that you have manipulated?!

MATT: Except for David Gedge.

HACK: Oh ho! So one brave independent genius escaped your sick net and survived to pen some angry classics of youth poetry?

MATT: No. David Gedge is our pet shrew, Monty. If you listen to the records loud enough, you can hear him squeaking.

HACK: Oh no!

MATT: Then there was Phillipa, the petrol station forecourt attendant from Bradford who didn't want to be called Peter Hook because she thought it sounded silly!

MIKE: 'Course, we're a lot more organised these days! We got 250 especially soppy Fourth Form schoolgirls working in shifts in a Bolton warehouse churning out lyrics for U2, The Stone Roses, Billy Bragg, Paul Weller, Morrissey, Swans, Elvis, REM etc.

KIDS! STOP READING NOW! DO NOT MOVE!

(Mr Lew Siffer, owner of all the rock papers in the world and big mate of the SAWs, bursts onto the page clutching a strange brain control device!)

LEW SIFFER PLC: HA HA HA! Quick! Run a student banking ad whilst I turn on the AMNESIA RAY!

AMNESIA RAY:

WOOOOWOOOOWOOO!!!

KIDS: Hey! U2 have got a great new honest and truthful LP out that's full of poetry and intelligence. Isn't gurdy pop music shite! Yes we will keep voting for U2 and The Stone Roses and New Order in the Reader's Poll and buying the records even though the music is so obviously a total mega-pile of bum barf! Three bags full, sir! HURRAH!



"Discover me!" screams Halifax burger girl Dawn Ramsbottom (15) shortly before Pete Waterman released her upon an unsuspecting world as 'Elvis Costello'.



The young Michelle Mickelthwaite from Pontefract (AKA Bob Dylan) displays the dazzling word skills that would entrance a generation of hippy wankers.

Morrissey del Manc and Shitgibbon Smith will be tired old buckers, fit for the scrapheap ever since some student NME reader got to see their poetry part of the English GCSE and finished so-called "serious rock" for, in the words of Alice Cooper, "EVAH!"

Anyway, all 'serious' rock music is written by SAW. Er, whoops! No it's not!

WHAT? WHAT WAS THAT? WHAT DID YOU SAY JUST THEN?

Nothing! Nothing!

YOU DID, YOU FIBBERS! YOU SAID THAT... "ALL POP MUSIC IS WRITTEN BY SAW"

Oh, sod it. Quick! While Mr Lewis, Sir, isn't looking! Come with us now and gasp in horror at...

THE SECRET PAPERS THAT EXPOSE EVERYTHING!

Lock the door! Close the windows! Light the candles and man the barricades! Ride The Puffin (even as we speak) is under siege from the rest of the NME! They wanna stop us publishing the secret unpublished NME SAW interview that blows the gaffe on rock as 'art'! Quick! read on...

... So, lads, er, this is amazing! You are actually claiming to be the secret cabal that has controlled ALL pop music from the day Cliff first twitched hip on The Ed Sullivan Show!!!!???

MATT: Yeah! Y'see, me and Mike and Pete noticed that some "teenagers" as they were called then...

PETE: In those days.

MATT: Yes, thanks, Pete. The teenagers as they were known