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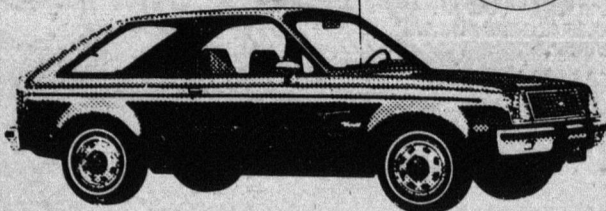
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ROOM IN THE LIFEBOAT

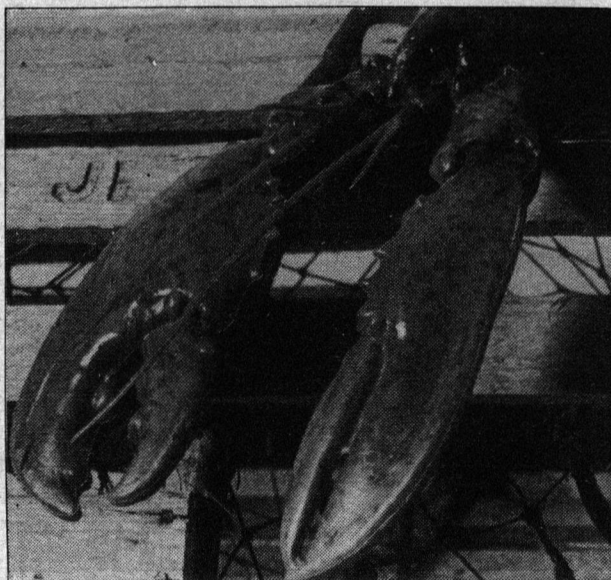
Canada's new Maritime punk rage is sweeping the continent. There still may be room in the Lifeboat for a man with a chainsaw.

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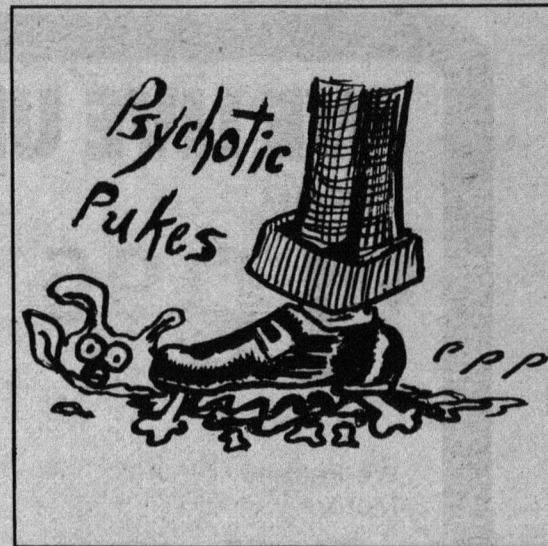
COVER: Rotting Stone photographer Watts Danson caught Police lead guitarist Andy Summers after he was arrested for the gruesome murder of three hispanics in a deserted parkade.

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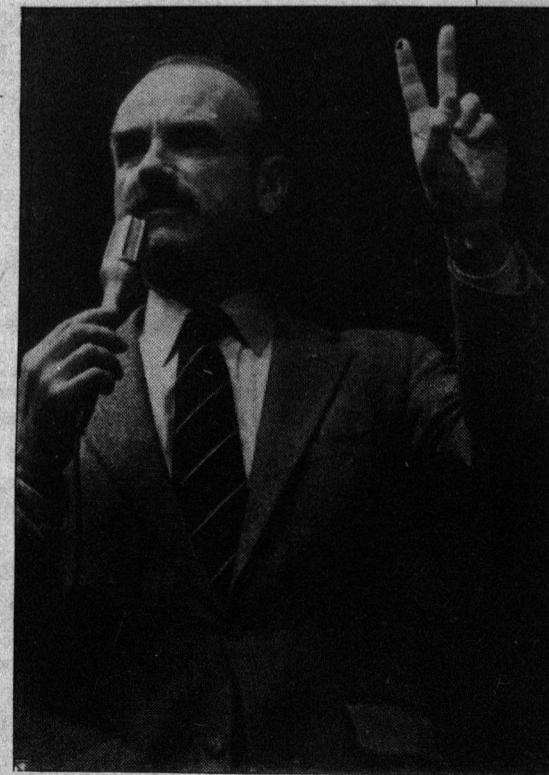
Jagger and McDonald's will be marketing a new food as obnoxious as toasted squirrels.

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JACKSON AND NELSON

Leather and lace make this duo unbeatable, rumours say.

By Jack Daniels12



LETTERS

Let It Rest

GOLLY GEE, I couldn't have been happier when my mailman delivered the *Rotting Stone's* bi-weekly special Beatles issue. In this unpredictable, ever changing world it is reassuring to know that John is still dead and Paul still isn't. Moreover the new information that you discovered (George's brief flirtation with nail biting in October '65 was a shocker!) proves that the Beatles, although they haven't released an album in 15 years, are still an important and newsworthy force in popular music. Thanks and keep up the good work.

IAN MCSPUD
Soso, Idaho

YOUR SPECIAL BEATLES issue somehow missed the essence of what John Lennon was all about.

The inherent contradictions involved in a man that could sing "All You Need Is Love" in one breath and "Money" in the next are real and significant but yet pale before something he said to me outside the Dakota Hotel one night. Lennon was getting out of his car and I went up to him to ask him for an autograph. He gave me the briefest of glances and said softly, but deliberately and very distinctly, "Get away from me you fucking peon." Then it became clear to me just what he had been trying to express, not just through his music but with his entire life. It was the ultimate expression of the greatest genius of our time.

Nothing more needed ever be said. So I shot him.

JOHN DAVID CHAPMAN
Belview, New York

Do ya think I'm next?

RE: THE ABOVE letter by John David Chapman. Is that address accurate? Will he be getting out soon? If so, I have a complete collection of Rod Stewart albums I'd like to send him.

GEORGE HAMILTON
Hollywood, California

Count on us

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR provocative Table of Contents (R# 664 99#7757). It was great, once again you have demonstrated the kind of insightful journalism that has made the *ROTTING STONE* the most widely read magazine in the world.

Your accurate and in-depth listing of the page numbers was most entertaining. I look forward to your next issue.

MICK E. MOUSE
Ground Zero, Kansas

OHMIGOD! I JUST FOUND out that Elvis is dead. Can this be true? In your most recent edition, or the most recent one I received, you did a special issue on this rock and roll legend. I can't believe it. I just bought his newest album *Blue Hawaii*, and I love it! Life is no longer worth living, that the King is gone. I have a deep burning love

for the man, so I think I'll go put on my blue suede shoes and play some rock while moping around the jailhouse. I am so upset, I am cancelling my subscription.

JACK SNORGENBRENNER
The King's Jail, Kingdom of Bhutan

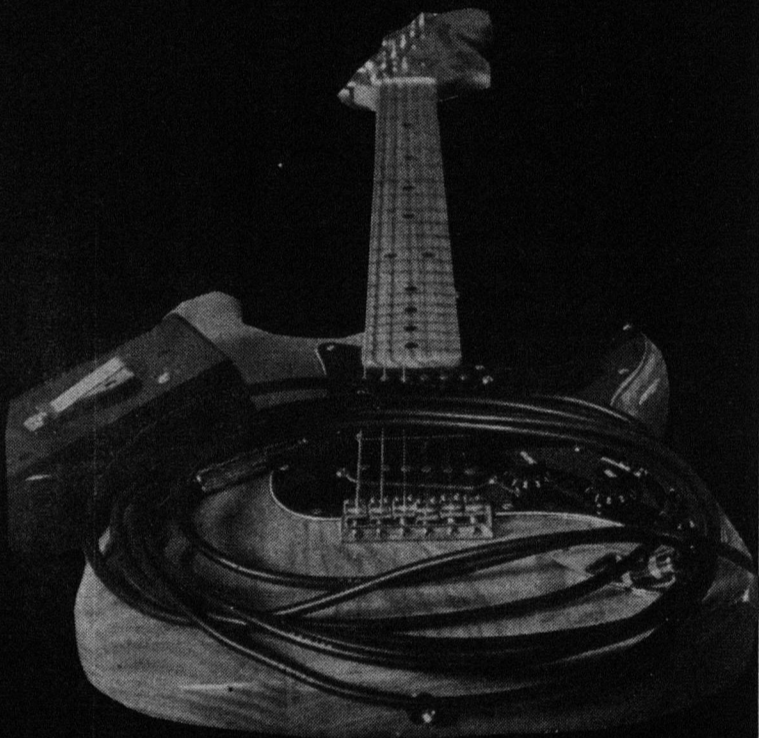
I REALLY LOVE the interview you did with Nena in this magazine. She's great, she's just the swellest singer you've ever done anything on. But he sure knows how to ask questions, and Nena's answers were just farout. Like, I took German in High School before they kicked me out, and she's really got a large vocabulary, even I didn't know some of the words she used. But boy oh boy, can she sing, she's just farout, and I'm gonna go buy myself a luftballon, whatever that is.

P.S. What does "werden konnte" mean?

SPANKY MCDOLT
Armpit, Arkansas

ME AND THE MISSUS would like to thank you all fer the article on Diamond Jim Bugtussle. Why heck, we bin lisnin to him ever sinse Junior wuz nee-hie to a prairie dog. And the missuz, why she sez she even met him wunce. Course, he utezent so big then - but she sez he shore cood fiddle. Heck, I bet that Mickey Jogger fella woodent no good fiddlin from a heepin plate of vittles. Anyhow, thats what I think.

BIG DAN KILLEGREW
Ozark Mountains



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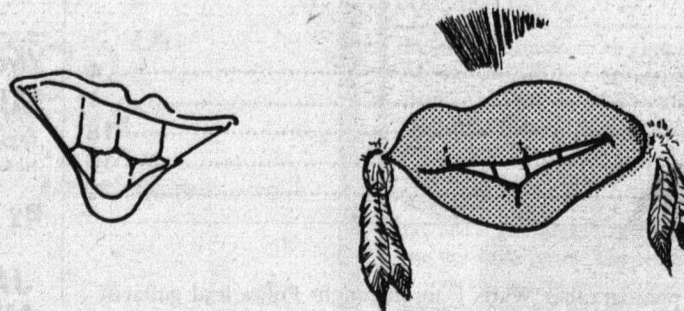
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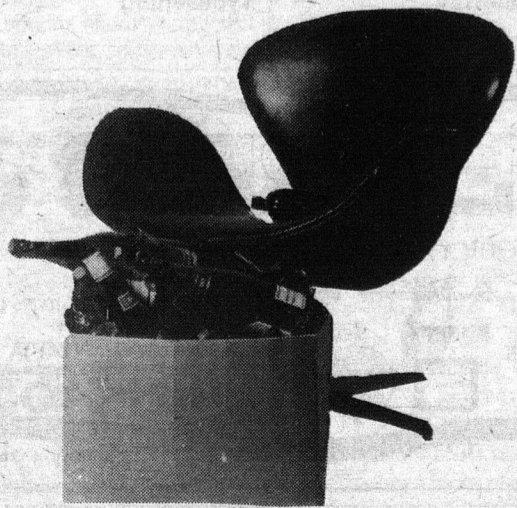
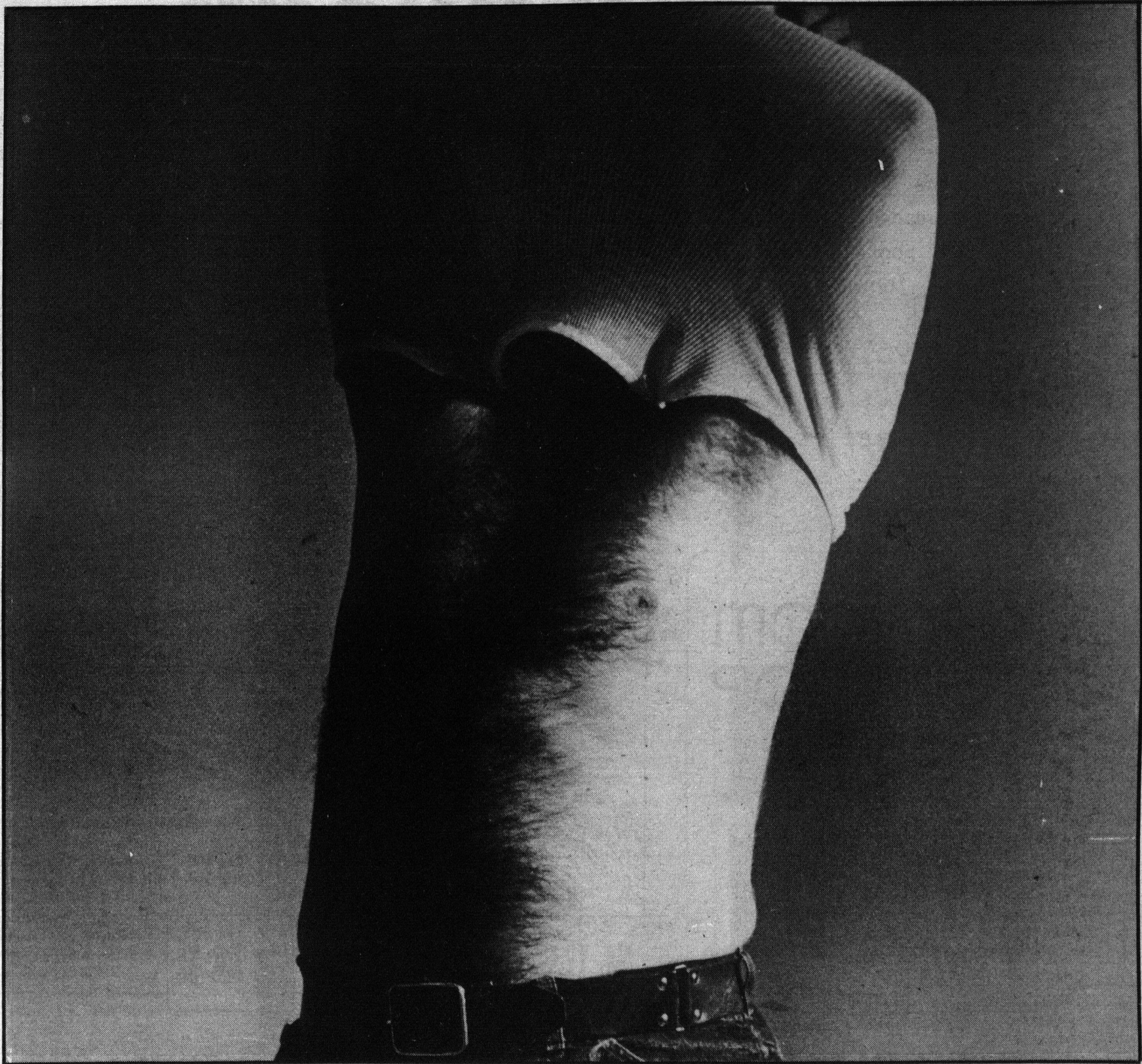
MRS. GIPPER

JAMES T. PISSONAGRAS

Nancy Finds Something Unexpected in
Mr. T's Lap!



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Rock and Sole

Room in the lifeboat set sail into music's future, leaving awestruck critics and a lot of dead fish in their wake.

So far the 1980's have been a steady rush of one short-lived faddish musical style after another. Reggae and rockabilly ran past us at the speed of repetitive albeit rhythmic sound. Juju music jumped into our lives only to jump out again. Electropop fizzled and countless new waves have broken upon our shores leaving nothing behind but sand shells. None of these has had the staying power, the exact combination of a distinctive sound and the unlimited room to explore the depths of an artistic voice that could make it the music of a new generation, the way the simple synthesis of the blues and hillbilly music that we now call rock and roll became the music of the 50s and the 60s.

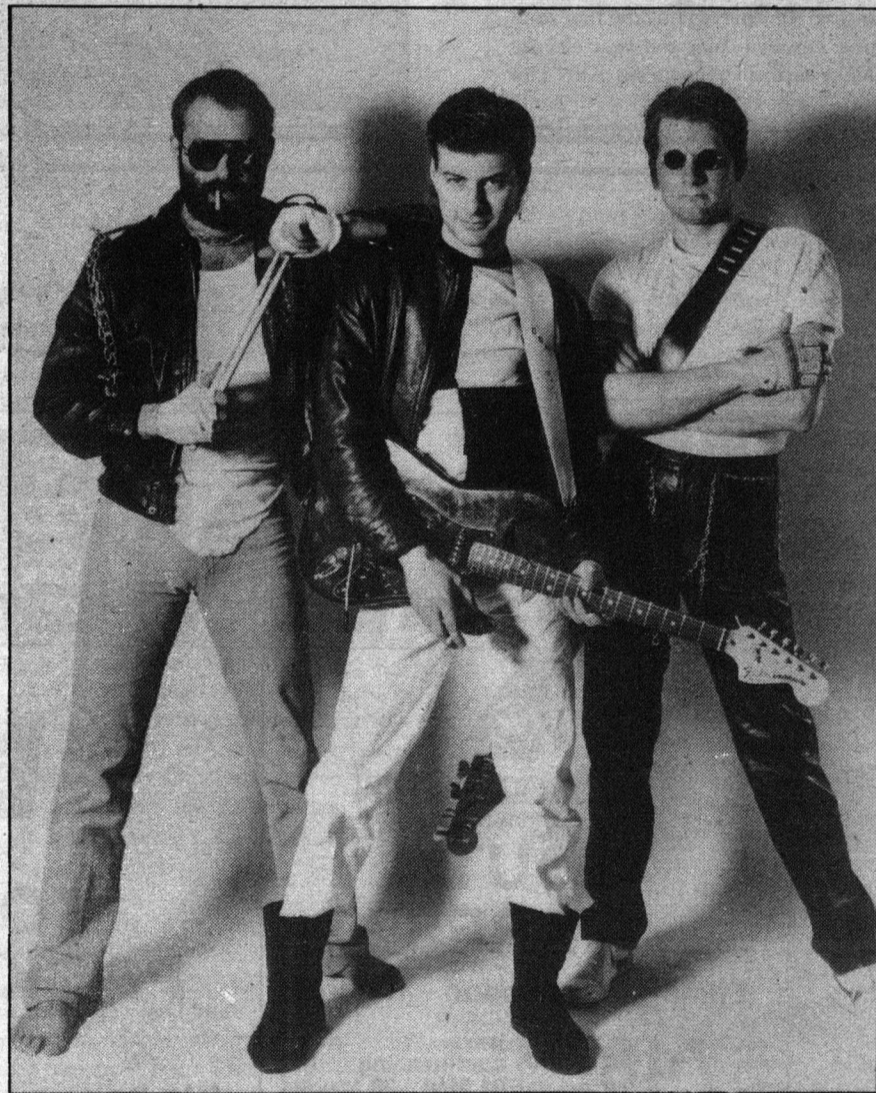
Until now.

A band has finally come along with the energy to uproot the dead, rotting stumps of today's popular music and the vision to plant anew the seeds of the future. Like rock and roll, their music reaches back to its own roots to combine two cultures into one. Whereas rock and roll combined white and black, their music combines old and new, rural and urban. Like so many of the most insightful commentators on American culture, they come from Canada (Marshall McLuhan, John Kenneth Galbraith, the original cast of Saturday Night Live). The band's name is Room in the Lifeboat. Their music is Maritime punk.

"We came to Toronto from Cape Breton and got into the punk scene there, and, well, there was just no excitement to it," remembers Room in the Lifeboat's lead singer Slasher McDougal. "I mean really, night after night, singing about the nuclear holocaust and puking on our audience - what did it all mean? And more importantly, where was it getting us artistically?"

That was when lead guitarist and songwriter Black Lung Murphy had the idea that led to the rebirth of music. While still retaining the strength and integrity of the death-and-destruction two-cord punk they were playing, he looked back to the music of his childhood - the folk music of the Maritime provinces.

"I'd forgotten just what an outrageous monster of a musician that Don Messer was," says Murphy, of the popular Nova Scotia fiddle player whose television show, Don Messer's Jubilee, was the most



I'se the bye that builds the boat/I'se the bye that sails 'er/I'se the bye that killed me girl/an' then burned down her trailer.

Story By Seymore Klipschitz

progressive force in Canadian music in the 1960's. "And god, Marg Osborne's voice could just grab you by the balls. But my favourite was always Charlie Chamberlain. He made Ted Nugent look like a pussy."

Thus are created legends. The music took on a life of its own, and in three short days the boys were ready to show the world.

All they needed was a new name. "Yeah, our old name, Cockroach Leprosy, didn't say anything about the new us," said bass player Creepers Campbell. "We want our name to make a statement, to tell people what we were all about. Then I remembered something my dad always used to say: there is always room in the lifeboat for a man with

a chainsaw; and there it was."

So Room in the Lifeboat was born and ready to carve out a space in the music scene. Word of the great music and outrageous stage show - Slasher has been known to bite the head off a live flounder - soon spread and their first album was on the way. A first album that many now compare to such seminal masterpieces as Sergeant Pepper, Led Zeppelin I, Days of Future Past and Barry Manilow's Greatest Hits.

Their loud, raunchy, minimalist folk stylings and simple, homespun lyrics did not mask their incredible gift for insightful social commentary but kept the message from being too weighty or pontific. The first song on the album *Catch Lobsters by Day and Crabs By Night* has more to say about the dreary routine of life than the entire film *Urban Cowboy*. And you can dance to it.

They use the images of their Atlantic life to breath new life into the stale themes of pop music. See how they treat the typical boy-girl relationship in their song *Do Right by the Lassie?*

*After you make seal flipper pie
Are you gonna dance with the seals?
After you make your baby cry
Are you gonna care how she feels?*

And they bring the same visions of their home to songs with deeper themes, such as the alienation of a father and son in *Leaving Home*:

*I'm a Cape Breton Coal miner
just like me dad
'cept that me hair's pink
an I kill when I'm mad.*

Their first album, from their number one hit "Dole Day Bop" is being hailed as the most exciting combination of songs and sights to ever hit the airways. Martha Quinn of MTV remembers the first time she played the video: "I'd never heard of these guys and their name was misspelled on my cue cards so, like, I called them "Bring in the Lightweights" or something and like wow, all of a sudden this video just blows me away. First, like, I'd never seen a lobster trap and I'd certainly never seen thousands of them falling out of the sky on a welfare line. And

Room in the Lifeboat

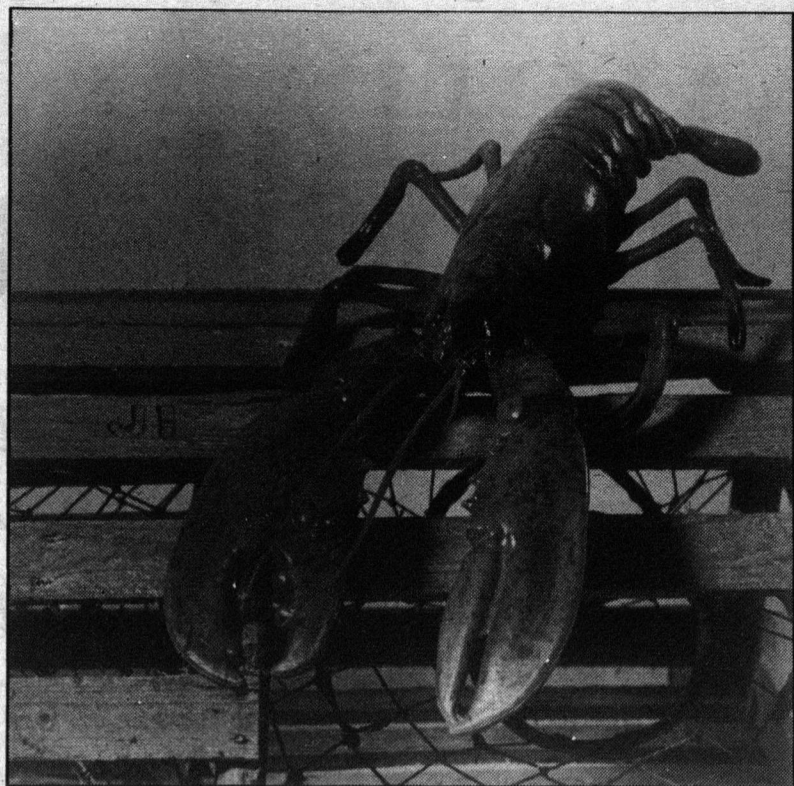
when they all turn into giant dancing lobsters, like, totally awesome."

With an album and single poised at the top of the charts "Room in the Lifeboat" are now ready for their first North American tour. They will be playing 97 cities in 105 nights (We're just gonna set the band up on a flat bed and do New York-New Jersey and San Francisco-Oakland in single shots.") and they will have their most spectacular stage show yet. Instead of a simple laser light show they will, for the first time anywhere, be using a laser that can punch a hole in six inches of concrete in under a second. As if their music wasn't exciting enough.

After the tour Black Lung will start to write the songs for their second album. He is not afraid in the least of being a one-shot

wonder, and is already looking for new worlds to explore creatively. "I think it's time that we made a political statement; it's part of an artist's responsibility to society to tell the world how things are supposed to go, isn't it? Like all this business about revolution. A lot of people don't know it but that means overthrowing the government. And you know what that means, eh? No more pogy checks. And probably no more Anne Murray on the CBC either. People gotta think about these things."

By then there will likely be a host of "Room in the Lifeboat" imitators pounding away on fiddles and singing of fish. But will they have the vitality, the spunk, or the credibility to play the new music the way it should be played? No, somehow we doubt it. So, until the next album, unless you are lucky enough to see them on tour, be content to know that you are witnessing the beginning of something special. It is like hearing Fats Domino sing "Blueberry Hill" the first time or hearing Les Paul play the first electric guitar. Make sure of your own space in "The Lifeboat."



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MICHAEL JACKSON'S LLAMA: DID HE BEAT IT?

When Michael Jackson's llama Louise was found dead, the coroner attributed the death to natural causes. But a number of questions remain unanswered: Why was no autopsy performed? Was the body moved after its death? Why was vital police evidence ignored? Was Jackson sexually and physically abusing the animal? And most importantly, was Jackson directly responsible for his llama's death?

BY YEYA YABLONOWITZ

At 6:15am on January 26, Encino County Police received an anonymous telephone call: something was amiss at the Jackson mansion. Deputy Wilbur Smith was filled with trepidation as he got into his squad car and headed for the outskirts of town. Actually it was a miracle that nothing had happened before. A star of Michael Jackson's calibre is such a likely target. Had Jackson been kidnapped, or worse, assassinated? Would the badly understaffed Encino police department become the scapegoat of the nation for letting something, *anything*, happen to Michael Jackson? Smith was actually somewhat relieved when he was let into the mansion by Katherine Jackson to discover that Michael's live-in companion, Louise the Llama, had died during the night. But something was wrong.

The llama's legs were splayed suggesting that the animal had been moved to the pen after it died. Perhaps even more suspicious was the ear to ear slash under the llama's chin which was still bleeding. Michael Jackson was nowhere to be seen.

When the youngest Jackson finally did show up half an hour later dressed only in a bathrobe, he claimed to know nothing of Louise's death and that he had just gotten out of bed.

But it seemed to Deputy Smith that Jackson was surprisingly wide awake for someone who had just woken up. The blood stains on Jackson's hands were also suspect.

By 8:00 a.m. the coroner for Encino County, Mortimer Jones, had arrived with a detective. Smith took Jones aside and told of his suspicions, but Jones said to keep things quiet and he, Jones, would investigate. But Jones did not examine the body or interrogate Jackson. Rather the coroner spent the entire two hours he was at the mansion drinking Pepsi Free and talking with Katherine Jackson. The two talked of their mutual friend, Michael's cousin, Jedediah Jackson. Jedediah was the District Attorney

for Encino County and one of his first acts in office had been to appoint a then little known pathologist by the name of Mortimer Jones to the position of chief coroner.

.....
Lake Titicaca Peru is a long way from Los Angeles. It was on the Andean slopes bordering the lake, where conquistadores once raped and pillaged, that Louise had her infancy - roaming free in the green meadows. Yes, those were happy times, but Peru - with the unemployment and starvation of most South American countries - is no place for a llama to grow up. Thus it was that at the tender age of six, Louise headed across the mountains to Columbia, got a job on a boat smuggling drugs to California and illegally immigrated.

Life can be rough for a young llama in California who doesn't speak English very well, and it wasn't very long before Louise was picked up by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It was at the animal shelter that Louise met her soon to be best friend, Farrah the Fawn.

Louise didn't have to stay at the animal shelter very long. Within the month, she was adopted by Clement and Isadora Atlee. By Valentine's day 1983, Louise was settling into the Atlee's well furnished but spacious two bedroom bungalow in Anaheim - just across the street from Disneyland. Then in June, Louise was introduced to Michael Jackson.

Louise met Jackson through Farrah the Fawn. Farrah's cousin was one of Michael's pet deer and she had given Farrah two backstage passes to the Michael Jackson concert at the Bolero Club in beautiful downtown Encino. The Bolero Club was wholly owned by Jackson Enterprises and Michael sings there occasionally to keep the local fans happy.

Louise didn't want to go. She had heard stories about the fast-paced lives of rock stars who sustained themselves through sleepless nights with endless amounts of drugs and alcohol. It was not the sort of life that suited a

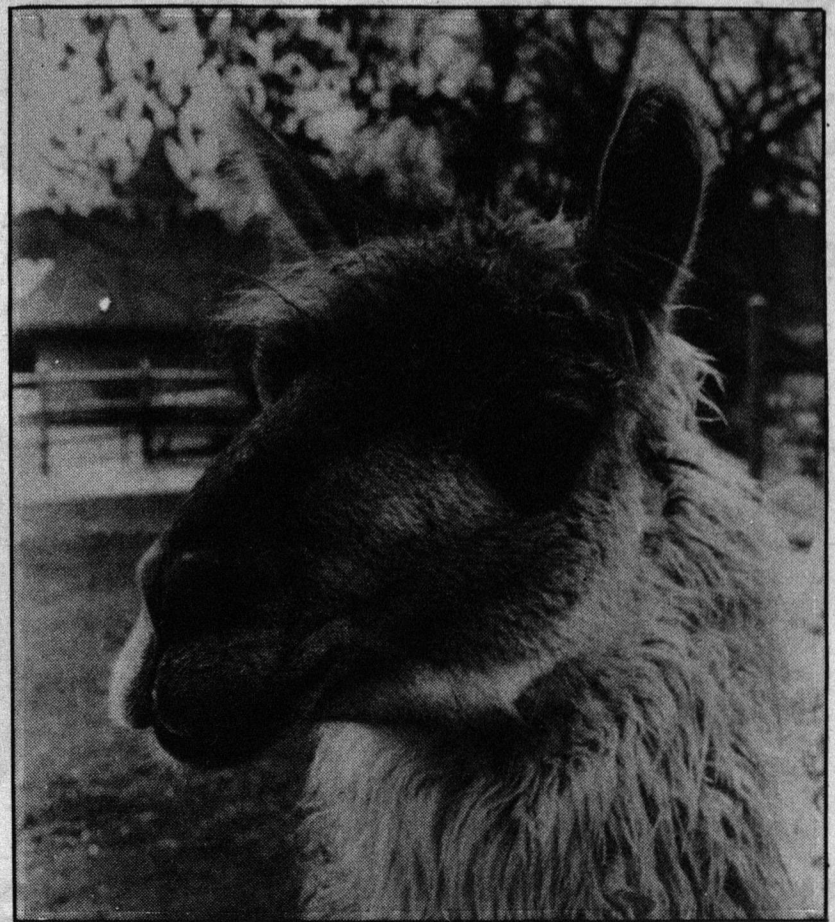
young innocent llama from Peru. But Farrah convinced Louise to go. Louise enjoyed the show much more than she had suspected, still, it was with foreboding that she went backstage to meet the enigmatic pop star.

Jackson immediately took to the young llama. He sang to her and stared deeply into her eyes while the small group of admirers sipped Pepsi. Likewise, Louise was impressed by Michael's finely detailed nose, his widened eyes and his heightened cheekbones. The boy wonder was not at all like Louise's parent's had described rock stars.

.....
The body of Louise the Llama arrived in the Encino County Morgue at 11:00am on January 26. The corpse

was immediately put on a slab and shoved into the cooler. Coroner's records show no other deaths that day, but the body stayed in refrigeration all Thursday and Friday. On Monday, Jones finally examined the body. Despite the evidence presented by Deputy Smith, Jones concluded there was no foul play and an autopsy was not necessary. The official coroner's report lists cause of death as a cardiac arrest. The report says Louise was standing up when she died and the gash under her chin occurred when she fell down. There is no mention of the unusual position of the llamas legs and the blood on Jackson's hands. Due to Jones' advice, Smith's police report contains none of this information either.

.....
I knew Louise was in trouble when the young Mr. Jackson said the reason he liked llamas so much was because they were one of only three animals that could have intercourse face to face (the other two are humans and alpacas)," says a tearful Isadora Atlee. "At first we were so proud of little Louise going out with a famous singer...he seemed to make her so happy.



Louise in her prime, the calm reflection of Titicaca still sparkles in her eyes.

But there was something disquieting about him. After all, how can you trust someone who wears sunglasses inside?" But Louise had none of these misgivings - at least not yet.

By October, a scant four months after meeting Michael, Louise moved into the Jackson mansion. At first she was awestruck by the pool, the private screening room, the electronic security system, the video arcade, and the old-time popcorn machine. Soon, however, the trappings of stardom wore thin. Michael wasn't quite the man she thought he was.

Less than a month later, Farrah Fawn received a distraught telephone call from Louise. "I think it must have been Louise - either that or an obscene phone call," says Fawn. "I answered the phone about two in the morning one night and there was nobody on the line. I figured it must be Louise

because she's the only one of my friends who's not very good on the phone. Don't get me wrong, Lou is a smart girl, she knows how to dial and everything, but it's pretty hard to pick up a receiver with your hoof and when Ma Bell designed the classic black telephone, the receiver wasn't intended to reach from a llama's mouth to its ear. Also, she's a little self-conscious about talking on the phone because her English still isn't too good. Most people don't realize how difficult it is for an almost-grown llama to pick up a second language."

At any rate, Fawn packed a suitcase and headed out to Encino to spend the week-end with her friend. "It wasn't because I wanted to stay with a famous star, I was just concerned about my friend. I mean why would she call if she weren't in trouble?"

But when Fawn arrived at the Jackson mansion she was shocked by what she saw.

The colour had drained from Louise's cheeks, her normally bright, wide eyes were sad and mournful. "Lou used to be so cheery and full of life but when she met me at the gate she was just listless." Fawn also noticed the bruises on Louise's nose and sides.

When Fawn met Jackson he briefly shook her hoof, mumbled something inaudible and turned away. Farrah didn't see Jackson again until the next morning.

On her way to the bathroom, Fawn passed the video arcade. There was Michael Jackson slouched in his chair with a Pepsi Free in one hand and a bag of granola in the other staring vacantly at the Frogger video screen. Evidently Jackson had been in the same pose all night.

When Fawn passed the arcade on the way back to her room, Jackson stared at her and mumbled something about "I like to ride deer." "Then he said the three of us (Louise,

Farrah and Jackson) should get together for a good time," says Fawn.

Farrah spent the next two days trying to convince her friend to leave Jackson, but "Lou would stare wistfully into space and repeat over and over, 'We'll see.'"

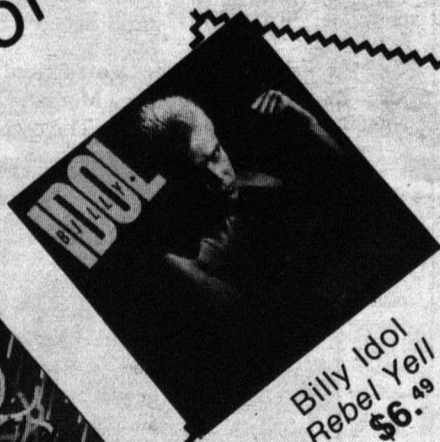
When Fawn returned to Los Angeles after the weekend she was deeply concerned for her friend but there didn't seem to be anything she could do. It would be two months before the two friends spoke to each other again.

When Deputy Wilbur Smith realized what had happened with the coroner's report, he tried to go public with what he had seen at the Jackson mansion that fateful morning. But Smith was fired from the Encino police department for
con't on page 14

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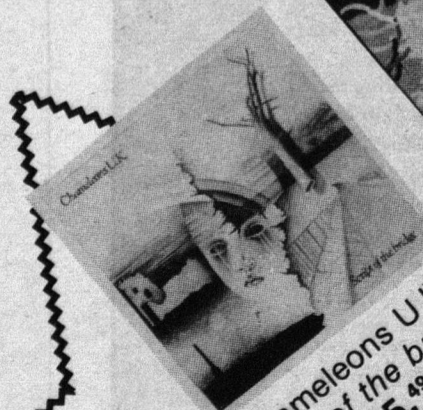
Billy Idol
Rebel Yell
\$6.⁴⁹



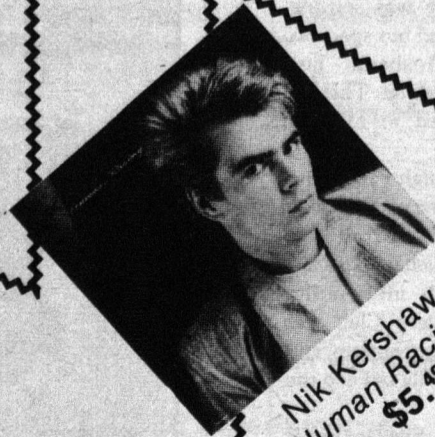
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N

ena is a petite, fivefoot-four brunette bombshell. She's a German singer and lives in Germany. I'm a writer and my rent is due. So I interviewed her.

Red balloons, red balloons, red balloons. Her apartment is full of them. Red is a nice colour, and it's probably one of Nena's favourites, although I didn't ask her.

Germany was once involved in a war with just about the whole rest of the world. They lost. Germany is just east of France. Sex is very important, and Nena has plenty of it. That is, she's sexy. I don't know how often she has sex, and I didn't ask her.

Balloons, balloons, balloons. And more balloons. The significance of these can't be downplayed. Her apartment is full of them, and that's also where I interviewed her. Time has changed Nena. She's older now than she was, for example, a year ago. She's still the same person, but different, older. She's still quite young, though. In fact, she's younger than I am. I don't know how old she is because I didn't ask her.

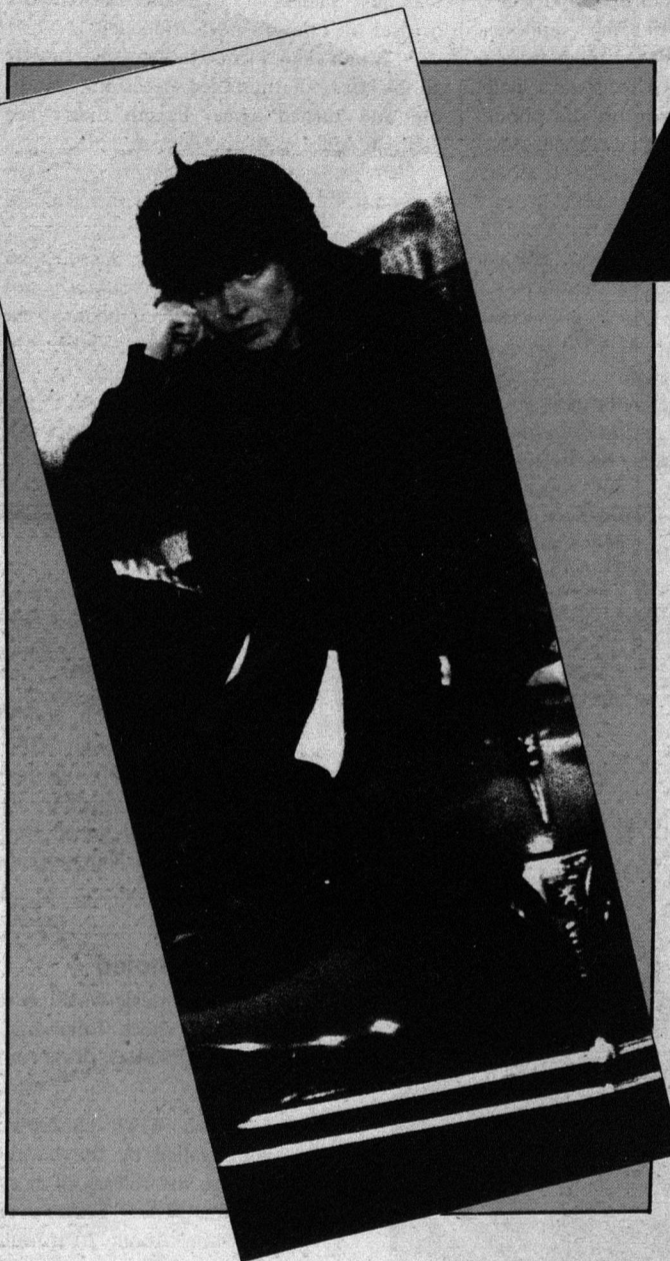
Imagine ninety-nine red balloons. That's a lot of stretched rubber and air. Freud liked red. The endless fascination of this colour can't be underemphasized. Her apartment is full of it. The symbolic brilliance of this image is obvious.

Nena lives in Dusseldorf. "Dusseldorf" is almost as funny a name as "brussel sprout", or "cheese whiz". Neither brussel sprouts nor chee whiz were evident in Nena's Dusseldorf apartment when I went to interview her. Balloons are her life. Red ones in the number ninety-nine. Nena shrewdly knew that a song titled "Ninety-nine red brussel sprouts" would never sell, and that's what makes her a star.

Dusseldorf is in West Germany, by the way, and on a different continent than is the United States of America, of which George Washington was the first president, and McDonald's a major fast-food outlet.

But hamburgers are not the topic of discussion here, although the Earl of Hamburg, who was a German, did invent hamburger. If Nena lived in Frankfurt we could talk about reconstituted chicken by-products, or as they're more commonly known, hot dogs, or frankfurters. But she lives in Dusseldorf.

Dusseldorfers are not very friendly to tourists, as I discovered when I journeyed



there to interview Nena, the German singing sensation. Her apartment was filled with close to a hundred red balloons. She seems fascinated, almost fixated with the floating and stationary red orbs of air-filled rubber.

These are some of the things I asked her:

You've differed significantly from your colleagues, Nena, in placing a great deal of significance on the so-called "chimp language" learning experiments of the seventies. What for you is the meaning of this research?

Wass is das?

The chimp language learning experiments. What do they mean?

Nena!

Das letzte ist er noch in einem viel tieferen Sinne als bis jetzt angedeutet werden konnte?

I beg your pardon?

Du bist ein werden konnte?

I'm certainly *not* a werden konnte. What's the meaning of this?

Bei derausserordentlichen Flachheit und Durftigkeit des ethischen, ganzlich unentwickelten Denkens erscheint nur zu oft der ethisch dialektisierende held als der Herold der sittlichen Trivialitat und Philistere.

I'm sorry. Won't you tell us then about your latest album and your touring plans and whose music has influenced you the most and how do you cope with fame and what was your childhood like and how has success changed you?

Die Tragodie gieng an einer optimistischen Dialektik und Ehvppkzu Grunde; das will ebenso viel sagen als: das Musik-drama gieng an einem Mangel an Musik zu Grunde. Der eingedrungne 'okratismus in der Tragodie hat es verhindert, dass die Musik sich nicht mit dem Dialog und onolog verschmozen hat: ob sie gleich in der aschyleischen Tragodie den erfolgreichsten Anfang dazu gemacht hatte. Das ihm eigenthumlice element der dialektik hat sich bereits lange zeit vor Sokartes in das musik-drama eigenschlckhen und verheerend in dem schonen Korper gewirkt. Das verderben namh seinen ausgangspunkt vom dialog. Der dialog ist bekanntlich nicht ursprunglich in der tragodie: erst seitdem es zwei schauspieler gab, also verhaltnissmassig spat, entwickelte sich der dialog.

I see. Why then, are there ninety-nine red balloons, and not, for example, ninety-eight, or a hundred, or for that matter, why not a baker's dozen?

Fuckinzie offinzie.

Yes. And would you say your writing draws heavily from your many and varies sexual experiences?

Auf wiedersehen.

Of course. And how do you see North American music being influenced by the Europeans?

99
LIFE
BATTION

By Kut Loder

RANDOM NOTES

BY CHRISTOPHER CONNELLY

Yolko fights back

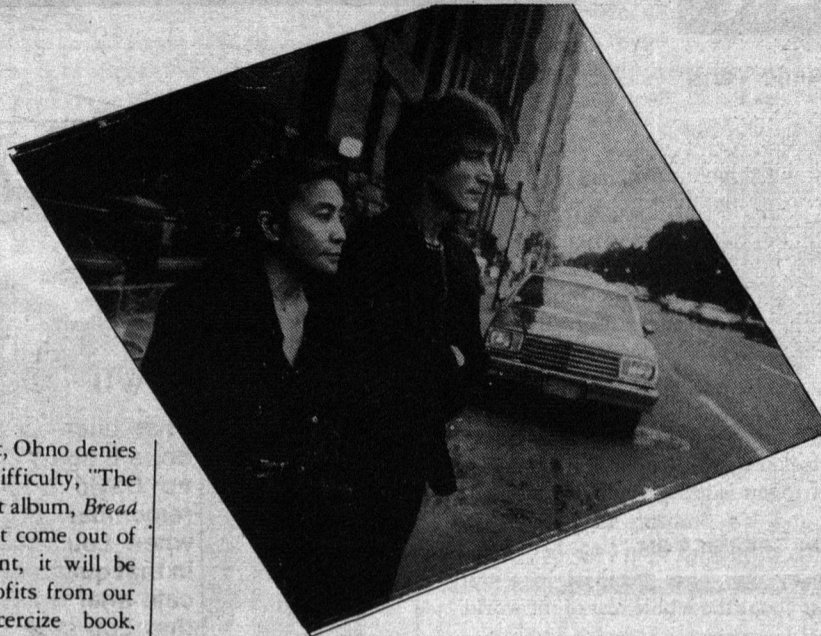
"All John's songs are inspired, if not actually written, by me," says Yolko Ohno of her late husband John Lemon. Ohno says she is tired of jokes like "What's yellow and lives off dead Beatles?"

Although many of Lemon's most famous songs were written before he met his future wife in 1966, Ohno says, "Our spirits were in communion long before he was a member of the Beatles. He often told me (over bread baking) that as a young man in 1954 he had a mystical experience while eating sushi. He believed that this was a manifestation of my overwhelming power over him." Using the sushi incident as evidence, Ohno

has filed a \$75 million suit against Paul McCartney and Lemon/McCartney songs Ltd: "I know John would want me to carry this out to the end."

It is rumoured around Polybore records that Ohno is desperate for funding for her next six John Lemon/Yolko Ohno albums. Apparently due to a financial dispute over Ohno's latest album, *Milk Me Honey*, Polybore has refused to fund any more of her projects. Unconfirmed reports say Ohno tried to list the purchase of a dairy farm and five hundred Jersey milk cows as production expenses for the record.

For her part, Ohno denies she is in financial difficulty, "The funding for our next album, *Bread and Butter*, will not come out of any court settlement, it will be financed by the profits from our new aerobic dancercise book, *Twist and Shout*."



MICHAEL AND WILLIE

Fresh from his "Thriller" duets with Paul McCartney, Michael Jackson is now in the studio with country superstar Willie Nelson. Recording is apparently going very well and a collaboration album called "Beat It on Down the Road" should be released sometime this year.

CBS Records is extremely tight-lipped about the project but some of the titles to be included on the album are "Billy-Sue Jean," "Mamma Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to be Breakdancers" and "Chiller," the story of a beer cooler in the Ozarks possessed by the devil.

Eddie Van Halen who played guitar on "Thriller" will also be featured on "Beat It on Down the Road" along with fellow axe-master Chet Atkins.

"It should be interesting," said one industry observer.

Fried Bacon

Kevin Bacon, star of the movie *Footlose* was pronounced dead yesterday from electrocution. It seems that while listening to his favourite 60 watt Portablasterwalkman, Kevin stepped in a puddle of gasoline. Said one onlooker: "The last dance steps he did were even better than when Michael Jackson caught fire!"

Critic Toted

The music world is still in a state of shock following Toto's catastrophic L.A. press conference April 1.

The news conference had been called by the band to announce the release of their latest album, *The Tedium is the Message*. About 20 minutes into the questions and answers *Rotting Stone* editor Charles Parry brought up Toto's statements at the 1981 Grammy awards, where they had said that if all the nasty critics who slagged their music could actually play it, they might listen to their comments.

Parry cited statistical proof that while 87% of the critics who panned Toto could not play their music, 92% of those who praised them also could not play the music.

"Does this invalidate their tributes?" he asked playfully.

Furthermore, Parry continued, isn't it true that any person of average good taste is qualified to judge music, and if they weren't, music would simply be a matter of musicians playing for other musicians, since the general public would be unable to appreciate good music or gag at bad stuff?

"Finally, isn't it a fact that any

person of average good taste who listens to Toto can hear after 15 seconds that while the band is technically very accomplished, they are as devoid of artistic spirit as so many auto mechanics, tax attorneys or bank tellers?" asked Parry.

To everyone's surprise the band took the criticisms calmly, and even agreed, stating that after this last album they were returning to their natural vocation of studio musicians, backing up artists who actually had some gifts of expression.

Parry, in fact, was so surprised he fainted. No sooner had he slumped under the table, however, than the band yelled "April Fools", jumped over the press table, and bludgeoned Parry mercilessly with objects at hand, including shards of one of their platinum records.

Parry was later pronounced dead at Los Angeles County Hospital.

Questioned about the murder Toto members stated that it was just "constructive criticism."

Said Toto founder Marty Paich: "We want to construct a world where there are no bright assholes like Parry around."

Orgasmic Yentl

Frankly, *Yentl Soup* is the best tasting record on the market. Lips have never come as close to an orgasmic experience as they did when consumers took their first sip of Barbra's new recipe.

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Still no satisfaction

I don't look at it as selling out, everyone needs enough money to live on," says Mick Jagger of the promotional deal the Rolling Stunned signed with McDonald's Hamburger chain last week.

Rock and Roll's bad boys have agreed to promote a new McDonald's product called the McJagger. The McJagger will consist of pressed ham in the shape of a pair of lips rolled back, deep fried and mounted on a stick.

There will be thirteen types of sauce ranging from brown sugar sweet and sour to Ruby's Tuesday barbecue special. MacDonald's expects their product to be even a bigger mover than Chicken McNuggets.

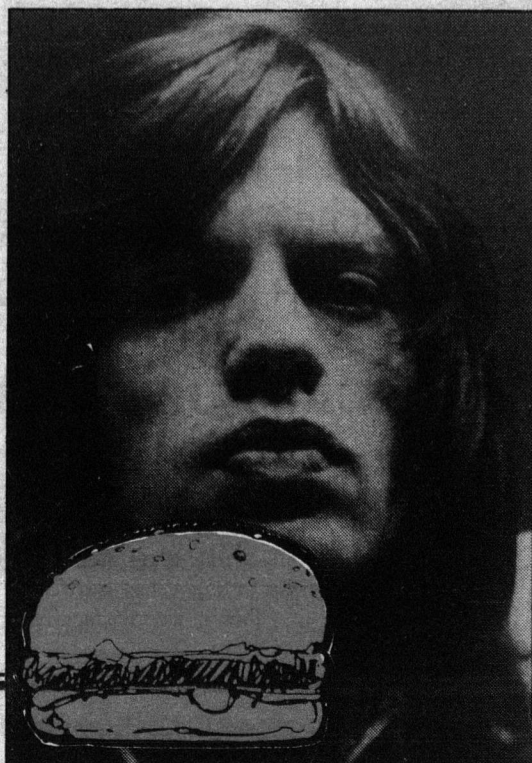
The Stunned will receive \$150 for the rights to *(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction* and appearances in three different commercials.

"That's more than Michael Jackson got from Pepsi and the Who got from Schlitz put together," chuckled Jagger.

The commercials and the McJagger will be out late next month. In the meantime, Jagger is in the studio recording new vocals to *Satisfaction*. The modified version begins:

*When I'm riding in my car
And I really get the munchies
-I can't get enough of those Mc-
Jaggers
I tried, and I tried, and I tried,
But I can't get enough of those
McJaggers*

Another verse contains the line *but he can't be a man because he doesn't eat the same french fries as me.*



BOWIE BEATEN UP

That bitch Lou Reed has done it again - he's beaten up David Bowie. If you remember back in 1978 when Lou attacked David in that quaint but posh little cafe after David suggested that Lou stop being a slut and clean up his act, then you will know how irascible Lou can be.

Well this time, David was in the washroom at Studio 54 when Lou walked in, pissed in the sink and washed his hands in the urinal. David, being a fastidious person, suggested Lou clean out the sink.

In reply Lou wiped his hands with David's Armani suit.

Understandably David was slightly perturbed. A passerby claims David then called Lou a "nihlistic little cunt." Lou pounced on David and beat him up.

David is recuperating in seclusion.



Callina Carl

"I'm really excited! The entire galaxy could not encompass the joy that I'm feeling now," says Carl Sagan, worldly astronomer and emoter extraordinaire. "Finally I can live my dream and play the music that I've always wanted to play."

Sagan is ecstatic over the release of his new single, "Billyons and Billyons of Years Ago". Waving his hands like a raving lunatic, the former host of the now defunct PBS series *Cosmos*, attempted to explain his theories without being pretentious or condescending: "OK, see, eons and eons ago I thought that maybe I could formulate a postualtion that could have musical applications in this particular dimension. Get it? It's really quite simple."

"Rock music always seemed to be in outer space anyway. I'm merely taking the medium to it's logical extreme."

Sagan has just signed a deal with Asteriod Records and expects the release of his album, "Planets and Stars and Comets and Me" sometime in June.

"I've changed my entire look, says the scientist, "I bought a lot of leather outfits in all sorts of cosmic colors: blue, brown, black, you name it and I bought it!"

The lyrics to Sagan's songs are equally as wild and daring, as seen, for example in "Billyons and Billyons of Years Ago":

*Moonrocks and galactic dust
the Sun and you
interstellar lust
with lots of doggiedoo*

Sagan doesn't expect his life to change now that he has hit the big time in the music industry.

"I'll be the same guy I always was. I'll still wander around aimlessly, speaking about all sorts of universe shit and annoying all those guys at the Planerarium."

LOOSE TALK

Can I take my clothes off yet?

NASTASSJA KINSKI
on the movie set

Fuck, man!

EDDIE MURPHY
every day

"Heeeeeeeeere's Johnny...."

ED MACMAHON
every goddamn night.

"Shit"

RONALD REAGAN
on hearing that he was not nominated for a Special Oscar.

"Frozen water melts when exposed to extreme heat"
-ALBERT EINSTEIN.



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Jackson & llama

con't from page 10

withholding evidence and no investigation of the coroner's report was launched - no one was even curious. Smith moved to Los Angeles where he is still looking for work: no police department will touch him.

At 6:00 am. on Christmas morning 1983, Farrah Fawn awoke to the sound of her doorbell. "It is quite a melodic door bell - one of those ones that sound like the chimes at Westminster Abbey."

Fawn opened the door to find Louise standing there - a mess of sobs and bruises.

Louise was hysterical but slowly Farrah managed to piece together what had happened.

Michael woke in the middle of the night to discover that he was all out of setting gel. Worse, his supplier was out of town for the weekend. For someone who takes breaks every 45 minutes during concerts to apply more gel, the prospect of going without for two days is truly horrifying. Jackson began to twitch violently and ran around the house screaming. Finally, a servant found some old axle grease in the garage. Jackson was temporarily calmed but not before Louise had suffered.

"I'm going to leave him," Louise told Farrah, "he spends more time with his mannequin collection than he does with me."

Louise stayed at Farrah's posh Beverly Hills apartment (Farrah is a call deer) for the next few days. Then on the 29th, Fawn received a telephone call from Jackson. "Tell Louise to come back," was the terse message. Farrah tried to dissuade her, but Louise returned.

That was the last time Farrah spoke to Louise. On January 25th though, Fawn received a second telephone call from Louise. "She didn't say anything this time either but I could sense she had made up her mind to leave that little scum bucket for good," says Fawn. The next day Louise was dead.

Encino County is Jackson Country.

When children go to school in the morning they walk down Jermain Drive or Jackie Road to the Joe Jackson Memorial Elementary school. On the other side of town teenagers play baseball at Motown Stadium. Not surprisingly, the people of Encino feel a debt to the Jacksons. When Michael Jackson walks into the Bolero night club he is treated like a God. If he agrees to sing a set, the house comes down.

When Michael Jackson was ten years old his pet rat Ben disappeared. When Michael was sixteen two of his pet deer fled telling tales of the decadence within the Jackson household.

Just last year, Michael's pet ram, Sam, died while being shorn. But people in Encino don't want to hear about such things. There will be no investigation into Louise's death. The only member of the Jackson family to even comment on the tragedy was Katherine. "Michael is not gay," she said.

And life in Encino goes on.

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By Winnie Neiwin

Under fixations

Ben is a user. It started last summer when a friend turned him on to "Mary Jane"; now he is mainlining hashish at the rate of four grams an hour. Ben is just one member of a subculture that exists just below the slick veneer of our fair city - a culture that, after months of preparation, I was finally ready to infiltrate. Today Ben was taking me to the source.

We followed an intricate maze of back alleys and side streets, and finally we came to the house. Out front, two street-wise hookers, cleverly disguised as ten-year-old girls, were skipping rope. Ben knocked, and the door was opened by a haggard old woman, ravaged by years of drug dependence. Ben delivered the ingeniously simple code:

"Hi, Mrs. Erchuck - is Scott home?"

headquarters: satanic rock music was blaring from the open front door, and two of the toughest looking bouncers that I've ever seen were pretending to play football in the front yard. After another intricate exchange of codes - gibberish like "go out and cut right - I'll nail you on the sideline" - we learned that Scott and Billy were in "the den."

It was a perfect set-up: with textbooks piled high on the desk, ragged-edged notebooks spilling onto the floor, any casual observer would have sworn that it was just a typical student's workplace, not a "den", as the two goons out front had so aptly put it.

Scott was in the last stages of dependence: spaghetti-like arms hung listlessly at his sides; his jaundiced eyes were clouded over;

peace sign, and said things like "gimme five, Clive," and "Where's it at, cat?"

Billy went to the kitchen and returned moments later with the stuff. Since marijuana looks and smells exactly like the common herb, heavy users always hide their supply in spice jars marked "oregano". Billy unscrewed the cap and poured the "hemp" out onto the table. I immediately produced my "works" - a kit containing rolling machine, strawberry-flavoured papers, tweezers and matches.

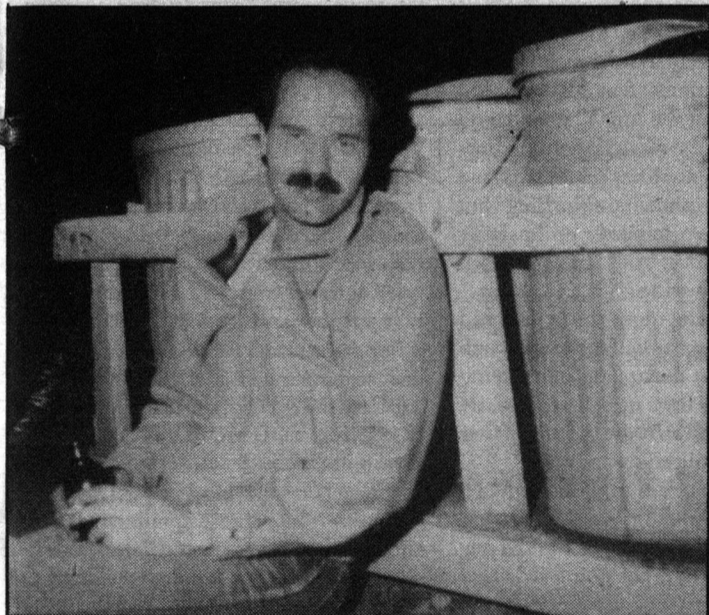
By now I was really caught up in the excitement - so much so that I even convinced myself that my duty as a hard-hitting news-hound would only be half fulfilled until I went all the way. My new-found friends introduced me to the most thrilling - and often fatal - method: the "ear-suck". I held the reefer against one ear while Ben put a funnel against my other ear and sucked through the narrow end.

Within seconds I was hallucinating. My high was infectious - before they even "toked up", the other three were rolling on the floor, gripped by convulsions of hysterical laughter. A "contact high" can be even more intoxicating than the actual chemical reaction to the drug, but it is always short-lived. Within minutes the others came down, and their stories began to unfold.

Billy told me of a user he knew who had experienced a "flashback" while talking to his high-school guidance counsellor - he was sent away to a nuthouse for life. Scott had done two years hard time - driven wild by the "munchies", he had held a seven-eleven clerk at gunpoint while he cleared an entire shelf of Dad's cookies.

The phone rang, and suddenly I realized that the first stage of dependence had overtaken me - paranoia. I was absolutely positive that it was my mother calling to check up on me. I was lucky - it was just a wrong number, but already, the second stage was creeping up on me. I had a nearly-irresistible urge to find out what heroin was like.

The others began to talk about "cramming" and "psych tests" - and I was sorely tempted to stay. *Someone*, however, had to get out alive and tell the story.



Fuzzy and fading: Ben the user after "earsucking"

She raised a knowing eyebrow, nodded down the street. No, he was at "Billy's". Our trek through the concrete jungle continued.

Now I was really beginning to sweat. Sure, I had the outfit - paisely shirt, bell-bottoms, peace medallion - and I had the lingo down pat, but there was still one big question mark. What if it came down to the ultimate test? What would I do if someone actually handed me a reefer? At this point, I really didn't know what I'd do.

But this was no time for doubts. I was already in over my head. The ramshackle three-story house before us was obviously the

his jaw hung slack; he hadn't shaved in hours. He explained that the bags under his eyes were the result of "cramming" all night. I shuddered at this reference to the addict's last resort - the only means of ingestion left once all the veins have collapsed.

Scott's gaze lingered for an eternity; I thought I was done for. At last Ben broke the silence and introduced me as his friend, the "narc" (street slang for narcotics addict). At once, all three - Scott, Billy, and Ben - exchanged knowing glances, and the ice was broken - I was in. They slapped me on the back - I flashed the

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Fear and Loathing in Dinwoodie

BY HUNTED S. THOMPSON

This one would be a snap. My surly editor was on the line giving me the details on a fresh story assignment which seemed uncommonly simple — in fact, it almost *reeked* of "Easy Money" and "Good Times."

"You're going to a place called Edmonton, Alberta," he informed me, "to find out what Canadian University students are like." Ah, wonder of wonders. The old fart must have finally decided I needed a holiday — what could be simpler than cavorting around with college types; staying up all night cranked up on whatever chemical was making the rounds; impressing nubile young co-eds with my credentials as a famous writer from an important magazine; indulging in drugs and booze and sex and drugs. It was tailor-made for me.

And best of all, I could look forward to all this without fear of any bad craziness ruining the fun. There'd be no paranoid, middle-American complacents to contend with, no sleazy politicians, and no rat-brained sherrifs. Nothing but fresh-faced, open-minded, enthusiastic youth. This old dog would have to teach them a few new tricks.

"And just one more thing, Hunted, see if you can, for a change, get through this one without destroying our reputation. Even if *you* have no self-respect, try and keep in mind that the *Rotting Stone* is a vaunted publication."

Vaunted? Fuck him, I thought. I'll take your expense money and let you use my writing to add a little class to the rag, but I'm sure as hell not going to worry about reputation.

Visions of living it fast and loose with the student set raced through my head as I set about packing. I've never been eager about smuggling illegal substances into foreign countries but I figured for the sake of cracking the campus circuit a few mind-bending goodies would be helpful in breaking the ice. Besides, the passport says *Doctor Hunted S. Thompson*. Any overly inquisitive customs agents would surely understand that the array of brightly-coloured pharmaceuticals in my black kitbag were purely for business and medicinal purposes.

The medicine chest, unhappily, wasn't very well-stocked. I left the listerine and Q-tips and emptied the rest into my travelling dispensary: four grams of uncut cocaine, two quarts of ether, 244

hits of high-powered blotter acid, five quarter-ounce bags of sinsemilla, 50 units of MDA, 250 Quaaludes, three grams of black hash, five 20-gram bags of magic mushrooms, 50 caps of Ibobain, 25 vials of nitrous oxide, half a pint of bovine adrenal gland extract, 5 grams of morphine, six grams of angel dust, a kilo of opium, half a kilo of yojimbe extract, 150 yellow coloured uppers, 200 purple and red coloured downers, a gram and a half of heroin, a handful of orange and green capsules of some sort, and a bottle of extra-strength Tylenol. I also threw in a quart of Wild Turkey for the ride to the airport.

This small arsenal would be enough to get me started, but I'd obviously have to make some connections once on campus.

The Friday of my arrival was grey and overcast, or maybe it only seemed that way after a particularly murderous plane trip which saw me stuck sitting next to an orthopedic shoe salesman from Burbank. He was an obnoxious looking fellow who would stop his ceaseless babble only to ask me what it was I suffered from and why did I have to take so many strange-looking pills for it. After the acid and cocaine dug in I turned and screamed at him: "WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN FUCKING BUSINESS YOU MORON." Maybe my somewhat twisted senses fooled me into thinking I was speaking in a normal tone of voice, but the Captain and two stewardesses were immediately at my side asking if I wanted a sedative. I thanked them and put it in my satchel with the rest.

What I needed were a lot more chemicals in my system and a chance to enjoy them away from strange-oids like this guy. The University of Alberta campus looked deserted at 7 p.m. when I got there, but I soon discovered there was a campus cabaret scheduled to start in an hour. This would be a good introduction, I thought, and was pleased to find out there was a bar in the same building where I could spend an hour in pre-party preparation.

The bar was called RATT, which stood for Room at the Top, which I assume was so-named since it was at the top of the Students' Union Building. I hoped it would be a decent place to drink in spite of its stupid sounding and unimaginative name. I entered one of the

con't on page 18

TRAVEL CUTS

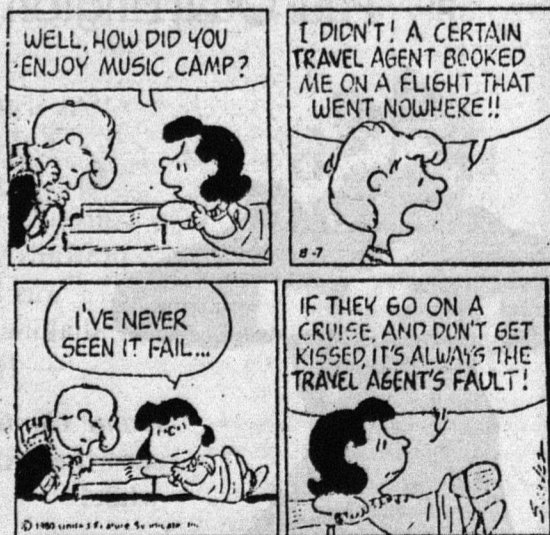
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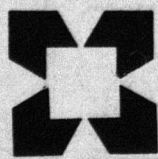
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TRAVEL CUTS

Gordon Liddy

Rock's new right-wing spokesperson speaks his mind

BY DEAN MARTIN

In this business it is the words that are important, not the music. Right wing rock star G. Gordon Liddy understands this better than anyone else working in the pop field today, and the results have been spectacular:

*His album *Killer* has sold 87 million copies in the two months since its release, throwing Michael Jackson onto the scrapheap of history along with other former superstars like Fleetwood Mac, Boz Scaggs, Carole King, Iron Butterfly, and the Dave Clark Five.

*He has become the first artist ever to sweep every single Grammy award, including a new category inspired by himself: Most Unusual Duet with a Flake of a Different Political Persuasion (for his team-up with Timothy Leary on "America the Beautiful").

*His "1984 - Right Now" world tour played to sold out houses everywhere, and grossed a record-breaking trillion dollars - almost one-third the GNP of the United States. This astounding figure greatly astounded the kind of people who are astounded by that sort of thing.

Like the Sex Pistols in their day, Liddy is a snarling rebel against the bleak, behavioral-sink, political climate of modern society. Out of his cathartic anger and frustration Liddy creates a violent and totally unique brand of post-new-wave rock. And like the Sex Pistols he has a burning contempt for today's complacent musical establishment.

As he sang in his now-rare "Monarchy in the US" single:

*God save the Gipper
A rock-star left-libber
made you a commie*

In interviews, however, Liddy has given grudging admiration to a few "political" rockers like Ted Nugent, Seals and Croft, and Barry Chapin, who never let mere musical considerations get in the way of the all-important message. Speaking to the *New Musical Express* in February, Liddy stated, "The important thing to the artist is his obsession. The problem is that up to now virtually all the obsessive types in rock were left-wingers, while the mood of the public has been steadily shifting to the right. I

tapped into that right-wing current and - pow! - here I am."

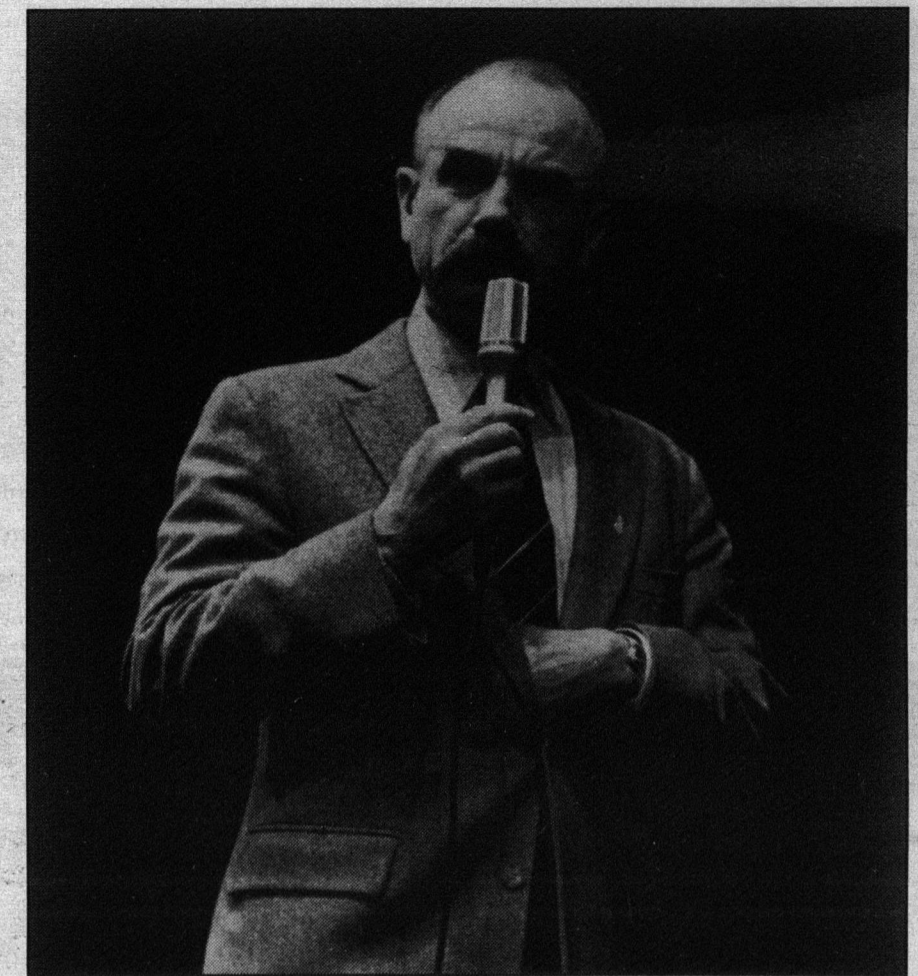
Liddy's right-wing stance has aroused controversy because of its unorthodoxy. Here at *Rotting Stone*, for instance, our progressive policies have raised questions about how to handle the Liddy phenomenon. When it comes down to basic principles, however, the fact remains that *Rotting Stone* needs the readership and the full-page ads. Hence Liddy must be treated with the same respect and seriousness we give to all three-day wonders.

Besides, as the hypesters slyly ask, "Isn't it true that 87 million Liddy fans can't be wrong?"

To answer these and other rhetorical questions, *Rotting Stone* recently talked with Gordon Liddy.

RS: *You swept every Grammy from C&W Single to R&B Single. Some people allege that in producing your music you cheated by using the new Litton Rearranger...*

Liddy: The Litton Rearranger, when fully developed, will eliminate all forms of



Liddy at his Madison Square Gardens concert singing a soulful rendition of "I Did It My Way" and reaching for his gun. He climaxed by firing it into the air. The dramatic gesture ignited the sold-out audience, most of whom sported buttons reading "Roll Over Eric Clapton, Gordon Liddy Is God".

my music, not the Litton Rearranger, which has not, incidentally, been perfected yet.

RS: *... as far as we can tell from the secretiveness surrounding the invention. But there is also the fact that all the session musicians credited on your album have mysteriously died, disappeared, or been killed in the half year since the album was recorded.*

Liddy: Pure coincidence. These things

member tried and failed, shouldn't there be room for forgiveness, and maybe an attempt to persuade them to your side with reason?

Liddy: Reason? Don't make me laugh. It's like Jens Andersen (Editor's note: an obscure Canadian right winger) says: some people just can't be educated. It is no use trying to talk sense to them, because they just won't listen. The only logical thing to do is to kill them. That'll teach them.

RS: *But some people say it's you that can't be educated. But they don't advocate killing you.*

Liddy: (Laughs) Not yet! Good thing there are laws against that sort of thing.

RS: *What is your goal now that you've achieved success?*

Liddy: Well, I'd like, for once and for all, to cure rock artists - the remaining few - of their concern for irrelevant and obsolete concepts like personal expression, emotional honesty, irony, humor, and crap like that. What is important in rock music today is ideological correctness and single-minded, unswerving devotion to it. Even left-wingers, for all their numerous stupidities, understand that much.

RS: *And if your crusade for a better America fails?*

Liddy: Hopefully we'll meet again in a better world than this.

**My nose
Runs,
My feet
Smell,
I'm all
Mixed up.**

- Thomas Dylan

Watergate weltanschauung pushes frontiers of punk one step further. Liddy shoots and scores.

musical theft and formula songwriting, since you will be able to plug any piece of music into it, twiddle the dials, and out will pop a completely original piece of music. This little machine will be a great boon because the user can manipulate everything in the music, right up to its evocativeness.

This eliminates the main bottleneck in producing rock music: musical inspiration. Let's face it, musical inspiration is the scarcest thing in rock, and the thing rock musicians are least interested in. Still, one has to have *some* kind of music behind the words, and so over the years they have developed all sorts of tricks for "borrowing" old musical ideas and adopting them to one's own needs, with a minimum of strain and aggravation for the borrower.

It was these methods I used in creating

happen all the time. All the nasty rumors were started by the kind of people who began the McCartney death stories.

RS: *In your film Return Engagement you said you wouldn't hesitate to kill any member of your family if they betrayed America the beautiful. What do you mean by "betray?"*

Liddy: Oh, you know... aiding communists, voting Democrat, or working towards some form of government I don't approve of.

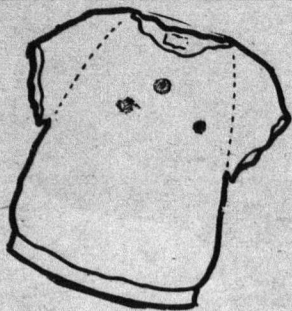
RS: *But if one of your family succeeded in setting up a new form of government, killing that person wouldn't make much difference, would it?*

Liddy: True, but I've always thought that even if you can't get the form of government you want, you should still be able to get revenge.

RS: *On the other hand, if that family*

ATTENTION:

Marvin Gaye Fans



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—Cornell Pidruchney: former President of University of Alberta Tae Kwon Do Club.

POLICE BREAK

"I'M TIRED OF BEING overshadowed by that prick Sting," said guitarist Andy Summers of his recent announcement that he and drummer Stewart Copeland would be leaving The Police.

"He's (Sting) not the only one who can wear muscle shirts and spout bullshit about how tough it is being a great artist," continued Summers. "What does someone with six houses and twenty million dollars in the bank know about suffering?"

"And he's a shitty musician. I played with better bassists in high school. As far as song writing goes, he's never written anything with more than four chords. *Every Breath You Take* for example - Christ, he stole the chord pattern from *The Monster Mash* and *Duke of Earl*. If it weren't for my guitar riff and Stewart's drumming you wouldn't be able to distinguish it from the

Monkeys. Now let's talk about lyrics: *De doo doo doo, de da da da - fuck!*

"But what pisses me off the most is that he's such a pretentious bastard. I mean what is all this shit about dead German philosophers? If that's the way he feels why doesn't he go live in the bush or somethin? I just don't need the aggravation.

"I don't think anybody has a bigger head than Sting. Have you seen our videos? Are they ever boring. But so long as Sting is the only one in them and gets to take his shirt off he doesn't care."

Summers says he and Copeland will be looking for a new bassist and singer to form a band tentatively titled The Pigs. Summers will also be touring with his photography collection.

Sting has not yet announced any future plans.

Dinwoodie

con't from page 16

elevators with a group of three other people. Someone had scrawled "Warp Factor" above the floor indicators. Thus far I wasn't exactly being overwhelmed by collegiate wit, but then again maybe it was too soon to make any judgements.

My heart did a back somersault when I stepped off the elevator into the bar. This was more like it. The place was packed, loud music was blaring from somewhere, and best of all, almost everyone in the place seemed to be glassy-eyed and gazing vacantly off into space. These were my kind of people and it was clear I'd have to make a trip to the washroom to take some more medication

in order to reach their level of drug fortification.

When I returned I was horrified to discover the awful truth of the matter. I'd have immediately sent myself charging through one of the windows and on to the ground below if it weren't for the fact that it was too crowded to move, much less work up enough speed to get through the thick-paned glass. These people weren't zonked on mushrooms or mesc or acid or pot or anything else. And they didn't even seem to be drinking that much. God no, they were into something much, much worse. They were watching a giant screened television. All of them were riveted at once to this monster television. This is what Canadian students do in their spare time?

I could feel some bad craziness coming on and had to get out of there fast.

con't on page 52

CALENDAR

BLACK SABBATH: Kill Devil, NC (6/6/6); Hell Gate, NY (13/13); Dead Sea (6/49).

OZZY OSBOURNE: Decapolis, PALESTINE (10/31); Duck Lake, CAN (10/31); Grossglockner, AUSTRIA (10/31).

THE POLICE: Zempolaltepel, MEX (4/14); Timbuktu, MALI (4/15); Ulan Bator, NEPAL (4/16); Dar es Salaam, TANGANYIKA (4/17); Moose Jaw, CAN (4/18).

PIERRE ELLIOT TRUDEAU: Moscow, USSR (TBA); Peking, CHINA (cancelled); Bonn, FDR (maybe); London, UK (not likely); Edmon-

ton, CAN (are you joking?); Washington, DC (visa denied).

GEORGE LUCAS: Mars and Venus (4/14/2976); Krypton (4/14/3405); Second Star On The Right (4/14/2038); Jet Propulsion Labs, CA (4/14/1984); Fred's Drive-In Bank for the Terminally Rich, CA (4/15/1984 - 4/15/1999).

THE CLASH: Managua, NICARAGUA (subject to mine fields).

DURAN DURAN: Studio 82 (4/15); Scandals (4/18); Corner of 106 & 100 Ave. (4/19); Red Hot Video (4/20).

*All dates are subject to change.

The Chart

Numbers on left show an album's position this week; arrows show the position last week; letter tells day of the week it was released on; for number of weeks on chart look through back issues and figure it out yourself.

1 THE PRETENSIONS M
Yearning To Bawl — Siro** ↓

2 ETHNIC GROUP F
Connect The Dots — Eric* ↓

3 JOHN LEMON AND YOLKO OHNO W
Milk Me Honey — Pollindor* ↓

4 THE POLICE R
Coincedence — M & M's →

5 MICHAEL JACKSON T
Ring of Fire — Pyrodor ↑

6 VAN WAILEN F
1984 — Big Brother ↗

7 EURTHINGMICS R
Feel — CIA ↓

8 JERRY LEWIS AND THE NEWS M
Bad Sport — Cocoon ↓

9 LIONEL TWITCHIE T
Can't Speed Up — Notown ↑

10 NO F
00000 — Itco* →

11 JOHN DE LOREAN M
An Innocent Man — Columbia

12 DAN FOGBANK F
Floors and Ceilings — Half Moon

13 JOHN COUGAR MELLONHEAD R
Uh - Uh — Lima ↗

14 LINDA RUNSTUFF T
That's Old — Nut House →

15 PP TIP F
Exterminator — BB ↓

16 GENITALS W
Genitals — Pacific ↑

17 THE LARGE COLD M
Soundtrack — Notown ↗

18 TURBAN TURBAN M
Seven and Tony The Tiger — Capistol ↓

19 CYNDI LEPER R
She's So Stupid — Picture ↓

20 YOU ALSO F
Under a Puke Green Sky, Ireland*

21 RYE AND COKE R
Sock 'n Roll, Part I — CIA ↗

22 JESUS CHRIST F
Defenders of the Faith — Columbia

23 CHRISTINE McD R
Christine McDonald — BB ↓

24 MOTLING CRUE M
Shout at the Devil — Elektra* ↗

25 SILLY IDOLTRY W
Rabbi Yell — Kosher ↑

26 ROTTING STONES 6
Incognito — Rotting Stones ↓

27 FLUSHDUNCE F
Soundtrick — African Queen ↑

28 PRIMADONNA W
Premadonna — Siro ←

29 ELTON TOILET F
Two Blow Zero — Griffen ↗

30 QUITE RIGHT R
Mental Retards — Pushy/CBC ↑

31 I'LL BE 30 F
Leisure and Hate — Virgil/M&M

32 THE ROTUNDICS W
Horny — Emperor ←

33 THOMAS DULBY
The Flat Head — Capistol* ←

34 BOB DIELAN R
Disciples — Columbian* ↗

35 FIG COUNTRY F
The Flossing — Polygrip** ↑

36 SIMPLE MINDED
Tinkle in the Rain — M & M's*

37 SCOTTISH FEET W
What's A Beet — IRA** ↓

38 YENTL SOUP T
Soundtrick — Columbia ←

39 PAUL MCFARTNEY M
Horns of Hell — Columbian ↗

40 Talking Head R
Speaking With Tongues — Siro

41 THE ALARM
H.M. Tory — Bomb

42 Fozzy Osgood F
Hang A Moon — Jip/CBC ↗

43 DAVID BOWIE R
Let's Bounce — AM I? ↗

44 LUCIFER VAN CROSS - Busy, Buddy

45 SPANDEX OPERA T
False — Cocoon ↗

46 WHY? W
More Hell in the Old World — Elektrik** ←

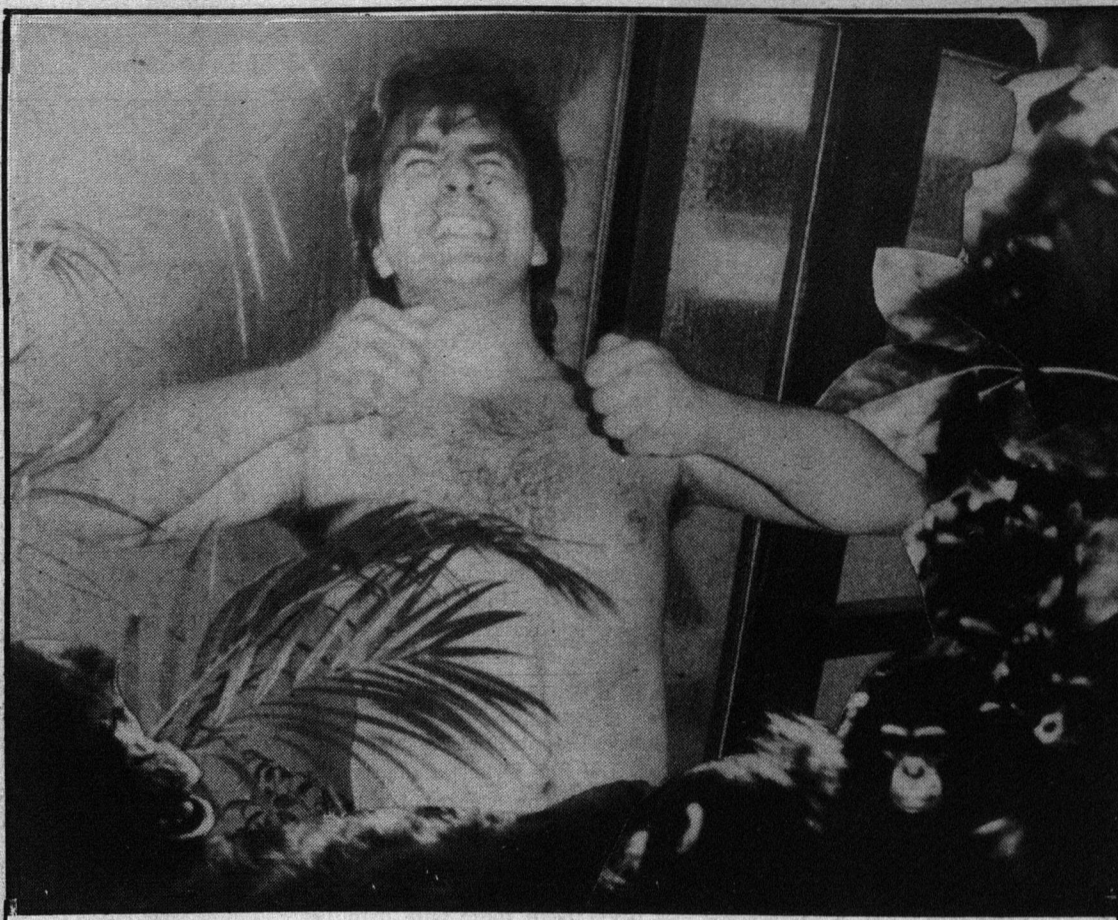
47 PAT BEENATART T
Dead From Mars — Cocoon ↗

48 PAUL CINAMON M
Heads and Phones — BB ↑

49 XYZ F
Beauty, eh? — Hades** ↗

50 PETER SCHRILLING
Error In My Sister — Elektrik ↑

The ROTTING STONE Album Chart is based on a sporadic nationwide telephone survey of album sales in record stores we like. New Entries are indicated by ↗. Recordings we think should be platinum (sales over a million) if people weren't so fucking stupid, are identified with a double asterisk (**). Records that should be gold (sales over 500,000) carry a single asterisk (*).



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RECORDS

The Pope finds roots



VATICAN II
POPE JOHN PAUL II
AND THE
IMMACULATE
CONCEPTIONS

Records for the
 Catholic Apostolate

★★★★

BY PARKE AVENUE

The Pope has done it again. He's proven that he can still turn blood into wine after leaving his old band, Karrrrroll and the Cardinals. Never straying from tradition, he's called his second album Vatican II, and like the first visitation, the music moves with divine inspiration. But the Pope has matured since he was a mere cardinal - he shows that he can do more than master a plethora of languages; he can tame even the most diverse styles of music.

The Pope has been criticized for being too much of a traditionalist, but the opening cut on Vatican II reveals another side of the artist. In "The Black Madonna," he pays homage to the new break-dancing craze that's sweeping St. Peter's Square. He reconciles sombre, profound lyrics with a spirited beat provided by natural, not artificial rhythm instruments.

The Pope is never afraid to cover classic material. He approaches the task with reverence. He rediscovers his roots in his rendition of David Bowie's "Warszawa." This 70 minute cut features the Warsaw Philharmonic conducted by guest artist Lech Walesa and is recorded live at an abandoned shipyard. He also

includes an inspiring solo on "Amazing Grace", recited by Mother Teresa of Calcutta.

There are also indications that the Pope may be moving in sexy new directions. Already, the lyric of "The Huzulen Song from the East Carpathians" has caused the biggest division in the Church since Moses: "First deep gleaming of the eyes - as if the Heart leapt for joy - I remember such a - Flashing glance that passed without an echo."

But the Sistine Chapel of the album is "(I Can't Get No) Absolution", a sacred part of his repertoire. The Pope gives the song the holy waterworks, featuring an all-star band including The Vienna Boys' Choir, the Akron Ohio chapter of the Catholic Women's League, Debby Boone on vocals and Bob Dylan wailing on the guitar. The centre of this divine mass is, of course, the voice of Pope John Paul II himself. It's been called the breath of life, and has never been more pure than when he sings the English translation repentance mix of "(I Can't Get No) Absolution". The holy piousness of the track is impossible to transform onto purely secular paper, but a reading of the lyric is a blessing:

chorus

I can't get no - absolution
I can't get no absolution
'cause I pray
and I pray
and I pray
and I pray
I can't get no-ooo... a no-no-no!!
Hey, hey, hey!

When I'm saying mass in church
and a priest comes to me
afterwards
and he's telling me more and more
about some Protestant religion
supposed to grab my imagination
how white my soul could be
but he's Satan spawned cause he
doesn't use
the same liturgy as me
I can't get no
Absolution!

So go forth to your nearest office of the Pontifical Mission Society and Souvenir Centre and pray they haven't run out of this piece of heaven. God Bless You.

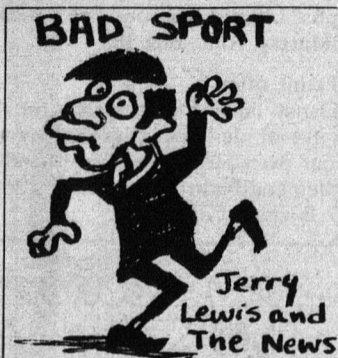
A crocodile smile,
Cat's eyes,
Bee's knees,
Dog's breath,
Death isn't good looking.

Graham Reeper

Pope, pope, pope,
Pope of Rome,
Pope, pope,
Pope of Rome,
Pope, pope ...



Jerry Lewis: this is music?



BAD SPORT JERRY LEWIS AND THE NEWS

Modern

★½

Jerry Lewis and the News is one of those bands you either love or hate. Their slapstick approach to music has endeared them to many listeners while causing others to feel nauseous.

Lewis' albums have always enjoyed success in France, perhaps owing to the language barrier. Their latest release, *Bad Sport*, has already achieved double platinum status in France after only one week. French critics have given *Bad Sport* laudatory reviews: "Fantastique", "Tres Bon," and "Wow", rave the Gaullist critics.

But *Bad Sport* is a seriously flawed album and all flaws belong to Jerry Lewis. Lewis' high pitched, whining and shouting only serve to accentuate the idiocy of his lyrics.

On previous albums we were treated to slapstick beauties such as "Pie in the Sky", "Spill the Wine on Your Shirt" and "Let's Get Mental." The tragic thing about these songs is that, unlike Weird Al Yankovic, Lewis is serious.

The French critics argue that Lewis' lyrics have a surreal quality, in the tradition of French poets such as Delarme. Actually, the lyrics have a stupid quality, in the tradition of the *Brady Bunch*.

RATINGS: ***** = A five-figure bribe from the record company. **** = Four-figure bribe. *** = Three-figure bribe or an album we generally like. ** = Sort of cacophonous dreck that you probably listen to at home. * = Andy Gibb. Ratings are supervised by ROTTING STONE editors.

A New Drug indicates the extent of Lewis' lack of talent:

*I need a new drug
One that will make me charismatic
One that will give me good looks
One that will make me the biggest entertainer in Vegas*

The rhyme scheme is somehow lacking in much of Lewis' lyrics.

His egomania spoils an otherwise musically pleasant album featuring some fine moments by The News.

These journeymen musicians are wasting their time with Lewis. Max "Stax" Robinson's guitar work is masterful. Peter "Piper" Jennings' saxophone honks out one soulful melody after another. Harry "Chopin" Reasoner's virtuoso keyboard work betrays his classical training. Anchoring the News is the rhythm section of "Crazy" Ted Copple on drums and Dan "Duck" Rather on bass guitar. Their vast experience playing the club network in the San Francisco area has endowed them with a versatility unseen since Herman's Hermits.

Bad Sport is a poor album. It is so bad that the ever-present rumours of a Martin and Lewis reunion have stopped, indicating that even Dean Martin wants nothing to do with *the idiot*.

Bad Sport may be just another attempt by Lewis to garner more fans in the hopes of increasing the number of donations to his charity. The biggest charity case, though, is The News, and their handicap is Jerry Lewis.

-DON SNEVELY



INSTANT LOBOTOMY BY NUMBERS PSYCHOTIC PUKES

Arista

★★★★½

Hot on the heels of the Dayglow Abortions and the Plasmatics is the Vancouver based sado-masochist trio the Psychotic Pukes. At a recent engagement in the newly renovated Scum Pit in downtown Vegreville, the group performed an onstage mastectomy of a white rabbit, and drop-kicked

seven Cocker Spaniel puppies into the audience. Intrepid Rotting Stone contributor R.J. Stoner talked with the Pukes after the concert.

Describing the performance as "good family entertainment" founding member Sy Napse explained that white rabbits have long been used by stage performers like magicians. As for the puppies, Napse claims "they were just plain cute, and made a helluva squeal if you hit em just right." He went on to say he has a genuine love for any animals he can get close to.

The band has just emerged from the studio, having cut their first album, "Instant Lobotomy by Numbers."

Lead guitarist for the Psychotic Pukes is the flamboyant Malignant Cyst, who is credited with having introduced the "Instant Lobotomy" to the dance world. Cyst explains "hey, it ain't no Michael Jackson, but it's fun." In a bizarre demonstration, Cyst bent at the waist, and charged headfirst into a filing cabinet. After a staggering reel backwards, he grabbed a nearby Budweiser, took a slug, and passed out.

Bryon Tumor completes the trio, and claims to be the artistic director of the group. With such memorable tunes as "Why stop the Pain?", "Please Sleaze Me", and "Stop the Puppies", Tumor is a fast-rising name in the musical world. Trained as a classical pianist, Tumor spent ten years in a Tibetan monastery perfecting his craft, and studied poetry and literature with his mentor, Friar Guido Luamba. When asked who inspired him the most, Tumor drew on such favourites as Shirley Temple, Pat Boone, and the Andrews Sisters. After it was mentioned that perhaps he might have strayed somewhat from his modest beginning, Tumor was indignant: "Hey, I don't need no crypto-fascist faggot telling me about art! Those rabbits and puppies and stuff is just for the kids in the audience."

**I believe,
in the moonlight shining
upon lovers
wrestling in the coarse, gritty
sand,
while waves crash upon the
shore
killing slugs.**

**Moonbeams cross the
aching solitudes,
sweeping crimson-couple
firelight into the
festering pus bowls
of my mind.**

This, then, is a band with the message. Perhaps Malignant Cyst says it best when he explains "Punk is a family affair." But when it was suggested that the majority of the Pukes' audience are pubescent delinquents, Cyst stumbled, "well, hey, how do you know? You don't know adults these days. I mean, like, they shave their heads too, you know." He also let slip his secret admiration for the late Sid Vicious, of whom he said, "Sid was a great man, you know. Just because you slice up your girlfriend, the whole world thinks you're sick. Not Sid, man - he was a real humanitarian. That chick, she was *obnoxious!*"

The Psychotic Pukes are just starting a trans-Alberta tour, spanning some thirty cities and towns. As yet, the reception has been cool, but Bryon Tumor is confident, "That Veg concert - that was great. When those puppies sailed offstage, the crowd screamed with excitement. As for those other towns, they'll let us back when we're real big." And so the world waits with baited breath for the release of the Pukes' debut album, "Instant Lobotomy by Numbers."

-JUMBO BIAFRA



MUSIC TO WELD BY MOTORHEAD

Mercury

★★★★

Motorhead give still more conclusive proof that they are the most original band and the most effective raisers of social consciousness since Penis Envy. Motorhead's latest release is a stinging indictment of modern liberal attitudes and their consequences for the lives of individuals in the late post-modern world. Each track attacks modern political society and its failure to allow people to attain their fullest potential.

The first track, *Mr. Faustus*, shows how freedom in modern liberal society has actually caused people to care only for themselves and not for social justice. The lyrics blend perfectly with the sonata-allegro form of this cut. Motorhead use dynamic contrasts particularly

effectively on "Mr. Faustus," at one point moving directly from a mezzo-piano distorted bass passage into a sizzling ass-kicking solo from guitarist Lemming.

The second tune, *Alone and Brain-dead in the Industrial Wasteland*, is a polemical tirade against the existential despair prevalent in many current rock songs, such as last year's chart topper, *Vanilla and Chocolate* by Paul McCartney and Stevie Wonder. Power chords reverberate throughout the next band, a five minute piece entitled *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*. Played forward, this track cries out against the helpless despair of inner-city inhabitants, but only reveals its true mystical power when played backwards at 39¾ rpm. Teddy Clack's bass solo can be particularly enhanced by a little lysergic acid diethylamide. Drummer Philthy Reoisionist Ranning Dog Taylor carries the relentless, driving rhythm until the tune reaches its mind-blowing, ear-shattering, heart-rending finale.

The second side consists of a 20 minute opus entitled *Cloven Hooves*. Motorhead save some of the best lyrics of the album for this tune, which attacks American multi-national corporation policies which keep the Third World underdeveloped. Singer Lemming screams with intense passion:

*Oh baby, you gotta believe
this ain't no twig,*

So lie on your back and grunt, pig,

The incredible force of this social commentary is indescribable. This reviewer awaits with breathless anticipation Motorhead's next release, tentatively scheduled for next summer and to be called *The Nuclear Arms Race and the Psychological State of Middle America*.

-CHEVY CHASTE

**My skin melts
In your presence,
My nostril hairs
Are scorched,
My eyes water
When you come near,
Buy some deodorant,
Or I'll kill you**

Bob

**Ice cubes float
In a glass of Coke,
You float
In a pool of smoke,
I float
in an endless joke,
pass it here,
I need another toke.**

"Cheech" Wordsworth

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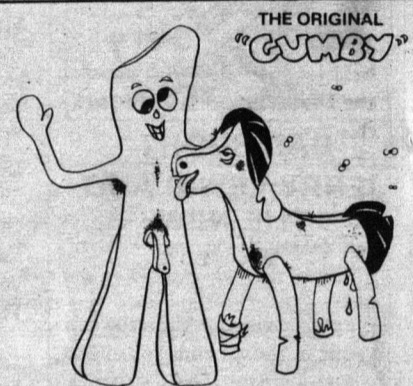
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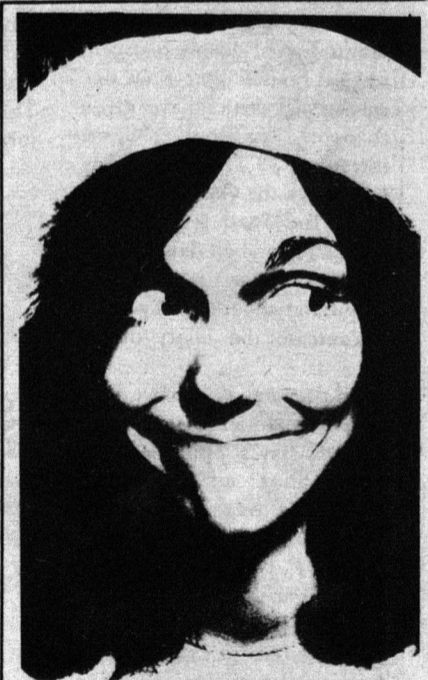
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Karen herself had low self esteem before she learned the secret, previously known only to some small African tribes.

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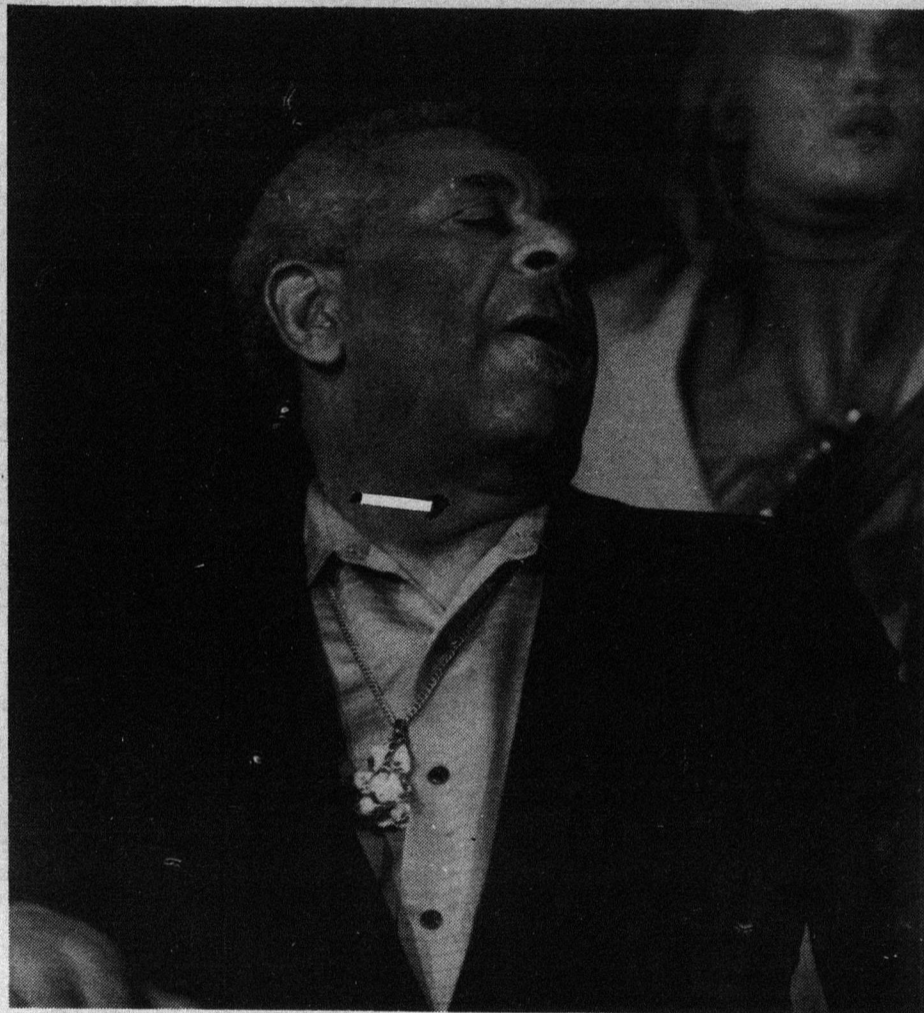
Crawdaddy Johnson

July 1878 - April 1984

Crawdaddy Johnson is dead at the age of 106. His death this past week was mourned all over the world. Candle-light vigils were held in London, Paris, Bombay, and across the United States and Canada. I am writing this article because Crawdaddy was my long time friend and mentor. I've known Crawdaddy since 1983 when he gave me the rights to his lifestory. His autobiography will be published next week.

Crawdaddy was a pioneer in the American blues movement and he wrote the book on how to play the Blues harp. He was born in Mississippi on a tobacco plantation where his father was a sharecropper. His grandmother taught him how to play the harp when he was 2 years old. "She can still out play me when her arthritis isn't acting up" he commented in a *Rotting Stone* interview last year. Crawdaddy, too, was afflicted with a disease: emphysema. After a life long habit of smoking, he developed emphysema and was forced to undergo surgery in 1978. The surgery cured his throat problem by way of a tracheotomy but it didn't cure his tobacco habit. Crawdaddy continued to smoke through the hole in his throat and continued to play the harp with the aid of a specially constructed rubber tube inserted into the hole. The tracheotomy ended his long recording career although he continued to play the occasional club date.

Crawdaddy escaped the drudgery of the farm for the drudgery of the city. He moved to New York in 1900 and got work playing the Blues in clubs and subways. These were very lean years for Crawdaddy since no one had yet heard of the "Blues". Crawdaddy's great talent went unnoticed until 1947 when he joined Muddy Waters' band. He soon became the most popular Chicago Blues man next to Muddy Waters. Finally, at the age of 69, he was given his first recording contract and he put together his famous band The Crayfish. Crawdaddy and The Crayfish went on to record some of the most influential albums ever released. Their first release "Sedimentary Blues" contained the famous "Blue Lobster". "Crustacean Blues" was one of the most influential albums ever released by anybody. Crawdaddy's "While my Harp Gently Drips", clearly influenced the Beatles' George Harrison. During the Watergate scandal, Crawdaddy showed his interest in politics with the release of the "Impeach Nixon" album. While the lyrical content was a departure from the traditional blues of the



previous albums, the music remained pure Blues. The songs from the "Nixon" album were clearly an influence on the punk movement that was to happen towards the end of that decade. His songs "Anarchy Now" and "Kill the Pigs" were standards among the punkers in London's bar scene.

When his tracheotomy forced him to end his recording career he concentrated on his political activity. Most recently, in the 1981 Diablo Canyon nuclear reactor demonstration, Crawdaddy was charged with resisting arrest when he kicked a state trooper in the genitals. Crawdaddy's opinion of Ronald Reagan is well known: "He's the antichrist, in my opinion" he claimed in last year's *Rotting Stone* interview. In fact, it is rumored that Crawdaddy's death might be linked to a CIA plot to stomp out "Communist Subversives".

Crawdaddy's absence will be felt in many areas. His influence in music has been paramount, as evidenced by the harp playing of Magic Dick and John Mayall. Lyrically, he has influenced everyone from The Beatles to the B52's to the Sex Pistols. Politically, his presence will be missed by the various lobby groups he participated in. Crawdaddy was a good man; compassionate, irreverent, idealistic and very old. His death at the age of 106 years was not unexpected but it was dreaded. Crawdaddy represents an age that we, today, have all but forgotten. Perhaps his lyrics will serve as a reminder to us of the age he represents.

*Get off you asses you lazy buggers,
This society's bit the big one.
It's time for y'all to become crazy muggers,
Get on out there and kill someone.*

—TOM WOLFE



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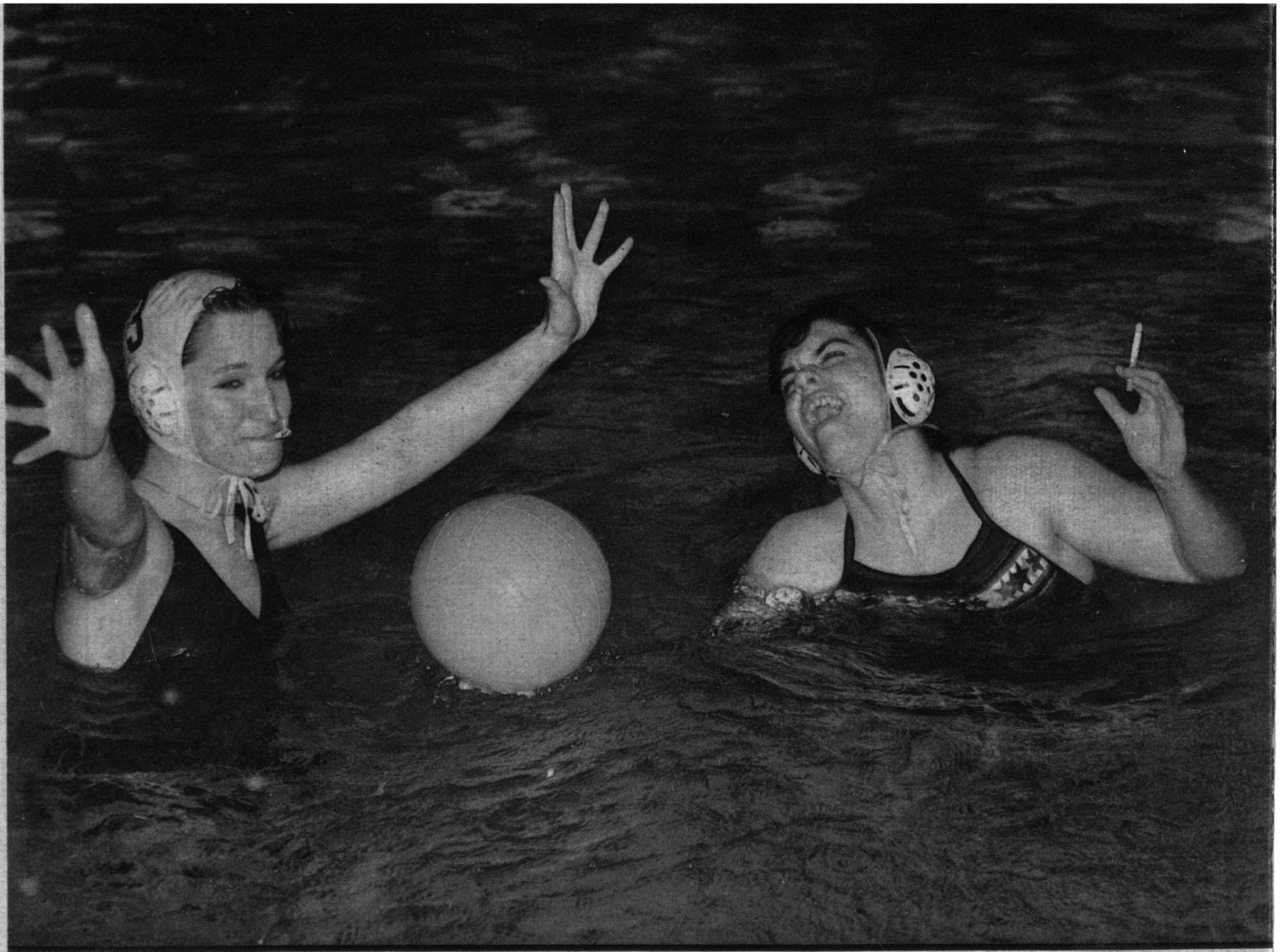
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