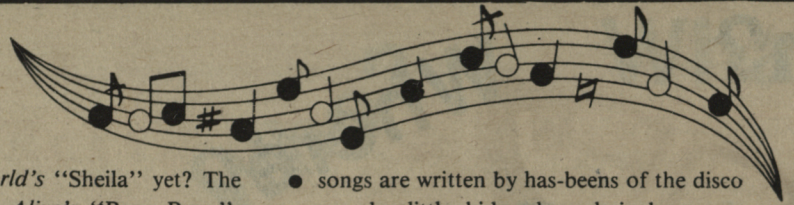


The state of Rock



Post Halloween Frights

Remember when disco died around 1970-80? Do you remember how we all heaved a sigh of relief? Well I suppose what is happening now is like those pathetic new horror movies — “Return of the Living Dead”, “Dawn of the Dead”, “Friday the 13th Part 14”) and so on. You can’t keep those nasty old zombies and gruesome dead folk down. They come back episode after episode due to the stupidity of some character in the film, the director, or both.

The title for today’s music scene should read ... “Return of the Pathetic Bongo Bouncing — Disco From the Grave”. The promo copy could read ... “After successfully destroying the disco hoards by bombing their headquarters (RSO Records) and hangouts (any cliché disco will do) and cutting of their vital supplies of tacky jewelry, gaudy clothing, and strobe lights, the music loving public puts their ears to rest. But in the mid 1980’s the monster mobs have returned from the crypt lead by a whole new onslaught of tasteless tacky and musically inept groups. They’re in disguise in name only, —

they call themselves “roll and rock”.

Sit down at your favorite club or in front of your favorite video show (if there is such a thing) and what do you see and hear? The Madonna clones have brought back all the ugly jewelry and clothing. That’s nothing compared to the music.

Have your hear *Read For the World’s* “Sheila” yet? The disco is blatant. Listen to *Dead or Alive’s* “Bang Bang”, *Madonna’s*, “Into the Groove”, or “Dress You Up” or better yet, don’t. I’m still trying to come up with the correct insulting words to describe. *The Time’s* “Jungle Loving” (maybe it’s oh - wee - oh - wee - oh). The list and the computerized beat go on and on and on and on ...

You say to me, “Well gee! I’m a decent upright music lover, but what can I do to fight this plague, this reoccurrence of ugly music that I thought was buried years ago?”

Well my disco hating friend, you must first learn to distinguish camo-disco from real music. It’s easy once you memorize these facts.

- | Camo-Disco | Real Music |
|--|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● has loud bass rhythm that drowns out most of the other instruments. It mostly consists of loud pops and nothing else. ● has extremely monotonous drum beat that does not change throughout the song. Drummer could be replaced by a machine if he/she isn’t already. ● has pointless little guitar parts that verge on non-existence and certainly never go below the three highest strings. | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> doesn’t doesn’t doesn’t |

- songs are written by has-beens of the disco era, by little kids whose hair burns on Pepsi commercials, fake blonde chicks who have nude photos of themselves splashed all over every smut rag on the news stand, or by an odd assortment of transvestites, and the like.

Now that you have mastered these identification techniques, and have learned to recognize the Camo-disco lover by his/her dress (Anything worn by Samantha Taylor of “Video Hits”), speech (the words ‘great’ or ‘excellent’ pronounced in more than one note of the major scale) and habitat (any place where people are foolish enough to line up for an hour to get in), you can begin to send them back to the graves from which they came.

There are certain ways to do this. An excellent text on procedures was written in the middle ages by two monks. The book is called “The Witches Hammer”. Other references would include *Mein Kamph Hanging in Canada* (a real book, I kid you not), or any home economics book on meat cutting. Generally, let cruelty be your guide.

If you find these methods slightly bloodthirsty then you may simply ignore camo-disco people. With all the money they spend on their clothes and hair, they’ll die on their own.

Glen Boswall

JACK SCORPIO

By BRIAN LINKLETTER

