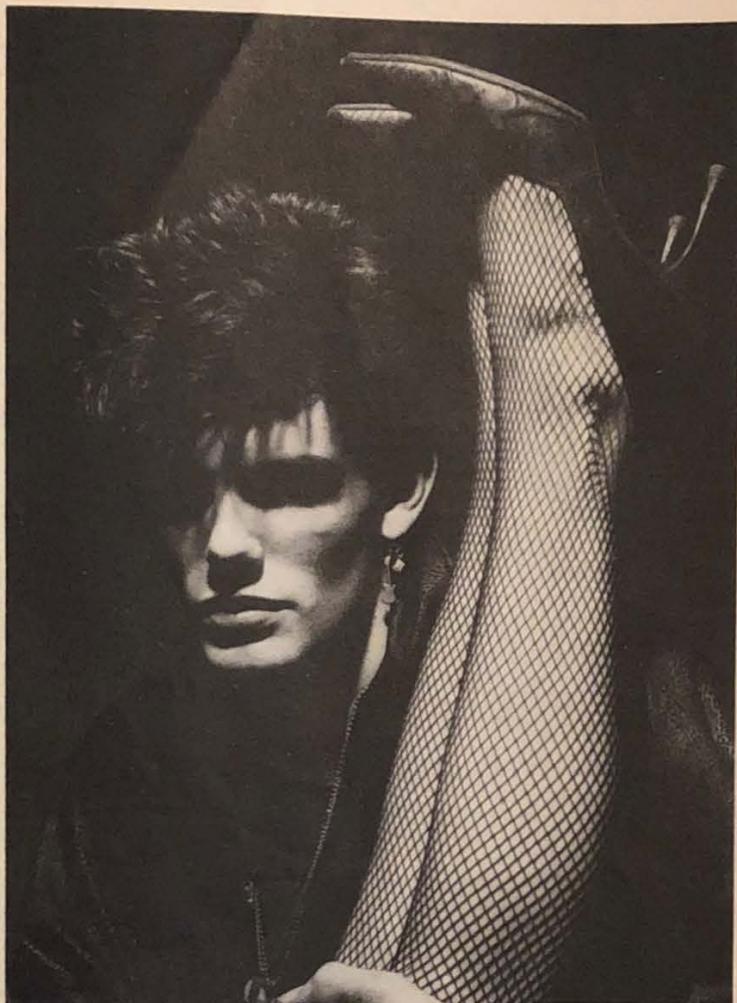


POINT BLANK



Scott Van Orsdale/Lone Star Silver

Charlie Sexton's got legs—and knows how to use 'em.

taking Mama's prize rooster, plucking all its feathers, putting a blue ribbon on it, then putting it on the cover of *Farmer's Gazette* and calling it a success story. Not many folks down here are amused. To paraphrase my buddy Joe Bob Briggs: "Heads should roll!"

P.J. Cosman
Austin, TX

MacManus and Gordon Gano and Hunter Tompson and bad punk lyrics and Jim Morrison and Squirrel Bait and DC go-go. I hope Glenn O'Brien realizes that some of us pipsqueak aspiring people who write would just die to urinate in a Dublin pub where James Joyce use'ta hang and rap with Irish boys with real brains. Thank the supreme being for Glenn O'Brien and Ireland and the Pogues and Guinness stout and for a rag filled with a conglomeration of stuff made especially for 22-year-olds on my demented wavelength.

Batgirl O'Hara
Richmond, VA

Another satisfied customer

Your practice of featuring artists and then slagging them is annoying—i.e., Blondie and the DKs. What is even more annoying is that you make money doing it. I guess shit sells. John Lydon had the right idea when he hung up the phone on you.

Disgusted in California

John Lee Hooker

Bart Bull's article ("Messin' with the Hook," April) seemed a little more concerned with socks and style than with the music and the message of the music I've played for 50 years. And although I think Mr. Bull is a fan of the blues himself, his interpretation of what is important to me has been hurtful to myself and the people very close to me.

Anyone can have the blues, rich or poor, black or white, man or woman, young or old. And everyone has the right to sing them, too. Sometimes people get lost looking for the message just because it's so simple . . . I sing the blues because it's something we all have in common.

I think this basic thought was missed by Mr. Bull in his portrayal of what bluesmen have looked like, or what he thinks *other people* should look and act like. And none of that has a thing to do with the actual feeling and the actual music. If you've ever had the blues, and I know you have, you'll know what I'm talking about.

John Lee Hooker

College radio

Readers should not believe that Andrea 'Enthal has FM listeners' best interests at heart, even when she cries that college radio is not serving "you and I." 'Enthal has a vision of her ideal radio station, and she selfishly used her pages in April's SPIN to chide a few people across the country into reconsidering their own attitudes toward college radio.

'Enthal encourages college radio not to play bands that exhibit one supposedly cancerous characteristic—a major-label contract. She wants your local college radio outlet to abandon Hüsker Dü to the void between college and AOR markets until they sink or swim. Listeners across the country would be extremely angry if R.E.M., the Jesus and Mary Chain, Elvis Costello, or the Sex Pistols (!) hadn't been played just because they hung around with the wrong people.

Scott Larsen
Music Director, KCPR
San Luis Obispo, CA

He did say he'd written a few books

Bravo on Stephen King's article about Ricky Nelson ("Hello, Mary Lou, Goodbye Rick," April). He writes much better than his namesake.

Laura L. Bell

You really, really like us

After compromising my reputation by purchasing a publication graced with the annoying face of David Lee Roth, I had to debate whether I could deal with Charlie Sexton (17-year-olds who make it piss me off), but after I bought the May issue, I remembered why I like SPIN. I live for Batman and Declan

Correction: Our mistake—we meant to say *Harold King*.

Correction

"Jackie Gleason Straight Up" (June) was written by Howard Rosenberg, not Harold Rosenberg. SPIN regrets the error.

Letters

Edited by Karen Dolan

Charlie Sexton

Keith Forsey's vice grip on Charlie Sexton's talent has squelched what was left of Sexton's originality ("Go, Charlie, Go," May). Forsey's "Don't worry—we'll use a drum machine" attitude will ultimately leave Sexton churning out album after album of regurgitated pop drivel. (Just ask Billy Idol.)

Sexton certainly knows how to play guitar, but it seems he's left the rest of his decisions to greedy people with flashing dollars signs for eyes. Maybe next time he won't change his mind about doing that "guitar record," and he'll get the recognition he deserves. I wonder what Sexton thinks of all this?

As long as MCA has the key to the padlock on his lips and Forsey's got the hype machine going full blast, we'll never know.

Vanessa Graeber
Valencia, CA

Down here on the Third Coast, we have known for a while that Keith Forsey is the mastermind who single-handedly took the once fresh, dynamic, and pure-as-a-rockabilly-baby's-ass musical style of Charlie Sexton and tampered with it so cotton-pickin' much it now sounds just like any other second-rate, sap-oozing, over-produced, generic, teenie-bopper arena band. But who in the name of corruption of a minor got hold of the poor kid and turned his physical appearance into some pitiful cross between a makeup-caked Duran Duran geek and a reject off the set of a George Romero flick? To anyone who had the pleasure of seeing the boy in his pre-Hollywood days, scorching the stage with Joe Ely or leading the charge himself with the Eager Beaver Boys, recent manifestations are tantamount to