

DEAD OR ALIVE
DURAN DURAN
ANNIE LENNOX
NICK HEYWARD
THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS
NIK KERSHAW

Smash HITS

INTO BATTLE WITH
FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD!



HIT SONGS FROM OMD, ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN, PHIL COLLINS, SHANNON

SMASH HITS ◆ ANNIE LENNOX

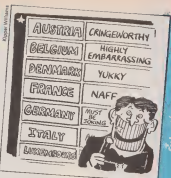


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A SONG(?) FOR EUROPE — 26/27
Spring's in the air, flowers are blooming, birds and singing and — aaaaah! — it's THAT time again!



DURAN DURAN — 40/41
Plus an arm and a leg.

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FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD — 10/11

What happens after "Relax"? What's all this 'guns' stuff? Just how many hairstyles has Holly had?



DEAD OR ALIVE — 18/19

Pete Burns says he's a "gender-bender". Same goes for George and Marilyn.



DAVE GAHAN — 25

Reviews the singles.



THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS — 30/31

Their seven year slog to the top.



ALEXEI SAYLE — 45

A day to remember.



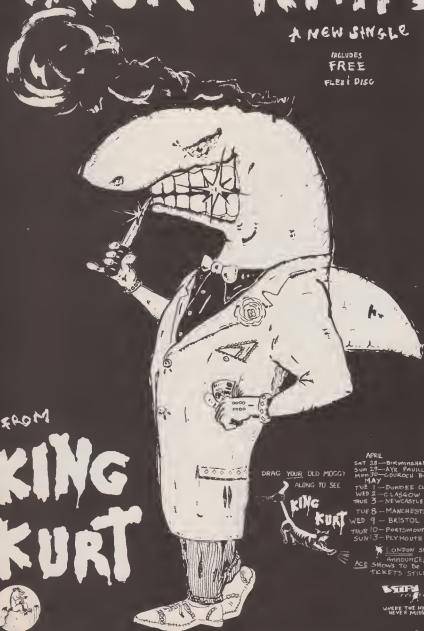
NICK HEYWARD — 56/57

Is this man mad?

MACK THE KNIFE

A NEW SINGLE

INCLUDES
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FLEXI DISC



FROM

KING KURT



DRAG YOUR OLD MOGGY
ALONG TO SEE



APRIL
SAT 28 - BIRMINGHAM TIMCAN
SUN 29 - AYS PAUILLON
MON 30 - COCOCU BAY HOTEL

MAY
TUE 1 - DURKEE CLUB FOOT
WED 2 - CLASGOW NITE MOVES
THUR 3 - NEWCASTLE TIFFANYS

TUE 8 - MANCHESTER CLOUB 9
WED 9 - BRISTOL BEER KELLER

THUR 10 - PORTSMOUTH @ MAMMIE'S
SUN 13 - PLYMOUTH ICE RINK

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IN TESTS NINE OUT OF TEN CATS PREFER IT!

7 MAY 1979 **WINDMILL** 11.5 MAY 1979 **SHAPES** **ACTUAL DISC 1 MAY 1979**

GREEN



NAME Green
 Strohmeyer-Gartside, though I prefer just Gartside. I've never told anyone my real first name and I don't see any reason to start now. It's not Kevin or Trevor or Gary or Nigel.
BORN: June 22, 1956, in Cardiff Maternity Hospital
NICKNAMES AT SCHOOL: The only one I can remember is Strawberry which I think must have come from Strohmeyer. I

about anything and have to listen to the World Service to get to sleep. Chart day on Tuesday means sleepless nights on Mondays now. I must say.
HOW DID IT FEEL BEING ON TOTP FOR THE FIRST TIME?
 Terrible. I was so ill, I had "flu really badly and the only way I could do it at all was by having these intra-muscular vitamin injections which hurt like hell. I was literally on the floor on the dressing room floor and had to be rushed off to a doctor to have another shot just before I went on. So, I did it in a daze and I think I, or, even compensated a bit in this drugged-up state with too much eye-liner and jumping about. It was wholly unrepresentative of me.
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN YOUR POKETS? A packet of Vicks Lozenges, two pound notes (one of which has "Ricky" written on it in biro — perhaps I owe it to him), a front door key and a medal from the Soviet Union which a friend brought back for me.
LAST BOOK READ: The Colour

PERSONAL FILE

did get a lot of thumping and barracking for having a German surname. It was so bad I had to leave Caerphilly Boys' Grammar Technical School because of it. They probably called me Adolph and things like that.
FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: I can't honestly remember. I know it was a Beatles record — one of many.
JOBS: I've never had a real one, but a lot of temporary ones. I worked in an aluminium works, in a garage (to save up for my first electric guitar, which got stolen straight away) and I worked in a firm of solicitors. My job there was to go down to the cells with the barristers while they tried to persuade the prisoners to plead guilty. I enjoyed it at the time and it gave me a rather good insight into how corrupt British justice is. It really is corrupt.
HOME: A flat in Islington, London.
DO YOU DO YOUR OWN IRONING? Yes. But I don't have an ironing board since I moved into my new flat. I have to use the kitchen table, which is terrible when you're in a rush.
DO WORRIES KEEP YOU AWAKE AT NIGHT? Oh God, yes. It's not as bad as it used to be but I worry

Purple by Alice Walker. It's a fictionalised letters of a young black girl in the southern States of America. I used to read a lot but I don't really any more.
WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR MOTHER? She lives in Spain so I don't see her very often. It was a few months ago. I took her to a cocktail bar and we bumped into Glenn Gregory and his wife Sarah, Simon Draper (managing director of Virgin Records) and Spizz (who's played with everyone from The Cure to Heaven 17). She got on very well with all of them. We all got drunk and had a great time.
FIRST CONCERT: Rod Stewart at the Reading Rock Festival around 1970. The whole weekend I wore a long black dress that I'd nicked from my grandmother's wardrobe. I put it back afterwards and she never noticed. I thought it looked very nice.
MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT: Probably being on Top Of The Pops.
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE EUROVISION SONG CONTEST? I think it's a disgrace. It's a venal corruption of all that's good in pop music. It twists and subverts it to the interests of the powers-that-be.

NEW ORDER



Matthew Emery, NME

Thieves Like Us

*I've watched your face for a long time it's always the same
 I studied the cracks and the wrinkles you were always so vain
 Now you live your life like a shadow in the pouring rain*

*Oh it's called love yes it's called love
 Oh it's called love and it belongs to us
 Oh it dies so quickly it grows so slowly
 But when it dies it dies for good
 It's called love and it belongs to everyone but us*

*I've lived my life in the valleys I've lived my life on the hills
 I've lived my life on alcohol I've lived my life on pills*

*But it's called love and it belongs to us
 It's called love and it's the only thing that's worth living for
 It's called love and it belongs to us
 It's called love yes it's called love*

*Oh love is found in the east and the west
 When love is at home it's the best
 Love is the cure for every evil
 Love is the air that supports the eagle
 It's called love and it's so uncool*

*It's called love and somehow it's become unmentionable
 It's called love and it belongs to everyone of us
 It's called love and it cuts your life like a broken knife
 Oh love love love love love
 It's called love and it belongs to us
 It's called love love love love love
 It's called love and it belongs to every one of us*

Words and music New Order/Arthur Baker
 Reproduced by permission Be Music
 /Warner Bros Music/Shakin' Baker
 On Factory Records



Photo: John Fisher

What do pop stars do on Sunday afternoons? If you're Dave Gahan of Depeche Mode you take a break from packing for your trip to Germany tomorrow and settle down in your sitting-room to review the singles for *Smash Hits*. Turn to page 25 for his verdict on New Order, The Human League and lots more.

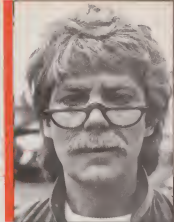


Photo: Sam Leighton

This, they reckon, is what Mike Read will look like in forty years time. Why's he got all made up like this? For a TV commercial for some new laser disc players which are supposed to last forever. Read's new single, "Tell Me I'm Wrong", has just been released, and the video for it was premiered on *Saturday Superstore*. Funny that.

START



First there was Boy George, then Marilyn, now meet Tasty Tim. He materialised in the London club scene, has sung with *Pleasure And The Beast*, been DJ in *The Mud Club*, and recently participated in a transvestite mock wedding. Linda "Get Smart" Duff has met him and says he wears three pairs of false eyelashes, shaves his chest and is "really nice". Now he's got a record out, needless to say. It's called "Sugar Sugar".



Everything But The Girl have finally followed up their fab "Night And Day" single of nearly two years ago with "Each And Every One" on the new Blanco Y Negro label. Since "Night And Day", Ben Watt and Tracey Thorn have released solo LPs, continued their studies at Hull University, played and recorded with The Style Council. Tracey has left the *Marine Girls* and, it appears from the photo above, they've both had rather radical haircuts.

PAULINE ▲ SUNDAY
BLACK WITH ▼ BEST

PIRATES ON THE AIRWAVES



THE NEW 12+7 INCH SINGLE

 Chrysalis

JUST A DREAM



N E N A

I'M SO ALONE
WAITING BY THE PHONE
YOUR HAND IS IN MY HAIR
I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE
I FEEL SO SAD 'TIL I THINK OF YOU
WE'RE LYING IN THIS AND
THEN I UNDERSTAND

CHORUS
THERE'S NOTHING ELSE I WANNA DO
I SPEND ALL DAY DREAMING OF YOU
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR A WHILE
I NEED YOUR KISS
I MISS YOUR SMILE
ALL THE THINGS I LIKED YOU FOR

MAKE ME WANT YOU MORE AND MORE
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY
I'VE GOT TO GET TO YOU TODAY

I CAN FEEL THE HEAT
STANDING NEXT TO YOU
THINK ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME
NEVER GET YOU OFF MY MIND

STYLING: DAN KURCO
HAIR: ANDREW FADE
MAKEUP: ANDREW FADE
WRITING AND MUSIC BY
ANDREW FADE
PRODUCED BY PERMITHON
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION
CBS SONGS ON EPIC RECORDS



They've become the most notorious British group since the Sex Pistols. Now they're dressing up in army uniforms to promote their new single — "a song about peace". Neil Tennant presents . . .

"We're not trying to create controversy," sighs William Holly Johnson, singer with the most notorious British group since the Sex Pistols, "although controversy is nice. Life in general is so boring that controversy spics it up."

I have to admit that meeting Holly and bass guitarist Mark O'Toole of Frankie Goes To Hollywood is almost a disappointment. They're so nice. Polite, friendly. Not at all the outrageous decadents of popular imagination.

Holly: "I used to shave me head and paint it red and green. People wrote to the Liverpool Echo saying 'Who's this Martian walking round town?'"

"A lot of the scam that surrounds Frankie has been media-invented because they like it," explains Holly. But surely it's been encouraged by your record company (Zang Tuum Tumb)? "Of course, because they're a commercial concern and they'll encourage anything to get publicity. It's a team, like any record company. It's just that we've got a particularly imaginative team and most record companies haven't."

The sudden notoriety they acquired when "Relax" was banned by the BBC seems to have taken them by surprise.

Holly: "The song had been around for a long time. It had been played on *The Tube*, it had been played on the BBC."

Holly: "We did it for sessions as well."

Mark: "We didn't contrive or expect it to be banned."

What does it mean, anyway, "Relax, don't do it"? Don't do what?

Holly: "Don't relax, of course!"

Oh.

Holly has always loved dressing up. Like the rest of the group he comes from Liverpool, his family living "just round the corner from Penny Lane", and his first experience of wearing something a bit different came in church. "I was a choirboy. But only 'cause I used to love dressing up. Cassocks. It was fab. I used to go on choir outings and you used to get sixpence a show. You did! It was like being in the theatre."

Mark: "He used to rob the plate!"

Holly: "No, I never. I never ever robbed the plate. I remember robbing something at Harvest Festival but I never robbed the plate."

By the age of 13 he had become a fervent David Bowie fan with bright red hair.

"Actually, I was more into looking like Angie Bowie (his wife)! The thing was, though, people who were into David Bowie didn't want to look like him. I just wanted to look individual."

Which led him into his Judy Garland phase. "That was fab. A great big D.A. (hair-do) with a huge peak and I used to wear '40s jackets with big shoulders. It didn't last though; I was only about 14 then. I used to walk around singing, 'Rock-a-bye your baby with a Dixie melody.'"

Then there was the blond skinhead look.

"For years. Me social security number was written on the side of me head."

"Then I had the mini-mohican. Just a square of blond hair and a beard. That was quite weird."

Mark cackles at the memory.

"Ugly, wasn't it?" admits Holly. "The worst was when I shaved me head and used to paint it red and green. You used to get people writing in to the Liverpool Echo saying, 'Who's this Martian walking round town?' I used to get battered. Going out for lunch was like running the gauntlet."

Mark: "If I'd have seen you, I'd most likely have battered you!"

Mark, Pedro (the drummer) and guitarist Brian "Gnasher" Nash (Mark's cousin) are four years younger than Holly and Frankie's other singer, Paul Rutherford. They've played in a network of bands; Pedro drumming, for instance, in Mark's brother's band. While Holly was in his Judy Garland phase, they were still at school, going to Liverpool matches and wearing "scally" clothes: Kickers, Nike and Pod.

On leaving school, they each got jobs: Brian was an electrician; Pedro was a wood machinist until he was made redundant; Mark was a carpenter. In fact Mark was earning more as a carpenter than he does in the group at the moment, though that will soon change. He remarks of Paul and Holly: "Those two have only done layabout jobs!" Holly has been a pizza-chef, a labourer and done "a little bit of theatre". Paul used to work in a gay nightclub in London called Subway. He and Holly have been friends for nine years.

In 1978 Holly joined his first group, Big In Japan, who were very famous in Liverpool and released one EP and one single. I ask Holly how they fitted into the Liverpool music scene of the late '70s which produced *The Teardrop Explodes*, *Echo & The Bunnymen*, *Wah!* etc.

"Well," he says proudly, "we were always hipper than them because we were in Big In Japan. They were the plebs who used to come and watch Big In Japan gigs and it really gave them the impetus to form bands 'cause it used to get on their nerves that we were the elitist crew. Then they had loads of success — much to everyone's surprise, bitch, bitch." He laughs wickedly. "I'm not bitching! I'm just saying the way it went. I think Echo & The Bunnymen are brilliant. They deserve all their success."

After Big In Japan broke up, Holly released a couple of solo singles, "Yankee Rose" ("cowboy sleaze!") and "Hobo Joe". Paul, meanwhile, sang with a group called *The Spitfire Boys*, who released a single in 1977. "He sounded like Johnny Rotten," remembers Holly.

One day Holly was introduced to Mark, Pedro and Brian in Virgin Records when Mark was trying to "cop off with this girl in this clothes shop round the corner." A couple of years later, after "loads of different permutations", they formed Frankie Goes To Hollywood. Coming from the Liverpool club scene which had, in Holly's words, "no restrictions", means that there has never been any tension arising from the fact that Paul and Holly are gay and the others aren't.

"You can go to any Liverpool pub and there's always one, if you know what I mean," explains Holly. "Liverpool people are quite cool to all that." Mark nods in agreement. And all the group objected when "Relax" was at first promoted with sexy pictures of Holly and Paul. Holly: "It looked like an outrageous Wham! and it wasn't our doing."

From the beginning they were determined to be successful. They wrote a bunch of songs and rehearsed a live act with two dancers, The Leatherpats, and later a drag queen called Mark Time. After an appearance on *The Tube* last year and a session on David Jensen's show, producer Trevor Horn ("a little feller with glasses", as Mark describes him) phoned them up and asked if they'd like to be on his new label, Zang Tuum Tumb. They agreed, "Relax" was recorded and the rest, as they say, is history.

How have your lives changed since getting to Number One?

"Well I moved from Toxteth (Liverpool) to Knightsbridge (London)," says Holly. "I like the contrast."

Mark still lives at home in Liverpool. "There's a girls' school in our road and they're always looking up to my bedroom to see if I'm in there."

I wonder if their families were at all embarrassed by the "Relax" banning? I'm assured vehemently that this couldn't be further from the truth.

"They were all going to gang up and get Mike Read when he banned it," says Mark. "Me Dad got all his friends in the local pub and loads of friends and that to sign a petition and sent it to Mike Read. It was dead good. They got about 2000 signatures on it."

Now they're discovering what hard work means.

Holly: "This is harder work than any other job I've ever witnessed. It changes totally when you get to Number One — that's when the work begins. You start to promote in other countries. And you have to get used to people treating you in a different way: you don't change but people's attitudes to you do."

"Relax" has now been a hit all over Europe —

All the group objected when "Relax" was first promoted with sexy pictures of Holly and Paul. "It looked like an outrageous Wham! It wasn't our doing."

In Germany it was Number One for six weeks — and it's climbing up the American charts. Meanwhile in Britain a new single, "Two Tribes", is about to be released and Frankie seemed to be promoting it with pictures of themselves in military uniforms. More controversy!

"It just looks good, doesn't it?" says Mark of the uniforms.

"Two Tribes" is just about peace, peace," says Holly. "When two tribes go to war . . . There's two elements in the music — an American funk line and a Russian line. It's the most obvious demonstration of two tribes that we have today."

Hence they're wearing Russian uniforms against an American city background in the photograph right.

They don't expect the BBC to ban "Two Tribes". Mark reckons that they'll "play it to death."

"Our music is really good," Holly insists. "Controversy is something extra but our records will always stand up on their own."

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD



Frankie Goes To Hollywood (l to r): Holly Johnson, Mark O'Toole, Peter "Pedro" Gill, Paul Rutherford, Brian "Gnasher" Nash.

IN **THE WAR GAME**

Phil Collins

How can I just let you walk away
Just let you leave without a trace
When I stand here taking every breath with you ooh
You're the only one who really knew me at all

How can you just walk away from me
When all I can do is watch you leave
'Cause we shared the laughter and the pain
And even shed the tears
You're the only one who really knew me at all

So take a look at me now
Well there's just an empty space
And there's nothing left here to remind me
Just the memory of your face
Well take a look at me now
Well there's just an empty space
And you coming back to me is against the odds
And that's what I've got to face

I wish I could just make you turn around
Turn around and see me cry
There's so much I need to say to you so many reasons why
You're the only one who really knew me at all

So take a look at me now
Well there's just an empty space
Well there's nothing left here to remind me
Just the memory of your face
Now take a look at me now
'Cause there's just an empty space
But to wait for you is all I can do
And that's what I've got to face
Take a good look at me now
'Cause I'll still be standing here
And you coming back to me is against all odds
It's a chance I've got to take

Take a look at me now

Words and music Phil Collins
Reproduced by permission Effectsound Ltd/
Hit & Run Music (Pub) Ltd/EMI Music Publishing Ltd
On Virgin Records

Against All Odds (Take a Look at Me Now)



SANDIE SHAW



Hand in glove
The sun shines out of our behinds
No it's not like any other love
This one's different because it's us
Hand in glove
We can go wherever we please
And everything depends upon
How near you stand to me
And if the people stare then the people stare
Oh I really don't know and I really don't care

Hand in glove
The good people laugh
Yes we may be hidden by rags
But we've something they'll never have
Hand in glove
The sun shines out of our behinds
Yes we may be hidden by rags
But we've something they'll never have
And if the people stare then the people stare
Oh I really don't know and I really don't care

So hand in glove I'll stake my claim
I'll fight to the last breath
If they dare touch a hair on your head
I'll fight to the last breath
For the good life is out there somewhere
So I'll stay on your arm 'cause you're a-charming
But I know my luck too well
Yes I know my luck too well
And I'll probably never see you again
I'll probably never see you again
No I'll probably never see you again

Words and music The Smiths
Reproduced by permission Warner Bros Music
On Rough Trade Records

Hand in Glove

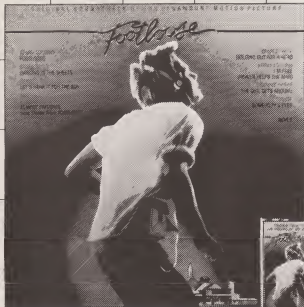
HUMAN LEAGUE

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*Records
and Tapes*

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I recently saw Howard Jones on *The Tube* and in concert in Newcastle and, on both occasions, loved a song which he and Jed Hoile did a little routine to. They also put on trench coats for this number! Is it available on record?

Susan Veasey, Cramlington.

● The song you refer to is titled "Bounce Right Back", and, although it's always been one of Howard's most popular live numbers, it's rumoured that he's saving it for his second album. The band are touring Europe at present but return for the re-scheduled Hammersmith Odeon dates on April 22 and 23. After that, they're off on a five-week tour of the States which will also take in a number of support slots to Joe Jackson. Fancy that.



Got a question about pop? There's NOTHING Linda can't answer (well, almost). Send her a postcard: Linda, Get Smart, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

GREEN SMART



Jack Wobble: he doesn't kiss-and-tell

Please find out what ex-PIL bassist Jah Wobble has been up to since he recorded his mini-album with U2's *The Edge*. Also, does he ever see Johnny Rotten these days?

Pippa Lewis, Guiseley.

● Wobble said he was more than willing to answer your questions — just so long as you didn't want to know "the make of washing machine I use or my favourite colour". Not really, "Snakecharmer", released last October, came about when famed disco producer Francois "Frankie" Karvorkian was asked by island to select the musicians he'd like to work with, and he chose experimental German musician Holger Czukay, U2's guitarist The Edge and Wobble. "Basically", Wobble cheerfully confides, "I'm usually pretty lazy and like messing around. But 'Frankie' is very talented and, like a football coach, tends to bring out the best in us". The LP is now "dubbing under" in the American charts but Wobble is presently working on new material with right-hand man Ollie Marland (keyboards), Neville Murray (percussion) and new recruit Steve Clarke (drums). Speaking of Public Image Ltd and Johnny Rotten, he says "I just got very bored. Bored with the pretentiousness and with everyone being very egotistical. I don't kiss-and-tell but when the thing broke up, I thought, 'Well, they're the ones who are losing a damn good bass player'. I have an ego too but it's not so big that I can't control it. I'm really just a bass player in the band".

Could you please supply a correspondence address for Green Gartside of Scritti Politti. I wish to remain nameless as I find it embarrassing to admit to anything approaching hero worship.

A Faint-Hearted Surrealist, West Lothian.

● Don't fret, I won't tell a soul. Post your epistles to Green at: Virgin, 2/4 Vernon Yard, Portobello Road, London W11. Don't forget his birthday on June 22; he'll be 28.

Please help! I've just finished watching *Top Of The Pops* and am dying to know what was written on the back of Tom Beiley's jacket.

Atom X.

● On that recent live *Top Of The Pops*, Tom was seen wearing his favourite black jacket with the immortal words "In the Name Of Love" etched on the back. Do you think it'll be the beginning of a national craze?

I had heard that a booklet came free with the Style Council LP but, when a friend bought me a copy, I couldn't find anything inside, and my friend didn't know anything about it either. Can you help?

Helem Barnes, Bristol.

● Bewitchingly titled *Notes From The Cafe Bleu*, this booklet should be in the sleeve of every album and anyone missing theirs should take up the matter with the shop from which they made their purchase. Featuring notes which, in the words of that dastardly Cappuccino Kid, "may mean all things to all guys and chicks", you'll also find song lyrics and a selection of black and white Style Council portraits. It's in the post!

Could you please tell me what The Belle Stars have been up to of late, as I haven't heard anything for ages. I'd also like to know how sax player Claire Hurst would describe each member of the band!

Sam, Chalfont, St. Giles.

● Following the release of their very minor hit "The Entertainer" last year, they then set out on various tours — supporting The Police on their last UK tour and visiting France where they're reputedly "very big". They're currently in the studio working on new material, but have yet to come up with a "satisfactory" single. However, they've just been re-united with the producer responsible for all their major hits — one Peter Collins — and Stiff now expect a single sometime in May. Claire went on to sum up each member's main characteristic: "Stella acts as interpreter due to her knowledge of at least five languages. Judy does all the accounts — we call her *Computer Brain*. Jennie talks a lot and is nice to people. Sarah-Jane tidies us all up. She fixes our collars, checks our hems, etc' And Leslie — I can't really say. I suppose she just gets the drinks in while Miranda pulls funny faces. A good impressionist. What I do? That's a big problem. Let's just pretend I hang around and look cool. Okay?"



Jim Kerr: this man has a personal wardrobe mistress

Please could you tell me where Jim Kerr of Simple Minds buy all his clothes. I really like them. Also, please find out whether his laryngitis has cleared up and where I can write to him.

Kirsty Ellis, Midlothian.

● Although Jim has often been seen window-shopping down the Kings Road and actually got that blue suit he wore on the cover of *Smash Hits* (Nov 24) from the 'famous' Johnson's of the Kings Road, he also gets fitted out by his personal wardrobe mistress!! In addition to picking up the odd item in his home town of Edinburgh. On a more serious note, his chest and throat infections have not as yet cleared up altogether. Apparently, he's still suffering while on tour in the North of Europe and where it's very, very cold at the moment. To add to this, he's also under doctors' orders to speak as little as possible and only use his voice while on stage. Top this with the number of things he's recently found he's allergic to — dairy products, house dust, alcohol and more — and it all paints a pretty grim picture, doesn't it? Still, he vows to be back on top form for the re-scheduled London dates. We wish him luck.

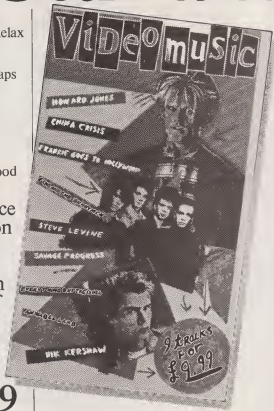
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Howard Jones: New Song
China Crisis: Hanna Hanna
Savage Progress: My Soul Unwraps
Everything But The Girl:
Each And Every One
Echo & The Bunnymen:
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Annabel Lamb: The Flame
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GOOD BAND DUES JUST BE GOOD TO ME

FRIENDS TELL ME I AM CRAZY
THAT I'M WASTING TIME WITH YOU
YOU'LL NEVER BE MINE
THAT'S NOT THE WAY I SEE IT
'CAUSE I FEEL YOU'RE ALREADY MINE
WHENEVER YOU'RE WITH ME

CHORUS
PEOPLE ALWAYS TALKING 'BOUT YOUR REPUTATION
I DON'T CARE 'BOUT YOUR OTHER GIRLS
JUST BE GOOD TO ME
FRIENDS ARE ALWAYS TELLING ME YOU'RE A USER
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO TO THEM
JUST BE GOOD TO ME

YOU MAY HAVE MANY OTHERS
BUT I KNOW WHEN YOU'RE WITH ME YOU ARE ALL MINE
FRIENDS SEEM TO ALWAYS LISTEN
TO THE BAD THINGS THAT YOU DO
YOU NEVER DO THEM TO ME

REPEAT CHORUS

LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA
JUST BE GOOD TO ME

LIFE IS A GAME OF CHANCES SO I'LL TAKE MY CHANCE WITH YOU
AND YOU WON'T TRY TO CHANGE WE TALK ABOUT IT
AND I LEARN TO HANDLE TO SECURE
AND TO HAVE ALL YOUR LOVING
BUT JUST BE GOOD TO ME

IN THE MORNING (JUST BE GOOD TO ME)
IN THE AFTERNOON AND EVENING
DOH YEAH (JUST BE GOOD TO ME)

I'M NOT THE TERRIBLE TYPE I DON'T TIE YOU DOWN
WHEN YOU NEED ME I'LL BE AROUND
I'LL BE GOOD TO YOU I'LL BE KIND TO ME
AND WE'LL BE TOGETHER (BE TOGETHER)
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA
JUST BE GOOD TO ME

NO YOU WON'T
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA
BE NICE TO ME BE SWEET TO ME
JUST BE GOOD TO ME
WE WILL WAIT NO MATTER WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA
WE WILL BE GOOD TO EACH OTHER

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DEAD or Alive are not exactly an overnight success. They've been around in one form or another for five years, but always with the flamboyant Pete Burns, a self-confessed "cosmetic freak", fronting the band. After a string of relatively unsuccessful releases of their own songs, they are, at long last, storming up the charts with their bold, meaty version of K.C. & The Sunshine Band's disco classic "That's The Way".

The success is welcomed with a tinge of regret: "The sad thing is that it's somebody else's song. We recorded it in a fit of nostalgia because I had done that song a long time ago, in 1978, with my first group Nightmares In Wax, and it was a thrashy punk thing which did nothing. Seeing as it was the first thing I'd ever recorded, when I eventually made an album I had to include it. Then the record company thought it would make a good single, and here we are."

Pete has an unconventional, uncompromising nature that rubs off onto the rest of the band and consequently controversy follows their every move. At the moment it's the video for "That's The Way" that's in the news. It was filmed in the dressing rooms at Arsenal football club and shows a group of women body-builders "doing their thing" in the showers. At the moment one-one it will be shown to.

"It's not outrageous enough to be banned outright and it's not safe enough to be shown a lot, so it doesn't look as if anyone's going to see it unless they stay up 'til three in the morning to watch obscure news programmes."

And that's not the sole reason that Pete is getting a great deal of attention. Given his appearance — the pierced nose with the diamond stud, the heavy green/gold eye shadow, the long thick locks swept to one side — it's not surprising that he is compared with what he calls "the pinched eyebrows and long hair bunch" — Boy George, Marilyn and Haysi Fantazey. He agrees that, on one level, the comparison is fair.

"THE GENDER BENDERS"

THAT'S PETE BURNS' DESCRIPTION OF PEOPLE WHO LOOK LIKE HIM. HE'S THE SINGER OF DEAD OR ALIVE AND HATES "THE NOLANS AND 99 OTHER GROUPS AS WELL". PARTICULARLY CULTURE CLUB.

"All the set of gender-benders have more or less the same history really. The same things happened to Marilyn and George as happened to me. I left school at 14, I couldn't stand it, I hung about in Liverpool and got more and more flamboyant. There's a lot in common between the three of us definitely. I sometimes read things and think "God, it sounds exactly like me". This is probably why we despise each other, because you can't like people who are too much like yourself."

But he resents anyone trying to establish a musical parallel between them: "We don't play safe pop music. I'm not singling out George for criticism, I just happen to hate what he does. But then again I hate what The Nolans and 99 other groups do as well. When people ask me about George, I'm just being honest."

Indeed Pete Burns is brutally honest and always says what he thinks. His parols must take some of the blame for this as they are very open-minded and liberal.

From an early age they encouraged him to be an individual and to speak his mind. They have always given him complete approval. By contrast, Pete's older brother, who is a chemical engineer, is considered a disappointment because he conformed and went on the straight and narrow.

"They're thrilled at the band's success. They're both over 60 but they're very young at heart. For example, my mum was really upset when punk happened because she really loved things like rubber mini-skirts, but couldn't wear them because she was too old!"

Interestingly enough, in the early days of Dead or Alive, Pete made a prediction that finally came true: "I've always said that the day we get on *Top Of The Pops* they'll go on strike." And, sure enough, the week that the single made the Top Thirty, after getting the nod from the BBC and after rushing out to buy new clothes for the show, a strike blacked the programme.

"I laughed," says Pete, "for an hour and a half." — Don Perrella

Keep that keep that body strong
 Keep that keep that body strong
 Keep that keep that body strong

Chorus

That's the way (ah ha ah ha) I like it (ah ha ah ha)
 That's the way (ah ha ah ha) I like it (ah ha ah ha)
 That's the way (ah ha ah ha) I like it (ah ha ah ha)
 That's the way (ah ha ah ha) I like it (ah ha ah ha)

When you take me by the hand
 And tell me I'm your loving man
 When you whisper sweet in my ear
 And so it beats the best you can

Repeat chorus

When I get to be in your arms
 And when all we're all alone
 When you whisper sweet in my ear
 When you turn you turn me on

Repeat chorus

Oh it should be oh (that's the way) ah ha ah ha
 (That's the way) ah ha ah ha
 (That's the way) ah ha ah ha

If you try it in my way (that's the way) ah ha ah ha
 (That's the way) ah ha ah ha (that's the way) ah ha ah ha
 Come on (that's the way) ah ha ah ha ah ha ah ha ah ha

Keep that keep that body strong
 Repeat eight times

(That's the way) ah ha ah ha I like it (ah ha ah ha)
 Keep that keep that body strong

Repeat and ad lib to fade

Words and music Casey-Finch
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 On Epic Records



Photo: J. P. Foy/Photobase

On Saturday May 5, TV screens across the nation will be graced by a special TV documentary on **UB40**. It's called, rather boringly, **UB40—A Musical Profile**.

At least **A** decent book about **Michael Jackson**. Called **Michael Jackson—Body And Soul** (by Geoff Brown, Virgin Books), it's not "official" but is smartly and sympathetically written and has terrific pictures. It's £4.95.

ANDY MCCLUSKEY (MD): MY FIVE OBSESSIONS



Japanese food. It's actually the only food I'd kill for. I desperately adore it, particularly the **Sushi** food—that's the raw fish and so on. I really like **Kappa Maki**, which is seaweed rolls with rice, cucumber and green mustard in them, and **Tempura**, which is a battered dish with shrimps and vegetables—*brilliant!*

Speed. I love going fast, almost to the point of death and destruction. In my car, I have a **Corolla 2-litre** which goes like a hot out of hell but isn't really my ideal car. I had quite a bad smash in it once. I also love the moment where a plane gathers speed before taking off and you get flung

back in your seat, I could definitely handle going up in a rocket.

Liverpool FC. It's something I've left quiet—mainly because everyone you meet claims to have been a Liverpool supporter since they were three—but nothing cheers me up more on a Saturday than if they win. Funny, because I never go to the games or anything.

Fossils. I collect them. Anything from shells to bones to fossilized tree trunks. My mum's attic is so full of them it'll probably collapse one day. When I was a kid it got really ridiculous with me digging up main roads and pulling down people's garden walls because there were fossils in them. My favourite is one of the first I found when I was about eight. It's a piece of fossilized sponge I found in the quarry of the local brickworks.

Buying new clothes. You spend so long living out of two suitcases that when you stop you shop desperately to get a new outfit. I recently got this **Versace** jacket which is leather and rubber with these enormous shoulders. It's my pride and joy at the moment and everyone wants to steal it off me.

Don't get carried away now, but what you see before you (well, above actually) is the new **Duran T-shirt**—ah! modelled by our very own **Ms Sammy Archer** and friend—and guess what? We've got 20 of the smashers to give away. But wait a minute, if you think that might be an extremely rare and coveted copy of **The Reflex '12'**, nestled in **Ms Archer's** mitts, you might just be right. And if you also think we've got 20 of them to give away... well you'd be double right. So come on then **quest-clogs**, answer this last question and a T-shirt and 12' will be yours. What Duran single never made the **British Top 30?** Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits Duran Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF, and have them in by May 10.

Following the success of **Captain Sensible's** plea for peace, "Glad It's All Over", **Cress** have re-released an "Anti-war" song he made with them a couple of years ago. It's called "The Russians Are Coming"—much tougher and ruder than his current one.

FAN CLUBS

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Julian Cope
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The Flying Pickets
The Picket Line
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Photo: Joe Hooley

The **Hockliffe Baptist Church** in leafy **Leighton Buzzard** was the scene of great happiness and excitement a few weeks ago. **Mr Stuart Croxford Neale**, keyboard player with chart-topping pop group **Kojagooogoo**, was married to **Katherine Anne**, beloved daughter of **Mr. and Mrs. Scott**. The bride was a dream in white and the ceremony was highlighted when **Mr Nicholas Beggis**, another member of **Kojagooogoo**, read movingly from **The Bible**. The couple are honeymooning quietly somewhere in the U.K.

SHAW POINT

How would you describe yourself to a 15-year-old?

"An embarrassment," giggles **Sandie Shaw**. "Well, that's what my daughter calls me, anyway."

Sandie has been a singer since 1964 when her first record, "(There's) Always Something There To Remind Me" went to Number One and she caused a sensation by appearing on TV in bare feet. She's still proud of some of the romantic and independent songs that gave her that first batch of hits: "The attitudes behind those songs still apply today."

However, in 1967 she was pushed into the then traditional light entertainment route for girl singers, when she sang Britain's entry for the **Eurovision Song Contest**, "Puppet On A String". Although she won the Contest, it was not an experience she enjoyed.

"I hated it," she declares. "It was a rubbish show and a rubbish song."

Within two years she had given up her pop career. "I got bored with what I was doing. There's more to life than being rich and famous, you know."

By the beginning of the '80s, she was featured on **BEF's** "Music Of Quality And Distinction" LP, the **Pretenders** were performing one of her old hits, "Girl Don't Come", and a certain **Steven Morrissey** was writing her fan letters.

"They were rather embarrassing but gradually I started to take them seriously. He came round to see me."

Then **The Smiths** took off and Sandie recorded her version of their "Hand In Glove" with them. Although she claims, "It's just a bit of fun", she's planning more recording with **The Smiths**. What does she think of today's pop music?

"I don't really like any. I like some of the people, like **Trace** and **Manlynn**, but not their records. I'm forced to listen to what my daughter likes though. The **Eurythmics** and **Duran Duran**, mainly, and **Nik Kershaw** and that other one, the one with the funny haircut... **Howard Jones**."



KHAN STOP THE MUSIC



Chaka Khan has just woken up. She's been boozing away in a New York studio all night on her (as yet untitled) LP. "It's going reeel good," she slurs in a voice heavy with sleep. "I'll wake up in a minute."

Chaka, who turned 31 last month, is quite a music biz veteran. She started singing when she was 15 and joined the funk group Rufus in the late '60s. Their big break came in '72 when they sold over three million copies of "Tell Me Something Good," a song written by Stevie Wonder.

After that the doors were wide open. Rufus perfected a fantastically sexy brand of sophisticated funk and in the process were awarded six platinum albums.

Chaka decided to go solo and did just as well, having another monster hit with "I'm Every Woman" in '78. Now she's back with "Ain't Nobody" which sees her teaming up again with old pals Rufus.

But where did that name come from? After all, she was born Yvette Marie Stevens. "I was about 16 and I was searching for an identity. I went to a Yoruba (Nigerian) workshop where I learnt lots of things and where everyone had an African name. Chaka was mine. It means fire, the colour red, the planet Mars."

Chaka recently won an armful of Grammys, which are like the Oscars of the music industry. She liked the awards but hated the event. "In a word, it was boring. It's so damn long—five hours long—and that's just the televised version. We have to sit through another three hours!"

Did she meet anyone exciting?

"No, I left early. I don't have any friends in the music industry."

Maybe she just got out of the wrong side of the bed.

What, you may well ask, is a "Crystal Day"? Ask **Echo & The Bunnymen**, because they've just organised one for May 12 in Liverpool. It seems to involve a brace of "happenings and events" like a bicycle race, a return trip on the Mersey ferry, a visit to the Anglican cathedral (including, needless to say, a recital by the cathedral boys' choir) and, of course, a Bunnymen concert at Liverpool's King George's Hall in the evening. Sounds, we must say, like fun.

"Hi, Energy 2" is the title of the latest **Street Sounds** album. It's chock-full of recent and rather breathless dance tracks.

David J, he of the dark specs who was once in **Bauhaus**, is now in a group called **The Jezz Butchers** as well as continuing to be a solo person with a new record called "V For Vendetta". Just thought you'd like to know.

An odd couple. **U2** are about to record a new LP with experimental musician and producer **Brian Eno**. Odd, because Eno—a former member of **Roxy Music** who's worked since with **Bowie** and **Talking Heads**—spends most of his time now making very quiet background music. **U2**, on the other hand, tend to make very loud rock records. God knows what the results will be.

A bit of a bumper month for old **Elvis Costello**. First off, he's released a compilation LP called "Ten Bloody Marys & Ten How's Your Fathers" which contains 20 oddments (B-sides and the like) which haven't appeared before on any of his British LPs. Second, on his own Imp label he's just re-released his first six albums. Thirdly, under his secret identity **The Imposter**, he's just released a new single called "Peace In Our Time". And lastly, under his own name again, he shortly makes his acting debut in a Channel 4 drama series called **Scully**. Busy, what?

Hey, you! **The Rock Steady Crew** have a new single out. It's called "Up Rock". They've also just finished their bit in a film, **Beat Street**, which should be around in the summer.

"Let the Children Play" is the rather soppy title of what's actually something of a bargain double LP. It costs £3.99 and features mainly specially recorded tracks from the likes of **Madness**, **Peter Gabriel**, **The Flying Pickets**, **Mart Wilson** and **Tom Robinson** on one half, and stuff from **Alexei Seryle**, **Rik Mayall** and border of other comedians on the other half. Proceeds will go to the 15 peace camps (like Greenham Common) up and down the country.

The new **Human League** single, is an **Oakey-Callis** composition called "The Lebanon" and it's out now.

The **Questions'** keyboard-player has left and they're looking for a replacement. If you're rather talented at tinkling the ivories and would like to be auditioned, send a letter and photo (and tape, if possible) now to: **Questions Keyboarders**, c/o Respond, 54-53 Sturcell Road, London W14.

RTV

SCREEN GEMS

Videos, videos, videos... Loads of them. No less than two from **David Bowie**, for example. The first is **The Serious Moonlight Tour**, 31 minutes from last year's marathon bash recorded at the Pacific National Coliseum in Vancouver, Canada. The second is **Love You Till Tuesday**, lots of early hits and pieces, recorded in 1969 and featuring the original version of "Space Oddity". Even older is **Ready Steady Go! Volume II**, yet more vintage clips of **The Beatles**, **Rolling Stones**, **Marvin Gaye** etc appearing on the early '60s version of **The Tube**.

But never mind all that, there are also ten copies of **Culture Club's Kiss Across The Ocean**, here to be given away (along with ten rather colourful posters) in yet another fabulous Blitz competition. Here comes what we in the competition business call "a question". Some of the dates on **Culture Club's** 1983 British tour had to be postponed. Why?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits Culture Club Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF to arrive no later than May 9.

Don't forget to turn off your set...

HAPPY BIRTHDAY



Roger Taylor of Duran Duran (24) on April 26

Sheena Easton (25) on April 27

Marco Ferreri (25) on April 27

Phil Smith of Haircut One Hundred (25) on May 1

Joe Callis of The Human League (23) on May 2

David Ball (23) on May 3

Ian Aston of Bucks Fizz (23) on May 4

Ian McCulloch of Echo & The Bunnymen (23) on May 5

Sean McLuskey of JetSetters (23) on May 5

Gary Duty of China Crisis (22) on May 5

Gary Clitter (44) on May 8

Bitzy Hoyle (35) on May 9


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ALBUMS

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(Virgin) Some of this is carefully contrived for chart action, with breezy trombones, hints of reggae dub and warmer harmonies. It's infinitely more accessible than the last album but still reveals some brave moves. They remain our most melodic electronic engineers, crafting excellent songs, but the special moments that turn excellence into magic are fewer and further between. (7 out of 10)

Johnny Black

TONI BASIL; Toni Basil (Virgin) Q: How many good songs do you get on a Toni Basil album? A: Not very many. Apart from the stomping "Do You

Wanna Dance" this reminds me of one of those excruciatingly trendy dds for jeans or wash-in hair color. Squacky-clean vocals over a barrage of relentlessly chirpy synthesizers fail to disguise a rather ineffectual record. Ms Basil seems to have left her talent in her dancing shoes. (3 out of 10)

Kimberley Leston

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN; Ocean Rain (Mercury) Like the last two singles (which it contains), an LP that ditched the cutting edge of "Peregrine" and the disco direction of "Nowe Stop" for a gentler, orchestral and even, in places "Silver", "Crystal Days", fairly cheerful approach. Still, Mac wouldn't be Mac without lots of songs about fate, will and "freezing to the bone" and the overall mood — which owes more than ever to late '60s group The Doors — is more gloomy than grand. Needs time but it's probably worth it. (8 out of 10)

Dave Rimmer

DEAD OR ALIVE; Sophisticated Boom Boom (Epic) In which a band desperate to be in the charts hedge their bets and rip off anybody who has had even the slightest whiff of success. Perhaps the opening track, "I'd Do Anything", is their guide to getting rich quickly or perhaps it's just a warning to the

unsuspecting listener of what's in store. (2 out of 10)

Lisa Anthony



SPEAR OF DESTINY; One Eyed Jacks (Epic) On first listen, this all sounds rather erratic and laboured. Too much strip-club saxophone, thumping Gary Glitter-styled drums and jangling guitars make at least half the tracks sound wildly over-dramatic. But persevere. There are a few songs that are bristly, powerful and sensuous while the voice of Kirk Brandon (the man who launched a thousand quills) is painful, tortured but quite wonderful. (5 out of 10)

Lola Borg

THE CURE; The Top (Fiction) Ten new compositions — including "The Caterpillar" — almost all by Robert Smith, one

of the very few people in pop music who claims not to care about anything and genuinely doesn't (and I quite admire that). Biting-full of bossos and hipster blues, these edgy dream-like songs seem both enticing and faintly dangerous and have titles like "Bananafishbones" and "Bird Mad Girl". Weird and wonderful. (8 out of 10)

Mark Ellen

THE FRAGGLES; Fraggles Rock (RCA) When it comes to small hairy things I'm afraid I prefer the non-singing sort so this doesn't do as much for me as would the razor-sharp wit of Sooty and Sweep. However, if you're a fan of Gobo, Boober and the rest of the guys down at The Rock, you'll get a real buzz singing along to "Muck And Goo" and "Friendship Song" (aah!) and then you can snuggle up to your favourite Gorg for the slow ones. (8½ out of 10)

Kimberley Leston

TONES ON TAIL; Pop (Beggars Banquet) After Bauhaus's empty posturing, this brisk, varied and lively (if somewhat directionless) set from one of their offshoots comes as a pleasant surprise. Half way through they do lapse back into the old Bauhaus nonsense but if this lot could write halfway comprehensible lyrics, they could take over where Soft Cell left off. (3 out of 10)

Ian Craigmiles

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SINGLES

reviewed by



DAVE GAHAN (Depeche Mode)

THE COCTEAU TWINS: Pearly Dewdrops' Drops (4AD) The Cocteau Twins are a band I've never really listened to and I feel that maybe I've missed out on something. Elizabeth Fraser's voice appeals to me in a way that I like very much. This is a great record and is definitely Single Of The Fortnight.



ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN: Silver (Korova) (an) McCulloch's voice always sends my mind into far-off places. This has a lighter feel than usual and moves away from the mood on "Porcupine". I'm a great fan anyway so my opinion is a little biased. Look forward to the album.

NEW ORDER: This One's Like Us (Factory) This one's a grower for sure! I've played it a few times and it gets better every spin. Produced by New Order but co-written with Arthur Baker. I personally prefer the band's production. Great melody which sticks in your brain.

THE HUMAN LEAGUE: The Lebanon (Virgin) Long time no hear, and it's a pretty heavy subject. A rousing chorus and a snappy guitar riff (that reminds me somewhat of the Banshees) go together to make a big hit.

FAD GADGET: One Man's Meat (Mute) It's about time Fad Gadget had a huge hit.

"Collapsing New People" paved the way and I'm sure if "Meat", produced by Frank Tovey (that's Fad) and Gareth Jones, receives enough airplay we'll see it in the Top 40. I'm keeping my fingers crossed anyway.

PALAIS SCHAUMBURG: Beat Of Two (Mercury) Very interesting production. This one grows on you after a few plays but I find the subject matter a little repetitive.

SANDIE SHAW: Hand In Glove (Rough Trade) I prefer this to the original version by The Smiths. Her voice adds a new appeal to the song! I bought the first two Smiths singles but was later rather put off by Morrissey's obnoxious and narrow-minded attitude towards other songwriters. But anyway I like the song and it will be a hit.

KING: Love & Pride (CBS) I don't know much about this band but I find the tune very instant. After a few plays I flip over to find that the B-side has a rough edge the A-side doesn't. I'm afraid "Don't Stop" turns me on and "Love & Pride" doesn't.

KAJAGOOGOO: Turn Your Back On Me (EMI) I was quite surprised that their last single didn't go higher than it did. I was also surprised to see this single in front of me so soon after "The Lion's Mouth". This is a lot funkier and Nick Beggs is singing about someone turning their back on him. I wonder who?

THE BLUE NILE: Stay (Virgin) The Blue Nile are a band I know absolutely nothing about but I'll be listening out for them in the future. I think this is probably their debut single and it sounds as if it's been influenced by Talking Heads. An hypnotic bassline drives the verse into a catchy chorus. Good single.

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL: Influenza (Relapse) (Situation Two) The rhythm is my favourite thing here. It glides along with the greatest of ease, helped by a haunting voice effect probably supplied by the Emulator. The acoustic guitar and marimba work well with a rather depressing sounding vocal. Interesting stuff.

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS: One Love (Island) This one comes in a special poster bag. I find it a bit odd listening to a new Bob Marley record. Probably a hit.

HOLGER CZUKAY: The Photo Song (Virgin) This man used to be a member of Con, a group who were very influential in the 70s. This old song, produced by Holger and Conny Plank, doesn't inspire me I'm afraid.



MATT FRETTON: It's All Over (Chrysalis) This is Matt's third single and what's the saying? "Third Time Lucky"? A perky brass sound drives the melody with the help of some marimbas. Let's hope the old saying's right.

NENA: Just A Dream (Epic) This is very empty indeed and you've heard it all before. It sounds like late 70s New Wave and I always did hate The Jags.

WHITESNAKE: Standing In The Shadow (EMI) I'm sure that Whitesnake fans will like this. It's not what I would call heavy metal but maybe it's not supposed to be.

MARILYN: You Don't Love Me (Phonogram) A clever production with lots of catchy melodies. The chorus will have everybody singing along. It has an instant appeal that "Cry And Be Free" didn't.

MATT BIANCO: Sneaking Out The Back Door (WEA) This has already been out a couple of weeks and will probably be in the charts when you read this. There's something about their image that I find hard to accept. Nevertheless, this is in the same lightweight form as their last single and will probably follow the same direction.

KING KURT: Mack The Knife (Shiff) A rather jazzed-up version of an old song but it isn't very exciting. They should have tried it at twice the speed. By the way, you get a free flexi disc.

MODERN ROMANCE: Just My Imagination (RCA) I heard that Modern Romance were having a lot of trouble with WEA Records. This is their first release for RCA but I would have thought they would have been better writing one of their own songs instead of doing this unadventurous cover. Sorry.

WANG CHUNG: Do's Let Go (Geffen) This sounds very American indeed. I think they've spent too much time in the USA but I doubt if they're worried by that. Big chords and guitar solos go together to make a very ordinary sounding single.

BRUCE FOXTON: It Makes Me Wonder (Arista) Yes, Bruce. It makes me wonder as well. I remember reading that the demos of Bruce Foxton's songs sound similar to a band I know very well but myself, I can't see the resemblance. P.S. You get a free poster.

THE FLYING PICKETS: When You're Young And In Love (10 Records) Their version of "Only You" was terrible and for me this is just as bad. I've had enough of "Only You" to last me a lifetime. They remind me of Darts.

HELEN TERRY: Love Lies Lost (Virgin) This has all the ingredients of a hit — the "Stax" beat, the singalong melody and the voice of Helen Terry. It's all very nice but it doesn't do much for me.

FASHION: Dreaming (De Stijl) I find this song struggling to get off the ground and not quite making it. Very clever production in its own way but slightly dated mixing rick guitars with general-sounding electronics. I quite like the singer but I'm not sure about the whole thing.



ROLAND RAT: Love Me Tender (Redent Records) You've got to get into Roland Rat to like this. You've also got to have a sense of humour. If you haven't, don't bother.

ALVIN STARDUST: I Feel Like Buddy Holly (Chrysalis) Produced and co-written by Mike Britt (who was responsible for bringing us The Wombles), this is well on a par with them!

Hope you like them!

André Gahan

THE BLUEBELLS



YOU'RE SWEATING NOW BUT WAIT
TIL THE WINTER COMES AROUND
IT WON'T BE SWEAT THAT POURS FROM YOUR BROW
JUST THE COLD TEARS OF THE HARD DRIVEN NEW

LAST NIGHT WHEN YOU WERE CRYING
HOW I WISHED THAT I WAS DYING
SAYING SILLY THINGS THAT MEANT NO SENSE
I TRIED TO SORT OUT THE PROBLEMS
BUT THERE WERE TOO MANY OF THEM
YOU SAID YOU'D LOVE ME THROUGH MY RISE AND FALL

I'M FALLING DOWN AGAIN

CHORUS

I'VE BEEN FALLING ON DOWN AGAIN
FALLING DOWN AGAIN FALLING ON DOWN

REPEAT CHORUS

SO I ASKED HER DO YOU NEED A SHIELD
FROM THE WEAPONS THE ELEMENTS WIELD
AS ALL THE HATE COMES POURING DOWN

REPEAT CHORUS

LAST NIGHT WHEN YOU WERE CRYING
HOW I WISHED THAT I WAS DYING
I NEEDED YOU TO HELP ME TOO
I TRIED TO SORT OUT THE PROBLEMS
THERE WERE TOO MANY OF THEM
AND I DON'T WANNA PAY THE PRICE OF MY PRIDE

I'M FALLING DOWN AGAIN

REPEAT CHORUS FOUR TIMES

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THEN
THESE THINGS JUST HAPPEN I GUESS
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THEN
THESE THINGS JUST HAPPEN I GUESS
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THEN
THESE THINGS CAN HAPPEN AGAIN

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LAST ISSUE'S WINNER

That's the one (bc aw) that got the thumbs aloft from the office. Darren Tarling of London E14, a stack of singles are on their way. Close run thing, though — Lee Coleman of Sheffield suggested "Barry: Say, Michael, I just heard you bought a new pet. Michael: Oh yeah, it's a rare bug-eyed long-nosed gunk from America. You'd like him." Also "M: Hey Baz, when ya going for the nose op? B: As soon as they can find a saw big enough!" (T. Windmill, NW1) and "M: How'd you choose your songs? B: I've just got a nose for it." (R. Todd, Bracknell).



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KEEP IT COMING - The Jones Girls
DEJA VU - AD's
DON'T MAKE ME WAIT - Carl Anderson
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EMERGENCY - Laura Pallas
HAPPINESS - Christopher Street
PRIMITIVE DESIRE - Eastbound Expressway
ALIVE WITH LOVE (A LOVE LETTER) - Tina Fabrique
YOU TURNED MY BITTER INTO SWEET (MEGAMIX) - Linda Lewis
I LOVE MEN - Cinema
IN ORBIT - Yvonne Gidden
SOMEBODY TO LOVE - Cafe Society
TIE ME DOWN - Romance

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OMD LOCOMOTION

CROSSING EVERY OCEAN FOR THE SAKE OF LOCOMOTION
CROSSING EVERY OCEAN FOR THE SAKE OF LOCOMOTION
ACROSS EVERY OCEAN

FOR THE SAKE OF LOCOMOTION
BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE A NOTION
HOW TO SAVE MY SOUL
I WALK DOWN THE SIDEWALK
RUN DOWN THE BOARDWALK
STOP AND MAKE SMALL TALK
BUT I CAN'T SAY NO TO YOU

I CAN'T SAY NO I CAN'T SAY YES
I CAN'T EVEN WRITE DOWN MY OWN ADDRESS
I CAN'T TOUCH HEAVEN IT'S A LITTLE TOO FAR
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO TRAVEL
GOT DREAMING ON A PAR
I'M STARING THROUGH THE WINDOW
WONDER WHERE YOU ARE
MOVING THROUGH THE LANDSCAPE
AT A MILLION MILES AN HOUR

ACROSS EVERY NATION
FROM THE HARBOUR TO THE STATION
IT'S A FORM OF INSPIRATION
IT'S A POWER TO THE STATE
THEY RUN DOWN THE RAILWAYS
SAIL ACROSS THE SEAWAYS
FLY THROUGH THE AIRWAYS
BUT THEY CAN'T SAY NO TO YOU

I CAN'T STAND UP I CAN'T STAND STILL
I KNOW YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ME IF I TOLD YOU HOW I FEEL
I JUST WANT TO SAY THAT IT'S ONLY COMMON SENSE
BUT THE WORDS ALWAYS FAIL ME AT MY OWN EXPENSE
I'M STARING OUT THE WINDOW
WONDER WHERE YOU ARE
MOVING THROUGH THE LANDSCAPE
AT A MILLION MILES AN HOUR

ACROSS EVERY OCEAN (ACROSS EVERY OCEAN)
FOR THE SAKE OF LOCOMOTION
(FOR THE SAKE OF LOCOMOTION)
BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE A NOTION
(BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE A NOTION)
HOW TO SAVE MY SOUL (HOW TO SAVE MY SOUL)

ACROSS EVERY OCEAN (ACROSS EVERY OCEAN)
FOR THE SAKE OF LOCOMOTION
(FOR THE SAKE OF LOCOMOTION)
BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE A NOTION
(BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE A NOTION)
HOW TO SAVE MY SOUL (HOW TO SAVE MY SOUL)

I WALK DOWN THE SIDEWALK (I WALK DOWN THE SIDEWALK)
RUN DOWN THE BOARDWALK (RUN DOWN THE BOARDWALK)
STOP AND MAKE SMALL TALK (STOP AND MAKE SMALL TALK)
BUT I CAN'T SAY NO TO YOU
I'M CROSSING EVERY OCEAN FOR THE SAKE OF LOCOMOTION

REPEAT TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC OMD

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ON VIRGIN RECORDS



A big hand for The Furs (left to right): Tim Butler, John Ashlon, Richard Butler.



The Psychedelic Furs!

First time I heard that name, in 1978, I knew they'd be good. Then I saw vocalist Richard Butler, smiling like a sleepwalker through the Soho offices of CBS Records — wraparound shades, pale skin drawn tight over bones — and I was certain.

Finally, I saw them play some subterranean dungeon in London's Camden Town. It was like a dream threatening to become a nightmare. Too many people, not enough air, too much smoke, green lights and music like a tidal wave picking me up and shaking me like a rag doll. I want home shattered but feeling luminous.

Howsoever often I saw them or met them in CBS (where I was working at the time), they remained mysterious, potentially dangerous but endlessly fascinating. Renegades. Degenerates.

Then came the CBS Christmas Party. Richard and brother Tim showed up. Would there be trouble? Would it end in grief? Not quite. They simply took control of the stereo and played Abba records all night long. "Dancing Queen" and "Taka A Chance", over and over.

We all laughed a lot that night.

We're sitting in a vacant office at CBS. Phones ring. Muted music throbs from nearby rooms. Through a window in the door behind Richard's head I see members of Freur and The Shillelagh Sisters going about the business of becoming pop stars.

Richard, looking healthier and happier than I've ever seen him, talks most of the time. Tim listens quietly, occasionally adding brief comments. But who are these people, and why has it taken seven years to have their first hit record?

"We never set out to become pop stars," says Richard, "but if that happens as a by-product of what we do, I don't mind."

Including the word "psychedelic" in their name at the height of the punk era was seen by many as commercial suicide but it was method rather than madness.

"All the other bands had violent names like Clash and Stranglers and Damned. We wanted something that made us

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE

After seven — yes, seven! — years, The Psychedelic Furs have finally got a hit record. Why's it taken so long? David Bowie liked them all along. So did Johnny Black.



stick out," Richard recalls, lighting his first cigarette of the interview. "Besides, people were saying the '60s was rubbish and we disagreed. A lot of our influences, like Bob Dylan and The Velvet Underground, came from them."

Although they never took the charts by storm, The Furs gathered several well-respected admirers. David Bowie, who has twice expressed a desire to produce them, is no stranger at their live shows, and Bob Dylan recently wrote a song for them. "We were amazed he'd even heard of us but, apparently, his daughter loves us and then he got into it and decided to write us a song." Though they love the song, "Clean Cut Kid," it doesn't fit their style and hasn't been recorded. Intriguingly, the wheel has gone full circle because it

was Richard and Tim's father, a doctor of chemistry in Richmond, who introduced them to Dylan records. "And Edith Piaf, Hank Williams and Jim Reeves," recalls Tim.

Although doing reasonably in Britain, they did better in America and moved to New York in 1981. Since then, the quintet has reduced to a trio; Richard on vocals, Tim on bass and John Ashton on guitars with others brought in for recording.

Tim and Richard share a small apartment with Richard's actress girlfriend Sherry Jamieson in New York's Little Italy district. "It has a village feeling, lots of musicians and artists, and cafés where we sit on the pavement in the evening."

It's also apparently run by the Mafia, as Richard discovered one

day by antaring a café and asking for coffee. "The man poured some tea, but he kept giving me strange looks until I left." It was only later that Sherry explained that many cafés are merely fronts for illegal gambling dens. The thriving night club scene operates similarly.

"You see more English groups in a week in New York than you can here," explains Tim, who favours Danceteria and The Ritz, where the music doesn't even start until after midnight. "But illegal clubs suddenly spring up in basements, operate for a few days then get shut down by the police. A week later they open again a few doors down the street."

They both feel that New York has a less fickle attitude to music. "In London clubs, younger pop musicians won't talk to older ones, but in New York, you wouldn't be surprised to see Madonna, Robert Fripp and Billy Joel chatting to each other. A musician is a musician, whatever his age."

Tim does the clubs but I usually stay home with Sherry. I have the same pattern every night. A bath, then into bed with the crossword. In fact, my songs are like crosswords.

He spends hours perfecting lyrics, ensuring they're not too obvious or clichéd. Even "Heaven", written quickly in their studio after realising they hadn't enough songs for their fourth album, is subtler than it seems. "The words are like clues to what it's really about, which is nuclear war, but you need to think about them to realise that."

I suggest that his songs are basically unchanged in seven years. Tim looks horrified but Richard nods. "I know what you mean. It's been said that Sting is always trying to write one perfect song, and I'm like that too. I don't think that's bad. How I write remains the same, but I get better at it."

Although the hit has taken years to come, Richard feels The Psychedelic Furs are on course.

"When we first signed to CBS they told us they didn't expect hits for several years. They took the pressure off. We didn't have to compromise, so now we're doing exactly what we want and having hits. I have no complaints."

Ma naither.

HEAVEN

CHORUS
HEAVEN

IS THE WHOLE OF A HEART
AND HEAVEN
DON'T TEAR YOU APART
YEAR HEAVEN
IS THE WHOLE OF A HEART
AND HEAVEN
DON'T TEAR YOU APART

REPEAT CHORUS

THERE'S A SONG ON THE AIR WITH A LOVE-YOU-LINE
AND A FACE IN A GLASS AND IT LOOKS LIKE MINE
AND I'M STANDING ON ICE WHEN I SAY THAT I DON'T HATE PLANES
AND I SCREAM AT THE FOOLS WANNA JUMP MY TRAIN AND

REPEAT CHORUS

YEAR HEAVEN OH HEAVEN YEAR HEAVEN

WORDS AND MUSIC BUTLER/BUTLER
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THERE'S TOO MANY KINGS WANNA HOLD YOU DOWN
AND A WORLD AT THE WINDOW GONE UNDERGROUND
THERE'S A HOLE IN THE SKY WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE
AND A CLOCK ON THE WALL AND IT COUNTS MY TIME AND



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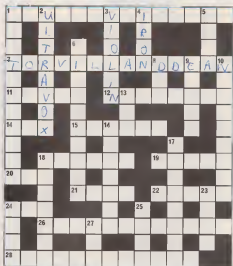


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ANSWERS ON PAGE 61

ACROSS

- Sade's thoughts on royal romance? (4,4,2,4)
- They blipped Ravel's 'Bolero' skate up the charts (7,3,4)
- Dexy's Mr Rowland
- Wee Dr Ron forms a Factory band (anag 3,5)
- You can have a disco, party or even a mega one!
- Sort of studio used for recording live gigs
- Madness' request for peace and quiet (4,2)
- Melba who declared 'Love's Comin' At Ya'
- Michael Jackson's 'Initial' hit (1,1,1)
- 'If You Can't Stand The ----' (Bucks Fizz)
- You get them for Fears, it seems
- Siade's current record label (1,1,1)
- See 17 down
- Peel's mate Rod provides a hit for H2O (anag 5,2,5)

DOWN

- The Thompsons' elevator song? (3,4,2,2)
- Their biggest hit-to-date is 'Vienna'
- Instrument that turns musicians into idiots
- Maiden's heavy metal
- Balloon blower
- But would Kajagoogoo put their heads into it? (5,5)
- A heavy band at the start of Dianne's act
- That guitar-playing Van Halen
- Ron greets this 1992 Midge Ure success (anag 2,7)
- Just the label for Cliff and Thomas Dolby (1,1,1)
- Peter Murphy's now defunct band
- And 26 across Why Bananarama are in a hurry? (6,2,5,7)
- She's like Steve, according to Cameo
- Anita Ward requested you did this to her bell
- This Sharon will never give you up
- Mark E. Smith's autumn outfit?
- Where Kool & The Gang were steppin'?

ROCK STEADY CREW



UPROCK

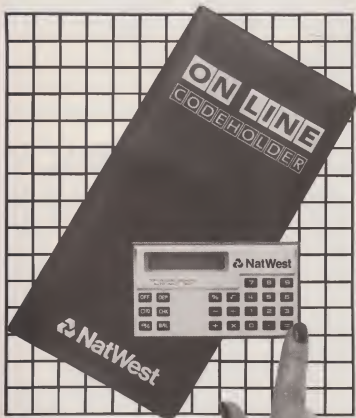
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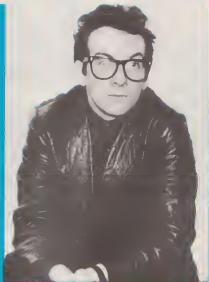
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THE IMPOSTER

Photo: Andrew Cazan



PEACE IN OUR TIME

OUT OF THE AEROPLANE STEPPED CHAMBERLAIN
WITH A CONDEMNED MAN'S STARE
BUT WE ALL CHEERED WILDLY A PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN
AS HE WAVED A PIECE OF PAPER IN THE AIR

NOW THE DISCO MACHINE LIVES IN MUNICH
AND WE ARE ALL FRIENDS
AND I SLIP ON MY ITALIAN DANCING SHOES
AS THE EVENING DESCENDS

CHORUS

AND THE BELLS TAKE THEIR TOLL
ONCE AGAIN IN A VICTORY CHIME
AND WE CAN THANK GOD THAT WE'VE FINALLY GOT
PEACE IN OUR TIME

THERE'S A MAN GOING ROUND TAKING NAMES
NO MATTER WHO YOU CLAIM TO BE
AS INNOCENT AS BABIES
A MAD DOG WITH RABIES
YOU'RE STILL A PART OF SOME CONSPIRACY

MEANWHILE THERE'S A LIGHT OVER THE OCEAN
BURNING BRIGHTER THAN THE SUN
AND A MAN SITS ALONE IN A BAR
AND SAYS "OH GOD WHAT HAVE WE DONE"

REPEAT CHORUS

THEY'RE LIGHTING A BONFIRE
UPON EVERY HILLTOP IN THE LAND
JUST ANOTHER TINY ISLAND INVASED
WHEN HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS
AND THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION FIGHTS
IN THE INTERNATIONAL PROPAGANDA STAR WARS
THERE'S ALREADY ONE SPACE MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE
WHAT D'YOU WANT ANOTHER ONE FOR

REPEAT CHORUS

WORDS AND MUSIC THE IMPOSTER
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ON RCA RECORDS

THINK

BIG



Well, that's what we're doing while putting together the next issue. Course, we always do, but this magazine is starting to verge on the monstrous, with page after page groaning under the weight of giant features, major fiction, huge fashion sections and things like...

BIG CLOTHES

BIG IDEAS

Baggy trousers,
baggy tops and
baggy dresses.

Outrageous make-up,
wild holidays
and a guide
to jobs in television.

BIG TIME

RICK SPRINGFIELD

THE BIG DAY

May 3

EUROVISION: IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN!

On May 5 it's The Eurovision Song Contest. And — admit it — you'll be there in front of the telly cringing as this year's entry, Belle And The Devotions, do their bit for Britain.

Has it always been this awful? Tom Hibbert investigates.

It was back in 1956 that certain bright sparks at the Eurovision TV network hit upon the gruesome wheeze of beaming a 'glamorous' song contest 'live' to the television sets across the continent.

Every spring since then, millions of innocent Europeans have stared aghast at their screens as persons — many in tasteless frocks — have pranced about with a hectic lack of grace, often grinning, sometimes winking and usually singing in some peculiar form of gibberish. The tunes are hardly ever any good and the words often border on the totally dotty, but viewers remain transfixed by this mad spectacle.

Back in 1956, however, the BBC were rather toffee-nosed about the whole affair. They declined to enter the first contest and, after the poor showing of Patricia Bredin's feeble ballad "All" in '57, withdrew again. But, in '59, the trusty warbling twosome of Pearl Carr and Teddy Johnson entered with "Sing Little Birdie" and won. Hurrah!

Already a Eurovision sound seemed to be evolving as most of the entries could be sorted into two simple song categories — A) bouncy, wholesome thigh-slappers; and B) drippy, moist-eyed ballads. In 1960 the UK's swaggering boomer Bryan Johnson plumped for Type A with "Looking High High High", which sounded almost identical to every other entry.

Next year, Britain ill-advisedly entered somebody young — the harmless teen duo The Allisons with "Are You Sure?" The lads' snazzy haircuts and wobbly harmonies, modelled on the Everley Brothers, were just a bit too 'racy' for the old buffers on the voting panels so the BBC had to change tactics again.

Over the succeeding years, they were to wheel out a startling array of dependable squares — none of whom managed to lay hands on the coveted first prize. Ronnie Carroll, of the ample jaw and sturdy teeth, had consecutive cracks at it with "Ring A Ding Girl" (in '62) and "Say Wonderful Things" (in '63). Diminutive croaker Matt Monro tried with the simpering "I Love The Little Things" in '64. Kathy Kirby, of the

glistening lips and fiery lungs, had a stab with "I Belong" ('65) and, in '66, the Tartan Tenor, Kenneth McKellar had a bash with the appalling "A Man Without Love".

But it seemed high time the crooning duffers were put out to graze. Switching to the "swinging, singing dolly bird" method pioneered in previous years by France and Luxembourg, the BBC recruited Sandie Shaw and kitted her out with a 'gentle' mini-skirt and a lethal song "Puppet On A String". Extremely perky, relentlessly bouncy and overwhelmingly irritating, the number swept to an easy victory in the 1967 competition.

Britain was beginning to get the hang of this Eurovision lark. "Congratulations", sung by pop trooper Cliff Richard the following year, was even more defiantly hearty and jolly than "Puppet". Cliff did his best, diddling around in his trim double-breasted job with frilly white necking, but he just couldn't quite swing it. No sour grapes though, he just vowed to return another time. (And he did, in '73, with "Power To All My Friends", but came third. "I think we've been cheated every time," he said. "Something's wrong somewhere. I had two zonking great hits out of the contest but I'd like to win it once.")

Meanwhile, all across Europe, composers of popular music were perfecting the art of trite, booming, jaunty rubbish while lyric writers were searching for the key to absolute banality, linking words that made no sense but would lodge in the listener's mind and drive him or her absolutely potty. Lulu's "Boom Bang-A-Bang" ('69), Mary Hopkin's "Knock Knock Who's There?" ('70) and Clodagh Rogers' "Lack In The Box" ('71) were amongst the gems of brainlessness to emerge from the UK.

In 1974, Abba won the contest, proving that classy pop did sometimes get a look in on Eurovision. Not that this made the slightest difference to future contests. Ghastly as it is to relate, the terrible dress sense of the four Swedes had infinitely more impact on subsequent entrants than did



1964: Belle And The Devotions. Will they win? Pull the other one.

their music. Agnetha's tea-cosy hat and dumpty culottes, Bjorn's monstrous boots and mis-aligned hair-do, Benny's frilly cuffs and nasty shiny jacket... dear oh dear, they did look a sight. Throughout the '70s, the contests would be cursed by willing but weak Abba impersonators jiggling about in unwieldy boot-like contraptions, decked out in sparkling costumes with bits sacking out at wild angles, and singing with gusto but seldom with accuracy.

And then there were the awful stage 'antics' — Brotherhood Of Man's soppy "Save Your Kisses For Me" ('76) was accompanied by equally soppy little dance steps. And worse! — as a breathtaking finale to the victorious "Making Your Mind Up" (in '81) the Bucks Fizz boys grasped the girls' skirts and whipped them off.

Few have emerged with any dignity from the Eurovision Song Contest, but there are a few entrants that, for one reason or other, will go down in history forever. I speak of people like Finland's Jojo, whose nonsensical nuclear 'work-out' received a complete zero rating from the judges in '82. And Holland's astonishing duo Mouth And McNeal who, in '74, succeeded in turning the dreary "I See A Star" into something quite repellent by pulling idiotic faces and 'acting the goat' for no apparent reason. And the unidentified Spanish judge who, during the 1973 contest, suddenly leapt to his feet and stormed out of the jury room crying: "No! No! No! No more of these dismal tunes!"

Will our very own Belle And The Devotions rise above all this when they warble for Britain on May 5? We can but wait and see!



1957: the fearful Patricia Bredin was "unplaced"



1964: hot rockin' Matt Monro — what a state



1969: a rather salty Lulu came joint 1st



1974: joint 4th, the explosive Olivia Newton-John



1979: later to produce "Superman", Black Lace come 12th



Photo: UPI

1959: **Teddy Johnson & Pearl Carr** actually won!



Photo: UPI

1960: **Tag-toting Bryan Johnson** came 2nd



Photo: UPI

1961: the dreadfully chirpy **Allisons** got the thumbs down



Photo: UPI

1962 & 63: **Ronnie Carroll** — jaws don't come any squarer



Photo: UPI

1965: a rather sparkly **Kathy Kirby** came 2nd



Photo: UPI

1966: the appalling **Kenneth McKellar** was "unplaced"



Photo: UPI

1967: future **Smiths** vocalist **Sandie Shaw** came up trumps



Photo: Rex Features

1968: **Trills and spits with Cliff** (he came 2nd)



Photo: UPI

1970: an even more sultry **Mary Hopkin** came 2nd



Photo: UPI

1971: a not at all sultry **Clodagh Rodgers** came 4th



Photo: UPI

1972: well you look at the trousers — **New Seekers** came 2nd



Photo: UPI

1973: a rather clapper **Cliff** is miffed at only coming 3rd



Photo: BBC Picture Library

1975: what a sickener — **The Shadows** only scrape 2nd place

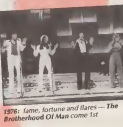


Photo: BBC Picture Library

1976: fame, fortune and flares — **The Brotherhood Of Man** come 1st



Photo: BBC Picture Library

1977: **Lynsey De Paul & Mike Moran** say it all



Photo: UPI

1978: **Coco** — **Bucks Fizz's Cheryl Baker** is second left



Photo: BBC Picture Library

1980: **Prima Donna** — **Bardo's Sally Ann Tripplett** second right



Photo: BBC Picture Library

1981: **Bucks Fizz** come 1st with that racy "skirts off" routine




Photo: BBC Picture Library

1982: the shame! — **Bardo** come a dismal 7th



Photo: BBC Picture Library

1983: the horror! **Sweet Dreams** only scrape 6th



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SMASH HITS

Duran DURAN



YOU DON'T LOVE ME

Marilyn



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MAZ 3



MAZ 312

● **Giddy from Oz!** 16 year old fun-lovin' male would like to write to trendies around my age. If you like Simple Minds, Duran Duran, Icehouse, Spandau Ballet, Depeche Mode and synth, then write to me. Contact: David Bassett, 84 Miranda Road, Miranda 2228, Sydney, Australia.

● **I like Fame, Culture Club, roller-skating, reading and drawing.** I'd like a girl to write to me. Write to: Leanne Brownless, 29 Thetford Close, Woodthorpe View, Arnold, Nottingham.

● **Male (17) would like female companions.** Into disco, funk, movies and fashion. All you beauties, get writing to: Ray C., 83 Norman Road, Leyton, London E11.

● **I thought I'd get a penpal To Smash Hits I did write Enclosed this feeble poem! I wrote one Wednesday night . . .** I Write to: Sarah, 10 Horse Street, Chipping Sodbury, Avon.

● **17 year old male would like to write to anyone into the following groups:** Wham!, Culture Club, Madness, Duran Duran, The Police, Simple Minds and more. Write to: B. Chilwe Birwe, Flat 80, Kariba Avenue, Kalulushi, Zambia, Central Africa.

● **I like Bauhaus, Stranglers and anything good.** I'd like to hear from girls aged 19-25. Please send pics to: Bauhaus Fan, 169 Fletcher Road, Boothton, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs ST4 4JE.

● **17 year old Modette / scooter girl (with scooter!)** would like to hear from mods / scooter boys. Likes: '60s, all-nighters, dancing and arguing. Write to Ann at: 9 Main Road, Essendine, Nr. Stamford, Lincs PE9 4LH.

● **We're two young, free and single females into U2, Big Country and The Alarm.** If you're aged 13-15 and, preferably, a bit hunky-dory, then write to: Els and Flo, 21 Field Close, Borrowash, Derby DE7 3HJ.

● **Calling all actors, poets and Steve Wright fans!** 17 year old female requires nutty writers. Contact: Jo, 52 Chosen Drive, Churchdown, Gloucester GL3 2QS.

● **Wanted! Any cuttings, posters and so on!** of Duran Duran or Wham!. I can exchange them for German, Austrian and Danish cuttings of M. Jackson, C. Club, S. Ballet and Nena. Please write to: Anne Sorensen, Ellekersvej 47, 5250 Odense S.V., Denmark.

● **Male, rollin' on 16, is in desperate need of female,** into all types of music. Fave groups include Culture Club and fave singers are Toyah and Paul Young. For more info, write to: Me, 33 East Avenue, South Shields, Tyne & Wear NE34 6PB.

● **Wanna get in touch with a Michael Jackson fan?** I'm a 13 year old male and into body-popping, breaking, BMX racing and lots more. Write to: Alan, 6 Herbert Road, Hornchurch, Essex RM11 3LA.

● **I like Wham!, Thompson Twins and Culture Club's songs, but not Boy George.** I also dislike heavy metal and punk. Contact: Susan Blair (12), 49 Romany Rise, Orpington, Kent.

● **17 year old poet would like to invite correspondence from anyone living in England, Scotland and Ireland.** Duran and U2 are a must! Write to: Monica Ripley, 942 16th Avenue East, Seattle, Washington, 98112, USA.

RSVP

Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with a few words about yourself so people can get in touch. All cards to: RSVP, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.

● **I'm into Rockwell, Lionel Richie and Michael Jackson.** Write to: Sacha Peart, 47 Kent Tower, Woodbine Grove, Penge SE20 8US.

● **I'm 18, male and into Japan, Michael Jackson, Thompson Twins and U2.** I like going to discos but hate punks and heavy metal. Write to: Cheddar, 1 Cheddar Close, Rainworth, Notts NG21 0HX.

● **We are two lonely boys, aged 17, into Thompson Twins, Spandau Ballet, Madness, etc.** Send photos if possible to: Simon and Andy, No. 27, JLN, SS 15 5F, Subang Jaya, Selangor, W. Malaysia.

● **I've been dying to get into RSVP for ages so here's your big chance to write to me!** Contact: M. Nield, 55 Thron Bank, Bacup, Lancs OL13 9LD.

HORSE & PONY

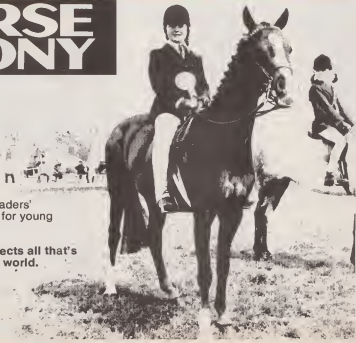
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ALBUM & CASSETTE
'ISLANDS'

DAY TO REMEMBER

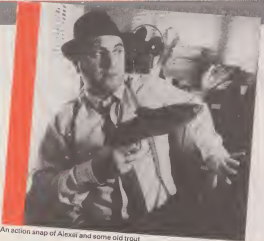
“

I was going to do *The Day I Lost My Hat* or *The Day I Sewed The World From Starvation* — but in the end I decided to talk about *A Typical Day On Tour*. I'm just warning you — I'll probably lie a bit.

Anyway, to start with I suppose I should explain that, when I'm performing, I'm this character called Rogar — the one with the pork pie hat. The rest of the time I'm a tall, blond bloke called Ralph... 6 foot 2. I wear *Jordache* jeans, slip-ons and *Zod Lecoate*. He's very unfunny — it's only when he's Roger he's funny. Then I go all stubble-headed and me ears stick up.

Ralph gets up about 9.00am, has freshly squeezed orange juice, croissants and all that rubbish. Then he'll have a shower, lounge around the house in his silk dressing-gown which he bought in Singapore and listen to some jazz records like *Carmal*. Then — if he's got a day off from his job at the architects — he might go and tinker with his Audi Quattro. Then he'll go for a drive in the afternoon, listening to *Radio 3* or his tapes of *Sade* or *Matt Bianco*. He might even pick up his girlfriend, *Philippe*, from her job in the estate agents in *Knightsbridge*. He'll take her for lunch in a Japanese restaurant — they'll both have *sushi* (raw fish). He's a cultured lad — his mum's half-French. He's actually from *Wallasey*.

At teetime he goes down the *Hogarth Club* to work out on the *Nautilus* machine with *Lenny Henry*, *Elvis Costello* and members of the *QPR* football team. Then he'll have a quick drink in the bar. Then he'll sit off in



An action snap of Alexei and some old trout

ALEXEI SAYLE

"A TYPICAL DAY ON TOUR"

A hatless Roger on stage trading some really fiery axe licks



his Quattro down the motorway to *Liverpool* where he's performing at *The Playhouse*. Halfway up the *M1* he starts turning into *Roger*, while his car turns into a *Mark III Ford Cortina*, with *CB* and *furry dice*. He gets to *The Playhouse* around 7.00pm.

I suppose it's about time I told you a bit about Roger. Well, he was put inside in 1965 for a crime he didn't commit — grievous bodily harm with a hemster... but we don't want to go into that here, do we? He got out the nick in 1980, but the thing was he was quite slim when he went inside — he was a *Mod* at the time — but when he came out they had to give him his one and only suit back and that's why it's all ripped end that 'cos he put on loads of weight inside. Also that's why he's always angry 'cos he bears a grudge against, like, *society*. Anyway when he was in there he got 428 educational qualifications — 247 *O-levels*, 128 *A-levels*, two *BAs*, *MA*, *MSC*, and a *City & Guilds Catering Award*. Before the show he's not nervous, he's just a headcase — genuinely nuts. And he likes a drink. During the course of the evening he'll have two or three bottles of vodka, a bottle of brandy and a crate of *Blue Nun*. He likes a drop. Around 7.30 he'll do a soundcheck. "One-two. One-two." Then he'll go for a drink.

Just before he goes on stage he's like a coiled spring... in a cheap watch. During the performance he shouts... a lot. Sings a bit. Shouts and swears a bit more. Does another song. Shouts and swears for another 30 minutes and then starts insulting the *Royal Family*, the middle class, politicians, media stars and other comedians. His favourite jokes are all too rude to print.

After the show's over — about 11.00pm — he'll just walk the streets alone. All his fens are too frightened to talk to him. It's a lonely life. And then he'll just get back in his car and like the *Lone Ranger* he'll disappear in a cloud of dust end signed photographs.

Halfway up the motorway he'll turn back into *Ralph* again.

”

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THE FIFTH M

● She sings on the "Colour By Numbers" LP, she's on the band's American tour and now she's got a solo single out. But that's just a small part of the HELEN TERRY story. Dave Rimmer hears the rest.

● "It brings loads of worries," sighs Helen Terry about a solo career that's only just been launched with "Love Lies Lost". "There's just been so much hoo-hah about it."

● Worries! Hoo-hah? Well, Boy George set the ball rolling with lavish promises of great things for a solo Ms Terry round about the time she was formally adopted into the Culture Club camp. It's been gathering speed ever since and Helen now feels she has rather a lot to live up to.

● "I just had to get this first single out of the way. But the next one—the next one is really important."

● For the time being, in the gaps left by work with Culture Club, she's still finishing the LP. All the songs have been written by herself, George and Roy and are, she reckons: "Different... very grown-up, very crafted... the single is about the closest thing to Culture Club we've done. Some of the rest you could imagine Barbra Streisand singing."

● She's also trying to think of a name for her group, presumably to be composed of the anonymous "old mates" she's been recording with. "How about Helen Terry & The Great Girl Guide Cookie Scandal?" she asks me. "That was our joke on the American tour." I'm not sure. She's not sure either.

● "But then," she sighs again, "I seem to have been in a great many bands that never got round to getting names together."

● The first of those was a school band in Maldon, Essex, when Helen, now 27, was 14. She began by playing the flute and sort of "drifted into" singing. After leaving school at 16, she packed in college after three weeks, gave up ambitions of being a barrister and "went to London to seek my fortune."

● First stop was "an enormous funk group" called The Jack Trap Band. They only lasted two concerts but split leaving Helen with lots of session musician friends who gave her an in to "series of peculiar singing jobs." Over the next four years she earned a crust as a nameless session singer on records by the people like Lou Reed and Mott The Hoople.

● She also did a lot of adverts. And then one day, while singing a line about "getting under buttons" for a Hotpoint irons ad, she suddenly thought: "What's the point? A great steam iron appeared to me in the sky and I walked out of the session and didn't sing again for three or four years."

● Actually, she sang a bit. But with friends like reggae producer Dennis Bovell and strictly for fun, not profit, while earning a living working for a cartoon company. But then in 1981 she went to visit "buddies" in New York, overstayed her week's holiday and got the sack, but also got the singing bug back again.

● So it was back to London, more sessions and a job as a singing teacher at South London Tech. "And then," she remembers, "I met George."

● She was working at the time with a dait cabaret act called The Neo-Naturists. They used to "take all their clothes off and daub themselves with body paint while I wore as many clothes as I humanly possible and sang along."

● One night they played Heaven in London and on the way out, Helen was button-holed by George and Marilyn. "She can sing, George," said Marilyn. "Go on, sing, sing," urged George. "I seemed a bit daft doing it right there underneath the arches at Charing Cross station, so Helen went along to the studio a few days later and contributed backing vocals to "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me?" She and George got on famously and "everything clicked thereafter". But I'm sure you already know about that.

● Life seems to be treating Helen well. She's just moved into a new flat and maintains "a close circle of old friends" who are all "artists or clothes designers or writers". She also enjoys herself in the "lunny situation" of being a sort of half-member of Culture Club. Will she be able to cope with that and a solo career?

● "I haven't really thought about it yet. If the two look like getting incompatible then I'll have to make a decision. But for the time being I'll carry on as I am now."

MEMBER OF CULTURE CLUB?



LOVE LIES LOST

*Love lies lost you find to your cost
That no is no answer stick to your own kind
Love lies lost you find to your cost
That no is no answer*

*I betcha by God that you're feeling happy
When you know he's a feeling sad (so sad)
I betcha by God you're fooling no-one
Love is the best trick you ever had
Well you don't like feeling hungry
And you don't like a stealing rich
But a fool like me can make history
Making dollars like a kissing snitch yeah*

Chorus

*Love lies lost you find to your cost
That no is no answer stick to your own kind
Love lies lost you find to your cost
That no is no answer
Stick to your own kind
I never took clues on finding lovers yeah
Or tripping the scene and feeling trad
(Feeling trad)
You click and give me aluminium
She's coveting gold I'm feeling bad
Well I don't have culting wishes
Never wanted and never had
I said do or die baby don't ask why
Walk on me honey
Don't you think it's funny that*

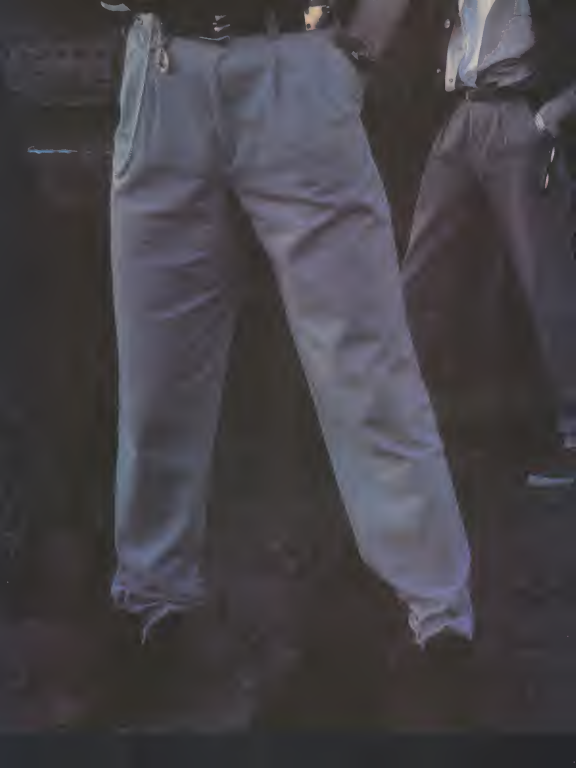
Repeat chorus

*I betcha by God you're feeling happy
I betcha by God you're feeling sad
I betcha by God you're fooling no-one love*

*I betcha by God you're feeling happy
When you know he's a feeling sad
Well you don't like feeling hungry
And you don't like a stealing rich
But a fool like me can make history
Making dollars like a kissing snitch*

Repeat chorus to fade

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GIVE ME TONIGHT

WALKING SADLY THROUGH THE PARK
I HEAR CRYING IN THE DARKNESS
AND THOUGH I ACT LIKE I CANNOT HEAR
THEIR SITUATION IS VERY CLEAR
A GIRL WHO'S TRYING TO TELL HER GUY
THE TIME HAS COME THAT THEY SAY GOODBYE
AND HIS ANSWER TEARS MY HEART APART

CHORUS
GIVE ME TONIGHT
THEN IF YOU DON'T WANNA STAY
GIRL I'LL JUST FORGET YOU
YOU'LL SEE I'M RIGHT
YOU WON'T GET TO GO AWAY
LOVE AIN'T GONNA LET YOU

WALKING WITH YOU THROUGH THE PARK
NOW IT'S MY VOICE IN THE DARKNESS
JUST LIKE THE GIRL TRYING TO TELL HER GUY
I'M TELLING YOU WE MUST SAY GOODBYE
I CAN'T BELIEVE WHEN I HEAR ONCE MORE
THE VERY WORDS THAT WERE SAID BEFORE
COME FROM DEEP WITHIN YOUR BROKEN HEART
HIS VOICE ECHOES IN THE DARKNESS
ECHOES IN THE DARK

REPEAT CHORUS
(GIVE YOU ONE NIGHT)

REPEAT CHORUS AND AD LIB TO FADE

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Last issue we gave you a badge offer token. You remember — funny little rectangular thing with "Badge Offer Token" printed on it (Get on with it — Ed.). This issue — eyes left — there's another one. And next issue (out May 10), there'll be a third. Collect all three, send them off and you get the set of six high quality, real metal badges for no money at all. Details next issue. And, as we're such nice people at heart, there'll be an extra token somewhere along the line for anyone who's missed one.

For the time being, though, just snip this token out, put it with the one we gave you two weeks back and stick them both somewhere that's a bit on the safe side.

See you, then. Same place, next time.

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**1
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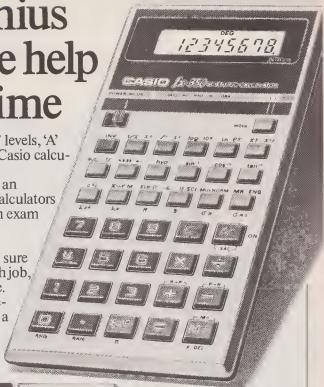
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What is in a name? Well, quite clearly not very much if you're Howard Jones. Or Hall & Oates. Or Shannon. But for some folk — usually those in rather dire need of attracting as much attention as possible — there can be quite a lot. Quite a lot of rubbish, that is, and the sillier the better.

Trouble is, with a lot of them the name is the only thing anyone ever hears. Whatever happened to the legendary Vampire Bats From

Levisham? Or The Entire Crew Of The HMS Ark Royal?

Whatever, here we present a nifty *Smash Hits* Guide To Some Of The Wiggliest Names Around. But remember, as you marvel at The Blubbury Helibellies, vince at Pictures In A Dark Room or giggle at Jumping Jeannie & the 4½ Garden Gnomes, that once upon a time even The Beatles sounded pratty damn weird.

TOTALLY PRETENTIOUS

Swasswoy
Abrasive Wheels
Pictures In A Dark Room
Vertical Hold
The Silent Party
Seventh Seance
Alohe Agein Or
Eyalies In Geze
The Violet Circuit
Zoro La Crecha
Positive Response

Spies From The House Of Love

Cloud Sculptures

A Popular History Of Signs

Drowning Not Weaving
Balouis Soma

Forget The Whimpering Child — Become The Warrior

Ex Post Facto

The Art Company

Sons Of Lovers

A Certain Ratio

Sed Among Strangers

Innersana

Last Bid For The Recess

Crown Of Thorns

The Pale Fountains

Propengide

DANCE



Dance Faction
Dance On A Telephone (above)
Dancing With The Dog
Dance Society
Oakie Dance
Dislocation Dance
Tea Dance
Virgin Dance

WAR

Bendits At 4 O'Clock
Black Flag
External Menace
New Model Army

DODGY

Blue Movie
Soft Whips
Alien Sex Fiend (below)
Dogs On Heat
Fish For Lulu
You've Got Foetus On Your Breeth

Your Heterosexual Violence
Sex Gang Children
Icons Of Filth
Heger: The Womb
Nipple In Dub
Broken Bones



GIRLS AND SISTERS

Little Sister
Poisongirls
Everything But The Girl
The Girl Can't Help It
B-Beat Girls
Two Sisters
Shilleigh Sisters
Sisters Of Mercy
Painter Sisters

INITIALS

S.O.S. Band
ADX
APB
Special AKA
BEF
A.E.
W.A.S.P.
R.E.M.
KC
QMD

DEAD

Dead Or Alive
Dead Man's Shedow
The Dead Kennedys
Dead On Arrival
Death In Venice
Play Dead

THE VERY BORING

The Tea
The Smiths
The Higsons
The Group
The Walton
The World
The Sound
The Truth
The Systan
The Waka

THE BOYS

Farmer's Boys
The Waterboys
Beat Box Boys
Pet Shop Boys
The B-Boys
The Dead Boys
Boy's Own
Boy Zone
Sprongie Boys
NYC Peech Boys
Tall Boys
Boogie Boys
Mam'e Boys
Poor Boys
Rent Boys
Boyle

THE WEIRD, THE WONDERFUL, THE JUST PLAIN SILLY

THE SMASH HITS FUN DEPT TAKES A LONG LINGERING LOOK AT.

GROUPS' NAMES

DOUBLES

Duran Duran
Bourgie Bourgie
Eezi Eazi
Talk Talk
Yell Rebel Yell
Yip Yip Coyote
Noise Wot Noise
Red Lorry Yellow Lorry
The Go Gos

What Fun!
Wham!
Hey! Elastic
Hurreh! Boys Hurreh!
Shoot! Dispute
Wotupskil
Wahl

PACKAGE TOUR

X-Mel Deutschland
Indians In Moscow
A Thousand Musicians
Images Of Brazil
Frankie Goes To Hollywood
Inca Babies
Living In Texas

Popular Front
Ray Gunn And The Lesers

Speer Of Destiny

HORTICULTURAL

The Lotus Eaters
The Bluebells
... And Also The Trees
Flowers In The Dustbin
Pretab Sprout
The Lawnmower
The Tear Garden
Idle Flowers
The Avant Gardeners (below)
Gardening By Moonlight



NUMBERS

Zerre 1 (above)
Blue Section Two
Six Sed Red
The Six
Dream Cycle 7
Twelve Drummers
Drumming
Thirteen After Midnight

Thirteenth Tribe
Heaven 17
23 Skidoo
Section 25
Sector 27
400 Blows
Level 42
10,000 Maniacs

THE PLAIN SILLY

Jumping Jeannie And
The 4½ Garden Gnomes
Drunk On Cake
Whizz For Atoms
The Blubbury Helibellies
Stuttering Jack And The Heart Attacks

Crappy Ambulance
Bamboo Fringe
Eaten Alive By Insects
Sunglasses After Dark
Box Of Frogs
Startled Insects
Secretaries From Heaven





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Julian... "Blame it on the rain" — Smash Hits



Sam and Julian give one of the jackets that "instantly distressed" look



Photos: Jeff Perrenoud

£1500's WORTH OF CLOTHES + 12" SINGLES TO BE WON!

Look above. Look very hard. Now we'll come straight to the point ('cos we're like that): **EVERYTHING IN THOSE PHOTOS CAN BE YOURS** (except, er, terrifically attractive *Smash Hits* staff member Samantha Archer and her rather beefy brother Julian). No, we're talking clothes. Lots of them. In all sizes and colours. Hundreds of pounds' worth. What's happened is that those nice people at Wrangler (makers of quality garments since the year dot, etc) have unloaded a regular mountain of colourful clothing upon us. "Give these," they



Four two's goodie — a vision in blue (longer)

The 12" Discs are priced at 25p each



declared with a flourish, "to your deserving readers in the form of one of those terribly tricky quiz things". And we will. And this is what the prizes will look like:—
★ **FIRST PRIZE** is £300's worth of Wrangler clothes PLUS twelve 12" singles (pictured below): that means — deep breath — brand new copies of "That's The Way (I Like It)" by Dead Or Alive, "Give Me Tonight" by Shannon, "P.Y.T. (Pretty Young Thing)" by Michael Jackson, "The Caterpillar" by The Cure, "Nelson Mandela" by The Special AKA, "One Love" by Bob Marley & The Wailers, "Wood Beez" by Scritti Politti, "You Don't Love Me" by Marilyn, "Swimming Horses" by Siouxsie & The Banshees, "Your Love Is King" by Sade, "Up On The Catwalk" by Simple Minds, and "It's A Miracle" by Culture Club. Not bad, eh?
★ **SECOND PRIZE** is £200's worth of Wrangler clothes.
★ **THIRD PRIZE** is £100's worth of Wrangler clothes.
★ **FOURTH PRIZE** is £75's worth of Wrangler clothes.
★ And there's 50 **RUNNERS-UP PRIZES** of a pair of Wrangler jeans each.

Wranglers will let all winners know where their nearest and best Wrangler stockists are. Right, all that's left is — *fanfare!* — The Question: here's four items of clothing — a) dungarees; b) one jewel-covered glove; c) a big-brimmed hat; and d) a snood. Each one is the trademark of one of these four people — Nik Kershaw, Michael Jackson, Alannah Currie and Kevin Rowland. But which person goes with which bit of clothing? Jot the answers down — in the right order, mind — on a postcard, along with your name and address, and send it swiftly to **Smash Hits Wrangler Competition**, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF. It's got to get there by May 9. Be-gin!

ast year Nick Heyward split from Haircut One Hundred, made a solo LP from which three Top Twenty hits were taken, and everyone went on about how he'd "grown up".

Since then he's been to America, Europe and Japan and he's formed a new band which includes Blair Cunningham (from the old Haircut line-up — "the best drummer in the world"), a new keyboard player called Beard, who won't be allowed to join properly until he shaves it (the beard) off, and a bloke called Winston on bass, completing an all-black trio.

And he's splash out on an £8,000 vintage Mercedes in which we're cruising round London's Kensington this cool spring Sunday evening with the Rolling Stones' first LP (really!) playing on the tape deck.

Nick says he's "really into life" at the moment and he certainly seems to be back to his old carefree, confident self.

In fact tonight he seems to be in a particularly silly mood — demonstrating the car's "electric" windows by winding them down very fast while making a high-pitched buzzing

noise, talking about "giant onenesses" (whatever they are), taking the mickey out of Paul Weller (as usual) and putting on hippie voices that make Neil from The Young Ones sound positively contemporary.

"This year," he cackles, "I want to wind everybody up something rotten."

You have been warned.

When you went solo did you feel a desperate need for a new image?

Last year I stripped everything down to this guy in a white shirt and trousers and a guitar. That was great but now I felt that I wanted to form a band again. In fact it's like I'm starting afresh in music. The other day I sat down and went through the reasons for carrying on. I realised money wasn't a reason. I mean I had the chance with Haircut to make a fortune — the advance orders for the last LP that never was reached 300,000 copies. I mean at that stage we could have released a sandstorm and it would've gone platinum. They kept telling me if I'd coasted along for a couple more years I'd be a millionaire, but you can't wake up in the morning and tell yourself that. I don't ever want to become massive.

Are you actually getting married?

Yes, it'll be a really big 'do' and everyone will get a bit sloshed. Anyway we'd never really thought about it until we saw it in all the newspapers. I mean I suppose me and Marion will eventually get married but when we saw all that it was really annoying 'cos it had taken the sting out of it. Anyway, marriage's just a piece of paper, really. Marion's just the most hilarious person in the world. But she doesn't tell jokes, she just doesn't do anything — she just has me in fits. She works in a cancer hospital. It's a deadly serious job — she has to take blood from people to do tests.

What's the most promising group that's emerged over the past year?

The Happy Kenneths. The Adventuras (who're from Ireland). The Chevalier Brothers and Prefab Sprout. I think if you like something you should just have to give a reason why. It should be obvious it's good.

Favourite present from a fan?

An exploding lighter from this girl called Yukomo in Japan. It explodes snow in your face.

If you were going out to a concert, which of these would you prefer? e) Thompson Twins; b) Sade; c) Echo & The Bunnymen; d) King Kurt; e) The Style Council; or f) Deed Or Alive?

Yes I'd go to the Thompson Twins, for a little while. I'd go and see Sade for those lips. The Bunnymen? I like them but I don't know why. I'd go to get off on the dry ice. I'd go to King Kurt for the crack. I'd go and see The Style Council if they played in a street (sarcastic leer) 'cos that's where they're at and I can't really relate to them in like a concert hall situation. Deed Or Alive — I'd go and see 'em (even more sarcastically) for basically my fondness of the whole inter-relationship they have. 'Cos I know Pete Burns is into my music — I know because he told me so at the Oxford Road Show. So I'd go and see them to show I could expand on this inter-relationship and like be a giant oneness. I do like to go and see these new bands.

And who would go with you: e) Madonna; b) Joen Rivers; c) Cernel; d) Tracey Ullman; or e) Nestessie Kiniski?

THE OVERS RETURN

NICK HEYWARD'S BACK. HE'S BEEN HALF WAY ROUND THE WORLD, RECKONS HE'S "STARTING AFRESH IN MUSIC" AND GENERALLY SOUNDS ABOUT AS LOONY AS EVER. PETER MARTIN HAS WORDS WITH HIM.

What TV show would you most like to appear in?

Dates — no, it's crap and everybody in it's got big bums. *Gardeners' World* (adopts hippie voice) Well, basically, right it's really wrong to kill flowers when they're so young. I've known papira, right, who've turned to religion after doing that and I'm just not going to and up like that. *Pebbles Mill?* I'dona it. It's modern, lots of pictures of streets, lots of modern design. I hate to admit it but my mum likes it a lot. The *A Team?* I used to really idolise George Peppard — he used to be in those Sunday night films. I never watch much TV, though, 'cos I'm always giggling. I'm 'always on the road'.

Favourite Joke?

This guy knocks on the door and asks if Crispin's there. And Crispin's wife breaks down and says Crispin died last night. And he says, oh did he say anything about a tin of paint?

If you were offered a great deal of money would you pose nude? I'd do it for anything. In fact I'm surprised I haven't done it already (evil grin). If anyone's interested, I charge around £39.50 for a session.

I'd take Madonna and see the Thompson Twins because it'd be such a big crowd. It'd be easy to lose her. Joen Rivers, is that one of the Weather Girls? No? Oh that comedienne who's Marilyn end George's friend. Yes I'd go out with her to get close to Marilyn. And Boy George — you don't think he's my type? Oh, I think he is. There's four reasons why I'd go and see Cernel: she's modern, sexual, she's got style, and legs, and she's a giant oneness. Tracey Ullman. Well we get on really well 'cos I wrote most of *Three Of A Kind*. Kiniski? I'd go out with her as long as she didn't wear a bra. I think I'd take her to Daad Or Alive because Deed Or Alive are one of the best live bands in... Wendsworth.

What do you think of the Eurovision Song Contest? Well, it's just Vitamin C rock. Anyway I think the whole concept's racist, because it's all run by a socialist government, right, and this time Thatcher's just gone too far. So if anybody wants to know more about this then they should write to The Style Council, c/o Tracie.





**JUST WHEN
YOU THOUGHT
IT WAS SAFE
TO GO BACK INTO
THE JUNGLE.**

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BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS ONE LOVE / PEOPLE GET READY

ONE LOVE ONE HEART

LET'S GET TOGETHER AND FEEL ALRIGHT
HEAR THE CHILDREN CRYING (ONE LOVE)
HEAR THE CHILDREN CRYING (ONE HEART)

SAYING GIVE THANKS AND PRAISE TO THE LORD
AND I WILL FEEL ALRIGHT

SAYING LET'S GET TOGETHER AND FEEL ALRIGHT

LET THEM ALL PASS ALL THEIR DIRTY REMARKS (ONE LOVE)
THERE IS ONE QUESTION I'D REALLY LOVE TO ASK (ONE HEART)
IS THERE A PLACE FOR THE HOPELESS SINNER
WHO HAS HURT ALL MANKIND JUST TO SAVE HIS OWN
BELIEVE ME

ONE LOVE (WHAT ABOUT THE ONE HEART)
ONE HEART (WHAT ABOUT ONE LOVE)
LET'S GET TOGETHER AND FEEL ALRIGHT
AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING (ONE LOVE)
SO SHALL IT BE IN THE END (ONE HEART)
ALRIGHT (THANKS AND PRAISE TO THE LORD)
AND I WILL FEEL ALRIGHT
LET'S GET TOGETHER AND FEEL ALRIGHT
ONE MORE TIME

LET'S GET TOGETHER TO FIGHT THIS HOLY ARMAGEDDON (ONE LOVE)
SO WHEN THE MAN COMES THERE WILL BE NO NO DOOM (ONE SONG)
HAVE A PITY ON THOSE WHOSE CHANCES GROWS THINNER
THERE AIN'T NO HIDING PLACE FROM THE FATHER OF CREATION

SAYING ONE LOVE (WHAT ABOUT THE ONE HEART)
ONE HEART (WHAT ABOUT THE)
LET'S GET TOGETHER AND FEEL ALRIGHT
I'M PLEADING TO MANKIND
ONE LOVE ONE HEART (ONE HEART)
GIVE THANKS AND PRAISE TO THE LORD
AND I WILL FEEL ALRIGHT

LET'S GET TOGETHER AND FEEL ALRIGHT
THANKS AND PRAISE TO THE LORD AND I WILL FEEL ALRIGHT
LET'S GET TOGETHER AND FEEL ALRIGHT

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DRAG 

ME 

DOWN

The new single from
THE BOOMTOWN RATS

'FOOTLOOSE' [15]

STARRING KEVIN BACON AND LORI SINGER

Footloose, you have to understand, is not going for credibility. It's going strictly for your money with every clean cut, corny cliché in the book, however modern the disguise.

Fashionable city schoolboy Ren (Kevin Bacon) moves from Chicago to a small town in America's notoriously conservative Mid-West, where they haven't heard of The Police yet. Let alone Men At Work. Here he makes friends — especially Ariel (Lori Singer of Fame fame) the rebellious daughter of the local preacher — and of course enemies, notably her boyfriend and his mates. The whole town is in the grip of the Moral Majority who have banned dancing to save the young folk from moral corruption. The rest is unbelievably predictable — they don't actually say "hey kids, let's hold a dance right here!" but it's not far off.



Kevin Bacon: from rasher with love (ouch!)

Even the dancing — choreographed by the guy who did all those equally wholesome Cliff Richard movies in the '60s — is very much pale-faced theatrical stuff until the final fandango. (Curious how these dance-starved white boys — not a black face among them — can break-dance and body-pop at the first time of asking.)

The music for all this is no more convincing: pensionable American rock'n'rawlers — vibrant young talents like Kenny Loggins (40 if he's a day), Foreigner and even Bonnie Tyler — all given a thumping beat, making the likes of Re-Flex sound positively inspired.

Footloose does have its fun moments — neat opening sequence of dancing feet, some good laughs and a couple of hair-raising moments — but really it's pure All-American exploitation stuff — ped out a nice safe teenage rebellion story with "hip" dancing, crank up the beat and wait for the kids to roll up with their money. This may work in America (where *Footloose* is big business) but not here.

As Eric the cinema usher (and a *Smash Hits* reader) remarked afterwards, "we like it done with a bit of taste. We ain't that stupid."

Ian Crahan



Ariel and Ren in a break-dancing break

DATES

Check locally before stepping out. A Lisa Anthony production.

Blancmange: Glasgow Queen Mary Hall (May 5), Edinburgh Caley Palais (6), York University (7), Leicester University (8), Newcastle City Hall (10), Birmingham Odeon (13), Hanley Victoria Hall (14), Norwich University of East Anglia (15), Liverpool Royal Court (16), Leeds University (18), Oxford Polytechnic (19), Bristol Studio (20), Nottingham Rock City (21), London Hammersmith Palais (24), Brighton Dome (25), Plymouth Skating Rink (27), Guildford Civic Hall (28), Dunstable Queensway Hall (30).

The Cult: Hull The Tower (May 8), Keele University (9), Durham (10), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (11), Manchester Polytechnic (12), Leeds Polytechnic (13), Sheffield Leadmill (15), Nottingham Rock City (16), Norwich University of East Anglia (17), Colchester Essex University (18), Brighton Polytechnic (19), London Lyceum (20).

Fashion: Ayr Pavilion (May 14), Glasgow Strathclyde University (15), Manchester Hacienda (17), Sheffield Polytechnic (18), Leicester Polytechnic (19), Derby Assembly Rooms (22), Birmingham Odeon (23), Coventry Polytechnic (24), St Albans City Hall (26), London Dominion (27), Brighton Dome (28), Bournemouth Winter

Gardens (30), Bristol Colston Hall (31).

Bruce Foxton: Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (May 2), Guildford Civic Hall (3), Southampton University (4), Dunstable Queensway Hall (5), Chippenham Gold Diggers (6), Bournemouth Town Hall (7), Nottingham Rock City (9), Warwick University (10), Birmingham Odeon (11), Loughborough University (12), Norwich University Of East Anglia (13), Middlesbrough Town Hall (16), Liverpool Royal Court (17), Salford University (18), Sheffield University (19), Brighton Top Rank (21), London Lyceum (22).

King Kurt: Birmingham Tin Can Club (April 28), Ayr Pavillion

(29), Glasgow Night Moves (May 2), Newcastle Tiffany's (3), Leeds Bierkeller (4), Blackpool Bierkeller (5), Portsmouth Grannies (10), London Brixton Ace (11/12), Plymouth Ice Rink (13).

OMD: Glasgow Apollo (May 26), Liverpool Empire (27), Manchester Apollo (28), Newcastle City Hall (29), Birmingham Odeon (30), Derby Assembly Rooms (31), Cardiff St David's Hall (June 1), Leeds University (2); London Hammersmith Odeon (3).

Simple Minds (Yet More Extra Dates): Cornwall St Austell Coliseum (May 9), Poole Arts Centre (10), London Hammersmith Odeon (19).

Ultravox (extra date): Bristol Hippodrome (May 26).

BAD KARMA IN THE UK SHEFFIELD

I blame it all on *The Comedy Store*, myself. This club for new comedians was started in London four years ago (by people like Alexei Sayle, Rik Mayall and Nigel Planer), and its performers have gone on to produce stuff like Channel 4's *The Comik Strip Presents*, French & Saunders (who've been on *The Tube* a lot lately) and BBC2's *The Young Ones*. And this.

The evening's entertainment consists of short sketches and what could loosely be described as 'music' from *The Oblivion Boys* (a very cheeky double act), comedian Lee Cornes and *The Bad Karma Crew* and — the undoubted star of the show — Nigel Planer. In case you were silly enough to miss *The Young Ones*, Nigel played Neil, the drippy hippie, a well-meaning but incurably weedy remnant from 1968 who still sports a 'peace sign', eats health foods and wears flares so wide your mother could run up a pair of curtains from just the left leg.

The moment Neil appears on stage a huge cheer goes up from the students and Neil-lookalikes that make up the audience. There's no radical surprises from him — just familiar territory such as "kitchen sink dramas" — "my horoscope said 'No way, Neil! Don't do the washing-up today,'" his aspirations to be a rock star, his "ex-chick" and his "guru".

The musical part of the evening is punctuated by what, at times, was more like cringe than fringe theatre. Dicky "Fun Fun Fun" Valentino attempts a Blackpool Summer Season-style medley, with lamentable organ backing, swiftly followed by a highly naughty slapstick routine from *The Dancing Druids* from Glastonbury.

But the real treats come from Neil himself, who, in between reciting truly awful poetry ("The fluffy hair on a polar bear is better to me than a lavatory"), sings a dirge-like version of "Hole in My Shoe" — Remember it? Neither did he — and playing the Jews Harp and lentils. He even obligingly throws some lentils into the audience so we can bang them together and "participate", man.

My only complaint is that Neil & Co. — in true hippie fashion — arrived on stage so late that surely half the audience must have had to walk home. Which would have been a real downer if, like, you'd come on foot. Yeah.

Lola Borg



PHOTO: PAUL PETER



Top — Neil searches in vain for a health food snack backstage, and bottom — Neil with the Oblivion Boys: "OK right. Listen to the lyrics, Paul Weller. My guru's the only person who thinks Barry Manilow isn't all bad."

GRANDMASTER & THE FURIOUS FIVE

LONDON

"Ladies n' gentlemen say yeah, say YEAH, SAY YEAH!" And it doesn't end there. During the course of the evening we're encouraged in no uncertain terms to say "amen", "peace", "to swing to and fro", "rock the house", "clap ya hands", "purrupa peace sign", and after all that we're told that "we are be-yooooo-tiful". And so I should think after doing all that.

An evening with Grandmaster and The Furious Five is more like an adult pantomime than a concert. Actually, the Grandmaster himself isn't with them. He left last autumn, suing the record label, Sugarhill, for five million dollars. He lost and the rest of the group are allowed to keep the name.

They look, all eight of them, every inch a bunch of really heavy 'muthas — and are all kitted out in gaudy leather outfits, straps, chains, studs and fur. None of them play instruments, but a couple of them rap. One of them, Easy Mike, mixed all the backing tracks and does a spot of scratching and the rest just scream and chant, take part in a few theatrical and magical set pieces and make a ham-fisted — or even ham-footed — attempt at break dancing.

What's more they actually have some really good songs — like "Adventure On The Wheels Of Steel", the definitive scratch record — and they all keep the dancefloor buzzing.

We're left with the message that "love is the most beautiful word spoke with four letters", and that "fire represents the hate that has existed in man throughout time". At which point they suggest we all light a match. "Now put out the fire, 'cos when you do, you put out that hate. Just don't forget... you're bo-yooooo-tiful!"

Are these men for real?

Peter Martin



PHOTO: ANDREW COOK

The Furious Five: "clap ya hands and swing to and fro!"

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MY PLANET SWEET ON A SILVER SALVER
BAILED OUT MY WORST FEARS
'CAUSE MAN HAS TO BE HIS OWN SAVIOUR

BLIND SAILORS IMPRISONED JAILERS
GOD TAMERS NO ONE TO BLAME US

CHORUS
THE SKY IS BLUE MY HANDS UNTIED
A WORLD THAT'S TRUE THROUGH OUR CLEAN THOUGHTS
JUST LOOK AT YOU WITH BURNING LIPS
YOU'RE LIVING PROOF AT MY FINGERTIPS

WALKED ON A TIDAL WAVE
LAUGHED IN THE FACE OF A BRAND NEW BAKE
FOOD FOR SURVIVAL THOUGHT
MAPPED OUT THE PLACE WHERE I WOULD LIKE TO STAY

ALL THE WAY WE'VE BEHAVEN
JUST IN CASE IT SLIPS AWAY

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

T-T-T-TIPS T-T-T-TIPS
T-T-T-TIPS T-T-T-TIPS

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• SILVER



Dentyne
ORIGINAL
CHEWING GUM

Keep that just brushed freshness.

ORIGINAL CHEWING GUM
Dentyne.
HELPS KEEP BREATH FRESH 7 STICKS

Dear Black Type.

I just thought I'd tell you that my bathroom scales are hust. A Person Who Likes Telling People Their Bathroom Scales Are Bust, North Wembley.

Get that's a weight off your mind.

Dear Marie Proops,

Help! I have this uncontrollable urge to write to *Smash Hits*. Am I insane? I'm at my wits' end. Very Worried, St Albans.

Another nutcase. Roll on the day I get a proper job.

Heard the posh version of Alexei Sayle's record? It's called "Greetings Jonathan. Purchased A Recently Manufactured Automobile?" Thought not. G. Stevenson (Someone Who Can't Think Of A World Name To Put). Leytonstone.

This, readers, is a strain of Saylemania. Another type of Saylemania is running rife in the office at the mo. It's very simple: you pick on some poor defenceless town-frodd on seal i.e. Peter Martin — and then you waltz around repeating all their dearest sayings (twice) to a jaunty disco beat and then fall about laughing. Seems to be spreading actually...

Ullio Ed, gotta new *Smash Hits*. Ullio Ed, gotta new *Smash Hits*. I huy it once a fortnight. I huy it once a fortnight. From a shop in town called *Smiths*. From a shop in town called *Smiths*. I like doing the crossword. I like doing the crossword. Sitting in the bath. Sitting in the bath. Ere you can do the crossword. I can. It's really easy. I like some of the posters in this magazine. Got any Duran Duran or Matt Fretton? I like Matt Fretton. He's really nice. The name sounds nice too — Matt Fretton. I've got a record by Matt Fretton. Anybody want a Boy George sticker for John Taylor? I like John Taylor as well. Did you know he's gotta new motor? John's Golf V.W., Crewe.

But where does he keep his tropical fish, that's what I want to know?

After reading *Smash Hits* (March 29), I'm more than concerned about Duran Duran. How come they need 30 full-sized bath towels and only two bars of soap. Which three never wash? Alison, New Eltham.

I don't know. In fact I'm not even sure if I want to know. Mind you there's worse things than having no soap...

Siouxsie Sioux had them in the "Dear Prudence" video. Nena has them. Even Kevin Rowland has



LETTERS

Write to: *Smash Hits Letters*, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. The best letter gets a £10 Record Token.

then. What are they? Hairy armpits of course. Are they the 'in' thing or has everybody's automatic shaver broken? Or is it The Year Of The Hairy Armpit?

Please relieve me and tell me it's only a passing phase. Anon, Citywd.

It's only a passing phase. (Anything for a quiet life.)



Dear Humphrey's Friend (*Letters*, March 29).

Talking of Leslie Ash, take a look at this picture of trendiness from a *Golden Hands* Monthly magazine from 1977. Is that a skirt or a belt she's wearing? What about the footgear — hideous, huh? Susan, Torvill & Dean Land, (Terrifically Trendy Nottingham).

Yes. Like it. Pity it's got to be printed in black and white as these socks are a really disgusting colour. "Just the thing to jazz up your jeans — with or without feet!" it says on the back. Dear me.

Ya know, I was beginning to think, ya know, that I was the only person who, ya know,

noticed Paul Weller's "ya knows". On the *Jensen Show*, ya know the radio prog, he said "ya know" 33 times, ya know. Is that a record? It isn't anymore, ya know, 'cause on Saturday on *Ear Soy* — ya know, that new music show — old Paul said "ya know" 41 times in only 6 minutes 47 seconds (ya know, 7 minutes). Ya know, right? I think this is a round black thing with a hole in the middle. Am I right? P. Schumann, Westerbam.

No, that's a record. (Not quite sure what's happened to this joke — Ed.)

Did you know that on the Terry Wogan TV Show, Wogan, the other week, Boy George said "ya know" 79 times in the space of an 18 minute conversation. He beat Paul Weller's 33 times on the *Kid Jensen Show*. The Boy comes top in everything. Mary Dalton, Ya Know, Sheffield.

I know.

I always thought nothing exciting happened in Gibraltar. That is, until the radio station informed us that Boy George's yacht was going to pay us a visit and that Marilyn would be on board.

And a few days later, the DJ linked up with Marilyn on board George's yacht in the marina. I was just considering taking a trip to the marina when I remembered the date — April 1st. Ever felt a fool? J.T.'s Ankle Boots, Marina Bay, Gibraltar.

So, the Heterosexual Music Lover Of Hull (March 29) thinks there's something wrong with men wearing make-up, having long hair or dressing up as women? He even calls them "trecks" or "immature puffs". He also mentions that REAL men are members of bands like Nena.

So everybody turn to pages 32-33 (March 1 issue) and have a look at these REAL men. Only

Roll looks 'male'; two of the others are wearing eye liner, lipgloss and perhaps a little blusher and their hair's not exactly short either. So, before you slag off REAL men, take a close look at your REAL me. A Heterosexual Boy George Lover, Rothwall.

Dear Heterosexual Music Lover,

If man wants to dress like a woman and fancies other men, that's a natural feeling for him — just like fancying Nena is natural for you. And what's so wrong with doing something natural?

You're also blatantly sexist in your letter, as you expect women to dress up and wear make-up to look prettier but men can't.

"Original" means doing something no-one else has done, so it's definitely not applicable to the Nena, Men At Work, etc. The definition of music is rhythm, melody and harmony, and both Marilyn and Nena produce this, but the definition of good and bad music is personal so you'll just have to wait until your REAL guitars and REAL drums (synthesizers) are hip again. Tracy, Manchester.

To "A Heterosexual Music Lover From Hull".

What on earth is a real man or a real woman? And why is there "something very wrong with a man who wants to dress up like a woman and fancies Sylvester Stallone"? Surely you can see that people like Boy George and Marilyn are extremely healthy in their attitudes towards their sexual roles? All they are saying is "be yourself" and be proud of yourself. I don't see either of them as "trecks" as you so narrow-mindedly called them.

I rather dislike hypocrisy and and if anyone wants to dress up as the opposite sex are traditionally supposed to, I would rather he/she did so than feel uncomfortable in their normal clothes. Anyone who has the guts to do that, rejecting society's view of what's normal, is very brave and far from "immature".

And, by the way, the word you're looking for is "puff" not "puff". That's something you get in coke shops. Debby Plowman, Reading.

Isn't it weird how times have changed? I was reading a book about the Swinging Sixties and, as far as I could make out, all of the pop stars at the time were dying left right and centre of drug abuse and rich living.

Nowadays all the pop personalities are vegetarian teetotalers who use only mild language, have been married for about ten years, live in a semi-detached in Croydon and go fishing in their spare time. Poor Jimi Hendrix is probably turning in his grave. Whatever happened to the rock 'n' roll idol?

Yours Confusedly, A Vitamin Pill, Bilton, Rugby.



LETTERS

And talking of types, I — The Black Type, cool ruler of the well crucial part of this magazine known as Letters — I'm not that big on this vegetarian food stuff. If I don't have a Lime Shush Puppy and a corned beef Spud-U-Like about once every 25 minutes, I start going green and getting lunny dizzy specs. Not so Smash Hits designer Lela Berg. Ho, no. Pops out every funtime for a "vegetarian sneek". A typical funch is a light bed of twigs lovingly sandwiched between a couple of slabs of turl and topped with a nice bit of grated bark. Bag of leaves, too, if she's still a bit peckish.

To all Smash Hits readers who think Barry Manilow is something to be laughed at.

You're all wrong — he is something to be loved. We're fed up with the constant abuse which is thrown at him. He is a good singer, good-looking and good to his fans. We're not middle-aged women — we're 14 and 15 years old. We have pictures of him all over our bedroom walls. We have all his records. We even dress and have our hair in the same style as him. We carry pictures of Barry with us at all times and can't bear to be away from him for a second. We even have Barry Manilow pillow cases, wall paper and bed

covers.

So give Barry a chance. Donna Regan, Sharron Elms, Collette Griffiths and Alison Flood, Liverpool P.S. We're not ashamed to print our real names either.



Look what I found while dismembering some old copies of The Face recently. Could this captivating couple be our very own Boy George and Marilyn? Miss Veronica, Weston Not So Super Mare.

Corset is.

I wish your feature about fan clubs had been printed about five months earlier. Then I'd have known that the so-called Big Country Fan Club wasn't

worth bothering about.

In August of last year, I wrote to the BC Fan Club at 123 Edgware Road, London, for details of how to join. This was the address printed on their records, tour programmes, etc. They sent me the required info so, on September 15, I sent off my cheque for £5 and waited for the promised newsletters, photos and membership card. And I waited. And waited.

In October I wrote to the club to find out what had happened. No reply. In November I went to the bank to find out if the cheque had been cashed. It had. On November 18 I wrote again to the club. No reply. On December 6 I wrote to the International Association Of Fan Clubs who said, in an interview with local radio that they will sort out any problems concerning fan clubs. Again, no reply.

Then Big Country released "Wonderland". I bought it and found a different fan club address on the record sleeve — 26-40 St Andrews Street, Northampton. On January 13 1984 I wrote to this new address asking if my £5 had been passed onto them. No reply. Then along came your article in Smash Hits (January 18). Write to the band's record company and demand an enquiry, was your advice. Good idea, I thought. I phoned up the Quick Reference Library, got the address of Phonogram Records and wrote a really lengthy letter to them on January 20, enclosing

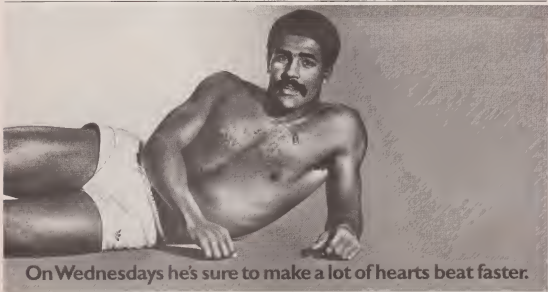
I felt I had to write and tell you how healthy my family and I all feel. You see we've just eaten a very tasty Vegetarian meal.

Why am I writing to you and not *Healthy Living*, you ask? Well, I was glancing through some back issues of my daughter's *Smash Hits* (March 15) and saw the article where your lucky Peter Martin got a free meal from Nick Beggs and Steve Askew. Despite the rather slap-dash appearance of the Spaghetti Bake, I decided it sounded tasty, made it tonight and it was a resounding success. So thanks for being so enterprising.

Perhaps there will be more similar articles in weeks to come, or would Peter Martin put on too much weight?

A Trendy Mum, London NW3.

Not much danger of that — Peter Martin putting on weight. I'm not saying he's thin but he has to run around in the shower to get wet. Doesn't dare walk over drains, you know the type.



On Wednesdays he's sure to make a lot of hearts beat faster.

On April 25th Daley Thompson leaps onto TV with a new keep fit series.

He'll be weight...huppahh...lifting with Roger Daltry the first week. And in later shows Daley will be getting physical with other guest stars.

Jenny Agutter. Colin Welland. Dame Edna Everage. A stretch of aerobics one week, a spot of rugby training the next. Daley offers something for everybody. And everything for your body.

'Daley Thompson's Bodyshop' Wednesdays at 6.30pm.



the info I'd got from the Edgware Road address, and asked them to find out what was going on. I told them of all the trouble I'd gone to and all the times I'd written but — yet again — no reply.

On February 26 I wrote to Phonogram again and I received a pathetic note from them which said: "The Big Country Fan Club moved quite a while ago to 26-40 St Andrews Street, Northampton. Good Luck!" I told them in my first letter that I'd written there but they obviously didn't bother to read it.

I always thought Big Country respected their fans. But, clearly, I'm wrong. I've written to everywhere I can think of and spent £2 in stamps (including SAs) and I just don't know what to do next.

Can I have my £5 back, Stuart? *Lia, Birmingham.*

Our woman on the spot, Linda Dull, checked up on this. She was told that the Ian club had recently changed hands, that they had "a bit of a backlog with the mail" and that they were very, very sorry. It's still a disgrace that they never replied to your letter, but you should be getting the goods soon. Meanwhile, here's a £10 record token to be going on with.

I wish to complain about the comment you are going to put after this letter. It reflects silly,

self-indulgent journalism at its worst. *Simon Jo Bon's Blue Underwear, Ontario (Another Extremely Boring Place).*

Silly? Self-indulgent? (Journalism? — Ed.). Another loony, if I'm any judge.

At last! The awful truth can be told! Dastardly deeds unveiled! Accusations proven! Yes, this is the *Smash Hits* Top Ten! 1) "TRIMMER" — Michael Jackson; 2) "BIRCH Of The Poison Mind" — Culture Club; 3) "JO CRANNA" — Kool & The Gang; 4) "DELLER About It" — Billy Joel; 5) "Another One Bites The DUFF" — Queen; 6) "Feels Like ELLEN" — Fiction Factory; 7) "BOSTOCK On Wood" — David Bowie; 8) "BLACK Of Love" — Echo & The Bunnymen; 9) "Hide And SHEAFF" — Howard Jones; and 10) (BLACK) "TYPES Of Peas" — Paul McCartney.

Yours Expositively,
David MIF, Blackpool.

There's always that Mel Brooks thing — "Turbett Or Not Turbett", No?

Here's our Gardening Top Ten: — 1) "Get Out Of Your Daisy Bed" — Matt Bianco; 2) "Hide And Leek" — Howard Jones; 3) "They Don't Hoe About Us" — Tracey Ullman; 4) "Union Of The Rake" — Duran Duran; 5) "Pipes Of Peas" — Paul McCartney; 6)

"Right By Your Scythe" — Eurythmics; 7) "The Hay You Are" — Tears For Fears; 8) "Seed 'Em And Reap" — Barry Manilow; 9) "Sign Of The Thymes" — The Belle Stars; and 10) "Billie Bean" — Michael Jackson
Tony And Phil, Haydock, Merseyside.

You can always fall back on "Lawn Hat Summer" when the going gets turf.

I have 1747 pictures of Adam Ant. Beat that!
The Polo Kid, Woodford.

Not his Mum or anything, are you?

Doesn't Nik Kershaw look like Herman Munster? And do you know why he wears that snood? It's to hide the bolts.
Cily, Rawmarsh.

Oooh, you devil.

Hello! How do you keep an idiot guessing?
Stephen Lodge, Bury, Lancs.

Good question. I mean, how do you? I mean, you could... but, then again, maybe not. Dunno, really. Tricky one. See you in a fortnight. Might have got the answer by then.

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Kajagoogoo

Turn your back on me yeah
Turn your back on me yeah

Loved you like no other
I loved you like a brother
What do I discover
I know I won't recover
I can't help myself
I can't help myself
Loved you like no other
I know I won't recover

Chorus
Turn your back on me yeah
Now you turn your back on me
Turn your back on me now
Oh you turn your back on me
Turn your back on me yeah
Now you turn your back on me
Your back on me your back on me
Now you turn your back on me

Much more than I oughta
I loved you like a daughter
Got me in deep water
And now I gotta face the torture
I can't help myself
I can't help myself
Much more than I oughta
I loved you like a daughter

Repeat chorus

Turn your back on me yeah
Now you turn your back on me
Turn your back on me yeah
Now you turn your back on me

Much more than I oughta
I loved you like a daughter
Got me in deep water
And now I gotta face the torture
I can't help myself
I can't help myself
More more than I oughta
I loved you like a daughter

Turn your back on me yeah
Turn your back on me yeah
Now you turn your back on me
Turn your back on me now
Turn your back on me yeah
Oh you turn your back on me
Turn you back on me little girl
Now you turn your back on me

Repeat and ad lib to fade

Words and music
Nick Beggs/Kajagoogoo
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Music/Interlog Music Ltd
On EMI Records



Turn your back on me

Lo! It comes, my child, it comes!
What comes, you silly old duffer?

From beyond the towering misty mountains
it comes. Over the grey and desolate plains,
'cross sweeping rivers and through tall
virgin forests where the hand of man has
never set foot, indeed I say, it cometh!

For crying out loud, you ancient bat, what
are you chundering on about?

As prophesied by the ancients and written in
the book of ages, muttered in crystal palaces
and mean hovels, whispered by the highest
princes and by the lowliest of peasant
folk...

That's it, I'm off. You are a decrepit, hairy
buffoon who is not only stark, staring
bonkers but who is also, if you don't mind
me saying so, desperately in need of a
shave.

Forsooth, my dearest, rest ye a moment
longer. 'Tis the next issue of *Smash Hits*
which cometh.

Of course it "cometh", stupid. It cometh
without fail every fortnight.

Yes, my child, but be patient. This issue has a
glittering pantheon of noble stars the like of
which has ne'er been seen in this land
before.

You mean stuff about **THE BLUEBELLS**,
SADE, **SHAKIN' STEVENS** and, of course,
DAVID SYLVIAN?

Why yes, my little one.

And the usual **BITZ**, **MUTTERINGS**, **GET
SMART**, heaps of **SONGWORDS** and
squillions of **COLOUR PHOTOS**?

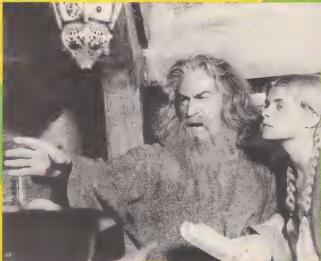
Of course, my pretty.

You don't happen to know precisely **WHEN**
it's coming?

On May 10, my beauty.

D'you know, that's the first intelligent thing
you've said all day?

SMASH HITS



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IT MAKES EVEN OLD MEN VERY HAPPY

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