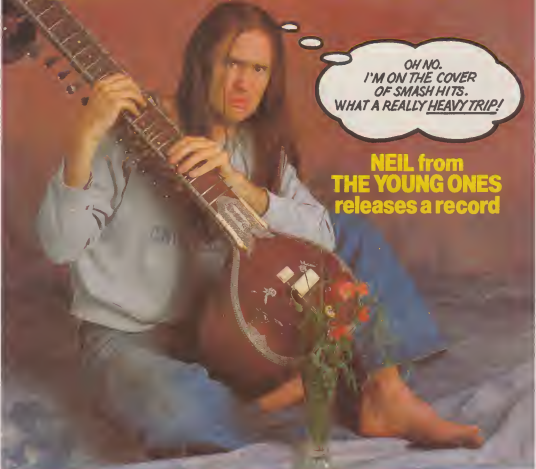


Smash HITS

WHAT'S THIS HIPPIY DOING HERE?



OH NO.
I'M ON THE COVER
OF SMASH HITS.
WHAT A REALLY HEAVY TRIP!

NEIL from
THE YOUNG ONES
releases a record

MICHAEL JACKSON · OMD · NIK KERSHAW · MARTIN KEMP

HIT SONGS BY THOMPSON TWINS · BILLY JOEL · FLYING PICKETS

SMASH HITS
MARTIN KEMP





NEIL — 8/9

The Young Ones star puts out a record but, like, the whole thing's become a real hassle and a bit of a downer, right.



EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL — 40/41

Bottle gardens, Yoghurt, Jazz. Pop stars without sun tans. Not very rock 'n' roll's it?



MICHAEL JACKSON — 47-49

Some excitable Americans are now claiming he's "bigger than Sinatra, The Beatles, Beethoven, all of them". They're not far off, actually. Here's his story.



NIK KERSHAW — 56/57

He suffers that agonising ordeal that all pop stars tremble at the very thought of... a O&A!

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Long hot saunaWHAT THE PAPERS SAY ...
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... and what Boy George, Simon Le Bon, Nik Kershaw, Howard Jones and David Sylvian have to say about them.

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OMD — 32/33

Two big pictures.

FREE GIANT POSTER OFFER!
THOMPSON TWINS/NIK
KERSHAW — 64

Only a complete loony would miss the next issue. See the back page for details.

Look for... (text partially obscured)

MATTERINGS

Frankie Goes To Hollywood certainly seem to have a talent for offending people. Latest recruits to the American single (President Mike Read) include a Tory MP, a rival pop star and, apparently, the entire population of Russia. Commenting on the group's "Two Tribes" video (featuring that Reagan/Chernenko scrap), a Soviet Embassy spokesman says "The Russian people are gravely offended by this portrayal of them as aggressive and belligerent." **MP Malcolm Thornton**, meanwhile, is jolly cross with the boys for presenting miners' leader **Arthur Scargill** with a baseball cap to replace one lost in recent picket action. "It's a cheap publicity stunt!" he lames. **Boy George** has been having a bit of a go at Frankie too. "They tried to beat me up," the Boy protests. "We were all at this recording studio and they started phoning me on the internal phone calling me some really obscene names, then it got bit heavy..." From the Frankie camp, **Paul Rutherford** replies "Boy George is a lonely chap and he seems to have started acting very strangely... But if George said it happened, it must be true. He wouldn't lie, would he?" Talking of Russia, they don't seem to be too keen on **Michael Jackson** over there either. According to Moscow newspaper *Soyevskaya Kultura*, the singer is nothing but a "great showbiz swindle." John Lennon's wife **Yoko Ono** doesn't agree. She's a fan, but she's just bought a brushed denim jacket with MJ's portrait on the back. As nip at £150... Los Angeles radio station KIQQ think that Michael's so "marry" that they recently played the **Jacksons/Mick Jagger** disc, "State Of Shock," non-stop for 25 hours. And the respectable American magazine *New Republic* has declared "Michael Jackson is the most successful music performer ever—bigger than Sinatra, Elvis, The Beatles, Beethoven, all of them." Hasn't anyone got a bad word for Michael? We'll try to find someone before the end of the page. **Boy George** has been winning Japanese audiences by appearing on stage in a wedding dress (and proceeding to tear off the trousers of **Jon Moss** and **MIKEY CRAIG**). "No, it doesn't mean I'm going to be a Jinn Bride," George assures us, "I could never see myself married." **Cheryl Baker** of **Bucks Fizz** could though. See herself married, that is. She's just got engaged to Fizz drummer **Adrian Shepherd**. Other personalities about to take the plunge include veteran soul king **James Brown**, who's been swept off his feet by New York make-up artist **Mess Rodriguez**, and **Kermit The Frog** who will finally do the decent thing by **Miss Piggy** in the forthcoming Muppet movie *The Muppets Take Manhattan*. Marriage is a tricky business though. **Alana**, "The Hiranana" **Stewart** discovered during her stormy years with touse-haired croaker **Rod**, in the *News Of The*

World the other day, Alana (IQ "a bramy 148") ruffled on and on about what a rotter Rod is—"I turn the radio off when I hear one of his records." Sounds like a sensible girl....



Screen Gems 1. A commercial currently showing on American TV features **Adam Ant** being sold a Honda scooter by **Grace Jones**. "It's sexy," says Grace. "I'll buy it," says Adam. Subtle, eh? And Ms Jones is to follow up this minor masterpiece by playing the villainess in the next James Bond film, *Producer Albert "Quizy" Brook* describes Grace as "very Bondish," whatever that means... Screen Gems 2. An American TV company is planning a **Culture Club** cartoon series in which Boy George will be shown travelling the world "righting wrongs." Just like real life, some might say... Screen Gems 3. **Morrissey** did not enjoy appearing on *Pop Quiz* one little bit, "I just squirmed through the programme," he reveals in *The Face*. "I went back to my dressing room afterwards and felt like breaking down. But they've asked me back which is rather perplexing... Screen Gems 4. For a video he was making for German TV show *Bananas*, **Mike Oldfield** thought it would be rather a good wheeze to "recreate" the mythical underwater city of Atlantis by flooding the Munchin film studio with 150,000 gallons of water. The task, carried out by the fire brigade, involved cutting off the water supply to 50,000 homes for 12 hours. The locals were not amused... The **Thompson Twins** held a monster end-of-year party at swanky country retreat *Stocks* in deepest Berkshire. Amongst those strolling the colourfully decorated grounds, sipping champers and nibbling scrambled eggs at 3am were all of **Spandau Ballet**, **Jody Watley** and **Jeffrey Daniels**, **Steve Bronski**, **Brad and Rhoda of The Specials**, a very chirpy **Marilyn**, **The Cocteau Twins**, **Frankie Goes To Hollywood** minus **Holly** (but with **Mark O'Toole** being first to get thrown in the swimming pool), **Mr & Mrs**

Howard Jones, a new slim-line **Meatloaf**, **Virginia Astley**, several **Belle Stars**, **Hazel O'Conner**, **Neil Arthur of Blancmange**, **Poly Styrene**, **Mick Karn**, **Nick Heyward**, **Thomas Dolby**, **Richard Skinner**, **Dave Lee Travis**, **Janice Long** and **Simon Bates** (morning SMS)... Sports report 1. **Sueve**, Latin crooner **Julio Iglesias**, whose soccer playing career was ended by his car crash, is trying to buy Spanish football team **Real Madrid**... Sports Report 2. In a London "eatery" the other day, bright new tennis star **Leif Shiras** spotted what he took to be a most attractive young lady (or "nifty tasty chick" as American tennis players put it) so he slipped "her" his phone number. **Marilyn** was most surprised. Sports report 3. **Bjorn Borg** has joined **John McEnroe** and **Vitas Gerulaitis** in the ranks of tennis's would-be "guitar heroes". Bjorn's burning ambition is to "wield" an "axe" alongside ex-Pink **Floyd** person **Roger Waters**. A handy keep-fit tip from the **Associates' Billy MacKenzie**. "Eat lots and lots of porridge"... Medical matters. A mysterious epidemic of eye injuries has been sweeping through the entertainment world. **Ringo Starr** tripped over his albatron and bumped his head, **Billy Connolly** took a somersault in his soft-top car and **Diana Ross** was accidentally squirmed with super-gelue at the manicurist's. All three ended up in hospital "having their peepers seen to but, happily, they're all better now. Isn't modern medicine wonderful? Tired chanteuse **Lyndsey de Paul** certainly thinks so: she's just undergone her *third nose job*."

Loopy! On hols in Bali, **Alannah Currie** brought a "magic fertility belt" designed to help childless women become pregnant. Just to be on the safe side, she had it "de-fertilised" by a Balinese priest....

Spooky! Rolling Stone **Bill Wyman** claims that he's Suffolk

home is haunted by a female ghost who keeps getting into bed with people. "She certainly seems to be rather a friendly sort," he says... **Weird! Old Beetle George Harrison** claims that he once prevented a plane crash by chanting "Hare Krishna! Hare Krishna!..." But enough of this nonsense, it's time to get catty. Here's one **Smith** talking about another: **Robert Smith (The Cure)** is a whingeabag, snarls **Morrissey**. "It's rather curious that he began wearing beads at the emergence of The Smiths and has been photographed with flowers"... And here's **Philip Salmon**, the man behind London's trendy Mud Club, on his chum **Boy George**. "George is on a seafood diet at the moment. He sees food and he eats it. You know what? He's really calling him now? **Boy Gorge**—and it isn't short for "gorgeous eighties" Oooh!... Now you're probably wondering how *Mutterings*' search for **Michael Jackson** non-fans is getting along. Well, comedienne **Joan Rivers** has chipped in with this quiz: "Michael Jackson makes **Liberace** look like **Clint Eastwood**" **Billy Joel**, meanwhile, offers the story of the time Michael rang him up and asked him if he'd like to record a duet. "I told him I'd be delighted and invited him round to the studio to share a pizza and some cans of beer." But I guess that was too much for a vegetarian to handle. He didn't show up and I haven't heard from him since." And the Jacksons' Victory Tour of America has been attacked by the US press as "an exercise in greed and gross profiteering". Tickets are being sold on a lottery basis, losers will not be notified and will have to wait up to two months to get their money back. During which time it'll be in the Jacksons' bank account earning interest. All sounds like a bit of a swizzle... And so for the first time in living memory (well, for a while anyway) this page draws to a close without a single **Duran Duran Muttering**. And they said it couldn't be done.



Le Bon: wot no *Mutterings*? Well that's a bunch, guys!

Photo: Virginia Turner

Dear oh dear. There was a time when pop folk wore nice smart suits but these days, one whiff of a video camera and they start leaping into bally costumes and 'zorked-out' fogs and generally go a bit odd. Take **QMD** for example: for their "Talking Loud And Clear" video, Humphreys and McCluskey (below) went for a trendy 'Gunnidge' look by sticking heaps of straw in their hair and up their trousers. Most uncomfortable. **Echo & The Bunnymen's** new video, "Seven Seas" meanwhile, has Will Sergeant jigg about with a gigantic fish-head on his bonce. Les Pattinson pretending to be a penguin and Ian McCulloch (below left) parading as a saucy person of the opposite sex. All very 'weird' and 'conceptual'. And then there's this **Tim Pope** peezer (left). He's made some pretty dippy videos for other people in the past - *Siouxsie*, *Soft Cell*, *Men Without Hats* - and now he's made a record himself. It's called "I Want To Be A Tree", and in the video, he sports a fetching arrangement of twigs and leaves - 'country style' - and stuffs himself into a tree stump. . . . Where will video lunacy strike next?



START



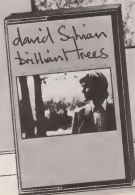
Gentlemen take polaroids. Well, at least this one does. It is, of course, David Sylvian with a couple of pictures from his recent polaroid exhibition at London's swish Hamilton Gallery. The one on the left features his brother Steve with a cat called Oppi. "The cat was Steve's idea," smiles David. "It was sitting on the piano during the session and was too good to miss." Not only were the pictures on public view, they were also for sale "Steve & Oppi, London Jan 84" would set you back a cool £500, while a smaller, less complex self-portrait came to £125. "A once in a lifetime chance," *Start* was informed, but we couldn't quite stump up the dosh.

DAVID SYLVIAN AT BOOTS.

For album or cassette. Includes the hit single
'Red Guitar'. Subject to stock availability.

£4.49

David Sylvian brilliant trees



THE BEST FOR LESS

MARLON



TITO



RANDY

STATE OF SHOCK

YEAN COME ON BABY
GOTTA BE NINE 'CAUSE YOU'RE SO FINE
(I LIKE YOUR STYLE) IT MAKES ME WILD
YOU TAKE IT TO ME GOOD
YOU LIKE IT KNOW YOU SHOULD
YOU GET ME ON MY KNEES BUT PLEASE BABY PLEASE LISTEN

SHE LOOK SO GREAT EVERY TIME I SEE HER FACE
SHE PUT ME IN A STATE (A STATE OF SHOCK)
WELL DO IT COME ON BABY COME ON BABY
COME ON THE ME BABY

SHE PUT ME ON MY KNEES PLEASE BABY PLEASE
I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A TEASE BUT PLEASE BABY PLEASE
YOU TAKE IT TO ME GOOD
LIKE YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD
LOVE THE WAY YOU WALK TALK BABY TALK
LISTEN

SHE LOOK SO GREAT EVERY TIME I SEE HER FACE
SHE PUT ME IN A STATE (A STATE OF SHOCK)
SHE PUT ME (A STATE OF SHOCK)



MICHAEL

JACKSONS
w i t h
MICK JAGGER

JACKIE



MICK JAGGER

COME EVEN HERE NO COME EVEN HERE
TALK TALK TO ME (STATE OF SHOCK)

YOU KNOW I REALLY LIKE YOU BABY
YOU KNOW I REALLY WANT YOU MAMA
YOU GOT ME PANALYSED YOU GOT ME PANALYSED
YOU GOT ME CATA TOMIC YOU GOT ME CATA SONIC BABY
YOU GOT ME SUPERSONIC YOU GOT ME SUPERSONIC BABY
BABY FRY YOU KNOW I'M DEEP FRIED (A STATE OF SHOCK)
YEAN LOOK WHAT YOU DONE TO ME
LOOK WHAT YOU DONE TO ME
LOOK WHAT YOU DONE TO ME
YEAN I CAN HARDLY MOVE (A STATE OF SHOCK)
YOU KNOW I NEED MOUTH TO MOUTH RESUSCITATION COME ON BABY
YOU KNOW I REALLY LOVE YOU BABY (STATE OF SHOCK)
YOU KNOW I REALLY WANT YOU MAMA YEAN BABY YEAN BABY
JUST LOOK AT ME LOOK AT ME (STATE OF SHOCK)
IT'S DOWN TO YOU
YOU GOT ME YOU GOT ME YOU GOT ME IN A STATE OF SHOCK
YOU GOT ME IN LOOK AT ME LOOK AT ME
LOOK AT ME LOOK AT ME LOOK AT ME ON

WORDS AND MUSIC MICHAEL JACKSON RANDY HANSEN
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION WARNER BROS MUSIC
ON EPIC RECORDS

JERMAINE



young at heart

Young at heart
Young at heart (heart heart heart)

Young at heart
Yet what a start
Old before their time
They married young
For love at last
Was their only crime

How come I love them now
How come I love them more

Young at heart
You're so young at heart

Young at heart
Yet not a chance
To be a child at all
They told us tales
They told us lies don't they know
They shouldn't have told us at all

Chorus
How come I love them now
How come I love them more
When all I wanted to do when I was old
Was to walk out the door

Young at heart
You're so young at heart
Young at heart
You're so young at heart

How come I love them now
How come I love them more
How come I love them now
How come I love them more

Repeat chorus

Young at heart (you're so young at heart)
You're so young at heart
Young at heart (you're so young at heart)
You're so young at heart

Repeat to fade

Words and music
Robert Hodgkins Karen Woodward/Sarah
Dallin/Siobhan Fahey
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Clive Banks Music/ATV Music
In A Bunch Music
On London Records

THE BLUEBELLS

If you saw the last episode of *The Young Ones*, you'll know that Rick, Vyv, Mike and Neil are all dead. They were in a double-decker bus and it suddenly fell over the edge of a cliff and then sort of blew up. Shame, really. Amazingly enough, Neil has still managed to release a record: it's called "Hole In My Shoe" and the lyrics are over the page. Perhaps even more amazingly, *Smash Hits* managed to get an interview with him (just before that tragic event) and get him into a photographic studio (though he didn't seem terribly sure what was going on most of the time). The whole thing wasn't, er... how can we put this? ... a great success. Here's what happened:-

"Well, listen just before we start, right, you will remember to tell them that I'm dead, right, and this was recorded before I died. Because otherwise I'll get into real trouble".

"So how come you're actually putting out a record?"

"Well I just went along to this studio to, like, do some of my poetry and sing some of my songs and have a really mellow experience and then they got this really heavy producer in who said you know, that we had to use tape-recorders and things and then, you know, the whole thing kind of escalated from there and just became like, a real hassle".

"So you didn't really want to put out a record at all?"

"No no I think it's all a sell-out. And all the firms and books and everything and all the t-shirts and all the little mugs and everything that are going to come out to promote the single, the jingles on the radio and everything all the "sell-out" stuff, right? Was all done, like, before we died and we're all going off to a special island that's a tax haven. Oh no we're not. Oh no I've been ill already a special tax exile island where we can rest up and watch the



royal/tes come in".

"What will Rick and Mike and Vyv think when they hear your record on the radio?"

"Well hopefully they won't hear it cos well like they're dead aren't they? But if they do happen to switch on the radio it'll be like really heavy for me so the main thing is, like, don't anyone play it on the radio and don't do any publicity about it".

"So you wouldn't want anyone to buy it, really?"

"WHAT! They're selling it! Oh no. Oh no! Why don't people just give records away? Like, go up to people on the street and say you know, like would you like a record?" cos it's got some really good chanting on it and everything".

"What if it was a hit? Could you, you know, handle it?"

"What like people throwing their underwear at you? No, no, I'm not into all that being hassled by the media but I wouldn't get any of that anyway because I'm dead, right?"

"You sure?"

"Yeah, I've got to be dead as otherwise this whole thing won't work. Mike said".

PERSONAL FILE

NAME: Neil Woodson Watkins. P.e.

BORN: 5 7 1984. Today is the first day of the rest of your life and it could get worse!

EARLIEST MEMORY: Ga ga babba doo doo bub mama

FIRST RECORD: Record number of boges swallowed in a double geography class

PREVIOUS JOBS: Previous to what? Am I being paid for this?

FIRST CRUSH: Lulu

DID YOU HIDE IN THE SHOWERS WHEN IT WAS TIME FOR P.E.? I used to pee in the lavvy like everyone else. What a pervy question

COLOUR OF BEDROOM WALL: Oh, haha, I suppose you thought that'd be a really good question to ask Neil, right? Because you think I spend loads of time just staring at the bedroom wall and I'd know all sorts of really boring details about it. Like the bit on the edge of the damp patch where there's live all green and red patterns and if you look at it long enough without blinking you get those sort of twazzy bits in front of your eyes. Well I'm not going to tell you

LAST FILM: Greystoke. *The Legend Of The Naz Lord Of The Fascists* more like

IDEAL HOLIDAY: Well I'd probably end up crashing in a DC10 in the middle of the Bolivian jungle and having to live on nothing but a packet of Refreshers for 18 days while ants slowly eat me alive eventually to be rescued by an Argentinian police helicopter and sent to live in Paraguay for 12 years and come home really old with a long white beard

FAVOURITE FOOD: Aha. Tuck question. You're just trying to get me to mention lentils, aren't you? So you can all laugh at me. Well, it's not going to work.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: The one on Scoobedoo's face when he's just seen a ghost

MOST HATED PHRASE: "We really like you Neil" cause I know they're lying. **WHAT I'D OOWITH A MILLION QUID:** Buy two million copies of *Smash Hits*. Can I go now?

HERO: Probably Steve Hillage

FAVOURITE JOKE: Where does Napoleon keep his armies? Up his sleeves

HAPPINESS IS: Yeah, that's all very well, we all know that. But remember just because happiness is it doesn't mean that happiness isn't

WORDS: MARK ELLEN

PHOTOS: MIKE PUTLAND



Oh no. Who are all these people looking at me?



I'd like to keep my trench coat on, thanks very much guys



Urghh



Oh wow. A bloke hassling me with a camera



What's like, going on? This whole place is really bringing me down



Guys, guys I'm just like not into "posing" with anything. I'm a really natural person



Oh wow! Techno! Even the equipment really hates me



No way, make up! I don't see why, right, about nine million defenceless woodland creatures should like me just to make me look like a New Romantic.



I think I'll make my own "backdrop" You know like a statement.



They probably think I'm going to put something really heavy like "SaveLoy's Rule" or something but I'm, like, not.



Oh wow. I've forgotten what it is I'm meant to be saving and everything.



Oh no



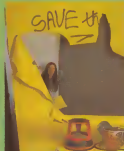
Listen, guys. no. I'll just like mend it...



Heavee! even this yellow paper is trying to hassle me

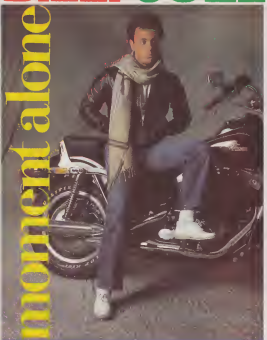


Oh wow. It's really dark in here. And really horrible too



Look guys, like I'll pay for it, but I spent my last 10p trying to get here, right, though I don't know why I bothered, right, 'cos the whole thing's been a real bummer anyway

BILLY JOEL



leave a tender moment alone

Even though I'm in love sometimes I get so afraid
I'll say something so wrong just have to have something to say
I know the conversation isn't right to tell the girl a comical line
To keep the conversation light I guess I'm just frightened out of
my mind

Chorus
But if that's how I feel
Then it's the best feeling I've ever known
It's adorably cool
Leave a tender moment alone

Yes I know I'm in love but just when I ought to relax
I put my foot in my mouth 'cause I'm just avoiding the facts
If the girl gets too close if I need some room to escape
When the moment arose I tell her it's all a mistake

But that's not how I feel
No don't eat the worms I've known
She's adorably cool
So leave a tender moment alone

But it's not only me breaking down when the tension gets high
Just when I'm in a serious mood she is suddenly quiet and shy
(Leave a tender moment alone)
Love a tender moment leave it alone
(Leave a tender moment alone)

I know the moment isn't right to hold my emotions inside
To change the attitude tonight I've run out of places to hide

Repeat chorus

Leave a tender moment alone (leave a tender moment alone)
Leave a tender moment alone (leave a tender moment alone)
Leave a tender moment alone (leave it alone)
Leave a tender moment alone

Words and Music B. Joel
Reproduced by permission CBS Songs Ltd
On CBS Records



Neil in my shoe

HELLO SNOES I'M SORRY BUT I'M GONNA HAVE TO STAND ON YOU AGAIN
EVEN OR WOW WHAT A HORRIBLE DREAM I JUST HAD

I LOOKED IN THE SKY WHEN AN ELEPHANT'S EYE
WAS LOOKING AT ME FROM A BUBBLE-GUM TREE AND

CHORUS
ALL THAT I KNEW WAS THE HOLE IN MY SHOE
WHICH WAS LETTING IN WATER
(LETTING IN WATER LETTING IN WATER)

ON NO WHAT A HEAVY HEAVY DUMMER
I WALKED THROUGH A FIELD THAT JUST WASN'T REAL
WITH ONE HUNDRED TIN SOLDIERS
THAT STOOD AT MY SHOULDERS AND

REPEAT CHORUS

ON NO WHAT'S HAPPENING

I CLIMBED ON THE BACK OF A GIANT ANCHovy AND FLEW OFF THROUGH A GAP IN THE
CLOUDS
TO A LAND WHERE MUSIC WAS PLAYING INCREDIBLY LOUDLY
AND EVERYONE WAS REALLY HAPPY AND HAVING A REALLY GOOD TIME EXCEPT ME

I STARTED TO FALL BUT SUDDENLY WOKE
AND THE GUN ON THE GRASS HAD SOAKED THROUGH MY COAT AND

REPEAT CHORUS

OR WHAT AN AMAZINGLY BEAUTIFUL VIBE
I THINK I'M GONNA GET IN THE BATH WITH MY SHOES ON
'CAUSE LIKE IT WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE RIGHT OR WRONG
HEY I FEEL LIKE I'M JUST LIKE FLOATING
IS ANYONE LIGHTING A JOSS STICK
I MUST BE A PRETTY AMAZING GUY THOUGH TO HAVE DREAMED ALL THIS
SHA YEA IT'S BECAUSE I ATE ALL THAT CHEESE I FOUND
UNDER THE COOKER
ON NO HANG ON OR I MUST BE BACK IN REALITY AGAIN
ON NO LOOK AT ALL THAT WASHING UP NEARY

WORDS AND MUSIC DAVE MASON
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION ISLAND MUSIC LTD ON WEA RECORDS

Neil

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN



The new limited edition double pack **SEVEN SEAS**
and **LIFE AT BRIAN'S - LEAN AND HUNGRY** The soundtrack including all
acoustic live versions of **ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE**, **STARS ARE STARS**
THE KILLING MOON and **VILLIERS TERRACE**

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NEW SINGLE
OUT NOW
7" AND 12"
EXTENDED
MAD MIX



	H	E	A	R	T	
	B	E	G	I	N	
T	O		B	E	A	T

IO

CYNDI LAUPER

NAME: Cynthia Ann Stephanie Lauper. "Stephanie" was supposed to be "Stefan" but when I was taken to be confirmed the Bishop decided right there and then that I shouldn't be called "Stefan". So he smacked me in the face and said: "Stephanie".

BORN: Do you mind if I don't tell you? Like, you can tell how good a car is running by its year and I don't want to be judged like a car. **SCHOOL:** I went to St Mary, Gate of Heaven, in Queens, New York up until third grade but then they asked me to leave because my parents got divorced and they didn't want that type of person in their school. So then I went to a



PERSONAL FILE

special Catholic school that took kids from divorced homes but I got thrown out of there because I asked the nuns a very risqué question that I should not have asked. Then I went to about four different high schools and hated them all.

JOBS: I've done everything. I sold karate and judo lessons, though I knew nothing about karate or judo. I worked as a groom at Belmont race track. I worked in a kennel taking care of dogs and cats. I worked as a mother's helper and a waitress but the worst job I had was as a secretary. I tried real hard to fit in with the office thing but my hair would always go messy or my false eyelashes would curl up and I got fired. The lady told me I was the worst secretary she'd ever had.

FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: My mother was always buying me records like "Bambi" but the first record I bought myself was the Beatles' "P.S. I Love You".

FIRST CONCERT: I wanted to go and see the Beatles at Shea Stadium in 1964 but my mother said I was too young. So, instead, I wound up going to the World's Fair with my mother's friend Dottie Stovell and her daughter Diane, and I had to watch Soupy Sales (polite American comedian). I could hear the screams coming from Shea Stadium and I was so disappointed.

WHAT WAS THE NAUGHTIEST THING YOU DID AS A CHILD? When I was five there was this girl in my kindergarten class and every day she had a runny nose. It was really gross and disgusting and I always said to myself: "I wish she would blow her nose!" So one day I told mother that this girl had hit me in the eye when she hadn't and she got reported to the teacher and was in tears. I still feel

bad about that.

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO THE QUEEN IF YOU MET HER? Well, I'd do what everybody does. I'd bow and I'd say "Hi, Liz, how are ye? I'm so glad to see you and can I have your autograph please?" I like the Queen and I love her hats.

WHAT'S THE RUDEST THING ANYONE EVER SAID TO YOU? Just this week I got into a fight with a guy and he called me a "bar-room broad". So I hit him.

HOW MANY PAIRS OF SUNGLASSES DO YOU HAVE? I've got a shoebox that used to be full of them but I lose them all the time because sometimes they fall off. Now I'm down to maybe seven pairs.

FAVOURITE CARTOON CHARACTER: I like Betty Boop but they don't show that anymore. I used to really like Sparkle Plenty, the girl in Dick Tracy (American detective comic strip). She had blonde hair and was very glamorous and I named my dog after her - Sparkle. I like that green monster, the Hulk, too. He's really tough.

ARE YOU GOING ON HOLIDAY THIS YEAR? I've already been. I went to Bermuda. It was nice weather there and I rented a moped and wore all these disguises. The ultimate disguise, I found, is to wear something you personally feel nervous in.

WHO DO YOU PREFER, DURAN DURAN OR CULTURE CLUB? I love Duran Duran's videos but I guess I'd have to say I prefer Culture Club because George is such a character. Besides, the first time I came to England I bought these fantastic earrings - big drop things that cover the ears - and six months later I saw a picture of George in a magazine and he had the same earrings on! I thought that was great. My mother even likes him.

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"Our band never really formed. It sort of grew like mould on a slice of bread. Now you see it in its full glory but it took a while to develop its festering stage. Am I allowed to use the word 'festering'?"

Andrew Eldritch, slogger with The Sisters Of Mercy, likes to speak his position mind. He seems to relish his position as spokesman for a band with a particularly spooky image. Their songs have doom-laden titles like "Phantom", "Kiss The Carpet" and "Burn". They appear in photos clad in long black overcoats, holey jeans and Paisley-pattered shirts, with silver crosses and yards of black webbing for decoration. I suggest that it's all a bit dork and mysterious.

"Oh." Pause. "Is it? That's what we feel comfortable in. Every morning when we get up we just put on what's to hand. It just so happens that what lies on one floor just happens to be that sort of equipment."

The Sisters Of Mercy (Who've got nothing to do with the Thompson Twins' new single, by the way) were first, or, conceived late one night in a Leeds nightclub and take their name from a song by '60s singer-songwriter Leonard Cohen, a man who specialised in groaning his way through deeply monotonous discs. This seems to suit their image perfectly. Current single "Body And

Soul" manages to include references to "burning in the flame", "sins and secrets" and "forbidden pieces", all against a heavy plodding beat.

Andrew explains. "Well, I think all records should have undercurrents. There's undercurrents here but I'm not about to explain them because, I'll

only be it in London that it's a problem. In London, we still have to fight that tooth and nail. But we do."

Now the band have signed to WEA, after releasing 15 records on their own independent Merciful Release label. But they still plan to remain based in Leeds.

"In London, there's too many of one's contemporaries walking around the streets. We like Leeds mostly because of the fact that we can the place pretty much. What we say goes." Not to worry, these days they don't spend much time there. They've toured the States "about four or five times" and apparently, went down very well. "The Americans are great. But then, we only meet the ones that come out after dark, and they're always okay."

I had an idea that that's where his funky black lone ranger hat came from too. "Yeah," he smirks, warming to the subject. "I'm very proud of that hat. I bought it in Las Vegas for 25 dollars. It got a bit battered on the tour, so unfortunately it's now a bit floppy then it should be."

Having also toured Germany, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Sweden and Scotland, he reckons that soon they'll have "covered the entire world, apart from Wales."

Why not Wales?
"Because I don't think sheep are very into rock music."

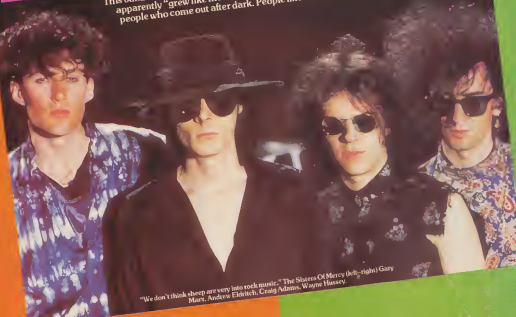


did, they'd no longer be under currents."

Although not very keen to describe their sound (he'll only say "all life is there"), he's quick to point out there is no connection between his group and London's Betwee, Marc Almond, Death Cult or hippie revival scene. It's just "a very unfortunate coincidence, just a very unfortunate coincidence. We started long before that and we completely disown any revival. But

THE SISTERS OF MERCY

This band didn't form - it "festered". Their dark, doomy music apparently "grew like mould". They only meet the sort of people who come out after dark. People like Linda Duff.



"We don't think sheep are very into rock music." The Sisters Of Mercy (left-right) Gary Mars, Andrew Eldritch, Craig Adams, Wayne Hussey.

And the odd periwinkle light keeps on coming. Leader of the Zulu Nation, **Afrika Bambaataa**, has just teamed up with the veteran Soul Brother Number One, **James Brown**, to record a single at New York's Unique Studios. Entitled 'Unity', the record should be out over here sometime in August.

Box of Frogs have just released their first single, 'Back When I Started Box of Frogs? Who they / You might well ask. In fact they are Chris Dreya, Jim McCarty and Paul Sanchez. Smith who, way back in the 1960s were members of quite a famous pop group, The Yardbirds. Oh, and John Fiddler, who, way back in the 1970s was a member of a not very famous at all pop group, Medicine Head. So now you know.

Apologies to **The Human League** for getting the credits to 'Life On Your Own' wrong last issue. These should have read: Words and Music: Gillis/Oakley/Wright. Reproduced by permission Virgin Music/Sound Distributions/Warner Bros Music.

The **Thompson Twins** release a special "collectors-item" cassette version of their latest single, 'Sister Of Mercy', on July 8. In addition to the regular A and B-sides, the cassette will feature two extra tracks and will include a full 25 minutes of music.

Seems **Nick Rhodes** might have started something when he produced **Kajagoogoo**. **Sting** has just worked on the latest single by London band **A Bigger Splash** while **Midge Ure** has produced a rather arty new band called **Messengers**. Fun Impressions by **The Associates** was produced by **Beaver**. It's **Martyn Ware** and the latest **Jacksons** single with **Mick Jagger** has **Michael** himself at the controls. Who next? **David Bowie** to produce **Billy Bragg**?

Two Grandmasters for the price of one? Can such things be? No... it's even better than that. But not only has 25 copies of **Grandmaster Flash's** "Grandmaster's Greatest Messages" LP - a hits compilation featuring "White Lines", "The Message" (jazz) and more - but we also have 25 copies of "Beat Street" the 12" single from the film of the same name, by Flash's former colleague **Grandmaster Melle Mel**. And we're giving them all away - absolutely free! To put your hands on this grand pair of discs, just rap out an answer to the question: Which celebrated TV soap opera is referred to in the lyric of Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five's "The Message" a) Dynasty b) Dallas c) Emmerdale Farm?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits Grandmaster Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF**. Get them here no later than July 18 please.

HOWARD JONES: MY FIVE WORST EXPERIENCES ON STAGE



LOOSE TALK. One of my first TV appearances - just before 'New Song' was a hit - I was half way through a song called 'Don't Put These Curves On Me' and somebody accidentally pulled out a plug, turning off my drum sequencer. Pandemonium as it broke out and the whole thing was over in a couple of minutes. I've never played the song since. I'm positive it had something to do with the lyrics.

MARQUEE, LONDON. It was around the same time I got hit in the chest by a beer glass. It didn't hurt - well not physically at least. More of a mental hurt. Very embarrassing.

MARQUEE, LONDON. (again) This time it happened at the start of the show. I used to be brought on wearing a strait-jacket, being led straight up to the mike. This was a backing tapes and the whole thing was very dramatic. I'd took my gag off so I could start to sing - except the mike was closed. And the whole atmosphere we had built up died with it.

IRVINE MEADOWS, CALIFORNIA. During one part of the show, Jed danced with a doll called Ruth. This time the head fell off. He began to frantically hold the head and body together but it was no use. He brought me the head. I kissed it and said it'd been a hard tour for Ruth.

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY. Once I was playing with my small electric piano and it fell through a hole in the floor. I lunged forward and grabbed it. The singer with the group I was with, Warner - I was 12 at the time - came and saved it. I think it was at some sort of talent contest.

OH NO QUO GO!

Heads down, no nonsense! On July 21 boogie-supremos **Status Quo** play their last ever live concert anywhere in the world (or so they say) at Milton Keynes Bow. Also on the bill will be **Madison**, **Gary Glitter**, Scots rockers **Nazareth** and '60s new outfit from the USA, **Jason and the Scorchers**.

Jools Holland the wise and inimitable presenter of *The Tube*, has a new single out called 'Black Beauty'.

Los Angeles' "cruzziest surf punks" **The Corvettes** are heading to Britain to promote their new single "Girls, Cars, Girls, Sun, Girls, Surf, Girls, Fun". You can hear the sun in our voices," says singer Ruckey Corvete. "And you can see the sun on our skin." Which is more than can be said for most of us.

The Anti-Nowhere League have been invited to play a date in the sleepy German town of Wiesbaden which is 'twinned' with the band's home town, Tunbridge Wells. For some extraordinary reason, Wiesbaden's local chamber of commerce see the group's visit as a "beneficial cultural exchange".

GAZ SUPPLY

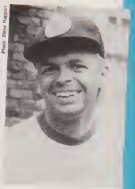
Gary Numan's on the phone. In a copy-book on an airfield somewhere between Sioux and Reading. He's been leaning to fly yet another new plane - "been quite a handful", apparently, "but I've finally got the hang of it now". Being almost legendary for his flying exploits, he was one of the privileged few who were invited on board the first flight to launch Virgin Atlantic (Virgin boss Richard Branson's latest multi-million pound scheme - cheap transatlantic flights).

Despite a lengthy silence, he isn't entirely preoccupied with planes, though. He's been setting up his own record company, Numa Records, along with his father and friend Matt Nicholson. The first release is by former Dramatics member Paul Gardner, who tragically died earlier this year of a drug overdose.

"It seems to be fit and proper," says Gary. "He was due in the studio to finish recording the LP two days after he died. It's all very sad. We finished it off for him and all the money is going into a trust fund for his three-year-old son. We couldn't think what else to do, really."

What about his own material? "I've got some songs recorded for the new album, but I want to get the label off the ground first."

His old label, Beggars Banquet are putting out an LP of very early material - "pretty basic but a



good point of interest for fans - and, as regards his own label, I get loads and loads of tapes through my door with letters saying they've been turned down by everyone else. They're so full of enthusiasm even though they've been knocked down. We can't offer them a massive deal but we'll probably be, like the last rung of a ladder."

Will he be back in the charts himself soon?

"Hope so. It was very disappointing about the last single, 'Sister Surprise' - it was my favourite."

The Jonzun Crew - **Bazuka** is a film about the Pop team, have a new single "Time Is Running Out". In the meantime, Michael Jonzun has taken to parading the streets dressed as a "heavy metal freak" and hobnobbing with ancient folkie **Bob Dylan**. All sounds most peculiar.

Re-Flex who have just completed a six-week tour of America with **The Thompson Twins** have a new single out 'Taken from The Politics of Dancing' album. It's called 'Cinderella Stand A Day'.

NOT A TRACE

In the last issue of **Smash Hits** we promised we'd be bringing you all the latest stuff on **Tracey Ullman** this time. So where was it? Well, sadly, having arranged an interview, photo session and all the usual kit, Ms Ullman for reasons best known to herself, decided not to do it after all. Life's like that sometimes.

A flattened and oval-shaped piece of thin experimental printing (with sugar) used on our Q&A feature in the last issue. Readers who persevered to the end of the piece are advised to consult an optician.

SO CLOSE THE FLYING PICKETS

There is a better way to live our lives
And I must find it if I can
But when I speak of change
You look at me strange
Sometimes you just don't understand

Chorus
So close (so close) and yet so far
So close (so close) and yet it's all in vain
So close (so close) but it's not the way it seems
So close (so close) but dressing different dreams

I always try to tell you where I came from
What I believe and who I am
I just can't see how we could never agree
We always end where we began

Repeat chorus

I don't believe in the things you believe
(can't stay) stay alive (stay stay stay stay)
Can't compromise
We must say our goodbyes
The feeling isn't right

Although we're far apart I know we've been close
You won't be easy to forget
Our world is upside down
And when it's turned round
I won't deny that once we met
Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music Rick Lloyd. Re-produced by
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BILLY IDOL
HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW
YOUR BOYFRIEND?
NIK KERSHAW
CENTRESPREAD
WIN EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN!
Just Seventeen
ON SALE JULY 12

SINGLES

reviewed by



LINDA DUFF

DIVINE: You Think You're A Man (Proto) Against an outrageously catchy melody that could've come straight from the soundtrack of a spaghetti western like *Calamity Jane*, Divine spins fire into the cheekiest lyric in the batch of singles. Again and again the chorus roars: "You think you're a man/But you're only a boy/You think you're a man/You're only a toy" as Divine teases someone off for not being "man enough." And he sounds mean and more like a cross between Eartha Kitt and Gary Glitter—all deep and gravelly. Incidentally this gem comes from the pen of ex-Modern Romancer, Geoff Dunde. Wow. Single Of The Fortnight.



LOU REED: I Love You Suzanne (RCA) This is the man with the original American sneering vocal who's influenced everyone from Lloyd Cole to Ian McCulloch to Frankie Goes To Hollywood. Ranging guitars and crashing drums turn this lightweight zany song into a stomping swing-along number. Fun and feisty, it should go down well in

those clubs where everyone dresses in black leather and fishnet vests. In fact, Lou Reed's been considered "cool" by pop stars and other trendy people ever since the release of his Bowie-produced "Transformer" LP in '73. That was when it first became fashionable to act camp and be "bitchy." "Vacious," a classic from that period, is on the B-side.

JACKSONS: State Of Shock (Epic) The sleeve boasts "lead vocals" by Michael Jackson and Mick Jagger—but what it turns out like is a second-rate Stones song—noisy and heavyweight. Only the addition of the Jacksons' legendary "who-oh's" lend any kind of oomph at all. Meanwhile, Jagger continues to drone on about needing some "tes-tis-ot-a-ton!" Please!

BLANCHMANGE: The Day Before You Came (London) A dismal reworking of the old Abba hit, this also sounds unappealing like the Thompson Twins. Bongos and bangos work at a furious pace in the background, but it's Neil Arthur's voice which spoils the whole package. For some reason he sounds as if he's singing with a hot potato in his mouth. Strange.

MESSENGER: Great Institutions (Musicfest) It is the first three seconds that set a record, then it's off to Number One next week. Clanking electronic sounds introduce a great wall of vocals which reminds us that love is a great institution and should be treated with "the reverence it deserves." Produced by Midge Ure (who also kept the Messengers waiting for some time) the absence of echo is a massive relief. A record for robotic dancers everywhere.

NEIL: Be In My Shoe (WEA) I had doubts about this. Neil going out on his own to send up the ultimate flower-power anthem but without the aid of his cohorts from *The Young Ones* and the visual effects of TV to get the message across. But it's worked, and not only because Neil is so funny—that's obvious. This session, with its banks of organs, flutes, saxes and elephant noises, is actually quite good—even if the jokes must eventually wear off. And I am positively dying to see him on *TOPT*.

JULIO IGLESIAS & DIANA ROSS (CBS) I quite like slush sometimes. When Peabo Bryson and Roberta Flack's "Tonight I Celebrate My Love" came out last year I positively revelled in it. But this is more on a par with Renee and Renato and a real disappointment. The main fault is that the song is weak and when the two "woozers" sound as bored as this, I just won't be convinced that they mean what they say. Shame. I enjoy the odd good cry.

SILENT RUNNING: Young Hearts (Parlophone) This band do seem to have their off days. The last time I saw them play the singer bust his zip and had to change his stage leathers for casual day-wear maroon strides. Hours later, the drummer stepped out of a first-floor window and ended up breaking his arm. And when they've released a record which sounds like either *U2* or *Simple Minds*. At times it could almost be Jim Kerr singing. I prefer the real thing myself.

1990 MIXTAPES: Under Construction (Abstract)

Interesting. Adventurous use of synth and a decidedly funky base line lend this a fresh sound, even if shades of the Human League are evident. I'd play this as my own personal warm up music before setting out on the town.

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL: Mine (Blanco Y Negro) The subtle use of percussion and smoky tones of Tracey Thorn's voice turn this into another late-night affair. A haunting tale of a girl left holding the baby, this, like all the other records, turns me all moody.

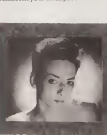
SHANNON: Sweet Somebody (Phonogram) Not quite as infectious as "Let The Music Play." Still, when such breathy, spacey vocals invite you to generally throw off your mental chains and get on that dancefloor to meet "a sweet somebody," who'd resist? For wall-flowers everywhere.

G.I. ORANGE



G.I. ORANGE: Fight Away The Lover (EMI) It opens optimistically with jangling guitars and some deft finger-clicking, but goes downhill from there on. "The almost punky bassline's nicked from The Vapors' "Turning Japanese" while the chorus heads back to the '70s for some sway-along Bay City Rollers-style chanting. While I'm not convinced by their originality they've just supported Bucks Fizz on tour and a lot of people are writing in about them. Also, three out of four of them have the latest Nk Kershaw haircut.

RUFUS AND CHAKA KHAN: One Million Kisses (WEA) Chaka could sing "Three Blind Mice" and I'd still think it was one of the best things I've ever heard. It's just that voice, isn't it? Good quality disco and, now that Shamalar are no longer around, positively necessary. Play loud to transform your sitting room.



THE LOTUS EATERS: Out On Your Own (Arista) Having seen Jem and Kelly on Pop Quiz the other week, he reminds me more and more of a little

ashen-faced Patocha, almost afraid to speak. Their singles have that kind of restraint about them—gentle tap-tap-tapping rhythms and twee lyrics—and they end to get lost in the rush of the singles issued every week. For instance, whatever happened to "Set Me Apart," released only last April? This, I fear, will follow a by the way the single comes in two different sleeves—the Jetty Kelly one (which I got) and the Peter Coyote one.

A BIGGER SPLASH: I Don't Believe A Word (A&M) I read somewhere that this bunch were "the talk of South London" and had waited two years for Sings to produce them. Despite all that hysteria this turns out to be rather special. Teasingly seductive vocals swirl around light calypso rhythms to turn this into a fairly addictive sound. A bit like a re-visioned Police, this has real passion.

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS: The More You Love The More You Love (Jive) The Culls are back, only this time with a lot less hair than last year. This is really just one big, sing-a-long chorus built around the title, and is unmemorably catchy. And really easy to dance to. A hit, I suspect.


BELOUS SOME: Target Practice (EMI) We get a lot of letters about these people and I still can't pronounce their name. This has a strange rather warty lyric which, even though I've listened to it ten times, will not be understood. Apart from the singer's clever take-off of Mr. Bowie's singing style, this is completely unremarkable.

WANG CHUNG: Wait (Geffen) When Dave Cahen reviewed the singles on his very page (April 26), he described their last single "Don't Let Go" as very ordinary sounding. Well, nothing's changed. This is another thin melody drowning in lousy synth and moonish basslines. Also, I can't stand that steeley whining voice. Go west (again) young men.

BARBARA MASON: Don't I Ever Cross Your Mind Sometimes (Streetwave) Haircut won fans all around the world, I suspect, after her smoochy classic "Another Man," she can only do so much with this stinky, more up-tempo number. Breathily in a Donna Summer way, she purrs through this sensual love song and ends up doing the most wonderful things with her voice. Recommended.

THE BELLE STARS: 80's Romance (Stiff) There's been a gap of ten months since the last one and if this is all they can muster up, then I honestly fear for their future as a group. This suffers from a weak melody and some odd-swear lyrics about modern relationships. Pity really, as they sound as if they're really really trying hard here.

THE BLOW MONKEYS: The Man From Russia (RCA) Most intriguing Title Of The Fortnight, made even more curious by the fact that it's impossible to work out what the song's about. Dreamy vocals read like drums and a brass section add up to an optimistic sound. I can imagine this being covered by Shirley Bassey or Liza Minnelli.



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ALBUMS

SPANDAU BALLET: Parade (Chrysalis) The first song here is the single, "Only When You Leave" and it's almost too good a start to the LP. Tony Hadley's vocals are more confident than ever, the production (by Tony Swan, Steve Jolley and the group) is crisp and succulent at the same time, and the song itself is Gary Kemp's finest to date. The other seven songs grow more distinctive with every play. The melodies become sturdier and you discover more and more smart extras especially in the harmonies and the choruses. It also sounds terrific on the radio. **(9 out of 10)**

Jan Birch



ELTON JOHN: Breaking Hearts (Rocket) It's been a busy year for Elton, what with the wedding and mauling of the Waiters' Cup Final defeat, so he's probably feeling rather tired. "Breaking Hearts" — with its plodding rockers, lawdy ballads, clichéd arrangements and snooty singing of lyrics as trite as can be — certainly suggests that the fellow is suffering from some form of fatigue or other. Has he been over-doing things or does he want to be the mediocre? (And why does he allow his guitarist to play such horrible solos?) Not very good. **(3 out of 10)**

Tom Hibbert

ELVIS COSTELLO: Goodbye Cruel World (F. Beat) Until I read the lyric sheet it hadn't struck me just what a miserable individual Elvis Costello's songs make him out to be. Makes Scoussie seem positively cheery. He stalks the desolate grooves of this LP like some hard-biten private detective, spying on unfaithful couples from a parked car, dispensing bitter puns from beneath a curled lip while the band play waltz time and a mournful sax fills the gaps. He wears the costume well of

course, but the odd touch of light relief wouldn't go amiss. **(7 out of 10)**
David Hepworth



PRINCE AND THE NEW POWER GENERATION: Love and Money (Warner Bros) This is the soundtrack of Prince's first feature film and if the film's anything like as good as the music, it'll be sensational. It's all obscenely sexy and hot. Prince crooning and screaming about his desires, fantasies and frustrations with wit and witiness. The music is more hard rock than his previous records with a less Hendrix-ish lead guitar appealing and adding to the hysterical atmosphere. In America Prince is a big star and this LP, with the brilliant single it includes, "When Does Love," should ensure him equal megastardom over here. **(8 out of 10)**

Neil Tennant

DIFORD & TILBROOK: Diford & Tilbrook (A&M) The problem here is that the songs are quite hard to get a hold of. Long gone are those simple and sharp-toothed numbers they wrote in Squeeze. Now everything's much more roomy, adventurous and even a bit weird at times. In fact, it sounds as if they've been listening a lot to the swirling (and rather strange) grandeur The Beatles created on their "Magical Mystery Tour" EP back in 1968. But keep listening as there are plenty of rewards. **(6 out of 10)**

Jan Birch



LATOYA JACKSON: Heart Don't Lie (Private I Records) Produced by Howard Hewett and Tito Jackson with Musical Youth, more Jacksons (though not Michael) and a host of other experienced musicians helping out — how can LaToya go wrong? Answer, she doesn't. Surprisingly she's got a strong punchy voice for someone who looks so frail. All the songs are about either how to obtain or how to get rid of you and, and although doesn't

push forward the frontiers of disco music, it got me bobbing about (a rare achievement anyway). **(7 out of 10)**

Lise Anthony

CHANGE: Change of Heart (WEA) Just what the world needs — yet another faceless addition to the list of polished, professional and completely indistinguishable disco-soul records currently abounding in the charts. Keeping in mood from extremely undemanding to incredibly bland, the music waltzes in one ear and out the other causing only minimal disturbance to the grey cells in-between. Wonderful if you like aerial wallpaper, deeply boring otherwise. **(4 out of 10)**

Vic MacDonald

FICTION FACTORY: Throw The Warped Wheel Out (Epic) Fiction Factory are doubtless the most sincere bunch, and here they display excellent musicianship, lavish production and a dozen moderately fine songs. Unfortunately, what they lack is a real spark of originality and, consequently, they end up sounding like a poor man's ABC. It's an undeniably worthy and well-crafted fast LP, but ultimately, rather old hat. **(5 out of 10)**

Vic MacDonald



BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: Born in the USA (CBS) How long can a grown man go on singing about cars and girls and the country line? Twelve years now, isn't it Bruce? Still, as tracks like "Glory Days" and "Dancing in the Dark" demonstrate, he seems to realize it's a trifle absurd too. But that hasn't stopped him putting something together with more endurance and clout than a whole box of Big Country LPs. Yup, these are clichés. Good ones, though. **(8 out of 10)**

David Hepworth

HAIRCUT ONE HUNDRED: Paint And Paint (Polydor) You have to admire their pluck. When the singer left, most people thought Haircut One Hundred were all washed up, but their confident, exuberant performance on this LP proves most people wrong. With infectious energy and perky horns, the group fairly sizzle through a set of eager white funk and never lose a beat. Nonetheless, something's missing — and that's some proper songs. For despite the verve and bubbling pace, there are no hooks to stick in the head, no melodies to whistle in one's head. Haircut One Hundred have almost everything — but tunes help you breathe more easily. **(5½ out of 10)**

Tom Hibbert



ROGER TAYLOR: Strange Frontier (EMI) In which the drummer from Queen moves away from the group's grandiose style to a more traditional and gritty rock style. He not only covers a Bruce Springsteen song ("Racing In The Street") but also duets with Rick Parfitt on what could be an old Status Quo number. Adventurous and quite enjoyable. **(6 out of 10)**

Linda Duff

VIRNA LINDT: Shiver (Compact) In which we are told of the mysterious adventures of a chic Swedish woman. Arty black and white photographs adorn a stylish sleeve, drawing attention away from a patchy soundtrack. This consists of dramatic instrumental sections, mixed with Ms Lindt's heavily accented voice singing and talking over dull synth lines. Glossy with a little charm but slight in musical content. **(3 out of 10)**

Josephine Hocking

THE ART COMPANY: Get It Out Of Your Head (CBS) A familiar tale. Bunch of session musicians somehow have large European hit (in this case, with the disc "Susanna") record. Company in great excitement rush-release a whole album of similar products. Said album is destined to languish in the bargain bin as said group ain't without trace. Anonymous European disco pop is not the stuff of which exciting music is made. **(6 out of 10)**

Josephine Hocking



KASHIF: Send Me Your Love (Arista) Kashif is one of America's most talented and busy funk producers. He's worked with artists like George Benson, Evelyn King and Melba Moore. Has new solo album apples with soft accents, sumptuously arranged. Quality stuff for funksters everywhere. Tony Blackburn and Robbie Vincent will love it. **(7 out of 10)**

Jan Birch

VACKSPANS

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There's the highly decorative Spandau shop display only available on this very page! There's the Spandau poster — add a touch of glamour to any wall! There's the "Only When You Leave" video — many minutes of viewing pleasure! There's the copy of the "Parade" LP — signed by the chaps themselves! There's

the rather nifty Spandau T-shirt and there's even a Spandau badge in there somewhere.

All yours for nothing by answering one (not very difficult) question. "Mom, I can count 1" is the jumbled-up title of a Spandau hit of last year. Rearrange the letters into the song's title, jot it on a postcard or the back of an envelope, together with your name and address, and send it to Smash Hits Spandau Ballet Competition, 14 Welkham Road, Peterborough PE2 0YP (to arrive no later than July 18. First correct answer out of the mailing wins the whole Spandau package and there are 50 signed copies of "Parade" for the runners-up. Which is what we in the trade call "wet bad".

COMPETITION WINNERS

BREAKING COMPETITION (June 7), correct answer: New York. Copies of "Break a Dance" are on their way to: Liz Terry, Maidley; Martin Montgomery, London E11; Diana Hesley, Romford; Sarah Hicks, Birmingham; Tim Higham, Fenscliffe; Robert Palinton, Criggleburn; Clive Smith, Laytonstone; Nareesh Sharma, Ilford; Tracey Collis, Othelmsington; Rob Westhead, Chesham; Chun-Fai-Tao, Harrow; Fyaz Syed, Wembleton; Gerrard Gethings, Wigan; Tim Reed, London NW1; Tara Savage, Pickering; Jonathan Arnold, Ormskirk; David Mowbray, Chedderton; Glynis Evans, Wainfall; David Gormish, Chelmsley Wood; Andrea Fox, Marton.

NICK RHODES' SHOES COMPETITION (June 7), correct answer: "Goody Two Shoes". First prize goes to Alison Brown, Stamford, who wins Nick Rhodes' shoes plus ten singles. Runners-up prizes of singles are on their way to: A. Langston, Clapton; Isabel Bush, Meeds; H. Vickers, Birmingham; E. Witten, High Barnes; S. Lindley, Coulsdon; Keith Oliver, Gatstead; Helen Stevens, Burton-on-Trent; Samantha Williams, Blackwood; Valerie Flood, Chipstead.

NEW ORDER COMPETITION (June 7), correct answer: The Sitt Klittana. The following prize winners each receive a copy of "Design For Living": Steve Raywood, Bradford; N. Burton, Norwich; Iain Taylor, Southsea; Andrew Cati, Worcester; Anita R. Edwards, Conyval Island; Paul Andrews, Weston; Suzanne Cockerill, Fairfield; Peter Hook, Crook Gates (Any relation? — Ed.). G. Alexander, Leithworth; J. Cosny, Stanground; Philip Sagar, Blaxwich; M. Lowry, North Lancing; Tim Holder, Reddish; J. Westhead, Chatterfield; J. Lever, Richmond.

> HEY...WOW...CRITICAL...FABERROOM



NI...

Wrangler
THAT'S WHAT'S GOING ON.

sister of mercy



She lives in a big white house
 And all the rooms are lemon and she's devoted to life
 And keeping his house just right
 An i week ends perfectly nice
 She doesn't talk when he comes home at night anymore
 No sister of mercy oh don't cry for me
 No sister of mercy it's alright for me
 For twenty five years she's just the same
 She's a lonely woman quiet in her ways
 Then he comes home one night
 She kills him with a knife
 Now she's the one who's living in paradise

thompson twins

Chorus

(Sister of mercy)
 No sister of mercy oh don't cry for me
 (Sister of mercy)
 No sister of mercy it's alright for me

Now she sits in a big white chair
 In a room that's not so different to the one back there
 She turns her face to the light
 She's blinded by her life
 And you can't hear her cry alone at night

Repeat chorus

So have mercy on that woman
 You don't know the way it's been
 You don't know the trouble her eyes have seen
 Can you feel the kiss of life
 When you come home at night
 Well you better not turn your back on a paradise

Repeat chorus Ad lib to fade

Words and music Tony Bayley/Alannah Currie/Joey Leeway
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 On Ariata Records

GARY GLITTER



Dance me UP

BRING ON THE DANCING GIRLS (BRING ON BRING ON THE DANCING GIRLS)
 BRING ON THE DANCING GIRLS (BRING ON BRING ON THE DANCING GIRLS)
 BRING ON THE DANCING GIRLS (BRING ON BRING ON THE DANCING GIRLS)

I FEEL THE HEAT I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER
 I FEEL THE HEAT OF BODIES ON THE FLOOR
 BABY WHEN IT'S HOT IT GETS ME SO EXCITED
 BRING ME TO THE SPOT I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE

SO LEAVE ME RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ACTION
 I'VE BEEN WATCHING IT LONG ENOUGH SO

CHORUS

(BRING ON THE GIRLS) BRING ON THE GIRLS
 (BRING ON THE GIRLS) BRING ON THE GIRLS
 BRING ON THE GOOD FOR NOTHING BUT LOVING GIRLS
 AND DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCE ME UP (DANCE ME UP DANCE ME UP)
 DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCE ME UP (DANCE ME UP DANCE ME UP)

IT'S OVER THE TOP AND THEN A LITTLE HORROR
 MAKE MY BODY POP SO MY FEET DON'T TOUCH THE GROUND
 I AIN'T DROPPA STOP TIL YOU LOSE MY FIRE
 YOU CAN DANCE ME UP BUT YOU'LL NEVER DANCE ME DOWN
 'CAUSE I'M A MAN AND MY TEMPERATURE IS RISING
 I'VE BEEN LONELY LONG ENOUGH SO

REPEAT CHORUS

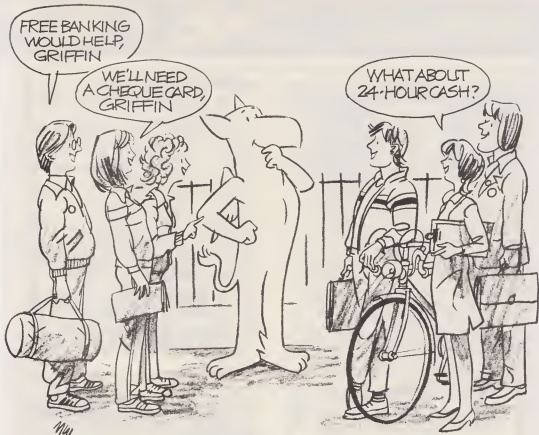
BRING ON THE DANCING GIRLS (I DEMAND TO FIND A PRINCESS)
 BRING ON THE DANCING GIRLS (THE DANCING GIRLS THE DANCING GIRLS)
 BRING ON THE DANCING GIRLS (I CAN'T GET WRONG IF I'M BR)
 BRING ON THE DANCING GIRLS (THE DANCING GIRLS THE DANCING GIRLS)

I'M THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ACTION
 I'VE BEEN WATCHING IT LONG ENOUGH SO

REPEAT CHORUS

DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCE ME UP (DANCE ME UP DANCE ME UP)
 DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCE ME UP (DANCE ME UP DANCE ME UP)
 WANDA TAKE YOU HIGHER
 DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCE ME UP (TAKE ME HIGHER AND HIGHER)
 DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCE ME UP (DANCE ME UP DANCE ME UP)
 TAKE ME HIGHER HIGHER

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WHAT THE PAPER

BOY GEORGE



"Fleet Street is a very frivolous kind of thing. If you take part in it, you know full well how it might turn out. I mean, nobody's that dumb.

I just don't take it that seriously. I'm writing a book called *The Day I Married The World* which is all about that kind of stuff. There's this story about Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor.

They said they couldn't even go to the toilet without people taking photos. But I say you shouldn't build a high wall around yourself. You should learn how to pee properly. Nothing bothers me, you know that.

They wrote in *The News Of The World* that I was always involved in petty, jealous squabbles with girls and hit them over the head with chairs. It didn't bother me. It wasn't true.

I feel sorry for those people who have to go round using your success as a way of getting themselves known. Like 'I was a friend of Boy George'. I think that's really pathetic. The story about us splitting up? I was misconstrued. I told this guy in Canada that one day I'd like to write outside Culture Club. That was all. But the story didn't bother me. The internal structure of this band is very strong.

And the incident at the customs? The basic truth of the matter is that I wasn't aware that Mikey had tried to take in this guitar without paying duty on it but, by the same token, I wouldn't have said anything if they hadn't been rude to me.

I was speaking as an individual then, not on behalf of the band. And I didn't actually call them 'pigs'. I came out and the guy said 'what did they say?' and I said 'they were obnoxious'.

And then the next day it was "Boy George Brands Them As Pigs". It was totally untrue but I don't care really."

CLOBBERED... BOY GEORGE HITS OUT AT CUSTOMS 'PIGS' AFTER CULTURE STARS ARE HELD

(above) a headline in the *Daily Star*, April 21 1984. The story suggested Boy George had called Heathrow customs officials "obnoxious pigs" after Mikey Craig had been held in customs for over six hours and made to pay £50 duty on an £850 guitar he'd bought in the States.

PIGS! BOY GEORGE RAGES AT CUSTOMS

BOY FURY

(above) headlines in *The Sun*, April 25 1984. The story again suggested that George, the pretty-boy Culture Club singer, called customs officials "pigs" adding "they're obnoxious, darling."

30 GIRL FANS HURT IN DURAN FEVER

(above) a headline in *The Sun*, June 14 1984. The story suggested that "streams of young girls had to be stuck out of the screaming crowd" and "several appeared unconscious" at Duran Duran's "concert" at Birmingham's NEC.

SIMON LE BON



"I hate the fact that my private life is not private. I don't need this sort of publicity.

It's very embarrassing to conduct a relationship in the press. It's very unreal and I usually say 'sod it' and do what I want. I mean at one point I was engaged to be married. Now I don't know if I'm ready for it. I don't even know if I believe in it. I want children but... I just want to cool off for a bit.

I'm just sick of remarks like "Simon's Cheeky Two-Timing Antics". It's really hurtful to Claire because it makes her look like a fool.

One certain newspaper seems to be having a feud with us. And that's fine by me. I'm prepared to keep it going. The reason for it is that we didn't want to do a special with them. It's happened before. Once this paper phoned us up in Paris and said they had pictures of me in disgusting positions with my girlfriend. They threatened to print them unless we did an interview.

If they hadn't come up with this heavy trip we'd have done it but coming on with that attitude - well, they can go to hell. Anyway, they printed the pictures and they were of me with my hands on a girl's bottom. It wasn't as though she was bare. She had jeans on.

There's another example in a newspaper called *The Sun*. "30 Girls Hurt In Rush To See Concert" was the headline. It's just not true.

What happened was this. We didn't want the video [Duran Duran were filming at Birmingham's NEC for a live video that comes out in late autumn] to be reviewed by the press - it wasn't a concert - so they were told they weren't needed. I don't know if it was a case of them feeling that their nose was put out of joint but they got hold of the best story they could.

They were very sensationalist. It's because only certain things make news - good sensational reading. They're not always found in everyday life unless there's a bloody war going on so things get exaggerated.

People just write stupid things and the mora you let it show that it worries you, the more they do it."

LE BON'S BELLE

DURAN STAR FALLS FOR TOP MODEL YASMIN

SIMON'S SECRET LADY

(above) headlines in *The Sun*, June 13 1984. (Left) a headline in *The Sun*, May 21 1984. The story suggested that "Sexy Simon's cheeky two-timing has stunned stars" at the Cannes Film Festival. He'd apparently showed up with "mystery blonde La Fox."

ERS SAY

We've had lots of letters lately suggesting that some of the stories about pop stars in the daily papers are "a bit hard to believe". In fact, some of you claim, they sound like they're completely made up. We asked five people who are rarely out of the news these days what they had to say about it.

WORLD'S MOST LOVELY MAN IN SCAR HORROR

—a headline in *The Sun*, May 13 1963. The story suggested that "Pop singer David Sylvian" once voted The World's Most Beautiful Man—before he may be scarred for life after a horror car crash.



DAVID SYLVIAN

"I wasn't aware this story had come out the first day because—I do this frequently—I unplug all the phones in the house and cut myself off when I'm writing.

People were trying to get in touch with me because they were worried. It wasn't until the second and third day that they actually got in touch and found out it was all right.

It caused a great deal of worry. Even abroad. It got abroad very quickly. It upset me that they printed something so deceitful for the sake of a headline.

Newspapers obviously do interviews because of demands from the public who read them. But I'm very hard to get and so, because of the demand, they print a picture and because there's no story they make one up and this becomes the norm.

This incident was an extension of that. *The Sun* weren't allowed a story from me because I wouldn't give them one.

What happened was this. I was meant to do a photo session for one of their other magazines—I can't remember which one—but then I had this minor crash and got a couple of scratches. So it was impossible to do the session and the magazine was informed.

Why? they said, Oh, because he had a minor accident, said my office. The next day it came out in *The Sun* as a major accident. They made up so many things that were blatant lies that I threatened to sue them.

They said, no no, we'll print an apology. So a few weeks later they printed a tiny apology and then a week after that they said I had plastic surgery. I gave up then.

If you sue them, you have to go into court and for me that's becoming too involved in something I'd rather forget about.

So I decided to let it go. They wouldn't say they were wrong. They wouldn't say they had actually lied. They can't because it causes mistrust amongst their readers. It's becoming a dangerous thing. They created the need for scandal and so they have to make up the lies to go with this need.

It makes you much more careful of what you'll say in the future."

NIK KERSHAW



"It's mainly, I think, the freelance journalists. They've got to get something sensational or otherwise they're not going to get printed. So they invent something.

I mean, people literally don't believe you when you say it's complete fabrication. People go, 'they can't do that!' but they do it! It's unbelievable.

And there's nothing you can do about it. You can take them to court and you'd probably win eventually but it costs you an arm and a leg. And I haven't got the time or the inclination. Also by doing that you attach unnecessary importance to it and it's not that important.

Has anything like this happened to me? Oh, there's loads of it. Things I don't even know about probably. There was one in *The Sun*—"My Ten Most Desirable Women". Nobody ever asked me my most desirable women and there were people in this list I'd never heard of! In another paper me and Sherry were supposed to have been divorced for two years. We've only been married a year! The paper said, 'We've got two kids, I'm into fast cars and loose women.' I just don't know where they get it from."

No 1 HOWARD IN SHOT GUN RIDDLE

—(above) a headline in *The Sun*, March 21 1984. The story suggested that "spiky-haired superstar Howard Jones is living in fear of his life after being shot at with a 12-bore shotgun. Cockatoo-haired Howard, the electronic wizard" was now supposed to have hired "two huge minders to protect him throughout his walk-out UK tour"

GUNNING FOR HOWARD

—(above) a headline in the *Daily Star*, March 14 1984

SHOT AT POP GUY

—(above) a headline in *The Sun*, March 16, 1984



HOWARD JONES

"Why do they do it? Because it makes things sound more sensational.

Like that shotgun incident. What really happened is that I was being driven down the motorway to Birmingham when something hit the car. When we stopped we saw a hole in the car that looked like it was probably made by a gun.

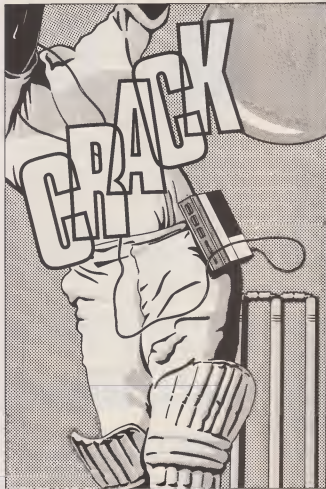
The thing that bothered me in all the stories was that it made me sound really paranoid. They said I was accompanied by two bodyguards. I wasn't. And, as I was asleep in the car with my head down so no-one could see it was me, it could have happened to anyone.

It doesn't bother me when I'm called a "cockatoo pop star". But what does bother me is when journalists completely make up an interview. That's happened to me a couple of times. It's just the pits. People like that have no integrity at all.

In one US paper I was quoted as saying Duran Duran fans were unintelligent. I'd never, never say that. I never talk about other people in the press. There's no point. You can't criticise people because you just don't know their background or motives for the things they do."

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1 Flipping food the Heyward way: first—Nick discovers the frying fish.



2 With the socks off he'll have lost 4lbs already.

Nick Heyward says he likes saunas. In fact he likes them so much he wants to open one himself. Has the heat finally got to him or is this just another of his weird-famous leapy schemes? We thought we'd stick him in a steam bath anyway just to see if he could stand the heat.

"I've got this idea about opening a sauna and late night supermarket because I've always been a bit of a clesid businessman. I'd love a lot of Pizzabuds into saunas. They wouldn't need much alteration. And I'd serve food as well. And cocktails. The colour scheme would be pea green, yellow and grey with pictures of me with Rod Stewart 'n' Elton on the walls. I'd have a launch party in some club when the sauna's opened. I wouldn't want a real party atmosphere, more like the bye New Order craze. I mean I am basically a socialist—I like socialising.

As well as a sauna, there'd be a mod bar and a scooter run. And then, of course, the late night supermarket

THE HEAT TREATMENT



3 Can the weather socks and speedies hold the scorching temperature?



4 Jordan and speedies obviously get a workout—the shorts is best.

5 Nick is dressed down, looking a little bit like a normal person, but he's still a bit of a weirdo.

which'll be opened by Mick Talbot. I want a guy I can really relate to, I haven't phoned him up yet so I'll have to ask him nicely. Of course I'll be on holiday at the time, cos it's a really cool net to be there when you open something.

Anyway, the supermarket would sell my own special Caribbean drinks. The sort that's drunk by famous reggae stars. It'd be a weird sort of drink—you can only tell there's any alcohol in it when you try to stand up.

Anyway I just hope this is a success. Next thing I want to get into is car-parks. If you know of any, will you let me know?"

WORDS: PETER MARTIN

PHOTOS: ANDREW CATLIN



SMASH HITS

ORCHESTRAL
MANOEUVRES

IN THE DARK



Breakin'

...There's No Stoppin' Us



Ollie

BREAKDANCE DO IT
BREAKDANCE ON THE FLOOR

OUT IN THE STREET
YOU DON'T SURVIVE
BY BEING WEAK

BUT THIS IS OUR TIME
WALLS WERE MADE FOR US TO
CLIMB

DON'T YOU TRY
TO LOCK US OUT
'CAUSE WE'RE

BREAKING DOWN THE DOORS
AND ALL WE'RE
PREPARED TO FIGHT BABY

CHORUS
THERE'S NO STOPPING US
(NO STOPPING)

NO ONE DOES IT BETTER
(NO ONE DOES IT BETTER)

THERE'S NO STOPPING US
(NO STOPPING)

RED LIGHT DOESN'T MATTER
LONG OVERDUE

NO PLAYING GAMES
OR BEING USED

SOMETHING TO PROVE
IT'S MORE THAN

JUST A DREAM COME TRUE
WE HAVE WAITED FAR TOO LONG
FOR THIS MOMENT TO ARRIVE

REPEAT CHORUS
THERE'S NO STOPPING US
(NO STOPPING)

NO ONE DOES IT BETTER
THERE'S NO STOPPING US
(NO STOPPING)

RED LIGHT DOESN'T MATTER
DO IT DO IT

DO IT BREAKDANCE
WE HAVE WAITED FAR TOO LONG
FOR THIS MOMENT TO ARRIVE

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
BRODIN JERRY KNIGHT

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MUSIC ON POLYDOR RECORDS

Jerry

W H I T E L I N E S (DON'T DON'T DO IT) GRANDMASTER & MELLE MELLE

High high high high base white white
White lines (vision dreams of passion)
Blowing through my mind (and all the while I think of you)
Hot cries (a very strange reaction) told us to unwind
The more I see the more I do
Something like a phenomenon (baby)
Telling your body to come along
But white lines blow away
Blow rock it blow

Ticket to ride white line highway
Tell all your friends they can go my way
Pay your tell sell your soul pound for pound
Cost more than gold
The longer you stay the more you pay
My white lines go a long way
Either up your nose or through your vein but
Nothing to gain except killing your brain

Chorus
Freeze rock freeze rock
Freeze rock freeze rock (blaw)
(High) higher baby (high) get higher baby (high) get higher
baby
(High) and don't ever come down freeze base

Rang dang digger di dang di dang
Rang dang digger di dang di dang
Rang dang digger di dang di dang
Digger di dang di dang
Digger di dang di dang

Pipe line (pure as the driven snow)
Connected to my mind (and now I'm having fun baby)
Hot cries (it's getting kind of low)
'Cause it makes you feel so nice
I need some one on one baby
Don't let it blow your mind away (baby)

And go into your little hide away
'Cause white lines blow away
Blaw

A million magic crystals painted pure and white
A multi-million dollars almost overnight
Twice as sweet as sugar
Twice as bitter as salt
And if you get hooked baby
It's nobody else's fault so don't do it

Repeat Chorus

Don't you get too high (don't you get too high baby)
Turns you on (you really turn me on and on)
'Cause you've got to come down (my temperature is rising)
When the thrill is gone (no I don't want you to go)
A street kid gets arrested gonna do some time
He got out three years from now
Just to commit more crime
A business man is caught with 24 kilos
He's out on bail and out of jail
And that's the way it goes

Cane sugar cane

Alibetes rejected governors corrected
Gangsters thugs and smugglers are thoroughly respected
The money gets divided the women get excited
Now I'm broke and it's no joke
It's hard as hell to fight it I don't buy it!

Freeze rock freeze rock
Freeze rock freeze rock
Freeze rock freeze rock

Words and music by Sylvia Robinson and Mel Glover
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Health Levy Music Co. Ltd on Sugar Hill Records



Photo: Paul Hanley



Ultravox

Lament

The New Single. Available on 7" and 12"

7" LIMITED EDITION IN CLEAR VINYL WITH GATEFOLD SLEEVE. 12" EXTENDED MIX WITH A LIMITED EDITION FREE POSTER, TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM & CHROME CASSETTE. LAMENT

Doing this record was one of the worst things that ever happened to me, man.
It started out like it was going to be a really mellow experience,
until they started bringing the whole thing down like
using tape recorders and computers and things.

Hole in
My Shoe

YZ101 12" YZ101
Dist. by W&M, Record Line
& 24/7 Music Communications, Inc.



BLANCMANGE

NEW SINGLE 12" THE DAY BEFORE YOU CAME

A NEW RECORDING 12" INCLUDES AN ADDITIONAL TRACK:

FEEL ME 15" RECORDED LIVE AT HAMMERSMITH PALAIS ON 24th MAY THIS YEAR

NEW SINGLE 12" THE DAY BEFORE YOU CAME

BLANCMANGE



The Young Ones and Come Strag Lads, write to: Marc Contact, Alison, 33 Arundel Street, Calkmore, Walsall, West Mids

I'm a 17 year old boy and I'm into the Thompson Twins, Wham! and Howard Jones. I love to be male and aged 15-17 write to: Phil, High Lane Gardens, Knapp Hill, Woking, Surrey GU21 2RL

Are you weird? Do you like The Specimen, Marc Almond and being morbid? Anyone into smudged lipstick, write to: Jo, 64 Addison Way, Northwood, Middlesex

We're two great guys aged 13 and 16i who love to hear from crazy chicks. Into Big Country, Howe Jones, Simple Minds and trendy gear. Hope to hear from you soon! Write to: Steve and Nick, 6 Hadden Road, Kettlebrook, Lancashire BB8 6TS.

I would like to hear from Shakin' Stevens fans from all over the world and of any age - cause Shaky's "A Love Worth Waiting For" is fantastic. Lisa Wood, 105 Brentwood Road, Westway, London W12 7AA

My name's Gerard and I'm 14. I like all kinds of music, especially Howard Jones, Shaky, Elvis and Culture Club. Get scribbling to: Gerard Ryan, 34 Monaghan Park, Castleby, Limerick, Ireland

I dislike heavy metal, liver and little sisters. If you just happen to look like John Taylor, Martin Green, Andrew Ridgeley or Boy George, then write to: Mia, 40 Fulmer Hill Road, Cheadle Fulmer, Cheshire

I'm 13 and I love Duran Duran and almost everything else apart from heavy metal and Shakin' Stevens. If you're 11 and over, write to: Victoria Lee, 88 Wesdon Park Avenue, Shelton Lock, Derby DE2 9ES

Open-minded 14 year old girl wants penpals. Into Spandau, Wham!, Howard Jones, Paul Young, Depeche Mode and Steve Wright. Drinkers include Soft Cell, Duran, Crowle and John Peel. Enclose pic if possible to: Julie Clayton, Mellow Wood, Hampden Village, Wimborne, Dorset BH21 7LX

Are you moved by the passion of U2, Simple Minds and Big Country and transported to another dimension by the haunting sequences of Jay Division, Tom Waits and the Bunnymen? If so, write to Seamus 117 and Embair 1141 at 23 Clendale Drive, Bray, Co Wicklow, Ireland

Wait someone to write to? Send in a postcard with a few words about yourself so people can get in touch. All cards to: RSWP, 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.

We are a bunch (six) of Malaysian girls who wish to correspond with boys - aged 17-20 who look like either footballers or pop stars. We are all aged 16 and allergic to heavy metal and Marilyn but we do like Spandau Ballet, Knappington, Thomas Dolby, Limah and more. Please contact LYATTO, 45 JM, Taman Intan, Sg. Petani, Kedah, West Malaysia

I'm an HVY looking for a PTT (age 18-21), I'm male, aged 13 and into Wham! and the Thompson Twins. Contact Phil Lee, Whitlam, 16 Park Avenue, Southill, West Midlands B91 1EJ

I'm a bored 17 year old Canadian boy and into Talk Talk, The Spoons, Eurythmics and, yes, Duran Duran! Anyone out there who's into the same, write to: Richard Haines, 19380 121 B Avenue, Pal Meadows, BC, Canada V0M 1P0

I'm mad on Madonna and Bananarama. Write to: Mark, 53 Wanock Road, Keynsham, Bristol BS18 2QP

Calling all Brocade fans! I'm Barry Grant's girlfriend and my friend goes out with Damon! Contact us at: 243 Indle St., Darwen, Lancs BB1 1NG

I'm a 14 year old casual, into Wham!, Michael Jackson and The Young Ones. I would like to meet female casuals. Write to: Darren Sullivan, 69 Kintams Avenue, Hemel Hempstead, Essex

Two gorgeous blondes require two boys. Actually, only one of us is blonde but anyway, our likes include the Eurythmics, Limah, Howard Jones and Coronation Street. Write to: Charlotte and Hazel, 11a Dale View Crescent, Chingford, London E4

Hi fans! I'm aged 11 and mad about Madness and Duran Duran. I also wear good clothes. Fan letters (1) to: Neil Kollerik, 7 Cleeve Road, Cheam, Sutton, Surrey SM2 7NS

Stop here! My hobbies include sports, excursions, parties and aerobics. I also like Michael Jackson, Cyndi Lauper, Thompson Twins and Howard Jones. Write to: Rea Andreadou, Zoni 3, 68100, Alexandroupolis, Greece

I'm a lonely maddo, into Tamia, soul and scooters. I am aged 16½ and would love to hear from any maddos, maddettes or scooter boys. Please write to: Jo Roberts, 9 Terbury Drive, Warndon, Worcester WR4 9LL

I like dress designing, roller skating and ice skating and am also into Culture Club, Duran Duran and Wham! Drop a few lines to: Michelle, B Selton Road, Swinton, Manchester

I'm a 16 year old girl who's madly into Morrissey, The Smiths, neckties and flowers! I'd like to hear from charming young men aged 16+ who also like The Young Ones and going to gigs. Heaven knows I'm miserable now! Write to: Angela, 21 Roading Road, Horley Rd, Bristol BS7 8SX

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 MARBLE ARCH

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 LEEDS Odeon
 LIVERPOOL Odeon
 MANCHESTER Odeon
 MEIKENHILL Odeon
 PLYMOUTH Odeon
 SHEFFIELD Gaumont
 SWANSEA Odeon

FROM FRIDAY JULY 12
 NOTTINGHAM Odeon
 SOUTHEND Odeon

FROM FRIDAY JULY 12
 CLASSIC TOTENHAM COURT RD.
 STUDIO OXFORD CIRCUS • ODEON KENSINGTON
 ODEON SWISS COTTAGE • CD-ROSET WESTBURNE GRADVE

ALDERSHOT A BC
 BARNING Odeon
 BARNET Odeon
 BRIGHTON Odeon
 BROMLEY Odeon
 CROYDON Odeon

ELESTER Odeon
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 HOLLOWAY Odeon
 IRELL Cecil
 FORD Odeon
 RINGSTON Granada

MALDENSTONE Granada
 PETERSBOROUGH Odeon
 PORTSMOUTH Odeon
 ROBINSON Odeon
 ST ALBANS Odeon
 SLOUGH Granada
 SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont
 STREATHAM Odeon

TORQUAY Odeon
 WALTHAMSTON
 GRAYDON
 WIMBORNE Odeon

FROM FRIDAY JULY 12
 BIRMINGHAM
 NEW STREET Odeon
 FROM FRIDAY JULY 20
 HARELY Odeon
 READING Odeon
 CHEERS OF THE ECONOMY
 AT TIME OF PUBLICATION

THE FIRST RELEASE OF
NUMA RECORDS

**PAUL GARDINER
VENUS IN FURS**

PRODUCED BY GARY NUMAN

AVAILABLE NOW



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VENUS IN FURS**

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MESSENGERS

NEW SINGLE

AVAILABLE

ON 7" AND 12"

G R E A T I N S T I T U T I O N S



AS FEATURED ON THE ULTRAVOX
SET MOVEMENT TOUR 1984

BLANCMANGE



I MUST HAVE LEFT MY HOUSE AT EIGHT BECAUSE I ALWAYS DO
 MY TRAIN I'M CERTAIN LEFT THE STATION JUST WHEN IT WAS DUE
 I MUST HAVE READ THE MORNING PAPER GOING INTO TOWN
 AND HAVING GOTTEN THROUGH THE EDITORIAL NO DOUBT I MUST HAVE FROWNED
 I MUST HAVE MADE MY DESK AROUND A QUARTER AFTER NINE
 WITH LETTERS TO BE READ AND HEAPS OF PAPERS WAITING TO BE SIGNED
 I MUST HAVE GONE TO LUNCH AT HALF PAST TWELVE OR SO
 THE USUAL PLACE THE USUAL BUNCH
 AND STILL ON TOP OF THIS I'M PRETTY SURE IT MUST HAVE RAINED
 THE DAY BEFORE YOU CAME

I MUST HAVE LIT MY SEVENTH CIGARETTE AT HALF PAST TWO
 AND AT THE TIME I NEVER EVEN NOTICED I WAS BLUE
 I MUST HAVE KEPT ON DRAGGING THROUGH THE BUSINESS OF THE DAY
 WITHOUT REALLY KNOWING ANYTHING I HAD A PART OF ME AWAY
 AT FIVE I MUST HAVE LEFT THERE'S NO EXCEPTION TO THE RULE
 A MATTER OF ROUTINE I'VE DONE IT EVER SINCE I FINISHED SCHOOL
 THE TRAIN BACK HOME AGAIN
 UNDOUBTEDLY I MUST HAVE READ THE EVENING PAPER THEN
 OH YES I'M SURE MY LIFE WAS WELL WITHIN ITS USUAL FRAME
 THE DAY BEFORE YOU CAME

I MUST HAVE OPENED MY FRONT DOOR AT EIGHT O'CLOCK OR SO
 AND STOPPED ALONG THE WAY TO BUY SOME CHINESE FOOD TO GO
 I'M SURE I HAD MY DINNER WATCHING SOMETHING ON TV
 THERE'S NOT I THINK A SINGLE EPISODE OF DALLAS THAT I DIDN'T SEE
 I MUST HAVE GONE TO BED AROUND A QUARTER AFTER TEN
 I NEED A LOT OF SLEEP SO I LIKE TO BE IN BED BY THEN
 I MUST HAVE READ A WHILE
 THE LATEST ONE BY BARBARA CARTLAND OR SOMETHING IN THAT STYLE
 IT'S FUNNY BUT I HAVE NO SENSE OF LIVING WITHOUT PAIN
 THE DAY BEFORE YOU CAME

AND TURNING OUT THE LIGHTS I MUST HAVE LONGED
 AND CUDDLED UP FOR YET ANOTHER NIGHT
 AND HATTING ON THE ROOF I MUST HAVE HEARD THE SOUND OF RAIN
 THE DAY BEFORE YOU CAME

WORDS AND MUSIC BENNY ANDERSSON & JOHN ULVAEUS
 REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION BOCCA MUSIC
 ON LONDON RECORDS

THE DAY BEFORE YOU CAME

JAMIE RAE

SHE'S THE
 ONE...

Listen to the Album

Listen

Hear the Record on the Video

Buy 204

Produced by Peter Collins

VIRGIN
 records

"I can sound so earnest saying the music is the only important thing, but for us it's simply the truth," explains Ben Watt, half of Everything But The Girl. He sounds almost apologetic.

"We find much more enjoyment and truth in the records than in the fripples and carnival going with it."

Not surprisingly this attitude is reflected in their style of music (a timeless, jazz-tinged acoustic pop with a bitter-sweet lyrical bite). And in their image—a sort of Smiths non-image with street clothes being worn on and off stage. And in their way of life—sharing a very unglamorous yet "groovy attic pad" in Hull.

But, sensibly, Ben and Tracey agree that it would be "pointless to say all we do for is because we're tortured, sensitive artists. Everyone has to pay the milkman—especially if you eat as many yoghurts as I do," smiles Ben.

They met three years ago in Hull while they were at University studying English and Drama (they took their finals this summer). They were first introduced when both were signed separately to the independent label Cherry Red. Ben explains that Tracey "came round with her guitar and we soon started to play some crazy jazz over breakfast". They began buying jazz books and doing covers of things like "Teenage Kicks" by The Undertones and "Read It In Books" by

Echo & The Bunnymen. "Evening flreside favourites."

From there they decided it might be a nice idea to form a group. They called it Everything But The Girl after the motto of a local furniture shop called Turner's.

Previously Ben was involved in solo projects, releasing a batch of excellent singles and an album called "North Marine Drive". Tracey was in a group called The Marine Girls with her friends Alice and Jane, who ended up releasing two classic, scratchy pop albums that sounded as though they were recorded in a garden shed. In the middle of all that activity Tracey still managed to slip in a brilliant solo LP, "A Distant Shore". But what gained her and Ben the most attention was Everything But The Girl's first single, a cover of the Cole Porter classic, "Night And Day", which came as a clean and simple antidote to the naked ambition and carefully constructed pop of the summer of '82.

Since then the pair have only released one other single, this summer's "Each And Everyone" which gave them their first hit. But, true to form, this hasn't resulted in a drastic change of lifestyle—Ben's bought a new plectrum and Tracey's treated herself to a new packet of throat lozenges. And they got recognised for

MINE

BLOWN IN ON THE WINDS OF MISCHANCE
HE WOULD STAY

BUT THAT'S NOT HIS WAY

WHAT ESCAPE FOR HER SHE SWIMS IN THE DARK
INTO DEEP BUT STILL WAVES

"I'M OKAY AND I DON'T NEED HIS NAME THANK YOU
MINE FITS ME NICELY AND MINE WILL DO"

UNSTEADY FOOTSTEPS CAN'T WALK ALONE YET
HE SENDS A POSTCARD AND SAYS HE'S IN DEBT
NOW SHE'S TREADING WATER GOT A BACK ROOM TO LET
CURSES IN THE BACKYARD NEIGHBOURS ON THE
DOORSTEP

"YOU MUST GIVE THE CHILD A NAME SOMETIME"
"WELL YOU MEAN HIS AND WHAT'S WRONG WITH MINE"

SOMETIMES SHE COULD KILL HIM
SOMETIMES THIS HOUSE GETS TOO SMALL
SHE DRIVES HIM TO DISTRACTION

TO SEE IF HE WILL FALL
BUT IF THE TRUTH WERE TOLD
WHICH IT NEVER IS

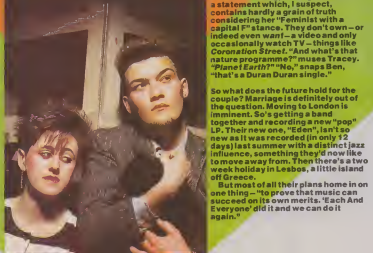
WITH A FAMILY LIKE THAT
WHO NEEDS ENEMIES
SHE'D BE BETTER ON HER OWN

YOU SINK HER LIKE A STONE

Words and music: Ben Watt/Tracey Thorn
Reproduced by permission
on Blanco Y Negro Records

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL

IT'S THE NAME OF A GROUP.
GROUP MEMBERS: TRACEY THORN AND BEN
WATT. MUSIC: QUIET JAZZ-TINGED POP (WITH
A MESSAGE). INTERESTS: BOTTLE GARDENS,
YOGHURT EATING, FEMINISTS, LISTENING TO
SMITHS RECORDS, NOT DOING THINGS POP
STARS ARE SUPPOSED TO DO. INTERVIEW:
PETER MARTIN. PHOTOS: PETER ASHWORTH.



the first time.

"We were wandering around Hull at Number 28 in the charts and not a soul recognised us," explains Ben with apparent relief (though I've a sneaking suspicion he was a bit fed up). "But since then we've been stopped once in Marks & Spencers and once on the tube."

They'd better make the most of it while it lasts. Their new single "Mine", in their reckoning, is not a hit. "It's very slow. Almost a ballad. We're sure it won't do as well."

The single's about "a girl being left with a baby" and, like most of their new songs, finds them writing about political attitudes in a personal way. As Tracey says, "We try to combat things like sexual stereotypes and people thinking all popstars do is laze about on beaches etc. by consciously not doing those sort of things."

It seems The Smiths are their favourite band; Morrissey posters decorate a many a wall in their flat.

"They are the perfect group. He's got a great voice, it's brilliant music, we love the lyrics and image—the way they use them to re-define sexual roles. The flowers were gimmicky but I'd rather see that," agrees Tracey, "than a man with a guitar held up like a rifle."

Apart from listening to Smiths records, the pair devote most of their

lives to their own music. Ben also finds time to tend his bottle garden and apparently "spends hours in some dark corner stroking the leaves of his African Violet". Tracey comes on all stropic saying she just devotes her time to "cooking, ironing for Ben etc.", a statement which, I suspect, contains hardly a grain of truth considering her "Feminist with a capital F" stance. They don't own—or indeed even want—a video and only occasionally watch TV—things like Coronation Street. "And what's that nature programme?" muses Tracey. "Plane Earth?" "No," snaps Ben, "that's a Duran Duran single."

So what does the future hold for the couple? Marriage is definitely out of the question. Moving to London is imminent. So's getting a band together and recording a new "pop" LP. The new one, "Eden", isn't so new as it was recorded (in only 12 days) last summer with a distinct jazz influence, something they'd now like to move away from. Then there's a two week holiday in Lesbos, a little island off Greece.

But most of all their plans home in on one thing—"to prove that music can succeed on its own merits. 'Each And Everyone' did it and we can do it again."



On the Montreux Golden Rose Pop Festival on TV, I noticed Howard Jones waving frantically at the beginning of "Pearl In The Shell". Can you please find out why?

Rick P., Cheshire.

● He was trying to tell the soundmen that his sound monitors were not functioning properly, making it impossible to hear what he was singing. Although everyone on the bill only mimed to their songs, they apparently still needed to use the monitors so that their lips kept in synch.

Can you tell me where Nick Rhodes gets his white shoes from, just like the ones *Smash Hits* are buying him in your competition (June 7). This is urgent. Puffin, Cambridge.

● They come from the Pineapple Dance Centre and will set you back all of £15.99. They stock all sizes and one available mail-order from Pineapple Dance Centre, 7a Langley Street, London WC2, making cheques or postal orders payable to the centre. As a footnote (really!), resident fashion consultant Samantha Archer advises that "they're actually known as jazz shoes and, as they do tend to stretch somewhat after wear, you're recommended to order a half-size smaller than your usual". And, believe us, Sammy knows best.



The Herreys, the original Swedish Eurovision winners from 1984. From left, Juvells and the Vovvs Eskibe

After watching those three gorgeous hunks from Sweden called the Herreys win the Eurovision last month, I'd like to know all about them. Would a picture of them be asking too much? Sharon, Letchworth and Gary Kemp Fan, St. Albans.

● After all the mail we've had about them, I'm much too scared to refuse. From Stockholm, Sweden, they are three brothers - (left-right in photo) Per (25), Louis (17) and Richard (19) - who started their career by performing for customers in the family restaurant. After the brothers won a local talent contest, they signed a lucrative record deal but soon after, the family emigrated to the States. Richard (the "hunkiest" apparently) began to make a name for himself as an actor, and has appeared in *Fame* several times.

In the advertisement for Frankie Goes to Hollywood's new single "Two Tribes" it instructed us to "Collect the 7 piccy disc and search out three separate posters in the 12". Was this



Got a question about pop? There's **NOTHING** (well almost nothing!) Linda can't answer. Send her a postcard: Linda, Get Smart, Smash Hits, 52-56 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1FF.

GIANT START



just a cheap trick by ZTT? certainly didn't get anything with my copy of the 12' or, for that matter, the 7.

Susanne Gustafson, Mæghull.

● Unfortunately for you (and all the other disgruntled readers who wrote in), the ad failed to point out that it was only the first batch of 50,000 that contained the free posters. While ZTT claim that these went in little over an hour on the first day of release, I'm sure this isn't of much compensation to those who felt cheated. However, I've passed on your letters to the guilty party and some of you should receive "something small to make up for it".

Please tell me when the Radio One Roadshows are due to start.

Sue, Bridlington.

● The tour kicked off in Derry on July 2 and takes in 50 different sites, stopping in Bridlington on July 25, and finally ending on August 31 in Torquay. Check Radio Times for full details.

Please supply a list of every record released by Dead Or Alive before "That's The Way (I Like It)" and indicate whether or not they're still available. Also give an address where I can write to Pate Burns.

Pete Burns' Legs, Pontnewydd.

● Kicking off in 1980, singles released on Inevitable were: "I'm Falling"/"Flowers" and in '81, "No. 11"/"Name Game". Released on the Black Eyes label in '82 were: "It's Been Hours Now"/"Nowhere To Nowhere"/"Whirlpool" (12" only) and "The Stranger"/"Some Of That". They then signed to Epic and released "Misty Circles"/"Misty Circles (Instrumental)"/"Misty Circles"/"Selfish Side" (12"/"What I Want"/"The Stranger" (both 7" and 12").

"I'd Do Anything"/"Anything" (7"/"I'd Do Anything"/"Give It To Me" (12"), all released in '83. Releases this year are: "I'd Do Anything"/"What I Want"/"Misty Circles" (10"/"That's The Way (I Like It)"/"Body Strong" (7" and 12") and the "Sophisticated Boom Boom" album and current single "What I Want"/"The Stranger" (7" and 12"). Distributors Probe have limited copies of "No. 11"/"It's Been Hours Now" and "The Stranger" in stock. They also hint that there's "an about 50 copies floating around the building from the time when Dead Or Alive were called Nightmares In Wax and issued a gay anthem titled "Black Leather" - but contact them for more details. Probe, 8-12 Rainford Gardens, Liverpool 2. Tel: (051) 236 6591. Epic retain their whole catalogue except for "Misty Circles". Write to Pete Burns at: Epic, 17/19 Soho Square, London W1. Now can I go?!"



Andy McCluskey's shirt - an artist's impression

Please help me find out where Andy McCluskey of OMD bought his red, white and black shirt, as worn recently on TOP. I have enclosed a drawing but it's not 100% accurate.

Chris Gater, Hull.

● But it is very artistic. The shirts came from Crolla Menswear, based at: 35 Dover Street, London W1. Both Andy and Paul opted for the medium size, selling at around £55. However, hot news has just filtered through that Crolla's have started to sell matching boxer shorts at £11 from the underwear department. Game, fellas?

I recently read that Robert Elms and David Johnson have written a biography about Spandau Ballet. I would be pleased if you could tell me when it's going to be published. Spand Fan, Christchurch.

● Titled *Angel Boys*, the book is to be published by Sidgwick & Jackson and should hit the bookshelves around September, priced £7.95. Robert Elms describes the book as being "more like a novel", featuring profiles on each member of the band, biographies and various charts and maps, as well as full details about the whole *Bitter* club scene they emerged from - i.e. there's tons of references to Boy George, Steve Strange, Marilyn and the rest of that brigade. "It'll in fact outline how Spandau changed the course of pop history," he adds. Anything else? "And it's very wonderful." Thought so.

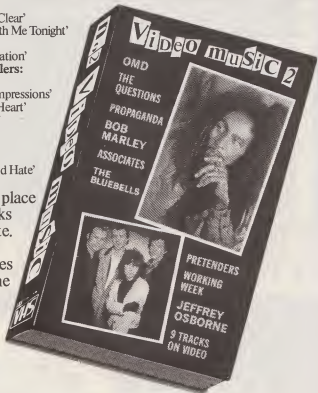
Video Music 2

OMD: 'Talking Loud and Clear'
Jeffrey Osborne: 'Stay With Me Tonight'
The Questions:
'Building on a Strong Foundation'
Bob Marley and the Wailers:
'Waiting In Vain'
Associates: 'Those First Impressions'
The Bluebells: 'Young at Heart'
Propaganda: 'Dr. Mabuse'
Working Week:
'Venceremos/We Will Win'
The Pretenders:
'Thin Line Between Love and Hate'

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SPEAK THE CAPTION COMPETITION

Rather peculiar friends Steve Wright has, don't you think? That grinning bobby looks a trifle 'unhinged' to us, while the city gent in the bowler is clearly right off his rocker. Just what is going on at this mysterious meeting of mirth and merriment? What conversational pearls are flitting between Wright and his mad moustachioed playmate? If you have any suggestions, we'd really appreciate it if you'd bung 'em on a postcard, or the back of an envelope, and send it to **Bubble & Speak, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.**

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Results next issue



LAST ISSUE'S WINNER

There it is — the winning exchange of wit for last issue's snap of a clearly half-out Noddy Hoidee and friend Tracey Ullman, sent in by Roger Walters, Wareham, Dorset. Singies are — even now — heading in your direction. Loads of mirth-inducing runners-up including — Noddy Look, Trace. I've got two lanes, Tracey. Yeah, your Mum and Dad. (Sharon Gray, Edinburgh), Tracey. How many comebacks have you had now Noddy? Nod. Two less than Gary Glitter — and — Noddy. You could say we're two of a kind, Tracey. Yes, one of us tells jokes and gets laughed at and the other sings and gets laughed at. (Stephen J Lee, Cheadle), Tracey. What would you say to another little drink? Noddy. Hello, little drink. (J.L. Locke, Kingswood), Tracey. Nod, I can't keep up this cheesy grin forever. Noddy. OK, I'll tell the photographer to 'pease' off. (Janey Manning, Reading) OK, try Steve Wright. And show him no mercy.

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SONY

Whatever will they think of next?

The Jacksons are currently heading out on a 43 date American tour. It is estimated they'll attract some 1,940,000 fans paying \$30 (around \$23) per head for tickets. The fee's the same whether the seats be good, so-so, or even a considerable hike from the stage. Either way, the fans will eagerly shell out a total \$58 million because of one important fact.

The tour is likely to be Michael Jackson's last in the U.S.A., the only opportunity that most Americans will ever have to glimpse the superstar of superstars in live performance. And nobody wants to miss out.

About 20 years ago though, things were different for Papa Jackson's boys. Then they could be found merely playing hometown hops in Gary, Indiana, or may be winning talent shows that included competition from such other local up-and-comers as Deniece Williams. Sometimes they did gigs for free. Once they even shared the bill with a stripper. Even then Michael was music crazy. In kindergarten he amazed teachers with his soulful interpretations of Julie Andrews songs. By the time he was eight he was cutting records. At 11 he was a fully-fledged pop star who'd sung lead vocal on a million-selling single. Pretty impressive - especially for a kid from Michael Joe Jackson's background.

He'd been born in Gary, a tough, grimy city, on August 29, 1958. Papa Joe then worked as a crane operator at U.S. Steel. Already the father of two daughters, Marlaean and LaToya, plus four boys, Sigmund Exco (Jackie), Toriano Adaryll (Tito), Marlon David and Jermaine LaJaune, he would later have another daughter (Janet) and son (Steven Randall, or Randy.)

At five, Michael was an astonishing singer and dancer. The other boys were also talented, Tito proving a slick guitar artist and Jermaine a capable bass-player. With Marlon and Jackie helping Michael upfront, they formed 'an act' and called themselves The Jackson Five. Initially outraged because Tito had borrowed his electric guitar, Joe Jackson was impressed when he realised just how well his sons could perform. So impressed, in fact, that he quit his job at the steel mill and began devoting all his energy into making The Jackson Five an outfit capable of taking-on and beating all comers. By 1968, the group were well on their way. They'd cut a couple of singles for the local Steel-Town label and were playing dates at major venues in Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington and New York. The following year they signed to Motown Records and by early '69 were atop of the U.S. charts with "I Want You Back", their first single for their new label.

A great visual act, The Jackson Five were snapped up for appearances on scores of TV shows. And Michael, at 12, became the idol of the fans. At school he experienced problems when female classmates began to chase him. He told a reporter at the time that he was really into "drawing or doing jigsaw puzzles"; for him girls held little interest. He was still a kid. But one whom even then received an average 1,000 fan letters each week.

By 1971, he'd made his first solo single. Titled "Got To Be There", it proved a world-wide hit. Others followed, including "Ben", the theme song to a horror film about an army of rats. "Trouble is...", commented one journalist, "at his age, Michael Jackson won't be admitted to any cinema screening the movie!"

But he was gradually growing up, both as a person and as an entertainer. A millionaire at



THE MICHAEL JACKSON STORY

He was a singer when he was 8. He had a

million-selling single when he was 11. He was a

millionaire when he was 17. Now he's 25 and he's sold

more records than any other solo artist. Ever.

Words: Fred Dellar

17, Michael, together with three of his brothers, sought further musical freedom, left Motown and eventually settled upon Epic Records. However, Motown retained the rights to the name Jackson Five - and so Joe Jackson's boys became merely The Jacksons. The pressures of business and fame were, however, beginning to take effect on Michael. Rarely allowed to return to the real world but forced to spend much of his time penned within the walls of the Jacksons' San Fernando Valley home, protected by security systems and guard dogs, he began inventing a world of his own, a world inhabited by exotic pets. Sometimes it seemed that his only escape was into a similarly artificial universe - one in which rooms were, in reality, huge arenas populated by hundreds of screaming fans, or maybe darkened recording studios with recording engineers and producers.

The more successful he became, the more the pressures mounted, the more this world closed in around him. When he was 18, new-paper columnists considered him fair game for their 'who will he marry?' rumour-mongering. If he did as much as stick his nose outside the front door in order to talk to a girl, the papers went into overdrive. Sometime in 1977, Michael confided to artist Andy Warhol that he'd never been on a real date. "I've only been involved in the star-dating game," said Michael. "It's really all in the line of work." Nearly every teen-age actress of note has been 'married' off to Michael at some point or another, his would-be 'wives' including Jodie Foster, Tatum O'Neal, Brooke Shields and singer Stephanie Mills.

One female with whom he's always been friendly is Diana Ross. Way back in 1969, when The Jacksons first signed to Motown, it was Diana who claimed to have discovered the group. All total rubbish, according to Joe Jackson, who has his own story, but Diana's enthusiasm did much to get people interested in the new group. Too odd to be linked in terms of matrimony with Michael, she found herself the victim of the all-time ludicrous rumour. Diana was, some claimed, Michael's real mother! It was enough to make his pet flame laugh.

They were friends though and, in 1978, teamed-up for the film version of *The Wiz*. The film's storyline, involving a girl who's suddenly whirled into a strange land inhabited by witches, wizards, flying monkeys, singing cows and Munchkins, appealed to Michael's love of fairy-tales and fantasy (he played the part of a scarecrow).

Work on the movie also resulted in a new and important friendship for Michael Jackson. The music for the film was masterminded by Quincy Jones, an ex-jazz trumpet-player who'd worked his way up the record industry to become not only a highly regarded producer - as anger but also a successful recording star in his own right. When Michael decided to resume his solo career, he teamed up with Quincy: the result was an unbeatable combination of youth and experience, vocal magic and studio expertise, an album called "Off The Wall". It was incredibly successful. In fact, to date, it's sold over 40 million copies worldwide.

After "Off The Wall", Michael and Quincy worked together on "The E.T. Storybook Album", which MCA released in 1982 to cash-in on the popularity of Steven Spielberg's film. Originally Michael was asked only to sing the theme song, "Once Upon A Dream"

MORE OVER THE PAGE

MICHAEL JACKSON STORY

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

but because he so identified himself with E.T., that lonely creature from another planet, he asked if he could also provide the narration — which he did. But Quincy, as the album's producer, always had problems whenever Michael read a sad part of the book as he'd inevitably end up in tears.

Later, following a 1983 trip to Britain during which Michael recorded some songs with Paul McCartney, he again returned to the Hollywood studios with Quincy Jones to commence work on the long-awaited follow-up to "Off the Wall." The new solo album it was rumoured, would be even bigger! An absolute monster! And, for once, the rumours proved correct. For "Thriller", in terms of sales, has become the most remarkable album ever made by a solo artist and one which has retained a high place in the U.S. charts for no less than 80 weeks to date. When the Grammy Awards ceremony took place in Los Angeles, earlier this year, it became almost boring watching the uniform clad, sparkle-gloved Michael clamber out of his front-row seat in order to claim his record-breaking seven awards.

Home for Michael Jackson these days is still the house at Encino, in the San Fernando Valley, where he lives with his mother. His father has gone now — the Jackson parents were recently divorced. But the animals remain — including two fawns, a llama named Louis and eight-foot long boa constrictor known to the world as "Muscles".

Michael himself is pretty well a matchstick man these days. He weighs around eight and a half stone — the result of a fruit and nut diet aligned to a one day a week fast. His face has also been reshaped in recent times, his eyes having been widened and his nose trimmed. But still the owner of the face that launched a thousand magazine covers hasn't married. With the result that the gossip columnists have come up with a whole fresh load of "revelations" about his private life. One magazine even suggested that Michael had undergone a sex change operation. But he chooses to ignore such attacks. "I know it's not true," he said, resignedly, "so I don't let it bother me."

Certainly though, he's become increasingly wary of the press. At interviews he often has sister Janet by his side, in order that he might confer with her before answering a reporter's question. The once bright young kid, full of personality effluence and on, has become both shy and uncertain of himself when dealing with strangers. Deeply religious — the Jacksons are all Jehovah's Witnesses — he's also been upset of late because some members of his chosen church have reprimanded him for using make-up, dancing in what they consider to be an overtly sexy fashion, and, thirdly, seeming to have endorsed the occult in his *Thriller* video. He's been threatened with "disfellowship" — being thrown out of the church. Which would be a considerable blow to Michael, one friend claiming: "That would kill him if that ever happened because only at home and at church is he treated like a normal person."

Where does Michael Jackson go from here?

He says that one day he might get married. He certainly likes children but talks about adopting rather than having some of his own. On the career side of things, he'll make more albums, write more songs, perhaps produce records for others. Undoubtedly he'll move further into the field of moviemaking, possibly tackling a "straight" acting role. Could be too that he'll attempt a Broadway show, while the odd special concert or two is a certainty for any promoter who can come up with the right sort of money. It's fair to say that, with Michael Jackson, absolutely anything is possible. We'll simply have to wait and see.



1971: the boys practise wheelies by the pool



1971: Left (clockwise) Paul McCartney and Michael Jackson on stage — being chronic on stage



1977: Michael in moody mood (and jaunty hat) filming *The Wiz*



1978: *The Wiz* (Left to right) timid lion, Michael "Scarecrow" Jackson and Diana "Dorothy" Ross.



1982: Michael and Paul McCartney working quite hard in the studio.



1981: Michael and Taram O'Neal trugging willy quite hard in the studio.



Photo: Dickie

*71: (Left to right) Michael, Marlon, Jackie, Jermaine, Tito, Mom and Mom w/ a gold disc, or two



1977: The Jackson mob about tirs with token Brit in Britain outside L'Orangerie, Paris



1981: Jacksons on their American tour



Michael in... (erent moods—(above) relaxing with class cham "Louis" the llama and (right) dressed as... Charlie Chaplin with close chum, Rolls Royce



Photo: G. Stone



*83: Michael and Brooke Shields not tagging wildly.



1984: Michael makes The White House and upstages Nancy Reagan in the fashion stakes. Ronnise's on the left



Michael now

THE MIGHTY WAH!



COME BACK

Down by the docks the talking turned (turned)
 As some are striving to survive
 The others thrive
 Reaching the realm of no return
 I don't want charity just half a chance
 And it's all up to you
 Yes it's all up to you

Chorus
 Come back I'm willing to try
 Come back don't let time go by
 Come back the will to survive's come back
 Come back with time on my hands
 Come back I'm making a stand
 Come back to kill or to cure
 Come back to God-given leisure

Well did you ever hear of hope (hope)
 Yeah yeah yeah
 A small belief can mean
 You'll never walk alone
 And did you ever hear of faith
 Encouragement development
 And it's all up to you
 Yes it's all up to you

Repeat chorus
 Come back I'm making a stand
 Come back with time on my hands
 Come back to kill or to cure come back

Come back I'm willing to try
 Come back don't let time go by
 Come back the will to survive's come back

I'm begging you please come back
 Now I'm making my stand
 Come back with time on my hands
 Come back try to be logical

Ad lib to fade
 Words and music Pete Wylie
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 On Eternal Records

JULIO IGLESIAS AND

Diana Ross



ALL OF YOU

I NEVER HAD THIS FEELING BEFORE
 I NEVER WANTED ANYONE MORE
 AND SOMETHING IN YOUR EYES TELLS ME
 YOU FEEL THE WAY THAT I DO (I FEEL LIKE YOU DO)
 IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO STAY HERE ALL NIGHT
 YOU KNOW THAT I WOULD SAY IT'S ALL RIGHT
 YOU KNOW I'M SAYING YES I CONFESS
 I'VE GOT MORE ON MY MIND
 'CAUSE I WANT MORE OF YOU THAN YOUR TIME

ALL OF YOU YOUR BODY AND SOUL
 EVERY KIND OF LOVE YOU CAN EXPRESS
 ALL THE SECRET DREAMS YOU'VE NEVER TOLD
 I WANT EVERYTHING AND I'LL TAKE NOTHING LESS
 ALL OF YOU AS LONG AS YOU LIVE
 EVERYTHING YOU'VE NEVER SHARED BEFORE
 I WANT ALL OF YOU THAT YOU CAN GIVE
 ALL YOUR JOYS AND ALL YOUR SORROWS
 LIVE TODAY SAME WITH TOMORROW

HOW I'VE LONGED TO FEEL THE WARMTH OF YOUR TOUCH
 AND THEN IF I'M NOT ASKING TOO MUCH
 I'D LIKE TO SPEND MY LIFE WANDERING THROUGH
 ALL THE WONDERS OF YOU (ALL THE WONDERS OF YOU)
 AND WHEN WE'RE LYING CLOSE IN THE DARK
 SO CLOSE I FEEL EACH BEAT OF YOUR HEART
 I WANT YOU TO REVEAL WHAT YOU FEEL
 OH REACH FORTH DEEP INSIDE
 THERE IS NOTHING I WANT YOU TO HIDE

ALL OF YOU YOUR BODY AND SOUL
 EVERYTHING YOU WANT THIS LOVE TO BE
 I WANT ALL OF YOU
 ALL THAT YOU CAN GIVE
 IN RETURN FOR ALL YOU'RE GIVING
 LET ME GIVE YOU ALL OF ME

ALL OF YOU YOUR BODY AND SOUL
 EVERY KIND OF LOVE YOU CAN EXPRESS
 ALL THE SECRET DREAMS YOU'VE NEVER TOLD
 I WANT EVERYTHING (EVERYTHING) EVERYTHING

ALL OF YOU AS LONG AS YOU LIVE (AS LONG AS YOU LIVE)
 EVERYTHING YOU WANT THIS LOVE TO BE
 I WANT ALL OF YOU ALL THAT YOU CAN GIVE
 IN RETURN (IN RETURN) I WANT TO GIVE YOU (LET ME GIVE YOU)
 ALL OF YOU YOUR BODY AND SOUL

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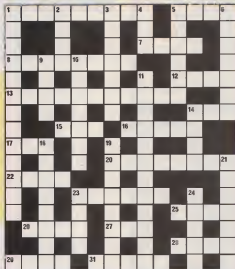


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CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Frankie's warlike peoples (3,6)
- 5 Not to be taken out of jagger
- 7 Ade's around for this lady! (anag)
- 8 'Eise Monday' hitmakers
- 12 Heavy rock band in a hurry?
- 13 A signet of Leoco John's fertile mind?
- 14 See 24 down
- 15 Take a cab around for Martin Fry's mates (anag 1,1,1)
- 16 Eurhythmic Lennon
- 17 A mod band in disarray? (anag 1,1,1)
- 20 Denezec or Don?
- 22 'Open — Hear' (Human League)
- 23 and 30 She helped Shaky find a rockin' good way (6,5)
- 25 This Turner cried 'Help'
- 26 Jim from Simple Minds
- 27 They brought you 'The Story Of The Blues'
- 28 Hank goes into a spin for Chaka (anag)
- 29 Musical instrument to be found in Abba's socks
- 30 See 23 across

DOWN

- 1 What Sister Sledge are doing at this time? (8,2,3)
- 2 'Africa' hit-makers
- 3 Headgear for a blue day? (4,3)
- 4 Band in distress (1,1,1)
- 5 That up-to-date Romance
- 6 Nik name
- 9 George and Andrew
- 10 Multi-coloured heavies
- 11 Loire in Ch!le? Explore for the 'Stuck On You' man (anag 6,6)
- 14 Anaw goes German (anag)
- 18 Musicians — like Jon Moss, Roger Taylor or John Keeble
- 19 Soul train riders (5,3)
- 21 She proved a bag hit with Art Company
- 23 'Crown' prince Gary
- 24 and 14 across 'The Creatures' 'instant hit

ANSWERS ON PAGE 61

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CROSSWORD

ANSWERS (FROM PAGE 53)

1. CROSS: 1 Two Tribes; 3 Mick Jagger; 7 Sade; 8 New Order; 12 Rush; 13 Imaginon; 15 ABC; 16 Anne (Linnex); 17 CMD; 20 (Demico) Williams; 22 (Open) Your Heart; 23 and 30 Bonnie Tyler; 25 Tina Turner; 26 (Am) Kerr; 27 Wah; 28 (Chaka) Khan; 29 (Ab) Bass (Jools); DOWN: 1 Thinking Of You; 2 Toto; 3 'Blue Hat (For a Blue Day)'; 4 SOS (Band); 5 Modren (Romance); 6 (NW) Kuzshaw; 9 Wham; 10 Rainbow; 11 Loree Richo; 14 Nina; 18 Drummers; 19 Swans Way; 21 Susanna; 23 (Gary) Byrd; 24 and 24 across Right Now

STAR TEASER

ANSWERS (FROM PAGE 59)



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Gary Glitter: Newton Abbot Scaly Hayne Agricultural College (July 6), London Hammersmith Palms (8), Margate Winter Gardens (9), Bristol The Studio (10), Crawley Leisure Centre (13), St Austell Coliseum (14)

Spider: Nottingham Zhivago's (July 5), Scarborough Victoria's (6), Leeds Beer Keller (8), Bradford Palm Cove (9), Sunderland Barbary Coast (10), Whitehaven Whitehouse (11), Middlesbrough Town Hall (12), Glasgow The Venue (13), Wexham Heathery Bar (14), Ayr Pavilion (15), Edinburgh Nite Club (16), Carlisle Star and Stripes (17), Newcastle Tritany's (18), Manchester Gallery (19), Coasttopias Winter Gardens (20), Peterborough Key Theatre (22), Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall (23), Newark Palace Theatre (24), Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (25), Colchester Woods Centre (26), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (27), Brighton Pavilion (28), Oxford Supporters' Rock Club (29), Thatcham Saks (30), Swansea Marina Nite Spot (31), Cardiff New Ocean (August 1), London Lyceum (2), Bournemouth Blue Bird Rock Club (4), Bristol Granary (5), Blackpool Beer Keller (7), Oxford Supporters' Rock Club (8), Preston Clouds (9)

Alvin Stardust: Skegness Embassy Centre (July 5), Middlesbrough Town Hall (6), Ramsgate Granville Theatre (11), Portsmouth Guildhall Square (12), Tunbridge Assembly Hall (13), Hurstston Princess Theatre (15), Walford Bailey's (16-21), Farnworth Blighies (27-28)

King Kurt: Newport Isle of Wight College of Art and Technology (July 3)

John Cooper Clarke: Manchester Fagins (July 5), Harrogate Crown Hotel (6), Sheffield The Leadmill (8), London Bloomsbury Theatre (24,25), Edinburgh International Festival (August 26 - September 1)

Lords Of The New Church: London Savoy Ballroom (July 18)

Echo & The Bunnymen:

Lancaster De Montford Hall (September 17), Nottingham Rock City (18), Brighton Centre (20), London Hammersmith Palms (24, 25), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (26), Guildford Civic Hall (27), Gloucester Leisure Centre (28), Crawley Leisure Centre (29), Ipswich Gaumont (October 1), Portsmouth Guildhall (2), Oxford Apollo (3), Birmingham Odson (5-6), Liverpool Grand Room (7), Liverpool Pheasant (8), Bristol Colston Hall (9), Newcastle City Hall (11), Edinburgh Playhouse (12), Glasgow Barrowland (13), Lancaster University (14)



Echo & The Bunnymen "They tell me Liverpool Grand Room is the rock 'n' roll capital of the world. Is that right? Let me hear ya say 'Yeah'!"

LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS LONDON

Lloyd Cole seems to have two major interests in life—firstly, Scotland (his adopted country) and, secondly, his ex-girlfriends. Well, that's what most of his songs are about.

He casually announces to the small though near-packed Goldsmith's College in London that his second song is about "North Of The Border" so they probably won't understand it as they're not Scottish. Charming.

Most of the songs follow the same formula as the single "Perfect Skin"—medium-paced, distinctive vocals and

lashings of electric guitars. The five-piece don't move around much except for the two guitarists who lean back-to-back during the guitar break (really!).

The overall sound is, well, more than a little reminiscent of Lou Reed and The Velvet Underground topped up with a healthy measure of Orange Juice Mark I. Although that's not necessarily a bad thing, it isn't exactly new either.

And that's the trouble with the group. They're professional but they're not particularly exciting. A little more recklessness would certainly help.

Lisa Anthony



Lloyd Cole doesn't mention the ex-girlfriends
Lloyd Cole And The Commotions "a healthy measure of Orange Juice Mark I"

THE FLYING PICKETS LONDON

"Some of you have come here seeking solace and refuge. You're wasting your time!"

Ah, but are we? The Flying Pickets live are a totally different kettle of fish from what you see on *Top Of The Pops*. There's all the spot-on harmonies and deft slapstick routines but there's also a more serious side.

We're invited to "picture a cold isle, palm trees waiting." Cus sound effects of waiting palm trees (1), seaquills and all sorts of marine wildlife. Red Stripe (the bald one) welcomes us on board a Picket Airlines' flight and introduces the crew—Pilot Gareth, Navigator Ken, Commissar Stripe and poor old Brian with just the "eye of a tiger, the brain of a newt" and a lovely fake plait.

But it's not all comic stuff—they've also got a strong political side. There's some sober reflections on the lives of factory workers and a few Maggie Thatcher taunts. It's all pretty topical too—as they say "we're proud to share our name with the National Union of Miners".

The cover versions come thick and fast, something for everyone—Marvin Gaye's "I Heard It Through The Grapevine", Bob Marley's "Buffalo Soldier", The Righteous Brothers' "You've Lost That Loving Feeling", even Talking Heads' "Psycho Killer". Bowie's "Space Oddity" comes complete with a spaceship backdrop beaming messages back to Earth. The

simulated take-off was a bit worrying; the Odson really seemed to shake.

Some of the songs are a bit twee, most of them being made a little more colourful with a few sound effects, but the six unaccompanied voices produce a lot of sound on their own. Finally, we witness "the steamy saga you won't see on *Top Of The Pops*", participation, all of which convinces me The Flying Pickets aren't that bad after all. Oh, and one more thing. Red Stripe has the weirdest legs I've ever seen.

Lesley O'Toole



The Flying Pickets. Navigator Ken checks that his tongue's still firmly in cheek

NIK BERRSHAW



The band by the amphitheatre stage at Nijmegen, Holland: (left-right) Dennis Smith, Mark Price, Keith Airey, Tim Moore, Nik.



Could this mean the return of Buggles glasses? Nik tunes up.

"I'd forgotten it was Tuesday actually," remarks Nik Kershaw. In complete contrast to joyful celebrations *a la Duran Duran*, today's news of "I Won't Let The Sun Go Down On Me"'s massive chart leap from 18 to 4 is greeted by the Kershaw entourage firstly with puzzled surprise and then with quiet satisfaction.

The reason Nik probably forgot is because he's just started, a brief promotional tour of Europe. In Germany he's massive – here in Holland, less so. Right now we're driving from Amsterdam to Nijmegen where Nik and his very *musicianly* band are to do a shortened late afternoon set in the open air for a live radio broadcast before returning to Amsterdam for a full show that evening.

Some people I could mention would faint at the very thought of doing two shows in one day, but not so Nik Kershaw. Everything seems very smoothly organised and Nik – a very cool, calm and collected figure – gives every impression of being quite happy to be busy and takes it all in his stride. Can he really be this unshakeable? As we speed through the flat countryside towards the idyllic leafy setting of the *De Goffert* open air theatre in Nijmegen, Nic Kershaw settles back behind his red-framed sunglasses and prepares to do battle with a typical fan Crauna batch of 'deep' and 'peretrating' questions.

How would you describe yourself?

Short? (laughs) Last going a bit of a duffer. I don't do any planning ahead or anything reasonably introvert. I suppose even tempered, *normal*!

Does it bother you when people talk about your height?

No. It bothers me in that I wish they had something better to talk about but it doesn't bother me because I'm short. It's pointless getting wound up about something you can't change. I mean, I used to walk around in enormous heels about *that* big. I thought it made me taller. It didn't. It made me the same height but standing on four inch heels.

Describe your home.

It's a terraced Victorian house. It's just very simple, plain colours that go with each other like reds and slightly off-whites. Basically, we haven't got any furniture. Originally we didn't have any money to get any furniture and now we've got money, we haven't got any room to put it in anyway. So we're going to wait till we get a bigger place.

Is there any record which really moves you when you hear it on the radio or a jukebox?

"Stay With Me Till Dawn" by Judy Zuke. You don't have to think about it – you just sort of let yourself be taken over by it. A Hans on the back of the neck job. The same with "San Jacinto" by Pete Gabriel, which is off his fourth album.

Which of the following would you prefer to eat? – a) Lobster

Thermidor with orange-tout peas and asparagus; b) a raw 24 ounce T bone steak; c) a vegetarian nut cutlet; d) two packets of Cheesy Wotsits washed down with a Banana Nesquik?

I think I'd rather starve actually. I mean, what a choice! I don't like lobster. I'm not really into raw steak either. I'm not a vegetarian – Sherry is, but I'm not. Sometimes I get all

conscientious about my health and stop smoking and give up eating Mars Bars. Then I go on a binge and eat every Mars Bar in sight and smoke about 20 cigarettes.

Were you in lots of fights at school?

No. I was very good at keeping out of fights. I'm a diplomat, although I was a headstrong one! I had the walk, the funny trousers, the haircut – everything! It was what was happening at the time everyone was hating their hair cut. I thought 'well, f' better have mine cut. had it!' Much to my parents' horror. I came home looking like Dennis The Menace.

Were you a punk in 1976?

No. I wasn't. I'd just left school. I was working in the Department of Employment and they didn't employ punks! So I was very straight, very normal at the time. But I was in bands, we were actually doing our own stuff and it was very in-punk. I didn't think much of it at the time actually, but I think more of it now.

If you could go in for an Olympic event, which one would it be?

Pole vault. We had a pole vault at school but they didn't have much equipment – just one very unsteady pole. That was determined to have to go. I was I was very good at it but it was great fun. I was the only idiot stupid enough to tackle it!

Is it true your record company tried to stop you talking about your wife to make you seem more 'available'?

Well, they probably assumed that a single male is more likely to sell more records than a married male. To that extent, yeah, they did. I just think it's petty. It's ridiculous that it should matter so much.

How did you meet your wife?
She was in bands around my area before I met her, so I'd seen her

on stage a few times. I actually met her in a bass player friend of mine's car on the way to a gig. I don't believe in love at first sight. We sort of drifted into it over a period of years. I mean, we're talking about six or seven years ago.

If you were ever on Pop Quiz, who would you choose to play with and against?

I don't think I'm ever likely to go on *Pop Quiz* actually because I'm absolutely atrocious. I sit and watch it and I just don't know the answers to *anything*! (laughs) I take very little interest in who does what when with who and how – all that sort of thing.

Which of the following organisations would you like to be a member of and why? a) Dennis The Menace Fan Club; b) "The Young Ones" Appreciation Society; c) CND; d) The Young Conservatives; e) Greenpeace?
I'd like to be brave enough to be in Greenpeace, actually.

I'm not really into it. They're risking life and limb to save the whale, to save seals, to let people know about what a mess we're making of things. I think that's an *amazing* thing to do. I've got nothing but the deepest admiration for them. But the trouble with any organisation is nobody wants to know your individual view because they assume you think what the organisation thinks. So I'd like to have the freedom to change my mind and form my own opinions as opposed to belonging to organisations about it.

If you had a T-shirt designed for you, what message would you put on the front?

How about 'No, I'm not him – I just look like him'? Then I can wear it and go and do my shopping and people won't bug me.

What did you think of John Taylor's review of your single in the last issue?
I suppose it's a bad one or you

wouldn't task me. (Reads it, chuckles a couple of times.) It's weird, that is – there speaks the voice of experience. "I wish he wouldn't try so hard to shrug off his young image. He should be grateful for it". I'm not actually trying to shrug off any image – I'm just trying to avoid having one of any description. Because I think it cuts off a lot of people that would normally listen to your music if you've got some kind of image they don't particularly like. Which has got nothing to do with what you're doing it for anyway – which is making music. But apart from that, thanks a lot, John!

Do you regret wearing that snood and those fingerless gloves?

It's pretty pointless having any regrets. You make a lot of mistakes – basically because you don't know any better at the time, but it's impossible to say how much of that was responsible for actually making a success of me. I'd like to think very little of it was, but you can't tell. So I don't regret anything. What I've done is responsible for where I am now and I think it's quite a good position to be in.

Are you superstitious?

A little bit. A fan called Lauren sent me a little blue rabbit – it's a ridiculous-looking thing – right at the start of the band's rehearsals, so on stage I have that in front of my right hand monitor each night. In fact, it's in the last video – it's sat in one of the guitar cases and one of the old men in striped trousers comes and picks it up and looks at it.

Will you still be around in a year's time?

Oh yeah. I might be sweeping the roads, but I'll be here! Oh yes, definitely. I can't stop writing songs – I've tried it before and the top of your head sort of blows off. But it's not up to me – it's up to everybody else if they buy it. All I can do is write the songs. I can't *tailor* them – I can't think like that. So it's not up to me.


TEDDY PENDERGRASS

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STAR TEASER

- **BREAK DANCE FEVER**
(Blaze Machine)
- **CHANGE OF HEART**
(Change)
- **DANCING IN THE DARK**
(Blaze Springfield)
- **GAZZLE**
(Gazzle & The Bananas)
- **FAREWELL MY SUMMER LOVE**
(Michael Jackson)
- **HEAVEN KNOWS I'M
MISERABLE NOW**
(The Swings)
- **HIGH ENERGY**
(Evelyn Thomas)
- **IMMUTATION**
(Red Stewart)
- **I WANNA BELOVED**
(Evelyn Thomas)
- **LOVE ALL DAY**
(Nick Heyward)
- **LOVE LIES LOST**
(Helen Terry)
- **LOVE WARS**
(Kornak And Horvack)
- **ONE BETTER DAY**
(Mikros)
- **ONLY WHEN YOU LEAVE**
(Suzanne Baker)
- **PEARL IN THE SHELL**
(Howard Jones)
- **PERFECT SKIN**
(Luv U Girl And The Connections)
- **RED GUITAR**
(David Spivey)
- **RELAX**
(Frankie Goes To Hollywood)
- **ROUGH JUSTICE**
(New Order)
- **SAD SONGS**
(Lionel John)
- **SEARCHIN'**
(Helen Terry)
- **SEVEN SEAS**
(Echo & The Bunnymen)
- **SMALLTOWN BOY**
(Shank Dee)
- **SO TIRED**
(Dany Dabrowski)
- **STUCK ON YOU**
(Lionel Richie)
- **SUSANNA**
(Ari Costantini)
- **THE REFLEX**
(John Cougar)
- **THINKING OF YOU**
(Sister Sledge)
- **TWO TRIBES**
(Frankie Goes To Hollywood)
- **WAITING IN VAIN**
(Bob Marley)

All the names above are hidden in the diagram. They could run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Some even run backwards. But remember that the titles are all in an uninterrupted straight line whichever way they run. Some letters are used once, some aren't used at all. Cross off each name as you find it.

W B D O C L L A X E R I L B L B O B
 O T R A N H O C A E N O O R E R P
 N W S E D E A N H F L N V E V E E A
 E O D A O A E I N A X E F C A A A K R
 L T A A T H R T G B A I E K R R O E
 B R Z N C T U I E S T L D R A U L V
 A I Z R I A U T T S U A E D E L R O
 R B A A T A T O U O N S E R E H A L
 E E W I T E V J Y C S H A H N P T R
 S S O O R S H N E T A S N E O I E
 I N W D C G E P I N O E D U N P U M
 M T A I U H A V I G H K O P E A G M
 M Y E O W R A G E T N Y C R O L D U
 I R R Y T A N N N N F I C U O N E S
 S D L Y O I N I G O S E T V T H R Y
 W N M O C B L N G E C E E I I S L M
 O S E N V R N N A T O L F A G A O B L
 N S A L A E I W S B I F H S V W L
 K D A E Z K W K O E E E H E R E T E
 N S P D N Z I A S T N L A E U A R W
 E R U I S N A L R E L L O C A T F E
 V E H R N O O D R S L L S V U R S R
 A T A A P S N G N D R E A U E T T A
 E F W E T R Y G A A W A H M S D S F
 H I G H E N G Y S I D S F T S I A W

TWINNS

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Dear Black Type,

Good evening, we're the Famous Five and we're camping down by the lake and we need some food. We would like some free range eggs, your own baked bread, some of your own cured bacon, your own horse and some tomatoes from your garden. Will you be so kind to be so jolly decent of you to help. You really are a brick.

Thanks Love,
Julian Dick, George, Aimee and
Timothy The Dog
P.S. Aunt Fanny and Uncle Quentin send their love

Isay, gosh, thanks for writing in, you lot. Super. Stick around and help open a few letters - it's effing fun. Haven't got any home cured bacon I'm afraid but there's lashings of Cheesy Wotins and Banana Neaquir. Hurrah!

David, formerly known as Kid Jensen, joined the BBC in 1976 after starting a career as a disc jockey with Radio Luxembourg, then working for local radio.

Look what I found in the *Hereford And Worcester Evening News*. It's part of the story about David Jensen, and his move from Radio 1 to Capital Radio.
Helen Bateman, Hanley Swan
P.S. Looks young for his age, doesn't he?

Not bad. Pretty well preserved. Must be 120 if he's a day. Oh, and talking of misprints...

NOTHING is shifting Whami from the top spot, but Ultravox are still rising at No. 2 and Bronski Beats' Smalltown Boy is heading for the big time too.

I thought you might like to know what The Sun thinks of those three
Smalltown Boys
Diane Georgevitch, Evesham

Great. Don't seem to get Alan and that and that lot much these days. It's all Tim Kerr, Pig Country, Sham!, Vulture Club, The Lettuce Eaters, and The Bicycle Works.

I've just spent the last three hours learning the sexual activities of the earthworm. It doesn't come up in the exam I think I'll commit succedd! Larry Mullen's Drumstick. Royston, Herts

I didn't even know drumsticks could take exams. The wokers of modern education. Still, it's pretty intellectual around here too, you know. How many magazines do you know that regularly get letters from dictionaries? Answer me that?

The Reflex is an involuntary action of the muscle, gland or other organ caused by the excitation of a sensory nerve being transmitted to a nerve-



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

centre and then reflected along a different nerve to the organ in question.
The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary, Harrow

You must be fun at parties.

OK Fellas, the joke's over. What were you playing at? What? Who am I talking about? The cameraman on *Top Of The Pops* of course. Blimey! It's been the biggest comedy series for ages, that programme. I find myself now wondering if it's some kind of contest - which cameraman can film the most amount of poses, balloons etc? Or even whachone can film the least amount of pop stars?

But this week (June 7) I just doubled up with laughter I think it must have been who can film the most amount of looks especially when Whami came on. I hardly ever saw George and Andy I mean who wants to see a load of beaming white lights? I wonder if they get these blokes from the YTS scheme.
A Somewhat Bored Fina, St Helens

Oh don't start me off. Nobody hates those awful 'dancers' on *TOTP* as much as me. Nobody! In fact it shouldn't be called *Top Of The Pops* at all. It should be called something like *Awful Twerps In Tra-cleats Wrapping Their Bottoms or Frightful Nerds Who've Read 'Teach Yourself Breakdancing' And Goo! About In Trendy T-Shirts With A Really Horrible Fixed Grin or Incredibly Annoying Prats With...*
(Have another Banana Neaquir, you'll feel a lot better - Ed)

I thought *The Montreux Colden Rose Pop Festival* was pathetic, chronic, insignificant and really bad!

For a start I can get better sound of my little transistor radio. The "singing" pop stars didn't pretend to be singing into the microphones (apart from Mike Vine who was squashed that he had no choice) and the sets were nothing special either, with nothing but dry ice to disguise the floorboards. This international

festival included only Nena who wasn't a British or American hype. The audience consisted entirely of frazzling school types who screamed and clapped in all the wrong places and Howard Jones was the only one who introduced a "live" feel with the audience and shook hands with a few.

Why have the thing in Montreux when the only shots of local scenery we saw were behind Noel Edmonds? The 'studs' bore more than a passing resemblance to a school assembly hall or a warehouse. Then there's the question of why it was really necessary to fly 30 odd bands to Montreux so they can MIMÉ!

If someone gave me £200,000, I'm sure I could organise something a lot better than that.
Holly Johnson's Long-Lost Four Of Contract Lenses, Rugby

So Frankie Goes To Hollywood's new single is about any two tribes - e.g. men and women or any other opposites you can think of. So said Holly Johnson (or was it the other one) on Peter. Im so trendy Powell's show. Why then should the group make a video showing the violent clash between the two super powers and advertise the song by printing the horrendous statistics of a nuclear war? It may be a good thing to publicise these facts but for a pop group to try and make a profit by doing so is wrong.

Frankie are trying to cash in on teenagers' anti-American/ Thatcher/ cruise opposite feelings. This isn't doing any good at all. Frankie should stop sensation-seeking and also realise that CND are not a trend but a dedicated peace-seeking organization. Am I missing sense? I hope so.

In case you print this (!) I'd like to say - a) I'm not trying to provoke an argument by being ridiculous/thick/stupid on purpose, and b) it's my opinion and I'll stick by it.
Sam's Friend Shri! Shrewsbury

I don't know whether it's because I'm a Style Council fan or not (y'know, angry young man - or girl in this case - and all that stuff) but the idea of

putting out several mixes of a record for "marketing" makes me ill.

With the two Franke Goes To Hollywood tracks, there were several versions made to entice fans to buy more than just one 7" single and one 12". This method of sales really angers me because it would take a small fortune just to keep up with every release.
Paul Weller's Pringle, Coatbridge

Just to fill in some cracks of spare time I decided to read the *Pete Burns Personal File* (June 7). I was not at all amused by his comment on vegetarians - that "we're all lettuce's". I would not like to inform Mr Burns that there's more to a life of vegetarianism than lettuce. All I can say is that if he believes "you are what you eat" then he must eat a lot of half-baked, shapeless old tarts cause that's exactly what he reminds me of.

He says he couldn't dream of becoming a vegetarian but becoming a vegetarian is not something you dream up. It evolves from you deep beliefs in Animal Rights. So stick that in your pipe and smoke it.
A Human Veggie

Always worried me that business about "you are what you eat". I mean, if Peter Martin was what he ate then something vaguely resembling a large packet of pickled onion flavoured Hula Hoops, some purple Outer Spacers, two family-sized bags of Bovril, Monax Munch and a Lion bar would bowl into the office every morning. But there's been a bit of a return to Health Foods around here since new designer Vici MacDonald turned up (friend of Lole Bore - you remember, bag of bark for lunch, turf sannies, bottles of pure mountain spring water reeled direct from Leland to Carnaby Street on a bed of ice). Things can only get better.

Dear Gary Kemp,

Referring to when you appeared on *Exile Days A Week* (June 15) particularly when you commented upon David Sylvian's work. Firstly, why should a group have to write commercial music? Surely the point of making music is to put your heart and soul into it without having to compromise and not writing music just so that you can be commercially successful?

Also it's obvious to us - and many other admirers of Japan - that David Sylvian's lyrics are very personal to him. You obviously think that they're only one's own, so not to feel you. There are other things in which the other side of his personality comes through.

And lastly, although his polaroids can strike you as being the same as David Hockney's the difference is that Sylvian's pictures have no movement. Hockney's are concerned with movement.

Surely it's better to show how you feel and leave it to interpretation, than to present a superficial image which you yourself have changed so many times. We never know which one to believe.
The Ghosts, Boreham Wood



I found this 'interview with Wham!' in a Japanese pop magazine. Look at the appalling English—or is it English? Even the title is in the Crown Colony of Hong Kong now. I shall be back in Ye Goode Oldie United Kingdom at the end of July so er what about a £10 Record Token?

Yvonne So, *Yapo Road, Hong Kong*

Pop stars, eh? They're all the same. Make pots of noney, run off with loads of girls, and then try to tell you they're still ordinally guys. It's a joke, isn't it? Have a £10 Record Token.

Dear Black Type,
I thought you'd like to join my club the ANTI DURAN DURAN, SIMON LE BON AND NICK RHODES CLUB. There is no entry fee but you must be a Duran fan.

Rules 1) When Duran are on television, follow these simple instructions: a) scream and yell as loudly as possible, b) have a full scale conversation on Simon Le Bon's faults (you could be there all night, so be warned), c) annoy Nick Rhodes fans by asking which member of the band he is going out with since he split up with Simon. 2) When the Duranes is counting her thousands of pictures of Simon, remember to stand on them or pour your drink over them or lighten her burden by burning them. 3) Always carry a pair of ear plugs in case you are surrounded by a group of Duranes talking about their favourite wramp from the band. (Caution—make sure these are extra strong when you are cornered by M and S Simon fans) 4) When Duranes play a record you must get rid of the noise fast. The best way is to stand on the record but remember to take it off the record player first. 5) All members will defend all music from Beethoven to Culture Club. Remember, *noifuz* is as bad as Duran Duran!
Please keep these rules for the safety of all living creatures. When you perform one of these duties, you are doing it for Queen and Bag Cabaret.
Someone Who Likes The Beatles And Torvill And Dean, Bucks.

is the start's the secret of keeping friendship for so long time?
is there ever an let's of sorry, I mean that's a job, will I don't know, I suppose there's very very strong, relative mild offense on one or two basically same kind style.
is there (and), will do you know how some little or girls too?
is sh, fairly similar here, I think, and only difference is that answer tend to like younger girls, I like older girl.

Or alternatively . . .

Hi there!
This is a letter calling all Duran Duran fans. We are starting a club for Duran fans only. It's the *Time Like Luna Penpal Club*. It is set up to get Duranes writing to each other and making new friends. There is no cost involved. Just write to us and we will make you up to a suitable pen-pal. We guarantee that every letter sent to us will receive an answer within 28 days. If you want to join, write to *Time Like Luna Penpal Club*, 20 Clearway Drive, New Egin, Moray, Scotland. Remember to enclose an A4E.

Lots of Love,
The Time Like Luna Club

You never know who you might meet when you write off to club. Let me tell you a story: 'other night, I wandered into the office a bit late and I heard this, this sobbing sound. Loud and clear. Looked round the corner and there's The Editor, head in hands, weeping, tears rolling down his rather ample cheeks, a rather soggy-looking letter lying before him on the desk. "It's happened, Black Type," he wailed. "It's finally happened! Two people," he choked . . . "who met through RSVP" . . . he was overcome with emotion . . . "they're, they're ACTUALLY GETTING MARRIED!" And with that he lurched over to the record player, slipped on one of those awful Frank Sinatra discs, started spinning along, mumbled something about love being "a many splendored thing" and then collapsed in a heap in the corner. Funny chap. Anyway, I rescued said letter and here it is:

Dear Mr Ellen,
I would like to relate to you a story which came about as a result of a mention in *RSVP* in *Smash Hits*, May 27 1982. At that time I was in hospital. I received a letter (ofc ofc) from a girl called Suzze who was working in London as an au pair. We wrote to each other and on July 9th

1982 we met each other in Liverpool. The following day Suzze returned to Switzerland.

For eight months we continued writing and in March 1983 Suzze came to stay with me in Liverpool for two weeks. We wrote for a further three months and in July I went to Switzerland for a month. I had a terrific time.

After I returned home, we wrote for another five months and Suzze came home to Liverpool again for Christmas. She flew home again in January and for four months we wrote continuously, sometimes twice a week.

On May 1st 1984, I came to Switzerland. 24 days later we had a civil wedding at the Registry office here in Munsingen and on 7th July at 2.00pm we will be married in St Ursula's Church in Berne.

We find it amazing how far a few words can get a person and we are pleased to you for printing our *RSVP*.

Yours faithfully,
K G Jones

OK, you lot! I think I deserve a bit better treatment than this. I've been reading your fabbo mag for years (none of this 'be slow reader' thing) but do you appreciate it? No way! I have written to *RSVP* trillions of times, spent all my pocket money on post-cards and stamps. I've tried every possible approach—the letters (hays, I'm so Thompson Twine and day-go colors), the untrendy (I like the Nolans, Johnny Mathis and Earth), the downright weird (Calling Earth's Life as a bowl of cold porridge, so write to me) and even poetry—but none of it works.

To be perfectly frank, if it's running my life, I've got writer's cramp and stamp-lacker's tongue (yeechhh!), the he awakes at night trying to thank me of hisness. When *Smash Hits* day comes around I become a nervous gibbering wreck. I hope for my little pen-pal plea to be printed—but to no avail.

My life is hardly worth living, so please take pity on me and print my letter and full address so I can send you there on rescue me from this pit of despair!
Ezze, I Revels Road, Benges
Hertford, Herts SG14 3JT

That, Ezze, could be described as Bad Luck but we do get a lot of people writing in to *RSVP* so it often takes more than one letter to get in. Drop us a line if there's any weddings, parties, bands forming, etc. as a result of this.

For all you hypochondriacs, here is our illness Top Ten—

- 1) "2000 Piles" - The Pretenders
 - 2) "Take That Vaccination" - Nick Heyward
 - 3) "Only Flu" - Yazoo
 - 4) "Glandular Boils" - Mike Oldfield
 - 5) "Cold Me Now" - Thompson Twins
 - 6) "Total Attack Of The Heart" - Bonnie Tyler
 - 7) "Keep Feeling Constipated" - Human League
 - 8) "Bleakfast In Bed" - Supercramp
 - 9) "Fenny Sprain" - The Beatles
 - 10) "Spof" - Captain Sensible
- Two Young Doctors Who Are Fed Up With Looking At Chests (Unless It's Phil Collins's Or Martin Kemp's)

I was going to suggest something along the lines of "Saturday Night Seizure" but, on second thoughts, I won't bother.

Perhaps I should warn you, it was rather foolish asking for anagrams of 'Frankie Goes To Hollywood'. There are in fact 2,347 x 10¹⁰ possible anagrams (that's 2347 followed by 14 0s). If you allow two lines for a letter, one line for the name and one line in between for your average size Letterpage, it would keep you going for 1/5406 x 10 issues (15406 x 12 0's)

Or, if you just printed the anagrams in your whole magazine, one line per anagram and printed a 70 page issue every day, it would be enough to keep you going for 245 21 thousand million years.

On the other hand, you could publish one 70 page issue of anagrams of *The Entire Crew Of The HMS Ark Royal* every day for just over 2.2 billion, million, million years.

Who says there's no future in publishing? *A Radio Hertford Newswriter, Hertford.*

Now try it without the calculator. Anyway, mind your backs—here are some of the best of the anagrams of *The Entire Crew Of The HMS Ark Royal* (and, believe me, there were loads)—

This is the camera work of Helen Terry (Bran, Blackbarn). Therefore how can Thelma eat, Kerry? George Michael's Left Eyebrow. Rocky just bet teeth where? On a farm (A Friend I Call Desare, Lemm In The Heart Of The Country). R. Harty ate the nose from Helen's wok (A Pnt-Suck Aberdeen; OK I'm rat. Where has Ron left the rice? (The Other Intellectual Range, Sulfalk; Freaky Comes Leers At Thin Homer (Thin Homer And Ron, Cowley); Hit The weather, the joke line, Mr Carter (Bernard's Rather Far Out Haircut (Birkenhead); Roy Larkitt had three worms for tea (A Fantastic Nomasood; Hesse! Hark! I shot three Crawley Kremen (Dave Bennett, Essex); and finally—They're for Alan Whacker's mother, ET (Edna Rowley, Hoall Green) Well, (deep breath) only about 2.199 million million million years to go!

I think someone should put Morrissey out with his misery. Norman, Scanthorpe.

Don't be so heartless, Norman. Life can be a pretty heavy experience when you've got a tree growing out of your back pocket.

Dear Black Type,
What have you got in your pockets? *Prince: William's Girlfriend, Chozball*

No trees, that's for sure.

Dear Black Type,
Who writes saucy comments at the bottom of people's letters and can go home now cos we're coming to the end of the page? *Martin, Royston*

Er...me?

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PRINCE

& The Revolution

Dig if you will the picture
 Of you and I engaged in a kiss
 The swirl of your body covers me
 Can you my darling can you fix your lips
 Dream if you can a courtys rd
 An ocean of violats in bloom
 Animals a trika curious poss
 They feel the heat the heat between me and you

Chorus

How can you just leave me standing
 Alone in a world that's so cold (world that's so cold)
 Maybe I'm just too demanding
 Maybe I'm just like my father too bold
 Maybe you're just like my mother
 She's never satisfied (she's never satisfied)
 Why do we scream at each other
 This is what it sounds like when doves cry
 Touch if you will my stomach
 Feel how it trambles inside
 You got the butterflies all tied up
 Don't make me chase you even doves that cry

Repeat chorus

How can you just leave me standing
 Alone in a world that's so cold (world that's so cold)
 Maybe I'm just too demanding (maybe maybe)
 Maybe I'm just like my father too bold
 (My father you know he's too bold)
 Maybe you're just like my mother
 (Maybe you're just like my mother)
 She's never satisfied (never never satisfied)
 (Why) why do we scream (scream) at each other (why)
 This is what it sounds like when doves cry

When doves cry (when doves cry when doves cry)
 When doves cry (when doves cry doves cry doves doves cry)

WORDS AND MUSIC PRINCE
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WHEN DOVES CRY



TINA TURNER

WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND
 THOUGH THE TOUCH OF YOUR HAND
 MAKES MY PULSE REACT
 THAT IT'S ONLY THE THRILL
 OF BOY MEETING GIRL
 OPPOSITES ATTRACT
 IT'S PHYSICAL ONLY LOGICAL
 YOU MUST TRY TO IGNORE
 THAT IT MEANS MORE THAN THAT ON

CHORUS

WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO GOT TO DO WITH IT
 WHAT'S LOVE BUT A SECOND HAND EMOTION
 WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO GOT TO DO WITH IT
 WHO NEEDS A HEART WHEN A HEART CAN BE BROKEN

IT MAY SEEM TO YOU
 THAT I'M ACTING CONFUSED
 WHEN YOU'RE CLOSE TO ME
 IF I TEND TO LOOK DAZED
 I READ IT SOMEPLACE
 I'VE GOT CAUSE TO BE
 THERE'S A NAME FOR IT
 THERE'S A PHRASE THAT FITS
 BUT WHATEVER THE REASON
 YOU DO IT FOR ME OH

REPEAT CHORUS

I'VE BEEN TAKING ON A NEW DIRECTION
 BUT I HAVE TO SAY
 I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY OWN PROTECTION
 IT SCARES ME TO FEEL THIS WAY

REPEAT CHORUS

WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO GOT TO DO WITH IT
 WHAT'S LOVE BUT A SWEET OLD FASHIONED NOTION
 WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO GOT TO DO WITH IT
 WHO NEEDS A HEART WHEN A HEART CAN BE BROKEN

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

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DON'T LET THE SUN GO DOWN...

Yes! Summer's with us once again and we all know what that means. Sleet. Driving rain. A monsoon, maybe. Loveable gale-force winds that regularly wreck picnics, wreak havoc on 'sun-kissed' strips of sand and generally give everyone who fancies taking a trip to *The Great Outdoors* a *really hard time*.

Well, relax. We – as ever – have the solution. Stick to *The Great Indoors*. Stay in your room. Hoot at the hailstones. Laugh at the lightning. Cackle at the climate

and gaze instead upon the incredibly summery glossy full colour GIGANTIC double-sided wall-poster that's being given away FREE with the next issue of this very magazine.

On one side, Nik Kershaw catching a few rays. On the other, The Thompson Twins beneath the burning Californian sun.

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