

Smash HITS

FRANKIE OVER ITALY

A NATION RUNS FOR COVER!



PETE BURNS • ALISON MOYET • KILLING JOKE • MADONNA

TEARS FOR FEARS
SMASH HITS



SONGS

MATERIAL GIRL MADONNA	11
METHOD OF MODERN LOVE HALL & OATES	17
HEART USER CLIFF RICHARD	17
DO YOU REALLY (WANT MY LOVE) JUNIOR	25
JUST ANOTHER NIGHT MICK JAGGER	25
CHANGE YOUR MIND SHARPE AND NUMAN	28
THE THEME FROM SHAFT EDDIE & THE SOULBAND	33
YOU SPIN ME ROUND (LIKE A RECORD) DEAD OR ALIVE	36
SOME LIKE IT HOT THE POWER STATION	43
STARVATION STARVATION	45
WHO COMES TO BOOGIE? LITTLE BENNY & THE MASTERS	55
MONEY CHANGES EVERYTHING CYNDI LAUPER	60
THE BOYS OF SUMMER DON HENLEY	60
EVERY TIME YOU GO AWAY PAUL YOUNG	61



Photo: Paul Cox

CONTENTS

FEATURES / COLOUR

JULIA LENNON: ANOTHER TERRIFYING ORDEAL BY G.A.	8/9
FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD: WOULD YOU LET THESE PEOPLE IN YOUR COUNTRY? 12/13/14/15	
THE MONOCHROME SET: SUCCESS AT LAST?	40
STARVATION: A SECOND SINGLE FOR ETHIOPIA	44/45
IS 1985 THE YEAR OF RECORD COMPANY 'HYPER'? PACKAGEO POP STARS ANSWER BACK	56/57
GO-GO: THE NEW DANCE CRAZE?	58/59

PLUS

BITZ: DAVID CASSIDY, BARRINGTON LEVY, BRAGG & KINNOCK, THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR GROUP!	4/5/6
BITZ COMPETITIONS: MADONNA SCENTED 12'S, MONOCHROME SET TV	4/5/6
SINGLES: BY ANDY KERSHAW OF WHISTLE TEST	19
LPs: THE SMITHS, TEARS FOR FEARS, PHIL COLLINS	21
GET SMART: THE WORLD'S GREATEST GUITARIST (YES), ROBIN GEORGE, STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE'S JEWELLERY, PAUL KING	22/23
COMPETITION WINNERS: TINA TURNER, BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, WIN YOUR WEIGHT IN RECORDS	26
RSVP: MATE MAIL	31
PERSONAL FILE: ROSE McDOWALL OF STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE	33
DATES: KING, ASSOCIATES, GRANDMASTER MELLE MEL, BIG SOUND AUTHORITY	34
STAR TEASER: YOU NAME IT	34
CROSSWORD: THE POP QUIZ	39
LETTERS: HOLLY JOHNSON'S MUM! PRINCE AT THE BPI AWARDS! BOB GELDOF! MEAT IS MURDER! BAGPUSS!	47/48
THE BIG COMPETITION: WIN SIGNED SMITHS AND TEARS FOR FEARS LPs	51
MUTTERINGS: WHO O'DWHAT WHEN WITH WHOM AND WASN'T IT ALL TERRIBLY EMBARRASSING?	67
YOUR FREE STICKER BOOK & STICKERS: DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE!	68

COVER: FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD (MUSIC VIDEO) BY ERIC WATSON

Photo: Laura Lewis

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KILLING JOKE

"Ours is a great music. A beautiful music.
A music exclusively for the '80s."

26/27



Photo: Paul Cox

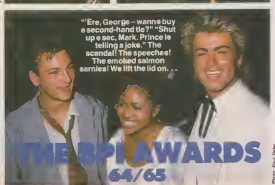


Photo: Paul Cox

LABOUR OF LOVE



Kinnock and Bragg: "When I were a lad, Bill, music was real music. See five male voice choirs, drink seventeen pints and still have change from a florin..."

● Strange things are afoot at The Houses Of Parliament. **Neil Kinnock** (who's managed to get a bit of time off between appearing in pop videos, record industry award ceremonies etc) is having a press conference. Nothing odd about that perhaps, but you see there's this weird bloke sitting next to Mr Kinnock. He's occupying deputy leader Roy Hattersley's chair, but how many senior politicians sport battered leather jackets and rogey old jeans? (Well, Michael Foot might do, but it's not him.)

No, *Biz* isn't fooled that easily – this impostor is obviously none other than **Billy Bragg** that large-nosed musician chap.

from Barking. Already well-known for his left-wing beliefs, he's decided to link up with the Labour Party for a series of concerts entitled the "Jobs For Youth Tour". The package consists of a small national tour beginning in March and featuring Billy, The Sid Presley Experience (warmly recommended by *Biz*) and someone called Porky The Poet (whoever that might be).

"In the last year I've come into contact with so many political ideas it's not enough just wanting to be famous any more," Billy explains.

"1985 is the International Year Of Youth, but the Tories think youth is some terrible disease we all go through. Young people feel nobody cares for them. They're getting dumped on."

"The point of the shows is to show people the political power they've got," adds Mr Kinnock. "We want to give people the tools for the argument."

Seems they're not expecting a deluge of pop stars to join the scheme, though. "A lot of them are earning so much money they can't come out and admit they support Labour," reckons Billy. "But if there are any others who want to do it they're more than welcome!" beams Mr Kinnock.

So, wonders *Biz*, has Mr Kinnock ever seen one of Billy's shows?

"I've seen Billy a few times actually – I last saw him at the South Manchester Free Trade Hall."

And the verdict? "Damn good, too!"

● Last issue's story about a three-week "Feed The World" festival in Edinburgh was apparently a hoax. There will be no such festival. *Biz* apologises to everyone affected, especially Regular Music.

● **Zorra 1** who, we said, began touring with Big Country and/or Jax! have finally released their first LP (it's called... wait for it... *Zorra 1*).

● Did you see **Prince** on the box the other night winning all those award things? Well, then you'll know that his royal badness doesn't exactly talk a lot, though he does make fairly wild records. His latest is a double-A-side from the "Purple Rain" soundtrack – "Let's Go Crazy" and "Take Me With You". The especially groovy and particularly wonderful '12' has an extended version of "Let's Go Crazy" and a third, unreleased, song "Erotic City (Make Love Not War Erotic City Comes Alive)".

● "His Priest And Camera" is the title of a compilation of **The Fall's** raucous northern ranting. Sounds like fun? You'll have to wait till March 22 to find out.

● **Test Dept** make rather strange noisy music by banging lots of pieces of metal rather hard. The **South Wales Striking Miners Choir** harness the rather more traditional sound of the valleys. So you'd expect the two groups to keep a good distance from each other, right? Well, no, actually – they've just got together and recorded an LP "Shoulder To Shoulder". All proceeds go to 'support the miners' fight for jobs.

● **Boo** had been "dod". Yes, the above picture does bear a quite remarkable resemblance to Marilyn Monroe. But no, the chicklet in the pink off the shoulder is actually one Madeline Coccone. Looking well sexbomb, this picture can be yours, giant poster size, blazing full colour, the lot. 25 of the little devils, no less. And that's not all. Her new single, "Maternal Girl", the video for which features the above scene, can also wind its merry way onto your sound blazer, or whatever. In it's full '12' glory, it's no ordinary record. It's perfumed with the freshest expensive scent of Chanel No. 5. Pretty groovy, huh? So, you romantic fool, to have all this at all you need to do is answer this question: Where was her "Like A Virgin" video filmed? a) Paris, b) New York, c) Venice, d) Milton Keynes?

Answers on the back of an envelope or postcard to **Smash Hits Madonna Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. Have them in by 14 March – there's 25 of each up for grabs.

● **Julian Lennon**, who you lot voted "Most Promising New Act" in our Poll, has a new single, "Say You're Wrong", in the shops right now. It's another track from his "Valotte" LP, and on the '12' there's also an extended dance version of his first hit, "Too Late For Goodbyes".



● On no! Tell us it's not true! **Billy Connolly** hasn't really just released a single called "Super Gran" from the TV series of the same name, has he? He has? Oh dear...

● Remember **New Edition**, the youthful American five pack who had a massive hit a couple of years back with "Candy Girl"? Well, they're back with a new single, "Mr Telephone Man".

Astonishing Fact! "Mr Telephone Man" was written and produced by Ray Parker Jr. of "Ghostbusters" fame! Fancy that!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

- **Nik Karshaw** (27) on March 1
- **George Banson** (42) on March 2
- **Levi Radford** (35) on March 2
- **Rad Strips of The Flying Pickets** (39) on March 4
- **Shakin' Stevens** (37) on March 4
- **Eddy Grant** (37) on March 5
- **Cheryl Baker of Buck Fizz** (31) on March 8
- **Gary Numan** (27) on March 8
- **Martin Fry of ABC** (27) on March 9
- **Bruce Watson of Big Country** (24) on March 11
- **Marion Jackson of The Jacksons** (28) on March 12
- **Adam Clayton of U2** (25) on March 13

● **Paul Young's** UK tour is now completely sold out, but disappointed fans can console themselves with a new single "Every Time You Go Away".

Astonishing Fact! It was written by fab American pop soul duo, **Hall & Oates**.

● Will the **Thompson Twins** be your new favourite band this May? Well, no, not in the way you live in London or Birmingham. The full glory's in Dates.

● Stomping **Ballet** shoes from **Spandau** they're suing Chrysalis for not "stomping them" like wot EMI do! D?



Biz tests the vertical hold on The Monochrome Set's TV: it could be yours!



● They're back! Not one, not two, not three, but four **Britz Awards** for Gross Stupidity And Generally Having Rather Silly Names For Things go to those mysterious **Cocteau Twins**. Not content with having just released an album full of evocative titles like "Lorelei" and "Perséphone", they have a new 12" single out on March 14 with the utterly bewildering "Aika-Guinea", "Kookaburra", "Ouscousee" and "Rococo". **Amazing Fact!** (well, almost). The Cocteaus want to "sincerely apologise" for cancelling their recent dates due to Elizabeth's ill health. They hope to reschedule them soon but impatient types can get refunds from the relevant ticket offices.

● Just imagine! All the world's most famous pop stars in your very own home! The entire cast of **Brooks & Co.**, **Dallas** and **Dynasty**, all sitting just feet away from you! All this, not to mention the company of thousands of other internationally acclaimed superstars can be yours, all year round, thanks to an exclusive **Britz** competition. Yes, that's right! We're giving away a television.

Not any ordinary television, **Britz** hastens to add. No, this is a genuine original monochrome set - i.e. it's a beautifully antique black and white with no distracting colours, annoying Teletext or Ceefax info on the price of land and such like to put you off the business of just sitting down and watching it. Now, by a funny coincidence, we've managed to get this wondrous prize actually signed by all the members of the band **The Monochrome Set**, currently climbing the charts with their jolly "Jacob's Ladder" single.

All you have to do is answer the question: who invented the television? Was it a) Ian MacNabb of **The Icicle Works**? b) Eric Arthur Blair? c) Evelyn Ann O'Dowd? d) John Logie Baird? Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits Monochrome Set Competition**, 32-35 Canary Street, London W1V 1PF. First answer out of the bag on March 13 wins the TV, as well as a copy of **The Monochrome Set's** 5-track "Jacob's Ladder" 12".

● **UB40** have just hopped off to the USA for a two-month tour, but in their absence there's a new single from their "Geoffrey Morgan LP". It's a double A side - "The Pillow" and "I'm Not Fooled" - and is out on March 22.

CEREAL RIGHTS

● **Simple Minds**, a bunch of shimmering shards if **Britz** has ever seen one, have just contributed to the film, **The Breakfast Club**. An American job about that odd chestnut, high school drop-outs, the Simple ones have a new song on it called, "Don't You (Forget About Me)". Jim Kerr is keen to point out that, "although new, it doesn't represent a new direction for the group".

Amazing Fact! The song was produced by **Keith Forsey**, who usually works with our greatest living Englishman, **Sir William** lol!

● How does she find the time? Not only has **Tina Turner** been nominated for a staggering five **Grammy** awards in America and is just about to set out on a tour right round Britain, but she's also got a new single out soon. A version of the old Ann Peebles soul classic, "I Can't Stand the Rain", all 'fact fans will instantly remember it being a hit for **Eruption** a few years back.

● "Live" is the title of the newly released **Shakatak** live LP. Well, it would be, wouldn't it?

● Did you know **Phil Collins** has just released an LP called "No Jacket Required"? No? You do now! **Amazing Fact!** On one particularly "haunting ballad" on the album our Phil is joined by Peter Gabriel, **Heien Terry** and **Sting**!!!

● **Amii Stewart's** new album is called "Try Love" and apparently contains a "Dutch version" of her hit "Friends" **Honestly!**

● Highly rated soul-jazz groovesters **Working Week** preview their LP "Working Nights", due next month, with a single "Inner City Blues" out now.



● Canadian hunk **Bryan Adams** follows up his "Run To You" single with an LP, "Reckless". It's out already, and you'll also be able to see him on tour with **Tina Turner** in March.

JUST WHO IS BARRINGTON LEVY?



● "I want to go into the movie business." What? **Britz** is confused. Here's 22-year-old Jamaican **Barrington Levy** just climbing the charts with his rather fine "Here I Come" and now he's saying he really wants to be an actor. Is this the same person who rejected his parents' groovy business to sneak into a local studio at the tender age of 14 to record one of his songs, "My Black Girl", as one of **The Mighty Multitudes**? Or who established his reputation a bit later with a rather dodgy record called "Cobble Weed"? Apparently it is.

These days **Barrington** lives in North London with his wife and two kids. He's been there two years. "London's a nice place to be," he explains. "It's cool. People are very loving. I prefer New York, but it's too rough." He passes the time sitting round, sleeping, watching videos ("Clint Eastwood"), writing songs and presumably practising the brilliant bit in "Here I Come" where he goes something like "daddy daddy wuh oah oah" incredibly fast. "I do have to practise it," he admits, "because it's a style that I originated myself. Mind you," he adds by way of a message to those bands who spend months dithering in studios, "that particular vocal only took me 15 minutes."

Strangely enough **Barrington's** favourite record at the moment isn't some incredibly hip reggae 12" dub but King's "Love and Pride". "It's different," he exclaims enthusiastically, "it's the way he sings it." He's also a big **Frankie** fan, especially of "The Power Of Love" - "I love the feeling in it" - and quite fancy doing something similar himself. But at the moment what his heart is really set on is "getting in the movies".

"I'm brilliant at acting," he explains. "My friends say I'm wasting my talent at the moment. And I'm really determined. I want to be a really special actor. I want people to notice me and say 'He's good'." So I'm always practising. Sometimes I even look at myself in the mirror and imagine I'm looking at myself on TV. Am I crazy?

WAS THIS THE MOST POPULAR SINGER IN THE WORLD?

(Clue: yes)



One decade ago a fresh-faced 24-year-old American was the biggest solo pop star in the world. Girls fainted at the mere mention of his name. Records like "Could It Be Forever", "Daydreamer", and "Cherish" sold millions all around the globe. His face appeared on Weetabix boxes, cornflake boxes, bubblegum cards, T-shirts, buses and screens all over the Western World. His name? **David Cassidy**

Now, at the age of 34, he's ready to make a comeback. Working with producer multi-instrumentalist songwriter, Alan Tarney (who in the past has worked with Cliff Richard and Cassidy's favourite, Leo Sayer), he's just released the single, "The Last Kiss"

"It's the most passionate, romantic and beautiful song I could possibly make at this point in time," urges David, in emotional tones. But the big question is... what made him give up in the first place?

"Look, picture this: Madison Square Gardens, 22,000 people inside, 40,000 more outside, the walls literally shook with the noise. I played my heart out for one-and-a-half hours, the crowd went wild... The minute I left the stage I had a huge towel thrown over my head, I was bundled into the boot of a small car, I was driven out of the New York city centre into a horrible dingy motel in Queens, I was bundled out and shoved into a urine-stained room. There they let me, locked in, without a key, money; I didn't know where the hell I was, all I had on was my jump-suit which was wringing wet with sweat.

"I just got in the tub and thought about the situation. One-and-a-half hours ago I was having the time of my life - but look at the price I was paying for that. No hotel in New York would take me because of the bother with fans. I couldn't walk out into the streets without being completely mobbed. I had to have six decoy limousines backstage - when the fans found out I'd gone they tore five of the cars to pieces. It was simple - I had to make a decision. Was it worth all of this? The answer was no."

But now he's sorted himself out - in his ten-year lay-off he appeared in a couple of films, loads of plays and collected things, like horses (he owns 50 thoroughbreds on his Kentucky ranch - and is aiming to get back to the top). "I just hope the people still like me."

Not much fear of that - looks like he'll be working with the world's current biggest pop star, George "Yog" Michael. A good move that.

● Songs From The Big Chair", the second LP by **Tears For Fears** finally appears on March 1. The cassette version apparently includes 5 extra tracks previously available as B-sides as well as "an extra mystery track". Wow!

● The Brit award for industry this week goes to **King** who finish their nationwide tour next week, only to start another one in April! See Dates for details.

● German "gruppo" **Propaganda** follow up their sinister "Dr Mabuse" single with the even stranger "P.Machinery". There's also an LP, "A Secret Wish". Astonishing fact! Paul Morley of ZTT has just married one of Propaganda



● **Nik Kershaw's** new single, out on March 4, is "Wide Boy", off "The Riddle" LP. The 7" includes a 12-page colour booklet.

IS THIS THE MOST POPULAR GROUP IN THE WORLD?

(Clue: the answer isn't 'no')



● Phew! Got some really hot news from our American cousins 'r other side of the Atlantic ocean! The results of **Star Hits Readers Poll!**

Here's the list of who won what:
 BEST GROUP: Duran Duran
 BEST MALE SINGER: Simon le Bon
 BEST FEMALE SINGER: Madonna
 BEST SONG: "The Reflex"
 BEST LP: "Seven And The Ragged Tiger"
 BEST SONG WORDS: "Do They Know It's Christmas?"
 BEST DANCE TUNE: "The Reflex"
 BEST VIDEO: "The Wild Boys"
 SILLIEST VIDEO: "I Don't Wanna Know" by REO Speedwagon
 MOST DESIRABLE HUMAN BEING: John Taylor
 MOST PROMISING ACT FOR '85: Wham!
 BEST MUSIC SHOW: MTV
 BEST DRESSED PERSON: Nick Rhodes
 WILDEST HAIRCUT: Cyndi Lauper
 HERO: Bob Geldof
 VILLAIN: Boy George
 BANDAID YOU'D LIKE TO SEE STRANDED ON MARS: Motley Crue

And some equally scorching poll results have just arrived, from the pages of **Smash Hits** in Australia! And their list goes like this:
 BEST GROUP: Duran Duran
 BEST MALE SINGER: Simon le Bon
 BEST FEMALE SINGER: Madonna
 BEST SINGLE: "The Wild Boys"
 BEST LP: "Arena"
 BEST VIDEO: "The Wild Boys"
 MOST FANCIBLE HUMAN BEING: George Michael
 MOST PROMISING NEW ACT: Pseudo Echo
 BEST TV PROGRAMME: Countdown
 BEST ALBUM COVER: "Red Sails In The Sunset" by Midnight Oil
 EVENT OF THE YEAR: Culture Club Tour
 ACT YOU'D MOST LIKE TO SEE: Duran Duran
 DAG (Australian for 'Wally') OF THE YEAR: Marilyn

FAN CLUBS

Allison Moyet
 A.M. Information Service
 PO Box 5
 Brierley
 Essex

Frankie Goes To Hollywood
 PO Box 160
 Liverpool L69 8BG

Roaring Boys
 2 New Kings Road
 London SW6

Killing Joke
 Cello Records
 65a Kings Road
 Chelsea
 London SW3 4NT

Dead Or Alive
 PO Box 65
 Liverpool L69 4LG

● Those masked men and women from the **Art of Noise** follow the oddball "Close (To The Edit)" with a revamp of the oh so mellow "Moments In Love". Sure to bring tears to the eyes

BOWIE ON FILM

● **David Bowie** is a busy chap. Not content with "This Is Not America" (also featured in the film "Falcon And The Snowman" which is out in May, stars teen heart-throb Sean Penn and features music from the late '60s-early '70s), he's also in the new John "Thriller" Landis movie. Called *Into The Night*, it's all about diamond-smuggling and Bowie has a small cameo role as a contract killer. Also featured is the early rock'n'roller Carl Perkins, who in one scene has a knife fight with our David. Oooh the blood!

And that's not all, folks. This summer David will be "contributing to the film of the hep cappuccino cat novel, *Absolute Beginners*. Directed by Julian Temple, who did Bowie's well-meaning "Blue Jean" video. Filming restarts this summer (some of it was shot last year but they ran out of money). Also to be featured in the film are Sade, Paul Weller and Working Week. It should be ready for the flea pits early '86.

Astonishing Fact! In into *The Night*. David Bowie has a moustache!

Matt Bianco



NEW SINGLE

More than I can bear (REMIX)

12" INCLUDES
'MATT'S MOOD' (REMIX) AND 'BIG ROSIE' (REMIX)

wea

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DI DID YOU EVER THINK YOU'D BE SO SUCCESSFUL THIS FAST?

I didn't know what the hell would happen. I first thought I'd be slugged to death, put under the ground by critics. In America, you could say, "I was greeted with open arms. I must be doing well because I keep getting thrown into all these big shows. Like I had to perform at the American Music Awards in front of every sort of 'star' musician you can imagine. I'm also going to do a presentation on the Grammy Awards in Los Angeles—I'm never given a proper schedule so I don't know exactly what I'll be doing on it, but I don't know I'm supposed to be there."

Other places where I'm successful? Well, there's Canada where the LP's gone platinum, I've had a Number One single somewhere. In the Netherlands or somewhere like that. I'm also doing well in Australia and Japan and I'm not doing bad in Sweden and Germany. The LP's being well everywhere and the singles have got into the Top 10 or 20 and stayed there for a while, but I couldn't give you any chart places apart from America where we went in at 17 with a bullet, single and LP.

WHAT'S ALL THIS BUSINESS ABOUT GETTING ENGAGED? THEN HOT GETTING ENGAGED? ARE YOU GOING OUT WITH PRINCE'S GIRLFRIEND APOLLONIA?

The papers called up and said, "if you don't tell us what's going on, we'll print that you're getting married." Now there was no story to tell—I've been living with Debbie for a while so rather than have an argument over something silly like that I said just go ahead and print it. So they did. It's a

WHO WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO SPEND AN EVENING WITH?

- a) **MADONNA:** I saw her at the LA Music Awards. Every time I looked at her she just stuck her nose in mine air—and it wasn't just me, she did it to everyone. I suppose I could take her out for a couple of drinks and tell her to shut up.
b) **ALANNAH CURRIE:** No, I've never met her. Yeah, I'd like to say hello, I suppose.
c) **STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE:** I'd probably take them for some fish and chips.
d) **ELAINE PAIGE AND BARBARA DICKSON:** Yeah, I could talk to Barbara Dickson about when she met my mother 10 years ago. I met them in Germany when we were on a TV show together. They had a party later in the swimming pool. She grabbed me and asked me to pass a message on to my mum.

WHAT'S THE BEST THING ABOUT HAVING A HIT?

Getting around and meeting people. Like I did this programme called *A Night Of A 100 Stars* for American Television. It started about 10 in the morning and we did our bit around 3a.m. All day there was a constant stream of stars—like the cast of *Dynasty*, Roberto De Niro and my favourite, Vincent Price. He was very funny—he's really into the music scene and went on

about Prince and Michael Jackson and how he scares himself sometimes... I really liked him.

Honestly, you wouldn't believe some of the things that have been thrown at me to do lately. Like I had to make an appearance at a party in Los Angeles for my friend's 30th birthday party. With the band, had to do two songs, "floating on a raft around a mock-up of Tom Sawyer's Island. Then I had to climb up onto the third bar of this birthday cake and wish Mickey Mouse happy birthday.

And on New Year's Eve they wanted me to make an appearance live on TV in New York, where they have this thing called *The Big Apple*. On live coverage of midnight they drop this huge award on everyone's heads. Anyway, I was all done up in a white dinner suit and bow tie and I had to get through all these thousands of really drunk people who were blocking the streets. It was terrifying. I had to get out of the car, 'cause we were stuck, and walk three blocks. Even with an escort it was the scariest thing I've ever done.

DESCRIBE YOUR LIVING ROOM.

We've just moved into a new flat. We've had the walls knocked out to make the rooms bigger so there's buckets all over the place full of rubble. There's no carpet down, the couches are stacked in the corner covered with a blanket and there's an electric piano with pots of paint on it, you know, like Phil Collins. And the dog's having puppies—it's called Sily, because it is.

WHAT KIND OF RECORDS DO YOU PLAY AT HOME?

"Purple Rain" by Prince. Any LP by Steely Dan. Any LP by The Police. The Doobie Brothers "Minute By Minute". Any LP by The Tubes.

JULIAN • LENNON

bit annoying when people come up and say "when are you getting married then?" but you know what papers are like. And as for Apollonia—I met her at the American Music Awards and our record companies arranged it for us to have a meal when we were in Tokyo. We had a couple of drinks, it wasn't all went out to see some people dancing. That's all.

APPARENTLY YOU SPEND MOST OF YOUR LIFE ON AEROPLANES THESE DAYS?

Yeah, three quarters of it anyway. I'm getting more worried about flying every day with all these planes going down in air pockets and stuff. I just can't sleep on planes either, which is a real pain because I usually travel with my manager who goes out like a light. I must admit it's bloody tiring—I'm jet-lagged to death—but I'd be bored if I wasn't doing all of this.

WHAT'S THE MOST COMMON THING YOU'RE ASKED IN THE PRESS?

How does the name Lennon affect your lifestyle? The answer? Well, it affects me tremendously because it opens lots of doors. But it annoys me when people think I'm living off his name. Okay, the name opens that door but it's up to me and my music to get me through it, otherwise the door will be shut back in my face.

WHAT'S THE MOST FLATTERING THING ANYONE HAS SAID TO YOU?

"I think you're doing me dead proud". Loads of people have come up to me and said that. I must admit it's a bit weird when you're just walking down the street and someone pulls you up and says I loved your Dad's work... like I can't say anything on his behalf or anything.

WHAT'S THE WORST THING ANYONE HAS SAID TO YOU?

That I'm copying my father and living off his name. If we make the next LP a bit funkier maybe people will stop comparing us but I can't change my voice.

That's how he's been signing his autograph.

"Sometimes,"

says

Julian Lennon, "I get so paranoid about the crowd around me, I forget how to spell my own name."

Such are the perils of sudden success, as Peter Martin discovers.

WHO DO YOU THINK BUYS YOUR RECORDS?

Over here it seems to be mothers and quite young teenagers—with no-one in between. I don't seem to be strange enough for a lot of people here—no gimmicks or anything.

FAVOURITE TV SHOW?

Definitely *The Young Ones*. It's just so silly. I love that kind of thing, *Monty Python* and stuff.

DOES IT MATTER THAT YOU'RE NOT AS POPULAR HERE AS ABOAB?

Sure it matters. The first single did well, going to Number 6, so I went to America to promote it there. But when I came back again they'd released the second single and there was absolutely no promotion. So I went back to America to promote it there. This time round I've got a couple of days to do a few interviews but then I'm off again to do the Grammys. Then I'm going to do a short theatre tour over there to help sell the LP and then I'll have to write the second one. Next year we'll tour here.

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO BUY A NEW PAIR OF JEANS?

Look, what do you think these are? I don't know what make they are, they're just comfortable. The old ones? I cut them down into bermuda shorts.

DO YOU THINK "MEAT IS MURDER"?

I do feel guilty sometimes, but one has to eat something solid once in a while. I hate really unnecessary things like monkeys being electrocuted but, to be honest, I think it's too late to change things now.

WHAT'S THE THING YOU MISS MOST ABOUT NOT BEING FAMOUS?


Not having such a tired wrist from signing autographs. Honestly, it's really tiring when you get caught up in a real crowd. And sometimes I get so paranoid about the crowd around me I forget how to spell my own name. Lately I've been signing it Lemon.



THIS IS SPELT, LIKE THIS.



CONTRACT OF THE HEART

A full-page photograph of Madonna. She is wearing a bright neon green, textured knit sweater with long sleeves and a black skirt with a white graffiti-style pattern. She has her signature curly blonde hair and is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. There are decorative geometric shapes: a white triangle in the top left, a pink circle in the top right, a pink horizontal bar below the name 'MADONNA', and a yellow circle in the bottom left.

MADONNA

MATERIAL GIRL

Some boys kiss ma some boys hug me
t think they're OK
If they don't give me proper credit
I just walk away

They can beg and they can plead
But they can't see the light (that's right)
'Cause the boy with the cold hard cash
Is always Mister Right

'Cause we are living in a material world
And I am a material girl
You know that we are living in a material world
And I am a material girl

Some boys romance and some boys screw deuce
That's all right with me
If they can't raise my laterast then I
Have to let them be

Some boys try and some boys lie but
I don't let them play (so way)
Only boys that save their pennies
Make my rainy day

Chorus
(Cause we are) living in a material world
And I am a material girl
You know that we are living in a material world
And I am a material girl
Living in a material world
And I am a material girl
You know that we are living in a material world
And I am a material girl

Living in a material world (material)
Living in a material world (material)
Living in a material world (material)
Living in a material world

Boys may come and boys may go
And that's all right you see
Experience has made me rich
And now they're after me

'Cause everybody's
Repeat chorus twice

A material a material
A material a material world
Living in a material world (material)
Living in a material world
Repeat four times

Written by Peter Brown Robert Rans
Reproduced by Mirco Publishing 1984
On Geia Records

FRANKIE IN IT

Frankie Goes To Hollywood are playing at the San Remo Song Festival. So are Duran Duran, Spandau Ballet, Bronski Beat, Sade, Chaka Khan and an awful lot of other people. Is it one of those nice, quiet affairs where everyone behaves themselves and goes to bed early with a hot milk and biscuits? No, it's not. Mark Ellen still hasn't fully recovered.

Photos: Eric Watson

Through tunnels, over bridges, past peaks, across valleys, a hired 12-seater minibus is snaking its way down an autostrada in the mountains of North Italy.

The view is spectacular: acres of orange roof tiles, clumps of palms, occasional church spires, mild Mediterranean waves lapping against the shore. The very picture of peace and tranquility.

Well... almost. Come inside the van for a second. A Rolling Stones LP is blaring from the speakers. A voice (Nasher's) is shouting "heck it up, louder! It's dead good, that", but unfortunately it's already so loud that no-one can hear him. He gives up, clamps on a pair of headphones, gets out one of his own tapes—AC/DC, ZZ Top, Peter Gabriel—stuffs it in his Walkman, cranks up the volume and leans back, blissfully deafened.

We've just passed the border guards—Holly: "Ooh, love those uniforms!"—and I'm collecting up the passports. The seven-year-old snap of Paul Rutherford looks nothing like the mysterious unsmiling figure in the black cloak beside me. There's two photos of B. P. Nash (Profession: apprentice electrician; "one before the nose job, one after," laughs Paul. By the Distinguishing Marks section in Mark O'Toole's passport, it reads "birthmark over left eye"; in W. H. Johnson's passport, he's written the words "great beauty and freckles"). Six years ago he claimed he was a professional artist; today he's emptying crayons out of a plastic Superman bag (nicked from a shop in Rome airport) and drawing the coastline in his sketchbook. "Very Picasso," grins Mark. "Very Holly Johnson."

Ped's not with them. He claims to have hurt his back falling down some stairs but Nash reckons he did it for purpose because he didn't want to come. What he's missing is the 35th Festival della Canzone Italiana in San Remo, a live TV broadcast that'll reach 80 million Italians over three days and will later be networked to a further 100 million people worldwide (staggering but true). It consists of endless clean-cut Italian pop stars—all, apparently, singing the same song—plus a smattering of international acts. "Duran Duran—Welcome To San Remo" read the billboard posters by the roadside. "Sade—Welcome To San Remo", Bronski Beat... Spandau...

"So where's the Frankie posters then?" grumbles Nasher. He's already decided the whole event's going to be "shits" and goes back to hanging out the van window and calling anyone who'll listen "a plenk".

We arrive in San Remo and things get worse. Everyone hates their hotel rooms and wants to move somewhere bigger, they're told they'll have to travel by taxi over the next few days ("Duran are bound to have limos"), and they're starving hungry and "we want some scran—NOW!"

Nash stares furiously at the street outside. It's crammed with exclusive restaurants, cafes and cake shops. "Where's the McDonald's then?" The record company are going to hell for this!

But then hell is what they're used to. Wherever you find Frankie Goes To Hollywood, you also find someone from the record company paying the bills, and picking up the pieces. This time it's the turn of Franco, a frail bespectacled bloke from their Italian label. He knows what he's in for. He's heard the stories: about the time Mark and Nash ferried all the furniture out of Holly's hotel room—out the window and along a ledge four floors up—just to "give him some grief"; when he got back later; about how the lads refused to do interviews in Rome and just sat around spraying people with coca-cola; about how Billy Idol once started smashing the lads' flat up and they all lent him a hand; about how they got unwanted fans with wet loo rolls.

By the time we've all piled into a nearby restaurant, Franco's looking badly shaken.

"I'll have hot steak, hot carrots and hot peas," says Holly. "And I'll have hot steak and hot spinach and hot carrots and hot chips," says Mark. "Hot veal and hot chips and hot carrots and hot peas," demands Nasher. "... Hot steak AND hot veal and hot carrots and hot peas and hot chips," says Holly. "Just the mussels, ta," says Paul. "... Hot steak AND hot veal AND hot spaghetti and hot chips and hot carrots and hot chips and hot peas," says Mark. "... And hot pizza AND hot steak AND hot veal AND hot spaghetti and hot chips..."

Franco looks as though he's just ordered a nervous breakdown. It should be ready in about five minutes time.

It's 12 noon the next day. The reception in the group's hotel is a fair humming with activity. Radio and magazine reporters jostle for space with TV crews. Holly Johnson—red bow tie, grey baggy pinstriped suit, leather cap on back to front—takes a break from searching for a lost crucifix "with real diamonds in it" and leans against a mirror to inspect his face. "Ooh, la," he sighs. "Look at my crows' feet! Ooh I do envy those Wham! boys. Still so young!" He's 25 years old today.

So how does he feel, asks a national news crew excitedly?

"At this very moment I'm coming down with a cold. I threw up in the middle of the night, I woke up in a strange foreign country and I'd rather be in Barbados. A'part from that he's fine, thanks.

I wonder around among the lights and cables listening to snippets of their interviews, all getting more ridiculous by the minute. This sort of thing:

Why, please, is Frankie so successful? Nasher: "It's luck, pure luck." What is the meaning of the sleeve notes? Holly: "They're just a reflection of Paul Morley's deepest indulgences." Nash: "I can't understand a word of them." How important is Trevor Horn? Holly: "He's not God, you know." Does the word "moral" mean anything to you? Paul: "We're not immoral, just honest." What do you think of Italian music? Nash: "Shite." American music? Mark: "Shite." Do you prefer blondes, brunettes or red-heads? Holly (laughing): "All of them!"

Ten minutes of this and they all start getting a bit bored. "And when we get bored," as Nash will remind you, "we start winding people up."

I hear Holly telling someone he was once an apprentice brain surgeon, born in Kathmandu. Paul has suddenly become a Hare Krishna. He met Trevor Horn in a sauna bath in Amsterdam. Holly has a pettigier called Tessa "but I don't let it in the living room." "Two Tribes" is about Nasher's experiences in the Vietnam war.

Of course Frankie are old hands at this kind of thing. Once, at a huge Canadian press conference, they announced that the brilliant young artist responsible for the illustration on their LP sleeve was none other than Peter "Pedro" Gill. He got a spontaneous round of applause. "I've always been into Picasso," he'd explained, modestly.

Hot steak, hot ravioli, hot chips, hot peas, hot carrots... "

We're entrenched in another restaurant and Franco is

Frankie prepare to terrorise 31 million people; (left-right) Holly Johnson, Paul Rutherford, Nasher Nash, Mark O'Toole.

Continues over the page ▶



ITALY (PART 1)



fast approaching the end of his tether. The festival starts in a couple of hours and lots of the people appearing are being interviewed on the TV set in the corner. I can't understand a word of it but you can guess the kind of shaky horror angle they're taking by the way the camera keeps zooming in on Nick Rhodes' lipstick. Spandau will be there, they say, and Frankie Goes To Hollywood (yells of approval). Sade. Chaka Khan. Bronski Beat!...

Looking forward to meeting them all, are we?
 "Bronski Beat," Holly draws, "are beneath contempt." It's disgusting, adds Paul, that people should make a career out of being "persecuted faggots." "They're right in line for a pair of steelies," is Nasher's opinion, adding "encore ravioli!"

Duran Duran?
 "Gooe'blokes," is the verdict. "Dead sound, all of them." Spandau Ballet?

"Two faced," says Paul quietly. "I met Gary Kemp in a club once. And he had a great laugh. He even gave me a lift home. And the next week I read this thing about 'I can't take Frankie seriously as a band'. Well, I can't be doing with that."

"Gary Kemp has got all the imagination of a trout," Mark decides, prodding a pizza. "She used to be a diplomat. Now she's down the laundromat." Nash shakes his head sadly. "It's shit. We could blow 'em off stage anyway."

Admit it — you'll be dead nice to them when you see them all this evening.

"Yeah, and they'll be dead nice back," says Paul. "That's the game they play."

Holly lays down his fork, clearing his throat. He's about to make a speech. "I don't like anypop groups," he announces with a wry smile. "I don't class what we do in the same category."

Francis! Encore hot carrots and hot steak and hot veal and hot chips.

Eh. Bastardest. One bottle of whisky and four coca-colas — NOW!

It's an hour later, we're back in the hotel and Nasher's having a nice, relaxing drink. In fact, he's having two or three. He's just sprayed coca-cola all over the lounge walls and then chucked a few handfuls of coffee beans on the polished parquet floor. He's got to go onstage in front of 31 million people in just under 50 minutes so he's, you know, loosening up a bit.

Paul, Mark and Holly roll up — Holly in that hat — they pose for the snap on the cover and we pile into the taxis, locking all doors on the inside, and head for the TV studios.

"I'm engaged," Nash tells a glassy-eyed girl who's been sitting outside the hotel now for two whole days. "I'm marryin' the bird. Don't put that in the article or me fan mail'll drop off. Look what happened to Andy Taylor!"

Half a mile down the coast and it's pandemonium. For Frankie it's "a bit over the top"; for me it's unbelievable (almost frightening, actually). We're 150 yards from the metal security gates and the polizia are linking arms to hold back the crowd. People are screaming, car horns blaring, faces being pressed to the window. As we're rushed from the cars, an army of TV crews and newsmen starts banging up the ramp in front of us. "Hello, Frankie... which one is Frankie, please? Hello..." It's madness. There's noise on the stairs. "Will you say hello, please, to Radio Verona from Duran Duran?" Mark looks livid. "We're Spandau-bleedin' Ballet, yer plunk!"

Seconds later comes the shrill sound of sirens. A convoy of two police cars, an estate car full of TV cameras and two gigantic black limousines wheels into the courtyard and the five members of Duran Duran are propelled into the entrance hall. The shrieks become almost deafening.

Frankie are now on the third floor, heading for the dressing rooms. Spandau are here, Sade's here, Bronski Beat are on stage. Frankie are due on ANY SECOND NOW!

Bist Nasher has other plans.

He lurches drunkenly onto the balcony, shouting abuse at the odd security guard. Below him is the crowd, swaying, screaming, flickering with flashbulbs. Nash, get back here! He's not listening. Slowly, he raises his arms.

"My public," he bellows. "I LOVE YOU! VIVA IL PAPA!" And with that he staggers downstairs...



Nasher and Holly tell our man Franco exactly what he can do with his hotel rooms.



"Hello, I'm Nasher from Frankie Goes To Hollywood" . . . "and I'm Giorgio Armani . . ."



"I've got a tiger called Tessa but I don't let it in the living-room."

**Can Nasher behave any worse?
 Can Duran steal the show?
 Will everyone be
 dead nice to Spandau?
 Find out in Part 2 — next issue!**



Holly does his best "I was an apprentice brain surgeon" impression.



The power of love.

En route for the TV studios. One of these blokes has just drunk three-quarters of a bottle of whisky (Clue: it's not the one on the right).



"Out the way, yer plank!"



Mark wonders whether to pelt the photographer with wet loo rolls.



"Hello Frankie . . . which one is Frankie, please? Hello . . ."



A Nasher's eye view from the balcony.

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TURN TO PAGE 58 ON ORACLE FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ON THE ROCK SCENE.

Daryl Hall & John Oates

METHOD OF MODERN LOVE

Chorus

M-e-t-h-o-d-o-f-t-o-v-e
It's a method of modern love
M-e-t-h-o-d-o-f-t-o-v-e
It's a method of modern love

In the moonlight under star light
Songs old as the night are what I've been dreamin' of
Everybody's hard as iron
Locked in a modern world
Dreams are made of a different stuff
I believe love will always be the same (love)
The ways and means are the parts subject to change

Repeat chorus

I can call you got your number
Share my life with you a thousand miles away
If you hurt me I haven't shown it
Time's too tight to fight
And we're never face to face
Style is timeless and fashion's only now
We've got the ways no-one needs to show us how

Repeat chorus

(Love)
It's a modern love
(M-e-t-h-o-d-o-f-t-o-v-e)
I know what you're dreamin' of
(M-e-t-h-o-d-o-f-t-o-v-e)
What we got is a method of modern love
It's a method of
(It's a method of)
Modern love

(M-e-t-h-o-d-o-f-t-o-v-e)
We know what we do why don't we?
We know what we do why don't we?
(M-e-t-h-o-d-o-f-t-o-v-e)

In the moonlight under star light
Songs old as the night
What are we dreaming of
(Method of) it's a method of
Me (oh) darn (darn) love (love)
Ready to fade at different strokes
(M-e-t-h-o-d-o-f-t-o-v-e)

When your friends pass time behind
Don't fall for the same old lines
(M-e-t-h-o-d-o-f-t-o-v-e)

Don't you know that it's a method of modern love
I got a way with words
(M-e-t-h-o-d-o-f-t-o-v-e)
I got a way with rhyme
I do believe that I'm inclined
We can not be blind
I got the method baby and it's right on time

It's a method of modern love
It's a method of (oh) modern love
(M-e-t-h-o-d-o-f-t-o-v-e)
I know what you're dreamin' of
(M-e-t-h-o-d-o-f-t-o-v-e) ooh
It's a method of modern love

Repeat to fade

Words and music: Daryl Hall and Janette Allen
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CBS Songs Ltd On RCA Records



CLIFF RICHARD



SHE WEARS HER HAIR REAL WILD HER NAILS ARE PERFECTLY FILED
HER LIPS PAINTED DEEP JUNGLE RED HER BEST COLOUR IS BLACK
AND THE CLOTHES ON HER BACK SHOW SHE'S A WOMAN WITH STYLE
SHE WEARS SATIN AND LACE WITH IMPECCABLE TASTE
SHE'LL TELL YOU IT RUNS IN HER BLOOD
IN A CLOUD OF PERFUME SHE WALKS INTO THE ROOM
AND IT COMES TO A STOP WHEN SHE DOES

SHE'S A HEART USER NO TIME FOR LOSERS
SHE'LL USE YOU UP AND THROW YOUR LOVE AWAY
HEART USER A BARRACUDA
SHE'LL USE YOU JUST DON'T GET IN HER WAY

OOZING WITH CHARM GOT A GIRL ON EACH ARM
HIS EYES MATCH HIS ALL OVER TAN
AND AS HE STRAIGHTENS HIS TIE SOME BEAUTY CATCHES HIS EYE
BRINGS OUT THE BEAST IN THE MAN
AND HER FRESH YOUNG FACE MAKES HIS COLD HEART RACE
SHE'S WEARING THAT DEADLY PERFUME
YOU MUST ADMIRE THE SKILL AS HE GOES IN FOR THE KILL
IT'S TIME TO ATTACK MAKE HIS MOVE

HE'S A HEART USER NO TIME FOR LOSERS
HE'LL USE YOU UP AND THROW YOUR LOVE AWAY
HEART USER A BARRACUDA
HE'LL USE YOU JUST DON'T GET IN HIS WAY

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL MY LIFE? THIS IS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT
COULD SWEAR WE'VE MET SOMEWHERE BEFORE
SHE THROWS BACK HER HEAD AND SHE SHAMELESSLY SAYS
YOU GOT REAL GOOD TASTE TELL ME MORE
AND THE LADY IN BLACK THINKS SHE'S SETTING HER TRAP
AND HE THINKS SHE'S PLAYING HIS GAME
BUT ANYBODY CAN TELL THEY'RE JUST INTO THEMSELVES
THEY'RE TWO OF A KIND THEY'RE THE SAME

(THEY'RE JUST) HEART USERS NO TIME FOR LOSERS
THEY'LL USE YOU UP AND THROW YOUR LOVE AWAY
HEART USERS THEY'RE BARRACUDA
THEY'LL USE YOU JUST DON'T GET IN THEIR WAY
REPEAT TO FADE

WRITTEN BY TERRY BRITTEN SU'S SHERIN
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION MY AXE MUSIC SOOKI LOOZY MUSIC
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HEART USER

the kane gang



THEY ARE SCREAMING

HERE IT COMES ...

ABOUT GUN LAW IN

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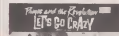
ANDY KERSHAW (of Whistle Test)

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN: Never Understand (Blanco Y Negro) If my stand was Gallup this one would shoot through the Top 40 like a laser gun through lead. Over a sublime racket of whistling guitars bobs a breezy melody curiously reminiscent of The Beach Boys. Its simplicity and individuality amid countless, cowardly records in the review pile striving to sound like each other is nothing short of exhilarating. Good vibrations. Single *Of The Fortnight*

ZZ TOP: Legs (WEA) More irresistible raunch from the enlightened Texan stompers. However, it's a pity ZZ Top's almighty sound is so often a medium for dodgy sexist sentiments. Hang on, I'm sure there have now been more singles from "Eliminator" than there are tracks on the LP. No?

THE FIRM: Radioactive (Atlantic) It's a little known fact,

or possibly a huge lie, that former Free vocalist Paul Rodgers and Led Zeppelin guitarist Jimmy Page teamed up and recorded this "metal for modernists" single especially to march into the noble battle known to millions of White Test viewers as "The Video Vote" (copyright: A. Kershaw). Two weeks ago, despite a spirited challenge from personal favourites Los Lobos (37 votes - lost deposit), The Firm emerged triumphant. Page and Rodgers had achieved their lifetime ambitions. They can now retire. Los Lobos, your day will come.



PRINCE: Let's Go Crazy (WEA) Let's go crazy? We should know by now that Prince is incapable of doing anything so unpredictable. And, lest we follow his advice, he appears to employ monotonous music-bound minders. There is no craziness here, just the usual well-mannered messy mix of half a tune, heavy metal guitars, sloppy vocal and spray-on sweat. We should not be too hard on Prince, however. He is the ugliest man in the world and deserves our sympathy. (Someone warn the postman - Ed.)

SHEENA EASTON: Sugar Walls (EMI) A few seconds after lowering the stylus onto Sheena, I thought I had put the record on and tried to play another. If a record isn't made to grab the listener's attention then it should never be made. Like most records today, "Sugar Walls" conforms to that mid-Atlantic melodic formula for mass-sales of ting-cabaret-down-the-lifts alt drums and lots of sparking synths (and it's produced by Prince too). The record industry has little imagination and it is easier to homogenise music than promote individuality.

JULIAN LENNON: Say You're Wrong (Charisma) Anonymous accompaniment of dreary riffs, awkward brass and an ill-considered guitar solo overshadow a nice voice. Get yourself a distinctive band, Julian.

CYNDI LAUPER: Money Changes Everything (Portrait) True personalities in pop are as plentiful as pork chops in Mornessey's Indigo. Cyndi Lauper is one of the few rascals still daring to break sweat in the name of entertainment. Although "Money" is not her best effort, I'd still like to take her round to my Dad's for tea and bibe her to dance on the table Mr Kershaw Senior, a respected headmaster approaching retirement, could only be charmed like the rest of us.

THE BOOTHILLS FOOT TAPPERS: Jealousy EP (Phonogram) Wendy May of The Boothills has a lovely voice. Guzzani, Kevin Walsh, has not. He does most of the singing on this primitive hillbilly romp. Someone should ask him to shut up.



TERRY AND GERRY: Clothes Shop (In Tape) Last year's "Butler's On The Bread" EP from the Birmingham skiffers was as sharp as a carrot. "Clothes Shop" is a witless and pointless follow-up. Terry and Gerry's live set is packed with pokey ditties, so why release this? I hope it's just a temporary error by the little label that has so far brought us the splendid Marc Riley and Yeah Yeah No.

SPELL LIKE THIS: Contract Of The Heart (EMI) Pretentious, fussy packaging - it took several minutes to extricate the disc from its three sleeves - makes records more expensive than they need be. Finally inside, you'll find nothing here but old romantic froth. I'd prefer a great record please, and I don't mind it if comes in a white paper bag.

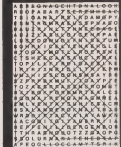


ROARING BOYS: Every Second Of The Day (Epic) Epic Records set their stylus loose on a group of former Cambridge crowd-pleasers called The Models, here a haulage firm to deliver the advance and call the conspiracy Roaring Boys. Ignore the propaganda promise that these lads are going to be massive ("They'd better be. We've spent enough on them"). Resist the alluring fountains, dreamy eyes, soft pouts and sucked-in cheeks on the sleeve photo. Be honest with yourself. Hear it and admit it... this is an unremarkable record.

STARVATION: Starvation (Zarjaz) 2-Tone troupers and assorted alt-star buddies band-aid together to assist famine relief in Africa. Although the Geldof and U2 collaboration was a staggering achievement, "Do They Know It's Christmas?" was in itself a dud record. "Starvation", however, is an upficial African shuffle, a mighty melody with Ai Campbell's wistful warbling well to the fore. These are the real/roaring boys.

STAR TEASER

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 34



CROSSWORD

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 39

ACROSS: 1: Frowning; 2, 27 down and 31 across: Yeh Yeh; 5: These; 7: Islands; and 5 down: Run To You; 9: (Alison) Sayle; 11: (I Won't Let The) Sun (Go Down On Me); 12: Despatch Mode; 15: Bird Aid; 16: (Kool) and (The) Gang; 20: King; 21: Gressed (L)shing; 22: "Come - To The Ed"; 23 and 17 down: "Sen Domingo"; 24: (Am I In) Not Now? Duddy; 25: locomotive; 29 Toy (Doll); 30: Cub; 31 and 21/2 down: Don't Drive (L)rank!
DOWN: 1: Friends; 2: Elaine; Page; 3: Goo (a) (K)chery; 4: Eddy (Grant); 5: Hestil (Of) Hellow; 6: (Sharon) Hedd; 10: Acker; 13: (New) Order; 14: (New) England; 15: Agedoo; 19: Tina (Turner); 20: Solid; 25: (Neutron) Dancer; 26: (Rock The) Boat; 29: Tug (Of) War.

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

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ALBUMS

THE SMITHS: Mezzanine (Rough Trade) A delicate, quiet, observant North-american, Morrisey writes of brutally loneliness and despair in lesser and, often, more merely appropriate, and tedious, but more often, more interesting, songs. The music is a kind of quiet, almost complete, at odds with the willing music, where Johnny Marr is guitar hero. There's never been one less, as hard as they as "Gangway" from rockabilly to heavy metal to funk. The combination sounds as if it shouldn't work, but it does, primarily. The results are simply divine, best of all, never weary. **(9 1/2 out of 10)**

—Neil MacDonald

FEARS FOR FEARS: Songs From The Big Chair (Mercury) — Fears were never a good rhythm. The album uses two performers to play songs long structures are slow, with tempo changes. This is a piece, one exploratory than before, a mix of jazz, rather than funk, a result of a mix of influences.

lyrical honesty, the touching vulnerability of "I Believe" (dedicated to Robert Wyatt), or the irresistibly tuneful dance shuffle of "Everybody Wants To Rule The World" rather than empty posing or bragging, then I for one am very happy with this state of affairs. **(8 out of 10)**

—Jan Cranna

ZERRA I: Zerra I (Mercury) A few years ago, second-rate rock bands sounded the same — a bland blend of Led Zeppelin, Deep Purple, Pink Floyd and Genesis. These days second-rate rock bands still all sound the same, but the main models nowadays are Simple Minds, U2, Echo & The Bunnymen and Big Country. Zerra — who trace to their Irish roots) most resemble U2, are frankly much better than most such bands. Nevertheless, apart from the slow, elegantly haunting "The Dream" most of this first album is neither passionate, spirited nor inspiring — as I'm sure they intended it to be — just quite pleasant. **(6 out of 10)**

—Chris Heath



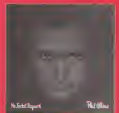
GRANDMASTER FLASH: They Said It Couldn't Be Done (Elektra) Yet a saturated market comes yet another rap record, in a likely predictable, this is rapping and scratching at its most inspired. Once exciting and innovative, Grandmaster Flash, minus the driving, once of Melle Mel, now sounds as though all life and ideas have deserted him. It's the palest shadow of the force behind "The Message". **(4 out of 10)**

—Josephine Hooking

THE FIRM: The Firm (Atlantic) The Firm combine the once-influential talents of ex-Free vocalist Paul Rodgers and ex-Led

Zepplin 'axeman James Patrick Page, with an ex-Manfred Mann drummer and a previously unknown bassist. And what they've created with is not surprisingly, mid-way between Free and Led Zep — straight guitar-based hard rock. Jimmy Page remains a guitarist of considerable merit — he plays lots of those tasty licks — while Paul Rodgers still retains a hint of that voice which sometimes even makes Paul Young want to return to his old day job. But, it must be said, I have never heard a more rattling and accursed version of "You've Lost That Loving Feeling" Now it all asomakes me cry. **(7 out of 10)**

—Linda Durt



PHIL COLLINS: No Jacket Required (Virgin) His third solo album, tracks again, angle in Prince-style disco-funk to Genesis-type whines, ballads, interspaced with the odd vintage Phil Collins "heart-on-sleeve" tear-jerker. I prefer these slower love songs — they suit his voice better and he can write a moody lyric — while the faster numbers tend to gallop at a frenetic pace and often sound cluttered and repetitive. High spot, however, is a wonderful, sensuous affair titled "Loving on My Way To Go," which features some haunting backing vocals from Sting. I really do. **(6 out of 10)**

—Linda Durt

DON HENLEY: Building The Perfect Boat (Geffen) Don Henley used to be in the Eagles, which puts him in what is known as America as the AOR category — Adult Oriented Rock. His solo LP is full of Californian lyrics about sunjazzes, comeback bands and convertible cars. The single "Boys Of The Summer" is actually quite

pleasant, but overall it sounds exactly like any other Eagles album with its concoction of laid back West Coast rock and a tinge of country. **(4 out of 10)**

—Simon Mills

VELVET UNDERGROUND: VU (Verve) — 1968 when New York's was writing about "love" — since San Francisco. Reed was holding his microphone the almost "noisy" street of New York. The influence of his deadpan vocal, succinct non-making looks at love and low-life and things with experimental art have been going through whatever since Tom Bowler to Rough Music from Psycho ediac Furs to David Cole. This is not so much a cohesive album as a collection of tracks — from simple, folksy love songs to aggressive, bleak, covers — dating from 1968-69 and it says much about the experimental output that or sheer inventiveness, inspiration and economic use of raw energy, these few old pieces still shine most of them. **(8 out of 10)**

—Jan Cranna

KILLING JOKE: Night Time (EG) Anyone expecting a set of songs as strong as "Love Like Blood" is going to be very disappointed. The other seven "ultimate tracks" and six others are an amalgam of its sweating atmosphere and memorable chorus. If Killing Joke can't produce something a little more exciting than the "athletic sexual" imagery of Tabasco (which takes "Relax" seem a work of great poetry of the sheer "History of Eighties and Night Time" it will be another six years before either next big act. **(5 out of 10)**

—Chris Heath

THE COMMODORES: Nightshift (Motown) In 1977 The Commodores made excellent records like Bruckhaus and "Machine Gun. Now without main singer songwriter Lonnie Richie they are considerably less versatile and a bit stodgy. The line between side and single is only rather dull. **(3 out of 10)**

—Simon Mills

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The Lotus Eaters

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

red patent leather high-heeled boots and singing along to "Hot in The City" by Billy Idol! Also, how many singles have they released? King Fen, Aberdeen; Susan Pilgrim, Colchester.

● He says not. "I've never ever had a day-time job. The nearest I got was when I worked in the banqueting hall of a medieval monastery in Coventry. I even wore a monk's robe." No, not quite the same thing, King's singles on CBS are: "Love And Pride" (May '84), "Soul On My Boots" (Jul '84), "Won't You Hold My Hand" (Nov '84) and "Love And Pride" (re-issue, Dec '84).



Paul King. Astonishing fact – the man has worked in a monastery.

I hope you can help. I'm a fully qualified beauty therapist/make-up artist/messeuse and I desperately want to get a job working as a personal make-up artist with bands and artists on tour. Can you supply any names or addresses to contact? Virginia Glover, Bristol.

● Creative Workforce is a relatively new company who

Could you please find out how the £1.45 spent on a 7" single is divided up? For example, does the artist get 50p, the record shop 10p, the publisher 15p, etc.? Duren Duren Fen, York.

● Unfortunately, it's not quite as simple as all that. The British Phonographic Industry have, however, put together the following breakdown as representative of the industry average: VAT – 18p, record dealer – 25p, artist – 17p, distribution – 21p, music publisher – 8p, design and production – 7p, manufacturing – 16p, total A & R costs (artists' advances, recording costs) – 8p, advertising and promotion – 8p, contribution to record company overheads (anything from salaries to the coffee machine) – 17p. I might add that, in general, singles do not make very much money for either record company or artist but are merely used as vehicles to shift albums.

Please find out if Paul King of King once owned a shop in London's Kensington Market. I'm sure he's the same guy we saw down there, when he was wearing

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SMART

specialise in catering to the music and fashion trade and have on their books everyone from photographers and designers to make-up artists and stylists. They insist they're "always looking for new people" and arrange interviews every week – phone them on: (01) 439 7423. Already established on their books are make-up artists Maggie Baker and Lynne Easton, cosmetically responsible for Adam Ant and Boy George, respectively. Maggie started out as a sales assistant in a cosmetics firm and worked up from there. She advises other hopefuls that, for this job, you need "a good eye for colour, a good firm hand, good ideas and an exceedingly good temperament to be able to put up with people". Lynne Easton, on the other hand, embarked on a cosmetic course but now writes it off as a "load of rubbish", recommending a course at an Art College instead. "I was really, really shy when I began," she adds, "so you have to learn to be confident – it's essential when you have to walk into a studio full of people who've never met before."

I'd like to know where the two girls in Strawberry Switchblade got all their jewellery from, as seen in almost every picture of them.

Look like, Huddersfield.

● They buy mostly from little corner shops or jumble sales in Glasgow, but have been known to pick up the odd item in Oxford Street. Prices can vary, but the cheap jewellery stall downstairs in Carnaby Street can offer identical bracelets for around £3 upwards.

Rose and Jill already own up to having collected "two huge cardboard egg-crates full of cheap stuff" between them.



Rose and Jill. These girls keep their jewellery in egg-crates

Can you tell me what John Taylor's favourite colour is? And do any of Duran Duran have pats?

Dabbie H., Grimsby.

● JT has two favourite colours – black and red – but no pets. Simon is similarly pet-less but both Andy and Roger have dogs; Andy's is a Jack Russell called Charley, while Roger owns a boxer who answers, poor soul, to the name Roxi. Finally, it's common knowledge that Nick is the big cat-lover – his moggie Sebastian almost became a household name a couple of years back but Nick too is currently "without pet" as he's unable to devote enough time to looking after one.

I desperately need the address of the Black Sheep Co-op, an organisation for punks and outcasts in London. I'd also like to know of any other anarchy centres.

Cress Follower, Dublin.

● Basically a housing organisation, you'll find the Co-op at 59 Cross Street, Islington, London N1. All members are ex-squatters who've grouped together to get "more secure housing". What normally happens is that they take over local Council property at a reduced rent – usually around £10 per week – with the understanding that they promise to carry out all repairs themselves. To become a member, you must first attend three group meetings – write for details. Another centre with "anarchist leanings" is Molly's Cafe, a vegan restaurant/bookshop/social club situated almost next door to the Black Sheep. However, nobody appears to know its exact address.

On The Tuba the other waak they did a feature on heavy metal and one of the performers was a gorgoa hunk called Robin Gaoga. Can you tell me everything about him and if there's an address where I can write to him?

Suz, Kandal.

● He is a bit of a hunk, isn't he? Maybe it's his soft brown eyes, or the way his hair falls to frame his finely-boned face. Maybe. (Not interrupting anything, am I? – Ed.) Anyway, he was born in Wolverhampton on April 3 1958 and previously played with the Climax Blues Band, Magnum and bearded person Roy Wood, as well as producing near rock legends Diamond Head and Wrathchild. Prior to this, his only claim to fame was that his sister Trudi-Jo George was pretty famous for her modelling pursuits. However, he's just released a single "Spy" and an album titled "Dangerous Music" which features guest appearances by Phil Lynott and Paul Young's bass player Pino Paladino. You can write to him c/o Bronze Records, 100 Chalk Farm Road, London NW1.



Robin George. More fanciable than John Taylor?

Can you settle an argument between my boyfriend and I,

as to who can claim the title of the Number One rock guitarist in the world. I think it's Jaff Beck, but he doesn't. Smash Hits Reader, London N17.

● It's widely accepted that Beck was among the four greatest rock guitarists of the late '60s/early '70s – alongside Jimmy Page, Eric "God" Clapton and Jimi Hendrix – but in terms of popularity, it may be far to say that even these have been surpassed by the larger-than-life figure of Eddie Van Halen. The American magazine *Creem* recently conducted a survey to find the readers' choice of 'Best Guitarist' and this is what they came up with: 1) Eddie Van Halen, 2) Jimmy Page, 3) Mick Mars (Mötley Crüe), 4) The Edge (U2), 5) Warren de Martini (Ratt), 6) Jake E. Lee (Ozzy Osbourne), 7) Dee Stevens (Billy Idol Band), 8) Mathias Jads (Scorpions), 9) Andy Taylor (Duran Duran) and 10) Steve Ray Vaughan. The Cambridge-based *Guitarist* magazine would also go along with Eddie Van Halen but not so the Dorset-based *Guitar*. "John Williams is the world-accepted best guitarist!" they say. Then the *Sounds* poll came up with Ritchie Blackmore while the *Melody Maker* opted again for The Edge. However, Dire Straits' Mark Knopfler felt he knew something about guitarists and elected to supply his own 'alternative' list: 1) James Burton (Elvis Presley Band), 2) Eric Clapton, 3) Jimi Hendrix, 4) Scotty Moore (Elvis Presley Band), 5) Django Reinhardt (The Hot Club Of Paris).

I'm 13 and I'm crazy about Mike Read. Can you tell me anything about him and find out how many pairs of glasses he's got?

Nicky, Lyrrington.

● First things first – he's got ten different pairs of specs. (When asked this, he exclaimed "Oh, Lord!" I suppose he thought "Heey! What a crazy question!"). Anyway, it was a great day for Manchester when Mrs Read gave birth to a bouncing baby boy all those years ago on March 1, 1952 (he says). As a teenager he would make some extra pocket-money by doing commentaries for local cricket matches and it was through this that he came to the attention of a local Reading station. As luck would have it, a keen young DJ by the name of Peter Powell happened to hear his show and promptly passed on the good news to his then-bosses at Radio Luxembourg. Next thing you know, he too was on the Big L pay-roll until 18 months later when he yet again followed in Peter Powell's footsteps all the way to the BBC. Let's just say, like, that the rest is just, like, history. OK?

JULIAN LENNON



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JL 3

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Taken from the Album "VALOTTE" (JL LP1).



CHARISMA

12 TOO LATE FOR GOODBYES REMIX BY STEVE THOMPSON AND PHIL RAMONE

MICK JAGGER · JUST ANOTHER NIGHT



CHORUS
GIVE ME JUST ANOTHER NIGHT
JUST ANOTHER NIGHT WITH YOU
GIVE ME JUST ANOTHER KISS
JUST BEFORE THE DAWN BREAKS THROUGH

'CAUSE I'M HOMESICK FEEL A LITTLE DOWN AND BLUE
AND I'M HURTING HUNGRY HASTY JUST LIKE YOU
I WAS LONELY 'TIL I SAW YOU AT THE STATION
AND I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D KEEP OUR MOMEZVOUS
BAMMY'S TRUE

REPEAT CHORUS

'CAUSE I'M HUNGRY HUNGRY FOR YOUR LOVING NARY
AND I'M THIRSTY THIRSTY FOR YOUR LOVING NASTY
AND A ONE-DAY PASS TO HEAVEN IS SO HARD TO FIND
AND A ONE-NIGHT PASS AIN'T REALLY WHAT I HAD IN MIND

I NEED YOUR SWEET TENDERNESS
I NEED YOUR SOFT CARESS
I KNOW THE DAY IS COMING
DON'T TAKE AWAY YOUR LOVIN'
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I'M HUMAN?

JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE SEEN MY FACE
JUST BECAUSE YOU KNOW MY NAME
I'M JUST A STRANGER IN THIS TOWN
CAN'T I HAVE MY UPS AND DOWNS?
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I'M ONLY HUMAN?

I GET HUNGRY GET THIRSTY I GET MOODY I NEED ATTENTION
I NEED YOUR LOVE I NEED YOUR LOVE I WANT YOUR LOVE
GIVE ME JUST ANOTHER NIGHT JUST ANOTHER NIGHT WITH YOU
'CAUSE I'M FREEZING IN THIS HUNDRED-DOLLAR HOTEL ROOM
DON'T MAKE ME LEAVE YOU NO DON'T YOU BE SO CHURL

WRITTEN BY MICK JAGGER
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION PROMUSIC
ON CBS RECORDS



GIRL YOU'RE PLAYING GAMES I'M NO BOOK THAT YOU CAN LOOK THROUGH
I'M A MAN WITH DESIRE HUNGRY UP JUST FOR YOU
GIRL I'VE WAITED LONG STOP THOSE GAMES I DON'T WANT TO PLAY
I KEEP ON ASKING DO YOU LOVE ME THE ANSWER IS YOU'RE OK

I FLY SO HIGH UP IN THE SKY
WHEN YOU WHISPER TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT (TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT)
AND CLIMB UNDER COVERS IN MY MIND
THEN I WAKE TO FIND THAT I HAVE BEEN DREAMING

CHORUS
DO YOU REALLY WANT MY LOVE? (DO YOU GIRL?)
BECAUSE I'M READY READY COME AND GET IT
DO YOU REALLY WANT MY LOVE? (DO YOU GIRL?)
BECAUSE I'M READY READY COME AND GET IT

NEVER HAVE I BEEN SO OUTRAGED
GIRL CAN'T GO ON I'M A MAN NOT A HOY TO BE PASSED OFF WITH A MY OH MY
I FEEL JUST LIKE A FOOL TO BE WAITING BY THE TELEPHONE GIRL
BUT WHEN YOU CALL IT SENDS A SHIVER HUNNING STRAIGHT THROUGH MY BONES

I FLY SO HIGH UP IN THE SKY
WHEN YOU WHISPER TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT (TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT)
AND CLIMB UNDER COVERS IN MY MIND
THEN I WAKE TO FIND THAT I HAVE BEEN DREAMING

REPEAT CHORUS

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME TO SAY I'M GONNA LOOK FOR ANOTHER GIRL
NO MORE DAY DRIZZLING WITH YOU ON MIND
IF YOU WANT ME JUST TURN THE DIAL
I'M GIVING MYSELF A NEW LEASE ON LIFE
AND NOW YOU'RE CALLING ME DAY AND NIGHT
NOW THE TABLE'S TURNED AND YOU SAY TO ME CAN WE TRY ONE MORE TIME?

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

WRITTEN BY JIMMY HENEGAN
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION PROMUSIC
ON LONDON RECORDS



DO YOU REALLY WANT MY LOVE · JUNIOR

KILLING

"NOW WE'VE HAD A HIT, WE'RE GOING TO INFLECT



"Ours is a great music. A beautiful music. A music exclusively for the '80s."

"Howard Jones' music is rubbish . . . piffle. It perpetuates the mindlessness of the record-buying market, patronises young people. It's vile, inexcusable."

PHOTO: ERIC WALKER

OUR HORRIBLE PERSONALITIES ON EVERYONE!"

And they're perfectly serious. They hate U2. They loathe Wham! and Culture Club. They detest Howard Jones. And they're not terribly kind to Chris Heath either.

"Do you want me to smash your face in or something?" Killing Joke's lead singer, Jaz Coleman, leans forward and prods me gently on the cheek in warning. I'm sitting rather nervously on a high stool in the middle of a warehouse-turned-photographic studio. Still, I was warned that they've got a bit of a reputation for this sort of thing.

"We really get up people's noses," boasts drummer Paul Ferguson with obvious pride. "People are right. We are an arrogant bunch of bastards."

"As being successful," glazes guitarist Geordie, plainly chuffed by the chart placing of their "Love Like Blood" single, "means a lot of trouble. For other people."

"Now... Raven, their bassist, continues, "we're going to inflict our horrible personalities on everyone."

I don't think Killing Joke are the sort of lads you would take home to meet your parents.

"So many people have hoped we'd split up – but we haven't," exclaims Jaz defiantly. "We've been going six years now and now we're near our peak. We've got a big audience. We've got a hit single. We're not going away."

At least not for the time being. After all, this is what they've been waiting for ever since Jaz and Paul got together in Cheltenham in mid 1979, to be joined shortly after by Geordie and original bassist Youth (now in Brilliant). "We formed out of frustration," Jaz recalls. "We wanted to create a band of our dreams. We knew it would be a long hard struggle."

And it was, though it didn't seem so at first. Their first single, a surprisingly poppy affair called "Nervous System", created a bit of a stir, and the subsequent "Wardance Psyche" and "Requiem" singles, and the "Killing Joke" LP seemed to really get the ball rolling. Suddenly thousands of malevolent-looking leather-clad rebels were flocking to Killing Joke concerts to experience their relentless wall of sound. Since then that following has never deserted them, possibly because they're "the best live band in the world – devastating – people leave our gigs with a sense of imbalance and shock."

Nevertheless the record buying public did seem to lose interest in their records – apart from one single, "Empire Song", off their third LP "Revelations". It sneaked into the bottom of the charts but, after a quick look at the band on *Top Of The Pops*, the nation gave them the thumbs down and the record disappeared.

Soon afterwards Jaz vanished. It later transpired he'd upped and fled to Iceland without so much as a goodbye or a postcard to the rest of the band. What happened?

"The best way to explain it is that I'm an imperfect species with a vision of something perfect," explains Jaz. "I couldn't really see any

future in this country as a place to launch any project of progressive significance. And, apart from that, it was the culmination of the emotion of travelling from one industrial wasteland to the next. And also the way I worry about the world situation."

So now we know. But why Iceland, of all places?

"There's no pollution. No industry. It was very underdeveloped and underpopulated; exposed to the elements. I wanted to be independent from the music scene. And also," he confesses, "I was going a bit mental."

He used the time to record a few tracks with local band Peyr and also, believe it or not, to work on his symphony, which he has recently finished. "It took three years to complete," he says. "It's currently being reviewed by a man from the Birmingham Philharmonic Orchestra – I'm going to see him this afternoon."

After three months in Iceland Jaz returned, said his 'sorrys', and restarted the band. "I missed the excitement of the concerts and the people," he now reveals. "The idea of alienating myself in the wilderness on some farm is against my nature." But isn't he likely to bunk off somewhere else when the fancy takes him and leaves the band in the lurch again?

"I don't think so," he answers, though he's obviously given it some thought. "I've got the deal that if I do I'll tell everyone in the band beforehand. I made that clear when we started again."

he new single, and the accompanying "Night Time" LP, seem to mark a melowing for the hard. The relentless barrage of guitar, voice and drums that characterised their earlier outings has been replaced by more open spaces and rather better tunes. Paul won't admit this, insisting that "I don't think so," he answers, though he's obviously given it some thought. "I've got the deal that if I do I'll tell everyone in the band beforehand. I made that clear when we started again."

"We haven't changed. It's just that people have gained an appreciation of what we do" but Jaz understates.

"There's a contrast now," he agrees, though he's quick to deny any suggestion that such hard lads as Killing Joke could be wimping out: "The more intense parts are even more intense now because of the contrast. There are elements of tranquility prior to explosion."

As I scratch my head he explains further: "Our objective these days is to be in total control of our environment. We meet interesting people and inflict our music upon them. It's a great music. A beautiful music. A music exclusively for the '80s."

"People should listen to 'Love Like Blood'," he continues. "I think it's a very moving and disturbing piece of music. It was recorded at a difficult time in my life and it adds an emotional depth to the charts. It's a pleasant change."

The next single, a song called "Kings And Queens", apparently sums up the Killing Joke philosophy of life. "It's about the necessity of just looking after oneself," Jaz sneers with

satisfaction.

Hold on. That doesn't sound very nice. I mean, what if every body just looked after themselves?

"The world would be a better place," Jaz replies flatly, obviously finding my concern rather amusing. "The weaker would fall and the strong would get stronger."

I see. I wonder if I should mention Band Aid, but one look at the four of them leering at me is enough to put me off. So "looking after oneself" is really what Killing Joke are all about?

"Killing Joke is a vehicle for our own personal destinies, our own freedoms," answers Jaz evasively. Paul expands the point: "We will use anything to our utmost advantage."

Charming. I'm beginning to really warm to these kind-hearted sensitive blokes.

"We'll take any opportunity that arises," continues Jaz with growing contempt. "There's no sort of vile Christian morality with us," he adds, spitting out 'Christian' as if it were the most obnoxious and repulsive word imaginable.

Presumably then, I guess, they've no qualms about having big hit singles, going on *Top Of The Pops*, and becoming rich pop stars?

"We've got no qualms about anything actually," replies Paul emphatically. "We're very selfish people."

Killing Joke are obviously rather enjoying all this; they seem to absolutely revel in saying nasty things and being a bit threatening. But under this pretence of being horrible and anti-social I'm beginning to suspect that the real Killing Joke are actually rather unpleasant too. Are they really some of the nastiest people in pop music?

"No, we're not," objects Jaz, though I suspect he quietly regards the suggestion as a compliment. "We don't take no crap though," adds Geordie quickly, doubtless concerned that people might think Killing Joke are turning into softies. "People think we're rude," explains Raven, "because we speak our minds."

They must certainly do speak their minds. In fact they've got absolutely no tolerance at all for their fellows in the chart.

U2 are "vile Christian creatures", the Big Sound Authority are "Paul Weller's little cancerous offgrowth", and as for Wham! and Culture Club, Paul says he personally objects to their facile natures, what they perpetuate.

But they reserve their real venom for poor old Howard Jones. "He's insipid," spits Paul. "Very insipid. His morals are weak."

Jaz takes up the theme with relish. "We're fundamentally opposed to someone like Howard Jones in every possible way, in every aspect. I think somebody like that epitomises the entire music scene. The fact that someone is in that sort of position and does that sort of rubbish, that piffle, it perpetuates the mindlessness of the record buying market, patronises young people. It's vile. Inexcusable. Severe measures should be taken."

C H A N G E Y O U R M I N D

WHY DON'T YOU EVER LISTEN
IT'S YOU I'M TALKING TO
THIS TIME IT'S YOUR DECISION
WELL I'M DO SOMETHING NEW
I KNOW THAT I'M SINKING
THOUGH ANY FOOL CAN SEE
AND TURE THAT I WAS THINKING
OF NO ONE ELSE BUT ME

CHANCE YOUR MIND
NOTHING EVER STAYS THE SAME
CHANGE YOUR MIND
NO ONE EVER PLAYS THE GAME
CHANGE YOUR MIND
GAVE UP WHAT YOU CAN'T DEFEND
CHANGE YOUR MIND
WINN IT OUT AND START AGAIN

WHY DON'T YOU RECONSIDER
JUST BEIF YOU CARE
TAKE FROM ME THE DIVER
REJECT ME IF YOU DARE
GIVE ME WHAT I'M ASKING
AND SAVE IT ALL FOR ME
LOVE THAT'S EVERLASTING
THAT'S HOW IT'S MEANT TO BE

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every second of the day*

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COMPETITION WINNERS

WIN YOUR WEIGHT IN RECORDS COMPETITION (January 31). Correct answer: c) The Human League. Outright winner of her weight in records, hand-picked from the Virgin Megastore in Oxford Street, London, is Amanda White, Walsall.

TINA TURNER COMPETITION (January 31). Correct answer: c) Mark Knopfler. Copies of the "Private Dancer" Video EP are on their way to: Michael Rees, Ramsgate; Simon Brothers, Northampton; Gary See, Roehampton; Simon Jarman, Camberley; Janeen Hickey, St Belade; A. Wealcroft, Knutsford; L. Verly, Willington; Sherry Golder, Banbury; Martin Jenkin, Bethnal Green; Andrew Berman, London N3.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN COMPETITION (January 31). Correct answer: b) "Born To Run". Copies of the Springsteen book to: Katrina Woolton, Featherstone; P Bartz, Merthyr; Sally Bending, Warley; Mana Teranandes, Rose Hill; Gerni Connatty, Cowpitan; Lise Morris, Mountain Ash; J. Hannath, Camberwell; H. Haywood, Helesowen; Aice MacDonald, London W4; Kate Parslow, Little Chalfont.

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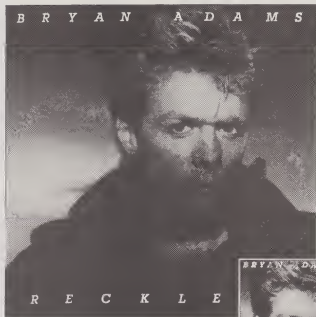
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EDDIE & THE SOUL BAND



★ PERSONAL FILE



ROSE McDOWALL

STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE

NAME: Rose Mary McDowall.
BORN: 21/10/59 in Duke Street Hospital, Glasgow.
WERE YOU A TOMBOY? Yeah! Why? Because boys had better fun than girls. I wanted more than to just push a pram around all day. I loved to climb trees and play cowboys and Indians and get mucky.
NICKNAME AT SCHOOL: Didn't have one. They threw plenty of names at me but none of them stuck.
FIRST CONCERT: The Omertads at the Glasgow Apollo. I was about 14 at the time. What I remember most is Donny looking at me — he loved me and I loved him.
FIRST CRUSH: I must have been nine. I was in love with two boys at the same time. Kainard Marshall and Patrick MacMahon. I tried to lure Kainard with sweets but he wouldn't have any of it. He was very shy and obviously didn't want to be seen with a girl in front of all his mates. For Patrick I used to buy toy wedding rings for him to give back to me — but he never did. He used to take me to Sunday school with him — I only went because of him, but again, he just wasn't interested.
FIRST JOB: Helping out on my Dad's coal road — he used to sell coal shaped like bricks (called brackettes) off the back of a horse and cart. I was a coal scuttler! My first proper job was potato picking in Glasgow — yes, of course there are lots of potato fields in Glasgow, in an

area called Huggatefield Lock. I must have been about 15 and I got around £6 or £7 a week.
WHERE DO YOU LIVE? In a flat in Muswell Hill (North London). I live on the ground floor and Jill (Bryson, Strawberry Switchblade) lives directly above. There are polka dots all over the place — big dayglo pink ones all over the walls. And there's smaller ones on the curtains, cushions, settee and the whole place is a mess. I live with my husband Gunter Lemmon (Yer what? — Ed.). We've been married nearly seven years. He does lots of things — plays the drums on our radio sessions, writes his own stuff, does drum machine programming.
WHAT DO YOU WEAR AROUND THE HOUSE? The same things I normally wear, except I don't put on as many ribbons. I'm always washing them because when I eat they always fall in my soup. I do take them off in the bath though.
WHAT'S THE WORST THING ABOUT HAVING A HIT? Not having the time to realise you've had a hit. Has anything changed? Not really, except people keep asking us about what it's like and we can't answer because we don't know yet.
AREN'T YOU A BIT SICK OF POLKA DOTS? No! They're brilliant. It's like asking someone if they hate flowers or trees.
IT YOU WERE A FLOWER WHAT WOULD YOU BE? I think I'd rather be a tree. A really big one. No, I'd actually like to be a wasp one that grew. I like to watch things... I know, I'd like to be a tall tree that is able to watch all of the world.
ARE YOU A FEMINIST? Yes and I always have been, even when I was really young. I always used to think anything boys can do, we can do. I was never a bullied wee girl — I was just bullied by grown-ups. I just think anyone who isn't a feminist must be mad.
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A GHOST? Lots of ghosts. I always used to see them until a while ago. They were nearly always shadowy with a vague outline. One of them followed me round for months — it was evil, I hated it... I made me cry a couple of times. And why do I see them? Because I want to.
FAVOURITE BOOK? I love *The Green Child* by Herbert Reed. It's about this man who finds two small green transparent children and they take him underground to where they live in this underwater cavern, it affected me inasmuch as I had the same experience — in a dream. The only difference was that my child was blue.
WHAT'S THE WILDEST IDEA YOU'VE EVER HAD? Judging by people's reactions, it's when I go on about how my organs wobble. I sway from side to side all the time and that's because I can feel my organs wobbling so I sway to keep up with them. (What on earth is going on here? — Ed.)
IDEAL HOLIDAYS: I'd like to stay in a wee cottage in the Highlands, thousands of miles from anyone or anywhere. I'd just want my guitar — I love being on my own. And why the Highlands? I just love the bleakness of it all.
DID YOU GET A VALENTINE? Yes, one, off Gunter. The postman probably stole the rest.

WHO'S THE BLACK PRIVATE DICK THAT'S A SEX MACHINE TO ALL THE CNICKS (SNAFT)
THAT'S RIGHT WHO IS THE MAN WHO IS THE MAN THAT RISKS HIS NECK FOR HIS BROTHER MAN (SNAFT)
CAN YOU DIG IT CAN YOU DIG IT CAN YOU DIG IT
WHO'S THE CAT THAT WON'T COP OUT THE ONE THAT TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT (SNAFT)
RIGHT ON THEY SAY THIS CAT SNAFT IS A BAD MOTHER (BRUT YOUR MOUTH) BUT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT SNAFT (WE CAN DIG IT) HE'S A COMPLICATED MAN NO-ONE UNDERSTANDS HIM BUT HIS WOMAN (JOHN SNAFT)
SNAFT SNAFT SNAFT SNAFT

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 YOZARBSRASSNSROMNT
 RXIBOKFORDMRTEALCS
 RAGONAIRENOANAGMMEA
 EMLVENTAYSUNIESACB
 BSALANDEPOKNAALTHJD
 WRDDIRTACYAIAWAYKN
 AACOOITGITADBRRIIA
 RFPFENILIDERGENGEM
 TTRHABNOUQTZGAOPG
 SFEOLURNARATENBTPA
 AQQOLLRLOCCAMYSRIK

All the names below are hidden in the diagram. They could run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Some run backwards but remember that the letters are in an unbroken straight line whichever way they run.

- ALISON MOYET
- AMI STEWART
- BET OF MOISE
- ASHFORD AND SIMPSON
- RANDI AD
- BRYAN DICKSON
- BIG COUNTRY
- BRONSKI BEAT
- BRYAN ADAMS
- CASNIERE
- ELAINE PAIDE
- FOREIGNER
- GENESIS
- GRANDMASTER MELLE MEL
- IMAGINATION
- JAMES INORAM
- JUNIOR
- KING
- KIRSTY MACDOLL
- KOOL AND THE GANG
- MADONNA
- PAUL YOUNG
- PHIL COLLINS
- POINTER SISTERS
- PRINCE
- QUEEN
- RAY PARKER JR
- RUSS ABBOTT
- SADO
- SAL SOLO
- SLADE
- SMILEY CULTURE
- STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE
- TEARS FOR FEARS
- THE CD LORAL FIELD
- THE LIMIT
- ULTRAVOX
- WHAM
- ZZ TOP

Check locally before stepping out.
A Linde Duff After Hours Production

Associates: Dundee Dance Factory (March 10), Glasgow Pavilion (11), Edinburgh Queen's Hall (13), Manchester Hacienda (14), Leeds Polytechnic (15), Leicester Polytechnic (16), London Dominion Theatre (18), Birmingham Powerhouse (19)

Big Sound Authority: St Ives Civic Centre (March 7), Salisbury College Of Technology (16), Slough Fulcrum Centre (17)

Howard Jones: London Wembley Arena (April 16)

King: Belfast Mayshead Leisure Centre (April 9), Dublin SPX Hall (10), Brighton Dome (12), Portsmouth Guildhall (13), Oxford (14), Cardiff St David's Hall (15), Bristol Colston Hall (16), Preston Guildhall (18), Hanley Victoria Hall (19), Birmingham Odson (20), Manchester Apollo (21), Northampton Deerpark Centre (22), Edinburgh Playhouse (24), Glasgow Apollo (25), Newcastle City Hall (26), Leeds University (27), Ipswich Gaumont (28), Leicester De Montfort Hall (29), London Hammersmith Odeon (30)

Grandmaster Melle Mel And The Furious Five: Leeds Polytechnic

(March 1), Loughborough University (2), Norwich University Of East Anglia (3), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (4), Reading University (5), Nottingham University (6), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (7), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (8), Oxford Polytechnic (9)

The Pogues: Leeds University (March 5), Nottingham Rook City (6), Manchester Hacienda (7), Keele University (8), Sunderland Polytechnic (9), Sheff Hall Leamill (10), Claefthees Winter Gardens (11), Westcliff Queens Hotel (14), Brunel University (15), Aldershot Westway Arts Centre (18), Brighton Escape Club (19), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (21), Birmingham Polytechnic (22), Liverpool Polytechnic (23), Blackburn King George's Hall (24), Hull Titlites (25), Leicester Polytechnic (27), Coventry Polytechnic (28)

Tears For Fears: (extra dates) Southampton Gaumont (May 13), Manchester Apollo (16)

Thompson Twins: London Wembley Arena (May 20, 21, 22), Birmingham NEC (25, 26)

Robin Trower: London Marquee (March 26, 27, 28)

Time Turner: (extra dates) London Wembley Arena (March 14, 15), Birmingham NEC (24)

ANSWERS ON PAGE 34

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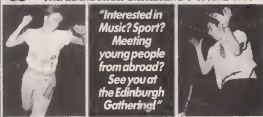
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- ▶ It doesn't matter whether you're a solo pop singer or a rock band, or what style of music you play. But you must clearly label the cassette with the title and duration of each track.

- ▶ Your entry will be acknowledged, and the 14 regional finalists will be selected and judged by a panel of experts including Jeff Wayne, Kirsty MacColl and David Kid Jensen, and there may also be a requirement for a live performance, to determine the overall winner.
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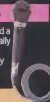
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▶ The overall winning act will be guaranteed the release of at least one single before the end of 1985 by Stiff Records. Recording will be carried out in a professional 24-track studio, produced by Jeff Wayne, composer of 'The War of the Worlds'; and top record producer.



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3rd PRIZE x 7

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SONY TAPE



CLOSING DATE APRIL 30, 1985

RULES OF ENTRY

1. The Sony Tape Rock 'n' Pop Challenge is open to any UK resident and currently subject to ascending contract of any form.
2. All entries must be on an official entry form. Entry will not be accepted if the entry and the parent or guardian of any entrant under the age of 18 on April 30, 1985 must challenge. Any agent or manager signing on behalf of any entrant must furnish a copy of his authority.

3. The Competition will close on April 30, 1985.
4. The overall winning act will be chosen from fourteen entries, by a panel of six judges such as Jeff Wayne, Kirsty MacColl and David Kid Jensen. The overall winner will be notified by July 31, 1985. Notification of the remaining prize-winners will commence on August 1, 1985. Please allow up to two weeks for receipt of any notification. The judges' decisions, the names of the judges and the name and identity of the overall winner will be available on request, with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, from the Competition Address after August 1, 1985. Mark your envelope 'Winner List' in the top left hand corner. The judges' decision on all matters relating to the competition is final and binding, and no correspondence will be entered into.
5. The competition address is 513 Fulham Road, London SW6 1HH. From where a copy of the terms of the recording contract to the overall winner may be obtained by written request enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

ENTRY FORM

Send completed entry form, photograph and labelled cassette to: Sony Tape Rock 'n' Pop Competition, 513 Fulham Road, London SW6 1HH. Closing date April 30, 1985.

ENTRANT'S DETAILS

ENTRANT'S NAME _____
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

TELEPHONE _____ AGE _____

TRACK TITLES SUBMITTED

TITLE ONE	DURATION	MINS	SECS
TITLE TWO	DURATION	MINS	SECS

CONFIRMATION

I confirm that the material submitted as an entry to the Sony Tape Rock 'n' Pop Challenge competition is original and belongs to no-one else. As such I give my permission to the material being broadcast on radio in order that if I am judged in connection with this competition I also confirm that the details provided above are correct to the best of my knowledge, and that the act concerned is currently free of any contractual obligations. I also confirm our acceptance to be involved in any publicity required by the organisers.

SIGNATURE (ENTRANT) _____
STATUS (BAND MEMBER/MANAGER ETC) _____
DATE _____

ACT DETAILS

STAGE NAME _____
NAME _____
NAME OF MANAGER (IF ANY) _____

ACT LINE-UP

*Name them in the boxes and continue these details on a separate sheet of paper.

NAME	AGE
INSTRUMENT PLAYED	SIGNATURE*
NAME	AGE
INSTRUMENT PLAYED	SIGNATURE*
NAME	AGE
INSTRUMENT PLAYED	SIGNATURE*
NAME	AGE
INSTRUMENT PLAYED	SIGNATURE*
NAME	AGE
INSTRUMENT PLAYED	SIGNATURE*
NAME	AGE

*Signature of parent/guardian if under 18 years of age

CLIP
RECENT
PHOTOGRAPH
OF ACT HERE



DEAD OR ALIVE
YOU SPIN ME ROUND (LIKE A RECORD)

IF I GET TO KNOW YOUR NAME
WELL IF I COULD TRACE YOUR PRIVATE NUMBER BABY
ALL I KNOW IS THAT TO ME
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE LOTS OF FUN
OPEN UP YOUR LOVING ARMS
I WANT SOME I WANT SOME

WELL I SET MY SIGHTS ON YOU
(AND NO-ONE ELSE WILL DO)
AND I'VE GOT TO HAVE MY WAY NOW BABY
ALL I KNOW IS THAT TO ME
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE HAVING FUN
OPEN UP YOUR LOVING ARMS
WATCH OUT HERE I COME

CHORUS
YOU SPIN ME RIGHT ROUND BABY
RIGHT ROUND LIKE A RECORD BABY
RIGHT ROUND ROUND ROUND

REPEAT CHORUS

I (III) I GOT TO BE YOUR FRIEND NOW BABY
AND (III) WOULD LIKE TO MOVE IN
JUST A LITTLE BIT CLOSER
(OH WON'T YOU MOVE IN JUST A LITTLE BIT CLOSER)
ALL I KNOW IS THAT TO ME
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE LOTS OF FUN
OPEN UP YOUR LOVING ARMS
WATCH OUT HERE I COME

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

I WANT YOUR LOVE I WANT YOUR LOVE
ALL I KNOW IS THAT TO ME
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE LOTS OF FUN
OPEN UP YOUR LOVING ARMS
WATCH OUT HERE I COME

REPEAT CHORUS AND AD LIB TO FADE

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PETER GABRIEL SHOCK THE MONKEY • **HEAVEN 17 LET ME GO** • **GODLEY & CREME WEDDING BELLS**

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PHIL COLLINS YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE • **STYLE COUNCIL BIG BOSS GROOVE** • **PAUL YOUNG COME BACK AND STAY** (US version)

MARILYN CRY AND BE FREE • **STATUS QUO MARGUERITA TIME** • **ELTON JOHN PASSENGERS**

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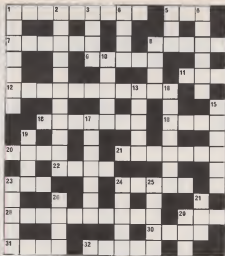
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THE BAND AID TRUST

A CROSS

- 1 They want to know what love is
- 5, 27 down and 32 across James Ingram's eddly-spell message (3,2,1,5)
- 7 Label surrounded by water?
- 8 and 5 down Bryan Adams' charhound sprint (3,2,3)
- 9 'Elio, John, it's Alexei'
- 11 Mik Kershaw wouldn't let it go down on him
- 12 Dee Dee Champ provides a Basildon band (anag 7,4)
- 16 They knew it was Christmas (4,3)
- 18 Kool has one
- 20 'Love And Pride' royalists
- 21 John Travolta's Brylcreemed lightning
- 22 Art of Noise are close to this and 17 down Sad Ian Qman provides a Sale hit (anag 3,7)
- 24 'Annie I'm Not Your -----' (Kid Creole)
- 28 Did DMZ trainee this hit?
- 29 Nellie's Dolls
- 30 Small venue
- 31 and 24 down What not to do when drunk -- as advised by Stevie (4,5)



DOWN

- 1 The pals of Amii Stewart?
- 2 She and Barbara Dickson know him so well (6,5)
- 3 Kitchen in which Blancmange concocted their first chart single
- 4 Grant who didn't wanna dance
- 5 See 6 across
- 6 '----- Of Hollow' (Smiths' album)
- 8 Sharon's colour
- 10 Her 'Japanese Roy' was a UK No.1
- 13 It's new and performs 'Blue Monday'
- 14 It's also New when sung about by Kirsty MacColl
- 15 Black Lads's holiday hit
- 17 See 23 across
- 19 Terrahawks look alike Turner
- 23 Ashford and Simpson's firm success
- 24 See 30 across
- 25 The Pointers' is of the Neutron variety
- 26 Rocked by Forrest?
- 27 See 5 across
- 29 '--- Of War' (Paul McCartney)

ANSWERS ON PAGE 19

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UB40 & WINSTON REEDY

TWO NEW SINGLES

UB40:

I'M NOT FOOLED
b/w **THE PILLOW**
(Remix)

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WINSTON REEDY:

SUPERSTAR
b/w **BABY LOVE**

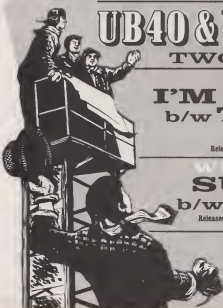
Released 4/3/85. Winstee's latest single from the forthcoming album CROSSOVER

Coming Soon (Watch This Space)

MIKEY DREAD'S latest single from the double album
PAVE THE WAY (Parts 1 & 2)

ECHO BASE'S new single from the debut album BUY ME

Distributed through Virgin. Available in your local Record Stores



SEVEN YEARS AGO they were an art-school rock band with Adam Ant as singer.
FOUR YEARS AGO they performed wearing bear costumes with Micky Mouse ears.
THESE DAYS they're in danger of actually becoming popular! Please meet:

THE MONOCHROME SET

▼ BID



▼ VANDY WARREN



▼ A FOZ

▼ A NICK WESOLOWSKI

"Too clever by half? Us?" Bid, The Monochrome Set's chamsmatic Anglo-Indian frontman leans back into the sofa in his attic flat and laughs. "You couldn't say that of any other bands, could you? I'll get worried when people start calling us dumb."

Being "too clever by half" is often given as one of the main reasons why The Monochrome Set have spent seven hard years without even the faintest glimmer of a hit until now. In fact, looking back, it almost seems as if they've purposefully avoided success.

It all started back at the beginning of 1977 with a rather dodgy "art-school rock" band called The B-sides. There were four of them—bassist Andy Warren, guitarist Lester Square, rhythm guitarist Bid ("but only for the last two weeks") and, up front, a bloke called Stuart Goldard. The band "continually fell to pieces," recalls Bid, though he swiftly adds that Stuart was a "very nice bloke and a brilliant songwriter—years ahead of his time." The band finally split when one day Stuart disappeared. He re-emerged later as a punk called Adam Ant. The rest of course is history.

History for Adam, that is. Bid was never invited to join his new band, the Ants. Lester was sacked after a week and Andy left two years later, not only missing Adam's finest hour but also declining the invitation from the rest

of the original Ants to join their new band Bow Wow Wow.

Never mind. They could still make it big as The Monochrome Set. Except that for their first two years, while everyone else was jumping up and down with aggressively spiked hair, screaming, hollering and gobbing, The Monochrome Set were going through what Bid calls their "dark and moody" phase. This involved looking rather glum, playing rather minuscule pop songs and trying to ignore any audience that happened to turn up. Then they nearly blew their obscurity by releasing their first LP "Strange Boutique," which was so good that it almost launched them to stardom anyway. Skilfully the band changed tack and embarked upon their "rather indulgent" and totally uncommercial phase.

"We just sort of lost direction," explains Bid by way of apology for the band's on stage appearance at that time in Inca gear, Mickey Mouse ears, bear costumes and banana outfits, all against a backdrop of slides and films.

Over the next few years they managed to remain a fairly well-kept secret, slowly evolving to the present line-up of Bid, Andy, Nick Wesolowski (drums), James Foster (guitar) and Carne Booth (keyboards) who incidentally has just returned from a stint in the Thompson Twins (live band).

"We kept going because we knew we could do something good," explains Bid, obviously pleased that their "Jacob's Ladder" single is in danger of becoming

popular. They've already completed an LP for release in May, which they suggest may be called "Memories Of A Wretched Weekend," "Sausage," "The Monochrome Set 4," "Meet The Monochrome Set" or "The Monochrome Set Go Bananas!"

But then it's no easy business working out when The Monochrome Set are being serious. What would you make of someone who tells you that "Jacob's Ladder," "a gospel song," is apparently "related to something maximo about death," or so he "was told a couple of weeks ago at a witch's birthday party" by the high priest of the witches' coven that his girlfriend belongs to? Or of a group that lists one of their ambitions as "to open The Monochrome Academy for Young Girls—a finishing school"?

Nevertheless The Monochrome Set do make some fine records so it may take even more than lunacy like this to keep fame and fortune at bay for another seven years. But if they do manage it, will they still be making records in 1992?

"It'd be fun to be like Picasso," suggests Nick, "still working on his death bed."

"What would be great," Bid concludes with relish, "is to be onstage at 80, still doing things that other people think are 'too clever by half'."

BY **CHRIS HEATH**

NatWest
The Action Bank

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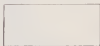
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starvation



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All proceeds from the sale of this record will be distributed in the former areas of Ethiopia, Eritrea and Sudan through the following relief agencies: Oxfam, 275 Embury Rd., Oxford; War On Poverty, Room 19, 447 Colchester St., London N7 9SE, and Médecins Sans Frontières, 68 Boulevard Saint-Henri, 75001 Paris, France. Further donations can be made direct to the above addresses.

tam-tam pour l'éthiopie

MANU DIBANGO • M'BAMINA • KING SUNNY ADE • SALIF KEITA • TOURE KUNDA
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help sustain the work already done

 A 7" & 4 TRACK 12" SINGLE — JAZZ 3 — JAZZ 3 12 

SOME LIKE IT HOT

WE WANT TO MULTIPLY ARE YOU GONNA DO IT
I KNOW YOU QUALIFY ARE YOU GONNA DO IT
DON'T BE SO CIRCUMSCRIBED ARE YOU GONNA DO IT
JUST OBT YOURSELF UNTIED ARE YOU GONNA DO IT

FEEL THE HEAT PUSHING YOU TO DECIDE
FEEL THE HEAT BURNING YOU UP
READY OR NOT

SOME LIKE IT HOT AND SOME SWEAT WHEN THE HEAT IS ON
SOME FEEL THE HEAT AND DECIDE THAT THEY CAN'T GO ON
SOME LIKE IT NOT BUT YOU CAN'T TELL NOW NOT 'TIL YOU TRY
SOME LIKE IT HOT SO LET'S TURN UP THE HEAT 'TIL WE FRY

THE GIRL IS AT AT YOUR SIDE ARE YOU GONNA DO IT
SHE WANTS TO BE YOUR BRIDE ARE YOU GONNA DO IT
I KNOW YOU WON'T BE SATISFIED UNTIL YOU DO IT

FEEL THE HEAT PUSHING YOU TO DECIDE
FEEL THE HEAT BURNING YOU UP
READY OR HOT

SOME LIKE IT HOT AND SOME SWEAT WHEN THE HEAT IS ON
SOME LIKE IT NOT SOME LIKE IT HOT

FEEL THE HEAT PUSHING YOU TO DECIDE
FEEL THE HEAT BURNING YOU UP
READY OR NOT

SOME LIKE IT HOT AND SOME SWEAT WHEN THE HEAT IS ON
SOME FEEL THE HEAT AND DECIDE THAT THEY CAN'T GO ON
SOME LIKE IT NOT BUT YOU CAN'T TELL NOW NOT 'TIL YOU TRY
SOME LIKE IT HOT SO LET'S TURN UP THE HEAT 'TIL WE FRY

SOME LIKE IT HOT SOME LIKE IT HOT
SOME LIKE IT NOT SOME LIKE IT HOT

WORDS AND MUSIC ROBERT PALMER JOHN TAYLOR ANDY TAYLOR
RE PRODUCED BY PERMISSION ISLAND MUSIC THETEC MUSIC
ON PARLOPHONE RECORDS

THE POWER STATION



STARVATION

THE SECOND SINGLE

There were no chauffeur-driven limousines and no crews of cameramen when various members of The Special AKA, Madness, General Public, UB40 and vintage ska group The Pioneers entered the modest Zarjazz studio to record "Starvation".

Although the project is not expected to attract as much publicity as the Band Aid single "Feed the World" (which has now raised a staggering \$8 million), the two efforts do share the same cause: to collect as much money as possible from the record buying public to help the Ethiopian famine victims.

The idea to record "Starvation" came from an enthusiastic Madness fan who stroled into the Zarjazz offices last year.

"We actually got the idea for the record before "Band Aid"," explains Jerry Dammers. "It's just that Bob [Geldof] was a lot better organised than us. They took about 48 hours to record and release their record; we took about four months!"

As well as being a worthwhile venture, the recording is also quite a reunion for many of the old 2-Tone bands. There's Lynval Golding and Jerry Dammers of the original Specials, Madness (whose first single "Gangsters" was on 2-Tone), Dave Wakeling and Ranking Roger who used to front The Beat and even Jackie Robinson of The Pioneers (who originally recorded "Starvation" in 1970) worked with Jerry Dammers when The Specials recorded the old Pioneers' classic "Long Shot Kick The Bucket" on their first album.

"It's not such a big deal," says Woody of Madness. "People tend to think that when you leave a band or a label you fall out with everyone involved, but it's not the case with 2-Tone: we've all been friends ever since, and we bump into each other regularly."

The "Starvation" venture has no collective name, preferring instead to let the lyrics and title of the song convey the message and plea for help. And Ethiopia needs all the help it can get.

Buy this and it'll be money well spent.



STARVATION (ABOVE): Front row (left-right) Jackie Robinson (Pioneers), Dava Wakeling (General Public, ex-The Beat), Ali Campbell (UB40), George Agard (Pioneers), Loranza (bass guitarist), Robin Campbell (UB40), Gaspar Lawel (drums), Annie Whitehead (trombone), Geraldo D'Arbilly (percussion), Woody (Madness).
Back: (left-right) Ray Falconer (UB40 soundman), Lynval Golding (ex-Fun Boy Three, ex-Specials), Jerry Dammers (Special AKA), Ranking Roger (General Public, ex-The Beat), Mark Bedford (Madness), Dick Cuthell (trumpet player with Specials), Gerardo (ex-Blue Rondo A La Turk).
Missing: Alfredaiek (bass), John Bredbury (Special AKA).

WOODY (MADNESS)

"We [Madness] were originally asked to appear on the Band Aid record but we were out in the country – not out of the country – at the time going through a writing crisis and we didn't feel that it was worth going all the way back to London just to shake a tambourine or something. It's impossible to put the

Ethiopian situation into words because it's such a desperate situation; the only thing we could do to show our feelings on the subject was play music. Most of the credit should really go to Jamie Spencer who runs Zarjazz. He masterminded the whole operation, getting us all together and wangling free advertising from the press. He's managed to create quite a buzz."

"We actually got the idea for the record before Band Aid, it's just that Bob Geldof was a lot better organised than us. They took about 48 hours to release a record; we took about four months."

So says Jerry Dammers. He and various old 2-Tone friends – from The Specials, Madness, The Beat, The Pioneers – have joined the fight to raise funds for the famine trust. The name of the single (and the project) is "Starvation". Simon Mills reports.

ATTENTION GLE FOR ETHIOPIA



Jerry Dammers

JERRY DAMMERS

"It's great to have an opportunity to do something like this. We're not pretending that doing this is solving the problem. A problem as huge as the famine in Ethiopia can't be solved by a few people buying a record. The situation out there is getting worse instead of better, so it's essential that people keep thinking about it and keep the money coming in. Anyone who buys the record can rest assured that the money will get to the victims. We've got Oxfam and War on Want to handle the financial side — they're very experienced in that field."

LYNVAL GOLDING

"Jerry phoned me last November and asked me to get involved and I agreed straight away. Food is not a problem for us, we're all alive and kicking, most of us have no idea what it's like to be hungry. Jerry and I arranged the song in Coventry using a three-track studio that I have in my flat. I know it's a clichéd thing to say but music unites people. It's an international language that breaks down so many barriers. While working on 'Starvation', there was a very special, warm feeling even though a lot of us had only met for the first time."

JACKIE ROBINSON (THE PIONEERS)

"We (The Pioneers) always used to write songs about things that were happening in the world. 'Starvation' was just one of those songs. It wasn't written for any specific purpose or with any particular country in mind. It's just a song that says we should all stop thinking about 'them and us' — black and white — because we're all the same underneath. We should concentrate on helping each other instead. I'm very pleased with the new version, it's much better than the original."

ALI CAMPBELL

"Recording 'Starvation' was great fun for me. The Pioneers were always one of my favourite groups. I've been well into them since I was 11, so it was quite an honour to work with them. I know the song really well, but I was very nervous when Jerry asked me to do the vocal because the original version is sung in a really high key so I had to stretch my voice to reach some of the notes. I think I sound like Simon Le Bon! A lot of people are being very cynical about the Band Aid record but if it gets food to the ones who are starving, who cares? It takes more than a year for a child to recover from malnutrition, so the problem isn't just going to go away quickly. I hope that by making this record we can help the cause a little bit more."



Making the video

STARVATION

● Starvation is spreading to all the nations ● There must be someone to help this situation ● Starvation is spreading to all the nations ● There must be someone to help this situation ● What colour class or creed you may belong ● There is something you must try to understand ● Starvation is spreading to all the nations ● There must be someone to help this situation ● What colour class or creed you belong ● There is something you must try to understand ● Whether you're white black red or red indian ● We all share the same blood one love one heart one soul ● Whether you're white black red or red indian ● We all share the same blood one love one heart one soul ● Around the world ● We have a chance ● To turn things around and make a balance ● Starvation suffering ● No-one would imagine what they go through ● Take a breath turn away think again ● The same bad things could happen to you ● What colour class or creed you may belong ● There is something you must try to understand ● Whether you're white or black red or red indian ● We all share the same blood one love one heart one soul ● Whether you're white black red or red indian ● We all share the same blood one love one heart one soul ● (Repeat twice) ● Starvation is spreading to all the nations ● There must be someone to end this situation ● Written by G. Agard S. Crookes J. Robinson Reproduced by permission Blue Mountain Music On Zanyaz



Paul Young

EVERY TIME YOU GO AWAY
ON 7" AND 12" EXTENDED REMIX



LETTERS

Dear Black Type

We have just bought our *Smash Hits* the local newspaper and, at the same time, Phil Oakley was in there buying a battery.

This is obviously much more interesting than a Morrissey interview.
Michael/And Helen

If you say so.

I am writing this letter to congratulate Morrissey on the brilliant new album. Besides the vegetarian stand Morrissey is also making a stand, against the royal family.

It's about time somebody made a proper protest against a ridiculous family who take pleasure in hunting animals. Anyway, surely a country with four million unemployed cannot afford £5 million a year for one woman who already has a private fortune running into billions.

Well done, Morrissey
Ivor An Elephant In Alaska Now Living In The Rhodods



Mark O'Toole

band of spotters. Foreigner, I was band so disappointed to thank for your magazine would print such a biased article. Who the hell is Tom Hibbert anyway?

Perhaps he ought to sit down and listen to Foreigner's music (which I might add, they write by themselves) they do not need songwriters like Bucks Fizz do) before he can make any judgment. Just because Foreigner do not like having their faces splashed in magazines (unlike Duran Duran or Motörhead), it does not mean that they are BORING.

I think Tom Hibbert must be extremely boring, in fact ULTRA BORING, MEGA UGLY, and extremely IGNORANT to go blasting his mouth off like that. Unlike most pop groups of today, like Duran Duran and The Smiths, Foreigner work really hard musically and are extremely talented. I appreciate them for their high quality music. NOT for the way they look, although personally I do not think that they have a 'slight ugliness problem' at all.

Leave Foreigner alone - after all, 30 million people cannot all be wrong, but Tom Hibbert is. A Foreigner Fan. Cornwall

I HATE WHAM!

I HATE WHAM!

I HATE WHAM!

I HATE WHAM!

I HATE WHAM!

I HATE WHAM!

I HATE WHAM!

And I'm not keen on George Michael and Andrew Ridgeley, either.
Marianne de Bon, Taylorville, Rhodostown

Don't beat about the bush. Tell us what you really think of them.

Dear Citizens,

Let me straighten a few facts relating to the Pink Brothers interview (January 31). Firstly, if Mega-City One is an 'outer-space' metropolis then I'm a Dorseting Mute! It's a metropolis all right, a vast conglomerate of all the major cities along the eastern seaboard of North America.

Secondly, 2000 A.D. is not produced in M-C1. It is produced in London, by an alien editor in his cunningly disguised spaceship (it looks like a tower block).

Thirdly, it is Borag thungy, not Borag von thungy - that means 'groetlings' and is Betelgeusian, not mutant language at all. Creeps!

And finally a warning, failure to acknowledge and comply with these corrections will provoke prosecution under the Publication Of False/Misleading Information Act of 2025 A.D. Section 06th, paragraph 70. Conviction carries a sentence of 120 days. Also the usage of an image of a judge towards advertising commercial gains is illegal.

You are guilty on 3 counts. That is a total of 3 years 120 days in an iso-cube creep, or a £10 fine payable at your local Justice Dept Sector house.

Yours Dreddfully,
Justice Reynolds

This is great. More, more. It's The Ed here - just wanted to say how this reminds me of all those ludicrous

letters we used to get from our more than national readers. You remember, places like the Planet Theory and the Xerxi Galaxy, weird constellations where it was damn near impossible to see a Big Country concert and you always had to wait about six months when you sent away for stickers. Ah, those were the days before the Black Type underwent his sudden and rather terrifying, or 'religious conversion'. Probably hasn't told you about that. Long story. One day he's sitting in the office as per usual and - blinding flash - the grass materialises in front of him. Black Type coughs, he will be totally under my spell. You will watch a ridiculous number of really Slesky after noon telly programmes like Rainbow and Button Moon and you will then persist in writing a load of cobbles about them in the *Smash Hits* Letters page, thus encouraging the irresponsible readers of said mag to do likewise. Then you will. What are you doing here? Nothing nothing. You're slagging off Baggas, aren't you? Me? Baggas? Slagging off? And Button Moon. Heavens, no I was just saying. Hop it. Hang about. Hop it. Sing yer hook. Scarpex. Well, chat-rung I must say. Sorry about this. Where were you? Go and have a £10 Record Token, Judge.

Dear Gary Kemp (February 14)

I think it would help you immensely swollen head if you realised that Edinburgh Castle was not 'specially lit up' on December 18th just for you lot. The castle is lit up every bloody day of the year!

Yours in anger,
*The Edinburgh Wanderer
Edinburgh*



Little did Mrs Chegwinn know that these two would be successful!

While browsing through a trendy old mag, I happened to come across this pic of Keith Chegwinn and sister at a very early age. Don't you just love those shorts?
Madness Fan, Newcastle upon Tyne

Go on then - which is which?

Dear Black Type

In your latest issue I notice that in the staff of *Smash Hits* have received titles - e.g. Sir Mark Eden. Did I miss out on something? When did this great occasion occur? Or is it just your writers getting a bit high on the smell of Typex and eating chewy beer bottles at a mere 2p each? Please answer my questions as I feel

improved and upset that I seemed to have missed out on a good time.

Yours affectionately,
*Martin Gore's Leather Mini Skirt
East Sussex*

Chewy beer bottles? Pot Noodle, please!

Being a Frankie Fanatic, I was wondering where you got the name for their album 'Welcome To The Pleasure Dome'. Then I read this book called *The Anarchist Colossus* by A. E. Van Vogt. This is about a pleasure dome situated under the Atlantic. So I wonder if this is where they got it from?
Holly Johnson's Red Leather Underpants

Nah, it's from Coleridge's famous poem 'Chaka Khan'. 'Viz the line: "In Kamadi did Chaka Khan a stately pleasure-dome decree..." I'm nothing if not literary, me.



Dear Black Type

Now who is the odd-looking but familiar fellow just asleep on the left with the v trendy curly glasses and hipper-than-thou dangerees? It is, of course a photo of the Black Type's cruel and merciless task-master, 'Nebulous' Neil Tennant (it says here), taken sometime in 1976 when Neelbo was the editor of a group of super-hero comics.

Yours faithfully,
Roger Kirman, Walsand, Tyne And Wear

ITEM! Another essential snippet for personal fax 'n' info freaks: 'Nebulous' Neil Tennant is so overcome with embarrassment, he's run - yes, run - to the photo film room, locked the door and says he's not coming out. Ever.

Dear Black Type

After reading all this stuff about Aneka Rose and her programme *Treasure Hunt* I decided to watch the programme. And guess what? It's rubbish. It consists of a girl in a gaily-coloured tracksuit puffing about in rowing boots, having a 'jolly good laugh' and trying to solve difficult puzzles with the aid of a helicopter. It's almost on a par with *Entertainment USA* and that's low, believe me.
Neil Walkinson, Bromby

That's nothing. In the last gripping episode of *Baggas*, our furry feline friend suddenly... what? We've come to the end of the page! *Quelle horreur!* Oh well, see you back here two weeks' time for more lively correspondence on the burning issue of today. Toodle-pip!

Danny Kaye

Please could you print this picture of Danny Kaye because I think he looks a lot like Mark O'Toole from Frankie A Frankie Fan

Can't see it myself.

Dear Black Type

Whilst I was reading *Smash Hits* last week I came across an article more or less slagging off my favourite

OH, HI THERE . . . S'pose you want to know what's going to be in the next issue. Loads of people actually. Really amazing, all of them. Who? Oh, you know— all the big names. What names? Er, well . . . there's . . . oh, what are they called? Oh you know. That! Oh. The ones with the . . . that's right. **FRANKIE**.



. . . oh, and er . . . those other blokes. What are they called? On the tip of my tongue . . . you know, really well-known . . . **DURAN**.



. . . and, ah, those guys with the . . . yes . . . that's it . . . and sing those songs about . . . you know . . . with the . . . yes? **SPANDAU**.



. . . and that couple from . . . where is it? One's a girl and the other's a bloke. You know . . . they look a bit . . . yup . . . and ooooh I'm hopeless with names . . . that's them . . . **EURYTHMICS**.



and . . . end of course there's old what's-his-face, thingummy-bob, hoojamaflip, doo-dah, whatchermescalit . . . you know, the one with the dodgy . . . yes, him! **MARILYN**.



. . . yeah, all of that lot. Out on . . . when is it? Oh, right. **MARCH 14** . . . and the magazine's called . . . you know. It's a household name. Come to me in a sec . . . **SMASH HITS**. Yeah, that's the one.

[12"] VS 741 - 12 [7"] VS 741 [7"]

RECORD No 1

DARK

CITY



f a l s e
a l a r m

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW CAN COST YOU A LOT.

If you're still learning to ride a motorcycle with a provisional licence then here's something you should know.

It is vital that your provisional licence is valid for Group D vehicles (i.e. motorcycles).

If it isn't you'll be riding illegally which could cost you a fine and possibly disqualification. Without Group D on your licence you might not even be insured.

Think what that might cost you.

Provisional motorcycle licences are only valid for 2 years. If yours has already expired it will cost you a 12-month wait to re-apply; that's a year without the use of your bike.

Don't wait for your licence to expire, take your tests as soon as possible.

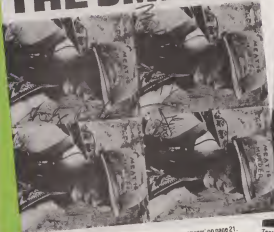
Now that you know what it can cost, make sure you check your licence today.



Forms for a replacement provisional licence and applications for motorcycle tests are available at your nearest post office.

ANOTHER GREAT SMASH HITS GIVE-AWAY

THE SMITHS



A signed copy of The Smiths' "Meat Is Murder" LP. See "rave review" on page 21.

TEARS FOR FEARS Songs From The Big Chair



Tears For Fears' new and very wonderful LP, "Songs From The Big Chair"

WIN SIGNED SMITHS & TEARS FOR FEARS LPs

The postman's just been in. Worn out he was. Moaning about the stairs. Left this massive parcel, mumbled something about "my bad back" and staggered off. Two minutes later he's back. Knackered. Left another massive parcel. We had to administer two cups of tea, a chicken Pot Noodle and half a packet of Jaffa Cakes before he could regain the power of speech. "Better be something important," he muttered darkly, "or else."

It was, of course. One of the parcels contained copies of the excellent new Tears For Fears LP, "Songs From The Big Chair". Curt and Roland have given us 50 of them. And the other parcel? Copies of the wonderful new Smiths LP "Meat Is Murder". 50 of them too. Signed by all of the group.

So 50 extremely fortunate persons are going to win a copy of each.

Here's a question (well, three actually).

1) Which well-known singer recently appeared on the cover of *Smash Hits* clutching a cat?

2) Which member of Tears For Fears has a cat called Zero Algebra Waldorf Churchill?

3) Which of these is not a pop singer? a) Meat Loaf, b) Fish, c) Keith Sausages, or d) John Cougar Mellencamp.

Bung the three answers, in the right order, on a postcard or the back of an envelope and aim it at **Smash Hits Smiths/Tears For Fears Competition**, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ to arrive no later than March 13. That very day the lovely Veronica will pluck 50 right answers at random from the sack and they'll earn their senders a signed Smiths and TFF LP apiece.

Chop chop.



"No! Don't jump! What about our recording plans?"



"Come on—we've got an LP to finish by lunchtime."



"Yeeeah! I've just had this coat dry-cleaned!"



"OK, you cluck the tune and I'll work out the chords."



Alison Moyet and feisty friend



"One more word from you and it's casserole time."



The classic "I'm-a-country-girl-at-heart" pose.

ALISON MOYET is a singer, mum-to-be, owner of a house in the country and a collector of dodgy videos. But there's something *more* to her life . . . something brown, feathery, lurking in a hutch in the garden. Tom Hibbert suspects . . .

EGGPLAY



or someone whose first solo album has been selling at such a frantic, hot-cake pace – 860,000 copies so far, and growing – Alison Moyet is strangely calm. And for someone who is also expecting her first baby in two months, she seems almost peculiarly untruffed.

Most people in her position would be in a babbling "totally-over-the-moon"-type mood. Or on the verge of a crack-up. But for Alison Moyet, it's all just rather "ho hum".

superstardom-such-a-buzz-daddings!" type, you understand, more of a genuinely unaffected "yes-it's-lovely-but-you-don't-really-want-to-talk-about-that-do-you?" kind.

Ask the singer how she feels about the success of the "Alf" LP, and you get it: "what's nice about it all is that it's very nice." Succinct. Start chatting about chickens, on the other hand, and – well, you'll hardly be able to get a word in edgeways for weeks. For some it's yoga. For others it's golf. But for Alison Moyet, it's chickens that provide relaxation during spare time. Talking at a crackling pace, Alison, proud owner of six of the clucking creatures, eagerly explains:

"When I was young, I used to stay at my grandparents and they had chickens. And as there were no kids of my own age where they lived, I just used to go and sit with the chickens. And since then, I've found chickens a very decent comfort to me. I love chickens. I think they're very kinky. What I like most about chickens is the way their necks are really thick and you can put your hands around them and feel the warmth. I don't mean I'd start squeezing them and wringing their necks or anything. Though sometimes I feel like doing that, when I've been all nicely singing to them and they bite me. They can be bastards like that.

"They've got character, chickens. They make you laugh and there's something lovely about picking up their warm eggs just when they've been laid. Not that I eat a lot of eggs but they make nice omelettes for my parents at the weekend. Seriously, I'm not just being flippant. You should try getting chickens. They're

very relaxing and highly recommendable. I'm trying to talk my husband Malcolm into getting me a goat."

Before we can take off on another nature ramble, I change the subject to the ever-popular topic of pattering tiny feet. The baby. Weren't Alison's record company rather cross. I ask, when, just as her solo career was "taking off in a big way" as they say, she announced that she was pregnant?

"It wouldn't surprise me if they were a bit fed up with me but I couldn't give a damn, actually. I didn't plan this, you know. I didn't sit down and say 'Right, I've got a Number One album so now I'm going to give birth.' To be honest, I thought I knew a lot more about contraception! It was just one of those list-the-things-that-happen."

One of those little things that leads straight to the nearest branch of Mothercare . . . "Yes, I've done all that. It's quite fun buying general baby furniture and vests. I haven't bought any toys but kids always prefer the cardboard box to the toy anyway and I've got lots of cardboard boxes at home."

Home is a big, five-bedroomed house in the country, but "nothing's furnished in the place. We've got like two sofas and a television and the only reason there are any cupboards in our bedroom is because they were already there when we moved in. We have got a kitchen, though, with a dishwasher, oven, fridge, more cupboards . . ."

She hasn't been using the TV much lately. "I like watching occult horror films and pornography, but you don't get much of that on television. By the way, last time I was interviewed in *Smash Hits*, they said I was always watching video nasties but actually I'm not into those films where somebody goes around chopping everybody's legs and arms off. They get a bit tedious. I like more mental horror."

So, would the mother-to-be allow her offspring to warp its mind with this "mental horror", I wonder? "I'd only regulate my child's viewing to the extent of nightmares. I wouldn't want it to have nightmares."

Would you let it watch *Blue Peter*? That can be pretty nightmarish.

"Well, I suppose I'd have to let it get to the age where it can handle *Blue Peter* without having nightmares. Actually, regulating your child's viewing is something that never even occurs to you before

you've given birth, but I remember when I was young whenever there was a programme I wanted to watch, my father would start doing the Hoovering. So I never got to see any good TV. I just had to make the most of it when he was out playing rugby."

What, like sneaking a look at *Crossroads*?

"Oh, no. I don't like *Crossroads*. I always related *Crossroads* to my next-door neighbour's house which always smelt of cakes."

Would you like to be in *Crossroads*?

No.

Would you like to be in movies?

"No. I feel a right pratt in front of cameras. I'm not an actress and I'm not particularly photogenic. I detest making videos."

At this, I mutter something about her "Love Resurrection" 'vid' not being exactly a milestone in the history of visual art – all that wandering about in the desert, etc.

Alison guffaws: "That was my fault. You can totally blame me for all my videos being rubbish, actually. I'm just not interested in them. But to be fair to myself, with 'Love Resurrection', I decided that I was going to get involved for once. So I sat down and thought about what I wanted. Now, you know the beginning of *The Exorcist* where they did the excavation with all that digging? Well, I remember watching that in the cinema and feeling really horrible, thinking 'I can't wait for this bit to be over.' And that's what I wanted the video to be like. I wanted people to go 'Ooh, I do wish this video would get off the television!' I wanted to convey that certain feeling that makes you want to get up and go and make a cup of tea."

And what, or rather who, gives Alison Moyet that certain time-for-tea feeling, I ask?

"Ooh, I can't say it. I hate picking on one person all the time. But there's this particular artist . . ."

Come on. Out with it!

"I feel so dreadful. Alright, it's Mike Oldfield. I don't know why, I just don't like those sweet, pop sounds. But I feel terrible saying that."

I don't suppose he'll lose much sleep over it.

"I knew you were going to say that."

You must be clairvoyant.

"No, Alison Moyet. How do you do? I'm all set to roll, baby. Do you know, I don't feel at all like Alison Moyet today. This is the strangest interview I've ever done."

JUST SEVENTEEN GETS CARRIED AWAY!



IN A SPECIAL BAG



WITH
FOUR FREE
PICTURE POSTCARDS

INSIDE:

■ Paul Young ■ New Hairstyles ■ Spy in Northampton ■ Colourfield ■ Boys talk about Sex & Love ■ Sixth formers get the treatment ■ Bryan Adams ■ Inside Brookside ■ Prizes, offers, competitions & more



ON SALE NOW & EVERY WEEK

IT'S TIME FOR YOU ALL TO GET UP
WE DON'T NEED NO STANDING AROUND
I KNOW YOU DID IT BEFORE
SO YOU DO IT SOME MORE
NOW WHO COMES TO BOOGIE DOWN

ARE YOU ALL FINED UP TO GO GO (YEAR YEAR)
FELLAS
LET'S FINE IT OR UP AND OO SOME MORE NOW
PARTY BABY

I SAID MANTLAND COME TO BOOGIE
I SAY WHAT NOW (OO SEE I WITH YOU)
I SAY VIRGINIA COME TO PARTY
COME TO BOOGIE WITH YOU ALL
(OO SEE I WITH YOU)
OO COME TO BOOGIE

I SAY WHAT YOU ALL (OO SEE I WITH YOU)
BECAUSE SOUTH EAST
COME TO PARTY WITH YOU ALL
NORTH WEST COME TO BOOGIE

I SAY WHAT YOU ALL (OO SEE I WITH YOU)
NORTH EAST COME TO PARTY
COME TO BOOGIE WITH YOU ALL
(OO SEE I WITH YOU)

SOUTH WEST COME TO BOOGIE
I SAY WHAT NOW (OO SEE I WITH YOU)
NOW EVERYBODY COME TO BOOGIE OR DOWN
NOW
OO IT

NOW MICKY COME TO BOOGIE
I SAY WHAT YOU ALL (OO SEE I WITH YOU)
I SAY MARLOR COME TO PARTY
COME TO BOOGIE WITH YOU ALL
(OO SEE I WITH YOU)

I SAY BOOGIE COME TO BOOGIE
I SAY WHAT NOW (OO SEE I WITH YOU)
NOW FRANKIE COME TO PARTY
COME TO BOOGIE WITH YOU ALL
(OO SEE I WITH YOU)

I SAY LUCY COME TO BOOGIE
I SAY WHAT NOW (OO SEE I WITH YOU)
NOW MICHELLE COME TO PARTY
WITH YOU ALL NOW

WHO COMES TO BOOGIE



(OO SEE I WITH YOU)
NOW LISA COME TO BOOGIE
I SAY WHAT NOW (OO SEE I WITH YOU)
NOW BRIT AIR COME TO PARTY
COME TO BOOGIE WITH YOU ALL NOW
STICK IT IN THE SOCKET

KEY PEOPLE DON'T STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING
BECAUSE I LOVE TO SEE YOU
WHEN YOU'RE GETTING OR DOWN
AND WHEN YOU SHAKE YOUR BODY RENE
AND MOVE YOUR BODY THERE
IT MAKE'S YOU WANNA GET OR DOWN
DON'T DO THAT DANCE YOU'RE DOING YOU ALL
I SAY WHAT
JUST DO THAT DANCE THAT YOU'RE DOING NOW
MAKE IT REAL FUNKY WHEN YOU DO IT YOU ALL

(FUNKY FUNKY FUNKY NOW)

NEW YORK COME TO BOOGIE
I SAY WHAT NOW (OO SEE I WITH YOU)
PHILADELPHIA COME TO PARTY
COME TO BOOGIE WITH YOU ALL
(OO SEE I WITH YOU)

MIAAMI COME TO BOOGIE
I SAY WHAT NOW (OO SEE I WITH YOU)
I SAY BALTIMORE COME TO PARTY WITH YOU
ALL

PARTY BABY
GALLAS COME TO BOOGIE
I SAY WHAT NOW (OO SEE I WITH YOU)
PERM SYLVANIA COME TO PARTY
COME TO BOOGIE WITH YOU ALL
(OO SEE I WITH YOU)

CALIFORNIA COME TO BOOGIE
I SAY WHAT NOW
NEW ORLEANS COME TO PARTY
COME TO BOOGIE WITH YOU ALL

WORDS AND MUSIC: ROBERT FREEMAN
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION
J&M ROSE BLUE BEAT MUSIC
ON BLUE AND 1045 CORDO'S LTD

ROMAN HOLLIDAY

THE NEW SINGLE

'ONE FOOT BACK IN YOUR DOOR'

ON 7" & 12" –
BOTH IN COLOUR
PICTURE BAGS.

12" CONTAINS
2 BONUS TRACKS
'STANDBY'

AND
'DON'T TRY
TO STOP IT'

AS FEATURED IN THE FILM
'TEACHERS'



HERE'S TWO THEIR RECORD COMPANIES

● And just to make *absolutely sure* you're going to like them, they're marketing them with lots of clever gimmicks, expensive sleeves, vast recording budgets and promises that they're "the next big thing" or whatever.

This kind of marketing is known as 'hype'. "It's a game the groups have set up, and if you don't play you simply won't be noticed." But is it really necessary, wonders Peter Martin?

1984, most music business type agree, was the year of HYPE. Frankie Goes To Hollywood, 12 re-re-mixes, 'WAR' songs, post-apocalyptic videos, nose-jobs, image styling by companies like XL, banned records end even more banned videos.

It all boils down to the same thing—HYPE.

Hype, ehort for hyperbole, means 'something wildly exaggerated and not to be taken literally'. In the context of the music business it is used to suggest something that, by itself, is commercially weak or just plain useless and therefore needs bolstering by more devious means. Hype creates an interest in the unknown. Hype keeps up the interest in the already famous. It has also, quite rightly, become a very dirty word.

ZTT, of course, opened the floodgates of marketing/promotion—call it what you will—with the Frankie Goes To Hollywood campaign. Now the big companies, always last to catch on, have got in on the act. EMI, who have not broken a new act for two years—that was Kajagoogoo—have gone all out for the ZTT approach. With bands like the naughty Vicious Pink end the pop arty Spelt Like This, a kind of label identity is starting to emerge.

CBS, who have most of their hit with established American artists, are now directing their energies into bands like King, Dead Or Alive end, now, the Roaring Boys. Less of an identity, more of a cese of trying to get 'with it' end heavy duty marketing being employed.

The Roaring Boys, who signed for £130,000, have already had a TV special on Channel 4's *The Other Side Of The Tracks*. They're being touted as "the new Duran Duran", although it's obvious they sound more like U2. And they've had the chance to work with producer Glyn Johns — he previously produced Elton John end The Who.

Spelt Like This, on the other hand, signed for a comparatively small advance. Instead they received a "blenk cheque" to make an LP. They've also indulged in one of the most comprehensive — and to be fair, the most *imagine five* — promotion campaigns of recent years. The sleeve to their first single, "Contract Of The Heart", cost 33p each as opposed to the usual 4p each, making it the most costly in history. And already it's been banned. Boots end Woolworths won't stock it because one of the inner sleeves (there are two) features a male and female, er, 'pelvic area'. There are no plans afoot to change it. And DJc end people in the press they sent out designer sweatshirts — quite a common practice nowadays — with an anagram of the recipient's name, keeping in line with their extensive ad campaign. They also sent special Spelt Like This chocolate bars, soap bars, dictionaries, rucksacks end, well for it, Valentine cards. And we hardly even know them.

And yee, they sent their record too.

You might well be thinking, has it all got out of hand? You could well be right. To help sort out this fever pitch marketing war, we thought it only fair to let the groups involved have their say. Do they see it as a necessary evil, a total pain in the bum or, even a good thing?

I asked Spelt Like This end the Roaring Boys for their side of the story.

R O A R I N G



"We wanted to try end get as much attention as possible as we managed to get. It was a chance to hear our music."

Roaring Boys with Paul Michels (bottom, second left).

The Roaring Boys come from the cloistered college background of Cambridge University. Their first line-up was settled in 1982 but it wasn't until last December they adopted the name. That was when they decided it was time to stop feffing around in "filthy rehearsal rooms end get a record deal — and most of all," explains the singer Paul, "start making our own decisions and speak out... hence the name."

They signed to CBS/Epic in June '84, "not on the strength of our demos — they were absolutely appalling — but on our live performance". They all agree — "the life-blood of the band is gigging".

So, why did they need such a large advance and promotional

push if all they want to do is play live?

"Well," explains Paul, "we didn't just want to play live because we wanted to try and get as much attention as possible — through whatever medium, TV, interviews etc — so as many people as possible get the chance to hear our music. Then it's up to them if they don't like it or not, but I feel it's important they at least get the opportunity to hear it."

But don't you also feel that the 'herd-seif' might put loads of people off?

"Yes, I'm sure it will," sighs Paul, "end the ones who will like it will probably like it despite — not because — of that. But at least they'll have got the chance to hear it when in another case

NEW GROUPS WANT YOU TO LIKE THEM

BOYS



As much as possible get the

SPELT LIKE THIS

Spell Like This, now signed to Elek, were formed in 1984. They had all been in loads of previous bands—Russel had been in The Truth and The Fixx—but this was the first group in which they had any real control.

"It was all about having our own plans and employing people to carry them out, rather than being told what to do. It's also," he adds, keen not to appear too calculated, "a band very much based on friendship and songwriting."

"It's a joy," Lee adds, "and that's the feeling we went to put down on the plastic."

But, I think it's fair to ask, if they're so confident in the strength of their music—their

record company says they were "armed with a collection of 13 potential hit singles"—are all these clever record sleeves, books and anagrams really necessary?

"Look," says Russel, obviously a bit tired of countering such accusations, "this is not a hype in the real sense. All the anagram stuff—which, incidentally, was our idea—is just a bit of fun. Okay, it attracts attention and a new band needs that nowadays, but really it could have done more damage than good."

"It's a game the groups have set up and if you don't play you simply won't be noticed. '84 was the year of hype and, certainly,

the way we started can be compared to Frankie—but what counts is what you do next. Once we've got people's attention we won't go the way they did.

"The two main differences between our approach and Frankie's is that their marketing was quite separate from them. It was," Russel reckons, "initiated from Paul Morley's imagination, whereas ours came from our collective imagination. The other difference is that they couldn't play live—they can now but that's 'cos they've been rehearsing for the last 10 months."

"As we said, we won't end up like Frankie!"

Spell Like This: Lee (top), Russel (middle), Anagrams.



Once we've got people's attention, we won't go the way Frankie did."

they might not."

As for the large advance, they reckon they needed that to pay for the producer of their choice, the studio for three months solid, new equipment, touring costs and, of course, to pay themselves. Not exactly rolling in it, they give themselves £8,000 a year apiece.

"If we do make a living out of this," smiles Paul, "which we seem to be taking for granted in this interview, the most important thing will be to keep a perspective on things. First and foremost, we're in it for the music and the excitement that generates, and if we do eventually run out of musical steam I hope we'll have the sense to give up. But that's all a long way off."

A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO

GO-GO

"Go-Go" is a new blend of funk and rap from Washington D.C., it's a lot better than electro or hip-hop*, it's got its own style of dancing. It's got its own language. And it's very catching, according to Simon Mills.

They call Washington D.C. "Chocolate City." Not because it's the home of a thriving confectionery industry, but because 80% of its population are black. It's a city which is slowly but surely stealing the limelight from New York's flagging hip-hop scene and spawning its own unique blend of funk and rap known as "Go-Go".

Named after an old Smokey Robinson song, "Going To A Go-Go", it's essentially a live music form. In Washington D.C., they play it at furious "firecracker funk" celebrations or "jams", so called

because of the loose, flexible format of the songs which often incorporate lengthy, African-style percussion interludes. These "jams" are held in huge auditoriums which hold up to 20,000 fans and usually feature three or four bands like Trouble Funk, E.U. (Experience Unlimited) and Rare Essence. The trumpet-player of Rare Essence is Little Benny who, along with his own band The Masters, is currently providing the British charts with their first taste of Go-Go in "Who Comes To Boogie?"

"Go-Go" has been going strong in Washington for about ten years now," explains Benny. "It's developed from the kind of soul that James Brown used to play—lots of horns and good rhythm. But Chuck Brown is probably the man responsible for starting it. He's been my inspiration throughout my career."

Benny reckons that Go-Go developed in Washington, rather than some other American city, because here's "massive

unemployment" there.

"People have to do something to fill in the time—so they play music or dance at the gigs. It could happen in any city, really."

Another feature of Go-Go is the rapping which includes lots of freaky phrases like "Let's get small!" and "Numb to the max!" Ones of "Say what?" and "Holler at me!" are greeted with raucous replies from fans—it's clearly a more "human" kind of music than hip-hop. There's less "technology" involved.

"It's a lot better than the electro stuff," agrees Benny, "because the kids can really get into the groove. Go-Go music does use synthesizers and drum machines but they're blended with real percussion like congas and tambals."

There's a distinctive style of Go-Go dancing as well, called "Happy Feet", according to Benny.

"It can be anything from a simple side-to-side, front-to-back shuffle with the arms waving in the air, to a more physical dance with couples rocking back and forward, clashing

chests in time to the beat. 'Happy Feet' is basically anything you want to do. It's the rhythm that's the most important thing."

Some people have been quick to criticise Go-Go records for all sounding the same. Benny's having none of it.

"The basic rhythm is adopted by all the bands because that's what identifies Go-Go music but the various bands are all very different. For instance, Trouble Funk are heavily influenced by the electro sound while Rare Essence have more in common with early funk bands like Kool & The Gang. There's quite a rivalry between the bands in Washington."

Little Benny's single, "Who Comes To Boogie?", typifies the party mood of the Go-Go scene, being choc-a-bloc with brass and frequent shouts of "Say what?" Go-Go itself may not last as long as Hip-Hop but, if you're looking for something new, exciting and highly danceable, you may well find it in the "Chocolate City" sounds of Washington D.C..

BELOW: Little Benny (and friends) demonstrate "Happy Feet":



Bump to the right . . .



. . . then to the left . . .



. . . then to the right again . . .



. . . then hebble off and have a long lie down . . .



. . . shoulder bumping . . .



. . . hip shaking . . .



. . . chest bumping (can be painful) . . .



. . . and back to bum bumping . . .

Photo: LFI



I SAID I'M SORRY BABY
I'M LEAVING YOU TONIGHT
I FOUND SOMEONE NEW
HE'S WAITING IN THE CAR OUTSIDE
AH MONEY HOW COULD YOU DO IT
WE SWORE EACH OTHER EVERLASTING LOVE
I SAID WE YEAH! AHHH BUT WHEN WE DID
THERE WAS ONE THING WE WEREN'T THINKING OF
AND THAT'S MONEY

MONEY CHANGES EVERYTHING
I SAID MONEY MONEY CHANGES EVERYTHING
WE THINK WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOING
THAT DON'T MEAN A THING
IT'S ALL IN THE PAST NOW
MONEY CHANGES EVERYTHING

THEY SHAKE YOUR HAND AND THEY SHAKE
AND THEY BUY YOU A DRINK
THEY SAY WE'LL BE YOUR FRIENDS
WE'LL STICK WITH YOU 'TIL THE END
ABOUT EVERYBODY'S ONLY
LOOKING OUT FOR THEMSELVES
AND YOU SAY WELL WHO CAN YOU TRUST
I'LL TELL YOU IT'S JUST
NOBODY ELSE'S MONEY

MONEY CHANGES EVERYTHING
MONEY MONEY CHANGES EVERYTHING
YOU THINK YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING
WE DON'T PULL THE STRINGS
IT'S ALL IN THE PAST NOW
MONEY CHANGES EVERYTHING

MONEY CHANGES EVERYTHING
MONEY CHANGES EVERYTHING
MEANT TO FADE

STENNY LOUIS
MONEY CHANGES EVERYTHING

MONEY CHANGES EVERYTHING

Nobody on the road
Nobody on the beach
I feel fit in the air
The summer's out of reach
Empty lake empty streets
The sun goes down alone
I'm driving by your house
Though I know you're not home



But I can see you your brown skin shining in the sun
You got your hair combed back and your sunglasses on baby
I can tell you my love for you will still be strong
After the boys of summer have gone

I never will forget those nights
I wonder if it was a dream
Remember how you made me crazy
Remember how I made you scream
I don't understand what happened to our love
But babe I'm gonna get you back
I'm gonna show you what I'm made of

I can see you your brown skin shining in the sun
I see you walking real slow and you're smiling at everyone
I can tell you my love for you will still be strong
After the boys of summer have gone

Out on the road today I saw a deadhead sticker on a Cadillac
A little voice inside my head said don't look back
You can never look back
I thought I knew what love was
What did I know?
Those days are gone forever
I should just let 'em go but



I can see you your brown skin shinin' in the sun
You got that top pulled down radio on baby
I can tell you my love for you will still be strong
After the boys of summer have gone

I can see you your brown skin shinin' in the sun
You got that hair slicked back and those
Wayfarers on baby
I can tell you my love for you will still be strong

Words and music by Don Henley and Mike Campbell
Reproduced by permission Cass Country Music Wild Gator Music
On Epic Records

DON HENLEY

THE BOYS OF SUMMER



PAUL YOUNG

HEY IF WE CAN'T SOLVE ANY PROBLEM
THEN WHY DO WE LOSE SO MANY TEARS
OH I SAW YOU GO AGAIN
WHEN THE LEADING MAN APPEARS
OH ALWAYS THE SAME THEME
CAN'T YOU SEE WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING
GOING ON AND ON AND ON

CHORUS

EVERY TIME YOU GO AWAY
YOU TAKE A PIECE OF ME WITH YOU
EVERY TIME YOU GO AWAY
YOU TAKE A PIECE OF ME WITH YOU
GO ON AND GO FREE
MAYBE YOU'RE TOO CLOSE TO SEE
I CAN FEEL YOUR BODY MOVE
DOESN'T MEAN THAT MUCH TO ME
I CAN'T GO ON SINGING THE SAME THEME
'CAUSE CAN'T YOU SEE WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING
BABY EVEN THOUGH YOU KNOW

REPEAT CHORUS

I CAN'T GO ON SINGING THE SAME THEME
'CAUSE BABY CAN'T YOU SEE WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING
GOING ON AND ON AND ON

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE


(DON'T LEAVE ME ALL ALONE
PICKING UP THE PIECES
PICKING UP THE PIECES)

WORDS AND MUSIC DARYL HALL

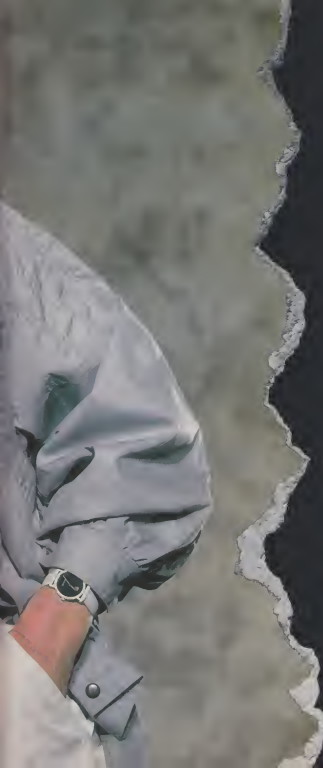
PRODUCED BY PERMISSION INTERSONG MUSIC ON CBS RECORDS



EVERYTIME YOU GO AWAY



• Cotton blouson. Cloud grey
or silver. Chest 36-44." £35.
• Cotton trousers. White or
navy. Waist 28-38." £14.99.
T-shirt from a range.



Avanti: (Italian) Hurry Up, Faster, Ahead.

Avanti: A new collection for fast dressers.

Avanti: Don't get left behind.



Where value is always in fashion

THE BRITISH RECORD



▲ The entire British music business out on a binge.



▲ Midge and Bob with their girlfriends and a "special award."



▲ Sade after a couple of drinks



▲ Tina Turner poses for Paul Ryder's camera



▲ Mr and Mrs Jones.



▲ Mr and Mrs Karshaw



▲ Prince and bodyguards set off to collect an award



▲ Andrew Ridgeley and Melane, an "old friend".



▲ Gary Glitter and friend.



▲ George Michael and Nick Heyward comparing tans (watched by Pat Fernandes, George's girlfriend).



▲ Trudi and Sting wine-tasting



▲ George Michael: is this man orange?

D I N D I A S T R A W A R D S



▲ Strawberry Switchblade arriving (and about to share a table with Prince).



▲ Alison, Meat 'n' Toyah



▲ Jones and Kinnock check out each other's teeth



▲ Paul Young looking very grown-up

★ You saw Prince. You heard Frankie. You felt the warmth of Wham!'s sun tans. You watched the TV show but now read THE FULL STORY! Somewhere – among the chinking glasses, catty comments and popping flashbulbs – Neil Tennant is keeping a seat for you. Colour photos: Paul Rider

It's seven o'clock on a freezing Monday evening in London and, outside the posh Grosvenor House Hotel, a large crowd of girls are, inexplicably, bawling "The Union Of The Snake" at the tops of their voices.

Not that inexplicably, actually. Admittedly, hordes of pop stars are flooding into the hotel but Duran Duran are nowhere in sight.

The reason for the avalanche of pop stars is, of course, the presentation of the 1985 British Record Industry Awards. In previous years this has been a comparatively quiet affair with the awards doled out over lunch but this year it's an extravaganza based on the American Grammy awards: live TV coverage, lashings of stars, a slap-up meal, performances on stage by famous faces etc.

I arrive at the hotel just after Pete Townshend of The Who and just before Nick Heyward. In the queue for the cloakroom, all the men are wearing bow ties and dinner jackets and trying to impress their friends and rivals in the music business.

"Peter Frampton . . ." I hear one say to another. "There was a man who was a poster and became a legend."

In other words, a lot of rubbish is going to be talked tonight and a lot of backs slapped as the wine flows.

Photographers are in a frenzy in the foyer snapping anyone remotely famous, like Bob Geldof and Paula Yates, Howard and Jan Jones, Meat Loaf, Toyah . . . In a refreshing gin-and-tonic in the bar and have a little chat with Nick Heyward who's looking very chic in a black *zouff* suit.

"I try to make the effort," he murmurs modestly and tells me about his new record until Peter Powell interrupts and we reminisce about old Oxford Road Shows. He's not with Janice Long (as I know you were wondering). "She's got to work tonight," he explains. Anyway, then David Grant starts talking to Nick and I wander through the bar, past Neil Kinnock who's here with his wife, Glensy, and two kids, and nearly bump into Alison Moyet arriving with her husband.

Screams are drifting down the stairs from outside: Frankie Goes To Hollywood are arriving. And the bar is buzzing with speculation that Prince is in town and will be coming to the ceremony. Will he turn up?

Time for dinner. As I sit down, Nik Kershaw and his wife scurry past, pursued by photographers, looking for their table. A minute later, Sting and Trudi Styler emerge from the opposite direction, looking equally lost. Sting's new haircut and dinner suit give him a gaunt and glamorous look; Trudi looks very pregnant. Oooh! There's Kim Wilde and her father.

Discontent is seething in the press tables where I'm sitting. All us poor hacks are up in the balcony above the main hall where all the important guests are dining. The man from The Star and the man from the London Evening Standard keeping trotting off to see who's here. I tuck into the smoked salmon, followed by vegetable soup – or Creme de Legumes, as it says on the menu – duck, profiteroles and bottles of wine, chilled in buckets of ice. All quite acceptable, really, even if it is a bit like "punk never happened".

One photographer at my table asks another if he's going to hang round in the foyer to photograph Wham! when they arrive.

"Oh God, no!" he replies. "They always look the same."

Lesley Ann Jones flits from table to table, one minute chatting to the man from The Sun, the next marching past with Holly Johnson's German friend, Wolfgang.

After the meal, we get speeches from officials of the British Photographic Industry who've organised the event, saying things like "One in every four records sold anywhere has a British connection" (which is quite impressive when you think about it).

Upstairs, the speeches are immediately forgotten when an enormous entourage of photographers, hangers-on and heavies mill across the floor. And in their centre is . . . PRINCE! Tiny enough to make Nik Kershaw look tall, an expression somewhere between sulksiness and embarrassment on his face, he disappears into a side door, followed by a rattle of applause.

A few minutes later, Mike Smith takes up his position in front of television cameras just a few yards in front of me and the live TV transmission of the awards commences.

You probably saw it all on TV anyway – in fact you probably saw and heard more than me, because in the Great Hall it was often difficult to hear what was going on over the constant buzz of conversation. Holly Johnson's remark about having had "sex on the

telephone" with Prince came over loud and clear but Prince's mumbled thank-yous were just about inaudible.

From where I'm standing I have a perfect view of Elaine Paige who applauds Sade most enthusiastically. Until he accepts his second award – after which he leaves – Prince and his two bodyguards sit at the same table as Strawberry Switchblade. "What did you talk to me about?" I ask them. "We were struck dumb," confesses Jill. A apparently there was no conversation whatsoever.

Once the broadcast is over, a lot of people start to leave, although celebrations continue 'til one. David Cassidy marches out, not quite as tanned as George Michael who's almost orange. He looks very well, actually, and while departing amid the usual gaggle of photographers, stops and says "Hello" to me, before having his pic taken with Mark O'Toole.

The Frankie lads are looking pretty "bladdered," as you'd expect, discussing where to go to. They settle on the Embassy club where two of Mark's brothers are playing in a group called Poutantse. "I'm in wonderland tonight, very relaxed," "Elo, llo," he says, "I'm pissed."

And he's not the only one. Strawberry Switchblade, their manager and me, set off to find Bronski Beat's dressing-room but somehow end up in the kitchens. Instead, we slip into a little room where Gary Crowley interviews Rose and Jill for Cable TV, and I have a word with Elaine Paige about what Prince said when she presented him with one of his awards: "Sounded like 'mumbblemumblemumble' to me and I was standing next to him."

Right beside her, Neil Kinnock is being questioned by journalists. It's just a few hours since Clive Ponting was found innocent and Kinnock is hasty telling the press that "responsibility goes" right to the top "when his wife tells him it's time they went home."

"Coming, Glen," he shouts and they leave. And so, a few minutes later, do I.

W H O W O N W H A T

- ★ Best British Male Artist: Paul Young
- ★ Best British Female Artist: Alison Moyet
- ★ Best British Group: Wham!
- ★ Best British Producer: Trevor Horn
- ★ Best British Single: "Relax" by Frankie Goes to Hollywood
- ★ Best International Artist/Group: Prince And The New Power Generation
- ★ Best British LP: "Diamond Life" by Sade
- ★ Best Film Soundtrack: "Purple Rain" by Prince
- ★ Best Comedy Award: "Hole In My Shoe" by Neil
- ★ Best British Newcomer: Frankie Goes To Hollywood
- ★ Best British Video: "The Wild Boys" by Duran Duran
- ★ Outstanding Contribution To British Music: The Police
- ★ Special Award: Bob Geldof and Midge Ure

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IN SOUNDS

TWITTERBOS

And who shall we start with this week? How about... yeah! Let's be doing... well for a change.

Duran Duran. Besides buying yachts and working on 'off-shoot' projects in New York and Paris, they've made a feature film. A rather well kept secret—that is, until now— it cost 116 million trackbacks and features actors like **Mile D'Shea** who played the original Duran Duran character in *Batman II*. It takes over from where *As The Lights Go Down* (the live show screened on TV at Christmas) left off—not only does it feature action on-stage and backstage, but loads of weird things happen underground as well. All the 'lads' have dialogue and there's a definite plot, even though it'll probably be so wiggly you won't be able to make head nor tail of it. No plans for release as yet, but Madonna's guys is a money on something around this Christmas.

J.T. also joined his mate **Billy Idol** on stage NYC for 'one do'—a bit of a jam. A secret 'do' at the deconsecrated church turned L'Amighty club, Billy's girlfriend Lisa Terry sang for about 45 minutes and then got in on the act for the last two numbers. **Sling's** new solo LP will, hopefully, feature some of the Leningrad State Orchestra. Supposedly about a third of the music is orchestral and Sling regards the Leningrad lot as one of the best in the world. Also he's been reported to say that "at this time it is very important to make contact with the people of Russia and to stop considering them as robots." And so say all of us.

After the BPI Awards (see page 64), **Prince** starts his crusading live wildlife. Apart from the fact that he regularly steals his friend Apollonia's undies for 'stage or day wear' the Purple One went up to collect his trophies at the American Music Awards ceremony last month wearing trousers with a see-through bottom! Not to be outdone, his protégé and current opening act **Shelia E** wore an entirely see-through skirt. Guess what the American TV viewers didn't get to see that evening. **Prince** two apart from another bodyguard—a 22 stone bulk called **Chuck**—who carries him" when his strength lacks" our born-again Christian



Sydney, Australia: Rod Stewart's and friends (out there touring) took on Andrew Ridgeley and friends (ditto) at a special footie match. Rod's lot whopped them 2-1.

I friend also employs a host/booster. What a dandy. **Psychic TV**, undoubtedly the wildest group in the cosmos, will feature the twinning of **Strawberry Switchblade** on their next single. A thought! Over the next few weeks we might have a **King, Queen** and **Prince** in the charts at the same time. Makes you think, doesn't it? **House of Mum** 1. **George Michael's** apparently changed his mind about buying **Diana Dors's** old mansion. He initially offered £250,000 but the asking price has gone up to £325,000 so it's no deal. **House Hunter**? **Jan Moss** has also missed out on buying his dream home. A £300,000 job in St John's Wood with a studio in the basement but someone just got in there before him.

Boy George, meanwhile, has finally decided to move into his £500,000 shack in Hampstead. Neighbours cottoned on to the fact when they saw a painter and decorator van parked outside with the name **Kevin D'Owd** splashed

on the side. Kevin, of course, is George's brow and he's been given the task of doing the whole place out. People are naughty! Some little rascal placed an advert in *The Times* for **Bronski Beat's** fan club. So where's the best, you might say? Well, the address given just happened to be a brand new luxury flat belonging to **Selina Scott**, presenter of the BBC's *Breakfast Time* programme. Dozens of Bronski Beat fans turned up on her doorstep. Ms Scott was reportedly "not amused". Bronski Beat, on the other hand, deny all knowledge of the advert. "Lookin' good 'in feelin' great, as they say. **Tina Turner** has revealed her 'secret' way of keeping that youthful glow. She gets her blood "booster" at least three times a year. This involves the blood being analysed and any minerals and vitamins lacking are replenished forthwith via a drip-feed. Sounds like fun. **Square Eyes**. On their current world tour, **Spandau Ballet** got four TV

programmes (down out to them every week for viewing on the tour bus). The shows are *The Tube*, *Whistle Test*, *Coronation Street* (of course) and, well for it, *The Price Is Right*. "It's a must!"

Annie Lennox, apparently, hasn't seen her husband Rhagaa Raman for quite some time. In Paris making the new *Eurythmics* LP, she's staying in a friend's apartment and lends to change the subject a bit swiftly when anyone asks about Raman.

Neil Tennant at this very magazine is now a bona fide proster. As hell of **The Pret Shop Boys**, he's signed to EMI for... at least 50p. **Princess Stephanie Of Monaco** had a little 20th birthday party in Paris recently. Hundred guests included certain **Simon Le Bon** and **Nick Rhodes**. The Princess, rather mysteriously, left half way through the meal. After it was all over, one thing occurred to the guests—who was to pick up the bill (a hefty little item coming in at the staggering

equivalent of £2000). Like a true gent, SLB got out of this chequebook and settled the matter. All that and he can still afford to buy a shinking great yacht... Fascinating! Last! **Mark Ellen's** sister makes woolly stopgover for Surrey sensations *The Sensible Jerseys*. See *Coronation Street* after eight? Two 'punk characters' stole a couple of bottles of beer from *The Rover's Return* while singing "Welcome To The Pleasure Dome". Obviously inclines people to not **Jermine Jackson's** bought a Formula 1 racing car. **Boy**

George kissed our very own Linda Duff at a Phil Collins party last week. Took me hours to remove the lipstick mark," says the trembling Duff. The Boy has apparently been approached to endorse a new line of all male make-up. Stranger things have happened (though we've demised it) we can think of any. Yes we can! **Dexy Midnight**

Runners new look! Remember those low-budget local 'vokel' outfits? The filthy dungarees? The soiled sandals? The knotted kerchieves? Well forget them. The band have gone "proppy"—loafers, Argy socks, tweed jackets with gather bits on the elbow, etc. Happy days are here again! 1. **Ian 'Mac'**

MacColl has been in all four of veteran gloom merchant **Leonard Cohen's** dates on his British tour. Happy days 2. A new **Smiths** single is on its way called "Shakespeare's Sister" if not on the *Meat Is Murder* LP... **Kirsty MacColl** has given birth to a baby boy, as yet unnamed... Disappearing act: After attending at the BPI Awards last night, **Jim Somerville** went missing. An appearance on *The Tube* had to be cancelled before the wayward lad got in touch four days later. It seems Jim—who'd previously rejected the plush hotels and limousines offered by his record company in America—is having problems reconciling his personal politics with platinum platters and wants a break to sort things out. "The pressures of his business have got me down," he muttered.

Meanwhile **Steve Bronski** and **Larry Steinbach** are gone on ahead to America to start work on a new single. Bye!

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