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SMASH HITS

HIT SONGS BY MADONNA ELTON JOHN SADE AND MANY MORE

MORRISSEY...

**AND
PETE BURNS ?!!**
THE VERY ODD COUPLE

DEPECHE MODE SIMON LE BON
TEARS FOR FEARS PAUL WELLER LLOYD COLE

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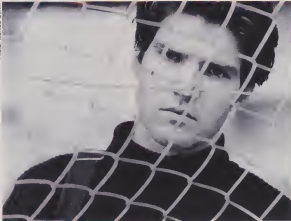
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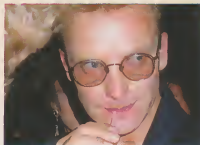
SMASH HITS ■ SIMON LE BON



MTV SWIZZLE

You may have seen last year's MTV (Music Television) awards on the telly recently, but did you know they've had another one since? No, you ruddy well didn't, did you? Well, they have, and a jolly exciting "baah" it was too.

The **Eurythmics** "performed" and their bass player for the evening, mop-top **Dee Dee Ramone** - (from The Ramones - grrrrrr?) "trashed" the "PA" (Hey, rawk'n'roll!) **Sting**, **Tejas For Fears**, **John "Cougars" Mellencamp** and **Daryl Hall** and the other crew also did their bits, while lots of kisses (yaaaargh!) and awards (hurrakh! awards! girly swoosh!) were dished out by **David Lee Roth**, **Paul Young**, **Tina Turner**, **Sheila E.** (hurrakh!) **Julian Lennon** and "John" and "Andy" **Taylor** from **Duran Duran** "**Don**" **Henley's** "Boys Of Summer" won Best Vid, **Glenn Frey's** "Smuggler's Blues" won "best" "concept" vid etc. etc. (you get the picture - very horrible taste these American things, eh readers?). **The Art Of Noise** did win Most Experimental Vid Category though, whatever that means. And we'll probably see it over here in about a squillion "years" time. Ruddy cheek.



A not-at-all-beaming Sting savours the taste sensation that's a-sweeten' the nation i.e. Um Rongo (they drink it in the Congo!)



Two blokes with very nice hair indeed funk the Pepsi challenge.



Sheila E. "shares" a "joke" with a "bodyguard".



Glenn Frey accepts his "very conceptual" award. Surely some mistake?



A beaming Mick "urica disgusting" Jones of Foreigner (centre) gets all overwhelming "emotional" with band "mate" Lou Gramm (left) and the bloke out of The Cars who isn't Rick Ocasek.



A man sporting the most very horrible cap ever devised ever "shares" a "joke" with a "friend".

Bow Wow Wow split up two years ago. The Kings of wiggly tribal pirate pop, 'ver lads went off to form **The Chiefs Of Relief** - who've just released the fab "**Freedom To Rock**" heavy glam rock single but **Annabella Lwin**, sprogit mohican singer has, until now, been rather quiet. "Don't Dance With Strangers" is her first solo "vinyl outing" and it's taken from an album "Desire" (v.obvious and boring title, eh readers?).



THOSE SMASH HITS FLEXI RECORDS

You know those free flexi records we gave away a while back? Great, weren't they? Well, if you managed to play them, that is. You see, we've had about "million" of them returned with angry notes saying they don't work. Don't work! Ha! You all fell for it! You see, being a very "wacky" pop magazine that enjoys a bit of a "laugh", we decided to press loads of them with the label on the wrong side. Haw haw haw! Pretty funny, huh? Anyway, try turning them over.

Daul Haig, that warbly, moody Scottish person has a new record out on the **Operation Afterglow** label. "Heaven Help You Now", it features **Alan Rankine** (who used to be in the **Associates** - best pop group in the world etc.) and this bloke called John something who used to play keyboards with **Demis Roussas!**

"One Pound Ninety-Nine - A Music Sampler Of The State Of Things" is, quite surprisingly, a 12-track sampler LP from **Beggars Banquet Records** that costs £1.99! Bit weird, eh readers? Anyway, it features songs by **Bauhaus**, **The Cult**, **Icicle Works** (yrah!) and lots of other "gothic" "swazards." There's even a track from **Pete Murphy's** as-yet-unreleased solo LP - a cover of **Magazine's** v. brill "The Light Pours Out Of Me".

CURE COMPETITION

Did you know that if you boil a fish in a plastic bag filled with muddy yellow "sauce" it tastes very horrible? And did you know that fish's bladders are used in the fermentation of beer, so if you drink beer you aren't a vegetarian? Also, did you know that if you eat mussels you can get very ill because some of them have been swimming around and merrily chomping their way through loads of very horrible sewage (urgh!) which has been dumped in the sea? And we EAT THEM! Double urgh!

Anyway, do you know what half an octopus is? Yes, of course you do. But you probably didn't know it's a 10' single by The Cure, did you now? Featuring "Close To Me" and three others, we've got 30 of the little tiddlers to give away. So, see if you can work this out, which of the following isn't a fish a) a trout b) a big fish c) Alannah Currie d) a whale e) a cardboard box?

Answers on a fish to **Smash Hits** **Boil In The Bag Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. Have them here when you like, really, but if you want to win something it might help if we got them by October 22.

Dionne Warwick's got some pretty swish'n'woaky friends - Stevie Wonder, Elton John and Gladys Knight, to be precise. They've all got together on a "vinyl outing" called "That's What Friends Are For", and as a v. worthy gesture are donating all profits from the song towards AIDS research.



Ver Balaams, left to right: Des, Mark and Jim Morris.

Balaam And The Angel - pretty weird name for a pop combo, eh readers? It's taken from a story in the Old Testament (Book of Numbers, Chapters 22-25, acknowledge!) about this prophet called Balaams. One day, just as he was about to cast a horrid old curse on the Israelites, an angel appeared and gave him donkey the power of speech, whereupon the loquacious brassy told Balaams that a) the Israelites were actually quite good blokes, and b) he should think a bit more ruddy carefully before chucking curses around in future. Why Balaam didn't run off and sell his talking donkey for a v. large number of shekels is a bit of a mystery, however.

Still, it doesn't bother Jim Morris, and he thought of the name. Jim is Balaam's guitarist, a classically trained musician and the eldest of the three brothers (the others being Des and Mark) who make up the group. They come from Cannock in the West Midlands, where they started out as a cabaret act while still at school, playing cover versions of very horrible '70s "chart toppers" in working men's clubs.

"We got really chesed off after a while," explains Jim, "so we started including a couple of punk songs in the act. All these middle-aged blokes used to throw ashtrays and things at us, because they'd read in *The Sun* that this was what you were supposed to do!"

The group split up, and only reformed in their current guise a couple of years ago. These days they play their own songs, one of which - the very fab "Night And Day" - has scrambled into the lower reaches of the charts. But do people still throw things at them?

"Cannock never changes. We have been beaten up a few times because of the way we look. We don't fit in with local stereotypes, you see - we're up against that small-town mentality. And that's why we chose our name; there's a message there. We're saying don't accept things how they are. Think about things before acting."

Yeah. And don't buy a talking donkey off an angel, either.



...crock. On no!
...into a snout
...That's
...
...this
...peeps. This
...is a
...She's Adele
...
...pedlar, she's
...from a
...line of witches
...Yorkshire and
...she's the singer in
...a group called
...Fever Tree whose
...just-released first
...single, "Plexe
...Shop", contains the hearty
...gourmet lip, "bread and
...cheese are enough to live
...on", Yumi Oink oink. On
...NO...



How how haw? Not bad, eh lads? Woooooah! Knowarramean? (Adopts serious voice) . . . er, we mean 'look at this rather talented person'. She's called **Cathy Todorov** and she's rather interesting. She defected from Bulgaria a couple of years ago (after being a jolly famous actress and singer over in the eastern "bloc"), and is now over here "makin' music" with **Roger Taylor** of Queen. Her first single, "Bursting At The Seams" has just been released on Virgin Records.

Hold the presses! Punk "shocker" Siouxsie and her Banshees have just released their first single for nearly a year, "Cities In Dust". They've also added a few extra dates to their autumn tour - see Concerts for details.



URGH!

. . . er . . . sorry, we mean what-a-lovely-picture-of **Kate Bush**-and-her-boyfriend-bassist-**Del Palmer**, eh readers?

Photo: Stephen M. Swartz/ONYX

Clocks are very human things - they have hands and you can wind them up and they have a face and sometimes they're slow. Like hey now, **Bitz** is well into the concept. So much so that it's going to give five away. Not normal clocks, mind. **Working Week** "famous" jazz/pop group who make very good pop records' clocks! And along with the clocks, we've got ten 12's of their latest single, "I Thought I'd Never See You Again". And just to keep your head warm while you're listening to it and telling the time we've got ten Working Week baseball caps!

So! Answer this: How many seconds were there in 30th January 1963? Hah!

Answers on a postcard or the back of a fish to **Jolly-Well-Hope-I-Win-A-Clock-This-Time-Competition**. Smash Hits, 32-33 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. First five correct answers out of the fish tank on October 23 win.



If you've been listening to Radio 1 very closely, you might have noticed that the "fresh" "new" autumn schedule has been put into operation (i.e. a couple of DJs have been shifted around a bit). So, to help you find your way around "ver airwaves", here's the exclusive **Bitz Cut Out 'n' Keep Guide To Radio 1** (except Saturday, which you can cut out 'n' throw away).

RADIO 1 AUTUMN SCHEDULE

Monday - Friday

6am - 7:30am **Adrian Johns**
7:30pm - 9:30am **Mike Read**
9:30am - 12:30pm **Simon Bates**
12:30pm - 12:45pm **Newsbeat**
12:45pm - 3pm **Gary Davies**
3pm - 5:30 **Monday - Thursday**
Steve Wright **Friday: Paul Jordan**
5:30pm - 5:45pm **Newsbeat**
5:45pm - 7:30pm **Bruno Brookes**
7:30pm - 10pm **Monday - Thursday:**
Jarica Long **Friday: Andy Peebles**
10pm - 12 midnight
Monday - Wednesday: John Peel
Thursday: Andy Kershaw
Friday: Tommy Vance

Saturday

6am - 8am **Mark Page**
8am - 10am **Peter Powell**
10am - 1pm **Dave Lee Travis**
1pm - 2pm **Adrian Justic**
2pm - 3pm **Rockumentaries**
3pm - 6pm **Paul Gambaccini**
6pm - 6:30pm **Saturday Live**
6:30pm - 7:30pm **In Concert**
7:30pm - 9:30pm **AnneMarie Gray**
9:30pm - 12 midnight **Dick Parsh**

Sunday

6am - 8am **Mark Page**
8am - 10am **Peter Powell**
10am - 12:30pm **Steve Wright**
12:30pm - 2:30pm **Jenny Saville**
2:30pm - 4pm **John Jordan**
4pm - 5pm **My Top Ten**
5pm - 7pm **The Top 40**
7pm - 9pm **Anne Nightingale**
9pm - 11pm **Robbie Vincent**
11pm - 12 midnight **The Ranking Mass P**

Bang! This pun-totin' "chick" is **Linda Di Franco** who's just released a single that's produced by **Don Was** (very trendy person who everybody trendy always goes on about). So that makes her very trendy. And the single's called "TV Scene"; so that must be very trendy too.



THE COMMUNARDS

never really met anyone like him before. I was a nice boy from a nice middle class background and all of a sudden here was my ticket to HELL," squeals **Communard** Richard O'Connell on his new partner Jimmy Somerville.

"The first time I met Richard," Jimmy Somerville proclaims in retaliation, "we started to talk and I thought he was pretty wild because he had this... 'NO.' Richard roars, cross between laughter and horror. "On the record, OFF THE RECORD!" He had this dyed pink hair!" Jimmy continued with a giggle. "And I went 'wow - even I would never dye my hair pink. Gosh he's got to be crazy!' and after that I just knew there was something wild going on there."

They first worked together on the gay video "Framed Youth" Jimmy made his first attempt at singing and Richard played saxophone on a song called "Screaming" which also featured two guys named Larry and Steve on synthesizers. Bronski Beat was born.

"My personal aim for 'Age Of Consent' (their only LP) was to reach a large number of the adult young people who would be going through that traumatic period in life - discovering their own sexuality. The idea was to give them something to relate to, something to look up to." That aim was achieved at a price. When Jimmy suddenly found himself part of a pep group, odd things started happening. He kept disappearing to Paris and confided to his friends that he would quit Bronski Beat on his birthday in July. He didn't even last that long. Ironically, the group had its biggest hit just weeks after Jimmy's departure. So he just disassociated himself from it.

"The difference with us and Bronski Beat is that we are prepared to state that we are gay," Richard declared. "There's no other way of doing it you just can't pussy-foot around."

After about a year and a half, **Paul Hardcastle** has finished his follow up to "19". Called "Just For Money", it features more "voice overs", this time from actors Sir Laurence Olivier and "Tuffie" Bob Hoskins. And it's out soon.



Mmmm mmmm, they're so... er, well they're not totally ugly, are they? They're a new group called **Drum Theatre** and their first single, "Eldorado", is produced by Gary Langan from the **Art Of Noise**. The new Duran Duran? Aren't we all, deane?

FAN CLUBS

THE CURE c/o Fiction Records, 28 Ivor Road, London NW1

DEPECHE MODE c/o Jo. New Mail, 42 Hillway, Billesley, Essex

DEAD OR ALIVE PO Box 65, Liverpool L69 4LG

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD PO Box 160, Liverpool L69 8BG

400 Blows, who nearly had a hit with "Movin'", have another bash with a new double A-sided single "Runaway" "Breakdown". Cor.

If you bought a record in an HMV shop on the day of Live Aid, then 10p of the £5,000 cheque being clutched by Midge "unsung hero" Ure is yours. If, on the other hand, you bought a donation in the Post Office, it's



now contained in the rather larger £11,808,000 cheque being bundled about by Bob "sing-about-quiete-but hero" Geldof. And the fund-raising is still going on – the latest venture is "Fashion Aid", which is being held at the swish 'n' swanky Royal Albert Hall on Bonfire Night. For £25 you get to see a fashion show by loads of "top" "designers", mix with "squillions of "pop" "personalities", and all the proceeds go to Band Aid.



"I can't talk for too long," apologises Larry Blackmon, the man behind Cameo whose excellent "Single Life" single is currently shooting up the charts. "I'm just getting ready to go to my dance class." Dance class? Oh dear. Anything that sounds like exercise just makes Bitz's legs go a bit wibbly. He doesn't do it often, does he?

"Every day," he laughs. "Except that at the moment we're just about to do some TV shows so we've stepped it up to twice a day. It's jazz dance – about 45 minutes stretching, then 35 minutes dancing."

Yeuch! Sounds horrible to Bitz. Doesn't that leave you a bit puffed out? "It's great," he insists. "It gives you fitness and coordination – mental as well as physical. But that's not why we started doing it, we did it because we're constantly trying to make ourselves better."

And, he reveals, they've been trying for nearly ten years, progressively selling more and more of each of their eleven albums (though only two have been released over here), and finally having their first British hit with last year's "She's Strange." And he's trying non-stop to keep things going; working out, spending all day in the studio and going to a "shrink" every time it all gets too much.

"You can call him a 'shrink' if you want," he explains, "but sometimes you need a totally objective person to be a sounding board. And in showbiz it's kinda hard to find somebody like that. I don't really have time to make friends..."

So doesn't he ever feel like taking a holiday?

"Occasionally," he says, not sounding very keen on the idea. "There'll be plenty of times for holidays later." But not now. "It's 12.30 – I'd better go to my class." And he's gone.

Phew! Bitz has a bit of a lie down...



Elio, 'Elio, 'Elio, What's Goin' On 'Ere Department brings you: The Secret Life Of The Man They Call Paul King!

Now let's get this straight. At the top (left) we have a picture of Paul with two "chicks", right? He looks pe-retty ruddy friendly with them, too.

And underneath that, he's with two "chicks" ... end guess what? THEY'RE NOT THE SAME ONES!

What's more, the pair on the top are IDENTICAL twins and not very old (a nation cries: "shouldn't be allowed")! And, spookier still, Paul's supposed to have been going out with a girl called Maxine Rice for the past five years (she's apparently been "kept quiet" to help maintain his "roméo" image). Pop stars eh? What can you do with them?



What goes 'AmFamFmFG-DFCmFmFmFmFGDFCmFmFmFmF? Is it: a) A podgy person jogging in the park and having a heart attack whilst listening to Bonnie Tyler's fab new "waxing" on his Woolco "Walkman"? b) A transistor radio which has been thrown out of a tenth storey window



EIGHTH WONDER



There's been more stuff written about **Eighth Wonder** recently than almost any other group (bar Sique "Sigue" Sputnik). Their new single, "Stay With Me", is OK, but . . . well, it's not the best thing since voice-activated alarm clocks. Anyway, singer **Patsy Kensit**'s quite "interesting". She was the nipper in the 1973 *Birds Eye Frozen Pea* TV ad ("fresh as the moment when the pod went pop"). Now she's the 17-year-old Crepe Suzette in the film *Absolute Beginners* (which features **David Bowie**, **Sade**, etc.). Which has absolutely nothing to do with the fact that Britain's major cities are sinking into the sea. But it sounds quite interesting in any case. She's also been in a Russian film (*The Bluebird*) with **Elizabeth Taylor**, has just passed three 'O'-levels and is proud to announce that her favourite group is **Duran Duran**.

● The most awesomely cosmic-like title of the fortnight award goes to **The Cool Notes** for their new single, "Have A Good Forever". Woooaargh! Hey wow, like, that really makes yer think, dunnit? Oh, and they're on tour as well - full details in *Concerts*.

● "Sensitive" Irish "folkies" **Clannad** have a new album out called "Macalla". Why are we telling you this? Because sensitive Irish non-folkie **Bono** is featured on one of the tracks, that's why.



Oh look, here's **Jim Kerr**. Hmm, bit on the porky side these days, isn't he readers? Maybe **Christie** "Mrs Kerr" **Hyde**'s been dishing up loads of finger lickin' home cooking. Anyway, in between meals, he and the rest of **Simple Minds** have been recording a new album. It's called "Once Upon A Time", and should be out on October 21. There's no British tour planned until next year though.



This is the most interesting pop star in the world, **David Byrne**, in the video to "Road To Nowhere", the new single by **Talking Heads** (the most brilliant group in the world). And, being a bit of a genius, he has a new solo LP out, "Music For The Knee Plays".

during the **Bruno Brookes** show? c) The guitar chords to **The Smiths**' song "Meat Is Murder"?

That's right - it's c) The guitar chords to **The Smiths**' song "Meat Is Murder". But if you knew that already, you definitely won't be needing a copy of **The Smiths Meat Is Murder** songbook featuring all

the "numbers" from that LP - words 'n' music - plus lotsa super snaps of da hand and even a pull-out poster of them "in action", will you? Pity that, because we've got five copies to give away and they're all signed by **Morrissey** and **Johnny Marr**!

So, Yer question: The song "Meat Is Murder" contains one of

the following lines. Is it a) "Kitchen aromas aren't very homely" b) "Kitchen interiors are very lovely" or c) "Hallo Mjm. Mmmm what's that a-sizzlin' on the stove - smells yamschious!!!"
Answers on postcards to **Smash Hits Smiths Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street London W1V 1PF. Get 'em here by October 22.



SHOW



IF YOU WANT TO B

A person wearing a bright green and white motorcycle suit and red boots is riding a motorcycle. The person is wearing a white helmet with a visor. The motorcycle is black and white. The background is a plain, light color.

OFF

E SAFE. BE SEEN.



PETE BURNS & MORRISSEY:

“A FRIEND

Pete Burns: “If I hear
Morrissey’s down or
depressed, I’ll send him a
bunch of flowers. He’s
anybody’s for a
lupin . . .”

SHIP MADE IN HEAVEN"

● Interview: Ian Cranna ● Executive producer: Tom Hibbert

“It's a big step for us doing this piece together,” says a bouncy good-humoured Pete Burns. “We could have done it for *The Sun*.

Can you imagine what they would have made of it?” Indeed — this seemingly-unlikely friendship between two of pop's most “awkward” and “newsworthy” stars is a scoop the tabloids would undoubtedly go bonkers for. Morrissey and Pete Burns — bosom chums!? Who'd have thought it?

We're in Pete and Lynne Burns' new flat. Unlike their previous home, with its ferns, mirror-tiles and clutter of kitsch *objets d'art*, this one is v. smart and modern (almost hi-tech) with lots of gold discs and framed magazine covers on the walls. The only animal skins here belong to the two (live) cats snoozing on the cushions.

Pete and Lynne are fussing around Morrissey like a pair of mother hens. “Toasted sandwiches?” enquires Lynne solicitously. “What would you like?” “Cheese?” suggests Pete, arching an eyebrow. “Or cat food?”

Eventually the odd couple are seated side by side on the slim red sofa, Morrissey with his *Marks and Spencer* Apricot And Guava Thick & Creamy Yoghurt — yum! — and Pete Burns knee-deep in packets of biscuits.


“I know people who think ‘My God! What can Pete see in Morrissey?’” says Pete. “Yes,” says Morrissey, “and I know people who think ‘What can Pete see in Morrissey?’” The pair dissolve in laughter. Quite clearly they adore each other — but why?

● Continued over

Morrissey: “He sent me 26 roses when it was my birthday and I sent him 48 naked sailors.”



PETE BURNS & MORRISSEY CONTINUED



Pete Burns: "It's very easy when you're famous to get into somebody's underpants. Or knickers. It's served up on a plate with relish . . ."

Morrissey: "Most of the people I have ever met have somebody who they can fall back into their arms. When I fall back, I hit concrete . . ."

Morrissey: Before I met Peter I had a very strange impression of him - I just went by stray gossip and hearsay and mythology and so I thought he was a half-crazed oddball. But deep down inside, as time began to pass, I began to really concentrate on this specimen and I thought 'Oh no, it can't be true. I refuse to believe in all the curious things I've heard.' And I really wanted to meet him because I saw a video which was wonderful . . .

Pete: Which one?
Morrissey: Um, the weird one with the women body builders . . .

Pete: That was crap . . .
Morrissey: . . . and then we met and it was really odd because all these preconceptions I'd had about Pete were completely untrue. I approached him at Top Of The Pops . . .

Pete: In the toilet . . .
Morrissey: And I thought it would either be a black eye or it would be heavenly harmony . . .

Pete: He came up and spoke to me, which was a brave thing to do, so I decided to be polite to him and from then on we struck up a friendship that's been enduring. Before I met him, I thought he was a malicious little prat - sometimes the things he says about other musicians are so strong. Morrissey has no

mercy, you see, and that is where we differ . . . I'm a lot more charitable than people would expect but he's not, you see. I'd be very careful what I said about other people's records because I don't think it's fair . . .

Morrissey: Oh, I do, it's only because I really care about popular music that I feel this Samaritanesque duty to go out and nail those that need to be nailed.

Pete: I heard him on *Roundtable* and wrote him a letter saying he should hire three bodyguards and a tank - he's really the one with the nasty tongue.

Morrissey: I think it's sad that Pete does so few interviews - as a symbolist he is quite a critical figure and he's certainly one of the most threatening, and I think people need to hear his spoken voice as well as his singing voice. I think it's a shame that now he's come to massive prominence, he's locked himself away in a broom cupboard.

Pete: But I have no wish to be acknowledged for anything I say. Before we started to become successful nobody paid me any attention - I could have shot the Pope and I still wouldn't have got on the cover of a magazine. But then everybody wanted to talk to me and it went mental - the return of the gender bender and all that crap. People set me up as something that I'm not. It's like with Morrissey - he can inspire hatred. He makes the most outrageous statements and everyone prints them and he stands by them. Everybody wants

him to say he's a clapped-out old drag queen, but he isn't and so he won't say it. **Morrissey:** Peter is seen as a sour character and a bit of a trouble maker but that just isn't the case. He has an endless array of humour that has been gagged by the press.

Pete: Yeah, I'm really not such a bitter old scarpus. But when I'm under pressure and working, my sense of humour isn't always there. When people try to pour custard on me . . . we did a TV show where they wanted to walk on halfway through the song and when I'm sandwiched and I won't have things like that. **Morrissey:** can cut himself off a lot better than I can; he doesn't have second thoughts about knocking the phone off the hook and not going out the door for five days. I'm too nosy – I want to know what you're doing. **Pete:** Old Mozza here is dead good at doing rants and demystifying the business for a week or so, don't you think?

Morrissey: Yes. Yes, it's just a safety net, really: I have to seal up the door and roll down the windows and hide.

Pete: But despite these differences, I feel a very strong affinity with him – almost a brotherly thing. We've got a lot in common. We're both outsiders of the music business; we don't blend in on the always party circuit; we don't stage huge publicity stunts; we don't throw Page 3 girls over our backs and get photographed at the Hippodrome . . .

Morrissey: Peter is so detached from the pantomime element of the whole industry and the whole party ethic and so are The Smiths. The only people we know in the industry are Dead Or Alive. The only people we see in the industry are Dead Or Alive . . .

Pete: And I'm a Smiths fan, embarrassingly enough – I'm not supposed to admit that but it's always exciting when they're on *Top Of The Pops* . . .

Morrissey: It's only exciting because we're the group that shouldn't be there . . .

Pete: I followed them on a whole lot of nights like a crazed groupie. **Morrissey:** would be in some clapped-out hotel somewhere and I'd show up – because I could always find him. Do you want anything to eat or drink?

Morrissey: No, I'll have something quite soon. **Pete:** Why, are you feeling queasy?

Morrissey: No . . . can I open these *Coffee Creams*?

Pete: Of course you can . . . I'm still getting to know Morrissey, really, but it's great having a friend like that because in this business you sometimes think you're going insane because you're not at the *Wag Club* with the famous starlets. Meeting him was great because we're both public figures and yet we're both at home eating toast at 10.30 on a Saturday night. We both know that we can phone each other up at any time of the day or night and we'll be at home. We keep in touch

all the time, but I doubt if you'll see us braving night clubs together or anything. Whereas most pop stars who strike up a friendship, the first thing they'll do is whizz out to every public place together. But we went for a three hour walk in the park the other day, didn't we, and we froze to death and we walked through teams of rugby players . . . it does seem at the moment to be a friendship made in heaven, doesn't it? We had a screaming row the other night – it was an absolute screamer. I blew my top. **Morrissey:** It was horrible. It was terrible.

Pete: It's great to find a friend you can row with. I phone him up from Italy and everywhere, don't I? Even my own mother doesn't hear from me . . . **Morrissey:** I think he means to phone his mother but he gets confused and dials my number instead. And he doesn't realise until we're half way through the conversation that I'm not actually his mother.

Pete: He's not my mother . . .

Morrissey: As long as I don't have to breast feed, I don't mind. **Pete:** Oh, that was a sharp one, Joan Rivers!

Morrissey: He sends me flowers

lots of times . . .

Pete: If I hear that he's down or depressed, I'll send him a bunch of flowers. Nothing brings him out like a bunch of flowers. Send him a bunch of daisies and he's anybody's. It's true, we have these little *Interioris* men running between our flats, don't we, eh? He's anybody's for a lupin. When we were in Italy we had to have all these armed military police to guard us which was so stupid and it was freaking me out and so I phoned him up and he was making a piece of toast in Manchester, it really brought me back down to earth – you know, 'What are you doing?' 'Oh, I've got a piece of toast on the stove and I'm watching *Brookside*'. It makes you realise it's still the same world. That's why our friendship is really important. I know it's more important to me than it is to him because he'd gladly go off and be a recluse. **Morrissey:** No, that's not true. He sent me 26 roses when it was my birthday and I sent him 48 naked sailors.

Pete: See, I've met my match, tongue-wise. I always cheer you up, don't I?

Morrissey: Always, Always. Most of the people I have ever met have

sombody who they can fall back into their arms – Peter's relationship with Lynne is enviable. When I fall back, I hit concrete . . .

Pete: But I phone him up and cheer him up. If I was alone in this business – alone in my bed at night – I'd have flopped out. I certainly wouldn't meet anyone now – there's no way I'd get involved with somebody now due to the fact that I'm successful. It's a very easy when you're famous to get into somebody's underpants. Or knickers. It's served up on a plate with relish – but you would not glean any relationship from it. If Morrissey was to get a relationship now, a lot of people would treat him with kid gloves and think 'Oh Morrissey! Morrissey!' and relate to him in awe. You'd have trouble finding a platonic relationship now. **Morrissey:** As opposed to before when it was really easy . . . **Pete:** He's the best without all that agro because he'd immediately feel used by whoever he was with . . .

Morrissey: I want to be used. I want to be used.

Pete: See, That's how Morrissey sells records – by making himself sound available and cheap. I don't think you'll find a relationship for a while – until you've had four flop records. And I think his creativity would go down the toilet – **Morrissey:** an appeal is in his public face of loneliness. What else could he write about?

'Everything's wonderful. I'm so happy today.'? There'd be no sense of drama in it.

Morrissey: Peter's appeal is that he's relentlessly exciting in every single way.

Pete: Isn't he lovely?

Morrissey: Specially the first time "You Spin Me Round" was on *Top Of The Pops*. That was just barbaric; it was demonic. "You Spin Me Round" is a hallmark in British music and it will never ever date.

Pete: You provocative little minx, you.

Morrissey: But to be perfectly serious about this whole thing. Pete has been a wonderful friend to me. He really does care and when I get depressed he'll protest and he'll persecute in a wonderful way. Other people will just leave me alone but he won't do that. He'll stay there and take me out of the whole thing. And that is really priceless to me.

Pete: That's a lovely thing to say. I'm touched.





IMAGES CHANGE



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Avanti: A new collection for fast dressers.

Avanti: Don't get left behind.

Oversized cotton blouson. £29.99.

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Where value is always in fashion

CAMEO SINGLE LIFE

EVERY LITTLE THING YOU DO MAKES ME SMILE
AND IF I HAD MY WAY SARY
I'D TAKE YOU THROUGH THE PACES ONE BY ONE
I DON'T WANT TO GET TOO SERIOUS
I JUST LIKE HAVING FUN
YEAH YEAH
I JUST LIKE HAVING FUN
(EYES RIGHT)

CHORUS
I'M LYING THE SINGLE SINGLE SINGLE LIFE
THE SINGLE SINGLE SINGLE LIFE

HOW I DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO GET THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT ME
I DON'T HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE
I WANT THE WORLD TO SEE
JUST LIKE A CAR
I'D DRIVE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND

IT'S ALWAYS THE FIRST STEP
IN US HAVING A GOOD TIME

(EYES RIGHT)

REPEAT CHORUS

SINGLE GUYS CLAP YOUR HANDS YEAH
SINGLE LADIES CLAP YOUR HANDS

(EYES RIGHT)

FEELS SO ODDO

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY L. BLACKMON/T. JENKINS
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ON CLUS RECORDS

DEPECHE MODE

It's Called A Heart



CHORUS
THERE'S SOMETHING SEATING HERE INSIDE MY BODY
AND IT'S CALLED A HEART
YOU KNOW HOW EASY IT IS
TO TEAR IT APART
IF I LEND IT TO YOU
WILL YOU KEEP IT SAFE FOR ME
I'LL LEND IT TO YOU
IF YOU'LL TREAT IT TENDERLY
THERE'S SOMETHING SEATING HERE INSIDE MY BODY
AND IT'S CALLED A HEART

THERE'S A SUN SHINING IN THE SKY
SUT THAT'S NOT THE REASON WHY
I'M FEELING WARM INSIDE
THE ANSWER ISN'T CLASSIFIED
IT'S MY HEART
FROM THE MOMENT I STARTED
I'VE TRIED TO BE GOOD HEARTED
YES I TRIED MY BEST
AND MORE OR LESS
I SPOKE FROM MY HEART
THERE'S A LOT TO BE LEARNED
AND YOU LEARN WHEN YOUR HEART GETS SURKED

REPEAT CHORUS

HEARTS CAN NEVER BE OWED
HEARTS ONLY COME ON LOAN
IF I WANT IT BACK
I WILL TAKE IT BACK
I'LL TAKE MY HEART
SUT I WILL TRY MY BEST
AND MORE OR LESS
I WILL SPEAK FROM MY HEART
YES I WILL SPEAK FROM MY HEART
SPEAK FROM MY HEART

THERE'S A LOT TO BE LEARNED
AND YOU LEARN WHEN YOUR HEART GETS SURKED

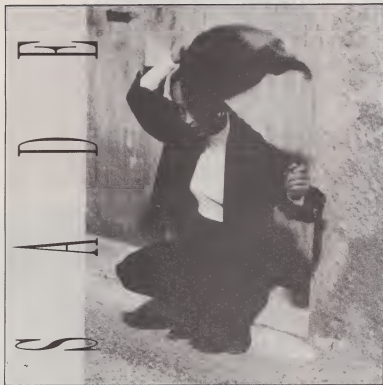
REPEAT CHORUS

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

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THE NEW SINGLE

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Records



GET SMART

Get a burning question about pop? Write to Linda Duff, *Get Smart*, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

HAS NASHER EVER READ A BOOK?

Young BRIAN "NASHER" NASH of Frankie Goes To Hollywood claims to have once read a book titled *Red Dragon*, written by Thomas Harris. Could you tell me what he thought of it and whether he's ever read any other books?

From *Someone Who Is Head Over Heels In Love With Him*, *Caerphilly*.

● Well, this is a turn-up for the books (haw haw). Not only has he read it, he reckons it's "brilliant. It's my all-time favourite book. It's all about a crazed psychopath, and that's a character I can easily relate to." And, yes, he has read others!!! His favourites are *Cathedral* by Nelson de Mille, *The Choir Boys* by Joseph Wambaugh, *The Shining* by Stephen King and *Lord Of The Flies* by William Golding.



WHAT ON EARTH DOES THIS MEAN?

While watching a video of Black Sabbath, I saw the guitarist TONY IOMMI make an odd hand sign, holding down his two middle fingers and sticking up the two outer ones.

What does it mean?

Tony Iommi's Spectrum, St Austell.

● I was afraid someone was going to ask me that. Mr Iommi was making a "sign of the devil", apparently a kind of trademark for the majority of black and satanic metal "outfits". And here's some other pretty spooky rock 'n' roll signs.



Spooky old Devil sign



Mr Spock Vulcan greeting sign



"Moll Simply delicious, mes petites" sign



Paul McCartney "thumbs aloft" sign



Keith Chegwin "double thumbs aloft" sign



Smelly old hippie "peace" sign



Smelly old hippie "peace" sign backwards (quite rude, actually)



Snappy old crocodile sign (v.rare, this one)



"Power to the people" activists-type sign



Ted Rogers "very stupid quiz show with dustbins" sign



Just how does the wonderful ROBERT SMITH of The Cure attain that "wind-swept" look with his hair? I really must know. *Alison Grant, Exeter.*

● Right! **Step one:** never, ever comb your hair. If you must take a brush to it, back-comb it. **Step two:** "pull" it upwards and outwards with Boots Country Style hair gel and the non-perfumed, extra-strong hairspray. **Step three:** don't wash it very much. **Step four:** don't let trendy hardresses anywhere near it. It's much safer to have a member of your family or a girlfriend (in Robert's case - Mary!) "style" it for you. But please get your parents' consent before trying it, won't you, kuvvies. Promise? Will you do that for me, poppets? Will you? Will you?



WHAT DID GEORGE MICHAEL GET FOR HIS BIRTHDAY?

Can you tell me what GEORGE MICHAEL received for his 21st birthday present as mine is coming up soon and I'm trying to think of a few ideas. *Wham! Fan, Ipswich.*

● Aside from the usual very horrible socks and underwear, "Yog" was given one of those little Sony Watchman things. Shaped like a rather fat "slimline" diary, it houses a mini 2" TV screen and last year retailed for about £295. However, they're no longer on the market because most people thought they were a bit useless!



While watching *Ultra Quiz '85*, JOHNNY LOGAN the old Eurovision singer came on and both my sister and I could've sworn it was Simon Le Bon. He's the spitting image, in fact!

JT's Bitten Finger Nails.

● Spooky thing is, old Johnny "What's Another Year" Logan has also nicked Simon's dance routine as he so finely displayed on another recent TV cabaret show (*Miss United Kingdom*, actually). It's completely ruddy brilliant!!!



Simon Le Bon



Johnny Logan



L E V E L 42

SOMETHING ABOUT YOU

NOW
NOW CAN IT BE
THAT A LOVE
CARVED OUT OF CARING
FABRIKED BY FATE
COULD SUFFER SO NARO
FROM THE GAMES
PLAYED ONCE TOO OFTEN
BUT MAKING MISTAKES
IS A PART OF LIFE'S IMPERFECTIONS
BORN OF THE YEARS
IS IT SO WRONG
TO BE HUMAN AFTER ALL?

DRAWN INTO THE STREAM
OF UNDEFINED ILLUSION
THOSE DIAMOND DREAMS
THEY CAN'T DISOUISE THE TRUTH

THAT THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT YOU
BABY SO RIGHT
I WOULDN'T BE WITHOUT YOU BABY TONIGHT

IF EVER OUR LOVE
WAS CONCEALED
NO ONE CAN SAY THAT
WE DIDN'T FEEL
A MILLION THINGS
AND A PERFECT DREAM OF LIFE
O'DNE
FRAGILE BUT FREE
WE REMAIN TENDER TOGETHER
IF NOT SO IN LOVE
IT'S NOT SO WRONG
WE'RE ONLY HUMAN AFTER ALL

THESE CHANGING YEARS
THEY ADD TO YOUR CONFUSION
AND YOU NEED TO HEAR
THE TIME THAT TOLO THE TRUTH

BECAUSE THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU
THE WAY YOU ARE SO RIGHT
I COULDN'T BE
WITHOUT YOU BABY TONIGHT

AND NOW THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU YEAN
AND I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU TONIGHT

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
LINDU PGOULD KING GOULD BADAHOU
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ON POLYDOR RECORDS

TINA TURNER

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Album - Christine Ebersole - Compact Disc

BLANCMANGE

BELIEVE YOU ME

With this recording, the two greatest favorites
What's Your Problem?

"I AM FILLED WITH AN OVER

*That's what Robert
Smith has written on his
arm. Why? Well, you'd
feel pretty gloomy if you
had just been savaged by
a one-eared dog,
smeared honey all over
your face and drunk
some disgusting water
from a fire engine. Still,
these things happen
when The Cure are on
tour - remarkable, real-
ly, that he's still so
cheerful. . .*

Words: Chris Heath
Photos: Paul Rider



■ AN EXHAUSTED ROBERT SMITH HAS HIS REVISIONS EXAMINED BY A MEMBER OF WHITESNAKE. ONE OF THE NEWS ACTUALLY

WHELMING DESIRE TO DIE™

It's five o'clock in the evening. Late as usual, the Cure's tourbus trundles the last few miles to tonight's concert in Poole. Inside it looks like everyone has just woken up. The members of the band are sitting round in their specially-made TEAMCURE shirts not talking, just staring into space through half-opened eyes. In one corner there are two Japanese girls whispering—they followed The Cure round Japan earlier in the year and intend to go to every single date on the current tour. In the other corner there are two young punkettes with Robert Smith hair-dos—one's brushing her hair while the other fiddles with the make-up in her school satchel. The doomy sounds of "underground" band The Psychedelic Furs waft back from the driver's cassette player. Everything is just as you'd expect "on the road" with The Cure—except there's no sign of Robert Smith.

Suddenly there's a crash, immediately followed by a couple of groans, from the back of the bus where the bunks are. "Hi," whispers Robert, staggering forward wiping the sleep out of his eyes, a book in his hand. He collapses onto the side of keyboard player Lol Tolhurst's chair and they laugh about the passage he's just read. "Murder! Death! Insanity! That's my kind of party," he murmurs. Everyone laughs and Robert wanders back to bed...

I next find him after the concert, lying on his back on the dressing room floor. "I'm upright," he explains, "I just sway. And it's quite funny looking at the world like this. You can see up people's noses!"

Truth to tell Robert Smith is not terrifically cheerful at the moment: "I didn't enjoy tonight at all," he confesses. "I felt really ill and I sung really badly." He admits this may have something to do with the way the band have treated the

last two days like one big party. "I only had an hour's sleep last night," he moans. "It feels like we've been on tour for three months."

He certainly looks like it. His whole body is covered by huge brown bruises, caused by hurtling round the bus after a three-and-a-half hour meal which included a £60 1943 bottle of Armagnac brandy. "We were dancing round the bus in one big mass while it was going at 80 miles an hour, and it's got really jagged edges. But we were so drunk we didn't realise."

As well as the bruises he's also got some writing on his arm. "Ah," he explains, "that says 'I am filled with an overwhelming desire to die'. That's what I woke up saying today so I thought I'd write it on my arm so I wouldn't forget it."

Just as he's starting to feel really sorry for himself a one-eared dog swoops in from above Robert's left ear and starts crawling over his face. It's a toy dog and it belongs to Jamie, one of Robert's three long-haired nephews who've come tonight with his 44-year-old brother, Richard, who "lives a self-sufficient hippie existence on a farm in Wales". As the other two proceed to



■ ROBERT LETS SLIP A RARE SMILE WHILE NO-ONE'S LOOKING.

smother Robert in kisses, Jamie (who's five) explains that "we know him because he's in the paper". Obviously a fan, he says that the best song at tonight's concert was "the last one, because it had a trumpet in." Robert, who's too polite to tell him it was a saxophone, agrees. "The last song we do is usually made up on the spot

and it was a good one tonight. A sort of 'bursting into tears in the rain' song because I was so upset. I hate not liking a concert because it makes the whole day seem redundant..."

"I feel dreadful," it's the next afternoon and we've just arrived at the huge deserted Shepton Mallet showground where The Cure are playing tonight. Robert's lying down again, this time on the stairs outside their dressing room. He's nursing a hangover after a quiet but rather over-indulgent party at the hotel the night before. "We've never been a 'wreck-the-hotel' rock 'n' roll sort of group," he says, "but we do tend to party a lot."

Which is why he's now desperate for some refreshment. He sends bassist Simon Gallup off to get him some ice-cream or Ribena, then, when neither can be found, some honey which he tucks into. Trouble is, it's not very easy to eat honey on your back and so there's soon a liberal spreading all over his face. Unperturbed, he mixes the rest up with a glass of milk and drinks it in one go, nearly swallowing a handful of his scraggly hair which happens to be hanging into his mouth at



■ ONSTAGE AND LOVING EVERY MOMENT OF IT.



■ (left to right) BORIS WILLIAMS, LAURENCE (Lol) TOLHURST, ROBERT SMITH, SIMON GALLUP, PORL THOMPSON.

the same time. By this time a small crowd has gathered around him. "You lie down for a bit of peace and quiet end what happens?" he groans, "30 or 40 people gather round!"

So he gets up and leads me into the middle of the nearby racetrack where he lies down again and comes clean about "all the lies I tell when people interview me. It's because I do too many interviews. I bore myself if I don't make things up. It's like having your photograph taken too often — you end up not looking like yourself. I started doing it because nothing ever happens to me yet people always expect me to do odd things."

So, for instance, he reveals that all the stories about adopting a lamb and taking it on tour with him are

from the songs I hated in — it was supposed to finish us off." But the public loved "Lets Go To Bed" and these days even Robert's coming round — "It's so tacky," he says with considerable pride.

However, Robert claims he's not too bothered how many records they sell: "It's pointless. If one person likes a record in a certain way it's worth a hundred thousand likes in a Radio 1 way. Radio 1 Euuugh." He finds the idea disgusting. "They happily play Russ Abbot records endlessly all day!" Perhaps he's fibbing when he says he's not concerned about record sales, though, because now he says he is very keen for the new single "Close To Me", to do well.

"I've always said we'd never

the wrong people. The video (in which the whole band are crammed inside a wardrobe full of clothes, which falls off the edge of a cliff and then fills up with water) is very *The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe* — they threw three empty wardrobes off Beechy Heed cliffs and they had to use a fire engine to get enough water to fill the wardrobe they were in. Trouble was the water had been in the fire engines for six weeks and was disgusting so we were all violently sick the next day."

Still it was worth it — for "art's" sake, not because it might make him an extra bit richer: "When I feel I've got too much money," he confesses, "I tend to give it away to charities and things anyway. I have a weird sense of ethics — I don't think anybody should have too much money. I've got everything I want already — I hate having a lot of things. About four or five years ago I threw everything away because I'd started to board silly things like beermats from a good night out. If you've got to run out in the middle of the night because the palace is on fire, the only thing you should really take is your teddy bear."

Yes, he admits, he does have a teddy bear. "It was given to me on the day I was born. It's soaked with tears." So is that really all he would take? He thinks hard. "Yes. Except Mary — I'd take her."

Mary is, of course, the girlfriend he has been going out with since before he started making records and with whom he hides away from the public eye. "In my other life," he says, watching the fens beginning to arrive for tonight's concert, "I can get quite a lot of privacy. I never answer if someone knocks on my door and only the band and my manager have my phone number. In any case my phone doesn't ring so I never notice it. I occasionally just walk past and pick it up to see if anyone's there."

With that we wander back towards the queuing Cure fans. Few of them notice, let alone identify, the scruffy short bloke walking amongst them even though that's who they're paying money to see tonight. "Nobody notices me," he chuckles with a mixture of amusement and relief. "Nobody thinks I'm me. But then I look less like me than

most of the people coming to the concerts" . . .

R "I used to be good", puffs Robert a little disconsolately. He's lying down again. The Cure have just been thrashed 6-1 at football by the road crew and he's trying to get his breath back before the concert.

Robert doesn't enjoy tonight's concert much and afterwards, though as friendly as always, he's in a bit of a sulk. "When we're good," he explains, "we're better than anybody. That's not being big-headed, I just think we are. But sometimes, especially when my voice gives up, we're awful."

But everyone seems to enjoy it. "Yeah," he agrees, "well, we're always competent. It would be a bit unfair to charge people money to come and see a bunch of shambling duffers, wouldn't it? But we can be immense."

"Days like today," he sighs, "I just wish they would end. It's an awful thing to wish the days away but sometimes I do. This is a very bad patch — you've caught me on the hop."

Tomorrow is a day off so it should be a lot better: "I'm going to phone out for a take-away," Robert grins, cheering up instantly, "and stay in bed all day."



■ ROBERT SMITH RACES FURIOUSLY FOR THE BALL.

"Nobody notices me. Nobody thinks I'm me. But then I look less like me than most of the people coming to our concerts."

completely made up. And, he sniggers, he's just told some real whoppers to a trendy "style" magazine: I lied about everything. I sold our suits were designed by Jean Paul Goude (v. hip designer who masterminded Grace Jones' career) and they believed me!"

It's not hard to tell that Robert doesn't really take the whole pop star business that seriously. In fact three years ago he was ready to give it all up but instead as a joke made a record "with all the worst bits

release two singles off an album," he explains, a little embarrassed, "but I was tempted because all the band were saying that if we release it, it will go to number one." He knows it won't but he still wants as many people to hear it as possible and also to see the accompanying brilliant video.

"The song's about being claustrophobic. Not physically, but about how you can feel confined even in the most expensive room if you're with

SIMPLE MINDS



N E W S I N G L E

ALIVE & KICKING

7" and Extended 12"

VS817 12

Virgin

VS 808-12



New Single

A GOOD HEART

Produced by David A. Stewart



7" + 3 track 12"

(b/side unavailable elsewhere)

Virgin



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HOW TO GET THE SET

How we've explored all that business about the new flexi records being pressed the wrong way round (see here), you'll probably want all the details on how to get the complete set for nought pence. Well, it goes something like this: cut out the token below and, along with the other two that you've saved from previous issues, put them in an envelope addressed to **The Smash Hits Interview Collection**, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ. Then put an S.A.E. (sized at least 8" x 6" and with a 24p stamp on) in the envelope with the tokens. Then lock the envelope (yuk!) and stick it down and then feel very sick while walking down to the postbox to post it. One more thing: if, by any weird quirk of "fate" you haven't got 3 tokens, there will be another one in their next issue. Super!



1 TOKEN

UB40

New Single
7" & 12"

**DON'T
BREAK
MY
HEART**

DEP
INTERNATIONAL

DISTRIBUTED THROUGH
VIRGIN RECORDS

DEP 22/12



FIVE GO TO DISNEYLAND

Pooh Bear wanders by with a pot of honey on his head!
Shoals of artificial fish splash merrily in a nearby lake!
Donald Duck sings and prances to a terrible disco dirge!
And Five Star climb aboard a roller-coaster to deepest outer space! What is going on???

William Shaw investigates. . .

What with Rambo, ZZ Top's beards, Madonna, Ronald McDonald and the general goings-on at Southfork, we all know that Americans have a tendency to go a bit over the top from time to time. But travel from coast-to-coast in the States and you probably won't find anything quite so well and truly over the top as Disneyland. Let's face it, a holiday park like this can make dear old Britain look like a pretty weedy affair.



It is 30 years ago this year that Walt Disney, founder of the Disney empire, opened his original "Magic Kingdom" here in California - and since then more than a quarter of a

▲ Five Star, new-found playmates and Buster and Dolores, the proud parents.

▼ Donald, Mickey and some "curvaceous" cheerleaders wig out at the Disneyland parade.



FIVE GO TO DISNEYLAND

called What Is This. No-one seems to know.

Five Star travel to the TV studios with their father/manager Buster and their mother Dolores in two immense and very American-looking limousines. Truth to tell, the way that all seven work so closely together as a family makes them seem a little weird compared to other groups: "We all take it as a duty to do our work," says Lorraine.

Buster claims that he doesn't worry too much about what he's left his family in for because he says he's taught them to look at it as just a job. Mind you, he does tell the tale of the day that he found two well-pervy woman singers from the soul group 9.9 in the boys' hotel bedroom . . . All innocent, of course, he says, but you can't be too careful.

"He just gives us advice, that's all," says Doris, the eldest girl. "Tells us what to watch out for. It's good having a fether as a manager because he's been through it all before. He's a professional musician and he's told us the rights and wrongs of the business."

Isn't that a bit frustrating? Don't you ever want to turn round and just tell him that you're the stars?

"No! 'Cause we'd probably get the broom in our mouth if we did!" giggles Lorraine, glancing over towards her dad. "No, we'd never say that because we just don't think of ourselves that way."

But when you're in the privacy of your hotel room don't you feel like doing all those really "rock n'roll" things like throwing televisions out of windows?

"We're not that bad," answers Doris. "We just smash the mirrors."
"No," interrupts Lorraine, sternly. "All we do is watch the television."

When the limos draw up to the studio they all file to their dressing rooms - in between the doors marked "Paul Young" and "Alison Moyet" - to wait patiently for their call to go on stage . . .

In about 48 hours Deiroy will be back in Romford behind a school desk . . .



▲ Porky Pig trots down "Main Street" (Someone fetch a fryppocan - quick!)

▲ Astorby rights, gawwawing! (A whole while you work - tra-la-la-la-la-la.)



Later at the TV studios, Five Star "visit" their "studio" and meet a couple of "household names" (can you spot the famous pop stars, readers?)



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ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN



BRING ON THE DANCING HORSES

NEW SINGLE 7" & 12"

OUT NOW



ANDY KERSHAW



NAME: Andrew John Gerard Kershaw.

BORN: 9/11/59 in Rochdale, Lancashire.

FIRST CRUSH: What, on a girl? To be perfectly honest not a lot stirred down there till about the age of 19.

DID YOU KNOW THAT SPANDAU BALLET TAKE THE MICKEY OUT OF YOUR ACCENT? That's no surprise at

all – a lot of people do. I wouldn't expend any energy thinking about Spandau Ballet at all. I don't get annoyed that people mimic my accent but I do mind it, just because I've got a Northern accent, they think I'm thick, eat triple all day and walk round in clogs. I'm a fairly bright chap actually.

DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOOD LOOKING? Good heavens no! Have you seen my nose? And I've got one eye smaller than the other.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE? I'm of no fixed abode. The lease on my flat ran out and they wouldn't renew it because of my playing records too loud.

WHY DO YOU PLAY LOTS OF OBSCURE AMERICAN GUITAR GROUPS ON YOUR RADIO SHOW? Well, they shouldn't be obscure. I would never play something just because it was obscure. I avoid the unlistenable and actually I play nothing that *Smokey* His readers can't enjoy. Some of these records are, in the fullness of time, going to become mainstream anyway. When I used to have a local radio show I got the

push for being deliberately obscure and I was playing people like Billy Bragg and The Smiths.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE DURAN DURAN RECORD? The only way to "enjoy" Duran Duran to the full is to listen to their worst piece and that's that Bond Theme ("A View To A Kill"), the biggest non-song they've done so far. Absolutely terrible.

IS YOUR MUM FED UP THAT YOU LOOK SO SCRUFFY ON TV? Oh yeah! Yeah! "Why don't you get yourself some proper trousers?" And my grandma, who's about 80 and lives off her pension, says "I'll give him some money so he can get some slacks". I just switch off. I know more about oceanography than I do about clothes. I find clothes shops intimidating – those video screens, security people, ultraviolet anti-theft things and the latest from David Grant and Jaki Graham blaring out. And I feel ridiculous wearing fashionable clothes because I'm just a complete coward, so I stick to my wardrobe of about six shirts, a few t-shirts, pairs of underpants and socks and a couple of pairs of jeans.

HOW DID YOU WANGLE YOUR WAY ONTO TV? I met the producer, Trevor Dann, on his Saturday morning radio show on BBC Radio Cambridgeshire when I was helping out Billy Bragg and then again when Billy was on

Whistle Test and I was being really cocky so he said "will you come for an audition?". But I didn't think it'd come to anything.

HAVE YOU SEEN DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN? No, but I wouldn't mind. I don't much like Madonna but seeing films is one of the four things I miss because I spend all my time listening to records. The others are that I rarely ever read a newspaper from cover to cover, read a book or see my old mates.

HAVE YOU EVER EATEN BLACK PUDDING? Oh, all the time. I love it. I could probably write a coffee table book about the best places to get it in London – the very best is the BBC Canteen at Lime Grove. When I lived with Richard Skinner I used to pop round there all the time.

TELL US A SECRET ABOUT BILLY BRAGG? There are none. He's as sanily as his public image. When me and him used to tour round in that battered old Volvo it was like a little rowing monastery. He used to make me feel guilty about all my little weaknesses of character – the occasional half of lager, the old cigarette.

WHAT TYPE OF UNDERWEAR HAVE YOU GOT ON? Let me have a look. They appear to be blue. I go to Marks & Spencers and buy about six pairs at a time and don't go again for about two years.

On 7 inch & 12 inch

THIS IS...

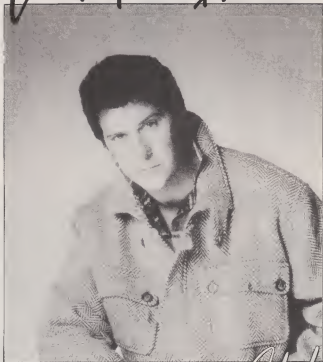
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A 6610



POULSEN SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL

She's So Beautiful

I hear your accusations darling
And my reply is hard to find
Ooh I wanna know you better
Won't you consider one more time

River flow to shining sea
Mountain bitter blue
Children flow like waterfalls
Sweet our love renew

Peace then war then peace again
Trial and error true
Oh if you were to visit there
You would love her too ooh

Chorus
She's so beautiful
She's so kind and free
She's so beautiful
She's all there is to me

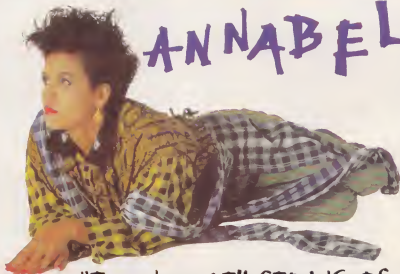
Repeat chorus

Tiny planet spins through space
Gives my life to me
Fifteen billion human beings
Where's our destiny

Peace then war then peace again
Trial and error true
Oh if you were to come down
there
You would love her too like I do

Repeat chorus to fade

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ELTON JOHN

ERE WE GO, 'ERE WE GO, 'ERE WE GO



What's all this? A v. dodgy sleeve for the new Spandau Ballet record? Not quite. It's some excerpts from football comic *Roy Of The Rovers* which for the last zillion years has told the story of Melchester Rovers. Just recently, as you see, they've been joined by two new players, Martin Kemp and Steve Norman. We thought we'd give Martin a ring to find out what's going on...

"Hello," says Martin. "I'm in the bath." Don't be silly. You're on the phone. "I've got one of those silly walkabout phones," he explains. "They're great if you're in the garden."

Yes, yes, but what about the football? "I don't recall now how it came about," he says. "Dagger (Steve Dagger, their manager) phoned me up and said that the manager of Melchester Rovers had been in touch, and asked if me and Steve would be in the team. I said 'I'd love to be in the team!' I mean, my dad used to read *Roy Of The Rovers* when I was small and I used to love it."

So, have Steve and he been able to decide how their football careers are going to go? "Just for the first issue," he says. "They sent over the first drawings. I thought they were great - a bit square-jawed but that's the style, isn't it?"

The story so far is that the two of them have signed up to the club (while being mobbed by fans) and have played in one reserve game where Martin fulfils a tackle or two and Steve gives away a free kick that leads to a goal. People are starting to say nasty things about them being a load of rubbish and only in the team because they're pop stars.

"I don't mind what happens," laughs Martin. "It's a bloody honour being in the magazine at all." Nevertheless he

does have one ambition: "to reach the FA Cup final."

"I used to play when I was a kid for my district and I was thinking about football as a career. I was training with Arsenal for a couple of weeks but then I pulled my cartilage and that was it. When the FA Cup final's on I always think maybe I could have played in it. One of the kids I played with, Chris Ramsey, was in it with Brighton and when I met him recently I was saying how jealous I was when I saw him walking out the tunnel on FA Cup day. But he said 'oh yeah, but all footballers ever want to do is to go to Wembley Arena and play music.'"

Well, as the soccer-story-with-pop-stars seems such a splendid wheeze, we proudly present...



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ROVERS



Sir William on the wing

An exciting soccer yarn for boys

Uncle Disgusting, the gruff, light-lipped manager of Squeezewater Rovers had amazed the football world by dropping star striker Sir William idol from the team and replacing him with Boy "Golden Boots" George and a bloke in a lion suit...

2 Squeezewater's bemused fans talked round their hero...



3



4 At the game...



5

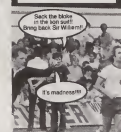




6 ... while Terry Hat, the terror of the terraces, put the boot down, madman, actually) in.



7 and sparked off a full scale pitch invasion



8 Outraged by the Squidchester riots, the government closed down the ground for good. And Sir Willem 100 was transferred to a foreign team for squillions and squillions of pounds.



THE END

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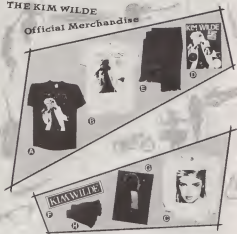
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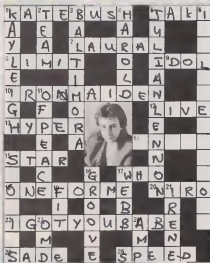
- 1 **Star** (4) **10/11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26**

DOWN

- 1 **Marillion's** **girl** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26**

● ANSWERS ON PAGE 70

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I CAN TELL 'CAUSE I KNOW THE SIGN
YOU WERE VICARIOUS
I WED PLAYED A TRICK ON YOU

NOW DON'T RE-LIVE WHAT IS IN THE PAST
LOVE WILL WIN 'CAUSE THE PAIN CAN'T LAST
WHAT SHE TOOK AWAY I'LL GIVE IT BACK TO YOU

DON'T THINK YOU'RE SMART
DON'T HIDE YOUR HEART (OH OH)
DON'T THINK YOU'RE SMART (NO NO) DON'T HIDE

CHORUS
YOU GOT TO LET LOVE TAKE OVER
AND WHEN IT'S IN CONTROL IT WON'T LET GO
LOVE TAKE OVER
IF YOU SURRENDER TO LOVE
WE'LL PULL YOU THROUGH
DON'T THINK YOU'RE SMART (PULL YOU THROUGH)
DON'T HIDE YOUR HEART
LOVE TAKE OVER
IF YOU SURRENDER TO
LOVE WE'LL PULL YOU THROUGH

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU FEEL FOR ME
YOUR EMOTIONS ARE A MYSTERY
WANNA LET YOU KNOW I WANT YOU TO STAY

THERE AIN'T A THING THAT WE COULDN'T DO
I'LL DELIVER LET ME WORK ON YOU
OPEN UP TO ME STOP TURNING AWAY

DON'T THINK YOU'RE SMART (NO NO)
DON'T HIDE YOUR HEART (DON'T HIDE YOUR HEART)
DON'T THINK YOU'RE SMART
DON'T THINK YOU'RE SMART
DON'T HIDE (DON'T HIDE)

REPEAT CHORUS

DON'T THINK YOU'RE SMART DON'T HIDE YOUR HEART
YOU GOT TO LET LOVE TAKE OVER
AND WHEN IT'S IN CONTROL IT WON'T LET GO
LOVE TAKE OVER
IF YOU SURRENDER TO
LOVE WE'LL PULL YOU THROUGH
DON'T THINK YOU'RE SMART DON'T HIDE YOUR HEART

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Mai Tai

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WEDNESDAY 14th
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ST AUSTELL · COLISEUM

SUNDAY 17th
SOUTHAMPTON · GAUMONT

MONDAY 18th
SOUTHAMPTON · GAUMONT

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BIRMINGHAM · ODEON

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FRIDAY 22nd
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SATURDAY 23rd
MANCHESTER · APOLLO

SUNDAY 24th
NEWCASTLE · CITY HALL

MONDAY 25th
SHEFFIELD · CITY HALL

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FRIDAY 29th
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Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with a few words about yourself so people can get in touch. All cards to: **RSPV, Smash Hits, 32-33 Canary Street, London W1V 1DF.** And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.

● My name is Pete and I'm 20 years old. I'm into U2, Strip Tease, The Cure, The Cult and most chart music, so come on all you females, get pen to paper and don't be shy. All letters answered! 127 Seaweed Terrace, Eastfield, Edinburgh

● Hi, I'm young free and single and looking for a good looking male petrol from 15 to 19 I'm obsessed by Marc Almond and Soft Cell. I also like all funk music, so if you're good looking (you don't have to look like Marc Almond, although it would help), get scribbling to Elaine Cowan, 2 Sheenstock Cottages, Fromes Hill, nr Ledbury, Herefordshire.

● My name is Simon Pinder and I am a 16 year old boy aged 15. I would like to hear from boys or girls of any age preferably into groups like The Cure, The Cult, FGH, Gossamer and The Gun Club. Hope to hear from you soon. Write to: 56 Uppal Road, Fairfield, Stoke, Cleveland

● Hi, I'm all you Michael Jackson lookalikes out there. My name is Caroline and I'm 16 years old. If you look like Michael, get writing to Caroline Spearman, 7 Main Road, Long Marborough, Oxford, OX7 2BE

● Hi, my name is Mark. I'm 13½ and into Ultravox, U2 and Madness, but I hate Wham! Please write to Mark Spax, 11 Dudley St, Bedford, MK40 3TA

● I'm 19, female and would like to hear from anyone who is not a narrow minded ultra-trendy and who can appreciate other people's musical tastes. I like The Smiths, Billy Bragg, TFF and most other groups I also like interesting and unusual people. I will write to you if you write to me. Val Slack, 170 Cambridge Road, Seven Kings, Ilford, Essex, IG3 8NA

● Are you interested in writing to a feminist girl? I'm over 14 and write to you if you write to me. Val Slack, write to Katrina Sitaviran, Aramsty, 02430 Massey, Finland

● Hi, are there two females aged between 15 and 19 who are depressed with the local gossip and would like to put pen to paper and write to two cool dudes who are 16 and 17? We are into Depeche Mode, Howard Jones, The Pogues, Madonna and Go West (P! if possible). So get scribbling to: Ian and Mich, 27 Quaker Road West, Acornston, Lincs, BB5 4AX

● My name is Jason Quantrell and I'm 14 years old. I like most chart music including Ultravox, U2, and many others. Write to me at: 23 Linden Avenue, Higham Ferris, Northants, NN9 6BE

● Everybody seems to hate Heavy Metal, but I don't! I hate Wham, Boy, Kestraw and Madonna but love Marillion, The Alarm and Omega. I'm 14 years old so write to me: A P. Rat (Jem), 1 Widdowin Road, Stapleford, Notts, NG9 9AZ

● Hi, are there any females out there 15-19 looking for two gorgeous guys into O2, T1 and Howard Jones? Scribble a line and send a pic to: Sean and Nik, 43 Easton Croft, Brudenish, Birmingham, B14 4DB

● Hi, my name is Pete and I'm 19. I am into pop music and disco music like Phil Collins, Go West, Bruce, Bryan Ferry, etc. Write me to: 1 Widdowin, Sutton Estate, Mersesyside, Liverpool, L30 0RA

● We're two 13 year old girls looking for two male penpals especially from Coventry and aged between 15 and 16. Write to: King, U2, Nik Kershaw, Howard Jones and Japan. Lisa into King, U2, Nik Kershaw and Japan. We hate Wham! and Duran Duran, so all you Paul King and Tony Wall lookalikes get writing to: 40 Lucas Lane, Hamilton, Scotland, ML3 9UT and Lisa, 29 Townhill Road, Hamilton, Scotland, ML3 9UX (Photo if possible).

● Hi, my name is John and I am 19 years old. I run my own disco so I like most types of music, so if anybody, anywhere, any age has got five minutes to spare write to: John Bond, 43 Camden Road, Bridgwater, Somerset, TA6 2HB

● Calling all New Romantics! Anyone into Stephen Duffy, David Bowie, Duran, Spandau, Madonna, Sade, Strange, Abba, The Cult, Depeche Mode, Human League and who lives in the surrounding areas of Scarborough. York and Leeds, aged 18-21 get writing to me: No casuals or Frankie Lane, Judy Lazenby, 10 East Park Road, Scabby, Scarborough, YO13 0P2

● Help! I'm young, thin and single and very bored! I'm into all music especially FGH, TFF, OMD and Madness but not punk. Any females 16 plus get scribbling to: Simes, 42 Queen Grove, Hedy, York, YO9 6QZ

● Hi, my name is Steve and I'm into any kind of chart music but I hate heavy metal so any girls between 16 and 18 grab a pen and write to me at: 33 Bender Court, Woodchurch, Writtle, Mersesyside, L49 5AL

● Tall tanned blonde wants tell named male, urgently! Must tolerate Eurythmics and rubber plants. Anyone 15 plus welcome. Write to: Louise, c/o A.A. Al Hamad, Telecommunications Dept., P.O. Box 26333, Ooha, GATAR

● Hi, my name's Katherine and I'm 14 years old. I'm into Bucks Fizz, Duran and Nik Kershaw, Paul Young, U2 and FGH. I'd love to hear from anyone across the world and I will try to answer all letters sent. Write to: Katherine Frith, 38 Kingstone Drive, Whitley Bay, Tyne & Wear, NE26 1J2

● Hi, we are two trendy females looking for two trendy males. We're into any sort of music you want us to be except for punk and heavy metal. We're both 14 and are looking for boys aged 14-17 so get those pens going and write to us: Rachel and Sam, 45 Thorn Park Road, St Austell, Cornwall, PL25 4DP

● Why not put pen to paper and write to me? I'm into Dancer D. Aiwe, Kate Bush, Steve Wonder I enjoy watching Brookade, Convention Street, Eastenders and T.D.F., but hate big-headed people and pop stars who record other artists' music. So keep the ink flowing and write to me: Kai Blanch, 31 Spalding Hill, Louth, Lincolnshire, L11 5JL

● I'm into Duran Duran, Spandau Ballet, Paul Young, Madonna, Graham Mty, and Go West. Any girls aged 18 or 19 please write to: John, 55 Arden Green, Oswestry, Co. Down, Northern Ireland, BT36 5QJ

● Is there anybody out there anywhere in the world except Brit England who would like to write to me: Annette? I like jazz-kunk, going out and having a good time, dancing etc. Write to me at: 71 Heniker Road, Shafted, London, E15

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Based on the ROBERT E. HOWARD Music by CLIVE EXTON and GEORGE MACDONALD FRASER
Produced by CHRISTIAN FERRY Directed by RICHARD FLEISCHER

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If I tell you
If I tell you now
Will you keep on
Will you keep on loving me
If I tell you
If I tell you how I feel
Will you keep bringing out the best in me

You give me
You give me the sweetest taboo
You give me
You're giving me the sweetest taboo
Too good for me

There's a quiet storm
And it never felt like this before
There's a quiet storm
That is you
There's a quiet storm
And it never felt this hot before
You're giving me something that's taboo

SADE

You give me the sweetest taboo
That's why I'm in love with you
You give me the sweetest taboo
Sometimes I think you're just too good for me
I'd do anything for you
I'd stand out in the rain
Anything you want me to do
Don't let it slip away

There's a quiet storm
And it never felt like this before
There's a quiet storm
I think it's you
There's a quiet storm
And I never felt this hot before
You're giving me something that's taboo
You can give me the sweetest taboo
That's why I'm in love with you
You give me
You're giving the sweetest taboo
Too good for me

You've got the biggest heart
Sometimes I think you're just too good for me
Every day it's Christmas
And every night it's New Years Eve

Will you keep on loving me
Will you keep on
Will you keep on bringing out the best in me

Words and music by Adu/Dichman
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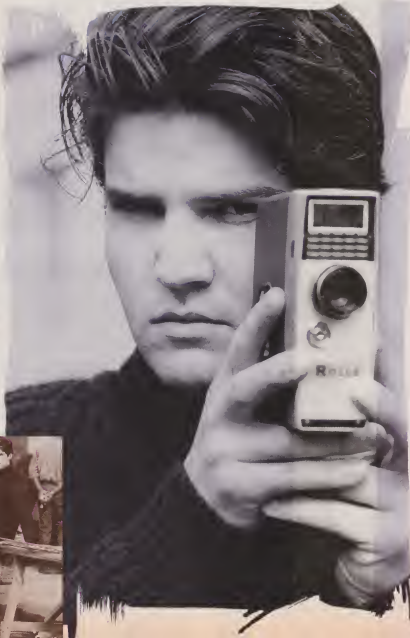


S W E E T E S T T A B O O

HOW

doesn't kiss people very much, hates worms and once threw up

Words **Sorrell Downer**
Pictures **Monica Curtin**



stop. We /have used milk, but that is very juvenile /indeed!

What is beyond embarrassment?

I was attacked by this wee girl in Liverpool recently – the first time that I've ever been mobbed. She wanted a birthday kiss, which I found embarrassing because I don't kiss people very much. Then she started weeping so I gave her a little peck on the cheek, and she tried to sort of strangle me. That was beyond embarrassment!

Are you frightened of anything ally?

Worms. When I played football at school people used to dig worms up and throw them at me. What a cruel thing to do!

Do you ever chat up strange girls?

I used to see this girl every morning on the tube train who was absolutely, marvelously gorgeous, and I thought, I can't just do nothing about it. So, after many sleepless nights, I gave her a note saying 'Please, can I maybe talk to you' or something, and she fled immediately. It wasn't even her normal stop. I think she must have thought I was a psychopath, or that I was just incredibly horrible or something. I never saw her again.

Are you extravagant?

I'm going to be. I'm going to buy a very big Rolex copy watch, and it's going to be very, very bright chrome, and as tasteless as possible.

Do you believe in ghosts?

There have been gremlins in my room, definitely. Things move around, though sometimes it's the cats. But the other night this ghost came to me in a nightmare, and it was so real that when I woke up I was still really scared. She came out of the mirror and pinned me to the wall with her mystical powers. I woke up in a cold sweat, and went to the bathroom for a wash, but I was much too frightened to look in the mirror.

What wakes you up in the mornings?

It's Bessie, the cat. She jumps on Elaine's face at 6.30 in the morning to be let out. (It knows not to land on me) and I wake up when she gets out of bed. I'm constantly telling Elaine that she shouldn't allow Bessie to dominate her.

If you weren't Lloyd Cole, who would you be?

Jackie Collins! What a great writer, mixing with the stars... or if I wanted to be good looking I'd be Alan Delon ("swoony" star of arty French films), because he was right good-looking. There's one film where he wears a black suit and white shirt all the way through and looks fantastic. He looks rotten now, so I'd be Paul Newman after the age of 50 although the drop in height would be a bit of a shock!

right outside his headmaster's office. . .



●Lloyd Cole shuffles into ver caff down London's Portobello Road. He is feeling queasy. So queasy, in fact, that he turns down my kind offer of a greasy bacon toastie (groo!) and plumps instead for a cup of tea. "I'll be better after a cup of tea," he says, not v. convincingly. Yes, readers, we're in a bit of a "rough night last night" situation here – and it's not until Lloyd has downed five cups of the piping-hot brew before he's ready to come a-jauntin' and a-nosin' round Portobello Market and to answer some of the most "deep 'n' probing" questions ever devised by personkind. . .

Where's home?

Glasgow, in my girlfriend Elaine's flat. It's her place – I don't have a lot of say in it, really. The kitchen's the best room, with big plastic table-cloths like in cafes, lots of sets of condiments – dolphin ones, penguin ones, and my horrible glass with dancing musicians all the way round. I refuse to drink from anything else.

What's the most horrible thing about your body?

The spots, definitely. You might not

be able to see them, but there's a lot there. I'm sufficiently vain to carry one of those spot sticks around with me so I can attempt to hide them. Yes, those and my spare tyre.

Were you a girle awot at school?

No, I was just incredibly clever! I used to revise for exams. I must admit, but I never took much trouble over my homework. And I used to get thrown out of class for messing around and be made to sit in the corridor – which is alright

until the headmaster walks past and asks why you're there. I threw up right outside the headmaster's office once, because we'd all been to the pub at lunch. I thought I was going to be expelled.

Did you have a wildly exciting job before the band started?

I carried sacks of potatoes for two days, then I gave up. Your arms would go after two hours and at the end of the day your legs were jelly. And I was a wine waiter. It was very difficult being polite to people because I didn't see the point. If they wanted wine, why couldn't they pour it out themselves?

What do you do when you're very cross?

I sulk and make myself depressed. I used to throw things around. Once, I'd had an extremely bad day and I was in a foul mood. My dinner was on the table, I turned my back for a second, and the dog ate it. At which point I threw my brand new alarm clock across the room and smashed it. But nowadays it's just the TVs out of hotel room windows. Haw haw. . .

Do you indulge in rock 'n' roll "pranks"?

The Blow Monkeys supported us on tour, and on the last night we covered their drum-kit in white flour, so that when the drummer started he was covered in a white cloud, and he couldn't very well



THE DAMNED IS IT A DREAM

STANDING IN A LINE LIKE A PARKING METEER
AM I ALL ALONE? (WE'S ALL ALONE)
A VISION OF HIM IS BECOMING CLEAR
IT'S ALL SO NEW I CAN'T BE TRUE
SOMETIMES THE WORDS APPEAR IN MY HEAD
SOMETIMES I'M FALLING OUT OF MY BED
OH OH IS IT A DREAM? WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
OH OH IS IT A DREAM? WHAT HAVE I SEEN?

I KNOW A MAN HE'S REALLY AWFUL NICE
HE ISN'T HERE
WE WHIRL & WHY AM I EVENING MY EYES TWO
BUT WHAT DID THAT MAN REALLY DO?
SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE WALKING AWAY
SOMETIMES THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO SAY
OH OH IS IT A DREAM? WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
OH OH IS IT A DREAM?

THEN SUDDENLY LIKE A FLY IN A CUP OF TEA
I'M STUCK AND HO LONGER FEEL TO FLY AWAY
I THINK BACK TO THE OTHER LIFE
THAT WAS BORROWED THE OTHER NIGHT
COULD IT BE THAT IT JUST MIGHT DRIVE ME WILD?

OH OH IS IT A DREAM
OH OH IS IT A DREAM
OH OH IS IT A DREAM
OH OH IS IT A DREAM
OH OH IS IT A DREAM

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JUGG/SCABES/MERRICK/VANMAN/SENSIBLE
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ON MCA RECORDS

JENNIFER RUSH THE POWER OF LOVE

THE WHISPERS IN THE MORNING
OF LOVERS SLEEPING TIGHT
ARE DOLLING BY LIKE THUNDER NOW
AS I LOOK IN YOUR EYES
I HOLD ON TO YOUR BODY
AND FEEL EACH MOVE YOU MAKE
YOUR VOICE IS WARMS AND TENDER
A LOVE THAT I COULD NOT FORSAKE

CHORUS

"CAUSE I AM YOUR LADY
AND YOU ARE MY MAN
WHenever YOU REACH FOR ME
I'LL DO ALL THAT I CAN

EVEN THOUGH THERE MAY BE TIMES
IT SEEMS I'M FAR AWAY
BUT NEVER WONDER WHERE I AM
"CAUSE I AM ALWAYS BY YOUR SIDE

REPEAT CHORUS

WE'RE HEADING FOR SOMETHING
SOMEWHERE I'VE NEVER SEEN
SOMETIMES I AM FRIGHTENED
BUT I'M READY TO LEARN
"BOUT THE POWER OF LOVE
THE SOUND OF YOUR HEART BEATING
MADE IT CLEAR SUDDENLY
THE FEELING THAT I CAN'T GO ON
IS LIGHT YEARS AWAY

"CAUSE I AM YOUR LADY
AND YOU ARE MY MAN
WHenever YOU REACH FOR ME
I'M GONNA DO ALL THAT I CAN

WE'RE HEADING FOR SOMETHING
SOMEWHERE I'VE NEVER SEEN
SOMETIMES I AM FRIGHTENED
BUT I'M READY TO LEARN
"BOUT THE POWER OF LOVE

ON THE POWER OF LOVE
THE POWER OF LOVE

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REVIEWED BY VICI MACDONALD

● KEANAN Watersport (Awesome Records)

This bloke's been getting loads of publicity lately, purely because he goes to the "right" art school, designs funny clothes, has weird hair and knows people who work on trendy magazines. Nobody ever mentioned his music, and I presumed—as is usual in such cases—that it would be complete rubbish. What a nice surprise, then, to discover that this record is really excellent, a spirited hi-energy romp which knocks Pete Burns' recent weedy attempts into a cocked hat. And it's got the week's best cover. Runner-up single of the fortnight.



● EIGHTH WONDER Stay With Me (CBS)

Here's another lot who've been "hyped" for all the wrong reasons; namely, that their lead singer is a "curvaceous lovely" who once pretended to be a peapod (see *Blitz* for details). The fact that she can't sing for toffee and her group's record is squeaky bubble-gum trash which would drive you completely bonkers if you were forced to listen to it more than once doesn't seem to bother anybody. Such is the way of the world...

● PRINCE Pop Life (Warner Bros)

Yassawn... Prince is sooo boring. This is a stuporously tedious "rock" "workout" about horrible decadent "rockbiz" types putting "stuff" up their noses, nudge nudge wink wink knoworrmean. Complete drivel. Zzzzzzzzz...

● MADNESS

Uncle Sam (Jarjazz)
An optimistic singalong calypso thingie, which, like most Madness songs, turns out to be quite depressing once you start listening to the lyrics. It says here that the song's "dedicated to Ronald Reagan's uncle who died in the Civil War". I'm not entirely sure what they're going on about to be quite honest, but it sounds almost as bad as going to see Uncle Disgusting.

● SIMPLE MINDS

Alive And Kicking (Virgin)
Bit subtle, this one. At first Simple Minds' usual "glittering shards of sepulchral majesty" seem strangely absent, but after a few plays the little bhinders sneak up on you from behind, revealing the song's true "grandeur". A "right little growler", as suave TV horticulturist Geoffrey Smith says on *Gardeners* "very boring" World.

● THE COMMUNARDS You Are My World (London)

What was so brilliant about Bronski Beat was the sinister contrast between Jimmy Somerville's eerie vocal flutings and the rumbling, gloomy synths; at its best, it was a spine-tingling combination. But now he's with The Communards, Jimmy's surrounded by swooping strings, cheery gospel singers and an uplifting piano, with the result that the whole affair is a bit too sweet and sugary for comfort. Radio 2 will love it.

● ARCADIA Election Day (Parlophone)

This boasts squibby radio noises, Grace Jones mumbly maraudy in the middle, and a "raunchy" sax-a-honk! away in the background, but still ends up sounding like a second-rate Duran album track—i.e. expensive, epic, but somewhat rambling and tuneless. It's about a zillion times better than The Power Station, but then what isn't? One wonders how long the various Duran factions can keep on putting out this lacklustre stuff without going completely down the dumper.



● OMD

La Femme Accident (Virgin)
OMD have been scientifically proven (by moi, actuelfemmes) to be one of the most irritating groups in the universe, so this pleasant, wistful, plinkety-plunk ballad comes as a bit of a shock. Mind you, it's a spookily reminiscent of "Can't Get Used To Losing You" by ageing TV crooner Andy Williams (the man responsible for inflicting those beaming Mormon songsters The Osmond Brothers on an unsuspecting world), which might explain things. But is it fate, or mere coincidence? Brrrr!

● MARC ALMOND Love Letters (Some Bizarre)

He's known as "The Boss" round these parts, actually. But at the risk of getting the sack, I have to say that this one's a mite tiresome, what with a jittery synth backing that sets the teeth on edge, and a more repetitive and simplistic lyric than one expects from such an accomplished storyteller. Not one of his best.

● KING

Taste Of Your Tears (CBS)
The first three times I heard this piece of jangly '60s "la la la" wimpery, I had to check the sleeve to remind myself who the group was—it's that unmemorable. I think it's meant to be the song people wave their fraying "Paul King's a really hunky geezer" scarves around to at concerts, but quite frankly it would be more at home backing a jolly cornflake commercial. And yet this is the same group who were responsible for the magnificent "Love And Pride"! It's all very rum.



● GRACE JONES

Slave To The Rhythm (ZTT)
Everyone at "Ver hats" thinks this ultra smooth 'n' slick jazz-tinged ZTT production number is a work of unparalleled genius. Everyone except me, that is, who thinks it's all gloss and no substance. So there.

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT



● THE LONG RYDERS Looking For Lewis And Clark (Island)

Yee haw! Get on down thar! If you've ever listened to Andy "here's a rare deleted import by legendary one-legged bluesman Blind "Quite Angry" Joe Scroggins recorded on a wax cylinder in 1872 shortly before he was taken into slavery eee oah goom it's real gradey!" Kershaw's Radio 1 show, you'll know that twangy waxings by long-haired "geetar-totin'" cowboy bands are currently rather "hip". 99% of them are fantastically depressing and horrible, but this one's absolutely brilliant. OK, so it's got a harmonica solo and the singer sounds like Bob "I've got a grating nasal voice" Dylan, but for "gutsy" tunefulness and sheer piling-driving energy alone this has to be Single Of The Fortnight.

A LONE WARRIOR SEARCHING FOR HIS DESTINY... A TRIBE OF LOST CHILDREN WAITING FOR A HERO...
IN A WORLD BATTLING TO SURVIVE, THEY MEET A WOMAN DETERMINED TO RULE.

HOLD OUT FOR MAD MAX
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ALBUMS

VARIOUS:

Sampled (ZTT)

A little bit of everything that ZTT have been up to, although the majority of songs are either unreleased or new versions. Most people will probably buy this for the Frankie tracks: "Disneyland", a rather disappointing fast funk "groove" without a tune, or the live version of "Born To Run", but there are better things here. The highlights are Propaganda's two songs ("P-Machinery" and "Femme Fatale") and the usual Art Of Noise duffness, but there's also a couple of Anne Pigalle songs, a rather tame synth-funk piece to introduce Instrict and two hypnotic instrumentals from Andrew Poppy – all of which are joined together by predictably oily noises and phrases. (8½ out of 10)

Chris Heath



CABARET VOLTAIRE

The Covenant, The Sword, And The Arm Of The Lord (Virgin)

The "Cabs" have been slogging away for a decade doing "experiments in sound". Then a couple of LPs back they polished themselves up a bit and had a stab at being vaguely commercial (ie the odd melody as opposed to a distorted noise). They even teetered on the brink of hip hop, but there still wasn't a hit in sight. So now they're back to their old tricks: "dafs" Art Of Noise noises chop in and out of sweeping, staccato electronic rhythms, an insistent, breathy vocal punctuated only by eerie tapes of assorted "found" voices (ranging from mass murderer Charles Manson to a man who reminds his boy that they will die together). It's hardly pleasant, but that's not the point. It jars, it disorientates, it makes you stare at bare lightbulbs and, best of all, it'll drive your mum mad. (9 out of 10)

Peter Martin

ANNE PIGALLE

Everything Could Be So Perfect (ZTT)

Anne Pigalle is supposed to be ZTT's sultry chanteuse but her recent live performances suggested she wasn't going to be a very good one – she spent far too much time dangling over the mikstand singing badly, smoking cigarettes and looking miserable. This, her first album, is far better. She still does her sleazy French Sade impression but the complicated mysterious songs – especially the next single "Why Does It Have To Be This Way" – are really rather good. (7½ out of 10)

Chris Heath

LEVEL 42

World Machine (Polydor)

More vacuous funk from the Isle Of Wight lads who seem content to carry on in the tradition of making pleasant, unassuming dance music. Admittedly they're excellent musicians and the

current single, "Something About You", is a "cracker" but one song doesn't make an album. After listening to "World Machine" you're just left with the age-old cliché: haven't we heard it all before! (4 out of 10)

Peter Marsh

SIMPLY RED

Picture Book (Elektra)

Picture Red work in an already overcrowded musical field but they've still made a distinctive first album that gives us a chance to get better acquainted with Mick Red's hackneyed gummy singing. It's basically a moody mixture of soul and funk toughened up in places with some hard social comment lyrics like those on the sweetly sung "Money's Too Tight". Atmospheric and stirring stuff though it'd still be nice to hear Red do a really good ballad. (6 out of 10)

William White

LATIN QUARTER

Modern Times (Arista)

Lots of people are saying very complimentary things about Latin Quarter and listening to their first LP it's not hard to see why – they write catchy soul/funk pop songs but still manage to tackle lots of 'serious' subjects like the situation in South Africa. All well and good but it sounds a bit too flat and unexciting, and there's nothing else half as good as their recent almost-hit "Radio Africa". A bit of a disappointment. (6 out of 10)

Chris Heath

MIDGE URE

The Gift (Chrysalis)

It has to be said: Midge Ure makes Very Boring Records. This one's no exception, being crammed with his usual leaden, pompous synthesizer dirges like the current single "If I Was", all of which sound exactly the same and go on and on and on... Like all V.B.R.s, it's incredibly "well produced", "technically proficient" and "musically", but then so's James Last (and at least you can dance to his records). I always think this kind of stuff is music for people who don't really like music at all. ZZZZZZZZ... (3 out of 10)

Vici MacDonald

WHAT OF TEA HE

It's so frustrating, isn't it? Mike Read's always going on about the things, but he never actually describes them. And what about all the other customised bits and bobs Radio One DJs give away? Well, thanks to our completely brilliant "at-a-glance" guide, you can now see these objects for yourself!

Some DJs give away all sorts of weird stuff, but others don't give away anything. Basically it's a question of budget, each show is allocated a certain amount of money, and then it's up to the DJs and their producers how they spend it. It costs quite a lot to play a record, so "personality" DJs (i.e. the ones who talk a lot) have more money left over for gifts than "serious" DJs, who prefer to spend their budget on sessions and playing loads of records. So if it's a John Peel sponge you're after – forget it, mateyboots!

STEVE WRIGHT



"I just give my personality away," claims Steve Wright. Very useful. Luckily, Mr. Angry is a bit

more generous, doling out T-shirts, pens and badges when he's in a good enough mood.



ON EARTH DOES A MUG LOOK LIKE?



GARY DAVIES



●Yum! Send an interesting letter to Gary "I wear a fantastically horrible medalion"

Davies, and you could win a pen, a keyring, a well perry Radio One sponge, or if you're very lucky, a hip 'n' trendy "Young Free & Single" T-shirt, the b-side of which reads "Woo Gary Davies woo Gary Davies woo Gary Davies on your radio yeah!" Sheer poetry, mate.

MIKE READ



●Mike Read gives away by far the most personalised stuff. Shown here are a "Russian"

sweatshirt (the v'trendy "Cyrillic" writing is Russian for M. Read), a famed "Tea Hee" mug, a pencil case, a ceramic "Chad" (the little chappie peering over the wall) and a pen.

"Most people seem to want Tea Hee mugs," Mike explains. "I suppose it's because they get broken easily, so there's a high turnover. I give the Russian sweatshirts to people who live in tiny hamlets, and the Chad was an



idea I got off *Hi-De-Hi*. People used to send in their own Chad cartoons, and it was a very popular item last year. We come up with new ideas all the time, though. I'm just about to start *The Golden Ruler/Award*, for popular

teachers. It'll be a gold-coloured ruler with the teacher's name inscribed on it!"



EVERYBODY ELSE

●Most DJs have to be content with dishing out Radio One bios like these, which are customised with "witty" slogans, e.g. "Keep this ANDY it's a PEEBLES pen". And the really obscure 'n' serious types like Andy Kershaw and Ranking Miss P. don't give away anything at all – they reckon the music's the only thing that matters. So there!



JANICE LONG



●"I don't give anything away on my show. I'd rather give a new band a session than give away 300 fluffy bugs."



THE FLAMINGO KID

Rated 15 (91 minutes)

●Matt Dillon is the latest "dreamy" American film idol and loads of people will probably go and see *The Flamingo Kid* just to ogle at him. They won't be disappointed – as the wide-eyed Jeffrey Willis, a poor American teenager discovering high society for the first time, he spends the whole time looking desperately

cool and handsome.

The film is basically one of those rather clichéd "old traditional values are the best after all" affairs. Jeffrey gets a job (much to the horror of his very religious family) at the sophisticated El Flamingo Beach Club, where he is mightily impressed by the fancy cars, silk shirts, "casual lifestyle,"

easy money, and particularly by Carla, a pretty girl he falls in love with. But she returns to college and he soon becomes disillusioned and sickened by the insincerity of the "idle rich" and realises that his family's simple ways are best after all. Apart from a very very yukky ending, *The Flamingo Kid* is a fairly light, amusing and enjoyable hour and a half.

Chris Heath

V I D E O S



● **PHIL COLLINS: No Jacket Required EP** (Virgin Video £11.95)
 Poor Phil Collins. He must know it's a bit pointless him making videos as anybody who likes his songs would almost certainly rather shut their eyes and hum along. Still, he tries a bit of everything to get them interested—fake "live" performances on "Sussudio" and "Who Said I Would", playing the piano in an empty pub on the soppy "One More Night" and going completely bonkers and spending as much money as possible on the other two. "Take Me Home" is filmed in London, Paris, Tokyo, New York, Los Angeles, Texas, Sydney and loads of other posh places, while on "Don't Lose My Number" Phil appears in his own versions of a western, a Mad Max film and a Samurai warrior film, and impersonates Elton John and a horrid big green fly—all in under four minutes!

● **MALCOLM MCLAREN: Duck Rock** (Virgin Video, £19.95)
 "An adventure round the world" is how this is described by Malcolm McLaren (the man who masterminded the Sex Pistols and Bow Wow Wow and who recently murdered opera with the brilliant "Madame Butterfly LP"). In 1982 he and Frankie producer Trevor Horn zoomed around the world stealing musical ideas from South African townships, New York ghettos, Cuban villages and loads of other places. When the records, like "Buffalo Gals" and "Double Dutch", were originally released they were the first time most people in Britain had ever even heard things like scratchin' and hip hop. But even if, in that respect, this is now rather old hat, it still stands up as a fascinating journey round the globe featuring a dazzling variety of different dances and music. Highly recommended.



▲ Malcolm McLaren's "Soweto"

F I L M

Mad Max – Beyond Thunderdome

Rated 15 (107 minutes)

● Frankie Goes To Hollywood used to come onstage to the theme from *Mad Max II*. They also used to look like a bunch of renegade road warriors out of the film, as have countless other pop stars with a fetish for leather togs. Arguably, that film has had a bigger influence on pop music than any other film this decade.

But will *Mad Max – Beyond Thunderdome* have the same effect? Probably not, actually. Mainly because *Mad Max – Beyond Thunderdome* will be a very popular family "box office" "blockbuster" of a film. And that isn't a very hip thing to be and therefore isn't much worth nicking ideas from.

This time Max starts off on a camel in the desert, then he gets attacked and loses it. On foot he makes it to the last outpost of civilisation "Bartertown". Above ground the place is run by Auntie Entity (Tina Turner); below in the power station (the place is run on pig poo) Master/Blastar calls the shots. Blastar is a midgen genius who is cradled on the shoulders of Blastar, a gargantuan lunkehead who hides his face with a metal mask. Well spooky. Anyway, Entity and the Master have a bit of a fall out and in exchange for his camel Max is employed by Entity to kill Blastar (that's the bit in the "Thunderdome" video where Max is twanged around in a cage on a big elastic band while being attacked by a big bloke with an electric chainsaw—even spookier). Then he escapes and wanders around the desert again and then he meets some kids and gets into a few more scrapes and of course there's a big massive chase at the end with a train and loads of dead weird road vehicles and it's just totally brilliant... (pause for breath)... well, I'd go and see it if I were you.

Peter Martin



● Is there no end to the man's talents? Not content with being the oldest teenager in pop, a moral philosopher of international repute, a thespian of legend and a dab hand at tennis, **Sir Clifford Richard**, who can reveal, is also a champion camel driver. Yes, we discovered this snap (right) of Cliff aboard a "ship of the desert" whilst thumbing through a new "rock trivia" book, *The Guinness Hits Challenge* (Guinness, £4.95). Actually, the pic is easily the best thing about the book because a) "rock trivia" books are getting a bit tiresome and b) this isn't a very good one anyway. Q: What is the connection between Blancmange and The Searchers?

A: The Searchers had a hit with "Sweets For My Sweet" which is an awful pun with (sic) Blancmange.

How. Alright? If you like that sort of thing (and at least there's a question about the little Works...)



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Siouxsie

MARC ALMOND (RESCHEDULED DATES) Northampton Demgate (October 21), Newcastle Mayfair (24), Edinburgh Coasters (25), Glasgow Queen Mary Union (26), Blackburn King Georges Hall (28), Manchester Ritz (29), Liverpool University (30), Lancaster University (November 1), Loughborough University (2), London Hammermith Palais (4), London Dominion (5), Hull University (6), Aylesbury Civic (9), Sheffield University (10), Birmingham Power House (12), Derby Assembly Rooms (13), Southampton Guildhall (14), Colchester Essex University (16), Croydon Fairmead Halls (18), Reading University (19), Coventry Polytechnic (20), Worthing Assembly Halls (22), Crawley Leisure Centre (23), Chopenham Goldriggers (24).



Cool Notes

COOL NOTES: RAF Cranwell (October 17), Purfleet Circus Tavern (18), Peterborough Tropicana (19), Sunderland The Barbary Coast (21), Glasgow Hospitality Inn (23), Ayr Odson (24), Arbroath Smokeys (25), Paisley Town Hall (26), Redcar Coalham Bowl (27), Bournemouth Academy (28), Penance Demata's (29), Plymouth Academy (30), Slough Falchion (31), Yeovil The Gardens (November 1), Eastbourne Winter Gardens (2), Ipswich Gaumont (4), Nottingham Rock City (6), London Dominion (7), Croydon Fairfield Hall (10), Watford Middle & Herts County Club (12), Luton Pink Elephant (13), Manchester



Marillion

Haendls (14), Hereford Mr T's (15), Oxford Apollo (16), Cardiff St David's Hall (17), Portsmouth Guildhall (18), Chatham Central Hall (19), Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush (20), Stoke Shelloys (21), St Yvonne Tower Ballroom (22)

FLYING PICKETS: Croydon Fairfield Halls (October 13), Bradford St Georges Hall (17), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (19), Stockport Davenport Theatre (20), Bristol Colston Hall (21), Lincoln Ritz Theatre (23), Nottingham Royal Centre (24), Newcastle City Hall (25), Darlington Dolphin Centre (26), Sheffield Crucible Theatre (27), Cardiff St Davids Hall (31), Ebbw Vale Leisure Centre (November 2), Wolverhampton Grand Theatre (3), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (5), Hatfield Forum Theatre (10), Reading Hexagon Theatre (13), London Dominion Theatre (15), Brighton Dome (16), Bedford Orchard (17), Northampton Demgate (19)

● Ticket prices vary according to venue but range from £3 to £8 in the regions with a fixed price structure at every gig. Ticket prices for the London show have yet to be confirmed.

MARILLION (RE-SCHEDULED DATES) Southampton Gaumont (December 20), London Hammersmith Odson (January 20/21), Cardiff St Davids Hall (12/13), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (14), Manchester Apollo (16/17), Warrington Spectrum (18), Aberdeen Capitol (20),

Edinburgh Playhouse (21), Newcastle City Hall (22), Bristol Colston Hall (24), Birmingham Odson (25/26), Sheffield City Hall (28), Leicester De Montfort Hall (29), London Hammersmith Odson (February 3/4/5).

● Existing tickets remain valid but only for the corresponding dates.

SADE (EXTRA DATES), Edinburgh Playhouse (November 7), Birmingham Odson (23), Manchester Apollo (29)

● Tickets are on sale now from the box offices.

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES (EXTRA DATES) London Hammersmith Odson (October 26), Aberdeen Capitol Theatre (31), Dundee Caird Hall (November 1), Carlisle Sands Centre (2), Liverpool Royal Court (4), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (5).

● Further dates are currently being arranged and will be announced in the near future.

MIDGE URE: Cardiff St Davids Hall (November 1), Sheffield University (2), Glasgow Barrrowlands (3), Edinburgh Playhouse (4), Birmingham Odson (5), London Dominion (6), Norwich University of East Anglia (7), Manchester Apollo (8)

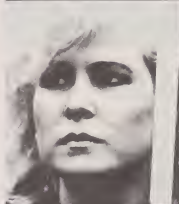
● Tickets for the Cardiff and Glasgow shows are £5, while those for Edinburgh, Birmingham and Manchester are £5 and £5.50. Tickets for Sheffield University are £5, Norwich University £5.75 and London Dominion £5.50, £6 and £5.50.

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I'LL BE GOOD

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SILENCE BROKEN - HEY
JUST BY CHANCE WE FELL INTO ROMANCE
THE CRY OF SUCCESS
LEFT NO ROOM TO GUESS OH NO

LOVE HAD KNOCKED US DOWN AND SCORED
WE'VE BEEN TWICE AROUND THE BLOCK BEFORE
I KNOW THE CHANGES I PUT YOU THROUGH BABE
BUT MY PROMISE IS TO YOU

I'LL BE GOOD
BETTER THAN BEFORE YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU MORE
I'LL BE GOOD
BETTER THAN BEFORE YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU MORE

FELL IN LOVE SO QUICK
I KNEW THAT THIS WAS IT
SO MUCH EMOTION
MADE SO MUCH DEVOTION
WHEN WE TALK WE'RE NEVER MILES APART
YOUR TELEPHONE LINE
IS PIPED STRAIGHT TO MY HEART

YOUR LOVE HAS KNOCKED ME DOWN AND SCORED
YOU MAY HIDE AND CLOSE YOUR DOOR
OPEN UP I SWEAR IT'S TRUE
I JUST WANNA BE GOOD TO YOU

I'LL BE GOOD TO YOU
BETTER THAN BEFORE YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU MORE
I'LL BE GOOD SO GOOD
BETTER THAN BEFORE YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU MORE.

WHEN WE TALK
WE'RE NEVER MILES APART
TELEPHONE LINE PIPED STRAIGHT TO MY HEART
FELL IN LOVE SO QUICK
I THOUGHT MY MIND WAS PLAYING TRICKS
ONE TWIST OF FATE
MADE IT SOMETHING SO GREAT

LET ME SHOW YOU HOW TO LIVE
STOP GOING FROM TOWN TO TOWN
DON'T BE AFRAID TO GIVE
TIME TO SETTLE DOWN
WHEN I'M GOOD I'M BAD
AND WHEN I'M BAD I'M BETTER
WHEN I'M AT MY BEST
THERE'S NO ROOM TO GUESS

I'LL BE GOOD
BETTER THAN BEFORE YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU MORE
I'LL BE GOOD
KNOW I LOVE YOU MORE BETTER THAN BEFORE
NO ONE LOVES YOU MORE

I'LL BE GOOD

REPEAT TO FADE

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TEARS FOR FEARS — I BELIEVE —

I BELIEVE THAT WHEN THE HURTING AND THE PAIN HAS GONE
WE WILL BE STRONG
ON YES WE WILL BE STRONG
YEAH
AND I BELIEVE THAT IF I'M CRYING WHILE I WRITE THESE WORDS
IS IT ABOUT
OR AM I BEING REAL?
I BELIEVE THAT IF YOU KNEW JUST WHAT THESE TEARS WERE FOR
THEY WOULD JUST FILL
LIKE EVERY DROP OF RAIN
THAT'S WHY I BELIEVE
YOU'RE JUST TOO LATE FOR ANYONE TO BELIEVE
I BELIEVE THAT IF YOU THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT
TOOK YOUR TIME YOU WOULD NOT REIGN YOURSELF
REIGN YOURSELF TO YOUR FATE NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
AND I BELIEVE THAT IF IT'S WRITTEN IN THE STARS THAT'S FINE
I CAN'T DENY
THAT I BE A YOUNG GUY
I BELIEVE THAT IF YOU'RE BRISTLING WHILE YOU HEAR THIS SONG
I COULD BE WHORING
OR HAVE I HEARD LOVE
THAT'S WHY I BELIEVE
YOU'RE JUST TOO LATE FOR ANYONE TO BELIEVE

WILLIAMI:

I BELIEVE THAT MAYBE SOMEWHERE IN THE DARKNESS
IN THE NIGHT TIME IN THE STORM IN THE CASINO
CASINO SPANISH FEELS
AND I BELIEVE NO I CAN'T BELIEVE
THAT EVERY TIME YOU HEAR A NEW BORN SCREAM
YOU JUST CAN'T SEE
THE SHAPING OF A LIFE
THE SHAPING OF A LIFE
IT'S TOO LATE SWEET NOW IT'S TOO LATE
YEAH YEAH

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BONK P 2

BONK 2 - 12

*some
bigger*

Dear **Black Type**,

You must help me, I am close to despair and anyway now I'm going to throw myself under my brother's *Hornby* train set. Sincerely Cleveland.

Get a grip on yourself there, Suicidal. Why, we all get a bit "down" in the "dumps" sometimes but all *desperandum* (Latin for "cheer up, guy, it might never 'appen haw haw"). Whenever I get in a hit of a "mood" I simply curl up with a good book (i.e. *The Jim "Nik Nik" Davidson Book Of Unfunny Jokes About Ladies' Bosoms*) in front of the TV (whereupon Bob "any-interests-besides-figure-skating" "Bohoss is performing yet another of his cunning spectacle manoeuvres), and wiggle my thumbs about a bit a la master Jimmy Kranklie. Blime! (Until I am rudely awakened by the voice of Mr Bruno (groo!) Brookes booming from next door's *Hacker Yachtclub* radio and then I throw myself under my brother's *Hornby* train set...)

Dear **Black Type**,

I thought *Rambo* was a really good film although I cried when his mother died and he was left in the forest all alone.
Porkee The Pig London

Me too. And what about the bit when all the elephants started laughing because he had his ears? Was a choker! Tissues, mum. *Scotties Man-Size Tissues, mum.*

The computer which makes names of celebrities and the ability that it has of revealing through the use of "word-association" with by Chris Lee and John Taylor who are a top class Charford record of 21

I was glancing through a periodical publication with fresh events reported (that is a newspaper to you, matey) when I came across another blowout on rocks' last highway. At least I/T can do something useful. *A Person Who Worked Out That If You Multiplied The Number Of Times Andrew Ridgeley Has Been Photographed In A Bad Mood By Ten You End Up With A Squallion, Glas.*

Dear **Black 'Lace' Type**,

On my Paddington moneybox, it boldly states, "Paddington was a great believer in marmalade. He often used it for all sorts of things besides eating" Pervy, eh?

I mean, I'm a great believer in chocolate and hazelnut spread, and I often use it for all sorts of things besides eating, but I don't ruddy well broadcast it to the nation, do I? *Bono's Part Time Lover, Thrapston, Northants*

Why ever not? Sounds jolly interesting, if you ask me. Almost as interesting, perhaps, as what that husky she-devil of the rock galaxy, Ms Bonnie Tyler, likes to get up with *Twilight*, Uncle Ben's Long Grain Rice and jars of *Shippam's Eloater Paste* (yumm) i.e. constructing her spooky old fright wig and scaring the living

LETTERS

WRITE TO: SMASH HITS, 52-55 CARMARY STREET, LONDON W1V 1PF
THE BEST LETTER GETS A £10 RECORD TOKEN

daylights out of the entire pop pickin' nation. And you heard what Uncle Disgusting does with **extra-flavoured Cuppa Soup?** (No, and I don't think we want to - Ed.)

In the Thompson Twins interview (28 August) Joe Leeway condemns the nuclear arms race rather commendably, and speaks of his wish for a planet with blue skies and a world at peace. However, on the previous page there's a picture of Joe casually sporting a belt around his shoulder - a belt that has bullets "tastefully" attached. How are we supposed to take his comments about nuclear war seriously when he can be so stupid as to contribute to the continuing glamorisation of combat chic?

Wearing battle accessories as ornaments is not trendy, it is stupid. Joe may see the nuclear situation as a farce, but surely his own statements are just as farcical when juxtaposed with his own appearance.
Aidan Rowkie, Dublin

Dear **Type**,

Do you know that if you take the chit and e out of Michael Des Barres, and jumble the remaining letters up a bit, you end up with "embarrassed", which is EXACTLY what John "I don't even know the MEANING of the word 'pose'" Taylor is every time *Moby-bee* attempts (and fails abysmally, we might add) to "sing" ...
Toodie-co Becklers

PS Have any readers noticed the remarkable resemblance 'twixt M. Des Barres and 'Eddie' the garbled monster thug that sneezes from Maiden's live performances?



Eddie



M. Des Barres

Where has 'Treddie Mercury's Naughtly Bits' (Letters, August 28) been the last couple of years? Cheese on toast is older than Noel Edmonds! This is what everyone trendy does now for a snack (i.e. Prince, Rolf Harris etc.)

1. Take 2 pieces of Tom Allison's wholesome bread.
2. Spread with Clover "chucklebutty" butter
3. Use checkard cheese and make sarnies
4. Put the sarnies in a microwave (as used by Ms Una Stubbs, Jimmy "next-question-please-Jeffrey" Tarback, etc.) for a couple of mins.
5. Take out and scrape the gooey bits of cheese off the bottom of the microwave with a plastic spatula (38p at Woolies - a snip!)
6. Eat (the sarnies not the spatula)
Paul Young's Dumplings (As Seen On Love Aid)

Pass the sickbag, shipmates!! Wholemeal bread??? Purlsease. Why, even that diamond-festooned health food pioneer Sir Barbara Cartland (authoress of *Fleeting Passions 'Neath The Jasmine Fur Suzette* - a v. good yarn in which 'Suzette' gets kidnapped by this highwayman who turns out not to be a highwayman at all but the v. noble Sir Rudyard Chomondely so they have a jolly good kiss, incidentally) wouldn't touch the horrible stuff. And as for Dame Una Nescafe, how dare you mention her name in the same breath as Jimmy "what-is-the-capital-of-France?-hmmh-tricky-one-that-press-your-buttons-please-and-gamble-away" Tarback? Besides, the only thing that ever sees the inside of Dame Una's blessed microwave is a coffee-flavoured lobster hisque as prepared beforehand by her shifty compatriot Gareth Hux (from an original recipe by the delightful Delia Smith). Yum!

Dear **Black Type**,

I'm a wee bit angry at the music press's attempt to impress upon people that Getting Older, i.e. a perfectly natural phenomenon that

happens to everything in the known universe and beyond, is some sort of ghastly disease which doesn't happen to people such as George "Sneaky Bacon samant" Michael As a V. Famous Philosopher, I can assure you it does.

For the information of your cartoonist Kipper "is Stung the tall blond one?" Williams, Sir Philip "best person at Love Aid except St Bob the Geldo" is only four years too old to get into a boring old Club 18-30 (Wah You Were Here, August 14) 34 is hardly arthritic is it? I'm quite sure you don't deliberately avoid people over 30 when you walk down the road, do you? I have the feeling that one of two of your writers may be - gasp! - over 30.

And Genesis are not a "boring old 'progressive concept' group" In fact, they start work on a new album soon and are due to tour next spring around rock's lost dual carriage and humpback bridge.
Jenny "Moon" Capone, Sheffield



I found this whilst flicking through my brother's old comics - a cutting of George, Andrew, Peps and Shirley in their formative years.
Alison Price, Newport, Shropshire.

Smash Hits is still the best of all possible music papers. Only one craps - why are there no charts? *Richard White, Blackburn*

What sort of charts do you want, matey? Wiggly "there's-a-cold-front-approaching-from-the-satellite-picture" weather forecaster-type charts? Felicity Kendall "lookin'-the-way-you-look-like-n'-likin'-the-way-you-look" diet-type calorie charts? Russell Grant "oo-you-have-a-bit-of-Sagittarius-in-Lee-which-makes-you-very-generous-and-prone-to-nooshies" type astrology charts? (I think he's referring to rock charts, actually - Ed.)

Dear **Black Type**,

I'm on my "hols" at the mo in a land where the "waxing" of "Opus" and other very horrible "maestros" breeze along "rocks" lost highway, so it was with unaccounted joy I managed to pick up "Ver Hits" for - gasp! - an awful lot of money "Foot old Rudy Ridgeley" I thought as I read it. After being "stitched-up" for the squillionth time by the "men" who "really" know the "stars" one's heart does tend to bleed just oh-so much. (Aksheowiebe! Im being forced to write this by my "chuck" who reckons he's a "bit" of a "looker" - groo!) Anyway - if his "world" is falling around his ears how come he's earning a million-squillion pounds every second? Answer THAT and stay fashionable, chummy! If that's collapsing stardom - pass the rock 'n' roll mouthwash, pronto!



Dear Black Type,

Seeing as I don't really want a gold disc by Steve Wonder, could I perhaps have the answer to the question - "what is undoubtedly the most exciting thing in the world?" I mean (b) having Princess Michael of Kent and the bass player from The Smiths found to tea both at the same time. If Andy Rouke couldn't make it I would be more than willing to have Morrissey round instead. Then my dad could happily entertain the Princess and Morrissey and I could indulge in heavy conversation about the works of Oscar Wilde and the latest fashion in shirts from D H Evans' Morrissey's Future Wife Miranda Southampton.

The most exciting thing in the world? Ah me, I remember it as if it were only yesterday (well, it was only yesterday, achwertielesieder!). There I stood before the viewing millions... "step up to the 'ocky" came a "distinguished" voice - 'twas Mr Jim "Two-smashing-lads-from-the-Tyne-Tees-area" Bowen... my hand twitched somewhat as I despatched my "dart"... *Bullseye!!!! Oh joy! - me and my partner, Dame Una Nescafe, had won a speedboat!!! ... Then I woke up. Another dream. Ruddy typical!!!*

Dear Kerry Benyon (Letters August 28) (and Always Lovely Black Type).

Wasn't your letter a bit confusing? At first you say that you haven't been to Finland and until you have, you won't presume to pass remarks about it. Then you say that most European pop groups are completely hopeless. How do you know? How many of them have you heard? Maybe only in the Eurovision Song Contest but that programme surely doesn't show many rock groups or artists. Or would you say that Ms Vikko Watson is a great rock star? (Indeed - B.T.) We in Finland have very many marvellous rock groups but since most of them sing in Finnish you won't know about them. As for the other letters concerning Dominique Dufaut's letter (about the comments of my previous letter), they just show ignorance of French music by mentioning Sacha Distel and Charles Aznavour - obviously the writers don't know any other French artists.

Here's another Finnish rock group, Stelin Veljet. Just look at their lovely hunk!

Viipa Saarninen, Finland.



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Ad moulton: Nick Rhodes' Shoes; Plastic Doll With Trendy Arms, High Wastebow; Someone Who Thinks, Bristol; Romner, Baywards Heath; Illegible Reed, Bristol.

of these so called "rum" Popcorn readers. I don't mind your quote, er, impolite expressions ("makes you wanna spit" etc.) and your very subjective judgements - "At Number 5 - is Pia Zadora (who is in actual fact, erm, "doofe frau") What really gets my goat is your absolutely wrong translation of German phrases (for example "dumme sprache uber China" doesn't mean "very stupid people from China" - but "stupid remarks about China" - quite a difference, eh?) How can you write such nonsense and then reproach Popcorn readers with it? (Should you thank that's far? (Silly) yours, Hannelte, Germany.

Dear Black Type,
I have proof that you make up all the letters on your page. Here are the reasons:
1 I have written in squallors of letters and you've never printed my letter so why did you print this one?
2 Only you would use such a stupid expression as "squillions"
3 I couldn't have written this letter because I spend all my time watching Bugguss videos.
4 No-one but you would watch Bugguss videos (see above)
5 Nyah Nyah to you, clever trousers!
Detective Sergeant Spam (Black Type).

If what you say is true, then who's writing this reply? Not me because I'm at home quaffing Um Bongo and admiring the trimfit necktie of "sportscaster" Jim "Julian" Rosenthal upon my television device. (Least I will be in a mo, haw haw byecccc!)

SMASH HITS

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★ PUZZLE ANSWERS

STAR TEASER

● Answers from page 40
1. GLENN... 2. ... 3. ... 4. ... 5. ... 6. ... 7. ... 8. ... 9. ... 10. ... 11. ... 12. ... 13. ... 14. ... 15. ... 16. ... 17. ... 18. ... 19. ... 20. ... 21. ... 22. ... 23. ... 24. ... 25. ... 26. ... 27. ... 28. ... 29. ... 30. ... 31. ... 32. ... 33. ... 34. ... 35. ... 36. ... 37. ... 38. ... 39. ... 40. ... 41. ... 42. ... 43. ... 44. ... 45. ... 46. ... 47. ... 48. ... 49. ... 50. ... 51. ... 52. ... 53. ... 54. ... 55. ... 56. ... 57. ... 58. ... 59. ... 60. ... 61. ... 62. ... 63. ... 64. ... 65. ... 66. ... 67. ... 68. ... 69. ... 70. ... 71. ... 72. ... 73. ... 74. ... 75. ... 76. ... 77. ... 78. ... 79. ... 80. ... 81. ... 82. ... 83. ... 84. ... 85. ... 86. ... 87. ... 88. ... 89. ... 90. ... 91. ... 92. ... 93. ... 94. ... 95. ... 96. ... 97. ... 98. ... 99. ... 100. ...

CROSSWORD
● Answers from page 45
ACROSS: 1 Kate Bush, 5 Jaxi Graham, 7 (Liane) Laurin, 8 (The) Linn, 9 (Bibi) Tadi, 10 Lisin, 11 Maxion, 12 "I've Lived Life!", 13 "Hyper-active!", 14 "I Present Arms in Dub", 15 @vel Star, 17 (Dr)Who, 18 "You're The One For Me", 20 (Robert Del)Naro, 22 "I Got You Babe", 25 Sade, 26 "Faster Than The Speed Of Light"
DOWN: 1 "Kayleigh", 2 (Al) Team, 3 Baltimore, 4 Harold (Falter)merer, 5 Julian Lennon, 6 "To All The Girls I've Loved Before", 11 "I Poked Out A Nose", 15 "Stones (O) Johnny", 16 "Into The Groove", 17 (Marti) Webb, 18 (Igh) Ft., 21 Irene (Car)l, 23 QMD, 24 Amp

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THE SMASH HITS BOOK OF WHAT'S IN THE NEXT ISSUE.



ARCADIA (a:Keidis)n.l.a department of Greece, in central Peloponnese. Pop.: 11,26³. Area: 4367 sq.km.2. Members of Duran Duran, popular music group. Area: Poah places were "video" film clips are ahot.



CULT (kult') n.system of religious worship; purault of, devotion to, some person, thing, or activity. Musical phenomenon harking 'bsck to atone age ers...wear hsr long, floppy felt hats, bare chests, besds, frowns.



ECHO (ek'o) repetition of sounds by reflection; close imitstion - ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN (ph.) Northern gothic tribe nigh legendary for sarc. wit, dishevelled appearance. Supernstural sounds emsnate from them.

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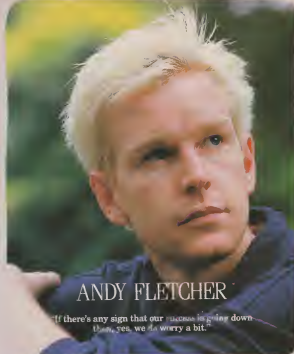
said Tony.



PHILIPS

'Those Double-Deckers are
more loaded than a N^o 23',
Said Carl.





ANDY FLETCHER

"If there's any sign that our success is going down then, yes, we do worry a bit."



ALAN WILDER

"It'd be nice to work at a different pace. I think as a group we're too scared of being forgotten."

A DEPECHE CRACK

Well, Martin *did* disappear to Germany, reckons he doesn't know who he is now, says Dave Gahan. And, well, Martin *is* a bit spooky, reckons Chris Heath.



"Yeah, yeah, I freaked right out," laughs Martin Gore. The other members of Depeche Mode are teasing him about disappearing last week and, though they're all treating it like a joke, it's obviously quite serious.

"This business did my head right in," he explains frankly, "aannnnnnnd I had to go away for a few days. We've had quite a lot of work on recently, there's a lot of stress and I've been moving house as well." So he

escaped alone to a rural area of Germany 150km north of Hamburg. "I've got friends there that I've known for about ten years and I hadn't seen most of them for seven years so there were reunion parties every night - lots of schnapps!"

That's the first time Martin's ever gone missing but the others don't seem the least bit surprised.

"I think it does you good to freak out every now and then," says Dave Gahan. "I almost did at one point when we were recording the last album. I was moving house and then I had a bad car accident and at that point I thought 'that's it, it's over'. I eventually came through it with a lot of grief and lots of drugs from the doctor."

Alan Wilder, though he says he's never actually "done a runner", claims he's "in a permanent state of being freaked out. I don't know who I am a lot of the time". In fact the only one who's never gone a bit nutty is Andy Fletcher who Dave describes as "sort of like the backbone of Depeche Mode. He keeps us together. He's like," sniggers Dave, "the Charlie Watts (anonymous drummer of The Rolling Stones) of the band."

But why all this stress? Surely Depeche Mode, being an incredibly successful pop group, should hardly have a worry in the world? Apparently not. It seems that every time they have a hit they're in a bit of a panic to follow it up and keep the momentum going - they almost seem convinced that if they take a long break like Spandau, Frankie or Wham! have, they'll be forgotten.

"It'd be nice," reflects Alan, "to work at a different pace. We do things a bit more rushed than we would otherwise."

"Speak for yourself," murmurs Andy, who obviously doesn't agree. "It's not that we're scared - I enjoy the pace that we work at. The reason I don't take a year off is that I don't want to take a year off." But he does admit that "if there's any sign that our success is going down then, yes, we do worry a bit."

There's no need at the moment though - their new single, "It's Called A Heart", has just shot into the charts for their thirteenth consecutive hit (of all which, bar "The Meaning Of Love" and "Somebody" - which wouldn't fit - are on their greatest hits LP out soon). As usual Martin wrote it. "Obviously we feel fairly dependent on him - I think about that a lot," admits Dave.

The song, says Martin, is about "the importance of the heart in a mythical sense, as the part of the body where good and evil are supposed to start. I'm not sure whether I believe in it but it's a nice idea." And, whatever he thinks of that, Martin admits he's definitely in love with Christina, his German girlfriend for the last two years. As for the others, Alan has been going out with his girlfriend for five years but thinks "falling in love is a bit of a funny idea". Andy says "there's no-one I really hate in the world but, as for my views on love, I don't really want to go into them. I'll only get into trouble with my girlfriend." And Dave's just got married. Kept that a bit quiet, didn't he?

"Aaaaah, he's very much in love," teases Alan.

"Well basically, yeah!" laughs Dave. "I've met a lot of girls in my time and have been with a lot of girls and, sure, I've been in love"

RE E MODE NG UP?

many for a week recently. And Alan half the time. Certainly sounds a bit ... Photos Steve Rapoport

before, but Jo's the only girl I've ever met that I could live with. I just get on with her. We have lots of arguments just like anybody else but somehow ... we cross over, there's something about it that's special. We've been going out for six years and I just got up one morning and asked her and she just sort of said 'yeah, alright'. It was that casual."

So they had a quick registry office wedding followed by a big party in a marquee on the lawn of a country hotel with people like Alison Moyet and Blancmange. But the main reason for getting married, he admits, is that they want to start having children fairly soon. "I just think it would throw a whole new perspective on life," he gushes enthusiastically. "Having to bring up a child totally puts aside all the things that were important to you before. Things like being in the band would become secondary."

While Dave's been getting married, Andy's been moving into a new flat - "a cardboard box with lots of plants" - in London, something which the other members of the band give him loads of stick about.

"He's lost his roots," teases Alan. "He's started investing in things like wine racks, you get the drift? He's even got a couple of books on caring for plants," he adds with disgust.

"He's moved from Baz to London," complains Dave who still lives in a Basildon suburb. "Fletch has always been known as a 'man of the people'," he titters, "by the kids and the fans. And now he knows that he's lost that and he's scared. He's desperate to hang onto it."

And on they go, continually taking the mickey out of Andy. He doesn't seem to mind, perhaps because he's the most down-to-earth and level-headed of them all. When he's got his glasses on he looks just like a friendly, over-sized schoolboy. Martin, in contrast, would stand out in any crowd. Besides his hair - at the moment curly on top, shaved at the back with a long thin plait hanging down one side - today he's wearing blue mascara, a diamante necklace and chipped black nail varnish. The rest of his clothes are quite modest but, yes, he says, he still often wears dresses whenever he feels like it.

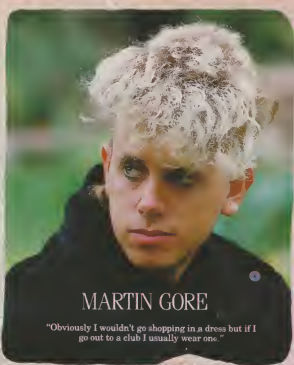
"I don't really like it when it's played on because I don't see it as such a big thing," he explains. "It's just something that I enjoy doing. I never hire the subject up myself. I think I like it because it is different and because I find male dress in general very boring. Men are very restricted in what they wear, in what is acceptable. Obviously I wouldn't go shopping in a dress but if I go out to a club I usually wear one."

"One thing I've noticed," he reflects, "is that everybody considers you gay if you dress effeminately, but the thing most people seem to miss is that most girls these days - well, most girls I know - seem to prefer effeminate boys."

So how do the rest of the band react to all this? "Occasionally," he says, "when I buy a new article of clothing and present it for the first time I get a few laughs, sort of 'you can't wear that' sort of thing. Like when I got some rubber leggings recently. That's all I've bought recently apart from a dress or two - nothing exceptional."

Once they've finished promoting this single and the greatest hits LP, Depeche Mode plan to "start programming" for the next LP, due out in March, which will apparently be "a lot heavier, harder and darker."

And until then they're just going to carry on living rather the weird life that pop stars do. "It's like 'I'm happy - I'm depressed'," explains Dave, switching his face from a smile to a frown. "There isn't really anything in between. You never just feel alright, you're either extremely happy or you're extremely depressed. There's no-one that can really understand that unless they're in a successful band."



MARTIN GORE

"Obviously I wouldn't go shopping in a dress but if I go out to a club I usually wear one."



DAVE NAVARRO

"I've been going out with her for six years and got up one morning and asked her to marry me and she said 'yeah, alright'."

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Competition Winners

Gold Disc Competition (11 September)

● Correct answer c) Stavaland Judkins.

● **Janet Grimsay** from Coventry is the lucky winner who wins a gold disc with her name engraved on it. **E. Robertson** from Bristol, **Paul Warran** from Devon and **Sharon Miller** from Eastbourne each receive a Crown component stereo system. The next 20 runners-up each win a copy of Stevie Wonder's LP "In Square Circle". **Andrew Blissitt**, Lincoln; **Colin Evatts**, Cleveland; **Janny Chillistona**, Seaview; **Maria Rudall**, Torquay; **Sharon Hughes**, Gloucester; **Jany Blythe**, Hull; **Richard Shipway**, Oxford; **Kristen Fraser**, Oxford; **R.G. Utteridge**, Stapleford; **Karan Barker**, Cumbria; **Anne Harris**, Northumberland; **Sally Suxton**, Nottingham; **Gillian Campbell**, Dumfries; **Joseph Collins**, Lincs; **Christopher Byron**, Oldham; **Halan Whaalal**, Shropshire; **Chris Tait**, Hants; **Gary Jankins**, Cumbria; **Maria Cunningham**, Cheshire; **Linda Hobbs**, Staffs.

New Order Competition (11 September)

● Correct answer b) Blus Monday.

● The ten lucky winners who receive a tape of New Order's album "Low Life" are: **Victoria Woods**, Lincs; **Lisa King**, South Devon; **Jason Digby**, Cardiff; **Mark Sannion**, Blackpool; **Pats Bainbrigg**, Glasgow; **Phil Davis**, Essex; **David Root**, Ongar; **John Massay**, Gerrards Cross; **H.J. Stawart**, Cheshire; **Paul Chapman**, Kent.

Dead Or Alive Competition (11 September)

● Correct answer "Mort ou Vivant".

● The following winners each receive a Dead Or Alive video: **Paul Chase**, Portsmouth; **Deborah Harding**, Wilts; **S. Briggs**, Cheshire; **Lisa Gian**, Southampton; **Marae Haaly**, Bridgend; **Baverley Radcliffe**, Southport; **Z. Mitchell**, Surrey; **Mark Saaring**, Herts; **Tom Robson**, North Yorkshire; **Tracy Bonsall**, Leicester; **Julia Todd**, Scotland; **K. Almgill**, York; **R. Cummings**, Walsend; **Nicky Paul**, London; **Halan Hulme**, Cheshire; **Graham West**, Worcs; **Jennifer Pennalls**, Mid Glamorgan; **Nanatta Platkiewica**, Leeds; **Richard Leach**, Leeds; **Gayla Russell**, Merseyside; **Russell Bush**, Herts; **Sharon Barry**, Doncaster; **P.E. Aldred**, Leeds; **Russell Allan**, Colchester; **M. Maraj**, Highgate.

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NIGHTS OUT

LONDON FESTIVAL OF BLACK MUSIC



▲ Boy George and Chaka Khan. Two bits 'o' fun

A day of dancing in the seats and grooving in the aisles: seven hours of black (well, mainly black) music from around the world.

Thousands of black Londoners (well, mainly black) of all ages, some in their natty nightclub threads, some very untrendy, even some with their kids having themselves a Saturday night out.

First up is London's **LW5**, who seem to be slightly intimidated by the size of the hall, and as a result their smoothie soul routine comes over as flat and rather lifeless.

Not a good start, but **Zaka Manyika** (ex-Orange Juice – remember them?) comes as a pleasant surprise. His group **Dr Love** play bright and bubbly little tunes – nothing particularly memorable – but Zaka's relaxed, shambling manner makes a change from some of the other smarmy showbiz "routines" on the bill. In between songs he chats away: "I bet at some point in the evening some idiot's going to say 'This song's for all the beautiful ladies in the audience'," he giggles. "Someone always does."

He's right of course. **D Train's** James Williams is the culprit. "Are there any beautiful ladies in the audience tonight?" he asks. Arms are raised and then – strewth! –



Williams begins flinging roses at them. Even Morrissey would be embarrassed by this!

To tell the truth D Train are a bit of a disappointment.

Actually seeing Williams sing their wonderful club hit "You're The One For Me" with his gold striped jacket with a bird's nest on each shoulder and his corny stage act makes you realize that D Train should be heard but not seen.

There always seem to be so many people in Amazulu, all bounding around stage in their jumble sale clothes - infuriatingly jolly stuff. But though Amazulu's singer Annie

▼ Third World "trade" some amazing cello



▲ L'W's got go pretty nice... -Africa

has got a fine set of dreadlocks to swing around they're nothing compared to those sported by Third World. They dip into styles of black music from around the world - a bit of reggae, a bit of soul, a bit of African... all very slick. Their

▼ D Train... This show for all you amazing



showpiece is a "Dub Symphony" where the guitarist whips out a cello and choral voices appear from nowhere while they play this extremely weird bit of classical reggae. Ludicrous really.

An interval and then a voice fit to blow the building down blasts out "This Is My Night" and the next thing you know Chaka Khan's on stage dressed in this very flouncy skirt which



▲ Tina Turner & Mick Jagger

seems designed to emphasize all of Chaka's bounteous "curves". Her slippery voice rides over all the whinging guitars and the audience go barmy as she sweats her way through her "set".

For an encore Chaka bounces back on stage to the strains of "Ain't Nobody" with this "formidable looking bloke in black. Blimey! Boy George! The two of them run through a sort of Tina Turner/Mick Jagger

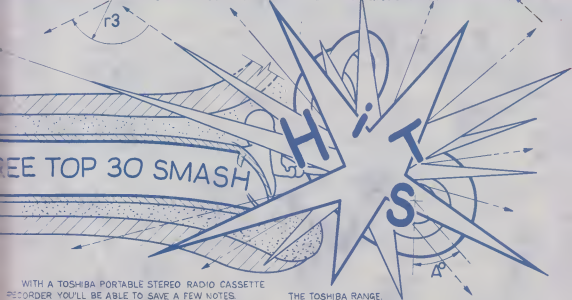


routine, belting their way through the song. No matter that Boy George doesn't seem to have a clue what the words are, everyone in the audience jumps round wildly until the pair of them wobble off.

A sadder note to end on: none of us knew at the time but at exactly the moment that Third World were singing "Now That We've Found Love" the police were closing off a large area just a couple of miles away in an attempt to contain the rioting in Brixton. There's an irony in there somewhere.

William Shaw

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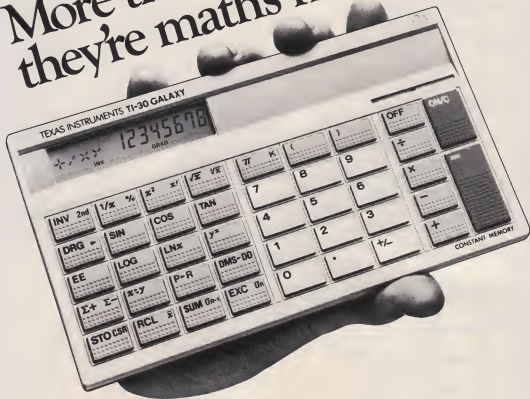
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Rain The Cult

Hot sticky scenes
You know what I mean
Like a desert sun
That burns my skin
I've been waiting for her
For so long
Open the sky
And let her come down

Chorus
Here comes the rein
Here comes the rein
Here she comes again
Here comes the rein

Hot sticky scenes
You know what I mean



Like a desert sun
That burns my skin (skin)
I've been waiting for her
For so long
Open the sky
And let her come down

Repeat chorus

I love the love
I love the rein
Here she comes again
Here comes the rein
The rein
Rein
Rein
Oh here comes the rein
I love the rein
I love the rein
Here she comes again
I love the rein
The rein
Rein

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