

45p 27 AUGUST - 9 SEPTEMBER 1986
(Germany Dm3, Singapore S\$3)

SMASH HITS

THEY'RE BACK...

PLUS

Prince · Depeche Mode · Cocteau Twins · Queen · The Mission
Pet Shop Boys · Janet Jackson · Jim Kerr · Modern Talking

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PLUS

- 4-9 BITZ:** It was only six pages full of stuff about **Cyndi Lauper** and **Paul Young** and **Santa Claus** and the future of rock 'n' roll.
- 16-17 COMPETITION:** It was only every pop star in the known cosmos giving away SIGNED photographs.
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- 55 STAR TEASER:** It was only rather impossible.
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- 70 MUTTERINGS:** It was only a page of the filth and fury and the two-toed...er, er, everything's gone a bit "funny".



The Pet Shop Boys have a new single out on September 15, and it's all rather complicated...

The 7" comes as a double-pack. On the first side is "Suburbia" (a completely new version and "much better" than the one on their LP "Please" and, according to Neil Tennant, it includes the sounds of dogs barking ("we actually had to send a studio assistant down to Battersea Dogs' Home"), riots ("we bought them from the BBC - they're quite old riots, from Cuba I think", a window being smashed, a "holocaust" and some police cars.

On the second side is "Paninaro" - a song inspired by the Italian "youth cult" of that name - apparently they wear lots of trendy clothes like American airforce jackets, "hang out outside cafes" (their name comes from the Italian for sandwich), are "despised by intellectuals like Cure fans" and have Duran Duran's "Wild Boys" as their theme tune. That song is (gulp) "sung" by Chris Lowe - except he doesn't really sing, he just "raps".

The third side is a remix of "Love Comes Quickly" by an American with the rather stupid name of Shep Pettibone. It should have come out while "Love Comes Quickly" was actually in the charts but Shep "spent too long on it".

And on the fourth side of the 7" is another new song, "Jack The Lad" - sort of the Pet Shop Boys meet Sade, explains Neil - and also "Suburbia Part 2" with "lots more dogs barking and more spoken bits".

Phew! So how about the 12" single? Well, that has "Suburbia (The Full Horror)", a v.long version that Neil says "sounds a bit like *Halloween II*", and the "Love Comes Quickly" remix plus "Paninaro".

Unfortunately The Pet Shop Boys have shelved plans to tour this year - not enough time or money to prepare the deluxe "theatrical presentation" they wanted - but they will perform next year. They also have a video compilation out next month ("West End Girls", "Love Comes Quickly", two versions of "Opportunities", "Suburbia" (if they finish it in time) and possibly bits of them being silly on foreign TV programmes) and they're just about to start filming a Japanese TV commercial for Maxell tapes. This will feature Chris and Neil doing something rather strange to the tune of "Love Comes Quickly" - "West End Girls" is already used to advertise a Suzuki car called a *Cultus*.

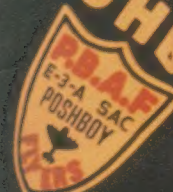
"Strange" but true...



PET SHOP BOYS

SMASH HITS

POSHBOY



CLOTHES
WITH
ARTICL

BIRTHDAYS



BIRTHDAYS

AUGUST

- 28: **Hugh Cornwell** of The Stranglers (37) (1)
 29: **Michael Jackson** (28)
 31: **"Van" Morrison** (famous hippie) (41)
Glenn Tilbrook of Squeeze (29)

SEPTEMBER

- 1: **Bruce Foxton** (used to be in The Jam) (31)
 5: **Freddie Mercury** (40)
Sal Solo (ex-Classix Nouveau, bald) (28)
 6: **Pål Waaktaar** of A-ha (25)
 7: **Chrissie Hynde** of The Pretenders (35)
 8: **David Steele** of "Fine" Young Cannibals (25)
 9: **Otis Redding** (famous soul singer, dead) (45)

▼ The most horrible group that ever existed are going on tour quite shortly and "Happenings" has all the gory details on page 39. (P.S. - It's **Killing Joke**.)



▲ Take a look at that bloke (above right). Doesn't look very interesting, does he? (No - the world.) Or very famous, come to that. But he's ackchehlo *extremely* famous! (But not as famous as Chris "De" Burgh, hem hem.) He is, in fact, the third member of **Tears For Fears** - Ian Stanley! Yes, the bloke who writes the songs with Roland Orzabal *Amazin'*, imit? Anyway, he's got this new "project" called... **Mancrab**. Er, *Mancrab*?

"It means," snips Ian, "the marriage of technology and man being used in a beneficial way." Which would be all very well if their new single wasn't called "Fish For Life", heh heh. The other bloke in the photograph is Eddie Jr, and he's Mancrab's lead singer and dancer and he appeared in Tears For Fears' video for "Everybody Wants To Rule The World". And "Fish For Life" is one of the songs on the soundtrack for *Karate Kid Part III!* Incredible, really...

▲ The **Lover Speaks** are a new group from Coventry who haven't got a very good name but *have* got quite a good single out called "No More I Love You's". And *Bitz*, being a bit "cheeky", has sneaked into lead singer Joseph Hughes' bedroom for a quick blether...

"I was just in the middle of a nice little semi-doze but don't let it worry you," croaks a voice from under the sheets. "Let me tell you about us." (*Bitz* curls up on the tartan bedside "rug".)

"Me and my partner Dave had the idea for The Lover Speaks last year. We started to record some songs, keeping it fairly hush-hush, but Dave Stewart of The Eurythmics got to hear about it. He tried to track me down and wouldn't stop badgering me for a tape. I must say it was very flattering. Anyway, it seemed that not a day went by without him knocking on my door or ringing me up. He was becoming a bit of a nuisance so in the end I gave him one to get rid of him. He listened to it and came back raving, saying it was great stuff and that he'd really like to help us. So he did..."

Yippee! But what about that name? *Bitz* suspects it's something terribly "arty"...

"The Lover Speaks is taken from a line in a book by Roland Barthes (*an arty French philosopher-type geezer* - *Bitz*, *thought as much*) and basically it's saying that love is a language made up of not just words but clothes, signs and gestures. If you say 'I love you' to someone, what you're *really* saying is 'Do you love me?' I've been in love a few times, you know - I'm the kind that falls in and out of love every day. I'd describe myself as a very passionate but not too heavy kind of person. I'm not in love at the moment... actually I'm in *bed*..." SLAM! (*Bitz* sneaks out before things get too "profound".)



Owen Paul... he's back! Back! BACK! Don't take him very long, do you? And what's more the girl looks exactly the same. And the new single is called "Pleaser To Steal You" and it's just as brain-expandingly catchy "jeany" as the last one! And he's still wearing those dodgy brackets! And his hair still bends at the elbow! Amen! He's still got a famous brother who used to be in Simple Minds and now it's Scott! And he's still a bloke! And he's still... (Snooping)

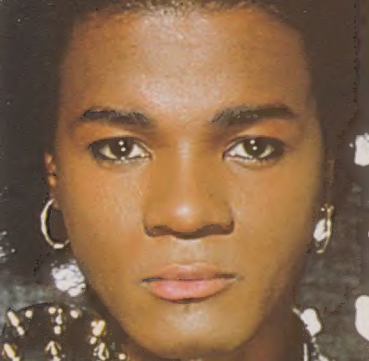


Woooooaaaaarrgh! Worra birra crumpet, eh girls? Coocorrgh! Weeeeeeaaarrgh! Yaaaahoooooorrh! Weeeeeeeyehoyoy! Maaaahrrgh! Phllllllrrrrgh! Ahem. Phew! Glad that's out of the old "system". This is none other than Alex McArthur, the bloke in Madonna's "Papa Don't Preach" video who wasn't very good at not having babies. And the "star" herself actually requested the presence of Alex (29, sis, feet tall, woaaaaarrgh etc.) for the video!

"I was out in the garage working on my Harley (a motorbike)," he drools, "when the phone rang. I answered it and a voice said 'Hi. This is Madonna. Would you like to be in my next video?'"

Kerrikey, eh? Madonna had spotted him in a film called *Desert Heat*, in which he played a small part as a garage mechanic. And - spook! - she needed a garage mechanic for the video! And that was, as "they" say, that. Now he's actually had two offers of major film roles which would never have happened before, seeing as he's only had minuscule parts in TV programmes like *Hill Street Blues* and *Knots Landing*. So what did he think of Madonna?

"She was bright and ambitious." Oh.



▲ Oh look – It's that bloke with the funny chin who's quite a "mean" dresser – **Jermaine Stewart**. And he should be on the phone from Chicago right now... (Silence. Pitter, paffer, pitter...)

"Hello? Hello? Sorry, I was in the shower!"
Gasp! Surely he can't be talking to *Bitz* right this very second with *no clothes on*??

"Oh no, I've got a robe on! I'm still a bit wet, though..."

Yeek! Mind you, he's used to parading his body about is Jermaine – he used to be a professional dancer. He's danced in Chicago where he comes from, he's danced in Los Angeles where he was in a dance group called The Soul Train Whack Dancers, he's danced in rather famous group Shalamar in which he was also a singer and he's even danced with Boy George and sung with him on Culture Club's "Miss Me Blind".

"Aw, I was so shocked about George," sighs Jermaine, referring to George's drug problem. "A great guy – I sure hope he comes back. That's one of the things I'm talking about in my new song ("We Don't Have To (Take Our Clothes Off)") – that you don't *have* to do certain things to enjoy yourself, and using drugs is one of them. 'Clothes' is just the word we chose because people panic when they see the word 'clothes' and even more when they see 'clothes off' – they take notice of it. The title's just getting straight to the point – what's the point in hiding what you're saying?"

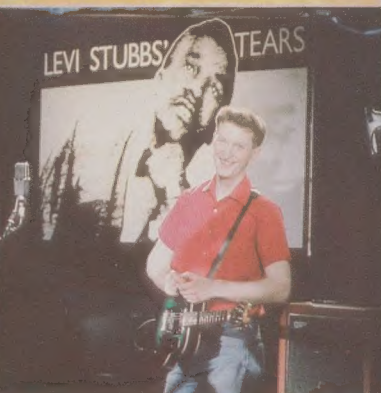
But it's not a very *romantic* title, is it?
"I think so. I'm romantic to the extreme! Moonlight, cherry wine... God, before I had this record out everybody I met wanted to go to bed with me! I'd say I was single and they'd say 'Well, let's hop in the sack' and, you know, there's so many diseases and bad things floating around... I want to get to *know* the person first – for them to be my friend first. So I don't have to take my clothes off to have a good time. There are so many other things like horse-riding, swimming, clubs... the *romance* – we need to bring all that back, clean everything up. Not that I'm *not* interested in sex, of course..."

Thought not.

▲ He's back! Back! BACK! Complete with spots! Complete with women drooping off each arm (even though he's got spots!) It's... it's... HIM! **Paul Young**! And the name of his new single is... la daaaaah!! ... or, well, he's not telling at the moment (sneezes), but it's out in the middle of September. Peeps!



▼ **Sir William Bragg**: Is he: a) the man with the largest hooter in pop history (apart from old Big Nose himself i.e. **Paul King**); b) the man with the wiggliest thighs in pop history or c) the man who's doing a tour quite soon about which "Happenings" has all the details and isn't anything to do with pop history at all? Correct! It's a)! Except it's *really* c). And b) come to think of it. But, then again I suppose it could be... (Silence! – Ed.)



▼ Here it is, pop snoots! The one you've all been "waiting" for! The brand spanking never-before-seen-in-the-entire-world (that's a lie) new single from Meatloaf! It's called "Rock 'n' Roll Mercenaries" and stars Doncaster guitar "licker" John Parr! Let's have a squirt at it, shall we? Round... black... hole in the middle... AAAAAARRRGH! Can that catalogue number before our very eyes *really* be "Arist 666"? Yes! Evilness aho! Blokes with horns and gigantic forks and horrible laughs and blood and "guts" and crucifixes and... (Sniiiiip!)



▲ Why are these people waving their arms about in a very spooky manner? Because they're **Gary Numan** fans and they're not very chuffed because Radio 1 *never* plays his records. This is, in *fact*, a section of the 250-strong army of demonstrators who stood outside the BBC this month to shout abuse at the DJs whom they reckon have boycotted the man's songs. A petition with 750 signatures proclaiming the "unbelievable and disgusting" lack of attention to their hero was submitted, though not a solitary DJ appeared outside to discuss the matter. Will it all do any good? Will the BBC ever play his records? Will Gazza's fans ever be truly happy again? Will the earth turn into a gigantic raspberry-flavoured candy floss? Will... (Sniiiiip!)




▲ **PEOPLE COMING BACK**

NUMBER 66,000,000,000,000,000 (and quite a bit more).

She's back! Back! (Etc., etc. for quite a while longer.) Yus! That nubile young dandy of the dodgy "gear" fame is **BACK!!** Here! Now! Sir Cindy Lauper, no less! And the name of the single is "True Colours"! **BUT...** what will she come back as? Will it be...

- 1 A hippie?
- 2 A vixy armpits-ahoy foxtress?
- 3 A feather duster?
- 4 A devil worshipper?
- 5 A loungesome temptress in floaty dress and legs that haven't been washed for a while?
- 6 A... (Sniiiiip!)



The Mighty Lemon Drops:

"IT'S BRILLIANT BEING ORDINARY!"

I read somewhere that something happens that's really exciting in music every 10 years. There was psychedelia in 1966, punk in '76 and now there's *this*. ... maybe it's something to do with the moon or something. ...

So says Paul Marsh (the one in the front above), lead singer with Wolverhampton

whizzes "The Mighty Lemon Drops. So, what's he on about? What's "this"? Is there really a musical

"revolution" simmering right under our noses?

Er... well, no one's very sure aekchelo, but there are a lot of rather splendid new groups about right now who've been lumped together for no other reason than they all appeared at around the same time, haven't been together very long and are made up of people under 25. Some "journalists" have attempted to label the

groups as the "Shambling Bands", whatever that means. ...

"That's a load of rubbish!" states Paul in his Black Country lilt. "There's a lot of bands around now who are just doing what they want to do, playing what they want to play and sometimes we play together, but that's it. To lump us under the same label is just ridiculous. ... to say that we sound like one another is totally ridiculous. I think what's happened is that we're live bands. And a lot of people have been saying there seems to be a '60s influence to everything, which I suppose is correct in a way. A sort of cross between '66 and '76 - I think that's it!"

So who are these new pioneers of... er, whatever it is? The most "famous" ones so far are **The Bodines, Primal Scream, The Wedding Present, The Shop Assistants, The**

Bolshoi and The Weather Prophets - i.e. none of them are actually very famous. ...

"I think we *will* succeed, though," says Paul. "We're just doing what we like and not trying to be like anything or look like anything. I know that our band wants to sell as many records as possible and be heard by as many people as possible. There's no point in trying to be some sort of hip cult band - we want to get in the charts."

The Mighty Lemon Drops are one of the best of the new groups - they're supremely good live and they've just got themselves signed to a major record company, which means they might be famous quite soon. They've already released one single, "Like An Angel", on a weeny independent label which sold by the skipful, and their new one, "The Other Side Of You", is

out next week. And they've only been a group for 14 months.

"Yeah, we've been really lucky," whispers Paul, who's quite possibly the shyest man in the entire cosmos.

Dave (guitarist and songwriter) and I were at school together and we met Keith and Tony (drummer and bass-player/songwriter) at a club called JBS in Dudley. We just asked them if they wanted to form a band. We had about four songs and just started playing round Wolverhampton. We sent a demo-tape to Dan Trale from Dreamworld Records and he really liked it! So we did 'Like An Angel' as a one-off and it's all gone great - Janice Long sessions and Andy Kershaw... sometimes I don't think it's sunk in properly yet."

No wonder. Not so very long ago Paul was a mechanic ("the most

boring job in the world"), Tony was a van-driver, Dave was on the dole and Keith was a slaughterman ("he loved it, he really did!"). The four lads have always been music fanatics, though, and they were lunatic punk rockers. ...

"Yeah - the spiky hair, all the gear, nearly getting thrown out of the house and all that... it was brilliant! We couldn't get into the gigs, though - we were only 12 or 13 in '76. I never thought about singing then - the first time I did was for a mate's demo-tape when I was 15 or 16. He just said 'have a go', so I did. God, I was frightened to death - I was shaking!"

So *bah!* to all those people who reckon Paul has spent hours in his darkened bedroom trying to sound like Jim Morrison from The Doors (rather famous 'n' weird '60s group) which he's always being accused of.



Hello children! Ho ho ho, Merry Christmasaaaaa (jingle, jangle etc.). Er, erm, everything's gone a bit funny... why are you all hanging by your feet from the ceiling? Er... I know! It'll be excitement because it's that time of the year again!!? Er... oh yes, that's why I'm - hic! - here... the time for prezies! And sleighbells and Yuletide 'pud' and, er... phew! Bit hot for Christmas, isn't it? Um... you better have all these goodies because actually I think I'm going to keel over quite shortly... (Get back to Greenland at once you blithering old fool - you've had one rum truffle too many and Christmas isn't for four months yet - Rudolf.) "Oh gracious me - hic! - what a silly old Santa I am. Well, you can still have a chance of getting all these goodies for free - answer the question beside each prezze, mark down which number (or numbers) it is on the front of a postcard, then send it to: *Smash Hits/Rudolf Is A Boring Old Spoilsport Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF*, to get there by September 9. The first correct ones out of the stocking get the prezies!"



A PREZZIE 1

Gary Crowley looking a bit of a state. Whoops! "Slip" of the tongue there... You can *ackchelei* win the very LP he's holding in his clammers - or at least one of 25 copies of it. "A Taste Of Summer" is a compilation of summer tunes from Gaz's very own record collection, and there are such folks as the Spice Council, Sister Sledge, Wham!, Cuba Gooding (?) etc. And there are 10 Fred Perry shirts to be snaffled, just like the one on his very back.

Q: What is the name of Gary Crowley's girlfriend whom he's always going on and about? Is it: a) Paula; b) Gertrude; c) Morrissey; d) Eliza-Jane-Jan?



T PREZZIE 2

Twenty five **Tippa Irie** caps and 25 copies of his new LP "Is It Really Happening To Me?"
Q: Which type of biscuit does Tippa Irie "auite like"? Is it: a) jaffa "cakes"; b) digestives (wheatmeal); c) Morrissey; d) ginger-nuts?



Break the sound barrier.

A PREZZIE 3

Twenty five Maxell Tapes, i.e. one t-shirt, six tapes completely free of any horrible pop music stuff (i.e. blank), plus the case it all comes in which can be hung on the wall for an instant cassette holder type thingie.

Q: Who was the quite famous bloke who sucked in his cheeks and looked a bit dark 'n' spooky on Maxell's TV ad campaign a while back? Was it: a) Jimmy Tarbuck; b) Aled Jones; c) Pete Murphy; d) Ozzy Osbourne?



A PREZZIE 4

Thirty pairs of spiffing sunglasses (the kind that posers wear in discos and break their noses walking into pillars because they can't see) complete with case, plus 50 12" copies of Eddy Grant's new tune "Dance Party".

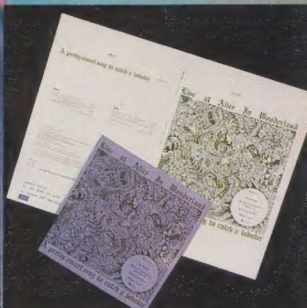
Q: Where does Eddy Grant live? Is it: a) Stoke-On-Trent; b) Los Angeles (man); c) Banockburn; d) Barbados?



A PREZZIE 5

Fifteen NOW 7 "packages" (as in "Now That's What I Call Music" LP No. 7 starring such lovelettes as **Wham!**, **The Housemartins**, **Owen Paul**, **UB40** etc.). You'll get a copy of the LP, a quite splendid shirt and a swish carrier bag with NOW 7 on it! There are also 25 runners-up prizes of the LP and the bag.

Q: What is Owen Paul's quite famous brother who used to be in Simple Minds called? Is it: a) Paul; b) Ewan; c) Brian; d) Winifred?



A PREZZIE 7

Twenty five copies of an LP called "Live At Alice In Wonderland (A Pretty Smart Way To Catch A Lobster)" and the original artwork for the sleeve... *autographed* (see above)! Now, Alice In Wonderland is the club where The Doctor (from **Doctor & The Medics**) is sometimes a DJ and, in keeping with The Doctor's 'style', the LP features some very dodgy-sounding groups like **The Spooks** (?) and **Awyltym & The Raspberry Flavoured Cat** (?). And, as if the names weren't bad enough, these two sound exactly the same as **The Damned** and **Doctor & The Medics themselves!** (A bit of a know-all writes: That's because it is The Doctor and The Damned in disguise!)

Q: What are the names of The Doctor's backing singers/dancers, The Anadin Brothers? Are they: a) Ronnie and Reggie; b) May and June; c) Wendi and Colette; d) Wendy and Colette?



T PREZZIE 6

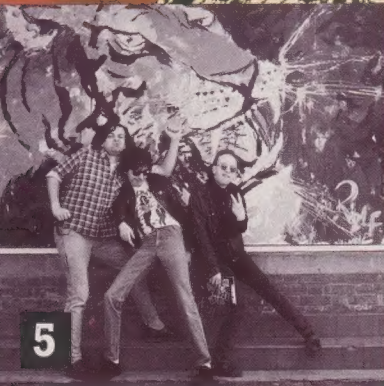
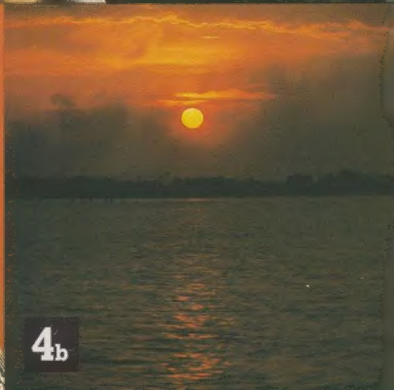
Twenty **Brother Beyond** (i.e. the new group who aren't very ugly) t-shirts plus 20 12" copies of their new single "I Should Have Lied".

Q: The bag-player in Brother Beyond is called Eg but that's not his real name. (Never! - the world!) What is it? Is it: a) June; b) Hilary; c) Ceci; d) Yoik?

In fact, The Drops (to give them their full title) are always being accused of sounding like rather a lot of people - especially Echo & The Bunnymen (which they do sound extremely like, it has to be said)...

"It doesn't bother me any more. If people are going to say it, they'll say it. Well, nobody's totally original nowadays - everybody takes from things they like. I still consider us to be unique, though. Our songs are different, though we don't dress up or anything. We just wear black clothes - saves us washing them! The clothes we play in are the clothes we live and sleep in. Quite literally! We're just ordinary folks who picked up a guitar one day and decided to play some songs. I think that could be what makes us a bit special. It's brilliant... being ordinary..."

BITZ





3

Number 1: They're back! Back! **BACK!** The glum-faced desperados of doomdom themselves i.e. **New Order**. And its with a double A sided single 'The State Of The Nation / Sharpe Of The Nation' which are both exactly the same song apart from a few twiddly bits and one word. So is this a miserable old-what-a-state-our-country-s-in-and-we're-all-going-to-die type of song, then? It could be about Japanese prostitutes on the Bullet Train, "explains a New Order 'spokesperson' Good

Number 2: Two boring blokes. Except they're not coming at it really because they are, in fact, sooth sayers, i.e. folks who see into the future! And that's because they're called **The Reverb Brothers** and when, on their new song, '(Someone's) Selling Out The Country' they crooned they're filled in the local pool (spook!) - that local council in Liverpool did exactly that! And when they chirped they've boarded up the YMCA - spooks! The council didn't just do exactly that, they pulled the whole thing down! So that means the entire country is going to be sold off (nifty sharper to some unknown 'benefactor' as they predict on their single (which sounds just like something out of quite a good cartoon - ape called *The Aristocats*). Spookier and spookier, eh? (Not really the world.)

Number 3: This is **Pete Cetera**, whose moonstone song, "Glory Of Love", is "delighting" millions at lobbing out time at the disco. But did you know that this song is the theme tune from *The Karate Kid Part II?* (Yes - quite a few knowledgeable readers.) Oh, but DID you know that, for the last 10 years, he's been the lead warbler with Chicago, the group who brought us such weepers as "If You Leave Me Now" and... er, some other ones too? (Yes - more knowledgeable readers.) Boo! So tell us, Pete, what's this new solo "career" all about?

"It's a brand new beginning." Phew!!

Number 4a: Rolf Harris.

Number 4b: A sunrise.

Number 4c: The Godfathers (quite good group who used to be quite good group The Sid Presley Experience).

Number 4d: A snowflake. Mmn. So what do 4a, 4b, 4c and 4d have in common? They're all Australian! You can see them all if you stand on the moon with a wide-angled telescope on a clear day? They're all species of dandelions? NO! NO! NO! The Godfathers have just recorded a rather spiffing version of Rolf Harris' landmark in pop history featuring didgeridoos and lots of things that yodel and wobble i.e. "Sunarise" and there's not many snowflakes to be seen around sunrise in the summer in Australia! Simple, really...

Number 5: World famous rock group Reg "Reg" Snipton And His Useless Toadstool standing in front of a painting by Rolf Harris.

Number 6: A black snooker ball. Well, actually, it's probably a black pool ball because the bloke holding it is American and they're not much good at snooker over there. His name (the bloke, not the ball) is Mitch Easter and his pop combo are called **Let's Active** and, believe it or not, they're completely brilliant and have a new LP out called "Big Plans For Everybody" which Steve Davis would probably hate because it hasn't got any chirpy knees-up-style whistling on it.

Number 7: Sam Cooke. **Yus**, he of recently revived swoonous tune "Wonderful World" and the ad with the "hunk" but not much clobber on, is about to make even more money for someone else in his absence (he died in 1964). His record company have just released his old hippy-waggler "Twistin' The Night Away", and on the 12" you get three more songs that aren't quite as famous but are bound to be jolly soulful and quite good anyway.

Number 8: Great vixy poutrresses of our time, part one thousand. These people have just made a single called "Every Step I Take" which is not entirely fascinating in itself, but the thing is these people are called **The World's Best Trio** which is a bit of a great big fat fib when you think of the strength, talent and depth of competition in the trio stakes. What about Bananarama? What about Bronski Beat? What about, um, Rod, Jane and Freddie or Mary, Mungo and Midge or Queen if they didn't have that bloke at the back or Daryl Hall and John Oates if they had another bloke with them or Sir Clifford Richard if there was three of him or even those Norwegian geezers with leather bracelets? Pool! The World's Best Trio indeed!!

Number 9: A bloke with a not very frightening frightmask on writing something on a clipboard. Hold your horses, though... we recognise those droopesque eyes... is it? It is! Andrew Ridgeley, terror of the track, and that isn't a frightmask at all - it's bandages because he's had another nose job... oh... no, it isn't, haw haw, it's a thing that proper motor racing drivers wear under their helmets and this is Andrew in the "pits" just before his latest racing endeavour during which, surprisingly enough, one of the wheels dropped off his car.

Number 10: Famed international troubadour from the U.S.A., Billy Joel, who has just released a new single called "R Matter Of Trust". And here are some other extraordinary facts about him.

- He used to be in a heavy metal duo called Attila who wore Viking helmets with joints of meat draped round their necks.
- He once played the piano on a TV commercial for *Bachman's Pretzels*.
- He used to be a boxer which is why his nose is a bit wonky.
- The first piece of piano music he ever learnt was called "Off We Go To Music Land" and he thought it was rather sissy.
- He used to go for walks on a beach in California and imagine he was a rock.
- He once tried to commit suicide by drinking furniture polish.
- He thinks milk is too expensive.
- His wife, Christie Brinkley, has the largest collection of swimsuits in New York.
- He smokes 50,000 cigarettes a day. (No he doesn't - Ed.)

Number 11: Some cats tucking into some **Whiskas Supermeat** (with "pilchard").

Number 12: **Sophie and Peter Johnston** i.e. a musician brother and an art student sister who used to make quite the most perfect sorsome-voiced pop tunes ever made and whose new single, "Happy Together", isn't quite the most perfect sorsome-voiced pop tune ever made but is quite good nevertheless. Mmn. So let us sift through the cob-webbed portals of time that is pop music to discover how these nymphets from the "bonny" banks of Newcastle came to be...

1980: Sophie, then 15, and Peter, 16, play in a group called One Word with another of their brothers, then change their name to Un Mot (i.e. the French "version"). A dismal failure. Boo!

1981: Peter "gets into" synthesizers, and he and Sophie leave the group. He writes some tunes and some words, she sings them in her sorsome lull. They slog round Newcastle "nightrites", make demo-tapes paid for by Peter's minuscule dotle earnings and aren't successful. Bah!

1982: At last! A recording contract with a very small record company!! Yarool! "We were very green - we didn't know anything about anything," states Sophie in her Gerolde "bill". "They did nothing for us and precisely shelved us. We just stood by watching our career go down the drain..." Pool!

1983: A demo-tape is sent to John Peel. He thinks they're just about the best group in the world. Cheers! "It was wild. We weren't even going to send him the tape, we thought he wouldn't like it at all. We thought there was no harm in the end, though. He got us straight in for a session and we couldn't believe it. He said that hearing our session meant more to him than hearing Little Richard for the first time and things like that! He made a little popping of a cork sound after the first song and went 'Ho ho ho, this is wonderful. All our mates were at our house sitting round the radio and they were crying and me mum was crying... and I finally made it on to the radio...' This meant a new record contract but still no "real" success. Curses!

1984: More John Peel, more record company laffing, more frustration. Puh!

1985: Flight from useless record company. Soph'n Peter release a record all by themselves but they've no cash to put it in the shops so they have to sell it by mail order. Grrrr!

1986: Another record company contract and this time they know what they're doing. "Happy Together" is played on day time Radio 1 and all looks quite good! Hurraaaaahh! "It's awful hearing it on the radio. You think 'Oh I recognize that tune... oh my God it's us! I just go bright red, I can't help it!' Oooer.

1987: The world gets eaten by a gigantic moth or something.



4d

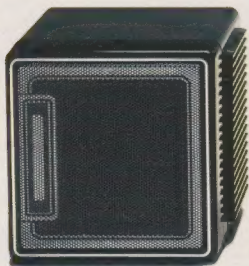
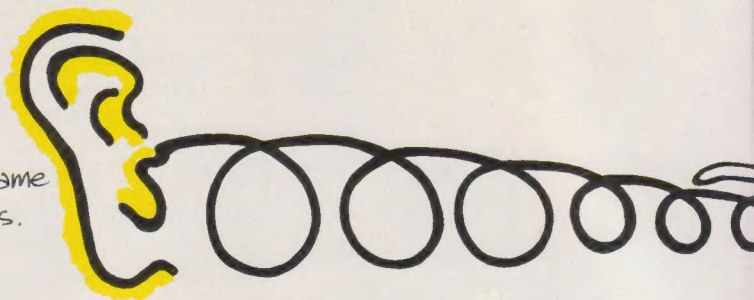


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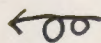


12

At first Tony hadn't realized his new Philips came with detachable speakers.



take

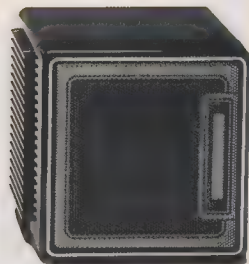


PHILIPS



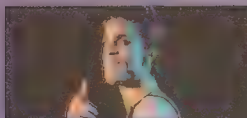
a

closer



look!





▲ Fab Pervy Wacky Thumbs Aloft!

"Take your cl



Photo: Paul Ruler

▲ "Hello, my name's Prince. Do you like my nipples?"

"I'll be selling this for about £600!" A contented Prince fan whirls down a Wembley street, spinning round and admiring himself in every shop window that he passes. And the crowd surrounding him are rather happy too - they've just seen the first British performance by Prince for five and a half years and very brilliant it was too - but he's over the moon. Mid-way through the concert, you see, His Royal Purpleness (who hardly wore anything the slightest bit purple as it happens) recklessly threw his yellow jacket into the audience and this bloke caught it. And now he's showing it off to everyone. "It looks good, doesn't it?" he chirps. "It's super-bad!" But suddenly a horrible realisation strikes him. He looks down to his arms. The yellow sleeves only just cover his elbows. In truth, he looks rather stupid. He sighs. "He's small, isn't he?"

Prince has been a megastar in America for years now. Songs like "I Wanna Be Your Lover" and "Little Red Corvette" were huge hits there before anyone here had even heard of him, but he's always had a bit of trouble with Britain. Last time he played here - at a London dancehall in 1981 - it was half empty. And when he finally did get some recognition, with the *Purple Rain* film and songs like "When Doves Cry", he accepted an invitation to come to the BPI Awards and, looking brilliantly out-of-this-world and surrounded by bodyguards he made a complete div of himself. At the airport as he left, he was reported to have muttered that he should have been "shown some respect" and to have said he was never coming back. And he hardly helped his reputation when he skipped the "USA for Africa" recording (preferring to "hang out" in a disco down the road) and didn't appear at Live Aid. So it was a touch surprising that he decided to pay a visit to Britain at all. His sudden decision, barely three weeks before the concerts, seemed as if it was probably inspired by a desire to whip up interest in his new film *Under The Cherry Moon*, already flopping rather badly in America.

Just before 8.30 on Tuesday, the first concert gets underway. The weird hypnotic eastern music that has been waiting across the arena fades, the lights dim, a voice booms "ladies and gentlemen. . . *Prince and the Revolution!*" 8000 people scream. A flute starts warbling and Prince can be heard singing "Around The World In A Day". And suddenly the curtain opens and there, amid a blinding stream of white light, he is! And (gulp) he's naked to the waist!

Around the stage he darts, picking up tambourines painted with psychedelic designs and tossing them into the audience, a huge grin on his face. And he doesn't really stop grinning for the next hour and a half, dancing better than anyone I've ever seen, either in formation with the rest of the group or spinning, whirling, twirling and doing the splits on his own, all the time looking as if he's genuinely enjoying himself.

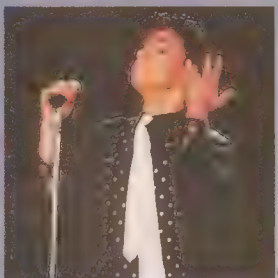
Every three or four songs he slips away and returns, impeccably fitted out in a completely different costume which he then proceeds to strip off slowly, occasionally tossing some incredibly expensive jacket or waistcoat into the crowd. There are songs from "Parade", songs from "Around The World In A Day" and lots of long, very funky versions of tracks from his early albums, where he sounds very like soul "legend" James Brown, directing long stuttering horn passages with his arm. During one of them, "Head", he compliments the sexually-explicit lyrics by lying down on the floor and pretending to have rumpy pumpy with the microphone stand. During another, the achingly slow "Do Me Baby", he silences the crowd with some amazingly beautiful falsetto singing.

"It took us a long time to get here," he shouts. "but now we're here we're gonna have some fun. I feel at home already." And now there's no stopping him - "When Doves Cry", "Under The Cherry Moon", "Anotherloverholeinyohead", "I Wanna Be Your Lover", "Pop Life", "Girls And Boys" ("this is our new single. Go and buy one - I need some money to get home") . . . "1999", and then he's gone. But



LF

▲ Prince finds a guitarist inbetween his knees.



LF

▲ Prince feeling his ear



Paul Ruler

▲ Prince feeling his other ear.



LF

▲ Prince "overcome" with "emotion".

Princes off y'all"



▲ Fab Perry Wacky Bum Ahoy!

back he comes, dashing through the old rock'n'roll "classic" "Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On", then "Mountains" and a breathtaking.

He returns one last time for an endless version of "Purple Rain", the audience "woah woah woah"ing along like a football crowd as he does his one long guitar extravaganza (surprisingly good). And then off he goes to a private party at Busby's nightclub where he performs for another 45 minutes, "jamming" with Ron Wood from the Rolling Stones. (It was rumoured that the party was originally going to be held at seedy rock venue the Marquee but plans fell through after Prince wasn't allowed to have the whole inside painted purple.)

The following night's concert is, by comparison, a touch disappointing. He adds "Paisley Park" and wears several more sets of clothes, but there is no "I Wanna Be Your Lover", no "Mountains" and, to the audience's displeasure, no "Kiss".

And at that night's party (at the Kensington Roof Gardens) he sits, segregated from the crowd, with a girl who looks suspiciously like his co-star in *Under The Cherry Moon*, drinking a cup of coffee, teaspoonful by teaspoonful.

But after a while he leaps up, ushers the group onto a tiny stage and they launch into an insane funk song. The crowd - pop stars like Paul Rutherford, Simon le Bon, Nick Rhodes, John Taylor, Pete Burns and Marc Almond who normally try to look very "cool" on occasions like this - go absolutely mad as he twirls around, drops to his knees and plays a keyboard with his head resting on the keys, invites dodderly old guitar "legend" Eric Clapton onstage, plays "I Can't Get Next To You Babe" (an old song by soul singer Al Green), "When You Were Mine" and "America" (during which he does a spot of drumming).

He spends the rest of the evening wandering around quite freely, having conversations of a sort (people talk to him and he either nods or gives a very short answer in a low whisper). Then, just before he disappears back to his hotel, various members of Hipsway give him a bit

of a hard time about not playing "Kiss" or his old classic "Little Red Corvette". "I can't play 'Little Red Corvette' with a big band," he says mysteriously, but promises to do "Kiss" the next night. "Tomorrow," he says, "nobody's gonna stop me. I'm gonna play for three hours!"

As it turns out he doesn't play for three hours, just a little over two in fact, but it's quite obvious from the start that Prince is determined to make his last night in London particularly special.

Celebrities are crammed into the Royal box (Spandau Ballet, Bananarama, George Michael, Paul Young, Phil Collins, Bob Geldof, Howard Jones, Jesus And Mary Chain, the Pet Shop Boys, Echo & The Bunnymen, Midge Ure and Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik all go to see him over the three days).

From the moment the curtain opens he's - gasp! - even better than before. His dancing is even more over-the-top, he throws not just clothes but buckets of carnations over the audience, he clambers round beneath guitarist Wendy's legs and he plays lots of songs he missed out before - "A Love Bizarre" (the song he wrote for Sheila E), "Sometimes It Snows In April" and even "Little Red Corvette".

And during the encores he drags on Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood and Sting to play the "Stones'" "Miss You". "This belongs to you," he says to Wood at the beginning, "but when I get through it's gonna belong to me", before getting everyone to scream "Shit!" very loudly for some strange reason. During "Kiss" he tells everyone to "take your clothes off y'all" and when he reaches the line "I know how 2 undress me" he reaches inside his trousers and pulls out some sort of metal chain which he tosses into the audience. And then, after "Purple Rain" one last time, he's off to the final party in his honour, this time at the club Heaven. He doesn't play for the guests tonight, though - he and his entourage of 40 (!) people have to leave for Rotterdam the next morning and even Prince needs his beauty sleep. . .

Chris Heath

● **Prince's Pervy Pals: Part 78** (I.e. some famous people who forked out £12.50 to see him "play".)



▲ Dame Bob Geldof, KGB, Paula Yates and Eric Clapton show off their sparklers.



▲ George Michael staring at some woman's chin and ignoring Prince completely



▲ John Taylor with some spots and Simon le Bon



▲ Nick Rhodes trying to look as if he's not holding very pregnant Julianne's hand



▲ Neil Tennant with a bald patch and Chris Lowe with a paper boat on his head



▲ Mark O'Toole has a birrwa laugh. So does his wife.



▲ Alannah Currie being ecstatic with happiness or something



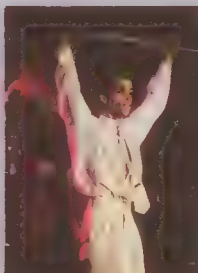
▲ Midge Ure watches from his car which isn't a very good "vantage" point.



▲ Prince feels his ear and exposes his chest! Wooaaarggermeroff! etc.



▲ Prince shows off his 3" heels and thinks the microphone stand is a guitar (strange boy . . .)



▲ Prince thinks the microphone stand is a scarf with Prince on it.



▲ Prince "moves on" from feeling his ear

JERMAINE STEWART WE DON'T HAVE TO...

Not a word from your lips
Just look for granted
That I'd want to skinny dip
A quick hit that's your game
Well I'm not a piece of meat
Stimulate my brain
Not as young so are we
Let's get to know each other better
Slow and easily
Take my hand let's hit the floor
Shake your body to the music
Maybe then you'll score
So come on baby won't you show some class
Why do you wanna move so fast

(No) we don't have to take our clothes off
To have a good time oh no
We could dance and party
(All night) all night
We can dance all night
And drink some cherry wine uh huh
We don't have to take our clothes off no no no
To have a good time oh no
We could dance and party all night
(Oh oh oh all night)
And drink some cherry wine uh huh

Na na na na nanana na na
Na na na na nanana na na
Na na na na nanana na na
Na na na na nanana na na

Just slow down if you want me
A man wants to be approached
Cool and romantically
I got needs just like you
Give me occasions
Good vibrations rough and thorough
So come on baby
Won't you show some class

Why do you wanna move so fast
(No) we don't have to take our clothes off no no
To have a good time oh no
We could dance and party
(All night) all night
And drink some cherry wine uh huh (uh no)
We don't have to take our clothes off
To have a good time oh no
(A good time) oh no no
We could dance and party (party)
All night (all night)
And drink some cherry wine uh huh
(Cherry wine) uh huh

(Na na na na nanana na na na)
(Na na na nanana na na na)
(Na na na nanana na na na)
(Na na na na nanana na na na)

Why do you wanna move so fast
(No) we don't have to take our clothes off
(Oh no) to have a good time oh no
We could dance and party all night
All night (all night)
And drink some cherry wine uh huh
We don't have to take our clothes off
Take our clothes off
To have a good time oh no (oh no)
We could dance and party all night
And drink some cherry wine uh huh

(Na na na na nanana na na na)
(Na na na na nanana na na na)
(Na na na na nanana na na na)

Words and the single by Jermaine Stewart
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Genesis In too deep



All that time I was searching nowhere to run to it started me thinking
Wondering what I could make of my life and who'd be waiting
Asking all kinds of questions to myself but never finding the answers
Crying at the top of my voice and no one listening
All this time I still remember everything you said ah ah
There's so much you promised how could I ever forget

Chorus
Listen you know I love you but I just can't take this
You know I love you but I'm playing for keeps
Although I need you I'm not gonna make this
You know I want you but I'm in too deep

So listen listen to me
You must believe me
I can feel your eyes go through me
But I don't know why

Ooh I know you're going I can't believe it's the way that you're leaving
It's like we never knew each other at all and maybe my fault
I gave you too many reasons being alone when I didn't want to
I thought you'd always be there I almost believed you
All this time I still remember everything you said ah ah
There's so much you promised how could I ever forget

Repeat chorus
So listen listen to me
I can feel your eyes go through me

It seems I've spent too long
Only thinking about myself ah
Now I want to spend my life
Just caring 'bout somebody else

Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Banks/Collins/Rutherford
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Z T A S 2 2

it's frankie
and frankie only



rage
hard



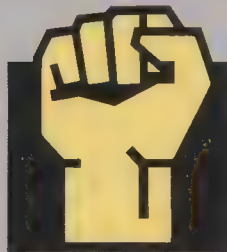
frankie goes to hollywood
the brand new single

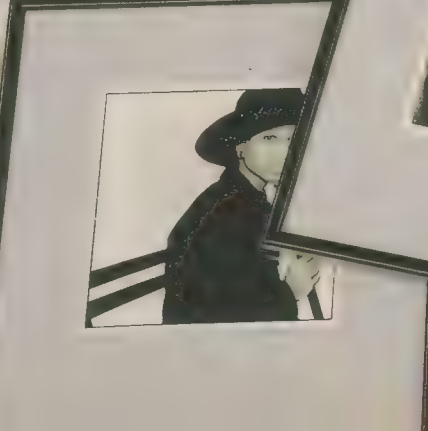
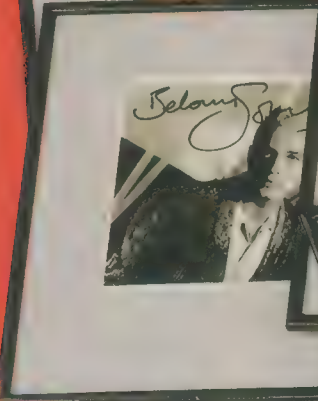
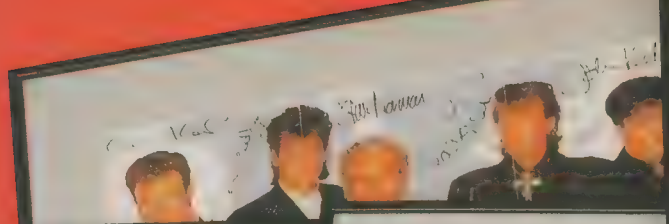
7" in plain glory

limited 7" in gatefold pop-up
too de-luxe for words sleeve

12" in plain glory

limited 12" with free poster







The Great Smash Hits PORTRAIT GALLERY Competition

What do we spy here, a-glistening on the great *Smash Hits* red arpeglette, but a collection of framed photographs of the most glamorous and ultimately splendid pop "artistes" in the known universe. Some fool has knocked them off the wall with a steam kettle so you can't see who they all are, these artistes. And therefore we shall tell you . . .

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Janet Jackson | 19. The Damned |
| 2. Bananarama | 20. UB-40 |
| 3. A-ha | 21. Doctor & The Medics |
| 4. Pet Shop Boys | 22. George Michael |
| 5. Sting | 23. Tears For Fears |
| 6. Paul McCartney | 24. Paul King |
| 7. Human League | 25. Belouis Some |
| 8. Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik | 26. Nick Rhodes |
| 9. Sade | 27. Nik Kershaw |
| 10. "Shakin'" Stevens | 28. Marc Almond |
| 11. Simon le Bon | 29. Spandau Ballet |
| 12. Howard Jones | 30. Hipsway |
| 13. Robert Smith | 31. Taik Talk |
| 14. Jaki Graham | 32. The Housemartins |
| 15. Level 42 | 33. Midge Ure |
| 16. Five Star | 34. Ver Style Council |
| 17. Eurythmics | 35. Billy Bragg |
| 18. D.C. Lee | 36. Er . . . that's it. |

And, believe it or not, each one of these framed photographs is personally signed by the artiste/s in question. **AND** you could win one.

All you have to do is answer one question . . . which of the above artistes are American, which are Norwegian, and which are Bolivian?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to *Smash Hits Portrait Treasury Competition*, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ to arrive by September 9.

N.B. Write the name of the artiste whose signed framed photo you want to win in the top left corner and be sure to include your full name and address.

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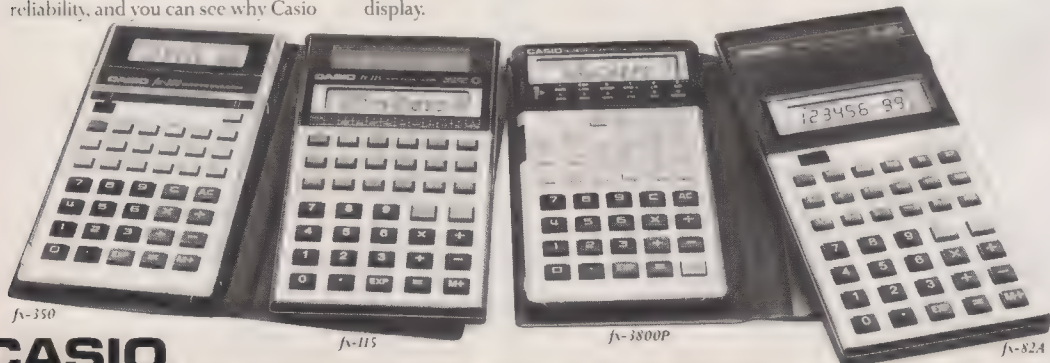
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Love Can't Turn Around Farley "Jackmaster" Funk

(Love can't turn around)
(Love can't turn around)

Now this is how it started
My dreams are broken hearted
Girl I want you baby
We'll never be the same
'Cause you play those silly games
And yet I want you girl

They say we were an item
My thoughts I try and hide 'em
Yet I need you
But when we get down to it
I just love the way you do it
And I love you

Chorus

Love can't turn around (love can't turn around)
Love can't turn around (love can't turn around)
Love can't turn around (love can't turn around)
Love can't turn around (love can't turn around)

I thought you were my lover
But you left me for another
But I need you
I read it in your letter
Don't you make me feel any better
'Cause it's not true
Now in my secret visions
Forget about decisions
'Cause I want you ah ha
I've got to have you near me
Girl I wonder do you hear me
'Cause I need you

Repeat chorus

(Love can't turn around)

Repeat to fade

Words and music by J.M. Funk V. Lawrence
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On London Records

◀ Left: Farley "Jackmaster" Funk and some knobs
▶ Right: Daryl Pandy (the singer) and some luggage.



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INTERNATIONAL

● The Smash Hits "Hands Across The Sea" Global Communications Department "proudly" A very big list of people from all over the world who would like some penfriends to write to

Italy France America Sweden Malaysia

● Hi! My name is Monica, I'm Italian and I'm 14. I'm into Duran Duran, Paul Young, Bruce Springsteen and lots more. I'm seeking penpals from all over the world. Write to me, Monica, Assortiti at Via Baldini N.67, 43014 Castelbolognese (RA), Italy.

● Is there anybody out there? 19 year old escapee from Australian Outback, presently living in Rome, desperately seeking intelligent bangers for written contact. Hard to define what I'm into. Being me, I suppose, and not getting caught by hotel inspectors kissing Midnight Oil, Lloyd Cole, 10,000 Maniacs, Lou Reed and Junior Wells. Here, they exist mainly on Eric Ramazzotti and Madonna. Write anyway. Ros, c/o L. Caprino, Via Caid Marios 7, Rome 00192, Italy.

● Hello! I'm a French girl and I'm looking for pictures records, books (from all over the world and especially from England) about Kim Wilde, Lloyd Cole and The Conventions, Anne Clark and Opposition. I've French pictures of Kim Wilde and others to exchange. Please write to: Cristelle Casan, 9 allée St Jean, 59650 Villeneuve D'Ascq, France.

● Hello. My name is Laurence, I'm 17 and I'm French. I'm desperately looking for friends, boys and girls, in England, Canada and the USA. I like Duran Duran, Arcadia, Madonna, Samantha Fox and many others. If you are interested please write to: Laurence Meyer, 7 allée de l'abbaye, 93190 Livry-Gargan, France.

● 17 year old American female seeks new and exciting friends from everywhere and anywhere. Love to hear from those who are into David Sylvian, Siouxsie, Echo, The Cult, etc. Send letters to Kathleen, 2416 Palermo Drive, Silver Springs, Maryland 20904, USA.

● Attention! Are you a European or Japanese female deep sea diver or surfer who's very weird, likes short hair, New Order, early Simple Minds, P.U.L., Madness, The Jam, The Beat, some Clash etc.? Then get writing to John, 1131 Compass Ln # 112, Fostercity California 94404 USA.

● Hi, I'm a girl of 17 from Sweden. I'm into The Cure, The Cult, Siouxsie And The Banshees, Jesus And Mary Chain and lots more. I'd like to have crazy penpals in London and places nearby 'cos I'm going to work there. Get in touch! If this sounds good write to: Malin Eljestrand, Algotgatan 21, S-28372 Helsingborg, Sweden.

● Hi, I'm a 16 year old looking for any females to write to me. I like The Shop Boys, A-ha and Depeche Mode. If you're interested please get scribbling to: Stewart, 17 Road S/44, 16650 Petang Jaya, Selangor, West Malaysia.

● Hello, my name is Yee Wen (pronounced Yvonne) and I'm 15. If you are into Madonna, Sting, Michael J. Fox, Bryan Adams or A-ha don't wait any longer, get writing to: 14 Jalan Nipaman 1, Bukit Indah 58000 Kuala Lumpur West Malaysia.

● Hi, I am a 13 year old Malaysian girl called Sumita and I would like to hear from anyone anywhere in the world. I'm into Wham!, A-ha, Duran, Madonna, Cyndi Lauper: Paul Young, collecting stamps, coins and postcards, touring and biking. Please write to: Sumita Surandon, 60 Taman Srikota, Bkt, Sebuok, 68550 Malacca, West Malaysia.

● I'm an 18 year old, good-looking Italian boy. I have black hair and deep brown eyes. If you're a girl aged 16+, take a pen and write to: Alessandro La Mantia, Via Zuccherificio 35, 49010 Mezzano (RA), Italy.

● My name is Stefania, I'm 16 years old and I'd like to have penfriends from all over England. I'm into U2, The Cure, The Cult, Echo And The Bunnymen, Cramps, Sisters Of Mercy, Lloyd Cole, Jesus And Mary Chain. Write to me soon. Stefania Ferris, Via G. Franco 12, 44044 Cassana - FE, Italy.

● Hi! My name is Olivier and I'm 17. I'd like UK penfriends. I'm into Duran Duran, Arcadia, Sigue Sigue Sputnik and Wham! So if you have something to say to a humorous French person, please write to Olivier Dahiez, 67 allée des Chardonnerets, 45160 Olivet France.

● My name is Jean-Michel and I'm 21 years old. I want lots of female penfriends aged 17-25... from the UK, USA, Japan, Africa, Singapore... and all over the world. I like Wham!, The Jacksons, UB40, J.M. Jarre and I love Madonna (hmmmm). Stephanie of Monaco (irresistible), Diana Ross (and many other artists). Please write, in French only, to: Jean-Michel Foidar, 31 rue Jules Laumouze, 85100 Le Chateau d'Olonne, France.

● I'm a friendly, slightly eccentric 18 year old Jamaican dreamer who's into The Cult, Blow Monkeys, The Church, Young Ones and peace. I would love to hear from peace loving boys and girls from around the world. Puh-leezz write: Robyn, 18465 SW 89th Ct, Miami, Florida 33157, USA.

● I am a 20 year old Swedish boy and I am a student. My hobbies are sport, travelling, books, dancing, music. Please write to: Per Finnanzon, Jaru Aldersingen 426, 136 65 Handen, Sweden.

● Hi! I'm into synthesiser-music. I'm a big music fan who's looking for others in Europe to exchange music cassette with. I like Depeche, Rational Youth, Boytronic etc. I also like travelling and food. Please write to: Chris Bengtsson, Vallimov 9, 37300 Jamjo, Sweden.

● I can't stand it!! I've got nothing to do!! I need crazy letters to cheer me up. My likes include U2, Simple Minds, A-ha, The Pet Shop Boys and the occasional bit of EM. Lasts include the swoosesome Owen Paul, GLJ, blokes with long hair and Siamese food - yum! I'm 19 and female so write to: Amy, Lot 431, Jln. Sg. Selamat, 43000 Kajang, Selangor, Malaysia.

● Hello, I am 17 years old and I am into Billy Idol, Lloyd Cole, Talking Heads, Bruce Springsteen etc. Don't wait any longer, please write to: Denis Wong, 89 Lorong Pahlawan 5, 13650 Butterworth, Malaysia.

● Hello! If you say "Goodnight" to a Duran Duran poster every night before going to bed, if you think that Duran Duran are the best in the whole world, if you dream about Duran Duran every night and think of Duran Duran every day, and if you would like to have such a crazy Duran Duran fan to correspond with, please write to: Simon[a] Ricci, Via del Ribes 79, 1-00 172 Rome, Italy.

● Hello! My name is Alexandre and I'm a 19 year old French boy. My only passions in life are: The Police, The Police, but mainly The Police. (And of course Sting, Andy and Stewart.) So I'm looking for every human being like me from anywhere on Earth. Please write to: A. Martin, 7 rue Paul Claudel, 57158 Montigny-Les-Metz, France.

● Hi! I'm a 13 year old girl and I'm into Madonna, INXS, U2, Morten Harket and loads of others. If this sounds like you, please write to: Teri Pagano, 1501 W. Sand Cove Dr., Gilbert AZ85234, USA.

● New Romantics looking for the T.V. Sound. Remember the cult with no names? Influences: Japan, Visage, Spandau Duran. Want make-up and dress dramatically? Treatat, 4517 Margery Dr, Fremont, California 94538 USA.

● Interesting but slightly crazy American female wishes to write to similar English guys 'n' girls. I'm 16 and music-mad, so write to: Rachel Delaney, RFD 2, Box 146E, Burlington, Iowa 52601, USA.

● Attention all females between 15-17! We're three handsome SWEDISH boys aged 17-18 who are travelling to England this summer. If you live in London or Brighton please answer and we promise we'll meet you. Write to: Steve Anderson, Parkgata 1, S-37500 Eskjö, Sweden.

● I'm 19 and am looking for a penpal over 16 and of the female species. Must like Propaganda, David Bowie and also music from the 60s and 70s. Any nationality. Write to: Andy Ferguson, c/o FSI International, via B. Bono 7, 24100 Bergamo, Italy.

● Hi! I'm 16 years old and I collect cuttings of George and Culture Club. I would like to write to boys and girls anywhere in the world. Write to: Bruno Duret, 2 Quai Jean Charcot, Quartier Pont Neuf, 83200 Toulon, France.

● I am a 22 year old French guy whose name is Fred. I would like to make good friends with anyone who is interested in music, travelling, art, movies etc. - and who is open-minded like me! If you are interested please write to: Frederic Delarue, 82 rue de Rochechouart, F-75009 Paris, France.

● Wanted: Dead or Alive A penpal willing to exchange US records and magazines for those of the UK. I'm 16 and desperate. Pleeceeeeee write to me: Douglas Russell, RRI Box 238, Carnarville, Illinois 62821, USA.

● Hi! I'm a 16 year old Swedish female who'd like to get in touch with any British male (preferably from London) into new wave, rock and some punk. If interested, please write to: Helen Klansiers 6, S 25700 Bjerred, Sweden.

● Hi, I'm Taryn, I live in Malaysia and I'm 16 years old. My hobbies are travelling and listening to music, especially Tears For Fears, A-ha, Wham!, Madonna and The Pet Shop Boys. Write to me: Taryn Chew, 8 Jalan Istana, Taman 4, Taman Overseas Unit, 58200 Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

● We two Italian girls aged 15-19. We want to correspond and exchange articles, records and photos with Duran fans, especially from London and Birmingham. Please send a photo if possible. Write now to: Alessandra e Eleonora Fasola, Via E. Vittorini 199/R22, 00144 Roma E.U.R., Italy.

● Hello! I'm a 15 year old girl. My name is Sara and I live in Sweden. I really want to have penfriends, both boys and girls, in England. My hobbies are music, discos, boys, being with my friends and much more. My favourite groups are: A-ha, Europe, Styke, Madonna, Carola and many more. Send a photo of yourself too! My address is: Sara Sjöholm, Nypongatan 12, 56500 Mullsjö, Sweden.

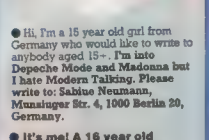
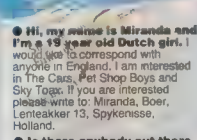
● Hi, I'm a 13 year old Malaysian girl. I would like to have some penpals from other countries around the world who are interested in Duran, Tears For Fears and Madonna. I am also madly in love with Michael J. Fox. So pick up your pen and write to me: Angie, No 1437, JLN E/W 3, Taman 4, Taman Overseas, Kuala Lumpur, Selangor 52100, West Malaysia.

13.1.90

presents:

Way Holland Finland Germany Japan

- Hi! I am a girl from Norway. I am 16 years old and I am into Bonnie Tyler, The Alarm, Dire Straits and heavy music. I am interested in almost everything, but I like cars, bikes, music, writing letters and parties most of all. I would like to write to boys and girls aged between 16 and 18 years old. Please write to: **Syvi Anita Mostad, N-3760 Neslandsvatn, Norway.**
- Hi Guys! I am Hilde from Norway and I love the Eurythmics, A-ha, Madonna, Azamzin, Owen Paul and Bananarama. I would like a photo if possible and would prefer people of the age 14-100. Take a chance and write to: **Hilde Hangeland, Elgstien 14 4600 Kristiansand, S Norway**
- Three girls from Norway would like to correspond with boys between 16 and 25. We are into parties, travelling, music (of all kinds) and many other things and will be coming to England at Christmas. So, lads, please write to: **Miss Kirsten Tveitred (age 18), Hans Beckavel, 3600 Kongsberg; Tone Naess (age 22), Chr Sindingsveit, 3600 Kongsberg; Marianne Jensen (age 22), Olavsveit 22, 3600 Kongsberg, Norway.**
- Hi there! Does anybody out there want a penpal from the native country of A-ha? Well, here I am! I am into Madonna, Sammy Fox, A-ha, Depeche Mode, Alphaville, Bangles, Sandra, Duran Duran, F.R. Lippo Lippi etc. I love soccer and handball and of course slalom! Also dancin', discos, boys and letter writing. Sooo, what are ya waiting for? Just write to a crazy 14-year-old girl: **Sigrild Rian, p.b. 26, N-7510 Skatval, Norway.**
- Hi there, I am Torild and I am looking for new penfriends all over the world who love Duran Duran. It doesn't bother me if you love Simon, Nick, Roger, Andy or John, because the point is that you are a Duranite. My age is 21 and I would like to have penfriends aged 18+. It does not matter which sex you are. Interested? OK, write to: **Torild Nilsen, Røttmyrvæien 28X, N-8015, Hunstad, Norway.**
- I am looking for penpals who like Abba and A-ha and who would like to swap singles, posters, pictures and magazines on them. I am not very good at English but I will try to answer all the letters. Ami OK, Overgren, Dyrefaret 4B 4800 Arendal, Norway
- Hi! I am a 14 year old Norwegian girl. I would like any boys of my age to write to me from all over the world. Write to: **Naran Duran, boys and writing letters. Please write to: Gunn Hege Johnson, Postbox 8, 9780 Lebesby, 0-F, Norway.**
- Hi, my name is Micky. I am 18 years old. I would like to write to people of my age from all over the world. I like Elton John, Elvis Presley, tennis and other sports. Please write to: **M. Vink, Bunderhorst 2U, 7009 LS Doetinchem, Netherlands.**
- Hi, my name is Miranda and I'm a 19 year old Dutch girl. I would like to correspond with anyone in England. I am interested in The Cars, Pet Shop Boys and Sky Togg. If you are interested please write to: **Miranda, Boer, Lentekker 13, Spykensse, Holland.**
- Is there anybody out there in the world who likes UB40, Simply Red and Sting and who would like to write to a 16 year old Dutch boy? Yes? Then get writing to: **Frans Hignemex, De Geeskamp 15-45, 65-45 HM Nijmegen, Holland.**
- Hello, I'm a 12 year old girl, my name is Sari and I'm into Andrew Ridgeley. If you are a girl aged 12 or 13 please write to: **Sari Karpalainen Linna, Vuorentie 2A5, I, 21100 Jamsa, Suomi - Finland.**
- Hello! Everybody who is 12-15 years old. Here is one 15 year old girl who likes the outdoors, reading and music (A-ha) Please write to: **Marva Ikonen, Iinmestentie 50r, Oulu 63 Finland.**
- Hello, I am 22 year old and I'm a girl from Finland. If you like Bruce Springsteen, D.D. Dire Straits, Madonna or Nena, please write to: **Ranjan Gronholm, 36640 Iittasniemi Finland.**
- A-hem, hello subjects, here are two Dutch girls! We would like to write to Irish or Scottish rockably and new wave boys. We are into The Cure, Depeche Mode, Art of Noise, P.I.L., Gene Loves Jezabel, King Kurt, The Smiths etc. Please send a photo if possible! Write to: **Diana D, Middenweg 250A, 1701 GJ Heidekoogwaard, Holland.**
- Hi! We are two 15 year old girls and we are willing to write to anyone, anywhere, anytime. We are into David Bowie, UB40, Michael Jackson and Madonna. Please write to: **Gerd Dykstra, V/D Weystraat 6, 0759 LJ, Emmora, Holland, OR, Weystra V/D Veen, V/D Weystraat 47, 0759 LE, Emmora, Holland.**
- Hello! Do you like aviation, corresponding and good music like **Boney M and Reggae?** Can you write in English Dutch, French, German? Well then, write to a 20 year old girl with loads of hobbies who wants penpals world-wide. **Belinda Krees, Handmolen 26, 1035 AP, Amsterdam, Holland**
- Here is a challenge? Who would like to write to me? I am 17 and interested in cars, handball, body popping, breakdancing, electric boogie, soul, jazz, funky music. I like U2, Big Country and Simply Red. I also like travelling but dislike a lot of tourist places. Please contact me: **Sade Adu, Hart van Bratanloan 1260, 5038 JN Trilburg, Netherlands.**
- I'm a 16 year old girl from Finland. My name is Minna Anttonen and my address is: **Metasapuntie 14, F63, 00630 Helsinki, Finland.**
- Is anybody insane enough to write to a bored 19 year old Finnish girl? I like most music (even punk if I have to, but NOT Julio Iglesias), discos, reading, animals and Karelian countryside. If you are 10-10,000 write to me: **Minna Nevalainen, Pitajankallio 35 G 62, SF - 00370 Helsinki, Finland**
- I'm an 16 year old girl looking for friends all over the world. I like early Simple Minds, Talk Talk, Big Country, The Smiths, Prefab Sprout, Depeche Mode and more. So if you're aged between 17 and 23 and share my interests please write to: **Kerstin Greven, Im Grunen Westweg 1, 4135 Grefrath 1, West Germany.**
- Hi, I'm a 15 year old German girl looking for penpals from anywhere I'm into **Bruce Springsteen, Wham!, Chris De Burgh, Chris Rea, Bryan Adams, Iron Maiden, Joe Cocker, Whitney Houston, Pink Floyd, A-ha, The Cure, Black Sabbath, Jean-Jacques Goldman, Simply Red, Sade and lots more. If you absolutely hate Modern Talking please write to: Ariane Apier, Eichelberg Str 4, 7552 Durtersheim, West Germany.**
- Hello, I'm a 12 year old girl, my name is Sari and I'm into Andrew Ridgeley. If you are a girl aged 12 or 13 please write to: **Sari Karpalainen Linna, Vuorentie 2A5, I, 21100 Jamsa, Suomi - Finland.**
- Hello! Everybody who is 12-15 years old. Here is one 15 year old girl who likes the outdoors, reading and music (A-ha) Please write to: **Marva Ikonen, Iinmestentie 50r, Oulu 63 Finland.**
- Hello, I am 22 year old and I'm a girl from Finland. If you like Bruce Springsteen, D.D. Dire Straits, Madonna or Nena, please write to: **Ranjan Gronholm, 36640 Iittasniemi Finland.**
- Hi, I'm a 15 year old girl from Germany who would like to write to anybody aged 15+. I'm into Depeche Mode and Madonna but I hate Modern Talking. Please write to: **Sabine Neumann, Munsinger Str. 4, 1000 Berlin 20, Germany.**
- It's me! A 16 year old German girl searching for anybody who loves snow, A-ha, high trees and writing letters. Even if you don't like any of these it doesn't matter, you can still write to: **Susanne Dylehuizen, Hochstrasse 162, 540 Kolobenz - Wallenhorst, West Germany.**
- Hi, my name is Susi and I would like to have penfriends from Britain aged 16-20. I like Madonna, Bananarama, the 90s, having fun and nice people. If you like things like this too then write to me: **Susi Holman, Koornet Strasse 55, 6500 Numburg, West Germany**
- Hi! If you're destroying your brains with Swans, Nick Cave, Jessu And Mary Chain etc. etc and if you believe in anarchy and still think with your own brains...then write a letter and send it to: **Mirka Lattunen, Onkkaalantie 1A, 36600 Palkane, Finland.**
- Hello! I'm a 13 year old girl from Finland. My hobbies are horses, drawing, reading and music. I want 13-15 year old boys and girls to be my penfriends. Write to: **Päivi Riihänen, Lusi-Päätia, 16900 Koski H.L., Suomi - Finland.**
- I am a German girl who would like to be from **Smash Hits** readers aged 20+ from anywhere. I'm into The Smiths, Pete Dinklage, Midge Ure, The Housemartins, early Duran, some Supremes stuff and many more. Please write to me: **Andrea Pienker, Lambertstr 2, 4 Dasselhof 1, West Germany.**
- Hi, I'm a 14 year old German girl and I'm into Wham! and Duran. I want lots of penpals, especially female, so if you're aged 14-24 please write in German to: **Margherita Walt-Schug, Handstr 295, 5060 Berg-Gladbach 2, Germany.**
- Hi! My name is Hiroe. I am a 16 year old Japanese girl. I love A-ha, The Pet Shop Boys, Sting, Bruce Springsteen etc... People of any age please write, if I can't answer them all, I have many other friends who also want to have penpals. Please write to: **Hiroe Terazima, 1601-7 Nakada-cho Totsubu-ku, Yokohama-shi, Kanagawa, 245 Japan.**
- I am a 17 year old Japanese girl who likes A-ha, Heart, Madonna and England. I would like to correspond with somebody. Please write to: **Mika Sakuraba, 7-1-12 Barajima Akita City, Akita-ken, Toio, Japan.**
- Hi! My name is Ayako Tanaka and I am a Japanese high school girl of 16. I am into all sorts of music. I would like to write to anyone who is older than me. Please write (with a photo if possible) to: **1-14-8 Toyohama Nishiku Fukuoka, 814 Japan.**
- I am a 17 year old girl and I am looking for penpals aged 16+. I am into The Waterboys, G.L.J. Jesus and Mary Chain and the Virgin Prunes. Please write to: **Juniko Takeuchi, 3-16-13, Utsuyoshigaoka, Midori-ku, Yokohama 227, Japan.**
- I am an 18 year old female and would like a penpal. I'm into David Bowie and my other hobbies are swimming, drawing and cooking. Please write to: **Harumi Nomura, 1-10 Kinuta, 8-chome, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 157, Japan.**
- Hello, I am a 15 year old girl who would like to have people all around the world. I like Madonna. Please write to: **Sawako Oba, Otono-cho 2-15-33, Muroa 051, Japan.**
- Hi! I am a 17 year old girl. I am into Jesus And Mary Chain, Sigue Sigue Sputnik, The Waterboys and The Cult. I would like to hear from anyone aged 16+. Please write to: **Tomoko Suzuki, 3-2-6-404, Azamino, Midori-ku, Yokohama, Kanagawa 227, Japan.**
- If you haven't found exactly the person you'd like to write to from those above, or you'd prefer a penfriend from Britain, send in a postcard with a few details about yourself to: **R.S.V.P. Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF (Please also enclose a phone number where you can be contacted. This won't be published.)**



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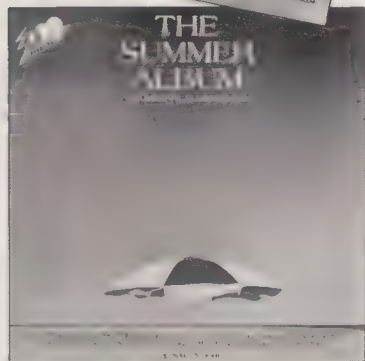
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YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME

Shot through the heart and you're to blame
Darlin' you give love a bad name

The angel's smile is what you sell
You promise me heaven you put me through hell
The chains of love got a hold on me
When passion's a prison you can't break free
Oh oh you're a loaded gun yeah
Oh oh there's nowhere to run
No one can save me the damage is done

Chorus
Shot through the heart and you're to blame
You give love a bad name (bad name)
I play my part and you play your game
You give love a bad name (bad name)

Yeah you give love a bad name

Paint your smile on your lips
Blood red nails on your fingertips
A schoolboy's dream you act so shy
Your very first kiss was your first kiss goodbye
Oh oh you're a loaded gun
Oh oh there's nowhere to run
No one can save me the damage is done

Repeat chorus

You give love

Repeat chorus twice

You give love

You give love a bad name

Repeat and ad lib to fade

Words and music by J. Bon Jovi/R. Sambora/D. Clew
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HIPSWAY

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Long White Car is taken from the album HIPSWAY also available on tape and CD





THIS GIRL SLEEPS WITH SNAKES

And feeds her llama on public television. She has a pet monkey and a pet snake. Oh yes, a pet snake. A cobra snake. Was in the hospital in her childhood for a snake bite.

● **First Interview with Janet Jackson**

She is in a state of embarrassment, not knowing where to look. It's as if she's wet herself or done something equally unspeakable. Janet Jackson, you see, is a very shy person. She has the most bashful smile you ever did see and her enormous eyes, set in a baby face that's just like brother Michael's, only smoother and prettier, peer constantly at the floor or

From her left ear lobe dangles a house key - quite a "grown up" looking fashion accessory this - but apart from that she looks and acts and talks, in a nervous whisper, just like a little girl. Janet Jackson is 26 years old. Her LP,

● "Michael was the naughtiest -

"Control", has gone "double platinum" (i.e. sold two million copies) in America. She is on her way to being as popular as Madonna - and yet the brash self-confidence of Madonna is something Janet Jackson quite clearly lacks. Not

● "My parents are very strict and we

quietly recalls, "but it was my brother towards me. Guys would come up and ask me for a dance and he'd tell them no, I can't dance, I don't feel good, I have a headache or something. He just didn't like them touching his little sister, I suppose. But I didn't really do any of that, going out dancing, until I was 18. My first time ever going out dancing was in Japan and I was 18. No, I guess I was 19. And I went out every night with my sister and my mother and we had the best time.

"And the first party I've ever had was here - my double platinum party - so that was very exciting. Usually I would pretty much stay at home because everything is at home. We have a screening room if we want to see a movie or something, and we have the animals.

Ah, the animals. Animals are the one and only topic that Janet will chatter about happily and freely until the cows (haw haw) come home. But we'll come back to them later. What did Janet do all day, hanging around the Encino, California homestead when she was a wee

"I would talk to the animals." Oh. "I would talk to my dogs. I felt that they understood me - everything that I was saying to them. They're the greatest listeners because they sit there and look

"Oh, our next door neighbour - we would play together all the time. There's a brick fence that separates the two houses and we'd get on top of the fence and we'd play and we'd bring cookies and punch and we'd have a little party of our own up there and just play little

"And I would write songs. I was eight years old when I wrote my first song and it was called 'Fantasy'. I sang it for my brother and my sister and my mother in the car when we went for a drive and they said they liked it. I hope they were telling me the truth.

"And I would watch TV: *The Three Stooges* and cartoons: *Bugs Bunny*, *The Simpsons*, *The Flintstones*, *Speed Racer* - those were my favourite

that. The first impression I had was of Mae West but I can't do it anymore. And I loved to draw and colour and so my brothers would send back all types of crayons and felty and colouring books from Switzerland and London when they

● The brothers. The famous Jacksons.

● "My mother says that I'm spoiled and my friends say that I'm spoiled. . . so I guess I am.

What were they like as children?

"With six friends, their older sisters would yell at them and tell them to get out and leave them alone and shut up, but my brothers and sisters never did that to me. They always wanted me around. I was a tomboy, actually, and they always told me I'd grow out of it but I told them that I never wanted to and I wouldn't.

"We used to go horse-back riding and swim and play baseball and climb the fruit trees and pick the fruit off the trees and just get into trouble. Michael was the naughtiest - he was a real bad kid and he was messy and everyone was

"Oh, God, here comes Michael!" What's the worst thing he ever did? I think he looked up under a lady's dress once. I think he did. I'd say that's probably the worst that I know of. Me? I was good. I never got punished. I got hit a few times but that was all. One time I got hit for saying something I shouldn't have said. A bad word. I shouldn't have spoke it but I opened up my big mouth and

"Another time I got hit was when I had an argument with my brother Randy. He

gives I am. But we don't celebrate Christmas and don't celebrate birthdays so I didn't get everything I wanted. I've always wanted a horse and I still don't have one. My brother Michael has an Arabian stallion and I want a black stallion but I don't have a horse."

● "If you ever get bubble gum stuck in your hair, use peanut butter."

school. For a bit, anyway. Until she got For when she was 10, she a child actor, appearing in the TV

"I played an abused child. I would come in and my arm was broke or I had iron burns on me. The

yelled my name down everyone turned and the

that's Janet Jackson and all the started running towards me so I

Strokes, and the all-turvin' Fame expected to dance

to be a good runner. I used to come in



first all the time and I was some ribbons, but not anymore. One time I ran and I got that fat girl sick to my stomach and I farted pills and I ate about five faint and they took me to the nurse's office and they let me go home. I was so happy.

"I can't run any more because I have back problems and I don't like exercising at all. I like crawling around. So I've put on a few pounds but I've stopped parking."

● "I've always wanted 10 kids but I suppose I should have started a little while back. I never make it now so I'll just have between five and seven."

out. At lunch time I used to pig out. I'd eat everything. I used to make a lot of chicken with wine sauce and melted cheese and mushrooms and stuff on top of it. I'm not really into candy that much but I like bubble gum."

Bubble gum isn't fattening, is it?
"I've never sugar. And one of the vice-presidents of the record company told me to stop chewing so much gum because when you chew gum it exercises your jaw muscles and makes them bigger and they start swelling out. I laughed so hard when he told me that that I spit my gum out."

"One time I blew a huge bubble and it burst and it got in my hair and in my eyelashes and I was so mad. I couldn't get it out and I was just sweating my face all night long and I was scrubbing so hard I was turning red all around my eyelids then said to me peanut butter to get it out. I guess because peanut butter is so oily it comes right out. So if you ever get bubble gum stuck in your hair, use peanut butter."

So on that useful health'n'beauty tip, we return to the chronology of Janet Jackson's career. Was, actually, we don't. We continue on the bubble gum theme.

"Louis, our llama, he likes to chew gum. He loves gum. I think I'm the only one who gives him gum, so every time he sees me coming he tries to put his lips through the fence and I give him a piece of gum and he just sits there and chews."

And on that useful zoological tip we...
"Jabar doesn't chew gum. Jabar, that's the giraffe - J-A-B-A-R - he's so big and he's still a baby. He's so tall and he eats up my mother's trees, all the leaves off my mother's trees - she has a fit. He has big eyes and those beautiful, long eyelashes."

And on that subject, we return to the chronology of Janet Jackson's career. When she was 16, already a TV star, she made her first LP, "Janet Jackson", a mediocre poppy thing that sold hardly any copies at all. When she was 19, she made a second LP, "Dream Street",

by singing duets with our very own Sir Clifford Richard on one track - "Two To The Power Of Love" - although I didn't get to know him that well. . . He's English.

And then, also when she was 18, Janet ran away and got married to sweet singer James DeBarge. After eight months the marriage was annulled. This is a subject Janet does not care to talk about at all.

"It was something that I just decided to get at the time - she was something that I needed to experience right then. . . She smiles a secret smile and giggles a secret giggle. I love why."

"Oh, I was just thinking about him, that's all."

• Him? You'd think 'him' meant James DeBarge, but it might just as well be, for all we know, Muscles, the Jackson's late,

lamented rainbow boa snake. . .
"There was something about Muscles that I just loved. He was very different from the rest of our snakes - the pythons - because the rainbow boas are known for appearing, not for biting, and I would sleep with him and I'd wake up in the morning and he'd still be sleeping on the headboard as he'd been in the bed next to me and he'd rest his head on the pillow and he'd have his tail curled up on the bed and he'd still be there the next morning and I'd carry him around my neck a lot and he never tried to squeeze me. I just trusted him. I find more guys like him than girls and I just trusted him a great deal."

"The only time I got in trouble with the animals was with our parrot Ricky; he used to bite me all the time and I got bit by one of our pet rats and he was hanging from my finger and I was trying to shake him off and he wouldn't let go and finally he let go and I had to go to the hospital and my whole arm got so fat and they put a cast on my whole arm and it was my first time wearing a cast and I



A photo of Janet Jackson with her parrot.

was real proud of it because all my friends in school had all had casts and I'd like to break your leg or your arm."

Well, and, um, so, does Janet feel ready for marriage again?
"I'd like to get married again at least by 34 or I can have kids and grow with them. I've always wanted a little boy, I suppose I should have started a little while back. I'll never make it now, so I'll just have between five and seven."

Janet's had training for motherhood, has Janet?

"We used to bottle-feed the deer. Michael and I. We have two deer and we have a falcon because they had a baby."

And she feeds Bubbles, the chimpanzee, too.

"He's the sweetest thing. He's so cute

because he greets you. He goes 'uuh uuh'. He greets you like that and he'll walk in the room - 'uuh uuh' - and he'll walk over to you - 'uuh uuh' - and he'll give you a kiss and rest his head on your chest and then he'll start rocking and he'll look up at you and you say 'Bubbles, give me a kiss' and he puckers



Bubbles, the chimpanzee, greets Janet.

his lips and gives you a kiss.
"My mother treats Bubbles like one of the kids. One day Bubbles was crying because he didn't want to have class that day and my mother was standing there watching Bubbles cry and she started crying too. It made her weep and because Bubbles was sitting there crying and screaming because he didn't want to have class."

And why, dare one ask, should a chimpanzee have "class"?

"Oh, it teaches him to bear no evil, speak no evil and see no evil. It teaches him to shake his head no and to wave his hand and to kneel down to beg and look up to the sky."

Of course, . . . but time is running out. Janet Jackson's stomach is growling in spectacularly embarrassing fashion and I decided to pose one last question.

Janet, I suppose I should have known the answer to this one, but I'll ask anyway. Do you have any burning, unfulfilled ambitions?

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EVERY
THING
BUT
★ THE
GIRL

ON ALBUM CASSETTE
AND COMPACT DISC

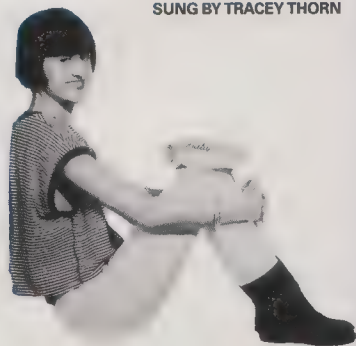
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meat loaf

A N D

JOHN PARR

ROCK 'N' ROLL MERCENARIES

7" AND EXPLODED 12"



ARISTA

PERSONAL FILE



Photo: Tim Blauer

JIM KERR (SIMPLE MINDS)

NAME: James Kerr.

BOB: 9/7/59.

FAVOURITE JOKE OR EXPRESSION:

It would take so long and it's absolutely *disgusting*. I like this expression: "Out of yer tree". I always think of those koala bears with the eucalyptus leaves getting so stoned and falling out!

HAVE YOU EVER WORN A KILT?

No, but Mick McNeill our keyboard player has one and wears it frequently. He wears it in bed! Now you're gonna ask me what he wears under it. . .

WHAT DO YOU WEAR IN BED?

Nothing!

WHY DID YOU GET SO FAT?

I think I had a year off and I enjoyed myself. After two weeks on the road it came off in buckets – a stone and a half. It's due to pizza in New York. Ever had a pizza from New York? You'd be fat as well!

WHAT WAS THE LAST RECORD YOU BOUGHT?

Simply Red's record and The Cult's. I'm not a big fan, no, but I heard a few things on the radio and it's something to play on the bus. And we're about to play a lot of dates with these bands, so I check them out.

WHAT DID YOU THINK OF AUSTRALIA ON YOUR RECENT NIGHT?

All those obvious things – sun, people's accents. The first night we got there our manager and I were staying in Sydney. We went to see Echo & The Bunnymen and we got really drunk and we thought we could walk back. We didn't realise that it was such a long way. Believe it or not this bus stopped and it was Echo & The Bunnymen's bus and it helped us out of a spot of bother – we were rather. . . inebriated.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

Scotland – in a small fishing town. I think they say "Home Is Where The Heart Is". When I'm at home I like to get back to nature and walk around.

FIRST CONCERT

Genesis in Glasgow. Peter Gabriel was in the band then. It was *brilliant*.

WHO IS YOUR FAVOURITE YOUNG ONES CHARACTER?

It's great, that thing. I guess the punk (*Vyrryan*) – he's *mental*. I can't believe that programme, it's insane.

DO YOU WORRY ABOUT BEING BLOWN UP ON PLANES BY TERRORISTS?

No, I'm not worried by that at all. In fact, I'm going to Greece tomorrow for a holiday. And that's a particularly troubled spot.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE DURAN DURAN SONG?

The only thing I've liked of theirs is that John Taylor single.

WHAT DID YOU THINK OF WHAM! SPLITTING UP?

I don't know anything about it. Everyone says that the other guy didn't do anything anyway. I think the world will survive.

HAVE YOU HAD ANY STRANGE THINGS THROWN AT YOU ON STAGE?

In America we got a lot of knickers thrown on stage. It's kind of weird. I just wonder how they get them off. . .

a pearl on
the periphery
of pop...

SOPHIE AND PETER JOHNSTON

HAPPY
TOGETHER

7" & 5-Track 12"

– don't be fooled by the shell



I-Major

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THEY'RE BACK!

Back! **BACK!** Yes, after 18 months of faffing about and not making any records and getting married and painting and motor racing and selling egg-cups and making Yorkshire puddings, Frankie Goes To Hollywood have . . . made a record. Chris Heath is rather impressed.

This time a couple of years ago Frankie Goes To Hollywood were doing rather well. Their second single, "Two Tribes", was just about to go to number one for eight weeks, their first single, "Relax", was climbing back up to number two (having already been at number one earlier in the year) to become the fifth best selling British single ever. They'd sold more t-shirts (with slogans like RELAX (DON'T DO IT), FRANKIE SAY WAR and ARM THE UNEMPLOYED) than any pop group had ever done before. Later in the year they were to have another number one, "The Power Of Love" and their LP, "Welcome To The Pleasuredome", was supposedly the first album ever to sell over a million copies on advanced orders. They seemed completely unstoppable. But there were problems . . .

For one thing lots of people said that Frankie weren't the slightest bit talented – their success was just due to some very clever promotion (the t-shirts, the endless different versions and re-mixes of the singles), the Mike Read "ban" of "Relax" that sent it shooting to number one and the skills of producer Trevor Horn. And even those who *did* believe that Frankie were talented had to admit that the group had already released all their best songs – the singles they had written before they were successful – and they desperately needed to write some new material. So, after a tour which included parts of Europe, Britain, America and Japan, followed by a holiday in Hawaii to recover, they had to get down to some hard work. It wasn't easy.

First they went to Ireland. The only trouble was that it "wasn't very well organised there." Some of the group, who didn't like the place in which they were staying, kept bunking off to Dublin for some fun. They all really wanted to get back to England but they couldn't – they were now tax exiles. So they tried the Spanish holiday island of Ibiza instead.

"I didn't like that," remembers Holly. "It's very hot with lots of flies."

But a few rough versions of new songs were recorded, and they returned to Ireland. Slowly a little more work got done – Holly was writing lyrics, the three "lads", Mark, Nasher and Ped, were writing the music (with Trevor Horn hardly ever anywhere in sight) and Paul was twiddling his thumbs and getting a bit fed up. Then they went to Holland to record the album. Except that they could only record part of it – they hadn't written enough songs yet. Off they shot, to Jersey this time, for more "inspiration".

"Was it hard to write the songs?" sniggers Nasher. "If there was a pub nearby it was hard. If there wasn't, it wasn't so hard."

Finally they returned to Holland and finished the album, which, after a series of *judicious* titles, they simply called "Liverpool", and which includes songs like "Warriors Of The Wasteland", "Is There Anybody Out There?", "Watching The Wild Life" and the new single, "Rage Hard".

"The new stuff's quite heavy," says Nasher, "even though that's a bit of a cliché. But it's good. We've been more grown-up in the attitude and execution and we've been much more involved, had more shout."

"Some of the stuff on the last album was a bit crappy," admits Ped (and they all seem to agree with this except for Holly). "This album's *ten times* better. It's more what we really are – five fellas from Liverpool singing songs about the way they feel about things."

"Rage Hard," says Holly, "is quite alternative – moody rather than commercial sounding. Have you read the poem *Do Not Go Gently Into That Good Night* by Dylan Thomas? It's kind of inspired by that. It's an incantation against death and lethargy, and it's supposed to encourage lots of creative idealism in the listener."

Hmmmm. What would the lads think of that explanation?

"They'd laugh at me," smiles Holly, "but I'm used to that."

Photos: Paul Rider



HOLLY JOHNSON

"I haven't asked the lads round for tea because I don't think they'd come... they'd get pretty bored if I didn't have any blue movies."

"I really don't know," sighs Holly Johnson wearily, "pecking into a bowl of strawberries and cream." "Why do people keep saying I'm leaving the group?" Apparently there's not a shred of truth in the rumour. "Of course I've felt like leaving loads of times," he says, "when I've been really fed up on tour and wished I was back on the dole in Liverpool. But I feel like that about anything." And, in any case, there's no way he's going to give all this up now - he hasn't made nearly enough money.

"I used to say when I hadn't any money that I wasn't into material things," he admits, "and I did things like throw the television out of the window. But as soon as I experienced money and I could buy some of the things I liked, I started to enjoy that. And, whatever people think I'm not a millionaire or a half a millionaire or even a quarter millionaire. I'm not stinking rich because I'm not the greatest businessman on earth."

Consequently, he sniffs, he can't afford to buy too many objects d'art, though it's one of his great passions. "I do like conversations about artists. I'm quite into the English artists of the Bloomsbury group at the moment."

Nevertheless he has to content himself, for the most part, with his own masterworks. He recently took up oil painting and has knocked out "some flowers, the head of a statue, a blue man and a woman with her head coming out of the waves." Another little pop star simile like Nick Rhodes' Polaroids? He shakes his head. "I don't think anything could be like Nick Rhodes' Polaroids," he utters.

As well as painting he's been "going to a few exhibitions, the cinema, watching videos, playing with my synthesiser, writing poems and reading books" in his London flat.

"I tend to get things out of my system in my poems so they're much more extreme than my song words," he explains. "Whether it be about injustice or art or genius or lust or Dublin. My favourite line is in one called 'Howling Lust' - it ends 'rapes you in the kitchen.' That's my favourite."

Doesn't he do anything that isn't at all, er, "arty"? It seems not.

"When I grow up I'd like to be Jean Cocteau," he giggles. "I always want to be doing something creative; to do with conjuring something from nothing." Even in Ireland he helped out a mate called Alice by serving for a day in her pottery shop.

"I had to sign all these bloody autographs," he frowns, "and I'm not signing any more unless you buy something" so all the 30p egg-cups went immediately. People who ask for autographs can be a horrible nuisance, says he, but Holly Johnson fans are different. In Liverpool the other day said 'Aren't you in Frankie Goes To Babylon?' and in Holland I was mistaken for the lead singer of the Pet Shop Boys. I laughed me head off!"

The best thing about Ireland, though, was his new crockery. "I got a nice hand-painted tea set. It's lovely - it's got cornflowers and poppies on it. I use it all the time. What's a tea party at Holly Johnson's like? Well, there's biscuits, usually musli cookies - I don't like gingerbreads. I make the tea and put it on a tray and put it on the coffee table. Depending what mood I'm in, I either say 'help yourself' or I do it. I don't mind being 'mum' but I do tend to make a mess. I don't make cakes but I've got a *Kanooch Chef* and I have made Yorkshire pudding in it. They rose really well."

"I haven't asked the lads round for tea because I don't think they'd come. That's not their idea of a good time. They'd break the place! Well, they wouldn't but I think they'd get pretty bored if I didn't have any blue movies."



NASHER

"I got a new cat today. But that's as far as my marital responsibilities go - two cats and a wife. The cats are the hardest."

"It was the best do I've ever been to," grins Nasher. He means his wedding in July to Claire Bryce.

"I got married," he explains simply, "because I was in love. When you've found someone, you might as well do it now rather than wait for another six years."

The best man was his old mate, Eddie. "He stood up and said 'I've known him for years and he's still an ar-larse' - that's like 'someone who is an old arsehole'," laughs Nasher. "My speech? I said my mother-in-law borrowed her hat from Martin Degville because it had one of those numbers over the front and feathers in the back. She understood. Big Joan's well up on *Signe Signe Sputnik*."

The honeymoon was in the Seychelles "getting sunburt, driving down the island, visiting other islands and doing, er, the usual thing you do on honeymoons." Now they're settled into their London flat, Claire's getting ready to go back to her job as a nurse.

"I suppose I've got more responsibility," Nasher considers, "because I got a new cat today. There's two now, Clancy and this one. They don't like each other at the moment - the other one freaked out this morning. But that's as far as my marital responsibilities go - two cats and my wife. The cats are the hardest."

"Who's the boss?" he laughs. "There isn't one. I make the breakfast and she makes the dinner. I make beans on toast in the microwave and Mark and Ped gave me as a wedding present. (Paul, Holly and their manager gave him a giant chess set.) She makes all kinds of exotic dishes for dinner. She's just started having a crack at curries - she didn't think she liked them, but she does now. I think she was always put off the idea of having hot poop the day after."

"Kids? I don't think it's fair at the moment living in a flat four floors up. But I love kids and when we do start they won't stop. How many? How big's a football team...?"



MARK O'TOOLE

"The only person who's ever stormed out of the group is Paul when I stuffed an ice cream in his face at a photo session..."

"I'm in love," laughs Mark O'Toole. "I'm not embarrassed about it. I met Lorna when we were on tour in Florida - she was visiting her mum in Jacksonville - and we got engaged at Christmas. I proposed in Amsterdam in a hotel. We bought the ring there too - a white gold solitaire. That was quite good, going out to get that, because we thought it would be like a big happy day but it was chucking it down with rain. But we had a good laugh. We went to Pizzaland to celebrate. I had a plain one - but she likes all those toppings because she's American - raw asparagus and stuff like that."

"I also rang up her mum and asked her permission. She said yes and talked to me," he sniggers, "about the responsibility. But we're going to wait till we feel like it before getting married. I'd like to do it somewhere like Jamaica on the beach - without any hassles. Nasher's wedding was a good laugh - the only thing was the cake was too late and we were too drunk to eat it. It was a good one, though - four tiers with a fountain in the middle spouting water."

And even though he says they tease Nasher about "Mr and Mrs", he confirms there's no danger of Frankie ever falling apart.

"The only person who's ever stormed out is Paul when I stuffed an ice cream in his face in the middle of a photo session when 'Relax' came out. He left for five minutes but then he came back."

There were, says Mark, quite a few good "japes" back in those days. Before Frankie were too successful Paul would stay with friends in London while the rest of them all shared a room.

"One night Holly came in with this girl, one of his mates, and we'd unscrewed all the doors and pulled all the lightbulbs out. We saw him go upstairs and we ran after him - he opened the door and it fell in, he went for the light and the light wasn't working so he went for the bathroom light and that door fell in and we could hear him saying 'somebody's trying to burgle us...'"

But these days Frankie seem to spend a little less time messing about and a little more time thinking about the group.

"We're the most original thing in 10 or 15 years. I think we're... quite good." In other words, better than A-ha - "They're crap - they're Norwegian, know what I mean?" - and Signe "Signe" Sputnik. "The new Frankie?" he laughs. "Nah. The difference is they're crap."

In fact Mark can see only one thing that can get in Frankie's way.

"I'm a bit worried," he whispers, trying to conceal a huge grin, "about Nasher. He's a bit of a husband. He goes home for his tea now and things like that." But, he adds reassuringly, the matter's in hand.

"We'll sort him out - we'll have to get him therapy I think."



THE STRANGLERS

nice in nice

Just look at that girl/She knows the world owes her something/
 And she's alright/Just look at that girl/She knows she's got that
 something/And she's alright ● She's got diamond rings from
 her Dad/She's got fancy things from her Dad/All the world it
 wants this lady/All the world it wants her ● **Chorus** So nice in
 Nice (so nice in Nice)/So nice and neat (so nice and neat)/So
 nice in Nice (so nice in Nice)/So nice and neat (so nice and
 neat) ● Just look at that girl/She wants the ground she walks
 on/And she wants it over here/Just look at that girl/She smiles
 and breaks your heart/There's nothing you can do ● She's got
 diamond rings from her Dad/She's got fancy things from her
 Dad/All the world it wants my baby/All the world it wants her ●
Repeat chorus ● Don't ever tell me lies you can't support/I
 wouldn't believe you/I wouldn't believe at all/Even if I saw ●
 Just look at that girl/Where once she wore leather jackets/Now
 she's wearing furs/Just look at that girl/She walks around
 owning everything/That's not even hers ● She's got diamond
 rings from her Dad/She's got fancy things from her Dad/All the
 world it wants my baby/All the world it wants her ● **Repeat**
chorus ● (So nice in Nice)/She walks straight ahead/(So nice in
 Nice)/And walks all over you/(So nice in Nice)/(So nice in
 Nice)/She smiles and breaks your heart/(So nice in Nice)/(So
 nice in Nice) ● **Repeat to fade** ● *Words and music by The*
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*When Your Heart
 Is Weak*

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 available on 7" and 12" and
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EURHYTHMICS



NEW SINGLE



THORN IN MY SIDE

RCA

MELISSA MORGAN

Fool's Paradise

I'm taking out this time
To give you a piece of my mind (give you a piece of my mind)
Who do you think you are
And maybe one day you'll be a star

But until then baby
I'm the one who's crazy
'Cause it's the way you make me feel (the way you make me feel)
I don't want no romance
I just want the chance
To show you that I'm for real

I never said that I would be your everything
But you know that I love you baby
And it's gonna be such a shame
When you start living in a

Chorus
(Fool's paradise)
You better think twice
'Cause you know it's not very nice

The bright lights and big cities
Done gone to my baby's head
You know I love you baby (love you baby)
But you choose this life instead
So just remember what your mama told you
Before she sent you on your way (before she sent you on your way)
She told you never ever be too clever
To not see your own mistakes

I'll be here waiting for you
When you come off your trip
And I guess I will always be the one
To bring you back from your crazy crazy crazy oh

Repeat chorus twice

I'll be here waiting for you
When you come off your trip
And I guess I will always be the one
To bring you back from your crazy crazy crazy

Repeat chorus four times and ad lib

(Not very nice in this fool's paradise)

Repeat and ad lib to fade

Words and music by L. Wilton/M. Morgan
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PETER CETERA

Glory of Love

Tonight it's very clear
As we're both lying here
There's so many things I wanna say
I will always love you
I would never leave you alone

Sometimes I just forget
Say things I might regret
It breaks my heart to see you crying
I don't wanna lose you
I could never make it alone

Chorus
I am a man who will fight for your honour
I'll be the hero you're dreaming of
We'll live forever
Knowing together that we
Did it all for the glory of love

You'll keep me standing tall
You'll help me through it all
I'm always strong when you're beside me
I have always needed you
I could never make it alone

I am a man who will fight for your honour
I'll be the hero you been dreaming of
We'll live forever
Knowing together that we
Did it all for the glory of love

Just like a knight in shining armour
From a long time ago
Just in time I will save the day
Take you to my castle far away

I am a man who will fight for your honour
I'll be the hero that you're dreaming of
We're gonna live forever
Knowing together that we
Did it all for the glory of love

We'll live forever (we'll live forever)
Knowing together
(Knowing together) that we
Did it all for the glory of love

Chorus
We did it all for love we did it all for love
We did it all for love we did it all for love

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THE SMITHS: Carlisle Sands Centre (October 13), Middlesborough Town Hall (14), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (15), Cornwall St Austell Leisure Centre (17), Gloucester Leisure Centre (18), Newport Centre (19), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (21), London National Ballroom Kilburn (23), London Brixton Academy (24), London Paladium (26), Preston Guildhall (27), Llandudno Astra (28), Manchester Free Trade Hall (30)

● Tickets are available through the venues and usual agents and prices vary for each date

SPANDAU BALLET: Glasgow S.E.C.C. (December 6), Brighton Conference Centre (10), Bournemouth International Centre (13), Birmingham NEC (16), GMEC Centre (19), Wembley Arena (22/23/24/26)

● Tickets for Wembley, Birmingham and Manchester are £3.50 and all others cost £9. They are available from box offices and usual agents

SUZANNE VEGA: London Royal Albert Hall (November 17/18)

● Tickets cost £8, £7, £6 and £5 and are available from the Royal Albert Hall box office on their credit card "hot" line (01 589 9465) or by post from the Suzanne Vega Box Office, P.O. Box Office 77 London SW4 9LH. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to the Suzanne Vega Box Office. (Please add on a booking fee and enclose an SAE.) Tickets can also be obtained from the usual agents

ZZ TOP: Stafford Bingley Hall (October 18), Wembley Arena (20/21/22/23)

● Tickets cost £9 for Stafford and £10 and £9 for Wembley and are available from the box office and usual outlets. They're also

"HAPPENINGS"

available by post from MAC Promotions, P.O. Box 2, London W6 0LQ. Please enclose a 50p booking fee for Stafford and a 50p booking fee for Wembley (swizz)

BALAM AND THE ANGEL: Manchester International (September 11), Cambridge Guildhall (13), Birmingham Powerhouse (15), London Town And Country Club (16), Nottingham Rock City (17), Newcastle Riverside (18), Glasgow Rooftops (19), Aberdeen The Venue (20), Dundee The Dance Factory (21), Burnley Mechanics (23), Peterborough Tropicana (24), Leeds Warehouse (25), Leicester Poly (27)

● Tickets are available from the box offices and cost £3 in advance and £3.50 on the door (to be confirmed)

▲ Balam And The Angel



BILLY BRAGG: Dublin Olympic Ballroom (September 12), Cork Folk Festival Connolly Hall (13), Belfast Ulster Hall (14), Brighton Top Rank (22), Birmingham Powerhouse (23), Nottingham Rock City (24), Lincoln Ritz (25), Hanley Victoria Hall (27), Manchester Apollo (28), Llandudno Astra (29), Blackpool Opera House (30), Portsmouth Guildhall (November 3), Bristol Studio (4), Cardiff University (5), Aberdeen Capitol (7), Glasgow Barrowlands (8), Newcastle Mayfair (9), Leeds University (10), London National Ballroom Kilburn (12), Ipswich Gaumont (14), Norwich U.E.A. (15)

● Tickets all priced £4.50 are available from box offices and all usual agents

CHRIS DE BURGH (EXTRA DATE): Stafford Bingley Hall (September 20)

● Tickets are £9.50 and £7.50 and are on sale now from usual agents or by post application from ML Megastores, 23 High Street, Newcastle-Under-Lyme. (Please include a 50p booking fee and an SAE.)

LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS: Glasgow Barrowlands (September 5/6)

● These dates are being played to compensate for the cancellation of their appearance at the Birmingham NEC on August 2. Appearing with them will be a very "special" guest star, plus **Love And Money** and **The Big Dish**. Tickets cost £5 and are available now from the usual agents. All proceeds go to Oxfam and Artists Against Apartheid

KILLING JOKE: London Hammersmith Palais (September 28), Leeds University (October 1), Manchester Apollo (2), Birmingham Odeon (3), Poole Arts Centre (4), Bristol Studio (5), Newcastle Mayfair (8), Glasgow Barrowlands (9), Liverpool Royal Court (10), Sheffield University (11), London Hammersmith Palais (12)

● Tickets vary in prices for the different venues and are available from the relevant box offices

LISA LISA/CULT JAM AND FULL FORCE (EXTRA DATE): Nottingham Rock City (September 28)

● Tickets cost £6.50 and £5.50 and are available from the box office and usual outlets

MOTORHEAD: Birmingham Odeon (September 15), Newcastle City Hall (16), Edinburgh Playhouse (17), Bradford St Georges Hall (18), Manchester Apollo (20), Cardiff St Davids Hall (21), London Hammersmith Odeon (22), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (23)

● Tickets are £6 and £5.50 - with the exception of Bradford and Cardiff where they are £5 - and are on sale now from theatre box offices and usual agents. Special guests on all dates are **Zodiac Hindwarp** and **The Love Reaction Yippee!**

NEW ORDER: Newcastle Mayfair (September 10), Edinburgh Playhouse (11), Glasgow Barrowlands (12), Dundee Laird Hall (13), Birmingham Tower Ballroom (October 2), London Royal Albert Hall (6)

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- 10 Dire Straits Brothers In Arms

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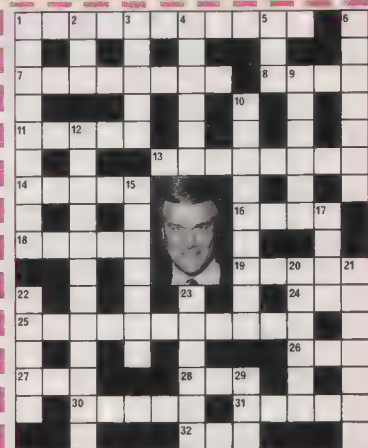
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ACROSS

- 1 See photocue (5,6)
- 7 TV comedy series about the Home Guard in World War II (4,4)
- 8 **Stewart** — but not the one in 2,3
- 11 "William — — Really Nothing" (2,3)
- 13 Unable to do without, like **Robert Palmer** was to love
- 14 **Haywood's** favourite "blooms"
- 16 **Diamond** from *Good Morning Britain*
- 18 "— You Up" (**Madonna**)
- 19 Add public and limited to form a rock group
- 24 His name provided a No. 1 for **Marti Webb**
- 25 Man of **Duran** — and **Queen!**
- 26 **Open** — *Hours* TV comedy show
- 27 Vehicle garaged amid **Paul McCartney**
- 28 **Reed** or TV newsman **Grant**
- 30 "— — Be The One" (**Five Star**) (3,2)
- 31 She was desperately sought in the **Jesus And Mary Chain**
- 32 Ms. **Farrow**, actress girlfriend of Woody Allen

DOWN

- 1 **Chris De Burgh's** "colourful" woman (4,2,3)
- 2 "Every Beat Of My Heart" **Stewart**
- 3 **Simply Red** held them back
- 4 "Nitty" Marc (haw haw)
- 5 Group discovered in **Jaki Graham's** latter half
- 6 Pals that provided **Shalamar** with a hit
- 9 Could be **Fry**, could be **Marilyn**
- 10 **Bowie's** "chick" from Shanghai? (5,4)
- 12 They were big with the **Pet Shop Boys** (4,3,5)
- 15 Relatives like **Sledge** and **Pointer**
- 17 "— Of Heaven" (**Wham!**)
- 20 Disco **Colonel!**
- 21 "This Is ——" (**The Clash**)
- 22 It's right for that stupid "come on down" TV show
- 23 New York area that the **The Rolling Stones** shuffle came from
- 29 Country hidden amid "Say You Say Me" (1,1,1)



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are modern
just another
european



"No!" says Modern Talking. "We are Opus. . ." So who are they, then? Well, they're huge stars almost everywhere but them is, apparently, "like the person in much oil." Pardon? says Lola

It must be very annoying to be Modern Talking. Their current single, "Brother Louie", has been number one in 15 countries. Three of their albums have gone platinum. They've got 15 gold records. They have been massive superstars all over Europe ever since they formed three years ago and they get mobbed in their native Germany. But here in England? Mention their name to virtually anyone and the most you'll get is a blank stare. No one has ever heard of them.

So who are they? Well, they're actually two not-so-young Germans (on the very wrong side of their late twenties), Thomas Anders (the singer) and Dieter R. Bohlen (the songwriter). Dieter describes himself as the "normal, sensible" one (in that jump suit?).

"Ah yes, we are very famous in Germany," he admits bashfully, "but I am not so. . . what is the word? . . . ostentatious. I am very normal."

So what's Thomas like? Is he sensible too?

"He is like the person in the desert with much oil. . ." says Dieter. I beg your pardon?

"I don't know the word in English. . . A sheik! Yes, that's it! He is like the sheiks in the fairy tale — do you know that book *The Tales Of The Arabian Nights*? He is like

something from that book. Very strange and magical. Nothing is normal with him. He has a house full of puppets. Many, many puppets. Maybe one hundred."

Very strange. And "old" Thomas also has another rather strange habit — he always wears a chain around his neck with the name Nora on it. Who is this Nora?

"Nora? Nora is the most important girl in the whole of Germany!" shouts Dieter, "but not for me. She is the wife of Thomas." And who, pray, is "Brother Louie"?

"It's for my engineer (the bloke who twiddles the knobs in recording studios)," he explains. "His real name is Louiche — he is Spanish. Yes, I wrote it for him, because when we work together we have so much trouble."

Trouble? "Yes. He says 'You must do this like *this*' and I say 'No, no, I want it like *this*' and so we have much trouble. And then after we have three hits in Germany, I say 'Louie, I write a song for you,' and that's why it's called Louie."

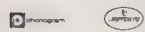
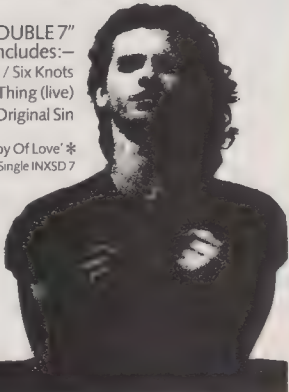
The single has already been a massive disco hit in Europe — holiday makers over there have been buying it by the truckload to remind them of holiday gyrations in the discos of Benidorm and Torremolinos. Even

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talking dodgy group?

not Boney M or they're German, but Britain and one of n the desert with Borg. . .

"normal and sensible" Dieter admits that he enjoys shaking a leg himself.

"Sure, I like discos," he laughs, "but not when I work. It is difficult to get up the next day when you have too many beers."

He's very quick to point out, though, that Modern Talking are not *just* a disco group and that their "repertoire" includes much more besides disco songs. Ballads, for example. . .

"Modern Talking is not Baccara, Boney M or Opus," he says, pointing out that they very much want to have *lots* of hits in England. Here and America seem to be the only two places on the globe where success has passed them by, but he's confident that won't last.

"I know that when we come to England, the girls, they see Thomas and they go *mad*," he shrugs. "Everywhere we go the girls see him and go 'AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"
He is. . . how do you say it in English. . . ?

A "heart-throb"?
"One moment please."
He leans over and consults Chris Norman from Smokie (*huge* British pop group in the '70s whom Dieter is now producing) who is helping him with his English. "Yes," he finally agrees, satisfied. "That is the *exact* word."

Brother Louie

Deep love is a burning fire
Stay 'cause then the flames grow higher
Babe don't let him steal your heart it's easy easy
Girl this game can't last forever
Why we cannot live together
Try don't let him take your love from me

Chorus

You're no good can't you see brother Louie Louie Louie
I'm in love set her free oh she's only looking to me
Only love breaks a heart brother Louie Louie Louie
Only love's paradise oh she's only looking to me
Brother Louie Louie Louie ah she's only looking to me
Oh let it Louie she's under cover
Brother Louie Louie Louie oh doing what he's doing
So leave it Louie 'cause I'm her lover

Stay 'cause this boy wants to gamble
Stay love's more than he can handle
Girl oh come on stay by me forever ever
Why does he go on pretending
That his love is never ending
Babe don't let him steal your love from me

Repeat chorus

Brother Louie Louie Louie ah she's only looking to me
Oh let it Louie she's under cover
Brother Louie Louie Louie oh doing what he's doing
So leave it Louie 'cause I'm her lover
Brother Louie Louie Louie ah she's only looking to me
Oh let it Louie she's under cover

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▲ Dieter R. Bohlen (left) and Thomas Anders.

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REVIEW SINGLES



REVIEWED BY RO NEWTON

IRON MAIDEN:

Wasted Years (EMI) It's funny how heavy metal records often enter the charts really high and then plummet into the depths of obscurity. Obviously Iron Maiden's fans will love this simply because it's Iron Maiden, but I can't detect anything that might endear it to a non-HM fan. It's a standard thrash with pained vocal and enough heavy guitar "breaks" to enable your average headbanger to um, bang their head a lot.



"fiery" guitars, same "sincerity", same "passion" and the same people who'll go out and buy this in their thousands. In fact Big Country are becoming the Status Quo of the '80s — they can make loads of money from releasing the same song umpteen times. But wait a minute, though — sounds like Stuart's got a bit of a "social" conscience. "Let there be time for peace," he chants. Now, I'll go for that...

SLY FOX: If Push Comes To A Shove (Capitol)

This isn't a patch on their last single, "All The Way", which was one of those singles which stick in your mind after only one hearing. But "If Push Comes To A Shove" doesn't even warrant more than one play — it's dreadful; another tiny "lurv" song which plods along limply and repeats a sickly inane lyric at least 30 times too many.



HIPSWAY: Long White Car (Phonogram)

Hipsway have always been one for a gospely tune and "heart-felt" vocals, but they've always left me cold. This, however, is a vast improvement — it creeps up on you gently with subtle touches of guitar, piano and percussion instead of the more overblown production of "Ask The Lord", "The Honeythief", etc. Even Skin's crooning on the chorus (the best bit) is pretty good. Pity about the shushing noise in the background — perhaps it was one of the cleaners sweeping up.

BIG COUNTRY: One Great Thing (Phonogram)

I can't believe it! Stuart Adamson deserves to be gagged and have some bagpipes shoved up his sporan. How can he keep on doing this? Same "pulsating" drum beat, same

knock your socks off.

Unfortunately this didn't even wrinkle mine. "Rage Hard" sounds like any of their previous singles but watered-down and without the guts. They've even used that familiar "menacing" voice from the "Two Tribes" single (the one that tells you what to do in the event of a nuclear explosion) but it's no longer menacing — in fact it sounds like he was out of the room when his bit was being recorded. The over-all effect is a bit limp and very disappointing.



OWEN PAUL: Pleased To Meet You (CBS)

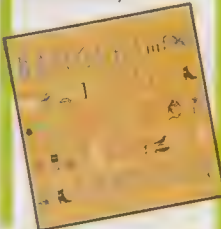
Owen is the kind of bloke it's impossible to dislike: he's inoffensive but he's not bland. In fact his records are quite a tonic. This one is a re-release from the times when Owen's only claim to fame was being a mate of Charlie Nicholas ("flamboyant" (i.e. he has long hair at the back) Arsenal footballer). It's almost as catchy as "Favourite Waste Of Time" and even if you don't like it, you'll be humming along in no time. Can't help thinking, though, that his breezy take-life-as-it-comes kind of songs are only suited to the summertime. What's going to happen in winter? Perhaps Owen will have to hibernate...

DEAD OR ALIVE: Brand New Lover (Epic)

Well, we've seen nothing of Pete Burns since he decided to take a "break" but now he's back, back, BACK! (etc.). He's replaced the eye-patch with a pair of sickly green tights but he hasn't done anything about his music. It's just the same old "let's get down at the disco, babe!" Hi-NRG stomp, and it beats me why these kind of records are always about "love". From the grunts, sighs and macho "huh huts" going on here, that's the last thing on anyone's mind. Anyway, apart from sounding a bit New Orderish in places, this is regulation D.O.A. — no surprises, no shocks and hardly worth the wait.

THE BANGLES: Angels Don't Fall In Love (Columbia)

Oh dear. These Bangle girls should stick to playing cover versions and wearing skimpy skirts — it's about the only thing they're good at. This record just goes to prove that they can't write their own songs — even though it's fairly jaunty and bursting with jangly guitar "riffs", they seem to have forgotten to stick in a melody.



THE POGUES:

Haunted (MCA) This is taken from the soundtrack of the film *Sid And Nancy*, and you'd never believe it was The Pogues. For a start it's sung by Cait O'Riordan instead of Shane McGowan and there's not a fiddle, tin-whistle or banjo to be heard. In fact, instead of sounding Irish there's a strong American flavour and it wafts along in a very slushy sort of way. This is a departure for The Pogues to say the very least. They must've been sober...

MARTIN STEPHENSON AND THE DAINTIES Slow Lovin' (Kitchenware)

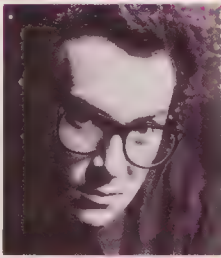
The Dainties are actually from Newcastle but you'd never guess it from this record. For some reason everyone has adopted American accents — I'm sure Geordies would never pronounce kissing as kiss-en and loving as luv-en. But apart from the Americanisms this is quite a nice song — smoochy and sentimental and easy on the eardrums, although I can't help feeling that The Dainties have nicked a few ideas from their fellow stablemates Prefab Sprout, who are specialists in this kind of thing.

NEW ORDER: State Of The Nation (Factory)

Ah, New Order. This should be good. Let's pop it on... Now then, yes, a nice little "oriental" intro... mmmm, interesting. Oooh, what's this! Some lousy guitar! Mean stuff. Ah yes, thundering handclaps, it wouldn't be New Order without those. Tee hee, this is going to be a right little stomper... Hold on a minute... What's this! A funky riff! Heck, New Order are getting all carried away with themselves. This is far too complicated. Now Barney's started to sing. Yes, it's much as I expected — he sounds like he's singing the melody to a different song. Nothing new, that. The chorus is pretty eventful, I must say — definitely the highlight so far, but why are the choruses 20 minutes apart? Why am I getting bored? Why does this record end up as a mangled mishmash of noise in which a tune meanders aimlessly about? What is the meaning of life? Why are we here? Why... (Snuuip!)

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRAXIONS:

Tokyo Storm Warning (F-Beat) Elvis Costello is seen as one of our finest singer/songwriters and rarely is a bad word uttered about him. For years he's been writing brilliant songs, delivering his "message" and hardly ever restricting himself to one style of music. With "Tokyo Storm Warning" he's gone back to the '60s and recreated a stomping sound that reminds me of The Rolling Stones' very old single, "Satisfaction". And again he's making a political statement which, from an intense examination of the sleeve notes, is about any and all sorts of war anywhere in the world. The appealing thing about Elvis is that he wraps his ideas up in strong melodies which don't detract from what he's saying. And you can dance to them...



This is how many people it took to set up Queen's concert at Knebworth...



1 A "rigger". They assemble the stage (all 6000 square feet of it). Sometimes this can take two days, so there are two stages on this European tour — while one is being taken down at one venue, the other is being assembled at the next.

2 Another "rigger".
3 John "Turnbridge" Wells, one of the security men responsible for looking after the members of Queen "Turnbridge" looks after Brian May, escorts him wherever he goes and keeps the fans from getting too close.
4 Chris "Crystal" Taylor, group co-ordinator. He organises all of the personal Queen crew — the roadies, the security men. He makes sure they all know what they have to do and when they have to do it.

7 Jim Devaney, monitor engineer. "I sit out of sight on stage, and 'mix' the sound that the band hear on stage. I have to make things sound good so that the band can hear what they're doing. The sound comes through these speakers called 'monitors' which face onto the stage. The worst I ever worked for was Rod Stewart. He was really miserable."

8 Joe Fanelli, Freddie's main personal assistant, who cooks for him at his London home. "He likes anything really exotic — North African food, curries, good French cooking. He hates veal and doesn't eat carrots. Lamb is a bit offy too. Brian's vegetarian but he eats fish, John likes very simple food — pie and mash — and Roger likes anything but lamb."

9 Tony Williams, in charge of Queen's wardrobe. "I have to look after all of the band's stage clothes. That includes lots of details like making sure all the changes of clothes they need are backstage (Freddie changes about three times each performance), labelling the band's stage shoes (because they all wear the same stumpy Addidas) and looking after Freddie's special moustache scissors. Also I have to wash all of their clothes in my hotel bedroom. My bath is always full. And Brian May has been using all this red henna to dye his hair and it comes out all over his shirts. It's very hectic."

10 Brandon Hyland, group security.
11 One of the 15 "truckers" which drive a massive 40 feet lorry loaded up with sound and lighting equipment. (For extra money they also operate the spotlights which "follow" the group around stage.)

12 Brian "Jobby" Zellis, one of Queen's personal road crew.
13 Brian May, Queen's guitarist.
14 John "Woxy" Glover, Roger Taylor's personal roadie. "Basically I have to look after his drum kit and set it up on stage. I have to keep him supplied with drum sticks — he has sticks made with his own name on — and he uses about ten sets a

show. I got a bit drunk with Status Quo's roadies in Paris earlier this tour, and started throwing all his sticks in the audience."

15 Terry Giddings, group security
16 Dieter Breit, physiotherapist for the group and crew. He has to look after any sprains and injuries that anybody might suffer, e.g. a sprained guitar-playing finger which needs massaging on Brian May's valuable hand.

17 A lighting assistant.
18 A "rigger".
19 Peter "Ratty" Hince, one of Queen's personal road crew. "I look after John Deacon's bass guitars and Freddie's guitar and special radio microphones (the ones that don't have a lead) and keyboard instruments. I have to make sure that everything is exactly where it should be on stage, otherwise Freddie particularly will pounce and let me know if anything's wrong. He's very particular about things being just right. Personally I don't enjoy these tours as much as the old ones. Nowadays there's too much equipment, too many hangers-on, and everybody's trying to be important."

20 John "Collyie" Collins, one of Queen's personal road crew. "I'm the spare man, really. I work with Ratty and the piano tuner, help to see that everything is where it should be at the right time. Do you know, I got married yesterday!" I celebrated the wedding with the band and road crew. It had to be squeezed in during the tour."

21 Roger Taylor, those "shades!" That turned up colour! Must be Queen's drummer.
22 A "trucker".
23 Another "trucker".
24 A "rigger".
25 Another "rigger".

26 John Deacon, Queen's bass player, the one with the good haircut.
27 Tom "Midget" Foehlinger, sound monitor.
28 An unknown person who sneaked in.
29 Mickey Conafray, "trucker".

30 Mick Riddle, caterer.
31 A lighting assistant.
32 Albert Sutton, truck driver. "I carry the sound system, or some of it. We don't see the band or the road crew most of the time, because we travel ahead of everyone else. We have to get to the site before they do, and although we help with the setting up, we're off for two days while the rest of them are working on the concert. There are 15 'truckers' on this tour, plus the bus which takes the road crew and sometimes the band. The worst thing about this job is being away from home for a long time when you're on tour. And the best thing is... erm, maybe that should be a secret."

33 A caterer.
34 Dave Lewis, another caterer.
35 A sound monitor.
36 Steve Benjamins, one of Queen's personal road crew, or "roadies", as they hate to be called. They look after all the instruments, microphones and amplifiers which Queen use on stage, setting them up, tuning them, and keeping them clean.

37 Another "trucker".
38 Dave Thomas, caterer. "I've been catering for Queen since 1975, every year. The band eat the same food as everyone else, but they do have certain favourite foods. After a show they usually like an omelette, or sometimes beans on toast or occasionally a steak au poivre. They're also pretty fond of Indonesian cooking."

39 Rex Ray, second sound engineer. He "mixes" the sound for all the support groups.
40 Spike Edney, keyboardist and second guitar player. "My biggest fear is that it might get too damp, which makes the synthesizers cut out. I just pray that I'm out of clouting range of Freddie if it happens — he might not realise why I'm not playing, and he'd be very upset if he thought I was daydreaming of something. But Queen, on the whole, are great to work with, and they get drunk a lot too. Champagne every night — it's great!"

41 Simon Tuchauer, lighting director. "I operate the main lighting console during the concert. It took three weeks to rehearse. I have a crew who set all the lights up, and 14 spotlight operators who I control through an intercom system, and one man on a 'Ver-lite', plus a man on the colour changer; computer, plus a man on a computer which controls the up and down movement of the whole lighting rig, and then there are a few bits on stage, including a Brian May special spacebit thing which comes down during his solo spot, with all flashing lights and...". (That's quite enough about "lighting" — Ed.)

42 Stages "rigger", who helps to set up the 6000 square feet of stage (all carpeted).
43 Sylvia Reed, assistant to the tour manager, Gerry Stuckells. She is really a personal secretary.
44 James "Tripp" Khalaf, chief sound engineer. "I mix the live sound for Queen, and I'm in overall charge for the half a million watts of PA (i.e. sound system PA means "Public Address") that we're carrying around."

45 Lord Frederick Lucan of Mercury You know, him, Freddie.
46 "Phoebe", one of Freddie's personal assistants. These people help to arrange Sir Frederick's day, making sure he gets to appointments on time, and taking care of all those little details which keep him happy.
47 A "rigger".
48 Lyndsey Beckingham, caterer. One of a team of five who feed the crew and the group. The assistants have their own van to transport all the food, coolers and fridges necessary to feed up to 60 people three times a day.
49 Bill Louthe, sound monitor. One of the assistants to the chief sound engineer, who sets up the massive sound system, making sure it works perfectly, and run around while Queen are on stage, putting things right (like tangled wiring), and making sure there are no problems which could cause any deterioration of the sound quality.
50 Dave Mills, head of backstage and front of stage security. "My job is to stop any skirmishes or fights by pulling out people who are pushing and putting them in the hands of the first aid people. Earlier on

this tour, in Dublin, I pulled out a young man whose ear was barely hanging on by a thread, probably because some idiot threw a glass."

51 Gerry Stuckells, tour manager. The most important person on the tour. He looks after all the road crew, from the lighting team to the caterers, hiring them, making sure that they're paid and that everyone's alright. (He even remembers every crew member's birthday, making a fuss of them so they don't get too miserable.) The other important thing he does is to go out months before the tour to look at the planned concert sites and to make all the thousands of arrangements that need to be made in advance. He's been working with acts like Rod Stewart and Elton John for ages and has organised Queen's road tour for 11 years. "They have to be highly-strung, crazy people, they have to, in order to wire themselves up to perform. So I admire them — yes. But I wouldn't ever want to socialise with them. Soon as this tour is over I'll go home and watch television."

52 Mike Weissman, production and stage manager. "I'm in charge of seeing that the stage and scenery is all put together properly. We work all day to get everything right. I have to co-ordinate all the work of the riggers and carpenters."

● Not pictured **Jackie Gunn,** who runs the Queen fan club. "On our I deal with long-term fans, the ones who've travelled all over Europe with Queen. Some of these fans have been around since Queen started and have followed them constantly, to South America, Japan, everywhere. The band get to know them and give them passes — they deserve it for free after all those years spending thousands of pounds — and so the lucky ones that they really know well get backstage to meet the group and have a drink. There are four particular fans that we call 'The Royal Family' and they've been around since the year dot. One of them, Carol, has been Queen about 150 times and has spent £18,000 on seeing them."

Julie Mash, secretary to Queen's business manager. She helps to look after the affairs of the group, co-ordinating every detail from the management office. She passes information onto the group and arranges Queen's schedule by phone with Joe Fanelli, Freddie's personal assistant.

Jim Beach, Queen's business manager. He works in conjunction with the tour manager and represents the group's business needs. He deals with the record company and all the different offices in different countries. Basically he tries to make them as much money as possible (whilst taking a percentage of everything himself).

Simon Cooke, merchandiser. "I sell all of the Queen t-shirts, books, badges and souvenirs on the tour. I have seven regular staff, 52 vendors, 20 programme vendors and 30 Hell's Angels. They are necessary for security and to try to stop unlicensed, unauthorised Queen merchandise being sold by people outside. Queen demand that I do my best to see that only licensed, authorised products (which is what I'm selling) are sold to the fans, so I have to use the Hell's Angels."



And this is what happened...

The small town of Knebworth in Hertfordshire is under siege. All police leave throughout the county has been cancelled and 600 harassed and worried policemen are desperately trying to keep control of the huge crowd of 120,000 heading by car, by train and on foot to a huge field just out of town. At the moment they're failing – the last 10 miles or so

120,000 people, 5,000 gallons of milk, 700 toilets, 180 speakers, 8.6 miles of cable and more power than 10,000 hi-fi systems...

The traffic jams mean that a lot of people (the Smash Hits contingent included) miss the first act. **Belouis Some**, but apparently he gets a fair mixture of cheering and bored bottle-throwing. Next are **Status Quo** whose non-stop "boogieing" – playing exactly the same song for a good hour – meets with an ecstatic reaction from the audience, a lot of whom look as if they've been buying Status Quo records for most of the group's twenty-odd year career. So it's a very

exclusive guests, who are all either helping themselves to expensive snacks and drinks at the private bar or zooming merrily around on the dodgems.

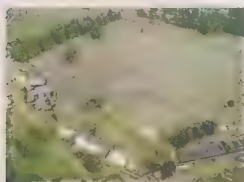
Meanwhile, beyond yet another barrier of security guards the Queen helicopter – painted all over in the style of their recent "A Kind Of Magic" LP – has just touched down, and the group are getting ready.

Suddenly smoke pours into the audience, huge booming voices echo from the stage, 120,000 hands are raised in the air and the four of them bound on stage and start crunching their way through "One Vision". Freddie skips all over the huge stage – up steps, down steps, along platforms – and in fact hardly does anything else for the next couple of hours. After a few old "classics", "It's A Kind Of Magic" begins and suddenly the four



▲ John "Legs" Deacon "rockin' 'em all!"

drawings of the group on their latest album sleeve come to life as huge inflatable monsters and float across the crowd. And even though Spandau Ballet's Steve Norman – just about the only "celebrity" in sight – seems more interested in the "doings" of a couple of dogs in front of him, the rest of the crowd, including people outside the fence perched precariously 50 feet up

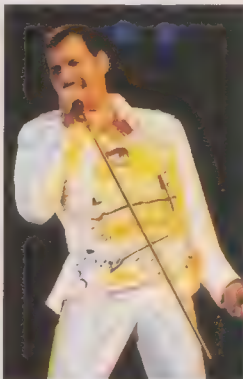


▲ 120,000 Queen fans drinking milk and going to the loo in a Hertfordshire field

is solid traffic.

In the field itself – 200 acres enclosed by over a mile of fencing – the last adjustments are being made. In front of the stage there's the food and drink stands – 5,000 gallons of milk, oceans of coffee, tea, coke and beer waiting to be drunk and 700 toilets ready for when nature runs its inevitable course. The stage, at the bottom end of a huge grass bowl, is immense. On either side are two huge 60 feet tall towers and there's equipment everywhere – 180 speakers, 8.6 miles of cable and a total power of over half a million watts (in other words, about 10,000 times the power of a good hi-fi system).

Above the stage is a huge 600 square feet screen onto which the



▲ Lord Frederick of Lucan "rockin' 'em all!"

happy "Quo" who whizz straight off afterwards to indulge in all sorts of escapades involving helicopters, cars, planes and five speedboats to get them to their concert in Switzerland later this evening.

Big Country probably aren't quite as happy with their reception. The crowd reacts rather coolly and you get the impression that most of the audience is made up of the sort of people who only know about really famous pop groups like Queen and Status Quo and probably aren't quite



▲ Queen feeling rather special and exclusive in their "It's A Kind Of Magic" "whirly-bird"

show will be projected for those so far back that the group themselves will seem like matchstick men. It's so heavy that it would topple into the crowd if it wasn't counter-balanced by a huge reservoir of water.

Backstage, a team of fairground workers finish setting up the dodgems which Queen have requested for their own amusement before and after the concert, and the caterers prepare the last of the 2,000 steaks and 1,000lbs of roast beef that have been consumed on this tour. Outside someone is roping the temporary heliport set up so that the groups can fly from London by helicopter. Setting up a Queen concert is obviously rather a big deal...



▲ Brian "Brian" May "rockin' 'em all!"

famous pop groups like Queen and Status Quo and probably aren't quite sure who these Scottish blokes in posh suits actually are. Even so they get a couple of encores and don't look too fed up as they wander backstage afterwards to mingle with Queen's



▲ Freddie with a crown on

CONTINUED ▶▶

REVIEW VIDEOS

dreams, we love you" they really are gone and the Queen 1986 tour is over. . .

Well, almost over. There's still the matter of a bit of a party backstage for all the road crew and people who have helped put the whole "shabang" together. In one corner there's Brian May riding the dodgems with his tiny daughter, in another there's John Deacon teaching his son to break dance (except that Deacon Jr. seems already to be alarmingly good). And sitting at one of the tables is Joe Faneli, Freddie's personal assistant and chef, who Freddie met in a club in America eight years ago and who has been working for him ever since. He does it, he explains, because he "loves it" and because it keeps him in "comics, books, contact lenses and Sony Walkmans".

"He'll wake me at four in the morning," he laughs, "and want me to



▲ Freddie "gives it some"

trees, are loving it.

The hits continue – "Under Pressure", "Another One Bites The Dust" – and then a newish song called "Born To Live Forever" before which Freddie announces "Earlier on there were rumours of us splitting up. . . we're not that stupid" to a deafening crescendo of approval. But then they do split up as three of them leave the stage and Brian May launches into the most excruciatingly boring guitar solo, wiggling his fingers tediously for about 15 minutes. It's quite a relief when Freddie shoots back on for a few more hits, a rock'n'roll medley of old songs like "Baby I Don't Care", "Tutti Frutti" and "Mary Lou" (the audience showing their age by knowing all the words and singing along), some more hits, the big hit everyone's been waiting for – their mini-opera "Bohemian Rhapsody" (the middle section of which they can't perform



▲ Freddie (moustache, horrible shirt) with the *Smash Hits* competition winners (right, talented people) (left-right) winner Steve Eastwood, his friend Duane Lord Frederick, winner Helen Graham and her daughter Sarah

fix something for him and John Taylor. Or he'll turn up suddenly and say "can you stretch dinner for 35?". He expects perfection. Of course we have rows, but," he sighs, "he always wins."

Sounds quite a hard life, doesn't it? "I expect to die in the next couple of years from it," he smiles. "I think it'll wear me out before I tire of it."

Hmmm. And now it's time for the *Smash Hits* competition winners to come backstage and meet the group. They chat amiably with Roger Taylor and then are led to Freddie's private caravan.

"Hi guys, excuse the horrible shirt," he apologises (reasonably enough), before doling out kisses, handshakes and autographs. Eventually they stagger out again. So what did they think?

"I touched his moustache!"

"He's small – but perfectly formed. . ."

"He was soft and cuddly, just like I expected. . ."

"His teeth looked stupid."

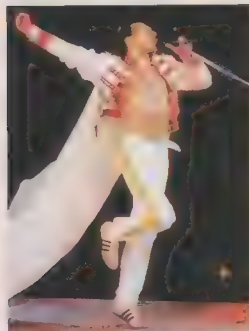
"It sent shivers down my spine – well not my spine exactly. . ."

"What did he say to us? He said 'I'm glad the tour is over – it's a drag. I want to go home and get fat!'"

Chris Heath



▲ Freddie relaxing in his living room the next day (Are you sure about this? – Ed)



▲ Freddie "gives it" some more!

live so they just wander offstage and play the record), some more hits. . . and, all of a sudden, they're gone!

And then – surprise, surprise – they're back! All togged out in shorts, they whizz through "Radio Ga Ga", disappear again and troupe back onstage for the last encore. Freddie, sporting a long white robe, belts out a final selection of their anthems before he strides to the front of the stage in a plush regal robe holding a sceptre and – gasp! – wearing a crown, all to the tune of "God Save The Queen" (har har). After a quick "Thank you, you beautiful people, good night, sweet



WHAMI

Wanda S. Chase

James

John Lee (11/11)

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▲ Freddie Mercury in 1986 – wearing a ridiculous perv's "mac" and having a drink in a car park.

▲ *Crimin'!* (Christopher Lambert) wearing a ridiculous "scarf" and ignoring his bonny wife.

BOOKS

SADE by Mark Bego
(Columbus, £4.95)

If you're a Sade fan you'll already know everything in this book – her birth as Helen Folas Ade in Nigeria, her childhood amongst grannies and poodles in Clacton-On-Sea and her progress from a struggling fashion designer to backing singer in failed funk group *Pride* to the megastar she is today. And if you're not a Sade fan you certainly won't be interested in Mark Bego's waffling about how "original", "classy" and "stylish" she is. Not a very good book.



▲ This cartoon comes from a new book called *A Hundred And Two Uses Of A Black Lace Record* (Flair Records, £2.99). And, like the book it's based on (the hugely successful *A Hundred And One Uses Of A Dead Cat*) it's very hit and miss: some of the jokes are very funny and some are appalling. But there is one very strange thing about this – it's actually published by Black Lace's record company! In other words, having made loads of money out of people who actually like Black Lace, they're now trying to make even more out of people who *hate* them. Worra cheek!

SISTERS OF MERCY: WAKE

(Polygram)
57 minutes, £13.99

● All is dark and forboding on the stage of The Royal Albert Hall. A billow of smoke! A flash of white light! Three shadowy, black-clad figures emerge from the gloom! It's... an hour long video of exactly what you'd see at a Sisters Of Mercy concert. Let's not a lot for all the dry-ice! Gutters sweep and swirl, an invisible drum machine pounds, lead "singer" Andrew Eldritch mumbles frantically from somewhere inside his black spiky boots and the special effects people go a bit bonkers with the slow motion and "filmed in negative" arty bits.

The Sisters Of Mercy weren't just another dark 'n' doomy "Goth" band: they actually wrote some utterly brilliant songs, as witnessed on this video, and if they had anything at all they certainly had presence. Yes, they wore black clothes and looked completely miserable; yes, Andrew Eldritch refused to let go of the cigarette permanently in his hand while facing the microphone at the same time; yes, they hardly moved a centimetre or said more than a syllable the whole time on stage and yes, they did a cover version of ancient old hippie anthem "Knocking On Heaven's Door" – but who cares when they made a noise as spell-binding as this.

The day last year when they split up, a nation wept (well, one or two of us did anyway); and this video is a splendid reminder of a splendid group, job, weep, parp, etc.

Sylvia Patterson

As "bottom" crassaged, Andrew takes the crew on a hilarious shopping trip where he tries to buy Chinese jacket tops (but only after curtailing the cameras and saying "those people aren't normally piece of junk") and the crew of them have a row in the back of a taxi about five post-ovarian speechily "we got to work" "we didn't suit" "it sounds crap to me anyway" "no, Andrew repeatedly "me" will be absolutely scintillating. It will be the most incredible rhetoric ever. At which point the film cuts to the banquet – Andrew is saying "we feel the nature of our performance is similar in many ways to Chinese Theatre and it is those facets of our show that Chinese audiences will most relate to." No wonder George is sniggering.

There's also interviews with Chinese people ("we can't dance properly but we were very excited") and with snooty British officials. "Are you going to be a groupie, laughs one in the poshest voice ever." Oh, of course," says his female companion. All in all a very strange but really fascinating film of one of the strangest, escapades two pop stars have ever got up to.

Chris Heath



FILM

HIGHLANDER (15, 110 minutes)

It's 1536 and a Scottish clansman called Connor MacLeod (Christopher Lambert) is mortally wounded in a bloody battle (he gets the sharp end of a sword in the tum and quite a lot of other places, too). But – miracle upon miracle! – he rises from his death-bed and pops off down the pub for a pint of whatever they used to drink in those days with his mates. The mates, however, reckon this is not-at-all on and boot him out of the clan for having "the devil in ye!"

Out-cast, beaten-up and a bit miffed, Connor flees, and settles down with a bonny wife in the wilds of Scotland. His life of bliss is soon ended, though, with the appearance of Ramirez (Sean Connery – *hurrah!*) who explains that, just like him, Connor is one of a rare breed of immortal men destined to fight off challengers forever... or rather, until The Gathering – a distant time when all the immortals will "feel a great calling" to a place where they must duel to the death. If you're thinking that must be pretty difficult for a bunch of immortals then you'd be

right: they can only die by having their heads chopped off by a sword... cue lots of very gruesome scenes of mad steel-wielders trying to do just that.

The "prize" for all this hand work is "power beyond imagination" (the ability to know what everyone else is thinking and to use this "gift" to make the world a better place). The time of *The Gathering* is 1986 and the place, New York.

Half of the film is spent following Connor and the rest of the immortals around Madison Square Gardens duelling to the death, and the other half in the Highlands of Scotland where everyone seems to duel to the death all the time as well.

Connor's main rival through the ages (yes, they've been poking swords at each other for over 400 years but they're wearing well) is a very dubious seven feet tall character called the Kurgan (Clancy Brown) who wears a lot of shredded leather gear and safety pins in his neck. He's a very nasty piece of work and if he wins The Prize it will spell disaster for mankind. In other words, it's good-guy Connor's task to save the world from this lunatic.

There's violence a-plenty – to be expected in a film which centres around sword fights – and for that reason it's quite "action-packed". In-between head-hunting, Connor also finds time for a spot of romance with



▲ The evil Kurgan (Clancy Brown) wearing a ridiculous "expression" on his face.

sword expert Brenda Wyatt (Roxanne Hart), there's a few amusing incidents courtesy of the well worn Kurgan, a lot of not-very-realistic special effects (i.e. when heads leave bodies the victor glows in the dark) and lots of snippets of music from Queen's "A Kind Of Magic". If *Highlander* is ridiculous, but that doesn't mean it's terrible. An enjoyable experience if taken with at least a skipful of salt.

Sylvia Patterson

Highlander is a fantasy-of-a-fantasy-romantic sort of story. It's great fun!" says Russell Mulcahy, but then he would because he directed it. "So what?" cries a not-very-impressed nation. Well, this bloke invented Duran Duran Or, at least he invented all of their videos – right, from "Planet Earth" to "Arena". And he's also responsible for AC/DC's videos from his days in Australia (where he comes from), as well as the Rolling Stones, Ultravox, Elton John and loads more.

"Directing videos was always a means to an end," confesses Russell. "The means to making feature films. I do enjoy working with pop stars, though, even though some are more... difficult than others. I remember one of the worst things that happened to me while making a video was falling in the Mediterranean while making Elton John's 'I'm Still Standing'. I did the classic stupid thing of going back and back and then over I went – camera and all! I had these really heavy boots on and I was sinking! So everyone dived in... and saved the camera!"

Highlander is Russell's first "proper" film and he's "thoroughly enjoyed" making it. He reckons the acting is "superb", the special effects "stunning" and the music "perfect". Has he always been a Queen fan, then?

"Oh yes, always. For the modern-time, but I wanted to have a feel of war and energy and Queen are a band that get loads of kids to put their hands up and so they were ideal for that anthem quality I was after. Brian May (Queen's guitarist's) son, who's only 9, loved the film – he kept on saying 'oh I want a curly sword...'



FIVE STAR: Silk And Steel (RCA) There are no surprises on this album, just more of the infuriatingly catchy pop formula with which Five Star have found so much success. As well as the singles "Can't Wait Another Minute" and "Find The Time", there are eight more songs all as slickly produced as the famous costumes and dance routines. The only puzzling things about this album are the slightly suggestive lyrics – "...are you man enough?", "...don't you know I love it?", "...the slightest touch and I go crazy with desire" – which do seem slightly odd considering their sweet and innocent image. **(7 out of 10)**

Colette Campbell

CARMEL: The Falling (London) A couple of years back Carmel was just about to become very famous indeed. She had two big hits – "Bad Day" and "More More More" – and looked set to become a slim Alison Moyet, singing easily hummable poppy blues. Since then it's almost as if she's decided she doesn't want to be a pop star; instead she just makes the sort of jazzy records that one suspects she enjoys listening to herself. This, her second LP, is full of it – rewarding if you spend some time with it, but hardly likely to put her back into the charts. **(6 out of 10)**

Chris Heath

BRILLIANT: Kissing The Lips Of Life (WEA) With a name like Brilliant, you've either got to be extremely big-headed or telling fibs. Brilliant seem to do a bit of both. They produce some highly memorable soul with bubbling horns and piano, and some extremely dodgy electro-junk full of zappy sound effects. But the really brilliant (har har) thing about Brilliant is you never get bored. They're always trying something different, one minute calm and collected, the next furiously funky, keeping you on your toes all the time. **(7 out of 10)**

Helen Mead

DAVID SYLVIAN: Gone To Earth (Virgin) David Sylvian used to be lead singer with the group Japan, and this double solo LP continues in the same vein with more moody outpourings, monotone Bryan Ferry type vocals, hesitant bass lines, a slinky fading "backbeat" (what? – Ed.) and lots of chinky muzak. Great for playing *Trivial Pursuit* to, but not a lot else. **(3 out of 10)**

Deborah Sippitts

VARIOUS: Live At Alice In Wonderland (Filcknife) Once a week in London the Doctor, from Doctor & The Medics, becomes the DJ in a rather dodgy club called Alice In Wonderland – and this is a live compilation of noises from that very "nighterie". The Doctor introduces the records and live bands with rather frantic bletherings about "wilderness" and "frenzied bodies", and the groups themselves sound like rather primitive psychedelic/punk/heavy metal types. Amongst the "stars" are a band called The Spooks who sound uncannily like The Damned and Gwyllym And The Raspberry Flavoured Cat who sound uncannily like Doctor & The Medics. A quite amusing LP for folks with stainless steel ear-drums who aren't that bothered about tunes. **(4 out of 10)**

Sylvia Patterson

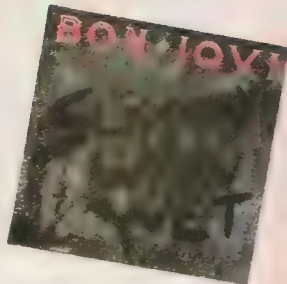
THE SISTERHOOD: Gift (Merciful Release) The Sisterhood is the new group featuring "Lord" Andrew Eldritch – ex-lead number with the supremely brilliant Sisters Of Mercy (see completely biased video review on p51) but you'd never have guessed it. The mere five tunes on this "LP" are mostly thumping drumbeat instrumental dance things – with one brief crooning which Eldritch actually sings for once – and one spoken voice-over "recital" which goes on about "models" of something or other and chants various code numbers. Very, very weird and rather addictive, if a bit disappointing. **(7 out of 10)**

Sylvia Patterson

TINA TURNER: Tina Turner (Capitol) It'd be very easy to dismiss this as merely another thoroughly "professional" collection aimed at following up a successful "formula" – the kind where any imagination or excitement are polished away and the famous "guests" (Bryan Adams, Mark Knopfler, Steve Winwood etc.) are more interesting than the songs. But Tina Turner does such a good job breathing life into some very dull and anonymous mainstream songs – there's nothing as poppy as "Better Be Good To Me" or as moving as "Private Dancer" – that you actually want to hear them again, and that must be good singing. Whatever "it" is, she's got it. **(7½ out of 10)**

Ian Cranna

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS: Kicking Against The Pricks (Mute) A strange idea, this. Nick Cave, the mad-looking Australian who usually growls his way through his own rather grizzly ramshackle songs, has made an album of cover versions of old country-and-western, blues and pop songs, twisting rather pretty tunes with his usual depressing sneer into as ugly a shape as he can manage. At worst they end up as an unpleasant



drone but at best, like "Sleeping Annaleah" and the recent single, "The Singer", they're sinisterly effective. **(7 out of 10)**

Chris Heath

BON JOVI: Slippery When Wet (Mercury) They're American! They have long hair and appalling trousers! They haven't a original idea in their heads! They sing tiresome old "rock" clichés in hoarse voices to cringing guitar "riffs"! They wish they were Bruce Springsteen! That's all you need to know about Bon Jovi! (Are you sure? – Ed.) **(2 out of 10)**

Ian Cranna

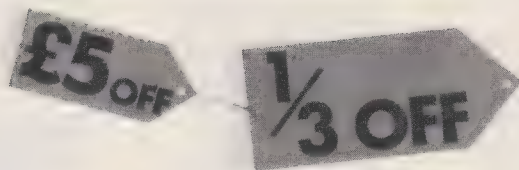
HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS: Fore (Chrysalis) If Back To The Future had flopped Huey Lewis would probably never have made it in the U.K. "The Power Of Love" (included here) was a distinctly average song but he will be living off it for the next 20 years. Everything else on this album is exactly what you'd expect; "laid back" American rock'n'roll which all sounds exactly the same and, apart from one not very good acappella song, it's also very unoriginal. Mind you, he'll make loads of money and when we are all older and wiser he'll still be singing title themes for films like *Parkys* 14. **(1½ out of 10)**

Simon Braithwaite



Remember that rather weird group, **Sudden Sway**, who released eight different versions of their last single, "Sing Song"? Well now they've released an album called "Spacemate" (balance **y negro**) and this collection of nick-nacks (right) is what you get if you're prepared to shell out the required £10 or so on one rather nice yellow cardboard box (containing "The 3 Step Dimensional Extension Program That Really Works", i.e. one "Super Great Big All On 'Wall Chart" (which explains their theory of the universe and stuff like that), one Previous Owner's Spacemate Report (for you to fill in), one Publil A3) Prop Spacemate Instruction Bust For Internal Logic (to, er, explain it all), three very, er, "useful" triangular stickers with colours on... one (That's quite enough "things", thank you – Ed.) And there's also two records containing some quite nice pop music with very strange words. But the weirdest thing of all is that this isn't some stupid kind of Sique "Sique" Spacemate joke – Sudden Sway are completely serious about the whole thing...

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★ STAR TEASER

● All the names on the right are hidden in the diagram. They could run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Some run backwards. But remember that the words are all in an uninterrupted straight line whichever way they run.

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

- AMAZULU
- ART OF NUISE
- ARREY HALL
- BANANARAMA
- CHRIS DE BURG
- CLAIRE AND FRIENDS
- COCK ROBIN
- FALCO
- FIVE STAR
- FURNITURE
- OWEN GUTHRIE
- HAYWOOD
- HOLLYWOOD BYOND
- HOUSEMARTINS
- INXS
- IT BITES
- JESUS AND MARY CHAIN
- KATRINA AND THE WAVES
- LIONEL RICHIE
- MADONNA
- MIDGE URI
- MIDNIGHT STAR
- MI SHODZ
- OWEN PAUL
- PAUL MCCARTNEY
- PRINCE
- QUEEN
- ROBERT PALMER
- ROD STEWART
- RUBEN
- SAMANTHA FOX
- SIMPLY RED
- SINITTA
- SLY FOX
- SPANDAU BALLET
- STAN RIDGWAY
- TATU QUO
- THE REAL ROXANNE
- THE REAL THINI
- WHAM

* Answers down below (no cheating!)

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PUZZLE ANSWERS

PRIZE CROSSWORD

Number 10 (July 30)
 ● The winner is **Tony Pritchard** from Stamford, Dorchester.

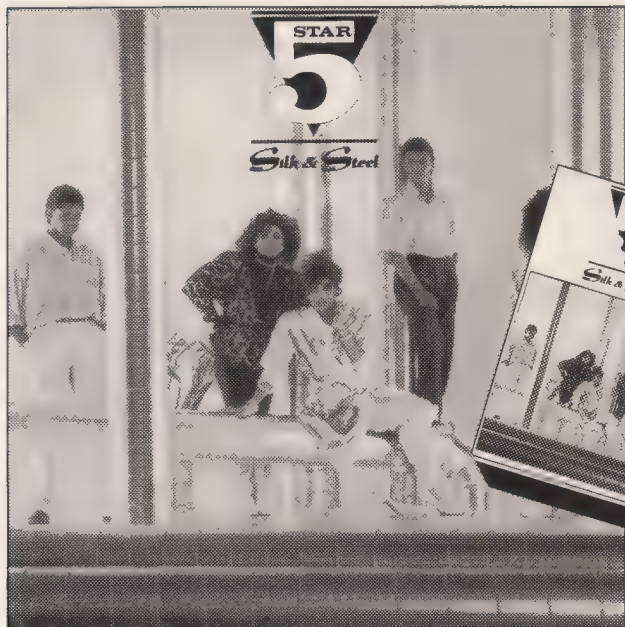
Number 11 (August 13)
 ● The winner will be announced in the next issue. The answers are:

ACROSS:
 1. housemartins 8. Emmerdale (Farm) 10. Do You Believe In Love 11. Gabby 12. Num 12 (Age Jones) 14. Friends 1. Final 17. Vocal 18. Whiz 1. Heaven (Dino Foa) 19. Moby 20. Whopper 18 (Don 20. Eynon/Wentz) 21. Jason 22. Viper 23. Gun (Glen 21. Mr. Toppin) 24. The Fifth 25. Heaven 2. Cruise 26. Summer 2. Tour/De France 1. Paper 2. (The) President 5. 'Hill (That) (Pete) 6. Nick (Ashford), 9. Dame: Edna Everage, 13. 'Exitable 15. 'My) Favourite (Waste Of) Time', 16. Blue Eyes', 19. Prince, 23. ELO

DOWN:
 1. The Fifth 2. Heaven 2. Cruise 26. Summer 2. Tour/De France 1. Paper 2. (The) President 5. 'Hill (That) (Pete) 6. Nick (Ashford), 9. Dame: Edna Everage, 13. 'Exitable 15. 'My) Favourite (Waste Of) Time', 16. Blue Eyes', 19. Prince, 23. ELO

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Dear Black Type

Have you noticed how many proverbs actually contradict each other? There's 'Look before you leap' and 'He who hesitates is lost'. There's 'Many hands make light work' and 'Too many cooks spoil the broth'. WEIRD! It really is time some of these were brought up to date. How about 'Where there's a will there's a lawyer'? Or 'He who laughs last has no sense of humour'? Or 'People who live in glass houses shouldn't take baths'? Or 'See a pin, pick it up - all day long you'll have a pin'?

Now maybe you could send me a tea towel as mine looks like a piece of Gorgonzola cheese
The Edge Of Heaven (Bertorelli)
Weybridge, Surrey

I do so agree. Those raddled old so-called proverbs really are quite useless, aren't they? As Mrs Perkins is so fond of saying, "A stitch in time saves nine".

Everyone "wisely" nods whenever she says this - but does anyone know what it actually means? A stitch in time saves nine what, pray? And what is a stitch in time, anyway??

Pshaw. It is indeed time to bring these stupid old chestnuts up to date. And where better to begin than here? Um. Ahem. Urm...

You can lead a horse to water but you can't make it blow its nose. Erm...

A new broom is more expensive than an old one. Um...

A bird in the hand is better than a cat in custard. Em...

Don't put all your eggs in the washing machine.

Ahumm... and...

Beauty is in the eye of Dame Una Nescafé of Stubbs.

Yes. I think those who do nicely to be going on with. What do you think, voyeurs?

Dear Black Type

Here is a very funny joke for you, and all your pcp fans!

Q: Who played the lead in the Lassie films?

A: No one - Lassie was never on a lead!

Haw haw

Jimmy Cricket (world's least funny man), Fleet, Hants

Poo! For one thing your so-called "joke" is approximately three million years old and for another thing it isn't even a proper joke anyway as anyone who has ever

seen *Lassie And The Gold Mine Ghosts* could tell you. In this aforementioned "epic", Lassie is captured very early on in the proceedings by one of the gold mine "ghosts" (who aren't really ghosts at all, of course, but bad men with no teeth and ferocious cackles who dress up in sheets to spook gold prospectors away from the mine etc. etc.) and from there on is kept on a leash (as they call dog leads in America) until v. near the end when she breaks free and, *naturellement*, delivers the "killer" "punch" to the ne'er-do-wells with much snarling and ultimate patting of the fur from her young pal Ricky or whatever he was called. What a completely terrible film that was...

Please, please print this letter of sincere congratulations to the amazingly talented Sinitta for illuminating the pop universe with her current tasteful and intelligent: waxing, "So Macho". So, the lady is begging for a man who will dominate her' is she? Let's hope the next woman raped by a bloke encouraged by this latest example of the Samantha Fox school of philosophical debate also fancies a bit of rough! I hope Sinitta will be very happy with a man "big and strong enough to turn her on" although while she sits at home and counts the profits of this latest sordid little "joke", perhaps she might spare a thought for the scores of women attacked, mutilated and raped by men thick enough to think that she and others like her are *serious*.

Nicola, Darlington

Dear J. D'Angelo

I can beat your record of waiting for a fan club prize (*Letters*, August

LETTERS

WRITE TO: Smash Hits, 21-25 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.
The most splendid letter gets a £10 record token and a Black Type.
However, *Emergency* also gets a commemorative pendant (i.e. a badge).

13) You have been waiting 19 years for your Fortunes LP. Well, I have been waiting 26 years - since 1960 - for my prize of a Nina And Fredenck Christmas EP (featuring their lovely hit song "Little Donkey") which was supposed to be autographed by the couple in person. 26 years!! Beat that!
Patent Mum, Southampton



Disgraceful! And once more, with crusading zeal, I publish a portrait of the guilty pair and ask the fearless question: Has anyone seen these people?

Dear Black Type

(Do NOT Snuup! please)
Ode To Aled Jones (my idol, hero etc.)

Oh, Aled Aled Aled Aled

Siiiiiiiip

Charlotte Holden Burnley

Ha.

Dear Black Type

I've done it! For once in my life I've found something to write to your black self that is interesting. For I fear I have, at long last, discovered who discovered rock 'n'

roll. After a year and a half of careful research, I have come up with the conclusion that it was *NOT* Cliff Richard, nor any old lady from Nescafé ads, or some old buffer from Madness, but ladies and gentlemen and **Black Type**, it was, in fact, Sir Adnan 'Crumblest Choccy In The World etc' Cadbury!

Eggamine (haw haw, Creme Eggs, qeddit?) the evidence
Sir Ade makes Drinking Chocolate which one drinks hot And which group has been in the British charts longer than time itself? None other than Hot Chocolate

Milk goes into Aidy's dairy choc If you rearrange the letters in milk and swap the 'm' for an 'S' you are left with Slik - Midge Ure's v "famous" old group

Out of all this, there are only two possible conclusions. Sir Cadbury invented rock 'n' roll, but even more astounding you, **Black Type** are Sir Adnan Cadbury

I rest my case
Callum Campbell, Newbury

So, Once again this hoary old debate raises its stunningly bequiffed head. And once again my "correspondents" have got it all utterly and totally wrong.

Examine the facts.

Are not Cadburys the manufacturers of that joyful confectionery treat known throughout the western world as **Buttons?**

Yes.

Is "Buttons" not the name of the irksomely chirpy page boy in *Cinderella* pantos?

Yes.

Is the part of Buttons not rather often played by the gappy-toothed master of mirth and merriment Mr Jimmy Tarbuck?

Yes.

Is Mr Jimmy Tarbuck not also the "host" of TV's baffling quiz show *Winner Takes All*?

Yes.

And whenever there's a pop music question on *Winner Takes All* - i.e. who had a hit with "New Song"? Was it 2-1 Elton John, 4-1 Howard Jones, 5-1 Sade, 6-1 Nik Kershaw, 10-1 A tub of lard? - does not Mr J. Tarbuck say "A difference of opinion here, Geoffrey, and I must say it's got me stumped", proving that he knows *nothing* about popular music whatsoever?

Yes.

This case is closed.

the mighty lemon drops

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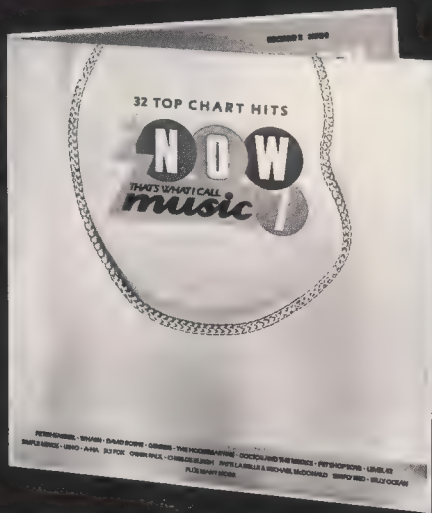


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Oh, wow. Another gig. HEAVEE." A strangled voice, sounding strangely like Neil from *The Young Ones*, drifts from the dressing room. Seconds later, a spiky-topped, sickeningly tanned Dave Gahan pops his head round the door with a mopey look on his face. "Oh man," he sighs, "I was lying on the settee last night at home watching a video of *Bladerunner* (for the fifth time!) and wishing I didn't have to come on tour today. I mean that's what I call a really heavy experience."

Depeche Mode are preparing for the 71st concert of their world tour. In the last four months they've played to over 300,000 people, sold out stadiums in America in less than 15 minutes and been as popular a live act in New York as Madonna. It's all been a bit much for the singer of the Basildon group who began six years ago with three keyboards and an amateurish D.I.Y. light show consisting of a couple of coloured neon bars which they carted about in the back of a van.

These days Depeche Mode on tour is a full-scale professional operation involving 25 people who are responsible for making sure that everybody and everything gets from A to B on schedule and that the group are clothed, fed and generally kept happy. The whole system normally runs fairly smoothly, although things have been known to go wrong... like on this final leg, for instance.

"These are what we call the 'funny gigs'," chirps Dave. "We just treat them as a bit of a laugh. We're playing open-air concerts throughout Europe but this time in all the more remote parts of countries we did before. We're nearly at the end now and, I can tell you, I'll be glad when it's all over. Where did you say we were again?"

The answer to that is France — somewhere between Nice and Cannes in a little village called Frejus. Tonight's concert is to be held in a large Roman

▼ Alan Wilder gets into some pre-concert meditation (man)



amphitheatre which, when not housing a visiting pop group, is used as the local bullring.

Backstage, everyone seems to know it's the first of the "funny gigs" and there's a flurry of excitement as the Depeche Mode production team scuttles around making sure all the arrangements are in order. Of the group, there's only Dave Gahan and Andy Fletcher here at the moment and they're already finding these open-air concerts a little too hot to handle. The only shelter from the blistering sun are "portacabins" brought in to be used as dressing, rooms and a small, stripey and precariously constructed canopy that has become the "dining area". In a vain attempt to cool down, Dave brews himself a refreshing cuppa and Andy discards his black jeans to expose his *Persil*-white legs to the world (bleugh!).

It's not long before Martin Gore and Alan Wilder turn up, showing off tans the colour of gray browning and looking a picture of health.

They're both in high spirits



▲ Martin and his stoollegs, what must he mum think!

after spending a restful week on the island of Bali (near Thailand), despite all the "drunken Aussies" they encountered there and the two day plane journey it took to get to France. Martin, as usual, is looking especially weird, sporting black shorts with white polka dots, a skimpy black t-shirt, green mascara and black nail varnish. (The perfect summer outfit. You'd hardly believe he used to be a bank clerk!) Someone is sent to find some beer and before long they're all bawling at each other over the din of the ghetto-blasters on which some woman is babbling in French like a female Gary Davis.

Dave seems to have cheered up a bit and he's soon dishing out sarcy quips and comments at 90 miles an hour. When Martin cracks a joke, he tends to find it more funny than anyone else and lets out a hearty laugh that can be heard above any amount of noise. Andy seems far more serious in comparison and is, by all accounts, the "business man" of the group. Alan is just, er, fairly quiet really, and doesn't seem

to know any jokes at all.

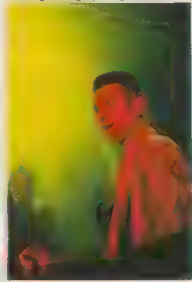
As the concert draws nearer rumours begin circulating that the support group, Eyeless In Giza, have got lost in France so there's a possibility that their place will be taken by the "famous" Blah Brothers — actually two of Depeche Mode's road crew called Daryl and Nobby who (much to the group's amusement) fancy their chances at mega-stardom. Eventually it's decided that this is ver Blahs' "night" and on they go to bombard the audience with their tinny Casio rock. Unfortunately they sound like a weedy version of Blancmange, with every song having the same drumbeat and squealing saxophone (not to mention a singer who sounds like he's got a ton of cement lodged at the back of his throat). Eyeless In Giza, who were only told about the concert yesterday and have driven all the way from Nuneaton, arrive 15 minutes later, looking very fed up.

Leaving them to stare miserably into their sweetcorn soup (yum!), I creep around the grassy backstage area and spy through the wooden fence (designed to give them some "privacy" from the rest of the crew) Depeche Mode limbering up for the evening. Martin and Dave are strutting about in not very many clothes, admiring themselves in front of a full-length mirror propped up against a chair and, if my eyes don't deceive me, they seem to be wiggling bodily particles very suggestively to get in the mood.

When the curtains eventually drop to reveal Depeche Mode, they're dressed properly again (booh!) but the girls still clutch their friends, screw their eyes up, open their mouths and the lads in the audience still start punching the air with their fists. Everyone also chants the words to the songs, although it's doubtful if they fully understand what is being sung. One confused girl seems to be under the delusion that "Just Can't Get Enough" is actually "Just Can't Get It Up". What?

And, as Martin starts to sing "A Question Of Lust" — wearing a (predictably) black, short-legged romper suit complete with studs, buckles, suspender belt and a fetching

▼ Dave gets a bit giddy on stage



Falling asleep on the loo, chuck dreams, "naughty" magazines and YES, IT'S TWO TYPICAL

DEPECHE

Words: Ro Newton



▲ Depeche Mode (left-right), Dave, Andy, Alan and Martin

ing TVs into the bath, "naughty"
and see-through body stockings . . .

DAYS ON TOUR WITH

DEPECHE MODE

Photos: Tim Bauer



pair of sheer black stockings as well as a macho pair of handcuffs fixed about his person — the whole arena is immediately lit up with thousands of flickering flames and the dew-eyed onlookers sway back and forth to the music. Aaaaah . . .

After the concert the group have only 10 minutes or so to towel themselves down before all the guests arrive backstage to meet their "heroes." I'm beckoned over by Dave and, although he's pretty knackered and sounding croaky, he's in an extraordinarily chatty mood, launching into the tale of how he recently sprained his ankle — a major trauma, by all accounts.

"I got really drunk at the last gig we did and didn't get back to the hotel until four in the morning," he explains. "There I was lying on the bed and suddenly I wanted to go pee. I went into the bathroom and fell asleep on the loo. After about an hour I tried to stand up but I slipped on a towel and went flying through the shower — flat out on my backside, I was. I cried out for Jo (his wife) who got me back to the bed. I sneaked a look down at my ankle and nearly died when I saw the size of it. It was like an elephant's foot. Huge. It still hurts me now . . ."

Suddenly a fan comes across and interrupts Dave's extremely detailed story to ask him about his wedding anniversary which was the day before.



▲ "Er, see a feel of this 'Er, I'd rather not, thank you."

"Oh yeah," he groans. "I had to celebrate it all on my own because Jo has gone away with her mates to Ibiza."

There's a rather stagnant pause as Dave stares glumly into his beer. The fan pursues the line of questioning and when he moves onto the subject of babies Dave surprisingly perks up.

"We've been thinking about having a baby during the last year. We even considered it before we got married but it was hardly practical then.

"Jo's great," he continues with added enthusiasm, "she does everything for me. She's so organised it's unbelievable. She doesn't like me being away, though. It gets worse as well. Towards the end of the European leg of the tour (first time around) I was heavily depressed. I just wanted to go home. I did a lot of sulking

because, even though this is an ideal job which I love, it's also physically and mentally exhausting

"I'm not being bigheaded or anything, but I can see Depeche Mode going on forever. We're a good live band and I know I can perform. There's been times I've thought I couldn't go on — but I'm happy really."

As Dave chatters on, the

Everyone thinks I'm gay because of what I wear but it's not me! There's only one member of Depeche Mode that's gay . . . and we all know who it is!" With this he points an accusing finger at Andy, who's experiencing a reddening of the cheeks and sliding sheepishly down his seat, and is not entirely sure what's going on.



▲ Dave goes a bit giddy again.

road crew are struggling with a huge packing case which turns out to be his wardrobe

"You wouldn't believe how much money I spend on clothes. Tonight I actually ran out of leather trousers so I had to wear white cotton ones. I get soaking wet every night and the leather goes all hard. Five gigs and they're ruined. Tonight I even slipped about on stage it was so wet."

With all this physical and mental exhaustion and their leather trousers seizing up, do Depeche Mode ever actually have any fun on tour?

"We've been up to some tricks on this tour," he reveals, obviously getting into the spirit of things "There was this guy who works for our music publishers and he was just so boring — he must've been the most boring person ever. It came to the day he was leaving and he had to get a really early flight. Me and Alan crept into his room while he was in the bar and piled everything on his bed, then I put the lamp on the top and plugged it in. We also put the TV in the bath and pushed this huge chest of drawers into the bathroom as well. It was wicked, man. We just creased up. The poor guy had to sleep on the floor for the rest of the night and then he told the hotel to charge any damage to us.

"Mind you, the crew tend to play tricks on us a lot. At one of the last gigs they covered the riser (back bit of the stage that Dave has to climb up on) with all these porno pictures to try and put me off. They succeeded."

By now it's some ungodly hour in the morning and time to board the coach for the journey back to the hotel in Cannes. As we get on Martin suddenly has a fit and starts spouting gobbledegook at the top of his voice to the whole bus. Then it becomes more understandable. "You want a scoop for *Smash Hits*?" he yells. Well gerraladathsi!

Eventually Martin calms down, Alan and Andy conk out on the bunks at the back of the coach and Dave keeps his droopy eyes open by talking about dreams.

"Most of my dreams have been about us on the road. Usually everything goes wrong, which isn't surprising. I've only had a couple of sexual dreams and they're quite good, I must admit."

The next morning we're out on the hotel roof where Depeche Mode are doing a photo session. Looking out across the Riviera, Dave recalls the time when the Sunday papers reported that he "supposedly" rescued Fletcher from shark-infested waters in Los Angeles.

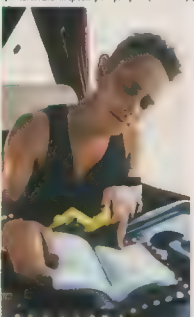
"It even made the local papers in Basilidon which splashed it all over the front page! Can you believe that? Apparently I've got gold medals in swimming.

"I even got a pat on the back from this newsgast at home when I went to buy a paper. I wish I knew where they get all these stories from . . ."

After the obligatory autograph signing sessions, we're off again on the coach to Italy — a three hour journey ahead.

One of Martin's (many)

▼ Martin and his special pervy passport (studs ahoy)



fetishes at the moment is computer games, and he whiles away the hours on the coach in deep concentration, bleeping away. "I'm the record-score holder at clay pigeon shooting," he announces proudly. Martin also shows off his passport as we approach the border and, as you can imagine, it's no ordinary passport - it's kept in a special studded leather wallet (a present from his girlfriend) and his picture was taken from a very posy photo session.

The coach is now winding its way around the coast of France into Italy and we look down onto the beaches of many exclusive holiday resorts which, from this height, resemble tiny toy villages. Depeche Mode are not impressed.

"Not more scenery," groans Dave. At least they're hardened to this travelling lark - the rest of us are glued to the window in case we miss anything.

Eventually we arrive at Pietre Ligure - somewhere in the middle of nowhere - and the coach driver has difficulty in guiding the bus through the narrow streets without splattering any of the fans who keep leaping about in front of us. There's a few familiar faces in the crowd from the night before and a few weird ones covered in the most horrendous make-up.

"I don't think that purple lipstick quite becomes you, dear," shouts Dave to one fan through the window, but she just beams anyway.

Once off the coach, it's discovered that the venue for tonight's concert is actually a football field and the backstage "facilities" are a couple of grotty old toilets. Depeche Mode aren't surprised. "After all, this is Italy," reasons Andy, as he sprawls out on the grass.

"In this country absolutely anything can happen," says Alan. "It's renowned for being totally disorganised. The last gig we played here was in a tent and it was actually raining with condensation over the keyboards! We also did one somewhere like this where the power chord ran through the crowd and just as we started the last song someone cut through the cable and everything went off. It was pitch black."

"Oh yeah, and remember

that Italian TV show we did?" adds Andy. "They kept saying we'd be on any minute and we ended up waiting 13 hours."

"There was that bloke poking fun at our haircuts," continues Dave, warming to the conversation. "I said 'Well at least we've got some'. He was wearing a toupee. And when he said to Mart: 'Boy or girl!', we beat him up. We're banned from that station."

To pass the time we clamber back on the bus and "check out" some of Alan's videos of the tour. Highlights include a very horrible dressing room in Berlin, electricity failure in Washington, a party at Alison Moyet's house in Los Angeles and, Martin cavorting around in a black see-through body "stocking" without the stocking. Well! Kinly.

Out on the football field the gathering crowd doesn't seem half as big as the previous night's but they make up for it by being twice as bonkers. Near the front a scuffle breaks out between a fan and a local security bloke and, without further ado, the police move in and gave the unsuspecting fan a quick squirt of what looks like fly spray.

At the back, young swooping couples revel in the chance to be intimate in a secluded corner, until the local coppers cotton on and rudely interrupt their activities. As Dave said before, "These are the 'funny' gigs".

Backstage things get even "funnier". Three Italian girls make a direct beeline for Alan and won't leave him alone, demanding kisses and taunting him with the fact that they'd somehow managed to get his home phone number. He isn't too chuffed. Dave is also looking mightily irritated and is heard to mutter "Get me away from all these Italian girls" after they've unsuccessfully mobbed him as he tried to retrieve more beer from the coach. Fans are blocking every exit and thumping their fists against the glass. Eventually the group get on the coach but still the fans won't let them be. One girl in particular seems to have a deathwish - they christen her Psycho as she tries everything possible to get on the coach. As Dave Gaham would say, Depeche Mode concerts can sometimes be really "heevcee"...



▲ Martin and Andy fiddling with a stupid electronic toy



▲ "Cor worraaaa! These can't be our fans"



▲ One man find his portable wardrobe



▲ Andy... thank you'd better put them away before you're arrested for indecent exposure



▲ "I wish I could get to grips with these complicated chord changes (man)"



▲ A perry bunch of "Mode" fans



▲ Dave gets happy



▲ Dave gets hungry



▲ "That's it, I've had enough! I'm going to jump!"



▲ A tuck



▲ Martin with a bunch of rasher frisky "Mode" fans



▲ Andy with a bunch of rasher frisky "Mode" fans behaving themselves

▼ "I'm fed up with all these horrid, screaming girls! Let's stamp on their heads bar har!"



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▲ Tommy Jenkins (top), Nathan Leftenant and Larry Blackmon

CAMEO

● Not only is Larry Blackmon the singer, songwriter, bass player, producer and drummer for very successful American funk persons Cameo, but he also . . .

MEDITATES . . .

"Let me give you an example of Cameo's day. We start at 7:30 and meditate for 20-30 minutes. After the three S's - the shit, the shower and the shave - we meet for a 10 o'clock stretch (*work out*) and an 11 o'clock ballet class. We're normally booked into a studio from 12 till 7 o'clock doing work on Cameo music, but if we're producing another project, as we are now, then we'll go on until 1.00am.

I'd say we're about the hardest working group in the business."

EATS FISH . . .

"I never eat meat. It's the best thing, man, if you want to live a long time. The human body wasn't *made* to consume that kind of stuff, although we do need some sort of protein according to my nutritionist in California. I do allow myself some fish, though - it's lighter on the

Word Up

Oh oh
Yo pretty ladies around the world
Got a weird thing to show you
So tell all the boys and girls
Tell your brother your sister
And your mama too
'Cause they're about to go down
And you'll know just what to do

Wave your hands in the air
Like you don't care
Glide by the people
As they start to look and stare
Do your dance do your dance
Do your dance quick mama
Come on baby tell me what's the word

Ah word up oh oh
Everybody say
When you hear the call
You've got to get it under way
Word up oh oh
It's the code word
No matter where you say it
You know that you'll be heard

Now all you sucker DJs
Who think you're fly
There's got to be a reason
And we know the reason why
You try to put on those airs
And act real cool

But you got to realise
That you're acting like fools

If there's music we can use it
We need to dance
We don't have the time
For psychological romance
No romance no romance
No romance for me mama
Come on baby tell me what's the word

Ah word up oh oh
Everybody say
When you hear the call
You've got to get it under way

Oh
Go L for low
Ah hey hey ooh
Just come on all you people say
(W.O.R.D. up)

Repeat five times

Hey hey hey
Ooh say like that like that
Say you like that
Come on baby what's the word
What's the word everybody's got
To know know
I say ah ha oh take me real low

Words and music by L1 Blackmon/T. Jenkins. Reproduced by permission Copyright Control. On Club Records

digestive system."

RIPS THINGS UP . . .

"There's *no way* you can look at Cameo and not like what goes on. It's what everyone else listens to - from Chaka Khan to Michael Jackson. It's black rock 'n' roll, or the equivalent. I use that term because people can relate to the attitudes that rock 'n' roll brings to mind. Our live show is 'Rip it up! Tear it down!' It moves! It's dramatic! It's . . . Cameo!"

WHISTLES . . .

"Word Up" is a term used in some black American quarters meaning 'alright!' - sort of 'Hey, I'm OK, how ya' doin'?' It's *cool!* The whistling sound on the single (*similar to that on Clint Eastwood's old "spaghetti westerns"*) is more or less a sound to reflect the unity of certain kinds of people. Just like you would hear the 12 o'clock whistle blow - you know, time for lunch or whatever - this means 'Cameo.' Time to *do something!* Listen, we just want *anybody* and *everybody* to know that we have a genuine love for them, and that our relationship will surpass the music industry and its commercial attitudes and communicate to them *directly* through the music that we play. Alright?"

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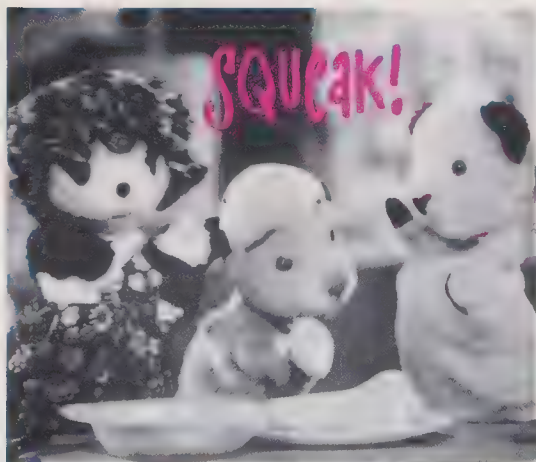
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● *The scene: A breakfast table. Three celebrated TV glove puppets are staring at a bone . . .*

Soo: Good morning Sooty! Good morning Sweep!

Sweep: Squeak!

Sooty:

Soo: Oh dear. Have we only got this old bone for breakfast? Poor old Mr Corbett, the man who sticks his hand up us and does our "voices", must be skint again.

Sweep: Squeak!

Soo: What do you mean "He's a complete rotter because he always makes sure he's got 45p to buy *Smash Hits* each fortnight"? I can't say I blame him, really. After all the next issue *has* got a jolly interesting thing about **BON JOVI** in!

Sooty:

Soo: Yes! And it's got stuff on **NEW ORDER** and **CAMEO** and **THE COMMUNARDS** in as well!!

Sweep: Squeak!

Soo: Yes, that's right, Sweep! It's also got something about those imperishable boogie boys **ZZ TOP** in Texas!!

Sweep: Squeak!

Soo: What do you mean you'd still rather have a bowl of sugar-coated *Frosties* with a free plastic monster for breakfast, you ungrateful hound? Some people have no taste, isn't that right Sooty?

Sooty: !!!!

An old bone: Absolutely.

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HAYWOOD

I CAN'T LET YOU GO



THE
NEW
SMASH
SINGLE
ON
7" &
EXTENDED
12"



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THE COMMUNARDS

DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY

I'm finding (patterns I'm finding)
 As pain and joy and sorrow mingle
 Patterns we're finding (patterns we're finding)
 Our faces raised in adorations
 Patterns I'm finding (patterns I'm finding)
 As pain and joy and sorrow mingle
 Patterns we're finding (patterns we're finding)
 Our faces raised in adorations
 Patterns I'm finding (finding)

KILLING JOKE ADORATIONS

Courage and cowards move heroes to ecstasy
 Welcomes of war and wounds vigil and victory
 Structures of atoms dance sugar towards the taster
 Prey to the predator love as we're falling down

Through light and laughter flow
 To dirge and death we go
 Mindless processions move lanterns of burning towns
 Welcome to fray and feast
 Bliss in all sorrows found
 Rhythm and random moves and waves of revelations

Patterns I'm finding
 As pain and joy and sorrow mingle
 Patterns we're finding
 Our faces raised in adorations

Deserts are paradise awake to genocides
 Delight and sufferance these roles that we have found
 Nourished by food we eat hungered by waste excrete
 From apes or sons of God let every act be sacred

Patterns I'm finding
 As pain and joy and sorrow mingle
 Patterns we're finding
 Our faces raised in adorations

Patterns I'm finding (patterns I'm finding)
 As pain and joy and sorrow mingle
 Patterns we're finding (patterns we're finding)
 Our faces raised in adorations

Patterns I'm finding (finding)

Words and music by Killing Joke
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JAKI GRAHAM BREAKING AWAY

I'd like to think that you're thinking of me
So close to you yet you seem so far away
So far away
So far until I cannot see

Chorus

By breaking away
You've broken the rule
By breaking my heart
You've loved like a fool
I'm breaking away
You've made me give in
By making me lose
What I thought I could win oh oh

You're just a man with the modern problem
Can't rest his heart has to be so far away
So far away
So far and losing all of me

Repeat chorus

I saw the writing clearly on the wall
It told me watch your heart
It hurts when you fall
And yet with more to lose I couldn't give in
It's a fight I just wanted to win

Repeat chorus to fade

*Words and music by D. Bramble
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On EMI Records*

PATTI LABELLE OH PEOPLE

Ooh (oh oh)
Ooh (oh oh)

If we are one big family
No one will have to beg to eat
If we live in a world of dignity
No man will have to live on the street
If I tell you you're a part of me
There's no need for disbelief
Here's my hand to let you know
That what we dream we all can hold
Apart we are weak
Together we're strong

Chorus

Oh people
We're all writing this song
We're all living these words together forever
There's no reason
We can't live and be one
Build the world that we want together
For as long as you stand here by me
We'll live on

Think of all the possibilities
That the eyes of a child can see
Think of all the opportunities
That float right by you and me
Take my hand and we will know
All that we dream will be our own
Apart we are weak
Together we're strong

Repeat chorus

Oh
Oh people
We're all writing this song
We're all living these words together forever
There's no reason oh no
We can't live and be one

Oh I want to think think think
Oh people people people
Oh I said do you
Think of all the possibilities
That the eyes of a child can see
Think of all the opportunities
That float right by you and me
Oh there's room for us all
Oh it's a big world

*Words and music by B. Roberts/A. Goldmark
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