

SMASH HITS



U2

BOY GEORGE

WESTWORLD

THE CULT

LEVEL 42

MENTAL AS ANYTHING

WORLD PARTY

EUROPE

×

SONS BY NICK KAMEN

FREDDIE MERCURY

JACKIE WILSON

They're wild!
They're wicked!
They're wonky! They're...

BEASTIE BOYS!!!

POSTERS: MADONNA + DURAN DURAN + MORTEN HARKET
PAUL WELLER + JANET JACKSON + WAYNE HUSSEY

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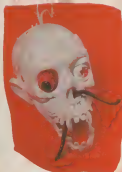
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MADONNA



Photo: Herb Ritts/Contrast

SMASH HITS

BITZ

WAYNE HUSSEY: "A BIT OF A DISAPPOINTMENT" SAYS HIS MUM!



▲ Wayne's mum

Wayne aged seven. ▲



Photo: Paul Fisher

▲ Wayne aged quite a bit more than seven

Yes indeed. In an "exclusive" interview with her local paper, *The Bristol Evening Post*, Wayne Hussey's mum revealed that she and Mr Hussey were actually hoping that young Wayne was going to become a Mormon missionary (i.e. going round knocking on people's doors at odd hours of the day with Bible in hand!) Instead of which he became a dishevelled pop star in a group called The Mission!

Mrs Wendy Hussey says she fondly remembers young Wayne turning up with his guitar to "perform" at the Youth Church of Jesus Christ The Latter Day Saints (the local Mormon church). "Wayne is not a very good advert for the church," she laughed. "He left it about five years ago and since then he's probably broken every rule in the book." *Cripes!*

"We'd always hoped he would go on a mission. When he was about 19, a year after moving to Liverpool, he called

us and said he'd decided to give up music and go on a mission. We were delighted. My husband, who was working in Saudi Arabia, said he'd stay out there for another year to raise the money for him, and we bought all the books. Then he came home at Christmas and he'd changed his mind!"

Wayne's mum also let slip other piping hot Hussey facts, such as how his first guitar cost £6 and was bought when the family were on holiday in Barcelona! How his second guitar cost £20 from Woolworths! How he left school with five "O" Levels to become a trainee manager at the local Co-op but abandoned that for a career cleaning kettles at the local electricians! And how he used to be a nice sensitive boy with short hair.

"But you have to have an image to get noticed, don't you?" quips his mum. "Mind you I did feel embarrassed the day we had to clear the ladies' changing room in the local clothes shop because he wanted to try something on."

Not only that, but Mrs Hussey also "reveals" how Wayne dreamed up the name for his group: "He'd been tinkering on his guitar and noticed a Mission amp, then opened a drawer and found a Mission diary which we'd bought him. That clinched it. He said it was probably the closest thing we'd get to having him go on a mission." *Quite.*

FIFTY FABULOUS FREDDIES

TO BE WON



▲ A full size cut-out of Lord Fred



▲ Several million Lords Freds. What a prospect!

It is true! "Hot" from the video shoot of **Lord Frederick Lucan Of Mercury's** "The Great Pretender", no less than 50 full-size hardboard cut-outs of the magnificent trouper have just been wheeled into the Bitz office with orders to be given away. Each one comes with a life-like moustache and can be put to 101 uses around the home, e.g.:

- Place in garden and scare worms away from the cabbage patch
- Stand in upstairs window and observe astonished neighbours gazing
- Poke through front door when the man comes round to turn the electricity off
- Hearth rug
- Ineffectual tea cosy
- Etc.

Bravo Bulsara, we cry. What you have to do to win your "working" model of flawless Freddie is tell us, in no more than 30 words, what particular use you have in mind for your cut-out. Answers on a crown to **Smash Hits Lord Frederick Lucan Of Mercury Contest**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF to arrive by March 24.

Oh dear. Co West have had to postpone their tour again, because Peter Cox had to be whizzed into hospital a couple of weeks ago with a severe kidney infection. If you want to find out what the re-scheduled dates are then turn to "Happenings". What a muddle, eh?

"HELLO I'm a chirpaway wink and I seem to have got stuck in this cheeky chirpy's peeper, along with my old mate sarkikaway smile who's also got wrapped round this bloke's... Ah smackers. Anyway, we're hanging around with the geezer because a) he's **Bruce Willis**, b) he's a v. famous 'actor' who dresses up as an unshak detective-type in that perky little TV programme *Moonlighting*, c) he's become a not v. famous pop star who has just brought out a cover version of an aged soul song called "Respect Yourself" and d) because there's not many other opportunities around for out of work chirpaway winks and smirkaway smiles..."



U2: A SPOOKY TALE



From left: Adam Clayton, Larry Mullen Jr., The Edge plus beard, Bono.

Look! It's U2 looking remarkably like "Clint" Eastwood and three other mean hombres in *The Return Of The Magnificent Poncha*. And what, pray, are they doing standing in the middle of 'Death Valley, a v. spooksome location not a squillion miles away from the equally frightsome Nevada Desert in America?? Em, Bizt has no idea at all. (Blithering idiot - Ed)

A U2 "expert" writes: "U2 are standing in the middle of Death Valley because this is one of the few places in the hemisphere where the amateur botanist can find that rare species of yucca plant known as The Joshua Tree. And 'The Joshua Tree' just happens to be the title of U2's stonking new LP, their first since 'Unforgettable Live' nearly three years ago. The Joshua Tree (i.e. the plant, not the LP) is believed to have certain spooksome 'powers', and that might just explain why one of these trees was chosen as the burial ground place for one Gram Parsons, who used to be a brilliant US 'country-rock' singer who died young several years ago, but has since gone on to inspire the likes of The Smiths, Billy Bragg and millions of others. Bono has apparently long been a fan of the late Mr Parsons - hence the name! Most spooky, eh?"

"Strangely enough however there is no sign of a song actually called 'The Joshua Tree' on the new LP, instead there are some rather good tracks like 'Red Hill Town', 'Trip Through Your Wires', 'Where The Streets Have No Name' and even 'One Tree Hill', but no 'Joshua Tree' itself. Odd that. U2 start a year-long world tour in April in America and hope to play three nights at Wembley Stadium in July."

Bizt says: Oh good.

WIN A FISH!!!

What's not singing and prancing with his brother and sisters in the utterly fabulous Five Star, Delroy Pearson likes nothing better than to get out his fishing rod and try to catch them. Carps, that is. The rascal! So we thought it would be a grand idea to give away one of Delroy's carps in a super competition. But then we ate it. So you can't have it (the carp), after all! But do not blub because as we're feeling slightly gaily about scoffing your prize, we have decided to give away something else...

- 5 copies of Five Star's "Luxury Of Life" "vid" featuring "System Addict", "All Full Down" and other toe-tappers
- 25 copies of our Star's useful new LP (well, quite raw), "Silk & Steel"
- 30 swoonful colour posters of this melodious group
- 100 copies of the "Stay Out Of My Life" single
- 100 Five Star fan club t-shirts.

And all you have to do is answer this brain scorching question. Which of the following are not makes of fish: a) carp; b) stickleback; c) sturgeon; d) Delroy Pearson; e) a coffee table; f) cod; g) haddock; h) Captain Birds Eye?

Answers on a parana to Smash Hits You Should Have Seen The One That Got Away Contest, 82-86 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by March 24th stating whether you want VHS or Betamax should you win a 'vid'.



▲ Five Carp (or something)



▲ Many things to be won. (Sorry about the carp)

PERSONAL HYGIENE

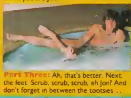
THE JON BON JOVI WAY



PURE ONE! Well, here we are, jon, in the tub. Scrub, scrub, scrub. Don't forget to wash behind your ears. Oh dear! You've forgotten to take your hat off! What a rascal you are, jon.



PURE TWO! AM? That's better. Oh dear Jon! There's all sorts of people in your bath! (The other members of *Ban Jive* actually - Ed) Tsk, tsk, tsk. Remember Jon, always try and use clean water.



PURE THREE! Ah, that's better. Next, the feet. Scrub, scrub, scrub, eh jon? And don't forget in between the tooties...



PURE FOUR! Next, the armpits - (Ugh! That's the most disgusting thing I've ever seen in Bizt. Series discontinued - Ed)

BITZ

WHAT HAVE THESE TWO CHUMS GOT IN COMMON?

▼ Sam Moore (left), Lou Reed (right)



Not a lot, really, slopmates. Apart from the fact that they're both singers and they're both singing on the same single "Soul Man," they're really quite, quite different. Here is why...

SAM MOORE

- He used to be the "Sam" in the top soul duo Sam and Dave who originally had it with the song "Soul Man" in 1970. Only then he fell out with Dave and would never speak to him except on stage!
- He says he's never even heard a record by Lou Reed's "cult" group The Velvet Underground.
- Unlike Lou Reed, who can't sing for coffee (but a quite good all the same), Sam Moore has a very good voice and recently admitted that he thought the newer version of "Soul Man" "talking down a bit" on Lou's bit.
- Sam Mo is also the name of a sporking new film and Sam re-recorded the song as the title track. The only problem was that because he dasked his old soul mate Dave so much he re-recorded it with Lou waseed ... even though Lou can't sing for coffee!

LOU REED

- In the '60s he was in "cult" group The Velvet Underground who sang gloomy songs and who turned out to be the most important thing in the history of pop music. They also "influenced" lots of other groups i.e. The Jesus And Mary Chain, Lloyd Cole And The Commencement and millions of "indie" groups that no one's ever heard of.
- He released his first record when he was only 14 and that was ... in 1957!!! And he once made up a dance called the Ostrich which involved putting your head on the floor and having someone else step on it!!! The new!!!
- After The Velvet Underground split up he went solo and released a rather rude song called "Walk On The Wild Side" and was a "chum" of David Bowens!!!
- He can't sing for coffee!!!

TOM VERLAINE: WHAT IS HE?

Well, to put it simply, he is a New York eccentric "genius" and guitar "wizard" who used to be in a "legendary" group called Television but isn't any more because he's a solo "artiste" now and has just released a fab single called "A Town Called Walker". Tom's hobbies are: 1) running through graveyards and 2) writing poems about people in sieves. Crazy name - crazy guy!!!

ARE THE STRANGLERS REALLY A COFFEE TABLE ???!!!



▲ The Stranglers



▲ A coffee table

A press release floats across the bitz desk, announcing that **The Stranglers** are now 12 years old and that they have a new single out called "Shakin' Like A Leaf". This announcement contains some very odd news ... "Since the chart topping 'Golden Brown'," it says here, "The Stranglers have almost become a coffee table ... What can they mean?"

WHAT ARE ALL THESE TOYS

... and – for that matter – where the



▲ Simon Le Bon, dazzled by the splendour of the event

For 51 weeks of the year it's what tourist brochures would call a "sleepy little resort" just down the road from Monte Carlo. But for the remaining seven days it's the home of The San Remo Music Festival. And that's when the whole place goes stark, staring bonkers as almost the entire population of the poscosmos, plus millions of assorted hangers on descend upon the place and cause utter chaos.

Perhaps the weirdest thing about it is that all sorts of people like Paul Simon, Whitney Houston, Duran Duran and The Bangles jet in from goodness knows where just to mime to one song on live TV – such is the lure of being televised to over 33 million people throughout the whole Italian-speaking world. The San Remo Festival, though you may never have heard of it, is big.

● Let us now fush "live" to Saturday night – the night of the Grand Finale, when most of the groups who've appeared over the last week come back and mime one more song each: midnight (the Italians like to start late) and the backstage area of the marquee is bristling with pop stars waiting to take their turn. The Smiths are lounging about outside their dressing room, attempting to look nonchalant, having "rebelliously" nipped up the sign bearing their name. **Nick Kamen** is wandering around looking deeply lost and confused – he's a bit new to all this. **Patsy Kensit** (or Chesy Wotsit, as Neil Tennant affectionately refers to her) is looking extremely "per" and beautiful, giggling and canoodling with **Spandau Ballet's** "manager" Steve Dagger (her (rumoured boyfriend), while the rest of **Eighth Wonder** – as usual go completely unrecognised, much to their annoyance. **Dee C. Lee** and her "rumoured" boyfriend, i.e. **Paul Weller**, are sitting quietly at the bar with **Merlon Mick** and Paul's dad; in

fact throughout the festival The **Style Council** have kept very aloof from the rock n' roll melee around them.

Over in the corner a dishevelled, unshaven figure wearing no socks and a horrible pair of slippers is mooching around dolefully, no doubt gaining "moral support" from the pair of lanky and exotic foxresses who have been constantly at his side for the last couple of days. This person is **Bob Geldof** (who, interesting pop fact, flew home economy class). **Meanwhile Ben Vol-au-vent**

Thingummy from Cursology Killed The Cat is lolloping around

amishly with his peculiar duck-like gait, hands thrust out behind him like wings, saying little but "Like, hey", "Like, cool" and "Like, man!", and sometimes – in moments of high excitement – "Like, hey, man!"

Amidst all this, **Simply Red's Mick Hucknall** waving away people that come up to take photographs with a haughty

"you'll have to ask my solicitor about that." Has not very happy. **The Cat** is amusingly watching all the goings-on like an indulgent schoolteacher with a class of unruly boys is **Neil Tennant**, occasional Editor of **Smash Hits**, tonight posing as a member of

the **Pat Sharp Key** or **Pat Sharp** Boys as they were billed on the posters). "Everybody has got limos and tons of luggage," he confides, "but we just turned up with ourselves and two suitcases!" The PSDs are famous in Italy for their brilliant song "Pannaro" (a Pannaro is an Italian youth who dresses up in expensive "casual" clothes and hangs around in sandwich bars (sounds a bit dull doesn't it?)). So every time Neil Tennant or Chris Lowe step out of the hotel the Italian girls chant "Pannaro-o-o-oh!" at them, which Neil seems to find a little embarrassing. "It's a terribly naïf title," he giggles. "It's like releasing a song called 'Wham! Fan in Britain'." Neil says, but he's been having trouble sleeping; there are hordes of Duran Duran fans chanting outside his window all right long and, frets Neil, "Spandau Ballet play their records far too loud."

Spandau Ballet, Neil says, is no doubt, considered themselves the stars of the show. Tonight they're strutting about, shadowed at every turn by a platoon of walkie talkie-wielding "security" men, who clamp giant hands over any camera lens in sight and keep up a constant running commentary on the group's whereabouts (e.g. "Gary Kemp's turning about ... fffrrzz ... left ... he's out of the door ... over ... fffrrzz ...

THESE POP STARS DOING IN A CALLED SAN REMO . . .

jiggins is San Remo???

etc. etc.). Apparently The Spandis sell twice as many records in Italy as Duran Duran but nevertheless the festival has turned into a bit of a "battle of the titans" between these two groups.

The previous night, Duran Duran had suddenly turned up out of the blue and told the organisers that they'd do an unscheduled "special guest appearance in the marquee". They'd been supposed to go on before Spandau Ballet, who were "topping" the bill, but "accidentally" arrived so late that they had to go on last, thereby upstaging the Spandis. Tonight, Spandau Ballet were convinced they'd top the bill, as Duran were scheduled to appear far earlier in the evening. What they didn't realise was that their rivals were actually appearing in the glamorous snoot-theatre at peak viewing time, presented by the Italian version of Terry Wogan, along with Whitney Houston and the Bangles — i.e. an event with far more "status" than appearing in a tent half way up a hill at three in the morning. Or, as Neil Tennant so succinctly put it,

"Duran Duran 2, Spandau Ballet nil". Honestly, pop stars!

Cutting Crew, back down there at the bottom of pop's rickety ladder, are charmingly oblivious to all these power games. They're just happy to be here and the only group they really socialise with is **Level 42** (their manager John is the brother of Level 42's Phil and Boon Gould).

Blitz stays on a bit to witness Cutting Crew and Level 42 take their turn at miming, then afterwards Cutting Crew's Nick Van Eede finds himself listening politely to Spandau's Tony Hadley giving him a lengthy talk on what it's like to be famous (rather pleasant from what **Blitz** can gather). But by now it's knocking on a bit and **Blitz** is a bit ruddy tired with, as the local Italians say, "eyes like a tortoise". What an odd day it's been . . .



▲ ... Anđa merle uppa, da newa Eenteghiesha sonastica? Da **Pet Shop Boys**! Avanti!



Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ **ONE** grease back hair nonchalantly **TWO** lean against something nonchalantly. **THREE** don nonchalant dark glasses. **FOUR** band knee nonchalantly. **PRESTO!** You're in **The Smiths!**



Photo: Olympia

▲ **Whitney Houston** making *luluvie* to her microphone



▲ The excitement! The "hot" "licks"! The ludicrous circular stage! The charismatic genius of **Level 42!**



Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ **Spandau Ballet**: "Considered themselves the stars of the show"



Photo: Jon Bangor

▲ "Hay" like thumbs slot, man!"



Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ **Cherished** by the thought of **Mick Hucknall's** trousers. **Paul Simon** stunts off stage.



Photo: Tim Bauer

▲ **Cutting Crew**, deeply unsure of which direction they should be taking.



Photo: Tim Bauer

▲ What an extraordinary pair of trousers.



Photo: Tim Bauer

▲ What an extraordinary pair of trousers.



Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ **Nick Kamen**: "Deeply lost and confused."



Photo: Tim Bauer

▲ **The Style Council**: "Kept very aloof from the rock'n'roll noise surrounding them."



Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ **The Pet Shop Boys** appearing in a tent half way up a hill at three in the morning.



Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ Legs a-twiddling, guitars a-strimbling, tambourine a-sprinkling! **Bongles** ahoy!



Photo: Tim Bauer

▲ **Cheesy Wotell** looking "pert" and an amp.



▲ The beautiful Italian resort of San Remo, bathed in the gentle Mediterranean sun (and some nitvits from **Simply Red** standing in the way).



Photo: Tim Bauer

▲ **Duran Duran**: "The festival turned into a 'battle of the stars' between them and Spandau Ballet."

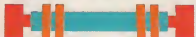
BITZ

THE MOST USELESS PHOTO EVER TAKEN OF A POP STAR CALLED PRINCE Part 3: The Christians



Shoopy photo: Simon Janbury

Exhibit A: The Christians "spoofed" having a go on a "How Sexy Are You?" machine outside the Smash Hits office. "Actually, we were having a go on the 'Test Your Heart Rate' machine next to it," they squirm indignantly. "Sally got 101 beats per minute and Russell was clinically dead."



"THRASH METAL"?!?

What the jiggins is that?



A: Anthrax: A bloke from Anthrax showing off the world's largest shoe-horn (or something).

It's a blisteringly new "musical phenomenon" that's sweeping the nation a bit, that's what. Let us listen to what Scott Ian of "thrash metal" practitioners **Anthrax** has to say about the subject: "Thrash Metal! It's like a meeting of punk rock and heavy metal. We're doing the same thing that bands like Black Sabbath and Judas Priest were doing back in the '70s — it's just that things are a bit faster now and we're better musicians than they were..."

Scott Ian is the axe-plucking "metal madman" who wrote Anthrax's "thrash metal" song "I Am The Law". Friends and neighbours of the Beastie Boys, he started the group a few years back, but then they had an extremely dodgy singer who, Scott says, "used to write lyrics which were all about that typical heavy metal cliché of violent death and bloodshed." Luckily Anthrax managed to ditch him and found a new chap called Joey Belladonna. Now Scott has taken control of the songs. "I didn't want to write those songs which just inspire people to go and dig up a grave..."

Quite. So, he wrote a song about the comic book hero Judge Dredd — whose slogan is "I Am The Law" — instead. And PRESTO! Now they're famous.

Of course Anthrax is a pretty vile name for a group, is it not? (A biologist writes: Anthrax or Bacillus Anthracis, as it is also known, causes cattle to swell at the throat, then topple over and kick the bucket. Eating infected meat can prove fatal.) "I actually learned about it in high school, in a biology lecture. I thought 'Wow! That's a cool name for a band. Nobody has a name like that!' Actually, if you see kids at our shows I swear sometimes you'll see some swelling around their throats, and then their heads fall off, and then they fall over and die! We've seen it happen. Ha! Ha!"

Oh dear. Er... that's a very nice pair of boots you're holding Mr Ian. Have you ever, by any slim chance, ever grown daffodils in a pair of boots?

"H! No... I never did."

Thought not.

RECOGNISE THIS, O MEMBERS OF THE GREAT TV VIEWING PUBLIC?



A: Ben Platt-of-face. Well, at least his hat's going in the right direction. (His hat? Borrowed from the BITZ crew; joks come "lie", that one, viewers.) **Below:** Bell Parrot-thing in the world's most spewgusting "servin-in crosses mmmmm mmmmmmm" breaks. Quad-raple bluegrung etc.

Indeed it is the sulky features of Ben Vol-au-vent-thingy of **Curiosity Killed The Cat** and, if you'd not noticed, he's been gracing our cathode ray tubes in that new advert for *The Independent* — the most boring newspaper in the world (*Actually I find The Independent quite intellectually stimulating — Ed.*), ("So do I mate," — Boris Becker), ("Well, at least it's better than another 'soaraway' 'news'paper I could mention" — King Taufa'ahu Tupou IV of Tonga). Oh, alright. Anyway, what the jiggins is he doing in it, you wonder. Apparently he's good mates with the advert's director and agreed to step in to help his old chum out. Of course that doesn't explain Vol-au-Vent turning up in this three year old copy of *Smash Hits* modelling this pair of "lovely" trousers, haw haw haw.



Photo: Smiths And Satchels

THE CONTINUING SAGA OF BAND AID



A: "Beyoncé, We're all off to Africa, except for the dodgy looking bloke in the middle who isn't. An' roover."

Trips To Africa Huge Sham' says News Of The World hehehehehe... quibbles the dishevelled form of Saint Bob of Geldof (TCP), making a bit of a "dig" as he seats himself beside Nina. Band Aid's director, "Geldof and Director of Band Aid Shock!" he quips. Yes, it's yet another sombre press conference thingie on Band Aid's latest "activities". This time Band Aid is sending six ambassadors — three French, three English — to Ethiopia for two weeks as "ambassadors" for their generation. Ver kids in question were chosen because their schools raised an awful lot of money for School Aid, Sport Aid and Aide Enle (i.e. French School Aid).

"The value is," Bob tells us, "that they'll come back and tell their own age group exactly what they've seen from their perspective. And these people will grow up with a different perspective of the African African than we grew up with. And if that happens, then in 10 years time when they're 26 and they're involved in business or politics or whatever, then we may see a shift. We may see less of the mistakes that our age group makes."

Let us hope so.

A FEW FASCINATING TITBITS ABOUT THE GROUP THEY CALL "THE CULT"



▲ Ian Asbury (left) and Billy Duffy: "We're called hippies."

- Many yonks ago they used to call themselves Southern Death Cult, and not very many people bought their records. They had a singer called Ian Asbury who had very long hair and who thought that he was a re-incarnated Red Indian and dressed like one. Everyone else thought he was a birrova hippie.
- Then they split up.
- Then they reformed, this time shortening their name to Death Cult, and they were joined by a guitarist called Billy Duffy. They weren't very successful and everybody still mistook them for

- hippies.
- Then they shortened their name again to The Cult and everybody still thought they were hippies but now they suddenly had hits with songs like "Rain" and their peculiarly titled new single "Love Removal Machine". Hurrah!
- Singer Ian Asbury once said: "We're called hippies because we're into life, right?"
- Singer Ian Asbury also once said: "I'm pretty thick. I'm not very articulate. I used to be very sweaty, then when I was about 16 or 17, I started to reject everything, to reprogram my head."

LEARN KARATE THE BITZ WAY



Yus, it's a ruddy doodle. Simply follow these four easy steps. **STEP ONE:** Find 10 ordinary house bricks and place them in a pile on the coffee table.

STEP TWO: Concentrate the mind. Remember that your hand is a lethal weapon. Raise your arm, scream "Aiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!" and bring the side of your palm down swiftly and accurately on the bricks. **STEP THREE:** Remember that your hand isn't a lethal weapon after all, it's actually a source of great pain.

Scream "Aiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!" Find a bandage. Wonder what you're going to do about the marks on the coffee table. **STEP FOUR:** Forget the whole stupid idea and enter this competition to win one of 10 copies of the spunking new brilliant Karate Kid II video starring lissom Ralph Macchio plus 10 exquisite Karate Kid sweatshirts. Simply answer this question: which of the following isn't a martial art? a) Origami, b) Karate, c) Washing up, d) Ju Jitsu e) Yoko Ono? Answers on a damaged coffee table to Smash Hits Aiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii! Competition, 53-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by March 24 at the very latest.

BLIMEY! ISN'T THERE A LOT OF "HIP HOP" AROUND THESE DAYS? . . .



▲ Mantronix: Some bloks with an eskimo growing out of his chest. Oooper! No it's a noi, it's a Mantronix.

. . . whet with the **Besatie Boys** and **Run DMC** and whatnot all in the charts. And then there's these two fellows who call themselves **Mantronix**, chuntering around with "Who Is It?". Buns who, prithee, are they? The bloke on the right calls himself Mantronix (though his real name's Curtis Kheel) and he's a bit of an electronic wizard who spends lots of time fiddling around with "drum machines" and "samplers" (keyboards which can reproduce any known sound) in his bedroom. The other chap's called M.C. Tee (real name Toure Embden) and he "raps" over Mantronix's bits of fiddling around and the whole result is jolly invigorating. The two of them met up in a record shop in New York and PRESTO! they became a top hip hop duo!!! Pency that!!

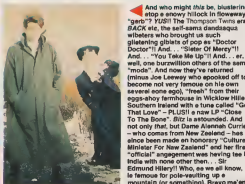
BIRTHDAYS

MARCH

- 11 Bruce Watson of Big Country (26)
- 12 Steve Marriott of Iron Maiden (30)
- 14 Martin Jackson of The Jacksons (30)
- 15 Adam Clayton of U2 (27)
- 16 Dee Snider of Twisted Sister (32)

16 Rag "Rag" Snipton

- of The Ukiah Trio (31)
- 19 Terry Hall of The Colourfield (28)
- 20 Richard Drammle of Go West (28)
- 22 Peter Wyke (25)
- 23 Chaka Khan (34)



◀ And who might this be, blustering atop a snowy hilllock in flowery "gerb"? YUS!! The Thompson Twins are **BACK** etc, the self-sams dandaqua wileeters who brought us such glenning giblets of pop as "Doctor Doctor"!! And . . . "Sister Of Mary"!! And . . . "You Take Me Up"!! And . . . er, well, one burzwiltron others of the same "mode". And now they've returned (minus Joe Leeway who epooosed off to become not very famous on his own several eons ago), "fresh" from their eggs-ahoy farmhouse in Wicklow Hills, Southern Ireland with a tune called "Get That Love" - PLUS!! a new LP "Close To The Bone". BIZ!! is astounded. And not only that, but Dame Aileenah Currie - who comes from New Zealand - has also been made an honorary "Cultural Minister For New Zealand" and her first "official" engagement was being lee in India with none other than . . . Sir Edmund Hillary!! Who, we all know, is famous for pole-veeputing up a mountain (or something). Bravo me'em!

BING!!!

(ie, here comes an important announcement) The full line-up for the sponsored AIDS Benefit has been announced and . . . tarun tara!! . . . here it is; blah de doo de dahn de doon dediddle de doonah de oh what jolly fun this is and may music de doo de doo de doon de doo de spriddle de jimminy riddle doo de de fiddle de drum drum drum doon doon de de tralalala tralalalalalalalalalalalalalalalal! Ticket details etc. are in "Happenings".



IMAGES

Jade sweat cardigan.
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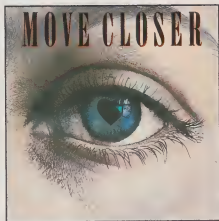
CHANGE



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To make this heart whole . . . relax your eyes . . . hold the page in front of your face and . . . MOVE CLOSER!



15 SMASH HITS INCLUDING
3 No. 1s TO SET THE MOOD . . .
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♥ I KNEW YOU WERE WAITING
(FOR ME)

ARETHA FRANKLIN
& GEORGE MICHAEL

♥ SOMETIMES
ERASURE

♥ IS THIS LOVE?
ALISON MOYET

♥ GIVE ME THE REASON
LUTHER VANDROSS

♥ THE RAIN

ORAN JUICE JONES

♥ WHEN LOVE COMES CALLING
PAUL JOHNSON

♥ SHAKE YOU DOWN
GREGORY ABBOTT

♥ CARAWAN OF LOVE
ISLEY, JASPER, ISLEY

♥ TAKE MY BREATH AWAY
BERLIN

♥ ON MY OWN

PATTI LABELLE
& MICHAEL McDONALD

♥ NO MORE THE FOOL
ELKIE BROOKS

♥ THROUGH THE BARRICADES
SPANDAU BALLET

♥ WHY DOES A MAN
HAVE TO BE STRONG

PAUL YOUNG

♥ HOLDING BACK THE YEARS
SIMPLY RED

♥ MOVE CLOSER

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CBS

The Style Council

WAITING

I don't mind what people say
They always think the worst anyway
And if I'm wrong I'll pay the price
A cost that I don't count as sacrifice
Oh oh oh listen baby

Chorus
I'm gonna love you anyway
I don't care what people say
I'm gonna love you come what may
I don't care what people say

An opinion held in such demand
But I'd much sooner hold your hand
It's a question of priority
I think that you would still be here for me
Hey hey hey listen baby

Repeat chorus

I'd be a fool to bow to their advice
As if their wish were my command
And I would be a fool to say goodbye
To the love that lies waiting now hey

I don't mind what people say
They always think the worst anyway
And if I'm wrong I'll pay the price
A cost I don't count as sacrifice
Mmm mmm now listen baby

Repeat chorus twice

Words and music by Paul Weller
Reproduced by permission EMI Music Publishing Ltd
On Polydor Records

JAKI GRAHAM

STILL IN LOVE

You look so sorry please tell me what's wrong
Just what are you thinking you look so forlorn
Maybe you're thinking that I've been untrue
So let me assure you and tell you the truth

I'm not one to fool around the mistake that I made
Was not meant to hurt you I needed somehow
To try and find out how I really felt inside

Chorus
And I know I'm (still in love)
I'm so (still in love) ooh
I'm gonna be all you want me to be
'Cause I'm (still in love) ooh
(Still in love) yeah
I'm gonna do all you want me to do

Don't ask no questions won't tell you no lies
It's something that happened it's hard to disguise
I needed somebody to take me away

From feelings of doubt which in my mind did lay

But you've always been the one and there are days when I know
That I should have told you don't make me cry
'Cause I'm gonna try to make you believe in me

And I know (still in love)
Oh I (still in love) ooh
I'm gonna be all you want me to be yeah yeah
(Still in love still in love)
I'm gonna do all you want me to do oh oh
(Still in love still in love)
(Still in love still in love)
So in love (still in love still in love)

Yes you must be the one for me 'cause as hard as I try
I just can't let you (go) so now that you know
Baby please please don't go 'cause you are just all that I need

Repeat chorus end of lib to fade

Words and music by Derek Bramble © Reproduced by permission Virgin Music (Publishers) Ltd © On EMI Records

BOY GEORGE

He's back, he's fine, and he's talking about... Culture Club... waxworks... Morrissey... teasmades... Morten Market... railway trains... and the pressures of success and failure. "Exclusive" interview: Chris Heath

Boy George starts talking. And talking. And talking. He's always talked like a runaway train and today he's faster than ever, rushing from one thought to the next so quickly that he can start off a sentence talking about South African politics and end up musing how "horny" Nick Kamen is without taking a breath. Perhaps he's just relieved that he is finally getting back to being a pop star again. After all, the last year has been a *nightmare* - his messy struggle against heroin addiction, the death of several close friends and a stream of court appearances that, much as he can unreasonably joke "it's so 1986, all that", aren't over yet.

Outside the gate of Boy George's mansion are about six or seven fans. No matter that it's snowing, no matter that there's not time for more than thirty seconds that before he goes in, no matter that Boy George hasn't had a record out for a year, there's at least a few of them there day in day out. But then that's the sort of devotion Boy George inspires - the sort of devotion that made him the biggest pop star in the universe about three years ago.

Not only did he have endless hits - "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me?", "Time", "Karma Chameleon", "Victims", "The War Song", and so on - but his charming bubbly image, his sharp tongue and his girly looks and make-up made him one of the first pop stars to be plastered regularly all over the national "news" papers. Then, Boy George and his group Culture Club released two unsuccessful albums - "Waking Up With The House On Fire" and "From Luxury To Heartache" - and suddenly it all went horribly wrong.

As soon as you walk through the front door of his magnificent house, however, you're instantly reminded of just how famous the Boy George character once was. All over the walls are beautifully framed pictures - there's Marilyn Monroe, Marilyn, David Bowie, a few miscellaneous "arty" works but most of all there are pictures of George himself, from throughout his career.

There are a few gold discs too, scattered amongst the portraits, magazine covers and a few newspaper stories - even a recent one about Marilyn "betraying" Boy George, put there, he says, "to remind me".

We wander through the huge

open hall - past ancient Chinese-looking dummies and statues - and George opens the door to the front room. Every single inch is covered in mannequins and dolls of George, given to him by fans. Literally hundreds and hundreds of them. We wander up into a sort of breakfast room with huge Valentine cards stacked to one side, two large puppets - one of them obviously a Pinnocchio hanging from the ceiling, and a sign in one corner saying New Spanking Cinema (????). It's all incredibly luxurious and wonderfully over-the-top.

George's puppy, J.D., sniffs around the chairs and George reveals that the little rascal has literally wrecked loads of the furniture. He initially refuses to explain why the dog is called J.D. - "it's very sentimental," he says - almost embarrassed. Eventually he admits that it's after his parents - Jeremiah and Diana. Aaaaah.

Eventually we sit down, Boy George leans back and starts talking. There's no sign that he'd run out of things to say if I stayed for three weeks...

"I recorded 'Everything I Own' in Montserrat about 4 or 5 months ago. For the first week I just sort of got suntanned and stuff and then one day Stewart (Levine, the producer) said 'what's your favourite reggae song?' and I said 'Everything I Own' so we just did that. It was never meant to be a single and there's been a lot of compromises over it but in the future I'll feel a lot freer."

Most people assume Culture Club have now split up. Have they?

People can assume what they like. It doesn't matter. Maybe we have, maybe we haven't. I don't even know whether I'll ever see them again. At the moment I'm not fretting about that. I haven't spoken to any of them, not even on, for ages. Not even on New Year's Eve. I expected a few phone calls but I didn't get any.

Looking back on it now, what do you think went wrong?

Things change. People grow up... get rich... get fat. You forget what you're doing and what it's all about. It's all why are you on the cover of *Smash Hits*? Why aren't I on the cover of *Smash Hits*? and jealousy becomes the main thing. It got really bad on

the Japanese tour when Roy turned round to me and said 'you don't even know what key the songs are in'. I was really deeply hurt by that.

So did you always think of yourself as the main star in Culture Club?

Yes, I still do. Because I felt my contribution was far greater than anybody else's and it bloody well was. When it came to getting involved in everything like fan clubs it was too tiresome for anyone else. The others just found those things very petty. And it soon became obvious that we were getting really blasé about everything. And kids aren't stupid. It's like a sort of confectionery shop. There's so many other things to choose. If you've a *Milky Bar* next to a *Bounty* I'm afraid you've just got no chance. There's so many other things to choose - you've got *Curiosity Killed The Cat*, you've got Nick Kamen - he's really horny - and you've got all these other people who can steal your thunder.

Do you think then that you can now compete with people like *Curiosity Killed The Cat* and "horny" Nick Kamen?

I'm not trying to compete, I just think I've got something to offer. I've had a lot of support over the last year, throughout my problems, but that's not why I'm doing it. I'm just doing it because it's what I do. If I was a tea lady I'd make you a cup of tea. Simple as that.

How do you want people to think of you now?

Well, I don't like people to think of me as a pathetic victim who's had a hard time. I just leave it up to the individual really... it's a mass of confusion. Sometimes I'm amazed that people believe what they read. Like I was in a restaurant the other day and this old lady called Lady Furlong said to me, sort of grabbing my jumper, "why are you dressed like that? What are you trying to prove?" Then she said "are you Boy George?" and I said "yes" and she said "isn't he in prison?" I thought that was really funny. I said, yes, I escaped 15 minutes ago so WATCH OUT!

Were there a lot of lies written about you? I don't know that any of them were lies really, just

exaggerations on the truth. Things like that I'd got eight weeks to live - that was shocking even to me. Like, there was someone on the door on Christmas Day and my mother said "why are you here?" and he said, "well, he might drop dead". He was quite firm about it, quite pleased to be there missing his Christmas dinner.

Has it changed you?

Yes, but not as much as it should do. I don't take drugs anymore but I'm not apologising to anyone. I don't see why I should. The only people I feel any responsibility for are the fans. I'd like to make it quite clear to them and to everyone that what I've been through I don't want anybody else to go through. I'm not saying it's been hell but it's been pretty bad. I don't want to point the finger at anyone either because I'm an adult - 26 in two months time - and I have to be responsible for my actions. To harp on about buddhism for a bit, it's all cause and effect. It's something you've done to yourself and you must take responsibility for it.

How did you get involved in Buddhism?

Through my doctor. He used to come here and chant with me. It was just a good feeling - even though I felt very awkward. Buddhism teaches you first to help yourself and then to help other people. I suppose because I had a problem I looked for something to channel into.

A lot of people are going to think that you're just another in a long list of pop stars dabbling with religion, like the Beatles and the Maharishi

(*doody old Indian "spiritual leader" who was "guru" for a lot of '60s pop stars*).

It's not like that at all. There's such an energy going "nam-myoho-enge-kyo", which is what I chant. My attitude towards it is that I don't think there's any harm trying something. I'm not claiming that I'm a complete devout buddhist and that I'm in a buddhist state and catch me if you can! You've got a very evil laugh.

You can talk about evil laughs, matey. Oh. It's not supposed to be.



BOY GEORGE

Though I do have a sense of getting away with something and thinking it's funny. That's what it's all about.

Do you now regret saying all that leasung stuff about how you're a favourite sexual position was cuddling, how you had been celibate for two years and that you really preferred a nice cup of tea?

(Laughs) I'm just a liar! But who cares? It isn't easy being perfect and there's no such thing as a perfect person. I've always had a healthy level of self-love and I've always had good people in my life. Yes, I'm in love now but what of it? It's nice but it's always nice to be in love. Certain people need some time in their lives and I'm one of those people who need some kind of rock to cling to. I've always been like that. Being a celebrity though you're bound to get slagged off whatever you do. Even people like Morten Harket who you think is completely unapproachable, then you read they have sex with Bibles. Anyway I think Morten Harket's great and A-ha are a really good group.

That's not what you were slagging them off something rotten.

Jealousy's a terrible thing. And I just say things. I'm very contradictory; I'll say things and I won't mean it five minutes later. That's something I've inherited from my father. My father could wreck the place and then say "fancy a cup of tea".

When you were giving Neil Tennant his BPI award, you said that you'd punched him for something he wrote about you once. Is that true?

Well, I was going to punch him, because when we first played Heaven he couldn't get in and he was really furious and he wrote this thing saying I sounded like David Sylvian in Japan which was a load of rubbish. So Mikey and I attacked him at this disco. I'm not like that anymore. Actually I think what the Pet Shop Boys have done is really good - it shows that people can sit in their bedrooms and create something that goes to number one in America. I really like their records. I didn't want to and I didn't think I would. I bet he feels really differently about pop stars now though.

Did you get upset when you heard that Madame Tussauds had removed your waxwork a couple of months back?

(Pretends to blubber) Oh, I'm really upset! Oh nooooooo! It's terrible. No, I didn't really get upset. I'll probably go back up again.

That's very arrogant.

Why pretend not to be? Arrogance is beautiful. Why sort of sit there and say you're angry when you're angry. When I see somebody really pretty I

think they've got a right to be arrogant because most of us are really ugly. I mean, I wish I'd been born beautiful but I haven't. I know I'm not and that's the end of it.

Boy George usually used to be impressively funny and bubbly. Has that person gone forever?

I don't think so. It's so easy to regain. Alright, I was very self-indulgent for a while but now I can go in my front room and, even though it's a dump in there, I can see a different side of it all. People have given me all the stuff in there quite willingly and with a lot of affection. It's like when a kid outside the house gave me a teasmade. I can afford a teasmade but how can I be horrible about something like that?

downs of your life have turned into a very public national soap opera?

I think all pop stars are like soap operas. Take Morrissey - he could be Queen Victoria - and he just says "I am not amused". And it's wonderful. People like Morrissey really make me laugh. I met him in Paris and he thought I was vastly aggressive - he was just doing the wave of the glove "go away" bit. That didn't bother me. I wanted to meet him and I think he's interesting.

How rich are you now?

Mmmmmmm (smiles). I'm alright. Mr. erm, pretty well off. Probably not as rich as George Michael but then I've had to split things four ways. Anyway, when started off I didn't even know how to sign a cheque.

Quite. So what do you think of, say, Curiosity Killed The Dog?

I like them because they're soge people. I was in a British Airways advert with Mig when I was about 15. He was a punk rocker and I was a punk rocker and we just had to look up at the sky and go 'oh look there's a bird'. He had a big collar and lots of studs.

What about your old rivals, Duran Duran?

I've always liked them as a band but I've never liked the idea of them, just selling records. We are wonderful... we are huge... we look at how many people you play to'. But with all of this, people don't ever see that you're just taking the piss a lot of the time. I think it's really funny when Paul Young says that I look like an aubergine.

To be fair to him that was only because you said he had a face like a cornish pastie.

Yes, but it's funny and it doesn't cause any friction between us. Pop stars are there to be ridiculed. I think it's funny. Like, I think George Michael's really entertaining because he's so arrogant. I was watching an old Wham! video the other day - you know 'they suck...' ("Young Guns (Go For It!)").

Are you friends with him?

Yeah. I lent him £50 once outside The Wag club and he hasn't given it me back yet!

Do you get annoyed when people say Wayne Hussey looks like you?

Who's Wayne Hussey?

The singer in The Mission. God, he doesn't look anything like me. My nose is straight.

Did a lot of pop stars get in touch over the last year?

Yeah. Donny Osmond sent me a really good telegram saying if you take the 'in' out of 'heroin' you're left with 'hero'. The Pet Shop Boys sent me a huge two foot bouquet of flowers, and I got a letter from Simon le Bon and Yasmin which I thought was really nice.

So is it still fun being Boy George?

Yeah. I think it's really good. I still get really pleased if someone Chinese recognises me. What you've got to remember is that certain pop stars do make people happy. I've been really lucky - that's the way I look at it. I've got a really good job and I'm grateful for that. When I was about 14 I used to get on the train and I used to have this thing where I'd look out the carriage and think 'wow, well I really know me'. I used to say to myself 'I'll never know all those people in those houses'. I used to say it to friends: 'Look at all the lights, look at all those people! I'll never know and who will never know me.'

And now?

I don't go on trains anymore!



Why a teasmade?

They give me things like that because they want to make my life comfortable and they just think of all the things they can do to make you happy.

Then does it upset you that a lot of people now think of you as...

Junkie George?

Yes. A "disgusting drug addict".

There's always been people like that. I mean, Jerry Hall publicly called me a "fat ugly drag queen" and said I was disgusting and that I was corrupting the youth of Britain - then in the next video Mick Jagger does he's got a dress on. When I was younger I'd get extremely annoyed about it - I'd walk round looking like Carmen Miranda and if anyone looked at me I'd go "what are you looking at?"

Do you feel that the ups and

you've learnt now though, haven't you?

(Grins) I have.

What happened to the planned underground swimming pool?

I knocked it on the head, John. They wouldn't let me have it. You had that cartoon in *Smash Hits*, didn't you? The worst cartoon you've ever had was that one with me and John Taylor - can you feed the Marilyn while I'm away? That was really nasty. I've still got it on my wall.

Is it really true that you've got pictures of Marilyn plastered all over your toilet?

No, but I have got pictures of him all over the house and I've got his stilette downstairs too. I really like him. I've got a lot of compassion for him and I don't see the need to go and be bitchy about him because everyone's gone and done it already. It's so easy to be bitchy about people, especially when you're a pop star.



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ALISON MOYET

WEAK IN THE PRESENCE OF BEAUTY

Oh it's a long time since I saw you
 Well you know how time can fly
 It seems like yesterday we were lovers
 Now we pass each other by
 But if we're left alone tonight
 Don't ask me to hold you tight

Chorus
 I go weak
 I go weak
 I go weak I go weak
 Weak in the presence of beauty

All my friends keep asking
 Why I'm quiet while you're around
 They don't know I think I'm so lucky
 To stop myself from falling down
 So later if you're on your own
 Don't ask me to take you home

Repeat chorus

'Cause if we're left alone tonight
 I'll have no choice but to hold you tight

Repeat chorus

I go weak
 Darling I love you
 I go weak
 There's no control
 I go weak I go weak
 Weak in the presence of beauty

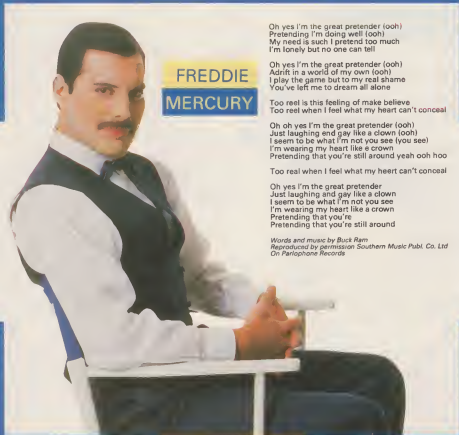
I go weak
 You're my world
 I go weak
 I used to be your girl
 I go weak I go weak
 Weak in the presence of beauty

I go weak
 I go weak
 I go weak yeah
 I go weak

Words and music by Michael Ward/Rob Clarke
 Reproduced by permission Virgin Music (Publishers) Ltd
 On CBS Records



THE GREAT PRETENDER



FREDDIE
 MERCURY

Oh yes I'm the great pretender (ooh)
 Pretending I'm doing well (ooh)
 My need is such I pretend too much
 I'm lonely but no one can tell

Oh yes I'm the great pretender (ooh)
 Adrift in a world of my own (ooh)
 I play the game but to my real shame
 You've left me to dream all alone

Too real is this feeling of make believe
 Too real when I feel what my heart can't conceal

Oh oh yes I'm the great pretender (ooh)
 Just laughing and gay like a clown (ooh)
 I seem to be what I'm not you see (you see)
 I'm wearing my heart like a crown
 Pretending that you're still around yeah ooh hoo

Too real when I feel what my heart can't conceal

Oh yes I'm the great pretender
 Just laughing and gay like a clown
 I seem to be what I'm not you see
 I'm wearing my heart like a crown
 Pretending that you're
 Pretending that you're still around

Words and music by Buck Ram
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 On Parlophone Records



NICK KAMEN

Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever

Oh I remember all babies we met
Every night and day
I had to live the life of a lonely one
Oh and I remember making you
Discovering love could be so fine
When shared by two instead of only one
Oh when you said you loved me
(When you said you loved me)
And we could not be parted
(And we could not be parted)
And that I could build my world around you
(Build my world around you)
I'm so thankful that I've found you

Cause loving you has made my life sweeter than ever
Oh darling
Loving you has made my life sweeter than ever

Each night I pray we never part
For the love within my heart
Grows stronger from day to day
Oh it's just not fair how I've tried
To reassure you softly

'Cause I'd be lost if you went away
Oh 'cause I really need you
(Cause I really need you)
And I need for you to need me too oh baby
(I need for you to need me too)
I have built my world around you
(Built my world around you)
Girl I'm thankful that I've found you

Cause loving you has made my life sweeter than ever
Oh darling come to me
Loving you has made my life sweeter than ever
Oh baby

'Cause I really love you
(Cause I really love you)
Well I'm thankful that you love me too
(Thankful that you love me too)
Oh that I built my world around you
(Built my world around you)
And I'm truly glad I've found you

Cause loving you has made my life sweeter than ever
Loving you has made my life sweeter than ever
Oh darling darling darling
Loving you has made my life sweeter than ever
Oh baby oh baby
Loving you has made my life sweeter than ever
Oh baby oh baby
Loving you has made my life sweeter than ever

Words and music by S. Wandell, Hunter
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On WEA Records

BROTHER BEYOND

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★ Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with your name and address in **BLOCK CAPITALS** plus a few words about yourself to: **RSVP, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.** And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.

Calling all female Smiths fans. My name is David and I'm 16 I'm into Curiosity Killed The Cat, U2, Big Country and Simple Minds if you are too and like having a good time write to: David Stewart, 86 Station Road, Seaham, Co. Durham SR7 0BE

Are you a Communards fan? I'd so, put pen to paper and write to me. I'm almost 16 and would like to write to anyone anywhere, boy or girl. Please write to: Susie Williams, 104 Belvedere Avenue, Cammarthen, Dyfed, Wales SA31 1JF

Hi, my name is Grahem. I'm 18 and looking for Australian penpals who watch EastEnders and Neighbours. I like most music except for noisy rubbish. If you are interested write to: G. Ridge, 148 Great North Way, Hendon, London NW4 1PP

Hi, I'm a 13 year old girl called Sharon who is seeking a 14-17 year old male penpal. I'm into A-ha, Level 42, Dire Straits etc. and I like sport. I also like fashion and going to discos, so if you're interested please send a letter and a photo to: Sharon Parker, 61 Rowlands Rise, Panton, Nr Bridgwater, Somerset TA7 8BU.

Hello, I'm a 16 year old girl who's into A-ha, Madonna and INXS. I would like to hear from 15-25 year olds who also like them. Please write to: Chie Okazaki, 36-54 Yotsuzaka, Minamishirado, Taira, Iwaki-shi, Fukushima, Japan.

Hi, we're two 15 year old crazy girls looking for lots of people to write to. We're into Madonna, Five Star, Europe and Bon Jovi. We will reply to as many as we can. Please write to: Tracy and Sarah, 4 Kameyll Place, Stoke, Plymouth PL2 1SD

My name is Susan Wintrid and I am looking for male penpals aged between 16 and 18. I am 16 years old and like AC/DC, The Damned, Europe, Erasure, most other pop groups and art. Write to me at: 7 Selby Road, Shilbottle, Alnwick, Northumberland NE69 2XV

A Simple Minds, Frankie and U2 fan seeks female penpals aged between 15 and 18. If you have the same interests as me then get writing to: Nigel Legg, 3 Bury Road, Pinkstone, Poole, Dorset BH12 3DA

Calling all Five Star fans! If you're 13+ and don't want to Stay Out D1 My Life then write to me, Jonathan, at: 122 Rhododou Road, Wrexham, Clywd, Wales LL11 2NG

Hi, my name is Karen and I like all chart music especially Frankie, Cameo, Prince, Madonna and The Pet Shop Boys. I'd like to hear from anyone, anywhere aged 14-18 so write to: Karen Hanna, 19 Livingston Place, Edinburgh EH9 1PD

Hi, we're two lads looking for female penpals to write to. We both hate anything to do with Wham! Madonna or Ricki LaMott but are mad on Bowie, Fuzzbox, Billy Idol, B.A.D. and Iggy Pop. So write to: Coocoo and Ziggy, 26 Stokford St, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 3BB

Sixteen year old male seeks correspondence from anyone into The Cure, Echo & The Bunnymen and most indie chart music especially The Jesus And Mary Chain, Primal Scream, Stump etc. If you have similar tastes in music write to: Ronnie Carmath, 74 Nelson Drive, Londonderry, N. Ireland BT47 1NB

I'm 16 and deeply into Simple Minds and U2. I also like Big Country, The The, Erasure, Communards, INXS and Spandau Ballet. So if you're over 16 and especially if you're a Jim Kerr or Bono lookalike, please write to: Debbie, 56 Acacia Road, Leytonstone, London E11.

I am an 18 year old male who seeks female penpals from foreign places. It doesn't matter what your musical tastes are as long as you're an extrovert who enjoys life and who likes to live it up. If you are interested please write to: Richard, 19 Francke Court Drive, Kidderminster, Worcs DY11 5RL

Hi, we're two boys who are both nearly 17. Our names are Neil and Hugh and we'd like to hear from any females aged between 15 and 19 who are into Frankie Goes to Hollywood, Wham! and doing adventurous things. If this sounds like you then please write to us at: 110 Swanshurst Lane, Moseley, Birmingham, B13 0AK

Hi, I'm a 16 year old boy living in India. I would like penpals who are interested in A-ha, Tears For Fears and Wham! Please write to: Harsh Thakkar, 55/1049 Adarsh Nagar, Worli, Bombay 400025, India

Hello, I am a 19 year old girl from Sweden who would like to hear from anyone, anywhere, any age. I love Billy Idol, James Dean and Elvis Presley. If you are interested please write to: Petra Fager, Strandvagen 12, 28700 Traryd, Sweden

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“LET’S JUST



Photo: Paul Deane

Westworld don't want to play concerts. They try to avoid having their photo taken. They're not very fond of doing interviews. All they really want to do is eat pizzas, photograph Tony James tottering along a cobbled street in high heels, avoid celery and make very good records. Fair enough, pipes Sylvia Patterson.

Thelma and Barney Rubble from *The Flintstones* – and Lou Reed. *This is the way we see ourselves!*

So piques the sprightly American loxress that is Elizabeth Westwood from Westworld – pointing to the very illustrations of themselves on the right which is the “star” of their video. “It’s the whole *point*,” she burbles on. “People were saying ‘oh obviously they’ll do a state-of-the-art video’ which is complete crap. We wanted something fun and up because that’s what we are.”

“I mean – look!” explains the tinkling Welsh chime of Nick Burton. “I couldn’t ask for more – it’s the ultimate me!”

“And I walk just like that,” announces guitarist Derwood, demonstrating an inward-toed stagger across the room. Goorks. Westworld are in rather a good mood.

So how, pray, did these three unlikely characters first get together to launch their “Sonic Boom Boy” assault on the charts?

“I walked into this rehearsal studio where I was working and I heard the worst singing I’ve ever heard in my life,” reveals Derwood. “I opened the door and it was *her!* (i.e. Elizabeth). Anyway, we started talking, had the same ideas, then Nick came along with another bloke who’s since left. We sat down for three weeks and said ‘What are we going to do? We’ve got the name, we’ve got the idea, let’s not do gigs, let’s just make brilliant records.’”

So they “scraped together” £500 and made the record, “Sonic Boom Boy”. They invented a “logo”, designed the front cover and hand-sprayed them in Elizabeth’s back garden (“we’re

all quite artistic”) and then gave their 500-“odd” copies away. Utterly free.

Now, of course, Westworld are superstars (or something), and they’re not peeved in the *slightest* that a “few” people think their tune sounds a “teeny” smidge like Sique “Sique” Sputnik.

Derwood: “Well, I mean, I was in Generation X for four years with Tony James and we’ve obviously got the same sort of ideas now. Same as *Idol*. (That’s *Sir William ‘William’ Idol*.) It’s all rock ‘n’ roll, innit? What *Idol*’s doing is Americanised rock ‘n’ roll; what Sique Sique Sputnik did was not-well-thought-out rock ‘n’ roll, a bit eccentric. What we’re doing is, hopefully, somewhere in between. And *better*.”

Elizabeth: “And we’ve got songs!”

Derwood: “And a singer! Unfortunately Martin couldn’t sing. He couldn’t even sing *badly!*”

Nick: “He can’t walk in his shoes either. He can’t even play football in his shoes! (?)”

Derwood leaps up to give a demonstration of Martin Devgille not being able to play football very well in his shoes – very lite-like actually.

Elizabeth: “I saw Tony James run down the street once! (*points her toes and flails her hand around on her hat*) Pineapple in the wind!”

Derwood: “The worst thing about him is that he lives down a cobbled mews! (*Leaps up to give a demonstration of Tony James not being very good at walking down his cobbled mews – even more lite-like actually.*) I’d love to get a photograph of that hahahahah!”

Quite.

MAKE BRILLIANT RECORDS!



▲ ELIZABETH WESTWOOD

(23, born in Washington "DC", USA.)

"I was a cheer-leader at school," says Ms Westwood. Then I was a life-guard! And then I got held up. Twice! Yeah, I used to work in this record store in Washington for about three years and got held up twice in a month – with a sawn-off shot-gun both times. This guy just pulled this sawn-off shot-gun out of his trousers and held it right into my stomach. 'Gimme the money or you're dead,' he said and I turned completely white. So I gave him all the money! Got away with the *fo!* And then a month later his girlfriend held me up. *Mel ME!* That was a really bad scene."

So, Fed up with nearly being murdered, Elizabeth fled to London when she was 18 to study fine-art for a year at art college ("I'd rather not say where because I don't want to sound trendy"), worked in "stupid shops" until she "ended up" with these guys! A mutual friend called me up and said 'Can you sing?' Well, I didn't know! Oh sure, I can sing. I can waltz-ski, I can windsurf, I can sprout wings and fly. So I said I could, ha ha! And it led to this!"

Good. Now Elizabeth lives with her "real cool" ex-opera singing mum in a flat in Notting Hill.

"Well, it would be ridiculous to live so far away from your home town in the same city as your mother and not live with her!"

She would also like it to be known that there is no truth whatsoever in the rumour that her mother ate the first McDonald's hamburger ever.

"Oh for God's sakes that's completely hupped up sh!t!" she splutters in indignation at this "accusation". "The truth is that she had one from one of the first ever McDonalds that opened – I think it was the third. Oh yeah, my mum was there when McDonald was cooking his first hamburger! Utter crap. We do eat them all the time though – /ha/s true, you gof to haven't you? And pizza! I love pizza. Mmmmmmm MNNNNNNN! (???)

▼ DERWOOD

(Real name Robert Andrews – nicknamed Derwood after the nickname given to a bloke on a quite good American comedy series *Bewitched*, 27, born in London, England.)

"I've never grown up!" announces the fresh-faced Derwood proudly. "It's true, I never grew up. You can't grow up when you're in a band, it would be... unreal. And I was 17 when I joined Generation X and that's pretty much how I've stayed. I mean, rock 'n' roll's supposed to be like... Peter Pan, eternal youth. And it is really – look at the Rolling Stones! (?) It's a good feeling though, definitely. And I still never get recognised!"

So what was Derwood up to before he became a Westworld person?

"I went to Europe! Yeah, went to Europe playing with loads of bands and had a laugh. People in Europe treat you better than the people here and you make more money too. Basically, it was various incarnations of a thing called Empire (groo...) which just toured all the time. I never lived in Europe, though. I've always lived in various places round London. Everywhere you go in London, my boots have been there. It was in squats, you know? Great at the time but I just got fed up with it. See, the trouble is that once you get used to living on a tiver a week and you can do it, it becomes dangerous. Because you don't actually ever achieve anything. 'I can live on a tiver a week' (demonstrates the peace sign) – so what? 'Hey man, I'm free, I'm cool.' It's just latex. It's all very well being anti-establishment if you're actually doing something – like charity work or helping mentally handicapped people, or even if you've just got a purpose, but all this being a punk rocker and an anarchist and 'I can live on a tiver a week' (demonstrates the V-sign and swears "colourfully"), there's no point in that – not forever."

So Derwood's given up being "fashionably" skint and now lives in his dad's house in London.

"Well, I've been everywhere else – I was bound to end up there sometime!"

And why not?



▲ NICK BURTON

(25, born in Pontypridd, Wales.)

"I was attacked with a sawn-off leak and I couldn't afford to go to art college (pretends to blub) so I became a drummer," says Nick. "And that's that!"

Except it isn't. Nick worked in government offices in Cardiff when he left school until he started playing in a group.

And when did your artistic "merits" first come to the fore?

"Oh that was when I was six!" he beams. "I won an art competition. I was sitting in my classroom one day, just sitting spilling some paint on my desk and this teacher said 'Come on – we're going for a drive.' And we ended up in this technical college in front of all these people – I was shaking in my boots. And this guy handed me 25 quid!"

What, for spilling some paint on your desk? "No, no, for drawing a snake. In the shape of a skull. A big snake with all these fozes round it in the shape of a skull. It was well weird."

So you were a deranged six year old?

"Er... yeah!"

These days, however, Nick is a rather normal individual who lives in a council flat with a mad bloke who "absolutely hates cheese, cream, bananas and strawberries. Strange. I'll eat anything! Except celery. Fooo, I've got a real phobia about it. Oh yeah, I can't bear it (demonstrates crunching a piece of dried celery). I can't smell it, I can't touch it. Oh no. You know how you get those little tubs of colersaw? Well, it there's just one little piece of colersaw in it I know and it's an absolute fear. I was living in this flat once and when I came home from work and was going to my room in the total darkness, someone had rigged up this device so that when I got to my door I felt this bit of string on my boot and the next thing all this celery came flying at me! (demonstrates fending off several pounds of celery from his chest) Oh, it's terrible. A morbid fear of celery, yeah!"

Jings! (to say the least).



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JAMES BROWN: London Wembley Arena (April 26)

● Tickets cost £12 and £10 and are available from the box office and usual agents.

IQGY POP: Bristol Colston Hall (June 11), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (12), Sheffield City Hall (14), Newcastle City Hall (15), Edinburgh Playhouse (16), Liverpool Royal Court (18), Manchester Apollo (19), Birmingham Odeon (20), London HammerSmith Odeon (23/24)

● Tickets cost £8.50 and £7.50 for London and £8.00 for everywhere else. All are available from the box office and usual agents.

BLOW MONKEYS: Brighton Dome (April 20), Dunstable Queensway Civic Hall (21), Bristol Colston Hall (22), Poole Arts Centre (23), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (24), Oxford Apollo (26), Stoke Kings Hall (27), Manchester Apollo (28), Liverpool Royal Court (29), Edinburgh Playhouse (April 1), Glasgow Barrrowlands (2), Newcastle City Hall (3), Nottingham Royal Concert Centre (4), Sheffield City Hall (6), Birmingham Odeon (7), London HammerSmith Odeon (8), Portsmouth Guildhall (10).

● Please contact venues for ticket prices.

THE CULT: (EXTRA DATES):

Poole Arts Centre (March 27), Ipswich Gaumont (22), Oxford Apollo (29), Leicester De Montfort Hall (30).

● Tickets are available from the box offices and usual agents priced £3.

RUN DMC/BEASTIE BOYS:

London Brixton Academy (May 23/24), Manchester Apollo (25), Birmingham Odeon (26), Brighton Centre (27)

● All tickets are available from the box offices and usual agents. London tickets cost £7.50, Birmingham and Manchester cost £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 and Brighton costs £8.50



PETER GABRIEL: (EXTRA

DATES): London Earls Court (June 27/28), Birmingham NEC (July 2)

● Tickets for London cost £14 and £13 and are available by post from: Peter Gabriel Earls Court, R.S. Tickets, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS. Please make cheques payable to: Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd and remember to add a 50p booking fee for each ticket and enclose a SAE. Birmingham tickets are available from: Peter Gabriel NEC, R.S. Tickets, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS. Please make cheques payable to: Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd. Tickets cost £13 and £12 plus a 50p booking fee on each ticket and a SAE. Please note that tickets are limited to four per application and five weeks should be allowed for delivery. A credit card "hot" line is also in operation for all dates on 01-741 8999

THE PRETENDERS: (EXTRA

DATE): London Wembley Arena (May 21)

● Tickets cost £8 and £7 and are available from the box office and Tower Records. Priced and usual agents subject to a booking fee.

TOM VERLAINE: Leicester

University (March 15), Bristol Bokerley (17), Leeds Irish Club (18), London Town And Country Club (19), Manchester International (20), Liverpool University (21), Norwich University of East Anglia (22)

● Tickets are available from the venue and usual outlets. London cost £5 and all others should be checked at box offices.

GENESIS (WITH SPECIAL GUEST PAUL YOUNG):

Glasgow Hampden Park (June 26), Leeds Roundhay Park (28), London Wembley Stadium (July 1/2)

● Please note that applicants are limited to six tickets only. A SAE should be enclosed, only cheques and postal orders should be sent and you should allow five weeks for delivery. All tickets are £15.50. For Glasgow cheques and postal orders should be made payable to: Genesis Box Office, PO Box 77, London, SW4 9UH. Credit card "hot" line on: 011 226 2265 or 01 734 8932 (subject to agents booking fee). For Leeds cheques and postal orders should be made payable to: Kennedy Street Enterprises, Genesis Leeds Concert, PO Box 4, Atterham, Clewley, WA14 2JQ. Credit card "hot" line on: 01 748 1414 (subject to agents booking fee). For London cheques and postal orders should be made payable to: Harvey Goldsmiths Entertainments Ltd at London Wembley Stadium, R.S. Tickets, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS. Credit card "hot" line on: 01 748 1414 (subject to agents booking fee). More dates may be announced soon.

GO WEST (RESCHEDULED

DATES): Liverpool Royal (June 15), Manchester Apollo (16), Edinburgh Playhouse (18), Newcastle City Hall (19), Bristol Colston Hall (21), Cardiff St Davids Hall (22), Nottingham Royal Court (24/25), Brighton Centre (27), Birmingham Odeon (30 July 1/2), London HammerSmith Odeon (4/5/6)

● Please note that tickets for all of these new dates are on sale now and that for those of you that have already purchased tickets some venues are refunding and others are staying valid. Those that are refunding are: Manchester, Edinburgh (16/30 March old date only), Newcastle, Bristol and London. All others are keeping tickets bought for old dates valid.

AIDS BENEFIT CONCERT:

London Wembley Arena (April 1), ● A "star"-studied bill including C.Jorge Michale, Holly Johnson and many others will be confirmed. Ticket details in "full" in the next issue. Tickets will cost £25, £5 to cover costs and £20 to Action For AIDS.

GREEN ON RED: Newcastle

Riverside (March 19), Sheffield Leedmill (21), Norwich University Of East Anglia (22), Leeds Polytechnic (24), Nottingham Rock City (26), Edinburgh Queens Hall (26), Manchester International (27), London Town And Country Club (29)

JAMES BROWN: London Wembley Arena (April 29)

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Quite nice really, isn't it! And all you have to do to have a chance of winning is fill in the coupon and vote for your favourite disc jockey. It might be one with a beard and glasses and a kipper tie who is always saying "Remember this golden classic! It really is quite, quite amazing!" and then playing something unspeakable by David Soul. It might not. It might be a young whippersnapper with a funny accent who is always saying "Eee oop, this is a right little corker wot I doog oop from the vaults horrhor an' it's for Kelly doon at t' Dog And Cucumber, 'ya Kells, keep yer shirt o'er it hooohoo!" It might not. The choice, friends, is yours...

ENTRY FORM

Best National DJ:

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Name of Local DJ's station:

Question: Which of the following are not Radio One DJ's?

Is it: a) Mandy Smith; b) Mike Smith; c) The Smiths or d) Jimmy

"Whirlwind" White?

Answer:

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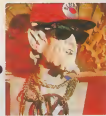
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BEASTIE BOYS



Their names are MCA, MIKE D and AD-ROCK. They are the most obnoxious pop stars in the history of the world. They are causing complete mayhem in every town they go to across America. And they invited *Smash Hits* along to join in the party. . .



Shall we tell him about the shower in Los Angeles?" asks MCA. Fellow Beastie Boy Mike D nods. However their reputation for causing large scale destruction of property wherever they go is undeserved, they also can't resist lengthy recitals of their greatest exploits. And the Los Angeles Shower Experience is promised to be "one of the most exciting stories ever to be told by or about the group".

"We were staying at the Sunset Marquis, an extremely fancy and expensive hotel," begins MCA, "and because they were overbooked, we ended up in these giant villas. One of them had this huge shower with a glass door and theoretically if you lock the door and clog up the drain it would fill up with water. So we did. We locked the shower door and sealed the whole edge of the shower with this putty sealing stuff, filled the shower with water and climbed over the top. Four or five of us were swimming around in the shower while the other five were on the roof."

By now a small crowd have gathered round MCA as he spins this yarn late at night in a New Orleans bar called Pat O'Brien's. They all laugh at the thought of the Beastie Boys and friends splashing about in this vertical swimming pool. MCA looks up disapprovingly.

"That's not the exciting part," he snaps. "That's typical. We always do stuff like that."

"What happened," he continues, "was that somebody kicked the latch open, the door flew open and smashed, we all fell into the bottom of the shower and the entire villa was filled up with water two feet deep. It was like something out of a movie - it was so crazy!"

So, erm, how much did this little "prank" cost? "Well, the floor collapsed in one corner because to the base of it soaked through to the basement underneath," he admits, rather more sheepishly. "It cost us 25,000 dollars."

That's £18,000 in real money, fact fans. They may have felt like complete jerks.

"But," says MCA, amused at the thought. "It was that only about 12,000 dollars each split between two of us and we probably make that much in a week so it was just one week's pay gone in a big joke. . ."

Let's go crazy apeshit!" screams Beastie Boy number three Ad-Rock for the



quillinth time on stage in Dallas the previous evening. "Take all your clothes off and run around!" The audience take this as one of the typical Beastie Boys ad-libs they know and "love" - a bit rude, a bit vulgar and a bit obnoxious - and one girl, to the Beastie Boys' delight, even gets up on stage and very nearly follows out their instructions. Actually, though, "let's go crazy apeshit! etc." is the Beastie Boys' joke of the moment, stolen from a Comic Strip video they've seen recently. Hardly surprising as the Beastie Boys are, in real life, remarkably like *The Young Ones* on TV. In other words desperately rude, mindlessly stupid, and horribly sexist - but only when they think it's funny to be.

At one point during our stay MCA actually explains that "Mike D is a combination of Pnck (i.e. Rick) and Neil, whereas I am the Vyvyan sort of person and Ad-Rock is Mike with a bit of Vyvyan thrown in." The main difference though is that a) the Beastie Boys also do all those things that are just too rude for *The Young Ones* to do on TV, b) they're actually very smart and shrewd whenever they want to be and c) their live show is one of the greatest spectacles in the known universe.

What's so good about it is that it's different from any other group you've ever seen. On stage there are no "instruments" at all - just a horrible tasteless cage on one side with a near-naked girl suspended in it (yeuuuuchhh!) and some 10 or 15 feet high Budweiser beer cans on the other side (not a sponsorship deal; in fact Budweiser are suing them for "promoting beer in a bad way") upon which their very own DJ, Hurricane, scratches and mixes their backing tracks live.

Nothing special at all then - until the Beastie Boys walk on that is. Except they don't "walk on" at all - it's more like they explode, hurling themselves onto the stage with such crazed gusto

that you can hardly keep track of them as they tumble round the floor, leap into the air, trounce around like truant schoolboys, stamp their feet, make obscene gestures with their hands and grotesque expressions with their faces, all the time screaming out their noisy rap songs.

As usual, by the end of the night there's hefty damages to pay. Tonight it was nothing as exciting as the Los Angeles Shower Experience - just fans without tickets breaking down doors - but Mike D still reckons it was "a new high. The accountant stormed out of the room."

Never mind. After a brief skip back to the hotel, it's back on the bus for a 600 mile overnight journey from Dallas to New Orleans.

For the first few hours there's much merriment. Several more gallons of beer disappear and they watch a video of rough shots of a film they've made to announce a competition on American TV channel MTV - the plan is that the winner of the competition gets genuinely kidnapped by the Beastie Boys without warning and is flown away for a wild holiday. Then they watch a home video of their concert the night before in Houston, rage at how "wack" a useless executive toy they've been given is (in which you have to get "champagne bubbles" inside a bottle - eventually Ad-Rock opens the window and tosses it onto the highway), stop for disgusting American junk food snacks and slowly, one by one, slope off to bed.

Eventually only Ad-Rock is left, surrounded by all sorts of garbage. Three hours ago this was a swanky clean top coach, complete with sparkling new video, cassette, radio, compact disc, a phone between front and back, a microwave, a fridge, a fluffy bear - very cute until you

realise that its novelty value is that it farts when squeezed - a compressing rubber bin and even a beeping radar device to warn the driver if the police are about.

Now, at just past three in the morning, all these gadgets are still here but they've been subjected to a Beastie Boys camouflage course - a carefully applied layer of empty bottles, half-empty bottles, cups, cans, sore throat spray, dirty towels, crumpled magazines, used tissues, squashed snacks, odd shoes and so on. Ad-Rock ignores it all. He's reading a fan letter from "some girl". In it she gushes enthusiastically: "you guys are really great. I hope one day I get as famous and obnoxious as you."

The Beastie Boys can afford to laugh about their deliberate obnoxiousness. Not only has it positively helped them build up an "image", but it seems to be one of their main attractions to their fans. And, all of a sudden, they have a huge number of fans.

Three months ago their record company, CBS, wanted nothing to do with them. They were seen as an unsuccessful troublemaker who played strange heavy metal vulgar rap and who weren't allowed in the building because, allegedly, they had stolen a camera on a previous visit, a charge MCA ludicrously denies.

"Just because we have a reputation for being obnoxious," he growls, "doesn't make us thieves."

Now, though, they can go to the record company whenever they like and no one would mind if they put their feet on the tables, threw coffee on the carpet or even "used" the showers. Their first album "Licensed to Ill" (originally to be called with typical Beastie Boys sensitivity "Don't Be A Faggot") has sold two million copies and is the fastest selling "debut album" in CBS's history. Next week, when the compact disc is released, it is expected to knock Bon Jovi off the top of the chart. They have already prepared a telegram to send to Jon Bon Jovi - an anonymous message simply saying "You're over." A suitably arrogant and obnoxious sentiment.

"It's like Johnny Rotten," laughs MCA, trying to sound as cynical as possible (all part of being obnoxious, you see). "It sells records. You yell at a couple of people and the next thing you know you're number one in the

BEASTIE BOYS



▲ The wonderfully obnoxious Beastie Boys stop prancing around for a moment and sing an acoustic version of the Carl Douglas '70s disco classic "Kung Fu Fighting" (??????????). (Left to right a spoof-perv-dancer*, a half-hidden Mike D, Ad-Rock, Future, their mate Tom Cushman and MCA.)

pop chart." And anyway, being obnoxious, reckons Ad-Rock, simply makes them more in tune with their fans.

"We're more like our audience is. If you go and see a band you want to act like an asshole, throw beer on somebody, like we do onstage. You go and see a band like Bon Jovi or the Human League and they treat you like you're a fan — you're a fan and you pay our money. That's not what we're about at all. We're just another asshole at the party who the light happens to be on at a certain time."

he next day we chug into New Orleans about lunchtime. And — hey! — it's Mardi Gras time! This is the world-famous carnival that takes place once a year in New Orleans and it means that the streets are full of floats, stalls, people in silly clothes and wigs, and brass bands. One of the bands demonstrates just how famous the Beastie Boys have suddenly become by launching into a medley of two of their songs — "Pose in Effect" and "Brass Monkey" — which they match with some very un-Saturn Army-like funky dancing. When Mike D hears about this he is overjoyed. "I've always said that I've got just three ambitions," he declares. "One, to have a brass band play our songs, two, to have our records played in elevators, and three, to be an airport announcer." (?????)

The group spend the afternoon wandering around, some of the "entourage" go out and buy them all presents — a "MARDI GRAS — SHOW YOUR TITS" badge for Ad-Rock, some multi-coloured liquid string spray for MCA which he uses onstage that night, and a useless trombone-shaped kazoo for Mike D. And then Ad-Rock disappears — "to see a girl".

After the show — as brilliantly

chaotic as the previous night — he reappears with the girl in question, who turns out to be none other than Molly Ringwald, v. famous American actress and star of *Freaky Friday*. "I always wanted to meet her ever since she was on *The Facts Of Life* ('cult' American TV programme)," he says later. "Now I go out with her. I don't know why. I hate girlfriends."

Oh. So he's not in love? "No. I don't think so. I guess it'd be alright to be but it makes me sick."

Nevertheless Ad-Rock doesn't stick around for that evening's "partying", instead disappearing with her off to her hotel. Tomorrow she is flying with them to Los Angeles where they are going to the Grammy Awards (the record industry's so-called equivalent to film's Oscars) "so," says Mike D, "we can present an award in front of a lot of people to someone we don't give a shit about and make them look really bad."

Charming.

he tone of Pat O'Brien's, the location of tonight's drinking spree, is summed up by its inclusion in the *Guinness Book Of Records* as the scene of the greatest alcohol consumption (measured by bar takings) ever in one 24-hour period. If it doesn't beat its own record tonight then it's through no fault of the Beastie Boys and entourage — most of whom tuck with immense gusto into a pint-sized-orange-juice cocktail called a Hurricane which, as Mike D puts it, helps one "get ready to ride the porcelain bus once again." (????)

Way past midnight and several drinks later, MCA and Mike D finally warm to the idea of doing a "proper" interview.

Let's start with the obvious question. What, pray, is a Beastie Boy?

"Basically," says MCA, "we're thinking about having a good time, we're thinking towards the consumption of beer, we're talking about a person who's more interested in girls than a nine-to-five job, we're talking about a person who's involved in endeavours that go beyond the average, we're talking about a hedonistic attitude to life."

And it all started about five years ago when they formed — Mike D singing, MCA on bass with a guitarist John and a drummer Kate — simply to play at MCA's birthday party ("either my 15th of 16th").

They quickly split up but were persuaded to reform to make a record (The "Pollywog Stew" EP), and then another called "Cookie Puss", around which time Ad-Rock joined on guitar. Soon the other two had left and MCA, Mike and Ad-Rock had decided to try and be a rap group. They got a fortunate boost when they heard a snatch of "Cookie Puss's" B-side "Beastie Revolution" on a *British Airways* TV advert (stolen, fact fans, by Jeremy of *Hayes Fantasee* fame). They sued and, to their astonishment, *British Airways* merrily coughed up 40,000 dollars. And now, of course, they're famous, obnoxious and rich. Good thing too...

"We haven't destroyed a lot of property," considers Mike D, "just a lot of things. We destroy them in a seance-like trance."

Such as?

"Cartons of orange juice... whole dressing rooms... showers... toilets... ceramic

Hummmpphhhh. Presumably it's this sort of behaviour which has got them banned from the *Holiday Inn* chain worldwide?"

"Yes," says MCA, "but there we barely did a thing." By which



▲ "Trying around like tourist schoolboys"

he means that they merely "ripped one door off the hinges and ordered up a lot of food which we threw into the hallway." He says, outraged, that even though the Beastie Boys agreed to pay for the damage they "still banned us".

Yes, but wasn't there more than that? What about the story that they *drilled* their way through from one floor to another at a *Holiday Inn* in London.

MCA looks perplexed. "How do you know about that? I didn't know anyone knew about that."

So it's true?

"Yeah," he admits. "We did that. It was actually really funny. We asked for two adjoining rooms and they gave us two rooms on top of each other so we dragged all these power tools out of the bus — jackhammers and sledgehammers. The hotel security didn't say anything so we pulled back the carpet and went down through the cement."

And, the story goes, passed things like beer cans, down between floors?

"No," says MCA, looking disgusted at the thought that the Beastie Boys would have made a hole so weedy that only beer cans could fit through. "We were climbing through on a rope. We tried to cover it up with a carpet because it was in a corner where people don't often stand so we reckoned no one would find out till they trod there and fell through. I didn't know they had found out until you told me. I guess that must be why we're banned."

I guess he's right. Still, that's all part of the fun of being a Beastie Boy.

I think MCA said it best about six weeks ago when we were walking by Washington Square in New York," pipes Mike D. "I said 'all those people get the pleasure of seeing the Beastie Boys and asking for our autographs but it's only the three of us who get the unique pleasure of actually being the Beastie Boys.' And he was right."

They certainly don't feel that they owe their public anything.

"There was a kid outside the bus once," laughs Mike D, "and he said 'you can't come to our town and take 50,000 dollars from us and not hang out with me.'"

"And, you know," continues Mike, "the irony is, I do just that every night." He pauses and revels in his smugness. "And that's not including merchandise."

And on top of it all they enjoy themselves, going round in their gang, just the Beastie Boys and the entourage having a preposterously good time living this *Young Ones* lifestyle. He compares the rigours of being Jon Bon Jovi — "eight hours on his hair, eight on make-up and one playing the show" — to the Beastie Boys. "We travel for a few hours, get to the town, maybe drink a few Hurricanes, go to the gig, do a soundcheck, take some photos, do an interview, go back to the hotel, take a nap — have some more Hurricanes, play, eat some more, drink some more Hurricanes, eat some more down some more Hurricanes and go to sleep."

"I don't know if we are the best band in America," he says in a rare moment of modesty "but we're definitely having the best time. And that's what counts."

"On the road reporting": Chris Heath

"Shot photography": Paul Rider

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● ACROSS

- 1 See photocou (5,8)
- 7 Vehicle that provided **The Housemartins** with a No. 1 (7,2,4)
- 8 **Brian Tisley's** clinging mum
- 9 Er, Paul, it's **Cyndi** (anag)
- 11 Twosome that split last year after reaching The Final
- 12 Gig, concert, festival perhaps?
- 14 They made you say yeah in '85
- 15 "Money's Too ---- To Mention" (**Simply Red**)
- 16 "On My ----" (**Patti LaBelle** and **Michael McDonald**)
- 19 Cutting or Rock Steady?
- 21 The wettest part of **Oran Jones**
- 23 Could be **Almond** or maybe **Bolan**
- 24 USA Ritz Quo gig provides a female rocker (enag 4,6)
- 26 **George** who recently brought a shiver to the charts
- 27 Relative to swing out or twisted

● DOWN

- 1 I like **Jaws**, Con - a great rock'n'soul singer (anag 6,6)
- 2 He's **Dalès'** one-and-only **JR** (5,6)
- 3 This **Jaki** stepped right up at the end of last year
- 4 **George Michael's** sort of corner
- 5 Tone that formed **The Jem's** rifle tune (anag)
- 6 Peter Etie provides 1 down's revival hit (anag 4,6)
- 10 **Phil Oakey's** Is of the human kind
- 13 Possibly they were dreamin' of being in the army now (6,3)
- 17 Just the sea for **Billy**
- 19 The middle of **Timex Social Club's** hit was pure MOR
- 20 Conflict that **Bruce Springsteen** sang about
- 22 A note plus **Midge** makes a band for **Robert Smith**
- 24 Singer-adress armd **Depeche** record?



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"GREEDY" SMITH of Mental As Anything



"If I wore a record on my head, I'd wear that Level 42 single. That would be a very good one to put on your head."

Name: My professional name is "Greedy" Smith but my real name is Andrew McArthur Smith. And McArthur Smith is my *nom de plume* for my writing - I'm writing a book called *Storm Clouds Over The Piazza* about the Nazis in Italy during the Second World War. It's just made up of incredibly bad writing really, incredibly long flowery sentences and plenty of adjectives. I haven't finished it yet - my dictaphone broke down.
Born: 16/1/56 in Sydney, Australia. I was an asthmatic child; my dad bought me a harmonica which got me off asthma and got me involved in music. I used to have to blow ping pong balls around on the carpet and blow out candles from three miles away to build up my lungs.

First crush: Oh, Jeez! (?) It would have to be the girl who sat next to me in primary school, Jenny Hamilton. I was a bit indiscriminate when I was about nine. Actually, I ran into her about a month ago on the Australian Made tour. She said she was married now.
Did Prince teach you to dance? No, he didn't, though I wish he had. I'm a big fan of his. His new single is a great song, a bit of a downer. I can do *The Frog* very well - it's named after this pub in New South Wales. You bend down and point at the top of where your thigh meets your nose (?) and you have your head rolled down on the ground and you sort of hobble about a bit. It's not graceful or sexy but it feels better than it looks. By the way, can you tell me what "div dancing" is? We were on *Top Of The Pops* the other night and someone said that we were div dancers. It's rude? Should I take offence? Maybe I'll take three? (i.e. three fences, how not-v-haw - Ed). I think I might take the whole bloody backyard! (?)

Who has the biggest nose - you, Paul King or Billy Bragg? Well, mine is bigger than Paul King's. I reckon I'm on a par with Billy Bragg. It's a different shape, though. I think his is more statuesque - mine is more free form. He's got a magnificent nose, I think it's his best feature.

What's the most disgusting thing you've ever eaten apart from 15

pieces of Kentucky Fried Chicken? Well, that's the only thing I've ever over-eaten. It's a terrible thing to be called "greedy" but it's too late now. I don't eat much, I really don't. I mean, I do eat journalists for breakfast - in fact, I've just had one from *The Sun*.
Do you know anyone called Tarquin? No. That's an English name, isn't it? It's beautiful. Crispian is a nice name too. I was thinking of changing my name to Crispian Crunchie. It's no worse than being called "Greedy" Smith. What? There's a chocolate bar called *Crunchie*? Oh, I'm not too keen on chocolate - it's a nightmare for the fillings.

Have you ever been bitten by a funnel-web spider? No, but I've come close. There's a similar spider in Australia called *The Huntsman* and they bite you but just make you bleed. I remember my brother and a friend used to make me stand with them and we had to take our shirts off and throw the spider from shoulder to shoulder until it bit someone. It was like Russian roulette. Horrifying.

If you were a kangaroo what would you keep in your pouch? That's the silliest question I've ever been asked. ha ha ha! Er... (thinks for a while) I'd keep my hankies there. I can't think of anything else.

Is there a band in Australia with a worse name than Cattletruck? Cattletruck, ha ha! That's a pretty good name, isn't it? What about the Shower Scene From *Psycho*? Or there's *I Spit On Your Gravy*? We've played under a few ourselves - *The Flock Of Hairdressers* and *Mongolian Barbeque*.

What's your favourite Smiths record? Oh gee, I'm not really familiar with them though they've got a good name. Smith is such a popular name. There are 12 pages of Smiths in the Sydney phone directory, you know.

What's the crappiest Australian joke? Oh, maybe "What do you call a New Zealander wearing a suit?" "The defendant." Or "How do you set up a New Zealander in a small business?" "Just give him a big one and he'll do the rest". New Zealand jokes are like Irish jokes in England. We're a half New Zealand band too so there's a lot of those jokes.

What's your kitchen like? Pretty small but I've got an enormous fridge that works now. I used to always go away on tour and I'd come back and there would be like a science experiment in the fridge - pink and orange and blue and purple and mauve fungus all over the inside. I think the best one's fish casserole - they give great colours.

Can you guess what record sleeve I'm wearing on my head? Oh, Jeez, (?) this is going to be a hard one. Level 42? *The Communards*? "You Are My World"? It wouldn't be a Mental As Anything record would it? No? What's the answer? The new Murray Head single????? He sang that record from *Ghess*, didn't he? If I wore one, I'd wear "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" by Iron Butterfly or, erm, that Level 42 single. That would be a very good one to put on your head. It's my favourite song at the moment.

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I would give everything I own
Give up my life my heart my own
I would give everything I own
Just to have you back again

You taught me how to cry
I don't know why just don't know why
You told those lies to me
You set me free you set me free
Of all the years I ever knew
Those finer ones I spent with you

I would give everything I own
Give up my life my heart my home
I would give everything I own
Just to have you back again
Just to hold you once again

If there's someone you know
That won't let you go
And taking it all for granted
You may lose them one day
Someone take them away
And you don't hear a word they say

REPEAT CHORUS

Just to hold you once again

REPEAT CHORUS

Just to hold you once again
Once again

Words and music by David Gates
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BEASTIE BOYS

(YOU GOTTA) FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT (TO PARTY)



Yeah
Kick it

You wake up late for school man you don't wanna go
You ask your mom please but she still says no
You miss two classes had no homework
But your teacher preaches class like you're some kinda jerk

You gotta fight for your right to party

Your pop caught you smoking man he says no way
That hypocrite smokes two packs a day
Man living at home is such a drag
Now your mom threw away your best porno mag
Bust it

You gotta fight for your right to party
You gotta fight

Just get out of this house if that's the clothes you're gonna wear
I'll kick you outta my home if you don't cut that hair
Your mom busted in and said what's that noise
Ah mom you're just jealous it's the Beastie Boys

You gotta fight for your right to party
You gotta fight for your right to party
Party
Party

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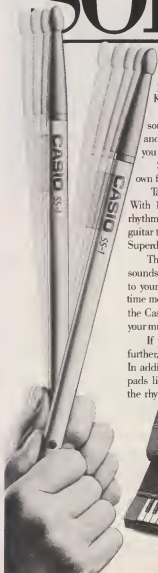
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FAB BOOTY TO BE WON!

A MORAL TALE:

It was a day like any other. Janet and John (the most deprived kids on the street) were scampering through the park on their bicycles (made out of cardboard boxes with milk bottle tops for wheels) and listening to their "personal stereos" (a couple of old baked bean tins attached by a bit of string which sounded quite good when you whistled "hat" tunes into them) when along came Tarquin Snottleworth (the swankiest boy on the block).

"Hallo Janet! Hallo John!" piped Tarquin. "Look at my super Raleigh racing bicycle and my up-market JVC ghetto blaster. Bet you wish they were yours but they're not because I'm jolly posh and you're nothing but a pair of guttersnipes, haw haw haw!" Janet and John looked at Tarquin's gleaming booty. Then they looked at one another. Then they beat him up and made off with the bike and the ghetto blaster. And then they went to prison for a very long time indeed.

Moral: If you want a bike and a ghetto blaster like nasty Tarquin's (without going to prison), then you'd better enter this amaaaazing competition pronto!!
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▲ These fortunate winners will receive this sparkling ghetto blaster, and the runners-up will receive a similar blaster of equal swaginess. (Ginger)



▲ The lucky winners will also receive this jumbon-fant Raleigh racing bike. (Wow!)

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- Bicycles first went into production in 1865. What were they then nicknamed? Was it: a) boneshakers; b) headbangers; c) zepplins; d) Barry Sheene or e) a fig?**

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23rd BIRMINGHAM NEC
24th BRIGHTON Centre
26th BOURNEMOUTH International Centre

WORLD PARTY

World Party are really just one person, Karl Wallinger, who used to be in The Waterboys but who left them because Simple Minds have B.O. (or something). Tom Hibbert "investigates" . . .

"Yes, it is rather gloomy," says Karl Wallinger, the man behind World Party (i.e. he writes the songs, sings them and plays most of the instruments), referring to "Ship Of Fools". So for the next single we're going to do a cover of that George Formby song to make up for it. You know, I'm leaning on the lamp post at the corner of the street in case a certain little lady comes by . . ."

Really?
"No."
Well, that's alright then. Karl Wallinger, as you can clearly see, is not the most straightforward of persons. So who, exactly, is this rampantly unfashionable figure?

Well, he was brought up in Rhyl, North Wales, and after leaving school he – gasp! – got a job.

"I was a coal miner." Really?
"No. But I did do some time in a library. It was like a job creation thing and I ended up ripping up books for the job which was quite strange. They used to send them to be pulped; most of them were Mills & Boon ones (i.e. tear-snorking

"romances" about handsome doctors and poor little rich girls called Suzeline in Bermuda) so I didn't mind ripping them up. But I used to sort out the best ones and take them home for my nephews – you know, the books that were like the history of the world and there's a little picture of Julius Caesar and it says 'Julius Caesar: a clever and handsome man'. When I was a kid I always used to think it would be great to be like Julius Caesar – clever and handsome. But it's a bit unfortunate because it hasn't really turned out that way."

Well, . . . after a bit, Karl moved to London where he performed in a succession of dodgy and forgotten groups and got a job as musical director of the stage show *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

"It's a strange old business, the theatre," wheezes Karl. "I quite like the archetypal Hollywood films where they're sitting in the stalls with no lights on and the actors come on and in addition. And that's what I was doing – sitting in the stalls eating a *Burger King* trying to decide on who was the best. Which was quite tricky as actors are notoriously bad at being singers. They're just the worst – especially if they're trying to play these rock'n'roll parts. They're just a joke."

Indeed they are – but we digress. Karl next joined



Photo: Lynn Goodwin

SHIP OF FOOLS

We're setting sail to the place on the map
From which no one has ever returned
Drawn by the promise of the joker and the fool
And by the light of the crosses that burn
Drawn by the promise of the women and the lace
And the gold and the cotton and pearls
It's the place where they keep
All the darkness you need
You sail away from the light of the world
On this trip baby

You will pay tomorrow
You gonna pay tomorrow yeah
You will pay tomorrow oh oh oh oh oh

Chorus
Save me save me from tomorrow
I don't want to sail with this ship of fools no no
Oh save me save me from tomorrow
I don't want to sail with this ship of fools no no

I want to run and hide right now

Advance and greed
Are going to drive you over the endless sea
They will leave you drifting in the shallows
Or drowning in the oceans of history
Travelling the world you're in search of no good
But I'm sure you'll build your Sodom
Like you knew you would
Using all the good people for your galleys slaves
As your little boat struggles
Through the warning waves
But you don't pay

You will pay tomorrow
You gonna pay tomorrow yeah
You gonna pay tomorrow oh oh oh oh oh

Repeat chorus

Where's it coming from oh where's it going to
It's just a it's just a ship of fools woah oh
Yeah all aboard now

Words and music by K Wallinger
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The Waterboys, jangling the keyboards in Mike Scott's wonderful "cult" group, and promptly leaving at the end of 1985 just as they were getting successful with the hit *The Whole Of The Moon* and about to set off on tour with Simple Minds.

"It wasn't the fact that I didn't want to go on tour with Simple Minds because they had B.O. or anything – I'm sure Simple Minds use *Sure* deodorant or whatever. But I just wanted to do different things."

And so Karl Wallinger formed World Party and spent last year cooped up in a rectory in the countryside, writing their first LP, "Private Revolution" and "communing with pheasants" (????).

"Well, there was not a lot else to commune with out there. They tried to get me to join the union of pheasants, but I declined. When I arrived at the rectory I was very sort of city – oh, look at the furry animals – but then we had rat wars and we had mouse wars. When you realise that there's a whole horde of rats living in shelter in the garden and the next food supply they're going to go after is yours, you have to temper your Walt Disney mentality with some sort of reality and attack."

"But it was nice to get out of the city because I was just thinking 'another film, another party, another club. . .'. I really didn't need it. I'm not one for being photographed at the *Limelight* (a snoot *London night* "club") leaning on Gary Kemp's shoulder or throwing up over Pete Wyllie. . ."

One should jolly well hope not. And, anyway, Karl is far too busy for those sort of shenanigans: in a few weeks he is going to become a father for the first time and "after I've finished cleaning up the nappies, I'll be going on tour in America."

World Party are already moderately successful in America where they've been taken under the wing of Prince's managers ("it's a heavy American manager vibe but it's a good decision – they don't all walk around in stetsons with violin cases. . .") but he's not sure he wants to become that successful. . .

"I don't want to see 'Ship Of Fools' at number one in America necessarily, because my hat would blow off probably."

Come again?
"Well, it might be a bit too discomfoculating for a young lad from Rhyl."

Indeed, Karl Wallinger is 29.

The Smash Hits "There's A Spook In My THE GREAT SUPER

● We ask the "stars": "is there life after death?" and "have you ever seen a ghost?"...

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

● **Have you ever seen a ghost?**

William Reid: "Yes. I saw it and Jim was there. Once when he was on the toilet when we were little boys. I had to go upstairs with him because we were both scared to go upstairs alone. And he was sitting on the toilet and I was waiting outside and I saw a man dressed in black running through the wall. I screamed and ran downstairs and Jim ran down after me with his trousers down round his ankles."

Jim Reid: "I remember it but I didn't see anything. It's difficult to say what really happened."



GEORGE MICHAEL

● **Is there life after death?**

"Are we talking about the death of Wham! here or just personal? Not adhering to any religion. I can't believe in any conformist ideas about life after death. I can't really give a definite yes or no about anything like that. That said, I am pessimistic about there being anything terribly interesting after death."

● **Have you ever seen a ghost?**

"I do believe in spirits but no, I've never seen a ghost, unfortunately. I believe that events stay with places, like if you walk into a place where there has been violence, you can definitely feel it without knowing what actually went on there. So for that to stay there, there must be some form of spirit in play."



Photo: L.F.F.

DR ROBERT (BLOW MONKEYS)

● **Is there life after death?**

"I think the soul or the consciousness or the mind or some thing probably continues in some form. I think it's probably suspended - I don't have any answers to where it goes. But when my friends have died and my father died, things which have happened since have led me to believe that people don't simply 100 per cent perish."

● **Have you ever ever seen a ghost?**

"No. I don't believe they exist. I'd be quite willing to take up any option to sleep in any room and do anything to prove they don't exist."



FIVE STAR



● **Is there life after death?**

Lorraine: "I think so. We go to the clairvoyant sometimes and she tells us a few things and they do come true. She said to Delroy that whenever he feels something tapping on his shoulder it's our grandfather - he died last year - and Delroy feels it a lot of the time. He's been in our house - we know because my mum put a rose scent on him and we smell it in the house."

Denise: "Yeah, I think so because when my grandfather died we went to see him in his bed but I just couldn't cry because I thought that's just his shell. I just had a feeling that he was standing at the end of his bed. When we went to see him in his coffin just to see him lying there it just wasn't him - it was like he was standing in the corner watching us again. I just think that the body is for us all to communicate with so that we can touch each other but that we've all got an inner soul."

● **Have you ever seen a ghost?**

Delroy: "Yes I have. I've seen the ghost of my dad's mum. I woke up and the ghost was just standing there and it had no top half, just so the top of her apeon. I explained the dream the next day to my dad and what she looked like and my dad said it was his mum. I wasn't frightened - there's no point. I

just blinked and it was gone."

Doris: "Yes, in Jamaica when I was six and I was really, really frightened. We all slept together on this gigantic bed at my cousins and I woke up and I looked around the room and I saw this wardrobe door open and I saw this man in there and he was just staring at me and I thought 'Oh my God' and I just stuffed my head under my cousin who was lying next to me. And the next thing I looked up and he was just next to me smiling but he didn't harm me, he just stood there smiling. I broke out in a cold sweat and couldn't stop shaking and then I fell asleep. I didn't remember that until about four years on and I told my parents then. My parents said it was probably one of my grandparents. Everybody in Jamaica talks about seeing ghosts as if it is just part of their natural life to see a ghost everyday."

Siedman: "Yes, more than once actually. I was walking over towards a friend's flat one evening to catch up on some homework and I had to walk past a church. And I stood there and I just looked at the church and I just saw this person standing there looking through this window. I ran for my life. The next morning we went back and there wasn't even a window where I saw this person standing. I've been puzzled by it ever since."

MICK JONES (BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE)

● **Is there life after death?**

"If you ain't living while you're alive you might as well be dead."

GARY NUMAN

● **Is there life after death?**

"I do believe in ghosts and in alternative dimensions and planes. I believe in UFOs, I believe in the Loch Ness monster, but I don't really believe in life after death. I think that a lot of people believe in life after death because they think then they're going to see people that died who they love and that must be a comfort in them. And secondly people are very frightened of dying if they think they're not going to a better place. And I think most of those beliefs are based on fear of the unknown."



Photo: Tom Budge

Gumboot Matey" Department Presents: NATURAL DEBATE



Photo: David Coombe

ROBERT SMITH (THE CURE)

● **Have you ever seen a ghost?**
"I once ran down the stairs in my house and there was a mirror at the side of the stairs. As I jumped down three or four stairs I saw someone standing outside the window and as I landed I turned to look and there was no one there. Maybe it was one of my earliest hallucinations. Mind you, there's no reason to suppose there aren't souls in torment. It must be quite a good crack being a ghost—though maybe it would be more unsettling than being real." (199)



Photo: John Burton

MICK HUCKNALL (SIMPLY RED)

● **Is there life after death?**
"Only in the sense of providing other life-like if you get burned at sea you get eaten by fish who then go and have more fish which is fine by me. Or you go into the ground and get eaten by maggots who get eaten by something else and you're part of the chain again. I'm quite happy to be part of that. I'm going to get burned in the sea—like the sea. Somewhere where there's plenty of sharks—I think they do a good demolition job."



MARTIN (SWING OUT SISTER)

● **Is there life after death?**
"Eh... mmmm... I suppose there's got to be really, makes living a bit pointless otherwise. If there's not a continuation of it all it seems like we're just banging our heads against the wall. On the other hand, there might not be! That might be the big joke."
● **Have you ever seen a ghost?**
"I thought I saw one once and I was certainly

frightened by it. While I was in *Magazine*, we were at our manager's house—a big Edwardian manor, still with its old doors and all that. We were having a meeting there when we saw one door open at the end of a corridor and then the one at the other end closing. I was only sure that I was there, rather than we... well, it just wouldn't. It was a real oddity, could as well as we just piled into the car and left. I certainly believed I'd just seen a ghost. I don't think you can deny that something goes on."



PETER GABRIEL

● **Is there life after death?**
"I'm not sure I believe in life before death, but yes, I'm sure there is life after death. I've felt some sort of energy from people who have died and I've read with great interest people recounting their experience when they're medically dead and then revived. The common factors are a sense of being able to look down on their body, a tunnel of light and guiding presences. In fact, Steven Johnson who directed the "Sledgehammer" video drove off a cliff and nearly killed himself and he described very similar things, too, so I've had first hand accounts from people who've been very close to death and it doesn't sound that frightening. I met this Red Indian once and he was taken to the mountain by the medicine man

when he was 14 and the medicine man pulled a rattlesnake out from back to bite him in the arm and he was left for two weeks up in the mountains if he came down after it, he was a brave and if he didn't that was it. Apparently, every body came down. You have the power within your body to contain the poison. But you have a great sense of life from having come near death and you've this in many, many cultures—the boy becomes a man. Death is unmentionable for us but I'm interested in learning a bit more about it."

● **Have you ever seen a ghost?**
"I thought when I was very young—about 12—that I'd seen a ghost. It was white but that was a foggy day and now I'm a little more sceptical about it. But I've definitely felt presences and noticed without question changes in room temperature or perceived temperature."



Photo: Andy Cullen

NEIL TENNANT (PET SHOP BOYS)

● **Is there life after death?**
"I don't think so. I'd like to believe you just died and that was that. Even when I was a Catholic as a boy they said you could go to heaven or hell and the idea of hell, being pained for eternity, seemed so horrible that I didn't know if I could believe in it. And of course, heaven always sounds dead boring. And then of course there's purgatory where your sins are washed away. The one I used to like though was limbo—if you were a baby and you died without being baptised you went to limbo. Limbo was quite nice. I always imagined it being a kind of pale blue."



MARK KING (LEVEL 42)

● **Is there life after death?**
"I don't really know about reincarnation. I can't really imagine myself coming back as a bass playing itself."

NORMAN COOK (THE HOUSEMARTINS)

● **Is there life after death?**
"Well, yes. I'm sure there is. I think about the suffering there would be if I was reborn as a butterfly."



SAMANTHA FOX

● **Have you ever seen a ghost?**
"I thought I saw a ghost when I was about 10, when I used to live by an abandoned railway. I used to go up there with my friends Susan Collins and another Susan and pretend we were camping with a tin of baked beans and a cat opener. And there was this old house we called the voodoo house and downstairs there was this conservatory with rabbits stuff and goats stuff and then we found all stolen packets of cigarettes and I remember going to tell my dad that it was a sort of hideout for voodoos. He came back and had a look and said don't worry about it but we went back there and I swore I saw this man in a black cap jump off the roof. I ran back and told my mum. But he didn't really."

"I'm really interested in things like "Charons Of The Gods." You know the Crown of Thorns in the Bible—maybe it's like a Martin's hat." (1991)



Photo: Peter de Vries

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TRICK OF THE NIGHT



BANANARAMA

When the day is over and the work is done
Well it's a different story as the darkness comes around
I try to let you know you're going the wrong way
And the streets you thought would all be paved with gold
But when the wind cuts through you you'd try to sell your soul
Everywhere you go it's the long way

Now you're no longer just the boy next door
When they were felling in love with that clean cut smile
Change of style just for a little while

Chorus
What ye doing hey what ye doing
Walking through danger
Can't see the wrong or the right
What ya doing tell me what ye doing
Can't be a stranger
Must be a trick of the night

Well it's a leugh a minute and you can't decide
Between the burning question and the fortune in his eyes
You never let it show or take it the wrong way

Sometimes you wonder what you came here for
Oh they could tear you apart with those bare faced lies
Can't disguise all the hurt you're feeling inside

Repeat chorus twice

Of the night
Of the night
Must be a trick of the night
A trick of the night

When the day is over and the work is done
Well it's a different story as the darkness come around
And the streets you thought would all be paved with gold
But when the wind cuts through you you'd even try to sell your soul

Repeat and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Tony Swain/Steve Jolley
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On London Records

I GET THE SWEETEST FEELING

The closer you get the better you look baby
The better you look the more I want you
When you turn on your smile
I feel my heart go wild
I'm like a child with a brand new toy

And I get the sweetest feeling
Honey the sweetest (sweetest feeling)
Baby the sweetest (sweetest feeling)
Lovin' you yeah

The warmer your kiss the deeper you touch me baby
The deeper your touch the more you thrill me
It's more than I can stand
Girl when you hold my hand
I feel so grand that I could cry

And I get the (sweetest feeling)
Mama the sweetest (sweetest feeling)
Baby the sweetest (sweetest feeling)
Lovin' you

Oh the greater your love the stronger you hold me baby
The stronger you hold the more I need you
With every passing day
I love you more in every way
I'm in love to stay and I wanna say

I get the (sweetest feeling)
Baby the sweetest (sweetest feeling)
Honey the sweetest (sweetest feeling)
Lovin' you

Oh (sweetest feeling)
Baby the sweetest (sweetest feeling)
Sweetest (sweetest feeling)
Lovin' you

Words and music by V. McCoy/A. Evelyn
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JACKIE WILSON

THE LAST EVER MA

Sniffle. No more tales of how he used to impersonate Michael William Shaw waves bye-bye to Mark King of Level 42. . .



I can sit down and blabber for ages," announces Mark King in a chatty fashion, "but I've had enough of doing it. The fact is that over the last year me and the other boys have been doing countless interviews and I've just decided that this is it! This is the very last interview I'll ever do!!"

The reason for this dramatic decision is that over the last 12 or so months Level 42 have become rather famous pop stars. They'd been around and doing very well thank you for seven years and more, but it was only at the beginning of 1986 that Level 42 decided that they were going to stop just being famous for Mark King's fabulous supafast thumb-plucking bassmanship and become a proper pop group, writing proper pop songs, dressing in proper trendy pop clothes, making proper swanky pop videos. So they did all that, released "Lessons In Love" and PRESTO! They were international megastars.

"Yes, it seems to have worked rather well, doesn't it?" asks Mark King chummily. "But considering that that was the way it was meant to be it does seem quite funny. Like now the dustman's going "Ooo, er... aren't you...? and he never used to before. And when I take the dogs out for a walk in the park the guy with the spiky stick poking up the bits of paper's going "Ooooo... er... aren't you...?"

Of course, the big drawback of becoming very famous indeed is that Mark King's had to spend most of his time on tour, doing millions of interviews or, worse, turning up to swank some media dos, which is something that Mark King doesn't like very much.

"I do realise that turning up to these things has its place in the ritzy showbiz world, but it's not really me. We did the Wembley shows for the Prince's Trust and I was always the first one gone after the show. If you saw a Morris Minor going off into the distance it was probably me at the wheel. . ."

"Of course I do meet up with all these people. I know people like Midge Ure, Eric Clapton, Phil Collins. . . and I know Elton John. Do I know them well enough to invite them round for tea? Well. . . I don't know them in a 'Paul McCartney, pull yourself together old son - do you want to talk about it?' sort of way. I don't know

anybody in that way except for my wife. At the same time, yeah, I do know them all and they'll all pull up a chair at the BPI awards and have a drink and tip a nod to the other artists. We're all very honourable, you see, we never say anything bad about each other. . . there's a lot of winking, mind. . . ha! ha! ha!"
"And I've been doing things like the San Remo Music Festival (see *Blitz*). I saw quite a lot of Cusnoly Killed The Cat there. . . I'm quite pleased that they're doing well now, because it took that single of theirs so long to get anywhere. I can almost see them as a more clued up version of Kajagoogoo (hopeless early '80s Limah'i group who had a hit with 'Too Shy')."

Ah me! The heady social whirl of pop, jetting higher and higher, being famous and mingling with all those other famous people. It's all a distant cry from the days when - as a nipper - Mark used to perform in the Bullins and Pointins holiday camps - drumming on the drums, or singing squeakily to "Rockin' Robin" by the Jackson Five.

"Michael Jackson was 10 when he sung it and I was 10 at the time so I had to sing it because my voice hadn't broken yet (sings in a piping high voice) Rockin' in the treetops all day long. . . It used to drive me up the bleeding trees!!!"

"There were all those happy holiday camps on the Isle of Wight and of course that meant that you've got a great opportunity to play. You can play from eight to midnight in the house band. The Pete Cotton Five, that was the one I was drumming in. . . Pete Cotton was this sax player and he used to start every time (puts on a v. snazzy voice) "Good evening ladies and gentlemen, we're going to start off by playing a quickset", which was just "Jambalaya" (v. old country and western song) played as a quickset, *dum dum dum, dum dum dum*. Then he'd say

"Everybody sit down again and do the bingo" and then it was "Here's Marvo the Mighty Magician!" and out would come some wrinkled old git in a turban and a lioncloth who really came from Leatherhead but who speaks in this affected voice. "Eveyra bodya put youa glassesa inna my bag" and then he smashes them up with a hammer and wails on broken glass and cuts his feet to pieces and then gets dragged out by his fat old tart of a wife. And then Pete Cotton says "Everybody up for The Slosh".

"The Slosh!????????
"Haven't you heard of The Slosh? It's a really terrible dance." Mark King bounds up from his chair and begins to demonstrate with elegant-like grace the dance's none-too-tricky footwork. First you've got to assume the facial

expression of someone who's about to snuff it then you shuffle a bit to one side, and then you shuffle a bit to the other side. . . "Was I a Bullin's Redcoat?"
"Naah!! I was fat too hip for that - I was a musician! I used to wear open-toed sandals. Very trendy. Actually it was all really seedy but it did pay well. . ."

Thankfully, all those days are way behind Mark King now, and Level 42 are famous pop stars spending their thousands on flash cars and the like. Mark's bought himself a Range Rover, only his wife smashed into it the other day. . . "It's wrecked," moans Mark. "I'm not saying that women are bad drivers, God forbid, but my wife doesn't seem to be quite as good as I am. . ."

Mark and his wife live in a modest abode in South London with children Florrie and D'Arcy who, Mark says, "like everyone else's records and seem to be struck by this bolt of rigidity whenever one of our records comes on. They think it's really normal that their dad's a pop star but it's going to be really strange when Florrie begins asking her friends "What does your dad do?" "He's a chartered accountant." "Oh yeah? When's he going on tour?"

So that he can spend as much time as possible at home, Mark King's built himself a studio in the loft. It's a place bristling with all sorts of recording technology and bass guitars, with walls covered in the most revolting wallpaper.

"Mmm," says Mark. "I didn't choose the wallpaper actually (pulls revolting face). It was there when I moved in. The bloke before me had a bar in the loft. Yes, exactly. An odd place for a bar. It makes me wonder what else the house was used for. And there's two bidets in the house. What do you use two bidets for? I mean, it's not for washing your car. It's very Cynthia Payne, isn't it?"

Enough of this. What's the very last thing Mark King's going to say in his

last ever interview?

"Oh yeah, this is my last interview, isn't it? What a shame. I've decided I could like them after all. OK, the last thing I'm going to say in an interview is. . . um. . . I don't know?"

Quite

Photos: Julian Bunton



MARK KING INTERVIEW ..

Jackson! No more talk about ridiculous old dance "crazes" that nobody's ever heard of!!



MARK KING (LEVEL 42)

Mark on Phil Gould:

● "Boon end Phil are very different.

They're rrsally chalk and chesss. Phil is much mors

tempestuous. He's very 'arty' in that

respect. He can get very enthusiastic

about something end then tomorrow he's

forgottsn about it. It's lks vegerstarianism: 'If

you eet that msst you're going to poison

yourself! All the snxieties that were in that

cow when it was just going to be killed are

all going to be inside your body!' And

than hell en hour later he's saying 'I'm

sterving. Let's hvave some burger.

"He's the one with the classic cars - he's

just bought an Aston Martin and he's got

an MG - and he's also the one who'll say

'What's the point of spending all that

money on a car???"



Mark on Mike Lindup:

● "He's the nicest

guy. I've said it

before, but he *still* is.

He always seems so

stunningly honest.

His worst sides? It's

that he's such a nice

guy you want to sleep

him! Bloody goody

two shoes! His worst

side is that he's an

unrealistic kind of

socialist. He stands

up for the smallst minority without really

knowing why. You sit down and say 'But

why?' end he blinks and tells you 'Because

it's not fair...'

"He knows a lot about birds... and

spiders too. He likes animals. When he

went to Belize this Christmas he was a bit

upset because he'd seen a mouse

scampering across his lounge floor and

said 'I'm going to hevvs to kill that mouse

when I get beck, because it's not very

good hevving mice.' Then when he come

beck it hed just died in the middle of the

floor and he was *distraught*. He went

round whipping himself end saying 'Hell

Merys till the middis of next week."



Mark on Boon Gould:

● "His seems to go

through lots of ups

end downs;

unfortunately he

seems to have it

quite hard when it

comes to maintaining

stable relationships

with women. Women

flock to Boon; he

seems to be the most

attractive guy in the

band, yet I feel he

needs a stable relationship, 'cause he

doesn't look efter himself. Apart from that

he's a rrsally quiet guy.

"He's got a passion for cars. He always

buys bangsrs, but he's just excelled

himself by buying a 1972 Corvette in

pristine condition. I don't know how long

it'll be like that though, 'cause he never


looks efter his cars. You esk him 'How

long's your oil light been on?' and he says

'Sinces I had it.' Before you know it the

engine's seized up."





Curiously, her sudden absence
coincided with up to 80%
off Saver Fares in
March.

Domestic Bliss...

*Either the Martians
have taken her or
she's got a Young
Persons Railcard.*

*Let's hope it's the
Martians otherwise
she'll be back at the
end of the month.*

With a Young Persons Railcard you can get huge reductions for travel Saturday to Thursday within March. Pick up a leaflet at your station or travel agent.

Be somewhere else with a ...  **Young Persons Railcard.**

Watching the wildlife
On my way home this side of Rome
And people riding on the floor
Pleased with life not needing more
Sunset on the river
And people go home in the rain
Familiar faces on the train
Running scared and staying sane

If you live by the sword
Well that's your own reward
So don't walk with me
Watching the wildlife
The beast within you
Eats your heart out
Get free from hate and get in love

Boys in the backyard
The girls are hanging out the lines
Washing day wash your troubles away
It's a shame we have to play
The ghosts are chasing me round
And things that happened in the past
Don't make that mistake again
The sun beats down the streets of passion

If you live by the sword
Well that's your own reward
So don't talk with me

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD



WATCHING THE WILDLIFE

Watching the wildlife (watching the wildlife)
The beast within you
Eats your heart out
Get free from hate and get in love

Your own worst enemy
Get free from hate and get in love

Watching the wildlife
We all love in a dream - in home
We watch TV and drove a car
And go outside but not too far
Watching the wildlife
Walk the water like a man
Living cuts you like a knife
Living here watching the wildlife

(Get in love get in love get in love)
(Get in love get in love)
(Get in)
(Get in love get in love get in love)
(Get in love)

Repeat to fade

Words and music by Gill Nash/Johnson/O'Toole
Reproduced by permission Perfect Songs
On ZTT Records

DEBBIE HARRY

FREE TO FALL

If I wasn't right the wronger
The past just wouldn't be
How could I fall in love
At zero gravity

And if I did make you love me
Will you make me belong
And I'm waiting for the time
Like the calm before the storm

Chorus
Oh no you're not free to fall
Free to fall
Oh no you're not free to fall
Oh no oh no

This must be someone else
'Cause the part just isn't me
Can this be happening
'Cause it sounds like lines to me

First you're smiling
Then you're swimming
Then you're sinking in the sea of love
(Sinking in the sea of love)
Still you sparkle and you sizzle
'Cause a live wire always does

Repeat chorus

Within the atmosphere
So rare so rare so rare
I can see my liquid love light fading
Fading draining it's raining raining

And if I did make you love me
What did I do wrong (what did I do wrong)
And I'm waiting (waiting) waiting (waiting)
Like the calm before the storm

Repeat chorus

(You're not free to fall)
Repeat three times

Words and music by Harry/Justman
Reproduced by permission Chrysalis Music Ltd
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Waiting
the new 45 by
THE STYLE
COUNCIL
from the LP
THE COST
OF LOVING

LETTERS

WRITE TO: *Smash Hits*, 54 St. Canaby Street, London W1V 0FF.
The most splendid letter gets a £10 record token and a **Black Type**
tag token. Everyone else gets a commemorative pendant (it is a badge)

Dearest Black Type.

How can you print such a pathetic letter from "Stian's Spectacle Case", (11th February). What have A-ha ever done to SSC? The famous trio are not a "piece of pathetic pop confectionery". And Morten has been quoted as saying "I've got lots of little spots". So there! Ye of little brains.

As for the ridiculous idea that A-ha buy fjords and stuff themselves with goat's cheese all day, it just shows the ignorant racism of some people.

While I agree with SSC about the North being a very nice place (I come from Liverpool), I cannot see why "Cry Wolf" is something to giggle over. Stian's SC should listen to the lyrics of "Happy Hour" by the Housemartins which go something like *You take all your clothes off, and dance in the kitchen sink???* (???)

The Housemartin may well be a graceful bird. But everyone knows what birds do in your eye when you happen to look up at their "gracefulness". And, my dear, A-ha is not a grant but a sign of inspiration. (Ya boo, sucks to you!)

Whilst I have nothing against The Housemartins (my granny thinks they are nearly as good as "Des" O'Connor and Roger Whittaker), I felt that I just had to write and correct Stian's SC's silly mistakes. Morten *Harke's* real girlfriend, Liverpool.

Dear Mr. B. Type.

On the Mutterers page of the last issue of your magazine I discovered.

33 exclamation marks

36 sets of brackets

43 sets of speech marks (inverted commas, as we in the business call them!)

And 98 question marks.

This is just NOT good enough! These figures are far in excess of your forthrightly rational! Please show a little consideration for others. I mean, if you use up all the punctuation there'll be none left for all the other magazines, will there? (And Heaven only knows what *The Haggis Spotters Guide To Common Breeding Grounds in Britain* would do without its weekly helping of exclamation marks, eh!)

So please be more considerate in the future and keep to your set quotas.

J. B. Postleworthy, British magazine punctuation officer, London.

What a lot of tosh. Why, as any self-respecting haggis breeder could tell you, *The Haggis Spotters Guide* is a monthly magazine. In addition to which, you have not taken into account

the sad fact that Pencil Sharpener Collectors Guide has just gone out of business as has Uncle Disgusting's Zircon Spy Satellite Weekly Digest not to mention Perv And Radish Enthusiast and Amateur Brain Surgeon. All of which leaves a healthy punctuation surplus. Therefore I can go like this
!! or this
?? or
???????????????????? or
even this
!! to my little heart's content. Be off with you, nosy parker!

Dear Black Type,

Re Terry Burns and his homophobic rantings (Letters, 11 February). Jimmy Somerville is not running some recruiting campaign, believe it or not! And what exactly is it about gay love that causes "irreparable harm"? Why should it be any more harmful than any other relationship?

Jimmy makes no mention of "conquests". And why shouldn't he be able to comment upon men he likes, just as straight pop stars often make similar comments about women? It seems to me that to you, gays are permitted to exist only so long as they pretend not to.

One more thing - do you seriously think that talking lightheartedly about a long-ago crush is a great threat to the stability of society, and that blood crazed, brutal war films are not?

Jimmy's music and personality are refreshingly honest and enjoyable, and I hope he never takes a softer line with either of them. Bigots like you are the reason he takes such an uncompromising stand.

Journa, Romford.

To Terry Burns,

Your letter (11 February) is the most disgusting thing I have ever read and is an insult to the entire readership of *Smash Hits*. None of us are "ignorant people" who "think in simplistic naive terms". Nor is Jimmy Somerville hopping up and down on his soap box, brainwashing everyone with a big irresponsible lie for all gay campaign and forcing them to part with lots of money in the process, as you seem to think.

As for explicit comments, lots of heterosexual pop stars are equally explicit (eg "The earth is never moved for me, but I'm open to offers" - George Michael, or "Crucifixes are sexy because there's a naked man on them" - Madonna) but nobody complains about that.
Paul Rutherford's rubber guitar.

ROLL UP, ROLL UP! There's a circus of stars in **JUST SEVENTEEN** this week

From PARIS, those amazing, performing

BANGLES

From LONDON, those magnificent minstrels of pop

BROTHER BEYOND

From **EASTENDERS**, the infamous

PLUS A SPECIAL STAR ATTRACTION ALL THE WAY FROM NEW YORK CITY

the pulsating, pool-playing **TOM CRUISE** in his new film *The Color Of Money*

PLUS

to take your breath away **MAD**

MARCH FASHION AND BEAUTY

● **BOYFRIENDS'**

MUMS ● **SPY IN**

CANTERBURY ● not

forgetting **FICTION, ADVICE**

AND SNAP!



Just Seventeen

OUT NOW 47p

Make sure you
have a ringside seat



AND THAT'S NOT ALL...

WITH NEXT WEEK'S JUST SEVENTEEN THERE'S A NOTEBOOK AND PEN ABSOLUTELY FREE

AND AS WE'RE SO GENEROUS WE'VE THROWN IN THIS LOT TOO

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT as you've never seen them before

BRUCE WILLIS in Profile

SCHOOL MAKE OVER on girls and boys

AND TONS MORE

Just Seventeen

OUT MARCH 18 47p

what a bargain!

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.

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

- ANIE LENNOX
- BILLY IOL
- SON JOVI
- CAMEO
- CYNDI LAUPER
- DEPECHE MOOD
- GURIAN DURAN
- ERAURU
- EUROPE
- FIVE STAR
- GENESIS
- GEORGE MICHAEL
- GLASS TIGER
- GO WEST
- IT BITES
- JANET JACKSON
- KATE BUSH
- MORTEN HARNET
- NICK BERRY
- OWEN PAUL
- PAUL YOUNG
- PET SHOP BOYS
- QUEEN
- RED BOX
- SIQUE SIGNE SPUTNIK
- SIMONLE BON
- SIMPLE MINDS
- SINITTA
- SPANDAU BALLET
- STATUS QUO
- SIZANNE VEGA
- SWING OUT SISTER
- THE BANDAGES
- THE DAMNED
- THE HOUSEMARTINS
- THE MISSION
- THE SMITHS
- TINA TURNER
- WHAM
- WHITNEY HOUSTON

Answers ahy on the right. . .

SMASH HITS

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PUZZLE ANSWERS PRIZE CROSSWORD

No. 24 (11 February)
 ● The winner is **Tracy Fox**
 from Harlow, Essex.
No. 25 (28 February)
 ● The winner will be
 announced in the next issue;
 meanwhile the answers are
 awaiting you below:

ACROSS: 1 Paul Nicholas; 7
 'Lies To Tell'; 8 Sandra (Shaw); 9
 Trading Places; 11 'Would I Lie
 To You?'; 12 Davy's 11th Birthday
 Turners; 14 Sarah Brightman; 15
 'Life In One Day'; 17 'Just Say
 No'; 18 '1984' Vol 1; 19 '20
 Peabo (Byron); 22 Slade; 26
 (Sheena) Easton

DOWN: 1 'Reet! Petter'; 3 Island;
 4 'The Greatest Love Of All'; 5
 'Addicted To Love'; 6 Simonson
 10 'Is This Love?'; 11 and 25
 across 'Lies On A Prayer'; 13
 Erasure; 16 'Eyes Without A
 Face'; 19 ('Small Town (Boy)'; 20
 Pop; 21 (Aki G) A-Ha (m); 23 (Dee
 C.) Lee; 24 (Dew) Dea (m)

STAR TEASER

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

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Presented by Bruno 'Chartbuster' Brookes
 Top 40 Chart Sounds Daily

B.B.C. Discline

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REVIEW SINGLES



REVIEWED BY BARRY McILHENY



THE STYLE COUNCIL: Waiting (Polydor)

One of the better tracks from the feeble "Cost Of Loving" LP, "Waiting" shows Paul Weller to be a lot happier at singing romantic ballads than grunting his way through all that uptempo "soul" stuff he's become so fond of in recent years. The back sleeve contains yet more ramblings from "The Cappuccino Kid", this time a Sherlock Holmes-style short story about "the case of the twitching farmer". Weller is cast as Holmes with Mick "Morton" Talbot taking the role of the bumbling Dr Watson. How apt.

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT: Ordinary Day (Phonogram)

This is actually more like the sort of misjudged funk music that Curiosity Killed The Cat have been playing around the London clubs for the last couple of years, suggesting that "Down To Earth" was a bit of a brilliant pop diversion from the norm. It does move along at a fair pace, however, and young Volauvent will no doubt leap around to it with enough style to take it well into the flingaway charts.

VESTA WILLIAMS: Don't Blow A Good Thing (A&M)

Vesta Williams is the latest in a long and distinguished line of female singers who suddenly rise without trace, say very little about themselves and just get on with making fab records. And why not? "Don't Blow A Good Thing" looks set to follow "Once Bitten Twice Shy" into the soaring top 40 and when people hear it on the radio they will frug madly around the place before saying "who was that?" at the end. That was Vesta Williams, ackcholo.

THE PRETENDERS: My Baby (WEA)

A very ordinary effort from The Pretenders. As always, there's a pleasant tune and Chrissie Hynde wings maximum effect out of each syllable but that's about it. Oh, there's also a good corny bit near the end when she sings "like walking on stage" and suddenly all that cheering comes bursting out of the speakers. That aside, absolutely average.

HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS: Simple As That (Chrysalis)

This is the same homespun down-on-the-farm "philosophy" as "Stuck With You", only this one's a ballad. There's even a hint of a social conscience here with Huey cast as a world-weary Robin Hood character, bemoaning the fact that the rich always get richer while the poor go down the dumper. Spotters badge for Huey!!

PETER GABRIEL: Big Time (Virgin)

More fun and games from the nicest man of all at the BPI awards. He still sings a bit like Phil Collins (or is it the other way around?) and though this is not quite as immediately striking as "Sledgehammer", it's just as funky, and proves yet again that there is life after Jonathan King.



THE BIG SUPREME: Please Yourself (Polydor)

Hey! Meet The Big Supreme, who - PRESTO! - are all set to be pop stars! "Please Yourself" is a monstrous sound, a remarkable mixture of Pete Burns, Julian Cole and Pete Dinklage. They also look rather fetching and are obviously bursting out for much greater things. Gulp.

THOMPSON TWINS: Get That Love (Arista)

They're back! Except they're not really, because nobody's going to notice. More or less the same formula as "Vintage" Thompson Twins (if such a thing exists) but lacking one essential ingredient - a tune! Instead, Tom Bailey sounds increasingly like, er, Phil Collins while Alannah Currie does what she always did in the background. And what exactly was that anyway?

JANET JACKSON: Let's Wait Awhile (A&M)

Good to see Janet doing her bit to keep the "alleged" family argument with Michael good (apparently he thinks she's "chesspining herself") by releasing this fab smoochy love song from her splendidly "Control" LP which, of course, you all own by now. The 12" version also has a stonking megamix of "Nasty" interspersed with segments from "What Have You Done For Me Lately!" Is Jacko Wacko? Well, he might just go that way trying to keep up with his sister.

SALVATION SUNDAY: Heart In Motion (Polydor)

Only about 12 months ago the "serious" music papers (hi!) were "tipping" three new bands for the top. One was Curiosity Killed The Cat, one was Brother Beyond and the third was Salvation Sunday. Minnrm. Well, if "Heart In Motion" is the best they can do, looks like the pollsters will have to settle for a disappointing one out of three.

BROTHER BEYOND



BROTHER BEYOND: How Many Times (EMI)

Fancy that! Just talking about them a second ago and here they are, still looking like brilliant pop stars and sounding not quite ready for the role. Perhaps somebody should suggest one of them tries wearing his cap back to front.

DRUM THEATRE: Moving Target (CBS)

Whoops! Drum Theatre came again! Really, what is there left to say about the "Theatre", except that they will forever be number 44 in our hearts. Is there a doctor in the house?

ROSIE VELA: Underlie (A&M)

She of the exploding hair fame follows up "Magic Smile" with a far less immediate effort. No funny words like "keenovay" either and just a touch too slushy to make any big impression.



JOHNNY HATES JAZZ: Shattered Dreams (Virgin)

Johnny Hates Jazz? What, all of it? Sadly, [HJ] don't quite live up to their really crazy radical name with "Shattered Dreams" which is a polite little ditty of interest only to incurable insomniacs.

TWO PEOPLE: This Is The Shirt (Polydor)

Liverpool duo Two People should be proper pop stars by now because they should have gone to at least number 12 with "This Is The Shirt" when it was originally released two years ago. Now it's been revamped and re-released and it's still v. fab and an obvious single of the fortnight and... and then along came Prince.

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT



PRINCE: Sign O The Times (Paisley Park)

Astonishing. His Royal Perversness suddenly decides to give up singing about the joys of senseless banking and instead turns his attention to the various social evils of life on Planet Earth in 1987. Everything from AIDS to Star Wars comes under the microscope and it's all accompanied by a typically infectious melody. If anybody else tried to turn such a cautionary tale into a brilliant single, they would undoubtedly end up sounding like Billy Bragg. Prince does it with effortless grace and ends up sounding like the voice of, er, God. Life just isn't fair.

CAMEO: Back And Forth (Club)

The third brilliant single from the brilliant "Word Up" LP. Larry Blackmon, the thinking man's coddle, croons merrily along while the other 300 members of Cameo chant merrily away behind him. Larry refuses to be put off, however, and fights his way through to yet another huge hit.

CYNDI LAUPER: What's Going On (Portrait)

This all-time soul classic, originally written and made famous by the late Marvin Gaye, tends to suffer a bit at the hands of the gay exuberance Ms Lauper brings to everything she does. She sounds as if she's trying her damndest to capture the spirit of the original but can't really wait to get to the end so that she can race into one of her very own brilliant creations.

JULIAN COPE: Saint Julian (Island) On his last LP, "Fred", Julian Cope sounded so barking mad that one wasn't really expecting to hear from him again. But here he is again, sounding more accessible, poppy and healthy than he has done for ages. Backed by shimmering guitars and wheezing organ, Julian sings of love in brown paper bags and meeting God in a car — that sort of thing — on a selection of enticing songs that range in style from punk thrash and cheesy rock 'n' roll to the kind of sweeping and beautifully proper pop that made his old group, The Tearjerkers, episodes, so marvellous. He's boasted that he's the only person these days making decent white pop music. And, do you know? He's not far wrong. **(9½ out of 10)**

Tom Hibbert

SIMPLY RED: Men And Women (WEA) What a supremely talented bunch of people Simply Red are. And what a completely brilliant, trombonesque voice Mick Hucknall has. And what an astounding thing it is that this LP is even better than their first utterly twisting LP "Picture Book". Triple swoon, in fact. BOOP to the grungy grooveaway pop of "I Won't Feel Bad". WIBBLE to the reggaellé gospel of "Love Fire". BLURB to the wails-round-the-fire-side '60s jazz waltzer "Everytime We Say Goodbye". CRIMBLE to the sumptuous moochaway soul of "Suffer", "Shave" and "Maybe Someday", er, HAVE A CUP OF TEA to the rest of this boundingly charismatic swank-soul LP. Highly excellent. **(9 out of 10)**

Sylvia Patterson

PERCY SLEDGE: The Ultimate Collection (Atlantic) Percy Sledge is yet another in a long line of archaic '50s and '60s soul singers currently enjoying greater success now than ever before. This is a compilation of wondrously tuneful ballads crooned to with awesome, tear-yerking passion. In fact just about every girl that ever

Barry McIlhenny



U2: The Joshua Tree (Island) Hurray! The most splendid rock band in the world return and damn good it is to have them back! Back! With a sparkling new LP that takes the best bits of "War" and "Unforgettable Fire", mixes them together and adds on a few new ideas of its own to make it their finest effort yet. Back! With a song called "Red Hill Town" which features Greatest Living Irishman Bono at his most expressive, his voice gently rising above the massed choirs in the background. BACK! With another little classic called "One Tree Hill", another typical U2 "paean" to all things "natural" and "spiritual". Whatever, there's the usual quota of references to hills and rivers and mountains and things like that and it only gets a mite embarrassing when at one stage Bono goes completely bonkers and booms out "Oh great ocean" before being tripped by a very sensible producer. As always U2 remain in danger, at times, of taking themselves just a touch too seriously — but even then they still sound quite brilliant. **(9 out of 10)**

Barry McIlhenny

bumped into Percy must have broken his heart, poor chap! The album chimes soothingly through a number of weepworthy melodies like the excellent "When A Man Loves A Woman", "Cover Me" and the most inoffensive one of all "Love Me Tender", in fact the whole album is worth every penny... **(8 out of 10)**

Josephine Collins

BEN E. KING: Stand By Me (Atlantic) An old-fashioned soulful crooner, Ben E. King's speciality is extracting the maximum emotion from other people's songs like "Save The Last Dance For Me" and "Spanish Harlem". Some of the 400-woo backing vocals and odd Latin arrangements (Spanish guitars aho!) now sound rather dated but "Stand By Me" remains a perfect example of making a timeless record by doing the simple things well. Although this isn't "the ultimate collection" that the sleeve proclaims (quite a few hits have been left out), it does prove that as a singer Ben E. King is a toll of the highest order. **(7 out of 10)**

Ian Cranro

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANESHEES: Through The Looking Glass (Polydor) This is really a quite spectacular achievement! What Siouxsie And The Baneshees manage to do here is take 10 very good and very varied songs originally written and performed by other people and then turn them into their standard gloomy black holes. Sparks' "This Town Ain't Big Enough For Both Of Us" is totally stripped of all its original humour, while Roxy Music's brilliant "Sea Breezes" is dished out equally brutal treatment. But worst of all is "Trust In Me" from the original soundtrack to Walt Disney's Jungle Book (the greatest film ever made) which is somehow transformed into the sort of thing they play on Soviet TV whenever the big chief pops his dugs. Not very good at all. **(3 out of 10)**

THE COLOR OF MONEY (15,119 mins)



▲ Tom Cruise and a stick and a ball



▲ Tom Cruise and a stick and some more balls

"Flake" is an American word which roughly translated into English — means nitwit, nincompoop, clot, dunderhead, idiot etc. And in *The Color Of Money* that's how Tom Top Gun Cruise is described. It certainly fits him down to the ground. He plays Vincent, a bratsoff, spiteful, insecure, selfish show off who also happens to be a bit of a pool genius. A veritable master of the green baze in fact, who swizzes his stick (pool cue, I think is the word you're groping for — Ed) round and about, and knocks all the balls hither and thither to try and impress his girlfriend Carmen. Vincent can beat just about everyone hands down, but all he does with his talent is win the odd bit of money in dingy pool halls. But then along comes Paul Newman — middle aged heart throb of mums everywhere — who plays the part of "Fast" Eddie Felson, one time poolhall ace and professional con-man, who takes Tom Cruise in hand and tries to persuade him that if he pretends to be a useless pool player for a while, he'll be able to win a lot more money in the long run...

So off they all toddle. Vincent, "Fast" Eddie and Carmen, to try to win thousands of dollars in hundreds of pool games. And that's basically what happens. Lots and lots of games of pool, lots of tricky pool shots with balls hurtling everywhere, lots of "psychological tension" with people sitting down wondering whether they're going to win or lose. Etc. Which is all... quite boring really. Very boring in fact, unless you're fascinated by pool. On the plus side though, Tom Cruise shows himself to be a bit of a brilliant actor — as "flakes" go, he's a very convincing one. But if you go along expecting another Top Gun you'll be sorely disappointed.

William Shaw



▲ Tom Cruise and a stick (except it's Mary McCormack) and Paul Newman

REVIEW

FILMS

WHOOFS APOCALYPSE (15, 91 mins)

About three-quarters of the way through Whoops Apocalypse Rik Mayall appears. He's supposed to be an SAS captain storming Madame Tussoud's wax museum but it wouldn't really matter if he was supposed to be Rik from the Young Ones or Niall Feh-er-ah-veer—the just goes through his most famous routine involving lots of swearing, utter stupidity, and ridiculous mindless violence. And, as usual, it's very funny. Far, far funnier, unfortunately, than anything else in this film.

The plot, such as it is, revolves around the British Prime Minister (Peter Cook) and the American President trying to stop a nuclear war over the kidnap of a British princess. This opens the door for lots of extremely weak satirical digs at Ronald Reagan, Margaret Thatcher, The Royal Family, Russians,



▲ Rik Mayall: "all 'ridiculous mindless violence'"

the Falklands "conflict" and so on. All fair targets, for sure, except that the whole thing is neither particularly funny nor very effective in its "satire". And there are few things worse than dull "comedy" films (though there is a rather good bit when Rik Mayall tries to sort out a pile of assorted heads, some of waxworks and others of decapitated soldiers and...)

Chris Heath

STAND BY ME (15, 88 mins)

It's the mid 1950s in small town America and the sounds of Buddy Holly's weedy rock'n'roll drift through the summer breeze as four cute little kids—Bordie, Chris, Teddy and Vern—put on their sensible clothes, pack their tents and head off down the railroad to search for the body of their pal Ray who's been run down by a train. What a happy start!

Along the way, the four friends contemplate, whimsically, some of life's major issues—from death to parents, from the strength of Mighty Mouse to what breed of animal Goofy is ("He can't be a dog; he wears a hat and drives a car..."). And every so often, they get into some sort of scrape or leeches they nearly get eaten up by leeches (once), squashed by a train (twice) and beaten up by a gang of meanies

(lots of times).

And, er... that's about it. Stand By Me is a film of good guys and bad guys: it's easy to tell them apart—the good guys always apologise to each other, the bad guys have tattoos and smash up people's mail boxes with baseball bats. It's a pleasant enough yarn (apart from one crude, unfunny and totally pointless sequence in which local townsfolk organise a pie eating contest and end up being sick over one another) presented with warmth and harmless intentions. Ultimately, however, it is a little lacking in substance—a bit like "Lassie" without a dog or "Skippy" without a kangaroo. And, it must be said, after about half an hour, cute little kids just don't seem so "cute" any more.

Jon Ranson



▲ Three "net-to-cute—little kids" search for dead Ray!()



▲ Our Cyndi "sings her suspenders off"

▲ Our Cyndi "gets her knees dirty"

▲ Our Cyndi "dispatches a dog"

CYNDI LAUPER Hammersmith Odeon, London

There's a sudden burst of light and lo! that darling popette, that tiny songstress, that doyenne of the dodgy clothes appears in, er, dodgy clothes. It's Cyndi Lauper and here she is in Britain launching into her last single, "Change Of Heart", with an absolute frenzy that makes the audience look limp by comparison. Off she goes... she skips, she swirls, she twists, she bounds, she dips, she runs, she jumps and she jolly well sings her socks off (or, rather, suspenders, in this case).

So it is all quite true then, Cyndi Lauper in the flesh is a miniature pop person, does look a birrvo state and could (probably) scream loud enough to dispatch a dog to the great blue yonder from a distance of 100 yards. What else becomes clear, as she makes her way through her singles, the songs off her recent LP and a couple of cover versions, is that she's got an extraordinary voice, which is mostly rather good, but at times turns into a bit of a screech. At one point (during a particularly emotional rendering of "Boy Blue") this screech is so piercing that not only is every piece of glass and ear-drum in the house vibrating to the point of bursting, but Cyndi herself looks about to go up with a big bang...

But she doesn't, so on she whizzes... beating the ground with her fists, whisking her skirt off to reveal not very much (or rather quite a lot), ruffling some bloke in the audience's hair, ripping her jacket off to reveal not very much/lots more, pouting and puckering and teasing and chatting on about her useless jokes ("they're much better in a foreign language") and bemoaning her dirty knees!

This is all very entertaining but alas it cannot go on. It's time for the three encores (including an unaccompanied version of "True Colors"), an emotional goodbye and she's gone for another year. Bye bye Cyndi, you were well and truly... er... odd.

Derrin Schlesinger

CONCERTS

EUROPE Hammersmith Odeon, London



▲ Europe: "right up there with Queen!"

Who ever heard of a heavy metal band with suitors? With a drummer that wears white Adidas shorts? Whose repertoire includes Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight Of The Bumble Bee"? Who gingerly sip at mineral water in between songs? Who line up at the front of the stage to warble an *o copella* number?

Well, Europe do all of these things and more. But then, Europe are not really a "proper" heavy metal group in the time-honoured tradition of ver "lads" "rocking" out in front of lots of other lads in the audience. Tonight's crowd includes quite a few ginxies, some of them even offering red roses to singer Joey Tempest.

Yes, Europe are doing very nicely right now, thank you very much, and tonight's entertainment starts off in a suitably spectacular fashion, with the enthusiastic mob shouting Eu-rope! Eu-rope! like a football crowd. Finally the five leather-clad Swedes are revealed, amidst billowing dry ice, against a quite brilliant backdrop of the solar system. Very dramatic.

After the initial blast of "The Final Countdown", anyone would have difficulty sustaining this kind of frenzy and there are slight lulls here and there — usually when the bronzed Joey disappears to change his jacket, which, strangely enough, he does several times, though to one exactly the same design but a different colour. This is the cue for the rest of the group to give up ploughing through the album tracks — none of which match up to "The Final Countdown" — and launch into a rather tedious instrumental. No wonder Joey shouts out "Are you still there?" to the audience when he returns.

Still, never mind, Europe do their utter dandiest to entertain and surprise their audience and do a very fine job of it, camping and hamming it up like billy-ho. In fact, they go to such lengths that at times you have to pinch yourself to realise you are not watching a variety act. And however seriously their devotees might take them, Europe themselves, quite rightly, look as if it's all just a birrova laugh.

They come back on at the end for another version of "The Final Countdown" and two more encores and by this stage everyone is singing along, punching fists in the air and generally going bonkers. Finally, Joey and the rest of the band line up in a row at the front of the stage and make a polite bow to their adoring audience before dashing off for good. This v. showbiz ending to a highly entertaining evening suggests that before too long Europe will be right up there with Queen, give or take a moustache or two.

Lola Borg



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