

SMASH HITS

THE MISSION

"I've got lovely legs and I'm perfect!!"

JANET JACKSON

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT

GENESIS

MEL & KIM

DAVID BOWIE

LONE JUSTICE

FIVE MORE BRILLIANT
FREE STICKERS!!

MRS THATCHER
TALKS TO
SMASH HITS!!



FREE STICKERS HERE!!

POSTERS

THE JETS
BOY GEORGE
NICK KAMEN
MADONNA



David Bowie

"Hmmm. What am I doing here? Why has my hair gone all long and scraggly? Why am I being attacked by a cloud of candy floss? Why am I holding a pair of spectacles when I don't even wear them? Why can't I afford a proper belt? Erm... In fact who am I?"

Oh dear. It's David Bowie actually and though he doesn't seem to realise it – the clot! – he's actually having his photo taken to announce the arrival of his brand new single "Day In Day Out". After a year speaking about not doing much apart from producing Iggy Pop's album "Blah Blah Blah", writing a song for Tina Turner ("Girls"), sking, reading "18 books a week" and sitting around his homes in Switzerland and Scotland he is back! (Back! etc.).

With a new album! Called "Never Let Me Down", it's out on April 21; and is apparently much "rockier" than his recent work and might be a little bit like the Iggy Pop LP! And it includes songs called "87 and Cry" and "Glass Spider".

And with some new videol! One of which is directed by Julien Absolem *Beginners* Temple and Involva David roller-skating down a Los Angeles street in a leather jacket!

And with a world tour! Which will reach Britain in June! And which will probably include in his band old wimpy-rocker Peter Frampton, a buddy from his youth!

And with an exhibition of potato sculptures! With "incisive" portraits of many leading figures in today's world including Ayatollah Khomeini, Mick Jagger, Nancy Reagan and both of Red Box! And they're all going to be auctioned off afterwards, baked with a variety of toppings – chilli, cheese and tomato, thousand island and pruna'n pepper – for a charity of David's choice!

And with a splattering of lawsuits! For magazine like this who make up utterly preposterous and totally untrue stories linking him with potato sculptures and Red Box! Fancy that!

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BITZ

★ The "Star" Style? You bet! The fashion appendix of the 1980s? You bet! Here you'll always discover all the new looks for men, from jeans to suits.

BIRTHDAYS

MARCH

- 25 Aretha Franklin (45)
- Elton "Reg Dright" John (40)
- Steve Norman of Spandau Ballet (27)
- 26 Richard Calk of The Commodores (25)
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- 30 Eric "Eric" Clapton (42)
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APRIL

- 1 Billy Carrie of Ultravox (35)
- Sirrus Woodward of Bananarama (26)
- 5 Agnetha Faltskog (Moose the 3rd co-drummer) of Abba (57)

● It's back! The top pop TV program that doesn't have bimbo presenters who waffle on trying to look grinsomely youthful and who keep saying crap things like "love it to death!" all the time! Or in other words *The Chart Show* returns to your Flied, Squarer Tubes on May 1st and at 6.15 every Friday henceforth.

TERRENCE TRENT D'ARBY

The man who's only got eight-and-a-half marbles!



● **HIS NAME'S A BIT OF A MOUTHFUL**
"Basically when I was a kid I wanted to be a novelist and my grandmother used to say that only novelists and very rich people used all their names, doesn't it? And also I used them all as a reaction against that time when everyone was just called Sting, Prince, Toyah, Sade, King and Madonna."
"I'm American but the name D'Arby's Irish. Apparently I have Irish blood, Navajo blood and I don't know where the black comes from. Sounds exotic, doesn't it?"

● **HE DESERTED FROM THE ARMY**
"I joined up because I thought I needed some discipline and some order in my life. Which was the uncoolest thing I've ever done, but at the time I thought that that was what I needed. I was wrong! It was terrible always being told what to do. I'm a Pisces and Pisces don't work well under restrictions..."

● **HE'S LOST SOME MARBLES**
"The army got so bad that I thought I was experiencing a nervous breakdown. So I went A.W.O.L. (army-talk for absent without leave). When they caught up with me I had to see an army

psychiatrist for a little 'mental counselling'. He sort of agreed that if I'd stayed around too much longer I might have lost my marbles. I'm not trying to be hip here, but I do think I went into the army with ten marbles and I came out with eight-and-a-half. They locked me up in the army jail and they tried to put me away for five years for going A.W.O.L. and it was basically due to a brilliant lawyer that I'm not behind bars."

● **HE USED TO BE A MEDAL-WINNING BOXER**
"I'm proud to say I was never knocked out or knocked cold. When I did lose - which fortunately wasn't very often - it was because the other man hit me more than I hit him. Am I any good now? I don't know. Why - do you want to start a fight? (Er... no - Bitz)"

● **HE'S NEVER HEARD MARGARET TRATCHER'S FAVE POP RAVE**
"Teister by The Tornados? I can't say I've ever heard it."

● **AND HE'S NEVER GROWN PARNIPS IN A GUMBOOT**
"No, I haven't. But I used to collect fluff bunnies under the bed. You know, little balls of dust that collect under the bed? I used to cultivate them and grow them in different shapes. And I even used to give them names (?!!!!)

"STAR" STYLE

NICK KAMEN! NICK KAMEN!

● Last year Nick Kamen un-trousered himself on that advert for *Levis* breaks and became v. famous. But before that he'd spent five years as a work-a-day male model getting snapped for luscious *Freeman's* catalogues. Yum!



▲ Nick looking sulky and ponderous on a beach

Photos: Freemans



▲ Nick looking sulky and ponderous with a chum.



▲ Nick looking sulky, ponderous and deeply, deeply confused.



▲ Nick forgetting to look sulky and ponderous



▲ Nick looking sulky, ponderous and half-asleep



▲ 1981 A career begins! Nick and Leslie Ash model some lovely 'Texas Ranger' sweatshirts



▲ 1982 £17.99 for a lovely Knabi zip so pack! What a snazzyapp!!



▲ 1983 Those 'shades! Those 'shades washed' breaks! So à la mode!



▲ Nick looking sulky and ponderous in a hat.



▲ Nick looking sulky and ponderous on a bridge.



▲ For goodness sake, tuck your shirt in you scamp!



▲ Nick looking sulky and ponderous in a doorway.



▲ Nick looking sulky and ponderous with his hands in his pockets.



▲ "God! I'm so bored of looking sulky and ponderous. Can't I become a pop star instead?"



▲ 1984 That rugged outdoor look! Fashion with a heavy note, hey?



▲ 1984 Acrylic "tobacco" sweater! Only £13.99. Nick tucks his thumbs into his breeks



▲ Was Nick Kamen really having an affair with Freeman's lovelette LuLu? (What are you blathering on about? - Ed.)



▲ Wo Ahem! Sayle's shirt!



▲ Rik Mayall in Whoops Apocalypse: Shot back and sides or? Mar har

Whoops Apocalypse! It's a him! It's got tubby comic Alexei Sayle in it! It's got Rik Mayall in it too! It's a chuckle! Ha! Ha! Ha! You'll laugh until you stop! It's 91 minutes of fun packed film all about world crisis! And now you can WIN two fantastically unique and extremely brilliant items without which the said comic masterpiece could not have been made.

ONE: We've got the very shirt that Alexei Sayle wears a oodgy Russian diplomat. It's large, it's colourful and it's rather tasteless.

TWO: We've got the actual clapperboard that was used in making Whoops Apocalypse (i.e. that bit of hinged wood they snap

together when they say "Action, roll camera, Whoops Apocalypse scene 43, take 98, 999, 999" (etc)). **PLUS:** Runners-up can win one of 25 gorgeous Whoops Apocalypse t-shirts and one of 25 twingrilliant copies of the single "Whoops Apocalypse" by zany singer John Otway (the bloke who sang those R. White's Lemonade adverts).

Simply solve this: according to legend, how many horsemen of the Apocalypse were there? Was it a) one; b) two; c) two and a bit; d) three or e) four? Send your answer on an H-Bomb to Smash Hits, Goodbye World Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by April 7.

THIS NEW IS A BIT OF A SMOOTHIE

"Am I a smoothie?" ponders Al Jarreau, the songster responsible for the silksomely smooth *Moonlighting* theme song. "I don't have a whole lot of rough edges, if that's what you mean. Uh... I get on pretty well with folks and I guess I am smooth rather than angular."

Al has been singing his "mellow" jazzy soul songs for some 20 odd years now but this is his first pop hit, aided no doubt by the fact that it's produced by Nile Rogers, the chap who's just done Duran's "Notorious" LP, and by the fact that *Moonlighting's* been rather a successful TV series. Spook fact: Al has never seen a single episode of *Moonlighting*!!

"Uh... I have seen little pieces of a couple of episodes, but I've never seen a whole one."

How shocking. And what of the show's star Bruce Willis's singing career? Should he, um, stick to er... acting?

"Oh no, I can think of plenty of singers who would be better off as actors, ha ha! But Bruce Willis is alright. He's got enough equipment there to do some singing."

Al Jarreau first began singing professionally at the age of four, when his mum dressed him up in a sailor suit and stuck him in front of 100 paying guests in someone's back garden. He continued to perform as he went through school and it was his singing, he says, which saved him from becoming a complete "nerd". A nerd? Surely not?

"Yeah, in high school I was probably a nerd of sorts. I was a bit booky, and I liked sport and extra-



▲ Jarreau: "I was a teenage nerd."

curricular activities. I was president of the school council and that's all stuff that no self-respecting rebel high school student would be caught doing.

And as well as being a nerd, Al was also a bit of a basketball hero. "Yeah! I loved all that shit! I mean, who wants to play basketball except for nerds? Still, it sent me through college. I had a basketball scholarship that paid my fees for the first four years of college."

OK. Here's a *Fast Quiz* question for basketball swots. Where was basketball invented?

"Er... um... I've got a feeling it was in Pennsylvania."

WRONG! The correct answer is Springfield, Massachusetts.

"How did you know that?" "There is absolutely NOTHING Bizz doesn't know. (Don't be preposterous - Ed.)

BITZ



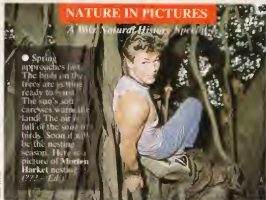
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NATURE IN PICTURES

A Bird's Nature Picture

● Spring approaches fast. The birds on the trees are getting ready to sing. The sun's soft caresses warm the land. The air is full of the song of birds. Soon it will be the nesting season. Here is a picture of Morden Market (noted in 1771 - Ed.)

Photo: BITZ



(In which Bitz goes along to do a serious in-depth interview with Rik Mayall and Adnan Edmondson and finds two complete imbos called "Colin" and "Alan" talking about their horrible heavy metal group Bad News)

● Hello viewers! Don't those two blokes on the right look utterly horrible? ("Yes they do" - The entire population of the stratosphere.) Correct! And that's because they're Rik Mayall and Adnan Edmondson of the Young Ones "fame". Except they aren't - they're in "disguise". In "disguise" as Colin and Alan (also known as Vim and Ajax) from a hoary heavy metal band called **Bad News** which they pretend to be in (along with Nigel Planer and some other bloke called Peter Richardson who isn't quite as boring as the boring bloke from The Young Ones).

They're dressed up in lapawave wigs and spook-specs because they've just made a film called **More Bad News**, which is the supposed four-years-on follow-up to their first "cult" film - "simply" called **Bad News**. **More Bad News** features the getting-back-together of the band after "Colin" went off to become a bank clerk and it really is quite funny. Unfortunately this film is only being shown with a perv-film called **Trick Or Treat** which is rated 18 - although it will eventually be shown on Channel 4 on its own. **PLUS!** The band have now managed to wheedle themselves a real recording contract - and a thoroughly pathetic and talent-free heavy metal "single" from **Bad News** is now, as they say, imminent.

● **Colin:** On our next tour we're going to blow up a herd of cattle on stage. With dynamite! And we're going to flame-thrower a cage-full of hamsters. And we might call our album "The Devil's Got A Hold Of My Bottom" because we're mean and bad and horrible.

Hi-mmm. Tell us about "this film then," "lad." ● **Colin:** Right Well, the film featuring us is about the band getting together again - and, in the words of Mr Foulmouth himself, Joost Holland - "This is the greatest piece of filmic

FAN CLUBS

● **BROTHER BEYOND**
P.O. Box 741
London N16

● **SIMPLY RED**
"Inside The Red Box"
16 Norman Avenue
Sanderstead
Surrey CR2 0GE

● **U2**
P.O. Box 48
London N6 SRU

(THE BITZ) "MAZIN' RIFFS, MAN" CORNER PRESENTS:



U2. LIVE!!!!
Yus! On June 12th and 13th of this very year U2 will be HERE!!! Bejebers, bejabbers and no mistake! Playing their first ever concert at Wembley Stadium since their weopway "thing" at Wembley Stadium for Live Aid in 1985! And that's just the start of their biggest ever UK tour! Bitz, quite frankly, is "delirious" so the details have been given to "Happenings" (page 23) to sort out.

CRAP JOKE CORNER



Q. What do you call a pop star who steals hats?

A. Nick Berry

This monorously pathetic piece of humour was supplied by Bitz reader Hannah Franklin of Yeovil. Send your crap joke to Smash Hits Bitz Crap Joke Corner, 32-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF and we'll send you absolutely nothing in return!!!!

IMPERSONATE MICK HUCKNALL AND WIN A "SEXY" MICK HUCKNALL BATH ROBE

Phew! What a robe! It's so silky! It's so hygienic! Wear it on the beach! Wear it in the bathroom! And one of those gorgeous garments could possibly be yours if you enter this fantastic competition! What's more we've got 25 copies of **Simply Red's** super LP "Men And Women" and they're just yours for the taking! But here's the sticky bit: First you have to impersonate Mick Hucknall!



- How to enter: **STEP ONE:** Pop into a photo booth at your local shopping centre.
- **STEP TWO:** Strike Mick Hucknall-like pose.
- **STEP THREE:** Flash.
- **STEP FOUR:** Wait just four minutes for four "quality" prizes to be delivered.
- **STEP FIVE:** Present!
- **STEP SIX:** Pop the prints in an envelope with your name and address and send to **Hucknall Lookalike Competition, 32-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to get hers by April 7.



▲ Mick King of Issue 42 shows off his "legendary" Mick Hucknall impersonation!



TWO VERY IMPORTANT THINGS THAT HAPPEN ON MARCH 29

- 1) What a day!!! It's the start of British Summer Time!!! Everyone swizzles their watches forward!!! Some people forget!!! What a muddle!!!
- 2) What a day!!! **Damon Duran** play their first live UK concert for yonks!!! They're appearing at the London Palladium as part of a huge Amnesty International benefit - "The Secret Policeman's Third Ball" - alongside such great names as **Mark Knopfler!!! Nik Kershaw!!! Lou Reed!!! Peter Gabriel!!! Eric Burdon!!! Cliff Richard!!!!!! Chat Atkins!!!! (???)** For details see "Happenings"!!!!

Bad news

entertainment I have ever seen in my life."

Alan "Ever ever ever. And," he said, "If I've ever been anybody else in another life, it's probably better than anything I've ever seen then, too." (?)

So. Do you just do lots more useless things then?

Alan (pretending to look miffed): I think you're taking this a bit too flippantly actually.

Colin "I don't know where you get that impression from! The film features us writing songs, getting back together again, getting on the road to Donington (grammy annual heavy metal 'affair' which *Bad News* actually played at last year in between the 'real' 'facts' (man)).

I heard you asked the audience to boo you off and they didn't (har har).

Colin Well, we got bottles of urine thrown at us! That's better than being booed off... mind you, Ozzy Osbourne got a pig's head thrown at him which we didn't get (looks disappointed). Hey! Have a can of Crucial Brew!

So are you as brilliant as, erm, Europe?

Colin "I think Europe are crap. And that bloke's copied my hair. Still, and your viewers may not know this, we've got our own record deal now, which you'll see in the film. They gave us £20 never to record anything.

Alan Which is quite good really because that split four ways amounts to five quid each and after tax you've got about... ooooooh, £1.99 each!

Colin Which means over a packet of fags a day! And if we could get a record deal every day we'd be kept in fags forever!

And you get the booze and food free - I mean, look at that (points to the array of swank-sandwiches, bottles of wine, cans of Red Stripe and Crucial Brew) (triple sperYOO!) We never paid for any of that. So if we could have a breakfast

time conference, a lunch-time conference and a supper-time conference every day we'd never have to worry about food and booze ever again. So I think you should tell your viewers that forming a band is really all about cutting down on grocery bills. Right! That's the interview over with - shall we have sex now?

Oh dear... I've heard you want to become a real pop star, Adrian (who's going up being 'Alan' for three seconds)

Adrian Who told you that?! Who? Who?! I don't want to become a pop star - I just think I am naturally. I've just got to be one. I mean, you can't hold back a talent like mine without damaging yourself. (?)

Er... so when are you going to write a good tune then?

Rik (who's given up being "Colin" for three seconds too) WooooHOO OOOoooooo! Ah hooooo hoooooo HOOOOO! When you gonna write a good tyoooooooon! Oooh, the scissors are really coming out of the drawer ahhooooOOOOOoooooo!

When are you going to ask a decent question? (i.e. question)

You've got about 17 children, haven't you? (What this actually means is that Rik Mayall seems to get every single girl he goes 'out' with pregnant.)

Rik: Get lost! Bog off! Get LOST! (It was something much ruder actually.)

Right! That's it! End of the interview. 'You've got about 17 children, haven't you?'

Why don't you go and work for *The Sun*? Zieg bloody hell! Oh God - I've decided I'm retiring - this is my farewell

interview... why don't you ask him about his baby he's got one too you know!

Adrian Yeah, I've got a few babes. Babes here, babes there. Chickens, hens, the odd pheasant.

I've given birth to a pheasant!

Rik: Now now now - let's just ignore that and talk about something much more profound. Me. I'm fantastic. The kids love me. Watch this! (Bends the floppy bit of his ear round and stuffs it in his ear-hole.)

I've got a cyst from doing that, you know! I'm deaf. That's why I formed a heavy metal band! Oh go on - have a Crucial Brew!

Gurgie-gurgie let's have seeeeeeeeeeeeee!

Why don't you tell us a joke instead?

Rik: Er... this bloke goes into a bank and says to the girl 'Sick 'em up! go (something unprintable).

That's not very good. It's not as good as: What do you call a pop star who steals hats? Nick Berry.

Rik: HAHAAHAHA! (?) What about this one though! What do you say to a man with no arms and no legs?

Absolutely no legs?

Rik: At least you've got a willie!

(That's disgraceful. Interview therefore discontinued - Ed.)



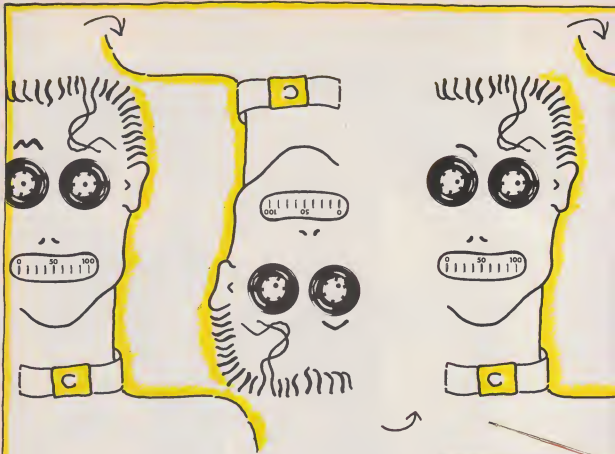
▲ A couple of real bad muths. Very bad indeed actually. Quite awful in fact



▲ This man claims to have given birth to a pheasant.

▲ 'Hey! We're real mean kids and we're back so you better back up your trousers! Er... shouldn't I be daughters, Viss?'

▲ 'Gee! I'm just a rock n' roll animal!'



Tony pushed Carl's head
into 'tape B'
and pressed Record.

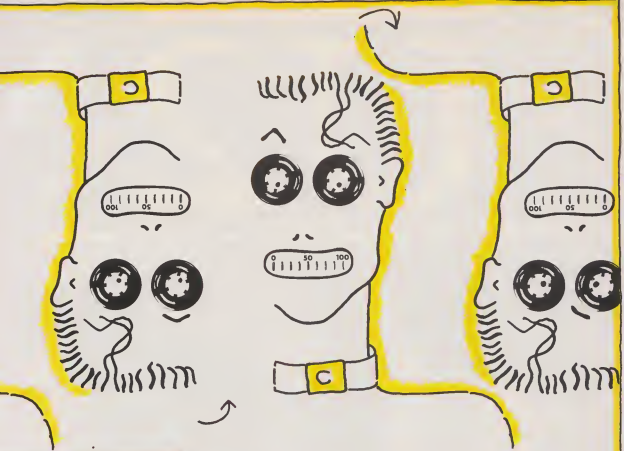


The D8078.

Take

a





closer

look!

PHILIPS

U2



WITH OR WITHOUT YOU

The New 7" and 12" Single Featuring Two New Songs

LUMINOUS TIMES (HOLD ON TO LOVE)

WALK TO THE WATER



sign of the times

Oh yeah

In France a skinny man died of a big disease with a little name
By chance his girlfriend came across a needle and soon she did the same
At home there are seventeen year old boys and their idea of fun
is bang in a gang called The Dialects
High on crack and totin' a machine gun

Time times

Hurricane Annie ripped the calling off a church
And killed everyone inside
U turn on the telly and every other story is tellin' u somebody died
Sister killed her baby 'cause she couldn't afford 2 feed it
And we're sending people 2 the moon
In September my cousin tried faster for the very first time
Now he's doing horse it's June

Times times

It's silly no
When a rocket ship explodes and everybody still wants 2 fly
Some say a man ain't happy unless a man truly dies
Oh why

Time time

Baby make a speech star wars fly neighbours just shins it on
But if a night falls and a bomb falls
Will anybody see the dawn

Time time

It's silly no
When a rocket blows end everybody still wants 2 fly
Some say man ain't happy truly 'til a man truly dies
Oh why oh why sign of the time

Time time

Sign of the time mess with your mind
Hurry before it's 2 late
Let's fall in love get married have a baby
We'll call him Neta
If it's a boy

Time time

Time time

Words and music by Prince
Reproduced by permission Warner Brothers Music Ltd
On Paisley Park/WEA Records

Prince



TONIGHT
TONIGHT
TONIGHT
GENESIS



I'm coming down coming down like a monkey
But it's alright
Like a load on your back that you can't see
Ooh but it's alright
Try to shake it loose cut it free
Just let it go just get it away from me oh oh

'Cause tonight tonight tonight oh oh
I'm gonna make it right
Tonight tonight tonight oh oh

I'm going down going down like a monkey
Ooh but it's alright
Try to pick yourself up
Carry that weight that you can't see
Don't you know it's alright
It's like a halter skelter
Going down and down round and round
But just get it away from me oh oh

Because tonight tonight tonight oh oh
We're gonna make it right
Tonight tonight tonight oh oh

I got some money in my pocket about ready to burn
I don't remember where I got it I gotta get it to you
So please answer the phone 'cause I keep calling
But you're never home
What am I gonna do

Well you keep telling me I've got everything
You say I've got everything I want
And you keep telling me you're gonna help me
You're gonna help me but you don't
But now I'm in too deep
You see it's got me so that I just can't sleep
Ooh get me out of here please get me out of here
Just help me I'll do anything
Anything if you'll just help me get me out of here
Tonight oh oh
I'm gonna make it right
Tonight tonight tonight oh oh

(Tonight tonight tonight oh oh)

Repeat to fade

Words and music by Banks/Collins/Rutherford
Reproduced by permission
Hit and Run Music (Publishing) Ltd
On Virgin Records

HOW TO MAKE A POP VIDEO "STAR"



▲ Call yourself Ben Voltaire-Tamina and get your hairdresser brother to pat you on the head.



▲ Stand round and wonder whether this video lark being such tiresome work, you should at get some kip on the handy nice-in-boutique double bed you brought along just in case.



▲ Decide to get some kip after all.



▲ Lark about in the kitchen wondering whether it would be funny to kip the "unbelievably spewgusting" bin mess over one of the "sexicious saucepots" (hem hem).



▲ Put your cipp on back-to-front and pose "sworsonomely" with a clapper board (whatever that is).



▲ Call yourself Nick and think that, seeing as your group is called Curiosity Killed The Cat, it'd be rather "clever" to have one (i.e. a cat - get it?) in your video.

PART ONE:

CURIOSITY

Photos: Paul Rider

In a huge and draughty studio in Fulham, one of the more fashionable areas of London, Nick from Curiosity Killed The Cat is worrying that, because he's wearing an anorak — even if it is an awesomely expensive one borrowed especially for the occasion — he looks like a Housemartin and is desperately asking for an opinion. Ben Volpierre-Pierrot is loitering around, occasionally breaking into his famous dance routine. Julian meanwhile is mooching around with his guitar slung around his neck — where it stays firmly all day except lunchtime — and fourth "Cat", Migi, is just looking very bored, tapping his drumsticks on his shoe.

Yes, it's another day on the set of Curiosity's video shoot for their new single, "Ordinary Day", ("a boy/girl song" according to be-hatted Ben) and amongst the flurry of fretsome technical-types, the group themselves are remarkably relaxed and cheery.

Even more bizarre is that everyone here appears to be a very close personal friend of the group, or if not that then at least a relation. Ben's brother, Dominic, is the group's "hairdresser", he informs me succinctly. Migi's girlfriend's mother — looking very trendy in black and white fur shoes — has "styled" the set. The

producer, Siobhan, is "an old friend" as is the director. The clothes are "styled" by Migi and Ben's ex-lanidally. Even Migi's dad, Andrew Drummond, an art director, has been roped in to design the sets. The set today is four very stylish white rooms, intended, like the video, to appear "ordinary yet extraordinary" (???). according to Ben and which Migi's dad describes as a "labour of love". How come? "I'm not getting paid for it."

Oh well, never mind, absolutely everyone is exclaiming how totally brilliant it is — except for one of the scenery builders who informs me that these four rooms — kitchen, bedroom, sitting room and garage (housing a gold Jaguar borrowed from the producer's brother) are totally ripped off from a flashy interiors magazine that Migi's dad brought in for them to copy. Goooops.

The only people who seem not to have known the group since they wore short trousers are the "dancers" (models, actually). But they were hand-picked by the producer and Ben at an audition.

"I walked into this room and there were, like, 40 girls or something," explains Ben rather shyly. "It was a bit embarrassing really at first — because I knew quite a lot of them. Ha, ha, ha!



▲ Prepare to practise the ancient martial art of "stiffling-with-a-def-fab-Mace-wecky-thumbo-soft-ose-and-en-utery-gonzod-expression" on one of the "sexicious saucepots" (hem hem).

▲ "sexic...!" (Quite - Ed.)

"RING" CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT



▲ Pose "swooningly" before eating some bent bits of bread (I think you'll find they're actually "crossants"!) [L]



▲ Call yourself! Huh, wear a silly hat, and put something unbelievably spewgusting in the bin.



▲ Call yourself! Ben again and tip up the very same bin, not realizing that your friend called Mig has put in it something utterly spewgusting which is now, under the force of gravity, heading for your shoes. Duh!

KILLED THE CAT

Words: Lola Borg

How? Ummmmmm... (he gets a bit stifty here) through clubs and friends and things. Half of them saw it was me, went 'oh no' and walked out."

Out of the ones that stayed, they chose six or so "really funky" girls who have the strenuous job of shimmying around the sets. It takes hours and endless re-takes to get their bum-wiggling exactly right. Other "roles" for these sexiculous sauce-pots are helping Ben on with his clothes, dusting, hovering, cooking or arranging lilies. Why is it only the girls who are doing the housework?!—shouts the make-up artist but this falls on deaf ears.

The "lads", meanwhile, are either lounging on sofas, under cars (which affords Julian a fantastic view of one of the model's green knickers, a fact he is not bashful about commenting on) or playing their instruments. Except Ben, who—in spite of being relaxed to the point of almost being asleep—launches wholeheartedly into his rubbery dance routines when required by the only sullen person on the set, the director.

Making a video—even if it does contain swoonily pop stars and stinky dancers—is actually mercifully boring, unless the camera is pointing at you. Pretty much

everyone else is loling about getting bored in between tea breaks. It's only in the evening that things begin to perk up a little with the arrival of liquid refreshment to speed things along and yet more friends. One of whom, a sister of the producer as it happens, is enlisted to do some dancing. She is greeted warmly, very, very warmly, by Ben: the next day he is touchingly displaying a picture of the two of them looking very friendly indeed.

Other on-set evening visitors are young, squealing children such as the producer's cleaner's daughter and yet more relations including the very blonde and glamorous Mrs Voilperrie Pierrot, mother of Ben and Dominic. No sign though, alas! of the distinguished Mr Voilperrie Pierrot, fashion photographer, who, according to Ben, "is probably not out of bed yet". As time progresses the atmosphere gets more festive for all except the trickle of girls who have been patiently hanging around outside in the cold all day content with the odd peek through the door at the frolicsome goings-on.

Two days, endless rehearsals, countless repetitions of the song and more partying later: it's all over. Time to fizz up the champagne bottles in the make-up room and celebrate!



▲ Stare "swooningly" into one of the "sexiculous saucepots" (them hem) eyes—where Nick and Ju "look on".



▲ Wonder whether to stare "swooningly" at one of the "sexiculous saucepots" (them hem) or to) shove an omelette (?????)



▲ Watch a "sexiculous saucepot" (them hem) build a car while having another Mig (Ju), playing a guitar type thingie (Nick), singing (Ben) or hitting a dustbin lid with traffic cone on your head (Mig).



▲ Get very bored and try to put a "sexiculous saucepot" (them hem) in the fridge



▲ Go to sleep on the floor with your guitar while a "sexiculous saucepot" (them hem) considers rubbing a cloth on your face.



▲ Move a dustbin bin lid and traffic cone hover in space, in defiance of the very laws of gravity that ruined Ben's shoes a bit earlier, while a "sexiculous saucepot" (them hem) looks on. Your video is now finished. Easy, wasn't it?



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Hi, I'm a 22 year old male from Saudi Arabia. I'm into Paul Young, UB40 and most other chart music. I would like to write to anyone in the whole world. Please write to: M. Almoq, PO Box 2485, Riyadh 11451, Saudi Arabia.

Hi, I'm a fun loving guy who loves pop and sport. I'm looking for boys and girls aged between 10 and 15 if you are cool, stylish and trendy and if you like gymnasium, karate, Five Star, Madonna and A-ha please write to: Nathan Chapman, 131 Langstone Road, Copnor, Portsmouth, Hants PO3 0BT.

Hi, I'm a 13 year old girl into Wham!, A-ha and Madonna so if you would like to write to me put pen to paper: Joanne Morley, 48 Kenworth Place, Noak Bridge, Basildon.

Hi, I'm Lynne, I'm 12 years old and I'm into Madonna, Five Star and most chart music. So if you're 12 or over get writing to me at: 27 Glen Court, Motherwell Strathclyde ML1 2JB.

Hi, I'm 15 years old and would like to write to anyone aged 14-17. I like U2, Simple Minds and The Communards. Please write to: Jane Kearsley, 8 Sylvan Place, Edinburgh EH9 1JH.

Lonely female ahoy! If you're female aged 10-15, Norwegian or British and a devoted A-ha fan write to me: NOWI, Emma Harrison, 12 Hope Street, Lincoln LN5 7JL.

Hi, I'm a 14 year old male looking for female penpals of the same age. I'm into Wham!, A-ha, Madonna, Samantha Fox, Five Star and football (Tottenham Hotspur). If you're interested get writing to: Nadim Nassim, 102 Bell Lane, Hendon, London NW4 2AE.

Calling all Membas, Willing Sinners and Gutterhearts. We are two females desperate for someone to write to so if you worship Marc Almond and everything about him as well as liking T-Rex, The Mission, Sex Gang Children, Bauhaus etc get writing to: Scarlet and Evelids, 23 Denmark Road, Garshelton, Surrey SM5 2JE.

Hi, my name is Pauline Woods and I'm 12 years old. I like most pop music including A-ha and Five Star. If you're aged between 11 and 14 and live anywhere in the world write to: "Woodviva", 40 School Road, West Walton, Nr Wisbech, Cambs PE14 7ES.

Hello, my name's Gary. I want penpals male or female in or around the Cuckoo area aged between 14 and 16. I'm 14. I like Five Star, Madonna and Peppi & Shirke. If you're interested please write to: Gary Mott, 137 Valley Way, Stevenage, Herts.

Hi, we are two lads seeking lasses to write to aged 18-20. Steve is 18 and into U2, Simple Minds, The Pogues and Big Country while Paul is into The Cult, The Mission, Marc Almond and Gene Loves Jexiel. If you are interested please send a letter to: The Lodge, 99 Elizabeth Street, Chester, Manchester 8.

Hi, we're two 14 year old girls who are into Bon Jovi, Europe, Madonna, Five Star, A-ha and Tom Cruise. Please write to: Nicky and Lisa, 20 Woodfield Ave, Birchwood, Lincoln LN5 0JH.

Calling all A-ha fans! I'm looking for female penpals so if you're a fan get writing to: Ian Steeler, "Bracken", Linkfield Lane, Redhill, Surrey RH1 1EA.

If there are any males out there who are into most music including Madonna, A-ha, Simple Minds and who also love to enjoy themselves then get writing to: Jane Millar, 98 Hopton Road, Carlisle, Strathclyde ML8 4FF.

Is there anybody out there engaged between 11 and 13 who likes Queen, Marillion and Bon Jovi? If so, send a letter to: Zoe Barton, 2 Rigby Cottages, Rigby Lane, Bradshaw, Bolton BL2 3EL.

Hi, I'm 14 years old and am looking for anyone that's into A-ha, Queen, Madonna and Dire Straits and who hates heavy metal. If this sounds like you then please write to: Gillian Smith, 63 Innes Street, Inverness IV1 1NR.

Hi there, my name is Mark McClinchey and I'm completely mad on the Human League. If you are mad on them too then write to me at: 4 Dept Ave, Wainry Island, Barrow-in-Furness, Cumbria LA14 3BH.

Hi everyone! My name's Chris and I'm into Prince, Billy Idol, Cameo and any good chert music. I also love sport, dancing and being different so if there's any 16 year olds out there who fancy writing to me, I'd be very happy: 24 Willow Ave, Dogsthorpe, Peterborough PE1 4LX.

Good day to you. This is Russell here and I am 17 years of age. My music tastes are so varied you wouldn't believe it (or maybe you would). I am very much into Marillion but I also like: The Mission, Prince, The Thr, The Communards, Alison Moyet, Mestad, The Smiths and The Eurythmics. If you would like to drop me a line my address is: 160 Milton Street, Southampton, Merseyside PR9 7AP.

Hi, I'm Aaron and I'm 14 years old. At the moment I'm into The Samples, Concoity Killed The Cat, One Strals, The Pet Shop Boys and many more. If you're aged between 13 and 14, get scribbling to: Aaron Whitbll, 10 Worcester Road, Blackpool FY3 9RQ.

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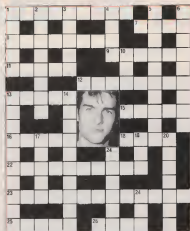
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● ACROSS

- 1 See photocube (3,6)
- 7 See 13 down
- 8 They ordered you to stay out of their life (4,4)
- 9 Continental night rockers
- 11 They were wasted for **Iron Maiden**
- 12 Eat Mr Ali to find **Madonna's** sort of girl (anag)
- 13 A-ha's locomotive of thought
- 15 "C'est ---" (**Robbie Nevil**) (2,3)
- 16 **Veia** with the magic smile
- 18 Part of vicar's bike that provided drive?
- 22 **Alison Moyet's** question of romance (2,4,4)
- 23 Chic hero K. Bean turns into that "Rock It" funkster (anag 6,7)
- 25 **Paul**, friend of that boy in the bubble
- 26 **Duane**, Art of Noise's "Peter Gunn" twang-man

● DOWN

- 1 Radio lover
- 2 **Culture Club's** decision not to stay put (4,4)
- 3 **Haywoode's** blometers!
- 4 Rise for **Madonna's** label (anag)
- 5 **Jim Diamond's** tribute to the Lone Ranger (2,2,6)
- 6 "My Camera ----" (**Bucks Fizz**) (5,4)
- 10 **Midge** in the picture
- 13 **Tracey** problem for the **Smiths'** successful Boy? (5,2,3,4)
- 14 Mixed-up group provided by Dionne Ewit (anag)
- 17 Indian instrument
- 19 --- **Of Chance**
- 20 How **Sinitta** liked her men (2,5)
- 21 **Jones** or The Duck?
- 24 "--- Wolf" (**A-ha**)



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Downing Street where the so-called "Iron Lady" awaits your "pleasure" . . .

Who were your heroes and heroines when you were growing up?
I think you've got to remember that I was growing up in wartime when things were very, very different. And indeed, if you were growing up in wartime you really do appreciate peace. It was a time when the bomber force went out most nights and the fighters were about and there were battles and you were losing ships – you just imagine if the Falklands had gone on and on and on – so it was a very different time. But then you had to have all kinds of relaxation and I suppose really our heroes in those days . . . because we had no television.

"I'm so sad that Elton John is having this difficulty – with his throat."

we had radio and everyone listened to Winston Churchill and everyone listened for example to J.B. Priestley give his talks and Arthur Askey and Tommy Handley – all of those great variety things on radio were very much part of our lives. And then the other great entertainment in my generation . . . because one day I hope will come back, was to go to the cinema to see a film. And what did we see? Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire – fantastic! And these great musical films: there was Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Anne Slinger, Webster Booth, those marvellous . . . Joan Arthur in The Pleinismen, all the Western things and there was Carmen Miranda in *South Of The Border* – but the point I'm making is that those stars meant as much to us, because it was a life that was away beyond anything we ever imagined and we thought it was very glamorous. But



▲ Comedian Arthur Askey: "very much part of our lives"
I suppose things turn out to be less glamorous the closer you get to them: they were jolly hard working, jolly hard working. But we looked to them avidly because it was a kind of escapism from the lives that we led – humdrum lives, sometimes very difficult lives . . .
Was school difficult and humdrum?
Well, we had another school evacuated to us so we went in the



▲ The Beatles: "lively songs" morning and they went in the afternoon and so it was very different. Things were much more formal in those days. At primary school we were taught in classes of 40 but, my goodness me, by the time we were six or seven we all knew how to read and write and we knew our arithmetic . . .
Did you get up to any naughty tricks?
I don't think I was terribly naughty. I liked the work, I did a certain amount of sport, I tended to be rather serious because I enjoyed . . . they were serious times in which we were living. I was the youngest of the family and I very much enjoyed listening to serious discussions – very much – and therefore I was thought to be rather a serious child. But it was because I was

"When A Man Loves A Woman" is marvellous. . . a girl loves boy, boy loves girl, the perennial theme."

passionately interested in many of those things – I was interested in debating societies and I was interested in all kinds of things. I think sometimes, you know, parents try to give their children the things they didn't have. My father left school at the age of 13, although he was very intelligent, and therefore was quite determined that I should have a very good education. My father hadn't had it so he tried to give it to me – very much – therefore I did not have a great deal of parties or pleasure. So when I was bringing up my children I wanted them to have more fun times. They were taught to sail. They were taught nearly all of the

"Cliff Richard has done wonders."

sports and they had, I hope, a little bit more fun. So you try to compensate. Each generation rebels and then only when you become a parent do you realise the wisdom of some of the things your parents were saying.
Did your children rebel? Did Mark grow his hair long?
No, no, he didn't grow his hair long but he liked motor racing which worried me enormously. But Mark went for the motor racing and he also became a very good golfer. We took them away for holidays. We hired a house, I took them away and my husband came down at weekends so they learned to sail there. We went to the same place every year so that they

had a lot of friends. Friends are the most important thing in life. They really are. I can't emphasise that enough. And people are friends because you have an interest in common – it may be photography, it may be music. Music gives you a lot of friends. Mark's certainly quite interested in music and Carol had very much her own ideas and still does and she's a journalist. Young people will have their own ideas as to what they want to do and I think it's a mistake to try to persuade them into a direction into which they don't want to go. On the other hand if they want to do terribly glamorous things which aren't going to give them a living, you've got to say 'now, look dear, don't you think it would be worthwhile taking some training which will give you a much better chance of earning a basic living?'
So would you have been fed up if your children had formed a pop group?
I wouldn't have been at all upset. I know a number of people who are very keen on pop music – jazz in my time – so I shouldn't have been upset at all. I'd have been much more concerned if they didn't do anything. I wouldn't have been at all concerned at a pop group because you meet a lot of people and you're often doing

something together and Mark did, as a matter of fact, learn the guitar because he wanted an instrument that you could go around instantly and you could get people singing.
Was he any good?
Not particularly. But he had quite a musical sense and they all listened to – heaven knows we had all the latest



▲ Mark Thatcher and Diane Burgdorf at their wedding
pop records. There were Beatles in our time, you see, and they're just coming back because their songs were timeless. I remember "Teletar" – lovely song. I absolutely loved that. The Tornados, yes. And we had Dusty Springfield, The Beatles I remember most of all, Lulu, Dusty Springfield, Dusty Springfield . . . yes, but they had this thing on all day and it became a part of the background.
They didn't play it too loud!
Good Lord yes! Ha ha ha! Turn that



▲ The Tornados: "lovely"

thing down! Of course they did. Of course they did. But far better to be interested in that than not to be interested in anything at all.
How do you react to today's left wing pop acts – The Housemartins, The Style Council, Billy Bragg – who can't wait to get you out of Number 10?
Can't they! Ha ha ha! Well, I remember when I went down to Limehouse studios once there was a pop group there who I was told I wouldn't get on with at all well and I was absolutely fascinated because they were rehearsing for television and it is a highly professional business. Highly professional. Cameras have to come in on certain shots, they use a fantastic amount of energy and of course their voices . . . and I've watched Elton John, too, who was highly professional – but I'm so sad that he's having this difficulty – with his throat. Highly professional. I think it has become much, much more professional in the technique you use now. You just had echo chambers in our time but now it's much more professional. You've got to use technology. Don't be frightened of it. It's going to bring fantastic opportunities.
Yes, but about these pop groups that want to get Mrs Thatcher out of No. 10 . . .
I don't mind these . . . most young people rebel and then gradually they become more realistic. It's very much a part of life, really. And when they want to get Mrs Thatcher out of Number 10 – I've usually not met most of them. Ha ha ha! And it really is lovely to have a chance to talk to them – and it's nice they know your name, ha ha ha! But, you see, I'm not up to

date with pop music at all though sometimes I'm told what's the latest thing in the charts and I'm fascinated that some of the older things are right up top – things from the '60s. That one, er, "Love A Woman"? "When A Man Loves A Woman"? Yes, that is marvellous and do you know why I think that? Because it's not just noise and rhythm – there's a theme to it and

"I'm told spinning image would hurt very much."

CONTINUED . . .

MARGARET THATCHER CONTINUED...



▲ Elton John: "highly professional"

there's a melody and also when you're young so many of the things are either about rhythm or they're really about girl loves boy, boy loves girl. That is the perennial theme and that is absolutely lovely. It's a lovely song and I'm interested that they're coming back. The rhythm is easy but it's having a good tune that's the hard part. **How did you feel about Live Aid?**

I thought it was morevelling. I watched some of it on the Wembley thing and it was absolutely terrific. It was the first time that we'd been able to get a great body of young people not merely interested in something but actually doing something for it and loving doing it and I thought it was absolutely terrific. And I watched some of that and one group after

"Always be serious!!"

another came and they did a marvellous job. They did a marvellous job. I think young people do want to give something, they don't only want to take something, they're desperate to give something – particularly to other youngsters who just don't have a chance. Please believe me – our generation was the same. I wanted when I was young to go and work in India because helping people who are not well off or who are poverty-stricken is very good and let me say this: you can never judge anyone by their appearance ever. Some of the kindest people have the most strange appearance. You can't tell their politics



▲ Dusty Springfield: "Dusty Springfield"

by what they look like. You might be able to tell by what they've got printed on their t-shirt but not by what they look like.

The government was widely

criticised for not doing enough for Ethiopia and Bob Geldof was rude to you on one occasion...

Was he rude to me? I met him. He wasn't rude to me. We did talk. Obviously he came up and talked to me about the things that most interested him. But what fascinated me was this: it was not 'why doesn't the government give more?' but 'what can I do as a person?' That was his approach. And after all, if government took so much away from young people that they hadn't anything left to give, that wouldn't be much of a life. That would be government substituting their judgement for what people want to do with their own money and that's always been my point. If you want to take everything away from people in taxes, it's because you don't trust them. Well, I do, and I think they should have some say. Of course we have to have enough for defence, for law and order, for social services, but it's people's earnings and if you left them with nothing with which to give



▲ Paul Daniels: "unbelievably skilled"

themselves, you'd have a very dull society. And a wrong society. Yes, wrong. Wrong! If government say the money you earn is first mine and I'll decide only what you should have left. I would say that would be... wrong. **What would you say are the worst problems facing young people today? AIDS, unemployment and...**

You always wonder 'what's going to happen to you in the future. I can remember as a teenager some young marrieds I knew... they knew who they'd married, they knew what their training was going to be, they knew the sort of job they'd get, and it is a tremendous uncertainty and it is both a problem and an excitement and a challenge (?? – Ed) These days when

"Paul Daniels is so unbelievably skilled."

it comes to training, there are far many more choices than we ever had: we've got the young youth training – YTS – and now we've got another one called Job Training Scheme. There are quite a lot of jobs available for which you can't get people because, in the midst of unemployment, you've got a shortage of people taking the requisite skills. It is problematic when they don't necessarily get the right advice and that's why I feel that as well as talking

to your contemporaries, you should have some older people to talk to. **But the future must seem bleak for young people faced with AIDS and heroin ads on television...**

Yes, I agree. You see, television tells you a lot of things you wouldn't otherwise know but it stops a lot of things because it's too jolly easy to go home and do your homework and then sit down in front of the television and the family's sitting down in front of the television and you're not talking to one another. Television must not be a substitute for doing things you want to do. Alright, it may be going out and belonging to a pop group, it may be

"I remember 'Teistar' – lovely song, I absolutely loved that."

that you're keen on going and cheering a football team, it may be that you're keen on learning snooker, but do something. Don't just be a spectator. And if families go and do things – they may be interested in model railways – and I think it's marvellous to learn an instrument because music takes you right out of yourself, and we all have gramophones or disc playing things these days... **Um, Have you ever seen Spitting Image?**

I did watch one, not with myself, but there were one or two things on about the Royal Family and I didn't like them very much. We are fair game, politicians, but there are certain things I don't like images of and one is the Royal Family because it is the monarchy and I think it's got to be protected. Also I'm told that Spitting Image would hurt very much so I think it's better not to be hurt too much. Like when your youngsters say 'I want to get Mrs Thatcher out of Number 10' never having met Mrs T. However...



▲ Adam Faith: "always melodious"

What do you like on TV? I adore Yes Prime Minister. It's great fun, isn't it? Sometimes I do watch some of the old films... now, I did watch yesterday one from the First World War called *Dawn Patrol*. It was a very telling film. It taught you a lot. I also watched because I loved it – I just



▲ Cliff Richard: "Arise Sir Clifford?"

because she's only three... Brotherhood Of Man! Lovely! A fantastic young group, really professional and they'd worked out all their actions because in my young day it was Cliff Richard and Adam Faith... **When are you going to knight Cliff Richard?**

Cliff Richard has done wonders. It was he who got the movement going, really – moving to the music, and Adam Faith came in with a slightly different technique – always melodious and still about... Cliff Richard more than Adam Faith...



▲ Brotherhood Of Man "really professional"

"So will you put in a word for Sir Clifford!"

Always be serious... Alright, ha ha ha!!

You have been called a lot of things in your time, from Margaret Thatcher, Milk Snatcher when you were Education Minister...

Yes, I remember that, too, and it seemed to me one thing that people could purchase – milk for their own children. The important thing is for the state to do things which the state can do but to leave people with money to do things themselves. If people's talents are to develop to their fullest ability, they must have the freedom to do that, so good luck to your pop groups. They do very well for us in exports – they do a fantastic job and if some of them want to have yellow hair, punk hair, short hair, long hair, blue jeans, yellow jeans or, these days, my goodness me we've got some smart ones. Marvellous! When I go and look at some of the clothes for young people, god, they are pricey but, really, I think that the sort of informal period has gone. You know, some of the rules are coming back and life is much better when you have rules to live by. I mean, it's really like playing football, isn't it? If you didn't have any rules, you wouldn't be able to play the game. Of course you'll have the whistle blown sometimes but freedom requires some set of rules to live by to respect other people's freedom, so if we're remembered that way, I think we'll have done a reasonable job for the people the world over.

Interview: Toni Hibbert



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YOU SEXY THING
HOT CHOCOLATE

**IT DOESN'T HAVE TO
BE THIS WAY**
THE BLOW MONKEYS

CARAVAN OF LOVE
THE HOUSEMARTINS

RECORD 1 SIDE 2

EVERYTHING I OWN
BOY GEORGE

RAT IN MI KITCHEN
UB40

BIG FUN
GAP BAND

STAY OUT OF MY LIFE
S STAR

HEARTACHE
PEPSI & SHIRLIE

TRICK OF THE NIGHT
BANANARAMA

TAKE MY BREATH AWAY
BERLIN

RECORD 2 SIDE 1

THE GREAT PRETENDER
FREDDIE MERCURY

STAND BY ME
BEN E. KING

DOWN TO EARTH
CURIOSITY KILLEDE THE CAT

SO COLD THE NIGHT
COMMUNAROS

JACK YOUR BODY
STEVE "SILK" HURLEY

**I LOVE MY RADIO
(MIDNIGHT RADIO)**
TAFFY

**LOVING YOU IS SWEETER
THAN EVER**
NICK KAMEN

MANHATTAN SKYLINE
A-HA

RECORD 2 SIDE 2

SONIC BOOM BOY
WESTWORLD

LVIN' ON A PRAYER
BON JOVI

LAND OF CONFUSION
GENESIS

THE FINAL COUNTDOWN
EUROPE

**OVER THE HILLS AND
FAR AWAY**
GARY MOORE

CROSS THAT BRIDGE
WARO BROTHERS

HYMN TO HER
PRETENDERS

NOW
music

COMPACT DISC SELECTION
AVAILABLE SOON



THE NEW SINGLE

curiosity

KILLED

t h e c a t

Ordinary day

CAT3 CATX3



Watch for the Album out end of April KEEP YOUR DISTANCE

Sunday 28 April Southampton Musicfest • Monday 17 April Bristol Ska • Tuesday 28 April Cardiff University • Friday 1 May Liverpool Royal Court • Saturday 2 May Sheffield University (the Cavern) • Sunday 3 May Manchester Ritz • Tuesday 5 May Glasgow Barrowlands • Wednesday 6 May Edinburgh Coopers • Thursday 7 May Newcastle Metrol • Saturday 9 May Leeds University • Sunday 30 May Northampton Parkway Centre • Monday 11 May Brighton Hipp Bank • Sunday 17 May and Monday 18 May Newcastle Country London

"SAPPHIRE" '85

AIDS BENEFIT CONCERTS

THE PARTY: London

Wembley Arena (April 1).
 ● INTERNATIONAL AIDS GAY are pleased to announce "THE PARTY", which is a charity concert. The line up includes Awad, "The Communards", Bob Geldof, Holly Johnson, George Michael, "Workaholics" and "Worms", plus several surprise guests. Tickets are £25 each which includes a £15 voluntary contribution and are available at all Keith Prowse outlets and from Tower Records. There is also a credit card "hot" line on 01 741 8999 and bookings made on this line will be subject to a £2.50 booking fee. Doors open at 7.00pm.

OTHER EVENTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY ARE:

The Astoria, London: (April 3).

● Hollywood Beyond. Tickets are £3 from the box office. Show starts 12.30pm.

The Hackney Empire, London: (April 2).

● Marc Almond. Tickets are £5 and £3 from the box office. Doors open 7.30pm.

The Royal Theatre, London: (April 3).

● Marc Almond. Tickets are £6.50 and £2.50 from the box office. Doors open 7.30pm.

Brixton Academy, London: (April 4).

● Artists appearing are Bronski Beat who are performing with Jimmy Somerville especially for the event. New Order, Savage Shaw and Buddy Curves And The O'Jays open. Tickets are £10 from the box office and the show starts at 7.30pm.

The Marquee, London: (April 5).

● The Bow Wowwows and The Three Wise Men. Tickets are £5 from the box office.

Edinburgh Usher Hall: (April 2).

● The Communards, The Waterboys, Loui and Mandy, Billy Molikinis, The Sherran, Paul Heg, Win, Mary Mac Run Show, Cara Grogan (to compare the evening) followed by a party at the Assembly Rooms. Tickets for the concert are £6 and £10 and the show starts at 7.30pm. Tickets for the party are £3 and the doors open at 11pm.

Newcastle City Hall: (April 5).

● Hüsker Dü and The O'Jays. Tickets are £6, £7 or £10. Doors open at 7.30pm. There will also be a fashion show and auctions.

Manchester Hacienda: (April 7).

● The Go Betweens, Ben Watt and Tracey Thorn plus special guests. Tickets are £3 in advance and £3.50 on the night. Doors open at 7.00pm.

CAMEO: Birmingham Odeon (May 16), Manchester Apollo (17), Leicester De Montfort Hall (18), Sheffield City Hall (19), Edinburgh Playhouse (22), Newcastle City Hall (23), Bristol Colston Hall (24), Portsmouth Guildhall (25), London Brixton Academy (June 10/11).

● Tickets are £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50 except for Portsmouth where they are £8.50 and £7.50 and London where all tickets are £8.50.

PERCY SLEDGE: London Town And Country Club (April 17/18).

● More dates are likely to be announced. Tickets priced £7.50 are available from the box office and usual agents.



THE PRINCE'S TRUST CONCERTS: London

Wembley Arena (June 5/6).

● The only artists so far confirmed are Alison Moyet, Bryan Adams and Curiously Killed The Cat. Tickets are £25 and £15 by post from PO Box 2, London, W6 0LQ. Make your cheque or postal order payable to Prince's Trust and mark your envelope if you have a preference for a particular night.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL BENEFIT - THE SECRET POLICEMAN'S THIRD BALL: London Palladium (March 28/29).

● Artists appearing are Lou Reed, Joan Armatrading, Duran Duran, Erasure, Peter Gabriel, Mark Knopfler, Paul Brady, Nik Kershaw, Cliff Richard, Courtney Pine, Bob Geldof, Jackson Browne, Awad and Chat Atkins. Duran Duran will be playing on the 29th only. The shows start at 7.30pm and you should contact the venue for ticket prices.

U2: Wembley Stadium (June 12/13).

● More dates in different parts of the country are soon to be announced. Tickets for Wembley are on sale now and are available from ticket agencies throughout the country, a credit card "hot" line on 01 741 1414 or by post with cheques and postal orders made payable to MCP Ltd to U2 Box Office, PO Box 2, London, W6 0LQ. Please enclose a SAE and allow 28 days for delivery. Please remember to state if Friday would be OK should Saturday have sold out. Tickets are priced at £14.30 each.



MICHAEL McDONALD: Birmingham Odeon (April 9), Liverpool Empire (10), Nottingham Royal Centre (11), Manchester Apollo (12), London Hammersmith Odeon (14/15/16).

● Tickets are on sale now priced £9.50 and £8.50 for London and £8.50 and £7.50 for all the rest. They are available from the box offices and all usual agents.

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES

THE PASSENGER

new 7" and 3-track 12"
 Illllō-kō-mō'shun mix
 featured on the album 'through the looking glass'

12" features two new songs:
 'she's cuckoo' and 'something blue'
 (unavailable elsewhere)

she 12 she 12

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES

DEAD OR ALIVE / Hooked On Love

Well I know what I'm thinking's a
Direct result of drinking
In a heavy mix of intimate atmosphere
And I pray what I'm feeling's insecurity revealing
Lack of happiness 'cause I need a body here
And I would feel much safer honey
If I could get this stuff for money

● **Chorus**
'Cause I'm hooked on love
I never ever felt like this before
If you tell me this is love
I better find a good supplier
I've simply got to have some more

I was happy without it
Hardly ever thought about it

Thought that it was something
That I could live without
And now I am a victim of a dangerous addiction
Tried to keep it a secret
But the word got out
And I try hard to take it easy
But I've got to have some things to please me

'Cause I'm hooked on love
I never ever felt like this before
If you tell me this is love
I better find a good supplier
I want more

● **Repeat chorus**
Do you deal in it

'Cause I want some baby
I can handle it
I gotta get some baby
I can handle it

And now I am a victim
Of a dangerous addiction
Tried to keep it a secret but the word got out
And I would feel much better about it
If I thought I stood one chance without it

'Cause I'm hooked on love
I never ever felt like this before
If you tell me this is love
I better find a good supplier I want more

Repeat to fade

● Words and music by Burns/Percy/Lever/Coy ● Reproduced by permission Warner Brothers Music Ltd ● On Epic Records



THE PRETENDERS **X** My Baby

I want you to love me
That's all I want from you
I want you to love me
One day

I know I'm a peasant
Dressed as a princess
But that doesn't mean you have
To take my clothes away

If I could show you
Some happiness
Then I would feel
Like a real princess

That to me would be success
My baby

I seen you dancin'
A natural beauty
You make this dive
Seen sublime
You really get
To the heart of the music
You're the poetry of time

If there's a method
To writing a song
How come I'm getting it wrong

You write the beautiful songs
Baby

C'mon c'mon c'mon baby
Ooh take my hand yeah
C'mon c'mon c'mon show me
To the love land
To the love land

Can this really happen
In this day and age
Suddenly to just turn the page
Like walking on stage
My baby hey

● Words and music by Chrissie Hynde/Reproduced by permission Hynde House of Hits/Cheek Banks Music/On Real Records





CYNDI LAUPER What's Going On

Mother mother there's too many of you crying
And brother brother brother there's far too many of you dying
You know you've got to find a way
To bring back love here today

Father father there's no need to escalate
You see war is not the answer
For only love can conquer hate
You know we've got to find a way
To bring back loving here today

Picket lines (brother) and picket signs (brother)
Don't punish me (brother) with brutality (brother)
Just talk to me (brother) so you can see oh
What's going on (what's going on)
What's going on (what's going on)
What's going on yeah what's going on
(What's going on) ah

Mother mother everybody thinks we're wrong
Oh who are they to judge us
Just because our hair is long
You know we've got to find a way
To bring back understanding today
You know we've got to find a way
Bring back some loving here today

And picket lines (sister) and picket signs (sister)
Don't punish me (sister) with brutality (sister)
Just talk to me (sister) so you can see
What's going on (what's going on)
What's going on (what's going on)
Oh what's going on I tell you what's going on
(What's going on) ah

What's going on (what's going on)
What's going on (what's going on)
What's going on yeah yeah
What's going on (what's going on) yeah
Mother mother father father

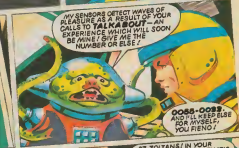
Words and music by Cleveland/Gaye/Benson
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INTERGALACTIC GORDON

Triumphs with

TALKABOUT

THE STORY
SO FAR! OUR INTERPID SPACE HERO GORDON AND HIS COMRADE ELSE ARE TRAVELING THROUGH THE UNCHARTERED FRONTIERS OF THE UNIVERSE IN SEARCH OF LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT. THEY HAVE BOTH JUST MADE A CALL TO TALKABOUT—



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OR IF YOU'RE OVER 18

0055-0055
ADULT LINE

COMPETITION WINNERS

Jigsaws (28 January)

Elton John

● Correct answer: **Reg Dwight**
 ● The twenty-five winners are: **Simon Marshall**, **Tunmore**, **Paula Babson**, **Ilam**, **Lilian Neilson**, **Leslie Rhan Watkin**, **Britt**, **Treacy McMahon**, **Mister Coby Bunch**, **Embock**, **Angela Downie**, **Kirkcady**, **Ailison Probyn**, **Dorfield**, **Martina O'Mahony**, **Liz Michelle Bentley**, **Oxon Lane**, **David Saunders**, **Chalfont St Peter**, **Jane Willet**, **Cheriton**, **Rosemary Hughes**, **Bangor**, **M. Dennison**, **Accrington**, **Pauline Chapelhow**, **Accrington**, **Kelth**, **Gloicester**, **Sylvia Newman**, **Little Compton**, **Kate Armstrong**, **Sheffield**, **Sarah Coomes**, **Pembroke Dock**, **Anita Haining**, **Dobson**, **Russell Trunk**, **Chandlers Cross**, **P. Fletcher**, **Colorado**, **Tina Thomas**, **Brackley**, **Sharon Drew**, **Carlington**, **S. Cole**, **London NW12**.

Owen Paul

● Correct answer: **Owen McGee**
 ● The twenty-five winners are: **C.L. Thomas**, **Fritchham**, **Kerry Keeper**, **Fules Sleat**, **J. Nicholls**, **Witnam**, **Amanda Hill**, **Ashham**, **Louise Garner**, **Mary Hill**, **Kealey Lawrence**, **Haine Bay**, **Michelle Collins**, **Raynes**, **Rachel Wilson**, **Bishopcote**, **Hilka Crowther**, **Blackley**, **Maria Stone**, **Ashby-de-la-Zouch**, **M. Belford**, **Walsborough**, **Nicola Houston**, **Hillsborough**, **S. Lester**, **Art Gill Sturrock**, **Comoutie**, **Hayley Dains**, **Barking**, **Wendy Scott**, **Castleding**, **Dorothy Lewis**, **Worthing**, **Jody Walker**, **Worsall**, **Jane Powell**, **Kingswood**, **Christine Crene**, **Greenstead**, **Brenda Foxon**, **Arncliffe**, **Marie Dennis**, **Linn**, **Rachel Conacher**, **Broad Oak**, **S. Hodge**, **Beairstead**, **Linda Christie**, **Edinburgh**.

Queen

● Correct answer: **Freddie Bullock**
 ● The twenty-five winners are: **K. Cleirley**, **Shirley**, **Paul Marshall**, **Gloucestershire**, **Brian Hicks**, **Kilworth**, **J. McCulloch**, **Mick A. Wilson**, **Drayton**, **Nikki Owen**, **Sutton Coldfield**, **Marie McLaughlin**, **Janov**, **Andrew Bromley**, **Betty Allison**

Rimmer, **Prescot**, **Helen Kate Pickard**, **Thatcham**, **Heien Graham**, **Bacon A.F. Kirwan**, **Southport**, **Katie Wood**, **Kirstal**, **K. Newman**, **Leiston**, **Rachel Wells**, **Hampson Magna**, **Jennifer Petrie**, **Christina**, **Gary Lee**, **Birley**, **T. O'Connell**, **North Kington**, **Carolyn Knight**, **Owlsmoor**, **S. Hodge**, **Beairstead**, **Donnie MacLeod**, **Achtalpaue**, **Lorna Fleet**, **Lipson**, **Amanda Henderson**, **Kilboe Park**, **Robert Greaves**, **Lindley**, **Abi Moss**, **Reading**

Spitting Image

● Correct answer: **Fluck and Law**
 ● The twenty-five winners are: **Tommy Gale**, **London SE9**, **Michelle Maxwell**, **Hucham**, **Allison Howe**, **Chelmsford**, **G.A. Waterhouse**, **Batley**, **St Nolan**, **Chapel-entle-Fish**, **Michael Thompson**, **Worsham**, **Donna Rodgers**, **Quakerbury**, **Nigel Whitley**, **Caster**, **Samantha Gullon**, **Guildford**, **C.J. Steedman**, **Filton Park**, **Nicole Demoy**, **Gallard**, **Jason Haines**, **Cratley**, **Jeanne Bethridge**, **Treborth**, **M. Turner**, **Maddenhead**, **P. Powell**, **Backwood**, **Steven Higgins**, **Shrewsbury**, **S. Edgeworth**, **Tooting**, **Janice Hallett**, **Norfolk**, **Rachel Rayner**, **Hemingborough**, **Kate Atkinson**, **Stoke-on-Trent**, **Sue Latham**, **Church Eaton**, **Chris Davies**, **Yale View**, **J. Edwards**, **Sutton St Nicholas**, **A. Jackson**, **Boltoning**, **Beverley Green**, **Stowmarket**

The Fridge

● Correct answer: **William Perry**
 ● The twenty-five winners are: **David Gergill**, **Abroath**, **M.L. Bentley**, **New Ramley**, **Hatfield Gavrie**, **Cossall**, **Hill Davies**, **Port Talbot**, **Jayne Thornborough**, **Kendal**, **Nic Emberton**, **Purley**, **Andrew Horrocks**, **Wimsterley**, **Michael Dixon**, **Widestack**, **Julies Edwards**, **Sutton St Nicholas**, **Brian Hicks**, **Kilworth**, **Marie Starr**, **Wymenore**, **S. Seanson**, **Chaddesden**, **Claire Ackling**, **Sandton**, **T. Dalton**, **Spent Green**, **Richard Ware**, **Bentleydon**, **Alan Hinton**, **Eslemenz**, **Lough Anne Gates**, **Harwich**, **Lara Wilkinson**, **Lumpton**, **Sharon Howarth**, **Bury Anne Davidson**,

Norfolk, **C. Davies**, **Leyland**, **High Jenkins**, **Harmer**, **Debbie Kirkbride**, **Thornaby**, **Carrie Joyce**, **Kings Lynn**, **D.C. Townson**, **Greenrod**.

Go West

● Correct answer: **Peter Cox** and **Richard Drummet**
 ● The twenty-five winners are: **Emma Wardale**, **Trentburn**, **Melania Garner**, **Mery Hill**, **Keel Cobb**, **Gloicester**, **Kay Turner**, **Libury Park**, **Matthew Swain**, **Howarden**, **Anjan Toban**, **Westcliff-on-Sea**, **Kelrhyrn Liveredge**, **Hull**, **Carol Close**, **South Harrow**, **Denise Smith**, **Huddesden**, **Kerry Stubbs**, **Orton**, **Home**, **S. Ward**, **Shirley**, **Barbara Close**, **South Harrow**, **Lynn Rennie**, **Tuniff**, **Gillian Crawford**, **Alton**, **Sharon Dennis**, **Sherrburn**, **Susan Burns**, **Dalgety Bay**, **Lucy Clecton**, **Harwick**, **Jackie Collier**, **Figmings Hatch**, **John Deere**, **Liveredge**, **Sue Bomer**, **Leominster**, **V. Rhenna**, **Liverpod**, **Donna Swind**, **Garnsbrough**, **Elaine Ross**, **East Kilbride**, **Sarah Wilkinson**, **Preston**, **Claire Inder**, **Dornton**

Smash Hits Jacket (11 February)

● Winning song: **WHY HAVE I GOT SUCH INCREDIBLE STYLE?**

I'm a weird little waver who poses in bars But like Dr Whoert I can't pronounce Rs I've tried to outwit this but try as I may, My yowls come out strangled

In quite the wrong way

I get wound this problem

By dressing with hair

Wearing caps back to front

So they cover my hair

It's well up on the "top" because of ver Hies

The other pop magz weaily get on my nerves

I bow'd it out ladies I pass in the streets

Who glare & "jut" at the boots on my feet

I like to look different and would you can bet

If I were the creation of Tar Jacqueline

So wonderful Biz!

Won't you please hear my plea,

Wrap this customized measure

And send it to ME!

● Winner: **A Snootperson**, **Alstager**

BE THE ENVY OF
 YOUR FRIENDS
 WITH THIS
 SWANKLICIOUS
 BITZ BADGE!



● Minted in honour of Biz (those jagged patches with f's & h's!) (7 - E3), assembled by a crack team of collaborators, designed by the world's top artists, it's THE SMASH HITS BITZ BADGE! Indisputably the essential style sensation of the century, the Biz Badge is produced in a special limited edition of several billion and one can be yours for absolutely nought pence! All you have to do is collect three of the coupons that will be appearing in Smash Hits over the next few weeks, send them in to us and we'll send you your own Biz Badge.

Hello, I'm a Biz Badge Coupon. Simply strip me out, and send me and two other Biz Badge Coupons to **Smash Hits, Free Biz Badge Operations**, **Herve Centre, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** and those nice people will send you the indispensable style accessory of the century. P.S. Don't forget your name and address when you send me, will!

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____

SPEAR OF DESTINY



NEW SINGLE

LIMITED EDITION 12"

TWO RECORD SET FEATURING

LAND OF SHAME

PLUS OTHER BRAND NEW TRACKS

NEVER
 TAKE
 ME
 ALIVE

TEL 060 100 1000



“I
that

Tough luck then

No wonder Van Gogh (mad Dutch painter who cut his ear off) went bonkers. Holland, to put it kindly, is a bit depressing. Craig Adams, The Mission's amusing and campily blunt bass player, has another description: "It's crap!" The Mission plainly do not like Holland. A few weeks previously they'd played at an Amsterdam club which was once a Nazi interrogation centre – "The dressing rooms used to be actual Gestapo torture chambers, and you could really feel something in the atmosphere," shudders singer/guitarist Wayne Hussey – and now the group are stuck in some dreedful Crossroads motel-type "hotel" just outside a godforsaken little town called Tilburg.

"It's the most horrible place we've been to so far," moans Wayne. "And it's the worst hotel."

"My bed's so narrow I fell out last night," gripes drummer Mick Brown.

"That's nothing," humphs Craig.

"My bed fell apart last night, and I couldn't work out how to put it back together again. Then I pulled this little wooden knob on my wardrobe, and that fell apart too! Typical bloody Dutch . . ."

Still a-mumbling and a-grumbling, the group troop out into the bitterly cold morning and climb aboard a waiting minibus. Weyne's lovingly clutching his first drink of the day – a blood red Campari concoction which matches his glittery maroon nail-varnish – and the others pass a bottle of wine around, under the influence of which they cheer up no end. They've got to find somewhere attractive to have their photos taken, which is a difficult task in this neck of the woods.

Eventually, after joggling awhile through the interminably flat, bleak countryside, we come upon the local "beauty" spot – a perv-windmill in the middle of a revoltingly smelly brown field. Yum!

The group have by now got through a couple of litres of plonk, and Craig and Mick run around shouting "Dick Van Dyke! Dick Van Dyke!" (useless actor with a Dutch name who used to be in Mary Poppins films) at no one in particular. Hippie-ish guitarist Simon Hinkler – a man of few words but many drinks – attempts to juggle with an empty bottle and ends up hitting himself on the head. Wayne Hussey, however, remains noticeably aloof from all the high jinks, whilst the others swig lustily from their bottles and frolic

want to be in a group sounds like Madonna!!!"

matey, because you're in THE MISSION instead! Wayne Hussey pours his heart out to Vici MacDonald in a v. horrible place in Holland

about, he stands quietly to one side, sipping politely from a plastic beaker and smogging secretively to himself now and again.

Once the long, freezing photo-session is over, everyone clambers gratefully back onto the bus and we head off to the concert hall in Tilburg. En route, Wayne gets engrossed in a Billy Bragg article in a swanky "rock" magazine, while the "lads" - Simon, Craig and Mick - amuse themselves by pouring scorn on the local pushbikes (everyone in Holland rides a bike). Simon reminisces about the time he, Mick and Ian Astbury from The Cult got arrested in Belgium for nicking bikes: "They were pissed after a concert," explains Wayne. "They all got taken down the police station, and were only let out because they were leaving the country the next morning!"

The bus pulls up outside a supermarket in a small, grey right street: this is Tilburg. Opposite, nestling uncomfortably between somebody's house and a furniture shop, is a squat concrete bunker, this is the Noorderlicht Theatre, tonight's venue. Rows of xeroxed posters hanging in the window proudly announce, "Tonight - The Mission (Ex-Sisters Of Mercy)". The Mission are furious at this description. Wayne and Craig are sick and tired of being compared with The Sisters Of Mercy, the not-very-famous but extremely "cutly" goth group they left 18 months ago to form The Mission. Wayne stomps off end shouts at someone, and the posters are swiftly removed.

NOORDERLICHT



▲ Tonight's venue... will those wild Mission chaps drive tonight's audience into a frenzy they'll never forget?

Storm in a teacup over, the group retire for a late lunch. Like many groups, they take their own cooks around with them: today's menu is chili con carne or "hotly-tuck-in-a-soup-bowl", as Craig refers to it. Feeling well-fed and more cheerful after their feast, they start practising for the concert, playing loads of extremely loud

"70s "rock" "anthems" by the likes of Free and Led Zepplin and generally showing off quite a bit.

The theatre, despite looking so horrid from the outside, is large and pleasant within. The stage is particularly impressive: The Mission have had it set up with grand gothsome black and white art, has adorned with multi-coloured spotlights, which loom up behind the group and flash spookily through a haze of dry ice (of which they use about a million tons per song). Huddled in front of the stage, wide-eyed and ears agog, are two pallid, sickly young goths. These are Jen and Jenny, the only two "Eskimos" - a troupe of ultra-devoted Mission fans who follow the group everywhere - to have made it this far.

While ver lads stay on at the hall to have yet more drinks and lark around, Wayne comes back to the useless "hotel" for a chat. The darkened room is bare, apart from a suitcase in the corner with various velvet items a-peeking out and a pair of swirlesque boots languishing in the corner. Wayne, lully clothed, is "relaxing" in bed, a bottle of wine cradled in his lap (the dainty plastic beaker has long gone), whispering sweet "nothings" into the telephone. His mystery caller, it soon becomes apparent, is Mags, the flame-haired nightie from We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It, with whom Wayne is rumoured to have had a romantic "tryst". So! Is it true?

"It's unrequited love, which is the most romantic kind. I don't think I stand a chance really. (Doesn't *dreamy*) I get infatuated really easily - it used to destroy my old girlfriend. I loved her, but the only way to kill an infatuation is to follow it through to its logical conclusion. We've finished now, but we went out for six or eight months, which is probably one of the longest relationships I've ever had."

You've got a reputation for going out, bonking lots of girls, getting disgustingly drunk and yet you seem quite shy and reserved. "I am! A lot of people have this concept of me as being a real animal, but I'm very shy, believe it or not. My drinking is a form of Dutch courage. I have been sick in a couple of waffle-paper baskets on this tour - but as much from nerves as from alcohol poisoning. I'm also not as promiscuous as people think. Erm... it's just that I'm a romantic person and it gets



▲ From left: Simon Hinkler, Craig Adams, Wayne Hussey and Mick Brown in scenic Holland i.e. "a revoltingly smelly brown sea"



▲ Can you spot which one's the real windmill, viewers?



▲ "Smoke on the wraiths!!! Fire in the sky-eeeee!"



▲ How very Dutch! A bicycle! (Note lack of brakes).



me into all kinds of trouble."

Is that why you've got a heart-shaped beauty spot on your cheek? Or is there a festering pook lurking underneath?

"Certainly not! (Deeply horrified) I don't have spots. The only trouble I have is that I have to shave every day. I don't like that. My first emotion is to buy a castle up North somewhere – they're quite cheap, sometimes – and then I'm going to have electrolysis on my face (i.e. killing all the hairs by poking an electric needle into each one –



▲ Gosh! The backstage dressing room is primed for frolics.



▲ Can make-up improve Wayne Hussey, hur hur?

blee). Just think – you'd never have to shave again!"

Why do girnies like you so much? "I think I've got a sense of humour. And – (waves his legs, clad in a pair of groo-gusing call-length purple leggings) – I've got lovely legs . . . Do your lens send you perv-letters?"

"Naaah. They just want to cuddle me and write me poems. I think it's really sweet. And I get sent a lot of presents, though some are a bit tasteless – even for me."

For instance? "Well, someone gave me a pair of crushed velvet boxer shorts for Christmas. It was a sweet gesture, but, erm . . . still, I've worn them on my head once or twice – as a nightcap! (?)"

Don't the rest of the group get jealous that you're always the centre of attention?

"No – we always realised that the singer would get most interest. Anyway, the others don't like doing interviews and things – they're just good-time girls."

But you seem quite separate from them – always standing on the sidelines. Don't you worry about growing apart from them?

"Well, it is happening – they're all Northern boys you see, and I'm from the South, originally – Bristol – though I'm an adopted Liverpudlian now. But quite often I don't share their sense of humour. I do feel I'm growing apart from them in a social sense, but that's because I have different pressures. They understand it. And they have different interests from me . . . but we get on very well."

Describe the others, then. "Craig's been my friend for years – probably my best friend in the world. There's like a telepathy between us – we don't really have



▲ Blub. It's love

to talk to each other. He's like a little old woman – he moans a lot, but he doesn't mean it. Simon's a loveable hippie, he's funny. He comes out with weird things – in the middle of an interview for French TV once, he suddenly said, "You can get hearing aids for your teeth!" It turned out he was right, too – deaf kids use them to pick up vibrations. As for Mick, he's just one of the most lovely and considerate people I've ever met."

Can you ever foresee a Holly Johnson situation, where you feel you have to leave the group and go solo?

"Who can say? I don't see The Mission as being a long-term band, though I don't see it as a career. I see it like a shooting star that flashes across the sky. You can't look into the future . . ."

▼ "For one hour they stunk out magnificently (or something). The Dutch remain unmoved."



▲ Yum! Grub's up, Wayne!

And, bottle in hand, he fits off back to the concert hall to join the others once again.

At 10.30 in the evening, The Mission come onstage. The theatre is thronging with trendy and rather handsome Dutch people, all lying desperately to be really "cool" and "hard-back" (i.e. extremely unenthusiastic). Underdressed by their haughty audience, The Mission put on a brilliant show. They might nick ideas from here, there and everywhere (especially did rock "dinosaurs"), but they churn it all into their own unique sound – too tuneful to be gothic, too light of touch to be heavy metal and too well-presented to be at all hippie-ish. They are, quite simply, an excellent pop group, and for one hour they stunk out magnificently (or something). The Dutch, true to form, remain completely unmoved even when the two strategically-placed Eskimos scatter paper petals over them at particularly "dramatic" moments.

During the encore, Wayne gets a trifle heated. "In England, they say I drink too much!" he storms, swinging from his ever-present bottle. "In England, they say I'm 'omosexual!' (pronounced around unconvincingly). In England, they say I'm too skinny!" (lifts shirt and displays his fairly skinny body "provocatively"). But I think I'm perfect!!! Don't you??"

The 800 members of the audience, still as stone, quite obviously do not . . .

After the concert, Wayne frets about the group's cool reception in Scandinavia, where they've just come from, they've been playing to ecstatic crowds of 3000 fans: "There were hundreds of

screaming girls down at the front, and they were going crazy!" Two girls had even trekked round every hotel in Gothenburg, Sweden, until they found where he was staying: "They got me out of bed at four in the morning to sign autographs for them. It was like being in A-ha!"

"Well, it's not like that here," says a snooty Dutch record company person un sympathetically. "It's just not the Dutch way." Bah.

A couple of hours later, everyone's back on the bus, returning to the so-called "hotel" for a "good" night's rest (bit difficult in a broken bed), since they've got a long journey to Ghent in Belgium the next day. Craig is demonstrating how to make various killer drinks. Mick's carting around a giant bottle of something purple – which turns out to be Ribena – and Simon's got a huge bottle of something else purple, which judging from his tottering gait



▲ Those mac pranksters up to no good on the tour bus.

is most definitely not Ribena. Wayne is now on his fifth bottle of wine (if he's counting straight, which is doubtful), and is somewhat vague and hazy. He whips off the magnificent Leather Nap (much Swedish perv-group) tune which Craig has been regaling us with and replaces it with something more to his taste – Madonna.

"Ooooh," he wails pitifully. "I want to be in a group that sounds like Madonna!" And he starts fretting again, this time about the fate of The Mission's last single, "Wasteland", which only got to number 11 in the charts when "it should have got to number five at least." He can't get over the fact that the group weren't invited to appear on *Top Of The Pops*, apparently because of their "bad reputation" (i.e. getting drunk quite a lot).

"When we didn't get on *Top Of The Pops*, and the record went down to 13 from 11, I curled up over there (points to distant corner of tour bus) and cried for four hours. I really did."

He's being perfectly sincere. "I genuinely think that we're one of the best groups in the world and I want to affect young people like Marc Bolan affected me when I saw him on *Top Of The Pops*. It changed my life. Now I want to change people's lives . . . Hurrah!"





L E A V E ' E M S



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MADONNA

SMASH HITS



LA ISLA BONITA

Last night I dreamt of San Pedro
Just like I'd never gone I know the song
Young girl with eyes like the desert
It all seems like yesterday not far away

CHORUS

Tropical the island breeze
All of nature wild and free
This is where I long to be La Isla Bonita
And where the samba played
The sun would set so high
Ring through my ears and sting my eyes
Your Spanish lullaby

I fell in love with San Pedro
Warm wind carried on the sea he called to me
Te amo te amo
I prayed that the days would last
They went so fast

REPEAT CHORUS

I want to be where the sun warms the sky
When it's time for siesta you can watch them go by
Beautiful faces no cares in this world
Where a girl loves a boy and a boy loves a girl

Last night I dreamt of San Pedro
It all seems like yesterday not far away

REPEAT CHORUS THREE TIMES

La la la la la la
Te amo te amo
La la la la la la

Words and music by Madonna/P. Leaman/B. Casach
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On Six Records

BOY GEORGE
Smash Hits





Photo: AdamandSteve

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P R E S S F O R A C T I O N 

PERSONAL FILE

Andy Bell (of Erasure)



Photo: Paul Cox

any other way. That was the first time I'd ever dressed up in drag.

IF YOU WERE A KANGAROO WHAT WOULD YOU KEEP IN YOUR POUCH? Marbles... so I could have a game with the other creatures (?)

WOULD YOU LIKE TO DISCUSS THE "SIGNIFICANCE" OF THE NEW U2 LP WITH a) Margaret Thatcher, b) Chris De Burgh, c) Ben Volpiere-Pierrot Of Caricesty Killed The Cat or d) U2? Ummmmmm. I dunno. I heard a track on the radio and I thought it was really good considering I'm not at all into that sort of music. I don't think I'd like to talk to any of them about it though. Perhaps U2? I mean I know it's boring, but I could ask them how they recorded it and stuff like that I suppose? Actually, I wouldn't mind discussing it with Boy George. I really want to meet him. Last week we were on *Top Of The Pops* and I was so excited I couldn't sleep because I thought he was going to be on it and then they only showed 30 seconds of his video.

WHAT'S THE MOST HORRIBLE THING ABOUT PETERBOROUGH? It's really boring. There's hardly any nightlife there... We used to live near the bricks - it's a big tip. The local toy factory used to dump all their reject toys there and we used to go and look for them amongst the old cowhides that were also dumped there. (Ugh!) It was good fun though. We used to go swimming in the old pits there that had filled up with water.

WHAT POSSESSION WOULD YOU TAKE TO ANTIQUES ROADSHOW? Me and Paul have got this painting of the fountain outside Buckingham Palace. It's painted on wood, but I don't know who it's by. Do I think it's worth billions? I doubt it.

WHO'S YOUR FAVOURITE MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY? My favourite is Edward, because I think he might be a queen.

HAD ANY GOOD EMERGENCY APPENDIX OPERATIONS RECENTLY? I just went in to hospital in January. It was alright. I had a really nice time in hospital. It was like a health farm. My skin was like baby skin when I came out, and all the bags under my eyes had gone. What was it like having appendicots? Well, I just thought I had food poisoning and the doctor came round and thought I had the flu. When I didn't get any better we phoned the doctor up again and she said she couldn't come but said go down to the hospital. They took me in that night. I remember when I was wheeled in to the operating theatre. "This is it, I don't know whether I'm going to come out again." I wasn't really scared. I just thought if I did die I wouldn't know about it so it wouldn't matter anyway. My appendix didn't actually burst. That can kill you, but it was really inflamed.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE FIRST CUCKOO OF SPRING YET? No, it'd be nice if I had though. I'm not a serious birdwatcher or anything, but if there are any little birds in the garden having a wash I like to watch them. I like everything.

HOW DO YOU MAKE MINT SOUP? I have got a clue. I make a good peanut butter soup though. I'm making some today actually. The essential ingredients are peanut butter and celery. Does it taste weird? No, it's really nice, really creamy. I like cooking, especially things like pastry and lasagne.

WHAT'S THE MOST PREPOSTEROUS THING YOU'VE EVER WORN? The most flamboyant thing I've ever worn was when I dressed up as a glamorous witch to go to this club. I wore my infamous Judy Garland shoes, my sparkling red ruby slippers and a big black necked chiffon dress with a black chiffon scarf wrapped round my head. I got chattered up by this bloke who thought I was a woman. I had to go there in a taxi because I was too scared to go

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Lone Justice



▲ (left to right) Rudy Richman, Greg Sutton, Maria McKee, Shane Fontayne, Bruce Brody

I FOUND LOVE



I was minding my business like a good girl should
A little too careful for my own good
It was just like living life in the dark yeah
And something tumbled up and it grabbed my heart

Chorus
And I found love (I found love)
I found love (I found real love)
I found real love (I found love)
I found love (I found real love)
I found love (I found real love)
I found real love (I found love)
I found love (I found real love)
I found real love (I found love)

The beginning and end of every wish
Is balanced in the centre of a vision like this
Maybe my emotions are spilled yeah
To surrender to the notion of a glorious kind

Repeat chorus

One touch (one touch)
Souls speak (souls speak)
The power's gone me and it won't let me be yeah
It's too much (too much that heat)
I wanna laugh cry jump for joy shout and scream
Yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah)

At the end of every tunnel there's a shining light oh yeah
In the heart of every storm there's a bright night oh
My joy was hidden in a midnight dream
I didn't know that it was there until you set me free yeah

Repeat chorus

(I found love I found real love)

Repeat and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Maria McKee/Sirren Van Zandt
Reproduced by permission Warner Brothers Music Ltd/
Little Steven Music
On Geffen Records

● One of The other

MIL & CIM

RESPECTABLE

Respect-respectable respect-respectable
Respect-respectable respect-respectable
Tay-tay-tay-tay-t-t-t-t-tay-tay

Take or leave us only please believe us
We ain't ever gonna be respectable

It's our occupation we're a dancing nation
We keep the pressure on every night
Explosions are complications
We don't need to know the where or why

Tay-tay-tay-tay-t-t-t-t-tay-tay

Taking chances held advances
Don't care if you think we're out of line
Conversation is interrogation
Get out of here we just don't have the time

Tay-tay-tay-tay-t-t-t-t-tay-tay

Chorus
Take or leave us only please believe us
We ain't ever gonna be respectable (respectable)
Like us hate us but you'll never change us
We ain't ever gonna be respectable (respectable)

(Respectable respectable respectable)

Realisation is just frustration
Give us the music and we're alright
On each occasion for your interviews
We can look after ourselves alright

Tay-tay-tay-tay-t-t-t-t-tay-tay

Repeat chorus
(Respectable respectable respectable)

Excitation is our sensation
We like to put ourselves on the line
Recreation is our destination
So don't wait up for us tonight

Tay-tay-tay-tay-t-t-t-t-tay-tay

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Stock/Aiken/Watersman
Reproduced by permission All Boys Music Ltd
On Supreme Records

U2! Feargal Sharkey!! Bob Dylan!! (?)
Maria McKee of LONE JUSTICE reckons they're all really "cool." "Why, then," asks William Shaw, "are you such a hippy?" . . .

Maria McKee, the 22-year-old songstress of Lone Justice, cuts a somewhat hippy-esque figure, dressing in what looks like a heap of jumble sale hand-me-downs, her long hair akimbo. "Trendy?" she ponders. "Well, no... I'm not fashionable. I just put on what I think is comfortable. I sort of dress in a time warp."
Born in L.A. (man), the daughter of a flamenco dancer and a carpenter, Maria wouldn't have thought of becoming a singer were it not for the fact that her brother used to play in a famous hippyish psychedelic group called Love, who are still talked about in reverential tones by "music critics."
"What did I think of him playing in Love? I don't know. I was only three at the time! Ha! But later on when I started hanging out with kids in L.A. who were in the music scene they'd go 'Hey! Wow! Your brother was in Love!!!!' Then when I was 16 my brother put a band together and he got me to sing in it... it was sort of psychedelic."
And so Maria caught the

"bug" She spent her teens playing in various groups but then acting as an assistant to a mad Los Angeles hairdresser who was called "Atilia." After Atilia the Hun?
"Yes. I guess he fancied himself a little. He was really an artist. The way he did hair was beautiful. He'd do people's hair so all these multi-coloured statuesque things came out of people's heads. It was really cool."
Then in 1983 she formed Lone Justice and suddenly became a famous American songstress, and hordes of famous pop stars queued up to work with her. And she became something of a much-in-demand songwriter too. "I think God gives me my songs," she quips religiously. She wrote the hit "A Good Heart" for Feargal Sharkey, which swished up to the top of the charts, and got to become firm chums with Dave Stewart and Annie Lennox of the Eurythmics. She turned up on LPs by Alison Moyet and Bob Geldof. Bob Dylan nipped into the recording studio when she was recording her first LP and strummed a song for her to

use on it.
She's become particularly matey with Bono of U2 as well. He invited Lone Justice to support U2 on their last tour. And, when Maria nipped over to visit Ireland last year she ended up staying at Bono's Dublin "castle" - a huge tower with a glass domed roof under which The Greatest Living Irishman sleeps.
"He's really cool," pronounces Maria. "I met him two years ago and we kept in touch. He's wonderful, a very great person, and he's got a great sense of humour. He's not as serious as everyone always thinks he is."
In fact, at this very second, Lone Justice are just off supporting U2 for a second time on the first "leg" of their world tour.
"I don't have a home these days," says Maria. "My parents live in L.A., but I'm hardly ever there. I live out of a trunk. We take it round everywhere with us. I keep most of my things in there, all my books and things. What else have I got in there? Umm... a jar of honey."
How very useful.



them used to be a "glamour" model! one didn't!! Meet. . .

We really are true East Enders" says Mel Appleby, one half of singing sisters Mel and Kim. "A lot of people don't want to be an East Ender now, don't they?"

Indeed. Mel, at 20, is the younger (by five years) of the two sisters. She's had a rather, er... varied career, leaving school at 15 - "the teachers never used to handle me with care - ha ha! - so I used to rebel and bunk off up West" - and then, thanks to her mother Gladys, becoming what is known as a "glamour" model.

"My mum said, 'you've got the figure and all that, why don't you send a picture off?' And I goes, 'no way!' So she goes, 'Go on! It ain't nuffink!' And I said, 'Well, you sort it out then.' So she took a picture of me and sent it off to the *Daily Star*. I was a Star Bird, yeah. Ha, ha, ha!"

Ho ho ho! Pevens ahoy!

"To be truthful with ya, I think it

helped sell my records. You know what I mean? So if it keeps up, it'll be handy!! Ha, ha ha!"

Mel was a glamour model for about a year - "I done calendars, glamour, topless, nude, and I had a lot of fun. But this," she says meaning their recent success, "is even better. It's all happened so fast I can't believe it."

Certainly their arrival in the "business" was a little, er, unconventional to say the least. "I'll always remember it," says Kim. "We'd sent off a tape to the record company but nothing happened. So we went down there and it was the usual story, 'he's in a meeting'. So we just started singing and dancing outside the office. He must have heard the commotion and came out. We was showing him we had rhythm, and voices to go with it. He took us into his office for a chat."

This "chat" eventually led to them being signed, and, says Kim, "the next thing we knew we were in the studio recording our

first single."

PRESTO! That first effort "Showing Out" eventually went to number three in Britain and was a stupendous hit all over Europe and even number one in the American black dance charts. For the first time the entire population saw the two sisters joggng and bopping their home-grown dance routines - perfected from years of wiggling about in the house and many weekends spent in London's clubs and discos - in their colour co-ordinated outfits and identical hats.

"We've done the hat trade a big boost," says Kim. "We've definitely set a trend. We've even seen shops - there's one down Walthamstow - where they've got a big sign saying 'Mel and Kim hats for sale'. But we don't wear them all the time. We don't go to bed in them. Or bathe in them."

So what, pray, do these singing foxtresses get up to when they have a night off? Mel, it would seem, does nothing but eat and watch endless episodes of

EastEnders.

"I'm crazy for chocolate! I love Topics and Picnics! And the roast lunch me mum does on a Sunday. And *EastEnders* I love watching as well - it's so true to life, innit? I think Michelle and Lolita are getting a bit corny now, aren't they? And what about Arfur? He's cracked innit? I think it's the show - it's too much for him!! And I love that hooker Mary - that is so true to life!" (?)

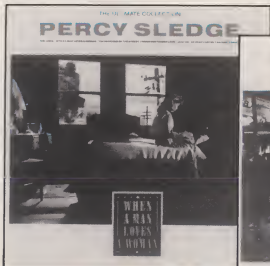
Kim has a more sedate existence in her flat in Swiss Cottage - "catching up the sleep I've missed" with her male model boyfriend and her daughter of seven, who "goes a bit silly" when she sees her mum on TV.

"She goes all soppy and can't watch. But then at first it was very strange for her - one minute I was nobody and the next I was on *Top Of The Pops*. Her friends go on at her, 'Oh your mum's a pop star' but she can't understand what all the fuss is about!"

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THE BLOW MONKEYS



OUT WITH HER

They say it's meant to change your life
When you fall in love
And if this is what it's like
I couldn't ask for more
You put out the fire
But I'm not too vain to make a change
Even though it's not my style I'll try to say goodbye
And I never ever wanted to be part of this

Chorus
When I'm out with her you know that I don't care
You know that I don't care
When I'm out with her you know that I don't care
You know that I don't care

If you choose another well I won't suffer
It's true you never needed anybody anytime
So the guilt is mine
You make everything
And I know I shouldn't care at all
I know I shouldn't care at all but then
He's already there
And I never ever wanted to be part of this

Repeat chorus

Mus'v been something in the way you smiled at me
When you put me at ease I don't ask you for please
Do you feel do you feel do you feel the way I do

(Feel it feel it feel it)
(Feel it feel it feel it)
I could say I love you (feel it)
I could say I love you (feel it)
I could say I love you (feel it)
I could say I love you (feel it)
But you forced me into a corner
Yeah you forced me into a corner
(Forced me into a corner)
Um and you forced me into a corner
Say I can't take no more
I can't take no more

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Dr Robert
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On ACA Records

BRUCE WILLIS - RESPECT YOURSELF

Oah oah oh yeah
Now if you disrespect everybody that you run into
How in the world do you think anybody's supposed to respect you
If you don't give a heck about the man with the Bible in his hand yo
Just get out the way and let the gentleman do his thing oh
You're the kind of gentlemen that want everything their way yo
Take the street off your face boy it's a brand new day oh

Chorus
Respect yourself na na na) respect yourself
If you don't respect yourself
Ain't nobody gonna give a good cahoot na na oh ch
Respect yourself respect yourself

If you're walking around thinking that the world owes you something 'cause you're here oh
You're going out the world backwards like you did when you first came in yeah
You keep talking about the president you wanna stop air pollution oh
Put your hand over your mouth when you cough that'll help the solution yeah
'n you cuss around women and you don't even know their names oh no you don't
Then you're dumb enough to think that it makes you a big 'ol man yeah

Repeat chorus
Respect yourself respect yourself
Respect yourself respect yourself
Respect yourself yeah respect yourself
Respect yourself you better respect yourself
Respect yourself yeah yeah
You wanna respect yourself yeah
Just respect yourself

Words and music by M. Axel, Ingram
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On MCA Records



Janet

JACKSON

WATCH YOUR HEADS!! JANET JACKSON'S ABOUT!!
She seems so calm and dainty, but when the urge overcomes her, you just can't see the sky for grapes!?! Tom Hibbert faces the fruit. . .

So. The Beastie Boys dismantle showers and flood hotels while Madonna has been known to smash TV sets with sledgehammers. But when it comes to extreme "rock'n'roll" behaviour - well, you can't get much more *extravagant* than Ms Janet Jackson. I've just asked her if she's ever thrown a telly out of a window; she smiles her shy, tiny smile and breaks into peals of giggles. . .

"No - hee hee hee - but I threw a fruit." She looks down at the floor shamed by this stunning revelation. "Don't tell my mum - she'll kill me!" Janet goes on to relate the whole grisly tale:

"I don't know why but when I get into a hotel - especially when I'm in New York because you're so high up - I just get the urge to throw fruit out the window. And I do. I just watch it go down. I'll throw something like a grape or piece of something - not an apple unless it's late at night when there's no one walking the streets. But if there are a lot of fruits around, I'll throw a grapefruit or something because I like to hear it pop. My mother would die if she heard that because she'd say 'Oh, God, there's so many kids starving around the world and here you are throwing fruit out the window' - which is the truth. But sometimes the urge is just too much for me. . ."

And where, pray, did Ms Jackson pick up such outrageous tricks? From her brothers, the "wild" Jackson 5, it seems:

"I remember my brothers one time threw a bucket of ice - hee hee - out by the poolside on top of an umbrella and some people were sitting under it, and I guess they probably thought all of a sudden it was seriously hailing or something. I don't know. . . a bucket of ice!"

Good heavens. It's all too much. . .

Last time Janet Jackson talked to *Smash Hits* we were in Los Angeles (man) and she was celebrating the fact that her "Control" LP had just

sold two million copies in America. Today, eight months later, "Control" has gone on to sell over four million copies over there and Janet has become just about the most famous woman in her homeland after Madonna and Nancy Reagan.

Today Janet's in London on a little promotional jaunt, sitting in a hotel suite wearing dark glasses and an earring with a massive key thereon. Despite her enormous success, she remains a quite painfully shy thing, rarely looking one in the eyes if she can avoid it and with a speaking voice that's barely a whisper. She does, however, exhibit a healthy tendency for the giggles these days. Particularly when talking on her favourite topic - animals.

But before allowing her to engage on a resumé of the famous Jackson managerie, there is a rumour we must clear up: the one about the rift between her and brother Michael. The one where, according to "news" papers, Michael is disgusted with his sister, calling her a "slutish" dancer, and refusing to talk to her etc. etc. So does Michael think that Janet's dancing is saucy?

"Sassy!"
"Saucy?"

Rude.

"Oh. Well, people tell me I dance like *him* so maybe *he's* saucy too, hee hee. No, those things are not true. It happens to everyone, the bad press; it used to irritate me but not any more - I just laugh and keep going because it's funny. It really is really silly. There was some magazine and they were talking about how Michael and me would pass each other in the hall and then we'd come to breakfast and we just wouldn't talk and that was really funny. If you didn't think those things were funny it would get to you and it would drive you crazy."

So what is breakfast like in the Jackson household?
"Well, actually, we all have our own careers so we don't really see each other that often. My sister lives right across from me and I see her sometimes and Michael is usually working on a film short on his album so none of us have breakfast together."

"But as far as sitting down and socialising - we do do that when we have the chance. We do have family gatherings and the entire family will just spend an entire day together just talking and playing games. We'll play arcade games and my mother's crazy

about *Trivial Pursuit* so we'll all get in a game of that and every time my mother or my brother Tito wins. I'm not too good and my brother Michael - well, he's not too good so no one else ever wins. Or *Scrabble* - once again my mother or my brother Tito wins. I'm not really good at games."

On the whole, says Janet, she'd rather be watching a good movie. Has she seen Michael's Disneyland film *Captain EO*?

"Are you kidding? Don't ask me how many times I've seen it because I couldn't tell you. I spent a day at Disneyland and I saw it all day long and then I went back with a friend and I saw it all day long. We'd go from ride to ride and then *Captain EO*, from ride to ride and then *Captain EO*, from ride to ride and then *Captain EO*. We were having so much fun. . ."

"And I saw *The Fly*. I thought it was disgusting but that's what I liked about it. It was so disgusting - it was *ewwigh* - especially, you know what part just got to me? When he started pulling his nails out and all the girls were screaming in the theatre and I was laughing so hard. I was going 'Gosh! Darn!' It's like, doesn't that hurt him when he pulls his fingernails off and that milky, creamy stuff comes out of his fingers? I loved that."

Grooooooo. Janet Jackson's stomach must be made of stem stuff.

"Sometimes I've got a strong stomach, it all depends. On cable TV there's this one channel that shows different doctors performing different operations and I used to tune to that and my mother had a fit and so did my sister. I used to be able to watch things like that but as I'm getting older I can't take it as much. I get a real funny sensation and my stomach starts going *ewghhh*, you know, but I try to sit there and watch it because I find it really interesting. But that *Fly* - when he starts twitching. . ."



CONTINUES



Janet

Time. I think, to speak of nicer things – like, for instance, the blossoming career of this chubby 21 year old “phenomenon”. She hopes, soon, to be going on tour and she’s also going to be making a film – it will be a musical – a comedy musical with a little drama to jerk your tears” – but as yet has no plans to make commercials like Michael has done for *Pepsi Cola*: “I want to wait a while but I think what would be neat is to do commercials for *Coca Cola* – hee hee. That would be nice. Since Michael’s with *Pepsi* and everyone says we don’t get along anyway, I might as well make it happen for real. Go with *Coke* and have a little rivalry – it would be fun. Such a teaser.”

Well? What a sassy-boots. And so to the subject that one just knows Janet is *dyin*g to talk about. . . Has she brought any snakes to England to sleep with? “No, I just brought myself but it’s so funny you asked that because last night I said ‘I wish my dog was here with me.’ It’s really strange that you asked me that. Because I started missing her last night when I couldn’t sleep. I was just thinking ‘God, I wish my dog was here.’”

“She’s a terrier and french poodle but basically she’s too big to be that. I found her. Someone had driven up to a park and threw her out of the van and drove off and I drove up and she was lying in the grass and I thought she was dead. I went over and she lifted up her head and looked at me and then she put it back down. She couldn’t even walk to the car so I had to carry her to the car and she hit her head and I just felt so bad for her but I’ve come to find out she’s the most beautiful dog I’ve ever had. She loves everybody that comes to the house: she greets them, she jumps on them, she gets their clothes dirty – hee hee hee. And I call her Puffy but my family wanted to name her Fluffy so I put on a tag – ‘Fluffy’ – but I call her Puffy so she answers to anything with ‘u-f-f-y’: Scruffy, Puffy, Stuffy, Fluffy, Muffy. . .”

Janet smiles a wan smile of remembrance and takes an olive from a saucer in front of her. She nips the olive with her beautifully white teeth and raises a finger. . . “Uh. . . uh. . . I was about to sneeze but I’ve controlled it. . . and the rest of the animals are fine.”

Oh, good. “One of the deer – the father – he hurt one of the babies. He hurt the baby and he broke his neck so he died but they had another baby and it was a girl this time, not a boy, so we separated the father from the mother and the baby and all she does is eat and she’s bigger than her mother now and she’s so pretty. And we got another llama – her name is Lola. She’s a friend for Louis but she doesn’t chew bubblegum like Louis because she’s a baby so

she’ll walk up and sniff your fingers and what else?”

“We’ve got a cub – a brown bear cub – but I haven’t seen him yet and Bubbles (*the champ*) is fine. I was in New York and he was there at the toy convention and he was doing all his tricks – he played dead, he prayed and he’s learning to roller skate now. He’ll take a few steps and then he’ll fall on his side. I went down to where Michael was filming his film short and I saw these little roller skates and I thought they were for a little kid and then I found out they were Bubbles’ roller skates and they’re white and they’ve got like a star on the side of the skates and they have red wheels and. . .”

And on she rattles about the wonders of the animal kingdom, saying she still wants to own a King Cobra “but my mother would probably die if she knew that but I just think it would be so neat just knowing he’s such a dangerous animal and to make him my friend though he’d probably bite me to death hee hee” and that she does not particularly care for spiders: “The only spider I like is *Dracula* which is our tarantula. I can’t stand spiders that jump – they drive me nuts. I like rats but I don’t like ants but at the same time I don’t like killing insects either. But spiders – little ones – *wheeeeeoooooh*. . .”

And on she goes until I interrupt by asking whether she has any household tips like the one she gave last time she spoke to *Smash Hit*: the one about how to get bubblegum out of the hair. Use peanut butter and presto! . . . “Any more tips?” she asks, thinking hard and staring at the ceiling with a half nibbled olive in her outstretched fingers. “Let me see. Yeah. Ink. Ink marks. I learned this one in junior high school from a friend of mine – she’s a punker and she told me that if you have ink marks on your clothes you should use hair spray to get them out. That’s what I heard and I started laughing so loud because I was thinking that ‘yeah, an ink mark probably does come out but you probably have this big, round circle on your pants from the hair spray’. But it probably does work so that’s my tip – hee hee.”

To hear her talk, to hear her giggle, you’d never guess that this girl was an international superstar or that she’s ever done anything as outrageous as throwing a grape out of a hotel window. But she is and she has – and that’s not all.

“Oh, I remember one time throwing a whole roll of toilet tissue out of a hotel window – just like that – letting it go and throwing the whole thing down. Hee hee hee. To think that we were brought up so well – that is *pretty* badly behaved!”

Don’t tell her mum.



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U2

WITH OR WITHOUT YOU

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT

See the stone set in your eyes
 See the thorn twist in your side
 I wait for you
 Slight of hand and twist of fate
 On a bed of nails she makes me wait
 And I wait without you

With or without you
 With or without you

Through the storm we reach the shore
 You give it all but I want more
 And I'm waiting for you

With or without you
 With or without you I
 I can't live

With or without you

And you give yourself away
 And you give yourself away
 And you give and you give
 And you give yourself away

My hands are tied
 My body bruised she got me with
 Nothing to win and nothing left to lose

And you give yourself away
 And you give yourself away
 And you give and you give
 And you give yourself away

With or without you
 With or without you oh oh
 I can't live

With or without you
 Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
 Oh oh oh oh oh

With or without you
 With or without you oh oh
 I can't live

With or without you
 Ooh ooh

Words and music by U2
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● ORDINARY DAY

Just keep on baby what you're doing to me
 Your being here's a soully satisfying
 Don't disappear now I don't want you to leave
 Then we both will give and we can both receive
 But the reward is harder to find
 If you're not wanting to exert your mind
 And say

If you're not wanting to exert your mind
 And say

It's just another ordinary day
 (Just an ordinary day)
 I want to hear you say
 It's just another ordinary day
 (Just an ordinary day)
 So break it down now
 Extra ordinary day I said

CHORUS
 It's just another ordinary day
 (Just an ordinary day)
 I want to hear you say
 It's just another ordinary day
 (Just an ordinary day I want to hear you say)

REPEAT CHORUS
 Extraordinary

Oh well break it down
 Well it's accomplished when the doing is done
 Well I'll have to say that you were second to none
 Feel the spirit oh feel the need oh yeah
 To atop the clock but I think you will agree
 That the reward is harder to find

What you sacrifice sugar and spice and all things nice
 Baby things change it feels so tame
 When you roll your dice on an ordinary day
 In no ordinary way sing it loud

(Just another just another)
 REPEAT AND AD LIB TO FADE

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IMAGES



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- Will it be:
 - a. A gigantic free double-sided poster of **NICK KAMEN** and **CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT?**
 - ▶ b. A singing cabbage from outer space in a top hat?
 - ◀ c. A chinwag with **U2?**
 - d. A pull out'n'keep guide to drainage system techniques in the Gobi Desert?
 - e. Something excruciatingly exciting about **DAVID BOWIE?**
 - ▶ f. An enticing peek at **BRUCE WILLIS?**
 - g. A second coupon to help you on your way to that elusive **BITZ** badge?
 - h. Four throat lozenges and a bicycle clip?
 - i. A couple of staples?
 - ◀ j. Something about going on a boat with **THE JETS?**
 - k. A photograph of a refrigerator?
 - ▶ l. A once-in-a-lifetime meeting with **BON JOVI?**



Photo: BBC



Photo: UFI



● A nourishing feast indeed. Hurrah!

SMASH HITS

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Warts have an annoying habit of popping up when least expected, usually on the hands, knees and feet.

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Before long your skin will be soft and smooth again. So, if warts suddenly pty you a visit, call on your chemist for **Compound W**.

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Dearest Black Type

Hoorahs! Bawling! Roicel! The world is saved! 'n' domestic 'n' full to the brimming with camels frolicking majestically in the autumn must once more! And why?!! (Yes, why? - An entire nation and a crate of goats cheese). Well, because the battle of the telly adverts is on! And now it is only a matter of time before Percy! Ben E. Nicholas of Kamen (TCP)! will be joined in perfect harmony by squillions of hip 'n' trendy adverts which will soon be a-bibblin' 'n' a-bobblin' at the top of the flingaway charts!

Picture this . . .

A clapped out old "Dj"!! Squillions of "teenagers" wiggling their bottoms!!

A lot of squiggles and numbers (i.e. the top 10 turn down) containing such greets as Um Bong!! (they drink it in the Congo, and just one little sip of it can make you very gonorr!) Cadbury's Dole! Decca's Jacob's Club! Westab! Cymal!! Red Box!! but most of all - MOST OF ALL!! AT NUMBER ONE!! FOR QUITE A LOT OF WEEKS!! IT'S UNA AND THE NESCAFÉ GANG!! (Swoooooon!!! - Yes! A lot of people . . .)

YUS! There they are, Una, Gareth, Diane 'n' Sarah, strutting their funky stuff amongst the day-glo body stockings (or whatever it is that bubbles around the "Top" Of The "Pops" studio).

Aaaaahhh! Frap!!! Our lives are complete! Grab the Toblerones and let's party!

"So do I mate!!" - Boris Becker.

Allice of the Sick-bag, Spennyoor.

Oh, if only it could be the lifting which is so essential. Unbacked only by the resonant rhythms of gashly Gareth's coffee beans - what a veritable feast for the ears that would make. But whither Una now that that upstart Greene woman has whipped the contest from under the feet of our dainty Dame? It is monstrous! And the latest episode in this continuing saga of instant-coffee-drinking-folk has reached new depths of degradation. I speak, of course, of the following "paleys".

Sarah: "Hallo, chums! Look at my swanky new coat! Isn't it super?"

Diane: "Gosh, yes it is. But not quite as super as Nescafé."

Sarah: "Cool! Let's have a cup."

Diane: "Yes, it's!"

Gareth: "I am completely mad."

FIN

Una would never have stood for it.

Dear Black Box,

I agree with you, sir, in that Red Berridge proved that he has the talent and finesse to carry forth the great traditions of British Pop. I was into the fab twosome some four years ago when the public at large didn't realise that these spearheads of modern music had a talent to do classic singles like "Cheriko" and the sublime "Saskatchewan" not only felt like a breath of fresh air but transfixed the senses into a state of submission. And now "Lean On Me" and "For America" have sustained my belief in them that they will soon reach World Status.

"Respectez la durée d'utilisation de votre pointe de lecture scellée

le fabricant." Which roughly translated means "from the centre of the earth to the corners of the globe, everybody say 'aye'". Except it doesn't.

Nik Kancershawood, Cottingham, Hull.

Indeed. Or how about "Ma d'uret est ravissant et magnifique parce que je suis un petit matelot avec un petit chapeau bleu"? Which roughly translated means "Too ra la too ra la too ra la too ra la too ra la too ra la too ra la too ra la too ra la U.S.A.". Which, in turn, translated, means "... absolutely nothing (haw haw) . . ."

Dear Black Type,

Yes, the time has come once again for our sneak peek at that forthcoming annual worldwide phenomenon - The Eurovision Song Contest. Yusi Yusi! Yusi! In fact, it's less than two months to go!

Already there are some startling snippets of information ready to inspire the salivating masses whose minds are on one thing - May 9! Yes, the date has long been set and thanks to Sickly Sandra Kid, Brussels is awaiting to pounce.

First of all, just what kind of mess will they make of it? I am at liberty to tell you that the Bruxellans are not renowned for their own Song For Europe. In fact, when their entries have been shown in Belgium, the programme ends and some snoot presenter shuffles on two hours later and mumbles who has been chosen. Not a very exciting way to "do" it. I must say this problem is coupled with the fact that the Belgiques have never staged the Contest before and if Norway's first attempt last year is anything to go by - with that swoonsome Viking granary of the presenter, Ase Ole Kleivland - we are in for quite a shock.

However, I can compensate for these depressing thoughts with the fact that the Swedish entry has been chosen! Lotta (Bottle) Pedersen will be "givin' it some" with a masterpiece of Scandinavian proportions, "Fyra Bubbl Och En Coca-Cola! Pepsi and Shiraz eat yer hearts out (?????)!!!"

All this pales in comparison with the news that the Austrian entry has been decided and - YUS! YUS! YUS! - that Eurovision delight is back! BLACK! BACK! GARY LUX!!!!!!

A short space has been left for the world to recover. IT IS TRUE! The small but perfectly formed crooner WILL RETURN with the lyrical lovely "Traumer Der Buknu!" which I can't translate.

WRITE TO: Smash Hits, 54-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.
The most splendid letter gets a £10 record token and a Black Type T-shirt. Everyone else gets a commemorative pendant (i.e. a badge).

What does it matter, though? The world is now a happier place, sanity has been restored and the Austrian wonder is given one more chance to put the boot in on all the delinquent infants who will surely turn up after Sickly's victory last time. It is all so very exciting. For once more we can all sing-a-long-a-Sickly "I Aime La Vie" and . . . VIVA GARY!!!
Liquid Len, Wallasey.

Hurrah!!! News to gladden the heart, indeed! Once more the entire globe will swoon and thrill to the sound of that Austrian cavalier of music and mystery, Gartry Lux, as he sits perky at the pianoforte and trills out his mystical lyrics . . . "Ver hoot I am leaving in a teapot on the M6 and there ees ein anchovy in my pianola bong bong" or whatever . . . Hurrah. Hurrah. And thrice hurrah! This time I Papa (i.e. Gartry) will surely sweep away with the cover trophy leaving the awesome sounds of "Grande Bretagne - deux points" ringing in our once proud nation's ears (unless we get some "dolly" birds who are prepared to have their skintings whisked off by a couple of lunkers a la Furry this time . . .) Anyway, for bringing us this joyous news, Liquid, please accept a token 'n' towel . . .

Dear Black Type,

"Could I believe my eyes?" I thought asyung my daughter's Smash Hits (February 25) HEAVY METAL in large type on the front "Are these people getting wise at last?" I wondered.

The answer, unfortunately, is "no", because reading the article (so-called "The History Of Heavy") is obvious that you do not have staff who appreciate music with guts.

Moreover, the so-called journalists who did the article got several facts wrong.

For one thing not everyone thought Black Widow were no cop. You should listen to "Mary Clarke" (one of Jack the Ripper's victims). I liked them.

Another thing, that picture you printed purporting to be Van Halen is in fact the new David Lee Roth band.

More - where do your journalists get the idea none of these bands is still around? Black Sabbath, Deep Purple, Rush and more are all still making great LPs and should not be written about in the past tense. I could go on, but I will just finish with a plea. Next time you do something like this just employ somebody who knows what they are talking about or will listen to the

music with an open mind.
Roy Holland (steel-man), Derby.

Dear Smash Hits,

I am writing to you after reading your feature about Heavy Metal in my little brother's copy of your mag. I don't know what makes you think that the wimpy washed out rock peddled by pookahs like Europe and Bon Jovi is HM, but you're very, very wrong. The day that this kind of rubbish is hailed by the thrash in the know in the same breath as true metal greats like AC/DC, Hawkwind, Metallica etc. is the day I melt down my metal LP collection, share my metal and chuck my leather in the bin.

The rest of the article was okay, but I wish you'd treated Hawkwind with a bit more respect - I assure you that they have a bigger and more faithful following than many of the bands featured in your issue. And what about the herds of other thrash/death metal bands that are around/have been around like ARGENT, Steel, Halloween, Possessed, Megadeth, Destruction, Celtic Frost, Hellon to name a mere few? Kewo moshing, your muthasi! Simon Kuragh, Worcester Park.

Dear Mr Typofel,

Did you know that there were four novels in the February 25 issue of Smash Hits?

Love from,
A Perw, Halsham, E. Sussex.

A Publisher writes: Were there really? This simply will not do. Why, there must be literally millions of like-minded pervs out there wishing to squander . . . um, I mean, "invest" their money in magazines with novels in - and four novels are just not enough! Write novels in future. Mr Editor if you please, take a letter Miss Pringle (may I say Miss P, your own novel is looking rather spiffing today) and (Be off with you, you disgusting old goat and never dare to darken my doors ever again - BT).

Dear Black Type,

Well slaps ma thigh! How dare you print a letter from a vexed Sindy Doll claiming to be the proud owner of a flapaway "peaches 'n' cream" outfit (February 25) when all good clothes have it in spades? The range of our beloved Barbie's outfits! The cheek of it!

Any more false statements from these desperate Sindy types and we'll send the Missits round to drum up some mischeif - and not even Jen with her truly outrageous Holopants will be able to save you! Andy Hourke's Fiway Frayn, Canton, Cardiff.

A Famous So-called Chinese So-called Astrologer writes:

Your Stars
Libra (March 22 - New full back for extra freshness). Be particularly careful this week when playing with your My Little Pony toy as it is made out of durable plastic and therefore is most unsuitable for lewding someone's eyes with the spazzy Aquarius (August 4 - See Zeppelin III). Do not be tempted this week to blow your nose on the curtains as this can be quite anti-social.

Bananarama (Snailip)

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APRIL 1987 # 852

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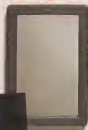


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SEVERINA • THE MISSION

She's got her heed in the clouds
She's got the stars in her eyes
And she's dancing
With a dream in her heart

She's got the wind in her hair
Moonchild
Shining bright
And she's dancing
With a dream in her heart

Severine
Severine

She believes in angels
She believes in the will of the gods
And she's dancing
Amongst the magic dust

She believes in the midnight trance
She believes in love is the law
She's dancing
Amongst the magic dust



Severine Severine
Ster child
Baby born of heaven
Severine Severine Severine ooh

She's got a heart full of promise
She's got her hand in her heart
And she's dancing
By the light of the moon

She's got a handful of secrets
Sworn to the faith of love under will
She's dancing
By the light of the moon

Severine Severine
She's a gift for the gods
And she's dancing

Severine Severine
Ster child
Baby born of heaven
Severine Severine Severine ooh

Words and music by Huey Adams/Brown-Hivester © Reproduced by permission RCA Music Ltd. © On Mercury Records



AL JARREAU



Ooh oh
Don't you change
Some walk by night
Some fly by day
Nothing could change you
Set and sure of the way

Charming and bright
Laughing and gay
I'm just a stranger
Love the blues and the braves

There is the sun and moon
They sing their old sweet tune
Watch them when dawn is due
Sharing one space

Some walk by night
Some fly by day
Something is sweeter
When you meet long the way

So come walk the night
Come fly by day
Something is sweeter
'Cause we met long the way

We'll walk by night
We'll fly by day
Moonlighting strangers
Who just met on the way
Who just met on the way
Who just met on the way

Words and music by Al Jarreau/Lee Holdridge
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"WE DON'T CARE WHAT PEOPLE THINK ABOUT US



Genesis have never been the most fashionable group – but that's all changing now in America where they're suddenly v. popular and Phil Collins is "America's favourite teddy bear" . . . Words: Chris Heath



▲ Three Genesis lads proclaiming their love for Phil Collins – the one on the right 'would have Phil's child right now' if she could (???????)

High up in the second tier balcony of Miami's Orange Bowl Stadium, so far away from the stage that the binoculars on offer (a rather unsnappish \$10) are selling well, three fans hold up the banner they've made. It says simply "PHIL WE LOVE YOU".

They aren't alone. Though many of the 60,000 people crowded into this huge American football stadium tonight are the "traditional" Genesis fans that the group have had for years – the ones who like their old long musicianly songs about mystical creatures and lawnmowers on people's heads – Genesis have recently discovered a whole new audience in America. Their "Invisible Touch" LP and single went to number one, their last three singles have been top five and there are now rather a lot of people who say things like "I've been a fan for a long time. Ever since 'Invisible Touch' came out."

If the members of Genesis, sitting backstage in a little makeshift oasis of luxury – a small open marquee surrounded by pot plants and filled with comfy armchairs – could hear this they'd probably die. They have, after all, been together for 19 years now. "Invisible Touch" came out about nine months ago. They'd also be horrified to hear all the things being said about Phil Collins. The very mention of his name, believe it or not, causes some serious swooning.

"If I could get backstage," says one of the girls holding the "WE LOVE YOU" banner, "I would have Phil's child right now . . ."

America's favourite teddy bear." That's how Genesis keyboard player Tony Banks describes Phil Collins' current status over here. It's a remark that gets a very un-teddy bear-like grimace from Phil himself but it does seem to be true. He is, they insist, "cute", "funny", "short" and "alright apart from his receding hairline" – all of which are apparently meant as great compliments. He sighs humbly. "It does make me feel awkward," he says, "because look . . . LOOK!" He points at his face, particularly at his large forehead.

"What have I got to work with here? It's a bit embarrassing. I just find it a bit hard to understand."

Indeed, all of Genesis find this sort of attention bewildering. "I wouldn't say our career has been based on our sex appeal," states guitar and bass player Mike Rutherford frankly. "It's quite obvious that what they really care about is being admired as good songwriters, good musicians and good entertainers. It's also quite obvious that they're distinctly miffed that, although they've always sold a lot of records, they've spent the first 15 years being sneered at by nearly everybody."

But then these days they've decided simply not to bother what people think about them – "whatever people say there'll be 50,000 people out there tonight who disagree," points out Tony. That's why they were quite happy to let themselves be transformed into grotesque *Spitting Image* puppets for their recent "Land Of

Confusion" video.

"It shows we don't care what people think about us," says Phil, "and it's quite fun being taken apart completely and having gross caricatures made of yourself and having that shown to millions of people."

"I think Mike's was the best," pipes Tony. "But that's because he is a caricature."

"Thank you," says Mike. "I was also particularly glad to do it," continues Phil, "because people had said I was annoyed with the previous sketch they'd done about me."

That sketch had portrayed him as a pain-wracked singer who was singing an angst-crammed ballad climaxing with the lines "I've lost my wife . . . and I've lost my hair". He insists he thought it was funny and flattering.

"I think they used the same puppet again," he remarks.

"No," corrects Mike. "The first one had no eyes. Pain, you know."

Phil looks just a weeny bit put-out. "Oh . . ."

Life on tour is always the same for Genesis – very organised and very predictable. After each concert they fly to the next city, they sleep, Mike beats Tony at tennis ("I'm not quite as desperate as him," whispers Tony), they eat, soundcheck and have "hospitality".

Hospitality is the routine whereby a strange mixture of people – friends, famous pop stars and celebrities, local media figures and representatives from their tour sponsor, *Michelob Beer* – are invited backstage to mingle with Genesis. Tonight Phil asks early on if he can be "excused" hospitality (sounding just like someone asking to be let off games) but he turns up anyway, along with his American wife Jill, to meet the Bee Gees and, to Jill's obvious delight, Miami Vice star Don Johnson. Phil and

▼ Phil Collins and Don Johnson share a "joke"



Don (who've known each other since Phil acted in *Miami Vice*) hug and chat and Phil teases Don Johnson for aping him by swapping careers, in his case to become a pop star.

It's all v. polite and organised but then that's the way Genesis live. Despite Phil's dry claim to indulge in "wife beating" (item hem) the most wild incident the three of them care to recall is a "bad check-in" at a New Orleans hotel some years back when Mike threw a vase across the lobby. "It just bounced off the wall," rumsers Phil. "It didn't even break."

It's doubtless this safe responsible image that attracted the tour sponsors, *Michelob Beer*. Their presence can be seen everywhere – dozens of iceed bottles backstage, a huge inflatable bottle out front and frequent commercials using the new Genesis single, "Tonight, Tonight, Tonight", whenever you turn on the TV. Genesis have no qualms about the whole business at all – it makes them money, helps advertise their records and they've never asked to do "stupid things".

"It's probably the best American beer," says Phil. "The best of a pretty bad bunch."

"Virtually any European beer is better," says Tony. Er, quite.

Who're going to be playing for at least a couple of hours so I hope you've been to the toilet," announces Phil Collins cheerfully and off starts the show. It's very much geared to American arenas, "they had said earlier about the performance. Though he was referring mainly to things like the lighting show (five trucks full, fact fans), it's true of the whole presentation.

Phil chats unstopingly in a silly voice, sounding just like comedian Ronnie Barker, gets different parts of the audience to cheer at different times, just like George Michael used to at Wham! concerts, and even announces "audience participation time" in which the audience has to help him until eventually "the entire arena has been ripped out of its foundations and is currently hovering 30 feet above the parking lot" (them hem).

As for the "music", there's very few of the "progressive rock classics" from before time began – the ones with endless swirling keyboards and lyrics about spooky nursery rhyme creatures and people decapitating themselves during



▲ Two more fans in the Miami Orange Bowl, one suffering from acute "swooning-over-Phil Collins"itis.

games of croquet that made Genesis famous in the first place. Instead it's mainly the hit singles — "Abacab", "Mama", "Land Of Confusion" and so on — that have kept them popular throughout the '80s. Even most of the long songs and instrumentals they play are from recent albums though when they do choose to announce "now we're going to play some old stuff" there's a deafening cheer. Given the chance it seems that much of the audience are only too ready to "come back with us to the days where we wore flared trousers and some of us had hair."

After 60,000 people have gone literally gaga to "Invisible Touch" (there's even about eight very trendy black dancers up near the rafters leaping about in a synchronised dance routine that makes Five Star look very weedy indeed) they play a very strange encore, starting out as their old



▲ This man is apparently "cute", "lurey", "swee" and "a right apart from his recording habits".

single "Turn It On Again" but shooting into a medley of old soul and pop songs: "Everybody Needs Somebody To Love", "I Can't Get No Satisfaction", "Twist And Shout", "Reach Out I'll Be There", "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling", "Pinball Wizard" and "The Midnight Hour". Then they all whizz offstage to their waiting limousines and police escort to the airport.

After they've gone, the fans swarm out and pile into their cars (virtually all Americans seem to have cars), open the windows and turn on the radio. All the stations are obligingly playing Genesis record after Genesis record and off the fans all drive, quite a few of them still dreaming, I suspect, about bearing Phil's children *next* time they come to Miami.

▼ Genesis: Phil Collins (front left) and Mike Rutherford (front right). "I wouldn't be a fan if I had been based on our



GENESIS: EXCLUSIVE PICTURES!!



▲ One "ham" burger "store" and, erm, no members of Genesis



▲ One rather nice stretch of Miami Beach and, erm, no members of Genesis



▲ One natural food store but (sniff) no members of Genesis



▲ One very posh hotel, inside which Mike Rutherford is probably beating Tony Banks at tennis at this very moment!



▲ One hot "dog" and a "ham" burger stand — can't get a "hord cobau" — and, erm, no members of Genesis



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STAR TEASER

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

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

The answers are standing on their head to your right

- ALISON MOTET
- BETHA FRANKLIN
- BERTIE
- BLOW MONKEYS
- CARL SIMON
- CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT
- DEAD OR ALIVE
- ELKIE BROOKS
- ERASURE
- ERIC CLAPTON
- EUROPE
- FIVE STAR
- FREEZE
- GEORGE MICHAEL
- HOT CHOCOLATE
- ISSY POP
- JACKIE WILSON
- JULIAN COPE
- LOU REED
- MADONNA
- MANTRONIX
- MICHAEL CRAWFORD
- PEPSI AND SHIRLEY
- PRETENDERS
- RANDY CRAWFORD
- ROBBIE NEVL
- ROBBIE VELA
- RUM DING
- SAM MOORE
- SPEAR OF DESTINY
- STEVE SILK HURLEY
- SWING OUT SISTER
- TAFFY
- THE GAP BAND
- THE HOUSEMARTINS
- THE MISSION
- THE SMITHS
- VESTA WILLIAMS

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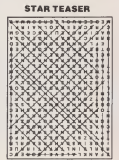
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PUZZLE ANSWERS PRIZE CROSSWORD

No.25 (25 February)
 ● The winner is Philip Lavery from Failsforth, Manchester
No.26 (11 March)
 ● The winner will be announced in the next issue, meanwhile have a squint below at the answers:

ACROSS: 1 Julia Goodyear; 2 "Caravan Of Love"; 8 Ivy; 9 (Cyn)id Lauper; 10 Wham!; 12 Evert; 14 (Diet) Lind; 15 "Money Trees"; Tight (To Men)on"; 16 "On My Own"; 18 (Cutting) Crew; 21 (Cran) Jack Lumsden; 22 Marc (Almond); 25 Susi Quatro; 26 (George) Benson; 27 (Swing Out) Sister

DOWN: 1 Jackie Wilson; 2 Larry Hagman; 3 (Juke) Graham; 4 (A) Different (Comer); 5 "Blow (Blues)"; 6 "Rat Fasta"; 10 (Human) League; 13 Stevie Nicks; 17 (My) Ocean; 18 "Summertime"; 20 "W.A.S.T. (The) Cure; 24 (Depe) Che (record)



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REVIEW SINGLES

REVIEWED BY RO NEWTON



BON JOVI: Wanted Dead or Alive (Phonogram)

Can't you just see Bon Jovi moseying on down a dusty track with their hoisters slung low around their purple lycra leggings and their flowing locks billowing in the breeze? Obviously they can. At first this song sounds anything but "heavy" with a fluttering country style guitar giving it a definite Clint Eastwood flavour. Then from a local saloon, a load of guitar-toting hoodlums burst out and the whole thing kicks off. "I'm a cowboy," reveals Jon, "on a steel horse I ride." Sounds rather painful, but the top 10 chart position this is heading for will no doubt help young Jon grin and bear it.



DEAD OR ALIVE: Hooked On Love (Epic)

I reckon Pete Burns might be having us all on. Each time he churns out a single which sounds exactly like their last one (only jumbled around slightly), I come to the conclusion that he's got a computer tucked away in the living room at home, which makes up Dead Or Alive tunes all day long. This time round Pete laments the fact that he's "the victim of a dangerous addiction." Oh dear. But not to worry, "baby, I can handle it," he says but only if he can find, "a good supplier". Of what, I pray? Why, love, of course.

HOLLYWOOD BEYOND: Sade Me (WEA)

Hollywood Beyond have fallen on rather hard times. Their last single "No More Tears" which was actually rather good, flopped miserably. Now singer Mark Rodgers has taken to wearing even tighter trousers, singing in an even higher key and generally seeming a lot less

prententious than he did on their only real hit "What's The Colour Of Money?" "Throw me a lifeline," he warbles over a peppy mixture of piano and saxophone. With any luck, this will save Mark.

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHIES: The Passenger (Polydor)

What sacrilege! Nothing, it seems, is safe from the gruesome grasp of The Banshees. This time they bash away at Sir Jaggypop's "The Passenger" and turn it into a brash, monotonous din. Whatever happened to the genuine excitement of the original? Methinks a change of direction is in order...

PAUL KING: I Know (CBS)

Quick, fetch the smelling salts! Forget Paul King the wimp, the group, the weakling and welcome Paul King the soul warrior! Obviously when King, the group, slid down the dumper, Paul set to work on his solo project with a vengeance. Here he lambasts his way through a regular stomper of a song, sounding at times not unlike Hall and Oates and even ending up with a touch of the George Michaels. Quite good really.

BRYAN ADAMS: Heat Of The Night (A&M)

Bryan Adams, the singing Canadian, is fast shaping up as a contender in the Rod Stewart huskiness stakes. He's also rather fond of guitar solos, if "Heat Of The Night" is anything to go by, and he generally "rocks" out in the time-honoured tradition. Easily the best pop star to come out of Canada since, erm, Neil Young (grizzly old beffoon quite famous in the 70's - Ed).



THE BLOW MONKEYS: Out With Her (RCA)

Hark! What a cheeky monkey Dr Robert is. Hear him wake up, yawn, stretch and then launch into the heaviest breathing I've heard this side of Donna Summer. Highly provocative, and if that alone doesn't make this song appealing, the sultry, smoochy blend of piano and glistering percussion just might. Most relaxing, I must say.

EUROPE: Carrie (Epic)

Heavy metal stars in slush bucket shock! The weepy piano refrain at the start of "Carrie" could be the musical equivalent to a Mills and Boon novel. Most heart-rending. But before you whip out the Kleenex, the song swiftly develops into a resounding rock ballad with such a sway-a-longa chorus it can't help but be a hit. When Joey utters the immortal line "this might be our last goodbye"... he'll break a million hearts and set a good few records in the process.

THE BANGLES: Following (CBS)

Oooh look. The Bangles have suddenly gone all serious and most effective it is too. "Following" is a sparse folk-like ballad and Michael Steele talks

rather than sings the words, accompanied only by an acoustic guitar and some foxy strings. It wafts along very gracefully apart from the spoken parts which get a bit hoity toity here and there, and should see them repeating their recent huge successes all over again.

OMD: Shame (Virgin)

Most of OMD's songs, unfortunately, sound like Andy McCluskey and Paul Humphreys have fallen asleep behind their synthesizers during the recording. This bounds along quite chirpily at the beginning but then it trails off into the usual oblivion half way through. Maybe it's something to do with Andy's dreadful dancing.

SWING OUT SISTER: Twilight World (Phonogram)

While "Breakout" was an infectious concoction of jazz and soul "Twilight World" is positively mundane by comparison. It's far too, ahem, "sophisticated," with lots of stringy bits and bursts of brass all over the place. Despite all this mad creativity, however, the end result is just a touch disappointing for those of us who had such high hopes. Oh dear.

MADONNA: La Isla Bonita (Sire)

Brilliantly simple! Madonna surrounds herself with catanets and flamenco guitar and sings about her holiday romance where she met and fell in love with the inevitable Pedro. Result: another monster hit and a danceroo regular in every holiday resort around the world from now till the end of September.



TOM VERLAINE: Cry Mercy Judge (Fontana)

Tom Verlaine was the singer with trendy 70s "avant garde" band Television. He's well respected for being a whizz on his instrument (i.e. guitar) and the "searing" steel chords and "riffs" are twanged out here in a memorable fashion. Much revered by the likes of U2 and The Smiths, Tom Verlaine might just find himself sharing the sorrowful charts with them before too long.



OWEN PAUL: Back That Spring (Epic)

This is very odd. A sweet melody this is not, but it's v. listenable in a funny kind of way. Owen sings like he's got ants in his pants - up and down, soft and loud, in and out of tune. There's a fair few horrible, high-pitched synth-sounds peppered throughout but don't let that put you off. It's, um, interesting.



GRACE JONES: Party Giri (Manhattan)

This record proves beyond all questionable doubt that Grace Jones can't sing for toffee. Over a dull, uninspiring thud (what some would call a disco "beat") Grace chunders on about this "Party Giri" whoever she might be, in her usual dulcet tones. "Her energy is like the sun," "sings" Grace. Perhaps Ms Jones could do with finding some herself.

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

Photo: Ronza



U2: With Or Without You (Island)

It's nearly three years now since U2's last hit single, "Pride." Not much has been heard of them in the meantime, apart from their truly momentous and moving performance at Live Aid and their involvement in last year's Amnesty International and Self-Aid concerts. But now - HURRAH! - they are well and truly back! And sounding well refreshed too on "With Or Without You" which starts off slowly, then creeps up to a ferocious climax where the famous metally guitar sound of The Edge meshes with the brooding bass and Bono's tonsils just go on fire! This single will send singles down your spine. Sheer brilliance!

THING

(A REVIEW "FASHION" SPECIAL)

IT'S THE NEW SENSATION THAT'S SWEEPING THE NATION!

(except it probably isn't)

● It's here! It's "the new sensation that's sweeping the nation"!! It's a "cult" phenomenon in America! (so Review has heard). It's... it's... er, Review is yet to be convinced of its "fashion" "potential". BUT, the opinion that really counts, as always, must rest with the "general" public (i.e. the Scandinavian back-packers and other unfortunates who tramp unsuspectingly down the tinsel-strewn "corridors" of Carnaby Street)...



▲ **Prickley Mouse** (fruit-stall owner) ("I'm not telling you my real name - I'll get arrested!"?)
"I only like the U2 one actually. And that's only because all the other records you've brought with you are crap? Now, if you had some Simple Minds record sleeves everybody would be wearing. 'Once Upon A Time' and 'New Gold Dream' on their heads - that'd definitely catch on. Hmmm, this is quite groovy really - in fact, to hell with the fruit - I'm going to be a model!"



▲ **Mike** ("You want me to try gasfold sleeves as trousers? Yeah! (Tries on a pair of 'The Anti-Heresy Project' and The Damned's 'Anything' trousers) Great! Nice and roomy. A bit flared though. I think The Damned should be on the other leg. Can I take them off now? They're not much good for walking in, you can't bend your knees")



▲ **Rachel** (darning U2 "hat") ("They do this in America! No, I don't think it's going to catch on." **Richard**: "Harmony by Zambir... Yes, I think this would be my choice. It would be really original, wouldn't it? Everyone else is going to go around wearing trendy LPs like U2. You'd get really bored with them after a while. This is different. I'd prefer Andrew Lloyd Webber of course... or Aled Jones.")



▲ **Kerry** (putting locle Works sleeve on her head) ("Do I think it's a good idea? Well, no, not really.")



▲ **Dadler**: "Very useful. Especially when it's raining."



▲ **Steve**: "Oh - I've got to have Aled Jones! He's gorgeous. What a wonderful fellow. He's no more now, of course. He's retired."



▲ **Bent**: (to Belgian tourist who's a Jay Davison fan) ("Yes, it's very sexy, isn't it? Of course we do it all the time in Belgium. Yes... I like the idea very much. I think it's very fashionable. It's much better than compact discs!")



▲ **Erica** (who can't speak English very well) ("Nooooooh nooooooh! Not a very good idea! AH! I know what you are going to do! It's as easy as putting on the picture! Look how stupid the tourists are! Hahahahaha!")



▲ **Sarah**: "I want The Mission. Can I try it on? Oh, it's the 12". I must say I think I'd prefer the album cover if I was going to wear it. Do I like The Mission? They're brilliant."

CONCERTS



▲ "Smoke on the warfighter!! Face in the sky-eeeeeeeee!!!"



▲ Ritchie Blackmore eating his "ass" 'Yum.



▲ Has guitar legend Ritchie Blackmore completely "lost it"??

DEEP PURPLE Wembley Arena, London

What a tragic night for rock 'n' roll! The mighty Purps brought down to this! And hopes had been so high. Even after 11 years away, their fans hadn't deserted them. For three nights they flocked in their denim-clad thousands to witness the reunion of the "seminal" 1969 line-up at Wembley Arena. Would they play "My Woman From Tokyo" and their other such "classics"? Would they rock out to "Strange Kinda Woman"? Had they finally overcome those old animosities which had plagued their ever-changing line-up, that had finally split the group in 1976?

Well, no, obviously they hadn't. Tonight's show, frankly, was an under-rehearsed mess. The Purps looked like they were doing the whole thing for the millionth time and they were doing the whole thing for the millionth time and they were heartily bored with it all. The show may have had its highs, like when Ian Gillan wailed the wail that has become the prototype for every heavy metal singer on "Sweet Child In Time", but they were far and few between. Ian Paice's five minute drum solo was no more than we expected, but even after all these years we still find Jon Lord doing his ludicrous Ludwig Van Beethoven organ spot. And when it comes to Ritchie Blackmore's guitar solo - weep! Those twiddling fingers have been eclipsed by a younger generation. Eddie Van Halen could knock his socks off!

And when it came to the encore and the sizzling chords of "Smoke On The Water" sizzled through the air, where was Ritchie Blackmore? Nowhere to be seen. He couldn't be bothered to stay on stage and Jon Lord had to fill in the DANG! DANG! DANG! DANG! DANG! DANG! bit on his organ. The effect was rather weird. Perhaps their splitting was for the best after all. As rock "journalist" Tom Hibbert said all those years ago, "it was all deeply embarrassing!". Still is, dear boy, still is.

William Shaw



▲ "What do you mean, you've never heard of 'Tears' by The Tornados?!"



▲ ANNIE: Young love. (Sperkings shot)



▲ What a perv dentist looks like if you're a mouse in a cabbage from outer space. Not many of you are though, probably.



▲ Seymour tattles with the perv dentist for the affections of his sweetieheart.

TION



● Answers on a marrow to Smash Hits Vegetable Competition, £2-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF to arrive by April 7.

ABMS

ALISON MOYET: Raining (CBS) Ever since she made her first solo LP, "All", Alison Moyet has been dragging it off for being a bit of a middle-of-the-road coffee table record, so it's surprising that "Raining" isn't really that different. There's less roaring singing and less emphasis on being intensely "souful" but these are still 10 fairly polite pop songs. Note that it's bad - most of it is in the same chug-along vein as the two singles, "I've Loved" and "Weat In The Presence Of Beauty", that have already gone in-swinging up the charts - but it's not as if it didn't all sound so safe and predictable. The best songs, the sprightly "Ordinary Girl" and the big ballad "Stay", are, oddly enough, the two which sound rather like Yazoo, the synthesiser duo she used to be in with Vince Clarke. **(7 out of 10)**

Chris Heath

LEVEL 42: Running In The Family (Polydor) While it's nice to see Level 42's efforts towards better dress sense (black Levi's ahoy!) and better songs being rewarded with regular hits, it's a pity that they couldn't have a bit more devil about them. This opens with the splendid "Lessons In Love" but, apart from the weepsome ballad "It's Over", the rest largely comes across as paler re-uns, smooth, confident, synthesised white funk that chugs along politely propelled by Mark "Wacky Thumbs Ahoy" King's bass. There's very little actual wrong with it but you get the definite feeling that Level 42 are just cranking when they could be putting the foot down. As they themselves sing in the mighty "Lessons In Love" - "could be better, should be better". **(7 out of 10)**

Ian Greno

MENTAL AS ANYTHING: Fundamental (Epic) Not a new LP but a re-release of the group's third LP from 1984(!) due to the success of the track "Live It Up" (from Crucial Dream). And curious beast it is too. The group feature no fewer than four separate writers across the 11 tracks, two of whom sing. "Greedy" Smith (who wrote "Live It Up") and rhythm guitarist Martin Plaza (who wrote the best track "Big Wheel"), can sum up on a bit of depth and "sensitivity", and two who turn in a bit of polished but mindless bubblegum. Throw in some wide eclectic trimmings - from salsa-yidie rhythms to cheesy 40s organ and funk guitars - and you get the LP of brahmy simple, moderately tuneful but ultimately not-very-stirring pop rock that - not surprisingly - doesn't sound as if it knows where it's going. **(6 out of 10)**

Ian Greno

THE COLOURFIELD: Deception (Chrysalis) He may complain every time he gets called the "most miserable man in pop" but one look at the sleeve of "Deception" shows that singer Terry Hall isn't really trying very hard to change people's minds. The music made isn't exactly that bright and breezy either. The first Colourfield LP was full of ruspash acoustic guitars and sounded as if it was recorded in the middle of a field of sunflowers - so this sounds like it was recorded in the middle of a big foggy city the day after they decided that life is rather rotten after all. Occasionally the result is too dreary for words but mostly it's quite a dense, fascinating and wonderfully miserable record. **(7½ out of 10)**

Chris Heath

ATLANTIC STARR! All In The Name Of L (WEA) LP That means "kisses", baby, as in "One Lover At A Time", "I'm In Love" and "All In The Name Of Love"; just three of Atlantic Starr's tributes to Cupid on this, their rather splendid sixth LP. The Lewis brothers, who write the songs and play most of the instruments, hadn't really had any success until last year's hit single with "Secret Lovers". Now, however, they could release any three tracks off this LP as singles and suddenly become very famous indeed. "Always" is probably the best bet, a late-night smoochy sort of ballad, but dance fans won't be disappointed either with the harder funk sound of "All In The Name Of Love" or "Let The Sun In". Atlantic Starr are a bit of a mystery, they've had a solid "sell" following for ages and they have just released a Lab LP. In other words just like Cameo a couple of years back. **(8 out of 10)**

Barry McIlveney

ERASURE: The Circus (Mute) Shimmering shards of sepulchral beauty! Lyrica which plumbs the darkest depths of your very soul! Swirling guitars which hover like vultures over a brooding bass! Oh no - none of that pretentious old twaddle here. As we know long from "Sometimes" and "It Doesn't Have To Be", Erasure write straightforward, jolly tunes, and here, contained on this LP are at least half a dozen more of the things. Songs like "Victim Of Love" are hardly breaking down the barriers of rock and roll, but at least they're good. They're beautiful! They're lust! They start and stop in the right places! Perhaps they do all rely a bit too much on the same plink-plink-plink noses, and perhaps Andy Bell does still sound uncertainly like Alison Hoyet, but they're not going to rub Erasure out very easily! **(8 out of 10)**

William Shaw



PRINCE Sign "O" The Times (WEA) It would be easy to deduce that Prince is quite simply off his trolley. This double album does after all contain some bizarre avant garde funk music full of strange noises, some swoonstone soul ballads, one delicious live jazz/funk "hang", recorded live on his last tour, a storming "American" rock song that Bruce Springsteen would be proud of, lots of talk about what a silly, good thing sex (or rather "IT") is, a song about how he's fallen desperately in love and wants to stay faithful for the rest of his life, lots of over-the-top squeaky guitar solos, a song about having a bubble bath with his pants on, a song with the couplets, "I don't wait 4 your neighbour's green eggs and ham" (!!!!!!), and a song called "Starfish And Coffee" about a girl at school who says that for breakfast she has "starfish and coffee, maple syrup and jam, buttered toast clouds, a tangerine and a side order of ham" - when Prince and a mate look behind her lunchbox they discover she's telling the truth (!!!!!!). But if he is off his trolley, well, who cares! The best bits of this LP, especially "I don't Never Take The Place Of Your Man" (one "American" rock song) and "If I Was Your Girlfriend" (a very bizarre sort of funk thing) are utterly utterly brilliant. **(9 out of 10)**

Chris Heath

DRUM THEATRE: Everyman (Epic) Listening to "Everyman" the reggaeesque little quirk that keeps burrowing its way into the old noodle is the desire to know who it is that "The Theatre" sound like! Are not the exotic refrains of "Eldorado" (their last single) reminiscent of a rather famous pop group called Duran Duran? Are not the slow, stark tones of a solitary voice with piano on "Runners" a teeny bit like rather well known pop person Prince? Isn't that calypso rhythm, those waxes-lapping-on-the-shore sound effects, that cherry chon "It's a moon holiday" borrowed straight out of a Spanish disco disty? Yes, probably Ch deane, it looks like the answer to the all important question is that "The Drums" on this LP don't sound like anyone, they sound like everyone - except not so good. **Sav! (3 out of 10)**

Dermis Schiavener

VARIOUS: Sounds Of Soweto (EMI) A couple of years ago Paul Simon heard a tape of South African pop music and was so impressed that he decided to pay some of those black musicians a couple of dollars to record an LP for him. What were these swinging sounds that transmuted an evening, boring pop star who most people forget about into the chap who recorded "Graceland" one of the most successful of all time? And where can you find this music without Paul Simon wibbling away on top of it all? The answer is not here. Most of this double is rather sluggish, second rate disco which hasn't got any of the fading exuberance of the best South African music. If you want a compilation of the stuff there are much better ones around. **(3 out of 10)**

William Shaw

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