

# SMASH HITS

Posters:

Swing Out Sister  
A-ha

Songwords by:

U2  
BOY GEORGE  
JOHNNY LOGAN

**CENSORED!!**

**GEORGE MICHAEL INTERVIEW:**  
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MEL & KIM + JOHNNY HATES JAZZ + DURAN DURAN + BEASTIE BOYS  
DONNA ALLEN + ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN + MONTREUX FESTIVAL

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CLARE

GROGAN



▲ Jellylike Clare Grogan "Turning Returned" on her Smash Hits cover in 1980

**Y**es! She has returned! "Returned" it's Clare Grogan, that funny Scottish person with the high voice who used to dress up in a party frock, throw jelly around (?) and sing broozy ditties like "Happy Birthday" and "I Could Be Happy" in a group called Altered Images. Then she went off to "star" in the film *Gregory's Girl* but now she's just made a single called "Love Bomb". And here she is talking "all" about her born-again life in the wonderful world of pop! Such as...

● **SHE GETS HER MUM TO WASH HER "SMALLS":**  
"I've just been to the laundrette and done my shopping. (???) I've gotten too spoilt over the years and always got someone else to do it. Usually my mother. It's a joy for her. If your mother doesn't do the same for you I think you've got something to complain about. Anyway let's not talk about my mother or washing or this!! It's really silly."

● **SHE HASN'T MADE A RECORD FOR THREE YEARS!**  
"I was very naive when I was in *ALTERED IMAGES* and I just got tired and lonely. Then I made sweeping statements about how I wasn't going to do music again and about being an actress—I imagined myself in huge starring roles with Oscar nominations at the end of it. It wasn't that easy. So I bought a flat, learnt to drive, caught up with my friends and family and eventually decided I wanted to be a pop star again..."

● **SHE LIKES "SENTIMENTAL JUNK":**  
"I'm a great keeper of sentimental junk. I've got a pebble in one sandshoe from Brighton's beach ages ago and one in my other sandshoe from the Isle of Mull at Easter. I love going on wee jaunts."

● **SHE'S NOT PAYING MUCH ATTENTION TO THIS INTERVIEW!**  
"Ha ha ha. Oh sorry. I'm watching a cartoon on television. There's golf on the other side, somebody's playing croquet in pink trousers on ITV and Princess Anne is opening something and there's a queer thing on Channel 4. I'm always getting distracted."

● **SHE THINKS SHE IS NOW WHAT THIS "ARTICLE" WILL BE LIKE!**  
"Here it goes: 'Clare, in between eating birthday cake and jelly, watches cartoons while her mother's doing her washing.' It should say 'Clare Grogan is a very talented person; buy her record!'"

Whatever you say, ma'am!



● A-ha photo: Paul Rider

● Johnny Hates Jazz photo: Julian Barton



# THIS WOMAN DOESN'T "FANCY" ANY OF CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT!!!!!!



▲ Joanne Whalley-Kilmer: this woman was "chatted up" by Nick from *Curiosity* (except she wasn't it [except she probably was])

Oh well. But what is true, viewers, is that ...

**SHE HAS A RIDICULOUS SECOND NAME!**

"What do you mean, 'who on earth has a name like 'Winterbottom'? I have! And my parents have! Er ... well, it used to be a source of constant embarrassment to me when I had to start a new school - I always used to try and shout out 'Here!' before they got to the 'bottom' but cos everyone sniggered, they tried to make us change our name when we started the band because we couldn't possibly become pop stars with a name like that - but we think we can."

**SHE'S A WOMAN OF THE WORLD!**

"What does that mean? Does that mean I look haggard and old or something? Woridly-wise maybe. I think that comes from being surrounded by men all the time, which is great - I love it. Ha haah! I get pampered, really. Have any of them ever tried to have their evil way with me? Certainly not! I do have a private life and I'm certainly not going to tell you about it!"

● Incredible but true. And this is Joanne Winterbottom, the woman whose group - **Salvation Sunday** - have been supporting Ver Killed's on their recent shrieks-ahoy tour and has thus been in very close "proximity" to the "lads" every single second for a rather large length of time. Hence! certain "news" papers have alleged several things about Joanne - i.e. she's "going out" with Ben! She's been "beaten up" by enraged, envy-filled fans! She's "going out" with all of them!

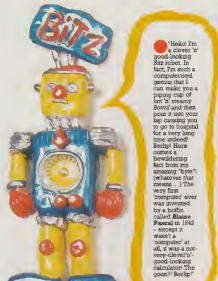
"It's best!" peeples a ruffled but mild-mannered Joanne. "I deny it all."

Oh. But, erm, it is true that you've been "chatted up" by Nick - because a *Bitz* "spy" saw you! Ha!

"I'm denying that too! Oh, God, I don't think so! We talk to each other but it's only talking for God's sake! What were we talking about? Erm ... where we came from, you know, what would anyone talk about? The band, the tour, how much we drink - rather a lot - er ... I don't know really!"

Curse. What about getting beaten up then?

"Oh, it's not as bad as that. Some girls have stood at the front shouting at me and doing the v-sign all through our set, which isn't very nice. Last time that happened I just said 'and this next song's for the two girls at the front who are obviously big fans of mine' - and they had the cheek to smile at me and do a thumbs-up sign! I was quite amazed when all the screaming started - I love it though, makes me wish I was 14 again. They scream when we come on too but I think they'd scream if it was an old monkey on stage."



● "Hello! I'm a cleverer 'n' good-looking 'n'z robot. In fact, I'm such a computerised genius that I can make you a piping cup of hot 'n' steamy Borel and then pour it into your lap causing you to go to hospital for a very long time indeed! Besh! A Hax comes a bewildering fact from my amazing 'n'z intelligence that means, 'I The very fast computer' ever was invented by a hottie called Blaise Pascal in 1642 - except it wasn't a 'computer' at all, it was a pos-very-clever'n' good-looking calculator! The good! Besh!"

## BIRTHDAYS

JUNE

- 4 Chris Reagen of Sigeu "Sigue" Spulnik (23)
- 5 Richard Butler of The Psychotic Furs (24)
- 6 Dee C. Lee (26)
- David White of Brother Beyond (22)
- 7 Prince (27)
- 8 Nick Rhodes of Duran Duran (25)
- Doris Pearson of Five Star (21)
- Alison Moyet (26)
- Mick Hucknall of Stripped Red (27)
- Sienna "Frightwig" Fyler (26)
- 9 Eddie Landon of China Crisis (25)
- 13 Demice Pearson of Five Star (19)
- 14 "Boy" George (28)
- 15 Naddy Holder of Sade (41)

## EASTENDERS PART 309:



## THE MINT JULEPS

Meet six "lasses" from ver East "End" of London called The Mint Juleps. They've just done a cover-version of heavy old crucifer Robert Palmer's tune "Every Kinda People" and it's so summerically briskling that it should be number one for at least the next 17 centuries. So there. And apart from that ...

- They're a four year old a cappella (i.e. no instruments) group - "Iarned" for bawking on every street corner in the galaxy!
- Not only do they *have* instruments on this new single, but it was produced, rather well, by Trevor Horn - the bloke "responsible" for making Frankie Goes To Hollywood very famous indeed!
- They've popped their "thing" for the likes of Kool And The Gang, Sister Sledge, Lenny Henry, Sir Billam Bragg, Led 42 and ... gusp! ... Sir Bob of Gelfof BFTS!
- They describe themselves thus: Sandra - "leading exponent of hip and laughter", Julie - "the mad dog who lives on tea", Debbie L. - "Foghorn Leashore", Debbie C. - "The Kipper", Lizzie - "the left hand of life" and Marcia - "the librarian of pevic rhythm"!?
- They're completely off their rockers!

● The in-ra-ra-ra-saah! They're ... b-b-b-BACE! Yea, the Pet Shop "Boys" - the group who single-handedly invented the word "Bace" for something that's interested with a new angle - for the first time in nine whole months (that!) - and it's called "It's A Star". Quite. Just as well, then, that it's a work of unparalleled quee-goodness, the b-side's called "You Know Where You Want Wined" and their band's releasing new LP will be out in September. But, a nation, the universe and an antelope in Whipsnade Zoo called Bice, excuse. Horror!



142 page photo: M. (X) (X) was fixed 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000

# "June" Competition Special!

● And so it is June, viewers, JUNE!!

And what, mayhap, does this mirthful, "tropical" month of breeziness mean to you? Does it mean: a) one clears out one's "top" "drawer" of bendy pipe-cleaners in the shape of a golf course and one's three Mr Nibbly egg 'n' milk chews and fling the lot o'er a hilltop and shriek 'I'm freeeeeee!'; b) weep because one suffers from chronic hayfever and peep not one syllable apart from "Swizz!"; c) practise one's tippy tap-dancing atop a gigantic picnic table or d) gaze in awe at the sheer splendour of the *Bitz* competition prizes magnificently displayed below on this very page? Correct! It's c) ! BUT! This being a somewhat dangerous "practice" inevitably ending in a visit to one's local "infirmary", *Bitz* instead suggests d) as the way to a pain-free, joyous and most *gaunful* month of June. Quintuple hu-double-raah!!

So, decide which sumptuous items most moisten thine peepers with glee, answer the adjoining question and send your answers on a bendy pipe-cleaner in the shape of a golf-course to "Smash Hits: The Moon's A Balloon In June!!" Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF to get here by June 16 or you will instantly turn into a goon.

## BRILLIANT COMPETITION 1!

Ten - ten!! - exclusive *Zodiac Mindwarper* Radio Hits!! Be instantaneously brilliant this June as you clasp this ingenious piece of electronic headwear to your nice hairdo, plug in the snug 'n' comfy ear-plugs, flick the dials and - tzzzz! - grumble to any station on the FM and AM radiowaves! It's a miracle! And there's also 25 - 25!! - 12" copies of the extremely handsome *Zodiac Mindwarper* "thing", "Prime Mover". And the question is: golf is a v. good sport for playing in June. How old was the youngest ever person to score a hole-in-one? Was he: a) 8½; b) 3 months; or c) 6?



## BRILLIANT COMPETITION 2!

Five - five!! - black n shimmering *Swing Out Sister* hoidais!! Be instantaneously brilliant this June as you cram your "smalls" into this hard-worn piece of bagware for one's weekly jaunt to the launderette (or something) and beam proudly as your fellow washers gasp "Geek!!!!" (I'm consumed with envy 'cos your bag's better than mine!) It's a beater! And there's 25 SIGNED - 25 SIGNED!! - copies of *Ver Swings LP* "It's Better To Travel". And the question is: hang-gliding is a v. good sport for playing in June. What is the longest distance ever covered by a hang-glider? Is it: a) 103 miles; b) 79 miles or c) twice round the world?



## BRILLIANT COMPETITION 3!

Ten - ten!! - pairs of cool 'n' mirthy sunglasses with "funny" words on as written by *That Petrol Emotion*!! Be instantaneously brilliant this June as you don these "specs" that really say something!! as first invented and demonstrated by That Petrol Emotion themselves. You, too, could stunt a nation with the "message" "Scum Bag" or "Less Fear" or "Burn Fire" and all the rest of the words that appear on the sleeve of their LP "Babble" for no reason whatsoever! It's a stunner! And there's 10 SIGNED - 10 SIGNED!! - copies of "Babble" itself PLUS! 10 - 10!! - spectacular black 'n' bitowy sweatshirts. And the question is: getting married is a v. good thing to do in June. What is the longest marriage ever recorded? Is it: a) 58 years; b) 3,478 years or c) 86 years?



## BRILLIANT COMPETITION 4!

One hundred - one hundred!! - multi-colourant gigantic posters of some bokes with *Brylcreem* in their hair. Be instantaneously brilliant this June as you attach these wonders to your wall and ponder the eternal poser "It's an ill-divided universe and no mistake!" It's a sickener! And there's... absolutely no tunes to go with it either! And the question is: yodeling is a v. good thing to do in June. How long was the world's largest single yodel? Was it: a) 7 mins; b) 7 hours or c) 17 weeks resulting in death?



## BRILLIANT COMPETITION 5!

Ten - ten!! - quality-riddled swank shirts bearing the name *Stan Campbell* - the rather good bloke who used to be in the Special AKA and sang on the twinging "anthem" "Free Nelson Mandela". Be instantaneously brilliant this June as you attach to your person a spiffing shirt and watch a nation keel over with grief because they're utterly useless and you're not!! It's a corker! And there's 25 - 25!! - 12" copies of his new tune "Years Go By" and 10 - 10!! - copies of his LP "Stan Campbell" - hence the name!!? And the question is: being brainless is a v. good thing to be in June. Which creature has a brain the size of a walnut? Is it: a) Caryl Smith (hem not very hem at all); b) The Duck-Billed Platypus or c) The Stegosaurus?





"Hi! Hi, hi, a cosmic appearance man. Just thought I'd groove in with the man who, like, the *Glastonbury*'s on this year, man, appears to really cool, like, *Doc Van Morrison* a player, right! An some groovers called *The Communards* in *New Order*, like, but the *for* outest man men *dr*, for me, right, *Doctor Foster's Travelling Theatre*, 'as, like... (Sneep) Cause pretending to be a hippie, *Bliz*, you're absolutely pathetic! Details of this year's *Glastonbury Festival* are in *Happenings*. Er... yeah. Er!"

"... You thought you were here tonight to open the chicken 'wing' (haw haw) of the new *Marks 'n' Spencer's Fresh 'n' Freezin' Dept.*, but *Bliz*, pop 'reporter' extraordinaire, tonight this is your ti... " *Queen*! Came over a bit goofy there viewers... This is Lord William "William" Bragg, brilliant pan-voiced croonster and large-nosed person of some "note", pretending to be deranged Irish person *Eamon Andrews*. The goal!! But to make up for it he's just invented a double LP called "Back To Basics" which is really his first two LPs "Life's A Riot With Spy Vs Spy" and "Brewing Up With Billy Bragg" PLUS!! has EP "Between The Wars" put together for listening to all at the same time!!! *Bliz* says: the man's a genius and no mistake.



## FOUR BLOKES WHO LIKE SHERBERT DIPS!

It's... The *Sherbert*! Pretending to be artistic and not being very good at it! "Swoon!!" Here to tell the galactic populace that their rather fine new single's called "Can't Take No More" and they've got a live 12" out called "Purple Haze" and they've got a burrows "thing" about *Sherbert Dips!* Yeah!!?



# JODY WATLEY - WORRATEMPRESS!!



Indeed she is! And not only that, indeed and gentlemen, BUT!! - **Jody Watley** is also a rather famous person around the globe at this instant, with her rather brilliant tune "Looking For A New Love" only being kept off the top "spot" of the American charts by the dastardly U2 (*Boo, hiss!* - *Not too many readers actually*). And she was one of the inventors of *Shalamar*, who had quite a few hits themselves some years ago with songs such as "A Night To Remember" and, erm, yes, "Take That To The Bank", And she used to dance on "famous" American TV show "Soul Train" along with *Jermaine* "The Chin That Is" *Stewart*, who later wrote a song about her called "Jody" - hence the name!

And she sang on the Band Aid single and she's on the *Blitz* "hot" line from L.A. (man) ...

**Jody!** Hi!  
"Hello."  
And, what, pray, have you been turning your "hand" to in recent months?

"Oh, this and that, I did my LP which has a duet with *George Michael* on it and ..."

What?! *George Michael* - The Legend That Is?!!

"Yes, I've known *George* for a few years and when I met up with him again at the *Band Aid* session we both thought it would be fun to do a duet, so we did. It's called "Learn To Say No" and it's an old tune that *George* did some new lyrics for. A lot of people have taken that to mean saying no to drugs or whatever, but it could be anything, you know?"

And do you have problems

saying "no"?

"No. Ha ha ha!"

So is all this the beginning of the new Wham?!

"It's not, but I know a lot of people have been saying that." (???)

So how did you feel about *Jermaine Stewart* writing "Jody"?

"I thought at first he was only joking, but when I heard it I really liked it. I'm just glad I was still around to hear a song written about me!"

Oh. So, em, what else is new?

"Em, well I'm very busy right now, and I hardly have any time at all to be at home in my flat here in L.A. (man). What's it like? It's nice, I've got a real big fridge, not like the ones you guys have in England, and I keep it stocked with cookies. Most people keep them in their cupboards but if you keep them in the fridge, it means they stay really crisp for a lot longer. I'd strongly recommend it."

And apart from the smaller fridges, what else did you leave behind in London from your days with *Shalamar*?

"The one thing I really miss is shopping for clothes in the King's Road. There's much more freedom to try things on over there. And *Carnaby Street* too - there are some lovely boutique houses (???) - *The Entire Smash Hits* "staff". I had a lot of fun in London, a lot of laughs. I'm a great one for practical jokes so I always have fun wherever I go. The best practical joke I ever played? It was probably the time I told this friend to go across town to this deserted building when really she was expected to be somewhere else entirely different! Ha ha ha!"

Ha ha ha! (??)

## FAN CLUBS

**Rupert Everett**  
c/o Catherine Wilson  
17 Gosfield Street  
London W1

**Johnny Logan**  
c/o Epic Press Office  
17-19 Soho Square  
London W1

**Simply Red**  
Inside The Red Box  
16 Norman Avenue  
Sanderstead  
Surrey CR2 0QE



## BALDIE!!

Here we see *Errol Brown* - mellow croonster with *Hot Chocolate* "li they split up (parp) - ... cursing his throbulous temple. And *that's* because his new solitary tune is called "The Personal Touch"!! Peepled *Errol* of his new "career": "Being in a band is like being in the scouts - and there comes a point for everyone when the feeling's gone and that's the time for a change." Well!!!



▲ Jody Watley in *Shalamar* just about to play a not v. funny practical joke on a "thend"



▲ A bewildering *Bliz* "bits" set! The most poisonous thing in existence is a ball-and-chain - the skin sensations of a South-American arrow-poison (just called the *Kilo*). A finished thousandth of a penny is ... you vary it indeed - v. de dret







# HOW THE "STARS" WILL VOTE NEXT THURSDAY

## A Bitz "Pass Me The Swingometer Matey" Special



Photo: Sheila Rock

**JIM KERR (Simple Minds)**  
"Why should I tell you who I'm going to vote for? Isn't it just better if I say that I'm sick of the lot of them—absolutely sick. It's not my line, it's someone else's but I think it's brilliant: don't vote, don't encourage them. Yeah, I'm sick of politics—until there's a party that has a lot more, what could you say, ecological leanings, like this Green Party in Germany. They've got a Green Party over here? Yeah, but... Not green enough!"



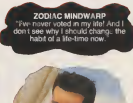
Photo: LF

**▲ INGRID ISAKOVIC (The Corrs)**  
"I'm going to vote SDP. It's a dreadful thing, but I like Dr David Owen—I think he's the best politician in Britain. I would vote for a coalition government because it's been such a long time since Britain's had one. It's dreadful that Margaret Thatcher's been in power for so long—it's such an inhuman government. Obviously I would prefer a Labour government, but really I think they're both dreadful."

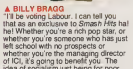


Photo: Andy Cullen

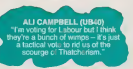
**▲ MICK HUCKNALL (Simply Red)**  
"I'll vote for the Labour party. For me it's not a question of whether you're left wing or right wing. In my opinion we're witnessing the destruction of most of the things that I hold dear and the majority of people in our country are not enjoying the rights and privileges that they used to enjoy and unfortunately that is because of Margaret Thatcher. These are things that for me are not connected with whether you're left wing or right wing, they're connected with people's rights. When I was at school I had a book in front of me, now school pupils have to share one. I resent that. And if a Labour government means financial disadvantages for me (i.e. getting a tax, big earnings taxed), then I'll take that."



**ZODIAK MINDWARP**  
"I've never voted in my life! And I don't see why I should change—the habit of a life-time now."



**▲ BILLY BRAO**  
"I'll be voting Labour. I can tell you that as an exclusive to Smash Hits but hell! Whether you're a rich pop star, or whether you're someone who has just left school with no prospects or whether you're the managing director of ICI, it's going to benefit you. The idea of socialism just being for poor people is totally wrong. I got to where I am because I'm an individual—all pop stars are individuals but unless you educate people and give them health care and equality of opportunity, then individually will get swamped out."  
"The Labour Party's idea of a caring society is the society I want to live in. My mum's going to have to go into hospital for an operation. I don't want her to have to wait six months. I want it to be possible for my kids to have a free education. Too many people think 'What's in it for me?' You've got to be a lot broader than that."



**ALI CAMPBELL (UB40)**  
"I'm voting for Labour but I think they're a bunch of wimps—it's just a handful of votes to rid us of the scourge of Thatcherism."

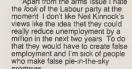


**▲ GIGI LEANNE**  
"I'll vote for the Ecology Party because I don't think any of the main parties are any good. I think Bob Geldof should start a Green party—I told him that once. He just laughed and said 'don't be ridiculous.' I think it's a waste of time voting for the other parties. I saw Margaret Thatcher on TV and she was slagging off the Labour Party for going money to gays so she lost my vote straight away, though 'right you old bag! That's you out the window!' I wouldn't vote for her anyway—I don't like her hands! If you vote for any of those parties you're still in the same situation, but I'd rather vote Green and preserve the land than promote Margaret Thatcher or any of these politicians."



Photo: LF

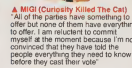
**▲ SHANE MacGOWAN (The Pogues)**  
"I've always voted Labour and I'll be doing the same this time. I think even the most die-hard Tories would be insane to vote Conservative this time. Why? Because if they get in again, if I be like a green light for them to go even further when they've already gone a lot further than they should. It's like they've been really taking the piss for years and it has to stop."



**▲ GARY NUMAN**  
"I'm going to vote Conservative. A very important reason is the three million unemployed in this country. I know from personal contact with many unemployed people how devastating it can be not to have a job in life. I sincerely believe that the restrictive practices of unions for years jobs have created millions of unreal jobs. I now believe that the Conservative government—particularly led by Margaret Thatcher—is the most likely of all the parties to create real jobs for the unemployed."



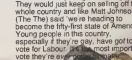
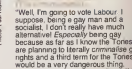
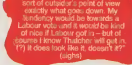
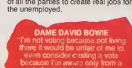
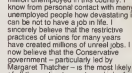
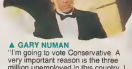
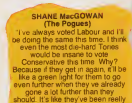
**DAME DAVID BOWIE**  
"I've not voted before, but I think there it would be unfair of me to even consider casting a vote because I'm aware only from a sort of outsider's point of view exactly what goes down. My sympathy would be towards a Labour vote and it would be kind of nice if Labour got in—but of course I know Thatcher will get in (?) It does look like it, doesn't it?" (laughs)



**▲ MIQI (Curlcut Killed The Cat)**  
"All of the parties have something to offer but none of them have everything to offer. I am reluctant to commit myself at the moment because I'm not convinced that they have told the people everything they need to know before they cast their vote!"



**▲ PAUL HEATON (The Housemartins)**  
"The Tories own the land, the houses and money. A third term in office will see them owning the schools, the hospitals, the water from above and probably the air that we breathe. The Labour party is the only realistic political party that wishes to establish a viable trend."



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S R N 3 5 / 3 5 - 1 2

SAMANTHA

FOX

Nothing's gonna stop me now  
Nothing's gonna stop me now

There was a time  
I couldn't get you out of my mind  
And since the day you came  
You tried to take control of me

Then came the day  
I thought about running away  
And now my bags are packed  
Don't even think of holding me back

Chorus  
Nothing's gonna stop me now  
And I don't wanna talk it over  
I said nothing's gonna stop me now  
Gonna break it up  
Gonna take my love away

Yeah yeah

Day after day  
I started slipping away  
You took my self respect and  
You made a fool of me

Time after time  
I turned it round in my mind  
And now my mind's made up  
To leave the past behind me

Repeat chorus

Nothing's gonna stop me yeah yeah  
Nothing's gonna stop me now  
Nothing's gonna stop me  
Nothing's gonna stop me now

Time after time  
I turned it round in my mind  
And now my mind's made up  
To leave the past behind me

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by permission  
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On Jive Records

NOTHING'S GONNA  
STOP ME NOW



## I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For

I have climbed highest mountains  
I have run through the fields  
Only to be with you  
Only to be with you

I have run I have searched  
I have asked these city walls  
These city walls

Only to be with you  
But I still haven't found  
What I'm looking for  
But I still haven't found  
What I'm looking for

I have kissed honey lips  
Felt the heating fingertips  
It burned like fire

This burning desire  
I have spoken with the houses of angels  
I have held the hand of a devil

It was warm in the night  
I was cold as a stone  
But I still haven't found  
What I'm looking for  
But I still haven't found  
What I'm looking for

I believe in the Kingdom Come  
Then all the colours will bleed into one  
Bleed into one

But you I'm still running  
You burn the hot roads  
And then leaved the chain  
Carried the cross  
Oh my shame oh my shame  
You know I believe it

But I still haven't found  
What I'm looking for  
Repeat/Verse When

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# Hello, We're John



Photo: Simon Fowler



clark Datchler

- His dad used to be in a top jazz group called The Polka Dots!
- He actually doesn't like jazz very much at all!
- He's Clark "Winkie" Datchler and he's been in the music business for absolutely yonks!

**Y**eah, my dad's a jazz musician," says Clark Datchler, at 23 the youngest in Johnny Ratus Jazz and the group's trempoose. "He was very successful actually. He was in two groups, one called The Polka Dots and the other called The Stargazers."

And so it was that the young Clark had to spend his youth listening to all his father's strangu "free form" jazz records.

"I'm not a fan of jazz," he says grimly. "My dad likes free form jazz - it drives me mad," he admits. Strangely enough his acute dislike of jazz has nothing at all to do with the group's name. "It's not a slur against jazz, we just thought it was a good

name."

Anyway, while his dad was tootling on the saxophone alongside jazz "legends" like Ella Fitzgerald and Frank Sinatra, Clark who was thus known to his friends by the nickname "Winkie", was packed off to public school.

"I don't think public school suited me," he explains. "The attitude to pop music was very stern at public school. It was very much frowned upon. So after 'O' levels I left . . . I did do music at school, classical music, but I was useless technically. I hated my music 'O' level.

"After school I went to polytechnic - that was the deal I made with my parents: 'I'll go to colluagu if you let

me leave school.' I only stayed for one term. I remember one of my subjects was music and I was *still* useless at it."

Useless or not, Clark was completely determined to get into the pop business, but it was going to take him an awfully long time to become famous. At 16 his first chance came: a small record company heard one of his songs, liked it and decided to put it out as a record. It was a soul song recorded with a girl called Julie Roberts who was later destined to become the lead singer of "jazz" group Working Week. The record came out and . . . it was a total flop.

"It was a very good record for a 16

year old but it didn't do anything which is a shame," he shrugs.

Unlabeled, Clark struggled on. He'd got himself a contract as a songwriter for one of the big record companies and when he didn't have much luck persuading anyone to record his songs in Britain he got the company to send him out to America, where he was sure they'd like his songs much better.

They didn't. At the age of 17 he found himself living in a suburb of Los Angeles, sharing a flat with his brother and writing about 100 songs a year.

"It was soul destroying, because I really thought I'd do well in America. I used to go along to the record company, but I just got swallowed up because it was such an enormous place. I used to knock on the door and hope that somebody would let me in. Eventually I thought, 'well, I'll just carry on sending them my songs but while I'm over here I might as well enjoy myself.'"

"What did I do? I used to hang around the beach, there wasn't much else to do. Was I any good at surfing? Not really, so, I used to use this thing called a boogie board which you just lie on, you don't have to stand up, but I wasn't too keen on it. There were too many sharks around."

So finally Clark came home. His only success in America had been that the very old soul group The Drifters had recorded one of his songs as a single. It was a total flop. Back in London it took him a while to find his "feet". He started off joining a group which he hated: "it's a great source of embarrassment to me. We did one single (a total flop) and then I left. I said, 'look, I want a sole deal with my own records.'"

So the people from this record company put out two singles under the name Clark Datchler. They were . . . total flops. Things were looking pretty bleak, until one day two blokes who worked in the recording studios where Clark's record company was based asked if he could lend them a bit of a hand with this single they were recording. They were Calvin Hayes and Mikey Nechko, and they bought Johnny Ratus Jazz. They put out a single which was . . . a complete flop and then they rereleased "Shattered Dreams", which - HURRAH! - immediately flung itself into the higher stratospheres of the Hitway charts. Now Clark is being labelled an "overnight sensation!"

"It anybody had told me when I was 16 that it would have taken me seven years to have a hit I'd have said 'you must be joking'," he laughs.

And thus the fact that they've all been in the music business for yonks makes them far more skilful than most groups at this whole pop music nainkrug?

"We've got the Jesus And Mary Chain, it that's what you mean," quips Clark.

Indeed they are not.

# y hates Jazz

Mike Nocito

Photos: Julian Baran

- His mum was the singer in a close harmony quartet called The Cactus Kids!
- He used to work as a meat cutter (ughh!)
- He's Mike Nocito and he's been in the music business for absolutely yonks!

"My father was headmaster of a school and my mother used to sing professionally in a close harmony quartet," explains Mike Nocito, a quiet spoken, shy sort of 26 year old. "They were called . . . uh . . . I can't remember . . . they were called . . . oh she'd shout me tur this. Oh yes! They were called The Cactus Kids. They were tameas, they used to do all the radio things. We did Wogan the other night and she said I remember playing that theatre hack la' . . ." he checks.

Mike's an American; his parents moved to Suffolk when his father got a job at the American forces school there where Mike got his education. He grew up with a chap called Phil Thornally: "He's quite well known now, he's a famous producer. He was like my best friend and we played in all these groups together. They were shocking. Actually he only ever played one proper gig which was like a village hall thing."

"After school I just did odd jobs. I worked as a meat cutter. Yeah, it was horrible. And then I got a job as a tea boy at this recording studio in London where Phil was working. Phil had worked there for a few years and he recommended me. I came along to help and stayed for five years."

That's how Mike became a studio engineer: the chap who plugs in all the bits of equipment and "he's responsible for how it all sounds." He worked with Pink Floyd . . . that was good. He enjoyed working with The Police too. He worked with groups like The Cure with Phil . . ."

But at the same studio there was another producer that Mike found himself working with too: a young chap called Calvin Hayes and the pair of them soon found themselves working with a singer called Clark Datchler.

"When you're a musician there's always this thing in the back of your mind . . . that if something comes up, you'd like to be in a group. Well, the situation arose. So we thought 'let's give it a bash'."

And now no longer are they the people who skulk in dark recording studios; they're real pop stars themselves!

"Well, we don't really think of ourselves as pop stars. We're all really boring . . . No, I'm not supposed to say that, am I? We're all really exciting."

And what does his famous singing man think of it all?

"She's like all mothers I guess. She loves it of course."  
Hurrah!

- His dad is a professional wrestler called Red Devil!
- He's good mates with Kim Wilde!
- He's Calvin Hayes and he's been in the music business for absolutely yonks!

"My mum's a magistrate and my dad's a professional wrestler," says Calvin Hayes. *Lard!* It's not very often one meets someone whose dad is a professional wrestler.

"I never thought of it as that odd," quips the 24 year old drummer and keyboard player. "It wasn't that into it really, I just used to go occasionally to cheer him on. He's a tag wrestler (i.e. can reach out of the ring and "tag" his partner who then leaps in and sits on the other bloke's head) — his performing title is Red Devil. Is he a 'goodie' or a 'badie'? Oh, he's a 'goodie' — he's one of the ones they applaud."

However, rather than follow in his father's illustrious footsteps Calvin wanted instead to become a pop musician. "From a very early age I know what I wanted to do. I was always playing in duff bands, you know, rehearse on Saturday afternoons, playing gigs in the living room. The groups had names that would change weekly."

And so he checked in school at 16 and set about getting into the music business.

At first he worked selling cattery on a market stall and laboured for a month on a building site ("for the money") but as time went on he managed to get more and more work in recording studios, playing keyboards, then later, he began trying his hand at producing records. His big "break" came when he bumped into a chap called Ricki Wilde who was just then writing something called "Kids in America".

a song failed to become rather a big hit for his elder Kim. "Kim was still at school when I met Ricki. I worked with him on 'Kids in America' and then when that got successful I ended up getting involved with them."

"Kim Wilde is a very nice person. I haven't seen her for a while. Actually she sent me a telegram the other day when 'Shattered Dreams' got to number 18."

There was a year of working out very successfully as a "talent scout" for a record company but eventually Calvin began to make his way as a producer. And that's how he met Clark and Mike.

"I began working with Mike and we decided we'd try and make records together. One day we were working on a track together and we decided we wanted a singer, so we gave Clark a call . . ."

And lo! Jubany Hates Jazz was born. "It's just fun. It gives us a chance to get out and about. I'd hate to spend my life living in a recording studio: if you can imagine being in a studio spending 20 hours a day over a mixing desk with your back arched over it spending weeks with just four or five people — you get burnt out real quick."

So did Calvin's long years in the record business give him an "insight" as to how to be a pop star producer? "Musicians can be very shy. That's why when Mike and I were starting this we thought we wouldn't be like other bands. We're not so serious about it. We just enjoy ourselves."

● Interview: William Shaw

calvin Hayes



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TOP TEN VIDEOS

- 1 Level 42 Live At Wembley
- 2 Culture Club This Time
- 3 Kate Bush The Whole Story
- 4 UB40 CCCP
- 5 Janet Jackson Control
- 6 Dire Straits Brothers In Arms
- 7 Tina Turner Break Every Rule
- 8 Cameo Videographics
- 9 Suzanne Vega Live At The Royal Albert Hall
- 10 Dire Straits Alchemy Live

## ★ HOW TO ENTER

- Complete the crossword grid and fill in your name and address
- Snip out the coupon (including the crossword grid), stick it in an envelope and send it to the following address (to arrive by June 16):

**Smash Hits Prize Crossword  
Competition Number 32,  
14 Halkham Road,  
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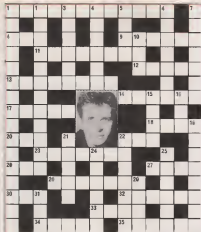
The first correct entry out of Naomi Davies' top 10 description gets HMV's top ten videos (at the time of going to press).

## ● ACROSS

- 1 See photo clue (5,7)
- 8 Hearing aid amid **Feargal Sharkey**
- 9 **Patti** from Texas?
- 11 See **27** across
- 12 "Time ----- Time" (**Cyndi Lauper**)
- 13 **Paul** who's just a good friend or soccer star **Charlie**?
- 14 See **33** across
- 17 **John** in Melton Mowbray?
- 18 As petite as **Jackie Wilson**'s girl?
- 20 "Friend Or ----" (**Adam Ant**)
- 22 As big as **E.King**'s first name
- 23 See **3** down
- 26 "---- It" (**Weird Al Yankovic**)
- 27 and **11** across **Pet Shop Boys** favourite females? (4,3,5)
- 28 Sing see, and locate **Phil Collins** group (anag)
- 30 **Stubs**, Worzel's Aunt Sally and Give Us A Clue player
- 32 Steven provides various gigs and concerts (anag)
- 33 and **14** across Little love in a **Madonna** hit (anag 4,2,4)
- 34 See **2** down
- 35 You demand this after a great performance

## ● DOWN

- 1 **Allison Moyet** was weak in it (8,2,6)
- 2 and **34** across Ten cent Dr Barry Tee turns into that "If You Let Me Stay" hitmaker (7,5,5)
- 3 and **23** across **Talking Head**'s no-go route (4,2,7)
- 4 **Latin Quarter**'s radio was located there
- 5 "---- Wild Child" (**Iggy Pop**)
- 6 **Beatie** revival that helped the Zeebrugge victims (3,2,2)
- 7 **Ron Colt** provides an album for **Janet Jackson** (anag)
- 10 **Bruce Springsteen** claims he was born in it (1,1,1)
- 15 See **25** down
- 16 Eel like Dee C (anag)
- 19 "---- Of Your Tears" (**King**) (3,5)
- 21 Sugary, like **Michael McDonald**'s freedom
- 22 "Do You ----- In Love?" (**Huey Lewis**)
- 24 Rev. Ely provides a brotherly rock name (anag)
- 25 and **18** down "1 Didn't ---- You On" (**R. Palmer**)
- 29 Dee Jay on that "Holiday Rap"
- 31 Band, Ferry or Live?



NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

● Tick kind of video required:

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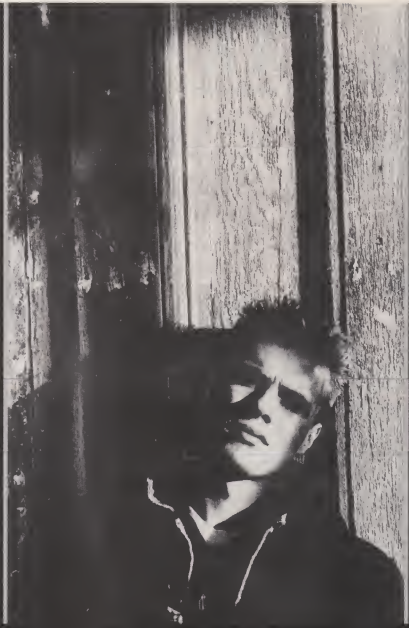
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# R S V P

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

**Hi, my name is Justin and I'm 14.** I like Bon Jovi, Europe, Duran Duran and A-Tia. If you are interested then write to me at 2 Bury Bar Gardens, Newent, Glos GL18 1PH

**I am a 13 year old guy looking for anyone of any age to write to.** I'd particularly like penpals from Africa and Asia so start writing to Rohan McShane, Derryfagh, Inchgreola Co Cork, Eire

**Hi, my name is Elizabeth Hargreaves and I'm 13 years old.** I'd like to write to other girls around the same age. My interests are chart music, reading and cycling. If you are interested please write to 20 West Drive, Leicester LE5 1BA

**Hi, is there anybody out there who's interested in Spandau Ballet, Madonna, Phil Collins and other chart music?** If so, I'd like to hear from you so get writing to Anna Bell, 19 Winders Way, Aylesstone, Leicester LE2 8SS

**Hi, my name's Denise and I'm 16.** I'm looking for people who are into Bon Jovi, Europe and Van Halen. So if you're 15-20 and have the same interests then drop me a line at, 10 Brandreth Road, Upperthorpe, Sheffield, Yorkshire S6 3JU

**Hi, calling all Pet Shop Boys fans.** My name is Paul Upton, so if you are keen on them as well and are a bit of a soul fan get out those wonderful pens and write to 555 Felctowne Road, Ipswich, Suffolk IP3 8TE

**Hello, I'm a 19 year old female who would like a penpal from America or Australia.** My interests include Rob Lowe, Tom Cruise, Tears For Fears and any good dance music. If you share the same interests then drop me a line. Anyone aged between 19 and 23 is welcome. Julie Johnson, 1 Dickens Close, Liden, Swindon SN3 5JN

**Hi everyone! My name's Michael and I'm into Simple Minds and A-ha and I'm absolutely mad on Queen.** I also like football, cricket and snooker so if you have some of the same interests then get writing to: 10 Haldham Avenue, Bemn, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne NE12 1BH

**Hi, I'm a 15 year old Chinese boy who lives in England.** I'm into most chart music especially Madonna and Level 42. I would like penpals from anywhere in the world, so if you are interested please write to me Khuong T, 86 Brodgar Close, Ashford, Kent TN23 2SF

**Hi, I'm a 16 year old Owen Paul lookalike who likes most chart music, '60s music and soul.** If you are interested get scribbling to me: Fraser Peidle, The Cottage, Blackburn, Guisess, File, Scotland

**Calling all Curiosity Killed The Cat fans!** If you're aged 12-14 and are into Cunsuety, U2, Five Star, Level 42 and many others, get your pens scribbling to: Alison Hughes, 38 Huntsmans Corner, Borras Park, Wrexham, N. Wales, Clwyd LL12 7LH

**Hi, I'm 15 years old and crazy over Madonna.** I also like Janet Jackson, Bon Jovi and Cunsuety Killed The Cat. Anyone slightly interested please write to: Rob Swain, 57 Cherry Tree Road, Chinnor, Dean OX9 4DZ

**Hi, my name's Sarah.** I'm 11 years old and like Five Star and The Bangles. I'd love to hear from any girls aged between 11 and 14. Interested? Then write to me at: 10 Dryham Road, Trowbridge, Wiltshire BA14 9PE

**Hi, I'm a 13 year old boy who's looking for Level 42 fanatics aged between 12 and 14.** If this sounds like you then drop me a line Chris, 63 Lowbrook Lane, Tisbury Green, Sorholt B90 1DS

**Hi, my name is Jenna and I'm 17.** My interests include Echo And The Bunnymen and Cunsuety Killed The Cat. I'd like to hear from anyone around the age of 17-25, so if you like any of the above and also '60s and '70s music get writing to me at: 7 St David Road, North, St Annes On Sea, Lancashire FY8 2AT

**Hi, my name's Keeley and I'm an 11 year old girl looking for a penfriend aged 11-13.** I you like Madonna, Five Star etc get writing to Keeley Smith, 128 Lichfield Road, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham B76 2JA

**Hi, my name's Clare and I'm 13 years old.** I'm into The Pet Shop Boys and Cunsuety Killed The Cat. I love to hear from anyone aged between 12-14. Interested? Write to me: Claire Nialam, 108 Dursley Road, Trowbridge, Wiltshire BA14 0NS

**Hi there, I'm Dave and I'm 14 years old.** I like Madonna, Five Star, Queen, Status Quo and a lot of different sports. I would like penpals aged 14-16 so get writing to me, Dave Cross at 31 Kasale Gardens, Long Eaton, Nottingham NG10 5JA

**Hi there, my name is Emma and I am 14 years old.** I would like a penpal aged 13-16. I am well into Ore Stralis, Five Star and Level 42. Write to: Emma Butler, 1 Bonds Lane, Elswick, Preston, Lancs PR4 3ZE

**I am a 16 year old boy looking for a penpal, who also likes Run DMC, Mantronic and the Beastie Boys.** If this sounds like you then write to Gary Campion at: 6 Hedge Crescent, Boreham, Chislehurst, Essex CM3 3DH

# A

# B

# C

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**KEEP ME IN MIND**

**BOY GEORGE**

Hey yeah yeah  
You got you got you got everything

You know I'm not someone  
Who likes to wait around in line  
You know I'm not someone  
Who likes to waste a  
Lot of time

Love will find the answer  
In every little thing you do  
Love will find the answer  
And it's always gonna come to you

Chorus  
If you just keep me in mind  
'Cause there may not be a second time  
Just keep me in mind  
(For the rest of your life)  
Keep me in mind  
(For the rest of your life)  
Just keep me in mind

You know I'm not someone  
Who likes to see wants like love  
You know I'm not someone  
Who likes to put myself above

Love will find the answer  
In every little thing you do  
Love will find the answer  
And it's always gonna come to you

Repeat chorus

(For the rest of your life)  
Keep me in mind  
(For the rest of your life)  
Better keep me in mind oh yeah  
Love will find the answer  
And it's always gonna come to you

Repeat chorus twice

(For the rest of your life)  
Just keep me in mind  
(For the rest of your life)  
You better keep me in mind

Words and music by O'David Nightingale Brown  
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On Virgin Records

Don't don't close your heart to how you feel  
Dream and don't be afraid the dream's not real  
Close your eyes pretend it's just the two of us again  
Make believe this moment's here to stay

Touch touch me the way you used to do  
I know tonight could be all I'll have with you  
From now on you'll be with someone else instead of me  
So tonight let's fill this memory for the last time

Hold me now  
Don't cry don't say a word  
Just hold me now  
And I will know though we're apart  
We'll always be together  
Forever in love  
What do you say when words are not enough

Time and time will be kind once we're apart  
And your tears tears will have no place in your heart  
I wish I could say how much I'll miss you when you're gone  
How my love for you will go on and on and

Hold me now  
Don't cry don't say a word  
Just hold me now  
And try to understand that  
I hope at last you've found what you've been searching for  
And though I won't be there any more  
I will always love you

(Hold me now don't cry)  
Don't say a word  
Just hold me now and I will know though we're apart  
We'll always be together  
Forever in love  
What do you say when words are not enough  
What can I say how my words are not enough

Words and music by J. Logan  
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## Hold Me Now Johnny Logan



# JACK MIX MIRAGE

Show show show show  
Show show show show  
Show show show show  
Show show show show  
Respectable  
Show show show show  
Show show show show  
Show show show show  
Show show show show

Huh  
Respectable  
Show wosh  
Respectable respectable  
Respectable respectable  
Show show show show  
Jack jack jack  
Huh

Show show show huh  
Respectable  
Huh

Respectable huh  
Respectable respectable  
Respectable respectable  
Show show show show  
Huh

Get fresh at the weekend  
Showing out  
Get fresh at the weekend  
Showing out  
Get fresh at the weekend  
Showing out  
Huh

Respectable  
Words and music by Hurley/Stock Adrien/Waterman-  
Zone/Faltermeyer/Coelho/Raposo/Thurman  
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● Tickets are available from the box offices and usual agents. Prices for Norwich are £5, Newcastle (Glasgow and Birmingham) are £5 and £6, London are £4.50, £5.50 and £6.50 and Manchester are £4, £5 and £6.

**GLASTONBURY CND FESTIVAL:** Worthy Farm, Pilton, Somerset (June 19-20/21)

● Groups appearing on the main stage are Elvis Costello, Van Morrison, The Communards, New Order, The Robert Cray Band, Los Lutos, Ben E. King, Taj Mahal, Trouble Funk, The Richard Thompson Band, Courtney Pine, Husker Du, Paul Brady, Men, They Couldn't Hang, The Woodentops, The Mighty Lemon Drops, Michelle Shocked, Misty In Roots, World Party and Rodney Allen  
● Tickets are £21 and are available from most agents and by credit card

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"hot" line on 01 251 0027 (CND), 01 741 8980 (Keith Frowse), 01 439 3371 (London Theatre Bookings), 01 240 0771 (Premier Box Office) and 031-226 2295 (Scotland)



**DAVID BOWIE (EXTRA DATE):** Manchester Maine Road (Manchester City Football Ground) (July 15).

● Tickets are available by postal application from David Bowie Manchester, PO Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 2JQ. Tickets are £15.50 which includes a booking fee and cheques should be made payable to Kennedy Street Enterprises. Please enclose a SAE and allow five weeks for delivery. A credit card "hot" line is also in operation subject to a booking fee on 01 748 1414. Support for both Manchester dates will be Alison Moyet and Terence Trent O'Carry



**GENESIS (EXTRA DATE):** Wembley Stadium (July 3)

● Tickets are available over the counter at the Wembley Arena Box Office and Tower Records, Piccadilly Circus, Wembley Box Office priced £15. Application can also be made by post to Genesis, 3rd July, R 5 Tickets, PO Box 415, London W1A 4RS. Please enclose a SAE and make cheques payable to Harvey Goldsmith Entertainment Ltd for £15.50 which includes a 50p booking fee. A credit card "hot" line is also in operation on 01 748 1414 and 01 379 6433 subject to a booking fee. A maximum of six tickets will be allowed for each application.

**DANNY WILSON:** Leicester Polytechnic (June 12), Guildford University (13), Nottingham Rock City (15), Birmingham Powerhouse (16), Edinburgh Queens Hall (17), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (19), Newcastle University (20), Redcar Bowl

(21), Leeds Polytechnic (23), Liverpool Royal Court (24), Manchester International II (25), Norwich U.E.A. (26), Bristol Studio (28), London Town And Country Club (29), Dunstable Queensway Hall (30)  
● Please contact venues for ticket prices



**CAMEO (REVISED DATES):** Edinburgh

Playhouse (September 27), Bristol Colston Hall (28), London Wembley Arena (30), Birmingham NEC (October 1), Manchester Apollo (2), Newcastle City Hall (3), Oxford Apollo (4), Leicester De Montfort Hall (5), Portsmouth Guildhall (7), Sheffield City Hall (8).

● Tickets will remain valid for the rearranged dates except for London and Birmingham. These should be taken back to the point of purchase for a refund which is what you can also do for any of the others should you not want to go on the new date. Tickets for Wembley are priced £9.50 and £9.50 and Birmingham are £9.50, £9.50 and £7.50 and are available from the box office and usual agents.

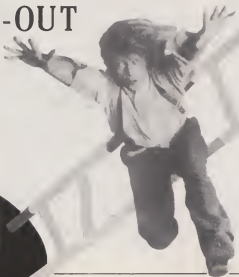
# David Bowie

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POLYGRAM MUSIC INTERNATIONAL

george michael





# love, sex and stupid wigs

George Michael's new single, "I Want Your Sex", has been banned by the radio. His new video has been banned by the TV. And George himself seems to have spent the last few months getting horribly drunk and dressing up in frightwigs. What on earth is going on? . . .

George Michael is sitting in a posh London hotel suite, grinning across the table at me. Life, it seems, is not too bad at all. He's horribly rich, disgustingly healthy and impossibly in love. He's also, understandably, delighted with his new single, "I Want Your Sex": not just pleased but incredibly enthusiastic and excited by it. Before we can even start talking he plunks me in front of the TV and shows me the video for it, which has been banned by the BBC on the grounds of its "explicit sexual content". In it George and his girlfriend, Kathy Aung (who keeps swapping wigs) cavort around wearing what seems to be *no* clothes whatsoever.

"Yes," he says, as he washes the remains of a "olub" sandwich off his hands in the basin across the room. "I'm completely starker."

Ooo-triple-er. This is clearly a much more "relaxed" George Michael (even if, fact fans, he didn't do all the naked scenes in the video; stand-ins did some of the close-ups - "it's up to people to work out which"). Certainly there weren't any Wham! videos that ended with George writing Explore Monogamy (i.e. *going out with just one person*) in lipstick on a naked body.

The emphasis that's been missing throughout the whole of the AIDS coverage is of sex within a *relationship*," he says. "You very rarely hear anyone talk about sex and lust and experimentation within the realms of a married or steadily involved couple."

That's just one of the things that he'll explain in endless detail over the next hour and a half, all the time bobbing about with energy, rubbing his hands underneath his sleeveless t-shirt and tinkering with the cross that's hanging from his ear ("it's actually a pendant," he explains. "No, George Michael *hasn't* got religion. That's why my mum hates it. She thinks it's blasphemous.").

He also keeps telling me how much he's enjoying being a pop star again - his LP, which might be called "Kissing A Fool", will be out in October and he gushes keenly about the title track (a ballad, "like a Bilbe Holiday '40s thing"). "Betcha Don't Like It" (co-written with David Austin, "a just a battered wife - a particular family I knew about") and "One More Try" ("the best thing I've ever done - about my attitude coming out of my last relationship and into this new one when I was pretty unwilling to be open to anything"). First though he explains that he's not surprised at the BBC's decision to ban "I Want Your Sex" from daytime radio. "I am very proud of the record, but the BBC reaction was to be fully expected," he shrugs.

And then he's off, starting with just how fed up he became over the last year or two. . .

I was very depressed for months. For a time my career and my social position trapped me. Now I really appreciate the freedom of being a 23 year old who does exactly what he wants when he wants, has people around him that he loves and is very lucky. But for a while I was just feeling totally self-indulgent and self-pitying. I really just needed a kick up the arse.

Who or what gave you one?  
I

honestly don't know.

So did you just wake up one morning and feel better?

Well, yes, that is *exactly* what happened. I got very very drunk one evening in the middle of last year with Andrew in Los Angeles - I was so drunk I was sick - and I poured everything out, all the things that were worrying me about my future. Eventually I collapsed because I was so drunk and I woke the next morning feeling absolutely brilliant. It was like an exorcism, it really was. From that day on I was better. I've felt so good for the last seven or eight months. I haven't been this happy since I was 18 or 19.

Why were you so depressed anyway?

"I just had this horrible feeling for about a year that I'd woken up to my real life and my real life was pretty depressing; that I was never going to be a normal person again. However good a time I would have - I'd go out, get drunk and muck about - there was always a return to this genuine low. I'd become paranoid about the people around me and I was starting to feel a real nostalgia for anonymity and things like that. Then for some reason I woke and thought 'you're such an arsehole - you *chose* this life and you love what you do.' And I *do*. I love it. I love the excitement - releasing new material, going on tour in six months - and I suddenly realised my problem was that I had no problems. It had all come so easily.

Don't you ever still get the urge to go on a bus or something, just because you can't? I went on a bus at Christmas wearing a wig (*bursts into hysterics*). About 30 of us had a Christmas party at my house and hired these wigs - mine was a really long hippie one with a centre parting; I looked just like Neil from *The Young Ones* except with a beard - and we all went round these pubs and restaurants singing Beatles songs and Christmas carols. Then we got on this bus. The conductor was having a fit trying to get us off. It was brilliant. A lot of people definitely knew who it was but they couldn't believe it. I looked such an idiot. Do you ever use serious disguises? No. I've found that when I've tried them people still recognise me. I used to wear a hat and put my hair up - when it was long and fair - take my earrings out and wear my prescription glasses which are so thick I look really terrible. And people would say 'Eh? George Michael? Take that hat off!' and I'd feel so stupid because I looked so bad. I have nightmares about that kind of thing.

"If I go out shopping for an afternoon I usually spend two or three thousand pounds on clothes"

"If I go to a club I spend half the night turning people down."

**W**hen did you last see Andrew Ridgeley? About a week and a half ago in L.A. — he's recording there.

**Are you still good "mates"?**

Exactly as we've ever been — closer probably than we were for a couple of years during the *Wham!* thing. I've spent more time with him since we stopped working together. We go out to clubs and make fools of ourselves; get totally paralytic and roll around on the floor.

**Is it true he calls you TLIT?**

( *Astonished* ) Where did you get that from? Yes, it's true. Him and his mates Johnny and Dave call me that. You know what it means?

**"The Legend That Is".**

Yeah. They say "Is 'The Legend' coming out tonight?" ( *laughs* ) It's just a piss-take because I got so much attention.

**What else do they call you?**

A lot of things. They call me Yog. And Knobby. I don't think we should go into that one. And Geoff. Because we used to have this joke that if a couple of wideboys come up to you they say ( *puts on silly voice* ): "It's that Geoff Michaels and Anthony Ripley, innit?"

**What did you think of the story in the**

"news" papers last year saying you had turned into a spendthrift recluse, the "Howard Hughes of pop"? ( *Howard Hughes being a v. bonkers old millionaire who stayed indoors all the time.* )

( *Chuckles* ) That was good, wasn't it? I loved that one. I should have framed the picture and sent it to Jonny Versace, the designer of that jacket. It cost over £1,000 and the caption said "who wants to be a millionaire if you end up looking like a scruff?"

**Still, you must be filthy rich.**

Oh yeah ( *grins* ). But then we're all filthy rich compared with someone.

**So have you started buying £50,000 paintings?** No. I never buy anything. I bought a car for my last birthday. I'm moving into my first house — just outside London — next week. My biggest extravagance is my clothes. If I go out shopping for an afternoon I usually spend two or three thousand pounds.

**Guilp. It must be a bit pricey then when you spill your baked beans down them?**

True, very true. Andrew bought a jacket once that was worth nearly £1,000 and you couldn't wash it or dry clean it. What were you supposed to do with it? It just got dirtier and dirtier. So can you afford to pay Boy George back his £50 yet?

I have! I gave it back to him on stage at the

## "Andrew and I go out to clubs and get totally paralytic and roll around on the floor."

AIDS benefit. The papers said I gave him a condom, but it was no £50. But backstage he came and gave it back to me.

**Aah. So you still owe him?**

Well, no. He doesn't want it back, presumably.

**W**hat about that story that you were "sick over a blonde" at a club?

( *Looks serious* ) I'm suing over that. Which is why *The Sun* have been after me recently and are still after me. That story was a total fabrication — I was never even there. I never saw this girl. Next everyone's telling me they're going to run a big gay story on me. I'm prepared. As far as I'm concerned my life is on course now. I feel great now and I have to believe that the relationship I've built up with the public over the last five years is strong enough to withstand any crap the papers throw at me. People have been saying that I was gay for years anyway; people have been questioning

my sexuality from the start.

**But you've always enjoyed playing with it, teasing people, haven't you?** I did, yeah.

**And you've deliberately never denied being gay?**

Yeah, but that's for three reasons. One, because I was playing with it. Secondly, I think it's extremely distasteful that once you get in a position of public renown you're supposed to prove your sexuality one way or another. Thirdly, what's the point in denying it? It doesn't make any difference. If people want to believe it they will. I have no doubts about my sexuality. Anyway, if I had thought about sleeping with men and if I was going to do it I wouldn't sit here and say it to *Smash Hits*. Sexuality is a totally private thing and it should always stay that way.

**Except that you've just released this record. . .**

## "Sex is not the public enemy. Promiscuity is."



Yes, you're right. And people will make of it what they want. All I know is that I've only come this close to talking about sexuality because I'm that confident at the moment. Originally I didn't say anything because I didn't want the press to have anything to play about with in my private life. Now I just don't care.

**A** lot of people are probably going to be a bit offended when they hear "I Want Your Sex".

Yes, but that's because people in general still find sex a taboo subject. I started writing the song before the public scare about AIDS but since then I've readjusted the lyrics slightly — especially on the 12" — to emphasise it's a song about a relationship. Most people might imagine that if I'm in the situation where I want to know if someone is going to have sex with me, then it would be a very immediate casual thing, but if you take time to look at the lyric ( *see opposite* ) — "now that we're friends", "we've waited so long" — it's clear it's about a

relationship. I think that's the emphasis that's been missing in the whole coverage of the AIDS thing. Kids aren't going to stop having sex. There's a backlash against AIDS being the end of sex and if my single is part of that then that's a good thing. There hasn't been enough emphasis on the strength and safety of monogamous relationships. I think people are actually quite attracted to monogamy; I think it's what they want in the first place. Promiscuity, in my experience, comes from lack of security. All we're getting at the moment is the rejection of sex for young people, not the re-evaluation of it. Sex is not the public enemy. Promiscuity is.

**So do you keep true to all these ideals?**

Well. . . I would say quite honestly that within the last three years if I've gone for sex outside the relationship I've had, it's only been at the

end of the relationship when it wasn't going to work anyway. I did go through a period of promiscuity when it all started — for about eight months — though I'm not sure I would have if I hadn't been in this position. There was a fair amount of pressure from outside: even to this day if I go to a club I spend half the night turning people down. Initially I didn't have the strength to resist so much. Also, if you go out in this position people assume that your only reason is to screw around. The reason I go out is to be with my friends, to be sociable, to dance and to drink.

The sleeve of "I Want Your Sex" says "this record is dedicated to my hopeless conquest". What's all that about?

Um. . . well actually the song was written about two relationships mixed up. The "hopeless conquest" one doesn't really make sense any more and I tried to get that quote removed but it was too late.

**Why did you want it removed?**

Because it doesn't fit with the other sleeve note ( *on the gatefold 12" and compact disc* ), about

# I want your sex

my actual current long term relationship, saying that I believe in the idea of lust within a loving relationship. This relationship with Kathy is the longest relationship I've ever had. Originally the song was about someone else – the “hopeless conquest” – but I decided to change the lyrics because I felt they were a bit irresponsible and then I wrote the 12” to accommodate my current relationship. So is this “hopeless conquest” the same person “A Different Corner” was about? (i.e., “the memory” the record was dedicated to?) No it's not. That was about a very quick relationship, a here today gone tomorrow one. It's amazing how emotional you can get in a short period of time and how long it can last. Someone can really shake you up and it takes you a long time to get yourself back on your feet; that was what that was about.

“I Want Your Sex” goes “not everybody does it / but everybody should”. Really?

Well, who do you know who doesn't? I believe everybody does. And I hate the idea of abstinence for religion, for instance.

So what about someone like Morrissey who claims to be celibate? I don't believe Morrissey's asexual. I believe he's totally winding everybody up. I really do. What if he's not? I think it's a shame. Sex is one of the most important experiences in life and I think it's a shame if it's denied to anybody. I'm not advising 13 year olds to go and do it though.

**Will you be upset if it doesn't go to number one?**

Yes, because everything else I've done in the last three years has gone to number one so anything that doesn't will be considered a failure. But I think it will be number one, to be honest. I would be surprised if it isn't. Mind you, they've just released Tom Jones' “It's Not

**“Everyone tells me that The Sun is going to run a big gay story on me. I'm prepared.”**

Unusual” and that's a great record, though it's really annoy me if it was an old record that stopped me – it annoyed me enough that “I Knew You Were Waiting For Me” was knocked off by Ben E. King.

So who do you reckon your biggest competitors are now? Obviously you look at every big new group like Curiosity Killed The Cat but I don't really think there's anything strong enough if I have a strong record out. I don't feel genuinely threatened. I think Curiosity are good. I don't like “Ordinary Day” – you don't put a word like “ordinary” in the title of a fairly ordinary record (laughs) – but “Misfit” and especially “Down To Earth” are great records.

And A-ha? There's a certain quality that runs through their stuff but I never even felt vaguely threatened by them, put it like that. I've spent two years without any real competition at all. That doesn't sound very modest.

Well, it's true, isn't it? That's why my real challenge now is America, England is a challenge but it's become too easy.

Will you ever have been successful enough? I don't know really. (sighs) I've always accepted that it's a blind ambition but if I've kept my sanity this long I think I can live through anything. We shall see. Maybe in 10 years I will be “the Howard Hughes of pop” after all!

● Words: Chris Heath

There's things that you guess  
And things that you know  
There's boys you can trust  
And girls that you don't  
There's little things you hide  
And little things that you show  
Sometimes you think you're gonna get it  
But you don't end that's just the way it goes

I swear I won't tease you won't tell you no lies  
I don't need no bible just look in my eyes  
I waited so long baby now that we're friends  
Every man's got his petience  
And here's where mine ends

I want your sex  
I want your sex  
I want your sex  
I want your sex

It's playing on my mind  
It's dancing on my soul  
It's taken so much time

So why don't you just let me go  
I'd really like to try  
Oh I'd really love to know

When you tell me you're gonna regret it  
Then I tell you that I love you but you still say no

I swear I won't tease you won't tell you no lies  
I don't need no bible just look in my eyes  
I've waited so long baby out in the cold  
I can't take much more girl I'm losing control

I want your sex  
I want your love  
I want your sex  
I want your sex  
Sex

It's natural it's chemical (let's do it)  
It's logical habitul (can we do it)  
It's sensual but most of sil

Sex is something we should do  
Sex is something for me and you  
Sex is natural sex is good

Not everybody does it but everybody should  
Sex is natural sex is fun  
Sex is bast when it's one on one  
One on one

(Huh eex) I'm not your fether  
(Huh sex) I'm not your brother  
(Huh eex) Talk to your elster  
(Huh saas) I am a lover  
(Huh sex huh sex huh sex)  
C-c-c-c-come on (huh)

What's your definition of dirty baby  
What do you consider pornography  
Don't you know I love you till it hurts me baby  
Don't you think it's time you hed sex with me  
Repeat last four lines

Sex with me sex with me  
Havs sex with me (huh)  
C-c-c-c-come on

Oh yeah

I-I-I want you baby

Oh so much love  
That you've never seen  
Let's make love  
Put your trust in me

Don't you listen to what they told you  
Because I love you  
Let me hold you oh

I'm not your brother  
I'm not your fether  
Oh will you ever change your mind  
I'm a gentle lover with a heart of gold  
But baby you've been so unkind oh

Come on I want your sex  
Come on I want your sex  
That's right all night  
Oh I want your sex  
I want your eex

Sexy baby's sexy body  
Keeps me guessing with a promise  
I know we can come together  
But the question is will we ever aver

Sexy baby'e (sexy baby's)  
Sexy body (sexy body)  
Keeps me guessing (keeps ma guassing)  
With a promise (ooh)  
I know we can come together  
But the question is will we ever ever  
Together  
You end ma  
I want you love

It's lele  
Time for bed  
So I sit and I wait  
For that gin and tonic  
To go to your heed

I know  
It's e davoisus pian  
But it's the only way that I know  
To get those big bad cer kays  
Out of your hand

You know  
That I remain a gentlemen  
But sven so  
There's only so much  
A gentlemen can stand  
Sleep with me  
Oh sleep with me tonight

My cards are on your teble  
My dreame ere in your bed  
Oh if I was able  
I'd be there instead  
Oh oh oh sleep with me tonight

Words and music by George Michael  
Reproduced by permission Morrison Leahy Music Ltd  
On Epic Records

12" version





curiosity

misfit

KILLED

mi5fit

mis7it

the cat

m1sfit

7" AND 12" SINGLE

CAT 4 CATX4

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"Modelled" by Mig! from Curiosity Killed The Cat

Photo: Glynes Moberly

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T-SHIRT  
COUPON

2

# BILLY IDOL

Do anything for my sweet sixteen  
And I'll do anything for little runaway child  
Gave my heart an engagement ring she took everything  
Everything I gave her oh sweet sixteen

Built a moon for a rocking chair  
I never guessed it would rock her far from here  
Oh oh oh oh  
Someone's built a candy castle for my sweet sixteen  
Someone's built a candy brain and filled it in  
Well I'll do anything for my sweet sixteen  
Oh I'll do anything for my runaway child

Well memories may burn you  
Memories grow colder as people can  
They just get older like sweet sixteen  
I see it's clear baby that you are  
All through here oh oh oh

Someone's built a candy castle for my sweet sixteen  
Someone's built a candy house to house her in  
Oh oh someone's built a candy castle for my sweet sixteen  
Someone's built a candy brain and filled it in  
And I'll do anything for my sweet sixteen  
And I'll do anything for my runaway girl

Yeah sad and lanely and blue  
Oh getting over you  
How how do you think it feels yeah



# SWEET SIXTEEN

Get up in the mornng get over you  
Get up in the mornng get over you  
Wipe away the tears get over you  
Get over get over my sweet sixteen  
Oh runaway child oh sweet sixteen  
Oh runaway girl

Gave my heart an engagement ring  
She left everything  
Everything I gave her sweet sixteen  
Built a moon for a rocking chair  
Never guessed it would rock her far from here  
Oh oh oh

Someone's built a candy castle for my sweet sixteen  
Someone's built a candy house to house her in  
Oh someone's built a candy castle for my sweet sixteen  
Someone's built a candy house to house her in  
And I'll do anything for my sweet sixteen  
Oh I'll do anything where's the runaway child  
Do anything for my sweet sixteen  
I'll do anything for little runaway girl  
Little runaway girl  
Oh sweet sixteen oh sweet sixteen

Words and music by Billy Idol  
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| 12 | Wolverhampton, Polytechnic      | 24 | Stafford College             |
| 13 | Leicester, Polytechnic          | 25 | Leeds, Polytechnic           |
| 14 | University of East Anglia       |    | London Date: To Be Announced |

# INCOMMUNICADO

I'd be really pleased to meet you  
If only I could remember your name  
But I got problems with my memory  
Ever since I got a winner in the lame game  
I'm a citizen of Legoland travelling incommunicado  
And I don't give a damn for the Fiat Street clicionados

But I don't want to be the back page interview  
I don't want headline anonymity  
I want my handprints in the concrete on Sunset Boulevard  
A dummy in Turkeys you'll see incommunicado  
Incommunicado  
Incommunicado

I'm a merquee veteran a multi-media bona fide celebrity  
I've got an allergy to Beriar daylight and responsibility  
I'm a cooling-toting cowboy  
A Peter Pan with street credibility  
Always taking the point with the dawn patrol fraternity

Sometimes it seems like I've been here before  
When I hear opportunity knocking in my door  
Call it synchronicity call it deja vu  
I just put my faith in destiny  
It's the way that I choose

But I don't want to be a tie can  
Tied to the bumper of a wedding limousine  
Or currently residing in the where sea they now file  
A lounge on the cabaret scene  
I want to do adverts for American Express cards  
And talk about on prime time TV  
A villa in France my own cocktail bar  
And that's where you're gonna find me  
Incommunicado  
Incommunicado  
Incommunicado  
Incommunicado

Sometimes it seems like I've been here before  
When I hear opportunity knocking in my door  
Call it synchronicity call it deja vu  
I just put my faith in destiny  
It's the way that I choose

Incommunicado

Repeat to fade

Words and music by Marillion  
Reproduced by permission Marillion/Chrysalis Music Publishing Co. Ltd  
On EMI Records



# MARILLION



## GOODBYE STRANGER

Suddenly the stranger moves to catch my eye  
I'm an empty shell and he doesn't know why  
The situation looks right why shouldn't we just fall  
But the feeling inside it ain't right at all

We will have a love affair if I just give him the sign  
All I really need to do is put you out of my mind

### CHORUS

Goodbye stranger  
We couldn't be more than friends  
I'm still in love you know  
And I've given my heart to him

Momentary weakness caught me by surprise  
In the stranger's arms found me full of lies  
Running away from danger  
I couldn't help but tell your name  
But it wasn't you  
And it never felt the same

I will always be a slave to the love he gave to me  
He has locked away my heart and I don't wanna find the key

### REPEAT CHORUS

Goodbye stranger  
I couldn't if I tried again oh oh  
Don't want to break the chains  
And I've given my heart to him

### GOODBYE STRANGER

Goodbye stranger

### REPEAT CHORUS

Goodbye stranger  
I couldn't if I tried again  
Oh I gave him love I gave him love  
I gave my heart to him

(Goodbye stranger)  
Goodbye goodbye oh stranger  
I gave him love I gave him love  
I gave my heart to him

Words and music by Fernando Fernandez/Brown  
Reproduced by permission Hande Music Ltd  
On Polydor Records

# “CULTURE CLUB

Why does Culture Club's drummer Jon Moss not want to think about his old pal Boy George? Is it because their last few months together were so “flipping yeeuch”? Or is it just that Jon is too busy working with his new group Heartbeat UK?

William Shaw “investigates”...

**I thought “fah, let’s start a new band”. I just thought “I’ll have a good laugh”. It was the first time I’d laughed for about nine months.**

● Left to right: Steve by...; Simon James; Jon Moss; and Mark Heyward Chaplin

# IS THE LAST THING ON MY MIND?

HEARTBEAT UK



JON MOSS

Last year was flipping terrible – an awful, terrible year. I spent half of it just trying to get away from everything and I suddenly realised that George was completely messing up. We tried and tried everything to help him. I know he was in a bad way, but for me it was like a mental breakdown.”

While we've heard an awful lot about Boy George in the last few months, we've hardly heard a whiff from the other members of Culture Club. Their drummer Jon Moss, however, has now decided to pipe up about his new "solo project," a group called Heartbeat UK, and also about that year, 1986, which he describes as a "total nightmare". Once upon a time Jon and George used to have an incredibly close relationship; now they haven't spoken a word to each other for the last 18 months. It's all very, very sad indeed.

Jon Moss was the drummer who played in loads of punk rock groups, who George had thought was completely "naïf" because he wore cowboy boots and jeans, but who, nevertheless, dreamed up the whole idea of Culture Club with George.

"I learned a lot off George," Jon recalls. "I learnt so much about presentation. He was so amazingly creative. But at the same time he needed me to put his ideas into action. He learned a lot off me too and I think that's why it worked well between the two of us. It was like Laurel and Hardy, you know? Was I the 'straight man'? Oh definitely, yes. He used to get really pissed off when I wasn't the straight man. If I got laughs then he didn't like that. He didn't like being second fiddle. It was like Morecambe and Wise... the Morecambe and Wise of pop!"

"George was like the figurehead of Culture Club but it was a group. I'd make George's ideas work (Roy Haywood, Culture Club's guitarist) was the musician, but a group is a group. It's four people. You take one person away and it's just not the same."

**"George used to phone me up and leave his phone off the hook so I couldn't make any calls. So I put a brick through his window and he put the phone down."**

After years of massive success as the most famous group in the universe, something began to go very horribly wrong with Culture Club and Jon's life turned into a complete disaster. "The primary cause was drugs," admits Jon now. "I lost contact with George. No matter how much we argued we'd been very close and we'd had a lot of respect for each other. Then literally over the period of a week something just changed and he was like distant and that was it, and from then on I knew what was going to happen.

"The main thing was not being able to do anything about it. That's the worst thing. It's like looking through a piece of glass and you can't break the glass to get to them. Then you realise you've got to stay away because it's too dangerous being around. It's no good messing yourself up because in the end you're no good to anybody. I was beginning to get involved with all these stummy people who hung around George. I didn't want anything to do with them. I just couldn't get rid of them. One night I remember I was going to get a load of guys I knew and just round up all those people who were around George and... " Jon Moss trails off ominously. "Do you know what I mean?"

"What? Duff them up?"

"That's the stage you get to, and you just can't. One night I was so furious I wanted to go out and

clobber someone with a hammer and you just can't do that. You'll just end up in prison.

"And then you've got the press. Terrible things were written about me. So I thought 'look, this has got nothing to do with it and I've tried to stop this situation and it's just horrible.' It's like watching vultures peck away, a real flipping yecuscu from everybody's point of view.

Was that story about you getting really mad and lobbing bricks through Boy George's windows in the "news" papers true then?"

"That happened – and there was worse. He hit me over the head with a bottle once," Jon sniggers. "I'd to have 10 stitches in my head. I couldn't wash my hair for six weeks."

"What happened was about 18 months ago he used to phone me up and leave his phone off the hook. He did that quite a lot so I couldn't make any calls. Every time I wanted to use the phone he'd play a record down it or say something disgusting or play a porno tape down it.

"So I went round his house and said 'you'd better put the bloody phone down.' It sounds really stupid now but it was terrible because one of my parents was ill and they couldn't phone me at home. So in the end I put a brick through his window and he put the phone down. I smashed his door down as well," he grins.

"And George can be vile. He said terrible things about me in the paper, but I know that deep down there's a basic affection there. Really, I had so much crap from the whole thing just because I was associated with George, because of our relationship or whatever. I had trouble with the police who thought that I was taking drugs too.



A. Jon when he was a doer and played in a group called Eskimo Norbert.

A. Jon having a bit of an "incense" relationship with George.

But I kept my nose clean. I couldn't get house insurance. Who wants to insure your house when they think you're an ex-junker?"

Eventually though Jon Moss did manage to turn his back on all this. He spent six months travelling about and getting away from it all. "And then," he

**"George can be vile. He said terrible things about me in the paper but I know that deep down there's a basic affection there."**

explains, "I thought 'od this! I want to do something. I've got loads of ideas that I couldn't do with Culture Club.' I thought, 'right, let's start a new band. I just thought 'I'll have a real laugh. I'm going to enjoy myself'. It was the first time I'd laughed for about nine months. So I just got a band together and we worked really hard."

So who else is in Heartbeat UK? Well, there's a bloke called Steve Lambert who used to be the singer in a group called Roman Holiday – Jon knew him from when they toured with Culture Club – there's a guitarist called Steve Byrd who "used to play in loads of groups" and a chap called Mark Heyward Chaplin to pluck the bass.

"There is – dare I say it – a concept behind the whole thing. The idea is to get positive. The band's called Heartbeat UK and the whole thing is going to redress the balance of the music. There's no more colour any more in music. It's all a bore! People can't be bothered. Groups like A-ha, they're a good pop group, but the point is that they've had no effect on the pop world. I feel sorry for them because they've been forgotten about when their time's up. They've done amazingly well but they're not remembered. There's a sort of brown. Heartbeat are colour!" he chirps.

You haven't become a touch jaded about being a pop star after the horrors of last year then?

"That's the whole point. Culture Club were very successful but I want more. I'm not going to sit back. I want to be in a band. I'm 30 now, but I hope I'm still like this when I'm 40."

So does this finally mean that Culture Club are truly no more?

"Well," says Jon, picking his words carefully, "Culture Club is not defunct. I think the situation is that Culture Club is in the garage, you know?"

"It's all happened at the end of the year, it might not be quite so dramatic. George has got his mind at the moment is Culture Club. It's not the right time at the moment, but I wouldn't rule it out. I don't think Culture Club will ever get back together again if it isn't the same people.

"We've all got our own careers. Roy and Mikey (Mikey Craig, Culture Club's bass player) have both got their solo projects. George has got his. George has got a brilliant voice and he's just like he was, a good singer. He could go on forever if he gets the right songs and he doesn't mess up. He's just got to relax. He doesn't take drugs any more, but he's got to calm down.

"You got the thing about George is that when it comes to the people who care about him he tends to think, 'I know about them so I'm not going to bother with them.' He's always attracted to bad people. I think he finds them more interesting at first. And it's easier to make friends with bad people."

And do you miss Culture Club?

"I miss George. I miss him very much. But there again there's a whole lot of things I don't miss. I don't miss the brain damage and I don't miss the unnecessary arguments and problems and ego. I miss George very much, but that's just something that I'm going to have to put up with."

**W**hen smokey  
sings ...THE



BRAND NEW SINGLE  
FROM THE GROUP ...

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MARTIN

FRY. THAT IS ▶  
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**A-HA**  
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# HEARTBEAT UK

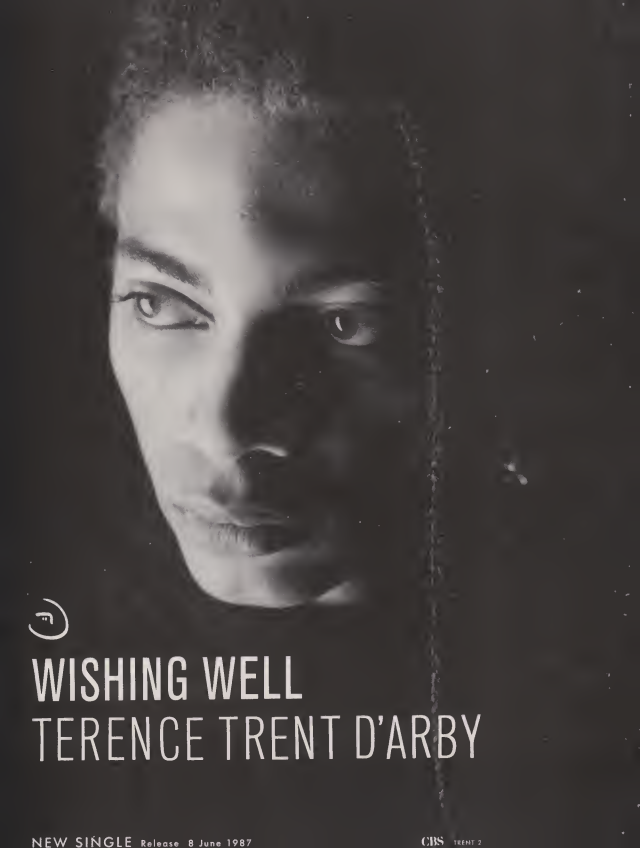
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# DONNA ALLEN

## SERIOUS

- She's soaring up the charts with "Serious"
- She polishes her toes (?)
- She has a v. large wardrobe and spends lots of money on clothes



- "So why are you wearing a baco-foil top?" demands Sylvia Patterson

Baby tell me are you serious  
Hey boy you got me so delirious  
Why don't you stop playing games  
Ooh boy do you think you'll ever change

Chorus  
Baby I don't know what I should do no about you  
You sure make me feel like loving you  
You sure do come on baby

(Are you serious)

Don't tell me your heart belongs to someone else  
Baby I just can't be kidding myself  
You know you got me going round and round  
Honey I can't seem to settle down

Repeat chorus

(Are you serious)  
Talk talk about serious  
Talk talk about serious

Breakin' hearts is my claim to fame  
And I don't know if I'm gonna change  
But if I'm really gonna be your man  
I gotta change my ways if I can

Talk talk about serious  
Talk talk about serious

You and me right from the start  
Everything was fine then I broke your heart  
I'm telling you now like I told you then  
If we can't be lovers let's just be friends

Repeat chorus

Talk talk about serious

Repeat to fade

Breakin' hearts is my claim to fame  
And I don't know if I'm gonna change  
But if I'm really gonna be your man  
I gotta change my ways if I can

Words and music by Lee Pace/Donna Allen/Blitz  
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On Parrot Records



Ooooo, Mami's real nice, real warm, tropical fruit, palm trees, very very nice - you'll usually find me hangin' out on the beach, really very nice. I'm afraid to surf though - real afraid of the big deep water because of all the ocean animals - the sharks! The piranhas! What a way to go!

But! Hold your horses, "missus", for though you are indeed Donna Allen - fearer of local fish types - you are also the foxtress responsible for that soaraway chart tune "Serious"! So tell me, do the story of your life...

"Well, when I was 18 and still at high school in Florida, my friend who was in a band was very much in love and decided to elope without telling anyone... except me! So she came by my house and said 'I'm getting ready to elope and my brother's going to kill me!' because he was the leader of her band. So she said 'will you sing for me?' And I said 'I can't sing!' And she said 'I've heard you singing round the house - you con!' So I said 'I'd try and

they liked me! And I thought I was terrible - so terrible, really bad - especially at our first concert - ooooooh, real bad. But I stuck at it and here I am today!"

And here, 10 years later, she is - having played in "local groups" for centuries - with her very first solo "effort". You must have millions of famous friends by this time, Donna? "Uuum, yes, I have some famous friends! Timmy Thomas! (?) He wrote Sade's tune "Why Can't We Live Together!" And... Betty Wright! (?) Ooooo, she sings "Clean Up Woman". She's famous! And... Nicole! She sings "Don't You Want My Love". (?)? She's more famous in England than she is in America!"

Er... so what's your "abode" like then, Donna?

"Oh, I live in a large two-bedroom apartment - it's real nice! It has walls. (?) It has a pool, a whirlpool, a work-out room, tennis courts, 24-hour security... it's real nice - I love it! I have loads of plants - I love plants, exotic plants, roses... I

talk to them and say 'Good morning plants! Oooooh, you look a bit poorly today, I better give you some water!' Do I live with a bloke? Uh, no, I live with my friend but I do have a boyfriend. Of course! (?) He's an engineer and we're very much in love. He's very romantic - he sends me roses, sends me cards, takes me to dinner, cooks me dinner - he cooks very well. His speciality is Jamaican food with different types of meat, peas and rice. There's not many men who can do that!"

Well!!! You've got quite a strange dress "sense" haven't you, Donna? "Strange! You think so? Hee hee!!! I wear a baco-foil top! What's that? Something you wrap chickens up in! That top is very beautiful! I have a very large wardrobe - I spend a lot of money on clothes! I look very foxy! Well, that's what they say! Most people say I have nice legs - I guess I have! I was born with these legs. Why do I thrust my chest forward? Well, that's just the way they are! They're naturally like that. (?)? And I love

jewellery - I just go into a shop, pick loads of matching things and put them all on at the same time. And I really like soft leather - I have leather trousers... uh, I suppose that's a foxy!"

And so are your "nails"? "Oh I think they're very feminine! I'm a very feminine lady. My boyfriend likes them - he thinks I have pretty fingers and nice toes. So I polish my nails and... sometimes I polish my toes."

Jings! So what exactly is this "Serious" tune all about then? "Well, the song is actually about a woman who is head over heels with this guy but he's not ready to be serious yet... 'cos he still wants to see other girls. There's a lot of men like that - as well as women too of course! I'm not like that because I really care about other people's feelings. Basically I'm a big softie. As a matter of fact my friends think I'm too nice, toooo nice. But not so nice that I get stood all over! Er... let's just say I'm well-balanced!"

Yes, let's.

## THE WHISPERS



I looked at you  
You stole my heart  
You were all that I anticipated  
I wanted you every part  
But a new love would be complicated  
I began to touch  
But you wouldn't let it  
It never seemed to be the right time  
I started to give up  
Down to the limit  
And then you changed your mind (oooh)

### CHORUS

And we began to rock steady  
Steady rockin' all night long  
And we began to rock steady  
Rockin' 'til the break of dawn

You looked at me to my surprise  
You too were anticipating  
I should've known  
It was in your eyes  
That you were getting tired of waiting  
You wanted me so much  
But I didn't get it

How could a fella be so blind  
I started to give up  
But love wouldn't let it  
And you walked into my life

### REPEAT CHORUS

Rock (oooh) steady  
Steady rockin' all night long  
(All night long)  
Rock steady rockin' 'til the break of dawn  
Rockin' 'til the break of dawn

Rock (steady)  
(Rock steady baby) oh rock rock

You wanted me so much  
But I didn't get it

### REPEAT VERSE THREE (Oooh)

And we began to rock steady  
Steady rockin' all night long  
(All night long)  
Rock steady  
Rockin' 'til the break of dawn  
Everybody rock (steady rock)  
Steady rockin' all night long  
(Everybody steady rockin')  
Rock steady  
Rockin' 'til the break of dawn  
Rockin' 'til the break of dawn  
Everybody steady rockin'



## ROCK STEADY



Words and music by Babyface/L.A. D. Ladd/B. Watson • Reproduced by permission Copyright Control • On MCA Records

## THE GAME ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN



Photo Andy Cohen

A sense of duty was my one intention  
And an ugly beauty was my own invention  
Pride is proud refusal  
I refuse to need your approval  
Too many seekers too few leeches  
But through the fog  
We'll keep on beaming

Through the crying hours of your glittery years  
All the living out of your tinsel tears  
And the midnight trains I never made  
'Cos I'd already played the game

Everybody's got their own good reason  
Why their favourite season is their favourite season  
Winter winters and those summer suns  
Aren't good for everyone aren't good for everyone  
Spring has sprung and Autumn's so well done  
So well done

And it's a better thing that we do saw  
Providing everything  
The whys and hows  
While you reminisce about the things you miss  
You won't be ready to kiss goodbye

The earth is a world  
The world is a ball  
A ball in a game with no rules at all  
And just as I wonder at the beauty of it all  
You go and drop it  
And it breaks when it falls

I'll never understand why you thought I would  
Need to be reassured  
And be understood  
When I always knew that your dad's my god  
And I was ready

Ready to be loved

Born under Mars  
With Jupiter rising  
Fallen from the stars  
That lift my horizon

### REPEAT VERSE SIX

### REPEAT VERSE TWO

### REPEAT VERSE FOUR

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# luka

My name is Luka  
I live on the second floor  
I live upstairs from you  
Yes I think you've seen me before  
If you hear something late at night  
Some kind of trouble some kind of fight  
Just don't ask me what it was  
Just don't ask me what it was  
Just don't ask me what it was

I think it's 'cause I'm clumsy  
I try not to talk too loud  
Maybe it's because I'm crazy  
I try not to act too proud  
Only hit until you cry  
After that you don't ask why  
You just don't argue any more  
You just don't argue any more  
You just don't argue any more

Yes I think I'm okay  
I walked into the door again  
If you ask that's what I'll say  
It's not your business anyway  
I guess I'd like to be alone  
With nothing broken nothing thrown  
Just don't ask me how I am  
Just don't ask me how I am  
Just don't ask me how I am

*Repeat first verse*

They only hit until you cry  
And after that you don't ask why  
You just don't argue any more  
You just don't argue any more  
You just don't argue any more

Words and music by Suzanne Vega  
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## Suzanne Vega

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# Keep Me in Mind



Boy George

7" & 12"

Boy 101

min

# REVIEW SINGLES



REVIEWED BY VICI MACDONALD

## LIVING IN A BOX: Scales Of Justice (Chrysalis)

For their last single, the Boxes (or whatever you're supposed to call them) adopted the persona of a box, and quite rightly too since it turned out to be an infinitely more interesting object than the rather snoozesome trio of Sheffield musos who eventually emerged from the mysterious cuboid. At least "Living In A Box" was a tolerably cheerful humalong novelty thing, but "Scales Of Justice" is just a dreary stab of leaden fake funk. Quite frankly, if there is any justice in the world (unlikely), most people with a pair of ears will stick this record in the box where it belongs, i.e. a round smelly box with handles, i.e. a dustbin. Haw!



## DAVID BOWIE: Time Will Crawl (RCA)

For every brilliant song David Bowie has ever written (quite a few, really) there have been plenty of useless ones and, over the last few years, the proportion of useless ones has been growing. But this is a good old-fashioned Bowie song—sounding rather like something off his 1973 LP "Aladdin Sane"—with an eerie, yearning tune and lyrics all about the passing of time. It's a bit difficult to work out what he's singing, actually—2 sounds like "Time will crawl to the 21st century loos", which can't be right—but then his songwrods are always far more evocative if you only half-listen to them and make up lots of "deep" meanings for yourself anyway. This is a v. wonderful record and it's just a pity the rest of his rocky old "Never Let Me Down" album isn't up to the same high standard.

## TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY: Wishing Well (CBS)

This single came wrapped up in a charming little note from Smash Hits' reviewers. Reviews Editor, Sylvia Patterson, which read: "If you don't make 'Terence' Single Of The Fortnight you will instantly turn into a frog's

knecap. So there!" Such is the allure of the almond-shaped peepers of the most interestingly-named man in pop! And yes, though this record is truly an insidious, feather-light, beautifully sung concoction of tinklesomeness and swoon-like seduction, it sounds just a little bit too much like Prince to be Single Of The Fortnight. Ooops, that's torn it. . .



## ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN: The Game (Korova)

It's been two years since Echo & The Bunnymen last released a single—"Bring On The Dancing Horses"—so it's weird that they've returned with something as understated as "The Game". Nevertheless, its chiming, guitar-based unpretentiousness is a welcome relief from the current pomposity of 80s contemporary U2 and Simple Minds, and the lyrics—about, amongst other things, the world being a ball "in a game with no rules at all" which breaks when you drop it—are rather more comprehensible than is usual for Ian McCulloch. An elegant and simple record, but it needs a few plays to worm its way into the so-called "brain".

## PRINCE: If I Was Your Girlfriend (WEA)

People call Boy George a "gender bender", but Prince

confuses the sexes in a far more clever and subtle way. Consider: he's definitely a man, and most of his lyrics are steamy odes about how much he fancies women, yet he looks and sounds incredibly feminine and loads of blokes think he's extremely sexy. And now, to tangle the subject still further, here he is with a song about how he'd like to be his girlfriend's girlfriend, so he could help her get dressed and be privy to her innermost secrets. Which is probably a very erotic idea to the boyfriends of this world, but will leave most girls heaving a sigh of relief that, when they're squeezing their backheads and moaning about men in the ladies' loos, their "loved" ones cannot be there to witness them. Confusing, no?

## SIMPLE MINDS: Promised You A Miracle (Virgin)

Simple Minds' best works are now shrouded far back in the swirling spirals of time and, as if to acknowledge this, the group have just released a live double LP of their "greatest" moments, from which this single has been snipped. Trouble is, live records only work if the performance adds something to the original. Such things are possible—the Minds' live version of "Hunter And The Hunted" (on the b-side of "Waterfront", fact fanatics) has a freshness and grandeur which makes it far better than the LP version, for instance—but, apart from some annoying "audience participation" and a general fuzziness, this slightly thin rendition of "Promised You A Miracle" gains nothing whatsoever. In fact, it's rather boring.

## CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT: Misfit (Phonogram)

Amazing as it may seem now, when this ultra-catchy record was last released—not that long ago—it only got to number 76 in the charts. Since then, of course, wearing-your-spook-cabardings fever has spread through the nation like wildfire, and thus "Misfit" will now be magically transformed into a mega-cosmic twingorilliant chart-topper (as we say in the "biz"). The only thing which could halt its progress is the fact that 99.999% of known households already possess the LP whence it has sprouted, namely "Keep Your Distance"—not that there's much chance of anyone doing that nowadays.



## ULTRAVOX: All In One Day (Chrysalis)

Spew! This sounds exactly like some horrible Vangelis soundtrack to a nostalgic and completely poncy film about winsome toffs in the '30s wearing white tennis togs and bounding around stately homes. In other words it's a ridiculously overblown load of pompous old synthesizer guff which is about as satisfying as a cottonwool sandwich. Maybe Midge Ure should knock this pop lark on the head and try his hand at writing a proper film soundtrack instead.



## BILLY IDOL: Sweet Sixteen (Chrysalis)

What a sad tale this song tells. Sir William is so borkers about his 16 year old girlie that he builds a room for her to keep a rocking chair in (i.e. he envisages the relationship lasting quite some time), only to find that the ungrateful little vixen has scarpered with someone else. It's very weepsome, with a lolling rhythm and a complete absence of the usual idol rawk'n'roll screech-guitar; in fact, you can easily imagine a knicker-garled Tom Jones grimacing his way through a tortured version of "Sweet Sixteen" in cabaret. Could Billy Idol be the Tom Jones of the 21st century? It's not bloody impossible, as the great Welshman himself might say. . .

## BOY GEORGE: Keep Me In Mind (Virgin)

The first time this popped up on the radio I thought it that it was sung by a not-very-famous black soulstress and b) that it was a pretty bland song. The knowledge that it is by Boy George doesn't alter the fact that it is a bland song; in fact, the only point in its favour is its sweet, sweet, toned voice. However, since nondescript, supersmooth soul is so popular at the moment, this would probably be a hit even if it were sung by a not-very-famous black soulstress rather than by the v. "new" worthy George O'Dowd, which is consolation of a sort.

## PRINCE: Red Hot (Polydor)

Sheryneed! This is a v. "suggestive" song all about some hapless old bloke who's sitting minding his own business when he's accosted by a rampant Princess who starts telling him that if he's scared of "her" she's going to change all that; all he has to do is sit next to her and she'll do the rest because—and here I quote—"women can't get enough" (!!). Whether the poor chap tells her to peris rudy well off and stand on a nice cool piece of lino until she's calmed down a bit isn't recorded, but what is certain is that this piece of steamsquig, staccato funk can send shivers up the spine and is perfect for dancing to—or, if you follow Prince's advice, touching strangers' bottoms to (or amongst) . . .

## SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT



## DAVID BOWIE: Time Will Crawl (RCA)

For every brilliant song David Bowie has ever written (quite a few, really) there have been plenty of useless ones and, over the last few years, the proportion of useless ones has been growing at a quite alarming rate. But this is a good old-fashioned Bowie song—sounding rather like something off his 1973 LP "Aladdin Sane"—with an eerie, yearning tune and lyrics all about the passing of time. It's a bit difficult to work out what he's singing, actually—it sounds like "Time will crawl to the 21st century loos", which can't be right—but then his songwrods are always far more evocative if you only half-listen to them and make up lots of "deep" meanings for yourself anyway. This is a v. wonderful record and it's just a pity the rest of his rocky old "Never Let Me Down" album isn't up to the same high standard.

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## REVIEW THING



## FILM

### Straight To Hell (86 mins, 15)

Alex Cox is a birrova "renowned 'n' respected" film director for his grizzled films like *Repo Man* and *Sid 'n' Nancy*. Now, however, he's gone completely mad. For his new film *Straight To Hell* is a "spoof" spaghetti western-type thing featuring the acting "talents" of... the extremely handsome Joe Strummer who used to be in punk persons *The Clash!* And... the extremely non-handsome Shane MacGowan of *The Pogues* and the rest of *The Pogues too!* And... "Grace" Jones! And *Elvis Costello!* And... quite a few other semi-famous people and general all-round "weirdos"! What an astonishing thing.

And the "story", as such, is this: *Norwood* (Sy Richardson), *Willy* (Dick Rude) and *Simms* (Joe Strummer) are three monumentally useless hired killers "swanning" round a swimming pool in Spain when they decide to rob a bank for something to do. With the bank duly robbed, the three buffoons refuel their car with diesel by mistake causing it to go very goofy indeed - eventually ending up in El Blanco, a western-'style' dusty 'n' horrible town lorded over by the coffee-addicted *McMahon* family (*The Pogues*). They bury their "swag" and venture into the town where the *McMahons* aren't very nice to them at all and then, er,

everybody gets killed! Erm... well, a few things happen in between like... *Simms* gets molested by a foxtress! *Simms* drools over another super-foxtress while she's pretending to have mazin' numpo with a motorbike! *Sonya* ("Grace" Jones) shows off her rippiesque muscles a bit! The *McMahons* have a cup of coffee! And so on.

And, amazingly enough, some of *Straight To Hell* is quite amusing. The fact that *El Blanco* has a "modern" petrol station and a shop with fluffy pink ducks and buckets 'n' spades hanging all over the place is much funnier than it probably sounds. And so, too, is the fact that everyone has broad London/Irish/Mancunian accents with no regard for the "setting" whatsoever (as in: "Sorry 'bout this choobook!" preceding some unfortunate's head being blown off etc.).

The funniest thing of all, though, is watching the "stars" manage to keep a straight face through all of this and when all is said and done, if you like the pop stars you'll doubtless like the film. Not quite as "witty" as something *The Comic Strip* would have done, then, but at least the "stars" probably had a very jolly time running around with pistols and pretending to be seven years old. Hurrah!!!



▲ *Simms* (Joe Strummer)! It is so mean in going to robbe this cigarette end then go to hospital for a very long time indeed!



▲ Everyone: "We're so mean we're all dead!"

(i.e. the new sensation that's sweeping the nation!)

Witness below a rather gruesome-looking instrument of torture. Except it's really a "revolutionary" new laser game called PHOTON - "nailed" in America as "The Ultimate Game On Planet Earth". So what is it all about? It's all about zapping people with one's zapway phaser and whoever zaps the most wins. And thesephasers use "infra-red technology" instead of bullets - and they're actually very brilliant: bleeping, bleeping and "exploding" depending on whether you are the zapper or... er, the zapped. But most of all, it's a good excuse for dressing up like a buffoon and watching gleefully as various lights on your phasers and targets flash on and off as you pretend you are, in fact, the bloke from Star Wars rescuing the universe from the clutches of some undesirables (or something).

There are two types of PHOTON KITS available in Britain - the full DOUBLE WARRIOR BATTLE GAME which "boasts" Phasers! Horrible helmeted Breast Plates! Targets! And the Photon Warrior I-D Card which you can put your photo and name on (an "alias" is recommended) and which has a Photonian/English dictionary on the back because Photon is actually... a planet!!! The second kit is not so impressive - being a Target Game containing a single phaser and a target and is recommended for "practice use". Huh! Being a technological thing, of course, it costs one million pounds - or to be more precise - gulp - £139.95 for the Battle Game and £39.95 for the smaller one. Rewew reckons it's a slight swizz but then it does make some delightful noises and to prove it we're going to give away - give away! - one of each of the kits right this very second. A question: What is the longest name ever given to a star in our known Universe? Is it: a) Bughmrlmklyhlopsoptzzzzz b) Mark Unpronounceablemfobgcountry (har har) or c) Shurnarabishashutu. Answers on Captain Kirk to **Smash Hits/Whatever Happened To Good Old Monopoly Competition, £2-£5 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to get here by June 16.

Separate bells 'n' targets where one is zapped! Misses even more brilliant bleeps 'n' blaps!



▲ Songs "Pleaser" Jones: "I'm such a mean boss/lady I'm going to lord it over your horrible hair!"



▲ The Killers: "We're so mean we're going to have a paddle in the sea!"

## ALBUMS

### VARIOUS ARTISTS:

**Atlantic Soul Classics (Atlantic)** Shimmering ruddy shards: This is a wonderfully brilliant collection of soul classics, sung by some of the greatest soul singers of our time, from the likes of (Sweet) Otis, The Dooz of 'The Bay' by Otis Redding through to "Under The Boardwalk" by The Drifters. It is full of exuberantly, rump-kick, twangy grooves which make you wanna get up and strut your funky stuff or something like that (!). Not to mention some of the most swoonworthy, weepoemque type ballads ever invented including of course "When A Man Loves A Woman" and "Sund By Me". Although "Atlantic Soul Classics" may sound dated, they are still mostly utterly superb. **(8 out of 10)**

Josephine Collins

### WELL RED: Motion

(Virgin) Well Red are two blonde chicks called Richie Stevens and Lorenzo Hall who are one time newcomers to the stars (having supported both James Brown and the Gap Band on tour and Boy George on his LP) and who are now making a bid for pop personage in their own right. Only trouble is there are two types of song on this LP - the goodball and the not very goodball (at all: 1) The Goodball? "System", "Love Gone Crazy" and "Yes We Can" which are grooveome funky dance tracks with merry partying trumpets, booming bass thwackings and sensible type lyrics. 2) The Not Very Goodball. (i.e. the rest) which are American type soul things with dodgy old clichéd lyrics which more befitt the co-ordined dance swirls and shimmering Fabfour fares of Somebody Or Other And His Gang. Which is all rather a shame really... **(5 out of 10)**

Derm Schlessinger

### HOLLYWOOD BEYOND: II

(WEA) Mark Rogers, the man behind Hollywood Beyond, is evidently a v. intelligent and musically gifted young man, for there are lots of unusual musical ideas and interesting touches (solo violin, Spanish guitar etc.) tucked away in the arrangements and busy rhythms, and he avoids all the obvious lyrical traps and clichés. What a pity then that he forgets the two most important - and obvious - ideas of all: the real pop tune and a bit of dynamic swizz (as opposed to mere thump) in the rhythm department. His kinder songs are not the most memorable melodies in the world and without these basic ingredients all Hollywood Beyond's cleverness in construction just doesn't add up to very much. **(4 out of 10)**

Ian Conn

### SIMPLE MINDS: Live In The City Of Light (Virgin)

Anyone who saw Simple Minds on their tour of outdoor British venues last summer will know what to expect from this double LP. "Live In The City Of Light", recorded live at Le Zenith auditorium in Paris (hence the name?) in August 1986, faithfully reproduces a typical performance from that tour, right down to the strangely spontaneous versions of "Sun City" and "Dance To The Music" near the end, just before the first blast of "New Gold Dream". Basically, if you enjoyed those shows, you will love this LP.

particularly the inspired versions of "Don't You Forget About Me" and "Alive And Kicking", the two Simple Minds songs best suited to the big stadium environment. If, however, you regarded those Simple Minds 1986 shows as just a touch pompous, dull and boring then you would have to give "Live In The City Of Light" less than 7 out of 10. **(6 out of 10)**

Borly McIlhenny

### ROBBIE NEVILL: C'est La Vie (Manhattan)

"C'est la vie," sang Robbie Nevil on his debut single "How very true," we all cried "What a jolly song," some of us thought. "We wonder what his other songs are like?" we wondered. Which is a pity, because after such an inspiring beginning, we were all going to find we were a bit disappointed. It's not because the soaked haired one is not a good song-writer type: he is, in fact, a very clever chap indeed. He writes songs that sound part Michael Jackson, part Huey Lewis and part Kajagoogoo and is particularly adept at blending a sort of funky sound with a sort of rocky sound. Trouble is the songs always sound like part-someone-or-other and never really sound like Robbie Nevil songs. **(5 out of 10)**

William Shaw

### BILLY BRAGG: Back To Basics (Globe Dances)

As Sir William "Billem" Bragg - truly The Nice: Man In Pop - bringing to us his first two long-playing recorded things ever - "Life's A Real With Spy Vs Spy", "Brewing Up With Billy Bragg" and the EP "Between The Wars" as a double LP entitled "Back To Basics". And the idea is to swizz The Americans, who've "repackaged" these records and planned to "import" them into Britain - thus charging a very preposterous sum of money indeed. "Nok on your neck!" peepled thrifty Sir Bill and promptly released it himself first for a mere £5.99. Well done "sire"! Here we have, then, Sir Bill ("complete" with guitar) preening in his classified "tone" of... love! Aw! Last! Jingle! Despair! Ppp! The miners' strike!... in some of the world's finest writing pop poets. If you don't possess these tunes already, this LP could just about become your very best "mista". **(9 out of 10)**

Sylvia Patterson

### GO WEST: Dancing On The Couch (Chrysalis)

Dear oh dear! Poor old Go West are pictured on the sleeve of their new LP sitting on an old couch amongst the desolate streets of London. The poor chaps obviously can't afford a house to put in it! "Dancing On The Couch" (which they are not doing) is the name of their new album. The songs are accompanied by the handsome croonings of Peter Cox who ponders anxiously on the joys and sorrows of love, tears and boatbuilding (!). The ballads are in fact moderately tuneful, perhaps a little bland at times, with the exception of "True Colours" and "Let's Build A Boat" which are amongst the liveliest. But on the whole this LP sounds exactly how you would imagine a Go West LP to sound, i.e. dreary. **(4 out of 10)**

Josephine Collins

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The question: What is John Taylor's real first name! is (t: a) Fred; b) Winifred; c) Nigel; d) Morrissey; or e) Snootleworth!

Answers on a tablecloth to Smash Hits/The Stinkeriffic Duran Duran Concert "Loot" Competition, 52-55 Canary Street, London W1V 1PF to get here by June 16.

ROBERT CRAY

THE SINGLE

RIGHT NEXT DOOR

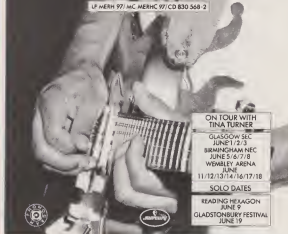
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The Game

Echo & The Bunnymen

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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.

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

- ALMAZ
- ANOTHER STEP
- BIG LOVE
- BIG TIME
- CAN'T BE WITH YOU TONIGHT
- DAY IN DAY OUT
- EVER FALLEN IN LOVE
- EVERYTHING I OWN
- HEARTACHE
- IF YOU RATHER GO BLIND
- IF YOU LET ME STAY
- KEEP YOUR EYE ON ME
- LA ISLA BONITA
- LET IT BE
- LEAN ON ME
- LET MY PEOPLE GO-GO
- LET'S WAIT AWHILE
- LIVE IT UP
- LYING IN A BOX
- MALE STRIPPER
- MOONLIGHTING
- ORDINARY DAY
- OUT WITH HER
- RADIO HEART
- RESPECTABLE
- RESPECT YOURSELF
- SEXY GIRL
- SEVERINA
- SKIN 'N' THE TIMES
- STAND BY ME
- STILL OF THE NIGHT
- THE INSH ROVER
- WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE
- WITH OR WITHOUT YOU

● Peek rightwards for the answers

## SMASH HITS

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## PUZZLE ANSWERS PRIZE CROSSWORD

No. 30 (6 May)

● The winner is **Robert Judd**  
from Barsebald, Surrey

No. 31 (20 May)

● The winner will be announced  
next issue, meanwhile the  
answers are swimming around  
below

**CROSSWORD:** 1 Pence, 6 Respect  
(You're), 7 Taylor, 9 Lean (On  
Me), 10 Rough Trade, 11 Axel  
F., 13 (Bee), E. King, 14 Roman  
(Holiday), 15 'You're Sexy'  
(Thelma), 17 'Easy Lovin'', 20  
(Respect) You're!, 21 Adam  
(Anti), 23 (Marvin) Gaye, 25  
(Phish) Biscuits, 26 (Adam) Ant, 27  
(Hymn To) Her, 28 'Bing Our  
Own Song'

**DOWN:** 1 Peter Gabriel, 2 'If  
You Let Me Stay', 3 Mental (As  
Anything), 4 Apple, 5 Paul  
McCarty, 6 (David Lee) Roth,  
12 Fats, 13 'Eaten' (Sard) Trash  
Dogs, 14 '6 Feet', 18 'Byens To  
(Hart)', 19 Berke, 22 'Dear'  
(Producers), 24 (Leslie) Ann, 25  
Ben (E. King)

### STAR TEASER



## MEL & KIM

STAR INTERVIEW 0898 500 159

- DURAN DURAN INTERVIEW 0898 500 153
- CAMEO INTERVIEW 0898 500 157
- Legs Labelles Gossip 0898 500 151
- SWING OUT SISTER INTERVIEW 0898 500 155
- Phil Sweeney's Music Box Quiz 0898 500 150
- BEASTIE BOYS INTERVIEW 0898 500 154
- MUSIC BOX CHART RUNDOWN 0898 500 161
- AH-HA INTERVIEW 0898 500 156



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# JOHN FARNHAM

## The Most Famous Plumber in Australia!!

Yes! The man who sings "You're The Voice" is also a "dab" "hand" at clearing out that troublesome cistern. And he tells crap jokes to William Shaw as well . . .

Twenty years ago to the precise millisecond a 17-year-old apprentice plumber was "eking" out a living under the dripping sinks of Australia completely unaware of the fact that within a few short months he would release a novelty record called "Sadie The Cleaning Lady" which would transform him into the most famous thing in Australia ever!

"Yeah," recalls John Farnham (for he was that apprentice plumber), "my first record was released in November 1967 and that's 20 years ago now. (Spotters badge for John! - Ed). It became a number one in Australia within three weeks and up until four and a half years ago it was still the biggest selling record of all time there."

Goodness! Such a dazzling fact even puts The Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper" 20th anniversary celebrations into the shade. "Yeah! Ha! ha! ha! I still have a soft spot for 'Sadie'. It was a comedy ditty, but I don't apologise for it in any way. And since then I've made 14 albums and I'm still making them."

BUT John's only bit of fame outside of Australia came when he joined a group called The Little River Band . . . and then nothing, until - PRESTO! - he released "You're The Voice".

So now, after 20 years, the time has surely come to reveal the "facts" about Australia's biggest ever rock star . . .

### HIS MATES CALL HIM "WHISPERING JACK PHANTOM".

"It's my nickname, and Whispering Jack" is the name of my new LP too. There's a story behind it. I was in this jazz club in America with this friend who turns into a megamouth every time she drinks red wine. After a couple of drinks she was whispering into the club comper's ear and next thing I knew he's up on stage saying "Ladies and gentlemen, we have a famous singer here tonight from Australia - will you please welcome Jack Phantom!" They

always get my name wrong. And the "Whispering" bit came from when I was doing an impersonation of the snooker commentator Whispering Ted Lowe, and the whole thing just stuck, like glue. Now every time someone asks me why I called my LP that I have to tell that bloody story."

### HE TAKES A PENKNIFE WHEREVER HE GOES!

"I end up staying in hotels all the time. All hotel rooms look the same from the bed and I got over pinching the towels in the first six months of my career. I still take the occasional ashtray if they put me in a posh one, but living out of a suitcase isn't my favourite way to live. Is there anything special that I always take with me? Well, it's funny you should ask me that. I've always carried a penknife with me because I used to be a plumber and I can fix anything with a penknife and a coathanger. I only left my plumbing job just two days before 'Sadie' was released."

### HE'S A MAD KEEN FISHERMAN!

"I'm a mad keen fisherman. I'd fish in the bath if there was any chance of catching anything. The biggest I ever caught was a 48lb Black Kingfish off the Barrier Reef on a handline. It ripped my bloody hands to shreds, but I didn't let the bugger get away. The best though was a 4 1/2lb rainbow trout. I played it for about 20 minutes. That was a lot of fun."

### HE TELLS AWFUL JOKES!

"What gags have I got? I've got a great dame called Gussie and two moggies. One's called Ginge, because he's orange (??) and the other one's called Blue because he's blue coloured. Actually I'm going to call him Carpenter because he still does little odd jobs around the house. Sorry about that. Oldest gag in the world." (???)

## LOOKING FOR A NEW LOVE

Gets you love you and the world  
- Don't know what to do  
But baby I'm strong gonna get over you  
A new boy I'm gonna choose  
Cause see

My love was true sblly you threw it all away  
Now other guys will have me  
They'll appreciate my love  
Tell me how does it feel

### CHORUS

You know that I needed you  
You know that you meant the world to me  
You know I had to have you  
Now I'm gonna find somebody new  
I'm looking for a new love baby  
A new love yeah yeah yeah  
I'm looking for a new love baby  
A new love yeah yeah yeah

Was she hot did she turn you out  
Custodly rules my brain  
Was she worth my heart  
It's torn all apart are you going back again  
Tell me

My love was true sblly you threw it all away  
But now you're like the rest unworthy of my best  
Hasta la vista

### REPEAT CHORUS

I'm looking for a new love baby  
A new love yeah yeah yeah  
I'm looking for a new love baby  
A new love yeah yeah yeah

Other guys will have me they'll appreciate my love  
Tell me how does it feel  
And now you're like the rest unworthy of my best  
Hasta la vista

I'm looking for a new love baby a new love  
I'm looking for a new love baby a new love  
I'm looking for a new love baby a new love

Words and music by A. Cymone, J. Watley  
Reproduced by permission Intersong/SBA Songs  
On MCA Records



## Dear Black Type,

I feel compelled to write to you to air my views on those obnoxious "pop stars" the Beastie Boys. A daily newspaper reported them to have cruelly jeered at dying cancer victims who, when they asked for the group's autographs, were told to "go away you cripples".

I myself am handicapped and know what it feels like to have stupid and nasty remarks hurled at me which do nothing to boost your confidence. I fear now that some idiots who follow this "cult" band will follow their actions. After all, if their favourite band can do it, why can't they?

I only feel disgust and anger and that is one person who won't ever touch or do near anything that contains these overgrown, immature, spoilt brats and I hope anyone who is human will do the same.

A Style Council Fan.

Not So Dear: Beastie Boys,

I have just read an article in *The Mirror* about your cruel mockery of sick and dying children. How could you? I thought you were great when I first saw you and I even thought it was brilliant that people wanted to ban you. Now though I think I will start my own Anti-Beastie Society. I have worked with handicapped children, some of the bravest people in the world, children who live with death every day. Anyone can be loud-mouthed and obnoxious but to do it to those children was just unforgivable. I hate to say it but if you fell down a bottomless hole, you wouldn't be missed.

Ex-Beastie Boys fan.

Turn to page 74 (but don't forget to come scuttling back, yes?!).

Dear Lord Type of Blackpool Tower,

I was leafing through some old copies of *Ver Hits* the other day while waiting for Sir Kenneth Kendall to solve the clues for the so-called contestants on *Treasure Hunt* when someone or rather someone caught my eye.

UNCLE DISGUSTING!  
What has happened to him? Where has he been? Has he been arrested? Suddenly it struck me! Uncle Disgusting and your so-called "publisher" are really one and the same person!

So what do you say to that? I think my case is rested. "So do I mate!" - Henri Leconte (???)  
A spook-person, Hainault.

# LETTERS

WRITE TO: Smash Hits, 62-65 Canaby Street, London W1V 1PP  
The most splendid letter wins a £10 record token and a Black Type (to travel). Everyone else gets a commemorative pendant (ie. a badge).

**A Publisher Writes:** Dear Spook-person, I am writing to object in the strongest possible terms to your ridiculous allegation that I am in fact the same person as he whom they call Uncle Disgusting. I am in fact a happily married man and I do lots of good works for local causes and the like. I would therefore suggest that - I say, Miss Pringle, that is a most pleasant 'scent' you are wearing today. Mmm, may I perhaps come a little closer and Snitlip! - B.T.

**Greetings Black Type!**

So much for Rikki! Bah and triple bah! It's all very well him waffling on about "positive thought situations" and informing us that a piece of him had gone into the lyrics, but where did our cherished entry come?

Thirteenth, that's where! Be off with you Rikki! I hope you get eaten by a giant Leslie Crowthier.  
Froth!  
Hilary Otto.

Shame on you, Otto. Rikki So-Called Peebles may have come, ahem, a mere 13th in the glorious contest that is Eurovision but didn't he do us proud on the night? Why, the way he accepted his sequence of "zero pwan" with such dignity had me positively blubbing in the aisles. Arise, Sir Rikki!

**Dear Black Type,**

Just a few weeks ago there was an article in your 'mag' explaining how to build your own home in a box. May we suggest that this is not such a good idea for the following reasons:

- 1) Once you were established inside it was very hard to close the roof.
- 2) It would be very easy for Mick Hucknall to get in.

3) You would be able to hear all your neighbours' Sique 'Sique' Spoutnik records when they played them.

4) There was no room for you to twirl your limbs a la Mel & Kim.  
5) When it rained there would not be much house left - just one very soggy reader.  
Yours in trust (that Sique 'Sique' Spoutnik won't release another single, haw haw)  
Messrs Guff and Geek, Oxford

Dear Famous So-Called-Chinese-So-Called-Astrologer,

Thanks a lot! For weeks, months, years I have been reading your predictions and hoping that one of these days your memory will miraculously return and you will remember the legendary star sign Sagittarius (which happens to be mine!)

And then, on April 8th, I espied the said horoscope "Hoorah hoorah" I cried aloud in glee! And then the truth suddenly hit me. For the only thing written in the stars for MOI was . . . . SNIIP!

What on earth can this mean?

Please help.  
Lessa hv chuck from Ben Elton's Cappa.

A Famous So-Called-Chinese-So-Called-Astrologer Writes:

Your stars: Sagittarius (Hawaii Five-O - Tottenham 2)

Take care not to get a chill this weekend. Beware of the fridge door for it is likely to close behind you thus locking you in. Lucky number: Thursday, Uncle Disgusting (Inter City 125 - Boeing 747)

You are likely to walk into a post on Friday. Lucky colour: perv-blue. Beware (Snitlip!)

Dear Blackie,  
Being such a superior being of

knowledge as you so obviously are, do you think you could answer these rather difficult questions, because even when I am in a bath filled with Fairy Liquid, I still cannot work them out!

- 1) Why is it every time I go to the 'cutlery' drawer, the only spoon left is a rusty old 'apostle' spoon?
- 2) Why does Mike Lindup of Level 42 look such a complete plonker when he is playing such marvo, marvo tunes?
- 3) Why are the jokes in the "crap joke corner" so crap?
- 4) Why is it not a corner?
- 5) Is that really Loty playing drums in Level 42?
- 6) Why do all McDonald's staff yell out "can I help anyone please?" as soon as I open the or when they know full well that I'm the only customer in the place? Yours quizzingly, Brucie.

Mmmm. Difficult, Brucie, v. difficult. And while I "mull" over them for a few moments (hem hem), here are a few for an obviously inferior being like yourself to ponder:

- 1) Why are the people in the video boxes on *Right to Reply* always completely barking mad?
- 2) Why does the weatherman on the "box" always say "a very good night to you" instead of just saying "it's going to pour all day tomorrow, I'm off"?
- 3) Whatever happened to Uncle Disgusting?
- 4) What is the difference between a duck? (???)

Dear Black Type,

The other week I read a letter on your page commenting on the use of French grammar. Well, I have noticed another oddity in this splendidest language which is spoken in many many countries (i.e. France).

The phrase 'en ai marre' means 'I am fed up with it.' So what? Well, when pronounced correctly (a la Robochee adverts), the phrase 'en ai marre' sounds like Johnny Marr - hence the name.

Now then. What could Johnny Marr possibly be fed up with? A big long finger points at Morrissey. So is this the beginning of the end of ver Smiths? I ask you! Bigmouth.

Funny you should say that, Bigmouth, very funny indeed. For tarning to my very own copy of the *Collins French-English-*

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Small text and images of records.

**Avanti-Aye Dictionary** I stumble across the phrase "Cela m'est egal!". Which, when pronounced with a boiled sweet in the mouth sounds like "So do I mate". Viva la difference!! (?)

To all the pop stars who hate South Africa:

We would like to know why do you hate South Africa so much? We would like to share our feelings with you. We feel very bad about you and the reason is not our fault and we wouldn't be able to do anything about it even if we tried.

Now we have to suffer because of your disagreement with our government. Surely you should understand that our government is not going to change its policies, just for something that our teenagers would like to see.

People never hear the right stories of what is going on here in South Africa. Why don't some of you pop stars come to our country for a holiday and see for yourself that it is actually very nice here? We are very proud of our country because we know we are doing the best we can.

L. Olivier and H. Laun, S. Africa.

**Dear Black Type,**

Here is an ode to Tom Hibbert: Oh Tom Tom I'm glad you've gone Weren't you the one Who kept on Crying The Smiths lousy reviews? The Sad Frog.

**Pah! Not much cop as odes go, that one, was it? Ahem.**

**Ode to Tom Hibbert (whoever he may be):**

**Oh Tom Tom (whoever you may be)**

**Now that you've gone**

**Why do you keep on**

**Having your name on the "mass" head? (whatever that might be)**

**Answer me that**

**Or else there'll be confusion in the camp. Fin.**

**Hiya Black Type!**

While looking through some old copies of *Smash Hits* I noticed - surprise surprise! - that Boy George wears a bad badge. I also noticed he was missing the most trendy badge of the century i.e. the *Blus Peter* badge. Surely the presenters at *Blus Peter* can afford to give away one little badge with which you can get in free to certain exhibitions.

From the sails of *Blus Peter's* ship.

**I should think not. *Blus Peter* badges must be earned, not given away, and to achieve this rare status symbol it is usually necessary to build a 20-storey car park using just a bucket of paper-mache and a ball of plasticine. Unless, of course, there happens to be one already made in the studio. Is this "Boy" George fellow the type to indulge in such behaviour? No, I thought not.**

**My Dearest Black Type,**

I am writing to congratulate you on your fantastic "Ode To The Girl In The British Airways Ad Who Helps The Lady Who Is Having A Baby When Her Husband Faints" (*Letters*, April 8). It was certainly the most splendourous thing on the whole page.

I would now like to present you with my "Ode To The Man With The Rubberiest Face In Pop Whose Real Name Is Hugh Whittaker Who Is Very Silly Because He Has Just Left The Housemartins (They Remind Me Of The Flying Pickets) Who Haven't Even Been Together Very Long".

Oh man with the rubberiest face in pop whose name is Hugh Whittaker, who is very silly because he has just left The Housemartins (they remind me of the Flying Pickets) who haven't been together very long

You have the rubberiest face in pop (go and see your local G.P. about it)

You are very silly because you have just left the Housemartins (they remind me of the Flying Pickets) who haven't been together very long

I hope you are no relation to Roger, bearer of the same surname (i.e. the Whittaker variety) If so, God help you. Fin.

**A Bumble Bee** who doesn't much like the *Housemartins* (they remind me of the *Flying Pickets*) who haven't even been together very long, or *Roger Whittaker, Essex.*

**Ode To David Hemingway Who Has Replaced Hugh Whittaker Who Has The Rubberiest Face In Pop.**

**Oh David Hemingway who has replaced Hugh Whittaker who has the rubberiest face in pop**

**Isn't it funny that your face isn't the slightest bit rubbery?**

**Fin.**

**Dear Sir Blackness of Type,**

Whilst fucking through the

channels one afternoon I chanced upon a programme by the name of *That's My Dog*. Continued viewing showed that the aforementioned programme was a quiz show entirely centred upon canines. One can therefore ascertain that, with the subject matter for quiz shows, anything goes. For this reason I have compiled a few novel ideas that would be sure to top the ratings:

**Advertising Trivia** - do you know how many more *Fury Liquid* commercials you get from new lemon-fresh *Nanette Newman*? **Name That EastEnders Tune** - test your knowledge of the numerous hits to have come from the Albert Square bunch.

**A Question Of Disposable Razors** (fairly self-explanatory). As you can see, I have a flair for this sort of thing. Somebody who doesn't live too far away from Epsom Racecourse.

**Or how about Shake Those Beans** - various "celebrities" on different teams all trying to see who can come closest to emulating Dame Una's graceful "sleight" of hand? **Or The Girl In The British Airways Ad - What Happened Next?** - a team of "experts" put forward their suggestions on what happens when the dazed father comes round and visits his wife in hospital? **As you can see I too have a flair for this sort of thing n'est-ce pas?**

**Dear Black Type,**

Just thought I'd drop a "line" to say how much I agree with Sharon "Shaz"? Willis' sentiments, in *Letters* (April 22).

Oh dear! There goes my five minute labour break. I'd never considered used milk bottle top recycling as a profession, but I realised that I had no choice but to accept what was offered. This is my duty to the country and I feel this attitude will put the fatherland, sorry, Britain back on its feet.

**Cheers,**  
Paul (who totally huuurves Joanne Whalley), Leeds.

**Dear Black Type,**

In *Letters* (April 22), Martin Adams of Canterbury blissed Pete Burns of Dead Or Alive for posing with a belt buckle showing the word "SEX", when two pages earlier there had been an article on the AIDS benefit concert. Pete Burns doesn't help the AIDS trust

by doing concerts to promote himself (unlike George Michael and Holly Johnson who love publicity), he gives donations but doesn't make a song and dance over it. Many other stars also donate money without making a big thing about it. So, Martin Adams, Pete Burns needn't follow the examples of George and Holly (fine ones they are!)

**Pete Burns' blue contact lenses.** P.S. As regards the picture of Pete and the belt buckle, Pete may have posed for the picture, but *Smash Hits* are responsible for printing it. Fame, set and match to the contact lenses!

**Dear Black Type,**

Forget about David Bowie and his potato sculptures, instead you can try making a much more well groovouser shrunken head! Yes!! To create such a form, you take one large cooking apple and peel it (ask Mummy or Daddy to help if you are using a sharp knife). Carve the apple v. roughly into the shape of a head and put it somewhere warm (an airing cupboard is ideal) and either leave it there for a few days or put it down and say "magic presto! There's one I made earlier." Your apple should have shrunk and shrivelled and dried out and should look well unhandomeful. Stick some hair (or "bristles" on it and avanti! You have a beehrived shrunken head with which to astound your pals! Well what are you waiting for? *The Woman of Troy...*

**Dear Lord Sir Black Type,**

I am writing on behalf of the "Furry Friends Of Phillip Schofield Society", (FFOFS) to say how totally disgusted we are that on two (two!) occasions on the *Letters* page on your issue dated April 22 issue, one such friend had his name spell incorrectly. Gordon is a GOPHER, not a GOFER! In an English dictionary, GOFER is described as a GAUFFRE, which is a "fluted crimp" The insult! What is wrong with these people? Do they (dare I say it) spend their time viewing children's ITV? Surely there is nothing more natural than watching children's BBC following a two hour snooze after (Gday Daphne!) Neighbourhood I rest my case. Fran Creatores (an outraged 16 year old who should be revising).

**A fluted crimp? Well, there you go!! (?????)**



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

But beware! Warts are very contagious and you pick, bite or scratch them they may spread.

So try **Compound W!** It dissolves warts is quickly and painlessly, without cutting or cauterizing. Just apply one drop to the wart each day...

... and after a few days the wart will begin to dissolve. The last few traces will gradually disappear when you wash

Before going your skin will be left and smooth again. So, if warts suddenly pay you a visit, call on your chemist for **Compound W!**



## Whatever summer throws at you rely on Aller•eze



When you suffer hayfever, you know only too well the misery it can bring. Those all-too-familiar 'summer cold' symptoms result from breathing in tiny airborne particles (usually pollen) that cause an allergic reaction. And now is the peak time for gross pollens - the most irritating pollens of all.

### Itchy, watery eyes, runny nose, sneezing

Hayfever affects different people in different ways. Many endure the discomfort of 'streaming' hayfever. That's itchy, watery eyes, runny nose and sneezing. However, many people suffer the extra misery of 'congested' hayfever which is caused by a build up of mucus and painful nasal congestion.

Avoid pollen risks whenever possible. But no matter when you get hayfever, you'll be relieved to know you can obtain effective relief without a doctor's prescription.

### Aller•eze For 'streaming' hayfever

You can trust Aller•eze to bring fast-acting, long-lasting relief because its formula has been clinically proven for 10 years with thousands of hayfever sufferers. A single tablet works for up to 12 hours. And Aller•eze does not cause drowsiness for 90% of users. (Even when drowsiness does occur, it is usually mild and temporary.)

Unfortunately, many children also suffer hayfever. Choosing an effective treatment can be difficult. But now there is Aller•eze Elixir. This pleasant-tasting, sugar-free syrup is especially for children of 3-12 years old and makes precise dosing really easy.

### Aller•eze Plus For 'congested' hayfever

If you're a 'congested' hayfever sufferer, Aller•eze Plus is really welcome news. It's a double action formula. This remarkable treatment brings together the medically-proven active ingredient of Aller•eze with a powerful decongestant to relieve that clogged and painful nasal congestion. Just like Aller•eze, Aller•eze Plus goes to work fast and lasts for hours. Of course, Aller•eze Plus will also relieve your itchy, watery eyes, runny nose and sneezing as well.

You'll find the Aller•eze products only at the pharmacy counter of your local chemist. Ask for them by name.



# Aller•eze

Fast-acting, long-lasting allergy relief



This speech is my recital  
I think it's very vital  
To rock a rhyme that's right on time  
Its trick is the title  
Here we go

Chorus  
It's tricky to rock a rhyme  
To rock a rhyme that's right on time  
It's tricky it's tricky tricky tricky  
It's tricky to rock a rhyme  
To rock a rhyme that's right on time  
It's tricky it's tricky it's tricky tricky tricky

They say I'm over-rated  
Musicians really hate it  
My name is Run I'm number one  
It's very complicated

You might think it's a snap  
A snap to make a rap  
If you do me and my crew  
Will tell you that's a fact

Repeat chorus  
It's tricky

In New York the people talk  
And try to make us rhyme  
They really hawk but we just walk  
Because we have no time  
And in the city it's a pity  
'Cause we just can't hide  
Tinted windows don't mean nothing

# RUN DMC IT'S TRICKY

They know who's inside

Repeat chorus

It's tricky

When I waks up people take up  
Mostly all of my time  
I'm not singing phone keep ringing  
'Cause I make up a rhyme  
I'm not bragging people nagging  
'Cause they think I'm a star  
Always tearing what I'm wearing  
I think they're going too far

A girl named Carol follows Darryl  
Every gig we play  
Than D dissed her and dismissed her  
Now she's jocking Jay

I ain't lying girls be crying  
'Cause I'm on TV  
They even bother my poor father  
'Cause he's down with me

It's tricky to rock a rhyme  
To rock a rhyme that's right on time  
It's tricky it's tricky tricky tricky tricky

Repeat to fade

Words and music by Simmons/McDaniels/Merrell/Fufler  
Reproduced by permission Warner Brothers Music Ltd  
On London Records

## FRIDAY ON MY MIND



Monday morning feels so hard  
Everybody seems to nag me  
Coming Tuesday I feel better  
Even my old man looks good  
Wednesday just won't go  
Thursday goes too slow  
I've got Friday on my mind

Chorus  
Gonna have fun in the city  
Be with my girl she's so pretty  
She looks fine tonight  
She is outta sight to me  
Tonight I'll paint it red  
Tonight I'll lose my head  
Tonight I've got to get  
Tonight  
Monday I have Friday on my mind

Do the five day drag once more  
Know of nothing else that bugs me  
Now I'm working for the rich man

But I'll change his tune one day  
Tonight I'll get mad  
Tomorrow I'll be glad  
'Cause I've got Friday on my mind

Repeat chorus

Yeah  
Gonna have fun in the city  
Be with my girl she's so pretty  
Gonna have some fun  
Gonna have fun in the city  
Gonna have some fun  
Be with my girl she's so pretty  
Gonna have some fun  
Gonna have fun in the city  
Gonna have some fun

Words and music by Young/Vando  
Reproduced by permission United  
Partnership Ltd/SBK Songs  
On 10 Records

# ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN

## ● THEY'RE BACK!

- WITH A NEW SINGLE CALLED "THE GAME"!
- WITH A NEW DRUMMER (EXCEPT HE'S THE OLD ONE)!
- AND WITH A SPANKING NEW PAIR OF BOXER SHORTS!!!
- CHRIS HEATH IS "PUZZLED"...

Echo And The Bunnymen have come down to London this morning to be interviewed by *Smoash Hits*. Unfortunately this afternoon they're scooting off to South America and, just at the moment, they seem to have other things on their minds. Boxer shorts, to be precise...

"Could you panic buy a white pair for me?" asks Pete De Freitas (their very polite and slightly posh-voiced drummer).

"I want good ones, real comfy ones," draws Ian McCulloch (Mac, their singer).

Jake, the friend on the receiving end of these instructions, looks uncertain. "Paul Smith (v. *swank shop*) ones are going to be £15 a pair," he warns. Mac looks affronted at the suggestion that he couldn't afford *hundreds* of pairs at that price. "I don't mind spending a few bob," he grins.

All this boxer-short banter is happening in a record company interview room. To be frank, it's a mess. It looks like a cross between a school changing room and a betting shop. All over the floor are over-stuffed bags of different shapes and sizes with clothes crawling out of them. Slumped over chairs and sofas, like islands in the middle of this chaos, are the group, counting out stacks and stacks of money, arranging for cheques to be cashed, and asking for emergency supplies of Sharp's Extra Strong Ments. And, of course, for boxer shorts. Orders taken, Jake slips out to the shops muttering "Oh yeah they're *mega* now - get the gaffer to go out and get the underwear."

"We'd have been out buying our own undies," insists Mac. "I don't like having undies that haven't been hand-picked. Though actually I do find it hard buying undies. Lorraine (*his wife*) normally buys them. People can see you..." he squirms at the horror of it all, "... it's like they've got X-ray vision, isn't it?"

Er... yes.  
"You didn't mind nicking mine!" Les Pattinson (the v. chatty bass player) suddenly exclaims, explaining that his mother had bought him "some Page 3 ones" when he was 17 and Mac had "snatched them early in the group's career under some pretence or another." "I didn't get them back for years," he huffs. "And when I did they were all worn out. The girl had totally faded."

Mac looks amused and Will Sergeant (the guitarist and easily the quietest of the four) finally breaks his silence.

"I got some great ones with Father Christmas on them for Christmas."  
Oh.

Echo And The Bunnymen have been pretty quiet for getting on three years now. They started out back in 1978 in Liverpool (with a drum machine which they called Echo - hence the name!) and soon built up a very devoted following of mostly serious young men in long overcoats. Then in 1984, with their "Ocean Rain" LP - all poetic lyrics and beautifully shimmering songs - they got rather more famous and apparently decided it was time to become huge rock stars. But then it all went wrong. They took about a year to put out their next single, "Bring On The Dancing Horses" and then... nothing. Mainly because Pete disappeared.

"I was a bit pissed off," says Will.

"I was a bit pissed off," says Mac.

"I was a bit pissed off too," agrees Les, "especially as he was supposed to be godfather at



▲ Echo And The Bunnymen (left to right): Will Sergeant, Les Pattinson, Ian McCulloch, Pete De Freitas.

my daughter Rebecca's christening two days afterwards."

So what happened?

Pete looks slightly amused and slightly embarrassed. "I just exploded," he says. "I went to New York with some friends of mine, then went down to New Orleans, did some recording, went off again, went down to Florida and then down to Jamaica. I did tons of filming."

He also, by all accounts, looked a right state. Will leans over and shows everyone a cartoon from a book he's reading - it shows a completely berserk-looking bloke with long straggly hair. "That's you there, isn't it?" he snugs.

"That's right," says Pete. "I'm described on Bill Drummond's album (*Bill Drummond is their old manager and occasional "pop" star*) on the song "Ballad For A Sex God" as the bloke "with wrap-around reflecting shades and freaked out hair". He puts his hand to his shoulder to show

how long his hair was. "I was pretty skinny too - I hadn't been eating. Or sleeping."

Hmmm. So had he gone bonkers? "Pretty much, yeah," he admits. "It was interesting."

"It's good," interrupts Mac, "that he went a bit bonkers and then came back."

Les agrees. "Sometimes you just want to go "WOOOOOOOOOHH" (*makes huge screeching noise at which the other three kill themselves laughing*). No, you do! You start wondering what you're doing, the 'meaning of life' thing."

"Yeah," sighs Pete. "You can get into a mentality where you get fed up with every single thing - everything - from your telephone going when you don't want it to onwards, and it just spirals around and you just get pissed off with everything and everybody. I didn't hate them, it's just as my normal self I wasn't capable of doing



# UNNNYMEN



Mac could be relied on to bark out a controversial opinion about anyone or anything. "I think I've grown up," he says calmly. "I don't want to get involved in all that stuff again. I'm 28 now. It's a long time. . . (smiling) since I was seventeen!"

He's not gone completely meek and sloppy though. Three or four years ago he caused a bit of a "storm" appearing on *The Tube* and started explaining in the middle of a song how all criminals should have their hands chopped off, Old Testament-style. He obviously hasn't changed his mind since.

"Fingers at least," he says. "Buddies are bad, aren't they?"

"It's like what they do to you," agrees Les, who's particularly smarting after having his car broken into outside Pete's house the other day.

"I don't think I've ever taken anything that I haven't earned or paid for," says Mac, "and I think stealing is a bad thing. Stealing is horrible. Rape is horrible too. You should kill rapists. I don't think there's any excuse."

Pete vainly sticks up for a more humanitarian approach. "What if they're sick, sick in the head? They can't control their thoughts. They can't help it."

"Neither can their victims," growls Mac.

"A decent society," insists Pete, "is about giving everyone a decent break rather than chopping hands off. It's daft. . ."

"I disagree," fumes Mac. "It's not a fair society because you're endangering the rest of society."

And on they go. Mac is particularly sensitive because his home has now been burgled six times. Suddenly though he calls a stop to the proceedings. "Uhh-oh," he says warily. "I think this could turn into a Britain would benefit from a fascist dictator interview" (referring to a very famous daft comment Dame David Bowie once made). "Anyway," he says. "We're not politicians."

Quote.

. . . we're businessmen."

At which they all "kill" themselves laughing once more.

I remind Mac of a story Julian Cope told recently - that Julian and Mac had gone to a fortune teller who'd said they'd both become famous pop stars, predicted a few other things correctly and - triple spook! - said that Mac would die at the age of 30. Mac confirms that it *did* happen.

"We were at a party - Pete Wylie as well," he remembers. "Some girl said she read palms and she did say I'd only got two years left. I have been thinking about it."

"It's poppycock," huffs Les, unimpressed.

"Don't worry about it."  
"Anyway," continues Mac, smiling, "actually what she said was that I'd be well loved and Julian wouldn't be ha ha ha." Clearly he thinks this is very true. "But she also said I wouldn't have any kids (he has a daughter, Candy). Mind you, she was a total divvy, just a stupid girl. A student."  
"One beer too many," agrees Les.

Anyway, if it is true, Mac has only two years left from yesterday when he celebrated his birthday by . . . doing what exactly?  
"I went to Manchester to do the shopping. . . changed the nappy. . . had a can of lager. . . watched a bit of telly. . . packed my bags. . . went for a *Wimpy* and ate it round the back entrance in the car. Those spiky veggie ones are great, aren't they? I always. . ."

But, sadly, we shall never discover the exact reason for Mac's spiky veggie burger devotion for, at this very moment, in saunters a puffeted-out Jake with the shopping. Every thing is pawed over, most importantly those boxer shorts. Pete peeks in the bag at his pair and looks very pleased. Mac hauls out a "nice" pair of green-and-white striped ones and looks most chuffed. "They're great," he murmurs. And with that they pick up their bags and off they go. . .



Photo: Andrew Coffin

something quite as callous as walking out on plans that had been laid down so I suppose I went a bit crazy in order to be able to do it."

As for what else he actually *did* in these lost months he's a bit vague. There was something to do with a group - The Sex Gods - who still exist without him and there was a film project: "a different kind of film, it can't really be explained - you'll have to wait and see if it ever turns up." At the time there was also lots of rumours about him getting involved in a bizarre Moonie-type American religious cult - either joining one or - gulp! - trying to start one. From the reaction of all the group when this is mentioned it's quite clear that a) there's something behind these stories and that b) they *definitely* don't want to talk about it.

"Er. . . I think this is something that has been documented enough," fobs Mac.

"It's nice to keep them guessing," says Les.

"Why put it straight?" insists Mac.

And that is that. While Pete was away, the Bunnymen recorded a new LP (using drum machines, The Pretenders' drummer Blair Cunningham and New Order's Steven Morris) and decided they didn't like it. Meanwhile Pete decided he'd quite like to rejoin.

"Jake said to me," he remembers, "they'll probably take you back and I said 'I reckon I probably want to come back' and gradually it edged towards me being back."

And now they've got a spanking new single (out any day, now) and LP - both called "The Game" ("The Game" is life," snarks Mac. "I can't write about left wing politics.") And they insist that it's worth the wait. "A lot of great records do take a long time."

They also insist that they've changed quite a lot since the days they were "wilfully awkward" and



I WANT YOUR SEX  
GEORGE MICHAEL

7" and 12" Monogram VHS

produced by George Michael

CBS  
LUST 1  
LUST 11

*Capitol*  
1986





# THE MONTREUX

## What are Curiosity Killed The Cat, Boy George, Whitney other pop stars doing in a little town in Switzerland?

Imagine if more than 60 top pop acts suddenly dropped in to a middle sized town somewhere. Imagine if for one week the place was riddled with about 170 or more pop stars on the loose. Imagine also if they brought all their managers, publicists, make-up artists, costume people and all the other assorted types with them. Imagine, then, some 500 journalists and photographers swarming down on the place. At every street corner and hotel lobby, imagine hundreds of film and radio crews. Imagine too the BBC and a couple of other European TV companies trying to film all the aforementioned acts miming to their hit songs for a show that will eventually go out to some five hundred million people around the universe. Imagine the complete muddle everyone will get into trying to make it all work. This, then, is the Montreux Pop Festival – if not Europe's biggest pop event, then definitely its oddest.

The festival events were, of course, to be somewhat eclipsed by the Beastie Boys furore (see pages 74-75), but for the moment let us cast our glance over some of the other goings on...

### THE STAR STUDDED CAST!!!

From Monday, when the first stars arrive, to the following weekend when the last ones leave, Montreux is awash with ruddy pop stars. A-ha, the Beastie Boys, The Blow Monkeys, Boy George, the Communards, Depeche Mode, Duran Duran, Level 42, Run DMC, Whitney Houston... and dozens more of the brighters are here.

Some, like Duran Duran, are here simply to do the TV show and be off as quickly as possible: John, Simon and Nick (sporting his new bleached hair) arrive separately on Wednesday evening and after a brief "hullo" nip straight up to their hotel rooms. Unlike most of the other pop stars who seem to regard Montreux as one big social event, Duran keep themselves to themselves during their short stopover, much to the disappointment of Spandau's Gary Kemp who the day before had been expressing a hope that maybe Duran, Spandau and the Beastie Boys could all have what he termed (ahem!) a "drinking competition".

"Duran used to be big drinkers when Andy Taylor was around," he recalls wistfully. "I remember us and Duran having a drinking competition years ago and it

was just left to me and Andy. Those were the days."

But Duran have obviously changed their habits somewhat: instead of indulging in the usual celebration after their Montreux TV appearance they simply slip upstairs back to their rooms. Pahl!

As for A-ha: last year had been a nightmare for them. They'd been hounded all over the place by the "press". This year however the news papers seem to be ignoring them, so they have a more relaxed time. They arrive late on the Wednesday night, scoff a meal in the empty restaurant of the hotel where they're staying, then go to bed. The next day consists of unveiling their new single, "The Living Daylights", which leaves them the Friday morning to be tourists and have a quick look round an old castle on the shores of Lake Geneva. Ver Spands too were here last year – they're seasoned regulars at these huge European festivals – but they still think Montreux is the most fun. Montreux, deems Gary Kemp wistfully is really "just an excuse for lots of British media people to leave their wives and girlfriends behind and be completely over the top." Which brings us to...

### swing out sister



▲ Swing Out Sister "dearly confused"

### ★ "What are Swing Out Sister doing in Montreux?"

Corinne Drewery is sitting at a table, gazing up at some rather pretty snow-topped Alps. "It's still puzzling me, actually. I was quite pleased to come to Switzerland because I'd like to have a look at the place, but I don't really know what the Montreux Pop Festival is. I've heard of it but I've never seen it before. But then I remember saying exactly the same thing about the BPI awards. I think this is probably where the TV companies try and pretend they know lots of bands – other than that I couldn't really say. But I'm the boring one of the group. I go to bed early and never drink a lot and I haven't been in any fights with the Beastie Boys. Maybe you should ask Andy about it."

Swing Out Sister appear to be a deeply confused group. Andy – in fact – looks very, very confused indeed. "I didn't get up this morning," he apologises. "Apparently I went to bed at half

past five, which is something I'm not proud of. Go West were down in the Hyatt bar and they were putting it away quite a bit. Tony Hadley was nice; he bought me a drink. I don't feel very well," he adds by way of explanation.

Ah me. Such are the dreadful rock and roll temptations of Montreux.

"This is Martin," says Corinne as Martin approaches her table looking quite as ill as Andy. "He's just been to the toilet. Look up there at those trees," she continues blithely. "They look just like Christmas trees. I think," she suggests brightly to the boys, "we should go and eat a fondus (goosey Swiss cheese dish)."

Martin's reaction is predictably unenthusiastic. "I think I'd probably be ill if I had a fondue."

So, what will you be doing when you get away from this and back to Britain then?

"We'll be going to the doctor's," returns Martin blithely. Oh dear.

# REUX POP FESTIVAL

by Houston, Beastie Boys, A-ha and three squillion  
Come with me and find out," bleats William Shaw . . .

## ub40

★ "Do you want to know the truth?" queries UB40's guitarist Robin Campbell. "The Montreux Festival is work... and it's boring. Generally it's not exciting at all. In fact it's really very boring."

What? The Montreux Festival? Boring? How on earth can the greatest gathering of pop stars in one square mile ever be considered boring???

"Yeah, well, I suppose I'm being a bit cynical here because as a group we don't really like the music business much anyway, but it's a good way of making a living. Once you realise that it's all front, that people are being conned by all the glamour, and that pop stars get up and feel rough in the morning like everyone else does then you can simply approach something like this from a work point of view, because we've been doing this for such a long time compared to a lot of the bands that are here."

They've been "doing this for such a long time" that — as a

matter of fact — they attended the first ever Montreux Festival way back in 1984.

And not only that but it was actually UB40 who played the part of the Beastie Boys at that first ever festival. Why? Because they were supposed to have completely wrecked a hotel room that's why, the little horrors.

"Well, I dunno," Robin looks a bit sheepish when reminded of the event. "All that was an over the top sort of party. When you go to a local party with a bunch of friends things happen... things get broken. It was just a whole lot of people in one room who'd probably had a bit too much to drink and got over-excited. We blame it all on Madness: they were at the party as well."

"Yeah," quips sax player Brian Travers. "It was all Madness' fault. I don't think any of us was there. In fact we weren't even at the festival."

What a bunch of complete fibbers.

▼ UB40 "complete fibbers"



Photo: LFP

THE WILD WILD NIGHTS!!!  
It's all quite bizarre really. Except for the

few pop stars who keep themselves to "themselves" and prefer the privacy of their own hotel rooms, like Whitney Houston, Boy George and Duran, every single last pop star seems to go completely mad and get completely "legless" in each other's company. The centre of all the festival's nightlife is an



▲ A-ha "more relaxed"

unlikely place called the Hyatt Hotel bar, it's here that the pop stars throng after the shows. For 51 weeks of the year it's just a normal, ugly hotel bar with a boring cabaret act tucked away in the corner singing dreadful cover versions. This week, though, the cabaret players don't know what's hit them. On the Tuesday night for instance, there they are delivering a particularly unpleasant version of "Holding Back The Years" when who should walk in but Mick Hucknall? He gives the poor songstress the most withering glance you could imagine, stopping her dead in her tracks. The very same night, the group's piano player has to dissuade DJ Hurricane from the Beastie Boys and Run from Run DMC from tampering with the group's drum machine.

It's all this rather sordid bar that you'll come across the sight of Robbie Nevil having a bit of a "chwinag" with the chaps from Level 42, while Richard Drummie from Go West circulates among the crowd looking decidedly squiffy. It's here that the Beastie Boys took part in their



▲ Patsy Kensit "Patsy Kensit"

pranksome mock-fights after drinking several glasses of a cocktail which Ad-Rock informs us is called a "Cold Medina". "I'd like to say," says MCA by the by, "that my name Yauch is actually a Swiss name so I am returning to my homeland. Where can I buy a cuckoo clock?" he witters.

It's here also you'll see Julian Lennon — who's dropped by for the festival — having a chat with Kim Wilde, a fact which sparked those completely untrue "rumours" about a romantic attachment between the pair in the UK "press".

And here too — as the night wears on — you can witness the raddled antics of the stars. One night — for some reason — Gary Kemp and Andy Connell from Swing Out Sister decide to play a game which involves running repeatedly at a settee



▲ Jimmy Somerville, "shocked"

and then falling over. Most peculiar. "I can't really remember what the rules were," Andy admits the next morning, looking



# MONTREX

## boy george



▲ Boy George "looking rather splendid"

★ On the Wednesday night Boy George showed his face in the Hyatt bar for a "quiet" drink (of coffee because George has forsaken alcohol). He sat himself in a corner and was doing his best to have a conversation with TV presenter Jonathan Ross when suddenly the Beastie Boys loomed up on him and began shouting "Yo! George! How was it in prison?" "I didn't go to prison," George returned tartly and strode off upstairs to the room. It was all a bit too much for the chap.

"They were just trying to get some reaction," he explained later in his hotel room. "I don't think much of the Beastie Boys really. I met them once before in New York and I gave them a mouthful because they were going to call their LP 'We Don't Like Faggots'. They tried to defend themselves saying they didn't mean faggots in that way so I said, 'Well, faggot means queer in America, doesn't it?' and they insisted that that's not what it meant."

"But apart from that I just find all this Beastie Boys stuff that there's been in the newspapers really amusing. Fleet Street, they need somebody to do something or else they haven't got anything to print. Do I sympathise with them for all the bad publicity they've got? It will probably do them good if they're clever."

George is sitting by the window of his hotel room getting ready to perform tonight at the casino. His make-up's on and he's waiting for his assistant to iron his costume. Does he spend much time hobnobbing with other pop stars?

"It depends who they are. I like Alison Moyet, but then she's a friend, she's a really nice girl. I met Robbie Nevil, he's really nice too, but most of the people here are so full of shit so what's the point of talking to them? I mean, the other night the Beastie Boys started doing some stupid stunts in the Hyatt bar so Spandau Ballet started jumping over some chairs thinking they weren't going to get noticed. I mean, how stupid can you get? I've done all that. I've walked out of women's toilets," he snickers, "so who needs to do that?"

"It's been alright. I've met all the people I want to meet here. I met Morten Harket. He's a nice guy. I've met him a couple of times, but he never says much. I think he knows I fancy him so he's a bit embarrassed," chortles George.

Perched in his chair, awaiting a cup of tea, George is wearing a white jacket that's festooned with badges of Nick Kamen. Did he meet Nick too?

"No, I missed him unfortunately. One of the journalists – Gill Pringle from *The Daily Mirror* – saw my badges and said 'So you're a secret Nick Kamen fan are you?' And I said 'Oh yeah, Gill, real secret!'" he says sarcastically.

"They gave Nick a real hard time at his press conference didn't they? I said to one of the journalists down there – because they were really nasty about him – I said 'The only difference is that you're an ugly old cow and he's good looking and that's what probably annoys you...'"

Does George enjoy coming to this festival?

"No, I didn't really want to come but because my record's doing really well in Europe I came here to do some European press. I don't come here for the social life. I don't have to jump over chairs any more," he smirks, "or throw bread rolls like the Beastie Boys..."

## whitney houston

★ On Wednesday that extremely aloof soul personage Whitney Houston flies into Switzerland for the festival. Even though she is very much in demand (with her new single "I Wanna Dance With Somebody (Who Loves Me)" shooting straight into the top ten in the British charts) unlike every other pop star, she decides not to stay at Montreux. Instead she "plumps" for Lausanne, 30 miles away, which is where everybody who can't get a room-over in Montreux is forced to stay and throughout her short visit she maintains an extremely "low" profile. Whereas all the other pop stars tend to pop down to one of the big hotel bars for a drink, Whitney skulks away in the privacy of her own boudoir.

It isn't till Thursday afternoon that she finally puts in a proper appearance, caked in make-up and wearing an extremely glittery silver and gold bracelet with the words WHITNEY spelled out in swanky diamonds. "Was the bracelet a gift?" she pipes. "No... I bought it myself. How much did it cost?" Darne Houston looks shocked. "I'm not going to tell you that!"

Twenty-four year old Whitney had to abandon her beloved cats Marilyn and Mistlebeu and her German sheepdog Thor back at home ("My housekeeper's looking after them") to come here.

Instead she came with her ever-present assistant Robin: "She's my closest companion," explained Whitney. "We've been friends for years: she knew me before I was famous as Whitney Houston."

The last 12 months have seen Whitney move closer and closer to Messrs Madonna and Jackson in the battle for the title of undisputed

Queen of American pop. Has this sourawsey success turned La Houston's head?

"I'm coping with it. The only way that it affects me is that I took my time with this, I didn't just run into it myself."

But now you lead such a swanky pop star's life, isn't there any little something that you miss?

"No, not particularly. What you have to remember is that I took my time with this, I didn't just run into this and say I want to be a star and a singer. My mother (soul singer Cissy Houston) wasn't going to go for that. She said 'No, you have to finish High School, and you have to have your years of growing up and learning and going to school, and so I had to finish it all, and all that matters when you're young. So I think I've had my fun in my teen years: there's not anything I particularly miss.'"

So... er... Whitney, how come you've gone and recorded "I Know Him So Well", from Andrew Lloyd Webber's "groovy" musical *Chess* on your new LP "Whitney"?

"I love the song. I thought it was a classic actually. Have I seen *Chess*? No... what happened was that I was in Germany doing the TV show and these two young ladies who originally sang the song (Eliane Page and Barbara Dickson) were in the dressing room next to me and I could hear them singing it. I could hear the voices and they were so, like... angelic and they caught my attention, so I stopped, but all I could hear was 'I know him so well'. And then, two years later we were playing through some material for this album and they said to me 'Do you like this song?' and there it was – 'I Know Him So Well...'"

Smashing.

▼ Whitney Houston "kept a low profile throughout"



## curiosity killed the cat



▲ Curiosity Killed The Cat: "completely exhausted"

**A journalist:** "Ben? What's the truth about you and Paula?"  
**Everybody in Curiosity Killed The Cat:** Groan.  
**Another journalist:** "Ben? What's the truth behind you and Mandy Smith?"  
**Everybody in Curiosity Killed The Cat:** Even louder groan.  
**Yet another journalist:** "With all the work you're doing, what happens to your personal lives?"  
**Nick:** "We don't need personal lives because you've already made them up for us in your newspaper."  
**Lots of journalists:** Groan.

Such was the fiasco that was the Curiosity Killed The Cat press conference at Montreux. Thoroughly disgruntled about the press conference, the group are walking along the shore of Lake Geneva back to their hotel.

"There's no words to describe it," despairs Ben. "People like that (i.e. 'news' paper journalists) shouldn't be allowed out of the country. They shouldn't be allowed anywhere. Those people are dirt, they're just dirt because they've got no morals. They're just earning money for being bloodsuckers." Migi is limping along with a walking stick having sprained his ankle stepping off his drum stand during the group's tour. All of the group look completely exhausted.

"Basically we enjoy things like this," says Nick, "but it takes a lot out of you, just traveling and travelling."

"Doing photo-sessions, giving autographs all the time," adds Ben, "that sort of thing takes a lot out of you when it shouldn't really. We're spending all our time doing that sort of thing. It's very hard to handle when all you want to do is play music."

"And television shows like this," says Ben, "they're difficult. It's alright doing it once, but when you do a rehearsal, then a rehearsal and then you've actually got to perform it you've run out of ideas for miming. You can't just repeat

them. If we were somebody like Five Star who'd got all our stuff rehearsed then it would be great but we're used to playing live."

Back in the bar of the hotel where the group are staying Ben gazes out of the window at the mountains across the lake. "I suppose it is incredibly glamorous really. It's like great to come and visit a place like this. . . . seeing the Alps in the flesh."

Saturday is Ju's birthday and the group are planning a major celebration. They tried to hire a paddle steamer to float around the huge lake in but it was booked up, so they've got to find some other way of celebrating.

"And," says Ben, "I think we'll try and go out for a big meal tonight. What's fondue like?"

And go for a big meal they do. It's quite an event actually. After their performance they troll off to a Swiss restaurant with Love And Money and Bob Geldof and everybody gets completely and utterly raddled. Much to the horror of the Swiss restaurant staff, who expect everybody to go home at 10.30, they stay on to the wee small hours and begin singing lots of terrible songs which no one quite knows the words to. The restaurant's manager is absolutely furious and decrees that no such pop stars will ever darken his door again.

And quite right too.

something the worse for wear. "In fact I'm not at all sure that . . . there were any. . ."

A-ha! he, naturally, much better behaved. Mags and Pål drop by one night and have a quiet little drink by the piano. The next night however, Morten decides to join them.

For some reason he insists that huge great screens are erected around the group while they have a drink, so they sit there, looking rather



▲ Terence "Trem" O'Arby "in a muddle"

foolish behind these great big boards while Morten chats to Mel & Kim.

"The Communards wisely decide to have nothing to do with these frolics. 'Socialising with other pop stars?' says a shocked Jimmy Somerville.

"That's the last thing I want to do." But, in spite of all this, there is a serious side to Montreux: the work, which consists of the TV show, meeting the foreign press and . . .

### THE AWFUL PRESS CONFERENCES!!!!

"A cattle market," is how Jimmy Somerville describes these strange affairs, and he's not wrong.

Poor Nick Kamen has an unfortunate time. The press bombard him with rather rude questions about whether he's really a "proper" pop star or not and about his affair with girlfriend Talisa and leave the



▲ Nick Kamen "distinctly miffed"

poor chap looking distinctly miffed.

The only person who seems to keep her head above water in these dreadful affairs is Chrissie Hynde of The Pretenders, who haughtily ticks off any journalists who ask any questions which she thinks are "too personal" but who freely admits that her

marriage to fellow pop star Jim Kerr of Simple Minds is "all messed up", because they're always on tour in different countries all the time. "But this is the way we live, and I'm certainly not about to abandon it," she quips.

### THE COMPLETE MUDDLE!!

And — of course — with so many pop people all jumbled up in one place, the whole thing is a complete muddle. For a start there's the muddle of the pop show itself: for four continuous days pop stars are queuing up to get on stage for a 15 minute rehearsal, then queuing up for the evening's 15 minute performance in front of a crowd of wildly enthusiastic Swiss people. The shows themselves are like a sort of not-quite-as-good-as-Top-Of-The-Pops affair and because there are so many "artists" appearing, it's impossible for them to play "live" — in fact the only group who performs completely "live" is the Communards. So the real ink is who can mime best. Groups like A-Ha, Duran and Ver Spands are old pros who can turn in a smart show under practically any circumstance.

▼ Spandau Ballet "keep themselves to themselves"



But the "liveliest" performers are groups like Curiosity Killed The Cat, who romp around with enthusiastic abandon and the Beastie Boys who go completely mad and keep jumping into the crowd, much to the confusion of the cameramen who don't quite know where to film.

But the biggest muddle of all seemed to take place whenever everyone was actually trying to leave Montreux and go home. Spandau Ballet, for instance, completely forgot to leave which meant there weren't any rooms for the newly arrived Communards to stay in, so they had to leave downstairs sitting dejectedly on their suitcases until the whole mess had been sorted out. Cutting Crew got in a muddle and took the wrong suitcases with them to the airport. And then poor Terri Nunn got involved in a muddle at the airport when the customs officials decided she was a drug smuggler and insisted on strip searching her. What a muddle! But then, at last it was all over and the last pop person had quit Montreux and the whole place was quiet again. For the next 51 weeks, anyway. . .

# THE BEASTIE BOYS IN MONTREUX

## WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?

According to the "news" papers, the Beastie Boys arrived in Montreux, swore at a group of sick children, threw a bottle at Run DMC, turned a car over, and left a "trail of destruction" wherever they went. Or did they? Chris Heath finds out what really happened. . .

In some ways there was almost bound to be a fuss over the Beastie Boys in Montreux. Just as last year the British press had decided that the best "story" was going to be about Frankie Goes To Hollywood and spent their evenings in the bar making up stories about £100,000 trails of destruction, so this year the "honour" had fallen to the Beastie Boys. They have, after all, all the correct qualifications — they're a bit "controversial", there's already been quite a fuss (encouraged by the press) over whether they should be banned from Britain because of their supposedly disgusting songs, obnoxious behaviour and rude stage show (including a scantily clad dancer in a cage and a 21ft model wifie) and they could be relied upon to "lark" about a bit anyway.

Which is exactly what the Beastie Boys did. As usual they were loud, frequently rude, even more frequently tippy and generally rather offish in true Beastie Boys fashion. But — also as usual — there doesn't seem to be any evidence at all that they did anything worse than that. As their manager Russell Simmons says: "The Beastie Boys are mischievous, they have a lot of fun — in the same spirit as the *Fight For The Right To Party* video — but they'd never ever intentionally hurt anyone. They're one of the few bands I've worked with who have good karma. What they present is a good-time image. I don't think anybody could be with them and feel threatened or think they're dangerous."

Except that it soon became clear that the *Daily Mirror* thought otherwise. Under the headline "POP IDOLS SNEER AT DYING KIDS" they printed a front page story claiming that the Beastie Boys had been unspeakably rude to some children — mainly "terminally" ill leukaemia patients. Oblivious to the fact that no one — apart from one so-called "journalist" — claimed to have observed this incident, the word went mad. TV-AM announced that the group should be banned and no one should buy their records. A

London *Capital* Radio DJ broke their single on air. Mike Smith gave a little early morning speech about how ghastly they were. The Beastie Boys' British record company started to receive death threats. Some of the other "news" papers did bother to print denials of the story but went on dreaming up all manner of other Beastie Boys antics (as listed and commented on by Ad-Rock opposite). It was reported — incorrectly as it turned out — that the Home Secretary was on the verge of banning them from Britain.

To the Beastie Boys' horror even their idol Samantha Fox was amongst those saying they were "awful, horrible, one big turn-off" ("she's too concerned with her bust," comments Ad-Rock. "We're going to hang her upside down out of a window"). And pop stars weren't alone — everyone seemed to believe there was some truth in the story. So was there?

It doesn't look like it. The Beastie Boys claim to have no knowledge of the children. The head of the children's charity now claims nothing happened. Paul Young — who, as the charity's patron, flew over to see what all the fuss was about — discovered that the Beastie Boys names were in many of the kids' autograph books, just some of the many autographs they signed without knowing there was anything "special" about these ones. And there are all sorts of ugly rumours about why the *Daily Mirror* first concocted the story and then secondly tried to support it . . .

Of course, a lot of the damage had already been done. Much as the Beastie Boys want to believe that "our fans and our friends know what time it is, know the truth — we're making records for them, not the *Daily Mirror*", an awful lot

of people believed the story. The Beastie Boys are — in most un-Beastie-Boy-like fashion — simply very upset and horrified about it all.

"We didn't do that, we never would and never have," fumes Ad-Rock. "People should know that." Because of all this Britain has clearly gone down in their estimation, "it's crazy because we've always had such a good time when we've come to London. They're running fun; all we want to do is come to England, do a good show and have fun. First people say they don't want us to come and now they start these rumours . . . *ine*. We'll do our shows and leave and that'll be it. You just don't appreciate us."



▲ The Beastie Boys blow up a photographer!?



▲ The Beastie Boys blow up Run DMC!?

▲ The Beastie Boys blow up Run DMC again!?



▲ The Beastie Boys blow up the stage!?

Photo: Duncan Rubin

▲ MCA

▲ Mike D

▲ Ad-Rock



# ENED!



▲ The Beastie Boys sign some autographs and then blow up their fans!!!!?



▲ The Beastie Boys blow up a sugar cube!!!!?



▲ The Beastie Boys blow up the world!!!!?

## WHAT THEY DIDN'T DO:

**1 Swear at some dying children** from the *Dreams Come True* Foundation, using the words "who cares about a bunch of cripples anyway?" and "go away you fuckin' cripples?" That's the craziest thing I've ever heard. A friend of ours is paralysed from the neck down and for someone to say we'd do that is the most crazy thing. It's an obvious lie. Obviously someone's out to get us for some reason—I don't know what for. If anything I feel empathy and sympathy for people like that and I wouldn't do anything but go out of my way to be kind. They've got it in their minds that we're these raving lunatics. It's crazy."

**2 Leave a trail of destruction** after a five hour drinking spree. "I wouldn't say that a five hour drinking spree was out of the question—at least five hours—but what's the 'trail of destruction'? If it means having fun with each other, pushing each other round and having a good time then, yes, we did that. If it means beating up crippled children then that's crazy."

**3 Cause a photographer to cut his face** with a glass and break a camera lens at their press conference. "That's the first I've heard of that. We're supposed to have hurled a glass (sarcastically). Of course. Look at us. Do we really look like menacing people? Someone must have stayed up all night thinking up these ridiculous stories. Our manager Russell says we should use them in a movie."

**4 Throw a broken bottle at one of Run DMC.** "What? Run DMC are possibly our oldest friends in the world. Yauch (MCA) and Jay did have a little argument—about a girl back in New York who they're both, er, friends with—but no one smashed a glass or a bottle or anything. That's crazy."

**5 Send a youngster crashing to the floor.** "Definitely, definitely not. I didn't see that many youngsters there. I wish I had. In Montreux it was mainly a bunch of stuffy old arseholes. I don't know where they get stories like this. It just makes me sad that they actually get into print and people believe them. It's depressing. We're out to have fun—not to hurt anybody. We've seen plenty of people get hurt in our lives and we wouldn't wish that on anybody."

**6 Leave children in tears after signing autographs.** "People don't understand what it was like. There were kids waiting outside the hotel and when our van would draw up they'd get all excited and when the doors would open they'd look in and walk away. Most of them didn't even know who we were."

## WHAT THEY DIDDO:

**1 Hurl rolls at photographers at their press conference.**

"We did this press conference and when we went into the room the photographers literally broke open the doors and pushed a table over with plates and cups on. So we were just playing around with them—we threw a couple of pieces of bread and they threw them back. It was fun; like a food fight, playful. I hit a guy in the face with a piece of ham."

**2 Hurl food at party guests.**

"I wouldn't put it past us to do that at all—we do it all the time. I can't remember a specific time but I can remember about 150 times! But I wouldn't intentionally hurt anybody and I would never throw a glass at somebody. I'd throw a chicken leg..."



▲ The Beastie Boys blow up The Queen!!!!!!?



▲ The Beastie Boys blow up The Pope!!!!!!!!!!?

**3 Overturn a car.**

"Well, we didn't quite turn it over. We were about to and then we decided not to. We thought how would you feel if you were with a girl you've met in a bar and you're all slick and you say 'come back to my place' and suddenly there's your car and it's turned over. We thought that if we did it would creep back to us one day in one of our lives so we didn't."



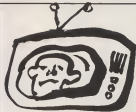
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## SHTV

### 3.00 Take The High Road

Uncle Jock finds a pair of tweezers in his baggages; Ferguson is sick in a match box. An ordinary tale of quite extraordinary people.



**3.25 Curiosity Killed The Cat**  
This week, Ben, Migi, Ju and Nick get into some more wizard scrapes.

### 3.30 Sons And Daughters

The search is on for Irene's toaster; Barney is sick in his slippers.



### 4.00 David Bowie

Join Dame David and his guests for conversation and entertainment, live from Amsterdam.

### 4.35 Orm And Cheep

The puppet friends plan a gruesome murder.



### 5.15 Jim Kerr

The Simple Minds singer meets a nosy journalist.

### News at 5.45

### 6.00 Pet Shop Boys

Episode 63: Neil and Chris turn up on the video set and are devastated by what they find.

### 6.35 Crossroads

Mrs Tardebigge loses a harpin in the leisure centre; Adam is sick in his moustache.

### 7.00 Erasure

Andy Bell rummages through his pervy wardrobe. Gloria Hunniford is sick in her cardigan.

### 7.25 Who's The Greatest?

Curiosity Killed The Cat v Madonna v Beastie Boys v Smash Hits  
Host Brian Moore gives away four marvellous free badges to the readers of Britain's brightest pop magazine.



### 7.30 Coronation Street

Deirdre pays an unexpected visit to the hairdresser's; Ken is sick in his newspaper.

### 12.40 am Night Thoughts

A boring vicar blows out a candle.

### Closedown

For further details see...

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