

20



PRINCE
JOHN LYDON
THE MIGHTY WAH!
GEORGE MICHAEL
BILLY IDOL
GREEN

Smash HITS

CULTURE CLUB IN JAPAN



FREE
GIANT
POSTER



A SIDE
NIK KERSHAW
AA SIDE
THOMPSON TWINS



SMASH HITS

GEORGE MICHAEL

HERE IS A HEALTH WARNING: all readers are strongly advised not to try lifting this magazine 'cos there's **TOO MUCH** in it. Top doctors suggest you first detach the **GIANT FREE COLOUR POSTER** in the centre (featuring **NIK KERSHAW** and the **THOMPSON TWINS**) and bung it on a wall for safe keeping, then tackle the **72 JAM-PACKED PAGES** separately.

You know it makes sense.

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CULTURE CLUB IN JAPAN — 54-57
A tale of mgle-bashing, curling tongs and crowds of Girl Georges, of a TV show called Music Tomato Land, the traditional Kabouki theatre and adverts for Nissan cars. The tears, the trifs, the triumphs and the gangs of Japanese Smash Hits readers chancing "We want to go to Random!" We bring you Culture Club and Japandemonium in the first of a two-part special.

THE MIGHTY WAH! — 10/11
Pete Wylie suffers the appalling side-effects of custard-eating.



PRINCE — 28/29
They call him "His Royal Badness". And we know why

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THE GREAT T-SHIRT HAND-OUT! — 39
10 lots of 101-shirts to be won. But who's this "well crucial geezer" modelling them?



SCHITTI-POLITTI — 40/41
Centre spread. Green shows a leg.



JOHN LYDON — 48/49
Likes: big houses with swimming pools, large fast cars, sharks. Hates: Duran Duran, hypocrites, fascists, people who don't like his records...



BILLY IDOL — 64/65
The Gen X singer is back and being rather noisy. "I see people laughing at rock and roll, but they will learn!"

David Sylvian

RELEASED JULY 30

New Single

The ink in
the Well

B/W

Weathered Wall
(instrumental)

12" Special limited Edition
fold out poster (36"-24")

7" Special limited Edition
fold out sleeve



VS700

VS700-12

Taken from the album 'brilliant trees' v2290

Virgin

Could you please tell me the make and model of bass guitar used by John Taylor of Duran Duran. I know someone who wants one exactly like it. Also, could you confirm which member of the group does the "yeah" bit in the second verse of "The Reflex". It comes after the screeching part of "Why yi yi yi" where it then goes "yeah" I bet rests on this as I think it's John.

Two Mad JT Fans.

♫ I'd never have guessed. JT's collection of instruments has grown considerably over the last two years, but the modal favoured one is an Aria SB 1000. He actually has four of these — two black, one white and one red — and they sell for about £350-£400 each. Ever helpful, John compiled a list of his total collection and it goes as follows: Aria SB 1000 (four models), black Aria RS8 Deluxe, white Aria RS8 Elite, fretless Aria SB 7000, Ovation 1569, Steinburger bass, maple finish Aria 4000, blue/black Aria Explorer and a BC Rickenbacker bass. He also has two acoustic models, a 12-string Aria (hand-built) and a black Kondo, but the one he favours most is his white Gretsch Falcon, now a vintage guitar and only available second-hand and even then it'll set you back £700 or £800!

Finally when Sheila from the Duran Fan Club saw them play at the Birmingham NEC the other week, she confirmed that it was actually resident loony Andy who supplied the part in question. Hope all this is detailed enough.



Got a question about pop? There's NOTHING (well almost nothing!) Linda can't answer. Send her a postcard: Linda, 61-63 Street, South Hill, SE-95 Cernaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

GRETCH SMART

album is "due shortly" incidentally, we hear Vince has completely rid himself of the long wave of hair at the front and now sports a very short, almost shaved, crop. Thought you'd like to know that. As regards your buckled LP, having consulted a number of "experts" on the subject — and ignored all the comments like, well, it's The Cure's lyrics that are really warped, etc — I've only managed to uncover one even remotely sensible solution: put the offending record on a flat-topped heater (a storage heater would be ideal), put a number of weighty books on top of it, turn the heater on and wait for a few minutes. There's also, apparently, some method that involves putting the record in the oven but it sounds a bit dodgy to me. Anyone know any other suggestions?

I am probably Depeche Mode's greatest fan of all time and would like a list of all their records.

Tony Shaw, Derby.

♫ Singles were: "Dramming Of Me" — highest position 57 (Mar '81), "New Life" — 11 (Jun '81), "Just Can't Get Enough" — 8 (Sep '81), "Sea You" — 6 (Feb '82), "The Meaning Of Love" — 12 (May '82), "Leave In Change" — 18 (Aug '82), "Get The Balance Right" — 13 (Jan '83), "Everything Counts" — 6 (Jul '83), "Love In Itself" — 21 (Sep '83) and "People Are People", their biggest hit to date at 4 (Mar '84). Albums: "Speak And Spell" — 10 (Oct '81), "Broken Frame" — 8 (Sep '82) and "Construction Time Again" — 6 (Aug '83). They're currently held up in a London recording studio preparing their fourth album, but a new single is expected "shortly".

When I want to see imagination playing at Slough a couple of weeks back, Lee John performed a really slow song about halfway through the set, when everyone else left the stage. I've bought three of their albums in the past but still can't find it. Despondent Sheena Easton Fan, Camberley. ♫ Grandly titled "I'll Always Love You", you'll find it on side two of their first album "Body Talk". Imagination are also back in the studio at

present, so a new single shouldn't be too far off.

Please please tell me if there's any address where I could contact Holly Johnson of FGTH. I read somewhere that he only got letters from blokes so I hope I can be the first female to tell him he's wonderful.

The Buzzard On Holly's Shoulder, Nottingham.

♫ So do I, but you'd better hurry. You can write to him at the fan club, based at PO Box 160, Liverpool L6G 8BT or, alternatively, c/o the Press Office, Island Records, 22 St. Peter's Square, London W6L 9NW.



Please give us some details about a DJ called Russ Lindsey. We saw him on ORS '84 when he did a short interview with Peter Powell. We want a photo!

Jane, Heidi and Johanna, Preston. ♫ Born in Glasgow 23 years ago, he's a blue eyed blond, 5'11 1/2" tall and weighing just 10 1/2 stone. Before settling in West London under a year ago, he lived in Portsmouth and spent five years studying computer electronics. Having met Peter Powell a couple of years back at a Bournemouth Road Show, he's since been employed by Peter in the capacity of personal management — driving him to gigs, going through new bands' demo tapes and "acting as minder" (he practices karate). Incidentally, his nickname's "Superstar" (what else?) and he doesn't have a current girlfriend!

Just a simple question: could you please supply the address of Wham!'s Fan Club? Ian Wright, Wolverhampton.

♫ That's easy. It's based at: PO Box 1AP, London W1A 1AP. Remember to enclose an SAE. Incidentally, The Wham! Club has caused no end of trouble in the past — delays in sending out goods, lost forms, and general poor quality of service, but we're assured that's all changed now they've got new people running it. Still, I'd advise you to make sure you know what you're getting before you part with your £6.00.

My friend and I are having a bitter argument over David Bowie and Stevie Wonder. Can you tell us who's had the most Top 40 hits?

Gary Marshall, Slough. ♫ Counting solo hits only, Bowie's chalked up 32 as opposed to Wonder's 30. The figure is even higher if you include hits with other artists. Bowie and Queen reached Number One with "Under Pressure" and, with Ring Crosby, Number 3 with "Peace On Earth". Wonder, with McCartney, also got to Number One with "Ebony and Ivory". But, when you consider that Wonder signed his first contract when just 12, it's still a surprise to learn that it's Bowie who's out in front with 34 hits, three more than Stevie.



I want to see Kajagoogoo recently end was very impressed by their support group National Pastime. How many singles have they released and how long have they been going?

Tracy Charlton, Blyth.

♫ From Manchester and all aged around 19/20, they've known each other for about four years but only formed National Pastime ten months back. Signed to new independent label Spellbound, their first single "Lunacy" (catalogue no. SPEL4) was issued last May with the follow-up, "No Goodbyes" (SPEL7), released this week. Left-right in photo, they are: John Evans (guitar), Mark Knott (drums), Andy Dalvi (vocals, sax), Oliver Shaen (bass) and Rupert Sheen (keyboards). Write to them at: Spellbound Records, Southbank House, Black Prince Road, London SE1 7SL.

Could you find out what Vince Clarke, ex-Yazoo, has been up to of late? I haven't heard anything for ages. Also, is there any way of strengthening a warped Cure LP? Someone told me to stick it in the fridge!

Lee Harvey Oswald, Sussex.

♫ Vince is still signed to Mute Records and has spent the past ten months "messing around in the studio" with fellow Assembly member Eric Radcliffe. They intend to continue their policy of working with different singers each time, but as yet prefer to mention no names. As "Never Never" (with Feargal Sharkey on vocals) was released almost a year ago, Mute say the

white

China



real world

New 7" & 12" Single

IS 172 12IS 172



DIVINE



you think you're a man

TURN AROUND
STAND UP LIKE A MAN AND LOOK ME IN THE EYE
TURN AROUND
TAKE ONE FINAL LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE LEFT BEHIND
THEN WALK AWAY
FROM THE GREATEST LOVER YOU HAVE EVER KNOWN
YES WALK AWAY
YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT YOU CAN MAKE IT
ON YOUR OWN BY YOURSELF
ALL ALONE WITHOUT MY HELP
MISTER YOU JUST MADE A BIG MISTAKE

CHORUS
YOU THINK YOU'RE A MAN BUT YOU'RE ONLY A BOY
YOU THINK YOU'RE A MAN YOU ARE ONLY A TOY
YOU THINK YOU'RE A MAN BUT YOU JUST COULDN'T SEE
YOU WEREN'T MAN ENOUGH TO SATISFY ME

SHUT THE DOOR
TAKE A LOOK AROUND AND TELL ME WHAT YOU FIND
SHUT THE DOOR
TAKE A GIANT STEP FOR YOU AND ALL MANKIND
THEN DON'T COME BACK
I ALWAYS GAVE YOU SO MUCH MORE THAN YOU DESERVED
NOW DON'T COME BACK
CAUSE NO ONE MAKES A FOOL OF ME
YOU'VE GOT A NERVE TO WALK AWAY
MARK THE WORDS I'M GONNA SAY
MISTER YOU JUST MADE A BIG MISTAKE

REPEAT CHORUS

(MAN BOY)

REPEAT CHORUS

(MAN BOY TOY)

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC GEOFF DEANE, KEITH MILLS
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION CBS SONGS LTD
ON PROTO RECORDS

PINK

ICIOUS



CCCAN'T YOU SEE...



QUEEN



NEW 7" SINGLE

IT'S A HARD LIFE

ALSO AVAILABLE AS 12" PICTURE DISC

COMING SOON... "THE WORKS" VIDEO E.P.

31 AUGUST — NEC BIRMINGHAM

4 SEPTEMBER — WEMBLEY

1 SEPTEMBER — NEC BIRMINGHAM

5 SEPTEMBER — WEMBLEY

EMI

THE HIGH-RISE HILLBILLIES

By our very own Country correspondent – Rockin' Lisa Anthony

"Really the roots of Country & Western were taken over to America by Gaelic settlers a few hundred years ago, so let's just say we're bringing it back home."

So says Kevin, guitarist and co-founder of The Boothill Foot-Tappers, one of the better-known bands of the "hillbilly" movement that's picking up momentum in London at the moment. "It's a bit like 2-Tone was in Coventry," he says, "a whole bunch of friends making music."

On a visit to New Orleans he discovered a small second-hand record shop stacked from floor to ceiling with bluegrass and hillbilly records; he listened to a few and was hooked. Returning to London, he got a few of his mates together, formed The Boothill Foot-Tappers – 'Boothill' being what graveyards are always called in cowboy films –

and they started to busk in tube stations and markets. The first 'official' concert was In Acton – they just jumped on the tables, started singing and went down a storm. Since then it's been non-stop offers to play gigs and sign recording contracts. Next came a session for the *John Peel Show*, then a single "Get Your Feet Out Of My Shoes". "High-rise hillbilly", they call it, a kind of urban country music.

Most of the band are giving up their day jobs so how do they see their futures?

"Well," Kevin again, "we want to explore different types of music – from gospel to reggae – but mainly we just want to concentrate on our live music and – well, really – just have a laugh."

WENDY:
works at the Virgin Megastore in Oxford Street, plays zoo stick and sings.

KEVIN:
ex-forklift truck driver, plays guitar and sings.

DANNY:
son of a jazz double-bass player, once played on an Exploited LP, plays bass.

CHRIS:
juggles, rides unicycle, wrote the current single, plays banjo and sings.

MERRILL:
Danny's sister, ex-hair stylist at London's Molton Brown salon, plays tambourine and sings.

MARNIE:
runs theatrical clothes shop called Wild & Willing, plays washboard and sings.

SLIM:
qualified builder, works at Bert's Hospital, part-time member of The Burberry Hillbillies, plays accordion.



BITZ

That exceptionally sharp record label **Street Sounds** release a double compilation album simply called "Street Sounds No. 14". Tracks include foot-loosers by **Forrest**, **Herbie Hancock**, **Phil Fearon's Galaxy** and **Freeez**. Thumbs-up from **Bitz**.

Old lags reform shock. You know that band your Dad always used to go on about? **Deep Purple**? Well, they're back. Featuring the original line-up of Ian Gillan, Ritchie Blackmore and others, they're currently holed up in Canada recording a new LP. **Bitz** ain't wait.

BOOKS

Bookade's back. There's yet another book out on **Culture Club** called, rather dignily, **Boy George And Culture Club**. Includes complete discography, the band's individual life stories and 16 pages of colour. Somewhat dodgy. Suppose we should mention that the same publishers, Proteus, have also released books on **Barry Manilow**, **Led Zeppelin** and **Jimi Hendrix**.

COMPILATIONS

Those wacky funsters at **Some Bizzare** are planning a second compilation album. Featuring such well known artists as **The The** and **Test Department**, it'll be out in September.

FANG CLUB



Captain Sensible has got a new single on 16. Called **There Are More Snakes Than Ladders**, the 12-inch version comes with a "wacky" snakes and ladders board.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

- Brian May of Queen** (37) on July 19
- Dig Wayne of Joxers** (26) on July 20
- Michael McNeill of Simple Minds** (26) on July 20
- David Essex** (37) on July 23
- Denise Gossett of The Truth** (27) on July 23
- Martin Gore of Depeche Mode** (23) on July 23
- Lynval Golding** (33) on July 24
- Mick Kern** (26) on July 24
- Mick Jagger of The Rolling Stones** (41) on July 26
- Miranda Joyce of The Belle Stars** (22) on July 26
- David Joseph** (27) on July 30
- Kete Bush** (26) on July 30
- Joe Elliot of Def Leppard** (24) on August 1

Def Leppard's Joe Elliot



The Kane Gang (l-r): Martin Brammer, Paul Woods, Dave Brewis.

A LOT OF STICK

Here are **The Kane Gang**. Well, they've made their **"Closest Thing To Heaven"** single (CCTV 3, track 21). "We're very pleased," says lead singer Martin Brammer. But have to say it's a "disappointment."

Singer Martin a former long hair, military sub-culture, girlfriend of the Gang. The wife is a... well, kind of... she's a singer and former TV beauty queen. Working at a shop and Paul Woods LP - a guitar keyboard player who studied for the Sunderland school.

All three are 27 and all grew up in... well, a town in... of... Southam. Three years ago they formed their band, **The Republic** name. They were just favour of the name and... **The Republic** then came the golden quest of **Kings Of The Road**.

Then after writing a song called "I'm In The... they drifted in a soul sound that they've stuck with even... and promptly became **The Kane Gang**.

To date they've done one concert (last Christmas in Newcastle (Hilarys). **Bitz** was there... hope to do a tour in October. **"Closest Thing To Heaven"**... and their third... in Newcastle's Kitchenware label... proud and they hope to release an LP in September.

They're not bad actually. What more can we say? Are they going to marry or have in Southam?

Well, we might be going to Newcastle.



Troy Tate (ex-**Teardrop Explodes** ex-**Fashion**) almost ex-pop star is back. His new solo single is called **"Thomas"** and an LP will follow in August.

HOWARD JONES

It'll all go for **Howard Jones** this month. He's recording a new single **"Take To Get To Know You"** which will appear on August 3. He's also touring America with the Eurythmics. No wonder he's been looking a bit peaky lately.

My favourite... **Jaki Graham** has got a new single, **"Heaven Knows"**. It must be good as it's written and produced by **Denak Bramble**. A bit cheap who's just finished work on the new **Flow** LP.

Bruce Foxton has another bash at the charts with **"S.O.S. (My Imagination)"**. The B-side of both 7" and LP features cover versions of old Chicago and Temptations hits. Sounds like a bargain.

Nile Rodgers is a busy lad at the moment. He's produced **Madonna's** new LP. He then played a spot of guitar on **Bryan Ferry's** new LP. Now he's deep in a London studio working on an album for his own group **Chic** with a little help from a certain **John Taylor** and **Andy Taylor**. Speaking of whom, he's also producing the next **D'banj** album.

Violent Pink Phenomena have got rid of the Phenomena. And that's not all. They've released a record called **"CCCan't You See"**. Just wish they'd drop the CC now.

It's official. **Hula Hoops** are back. Some clever clogs called **Chico Jobson** - the world hula hoop champion - has just released a single all about wiggling one's hips. Called **"Do The Hula Hoop"**, it's about the most "naughty" thing **Bitz** has heard all year.

A promotional poster for Prince's album 'Purple Rain'. The central figure is Prince, dressed in his signature purple and white outfit, sitting on a black motorcycle. He is holding a microphone. The background is a dark, atmospheric setting with a woman in a black dress standing on a balcony to the left. The lighting is dramatic, with warm yellow and orange tones on the left and cooler blue and purple tones on the right. The overall mood is moody and iconic.

Prince

and the Revolution

NEW ALBUM AND CASSETTE

Purple Rain

REF 110-1 123 110-1



DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER RECORDS LTD. A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS CO.

SINGLES

reviewed by



MURIEL GRAY (of The Tube)

SURFACE-CRACK: Hand On My Heart (Arista) Insistent whispering male and female vocals provide a lot of the interest on this mesmerizingly beautiful song. The atmosphere of the whole piece is in fact rather menacing, but the subtle rhythms and constant pace make it more than listenable. **Worthy Single Of The Fortnight!**



GEORGE MICHAEL: Careless Whisper (Epic) George grows up! From the dale to soul, he's straggled off Andrew in what sounds like an attempt to be taken seriously and on the whole it's a fair attempt. Very different from Wham!, but just a touch too American to be completely successful. It also contains the most beautiful piece of saxophone playing since "Baker Street." Bound to be a hit, but will he sing it in shorts?

STYX: Meac Time (A&M) Chubby neatly constructed angle that's reminiscent of Devo, but not quite as good. The best thing about it is the daff lyrical content: "I like big things the size of them impresses me." We may have found our next Poet Laureate.

TIM POPE: I Want To Be A Tree (Wonderland) The strain of making all those excellent videos to tight deadlines has seemingly made Timothy's mind snap. This is new-psychobelia-meets-Betty-Hill and a sign that the man has been working too hard. "I want to be a tree dco dco dco doo," sings Tim and who are we to disagree?

BRUCE FOXTON: S.O.S. My Imagination (Arista) Surprisingly lively release for this dumpled Jam bassist, and all things considered it seems to leave a pleasing impression after a few plays. There isn't anything new here that'll stop the world in its tracks, but it won't make you bring up your lunch either. Bruce really should stick to bass and leave the singing to someone else. Problem is, who? Well, actually, I know this guy Paul. Well, looking for

JOHN LENNON: I'm Stepping Out (Polydor) For an extraordinary man John Lennon managed to write a lot of very ordinary material before he died. This is so basic and dull that it barely merits criticism. Who can take seriously a man who sings "gimme a F-maj" "gimme a B-maj"? A lot of people over 30 will buy this and Yoko will become even richer, but nobody knows better than poor Mrs Lennon that money isn't everything.

NENA: ? (Question Mark) (Epic) It's hard to understand this Rhine-maiden's appeal, but she obviously had enough to get the dice '89 Red Ballons to Number One, so who can possibly say what will happen to the new creation? The fresh-faced Aryan lass tries her best with this mainstream Euro-rock number but there isn't a lot here to start with, except perhaps a fine performance from some session saxophonist. This could win the Eurovision Song Contest but then couldn't it all?

NOMA HENDRYX: Heart Of A Woman (RCA) From Noma to Nona. A soul-drenched release from the film *Hard To Hold*, which may or may not work within the film context. Whether it does or not has little to do with the quality of the actual song on its own which, in this case, is pretty limited. There's some good singing from the stunning lady, but the standard American production-line feel to the record makes it a waste. Get Sly and Robbie for this woman at once.

JEFF LYNNE: Video (Virgin)! I won't take you long to realize that this is the man from that glam ensemble known as ELO. Mr. Lynne, like his band, has a high class taste to catch on to "buzz words" in this case "video" - and then attempt to build a song around them. "Video madness comes upon us", we are informed and, to back up this earth-shattering statement, we're treated to some Buggles-like chaos in the back-ground. A neat piece of work if ever there was one.



VICARIOUS PINK: Cocoon! You See... (Parlophone) What a catchy little dance record! The vocals sound like an 80s Marlene Dietrich, and with the backing of some interesting synths it looks as if it may be a minor hit. Nothing very vicious about it, but it should make you smile.

KILLING JOKE: A New Day (EG Malicious Damage) A very dated guitar riff announces the fact that we're not to expect anything new from Killing Joke in this latest release. They're apparently attempting to sound threatening and raw, but the band have always been a little guilty of being pantomime punks and this just reinforces that pastiche. Killing Joke are about ten years too late, and the crap people they threaten are the record company.

TRACEY ULLMAN: Sunglasses (SHB) This is an undoubted hit. Not because it's good, but because it contains two winning elements. The first is of course Ms Ullman herself, whose charms are widely appreciated. Every body loves the cute little girl who doesn't mind laughing at herself, even if it's not funny. The second winning formula is the fact that this is a completely undiscovered Phil Spector/Ronettes/Shanice-Las rap-off straight from any 'Best Of The Sixties' album you care to pick up. So why is Tracey Ullman living in the past so fanatically? Presumably to make a great deal of money.

YAN HALEN: I'd Wait (WEA) This crew are such enormous stars it doesn't really matter what they choose to record, the fans will take it to their homes with tears in their eyes so it's reassuring that this isn't too bad. Some fairly interesting percussion and lively keyboard make it more than a tolerable effort, but it still leaves metal-cum-cummers team-rock-and-roll, and nothing in the known laws of physics can make that become any more palatable.

AC/DC: Nervous Shakedown (WEA) We've heard it all before. The real masters of heavy metal in the '70s (or underground music as it was called then), like Deep Purple and Led Zepplin, have given us all we need to hear on this subject. It was all new and exciting then. It isn't now. AC/DC are competent at churning out this nonsense, but they should start acting the age they look to, old enough to know better. Lots of grinding guitars and painful lyrics. Next!

APB: What Kind Of Girl? (Albion) Another record from the lads from Aberdeen that won't make the charts. As usual, it's held together by Ian Sizer's remarkable base playing

but there's nothing new about funk and so it looks like another dud. Shame really, because if anybody deserves a hit, APB do, but if they want it badly enough they'll have to mean some originality into a slightly jaded attitude.

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS: My Male Curiosity (Virgin) Yet another film soundtrack release, this time from the film *Against All Odds*. Kid Creole is highly skilled at being Kid Creole, but unfortunately he's become like a Pina Colada - a bit sweet and sticky and no longer fashionable. The usual tropical beat with the Coconuts giving it all they've got, but it doesn't seem to make much sense any more and the joke's wearing thin.

EARTH KITT: I Love Men (Record Shack) A rather optimistic declaration from a woman in her 60s, especially as this record is directed at the high-energy gay market where men love men more than Eartha does. Nevertheless, the overall impression is likeable if a trifle shallow, and anyone who doesn't admit to admiring Mr Kitt is obviously a fibber.



PATTI AUSTIN: Rhythm Of The Street (Qwest) Fine strong singing rounded by the lack of a good song. The usual formula guitar solo interrupts just when you think you're about to get a blast of real soul, but the soul never emerges and the song falls flat on its face. **Worth about 80p.**

THE BLUE NILE: Tinsel Town In The Rain (Linn Records) This comes from the band's new album "Walk Across The Rooftops", but there's no doubt that as an album track it's sophisticated, subtle and slightly melancholy. Sadly, though, it's also a single which makes it boring, predictable and slightly weak. It's hard for The Blue Nile to top their wonderful single "I Love This Life" and they certainly won't do it with this. If anything, it's very reminiscent of early '70s Steely Dan which, in 1984, is nothing to be proud of.

FRIENDS AGAIN: Love On Board (Phonogram) Ultimately disappointing after the band's excellent "Honey At The Core", but it still has a certain charm. Some nice funky guitar is wasted due to the Americanised production, which takes away some of its punch. More Bluebells than The Bluebells, it falls into the ocean some where between Los Angeles and Glasgow.

JOOLS HOLLAND: Black Beauty (JLS) Without a doubt the best record ever re-recorded, by the most handsome, intelligent, witty and talented man the universe has ever seen. Was that okay Jools?

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS

MY MALE CURIOSITY

A SEVEN INCH SINGLE

From the Columbia Motion Picture

AGAINST ALL ODDS

ALSO AVAILABLE A TWELVE INCH SINGLE
FEATURING A REMIXED EXTENDED VERSION OF
MY MALE CURIOSITY

SEVEN-AS690, TWELVE-AS690-12



Includes the Singles 'Dream To Sleep'
'Just Outside Of Heaven' & 'Who'll Stop The Rain'

H·2·O

THE ALBUM

F A I T H



RCA

ALBUMS

JACKSONS: Victory (Epic) It must have been a nightmare putting this together. Just getting all six Jacksons in one studio would be difficult enough, let alone sorting out who does what, who sings what and who takes the final decision. Everyone is so desperate to be diplomatic that everything—from production to songwriting and lead vocals—is shared out over-cautiously. This rap is the album of an ideal synergy. There's no structure, no fire, no sense of cohesiveness at working together again. Malibu are made worse by the banishment of producers David French and Steve Porcaro from Trio, who have managed to burn the boys' shabier sharp guitar wit into cozy and rather dull pop. Even Michael's contributions are softened, rare. Drawing from the impossibly heartfelt "Be Hell Always" to the sticky "State of Shock," the Jacksons' record has a way of creeping up on you. **(B)**

to make time has might sound very different. But I doubt it. **(5 out of 10)**

—Gavin Henderson (Jan)



SADE: Diamond Life (Epic) The idea of the "summery sound" isn't quite one of the best choices on the book. So I'm sorry, but this (Robert Lipner) score isn't the sweet, smooth, and all sorts of "summery" things like that, and the selection of nine cool yet finger-snapping and sharp songs proved the album's soundtrack for such activities. Mind you, it sounds pretty good like at night too. Both singles are included, so is a few covers of Tammy Terese's "Why Can We Live Together?" and there's only one dull track ("Cherry Pie") that I can discern. **(8½ out of 10)**

—Dave Jenner

POINTER SISTERS: Break Out (Flamed) It's difficult to see how the group that brought us the hits "Automate" and "Jump For My Love" could have fallen into the trap of thinking that if a song has a pounding disco beat and is about

making love, it can be good. It's that sweet and innocent. Despite having three possible lead singers and even though it's polished and well produced, most of this just dissolves into a mush-mash of repetitive background music. Sadly disappointing. **(4 out of 10)**

—Lisa Anthony

BLUE RONDO: Been Knees and Chickens Elbows (Virgin) After failing to set the world on fire with their own sound when called Blue Rondo à La Turk, the boys are back again with well-some more of the same stuff—lashings of infectious rhythms and a spoonful of samba-faça. Spiritual croonings and animal impression make singer Chris Sullivan sound like a cross between Frank Sinatra and Toots. The tribal beat of the last seven areas had me limboing under the coffee-table, but this offering seems quite distant for the deliberate West Coast purposes. Not sure the boys are taking really. **(5 out of 10)**

—Jo Newton

FASTWAY: All Fired Up (CBS) Formed late '82 when "F an' Eddie Clarke" walked out of Motorhead, "F an' Eddie" have since become massive in the States. Specialising in guitar-oriented rock-a-boogie complete with economical guitar solos (much loved by our Shaggy friends), they sound like a cross between Status Quo and Led Zep. On the strength of that somewhat inspired but by no means masterful in the UK, rock 'n' roll. **(6 out of 10)**

—Cade Duff

VIOLENT FEMMES: Hallowed Ground (London) From the cover it looks like another design of doom and gloom—Disco Society style. In

fact, you're required to listen to it twice at least. The Malwales—three girls—are about as entertaining as an evening in the mortuary. A deadpan American drawl wails on—essentially about death and destruction—'til a short trip to Hell, push your daughter down a well—over a musical backdrop of rough organs, bangs and trances that wouldn't like to meet, end down a dark alley. **(1 out of 10)**

—Jo Newton

BLACK UNBURD: Anthem (Island) No, a new album from one of the main contenders for Marley's reggae crown isn't a remote version of their recent album of the same name plus an extra track. The emphasis is heavily on electronics (a partial success)—as before, the songs are strong but also somewhat weak. "Solidarity" as a title is a little "Miami." Steve Wonder is a little bit of a tail-end starburst, but the reggae crown looks a long way away. **(5 out of 10)**

—Jo Newton

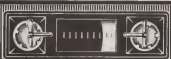
KING SUNNY ADE & HIS AFRICAN BEATS: Anza (Island) The best known African musician in the Western World, along with his 16 strong all-male group, have perfectly captured the steamy "buffing" atmosphere of his country in the heady swirl of dubby, undulating rhythms. To add colour there's a bright Hawaiian steel guitar, a crackling harmonica solo (love of Steve Wonder) and an air of much talking drums. It all makes for a great background music, but if you concentrate too hard at finding gems on your nerves. **(7½ out of 10)**

—Peter Martin

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Tell me I'm not going mad! Tell me there's someone somewhere who actually does worship Paul Weller, Bowie or Boy George and instead, appreciates Nick Rhodes, David Sylvian (and his music) and whose favourite colour is now Green! I'm 17 and desperate to find someone with similar interests. Write to: Joanna, 52 Radburn Close, Harlow, Essex.

16 year old male seeks female. Favourite groups include Scandau Ballet, Howard Jones, Duran Duran and Culture Club but I also like disco and Motown. Send pic if possible to: Phil, 11 Stark Close, Diss, Norfolk IP22 3BY.

Fun-loving 13 year old female would like to get in touch with nice boys, especially Roger Taylor lookalikes. I like Culture Club, Bananarama, Thompson Twins and Duran. I also do aerobics. Send pic if possible to: Petra, 7 Halfenden Meadow, Charing, Nr Ashford, Kent TN27 0BR.

I'm looking for an Antperson who's mainly into Adam Ant but who also likes others, such as the Pistols, The Specimen and Siouxsie. Write to: Eagle Feather, 7 Old Mill Road, Maynard, Ma., 01734, USA.

John, aged 20, would like girls to write to him. Your age or size doesn't matter. Contact John, 8 Bradshaw Road, Inkersall, Chesterfield S41 3JH.

I'm a DJ on my college radio station and would love to correspond with UK music fans. I'm seriously into New Order, The Monochrome Set, Roxy Music, Joy Division, John Fox. Too many to mention! I'm interested in exchanging tapes and magazines. Write to: Sam Trowbridge, 238 Monique Drive, N E Great Rapids, Michigan, 49505, USA.

Hi! I'm a 13 year old male called Viv. I'd love to hear from anyone who's head-over-heels to bodypopping. I'm also into Break Machine, Herbie Hancock and Michael Jackson. If you're aged 13/15, write to me at 44 Mill Road, Wells-Next-Sea, Norfolk NR23 1HB.

Black-clad pouting posers or fishnet-litened friends - listen up! Interests and likes are wide, but include Darse Society, The Specimens, The Cocoon Twins, cynicism, hrc writing, etc. Stand up, stand out and write to: Mac (The Sugar Kiccup, "Pufface", Berghes Hill), Woburn Common, High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 0GP.

Look no further, fans! If you're interested in good music, then send your zannes (zany letters!) to: The Madhouse Kman, c/o Postman Pat and his brother Sandy, 64 Maple Road, Abbrinhill, Cumbernauld G67 3NM.

We're two males who urgently require penpals. Into Queen and Slade. Write to: Kenneth, Little Laged 131 at 6 Abbey View, Adare, Co Limerick, Eire or Gary Bucke (14 at 43 Abbey View, Adare, Co Limerick, Eire.

I like all mod groups, especially The Jam. I'm 16 and would like to hear from mods of the same age. Please contact: Debra Windsor, 12 Oak Acres, Chelwell, Nottingham N9 4HZ.

I like Kenny Loggins, Wham! and Thompson Twins, but hate Duran Duran and punk. Hobbies include roller skating. If interested, write to: Anne Marie Fay (10), 3316 Crown Avenue, Clydebank, Scotland.



Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with a few words about yourself so people can get in touch. All cards 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.

My name's Ricky and I'm into Paul Young, Scandau Ballet, Duran Duran and Michael Jackson. Dislikes include classical music and Crossroads. I'm 18 and would like to hear from girls over 16. Contact: Ricky, 240 Hornby Road, Blackpool, Lancs FY1 4HY.

My hobbies include collecting stamps and rubbers. I'm also into Howard Jones and Culture Club. Write to: Julie Young, 43, Essexway Grove, Tolton, Notts NG9 6EY. I'm aged 12.

Helloooo! I'm 19½ and into jazz-funk, CBs, double-dutch skipping and, of course, Steve Wright. Fave groups include Shakatak, Nik Kershaw and Toyah. Get scribbled to: Dave Wilson, 314, Kingfisherfield, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

We are nuts and very stupid so don't ever say we didn't warn you! We like D. Ian, Urmah, Mariah, Bowie, U2, Sylvian, etc. We are both 14. Write to Liz and Annie at 196 Upper Eastern Green Lane, Eastern Green, Coventry.

Loony male (16) would like to hear from nice pals. Into Nik Kershaw, Duran Duran, Kim Wilde and lots more. Anyone interested, contact me at once! Write to: George-Lucas, 25 Leondou Macheria Street, Limassol, Cyprus.

My name's Fay Harriott and I'm into electro-funk, soul and bodypopping. I am 14. Contact me at: 65 Ballards Road, Neasden, London NW2 7UE.

I'm a blue-eyed French boy and into Culture Club, Abba, Duran Duran and Imagination. I'm looking for friends aged 16-18 who share my dislike of heavy metal and punk. Please write to: Frederic Calvet, 8 Avenue Des Floralies, 11 650 St Orens, France.

I'm a 14 year old girl into modern dancing, progressive rock and electronic sounds. Likes also include Yazoo, Depeche Mode and Duran Duran. If interested, write to: Amy Woo, Flat B2, 8th Floor, Hong Yuen Court, No 1-5 Tak Shing Street, Kowloon, Hong Kong.

I'm into Bucks Fizz, Nik Kershaw, Wham!, Shaky and Tracey Ullman. I'm also mad about Doctor Who! Write to: Calvin Robinson, 55 South Avenue, Seabrookpool, Porthpool, Gwent NP45BW.

Our names are Wiggie, Road, Fitz and Raffle! We're into Bowie, Nik Kershaw and Duran. If there are any hunky guys who feel the slightest bit interested, then write to: Sarah Radley and friends, Form 3A, B1 Avenue S, Sch. 1, Bromhead, Windermere, Cumbria. Please note: we are not snobs!

I hate heavy metal, New Order and Wham! but love Eurythmics, acting and Marilyn's voice. I can't stand discos and posers but I admire unfashionable people. No DO or CC, fave please! Serious people aged 14+, write to: Paul, 34 Kingsclere Avenue, Dornhill Estate, Sunderland, Tyne & Wear.

QUEEN



I DON'T WANT MY FREEDOM
THERE'S NO REASON FOR LIVING WITH A BROKEN HEART

THIS IS A TRICKY SITUATION
I'VE ONLY GOT MYSELF TO BLAME
IT'S JUST A SIMPLE FACT OF LIFE
IT CAN HAPPEN TO ANYONE

YOU WIN YOU LOSE
IT'S A CHANCE YOU HAVE TO TAKE WITH LOVE
OH YEAH I FELL IN LOVE
BUT NOW YOU SAY IT'S OVER AND I'M FALLING APART

IT'S A HARD LIFE
TO BE TRUE LOVERS TOGETHER
TO LOVE AND LIVE FOREVER IN EACH OTHER'S HEARTS
IT'S A LONG HARD FIGHT
TO LEARN TO CARE FOR EACH OTHER
TO TRUST IN ONE ANOTHER RIGHT FROM THE START
WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE

I TRY AND MEND THE BROKEN PIECES
I TRY TO FIGHT BACK THE TEARS
THEY SAY IT'S JUST A STATE OF MIND
BUT IT HAPPENS TO EVERYONE

HOW IT HURTS (YEAH) DEEP INSIDE (OH YEAH)
WHEN YOUR LOVE HAS CUT YOU DOWN TO SIZE
LIFE IS TOUGH ON YOUR OWN
NOW I'M WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO FALL FROM THE SKIES
I'M WAITING FOR LOVE

YES IT'S A HARD LIFE
TWO LOVERS TOGETHER
TO LOVE AND LIVE FOREVER IN EACH OTHER'S HEARTS
IT'S A LONG HARD FIGHT
TO LEARN TO CARE FOR EACH OTHER
TO TRUST IN ONE ANOTHER RIGHT FROM THE START
WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE

IT'S A HARD LIFE
IN A WORLD THAT'S FILLED WITH SORROW
THERE ARE PEOPLE SEARCHING FOR LOVE IN EVERY WAY

IT'S A LONG HARD FIGHT
BUT I'LL ALWAYS LIVE FOR TOMORROW
I'LL LOOK BACK ON MYSELF AND SAY I DID IT FOR LOVE
YES I DID IT FOR LOVE FOR LOVE OH I DID IT FOR LOVE

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COMING SOON

HIS ROYAL BADNESS

That's what they call Prince back home in America. And not without reason: he's a huge star and his on-stage antics are just a little on the naughty side. Ian Birch tells all.

It's June 1991, it's furiously hot, we're in London's Lyceum and no-ones can quite believe what they're seeing.

Prince has to so much walked as stinked on stage in the kind of grey trench coat that would look out of place on General Guster. On the shoulder (this is a Prince trademark) sits a cluster of silver studs that would look out of place on Marc Almond's belt.

Like a hungry cat, Prince leaps onto a cooing speaker. He fixes the audience with a demonic gaze before he suddenly hurls himself into mid-air and revolves exactly what a scuder that most.

What's there? The answer is not a lot. To be precise, a couple of scarves, a pair of white leather boots, black tights, what you might describe as black "blini" undershorts and rather large areas of oiled flesh. The temperature soars to blast-furnace level.

It would be a lie to suggest that Prince (just turned 24 and also known as "His Royal Badness") is a shy person.

Everything he does is loud, flamboyant, larger-than-life and very, very cheeky. He's obsessed by sex as just the titillate to his songs show. How about "Sexuality", "Sexy Dancer" or "I Wanna Be Your Lover". He's even been known to start a concert by taking off most of



Prince on that hot summer night back in June '87.

his clothes and lurching headfirst onto a brass bed where some sleazy action then takes place.

He insists on doing everything himself. All his LPs are produced, arranged, composed and performed by Prince — even down to the briefest backing vocal. He's helped create two new groups both of whom have been enormously successful in America. The Time is a furiously hard dance act while Vanity 6 are three girls who dress in skimpy lingerie and act in a manner that could not be described as retiring.

But Prince makes more money than both of them put together. In America he is a massive star. On one tour alone which ran from November '82 to March '83 he generated almost 7 million dollars. Now with the brilliantly boy single

ALL ESS

"When Does Cry", a new album "Purple Rain" and his first feature film also called "Purple Rain" (due for release here in August), his Royal Bedness looks set to repeat his success here.

And just to make matters even weirder, Prince decided in the autumn of '82 that he would cover so another interview and he's kept to his word. Where most groups adopt this policy, it usually harms their career but with Prince it's done exactly the opposite. Indeed, it's made him more mysterious than ever.

Like Michael Jackson, the truth becomes mangled and fantasy often takes over. Still, it seems that Prince was born into a musical family in the American city of Minneapolis.

When sang to Dad's jazz band but the pressure of working and living together proved too much and they divorced when Prince was 7.

Prince, he claims, is what he was christened. The name comes from his Dad's stage name which was "Prince Rogers".

He learnt to play the piano and became an expert on the theme tunes to *Batman* and *Man From U.N.C.L.E.* He hunched out into guitar and a dramset made of old newspapers. But, as a teenager, he was shuffled from one family to another and ended up in the household of one Andre Cymone, who later became the bass player in his band.

Andre and Prince then started a group called Champagne who covered the day's Top 40 hits.



Prince once declared (jargon, I suspect, etched in cheek) that Champagne was a 12-piece group in which only four people actually played while the other eight deliberately "faked it".

Champagne hopes to make records and legend has it that Prince turned up every day with a chocolate milk shake and a straw - hardly the stuff of a seething cauldron of sexuality!

Anyway, the word about Prince spread like wildfire and every record company in America wanted to sign him for ludicrous sums of money. Prince chose Warner Brothers not only because the 1000s was hot (in the six figure stakes) but also he was allowed complete freedom for his first LP - something that was virtually unknown for a new black artist back in 1977.

He hasn't looked back since. "When Does Cry" is the fastest selling single ever in the history of



his record's company, it catapulted to Number One in America in a matter of three weeks and the advance orders for the new album there alone top the million mark.

What's exciting about his music is that like his image, it's a fiery collision of lots of different things - black and white, boy and girl, rock and soul, funk and jazz, sweet harmonies and moat guitar. He has something to say and he wants to tell you until he gets that message through.

He once told a reporter back in 1982: "The important thing is to be true to yourself but I also like the danger. That's what's missing from pop music today. There's no excitement or mystery . . ."

And then with typical modesty he added, "I'm not saying I'm better than anybody else. But I do feel there are a lot of people out there holding the truth in their music."

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SONY

Whatever will they think of next?

BANNED!

1956: Lots of people in the radio "biz" hated rock 'n' roll. Poor old Dick Biondi, a DJ in Buffalo, USA, got in on the air when he had the impulse to play an **Elvis Presley** record on a show.

When **Jerry Lee Lewis** caused a bit of a stir by marrying his 13 year old cousin **Myra Brown**, licensed radio stations stopped playing his records.

1956: Two of the biggest American broadcasting stations, **NBC** and **Mutual**, stopped playing rock 'n' roll altogether.

1957: A record about the new dance craze **The Twist** is banned by the authorities in Florida, USA.

1957: The BBC refuses to play "A Hundred Pounds of Clay", a chirrupy and highly inoffensive record by toothsome warbler **Craig Douglas**, on "religious grounds". (The record reaches Number 9.)

1958: Speedy Gonzales' by frighteningly morose singer **Pal Boone**, is banned in Mexico and by Latin radio stations throughout America. It is thought to be an insult to the Mexican race.

1958: "Dominique" by the **Singing Nun** - a real-life guitar-toting nun from France - is banned by Springfield, Massachusetts radio station **WHYH** because they feel it is "degrading to Catholicism". Other US Catholic stations follow suit. The record goes to Number 1.

1964: Indonesia's Ministry Of Culture not only bans all records by **The Beatles** but also the wearing of "Beatle hairstyles".

"A Letter To The Beatles", an affectionate tribute to the Liverpool duo group by the ultra-wholesome US vocal **The Four Preps** is withdrawn by Capitol Records after complaints from the Fab Four's manager **Brian Epstein**.

1964: Eccentric American singer **P. J. Proby** is banned from appearing on **BBC TV** after splinting his trousers on stage - twice. He says sorry to his fans by recording "I Apologise" and this sees to Number 11.

1964: **Napoleon XIV's** "They're Coming To Take Me Away Ha-Haaa!" is taken off most US radio stations following complaints from psychiatrists who say it's an offensive treatment of the mentally ill". The record makes Number 3 in America.

The Troops "I Can't Control Myself" is banned in Australia because of the "suggestive" line "Her stacks are a low/And her hips are showing". As a consequence, **The Troops** gain their first Australian Top Ten hit - promotional film for **Cream's** single "I Feel Free" - which shows the group gadding about in monks' habits - is banned by all US TV networks. They feel that the film is "sacrilegious".

"Bend It", by weedy UK popsters **Dave Dee Dozy Beaky Nick And Tich**, is banned by the BBC, because it is "too suggestive". The record makes Number 2 - the group's highest chart-placing so far.

1967: "Randy Scouse Git", by synthetic American TV group **The Monkees**, is banned by the BBC who feel the title is a trade in "rude". The name is changed to "Alternate Title" and it goes to Number 2.

The BBC refuse to play "Desdemona" by **John's Children**, a British pop group featuring teen-idol-of-the-future **Marc Bolan**, because of

Six months ago, **Frankie Goes To Hollywood's** "Relax" was just a minor hit. Then the BBC banned it and it's now sold 1.4 million copies in the UK alone. **Tom Hibbert** looks back at all the other records people have tried to ban. And why. And whether it stopped people buying them.



Cliff back in '75: the only man in history to actually lose his UMW record!



The Beatles: the heroes that Indonesia banned!



Sex 'n' talk: their "God Save The Queen" wasn't exactly a regular on the right royal playlist.



The Monkees: chirpy US tentacles in Rasputin Name Shock!

the line "Lift up your skirt and fly". **BBC** has a blitz on what it considers to be "drug-orientated" songs. These include **The Byrds** "Eight Miles High", **The Beatles** "Day In The Life", **Smoke's** "My Friend Jack" and **The Association's** "Along Comes Mary". **1966:** The BBC refuse to play **White Trash's** "Road To Nowhere" because they consider the group's name to be "offensive". So the group shorten their name to **Trash**.

1967: **Je T'Amme... Moi Non Plus**, by **Jane Birkin And Serge Gainsbourg**, is banned by the BBC because there's just a bit too much heavy breathing for public decency. The record flies to Number 1.

1970: **Leap Up And Down** (Wave Your Knickers In The Air) by **St. Cecilia** (a **Jonathan King** enterprise) is banned by the BBC for obvious reasons. It reaches Number 12.

1972: The BBC ban **John Dredd's** "Big Six". The record reaches Number 11, becoming the first of a string of smutty, banned hits for the fat, baldy person, other successes include "Je T'Amme (Moi Non Plus)" in 1975 (an even ruder version of Jane and Serge's rather rude chart-topper) and, in 1976,

released a version of the cornball country classic, **Cliff** discovers that "Honky Tonk Angels" are, in fact, ladies of "il-repute", and so he asks his record company to withdraw the disc.

1973: **Donna Summer's** "Love To Love You Baby", which features rather a lot of "sexy" groans, is banned by the BBC. Donna gets her first hit - Number 4.

Rod Stewart's "Tonight's The Night" is banned by **Top Of The Pops** - it's just too saucy. It goes to Number 5.

1974: **The Sex Pistols** "God Save The Queen" is banned by "decent" folk just about everywhere as it seems to represent the "filth" and "filthy" of the terrifying new musical trend, **Punk Rock**. Plus, of course, it was **The Queen's** Silver Jubilee year. The record made Number 2.

Following complaints from wate small persons, many American radio stations stop playing **Randy Newman's** "Short People". The record goes to Number 1, giving the humorous singer-songwriter his first ever hit.

1974: Defence lawyers of **Brenda Spencer**, the American schoolgirl on trial for shooting some of her school chums, slap an injunction on **The Boomtown Rats**, preventing further distribution of the group's single "I Don't Like Mondays" - a song based on the Spencer shenanigans.

1975: **Village People's** "YMCA" is taken off many US radio stations when the group's "gay-ness" becomes public knowledge.

The Specials' "Too Much Too Soon" is banned by the BBC on account of its "suggestive" lyrics. US punk band **The Dead Kennedys** are banned by various American radio stations. Their reference to the late president's family was considered "a bit tasteless".

1976: Lots of independent punk discs start getting the thumbs down. "Reality Asylum" by **Grass** is reckoned to be "irreligious". So is **The Pope's** "A Dope" by **The Living Legends** (BL), an alternative commemorative 45 to celebrate the Papal visit.

Ian Dury's disabled celebration "Spasmodic Autism" is asked for including some not very sensitive lyrics.

1976: **Rhoda Dakar's** "The Boiler" - a song about rape - gets the BBC boot, but "it has no meaning unless you leave all the screaming in, and if you do that then it's bloody unpleasant to listen to".

The B-side of punky rehash "The Streets Of London" by **The Anti-Nowhere League** - titled "So What" - is banned for being very rude.


It being the time of the Falklands War, **Cross's** anti-Thatcherite anthem "How Does It Feel To Be The Mother Of 1000 Dead" doesn't get a terribly warm reception.

1976: **Pauline Black And Sunday Best's** "Pirates On The Airwaves" gets the elbow for being in praise of illegal radio.

Pogue Mahone get into trouble as their "flamenco" "kiss my arse" as **Gaslin**. They change it swiftly to the **Popguns**.

Grandmaster Flash & Melle Mel's "Beat Street" is banned for containing a rude word.

And **Frankie Goes To Hollywood's** "Relax" well, the rest is history.



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DOWN ON THE STREETS SHAKATAK

DOWN (DOWN DOWN DOWN)
DOWN (DOWN DOWN DOWN) DOWN (DOWN
DOWN (DOWN DOWN) DOWN (DOWN)
DOWN (DOWN) DOWN (DOWN)

DOWN ON THE STREET (DOWN
DOWN ON THE STREET DOWN
DOWN ON THE STREET DOWN
DOWN ON THE STREET DOWN

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT WE'VE WAITED FOR
TIME TO SING AND DANCE LIKE NEVER BEFORE
THE STREETS ARE ALIVE WITH SUCH A CARNIVALESP
AN ALL NIGHT DANCING PARTY EVERYWHERE
YOU AND I WE'RE HAPPY TO BE
JUST A PART OF THIS CRAZY SCENE

CHORUS

(DOWN ON THE STREET)
SHOUTING TALKING LAUGHING (DOWN) DOWN ON THE
STREET

DOWN ON THE STREET
SHAPPING FINGERS DANCING DOWN ON THE STREET

(DOWN ON THE STREET)
SHOUTING TALKING LAUGHING
DOWN ON THE STREET (DOWN THE STREET DOWN)
DOWN ON THE STREET (DOWN)

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT YOU'LL NEVER FORGET
THE BEST TIME IN YOUR LIFE THAT YOU'LL EVER GET
NEW LOVERS MEET AS THEY RANCE THROUGH THE NIGHT
THE MOONLIGHT FALLS ON THIS MAGICAL SIGHT
YOU AND I WE'RE HAPPY TO BE
JUST A PART OF THIS CRAZY SCENE

REPEAT CHORUS

YOU AND I WE'RE HAPPY TO BE
JUST A PART OF THIS CRAZY SCENE

REPEAT CHORUS (ENDING AD LIBITUM)

WORDS AND MUSIC BY THE BELL
TRIO (COURTESY) BERTHELL'S RECORDING CO. LTD.
ON THE VOR RECORDS



The Farmer's Boys

BAH!
BAH!
BAH!
BAH!
BAH!
BAH!
BAH!



*The New Single
In The Country
Available On 7" 12" &
Shaped Picture Disc*



THIS ISSUE'S COMPETITION WIN T-SHIRTS!

and drive all your friends **MAD** with envy



Gary Slay the Frankie T-Shirt is "Wee Cruel"



The Culture Club member (complete with "orangeable" hat)



Once he was a seven stone wastrel, now he's a seven stone wastrel in a Police t-shirt



What do you call an Irish man in a white t-shirt pretending to be a rapper? (Dunno, but here's a photo of one...)



Ear in Simple Minds gear, gets into an "obnoxious" look



The Echo & The Bunnymen top, young ones crew for JL



The Bill Kershaw threads are "well-thrashed work"



Ramon Longan for just can't face it



Gus here, in B2 top, suffers the photographer's age-old "test the brain-cells" trick



The classic free Madhous Chestwear. Ideal for victims of a cruel knife-throwing experiment

Up top you will see a person acting in a rather foolish manner. It's our fault, really; we asked him to. Gary, we said—for that thirly disguised fizzo belongs to none other than famous Ear Slay presenter and Capital Radio OJ Gary Crowley—Gary, we said, we've been handed 100 t-shirts by those friendly folks at the Virgin Megastore in London's Oxford Street, and we're giving them away to our readers. ABSOLUTELY FREE. 10 lots of 10 t-shirts for NO MONEY AT ALL. Gary, we said (he was still listening), could you sort of model them for us? You know, do something a bit daft.

And he did. And it was more than daft. In fact the results were very silly indeed. False thumbs suddenly appeared. And staped hats. Nail-through-the-head devices, sunglasses, false moustaches, teeth. Gary felt he'd really like to express his true feelings about each particular shirt.

And, as we said, they're all yours. 10 lots of t-shirts, each batch consisting of 10 shirts—Frankie Goes to Hollywood, Culture Club, The Police, Wham!, Simple Minds, Echo & The Bunnymen, Bill Kershaw, B2, Human League and Iron Maiden.

And all you've got to do to win them is solve this (embarrassingly easy) question: here's four groups—Fun Boy Three, The Undertones, Style Council and John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John, and here's four extremely summery song titles—a) "Summer Nights"; b) "Here Comes the Summer"; c) "Summertime Blues"; and d) "Long Hot Summer". Which group released which record? Stick the groups' names—in the right order—on a postcard or the back of an envelope and post it pretty quick to Smash Hits T-Shirt Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0JY to reach there by August 1. The first 10 correct entries plucked from the sack that very day get 10 t-shirts each. And Gary? Well, we let him keep the false thumbs and everything which he reckons is "well uncringeable". So, get to it.

SMASH HITS

GREEN



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VIDEO!

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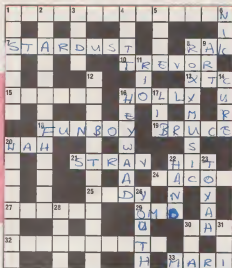
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VE 498 (12)

DESIGNED BY JC-12010<E>

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Grammy grabber! (7,7)
- 7 He's *Alive*, though he feels like *Badly* Holly
- 8 Ark turns for Kim Wilde's record label (anag.)
- 10 Hoosier!
- 13 In-83 their senses were working 'vertime' (1,1,1)
- 15 No doubt about this energetic Thomas
- 16 Frankie's mainman
- 18 Summertime! Three
- 19 Springsteen or Fokton
- 20 Pete Dinklage's mighty comeback band
- 21 Rockabilly Cats
- 22 Set of record every band wants
- 24 Kevin the Footloose sizzler
- 25 Guyanan Grant
- 27 Manservant - like the Furs' Richard?
- 28 Currently they're talking loud and clear (1,1,1)
- 30 '--- Works Hard For The Money' (Donna Summer)
- 33 Keith A. Tart asked 'Where is My Man?' (anag 6,4)
- 33 Beebeavers! Wilson

DOWN

- 1 Flexed by Diane Ross?
- 2 Transplant operation for a funk outfit? (3,3,3)
- 3 Rock band responsible for 'current' hits? (1,1,1,1)
- 4 Blackbearded Joan
- 5 Lloyd the commoner maker
- 6 Ink splashes about for Mi Kershaw (anag.)
- 8 Bryan Ferry's a *new* split band (4,5)
- 9 Sassan's company
- 11 Drew's Duran hit
- 12 Madness's forecast for tomorrow? (3,6,3)
- 14 Prescribed by Robert Smith?
- 15 Nick you love *all* day?
- 17 Human's --- (Howard Jones album)
- 20 Scrim duty (4,4)
- 22 The Smiths had it *in* glove
- 25 She made you listen to thunder in the mountains
- 26 They're musical and passed the duchies
- 28 '--- Hear It For The Boy' (Deniece Williams)
- 30 Ask around for an early form of reggae (anag.)
- 31 Queen's record label (1,1,1)

ANSWERS ON PAGE 62

Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five

GREATEST MESSAGES

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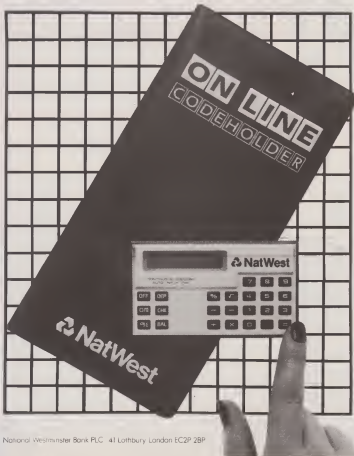
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SCORPIO

www.ted.com

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Gary Davies is 26 years old and was born and raised in Manchester. For four years he went to public school in Berkshire and started DJ'ing in a youth club – "they only had four records" – at the tender age of 13. After leaving school, he worked in a mill, then as a mail-order clerk before landing a part-time job in a Manchester nightclub. One night the DJ didn't turn up and Gary stood in for him. He's been a DJ ever since. After years of sending demo tapes to radio stations, Piccadilly Radio in Manchester took him on in 1979 and then two years ago he joined Radio 1. Since moving into the lunchtime slot earlier this year, he's been promoted as the station's Jack The Lad bachelor boy, in a phrase he borrowed from a hit song by Sunfire, "Young, Free And Single".

How did you get the "young, free and single" image?

Well, when I first joined Radio 1, nobody saw me, I was just a voice. I had a five-second guest introduction on *Top Of The Pops* so on my first show I said, "Just in case you missed me on *TOTP*, I may as well describe myself to you. I'm 5 feet

Where do you live?

I've got a new flat in North London. When I bought it, it was an absolute wreck. I've literally knocked through walls, stripped down every single wall, changed the whole layout, the colours, the lot. Gary the DJ became Gary the interior decorator and I'm over the moon. It's basically turned into my dream pad, the place I've always wanted to have. My lounge is very big – all the rooms are very big. It's an old Victorian house – and it's all white with a log fire in the middle. Most of the flat is white – I love things to be bright.

Have you got a Jacuzzi?

I've got a whirlpool bath, yeah. I've got a bathroom and a shower-room – with my bedroom I've got an en suite bathroom. I've never actually had a Jacuzzi before so I thought I'd treat myself. It's wonderful. Tones you up.

Can you cook?

I spend a lot of time in the kitchen opening bottles of wine and taking cans of beer out of the fridge. I've probably only cooked about five meals the entire time I've been there

Are you planning to marry?

No way! I'm having far too much fun at the moment. At the moment my time is devoted to my career. I will want to settle down in the future. I've always said that the one girl who stops me looking at other girls is the girl I'll marry.

What's your favourite record ever?

I've got so many. I suppose if I had to name one it would be Richard Harris's "MacArthur Park" which I totally adore. It's just got everything in it. It's slow in parts, fast in parts; it's dramatic; it goes on for forever and a day. Every time I hear it, I go into a dream world.

Who's your most famous friend?

Chris Quentin from Coronation Street. We're very close friends. He's a really nice bloke. I know him from Manchester 'cause he's based there.

Do you really wear a medalion?

I do, yeah. It's a Star of David and it's quite small and it was given to me

when I was born. I've always, always worn it. You can't really call it a medalion. People always imagine a whopping great thing around your neck. I am not really a Medalion Man. But it's a bit of fun, another thing that people can associate with me. I'm quite happy to go along with it. But these people do exist. I do gigs or I walk down the street and you do see people in the platform shoes with the flares, with the shirt opened down to the navel, every single hair in place and masses of gold chains round their necks. I send it all up.

What's your ambition?

Up till four months ago, my ambition was to do a daytime show on radio. I'm now looking for another ambition. My ambition is to be successful in whatever I do. I'd like to do more TV. I'm very ambitious and I work hard so I hope to do well.

Do you earn a lot of money?

Yes.

Are you rich?

Not yet but I'm working on it! Put it this way, the future looks good.

SMOOTH, SUAVE AND SOPHISTICATED ★

That's how Gary Davies, Radio 1's new daytime DJ, describes himself. Neil Tennant went to find out what this "Medallion Man" is really like.

10½ inches tall, I've got dark brown hair, a fading sun tan, I'm sort of smooth, suave and sophisticated." And that was it. Then, I think about two months later, Sunfire brought out a record, "Young, Free And Single", and I thought, that's me, I'm gonna use it, and I did. It's great 'cause people relate to that.

Do you think you're good-looking?

I wouldn't go round to people saying, "Hey, aren't I attractive? Aren't I good-looking?" but I do find that girls are attracted to me which is very flattering. If people think I'm attractive, it's fabulous, if they don't, alright.

Do you really think you're smooth, suave and sophisticated?

Well, that's a real send-up. If you look back at DJs in the old days they were always real smoothies and it's just a total send-up of that. I'm not like that. I basically think I'm just an ordinary guy who's very lucky to be doing a dream job. Alright, I am young, free and single but it's just a bit of fun.

Do you have lots of girlfriends?

Yeah. I get on well with girls, I like girls. I have no one in particular but I have a lot of friends who are girls. I enjoy female company.

which is stupid because I've got a new kitchen which is not being used. It's not that I can't cook – I can make steak and chips and I once made spaghetti Bolognese – it's the effort involved. I'd much rather go out and get a take-away. And also I go out a lot anyway.

In *Sunday* magazine you were quoted as saying: "I go into a cold sweat everytime I have to get the ironing board up."

Yeah, I can't iron. Look at this shirt I'm wearing. Luckily the crumpled look is in.

Do you think you're old-fashioned? You can't do housework. And then there's your attitude to women. In *Sunday* you said that women are "all terrific, as long as they look good. I do like women to be very feminine and easy-going." That sounds sexist.

No, I'm not sexist at all. Just because you like feminine women doesn't mean you're sexist. That is just the type of woman I like. If there are women that aren't feminine, I've got no grudge against them, it's just my particular preference. I'm an affectionate person. I like affectionate people. I like girls. No particular preference. You know, some people say, "oh, I prefer blondes" or "I prefer brunettes" or "I like big boobs". I don't. I just like girls. If a girl's attractive – great.



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Unlike most other birthday cards, this one should be kept forever.



Issued by the Department of Health
and Social Security.

John Lydon has crammed an awful lot into his 28 years. Born in North London, he says he was employed by infamous gangsters the Kray Twins at the age of five. His adolescence centred around street gangs, or "runners" as he calls them. They were basically football hooligans (his team being Arsenal) who fought around the decayed region of Kings Cross — the very same place we're chatting in today. He talks with relish of the whole gangland scene, reckoning that the "runners are the only true anarchists in Britain today."

In 1976 he launched headfirst into the music business, and turned everything on its head with the Sex Pistols, the archetypal punk group. Leaving in 1978, moving to New York in the process, he formed Public Image Limited. To this day they deal in a form of erratic, extreme music that annoys as many people as it entertains. He's also recently starred in his first feature film, *Order Of Death*, receiving his usual widespread critical acclaim.

Not surprisingly, along the way he's got himself a bit of a bad reputation with his carefully calculated disregard for things like manners, values, rules and boring stuff like that. He still plays up to it — every time he steps his can of lager, he spits a mock disgust. Whiling away the afternoon with his close friend Nora (mother of Ari Up, the onetime singer with punk band The Slits), John Lydon struck me as quite charming and thoroughly fascinating. He seems to have an opinion about everything and with his piercing blue eyes (he never blinks), subdued manic stare and fiery red hair, he looks a strange power that makes you take everything he says as gospel. Then again he doesn't spout a load of hogwash, he talks a great deal of sense.

See what you make of him.

Why are you living in Los Angeles at the moment?

It seemed to be the most awkward thing I could do to myself. It's not a glamorous city, it's a real hell-hole. Incredibly violent, an incredibly chaotic. I tell you, if you really, really spotted the energetic philosophy you'd live in LA. But you don't have to notice the violent side.

"As for you poor little cows who buy Duran Duran records, you need serious help 'cos these people are conning you."

What sort of place have you got there?
A huge piece in the Mojave desert, swimming pool, massive garage, loads of palm trees end for 1000 dollars a month! It's a joke. I'd pay that for a bed! Here, it's just so easy to live incredibly poshly there, right, but it wears in to you and you get to realise it ain't worth shit. I don't mind it, it's all they've got. I mean, in London our boredom is brick walls, parking meters and their boredom is swimming pools and palm trees.

So why stay there?

It's all an education. It makes you grow up, makes you not be so petty. It also helps you see people at their best and their worst.

So how do you see yourself now?

In the mirror, usually.

No, I mean how've you changed, like, right in the depths of your soul?

It'd have to be a big mirror to see that. No, have I changed? Of course I ain't. Ha ha (leaving laugh). Have I gone Conservative? That's what you're getting it. Hal Am I now buying Christmas? Leave it out. I've never had any political views and I never will. It's all down to a load of Jokers. I look out for myself end always will. And I don't go out of my way to make people unhappy so that must make me a good person.

What do people think of you in America?

My music, I hope, will be accepted very

"I'VE changed THE WORLD!"

But has it changed him? John Lydon, film actor and singer with Public Image Ltd, reckons he's still the same as he was back in the days of the Sex Pistols. Peter Martin wonders what he's doing living in a big rented house with a swimming pool.



favourably by the general public. And, as for the way I look, I got no reaction. There's no such thing in America as "being weird". You've got to bear in mind that when you got out you're amongst hordes of prostitutes, pimps and God knows what else end no matter what you do you could look no worse than that lot. But the minute they cop the accent they love you. They say "how quiet, do you know Scunthorpe? Is that a suburb of London?"

Apart from "getting together a new band", what have you been up to out there?

I been around with the Chicanos (Mexicans who live in America) who are into all this cruising around in '30s cars. I've got a '57 Cadillac (Cadillac). I got it for 2000 dollars. V-8 engine, the works. I've had it souped up so I'm going into races now — some serious stock car stuff. I love it.

Any other interests?

Yeah. Sharks. I'm taking equalising lessons so I can go down in a cage and shoot a film of the Great Whites. It'll just be for my own pleasure. I'd be a real toilet, wouldn't I, if I released it with a disco soundtrack? A bit of body poppin' in there. Now that's a sold. That was old that breckless stuff when I was in New York four years ago. And rap, that goes beyond the dark ages. What's new? Nothing really. The Yanks are very much clinging to the British thing. Oh yeah, you know one thing I think's brilliant, just what England needs... The Young Ones. Excellent. That sense of humour, like, "don't take things too seriously 'cos it's just a load of silly halldo's a fatter sh". Brilliant. It's very much like the early Sex Pistols. I could definitely fit into that squad. A thing you must understand about me is no matter where I go I make it my own... take my Englishness with me. I always take teabags and Branston pickle.

How influential do you think you've been?

I've changed the world. I don't have the financial benefits a right, but as society music-wise is a lot better now and I must be responsible for some of that. I mean Yes would

"Making records for people just because you think that's what they want, to me that's Fascism. And I'm the exact opposite of that."

still rule the roost end Jethro Tull would still be playing Wembley. Like Boy George, I don't like his style but he can sing. He has humour and he's a good for music. Ha makee people happy. And I believe Frankie are very popular at the moment. It's alright but it's nothing I haven't heard 15 years ago from Kool & The Generals "Jungle Boogie". It's just gay rock. OK, so they're gay — big deal! — but there's no need to spout on about it. It's nothing astronomically outrageous. But I say good luck to 'em. The only people I hate in this business are pseudos, people who spout that this is the only way. Take The Smiths, they annoy me 'cos they're guilty of it, as are The Clash. They just make life so much really tedious — killing ambition — and that's bad. There's no hope in it. And see for you poor little cows who buy Duran Duran records, you need serious help 'cos these people are conning you. Making records for people just because you think that's what they want, to me that's Fascism. And I'm the exact opposite of that.

And how about your plans for the future?
I'll just carry on making brilliant records. Have you heard my new LP? (Answer, yes). Isn't it brilliant? (Answer, no). You fool! I disagree with you completely! It's jolly good stuff. Alright, it's your opinion... I don't hate you for that... I just don't like you very much. Now where's the toilet, I'm dying for a wee wee."





Careless Whisper

George Michael

Walk away oh oh
I feel so unsure
As I take your hand
And lead you to the dance floor
As the music dies something in your eyes
Calls to mind a silver screen
And all its sad goodbyes

Chorus

I've never gonna dance again
Golly gee how got no rhythm
Though it's easy to pretend
I know you're not a fool
Should have known better (should have known
better) than to cheat a friend
And waste the chance that I'd been given
So I'm never gonna dance again
The way I danced with you

Time can never mend
The careless whispers of a good friend
To the heart and mind
Ignorance is kind
There's no comfort in the truth
Pain is all you find

Deeper chorus

Never without your love
Tonight the music seems so loud
I wish that we could lose this crowd
Maybe it's better this way
We hurt each other with the things we want to say
We could have been so good together
We could have lived this dance forever
But now who's gonna dance with me
Please stay

Repeat chorus

Now that you've gone
Now that you're gone now that you're gone
Was what I did so wrong so wrong
That you had to leave me alone

Words and music G. Michael and A. Rogatay
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On Epic Records

everybody's laughing



Many years ago at school I made myself look such a fool
Everybody laughed (everybody laughed)
I said that I would marry her that pretty girl in the lower year
(everybody laughed)

She wondered what all the fuss was about
And because she could not work it out
I wrote a letter on a page and put it in her bag one day
And the letter said

Chorus

Everybody's laughing because it's you I'm asking
They don't feel my chances are high
They say that I don't have what it takes to make you love me
All the same I just have to try

Then it came I had my chance to talk to her at the local dance
Everybody laughed (everybody laughed)
'Cause all the local Romeoos were trying to put on a show
For her eyes (everybody laughed)

She wondered what all the fuss was about
And because she could not work it out
I had to let her know right there and so I whispered in her ear
Repeat chorus

She said she'd already made up her mind
And to forget about those old-fashioned sweet talk lines
But to wait until the laughter all subsides
And tell that awful crowd that she'll be mine
Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade

Words and music P. Fearon
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phil fearon & galaxy

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Bubble & SPEAK

THE CAPTION COMPETITION

Here it is. This issue's chance to embarrass some pop stars. On the left—Mick Jagger, famous father and singer in a band called the Rolling Stones. And on the right—Nona Hendryx, trendy New York disco artiste and recent helper of Frankle Goes To Hollywood on *A Midsummer Night's Tube*. Now all you have to do is put some words in their mouths (actually it might help if you put them on a postcard as well) and address them to **Bubble & Speak, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF**. The marvellous entry wins the Top Ten 7" singles (care of Woolies) on the day the competition closes—August 12.



LAST ISSUE'S WINNER

The rather evil suggestion for last issue's photo of Steve Wright and assorted loonies secures the slack of seven inches for Lee Gardner, Newport, Isle Of Wight. And there were more, lots more. Come in Jenny Holder, Newbury—Gent, Dunno which is worse—the clothes we have to wear on *Top Of The Pops* or the drunk deejays. Steve.

Politeeence release me, let me gooooo! And Russel Parker, West Bromwich—Steve: Heard the one about The Policemen's Balls? Gent, Relax, we're on Radio 1! And Kathleen Ross, Glasgow—Gent Well it's certainly nice to see The Police back in the charts. Steve: Yeah, they went straight in and knocked out The Flying Pickets. And more radical stuff from Jerry Hole, London EC2—Steve: Get the geese off! Gent: Sorry, no geese. How about a rather tame pig? And Graham Phipps of Stockport—Gent: Do you really think they'll believe we're the Thompson Twins? Steve: The Sun'll believe anything for a good story. And a rather rude one about piles from M. Boyce of Paisley which we'd rather not go into, thanks very much. Right. Have a go at old Rubber Lips and friend.

The Follow-up to his Top 10 Smash "Glad It's All Over"

Captain Sensible's

There Are More Snakes Than Ladders

7" & 12" (Remix, plus
added Folk Mix Single)



PLAY THE RECORD!
PLAY THE GAME!
12" INCLUDES
FREE GAME ON SLEEVE



"George!" culls Roy impatiently. "Hup, hup, hup, hup, hup!" It's well past time to leave for the concert. Jon, Mikey, Helan and the other sassy musicians he've been at Hejyo's International Exhibition Hall for hours, but in his suite at the Internationale Hotel, the Boy is still gadding reedy. In Japan, being late is an unpardonable rudeness. George, however, always seems to get away with it.

His door opens a crack. "Scisso-o-ors!" bellows George from within. Evaryonia laughs. The door slams. "Bill," relays Cultura Club manager Tony Gordon, "scissors!" Seconds later, former butcher and mini-cab driver Bill Button, a kindly soul who is now George's personal assistant, zooms down the corridor with the desired implements. He knocks gently and passes them in.

"Bill!" George bellows again. "Bring that curling tongs es well!"

"I've got 'em," Bill replies calmly. He's well used to George shouting at him. "And he knows I don't mean it," George tells ma later.

At last, George appears and hurries into another room to have his picture taken with four local Girl Georgas. It's the photo on the cover. They all have immaculate outfits copied from the "Miss Ma Blind" sleeve end are all so consumed with excitement that they can scarcely breathe. They cling on to George for dear life and, one by one, burst into tears. George giggles while cameras go crazy, something that happens here, as elsewhere, with predictable regularity. "I'm more nervous than they are, I'm telling you."

Then with Roy, Bill, Tony Gordon, bodyguards, four personal and hangers-on, it's into the lift, down to the basement, into the waiting cars and off

wig, drag or make-up. Whenever I walk past, eyes follow and the odd fan runs up.

But! digress. Meny tell me that the lyrics of Western pop—they translate them themselves with dictionaries—ara "deeper" than those of Japanese songs. This went for Duren, Thompson Twins, Siouxsie and The Cure—other groups that fans mention. Savare! I tell me that George has given them the courage to "be themselves". In a country where people ara all apparently educated to be exactly the same, where an individualist is regarded as a "crazy", that's not mean fact, if true.

Another common comment was: "Boy George breathes Jepen well". This is to say, he is respectful of and interested in Japanese culture. "We appreciate that he likes Kyoto," one fan explains. As the old capital of Japan and main resting place of traditional culture amid the onslaught of technology and Westernization, Kyoto is an important symbol for the Japanese.

For his part, George uses elements of traditional Japanese culture in the stage show—a Japanese bridal dress for the ancora, a mask from the ancient Kabuki theatre for "Church Of The Poison Mind" in the Kabuki, I'm told, man wear make-up and dress es women. "It is more beautiful than ledy acting as lady," so maona explains.

"It's funny," George muses on the way to the Nagoya concert. "I'm taking their own ideas and giving them back." He seems both proud and puzzled by the thought.

Sure enough, at that concert es et others, the audience contains many girls in traditional geisha outfits. Girls who, without e Boy George to copy,



IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN

to the concert, chewing hem sandwiches on the way.

"He has the power of magic. Extraordinary power. Boy George is myself," Shinohiredeyeshi, one of the four girls, told me the evening before.

Despite a Western surface of hamburger joints, golf ranges, whisky bars and Mickey Mouses on everything, Japan is a difficult place to understand. You can't read a single word of the language nor understand anything, people say although the odd English word has crept into Japanese. "Seatu beifu," "receipts" and "brass bands", for example. And not only is the language alien, but people seem to think completely differently too. It would probably take years for a European to fathom the place.

Still, halfway through the tour, Japandemonium everywhere, and with the help of Japanese photographer Herbia Yemaguchi, I'm interviewing some of the fans, who mill about the hotels in Osaka and Nagoya, to try and figure out just how Jepen sees Cultura Club. The raplies renga from the boring "Boy George is good singer!" to the frankly bizarre "Ha has big feces." "He is lika draem." "Ha has eyes of cat."

Surprisingly, most of the fans I talk to know about *Smash Hits*, or rather "Smashitsu". Kaiko, a 22-year-old from Koba, has been reading it since 1980. A group of about 20 fans outside the stadium in Osaka burst into a spontaneous round of applause at the mere mention of "Smashitsu" and all begin chanting: "We want to go to Rondoni! We want to go to Rondoni!" When Jon wanders through the lobby at Osaka end autograph faver hits, people begin asking for my signature too.

All very odd but not as odd as the rumour that apparently runs round the fans in the Tokyo hotel lobby. The rumour is that I'm Boy George, without

Cultura Club in Japan are very big news INDEED. They're the most popular British pop group. They fill massive stadiums. There are Girl Georges everywhere. Convoys of cars follow the group around. Some even say Boy George "has the power of magic". Dave Rimmer flew to Japan to write a two-part feature on their far Eastern Tour (and even he got asked for his autograph). Part One starts here . . .

would probably be wearing trendy Western clothes like everyone else. Your average Japanese youth seems es obsessed by Lacoste or Fila as any hardened British Cuesel.

Whatever, Cultura Club are massively popular in Japan. The country has twice the population of Britain and e huge amount of records is sold here; yet all but a tiny fraction ere by Japanese groups. There ara two charts: the domestic chart for local groups, which makes up 85% of the sales; and the international chart, which counts for the rest. Only a handful of Western acts are capable of crossing over into the main chart, and Cultura Club—though not as big es Japan: the group in their hey-day—rank a close third after Michael Jackson and Billy Joel. Other groups that can do it ara Bucks Fizz, Duren and the odd heavy metal band. As in this country, Duren sell a lot fawar records than Cultura Club, but win e lot more polls. They appear regularly on TV, ha eis superimposed on silly bobbing dolls, advertising Suntory Whisky to the tune of "Is There Something I Should Know?" Cultura Club, on the other hand, advertises Nissan cars to the tune of their current Japanese single, "Miss Ma Blind". Wham!, Spandau and meny English groups appear on the daily teatime video show, *Music Tomato Land*.

Still, Cultura Club ara now massively popular just about everywhere. After Japan it's off to Austrelia where a several thousand strong raptacion is expected at Sydney airport. Five whole nights at Sydney's massive Entertainment Centre here already been sold out, end in towns like Adelaide they simply haven't been able to find anywhere big enough to play.

MORE OVER THE PAGE





Massively popular in America too. The placca seems to have gone barmy on their spring tour thera. From a racaption by 3,000 fans in Montreal onwards, the screaming never seems to have let up. Stories from the tour abound: water-skiing in an alligator-filled lake in Florida, meeting the rad necks in the south, Jon nearly getting shot by some wandering crazy in Columbus, Ohio. On their next visit, in October, they'll be playing 70-80,000-seaters. That's lika Wembley Arana ten nights in a row.

The train journey from Tokyo to Osaka, Japan's second city, is about 300 miles long. The entire route is lined by houses and factories.

"This is a claustrophobic placca," sighs Roy. "I feel ancaaged by these clusterd cities," comments Mikey. "But I love the people and their humble attitude."

On the fast bullet train, 300 miles takes about three hours. Time enough for The Tuba to do a lengthy interview with Georgia. Further up the carriage, which has been mostly taken over by the Cultura Club antouraga, Jon and I sit chatting about Japanese politeness. "I lika the air of respect round here. You don't have to shout your head off to be noticed. I was really looking forward to coming hera. I might avan come and live here sometimes."

That "respect" is something appreciated by all the group, although by the end of the tour averyone has begun to sense an undercurrent of violenca behind it. A popular gama hara is Nagora Tataka—mole-bashing—in which plastic moles pop up out of holes and you beat them back down with a mallet. You can see Japanese businessmen working out their frustration on these machines, and the game becomes a popular joku on the tour. "Who's coming out mole-bashing tonight, than?"

The main thing the group all hate is the Japanese attitude to women, who ara expected to be sarvlla. "I think it's disgusting," comments Georgia. "Japan is the most misogynist placca in the world," remarks Helen Terry, who doesn't much care for the placca. "It brings out the worst in me." She's leaving for solo pasturas at the end of this tour and didn't much want to come in the first placca.

Jon tells me about the album, which they'll finish recording in August after they've all had a holiday. It's "mora percussive" than the last, stronger in statement (the next single is called "War Is Stupid"). Averyone's vary proud of it.

All the writing was dona vary quickly. "We booked two or three weeks to do the songwriting and didn't use one day of it," Jon explains. "We had an argument and I threw a chair at him. Three days later and had another argument. Wa rowad and rowed and Georgia smashed his tape recorder and I threw a chair at him. Than we wrote the album in four days."

Cultura Club ara lika a family. And lika avery family (and most groups), they have their arguments. On this as on other times I've spent with them, I witness savaral. One starts in the carriage as Georgia tells Jodi's Holland "Kaap The GLC" and Jon shouts over: "Don't say that!" Another occurs around a photo session. "The thing is," both Jon and Georgia assure me, "they're forgotten to minutes later."

Mikay feels it all kaanly: "I'd like to think of Cultura Club as an example to the world. I'm black, Jon is Jewish, Georgia is Irish and Roy is English. I'd lika the world to look at that and say: this is how it should be. But avan with us it gets difficult sometimes. Each of us has an ego. We all want to be the leader and we all want to be first. That frightens me a awful lot. It keeps us thriving, because that's the way the Western world works, but it frightens me a lot."

Thara is also some tension between the session musicians and the group, particularly between Jon and Helen Terry. By the end of the tour, howavar, they've both mada an effort and become friends again.

After Australia, it's holiday time. Jon is going to Israel, Egypt and the Greek islands. Mikey is off ballooning in Africa, "checking out the culture in Morocco" and hall-raising in Ibiza. Roy and Alison are motoring down to the south of Franca. "I couldn't bear flying anywhere," Roy explains.

Georgia, along with several friends including Marilyn, is off to India. "Thara's a lot of poverty thera and I lika to see that kind of thing. I think it's good for you. Go and see how lucky you ara. Michael Jackson should definitely go to Egypt and India. Someone should take him out of his littla nutshell."

So he and Marilyn are friends again. Why's that? "Ha just convinced ma. I don't know why."

After holidays, the album has to be finished. It's called "Waking Up With The House On Fire", after a fire Georgia noted in an old Doris Day film, and should be out in October. They'll then rehearse for the tour that'll taka them across America in October and November and to several shows in Britain in Decambar.

Next year they all hopa to taka six months off, the first real break of their career. Mikay hopes to spend the time sorting out the flat ha's just bought and "just do some living". And maybe Georgia will find time to move out of the one-room flats she currently rents on the western edge of London and into the house he bought ages ago. Like all hard working groups, Cultura Club find it difficult to settle down. But none of this just yet. There's a tour of Japan to be dona.



Jon and windmill 41 floors over Tokyo.



Jon does a spot of "mole-bashing" . . .

. . . and so does George.



George with presents from fans in a backstage dressing-room, Osaka. He now reckons he's got 8000 dolls.



George noodling about in a Tokyo eatery.



Girl Georges in Nagoya. Shinohiradayashi is on the right.



George meets someone bigger than he is. A giant bill-board poster on a Tokyo street.



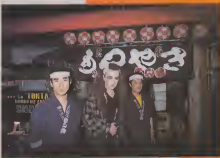
Make that a Mossburger, PLEASE! Jon in Hirujuku (the Kings Road of Tokyo).



Another doll. Make that 800 1.



Roy and Mikey in the "Presidential Suite" of the Keio Plaza Hotel, Tokyo.



A couple of bowls of Yakisoba noodles later. . .

»VAN HALEN« I'LL WAIT

YOU GOT ME CAPTURED I'M UNDER YOUR SPELL
I GUESS I'LL NEVER LEARN
I HAVE YOUR PICTURE YES I KNOW IT WELL
ANOTHER PAGE IS TURNED

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LOOK WHAT THAT DOES TO ME

CHORUS
I'LL WAIT 'TIL YOUR LOVE COMES DOWN
I'M COMING STRAIGHT FOR YOUR HEART
NO WAY YOU CAN STOP ME NOW
AS FINE AS YOU ARE

I WROTE A LETTER AND TOLD HER THESE WORDS
THAT MEANT A LOT TO ME
I NEVER SENT IT SHE WOULDN'T HAVE HEARD
HER EYES STILL FOLLOW ME
AND WHILE SHE WATCHES I CAN NEVER BE FREE
SUCH GOOD PHOTOGRAPHY

REPEAT CHORUS
YOU CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT YOUR IMAGE MEANS
THE PAGES COME ALIVE
YOUR MAGIC FREE TO EVERYONE WHO READS
HEARTBREAKING MOTORDRIVE

ARE YOU FOR REAL IT'S SO HARD TO TELL
FROM JUST A MAGAZINE
YEAH YOU JUST SMILE AND THE PICTURE SELLS
LOOK WHAT THAT DOES TO ME

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY VAN HALEN/A VAN HALEN/
M ANTHONY/D LEE ROTH/M MACDONALD
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION WARNER BROTHERS MUSIC/
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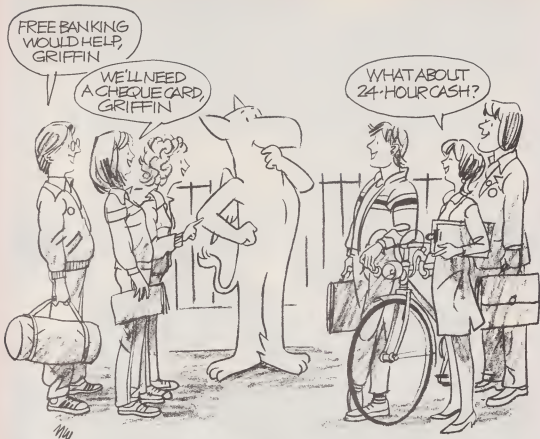
Making Headlines

You'll all head over heels for this summer's short haircuts. Okay, maybe not this particular coiffure, but the others really are quite nice. If you do opt for this sleek little number though, you might run into trouble with Mum and Dad. We know—they're such squares. So we've compiled a handy guide to winning arguments with them. Should come in very handy when it comes to asking for a hand-out to finance your ticket to The Jacksons concerts when they come to Britain. They're touring America at this very moment—look out for our exclusive photos and story.

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 - MARILLON
 - MARILYN
 - MARTIN FRY
 - MARTIN GAYE
 - MARY JANE GIRLS
 - MATT GARBO
- MATUMBI
 - MAU MAUS
 - MAXIMUM JOY
 - MAZE
 - MECO
 - MEAT LOAF
 - MELBA MOORE
 - MELLE MEL
 - MEN AT WORK
 - MEN WITHOUT HATS
 - METEORS
 - MEZZOFORTE
 - MICHAEL JACKSON
 - MIKE JAGGER
- MIKE OLDFIELD
 - NIGHTY WAH
 - NELLIE JACKSON
 - NOBLES
 - MODERN ROMANCE
 - NO-DETTES
 - NOBNOBNOB
 - NOBNOBNOB
 - MOODY BLUES
 - MOTELS
 - MOTORHEAD
 - M/TUNE
 - MUSICAL YOUTH

All the names above are hidden in the diagram. They could run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Some even run backwards. But remember that the letters are all in an unmirrored straight line whichever way they run. Some letters are used once, some aren't used at all. Cross off each name as you find it.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

MMSLETOMSEULBYDOOM
 RAITMMADUUMMMCLAM
 EMTKARADAAEAIUIANAS
 GMITIHDSZEKMSMTMM
 GIALEOTZIEHTUIUOAR
 ALYLNROUCERLADXEM
 JNYNDFOLOLALOEMFAL
 KMAOONDOOHILRTSRBL
 CJIRJFOIMETNYNONIE
 IMTLIMVJARI AOOMXM
 MEEELHUALOBRWSUMEE
 OOLNCMMATLKNATML
 MDNRWKA INRCERNOHL
 OBASSINRAXARYMNEME
 MMMOOCITJAJAOMAMM
 ELNAEOTOLLAMCMRAEM
 YEFMTANE CNLHMTZNAS
 ARXAHUAMENRIEATSE
 GTANOHMGUOANOATSRT
 NOAWCLIBMNF IWNEEOT
 IMOIORTEIRGOBNMDEE
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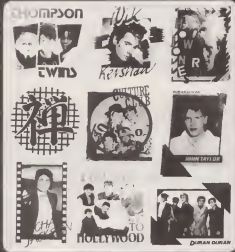
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| EDDY GRANT | ENTERPRISE | NOISE (WORD) | REV GEORGE |
| KID KRICHE | I HATE SCHOOL | THE JAM | CIA TRU CLUB |
| OLGRO | FERRARI | THE BEATLES | NEWBORN GEORGE |
| FAME | POISSON | STYVE CONCIL | CIA TRU CLUB |
| NICK RHODES | LAWRENCE | THOMPSON TWINS | (GROUP) |
| ANDY TAYLOR | RAW | ASPECTS | ST |
| JOHN TAYLOR | MERCEDDES | OZZY OSBORNE | URBAN |
| SARONILE RONI | TURBO | SCORPIONS | EVAN |
| ROCCO TAYLOR | YAMAHA | CRAMPS | MICHAEL JACKSON |
| DEPECHE MODE | HONDA | SPIDER DESIGN | TEARS FOR FEAR |
| BOB DEWAR | MAGNATHON | PEACE SIGN | REV WUNDER |
| NEW BOWIE | JAMES DEAN | JAPANESE PEACE | CLIF |
| RETS DANIEL | BOB DOLAN | ULAN | DURAN DURAN (NEW) |
| WHAM | GENE VINCENT | STRAY CATS | AC/DC |
| KALAMAZOO | ELVIS COSTELLO | BILL SHIRT | CHE GULIYAVA |
| WHAM (NEW) | JUDAS PRIEST | (NEW NEW) | SOS MARY Y |
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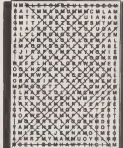
1 'Muscles'; 2 'Change Of Heart'; 3 AC DC; 4 (John) Lee; 5 (Joyce) Cole; 6 Nik (Kershaw); 8 Roxy Music; 9 Art (Company); 11 'Ho'; 12 'One Better Day'; 14 Cure; 16 (Nick) Heyward; 17 (Human) In; 18 'Wood Street'; 22 'Hand (In Glove)'; 23 Toyah; 26 (Musica) Youth; 28 'Let's (Hear It For The Boy)'; 30 Sko; 31 Em!

ACROSS

1 Michael Jackson; 7 (Avin) Stardust; 8 RAK; 10 Trevor (Horn); 13 XTC; 15 Evelyn (Thomas); 16 Holly; 18 Fun Boy (Three); 19 Bruce; 20 Waz; 21 Stray (Cat); 22 Hi; 24 (Kevin) Bacon; 25 Eddy (Grant); 27 (Richard) Butler; 29 OMD; 30 'She (Works Hard For The Money)'; 32 Eartha Kitt; 33 Man (Wilson)

STAR TEASER

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 61



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COMPETITION WINNERS

FRANKIE COMPETITION (JUNE 21), correct answer (b) Frank Sinatra. Tan-leh-rts are on their way to Dean Martin, Huts: B. Adelia, Forest Gata; Diane Richards, Rotherham; M. Dave, Middleton; Lisette Gregory, Westcliffe-on-Sea; Nicola Brook, Bradford; Mandy Lum, Leeds; Simon Jones, Walsall; Karen Murray, St Albans; P. Evenden, Hull.

NICK HEYWARD COMPETITION (JUNE 21), correct answer: "Blue Hat For A Blue Day". Debba Thacker, Tarnworth, has won Nick Heyward's radio plus a signed copy of 'Love All Day'. Runner Up prizes of signed 12" copies of 'Love All Day' are on their way to: Simeon Blair, Four Oaks; Nik Smith, Bradford-on-Avon; Anita Patel, West Bromwich; A. Green, Rubery; Kay Thompson, Normia; Heather Lescelles Lytla Read, Ruslog; Alison Smith, Glenfield; Helen Edwards, Clayton; Tina Andrews, Harrogate; A. Collins, Benson; Mxel Roylance, Hulme; Marion Anson, Sheffield; Suzanne Lewin, High Wyth.

JACKSONS COMPETITION (JUNE 21), correct answer (b) Gary, Indiana. Phil Knott, Whitley, has won a signed photograph of the Jacksons plus a copy of "Farewell My Summer Love". Runner Up prizes of LPs go to: Cathy Palmer, Cyst St Mary; Susan Kleiner, Falkirk; Shariy Hadby, Walton Lea; Julie Barnister, Langwith; Fiona Matthews, Patchway; Angela Taylor, Bacup; Claire Gowrie, London SE 17; D. Anglin, Kidderminster; Lesley Dyson, Prescott; Sharon Brocks, Billings; Gail Parsons, Stockport; Joanna Edwards, Wilkesy; G. James, Knowlworth; Kevin Robson, Middlesbrough; Juliet Davies, Abergavenny; Patricia Monahan, Mitchem; Sabrina Subra Menyan, Yateley; Avril O Brian, Shannon; Mary Ann McGrillen, Bordsley Green.

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GARY GLITTER LONDON

You've got to hand it to him - Gary Glitter has got guts. When someone's as high up in the realms of super-stardom as he was, and partial to a lavish champagne-guzzling lifestyle, it's a long way to fall when your career crumbles. It's also a long way to climb back up to the top. So here he is - ten years older, ten years wiser (7), a little less broke, perhaps?

Skin-heads, spiky-top, King Kurt lookalikes, even over-sized middle-aged housewives are crammed into the Hammermith Palais, but for what? A touch of nostalgia? These days it's a more like just a good laugh.

The whole thing kicks off with The Sid Presley Experience, a sort of hard-core rock 'n' roll punk band. Their last song is played in memory of the late Sid Vicious who they say "rock 'n' roll will never forget".

Next up are The Meteors, who belch out the same brand of manic psychobilly while the lead singer (with a taste for blood capsules) leaps around the stage with eyes bulging, shouting obscenities and stomping on anything which is unfortunate enough to get in his way.

By this time The Glitter Band come on it's football chant tims. At last Gary, in a lame cloak, strutts suggestively on stage to reveal a regular shag pile of a chest and diamond-studded underpants over a pair of rather fetching - not to mention clinging - black long-johns.

Arms are punched frantically in the air, beer glasses are brandished from the balcony and females swagger on the shoulders of their males to catch a glimpse of this demi-god performing renditions of "Rock 'N' Roll", "D'Ya Wanna Touch Me? (Oh Yeah)" (no comment), "I Love You Love etc", not forgetting his latest offering, "Dance Me Up".

He even chucks out some red carnations (cared for by his own fair lips) to show his appreciation of s' beautiful audience. Cue song.

You can't deny that Gaz is a real showman and it wasn't a bad night out, but I still think it's a bit like watching your Dad make a fool of himself at a fancy dress party. Embarrassing.

Ro Newton



Gary Glitter desperately trying to hold his feet



Stevie Wonder: a rare moment when he sings

STEVIE WONDER LONDON

Erisa Court is such a massive hall that, to the poor unfortunates at the back, the stage looks as though it could quite easily fit onto the back of a matchbox. Even so the event was a sell-out. Filled to the brim with a wide selection of people - older 1960's Motown fans, lots of 'Casuals' and not forgetting a liberal helping of Michael Jackson fans who had come to see one of MJ's heroes perform. Led onstage to the piano by a man who continued to help him around throughout the show, Stevie Wonder had the majority of this varied crowd wrapped round his little finger for over three hours.

It was more like a cabaret show than a concert. For a start, he chatted and joked for nearly as long as he sang - stuff about Berry Gordy (Head of Motown Records), Michael Jackson, race relations, what he was like at the age of 13 and how he'd just been to "see" a film (though it just happened to be the one that he's done the soundtrack for).

Everyone was encouraged to sing, clap and join in, to the usual shouts of "I can't hear you at the back!" The music started with the amoocher songs - "Lately", "You Are The Sunshine Of My Life" and others - then went back to the older hits of the '60s. For one of these, "Fingertips", Stevie Wonder used a Vocoder to change his voice, making it very high, about the same as when he was 13. About halfway through the evening, he swapped the piano for synthesizer and changed the pace, going on to all the faster songs and making maximum use of the brass section and the backing singers. "Superstition", "Masterblaster" and "Sir Duke" got even the doziest audience members on their feet.

It was really worth the money (my ticket was £11.50 - cheap), no encores but no-one complained.

Lisa Anthony

DATES

Check locally before stepping out. A Lisa Anthony Production

Change: Birmingham Odson (July 19), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Halls (20), London Hammermith Odson (21), Poole Arts Centre (22)

Echo & The Bunnymen (Extra dates), Belfast Avonell Centre

(September 13), Dublin SFX Club (14/15), London Brixton Academy (October 16), York Racecourse (September 22 - part of the York Rock Festival)

Blue Rondo: Liverpool Blackpool (July 25), Leeds Burelens (26), Manchester Carousel Club (27), Blackpool Blackpool (31)

H20: Exeter University July 28 cancelled. Extra dates: Bath Moles (July 26), Bournemouth Upstairs At Enc's (27)

Status Quo (Last Ever Concert), Milton Keynes Bowl (July 21)

Bronski Beat: London Peadar's St James's Church (July 28)

Queens: Dublin RDS Simmons Court (August 28/29), Birmingham NEC (August 31/September 1), London Wembley Arena (14/5)

Roberta Flack: London Barbican (October 17)

Chase & Dave: Jersey Fort Regent Centre (July 19), Poole Arts Centre (21), Weymouth Pavilion (22)

Corwall St Austell Coliseum (23/24), Wastoff Cliffs Pavilion (26-29 inc), Margate Winter Gardens (August 2-5 inc), Claxton Princes Theatre (6), Wuthering Assembly Halls (8), Hastings White Rock Pavilion (10-12 inc)

The Mystery Girls: Leicester Princess Charlotte (July 19), Bristol Fridge (20), Birmingham Tin Can Club (21), London Footies (26), Harna Bay B&Z (28), Chester Angels (August 1).

A L & KICK

It's midday in London and Billy Idol's just got out of bed. He's sitting sweating in an old, shredded, pink t-shirt and a pair of trackuit pants, snatching a can of some soft drink. Two minutes after starting to talk to me (actually, he's talking at me), I'm beginning to suspect that he's completely drunk.

He zests in a throaty voice full of resentment about his father. It seems that one of the main reasons for his visit to England from his home in New York is to prove something to his Dad.

"He gave me hell when I wanted to be in a rock and roll band. I want to give him hell for the fact that he didn't believe me. He chose not to talk to me for two years because I had long hair. What? I damn. In the '60s or '70s. Before David Bowie even. My choice is that I can give him my American platinum album as his 60th birthday present. BAM!"

He bangs the table and paseses for dramatic effect.

"There you are, Dad. A million Americans have bought my record. Five hundred thousand Canadians have bought my record. So many hundreds of people in Australia have bought my records. And you told me I was a fool."

"My Dad, he might be sixty years old, but my choice in life is to tell him: I was right. I've done something more than you ever did. Which is that I did what I wanted."

"And I did it with the weapons of rock and roll."

Billy Idol is 28 years old now, and a veteran of the original punk movement. In 1976 he left his faculty in Bromley, moved up to London and joined Chisnea, one of the first punk groups. By the end of '78 he was fronting his own group, Generation X, their name taken from an old '60s paperback.

"It was a massive joke to us," he says now. "We were playing the Roxy in London and there were all these record company people giving us their cards."

By the following year Generation X were becoming Top Of The Pop regulars, unmistakably more glamorous and more "rock and roll" than most of their punk contemporaries.

Although they had such hits as "My Generation," "Ready Steady Go!" and "Valley Of The Dolls" (the latter which he now describes as "negative, awful music which I really hated"), Generation X were "ripped off" by their manager and never recovered from a bitter, two-year dispute with him over their contract.

"And after we got rid of him, we found out that we were no longer together. It had split us up."

They made a final LP under the name Gen X but it didn't sell. Billy, now with a huge chip on his shoulder, decided to move to New York.

"It was a move I had to make to re-learn what it's like not to be in anybody's papers, to actually try to get a group together because you really care, just to be your own self. I really went through hell...but I needed to. I needed to be ripped off and to go through hell because that way I was going to understand and be strong enough to do what I'm doing now and actually last doing it."

He slept on friends' floors in New York. "Just like I did when I first came up to London from Bromley," and wrote some songs with a guitarist called Steve Stevens, who's still in his group. He got a new manager, Bill Ascani, who also managed Kiss, and set about recording. His first solo single, "Money Money," ran into problems when American radio stations wouldn't play it because of his picture on the sleeve, all spiky hair and patented punk stare.

"So we took my picture off the next single, 'Not



Billy Idol was the typical punk back in the late '70s—tough, rude, a bit mental. In 1984 he's exactly the same (only more so). He sings naked on window ledges. He swears on radio programmes. He gets terribly cross and kicks things. He's a huge "rock and roll" star in the States and he reckons he should be over here, too. That's why he's back—and shouting at Neil Tennant.

Eyes Without A Face

By Neil Tennant
The new album from Billy Idol's Generation X is a collection of songs that are as much about the past as the future.

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In 'The City', and they didn't know what was. So they played it and it went to number 24."

The new American rock TV channel, MTV, gave him his big break, just like Duran Duran. The video of his new single, "White Wedding", was regularly shown on the channel and suddenly American teenagers discovered this lanky, blond punk with a record that filled the gap between English pop and heavy rock.

"Ordinary people started to have a relationship with me. I wasn't some punk rocker from England anymore, I was someone they understood."

As he is so keen to point out to his Dad, he's now hugely popular in the USA and Canada with a hit album, "Rebel Yell", and single, "Eyes Without A Face". But he hasn't lost that chip on his shoulder which provokes him into spasms of rage.

"All people did was laugh and I can remember that I remember people laughing at rock and roll—even when punk was happening. Now I see people laughing at rock and roll. But they will learn."

"People sit there and talk about me as if I deserted them. I deserted an England that never believed in rock and roll. As far as I can see, they really wanted Boy George."

The phrase "rock and roll" crops up with an obsessive frequency as he talks.

"Somehow rock and roll makes people higher," he declares, with the fervour of a religious fanatic. "What I've involved in makes me feel bigger and larger than life. That's why I'm very lucky. And I chose that. I didn't choose heavy rock. I didn't choose blues. I didn't choose disco."

"I chose rock and roll."

He savours rock and roll as some kind of international force. "It's really a word that exists and it talks about love and beauty; it talks about suffering, pain, dying, loving things. It's country-and-western music. It's to do with black people and white people. It's to do with a type of soul that England's totally rejected. You can hear it in reggae music. You hear it in Jewish songwriters. You hear it in loads of different types of culture which have been repressed. But I don't hear it in English music right now."

Is it important to him to repeat his American success in Britain? He shrugs.

"If people here don't want to believe, then they can leave me alone. I don't have to try—but I want to. I want to. I've got a lot of spite against England but I've got a lot of love as well. Deny it to me and I don't need you. It's as heavy as that."

With all his resentment and frantic "rock and roll" life, Billy's behaviour can be unpredictable, to say the least. After a recent concert in Canada, he surrounded a crowd of fans with an impromptu version of "Rebel Yell", standing naked on his hotel room window ledge. After the photograph on the right was taken, he stood out of the photographer's studio, shouting and kicking lights over. Eased live on Countdown, the Australian equivalent of Top Of The Pop, what he'd be doing since his arrival in Australia, he replied: "having sex". He was asked to leave the Radio 1 Roundtable studio midway through the programme a few weeks back for swearing and behaving in a threatening manner on the air. But the BBC still invited him to wander onto Top Of The Pop's next week.

"Billy Idol—what are you doing here?" asked Steve Wright. And Billy paused for a second, as though he'd been wondering much the same himself. Then he remembered.

"I've come here," he declared, clenching his fist, "to ROCK AND ROLL!"
Of course.



Billy (left) with Generation X in '76 at the time of "Valley Of The Dolls". "I hated that record. Negative awful music. I helped to write it too which proves I can be as big an idiot as anyone else."



Dentyne
ORIGINAL

Keep that just brushed freshness.

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Dentyne.
HELPS KEEP BREATH FRESH 7 STICKS

Greetings Earthlings.

I have recently been sent to your planet by our government on Niko to study life on Earth. Our assignment was our short drive to the discovery of our ship and some of my crew by some small earthlings. In our rush to leave we left one of our crew on the planet.

If anyone has seen a small man with spiky hair, large blue eyes and wearing a white suit, could you put him in a cardboard box with a week's supply of rhubarb yoghurt and post him to the above address.

Thank you for your co-operation
Zam (A Small Spaceman Wearing Dark Glasses) From The Planet Niko)

P.S. Nik Kershaw has got a really sexy nose

But does he really like rhubarb yoghurt that much? Listen, Zam, while you're here: I'm doing a bit of research on The Towns That Time Forgot - you know, places where you still see stack-beled rocker boots and hoop neck t-shirts, where people still own records by groups like Ello Baggins and Cranny and Trezor and Jigsaw. None of that on the Planet Niko is there? We know it goes on in places like Chudleigh, Devon, because design editor and ex-glitter kid David "Scoffer" Bostock comes from that hallowed burgh and apparently it's still knee-deep in Bay City Rollers wristbands (most of them his). And we've been getting worrying reports from Cyprus...

Whilst browsing through my latest edition of *Smash Hits* (May 10), I noticed someone complaining about the price of records in Ireland. Well, here in boring old Cyprus, 7 singles are a mere £2.40 and albums are £8.60. 12 singles are unheard of, as are picture discs. What's more, we have to order our records so they are two to three weeks old when we get them.

We also got *Smash Hits* six weeks late and on 107's last week 'The Relief' was still Number One. Unbelievable, but true. Most of the Cypriots are still into faxes, platforms etc. and us Brits just try our best to keep up with all the latest trends back home (at the moment we're into canvas baggies and ¾ trousers).
Mark Morrall. Alias Tom Bailey's Tail, Cyprus

The real problem with Cyprus is that they don't have a very tubular way of talking out there. Unlike California...

I don't wanna invade your space, you know, but I'm totally into Duran Duran and I'm just lying here on the beach (we're all surfers you know) watching the waves. They're really tubular, you know. Anyway I think Duran are like, the greatest! I saw them twice in concert and it was like, you know, totally awesome! Like wow man, Nick Rhodes and Simon Le Bon are just so sexy!

I formed a DD fan club, you know called the Secret Oktober club (really tubular, huh?) And we, like,

LETTERS

Write to: Smash Hits Letters, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. The best letter gets a £10 Record Token.

have these heavy sessions where we all get together and, you know, scream our little heads off (MTV is so awesome, you know).

But you know what? Boy George is sooo gross! He is not at one with his cosmic energies, you know. I see him on MTV all the time, man, and it's like, you know, gag me with a spoon! *Andy's Sexy Ponytail, California, USA*

S'alright, I can understand Californian. Roughly translated into Smash Hits officespeak this means: I think Duran Duran are rather 'wuvv'

but Boy George is a 'bit of a perv'.

Re 'The Morrissey Reaction' (June 21).

When I first read Morrissey's Personal File I thought what a convicted self-centred person he was. Now, after reading about his collection, I understand a little more of how his mind works. He seems to be a person who feels a lot for today, yesterday about tomorrow and lives for wonders about Morrissey obviously feels very deeply about the people he mentioned and what they stood for.

I don't like The Smiths but for someone like Morrissey (who I used to despise) to have so much admiration for these people is really impressive.

Don't mock what you don't know about.

D Sylvan's Left Ear-Lobe, Nottingham

Dear Doctor Black Type,

Please help me - I'm an outcast from society! Everyone thinks I'm strange. They think there's something wrong with me! I feel so miserable. There's nothing I can do to change, though. What's wrong with me, you may be asking?

Well, I can't stand Frankie Goes To Hollywood, that's what. What do people see in them? To me they're just a bunch of sensationalists who write tripe lyrics - what has the line 'I modelled shirts by Van Heusen' got to do with a nuclear war? For a start Holly can't sing - all he does is wail as if he's got a bad stomach. And their songs have no tune to them. 'Two

Tribs' is a mumbo-jumbo of sound which is totally over-produced. In short I hate them!

I don't care if I get a million letters in protest. I have to tell someone how much I hate them. I'm cranking up your know. I'm a protesting servant who week every time anyone mentions that group. Please help me! What do you suggest? If you don't help me soon I will not be responsible for my actions. You're my last hope!
Mr Angry's Miserable Sister, Northampton

One good way of fighting back against Frankism is to print your own 'alternative' Frankie t-shirts. As long as Frankie Say Something, about ten million people will immediately go and do it. So just knock up a t-shirt with something like Frankie Say I'm An Incredibly Nice Person And Everybody Must Instantly Give Me Lots Of Money on it and you can't fail.

If you print the letter I promise I will remember you all my life.

I am writing about Frankie Goes To Hollywood's videos. I watched them the other night on a special 15 minute Tube programme and wondered why their latest video had been banned? OK, it may show a bit too much violence, but it was also shown at such a late hour that it couldn't be seen by little children whom it might upset. Adults and teenagers should find the video humorous, as I did.

It's not a typical kind of video as the group are trying to get a message out which is 'get rid of nuclear arms' and I thoroughly agree with them. At least they're trying to support peace unlike other groups I could mention Slappy (Cuba-wise known as *Grasher's Liverpudlian Accent*), Newcastle.

Actually, Frankie's "Two Tribes" video hasn't been banned by the BBC; they've just "never been offered" it.

Feeling extremely bored one day whilst trying to revise locomotion in a locust (biology), I decided to look through all my old *Smash Hits* going

back to the beginning of 1982. It was then I had the brilliant idea of seeing which was the most popular group in the *RSV* column. So with pen and paper I set about this exciting task, giving four points to the first group on each person's list, three points to the second and so on (now don't fall asleep because this is the exciting bit).

Here are the results: 1) Duran Duran - 677 points, 2) Japan - 269 points, 3) Culture Club - 267, 4) Madness - 186, 5) The Jam - 174, 6) Wham! - 160, 7) Spandau Ballet - 142, 8) Soft Cell - 136, 9) Depeche Mode - 136, 10) David Bowie - 122. Interesting, eh?

C Perkin, Sutton Coldfield

This seems to indicate quite a few things: a) Duran Duran are 2.535 times more popular than Culture Club; b) Soft Cell got 1.449% more votes than Depeche Mode; c) B.A. Robertson is not one of the country's best-loved persons; and d) C. Perkin's biology exams may not go terribly well.



Recently readers have sent in photos of their relatives dressed up as Boy George. I thought I'd change that and send you a photo of my dog Sandy who is a Duran Duran fan. After putting up with their music for a few years, his motto is - 'If you can't beat 'em, join 'em'.
Deborah Lewis (Duran 7294) Tisbury, Hereford

That, Deb, is a pretty tubular dog.

Just a line to say I also received a reply to your Culture Club question sent to your magazine a year ago. I too was surprised and pleased, not least because I had forgotten all about it. I was very grateful and wrote to George's mum, Mrs O'Dowd, herself to thank her and say how good of her it was to do. Mine was also on the back of a photo signed by Boy George. I now have his autograph five times.

He does try hard to thank a fan for a present, I know!
Mrs R Cooke, Newport I O W

Haven't really got the space to print all these letters but thanks to everyone who wrote in thanking Boy George's Mum. She's personally replied to all the queries that weren't answered in last summer's Culture Club Q&A.

I was reading through my *Smash Hits* and I noticed a letter from a person

Matt Bianco

NEW SINGLE



Whose side
are you on...*

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LETTERS

who received a signed photo of Boy George. Something like that once happened to me.

One day last March I heard some terrible news. Paul Gardiner (good friend of Gary Numan and ex-Tubeway Army member) had died. The moment I heard I rushed up to my bedroom and wrote a letter to Gary saying how sorry I was and, as it was Gary's birthday on 8th March, I sent him a book on aviation (please to you too). Not long after I came home from school and opened a letter that had come for me. It said "Dear David, many thanks for the letter and aviation book you sent Gary for his birthday. It is very kind of you. Gary was really pleased. Thanks again, bye for now, Beryl G N F C." There was also a signed photo of Gary which had been personally and specially signed for me saying, "Thanks David. Good Luck, Gary Numan."

Many thanks to Gary and Beryl David
The Mad Numanoid, Horwich, Nr Bolton

Dear Cousin of the **Black Type**,

Thank the lord, I have found somebody else who has been educated in education. I have sent you a list of my favourite artists: 1) Srsar & The Beethoves, 2) Rexling Sterns, 3) Biller Jerl, 4) Startus Qwer, 5) Barhuce, 6) Killing Jerk
Ultra - Posh Of Porridge, Sussex

My cousin's really into the Sterns as well. Well, she was up until there last "gery" where the tickets were "arids and abite nayne pindes erhot" and she was "a bit cheesed off akshleh".

Dear Someone Who Believes Politicians Should Get Out Of Recording Studios, Abandon This Man-Of-The-People-Grab-A-Few-Teenage-Votes Act And Get Down To Running The Country For Which You Get Grossly Overpaid (or may I call you someone?)

You've got it all the wrong way round (*Letters*, June 21) How can you accuse Neil Kinnock of 'vote-grabbing' when it is Tracey Ullman who approached him about the video? All the acts who appeared at the excellent GLC Festival volunteered their services to show their support for the GLC and, this morning, I heard the Rolling Stones are planning a benefit gig for the miners.

What's happening is not a case of politicians 'vote grabbing' but of a large number of musicians openly supporting various left-wing causes and opposing Mrs Thatcher's regime. I don't see how that 'makes a mockery out of the music industry'

D Anna, Warford

I'm really fed up with the number of songs that have political messages in them. Music is supposed to be a form of entertainment. Entertainment is the act of 'pleasing, amusing and diverting' (as my dictionary says) so why do we have to be subjected to depressing songs like The Human League's 'The Lebanese' and Frankie's 'Two Tribes'? Can you honestly say that they are pleasing and amusing?

So please, stop preaching to us and get on with what music is supposed to be about. I suggest that if The Human League and Frankie feel so strongly about the Tories and politics in general, they should leave the music industry and go into parliament.
From Someone Who's Trees Upset That Roger Taylor Is Getting Married, Somerset

Why does everybody keep slagging The Sun off? I think it's a brilliant paper, one of the best actually.

So The Sun tells a few lies. They have to spin up the news somehow otherwise it would be boring. I mean, nothing exciting ever happens in this country, so they are only trying to brighten things up and everybody likes a bit of gossip, don't they?

Sarar (A Sun Lover), Boring Clacton

It's The Sun's headlines that crack me up. You know, some poor unsuspecting French tourist takes one step off a Sealink ferry and the headline's "Hop Off You Frogs". Or the Queen's second son is seen drinking a cup of milky tea and eating a bag of Bovril Monster Munch and the headline's "Randy Andy's Right Royal Rave-Up!" Such a way with words.

A unofficial founder of 'Let's Stop Slagging Denise Williams Incorporated', I was shocked by your nasty, vicious attack on our heroine in the *Letters* (June 21).

This insult will not go unnoticed. Denise will be forthcoming. Denise (or Den-Den as we like to call her) is probably the most perfect female ever and if you say one more word knocking her, the club will come round to your office and force you to listen to the 12" version of "Superman" by Black Lace, and probably the 7" as well.

This is not a threat - this is a promise.
Brick Kershaw & The Midnight Hyenas, Bournemouth Dorset

Charming!

Isn't it funny? This time last year no-one knew who the hell Marilyn was, whether Frankie had arrived at Hollywood or that Bauhaus, Soft Cell and Kasparov were really going to split. People didn't realise that George Boy was going to have cut and out bitching matches or even have any competition!

I would like to take a few moments to ponder on what will be going on this time next year in the pop world.

Andrew Ridgeley will have left Wham! and joined up with Marc Almond for a duetting career. Disheartened by the leaving of Basbeeb Robert Smith, Scousey will

shave off her hair, sing a duet with Cliff Richard and become a born-again Christian. DD will become Big News on Jupiter and hopefully emigrate there. Maz will take Helen Terry's place in Culture Club and wait for it. Michael Jackson's next album will have been a massive flop. Of course I must just be wrong - DD might be big on Mars. *Che Of Robert Smith's Lovecats*

Who isn't these days? Have a £10 Record Token.

Dear Black Type,
Last time I saw you was down by the shores

Black Type - "what shores?"
Ah cheers, mine's a £10 record token
A Green And Cold Scooter From Nik Kershaw Country, Ipswich

Close, so close. You should have been here a couple of minutes earlier.

Dear Bronski Beat,
Just who do you think you are (June 21)? The fact that the cool trenches at the Hoochie Coochie Club were too laid back to give you a decent reception doesn't give you the right to dismiss offhand the whole of Edinburgh which is known for having a good time here at gigs. Just ask your fellow Glaswegians Lloyd Cole And The Commotions about the deservedly warm reception they received as a mere support band at the Caley Palais. Why don't you perform at a different venue before you condemn the entire city? We are incensed by your unjust slights on our beloved, open-minded, cosmopolitan hometown. *Two Laidy Cole Devotees Edinburgh*

PS We note that John Taylor has condemned Duran Duran out of his own mouth in his *Singles* reviews (June 21) by describing the charts as "charmless and characterless". Are Duran Duran themselves not perpetual inhabitants of said charts? Who does he think is making them so dull?

Top Ten

THIS week's Top Ten:
1 (1) **Two Trips**
Frankie Goes To Hollywood

Dear Black Type,
I thought I'd stop you a line to let you see what somebody at the Devon Sunday Independent thinks of the latest Frankie Goes To Hollywood single. Simon Blackmore, Newton Abbot P S I live near Chudleigh in Devon and it's not that remote.

Not that remote? "Scoffer" Bostock says everyone still gets the afternoon off on Little Jimmy Osmond's birthday.

Can something be done about Janice Long?
Without washing to sound too

negative or hostile. I hate everything about her. I hate her cute, regional accent. I hate her no wave clothes. But, most of all, I hate her adorable personality. Is the woman never in a bad mood?

When she signed her Radio One contract, was there a clause that stipulated she must act as a ray of sunshine at all times? Let me present you with an example of her noxious cheeriness.

Janice (speaking to a Select-A-Disc caller): "So you live in Pigface Upon Swane? Ooh, I'll bet it's exciting there! It's not? Oh well, do you ever get out to gigs? Bet ya do! Only the local Young Farmers Association Dances? Well, what groups do you listen to? Duran Duran? Ooh, isn't Simon Le Bon hunky? I like him myself! D'ya have a boyfriend? Ooh... What's his name? Hector? Well, that's unusual. Bet he's gorgeous! He's not? Well, looks aren't everything! Is he nice? No? Oh, well. Are you reversing at the moment? Grrrrrr! Horrible, isn't it? I used to hate reversing! What are you studying? Ooh, neurosurgery must be a lot of fun! And you're sitting A-Levels? In creative bomb-making? Gllgggghh! You sound really clever! Oohh!"

Know what I mean? Why does the woman have her own radio show?
Yours in bewilderment,
Carolus Anonymous

What do you call a man who uses a vacuum-cleaner in his lounge at midnight with a hawk on one shoulder and a kestrel on the other?
Hawk-Kestrel-Man-Hoovers-In-The-Dark
Andy Taylor's Gibson, Sheffield

This is a work of genius.

What do you call a man wearing two raincoats? Max. What do you call a man wearing two raincoats that cost a lot of money? Maximillion. What do you call a man wearing two raincoats standing by a cemetery? Max Byrgrave. What do you call a man who really gets up your nose? Vic Colin Kerrigan, Birmingham

What do you call a woman with a terrible fear of textile factories? Mildred.

What do you call a man with \$p on his head sat in a monastery? Bob Monkhouse. What do you call a woman with one and a half legs? Eileen. What do you call a Chinese woman with one and a half legs? Irene (think about it). What do you call a girl with a £10 record token in her pocket?
Tracy The Hedgehog From Sheffield

I'd call her about a page later.

Dear Black Type,
buddy! It's your Aussie buddy here. Remember me - two seconds?
Hairbear, Cheltenham

I've just had a really bad dream. I thought I was getting letters written upside down from people with names like "Hairbear". Tell me it isn't true. Please.



ZEKE MANYIKA

Call and Response

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Produced by Zeke and Will Gosling
Additional Production by Paul Hartman

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I got my swim cap and comb
And my paperback book
That I'm almost through
I got my lipstick and mirror
And my sunlan lotion and my camera too
I got my beach bag full of all the necessary items
For a day in the sun
And of course it wouldn't be like me
If I didn't bring along some

Chorus
Sunglasses (ooh) to hide behind
Sunglasses (ooh) to cry behind
Sunglasses (ooh) to die behind
Dear while I lie and cry and sigh and hurt
And watch you while you flirt
With your somebody new
And making me blue

I brought my towel and transistor radio
So I could tell the time
'Cause the top forty records and the weather and sports
Will get you off my mind
'I'll rent an umbrella from the lifeguard tella
With the dreamy eyes
And you can bet I couldn't forget
My old stand-bys my

Repeat chorus

Sunglasses (ooh) sunglasses (ooh)
Repeat to fade

*Words and music John D Loudermilk
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SUNGLASSES

Yes! Here they are!

Your very own super cut-out-and-keep pair of
handy pocket glare-prufe sunglasses!

That's right!

And you're gonna need 'em!

Because next issue we've assembled the most dazzling array of
shining stars ever to burn brightly from the pages of a pop magazine.
Shield your eyes for...

CULTURE CLUB in *The Land Of The Rising Sun Part Two*
— setting the Orient alight

Luminous **SIMON LE BON** — blinding in Birmingham
Those beaming **THOMPSON TWINS** — splendidly illuminated
by your questions in the radiant readers Q&A

Fiery **MALCOLM McLAREN** — He's blazing. He's brilliant. He's back.
And, of course, billions of bedazzling Blitz, scores of shimmering
Songwords, a gleaming Get Smart, lustrous Letters
and a regular riot of Colour.

Lighting up your newsmagazine on **AUGUST 2**

SMASH HITS

It's the right one. It's the bright one.



BRANDS
LINDY SYLVAN

