

**ROD STEWART  
INTERVIEW!**

**MALCOLM McLAREN  
GEORGE MICHAEL  
AZTEC CAMERA  
SHAKATAK-U2**

# Smash HITS

## eURYTHMICS

"IT'S TOUGH AT THE TOP"

HIT SONGS - DEPENDS ON YOU - SONS-OMD - BUCKS FIZZ



George Michael  
SMASH HITS



Photo by Chris Craymer/Stone



MALCOLM

MCLAREN

MADAM

FROM THE OPERA MADAM BUTTERFLY  
BY GIACOMO PUCCINI

ER

The opera "Madam Butterfly" was composed by Giacomo Puccini in 1902 after the publication of the original short story by John Luther Long, an American, in 1898. Puccini saw "Madam Butterfly" as a one-act play by David Belasco in London a year later. It was first performed as an opera on 17 February 1904 at La Scala in Milan. Of all his operas, Puccini created a character more poignant or tragic than the Japanese girl who epitomised the composer's favourite figure - the Little Girl who suffered for her devotion and love.

Act I

The story takes place in the town of Nagasaki. The curtain rises to reveal a little house and garden overlooking the town. Goro, the marriage broker, is showing the property to Lieutenant Pinkerton of the U.S. Navy. He is about to marry a Japanese girl named Butterfly, and this is to be their home. Mr. Sharpless, the American consul, is very worried about Pinkerton's carefree attitude towards his coming marriage. Just as Butterfly approaches, Pinkerton decides to leave to the day when he will be 'properly' wed to an American wife - a sad contrast to the devotion with which he is greeted by his Japanese bride. After the ceremony is performed, her uncle, the Bonze, appears and renounces her for abandoning her ancestral religion. Pinkerton furiously drives the whole crowd from the place, and the young couple are left alone to indulge in a long and tender love duet.

W  
2"

N  
O

Act II

Three years have passed, and we find Butterfly's maid, Suzuki, praying for the return of Pinkerton. He had been recalled to America soon after the wedding, and Suzuki fears that he will not return. Butterfly, increasing her suspicions, visualises every detail of his homecoming. Sharpless enters with a letter from Pinkerton, saying that he is on his way to Nagasaki with an American wife, but Butterfly is so excited that her frequent interruptions prevent Sharpless from breaking the terrible news. Sharpless is even more grieved when Butterfly shows him her baby called 'Trouble', and he promises that Pinkerton shall be told of its existence. Suddenly a cannon shot is heard in the harbour. It is Pinkerton's arrival.

Butterfly takes the child - now named 'Joy' - in celebration of Pinkerton's return - upstairs to sleep. Sharpless comes in with Pinkerton and asks Suzuki to find out if Mrs. Pinkerton would be willing to adopt the child. Pinkerton himself is overcome with remorse and dashes out, leaving Suzuki to break the news to Butterfly. Heartbroken, Butterfly asks Mrs. Pinkerton to leave her for half an hour and then return for her child. When she is alone she takes up her ancestral dagger, which is inscribed with the words, 'To die with honour is better than to live without it'.

Pinkerton returns to find her dying.

MCLAREN

MADAM

BUTTERFLY



MALC 5

NEWSINGLEOUTNOW  
ON 7" & EXTENDED 12"



# GHOSTBUSTERS RAY PARKER JR.

**GHOSTBUSTERS**  
IF THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD  
WHO CAN YOU CALL - GHOSTBUSTERS  
IF THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD AND IT DON'T LOOK GOOD  
WHO YOU GONNA CALL - GHOSTBUSTERS

I AIN'T 'FRAYD O' NO GHOST  
I AIN'T 'FRAYD O' NO GHOST

IF YOU'RE SEEING THINGS HURMING THROUGH YOUR HEAD  
WHO CAN YOU CALL - GHOSTBUSTERS  
AN INVISIBLE MAN SLEEPING IN YOUR BED  
(OH) WHO YOU GONNA CALL - GHOSTBUSTERS

I AIN'T 'FRAYD O' NO GHOST  
I AIN'T 'FRAYD O' NO GHOST  
WHO YOU GONNA CALL - GHOSTBUSTERS

IF YOU'RE ALL ALONE PICK UP THE PHONE  
AND YOU CALL GHOSTBUSTERS  
I AIN'T 'FRAYD O' NO GHOST  
I HEAR IT LIKES THE GIRLS  
I AIN'T 'FRAYD O' NO GHOST  
YEAR YEAR YEAR YEAR

WHO YOU GONNA CALL - GHOSTBUSTERS  
IF YOU'VE HAD A DOSE OF FREAKY GHOSTS BABY  
YOU HETTER CALL GHOSTBUSTERS  
YOU HETTER CALL GHOSTBUSTERS

LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING  
BUSTING MAKES ME FEEL GOOD

I AIN'T 'FRAYD A' NO GHOST  
I AIN'T 'FRAYD A' NO GHOST  
I AIN'T 'FRAYD A' NO GHOST  
DON'T GET CAUGHT ALONE OH NO - GHOSTBUSTERS

WHEN IT COMES THROUGH YOUR DOOR  
UNLESS YOU JUST WANT SOME MORE  
I THINK YOU'D BETTER CALL GHOSTBUSTERS

WHO YOU GONNA CALL - GHOSTBUSTERS  
WHO YOU GONNA CALL - GHOSTBUSTERS  
I THINK YOU'D BETTER CALL - GHOSTBUSTERS  
WHO YOU GONNA CALL - GHOSTBUSTERS  
I CAN HEAR YOU

WHO YOU GONNA CALL - GHOSTBUSTERS  
LOUDER - GHOSTBUSTERS  
WHO YOU GONNA CALL - GHOSTBUSTERS  
WHO CAN YOU CALL - GHOSTBUSTERS  
WHO YOU GONNA CALL - GHOSTBUSTERS

WORDS AND MUSIC BY RAY PARKER JR.  
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION WANNER BROS MUSIC  
ON ARISTA RECORDS

# PERSONAL FILE



## JOHNNY MARR THE SMITHS

**NAME:** Johnny Marr. Haven't been called "John" since birth.  
**BORN:** October 31, 1963 in Ardwick, Manchester.

**WERE YOU EVER SLIPPED AT SCHOOL?** Many times. I was persistently slippered, usually for non-attendance. I was there quite rarely. The school went comprehensive when I was in the third year and from then on it was a no-go area for me. All the good teachers left and I just lost interest in it completely.

**DID YOU EVER HAVE MUSIC LESSONS?** Yeah I did. I was quite interested in them. I was a good teacher, Mr. Jessett, and I learnt quite a lot about musical theory although I never actually had my tuition for an instrument. Really it was just something that would get me out of doing maths.  
**FIRST RECORD BOUGHT:** "Jaguar" by T. Rex, which I've still got and still treasure.

**DO YOU HAVE ANY RECURRING DREAMS?** No, I don't. I dream a lot but I don't have any recurring ones.

**WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU COULD BE INVISIBLE FOR A DAY?** I think I'd just follow Morrissey around and see what he gets up to when he disappears. He does it a lot and disappears off for two days at a time quite regularly. I have suspicions that he's forming a supergroup.  
**FIRST CONCERT:** Rod Stewart and The Faces at Balla Vue in Manchester around 1974. Shriek! I just went because a friend had a spare ticket. I was about 11. It was good at the time but I want off them very soon afterwards.

### FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY:

I always thought Napoleon had quite a neat image. He was small, so he and I have at least one thing in common. And believe he was so much smarter with the ladies. I go for that kind of lifestyle, really. He was the only French superstar, apart from Charles Aznavour and Sacha Distel, of course.

**WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OSCAR WILDE?** I do see his importance in Morrissey's lyrics and I like his humour and tragedy. I like his persona really. He had a very dangerous persona. A brave man. He died for his art which I've always admired.

**CAN YOU COOK?** No. End of story. I'm the take-away king.  
**HOW OFTEN DO YOU CUT YOUR HAIR?** Quite often, because I get bored with it really easily, with looking the same for too long. Andrew Barry, the guy I used to live with in Manchester, does it. He's a really reliable hairdresser and he's part of the Factory set-up. He's got a FAC number, actually.

**WORST MOMENT OF YOUR CAREER:** It has to be the *Old Grey Whistle Test* concert. The majority of the audience not only weren't too bothered about it but hadn't even heard of us although they got free tickets while Smiths fans from London and Manchester couldn't get in. I'd rather a Smiths gig had been filmed than the BBC organize a concert. I just went into it with a bad attitude, really.

**WHERE DID YOU GET YOUR SUNGLASSES?** My girlfriend got them made for me every expensively, they were £76. I'd wanted a pair that were as near to plectas as possible, but I looked everywhere and couldn't find any big enough. There were lots of round ones about but they were all really arse. I used to have a problem on stage because I couldn't see what I was doing, so I had them made with really light lenses.

**DO YOU LIE AWAKE AT NIGHT WORRYING?** I'm awake every night. Not necessarily worrying, but I'm a chronic insomniac. I'm one of these people who turns night into day. I play and write songs and go to bed really early in the morning. Trouble is, as soon as I put my head down I write 300 Number Ones and then when I wake up I can't remember any of them.

**WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR MOTHER?** That's a tricky one. About three weeks ago, when I was at home in Manchester. I probably see her just as much now I live in London. I do miss Manchester. There are a lot of "creative" people there who keep things going.

**IS IT TRUE YOU MET MORRISSEY BY PRESSING YOUR NOSE AGAINST HIS WINDOW?** Yeah, chocolata smudged face. It was probably a bit of shock for him. I can't think why he actually let me in the door. I was quite aggressive and hit him with about 36 words a second so he probably couldn't refuse.  
**FAVOURITE HOWARD JONES RECORD?** "Smalltown Boy".

WHOSE SIDE  
ARE YOU ON

MATT  
BLANCO



ALBUM WX7 CASSETTE WX7C

INCLUDES THE HIT SINGLES · SNEAKING OUT THE BACK DOOR  
GET OUT OF YOUR LAZY BED · MATT'S MOOD · WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?  
CASSETTE INCLUDES TWO BONUS TRACKS · BIG ROSIE · THE OTHER SIDE

Distributed by **WAB** Records Ltd. © A Warner Communications Co.

## TESLA GIRLS

HO HO HO HO  
HO HO HO

TES-TEST-T-T-T-TESTS  
TESLA GIRLS TESLA GIRLS  
TESTING OUT THEORIES  
ELECTRIC CHAIRS AND DYHAMOS  
DRESSED TO KILL THEY'RE KILLING ME  
BUT HEAVEN KNOWS THEIR RECIPE

HO HO HO

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I SAID  
THE THINGS I'VE SEEN WENT OVER MY HEAD  
I'VE BEEN PATIENT HEAVEN KNOWS  
I'VE LEARN'T THE RULES AND HOW IT GOES  
I CAN'T SIT STILL OR SETTLE DOWN  
AND WHEN I WALK I DON'T TOUCH THE GROUND  
SEE THOSE GIRLS THEY'RE HEAVEN BLESSED  
I GUESS IT'S SO THEY KNOW BEST

TESLA GIRLS TESLA GIRLS  
WRITING IN THEIR DIARIES  
NOW AND THEN THEY'LL WATCH TV  
NOW AND THEN THEY'LL SPEAK TO ME  
BUT HEAVEN KNOWS THEIR RECIPE

HO HO HO



YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THEM IF THEY SAID  
THE THINGS THEY'VE SEEN  
WENT OVER THEIR HEADS  
THEY'VE BEEN PATIENT HEAVEN KNOWS  
THEY SEEM TO CARE AND SO IT GOES  
THEY CAN'T SIT STILL OR SETTLE DOWN  
AND WHEN THEY WALK  
THEY DON'T TOUCH THE GROUND  
SEE THOSE GIRLS THEY'RE HEAVEN BLESSED  
I GUESS IT'S SO THEY KNOW BEST

TESLA GIRLS TESLA GIRLS  
TESLA GIRLS TESLA GIRLS

TESLA GIRLS TESLA GIRLS  
TESTING OUT THEORIES  
ELECTRIC CHAIRS AND DYHAMOS  
DRESSED TO KILL THEY'RE KILLING ME

TESLA GIRLS TESLA GIRLS  
I'M IN LOVE WITH TESLA GIRLS  
NOW AND THEN THEY'LL WATCH TV  
NOW AND THEN THEY'LL SPEAK TO ME  
BUT HEAVEN KNOWS  
BUT HEAVEN KNOWS  
BUT HEAVEN KNOWS THEIR RECIPE

HO HO HO

REPEAT TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC C/D REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION  
VIRGIN MUSIC PUBLS LTD ON VIRGIN RECORDS

## CYNDI LAUPER



## SHE BOP

I see them every night in tight blue jeans  
In the pages of a Blueboy magazine  
I've been thinking of a new sensation  
I'm picking up good vibrations

Oh she bop she bop

Do I want to go out with a lion's roar  
Huh yeah I wanna go south an' get me some more  
They say that a stitch in time sevens nine  
They say I better stop or I'll go blind

Oh she bop she bop

Chorus

She bop he bop a we bop  
I bop you bop e they bop  
Be bop be bop a lou bop  
(I hope he will understand)  
She bop he bop a we bop  
I bop you bop a they bop  
Be bop be bop a lou she bop  
Oh she do she bop she bop

Hey they say I better get a chaperone  
Because I can't stop messing with the danger zone  
No I won't worry end I won't fret  
Ain't no law against it yet

Oh she bop she bop

Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade

Words and music C Lauper / S Lunt / G Corbett / R Chertoff  
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To Wall Music Co / Hobbler Music (ASCAP)  
On Portrait Records

## DOC STRIKE



Miami Sound Machine, with Gloria Estefan second left.

The British success of Miami Sound Machine's "Dr Beat" has singer Gloria Estefan in quite a flap. "I feel so excited I feel JanTASoc" For although the group has already sold millions of records throughout Latin America, it was not until recently that the English speaking world began to succumb to their hot hopping popping charms.

The group was formed in Miami (naturally) in 1976 by a bunch of Cuban immigrants - Gloria, husband/percussionist Emilio, drummer Enrique Garcia and bass player Juan Marcos Avila - and began performing saucy Latin funk sung in both English and Spanish. But soon they began "exploding all over South America" - audiences of 195,000 in Peru, people going "ape" in Ecuador, that sort of thing - and so they decided to give the English tongue a rest for a while. The Mayor of Miami was so impressed with the group's efforts as "goodwill ambassadors" to Central America that he

changed the street-name of the city to "Dr. Teresita" where Gloria and Emilio live with their two oldest son Nayib - to Miami Sound Boulevard.

And Ronald Reagan was so impressed when he happened to see the group in Miami that he invited them to play at a gala dinner at the White House. "The President seemed to really like our music," says Gloria. "He said that we were a fine example of the new human kind in Miami."

The President is, Gloria assures *Bitz*, "a very nice man", and she should know, having a degree in psychology and communications. "This helps, not so much with the music but with interpersonal relationships and problems in the group."

And, of course, if Gloria's psychological powers should fail, there's always Doc-doc-doc-doc Doctor Beat.

Producer **Gioyco Morodex** of Flashdance, Donna Summer and lots more fame, is an avid fan of Fritz Lang's 1926 silent classic *Metropolis*. So much so that he's unearthed an original print of the film, had it hand-tinted and stuck on a soundtrack featuring such diverse talents as **Bonnie Tyler**, **Adam Ant**, **Jon Anderson** of Yes, and **Mr Music** himself, **Freddie Mercury**. The new, unproved *Metropolis* will be in the cinemas in early October.

**The Smiths** will be playing a handful of Welsh concerts at the end of September. See Dates for details.

**The Stranglers** have a new single, "Skin Deep" released on September 17. An EP "Aural Sculpture" follows in November.

**The Thompson Twins** will be playing four shows in late September. Ben and/or Alan around Arnie. They'll have a single out before November and a TV special. See Dates for details.

**Morrissey** poor dear, has lost his beloved "heating aid". He put it down for a minute, turned around and there it was, gone. Things are absolutely desperate to replace it and wonders if any of you lot can help. He's not after a "trendy new one" but an "old style one with a bon" if you've got a spare one of these lying around and would like to donate it to a Smith, drop a line to Jill Smith (no relation) c/o Rough Trade, Promo Department, 61-71 Oxford Street, London N1.

## AGADOO FEVER SHOCK!

That's right! It's happening! The streets are far thronging with folk in the final throes of - guip - Agadoo Fever caused by that dreadful **Black Lace** ditty. Norwegian mods, painters and decorators, innocent children, nice old ladies from Lytham St Anne's - all pushing pineapples, shaking trees and grinding coffee left, right and ruddy centre. It's an epidemic! A plague of otherwise quite sane people singing with hula melodies and playing cardboard ukuleles. Baking life and lamb. But ventured out to have a look at all this madness and mayhem



(All together now) "AG-AG-DOO-DOO-DOO . . . . . PUSH PINEAPPLE . . .

. . . SHAKE THE TREE . . .

# Bitz

TV Times Central TV's new live Saturday morning prog, **The Saturday Starship**, begins transmission on September 1, the first edition includes music from **Modern Romance** and lots of other doxy anans, no doubt.

Julian Read's **Pop Quiz** meanwhile, returns for a six-week run on Tuesday September 4, and so to get you in the mood, here's a special *Pop Quiz* styled question (no prizes, mind). From which Top Ten hit is the following lyric taken: "Peach pineapple grand coffee" (There's a bit of a clue somewhere on this page, by the way.)

A thousand pardons. The credit for "Are You Ready" by **Break Machine** last issue should have read: "Reproduced by permission Record Shack Music/Jean Music, administered by Leosong Ltd".

As of about now, the recently-wed **Jo Callis** is ceasing to be a full-time member of **The Human League** and becoming instead a sort of full member. To be precise, he won't be doing any more interviews, photos, radio shows or any stuff like that. He won't be playing live either. He will still however be beavering away in the studio and writing songs with the rest round at Philip's house.

The reason? He wants more time for solo projects, of course.

**Artec Camera** will be gadding about the country in late September and October. They'll probably be playing a few concerts too. Dates has the details.





# RITZ

## FAN CLUBS

**Artex Camera**  
Ranhill House  
12 All Saints Rd  
London W11 1AG

**Eurythmics**  
PC Box 245  
London NB7 6AC

**U2**  
PO Box 48  
London N6 5PT

Had to happen 'Michael (I'm Michael)' by **Michael T.** as a single by Billie Jean's son.

## HAPPY BIRTHDAY

**John Peel** (45) on August 30  
**Bruce Foston** (48) on September 1  
**Barry Gibb** (48) **The Bee Gees** (48)  
on September 1

**Martin Chambers** of **The Pretenders** (33) on September 4  
**Freddie Mercury** of **Queen** (46)  
on October 20

**Chrissie Hynde** of **The Pretenders** (33) on September 7  
**Dave Stewart** of **Eurythmics** (48)  
on September 9

**Stobhan Fyfe** of **Kasabian** (27) on September 30  
**Jon Moss** of **Culture Club** (7) on  
September 15

**Mick Talbot** of **The Style Council** (58) on September 11



Photo: Paul Meyer

Is it a suit? Is it a tablecloth? Is it the big top from *Hoffman Shoes Circus*? No. Course not. It's the new Howard Jones t-shirt, as modelled by our very own songbirds person Lisa Anthony. And apart from the one she's wearing, we have no less than 14 others ready and waiting proudly to be worn by someone very like you. Yes, welcome to another *Ritz* competition. We're also giving away 15 exclusively autographed 12" copies of Howie's 'Lake To Get To Know You Well' single, all for the round sum of 0 pence. Here's the question, then:

"Eva Howl" is an anagram of a Howard Jones song title. Which one?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits**

**Howard Jones Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street London W. V 1PF and get them here no later than September 12. OK?

The record Hip Hop king **Afrika Bamba Amara** was making with *Godfather of Soul* James Brown in New York and about it called "That soul comes in my head like six parts of which are in the 12". Bam, as the boss Zulu is known to his oblong, is now apparently thinking of making records with John Lydon and metal barbers *Tone Department*.

**Kraftwerk's** "Tour De France" after being in the film *Breakdance*, has been re-released. The 12" has new French and German versions.

## THREE DOWN, TWO TO GO



Nick and Julie Anna at The Savoy: think pink.

He's been headlining tribulations in the *Billboard* weeks from the start of 1987 to Mr. **Nick Rhodes** and his still no bride. He's rather wonderful **Julie Anne Friedman**. The wedding, which took place on Saturday August 1st at Mary-Lene Registry Office, Kent, it was attended only by family. The best man was in fact a best person, an old friend of Nick's called Elaine. The reception afterwards at The Savoy was attended by 200 guests,

including Steve Lillywhite, *Julie*, Steve Strassen and himself. In fact, the Canons had dispatched Miss New York on an interceptive *Wes* Aegean to *Wes*. Andy briefly left the side of his expectant wife and Roger and Giovanna arrived back fresh from their honeymoon on the Nile. Magician Simon Drake entertained the company and, keeping with the quart of bride and groom, everything - food, drink and flamingoes - was pink.

Radio 1

Tommy

Vance

John Peel

Peter Powell

Tony Blackburn

Bruce

Brooke

Peter Powell's

Johny

Tommy

Johny

Johny

Johny

Johny

Johny

Johny

Johny

MORE AGADOO FEVER!



...JUMP UP AND DOWN...



...AND TO THE KNEES...



...COME AND DANCE EVERY NIGHT...SING WITH A HULA MELODY



Photo: Paul Meyer

A GREAT BEGINNING A FANTASTIC MIDDLE –  
AND A VERY SATISFYING END – THAT'S

## 'THE STORY OF A YOUNG HEART'

THE NEW ALBUM FROM

# A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

INCLUDES THE HIT SINGLE  
'THE MORE YOU LIVE  
THE MORE YOU LOVE'



## ROMAN HOLLIDAY

THE NEW SINGLE  
ON 12"  
(WITH FREE COLOUR POSTER)  
AND 7"



# FIRE ME UP

# THE POINTER SISTERS "BREAK OUT"



This new album from the Pointer Sisters includes their hits 'Automatic', 'Jump', and 'I Need You', and it's available on album or cassette, from Records and Tapes at Woolworth.

£4.79



Records  
and Tapes

# WOOLWORTH

AND WOOLCO

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Winter's cityside  
Crystal bits of snowflakes  
All around my head and in the wind  
I had no illusions  
That I'd ever find a glimpse  
Of summer's haatwavas in your eyes  
You did what you did to me  
Now it's his tory I see  
Hara's my comeback on the road again  
Things will happen while they can  
I will wait here for my man tonight  
It's easy when you're big in Japan

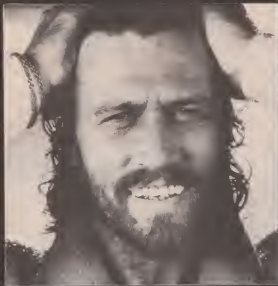
Chorus  
Ah when you're big in Japan tonight  
Big in Japan be tight  
Big in Japan ooh the aastarn saa's so blue  
Big in Japan alright  
Pay then I'll sleep by your side  
Things are easy when you're big in Japan  
Oh when you're big in Japan

Nae on my naked skin  
Passing silhouettes  
Of strange illuminated mannaquins  
Shall I stay here at the zoo  
Or should I go and change  
My point of view for other ugly scenes  
You did what you did to me  
Now it's his tory oh you see  
Things will happen while they can  
I will wait here for my man tonight  
It's easy when you're big in Japan

Repeat chorus three times

Words and music Gold/Mertens/Lloyd  
Reproduced by permission of Warner Bros Music  
On WEA Records

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a  
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# BARRY GIBB

## SHINE, SHINE HIS FIRST SOLO SINGLE

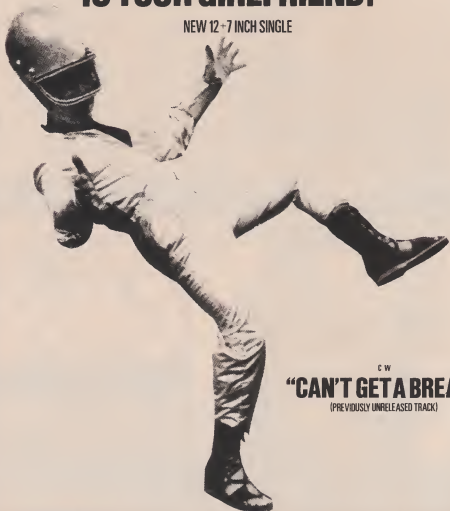
AVAILABLE NOW ON 7" EXTENDED 12"  
AND LIMITED EDITION MIRROR DISC



TAKEN FROM "IN THE STUDIO"  
"THE BEST LONG PLAYER THIS YEAR"  
Record Mirror

# THE SPECIAL AKA "WHAT I LIKE MOST ABOUT YOU IS YOUR GIRLFRIEND!"

NEW 12" - 7 INCH SINGLE



C W  
"CAN'T GET A BREAK"  
(PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED TRACK)

12" EXTENDED VERSION INCLUDES FREE POSTER. LIMITED EDITION 7" VERSION AVAILABLE IN A GATEFOLD SLEEVE

# HEAVEN 17

## SUNSET NOW



Photo: Peter Adams

### SUNSET NOW

SUN CRAZED IN OUR NOON  
IT WAS AN ENDLESS AFTERNOON  
IT SEEMED THAT WE WERE SO IMMUNE  
THE NIGHTS WERE STUNNED AND LONGER  
I FELL ON MY PILLOW SAYING  
"TELL THE WORLD THAT LUCKY'S CALLING  
GOLD DUST / FALLING HERE IN ACTION TOWN"

SUNSET NOW SUNSET NOW  
SUNSET NOW SUNSET NOW

BLAZE FLEW INTO TOWN  
IN TIME TO WATCH THE SUN GO DOWN  
WE SAID THE NEW PRINCE MUST BE FOUND  
THE MESSAGE SHATTERED OUR WINDOWS  
WE KNEW IT WAS OVER SAYING  
"TELL THE BOYS THAT WE'RE NOT HANGING  
OVER ANY PART OF ACTION TOWN"

SUNSET NOW SUNSET NOW  
SUNSET NOW NOW NOW

PAY OUT HUN OUT WORK OUT DIE OUT  
(ACTION TOWN) ACTION TOWN  
IF YOU HAVE THE NAME  
THEN YOU WIN THE GAME  
IN ACTION TOWN IN ACTION TOWN  
BANG BANG YOU'RE DEAD

IT'S RAINING BREAD  
SUNSET NOW

NOW THAT WE HAVE GONE  
OO HAYE STRENGTH TO CARRY ON  
IT LOOKS LIKE ALL OUR SUN HAS SHONE  
IT SEEMS OUR DICE ARE AS COLD AS ICE  
BUT SOMETHING IN MY HEART KEEPS SAYING  
"TELL THE WORLD THAT LUCKY'S COMING  
LIVES ARE HUNNING WE COME ACTION TOWN"

SUNSET NOW SUNSET NOW  
REPEAT TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC MARSH WARE GREGORY  
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF VIRGIN MUSIC PUBLISHERS SOUND DIAGRAMS WARNER  
BROS MUSIC  
ON VIRGIN RECORDS

## MASTER AND SERVANT

(It's a lot) It's a lot (It's a lot) It's a lot  
(It's a lot) It's a lot (It's a lot) like life

There's a new game we like to play you see  
A game with added reality  
You treat me like a dog get me down on my knees  
We call it master and servant  
We call it master and servant

It's a lot like life this play between the sheets  
With you on top and no underwear  
Forget all about equality  
Let's play master and servant  
Let's play master and servant

It's a lot like life and that's what's appealing  
If you despise that throwaway feeling  
From disposable fun then this is the one

Dominate's the name of the game  
In bed or in life they're both just the same  
Except in one you're fulfilled at the end of the day  
Let's play master and servant  
Let's play master and servant

(Come on come on)

Master and servant  
(It's a lot) It's a lot (It's a lot) It's a lot  
(It's a lot) It's a lot (It's a lot) like life  
(It's a lot) It's a lot (It's a lot) It's a lot  
(It's a lot) It's a lot (It's a lot) master and servant  
(It's a lot) It's a lot (It's a lot) It's a lot  
(It's a lot) It's a lot (It's a lot) like life

It's a lot like life and that's what's appealing  
If you despise that throwaway feeling  
From disposable fun then this is the one

(Come on) let's play master and servant  
(Come on) come on master and servant (come on)  
Let's play master and servant (come on)  
Come on master and servant (come on)  
Let's play (It's a lot) master and servant  
(Come on) come on (It's a lot) master and servant

Words and music M. Gore Reproduced by permission Grabbing  
Hands Sunset  
On Mute Records

# DEPECHE



Photo: Mike Peltzer

# MODE

Eurythmics are currently conquering America, a land where "pop stars are treated like royalty". They've been offered multi-million dollar advertising deals. "Sweet Dreams" is now a soap opera theme tune. They've even had a horse race named after them. Dave Stewart can't get enough of it but Annie Lennox is finding it all a bit hard to handle. As Peter Martin discovered.



**T**hey're so hot they're burning up the airwaves! That's how American DJs are referring to the Eurythmics these days. And you know what?—they've got a point.

Last year the single, "Sweet Dreams (Are Made Of This)", made the Number One slot over here. Since then things have been getting a little silly. "Sweet Dreams" is now the theme to a new big budget soap opera, *Paper Dolls*, starring Morgan "Flamingo Road" Fairbrold and Lloyd "King Of The Disaster Movie" Bridges. Film offers have been pouring in. Annie was even offered three million dollars to endorse Vidal Sassoon's hair care range. And to cap it all they've had a horse race named after them. On Saturday they're flying to Saratoga Racetrack to present the cup to the winning jockey.

**T**oday they're in the plush offices of RCA Records, situated high above the Avenue Of The Americas in New York City. All they've got to do for the rest of the day is a few TV interviews alongside the Jacksons and people like that. Last night they played in Washington DC—the third date of their current US jaunt. Tomorrow they're off to New Jersey to play the Arts Center—Frank Sinatra played there last week and New Yorkers include Liberace and the New York Philharmonic. All this after recently completing the biggest tour of their lives—131 dates across the States, Europe and the Far East.

So it's no wonder the American press officers are indulging in the usual bee-ha-

about talking to "their artists". I'm warned not to ask "personal questions", especially ones concerning Annie's recent marriage to German ex-Nazi Krishna devotee Rahda Roman. I'm also "advised" to direct the questions at Dave—"Annie will join in at will, she's saving her voice for the tour, you see". Eventually I'm led into the gold disc-decorated office of the head of Press to meet them. I'm half expecting them to be sitting at a throne with me being forced to curtsy on entry.

Thankfully I'm spared all that. The pair of them are extremely friendly, though obviously a little weary after flying in at 1.00 am last night. As usual, Dave's in an extremely chirpy mood, prising from ear to ear and generally looking happy with life. Annie is slightly more reserved, her high-strung manner tipping her from periods of relative calm into stretches of more animated, nervous excitement. Dave's had his hair cut but it's still as wild as ever. Annie's dyed her blonde, perfectly highlighting the sun's gentle bleaching effect on her pale skin. As warned, her voice seems slightly worse for wear—for most of the time she tries to keep it down to a delicate whisper—but she's not unwilling to talk.

**S**o how do the pair of them feel about what's happening to them? Dave answers first. "Things have got completely out of proportion and it's difficult for me to take it seriously. I still see myself as this guy from Sunderland who likes football and once broke his leg. I just can't relate to stardom. People

treat you as they would the star of a soap opera. It's a bit plastic, you know."

And Annie? "Stardom," she reveals with a slightly pained expression, "is treated differently here. America, you see, doesn't have much of a history or culture—I'm referring to contemporary culture as distinct from things like Red Indians. So I've come to realise that they look to Hollywood as their past, their glorification, their Golden Dream. So stars are, in effect, treated like royalty. That's why so many people are hunting for stardom without a care for good quality in their work."

Talking of stars, Dave and Annie were swamped by them at a recent appearance at the Grammy Awards—the musical equivalent of the Oscar ceremony.

"It was unbelievable," smiles Dave with a curious combination of pride and wide-eyed disbelief. "Stevie Wonder came up to me and said 'you got the key baby, you got the key' and I was going 'yes what?' And Quincy Jones [Michael Jackson's producer] came up and was really complimentary about my production and stuff. And then we were pushed out of the way by John Denver and Dolly Parton. Sitting next to Annie was Chuck Berry and Herbie Hancock. It was bizarre. Everybody taking part was sitting in one room and there were 300 bodyguards surrounding it. Then I walk Michael Jackson with more bodyguards who warned that if anybody tried to talk to him he'd have to leave."

And if that wasn't enough he recently walked into a party and caught Lisa





"At a certain point you go, Wow — I don't know if I can keep this up!"



Minnelli) at the piano singing "Sweet Dreams".

"It was quite funny really — as I said, you can't take all this 'star stuff' seriously. In fact, I think it's all so funny I've decided to make a film about it. I've been offered millions to do it but that's not the point. I just want to make it really slapstick with a daft plot — like the one in an early Beatles film where they try to catch Ringo and paint him red for a sacrifice."

Seems he's going to play the part of a bumbling messenger boy — "like Jerry Lewis in *Disorderly Orderly*." The film will feature loads of his musician friends — people like the Rolling Stones, Dolly Parton and Stevie Wonder.

"In one scene I deliver a message to Stevie and as I arrive I trip over all these wires and land on his drum computer. 'Cos he can't see, right, when all these amazing rhythms start he goes 'great, we've got to do a song together!' It's all a bit like that."

Annie, meanwhile, has turned down lots of film parts.

"I want some serious acting lessons first. But when I'm ready I'd love to work with Scottish director Bill Forsyth. I know he's interested."

A definite project is the soundtrack for a screen version of Orwell's *1984* starring John Hurt. That'll be out later this year.

Lately the pair have worked with a whole range of musicians. Annie's sung with Billy MacKenzie, German electronics expert Robert Geil and, with

Dave, she's collaborated on a single with eddibal electronics duo Chris And Cosoy. Yesterday Dave produced a Ramones single and a while back he wrote three songs for US rock star Tom Petty. But his favourite pursuit seems to be "jam sessions" with friends like Tina Turner, the Talking Heads and Robert Palmer in places like L.A. and Nassau.

"You see I think that's part of the reason why I find it hard to see the Eurythmics fitting in with what's going on in the charts now. I can't see people like Duran Duran and Culture Club as our contemporaries. I'm older and I have a wider cross section of friends/musicians than this cliquy London thing that's happening right now."

**T**his lifestyle doesn't seem to hold much fascination for Annie.

Rather than channel her energies into a myriad of musical areas, she's become even more wrapped up in the Eurythmics and their audience. For instance she gets very emotional when she talks of a recent concert. Seems there was a boy in a wheelchair who tried to make it to the front of the stage and the bouncers pushed him back.

"I just stared at this security guy, gesturing 'let him by'. You should have seen the look on his face. It was terrific. He just let him straight past. When things like that happen it's not a case of my ego being massaged. To be part of something that can lift people like that — it's really valuable."

By now she's positively brimming with excitement.

"One of the most moving experiences I had was in Los Angeles. This 75 year old woman had waited an hour and a half to see me after I'd been onstage and she knocked on my car window. I wound it down and she said she'd driven 150 miles to see me 'cos her daughter liked me. She said 'I wanted to tell you that you've given me something incredible and I think you're really great'. It wasn't like fan worship or anything, it was something very real, very emotional and I felt humbled by it."

Taking a deep breath she continues. "For all the nights I'd gone on thinking 'what am I doing, I'm tired, I need some sleep' that woman gave me the answer, the reason for being there and carrying on. It's so easy to forget. You fly from State to State, one concert after another. Constant, constant, constant. And at a certain point you go 'Wow, I don't know if I can keep this up'. You think 'is it worth doing this job? Is it worth staying married to this person?' But after that I know it was worth it."

She calms down a bit, looking quite emotionally and physically drained at this point. All this touring's obviously getting to her. She asks if she can go for something to eat. As a parting shot I ask her how she sees her role in the Eurythmics?

"All I feel my function is," posing at the door for thought, "is to inspire people, to make them feel better. I just have a tendency to lead people in a funny direction."

And with that she closes the door behind her.

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# SINGLES

reviewed by



**ROBERT HODGENS**  
(THE BLUEBELLS)

**THE SMITHS: William, It Was Really Nothing (Rough Trade)**  
Some people (myself *once*) might say "Oh no, not another Smiths' single!"—but they get better all the time. Some might say it's too short—but it's just the right length. Some might say they don't like Morrissey's singing—but he's never sung better. A touching and melancholy single in a week of such things and the B-side, "Please Please Please Let Me Get What I Want," is if anything better and by far my favourite thing The Smiths have done.



**AZTEC CAMERA: All I Need Is Everything (WEA)** It's been quite a while since anything came from Aztec Camera. That is nothing startling or even particularly different from the other stuff (and I had expected it to be with the new line-up, producer etc). However, it's a lovely and warm single even

though the tender vocals are sometimes at odds with the backing. The song, though no classic, is lifted by Roddy's fine singing. There's a bigger surprise on the B-side with Van Halen's recent "Jump" done nice and slow like veteran rocker Lou Reed's "Sweet Jane" if "Jump" and The Smiths' B-side were A-sides, they'd be joint Singles of the Fortnight.

**MALCOLM McLAREN: Madame Butterfly (Charisma)** The (Jonathan) King of London's avant-garde returns with this year's "Johnny Reggae"? Another good idea, superbly executed, another record which, despite the clattering disco backing, has me (yng) back contemplating life's complexities as I sail back on this slow boat from Holland.



**ROCK STEADY CREW: She's Fresh (Chameleon)** As moody as hip hop can get, I suppose. Like this, especially the verses which I find strangely touching for some reason. "Probably sea-sickness," he said, as once again the ship lurched violently. This kind of music is to today's youngsters what Tamla and punk were in the past, and it shouldn't be under-rated.

**CHIEFS OF RELIEF: Holiday (MCA)** Another summer single. Don't they know the summer's over? This is just daft. Another case of if they heard this by someone like The Farmer's Boys, they'd turn their nose up and raise two fingers and utter the immortal phrase "\*\*\*\* off, wingers!" But because they've got a moolacan in the group, it's good for a laugh and not at all "wompish" as the Irish say.



**VISAGE: Love Glove (Polydor)** The restraint on this record comes as a surprise considering the gauzy, over the top-ness of Steve Strange's recent photo sessions. And though I find it pleasant enough, I'm sure some people will think it's Ultravox.

**THE JACKSONS: Torture (Epic)** I loved "State Of Shock"—it was good and noisy—but this Earth Wind & Fire soundalike proves that even the

Jackson label is no guarantee of quality. Pleasantly boring which, in retrospect, I suppose is no mean feat.



**DEPECHE MODE: Master And Servant (Mute)** Very reminiscent of The Royal Guardsmen's ancient hit "Snoopy Vs. The Red Baron". I'm afraid that, except for the lovely "See You", Depeche Mode have consistently failed to evoke any melancholy in me.

**LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS: Forest Fire (Polydor)** I guess this is your "Bohemian Rhapsody", huh Lloyd? An excellent record from Mr Morrissey's new boating partner. The highlight is the great guitar break at the end. I'm not a great fan of Lloyd's lyrics but that doesn't matter here as, once again, it's the mood that prevails. There's a strange B-side on which Lloyd apparently attacks his own bohemian lifestyle. Worth a listen.



**PHILIP SALLON AND THE MUD MEN: Summer Dream (Parlophone)** This looks like a re-issue of "The Beach Boys" but "Sloop John B" with a very silly picture indeed of Beach Boy Brian Wilson on the cover. I bet Philip Sallou wouldn't play this in any of his clubs if it was by Nick Heyward or someone like that. Good for a laugh. Or should I say game for a laugh?

**QUIET RIOT: Mania Weer All Crazy Now (Epic)** Oh no, this is all I need—loud-mouthed Yankees spoiling my carefully-cultivated introspection. \*\*\*\* off this wump yelled hoarsely as the rabble roused him from his hearily-seated slumber with the ugliest voices he had ever heard. Still quite fond of the song, though if it touch and go, believe me.

**SPANDAU BALLET: Flt Fly For You (Reformation/Chrysalis)** I've been very hard on Spandau in the past. Unfairly so, but Tony Hadley's voice does get on my nerves. Here, however, it is not at all grating. The

best single in ages. A good feel, good mood and good melody—though I find the title line inappropriate and awkward. (And that goes for the sax too!)



**NIK KERSHAW: Human Racing (MCA)** You shouldn't be embarrassed by your fans—ever. Surely it's better to be David Cassidy than Billy Joel. This is pure cocktail party music, uncharitably like Mr Joel (who, I must be said, wrote "Say Goodbye To Hollywood" which I love). Still I suppose it is a good career move.



**HEAVEN 17: Sunset Now (Virgin)** A very assured and confident single that sounds like it expects to be labelled 'classic'. It's not, by any means, despite some great vocals. It's so good but it fails to evoke any mood for me at a time when all I'm interested in is 'soul-searching', man. Well, at least until I get off this liner. Oh, and I don't like groups who treat music like a business—and I always suspect Heaven 17 of that.

**RAY PARKER: Ghostbusters (Arista)** America's Number One single from the film of the same title—proving once again the all-prevailing power of the visual image, film soundtracks seem to be surefire providers of hits these days. This is a good, fun record, a bit of humour as what discos badly need and this will provide it. I'm not afraid of ghosts either, Ray, but I'm afraid of me.

**CHELSEA FC: Back On The Ball (WEA)** God! I don't believe it. It is indeed a strange old week. Of all things, a moody football song. Pat Nevin and his boys close their eyes and sing about team spirit and camaraderie in this vitriolic socialist attack on the Thatcherist gospel of selfish economics. One for all and all for one, they say. It might just work. I hope they all wear shades and leather on "Top Of The Popz".



He taught him the secret to Karate lies in  
the mind and heart. Not in the hands.

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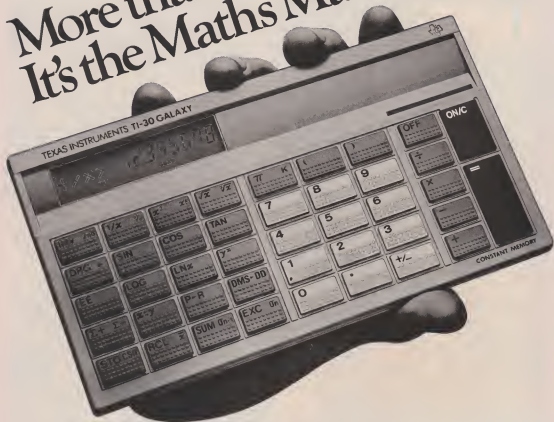
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## PRIDE (IN THE NAME OF LOVE)

ONE MAN COME IN THE NAME OF LOVE  
ONE MAN COME AND GO  
ONE MAN COME ME TO JUSTIFY  
ONE MAN TO OVERTHROW

CHORUS  
IN THE NAME OF LOVE  
WHAT MORE IN THE NAME OF LOVE  
IN THE NAME OF LOVE  
WHAT MORE IN THE NAME OF LOVE

ONE MAN CAUGHT ON A BARBED WIRE  
FENCE  
ONE MAN HE RESIST  
ONE MAN WASHED ON A EMPTY BEACH  
ONE MAN BETRAYED WITH A KISS

REPEAT CHORUS

EARLY MORNING APRIL FOUR  
A SHOT RINGS OUT IN THE MESSIAH SKY  
FREE AT LAST THEY TOOK YOUR LIFE  
THEY COULD NOT TAKE YOUR PRIDE

REPEAT CHORUS

IN THE NAME OF LOVE  
WHAT MORE (ONE MORE LOVE)  
IN THE NAME OF LOVE (ONE MORE LOVE)  
IN THE (ONE MORE LOVE)  
NAME OF LOVE  
(ONE MORE LOVE ONE MORE LOVE)  
WHAT MORE (ONE MORE LOVE)  
IN THE NAME OF LOVE (ONE MORE LOVE)

ONE MORE LOVE ONE MORE LOVE  
ONE MORE LOVE ONE MORE LOVE  
ONE MORE LOVE ONE MORE LOVE  
ONE MORE LOVE ONE MORE LOVE  
ONE MORE LOVE ONE MORE LOVE  
ONE MORE LOVE ONE MORE LOVE

WORDS AND MUSIC LP  
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# Bucks Fizz



WHEN YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES AND YOU GO TO SLEEP (SLEEP)  
AND YOU SOUND TO THE SOUND OF A HEARTBEAT  
AND YOU HEAR THE THINGS THAT YOU'RE DREAMING ABOUT  
(ABOUT)  
WHEN YOU OPEN UP YOUR HEART AND THE TRUTH COMES OUT

CHORUS

YOU TELL ME THAT YOU WANT ME  
TELL ME THAT YOU NEED ME  
TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME  
AND I KNOW THAT I'M RIGHT  
'CAUSE I HEAR IT IN THE NIGHT  
I HEAR THE SECRETS THAT YOU KEEP  
WHEN YOU'RE TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP  
I HEAR THE SECRETS THAT YOU KEEP  
WHEN YOU'RE TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP

AND WHEN I HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS AT NIGHT (NIGHT)  
DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE SLEEPING IN A SPOTLIGHT  
AND ALL YOUR DREAMS THAT YOU KEEP INSIDE  
YOU'RE TELLING ME THE SECRETS THAT YOU JUST CAN'T HIDE

REPEAT CHORUS

WHEN YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES AND YOU FALL ASLEEP (SLEEP)  
EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU IS A MYSTERY

TELL ME THAT YOU WANT ME  
TELL ME THAT YOU NEED ME  
TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME  
AND I KNOW THAT I'M RIGHT  
'CAUSE I HEAR IT IN THE NIGHT  
I HEAR THE SECRETS THAT YOU KEEP  
WHEN YOU'RE TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP  
I HEAR THE SECRETS THAT YOU KEEP  
WHEN YOU'RE TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP  
I HEAR THE SECRETS THAT YOU KEEP  
WHEN YOU'RE TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP  
I HEAR THE SECRETS THAT YOU KEEP  
WHEN YOU'RE TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP  
I HEAR THE SECRETS THAT YOU KEEP

WORDS AND MUSIC MARINOS PALMAR SKILL CANLER SOLLEY  
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ON RCA RECORDS

## Talking in your sleep



# A TRUE ROMANTIC



**Roddy Frame isn't too interested in what he calls "Pop's mad scambo". He reckons Aztec Camera don't really fit in with anything and he's spent much of this year writing songs in a country cottage. Which seems to suit Kimberley Leston.**



"When we played in America someone overheard a girl saying, 'I really liked Artec Camera but I want to see them and the singer's such a faggot'. Roddy Framma tells me in the softest of Glaswegian lolls, "so I don't really know what people think of us."

Whatever they think he doesn't appear too bothered and is far from intent on pursuing your regular pop star image. We're squatting on some sunny steps outside a riverside pub near the tiny, brick-walled studio where Artec Camera are rehearsing for their forthcoming British tour to promote a new single, "All I Need Is Everything" (the first we've heard of them since "Oblivions" was a hit last Autumn). You could say they've been lying a little low.

Roddy's been spending time on and off in an idyllic-sounding cottage just outside Manchester, writing for the album duo in October.

"I didn't even have a car—but I just can't be bothered with the pop star life-style. It's so tiring for so little reward. It's better spending time doing things that are good for the soul."

His gentle, humane manner does seem far removed from the la dishness of Franka and I can't see any hollyhocks sticking out of his jeans à la Morrissey, so where exactly do Artec Camera fit in these days?

"I don't think we do," he says. "We never seem to have been completely in time with what's happening and I'm sure if I was just starting I'd try even harder not to fit in with people like Franka," he laughs sardonically. "We just don't take part in pop's mad scambo." He does, however, regard The Smiths as "sort of competitive ground. When I hear something I think's good, I find it really inspiring, so maybe that inspires me to compete."

Surprisingly, Van Halen's "Jump" must have been the source of some inspiration as their version of it is the smooth and husky B-side of the new single. He's excited about the whole record but clearly not just because it sounds like it could be a hit.

"I don't love being successful more than I love anything else," he says. "I think there's more to life than that."

The rest of the band give the impression of being remarkably easy-going. Guitarist Craig Gannon's recent departure to join The Blinabells, for instance, doesn't seem to have caused the slightest dissension and Roddy is genuinely pleased that he's fitted in.

So what of the album? Will it be as classy as "High Land, Hard Rain"?

"Yeah," he smirks, "Working class Dignity, truth, valour and the resurgence of late-'60s psychadalia!" Sounds fine by me. We finish our tea and wander back to the cosy little studio. "But I was thinking," says Roddy, laughing at the thought, "that Artec Camera's next thing should be like the New Romantics, because it was never really milked, was it? It would be good to be a New Romantic!"

He bats his wickedly long eyelashes. New Romantic? I don't know about that. More, I'd say, a true romantic.



Roddy (left) is a distinguished #1 singer, but I don't know how long



Steadily bringing the new '80s sound to the masses (left)



The band talking about their new album (left to right: Roddy Frame (singer), Guy Fletcher (keyboards), Campbell Owens (bass), Dave Ruffy (drums))



The band actually doing a bit of rock and roll

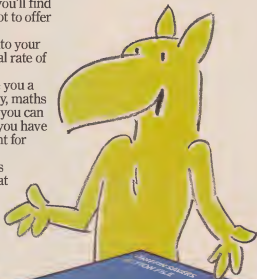
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**Can you sort this out? I've seen Divina's real name written as "Harris Milstead" (Smash Hits, Mar 3 '83), "Glenn Milston" (Daily Mail, Aug 2 '84) and "Glenn Muldoon" (Smash Hits, Aug 2 '84). Which is the correct one?**

**Pam The Curious, Chester.**

I don't think anybody really knows for certain but his office reckon that Glenn Milstead is "the nearest you'll get". He's been called Divina (and lots of other things, no doubt!) ever since his first film *Pink Flamingoes* and "the name just stuck". Incidentally, his friends actually call him *Divvy*. His new single "I'm So Beautiful" is out on September 24.



# GET SMART



Deley Thompson attempts the death-defying feat of whistling and drinking Lucozade at the same time.

**There is an advert on telly which has some absolutely brilliant theme music! It's the Lucozade ad which features the athlete Deley Thompson. Can you find out if the theme's available on record?**

**Russell Poole, Dorchester.**

It's taken from a track titled "Phantom Of The Opera" performed by Iron Maiden - and it's on the "Iron Maiden" album on EMI, catalogue no. EMC 3330. Our hero Deley managed to find time to film the advert while out in Los Angeles in training for the Olympics.

**Please print a list of all records by Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five, and explain the "Flash & Mella Mel" thing. Marilyn's Stocking, Yorkshires.**

All issued on Sugarhill (through PRT). Singles were: "The Adventures Of Grandmaster Flash On The Wheels Of Steel (Part I)" (October 1981), "It's Nasty" (Mar '82), "The Message" (Aug '82), "Scorpio" (Dec '82), "Message II (Survival)" - Mella Mel And Duke Bootee Of Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five (Dec '82), "New York New York" (May '83), "White Lines (Don't Don't Do It)" - Grandmaster And Mella Mel (Oct '83) and "Beat Street" - Grandmaster Mella Mel And The Furious Five. Albums: "The Message" (Oct '82) and "Grandmaster's Greatest Messages" (Jun '84), both credited to Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five. All are still on the Sugarhill catalogue, apart from the 7" of "Beat Street" which came out on WEA. The name of the group changed officially last year upon Flash's departure; he attempted to sue Sugarhill for

five million dollars damages and sole rights to the name 'Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five'. However, a judge ruled that he was only entitled to keep his own name - Flash - so the new Grandmaster is Mella Mel, previously a member of the Furious Five.

**Recently I was tuned into Patar "Pinky" Powell when he mentioned there was an 8 1/2-minute version of "War" knocking around which was "wall crucial" but after days of looking I still can't find it. Does it exist?**

**Gnasher's Sunglasses, Benbury.**

It certainly does, though I'm not surprised you can't find it considering there's currently approximately nine versions of "Two Tribes" / "War" lurking about. You'll find it on the "Wartz Mix" as either a picture disc or black vinyl 12" (quote catalogue number Wartz3).

**On Annie Nightingale's Radio 1 show on July 29 she played a version of "The Cheffeur" by Duran Duran. She said it was the "silver blue" version; did she mean the "blue silver" version? I'd also like to know if it's still available. Finally, this is the fifth time I've written to ask for the Duran Fen Club address. What is it? DD Fen, Liverpool, and Siobhan Neilens, Cheeds.**

Your firsts first. As usual it turns out that you lot are right and Annie did in fact mean the "blue silver" version, which is on the B-side of "Rio" and still on the EMI catalogue. Secondly, this is about the millionth time we've printed the Duran Duran fan club address but here goes! It's: Duran Duran, 273 Broad Street, Birmingham B1 2DS. Enclose SAE.

**I'd like to know whether the special tour programmes from Status Quo's their final concerts are still available, and also, when can we expect the video of the last concert to be released?**

**Lisa, Ipswich.**

The good news is that their merchandising company Bravado still have a limited number of souvenir tour programmes at just under £4 each (inc. postage). For full details (and a list of all other available merchandise), send a stamped addressed envelope to: Bravado Merchandising, 45-53 Sirenicliff Road, Kensington, London W14. Meanwhile, Videoforn Music are currently editing the many miles of film from the final concert at

Milton Keynes into a 90-minute package titled *End Of The Road*. A release date has yet to be confirmed but it's optimistically pencilled in for "sometime before Christmas".

**I bet you won't take this seriously but I really want to know what was in the sandwiches eaten by the lead singer of Bronski Beat in the video for "Smalltown Boy" while he was on the train.**

**J. Coombs, Weston-Super-Mare.**

Jimmi was seen tucking into his favourite - peanut butter on white bread. Did you know that one of those contains 320 big calories?



The Krew (left) Dennis Smith, Mark Price, Keith Airey and Tim Moore, propping up The Boss.

**We recently met Keith Airey (Nik Kershaw's lead guitarist) before a concert and were wondering if you could give us any possible information about him.**

**Theresa Keith Airey Fans, Cork.**

Born in Sunderland, he studied piano and jazz at Leeds Music College before joining Mari Wilson's ill-fated backing group The Wilsonians - as "Cary Wilson". He then spent some months working in the pit at the New London Theatre for Cats before answering an advert in the *Melody Maker* to join Nik Kershaw's band The Krew. Although The Krew were brought together specifically to be a backing band, it's now quite probable that they'll record and play gigs in their own right. "A case of being in the right place at the right time", he adds. Keith's brother (and "biggest influence") is Don Airey, keyboard player in the Ozzy Osbourne band and they regularly team up to play local pub gigs around Cambridge. Finally, he's 5'11" tall, "proud of it" and, at the moment, "single". Write to him c/o KA Publicity, 56 Old Compton Street, London W1.



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\*See leaflet for details, including certain maximum fares from September.

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## This is the age of the train

# THE COOL NOTES



## YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG

ALL NIGHT LONG LONG  
WE GET IT ON  
ALL NIGHT LONG  
YOU GIVE IT TO ME SO STRONG  
I DON'T NEED NOBODY NEW ONLY YOU  
THAT MAKES ME COME WHENEVER YOU CALL ME TOO  
I WAS SO YOUNG AND SO VERY VERY NAIVE  
I WAS SO EASY TO BE TRICKED SO EASILY DECEIVED  
I THOUGHT THAT LOVE WAS LIKE A FAIRYTALE  
JUST LIKE LIVING IN A DREAM  
UNTIL THE DAY I FOUND YOUR LOVE WAS REAL  
AND THE WORDS YOU SAID TO ME YOU SAID

### CHORUS

YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG TO FALL IN LOVE  
YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG TO FALL OR STALL  
YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG TO START ANEW  
YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG 'CAUSE I LOVE YOU

ALL NIGHT LONG  
YOU GIVE IT TO ME SO STRONG  
I DON'T NEED NOBODY NEW ONLY YOU  
THAT MAKES ME COME WHENEVER YOU CALL ME TOO  
NOW THAT I'VE HAD YOUR CHILD  
WILL YOU BE HERE TO WATCH HIM GROW  
YOU SEE I'VE HEARD TOO MANY TIMES  
FROM THE OTHER GIRLS  
THAT MEN THEY DO THEIR THING THEN GO  
I USED TO THINK THAT LIFE WAS LIKE A FAIRYTALE  
I USED TO LIVE INSIDE MY OWN INDEPENDENT WORLD  
UNTIL THE DAY I FOUND YOUR LOVE WAS REAL  
AND THE WORDS YOU SAID TO ME YOU SAID

### REPEAT CHORUS

ONLY YOU THAT MAKES ME COME  
WHENEVER YOU CALL ME TOO  
ALL NIGHT LONG YOU CAN GIVE IT TO ME BABY  
REPEAT TO FADE

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S M A S H I T S

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-David Ansen, Newsweek

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# MUTTERINGS



Arnold Schwarzenegger, that iron-pumping, muscle-bound, brute-like HULK of a man, and Grace Jones, "new wave" celebrity end-part-time weight-lifter, are about to burst onto the screens together as the stars of *Conan The Destroyer*, another sword 'n sorcery epic concerning the stunning stupe of Conan (the pre-historic beasthead). Apart from Schwarzenegger ("for the next thousand years, no-one will look like him," according to the producers) and Jones ("tremendously strong"), the film features a batch of other "rare physical specimens" including the seven-foot-tall Will Chamberlain, and elf 275 pounds of Sven-Ide Thorsen, "the strongest man in Scandinavia." So if you're the type of person to slaver over rippling flesh and brutish body strength, this is the movie for you. If, however, you're a seven-stone waacking and would feel embarrassed to be seen in the cinema alongside all that bulging muscle, why not get a hold of Arnold's sturdy new LP, "Arnold Schwarzenegger's Total Body Workout," first? With exercise tips from "Beverly Hills Pull-ups" (ie "Ticcap Dip"), performed to the music of Jeanyne, Blue Byster Dalt, The Weather Girls, etc, this album might just make a real man of you.

Congratulations are in order for **Andy Taylor** and **Tracey Wilson**. At 02.26 on the morning of August 21, they had a baby boy. It weighed 8lb 5oz and has yet to be named. **Christie Hynde** is now expecting her second child. "I want to congratulate **Jim Kerr**," she muttered to the crowd at a Long Island Prefinders concert. "He has just found out his wife is pregnant" **Was God** an astronaut? When **Limahl** was just a little-bite boy of four, his mother was apparently told by a fortune teller that one day he'd be famous. Not only are **Black Lace** a pair of wallies, they actually seem proud to be a pair of wallies. If you want to be a wally too, here's their tips on how to do it. It's essential to be pretty small and wimpy. "We wear Hawaiian shirts, which of course is really neat without a sun-tan. Other good gear includes platform boots, flares and loud cravats. . . Lager and blackcurrant is a must. . . **Is Brit** afterhave" . . . **Poor old Sting** gashed his foot on a rusty pipe in his Hampstead back garden the other week. He was rushed off to the Royal Free Hospital and given lots of anti-tetanus jabs. . . **Hummers** still fire that **The Police** may split. **Sting's** doing a solo LP and has a couple of films coming out; **Andy Summers** has a Hollywood agent to try and launch his own acting career; and **Stewart Copeland**, needless to say, is currently making his documentary about African pygmies. **Maree Ainead** now has two pythons called Sodom and Gomorrah. "They're really affectionate and always seem to be my moods," he muttered. . . **Brenski Deal** still hard at work recording their LP in New York. When not in the studio, Larry and Steve keep nipping down to the fun fair at Coney Island.

**Jim**, meanwhile, has been spotted swanning about some rather more fashionable locations. . . **Spandau Ballet's** new video, filmed in the swamps of the American Deep South, features **Martin Kemp** rolling naked in the mud with "a model". The BBC, of course, have already asked for the sequence to be cut. . . **The Frankies** are apparently well chuffed with all those "Who gives a \*\*\*\* what Frankie say?" etc-i-shirts. "In fact," muttered **Nolly**, "there's a few I'd quite like myself." Meanwhile, daff country group **The Hank Wangford Band** are taking their show to the Edinburgh Festival under the banner "Hookie Goe To Hollywood" and New York producer **Bobby DiLando**, who considers "Two Tribes" to be a "hippy song" is making an answer called "Ronnie Goes To Liverpool". . . "Ronnie" as in Reagan, that is Frankie again. The next FTGH single will apparently be called "The Power Of Love" and their LP will arrive under the stately title of "Welcome To The Pleasure Dome". Also spare a thought for **Berry Marsden**, he of **Gerry & The Pacemakers** who wrote "Ferry Across The Mersey". He's already netted £21,000 in publishing money from the British sales of "Relax" and is set to net a lot more from the eight other countries where it went to Number One. . . And incidentally, **Gerry & The Pacemakers** hold one record Frankie have yet to beat. Their first three singles went straight to Number One. . . July 6 has been declared **Tina Turner Day** in Los Angeles. . . **Oark** doings at the Beeb. As part of their re-shuffle, Radio 1 sent out a press release announcing that although **Peelie's** nights had been cut, he'd be doing some stuff on Saturday Live. Only then did they tell Peel about

this, it seems. Not surprisingly the man told them to shove it. . . **Van Halen** originally came to attention when, as a support band, they parachuted into the stadium at Anaheim, California. **David Lee Roth** has now just admitted it was all a hoax. "We had in the back of a van for four and a half hours after firing two paratroopers in long wigs," he muttered. "They dropped behind the stage and we rushed out of the van" . . . **Bowie** and **Jagger** are planning to make some comedy film together—in drag. They're currently discussing the idea with producer **Michael White**. . . **Bowie** meanwhile has turned down an offer of £1½ million to play Lawrence Of Arabia. He did turn up at London's Wag Club the other week, though, to film the video for his next single "Blue Jean". The regulars, who knew only that something special was due to happen, were pretty surprised. . . The world's biggest ever pop festival will take place in Brazil next January. It's over ten days at a site with a 350,000 capacity. Over three million people are expected to turn up to see acts like **Iron Maiden**, **Queen**, **AC/DC** and **George Benson**. . . **Kim** and **Maz**, otherwise known as **The Fabulous Washitty Tarts**, have left **Paul Young's** group and are currently looking for a solo—or rather, duo—deal. . . The war between **Duran Duran** and **Boy George** hots up. Outside **EMI** in London a group of Duranians claimed that George punched one of them on the nose for calling him a "fat poet". **The Sun** of course published a picture but George denied everything. The next day, the girls were admitting they'd made it all up too. "Different girls were taking it in turns to lie on the pavement pretending they were unconscious," muttered an **EMI** official who had been watching from the window. "and as they did that other girls would take pictures. There was also no blood anywhere." Bit below the belt, wasn't it girls? George is talking to his lawyers. . . **George** two. While on his hols in Jamaica, **George** seems to have wound up the local men. "He is not welcome and should not bother coming back,"

muttered **Barry Gordon**, a presenter for the Jamaican Broadcasting Corporation. "Many of the men on this island find George's sexual ambiguity highly offensive. His music is popular but his philosophy isn't." "Or is it just that George is a hit, so to speak, with the Jamaican ladies?" . . . **George** three. "Wasn't true that the bridal dress worn by George in Japan was made by Kenzo, nor did it cost £6500. It was in fact made by Alan Roberts of London W4, who also made all George's clothes for that tour and the forthcoming US tour. And the cost?" "We're not allowed to disclose that but it wasn't £6000. I can tell you that," muttered an Alan Roberts spokesperson. . . **Kirsty McColl**, ex-pop star, has just married producer **Steve Lillywhite**. . . **Visage's** video shoot for "Love Glove" in Kenya was badly disrupted by a buffalo stampede. Bodies flew in the air, expensive equipment was trashed and the survivors were rushed off to hospital by Masai tribesmen. "It was the most frightening thing that's ever happened to me," muttered a rather bruised **Steve Strang**. . . **American psychic**, **David Guardino**, who claims he can influence card positions with his mental powers, has declared war on **Michael Jackson**. What for? For starting his tour on Friday 13 of course. "Michael Jackson is continuing his pattern of offending the powers of the occult," muttered **Guardino** darkly. "Practically everything portrayed in his 'Thriller' video represents the Unseen Powers. They will seek their revenge." **Adem Ant**, who will shortly be playing a gang leader in the film **Normas**, has just spent two weeks of intensive exercises with Vietnam veterans. He is now rather musclebound, apparently. . . **George Michael** on the video for "Careless Whisper". "Choosing the two girls was great fun. Because of its sensual nature, we had to select girls who wouldn't be embarrassed in bedroom scenes. So when we were interviewing the models who applied, I wore only swimming trunks. . . to see how they reacted". *Mutterings say: yeech!*



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19 LEICESTER De Montfort Hall	26 SHEFFIELD City Hall	1 BRIGHTON Dome
21 EDINBURGH Playhouse	27 BIRMINGHAM Odeon	2 & 3 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon

*Virgin*

Two cool dudes want to write to two males aged 13-15 and into doing anything outta if in your life. You, then write to: Soopy and Swamp, 57 Fox Royal Drive, Mirfield, West Yorkshire WF14 9ET.

Attention all zany females aged 13+ I'm aged 14, mad and into most heavy metal groups, especially AC/DC, Van Halen, Motley Crue and The Scorpions. I also like Steve Wright and The Young Ones. Grab the nearest pen and write to: Mad Max, 37 Rose Road, Colehill, Wincor B46 1EN.

I'm a 16 year old Swedish girl and I'd like to write to boys and girls of any age. I like listening to Howard Jones, Frankie Goes To Hollywood, Wham!, Michael Jackson and lots more. Write to: Axa Karlsson, Smevred 22, 75440 Uppsala, Sweden.

I'm 16 and into the Thompson Twins, Manhattan Transfer, American charts, etc. I will try to answer all letters! Write to: Frazz, 'Old Vicarage', Fairwarp, Nr. Maresfield, East Sussex.

I can't stand Boy George and Shaky! I'm 12 and like Wham!, Frankie Goes To Hollywood, Nik Kershaw and OMD. Please write to: Nicola, 54 Gregory Way, Childwall, Liverpool L16 1JS

My name is Michele Stewart and I'm a 15 year old casual. I do body-popping and breakdancing. I also like playing sports, going on holidays, going to parties and keeping busy. By the way, I'm an American living in England. Write to me at: 12 Western Avenue, Haverhill, Suffolk CB9 9HL.

An original handsome devil seeks correspondence with all ill males and females aged 17+. Into The Smiths, Joy Division, Tones On Tail, Echo, alternative clubs and gigs. Write to: The Charming Man, c/o The Old House, 22 Chaffinch Green, Portsmouth PO8 9UG.

I'm aged 11 and into Duran Duran, Madness, Bananarama, Nik Kershaw and lots more. I also collect posters of Duran and other groups, collect stamps and go honoring. Contact: Vicki Parry, 1210 Greenford Road, Greenford, Middlesex UB6 0HQ.

We are two hunky dory 17 year old guys and we're lonely. We're into Depeche Mode, Spandau Ballet, Wham! and Michael Jackson. We'd like to hear from all we old chicks aged 14-19. Contact: Neil and Paul at 471 Springvale Road, Crookes, Sheffield 10.

# RSVP

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, 52-53 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.

Female Herbivore, 17, enjoys '60s music. Favorite groups are the Stones, Buddy Holly, The Beach Boys, etc. I also loves surfs, puzzles, comicbooks, beachbooks, eyes, Solo and talking to trees and twigslets. Write to me at: 20 Groatney Close, Cleve, Bristol BS19 4NJ.

I'm male, aged 17 and willing to write to (almost) anyone. You must be crazy about Toyah, Frankie Goes To Hollywood and anyone outrageous! But please, no Duran's! Write to: Jeremy, 13 Decoy Road, Newton Abbot, Devon TQ12 1DY.

16 year old female wants to write to anyone into Simple Minds, Soft Cell, New Order, Yazoo, Soft Cell, Tears For Fears, etc. Dislikes include heavy metal and big-headed people. Write to: Me, Royal Oak, Tamworth Road, Sawley, Long Eaton.

Two 14 year old boys would like to write to anyone into Michael Jackson, Nik Kershaw and Howard Jones. Write to: Glen, 75 Holbeck Road, Carvey Island, Essex.

I'm an 18 year old male who wishes to write to females. I'm into The Jam, Big Country, The Police, U2, UB40 and Howard Jones. I do karate so get cracking! Write to: Gerard Crea, 1B Park Street, Inchicore, Dublin 10, Ireland.

Breaker on 11 for male/female penpals from any 20 in the universe. I'm an 18 year old CB fanatic and I like Rod Stewart, U2, The Rolling Stones, Howard Jones, Billy Idol and Meat Loaf. Pics if possible to: Mary Hughes, Lisanska, Foxford, Co Mayo, Ireland.

Calling all male E.T.s (extra-terrestrial), aged 15-17. Please phone home to us! We're two 15 year old girls into Scritti Politti, TT, The Police, Prince, parties and fun people. All calls to: Jo and Fiona, 75 Chatsworth Avenue, Wineshill, Wokingham, Berks RG1 5EW.

I'm a 17 year old male who's looking for female penpals aged 17-18. I am 5' 9" tall, have blond hair and blue eyes and am mad about U2, Howard Jones, the Sex Pistols and Big Country. Write to: George Cahill, 105 Kirkton Avenue, High Blantyre, Scotland G72 0HS.

I'm 12 and I like most kinds of music, but especially Culture Club, Paul Young, Howard Jones and Tracey Ullman. If interested, get writing to: Kathleen McCallum, 79 Montgomery Street, Edinburgh EH7 5HZ.

I'm a 16 year old guy from Singapore and I'm into electro-synth and British new wave. I'm crazy about Howard Jones, almost taving mad over Depeche Mode and jumping up and down for the Thompson Twins. Interested? Then drop a line to: Tommy, Apartment Block 114, Hougang Avenue 1, No. 08-1296, Singapore 1953, Republic of Singapore.

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# MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW

CHORUS

MA MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW  
MAMA MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW

I DONT WANT TO DRINK MY WHISKY LIKE YOU DO  
I DONT NEED TO SPEND MY MONEY BUT STILL DO  
DONT STOP NOW (COME ON)  
ANOTHER DROP NOW (SO COME ON)  
I WANNA LOT NOW (SO COME ON)  
THATS WET THATS WET I SAID

REPEAT CHORUS

YOU TOLD ME POOL FIRE WATER  
WONT BURT ME BUT YOU LIED  
AND YOU TEASE ME  
AND ALL MY LADIES DESERT ME  
I'M GONNA GET THEM BACK  
BUT DONT STOP NOW (COME ON)  
ANOTHER DROP NOW (COME ON)  
I WANNA LOT NOW (SO COME ON)  
THATS WET THATS WET I SAID

MA MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW  
I SAID MAMA MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW  
YOU'RE CRAZEE I SAID

I SAID MA MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW  
MAMA MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW OR YEAH  
MA MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW  
MAMA MAMA MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW  
GET CRAZEE WITH IT

MA MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW  
(MAMA MAMA I'M GOING CRAZEE)  
MA MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW  
(HELP ME HELP ME WEER GOING WILD CRAZEE)  
MA MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW  
I SAID MAMA MAMA MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE  
I SAID MAMA MAMA MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE  
NOW

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**Just Seventeen**  
September 6th

# Some Guys Ha

*And one of them is  
Rod Stewart,  
who goes for a "like  
a rock n' roll madam's got  
something to do  
with it". He's 39,  
one of the 27 Top  
Twenty British hits  
and he's well  
known for his  
"Jack-The-Lad"  
naughty, fast-living  
and burr-wiggling  
performances in  
rock leopardskin  
sweaters. But  
what's he really  
like? Peter Martin  
found out.*

blond wig. One of the guitarists tried to pull it off. My Mum's warned me about people like this.

After a safe landing we all pile on to the luxury coach. Rod looks about as crumpled as his expensive cream linen suit. Succumbing to the saoping, clammy heat, he unbuttons his cheesecloth shirt to the waist, revealing a bronzed chest with medallion to match. He also dons a crisp straw hat to shield his baby blue eyes from the bright sunlight.

He looks every inch a star.

For three decades Rod Stewart has been one of the world's most notorious rock 'n' roll superstars. His offstage antics are as legendary as his 24 albums and 33 Top 30 singles. He's renowned for his boozy, football-mad, Jack-The-Lad image on the one hand, and a lady-killing jet-setter lifestyle on the other. And somewhere in between he manages to be the homeloving father of two. But which is the real Rod Stewart?

"Well that jet-setting lady-killer thing is the most exaggerated thing. I mean, I've been with the same girl for ten months now and before that I was with my wife for five years. I'm not as much of a Jack-The-Lad as I used to be but I still like to go out for a drink with the lads, have a dance and go mad. But," he insists emphatically, "it doesn't mean I can't be a good father too. My two kids Sean (3) and Kimberley (4) are absolute priority. Over everything."

Born Roderick David Stewart 39 years ago in North London — his parents were Scottish — he had a stable working class childhood. Early on his first love was football and, in 1961, he even went as far as signing a professional contract with Brentford FC. After bumming round Europe for a couple of years, he returned home to take part in the famous early '60s 'Ban The Bomb' marches. He also began to sing with various rhythm 'n' blues bands as well as taking a job as a grave digger. In 1967 he crossed over to hard rock to sing with The Jeff Beck Group, leaving in 1969 to join The Faces. Finally things began to take off.

The Faces made seven LPs in as many years, earning themselves a reputation for their "unpredictable" live shows. For example, in 1972 they incorporated a high wire and trapeze act into their show. "You see," he explains huskily, "at the time everybody was taking music so seriously. All we used to do was get plastered every night. It was a great band to be in."

In 1971 he also set out on a solo career. It was a couple of years later with the LP, "Every Picture Tells A Story" and the accompanying single, "Maggie May", that he really hit The Big Time. They both made the Number One slot on both sides of the Atlantic. Then came his after hit — "Tonight's The Night", "Sailing", "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?"

But as his popularity increased, his image became more and more complicated. Offstage, he played out the Cockney Jack-The-Lad bit. Onstage, he began to leave the "working class kid" thing behind, preferring to come across as a kind of womanizing dandy. An outrageously camp figure, he began to flounce around the stage in skin-tight pink pants, furiously pouting and wiggling his bum. He now admits he might have gone too far at times.

"Let's face it, sex has got a lot to do with rock 'n' roll but, at times, I've certainly pushed it to the excess. 'Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?' is the one song I don't enjoy singing. It was a big Number One and everything but it was a definite lull in my career artistically."

In 1979 he married Alans Davis. In true rock star tradition they moved into a chateau-like mansion in Los Angeles, filling it with objects

Continued over page



Colour photos: Alan Jenkins

# ve All The Luck



The football mad Rod and his son Sean





d'art. He had a Games Room featuring a 15 foot TV screen on which he played football videos sent over by his father.

But in 1983 things started to crumble. He was hit by what you could call a 'mid-life crisis'. There was a messy divorce with Alana. His finances got into a right old tangle and, to cap it all, his "Body Wishes" LP was his worst seller for a long time.

It was time to take stock of things. He opted for a more frugal lifestyle, moving out of the £5 million mansion into a two-bedroom house on the Hollywood Hills. "It's very small. I have a maid who comes in part-time and I'm very happy." Also gone are the nine sports cars. He now owns a Lamborghini and a Porsche. "Two cars that go over 200 miles an hour. The speed limit in Beverly Hills is 35 m.p.h. so they're all right when you want to go down the shops."

This year he seems to be back on his feet again. His single, "Infatuation", is in the Top Ten in America, adding extra momentum to this 80 date US tour. Then he's off to Australia, Japan and the Far East, winding up in March '85. He stands to gross 20 million dollars. Not bad for someone who, only a year ago, looked like he might be down the dumper.

After an hour we arrive at *The Dome*. A huge stone construction usually used for basketball events, it gives the city a decidedly futuristic landscape. After the "fastest soundcheck in the west", the band go to get changed in a nearby hotel suite. Rod also manages 40 winks. An hour later they arrive back sporting rather 'glam-punk' stage clothes. Dead on 8 o'clock they hit the stage. "Welcome to a night of madness," Rod enthuses. "We've got some old songs, some more old songs and a few new ones. Hot Legs! Let's go for two-and-a-quarter hours!"

And the audience—mainly young girls with blonde flicked back hair and tasteless turquoise hot pants—go mad. He pulls out all the stops to whip them into an aimless frenzy. Footballs are kicked all around. Knickers are thrown onstage (and then grabbed by Rod and stuffed down the front of his trousers—it's all in a day's work for these 'rock superstars' I suppose).

But watching him onstage, you genuinely get the impression that—unlike a lot of newer more recent singers—he isn't just in it for fame and fortune. You feel that nothing can replace the satisfaction of going out and trying to deliver the goods to 10,000 fans every night.

After thanking the audience one last time for buying his records, he's off after exactly two-and-a-quarter hours.

Backstage, the whole band head off for a football-team-type communal shower. Seconds later—unbeknown to me—I'm about to get an eyeful of Rod in a pose the Sunday papers would kill for—i.e. *absolutely strikers!* He suddenly leaps out of the shower—without a stitch of clothing or care in the world—and heads across the room looking for a towel. Well, I've seen it all now.

After blow-drying his hair—upside down of course—it's back on the coach. Seems there's a bit of a traffic jam. Some car's engine has blown up. "Aye aye, a bit o' fiannel goin' on 'ere then," Rod roars, then starts warbling some old Cockney tune about how it's a funny old world where the rich get all the grev' an' the poor get all the blame."

After signing a few things passed back along the coach, for the rest of the journey, he and Kelly softly serenade each other with the Tina Turner single, "What's Love Got To Do With It". Once on the plane it's home movie time.

Back in 1975, the fast-living, tight-tines, five famous girlfriends (plus one's younger son) Rod (left)



Photo: Ron Fawcett

They show videos of a recent day trip on a yacht in Chicago—funny faces all round, that kind of thing—than shots taken earlier today of the tour manager tying a dozen member of the band's shoelaces together. And then, finally, there's footage of tonight's concert. Very modern.

After a buffet Chinese meal, I retire with Rod to his 'vaporised' compartment ('vaporised' meaning that French gas is pumped into it to save his voice from drying out).

"The best part for me," he enthuses, "is the end of the show when you've reached everybody and made them smile. But you can't take it too seriously. It's a fantasy world when you're on tour. It ain't real. And, yeah, maybe that's why I've lasted longer than some others. And I'd like to think talent's got something to do with it."

Out of the crop of new bands he reckons the Eurythmics are "extremely talented. They're gonna last as long as they want. And Duran Duran—they've got the arrogance, they've got the looks but," he adds, mysteriously, "they don't have that evil formula the Stones had. They don't play evil songs." He doesn't "know too much about Frankie," but he's "all in favour of them 'cos they write good story songs". And he's vaguely worried that "Culture Club based most of their success on image. That isn't a good thing. But I don't know, I don't want to put no-one down, especially someone who's as successful as that". One person he really admires is Paul Young. "He has one of the best soul voices to come out of England in a long time... since me in fact!"

And with that we fasten our seat belts ready for landing. I tell him that I'd been warned that he's renowned for playing pranks on people.

"Pranks! There must be thousands of them. Let me see. There's so many I can't think of one. Can you think of any pranks, lads?" he shouts through to the main cabin. It's shrugged shoulders all round.

After a safe landing, the band all make their way towards a couple of vans laid on for them. Next to them is Rod's silver limo complete with smoked-glass windows. After a couple of minutes Rod, Kelly and I follow the band out, but they're nowhere to be seen. Puzzled, Rod opens the car door. Instantly a heap of band members spills out on to the tarmac and Rod creases up with laughter.

"A prank you asked for—a prank is what you get!"

Of course.



The Faces in 1970. Ron Wood now with the Rolling Stones is in Rod's sight



Rod in '73, the typical Jack-The-Lad. A peak time for the Green-Pheasant harvest

Photo: Ron Fawcett

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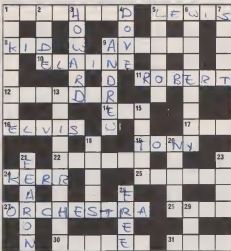
## ACROSS

- 1 and 31 How Freddie Mercury tests about being a millionaire? (3, 1, 4, 4)  
 5 That rock 'n' rolling Jerry Led  
 8 A ted-named Creole  
 9 Eddy Grant's was electric  
 10 Paige girl  
 11 Palmer or DeNiro--  
 12 Toyah had it in the mountains
- 14 Part of the band that's not Split  
 15 Left's suit-Coccolatta (anag)  
 17 See 6 down  
 19 Spinzaro Hadley  
 22 Black Lace's dotty ditty  
 24 Jim from Simple Minds  
 25 Rock royalty  
 27 Large group of musicians  
 28 Billy Idol gave a rebel one  
 30 Elton's fast-rising label?  
 31 See 1 across

## CROSSWORD

## DOWN

- 1 and 23 Did David Sylvian use it to pen this hit? (3, 2, 3, 4)  
 2 Her second name is Ada  
 3 Jones-boy-who'd-like-to-get-to-know-you-well  
 4 This bird cries for Prince  
 5 Bananarama's 'capital' label  
 6 and 17 across Hare wins Emmy--Eartha Kitt hit (anag 6, 2, 2, 3)  
 7 Sugary--like Shannon's somebody
- 9 Draw and for Wham! Ian Ridgeley (anag)  
 13 Blancmange babbler (4, 6)  
 15 Texan weird beards (1, 1, 3)  
 18 Paul Young's backing singers--The Fabulous Wealthy----  
 20 Like a heavy metal concert?  
 21 Galaxy Five  
 23 See 1 down  
 26 How Queen wanted to break  
 29 Duran Duran's record label (1, 1, 1)



Answers on Page 59

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## Competition winners

**LEVO COLE COMPETITION** (July 19), correct answer b) *Competition*, 12 copies of "Perfect Skin", T-shirts and posters are on their way to: Gary Rowell, Berkshire; David Siddle, Leicestershire; Cosmea, Eric; T. Dawy, Leicestershire; Giles Feary, Cheshire; Andrew Casey, Cheshire; C. Young, Newcastle; Karen Hill, Warwickshire; Karen Birch, Liverpool; Valerie Boyle, Cambridgeshire.

**T-SHIRT COMPETITION** (July 19), correct answer a) "Summer Nights" John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John, b) "Here Comes the Sun" The Beatles, c) "The Americans", "Somewhere" Foo Fighters, d) "Long Hot Summer" Styka Council. The following prize winners each receive a set of tee-shirts: Sophie Tomsons, Harrow; Susanna Morley, Cheshire; Stephen Chafwood, Stockport; Vicki Galster, Pwllheli; Mervin Grant, Nant; Anna Erasmus, West Oxfordshire; J. Cuthbert, Salford; Kayla, Kenilworth; Shirley Rawberry, Sandiacre; Darren Heath, Worsop.

**PRINCE COMPETITION** (August 2), correct answer a) A forthcoming film, 12 "Double-Decker", 7 singles and posters are on their way to: Matthew Davies, Warrack; Tom Booth, Deal; Andrew DiScala, Walford; Paula Hayes, Barstich; Wendy White, Blackpool; Angela Balfour, Ipswich; Andrew Satchler, Langley; Michaela Hunt, Witley; Sarah Wilson, St Anne's; Colleen Gallagher, Felkirk.

**JOGMATE COMPETITION** (August 2), correct answers, "Sweet And Salty" Simons, "Keep Moving" Monness, "I Still (Going Through) The Nations" Nona Hendryx. The following prize winners each receive a Jogmate: Graham Peley, Downs Hill; John McDonald, Abingdon; Charles Davies, Sally Oak; R. Goughall, Blackhall; P. Fitter, Castle Bromwich; Linda Hurral, Marham; Nicola Miller, Fulmote; John Lewis, Masegar; Jeffrey Matthews, Rugby; Susan Kitchin, Rossett.

**HULA HOOP COMPETITION** (August 2), correct answer c) "On The Edge Olga Dops Any", "Circles" "Do The Hula Hoop" and Hula Hoops a re on their way to: Scott Hillier, Leamington Spa; Alison Dyeboth, Seham; Darrell Kingsbury, Droghda; Anne Robinson, Kirkcaldy; L. Kennet, Westac; Helen Kazero, Askew; Victoria Palmer, Canook; Larita Wilson, Methwengham; L. Parlin, Peterlee; J., Hinch, Hamton; Jackie Barber, Helmsley; Jennifer Shoppard, Newbury; Jess Willott, Chester; L. Soar, Colchester; Michelle Racz, Reading; Tracy Lee, Burton Joyce; G. Bower, Ardenbury; Mark Bruce, Belper; Andrew Smith, Westac; Deborah Sargeant, Tashridge.

**EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN SINK COMPETITION** (August 2), correct answer b) Colin Porter. The following prize winners each receive an LP and a set of badges: Adeline Day, Leic; Steve Birrell, Garsdon; Darren Kenney, Sheffield; Pam Sissall, Uxbridge; S. Williams, Peterborough; Elizabeth Mitchell, Stoke Newington; Great Haywood; Colin Roberts, Cotswold; L. Shaw, Huddersfield; Lesley M. Sherry, Mossend.

**STARLIGHT EXPRESS COMPETITION** (August 2), correct answer a) The Sound of Music. 1st prize goes to Anne Siddons, Hillingbury; who has won a pair of retrospective, a Starlight Express album, hat, necklace, badge, jacket, base, pen, scarf and t-shirt. The following ten runners up each receive a pair of retrospective and a CD: Clare Compton, Hillingbury; Kay Henshaw, West Hoo; Heather M. Fickes, Hatfield; Alistair D. Lillis, Sarnbury; Claire Hardey, Remford; P. Wright, Tewkesbury; Kay Pale, Priory Hill; Jessica Hawkins, Anson; J. Bayles, Daresley; Caroline Jackson, Otley.

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A pretty futuristic selection of digital-age styled stuff assembled here, we think you'll agree. But what's hell is all of it, you ask? Simple, really - a competition. There's a million and one 'educational' uses for the fortunate prize-winning person who will be able to put his or her Commodore 64 Computer to. For instance, just pop the software cassette of the "Maggotmania" game into the 1530 Datasette Unit and while away on hair or two in the company of a gigantic stinging maggot and a lot of spiders, snails and assorted grubs who are out to eat him up. Or transform the computer's keyboard into a simple synthesizer with the aid of the "Music Machine" cassette. Or destroy whole cities as a your bomber plane with "Super Blob", have a bit of a gambling spree with "Snooper Fruit", and create pictures before your very eyes with "Bell Bartie" Picture Builder - "a new concept in computer art". And if you're real too knacker and after all that lot, you can get stuck in to your "Electric Dreams" soundtrack album (made from Culture Club, Heaven 17, Helen Terry, Phil Sneyd) while simultaneously making sure you haven't missed tea by consulting your smart digital watch - which just

happens to flash the words 'Electric Dreams' at the mere touch of a button. Isn't modern science just wonderful?

And the computer (complete with joystick, "An Introduction To Basic" teaching programme, and Datasette Unit), all those games, the watch and the LP are only the first prize. 20 runners-up each get an LP and a watch while another 30 runners-runners-up (if you see what we mean) get the LP.

Here comes the hard part - well, sort of hard actually - a question. "Compuer Love" was a Number 1 hit in 1967 for which group: a) Tabernay Army, b) Yellow Magic Orchestra, c) Kraftwerk or d) Paper Lace? Put the answer on a postcard or the back of an envelope and send it to Smash Hits Electric Dreams Competition, 14 Holtkham Road, Orion Southgate, Peterborough PE2 2JY. First correct answer out of the bag on September 12 gets the Commodore 64 computer, the cassette, the three software cassettes and the watch and the "Electric Dreams" LP. The next 20 get a watch and LP. And the next 30 just get an LP. (JUSTIF - Ed.). So, get



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# A NIGHT OP

Interview Phil Sutcliffe

**M**alcolm McLaren is a right villain with "the verbals". From hello to goodbye he gives you everything he's got, a torrent of energy, in this case concerning his new single "Madame Butterfly". Following the scratch-mix "Buffalo Gals" and the more ethnic "Duck Rock" LP, it's a mixture of beat box, spoken dialogue and grand opera. Naturally.

We talked — no, he talked — in a posh Soho cafe over his modest omelette and my biscuits and cheese. His hair was the

Photo: Stephen Lawrence



After scratching with "Buffalo Gals" and mixing up strange tribal rhythms with his "Duck Rock" LP, Malcolm McLaren's up to something even *weirder*. All it takes is a beat box, some paper fans, an orchestra and "a girl with a huge bum". Prepare for...

# TAT THE ERA

usual curly bush and his clothes shapelessly comfy. Around his neck was a perfectly crass necklace spelling out the words "Cho Cho San" — the name of the tragic heroine in Puccini's opera *Madame Butterfly*.

McLaren interviewers don't get too many words in edgewise, but I made a good, solid start with "Why are you four and a half hours late?"

He nicked one of my biscuits, ruminated a moment, then swore away: "I don't really have a flair for organisation in that way. If I'm going to an appointment by cab and I see something in a shop window that interests me I'll stop and find out about it, and then I'll be half an hour late. It creates irreponsibility in me. But I don't think I could keep going without doing that sort of thing."

However, his preferred subject of the day was opera. Pausing only to snaffle a sliver of sloppy French cheese he declaimed: "I love opera. I want it to be heard as popular entertainment, not something for the elite."

Subsequently I conducted a quick opinion poll of the thousand handiest average persons-in-the-street, asking "Do you enjoy opera?" and 97 per cent replied "Opera! You must be joking!" while the other three said "Oh yea, twaighthfully." Nonetheless...

"Ordinary people do love it in Italy. They play it in the cappuccino bars. They're ravenous for tickets. And when Puccini first presented *Madame Butterfly* the emotion was so overwhelming that women fainted and men stood up shouting in rage."

The singer was directed at the plot's "boulder," the American Navy Lieutenant Pinkerton. The sympathetic swoons were for Cho Cho San, the Japanese girl he marries, gets pregnant, then betrays.

"It's that demonstration of emotion at it's most blatant and irrational. I have no doubt people are ready to react to that now. Hi-tech was in fashion at the end of the '70s, but it's altogether wrong now.

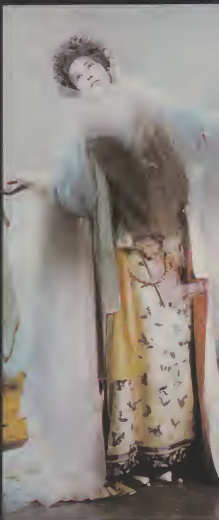
There's a big age of classicism coming up.

"To get the soprano I rang a music academy in Boston and this girl with a huge bum and a great, pumping chest said she'd love to sing *Madame Butterfly* for 250 dollars. Bung in a black kid from the Bronx with a beat box and cop an orchestra from somewhere. Then the most interesting thing for me was writing the English words, keeping to the story as faithfully as I could. No nonsense. Puccini's not grandiose you know, his operas are about real people, love you can touch. A right old lecher. I love him."

He crunched a cracker confidently: "Because of my angle *Madame Butterfly*, Nik Kershaw and Boy George are going to have to try twice as hard! Candy floas like them is all right, but people want other things too. That's why there's room for people like me who always have a point of view. I can't be bothered with music that's used to aften the blow of everyday life. It's not that I see myself as a musician though, I'm more of a green grocer, but I am an artlat too."

Malcolm McLaren is an obsessively busy man who, once you've caught up with him, has time to stop and talk all day. But I know you don't, so let me just add to the data sheet... he's 36 and lives with his German girlfriend in a flat behind the British Museum ("it's the sanest street in England. Full of bookshogs"). He used to manage the Sex Pistols and Bow Wow Wow and his long partnership, formerly "relationship" with fashion-designer Vivienne Westwood ended last October, but he's looking for a way back into the fashion world for his own designs. He's very taken with Cyndi Lauper, especially her clothes.

His last pronouncement, as he cleaned up my plate, was "the marvellous thing about Frankie being up there for eight weeks is it's got everyone back to the starting gate. It bodes well for the autumn..."



A McLaren's eye-view of opera. "because of my angle, Nik Kershaw and Boy George are going to have to try twice as hard."



# I Just Called To Say I Love You

No New Year's Day  
To celebrate  
No chocolate covered candy hearts to give away  
No first of Spring  
No song to sing  
In fact here's just another ordinary day  
No April rain  
No flowers bloom  
No wedding Saturday within the month of June  
But what it is  
Is something true  
Made up of these three words that I must say to you

Chorus  
I just called to say I love you  
I just called to say how much I care  
I just called to say I love you  
And I mean it from the bottom of my heart  
No summer's high  
No warm July  
No harvest moon to light one tender August night  
No Autumn breeze  
No falling leaves  
Not even time for birds to fly to southern skies  
No Libra sun  
No Halloween  
No thanks to all the Christmas joy you bring  
But what it is  
Though old so new  
To fill your heart like no three words could ever do

Repeat chorus twice  
Of my heart of my heart

Words and music Stevie Wonder

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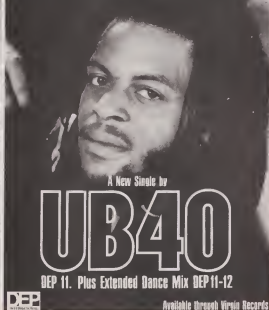
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Jeffery  
Morgan

*Handwritten notes: G.M., 10/12, 10/13*

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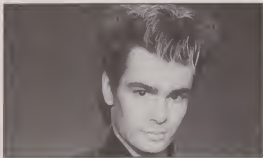
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Nik Kershaw <input type="checkbox"/>	Wham! <input type="checkbox"/>	Frankie Goes to Hollywood <input type="checkbox"/>
Name .....	.....	
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.....	.....	
Post code .....	Tel .....	
Nik Kershaw <input type="checkbox"/>	Wham! <input type="checkbox"/>	Frankie Goes to Hollywood <input type="checkbox"/>
Name .....	.....	
Address .....	.....	
.....	.....	
Post code .....	Tel .....	

# STAR TEASER

All the names below are hidden in this square. They could be vertically, horizontally or diagonally. Some can be backwards. But remember that the letters are all in all caps and you might not find the hidden word the way you think.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 59

- BOBBY WORACK
- BRASS CONSTRUCTION
- BRASS MACHINE
- CANED
- CHAKA KHAN
- CHANGE
- FAWCETT SENTLEY
- EVELYN THOMAS
- GEORGE DUKE
- GRANDMASTER A&D
- MELLE MEL
- MONY MONCOCK
- JACKSONS
- JEFFEN OSBORNE
- JOHN RUCCA
- KASBY
- KENNY K
- LODGE ENOS
- MARIANO COWBOY MACHINE
- O JAYS
- OLLIE AND JENNY
- PAUL HINCKLEY
- POWNER SISTERS
- PRINCE
- REEVE WELLS
- SHARATAP
- SHAMBER
- SISTER SLEDGE
- SIVUCA
- S.O.S. BAND
- THE FIRE
- TINA TURNER
- TONY BROWNE
- TROUBLE FUNK
- TV21
- WINGJAMMEN
- WORACK AND WORACK

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

# DATES

Check locally before steppin' out. A Lisa Anthony Production

**Astee Camera:** Cardiff St David's Hall (September 27), Southampton Gaumont Theatre (28), Brighton Dome (29), Margate Winter Gardens (October 1), Oxford Apollo (2), Bristol Colston Hall (3), Newcastle City Hall (5), Glasgow Barrowlands (8), Edinburgh Calry Palace (7), Nottingham Rock City (9), Birmingham Odeon (10), Hanley Victoria Hall (12), Manchester Free Trade Hall (13), Liverpool Royal Court (14), London Dominion (15).

**Level 42:** Norwich University (October 21), Loughborough University (22), Margate Winter Gardens (23), Guildford Civic Hall (24), Cardiff University (25), Oxford Apollo (27), Croydon Fairfield Hall (28), Nottingham Royal Court (30), Manchester Apollo (31), Newcastle City Hall (November 1), Glasgow Barrowlands (2), Leeds University (3), Exeter University (5), Bristol Colston Hall (6), Portsmouth Guildhall (7), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (9), Ipswich Gaumont (10), Birmingham Odeon (11), London Hammersmith Odeon (12/13).

**Motorhead:** Nottingham Royal Centre (October 28), Birmingham Odeon (28), Manchester Apollo (29), Sheffield City Hall (30), Middlesbrough Town Hall (31).

# NIGHTS OUT

Newcastle Mayfair (November 1), Glasgow Barrowlands (3), Blackburn King Georges Hall (4), Margate Winter Gardens (5), Reading University (6), London Hammersmith Odeon (7).



Alison Moyet

**Alison Moyet:** London Dominion (November 24/25).

**Sister Sledge:** Boston Haven Theatre (September 4), Oxford Apollo (5), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (7), Southport Theatre (8), Cardiff St David's Hall (9), Northampton Derngate Theatre (10), Birmingham Nite Out (11/12), Reading Hexagon (15), Ipswich Gaumont (16), Watford Basley's (17-22 inc 1), London Dominion (23), Bristol Colston Hall (24), Brighton Dome (26), Pools Arts Centre (27), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Halls (28), Leicester Kasar's (29).

**The Smiths:** Gloucester Leisure Centre (September 24), Cardiff University (25), Swansea Mayfair (26).

**Thompson Twins:** Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (December 26/27), London Wembley Arena (29/30).

Go  
Four  
It  
Jeffery

10 ... I'M LEAVING

It it happens again, I'm leaving.  
I'll pack my things and go;  
If it happens again, there'll  
be no looking back.  
And I won't say "I told you so"

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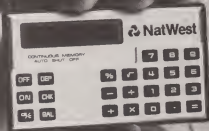
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# NIGHTS OUT GOES TO THE MOVIES

## COMING SHORTLY... TO A CINEMA NEAR YOU!

There's been the usual rush of end-of-summer films so we supplied the *Nights Out Dept.* with a load of popcorn, Mint Lumps, choc ices, Frankie's SpudDogs and a big box of fruit gums. Oh, and sent them to see what all the fuss is about.



Clare in *Comfort And Joy*: lots of arm-waving and bantering away in Italian.

## COMFORT AND JOY PG

It's a week before Christmas in a town north of the border. Removal men suddenly arrive at Alan's flat and take almost everything away. It's only then that Maddy, his much-loved live-in girlfriend, remembers to tell him she's leaving.

Heartbroken Alan – a local DJ in his mid-30s – takes to driving around town and dreaming of his ex. One night he spots Charlotte, a beautiful girl, working in an ice-cream van. Intrigued he follows and gets involved in a frosty family feud between ice-cream companies the *Mr Bunnies* and the *Mr McCools*. Toy rabbits are waved at him menacingly; he has samples of ice-cream stolen from his deep freeze; his car is bashed in; he furtively attempts to get a date with Charlotte and generally tries to find a new direction for his life.

*Comfort And Joy* was written and produced by Bill Forsyth of *Gregory's Girl* and *Local Hero* fame and stars Bill Paterson as Alan and Eleanor David as Maddy. The film also marks Clare Grogan's return to the large screen. Credited for some reason as C. P. Grogan she unfortunately doesn't get to do much except for a bit of frantic arm-waving and lots of bantering away in Italian.

*Comfort and Joy* is a warm and witty film that will make you laugh out loud. Samantha Archer and I had to sneak out to the ladies a couple of times as we were giggling a bit too loudly. It probably won't win any Oscars but you *will* look at ice-cream vans in a new light. – Lisa Anthony



Miles cuddles up to his computer

## ELECTRIC DREAMS PG

Miles Harding, a young architect who wants to invent an earthquake-proof brick, is a deader for Superman's younger brother and is hopelessly clumsy. In a fevered attempt to organise his life, he buys a home computer on the same day that Madeline, a friendly cellist, moves into the flat above.

They meet on the stairs, Miles falls desperately in love but is too shy to do much about it. Instead, he turns to his computer and slowly man and machine get to know each other frighteningly well. The computer suddenly takes on a life of its own. It won't have its keyboard touched and even when Miles pulls the plug it carries on regardless.

The crunch comes when both computer and Miles fight for Madeline's affections. He can go to her concerts, take her for a bite to eat, go on day trips with her. The computer can only write songs for her which she accidentally hears through the ventilation shaft. She, of course, has no idea that it's a computer. She thinks it's Miles. Who wins? I'm certainly not saying. . .

Subtitled "a fairytale for computers", *Electric Dreams* is exactly that. It's corny, impossibly unrealistic, soppy, mildly scary at one stage and most of the time thoroughly enjoyable.

The music is studded with star names like Culture Club (they perform the love song that the computer writes for Madeline), Heaven 17, Jeff Wayne and Phillip Oakey. (If you fancy winning the sound-track, turn to page 47.)

The most successful element in the film, however, is the way it constantly zeroes in on all the electronic gadgets that now swamp our daily lives. Everything from pocket video games to cash tills and surveillance cameras that keep an eye on you even when you're having a quiet chat in the lift.

But don't think it's a cold, mechanical world here. The computer who reveals his name just before the end bows in a wracked voice: "Love is give and not take". Ah. – Ian Birch

Miles in a bit of a tizz – "I'll get that pesky computer!"



## NIGHTS OUT GOES TO THE MOVIES



This was Spinal Tap -- in the '60s the fictitious group sing about flowers, margarine skies etc.

### THIS IS SPINAL TAP 15

Remember *The Bad News Tour*? How *The Comic Strip* tore into the ludicrous excesses of heavy metal groups? You know, the squabbles in the back of the van, the 'chick' who meddles too much, the fawning publicity officer, the cigar-toting record company boss, the cosmic nonaense talked in interviews and the endless snarls at the camera.

Translate all this into box-office American terms (i.e. lavish hotel suite rather than a bed and breakfast, a sleek limo instead of a battered transit) and you have *This Is Spinal Tap*.

The film documents a recent tour of America by Spinal Tap, a British heavy metal outfit who look like Status Quo, Slade and Iron Maiden all rolled into one. They've been on the go for 17 years but now their fortunes are flagging hopelessly.

It's a very clever spoof, full of smartly observed details (for instance, their albums are called "The Sun Never Sweats" and "Smell The Glove") but it's aimed at an older audience who either know a lot about, or work in the music business. The humour is too smug, too sluggish. *The Bad News Tour* was never like that. — Ian Birch



This IS Spinal Tap -- the lads get into some serious HM 'nff-work'.

## PURPLE RAIN 15

Prince loves to pout. To press together his moist, full lips while throwing a sulky, sensuous stare with his big eyes. Even more, he loves to sit astride a powerful new motorbike, angrily kick-start it with a tiny, booted foot, and speed into the distance. And, of course, he loves to perform. With *Purple Rain*, he's constructed a feature film in which he can do all three, dominating the screen with those favourite poses.

The plot is thin. Prince plays The Kid, leader of a rock group called The Revolution who play at the First Avenue club. Their local popularity is challenged by a funky and zoot-sulled rival group, The Time. Their leader, Morris Day, also challenges Prince in his love life, trying to entice away his new girlfriend, Apollonia, by starring her in her own group.

Discontent breeds within The Revolution. The two girl musicians, Wendy and Lisa, have written a song but Prince won't allow the group to play any songs but his. Meanwhile, in his shabby, suburban home, his parents fight. His black father, a frustrated musician, beats up his white mother and insults his son. They endlessly bawl and cry. That is what it sounds like when doves cry. The story of the film is how Prince works through each of these frustrations.

The dialogue is generally breathtakingly banal and, with most of the cast making their acting debut, delivered in a stilted fashion. Morris Day is an exception, just about stealing the show with his natural comic delivery. The film was shot on a fairly low budget by a relatively inexperienced director -- and it shows. It has the murky production quality of a made-for-TV movie. And it's a good half-hour too long, sagging in the middle. There are far too many scenes of Prince's moods and tantrums and of him zooming around on that purple motorbike.



Prince and playmate 'git down' to some steamy hanky-panky

The film comes alive, however, whenever Prince and The Revolution step onstage at the First Avenue club. The songs -- all from the "Purple Rain LP" -- are twice as exciting in performance. The two guitarists flank Prince, performing little choreographed dance steps while Prince flies across the stage in his psychedelic, high-collared purple coat, as breathtaking as Michael Jackson but much ruder.

The atmosphere of the film is also compelling. A deep, musky sexiness hangs in the air throughout, although in the one short love scene, both Prince and Apollonia keep their clothes on.

Judged as a feature film, *Purple Rain* is a bit amateurish, too long and slow. As a "rock film", it is very ambitious and far superior to most with its frantic concert scenes. And for what it reveals about Prince, it is fascinating.

"And you -- what do you dream about?" Apollonia asks Prince early on in the film. He only pouts in reply but his answer is clear.

Himself.

— Neil Tennant

Prince (opposite page), in 'Psychedelic' purple, pouts away feverishly -- as usual





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# LETTERS

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



it re-read and travels all the way around the mansion again which in total so far is about 10 miles. The next day I go to the post office and send it to my brother in Australia who is an astronaut. All my brother's mates read it and take it with them on their space travels to the moon and just about every other planet. Once, one of my brother's mates couldn't stand life anymore and decided to commit suicide. Yes! He jumped out of the space ship with my *Smash Hits* in his hands. He is now presumed to be dead in a black hole. So, my dears, this means my *Smash Hits* has travelled millions of miles. So don't show off when there are people better than you.

*The Biggest Duran Fan Ever Who Has Had A Letter From Roger's Mom And Talked To John's Dad And Still Loves Roger Taylor, Lady.*

P.S. The ribbon on my typewriter told me today she's madly in love with **Black Type**. Her name is Belinda.

**Ah, Belinda, my cherie amour. How well I recall those smudgy summer evenings, you and I huddled up to the Visual Display Unit, our glasses a-brimming with Quink while the soft (Fer-lesser) - Ed**

**Dear Black Type,**  
Okay, this has gone far enough. It's getting beyond a joke now. I mean, slugging off *The Sun* and *The Sun* is fair enough - they may even deserve it! But when you start unsuitably poor innocent *Blue Peter* of all things, I think it's about time it all stopped. Last issue some maniac wrote in and said "I mean, who wants to make a doll's house out of a Domestos bottle?" I want to make a doll's house out of a Domestos bottle, and I assure there are many others like me, so there! And what, may I ask, is wrong with double-sided sticky-tape? It's a brilliant invention! I think you're just jealous because you don't know how to make a nuclear bomb out of a loo roll, a Squacy bottle and some wonderful double-sided sticky tape! So let's have no more of this silliness or I'll tell Goldie to lock you to death.

*Peter Blue, Chairman of the DM/IA/SSA (Don't Make Jack And Jill Sit Still Association), Whutzy*

**Dear Black Type,**  
Remember Kivi from the June 21 issue, about whose *Smash Hits* has travelled the furthest? Well, I can beat the claim of 4000 miles. I spent my holiday in Egypt. According to my Collins English Gem Pocket Dictionary, Cairo is 2480 miles from London by air. Add to that about another 1500 miles flying around Egypt, plus numerous sight-seeing traps, not to mention night-camels around the pyramids (see enclosed photo of me and my dear old mum) I reckon my *Smash Hits* has travelled at least 6000 miles. Best! Well!

Thus surely deserves a little something eh?  
*Martin Core's Emulator, Lethal Hampton*

**Judging from the pic, Emu, that travelling has left out your mum feeling a bit puffed up - and the camel looks like he could do with a spot of kip too. But, we're proud to say, your copy of Britain's Brightest Pop Read seems as chipper as ever. Sadly, however, your 6000 miles pale into weakness compared to the following, hard-to-credit tale . . .**

I can safely say that my *Smash Hits* travels much farther than anyone else's in the world. First of all it travels from our front door to our living room, then to our bathroom, then to my bedroom and then round the rest of our mansion. The next day

**Hold on a mo!** It might interest you to know that the copy of *Smash Hits* you are holding in your very hands was fashioned from nothing more than three elastic bands, a strip of sticky-back plastic, half an egg shell (remember to ask Mum before raiding the fridge!) and a standard pencil sharpener. So there! And, by the way, have you ever tried to make a life-size, fully-functioning model of a *Boyz-n-the-Bass* out of an old envelope and a £10 Record Token? No? Well, now's your chance, its yours.

- Here it is - the ultimate top ten, the sticky one -
- 1/ 'Stuck On You' - Lionel Richie
  - 2/ 'Prints A Mincide' - Culture Club
  - 3/ 'Lose To Get To Know Uhu Well' - Howard Jones
  - 4/ 'Blue-Tak Me Up' - The Thompson Twins
  - 5/ 'Agagute' - Black Lace
  - 6/ 'Love Copydancer' - Alison Moyet
  - 7/ 'Boatnik The Oyster' - Maljun McLaren
  - 8/ 'I Don't Like Gumdays' - Boomtown Rats
  - 9/ 'Union Of The Tape' - Duran Duran
  - 10/ 'Eyes Without A Paste' - Billy Idol
- Page 1, Dickie!*

**Yes, as we've already seen, it's simply amazing what one can do with a dab of paste and a piece of brilliant double-sided sticky tape these days - so many top pop groups have discovered. Take, for instance, Gloy Division, Glee 2, The Flying Stickies, Soft Sellotape, Black Uhu-ur. (That's quite enough adhesive-oriented groups, thank-you - Ed.)**

I am writing about something that has crossed my mind. Waiter! that call themselves fans are out of control. They follow their favourite pop person around all the time, to their houses etc. generally killing off their privacy. If they admire these people so much they should have more consideration for the poor blokes (it is usually) who have to put up with all this

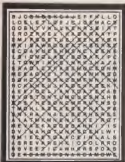
I was at Radio One when David Sylvian was on-air. I was really impressed by the sheer numbers. There were people so devoted that they had to copy his look. They were such a friendly bunch and I really felt saddened when he arrived. They crowded him, pelted him and Yuka has girlfriend. Surely if these obvious peep-brains had organised a line David would have signed a few autographs. He would have been patient enough to let everyone get a turn.

*Les, The Hole In David Sylvian's Right Jazz Shoe, Rochester.*

The other day some local business took me to the family home of a certain Mr Le Bon. Seated on the steps outside was a crowd of Duranians singing along to their favourite Duran tapes and making amorous messages up to the firmly shut window. I was greeted with 'Simon's Mum lives here! She's not but won't open the door' cause she knows we're here!

I couldn't help but feel sorry for Mrs Le Bon. However proud of her son's achievements she may be, surely the constant barrage of music and screaming must become a bit tedious. These girls can hardly be

## STAR TEASER



## CROSSWORD

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 45

**ACROSS:** 1 and 31 is a Hair! 4 is Jenny Lee! 5 Lewis. 8 Keti (Craze). 9 Electric (Avenue). 10 Etims (Pages). 11 Robert (Peters). 12 The Under (in The Mountains). 14 (SPIN) Eng. 16 One (Cost. Job). 19 Tony (Hedley). 22 Agadoo. 24 Jam! Kair. 26 Prince. 27 Orchestra. 28 (Robin) Yell. 30 Rocket.

**DOWN:** 1 and 23 Link-in The Wolf. 2 Side. 3 Howling (Unseen). 4 Down. 5 London. 6 and 17 Arise. 7 Who! 8 My Man. 7 Saw. 1 (Som-bod). 9 And (Hedley). 10 Neil Arthur. 15 Top. 18 The Famous Weathy! 19 (Honey). 21 (Pete) (saw). 23 I Want To Break It! 24 (EM)

called 'super fans', turning a quiet family home into a besieged tourist attraction and writing various Duran slogans on nearby walls. Anyway, they were hardly likely to see Simon doing a bit of hovering in his Mum's front room.

Sally, *Pinner*

**Dear Black Type**

What do you call a bickie who steals tarmac? Nick Rhodes *Bimby Boomp, London N17*

What do you call a woman with her head in a quiter? Ingrid. *Frankie's Beauty Spot, Liverpool*

What do you call an Iron Maiden fan with a Hovermover on his head? Sean.

**Dear Black Type**

Q What is the difference between Frankie Goes To Hollywood and a load of crabs?

A A load of prats begins with 'A' Tracy Ullman's *Bikini*. *Wolverhampton*

P S I've decided to tell the world that I love Fiona

That's all very well, but five loads of prats begins with 'F'. And so does Fiona. So where does that leave us?

I was infuriated to see in your quiz (Aug 2) that you think it is merely trendy to pitch your tent on Greenham Common

I suppose you think that the women who have camped there over the past four years were merely trendies? Well, let me tell you that it's something much more important than that they do it for. They are trying to save the planet from destruction and all you can do is sit on your beams and make thick-headed remarks about it being the trendiest holiday-wise

I think it's disgusting *SFK, Norwich*

**Dear Black Type**

Help. I don't understand question 6 of the neediness quiz (Aug 6)

My favourite form of nibble are barbecue beef flavour hula hoops followed by orange and cola flavoured Robinson's squash.

Please could you tell me how trendy (or not) this makes me? *Francis Rossi's Bald Patch, Claygate, Surrey*

**Dear Black Type**

These days if you're trendy, you're obviously trendy but it's also trendy to be untrendy so that means everybody's trendy. Or does it? *Confused, Grimsby*

**Tricky one this. Let me try to explain the rules as simply as possible. If you were to wander around saying: 'Hi! My favourite form of nibble is barbecue beef flavour hula hoops,' you'd**

probably be quite trendy unless everyone else was wandering around saying "Hi! My favourite form of nibble is barbecue flavour hula hoops," in which case you'd probably be quite untrendy unless you started wandering around saying "Hi! My favourite form of nibble used to be barbecue flavour hula hoops but now I'm heavily into 'Orange Chewies' in which case your trendiness would be beyond question. Or would it?"

**Dear Margot Chulzky,**

As Cary Davies is doing his 'Guide To A More Cultural Way Of Life' I thought I'd do 'A Guide To A More Cultural Way Of Insulting People'.

For a start how come "Palaces mille camearon alas sacros sacros fusc frequentos" which is Latin for 'May the least of a thousand camels infect your mother's armpits'. Or even - and this one's a real doozy - "Membra tua putrefactor semper in mole stercore elephantin intercludat" which means "May your rotting limbs be forever encapsulated in a pile of elephant dung."

If anyone out there knows the Latin for 'May you drink omech spiritus for all eternity' then YOU'RE WARPED! *The Invisible Man's Feasting Book, Kenilworth*

**Simplicity itself, Bolla. Your original insult translates thus: "Bibere spiritus struthocamelum aeternit." But here's a much stronger one to try out on your v. w. best friends and relations: "Praecipite caps Bubblyum et adipicete capitis doli clemena." That means: "May you tumble into a vat of Bubblyum and get a slight headache."**

**Dear Simon Le Bon,**

Apart from your rather bad taste in clothes, rather large nasal passages (nose), screechy voice you call singing, very unattractive high-lighted hair, terribly poseish poses, disgusting attempt at dancing, ultra swagging head I don't think you've got any bad points either.

Yours in unbelievable exasperation, *Lex Field, Cardiff*

**Dear Black Type,**

You know what I think? Well, you know Andrew Ridgeley had a nose job to straighten it out? Well, it's all a big story. You see, really it's his brain he's had removed. He realised that he didn't need it for several reasons a) George did all the talking anyway, b) his credentials were in tatters and he'd got heavy eyelids (and what else does a man need?), and c) it wasn't used at all. But there was one problem, it was so minutely minuscule that it had slipped down (no, not his Flja shorts for his disappointment) his nose! So he had the 'rip' to get it out.

*Tamsin Love Ya, Andy Wraag, Studby*

**For shame, Yamsini!**

Would anybody please shoot those blind awful people called Black Lace and put them out of their misery? Not content with contaminating the charts with "Superman", they now have the nerve to record some drivel called "Agadoo". I'll never be the same again.

After hearing it, my hair fell out, my toenails went black and curled up, my banana Nesquik went sour and to top it all my mother likes the record. Help yourself to a soggy Cheesy Wobbit and, I'm going to top myself. *David Sylvan's Red Guitar, Benlét*

**Steady on there, Red GI One glance at this issue's *Blitz* will tell you that the entire nation is currently in the grip of something called 'Agadoo Fever' - and people suffering from this condition, withering ailments are most definitely *not* to be trifled with, believe you me.**

I am fifteen (nearly sixteen) and have run out of ideas concerning what to do on a Saturday night. I have grown out of discos and I'm too young to go to nightclubs, so what's left for my age group to do?

Surely I'm not alone with this complaint so why does everybody turn a blind eye towards us?

My only suggestion - which is a bit far-fetched - is for nightclubs to have a 15 to 18s night where alcohol isn't sold. I know that hardly any profit would be made from it but it would only need to be held, say, once every two months and I'm sure there'd be a good attendance.

Meanwhile we have two options: a) stay in and be bored to tears or b) attend nightclubs under age. I am sure that a lot of parents would disagree with this second alternative so why not do something about it? What do other readers think about this and do they have any suggestions as to what my age group can do on a Saturday night? *Angela Jones, Wrexham, N Wales*

**Dear Angela Lewis (Letters Aug 2)**  
So you find Echo & The Bunnymen's album "embarrassing" to listen to, and think that Mac has "made an utter prat of himself"

Well, bug deal OK, so you don't like the album but other people, including myself, do. I also happen to like Nik Kershaw and Lamahl but that doesn't make me any lower in status than you. How dare you insinuate that people who like Nik Kershaw and Lamahl have a certain mentality?

I'm sick to death of people writing letters about how only girly schoolgirls like D, or only teenyboppers like Shakin' Stevens or whatever. Some pop musicians are always classed as having a certain age group of fan. Everyone is entitled to their own views but I find it absolutely pointless to write letters slagging off particular groups or people like you do. I also miss George's 'Choose Life T-Shirt Who loves Tim's Bauhaus T-Shirt, Clacton-On-Sea

**Dear Black Type,**

After reading the August 2 issue I felt I had to write and tell the world (and you) how disappointed I am about the truth behind Liqueuro Alisorts. And about their singer Darren Hoog who must be one of the most cunning b. . . around!

Darren (aka Boy Pig) was first seen in a daily paper saying he had cultivated the 'Boy George look of bad teeth, locks and long coat'. He then went to France with his band and pretended to be guest vocalist (Boy George with Liqueuro Alisorts). By doing this they conned their way into nightclubs earning about £250 a night.

They fooled hundreds of

autograph hunters and did magazine and radio interviews. They also got free board at top hotels with champagne and food worth around £50 a night!

They were offered a television appearance but Darren thought it might be "too risky in case someone actually took it."

Darren has since been on British TV going on about his "amazing hoax". Well, now you know the truth, how about a £10 record token and a banning of all L. . .

A. . . from Smash Hits *An Extremely Irrate Culture Club Fan, Southampton*

**Can Liqueuro Alisorts?? No, Alisort! We here at the *Blitz* think that the Liqueuro, as we call 'em, are probably the finest musical/cultural experience since Bimbo Baggins and beyond! So what if they conned the whole of France? It's just jolly bad luck on the French, ha he!**

**■ My name is Holly and I'm overcome by Nick Rhodes. If you love music, and find class-rooms very stifling, then please write to me. Holly Johnson, c/o 224 Lindy Drive, Las Vegas, Nevada 89107, USA.**

Whilst looking through some old issues I noticed in my September 29 issue *RSPV* section a certain Nick Rhodes Number One Fan - he just happens to be called Holly Johnson. Come on, Holly Spill the beans, mate! Is there something we should know? *The Duranfan, London*

**Yes, there is actually. For unbeknownst to you, and a trillion other Duranfans, DD, like Frankie, are very 'heavily into' energy conservation and other ecology-related topics as the following proves . . .**



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**Dear Black Type,**  
Duran obviously haven't been telling us everything. Maybe they aren't doing that well in the music business after all.

*Holly's Cure, Mark's Smoothering Cake and Grazier's Black Leather Footstrap, Taunton*

? *Nena's Electric Shaver, Dumfrow P. S. is the shortest ever letter printed in Smash Hits?*

! **F.S. Well, it might have been if you hadn't asked.**

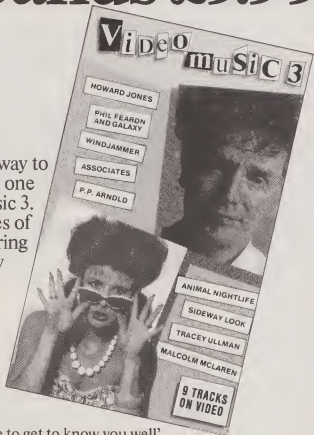
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**Associates:-** 'Waiting for the Love Boat.'  
**P. P. Arnold:-** 'Electric Dreams.'  
**Animal Nightlife:-** 'Mr Solitaire.'  
**Sideway Look:-** 'Tell Me Tonight.'  
**Tracey Ullman:-** 'Sunglasses.'  
**Malcolm McLaren:-** 'Madam Butterfly.'

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It was on a street so evil  
So bad that even hell disowned it  
Every single step was trouble  
For the fool who stumbled on it  
Eyes within the dark were watching  
I felt the sudden chill of danger  
Something told me keep on walking  
Told me I should not have gone there

Baby but you cut me like a knife  
Without your love in my life  
I'm out I'm walking the night  
'Cause I just can't stop this feeling

It's torture It's torture It's torture

She was up a stair to nowhere  
A room forever I'll remember  
She said as though I should have  
known her  
Tall me what's your pain or pleasure  
Every little thing you find here  
Is simply for the thrill you're after  
Loneliness or hearts on fire  
I am here to serve all masters  
She said reality is a knife  
When there's no love in your life  
Unmerciful is the night  
When you just can't stop this feeling

It's torture It's torture It's torture

And I still can't find the meaning no  
No no of the lack I keep on seeing  
Was she real or am I dreaming  
Did the sound of your name turn a  
wheel  
Strike a flame in me

Baby but you cut me like a knife  
Without your love in my life  
I'm out I'm walking the night  
'Cause I just can't stop this feeling

It's torture It's torture It's torture

She said reality is a knife  
When there's no love in your life  
Unmerciful is the right  
When you just can't stop this feeling

It's torture It's torture It's torture  
It's torture It's torture It's torture

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## SMASH HITS

### SEPTEMBER 13

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