



Smash HITS

THE FINAL FRONTIER?
ADAMANT



NICK RHODES · NIK KERSHAW · AC/DC · LLOYD COLE

SMARKE NICK RHODES



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NIK KERSHAW - 20/21
In 'I'm only a musician' shock horror probe, it's not easy being incredibly famous.



BUCKS FIZZ - 28/29
Four go mad in Brighton (with a little help from Miss Weston-super-Mare).



PIRATE RADIO - 6/7/8

This is where the pirate radio station, Laser 555, broadcasts from. It's anchored in the North Sea. We spent a day on board.



DAVID BOWIE - 40/41
As you've never seen him before.

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Photo Paul Fourn

**CASTLE OONINGTON
48/49/50**

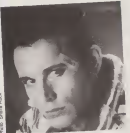
Tons of denim jackets (covered in badges!) Van Halen! Mountains, of guitars! AC/DC! Very long hair! Ozzy Osbourne! And 60,000 people who couldn't get enough.



50 Free Stickers! - 47
What they look like and how to get them!



LLOYO COLE - 54/55
"I'd rather people stick pictures of me on their walls than pictures of Simon le Bon." Can this man be serious?



ADAM ANT - 65/65
Tells all! How Prince charming looked 'nancy'; how he got v. close to G race-jones; how he's launching into the space age.



FREEDOM

by
WHAM!

Coming soon. The single on 7" & 12"



PERSONAL PROFILE



GARY KEMP

SPANDAU BALLET

NAME: Gary James Kemp
BORN: October 16 1959 in Barn's Hospital (within the sound of Bow Bells).
DID YOU EVER BEAT ANYONE UP AT SCHOOL? No, I was never violent but I had enormous wit. I avoided fights and never got beaten up myself either. I just used sarcasm on my enemies.
FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: "Apeman" by The Kinks. And the first album I bought was "Electric Wren" by T. Rex.
FIRST CONCERT: Slade at the Palladium in 1972, supported by Georgie. Everyone was wearing mirrored hats. It was great. Steve Norman was there too.
WHAT WAS THE WORST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED WHEN YOU WERE ACTING AT ANNA SCHER'S THEATRE? One time we were filming in Deodford and, being a North London boy, I was well out of my depth - didn't understand the natives at all. We were filming on this building site - me and Martin always used to get parts as Cockney lads - and suddenly a great hail of bottles came flying over at us, thrown by all these local boys. They only just missed us. The film was called *Hide And Seek* starring Liz Fraser, Alfred Marks and Roy Dotrice and we went to the Royal Premier at Shaftesbury Avenue and met the Duchess Of Kent. The best thing was that we got six weeks off school while we were filming it and with the money I earned I bought my first guitar.
WHAT DO YOU AND MARTIN ARGUE ABOUT? It's very easy for us to argue. We've been arguing since we were small and because

we're brothers we can say anything to each other, call each other whatever we like, without it hurting our relationship. We tend to take sides, purposely to vent our arguments with the group because of that. You know, arguments about which direction things should go in the group which otherwise might get out of hand. We also abuse our power sometimes.

HAVE YOU EVER COMMITTED A CRIME? Only night ones... I means, I'm not exactly waiting until I get married. Oh yeah, I got done for speeding once.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE? A flat in North London. I enjoy coming home to it. It's full of stuff I really treasure. I collect a lot of rock-nicks. It's not kitsch. Lots of trendy wood and trendy black. It's arranged around the TV which is very boring. I suppose, I'm short-sighted so I need a big TV and so it dominates the room.

DO YOU EVER LISTEN TO PIRATE RADIO? Yeah, off and on. I like the funk stations, Horizon and JFM. If I want to listen to pop or rock I'd listen to Radio 1 or Capital. I listen to LBC (London news channel) more than anything else.

WHY HAVEN'T SPANDAU DONE A BENEFIT FOR THE MINERS? I don't honestly think we could get one together. My sympathies lie there and I would have liked to but it can get very hypocritical. I don't vote Tory but we do make money, so it's very easy for us. And I do think a lot of people do things like that just to get in the public eye. I'd rather just let my sympathies be known in interviews.

DO YOU EVER READ YOUR HOROSCOPE? No, never. I'm not at all interested. It's weird, in Japan where we've just been they don't ask about your star signs, they ask about your blood group. They were astonished that we didn't know what ours were.

DO YOU HAVE A GIRLFRIEND? Um... um, I'm very friendly with a girl. She keeps my feet on the ground a bit when I go home. But I spend too much time with the group to have a proper steady relationship.

WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE CRICKET THIS SUMMER? Oh God. Disasterous. I was very upset, it's hardly surprising when you see the weight Botham's carrying around. Cricket is just a part time job for him in between drinking.

DO YOU EMPTY YOUR OWN HOOVER BAG? No, I must admit I don't. I found it very difficult to live without a mum on my own. I have someone who comes round to do the cleaning. I'm sure she finds some disgusting things in the bag.

DO YOU DO BINGO IN A DAILY NEWSPAPER? I do not! No way! It's absolute crap. There was a ridiculous quote from me in *The Sun* about how I buy it every day for the page three lovelies. I was on the point of suing. I tell you. They just made it up. I think they did it because I refused to pose with one of those bingo cards in my hand.

FAVOURITE WHAM! RECORD? Oh no, you're kidding! (Puts hand over phone) Martin, they want to know what my favourite Wham! record is (married daughter). Er... "Shish Kebab And Chips" Private joke. They'll understand.



Contempt in your eyes
When I turn to kiss his lips

Broken I lie

All my feelings denied
Blood on your fist

Chorus

Can you tell me why
Can you tell me why
Can you tell me why

You in your false securities
Tear up my life condemning me

Name me an illness
And call me a sin
Never feel guilty
Never give in

Tell me why tell me why
Tell me why tell me why
Yeah

You and me together
Fighting for our love
Repeat seven times

Contempt in your eyes
When I turn to kiss his lips

Broken I lie
All my feelings denied
Blood on your fist

Repeat chorus twice

Can you tell me why

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PIRATES OF THE AIRWAVES

Flick across your radio dial. The airwaves are currently crackling with illegal pirate stations. Pop stations, soul stations, community stations and foreign language stations. Stations so small they broadcast to tiny areas from the tops of tower blocks. Stations so big they have their own ships in the North Sea and broadcast to half of Europe. Like *Laser 558*, the American-backed, all-hit station whose success is even beginning to worry Radio 1. Dave Rimmer (sou'wester, notebook) and Virginia Turbett (long range shipping forecast, cameras) hopped on a fishing boat and sailed out to see what was going on.

Thirty-six miles out of Felixstowe, the fishing boat slides through the light mid-morning sea mist and up alongside the M.V. Communicator, home of pirate radio station Laser 558. No noise or sign of life on deck. The dirty orange hull is pitted with rust. It doesn't much look like an operation that in just three months has picked up enough listeners with its more hits-less-talk policy to worry both the BBC and the commercial stations. That, however, is precisely what it is.

A bloke in a Capital Radio t-shirt appears on deck, looks us over — me, Virginia Turbett, a journalist from the *New York Times*, another from the German press agency DPA, a fisherman — and disappears again. Seconds later he's back with another bloke. And then, after a week of detailed trans-Atlantic arrangements and three hours of skulking through the mist into the North Sea, we are greeted with: "I'm sorry, but we've had instructions to let absolutely nobody aboard."

Laser 558 is run from New York, staffed by US citizens, transmits from international waters on a ship registered in Panama and is supplied, supposedly, from Spain. All this, in Laser's opinion, makes them perfectly legal. Well, almost.

"It's probably more precise to say we're not unlawful," hedges Roy Lindau, the company President in New York and a man who hopes to coin a lot of American advertising money out of the station.

The British government don't agree. As far as they're concerned, Laser is just another annoying pirate like Radio Caroline (moored, as it happens, only a mile away). Only the other week, I'm told, a man accompanying a Radio 4 reporter on a trip to the ship pretending to be a BBC engineer, turned out to be an official from the Department Of Trade And Industry on a spying mission.

The record companies aren't too keen either because (and this is possibly the only good argument against pirate radio) stations like Laser — unlike Radio 1 etc — don't pay any royalties to anybody. "There's no-one at sea to collect tax or to pay royalties to" is Roy Lindau's argument. For him a royalty-free record in the middle of the



North Sea is much the same as a duty-free drink on a Channel ferry. But it's dodgy ground.

Laser, as our welcome indicates, are now pretty cautious. As they're almost certainly, in true buccaneering fashion, being secretly (and illegally) supplied from England, that's understandable.

Presently, after a bit of negotiation, we're all allowed on board. All, that is, except for the poor German journalist. No-one will tell him why and he spends the next three hours sunning himself on the fishing boat and cursing his luck. The rest of us are greeted on deck by the Laser DJs, but the cautiousness continues.

"People go on about us stealing the news from Ceefax," says Charlie Wolf, the DJ who does the 9.00-1.00am stint. "But that's not stealing. How can you steal news?"

"We're not even supposed to discuss that," warns Jessie Brandon, who's on the air from

5.00-9.00pm. End of conversation. A little later I wander into the newsroom to find all the Ceefax and Oracle news page numbers pinned up on the wall above the television.

Can we see their cabins? No, we're not allowed below deck. Why not? Because the transmitter's being modified. Oh, where's the captain? He's on holiday. Then who is the unimported chap with the beard who wanders about with such a commanding air? The captain, according to our fisherman, though why they should want to conceal his existence still remains a mystery.

We're ushered into the port gallery for coffee and banana bread baked by morning DJ Holly Michaels. Out comes a carton of Spanish long-life milk. The DJs tell tales of indecipherable Spanish tin cans, of dubious meat ("we think it was horse"), inedible sucker-fish and other problems of being supplied from Spain. On a shelf I notice some two-day-old English papers. If they get here via Spain then I'm Holly Johnson's great-grandfather but let it pass. So who is the station's mysterious financial backer, wonders the woman from the *New York Times*?

"We, er, don't know," says Tom Rivers, the DJ who handles the afternoon show.

"It's safer that we don't know," adds Jessie.

Their parents get their pay cheques once a month from Miami, that's all they know. And how big are those cheques?

"A little less than we all got in the States," shrugs early morning DJ Ric Harris, "but we get free room and board." Ric was the guy in the Capital t-shirt, although now he's changed into one of Laser's. The emblem is a blue and yellow signal flag which, when flown from a ship's mast, apparently means "I would like to communicate with you". Cute.

Down the corridor is the nerve centre of the station: the studio, the newsroom and the production studio where records are transferred onto cartridge. This, apparently, is "standard procedure" in American radio stations, "although it's obviously an asset when you're in a force 10 gale," chuckles Charlie. The set-up doesn't look like much, but according to Laser it is "the most

more over the page >



The M.V. Communicator (above) surrounded by "international waters"

D.J. Holly Michaels (below) on the air. She had frizzy hair, but of course.



A Reporter (left) asks a question about the ship's crew. The Reporter (right) answers. The Reporter (far left) asks a question. The Reporter (far right) answers. The Reporter (center) asks a question.



Reporter Eric Ric Horst (left) and C. Eddie Wolf (right) catch up on a recent event. Was that thing in allowed to talk about them?





electronically sophisticated private commercial radio ship in the world." In the news room there's a computer which will eventually be hooked up by satellite to New York. They also reckon they'll soon be beaming new releases by satellite instead of shipping records out.

Holly Michaels, former Minneapolis DJ and the best cook on board (they take turns), is commanding the airwaves. "We are Laser 558 and a good afternoon to you..." She clicks in a cartridge from the banks of them that surround her. They're all colour-coded: red for their Top 40 (compiled from British and European charts), light blue for new songs, violet for '60s oldies etc. Above the console is a "rotation clock" which dictates what must be played when a current hit at five past, then a 70s oldie, another hit, an "urban contemporary" (ie black) tune, yet another current hit and so forth. The Laser DJs have little say in what gets played. Does this bother them?

"It's what we're used to," shrugs Tom. "If I was faced with a huge record library I'd feel very insecure," admits Ric. "I wouldn't know what to play. I wouldn't know whether I was pleasing the audience."

They still don't know, though. Although they've been told they reach "a cumulative weekly audience of 6.6 million in south east England", all the DJs ask me: are people listening to us?

As well as playing records in strict rotation, each DJ also has to do eight "breaks" an hour. Most of these gaps in the music are filled with jingles, "station IDs" ("This is Laser 558" in

English, French, German and Dutch) and what they call "Laserblasts", a sort of ray gun noise.

And then, every once in a while, the DJs are actually allowed to say something. Not much mind. As they broadcast to so many different countries and so can't talk about the weather or current events or anything like that, it usually ends up as something rather boring like: "Hi, I'm so-and-so and this is all Europe radio broadcasting from international waters..."

Holly is worried about the "personality" of the station. She'd like to be able to talk a bit more. I tell her that Laser's main attraction seems to be that there isn't some half-wit always burbling on for hours on end like on Radio 1 or Capital. Holly says she tries to be "relaxed, kind of laid back" on the air. And then Tom spills the ashtray and she leaps up snapping: "Oh no! I knew that would happen. And I vacuumed only this morning!"

At the moment there are five DJs and five crew on board. Don't they get on each other's nerves? Not often, and when they do they can escape into their individual 6'x9' cabins with a bed and a desk and a porthole. Don't they get bored, stuck in the middle of the North Sea for weeks on end? (They're supposed to work six weeks on board and two off, but most of them have been on longer because of problems organising shore leave.)

No, they don't get bored. "Though I'm sure it'll come along," says Tom. "Yeah," adds Holly. "Channel fever will set in."

They all have their hobbies. Holly, for example, is learning French and Greek. Jessie's trying German. Tom is writing a PhD thesis on something called Psychographic Grid Analysis. Charlie sleeps a lot. They all seem to enjoy reading and then there's a few TVs on board. No video though. "We can't get the company to pay for one," Ric tells me. He also plays chess with the captain,

when he isn't "on holiday" of course.

On the upper deck - christened, for obvious reasons, "Splinter Beach" - Charlie lazes in a hammock. "We had a barbecue up here the other night. We made some ribs," he smiles. "Boy, did I stuff myself! They went swimming the other day too. Charlie knows there's a tidal sandbar a few miles away and dreams of organising a football match on it with Caroline. It seems they've met some of the Caroline DJs. From time to time pirate radio enthusiasts - the Laser people call them "anoraks" - come out in small boats. One day a party of anoraks picked up some Caroline DJs and brought them over to Laser. They weren't allowed on board, but they and the Laser DJs had a chat over the side of the boat. It all goes to break the monotony of life on the ocean wave. A pirate's lot, however romantic it might seem, is not a terribly exciting one.

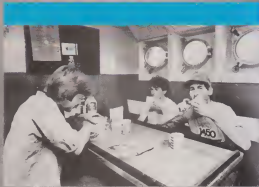
"We're just going this to further our careers," explains Jessie. Laser's target audience - about 10 million across Europe - is way, way bigger than that of any American station. Charlie chuckles: "I dream of going to WNBC (a large New York station) and being able to say: 'I just thought I'd like to try a smaller audience like yours for a while.' Jessie, meanwhile, was invited by Tony Blackburn to do his Radio London show while he was on holiday but the BBC stopped it.

Holly clicks in another cartridge. Charlie helps himself to another slice of banana bread and the fisherman signals to us that time and tide will wait for no man, not even if they're from the New York Times. We've got to head back. So we climb back into the fishing boat and bob back off towards the mainland.

Five minutes later we pass Radio Caroline A. A couple of people standing on deck wave to us until we sail out of sight.



View from the "newsroom" of the Laser 558, showing the "newsroom" and the "newsroom" (Laser's "newsroom")



Radio Caroline's "newsroom" (Laser's "newsroom") showing the "newsroom" and the "newsroom" (Laser's "newsroom")



View from the "newsroom" of the Laser 558, showing the "newsroom" and the "newsroom" (Laser's "newsroom")



Radio Caroline's "newsroom" (Laser's "newsroom") showing the "newsroom" and the "newsroom" (Laser's "newsroom")

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B.I.L.

Here's the craziest! **Lenny Henry**, whose 2007 series *Blackbird*, is recording a comedy music album in *Shine* (12). *Blackbird* has his first

Anyone fit Snap? No? Perhaps a nice hand of Old Maid then? Whatever. Sony Tape (of all people) have come up with some rather fine "Rock 'N' Pop" playing cards, featuring portraits of 18 top superstars (that's some of them down there) that add a touch of excitement to any bout of Beggar Me, Neighbour or session of Three Card Brag. Even more exciting, we're giving 50 packs away for nothing, each in the company of a Sony C90 Audio Tape triple pack. Here's a question:

In which game might one get a "royal flush" a) Happy Families, b) Poker, c) Whist or d) Pro-Celebrity Yoghurt Hardling?

Answers on a postcard (at the back of an envelope) in **Smash Hits Card Sharp Competition**, 52-55 Canary Street, London W1V 1JF. Snappy replies please, and no later than September 26.

If you're not one of the winners, you can still get hold of the cards by buying a pack of Sony Audio tapes from your local dealer. See you.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

- Joanne Catherall** of **The Human League** (21st of September 19)
- Rusty Egan** (27th of September)
- Alanah Currie** (25th of September)
- David Coverdale** of **Whitesnake** (13th of September 22)
- Linda McCartney** (42) on September 24
- Steve Severin** of **The Bananaramas** (24th of September)
- Bryan Ferry** (39) on September 26
- Tracey Thorn** of **Everything But The Girl** (24th of September 22)

Surprise choice of producer for roots reggae duo **Clist Eastwood** and **General Saint's** new single - **Phil Thornalley**, who is better known for work with **Duran Duran**, **Thompson Twins** and **The Cure**. The title is 'Last Plane (One Way Ticket)'

VILLE MEET AGAIN



Some of these men are wearing leg-warmers. **Alphaville**: (l-r) Marian Gold, Frank Mertens, Bernhard Lloyd

"Pop music is a playground" enthused Marian Gold (27), **Alphaville's** singer on the blower from Berlin. It must look that way when your band's only ever played one gig, you make a single called "Big In Japan" and it turns out to be big all over Europe.

"Our dream was just to get into the German charts, but when we went to No. 1 we were dancing up and down" he went on happily in excellent English. Since then he's also been thrilled by a gold disc in Sweden, a simultaneous 1 and 2 in Greece and what might seem anticlimactic, their passage into the British Top Thirty. "It does mean a lot," he said. "It was released in April and did exactly what we expected - nothing. Now that is great to us because we are oriented to British pop."

Ah yes, speaking of that, don't Alphaville sound rather like The Cure? "No. I'd say we're more like OMD on their first album," he argued affably, quite cheery about comparisons with anything British.

The facts: the other members of Alphaville (named after a 60s cult movie by French director Jean-Luc Godard) are Bernhard Lloyd (24) on rhythm machines and Frank Mertens (23) on keyboards. They live in a smallish town called Munster where they have spent most of this year writing songs in a home studio, though at the moment they're recording an album in Berlin - with an English producer, Colin Pearson.

Anyway, the single is apparently about a soured love affair collapsing into heroin addiction. But what's big in Japan - got to do with that? Marian explains. "To get money addicts do some strange jobs. Well, prostitution I mean. Then the only way they can live with themselves is to act like superstars. It's a sort of a dream - as if they were 'big in Japan'." Crises. And he began by saying pop is a playground.

The Comsat Angels have a new single out. It's called 'Day One' (7). The 12" also includes what must be about the 17th version of their song 'Independence Day'.

The Bops and Anchors, the 2844th London pub cellar version which generally chances to generate one of them including **The Police**, **The Jam** and **Elvis Costello**, is in a financial mess and in danger of being closed down, imminently. They're appealing - to everyone! Local government for grants, now-famous bands to play benefits, anyone to do anything to keep it alive. The Hope springs eternal, we hope.

This year the US cable video station **MTV** are launching their very own Music Video Awards. And who do you think has got the most nominations already? Wrong! It's **Cyndi Lauper**. She's in the running for Best Video Of The Year, Best Female Video, Best New Artist In A Video, Best Overall Performance In A Video, Best Direction In A Video and Best Concept Video. Well, there's at least one category there that **Michael Jackson** can't win.

Teens For Teens have just released a radically remixed version (whatever one of those is) of their single "Mother's Talk".

GIBB IT A REST

Today's recipe: pop star casserole. Ingredients: one plump Bee Gee, 20 gallons of water, freshly-ground black pepper. Instructions: boil until tender, season to taste, garnish with a knob of butter. Hang on, whoops, no - it's old **Barry Gibb** in a Jacuzzi (rich person's electronic bubble bath). He was snapped in the course of filming 'the first true video album' as it says here, a fantasy which sees him playing a space-shuttle pilot, sailing-ship skipper and, extraordinarily enough, a rock star. Shooting should finish in early October.



Barry Gibb: vat'll be the day

TR-40, whose album of covers "Labour Of Love" has been in the charts for 50 weeks now, release an original single on their own Dep International label this week. It's called "It Happens Again" and the B-side, for students of the Zimbabwe situation, is "Isomo A Go-Go". A new album will be released in the autumn when they will also play some concerts in Britain.

Howard Jones has added two extra discs to his British tour. They're at the Hammerstein Odeon on December 23 and 24.

Barry Manilow fans take note. At London's Dominion Theatre on September 18 there is a one-off screening of *The Barry Manilow Picture Show*. A documentary about the recording of his "200am-Paradise Cafe" LP, there are as yet no plans for it to come out on video or be shown anywhere else.

Big Country will be playing some British concerts in December. Dates has the details. They're also about to release a single called "East Of Eden".

HERE COMES THE TRAIN AGAIN

You probably saw it on TV. The night *TOTP* turned into some kind of cross between *Blue Peter* and an ad for British Rail. And, needless to say, the *Butz* cameras were there along with the six winners of our *Top Of The Pops Train Competition*. The six people who correctly answered Flying Scotman were Caroline Mitchell of Liversedge, West Yorks; Gillian McGregor of Newbury, Liz Jones of Camforth, Lancs; Derek Clarke of Renfrew, Alex Peake and Andy Wilks of London. They all got a ride on the "historic record-breaking trip", lots of Ritz biscuits and caviar en route, a ride back again (much slower), a night in a swank London hotel and a free copy of that week's *Top Of The Pops*, "Careless Whisper". They all also got the chance to get to know **Howard Jones** well (below). Or as well as you can on a station platform packed with about five million other people.



Just what the Doc-doo-doo-Doctor ordered: **Miami Sound Machine** are about to release an LP which goes by the name of "Eyes Of Innocence".

"Hip Hop: A Street History" — the excellent *Arena* documentary about **Afrika Bambaataa** and all the others which was shown earlier this year on BBC 2 — is now out on video.

Drums, Drums

James
and
John

By J. J. J.

FAN CLUBS

(see also p. 10)

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Kingsdown Road
West Kingsdown
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From the opening blurb by **Rolling Stone Bill Wyman** to the closing "appreciation" of heavy metal by **DJ Alan Freeman**, *The Sony Tape Rock Review* edited by Lesley-Ann Jones, Robin Edgar and Paul Swain is a hot, badly written, shockily-designed and packed full of photographs so ancient they're probably eligible for old age pensions. Among the articles on trends, behind the scenes and Top 30 acts, there is the odd gem but at £3.95, forget it.

Suffering from insomnia? Well, we have the solution in the form of **Motorhead's** restful and soothing new double-album "No Remorse". Wrapped in a rather fine leatherette cover, the LP set represents a musical history of the madd-mannered HM legends. Yes! All your favourite toe-tappers are here, from "Overkill" to "Bomber". And we are giving away 15 of these remarkable packages, PLUS 15 t-shirts bearing the sensitive Motorhead-styled legend "Killed By Death" — their new single — to 15 persons who solve this not very baffling poser.

With which female singing team did Motorhead team up, in 1981, in the **Young And Moody Band**? Was it a) Sister Sledge b) The Nolans c) Belle and the Devoations or d) Benararama?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash His Motorhead Competition** 32-35 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. Get 'em in by September 28.



Steve Gregory: bit of a sax bomb, actually

So there was season musician **Steve Gregory**, making a decent living in total obscurity and then suddenly there's Tommy Vance on *TOTP* selling millions, "that's George Michael's 'Careless Whisper' at Number One featuring Steve Gregory on sax!" It must have been like winning an Oscar for Best Supporting Actor. Fair enough too, for just about everyone has been asking "who plays that amazing sax?"

The answer is Steve, 38, wife and two kids and a home in Balham, South London. He's an experienced assessor, a regular in jazz singer George Fame's band and a freelance on the road with smoothies like Elton Brooks and he, mueters, Boney M "Great fan but, um, very simple."

He was apparently the ninth sax player George Michael tried, having already recorded the whole track once in America and then scrapped it. At the time Steve had no idea it would be a single and was on holiday in France when the summons to *TOTP* came through "George was very good about it. He called me up and said he hoped I could come back but he wouldn't use anyone else in my place if I didn't want to. He paid my ticket too!"

Steve is keen to stress that George actually wrote the sax melody. What he put in, he hopes, was "a considerable amount of soul". Now he's got the recognition he deserves (his name having been massed off the sleeve because it was printed before he was chosen), the rub is that he gets very little financial reward from the success of the single because, like every other session player, he is on a flat fee, no royalties. However, he still sounded like a happy man.



Photo: UP

FLESH 'N' MUD

Photo: Steve Nagler



Mert'n' Peg, 1964



Dave'n' Gee, 1963



Burt'n' Deb, 1963

There is nothing new under the sun. And Blitz, of course, has the pictures to prove it. First **Martin Kemp** and model Peggy Crebel rolling in the mud of what looks like an Islington building site but is in fact a swamp near New Orleans. This is actually the scene from the 'Til Fly For You' video that the BBC deemed too naughty to show on *TOTP*. In the middle, **David Bowie** with Gae Linn in a similarly stinky scene from the 'China Girl' video. Similarly snuffed by *TOTP* too. And lastly, where it all started, the famous sex 'n' surf scene from the 1963 movie *From Here To Eternity* starring Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr. Funny enough, that never got on to *TOTP* either.

Now that's what we call **Now That's What I Call Music Video 111** and that's probably what you'll call it too because that's what it's called. We'd also call it a fast-forward opportunity for ten of you to acquire not only this so-called 20-track compilation of top pop promos featuring people called the **Thompson Twins, Madness, OMD, Tina Turner, Phil Collins, Simple Minds** and only one or two groups you've never heard of, but also a "Now That's What I Call Music" t-shirt, as they call it.

All you have to do to call the shots on this little query: What is Madness's new record label called, a) Judge Dredd b) Nutty Crunch c) 2-Tone d) Zanussi? Answer on a postcard or the back of an envelope to a competition called **Smash Hits Video Competition**, 52-55, Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. We call "Times" on September 26. Don't forget to say if you want VHS or Betamax.

German group **Tangerine Dream** are releasing a Poland-shaped picture disc. Why Poland-shaped? Because the record's called "Warsaw In The Sun" of course.

Prince a arch-rival Rick James (who claims that Prince nicked all his ideas) has just released a greatest hits LP called "Reflections".

Everything But The Girl have a new single out on September 21. It's called "Native Land" and has a guest appearance from Johnny Marr of The Smiths.



SOCA SEASON

How To Be Trendy Part 3: You're at a party full of white, middle-class folk and someone puts on a record crying "Hey, get ready for some real soca sounds!" a) You a) run away b) take no notice and continue chatting to the gorgeous person in the corner c) say "what soca?" or "dance like crazy?" The correct answer is of course d) soca=soca = a Caribbean combination of Soul and Calypso = is currently so trendy that just to own soca music practically guarantees you your own show on Channel 4. And the releases are flooding out: London Records have a compilation called **Soca Train** (which includes "Sugar Burn Burn" by Kitchener - the first soca record - and "Boots by Gobby, an Eddy Grant production that is currently the Caribbean's biggest seller "Hot Hot Hot" by Arrow, the most popular soca single in Britain - the summer, appears oddly on both "Soca Train" and on the Coral label's compilation, **This Is Soca 84**). Another collection of classics, "That Is Soca" includes the hit "Lorraine" by Explainer. Meanwhile Island have just released a single "Ge Me More" by a chap named **Chevi** from the small Caribbean island of Nevis. Expect a lot more of this soca stuff soon.

In December **Spandau Ballet** will be reissued (two CDs) from a previous incarnation. (The duo shows up in 1983. The Spandau Ballet Works disc shows them as a 20-bit act in Japan. It's included in late November, then comes out again. A new CD, new ports announced are three at Wembley Arena and it's a great time to see them. NE: www.betweentwo.com for details, but we understand they will be special occasions.)

BROOKSIDE STORY

Ask regular viewers of *Brookside* what Karen Grant's favourite reading material is, and they should reply without hesitation: "Smash Hits". For many is the time (well, once or twice, anyway) that Karen has been spied curled up on the settee with the *Hit* pages while the rest of the family wage domestic warfare in the kitchen at Brookside Close. Which brings us to the question: does Shelagh O'Hara, the actress responsible for K. Grant, read *Smash Hits* in real life? Well, with mounting pride and swollen heads, we can now reveal that... yes, she does! "Of course I read it! I actually buy it. I love the gossipy bits," says Shelagh, going on to confess a devotion to *Echo* and *The Bunnymen*, *Aztec Camera* and *The Clash*.

Spotted by the producers of *Brookside* while appearing in a play at Liverpool's Everyman Theatre, Shelagh O'Hara - age "a couple of years older than Karen" - was offered an audition, piped applicants for the part of Bobby and Sheila Grant's daughter and quickly established herself as one of the show's main attractions with her 'sassy' asides, eccentric taste in clothes - with particular emphasis on those dreadful strappy, woolly tops - and erratic hairstyles. "I don't base Karen on myself directly," says Shelagh. "But I'd probably be quite like her if I was her age and in her

position. The Grant family are a good souly mixture!"

What does the future hold for Karen Grant? Will she marry that polite young man with the motorbike, or is there some *Dynasty*-style catastrophe in store? Shelagh doesn't know - or if she does, she isn't saying. "We're never told at all what's going to happen. It helps to keep things more realistic that way." *Hit* comes up with the brilliant suggestion that Karen should become a celebrated recording artiste but Shelagh's having none of it: "I'd love to do backing vocals for someone. But I'd never want to be a pop singer in my own right. I'm an actress."



Prince and the Revolution

THE NEW SINGLE

Purple Rain



THE NEW SINGLE

BLUEJEAN

David
Bowie



EMI
AMERICA

Here we stand or here we fall
History won't care at all
Make the bed light the light
Lady Mercy won't be home tonight (yeah)

You don't waste no time at all
Don't hear the bell but you answer the call
It comes to you as to us all (yeah)
We're just waiting
For the hammer to fall (yeah)

Oh every night and every day
A little piece of you is falling away
But lift your face the western way
Build your muscles as your body decays (yeah)

Toe your line and play their game
Yeah let the anaesthetic cover it all
'Til one day they call your name
You know it's time for the hammer to fall

Rich or poor or famous for your truth
It's all the same

Lock your door but the rain is pouring
Through your window pane
Baby now your struggle's all in vain (yeah)

For we who grew tall and proud
In the shadow of the mushroom cloud
Convinced our voices can't be heard
We just wanna scream it louder and louder

What the hell we fighting for
Just surrender and it won't hurt at all
You've just got time to say your prayers
Yeah while you're waiting for the hammer to fall, hey

It's going to fall hammer
You know Hammer to fall

While you're waiting for the hammer to fall
Give it to me one more time

*Words and music: May
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Publishing/On EMI Records*



Hammer to Fall

rings, but none on

that finger

general public



the long & the short 7" & 12" single

Virgin

t e n d e r n e s s



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Could you please tell me what qualifications Paul Young has, including all the subjects? Also, can he speak any foreign languages? And is he going to tour or release anything before Christmas?

Caroline Mitchell, Loughborough.

● A bit of a swot our Paul by all accounts. Passing his 11-plus he went from strength to strength, ending up with 5 O-Levels (including English, Woodwork, Metalswork, Technical Drawing and Art). He claims he would have had six but a week before his Maths exam he drove into a lamp-post, writing off his car and receiving a nasty blow to his head. So on the actual day he had a bandage round his bonce, stitches on his face and a fat lip. What's more he could hardly see the exam paper. Brings tears to your eyes.



GET SMART

Don't worry, Linda hasn't had a funny turn - it's just Peter Martin doing a spot of overtime while she's on holiday...



Paul Young: not just a pretty face

My mum recently bought a spinner's chair in Wales. The woman selling it said Toyah Wilcox's dad made it but because he has a bad heart he doesn't make as many as he used to. Is this all true?

Vicki Carter, Liverpool.

● It's all perfectly true. Toyah's dad is an "excellent carpenter", making furniture and selling antiques before he had to give it up due to ill health. Toyah, meanwhile, is fast becoming a keep fit fanatic. After recently finishing a TV film with Roger Daltrey and Leslie Ash, she took up Mr Daltrey's kind invitation to use his *Nautilus* machine (a huge body building device). Also, seems her hair's back to orange. Just thought you'd like to know in case you were worrying.

On a U2 merchandising order form I noticed an album called "Snake Charmer"

by Jeh Wobble, The Edge from U2 and Holger Czukay. I must be pretty dense but I've never heard of it. Can you tell me something about it?

Kate W., Bedford.

● Released late last year, it is in fact a Jah Wobble mini-album with The Edge as special guest. His contribution is, rather mysteriously, "slide guitar solo, lead guitar plus atmospheric". But be warned, it's a far cry from U2 material and more like a series of random improvisations. Pretty weird stuff, in fact.

Could you tell me what the writing was on John Keeble's t-shirt on the 2-15 August centrespread? Also is it possible to buy t-shirts saying "Frankie Goes To Hospital"?

Jennifer Birkett, Bradford.

● Yet another Katherine Hamnett job, it bore the immortal line "Worldwide Nuclear Ban Now". I'm informed it belonged to a 'female acquaintance' called Flea who bought it last February when they were still hip. So what, I had mine when Spandau were still in kilts! Also, as regards "Frankie Goes To Hospital" t-shirts, it seems Gary Kemp was cruising round Soho the other day and spotted one of said artists, having a good laugh in the process. Further investigation reveals that "Spandau Say: Frankie Goes To Hospital" t-shirts actually exist and are being sold, unofficially mind, in some of London's less reputable establishments. Smash Hits say: Don't Buy Them.

Please help me find where Howard Jones bought his black top with all the fleas on it - the one he wears on the "Like To Get To Know You Well" video? I've been going crazy trying to find one.

G. Forester, Tyne and Wear.

● Seems Howard bought the top in Milan. The fleas were bought separately in Chesham and were sewn on later by his wife Jan. Based on a "concept" by Howard, like the single it's all dedicated to the spirit of the Olympic Games.

What has happened to Simon La Bon's silver lion medallion necklace as he never seems to wear it any more?

Simon La Bon's chauffeur, Coventry.

● He did go through a phase of wearing a chain

with a key on it but now (cue fantasy) I can reveal that the 'lion' is well and truly back. Bearing "great sentimental value", Simon's had it since the very start and simply decided to give it a bit of a rest. Thoughtful of him.

Please could you tell me all the groups Trevor Horn has produced? Also I'd like to know something about his record company Zang Tuum Tumb?

Brian Henrico Almazan, St. Albans.

● Trevor's produced (deep breath) Buggles, Dollar, Spandau Ballet, Foreigner, Yes, Malcolm McLaren, The Art Of Noise, Propaganda and, last but not least, Frankie Goes To Hollywood. The last three, of course, are all signed to Zang Tuum Tumb of which he's a director along with his wife Jill Sinclair and ex-music writer Paul Morley. According to an official ZTT memo, "officially, or at least apparently, ZTT have released five records in the UK: three on its original Action Series and two on its Derivative Incidental Series". It goes on to explain that "ZTT's business is The Puzzle not the explanation. This maybe more to do with laziness than obstinacy; who knows?" More to the point, who cares? The label's catchphrases include "Be Happy Or Die", "Why Should We Lie?", "Everything Of Intense Significance" and "Blessed Are The Noisemakers" and we have grounds to believe that everyone involved in the venture is either partly or completely bonkers.



Trevor Horn:

Q: Would you like to discuss producing your record?
A: Yes unless you're a complete dingbat!



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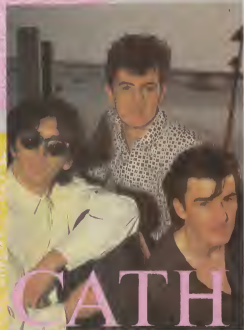
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TOO TIRED TO CARE NO EMOTION TO SPARE
I RAHT AND RAVE AND SCREAM AND SLASH AND TEAR

CHORUS

OH CATH WOAH WO
IT TAKES A LOT TO MAKE ME LAUGH WOAH WO
YOU LED ME UP THE GARDEN PATH WOAH WO
IT TAKES A LOT TO MAKE ME LAUGH

I'M SHAKING WITH FRIGHT AND NOTHING'S GOING RIGHT
YOU'VE SPOILT MY DAY FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT

REPEAT CHORUS

AND YOU'RE HOT LAUGHING
CATH WOAH WO
YOU KNOW YOU ALWAYS MAKE ME LAUGH WOAH WO
I LED YOU UP THE GARDEN PATH WOAH WO
SO JUST FORGET ABOUT IT CATH OH CATH

ALL I'M SAYING IS ENOUGH IS ENOUGH
IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE THEN MAYBE THAT'S TOUGH
MAYBE THAT'S TOUGH
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH ENOUGH IS ENOUGH
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH ENOUGH IS ENOUGH
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

WORDS AND MUSIC HODGENS & P. SARTRE
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ON LONDON RECORDINGS

THE MIGHTY WAH! WEEKENDS

NEW YORK NEW YORK MARDI HEROES
WALK DON'T WALK AND THE PAVEMENT'S STEAM
CRUISING THE STREETS WITH DE MIRO
IT'S LIKE BEING IN LOVE AND IT'S MAKING ME SCREAM

FLY DOWN TO RIO MARDI GRAS (FLY DOWN TO RIO MARDI GRAS)
NAMING AROUND WITH YOUR FAVORITE REBEL STAR
EVEN RUSSIA'S REALLY NEAR (EVEN RUSSIA'S REALLY NEAR)
SO HOW COME WE ALWAYS END UP HERE
WEEKENDS WEEK IN WEEK OUT

SOMETIMES YOU THINK IN THE LOW RUM
EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE
BUT QUICK AS YOU BLINK THERE'S NO LONG RUM
JUST A SLOW PAINFUL DRAG TO THE END OF THE LINE

THINK OF PARIS IN THE SPRING (THINK OF PARIS IN THE SPRING)
NEAR THOSE NOTRE DAME BELLES RING
(NOW THEY RING NOW THEY RING NOW THEY RING)
BRINGING EARLY MORNING TEA
A PRETTY GOOD IDEA (A PRETTY GOOD IDEA)
SO HOW COME WE ALWAYS END UP HERE
WEEKENDS WEEK IN WEEK OUT

MATCHING THE WIT OF A BANKER
SCIMP AND SAVE TO BE VICTOR K MAYAM
OH SWAN OUT ON A BEACH IN SRI LANKA
JUST LIKE DURAN DURAN
SO WHY ABOUT ME?
REPETITION REASSURES ME AND KEEPS ME CLEAR
BUT EVERY WEEKEND WEEK IN WEEK OUT
HOW COME WE ALWAYS END UP HERE?

WHAT ABOUT ME GOING NOWHERE
WEEKENDS WEEK IN WEEK OUT
REPEAT UNTIL TIRED

THEM'S RUNNING OUT

WORDS AND MUSIC PWYLIE
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About a year ago it was Nik and Sheri Kershaw's wedding day. Registry office, parents and friends, reception at their small house in Essex, cut the cake, kiss the bride, congratulations, bad jokes, a drink or two, a cordial as you please. "I hate big ceremonies and a lot of fuss," says Nik and adds with a smile, "I hate crowds too—in the wrong business, aren't I?" Back then, he was only in the middle of recording his first album and nobody had heard of him. Since then he's faced a lot of crowds. Also he's had people old enough to be his father and know better banging on the window of his home and yelling "Can I come in and take your picture? It's for my daughter".

Despite which Nik Kershaw remains utterly sane, though by his reckoning, that wasn't true when he first went into the charts and got caught in the net. "It's the record. It's terrible. Competition, which has nothing to do with music. And I did get involved in it for a time, until I stopped taking things so personally and began to find the insults funny. But it had all been so intense, so arduous. Then I looked at all the people around me wearing these awful, straight faces and I had to burst out laughing."

Oddly enough, some of these feelings seem to be expressed in his new single, "Human Racing", although it's from the pre-fame batch of tracks. Perhaps he was already prying his defences against pop's demand that he become some all-

HUMAN RACING

CLOSING IN ON EMPTY SPACES
WINNERS LAUGH TOO SOON
A PAPER WORLD WITH PAPER FACES
BENEATH A PAPER MOON

THERE'S A MAN A REAL PACE-SETTER
COMING AFTER ME
AND AFTER HIM THERE'S SOMEONE BETTER
AND AFTER HIM THERE'S ME

OH WELL HE'LL OFFER YOU A CIGARETTE
HE'LL OFFER YOU A LIGHT
OH BUT HE HASN'T FINISHED WITH YOU YET
ON ANOTHER LONG KNIFE NIGHT SO

CHORUS

LOOK BEHIND YOU
THERE'S THE MAN YOU'RE CHASING
LOOK BEHIND YOU LET'S GO HUMAN RACING
HUMAN RACING LET'S GO RACING NOW

OPEN ARMS AND OPEN PURSES OPEN SEASON'S HERE
WELL THEY'LL FILL YOUR HEAD WITH CLEVER VERSES
AND THEN THEY DISAPPEAR

SILENT VOWS IN SECRET PLACES
THEY'LL GET YOU SOMEHOW
WELL 'CAUSE YOU NEVER WIN THE HUMAN RACING
SO WHO'S THE LOSER NOW

REPEAT CHORUS

ROUND ANO AROUND WE GO HUMAN RACING
AFTER ME AFTER HIM RDUAN D AND AROUND WE GO
WHO'S A LOSER NOW LET'S GO RACING

WORDS AND MUSIC NIK KERSHAW
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two. The thing is, it was recorded several different ways and MCA chose the one with the most polished sound. It was wrong, it trivialised the song".

When the record company is mentioned Nik is very cautious. "There's got to be a conflict between the record company and the artist," he philosophises. "But I have a good relationship with MCA. For this album it's just me and the producer, Peter Collins, locked away in the studio. Record company people aren't banned, but they trust us and leave us to it. Mm, maybe they're a bit worried..."

Nowadays he feels like he has "more respect" and he has "more control" and makes "fewer compromises". It wasn't always like that. For example, he has been really tormented by the vexed question of image: "It was a total unknown for me. There's me, an ordinary mook, and suddenly I have to go on telly on Thursday and everyone's asking 'What are you going to look like?' I say 'Who cares?' I didn't know what was right or wrong. I'd just see myself in the mirror and think 'Do I look a bark or do I look a bark?'"

"These people seem like experts so you do what they say. Then it's bad and you go through a stage thinking you're always right. You give prime donna-iah. I do it sometimes. I bottle it all up for ages and then the straw breaks the camel's back and 'Yeessssss!'"

"I try not to do it though. It's a pain in the bum for everybody. Fortunately I have

FAME! RICHES! FAST CARS! LOTS OF

FREE MEALS AND FIZZY DRINKS!

purpose god-like genius overnight: "You're supposed to be a poet, an actor, a fashion model... and all I really am is a musician."

Yes, he does talk a daunting amount about music for an alleged "weeny pop sensation".

Writing, playing, singing are what he's all about and the part of the interview he liked best was when we discussed his second album (due to be completed in November).

He'd just begun it. "We've been putting down the computer codes. There are so many machines now, you get used to one and next week there's a new one out. Well, they all run off different codes and you have to make them compatible. It's just a matter of finding out how to talk to the machines."

However, none of this guarantees perfection—nor even that, a month on, Nik himself will still like what he's done. "I Won't Let The Sun Go Down On Me" is a case in point. Says Kershaw candidly: "I was sick of that song the first time it was released. I know people who bought it may be offended by that and think I'm conning them, but I'm not saying they're wrong to like the record, you can't do that. I just can't stand it when I hear it on the radio. It's a too blatantly commercial. A bit

Actually, it isn't all fun at the top, says Nik Kershaw. "You're supposed to be a poet, an actor, a fashion model... and all I really am is a musician," he tells Phil Sutcliffe.

Photo: Eric Watson



people to kick me back into line—chiefly my old lady. It's important because you're at the centre of all this and the atmosphere you create affects everyone around you." Around him during the interview was a photographer, a make-up artist, a dresser, a barber, his publicist and his manager.

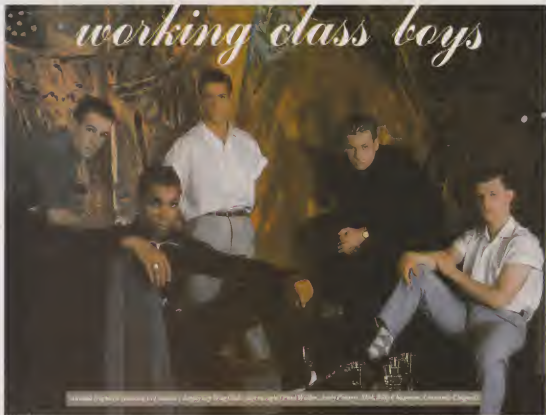
What does he feel about the criticism that he'd rather have an older than a younger audience? A little like Elton John?

"I take the point. I don't want to be the year's idol who's completely forgotten in 10 years time. I would like to earn the respect Elton has as a writer. I did used to be concerned that the young kids would cut off other people from enjoying my songs. For a while nobody male and over 16 dared go into a shop and ask for my record!"

"But I'm not embarrassed about the fans I have now. Nobody who matters is going to look down on me because I've had girls throwing teddy bears at me. Anyway I've only been here ten months and even my fans can only see the surface of me so far. That's not their fault at all. I'm on stage, I'm on TV. They can't possibly see and understand me as a normal human being. But I don't worry about that too much. It's changing all the time."



Animal Nightlife:



Animal Nightlife (clockwise from top left) drummer Paul Walker, bass player James Green, lead singer Paul Walker, guitarist Mark Blyth, keyboard player Leonardo Chignoli

That's how they describe themselves anyway. But a lot of people seem to think they're too trendy by half. Elissa Van Poznak makes up her own mind.

"At first we were too hip. The latest thing is that we're too sophisticated," sighs Paul Walker, drummer with Animal Nightlife who are smoking around the bottom end of the charts with their latest single, "Mr. Solitaire" (with guest backing vocals from a certain Paul Weller).

"Basically, we're too innovative. We could have come out with another jazz record and ride on the crest of Sade's wave—which incidentally we started—but we wanted to progress. 'Mr. Solitaire' is the hardest thing we've done, in subject matter as well as sound."

The group are hidden away in their North London rehearsal studios contemplating a strenuous game of pool. With a bit of prompting they recall how the band started as an East End Bush Street football club, became the darlings of the cocktail set, released three fine singles including the great "Love Is The Great Pretender" some two years ago and have

been on permanent hold as the Next Big-ish Thing ever since.

What's missing from the old line-up is the girls, Leah and Chrysta. "Unfortunately, they got a lot of verbal abuse from the audience," says bass player Leonardo Chignoli.

Rumor has it that Leonardo, the most recent Nightlife addition and a childhood friend of sax player and Style Council guest member Billy Gibbons, ran away from the circus to join the group.

"It's true. He was in The Tumbling Chignoli's."

Pardon?

"The Tumbling Chignoli's. Do a somersault Lea."

Leonardo executes an immaculate three-point handspiring and preserves the perfect condition of his official cross-coloured, cotton-terry shirt which sports the group's emblem—a black panther flanked by a red star.

"Being working class boys, we had a fairly

strong Socialist contingent in the band and we used a red flag on stage in fact. Hence the star. The panther comes from the Trade Union logo," explains Paul.

Since Andy Polaris, the vocalist, isn't here, what's he like?

"Mummm, he's a poet, a brilliant lyricist, a genuine ex-teenage delinquent, very shrewd, a great dancer with one of the best clothes collections in Greater London and having been on the London club scene since the year zero, he has the most infamous diaries."

"What more can I say? He has a very short haircut and he's very well-built."

Look out for their first album sometime in September. "It's a concept album," hints Paul. "I think we should call it 'A Pin Of Lager And A Packet Of Crisps. Please' seeing as that's closer to our roots than Rum and Cola. And if anybody disagrees, we'll be sending the boys 'round.'"

ADAM ANT



APOLLO 9

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SINGLES

reviewed by



Dave Rimmer



DAVID LASLEY: Where Does That Boy Hang Out (EMI America) A master of the falsetto, former session singer Lasley (he's done back-up for everyone from Donna Summer to Roxy Music) is being touted as a white bloke with a black woman's voice. I would have said it was obvious he was a man until I read that he'd actually done the lead vocals on Chic's "Everybody Dance" and Sister Sledge's "We Are Family." Well, blow me down. He's good, whatever. This is a hot, sultry soul song about a boy who seems to need taking down a peg or two, produced by Don Was and given a smart re-mix by Lesure Latham: the chap at the controls of all Paul Young's hits. I could listen to it for hours on end. Buy it now and it'll keep you warm all winter.

THE BLUEBELLS: Cath (London) Another country-sounding song that leaves me largely untouched apart from a giggle or two at the rhyming, Cath, laugh, garden path. Neat. Hate the harmonica.



BRONSKI BEAT: Why (London) This was written for Martin, a friend of the Bronskis who was hounded out of the country by his boyfriend's wife and violent parents. It's a measure of what makes this lot special that they've managed to parcel up all their anger about Martin's harassment into a yorous disco record that's almost certain to storm the dancefloors. At least the 12" will. For some reason the 7" is just a little too cluttered and fussy to be really exciting. A worthy follow-up to "Smalltown Boy."

TOT TAYLOR: Poptown (Easy-Listeners) Is dark disillusion gnawing at the soul of the man who brought us Mani Wilson (well, runs her record label and writes her songs, anyway)? A song about the horrors of the music business - "It's 30 pence a pressing/30 pence a sleeve/You've done the disco mail-out/Now all you have to do is believe" - from someone who's been through it all. His mysteriously orchestrated advice to anyone thinking of entering the money-grabbing world of Poptown can be summed up as follows: "don't do it." I'm glad Tot did, though, because nobody else writes songs like this. Great!

SHAKIN' STEVENS: A Letter To You (Epic) His usual tone. Her usual sample kind of song. Even if I was being tortured by secret police who wanted to know more about this single I could only say "ugh!"

DONNA SUMMER: There Goes My Baby (Warners Bros); DENICE WILLIAMS: Black Butterfly (CBS) Not a patch on either of these two women's former releases. In other words, I didn't think much. But after the rather wonderful "Let's Stay Together" and "What's Love Got To Do With It," this sounds like someone's scraping the barrel of her "Private Dancer." LP: A little too much.

TINA TURNER: Better Be Good To Me (Capitol) A rocky and rousing little number suitable, I imagine, for large American stadium-style shows. But after the rather wonderful "Let's Stay Together" and "What's Love Got To Do With It," this sounds like someone's scraping the barrel of her "Private Dancer." LP: A little too much.

THE MIGHTY WAH: Weeds Mr (Beggars Banquet) Is it Keith M. Wylie, or is U2 style rock heroic backing, let's all the interesting places one could go for a weekend - New York, Rio, Russia, Paris. Or swan on a beach in Sri Lanka - just

the Duran Duran" - and becomes the fact that he always ends up 'here' (Liverpool, presumably). He probably means that a dull life is made to seem even more so in comparison with glossy jet-set images in videos and magazines. A million Duran fans will doubtless disagree.

GENERAL PUBLIC: Tenderness (Virgin) This lot appear a little too determined to leave behind the reggae/ska roots of The Beat and end up with a song that doesn't seem to know quite what it's doing. It's mixed by John "Jellybear" Bonter, but you can neither dance to it nor hear the words. What does that leave? Not a lot.



SWANS WAY: When The Wild Calls (Phonogram) You know, normally if I'd gone out and spent £1.50 on a single only to read on the sleeve when I'd got home that I'd bought an "excerpt", I'd be well miffed. But when the "excerpt" consists of some bloke tirelessly intoning "when the wild calls don't be afraid" for several long minutes over an uninspired mock orchestral backing, then I'd actually be quite chuffed that I hadn't shelled out any more for the whole, complete thing.

UB40: If It Happens Again I'm Leaving (DEP International) From the commercial but still cutting edge of reggae, here, a crashing and a-crumching, comes the first new UB40 song for at least 50 weeks. That's how long their cover version LP "Labour Of Love" has been in the charts. Actually, it's a bit boring. Or is it just me?



U2: Pride (In The Name Of Love) (Island) Contrary to some people's expectations, working with egghed producer Brian Eno has not made U2 go all funny and start making background music for multi-storey car parks (not that I'd mind if they did). Here they're their normal stirring selves with a richly textured song that - if the back of the sleeve is anything to go by - seems to be about Martin Luther King. I love it. So will lots of other people. A hit.

DAVID AUSTIN: This Boy Loves The Sun (Parlophone) I quite liked "Turn To Gold" but this song about the joys of tanning is really awful. Having done their publicity bit in the now legendary Nose Job incident, neither George nor Andrew seem to have had anything to do with this record. But Austin marks himself as still spiritually part of the Wham! camp with all the sunny photos of him (open start, rolled up jeans, shorts, Ray-bans etc) that adorn the cover.

SHAKATAK: Don't Blame It On Love (Polydor) This skips along the road, snappily fingers, being generally very chirpy about everything and providing all that you would expect from a Shakatak record. I neither like it nor dislike it. It's just there.

SISTER SLEDGE: Lost In Music (Atlantic) Like "Thanking U You," a vintage Sister Sledge track given an airing once more. The one to go for here is the 12", a 1984 mix by Nile Rodgers. He's taken a phrase and stretched it out brilliantly, much as he did on the 12" of "The Reflex" and speaking of Duran, those redoubtable fellows Simon Le Bon and Andy Taylor crop here doing "additional backing vocals." Probably one of the best disco records ever made, but then Nile Rodgers has made quite a lot of those. I can't get enough of it.

WHAM! Freedom (Epic) Ever since I gave "Wake Me Up Before You Go Go" a less than rave review, Wham! have apparently been saying that I was "out to get them". Not true. As their past releases (and, indeed, "Careless Whispers") show, Wham! have a tremendous spark of talent. I just don't think they're using it very well. With records like this weedy, uninspiring Motown-derived effort, I reckon they're aiming far too low. "Take some risks, boys. You can afford to. Still, enough this sounds like The Truth on a wet afternoon, it will undoubtedly be a hit. Such is life.

DAVID BOWIE: Blue Jean (EMI America) Used to be that one thing you could never accuse Bowie of being was ordinary. Until "Let's Dance", that is. Suddenly in a successful bid for mainstream approval he's chucked away the weird quality that had in the past inspired so many people. The result was a slick but fairly ordinary pop LP. "Dull, dull, dull," our reviewer commented at the time, and for Bowie that was an unpardonable sin. On this, the first track of the batch, he'll make up the next LP. He's stuck to the basic "Let's Dance" rock band format, added (but way in the distance) some wiggly percussion and made a single that can only be described, once again, as dull. At least, by his standards.

AFRIKA BANBATAA & JAMES BROWN: Unity (Tommy Boy) The collaboration between the Godfather Of Soul and the Overlord Of The Zulu Nation. It comes on a 12" in six big parts - club version, dub version, acapella version and so forth - omitting classic James Brown funk classics with bits of modern hip-hop. Here's the message: "That we should occupy ourselves with 'peace, unity, love and havin' fun' Or as Mr Brown puts it in the sleeve notes "Nucleus war is definitely out." Strangely disappointing.

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ALBUMS



AZTEC CAMERA: Knife (WEA) It must be a daunting task to follow up a brilliant album like "High Land, Hard Rain," but by merely repeating the formula, Roddy Frame is positively inviting an unfavorable comparison. His breathless vocals and beefy acoustic arrangements are every bit as enjoyable as before, but the songs are less magical. "Mike & The Strals" (Koppler's production is almost too smooth, and the general tone is disappointingly complacent). There are high spots (particularly "Sail on Fire," where Malcolm Ross' distinctively choppy guitar adds some verve), and by most standards the record is excellent; it's just a pity that Roddy seems content to rest on his laurels, when he could be breaking new ground. **(7½ out of 10)**
Vic MacDonald

DEKKA DANSE: Walk In The Wilderness (CBS) Well, this just about sums up everything that's wrong with modern music: the stupid themes, the vacant stares of the five anonymous spiky-tops on the sleeve, the vacuous, unaccompanied chorus whose wailing funk percussion makes Edison Factory sound like Simple Minds. There's not a tune worth the name in the locker while the would-be profound lyrics are banal in the extreme. "The man is falling down again" complains their lead singer. He was expecting (I'll fill up perhaps) Awww, beautiful. **(2 out of 10)**
Vic MacDonald

HERB ALPERT: Bullish (A&M) You like jazz-funk? Then just mix a drop of your choice, put your feet up and let Herb's trumpet show you how to do it properly. Whether blowing a sweet Spanish melody (using a strong modern rhythm) or roaring through an inspired version of Michael Sembello's "Maniac," Mr. A (he's reunited with the legs of Taurus) never fails to strike the kind of soothing note that sends car and worms scuffling off with their tails between their legs. **(7½ out of 10)**
Vic MacDonald

ORCHESTRE JAZIRA: Nomadic Activities (Gryphon Banquet) When confronted with a high-life record, it's deeply trendy these days to start waxing enthusiastic clichés about talking drums, intricate cross-rhythms, bawdy guitars, infectious chanting and so on. Unfortunately my own response to this expensive African pop is usually a deep slumber, so I won't say Orchestre Jazira is a likable multi-cultural mix would convert me. It didn't but nevertheless it's very jolly consists all the aforesaid ingredients, and is well worth a listen if you're already a fan. The sleeve, by the way, is one of the best designed I've seen: this year. **(LP: 6 out of 10, sleeve: 10 out of 10)**
Vic MacDonald

HERBIE HANCOCK: Sound-System (CBS) To all intents and purposes this is "Rocky" part two. Made by the same New York production team, there's more turntable scratching from Grandmaster D. S. and keyboard riffing from Herbie Hancock on the title track and "Headrock." The Eastern-influenced "Karabell" and "Jack" are much more intriguing jazz pieces with organ melodies and less show-offing. But on the whole, I think it's time Hancock changed his tune. All this scratching's making me yawn. **(5½ out of 10)**
Neil Tennant

HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS: The Jews Of Life (Epic) Hunters And Collectors are an enigmatic modernist to want to be something different, exactly what seems to be of second-city importance. This is their third album and still they're hammering away at the same pseudo-progressive rhythms and hoarse chanting about the best attractions of Miami (also life, drinking, making love, etc.). Unfortunately this emphasis rather than inspired, yet when they inject some melody and life a rock groove (as in "Ted Lane") they're wonderful. What Hunters And Collectors need are some real songs. I'll guess that energy and style should be burning vigour is just wasted. A shame. **(4 out of 10)**
Vic MacDonald

SIDEWAY LOOK: Sideway Look (Virgin) Any new Scottish band has a wealth of native influences to draw on. Sideway Look steer a slightly derivative course somewhere between Aztec Camera's serenity and Big Country's grandeur, with a touch of Simple Minds' "big sound" thrown in for good measure. However they can write a good tune and when the charming guitars embark on a spirited ascent or the honey accordions make a welcome appearance, the effect is quite uplifting. It's a promising debut but just a little lackluster in quality. **(6 out of 10)**
Vic MacDonald

FLOY JOY: Into The Hot (Virgin) This I dare one: the new jazz-influenced dance bands that have sprang up lately. This first LP contains nearly as much great echoing trumpets and anarchy percussion topped up with some fine vocals from Carol Thompson a beguile anger of some repute. It's great funky dance songs with jazzy ballads and ends on a decidedly instrumental. A promising start. **(7½ out of 10)**
Lisa Arthur

BIG COUNTRY



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THE

BAND

YOU

Just don't believe everything you see," urges Jay Aston, deep in thought. Standing on the tacky but impressive set of the Miss United Kingdom contest, I can see what she means.

By night the contestants are a vision of sculptured beauty, immaculately turned out with smiles that would melt the hardest heart. By day they're a bunch of devastatingly plain, rather bored-looking females. As a passing tee lady points out, "It's amazing what they can do with a bit of make-up these days".

Indeed, take Bucks Fizz themselves. Boy/girl-all-singing-and-dancing family entertainers and tirelessly enthusiastic individuals without a care in the world? Herdly. All's not well in the Bucks Fizz camp.

They all hate their "Eurovision" image, Bobby G going as far as slating their last two singles.

"London Town" was dreadful. My voice was treated and I sounded like a murchkin. It was the record company's fault. It's very much a business to them. They don't care about the artistic side of things. Now we're taking much more control." But much more of this later.

For about the 87th time today they're whisked off to run through their routine for their new single "Talking In Your Sleep". As they mime, the girls

writh around the floor while the boys pretend to play guitars. After that everybody treils back to the dressing room where jogging outfits end jumpsuits lie all around. Zowie, their stylist, arranges all their make-up and toiletries - Soft And Gentle unscented deodorant, *Enatts* hairspray, *Jhrmack* shampoo for dry hair, *Milgerd* cleansing milk and the obligatory *Boots Country Borm Gel* taking pride of place.

They all lounge around eating tiny green seedless grapes and nectarinas, discussing possible looks for an appearance on *The Pops*. Their red-headed manager asks the immortal question: "Just what is Miss Trendy wearing these days?" Cheryl reckons it's t-shirts. "Big baggy ones. I like them. They're really comfy."

"But Whem! have already dona that one," explains Mike. "We need something trendy, cutesy," smiles Jay. "I know, I can wear my Mr. Men dress." That doesn't seem to go down too well.

"Or you could wear a dress end we could rip it off," laughs Mike sarcastically. "Or you could always wear no dress end we could come end get one on you." Things are starting to get a little silly.

"No come on," shouts their manager.

"We've got to sort it out now." "Well, I want to wear danim," snaps Jay, definitely her last word on the matter. "Weh!" cries Cheryl, "the't's what Brotherhood Of Men got into after their black end red look." And that was the end of that. It's nearly 6.40 end time for the contest to begin.

As we meke our way through the windy hellways of the Brighton Conference Centre, the air is crackling with excitement. Will it be Miss Liverpool or Miss Pools? At any odds my money's on Miss Weston-Super-Mera.

With just seconds to go they trot over to the pool encrusted stage for this truly awe-inspiring introduction. "Whether you like bubbly chempagna or tangy orange julca, put them together and what you get is music to suit every taste - Bucks Fizz!" Aeeh! And off they go like the trouper they are.

In a flash it's all over and they're back in the dressing room. Apart from the new LP (no title as yet but out at Christmas) which might feature a specially written Nik Kershew track, they talk about the downs of being in Bucks Fizz.

"Well, f'd like us to be a bit more cradible," explains Bobby, "but people expect certain things from you and if you change that you're in danger of losing your audience. You've got to deliver the goods." They all agree that there's not many bands around catering for their audience - families - so it's important they stick with it, continuing to provide a service. "Our record company recently did a survey on our fans - the results were completely across the board," smiles Jay.

"You must remember it is a business," butts in Bobby, "and it pays to be fashionable even though you might not be 100% into what you're doing. And yes, of course, money's important - it's rubbish when people say it isn't. I was miserable when I was poor end now I'm happy. Also it can buy you health - no waiting around for the National Health. Money's very important."

"Yeah, but the worst thing is the lack of credibility," snaps Mike. "Like in your RSPV column - they all say must like Duran and hate Bucks Fizz. I mean what's the big difference between us?"

"I think it must all stem from the Eurovision thing," sighs Jay. "They all think we're twee end can't do anything. But if you think of it we've achieved a lot. It's quite rare to have stayed around this long after being in the footest. Yes, I think it's quite an achievement."

And on that note they all troop off to have their picture taken with the winner - Miss Weston-Super-Mera.

LOVE

TO

HATE

Bucks Fizz have had about enough. They reckon they haven't got any "credibility" and that everyone thinks they're "twee". They're also sick of entries in the Smash Hits RSPV column that say "must like Duran Duran and hate Bucks Fizz". Your referee: Peter Martin.

Jay dreaming about wearing her Mr. Men dress on Top Of The Pops



Cheryl and Mike horsing around on the pier



Jay coming on all 'cutesy' with her 6 to 80 year olds

All four with the winner Miss Weston Super-Mere.



Buck's Fizz waiting for their best to come in

Meanwhile, Cheryl gets ready to write and Bobby pretends to play guitar



This time it's for real: Mike pretends to play guitar while Jay gets ready to write



All over her the shouting. The Fizz get ready to take a bow

Rehearsing for the 87th time



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY...

LOOK-AHEAD



- Details: fashion sweatshirt, S.M.L., £10.99.
- Chambray shirt, chest 91-112cm (36-44"), £7.99.
- Grey sateen trousers. Waist 71-91cm (28-36"), £14.99.

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The Banshees, The Skids, Magazine
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THE ARMOURY SHOW

If you cast your mind back to the late 1970's, you might remember a band called The Skids who had a crop of bunnies, give 'em hell singles and featured a vocalist who sounded a bit wild with uncanny energy believing for all he was worth in a markedly Scottish accent. A few years later the same vocalist, known as Richard Johnson, is one quarter of The Armoury Show which, incidentally, was the name of an exhibition of European art held in America in 1912. But this has absolutely nothing to do with the music, Richard insists.

The rest of the band might be termed a "who's who" of the music business with Russell Webb, another ex-Skid, John Doyle, ex-member of the backing men's punk band Magazine, and John McGeoch who co-founded Magazine and Visage and played for Siouxsie and The Banshees.

But why should they not be banded previous fame and riches in favour of starting completely from scratch? John McGeoch reveals it: "I left The Banshees because I didn't get on with Siouxsie. Well, in fact, I was sacked from them. You have to do *it* with Siouxsie. At which point John jerks his hand to his forehead in the motion of a salute, Richard chimes in: "The Skids split up for the same reason. We didn't get on with Stuart." That's Stuart Adamson, now in Big Country.

For anyone keen on useless facts Richard joined The Skids at the tender age of 15. So tender was his age that his father had to sign the record contract on his behalf. But

A view back to The Armoury Show (left to right) Richard Johnson, John Doyle, John McGeoch (band hair), Russell Webb.



that's just by the way. "People seem to think I'm the brains behind everything because I'm up front", Richard says in weary tones. "It's not the case at all. I'm probably the thickest member of the band."

So now they've been together almost 18 months, how does what they're doing now differ from what they were doing before?

"We write songs that we like now," Richard says with pride. "I don't want to sound conceited," John adds with equal pride, "but for the first time in a band I feel like waving the flag. We believe very strongly in what we're doing now and that makes the difference."

Not only is their first single, "Castles In Spain" moving up the charts, but the group are also trying their hands in other areas, Richard's literary exploits are being developed with new book, *A Man For All Seasons*, already published and a one-man play, *Richard Joyce of Alcester*, (i) in-titule. But more exciting is Richard and John's entrance into the world of TV with their theme tune for the B.B.C. arts programme *Demibus*.

Richard takes up the story: "We were up against very stiff competition, but for some reason they seemed to like what we did. So much, in fact, that they wanted to make a programme about the band. I sent them a tape of 'Castles In Spain' to give them an idea of what we sounded like and they immediately took our name off the credits in the show. We felt really insulted!"

Some people just don't know a good thing when they hear it.

Claire Staff

CASTLES IN SPAIN

THIS IS THE EASY TIME
THE FIRST AND LAST NEVER CROSSED
A HAPPY TIME

CAN YOU HEAR THE VOICES CALLING CALLING CALLING
OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH KEEP MOVING
OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH KEEP MOVING
IT'S SO EASY TO SEE WHY

CHORUS
HE WHO WILL RISE HE WILL FALL AGAIN
I SEE IN YOUR EYES CASTLES IN SPAIN

PUSH YOUR WAY ACROSS
AND OH I FEEL SO EASY HERE
YOU'RE SETTLED IN

CAN YOU HEAR THE VOICES CALLING CALLING CALLING
OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH KEEP MOVING
OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH KEEP MOVING
IT'S SO EASY TO SEE WHY

HE WHO WILL RISE HE WILL FALL AGAIN
I SEE IN YOUR EYES

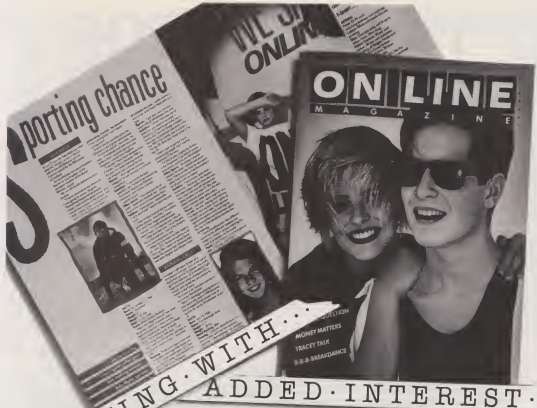
WHAT CAN I DO
CAN YOU HEAR THE VOICES CALLING CALLING CALLING
OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH KEEP MOVING
OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH KEEP MOVING

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

WHAT CAN I DO
OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH KEEP MOVING
CAN YOU HEAR THE VOICES CALLING CALLING CALLING

REPEAT LAST VERSE AND AD LIB TO FADE

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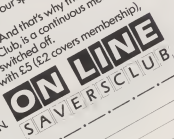


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HEAVEN'S ON FIRE

I look at you and my blood boils hot
I feel my temperature rise
I want it all give me what you've got
There's hunger in your eyes
I'm getting closer baby hear me breathe
You know the way to give me what I need
Just let me love you
And you'll never leave

Chorus
Feel my heart taking you higher
Burn with me heaven's on fire
Paint the sky with desire
Angel fly heaven's on fire (ooh)
I got a fever raging in my heart
You make me shiver and shak e
Baby don't stop take it to the top
Cut it like a piece of cake
You're coming closer
I can hear you breathe
You drive me crazy when you start to dance
You could bring the devil to his knees
Repeat chorus
Oh heaven's on fire oh heaven's on fire oh
I'm getting closer baby hear me breathe
You know the way to give me what I need
Just let me love you and you'll never leave
Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music P. Stanley/D. Child
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● **15 year old girl would like to write to males and females interested in Duran, The Bluebellys and Prince.** D-Links on Radio 1. Please write to: Miss, c/o Virgin Records, 12 Bishopsgate, London EC2A 4DP.

● **I've already written thousands of times!** Anybody who writes to me, I will try to write back, regardless of any differing views. Contact: Georgia Simmons, 11b Elmington Street, London N7 8PP.

● **I'm a 16 year old male who's looking for penpals.** (No please, no heterosexuals!) Photos appreciated. Write to: Dave, 16 St Margaret's Road, Wanstead Park, London E12 5DP.

● **I'm a 17 year old guitarist and I'm into The Jam, The Style Council, Everything But The Girl and soul music.** I would like to hear from girls who sing. Contact: Paul, 27b Reservoir Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham B29.

● **I love The Young Ones, Frankie Goes To Hollywood and Queen.** I am aged 12 and desperately want people to write to me. Please contact Renee at 10 Park Close Road, Abon Ynys.

● **Hi! My name's Gwen and I'm 14.** I'm into Paul Young, Duran Duran and Howard Jones. I will try to answer all letters. Write to: C/O Englemann, 10 Hill Crest, Bonness, Scotland.

● **We're two 15 year old casuals (female) who like Wham!, Nik Kershaw, Shabane and Placebo!** Any Big Top, Let's Get Hungry, Jemima and Humble fans, send us a line to Jay and Tam at: 38 Penwithale Road, Sanderson, Surrey.

● **My hobbies include collecting Liverpool FC souvenirs and swimming for my club.** I'm aged 14 and into Michael

Jackson. Girls, please write to: Jason Connor, 20 Eastons Avenue, Arboathorne, Shetfield.

● **I'm a 16 year old male and I'm into the Human League, Thompson Twins, Howard Jones and The Young Ones.** Please write to: Shaun Kearley, 76 Kingshill Road, Swindon, Wilts SN1 4JH.

● **10 year old male Duranite** seeks similar before he gives out of his mind. Any links into D'raner Nik Kershaw, write to: Adam 'Robota', Leitch Lane, Carlton, Stockton Cleveland.

● **My name is Karen.** I am 17 and I would like to hear from the boys on the 201 coach from Durham to London. You were wearing black white checked shirt and leather jacket. I was sitting at the back with my mum and sister. Write to me at: 18 Kingsbridge Crescent, Southall, Middlesex.

● **I'm 19 and a bit of a hunk.** I'm into the Frontiers Sisters, Jerry And Ollie, Denise Williams, Wham!, Duran and Michael Jackson. Jay Aston looks like welcome! Write to: Nick Bardsley-Smith, 31 Farncombe Hill, Godalming, Surrey.

● **My name is Brenda** and I'm mad about Ron George. I also admire the Japanese and Chinese cultures. Interested? Then write to: Binola van der Does, Henry Duranplein 5, 3286 AG Klaauwal, Holland.

● **Life is like a Duran Duran record** - repetitive and thoroughly boring. If you're female and aged 16+, please cheer me up (too much Genius!). Write enclosing photo to: Tony Cook (18), 20 Chertson Road, Gosport, Hants PO12 1JG.

● **My name is Nigel and I'm a real hunk** into Wham!, The Spandis, Nik Kershaw etc. Holidays include orange, hang-gliding and posing on my main 250cc bike. All you chicks aged 16-20, write to: Nigel (C/O), 103 Woodcol Avenue, Baldon Shiplay, West Yorkshire.

● **I'm a 19 year old male and I like all types of music,** but especially Madness, Duran, Black Magic and The Beatles. I also collect books and magazines (including this one). Please write to: James McNamara, 1 Court Court, Keyes Park, Sarthill, Limerick, Eire.

● **Hi! I'm Sal and I'm aged 13 and mad about Japan, Ultravox, Howard Jones and Spondee Ballet.** Drinks include anis and stone being chucked down my neck. Anyone as daff as me, write to: Sal, Steaphens Fields, Selly Road, Winkton, Nr Selly, N Yorks YO10 1T.

● **I am 12 and a devoted Duranite.** I would like to hear from any other Duranites aged 12-20. Contact: Vickie Wilson, 73 Hvyall Road, Nethill Road, Birmingham.

● **Mad? Well, if you are, we're well matched.** My favourite groups are Duran Duran, Wham!, UB40, Michael Jackson, Kazuuzoo, Nik Kershaw and lots more. Come on all you boys and girls, write to me, Louise, at 14 Salehurst Road, Ipswich IP1 8SD.



Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with a few words about yourself so people can get in touch. All cards to: RSVP, Smash Hits, 52-55 Canaby Street, London W1V 1PF. And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.

● **Is there anybody out there who - tall, dark and handsome? I'm not, it's a waste!** My name is Rudi and I'm into Wham!, Duran Duran and Neil. Other hobbies include boys. Write to me at: 13 Cominell Street, Greenwich London SE10.

● **Red-haired Californian** beauty wants to write to nice British boys aged 16+. No pictures necessary - I'll take your word for it. Most hate heavy metal and love Thompson Twins, U2 or Bowie. Write to: Ginny Perry, 1009 North Octane Road, Santa Barbara, California 93105, USA.

● **Look! I am a 17 year old male with green eyes!** I collect (badly), read lots of magazines and clothes, and also enjoy making new friends. Favourite groups include Duran Duran, David Hall & John Clates, Nick Heyward, Real Life and F4CO. Every body, especially people from remote countries, write to: Scott B., PO Box 23 Capron, VA 23829 USA.

● **Grunt, grunt, male, grunt.** 14, grunt, likes Queen. Grunt, grunt, wants male or female penpals, grunt. Grunt. Dermot Fogarty, Dossa St, Grunt, Upper Washlington, Reading, Berks RG7 5TH.

MARC ALMOND



Love Drenched Blood Soaked Seed Choked Muscle Wrenched
Skin Slapped Knuckle Rapped Fist Fried Tongue Tied Slit Slipped
Crack Whipped Low Slung Limp Hung Thigh Torn
Heart Bled Raw Red Heat Horn



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M A D A M B U
(C U N B E L D

Back in Nagasaki
I got married to Cho Cho San
That was her name
in those days
And I was her man
I'm going back to visit her
She got a problem
She got a little Cho Cho
Cho Cho San was her name
And this is her tale of woe
Take it away Cho Cho

Un bel di vedremo
L'arsi un bil di fumo
Sull'estremo confin del mare
E poi la nave appare
Poi la nave bianca

(English)
One fine day we'll notice
A thread of smoke arising
On the sea in the far horizon
And then the ship appearing
Then the trim white vessel

Today's the day that I see clear
A tiny thread of smoke appear
Where blue skies border on the ocean
And a ship is set in motion

All the while I sing this song
I see a dot on the horizon
Growing bigger every second
Gleaming white in my direction

Who on earth can it be
Coming up the path for me
What on earth will be say
Snaill I run to him or run away

Freaking out he's come to get me
My feet are stuck and just won't let me
Run to him do I dare
Madam Butterfly don't blow it

Chorus
Calling Butterfly Madam Butterfly
That's the name he used to give me
He's my man 'til the day I die
Oh sweet Butterfly so sweet Butterfly
She's waiting
He'll be back
I have faith in this love track

Pinkerton's the name
Lieutenant Colonel Pinkerton, Sir
U. S. Navy
I'm a bounder
I married a Yankee girl
But I went back to visit old Japan
Where there she was
Cho Cho San

Gotta have something to believe in
My white honky I do miss him
Someday soon he'll come around
Just to stop my nervous breakdown
Call me fool call me stupid
Bend my arrow kill this Cupid
Say it with me
He'll be back
I have faith in this love track

Repeat chorus

M A I C O L M

* Complete
English
of the



T T E R F L Y *

I V E D R E M O)

with an
translation
Italian bits!



Piccina mogliettina
Olezzo di verbena
I nomi che mi dava al suo venire

(English)
Dear baby wife of mine
Dear little Orange Blossom
The names he used to call me when he came here

Cho Cho San
My little wife
My sweet Butterfly
That's the name
I'll give her when I return

Butterfly dalla lontana

(English)
"Butterfly" from the distance

Little sweet sweet Butterfly
I hear him crowing faintly
He thinks I'm still his sweet sixteen
I guess I'll tease him gently

Calling Madam Butterfly
His angel plucked right from the sky
Hide my baby in strange places
I feel the fear that I might die
Right in his arms and his embraces
Softly kissing my eyelashes
Got no right no right to doubt it
Am I no doubt no doubt about it

Call me lool call me stupid
Send this arrow kill this Cupid
I have faith I'll always pray
My white honky's here to stay

Call me Butterfly Madam Butterfly
Cho Cho Cho Cho have no tear
For I'll be back to wipe your tears
Oh sweet Butterfly so sweet Butterfly
She's waiting
I will wait for him with unshakable faith
He'll be back

E un po' per non morire al primo incontro
Ed egli alquanto in pena chiamerà chiamerà
Piccina mogliettina olezzo di verbena
I nomi che mi dava al suo venire
(He'll be back)
L'aspetto

(English)
Had a bit to go not to die at our first meeting
And then a little inebriated he will call
Dear baby wife of mine
Dear little Orange Blossom
The names he used to call me
When he came here
(He'll be back)
I know it

I'll be back

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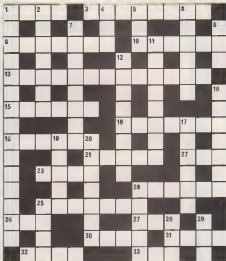
ACROSS

- 1 Sort of songs Band Of Gold brought back again
 3 Beginners, like The Jam
 8 Hawkers turn for Nik (anag)
 10 Miami Sound Machine's tunky physician (2,4)
 13 How Sister Sledge spend their time? (8,2,3)
 15 Japan's spooky hit
 16 Part of a band that isn't Dire
 18 Parts of an album
 21 Metal beloved by Whitesnake and Dio tans
 22 Thompson Twin Joe --- way
 23 Queen's radio station (2,2)
 24 Cranes move slightly for Kim (anag)
 25 August, better known as Kid Creole
 26 Yoko ---
 27 Alison Moyet's nickname
 30 --- Of The World (The Jam)
 31 Spanish for love
 32 See 1 down
 33 Rather warm, like that chart Chocolate

CROSSWORD

DOWN

- 1, 29 and 32 across Howard Jones' friendly hit (4,2,3,2,4,3,4)
 2 Giro vest to Quo's record label (anag)
 4 Violin scraper
 5 Recently they were talking loud and clear (1,1,1,1)
 6 Walters or Herd?
 7 Band who were down on the street
 8 Frankie's label (1,1,1)
 11 Baker Street Garry
 12 Julia wotsname
 14 Related like the Pointers
 17 Label surrounded by water?
 19 Khan you guess her ether name?
 20 That sweet somebody sounds like a river
 24 They rocked the Casbah in '82
 25 Prince's bird
 28 Chubby like the --- back band
 29 See 1 down



Answers on Page 60

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David Bowie as Vic, *and/or* Gene

DAVID BOWIE

BACK & BLUE

David Bowie has a new single out! It's called "Blue Jean" and it's released on September 10.

Written by Bowie and produced by Derek Bramble (an up-and-coming soul musician), Hugh Padgham (who's worked with everyone from The Police to Genesis) and the gentleman himself, it's accompanied by a rather special video. You're looking at some of the pictures from it now.

An edited version will doubtless be shown on *Top Of The Pops* but watch out for the full, unexpurgated, completely original 20-minute version which, according to sources extremely close to David, "relies heavily on comic dialogue".

Filmed over four days in London and directed by Julien Temple (now video director to the superstars), it tells the story of Vic, a Jack-The-Lad character (he's the one in the overalls on the steps), and Screaming Lord Byron, a rock star (he's not only the one in that rather fetching frilly white shirt and leather boots but also the man behind that "psychedelic" face-mask). Bowie, of course, plays both parts.

Vic, a bit of a wally, manages to entice a girl he fancies, to go out on a date by saying that he's a close personal friend of the legendary Screaming Lord Byron. He is, naturally, not telling the truth but she agrees to go with him to one of Byron's concerts. What happens then is a secret as the climax, by all accounts, is a quite a corker. Me, I can't wait. — Ian Birch



QUEEN



WE WILL ROCK
YOU[©]

LIVE IN CONCERT

"WE WILL ROCK YOU"
"UNDER PRESSURE"
"KEEP YOURSELF ALIVE"
"CRAZY LITTLE THING CALLED LOVE"
"BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY"
"TIE YOUR MOTHER DOWN"
"ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST"
"SHÉER HEART ATTACK"
"LET ME ENTERTAIN YOU"
"PLAY THE GAME"
"SOMEBODY TO LOVE"
"KILLER QUEEN"
"I'M IN LOVE WITH MY CAR"
"GET DOWN MAKE LOVE"
"SAVE ME"
"NOW I'M HERE"
"DRAGON ATTACK"
"LOVE OF MY LIFE"
"WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS"
"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"

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MUTTERINGS



Ne, not scenes from some very weird Italian film. Just Molarhead illustrating several ways of being "Killed By Death". That's the title of their new single, needless to say. On the left we have "this geezer about to be burned at the stake for heresy during the middle ages". Next up is a "Mexican firing squad executing a band". And last is "a bit of a Red Sea caper" — a crucifixion during the Roman Empire to you and me. And, what's more, it's all done in the name of fun. "You need as much laughter as you can get these days," muttered Lemmy. He's got a point.

Strange but true. So there we were, settling in the office one morning, when some chap rings up to say his big brother had a copy of the new **Frankie** single. It had a white label on it with the words "Frankie Goes To Hollywood" scrawled in biro and was bought in, of all places, Wembley Market. "You want me to play it over the phone to you?" he muttered excitedly. Yeah, all right. And then, crackling down the line, came a voice remarkably like **Holly Johnson** singing a ballad song that did include the words "The Power Of Love". Sounded pretty good, too.

... Latest Frankie rip-off: a group called **Cyril Trets To Bogas** doing a song called "Yu-Rats". "Yu-Rats don't chew it. Look what you've been doing. Yu-rats stop barking. Give the dog a bone!" Silly. Very silly. **Heaven 17's Glenn Gregory** is currently in hospital for a kidney operation. **Windjammer** vocalist **Karl Dennis** has a daytime job as security guard in a New Orleans museum. That's nothing. **Phil Collins' brother Clive** is a cartoonist for a daily paper. That's nothing. **Nik Kershaw's brother** is a dolphin trainer in the South Of France. Does this have anything to do with there being a track called "Save The Whale" on his next LP? ... **Nik Z. Mr.**

Kershaw has decided to move, his whereabouts being so well known that even a German letter addressed to "Nik Kershaw, England" arrived at his house. **Gloria Estefan of Miami Sound Machine** has a degree in clinical psychology. After a nasty accident at the hairdresser's, **Jay Aston of Bucks Fizz** has had to have all her hair lopped off. "I cry myself to sleep every night," she muttered, "hoping it will grow back quickly." Ahhhh. Among those to ring up **David Jensen** and wish him luck with his new show

on Capital Radio were **Boy George, Howard Jones** (from L.A., man), **U2** (from Australia) and **Paul Young**. ... **Paul and Linda McCartney** have named all the deer on their Mull Of Kintyre estate. Trouble is, Bambi and so on keep getting caught and served up for Sunday dinner by local poachers.

George Michael seems to be getting trouble for wearing two earrings. "Nobody minds one earring but two gets everybody going," he muttered. "In the States they call things like 'taggots' after me and I even get problems at airports now. But I like two earrings and I wouldn't change them for anything." Are **John Taylor** and **Janine Andrews** breaking up? Yes they are. No they're not. Yes they are. Are **Simon Le Bon** and **Claire Standfield** breaking up? No they're not. Yes they are. No they're not.

Simon currently banned and rested after his Aegean holiday. Been doing a lot of yacht racing, apparently. Even won one. **J.T.** and **Nile Rodgers** have just finished mixing the D'ranive LP. 'Tis muttered that after three attempts, the group still can't agree on a title for it although a hot contender (according to J.T.) is "Burning Bingle!" ... Rhy the poor **Frank Sinatra** fans in Toronto. They sent \$80 each a ticket to see him live. It poured with rain. Frank forgot the words to most of his songs (including his current single "L.A. Is My Lady") and then abruptly walked off after 35 minutes. The fans were outraged. "I think I'll start listening to Boy George," muttered one. ... **George**, meanwhile, along with the rest of **Culture Club**, is being sued by American songwriters **Jimmy Jones** and **Otis Blackwell**. They claim Culture Club stole "Karma Chameleon" from their 1969 song "Handy Man". Virgin Music are challenging anyone to spot a single

similarly to the two songs. ... **George** recently made a 30-minute tape to send to fan Alan Higgs, who is critically ill with a brain haemorrhage. Alan's father said: "Alan cannot speak, but there was a great reaction from him when we played the tape" ... Gosh. Lots of steamy stuff in *The Sun* about **Freddie Mercury**. All written by a former minder, needless to say. 'Tis muttered that he once spent £24,000 on cocaine in just six weeks, once invited **Prince Andrew** along to a gay club (the Prince would have gone but his bodyguard said no), and frequently gets so out of it that he tumbles down staircases, walks into glass doors and is forever falling head first into dustbins. **Mutterings** favourite story is the one about **John Gotti**.

Seems the boxer, rather the worse for drink at one of Freddie's parties, lodged himself in Freddie's bed and refused to move. "Leave this to me," smiled Freddie, who then leaned over the bed and muttered in Gotti's ear: "John dear, you're in my bed so I'm just about to take off my clothes and join you. Won't it be fun?" Gotti was out of the door before Freddie had even got his trousers off. ... And speaking of *The Sun*, after **Gary Kemp's** protestations in *Personal* five this issue, who should turn up in the paper hugging a "Page Three Beauty" with a bingo card, but **Steve Norman**. **Bill Wyman** and **Mick Jagger**, presumably back on speaking terms, are putting together an hour-long video history of **The Stones**. "He is a mentally disturbed young man," muttered American funk man **Rick James** about his arch-rival. "He is the most contrived, pretentious artist I have ever witnessed. What is most worrying is that this ridiculous little man is very dangerous because so many people relate to him as a true representative of

Black America and he is so far out of touch with what is really happening" ... **Prince**, for his part, has announced he will be quitting live performances because two cans were thrown at him in L.A. (man). Poor dear. "I got thousands of bottles and cans thrown at me," chuckled **Mick Jagger** when he heard about this.

"Every kind of debris" ... A 16-page exercise book filled with drawings and poems. **John Lennon** did it when he was 19. Fetched £17,000 in an auction at Sotheby's the other week.

Malcolm McLaren once had a Saturday morning job cleaning **Bud Monkhouse's** car. ... **Stevie Wonder** stopped off in London recently to do some shopping and recording. While chatting to some friends in Tottenham Court Road, he was overcome with an urge to play them a tape he'd just made. But how? On the ghetto blaster of a passing youth, of course, so some lucky chap was ushered off into a side alley so they all could hear it. But will his friends believe him? ... **Michael Jackson** has had to apologise to the Jehovah's Witnesses sect to which he belongs for all sorts of things. Like "sensuous movements" on stage, using make-up and seeming to endorse the occult, that sort of thing. They're reluctant to chuck him out, though, because he brings in so much money. ... **Marc Almond** may be starring in a film "vaguely based" on **William Burroughs' (nude) novel "The Wild Boys"**. **Marc 2**, several of Mr Almond's neighbours were well

worried the other week when Sodom, one of his two pet pythons, decided to slither under the door and go for a wander. The police turned up and of course had no idea what to do. Eventually London Zoo officials managed to coax the rampant reptile home.



LEVEL 42

Tell me something
Why do I always find it hard just to get
along
Try my best for nothing
Every little thing I do is wrong

Faaf II in my brain driving me insane
Round and round the same old tuna

Daddy's on the 'phone
You know you're not alone
Turn that down
And clean up your room

Sons and daughters
(Don't fall in)
In hot water
Sons and daughters
(They don't they don't they don't they
don't)
(They don't do)
What they oughta

Tall (tall) you something (what)
Music is the key to set me free
To the beat (on the street) I'm jumping
I forgotting all the things they said 'bout
me

Chorus
Here it comes again chugging like a
train
Round and round an impeccable groove
I know it's getting late but I won't
hesitate

Can't slow down got to do what I do
(what I do)

Sons and daughters
(Always in)
In hot water

Wasting time
Is a crime in their eyes
But I'm still young
So much time to decide
What to do

I don't need confirmation
For my beyhood extrapolation
Though I'm not sure of my direction
I have the groove for my protection

Repeat chorus

Sons and daughters
(Don't fall in)
In hot water
(When they fall by the way)
Sons and daughters
(They don't do)
What they oughta

Repeat last verse to fade

Words and music M. King P. Gould M.
Lindup/W. Badarou
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Visual Arts Inc/Polydor Records

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SISTER SLEDGE

Chorus
We're lost in music
Caught in a trap
No turning back
We're lost in music
We're lost in music
Feel so alive
I quit my nine to five
We're lost in music

Have you ever seen some people lose everything
First to go is their mind
Responsibility to me is a tragedy
I'll get a job some other time ah ha

I want to join a band
And play in front of crazy fans
Yes I call that temptation
Give me the melody
That's all I ever need
The music is my salvation

Repeat chorus

Mmm in a spotlight
The band plays so very tight
Each and every night ah ha
It's no vanity
To me it's my sanity
I could never survive
Some people ask me
What are you gonna be
Why don't you go get a job
All that I can say
I won't give up my music
Not me not now no way no how

Ad lib chorus to fade

*Words and music Nile Rogers/Bernard Edwards
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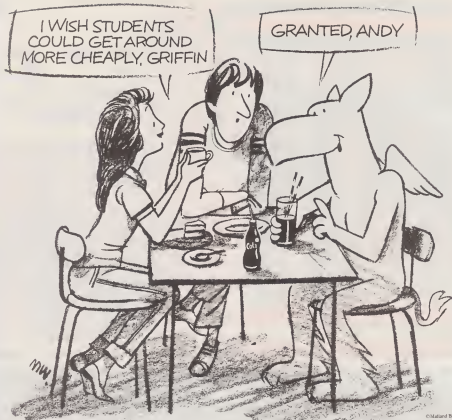


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SH139



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FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

Unless you've missed your specs, you will have noticed that there's something rather special stuck to the front of this gleaming issue of *Smash Hits*—that is 10 glossy, colour-drenched and altogether 'marvy' pop stickers.

But you're never satisfied, are you? Already we hear the cries floating across the nation: "We want more!" Oh, very well; have it your own way. We'll give you more—and we do mean give! Look left and you'll see not only the 10 stickers you've already got, courtesy of our generosity, but 40 more that can also be yours absolutely free of charge.

That makes 50 free stickers—the use for which are almost limitless. Stick Bananarama on your dad's pillow and make him swoon! Stick Wham! on the dog's tail and make it wag! Stick Nik Kershaw on your favourite mug and make that milky bad-time drink that extra bit dreamier!

Yea! all these stickers can be yours if you carry out the following simple-to-comprehend instructions. Down below you will see a rectangular thingy; this is A Token. Clip it out and keep it somewhere safe until the next issue—out on September 27—in which you will find Another Token and complete details of how to get these absolutely brilliant stickers. Instructions end.

it's those 50 FREE STICKERS



ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE!

And that was just the beginning. The Monsters Of Rock Festival at Castle Donington was not your average pop concert. The food looked dodgy, the music was deafening and there was about a mile long queue for 'the bogs'. But the 60,000 people who went couldn't get enough. AC/DC, Van Halen, Whitesnake, Saxon, Ozzy Osbourne and Gary Moore survived it all too. So — just — did Brian Harrigan (words) and Paul Rider (photos).

This can't be right. A chap just asked me if I want to buy a skull. There's a bloke lying on the floor gibbering in strange tongues and people are merely stepping over him. There's a man sitting on a fountain, dressed only in a pair of disreputable underpants and over there Saxon's lead singer Biff is wandering around wearing extremely abbreviated white shorts. And here's a Japanese geezer in full traditional costume.

It's time to look for a friendly face and who better than our very own photographer Paul Rider. But Rider's looking grim. "The photographer's ramp has just collapsed," he mutters, "and I have been hit on the back of the head by almost every plastic bottle in this place."

This is not a report from a lunatic asylum. This is a bulletin from the battlefield, otherwise known as the Castle Donington Monsters Of Rock Festival.

You see, just as lemmings occasionally band together and chuck themselves in the nearest ocean, every August chaps with very long hair, black tea-leaf jackets and blue jeans converge on a motor racing circuit in the Midlands. Then, in a sort of controlled experiment rather like when scientists do vile things to laboratory mice, these worthy people are exposed to about ten hours of extremely loud music. In addition, the only food available consists of very dodgy hamburgers, pizzas that taste like recycled lorry tyres and dener kebabs that appear to be filled with grass. This is washed down with pale brown liquid, piped no doubt directly from the Thames and laughingly described as beer.

Perhaps the worst part of this massive exercise is then forcing these liquid-filled victims to wait in long queues for the right to relieve themselves into something resembling Romney Marshes. Curiously this proves to be a popular annual attraction and this year at least 60,000 volunteers willingly paid good money to undergo this torture. They were inspired by a blockbusting list of heavy metal attractions — most notably AC/DC, Van Halen, Ozzy Osbourne and Gary Moore.

The only problem was only about six people actually saw these bands. The sheer weight of numbers made it impossible to see anything on stage except occasionally the odd glimpse of Ozzy's shoe or Van Halen's ego. A small chap standing next to me at the back of this vast crowd summed it up rather well. "All I can see is people's ears," he wailed despairingly.

He needn't have worried, really, because the alternative to earlobe watching was having to look at Gary Moore who obviously thought this was a fancy dress party and had shown up dressed as a tomato. This did not stop him and his band making the most colossal racket, however. Introducing "Empty Rooms" one of the band told the audience to give themselves a big round of applause for getting it into the charts. This strange notion was greeted with the kind of silence you'd only expect on an empty windscreen picnic. Moore finished off with the incredibly dreary "Parisian Walkways" which served as the sufficient inspiration for your reporter to head for the guest area and seek refreshment.

The guest area is the outer sanctum where record companies have hospitality tents and where the lavatory is a caravan and not the Sargasso Sea.

You get into the guest area with a red pass. But then there's an inner sanctum — it's the artists' enclosure which requires a blue pass. It's probably easier getting into Fort Knox to have a look at the gold.

But even before a lemonade was soaked the old

parched throat it's time to walk back out front — just the odd 40 miles or so — to have a look at Ozzy Osbourne.

Various sections of the crowd were warming themselves up by hurling cans and plastic bottles at each other. There were chaps collapsed in bushes and jolly fellows relieving themselves at the back of a hamburger stand. That's the best cure for overeating I've ever encountered.

Looking around here the whole place seems like one of those refuge camps that you see on TV news bulletins from some Middle Eastern country or other. The sun is beaming down, turning the place into the world's largest microwave oven — a notion which is increased by that special festival smell. It's an aroma you can almost feel, consisting largely of holdogs, onions, ketchup, sweat and various burning things. I don't really know why but there is a curious desire to start little bonfires at this festival.

Anyway, somewhere in the far distance Ozzy Osbourne and his band have taken to the stage. All eyes, many of them behind binoculars, are turned to the stage which resembles a very large stereo system. The sound was similar to putting your head inside a very large speaker and turning the volume to notch number 10.

Ozzy is the heavy metal singer. There's an instant communication between him and the crowd which mere distance can't prevent. His songs, like "Suicide Solution" and "Red" and "Red" are crushing, thundering affairs which gain an instant response. And once he and the band zapped into the Black Sabbath classic "Paranoid" he could fairly think to himself that he'd had a good day.

I managed to get back to see Ozzy afterwards in his caravan and the scene was extraordinary. There's Ozzy in black satin trousers, black top and black-rimmed eyes — every inch the bet-bitting monster that his public image presents. He was desperate for a cigarette and dying for a drink. And he was literally shaking like a leaf. "I'm always like this for hours after going on stage," he said between drags on his cigarette. "I get so worked up." And while Ozzy is talking there's his baby daughter wailing ahead in nappy and rubber pants while Ozzy's wife Sheron is taking a well earned rest in an armchair.

I left Ozzy and his family and started again on the long trek to a place where I might be able to see some of the stage but on the way bump into Bernie Marsden and Mel Galley, Whitesnake veterans, enjoying a wander round. Galley tells the story of queuing for the loo for about five hours and then noticing that more intrepid souls were relieving themselves almost anywhere the mood takes them. Galley, a modest chap, decides to take to the bushes end finds himself practically trampling a couple who are... well, getting to know each other a little better. Galley apologises and the male member of the couple breaks off to give a cheery wave.

"This," says Galley, normally an unshakable chap, "is not normal behaviour."

Van Halen, meanwhile, have taken to the stage about half an hour late. A wag suggests this was largely due to the problem of manoeuvring singer Dave Lee Roth's ego onto the stage. Van Halen had been giving a sort of publicly war backstage, making sure that photographers clicked away every time Roth crooked his little finger. AC/DC in contrast had erected a barrier of flight cases across the front of their caravan as a barrier against intrusion, with a security man at



▲ A group of sensitive and sensitive plastic bottles take to the air to escape the horror that is Donington.



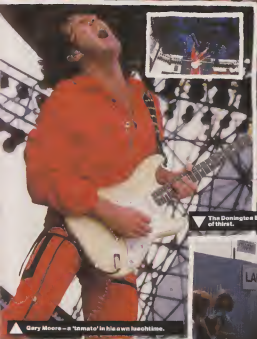
▲ Ozzy Osbourne—"I get so worked up!".



▲ Attempting the impossible, a pair of sturdy 'bear' fans 'bear' for the camera.



▲ Risking life and liver, a very special inspector special Donington (wears a shoe 'n' chimney stack, savoured hot dog.



▲ Gary Moore—a 'mama' in his own backtime.



▲ The Donington Effect 1: 'Nodding out' to the strains of AC/DC.

▲ The Donington Effect 2: Nature calls in the land of thirst.



▲ The Donington Effect 3: The corporate 'suicide solution'.



The Donington Effect 4: The ancient ritual of 'Grouping the Dealer'.



Van Halen's De vid Lee Roth in the belly-convicted Bo as Player Hurdling flairs.

AC/DC's Angus Young performs ye aide vanishing guitar stunt.



The Donington Effect 6: 60,000 'metal' fans can't all be wrong...



Lee Roth goes for double gold in the Microphones Lifting hoas (fly-weight division).



The Donington Effect 5: The ancient ritual of 'Jonathan King'.

either end. The theory, presumably, was that Van Halen were attempting to show to everyone this was their show — whereas AC/DC were confident that we all knew it was going to be theirs.

Van Halen decided to pull out all the stops with Roth leaping about all over the place like an overgrown East European gymnast and guitarist Eddie Van Halen whipping out those "razor-sleek licks" that HM fans need as part of their daily diet. One jolly chap in the audience, no doubt fed up of Roth's antics, bravely chucked something at him and — as far as I could tell — actually connected. The ego-crazed Roth points at him and roars "I know who you are, I know who you are ... and when we're finished I'm gonna come down there and hold hands with your girlfriend." Actually he said something a lot ruder, but I'm sure you guessed.

Right now this whole thing is getting out of hand. The ramp in the photographers' pit has collapsed, due to the sheer weight of numbers of people who've clambered onto it. It's suddenly dark and cold. Which, no doubt, is why the flares are going bigger and more dangerous out there. There's one huge plume of black smoke drifting upwards from the arena and just for a second there I'm wondering if someone isn't carrying out a human sacrifice or two to kill time before AC/DC hit the stage.

While we're waiting for AC/DC I start thinking about the previous day when I met up with them at a small hotel a few miles away from Donington. They'd been there since, oh, Thursday using it as a base of operations to set themselves up for the concert. It was like a country mansion scene, really, with the chaps lounging about on the lawn and then setting themselves up for a game of badminton.

Judging by the performance I don't think they'll be switching from music to sport for a full-time living. Lead singer Brian Johnson, who has one of the most awesome sets of vocal chords God ever put on the planet, was relaxed and charming. "It's an important gig for us," he explained "so we've been making sure that everything's dead right. One of the things we've been doing is checking out the equipment very carefully. You know, there's always a lot of talk at festivals that the headline band has only allowed the supporting bands to use half their gear or something like that. Well, we want to make sure that no-one will be able to accuse of that."

Was he worried about the strength of the line-up? "Wow," he said in his occasionally impenetrable, Gordie accent. "We just had someone up here asking us whether this was going to be a big battle of the bands or something like that. But it's not that way at all. They're all good groups on the bill and we want to make sure that they play our best. We're not worried about competition. We just want to make sure that the kids get the best out of their day out."

Johnson also had an important message for AC/DC fans. "If you think it's tough for the kids at festivals well, it's just as hard for us. All the security is incredible and it takes us forever to get in past them. No kidding, there's red badges and blue passes and all that kind of rubbish. And there's all these blokes wandering about shouting down walkie-talkies."

I'd always wondered about that at other festivals and asked Johnson who it was these security men were talking to. Johnson looked up at the sun for a minute and then said "God."

Anyway, back at Donington and the AC/DCs are on stage. Really they are quite a sensation. Angus Young dressed in his barny schoolboy uniform is like a complete madman on stage. He seems to be everywhere at once and wherever he is he's doing nutty things. Like plunging his short trousers down to give those near enough a fine view of his backside. The band use fireworks, explosions, colossal noise and a repertoire of heavy metal hits like "Whole Lotta Rosie", "Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap", "For Those About To Rock" and "Back in Black" to demonstrate quite clearly that they're the real heroes of the show, despite Van Halen's efforts.

As for me, I'm exhausted. The fire are mounting higher, the collapsed body count has reached epic proportions and the journey home makes scaling Everest look like a picnic. All the coppers have parked their vans — complete with windscreen riot shields — next to a building on the outskirts of the motor racing circuit and they're enjoying their dinner inside.

Remember the chap who offered me a skull at the beginning of this saga? After the battering mine's received, I think he's found himself a customer.

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STAR TEASER

All the names below are hidden in the magazine. They could be hidden in the back cover or elsewhere. Some are backwards. But remember that the photos are in a mirror image unless they say they aren't.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 59

- HAGAR THE WOMB
- HARTY TUB
- HALL AND BATES
- HANNO ROCKS
- HAROLD MELVIN
- HEATHWOOD
- HATSU FANTASY
- HAZELL DEAN
- HAZEL O'CONNOR
- HEADLINE
- HEARTBREAKERS
- HEATWAVE
- HEAVEN 17
- HEAVY PETTING
- HELEN AND THE HORNS
- HERB ALPERT
- HERBIE HANCOCK
- HI GLOSS
- HICKSON
- HI TENSION
- HOLLIES
- HOLLY JOHNSON
- HOLLY WINGENT
- HOT CHOCOLATE
- HOT STREAK
- HOWARD JONES
- HUEY LEWIS
- HUGH CORNHILL
- HUGH MASEKELA
- HUMAN LEAGUE
- HURFRAH
- IZOD

SHHHANA LEKESAMGHUHI
 WNEERBZMOWEHTRAGAHH
 IOENRALZAHNF2OHAGAHU
 EEEEOBDESOOHHNY2HZWM
 LHUASIGIKAI017OESLA
 YDAGVYNHCWNLTRLE2KN
 EWERANHKEAOCLEAKS2
 UA2AEWVEOEAHRKEIE1HA
 NVNTHILDJODAITEQ7E
 EA IHMNLNCEYEGAOWSWR
 AHYDELARLLOIANRIT
 TALSERLVBMDLRROATS
 WEHZIABTYNDUDONLHHT
 WYAAFRFIAPJHNNHEHO
 HHOERALEEOELCNETH
 HHEOELNNHCTNY7LAT
 WOAHTALETOAINTIEAR
 HURTHSSDLAVNIRURME
 SJRHVNEMYYECCNUHP
 SOOUSAZOLOEVZUOMOTL
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|--|--|--|---|--|

COMPETITION WINNERS

COMPLETE KIT COMPETITION (18 August), correct answer of 781 07 George Matheson, Edinburgh, had won a complete boys kit. Kenneth Cooper, Bromley, has won a complete girl's kit. Runner-Up prize of Nike. This is what 'Get Music 2' are on their way to Andrea Frasca, C. Avila; Caroline Turner, Edinburgh; Alison Southall, Luncarty; Natasha Anderson, Wexford; Andrew Hill, Worcester; Gareth Williams, Banish; Simon Edwards, Manchester; Joe Spencer, Derby; Angela Porter, Birmingham; Benjamin Nathaniel, Sarah Turner, Mickey, Sarah Ross, Dummies, Jane Abbot, Rotheman; Ravna Webster, Stephen; Katy Gahan, Womoda; Liza Webster, Sheffield; Mandy Lloyd, Phoebe; Gillian Light, Mayfield; Dawn Agnes, Gush; Sarah Shields, Janet Hockley, Loughlin; S. Tenna, Darby; Penny Robinson; Willy Kerry Maloney, Aylesford; Claire McFadden, Linton; Kevyn Hogg, Sunderland; Gillian Ogilvie, Westhill; Stephen Collins, Middle Raddon; C. Johnson, Wymondham; Joanne Bekke; James James, Eilat; Gishela; Jane Harvey, Causton-on-Sea; Ruth Kemerlin; Richard A. Hill; Gertie; Emma Wilson, Donfield; Sandy Burton; Helen; Gina Robinson, Lowestoft; Jayne Maria, Histon; Tracy Lindson, Lowestoft; Alanar Johnson, Greenhead; Justine Harbott, Blackburn; Helen; Natalie; Wale; Clayton W. Heard, Westcliff-on-Sea; David; Helen; Jason T. Sage; Tashae; James; Maccall; Barli; Samantha; Savage; Upton; Baird; Sonoran; Finlay; Tracy; Lambert; Bairden; Linda; Carpenter; Norman; J. Harrison; Southwiche.

JERMAINE JACKSON COMPETITION (18 August), correct answer of Pato, Jermaine Jackson and the 12 o'clock P. Dynamic, are on their way to Frank Fletcher, Stroud; Anne-Louise, Newport; Chris Giddens, Tipton; Gail Gidley, Telford; M. Mansion; H. Blaise; J. Lorimer; Batsiah; Julie; Anoushkin; Lincoln; Alison; Covey; Crawley; Claire; Hutchinson; Soakby; Claire; Wrigley; Lincoln; Ainslie.

KING KURT BANANA COMPETITION (18 August), correct answer of Kelly; Robinson; Banana; and the 12 o'clock P. Dynamic, are on their way to Susan; Blake; Birchington; Any; Eggston; Leighton; Buzzard; T. Veer; Emasson; Jason; Carr; Abington; Rick; Batts; Cutbush; Run; up; press; of; 1; 0; 1; 2; 0; 1; 7; singles; have; been; won; by; Andrew; Barnes; Corey; Bay; Henry; Vard; Womack; C. Purno; C. Heston; Ian; Tony; Fairclough; Cheryl; Simon; Lee; Deal; B. Bursk; Batsiah; Jeanne; Street; O'Leary; A. Oak; Kingston-on-Thames; A. Charles; Nottingham; Angela; Pinner; Grimsby; Paul; Smith; Whittington; Debra; Mieses; Coventry; Eleanor; Jackson; Cherie; Gail; McCulloch; Halfway; Faye; Spurgeon; Stowmarket; Andy; Mario; Longford; C. Lawrence; Bourne; End; Sarah; Davies; Warrington; Paul; Brewerton; Goddard; Krissy; Preston; Fleet.

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QUOTE!

SENSITIVE SONG-WRITER AT WORK!

Lloyd Cole doesn't care for fast cars, thinks Simon Le Bon is "just beefcake" and would hate to be a member of Frankie Goes To Hollywood. He also reckons the music business needs him. And so does Peter Dinklage.

"Simply," pauses Lloyd Cole, mulling over the germ of an idea. "I feel our role is to point out just how bad other groups are. We show what can be done with a little thought." Strong words from someone so outwardly meek.

He has the air of a slightly dotty, dishevelled literary student (probably because that's what he was just one year ago) with his hair parted on the wrong side and a notepad and pen tightly crunched in his hand. But, as we know, appearances can be deceptive. Like fellow singer/lyricist of merit, Morrissey, he has total faith in his music. This tends to parade as a particularly amusing form of bare-faced arrogance, lightly peppered with a rich, dry sense of humour.

"Really, I can't decide whether I'm arrogant or not. The thing is, arrogance is very easy to spot in people with no talent. Simon Le Bon's arrogant because he's got no right to think he's got talent. I mean I'm no genius, but in relative terms I'd say this business needs me."

This afternoon we're chatting over a mug of steaming tea at Genetic Studios (owned by Martin Rushent, and the place where he produced The Human League's "Dare", amongst others).

Situated on the leafy slopes outside Reading, the complex boasts a tennis court and swimming pool – not that he's had much chance to use them. Along with the Commotions he's been far too busy finishing off his first LP, "Rattlesnake".

"We've recorded every song we've got. I even had to write three lyrics last week. The oldest song we've got is from last Christmas – it's a brand new group."

Although in good spirits he's slightly rueful as regards the state he's let himself get in recently. "I never used to be scatter-brained but there's so much to be done at the moment.

We're just so busy – I'm dreadful at forgetting things."

He's also missing his girlfriend Elaine. "She works for a newspaper in Scotland which, of course, ties her to the place. So with me always in London it's really bad. It's just silly that I can't see her. So to keep my sanity I spend all my money on airfares. It's my responsibility to myself and the people around me to keep sane." Incidentally, what does she think of all this? "Obviously she thinks I'm a genius, which is quite nice."

With two hits under his belt, the wry, '60s sounding "Perfect Skin" and the brooding "Forest Fire", it seems he's already found a few fans who agree with him. "I've got one girl who writes to me all the time – I call her Mad Heather. In fact most of my fans seem to be neurotic teenagers. Oh yes and I got my first fan letter from a boy today. He said he adored "Perfect Skin". I thought "adored" was a very good word for a boy to use. I'm glad that's the sort of person I attract."

So how important is "being popular" to Lloyd Cole? "I'd be overjoyed if I had hits in this country but I wouldn't give a damn about Bulgaria! Seriously, if we were to be popular here we wouldn't need to be popular in places like America. It'd be nice, but I don't want it enough to have to work for it. We're not a greedy band."

He goes on to explain that this isn't the case with most record companies. "I decided I wanted to do this when I was 12 and I've been working towards it ever since. Subsequently I've found there's loads of horrible things about it. Too many to mention. It all boils down to the fact that it is a business, and record companies are just out to make money and, therefore, they are greedy... and we're not. I just want to earn enough money to satisfy a few basic needs."

These "needs" include a flat and a car. "I've got this dream of owning a Citroen 2CV. It's one of those incredibly romantic things you should have that make your life more enjoyable. I'm very pleased that's the car I want. I like it 'cos it can't go fast. Also if I wanted a Porsche I'd be extremely poor for a very long time."

So exactly what does he put his appeal down to? "Well, it's not like Dylan who was so much of a genius he was barely human. I think our greatness will come from our collective talents – like The Beatles. When you listen to us you get the impression of everyone's individual

character. Like you could hear George Harrison's bit or Ringo's bit – no one else could have played it. There's no point if it's not like that. You might as well be in Frankie Goes To Hollywood. The only familiar thing about them is that AWAW AWnoise. I'd hate to be in a group like that."

So how highly do you rate Lloyd Cole & The Commotions? "Well, I'd hate it for someone to come along who was as good as us. If we'd been around in 1966 maybe we'd have had some competition, but now... ? The Smiths? I just think they're funny. They're my favourite group at the moment but I don't regard them as competition."

And how about magic. Is that important? "Well, I'd rather people stick pictures of me on their walls than pictures of Simon Le Bon. I mean I'd much rather be seen in the same light as Boy George – even though I don't particularly admire him – than Simon Le Bon. He's just beefcake. Ideally I'd like to be treated like an actor. They at least get some respect. Pop is just not recognised as an art form. But like David Bowie said, music has over taken art and poetry as an art form. It should be recognised."

Constantly referring to his art as that of the "pop game", I wonder what sort of things influence him? "Tennessee Williams (American playwright) type things, like his film *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*. Certain scenarios in that fit in really well with a pop song. Also in that film I found Paul Newman's character incredibly appealing. There was something very romantic about the self-destructive nature of his role as the drunk. I also very much like the American writer Joan Didion. Her books are generally a collection of observations on the American way. Half of my songs seem to be about America. I'm going to go there first opportunity I get."

In fact he admits it isn't out of the question that after "pop" he might end up a writer. "It's too far in the future to say, but I'm certainly not the type to end up an actor. All I know is that now I'm a fairly tried and tested songwriter. Six months ago I'd written two good songs and I was really pleased. Now I've written a dozen and I feel I can expect good things from myself from now on. Yes, I really feel I've a right to say we're improving the charts."

And with that kind of confidence, there's no arguing.

Lloyd Cole (opposite): "I'd rather people stick pictures of me on their walls than pictures of Simon Le Bon".





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Shake them down and leave now
Have no royal things

You would consecrate the ground
I paced in pain
And though those pavements
Caught your sorrow and stains
They fell from me and I say
Maybe don't fall for anything
That says it's never gonna
Give you everything

I wish myself into your arms
To know that all I need is everything

The size of the sea and the sun in my eyes
And the line in my head
Yearning for more only for more
These days are as bright as the days I have seen
In the wildest of dreams
Yearning for more only for more

I wish myself into your arms
To know that all I need is everything

Repeat first three verses

Hold back the night I am tired of my sight
That won't see any more
More than today threatening to stay
Hold back the night I am tired of my sight
That won't see any more
"Show me you care" is "Show me the door"

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Editorial
Editor: Mark Ellen
Assistant Editors:
Ian Birch (Features) Neil Tennant (News)
Design Editor: David Boscock
Design: Kimberley Lesson
Vic MacDonnell
Research: Del Smart, Linda Duff
Lyrics: Lisa Anthony
Reviews: Peter Martin
Acceptance: Samantha Archer
Special Thanks this issue:
Ian Dismu (Editorial)
Dave Rimmer (Editorial)
Tom Hibbert (Editorial)
Colt Murphy (Design)

Writers
Ian Cranai, Tim de Lisle
Fred Dellar, Ross Hargrave
Tom Hibbert, Dave Rimmer
Clare Sheaff

Photographers
Peter Ashworth, Andrew Collins
Jill Furmston, David Levine
Steve Roper, Michael Putland
Paul Rider, Virginia Turbet
Eric Watson

Cartoons
Kipper Williams
Ad Manager: Carmie Harris
Ad Assistant: Petra Elkan
Ad Production: Carmie Spinks
Managing Editor: David Higworth
Production Editor: Steve Bush
Head of Ads and Publicity:
Zoe Zawadzki
Publisher: Peter Strong

Circulation Department
EMAP, Britton Court, Britton
Peterborough PE3 9DZ

CROSSWORD

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STAR TEASER

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 53

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QUEEN and GENERAL PUBLIC

BIRMINGHAM

If you're training for a marathon, the Birmingham NEC is the place to be. For instance, the distance to the nearest bar from any fixed point is approximately three million miles. Still, it's a warm, summer evening and the place is packed with a lively crowd.

First up are General Public who give their all—bouncing, bounding and leaping to a rather cool reception from the Queenies. Nevertheless, ex-Beat men Dave Wakeling and Ranking Roger (who sports a very neat line in black and blond hair design) refuse to be beaten and play what you could describe as a kanking pop punk. There's no lack of energy, but somehow it's all a bit diluted in the yawning expanse of the NEC. It's funny how support bands always look physically smaller than the headliners.

With General Public all too quickly despatched, it's now the turn of Queen themselves. The lights go down to a deafening roar, clouds of smoke and lots of explosions before the regal quartet hit the stage. Freddie, resplendent in akin light lycra jumpsuit with matching jacket (we were all so disappointed that he didn't come on as *Bet Lynch*), greets the audience with a "hey! hey! hey! how y' all dooin'!"

They launch into a set that encompasses all Queen's hits (and misses) and the crowd absolutely love it, following Fred's every word and gesture as he struts around like some bizzare, futuristic rooster.

The set itself is a giant Metropolitan-type backdrop of sky scrapers behind four giant cogwheels which steadily belch steam and whirl around. During "Radio Ga Ga" it's bathed in strobelights while Fred and the audience engage in those synchronised arm-waving gestures as seen in the videos.

The songs tumble out—from "Bohemian Rhapsody" to "Crazy Little Thing Called Love", with many a "yeah! yeah! everything's gonna be alright!" from Fred and howling guitar solos from Brian May. The audience has just about enough time to recover before "We Will Rock You" all but brings the house down. Then, amid more explosions, Queen leg it back to the royal carriage; the distance to the car park's only 50 million miles.

Claire Sheaff



Some members of the general public



What year is this anyway? 1968?



Freddie Mercury prepares to pot the Black



Hands across the water!



Is this my best solo?

DATES

Check locally before steppin' out. A Lisa Anthony Production

Big Country (extm dates)
Birmingham NEC (December 10),
Binghton Conference Centre (11),
London Wembley Arena (14),
Glasgow Apollo (21), Aberdeen
Capitol Theatre (22), Dundee Caird
Hall (23), Edinburgh Playhouse (24).

Everything But The Girl
Aberystwyth Kings Hall (October 4),
Newcastle City Hall (6), Birmingham
Polytechnic (6), Sheffield University
(9), Manchester Hacienda (11), Leeds
University (12), Leicester University
(13), Hull University (14), Reading
University (16), Southampton
University (17), Canterbury Marlowe
Theatre (18), Bingham Polytechnic
(19), Stoke Newington Victoria Hall (22),
Norwich University Of East Anglia
(23), Kingston Polytechnic (24),
London Hammersmith Palais (25).

Lloyd Cole And The Commotions:
Glasgow Pavilion (October 16),
Edinburgh Coasters (17), Ayr Pavilion
(18), Newcastle Mayfair (19),
Manchester Hacienda (20), North
Stafford College (21), Liverpool Royal
Court (22), Leeds Warehouse (24),
Nottingham Rock City (25),
Portsmouth Nero's Ballroom (26),
Malvern Winter Gardens (28),
Telford Polytechnic Of Wales (29),
Aberystwyth University (November
1), Birmingham Polytechnic (2),
Coventry Polytechnic (3).

Loughborough University (5), Bristol
University (6), Cardiff New Ocean
Ballroom (8), Leicester Kaisers
Ballroom (9), St Albans City Hall (10),
Bath University (12), Guildford
University Of Surrey (13), London
Dominion Theatre (14).

Spandau Ballet Dublin RDS
(November 28/29), Belfast Maysofield
Leisure Centre (November 30),
December 1, Wembley Arena (4/5/
6), Birmingham NEC (15), Whitley Bay
Ice Rink (19).

Stevie Wonder.

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WIN!



Exclusive "Thriller" paperweight approved by Michael himself and given to Epic Records' employees.



Official Jacksons poster. Not available in any shops.

Another official Jacksons poster. Not available in any shops either.



Limited edition 7 picture disc of "State Of Shock" single.

Official Victory tour programme.



Talking View-Master 3-D viewer. Shows scenes from "Thriller" video and plays original sound track.



The Jacksons "Destiny" album.



The Jacksons "Triumph" album.

The Jacksons "Live" double-album.



Limited edition picture disc of the Jacksons "Victory" album.



Michael Jackson's tied mirror aviator sunglasses.

Official Michael Jackson 1984 calendar.



Official Michael Jackson 1985 calendar.



A set of official Jacksons' black and white publicity shots. Unavailable in any shape.

ALL THIS...

in the **ULTIMATE JACKSONS** competition!

As every living being in the entire universe must know by now, those all-singing, all-dancing, all-American brothers, the Jacksons, have been changing the course of musical history recently with their momentous "Victory" tour of America. It no coats are to be hollared, the coacarts have been samthing like *The Return Of The Jedi*, the Grammy Awards and the Battle of Waterloo all rolled into one. That is to say, spectacular. Which is all very nice tar the nudiaoces in America but a bit of a swizz it yaa happa to have been stuck in grimy ol' Britalia with nathing but crickating discors and Jimmy Saville's record-breaking Away-Day raa for diversion. But do not fret... saw's year chaaca to pat on a "Victory" tour

concert in the comart of your own hma with the aid of all those glittering and astoadaigly acclastiva Jackson items showa above. The only thing missig will be the brothers themselves but *pooh!* Who really needs 'em whaa you've got that lot, ah?

The outright and tarritically lucky wiaaing parsoa will get everything – yes *everything* – seen hara. The next tar wiaaars will get everything except the highly rare "State Of Shock" single and the waa mora highly rare paperweight. And the next liva will get averythig but "State Of Shock", the paperweight and the two official posters. Plus all ten wiaaars will get something that is so amaziagly-uniaqa-and-soaght-

ntar that we can't even show it – official Jacksons t-shirts that are really only supposed to go to American DJs!!! "Wooooe!" as M. Jackson might say, "that's a lot of swag!!" So get cracking on this most ludicrously simple question.

Michael Jackson's 1972 hit "Ben" was taken from a film about a) A bell b) A flowerpot c) A rat or d) A pla-smoking politician?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to *Smash Hits Jacksons Competition*, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ. Get them in by September 26.

Fingers crossed for "Victory".

“WHEN EVERYBODY
TROUBLE...AND I G



Photo: Steve Rice

Adam now: member of the plaster race?

LIKES YOU, YOU'RE IN REAL TROUBLE.™

Adam Ant is back. Three years after "Prince Charming", he's ready to face up to his mistakes. And he's still fighting with a new single, a new film and a long chat with Tom Hibbert.

"People tend to assume that I'm sitting in a jacuzzi in the South of France," says Adam Ant. "But I'm not. I'm home in England." I can vouch for this. Adam is, in fact, sitting in a Soho eatery drinking Perrier water by the gallon. "There's some guy in France with a great luh of water and an enormous Alka Seltzer tablet making a fortune out of this stuff."

Between gulps, he muses on past mistakes and triumphs, and plots wheezes for the future. "It's more than two years since Adam killed off the Ants to turn solo—and those years have not always been exactly easy going. . . .

"I didn't do the best with it for the last couple of years, he confesses. "Up here (he points to the brain area) it wasn't as good as it could have been. What I felt was that feeling of everything you do being special. I feel very proud of what I achieved with Adam and the Ants but since I've been solo I've had a very difficult task coming to terms with life after something that successful."

Looking back on it, perhaps the Adam and the Ants of 1981/2 were just too successful for was some person to cope with: "There's some point where I was sitting pretty and everything I did was bawdy sexy and started thinking 'Am I really that good? Do I really deserve all this?'. . . ."

"Then at the end of 1982, I put out 'Ant Ray' which was very self-indulgent—a bit experimental, all drums and voices, no instruments—and when it was a hit it was totally smothered. I couldn't for the life of me—I SWEAR to you—understand why it was Number 3. It was too easy; there should have been more from me. It was just nutty; I mean, there's nothing more behind this when everybody likes something. When everybody likes you, you're in real trouble. And I got in real trouble. When you're in danger of becoming a 'legend', one better retire or die very quick. . . ."

Or re-issues. Which is what Adam did, stripping down the high-gloss image to mere massagable proportions and going on a work binge to the USA. "I now feel that I've been through an entire life which I've hurled by doing two years of almost

massacletic work in America."

The recent labours of Adam have included, apart from numerous live appearances "with no backing hopes", a role in John McTiernan's forthcoming film *Nemesis* and a job plugging motor scooters for Honda.

Nemesis was the first film I've accepted since *Jubilee* (in 1977). It's a psychological drama about a French anthropologist who spies on different cultures and I play the leader of a gang, a guy called 'Number One'. The character is based on a Vietnam veteran, a real nutter who came out of the jungle and loved fighting like mad. He slaughtered a whole family. None of the gang say anything because they're not alive, they're like spirits—but it ain't like 'Thriller'. It's very intense, though I think I had a lot more to give than they allowed me to give. When I went over there, they gave me some costumes which were like Liberace-goes-punk in Las Vegas. Can you imagine? So I just went to Universal Studios and get hold of the very long coat Steve McQueen wore in *Tom Horn*. . . .

The TV commercial, now showing on small screens across the States, sounds like an altogether breezier affair: "Honda asked me to do this thing for a new bike called The Elite which looks like a robot crossed with a spacebike. They wanted to couple me with Grace Jones, so I thought 'These people must be pretty together for her to be involved in it.'"

So he did it—and what happens goes something like this: "Grace comes in from the side, all leathery, and says 'Oh come on, Adam' and I say 'No' and she goes out the other side saying 'It's easy' and I say 'No, no' and the next shot is me to move with her saying 'It's quick' and me saying 'I haven't got a license'. . . . Then the voice-over comes on, going (boots, sturdy American accent): 'The new Honda Elite! More than a motorcycle!' Then Grace comes on again and says 'It's sexy' and I go 'I'll take it!'—just like that. It's a very feisty commercial." (There's a somewhat 'saucier' version showing on some cable stations too—but not that sexy because "Grace has got this massive boyfriend called Hans who's like a moustache—and I come up to about his knee.")

Back home, Adam is getting ready to promote his new single, "Apollo 9", the first by the new trim-line band (Adam, Marco, Chris De Niro on bass and Count Widdling on drums) which he "the closest I've had to an Ants ever." Produced by Tony Visconti (of David Bowie repata), who "stuck the

T. Rex button in", the record is an exuberant, wheezy, glitter-glyed blast-blast-blast affair. Inspired, apparently, by the recent astronaut saga movie *The Right Stuff*: "When I was in America, the old astronaut John Glenn (the first American to orbit the earth) was campaigning for the Democratic Party's Presidential nomination and I thought 'astronauts is naff'."

"But then I read Tom Wolfe's book *The Right Stuff* and I went to see the film and I was really impressed by the early astronauts. They were like single-combat warriors, going up in jockeys and in caps with the whole world watching. Very cowboy-ish. Heroes. Alan Shepard (the pioneer of the US space programme) impressed me the most and the record is sort of a dedication to him. I And on a more personal level: 'Apollo 9' is just me saying, 'Alright, ****!! I don't have to justify who I am. It's 1984. I'm 29 years old. This is it! Unfucked ME! When boom whack!'

Despite the new 'spacey' reference points, the Adam image is altogether "rawer" and "so nature" these days—without his appearance on the Microsoft TV pop extravaganza a few months back—all leather, no frills, "Dog Eat Dog".

"When I had the giraffe look and the warrior look, they all went in with the early stuff, the peak stuff. They were great but I don't think the 'Prince Charming' look did me any justice at all. It was a bit of a rush, a bit easy; it was based on a very dodgy Regency look, man of the past bit. I couldn't move in it. But then it got for myself on a 100 per cent responsibility. . . ."

What's happened to all the old, dazzling but rather expensive Adam and the Ants costumes? "I've given them all to the Victoria and Albert museum. They've got the lot—even the armour as featured in the 'Ant Rag' video. The armour, I loved. . . ."

Although Adam has high hopes for "Apollo 9", commercial success no longer seems of such burning importance to him as it once did.

"It's like putting a rocket in a bottle," he says. "If it takes off, wonderful—but I also like what happens when they fall over. My definition of success is a lot different now: it's not just having number ones and being on the front of all the papers. I've had a lot of that in my life and I don't particularly want to go through it again. Duran and Bay George—my nemesis—can have all that. But I'll still give them a run for their money. I still like that sense of competition. . . ."



"I don't think the 'Prince Charming' look did me any justice at all. It was a bit of a rush, a bit nancy."

Photo: Peter Redford/Corbis



That hired armour from the Ant Rag video in 1981.



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**ELECTRIC
DREAMS**



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EIGHT (DRESS IT UP) SEVEN (DRESS IT UP) DRESS IT UP!
SIX FA FA FA FIVE

HEY HEY WHAT DO YOU SAY HAD ME A WOMAN SHE RAN AWAY
WARNED ME ONE TIME WARNED ME TWICE
FOUND ME OUT AND IT WEREN'T TOO NICE
HEY HEY WHAT DO YOU SAY HAD ME A WOMAN SHE RAN AWAY
CAN THE CHAT BYE BYE DEAR CARVE ME A CRIMSON CAREER

CHORUS

WELL WHOOPSIN A WHOOPSIN (DRESS IT UP)
JAN JAN JAMMERRING (DRESS IT UP) DRESS IT UP!
YARBA YARBA DING DING (DRESS IT UP)
DEL TA HEY MIX NINE
WE WILL BE FINE (WE WILL BE FINE) APOLLO 9 (APOLLO 9)
EVERYTHING NASA SAY WAY OUT OF LINE OUT OF LINE
WE WILL BE FINE (WE WILL BE FINE) APOLLO 9 (APOLLO 9)
EVERYTHING NASA SAY WAY OUT OF LINE OUT OF LINE
WELL WHOOPSIN A WHOOPSIN (DRESS IT UP)
SAL JIM JAMMERRING (DRESS IT UP) DRESS IT UP!
YARBA YARBA DING DING (DRESS IT UP)
DEL TA HEY MIX NINE

VERSE

HEY HEY WHAT DO YOU SAY HAD ME A WOMAN SHE FLEW AWAY
LUMBER INTO THE NEAREST STAR MISS HER LOTS BUT THERE YOU ARE
HEY HEY WHAT DO YOU SAY HAD ME A WOMAN SHE FLEW AWAY
EVERY THING ARE FINE WAY UP THERE IN APOLLO 9

VERSE TWICE

HEY HEY WHAT DO YOU SAY HAD ME A WOMAN SHE FLEW AWAY
LUMBER INTO THE NEAREST STAR MISS HER LOTS BUT THERE YOU ARE
HEY HEY WHAT DO YOU SAY CHOOCHALABEN DON ALEY
YOU DON'T KNOW BUT YOU WON'T GET FARA LAYBE IN YOUR CAPELLA
HEY HEY WHAT DO YOU SAY HAD ME A WOMAN SHE FLEW AWAY
LUMBER INTO THE NEAREST STAR MISS HER LOTS BUT THERE YOU ARE
HEY HEY WHAT DO YOU SAY BLAST OFF ON TIME I'M PLEASSED TO SAY
I'LL BE HOME SOON BUSY LASSOOING THE MOON

TEN (DRESS IT UP) EIGHT (EVEN THOUGH
NINE (EVEN THOUGH) SEVEN (EVEN THOUGH) SIX
(EVEN THOUGH) FIVE (EVEN THOUGH)
FA FA FA FA FA FA
FA FA FA FA FA FA

WORDS BY MUSICIAN MARCO
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T U R N E R
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BETTER BE GOOD TO ME

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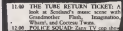
Come on then, own up! What prat at the BBC thought up the idea to show the new British Rail train trying to break the time record between Bristol and London? How many viewers watched *Top Of The Pops* to see if the record could be broken? None. Worse than that, after a year's absence from *Top Of The Pops*, Bucks Fizz appear to perform their latest hit but before they are even half way through, the train's pulling into the station and we have to listen to Simon Bates congratulating the driver. Bucks Fizz didn't even get an apology!
Alan Stacey, Bexhill-On-Sea

Well, that's a bit steep, I must say! After all the trouble the BBC stalwarts went to to get live pictures of this truly momentous and historic occasion that has put brave little Britain right back on the map where it belongs (up from France and left of Sweden), you're still not satisfied! I mean, when was the last time a Russian train, or an American train or even a Belgian train broke the record for the Bristol to London run, eh? Answer me that! Jimmy Saville deserves an O.B.E., if you ask me!

Dear Black Type

Can you please fix it for me so I never have to see Jimmy Saville's face again. It makes me ill and I hate taking the coach. I would be very grateful if you could fix this for me.
Matthew Bunnykins

Now then, now then, Mr Mathew letter-writing person, your girl. This is not a nice thing what you've done. It's not to the kind ladies and gentlemen at Smash Hits music magazine. 'Ows about a nice big-hearted 'Jim'll Fix It' ap-o-lo-gue, ow-ooo-ow-ooo-ow-oo-ow-oo (and other J.Saville-styled phrases).



Dear Black Type

While browsing through the local rag, I came across this. Has he had a sea change and become older? *Only Johnson's Red Beret, King's Lynn*

Dear Sir Mackin

After being informed that The Royal Bank of Smash Hits does rather excellent loans, I promptly wrote this letter to ask your manager for £10. I need the money to build my mummy a jazzca as she has a rather wacky back and also repay the brand new Porsche, Frankie's Left Shoe, Annan, Dumfries & Galloway.
P.S. Was that good, mummy?

Your heart-rending plea touched my heart but just as I was fumbling for the tucker-bag, with misty eye and trembling hand, to pull out a crisp, rustling £10 record token, came this...

Dear Black Type

It's time we all pulled together and confessed unashamedly that we are sootie wimps. From now on we are all going to wear white trade our nylon polo-necked jumper and wing-



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

collared shirts tucked tightly into beige cords and not forgetting those daring peep-toe sandals Auntie Edna bought you. And we're going to tell people with confidence that we, well, really like groups like Bucks Fizz, Abba, Black Lace and many other talented muscians.

For far too long we have been laughed at and looked down upon and it's time we all stood up and said in a very loud voice, 'Er, hello everybody, look at me! I am a wimp and jolly well proud of it too!' And we should appeal to magazines such as *Smash Hits* and ask them very nicely for a £10 record token to keep groups like the Lohan Eaters where they belong - at the top!
Barry Mamokov's Nasal Scissors Nottingham

P.S. Excuse the scrawl but my handwriting hasn't been seen and I've had to use one of these new-fangled "bu" things

I can think of no cause more needy than yours, Scissors, and so it is with great pride and humility that I bestow upon you the princely sum of ten fat pennies (in record token form). If you will permit an older head to guide you in the spending of said tokens, I can strongly recommend the long-playing album "Chicoory Tip's Greatest Hits", a veritable feast of vintage wisecraps. (By the by, don't you think that Jimmy Krankie is well macho?)

On August 23 in John Blake's 'Buzarré' page in *The Sun*, an article appeared entitled 'Fans Face Duran Ban' supposedly reporting how two fans, one being named as one, were 'heartbroken' and 'wept' at not being let into Andy's wine bar 'Roc'. Although I was nowhere near heartbroken at the time, when I saw my name in the story I certainly cried and was very much heartbroken. I am a loyal fan and would never give an anti-Duran story to any paper, least of all *The Sun*. I was promoted by my so-called friend that she would not give my name as I wanted nothing to do with the story. It's all so untrue anyway. I had a lovely time in Whitley Bay. I would have been happy just to see 'Roc' and take some photos of it, but, in fact, after my 'friend' had stormed off, I

got in using my Railcard and birth certificate and the doorman was lovely. I am so upset that an anti-Duran story should appear in *The Sun* with me in it. I feel like a traitor *Rachel Tine, Solihull*

Dear Muel Gray

While reading through your singles reviews (July 18) I was disgusted by your narrow-minded comments concerning Yoko Ono. For your information she happens to be an extremely wealthy woman already and I doubt whether releasing a few John Lennon singles would make much difference to her. Had she released these tracks (and the 'Milk And Honey' album) in 1981 then perhaps she could have been accused of cashing in on John's memory. Instead she waited until three years after his death and in doing so made public the final days of the Lennon's life together. She provided fans with the promise and hope cruelly snatched away in December 1980.

It must have taken Yoko a great deal of courage and a sense of duty to the fans of John to play back the tapes and release the songs which often provide some bitter 'You She Did' not do this to become 'A Bit Richer'.
Lennon Admirer, Gillingham

Dear Black Type

It has been brought to my attention after carefully analysing your sassy comments under innocent readers' letters and comparing them with a certain ex-inhabitant of page 46's (or thereabouts) column, that you, my dear **Black Type**, are none other than Cecil Barrington Pitt, alias Barry. Deny it if you dare.
Humphrey's Friend Colchester

Well Black Type has been called a lot of things in its time - but Barry! Heaven forbid! Actually, when last heard of, the old "scribe" had "checked in the pop file" and was working as a public relations consultant for a fish farm in Sardinia or somewhere. And then the other day, out of the blue, a post card popped through the door. "Hello, chums!" it read. "C'est moi, votre lost-lost baron of the ballpoint, on his groovy hole in Venice. A. v. brill spot, mate! Well, only the other jour I was

tanning self on the beach wearing nought but my v. sportif coosie when this beefy looking bloke saunters by wearing a t-shirt with the slogan Frankie Says Relax. Well, no-thinks, I wonder if the chaps back at *Smash Hits* who have, quite frankly, been a bit out of touch with the current 'pop' scene since old Baz flew the nest) know that Frankie Vaughan, that old wiz of a boater-doffing crooner, is making a comeback? And so, without further ado, I put pen to paper and..."
"Rambles on in this fashion for some hours).

You are hearing from a (très depressed) person here, right? The depressed person is, right? The surprised, me! Before going on holiday to Spain right. I happily stroll down to the market and after a long time I come across this stall, right, which at the time I think is pretty tubular (great new word just learned from one fab magazine). Anyway this stall is selling these T-Shirts saying things like 'Relax' and 'Frankie Goes To War' for pretty tubular prices. I decide to buy one of each. Now I am a depressed person again. And I walk the streets in my new items of clothing for fear of being blown up, screamed at or seeing someone palping their hair out.

All I can say to anyone who wants to know is I like Frankie and damn T-Shirts. Better scream quick now or I'm likely to be stabbed, poisoned, strangled etc. for telling the truth.
Me, Camberley, Surrey

Didn't he have to catch sight of a rather odd-looking once, name of Barry, down in Spain, perchance?



Did you hear that Frankie Goes To Hollywood have gone Hawaiian? Well, I didn't until I read this week's top 40 here in Australia.
Javier, Horsham, N S W, Australia

Dear Simon's Girl On Film (Letters August 16).

If you knew anything about John Lydon's past you would know that his career has been built on his astounding ability to annoy people. This has been the essence of his success because of the constant controversy which in turn leads to increased record sales. Frankie Goes To Hollywood are living proof of this formula but the Sex Pistols pioneered it and they smothered nearly a million pounds as a result. You say that Lydon would like to think his has changed the world? Well, that is exactly what he has done. Miac in 1976 was incredibly boring but the Pistols brought Punk and the New Wave invasion. Without the Pistols there would never have been Sexousse and the Banshees, Adam and the Ants or The Stranglers, to name but a few.
P.A. System, Gloucester

Dear Black Type

I'm a 15 year old reader from Down Under and I'm writing to let you know how much of a gentleman Roy George is. During his stay at the Melbourne Hilton, he spent three hours greeting all the fans who had camped outside for days and he

throw down sweets and handmenet messages to the kids in the streets. Name the last time Van Halen did that? Jim Mesoness my girlfriend's band and Mikey Craig said hello to me. A few words to sum up Culture Club: completely love, dedication, drug, determination, generosity, charm, talent, kindness and entertainment. I hope they come back to Australia soon and Boy George, if you're reading this, God, I love you.
Kris Melbourne, Australia

Fleching through the July 1988 issue of *Smash Hits* came across a letter written by someone who was very upset that Roger Taylor was getting married. After reading said letter I thought to myself, "what a pillock!"

I think music is a very good way of expressing political opinions and it's so much more interesting learning things about and there is plenty of current affairs in the newspapers or seeing them on the news.

I would rather listen to a song about nuclear war than one about love as sappy songs make me sick. There is still a lot of what this person would describe as entertaining music about and there is plenty of room in the charts for both serious and light-hearted songs.
From Someone Who Couldn't Care Less If Roger Taylor Married Or Not, Liverpool

I had to listen to "The Birdie Song" in Arabic which got my hols in Egypt. Surely this is worth compensation? (A £10 record token should do nicely).
Martin Gore's Emulator.

Dear Black Type
 I think the wallies next door decided to throw a "wild" party. They didn't invite me but I would have been too embarrassed to say no anyway I was in the house alone as mya and papa were having a jolly good knees-up at the Mayor's Ball. The next door windows were open and the music was awfully loud. I didn't want to be associated with the goings-on so I went up to bed. As I slid into the silk sheets, the nuclear war siren went off. Well, I was terrified. I rushed over to the window and the posth people over the road were standing on the doocstep in their nightshirts. Everyone stood shakily with their hands out in a false alarm. It was those blasted wallies next door. They had adjusted the stereo so that the siren on the 12" of "Two Tribes" kept repeating itself. I'd never been so frightened in my whole life and those wallies are still laughing about it.
A Frightened Henley From The Township, Derby.

I think I might know those wallies of yours. Had a hit of a "wild" party of my own the other night, you see, and there we were, me and the mates, a-frugging away to "The Birdie Song" in Arabic (12" remix) when in burst this bunch of rowdy gate-crashers and took over the mighty Winfield stereo system. Well, when they started doing that "Two Tribes" nuclear siren prank, I got hopping mad, I can tell you, and launched straight away into my own version of "The Birdie Song" in Arabic, yelling "Fandabloodie!" and wiggling my thumbs like hilly-o. Scared the life out of those wallies, believe you me!

I am a devoted Duran Duran fan with a very serious problem. My mum hates Duran. Every time she hears me playing my v. groovy D'ran tapes she tells me to "turn that row off." Yet her end dad listen to Mozart and Beethoven all the time. That's the worst noise I have ever heard in my life, but I don't complain all the time.

Also she said something which was very offensive recently. She came into my room to do some hovering and she said, looking at my D'ran posters "My God, I've never seen anything so ugly all my life!" See? I'm serious? What should I do? Please help!
John Taylor's V. Groovy Red, Strat, Sussex

Your mum sounds a lot like my mum. The other day while I was having my afternoon snooze the bear lying in my bedroom kitted up like Prince in Purple Rain, and, catching sight of my rather magnificent Jimmy Krankie poster on the wall, sneered: "Ugh! Bleugh! Look at the state of that!" The older generation just don't understand, do they?

Dear Black Type
 I have a problem. I don't know anything trendy to write about apart from my really tubular rabbit which escaped this morning and kept hopping into next door's really cosmetic. I mean, a vegetarian rabbit? How absolutely super, trendy and ace!
John Taylor's Tighest Leather Leg Wear, Kettering

A vegetarian rabbit? Whatever will they think of next? A milk-yielding cow? A dog that bites postmen? A hamburger that pecks cuttlefish? A hamster that runs round and round a squeaky wheel in its cage and keeps everyone awake? "The Birdie Song" in Arabic? It's all quite spooky when you think about it.

Dear Black Type
 Thought you could get away with not printing my excellent letter on the Eurovision Song Contest, did you? Well, I'm going to keep fighting back so you have been warned. My pet hairy haggis Hamish has just ripped up three copies of *Smash Hits* in revenge and he's getting very angry now for the letter.

The Rubettes are the greatest group in the world and I'm the greatest music critic ever.
Peely-Wally Fiona, Glasgow

Ah no! The Rubettes! Those musical masters of mirth and merriment of yesterday! How well I remember their sequin-vested caps, cocked at jaunty angles, their immaculate and spottless suits and perky cravats, their pearly-white teeth and cheeky winks, their appealing squeals of "For-Dee-Dee." Any fan of theirs should most certainly be interested in the following...

Have you noticed that it is possible to tell what kind of music people like from the way they dress? Take your average High Street for example. That comes your way, average casual, dressed up to the nines in knickerd-off Filu underwear, Filu shorts, Filu socks, a rock-like jumper, a plastic chain and the odd ten blond hairs. His "in thing" is throwaway pop,

Hi-energy, soul, funk. Wham! and a bit of D D on a bad day.

Next come your extras from the horror world. It doesn't matter if they're colour-blind 'cause they only wear black! black hair, black clothes, black shoes, black eyeliner. Most are festooned with sunglasses, bangles and dog leas. You can see them swaying to Sisters Of Mercy, moaning to The Cure and screaming to the Banshees.

After this comes your Mod, although there's nothing MCDern about them. As they stride along round-shouldered they wear their army surplus teeth flapping in the wind and clown-like faces plodding they make any circus clown envious. This species listen to anything produced between 1960 and 1970 and think that cappuccino and P. Weller are seventh heaven.

Following your mod is your punk with a multi-coloured mohican interfering with air-traffic control and last night's King Kurt/Class/Damned concerts still ringing in their ears. Unfortunately their hair colours look tame against any granny's blue nose and many have S & A Levels, a sociology degree and think that post-punk England is a sad place.
Marc Almond's Black Hair Dye, Hoddesdon, Herts

Dear Black Type
 I, Queen Elizabeth II, would like to point out to one that it is more than eight months since I've launched a competition to meet a chanteur or two.

Well, since then, on royal walkabouts, I perceived several disturbed *Smash Hits* readers depressed as they cannot meet their heart-throb. It is about that mass depression does not appear wonderful in one's reign. Therefore, I command you to end their misery and please think up a competition where the winner could meet a pop star.

Forever in one's debt,
*Lizette, Black House,
 P.S. Prince Willie would love a £10 record token*

Begging your pardon, ma'am, but until I receive my invite to one of your rather swish garden parties, am wine and dined upon the Royal Yacht Britannia in the style in which I have become accustomed, or am appointed 'guest of honour' at a charity concert featuring those wondrous supremos of the boogie beat Status Quo, you can take your irksome 'commands' elsewhere? Of all the cheek! (Oh drat, that's torn it. There goes the knighthood...)

Dear Black Type
 I have seen the light at last. I was a clean, fun-loving moderate. But then a miracle occurred. I heard "Silver Machine" by Hawkwind and I was instantly converted. I am now a clean, fun-loving hippie. Don't laugh, people always laugh at hippies. Just listen to some good music, i.e. Can, Pink Floyd, Led Zeppelin, Gong, Tim Blake, Crystal Machine etc. Then maybe you'll change your views and realise what great people hippies are. We don't all wear crumpled flares, y'know.
 Love, brothers
Clare The Hippie, Bannockburn

Not everyone laughs at hippies, Claire. Even as I write, I'm slipping

on a pair of purple crushed-velvet lion pants for another meeting of the Dr. Strangely Strange Appreciation Society where everybody gets "hissed-on" on granny and mellow sounds round at Mark Ellen's "pad". See you there.

Dear Black Type
 I am a snake-hyped 16 year old grooveite into Vanity Fair. Crispy and Company and other top pop attractions. The other day in the laundrette, watching my Maunce Gibb autographed leg-warmers swirling around, I got this tune in my head and it just wouldn't go away. I went like this "bom-bom-bom-bom-bom-diddy-diddy-tingly-ting". It sounded quite a lot like the theme music for "Rainbow" but it might have been something by that celebrated and much-missed chanteuse Miss Tom Basal. What do you think it was?
Mrs. Belle, Northampton

The tune lodged in your bonce was, in point of fact, "Fantasy Island" by Tight Fit. Thank you for your interest.

I am absolutely disgusted with the BBC. First they ban "Relax" and now they censor a scene from the Spandau Ballet "I'll Fly For You" video which shows a scantily-clad Martin Kemp rolling in the mud with some lucky lady. The song is brilliant and I don't think there's anything offensive about the video at all.

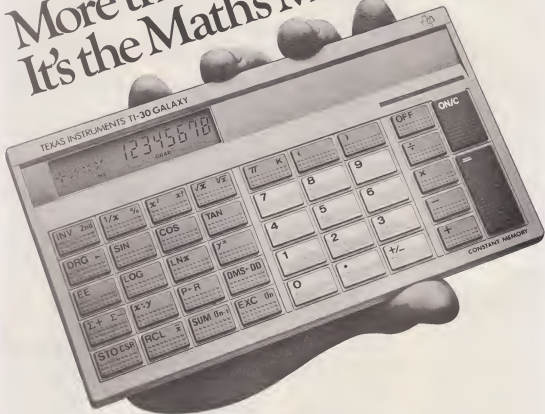
It's very sad to think there is so much violence and brutality shown on TV now days and harmless, loving activities which human beings are supposed to enjoy are thought of as distasteful.
An ex-Go-Go Girl, Glasgow



This must be the final straw! When I saw this I tore up my local paper and went to see the Doc. He gave me a sedative and told me to calm down - to relax - arrgh! I'll have to go now - I'm feeling depressed.
 A "Frankie Say These T-Shirts Are Getting Ridiculous" T-Shirt Who Is Not At All Well! Blackpool, Lancs

We always said that Lamahl was a wally and now he's proved it by joining Black Lace. Come on, Lamahl! We all know it's you. Love and Ellen, the Catford Girls, Catford

More than a calculator. It's the Maths Machine.



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Forget about school calculators you've seen before. The new TI-30 Galaxy from Texas Instruments is totally different. It's the Maths Machine.

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A LETTER TO YOU

I tore my letter up couldn't even start
To tell you what's really here in my heart
There's only so much these words can say
So I sent you a piece of this beautiful day

Chorus

Oh I want you to know that I took a rainbow
And sent it off in a letter to you
Took some flowers in the Spring
Made a sweet clover ring
And sent it off in a letter to you
Took a song from the lark
The moon from the dark
A spark with the sparkling dew
With a kiss and a hug and a whole lot of love
I sent it off in a letter to you

I took the morning sun peeking through the trees
And the dandelion silk tangled in the breeze
Hoisted 'em up eased 'em with a kiss
It's the kind of letter that you can't resist

Repeat chorus

In a day or two just you wait and see
You're gonna get a special delivery
You'll know the way I feel there can't be any doubt
When you open it up and let your love spill out

Repeat chorus

You know I sent it off in a letter to you
Ooh baby sent it off in a letter to you
You know I said I want in a letter to you
Ooh baby I said I want in a letter to you

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LINDE
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION EMI MUSIC PUBLS LTD
ON EPIC RECORDS

TINA TURNER

A PRISONER OF YOUR LOVE
ENT ANGLD IN YOUR WEB
HOT WHISPERS IN THE NIGHT
I'M CAPTURED BY YOUR SPELL (CAPTURED)
OH YES I'M TOUCHED BY THIS SHOW OF EMOTION
SHOULD I BE FRACTURED BY YOUR LACK OF DEVOTION
SHOULD I SHOULD I

OH YOU BETTER BE GOOD TO ME
THAT'S NOW IT'S OOD TO BE NOW
'CAUSE I DON'T HAVE NO USE
FOR WHAT YOU LOOSELY CALL THE TRUTH
AND YOU BETTER BE GOOD TO ME COME ON COME ON BE GOOD TO ME

I THINK IT'S ON SO RIGHT
THAT WE DON'T NEED TO FIGHT
WE STAND FACE TO FACE
AND YOU PRESENT YOUR CASE
YES I KNOW YOU KEEP TELLING ME THAT YOU LOVE ME
AND I REALLY DO WANT TO BELIEVE
BUT DID YOU THINK I'D JUST ACCEPT YOU IN BLIND FAITH
OH SURE I BE ANYTHING TO PLEASE YOU
BUT YOU BETTER BE GOOD TO ME

THAT'S HOW IT'S GOT TO BE NOW
'CAUSE I DON'T HAVE THE TIME
FOR YOUR OVERLOADED LIES
YES YOU BETTER BE GOOD TO ME BE GOOD TO ME

AND I REALLY DON'T SEE
WHY IT'S SO HARD TO BE GOOD TO ME
AND YOU KNOW I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S YOUR PLAN
THAT YOU CAN'T BE GOOD TO ME

WHY CAN'T YOU BE GOOD TO ME
BE GOOD TO ME TO ME BE GOOD TO ME
'CAUSE I DON'T HAVE THE USE
FOR WHAT YOU LOOSELY CALL THE TRUTH
AND I DON'T HAVE THE TIME
FOR YOUR OVERLOADED LIES
SO YOU BETTER BE GOOD TO ME (WHY CAN'T YOU BE GOOD TO ME)

BE GOOD TO ME (WHY CAN'T YOU BE GOOD TO ME)
BE GOOD (WHY CAN'T YOU BE GOOD TO ME)
BE GOOD TO ME (WHY CAN'T YOU BE GOOD TO ME)
'CAUSE I DON'T HAVE NO USE
FOR WHAT YOU LOOSELY CALL THE TRUTH
AND I DON'T HAVE THE TIME
FOR YOUR OVERLOADED LIES
YOU BETTER BE GOOD TO ME

(WHY CAN'T YOU BE) GOOD TO ME (GOOD TO ME)
NOW BE (WHY CAN'T YOU BE) GOOD TO ME (GOOD TO ME)
BE GOOD (WHY CAN'T YOU BE) BE GOOD TO ME (BE GOOD TO ME)
(BE GOOD) BE GOOD TO ME
WHY CAN'T YOU BE (WHY CAN'T YOU BE) GOOD TO ME (GOOD TO ME)
WHY CAN'T YOU BE (WHY CAN'T YOU BE) GOOD TO ME (GOOD TO ME)
COME ON COME ON COME ON COME ON
COME ON COME ON COME ON COME ON BE GOOD TO ME

WORDS AND MUSIC CHAPMAN-CHRYM KNIGHT
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION CHINNICHAP PUBLISHING LTD
ON CAPITOL RECORDS



BETTER BE GOOD TO ME

FREE GIANT DOUBLE-SIDED POSTER

And as the last fleeting rays of the sun sank below the horizon, mum stuffed the picnic things back in the fridge for another year, dad lovingly folded his cricket whites and the twins trundled back to school with tears a rolling down their rosy cheeks.

Yes! Autumn, that season of gloom and despair, had descended once more; plaintive cries of "Spare a penny for the poor, mister!" echoed through the mist while leaves floated down from trees, turning the streets to brown squash. It was awful! There was only one thing powerful enough to raise the country from its air of woe and general autumnal misery. And that was an incredibly MASSIVE double-sided poster of astounding heart-warming proportions.

And so Smash Hits, the saviours of the nation, got to work on such an item - and within seconds, there it was! With Frankie Goes To Hollywood on one side and Boy George on the other to be given away FREE with the next issue of this magazine! Yes, that should do the trick! Suddenly, though the days were growing ever shorter and double-glazing salesmen were lining up at the front door, the world seemed a cheerier place. Even the twins managed to raise a smile.

Get it! Only in your caring, sharing Smash Hits!! On sale.

ON SEPTEMBER 27
PLUS WHAM! BIG COUNTRY-BRONSKI BEAT-BANANARAMA



10 FREE STICKERS!



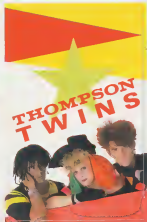
HUMAN LEAGUE



GET 50 FREE STICKERS! SEE INSIDE FOR DETAILS.

5 MORE ON THE BACK

10 FREE STICKERS!



GET 50 FREE STICKERS! SEE INSIDE FOR DETAILS.

5 MORE ON THE BACK



10 FREE STICKERS!



GET 50 FREE STICKERS! SEE INSIDE FOR DETAILS.

5 MORE ON THE BACK

d a v i d



b o w i e

SPANDAU BALLET



Nick



JOHN

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

10 FREE STICKERS!



50% GET 50 FREE STICKERS! SEE INSIDE FOR DETAILS.

5 MORE ON THE BACK

10 FREE STICKERS!



CULTURE CLUB



GET 50 FREE STICKERS! SEE INSIDE FOR DETAILS.

5 MORE ON THE BACK