

Smash HITS

NIK KERSHAW

**& THE WIFE
THEY TRIED
TO HIDE!**

FREE GIANT POSTER INSIDE



MADONNA
ROBBIE COLTRANE



**THOMPSON
TWINS**
PHIL COLLINS
MORRISSEY
BILLY BRAGG
**COCTEAU
TWINS**

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THE COCTEAU TWINS



Mystical songs to unlock the universe? Or just three people who insist they're "not weird"?

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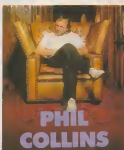


MICHAEL JACKSON

He actually exists! We know!

We saw him!

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PHIL COLLINS

12 years at the top and still

A Really Nice Bloke

26/27

THE SMASH HITS T-SHIRT OFFER

We give Go West a pair of new and extremely wearable Smash Hits t-shirts (left); only you can get one too.

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● **Jimmy Nail**, who played Oz in *Auf Wiedersehen Pet* and plays a moron in *Morons From Outer Space*, has also made a record. A cover version of the Rose Royce classic weeps "Love Don't Live Here Anymore", it was produced by Roger Taylor from Queen. Not content with that, he's threatening to do a major promotional tour to promote it.

● **Dead Or Alive's** second LP is out next month and it's called "Youthquake".

● **Pseudo Echo**, the Australian New Romantics hit late over here, aren't they? They've recently voted Most Promising New Act in Australia. Smash Hits have just released their first British single. It's called "Johnny".

● **Worshipping Fart**, their 30-year-old boy named Jim twice, bass player is called Pierre "Fart".

A make-up bag, a mirror compact and Kimberly "Miss Posh" Leston: two of these could be yours.



● **Alphaville**, those really great looking guys from Germany, have just released a follow up to "Big In Japan". Called "Jet Set", the 12" version features the now obligatory "Jellybean" remix (yawn).

WEIGHT WATCHERS



Suddenly a beaming blond stranger arrives. "Hi, Amanda! Gregory's the name, shopping's the game! Ha ha — just my little joke, you understand. But guess what? You, Amanda, have won your weight in records in a v. incredible contest organised by **Smash Hits** and the Virgin Megastore!

One Day In The Record Emporium... Smash Hits reader Amanda White flicks through the racks and asks the age-old record buyers' question: "Shall I get Prince or Howard Jones..."



Onto the scales. Amanda weighs in at a tidy 110lbs — just under 8 stone — which equals 230 LPs, worth a staggering £1,020!! Amanda's choice includes: 2 King LPs and 6 Dead Or Alive (for mates at school), Led Zeppelin and Meat Loaf (for her dad) and assorted turntable favourites. "Not sure about this Heaven 17 album, though; looks real dodgy..."

"... Or King or Earth Wind & Fire or Dead Or Alive or Jimmy The Hoover or... Ooh, it's so difficult to decide."

● **Phil Collins** has a new single out called "One More Night".

● That's right! **Biz** says Equi Rights For Cassette Recorders! Walkmans Of The World, stand up! Sick and tired of not being able to hear the fab megasongs by your favourite groups just because you've only got one of those silly things which spin round with a needle on?

Well, at last your cries have been heeded — please welcome the 12" tape. No, silly — they're not 12" wide. And they have 1 only got 12" of tape on them, either. Anyone mathematical could work out that then they would only last 4 seconds!

In fact, they're tapes of five different 12" mixes of recent chart smashes. And there's five different selections. And the whole selection of 25 tracks includes songs by **Michael Jackson, Alison Moyet, Paul Young, Wham!, Bruce Springsteen, and The Psychedelic Furs**. Sounds utterly irresistible, eh? Can't wait to get your hands on them?

Well, by some strange twist of fate, we have ten complete sets of five tapes (each to escape from the office. The question? Who wrote the play "Twelfth Night"? a) Alexander Solzhenitsyn b) Nick Rhodes c) Russ Abbot d) William Shakespeare?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits 12 Tape Competition** 52-55 Canaby Street, London W1V 1RF. First ten correct answers out of the bag on April 24 win a set of tapes

● Alter "Solid", **Ashford & Simpson**, that all-singing, all-dancing husband and wife duo release... "Baboo". Like hey wow, crazee, what an amazing concept and all that.

Fact fan special! The per wrote the Diana Ross classics "An't No Mountain High Enough" and "Reach Out And Touch Somebody's Hand".

● **Stewart Copeland's** just a bit peeved about the way everyone's talking about his new record. "Kateja" it should be called "a project", not "a solo project", he insists. He admits that it's hardly surprising that people think of him first and foremost as millionaire drummer with The Police — but the group have done nothing since the "Synchronicity" album and tour, and their future plans are vague to say the least.

"We were all turning into stuffed pillows," explains Stewart in his own peculiar way. So is this the end of The Police? "Well, we've got no plans at the moment, and we might not get back together at all," he reveals ominously. (Though he does whisper as a confidence afterthought: "between Biz and me, I think we will.")

Meanwhile, he's more than keeping himself busy. "Kateja", a version of "a traditional Zairean folk song", is the result of a collaboration with Ray Lema, an African musician who travels round Zaire "collecting" different types of music. It comes from the as yet uncompleted soundtrack to a film, *The Rhythmists*, that Stewart's been making.

"It's set in Africa," he explains, "shot as if I'm the first white man to have been there. It's a sort of documentary but heavily artistic. It outlines my theories of Rhythmism."

That's right. The study of patterns of life together — night and day, the seasons, social and political changes. It was inspired by my curiosity that I'm so richly rewarded by society by banging things in rhythm.

Oh, we see. Obvious when you know, isn't it? Apart from this film, Stewart's considering acting offers, has composed an orchestral score for a ballet version of *King Lear* ("my mum refers to me as a real musician now") and is working on a soundtrack album for the latest from Lucas Films (makers of *Star Wars* and *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*) — "really refreshing after all this highbrow eclectic stuff".

Doesn't he feel tempted to take six months off? "No way," he answers forcefully in his American drawl. "I've no temptation at all to put my feet up — I enjoy making music more than anything. I might take two days off now and then, but six months? You might as well put me in jail."



Ray Lema and Stewart Copeland

● Daaring! Hrr! How are you? My god, we haven't touched base for simply ages. Looking well? Yes, I suppose I am. But daaring, I've got to let you into a secret... it's all down to my new discovery my new make-up kit.

To keep it all prim and proper I hide everything away in my simply gorgeous **Strawberry Switchblade** cosmetics bag – all done out in powder pink. You'd never believe how useful it is. But the real secret is my compact – not only is it shocking pink, but inside it reveals a magnifying mirror with a picture of my hero **Divine**. Shneek!

And you know what, I'm feeling so generous I'm going to give away six of each. Now... All my little cats and kittens, you need to do is answer one teeny question. What is the name of Divine's new film? a) Heaven Car Wat b) Is That Mark Ellen Wearing His Wife's Clothes Again? c) Lust In The Dust d) Desperately Seeking Susan?

Answers on a postcard or back of one of those envelope things to **Smash Hits Make-up Kit Competition**, 32-35 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. Have them in by Apr 24 or it'll end in tears. First six out of the pink bin on that very day get a compact and bag.

FAN CLUBS

Bruce Springsteen
PO Box 319
Reading
Berkshire

Nik Kershaw
PO Box 46
London NW7 2AS

Madonna
Winterland
Jo Edwards
Suite 900
150 Regent Street
London W1

● **Legendary "Godfather Of Soul" James Brown**, who has been making records since the 1950s, brings his 12 strong band to England for the first time in three years. But "due to the regrettable state of the pound against the dollar" (1), he's only playing two concerts, both in London. See Dates

THE TUM TUM CLUB



Fat Boys (left to right): Darren "The Human Beat Box" Robinson, Damon "Kool Rock-ski" Wimley and Mark "Prince Marky D" Morais.

● "People have gotten too hung up about being fat. We're fat but we can play football and basketball. We're good solid fat though, not broo broo – you know sloppy fat," boasts Darren "The Human Beat Box" Robinson, spokesman for hippest hip-hopppers around, **The Fat Boys**. Weighing in at a combined total of 812lbs, they make the Weather Girls seem waif-like in comparison!

To keep their physiques in shape, the trio rely on an intensive training programme which involves daily visits to Burger King, Kentucky Fried Chicken and Pizza Hut. Indeed, the boys were out stuffing themselves at an eating establishment when *Bitz* spoke to them.

"We used to be called The Disco 3, but last year when we were in Europe having breakfast, we ordered three helpings each. So the next morning the waiter said 'Here come those fat boys again'."

The flabby threesome grew up together in New York's Bronx where they began rapping together; but it was the unique "Human Beat Box" that won them first prize in a rap competition held at the famous Radio City Music Hall.

The talents of Darren are difficult to convey on paper... his manic mimic of a DMX drum machine is quite simply outrageous. Listen to their hilarious "Jailhouse Rap" for conclusive proof. It's a sad story of three fatties who eat more than they can afford and consequently wind up behind bars.

So is being overweight an advantage in the Rap world? "Sure, you need a lot of air to do the Human Beat Box. There's a lot of guys doing it now but I'm the original. I was the first."

Does your size put the girls off? "No way man. We got girls all over the place. We're sex symbols in the States. The girls love our bodies!"

Before you go, could you demonstrate the Human Beat Box for *Bitz*? "Er yeah, sure" (pause for deep breath) "PSSH UH UHH, PSSH UH UH UH, THRUUPPP PAH PAH, OAAH OOOOAH..."

BIG DADDY: THE TERRIBLE TRUTH



Big Daddy and his mob

● "Dancing In The Dark", "Purple Rain", "Blie Jean – just three of the modern day pop 'classics' that US singing combo **Big Daddy** have chosen to revamp in old-fashioned '50s style. Why? Who are Big Daddy and what is their message? Readers of a glibbie nature should turn the page quick for the story that follows is truly, erm, unbelievable.

It was in 1959 that Big Daddy, a vocal troupe from Los Angeles on the verge of the "big time", embarked on a tour of South East Asia to entertain American troops. Lacking a band, the group got lost in the jungle, were captured by Laotian revolutionaries and were never heard of again. Until 1983, that is, when C.I.A. agents disguised as aliens from outer space broke into the prison camp where the band were being held and freed Big Daddy!

Back in the States, the men who'd been missing for a quarter of a century resumed their career, performing contemporary hits in the only style they knew – vintage '50s style. And – most unbelievable of all – they're actually successful. So, Big Daddy, says *Bitz*, tell us about your missing years in the jungle.

"Well," says singer/producer Bob Wayne, "they put us in a deep freeze and fed us on rice. But the C.I.A. poured vats of sour cream over our heads and told us not to talk about our Asian experiences any more."

"The C.I.A. have invented this alternative story for us," explains their Daddy singer Marty Kanter. "They want us to say that we're just a regular band from L.A. who started out playing pizza restaurants in 1973. Isn't that preposterous!"

Was it difficult for Big Daddy to adjust to the '80s? "Yeah, it was a big cultural shock," says Bob. "Reagan was a shock. When we left in '59, he was a bad actor. When we came back he was still a bad actor but he'd got a much bigger part. But the biggest shock was music. We thought something was wrong with the radio – all the songs sounded like machines. We later discovered this was something called 'techno pop'."

"When we returned, our sound hadn't evolved and listening to the radio, we soon realised we didn't want it to evolve. So we do Top 40 stuff like we used to but it doesn't sound contemporary. We're not the Eurythmics."

"The best thing about being Big Daddy," concludes Marty, "is we get the best singers – Prince, Springsteen – to try out songs for us first. Also we've all bought telephone answering machines. Man, what a great invention."



Remember **Bauhaus**, the musical equivalent of a graveyard? Well, they've returned, sort of. Singer **Pete Murphy** is still pouting away in **Dali's Car** but the rest of them have got together to do a cover version of the Temptations' song 'Ball Of Confusion'. The "project" is called **Love And Rockets** and you can bet it'll be well gothic.



Sheila E

IS SHE QUACKERS?

Unlike most of Prince's billions of proteges, **Sheila E** would have probably made it even without the helping hand of His Awesome Purplepiss. Forget all that ingerie - this woman has talent. On the first night of the "Purple Rain" tour in Detroit, Sheila E (stands for Escovedo) enlivened an otherwise pretty dull show with her singing, prancing and blazing percussion work. And at the Grammy Awards, she managed to distract attention from the fact that Prince had fallen over and whacked himself in the teeth with his microphone by rattling her timbales like billy-oh!

Yes sirree! His Majesty's Ghostliness owes Sheila a favour or two; but as he's probably a bit busy at the moment, Bizt will do it for him by paying tribute to Ms E in the only way we know how - by printing a number of intriguing facts about this astonishing woman.

- Her favourite dish is barbecued swordfish
- She spends a great deal of time in the bath, writing songs and playing with her yellow rubber duck.
- She even watches TV in the bath
- She is quite good at roller skating
- She is "terrified of becoming like Michael Jackson"
- She played congas in her father's band when she was five years old. So now you know

● In the wake of **And Suddenly There Came A Bang**, the controversial **Frankie** booklet, those very kind ZTT people have decided to give the world books on their other proteges **the Art Of**

Noise and **Anne Pigalle**. *Daft As A... will "explain, in one way or another, The Art Of Noise"* and be published late '85. *Why Does It Have To Be This Way?* will do the same for Anne Pigalle sometime in

1986. The second **Art Of Noise LP**, meanwhile, will simply be called "Daft". That'll be out in the summer time - if they "get it together" by then.



Annie Whitehead

● **Alien Style** is the first singer/jazzier **Annie Whitehead** who sings and plays the bebop. In the past she's worked with the **Funk Boy Three**, **The Style Council**, **Elvis Costello** and **Working Week**, and she can be heard on the **Starvation** record.

Astonishing Fact: At the age of 16 she became a full-time member of **The Ivy Benson Band**, the legendary all-women's dance and cabaret orchestra that made its name in the Second World War.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

- **Stuart Adamson** of **Big Country** (27) on April 11
- **David Cassidy** (35) on April 12
- **Will Sergeant** of **Echo & The Bunnymen** (27) on April 12
- **Herbie Hancock** (45) on April 12
- **Ritchie Blackmore** of **Deep Purple** (40) on April 14
- **Marty Wilde** (46) on April 15
- **Shirley Holliman** of **Wham!** (23) on April 16
- **Jimmy Osmond** (22) on April 16
- **Les Pattinson** of **Echo & The Bunnymen** (27) on April 18
- **Robert Smith** of **The Cure** (26) on April 21
- **Iggy Pop** (35) on April 21
- **Queen Elizabeth II** of **The Royal Family** (59) on April 21

● **The Toy Dolls** have released a follow-up single to "Nellie The Elephant". It's called "She Goes To Finos" and a "friend" of the band describes it as "not too bad, actually".

● **The Simple Minds** single "Don't You (Forget About Me)", is to be released after all! From "one of the current hottest box office attractions in the States", *The Breakfast Club*, the song was to be released to be in with the UK

premier of the film later this year. However, import copies have been selling for as much as £11 so it's now been released. The lads are currently writing songs for their new LP to be recorded in May and released in late summer.



David Cassidy

● "Must we throw this filth at our pop kids?!" fumes **Bizt** on learning of **Matchbox Toys** intention of introducing this **Boy George** rag doll to the innocent and unsuspecting juvenile market.

The news that the spooky-looking figure will soon be sitting upon shelves in neighbourhood toyshops throughout the nation has left the entire music industry stunned, gasping and reeling. "Ooh, isn't it ugly?" **Bizt** heard a high-ranking pop industry tea lady remark the other day while others have taken one look at the gruesome dolly and wheezed:

"Why? For God's sake, why?" before passing out in horror. Why indeed? A good question - but by no means a novel one. For throughout history, toy manufacturers have exhibited a disturbing leaning towards turning popular singers into unspeakable dollies and gonks. Are such manufacturers involved in some ghastly voodoo plot? Or is it something altogether more sinister? In the public interest, **Bizt** has assembled pictorial evidence from the archives, and again asks **WHY?** (Warning: some of these pictures may be disturbing to almost anyone).



1. Paul McCartney bubble bath dispenser from the '60s



2. Donny and Marie Osmond marionettes from the '70s



3. Elvis Presley figure from 1977



4. Michael Jackson doll in his "Grammy Outfit With Magic Glove"



5. Boy George Rag Doll



6. John Taylor statuette (are you absolutely sure about this? - Ed.)

LOOK MAMA

Howard Jones



HIS NEW SINGLE
ON 7" AND EXTENDED MIX 12"

WEMBLEY
16TH APRIL (SOLD OUT)
17TH APRIL

WBAI DISTRIBUTED BY RED RECORDS LTD. A WEA COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY

R & M E S

E P S A N

Nik Kershaw has bought himself a Bullworker. He says it's because it's good to the point where he just doesn't feel fit enough to cope with the amount of work he's got on his plate nowadays, so he does six simple exercises with it every morning. But then maybe it's so he can work himself up to throttling those journalists who always go on about what a wimpy, ordinary guy he is.

He finds the suggestion quite amusing. "Yeah, that's what it's supposed to be good for. Kicking the sand back in their faces!"

"Any faces in particular that you'd like to kick sand in?"

"Um... Well, there are one or two, but no names," he laughs. "There's plenty of idiot journalists I'd like to have a go at, but what's the point? That's just playing them at their own game."

The last eighteen months have been non-stop. He's just back from a tour in Germany and now there's "Wide Boy" to be promoted, so he's sitting around in yet another dressing room, waiting 'til it's his turn to go on. From the next-door room, where his band The Krew are waiting, come the sounds of general misbehaviour, and his wife Shen is hanging around observing the afternoon's proceedings with the patience of a saint.

"The funny thing about 'Wide Boy' is that it's something he wrote five years ago, about what he thought the corrupt world of pop would be like."

"I had a very snobbish attitude then. It was my sly little dig at what I thought pop stars were, but now it's become something totally different. It's more like a warning to myself because now I know what the pressures are to make it like that, because everything around you is geared to make you feel as important and special as possible."

"I'm lucky, because everyone around me is down-to-earth. And of course Sheri gives me a good kick if I overstep the mark."

Have you met many of these Wide Boys?

"Well, I've been very fortunate. I don't attract many boozies. No, it's quite disappointing. I was looking forward to meeting one or two of them."

"Shooting the video for the single was a mammoth task, especially for someone who hates doing videos as much as Nik does — four days of make up and costume changes so Nik could play the three Wide Boys in it. I was particularly taken by his hippie get up, long hair, meditation and goopy teeth."

"It's a total anti-image video, which is quite apt for the type of song it is. It could have come well unstuck — I could have looked a complete prat. Well," he reconsiders this, "I did look a complete prat. In fact those teeth were made out of the

Nik and his wife Sheri have had it pretty tough over the last year. On the one hand Nik was getting insulted in the press for being "a wimpy, ordinary guy". On the other, his record company were telling him to take his wedding ring off and trying to pretend that his wife didn't exist. "You feel like kicking the sand back in their faces," he tells William Shaw.

top of a polystyrene cup — a last minute joke I thought up at the end of the day. It's quite fun dressing up."

Shades of Nik's dark past perhaps? When still at school, Nik used to play in a band called Half Pint Hog, playing old Deep Purple songs. Would he get embarrassed if someone dug up an old video of them and showed it on television?

"That would be quite funny, but luckily there aren't any," he grins. "Smash Hits did print a picture of that very band, which could have been acutely embarrassing, but everyone's got their past. There are much worse photographs than that. I can tell you, but you're sure as hell not getting your hands on those!"

"You can't deny it though. You can't say 'It wasn't me there with my hair down to here and my teeth missing and my tie-dyed shirt and the horrendous flares.' It was me."

But you're alright now. Flares are back in this year.

"I don't think I'll be wearing flares again, he grins again, "no matter what anyone says. There's pictures of me as a skinned head, but then everyone has their moments."

His wife Shen is blonde, pretty and about the same height as Nik. The Kershaws are still trying to get the new house that they bought at the end of last year furnished and decorated — that's if they get the time. At the moment the heating's up the spout and the place is freezing.

Shen goes almost everywhere with Nik, following the group round on tour, getting perplexed by the fact that interviewees seem to be interested in the colour of her husband's socks, getting irate when the record company give him just three and a half weeks to write the songs for his last LP 'The Riddle'.

And, like Nik says, giving him a good kick when he's getting too big-headed and needs to be brought down to earth. Is that true?

"Well, he only goes overboard very rarely."

So what do you do if he does? "If he's doing anything which I think is too much, I tell him."

Does this sort of lifestyle put a strain on your marriage?

"No. Not at all. It's different for me because I'm a musician too, and I know what the life's like. I think it must be very hard for wives if you're

stuck at home with the kids... it must be unbelievably difficult."

Were all those stories about the record company wanting to pretend Nik wasn't married at all true?

"Oh yes," she answers, still amazed at it. "They did actually tell him to take his wedding ring off, and they tried to pretend I didn't exist. They'd make up stories for me like 'You can't come to Top Of The Pops because there aren't any tickets.' We soon put a stop to that."

And Nik wasn't too impressed with that phase of his career either.

"I don't blame them. They get paranoid. They're trying to push a new artist and he's under 50! That's what happened, and I wasn't aware enough of what was going on to put a stop to it. Obviously things like taking the wedding ring off were so stupid I didn't do it. They don't worry about it any more."

For that matter, he doesn't have much time for the image he was given then either — all those glamour shots everywhere.

"You don't have to be amazingly good-looking to do it. You can do amazing things with mirrors. So it's important you don't try and take the credit for it. It's not you they're screaming at, it's something you represent."

Whatever it is that they're screaming at, it's a bit of a handful for Barry, Nik's minder, who just an hour or so before was talking me of the dubious joys of having to keep the stage clear by removing fans gently but firmly under his arm with as little fuss as possible. Though, he says, there was the time he discovered that he'd dragged a bemused Nik Kershaw off with him towards the wings because that particular girl had simply refused to let go of him.

But Nik does seem pretty level-headed about it, not on another planet like Prince.

"To be fair to Prince," says Nik, "I don't even know what he's like. I only know what his publicity makes him out to be. He probably goes back stage, lights up a cigar and laughs all over his face. It certainly worked well when we saw him at the BPI Awards."

Does bad press ever get to you now?

"I took it really personally at first, but now I think 'what the hell! But some of it's been really petty. It's a shame that some people are so bigoted that they can't see there's something to listen to as well.'"

We'll get a second opinion on that. Sheri, as a singer, what do you think of Nik's voice?

"I think he could do with a bit of extra training, but I think he's got a very good voice. The only thing is that if he's very tired he does go out of tune a little."

Sheri Kershaw (pictured below with Nik): "The record company did actually tell him to take his wedding ring off, and they tried to pretend I didn't exist. They made up stories for me like 'You can't come to Top Of The Pops because there aren't any tickets!'"



JOHN PEARCE/REDFERNS



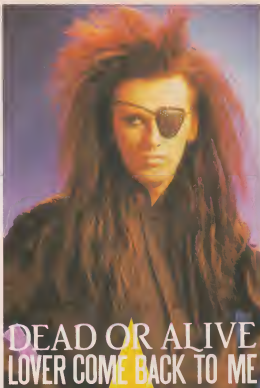
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swatch 

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DEAD OR ALIVE LOVER COME BACK TO ME

I been lying here so lonely
I been wishing you would telephone me
Oh I just can't lose this desperation
Won't you bring around a new sensation

Baby you've got lots of energy yeah
Gonna give that energy to me yeah
Say we could have a real good time yeah
Baby I can make you mine oh mine yeah
Oh yeah oh yeah

Chorus
Lover come back to me
You don't have to knock on the door now
Lover come back to me
Kick it right down kick it right down
Kick it right down right down

Baby all I feel is desperation
And it's not a very nice sensation
I been wishing you would telephone me
I been lying here oh oh so lonely

Baby we could have a real good time yeah
Baby I could make you mine oh mine yeah
Baby you got lots of energy yeah
Baby give that energy to me
Oh yeah oh yeah

Repeat chorus twice

I hear knocking won't you come on in
I hear knocking don't know where you've been
I hear knocking won't you come on in
I hear knocking don't know where you've been

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music Dead Or Alive
Reproduced by permission Chappell Music Ltd
On Epic Records

DAVID GRANT AND JAKI GRAHAM

could it be i'm falling in love

Since I met you I've begun to feel so strange
Every time I speak your name (that's funny)
You say that you are so helpless too
That you don't know what to do

Each night I pray there will never come a day
When you up and take your love away
Say you feel the same way too
And I wonder what it is I feel for you

Could it be I'm falling in love with you baby
Could it be I'm falling in love
Could it be I'm falling in love
With you with you with you

I don't need all these things
That used to bring me joy
You made me such a happy boy
And honey you'll always be
The only one for me
Meeting you was my destiny
You can be sure I will never let you down
When you need me I will be around
And darling you'll always be the only one for me
Heaven made you specially

Could it be I'm falling in love with you baby
Could it be I'm falling in love
Won't you tell me
Could it be I'm falling in love
With you with you with you

You can be sure I will never let you down
When you need me I will be around
And darling you'll always be the one for me
Heaven made you specially

Could it be I'm falling in love
Could it be I'm falling in love
Could it be I'm falling in love
Could it be I'm falling in love with you baby
Could it be I'm falling in love
I mean I love you baby
Could it be I'm falling in love
With you with you with you

Ad lib to fade

Words and music Steals & Steals
Reproduced by permission Mighty Three Music
On Chrysalis Records



It's raining, you can't afford a new TV license and there hasn't been a concert round your way since 1982 (and even that was *The Flying Pickets*). But, relax – help is at hand. *Smash Hits Leisure Pursuits* (an offshoot of *Fun Unlimited*) have come up with a solution.

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PRIZE QUIZ

QUESTION 1

● From where did the following groups get their names?

- A. Heaven 17:**
 a) A Polish science fiction film
 b) The book *A Clockwork Orange*
 c) A Canadian brand of perfume
 d) The name of the torture room in the book *1984*
B. Duran Duran:
 a) A recording studio in Birmingham
 b) An anagram of 'Around Around' with the 'O's mysteriously missing
 c) A character in the '80s sci-fi spoof movie *Beverly Hills Cop*
 d) A shady character in the Belgian cartoon adventure series *Tin Tin*
C. Depeche Mode:
 a) An angling manual called *1001 Super Things To Do With Ground Bait*
 b) The title of a French fashion magazine
 c) A mid-60's movement dedicated to riding scooters and following groups like *The Who*
 d) An exotic dessert made of nougat, marzipan and peach juice
D. Frankie Goes To Hollywood:
 a) A headline in the American magazine *Variety* referring to Frank Sinatra
 b) A line uttered by Frankie Howard in the film *Up Pompeii*
 c) A Liverpool slang expression for 'going to the lav'
 d) A '40s film starring Ronald Reagan as a man with no legs who falls in love with a chimpanzee
E. Toto:
 a) A Sioux Indian religious festival
 b) An American make of lawnmower
 c) A Californian slang term meaning 'extremely brilliant'
 d) Dorothy's pet dog in *The Wizard Of Oz*

QUESTION 2

● All these people are members of famous groups. Name the groups.



A.



B.



C.



D.



E.



F.

QUESTION 4

● What were their former occupations? Select the correct answer:

- A. Martin Gore of Depeche Mode** was once
 a) A bank clerk
 b) A computer programmer
 c) A trawler fish farmer
B. Bob Geldof was once
 a) A pest control officer
 b) A marriage guidance counsellor
 c) A pop journalist
C. Fish of Marillion was once
 a) A rent collector
 b) A woodchopper
 c) A shop assistant at *Master Byrte*
D. Rod Stewart was once
 a) an advertising salesman
 b) a gravedigger
 c) a barber
E. Glenn Gregory of Heaven 17 was once
 a) A librarian
 b) A photographer
 c) A professional table tennis player

QUESTION 3

● Quotes of 1985 (so far). Match the following pearls of wisdom with the people who said them.

- A.** "Band Aid is the undrussable, I'm afraid."
B. "I have cucumber sandwiches without the crusts; I drink Earl Grey tea with my little finger sticking out. I'd like to do something a little less harrowing, like run an antique shop."
C. "I could drop down dead tomorrow and I could count the people who would care on one hand."
D. "I suppose I'm more normal than most pop stars."
E. "People say I sound like a doomy miserable turd but it's just because that's the kind of voice I've got. It's like saying Frank Sinatra sounds like Frank Sinatra."
F. "I'm not into those films where somebody goes around chopping everybody's legs and arms off. They get a bit tedious. I like more mental horror."
G. "I'll have a bottle of Matse and four cocacolas – NOW! I hate art. It's shite."
H. "Wham! seem to be quite enterprising youngsters. Boy George, on the other hand, seems to be a rather confused young man – but then aren't we all these days, dear?"
I. (to John Taylor) "I thought I recognised you. I just never realised quite how tall and handsome you were."



QUESTION 5

● This "well pervy" mutant pop star has been assembled from eight different bodies. Name the celebrated pop persons to which the assorted parts of the anatomy belong.

A. Hair

B. Eyes and nose

C. Mouth and ear

E. Jacket and right arm

D. Body and left arm

F. Mini-skirt and handcuffs

G. Right leg and boot

H. Left leg and boot

QUESTION 6

● Match the babies to their famous parent(s):

- A. Scarlett
B. Fil: Traxbelle
C. Ots
D. Haley
E. James Patrick
F. Jade

- a) Bryan Ferry
b) Kirsty MacColl
c) Supps & Bette Bright
d) Bob Geldof & Paula Yates
e) Mick Jagger
f) Pat Benatar

QUESTION 7

● True or false?

- A. David Bowie is 41
B. Stephen Tinton Duffy was once asked to join the Sex Pistols
C. Siouxsie Sioux's real name is Susan Ballion
D. David Coverdale used to be the lead singer in Deep Purple
E. Madonna once starred in a rather dodgy film called *A Certain Sacrifice*
F. Andrew Ridgeley once played *The Artful Dodger* in a London production of *Oliver*

QUESTION 8

● From which mind-bending pop hits are the following lyrics taken?

- A. Oh, to be in England... with my love...
B. She gave me laughter and hope and a sock in the eye
C. Go with them torch them a search the interior But whatever them looking for me taking place superior
D. Don't be so circumscribed are you gonna do it
E. From a circus ring to a band of gold Sometimes safely nets swing sometimes
F. Young bones grown and the rocks below Say throw your skinny body down son

THE BIG QUIZ COUPON

Tricky, isn't it? Well, only two people in our entire office got the whole thing right (and one of them cheated). If you fancy having a go, fill in the answers – really, seriously! – snip out the coupon and send it to **The Big Quiz, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to arrive no later than April 25. Oh, and don't forget your name and address for gawd's sake. First completely right answer – or, if no one gets it right, the nearest attempt – out of the sack on that date gets the Top 20 British LPs that week. The next 10 get a £10 record token each.

QUESTION 1

● Write the correct letter (a, b, c or d) in the box provided.

A. B. C. D. E. **QUESTION 6**

● Write the correct letter in the box provided.

A. B. C. D. E. F. **QUESTION 2**

● Write the name of the group in the box provided.

A. _____
B. _____
C. _____
D. _____
E. _____
F. _____

QUESTION 7

● Write 'TRUE' or 'FALSE' in the box provided.

A. _____
B. _____
C. _____
D. _____
E. _____
F. _____

QUESTION 3

● Write the correct number in the box provided.

A. B. C. D. E.
F. G. H. I.

QUESTION 8

● Write the name of the song in the box provided.

A. _____
B. _____
C. _____
D. _____
E. _____
F. _____

QUESTION 4

● Write the correct letter in the box provided.

A. B. C. D. E. **QUESTION 5**

● Write the person's name in the box provided.

A. _____
B. _____
C. _____
D. _____
E. _____
F. _____
G. _____
H. _____

NAME:**AGE:****ADDRESS:**

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"GOOD EVENING THIS IS THE INTERGALACTIC OPERATOR, CAN I HELP YOU?"
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"VERY WELL, HOLD ON PLEASE... YOU'RE THROUGH"
"THANK YOU OPERATOR"

OH DARLING NOW YA DOING MEY BABY WERE YOU SLEEPING
OH I'M SORRY BUT I'VE BEEN REALLY MISDING YOU
OH DARLING NOW'S THE WEATHER SAY BABY IS THAT COULD BETTER NOW
OH I'M SORRY IS THERE SOMEONE THERE WITH YOU

OH SINCE YOU WENT AWAY THERE'S NOTHING GOING RIGHT
I JUST CAN'T SLEEP ALONE AT NIGHT
I'M NOT ASHAMED TO SAY I BADLY NEED A FRIEND OR IT'S THE END

CHORUS
NOW WHEN I LOOK AT THE CLOUDS ACROSS THE MOON
HERE IN THE NIGHT I JUST NOPE AND PRAY THAT SOON
OH BABY YOU'LL HURRY HOME TO ME

OH DARLING THE KIDS SAY THEY LOVE YOU
MEY BABY IS EVERYTHING FINE WITH YOU
PLEASE FORGIVE ME BUT I'M TRYING NOT TO CRY

OH I'VE HAD A MILLION DIFFERENT OFFERS ON THE 'PHONE
BUT I JUST STAY RIGHT HERE AT HOME
I DON'T THINK THAT I CAN TAKE IT ANYMORE THIS CRAZY WAR

NOW WHEN I LOOK AT THE CLOUDS ACROSS THE MOON
HERE IN THE NIGHT I JUST NOPE AND PRAY THAT SOON
OH DARLING YOU'LL HURRY HOME TO ME

"I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR CONVERSATION BUT WE ARE EXPERIENCING VIOLENT
STORM CONDITIONS IN THE ASTEROID BELT AT THIS TIME WE MAY LOSE THIS VALUABLE
DEEP-SPACE COMMUNICATION LINK, PLEASE BE AS BRIEF AS POSSIBLE, THANK YOU."

OH SINCE YOU WENT AWAY THERE'S NOTHING GOING RIGHT
I JUST CAN'T SLEEP ALONE AT NIGHT
I'M NOT ASHAMED TO SAY
I BADLY NEED A FRIEND OR IT'S... IT'S... ..

"HELLO... HELLO... OPERATOR?"
"YES I SEEM TO HAVE LOST THE CONNECTION"
"COULD YOU TRY AGAIN PLEASE?"
"I'M SORRY BUT I'M AFRAID WE HAVE LOST CONTACT
WITH MARS 247 AT THIS TIME"
"OH WELL THANK YOU VERY MUCH
I'LL TRY AGAIN NEXT YEAR... NEXT YEAR NEXT YEAR..."

REPEAT CHORUS

"THIS IS THE INTERGALACTIC OPERATOR... THIS IS THE INTERGALACTIC OPERATOR..."

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Billy Bragg loves telling stories. "I was doing this gig in Sheffield the other night," he begins in his gruff, non-stop voice, "and, when I got there, there was this big sign out front saying BILLY BRAGG SOLD OUT." He laughs. "So I went up and wrote underneath it 'No I haven't!'"

And he laughs some more. But he also realises that the tale does have a more serious side. According to some of those who've always admired Billy's socialist anthems, bitter love songs and principled stands against the vices of the record industry, Billy has indeed 'sold out'. And maybe they've got a point for, at this very moment. Billy and I are being driven slowly through the Wednesday afternoon London traffic to the *Top Of The Pops* studio; and, at the same time, Billy's EP, "Between The Wars", is rocketing up the charts.

Is this really still the same Billy Bragg who made his name logging his guitar and amplifier round the country playing to anyone who'd listen, who played benefits for every cause from CND and The Labour Party to The Miners, and who said he wasn't interested in releasing singles? Isn't he just going the way of all those other pop stars who kept on saying noble things for just as long as it took them to pay for the deposit on the first yacht?

Billy seems well armed against such accusations.

BILLY BRAGG HAS TALKED

"We recorded the four tracks on the EP during the Miners' Strike, and I thought that if I waited until the next LP they'd be out of context. So I decided to swallow my fears and go for it. Putting out just an LP every year is probably the safest thing I could possibly do; and if making records is going to remain interesting it has to remain a challenge.

"As for *Top Of The Pops* – what difference does it make if you're on *Top Of The Pops*? So it

"I'm a social realist, and professional ugly as well."

is the establishment pop programme – there's still nothing to be achieved by not playing on it. I don't imagine that if I play *Between The Wars* the country will come to a standstill and socialism will spontaneously break out everywhere. But it does give me an opportunity to play to an audience which doesn't go to Billy Bragg gigs. What did The Clash gain by not playing on *Top Of The Pops*? A generation grew up to love Spandau Ballet."

There's some truth in Billy's confused claim that he's not really like the other people in the Top 20. For one thing he's not as famous – when we pass the Nik Kershaw fans camped

"What do you want to know?" he asks, slightly exasperated by his own noisiness. "How many times I have it off a week? Who with? What position?"

I tentatively try again. Well, I mumble, people might well be interested if you, um, ever, um, go out with anybody...

"Why don't you tell them that I'm happily married with three kids?" he snaps back. Because no-one will believe you.

"No," he agrees with a smile. "Pity, isn't it?"

We adjourn to the BBC canteen. "Best in the world," splutters Billy, wolfing down his prawn quiche, pilchards, apple and celery, potato salad and buttered bread (70p in all). As he munches away, I ask him whether he's ever had the idea of becoming a pop pin-up.

"Met," he replies. "I don't think I've got that sort of appeal. I don't see why people should want to look at me – I'm a bit boring. And I'll always spit in the face of hero worship – I've even stopped putting kisses on autographs."

Still, he admits that he's already on some people's walls ("It's just another way of people

"Makes you cry, doesn't it?"

"Can you do anything for me?" Billy asks the BBC make-up lady in a deeply serious voice. "I'm afraid not," she answers gravely, playing him along. "Plastic surgery takes much longer.

Beaten at his own game, he lets her get on with it while she smoothes his spots with a liberal dose of foundation.

Further down the row Mike Read and Steve Wright are chatting away while they have their faces and arms done.

"Do you have a base?" enquires the lady leaning over Mike Read politely.

"No – I just play rhythm," he replies. No-one laughs.

"Are you live or are you miming tonight, lads?" shouts Billy cheekily over to them.

"Oh, We're live," replies Mike Read.

"Got your guitar then?" responds Billy.

"Funnny you should say that..." starts Read but Steve Wright quickly interrupts.

"Oh noooooo! Don't start him off! Please!" Meanwhile Billy and his make-up lady have discovered that they both come from Barking.

"You didn't go to Park Modern, did you?" inquires Billy.

"Yes!"

"So did I!"

"Really? You must remember my brother

BILLY BRAGG HE SAID HE'D NEVER RELEASE A SINGLE – BUT HE HAS DONE. ONE MINE HE'S PLAYING CONCERTS FOR THE MINORS – THE NEXT HE'S ON TOP OF THE POPS. CHRIS HEATH ASKS A FEW REALLY NOSEY QUESTIONS, INCLUDING... HIS MAMMY OLD?

outside the BBC not one of them bats an eyelid. But also his records are a bit different too. To start with there's not a syndrome, a Fatlight or an 80 piece orchestra in sight, usually just him and his guitar, and there are no 12's, discoses, videos or anything else to attract consumers. "I'd rather just say here's the record. It's £1.25, 4 tracks. Take it or leave it."

He in fact makes sure that all his records are cheap and have the prices printed on the cover – his first LP *Life's A Riot With Spy vs Spy* is £2.99 and his second, *Breast Up With...* is £3.99. "It just reflects the amount of money we

saying they agree with you"). But then even he used to sit *chez Bragg* when he was younger staring up at the Marx Brothers, a Rolling Stones album cover and a rather obscene poster of Noddy Holder from Slade. These days though he just has two small photos – for political inspiration Karl Marx and for musical inspiration Chuck Berry.

The conversation turns to "Between The Wars", a chilling comment on life in Britain today. "My manager bought me a CND badge to wear on stage today," says Billy. "But I refused it because I think the song covers it all

David."

"Um. Well, I remember a David."

"And Philip Morgan?"

"Yeah! He's a policeman, isn't he?"

And so on. I eavesdrop until Billy says "make that fella up! He's from *Smash Hits*." Sensing it's time for me to take my leave, I dodge the make-up sponges and powder brushes and flee into the studio. Once they've finished his face and combed his hair, Billy follows. After messing his hair up again – "I'm a social realist, and professionally ugly as well," he explains – he jumps on the stage.

Slotted inbetween the chart "breakers" and the "Pie Jesu" video, his fortuitously slow version of "Between The Wars" stuns the audience into an appreciative silence. Finished, he pucks up his gear, signs the odd autograph, shouts "put ten pence in the gas meter" when Loose Ends' backing track grinds to a halt and then slips out of the studio.

spend recording them," he admits. Nevertheless he must still be making a fair packet himself these days.

"I do," he agrees. "I earn more than I've ever earned in my life. I haven't got any qualms about that or that my Mum's got two silver discs on her wall – it's only *flashing* money that's ostentatious. I left school to be an insurance clerk for £1,048 a year. The fact that I can now earn more than that in a single night is an achievement to be proud of."

He's going to spend some of that money on escaping from his "one-room barrack garret in Acton", which is where he spends his days when he's not on tour, "getting up at noon, buying the papers and some milk for my cornflakes, having my cornflakes and doing some reading."

Other than that he's understandably fairly guarded about his personal life.

anyway."

Well, recently, though, he's been terrified by the thought of following it up.

"You write a song like 'Between The Wars' and spend the rest of your life thinking 'God, I'll never write another song as good!' Bet now," he says, leaning towards me and lowering his voice in mock confidentiality. "I've definitely done it."

He gets up from the table and beckons me to follow. I'm dropped through the BBC's endless curving corridors until we're back in the *Top Of The Pops* studio. Bar a few technicians fiddling with wires, it's totally deserted. He picks up his guitar, switches it on, sits down on the edge of the stage and sings me a rather brilliant new song called "Days Like These". It ends with the lines "Peace, bread, work and freedom is the best you can achieve! And wearing badges is not enough in days like these."

He puts the guitar down gently and smiles.

Back in the dressing room he's greeted by a party who've just popped over from Pop Quiz. There's Andy Kershaw (Billy's former roadie, now making a name for himself on *Whistle Test*), Kirsty MacColl, who's just taken Billy to "A New England" into the Top 10, her husband Steve Lillywhite (producer of U2, Simple Minds and Big Country) and, making a rare public performance, their four-week-old baby James Patrick. "We were going to call him Billy," apologises Steve, "but we thought Billy Lillywhite sounded a bit silly."

Jamie doesn't wake up, so I'm unable to inquire first hand what he thinks of Billy's recent success. However Kirsty assures us all that "he was only saying in the car on the way what a big fan he was and how he's dying to meet Billy."

But then isn't everybody these days?

STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE



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REVIEWED BY



PETER MARTIN

PROPAGANDA: Duel (ZTT)
Last time I reviewed the singles I had to write about "The Nine Lives Of Dr Mabuse" by this new German group Propaganda; it made Single Of The Fortnight and proved to be one of the best records of last year. Now they're back, this time with the greatest song ever made. Well, maybe not ever, but it's the best today even though tomorrow I might change my mind. A "concept," "Duel" has a dark and light, happy and sad, good and evil side: side two, "Jewel," is the same song given a well mad techno-punk treatment. ZTT describe them as "Abba in Hell" – therefore "Duel" must be Abba in Heaven. Single Of The Fortnight.

THE THOMPSON TWINS: Roli Over (Arista) A bit quirky this one, about life's constant struggle and stuff like that. Lots of the usual booming percussion, intricate twiddly bits and – shock! horror! gasp! – a randy guitar solo in the middle. But the constant chanted chorus at the end wears water-tin and proves a great irritant.

PAUL HARDCASTLE: Nineteen (Chrysalis)
London's answer to Jellybean finally gets hip with this testament to the Vietnam war. Much in the same vein as hard, "socially aware" hip hop like Malcolm X's "No Sell Out" and Lydon and Bambaataa's "World Destruction", the voices of war veterans are grafted onto a tough bass and beatbox backing to great effect. Well 'ard.

TOYAH: Don't Fall In Love I Said (Portrait) Oh God! All about free spirits and freeing your soul, but with a chorus straight out of the Eurovision Song Contest. It's a shame, 'cos I sort of like Toyah: she's got to have the cheek of the devil and, beneath it all, I reckon there's a very talented person crying to get out. I just wish this person would hurry up and materialise.

U2: The Unforgettable Fire (Island) Last time I wrote about U2 I got a bit carried away and everyone thought I was a prat. I've heard this track rather a lot – the second-best on "The Unforgettable Fire" LP next to "Pride (In The Name Of Love)" – therefore I've had time to calm down. It's got a fantastically epic, almost orchestral feel to it and I'm going to stop before I embarrass myself.

LOS LOBOS: Don't Worry Baby (London) Hot on the heels of Jesus And Mary Chain for the title of This Month's Big Thing, Mexico's Los Lobos are well hip. Such accolades tend to make one somewhat suspicious, but, as with "The Chain," one's suspicions can be dampened They sound a bit like The Stray Cats, play a mean brand of Western rock'n'roll, look like they've come straight out of an episode of Bonanza – all rugged, beefy, nasty check shirts and cowie boots (what boots? – Ed.) – and sound authentic. Now't new though.



BRONSKI BEAT/MARC ALMOND: I Feel Love (Forbidden Fruit) thought this might be brilliant. It's not One of the greatest pairings ever, it just hasn't lived up to expectations. Even Marc Almond's not too keen on it, apparently, probably because it's ended up sounding just like the Bronski Beat album version with him on backing vocals. Nothing special. I prefer the Donna Summer original, but I don't suppose it'll stop the leather boys honkin' on down to it for a minute. (And what, mate, I ask, is "honkin'"? – Ed.)



THE JACKSONS: Wait (Epic) I don't really know why they bothered releasing this. It's a track off the LP "Victory" which no-one seemed to like anyway and a bit of a poxy song. Sung by one of the brothers, and although a bit of a toe-tapper, predictably it's not a patch on one of young Michael's efforts.

USA FOR AFRICA: We Are The World (CBS) Look, you've seen the video, read about it in the papers, know all about what a good cause it is and so you'll also know full well that the song itself is immaterial. To me it sounds like a Coca Cola advert, but it saves people's lives it doesn't really matter, does it?

PHIL COLLINS: One More Night (Virgin) This is Number One in America and it'll probably be Number One here. Can the man do no wrong? Luckily, like most of his solo stuff, this isn't a bit pompous, painfully clever or even 67 minutes long (like a lot of his Genesis stuff), it's just an easy, pleasing ballad that floats by quite painlessly.

HOWARD JONES: Look Mama (WEA) Sung as eggs is eggs. Howard is a very nice chap and I think it's daft the amount of people who just can't stomach him and his music: after all it is only pop music and he's doing no harm, possibly even some good. That said, I'm not madly keen on this song – a bit too Genesis for my liking and the title gets on my nerves, but apart from that it's full of the usual ultra-catchy bits and it'll sell in droves.

SIMPLE MINDS: Don't You (Forget About Me) (Virgin) In which Jim Kerr goes all Billy Idol (brooding, dreamy, erotic) and the song goes all American. Taken from the film The Breakfast Club, it highlights the "film" qualities of their music. I don't know what the film's about but it sounds like it should be set in sunny L.A. – you know, all blazing blue skies, long open roads eaten up by gleaming, flash, speeding cars full of people with healthy tans and meaningful glances. Then again, it just might be a cartoon.

JULIO IGLESIAS: The Air That I Breathe (CBS) Old Julio's like one of those awful waters you find on holiday in Spain – you know the type: really charming in a sickly way, your Mum fancies him but your Dad wouldn't trust him as far as his

could chuck him. Anyway, on the highly schlock rendition of a song that was a hit for The Hollies when I was little (and I hated it then) he's joined by The Beach Boys. Enough said.

CHAKA KHAN: Eye To Eye (WEA) Old thunder-thunder is back, this time without Mele. Mel's fat rap but with lots of nice catchy bits. Scribbles Politi ker-chang guitars, chunky slapped bass, beefy vocals and a confident, measured disco backing help to remove the bad after-taste of seeing her live. Nice one.

B.R.A.F.A.: Let's Make Africa Green Again (Island) The British Pledge Artists (Famine Appeal) record features 200 reggae artists in a very 'upful' number about the plight of Ethiopia, and what we can do to set it right. As with all the 'aid' records, all profits will be donated to charity, this time to The Save The Children Fund. In this way they "hope to help pay for the raw materials and human labour needed to make Africa green again".

DIRE STRAITS: So Far Away (Phonogram) There's something really off-putting about this slick, laid-back, sleepy, Adult-Orientated Rock business. It's all very professional and everything, and it could almost pass for Roxy Music (except for Mark Knopfler's dozy, wacky guitar and voice) but it just makes me feel about a hundred years old. Yawn.



GEORGE BENSON: Beyond The Sea (La Mer) (WEA) With its gentle, swinging, Sinatra-style big band feel, this sounds like it should be the backing for one of those Kodak adverts with all the little kids prancing round and Granny walking in with jelly and balloons, while Dad gets out the instantomatic. Then again, maybe not.

PREFAB SPROUT: When Love Breaks Down (Kitchenware) The Sprouts are very odd indeed. They look really plain and wear things like string vests, come from Newcastle, call their LP "Steve McQueen" and write brilliant songs about Mexico and love. This is acutely observed, intelligently written, quite sad but kind of, you know, uplifting, and sounds a bit like Joe Jackson on a good day. A cracker.

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PERSONAL FILE



RADIO ONE'S BRUNO BROOKES

NAME: Trevor Neil Brookes. But I'm known as Bruno Brookes
BORN: City General Hospital, Newcastle-Under-Lyme, on April 24, 1959.

ARE YOU A TYPICAL TAURUS? No, I'm more of a typical Aries. I'm very determined, dedicated, loyal, tidy and sometimes very stubborn - I like to be individual. I also enjoy chewing Blackpool rock - in fact I'm eating some now! I'm addicted to it. I believe there's something in astrology though I don't take it too seriously. But I asked my listeners what sign they were and discovered that 70% of them are Geminis, which is strange.

MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT ON AIR: At Radio Stoke, once, I met this guy who was spotting image of Barry Manilow and thought I'd have a laugh and for a week I kept announcing that I had the biggest scoop ever, a blow - in a blue Roke R Joyce, big nose, very rich - would turn up to the show. On the day 300 women had been waiting since the morning and, when they realised it wasn't the real Barry, they went absolutely spare. The reaction in the studio was flat as a pancake but it gave me loads of publicity.

PREVIOUS JOBS: I was working semi-professionally promoting discos even while I was still at school. I also worked in a car wash - it was that cold that the water used to freeze on my trousers. I got £7.50 a week. But playing records, communicating with an audience, was the only thing I ever wanted to do. Soon I had the most successful mobile disco in the Midlands and played to 5,000 kids a week.

FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: "Maggie May" by Rod Stewart. It's a brilliant record, that!
WHEN DID YOU DECIDE YOU WANTED TO BE A DJ? I used to go to a St. Andrews Youth Club, in quite a posh area. One of the guys with rich parents said we needed some disco stuff so they bought it. I was 13 - the first night I was just fascinated by the whole thing. So I bought two record players, one for £3.50 and a Danasette for £5. And I charged my mates 5p to get into my bedroom disco. My Mum went absolutely spare until she realised it meant she didn't have to give me any pocket money.

WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR MUM? I try to see her regularly - at least every three weeks. She's the most important person in my life, no question. I surprised her the other week and bought her a new car. She deserves it.

ARE YOU MARRIED? No, I have a girl who works for me and who I've known for a couple of years. She's called Anthea Turner; she's very pretty, loyal and efficient and she lives in Stoke-On-Trent.
WHAT CAR DO YOU HAVE? A Porsche 9-11. But I hate driving and I hardly ever drive it. I should get rid of it, it's a waste of money, even though they are the best cars in the world.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE? In Hampstead. A ground-floor flat with three bedrooms and two bathrooms. I've converted it - one bedroom's a study, another a dressing room, and the bedroom itself has just a bed in. I like to think that everything's in place.

HOW DID YOU GET YOUR BIG BREAK ONTO RADIO ONE? I'd done demos and tried to push myself in but I'd finally realised I wasn't good enough. So I decided first to make my Radio Stoke programme the best ever, and that's what happened. One day the phone rung and I was asked to do the Steve Wright show for a couple of weeks. I bought 26 bottles of champagne at the restaurant the evening. It was a night I'll never forget.

WHO CUTS YOUR HAIR? Daniel Gelvin - they've won all the awards for colouring and touching. A girl called Jerry does it. My average haircut costs £70 so I try to get it done as infrequently as possible.

ARE YOU FRIENDS WITH PETER POWELL? Yeah, very good friends. It's very difficult for any DJ to lose their daytime slot as Peter has (which I've taken over). But Janice, Peter and I are very close.

FAVOURITE RECORD EVER: "Do What You Got To Do" by The Four Tops. I think it sums me up. From a very early age I knew what I wanted to do.

WHAT'S THE FIRST THING YOU DO WHEN YOU GET UP IN THE MORNING? I look at my watch and realise how late I am. I'm not very good at getting up.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO NOW? I'm just about to put down the phone, go in the kitchen and remove my washing. Friday's wash day because I'm not on the air.



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LOOSE ENDS



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ALBUMS

THE FAT BOYS: The Fat Boys (WEA) The Fat Boys' previous album, *Tutor Time*, was a deliberate nod to the classic LP by The Human Beat Box—a member of the heavy-weight American trio who breathlessly imitates the noise of a coal-burn steam machine with hilarious and whirling results. Inevitably, though, this is a novelty record. The gimmicks make you giggle like a couple of kids at the mall, but that's all too familiar electro-sounding sounds overriden. Nevertheless, The Fat Boys are going to be BIG. **(6 out of 10)**

1000 MEXICANS: Dance Like Ammunition (Fire) You can't dance to this one. It's a collection of 10 songs, mostly instrumental, that sound like a bunch of people who've been drunk. The backing vocals and supporting horns are all in the wrong key, and the lead vocalists' melodic pop is a little off-kilter. Price Now... **(7 1/2 out of 10)**



WINSTON REEDY: Crossover (Dep International) The 11 tracks on this 40-minute album are as diverse as you can get. The album opens with the bluesy "I'm Not Reedy," which is followed by "I'm Not Reedy" (a reworked version of the original) and "I'm Not Reedy" (a reworked version of the original). The album is a mix of soul, funk, and jazz. **(6 out of 10)**



SLADE: Rogues Gallery (RCA) Slade's new album is a collection of 11 tracks that are as diverse as you can get. The album opens with the bluesy "I'm Not Reedy," which is followed by "I'm Not Reedy" (a reworked version of the original) and "I'm Not Reedy" (a reworked version of the original). The album is a mix of soul, funk, and jazz. **(5 1/2 out of 10)**

GU WESTI: Go West (Chrysalis) Hot on the heels of one of the best singles of the year, *The Kickstart*, is another to Hal & Oates' hastily released album designed to keep their bank manager smiling for months. Unfortunately every track sounds distinctly average and uncannily like a second rate "We Close Our Eyes." Booming drumbeats everywhere, absolutely no variation in some pretty paired vocals and a definite feeling you've heard the same song two minutes ago. Old Chinese proverb: never rush release album to cash in on single. **(4 out of 10)**

WORKING WEEK: Working Nights (Paladin) A real set piece, as they say, Working Week's first 10 tracks with strong quality soul, salsa, pure jazz and pastiches, all brewed to perfection. Their aim, to popularize jazz, has resulted in flopping and diversifying the form to make it a bit more palatable. On Side One it works wonders—lots of strong, mature songs. On Side Two it falters somewhat: pure jazz elements barging to the fore as a mass of unnecessary solos. The fact it works better when jazz elements are sipped at under the surface. Nevertheless a fine start. **(8 out of 10)**

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL: Love Not Money (blanco y negro) Last year's *Eden*, all cool jazz and bossa nova rhythms, left me a bit disappointed but this crisp, more direct guitar-based pop is much better. Anyone who thinks that Ben Watt and Tracey Thorn are basing a career on being a-faced, sulky and downright miserab should listen to these wistfully intelligent songs. They may still not have got it quite right but with tracks like "When All's Well" and "This Love is Not for Sale" they're at last getting close. **(8 out of 10)**

LOOSE ENDS: So Where Are You? (Virgin) Loose Ends have progressed a great deal since their rather timid and apologetic first LP *A Little Spire*. "So Where Are You" includes more shamelessly stinky—but acceptable—funk. **(5 out of 10)**

The smooth groove of "Hearin' On A String" and more gorgeous, jazzy, a-hm rhythms like "Silent Talking" This time, however, I do sound much more bold and confident. There's even a Davey Bowe's "Golden Years" This is an outstanding record. **(8 out of 10)**

CHINA CRISIS: Flauting The Imperfection (Virgin) I'm sorry, but I really can't and very much wrong with this. At worst it does suit uncomfortably close occasion to self-styled American brassiness produced as it is by the Walter Becker half of Steely Dan but mostly it's simply dull. The seductive melodies are gently addictive, the intriguing lyrics draw you in, the shuffling rhythms provide more backbone than before while the yearning vocals add the wrong edge of emotional impact. Easily their most consistent and stylish set yet, it proves that you don't have to batter people to hit home. **(8 1/2 out of 10)**



HELEN & THE HORNS: Helen & The Horns (Rockin' Ray Records) Helen McCookerybook armed only with her guitar and a four-piece horn section, comes on like a dancier version of Dons Day, skipping audaciously to some distant folkies, vaguely country & yee-haw material. Sadly her on-spot vocalists lack that saloon gal guttiness to convince the cowpokes that her unexpectedly cutesy songs are an essential purchase instead of some pleasant but ultimately disposable cute whimsey. The Deadwood Stage was never like this. **(5 1/2 out of 10)**

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**T-SHIRT
TOKEN**





Genesis, 1974. (The weird bloke at the front is called Peter Gabriel)



Genesis, 1976 (The weird bloke with the beard is P. Collins)



He can sing! He can drum! Both at the same time!



Genesis in the '80s - "It's like punk never opened"



Collins, producer par excellence, with Abba Fride



And then there were three: Collins, Mike Rutherford, Tony Banks



Chez Collins - "Anyone for croquet?"



Ver leds enter the 'vid' age with their single "Siegel Alien"



Phil steps out with Jill at the premiere of 1984

He was the drummer in Flaming Youth (remember them?). He was a member of Zox And The Radar Boys (ring any bells?). He was the leader of Brand X (familiar?). And Genesis (getting warmer?). He now sells more records than any other British solo artist. And his name is . . .

With his pinched features and rapidly thinning locks, he looks more like a geezer you might bump into down the greengrocer's than a bona fide pop star. But don't be fooled by appearances. This man is actually one of the most successful singers of recent years, a "crucial" record producer, sought out for his services by the rich and famous, and the singing drummer in one of the most popular left-over hippie bands ever invented. But apart from that, who is this man they all call Phil Collins (for it is he!)? Does anyone really know? Let us see . . .

Phil Collins was born in Chiswick, West London, on January 30 1951 (Aquarius, astrology fans!). His full name is Philip David Charles Collins and he owes it all to his uncle Len, his uncle Reg, and his toy train set. "When I was five I was given a toy drum and my parents would hide it in the basement. It was a tin drum - so noisy - but I was really into it so my uncles Reg and Len made me a drum kit and I used to sit and watch TV and listen to the tunes. There was this guy across the street who had a real set of drums so I exchanged my train set with him for them."

As a youngster, Philip David Charles had quite a cherubic little face, an "impish" sort of grin and hair of spun gold. He was a natural for the world of child modelling and he was quickly snapped up by an agency who made him do things like romp about in meadows in woolly jumpers for knitting catalogues. The boy had a fair for acting too and he got tiny parts in TV and radio shows and, when he was 11, was chosen from billions of candidates to play the role of the Artful Dodger in the West End production of Lionel Bart's hit musical *Oliver!* Here, each night (and matinees too), he'd intill "You've Got To Pick A Pocket Or Two" in his youthful falsetto for the delight of all those American tourists in the circle.

But, even then, he realised that this was the old drum kit that truly held the key to his heart. He devoured drum tutor books, he polished his paradiddles, and joined loads of entirely ropy schoolboy bands. Then, on leaving school, he became the "stickman" in Flaming Youth.

So, you ask, who the jiggins were Flaming Youth? A good question. Their music is buried 'neath the shifting sands of time

and they were, according to Phil, a "lucky group".

And so, in September 1970, he answered an ad in *Melody Maker*. A "name band" were looking for a new drummer and Collins turned up at a farmhouse in Farnham, along with billions of other candidates (well, 14 actually) to audition. The group was Genesis and Phil Collins got the job. "It didn't take me long to realise that Genesis was a very special thing," he later commented, adding mysteriously, "It was a great vibe going down."

Genesis, fronted by eccentric and colourful singer Peter Gabriel, had been "discovered" in 1967 by that mercurial master of melody Jonathan King and had already released two albums - "From Genesis To Revelation" and "Trespass" - by the time Phil joined. The LPs had only sold about 19 copies between them, possibly because they were very nice to listen to, what with their "concepts" and doomy songs about ice and bleeding bodies and wolves with dripping fangs eating up crowns and that sort of thing.

And the first Genesis album featuring Collins - "Nursery Cryme" - wasn't much of an improvement either unless one happened to be "into" extended songs about boys getting decapitated during games of croquet. In Italy, apparently, people were into songs about boys getting decapitated during games of croquet, for the LP - a complete flop everywhere else - was a huge success there. "Amazing!" said Phil. "Italy really saved us."

If not for the baffling musical tastes of the Italians, Genesis would have chucked it all in, but, mildly encouraged, they soldiered on with a fourth LP. And "Foxrot", established the group finally within the hearts of junior hippies and serious, bespectacled students everywhere. By 1975, the band were absolutely ENORMOUS, riding on the crest of something HUGE.

And then, Peter Gabriel decided to leave . . .

Junior hippies and bespectacled students everywhere shook their heads in dismay. Their beloved Genesis were dead. For without the "genius" that was Gabriel - who else in the rock world had the breadth of vision to stand on stage in a nun's habit, a spooky mask or with a gigantic pyramid stuck on his

PHIL COLLINS

(of course)

head? - what was left? The remaining members came up with a possible solution: Phil Collins would take over at the microphone and they'd get an extra drummer. It was a long shot, but it might just work . . .

It did work. "He sounds more like Peter Gabriel than Peter Gabriel!" exclaimed the boss of the group's record company with delighted relief. By 1977 Genesis were bigger than ever. On February 1st, the film *Genesis In Concert* premiered in London in the presence of no less a personage than Princess Anne who was moved to comment: "We found it most interesting." Collins, meanwhile, was exhibiting his talent as a natural, dead-pan comic by saying things like "I think the spirit of Genesis is more important than any one of the members which is why we have survived. The music will continue to grow . . ."

But the spirit and growing music of Genesis had never been quite enough for Collins. He was the only group member who hadn't been to public school. He was the only one who felt the need to be a bit of a Busy Bee. In 1973 he'd started up an occasional band called Zox And The Radar Boys for a giggle and a lark. Two years later he formed a jazz rock group with a lot of v. "Illustrious" musician wizards, called it Brand X and recorded three LPs of mind-boggling complexity and high yawn factors (one of which actually got into the *Top 40!*). Then, in 1981, Phil Collins put out the dreaded SOLO ALBUM . . .

SOLO ALBUMS by members of ancient progressive rock bands are, by tradition, gruesome horrors of self-indulgence, boring and unnecessary in general. So "Face Value" came as a bit of a shock. What a turn up for the books! Here was a SOLO ALBUM with proper songs and tunes. It even had HIT SINGLES in "In The Air Tonight" and "I Missed Again". What had gone wrong? Well, at the time Phil had just got divorced and was feeling rather miserable; the LP was therefore a trifle, erm, personal - but not so stupidly personal that no one could understand it. "It wasn't a useful dictionary for people who are getting divorced," quipped the singer. "Most of the songs came about because I was very upset about it." The public likes a good weepie. "Face Value" went to

the top of the LP charts.

After this, Collins jetted off to Sweden to produce a tear-jerking album for Abba's Frida, who had just gone through some traumatic divorce proceedings of her own; then he produced the sensational hit single "Puss 'N Boots" for Adam Ant; then he did another album of his own. "The new album's about not being divorced," japed Phil, who had now found

renewed happiness with girlfriend Jill. "She didn't know who I was when we met so it was totally honest."

The second SOLO ALBUM, "Hello, I Must Be Going", was another glittering smash and Collins' version of the old Supremes romp "You Can't Hurry Love", complete with carry video, gave him his first Number One single. Collins was becoming Very

Famous Indeed . . .

In February 1984, Genesis performed at a charity concert at Birmingham's National Exhibition Centre in the presence of no less a personage than Princess Diana. Shy Di wore a bow tie and clapped her hands appreciatively to the group's big sound. Whether she was moved to comment: "We found it most interesting", history has not recorded . . .



EYE TO EYE

I'M IN THE MOOD TO END THESE EMPTY DAYS
EVERY NIGHT YOU STARE DOWN ROMANCING
EVERY TIME I SEE YOUR FACE
HOPELESS COLDER THAN ICE WITH NO MORE FLAMES
I THINK OUR LOVE HAS REACHED THE POINT OF NO RETURN
IT'S SO SAD WHEN LOVERS DON'T SEE

CHORUS

EYE TO EYE A LOOK SAYS EVERYTHING
EYE TO EYE SO CLOSE SO FAR AWAY

THAT DISTANT LOOK IS ALL YOU'VE GOT TO SAY
EVERY TIME I TRY TO TALK TO YOU
EVERY WORD IS LOST IN SPACE
DRIFTING FURTHER APART IN EVERY WAY
WE'VE COME TO BE THE ONES WHOSE LOVE IS OUT OF SIGHT
IT'S SO CLEAR THAT WE JUST DON'T SEE

REPEAT CHORUS

THERE'S NO REASON FOR THIS HEARTACHE
TO GO ON AND ON WHEN THE FEELING'S GONE
I CAN SEE NOW THAT IT'S TOO LATE
TO TRY AND CHANGE YOUR MIND

EVERYTHING EVERYTHING
YOU'RE FURTHER AWAY
TRY AND CHANGE YOUR MIND
EVERYTHING YEAH A LOOK

AD LIB CHORUS TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC MICHAEL SEMBELLO/JOHN SEMBELLO
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WOULD I LIE TO YOU?

WOULD I LIE TO YOU?

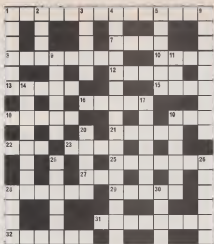
WOULD I LIE TO YOU?

THEIR NEW SINGLE ON 7" AND 12"

RCA

A CROSS

- 1 Billy Bragg's bit of peace? (7,3,4)
- 7 See 20 down
- 8 David Cassidy's fleel amacker (4,4)
- 10 They helped ZZ Top scamper up the charts
- 12 '..... For You' (Chaka Khan, 1,4)
- 13 Youthful, like Paul
- 15 See 27 across
- 16 Howard rather than Tom
- 18 Alf's old one is called love
- 19 Just how Power Station like it
- 21 Soulband Eddy's came from Shaft
- 22 and 26 His boys are of the Summer Kind (3,6)
- 23 The tempestuous Ms Turner
- 25 Operatic McLaren
- 27 end 15 across Van Halen's David (3,4)
- 29 Traditional dances you can cotton on to?
- 31 Australia's men from an igloo?
- 32 Could be Julian or possibly John



D OWN

- 1 Easy lover Philip
- 2 and 14 Steky's dilapidated residence (4,3,5)
- 3 Rabbling Brooke
- 4 As Bowie said to Pet Metheny (4,2,3,7)
- 5 Paul from the Council
- 6 Britain's brightest pop magazine (really hard this!) (5,4)
- 9 Stephen Duffy's Can-Can?
- 11 Band you'll find in Joel opus (1,1,1)
- 14 See 2 down
- 17 Belle ringer? (6,1)
- 19 Eros and he together make an old hit for Bowie (ang)
- 20 and 7 across Provider of that rebel yell (5,4)
- 24 An admiral - like Bill and Phyllis
- 26 Put Sid and Mel together for a Keel success (eueg)
- 28 Oates' other half
- 30 It slept tonight for Tight Fit

ANSWERS ON PAGE 86

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in
The Glamorous Life



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Can you tell me everything I need to know to get a George Michael hair-do and colour? Who is his regular hair stylist? Whem! Fen, Berkshire.



George Michael: the Dallas cut that's "all pulled up"

●Recently proclaimed Best Tinter in The World by *Herbal Life*, he's Allen Soh who runs the Soh Hair Salon in Knightsbridge, London SW3. "But it's really more like a club than a salon", enthuses Wham! publicist Corinne. "Alan is so beautiful, and all firm and pop stars like David Sylvian, Mick Kam, Terence Stamp, Angie Bowie, Hazel O'Connor and lots more come to see him...". Appointments at the salon start from £25, but that does include a glass of the finest champagne. But how to achieve that wavy, lacquered look (the "Dallas Cut", as Boy George puts it)? Tass is senior stylist at *Crempers* of Knightsbridge (who happen to cut Boy George's hair), but he says George Michael's haircut is "plain boning. It's basically layered at the way through and 'puffed up'". However," he adds, "to get the same style I'd first put some light streaks in. Then cut short layers on top, getting lower towards the back and generally 'bouffant' it all up. It also needs some gel on it." Any particular type? "Crempers own, of course..."

Please print a complete list of all the singles released on

Paul Weller's Respond label, quoting catalogue numbers. Caroline, Northampton.

●Although A&M no longer distribute Respond, the total output should be easily available once you supply the relevant catalogue numbers. Singles are: "The House That Jack Built" by Trace (cat: KOB/701), highest chart position - 9; "Price You Pay" by The Questions (KOB/702) - 56; "Fickle Public Speakin'" by Man-T-Possee (cat: KOB/703) - 89; "Give It Some Emotion" by Trace (cat: KOB/704) - 24; "Tear Soup" by The Questions (cat: KOB/705) - 66; "Weanin' Your Jumper" by A Crazy (cat: KOB/706) - 106; "Tuesday Sunshine" by The Questions (cat: KOB/707) - 48; "Sous On Fire" by Trace (cat: KOB/708) - 73; "Buildin' On A Strong Foundation" by The Questions (cat: KOB/709) - 86; "I Love You When You Sleep" by Trace (cat: KOB/710) - 59; "Month Of Sundays" by The Questions (cat: KOB/712) - 96. "Not a very good report, is it?" quips the Respond spokesperson. Incidentally, there's no trace of cat. number KOB/711; it was probably intended for a Respond single or LP which later got shelved.

Please could you find out what each of The Smiths drink while on stage? Believe me, it's a matter of the utmost importance. Eleanor, Dover.

●While Johnny Marr, Mike Joyce and Andy Rourke usually opt for a couple of jugs of Vino Coliasso (Blanc de Blanc varnety - that's something resembling white wine), the slightly more delicate Morrissey goes for Lucozade or an apple juice, though he's sometimes been known to sip a half-glass of red wine as he treats the boards.

Can you tell me if Howard Jones plays either the flute or the oboe? In your *Smash Hits Yearbook '84* you claim he plays the flute, but my mate's in the fan club and is sure it's the oboe. Also, do you know which schools he attended? Big 'H's New Hat, Leicester.

●The most reliable source - his Mum Thelma - confirms that Howard "will dabble with playing

the flute" (you can hear him on "Hide And Seek") but "it's not very serious". His main instrument, of course, is keyboards; he'll play "every variety available". As regards schools, Howard went to many different places as the family moved around a lot when he was younger. Born in Southampton, they moved to Cardiff where he went to Junior School. It was then to Canada for a few years, before returning to Leicester for a short while where he enrolled in a local Middle School, eventually settling down at High Wycombe Grammar, and ending, when he was 19, at the Northern College of Music in Manchester.

Last week I went out and bought the four track 12" version of "Rescue Me" by Two People. Now John 'Peelie' Peel reckons they're the name to watch in '85. Can you supply the usual relevant details? Men They Couldn't Hang Admirer, Crawborough.



Two People (well, not just any two people, but, er, members of the group Two People). Noel Ram (left) and Mark Stevenson.

●Previously known (or rather, unknown) as Richard Is Feeling Himself Again, Two People are Noel Ram and former "beat poet" Mark Stevenson. From Liverpool, they formed over four years ago and promptly moved to London, eventually signing to Polydor last summer. While Polydor's keeping busy releasing their singles - "Rescue Me" was issued in both 7" and 12" with the follow-up "Shirt" due out shortly - Mark and Noel play selected dates around London.

So you thought Robyn George was a "gorgeous hunk", did you? Well take a look at John Sykes! Can you tell me anything about him? Cony, Winchester.

Recently in The Sun, John Sykes is the lead guitarist with Whitesnake, having formerly played with Thin Lizzy and the Tygers Of Pantang. Born in Reading, Berkshire on July 29, 1959, he got his first guitar when he was 11 and, to his hobby, "laughs his Mum, "it's his only day, it's always been the music." So what did he get you for Mothers' Day? "A beautiful card and a lovely bunch of flowers - my John always looks after me...". Well, I think that's very nice.



John Sykes of Whitesnake: ply he couldn't find a pair of trousers to fit him (snigger).

●You lot have been writing in again to update me about Duran Duran's pets. I've just been alerted to the fact that Simon le Bon has a little Shitzu (A what? Ed.) called Samura, although his friends call him Sam. Also thought you'd like to know that Holly Johnson of Frankie did not pick Elvis Presley's "Love Me Tender" on Radio 1's *My Top Ten*, as the BBC led me to believe. You wrote in your thousands to tell me it was, instead, "Strange Fruit" by the similarly-legendary Billie Holiday.

★ STAR TEASER

Y P E T E Y E L K N U D L L O R R E
 R N O T L Y H A L I E H S S I D T K
 R S D P I A N Y E T A R T N E C L T
 E B L A S B A W O S E E E N D N O H
 P L A W E K O N O T Y I N D I O H I
 E A A R T R Y B L B O R C T Y N R
 E D S E R T D A M B B A M S A F H D
 L E N M R W E O A H S A A R S J O W
 S A E I I R S R G O D N I E K J J O
 J C B A O L D L N D U D L D N I E S R
 T E A V N N E A U D D E M N A E L
 E R E A A N L Y H P I J M Y M E O D S
 S R E Y S E O F C E L Y V O Y N D S
 T S L V R I M D M U C E H L H I N L
 F S Y U H A Y C D L L T E V N R Y
 E R A A Y S G R I N Y T R T K U E E
 T L P T N R O F O K A U U T S L J L
 A R L I E D F T C G M A I R L T S R
 L I G O K G I R R E A I O R R O A
 S S O I C N N M O E L R W H E E 4 M
 K R M A I L E I E T M G L T V B A
 C S L R I L N E R N A E I I L U T
 A B R E I U E U R N O A P E M A I
 L A H M J R A W S W T N N I S W R
 B S S H F L J E L C R I C R E N N I

All the names below are hidden in the diagram. They could run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Some run backwards. But remember that the letters are all in an unintermingled straight line each time they occur.

REGGAE RIOT

- ALTHIA AND DONNA
- ASWAD
- BARRINGTON LEVY
- BLACK SLATE
- BOB MARLEY
- DENNIS BROWN
- EEK A MOUSE
- ERROLL DUNKLEY
- FREDDIE MCGREGOR
- GREGORY ISAACS
- INNER CIRCLE
- JANET KAY
- JIMMY CLIFF
- JOHN HOLT
- JUDGE OREGA
- JUNIOR MURVIN
- LAUREL AITKEN
- LAUREL AND HARDY
- LEE PERRY
- NICKY THOMAS
- PETER TOSH
- PIONEERS
- RITA MARLEY
- SHEILA HYLTON
- SLY AND ROBBIE
- SMILEY CULTURE
- STEEL PULSE
- THIRO WORLD
- TONY TRIBE
- TODDS AND THE MAYTALS
- TREVOR WALTERS
- UB40
- WALLERS
- YELLOWMAN

ANSWERS ON PAGE 66

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**Something for those who think a TDK SA-X tape
sounds better than a Sony UCX-S.**



In laboratory sound tests there was one important difference between the new Sony UCX-S tape and the TDK SA-X. The Sony gave even less 'print through'. (That's the annoying echo echo you sometimes sometimes hear hear before the music starts.)

**SONY
TAPE**

M O R R I S S E Y

Photo: [unreadable]



S M A S H I T S

*For
Animals
On TV*



*Dead Or
Alive*
YOU SPIN ME, READING
LIKE A RECORD!



*Howard
Jones*
THINGS CAN ONLY
GET BETTER



Foreigner
I WANT TO KNOW
WHAT LOVE IS

HITS
1970-2



*Strawberry
Switchblade*
SING! YESTERDAY!



Prince
1999



Philip Bailey
(Just With Phil Collins)
EASY LOVER



*Asha
And Simpson*
SOLID



Chicago
TOUR!
THE INSPIRATION

HITS
1970-3



Stephen Duffy
HELLO, ME



King
LOVE & FAITH



*Nick
Kershaw*
WIDE BOY

*Animals
On TV*

CBS/WEA

THE HITS ALBUM

DEAD OR ALIVE-You Spin Me Round (Like A Record) - HOWARD JONES-Things Can Only Get Better - KING-Love & Faith - NICK KERSHAW-Wide Boy - HEW EDGTON-Mr Telephone Man - KRISTY MACCOLL-A New England - STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE-Since Yesterday - PRINCE-1999 - PHILIP BAILEY (Just With Phil Collins)-Easy Lover - ASHFORD AND SIMPSON-Solid - CHAKA KHAN-This Is My Night - JAMES INGRAM-Yah Me & There - DAZZ BAND-Let It All Blow - ART OF NOISE-Close (To The Edge) - FOREIGNER-I Want To Know What Love Is - PAUL YOUNG-Everything Must Change - CHICAGO-You're The Inspiration - JIM DIAMOND-I Should Have Known Better - AMI STEWART-Friends - COMMODORES-Nightsuit - ALISON MOYET-That Old Devil Called Love - STEPHEN DUFFY-Kiss Me - LITTLE BERNY AND THE MASTERS-Who Comes To Boogie - ZZ TOP-legs - MATT BIANCO-More Than I Can Bear - THE BIG SOUND AUTHORITY-This House (Is Where Your Love Stands) - MIKE JAGGER-Just Another Night - SHARON STEVENS-Breaking Up My Heart

• HITS 2

ALSO AVAILABLE: HITS C2



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Paul Young
EVERYTHING MUST
CHANGE



Alison Moyet
THAT OLD DEVIL
CALLED LOVE



*Nick
Kershaw*
JUST ANOTHER NIGHT



ZZ Top
LEGS



Commodores
NIGHTSHIFT



■ **Want someone to write to?** Send in a postcard with a few words about yourself to people we can get in touch. All cards to: **RSVP, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 0PP.** And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.

● **Greetings Earthlings!** I'm a travelling redheaded teenage alien who's visiting Earth on her vacation. I'm aged 16 of what Earth years and simply adore "love and TFF" as part of my holiday assignment. I have to gather information on the male of your species, so if any prime handsome specimens, 16+, would like to write to me the address is: **Lacey, 14 Hrusback Close, Gorton, Manchester M18 8UB**

● **Ceiling all Goobereenooters, Bean-Bones and Jelly Heads!** If you're into FGH, GIANT, Overcast Eggs, Jagan, Billy Idol or any other two-legged organisms, sketch out a note to: **Eden (Professional Scribb), 7302 Marston Lane, Houston, Texas 77055**
P.S. I'm "Sweet Satesen" - sort of

● **I used to be a Skin, then a Mod, then a Biker, then a Mod again.** Now I've moved to Bristol and buy lots of Frankie's records. Write to: **Carl, 25 High St, Strimlington, Bristol**

● **I am a 16 year old boy interested in Animal Rights and peace.** Ideas include: UB40, U2, The Undertones and The Smiths. Delicious records and swimming. All letters: 13-16 write to: **Alister, 21 Overhill Rd, Dunfermline, Fife FK15 6UJ**

● **I'm 13 and male! I'm into Wham!, Medone, Nik and Duren Duren.** I'm young 186 and bring a Scribble to: **Rick, 37 Clough Gath, Harrogate, Hull HU12 8LS**

● **A Med TFF fan wants to write to anyone 14+.** Other interests include U2, Sade, King and being mad! Please write to: **Chris, Segersdal, Hartley Wispal, Nr. Basingstoke, Hampshire**

● **Hey! You're missing one major thing in your lives - me!** I'm 17 and heavy into King - especially Paul - plus U2, Big Country, and most chart music. So your gorgeous bakes out there get scribbling to me - **Karen - at 3 Crown Corner, Brundish, Woodbridge, Suffolk, IP13 9BD**

● **We're two lonely boarders who want to write to femailike age 16+.** Like most girls of music and mugging wildly at disco's. Also like sports rugby, squash etc. Write to: **Dick and Giles, c/o Louthston College Boarding House, Dunfermline Rd, Louthston, Cornwall PL15 5LN**

● **Hi! We're two female OK Y'as!** Both aged 12/14 requesting heavy percussive aged between 11-13/14 into DJ Whammy and Playaholic. Write to: **Pajel and "Jelly Bean", 45 Caroline Place, Aberdeen, Scotland**

● **Healthy but skinny 16 year old vegetarian seeking good-looking 16-18 year old blokes.** Must be into: Newkies Jones, The Smiths, Asia, Status Quo and Animal Liberation. Must also love the "American Heartbeat" album and other good music. Send pics if possible to: **Shirley Giff, 91 Downhove Hill, Ears Barton, Northampton, NN4 9P***

● **I'm a Portuguese devoted Smash Hits reader** and I want to get to know other Smash Hits readers: male or female, aged 16-23. I'm 21, study English Lit and Culture at a university and I like FGH, DMD, Depeche Mode, TFF and many more - especially The Beatles. If you feel you would like to write about music, yourself and "The English", then write to: **Rita Ferreira, Rua 9 de Abril 43 - 20 DIO, 2700 Anadia, Portugal**

● **I'm so lonely - how about cheering me up?** I'm an 15 year old girl interested in boys and Wham! Paul Young, and Howard Jones. Single and lonely girls can write to: **Clare Williams, 33 Gable Court, Church Village, Harpenden, Mid Glams, South Wales CF81 1DN**

● **Two bored girls wanting some excitement!** Denise (16), Lisa (16), Melissa (16) and Wham!, Sarah (17), Lisa (16), Stephen (16) and more! Males aged 16+ write to: **Sarah and Denise, 28 Home Meadows, Farnham Royal, Slough, Bucks SL2 3PR**

● **I'm mad on Duren Duren, and I hate Wham!** If you are between 11 and 15 (I am 11); get writing to: **Mal Lisa, Ewerwin, 14 Ewerwin Ave, Crossars, Southampton, PO8 8LE**

● **Hi geezers! Sixteen plus, write to us.** Write to Luce if you're punky write to: **H, if you're funky. Our address is as follows: "H, Luce and Lara, 14 Hillcroft, St Giles Hill, Wexham, Herts SG21 1HA**

● **Hey! Amazing, I'm in RSVP!** Hi, world! I'm a 14 year old female Bruce Springsteen with a weird sense of humor who hates: newswark, HM and Duren and loves Nik Kershaw and Conway. Anytime in the future please write to: **The Bristol Squad, 2 Rigmouth Place, Haverhill, Suffolk CB9 0UD**

● **Hiya, all you girls out there!** The name is Paul and I'm a devoted Big Country fan. I'm also mad on U2, The Smiths and Mantronix. If you're into lyrics and listening to great music please write to: **Paul, Tare, Les Pinnacolate, Vale, Gwent, Gwent, Gwent, Gwent**

● **I'm a mod who also likes Frankie Goes To Hollywood.** I'm aged 15/16, so if you're interested write to: **Adam, Marley, Shrewsbury, Farn, Steven's Lane, Felted, Darnmoor, Essex**

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WHSMITH

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● **The British Reggae Artists Famine Appeal** have released a record called "Let's Make Africa Green Again." It features 200 reggae artists including **Trevor Walters, Winston Reedy, Dennis Brown, Aswad and Misty In Roots.**

● **The Irish Band Aid** record has already topped the Irish charts. Called "Show Some Concern" by The Concerned—featuring members of **The Blades, Clannad, in Tia Nua and Christy Moore**—it's planned for British release.

● **The Canadian Band Aid** record is called "Tears Are Not Enough" by Northern Lights (**Bryan Adams, Joni Mitchell, Neil Young, Loverboy** and others). It'll be on the "USA For Africa" LP (featuring **Prince, Linda Ronstadt, Bruce Springsteen, Chicago, Kenny Rogers, Huey Lewis, The Pointer Sisters, Tina Turner and Steve Perry**) to be released in May.

● **An Australian Band Aid** single was recorded live at their Teletthon For Ethiopia concert. It's called "Can We Get Together," features **Pseudo Echo and Midge Ure** (among others) and is apparently of such poor sound quality it won't be released.

● There's also rumours of a **German Band Aid** record (featuring **Nena and Trio**), a **Latin American Band Aid** and even a "Classical" Band Aid. We'll keep you posted.

That's how **Bob Geldof** describes the **American Band Aid Single, 37** people sang on it, calling themselves **USA For Africa**, and there's an LP and video to come, but some **British chain stores** didn't want to sell the record. We asked: why? But first we asked **Bob** what it was like sharing a studio with people like **Stevie Wonder, Hall & Oates, Bruce Springsteen, Billy Joel, Cyndi Lauper, Diana Ross, Tina Turner and Jackie, Latoya, Marlon, Randy, Tito and Michael Jackson.**

BY CHRIS HEATH

"I went over to America ten days before Christmas," he remembers. "People kept asking me at the press conference about doing an American record, but I said I didn't know enough people or have enough time." Nevertheless, inspired by offers of help from **Daryl Hall & John Oates, Cyndi Lauper, The Cars and Van Halen**, he tried to get through to **Michael Jackson** who he reckoned would have to be at the centre of any effort. But despite **Bob's** insistence that "the whole point of these records is to do it together," **Michael's** manager insisted that **Michael** wanted to do something "on his own".

The next day when he told this story on American TV, calypso singer and champion of the needy

never met, were gathered together for a pep talk. Ken explained how the recording was to be organised, **Quincy** explained about the song and **Bob** was asked to put it all into perspective. "I'd just been to Africa so I explained what it was all about. I think I helped them put some emotion into it." **Bob** chuckles, thinking back at who was there that night. "I don't think I've ever seen so many multi-millionaires in one room."

He's got little time though for those who didn't bother. "At the ceremony earlier **Prince** won 4 or 5 awards then sung 'Purple Rain' live which was brilliant — then went and got drunk two miles up the road from the recording studio," he fumes. "I suppose he did his bit in the end by giving an unreleased track to the 'USA For Africa' LP, but he should have been there. It would have been great to see him singing alongside **Michael Jackson**."

And **Michael**? What's he like? "He's a strange lad, he really is. He's sweet." Then he adds, choosing his words very carefully, "he's not like you or I."

Musically, though, **Michael** is apparently "very clever". "His voice is 'induculous,' exclaims **Bob** in awe. "**Quincy** would just say 'Smiley' — that's apparently what he calls **Michael** — sing this, and it would be brilliant, perfect pitch and everything. He does have that really funny talking voice, but he was really moved by the whole thing, holding hands with **Diana Ross** and **Stevie Wonder**. He did spend a lot of time standing silently against the wall, but he chats to you when you strike a conversation."

The evening, **Bob** remembers, involved quite a delicate juggling of egos. Because "it's very difficult to say 'no' individually to **Bob Dylan's** wife or **Diana Ross's** Dad", no-one but the artists themselves were allowed in the studio. The rest had a party in a "liggers' room". "Yes, there were cascades of food in there," **Bob** admits with resignation. "That's the American way, isn't it? But if the whole thing was about making a gesture then that was definitely the wrong gesture to make."

Even within the studio walls there were a few problems. "Bob **Dylan** looked a bit shifty about being singled in front of all the great singers like **Ray Charles** and **Stevie Wonder**," reveals **Bob**, amazed that someone so famous could be so insecure. "He was really embarrassed. Mind you, **Quincy** had to do things to stop the less good voices singing in places. On the chorus he said tactfully 'only the high voices sing' so that most of the white guys like **Springsteen** (who was apparently



USA FOR AFRICA WHO'S WHO

Front row (left to right): **Paul Simon, Kim Carnes, Michael Jackson, Diana Ross, Stevie Wonder, Quincy Jones, Smokey Robinson, Ray Charles, Stevie Nicks, Jackie Jackson, Latoya Jackson, Betty Midler**

Second row (left to right): **Tina Turner, Cyndi Lauper, Bruce Springsteen, Willie Nelson, Bob Dylan, Ruth Pointer, Tito Jackson, Randy Jackson, Merle Jackson**

Third row (left to right): **Daryl Hall, Blonnie Warwick, Al Jarreau, Kenny Rogers, John Oates, Huey Lewis, one of The News, Anita Pointer, two members of The News**

Back row (left to right): **Lionel Richie, Steve Perry (looking), Kenny Loggins, Jeffrey Osborne, Lindsey Buckingham (Firewood Mac), Don Ackroyd, Harry Belafonte, Bob Geldof, two members of The News.**

Harry Belafonte saw it. He immediately rang **Ken Kragen, Lionel Richie's** manager. "He said he was ashamed — where are all the black musicians?" he asked. "Ken phoned **Richie** who phoned **Quincy Jones** who phoned **Michael Jackson** and the ball started rolling. The backing tracks were laid down and a date was set for recording the vocal parts — January 22, when the US music industry was getting together to pat itself on the back in Los Angeles at the American Music Awards.

Come the day, **Bob** was there. "Would you miss a leg with **Michael Jackson, Stevie Wonder** and **Smokey Robinson**?" he laughs. First all the artists, many of whom had

HISTORY

accosted by Bob for wearing some rather silly fingerless leather gloves) had to shut up."

Bob explains, a trifle embarrassed, that he himself had a little run-in with Stevie Wonder.

"He wanted to make a bit of the song African. But I said that the point wasn't to make it African but to make it so that as many people as possible bought it. And in any case in Ethiopia they don't speak Swahili."

Likewise Michael Jackson got a similar telling off. "He started singing 'We are the world — shalom', I had to explain that the word (a Jewish greeting meaning 'peace') wasn't politically suitable — not when the Israelis had gone into Ethiopia the week before and removed 10,000 Ethiopians."

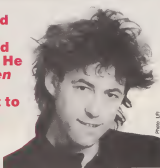
Overall though it was a tremendous success. "A piece of

being circulated to prevent bootlegging, the record is on sale in Britain. But not, it seems, everywhere. Initial reports suggested that W.H. Smith's, Boots, Woolworths and others had refused to stock it. "We were concerned that we wouldn't cover our costs," explained a spokesperson from W.H. Smith. Part of the problem seems to be that CBS, the record's distributors, are offering the shops a worse deal than Phonogram gave them over Band Aid.

However, CBS has returned with a new, improved offer. "We have got some new ideas from them," confirmed the spokesperson, "and we're looking at them. You must understand we do feel we have to strike a commercial balance."

Perhaps surprisingly Bob Geldof

"Prince went and got drunk two miles up the road from the studio. He should have been there. It would have been great to see him singing alongside Michael Jackson."



pop history," as Bob puts it. His favourite parts are those by **Willie Nelson, Cyndi Lauper and Dionne Warwick** but he emphasises that it doesn't matter what the song is like. The record's just an excuse to help.

"The Night Flock Crew?" That's what the papers called it, but is that a good summary of how it really was? "That's typically American," responds Bob. "I think everybody cried when these two Ethiopian women spoke, but we can do without that sort of thing really. We need practical solutions. Spare me tears — they don't solve a bloody thing."

And now, after weeks of "deteriorated 20 second segments"

isn't unsympathetic to the shops, though he emphasises that he doesn't personally know all the details. "The shops have given a huge amount already," he points out, "and even if they do charge a profit, a huge amount of money for the record still goes to Africa."

So "buy it" is his advice. Meanwhile, as well as getting on with his other careers, he's still trying to fix up the Band Aid summer concerts to be linked by satellite between the UK and the USA. Which, he admits, is weighing him out a bit. But, as he adds in conclusion, "I've said this thousands of times before but I really believe it: if you don't do anything then you're an accomplice to a massive crime."

Lionel Richie
Lionel Richie
& Stevie Wonder
Stevie Wonder
Paul Simon
Paul Simon
& Kenny Rogers
Kenny Rogers
James Ingram
James Ingram
The Turner
Billy Joel
Billy Joel
The Turner & Billy Joel

There comes a time when we need a certain call
When the world must come together as one
There are people dying
Oh and it's time to lend a hand to life
The greatest gift of all
We can't go on pretending day by day
That someone some way will soon make a change
We are all a part of God's great big family
And the truth is you know love is
All we need

Michael Jackson
Michael Jackson
Diana Ross
Diana Ross
Michael Jackson
& Diana Ross
Dionne Warwick
Dionne Warwick
& Willie Nelson
Willie Nelson
Al Jareau
Al Jareau

We are the world we are the children
We are the ones who make a brighter day
So let's start giving
There's a choice we're making
We're saving our own lives
It's true we'll make a better day just you and me

Michael Jackson
Diana Ross
Dionne Warwick

We'll send them your heart so they know
That someone cares and their

Dionne Warwick
Dionne Warwick
& Willie Nelson
Willie Nelson
Al Jareau
Al Jareau

Love will be stronger and by firing stones to break
As God has shown us
And so we all must lend a helping hand

Bruce Springsteen
Kenny Loggins
Kenny Loggins
Steve Perry
Steve Perry
Daryl Hall
Daryl Hall

We are the world we are the children
We are the ones who make a brighter day
So let's start giving
There's a choice we're making
We're saving our own lives
It's true we'll make a better day just you and me

Michael Jackson
Henry Lewis
Cyndi Lauper
Cyndi Lauper
Kim Carnes
Kim Carnes
Al Jareau
Al Jareau

When you're down and out
And there seems no hope at all
But if you just believe there's no way we can fail
That we'll make it
Let's realize that there's a change can only come
When we stand together as one
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Alb
Alb

We are the world we are the children
We are the ones who make a brighter day
So let's start giving
There's a choice we're making
We're saving our own lives
It's true we'll make a better day just you and me

Bob Dylan
Bob Dylan

There's a choice we're making
We're saving our own lives
It's true we'll make a better day just you and me

Alb
Alb

We are the world (are the world)
We are the children (are the children)
We are the ones who make a brighter day
So let's start giving (so let's start giving)

Bob Dylan
Ray Charles
Ray Charles
Alb
Alb

There's a choice we're making
We're saving our own lives
It's true we'll make a better day just you and me

Ray Charles
Alb
Alb

Alright let me hear you
We are the world
We are the world
We are the children
We are the children
We are the ones who make a brighter day

Ray Charles
Alb
Alb

So let's start giving
Let's start giving
There's a choice we're making
We're saving our own lives
It's true we'll make a brighter day just you and me
Come on now let me hear you

Stevie Wonder
Bruce Springsteen
Stevie Wonder
Bruce Springsteen
Stevie Wonder
Bruce Springsteen
Stevie Wonder

We are the world
We are the world
We are the children
We are the children
We are the ones who make a brighter day
So let's start giving
So let's start giving
There's a choice we're making
We're saving our own lives
It's true we'll make a better day just you and me

Stevie Wonder
Bruce Springsteen
Stevie Wonder
Bruce Springsteen
Stevie Wonder
Bruce Springsteen
Stevie Wonder

We are the world
We are the world
We are the children
We are the children
We are the ones who make a brighter day
So let's start giving
So let's start giving
There's a choice we're making
And we're saving our own lives
It's true we'll make a better day just you and me

Alb
Alb

We are the world (are the world)
We are the children (are the children)
We are the ones who make a brighter day
So let's start giving (so let's start giving)

James Ingram
Ray Charles
James Ingram
Ray Charles
James Ingram

We are the world
We are the world
We are the children
There's a...
We are the ones who make a brighter day
So let's start giving

Words and music M. Jackson/Lionel Richie
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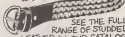
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COMPETITION WINNERS

HOWARD JONES COMPETITION (March 14), correct answer c) Jac. The following prize-winners each receive a card of Howard Jones singing 'Nicksie Carlom, Miffiac, Helen Rattie, Chameleon, Merry Ward, Shoburyrains, Mark Parter, Huntington, Adrian Shepherd, Leeds, Kerry Kaffy, Woodson, Lisa Roberts, Kettering, Alistair Bickart, Newtoworley; Matthew Cowell, Newport, T. Hanley, Stockport.

ZZ TOP COMPETITION (March 14), correct answer a) Rod Stewart. The following prize-winners each receive a ZZ Top leg and key ring. Mark McLean, St Andrews, Melrose Urquhart, Athos, Kristen Simonsen, Jason/Jane Broadgate, George Green, M. Waters, Dorset. Runners-up prizes of key rings are on their way to Nigel Miran, Worthing; Bethany Clough, Basher Heath, Carl Coleman, Dublin. S.I.R.s Griffin, Sreely, Pauline McGowan, Nam.

JULIAN COPE COMPETITION (March 14), correct answer b) "Fried" Claudia Casak. Cope: Anne Rooke, London SE5; Jeny Norewood, Hovehead, Mark Graves, Northfield, D. White, Chaderton, N. Harvey, Newham, Jeny McMeekin, Milton, Ruth Joy, Plymouth, Savannah Blearston, Aughton, Dominic Rawling, Oaklands have each won a Julian Cope key car and double-pack single. Runners-up prizes of singles are on their way to: Judith Beles, Berkhamstead, Soeban Parle, Cowley, Paul Howard, Blackburn, Caroline Price, Tredegar, Deborah Fellows, Port Talbot, A. Edwards, Bishoppriory, A. Nevill, Wilton, Steven Williams, Bishopcleeve, Michael Best, Brantley, Robert Long, Uckfield, M. Hunter, Atherton, Paul Raybould, Slidley, Melaine Wilson, Clodove Fontaine, Nicola Perrow, Carlisle.

SMITHS/TEARS FOR FEARS COMPETITION (February 28), correct answer 1) Mornesey 2) Roland Orsabal 3) Keith Sausages. The following prize-winners each receive a Team For Tears LP plus a signed copy of The Smiths' 'Meet In Murder' LP. Jennine Reason, Warrick, Mark Widdow, Lutterington Spa, L. Walton, Barry, Marie Towse, Cheltenham, Lucy Mouldard, Kings Lynn, L. Gane, Winchester, Geraldine Weatherall, Farfak, Isobel Paulo, Sutton-in-Craven, Claire Gerry, Cambridge, Elizabeth Maier, Sheffield, Tommy Candelwick, Luton, Paul Curtis, Bathouse, Sam Langford, Brixington, Helen Thompson, Godalming, Caroline Williams, Leeds, Helen Saunra, Leigh, Jens Elliott, Fribon-on-Sea, Alan Jaxson, Barbury, Lorraine Ward, Warrid, Ruth Gensler, Walsby, Leasingham Spa, L. Walton, Barry, Marie Towse, Paul Passers, Stirling, Treena Helen, Haydock, Joanne Kito, Crawley, Jason Hag, Petrowood, Patrick Maloney, Newport, Craig Pearson, Whitburn, L. Griffin, Michelle Bewerley Thomas, Pochyn-Coch, M. Marle, Tisbury, Sarah Kierby, Farmington, Liz Chamberlain, Whitchurch, Deborah Foster, Stevenage, Sandra Cheng, Chadde, David West, Dornfield, David Roper, Nottingham, Russell Allen, Fresting, P. Knight, St Helena, Andrew Nunn, Frinton, Graham Garvey, Northfield, Debbie Bramble, Middles, Stephen Southall, Halesowen, Mervyn Dickinson, Freshwick, Julia Parsons, Beckley, Vanessa Dentman, Lydon, J. Gerry, Jarrod, Angela Hough, Granston, Malcolm Green, E. Sutton, Catherine Scoble, Goulth

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● ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

Outside London's Camden Palace the rain has started spluttering down. A hundred or so fans, some wearing Thompson Twins t-shirts, all obviously dressed up for something special, huddle together to avoid the drizzle. A silly place to be on a wet Wednesday morning, you might think. Except that they're not only just about to meet the group but also to take part in an American TV special being shot today.

The special is for American cable TV, explains the producer once we've slipped past the damp fans. It's for a series called *Album Flash* on a station that attracts around 15 million viewers. This particular programme's "concept", he draws, "is to show that the Thompson Twins care about their fans, about their record-buying public." Which means that the band have invited some members of the fan club down for the day so that the Thompson Twins can be seen on American TV playing them a special preview of their new LP, "Here's to Future Days". The day's schedule involves miming to the last and next singles ("Lay Your Hands On Me" and "Roll Over"), chatting to the fans and then filming an interview.

But of course at the moment the fans are still outside, battling with the elements. As soon as she learns of their plight Alannah comes to the rescue and the management reluctantly allow them all to wait in the foyer. Meanwhile the band finish their make-up then pop out the back to do their "false arrival" for the benefit of the cameras.

Once that's over the fans are already waiting in the venue so the Twins, dressed in their usual garish multi-colours, bound onto the stage and run through each song three times. Alannah, particularly, dances and smiles with irrepressible enthusiasm, apparently loving this return to the limelight after being holed up recording the album in Paris for so long.

Tom explains later that they chose Paris "not for tax reasons" but because it was close to London but "without the distractions", and also because "we haven't sold more than about three-and-a-half records in France so we can actually live a totally normal life there. We're not an English band, we don't have a hometown and we didn't grow up together. Our attitude has always been planetary rather than parochial."

Of course. Still, today it is the turn of the English fans, and The Thompson Twins carry out their duties with obvious pleasure, signing autographs and posing for photos with just about everybody there. Next they're asked lots of questions for the staged TV interview. All the usual stuff - did they ever think they'd be famous? (Tom: "You fantasize about what might happen. Now it's here - and we're enjoying it!"); what's the new LP like? (Tom: "We produced it ourselves this time; we hope it will have the freshness of a first album.")

Alannah: "It's got a harder edge, more obvious guitar,"; and what will the future bring? "As Thompson Twins," insists Alannah with a broad smile, "we've only just begun."



Yesterday The Thompson Twins were in Paris, "living a totally normal life" and finishing off their new LP. Today they're back in Britain and have been plunged - head first - into the weird world of American cable TV. That means lots of filming, "false arrivals", playing with bones, inflatable orbs . . . oh, and talking to Chris Heath.



The "False Arrival": after being made-up, they alip out the hack to a waiting taxi. . .



... "C'mon Alannah! You're late!"



... "Where to, luv? Madame Tussands? London Zoo?"



"Er, no, just round the front actually. . . . 30 yards later. . . The Thompson Twins arrive At The Camden Palace! (All a bit daft to me - Ed.)



Surprisingly fresh after their grueling journey, The Thompson Twins immediately hit the stage, surrounded by huge white orbs. Joe: "We had a lot of straight floes on the last tour so we decided to go with curves on this."



Beating out "Lay Your Hands On Me". Tom: "The Thompson Twins have a great milestone roused their necks. Almost all our competition are sex symbols to one way or another. I'm sure the fans have sexual fantasies about us but there's not that intense pin-up quotient involved."



Alannah shows off her new hairdo: "Why've I stopped shaving my side? Well the tattoo was a pain in the neck, because I had to shave it off every night. It would go sticky and manky sud stick to the pillow - sud other people! Oops, I shouldn't have said that!"



The raunchy new single, "Roll Over". Alannah: "It's just about the way time repairs itself, about how we often end up playing games we can't get out of. Very deep, really!"



Tom getting bored between run-throughs. "The hoes? They're actually Alannah's. I seem to remember I bought them for her as part of her birthday present last year. I as w

them today and nicked them. They're pinatic. I think they're actually fluorescent and glow in the dark."



The climax: Alannah pretends to play an utterly horrendous guitar solo (it's actually played on the single by Stevie Stevens of Billy Idol's band). "Eddie Van Halen? Nol ZZ Top eat your heart out! I think it's really hysterical."



The finale: hundreds of yellow balloons emblazoned with the new LP title smother the fans. "Thanks for coming and missing school," shouts Tom, before they sill sign loads of autographs.



Afterwards they film an interview. Tom explains about their new optimistic direction: "Mooing about peace doesn't create peace, but creating peace does put an end to war." Alannah explains about her hats: "No, I don't want to give them away. I've got eight of them stored away - they're much easier than doing your hair every day."

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Dear **Black Type**,
Thanks to God
Prince

Dear **Smash Hits** Readers,

We, the management of Nik Kershaw, and especially Nik himself, wish to apologise to any fans who have had delays in receiving their application forms or membership kits from the official "Fan Klub".

We were very upset when we read the letter from Sara Elisabeth Clifford (March 14) and were unaware of any difficulties.

All this has been sorted out now and we are continuing to use the same Box No - P O Box 46, London NW7 2AS. We are looking for a new fan club secretary in the hope that these problems do not occur again.

Thankyou for your support,
Mickey Modern, London W1

A note from His Purple

Pfirmwoodness! A letter from N. Kershaw's manager! Not till my page isn't star-studded - and I haven't even mentioned the mighty Bagnuss yet!!! I'm almost giddy with excitement!!! In fact, I am giddy. But not with excitement, I'm afraid. In fact, I'm all right out on account of having to help the postie upstairs with yet another sack of mail directed to the most controversial figure to grace the **Letters** pages of **Smash Hits** since the infamous Gary Basford.

Ladeeeneestemennn, I give you...

Marshall O'Leary? Or is it O'Dreary? Just who is that little berk who reviewed the singles in your March 14 issue? At 12 years of age he just can't be a good judge of music - and this was proved by his attempt of 'The Smiths' new single 'Shakespeare's Sister'. Marshall said that Morrissey said he wasn't being drowned at birth. This is a very cruel statement and as I am a devout supporter of The Smiths, I was incensed.

I am naturally un-violent but I would just love to train Marshall's trust and recorder down his ugly rump!

An Animal Lover And Horse Owner, Stockport, Manchester

Dear Marshall O'Leary,

Your experience with the music business is obviously confined to Mike Read in the mornings. You get, Marshall, your egg and soldiers are ready!
Kindly BOG OFF, as they say
Strauss, Bracknell

Dear Marshall O'Leary,

YOU MUST BE MAD! Go back to the nursery and learn your ABC I could give you an hour long lecture on how brillywoppy-knottinghoets UB40 are - but I won't because you've hurt my feelings... sob sob gulp!
All Campbell's Wistful Warble, Birmingham

P.S. sob sob. I think I'm over the worst... gulp

Hey, fab, brilliant, megagreat, super, fab!

As you have probably guessed, I have just read the singles review by Marshall O'Leary. This is great. More, I cry for more! At last there is



WRITE TO: SMASH HITS, 52-55 CARNABY STREET, LONDON W1V 1PF

THE BEST LETTER GETS A £10 RECORD TOKEN

someone who can express himself not caring who reads it! Well done, **Smash Hits**. Let's have more of this genius in specz, meanwhile, continues to play selections from "Dare" on his recorder and couldn't, quite frankly, give a hoot what you think...

Corked! What a rumpus. Thank goodness that were the genius in specz, meanwhile, continues to play selections from "Dare" on his recorder and couldn't, quite frankly, give a hoot what you think...

Whilst browsing through the edition of **Smash Hits** dated March 14, I discovered a truly amazing fact. This being that not only does Paul King possess the nicest face since George Michael and a great voice, he also has fantastic taste in food. I am, of course, referring to his shopping list in which he mentioned that he bought Fray Bentos Steak & Kidney Pies because he really 'loved the pastry'. I absolutely agree with him when he says that the pastry is really special.

I will not even attempt to describe the pure pleasure brought about by consuming one of the aforementioned articles as I am a firm believer in the phrase "Eating is Believing".

Paul King I salute you.
Pauline, Wilmslow

An Anthropologist writes: "As the earliest cave-dwellers sat huddled around the flickering fire, gnawing upon their Pterodactyl McNuggets, one of their number stood up and bellowed: "I say look chaps! I've just invented the rolling pin!" This was the single most significant moment in the history of recorded time - for it was only now that the search for the perfect pastry could begin in earnest. The Fray Bentos pie crust is a fine example of man's initiative, invention and quest for innermost virtues. Yum!"

Although I find all the stars who took part in **Send Aid** totally naïf and found the record completely nauseating, I did applaud (softly) the sentiment behind it. I even bought the bloody thing (never played it) because I hoped I'd be doing some good. But having seen the video of the American effort on Jonathan King's programme the

other night, I can hold in my disgust no longer.

These people are obviously just jumping on Bob Geldof's bandwagon because they saw how much good publicity it brought him and his mates. I mean, half the people on it obviously don't know or care what they're supposed to be singing in aid of but just look so smug because they're with so many other famous people.

Cyndi Lauper bouncing up and down trying to recreate her "Girls Just Want To Have Fun" video is sickening enough but when even people like Bruce Springsteen and Bob Dylan, who should know better, are seen straining away trying to upstage everybody else, one's heart just sinks. Okay, so it's a "good cause" but people like Kenny Rogers and Michael Jackson could probably buy Ethiopia. They could certainly make enormous contributions - anonymously - to the famine fund if they felt so deeply about it all. Couldn't they?

The only person who comes out of this all with any credit is Prince Robert Eagle, Hereford

Dear **Black Type**,

I've just read the letter from the Ed in the last issue (March 14). Could you please tell him that someone out here does know who Medicine Head are. In fact, I've got their "One And One Is One" LP? Does he want to buy it?
Len, West Midlands
P.S. Tell him I'm sorry but I can't do anything about the trousers.

The Ed says to a. much and cheers, kin, but as he's in of a cash flow problem situation at the mo, could he do a swap for his spare copy of Spooky Tooth's "The Last Puff" instead? And re the trousers, his "lady" ran him up a pair of patchwork flares over the weekend so he's okay viz that one.

Dear Jon Moss,

Having read your views on television (March 14), I conclude that you are a blind spot. How dare you say that every household has a video? Every house in Crawley probably has a video but where I live, people can only just afford to buy food.

Unemployment in my town is 25 per cent. My Dad has been out of

work for five years supporting six people on £55 a week! Nobody in the family works and I only know one person who has a job. Roadwork is an indoor lavatory is still a status symbol. So get down from cloud nine.
Billy Bragg Fan, Rawmarsh, Rotherham, S. Yorks.

I must protest at the writings of the Alaskan Elephant, Ivor (Letters, Feb 28) and the crap uttered by Morrissey on the Royal Family.

The Queen does an excellent job of ruling over us and is also an excellent private relations woman between us and other nations. She also donates large sums of money to charities.

The Royal Family in the past has been a great source of morale boost e.g. World War II when millions needed comfort. (Might I add that several members of the Royal Family joined the services). I hope there are still other people with this point of view.
P.B. The Cat, Buck House

Dear **Black Type**,

Have you or any of your other three readers noticed the extraordinary resemblance between Mark (the drummer in Big Country whose surname I can't spell) and Henry Kelly the Irish wit and raconteur who used to be on *Game For A Laugh?*
A Well Wisher, Northants



Henry Kelly



Mark Brzezicki

What's that? "Her name is" crackle crackle "Fio" whistle sssss crackle "and" sssss "she dances on the sand" pop sssss crackle crackle "just like that" rrrrrr "bang"

Give up? IS INTERFERENCE The Purple Dye In The Mochaan Of The Punk On The Train In The Film An American Werewolf In London, Northampton.

Interference? I don't get it. Is this a "fiffrrr kessss hullo Annie spazzzzzzz Annie? ffffrrr oh goosh heh heh help do you know if there's a cooked spear I suppose



*It's asparagus or something
billirrry zzz no Annie the clue is
"crooked spine" (or the squillionth
time) zrrrhhzzzzz ploop oh super
ooh gooh help zzz tweive seconds
Annie scccccczzzz" - type joke or
am I on the wrong wavelength?*

My Dear Black Type,

What is the matter with you? Fancying Una, Bonnie and now Annela Rose from *Treasure Hunt*? Don't get me wrong, Annela's OK in her place (five miles up in a doggy helicopter) but the other two - yusck

You'll be telling us next you fancy Incey ("You've got two seconds, chorlie chorlie") Wincey Williams next. Now if it had been Connie Clayton, the now woman from "Come" I might have understood it

Seek medical advice immediately
An S B O Campaigner (Stubb
Bonnie Out), Cambridge

Winsome Wincey Williams? Pool I am impervious to her charms, preferring to start my mornings with the more robust and bracing approach of Francis on the other channel. And as for Connie Clayton, well, if I was "Our Brian" I wouldn't entrust Little Nicky to the care of this woman either. I mean, how much do we actually know about her? Does she understand pre-school infant needs? Can she make perfect pastry? I think we should be told. (Plus she could certainly learn a thing or two from Una whose portrayal of a woman at the end of her tether opposite the fearsome Gareth Hunt in those moving Nescafe ads deserves wider recognition. Why hasn't this woman been knighted?)



Dear Black Type,

Look what I found in the attic in one of my Dad's old annuals. I reckon Mick Jagger wasn't telling you everything in his interview (February 14).
The Man In The Back Seat Of Dab's Car (Roaching For The Sick Bag), Bristol

My Dad always said they were a bunch of clowns with haw.

Dear Black Type,

I am writing on behalf of the L P O F S (Lovers of Pathetic Old

Films Society) to thank the BBC for showing, on Friday March 15, *The Wicker Man*. This was about a poor policeman trying not to be burned alive by a bunch of people with a funny religion.

Why can't I have more films as pathetic as this on our screens? The last pathetic film was on ages ago and I can't even remember its name. It was where this colony of ants ate some lights, ate people and grew huge and ate everyone on this island. It even had a star in it - John "Good Martin Down The Dress" Collins! More please
The Rubber Turkey, Inverness, Scotland

I watched a really pathetic old film the other evening. It was all about a mad professor with glasses who had trapped three teenagers in a chamber with flash lights and beep beep noises and the prof. was torturing his captives, asking them a stream of really inane questions and cackling like a loon. Turned out it wasn't an old film at all but another edition of *Blockbusters*. Keep up the good work, Turkey, and have this £10 reward token towards your researches.

Dear The Jesus And Mary Chain

I am writing to complain about the dreadful name that you have chosen for yourselves. I think it is utterly disgraceful. No sane person goes around calling themselves "Jesus" so why should you?

So what? You will probably get a hit but I certainly won't buy it *John Taylor's Left Contact Lens, Swindon*

So, Frankie, a nation runs for cover due to it (Feb. 26)? What? The Italians wouldn't give a damn if Frankie got kidnapped by Martiana. Frankie aren't hard, they're just used to getting their own way because their record company are scared of upsetting them. When they were were spoiled by their parents and now they're nearly grown up, they're being spoiled by ZTT. Frankie are real wimps who want a good hiding.
Fink Angel

After reading your "Frankie in Italy" features, I came to a few conclusions.

- 1) Naeber should contact Alcoholics Anonymous immediately
- 2) San Remo will never hold a pop concert again.
- 3) Frankie would probably eat hot ice cream if it were served to them.
Julie Bucking, Saltburn, Cleveland

Dear Black Type,

What did Steve Wonder?
What made Eugene Wilde?
How did Julian Cope?
What did Marilyn Ware?
Who did Bronco Beat?
Why was James Lee?
N.A.R. Darstable

This game looks like fun! Let's see now... Where was Toni Basil? Why did Andrew Lloyd-Webber? When was Julio Iglesias? What did Bagnuss? Er, I don't think I've quite got the hang of this yet. I'm off for a spot more practise. Byeeeeeeeee!

HALLO DEARIES!!!

Madame Hortense here, Crystal Gazer and Fortune Teller by appointment to the stars. Seems that the Editor's all of a tiz and in a fluster because he doesn't know what he's going to put in the next issue of his magazine, poor lamb. So I thought I'd pop round, read a few tea leaves and put the old goat out of his misery. Three cheers for Hortense, eh my ducks? I'll just get the old peepers fixed on me crystal ball and see what happens . . . Oooh . . . I see three faces, so young and trusting, look a bit like BRONSKI BEAT to me . . . and now what's happening, oh spirits? I feel like I'm being whisked across the seas and far away to meet NEW EDITION. And now what? 'Pon my soul, the most striking visage is peering from my ball. It's NICK RHODES and he's choosing the winner of your send-in - a - photo - of - someone - incredibly - famous - competition!!! Spooky lark this, ain't it my chickens? Oh laws! Me crystal's gone all foggy now and all I can make out is a lot of foreign words like Bitz and Mutterings and All The Usual Tosh . . . S'all Greek to me, my swans. Still, old Hortense did 'er best. Check out me predictions in

SMASH HITS ● APRIL 25

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 HEARTACHE TO HEARTACHE WE STAND
 NO PROMISES NO DEMANDS
 LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD
 WE ARE STRONG NO ONE CAN TELL US WE'RE
 SEARCHING OUR HEARTS FOR SO LONG
 BOTH OF US KNOWING (THAT)
 LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD

YOU'RE BEGGING ME GO THEN MAKING ME STAY
 WHY DO YOU HURT ME SO BAD
 IT WOULD HELP ME TO KNOW DO I STAND IN YOUR WAY
 OR AM I THE BEST THING YOU'VE HAD
 BELIEVE ME BELIEVE ME I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY
 BUT I'M TRAPPED BY YOUR LOVE
 AND I'M CHAINED BY YOUR SIDE

REPEAT CHORUS

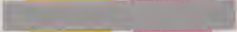
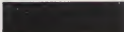
WHEN I'M LOSING CONTROL
 WILL YOU TURN ME AWAY OR TOUCH ME DEEP INSIDE
 AND WHEN ALL THIS GETS OLD
 WILL IT STILL FEEL THE SAME
 THERE'S NO WAY THIS WILL DIE
 BUT IF WE GET MUCH CLOSER I COULD LOSE CONTROL
 AND IF YOUR HEART SURRENDERS YOU'LL NEED ME TO HOLD

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 LOOK MAMA I LOVE YOU
 BUT YOU GOTTA LET ME LIVE MY LIFE
 LOOK MAMA I LOVE YOU
 BUT YOU GOTTA LET ME LIVE MY LIFE
 DON'T WRAP ME UP IN COTTON WOOL
 YOU CANNOT TREAT ME LIKE A FOOL
 ANYWAY IF I WAS YOU GOTTA LET ME BE ONE
 OK GIVE ME YOUR ADVICE
 IT'S NOT MY FAULT IF I CAN'T BE WISE
 SNOW ME A PERSON HASN'T BEEN DONE

REPEAT CHORUS

DON'T TRY TO STICK YOUR RULES ON ME
 I WASN'T BORN AS A CARBON COPY
 I CAME OUT OF YOU
 BUT DON'T THINK YOU OWN ME
 I HAVE MY RESPECT FOR YOU
 I WON'T TRY TO CHANGE THE THINGS YOU DO
 LET ME LEARN IT MY WAY

YOU THINK YOU KNOW MORE THAN ME
 EXPERIENCE HASN'T SET YOU FREE

LOOK MAMA I LOVE YOU
 LOOK MAMA LOOK LOOK MAMA LOOK
 LOOK MAMA I LOVE YOU
 LOOK MAMA LOOK LOOK MAMA LOOK

I GOTTA MAKE MY OWN MISTAKES
 WHY CAN'T YOU TREAT ME LIKE A FRIEND

REPEAT CHORUS

LOOK MAMA I LOVE YOU
 LOOK MAMA LOOK LOOK MAMA LOOK
 LOOK MAMA I LOVE YOU
 LOOK MAMA LOOK LOOK MAMA LOOK
 LOOK MAMA LOOK
 REPEAT AND AD LIB TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC HOWARD JONES
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LOOK MAMA



THE DREAM ACADEMY

They love the '60s. They love The Beatles. They love *Brookside*. They're mad about their new single, "Life In A Northern Town", and so are a lot of other people. William Shaw meets the London trio whose music is "a joyous celebration of life".

Photos: Eric Watson

NICK LAIRD-CLOWES



LIFE IN A NORTHERN TOWN

A SALVATION ARMY BAND PLAYED
AND THE CHILDREN DRANK LEMONADE
AND THE MORNING LASTED ALL DAY ALL DAY
AND THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW CAME
LIKE SINATRA IN A YOUNGER DAY
PUSHING THE TOWN AWAY AH
LIFE IN A NORTHERN TOWN

THEY SAT ON THE STONEY GROUND
AND HE TOOK A CIGARETTE OUT
AND EVERYONE ELSE CAME DOWN TO LISTEN
HE SAID IN WINTER NINETEEN SIXTY-THREE
IT FELT LIKE THE WORLD WOULD FREEZE
WITH JOHN F. KENNEDY AND THE BEATLES
(YEAH YEAH YEAH)

LIFE IN A NORTHERN TOWN
ALL THE WORK SHUT DOWN

EVENING TURNED TO RAIN
WATCH THE WATER ROLL DOWN THE DRAIN
AS WE FOLLOWED HIM DOWN TO THE STATION
AND THOUGH HE NEVER WOULD WAVE GOODBYE
YOU COULD SEE IT WRITTEN IN HIS EYES
AS THE TRAIN ROLLED OUT OF SIGHT BYE BYE

LIFE IN A NORTHERN TOWN
NORTHERN TOWN
ALL THE WORK SHUT DOWN
LIFE IN A NORTHERN TOWN

AD LIB TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC LAIRD-CLOWES/GABRIEL
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"The Beatles? We love them. . ."
". . .adore them. . ."
". . .they're huge!"

When The Dream Academy get played up about their favourite music they tend to gabble – they interrupt each other, they complete each other's sentences, they nod in agreement. And when it comes to music, Kate St John, Gilbert Gabriel and Nick Laird-Clowes are in love with the 1960s.

"We grew up in them," explains Gilbert, the keyboard player. "We loved the '60s . . ."
". . .but we don't want to be retro," butts in singer Nick. "I hate retro. . ."
". . .it's like the '60s children have come of age," continues Gilbert.

"That's right! That's right!" blurts Nick. "And we're not afraid of it."

Their enthusiasm might come from the fact that they've come home to London to find that their single "Life In A Northern Town" is doing so well, but they're probably like this all the time. The single, they say, was written in a similar burst of eagerness.

"We wrote the music in an afternoon," says Nick, "and we loved what we'd done. . ."

". . .and we thought we'd have a joyous chorus," adds Gilbert.

"A joyous celebration of life!" continues Nick.

Nick and Gilbert originally formed The Dream Academy when they were in another group called The Act. One day when they were on tour, the van broke down leaving the rest of the band stranded, so the pair of

them stepped in and played the dete themselves. "It went down fentestically," enthuses Nick.

From that came the beginnings of The Dream Academy. They played together when opportunities came up, even playing after the strippers in a London club, with other members coming and going. But it wasn't 'til Gilbert bumped into Kete, a classically trained oboe player, one night at a party that things finally fell into place.

"I did a degree in music," says Kete, "and I loved it. But I'd always thought 'Oooh! What am I going to do? I don't really want to be a classical musician. I hate classical musicians. They're all drunkards who are bored with what they do. My ambition was always to play oboe in a pop group — a childish ambition!"

So she was a bit taken aback when she found herself a member of The Revising Beauties, a group of classically trained musicians who made a small splash a couple of years back.

"When we split up," she remembers, "I was mortified, because I thought I'd never be able to find such a wonderful thing again."

But then she met up with Nick and Gilbert, who had been busy with the soul-destroying task of hawking The Dream Academy round the record companies.

"It's painful," pronounces Nick. "I can't tell you what pain it is. It's staggering after going to every major record company, every minor record company. . . We'd both go round and then compare notes afterwards standing in the rain. I'd say 'What did they think?' And Gilbert would say 'They thought it sounded like Barry

GILBERT GABRIEL



KATE ST JOHN



Manilow' and I'd say 'Greet! The one I went to didn't like it either.' So it's very nice when you find that people like it at all."

Some people who do seem to like it are the makers of *Brookside*, who are considering using the song as the new theme tune to the soap opera. "It's great," enthuses Kate. "I love *Brookside*."

For the single's video, they all went up to Yorkshire taking along a young boy of about six or seven to play a part in the shoot.

"Picture the scene," says Nick. "We were on the moors at dawn, us and the director Tim Pope and the boy. We all ran up the hill, so excited. It was freezing! We spent an hour sitting around and then started running through, and just as I was singing '*In winter 1963 it felt like the world would freeze*' the snow came down."

The boy looks pretty miserable in the finished version.

"Oh yes," grins Kete. "He was so funny. At first he was really into it. But then it was so cold. It was hard enough for us. . ."

"We had to treat him like a film star," laughs Nick. "We were going '*Please, Jason. One more take.*' And he was just saying 'I won't wear this muck' about the make-up on his face. . ."

". . . and in one shot he was really crying," says Kate. "Gilbert was trying to bribe him with gifts of bios," adds Nick.

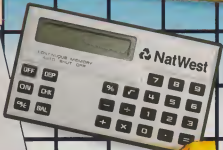
"We felt so guilty!"

And off they gobble again. . .

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Hey baby you go your way and I'll go mine
But in the meantime
When we're together touching each other
And our bodies do what we feel
When we're dancing smooching and swaying
Tender love song softly playing

Chorus

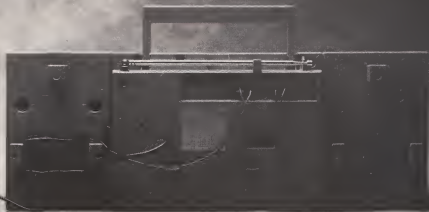
Move closer move your body real close until we
Feel like we're really making love
Move closer move your body real close until we
Feel like we're really making love

So when I say "Sugar" and I whisper "I love you"
Well I know you're gonna answer in the sweetest words
Saying "My pretty lady I love you too"
Well there's much room for passion
Ooh no no there's no room for fears
When the love flows smoothly between us baby my dear

Repeat chorus

Words and music Phyllis Nelson
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And there's more.

We've also acquired 50 SIGNED copies of the 'Welcome To The Pleasuredome' 12" and 50 official Frankie tour t-shirts just to make this a bit of a Frankly Fantastic (That's quite enough of that, thank you - Ed.) competition. So heeeeeere's a question:

When Frankie Goes To Hollywood toured America last year they took an extra guitarist with them. He's Mark O'Toole's brother but what is his name? Is it a) Kevin, b) Jed, c) Pete or d) Sean?

Answers on postcards or backs of envelopes to: **Smash Hits Frankie Competition**, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ. April 25 is the deadline.

And suddenly you could have a book, 12" and t-shirt!



THE COCT

"WHY DON'T YOU JUST PUT A PICTURE OF US IN AND PUT - IN BIG

So what are they like? Nobody really knows. They sell vast quantities of records but rarely give interviews, never appear on *Top Of The Pops* and avoid publicity like the plague. Mark Ellen meets the tribe that hides from man.

The Cocteau Twins: (left to right) Liz Fraser, Robin Guthrie, Simon Raymonde.

Sorry. Must have got the wrong address or something.

I'm surveying the hallway of a trim basement flat in Shepherd's Bush in London. It is, supposedly, the residence of a member of a certain, you know, 'underground' group who are meant to be dead weird, hate giving interviews and refuse to appear on *Top Of The Pops* or generally behave like pop performers are expected to.

In which case, where's the teetering mound of unwashed crockery? And the half-empty lager cans full of fag ends? And why isn't there a Cure LP playing and some smoke fast asleep in the corner?

The place is almost alarmingly tidy. Perfectly scrubbed, in fact. I can even detect the evidence of recent home improvements - cork tiles on the kitchen floor, doors being renovated, an all-pervading smell of fresh paint. The immaculate neatness is interrupted, but only slightly, by a magnificent set of original *Tin Tin* comic book covers, each in a glass frame, and a clock fashioned from an explosion of umbrella-shaped, bright yellow plastic.

The owner, Simon Raymonde, looks however exactly like I thought he would. Both he and the equally friendly Robin Guthrie have the two unmistakable Cocteau Twins hallmarks - a) sensible jerseys beginning to fray slightly at the cuffs; and b) haircuts that look like pot plants in urgent need of nourishment. They're sitting on the brand new sofa, with petite singer Liz Fraser in between them, laughing a lot and waiting to be interviewed. Which isn't something they do very often.

"Journalists," they warn, "tend to be people who wear a t-shirt that sort of says 'look at me, I'm much more important than all the people I write about'," and are thus "not to be trusted".

But go on, they say, ask us some questions.

But first a potted history ("all really boring"): it's 1980 - Robin, then a technician in a Grangemouth oil refinery forms a group called The Cocteau Twins (a line from an early *Simple Minds* song) with a bloke called Will who insists on wearing a duffel coat and bicycle clips. They rescue Liz from a life of sticking labels on whisky bottles, impressed by her mini-kilt, shaved head and total lack of singing experience. The only really major event in the next year, we all agree, is that Liz begins sewing Kentucky Fried Chicken bones to items of furniture - "oh no!" she shrieks, "don't remind me!" - and gluing shells to articles of clothing. Their rare performances - bass, guitar, voice, drum box - attract suggestions that they're "hippies". They tour Europe with OMD. Liz and Robin start "stepping out together" (as they rather touchingly put it), Will leaves, Simon joins, Liz opts for leather mini-skirts and "hair like

antennae", they become regular fixtures on the *John Peel Show* - "he likes groups with girly singers," Robin grins - and they start making records for 4AD. The music is a gorgeous fabric of mysterious rhythm, embroidered with guitar, tapes and elastic vocal contributions from Liz, and its sounds - quite genuinely - like no-one else at all. The songs have "inspiring names" like "Persephone" and "Aloysius" and "Glass Candle Grenades" - "it doesn't matter what they are or what they mean," Liz insists, "I was just being completely selfish."

And since then, some three years back, "nothing has changed".

Nothing, of course, but their popularity. Their records sell in ever-increasing quantities - the last single "Pearly Dewdrops' Drops" sold over 100,000 copies - but they still routinely refuse to promote them with the usual run of interviews, photo sessions and mimed TV appearances which, they say, wouldn't give them enough control. "We want everything our way."

With the result that reactions to The Cocteau Twins are always sharply divided. People either love them or loathe them. The former tend to go a bit imbecilic at the mere mention of their name, gaze into the middle-distance and start rambling on about their 'swirling sepulchral shards of sound that patter like raindrops against the windows of your mind, etc'; and the latter, as Robin puts it, say "we always come across like a bunch of moaning bastards that continually cut off all alleyways open to us and bite the hand that feeds us".

So they can't win. But wouldn't it give people more of a chance to make their minds up if The Cocteau Twins appeared on *Top Of The Pops*?

Robin looks genuinely horrified. "We couldn't do it. We physically couldn't do it. Could you do it? Get up on that stage full of balloons and dancing girls and flashing lights and mime along to your record? You can't do that kind of thing."

"We've made videos," Simon points out. "Why do we have to go on and look embarrassed when they could show our videos?"

But if you want to get more people to hear your music, isn't that the best way to get exposure?

"No, that's not the way at all," Robin again. "If you want lots of people to look at you and think 'wow, he's my hero, he's bloody great' and all that stuff, then you go on *Top Of The Pops* and get on the front of magazines and play the game the usual sort of ways."

"The *Top Of The Pops* game is for now," This is Simon. "Groups get signed last week and in three weeks they're on *Top Of The Pops* and then they're forgotten. I don't see us being in a hurry."

Do you feel you'd be letting some of your fans down by appearing on *TOTP*?

"No, that's not true." Liz this time.



E A U T W I N S

LETTERS RIGHT ACROSS THE PAGE – WE ARE NOT WEIRD, RIGHT?™



"People presumed that, because we weren't on, we hadn't been asked. But when they found out we were asked – twice – and said no, a lot of people wrote in and said we should have done it. They liked us so much they probably thought we'd stand out and change the programme."

So do you feel you'd be letting some of your fans down by not appearing then?

"What! They want us to go out and make prats of ourselves?" Robin laughs at the suggestion. "No, I don't." But they obviously don't think you would.

"It's the records," Simon insists, "that are the important thing. We just play the mu-sic." He half-sings this last bit as if it were some corny radio jingle. "It's bad that you have to have *Top Of The Pops* to promote records. You can hear them on the radio, you can hear them in the clubs. Why do people want more?"

But everybody knows *TOTP* is a dreadful programme – everybody watching it, everybody playing on it – they just accept that. So maybe The Cocteau Twins would stand out as something really different.

"No," Liz smiles and shakes her head. "We'd say we don't want balloons but they'd still treat us like every other band on the programme. Same lighting, same people throwing things at you . . ."

. . . and we're not like every other band on the programme," says Robin.

Top Of The Pops is for Howard Jones and things like that. Just because you sell enough records to get into the charts, doesn't mean you're obliged to appear on it."

"The problem with The Cocteau Twins," he decides, "is that there's no handles on the music, nothing to grasp onto. No messages, no slogans. You can't write about them like you can about The Smiths." An evil grin. "You know, 'I could go out tonight but I haven't got a pair of trousers . . .'"

" . . . a stitch to wear," corrects Simon. "So the result is that people write you off as being a bit weird. But that's not fair. The moment you get written off as weird, a certain percentage of the people who liked your music will just walk away . . ."

. . . and another percentage will think 'hey this band's weird!' and come on in," says Robin. "People think we're sitting there thinking: how can we fool some more people this time? Let's be all obscure! Look, for your article, why don't you just put a picture of us in and then put – in big letters right across the page – WE ARE NOT WEIRD, RIGHT?™"

Simon chips in. "People always say: why can't we hear the lyrics? Why do the records sound like they do? Why? Everything's why? It's never, you know, thank-you for this. Thank-you for just the music. They either say we're 'strumming away blithely with our heads in the sand' – as someone did recently and I took to be a great compliment – or else it's the 'swirling sepulchral shards of sound that . . . how does it go again?'"

. . . pitter like raindrops against the windows of your mind, etc.

Liz leans back, laughing. "People want too much," she says.

And what do The Cocteau Twins want?

"Just to be DAMN GOOD!"

Smash HITS

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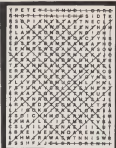
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STAR TEASER



CROSSWORD

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 31

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DOWN: 1 (Philip) Bailey; 2 and 14 'The One Hour'; 3 Elton Brookes; 5 'This Is Not America'; 6 (Paul) Weller; 9 'Smash Hits'; 9 '7 in '74'; 11 (Jo)Elopus; 17 Sheila E; 19 'Heres'; 20 and 7 across Billy Joel; 24 (Physical) Nelson; 26 'Mashed'; 28 Hal (and Oates); 30 (The) Lion (Sleeps Tonight)

OUT THIS
MONTH
A NEW
SMASH HITS
BOOK

FULL DETAILS
NEXT ISSUE

mmm... very mysterious

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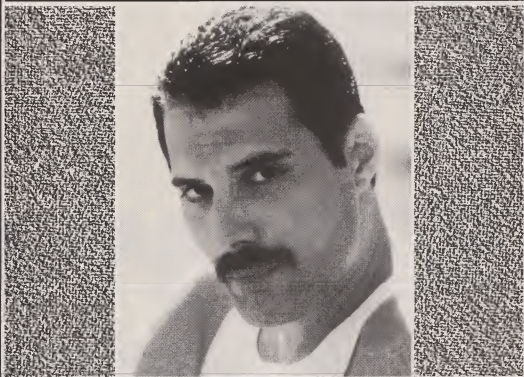
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FREDDIE MERCURY



The Solo Single

I Was Born To Love You



FRED 1

DATES

Check locally before stepping out. A fabulous **Michael** Conway & The Liftsmats' **Conway Production**

Ashford & Simpson: London Hammermith Odeon (May 20/22).

James Brown: London Hammermith Odeon (May 25/26)

Eek-A-Mouse: London Lyceum Ballroom (April 21), Brighton Top Rank (22), Bristol The Studio (28).

Gary Glitter: Liverpool Empire (May 11), Manchester Apollo (7), Portsmouth Guildhall (5), Birmingham Odeon (8), Leicester De Montfort Hall (9), Crawley Leisure Centre (10), Newcastle City Hall (13), Bristol Studio (12), Sheffield City Hall (14), Hull City Hall (16), London Hammermith Odeon (17/18)



NEW ORDER

New Order: Doncaster Pottery (April 18)



ALEXEI SAYLE

Alexei Sayle: Chatham Central Hall (April 12), Wimbledon Theatre (14), Manchester Polytechnic (20), Liverpool Playhouse (21), Dunstable Queensway Hall (25), Oxford Apollo (26), Portsmouth Guildhall (27), Lincoln Ricz Theatre (May 3), Leicester University (4), Birmingham Hippodrome (5), Dartford Orchard (13), Brighton Dome (14), Dublin Olympia Theatre (19), Belfast Whitehall (20), Croydon Fairfield Hall (24), University of East Anglia (25), Nottingham Theatre Royal (26), Northampton Densgate (June 1), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (2), Southend Girls Pavilion (3), Sheffield Crucible Theatre (9), Bristol Hippodrome (14), London Dominion Theatre (15)

Thompson Twins: (amended and extra dates) Leeds Queen Hall (June 15), Liverpool Empire (16), Glasgow Apollo (17), Dublin RDS (19), Belfast Mayfield Leisure Centre (20), Glastonbury Festival (22), Birmingham NEC (24/25), Brighton Centre (25/29), London Wembley Arena (1/3 July)

THE POGUES

LONDON

They're of Irish descent! They play hectic punk-folk music! They leave no table unturned!

"I hope none of you are drinking tonight," announces surprise guest **Elvis Costello** late on in the evening just before **The Pogues** come on, and launches into a "cautionary tale" called "A Man Can Be A Drunk Sometimes But A Drunk Can't Be A Man". But by then it's a bit late...

It's hard to be sure of anything much in the crowded confusion upstairs at the Clarendon pub in Hammermith, London. But then this is St Patrick's Night, and they have all come to see **The Pogues**, the London Irish band who've been whipping up lots of attention with their energetic mixture of Irish folk, country and punk music.

The queue outside is still stretching as far down the road as the eye can see when the first band, **Lash Lariat And The Long Riders**, come on and warm the audience up with some light-hearted country-and-western and hillbilly music. The singer ('Lash', I presume) dresses in spottish cowboy gear that obviously never has and never will see a prairie, sings out of the side of his mouth and speaks between songs in a strong American accent - all of which are probably sure signs that he's never been west of Swindon in his life. They get polite applause, as do the next act, the more "rock'n'roll" **The Swamps**, but it's **The Pogues** people are here to see.

By this time the St Patrick's Day effect is really beginning to take over and things are getting a bit strange. There's a man wandering around the crowd, for no apparent reason, with

a black dog; the DJ, who really doesn't seem to have the right idea at all, keeps playing records either by obscure reggae artists or **The Sisters Of Mercy**; and **Jem, The Pogues'** banjo player bumps into us, then excuses himself with: "I've just got to go and do my fingernails".

A little snitty returns when the unbilled **Elvis Costello** (a big Pogues fan who also produced their last single, "A Pair Of Brown Eyes") strolls onto the stage appropriately wearing a green shirt with a shamrock on. "I've got to sing a couple of songs while they drag the rest of the band from the pub," he explains, before playing four excellent country-ish numbers.

Then he disappears, on come **The Pogues**, and the place erupts. Which is no surprise for the band because it's more or less what's been happening to them since they got together at the end of 1982. Singer **Shane** used to busk with **Jem** at tube stations, and play "Irish rebel songs" with tin whistle player **Spider**. Deciding to combine the two, he roped in drinking partners, accordionist **James** (who used to play with him a few years ago in a very horrible punk band called **The Nips**) and drummer **Andrew**. They were originally called **Pogue Mahone**, a rather indecicate Gaelic expression meaning "kiss my arse", but when their self-financed single, "Dark Streets Of London", took off as part of the cowpunk/folk craze last summer, they changed it to **The Pogues** when **Radio 1** refused to say the old name.

At the end of last year they released a



James playing the accordion



Shane 'Crimin' Lee: Who the hell I look like Hick Heyward



James and Jem



Lash Lariat and the Long Riders: The 'Lash' with dodgy cowboy jacket



The whole band jiggng away 'between a "yeo-ahh" and a "yp-yi-ah"

moderately successful album, "Red Roses For Me" – but it's live that they've earned their reputation. The whole performance, as with everything about The Pogues, is terribly old-fashioned – about as far removed from an Ultravox concert as you could get. There's none of your millions-of-megawatts lighting systems – The Pogues are illuminated by the grand total of eight lights. And the band don't wear any shiny suits or designer clothes – in fact they look a bit of a state. Not that anyone in the audience cares. They're too busy jigging, reeling, pogoing, linking hands in circles and doing just about every dance imaginable.

The actual music? Well, The Pogues only really have two songs. There's the first happy one where Jem plucks the banjo lustily, the others holler "yee-ahh" or "yip-yi-yi", and the crowd goes extremely bonkers. And there's the dirge, which is long, repetitive and rather sad and during which people sit on others' shoulders or wave flags from side to side. The only real variety comes during one of the last songs when Spider downs his tin whistle and bangs his head with a beer tray. Then, after a second run through their anthemic "Boys From The County Hell (Lend Me Ten Pounds And I'll Buy You A Drink)" and their epic dirge "The Band Played Waltzing Matilda", they're gone.

The crowd aren't going to let a little thing like the concert ending spoil their enjoyment – they just stay where they are for ages singing songs and chanting "Celtic" and "Ireland".

Backstage The Pogues dry off and grab another beer. Elvis Costello sits quietly in the corner talking to no-one. Shane looks a bit grim. "I've got a terrible stomach ache," he explains, holding the affected region. "I might have to do something drastic like give up drinking." Then he takes another swig from his can of lager and saunters off to enjoy what's left of St Patrick's Day.

Chris Heath

The traditionally-clad Irish revellers drinking?

What are they



What are they doing here?

Shane after the gig I think he's trying to tell us something



Holly – semi-robotic motions?



The Frankie-philis scream for Ped (surely some mistake – Ed)



"Holy?" "Yes, Paul?" "You're on my toe"

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

SHEFFIELD

Bang! Welcome to the Pleasuredome. Or Sheffield City Hall anyway. The audience are milling around in a state of quiet hysteria. The boys are here for the music, the girls to see Holly and Mark O'Toole (or is it the other way round?). Nobody really cares when the lights dim to the roars and screams of all and two giant Frankie logos spell out their name in lights just in case anyone should forget who's behind the curtain. Then it sweeps open to reveal the scallywags themselves.

What greets the eye is what you'd expect from ZTT. A set as deliciously packaged as a chocolate box in grey geometric blocks with Frankie emblems emblazoned across the floor. A screen above them displays a continuous slide show. Ten out of ten for presentation but what about the band? Well, they launch into a plucky rendition of "War" with much oof! and uh! Holly is the natural front man with his curious semi-robotic motions which keep the Frankie-philis riveted. Twinkietoes Rutherford has to indulge in some suggestive bum-waving to grab some of the attention.

The set moves swiftly through "Pleasuredome" material, including the epic title track which is probably as much of an endurance test as a full marathon. Not surprisingly, the three singles dominate. The audience's rendition of "The Power Of Love" nearly drowns out Holly while "Two Tribes" has them stomping in the aisles and then ducking for cover as some extremely loud bangs let fly from the stage. Real end-of-the-world stuff. "Relax" is the biggest of all. The final encore, after "Ferry Cross The Mersey" and "Born to Run", it finishes in an explosion of spectacular fireworks, then BANG! BANG! BANG! and the scallywags are gone.


Relax? How could it?

Claire Sheaff



'HEAR NO EVIL': GEORGE HARDIE.



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TURTLES

Okey dokey. Settle down, put your plates up and prepare to be outraged by the shocking antics of The World Of Pop! First on the conveyor belt, of course, has to be **Michael Jackson's** little trip to London. He was subjected to a body search at Customs – nothing was found – he was whisked off in a Daimler through hordes of hacks and photographers and fans who were to tag along on his six day visit to unveil his waxwork at Madame Tussauds. At the unveiling, as they say, all hell broke loose. Girls got crushed, a photographer got his foot run over by the Daimler, a police horse kicked in the front of the Daimler and MJ jumped on top of it (the car, not the horse) and did a wheelie. Inside he muttered only a handful of words – “lovely” and “very lovely” (about the waxwork) and “hopefully” when asked **The Burning Question**: are **The Jacksons** going to be touring the UK? During the visit every media hype was trying to get **His Michaelship** on their show, or at their party, or to go to their shop, the strongest contenders being **The Muppets** who wanted him to sing with Kermit and generally gad about. But he was having none of it and tottered around being filmed every second of the day by his private film crew – all footage will be kept for his private archives. He even sent the crew out to film fans outside his Monticain Hotel in London's West End, as well as signing all the souvenirs they passed onto him via the reception. All who got close to him agreed that he was the nicest pop star they'd ever met... **Prince's** recent live TV satellite broadcast from Syracuse, New York will be our only glimpse of the “Purple Rain” tour, **deffo**. That's not to say **His PurpleJons's** “Around The World In A Day” tour to promote the LP of the same name won't hit these

shores. But don't bank on it. And talking of **Muppets** (which we weren't, but Prince does look a bit like Gonzo), our foam rubber friends have asked **David Bowie** to be in their film “Temporarily abandoning his music career”. **His Bowieness** will feature in **Labyrinth**, a follow up to Muppet man Jim Henson's **Dark Crystal** film... **Bowie** joined the **Terrahawk** herself **Time Turner** on stage in Birmingham's Exhibition Centre, singing the track “Tonight”, which they both perform on his last LP, **Let's Dance**, but – April Fool-oo – they sang the old Chris Mozley number instead of the Bowie one. Tee hee! Afterwards DJ whispered these immortal words: “Standing next to her is the hottest piece in the universe. Her singing is like a kiss.” TT had this to say: “It was one of the greatest moments of my career.” All

say aah! The show was filmed by a US cable TV crew who plan to release it worldwide later this year. Which usually means everyone will see it but us. Meanwhile **Mer Turureship** and **Madonna**, so say top psychologists, are “striking a huge blow for women”. Psychologist spokesperson Ann Weber reckons “today's women rockers may even have a positive influence on the teens of the 80s. For one thing, their independent and often eccentric images may help break the traditional constricting ways of viewing women.” Right on, okay ya... Acupuncture. Yes, sticking pins in your nether regions is the thing to be seen to be doing this Spring. **Sade** has 14 of the spikes stuck in her every week. Why? To give up smoking, she says. The feet, ears and nose are the punctured bits. Meanwhile top pop doc Garry, 29, from New Zealand has been spiking the spines of **Limahl**

and **Cheryl Baker** (not at the same time, we hope). He's also recently treated **the Art of Noise**. That must have been fun – I mean, have you ever tried sticking a pin in a spinner? ... **Tony Blackburn** has done a cover version of “Relax”. Nice one. **Frankie Goes To Hollywood** have been chastised by the police for their new vid. They were described as “irresponsible idiots” because of the scene in which they steal a car. “It will be seen by millions of young kids and they will obviously think that stealing a car is OK,” so said crime prevention officer Harry Tranter. **Simon Le Guy**, meanwhile, has just ditched out 11 Milice smackers for his yacht! The 77 foot monster will be used to enter the Whitbread Round The World Race in which **Simon** will take part in the Cape Horn leg. “We're going to have a damn good crack at winning,” boasted Simon while checking out the hull,

or whatever sailors do these days. **Andy Taylor**, firmly in dry dock, has just blasted the BPI awards. He claimed that **Duran** were warned they might not have won the award for best video if they did not turn up for the ceremony itself. As it happened they won even though they didn't turn up. The BPI and the BBC claim no knowledge of the warning. Sounds like a job for **Supergun**. Serious Business. **Madonna** has been accused of being racist by the Black Promoters Association in America. They claim she won't co-operate with them on her forthcoming US tour. Strange that, as her LP's produced by Nile Rodgers and most of Chic play on it. **Billy Joel** finally got married to model **Christie Brinkley** on a private yacht on the Hudson River in New York. **Christie Hyde** has had her baby. A girl weighing in at 7 pounds. 11 ounces it has no name as yet and Dad **Jim Kerr** was present at the birth. All say aah! **Bad boy**, A “drunken” **Andrew Ridgeley** apparently removed girls' bras at a student party in Bristol 't'other week then “staggered about twanging girls' suspenders and fondled a man as drag, mistaking him for a girl.” What a lad, eh? Doctor **Doctor! Tom Bailey**, only hours after being interviewed by our very own **Chris Heath**, collapsed in his hotel bedroom. Doctor's diagnosis: “Total exhaustion.” He went on to explain the lad's plight: “Tom's been a bit shaky for a few days now and until his doctor in Paris has seen him we won't know the full story. Only then will we see how this unfortunate event will affect our future plans.” As a result, the new single, “Roll Over”, might be put back. A Doctor writes, two packets of **Creets**, **Wostis**, a **Wisp** bar and **Nesque** every hour on the hour and he'll soon be back on his feet. Byeese!



Michael Jackson's lightning sight-seeing tour of the capital took in some of the most famous sights. Big Ben? Nelson's column? The Smash Hits offices? Nope – The London Dungeon and the Chamber Of Horrors.

SMASH HITS
DEPECHE MODE
Photo: Andy Fanning

