

45p 1-17 JUNE 1986
(Germany/Dm3, Singapore S\$3)

SMASH HITS

Siouxie & The Banshees
Sigue Sigue Sputnik

Status Quo

The Smiths

Peter Gabriel

Pet Shop Boys

Communards

Madonna

A-ha

Boy George

SIMPLY RED

"When the bomb drops people should be dancing to *our* records."



★ FEATURES

- 12-13** **SIMPLY RED:** Poor old silver-voiced **Mick Hucknell** – run over three times by a car! Read all about it!
- 14-15** **PETER GABRIEL:** He's a bit weird, you know.
- 20-22** **THE SMASH HITS NUCLEAR DEBATE:** **Sede, Status Quo, Merk King, Robert Smith, Nik Kershaw, Ronald Reagan** and merry more. What do they think about the bomb?
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OPPORTUNITIES (LET'S MAKE LOTS OF MONEY)

I've got the **brains**
you've got the **looks**
let's make lots of **money**
you've got the **brains**
I've got the **brains**
let's make lots of

I've had enough of scheming
and messing round with jerks
my car is parked outside
I'm afraid it doesn't work
I'm looking for a partner
someone who gets things fixed
ask yourself this question:
"do you want to be rich?"

I've got the **brains**
you've got the **looks**
let's make lots of **money**
you've got the **brains**
I've got the **brains**
let's make lots of **money**

you can tell I'm educated
I studied at the sorbonne
doctored in mathematics
I could have been a don
I can program a computer
choose the perfect time
if you've got the inclination
I've got the **crime**

oh there's a lot of
opportunities
if you know
when to take them
you know there's a lot of
opportunities
if there aren't
you can make them
(make or break them)

I've got the **brains**
you've got the **looks**
let's make lots of **money**
let's make lots of

money

you can see I'm single-minded
I know what I could be
how do you feel about it
come take a walk with me
I'm looking for a partner
regardless of expense
think about it seriously
you know it makes sense

let's (got the **brains**)
make (got the **brains**)
let's make lots of **money (money)**
(let's) you've got the **brains**
(make) I've got the **brains**
(got the **brains**)
let's make lots of **money**
I've got the **brains**
(got the **brains**)
you've got the **looks**
(got the **looks**)
let's make lots of **money (money)**

money

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- on parlophone records



PET
SHOP
BOYS
SMASH
HITS

SCHLLLEEUURRRRRPPPP !!!!!!!

Pop persons reveal the torrid tales of . . . THEIR FIRST SNOG!

► Chris (Pat Shop Boys)

"My first kiss? On the mouth??? Oh, how how . . . her name was Lesley Duffy. I think it was in the library and I was 10."



4 Neil (Pat Shop Boys)

"It was a girl called Pauline Hadaway at this party. She was going out with my best friend - well, she was up until that night, heh?"

Paul King ►

"Mmmmm. . . a girl called Carol Thorner and I was 11 years old. I took her to the movies to see Walt Disney's *The Amateurs*. We didn't sit in the back row but I did kiss her goodbye. Actually, I had the kissing record at school. I was so romantic."



4 Alannah Currie (Thompson Twins)

"I went out with this boy when I was 14. I really tangled him at school and he asked me out for a date. I begged my mother. I said 'all the other girls are going out with boys, why can't I?' It took me two weeks to convince her. I was all dressed in purple and we went to see *Love Story* and when we got back to my house he kissed me goodnight in his car. It was so revolting I didn't go out with boys for a year."



the Memphis used to be the singer with Barbara, the checkedones that start at the inverted black clothing and eyeshow. And guess what? He's just opened a sandwich shop called *Me's* back to the bank. She was late looking to see if you were paying attention. I actually he's just released a new single, "Blue Heart," pitched from the rare ever solo LP due out in July. YYYYYYYYY!



▲ Jon Moss (Culture Club)

"It was with a girl named Elizabeth Hildebrand in a pool shed in Majorca. We were about 12 and very embarrassed. We wanted to have a snog and the only place we could find was where they kept all the stuff that goes in the pool. But my first kiss really was when I was about six and I got this girl in a toy cupboard and pretended to play spaceships."

Fergal Sharkey ▲

"I missed and kissed this girl on the nose. I blew it! (What, the nose? How how - Ed) Of course, I was 12 at the time. I've been practicing a lot since then and I'm getting better."



▲ Janet Jackson

"I was filming *Different Strokes* and it was with Todd, my co-star, so it was a screen kiss. He was cheating though - doing stuff he wasn't supposed to do. They could see it on camera and they kept telling us off so I said 'listen, talk to Todd. I was so embarrassed'."

▼ Simon Le Bon

"GRRRREAAAT! I was on the school feed behind a tree. I'm not going to tell you what her name was because if she found out it would be really embarrassing as she's probably married now and her husband would go 'what's this? You mean you kissed somebody before you married me?'"



▲ Roger Taylor

"Oh my God! I think I was about 10 years old. It was my cousin or something . . . no, she wasn't my cousin, she was my parents' friends' daughter. I cornered her in the toilet and sort of lunged towards her to kiss her - and she kissed me! She seemed to enjoy it, then she turned round and slapped me across the face. And she went crying to her mum, saying that I'd kissed her. Not a very pleasant experience. . ."

Mags (A-ha) ►

"I had this weird girlfriend when I was about 13 who didn't know what to do. I had a hard time trying to get a good kiss: I had to hold her nose so that she would open her mouth! That's pretty cool, isn't it?"



Pål (A-ha) ►

"Actually, the first girl I dated was Mags' girlfriend and the first kiss I got was when she wanted him back and she used me to get him back. She gave me this kiss when he was looking. That was, like, last year, wasn't it?"

and you'd have been 2 1/2 miles from the stage. The show has now become the world record-holder for the most people to attend a pop concert ever and is "hailed" as just that in next year's *Guinness Book Of Records*. And who's the runner-up for this coveted title? Jean Michel Jarre - spoonful - for putting in a measly 1 million in 779 for a Paris "do". Crivens



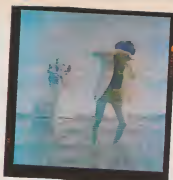
SALTY SIMON SAVES THE DAY!!!

Gracious no, it's not a remake of Duran Duran's "Rio" video featuring still more rock 'n' roll chickslets, the truth is worse: it's actually an American TV ad for some "leisure (pronounced leez-sure) wear" featuring Simon Le Bon and his trusty old tub Drum. How on earth did Simon get involved in this malarky? Well, there's a story here. Remember when Drum had that yachting accident last year? Well, not only did Simon almost get sent to a watery grave wearing only some skimpy undies, but also the hull of Drum was so horribly mangled that it was going to cost more money than Bitz earns in 10 years to repair. And silly old Simon had completely forgotten to get the boat insured. 'Tsk, tsk! In fact it was all pretty gloomy until this so-called leisurewear company called Sesson came along and offered to pay for the repairs if Simon would appear in one of their adverts. And lo! In a trice Simon turns up wearing swishy togs and Drum is made shipshape again.

And here's another interesting tit-bit. The music for the ad isn't by Duran Duran. It's a song by British group Outbur called "When The Bad Men Come (Holo-oo Sado-Bo)" (only they had to change the words a bit 'cause they were too weird to go with Sesson "leisurewear"). And the song is out now as their new single.

Outbur (or Outbur Squarer as they used to be known here) see! ▶

▼ A fish



▲ Errr, not the best way to go about winning the Whitbread Round-The-World Race.



▲ Errr, not the best way to go about passing your cycling proficiency test



▲ "Oooooooooooooo!"



▲ Three costumed persons hunt Drum for a search. (Possibly the wrong caption here - Ed.)

THE BITZ INTERVIEW

● "LOFTY" FROM EASTENDERS

Suppose you've all heard this "hulabaloo" about Lofty from *EastEnders*? About how he's gone and recorded a cover version of a 20-year-old song called "Subterranean Homeaick Blues" by veteran "crooner" Bob Dylan? About how he's gone and made a video for the single which has got not-particularly-famous Mancunian pop people in it like Brix Smith from The Fall and some of the chaps from New Order? And about the LP he's planning with his Manchester pop chums?

You haven't? Oh, well Bitz won't bother telling you about it than. Bye. (Oh yes you will. Get on the phone to Lofty at once!! - Ed.)

Humph. Mutter mutter. (Wall? Go on then - Ed.)
Click... dial dist... brrr brrr... click.

"Hello?"

"Mutter mutter..."

"Sorry?"

Oh... It's a Bitz here. What's all this about a record then, Mr Lofty? Are you trying to impress Michelle by becoming a very rich and famous pop star instead of a meaty bar person?

"Um," says actor Tom Watt. "Believe it or not, Lofty and I are



quits separates people. It's nothing to do with Lofty. Making a record has always been an ambition of mine because I live and breathe music..."

Cripes! So how on earth will Bitz be able to tall the difference between Tom Watt, "pop star" and successful actor, and Lofty, complete and utter washout and failed traffic warden?

"Well, I'm about seven years older than Lofty for a start," anapa Tom. "And I'm a lot more at ease with the world than he is. And I'm a better dresser. And I'm not going to get married, either."

Jolly glad to hear it. Bitz didn't think Michelle was your type anyway. (Oh, for goodness sake! - Ed.)

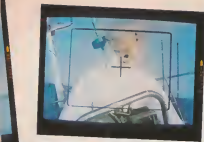


"HI THERE, POP NATION!

David Bowie here, twinking my toes and thoroughly enjoying myself recording my latest single "Underground in this twenty New York studio. In fact, I'm in such a good mood I'm going to reveal who the guests are on this new waxing: 1) famous soul bloke Luther Vandross; 2) famous soul women Chaka Khan; 3) famous soul mum Cissy Houston (i.e. Whitney's) and 14 members of the famous Gospel Choir from the church down the road. And it's produced by famous producer Ant! Merdin (though I helped him a bit, it has to be said). And you can buy your very own copy of my new single on June 9. Bye Bye."

▼ Left to right: Chaka, Luther, "Bowie" and Cissy compare their dental work.





A Split!



Admiral Mr. B. B. walks the plank. "Bye-bye!"

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO...

JUNE

- 4 **Chris Kavanagh** of Sique "Squid" Spaznik (2)
- 4 **John Kesbelle** of Spandau Ballet (27), **Robert Medley** of The Bluebelles (27) and D.C. Leo (25)
- 7 **Paddy McAloin** of Pirella Gritti (24), **Prince (20)** and **Ringo Starr**, ex-Beatle (48)
- 8 **Andy Fletcher** of Depeche Mode (25), **Nick Rhodes** (24), **Deke Sayers** of Five Star (20), **Allison Mayart** (21), **Mick Hucknall** of Simply Red (26) and **Bonnie Tyler** (25)
- 8 **Edith Landies** of Chris Cross (26), **Jim Kerr** of Simple Minds (27) and **Marc Almond** (30)
- 11 **Pete Murphy** (29)
- 13 **Dentelle Pearson** of Five Star (18)
- 14 **Boy George** (25)
- 15 **Hell Arthur** of Blancmange (28)
- 17 **Berry Manfield** (42) (New Year)

AND HAPPY BIRTHDAY...

... In those old school-masters **The Damned**, ten years old this year! They were one of the first punk groups to exist, and their debut single "New Rose" is generally regarded as the very first punk single ever released. Soak them they've split up, got back together as **The Damned**, changed their name back to **The Damned** and got their founder member **Capleton Bevelike**, but they're still trucking merrily along. To celebrate they're re-released that very first ever single "New Rose" in its original sleeve and in lots of different colours of vinyl just like they used to do in those long gone wacky days of punk 'rock'. Hurrah!

- ▼ #1976 (left to right) Ray Stables, Lester Searles, Bert James, Dave Varnan.
- ▼ #1986 (top to bottom) Robert Aggs, Roy Marick, Pat Stables and Dave Varnan.



CACTUS WORLD NEWS

"I've lost my voice so I don't want to talk to you," wheezes Eoin McEvoy defiantly. "So I trust you will not misquote me."

Gracious!

Eoin and the other members of **Cactus World News** have just stepped from the stage following a somewhat rambunctious "gig" at Dublin's Trinity College May Ball (packed with drunken smoot-students being sick on each other's bow ties, Laura Ashley girdles, etc. etc.). Mid-way through the concert all the equipment went wonky and Eoin ended up having to shout into his microphone. Mind you, he shows quite good even when the equipment is behaving itself - **Cactus World News** (or "Cactu" as they are known to their acquaintances of fans on the Emerald coast i.e. Dublin) are that kind of group: earnest, intense, rousing... little wonder, really, that when Eoin and guitarist Frank Keane sent a "demo" tape of their song, "The Bolo", to Bono of U2 in 1994, Bono - no legend has it - leapt 60 feet in the air screaming "That's brilliant!"

Bono, you see, had been scouting round for groups to stick on U2's own Mother label and **Cactus World News** seemed to have the required energy and "committment". But they aren't too keen on discussing Bono, however: the U2 connection has become "a milliona round their necks", leading to over-early categorisation.

"People have called us U2 clones," moans drummer Wayne Sheehy. "Now, don't get us wrong - we are very, very grateful to Bono for what he did for us and we always will be. But he knows that it might work against us. When he produced the first single, "The Fridge", he said we shouldn't put his name on the credits because he knew what would happen. But we said 'damn it, you produced it, your name is going on and damn the consequences!'"

Another "topic" **Cactus World News** are not too keen on discussing is Eamon Andrews who just happens to be the father of bass player Pargal MacAnlinn.

"It's purely coincidence," says Pargal. "It has no relevance to what **Cactus** are about whatsoever..."

So what are **Cactus World News** about?

Well, they're dab hands at wearing leather jackets (apart from Eoin (you can't wear "Cowboy") who is altogether more chic and dapper). Their name comes from the thought of a man in an American desert watching the world flash by on his TV while the cacti spout around him (?). And they believe that bald-headed attitudes are the worst thing in the world.

"I've been in some unbelievably awful groups in my time," says Pargal. "But this is not one of them."

Eoin McEvoy wheezes in agreement.



A-hel Caught her! It's Toyah Wilcox (punkie-type songstress who hasn't made a record for a long time) trying to escape from the plight of oil-sealing, oil-knowing **Bitz!** (Can't say I blame her - Ed.) And she's just got herself "hitched" to that bloke behind her, Robert Frigg, creator of '80s cult group King Crimson and that's why she's wearing the floppy frock.

The wedding took place on May 16 in Witchampton, Dorset where **Bitz!** just happened to be having a picnic on the village green, and so a swift was the ceremony (attended only by family and a few pals) - that there wasn't even the chance to get so much as an "Excuse me - get out of my way please" from either of them. Never mind, though, the vicar was such a nice man. According to him:

"Robert is a very interesting person indeed, very likeable and very genuine. And so is Toyah." Phew!



It's another Wobbly day! It were Eoin (second) and Pargal (third) Shaker! And they're even the film material. And full details are in "Happenings" (page 12).



They're back! Again! It's Gene Levree Jessabel - the group who've made a not very big fortune from sucking their cheeks in and making quite good records and looking a bit handsome! And they're off on tour quite soon where they'll be performing their brand new single "Heartache" and loads of other wibbly 'n' walloose tunes. Details in "Happenings" (page 35).



MANTRONIX

Tan tee tum. Hum tee mumm. Sigh.
Peace. Fwisch. CAW!!! Bitz is BORED!!
Isn't there anything to do? (Yes - phone those Jamaican rapsters Mantronix and congratulate them on their first British hit - Ed)
Brrr berrrr. Brrr... Ping!
Hello! Bitz here. Congratulations on your hit single!

"Huh? What hit single?"
Er... "Bassline".

"Bassline"? Is it? Good! Oh... I never know these things. I just put my records out and forget about them.

Corks. This Mantronix bloke's a bit clueless. Who's that other chappy who does the rapping?

"Oh, he's this guy M.C. Tee. I met him about 18 months ago in a record shop in New York where I was the DJ and he was a customer. The guy just asked to rap on one of my records and I said 'yeah' and that was it."

So who does everything else?

"I do all the electronics, the scratching, the drum machine, the simulator and I'm also a professional keyboard player. I'm very far from being a Beethoven, though. I call my stuff a new form of music in its primitive form. It's dance-styled rap and it's an art form. Have you heard my scratching on Joyce Sims' record? That's scratch as art."

Jings. Do you and M.C. work together on all your, er, art?

"Yeah, but we live miles apart, which is a bit of a problem, really. Right now I can't find him to record our new album. He's just disappeared - I don't know where he is. It's real bad when I get an idea and I just can't find him."

Not a very close pop relationship, is it folks? Anyway, Bitz would now like to exclusively reveal Mantronix's REAL name...

"Aw, come on! Please! Don't do it... I'll send you ten dollars if that's what it takes."

Ten dollars? You're on, matey! That would buy Bitz at least... (tappety tap on the Bitz "office" calculator)... 50 packets of Hubbs Bubbl' Yum!

▼ Quite Mantronix (left) and M.C. Tee



Dear Reader

Just a few words to give our version of what has gone on over the last few months. Basically, Andy and myself had decided that WHAM's natural timespan was drawing to a close, that it was time to move on, and in different directions. (Andrew, of course, is moving on at about 200 a.p.h., whereas I don't even have a licence).

The 'split', however, was not to be immediate, as we still had a few records planned, and wanted to play Wembley Stadium during the summer.

And that's still how we feel. Our differences with our now departed management company, unfortunately brought everyone's attention to our plan, roughly six months early. That's all.

What's important for you to know is that no matter what you read or hear, Andrew and I are still the good friends we always were, and that ending the band, though a tough decision to make, was quite simply the only way the two of us could follow our own ambitions successfully and enjoyably. True, we could have gone on, possibly for many years, but what would the name WHAM stand for, say, five years time. Two men approaching their thirties, and singing about - what?

To us, that name is about being young, optimistic, with everything to gain, and an excitement for the future. Andrew and I have somehow managed to keep hold of those things, and our friendship; for four years now, and that's the best reason we can think of for finishing things now, before experience and the music business take their toll.

If all goes as planned, the last single, and the Wembley concert, will go ahead, and we will have achieved all that we set out to do more than a decade ago. In fact, to be honest, the last four years have brought more in the way of surprises and achievements than anyone could have hoped for. So it goes without saying that we really thank you for your support and loyalty, and just as importantly, that we both hope you'll get as much pleasure from our separate careers as you did from the things we did together as WHAM.

Love and many thanks,

George Michael

VVVRRROOOOOOOOO!!!

● Hey! Wow! It's that crazy new wild person of rock that everyone's talking about, Zodiac Mindwarp! Wooool! Real mean, eh? Hold on a sec. What's that? It can't be Zodiac Mindwarp because that's him over there on the right. Oh. Who's this then? Oh no! What a too, too embarrassing "faux pas". This is, apparently, a photo of famed Greek songbird Mama Mouskouri who was recently mooching about the charts with her single "Only Lova". She's changed her image! This is all too much...



▲ Name it loud!
"Mama!"



Hello, Nice to be here. We're a new group called Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction and people are really going wild about our new mini-LP "Pried Of Love" because we're all just so mad! We're crazy! We go into houses without wiping our shoes! We haven't tidied our bedrooms up for two weeks! And we've got really freaky names like Cobalt Stargazer, Kid Chaos and Slem Thunderhide. And our leader Zodiac Mindwarp is a really, really spooky kind of guy and if anyone was to confuse him with Greek songbird Mama Mouskouri he'd probably drive his motorbike right over their toes and then about rude names at them. Oh look! Isn't that Mama Mouskouri over there on the left on a motorbike?"

VVVRRROOOOOOO!!!

A LETTER FROM GEORGE MICHAEL

So, with the end of Wham! looming, Bizt asks, "Is George Michael happy about all these planned 'solo' projects?"

"I'm making a single with Aretha Franklin," he explains, "and possibly one in June with Michael Jackson. With opportunities to work with people like that how can you not be happy?"

George has been out in Detroit over the last couple of weeks working with Aretha, the legendary "queen of soul", but other rumored projects remain unconfirmed. For instance, there's absolutely no news yet about the special Anti-Apartheid single that he was supposed to be recording with Stevie Wonder. A "spokesperson" for Steve admits that he doesn't know anything about it at all.

And what of Wham!? Well, tickets for the final concert sold out in under twelve hours and the "farewell" EP is due out on June 9. The four songs have finally been decided on: "The Edge Of Darkness" (with Elton John playing piano), "Where Did Your Heart Go", "Barnabastations" and a special, updated version of "Wham! Rap", "Wham Rap '86". As for the LP that's scheduled for mid-summer, Wham!'s management office say that will "definitely" be a compilation album.

As George has been so busy planning the concerts and recording, he has asked Bizt to print this letter (left) — an explanation to Wham! fans about the split. Your wish is Bizt's command, on Great One . . . (Shut up — Ed.)



Let Bizt tell you all about Cashflow. Cashflow is a word generally used by businessmen as an excuse for not paying people (i.e. Editors).

"Frightfully, sorry, Bizt, no paypacket this week (£8.61 minus tax) because the 'cashflow' is a bit tight." Alternatively, Cashflow is the name of a group from Atlanta in the USA who have that sprightly "Mine All Mine"/"Pary Freak" single zinging about the airwaves. And their suave singer Kary Hubbert (bottom left in the picture) is on the telephone right this very second! So tell us about yourself, Kary.

"I'm the wild man of the group. On the last songs I got a real rock style, but on the slow songs you could call me a romanticist. And Cashflow are always being mobbed by the ladies. We lose it. It's the worst thing about being so handsome. We're not perfect, but we have very few flaws."

What a swank!



George has (finally) made it! He's on the cover of the new issue of the magazine. It's a real honor for him. He's also on the cover of the new issue of the magazine. It's a real honor for him. He's also on the cover of the new issue of the magazine. It's a real honor for him.

MIAMI SOUND MACHINE



A Gloria Estefan looking just about

► Miami Sound Machine (l-r): Gloria Estefan, Emilio Estefan, Emilio "El Funky" Garcia and a few tropical plants.



Miami is sooooo tropical, really pretty — all palm trees and flowers and grapefruits, oranges, bannans. . . and all that sun — it's just beautiful, a paradise. . . Mmmph. Bizt is sitting staring out of the "office" window at huge blobs of rain smacking onto the pavement (and soaking all the Swedish tourists how haw) and dreaming of far-off lands. Just like the ones Gloria Estefan from Miami Sound Machine is so gleefully describing on the Bizt "hot" line. . .

"My husband and myself are just about to buy a house on a small island so we can go swimming every day and. . ."

STOP!!! Pat — who needs Miami? It's probably crawling with monatrous insects with seven eyes and a zillion legs. Not that that would bother Gloria, so chuffed is she that Miami Sound Machine's "Bad Boy" single is doing so well in Britain. It's their first hit here since "Dr. Beat" in 1984 and only their second since Gloria joined the group 10 years ago when she was 17. Ten year Bizt supposes she must have "bumped" into lots of famous people in all that time, then. . .

"Oh ysa! Only the other week we were in Boston doing a charity concert for kids and it was hosted by Boy George! He was picking vocals on stage for 'Bad Boy'. What's fun guy he was! Real nice. Oh?"

"Not as nice as my husband, Emilio, though. We've been married for eight years now, you know. It was him who hired me to be the singer in the first place — he started the band."

Cool! Bizt inspects rather revealing photo of "artists" and notes an awful lot of pats flesh. Er. . . how come you haven't got much of a tan if there's all that sun in Miami?

"Ah well, we've been doing a lot of indoor work recently. Actually, I'm off to the beach when I've finished talking to you. The beaches are soooo beautiful, so whits end. . ."

Aaaaarrgh!!!!

BAD BOY

Bad boy bad boy bad boy bad boy

Boys will be boys bad boy bad boy

Boys will be boys bad boy bad boy

Boys will be boys bad boy bad boy

Boys will be boys bad boy bad boy

Boys will be boys bad boy bad boy

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Boys will be boys bad boy bad boy

Bad bad bad bad boy

You make me feel so good

I want you bad bad bad bad boy

You make me feel so good

Know you would

Boys will be boys

Always get so restless

Bad boy bad boy boys will be boys

Nothing but trouble

Bad boy bad boy boys will be boys

Leave me feeling breathless

Bad boy bad boy boys will be boys

Nothing but trouble

Bad boy bad boy boys will be boys

Nothing but trouble

Bad boy bad boy boys will be boys

Nothing but trouble

Bad bad bad bad boy
You make me feel so good
You naughty bad bad bad boy
You make me feel so good
Know you would

The way you hold me tight
You got me excited
You do me oh so right
My heart goes
Oh-oh-oh

Best best best best best best

Repeat first verse to lady

Words and music by Lorraine Demetrius/Garry Hunter/Viper
Produced by percussion CEO Songs Ltd
© 1984 Records

These two chaps are called Sly Fox and they're going down to their new single "Let's Go All The Way". And it's causing the bloke on the left to have a tan that isn't at all in proportion to the rest of his body.

Uncanny, eh? Anyway, they're called Gacy Cooper and Michael Camacho, they're Americans and they met in a nightclub in New York last year. Since then they've become rather famous in Le States and especially in Canada where "Let's Go All The Way" reached number one. And they'll be touring America with Alexander O'Neal and Five Star this summer. Hurrah!



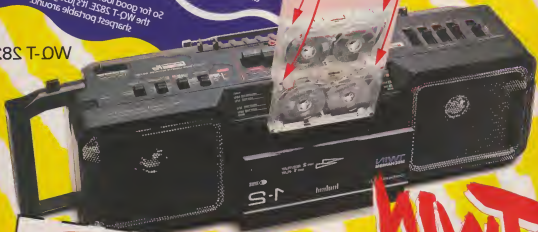
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WO-T-382E



TWIN



LESS BUCKS MORE FUN

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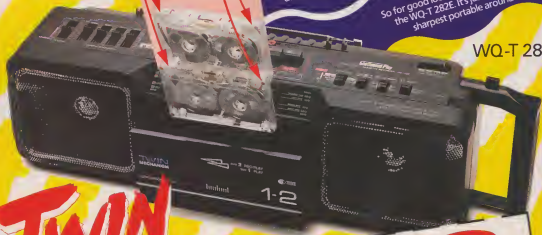
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WQ-T 282E



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WQ/SH/1

LESS BUCKS MORE FIZZ



"I'VE BEEN

What? Simply Red's Mick Hucknall has chewed toffees (lots of) all over his beard three times but even though he sings "Holding On loosely ever, he swears all he dreams of is being "a house proud palace." Sylvia Patterson can't believe

It's Tuesday, it's lunchtime and there's a thunderstorm spitting the heavens outside. Inside the swain WEA record company offices, Mick Hucknall is safe and dry and it can pour all it likes for all he cares — because today he's celebrating. "Holding Back The Years" is finally "the hit it deserved to be the first time — bit flamin' late, isn't it?" and Simply Red's magnificent LP "Picture Book" went gold today — "that's 100,000 albums and by the end of the year we're scheduled to have sold two million — for the first album that's remarkable!"

Mick beams a massive smile and collapses on a settee — a satisfied man. "People don't realise it here — but we're enormous in Europe — the album's been number one in Holland for 17 weeks, it's a number seven in Italy — the same in Germany and now it's happening in the States as well! I mean, I don't know what's wrong with this place — you think 'Jesus, I was born here — why has Britain been last?' It's been so long since 'Money's Too Tight' — everything else did nothing. So when you do get into the charts again you think 'well, I just don't flamin' care.' We're glad it's successful, of course, just look! (Points a spindly finger at the pile of empty wine bottles on the table.) We're celebrating!"

Indeed, we're sitting in an "interview" room which looks like a furnished, smogged glass greenhouse; Mick is sprawled all over the settee and he's talking. And he's talking and he's talking — in his soft, rather slow Mancunian accent — about the things that matter to him. He can talk for hours about his beloved soul music, or how much he despises Maggie Thatcher, or how much he loathes "pomorous, pseudo-intellectual, pink-party-going pop stars." It's quite another thing, though, to get him to talk about himself. Attempt to probe into his "life" and he squirms around in his seat, rigging about, looking all around the room, avoiding your eye as if by looking at you he'd reveal what he's trying so desperately not to tell you. . .

"Ok. Ok. . . I was born on June 8, 1960." And that took five minutes to worm out of him. . . "I suppose I had a good childhood." See? It wasn't that

difficult. . .

"Abe a lot toffies — loved school. Yeah, I had a ball. A great time. Until I was 11 when I went to Grammar School. Hated that. Hated being treated like a pet dog and told to stand up and sit down when people walked in the room. I just turned against it all — I was bad at school and everything just fell apart. And I got run over three times between 11 and 13! I just had a bad period of not looking. Once I went over the top of the car, once under it and once just hit. I was never seriously hurt, unbelievably enough. I've never broken a bone in my life! Well a minute, I once broke a knuckle-bone! When I chinned somebody — can't even remember what for now. I was probably drunk and chinned a wall. That's another thing, at 15 I was a real heavy boozier — six or seven pints a night — a bit of a problem to my family, really. I used to nick lead off roofs and sell it to scrap metal merchants for beer money. I was a criminal! A right little thief. A right pain in the neck. Got into a lot of fights all the time — I just hated my situation so much.

"The mates who I used to go to the pub with were all older than me — around 17, I even used to knock around with their dad! We'd all go out boozin' with their dads and talk about football and politics and the Daily Mirror, I suppose I thought I was very grown-up. I didn't really get myself together till I left school at 16 and went to art college, where I did great! Got two A-levels and ended up with a degree in fine art. That really was great — loved college. After I left I just painted for two years when I was on the dole — all sorts of things — some abstract stuff, some techno stuff, figures and models, paintings of old girlfriends. . . I don't know if they were any good, I've not got them any more. I just left them in a house. I'm not possessive about things like that — apart from my records, of course! I had a brief flirtation with heavy rock music when I was 16 — Led Zeppelin and all that. I grew my hair pseudo-long.

"Then punk happened and I cut it all off, got into the music and formed the Frantic Elevators when I was 17. God, I just used to shout them! We ended up being a rhythm'n'blues band who couldn't play. We were just trying to do something different like everybody else. It

was all over by the middle of '79 anyway. I got fed up and wanted to find some musicians who could play. It took me a year and a half — but I did it! And here we are today, sitting in some record company offices, talking to some Smash Hits journalist!"

Phew-see. What a chatterbox! Mick flops back onto the settee, a cheeky smirk dancing round his face as if to say "there, now you've got my life story you're going to have to talk to me about music."

"Fred not. Anyone that creates such swoonable songs as Mick's — about love and emotion and all things from the heart — must have had a fair crack at the world of . . . relationships."



▲ Mick Hucknall, Tony Dawkins, Franke Aubrey, Tony Dawkins and Franke Aubrey.

"Oh, here we go. . . Well, the first girlfriend I ever had was when I was 11. I got my first stereo when I was 11 too! Quite a year! Yeah, that was quite a serious crush — I thought she was extremely wonderful. It lasted about a week. When it finished I made a pathetic attempt at killing myself! I just lay in the middle of the road and waited for a car to come. But it never did. I had to get up because I got bored! Typical, I couldn't get run over the only time I actually wanted to!

"I didn't lose my virginity or anything. And I'm not going to tell you when I did, either! Have I ever been in love? No. No, I don't think I have. I love somebody, but I'm not in love. There's a few people who I love — I love my father, I love an ex-girlfriend, but in the present situation it's just impossible to make it work. My first love is music — I'm more interested in music than women. Really, I don't compare them. For me, music is my priority, it's what I

IN LOVE"

them), pinched lead off rooftops, and
ck The Years", one of the swooniest
granny living by myself in my little
her ears...

do, it's my life and that's it."
And the lad means it
because he's looking me
straight in the eye for once.
Still, someone who can write
songs like "Holding Back The
Years" and must be a teeny-
weeny bit romantic, at least.
"No I'm not! I hate what
romance is supposed to be -
all that sending flowers and
'darling I love you' and all that
smoochy stuff - that's not
romantic at all! What I find
romantic is just being yourself
and being accepted as yourself
- now that's romance. I mean, I
very rarely tell people I love
them. It's not because I find it a
hard thing to say - not at all - if
I mean it. It's just that I've only
ever meant it about twice. I
don't think that's sad - why
should it be? It makes me quite
happy really - for what's to
come. I'm fine. Completely fine
and I love it. You're not going
to write all this rubbish down
are you?"

I do believe he's
embarrassed.
"You want to see my
bedroom - completely
unromantic. It's very small -
there's a bed and about a
thousand records lying all over
the floor. And two plants. And
some art posters and a JB one
(James Brown - one of his
many soul heroes) which says
'Supported by Simply Red' -
what an honour!"

"I'm moving soon, though,
I've just bought a house! A real
house - made of bricks. I've
taken a mortgage out - I'm very
proud of that. I'm going to
make it beautiful, with a nice
interior - somewhere I'd be
happy to live for a long time. I'll
be like a house-proud granny
living by myself in my little
palace. And I'll put double
glazing in so I can play music
dead loud and I'll have a great
time! I mean, what do you
expect? I'm obviously not asking
anyone. I'm loaded. I've got a
lot of money. That doesn't
mean I've changed - just my
surroundings."

"I'll tell you one thing - the
standard of living abroad is
unbelievable compared to this
place - even the people who
aren't nothing, as well as the
rich ones. People would be
amazed - they should take a
look. The best thing they could
do is get out of here. Now I
don't even consider myself to
be British - I'm a European.
Every time I come back here
I'm more disgusted with what I
see."

"I think she (Margaret
Thatcher) has done more
damage to this country than

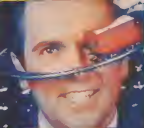
the Second World War. She
has destroyed this nation. I
mean, if a person over 40 loses
their job, they're not going to
work for the rest of their lives -
that's the basic truth of the
matter. The very people who
probably voted her In! That's
unprecedented abroad,
unheard of! It's a disgrace. And
you don't have to be into
politics at all to realise that she
is a complete washout. Look
what she's done to education!
Can you imagine sharing
books when you were a kid? In
infant schools they've got one
between the lot of them. So
some of them don't even get to
see the book because the
period's run out! Unbelievable.
Unbelievable. Ill-education is
the worst thing. And these kids
probably don't remember that
she was originally called
Titcher. The Milk Snatcher -
the first one to get rid of free
milk in schools. She is evil."

Mick is now sitting bolt
upright in his seat, wide-eyed,
waving his arms about and
shouting. His language is
becoming very "colourful" and
for the next 20 minutes he
treats us to his thoughts on the
"rightening" Thatcher policies,
the "racist, sexist, biased right-
wing media", the "cess-pit of
hypocrisy" that is the music
press and about a zillion
other subjects ranging from
religion to child pornography.
Eventually, he calms down
and apologises for "going on a
bit - but it's what I feel strongly
about." And then he grins - for
the first time in 20 minutes.

"You know, perhaps the
human race should celebrate
the fact that it's a total
washout. Have a party because
we're all so pathetic, ha ha!"

So Mick Hucknall's really just
an ordinary Manchester lad
who lives in a world that's a bit
of a mess, but as long as he's
got his music he'll be happy?
"Yes, I am happy. Definitely. I
fight unhappiness - you have
to. People constantly try to put
you down simply because they
enjoy doing it for whatever
reasons. I'll fight them too. And
I'll win. I'll make records, I'll get
married, have a family and take
off somewhere. Then I'll stop
making records. That will be
my life. Then I'll get blown up
like everybody else! That's not
being cynical because it's
inevitable. At least when the
bomb drops people should be
dancing to our records! I hope I
am. Or in bed with somebody.
Yeah, I'm going to have a great
time - I'm going to have a ball
before I go out. I'll make sure
of that."





peter g

● Enjoys floating down rivers in rubber tyres ● Likes listening to liquids ● What a peculiar fellow

Iwould describe ... myself ... as ... or ... uninvolved.

Peter Gabriel stares over the table at his manager's office and slowly tries to articulate sentence after sentence. It's not easy. He's obviously deeply shy and not overly fond of interviews - for the first 20 minutes every sentence seems to take a long, long time coming out, with huge embarrassing gaps in the middle of each of them. About as far removed from a normal extrovert pop star as you could get. But that, he reveals once he's relaxed a little, is something he's never wanted to be.

"I resent that attitude," he says slowly, "that you should be part of a factory production line, come up with an album every year. The artists who I think do good work - The Bee Gees, Kate Bush, Scritti Politti, Holger Czukay (great German electronics bloke), David Sylvian - they're like me, the tortoisians of the business."

Which in his case means he thinks nothing of leaving four years between records (apart from the instrumental soundtrack to the film *Burly*), not of jettisoning *Upstream* and *Beiswilt* (twice), party as a tourist but partly to "collect" new rhythms by working with "a percussionist in Brazil" and "a master drummer in Senegal" and then just using the results on one song ("Mercy Street") on his new LP, "So". But then he's never done things the obvious way ever since he sat down and wrote his first song in his early teens called, um, "Sammy The Slug".

"Where did you hear about that?" he murmurs anxiously. "It was just a humorous little fable. All I

remember is the title and that Sammy got squashed. Everything else is a blank. Perhaps wuzly."

After that he took up drumming in a few ropey old soul groups - "soul music was one of the things that first really turned me on to music - Siedochammer is directly derivative of *Vibe* soul". He then formed a group called *Ceaseless* with some friends at his posh public school. They were discovered, believe it or not, by Jonathan King and proceeded to spend the next few years singing extremely long "mystical" songs about people turning into flowers, dressing up and doing some extremely weird things on stage in the name of "rock theatre". Not surprisingly, near the end of 1978 Gabriel got a bit cheesed off with the whole pop business and retired for good. Except that, of course, no-one ever retires for good ...

"I just ended up frustrated," he remembers. "I started writing things and then I knew that I wouldn't see them performed correctly unless I did it myself." So he started a solo career and released lots of albums, all of which are rather confusingly called "peter gabriel". (The only reason this new one has a title is because the American record company were scared fans would buy the old albums by mistake - it's called "So" because "it's a bit of a non-title, a bit deftast - and I like the shape.")

And here he is, back again, though he doesn't by any means spend all his time making records. Just like anyone else when he wants to relax, he goes and lies for a while in

his sensory deprivation tank ...

"I've had it about five years," he explains. "It's about seven foot by four foot with a salt solution in. You lie down in it and, like in the Red Sea, because of all the salt you float. It's dark, warm, quiet and wet. The theory is that, removed from all sounds, light sources and pressures on the body, the mind is free to wander."

"It's just like daydreaming really," he says. "Cosmic enlightenment has yet to appear. But the one thing you really notice," he continues excitedly, "is the sounds of the body. You hear these pumps that wick, there drips and gurgles. And liquids moving around your head - things you can normally never hear because of the background noise."

Cricket? And does he do all this with, um, no clothes on?

"Er, yes I do," he says, a little put out. "I've never met anyone else in there."

Presumably he didn't just wander into Woolies one Saturday and buy the tank, did he?

"Er, no," he smiles. "It was a little hard getting one. I found one in Los Angeles and had it sent over. It was, er, rather expensive."

So does he make a habit of picking up gadgets like this?

"Er, no," he says, "but I did send off some money for a dream machine. It measures your skin resistance and as it drops, as it does when you enter Rapid Eye Movement (a phase of dreaming sleep), it gives you a little jolt so that you "kicks dream" with your conscious and unconscious working together so that you have the opportunity to watch and manipulate your dreams."

Which is all very well, but there's a



Video Still: Andy Cohen



gabriel

gurgling around in his head ● Owns a very, very expensive nose clip
concludes Chris Heath

one problem... "All I got was the nose clip," he admits, a little embarrassed. "I hope there's more coming."
He's also got a very posh video gadget called something like a CVI. "You can take images off the telly, store them and mess about with them," he says gleefully. "You can change their faces, manipulate them, use their nose as a paintbrush and fill their faces with noses. It's great fun. You can be very rude to people you don't like."

When he's not busy displacing noses, he says he likes watching "debates" like *Question Time* or the videos his two daughters Anna and Melanie, 11 and 8, bring home. Though that's not their favourite family activity.

"We go bicycling," he says wistfully, looking as if right now he'd much rather be puffing up a country hill with a silly cap on than sitting in the middle of London.

"We've got four bicycles (for him, his wife Jill, and the two kids) and we head out over the many steep hills around Bath. We've also had some fun with rubber tyres. We've made a sport around it - sitting in them and going down a river if it's raining reasonably fast." His eyes light up. "I really enjoy that."

He also takes his daughters to theme parks - "Alton Towers, Barry Island" - a particular interest of his. "I have this project," he explains, "to build an alternative theme park. In the future I think there'll be places which combine elements of Disneyland, a holiday camp, art gallery, university, museum. At the

moment the thinking is all very '60s or '50s - passive experience-based - whereas I'm interested in active-participative experiences."

"Think of your favourite films," he says, by way of an example. "Of the possibility of travelling through them and being a part of them - either in a physical sense or, for instance, there are now 3D coils like a video walkman so you appear to be within a world. And there's flight simulators where, if you feel things and your eyes see them, then your brain is quite convinced they're happening - my father was an electrical engineer designer and he worked on them in the early stages."

"This may all sound like a loopy fantasy but it's not just something Gabriel thought up last week's ("I first thought of it when I was a teenager"), nor is it a dream - he's submitted a \$50 million proposal for a site in Sydney, Australia. And if they accept it?

"Well," he grins sheepishly, "if, no, the last time I went to the bank I didn't have the odd \$50 million. But I have been asking people."

Whatever, he'll keep returning to his studio ("I put my money into the studio," he mutters, "so I can keep making music if things get difficult for me and record companies won't put up the money") and releasing the occasional painstakingly crafted record.

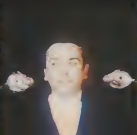
"When I'm 80?" he muses, before disappearing back to his private world. "Whether there'll be anybody to buy what an 80 year old Peter Gabriel would come up with I don't know. Unquestionably, though," he smiles vaguely. "I'll still be tinkering about."

ABOUT THE VIDEO

"The video was shot frame by frame for over a hundred hours in a little Bristol studio - very exhausting. I was really pleased with it - it's got a sense of humour, lots of ideas and looks homemade - but at some points I was in agony. For the train sequence, which lasts ten seconds, I had to be in the same position for six hours - the track had to be built up a little bit each time and the smoke had to be moved round as the train moved along. As for the bus scene - it smelt great but, no, I didn't eat any because it had all this stuff sprayed over it. I preferred the popcorn..."

WIN A BUMPER CAR!

Instead of bringing the plasticine cars that appear in the "Bumpercar" video into the bus afterwards, Peter Gabriel gave them to us and you can win them! Simply answer this question: Which of the following people don't appear on Peter Gabriel's new LP? (a) Kate Bush (b) Jim Kerr (c) Ananias (d) Peter Gabriel. Answers on a piece of plasticine (only) to Smash Hits Peter Gabriel Campaign, 52-55 Caraby Street, London W1V 1PF, so get here by June 17. The first two correct entries out of the lot get a car and a signed LP, the next eight get a signed LP.





Can't get by without you THE REAL THING

Time

FREDDIE MERCURY

Time waits for nobody
Time waits for nobody
We all must plan our hopes together
Or we'll have no more future at all
Time waits for nobody

We might as well be deaf and dumb and blind
I have that melody locked
But it seems to me we've not listened to
Or spoken about it at all
The fact that time is rushing out for us all

Time waits for nobody
Time waits for us one
We've got to build this world together
Or we'll have no more future at all
Because time it waits for nobody

You don't need me to tell you what's gone wrong
(Gone wrong gone wrong)
You know what's going on
But it seems to me we've not cared enough
Or confident in each other at all
(Confident in each other at all)
It seems that we're all got our backs against the wall

(Time) Time waits for nobody
(Time) waits for us one
We've got to trust in one another
Or there'll be no more future at all

Oh (time waits for nobody) no no
(Time) doesn't wait for us one
Let's learn to be friends with one another
Or there'll be no more future at all

(Time time waits for nobody)
(What's for nobody)
(Time time time time waits for nobody at all)
(Time waits for nobody) yeah
(Time) doesn't wait for us one
Let us from this world forever
And build a brand new future for us all
(Time) waits for nobody nobody nobody
For us one

Words and music by Clark Christe
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On EMI Records



Oh why
When I leave your door
When we say goodbye it hurts me more and more
'Cause you got it just why I right to end the day like this
With no more than a kiss
And spend the night just dreaming of the things we've given up
If I had my way
Girl we'd be together more and more each day
We'd go on forever forever hand in hand
Can't you understand
Girl you've got to be my woman I've got to be your man

Chorus
'Cause I can't get by without you I need you more each day
The way I feel about you
Leaves nothing way to say
'Cause 'that's the way it is' and you
And I'm sorry 'cause I can't get by

It's I and a fair
I need you more each day you and I could share
The way I feel about you
It's a crying shame
And hold me together then there's only time to blame
There will come a day
Girl I do believe it's not too far away
When I can say goodnight and still be by your side
To try the times you've cried
And I'll have all the love I need to keep you satisfied

Repeat chorus twice
I can't get by without you baby no way
I just can't get by no no way
The more I see you the more I want you baby no way
You I do so way
Can't get by without you no way

Ad lib to fade

Words and music by Kat Gold/Micky Devine
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On PRT Records





a-ha

hunting high and low
the remixed 7" & 12" single



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Now anyone over fourt
can take their savings



Have you noticed that most of the people who queue up at Servicetills

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een
out.



We'll look again.



Our queues are now being
joined by the likes of you



ults?

We reckon that by the time you're 14, you could do with a savings account with a Servicard. Like the NatWest On Line Account. At the mere press of a button you can withdraw up to £25 a week of your savings, check your balance or even demand a statement. You'll also get a regular magazine, a folder and a wallet with everything you need to handle your account. So what are you waiting for?




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THE GREAT S NUCLEAR

We ask: "Do you believe




Mick Hucknall (Simply Red) "You see how anybody in their right mind could consider not supporting disarmament now, backing in and Chernobyl and the global dangers. Do I think something will happen to get rid of the weapons? No. Quite seriously, for 12?"

Gary Quinlan "It's all down to history in a way. Before the bombs, European countries used to bash the hell out of each other and when there was a large amount of kids on the side, war either was always being used to create a way to get rid of some of them. Maybe in some ways the bomb is necessary — I mean, I hate the idea of having a bomb hanging over us but I hate the idea of kids being sent off to war and being blown away that way."



The Queen (actually a "spokesperson" from Buckingham Palace) "The Queen doesn't offer her views on matters of public debate. The government of the day has a view on the subject of nuclear disarmament and quite clearly the Queen as constitutional monarch can't express views which run counter to the views of that government."



Andy McCluskey (OMD) "I hate the fact that there's so much money spent on that kind of thing when it could be spent on much better standards of living for more than half of the world, but I think we must have the capability to defend ourselves. That's not to say I think the Russians are going to nuke us, but I do feel somebody like Gadhafi would be unbelievably dangerous if he got his hands on nuclear weapons."

Bonnie Tyler "To be honest I don't delve into that. I mean, I know there's nothing I can do — when your time's up, your time's up."



Michael Jackson "It's stupid — these few people have got a big ego problem and it seems they're putting other people's lives at risk. To me, if those people want a war they should go ahead and have it out on a field amongst themselves — why involve people like you and me?"




Madonna "I suppose everybody should be concerned about everything that's going on at the moment but I'm not. I would be when it happens, though. I just take every day as it happens and just look forward to eating... performing... just doing everything we have to do."



NUCLEAR WEAPONS THE STORY SO FAR...

- The USA founded the Manhattan Project to research and produce an atomic bomb in 1941 after the Japanese raid on Pearl Harbour which brought America into the Second World War.
- On August 6 1945, an American B-29 dropped a 13-kiloton A-bomb on Hiroshima, Japan, killing about 130,000 people. Three days later a 22-kiloton bomb was dropped on Nagasaki, killing about 80,000 people. The following day Japan surrendered and the war was over.
- Only five nations admit to having nuclear weapons: USA, USSR, Great Britain, France and China, but many experts believe that India, Israel and South Africa also have "nuclear capability".
- Despite frequent attempts by the USA and USSR to draw up plans for cutting back nuclear weapons, the aspirative power of all the "nukes" in the world today is about 16,000 megatons. This is said to be enough to kill everyone on the planet 12 times.
- Currently Britain's "independent deterrent" consists mainly of Polaris missiles carried by nuclear submarines. This fleet is over 20 years old and is due to be replaced in 1993. The new submarines will each be armed with six Trident missiles, and estimates of the project's cost are now £12,000,000,000.
- 180 Cruise missiles are in the process of being installed at the Greenham Common and Molesworth USAF bases in Britain. They are under American control, subject to an agreement that the President must consult the Prime Minister before they are fired.
- There are so many Soviet missiles aimed at Britain that they could over 40 million people die immediately in a full-scale attack.

Ted Chippington "I'm not bothered"



Robert Smith (The Cure) "My views are pretty much the same as one of my earliest childhood heroes, Spike Milligan. I still think the idealism involved in nuclear disarmament is laudable but the knowledge to create the bomb is there and there's nothing we can do to take that away — nuclear disarmament is really a very naive dream. Nevertheless, The Cure are still playing Glastonbury (the pop festival supporting CND) because there always has to be a level of public and private awareness otherwise people in power become too complacent. With the threat of civil unrest lying near the surface I hope that keeps certain political leaders from becoming too extreme, knowing they can only go so far without retaliation from the masses."





THE GREAT SMASH HITS NUCLEAR DEBATE



John Jan (Bronski Beat)

"Totally — all around the world. That reminds me, I must remember to renew my CND membership... I love Reagan as a great threat. At the World Peace Talks last year, the word went 'Peace' for a while and then I only took a stupid Hollywood actor to say 'no, I'm not going to do it' to put the whole world on edge again. And Britain is turning into a small America — being dictated to by Thatcher."

Larry Steinbachek (Bronski Beat)

"That's why I want Labour to win the next election because that's one of their prime objectives it would definitely be possible to have a nuclear free Britain if that happened, but whether that would be the arms of the Russians and Americans I don't know. They're too caught up in their game of

True Core Double Ore — they dare each other to cut down on weapons or they say 'if you do this, we'll do that'. It's pathetic. They don't seem to realise that the stakes in their game is the human race.

Steve Bronski (Bronski Beat)

"Definitely — nuclear weapons should be completely abolished. I don't think they do anybody any good — there's no need for them. How can they be a deterrent for war? They might give the other side second thoughts about starting one but I think it's possible that someone's going to press that button one day. Especially with the likes of Reagan and Thatcher running countries — they're totally the wrong kind of people that should be left to make those decisions."



J Jarvis (It's Immaterial)

"There's a distinct possibility that we'll be down up, I think, towards the end of the century. Heistadmus predicted nuclear war and he's got a few things right, didn't he? Like the Red Petri — It's quite a possibility that we'll be taken over by China."



Mark King (Level 42)

"I'm really scared. The realisation came through hearing kids. It suddenly occurred to me that my kids trusted me implicitly as I'd trusted my parents. I was always convinced that my parents had everything under control and knew what was happening. But being a dad I suddenly realised that I didn't know what was going on and I certainly didn't have it under control. Politicians are frightening. And it's not just the Reagan and Gorbachev. With Reagan you're talking about all the medical advice he's being given by all these Weinbergers and Weingums and Beefburgers... It's frightening."

Janet Jackson "I don't talk about politics."



Princess "The whole existence of that bomb makes living and the very effort that people make towards a better life a farce. All those young couples working for mortgages and things like that, your baby going into a nursery, all those things that take up so much of your time are being made a mockery of. Can we get rid of them? If we believe we can, we can."



Beltaine Stone "I believe nuclear weapons are a necessary evil. If we all got rid of our nuclear weapons some terrible things might start happening. What would stop Russia walking into Germany or France or even on if we upset them? So I think the deterrent is there and it has to be said that we haven't had a major war for 40 years. Yes, the Americans bombed Tokyo but perhaps if the Europeans countries had got together and made a little bit stronger about terrorism they wouldn't have had to do it. I think we are to blame."

Mary Numan "I'm not in favour of it and I'm certainly not in any sort of agreement with CND. I don't believe that we've got rid of our arms and we've got to take special care to suppress the peace women who are bringing them. If peace women are damaging our own aeroplanes then I don't understand it."



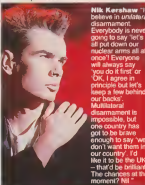
HIPSWAY

Skin "I would be quite happy if there weren't any nuclear bombs in Britain. I agree with CND but I think they should be a bit more... um... modern. It's like supporting a football team that always loses.

Marty "I'll leave it up to the politicians — they're going to kill us all anyway."

Plim "You can see the pros — if everyone's got bombs we're all going to be scared to fire them off. But it only takes one madman or one mistake, and... BOOOOM!"

John "I think the money spent on atomic bombs is one of the greatest crimes of the last three decades. Thousands of millions of pounds put into Trident could be used to help people in need. One missile could buy 50 hospitals."



Nik Kershaw

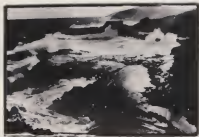
"I believe in unilateral disarmament. Everybody is never going to say 'let's all put down our nuclear arms all at once!' Everyone will always say 'you do it first' or 'OK, I agree in principle but let's keep a few behind our backs'. Multilateral disarmament is possible, but one country has got to be brave enough to say 'we don't want it in our country' I'd like it to be the UK — that'd be brilliant. The cheapskates at the moment? Not."

Francis Rossi (Status Quo)

"If they had a summit today and they were having a chewing and they all agreed on total disarmament would you believe the Russians? I wouldn't. And I'd hope the Yanks keep something back just in case I figure a conviction should be to go for the neutron bomb. Then if we wiped ourselves off the face of the earth at least we'd leave something behind so they'd say 'well, at least they had some good qualities — decent architecture whereas the way we're going to leave it is just a charred mess. So we'd have the neutron bomb! I'm pretty sure the world's going to go one way or another — I never thought I'd make 40 — so let's leave behind the buildings, the gardens, the parks, London, Paris, Rome, all the schmaltzy rubbish..."

Midge Ure

call of the wild



a brand new recording
7" & 12" (extended mix)
Out Now

ure 4 ure x4



Chrysalis



Jaki Graham is a rather "breezy" sort of person. She sweeps into her record company office, teeth a-gleamin' and doesn't even stop grinning when confronted with yet another picture to be signed for yet another fan.

"You know, I had my bandwriting analysed once," she perks, "and the guy was so right! He told me all about my family and my personality - even that I was taken in very

just looked at me and said "Well, where do you think you are now? This is a pub!". I couldn't believe it - it had carpets! Round our way there was only the local bar with sawdust on the floor. I couldn't believe there were couches and nice chairs and everything! I tell you, I was innocent!"

Ah, but not for long. For a start she got married at 19 to Tony, her childhood sweetheart ("well, I'd been with him since I was 15, but I don't know about 'sweetheart!'") and soon she found herself "never out of nightclubs" singing with her first real group Ferrari.

that was such a big hit that they decided to record another "one-off" - "Mated" (also a v-big hit). In between, though, Jaki did her own "thing" with "Round And Around" followed by some not-very-successful tunes - but now "Set Me Free" means Jaki can finally call herself an Official Pop Star.

"Am I?" she gasps, clutching her bosom as one insulted. "I don't think of myself that way - I'm just me!"

Still, she's realised she's famous enough to change her image from the floppy disco gear of old to adopting the dress "sense" of Sigee "Sigee" Sputnik.

CULTURE CLUB

(Woman thank you thank you thank you)

What we have is something special something quite unique
What we have should last forever heaven at my feet

I would give the world to you girl or anything you need
There is nothing I won't do oh just promise that you'll never leave

Chorus

God thank you woman thank you thank you
For the joy that you give to me God thank you woman
Thank you thank you for the joy that you give to me

In this world you are my pleasure no-one can compete
Happiness is hard to measure woman you're so sweet

I would give my heart to you you're the air I breathe (air I breathe)
There is nothing I won't do just promise that you'll never leave

Repeat chorus

When I'm alone at night I think of love
(Well baby that's alright but it ain't enough)

Won't you call me if you need me won't you call me if you need me
Won't you call me if you need me I have loved

Repeat chorus

I would give the world to you girl or anything you need
Oh God thank you woman thank you thank you
For the joy that you give to me oh thank you thank you
For the joy that you give to me

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Culture Club/Pet Shop Boys
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GOD THANK YOU WOMAN



easily, which I am. He was real good!"

"Well! Somewhere along the line he probably said that 29-year-old Jaki is also a very friendly, cheery soul who talks a lot and giggles even more.

"Oh, I'm just ordinary!" she chirps in her somewhat weird accent – a mixture of Birmingham and Smiley Culture-type rasta, "I just do what I have to do for my singing – then go home again and that's it. That's my life!"

She's also modest. Home is in Wolverhampton ("it's nice but not exactly exciting") where she moved after being brought up in Birmingham by her grandmother – her parents having died when she was very young.

"I led such a sheltered life with my gran," she says with a sigh. "At 17 I was working as a secretary after leaving school – where I wasn't briny at all – and that's when I first joined a band. And I hadn't even been in a pub when I started singing in nightclubs! I remember my friends took me to a pub for the first time and I didn't even know it! I was standing there saying 'Oooh I don't go to pubs, you know' because I'd been told people weren't supposed to, and my friends

After slugging away in countless clubs for many a "moon", Jaki was eventually discovered while doing some



"Rubber? It felt real weird – imagine wearing a rubber glove all over your body... yeeuch!"

session work for soulsters Medium Wave Band. Brian Freshwater (manager of David Grant – the ex-Lynx crooner and generally famous soul person) introduced them and just two weeks later they were recording their version of spoonsome lurve sawing "Could It Be I'm Falling In Love" as a "one-off" duet. But

"Yeah, the clothes were from the same shop as theirs! One of the costume people suggested it and I tell you, I freaked! I said 'Rubber? Me?' I mean, I never thought of myself as a rubber person – but when I tried the dress and jacket on I thought (*mimes looking herself up and down in the mirror*) 'mummm – that don't look too bad.' It felt real weird – imagine wearing a rubber glove all over your body... yeeuch! And I tell you, it gets hot in there! And walking up stairs – I had to walk up sideways! Common sense couldn't tell me to just pull the zip at the back up a bit! I'm afraid that's me all over... I got used to it is though, I must say – I felt like a new woman!"

Normally, however, Jaki doesn't think of herself as the postlicious sex "bomb" that we see in her video.

"It's not the real me," she says, wrinkling her nose at the thought. "I'm a bit of a homebird, really. Home's definitely my favourite place. Just being at home with Tony, looking after Natalie, our kid (soon to be five) and having a laugh with the neighbours – there's nothing quite like that, for me. I'm just a mum who sings sometimes – that's all!"

NU SHOOZ

Baby I can't wait

My love tell me what it's all about you got something that I can't live without
Happiness is so hard to find hey baby tell me what it is on your mind

'Cause I can't wait (baby I can't wait) till you call me on the telephone
I can't wait (baby I can't wait) till we're all alone (I can't wait)

You know I love you even when you don't try
I know that our love will never die hey darling when you look into my eyes
Please tell me you'll never have to say goodbye

'Cause I can't wait (baby I can't wait) this is what I've been waiting for
I can't wait (baby I can't wait) till my love walks in the door
I can't wait (baby I can't wait) true love is so hard to find
I found yours you found mine I can't wait (baby I can't wait)
Tell me what is on your mind (I can't wait I can't wait)
No I can't wait I'll tell you one more time (baby I can't wait)
Tell me what is on your mind (oh I can't wait (baby I can't wait))
This is what I've been waiting for ooh ooh I can't wait
Till my love walks in the door

Words and music by: Smith/Watts/Reproduced by permission Warner Bros Music Ltd/On-Album Records



SET ME FREE

▶ Set me free (wooh) Flash back hits me/Right between the eyes/The man just came and said to me/I want you by my side ● So excited/But not without a doubt (a doubt)/He's locked the door and thrown the key/Someone get me out ● I know he means no harm to me/But building walls confining me/Can only make me wanna leave/Set me free ● Chorus: Set me free (wooh) (Repeat eight times) ● Falling crashing/In and out of love/Doing things that girls do/Then he came about ● So delightful/All that I could want/But he locked the door and threw the key/Won't you let me out ● I know he means no harm to me/But building walls confining me/Can only make me wanna leave/Set me free ● Repeat chorus ● Let me go/I said let me go/Set me free ● I know he means no harm to me/But building walls confining me/Can only make me wanna leave/Set me free ● Let me go/I said let me go/Set me free ● Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade ● Words and music by Derek Bramble/Reproduced by permission Virgin Music Ltd/On EMI Records

SEND OUT
SHOCKWAVES.



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Or get creative with the phenomenal lift and hold of Super Firm Gel.

WELLA

WHATEVER NEXT?

THE SMASH HITS*



PRIZE CROSSWORD

* WIN HMV'S TOP TEN VIDEOS



- 01 **Dire Straits** Brothers In Arms
- 02 **The Cure** Staying In The Sea
- 03 **Dire Straits** Alchemy Live
- 04 **Phil Collins** No Time To Spare
- 05 **Style** Caunell Showbiz
- 06 **Five Star** Luxury Of Life
- 07 **Queen** Live In Rio
- 08 **Queen** Greatest Hits
- 09 **Kata Bush** Single File
- 10 **Diana Ross** Visions Of Diana Ross

* HOW TO ENTER

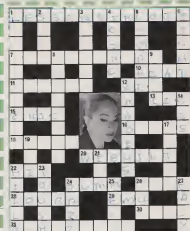
- Complete the crossword and fill in your name and address and tick whether you'd like a VHS or Betamax video.
 - Snap out the coupon (including the crossword grid), stick it in an envelope and send it to the following address (to arrive by June 3):
- Smash Hits Prize Crossword Competition Number 6,
14 Holkham Road,
Orton Southgate,
Peterborough PE2 0YJ.**
- The first correct entry out of the Hoover bag of the contest gets HMV's top ten videos (at the time of going to press).

● ACROSS

- 1 **Laval** 42's schooling in romance? (7,2,4)
- 7 When did you vote for **Arcadia**? (8,3)
- 10 It was on for **Glenn Frey** . . .
- 11 Just **Kata Bush** a sort of hounds (2,4)
- 12 "The Greatest Love Of . . ." (Whitney Houston)
- 13 Blankety Blank's "chubby" Mr Dawson
- 15 Clapton or Morecombe
- 16 and 31 Rod and Fuzz Shaka provide a TV series full of cars blowing up (anag 5,2,7)
- 18 Salty sea dog **Simon** (2,3)
- 20 " . . . This City" (**Starship**) (2,5)
- 22 The sort of record every group wants
- 24 **Van Halen** and the **Pointer Sisters** both did it
- 26 One of these helps you breathe more easily
- 28 **Brannigan**, who had "Sell Control"
- 29 **Rod Hull**'s ghastrly so-called bird
- 30 Old-fashioned name for a "rock" concert
- 31 See 16 across

● DOWN

- 1 Vel Leo Till twists to **Madonna**'s latest hit (anag 4,2,4)
- 2 See photocou
- 3 " . . . To Cry" (**Sisters Of Mercy**) (2,4)
- 4 It topped **Stephen Duffy**'s cake
- 5 He's worked with **Kajagoogoo** and **Giorgio Moroder**
- 6 "Sixty . . . Guns" (**The Alarm**)
- 8 **Bronski** **Baal**'s repetitive hit (4,4)
- 9 **Billy Idol**'s was of a rebel type
- 12 He was rocked by **Falco**
- 14 Distress call from "The Finest" Band? (1,1,1,1)
- 17 Lei on about a famous singer with a toupee (anag)
- 18 **Duran Duran**'s record label (1,1,1,1)
- 21 Tree found amid Michael McDonald
- 22 How **Lionel Richie** once welcomed you
- 23 They got going by **Billy Ocean**
- 24 Sort of music played by **Miles Davis**, **Kenny Ball** etc.
- 25 The "lusty" part of **Spice Of Destiny** (yum)
- 26 " . . . Of War" (**Paul McCartney**)
- 27 Not difficult - like the two **Phils** lover



NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

● Tick kind of video required:
VHS BETAMAX



CULTURE CLUB

+ GOD THANK YOU WOMAN X +
NOW AVAILABLE AS A LIMITED EDITION FULL COLOUR POSTER PACK
© VSPR61



LIMITED EDITION

POSTER PACK

"BEING IN A BAND IS LIKE BEING A AT YOUR MOST BEAUTIFUL,"

Boy George is in a funny mood. Not surprising really: he's been through the wars recently, has George. He's lost lots of fans. He's lost lots of weight. The "news" papers have been suggesting he's a drug addict. The "news" papers have been



suggesting he's got a terminal illness. The "news" papers even rang his dad and said they were going to "crucify" his son because he wouldn't do an interview. Finally, the "news" papers have been suggesting that George is going out with his best friend Alice Temple because she looks like a boy... George is trying to put a brave face on all of this.

Sporting an arty-looking hat and even artier shoes (i.e. they look half-finished and probably cost a bomb) he does look a lot thinner and he does look a bit ill.

"I'm fed up with this business," he announces glumly. "I don't mean music, I love music. I'm just sick of being a celebrity. I'm sick of being a pop star. I know I could be famous again if I wanted - I know all the tricks, but I really can't be bothered. In some ways I think everything that happened last year was



"I was like a vampire, only coming out at night. I never used to see daylight."



good. It made me think about what I was doing for the first time in ages. And then again in some ways I wish 'Move Away' hadn't been a hit because it seems that a lot of people are making out that we did it to prove people wrong, that we weren't finished. That's crap! I'd never do anything to prove a point to morons like that. I almost wish it had been a flop. There are more important things to worry about - relationships and things - than my career. Music's still very important but fame isn't. I've been there and I don't want to go back.

"It's funny, I know I must sound all tragedy-struck at the moment but I enjoy tragedy in a way. In fact, I court it most of the time. There's definitely a destructive element in me - I love having arguments. Basically, I'm a bit of a tragedy-queen."

Warming up a bit to his subject, George has a bit of a stretch. We're sitting in the office of his music publisher's, the walls of which are plastered with Culture Club gold discs from every nation, as well as the curious mementos of fame like Boy George rag dollies all over the notes and dancing Boy George paperwhiffs all over the disks. He stretch over, George goes out for a wee - the 57th today. "I just can't seem to stop peeing. I don't know why," he giggles, rushing out the door.

Once he's back we return to talking about fans. What are the most horrid things about waking up as one of the most famous people in the world every day, I

enquire. I mean, fancy waking up and thinking, "Oh God, I'm Boy George". You'd panic, wouldn't you?

"Well," says George, "my problem was that I never got up. I was like a vampire, only coming out at night. I never used to see daylight. But now I like to get up really early. You just get more things done. Even if it's only going down the shops to buy something. By the time I used to get up, all the shops were shut. I used to be very paranoid at the peak of our success. I remember being in Hyde Park with Jon and we had this big row and he said 'got

"Fans don't want you to be real. They'd rather you act famous and be horrible to them and hang them over in your limousine."



▲ Main photo: Boy George takes a "breather" during the filming for a TV ad for Japanese lager in Death Valley, America (and - true fact - completely ruining the firm company's valuable antique Japanese dress in the process).

▲ Small photos: George portraying some doozy bloke (apparently not unlike the "hero" in the useless TV series Monkey) in order to flop (again) to the Japanese.



FLOWER. WHEN YOU'RE YOU WITHER AND DIE."

Culture Club aren't as famous or as successful or as popular as they were a couple of years ago. But Boy George doesn't seem to mind. "I'm sick of being a pop star," he says. "I know I could be famous again if I wanted. . . but I can't really be bothered."
© Interview: Peter Martin
© Photos: Andre Collins

out of my car" and I said "no, I can't, I can't." I was really scared. But now I just tell him to get lost and I get into a cab. Most people wouldn't know who I was now, anyway. It was funny when the other day, actually, when I was walking down Oxford Street with Marilyn, because since he put his dreadlocks back in everybody recognises him again. All the people on the buses were pointing



at him. He hated it. When he got home he was nearly in tears. He'd forgotten what it was like. I'd forgotten what it was like. . . and I'm glad I've forgotten."

But he hasn't completely forgotten, of course: the "news" papers won't let him forget: "Obviously the papers are weird. And so are some of the fans. Like some of them would get really upset if they heard me swear or something. They don't want you to be real. They'd rather you act famous and be horrible to them and run them over in your limousine than try to talk to them like a real person. It's pretty insincere, trying to spread your love around like a slab of margarine. It's just basically impossible trying to live up to people's expectations."



Like on tour when we were really successful. I was almost scared not to wear that hat and dreadlocks. I felt I was cheating people if I didn't. You kind of end up playing a role if you like it or not."

Well, I don't know about you but I think it sounds horrid being famous. Is that, I wonder, why famous people go mad and have horrible long hair and wear silk shirts and get fat?

"It's a strange business; people stop being musicians and start becoming 'rock stars'. All they do is go to parties with their girlfriends and live what they think is an exciting life.

They never think about the way of their fans. And then they all give in. Like music. Like Culture Club never rehearse and I feel guilty. Missing Roy (the) up and asking (it) I can come round and write songs. We need to just do it for fun.

And me for getting fat. When you see any of Frankie lately? (Pulls big fat face.) It happens to them all. It did to me. I feel much happier now

with new end up making me feel like a mental case. A stupid, loony pop star."

"Boys I get off with new end up making me feel like a mental case. A stupid, loony pop star."

I've lost weight. So why do pop stars get fat? Wealth. For a start they can afford to constantly eat in posh restaurants. And when you're successful you tend to have lots of meetings which, for some reason, always have to take place in restaurants. You're in there for hours and you become a pig. That's what makes them fat. . . eating!"

One thing George desperately hopes will improve with being not a spectacularly famous person any more is his love life. "Seriously, having a relationship when you're famous is a total nightmare. And on top of that all the boys I've been out with and who seem attracted to me are totally mad.

"Like years ago, when I wore loads of make-up, I got off with these really stupid blokes who I found would pretend that I was a woman. I always end up with these boys who are really attractive and appear to have a brain but suddenly you realise they're just acting. It's all just a game really. I hate it. The older you get the more you realise that. You end up treating people like hookers. I often find myself thinking how I could use this person and ignore what they're up to and have sex with them when I want, but you just can't live your life like that. It's pathetic really. We're all liars basically. Sometimes I wish I was celibate. I look at myself sometimes and what I do and what I've put myself through and I think I'm mad. I'm mad. I am, I'm mad. . . a nightmare. I just look at what I've done and I can't believe it. Mad I mean. I don't think I'm hideous. I am

sexy. People seem to find me attractive for good reasons, which is nice. I'd much rather someone fancied me because I was charming rather than because I had a big willy and wore nice clothes.

"Unfortunately a lot of people seem frightened when they first meet me and they say a lot of stupid things to make me like them. Boys will say they've slept with boys before and then, when it comes down to it, they're horrified and they don't know what to do.

"I must admit, I don't relish the thought of fancying boys when I'm 50. Boys I get off with now end up making me feel like a mental case sometimes. A stupid, loony pop star. It's such a nightmare, sex - I just hope it falls off or something. I really do hope something



happens to me down there. There just seems to be something incredibly twisted about a 50-year-old bisexual who fancies young people."

Oh, dear. Will Boy George ever be really happy again?
 "It's like a flower," he sighs, "being in a band is like being a flower. When you're at your most beautiful, you wither and die. . . Nothing can surprise me about this business any more. Everything horrible that can possibly happen to someone in a group has happened to me. . ."

Oh dear. But wait. . .
 "I'm not very confident at the moment. But later this year I think I'll be enjoying myself again. Soon."



Ooh yeah

I've been out of touch a while
I started when I held your hand
Thinking about you day and night
Do you find that hard to understand
Baby since I met you
My whole world is upside down
Whatever it is that you do to me yeah
Don't ever stop just let it go round

'Cause you're mine all mine
(Mine all mine)
That's what you are
For all time I need my baby
Mine all mine (mine all mine)
I've gotta have your loving baby
(Need my baby baby)
Hey yeah yeah

Automatic syncopation
We're two together one of a kind
And we know the situation
A love like this is hard to find
'Cause baby since I met you
My whole world is upside down
Whatever it is that you do to me girl
Don't ever stop just let it go round

'Cause you're mine all mine
(Mine all mine)
That's what you are
For all times I need by baby
(Mine all mine)
I'm ready for you lover
(Need my baby)
'Cause you're mine all mine
(Mine all mine)
That's what you are
For all time I need my baby
Mine all mine (mine all mine)
I gotta have your love
(I need

Ooh ooh oh
Ooh ooh baby oh

Words and music by J. Nigam/M. Water
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On Club Records

MINE ALL MINE CASH FLOW

The video game says play me
And face it on the level
But it takes you every time
On a one on one
Feel it rubbing down your spine
Nothing gonna save your one last time
'Cause it's open you through and through

Dads bank knew my number
Says I gotta pay
'Cause I made the grade last year
Feel it when I turn the screw
Kick you round the world
There ain't a thing that it can't do
Do to you yeah

Chorus
Who made, who made you
Who made who ain't nobody told you
Who made who who made you
Who who made them and they made you
Who pick up the bill when who made who

Yeah who made who
Who turned the screw yeah

Yeah satellite send me picture
Get it in the eye take it to the wire
Something like a dynamo
Feel it going round and round
Burling out of chips
You get no fins in an eight bit town
So don't look down no

Repeat chorus
Ain't nobody told you oh
Who made who who made you
Who made who (who made who)
And who made you (who made who)
Yeah yeah yeah
Nobody told you

Words and music by
Malcolm Young/Angus Young/Brian Johnson
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"HAPPENINGS"

FULL FORCE/LISA LISA/
CULT JAM/U.T.F.O./THE
REAL ROXANNE AND DJ
"HITMAN" HOWIE T:
Birmingham Odeon
(September 25), London
Hammersmith Odeon (26/27).

● Tickets for the Birmingham show are £10.50, £15.50 and £45.50 and are available from the arena. Tickets for the London shows are £17.50, £25.50 and £45.50 and are available from the box office or all of usual agents. The shows open at 8.45 pm for all ages.

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL:
London Electric Ballroom
(June 12), Leeds Warehouse
(16), Nottingham Rock City
(17), Peterborough Tropicana
(18), Cardiff Ocean (20),
Bristol Beaufort (22), Dublin
McGonigles (24), Edinburgh
Coasters (26), Glasgow
Roof tops (27).

● Tickets are available from the venues
JOAN ARMATRADING:
Bournemouth Conference
Centre (October 2), Brighton
Centre (3), St Austell Coliseum
(5), Gloucester Leisure Centre
(6), Leicester De Montfort Hall
(7), Sheffield City Hall (8),
Newcastle City Hall (9/10),
Newport Leisure Centre (12),
Birmingham Odeon (12/14),
Manchester Apollo (17),
Edinburgh Playhouse (18/19),
Aberdeen Capitol (20), Dublin
Simmons Court (23), Belfast
Mayfield Hall (24),
Nottingham Royal Centre (26),
Oxford Apollo (27), London
Wembley Arena (29/30).

● Tickets for most of the shows are on sale from venues box offices and the value "outlets". From outside London are £6.50, £13.50 and £21.50, while tickets for Wembley are £9.50 and £3.50 (p.w.h.). Further dates are still being added to the UK tour and should be announced soon.

LLOYD COLE AND THE
COMMOTIONS: Milton
Kaynes Bowl (June 22)

● For the concert see page 36
SHADE (the "Headline" group), Doctor &
the Headlines and the Headliners. Tickets
cost £12.50 (including a 300-telephone
card) and are available by post from SCL, PO
Box 123, Ayrholm, Wexford, Wick,
Ireland, Wilt. SCL. Only postal orders -
made payable to SCL - can be used being
accepted as there is not enough time to
clear cheques and you will need a
stamped addressed envelope. (The tickets
are free but be dispatched with only 1.)
A credit card facility is also in operation on
01 744 8882 and from 10.30am on May 24
tickets will also be on sale from box offices
throughout the country. But you'll have to be
quick.

QUEEN: Knebworth Park
(August 9).

● Tickets are £14.50 plus a 50p booking
fee and are on sale now from usual agents
and by post. Queen Knebworth '85,
Knebworth, PO Box 416, London W1 1JG.
There is a maximum of six tickets per
person and applicants should allow five
weeks for clearance. Delivery of Priority
Cheques and postal orders should be
made payable to: Queen, Queen
Entertainments Ltd and you should also
send a stamped, addressed envelope.

ROB STEWART: London
Wembley Stadium (July 5)

● The event will start at 4.00pm and will
last for 10.00pm with the Bow Members
playing first, then Freddie Mercury, Paul
SLO and finally Rob Stewart. It is also
announced that Hull's annual The Palace
rule "return" will appear for the second
year. Tickets are £14.50 (plus the
twenty-day old 50p "booking fee") and are
available from: Rob Stewart
Tickets, C.P. Box Office, PO Box 145,
London, W1K 1AG. Cheques and postal
orders should be made payable to C.P.
Box Office.

SANDEE SHAW: Cambridge
Trinity College (June 16),
Edinburgh Queens Hall (17),
Glasgow Zentbar (18),
Newcastle University (20),
Liverpool University (21),
Manchester Hacienda (22),
Warwick University (23),
Oxford Jesus College (27),
Leicester Polytechnic (28),
London Town and Country
Club (30).

● Tickets can be bought from the
appropriate box offices, and prices vary
as usual for the venue.

AC/DC WHO MADE WHO



EURYTHMICS



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■ SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK**

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WE'VE SURRENDERED JOKING LASER BEAMS
THE CENTURY SEX MACHINE

OH CAN THE GARTER TON THE THROAT
THEIR KID TIME TO GO GO

● CHORUS
I'M A SPACE CONBOY
I'M A 21st CENTURY WHOOPER BOY

(THIS IS THE NEW AGE OF TELEVISION)

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FALL-PEOPLE
WORLD BY ELLERY
SHOWS THAT FEMER EAT AT ME

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(JAMES AND GENTLEMEN (L) IN 1990)

● REPEAT CHORUS

SHIMMY UPS
FRANKO PSYCHO HORROR SHOW
HIPS AND LIPS AND BEAUTY @ HOME
(LET'S PARTY)
VENUS BAMP SEXY TRAMP
MAKE-UP MUCH MY VEGAS VAMP

● REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

(THE AMERICAN DREAM)

● REPEAT CHORUS

I'M A SPACE CONBOY
C-C-G-G-GENERATION WHOOPER BOY

LETS GO GO GO LETS GO LETS GO
LETS GO GO GO LETS GO LETS GO
LETS GO GO GO LETS GO LETS GO
LETS GO GO GO LETS GO LETS GO

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STATUS QUO

1991 OR BUST!

7X1'S WHEN RICK PARFITT AND FRANCIS ROSSI ARE PLANNING TO RETIRE, AGAIN...

There was a time," laughs Rick Parfitt looking over at Francis Rossi, "when, if we got stuck in a room together, we didn't have a clue what to say to each other." He leans towards Francis, fiddles with his tie, messes up his hair ("not much left is there, eh?") and tweaks his ear. Francis smiles good humouredly and waits for the ordeal to finish. A couple of years ago, when Status Quo were disintegrating, the two of them could barely stand the sight of each other.

"We'd been workaholics for 15 years," considers Rick, "and I suppose we just drifted apart." Not just personally but musically as well - Francis wanted to do lots of "country rock stuff" and Rick preferred "the powerchord hard rock ZZ Top side of things". They also got very fed up of playing live so in 1984 they "retired" for good, planning just to get together occasionally to record a new LP. Meanwhile they both recorded solo projects but Francis Rossi's singles with his writing partner Bernard Frost flopped and Rick Parfitt's solo LP never even got released.

"We just got generally browned off," says Rick, "and so we had a natter and thought 'well, we are Status Quo - what are we doing just sitting around?'"

So, the best of mates once more, they decided to "go full steam" again. There was only one problem - Status Quo had always had three members, the third being bass player Alan Lancaster. But Francis had decided that he never wanted to work with him again - they didn't get on, Alan lived in

Australia and, says Francis, "it's a bit petty but it was very difficult when we went out together because it was always us two and not Alan who got cognised".

So they restarted the group without him, and now, admits Francis, things are going better than at almost any time since 1982 when he, as a sprightly 23-year-old called Francis Dominic Michael Nicholas Rossi (he used to prefer to be called Mike) refused to join the family's Italian ice cream business and began to play in a group called The Spectres. One

day in the summer of 1965, during a summer season at some dodgy resort, he met a bloke called Ricky Harrison (as Rick Parfitt likes to be called in those days) in a trio called The Highlights. A couple of years later, just after The Spectres had changed their name - first to Traffic then to Traffic Jam then finally to Status Quo - "Ricky" joined and - hey presto! - by the beginning of 1968 they were in the charts with a swirly psychedelic pop song called "Pictures Of Matchstick Men".

"We were pop stars

like A-ha for about ten minutes," remembers Francis. By the beginning of the '70s they had discovered their real strength - relentlessly repetitive "boogie" songs which they've continued to do ever since. But as the '70s wore on and the hits continued they got more and more "complacent" and "full of ourselves". "I went mad money-wise," remembers Rick a little sadly (he's recently had to declare himself bankrupt). "I used to charter jets for the sake of it. I chartered a 14 seater Corvette jet because I was a bit

browned off and I decided to go and see Francis in Ireland."

Gulp. And he wasn't exactly that sensible when he got there...

"We always do 'lookalikes' explains Francis, "spotting people who look like famous people and giving each other points for how accurate they are. Richard walked into this coffee shop..."

"Fa'l In, more lika," giggles Rick. "... and," continues Francis, "there was this woman sitting there and he goes over to her - 'that's Katie Boyle' (famous 'advice' columnist for the TV Times), 8 points for Katie Boyle! - and gets down on his knees in front of her..."

There was only one problem...

"It was Katie Boyle," guffaws Rick. "She was really nice..." considering.

These days they're concentrating on the music again: they've just recorded "the best album we've ever done - we're so excited by it", and they're determined to keep the group going.

"We've promised ourselves we'll keep on going for five more years," says Rick, "until 1991."

And now they'll only be worrying about the really important things in life. Lika... shopping. "We're just basically normal, everyday people," insists Francis, "going down the pub and stuff. But going shopping in the supermarket is a little, er, tricky..."

It's not just being stopped for autographs that's a problem - because they're famous they're simply too embarrassed to buy any of the things they really want. "I would never," Rick says, "be seen with a toilet roll in my hand."

RICK

FRANCIS



THE SMASH HITS

Pick 'n' Win

► Ah, the "summer" is nigh upon us, pop nation. Time, once again to . . . FLESH OUT (ie. wear a t-shirt)! And what better way to do it than to sport a spiffing pop person's name at the same time? Witness right one zillion t-shirts, one brilliant swillion records and a few other items well worth wielding around your person of a balmy summer's day – and we're giving them all away to YOU! Phew-wee!! And we've got some very famous guests to model them for us. For a chance of winning a t-shirt (or t-shirts) simply answer the appropriate questions and send your answers on a postcard, marked with the correct number, to *The Smash Hits Pick 'n' Win T-Shirt Competition*, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ.

1 Ten **Blow Monkeys** sweatshirts plus 25 copies of the LP "Animal Magic" plus 10 copies of their "double groove" version of "Wicked Ways".
Q: What is a "double groove" single? Is it: a) a single that's been re-mixed to sound twice as groovy; b) a single that hops like; c) a single that has two songs on the a-side out into it on separate grooves so that, depending on where you put the needle, you could get either of two songs?
(Model Margaret Thatcher comments: "It's a very, very, very good sweatshirt – even though it makes my left shoulder ache like a wicket!")

2 Ten **B-52's** t-shirts plus 50 12" copies of "Rock Lobster".
Q: What is a B-52? Is it: a) an ingredient used in the making of McDonald's "harm" burgers; b) a horrible '50s hair "do"; c) a bomber plane?
(Model Linda Ronald "Mad Dog McDonald" Reagan comments: "I know the answer to this one!")

3 Ten **Psychic TV** t-shirts plus 10 7" getaloid copies of "Godstar".
Q: The lead singer of Psychic TV is called something that sounds like a very horrible Scottish breakfast "meal". Is it: a) Angus McWhiskey; b) Jimmy Goronwrehan; c) Genesis P. Ormsd?
(Model Princess Di comments: "I think this t-shirt is very nice, don't you?")

4 Four **Pet Shop Boys** hooded jackets plus 25 copies of their LP "Please" plus 25 12" copies of "Opportunities (Let's Make Lots Of Money)".
Q: Which of these pop persons owns a pet giraffe? Is it: a) Janet Jackson; b) Mark "humble headband" Knopfler; c) "Grace" Jones?
(Model Prince Charles comments: "One is very long. It stays in one of Pet Shop Boys' jackets!")

5 A **Billy Ocean** sweatshirt plus 25 copies of the LP "Love Zone" plus 25 12" copies of "There'll Be Sad Songs (To Make You Cry)".
Q: What's the name of the biggest ocean liner in the world? Is it: a) HRH Invincible; b) The QE2; c) A Vast (Mr Hearshies)?
(Model George Michael comments: "The sweatshirt is almost as wide as my teeth!")

6 Ten **Ted Chippington** shirts plus 25 12" copies of "She Loves You".
Q: Who recorded the original version of "She Loves You"? Was it: a) Elvis Presley; b) "Frank" Sinatra; c) The Beatles?
(Model Elvis Presley comments: "Not who!")

7 Ten **Die** t-shirts plus 25 copies of "The Die EP".
Q: What is Ronnie James Dio most famous for? Is it: a) making horrible heavy metal records; b) being the head of a caterpillar; c) "master-minding" Hear 'n' Aid?
(Model The Queen comments: "Somebody is hiding a diamond out of my hair!")

8 Ten **Perle Of Plastic** t-shirts plus 10 polo neck jumpers plus 10 7" picture discs of "Ring A Ding Ding" plus 20 credit card holders.
Q: What is Beryl The Per? Is it: a) a cartoon character; b) Maggie Thatcher's school nickname; c) Maggie Philbin's real name?
(Model Andy comments: "Goo – this thing is strangling me! Let's get her out of that we 'Fergus!")

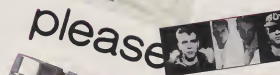
9 Ten **Fruite Of Passion** Flotaxes plus 50 12" copies of the "Kiss Ma Now" single.
Q: Which pop person's last single was called "Kiss"? Was it: a) Queen; b) Prince; c) Princess?
(A Flotax comments: "Well, Fruite and I'm a handy 'n' push personal fling system that'll see you 'lock 'n'ew.")

10 Ten **Matt Bianco** watches plus 25 12" copies of "Dancing In The Street".
Q: What was the name of the Matt Bianco tune that referred to "time"? Was it: a) "Get Out Of Your Lazy Bed (You've Been In It For Three Days Now)"; b) "Hell A Minute"; c) "It's Ten Past Seven"?
(A watch comments: "Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. – I'm a bit of a boring watch, actually! Tsk. Tsk.")

11 The "Moodels". He. Ha. Ha! Fooled you! They weren't real people at all! They're coat-hangers! Lowly, aren't they? They're called "Hang-ups", there's 14 of them in the "range" and we've got five sets of them to give away, too. Just explain in not more than 20 words which "model" you think suits their item of clothing the best and why. And those of you "unlucky" enough not to win can buy "Hang-ups" (invented by a company called Headlines in Setfords, Bennets Paper Chase, Herd Lane and most decent gift shops and card shops throughout the land) for £2.99 each.



▶ **Pet Shop Boys**



▶ **Matt Bianco**



▶ **B-52's**



T-SHIRT (AND OTHER THINGS) COMPETITION



▲ **Psychic TV**



▲ **Fruits Of Passion**



▲ **Perils Of Plastic**



▼ **Blow Monkeys**



▼ **The "Models"**



▲ **Dio**



▼ **Billy Ocean**



▼ **Ted Chippington**



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R S V P

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

■ **My nemo's Jeff, I live in the USA and I'm 16 years old.** I like Wham!, A-ha, Culture Club, Sade, Falco and quite a lot more. My favourite sport is swimming and I love to write letters. I'd love to get letters from all over the world, so write to: Jeff Hazefine, 1253 W. Riverside, Springfield, MD 68807, USA.

■ **My name is Michella Anderson, I'm 11 years old and my interests are reading and writing.** I like all kinds of music especially Wham! I would love to hear from a girl aged 10-12. Please write to me at: 26 Sandy Loning, Maryport, Netherton, Cumbria.

■ **Hi avyronal! I'm a 13 year old bloke interested in Madonna, Duran Duran, U2, King and every other pop singer.** I'd like to hear from any other human in the world, so get writing to: Mat, 1 Cooks Close, Collier Row, Essex RM53 3HS.

■ **My name is Tim, I'm 14 and my favourite groups are A-ha, Thompson Twins, Eurythmics and Sigus "Sigus" Sputnik.** I would like to write to people of my own age with similar interests, so please write to me: 45 Small Lane, Fishponds, Bristol BS16 1AJ.

■ **Hi! My name is Denisa and I'm into A-ha, heavy metal and Madonna.** I hate Wham! and Duran Duran. If you'd like to get to know me better write to: 63 Water Road, Annanport, Dyfed SA16 2NF, S. Wales.

■ **My name is Dawn and I would love to hear from anyone in the world.** I love Ultravox and Go West, so if you have similar interests please write to: Dawn Bernstein, 105 Pleasant Drive, Farmingdale, NY 11735, USA.

■ **I'm Tracy and I'd like a male penpal.** I'm 13 and like A-ha, Paul Young and going out. If you're 12+ and look like any of the people in A-ha or if you live abroad (especially Norway) write to: Tracy Metcalf, 136 West End Road, Harebusch, South Humberside, DN10 3AS. (Please send a photo if possible.)

■ **Hiya girl! We're two "nutty", fun-loving 16 year old blokes into A-ha, Go West and having a "zany" time and we're looking for two good-looking girls aged 14-17 to write to.** Drop a line to Shane and Wayne at: 50 Park Hill, Moseley, Birmingham B13. (Please send a photo if possible.)

■ **We are two English lads aged 15 (ish) looking for two good-looking girls who like Bryan Adams, A-ha and wild parties.** Write now to: Matt and Ryan, 31 Hervey Road, Newquay, Cornwall TR7 3DG.

■ **I'm Carl and I'd like to hear from a fun-loving girl aged 15-17 who's into Depeche Mode, The Cult, The Damned, Billy Idol and A-ha.** If you are who I'm looking for then write to me at: Pasley Golf Club, Braehead, Pasley PAZ 6TZ, Scotland.

■ **Hiya! We are two Yorkshire lassies looking for penfriends from anywhere.** We like Madonna, Paul Young, A-ha and Duran Duran. Anybody 13+ who wants to write to two crazy lassies please write to: Jo and Tracy, Lower Aughterton, Wigglesworth (Hiv hee - Ed), Nr Skipton, N Yorkshire BD23 4SL.

■ **My name is Steve Foster and I'm a dork spiky-haired half-Italian Sigus "Sigus" Sputnik and Billy Idol fan.** I'm 16 and would love to hear from girls who share the same interests. Write to me at: 194 Palatine Road, Manchester M20 6UC.

■ **Hello. We are two 15 year old girls.** We would like to write to boys aged 16-18 from England and Ireland who are into The Cure and U2. Please write to: Achna and Hillechua, A Kuyperstr 63, 8862 VR, Harlingen, Holland.

■ **I'm Debi, I'm 18 and my two hobbies are going to parties and gigs.** If there are any mates out there who are 18+ and into The Damned, New Model Army, Bauhaus, Vice Squad etc., please write to: Debi Whelan, 31 Hazenroft Gardens, Fenlagh South, Dublin 11, Ireland.

■ **Hi! I'm an 11 year old boy interested in karate and ice speed skating.** Any girls out there interested in writing to me please do: Mark Smith, 2196 Stratford Road, Hockley Heath, Solihull, West Midlands B94 6NU.

■ **My name is Helena and I'm 14 years old.** I would like to write to boys or girls anywhere in the world. I like going to discos and really like Wham!, Whistle and A-ha. Drop a line to: 25 Farhaven Avenue, Brockworth, Gloucester GL3 4BY.

■ **I'm a 14 year old female desperately looking for a penpal any age, anywhere.** I like writing letters, dancing and having a good laugh, so please get writing to: Sharon Wright, 363 South Avenue, Southend-on-Sea, Essex SS2 4HR.

■ **Ceiling oil Simply Rad fans.** Please "come to my aid" and write to me. There must be someone out there somewhere, any age sex or nationality. Get scribbling to: Jo, 251 Abercromby Road, Abercromby, Mid Glamorgan, South Wales CF45 4LU.

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* no it isn't

** no it doesn't

REVIEW SINGLES



REVIEWED BY VICI MACDONALD

A-HA! Hunting High And Low (Warner Bros)

It's amazing to think that a group who had their first hit less than six months ago, have only released one LP, and have never played live, are already in a position to sell out a worldwide tour of giant concert halls. Even Duran Duran and Wham! didn't become successful so quickly. Nevertheless, "Train Of Thought" didn't do particularly well in the charts, which just goes to show that bunging out a wish-washy album track as a single is a shaky enterprise even when you're as pretty as A-ha. This single, too, is plundered from the LP, but at least they've put a bit more effort into it, by selecting the best track, adding an orchestra, and getting a trendy producer to tinkering around with the mix. The result is, naturally, smooth and tuneful, but if — as they so modestly claim — A-ha were to be as big as the Beatles, they're going to need far, far better songs than this. . .

PRINCE: Mountains (Warner Bros) Whether or not Prince's music is to your taste — and it's not to mine — there is no denying that he's a true original and, as such, far closer to The Beatles than the likes of A-ha will ever be. No two songs are ever the same, he's endlessly inventive and experimental and, for one so seemingly out to lunch, his lyrics are amazingly perceptive and down-to-earth. That said, this song is one of the more nondescript numbers from his "Parade" LP, and I don't like it very much.

who'd been in a time capsule for the last 10 years they would never, ever believe that this was the same man who, almost single-handedly, changed the face of pop music as we know it. In fact, if you went back in time and played this to David Bowie's former self I doubt whether he'd believe it either.



GENE LOVES JEZEBEL: Sweetest Thing (Beggars Banquet) Once upon a time Gene Loves Jezebel were deeply unlistenable, but they've improved vastly over the last year or so. I reckon their latest to date is "Desire", but "Sweetest Thing" isn't bad either, sounding as it does uncannily like Echo & The Bunnymen. Only trouble is it sounds so much like them that I was forced to compare records, whereupon it became blindingly obvious why "Echo" are v. famous and G.L.J. aren't. Still, any group who can write a song about Mysterons knocking on their back door ("Gorgeous" from 1984, fact fiends) must be good eggs.

THE HOUSEMARTINS: Happy Hour (Goli Discs) The Housemartins are, as they say themselves,

"quite good", but this jangly little romp isn't a patch on their two previous singles. "Flag Day" and "Sheep". The lyrics appear to advocate taking one's clothes off in the kitchen sink, which doesn't sound very hygienic at all. On the back of the sleeve there's a little form to fill out which says "I like this record because... (Answer is not more than ten words)". Well, I like this record because its catalogue number is GOD 11, which is extremely comic.



THE ART OF NOISE WITH MAX HEADROOM:

Paranoia (China Records) I hate The Art Of Noise. As far as I'm concerned, they stand for all that's worst about music at the moment: the triumph of studio trickery over real imagination, the triumph of boring muzak over proper songs, the triumph, in short, of gimmickry over talent. This record is basically a complete nothingness, 2½ minutes of timeless technological slickness, tape loops and useless electronic bippings and burpings, all topped off with the ultimate cheap device of using Max Headroom's "voice" in a last-ditch attempt to add a bit of "street cred" to the whole horrible, hippie affair. Utterly, utterly dismal.



BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE:

Medicine Show (CBS) A very long time ago (i.e. 1976), when The Clash were brand new, Mick Jones uttered the immortal words "like trousers, like brain", meaning that people in flared lung pants were pathetic old hussies, and people in straight trousers were completely brilliant. And now here he is ten years later, singing a delightful ditty all about a miraculous potion which, amongst other things, "if you've got straight trousers it'll give you flares." Proof positive that a) time is a never-ending wheel and b) I was right to go on wearing my purple six-button side-pocket Oxford bags all these years (now haw).

EURYTHMICS: When Tomorrow Comes

(RCA) Bit of a racket, this one. Dave Stewart has spent the last year working with all sorts of hoary old American "rockers" and it really shows. Annie Lennox has got a marvellously expressive voice, but it's totally wasted squalling away over his appallingly bombastic American-style hard-rock thrash. In the last issue of this very magazine, the Eurythmics said they were "moving into the leather

period and getting away from vegetarianism," but if it's the result, let's hope they get back to the lentil-burgers pretty ruddy sharp.



THE WEATHER PROPHETS: I Am Not Prayed (Creation)

Have you noticed how predictable Radio One has become lately? The powers that be have just instituted a system whereby only the 50 or so records they deem worthy of putting on their main "playlist" get played during the daytime. As a result, all sorts of perfectly acceptable records only get heard in the evening, and although some exceptions — like Doctor And The Medics or Furniture — manage to break through, far too many good records (e.g. Pete Shelley) slip into oblivion. This song is a case in point: no great shakes, but wistful (sort of), sweet, singalong... and a bit menacing. Weirdly enough, it sounds like The Jesus And Mary Chain (whatever happened to them!), but without all the feedback and buzzsaw noises in the background. And anything that sounds like The Jesus And Mary Chain is highly unlikely to get on the playlist. Shame.

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

PETE SHELLEY: On Your Own (Phonogram) What a joyous record. Grumbling synthesizers, layer upon layer of guitars, a wonderful tune, wobbly, heartfelt vocals and lyrics that actually mean something (a rare occurrence). Not surprising, coming from someone who, since his days with The Buzzcocks, has written more brilliant songs and influenced more people than... well, than someone else who's written tons of brilliant songs and influenced loads of people. Fact: Pete Shelley is a genius and it's a crime that he seems doomed to obscurity.



DAVID BOWIE: Underground (EMI)

David Bowie is the Laurence Olivier of the music world — such a revered national heritage that people refuse to admit he's turned into a dodderly old ham who can't act very well and is resting — no, snoozing — on his laurels. If you played this unmemorable, run-of-the-mill gospel song to someone



STRANGE CRUISE:

The Best Goss On (EMI) Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. Why does Steve Strange persist in making records? Saying this cover version of a dodgy old '60s hit isn't very good is a bit like saying Chernobyl isn't a very good place for a holiday. The whole affair is, as Noel Tennant would say, tragic. (Strange but true: the person who wrote this song was called... Bonz!!!)



Doesn't he look dreadful! And this is the man that millions swore was – and still is – the King Of Rock'n'Roll! Oh, Review's just understood. Apparently Elvis Presley (who it's supposed to be) doesn't really look dreadful – this is just a very 'arty' portrait of the man used as the cover for **Elvis For Beginners** (Writers And Readers, £3.95). This is a book which tries to explain the 'Elvis Phenomenon' (and the history of pop music) with lots of diagrams, pictures and very short bits of writing. Which means that it's terrifically easy to browse through and is a lot more approachable than some snoozily serious, learned historical tomes. The catch? Well, sometimes it's bizarrely obscure and sometimes the illustrations are, quite frankly, revolting...

VIDEO



Five Star: Luxury Of Life (Video Selection, £9.95) "Luxury" is the word. These are the vids for the seven singles taken from the group's "Luxury Of Life" LP and they're an outstanding lesson in the art of posing. Five Star are experts at it: they pose in well colourful studio sets, in swanky cars, at the side of swimming pools, at the fairground – but no matter where they pose they still manage to sneak in exactly the same side-stepping, arm-waving, toe-twirling dance routines. Sleek, rich, chic, posh... and seven of Five Star's jaunty pop tunes and luscious videos in a row is a little hard to take.

Sylvia Patterson

THING



These pictures (above) are among the many exclusive photos contained in the latest A-ha book, **A-ha Take On The World** (Zomba) which follows the group round the route of their world tour (which is pretty clever considering they haven't done it yet). It also includes an extremely large fold-out poster, a competition to win tickets to see the group when they reach Britain at the end of the year, it costs £1.95 and it's out now.

COMPETITION



◀ This is a very rare object. It is, in fact, one of the original hand drawings by illustrator Mike Patterson which went into the making of the animated part of A-ha's "Take On Me" video. And, because Review hasn't got a hook on the office wall to hang it on, we'll just have to give it away. And, while we're at it, Review also has 25 12" versions of their new single "Hunting High And Low" which we might as well get rid of at the same time. And they're pretty rare, too: they don't just have one free poster of a member of A-ha (like the ones soon to appear in record shops), but three posters – Morten, Mags and Pål. And all you have to do is answer this question: Which group was Morten once in? Was it: a) Ooogops b) Ouch c) The Man Who Suddenly Fell Over d) Sculdler Blue e) Wham! f) Kwarkxy.

Answers on a postcard (!) to **Smash Hits A-ha Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ** to get here by June 3. The first correct entry out of the bag on that day will get the framed picture plus a 12" single with three posters. The next 24 winners will get a 12" single with three posters. Cor.

The grief, eh! There you go, filling your room full of colourful objets d'art and painting your walls all sorts of gruesome bright colours, and all those people who make hi-fi speakers can do is turn out speakers in boring, fake wood-effect teakette (which is always called something like "smooth oak autumn breeze" – i.e. brown) or else they're really naff metal and look like someone's left some complicated technical part of the inside of a telly in your room. But now – ta ra ta ra – you can buy these truly splendid red versions (made by Wharfedale at £89 a pair, which isn't as much as it sounds if you look at the price of other speakers) – or even, if you want, white ones. Which is all very brilliant unless your room is all bluey-greens, in which case they'll look even more dreadful than the ones you've got now. Life, eh?





HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-HA

Here I am
And within the reach of my hands
She's sound asleep and she's sweeter now
Then the wildest dream could have seen her
And I watch her sleep

Though I know I'll never see her again
High

There's no end to the things I can do
Hunting high and low

High
There's no end to the things I can do

To find her again
Upon this night when I'm alone

Through the dark
I sense the humming of the night

Next to me
She's the sweetest girl I've ever seen

So I guess I'll be hunting high and low
High

There's no end to the things I can do
High end low

High
Do you know what I'm looking for

I'm hunting high and low
And now she's leaving me she's got to go away

I'll always be hunting high and low
Hungry for you

Watch me tearing myself to pieces
Hunting high end low

High
There's no end to the lengths I'll go to

Oh for you I'll be hunting high and low

Words and music by P.M. Waxman
Introduced by Deception ATV Music Ltd.
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SELF AID
Dublin

● A couple of weeks ago a huge Live Aid-type charity show took place with all the money raised going not to the starving of Africa but to the unemployed of Ireland. "It's a con," said the anti-Self Aid mob. "No it's not," said Bob Geldof, U2, Cactus World News, The Pogues and Elvis Costello. . .

BANG!

An angry fist lands on the table with considerable force. It's become a rather familiar sight, this, over the last 18 months - Bob Geldof is haranguing the "gentlemen" of the press.

BANG!

"You might take on board some personal responsibility for the people around you and if you do not do this you are abrogating your responsibility as a member of society. . ."

BANG!

"I am not bothered if people think I'm a complete prat. . ."

The issue Bob is holding forth on today is not the starving millions in Ethiopia but the unemployed thousands in Ireland. The Irish economy is in tatters. Hence Self Aid. A massive Live Aid-styled concert with TV hook-up to raise money to create jobs. Not everyone thinks this is such a marvellous wheeze, however. It's a massive con, say the anti-Self Aid pickets lining the route to the Royal Dublin Society's showjumping grounds, where the marathon festival of Irish talent is about to get underway. Self Aid simply diverts public attention from the government's inept policies, say the pickets. Few of the thousands singing and chanting their way along Anglessea Road pay much attention to the pickets, however: after all, nothing short of a nuclear catastrophe could deter these people from coming along to sway about, fists aloft, to U2.

And, after all, what is wrong with a little free enterprise? Every stop of the way one comes face to face with a young Dubliner selling "official" Self Aid t-shirts (of which there seem to be about 76 versions, some containing weird spelling errors: who is Elvis Costello?), "official" Self Aid headbands (home-made from linen strips and felt tips), and the quite illiterate official Self Aid programmes - all at exorbitant prices. "Make It Work" is the motto of the day (and the name of the Self Aid anthem written by local person Paul Doran). "Make It Worse" is the anti-Self Aid mob's cynical version. . .

The Royal Dublin Society is the most splendid spot for a rock concert ever devised: all around the central showjumping arena are rock gardens, lush lawns, Tudoresque tea-room-type buildings, paddocks and stables. It's raining, of course, but no one seems to give a hoot.

Passing a row of stables, one is suddenly blazed by the rousing sounds of Bono and U2 - but hang on, it's only mid-day and Bono and U2 aren't



▲ The very sad Guinness: Falk performance. "It's been a very good 10 years. . ."

▲ Goldie



▲ Hollis comes off his new "Toll" style.

due on stage until midnight. A peek inside a stable solves the mystery: there's a private party going on in the dark, foul-smelling interior. Seven or so young men in not-very-clean U2 t-shirts, several bottles containing something not-very-nice-looking, and a ghetto blaster. "Come on in!" bellow the sozzled merry-makers. "Did you bring a bottle?" Erm, no I didn't, actually, so I decline the invitation and make my way to the arena.

At 12.15 on the dot, the musical fiesta begins. Brush Shields, his leather tassels a-tapping in the breeze, storms the stage with his squawking guitar. Who is Brush Shields (or Brooke Shields, as he is "wittily" referred to by the "gentlemen of the press")? You might well ask. But to judge from the rampant outbreak of arm-waving and swivable guitar wielding in front of the stage, he's something of a local hero. He dedicates the first song, the old Thin Lizzy chestnut "Whiskey In The Jar", to his old friend, the late Phil Lynott, and everyone goes mildly



▲ Club: The Pogues. Shane MacGowan has a spot of tartan

bonkers. It sounds pretty ghastly, to be perfectly frank, but patriotic fervour is running high so it seems churlish not to smile. Even though it is raining buckets — who gives a hoo? Not in **Tua Nua** who soon appear with their amiable blend of Irish fiddling and straight rock music, the "petite" figure of singer Lesley Dowdall contrasting with the jumbo frame of the stoutest bass player you have ever seen. Ruddy marvellous.

Back in the R.T.E. (Radio Telefís Éirían) TV studios, things are not going so swimmingly, apparently. The job creation phone-athon has got off to a slow start. Acts have come and acts have gone — **De Dannan** and their stirring rendition of the emigrant's song "Galway Bay", the **Chieftains** and their ethnic Irish wheezing, **Those Nervous Animals** and their milky dozy pop — each doing their allotted 12-or-so minutes. The 30,000 crowd are having a ball — but back in the studios nobody is phoning in. "Be patriotic today!" plead the presenters — but after five hours only £47,679 has been raised.

But then **The Pogues** arrive. The sun comes out at last and joins upon Shane MacGowan's teeth (all two of them). The groaning, Guinness-soused sound of "Dirty Old Town" wafts across the ground and the crowd goes more bonkers than ever before. By the time The Pogues have finished their 12 minutes, the total has leapt to

over £100,000.

Caracas World News keep the atmosphere charged with their intense, earnest rock strutting. And then Bob whisks into the press enclosure in a haze of popping flash bulbs for a spot of table bashing.

At three minutes to eight **The Boomtown Rats** go on stage. Is this to be their last performance or not, everyone is wondering. Bob, poor chap, finds a traffic cross-voiced as he rambles through "Looking After Number One" (the one with the words about not caring about starving people) and the obligatory "I Don't Like Mondays" ("It's been a very good 10 years," he shouts as the Rats scuttle off the stage, "Thank you very much. Rest in peace... Sounds like this is the last we'll see of the Boomtown Rats).

Chris De Burgh follows and has the crowd in raptures. By some miracle, they all know all the words to his songs and the community singing shaker the RDS foundation. Next comes poorly old guitar "wee" **Berry Gallagher**, swaggering and growling like a trooper, and, as the sun goes down, **Elvis** (sorry, **Elvis Costello** and The Attractions swoop through a ramshackle collection of old favourites like "Pump It Up." **Van Morrison** sends everyone to sleep with some mystical mutings about "love visions" — even his backing vocalists nod off for a spell — and then we are rudely awoken by the moment we've all been waiting for. It's Bono and **U2**.

Scampering hither and thither, strolling in saintly contemplation, etc. Bono casts his usual spell on the audience. He expresses sympathy for the plight of the unemployed and everyone cheers ecstatically. He prances through "C'mon Everybody", "Fride (In The Name Of Love)", "Bad", "Sunday Bloody Sunday" and a "classic" version of Bob Dylan's "Maggie's Farm" and everyone punches the air and buys manically. Then he walks slowly from right, arms folded behind his back, head bowed in triumph.

But that's not the end. **Thin Lizzy** — featuring Gary Moore on guitar and Bob Geldof at the microphone — appear to pay further tribute to the late Phil Lynott and the spirit of Ireland in general. "Whiskey In The Jar" sounds rather ghastly again, quite frankly, but it still seems churlish not to smile. And for the finale we have Bono, Chris De Burgh, Gary Moore, Geldof and the entire musical populace of the Emerald Isle on stage clapping hands and chanting the Self Aid anthem "Let's Make It Work" (not unlike "We Are The World"). There's some of the most out-of-tune singing heard since the Live Aid finale at Wembley — but who gives a hoo? By the end of it all, over half a million pounds have been raised, over 1500 jobs have been created. Applause.

"We all bloody made it work!" cries Self Aid organiser Tony Boland from the stage. 30,000 voices are raised in shared victory.

Tom Hibbert



▲ U2's "best" team. Mike of Dinnert, Bono, Bob Geldof and the "Wee" boys



▲ Mark Hollis, far to left, doesn't pop the over-windies

TALK TALK London

What a scruff Mark Hollis did! Talk Talk's singer and songwriter is wearing a tatty old pair of jeans, his shirt isn't tucked in and he hasn't even bothered to put his shoes on. He's just standing there in a pair of white socks!

And when he sings he looks like one of the Muppets with his lank hair swivelling all over the shop and his head falling around. When he's not singing it's even worse. He just stumbles to the back of the stage still nodding away to himself and looking as if he's in a bit of a lark.

Drummer Lee Harris doesn't look much better either, with his long hippie-ish hair flopping everywhere as he whacks away at the drums.

But just because Talk Talk do a complete shambles doesn't alter the fact they have some truly excellent songs. And the first one they play tonight is "Talk Talk", their "hit" single to younks ago which reminds you how long the group have been around without really getting anywhere. (Right up to a couple of months ago, in fact, when they had a huge hit with "Life's What You Make It." And now their third album, "The Colour Of Spring", is doing rather well in the LP charts.)

Mark Hollis is wearing a tatty old pair of jeans, his shirt isn't tucked in and he hasn't even bothered to put his shoes on...

For this tour they've drafted in five extra musicians to boost the three-strong membership and they're playing all these crashing great versions of their new songs. And from the first one the audience are on their feet, and they all seem to know the words. They're a pretty posh and well-behaved lot, many of them lovey-dovey couples holding hands spoonily as they sing along to Talk Talk's strange and ever so "poetic" songs.

And Mark Hollis? Well yes, he does look a bit of a misbegotten-guts standing up there, hunched over the microphone and twisting his head. But at least his mournful voice and strange stage presence seem to be natural and gimmick-free: and you can't help thinking that that's exactly why so many people like him.

William Shaw



Photo: Andy Cullen

REVIEW CONCERT



▲ Ronnie James Dio (left) and a "dragon"

DIO (London)

Of all the weird stage acts around these days this one really has to take the biscuit. When the curtains finally part, the crowd of heavy metal fans who've been patiently chanting "Dee-oh! Dee-oh! Dee-oh!" for the last 20 minutes go absolutely barmy because there on stage is this whopping great, ruined castle. It's a huge, rather tacky glass-fibre affair covered in hundreds of plastic plants and bits of "moss", but what's even more bizarre is that there's a hulking great dragon looming over it all. In fact there's just about every conceivable prop you could imagine on stage except for any members of Dio. But then a drawbridge lowers, a thunderflash explodes with a KABOOH! and lo! It's Ronnie James Dio himself, legendary heavy metal singer, ex-front person of Black Sabbath and Rainbow and the man who put together the Hear 'n Aid contribution to this famine relief fund.

And off they all go, belting into a string of Dio "classics", with Ronnie grimacing around stage while the audience go into their headbunking routine, tweedling away on imaginary guitars.

But the real highlight of the show comes when Ronnie goes into a sort of "Dungeons And Dragons" fantasy routine. A creepy globe appears with a giant projection of Ronnie on it, gravely intoning something about how, if you're brave enough to cross the rainbow, you'll discover... the secret! Then hundreds of lasers zap around all over the place, drawing spooky pictures of wizards. Clouds of dry ice puff around everywhere while thunderflashes go KABOOH! again, and the 18 foot high dragon lurches into action, wagging its head and wiggling its ears and roaring and flashing its eyes. So Ronnie, who's quite a short chap, picks up a Star Wars laser sword thingie, swings it about and gives the poor old dragon a jolly good prodding, eventually killing the dear old thing and leaving Dio to get on with some more serious "rocking out", with songs like "Rock 'n' Roll Children", "We Rock" and "Rainbow In The Dark".

All the theatrics and special effects are vastly more interesting than most groups' weedy display of flashing red and blue lights, but you can't help thinking that the whole show is more like a pantomime for overgrown kids.

William Shaw



▲ Ronnie James Dio (centre) and a "dragon" (hidden)

ALBUMS

PETER GABRIEL: So (Charisma) Twelve years ago Peter Gabriel left the then rather monotonous "progressive" group Genesis and started to make wonderful noises all on his own. His previous solo LPs have had a manic "I'm going to sort myself out if it kills me" feel but "So" is much more... mellow. There's the brilliant hit single "Sledgehammer", lots of African-type drum beats, soft vocals and screams, some very good tunes and Kate Bush warbling away in the background. I love it. **(9 out of 10)**

Deborah Spjitts



STEPHEN DUFFY: Because We Love You (10) Poor old Stephen Duffy doesn't seem to have had a very good time these last few months. All the name changes in the world – from Tin Tin to Stephen "Tin Tin" Duffy to Stephen A. J. Duffy to plain old Stephen Duffy – and a steady stream of ridiculously catchy singles haven't managed to get him anywhere near the charts. A pity, because even though there's nothing on "Because We Love You" that will change that, its best songs (particularly "Julie Christie" and "Unkiss That Kiss") are rather brilliant tragedies – all unfulfilled dreams and missed opportunities – crammed with goody but memorable tunes. In other words... it's rather good. **(8 out of 10)**

Chris Heath

FRA LIPPO LIPPI: Songs (Virgin) Pure undiluted mush. This a couple of "sensitive" Swedish chaps worrying hopelessly about the answers to questions like "what is hidden behind the blue curtain" (meaning the sky), and wondering if they'll ever have a number one hit like their fellow Scandinavians A-ha. The one decent song is the single "Shouldn't Have To Be Like That" – the rest, I'm afraid, is utter rot. And when they sing "I can't express myself no longer" – you can't help thinking – "then why did they ever make this shockingly dull record!" **(1 out of 10)**

Duncan Wright

NU SHOZ: Poolside (Atlantic) Take a Madonna sound-alike, throw in every conceivable slick synthesiser trick – from bea-box to Paul Hardcastle s-s-stuttering – and you've got Nu Shooz. And, although many of the songs would be greatly improved by weeding out the irritating

twiddly special effects, there's something refreshing and infectious about this record. **(7 out of 10)**
Colette Campbell

PATTI LABELLE: Winner In You (MCA) I imagine that Patti must spend most of her time in the studio down on her knees sobbing into a soggy Kleenex. Half the time she's singing about getting back together and the rest of the time about spitting up. Much of her pain probably comes from the fact that she's used about thirty producers and that on one song, "Beat My Heart Like A Drum", there is the world's longest ever guitar solo. The rest of the songs slip into either the bouncy Pointer Sisters disco-pop category or the weepy smooches (like "Sleep With Me Tonight" or the fab "Kiss Away The Pain"). On the sleeve she says that her husband is her "crazy glue". I see. **(7 out of 10)**

Paul Methur

THE FORCE M.D.'s: Tender Love (Island) Following "Tender Love"'s success as a single, here's the LP: a mish-mash of chat, pop, ballads and laid-back soul all dwelling on love, tears, girlfriends, love and more tears. In other words there's nothing at all special about this twee, floating '80s disco stuff (apart from a hip hop "encounter" with the Fat Boys at the end of side two). Very predictable – but it does sort of "grow" on you. **(5 out of 10)**

Helen Mead

DOCTOR & THE MEDICS: Laughing At The Pieces (IRS) You know those '60s films you see with lots of "spaced-out" persons with very long hair waving their arms about in living rooms with strings of beads for doors while some very odd music seeps out from behind the smoke? Well, this is the music. Voices wail, guitars jingle and screech, harmonies wander all over the place and the drummer bashes everything in sight. Over all this The Doctor treats us to his thoughts on "The Smellness Of The Mustard Pot" and not being loved when you've got no shoes. Weird, fast and loud – rock 'n' roll for folks with a sense of humour. **(7 1/2 out of 10)**

Sylna Patterson

PRINCESS: Princess (Supreme) Princess' success over the last few months has perhaps led to do with her than the production team Stock/Aitken/Waterman – they not only produce all her records but play nearly all the instruments and have written all but one of the songs on this album. Princess' one effort, "Just A Tease", isn't bad either, and the whole LP glides along very much like the bouncy, medium-paced soul of her three hits (all included). **(7 out of 10)**

Chris Heath

ROUGH RIDERS FROM LEE



Multi-needle sewing. Heavyweight 15% cotton denim. Original leather patch. Stone-washed finish. Copper rivets. Brass buttons. Heavy duty fly. 14 1/2" low cut. Build the jeans that built America.



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THE JEANS THAT BUILT AMERICA



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BEEN DOING
THEIR HOMEWORK.**



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**WHO CAN CATCH A
KAWASAKI?**

● All the names on the right are hidden in the diagram. They could run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Some run backwards. But remember that the words are all in an uninterrupted straight line whichever way they run.

- ABBA
- AC/DC
- ADAM AND THE ANTS
- ADRIAN MOLE
- AETHIA FALTSHGG
- A-HA
- ALAN ALDA
- ALANBAN CURRIE
- ALARM
- ALEXANDER O'NEAL
- ALISON MOYET
- ALPHAVILLE
- ALVIN STARBUST
- AMAZOJU
- ANDY SUMMERS
- ANDY TAYLOR
- ANGELA RIPPON
- ANGLE BOWIE
- ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE
- ANIMOTION
- ANNE MURRAY
- ANNE LENNOX
- ANGEA
- ARETHA FRANKLIN
- ART COMPANY
- ARTISTS AGAINST APARTHEID
- ART OF NOISE
- ASIA
- ASHFORD AND SIMPSON
- ASSEMBLY
- A-TENNY
- ATLANTIC STARR
- AUDREY HALL
- AURIA
- AZTEC CAMERA

● Answers on page 57

AAMTRAWETSIIIMAAAXAN
 ADDOSREMMUSYONARNNO
 DGRAMAETALRNNTTOAP
 IMNIIXEXTSXIIOOSREP
 EYSERALSASZFLPTAII
 HACETEELNCKNMCSAWR
 TRSULMIMINIIOHTAOA
 RRCTBOORAVSTFLUCBL
 AUZLNLMRRDABNRNVEE
 PMYAEAFXNRUHCARORIG
 EAEBRAEAQOCDPKLRNG
 TNRBHTDHLNHSLSYLTNA
 SNTTTRROYTUNANTA
 NAEMOSAFDDLEANZRLU
 IREFZTURNANPLNTIAL
 ASHEYAEDFOMAEESAUA
 GSTDAYLAROICMOINLZ
 AANBHAHECACSNAINA
 SAATAOTDDEMDNMT
 DDLLENRLMJOSOXDA
 LBGXORCEAYOTNAPUCA
 IBCQNRDENINCIRABT
 TAEJUAAMTCOARERVBAB
 RLLUZAMANAALASALBE
 AAEFILTHGINLAMINAD

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COMPETITION WINNERS

A-ha (April 23)

● Correct answer: d) Jimmy Savile
 The 25 winners of a picture clue and a poster are: Julian Pople, Sutton; Victoria Bennett, Poole; Helene Symes, Soer; Kerry Woods, Colmer; Sarah Walton, Chadderton; Jane Currie, Clitheroe; T. Maloney, Mersopole; Michelle Barlow, Windhit; M. L. Taylor, Dover; Catherine Kaye, Barrow; Catherine Knight, Gosport; Lesley Robson, Wootton Bassett; Robert Halesover, Michelle Walker, Bury St Edmunds; Debbie Kendall, Carlisle; Claire McEwan, Edinburgh; Marie Thomas, Redfield; N. Baker, Mewsey; Michelle Hall, Blidworth; Steven Jones, Radford; Amanda Field, Roundhay; Samantha Ashdown, Pinnow; Melissa Munday, Ancoaster; Samantha Pritchard, Shrewsbury; Carolyn Hughes, Llandudno

Prince (April 23)

● Correct answer: f) Queen Victoria.
 These five people win a spooly silver acetate with spinners a, a Walkman and a cassette of Prince's "Pleasure" LP. The most likely owners: Inveror, Weymouth; Trevor Todd, West Sussex; A. Wydale, Trencham; Eleanor Zaremba, Lymington; Kathryn Reiser, Miverton.
 The next 20 people win the cassette: Wernan Marcell, Bognor Hill; Jennie Morgan, Whitley-on-Wye; Julian Wood, Hampton; Stuart White, Wootton; Andrew Parman, Kingsnest; A. Roberts, Aberystwyth; Nichole Melchior, Wotton; James Redmond, Clifton; Angela Alicastera, Rotherham; Joanne Armstrong, West Kent; Stephen Galar, Ipswich; Sylvie Newman, Little Compton; Enne Church, Rotherham; S. Enne, Wootton; Corole Langen, Southampton; Michael Evans, Appleton; Peter Watson, Hassell; Andrew Cummings, Whitmore; Q. L. Shaw, Forest Gate; Stevie Ives, Barbury.

Blow Monkeys (April 23)

● Correct answer: b) An adjustable spacer.
 The following ten people win a framed poster and all LP: R. D. Nieme, Sleaford; Steve Sanson, Buckley; Antoinette Alsager, Bryn McHugh, Wokingham; Alan Dennis, Bangor; Gayne Oliver, Marlow; J. Henry, Basingstoke; Q. Sung, Horden; Pauline Craig, Balmarna; Anna Blagow, Lincoln.
 The next 15 people win the LP: Isabel France, Langford; Simon Dove, Haddington; Rachael Vardy, Llanymorfa; John Lawson, Norfolk; Kate Harris, Doncaster; Helen Tepping, St Albans; Toby Brown, Great Felling; Steve Parsons, Grimsby; Sally King, Fakenham; Andrew Seales, Wigan; Hazel Middleton, Aberystwyth; Joanne Abraham, Swindon; Cassian Hamilton, Thame; David; Natasha Henkles, Eastleigh; Lovene Seddington, Harby.

Style Council (April 23)

● Correct answers: a) Q. C. Lee; f) Steve White.
 The 15 winners of a signed video and LP are: Simon Ward, Hornchurch; Mark Edwards, Evelyn Hill; Katherine Green, Benhamstead; Nick Jackson, Gushborough; Phila Murphy, Hudders; Anthony Green, Chasson; Bruce Footon, Mablethorpe; J. Dangle, Beverham; T. O'Donnell, North Kanton; Jo Broughton, Grimsby; Kerry Jordan, Cheshill; Neil Morris, Reddington; Lisa Price, Southgate; Cathy Agar, Basington; Kevin Moseley, Weymouth.
 The next ten people win the LP: Marie Wreals, Christchurch; Corral Conway, Galsgate; A. M. Edhouse, Morden; Paula Nolan, Newsham; D. Sorrell, Seaford; Lorraine Sheldart, Staly; Wynona Mellisham, Wembly; Jackie Hobbs, London; Kay Grest, Chislehurst; Lizzy Sayer, West Cowick.



THE MADONNA STORY

PART 2

Her mother died before her eighth birthday so she was brought up by her father and a "disciplinarian" stepmother. At school she was always showing off her "sexy" knickers, she idolised Jesus and was constantly wondering how she could become very, very famous.

She started to "date" her dance teacher, Christopher Flynn, and he encouraged her to seek fame and fortune in New York. After a year at college that's what she did, sharing a grotty apartment with a million cockroaches, living on a diet of popcorn but also finding a few friends.

She was enjoying a "fling" with one of these, musician Dan Gilroy, when she was asked to go to Paris, where the people behind Euro-disco singer Patrick Hernandez promised to make her a star. But instead they gave her lots of money and virtually ignored her...

In the summer of 1979, after catching pneumonia, Madonna packed her bags and left her Paris apartment saying she was going on "holiday". She never returned.

Back in New York, she didn't move straight back into the abandoned Synagogue she had been sharing with Dan Gilroy and his brother Ed - instead she lived for a few months with illustrator Martin Burgoyne (later the designer of her "Burning Up" sleeve and her stage sets). But she did muscle her way into Gilroy's band, *The Breakfast Club* (named after the stacks of "buckwheats" they'd all eat at *The International House Of Pancakes*) - who included Dan, Ed and Angie Smit (an old dancing friend of Madonna's). In the group Madonna played drums but she also practised the guitar and began composing songs.

"It was one of the happiest times of my life," Madonna said later. "I really felt loved. Sometimes I'd write sad songs and Dan would sit there and cry."

But after a year she got fed up with not being the group's singer, decided they were



Madonna being allowed a rare chance to sing in *The Breakfast Club*. The guitarist is the boyfriend of the time, Dan Gilroy, the guitarist Ed Gilroy and the bass player Angie Smit.

going nowhere, said goodbye to Madonna and moved to Manhattan.

The plan was to form a group of her own - but her only real musician friend was the drummer Steve Bray who she'd "dated", at the University of Michigan, so she phoned him and persuaded him to join her. The two of them found some other musicians and formed a group, apparently a cross between *The Police* and *The Pretenders*, who played under a string of names - the Millionaires, Modern Dance, Emmerson and finally Emmy. "I wanted the name Madonna," she says, "but

Steve thought that was disgusting".

To begin with Madonna lived in a draughty loft, sleeping on a piece of carpet surrounded by "electric space heaters". One night she woke up surrounded by a ring of fire.

"I jumped up and dumped water on it," she remembers, "which made it spread more. Then my nightgown caught fire. I took it off, got dressed, grabbed a few things like my underpants and stuff..."

And then she went over to the music building on 8th Avenue where the group rehearsed and Steve Bray slept. The two of them lived

there together for a while, curling up between the amplifiers and living off the pathetic one dollar a day they could afford to spend at the local Korean delicatessens. Mostly it went on yogurt and peanuts, causing dreadful fights. "He liked to eat them together," explains Madonna, "and I liked to eat them separately".

Madonna got so hungry that she'd even check the top layer of the dustbins she passed. "If there was a *Burger King* bag sitting on top that someone had just deposited I'd open it up," she confesses, "and if I was lucky there would be french fries that hadn't been eaten." She'd leave the burger though, being vegetarian.

In between playing a succession of dodgy New York clubs with Emmy, Madonna would shoot off every now and then to do another scene in a film called *A Certain Sacrifice* which was being made by a young film director called Stephen Jon Lewicki (between October 1979 and November 1981). She'd get the part after sending Lewicki a long handwritten letter giving her



The photo for the 1984 poster *A Certain Sacrifice*

life story and enclosing a photo of her sitting on a bus applying bright red liquid lipstick with her finger. In *A Certain Sacrifice* she plays a character called Bruna, a "post punk drifter" who has lots of "japes" with "sex slaves" and gets raped. Apparently when the rape was filmed, Madonna wasn't told her shirt was to be ripped off to make it "more realistic." Lewicki, who paid her \$100 (she was the only person on the film to earn any money at all), remembers sitting in a place called Battery Park one afternoon and eating blueberry yoghurt out of her car. "That woman," he later gushed, "has more sensuality in her ear than most women have got anywhere in their bodies."

It was at this time too that Madonna did the famous stint of nude modelling which later resurfaced in "men's" magazines. "You got paid ten dollars an hour," she remembers, "versus a dollar fifty at *Burger King*. I kept saying 'it's for Art.'"

It's not surprising then that she was very relieved when a company called Gotham Management signed up Emmy, gave Madonna \$100 a week and let them record four songs ("I Want You", "Society's Boy", "Lover On The Run" and "Get Up"). Unfortunately they fell out when Madonna decided she preferred disco to the "rock" she'd been doing so far and sacked all the band apart from *Bray*. She finally got her way, changed their name to Madonna and the two of them recorded four more songs ("Burning Up", "Stay", "Everybody" and "Ain't No Big Deal"). After flirting with New York DJ Mark Kamins at the beginning of 1983, Madonna persuaded him to play their new songs to the boss of Sire Records. He was impressed, she got a record contract (an advance of just \$5000) and the rest, of course, is "history".

Well, almost. The first single "Everybody" it was supposed to be "Ain't No Big Deal" but that didn't work out very well) appeared

without Madonna's picture on the sleeve because the record company thought she'd do better if everyone just listened to the record and assumed she was black. The record did quite well in the clubs and the second single, "Burning Up"/"Physical Attraction", did even better so she was signed up to make a whole album. But Steve Bray walked out in a huff because Madonna promised him he could produce her records then changed her mind. (They did make up a couple of years later though, and now compose most of her songs together). Unfortunately the album didn't quite work out. Supposedly the "best" song on the LP, "Ain't No Big Deal" (recorded again) sounded so dead that they couldn't use it. A DJ called John "Jellybean" Benitez (who Madonna had already started "dating" after meeting him at The Fun House disco) was brought in and given a week to record a song he had "discovered" called "Holiday". It was released as a single and — hey presto! — Madonna was a star. She moved into a posh apartment and bought her first colour TV "with a VHS machine and a push-button remote control". Soon she set up house with Jellybean — just one of a succession of men (it would be written in magazines time and again) she was rumoured to just have "used" on her way to the top.

"Sometimes I feel guilty because I feel like I travel

continues over

Mark Kamins, the New York DJ who got Madonna her record contract.





Last year's American tour program.

through people," she confessed later. "I think that's true of most ambitious, driven people. You take what you can then move on. If the people can't go with me or move - whether it's a physical or emotional move - I feel sad about that. But that's part of the tragedy of love."

Perhaps, but it appears that what Madonna actually did may not have been that simple. She let slip in an interview in America last year that "the longest monogamous relationship I've had was 2 1/2 years, right before Jellybean, with someone who never wants to see me again. He's the guy trying to run me over in the 'Burnin' Up' video." And his name, though she didn't say so, is Kenny Compton, a painter. If that's true then so much for the "sleeping my way to the top" tag she rather encouraged people to throw at her.

After her first album "Madonna" (a "total aerobics record" she commented approvingly), she started poking round for film parts. First she recorded three songs as a nightclub singer in *Vulva Quis* (released in Britain as *Crazy For You*) and only snippets from two of them, "Crazy For



Snuggling up to the John 'Johnny' Bealick.

You" and "Gambler" made the final film. Then, after being turned down for *Fastlane*, she was offered a part in *Desperately Seeking Susan* (against the wishes of the bosses of the film company Orson who'd never heard of her). She was playing Susan, a girl rather like Madonna herself who was "making out in every other scene" and who eats lots of "Cheese Doodles and gumbdrops". By the time she had finished that at the end of 1984, she'd already recorded the "Like A Virgin" LP but no-one had any idea how successful it would be.

As the first single, the title track, was released, she sneaked off to the Rancho La Puerta health spa near Tijuana, Mexico to work off all those Cheese Doodles, having just finished



Madonna: Kenny Compton from the 'Burnin' Up' video - Madonna's "sacred" boyfriend.

Desperately Seeking Susan's theme song, "Into The Groove".

When she returned, slimmer and fitter, she was a megastar. During 1985 she had eight top ten singles in Britain and became the most successful female singer ever nearly everywhere. When she toured America last summer her audience of hundreds of thousands of Madonna lookalikes readily paid for a \$20 t-shirt every six seconds and bought 17,622 tickets at Radio City Music hall in New York in just 34 minutes! By then she was cocky enough to march off to a meeting requested by Prince.



On the set of Shanghai Surprise.

backstage in San Francisco with the words "well, time to go to visit the midget". Nevertheless she later said that Prince and her had a lot in common:

"I can relate to him. He has a chip in his shoulder. He's competitive, from the Mid-West, a screwed-up home and he has something to prove."

Prince was also at the time

just one of the men she was supposed to be dating - as well as Jellybean (still), Billy Idol (a total fabrication), David Lee Roth (they'd met), politician John F. Kennedy Jr. (they'd had a drink together) and, least newsworthy of all, a young actor called Sean Penn. But none of them seemed likely to be very permanent. After all, Madonna herself was boasting that "the very best thing about being single is that there's always someone else. Besides, I wouldn't wish being Mrs Madonna on anybody."

Firm words, except that Sean Penn (who she really was going out with) and her were getting closer and closer, until one Sunday morning, alone in an inn in Tennessee they glared knowingly across the bed into each other's eyes.

"I was jumping up and down on the bed, performing one of my morning rituals



Madonna's boyfriend David Lee Roth (except he wasn't).



Billy and the worst (either) - Prince (you see he).

and all of a sudden he got this look in his eye and all of a sudden I felt like I knew what he was thinking. I said 'whatever you're thinking I'll say yes to'. That was his chance. So he popped it."

The question of marriage, that is. The ceremony took place on her 26th birthday on a cliff-top at Point Dume in Malibu, the world's press whirling above in helicopters trying to get photos as Madonna and Sean wandered down the aisle, supposedly to the strains of "Moments In Love" by the Art of Noise. After which



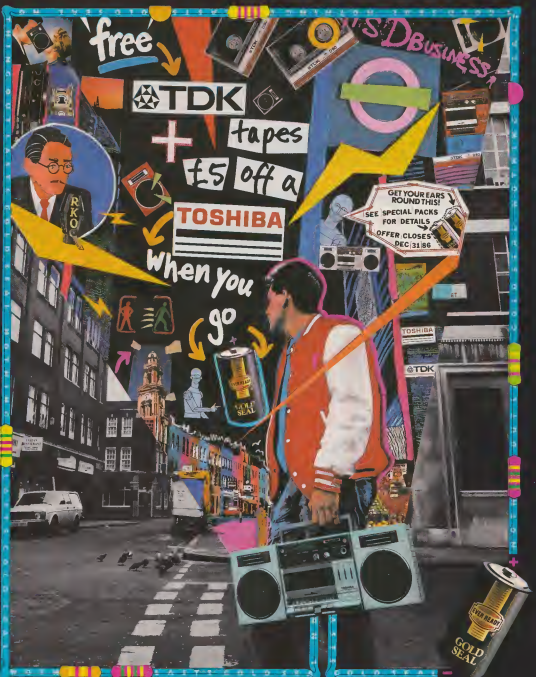
Madonna recorded most of her new album, and the two of them decided to make a film together, *Shanghai Surprise*.

That was finished a couple of months ago and now Madonna's back in America polishing off her LP, planning the next one and her next film (possibly a version of *Oliver Twist* and possibly the role of Eva Peron in *Evita*). Things seem to be going just the way the 3-year-old Madonna planned it when she announced she "was going to have a special life". She's a pop star, a film star and very, very famous...

"I have more bills, my telephone rings more, I look down at the ground more when I'm walking," she reflects, thinking back on the changes this fame has brought. "I take people out to dinner more and, sometimes, I get this scary feeling that I could do anything I wanted."



Surrounded by her group backstage at Live Aid.



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

Itchy, watery eyes, runny nose, sneezing

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

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Aller-eze For 'streaming' hayfever

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

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

NEW Aller-eze Plus For 'congested' hayfever

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

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



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Dear Black Type

What gives you the right to condemn the "pipers" who "walk" – not PRANCE – around the Queen's breakfast table each and every morning (*Letters*, May 20)? If the Queen didn't enjoy this, then don't you think that there's a slight chance she might fire them?

That fact that they are Scottish pipers just proves that the English aren't good enough! I'm fed up with you English thinking you're so great, just because the Queen likes them. Well, you're not! Just remember that when Queen Elizabeth I died, James VI of Scotland became James I of Britain!

And while I'm at it, at least the Patron Saints of Scotland i.e. Saint Andrew and St Margaret are still saints, unlike dear old "Saint" George!

Lynne Cavanagh (a Scottish patriot), Edinburgh

The Queen writes: Thank you so much for your concern, *innie*, but I should like to make it clear to my subjects that I do not particularly care for the sound of bagpipes at the breakfast table but, things being what they are, one does need some suitable droning noise to drown out the sound of one's husband's tortuous babble as he peruses the city pages of the *Daily Telegraph* over the morning Earl Grey and kedgeree. He gets so heated, the old windbag (my husband that is, not the piper). And by the by, may I take this opportunity to confirm a knighthood to that veteran exprom of song and sincerity, Mr Clifford Richard... (The above statement has absolutely nothing to do with Her Majesty and is in fact just the fevered ramblings of one Black Type who is in danger of getting his curds pretty damned sharpish – Ed.) *Rambled! Szzzzzzzzzzzz!*

Dear Black Type

I just had to write after seeing the Montreux Awards – or rather after seeing Franke's performance on it. After making them wait for one long, long year, the Frankees "treated" their fans to an embarrassing cacophony – a blast of utter rubbish. Two dire tuneless songs I sat and stared in disbelief

LETTERS

● **WRITE TO:** Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. The most splendid letter gets a £10 record token and a Black Type tea-towel. Everyone else gets a commemorative pendant (i.e. a badge).

as Paul Rutherford jumped around on stage like a ga-ga gorilla, failing miserably to add a spare of originality to the music. Holly, at least, kept a bit of dignity, though how he managed not to wince with embarrassment as he sang those useless lyrics and even worse tunes I don't know. "This scoo's for the working class man." Holly proclaimed at the intro to "Warners Of The Wasteland." For him to puke over, Holly?

The worst was yet to come, however, in the form of their "finale" when the lads and Paul started vocalizing the stage equipment kit how "arrrrr" of you, lads. Showing how well-behaved the British can be? On a day when their fellow scooters behaved impecably at Wembley, they would have done well to follow their example instead of, like the drunken lunatics that they were, carrying out that desperate clichéd attempt to "shock" and grab headlines. Franke, the dream, has been replaced by Franke, the nightmare.

I wonder what the hell they were trying to prove. Are they trying to build up a reputation for violence now instead of sex? Oh yes, Franke, you may be back but for how long? I hope you take a good look at yourself and cringe. An Incensed Anger, Betrayed, Franke Fan, Lucan, Ireland.

The words "Smash Hits" are written vertically in the background of the letterhead.

Dear Black Type

May I show you this astonishing nugget of information from that blistically interesting book *Medicine On The Yee?* Well, isn't it good to see Peter Townsend still achieving the highest possible level of health for all peoples on his drug

campaign? But have he and Roger "that'll do nicely sir" Daltrey really been "rockin'" for that long? Someone Who Likes Marillion, Billy Bragg, The Smiths, The Jesus & Mary Chain, The Cure, And Half Man Half Biscuit, Buckingham

Dear Black Type

I was filling in my *Smash Hits* Scrapbook/Diary the other day when I came across the bit about writing a poem on the human condition. I was feeling in a rather poetical mood at the time and so produced this.

*The human race are a bunch of wallies
They crowd in Tesco's and push
around trolleys
Ut Pan Sarah, Clywd N. Wales.*

Dear Mr. How cruel, I mean, if you've seen the prices at Mr Tagliatelli's Food's Drink emporialess retronk (i.e. about £4,000,000,000,000 for a sliver of cheese that smells like a cross between something not very nice down a drain and Chris Heath's so-called "Jersey") then you can hardly be surprised that Tesco's is absolutely bunged up to the gills with frantic shoppers doing A. Ridgeley impersonations with their trolleys.

Dear Black Type

Following your lack of knowledge about the invention of the hot water bottle at *Ver Hits* offices (*Bitz Book Of Laff*, May 20) I thought, being a most charming and informative person, I would help you out.

I quote from my mega book (*The one Aunty Mabel gave me at Christmas*)

"Some time in the Middle Ages warming pans were invented burning coals were put in the

lidded pan and it was pushed among the blankets with its long handle until the bed was warm. Hot water bottles came later. A tin bottle was used to warm the cold feet of a French hunko, 300 years ago but afterwards bottles were made of stoneware, then rubber, now plastic."

I think now the very least you can do is give me a tea towel and token. Thank Yeeew!
Go West Fan, Here's

Why, there I was the other evening curled up 'neath the Cozee Quilt and listening to the swoonotic sounds of those Nethalandish warblers Yrizzle S'wizlake on my Windfield 'Walk'm-man' (£9.99 a snip!) when, of a sudden, I felt a "queer" sensation in my lower regions. My feet had become all "damp". Quite obviously I was melting due to radiation or some such unnatural catastrophe. My life flashed before my eyes (the pain, the heartache, Mr Perkins and the beef paste incident) all in one horrid hhr... and then the truth dawned on me. I bet you can guess what it was, readers.

Dear Gary Numan

We just read in *Smash Hit* (May 20) of your opinion that people who put the Royal Family down should be shot. You are free to look in Manchester's Electoral Registers for my address so you can come and shoot me because I think all criticism of The Royal Family is justified. It's alright for rich "people" (I was going to put something far more appropriate) to start shouting off about how patristic they are, because they have no motivation for despising The Royal Family's OBSCENE wealth. Don't get me wrong, I think they're charming people but I think their existence is not justified because of the way Royalty actually came about (Briefly, their ancestors nicked money, land etc off the paupers of yesteryear.) Plus there are millions living in poverty in our country (a minuscule percentage of their wealth could be used to create jobs for working class folk stranded on the dole.) I think it's a pity they don't put things back into the communities they instally robbed



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LETTERS

from So. Gary Numan, I look forward to a visit from you, gun and all.

Shaun Barstow
 PS Wouldn't Numan be better off in LePays? You get shot for opposing authority there. Just wait he'd like.



Dear Black Type

Well! Just look what I found in my 1986 "BOFFO" Annual. Looks like "Bald the Juvenile" got it completely and utterly wrong eh? Love and affection,

Joseph Champaine (Someone who thought it was a jolly weeze to send in bits of old comics with pop group names on them but couldn't find one so he spent his life savings on starting his own comic for the sole purpose of using pop groups' names in it and then sending bits of it to Smash Hits for the sole purpose of winning a £10 record token because he spent all his money founding "BOFFO" comic which no one bought anyway?)
 PS: It may interest you to know that "Fuzzbox" were all killed off in that particular installment of "Gerald the Juvenile". Meanwhile, Mrs Stodge is stuck in the parallel time paradox of KWENDEZZAR! Wow, great! I can't wait for the next installment (even if anyone else can... snuff... boo hoo, pass me the tea-towel, scuzzonee!)

It's yours! It's yours!

Dear Black Type
 So the Labran from Harrogate (Letters, 20 May) doesn't like being attacked by angry hairdressers? Well, at least something happens to Labrans! Your world so-called famous so-called astrologer hasn't even mentioned us Scorpius once in all the time he has been under the employ of your honoured self. Are we to lead a totally boring existence till the end of time? Why, according to dear old Russell 'sen' it's amazing how much money you can get for just acting like a total pratt! Grant on his Breakfast Three spots with Sultry Selina, us Scorpius have the sexiest sign in the Zodiac! A fact surely demonstrated by the fact (surely one) that the great sex symbol and object of female desire - Pablo Picasso - was a Scorpio! So give us Scorpius a chance or your totally never-ever heard of Astrologer really will have something to worry about!

It's yours! It's yours!

A Curlywurlly Fan, Biggar

A World So-Called Famous So-Called Astrologer writes:

Your Stars.
 Scorpio: Um, Yes, ahem, a new one on me, this one, just hang on while I peruse a handy "reference" book... Scene...
 Scopolamine... "Scops owl... ah, here we are... "Scorpius are 13-175mm long and their second pair of appendages form large abdomens and the elongated abdomen curls upwards and..."
 Ouch, dear. Seems to me, my dear fellow, that it is not an astrologer you need but a course of intensive surgery. Toodle-oo, stargazer!

Dear Creep (Robert Smith),

Who the hell do you think you are, posing for the "Pornography" LP sleeve an decomposed Marilyn Monroe? I was quite enjoying your interview (May 20) until I saw the picture of The Cure lying in silk sheets and pretending to be Marilyn Monroe after days of decomposition. It made me feel sick! Marilyn, you don't need me to tell you, was a highly respected and loved woman and nobody in their right mind would want to see her decomposed, especially but user creepie like you.

I am sure other readers agree with me, so for goodness sake let her rest in peace.
 Kate Bush Fan, Loxton.

Dearest: Black Type

Isn't it about time everyone left poor old Samantha Fox to herself? Personally, I think that that young lady is terrific and I, amongst others, admire her something chronic. A lot of my friends slag her off because she is a topless model. It wouldn't be the same if she was just an amateur singer who cannot dance to save her life.

It all boils down to jealousy. Just because a pretty young lady works for a living and happens to be a singer as well as a top model, girls all slag her off. At least she has a job and is not on the dole like some of my friends who have admitted to me that they like the Jay life and enjoy getting the social security.

So... just leave her alone!
 A rather annoyed young lady from Essex

Mon cher Type Noir

Did you realise there is a spy at work in your office attempting to boost the sales figure of a not so illustrious mag by copying the very holy Smash Hits Outrage! I hear you all cry. But, alas, though it pains me to say it, 'tu' true. They have copied 'Ver Hits' by putting silly comments between people's names, e.g. Kate 'Hello Birds, hello clouds, hello trees' Bush and Rita's own immortal creation 'bout ruddy time' and the worst ('what - there's more to come!' I hear you gasp) they've tried to copy you by attempting to find a nice, intelligent, witty letters editor of your stardom, whom 'ver kids' can 'kinda relate to'. They haven't succeeded though - they've only got a mangy, feebitten mongrel instead. Have they no shame?

What are you going to do about this blatant breach of copyright?
 Avanti!

The Chairperson (And Only Member) Of The Terry Roberts Appreciation Society.

Bite your tongue, Chairperson. That is not a very nice way to refer to Ms Katie Boyle and her refined "problem" page in the TV Times. Admittedly, the multi-lingual damsel has borrowed a few of my ideas in the past (such as how to remove clutter stains from shag-pile carpets etc.) but in other respects her "weezes" (handy tips on polishing pewter with pencil shavings etc.) are truly her own. Hands off our Katie!

Your Royal Tea Towelness,

How come, just how come, Terry Roberts gets his perverted poems about Kate Bush printed and I don't get any of my literary masterpieces printed? I write to you about Midge Ure, Ultravox, Midge Ure and Ultravox. To stop you getting really depressed that you never printed any of my masterpieces when I become the world's highest paid and most respected journalist, here is one of my masterpieces -

Oh, Midge.

Well, that's just about all I have written at the moment, but never mind, something is better than nothing is it not, my son? Midge's Collecting Tin He Had At Comic Relief, Surrey.

"Oh Midge"? Yes, I suppose that is the "poetic" extent of the world's highest paid journalists e.g. those on the surrewwitzaway Sun saw haw. Hands off our poet "laureate" R. Roberts. Oh Terry, Terry, Terry, Terry. You make me very, very (Sunnup - Ed)

Dear Black Type

Kate Bush? Damn! You're are but mere mortals. Feast your eyes on the literary masterpiece below, in praise of that immortal goddess.
 Ode To Jennifer Rush
 Jennifer, Jennifer (Sultricity - Black Type)
 Someone who's heard of the MacLaddes but lives in Yorkshire (spooky??)

Crickley Ver Hits!

That blithering idiot who gave us the pic of the Damned's heads in Biz (20 May) needs v badly to be told that the cut out/stuck thingie doesn't nearly fit on the Smash Hits Wallchart as it is MILES too BIG!

... Ouch. Here comes our picnic table. CLANGG BIMEY! We've forgotten who we are ...

CLAAAAAANGG! Bimey! Me too. Gigantic, it was. Who am I? Bang on ... mah fellow Americans ... crises! Must dash as I have several million Johnny Foreigners to bomb before lunch time. Byecccccccccccccccc!

PUZZLE ANSWERS

PRIZE CROSSWORD

Number 4 (May 7)
 ● The answer is **Stephanie Ene of Romania**
Number 5 (May 21)
 ● The answer will be announced in the next issue. The answers are:
ACROSS: 1. Doves (16) 2. 'Manc Monday' 3. (Art Of) Noise 10. (Dance) Of Alive 12. Madonna 13. D. Train 17. (59) Eino's (Finn) 18. "We Are The World" 19. Big (Country) 21. (Simpl) EMI (Ind) 24. "Three Must Be An Angel" 15. Noel (Edmonds) 16. Esther (Parthen): 19. "Up To The Tower" 20. 11. "Call Me" 22. (Hay) Lewis And The News 23. "Too Big" 25. Teddy Pendergrass (20) Boon

STAR TEASER

A crossword puzzle grid with letters filled in to form words related to the 'Star Teaser' theme.

PERSONAL FILE



ANGUS YOUNG (AC/DC)

FULL NAME: Angus

Mackinnon Young.

BORN: March 31 1959.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE? I spend a lot of time between Europe and Australia - I've been travelling about a lot in the last three years. I've got a very nice house in Australia, though.

ARE YOU MARRIED? Yes, close on six years now. My wife's name is Ellen.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE AC/DC SONG? It would have to be "Let There Be Rock".

WHAT'S THE WORST THING ABOUT AUSTRALIA? Let me see now . . . er . . . I'm trying to think here . . . I don't know if there is a worst

suppose there might be a few convicts amongst my Scottish relatives though, ha ha!
DO YOU PREFER YOUR DOCTORS TO THE SULLIVANS? I don't know. I really don't watch much TV.
WHAT'S THE MOST CULTURAL THING YOU'VE EVER DONE? We played Sydney Opera House - that's cultural, isn't it? They let us play it once and once only are you going to see A-HA IN PERTH ON THE FIRST DATE OF THEIR WORLD TOUR? A-ha? What's A-ha? (Short explanation follows). Ugh! No! I haven't seen any bands in years, really. I know what other groups are like so I tend

"What do I think of Wham! splitting up? I didn't even know they'd existed!"

thing about Australia . . . um

. . . Dame Edna Everage?

CAN YOU SURF? No, I'm what you call a "wipeout" when it comes to surfing. I'm useless at it.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A SHARK? Yeah - my wife. No - actually my wife caught a shark once when she was fishing.

HAVE YOU EVER WORKED ONE OF THOSE FUNNY AUSTRALIAN HATS WITH CORNUS BANGLING OFF THEM? No!

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A FUNNEL WEB SPIDER (extremely poisonous spider which does horrible things to its victims)? I don't know. You get lots of trick spiders here though, like the trapdoor spider. The small ones are usually the deadly ones. It's hard to tell the difference unless you're a spider expert, and I'm not. I've seen the other dangerous one but I can't remember its name. It's a small red thing.

ARE YOU DESCENDED FROM A CONVICT? No! I'm Scottish! I was born in Glasgow and I moved to Australia when I was very small - five, I think. I

to stay away

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WHAM! SPLITTING UP?

Wham! I didn't even know they'd existed!

IF YOU WERE A FLOWER WHICH ONE WOULD YOU BE? Obviously a rose. A black one, ha ha!

DO YOU LIKE HOOVERING? What's hoovering? Oh, vacuuming. No, it's much too noisy.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT? Nuclear disarmament? You'll have to explain that one . . . That's a hard question for me because I usually never get myself involved in answering things like that. Um . . . er

DO YOU GET YOUR SHORTS SPECIALLY MADE OR DO YOU BUY THEM OFF THE PEE? I get them made for me. Over the years I've had a few different people making them. My sister made the original ones but I've had a few different tailors making them since.

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO STOP WEARING SHORTS? I don't know. Um, I suppose I'll stop wearing them if I begin to look silly.

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2	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	2	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	2	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)
3	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	3	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	3	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)
4	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	4	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	4	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)
5	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	5	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	5	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)
6	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	6	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	6	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)
7	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	7	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	7	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)
8	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	8	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	8	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)
9	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	9	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	9	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)
10	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	10	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)	10	THE BEATLES - I AM... (NEW)

A-HA FANS! Read this now!!

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THE SMITHS

BIG MOUTH STRIKES AGAIN



Sweetness sweetness
I was only joking
When I said I'd like to
Smash every tooth in your head
Oh sweetness sweetness

I was only joking
When I said by rights
You should be bludgeoned in your bed
And now I know how Joan Of Arc felt
Now I know how Joan Of Arc felt
As the flames rose to her Roman nose
And her Walkman started to melt

Chorus

Bigmouth is da da da
Bigmouth is di da da
Bigmouth strikes again
And I've got no right
To take my place with the human race

Repeat chorus

And I now know how Joan Of Arc felt
Now I know how Joan Of Arc felt
As the flames rose to her Roman nose
And her hearing aid started to melt

Repeat chorus

Oh oh oh oh he he
Bigmouth oh he he he
Bigmouth is di da da
Bigmouth strikes again
And I've got no right
To take my place with the human race

Repeat and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Morrissey-Mat
Reproduced by permission
Warner Bros Music Ltd
On Rough Trade Records

Come on girl
 Ooh baby I don't know why
 But somehow I always seem
 To get tangled up in my pride
 Ooh baby you're not that blind
 Deep down inside you know
 This love's worth one more try
 Don't push it all aside

Chorus

'Cause I wanna be good for you
 I didn't mean to be bad
 But darling I'm still the best
 That you ever had
 Just give me a chance
 To let me show you how much
 I wanna give you my love touch
 I wanna give you my love touch ooh

How can I climb your walls
 And find somewhere to hide
 Can I knock down your door
 And drag myself inside
 I'll light your candle some baby
 And maybe I'll light your light
 I wanna feel the breathless end
 That you come to every night

This ever changing love
 Is pushing me too far
 I feel the need to reach you
 Right now wherever you are
 These empty arms
 Are getting stronger every day
 Believe me baby
 They won't let you get away
 No they won't let you get away

Repeat chorus

Come on babe try me honey

Ooh you're gonna get a
 Ooh you're gonna get a big love touch
 Ooh you're gonna get a
 Ooh you're gonna get a big love touch

Ooh baby baby ooh you're all I need
 So give me a chance
 To let me show you how much
 I wanna give you my love touch ooh
 You know I don't mind
 Who's right or who's wrong
 Guess we're gonna find out
 If this love is strong

Just give me a chance
 To win back your trust
 I wanna give you my love touch
 Love touch love touch
 I wanna give you my love touch
 Gotta give you my love touch
 My love touch love touch love touch
 Baby baby baby I need your love touch
 Honey honey honey I need some love touch

Ad lib to fade

Words and music by M. Chapman/H. Knight/G. Black
 Reproduced by permission Island Music Ltd
 On Warner Bros Records

LOVE TOUCH



ROD STEWART



HOLDING BACK THE YEARS

SIMPLY RED



COMMUNARDS DISENCHANTED

So they shame you for what you do
 May shame buy what is wrong with you
 No future no hope just broken dreams
 You spent your days wondering why
 I'll be your friend I'll be around
 I'll be everything you need
 I'll be everything you need
 I'll be everything you need
 Hey you're my world you cry
 Don't you know
 You've got to try a little bit harder
 You've got to stand on your own two feet
 Never let them drag you down
 Hey there boy
 This prejudice and ignorance
 We can overcome

Repeat chorus here
 Disenchanted angry young man
 Disenchanted angry young man
 Disenchanted angry young man
 So boy now you know what to do
 Hey there boy don't be blue
 There's future there's hope
 Hope for you
 Hey you might just believe
 In what you do

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Simon Curtis/Neil Finn
 Reproduced by permission Island Music Ltd
 On Warner Bros Records

Holding back the years
 Thinking of the fear I've had so long
 When somebody hears
 Listen to the fear that's gone
 Strangled by the wishes of Father
 Hoping for the arms of Mother
 Gotta meet her sooner or later oh

I'll keep holding on
 I'll keep holding on

Holding back the years
 Chance for me to escape
 From all I've known
 Holding back the tears
 'Cause nothing here has grown
 I've wasted all my tears
 Wasted all these years
 Nothing had the chance to be good
 Nothing ever could yeah oh

I'll keep holding on
 I'll keep holding on
 I'll keep holding on
 I'll keep holding on
 So tight

Well I've wasted all my tears
 Wasted all of these years
 And nothing had the chance to be good
 'Cause nothing ever could yeah oh

I'll keep holding on
 I'll keep holding on
 I'll keep holding on

Holding holding holding holding
 I say each year
 That's all I have today
 It's all I have to say

Words and music by Neil Finn/Mike Rodden
 Reproduced by permission CBS Songs Ltd/Island Ltd
 On WEA Records

"One thing I try to do... is go for the different, the out-of-the-norm, the avant-purplé..."

No, it's not **Mutterings** speaking (though **Mutterings** has been known to test a little "avant-purplé" at times)

but **His Royal Regalness Prince**, chatting to some French youths just after he filmed a video in a Nice theatre for the song "America". And, according to "style" magazine **The Face**, he was wandering around in a cashmere coat made out of the same material as the Pope's robes! (Except, that is, when he was teaching one of his co-stars, actress **Emmanuelle Béart**, to play drums - then he was sporting more modest tennis clothes and sneakers while confiding to **Mutterings**: "I almost got married - and now I wondered if I did the right thing...")

Prince was also spotted "rockin' out" on stage in San Francisco with **The Bangles** the other week, playing his own "Manic Monday" and the old rock 'n' roll "classic" "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" whatever next? **Steve Wright** having a baby boy called **Tommy**? **Sting** and **Ethan** playing a Russian "Live Aid" in Moscow's Gorky Park, organised by "top singing star" **Alisa Pugacheva** to raise money for victims of the Chernobyl disaster? **Katrina** and **Adina** **And The Waves** admitting "I've got two stout tree trunks for legs"?

Amazulu recording a song with **Cherise** **Etienne** **Queen** not spinning up and recording a double LP instead? **Madonna** and **Sean Penn** building a nursery in their "£3½ million Malibu beach house" (presumably the one next to Bangle **Susanne Hoff's** parents' pad)?"

Stimpie **Minda** recording a live LP in Paris in August? **John Lydon** making a record with "a bashed up baby grand (piano) and 4 broken banjos"? **Yusuf** **But Mutterings**, quite frankly, would much rather talk to someone a bit older and more mature than all these so-called "top" stars. Like **Anne in Bee**, a nice normal Mum from Middlesex who runs an antique business in Florida and has been having "trouble" with her eldest son, **Simon**, for years.

As a youth he'd lead his brothers astray - "let them do risky things," she says, "like climb on top of walls" - and "dug" - "remember poems I'd sing to him at night." So, he was "performing" for other children at leasies and even left university to join a "pop" band "I said 'ask the University if the band doesn't work out can you go back?' And he agreed to do that". But, she says, she still loves him. "The newspapers have said he's fat, called him an ageing Elvis and things. Well, I think he's got a lovely figure, a

nice behind, lovely shoulders..."

Asaah... **Rod Stewart** (41) has been giving lots of horrible interviews about how he has "been torn to women", and that "he's not just a sex machine" and waffling on about "nice little bums". **Grood**...

Meanwhile, that sprightly youngster **Bläck Sagger** has had to abandon his new film **Laughter In The Dark** (in which he plays a "1930's Casanova") because he had a urinary ache... **Mean** "whitist", **Andrew Ridgeley** and his current videss **Conia** are, apparently, helping promote **Beat Aid** which aims to give a leddy bear to every child in **Ethiopia**. Very useful... **Nick Rhodes** is planning to open a clothes "boutique" in London's very swanky **Mayfair** - helped, it is rumoured, by **Julie-Ann's** dad who owns a chain of shops in the USA... **Andy Taylor**,

meanwhile, has issued a statement saying that he's definitely not leaving **Duran Duran**. He is currently recording a solo album for which he has "stripped upfront as a lead vocalist (while also intensifying his guitar attack) whatever that means." "I have to maintain a double musical life," he explains. "For a person with the sort of ambitions I have, it would be impossible to stay in **Duran** without pursuing other musical interests". So there. **Andy's** also been doing up the ramshackle £¼ million lunatic asylum he owns in South London. It'll have three marble bathrooms, a walk-in fridge and a full-sized croquet net in the living room... **Simon**, in the meantime, has been sailing up the **Thames** in **Drum** for a **Sport Aid** ruse before selling the leddy old tub. He's also "served" as best man at his brother **David's** wedding in the

little Pinner church where he used to be a chorboy...

Cyndi Lauper is threatening to wear a dress that lights up at her wedding in **September**...

Joan from We're Not A Jazboon **And We're Going To Use It** has no wedding plans, not a twinge of a tummy ache and isn't the slightest bit avant-purplé. So why is she in **Mutterings**, you might ask.

Because, mes stupides, she collects coins. Of course! Her favourite is an Edward II silver penny which is 93-year-old lady who used to live where the nauseous neighbours do now gave it to me before she died". She also reveals that she split up with her boyfriend because he kept playing **Hanoi Rocks** LPs and his hair "was meant to stick up, but it kept falling over". Quite right too... Did you know that **Sandra Shaw** collects tiny china ladies without any clothes on? **Gosh** Or that she travels round **Town**

on a tricycle? **Gaiety** Or that she's written a children's book, **The Adventures Of Olive Bean**, about an "ax-dog" of **West** **Coast** Or that she now has a golden chick called **Freddy** - "I keep winning him friends at fairs but he eats them?" **Colley**... And did you know that **Queen's** **John Deacon** was, the story goes, too scared to meet **Prince Charles** and his lovely wife at **Live Aid** so he sent along a tuxide called **Crystal** instead and they didn't notice. **Crystal**????... And did you know that **Patti LaBelle**, who's to star in a film called **Unlustrat** (caused about the effect of the chemical agent **Orange** used as a deodorant in the Vietnam war) doesn't like **Madonna** because **Madonna** trod on her toe at the **American Music Awards**... Or that **Sade** has had a six foot square skylight built above her bed in her London home. Or that **John Knieble** of **Spandau Ballet** visited a glass blower at **Mirano** on a trip to **Venice** with girlfriend **Fine Leflin**, and supposedly announced that wedding bells were tinkling on the horizon? **Meanwhile** **Spandau Ballet** have apparently at last signed to **CBS Records**... And did you know that **Boy George** was "spotted" at a **Stourdale** **And The Beaches** concert in **New York** in a straw parkie hat and brown suit, putting on make-up in a public urinal and walking into the ladies instead of the gents by "mistake"?... And did you know that **Clive Jackson** e.g. **Doctor From Dr And The Medics** went to the same school as two members of the **Smash** **His** staff, **Sue Miles** and **Jo Bailey**, and blows up an "eddy" of their old headmaster, **Mr Horan**, as the "climax" to their "set"? **Sue's** sister **Jacqui Bucknell**, who was actually in the same class, remembers **Clive** as a short-haired quite bright lad with a slightly Scottish accent in grey shorts and a green jumper. He was quiet and had to stand at the back of the choir because he was so tall. **Jeepers**? Or that **Phil Oakley** of **The Human League** (who are soon to reform with some new songs) recently told **The Face** "I've never enjoyed singing. I never wanted to be a singer. The only reason I'm a singer in the first place is because I'm tall"...

Or that **Morrisey** was seen in a posh Chelsea shop getting a huge poster of '70s cult group **The New York Dolls** framed? Or that the first copies of **Sighe** "Sighe" **Sputnik's** new "record" "21st Century Boy" were "wrong" and had a whole extra verse and some words changed?... Or that the purchase to this issue's **Mutterings** has completely disappeared? How extremely avant-purplé!...

Mutterings

▼ **Clive Jackson (Doctor of Doctor & The Medics)** - who claims he has loved animals ever since he was given a pet rabbit called **Snowy** that used to belong to **Beatle John Lennon** - says his ambition is to open a "toad sanctuary"



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