

45p 24 SEPTEMBER 1986  
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# SMASH HITS

U2 OMD  
DAVID BYRNE  
BILLY IDOL  
HOWARD JONES  
PAULYOUNG  
MADNESS  
PSYCHEDELIC FURS  
MADONNA  
RUN DMC  
ULTRAVOX

Rock Group Today



**FREE  
INSIDE**



Giant poster featuring  
**A-HA &  
FRANKIE GOES TO  
HOLLYWOOD**

# WONDERLAND

Oh oh/Let me take you babe ♪ For all your worried  
weaknesses all will be reversed/And for all your  
troubled weaknesses your troubles will be healed/  
Close your eyes close your eyes/Oh now/Let me rise  
let me rise ♪ Oh I see you in a dress of blue with a  
quail in your hand/And I see you in your attitude  
of somber and demand oh/Close your eyes close  
your eyes oh ♪ Chorus/Let me take you back to  
wonderland ♪ will take you back to  
wonderland ♪ Whenever there's an empty space  
again the time is two/And when you come to claim  
your place I'll see you smiling through/My  
hand hold my hand ♪ Repeat chorus ♪ Are your  
eyes so tired of searching that they can't see  
love/And is your heart so full of locks and keys that  
it can't open up/Open up ♪ Do do do do/Na na  
na ♪ Through all the things that have to be we often  
have to cry/And beneath the weight of gravity we  
stumble then we fly/hold my hand hold my  
hand ♪ Repeat chorus ♪ Let me take you back to  
wonderland oh oh/Let me take you there oh yeah/I  
will take you back to wonderland ♪ need somebody  
oh ♪ Repeat chorus and ad lib ♪ fade ♪ Notes  
and music by B. Cook/Reproduced by permission  
Renegade Artists and Management Ltd./Do CBS  
Records.

PAUL YOUNG

FEATURES

- 22-24 **RUN DMC:** Jumping up and down in the streets blathering a load of guff like "ch!l" and "fl" and "wack!t!t?"
- 29 **ULTRAVOX:** Sitting perfectly still, being annoyed by workman and pondering the time-worn phrase "They're back! Back! BACK!"
- 36-37 **GO I REALLY SAY THAT?** Whisking back in time to the days when some very famous people weren't very famous and said some abominable nonsense best left forgotten. But we've remembered!
- 40-41 **OMD:** Eating chocolate hundreds and thousands with a fish slice? Or something.
- 44-45 **U2:** Leaning against a swanky white pillar and looking "mean"!
- 54-56 **PET SHOP BOYS:** Playing "live" at the MTV awards in America and being presented with a useless glass dumbbell called "Infinity".
- 60-61 **HISTORY OF THE RECORD:** Delving into the "archives" to discover the very first black thing with a hole in it.
- 66-67 **PSYCHEDELIC FURS:** Hallucinating about planes, wearing women's "uncles" and being lauded by Janice Long!
- 72-73 **THE "ANTI-SMACK" CAMPAIGN:** Can a group of pop stars with a dodgy name do anything about the problem of drugs?
- 86 **DAVID BYRNE:** Of Talking Heads! On the back page!

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- 86 **MUTTERINGS:** Guess what? Correct!

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- 32 **QUEEN:** Who Wants To Live Forever
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 and more...



**D**id you know that the sleeve of Bon Jovi's LP "Slippery When Wet" is a photograph of a well-bio-lined with the title written in by the slender digit of Jon Bon Jovi himself? Or that "Heppening" has all the details of their tour? (No - The world.) Well, you do now.

© Jesus is the only person, apart from Sir Isaac Newton (whoever he is), to have had colleges named after him at both Oxford and Cambridge University.

## CAMEO COMPETITION



Words are quite useful things, don't you agree? They can be used for all manner of communications, from simple statements of fact - example: "My boiled egg is making a queer whistling noise" - to derogatory remarks - example: "Your head looks like Belgium" - to rhetorical questions of an "intellectual" nature - example: "But why can't I blow my nose on your net curtains, aunty?" Yes, indeed, the gift of language is a boon to all; but some people don't seem to be able to get the hang of it at all. It's his hip American funksters we're talking about, mister? Why oh why oh why do they insist on going round the whole time saying things like "Let's blow the breeze" when what they in fact mean is "Let us have a bit of chinwag"? The blokes out of Cameo are amongst the worst offenders, as their "Word Up" single serves to prove. For what, pray, does "Word Up" mean? Why, nothing to ordinary folk like you and *Biz*, but to those "in the know" it means "extremely trendy" or something, so why can't they just say so? Grrrr. So cross in *Biz* about this corruption of the Queen's English, that you've vowed to get shot of its once-prized collection of Cameo "Word Up" LPs (25) and Cameo "Word Up" picture discs (10).

We intend to give them away to the winners of the following little English language "test". What is a cameo? Is it: a) a house on stilts; b) a miniature umbrella; c) a piece of relief carving in stone; d) a musical performer by a famous actor or actress; e) a green plum; f) a safety catch on a door; or g) a video with camels in? Answers on dictionary to *Smash Hits English Language Competition*, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1. *IPF* to go free by October 7.



© Jesus what? Correct! The Communists not only got to the "hallowed" position of number one in Britain's brightest, most intelligent, litigious, bar-kayaw (but not they've now been asked to write the soundtrack for a film!) It's called *Empire State* and is being filmed, as we "spoke" in London's East End. The setting is some dandy old eight club and bits of the "hallowed" dockland area (which will be filmed to create the impression of "Hours decaying in New York City" according to one film "spokesperson" (who this week is to hit *Biz* how handsome he was in a most odd interview). Anyway, as well as The Communists, there are names written by Sirley Red, The Housewives, Paul White, Carnie, Lem Quarter and Paul Horrocks and the whole thing looks set to be... quite good.



## TWO PEOPLE

**M**ary, like a church, I've got a pulpit in my living room - it only cost £45 from a market, I couldn't believe it! I've got a Da Vinci picture of the Madonna and the Baby, another one of Mary, some rosary beads, some crucifixes... I've got one that's about two feet tall I give this one in Belgium once that was four feet, but I'd never have got it on the plane. I think it's a really nice surprise to walk into someone's house and think "Oh my God, what's that?" instead of everything being out of Hobbitt or whatever. Really, it just makes me laugh."

Mary Stevenson from *Two People* (the bloke graying in the photo) is a rather strange individual from Liverpool. Not only does he surround himself with religious artefacts but the group's new and rather brilliant single (with loads of thundering drums and truly lets on) is called "Mouth Of An Angel" And there are songs on their debut LP called "Scandling In A Church", "Tunkey, Religious And Dirty", "Heaven's On The Run" and "Soul Love". Does *Biz* detect, perchance, a burrows religious obsession?

"Honestly," says Mark Kennedy, "It just makes me giggle. It may be something to do with the fact that I was taught by priests at school: it was a bit weird when you got to a certain age they'd ask you whether or not you wanted to join the priesthood and would all those that did please come up to the stage. It was incredible really because, before this, they'd give us a few weeks off from normal classes and show films of the patron saint of the school and, for those few weeks, we'd had then and mass and confession every single day. They were basically force-feeding you to make you run up to that stage screaming 'I wanna be a priest'. I'm not joking, I actually didn't mark up and say 'I wanna be a priest' but a few in my class did and then went away to the priesthood college and... (Sneep!)

What do Status Quo, Joan Armistreding and Working Week have in common? They're all Christians? They're all men? They're all like strawberry-flavoured cowpats? Correct! They're all mums... oops, sorry, really they're all going on tour and "Happening's" floweth over with details.

## THRU THE LOOKIN

**"We're trying to be a bit shocking."**

Sometimes *Biz* sits down with its head in its hands, strikes a thoughtful pose and ponders on those questions which have puzzled men since the very dawn of civilization. In these articles in the world of pop that is shorter than *Primo?* Is there anyone in the entire world with worse dress sense than *Sam Samphire Fox*? Is there - could there possibly be - anyone in Leeds that is more spookier than *Johnny Savoy*?

After hours and hours (well, about five minutes) *Biz* has come up with the answer. No, no and YES! *Biz* has found the most spookier person possible in Leeds and it's not *Johnny*. It's, in fact, one *Microwave D Mirror*. The lead singer with an extremely ugly eight piece outfit known as *Thru The Looking Glass*. And he's critically (probably) the most thoroughly knobby person in the entire Northern hemisphere. Why?

Because he:

**POSES** as Jesus during his "stage act", as whipped and kicked on stage by a "singer" dressed up as a nun, and a transsexual called *Iran*, who then lets him do a seven feet high cross and hauls him up.

**PLAYS** the part of a vicar during one of his songs, "Conceptual Annihilation", after he was found on the streets of Leeds. He was found on the streets of Leeds by two people who took him and converted him. (He changed his mind two years later.)

**CLAIMS** he has two personalities - Paul Horrocks (singler) and Marquis D Mirror, and that he got the slightly more glamorous name from one of his previous incarnations. He believes that in a former life, he was a Marquis at the time of the French Revolution. (Not one that got beheaded, presumably.)

**HEARS** his own stage material in a church hall run by the United Reformed Church. "We are seeking the cross in and out," he confesses.

**REFUSES** to admit how old he is - which means he's knocking on a bit.

**SMOOTHLY** claims that 75 per cent of the people he plays for have the mentality of Sun readers and that "we're trying to be a bit shocking."

**SPOOKILY** squeaked around the *Biz* staff's office, dressed as a vicar and no one took any notice of him! How?

## How to win some Frankie pencils and other fabulous trifles

Whenever *Bitz* gets cross and feels like blowing its top – not often, *akchelo!*, as we're terrifically "mild" "mannered" – how does *Bitz* let off steam? By knocking itself over the head with a pressure cooker and kicking the goldfish? No, siree! All we do is "don" our new Frankie Goes To Hollywood t-shirt – emblazoned with angry words like "Outrage", "Hate", "Newrage" and "Knuckle Sandwich" (Are you quite sure about the last one? – Ed.) and "strul" about leering dead hard until our "ire" subsides. Yes, it's the therapeutical breakthrough of the century and you could share *Bitz's* bliss by winning one of these special Frankie packs that contain not only the t-shirt but also pencils (!), wristbands (!) and a patch (!!). We have 10 to give away plus 50 "original" T-copies of "Rage Hard" plus 20 12" copies of "Rage Hard" that are different from the "original" version i.e. they are "remixed" and have a different b-side.

Just write in and tell us, in no more than 50 words, how you would vent your anger if you didn't win this competition.

Answers on the Rev. Ian Paisley to Smash His Thyroid Contest, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. Best answers out of the collection box on October 7 win the stuff.



in do four de n... de Julle



**B**iblical *Bitz*, we're sure you'd agree, would not be complete without some blathers about Genesis (poddin??) Yee! So here's a "scene" from the video of "In Too Deep". Erm... doesn't look very exciting, does it folks? (Nope – The entire converse plus all the budges and parrots and miracle dogs on That's Life wor can "talk") Well that's because it isn't.

G GLASS



© The Devil has been portrayed in more films than Jesus.

## THE OLD TESTAMENT

Throughout the syllables of recorded time, pop folk, in their spiralling quest for "rear-catching" names, have seized inspiration from the sanctity of the church and religious paraphernalia in general. It is an extraordinary fact – and food for theological thought – however, that few of these artists have enjoyed much, if any, commercial success. Let us whizz back through the pop archives and examine the facts...



● **The Monks:** Some blokes responsible for that terrible "Trovity" hit of yesteryear is a "Nice Legs Shrine About Her Face" Worse than Chain Dave

● **Catholic Girls:** Grosseome all-woman group formed by four American ex-Catholic schoolgirls circa 1961. They dressed up in gymbase and school ties and made a dreadful LP, "God Made You For Me", before being recommunicated into pop obscurity.

● **Crispian St Peters:** Actually, his real name was Peter Smith and after he'd had a couple of his live "You Were On My Mind" and "Pied Piper" in 1966, he promptly announced he was bigger than Elvis Presley and The Beatles put together and was never heard of again.

● **The Gods:** Ghastly English "rock" group of the late 60s who made two LPs, "Gardies" and "To Samuel A Son", which nobody in their right mind bought so the group broke up and became Urish Heep instead.

● **The Gods:** A bunch of "boones" from New York who recorded tunes with names like "Squash" and "1 + 1 = 2" which weren't very nice to listen to and who said they never went to church or ate apple pie. Fortunately no one knew what they were on about.



● **The Gods:** Rather confusingly, a completely different group from the above Gods. These Gods were an ugly-as-dreadful-US heavy metal band in the late '70s whose dress sense was non-existent. As were their record sales.



● **The Rockin' Vickers:** Not very famous band group of the early 60s who came from Backstop and were originally called Ray Back And The Rockin' Vicars and who had a bass player called Lemmy.



● **Neil Christian And The Crusaders:** Not very famous band group of the early 60s who had a remarkable flop record called "Cops" and a "remarkable" guitarist called Jimmy Page who subsequently formed Led Zepplin.



● **Russ Abbot:** Towering funnyman who scored up the charts with the "sammal" "Atmosphers" and that other one whose name we can't remember.



● **The Saints:** Punk rawkers from Australia who used to puff cigarettes and fall asleep on Top Of The Pops.

● **Teenage Jesus And The Jerks:** Unlistenable to punk rawkers from New York. The less said about whom the better.

● **The Picards** were a medieval Christian sect who worshipped God while naked. They left this made them more spiritual than the average 14th century Christian, believing that they embodied the original innocence of Adam, who was free in the hebe of prancing around starkers until he discovered fig leaves. This may or may not have been the case, but it didn't do them much good in the end, as the Hussites (some warlike sect or other) turned up in 1421 and exterminated all of them!

# Billy Idol

SMASH HITS



## FRA LIPPO LIPPI

● **Fra Lippo Lippi** are a bunch of moody old Nordic myth poppers are they not? Yes, but the real Fra Lippo Lippi had absolutely nothing to do with Norway. In fact it's the real Fra Lippo, (from whom the group's nicked his name) was born in Italy in 1400, put into a Carmelite monastery by his aunts when he was 15, and became both a monk and a very famous painter. But although the paintings of very religious things, like the baby Jesus, he certainly didn't behave in a very upright and moral fashion: He started painting a cliff next to Italy in 1452 and during his work out and 1464, just so that he could have an affair with a nun called Lucrezia Buti, who lived in a nearby convent. Surprise, surprise! In 1457, along came baby Philippe Lippo Lopez.

Needless to say, it was not quite the done thing for monks to become clads, especially when the stunts was a nun. He was (turned) eventually to have been kicked out of the monastery for his naughty and unrepentant ways, but not before he'd been put on the rack (a horrible torture instrument) for embarrassing his ancestors' wages. So how you know



● The first 17 Popes did not have to be celibate. Pope Eugene was the 'father' of at least two children before he was elected Pope Avacarius III in 1432, and the last named Pope Adornet (107-11)



## WIN BUDDY HOLLY'S NUMBER PLATE (OR SOMETHING) COMPETITION



This is **Buddy Holly** and just look at him. Not exactly a "dreamboat" is he, what with those economy-said "horn-rimmed spectacles, wary Balineseque hair-do and beasmish smile? But he was something of a pop sensation in his day (i.e. back in the 1950s) when his pretty guitar-strummed tunes, such as "Peggy Sue", "Rave On" and "I Doestn't Matter Anymore", were considered quite "subversive" and campaigned through the hit parade. Until 1959, that is, when sadly he was killed in a plane crash. Now, to commemorate the fact that this year he would have been 50 years old, his record company have released this "tribute": a video of his life story, featuring "retrostage" footage of Buddy plus several musical friends like Elvis Presley and Paul Tab Macca (wee wacky Thunko Alrod! McGarrigle), and two cassette containing all his biggest hits. And there's also a shirt and a badge (or button as they say "Statewide") and a car number plate(?) with Buddy's name on. What a splendid idea. And 10 lucky Eiz readers can win a set of everything. Here's a question: what have the following people got in common: Mame "Proupe", Rolf Harris, Robin Day, Buddy Holly, Hank Marvin, Duizdre Barkow, Christopher Bigsby? Replies to Smash Hits Buddy Holly The Living Legend Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. First 10 correct answers out of the spook-thing on October 7 get the prizes.

## BIRTHDAYS

### September

- 24 Linda McCartney (45)
- 25 Steve Severin (aka Disaster A/The Boomers) (71)
- 26 Tracy Thorn (of Everything But The Girl) (24)
- 26 Bryan Ferry (41)
- 27 Mesa Leaf (real name Marvin - Aday - see Jerry) (35)
- 27 Arnie "Star" Bean (44)
- 29 "Pearly" Lew Lewis (31)
- 30 Anastas Currie of the Thompsons (32)
- 30 Merz Wilson (25)
- 30 Leader of "Vampires" (32)



● Why on earth say Go West? Well, it's with a **triumphant** popularity and completely ignoring the more recent (and more recent) "love papers" (because they're not realistic) that the **new pop** ("The West" - guitar!) has been on the charts for 75 weeks now. A nation "loaf" has been in the charts for 75 weeks now. As Queen's Mattianna, Ore killed me and Lucy that got a new single but at the beginning of October it got re-released AND they're going for your soon-to-be "re-release" (because "Happenings").



### October

- 2 **Phil Oakley** (about of The Heroin League) (31)
- 25 **Paul Weller** of The Style The Mekups (most no reissues Green) (33)
- 2 "Big" (33)
- 3 **Bob Geldof** (KGB) (32)



## The Godfathers

"Comparing Sigge Sigge Sputnik with The Godfathers is like comparing a slug to God."



● Godfathers (L. R) Mike Gibson, George Malar, Pete Coyne, Alan Oskinson and Chris Coyne

Godfathers, as most educated persons already know, are blokes who go to the christening of a child and have to look as noble and wear suits whilst the vicar sprinkles water over the baby's hair and after that they (the godfathers) have to give the child 50 pence book tokens for Christmas and also lots of trinkets, like St. Christopher's, each birthday so it's all a bit of a chore.

The Godfathers, on the other hand, are a musical troupe from London formed by brothers Pete and Chris Coyne who used to be in the Sid Preley Experience. And The Godfathers, popmoss, are well fit. i.e. they make the most racy and raucous popular R&B music you ever did hear and are rather good in general. So Bizz decided to grill the Coyne brothers about their wonderfulness in the most subdued and reverential fashion these pages can muster. . . .



Q1: Your "scorching" new single, "Sun Ar", is a version of the ancient Rolf Harris "favourite", so is Rolf a major influence?

Chris: "Oh, definitely. I remember watching Rolf visit the kids in hospital at Christmas and thinking what a nice bloke he was with that kink he got. Christmas without Rolf Harris would be like Christmas without Christmas pudding."

Pete: "Indeed, but what's Rolf Harris do? Is there no end to his genius? He can draw. He can present cartoon programmes. He can play the digeridoo. And it was Rolf and David Bowie that introduced us the stylephonic to popular music. Incredible!"

Q2: Have you ever had "popper" jobs?

Pete: "I used to be a stage door assistant at the Prince Edward Theatre when Eritia was showing. I met Elaine Paige. And I used to be a music journalist for Zig Zag. It was quite good, actually."

Chris: "I used to be a male stripper. That was the best job I ever had. £25 a night in your hand - baby oil, the lot. Used to tease them with the G-string at the end - wiggie it a bit. Amazing. . ."

Pete: "Don't you hate those things where Simon Le Bon throws a die up in the air and it's silver and then John Taylor catches it in the palm of his hand and it's turned maroon. . ."

Chris: "I was a motorbike messenger, too. I bumped into a car once because it was such a boring job."

Q3: What's the worst record in your record collection?

Chris: "Winifred Atwell's 'Tiano Greats'. It's 50 songs on one album and they've got really good titles like 'The Moon Over The Orinoco' but I went through the whole album to see if there were any tunes we could rip off and I couldn't find one to copy out."

Pete: "My worst record was '21st Century Boy' that a mate gave me. Cor, dear, that was dreadful. I burnt it, actually. Comparing Sigge Sigge Sputnik to The Godfathers is like comparing a slug to God. Our records are like 'My God, what is this? This isn't even a record - this is like the tablets that Moses got from God'. We're the head honcho. Numero uno. The big cheese. We-4-3-2-1, blow your head off. . . And we're really nice blokes. We cry sometimes. . ."



Tony felt like a real spamhead  
when Carl got the new Philips Roller.



**PHILIPS**





Take

o

closer

look!





## BRILLIANT INVENTIONS OF THE 20TH CENTURY NO. 1: THE FIVE STAR MOBILE

● Fashioned entirely from cardboard materials, the Five Star mobile is both ornamental and practical. You can hang it around your neck and pretend you are mad. You can cut the circular cardboard pictures (Doriat Lorraine! Deniece! Stedman! Delroy!) off their cotton threads, pretend they are "coins" and get assaulted by shopkeepers when you try to make purchases with them. And there are literally thousands of other uses that you can put the Five Star mobile to (like, um, hanging it up in your bedroom... um... etc.). And as a testament of our belief in the towering implications of this modern miracle, we are giving away 20 mobiles with 20 copies of Five Star's "Silk & Steel" LP thrown in too.

All you have to do for a chance of winning one is say, in not more than 20 words, what practical use you would put the mobile to.

Answers on an invention to Simnah Hits Five Star Extending The Boundaries of Technological Achievement Competition, \$2,500 Cash prize, London W1V 1PF to arrive by October 7. Best 20 suggestions win the thringles.

### PEOPLE IN POPULAR MUSIC DRESSED UP AS NUNS

Part One: David Bowie



▲ The pop-music Martine Faithful dressed up as a nun with David Bowie who is not dressed up as a nun.

Part Two: Jonathan King

Part Three: Martin Barcai



▲ Jonathan King not dressed up as a nun but pretending to be the Pope (pop) today.

▲ Martin Barcai not dressed up as a nun, but a very good actor. But, if it reaches the top 10 it's all right.

● On the death of a Pope, the Papal Secretary must call his Christian name three times before he is officially declared dead, his then task to tap the dead Pope's head with a silver hammer.



## THE BIBLE

A book by Peter Aliss would be called the bible of golf. . . Bible is a word that you come across four or five times a day in the 1st sense and we use that just for a reference. We're not called The Bible for any deeply religious reasons! Really, I'm surprised nobody's called themselves it before - it's a word, 'bible'.. ."

Well! So sayeth Tony Shepherd, keyboard "whizz" with new and rather splendid twosome The Bible. (The other bloke's called Boo which is a trifle unfortunate and he's on his own at the moment.) The Bible make rather snoot-jingly music not unlike yer Smiths and they take it quite "seriously", hence they're a bit cheesed off with people (like Axl) suggesting they've huge religious connections. Or even anti-religious connections. . .

"Yeah, it does upset me a bit," ponders Tony. "I was brought up as a Catholic. . . I was whipped by mum! With a ruler! I've suffered from the traditional patterns of Catholic guilt which you can never shake off for the rest of your life, so people's reactions do get to me a bit. I mean, the other day Boo brought round an angry letter from some sort of born-again Christian who'd been writing to all the local record shops in Cambridge, telling them not to stock our album ("Walking The Ghost Back Home") because it was sick. Huh! He ought to listen to something by Crass or The Bollock Brothers or something. It's just idiotic, really. . . or, I mean, big boy, I do believe in God in my own way, I don't believe he's got a beard and a big white cloak but it's a belief in the good in people because I believe people are fundamentally good. Even the worst people, the most horrible person. I mean, even Adolf Hitler had his pets that he was kind to, you know, his dog. . . or, well, of course that doesn't mean he was alright but. . . oh dear, I wish I hadn't said that now. . . Er, all I'm saying is that I believe the good will always triumph."

Phew!

Meet The Christians. Sound like a nice, clean bunch of boys don't they? But, as Axl knows, they are not called that because they dwell in the ways of righteousness. Oh no. They're called The Christians for the highly unusual reason that it happens to be . . . their surname. Oh, Axl was rather hoping it was because they are all ex-chav boys or messianaries or something. Garry (the of the bald pate), Russell and Roger are the Christian brothers, and Henry Priestman (!) isn't a brother but he is a Christian. The thing is, though, that Henry's middle name is - spouse! - Christian!

The group all come from Liverpool and have been knocking around under different guises for ages. They've got a single coming out soon - well, as soon as they've finished it, they're re-recording it at this very moment because "we've got it wrong three times," says Garry. You may have seen them on The EuroTube

this summer, and if you did you'll know that they sing "acappella" i.e. don't have any instruments twiddling away in the background! But before you start having nightmare visions of the Flying Pickets, let Axl tell you that they bear as much resemblance to yer Pickets as Axl does to Samantha Fox. There are 11 siblings in the Christian family (but not Axl) they're Catholics - "We're not very religious," quips Garry.

"I've got three more brothers, Kevin, Mark and Vic, and five sisters, Jennie, Rita, Jane, Christine and Pamela. . . But the girls are definitely not going to be the next Five Star, because, according to Garry, they "can't sing for toffee."

"So finally, Garry, why are you - ahem, here?"  
"My hair hasn't fallen out," he snaps. "I shave it every day. It's the biggest drag of my life. . . It's all done with mirrors."

● Twenty-six Pops have been assassinated.



In which famous television programme can you see a bloke who's got a pineapple for a head, a bloke who's got an ice cream cone for a head, a midjet who's got a funny chest, a bloke who stutters and isn't really a bloke at all, a bloke who's Scottish, some other blokes who are Scottish, a bloke who looks just like Lord Frederick Mercury? Is it: a) 3-2-1; b) Rainbows; c) Howard's Way; d) something dreary and foreign on Channel 4 or e) not a famous television programme at all because it's actually a compilation pop video, "Now 7", which features Sique "Sique" Sputnik, Doctor And The Medics, Sustainin' Fun, Art Of Noise With Max Headroom, Midge Ure, Big Country, Simple Minds, Genesis and Queen?

That's right - it's e), and "Now 7" is a videolic feast of fun which truly encapsulates the quintessential pastoral beauty of modern rock'n'roll (alright, alright! Don't overdo it - Ed.) Yes! (Ahem.) *Blitz* is giving away 25 copies of the little speaker. • Question: In which famous television programme can you see a bloke who's a dustbin only he's not really a bloke or a dustbin, a lot of breezy "pops'n'gals" who can't dance very well and a lot of "normal" "couples"? Is it: a) 3-2-1; b) Rainbows; c) Howard's Way; d) something dreary and foreign on Channel 4; e) not a famous television programme at all because it's actually a compilation pop video?

Answers on a TV remote control device to Smash Hits Guess The Cake Competition, 5P-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PW to arrive by October 7. First 25 out of the TV Times get the stuff.



## THE LEATHER NUN



There's nothing controversial about it.

So says Jonas Almqvist (above centre), chubby checked and impeccably burly-looking "guiding light" of a magnificently bizarre troupe of Swedes known as **The Leather Nun**, who manage to make the Jesus And Mary Chain sound weedy and who write good tunes into the bargain. But not controversial? Examine the facts: • Their first single, "Slow Death", was based on the true story of a terrorist bomb victim who suffered 30 per cent burns and yet remained horrifically alive for a further 35 hours after the attack; the single's sleeve was "decorated" with a photo of this unfortunate man.

• Their lyrics deal explicitly with sex in various "musical" forms. • They once showed a deeply unpleasant "home movie" at one of their concerts, which made some of the audience physically sick and got the Nuns banned from performing live in Sweden for 18 months. • They have been known to covert with semi-naked so-called "nuns" onstage.

• They nearly recorded a "bondage" version of Wham's "Wake Me Up Before You Go Go" - re-titled "Whip Me Before You Go Go".

• Their latest single (a form of sheer genius) is a dubious version of Nordic "comrades" Abba's obscenely disco-ditty "Gimme Gimme Gimme & Man After Midnight".

• They've just re-released an old "cult" single, "Prime Mover", in its original form - featuring surprise top-dress, another semi-naked so-called "nun" on the cover.

So how can Jonas possibly expect



*Blitz* to believe that he's not trying to be controversial? He's quite blatantly fibbing, surely...

"No, sir," purrs Jonas, fidgeting hurt because we've never asked for any kind of sensationalism, honestly.

So why is there a naked "nun" on your record sleeve, then?

"Well, there's a working dynamic between the purity of the nun and black leather... [pontificates unconvincingly in his fashion for several minutes]

Admits it. Jonas - you're just a perv. "No, I am two characters, I am a bit like a ball..."

What, you mean you're round? "No... or, a ball and chain of... (Sniff-sniff!)"

• If you ever meet a bloke who has any characteristics like his hair, fringe, hair styling, wear recorded in 1974 after styling from the cartoon for more than 1000 hours, it is perfectly acceptable to stare the thing through.



▲ Oh look, it's Mike Smith dressed up as a vicar... er, or, no it's not, it's actually Reverend Tom Clayton and he's a hippo music "buff" in the statey sphere of Northern Soul Music (sort of Black American soul music which was a flop at the time but was joyously rediscovered). And not only is he a mean big-jagger down at his local "nightrites" in Leicester, but he's also a much beloved (haw haw) Club DJ! Er... well, Sir reckoned this all sounded a mite dubious, quite frankly, so decided to give His Reverendness on the matter...

"Well yes, of course it is!" pipes a moot-voiced but friendly Rev. "It's my bobby really but I don't let it interfere with my other work which is 'act more important'."

"Er... can you dance?"

"No, I'm hopeless! I do try to dance a little bit at times but I don't know if I'm any good. I probably look a bit silly really, but at least I try."

"What do you wear to the discos?"

"Well, I don't wear Reverend's clothes if that's what you mean! [Rumbled - Sir:] No, no, no - I just wear normal things like trousers and shirts... it would look a bit odd otherwise, don't you think? Pats people off. I don't really like wearing them at all really, they don't fit my personality which is much more fun."

Do you think God smiles down upon these "antics"?

"Oh, I should think so - The Church of England doesn't have a clause against people enjoying themselves! Our Bishop agrees, he thinks it's a really good thing. I get the odd one, you know [adopts overly odd middle voice] 'Oooh! Is it true that you're, ooohh, you know?' and I just say 'yes'. I'm thinking about getting a leaflet made up saying 'I am' just to give you believe me."

Do you indulge in the odd "tipple" or too? "Well, yes! No one ever said we couldn't drink, either!" Do people think you're a weirdo? "Oh dear, I should think not. I don't know, really! I'm just enjoying myself..." *Blitz* says - what a good!

◀ On the left we have two not so innocent paintings of gentlemen with arrows sticking out of them. The one above is Christiana martyr St. Sebastian (who was shot with arrows by the Romans) as painted by famous Renaissance artist Botticelli in 1474. The one below, however, is Scottish "pop" artist Maccus (real name: Nicholas Currie) merely masquerading as the unfortunate saint in order to decorate the cover of his recently released - and rather good - first LP "Clams Martians".

"St. Sebastian was someone who went out in a glimmering white masculine way," explains Maccus, somewhat ambiguously, of his "pose".

"He didn't really come into his own until many of the - mainly gay - Renaissance painters wasted an excuse to paint an unshowered, beautiful-looking man with all these arrows sticking in him. It was a very erotic subject for them."

Ermm. And why, on closer inspection, do so many of the apparently charming romantic songs on the album turn out to be somewhat twisted versions of the norm... er? "Steamy" parts of the Bible?

"Well, people who haven't read the Bible don't know what they're missing. It's really, really sexy. Most people think of Christiana as someone created by their attempts to stop themselves having sex before marriage, but the Christians I'm writing about weren't like that. The Romans threw them in the lions, but the martyrs got the last laugh. They were masculine - they got their pleasure from self-sacrifice and their power from guilt..."

So, Maccus, are you religious?

"No." Oh.

## FAN CLUBS

Ultravox Information Service 234 Camden High Street London NW1

Pet Shop Boys c/o Pataphors Press Office 20 Manchester Square London W1

Paul Young P.O. Box 403 London W1A 4JL

Talking Heads c/o EMI Press Office 20 Manchester Square London W1

Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (to full title) are going on tour next month. And a bit of the month after that. But not after the month after (Sniff!) (Details in "Happenings".)



# MADONNA TRUE BLUE

Hey (what) listen  
I've had other guys  
I've looked into their eyes  
But I never knew love before  
Till you walked through my door  
I've had other lips  
I've called a thousand ships  
But no matter where I go  
You're the one for me baby  
This I know 'cause it's

**Chorus**  
True love  
You're the one I'm dreaming of  
Your heart fits me like a glove  
And I'm gonna be true blue  
Baby I love you

I've heard all the lines  
I've cried on so many times  
Those tears drop they won't fall again  
I'm so excited 'cause you're my best friend

So if you should ever doubt  
Wonder what love is all about  
Just think back and remember dear  
Those words whispered in your ear  
I said

### Repeat chorus

'Cause it's  
True love (this time I know it's true love)  
You're the one I'm dreaming of  
(You're the one I'm dreaming of)  
Your heart fits me like a glove  
(Heart fits just like a glove)  
And I'm gonna be true blue  
Baby I love you

Now no more sadness I kiss it goodbye  
The sun is bursting right out of the sky  
I searched the whole world  
For someone like you  
Don't you know don't you know that it's

True love oh baby true love oh baby  
True love oh baby true love  
True love (true love baby)  
Oh baby true love oh baby  
True love oh baby true love

It's true  
So if you should ever doubt  
Wonder what love is all about  
Just think back and remember dear  
Those words whispered in your ear  
I said

Now no more sadness I kiss it goodbye  
The sun is bursting right out of the sky  
I searched the whole world  
For someone like you  
Don't you know don't you know that it's

True love (this time I know it's true love)  
You're the one I'm dreaming of  
(You're the one I'm dreaming of)  
Your heart fits me like a glove  
(Heart fits just like a glove)  
And I'm gonna be true blue  
Baby I love you

I love you (this time I know it's true love)  
La la la la la la  
(You're the one I'm dreaming of)  
La la la la la la  
(Heart fits just like a glove)  
And I'm gonna be true blue  
Baby I love you

'Cause it's  
True love (true love baby)  
Oh baby true love oh baby  
True love oh baby true love oh baby  
True love (true love baby)  
Oh baby true love oh baby  
True love oh baby true love it's  
True love baby  
La la la la la la

Words and music by Madonna and Steve Lilly  
Produced by Denniz Dico and Steve Lilly  
Inland Music Ltd. On Site Records

● The Strangers are going on tour quite soon and *Blitz* isn't going to say anything horrible about them at all because *Blitz* has gone a bit soft in the head on this particular part of the "page".

● The world's largest religious organisation is the Roman Catholic Church which has 138 Cardinals, 424 Archbishops, 2420 Bishops, 413,600 priests, 960,991 nuns and 420,000 churches.  
● There are 3,586,489 words in the Bible.

▲ Witness ye above a band of yodgy 'n' urly individuals called New Model Army whose tunes nevertheless please *Blitz* quite a bit. And he branched out to their new LP 'The Ghost Of Cain' which is completely good and though should go and see them on tour at the end of the month if you're any 'markles' at all. And 'Happenings' hath all the details.

● When *Yan Mariner* got *Blitz* was struck off lightning and seriously angry by a fire in 1981, the insurance company wouldn't pay out any money because they said that the disaster was 'an act of God'.



... And so it came to pass that *Blitz* looked down and saweth 'By Jingo!' The *Woodenlegs* are a mighty corking group and no mistake... and *Blitz* proclaimed these raw single 'Love *Blitz* With Swagday Lyring' to be splendourous in its beheadness and... (Sniff!)



● Witness above one LP entitled "Get Wise" (Wise - goddit??) But just what, pray, would you expect to find on it? Sr Clifford Richard And The Hawk Marvin Bend Of Inspirational "Rites" Hymns At Home With Dame Dora Dewbody And Tibbers The Larksome Cat? Lots of chokingly credible canel jazz funksters with names like *Jazz Defectors*, *Courtney Pine* and gosp! *A Men Called Adam?* Correct! The last one! And poly 'speakin' it is as well. And lo! we've got 50 "Get Wise" LPs plus five swash Frad Party shirts (just like the ones wot the Three Wise Men didn't wear under their flange cloaks) and they could be yours for nothin'. A question: which 'famous' Saint was slain in hail for refusing to deny her Christian beliefs? Was it: a) Saint Bob; b) Saint Juliette; c) Saint Bernard; d) Saint Monastrey? Answers on something snail so Smash Hits 13 Much Father It Was Dame Dora Dewbody And Tibbers. The Larksome Cat Myself Competition, 52-55 Camdey Street, London W1V 1PF to get here by October 7, 1986 AD. First five correct answers out of the pulpit get the LP and shirt, the next 45 get the LP.

## PRINCIPLES

### GARY KEMP

"People were just as fanatical over Jesus as they are over rock bands now."

"For some reason I tend to live in churches," says Spandau Ballet person Gary Kemp. "I'm really into Gothic things... I like old monastic things." (Sounds a bit spooky to *Blitz*, actually, but "pray" continue...)

"Although I'm not religious in any way, I'm not atheist. I like religious imagery and memorabilia. Because it was almost like the pop music of its day, wasn't it? People were just as fanatical over Jesus as they are over rock bands now." Unmannu, yes. Back to churches. In Dublin, where Spandau Ballet spent six months writing and rehearsing, Gary lived in a bishop's house which was next to a church. When he and the group nipped off to the South of France he lived in a chapel in the grounds of a French chateau (a kind of French castle).

"The rest of the boys drove down," he says. "They phoned me the next day and said 'We've given you the chapel to live in because we thought it would be right up your street.' And I said (puts on a disgusted scowl) 'Oh, thank's chaps' - but I was really into it. So I turned up that night and we were sitting around having dinner and the guy who owned the place is telling us all the stories about 'The White Lady' and the chapel's way over the other side and they're all in their dornas having parties and there's me all on my own on the other side. And you do hear noises when it's quiet. It's amazing how loud silence is sometimes."

It turns out that Gary had some rather spooksome experiences in his chapel. "Twice my wind-up travel clock and my watch stopped at exactly the same moment. I looked at my clock at the side of the bed one morning and it said ten past four. I thought 'Oh, I'll just check my watch,' and the watch said ten past four too. (Perhaps it was ten past four, how kaaa... *Blitz*.) That happened twice. It was weird. But I was quite philosophical about it. I just lay there all alone and thought 'Well, whatever's here, I don't think they're interested in me.'"





## LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH

**side of the New Church...** What a fine "body" of mine. But why on earth do I only would a group of heterosexual rock 'n' roll members call themselves by such a "homosexual name"? The truth must out! And to cut it off once and for all, for Sirs Bators, their extremely thin, it's girly lead singer...

"Well," she opens Sirs in her British-American accent, "it kind of fits in with our philosophy — that religion has been replaced by rock 'n' roll. We really believe that — in the sense that people start to really go to church any more to believe in the old nature and the nature of religion. And the way that people just rock 'n' roll now is with a religious fervor. I mean, the Southern negroes have their church music, their gospel — and they're worshippers in church! Really religion has become western civilization's void."

"Well, yes, because if it's a religion of rhythm and the music is used as a means of getting themselves into a state of the subconscious — just as happens in rock 'n' roll — and the lead singer being a medium for the crowds to create another world, another state — it's still the religion — it's a spirit. Established religion, you see, has become out-moded — no longer meets society's needs. It's become a gross-making organization — it's a man-made law, the kind of law that we go to war over, because of the greed of the churches. So it's not religion itself that's out-moded — it's the institution."

"Oh, so — everyone has religion whether they're aware of it or not. Everyone believes in something, and just believing in what you believe in is religious."

"So what do you believe in then?"

"Well, it's sort of self-belief, really. I was actually brought up as a Catholic for 12 years."

"Do you believe that there is a God, then?"

"Well, I don't believe in the Supreme Being whom you have to worship like a slave, but I do believe that man can transcend himself into God — that he is God, which is just a collection of souls searching for goodness which they will attain if they don't eat their souls."



**Psychic TV** are a notorious spook group who've been on the "go" for a long time and still aren't very famous. Their lead singer is a notorious spook person called

**Genevieve P. Orville** who has just unfolded her tale of horror to a stunned and quivering throng. So set ye back a while and ponder his "tartarizing" "sassy"

● He's called Genevieve because "like the first book of the Bible, I'm an instigator — I make people do things. Also because I'm awkward, stubborn and mischievous!"

● He used to weigh six stone because he couldn't afford to eat anything but porridge (hence the name!) but he now weighs a "massively huge eight stone!"

● He went to university for three weeks and still after his lecturer called him "the scorpions from the dustbin of humanity!"

● He once pretended to be Phil Collins for some autograph hunter and they believed him!

● He was a Sunday School teacher for a year!

● He got married in Iceland under a statue of the Viking king, Thor!

● He invented an "order" called The Church Of Psychic Youth which is all about "the belief in human nature — about changing the world within yourself which will eventually change the world outside"

● Genevieve thinks "the world is Disneyland — and everybody in it is a cartoon character!"

● He claims that "churches are architecturally designed to set off certain frequencies in the body which release body chemicals that make you feel over-axed even when you're not very interested. High-voiced choir boys trigger the same reaction!"

● He's got an 11 feet box constructor called "Isabella who vanished from her box without the box being unlocked at any point which he reckons is "very spooky" and he thinks she "might have gone to Mars!"

● He states "sensuality is my main pleasure in life!"

● He wants to "turn the world into a kaleidoscope!"

● He says he's "a completely normal, well-balanced, secure married man with two children and a dog. And a snake — as was!"

● He's a "bobber!"



He's back! Back! BACK! Sir **Clifford Richard** — the world's "freakiest" Christian! He's back from the shades of Hell — the "hell" "make-up"! Back with a brand new single, "All I Ask Of You," taken from Dave Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical The Phantom Of The Opera! **RENOVAT**

The House Next Door's new single "Think For A Minute" is a work of complete and utter genius. So there.



▲ Oh look, it's **Pete Astor**, doomsome crooner with the magical **Weather Prophets** (prophets — geddit?). They're not very famous at the moment but they might be quite soon if there's any justice in this world which there isn't. Anyway, their second single is called "Naked As The Day You Were Born" and, seeing as it's about "splitting up with someone", it's v. sorrowful. And they'll be playing it on their tour quite soon and everyone will weep inconsolably for at least three and a half minutes. And what, pray, is wrong with that? (Details of the tour in "Happenings".)



▼ **The Church**. What a group! Not only have they made a quite good single called "Downcasted" but they're called **The Church** because... er, well, Sirs hasn't got the faintest scintilla but it does know that...

● They're Australian!

● They like shopping in New York and San Francisco (weirdos...)

● Their drummer's called **Richard Flood** and he's known as **Flood!**

● **Flood** likes eating mangoes very much!

● Their guitarist, **Marty Wilson-Piper**, once disappeared in Hamburg so they got a new guitarist and then Marty came back and they had to boot the new bloke out and it was all very sad and... (SOSNIPI)

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## Christians Who Are Quite Good Guitarists: Part 1

### THE EDGE OF U2



● The Edge is a Christian.

● The Edge is a quite good guitarist.

● That's it. (No it's not! — Ed)

● Er... well, he's also deserted U2 for a while to write a song called "Bicycle" for a new film, *Coplane* (which, all about, is a masterpiece). One of his buddies (*Clayton* O'Sullivan) is doing the album, it's a folk song and, it's rather nice.

# MADNESS R.I.P.

**S**hall Sob. It's finally all over. After eight years of being one of the most brilliant pop groups in the universe Madness have split up. They announced their decision by issuing a rather nonsensical statement which read as follows:

## THE SEVEN YEAK ITCH (PART 1)

After four hundred top ten singles, three record labels, the odd video, two managers, countless innuendos and being banned from here to eternity for our lack of professionalism by people with as much flair as a yoghurt carton, the 'nasty' ghost train grinds to a halt, pulls into a station: terminal Madness.

Oh what fun we had! But for now it's a heartfelt thanks to all who helped us on our way, particularly our fans and friends. We came, we saw, we left. MADNESS

A remarkably chirpy Suggs explained what actually happened. Apparently they'd all been getting more and more fed up while recording a new album and one day a couple of weeks ago they sat down, had a meeting and realised they were all secretly planning to leave once they'd finished work on the LP. They then decided it was dash to record an album no one was that enthusiastic about, and called it a day there and then. They may still salvage a final single from the album sessions but after that... nothing.

As yet none of the group has firm plans to do anything else and it's certainly not out of the question that some of them will work together again. But will Madness simply reform after a couple of years?

"Probably," laughs Suggs, "but I hope not." And any regrets?

"Only that we all grew up in a different way," he says, a touch sadly.

Stuff. It's almost more than Britz can bear, so let us fwisk back through the portals of "time"...

**1** In Feb. 1973, and the nation is gripped by the "bikini craze" and young people everywhere start parading round in "two-tone" black and white clothes, wearing pork pie hats and listening to records by The Specials, The Beat, The Selecter and - well, take - the first Madness single, "The Prince" ("Madness" which seems straight into the charts).

**2** As does the "nasty nasty sound" of their second single (and the title of their first album), "One Step Beyond".

**3** 1980 and lots more brilliant records ("Right Back To You", "My Gal", "Boggy T'owners", "Embarrassment") and some of the best and funniest videos ever made.

**4** And completely classic concerts up and down the country, each preceded by special madhouse performances for under 10s.

**5** 1981 with more hits ("The Return Of The Los Palmas 7", "Grey Day", "Shit Up" (for which they dressed up as policemen), "It Must Be Love"), a rather dodgy film ("Take It Or Leave It" in a local club), a 1981 (again) and second Prince Charles at some charity "do" with their own version of the national anthem played on harp as well as having more hits ("Caricac Arser", "House Of Fun").

**7** "Dancing In My Car" (the only video that found them being very silly in a car) and "Our House".

**8** and release a 7" lab greatest hits LP, "Complete Madness", which, for some strange reason comprises one to hang upside down from a cloud.

**9** 1983 and more more MORE hits: "Tomorrow's Just Another Day", "Wings Of A Dove" and "The Man And The Beat" before Mike Barson starts the world and rather mad Madness Christmas by announcing that he's leaving the group to live quietly in Holland with his wife.

**10** 1984 and the last LP to feature Mike Barson, "Keep Moving", is released (hence this photo of them, er, "keeping moving") and of course there were yet more hit singles - "Michael Caine", "One Better Day" - the formation of their own record label Zanyan and the release of their label of Fergal Buckley's first solo single, "Lemon To You Father".

**11** 1985 and a charity record for Oxfam, "Starvation", with lots of friends, a tribute by Suggs and Carl to 2000AD comic (under the name The Pink Brothers) and, in the summer, Madness' first single without Mike - the sublime "Yesterday's Men" And - bang! - it's 1986 and their last two singles - "Uncle Sam" and "The Sensitive Cut" - achieve their worst chart positions they've ever had and (and) the end begins nearer and nearer.



▲ 1



▲ 2



▲ 3



▲ 4



▲ 5



▲ 6



▲ 7



▲ 8



▲ 9



▲ 10



▲ 11



# HOWARD JONES

Ride the wild one cowboy in the round

Like the crazy Juliet and Romeo

Living only to consume

Seizing hearts collecting gains

Seems no place to hide away

From the hammer and anvil

When they pass the

Fashion for the parking lot

Like some other

Passing time out of the clock

Take away identity

Forget to what's left of me

Waste down the fastest days

Call the same way

Chorus

All I want is to rock with you

All I want is to rock with you

Dance till sunrise

Reggie till the cows come home

Fight the heat

Shampoo you're not alone

I can sort of work things out

Against the four and four

Even when it's just a fight

In my mind I have to say

© 1984 Warner Bros.

I can sort of work things out

Against the four and four

Even when it's just a fight

In my mind I have to say

© 1984 Warner Bros.

That the only way to live is to

Live and love and love and love

Live and love and love and love

Live and love and love and love

Live and love and love and love

Live and love and love and love

Live and love and love and love

Live and love and love and love

# ALL I WANT





# • BILLY • IDOL

*To Be a Lover*

• NEW SINGLE •

7" AND 12"

  
Chrysalis

7-18064

12-18064

*all i want*

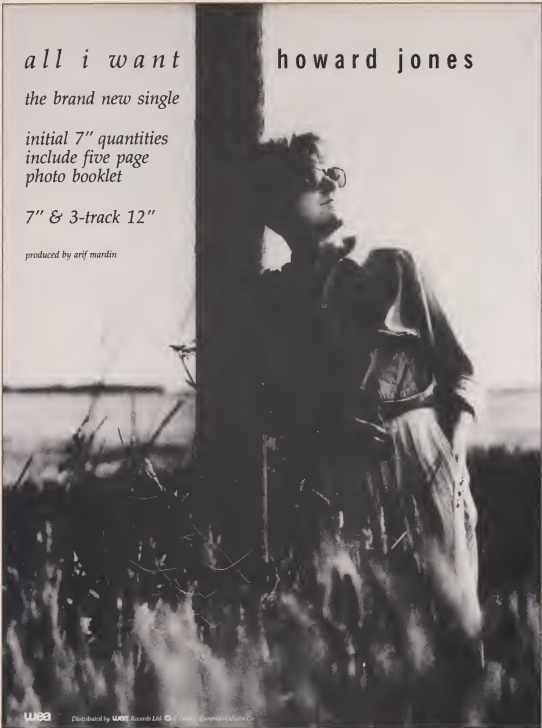
*the brand new single*

*initial 7" quantities  
include five page  
photo booklet*

*7" & 3-track 12"*

*produced by arif mardin*

howard jones



wea

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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.**

● **I am a 17 year old boy from Northern Ireland who is just crazy about Prince.** I would like an American girl perhaps aged 16-18 give or take a year, who loves Prince. Write to me: Michael McGinnis, 67 Inch Green Street, Linsavady, Co. Londonderry, Northern Ireland.

● **Hi! I'm a good-looking German girl and my name is Nicole.** I'm 14 years old and I like Madonna, Samantha Fox, The Pet Shop Boys and most other music. Please write with photo to: Nicole Schrors, Goerdelerstrasse 20E, 4100 Duisburg 10, West Germany.

● **I would like to introduce myself - my name is Jonathan but you can call me Jon.** I am 16 years old and I enjoy listening to Deep Purple, Rainbow, Whitesnake, etc. but I also like most other music. Any males or females aged 16-30 please write to: Jonathan Brennan, Whitehall Golf Club, Nelson, Treharris, Mid-Glam, South Wales CF46 6ST.

● **Hi! I'm a 16 year old Dutch girl who's crazy about Big Country, The Alarm, Well Of Voodoo, Doctor And The Medics, The Cult etc.** So if you're a 16-19 year old male, write (enclosing a photo if possible) to: Jovd Kruij, 16 Eendepoort 20, 2541 JG The Hague, Holland.

● **I'm a 14 year old girl looking for pen pals anywhere.** I like U2, Madonna, Song and Depeche Mode. I'm also madly in love with Larry Mullen Jr. So, if you're aged 13-17 and you're interested in an Irish cabin, write to: Laura Goggin, Derris, Killybegs, Co. Done, Ireland.

● **Hiye! I'm an absolutely bored 13 year old seeking people who "survive" D.B., Madonna and Stephen Duffy.** (I'd prefer Americans.) Please write to Wendy Rayner, 150 Brookcroft Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4JR.

● **Ello! What have we here than?** Two eccentric 'lads', both 16 years old, would like to "correspond" with anyone living anywhere aged 15+ Pop likes include: F G T H, Madonna, Culture Club and most chart music. Please drop a line to: Paul Mark, c/o 361 High Street North, Manor Park, London E12 6PD.

● **My name is Ayako and I'm a Japenese Girl of 16.** I want to correspond with boys and girls who will write to me forever. Please write (with a photo if possible) to: Ayako, 1-14-3 Toyohama Mishika Fakuoka, 81-4, Japan.

● **Hi! My name is Mark and I am interested in The Eurythmics, Dire Straits and quite a lot of other good music.** I also support Queen, Park Rangers, so if you like these things and hate Wham! write to: Mark Lyons, 64 Cowth Road, London W6 9EY.

● **My name is Karen and I'm 18.** I'm into Howard Jones, A-ha, Paul Young, Wham!, Five Star and most other chart music. If you're a boy aged 16-25 then pick up a pen and write to me at: 11 Moorpark Road, East Odsbury, Manchester 20 DPF.

● **Hi! I'm a 10 year old boy looking for male or female penpals aged 9-11.** I am interested in Madonna, Five Star and most pop groups. I like all sports and also writing letters. If you are interested please write to: Steven Ward, 26 The Tyeshades, Romsey, Hants SO51 8RJ.

● **15 year old Canadian girl seeks people who love Scritti Politti, New Order, Depeche Mode, Stephen Duffy and The Smiths.** Write to: Tasha M., 86 Bow Valley Drive, Hamilton Ontario L8E 1M7, Canada.

● **Hello! (Irish for "Hello".) I am a 16 year old Irish boy who likes like Kershaw, Howard Jones and Madonna.** I would like to hear from anyone on this planet of ours. So put pen to paper and write to me: Jonathan Neville, 3 Atlantic PK, Summerhill, Youghraz, Co. Cork, Eire.

● **I'm a 12 year old Welsh girl looking for a girl panel aged 11-14 from home or abroad.** I'm into A-ha, Tears For Fears and The Pet Shop Boys. If you want me as a girlfriend please write to: Joanne Evans, 9 Station Way, Curt Herbert, Wigan, South Wales SA10 7BU.

● **Celling all girls!** Are you into soul, funk, hip-hop and UB40? If you are, write to a 16 year old lad named Jason Lee at: 79 Ferlie Crescent, Kings Norton, Birmingham B38 8DX.

● **Are you a Norwegian or Swedish boy aged 13-18 and into Prince, Madonna and The Blow Monkeys?** If so, please write to: Tessa (grr), 17 Vass Dicos, Hst 8, Acropolis, Nicosia, Cyprus.

● **Anyone anywhere in the world, pick up a pen/pencil or anything else that scribbles and get in touch with me.** I'm 17 and like Lloyd Cole, The Smiths, Simple Minds, Depeche Mode and The Pet Shop Boys and I hate Sique "Sique" Spatrik. Write to: Jo, 17 Middlewell Way, Giffen Estate, Nottingham NG11 9JG.

# BRANDON COOKE



*Eyes of a stranger*

New Single  
12" BRAND 222  
7" BRAND 2





# Always There Marki Webb

Always there  
Your love is always there  
No sea could ever divide  
The love we share  
It's always there  
Clear as the morning air  
As sure as winds keep howling  
Love will be always there

You you were worth the waiting for  
You're all I need and more  
I'd be lost without you

Always there  
The feeling's always there  
No distance could ever change  
How much we care  
Love's always there  
Forever always there  
Like dreamers sky and music  
Love will be always there

When when a love is deep enough  
Then then you can sail through stormy waters

Always there  
The feeling's always there  
No distance could ever change  
How much we care  
Love's always there  
Forever always there  
Like dreamers sky and music  
Love will be always there  
Love's always there  
Love's always there

*Words and music by May/Osborne/Black  
Reproduced by permission CBS Songs Ltd  
On BBC Records*

# Sweet Freedom Michael McDonald

No more racing down the wrong road  
Dancing to a different drum  
Can't you see what's going on  
Deep inside your heart  
Always searching for the real thing  
Living like it's far away  
Just leave all the madness in yesterday  
You're holding the key when you believe it

*Chorus*  
(Shine sweet freedom shine your light on me)  
You are the magic you're right where I wanna be  
(Oh sweet freedom carry me along)  
We'll keep the spirit alive on and on  
Ooh

We'll be dancing in the moonlight  
Smiling with the rising sun  
Living like we've never done  
Going all the way oh  
Reaching out to meet the changes  
Touching every shining star  
The light of tomorrow in light where we are  
There's no turning back from what I'm feeling

*Repeat chorus*

Ooh ooh  
'Cause there'll be starlight all night  
When we're close together  
(Share those feelings) ooh  
Dancing in your eyes tonight  
They're guiding us  
Shining till the morning light  
Oh ooh ooh ooh

*Repeat chorus twice*

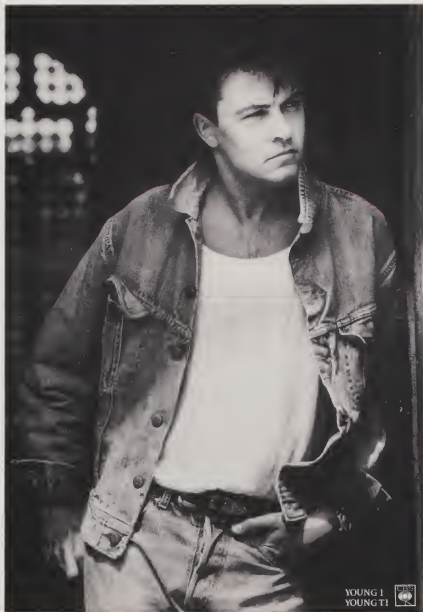
(Shine sweet freedom shine your light on me)  
Oh oh ooh  
You are the magic the magic baby  
(Oh sweet freedom carry me along)  
Ooh we'll keep our spirit alive on and on  
(Shine sweet freedom shine your light on me)  
Hey yeah yeah yeah  
(Oh sweet freedom carry me along)  
We'll keep our spirit alive on and on  
(Shine sweet freedom shine your light on me)  
On me now you'll feel the magic  
You'll feel the magic  
(Oh sweet freedom carry me along)

*Words and music by Red Temperton  
Reproduced by permission Ronder Music (London) Ltd/Rodriguez Ltd  
On MCA Records*



PAUL  
YOUNG  
Wonderland

THE SINGLE



YOUNG I  
YOUNG T!



# RUN DMC

# DEF, FLY

● In other words they're quite good, pretty cool and rather relaxed. But they're also tough, loud-mouthed New Yorkers and, according to lead "rapper" Run, are "the biggest thing ever right now". Ro Newton isn't about to argue. . .

**N**ow the things I do make me a star  
And you can be too if you know who you are!  
Just put your mind to it, you'll go real fast!  
Like the pedal to the metal when you're driving a car.

This is very embarrassing. Ask most pop groups a nice innocent question, like what their "message" is, and they'll give you a nice polite answer. Not Run DMC. Even though we're standing out in the middle of the pavement near London's Marble Arch they insist on "rapping" their answer in verse at full volume, completely oblivious to the bemused stares of passers-by. The New York rap trio have just flown in from America and are supposed to be having a nice quiet weekend before heading off to Europe for a tour - but now that they've finally achieved some success in Britain with their single "Walk This Way" they seem determined to make up lost time by acting like loud, wild pop stars.

"We're so, so, so popular in the States," says main mighty-mouth Joseph Simmonds, better known as Run. "We're the biggest thing ever right now. We've just done a number one tour of 10 cities and out-grossed everybody - ZZ Top, Stevie Wonder, you name it. Our album's number four, and the number one black album. We're even past Whitney Houston and Janet Jackson."

Run clearly isn't over-burdened with modesty but he's spot-on when it comes to statistics. The group have been together since 1982, but this year has been their best yet. In America they're scorching property - playing to between 10 and 30 thousand people a night on their recent tour and clocking up a million sales of their "Raising Hell" album in less than five weeks.

"Run DMC are role models for all the kids," boasts Run. "We keep them off the drugs, we keep them in school - all through our lyrics. A lot of the kids in the States want to be like Run DMC." Now they're hoping the same thing will happen here.

So where did they get their bizarre name?

"My name's Run because my brother's called Rush," explains their leader none-to-helpfully. And that's all he'll say, though what he probably means is that

his brother (their manager) got the nickname Rush because it sounds like his first name, Russell. And DMC?

"DMC stands for Daryl McDaniels," says Run. "I've known D since we started playing hall together at the age of seven. Then our third member is Jam Master Jay, he's our scratcher (the person who makes new rhythm tracks by "scratching" a record needle over other people's records - Run DMC's music is a mixture of "scratching" and instruments played by themselves and session musicians). Jam is the hand.

We've all been hanging around together since our schooldays (they're now 21). We got into rapping on street corners - it was like basketball. Tell 'em J."

"Well, in our hometown of Queens Hollis, New York, we used to have block parties where bands would come out and play to a massive crowd," says J obligingly. "In between, the DJ would come on and play records. I kinda liked the DJ best 'cause he really rocked the house more than the bands did. He'd start off by singing a little rhyme like 'Put your hands in the air and everyone scream 'Oh yeah'.' Eventually the rhymes became more difficult. . ."

His voice trails off because everyone's supposed to know the rest - how people started making up their own rhymes "in the streets", got the name rappers and how some of them in the early '80s - people like Kurtis Blow and Grandmaster Flash - started making records. Run DMC are at the forefront of a new wave of much tougher, heavier, rappers - loud gruff words shouted against music that's a bizarre mixture of disco and heavy metal. In fact "Walk This Way" is a heavy metal song - it was a hit for American rockers Aerosmith in the 70s.

"We just liked the song," says Run. "We used to play it and do a rap over the top. One day we just decided to ring them up and say 'let's remake your record. They said yes' and that was that. We made it into an even bigger hit."

**R**un DMC have managed to get themselves a reputation for being a touch unfriendly and awkward, so it's no surprise





AND CHILLED OUT.





▲ Run DMC (left right): Jam Master Jay, Run and Daryl McDaniels

when, upon hearing they've got to have their photo taken, they start complaining like mad. First they say they want to "visit the barbers" to tidy up for the photos; however it's Sunday and the shops aren't open.

Next DMC is moaning that he's got no socks and has to be dissuaded from wandering off in the direction of the nearest footwear establishment. Then Run surfaces with a sour look on his face. Apparently he isn't too chuffed with the state of his tribby hat and thistles off to have it steamed into the "right" shape. While on the way back, deep in concentration, he comes up with an idea for a song entitled "Run For President" - he spends the rest of the morning jabbering away trying to sell the idea to the others and during the photo session their heads have to be literally prised apart as they try to compose their next hit single. By the time the photographer has finished they've already written two verses and a chorus.

"The reason we're on top is because we have assignments to write records," states Run. "Our album will be finished by the time we leave England. We have five records already made in our heads. We work fast.

DMC comes up with something and I take it and make it into a topic. I'm the guy that says that's the topic. I say whether it's hot."

Run certainly doesn't mind making sure everyone knows he's the boss. As soon as the others start to waffle he barges into the conversation and starts shouting above everyone else. Predictably they too start to shout and in the end the "interview" becomes one massive shouting session.

**R**un DMC aren't just more awkward and more full of themselves than most pop stars, they also have particularly eccentric taste in clothes. Today they're kitted out in full Adidas sportswear, from the sweat-tops to the running shoes ("fashion" note: worn with no laces), accompanied by jewellery so gaudy and horrific that even your grandmother would think twice about wearing it. Chunky gold chains are slung around each one's neck (DMC also has a gold Adidas boot-medallion) and they've got even chunkier square rings on every finger, making them look like a cross between

Daley Thompson and Dame Edna Everage. "Do you know why I wear it?" asked Run. "Because you looked at it and asked about it, that's why. It's new and unusual. Point blank. Period."

"When we were living in Queens Hollis this is what everyone was wearing," explains DMC, obviously very proud of his regalia. "If you didn't have them, your friends would tease you."

"Look at D," instructs Run. "He looks cool. The kids love him. He's fly. (See panel for translation of Run DMC slang.) We dress just like the kids. We set the style, from the words we use to no shoe-strings in 'em (slaps foot by way of illustration). We're trendsetters. Run DMC set the trend, no matter what nobody says."

And with that it's time to mess off as he launches into another rap about his fantastic taste in clothes and general wonderfulness: "Enough Adidas possessed for one man is rare/ Myself, homeboy, got fifty pair/ Got blue and black 'cos I like to driv/ And yellow and black when it's time to get ill."

## RUN DMC'S GUIDE TO STREET SLANG

### ● DEF

Run: "This means good, like say we've just made a def record."

### ● CHILL

Run: "This means to stop. If I hit you, you tell me to chill. Then again it could mean to relax! Hey isn't chill out over there?"

### ● WACK

Run: "That hat you're wearing is Mack plastic number) is wack. It's fake, corny but I like it."

### ● FLY

Run: "D is fly. Like with black and gold chains. Very cool dressed. He's fly."

DMC: "Fly is not like cool. It's a description. It describes beauty. I and his girl were probably fly last night. Run's real fly. If you dress up real pretty, fix up your hair and go out to dinner you'll be fly."

Run: "I'm the first fly and I'm the second. Records are fly."



### Adidas is fly."

### ● ILL

Run: "In England it means 'kick' and that's not right. If I cause over with a green smasher, I'd be ill. Let me show you. Usually I walk down the street like this (daintily normal pretentious walking down the street). If you see me on a day I'm ill, I'll be like this (stepping around like he's had one too many). I'll be screaming all lead but I'm not really crazy." DMC: "It could be called raising hell."

Run: "I'm sure there's days when you scream louder. When you go to church you don't say 'nothin' lead but one day you might go to church and say by mistake, 'TEEAARROGEE'. And the preacher would say 'Oh my God this girl's ill,' but we'd say you'd died. Understand?"

# THE housemartins

NEW 7" AND 5 TRACK 12" SINGLE

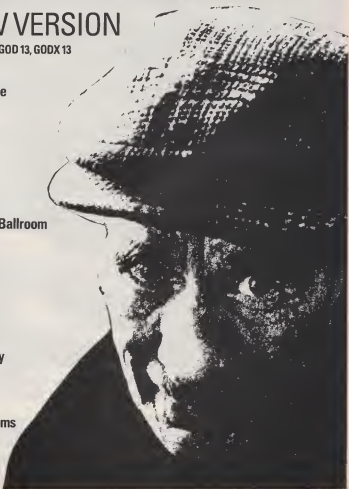
## THINK FOR A MINUTE

NEW VERSION

GOD 13, GODX 13


### AUTUMN TOUR!!

- Sept 30 BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse
- Oct 2 LIVERPOOL Playhouse
- 3 MANCHESTER Slossky's
- 4 SHEFFIELD University
- 5 NEWCASTLE Mayfair
- 8 BRIGHTON Top Rank
- 9 LONDON Kilburn National Ballroom
- 12 BRISTOL Studio
- 13 CARDIFF University
- 16 WATERFORD The Bridge
- 17 DUBLIN Olympic
- 18 TRALEE Horans
- 20 BELFAST Queens University
- 22 GLASGOW Barrowlands
- 23 ABERDEEN Ritzy
- 24 EDINBURGH Assembly Rooms
- 27 HULL City Hall



"Blenders of Fine music since 1982"

# HOW MUCH CAN HEROIN COST YOU?



*It can cost you your looks.*

*It can cost you your family.*

*It can cost you your health.*

*It can cost you your possessions.*

*It can cost you your mates.*

*It's not long before heroin costs you far more than just money. It'll cost you your friends, your job, your possessions and your family.*

*You'll even endure serious illness rather than go a few hours without the stuff.*

*So even if a friend offers you heroin for nothing, tell them the cost is too high.*

**HEROIN SCREWS YOU UP.**

# IRON MAIDEN ● WASTED YEARS



From the coast of gold across the seven seas  
I'm travelling on far and wide  
But now it seems  
I'm just a stranger to myself  
And all the things I sometimes do  
It isn't me but someone else

I close my eyes and think of home  
Another city goes by in the night  
Ain't it funny how it is  
You never miss it till it's gone away  
And my heart is lying there  
And will be till my dying day

#### Chorus

So understand  
Don't waste your time  
Always searching for those wasted years  
Face up make your stand  
And realise you're living in the golden years

Too much time on my hands I got you on my mind  
Can't ease this pain so easily  
When you can't find the words to say  
It's hard to make it through another day  
And it makes me wanna cry  
And throw my hands up to the sky

Repeat chorus three times

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**new 7" & 12" single**

**7" VS870 12" VS87012**



**General  
PUBLIC**



**faults AND ALL**

Paul Hardcastle

*'The Wizard'*

THE THEME FROM

**TOP** of the  
**P**

**POPS**

NEW SINGLE

7" & 12" EXTENDED VERSION

*Released By Popular Demand!*

7" PAUL 3

  
Chrysalis

12" PAULX 3

For a year and a half an awful lot of people have been biting their nails and panting in anticipation and wringing necks in exasperation – waiting for the return of . . .

# ULTRAVOX

Wait no more, for they're back! **BACK!** With a spanking new single, "Same Old Story", and a new LP, "U-Vox", to follow. Hurrah. But why did they desert us all for so long in the first place?

"Well," says Midge Ure, the "saintly" Scotsperson, "initially we took a six month break because we'd never had one since I joined the band six years ago. And then the six months just sort of grew . . ."

During the "holiday", of course, Midge managed to become more famous than he'd ever been before by having a number one hit single, "If I Was", and appearing on the telly in that video – the one with the famous finger gesticulations, the one voted worst video of 1985 in the *Smash Hits* Readers' Poll. And the other members of Ultravox almost got rather jealous.

"At home I was always walking down the stairs checking on the guys who were building my studio for me," says Billy Currie, "and for some reason 'If I Was' was always on the bloody radio and the workmen would take the mickey: 'That's the end of Ultravox, isn't it. It used to drive me up the bloody wall!' But then, quickly and diplomatically, he adds: "But I am pleased that Midge's solo stuff is successful."

Oh, that's alright then. Particularly as Midge didn't waste any time in getting back to the group as soon as his moment of solo glory was over.

"My solo side is just a sideline – it's the challenge of doing something totally on your own. But Ultravox is my band, isn't it? And there's still stuff I can do with Ultravox that I couldn't do on my own."

Something almost dreadful has happened to the group since they were last "in action". While Midge was being a solo pop person and Billy and Chris Cross were spending their time building recording studios in their homes, drummer Warren Cahn decided to leave. Or was he pushed?

"It just appeared that the way we perceived the band changing – and we wanted to make some definite changes in the band – was very different to how Warren saw it. The two sides clashed. He didn't seem very interested in doing what we wanted to do."

So guess who they've roped in to play drums on the LP? That's right! Mark Unpronounceable Name of Big Country himself (who seems to play on everyone's records these days).

And apparently the new LP will be "boasting" some grand new sounds and rapid "departures". Like what, for instance?

"Well, there's some Irish folk on it," says Midge. "We actually went over to Dublin to get The Chieftans (highly respected group of blokes with beards



The bandmates (left to right): Chris Cross, Midge Ure and Billy Currie.

## SAME OLD SONG

(Telling me the same old story)

When the storm grows  
I find your face behind your helpless hands  
When the creaks show (creaks show)  
in your mirrored mirrored eyes (eyes)  
When the words come round  
So splintered and predictable again  
Then I find you

(Telling me the same old story)

Chorus  
Stories of love  
Stories and lies  
Stories of love  
The same old story

(Telling me the same old story)

When the day goes  
I can hear you crying out behind your paper smile  
And the light that shines  
Won't give you strength to talk to me at all  
And the sound I hear  
It's not the sound I want to hear from you  
Cos you're always

(Telling me the same old story)

Repeat chorus

The same old story  
(Telling me the same old story)  
(Telling me the same old story)  
(Telling me the same old story)

Words and music by M. Ure & Chris Cross  
Reproduced by permission of Polygram Music Group  
© 1985 Polygram Music Group  
On Chrysalis Records

who actually sit down to perform and play all manner of weird instruments like those Irish bagpipes that you don't puff into but play with your elbow) to play on one track. And there's another track which is played totally by an orchestra – we don't play on it at all."

At the age of 32, Midge shows some signs of "mellowing". I.e. he isn't quite as horrible about other performers as he once was, even though he does say "I just don't think there's anybody who's come up in the last couple of years who's brilliant. The charts are really atrocious. I don't understand it."

"I do quite like Simple Minds," offers Billy (a chippie 34 year old).  
". . . And I can still almost listen to all of the Big Audio Dynamite album, though there's about three songs I skip over," offers Chris (an even chippier 35).

But when it comes to naming "artists" they detest, well, Ultravox just don't seem to cut the vitriolic mustard anymore.

"There's millions of them," sighs Midge. Like who?

"Smash Hits is too small. If it was newspaper-size you could have a whole page of them – the U-Vox hit list," says Chris.

Like who?

"The terrible thing is that whenever you say 'I don't like blah', 'I don't like blah' and it's printed, you look like a total pratt," says Midge. "It's a just not worth saying it any more. And, really, no one offends me that much that I really get upset about it."

"Except The Damned," snaps Chris. Haw haw. Got you.

Finally, after such a lengthy absence, isn't there a danger that Ultravox fans will have forgotten all about this once proud and sturdy group?

"Well, I think if we only appealed to young people, we might have a problem," confesses Midge. "But Ultravox have always had a hard core following of mainly sort of adult people."

And being pretty "adult" themselves, can the group still stand tall within this giddy firmament of pop, one wonders?  
Chris: "Well, you do need to want to do it . . ."

Midge: "And you do need something to offer. It's alright being young and angry if you can also write good pop songs, but there's a no point in just being young and angry. You might as well be a young and angry bimbo . . ."  
Chris: "Being Swedish helps, too".  
Swedish? Perhaps he means Norwegian . . .



# HELENA



*I Want You*

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12" includes DUB Mix

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AUSTIN

# "HAPPENINGS"

## NEW MODEL ARMY:

Chippenhams Goldiggers (October 8), Coventry Polytechnic (9), Liverpool Royal Court (11), Birmingham Powerhouse (12), Nottingham Rock City (13), Edinburgh Coasters (14), Bradford University (15), Dunstable Queensway Hall (16), Essex University (17), London Town and Country Club (18), Brighton Coasters (19), Cardiff University (20), Plymouth Woods (21), Manchester Slookies (22).



## FIVE STAR (EXTRA DATES):

Nottingham Royal Centre (October 13), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (14), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (16), Cardiff St Davids Hall (17), Brixton Academy (18), Swinton Oasis (19), Ipswich Gaumont (21), Birmingham Odeon (22), London Hammersmith Odeon (24/25).

• Tickets available from box offices and usual agencies

## JOAN ARMATRADING

(EXTRA DATES): Newport Leisure Centre (October 12), Manchester Apollo (16), Dundee Card Hall (21).

• Please note that the Newport date is a matinee show that starts at 6:00pm and is additional to the already announced evening show. All tickets available from the box office and usual agents prices: £6.50, £7.50 and £8.50.

## OMD: Birmingham Odeon

(October 21), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22), Manchester Apollo (23), Bradford St Georges Hall (24), Portsmouth Guildhall (26), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Oxford Apollo Theatre (28), London Hammersmith Odeon (29/30), Nottingham Royal Court



(November 1), Liverpool Empire (2), Edinburgh Playhouse (4), Newcastle City Hall (5).

• Tickets are available from the box offices and usual ticket agencies prices: £5 and £6 with the exception of Oxford and London where the prices are £5.50 and £6.50 and £5.50 and £6.50 respectively.

## THE STRANGLERS:

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre (October 23), Edinburgh Playhouse (24), Newcastle City Hall (26), Manchester Apollo (27), Nottingham Royal Centre (28), Birmingham Odeon (29), Sheffield City Hall (30), Gloucester Leisure Centre (November 1), Oxford Apollo (2), London Wembley Arena (3), Brighton Centre (4).

• Tickets are available from the box offices and usual agencies.

## WORKING WEEK:

Brunel University (October 7), Salford University (8), Warwick University (9), Newcastle Polytechnic (10), Bradford University (13), Birmingham Dome Club (14), Edinburgh University (16), Glasgow School of Art (17), Leicester Polytechnic (18), Croydon Fairfield Hall (19), Bristol Bierkeller (20), Brighton Coasters (21).



## GO WEST: Manchester Apollo

(November 19/20), Newcastle City Hall (22/23), Ipswich Gaumont (27/28), London Hammersmith Odeon (30), December 1), Brighton Centre (3), Bournemouth Centre (6), St Austell Coliseum (7), London Hammersmith Odeon (9/10), Birmingham Odeon (12/13/15), Nottingham Centre (16), Edinburgh Playhouse (18), Sheffield City Hall (21/22).

• Some extra dates may be added. Tickets are available from the box offices and usual agents. London tickets are priced at £9.50, £11.50 and £9.50 and all the others are £7.50 and £8.50.

## THE WEATHER PROPHETS:

Dudley JB's (September 26), Wincobury Wellhead Inn (27), Leicester Fan Club (30), Middlesbrough Town Hall Crypt (October 1), Barrow In Furness Bluebird Club (2), Newcastle Riverside (3), Sheffield Leadmill (4), Leeds Warehouse (7), Manchester International (9), Glasgow Rooftops (9), Edinburgh Hoochie Coochie (10), Aberdeen The Venue (11), Colchester Works Club (16), London L.S.E. (18).

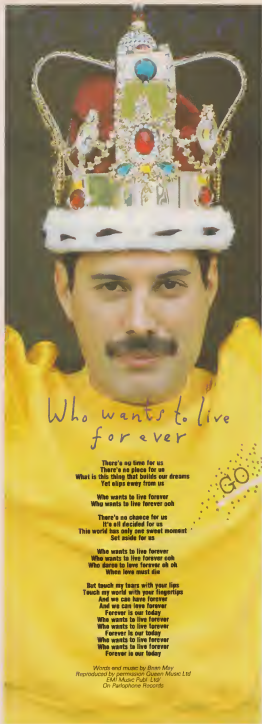
# THE PRETENDERS

DON'T  
GET  
ME  
WRONG

NEW SINGLE ON 7" & 12" OUT NOW!

PRODUCED BY BOB CLEARMOUNTAIN AND JIMMY IOVINE — 12" CONTAINS EXTENDED 'B' SIDE

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Who wants to live  
forever

There's no time for us  
There's no place for us  
What is this thing that builds our dreams  
Yet slips away from us

Who wants to live forever  
Who wants to live forever oh

There's no chance for us  
It's all decided for us  
This world has only one sweet moment  
Set aside for us

Who wants to live forever  
Who wants to live forever oh  
Who wants to live forever oh oh  
When love must die

But touch my tears with your lips  
Touch my world with your fingertips  
And we can have forever  
And we can have forever  
Forever is our today  
Who wants to live forever  
Who wants to live forever  
Forever is our today  
Who wants to live forever  
Who wants to live forever  
Forever is our today

Words and music by Brian May  
Reproduced by permission Queen Music Ltd  
EMI Music Publ. Ltd  
On Parlophone Records

## PET SHOP BOYS

### suburbia

Lost in the high street  
Where the dogs run  
Roaming suburban boys  
Mother's got her hair-do to be done  
She says they're too old for toys

Stood by the bus stop  
With a felt pen  
In this suburban hall  
And in the distance a police car  
To break the suburban spell

Chorus  
Let's take a ride  
And run with the dogs tonight  
In suburbia  
You can't hide  
Run with the dogs tonight  
In suburbia

Break a window by the Town Hall  
Listen a siren wails  
There in the distance like a roll call  
Of all the suburban dreams

Repeat chorus

I only wanted something else to do  
But hang around  
I only wanted something else to do  
But hang around  
Hang around

It's on the front page of the papers  
This is their hour of need  
Where's a policeman  
When you need one  
To blame the colour TV

Let's take a ride  
And run with the dogs tonight  
In suburbia  
You can't hide  
Run with the dogs tonight  
In suburbia in suburbia in suburbia  
Run with the dogs tonight  
You can't hide  
Run with the dogs tonight  
You can't hide  
In suburbia

Words and music by  
Neil Tennant/Chris Lowe  
Reproduced by permission  
Capitol Music Ltd/50 Music Ltd  
On Parlophone Records



A

Monty Python

# Montego Bay

Oh  
Version'll meet me  
When the BOAC lands  
Keys to the MC will be in his hands  
Adjust to this driving  
And I'm on my way  
It's all on the right side  
Of Montego Bay

Chorus  
Sing out  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh  
Come sing me Montego Bay  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

'N Gillan'll greet me  
Like a brother when  
I think I remember  
But it's twice as good

How kind the rum is  
From his sister tray  
I thvat to be thvaty in Montego Bay

Repeat chorus

They're dancing in the street

Oh

Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh  
You ain't been till you been high  
Montego Bay

Repeat chorus

Sing out (sing)

Come sing me Montego Bay  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh  
Sing out (sing)  
Come sing me Montego Bay  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh  
You gotta  
You gotta sing (sing)  
Come sing me Montego Bay  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

Sing out (sing)  
Come sing me Montego Bay  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh  
You gotta  
You gotta sing (sing)  
Come sing me Montego Bay  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

Words and Music by Jeff Barry/Bobby Hatem  
Reproduced by permission CBS Songs/OK  
Island Records

# THE SMASH HITS \* HMV PRIZE CROSSWORD

## \* WIN HMV'S TOP TEN VIDEOS



- 1 **Wham!** Live in Rio
- 2 **Dire Straits** Brothers in Arms
- 3 **Fredie Mercury** The Video EP
- 4 **Madonna** Virgin Tour
- 5 **Kate Bush** Har Of The Hound
- 6 **Dire Straits**Alchemy Live
- 7 **Wham!** The Video
- 8 **Queen** Live in Rio
- 9 **The Cure** Staying At The Sea
- 10 **Bucks Fizz** Greatest Hits

## \* HOW TO ENTER

- Complete the crossword grid and fill in your name and address.
- Snip out the coupon (including the crossword grid), stick it in an envelope and send it to the following address (to arrive by October 8):  
**Smash Hits Prize Crossword Competition Number 14, 14 Holkheim Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ.**
- The first correct entry out of the three gets HMV's top ten videos (at the time of going to press).

## ● ACROSS

- 1 See photocuss (5,6)
- 6 Nazim amid **Jesus And Mary Chain** (1,1,1)
- 8 **Michael Jackson's** drum instructors? (4,2)
- 9 "hammer ~ ~ ~" (**Queen**) (2,4)
- 10 Tones into part of music (anag)
- 11 **Steve Harley's** phantom came from here
- 13 plus 20 and 16 across Did this prove too "salty" for **King?** (5,2,4,5)
- 15 **Reed or Grant?**
- 16 See 13 across
- 17 I nose out the art of this (anag)
- 18 The **Frankie's** dome was tied with it
- 20 See 13 across
- 21 "Life ~ ~ ~ Day" (**Howard Jones**) (2,3)
- 24 **Phyllis** in Tratalgar Square?
- 26 Give a rebel one for **Billy Idol**
- 27 Record label (1,1,1)
- 28 She was **The Toy Dolls'** elephant
- 29 ~ ~ ~ "Said Thin Done" (**Shakatak**)

## ● DOWN

- 1 plus 4 and 12 **Gwan Guthrie's** explanation about the nose upstuffers? (4,5,4,2,3,3,4)
- 2 Recently they've been calling all heroes (2,4)
- 3 Ms Ads spun around for **Bryen** (anag)
- 4 See 1 down
- 5 **Gery**, once commander of the **Tubaway Army**
- 7 When **Rosalia Barker's** TV shop was open (3,5)
- 12 See 1 down
- 14 Footwear worn by **Adem Ant's** Goody (3,5)
- 15 They're back and they're **Humen**
- 16 Brother **Louis's** royal friend?
- 19 **Electric Light Orchestra** start off a Damned hit
- 22 "We Close Our ~ ~ ~" (**Go West**)
- 23 How **New Order's** Monday was coloured
- 25 Part of a lollipop for **Mr Creme**



NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

● This kind of video required:

VHS

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## NIK KERSHAW

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HCA RECORDS

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I wonder how they get all that sound into that little brassy unit? Who knows but they do. Ron, Ron, they do. Ron, Ron. A 12 watt amp, linear tracking turntable and graphic equaliser stick to the beat, while the Dolby B NR twin cassette deck makes plain sailing of any charity.

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# DID I REALLY SAY

## SAMANTHA FOX

(July 1986)

### The Smiths: Panic

"He can't sing and it gives me a headache. In all his interviews he's Mister Nasty and he goes moan, moan, moan."

### Bryan Adams: Straight From The Heart

"I don't fancy him - he's not my cup of tea, looking-wise."

### The Fall: Living Too Late

"I listened to the first half and I had to turn it off. My mother was in the other room and she shouted 'Nah, I don't like that one - get it off.'"



## GEORGE MICHAEL

Photo: LEE



(July 1983)

### Fastway: We Become One

"The only thing I can say in defence of heavy metal is that the attitudes that go with it are far less dangerous than the altism I bump into once or twice a week at London's trendier night-clubs."

### The Frank Barber Orchestra: Disco Bond

"If I were a sexist pig, I'd probably say that the only decent thing about this record are the tasty birds on the cover."

## MARTIN

### Bucks Fizz: New Beginnings

"I've got more fizz in my bum."

### Janet Jackson: Nasty

"Who is she?"

### The Smiths: Bigmouth Strikes Again

"Sounds like it was recorded in an abattoir."

### Bananarama: Venus

"They're completely boring and they've got boring hair. I can't understand why they have eyebrows on their face. Who wants hair growing out of their face? I have three things to say about Bananarama: they are completely unblemished by brain cells."

### Midge Ure: Call Of The Wild

"He needs to get a wig."

## MORRISSEY



### Modern Romance: Move On

"There are indeed worse groups than Modern Romance. But can anybody seriously think of one?"

### Bucks Fizz: Golden Days

"One would hear more vocal passion from an ape under anaesthetic. Inexcusably dim."

### David Sylvian: Pulling Punches

"Not, as yet, being dead I find David's foggy moans to be of no great comfort. Perhaps if we dropped red hot coals on his head he might feel something? I somehow doubt it. He sounds like he's about to spend his third year in bed."

### Level 42: The Chant Mes Just Segun

"Having never been sufficiently drunk to enjoy a Level 42 record, I prescribe the Burmese neck ring to these chumps for being so icy."

### Alphaville: Forever Young

"Alphaville embody the frustrated egos of the massively untalented. Should have been drowned at birth."

## GARY KEMP

(June 1983)

### The Police: Every Breath You Take

"Sting seems to enjoy beginning songs with 'Every' almost as much as I like ending words with '...tion'."

### Japan: Canton (Live)

"I fell asleep during this."

### The Style Council: Money-Go-Round

"Is Paul scared to have too many hit records or is it a time to make social comments, not war?" (???)



## SIMON O'BRIEN

(Demon Grant of Brookside)  
(June 1985)

### Medonne: Crazy For You

"After this she might be taken seriously and not just ogled at by morose men such as me."

### Prince: Paisley Park

"It starts and it finishes. Not much more to say."

### The Icicle Works: All The Daughters (Of Their Father's House)

"Nice trousers."

### Shriekback: Nemesia

"It's sort of a footstomper with lyrics all about cannibals and the dead. Very jolly."

### Glenn Frey: Sexy Girl

"The girl on the cover is sexy."



## ANDREW RIDGLEY

(July 1983)

### The Kids From Fame: Body Language

"The Kids! Ugh! They really do chum 'em out. Terrible, horrendous, offensive."

### Romen Holliday: Don't Try To Stop It

"The chorus has a really good hook which is just right for the summer. It sounds like a sophisticated JoBoxers. Well done!"

## DAVE GAHAN

(May 1984)

### Echo & The Bunnymen: Silver

"Ian McCulloch's voice always sends my mind into far off places."

### Sandie Shaw: Hand In Glove

"I prefer this to the original version by The Smiths. I bought the first two Smiths singles but was put off by Morrissey's obnoxious and narrow-minded attitude towards other songwriters."

### Nena: Just A Dream

"It sounds like late '70s new wave and I always did hate The Jags."





# THAT?

● Yes you did, actually (haw haw). Tom Hibbert sifts through millions of old issues of *Smash Hits* to find the most, er, "interesting" things some pop stars have said about other pop stars' records. . .

## DEGVILLE



Lawrence Lowry

## ROLAND ORZABAL



(May 1988)

### The Beatles: Ticket To Ride

"This up'n coming band from Liverpool could pose quite a threat to Frankie Goes To Hollywood and could go on to really big things if it's fab! It's gear! Do I think they pose a threat to Tears For Fears? Yeah, one of them's dead."

### Wikka Love: It..

"She looks dodgy."

### Freddie Mercury: I Was Born To Love You

"Jesus! I just think this is 'a happy sound' which is really depressing."

## JOHN TAYLOR



(July 1984)

**Lionel Richie: Stuck On You**  
"I don't know why people call Duran Duran millionaires when Lionel Richie is around. I must say that 'Hello' was my most hated record of the year and I must say that he makes the sickliest videos. I can't listen to any more."

**Prince: When Doves Cry**  
"Judging by the cover picture and all the flowers on the back, he's convinced he's the new Jimi Hendrix. The first ten seconds are blistering."

**Nik Kershaw: I Won't Let The Sun Go Down On Me**  
"I wish he wouldn't try so hard to shrug off his young image. He should be grateful for it."

**Tina Turner: What's Love Got To Do With It**  
"She still looks fantastic but I don't like it. Where's the raunchola?"

## PAUL KING



Photo: LF1

(November 1985)

**Kate Bush: Cloudbusting**  
"Kate reminds me of those 'astral' acquaintances I used to meet on camping holidays: unusual, unpredictable but with a charm that always attracted me..." (GooooOOOOO)

### Prefab Sprout: When Love Breaks Down

"As seductive as a soft-focus kiss..." (BleurgghHHHHH)

### Dee C. Lee: See The Day

"A brave production and arrangement for the lady (biography) better known for her Style Council-ing."

### Siouxsie And The Banshees: Cities In Dust

"I love Siouxsie Sioux..." (Oh shut UP!)

## SUSAN TULLY

(Michele Fowler of *EastEnders*)

### The Jesus & Mary Chain: Just Like Honey

"I think they've got an awful, awful name and aren't going to get anywhere..."

### Brilliant!: It's A Man's Men's Men's World

"The first thing they ought to do is change the name - that's an immediate outfit!"

### Big Audio Dynamite: The Bottom Line

"A load of rubbish."

### Bucks Fizz: Megaloid

"Full of corny clichés like 'close encounters of the sexual kind', that's a gem - it's so disgusting, I hope it does well but I think it's awful."

### Hebebebebebe Purple Pentas By Ponce

"I don't like gimmicky records but Ponce does lay himself open to having the mickay taken. I know he thinks he's God's gift but I think he's just a thrae or four he wonder."

## MIKE READ



(October 1984)

### Elton John: Who Wears These Shoes?

"Following in a long line of cobbler - vat another appealing 'Shoe' song which in time will make the sole charts alongside classics like Johnny Cash's 'A Boy Named Shoe', Frankie's 'Shoe Traces Go To War' and the old standard 'Chatanoooga Shoe Shoe'..." (Haw haw...)

### Benebene!: Hotline To Heaven

"Bomaganarama may have a 'Hotline to Heaven' but a swift glance at my latest Get Well Soon letter from British Telecom leaves me in no doubt that the devil lurks somewhere in that Accounts Department." (What on earth are you going on about?)

### Bruce Springsteen: Cover Me

"His legendary status as a live performer and talent for shifting major albums across the record shop counters (Suuuuuuuuuip!)"

## NEIL TENNANT

(1982, 1983, 1984, etc.)



### Lionel Richie: Truly

"I quite enjoy records like this. Must be getting old, I suppose."

### The Pale Fountains: Thank You

"I find this quite likeable - but then one of the darker secrets of my record collection is an LP called 'Gila Sings A Rainbow'."

### Bardo: Talking Out Of Line

"They may not have done too well in the Eurovision Song Contest but it doesn't look as though we've heard the last of Sally-Ann and Steven."

### Sheketek: Nightbirds

"Delicious. I love it!"

### Alexei Seyler: 'Uilo John! Gotte New Motor?

"If you wanna dance n' chuckle at the same time, this is the disc for you. Nice one Alexei!"

### Gery Numen: Music For Chemelons

"Sometimes you can be happy feeling sad." (?????????)

*a-ha*  
*i've been losing you*



*the brand new single*  
*7" & extended 12"*

PRODUCED BY MAGS AND PÅL WAAKTAAR



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# "RUMOURS"

## TIMEX SOCIAL CLUB

HOW DO RUMOURS GET STARTED  
THEY'RE STARTED BY THE JEALOUS PEOPLE  
AND THEY GET MAD SEEING SOMETHING THEY HAD  
AND SOMEBODY ELSE IS HOLDING

THEY TELL ME THAT TEMPTATION  
IS VERY HARD TO RESIST  
THESE WICKED WOMEN  
OOH THEY JUST PERSIST

HOW MAYBE YOU THINK IT'S CUTE  
BUT GIRL I'M NOT IMPRESSED  
I TELL YOU ONE TIME ONLY  
WITH MY BUSINESS PLEASE DON'T MESS

CHORUS  
WHEN YOU LOOK AT ALL THESE RUMOURS  
SURROUNDING ME EVERY DAY  
I JUST NEED SOME TIME  
SOME TIME TO GET AWAY FROM  
FROM ALL THESE RUMOURS  
I CAN'T TAKE IT NO MORE  
MY BEST FRIEND SAYS  
THAT'S WHY I'LL NEVER MEET THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

DID YOU HEAR THAT ONE ABOUT MICHAEL  
SOME SAY HE MUST BE GAY  
I TRIED TO ARGUE BUT THEY SAID  
IF HE WAS STRAIGHT HE WOULDN'T MOVE THAT WAY

DID YOU HEAR THAT ONE ABOUT SUSAN  
SOME SAY SHE'S JUST A TEASE  
IN A CAMISOLE SHE'S SIX FEET TALL  
SHE'LL KNOCK YOU TO YOUR KNEES

REPEAT CHORUS

I CAN'T GO NO PLACE  
WITHOUT SOMEBODY POINTING A FINGER  
I CAN'T SHOW MY FACE  
'CAUSE WHEN IT COMES TO RUMOURS  
I'M A DEAD RINGER  
IT SEEMS FROM RUMOURS  
I JUST CAN'T GET AWAY  
I BET THEY'LL EVER BE RUMOURS  
FLOATING AROUND ON JUDGEMENT DAY

I THINK I'LL WRITE MY CONGRESS MAN  
AND TELL HIM ABOUT SOPHIO  
FOR THE NEXT TIME THEY CATCH  
SOMEBODY'S STARTING RUMOURS SHOOT TO KILL

REPEAT CHORUS

WHAT'S MINE IS MINE  
I AIN'T GOT TIME FOR RUMOURS IN MY LIFE  
I'M A MAN WHO THINKS  
HOT A MAN WHO DRINKS  
SO PLEASE LET ME LIVE MY LIFE  
REPEAT LAST FIVE LINES TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY M. THOMPSON/M. MARESHALL & HILL  
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION COPYRIGHT CONTROL  
ON COOLTEMPO RECORDS

# QUEEN



NEW SINGLE ON 7" & 12"

# WHO WANTS TO LIVE FOREVER

b/w

## KILLER QUEEN

TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM "A KIND OF MAGIC" FROM THE FILM

# HIGHLANDER™

— THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE —

EMI

# "HYPER HYPER SUPER WHOOPY TOO I'M A POP STAR"

**That's what OMD reckon people think they ought to go round saying. But in fact, they explain to Chris Heath, they're just two normal blokes who worry about whether their songs are "cheesy" and go a bit pink when you mention the £700 suits gathering dust in their wardrobe. . .**

"We've had quite a funny career really," sighs Andy McCluskey of Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark. "It's nice that we're still around because on several occasions we've fallen flat on our arses."

Indeed they have, as we shall see by swirling dizzily back in time to the very beginning of their lives.

Andy McCluskey, the older by eight months, was born 27 years ago in a Liverpool suburb and for years suffered from the torments of asthma and eczema (the still has rather horribly dry hands), a desire to be a paleontologist - he's still got a collection of useless old rocks and fossils in an old chest-of-drawers in his parents' house - and of having a Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel scrapbook. "I've always dreamed ending up like Steve Harley is now," he grimaces. "One of those rock'n'roll casualties, an attempted-comeback image."

Paul Humphreys, who was born in London but moved to the Liverpool area when he was three, fared little better - as a child he was obsessed with making things - anything - a habit he was unfortunately allowed to indulge in.

"Once my mother let me cut up the kitchen table," he remembers guiltily, "because I convinced her I could make something useful out of it."

Around the age of 10 or 11 these two slightly strange children - who'd avoided each other till then because Andy was in the year above at school - finally met and made their first "stage appearance" together.

"We'd both been naughty in separate incidents," Andy recalls, "and were made to stand on the school stage during the lunch hour on display to the rest of the school. Fortunately," he says, "we didn't get an encore."

After this meeting they each went their separate ways. At that time neither of them particularly had any great ambition to be pop stars but then Andy's first "true love" abandoned him for some horrible bloke with a bass guitar. Enraged, Andy asked for

money from all his family for his next birthday and ran down to the second hand music shop, spending £27 on the only bass they had (ignoring the fact that it was a left-handed one, which is why he still plays bass guitar upside down).

From then on he could be seen wandering around, bass guitar over his shoulder behind his huge frizzy hairdo, wearing equally gruesome trousers: "36" bags with an eight button waist". But Paul Humphreys must have been slightly impressed because he got Andy to join a group called Equinox which some of his friends had got together. Eventually Paul joined as well, but the two of them also branched out occasionally and played in another friend's group.

"We were in Hitler's Underpants," grimes Paul. "There's not really a 'right' way of saying that, is there?"

After that they had a group with the equally bizarre name of The Id (a term borrowed from Freudian psychoanalysis referring to the most inaccessible part of the unconscious, fact fans) and then they became Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark. At the time they were one of the first groups to use synthesizers (apart from weird German bands like Kraftwerk) and they were very earnest indeed.

"Yes, I used to hate the idea of being a cheesy throwaway doo-bly-bubbly band," says Andy. Unfortunately their "arty" ambitions went rather wrong: their first single, a rather brilliant little pop song called "Electricity" got them lots of attention. Their second single, the rather dodgy "Red Frame/White Light" - that was a bit cheesy," admits Andy - got even more. By their third single, "Messages", they were on *Top Of The Pops*.

"I felt rather embarrassed about being a pop star for a long time," says Andy.

Pretty soon they'd had loads more hits and three very successful albums. Nothing, it seemed, could go wrong. So they made another album, called "Dazzle Ships", full of plinkety

plinkety electronic noises and speaking clocks.

"We were lulled into a false sense of security," Andy remembers. "We just thought people would buy it anyway." But they didn't and OMD soared straight down pop's beckoning dumper.

Lots of groups might have called it a day at that point but not OMD. They just made another album, "Junk Culture" suddenly had lots more hits, and enjoyed laughing at all the people who'd written them off. Cheerfully they ripped off to record the next album, "Crush", which - *ta-da ta-da* - sent them with depressing speed straight back down the dumper.

Then something very weird happened, America, which for several million years had dismissed OMD as wimpy English synth pop rubbish, suddenly decided that OMD were rather good after all. From being in the dumper one minute Paul and Andy suddenly found songs like "If You Leave" their contribution to the film *Pretty In Pink* which couldn't even make the Top 40 over here - going to number one.

Not that they were quite as pleased as you'd have thought. They were still a bit upset at their lack of popularity at home, and also worried that, because they always thought that successful groups in America were old and boring and had been "put out to pasture there to earn their pensions," they might be the same.

"We convinced ourselves," laughs Andy, "that America had changed, not us."

And as for Britain, OMD admit that they seem to have a bit of an "image" problem. "Everyone seems to think we're really boring," says Andy, pointing out (quite correctly, as it happens) that they're not. But at least they've got back in the charts with "Forever Live And Die" even if they're still squabbling a little bit about that.

"Usually on an album we write most of the songs together but I write some on my own and Paul writes some on his own," explains Andy. The single is one

of Paul's and with alarming honesty Paul himself hints that he's not *terribly* fond of it.

"All we ever seem to do is put ourselves down," he sighs. "You're supposed to give off this air of confidence: 'It's great, buy it! People expect you to be hyper-hyper-super-whoopy-doo-IM-a-pop-star'."

"We thought we would be normal and people would respect us," he explains, "but people didn't want us like that. We were being normal and people thought we were being boring, weird and aloof!"

Nevertheless, he insists that they are still normal people - they refuse to go to clubs to have their photo taken, or waste lots of money on "Rolls Royces and mansions".

"I've got a friend I've told to shoot me if he ever sees me in a Rolls Royce. I've just got a second hand car and a small cottage," he points out. The only time the two of them ever went a bit mad was when they discovered designer clothes a couple of years back.

"Now I can kit myself out for £100 to £150," says Andy, "that's probably about a tenth of what it was before. I just get embarrassed and angry thinking about it now. I've got suits that I've worn twice that cost me £700. Would you like to buy a cheap, bright red Paul Smith suit. . . ?"

Suddenly he realises that all this moping doesn't make this pop star lark sound like very much fun at all.

"It is great fun," he insists. "I don't want people to think I'm a really boring I-hate-life-and-want-to-sulk-in-the-basement-type. I earn lots of money, travel round the world free, someone pays for my air tickets and buys my dinner and nice looking girls come up and kiss me and make eyes at me that only mean one thing . . . and it's better than working at the Customs and Excise in Liverpool checking pest control permits on 300,000 goatskins (his old job)." And, he says, OMD have finally come to terms with "being pop musicians and entertaining people".

"I'm quite chuffed really," he says, "at our staying power."



ARMANDO TESTA / ADRIANO PANZANI

# MEATLOAF

Talking (power) talking (horse) talking (boards) talking (sail) He's talking (power) he's talking (diamonds) he's talking (legs) he's talking (hard) He's talking (sweetly) he's talking (power) he's talking (power) he's talking (power) he's talking he's talking he's talking he's talking he's talking he's talking he's talking he's talking (power) he's talking (power) he's talking (power power power) ● Money is power Power is lame ● Chorus ● Talking about rock and roll mercenaries/Soldiers of fortune by some other name I've talking about rock and roll mercenaries Money is power and power is lame ● Anything you pay to hear just listen And anything to catch your ear just listen Whatever it takes they're ready to sell Anything and everything they do it themselves ● Repeat chorus ● Younger the victims so easily swayed By subliminal poison from continuous plays/Our conscience is a load so heavy to carry For a rock and roll mercenary ● Repeat chorus ● Talking talking talking talking ● Repeat four times ● It starts with a game see how they play Till all of the love it's just for the gold and it's never enough Never enough ● Repeat chorus ● It's not for the song it's not for the love it's just for the gold and it's never enough ● Repeat chorus ● Yeah yeah yeah oh ● (Rock and roll mercenaries) oh ● (Talking talking talking talking talking) ● Repeat to fade ● Rock and roll mercenaries: Hey yeah

Words and music by Michael Eving/Alan Hodge  
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# JOHN PARR



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## ANDREW

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# REVIEW SINGLES



REVIEWED BY IAN CRANNA

## UB40 "All I Want To Do" (DEP International)

Mein Gott! Never have UB40 sounded so forceful! Without losing sight of the fact that it's the tune that counts, they've cranked up the clattering drums and encaised the reggae in a big, bold, brassy arrangement that nothing short of a Sherman tank will stop. You even get the lyrics on the sleeve so you can make out what Ali "I sang that without moving my lips." Campbell is slurring on about (i.e. escaping the drudgery of work for an island in the sun with the loved one). Purkilly splendid stuff and Rumer Up Single Off The Forenight.



## BILLY IDOL "To Be A Lover" (Chrysalis)

Sporting a cheerfully rakish grin instead of that extraordinary twisted sneer, plain Mr Idol has now opted for a much more restrained style. This is an old soul song given a modern rockably treatment which mixes electronic rhythm bits with honky-tonk piano, chirpy girl singers and a wonderfully authentic old organ sound, while the cranky guitars of old don't get a look in till near the end and Billy opts for a curious mambling vocal. Cleverly done, sprightly but not particularly memorable.

## THE EDGE "Heroine" (Virgin)

Aw no - not another "rock" "soundtrack" excerpt (moan, groan). But wait - this is actually quite decent. For the forthcoming film *Copote*, U2's guitarist has come up with a wispy, enchanting song with a string-sawing arrangement and an angelic girl vocal intoning some rather obvious religious imagery - the patented chiming guitar being kept well to the rear. Hardly a hit, but quietly appealing.

## FULL FORCE

"Temporary Love Thing" (CBS) My God - where do they get those muses? What! Oh sorry. Erm, well, the A side is a perfectly acceptable soulful beatbox ballad - one of their better efforts actually - but the real gem is the B side where, to the same backing track, they do a spoof on radio theatre (complete with hammy sound effects) and brilliantly send up the whole black macho thing as group member Bow-Legged Louie invites three "ladies" round at the same time and then his wife comes home. Didn't half make me larl I can tell you, and it actually stands repeated listenings. I wonder if you can get muscles like that on the National Health or... (Shut up about muscles - Ed.)

## ULTRAVOX "The Same Old Story" (Chrysalis)

Well, they said it. To hear the ever-anxious Midge complaining about someone else being "so predictable" seems not unlike the pot calling the kettle black. Take away the trendy, loud get singers and punctuating brass "riffs" and this sounds particularly dull and ponderous, even by Ultravox's lead-booted standards.

## A-HA "I've Been Losing You" (Warner Bros)

As someone who previously couldn't care less either way about A-ha, it came as something of

a shock to find this is actually a very good record. Sounding tougher and meaner than before, there's: a) a good lyric about losing your way, given a typically soaring vocal by Morten (sounding oddly like Bono in places); b) a slightly under but dead catchy hook that pleads, rather touchingly, "tell me things I could find useful"; c) a very nifty false ending - all of which give it a bite missing in previous efforts. A lot of people will have to reshuffle their prejudices...



## JULIAN COPE "World Shut Your Mouth" (Island)

One of the great lovable English Eccentrics of pop returns with an uncharacteristically crude crash-bang-wallop affair complete with kerranging guitar and a totally out of place '60s solo. It is, however, the proud possessor of a real tune wot you can hum, and the words - about flying in the face of fashion and telling the world what it can do - might have been written for the reclusive one himself. A splendidly individual effort.

## SHARPE AND NUMAN "New Thing From London Town" (Numa)

The pair that brought you "Change Your Mind" now serve up brutally relentless crashing drums, sweeping but brittle melodic piano and synthesiser lines laced with chopped-up laughter and old Gazza's distinctive, erm, "singing" - quite apt here - to make a startlingly efficient, almost demoralised record. Not easy to make out what exactly this "New Thing from London town" might be, but it sounds like a casualty of some sort and not at all nice. In a fortnight sadly lacking in dazzling delights, this was the only single that demanded to be heard again.

## THE HOUSEMARTINS "Think For A Minute" (Gold Discs)

I hate The Housemartins. There's something so smug and look-at-me-aren't-I-clever about their weedy, contrived silliness that they far get on my "wick". They're such "safe" rebels that you half expect the BBC to adopt them and put them on with Richard Stilgou. And they only have two songs - the fast over-complicated one and the slow bleating one. This is the latter. That said, it has to be admitted that "Think For A Minute" does have a nice tune, some pleasingly tinny drums and a rather fetching bit of trumpet. Probably a hit. Grrrr!

## NIK KERSHAW "Nobody Knows" (MCA)

Another sturdy pop melody with fashionably crashing drums and a rather mystical split-level lyric mixing the specific (private relationships) with the cosmic (somebody's gain is somebody else's loss... or something). Rather good.

## FALCO "The Sound Of Music" (WEA)

Terribly unlikable I know, but I rather like Falco. His songs are quite clever and witty without actually being show-off, they're raggily catchy and the man has obviously got a sense of humour. This is another of his skilful mixes of German/English lyrics with a very busy but typically insistent and hummable backing. And why not?

## MANCRAB "Fish For Life" (10)

Written by Tears For Fears keyboard player Ian Stanley with the help of Roland Orzabal, this is the sort of record the self-conscious Spandau Ballet would give their right arms to make - natural, uplifting lyrics set to a kind of swinging semi-funk arrangement with bags of unforced energy. More of this sort of thing please.

## HELENA "I Want You" (Arista)

Any record that begins with a lion's growl, a surprised woman saying "That's a big dog" and a cartoon voice correcting "That's a cute cat" is all right by me. So's the rest of it - a very fast dance record that you'd need at least four legs to keep up with. Thumbs aloft for Helena!

## SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT



## PAUL YOUNG "Wonderland" (CBS)

Paul Young seems to have carved his own unorthodox niche in pop where quality goes on equal terms with commerciality - a simple, string, soulful vocal set against a huge, echoing, empty production with lots of interesting odd corners. This is in the "Everything Must Change" mould, a rather spiritual song about closing your eyes and your troubles being healed. Sounds curiously like Big Country in places and at five minutes it does go on a bit, though it's good enough not to seem like it.

## EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL "Don't Leave Me Behind" (Bianco Y Negro)

Tracy Thorn has such a good voice and writes such strong, direct lyrics that I do wish Everything But The Girl wouldn't feel obliged to dress it up at something else - here a kind of big band swing arrangement which is a) not very good, and b) completely unnecessary. An average enough poppy song which chugs along pleasantly without ever reaching anything like their potential.



● **I, TINA: MY LIFE STORY** by Tina Turner with Kurt Loder (Viking, £9.95)  
 Even the rather dull way this book is written, with its endless stream of matter-of-fact quotes, can't hide the fact that Tina Turner has had a truly remarkable 47 years. An unwanted lonely child ("I had no love from my mother or father from birth"), she used to wander alone through the Tennessee woodlands while her parents did menial jobs at the U.S. government's top secret atom bomb plant. The highlights of those early years seem to have been a) the time her underpants fell down when she was dancing in church, and b) meeting people like Welton, the farm labourer who (g)up ate rats.  
 She escaped from it all by running off with Ike Turner, the local musical hero, and soon became his lead singer and then his wife. Most of the book deals with this relationship, as a few brief moments of happiness collapsed into year after year of being beaten up with shoes, twisted coat hangers and anything else Ike could get his hands on, while he also proved his "masculinity" by sleeping with as many other women as possible. Tina eventually tried to commit suicide – like merely give her more grief the moment she woke up in hospital. Her only consolations were "shopping" and visiting "readers" – palm readers, fortune tellers etc. – one of whom promised her that she would become "among the biggest of stars" and that her partner would "fall away like a leaf from a tree".  
 Finally, aged 37, she walked out on Ike, bloody and battered and with 36 cents in her pockets. Despite lots more horrors, like people showering places she stayed in with bullets (presumably under Ike's instructions) she eventually, in her mid '40s, became the star she had always wanted to be. "I haven't received real love almost ever in my life," she still says. "But I have survived."



● **ALIAS DAVID BOWIE** by Peter & Leni Gillman (Hodder & Stoughton, £10.95)  
 There must have been more books written about David Bowie than almost any other pop stars apart from The Beatles and Elvis Presley, but none have ever managed to probe quite so deeply into the actual facts of his life. In an exhausting 500 pages, every possible item of interest is covered, from precise details about "Bowie" 's grandparents, parents and his own childhood, to the exact movement of all his earnings (to the nearest penny) during the '70s when he was unbelievably successful but failed to get rich. Slightly less useful is all the interpretations they add to these events – unconvincingly linking every possible chink in "Bowie" 's character to his family's history of mental illness and particularly to his relationship with his half-brother, Terry, who committed suicide in 1984 after years in and out of mental institutions. The book is also rather weak when it comes down to talking about the music itself – hardly surprising as the authors admit to having known "almost nothing of the music world" or of David Bowie before they started this book three years ago.  
 But, those reservations aside, this is still a meticulous and sporadically fascinating account of the wheel'n'deal'n and total chaos that surrounded our "chameleon" chum's rise to fame.

● **TROUBLE IN MIND** (15, 111 minutes)



Remember Lori Singer? She played the part of that horrendously dippy cello player Julie in *Fame*, then cropped up in *Foolhouse* and here she is again in this thriller, playing the part of a real writing petal of a hippie who gets tangled up with the "wrong sort of people" in the big bad city. Ageing US folk singer and actor Kris Kristofferson plays the "hero" – a "rugged" ex-cop who saves Lori and her rather dense boyfriend from getting tangled up in the criminal underworld and who then falls terribly, terribly in love with Lori... Got it?  
 The only thing that saves the film is transvestite pop star and actor Divine playing his first ever "straight" role (i.e. he isn't wearing women's clothes). He plays this very creepy arch-villain and because he really hams it up something rotten he manages to put a bit of life into what's otherwise a very limp and unimaginative film.

William Shaw



● Divine's gripping portrayal of someone who isn't a lady is a highlight included in the film, (controversy).



● Lori Singer is the one on the right.



● Kris Kristofferson and his more "popular" "hero"

● **AT CLOSE RANGE** (15, 116 minutes)

ased on "true life" events, *At Close Range* tells the story of the disturbing relationship between an American father and son. Brad Whitewood played by the so-called "coolest guy in the universe", Sean Penn – who looks cute nice if you like that sort of thing, but can actually act) is a typical small town American teenage boy – until his dad turns up on the doorstep out of the blue after an absence of many years.

Brad Whitewood Senior (a creepy performance by Christopher Walken) is a crook and, with promises of easy money and fast flash cars, he lures his son into his highly professional, criminal circle.

At first Brad Junior is entranced by his pop's macho underworld (a little too macho, actually; the only thing the women are called upon to do in this film is mumble a bit and be generally wimpy) – but gradually he becomes disillusioned with its shady activities – particularly after bungling a job and ending up in chokery. And apart from that, he's fallen in love with a nice girl called Terry (Mary Stuart Masterson). But all this only serves to anger the father – and Whitewood Senior is definitely not a man to be crossed.

From now on, things turn distinctly nasty as the father, hell bent on retribution, sets about bumping off his son's friends and relations in an sickeningly brutal fashion (some of the violence is truly stomach-turning) and it's only a matter of time, you feel, before the son gets it too...

Beautifully filmed, *At Close Range* is compulsively watchable, but not for the squeamish or those of a nervous disposition.

Colette Campbell



● Terry has a bit of a fall down on Brad Junior while Brad Junior wanders off to his bloody murder scene.



● Terry and Brad Jr have a rather tense but a moment or two while they wonder who Brad Sr is going to hang off next.



A The "smouldering" screen presence of Sean Penn.



**BILLY BRAGG: Talking With The Taxman About Poetry (Go! Discs)** Even though Billy Bragg has tried to broaden his sound a little for this third album — a dash of Kirsty MacColl's singing here, a snatch of Johnny Marr's guitar playing there — this still sounds pretty like any other Billy Bragg record. In other words there's lots more songs about politics and lots more songs about how being in love is a bit of a problem, all "sung in that familiar tuneless gravely voice. The "rock'n'roll" songs that make up about half the album are a little flat and routine but at its best — "Greetings To The New Brunette" and the recent single "Levi Stubbs' Tears" — this is a spine-tingly good record. **(7½ out of 10)**

Chris Heath

**IT'S IMMATERIAL: Life's Hard And Then You Die (Siren)** This could well be the most miserable album title of the decade but never mind because the record itself shows that it's immaterial write jolly good pop songs. In fact everything else here is just as inspired and original as their recent hit, "Driving Away From Home." They seem to have deliberately created a Latin American sound with the Spanish guitars, gente piano and "spooky" violin all mixed in with some very hummable pop tunes and pretty bizarre lyrics. Mind you, I still can't work out why singer John Campbell poses on the inner sleeve with a bucket over his head. **(9 out of 10)**

Simon Brathwaite

**FELT: Forever Breathes The Lonely Word (Creation)** Q: Can there really be justice in this world when a band such as Felt basks not in the glory of a nation's swoons? A: No. Here we have them, their fifth LP of enchanting, timeless pop tunes — an utter masterpiece of quite gorgeous, magical lyrics, well, wibbly organ "rums", chinking guitars and a voice that can't sing in the same way as, say, Lloyd Cole can't sing, but is nevertheless completely mesmerizing. An object of beauty to fall in love with. Sigh... **(9½ out of 10)**

Sylvie "I'm still mad" Patterson

**ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK: The Pacific Age (Virgin)** OMD, possibly the most faceless band in pop, have produced yet another terrifyingly bland LP, perfectly played, of course, but utterly disposable. As always, they do have a couple of subversive melodies lurking in the morass of passionless synth-rock ditties — "Shame" and the single "Love And Die" are the two in question here — but whether it's worth your while wading through all that characterless elevator "musik" in order to reach those rare OK moments is, as they say, another question. Hold out for the singles, methinks. **(3 out of 10)**

Nick Kelly



**NICK HEYWARD: Postcards From Home (Arista)** Nick seems to have finally kissed goodbye the chirpy pop songs and cheeky grins that Haircut 100 used to specialise in. Instead he has become An Adult — with distressing results. His undoubted talent for a Good Tune is drowning here in a sea of impeccable production and "sophisticated" arrangements. The result is anonymous and heartless studio pop. **(4 out of 10)**

Josephine Hocking

**THE BIG DISH: The Swimmer (Virgin)** If Simple Minds were to record an album of decent Bizet Fizz tunes, chances are that it would sound something like this first album by the Big Dish. "The Swimmer" bulges at the seams with potential hit singles, from shiny pop-along like "Prospect Street" and "Big New Beginning" to tearjerking ballads like "Jealousy." Like those other much-loved performers of atmospheric guitar-pop, A Flock Of Seagulls, The Big Dish don't make the world's most "alternaeve" or "innovative" music, but they certainly have a talent for miffy tunes and rousing choruses. **(8 out of 10)**

Nick Kelly

**MODERN TALKING: Ready For Romance (RCA)** The news could hardly be worse. "Brother Louie" was not just an irritating flash in the pan — Modern Talking have many more similar "tunes" up their sleeves with which to drive all decent-living

folk completely round the bend. Did I say "similar"? Goodness gracious — most of the songs on the LP are ruddy identical. Same chord sequence; same flitty, insipid synth beat; same agonisingly "catchy" Eurostep chorus; same entirely useless lyrics that go "bittersweet so high so low/lonely dreamer life's a show" etc. etc. sung in the same drippy manner by that bloke with the hair. How quiet. The only departure from this "style" is a thing called "Lady Lay" which is a "slow" and turns out to be the drabdest and most boring piece of popular music ever created ever. Bring back The Herries. (Who? — Ed.) All is forgiven. **(0 out of 10)**

Tom Hébert

**THE FALL: Bend Sinister (Beggars Band)** One of these days The Fall are going to surprise the world and release a record that isn't full of Mark E. Smith droning on twenty-to-the-dotted about things that annoy him while scratchy guitars, clinky drums and a cheap organ doodle respectively in the background. But not, or, yet. This is simply more of the bitter sarcasm, uncomfortable noise and brilliant song titles (e.g. "Shoulder Pad's Repose", "Terry Waite Says") that The Fall are justifiably "famous" for. **(7 out of 10)**

Clrk Heath



**ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS: Blood And Chocolate (Imp)** Elvis Costello seems to have gone very weird lately. First he says he's giving up the name Elvis Costello — preferring Decian Patrick Aloysius MacManus (his real name with an extra middle name) — and now, on this new LP, he mislaid all the songs are written by "MacManus" (except for one — by Elvis Costello), all the instruments he plays are played by Napoleon Dynamite and yet the record is by Elvis Costello. The music's quite confusing too — these new songs are much more punchy, direct and angry than he's been for years, rather like the stuff he used to do back in the late 70s. Some of it is still disappointingly ordinary but in places — like the seething ballad "I Want You" — it's rather excellent. **(7 out of 10)**

Chris Heath

**SAXON: Rock The Nations (EMI)** More too-tight shiny trousers, more Farrah Fawcett hardos, more "singing" about raunchy chicks and rock's lost highway — in fact simply more of Saxon's usual head-banging stuff, complete with rude lyrics (e.g. "who's that girl with her pants on fire?"), their latest single, "Waiting For The Night", and perhaps their most poignant song to date, "Party 'Til U Puke". How quiet. **(4 out of 10)**

Cloéte Campbell



**BRUCE HORNSBY AND THE RANGE: The Way It Is (RCA)** Bruce Hornsby arrived from nowhere with the hit single, "The Way It Is", a beautiful song about unemployment in the rural south of Virginia, USA. Unfortunately there's nothing else on this album that remotely matches the quality of the title track. Instead it's just formula American rock with a smattering of country and western. While Huey Lewis producing and playing on some songs hardly helps, at the end of the day the blame must lie with Hornsby himself for writing such dreary and predictable songs. Very disappointing. **(3 out of 10)**

Simon Brathwaite

**THE LOVER SPEAKS: The Lover Speaks (A&M)** This loc must be one of the drippiest cry-baby bands ever. Every song on the album is about the trials and tribulations of being "in love" and, to make matters worse, there's even a song where instead of singing the lyrics the "singer" just wails because (according to his sleeve notes) it "speaks more of tears than had I performed the vocal". The music actually sounds quite nice in a desperately gloomy synthesiser sort of way, so it's a shame they're so overwhelmingly serious and pretentious. **(6 out of 10)**

Cloéte Campbell

**HELEN TERRY: Blue Notes (Virgin)** Helen Terry finds Helen out on her own sounding soulful and somewhat like Alison Moyet. When she keeps the squeals in check and just concentrates on some really great, steamy wails — like on the title track or "Forbidden Fruit" — the result is really, er, quite good. **(7 out of 10)**

Deborah Sprints

A black and white close-up portrait of Madonna. She is looking slightly to the right with a thoughtful expression, her hand near her chin. Her hair is styled in a short, textured cut. She is wearing a dark, strapless top.

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# LOOSE ENDS SLOW DOWN

I've been waiting while you've been living  
How do I get through to you  
Well my body's shaking anticipating  
Trying to figure your next move year

Baby I've got to move (ooh)  
'Cause I'm tired of watching you  
And I can't slow down no  
Or keep my feet on shabby ground woot woot

Slow down slow down 'cause I can't take the heat  
Slow down ooh slow down baby slow down

I can't stop for you  
I can't take the heat slow down slow down woot woot

Is this the part you take my heart to wipe your feet on  
Is this the part ooh is this the part  
You take my heart to wipe your feet on  
Is this the part don't wipe your feet on me

If you won't give me what I've been missing  
Then someone else will have to do (oh baby)

Then I guess that's how it's got to be  
You for you and me for me

Slow down 'cause I can't take the heat slow down  
Slow down my body's shaking for you woot  
Slow down 'cause I can't take the heat slow down  
Now tell me what you're gonna do

Don't wipe your feet on me

Is this the part you take my heart to wipe your feet on  
Is this the part baby

Slow down slow down 'cause I can't take the heat slow down

'Cause I can't take the heat

I can't take the heat slow down join me

'Cause I can't take the heat slow down

Slow down yeah slow down in the fast lane now

Slow down slow down 'cause I can't take the heat slow down

Anticipating love with you

Slow down slow down 'cause I can't take the heat slow down

Repeat and ad lib to fade

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# Weird tales from AMERICA

**S**nootling around in big black cars with TVs in, being accosted by religious loonies shouting "video stars are evil!", getting presented with glass dumbbells called "Infinity". . . it's all happening to the Pet Shop Boys now they're famous in the USA. They've sold zillions of records and have a gigantic neon "Pet Shop Boys" sign on Sunset Boulevard - but Chris Lowe remains unimpressed by it all and the only thing Neil Tennant wants to do is go mad in an old castle in Italy. Well! Simon Mills reports from Los Angeles.

**LOOK!** Look!... Over there! Behind that bush! . . . it's Robert Palmer having a pee! An English record company person is getting very excited indeed. You see, not only has he been "invited" (i.e. forked out \$150 dollars for a ticket) to the MTV Video Awards and the ensuing after-bash party here in L.A. (man), he's also managed to spot somebody very famous doing something very, um, "natural". Just wait till the guys in the office back home hear about this.

While poor old Robert fumbles with his trousers, the assembled party turn and search for another pop star to gape at.

"Look! There's one of the Pet Shop Boys," squeaks a teenage girl and dashes off toward Neil Tennant clutching her MTV programme and a pen. She's beaten to it by a middle-aged woman who explains to Neil "I don't know who you are but could you please sign here otherwise my kids'll kill me."

This rather ignorant lady is the exception rather than the rule - for almost everyone else in America has heard of the Pet Shop Boys and they seem to be especially popular here in California. Whilst she's waiting patiently for her turn, the eager young autograph hunter informs me that, along with "Dey-geh-ay-Mode," the Pet Shop Boys are the hottest thing in America right now. "This is true. Their LP, "Please", has sold over a million copies and "West End Girls" was a number one hit.

They've been asked to write a couple of songs for Steven Spielberg's new film *Inner Space*. They might be doing the music for a very famous American soft drink commercial.

They've been nominated as Best New Band Of The Year by MTV. And they've been asked to perform live at the prestigious awards ceremony.

The MTV Video Awards is the US equivalent of the BPI Awards, but being America it all operates on a much larger scale. The programme is broadcast live from both The Universal Amphitheatre in Los Angeles and the cavernous Palladium disco in New York. Guests performing live are Robert Palmer, Whitney Houston, The Monkees, The Hooters (?) and Mr Mister (amongst others), presenting awards are Huey Lewis and Janet Jackson (who confirms many "is Jacko Wacko?"-type rumours by entrouncing the winner of one particular category from the safety of her dressing room instead of on stage). Receiving awards are Dire Straits, Madonna (who walked on to the Palladium stage and said "Hi, is this New York? I'm so tired I don't know where I am!") and Robert Palmer whose video for "Addicted To Love" enjoyed "heavy rotation" on MTV, i.e. it was on quite a lot.

Unfortunately, the Pet Shop Boys lose the Best New Band Award to A-ha. Boo! Nevertheless, Chris and Neil do manage to get the all-seated auditorium audience (most of whom are clad in "rock 'n' roll attire" as requested on the invite) "whoopin'" and "a-hollerin'" when they perform funky rearranged live versions of "West End Girls" and "Love Comes Quickly". Actually, only Neil sings "live"; Chris just stands there looking extra fab in his bright yellow rubber windcheater and round chrome glasses miming along to the tunes. Neil's voice is helped along by

soulful backing singer Ava Cherry, and ver lads "deliver a tight set", as they say, despite the fact that their stage monitors have broken and they can't hear a thing they're doing (or so they say). Rock 'n' roll eh?

After much autograph signing and socialising at the "exclusive" après bash party (about a zillion people, none of whom seemed to know each other but all of whom were hoping that Prince or someone would turn up).

The Pet Shop Boys climb into their waiting limousine and begin to make their way to their own little "do" at a private club where they are to be presented with Platinum albums for one million sales of "Please". But they don't get very far - the journey is soon interrupted by a mob of loony religious nuts grasping banners which read "Video Stars Are Evil" and "It Is Immoral To Worship These False Gods". Neil takes particular exception to this.

"I felt like getting out of the car and saying 'Oii I'm not evil,'" he sneps. But, wisely, he does not get out of the car. . .

We finally do make it to the Pet Shop Boys party which turns out to be a rather embarrassing, back-slapping music biz affair, the climax of the evening being an awesomely profound but rather painful speech by the head of EMI America. Dressed in dark tie, dark shirt and dark suit he takes the stage looking like a baddie from *Dallas*.

"In a very short space of time

**Continues**



# Weird tales from America



▲ The Shop Boys bring quite 'mellow' and not ending in the Galleria's sunshine. That Neil taught his strum to 'Baby'



▲ We talk before it 'light' set - before there a public television sets in front of them a public television viewers to it

Chris and Neil, have reached the paramount of achievement in the rock industry," he drones. There then follows a well rehearsed, dramatic pause. "It's called Platinum."

Tennant and Lowe then leap on the stage, with their roly-poly manager Tom, and both get a shiny record mounted in a "lasteful" frame. They make their respective speeches and leave the stage. Everybody breathes a sigh of relief - that's quite enough yuckness for one night, thank you. But no - there's more. The EMI big wig is back, BACK!

"In addition to this," he says, "even more 'sincerely' than before, 'on behalf of everyone at EMI I'd like to present Chris and Neil with a special token of our appreciation. Hopefully this object will symbolise The Pet Shop Boys relationship with EMI. ... Infinity.' And what does 'Infinity' look like? You really want to know? Infinity is a glass dumb-bell! This is all too much, so the boys and their entourage decide to "hit" the dancefloor - well, the edge of it



▲ And Chris and Neil 'harzo' 'harzo' it quite obscurely 'toozoo' 'toozoo' as Neil's 'act'

anyway, where the DJ is playing a remixed version of "Opportunities". Chris and Neil are mesmerised. They've never heard their record played in a club before and they stand watching the local groovers sweating away to the complicated metallic rhythms and atmospheric synth noises.

Judging by their delighted reaction, this sort of thing means a lot more to them than their glass dumb-bells. They decide not to venture out onto the floor themselves, though.

"It's a bit half dancing to your own records," says Neil.

"And anyway," says Chris, "there's no need - I dance to Pet Shop Boys records all the time... in my bedroom."

Next day we're back at the Mondrian Hotel, Sunset Boulevard, West Hollywood, a beautifully designed "theme" hotel based on a grid and colour block painting by an artist called - you guess it - Mondrian.

Chris and Neil are spending a half day off wandering around the hotel's "lee-shur" (leisure) complex; taking the occasional dip in the pool, relaxing in the jacuzzi or just sitting in the sun. Neil is wearing a pair of tinted John Lennon specs and a pair of cream and red track suit trousers designed by Giorgio Armani for the Italian soccer team and Chris is sitting on top of the poolside cocktail bar dangling his legs over the side like a cheeky school boy. Dressed in Nike trainers, Nike t-shirt and Nike shorts (all donated by Nike), he could be regarded anything from 12-32. If they want to order a drink, one of the waitresses will bring them a drink, and if they want to call home someone will bring them a telephone so that they can talk trans-Atlantic by the pool, à la J.R. Ewing. Isn't this all a bit, erm "flash"?

"In L.A., riding around in a limousine is no big deal," says Neil. "For a start it's not very expensive - it costs about the same amount to hire a limousine as it does to hire a couple of taxis and if there's a lot of people with you, like there often is with us, it makes lot of sense. It's also very nice to ride around in a great big car with a TV in it. The secret is not to call it an 'limo' though, because that shows that you're really into it! We'd also never have a limousine in London, any smelly old men will do us."

And the bloke from EMI making the speech? "Well, it's very easy to snigger isn't it? Because you're English the words they use sound funny and all that but really they're dead sincere. Our record company is dead pleased that we've done so well. They take their jobs really seriously and if you laugh at what they're saying you're laughing at them, really, and we don't want to do



▲ Neil is presented with a shiny record from his record company - a glass dumbbell called 'Infinity' (???) Chris is sitting in the bar stool

that because we're rather proud of how well we've done in America. It is quite an achievement to sell a million records, don't you think?"

But does he think the Pet Shop Boys could get used to all this and become a boring "rock band"? Neil doesn't think so.

"You see what has happened with all these groups from the New Romantic period? That moody facade just seems to have been a means to an end. Like the Eurythmics and Tears For Fears for example - they used to be moody synth bands but now they've become 'authentic' rock groups. I don't think you'll ever see us going that way. I could never lead that sort of life style," he decides. "I could never live in L.A. - I see myself spending my later years going mad in an old castle in Italy." (He's got his eye on one at the bargain price of £62,000.) "You see," he says, summing up his thoughts, "I see The Pet Shop Boys as one of the last surviving synth duos like Soft Cell."

Later in the day when the Pet Shop Boys are down at a local radio station KRQQ, Chris chooses Soft Cell's "Say Hello Wave Goodbye" as one of his "classic rock



▲ Neil is presented with another shiny record from his record company - a glasscup (I'd be there no and to be surprised)

tracks". Others include "Eyes Without A Face" by Sir William Idol, "The Look Of Love" by ABC and "Invisible Sun" by the Polco. The DJ, an Englishman called Richard Blade, doesn't have any Bee Gees, much to Chris's disappointment. Then it's time for the "boys" to take some calls from listeners.

"Hi! This is Stella from San Diego. Can you tell me why you cancelled your tour?" This is a big question with KRQQ listeners. Many of them seem to have bought tickets for the now postponed shows which were to have taken place later on in the year at a small theatre for five nights in a row. All 10,000 tickets sold out within two hours despite the fact that the



▲ We just can't believe the DJ has no Bee Gees records - it's a real "top" "top"

final go ahead. Chris explains patiently (for about the millionth time this week) that the dates were cancelled due to some financial problems which meant that they might end up losing a lot of money but not to worry because they would definitely be playing next year.

Stella is thrilled to be talking to the group; she likes Depeche Mode a lot too, but the Pet Shop Boys are her favourite. She thinks it's really great that they have taken the time to come down to KRQQ as a sort of thank you to the station for their early



▲ Some word out of your. Actually it's some kind of temp. comedian - the entertainment for the Pet Shop Boys (see page 100)

support. "It's nice to talk to some down-to-earth rock stars," she says.

Stella is right. Success hasn't really spilt the Pet Shop Boys yet. Neil still says things like "tragic" and gets excited when he hears that Sir William "Bfly" Idol is staying in a nearby hotel. They both still like pop stars who are "down the dumper", their latest "fans" being Andrew Ridgeley; Neil recently told a "VJ" (video jockey) that he thought Andrew was much more talented than George Michael. "You know, Neil," said the sincere video person, "You're the first person I've heard say that." And Chris, meanwhile, remains unimpressed with the USA sales of "Please".

"When you consider how big America is, a million isn't very much. I think it's a bit disappointing, really." Well! Best of all, though, the Pet Shop Boys have retained that invaluable British quality, the ability to laugh at themselves.

"Have you seen our fantastic neon sign on Sunset Boulevard?" asks Neil proudly, referring to the very striking fluorescent pink neon words reading "Pet Shop Boys" and "Please" which glimmer brightly high above Sunset Boulevard.

"Well, the other day I was having this meal," he continues, "and the waitress came up and asked 'Are you the Pet Shop Boys?' So we replied 'Yes', expecting her to say something like 'I think your record's great' or 'can I have your autograph?' But instead she turned round and said 'I just love your neon sign!'"



▲ Back into the 'line' - another exp on the 'rocky road' to success

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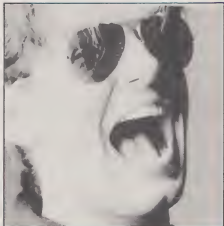
The Sound of Musik  
it's Pavaratti, he is the biggest Bob Dylan Fan  
Sie machen alle Musik far bays, girls an big tall man  
it's Otis Redding, he is sitting on the dack of the bay  
listen to the band, listen to the big-band, to the bang-bang,  
to the bang-bang, blow horn

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## BILLY IDOL

Have I told you lately that I love you  
If I didn't darling you see I'm a so sorry  
Didn't I reach out and hold you in my loving arms  
Well I / didn't baby well I'm a so sorry

When I realized that you need love too  
Where to spend my life making love to you  
I forgot to be your lover baby  
Have mercy forgot to be your lover  
(Have mercy) forgot to be your lover  
(Have mercy) forgot to be your lover (have mercy)  
Make it on through with you all night  
Forgot to be your lover  
(Forgot to be your lover) hoo  
Yeah ah wooo

Share all the burdens love that lovers can bear  
Didn't I say all these loving special things  
Put your arms around me show how much I care  
Well I realize that you need love too  
Spend my life making love to you  
Forgot to be your lover have mercy well

Well I work all day as hard as I can  
Work all night doesn't make me a man  
Forgot to be your lover have mercy ooh

When I realized that you need love too  
Gonna spend my life making love to you  
I got to be your lover  
I got to be your lover baby  
Oh have mercy (have mercy)  
Have mercy baby have mercy baby

I've gotta make it on through to you somehow  
(Have mercy)  
Got to be your lover (have mercy baby)

Have I told you lately that I love you  
If I didn't baby you I'm so sorry  
But you know I really love you (love you baby)  
I really love you baby (love you baby)  
I really need you baby (need you baby)  
I really need you baby (want you baby)

If you realize that you need love too  
Oh spend my life making love  
Making love making love to you  
Yes I work all day as hard as I can  
Work all night a / didn't make me a man  
(Got to be your lover)  
Got to be your lover (have mercy)

Oh have mercy baby (have mercy) have mercy baby  
(Have mercy) do have mercy baby (have mercy baby)

I've gotta make it on through  
Well I need love (got to be your lover)  
I need love too (got to be your lover)  
(Got to be your lover have mercy)

(Got to be your lover I got to be your lover)  
(Have mercy have mercy)  
Ah ah to fade

Words and music by William Bell/Bonnie T. (Jives)  
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# THE HISTORY OF THE GRAMMOPHONE

## (Incorporating the invention of the pop "discs")

**1835:** The word "phonograph" is first used — by Egyptologists to describe a certain type of hieroglyphic script.



▲ Thomas Alva Edison leans "down" some "wax tracks" in his workshop

**1877:** Thomas Alva Edison demonstrates his tin foil cylinder recording machine in the USA. The first cylinder "consists" of Edison reciting the nursery rhyme "Mary Had A Little Lamb" (zzzzzzzz...).



▲ Edison's first cylinder phonograph (1878). What sounds like the cylinder onto the spindle, and the needle through out, run the handle and — "no burr" — sound (N.B. Also raised a hearty sausage market here!)



▲ Cylinders used to become popular again closely resembling the things people buy when cooling herbs in front of a heater.

**1878:** Edison predicts the uses to which sound recordings will be put in future including: office dictation, speaking books for the blind, music — "The phonograph will undoubtedly be liberally devoted to music" — educational purposes and... talking clocks!

**1888:** Inventor Emil Berliner demonstrates disc recording in America and predicts that discs will be used in the home rather than the office.



▲ Emil Berliner's brilliant invention: a gramophone that plays rotating discs!



▲ The world's first juke box (1888) or something like it. (On the left was a jukebox given to a group of the lack of Decepto Mode records (brown hair) here.)

**1889:** The world's first battery operated Edison phonograph, is installed at the stony Palais Royal Hotel in San Francisco.

**1892:** The first commercial recordings in the UK of music hall songs like "Papa's Gone To Heaven And Left His Swivelchair In The Hayloft" or something) on cylinders are made by London Phonograph Co.



▲ Another disc-playing phonograph from Edison, 1890 (N.B. Even somewhat "responsible" for most "musical listening pleasure")



▲ A 19th century self-styled poet (gossiping a "Waltzman") (usually, "Waltzman" and "Waltz" were then actually being avoided, but this was a "graphic" 1894 drawing by artist Roddick of what phonograph might be like in the future.)

**1895:** The first magazine for record buyers, *The Phonograph Record*, is published in Chicago.

**1897:** The world's first recording studio is opened by Fred Gaisberg, a colleague of Emil Berliner, over a shoe shop in Philadelphia. Emil Berliner opens the world's first record shop in the same city.

**1898:** Fred Gaisberg opens Britain's first recording studio in Maiden Lane, London. Emil Berliner manufactures the world's first novelty "puzzle" record with two piano solos in separate, parallel grooves.



Pop "discs" are them, we scratch Marmalade on them, them out the garden blood and sweat, the and development. No story of how the gram every household...

**1899:** Dame Clara Butt, internationally famous singer, becomes the first professional to make use of a recording studio, warbling various oratorios at London's Maiden Lane.



▲ Dame Clara Butt — the world's first ever recording "star" (well, 1890s)

**1902:** Italian operatic Enrico Caruso (the man who had \$9 million) records the aria "Vesti La Giubba" from Leoncavallo's opera *I Pagliacci* in Milan. The result becomes the first recorded piece of music to sell one million copies.



▲ One of the superstar Enrico Caruso — the first to sell over a million records

**1903:** The world's first 12" double-sided discs are released. The first British record pressing plant is set up by Nicholas Freres. Hurray!



**1906:** The world's largest ever records — the 20" Pathé Grand series — are manufactured. (Not a roaring success.)

**1909:** The Gramophone Company adopts the famous "dog and trumpet" logo.



▲ The famous "dog and trumpet" logo of the Gramophone Company — featuring Nipper the dog.



▲ Dame Clara does a bit of sponsorship for The Gramophone — a 1903 phonograph model costing up to £100 (equivalent to a single "works" set at around £300 in today's terms)

**1900:** The world's first paper labels appear on records; they are manufactured by Eldridge Johnson's Improved Gram-Of-Phone Records Co. The first appeal for money on disc is a message recorded by Zoupp Centinel after his airship crashed. Thus does the Count pave the way for Band Aid, The Crow, etc.



# GRAMOPHONE RECORD

## tion of rock'n'roll. . .)

something we all take for granted – we play them, we spill Special Preserve we get completely fed up with them and toss window. . . Rarely do we ponder on all the tears and toil that went into their invention w, for the first time (hem hem) we relate the phone record came to be an object in

**1917:** The world's first jazz record – "Indiana"/"The Dark Town Strutters Ball" by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band – is released; it goes on to sell over one million copies in eight years.



▲ The Original Dixieland Jazz Band – who recorded the world's first jazz "disc" – "rock 'n' roll" in New Orleans

**1920:** The world's first commercial electrical recording is made by The Gramophone Company – part of the bursal service for the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey, the disc retails at 7s 6d (37/10p).

The first auto-changing record player is marketed in America by Victor.

**1921:** The world's first feature-length "talking" picture is shown, using dialogue on discs synchronized to the silent film *Dream Street*.

**1922:** BBC radio goes on air for the first time.



▲ One of the first ever radio broadcasts, 1922. Ferry Scott Koussikis Perry Tam recites Shakespeare into an omnium microphone

**1924:** The world's smallest ever playable disc is made by HMV. 1½" in diameter, it plays "God Save The King".



▲ The world's smallest ever record – plays "God Save The King"

**1926:** *Melody Maker*, the world's first "pop" music magazine, is published for the first time.

**1927:** Christopher Stone becomes Britain's first disc jockey, broadcasting a programme of gramophone music for the BBC every Friday evening.

**1927:** The world's first "real" "talking" picture – *The Jazz Singer* starring Al Jolson, a mad crooner whose "gimmick" was to smear his face with coffee powder and pretend to be a black man – is shown in the USA. Only a tiny part of the film – when Jolson launches into his completely over-the-top "Mammy" song – actually features sound.



▲ Al Jolson pretending to be a black man in the world's first "real" "talking" picture, *The Jazz Singer*

**1931:** The first patent for stereophonic recording is taken out by Alan D. Blumlein of *The Gramophone Company* in Britain.

**1934:** The term "high fidelity" comes into use in record and equipment advertisements.

**1935:** The first film with stereophonic sound is shown in France. Titled *Napoleon Bonaparte*, the film was actually made in 1927 but had stereo effects and dialogue added in this year. (Cheats.)



▲ A juft juggles the horizontal vinyl while about during one of the world's first ever TV broadcasts, 1936. Mickey Mouse playing some bagpipes made out of grapes or something

**1936:** The world's first TV service – the BBC – goes on the air.

**1938:** The *Gernand* company manufactures the world's first record player able to play both sides of a disc without turning it over. (Not a roaring success.)

**1939:** *Outbreak of World War II*. HMV releases a record which explains what to do in an air-raid and includes the sound of an air-raid siren. (46 years later this "seminal" "waxing" is ripped off by Frankie Goes To Hollywood on "Two Tribes".)

**1940:** The world's first on sales of sheet music – is published in America's *Billboard* magazine. The first number 1 is "Never Smile Again" by Tommy Dorsey.



▲ Tommy Dorsey – the first bandleader to have an "official" number 1 hit single in America.

**1945:** The world's first album chart – also based on sales of sheet music – is published in *Billboard*. The first number 1 is "King Cole Trio" by Nat King Cole.



▲ Nat King Cole – the first bandleader to have an "official" number 1 hit album in America.

**1948:** The first radio show based on sheet music charts – Radio Luxembourg's Sunday night Top Twenty programme – goes on the air.

First professional tape recorders go on sale in Britain.

**1949:** The 7" 45 rpm record is introduced in America and the first 12" 33½ rpm LPs are released – one of which, the original cast version of Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Oklahoma*, is the world's first million selling LP.

**1952:** Britain's first singles chart is published in the music paper *New Musical Express*. The first number 1 is "I Believe" by Frankie Laine.



▲ Frankie Laine – the first bandleader ever to have an "official" number 1 hit single in Britain.

**1954:** Hip-wriggling scamp, Elvis Presley records his first "platter", "That's Allright Mama".

**1955:** The first ever single by a canine vocal troupe, *The Singing Dogs*, enters the UK singles charts. A medley of "Pas A-Cake"/"Three Blind Mice"/"Jingle Bells"/"Oh Susanna", it "peaks" at number 13.

**1958:** Elvis Presley has his first hit record with "Heartbreak Hotel" and – hey presto – rock'n'roll has finally been invented. Hurrah!



• Sir Elvis "Presley", inventor of rock'n'roll

Research: Terri Anderson. Lots of hand-works. Dennis Schaeferinger. "Interesting" pop facts. Tom Hibbert. Pictures: Mary Evans Picture Library, Pictorial Press, The Kobal Collection, BBC Hulton Picture Library. Thanks to: EMI Records, The Guinness Book Of Recorded Sound.



## Libra

September 23 -  
October 23



Be particularly careful this week when fitting new blades to a lawnmower as lawnmower blades can be quite sharp. Those "new fangled" lawnmowers are rather more safe than the old-fashioned variety, or so it would appear if the advertisements I have seen on my television set are to be believed.

## Scorpio

October 24 -  
November 22



Trouble with a wonky toaster. Also a possible spillage on a carpet. Let's hope it's something like water and not red wine because red wine makes for "problem stains" enough some experts say that if you pour sea salt over it, it comes out in 10 days. I wouldn't know about this, though, as I am a testotater.

## Sagittarius

November 23 -  
December 21



You were born in what we famous astrologers often refer to as the "chilly time of year." Cold can best be prevented by wrapping up well in a sensible overcoat and - for added protection - a thick woollen scarf. If in doubt, retire to bed with a hot water bottle.

# \* \* Your Stars \* \*

by a World so-called Famous so-called Astrologer

## Capricorn

December 22 -  
January 20



Be particularly careful this week when emptying flower bags as you never know - you might have "suzed" up something like a best paper clip which can deliver quite a nasty prick to the finger joints handled in the correct manner.

## Aquarius

January 21 -  
February 18



You were born under what we famous astrologers often refer to as the "sign" of Aquarius and quite a lot of people born under this "sign" are none too careful when being thermos flasks to take on ponies. If in doubt, stay at home with a good book.

## Pisces

February 19 -  
March 20



If you are superstitious, it is best not to "tempt fate" by walking under ladders as this is supposed to bring bad luck. Many people "pooh pooh" this theory, myself among them.

## Aries

March 21 -  
April 20



You may well feel the need to make a telephone call to a friend this week. If so, be particularly careful when dialling as it is quite a simple error to get the numbers in the wrong order in which case you often end up speaking to someone who is a complete stranger and also you might well get a few extra unwanted pence on your British Telecom bill at the end of the quarter.

## Taurus

April 21 -  
May 21



Quite a number of what we world famous astrologers often refer to as "Tauruses" have push-button telephones as opposed to the "dial" type. But do not be deceived - numerical errors when telephoning can still occur with these "new fangled" machines.

## Gemini

May 22 -  
June 21



You may well be making a purchase of some

sort this week. If so, it often helps the shop keeper if you show the correct change to hand, unless, of course, it is a large item like a washing machine in which case cheque books can be quite handy.

## Cancer

June 22 -  
July 22



Be particularly careful if fitting a fresh doorknob to your front door this week as screwdrivers can be quite sharp. Also if a gust of wind should puff the door shut you could well find yourself locked out of the house so it is always best to have a spare set of keys about your person. Most keys fit snugly into a trouser pocket.

## Leo

July 23 -  
August 22



According to what we world famous astrologers often refer to as a "chart", Leo can expect to be celebrating birthdays this week, so if somebody should give you a "gift" it is probably for some other reason. The string horn parcels may be stored in a kitchen drawer for "safe keeping".

## Virgo

August 23 -  
September 22



You may well encounter a peculiar smell wafting from the refrigerator this week. Old pieces of food should be discarded, for hygiene reasons, in the nearest dustbin. Radical operations - or what we famous astrologers often refer to as "dustbin" - will be happy to empty the bin for you. If in doubt, leave the court and retire to bed with a hot drink.

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## FATAL HESITATION

Chris De Burgh

The cafes are all deserted the streets are wet again  
 There's nothing quite like  
 An out of season holiday town in the rain  
 When the tourists go and the cold winds blow  
 And my girl is on a plane home

I'm never going to love another  
 The way that I have loved you  
 It's taken me a little time to discover it  
 Now I know it's true  
 But fatal hesitation made me miss the show

Oh Romeo is standing in the rain  
 And I know that I have let her slip away ooh  
 Fatal hesitation (aah) fatal hesitation (aah)

I saw you again this morning walking down the beach  
 And though you are a thousand miles away  
 You were only just out of reach  
 But when I got up close and I saw her face  
 I knew it couldn't be so no no

Oh Romeo is standing in the rain (standing in the rain)  
 And I oh yes I know I have let her slip away ooh  
 Fatal hesitation (aah) fatal hesitation (aah)  
 I'm going to get on my boat and sail away

Oh Romeo is standing in the rain (ooh standing in the rain)  
 And I know that I have let her slip away ooh  
 (Aah) fatal hesitation (aah)  
 Fatal hesitation (aah) fatal hesitation (aah)  
 Oh Romeo is standing in the rain  
 Fatal hesitation (aah)  
 I know yes I know I have let her slip away ooh

I'm going to read a little Shakespeare  
 And get her out of my head  
 It doesn't matter anymore  
 I'm going to miss her just a little bit  
 Just a little bit

Words and music by Chris De Burgh. Reproduced by permission Rondor Music (London) Ltd. On A&M Records



Girls girls girls (girls girls girls)  
 Girls girls girls

Girls girls girls  
 Girls girls girls (girls girls girls)  
 Girls girls girls girls  
 Girls girls girls girls

Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

Well I'm running away  
 From this house on the hill  
 There's a devil inside  
 Sitting on the windowsill

And it's a wild Friday night  
 And I'm all on my own  
 I knocked on every door in town  
 There ain't one little girl that's home

And everybody's got a date  
 And the ones that ain't are tired  
 What the hell do you do on a weekend honey  
 When your heart's on fire

And you can go from Tokyo to Rome  
 (Tokyo to Rome) looking for a girl  
 But it looks to me like the weekend means  
 Heartache all over the world

Girls girls girls (girls girls girls)  
 Have pity on me  
 Oh it looks to me like the weekend means  
 Heartache heartache all over the world

He's got lipstick on his collar  
 She's got fishnets on her legs  
 I'm at home and I've got nothin'  
 Just a cold and aching head

There must be something dirty  
 Just blame it on the magazines  
 Don't read that trash it'll drive you crazy  
 'Cause the cops invade your dreams

Oh and everybody's got a date  
 And the ones that ain't are tired  
 What the hell do you do on a weekend honey  
 When your heart's on fire

And you can go from Tokyo to Rome  
 (Tokyo to Rome) looking for a girl  
 But it looks to me like the weekend means  
 Heartache heartache all over the world  
 Girls girls ooh ooh

Tokyo to Rome oh oh oh oh oh

Oh and you can go from Tokyo to Rome  
 Looking for a girl  
 But it seems to me that the weekend means  
 Heartache heartache all over the world

Girls girls heartache ooh ooh ooh  
 Heartache heartache heartache  
 All over the world

Girls girls heartache ooh ooh ooh  
 Heartache heartache heartache  
 All over the world

Girls girls heartache ooh ooh ooh  
 Heartache heartache heartache  
 All over the world

# Roll

**T**ake pity on poor old Richard Butler—lead singer of The Psychedelic Furs; for, throughout his life he has been dogged by... dodgy lips! "One side curls up and one side curls down," he says, "especially when I laugh. I fell some steps when I was five and cut my lip open. I mean, it doesn't look that bad... you don't come away saying 'God! Did you see that guy's mouth!' or anything like that... I don't think!"

On second thoughts, readers, don't take pity on poor old Richard Butler—for at least he's felt "very privileged" to have been the inventor of just about the best group in the entire cosmiverse. And to think that it's all thanks to the "magic" of the Sex Pistols.

"They changed my life," he states boldly in his gramy London "craoon."

"After I saw them play in 1976, I realized that it was possible for me to be in a band too—I didn't have to be a great musician or a great anything. And I was so excited that I couldn't wait to get out and play—I didn't even bother writing any songs! I just got a group of friends together, we went out and played wherever we could and I just made up the words as I went along, the first thing that came into my head—songs about religion, sad songs, angry songs. For some reason I found it fairly easy... er, well I don't know if I did really—I just didn't care!"

For two years Richard and his buddies (including his brother Tim) "lamed about," some being thrown out in the process "for not being able to play well enough," but by 1979 they'd found replacements who could play and six of them finally became "a proper, serious band." And in 1980 Richard's made-up-on-the-spot songs became their first very brilliant LP, "The Psychedelic Furs."

Then there was an almighty explosion (or something) and The Furs were whisked into the momentaneous spiral of post-punk pop, a boom then sweeping the nation. Then they became a bit more famous and at the beginning of 1983, they disappeared completely. Off to America where, for the next three and a half years, they became very, very famous and "much more than a cult band." In the meantime, though, some film bloke called John Hughes decided he rather fancied the title of a song Richard had written in 1980 called "Every Little Thing" for a rather funny 'n' a splotome film he was making about teenage lurve in America. The group reckoned it was a pretty good idea too, re-recorded the song and ZWING! it's at last become a very big hit all over the world.



**A Psychedelic Furs**... "The band's lead singer, Richard Butler, says he's 'very privileged' to have been the inventor of just about the best group in the entire cosmiverse. And to think that it's all thanks to the 'magic' of the Sex Pistols." Butler is seen in the center of the photo, flanked by band members Paul Gonsky (right) and Mark Wilkinson (left).

Main Picture: Richard Butler



Why has it taken this group six long years to have a hit single (the rather brilliant "Pretty In Pink")? Sylvia Patterson thinks it could have something to do with the fact that their lead singer wears his girlfriend's frilly knickers, a velvet ball filled with sand around with him and is maybe not the most, erm, sane person ever invented. . .

"Pretty In Pink" is actually about a girl who . . . er, how shall I put this . . . who has a lot of lovers and, you know, thinks that makes her really good and that everyone's in love with her. But the fact is that they don't even care. It's more about the boys' attitude than the girls', really. You hear guys talking sometimes and you feel so sorry for the girls because they think they're a really big deal to some guy and they're not at all. Guys who are like that are basically afraid of real feeling—they pretend they don't feel anything when . . . well, they do!"

Such "meaningful" matters are rather close to Richard's heart—he likes to think of his songs as quite "thoughtful."  
"I really hate happy songs," he pines happily. "I don't like songs unless they're moaning! When someone sings a sad song or an angry song I feel it much deeper. A happy song is just like candyfloss. The amount of time you spend in a day actually happy and smiling is a very small part. I miss, and I go home and put on a record when I'm by myself. I don't skip around the room laughing and disco dancing. Er . . . I'm not miserable, though!"

It's true—30 year old Richard ("don't mention that!") (how how) doesn't seem, on the whole, to be a particularly doomsome individual. Perhaps he is, though, just a teeny bit sensitive . . .

"I don't know if I'm even that," he insists, after pondering over the matter for a rather long, silent time. "I try to analyse myself as little as possible. If you start analysing yourself and you come across what you think is a problem, the more you look at it the bigger it becomes. Like, there's a big thing in America about going to analysts, and they go through their childhood and remember what happened to them and they reckon that has a bearing on what they're like in later life. So you meet people who are running around complaining that their mother said the wrong thing to them when they were four and a half and they end up hating their parents because of what the analyst has told them, whereas before they might have got on perfectly well! And the more they think about it the more it worsens a great!"

And Richard should know because he wasn't a very well chap himself at one point . . .

"Yeah, I went for analysis when I was about 16. I was really severely depressed, monically depressed. I had to go and see a psychiatrist and they tried to blame it all on the people that were around me. I wasn't interested in that—I went about twice in the end. I

didn't even know what I was depressed about at the time . . . well, it's a difficult time when you're 16, isn't it? But I got better! You know," he confides with a shudder of horror, "I really thought I was going mad then!"

Ah, but just before you think what a well-balanced being he turned out to be, he continues in a bit of a spook, despairing voice . . .

"When I'm by myself for any length of time late at night, I start going a bit . . . round the bend. I miss other people around me to relate to. I hate being by myself. I have to have other people around otherwise I lose grip really easily of what's real and what's not. I keep thinking I'm having a heart attack. And when I think that, I go for a run around the block and I think that if I'm having a heart attack, I'll die, but if I make it back I must be alright."

Burliness—that's a bit of an odd candyfloss, is it not?

"Well, I actually get real pains—maybe it's just from imagining them but you can do anything with your imagination. I don't know whether my imagination is that vivid or not, but it's vivid enough so that I don't know whether I'm imagining something or whether it's real. I often see things . . ."

Oh dear . . .  
"I remember once when I was in my flat in New York and I was awake all night and I got up to go to the window and I saw a plane flying overhead and I knew it was going to drop the nuclear bomb. . ."

Er, isn't this a wee bit worrying!  
"Ha ha haahhh!" he comments.

Hmm, Apart from these nightly "visions"—however, Richard appears to lead a very normal existence in his rather swanky, white-painted open-plan apartment in one of the quieter areas of New York—going out to "movies," the theatre, reading novels, eating, horse-riding and being with his American girlfriend of four years with whom he, "in love," so much "in love," in fact, that he wears her knickers . . .

"Ha! Ha! I had a really embarrassing experience with that a couple of years ago—I went round to visit my friend and his step-ladder fell on my head! And I went to the hospital because I had to get an anaesthetic injection in the backside and . . . well, I just happened to have a pair of her knickers on with little flowers on and frills round the outside. I could hear all the nurses running around telling each other all about it—I was soooo embarrassed. I only had them on because I didn't have any clean ones left. Believe it or not, I'm not really

very accident-prone most of the time . . . touch wood."

Ah . . . you're not superstitious are you!

"Er . . . I suppose I am in a way. I'm not religious or anything like that and I don't carry things around with me . . . actually, I do have a juggling ball that I carry around with me. It's made of velvet and it's filled with sand and it's all different colours and it feels sort of soft and solid at the same time and I just sort of . . . fiddle about with it. It reminds me of home."

The "home" that a juggling ball for some strange reason reminds Richard of is most definitely New York and not London where he comes from, or Surrey where he was brought up. Why does he think so much of America?

"Well, there's an atmosphere in America," he decides, "that makes you think you can do anything. That anything can happen—anything you set your mind to. Of course I still go back to England to see my mum and dad and all that but I certainly don't miss it."

There are a lot of things I don't like about America, obviously—I can't stand people thinking that money's everything and in L.A. (mon) there's all these people obsessed with having the perfect body and they're walking around with their tans and their nose jobs and their body jobs, totally taken in by advertising, obsessed with perfection. But I don't surround myself with people like that anyway and I don't think there's any danger of me being like them!"

Good. How is Richard coping with being "hailed" as a birrvois sex symbol these days?

"Er . . . (Glores throat) I don't know! I'm very flattered by it but I don't

think of myself like that at all. I think a lot of people look at people in bands and call them sex symbols but if they saw them walking down the street and they weren't pop stars they wouldn't dream of calling them a sex symbol. People confuse being famous with being beautiful."

Janice Long fancies you, you know. "Does she? Ha ha! I've met her a few times and she certainly doesn't flirt with me or anything like that!"

Richard proclaims that "The Psychedelic Fur is my life," but for all that he can force a time, perhaps not so very far off when it won't be . . .

"Well, I'm not going to do rock 'n' roll for the rest of my life," he chirps. "Oh no—there's a lot of things I've got to do with my life yet—I'd really like to write a novel, a best-seller. I might do some acting . . . I'm a very good artist too. I'm good at drawing naked ladies—I drew naked ladies every day for two years at art school. I don't think I could do that for a living mind you. In fact," he decides, after pondering the matter for a moment, "I'd never do it, never! I'm too shy . . ."

Too shy!  
"I'm very shy. Still. But I used to be incredibly shy, especially about the way I looked. I didn't like what I looked like or the way I talked or the way I sang. When we started I'd have my back to the audience because I couldn't stand people looking at me. These days, though, and probably for the first time, I can look at myself and say "You're really good at being what you are. You're a great performer Richard, one of the best . . ."

As well as being a bit brinks! "Ha ha ha haahhh!"  
(Translation: "Yes!")

## DISCOGRAPHY SINGLES

- May '79 We Love You/Juice
  - Oct '79 Sister Ecstasy (This actually is the name of the song)
  - Oct '80 Mr James Sore's Singer
  - Apr '81 Love Waiters Club
  - May '81 Pretty In Pink/Part The Ends
  - June '82 Bomb My Way Anaisette
  - Oct '82 Danger! Don't Want To Be Your Shadow (extra track on 12" Goldies)
  - Nov '82 Sister Ecstasy/Princess Psychedelic Fur/Princess Psychedelic Fur/Princess Psychedelic Fur (single included on a 7" CD set)
  - Mar '84 Heaven/Heaven
  - Feb '84 The Ghost In You/Another Edge (extra track on 12" Promotion Gold)
  - Oct '84 Northeast 19/Trash/Heaven/Heaven/Glowboys
  - July '86 Pretty In Pink (new version)/Love My Way (extended states and extra track, Perry in Park, (introduction), on 12")
- ### ALBUMS
- Mar '80 The Psychedelic Fur
  - May '81 Talk Talk Talk
  - Sept '83 Forever Now
  - May '84 Mirror Mirror

# All I want to do UB40

## Chorus

I don't like the work but true I need the money  
My life is like a joke but to me it isn't funny  
People all around telling me what to do  
All I want to do is stay at home with you  
All I want to do is stay at home with you

## Time after time I say to myself

Working all my life ain't good for my health  
Get old get tired put on the shelf  
While I do all the work someone else gets all the wealth  
Wish I was on an island in the sun  
Where I wouldn't have to worry how to get things done

## Repeat chorus twice

## Day after day becomes more of a grind

Bills pile up money's harder to find  
 Trying to get ahead getting further behind  
 If I don't give up I'm gonna lose my mind  
 Wish I was on an island in the sun  
 Where I wouldn't have to worry how to get things done

## Repeat chorus

All I want to do is stay at home with you

## Repeat to fade

## Words and music by UB40

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## THIS WEEK IN JUST SEVENTEEN



# GIANT POSTER

FULL OF POP STARS

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it BUILD, issue by issue, into a BOOK! OF PERSONAL FILES!  
(Hence the name!!)

P.S. There's also something quite good about Billy Idol, Nik  
Kershaw, The Fall, The Pretenders and just about every other  
pop "icon" you care to mention!

Smash Hits-on sale October 8

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON A COLLECTION OF POP STARS GATHERED IN A CHARITY RECORD. THIS TIME THE CAUSE WAS ANTI-HEROIN – BUT WILL IT

# "IT'S JUST A LOT OF PEOPLE THEY'RE TRYING TO



▲ Sir Clifford Richard, John Papp and Steve Harley



▲ Alannah Currie, Mike Peters and Tom Bailey



▲ Bananarama (No. 2), The Smiths, Hazel O'Connor and Kim Wilde (2)



▲ Tom Bailey (right) and Nik Kershaw



▲ Zak Starkey (Ringo Starr's son) and Daryl Fandy

Outside the famous Abbey Road studios (where the Beatles recorded millions of their records) about 50 young fans, mostly girls, are gallivanting about disturbing the quiet Sunday afternoon hush of this leafy London suburb. They're waiting to greet the stars who have agreed to spend this afternoon recording an anti-heroin record called "Love-In World". Each time one more star arrives the fans scream and shout (very loudly if they're very famous, loudly if they're just famous, and quite loud even if they don't recognize them – just in case) and clamour for autographs.

Inside, down in the canteen where the stars themselves are milling around waiting for their turn to sing, it's even more chaotic. In the far corner there's Nik Kershaw and his wife Sheri. Nik skulls behind a pair of dark sunglasses hiding two black eyes – he's just back from Barbados and nearly did something very nasty indeed to his eyes while scuba diving (he went too deep without blowing out of his nose to increase the air pressure inside his mask or something – bleurgh).

Over by the buffet there's Mike Peters and Eddie MacDonald from *The Alarm*, just round the corner there's Shelley, Mike and Bobby from *Bucks Fizz* nattering away, and at the bar are Tom Bailey and Alannah Currie from the *Thompson Twins* who've just flown in from Ireland and simply can't stop talking about how important this all is – after all they did make their own record about heroin, "Don't Mess With Dr Dream", last year. The government, mutters Tom angrily, and the unemployment they've caused, are responsible for a large part of the problem anyway.

Seconds later Tom Watt (Lofty in *EastEnders*) echoes the same opinion but far more vigorously. "That's the first thing we've got to do," he growls, "get rid of this government!"

Out in the corridor Fish from *Marillion* is being a little more philosophical. He is, after all, someone who has actually taken heroin.

"Never again," he says, clearly shocked that he can be worth quite so daff. "It's not worth it."

Albit further down the corridor impromptu rehearsals are taking place – Kim Wilde, Hazel

O'Connor and Precious Wilson are all trying out harmonies. Soon they're joined by Sinitta (who's here with her mother), Hazel Dean and Bonnie Tyler. They beatle on and on, even when Daryl Fandy – the huge soul singer on Farley Jackmaster Funk's "Love Can't Turn Around" (who wobbles on his back on *Top Of The Pops*) – insists on crowning out the whole place with his "inspired" vocal improvisations and his views on heroin.

"I never take drugs," he bellows, "because I can get a bigger high from 'House' music (the new musical craze in his hometown of Chicago) and," he adds, "the biggest high of all is from Jesus Christ..."

At around 3.30 in the afternoon, the whole ensemble is herded into the huge recording studio, surrounded by microphones and made to sing the chorus over and over and over again. It all goes smoothly apart from Alannah Currie and Holly Johnson distracting everyone by linking arms and doing a quick can-can and, predictably, Daryl Fandy insisting on singing a completely different tune to show off his admittedly rather impressive voice.

Now it's time for the solo lines. Holly is first. His ever-present German boyfriend, Wolfgang, looks on as he practises the first two lines of the song. After a few tries, a huge voice booms from the back of the control room. It's Daryl Fandy again. He demands to be allowed to speak to Holly.

"Sing from up here and release the pressure here," he says, darting his hand over his huge forehead to explain what he means. "You'll sound a lot better." Holly smiles good-humouredly and, naturally, takes not the blindest bit of notice, singing his lines rather splendidly anyway.

"It's an important thing to do," Holly says afterwards, explaining that Paul and Nasher are supposed to be turning up later. (They don't.)

As Fish and Nik Kershaw take their turns more people are gathering outside the studio. There's Suggs from *Madness*, who is in a surprisingly chirpy mood considering that his group have just disintegrated and that heroin is a subject that he feels rather strongly about.

"Have I ever known someone who's become an addict?" he laughs wryly. "My father was, but

then I haven't seen him since I was three."

He's followed in by Elvis Costello and Cast O'Thunge from *The Pogues*. They don't look at all impressed by what's going on – they walk away when people try to talk to them, hide outside by the drains for a while and then speak off without having recorded a thing. Very strange...

But then some people didn't turn up at all. Feargal Sharkey, Howard Jones and Meat Loaf all cancelled for one reason or another and Freddie Mercury, who was having a birthday party at his house on the other side of London, didn't make it. Nor did Boy George, though his outburst to the "news" papers later on that he had snubbed the record didn't quite ring true – most people at the recording seemed rather relieved that someone with problems like his shouldn't be there.

"I'm glad that certain pop stars who may be seen as having glamoured heroin aren't here today," says Fish, and there was little doubt who he meant – though Fish, and all the other stars involved, could be accused of glamouring it themselves by making this record in the first place and by calling themselves *The Anti-Smack Band* ("smack" being a "hip" street term for heroin).

Finally at around six o'clock the last "star" arrives – Sir Clifford Richard himself. In he sweeps past the crowd (who launch into a spontaneous rendition of "Living Doll") behind the wheel of his green Rolls Royce, bounces up the steps and starts talking non-stop about how important charity events like this are.

"To me," he says, "Live Aid was a waste of time if we didn't learn from it." But why this particular cause?

"Young people are damaging their lives," he says earnestly, "and they're the people we're putting our trust in for tomorrow's world. If they carry on or start taking drugs the chances are they will have no effect whatsoever on this earth and they might as well not have been born."

"I don't understand, from my own point of view, the urge to take drugs because I've never felt the need – my world seems very beautiful: there are still trees... wonderful places..."

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DO ANY GOOD? WELL, THEY CLAIM. . .

# PEOPLE WHO CAN DO."

terrific people. But I can understand it from other points of view because the world that we live in today has maybe lost its motivation and its way. People see the nuclear age as being something that they can't contend with and think that if we're all going to get blown up in five years time what the heck - let's have a great time now. But all I can say is that if I'm going to have a great time now I'd rather play tennis than take heroin." Quite. And in he swoops to sing his lines.

Slowly the song nears completion. There's a few slightly embarrassing moments when the engineers don't seem to know who many of the pop stars are - frantically whispering amongst themselves before identifying Phil Fearon and completely giving up with frustration from Arzard, calling him first "Arzard" then simply "hat".

As midnight draws near the final lines are finished and the last stars drift away, all wondering if they've at least helped a little bit. And here they go! Will the general public approve the musicians' efforts, or will they just see it as a bunch of massive egos jumping on the bandwagon of another trendy cause? "I don't know if it's Kim Wilde, or good, actually," says Don Wilde, summing up the general feeling. "It might be a complete waste of time. But it's just a lot of people trying to do the only thing they can do."

Chris Heath



▲ Duke Foz, Phil Fearon, Barbara Gaskin, Hazel Dravi, Robin Gibb, Nik and Owen Karkhanavich, Sam Sade, Lolly, Jim Diamond, Hayley Mills, Gemma P. O'Connell, Jani-Fair. "That's quite enough, 'terror' people!" - Ed



▲ Elin Colla and Cal Thringham from The Pogues!



▲ Three darts being in a pub. (No. 4 is not it!) Phil Birtwell, Nick Hayward and Suggs from Madness - Ed



▲ Hazel O'Connor and Holly Johnson!



▲ Hazel O'Connor and Lolly Wale (that's quite enough people of "O'Connor, there you - Ed)

The idea for the whole "Anti-Smash" project came from a record producer named Chazley Fisher. Originally he began recording an album of his own anti-heroin songs with some musician friends at the beginning of the year (before writing a film *Smash*, which he is still keeping well made). Over the next few months he realised, with the help of publicist Roz Graham, that he'd only really have an effect if he got some celebrities involved, so he assembled a group of people who'd be prepared to sing on the single "Love-In World", which will now be released on October 5. That will be followed in November or December by a double album with specially recorded songs from Holly Johnson ("Play the Drapes"), Livin' On a Prayer ("There's Nothing At The End Of The Rainbow"), Fish with Boon from Level 42, and also probably from the Durstman, Paul McCartney, New Model Army and Rod Stewart amongst others. The money raised will go to the Phoenix House Charity, as the organisation set up 17 years ago to rehabilitate drug addicts.

# SEND NO MONEY!

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People like us

Chorus  
I never know I never know  
I never know I never know why  
You make me want to cry  
I never know I never know  
I never know I never know why  
Forever live and die

I look at all of the people  
They're over and over  
You never get any older  
I wish that you could be here  
I look at you and I make the same mistakes (hey you)  
People like us

Repeat chorus to fade

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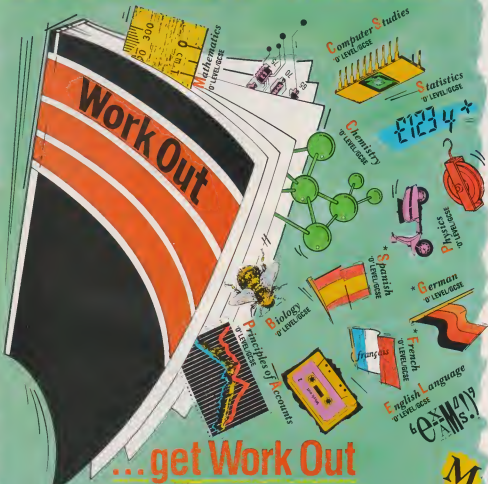


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## Dear Black Type,

At last I believe I have uncovered your true identity. You are none other than that well known coffee merchant, Sir Gareth of Huntingdon!

Consider the evidence:

Who is it who gets mentioned more often on your ballpoint pages than anyone else? It is of course your old pedigree chum, Dame Una Nescafe of Stables. So why is it that Dame Una is constantly talked about, but there is rarely a mention for the other star of these coffee-brewing epics, Lady Dame of Kean? It can only be because Dame Una and yourself are immensely jealous of Lady D's ability to still get starring roles in real television programmes, while you can only manage to get on *Give Us A Clue* and repeats of the *New Avengers*, with Madonnas look-alike Dame Lumley. Your strategy is obvious. You intend to hype Dame Una into the minds of the public until she becomes as popular once again as that other beacon of British "light" entertainment, Sir Clifford Richard. TV companies will then fall over each other to sign up Dame Una and yourself to read the news, make documentaries, star in domestic sit-coms holding coffee mornings, etc. etc. Only then will you feel that you are equal to the glamorous Lady D.

So I rest my case. You are Sir Gareth and I claim my tea towel. *Dunstable Parasite*

**You, sir, are a piranha and I claim my fish tank.**

## Dear Black Type,

There I was getting surfed off in the school holidays. TV on, *Smash Hits* in hand, when the adverts came on. There was an advert for Matesy bubble bath and... SHOCK! HORROR! The 'Female' Matesy vase was... DAME UNA! As if Nescafe wasn't enough! The *Tran Of Thought Halesworth*

**And what, pray, is wrong with Matesy, might I ask? Just because it doesn't make a satisfying rattling sound when one rattles it around in one's fist is a Gareth Hurd (no relation) is no good reason to diminish this modern bath-time miracle. Face it - Matesy does NOT leave a ring-around-the-bath tub unlike other competitors I could mention e.g. Maxwell House. Hands off Una!!!**

# LETTERS

WRITE TO: *Smash Hits*, 63-75 Canbury Street, London W1V 1FF.  
The most splendid letter gets a £10 reward token and a *Black Type* tea-towel. Everyone else gets a commemorative pendant (i.e. a badge).

## Dear Black Type,

Here is an extremely funny joke which will leave you in stitches.

Two eggs were frying in a frying pan. One said "Pew! It's hot in here!" The other said "Cinky, a talking egg!"  
Hah! Hah! Hah!

*The World's 2nd Worst Joke Teller*

**Almost, but not nearly, as good as Mr Perkins' - the most boring man in the world - latest piece of so-called wit and repartee i.e. "Knock knock." "Who's there?" "Mr Perkins. Um, I was**

wondering if you could come out and give me a hand with my pruning shears which would appear to be a mite rusted up in fact the blades are rather wedged together but if you were to tug one handle and I were to tug the other I expect we might be able to free them and then I could apply some lubricant which I think I have a supply of in the shed unless Mrs Perkins has been clearing up in there again in which case...". SNIIIIIIIIIP! Not very amusing, is it?

## STUPID PEOPLE OF THE WORLD

Number one Jonathan King. Jonathan King is a particularly stupid person for three very good reasons:

- 1) He thinks Samantha Fox is 'a beautiful and highly intelligent woman'!
- 2) He said Band Aid was not a good thing.
- 3) He can't keep his irritating voice to himself!

*The Typical Male, Surrey*

## STUPID PEOPLE OF THE WORLD

Number two; Sperted. I rest my case.

## Dear Smash Hits,

I don't believe that my sweetheart Peter Gabriel ever wrote a lawnmower on his head as you keep saying. It's impossible!

Show me photographic evidence of this feat or I shall just have to assume you are all NAUGHTY FIB FELLERS!  
*The Whole Hedgehog, Lincoln*

**Ha Ha, my fine friend. Examine the evidence. Below we see Peter Gabriel millions of years ago at a Genesis "rig". And what do we spy above his head? Dull's right - an ethereal lawnmower. And remember, listeners, the camera never lies (unless it belongs to Nick Rhodes how haw haw).**



## Cheer Monsieur Black Type,

I'm sorry to say that your world famous "astrologer" has FAILED AGAIN! Why did he/she not warn me about the HORRIFYING EXPERIENCE I endured on Sunday evening?

After reading Sylvia "Tupper" for a weekend? Patterson's interview with Five Star (August 12), we learned about Stedman's fascination for sci-fi films - in particular an epic named *Anger 18 THEN* - on

Sunday - the aforementioned "film" appeared! Thinking that Stedman has perhaps some taste (even though he likes playing with toy cars) I decided to watch the "true" story about Americans catching UFO's! AAAAAAGGGGGHHH!! Two overweight "astronauts" escaping typical CIA men in suits and infrared sunglasses plus controlled explosives which were supposed to look like cars blowing up, and other "realistic" effects), while trying to find a polystyrene space ship which had been mysteriously "transported" from the Arizona Desert to a hyper-sold, ultra-sophisticated, highly confidential top secret "research" centre!!

AND THIS, according to Stedman, was a TRUE STORY! With Claudi "Batsy" Bleasdale from *Lynsey* "performing" a post-mortem on an "alien" who looked amazingly like a struggling American third rate actor wearing a tan coloured swarming hat!! With our two "heroes" driving a truck straight past a massively obvious black CIA car (not one life form in sight) and not noticing it following them until about 10 HOURS later (slight exaggeration - ONLY slight, mind)?!

Monsieur Type - after THAT, I think I need therapy to help me co-exist (though I think a certain Stedman Pearson needs it more than I do!).  
A frustrated TFF fan who fancies a Sagittarian male like CRAZY but is too embarrassed to do anything about it and needs "expert" advice, Cowley, Oxford.

**Watch Howard's Way - and if the extraordinary "concept" of David Byrne of Talking Heads playing Abby's American "lover" doesn't do yer head in, nothing will.**

## Dear Black Type,

My friends and I recently did a "survey" on what *Smash Hits* "readers" really wanted to see on these glorious pages. The result was clear and simple. Yus, they want that old "stalwart" of ancient times, they want to see UNCLE DISGUSTING!

And so I look forward to seeing a picture of our favourite Uncle so that I can cut it out and sell it to the "Uncle Disgusting Luvers".

Yours disgustingly,  
*The Browning Veneno*

**Uncle Disgusting writes: "Well, 'pon my soul, gawd bless yer, I**

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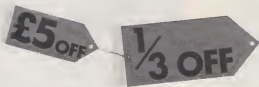
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 We're getting there

# LETTERS

always said you Smash Hits readers 'ad a birrow 'taste', if yer catch me drift, knowoorimean? Awright ven, boys and, ahem, girls—w who fancies a nip up the multi-storage car park to see me 'puppies'??

**Black Type writes:** "Be off with you, you unsavoury old 'gentleman', before I whistle for the rozzers!!!!!!"

## Black Type

While visiting the Tesco Superstore at sunny Clarendon, I noticed a poster for "Instore 30th August 10am - 12pm, TV's Sarah Greene" I glanced at my 'Fazly Choice - Quite Simply A Good Buy' calendar, and to my joy it was indeed the morning of August 'the' 30th. Suddenly a spruce young 'Staron' or 'Sandra' type voice on the tannoy interrupted the piped "music" and said, "Miss Sarah Greene, of Saturday Morning(??). Superstore is in aisle 16 where she will be more than happy to receive you." Oh joy, oh rapture! I made my way to this sacred aisle (the "Wise and Sports" aisle, actually - not a very good example to set to "innocent" Superstore viewers eh?) And there she sat, surrounded by "St Vel Gold Low Fat Spread" Bleurgh! It was all a promotion for what can only be described as "Spreadable Fat" (I should cooo!) I returned my head in disgust. *Monsear Butter Lover, London*

**I met that Mike "Smitty" Smith once. His name shall never again sully my hallowed pages. Blag!!!**

## Dear Sir Blackford

I am writing to inform you and all fellow pop snoots that Bilbo Baggins is back! Back! Back! Yes, it's true! His Royal Hobbitness has reappeared from the mists of time on a Cutting Crew record! (E1 55 from Woolworths - a "smip" (I don't think) I scratched between the "music" and the label is the mysterious and madd' "bod"ging message: **BILBO TAPE ONE.**

Cosh, whoopee, wow! A "mas'mg" or what? What is this tape one? Is it a Maxwell tape from the "ad" starring the

two and only amazing brit! Pet Shop Boys???? Maybe Sir fat of Bo has moved into a Pet Shop? Who knows, who cares? Why do I ask to make some questions? The "O" on Chris' "mm, mm, mm he's so dreamy" Lowe's "Boy" cap. *Sittingbourne, Kent*

**Yes, I'd noticed that message, too. Cutting Crew, as I expect your viewers have already guessed, are my current pop "faves" (not counting Modern Talking, that is, who are, of course, the bees' whiskers!!!!!!)**

Dear Father Murn, Southampton (Letters August 3?)  
After looking over the carefully through my record collection, I came up with a certain record -

- Sides
- A) "LITTLE DONKEY"
- B) "TENE CROIS PLUS AU PERE NOEL"

Roughly translated  
A) Smallest horse-type animal  
B) I don't believe in Father Christmas anymore, so I won't get a present!

By Nina and Frederick with the Jern Graevungd Quinlet  
Unfortunately, it is not autographed but I have discovered that they are presently residing with a remote and as yet undiscovered tribe of N. American Indians, who have just discovered her! *Lisa Carter, Bury, Lancs*

**A world so-called famous astrologer writes:** "Be particularly careful if you've just discovered fire because it can be quite hot and give you a nasty burn."

(More stars on page 62! Huzzrah!! -BT)

## Dearest Black

Scandal!

Whilst "lappng" through your "mag" the other day, I came across a "pic" of Nina and Frederick (famous "popstars" who did that jolly ditty "Little Downsize" which my team quite likes (but she loses Boney M). But hark, I thought, all is not as it seems: I recognise that "fashionable" "hairstyle", that greying "beard", that "trendy" jacket, for it was none other than our very own Dave Stewart!

So who, I pondered was the "ponzing" "beauty" on his left? Not Aled Jones? No! for it was "Annie" Lennox of the "Eurythmics" - the very same group that Mr Stewart is in! Coincidence? I think not! Nina and

Frederick indeed - I can see through their petty disposure? What a concept - it opens up a whole spectrum of possibilities (maybe Madonna is really Chaka Khan!)  
*Nickoox*



▲ Nina & Frederick



▲ 'Annie' & 'Dave'

## Dear Black Type

Today as a sad time for the human race, as a nation mourns the death of Andy East-End-er, thought of by some as a wet Scotch gal, but by most as "alright", who died a hero, taking his own life to save a young prathead who had lost his ball and left him lying in rocks last quarter.

Yes, he is gone, but he is not forgotten for he is the saviour of the Messiah, causing our EEE's where ever he went. He battled the deadly killer beasts next to the Devil's allotment, sweeping aside every challenge he faced (oh, except the "resisting tempter" but with Angus 'Awrntig' Cur'ner, of the house, treble scotch? buy it yourself ya scrumping pig! Watts). But he will return, newly disguised as a packet of Jacobs Cream Crackers, and will save the world from the evil clutches of wicked witchy Debbis and drink Cherry Peaps for the rest of our lives (sorry, that's not so) posed to be there - that's the final line to the new Cherry Peaps advert I have cunningly crafted out of a hamp of plishoone.)

Au revoir  
God  
P.S Remember, there is always hope my friends

**A letter from God!!? Pah. So what else is new? I had a letter, last issue, from the bloke who wrote the lyrics of "Right Said Fred", didn't I? So this only goes to prove that I am the most**

esteemed soul in the entire galaxy or something like that. And while we're on the subject, "God", I take great "umbrage", I have to say, with what wicked witchy Debbis has done with the kittens i.e. getting shot of them because they were a gift from sporr-an-wielding St. Andy. And by the by, "God", or whoever you really are, can you possibly call someone who spends his entire life being photographed in boozesome niteries by the "news" papers the **Messiah**? I am referring of course to **Blon Davidson** whoever he might be - the very same!!!

## Dear Black Type,

Having just returned from a "bring a grab" party, I got a phone call from a girl who chatted to me about everyday experiences. He did not reveal his name but went on to talk about life's bazzing questions like why do cricket bowlers take their jumpers off after one delivery? And does his neighbour have a right to apples which fall on his side of the fence? Could that strange, obnoxious person be none other than Mr Perkins? He went on to inform me about all the wonderful things he's collected over the years - his Thunderbird outfit, Batman cards, Esso World Cup 1970 coins (although Paul Reaney was missing) and his conkers, which were the envy of the street. I went off to have a bath, and returned half an hour later to find him still ranting on about Alan Ladd films, existing later that he should go on the tour of Australia. (???)

His highlight of the week was when he lost a pound coin in amongst a pile of carter bags at a chain store and ran his hand through 250 of them one by one only to find it in his shoe. Yawn. He said he'd been looking for a girl like me all his life - I told him to ring me when he'd found one. I had to wash my ears with as more interesting

Was it him?

From someone who wants a good time and not Mr Perkins

**I think you'll find you've made a slight error viz this one. Your conversation partner is far too interesting to be mistaken for Mr Perkins. I hope this consolation taken 'n'owel what I am sending you will help make amends for your disappointment. I expect it won't be me'r mind, until next time - avant!!!!!!**

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- I'll cry. But I see your true colours. And that's why I love you. So don't be colourless. Your colours are beautiful. Like a rainbow.
- I'll be there. You can't really show them? It's not about you. I can remember when I last saw you laughing. If this world makes you cry, I'll be there.
- I've got it. Remember when I last saw you laughing. If this world makes you cry, I'll be there.
- I'll be there. You can't really show them? It's not about you. I can remember when I last saw you laughing. If this world makes you cry, I'll be there.
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- I'll be there. You can't really show them? It's not about you. I can remember when I last saw you laughing. If this world makes you cry, I'll be there.
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F D L A N O D C M L E A H C I M M A  
E I V O J N O B F D N B H M S I M P  
O L L E Y U S I A O O R T P O A R S  
R H A S L H V T R R I I A H Z D I A  
O I O U M E S A E S O N T U E M T H  
N T L L S I E H D V D W M B P T O P  
S B B T L F Y E T A E A E G I L H R E  
E I A R L Y B A U I H W N N L T P E  
V R L I U U W B W A M I I Y P A E T  
A I H I R C A O R G H S R R N T A J S  
W P O Q O L E G O T D E E T W A U J  
E H M A L N I H L D M I I H N O E L  
H G T P E N K E A O L B L R E T R O S  
T N T P A I E L A R A E T N M T A D  
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N K L S E T T A E I A S I O A T H R  
A L U K R E L D C N B R N S Y  
A L E T N E L L R K O E H A Y Y D X L  
N T A B K E A O S B N I W R O P E  
I N O A R G O H T E A S O E F E R M  
R R J E S H W E L N T O O Y N I J I  
T E J I B H W E A Y D L N N A K S  
A D R O A A N B S E R S R C L A P A  
K O R M R U L Z A M A E A E T P S  
B M S T L L L A H Y E R D U A S Y N

● Look below for the answers... but not until you're finished!

- AMAZULU
- ANITA DOBSON
- ADRY HALL
- SARAH SARAMA
- SUE JOY
- RORIS GARRHER
- BRUCE DE HORSBY
- CHRIS DE BURGH
- DARYL HALL
- FIVE STAR
- HAY WODDE
- HOLLYWOOD BEYOND
- JAKI GRAHAM
- JANE JACKSON
- JERMAINE STEWART
- KATRINA AND THE WAVES
- LIONEL RICHIE
- LULU
- MICHAEL MCCORDALD
- MORGAN TALKING
- OWEN PAUL
- PATTI LABELLE
- PETER CETERA
- PHIL FEARON
- PRINCE
- ROBERT PALMER
- SIMPLY RED
- SWIFTA
- SLY FIFE
- SPANDAU BALLET
- STAN RIDGWAY
- STEVE WINWOOD
- THE BEATLES
- THE SMITHS
- THE THE
- WHAM!
- YELLO

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## PUZZLE ANSWERS PRIZE CROSSWORD

Number 12 (August 27)

● The winner is Mark Milley of  
Methuen, Derby

Number 13 (September 10)

● The winner will be announced in  
the next 'issue'

The answers are:

**ACROSS:** 1 Robert Palmer, 8 Sinatra; 9 "Happy Hour", 10 "Rico (De-Git)", 13 (The) Sun, 15 (Beat)wood; Mac, 16 Adam Chance, 18 Sara, 19 (Cliff) Tom (Gibson), 20 Ales, 21 Jan, 23 (Billy) Ocean, 24 David (Sylvain), 26 "I Want To Wake Up With You", 28 "Mine All Mine", 30 "Lady In Red", 32 (Roman) The Stone, 34 "It's A He (and) She", 35 Amazulu, 36 Lulu

**DOWN:** 1 "Hoses", 2 Bananarama, 3 (David Lee) Roth, 4 "Shakes" Pearls & Herbs, 5 (Les) George, 6 Eno (And) The Bunnymen, 7 (Jesus) And Mary Chain, 11 (Leslie) Ash, 12 Ian (McCulloch), 14 (Emm)et (Farr), 15 (Pat) Matheny, 17 (Dirly) Den, 22 "Addicted (To Love)", 23 Owen Paul, 25 "Vivienne (Callin)", 27 One, 29 My Guy, 30 "Purple" Rain, 31 "Easier Said Than Done", 33 (George) EMI (shew)

### STAR TEASER



## SMASH HITS

52-55 Canary Street, London W14 1PF

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# ROBERT PALMER

## DISCIPLINE OF LOVE

You naughty girl so sharp and dry  
Don't fill yourself with foolish pride

You wanted me to notice you  
But when I came you cut me

Why did you do it  
Why did you go and spoil the fun  
Why did you do it  
You need the discipline of love  
You need the discipline of love  
Some discipline

Take notice now my turn to talk  
The gate of love it's narrow

Why did you do it  
Why did you go and spoil the fun  
Why did you do it  
You need the discipline of love  
You need the discipline of love  
You need the discipline of love  
Some discipline

You naughty girl so sharp and dry  
Don't fill yourself with foolish pride

Why did you do it  
Why did you go and spoil the fun  
Why did you do it  
You need the discipline of love  
You need the discipline of love  
Why did you do it  
Why did you go and make a fuss  
Why did you do it  
You need the discipline of love  
You need the discipline of love  
You need the discipline of love  
Some discipline

Words and music by Don Freeman/David Battau ●  
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Battau Music/Island Music Ltd ● On Island Records



# A·H·A

I'VE BEEN LOSING YOU



It wasn't rain that washed away  
Rinsed out the colours of your eyes  
Putting the gun down on the bedside table  
I must have realised  
It wasn't the rain that made no difference  
And I could have sworn it wasn't me  
Yet I did it all so coldly almost slowly  
Plain for all to see

Oh come on please now talk to me  
Tell me things I could find helpful  
How can I stop now is there nothing I can do  
I have lost my way  
I've been losing you

I can still hear our screams competing  
You're hissing your s's like a snake  
Now in the mirror stands half a man  
I thought no one could break  
It wasn't the rain that made no difference  
Nervously drumming on run away

But I want the guilt to get me  
Thoughts to wrack me preying on my mind

So please now talk to me  
Tell me things I could find helpful  
How can I stop now is there nothing I can do  
I have lost my way  
I've been losing you

Please now talk to me  
Tell me things I could find helpful  
How can I stop now is there nothing I can do  
Please now talk to me  
Tell me oh tell me what to do (helpful)  
Oh how can I stop now  
Is there nothing I can do  
I have lost my way  
I've been losing you you  
I've been losing you you  
I've been losing you



# Mutterings

Trill trill! Garroo!!! It's the Mutterings hotline waking us cruelly awake once more. And on the other end is just one of Mutterings' many spies scattered all around the farthest corners of the globe. The story he has to tell is truly monstrous and beyond belief. Scandalizing American guitar person **Steve Stevens**, our "contact" tells us, has just joined **Duran Duran** as replacement for the errant **Amy Taylor!**

What? Can this be true? If it is, when Mutterings says boo to Mr Steve Stevens for deserting his erstwhile musical partner i.e. **Sir William "You're A Toff Sir Biffam" Idol**. And talking of infamy, what outrage has **The Pogues** American record company been perpetrating to photographs of "hunky", perfectly-formed singer **Shane McGowan**?

They've been painting in all his missing teeth to make his features more acceptable to the fickle American teenage record-buying public, that's what! And talking of outrages, what is THIS? Apparently, when the "hit" stage "musical" *Time* transfers to America next year, **Sir Clifford Richard** will NOT be asked to play the starring role that he has surely made his own - because Sir Clifford is not famous enough in America, say the producers. What rot!

And to add insult to injury, they're going to ask **John Travolta** to take over Cliff's role! The cheek of it! Fortunately, there are no plans to ask Mr Travolta to play the part of **Tina Turner** in the forthcoming film of her autobiography - but guess who is on the shortlist to portray Tina? That's right! Not only **Janet Jackson** but also Romford's very own **Boris Pearson of Free Star!**

And talking of **Duran Duran**, guess who is about to publish a book of his snapshots and arty camera work? That's right! It's not **Nick Rhodes** at all this time - it's **Stuart Adamson of Big Country** so we can expect lots of out-of-focus snaps of bagpipers and closed-down steel factories and **Mark Unpronounceable**name practising his incredible "skin work." No doubt!

Talking of **Duran Duran**, **John Tarrier** apparently had a bit of a battle of wits with **Boy George** in New York a couple of months ago (before all the

George brouhaha went off). As regular readers of this "column" already know, J.T. had an "apartment" night next to George's and one night his (John) wandered into the Boy's living room and George played him a tape of a new Culture Club song so John slipped on a tape of his solo stuff so George put on a Culture Club video and John took it off and put on a John Taylor video. And so it went on until **Maerlin** wandered in and got so bored with these ego wars that he put on a video. . . . a jolly rude one indeed featuring persons of the gay persuasion. And everyone got very embarrassed indeed. Ho hum. Much more intriguing is the fact, disclosed by another of Mutterings' hugely

overpaid minions, that **Paul Rutherford** of **Frankie Goes to Hollywood** does his hoovering with a **Sensotrone!**!! A vacuum cleaner model that you can only purchase from **Rumbelows!**!!!!!!!

And now - the welcome return (well, not "return", actually, because we've never had one before) of . . . Biblical Mutterings!!! Indeed! **The**

**Pope**, even as we "speak" his being to go to his first ever pop "gig" Who is he going to see? **Jean Michel Jara**. Oh. Not very interesting that, was it? But wait a minute, here comes something very meaty about a swimming pool. **Francis Rossi** of **Status Quo**'s swimming pool to be precise. Yuss! It would appear that our hero of the bogie beat has built a swimming pool at enormous price (£65,000 achielo) in the grounds of his Surrey home. But he hasn't been swimming in it and doesn't plan to - he's worried in case the chlorine makes his hair fall out. Well! . . . And now: There's No Accounting For Taste 1: **Prince** likes **Bananarama!**

There's No Accounting For Taste 2: **Susan Sulley** of the **Human League** likes **Cutting Crew!** . . . There's No Accounting For Taste 3: All the songs on his new LP, "Dancing On The Ceiling", were, according to **Lionel Richie**, chosen by his four-year-old adopted daughter **Nicole!** . . . And now the not-in-the-least-bet-welcome return of that frightful old croon,

**Sylvester** "grun" **Stallone**'s mother. The fearful harried US is at it again, giving us interviews left right and centre. And here's just one spicette of her immortal "wisdom":

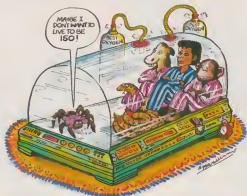
"When he (i.e. Sylvester) was 17 and gorgeous, he would take ugly girls dancing. He felt sorry for them because they weren't beautiful. . . . Be off with you, you grrsy woman!" And now for the not particularly welcome return of that swarthy Spanish gigolo i.e. **John Iglesias!** "If I dropped my pants for real, I'd never sell another record," quips the Latin madcap - but it wouldn't much matter if he did because he's just been given £2 million to write his life story. Bloog! . . . There's No Accounting For Taste 4: **Bruce Springsteen** doesn't like **Ben Jon** in fact, he once told **Jon Bon Jovi** that there was no point in him trying to be a rock star because he'd never ever make it. . . . And now something equally uncanny from Mutterings' science correspondent. Did you know that it has actually been proven by boffins in the US that the amount that the so-called "Godfather Of Soul"

**James Brown** sweats on stage in an hour is equal to the average annual rainfall of the town of Needles in California? Extraordinary isn't it? Not the fact itself, you understand, because it hardly ever rains in Needles so isn't hugely surprising that James Brown sweats more. No, what does seem extraordinary is that scientists should bother working this out in the first place. . . . And now over to our spooning department ("spooning" as in "lurve" not as in getting things out of bowls with a spoon). Spooning 1: Now here's a "sunny" thing. You know **Dion** "worst shirt" in the world and my acting's not much cop (pedd!) how haw) either **Johnson** of **Miami Vice**? 'Course you do. Well, according to certain "news" papers, he's having a bit of a "torrid" affair with a famous songstress **Bonnie Pointer**. But how can this be? For according to certain other "news" papers **Donya Fiorentino** has just given poor old **Andrew Hidgeley** the boot and gone back to her former lover!

I.e., **Don Johnson**. It's all very queer. . . . Spooning 2. What is this that there was according to certain "news" papers **Whitney Houston** is all set to marry famous US acting gentleman **Robert De Niro**. But how can this be? For according to "winsome" Whitney herself, she can't stand the sight of him. . . . Spooning 3: The other day at Verona airport, **Mark O'Toole** of **Frankie Goes To Hollywood** dashed up to a girl from his Italian record company and ripped off her dress leaving her in tears. But how can this be? Simple really - Mark O'Toole is a "lax" that's how. Spooning 4: **Midge Ure**'s wife **Annabel Giles** is expecting a baby in April. But how can this be? Oh. . . we see . . .

Spooning 5: According to certain "news" papers **Marlene "Horien Fortes Rortan" Harket** is having an affair with a "tattooed Californian beauty" called **Patrice**. But how can this be? (Oh shut up - Ed.) Spooning 6: **Daryl Pandey** got stuck in a lift in **Mayfair** the other day. But how can this be? Because he's a bit fat. (But what it has to do with "spooning", God knows.)

Bed aboy!



It seems **Michael Jackson** has been taking his naps in a hyperbaric (???) oxygen chamber, hoping it will enable him to live to be 150!! "I believe if I can stay healthy of mind (*Absolutely no comment!* - Ed.) and body, I can make a difference in the world," quoth Sir Michaelford.

# IRON MAIDEN

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Sunday	October 12	LIVERPOOL	Empire
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