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SMASH HITS

ROBERT SMITH

spooks in his brain??!

**FIVE STAR
DURAN DURAN
SEX PISTOLS
GARY NUMAN
DEPECHE MODE
POGUES
ZODIAC MINDMILK
JESUS AND MARY CHAIN**



MADONNA
INTERVIEW
INSIDE!

FREE



PLANET SIZED
X POSTER
OF PET SHOP BOYS
AND JON BON JOVI!



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That Petrol Emotion

Say "hi, you're called That Petrol Emotion and two of you used to be in The Undertones along with the forgotten man of pop i.e. Feargal Sharkey" to this bunch of rascals, why don't you? (Because they don't get on with him any more, that's why - Ed.) Oh, in that case, best just announce the imminent arrival in the zingway charts of their totally spiffing new single "Big Decision" to be followed - at great expense! - by their second LP, the mysteriously-titled "Babbie", due out of its box on May 4.

The "Petrols" "hall" originally from the city of Derry/Londonderry (there's a birnova ruck going on about its "proper" name) in Northern Ireland, except for singer Steve Mack who was born and "reared" in Seattle, Washington, USA, as opposed to Seattle, Canada, or indeed Seattle/LondonSeattle. Confused? You soon will be on learning further that guitarist Sean O'Neill used to be called John O'Neill and that his brother Damlen used to play the guitar in The Undertones but now he plays the bass! The family lineup is completed by Ciaran McLoughlin on drums and Remmain O'Gorman on guitar.

Time for an interesting pop fact? Okay! The first LP by yer Petrols, the mysteriously-titled "Manic Pop Thrill", had a very strange-looking sleeve which various "art" experts claimed was none other than a long-lost classic by yer man Pablo Picasso. The clots! For this same sleeve was in fact a polaroid snap taken from the TV "show" Dallas showing Sue Ellen sitting in her boudoir and guzzling a bit of pin! And well out of focus it was too! Good Lord!

That Petrol Emotion would also like the world to know that they absolutely loathe their fellow Irish pop stars U2.

"We absolutely loathe fellow Irish pop stars U2," they squeak! How extraordinary.

Smash
Hits



WIN!!!



"Win what?" you may ask. Win nothing at all, actually, because "Win" in this case refers to a certain pop group from Edinburgh who graced our pages some nine months ago. Well, they're back – this time with a new single which goes under the queer name of "Super Popcorn Groove". Their singer is a chap called Davey Henderson and yonks ago he used to be in a group called The Fire Engines who were very, very trendy indeed but nobody bought their records. Now he lives in Edinburgh with his mummy and seems to be completely bonkers about TV adverts. Because...

"He says Win are "very influenced by advertising jingles!"
 "He says he remembers watching a *Fairy Liquid* advert when he was still in his nappies!"
 "He loves the Coca Cola advert that goes "I'd like to teach the world to sing" and wants to write his own jingle for the ad!"
 "Win once even did a jingle for the McEwans Lager advert but never got paid a penny for it!"
 "What an odd fellow he is!

Photo: I.F.I.



OF THE WORLD NO 2.

Scrutinise the face of the grinning bloke on the left, dressed up to the nines in his *Miss Bros* tuxedo, why don't you? What a posh toff, you cry! But who is he? Clue: The woman who's clutching her arm in a most Princess Di type fashion is Molly Ringwald, starlet of *Pretty In Pink*. For the answer, stand on your head and read the answer below.

Answer: Yes, it's Ad-Rock, from those posh toffs the Beastie Boys, clutching his preferred Moby on their way to the American Film Academy Awards.

U2 FALL DOWN A MINESHAFT! (OR SOMETHING)

Q. What the heck are Bono and his musical chums doing down a mine? Without so much as a mining helmet on their bonces to protect them should those flimsy looking timbers crack?

A. They're filming a video, that's what! Those serious songsters from the Emerald Isle are enacting scenes from the video to the song "Red Hill Town" from the "Joshua Tree" LP which is "strongly rumoured" to be the group's new single. The song is about the British miners' strike which ended in 1985 – hence the name(!!!) What's more, film buffs, the video is directed by Neil Jordan, the chap who directed the v. spooksome *Company Of Wolves* and *Mona Lisa* films and it's made by a new organisation called The Promo Palace which specializes in getting film toffs like Neil Jordan to direct videos. Whatever next???



▼ Tuck your shirt in your scamp!



▲ A picture of Arthur Bonner (Tuff, Bro, No 2) is not a Vile Edge Ed!



▲ Excuse me? Queue Larry Mullen: "he's really an 11 million of focus?"



▼ Bono tells an ironic caution! A mining expert warns: Capcases are very useful at deflecting dangerous particles in mines, because in the presence of dusts, explosive fumes, and so on, these shining, inert metal spheres...

ANDY

DURAN

TAYLOR DURAN

Richard Crumme (left) and Peter Cox bashing
lunously

Go West

They're back! They've got a new single out called "I Want To Hear It From Her" from their next LP "Dancing On The Couch" which is due at the end of May. They're very real!

HOW TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE WITHOUT WEARING ANY UNDERPANTS



Blimely! What a lot of perv singers there are around these days! The one you're "feasting" your eye on here goes by the name of Giorgio. He's a rather uppity sort of 21 year old from San Francisco who announced to *Blitz* without so much as a by your leave: "I plan to be a millionaire by the time I'm 25. I want to set up a movie and record conglomerate - the whole thing. I know I'm going to reach superstardom. I have so many goals. I want to have a lot of acts on my label..." end so on.

Giorgio (full name Giorgio Allentini) admits a bit of a "debt" to fellow American perv Prince, tells *Blitz* how he started running clubs at the tender age of 14, and informs us that his mother works in a famous department store and his father is "a conductor".

What? Surely his dad is not a conductor of the prestigious San Francisco Symphony Orchestra?

"Uh, no. He's a conductor of the municipal railway" (i.e. he works on the trams).

Oh well, never mind. Giorgio has a single out which is lolloping around the charts called "Sex Appeal" and it's a very pervy end is all about how Giorgio doesn't wear underpants.

"Yes it's true," admits young Mester Allentini. "I never wear any underpants."

But surely Mr and Mrs Allentini object to this unhygienic behaviour?

"No, they don't mind."

What a sorry state the world is in.



■ And what, pray, does Duran's John "Pathetic" Taylor (definitely no relation) have to say about this vicious attack by his former colleague?

Er, this, actually...
"The biggest irony of everything is that everything Andy wanted Duran Duran to be - the reasons why he left - this group has become. I said to Andy 'look, this is going to be different' but he just said 'I don't care - I don't want to wear make-up.' I said 'you don't have to wear make-up - it's different! Everyone is a bit more grown-up now and everybody's going to do their own thing.' He went 'Oh not...' It's silly because he'd probably enjoy being in this band a lot more than before. But that's his tough shit."

Indeed it is, but...
"To get back really we had to clear out the negative energies and Andy was just one big lump of negative energy. It was like carrying a sack of coal behind you. Right at the end he was like 'go you bastards' and we just snipped the cord, ped him off, thank you very much, wrote the cheque, etc etc. He's got more money than we have right now but for how long?"

Yes, but...
"I've only heard his first single - 'Take It Easy' and the other one 'Hold Back The Brain', was it? No, 'When The Rain Comes Down', that's right. He's playing with Rod Stewart now - terribly desperately trendy of him, isn't it? Yes, I know I once said I was going to play with Rod Stewart but thank God I didn't."

So...
"I can afford to be malicious about Andy because he was malicious to us and messed us about no end. Good luck to him. He's going to need it."
Ouch!

■ "Duran Duran are just pathetic little boys!" snaps Andy Taylor, getting very steamed up indeed as he lolls about on his bed in LA (man). The *Blitz* hotline is fairly throbbing. "I could really stick it right up there where it hurts but it's not worth it."

Well! Ever since Andy left Duran Duran last year, the fur has been flying betwixt the two "camps". So just why did he leave?
"I'd had enough. It's as simple as that. I was sick of them. Sick of being told off for wearing jeans. Would you believe it? They used to moan at me all the time. I wouldn't mind but it took them longer to put on their make-up than it did for me to tune my guitars (i.e. a very long time indeed haw haw)."

"We used to do all these boring interviews with 45 year old women who'd never even heard our records and the music wasn't important any more. Suddenly I'd be flunking 'what the hell am I doing here?' It was pathetic. I could've been in bed. I'm just glad I'm out of the way and off the sinking ship."
So Duran are swooshing down the dumper?
"Well, their records aren't doing too well, are they? Ha ha! Not that I know, I've just heard rumours. One night we'll probably end up in the same room and what I say to them depends on how much I've had to drink. Ha ha."

What a card! And as for Sally Simon's "swearing" antics on Saturday Superstore the other day, Andy Taylor is less than impressed - he befriended much worse when he was on. "I remember being on there and throwing this cake at a Grenge Hill kid. He was a fat little pig and it landed him right in the mush. There were loads of complaints and we were banned for a while."
Hurray!



ANDY TAYLOR

BITZ



▲ The transvision Tina Turner Brass as they were then!

CRAP JOKE CORNER

Q What's the difference between **Blag Crabbie** and **Simon Toulson-Clerke** of Red Box?
 A One of them croons and he has, the other writes tunes and he's crap. That crap joke was sent in by Gerry O'Toole of Birmingham. If you have a joke that's really dimal, send it to Smash Hits Crap Joke Corner, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.



▲ Herb as he is now!

A HERB CALLED ALPERT! (?)

It's 10am on a bright Los Angeles (man) morning and "Herb" Alpert has already been up for three and a half hours making the breakfast for his daughter and spending half an hour practising his trumpet which he does every day "religiously", when BRILLING! goes the telephone. "Hullo!" trills a voice from afar... it's BIZ here. Can I have a record contract please Mr Alpert?
 What, you may wonder, is Biz doing asking the trumpet virtuoso who's responsible for that soaring hit "Keep Your Eye On Me" for a record contract? The answer is simple, though a little extraordinary. Not only is our Herb a pop star, but he's also the owner of the multi-million dollar record company A&M, the label responsible for Rosie Vela, The Police, Suzanne Vega and... erm... Supertramp, among others. A&M, so the story goes, was actually set up in a small garage 25 years ago by Alpert and a chum called Jerry Moss to release records by Herb Alpert And His Tijuana Brass who were very very big a quarter of a century ago, with groovy tunes like "Spanish Flea" and "Tijuana Taxi". Now they're one of the swankiest record companies in the world. So does Herb sit behind a huge desk dashing off important memos to a Miss Friggle-type secretary posed demurely on his lap these days? "No, no, no," cries Herb. "That's the complete opposite of what I do. I wouldn't want to do that. If I had to do that I'd quit. I found out many years ago that I'm no good at normal business procedures. I'm involved more on the creative side."
 And what of that other A&M stalwart Janet Jackson? She sings on Herb's new LP (which is also called "Keep Your Eye On Me"). What was she like in the studio? Was she wild? Did she fling the fruit around as described in a recent issue of Smash Hits? "Um, no, not at all," answers Herb. She's very shy actually, maybe a bit on the frightened side when she's in the studio. But she's a delightful, warm, giving person. So what about that record contract, Herb! What about making Biz a star?
 "Well, er, what do you play?"
 Since you ask, I'm a dab hand with the spoons.
 "Had had but shall I tell you what you need to get a record contract on A&M! You need a great song... Or in the case of the spoons, you need a great rhythm. Call me back when you've got a great song."
 Right-on, Mr Herb, you bet I will!

"STAR" STYLE SPECIAL: ELKIE BROOKS

Mmm mmm. She's so marvy!



Photo: Bob

1. The '60s Soggy "Look". Spray hair into geometrical bean-cann style, several combs side of head, wear dress entirely fashioned from grandmother's old tea caddy, say "Where's the caddy then mate?" Voila!

2. The '60s "kooky" "Cluck". "Look". Put on hat made out of yesterday's Daily Express, apply lipstick with a ballpoint pen, pretend to be doing something with a typewriter, smile "kooky! Presto!"



Photo: Bob

3. The '70s Rockabilly "Look". Grow hair v long and part in middle, stick sweaters and spade's legs onto eyes, wear outrageous outfit, join philly rock "combo" called Vingeze Joe. Bingo!

4. The '80s Amma "Look". Screw face into "soread" look, stay away hat "Break The Chain" into a microphone. Bingo! You an Elkie Brooks and we claim our five pounds (***)

BIRTHDAYS

April

- 23 Roy Orbison (51)
- 24 Captain Sensible a.k.a. Ray Burns (32)
- Barbara Streisand (45)
- 25 Bjorn Ulvøes of Abba (40)
- Andy Bell of Erasure (23)
- 26 Roger Teyler, ex-Duran Duran (27)

- Graham "Slick" Skinner of Hipwavy (25)
- 27 Sherron Easton (28)

May

- 1 Owen Paul (25)
- 2 Robert Howard a.k.a. Dr Robert of The Blow Monkeys (26)
- 3 James Brown (32)
- 5 Gerry Daly of China Crisis (25)
- Ian McCulloch of Echo & The Bunnymen (28)

REMEMBER THIS CHAP?



He's Mark Rogers of Hollywood Beyond - the chap who graced the cover of Smash Hits once upon a time last year, and after seemingly vanishing off the face of the planet after the success of "What's The Colour Of Money?" he's suddenly popped up again with a new single called "Save Me". Fancy that!



¡HOLA! BUENOS DIAS! VIVA ESPANA! UNA PALOMA BLANCA! VINO COLAPSO! ETC!

Recognise any of the vignettes that lurk under these shady sombreros, pop muchachos? Well, blow me down with a pacilla if it's not Caribsky Killed The Cat, his boozing with Swing Out Sister at a dodgy Spanish restaurant. And what are they doing there you may wonder? Why, they're all at a party that those Curiosity hembres gave for their record company, the kind folks. And what is Corinne doing staring into the eyes of Ben Volvo-504-Hatchback? What indeed?

COUPON FREE BITZ BADGE OFFER

This swanky BIZ Badge can be yours for absolutely zero pence! Simply collect three BIZ badge coupons (we've printed two already, there's one there on the left, and there's still two more to come) then fill in your name and address and send them with a stamped addressed envelope to Smash Hits, Free BIZ Badge Operations Nerve Centre, 14 Holkhem Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF by June 12th.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____





IT'S KIM WILDE AND JUNIOR GISCOMBE!

What a heavenly combination! Not since Shakin' Stevens and Bonnie Tyler coupled gloriously on "Rockin' Good Way", not since Andy and Fergew stepped arm in arm up the Abbey's aisle has the globe been presented with such a ravissant pairing. Kim and Junior! Together on a miraculous waxing called "Another Step" which, e'en as we speak, glides effortlessly into the nation's heart. . . And so it was with toppermost glee that *Bliz* hit the hotlines and tracked down the intertwined songs treats. Junior was in a recording studio. Kim was in a bed.

Kim Junior

"Hello. I'm supposed to be going shopping to get some clothes but I can't be bothered to get out of bed. I'm knackered. I'm in bed with all my letters I haven't opened and bills I've got to pay so I think I'll go back to sleep now."

"But hold your horses, your Kimship. You have yet to tell us about your magical twinning with Junior. . ."

"It wasn't a record company play at all. It wasn't like, 'Oh, we'll get the two biggest acts from CBS and EMI together' (??). It was just a matter of finding someone to sing the song with and his name just came up in conversation and I went 'yeah'. And so it was spontaneous like all duets should be: at least we saw each other when we made the video unlike most people."

"And what, pray, is Junior like?"
"He's very warm and intelligent and musically talented and he's very funny."

"What is his best joke?"
"He doesn't tell jokes."
Oh.

"Halloooooo! Fire away!"
"What about us record then, June?"
"Ha ha ha (?). Well, Kim just rang and said, 'Are you up for it?' and I said 'Yeah great' 'cos it gave me a chance to go out or whatever. I was chuffed at the fact they thought it was good enough to be a single and the next thing you know I'm back on TV and stuff ha ha ha ha."

"Is there anyone else you'd care to duet with?"
"Purrrrooof. Hmmm. I never thought about doing duets at all but if I did I'd love to do with Chaka Khan. . ."

"What about Bonnie Tyler?"
"Pffrrrrrrhahahahahahahahahah hooooo hahahahahahahahah. . . Get OUT of here! Bonnie Tyler?"

"Kim says that you're a funny bloke."
"Hahahahahahaha. Ha ha. We have a laugh, that's what she means."

"So do you tell her jokes?"
"Oh, all the time ha ha ha ha. . ."
"What's your best joke?"

"Aaaaaarghahahahaha. No no no, that's a private thing ha ha ha. . ."
Oh.

STUPID SPORTS OF THE WORLD PART 12: FOOTBALL

Football – it's a funny old game and no mistake, Brian. Why, only the other day that nice Jimmy "Jimmy" Hill was saying that **Glenn Hoddie** and **Chris Waddle** are two of England's most skilful "players" when all of a sudden they go off and make a flippin' pop record called "Diamond Light"! And what's more. . .

- Their surnames sound the same!
- They both had to ask their Tottenham "Hot" Spur boss David Pleat for permission to become pop stars!
- Glenn has more than 600 LPs at home and he's a big fan of The Eagles (dodgy old West Coast hippies) and Level 42!
- Chris likes "contemporary" sounds and grooves along to The Style Council and U2.
- Glenn and Chris used to be in a group with Simply Red's Mick Hucknall but kicked him out because he was too fat to join in their daily game of footer after rehearsals!
- That last bit's not strictly true!



COMPETITION

David Coleman writes: "This really is an extraordinary chance to win some prize booty. What you have to do is answer the following question correctly and you could soon be the proud owner of this match ball signed by the entire 'Spurs' first team squad, a quite extraordinary Glenn and Chris poster and a quite extraordinary copy of the "Diamond Lights" single. Three-nill! (?)."

What club did Chris Waddle play with immediately before joining Tottenham Hotspur?

Was it: a) Partick Thistle, b) Um Bongo United, c) Accrington Stanley, d) Simply Red or e) Newcastle United?

Answers on a shipload to **Smash Hits Football's A Funny Game Brian Competition 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to get here by May 5. First name out of the "hat" gets the ball, a poster and a record, next 25 get a poster and the next 50 get the record. Gooooooop!!!



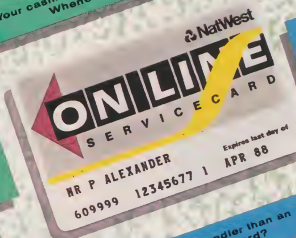
Oh look – it's a madman. Er. . . no it isn't (except it is). It's Jesse Flax – sitting on top of a pile of logs, which isn't a very good idea seeing as some fernyard type could do something unappealing with a box of Scottish Bluebell matches and frazzle him to a smidgen. Just as well, then, that his new alias's called "Hou-Di-Ni" as in Sir Harold Houdini, scapologist "extraordinaire", who spent his entire life escaping from milk bottles or something. And as if that wasn't enough, Jesse is the very Highland legend who. . .

- lives in the middle of a field on the Scottish border and nearly had a hit once with a tune called "Over The See"!!
- is married to the World Champion Pipe-Band Bass-Drum player!
- is clutching in this photograph his very own Staffordshire Bull Terrier who's called The Thistle!!
- is completely and utterly superepoo! fleepa!! (i.e. off his rocker, as you can see.)

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“I am a nice little ducky”



● She's bold! She's bright! She's breezy! She's brassy! And she is – *naturellement* – back! Madonna, we're talking about, mister; la belle dame de pop who is, even as we speak, flitting in the charts once more with “La Isla Bonita”, a sweet song of Spanish sentiment which comes complete with a video in which Ms Ciccone is dressed as a flamenco dancer – a sad, young girl in a bright, red dress. Putting the miserable flop of *Shanghai Surprise* behind her, Madonna is about to spring once more into action, bounding fearlessly onto the concert stages of the world for the first time in ages (she'll be touring Japan in June and plans to come to Britain in the summer), and appearing in her third feature film, *Who's That Girl?*

In *Who's That Girl?* Madonna plays Nikki Sinn, a girl sent to prison for a crime she didn't commit. The film begins with Nikki/Madonna being released from prison and follows her experiences'n'scrapes trying to clear her name. She meets up with a lawyer! She meets up with a cougar! She chews some gum! It's a romantic comedy! It's a caper! It's... um, well, we'll just have to wait and see, won't we?

She's also recording some music for the film – four new songs in all which will appear

on the soundtrack LP later in the year. The recently rumoured dance LP *You Can Dance*, supposedly including remixes of her “groovier” songs and a new “number” called “Spotlight” has been “put on hold” – a posh record company way of saying they haven't the foggiest when it'll be released.

In the meantime *Smash Hits* thought “cripes! Madonna's quite a famous pop star! Time for an interview!” So we tracked the elusive, reclusive vixette down to the film studios and “engaged” her in conversation and general merriment. Read on. . .

If you had to explain what you're like to someone, what would you say?

Well, they used to say that I was a slut, a pig, an easy lay, a sex bomb, Minnie Mouse (?) or even Marlene Dietrich's daughter (?), but I'd rather say that I'm just a hyperactive adult. And the reason for that is I've always been full of confidence. I'm strong, ambitious and I know exactly what I want. Now, if *that* makes me a bitch, okay. I don't care.

Tell us about your background.

I come from a very modest Italian family of eight children. My mother died of breast cancer when I was five and I was brought up in a very strict and Catholic manner. My grandmother taught me to cherish Jesus and not to go out with boys

and while I went to the Catholic school, I was made to wear a uniform. Everything was decided and cut out for me and I grew up with two images of woman – the virgin and the whore. I felt like Cinderella and couldn't wait to escape from all that. I hated it all. So I had my hair cut and at dancing lessons I used to wear unbelievable tights and gaudy clothes. I suppose that without even thinking about it, I was creating a look for myself.

When did you decide to go into music?

On the very day that I came to understand I'd never be a star in the dancing field. I quit Michigan University where I was taking classical dance lessons and went to New York. And I thought “now, wait a minute. You must be crazy. You're quitting your classes for something you don't even know. You haven't got a cent in the world. What will happen to you?” But that's the only time I ever asked myself questions about the future. My feelings were much stronger than my self doubt. So with 35 dollars in my pocket – and my conviction – I came to the point where I stand now.

Why did you choose music?

Because music is the main vector of celebrity. When it's a success, it's impact is just as strong as a bullet hitting the target.

Your appeal isn't just based on your voice, is it?

So what! I'm young, I'm not too plain, and if it amuses me to play

A

the vamp by exaggerating things, then that's no problem. If I *had* that sex-bomb look, it was because I liked it, and if I've done away with all that, it's because I'd had a bellyfull of it. I'm not Dr Freud (*strange old bod who pioneered modern "psychoanalysis"*) - I don't go into the why or the how of everything. Especially as the power of seduction of any person doesn't depend on the outside appearance but what's *inside*. Barbara Streisand or Bette Midler don't need to wear veils over their faces for their existence to be recognised. Well, it's the same with me.

Each time you change your look, thousands of young people around the world copy you. How do you feel about that?

I just think it's funny. It's funny to influence an entire generation by getting them all to dream. Helping the young to have confidence in themselves and to do it with a laugh - I just love that. And, anyway, the young are more pure, they have no prejudice, no cynicism, they're less mixed up in their choices. They're full of love for life and they almost always aim for perfection.

A year ago, you had long hair and you were covered in crosses and trinkets. What happened to all that?

Well, I act out of instinct, just like an animal. Suddenly, I couldn't stand that hair of mine and all those bangles any more. That image had to be cleaned thoroughly. My new look is innocent, straightforward and feminine. I feel perfectly at home in this new "skin".



C O N F I D E N T I A L

Was the "new you" inspired by Marilyn Monroe? Well, since a child I've always been fascinated by Marilyn's glamour, as well as the glamour of Rita Hayworth, Audrey Hepburn, Grace Kelly and Brigitte Bardot. But the difference is that Marilyn had a death wish: she was attracted by the fall and the succession of her depressive fits finally got stronger than her lack of stability. So in that way I'm not like her at all. But the image she was projecting was great.

Do you believe in fate? I am both fatalistic and determined. When your name is Madonna, it's best to become one.

Even though you can afford anything you still seem very down to earth. That's my nature and I shall never change. Though if I'd always had to do it alone I probably wouldn't have made it. Our lives are like whirlwinds and therefore our bases need to be well anchored.

Has your vast wealth changed you? Ha ha! No, the only thing that's changed is that I no longer have to travel on the subway. I still think that bubblegum's getting more and more expensive and that's a pity because I'm a true... munching cow. (!?)

What do you spend your money on? I bought Olivia Newton John's house in Malibu, California and an apartment in New York, because I just couldn't live in hotels any longer. In everyday life, I am quiet and reserved. Not the housekeeper type, but rather cool and relaxed. I don't get up in the morning wearing false eyelashes and I don't wear fancy underwear when I'm cooking my pop corn. I am a nice little ducky! The Madonna you see on the screen, that's only a dream. Professionally, I keep bursting out but the atom bomb disappears at the end of the song. And if you keep staring at me like mad, that only means I won.

What do you think people say about you behind your back? Oh God, I don't want to think about it.

Do you still remember the hard years? Of course I do. Some of them were real fun. They were certainly more intense. I knew I would become a star and I believed in it like mad. I had a lot of drive even when I was poor. I never agreed to do just anything.

What about the nude photographs? Well, I don't care at all. They exist and they belong to the past.

Were you pleased with the success of *Desperately Seeking Susan*? Well, when it opened in Hollywood, on that first night I really felt like a little girl. All the cameras, the flashes, the crowd that applauded... it was just great.



But your second film, *Shanghai Surprise*, was an appalling flop. That's a pity because I like the film a lot. Oh, well, it's all a grand experience for me.

You seem to have quite a large ego. It's more than an ego. It's an overwhelming interior light which I let shine without control. (?! I am guided by my instinct - it's both my faith and conscience.

When you're at home do you only listen to your own records? Oh, my God, no. Ha ha! I like Billie Holiday (old "blues" singer played by Diana Ross in *Lady Sings The Blues*), Prince, of course, and I'm a great fan of Chaka Khan. Her voice is absolutely incredible. I only wish I could sing like her. How did she ever manage to get that quality of tone? A true Godsend!

The "back to the '60s" style of songs like "True Blue" has come in for a fair bit of criticism in the last few months.

Well, I grew up loving the voices of innocent children like Diana Ross when she was in the Supremes or Stevie Wonder when he was young. That style has always attracted me. I don't sing like a woman, I sing like a girl - and that's a quality I mean to keep.

But you started out as a disco singer. That's true. My first records were disco and that style pleased the public. Frankly, I don't know how I got into that style - it's just that the themes used to come naturally. Later on, I played with rock bands and I certainly imbibed their style. Now, as a rule I write all my own songs. If not, then I supervise. I express my opinion and adaptations are then brought about. That happened with "Papa Don't Preach". And I also write for other singers: I wrote one for Bryan Ferry. And I'm producing my own records - to be as free as possible. For "True Blue" I gathered the same team as for "Like A Virgin", the best musicians and the best studios in town. We were perfectly matched. To give the best of myself I must feel confidence without stress or outside pressure.

Is there anything else in life you want or need? Yes. One more hour per day. To sleep!

What would you take if you were stranded on a desert island? Pop corn, bubblegum, water melon juice, my jogging outfit, books, and two movies: *It's A Wonderful Life* with James Stewart and *A Place In The Sun* with Elizabeth Taylor and Montgomery Clift.

Brace Springsteen was born to run (hem hem); were you born to flirt? Oh, yes. With life, of course...

● Interview: Denis Taranto
● Photos: Alberto Tolot/Julian Barton



NEW
SINGLE



LEVEL

42

TO BE WITH
YOU AGAIN

C/W
MICRO KID (LIVE)

BONUS TRACK
ON 12"

LESSONS
IN LOVE

(SHEP PETTIBONE REMIX)

7" - POP 855 - 12" - POPX 855



THE ALBUM
RUNNING IN THE FAMILY
RECORD - CASSETTE - COMPACT DISC



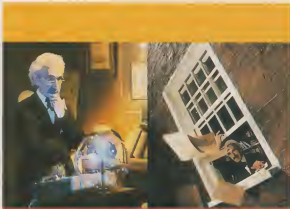
GO WEST

I WANT TO HEAR IT FROM YOU



NEW SINGLE · 7 INCH · 12 INCH · COMPACT DISC
7" ALSO AVAILABLE IN A LIMITED EDITION POSTER BAG
12" VERSION INCLUDES COLOUR POSTER


Chrysalis



THE SLIGHTEST TOUCH

Ooh the slightest touch
Ooh the slightest touch

I thought I knew how to handle my emotions
Til you lit the fuse that triggered the explosion
Mmm you turn me on with the power of electric love
Now I can't get enough
Turn the voltage up ooh ooh

Chorus

The slightest touch and I go crazy with desire (desire desire)
The slightest touch can bring me to my knees yeah (yeah yeah)

Ooh watch what you touch
'Cause I'm a real live wire (real live wire)
And the slightest touch is heavy on me

So heavy

You turn me into a raving maniac
Loco locomotive you keep me on the right track
Mmm you got my senses tuned to your remote control
You put a spark in my soul
Now I'm too hot to hold

Repeat chorus

So heavy

There's one thing that you should know
I'm about to lose my self control
So come a little closer no closer than that
Touch me that's where it's at yeah yeah

Repeat chorus to fade

*Words and music by Michael Ley/Marian Marrow
Reproduced by permission Famous Chappell/MCA Music Ltd
On RCA Records*



FIVE STAR



THE NEW SINGLE



OUT NOW ON 7" & 12"

ALSO AVAILABLE

AN EXTREMELY LIMITED
EDITION COMPACT DISC
SINGLE FEATURING
ALONE AGAIN OR, ELOISE,
IN DULCE DECORUM
& PSYCHOMANIA

ALONE AGAIN OR IS TAKEN FROM
THE DAMNED ALBUM "ANYTHING"
(ON RECORD, TAPE & CD)

MCA RECORDS

DURAN DURAN

«MEET EL PRESIDENTE»



THE NEW 7" & 12" OUT NOW.

THE 12" MIXES ALSO AVAILABLE ON

A LIMITED EDITION C.D. SINGLE

EMI TOUR 1 ★ 12 TOUR 1 ★ CD TOUR 1

THE SMITHS



SHEILA TAKE A BOW

Is it wrong to want to live on your own
He it's not wrong but I must know
How can someone so young
Sing words so sad

Chorus

Sheila take a Sheila take a bow
Bout the grime of this world in the crotch dear
And don't go home tonight

Come out and find

The one that you love and who loves you
One that you love and who loves you

Is it wrong not to always be glad
No it's not wrong but I must add
How can someone so young
Sing words so sad

Repeat chorus

Take my hand and off we stride
Oh la la la la la la la la

You're a girl and I'm a boy
La la la la la la la la

Take my hand and off we stride

Oh la la la la la la la la
I'm a girl and you're a boy

La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la

Sheila take a Sheila take a bow

La la la la la la la la
Throw your homework onto the fire

Come out and find the one that you love
Come out and find the one that you love

Words and music by Morrissey-Marr

*Reproduced by permission Warner Brothers Music Ltd
On Rough Trade Records*



Europe: Carrie



When lights go down I see no reason
For you to cry
We've been through this before
In every time in every season
God knows I've tried
So please don't ask for more

Can't you see it in my eyes
That this might be our last goodbye
Carrie Carrie things they change my friend wuh oh
Carrie Carrie maybe we'll meet again somewhere again

I read your mind with no intention
Of being unkind I wish I could explain
It all takes time a whole lot of patience
If it's a crime how come I feel no pain

Can't you see it in my eyes
That this might be our last goodbye (oh oh oh)
Carrie Carrie oh things they change my friend wuh oh
Carrie Carrie maybe we'll meet again
Oh can't you see it in my eyes
That this might be our last goodbye (oh oh oh)
Carrie Carrie oh oh things they change
Carrie Carrie Carrie (oh)
Carrie Carrie maybe we'll meet again oh somewhere again
When lights go down

Words and music by Jake Tempel/Mc Martin
Reproduced by permission EMI Music Publishing Ltd
On Epic Records

DURAN DURAN

Ooh ooh
Hey mmm mmm mmm Miss
Miss November Tuesday bend your rubber rules
Take your time but don't take off your high heeled shoes
She's in demand at dinner time (she's in demand)
She's on the factory wall (pin-up on the factory wall)
And when the gentlemen retire (the men retire)
Guess who's in control
She blew your money on taking a cruise
If that ain't funny well watch out teacher

Chorus
Ooh ooh ooh ooh when the chamber's empty
She said ooh ooh ooh meet El Presidente
Dress in flimsy clothing use your lipstick line
To colour fear and leashing with a pink disguise
You've never refused when she lies back
To put a strap on the union a star on the jack
She's on the case at dinner time (at dinner time)
She's on the evening news (seen her on the evening news)
And if you dare step out of line (step out of line)
You're gonna be abused
You may not like it you may not be scared
But hell has no fury like a young girl's ego

Repeat chorus
(Ooh ooh doo doo doo ooh ooh doo doo doo)

You might adopt an attitude (attitude)
Look on the moral side (looking on the moral side)
But if police are after you (after you)
Where's the best place to hide
For this production they gave her a gun
Ain't no director so watch out actors

Repeat chorus to fade
Words and music by Le Bon/Taylor/Rhodes
Reproduced by permission EMI Music Publishing Ltd
On Parlophone Records



MEET EL PRESIDENTE

ORCHESTRAL ANGEUVRES IN THE DARK

SHAME



RE RECORDED VERSION
PRODUCED BY RHETT DAVIS



NEW SINGLE AVAILABLE ON 7" AND EXTENDED VERSION 12"
ALSO ON A SPECIAL 4 TRACK COMPACT DISC
(FOR AROUND THE PRICE OF A 12" SINGLE)
AVAILABLE FROM 27TH APRIL

VS938 VS 938 12



RSVP

★ Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with your name and address in **BLOCK CAPITALS** plus a few words about yourself 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.

● **Calling all A-ha fans!** My name is Joanne, I'm 12 years old and would love a postcard from anywhere. If any of you would like to write to me I live at 73 Highfield Road, Bramley, Leeds LS13 2BX

● **Hi there, my name's Pauline.** I'm a 19 year old children's nanny who's looking for anyone to write to: I'm into soul and funk music especially Anita Baker, Luther and Fave Star. If you enjoy a laugh then write to: Pauline Reynolds, 45 Chesterfield Road, Enfield Wash, Middlesex EN3 6BE

● **Hi, my name is Tony and I'm 17 years old.** I'm into Duran Duran, The Pet Shop Boys, Frankie, Hall & Oates etc. If you like any of the above or if you just want somebody to write to send your letters to: Tony Sadler, 11 Queens Drive, Carnforth, Lancashire LA5 9AE

● **15 year old Dr Robert fan wants people to write to.** Likes include The Style Council, Phil Collins, Curiosity Killed The Cat, James Dean, most 60s music and most of all The Bow Wow Boys. Anyone slightly interested please write to: Laura Steiner, Rose Cottage, Bay Road, Gillingham, Dorset SP6 4EW

● **Hi, my name's Dava and I'm 16 years old.** I am completely bonkers on Madonna. I also like house music and a bit of punk. I've got a great sense of humour so if any of you are interested please write to: Dava Lodge, 17 Fison Walk, Bishopdown, Salisbury, Wiltshire SP1 3JF

● **Hi, I'm a 14 year old English girl that lives in Norway.** I'd like to hear from anyone who loves Rob Lowe, Michael J. Fox, Mags, Duran Duran, Bon Jovi, Europe and A-ha. Please write to: Camilla Blok, Fistevad 6, 5095 Ulset, Bergen, Norway

● **Niya, I'm Susan and I'm 15.** I'd love to hear from anyone 15 plus anywhere. My musical interests include The Bangles, T'Pac, Level 42 and UB40 as well as others. If you're interested drop me a line at: 16 Thrisk Close, Bury, Lancs BL8 1UF

● **Two lunatics, Andrew (18) and Gary (16), want females between the age 15 and 20 to write to us.** We like pop music, electronic music, rock music and music. We also like Max Headroom, Garfield, computers and cats. Get writing to: 23 Wexford Road, Bellgreen, Coventry CU2 1EP

● **Hi, my name is Tracy and I am a great fan of Five Star and Queen.** I love composing and playing the piano and I would like to hear from anyone who has the same hobbies. Please write to: Tracy Dulle, 49 Partridge Avenue, Larkhall, Kent ME20 6LS

● **Hi, my name is Carolina and I'm 14.** I like The Pet Shop Boys, Madonna, Five Star and all other chart music. I'd like to hear from anyone aged 13-16 with the same interests as me. Get scribbling to: 77 Humber Road, Chemsford, Essex CM1 5PF

● **Hi, I'm 12 years old and interested in heavy metal and sport.** I'm looking for a boy or a girl aged 12-14 with the same interests as me. Please write to: Tim Hull, 16 High Street, Market Lavington, Devizes, Wiltshire

● **Hello, I'm a 21 year old male looking for penpals from all over the world.** My main hobby is music and I'm into all pop music. My favourite groups are Talk Talk, Lloyd Cole and The Communists. So if you are 18-22 drop me a line: Jose Antonio, Prato Jr, M'Urdaq 3-2°D, 31007 Pampilon, Spain

● **Hi, I'm 13 and into Curiosity Killed The Cat, The Jets, Bon Jovi and most other chart music except for Inde.** Interested? Write to: Mac P, 8 Edmund Close, Heaton Norris, Stockport SK4 1TR

● **Hi to all you Frankie fans!** I would like to hear from anyone aged between 16 and 25. If you live in Kent or London, then send your letters to: Sarah Morrow, 32 Winstanley Road, Sheerness, Kent ME12 2PL

● **Hi, I'm Zoe and I'm 13.** I'm looking for anyone, anywhere aged 12-14. I like A-ha, Five Star, Bon Jovi and Europe. If you are interested please write to: Zoe Biswell, 23A The Crescent, Holyoakmoors, Chesterfield, S42 7EE

● **Hi, I'm a 17 year old Housemartins and Curiosity Killed The Cat fan called Paul.** I'm looking for any 16-18 year old females to write to so if you think you fit the bill get scribbling to: Paul Milner, 34 Northfield Street, Worcester WR1 1NS

● **G'day, I'm Paul.** I like Genesis, Queen, Billy Joel and Neighbours but don't let that limit you. You write, I'll reply guaranteed! Get scribbling to: The Government Artist, 24 Lon Pen-y-Coed, Sketty, Swansea SA2 0YE



Rex

THE NEW ALBUM
HISTORY OF T-REX - THE SINGLES COLLECTION VOL. I
A AND B SIDES 1968-1977
AVAILABLE ON DOUBLE ALBUM, DOUBLE PLAY CASSETTE AND COMPACT DISC

THE NEW SINGLE
GET IT ON - TONY VISCONTI '87 REMIX
AVAILABLE ON 7", 12" (DAWN MIX) AND 12" (DUSK MIX)

● They come from the planet Freak Out

(Best much speed as possible... go because it's invisible!)

● They drive around in hyperspace vehicles

● They're macho and they're sexy

● They've just made a record called "Prime Mover"

(But Mike Smith probably won't like it very much at all)

● They're

ZODIAC MINDWARP

AND THE LOVE REACTION

(and Chris Heath talked to them about their "Incredible" style, . . .)

TRASH D GARBAGE

(Real name Alan P. Bailey, from Halifax, 21) "I joined in January when Kid Cobalt (old bass guitarist) went to America with The Cult and didn't come back. My basses are called Rumblehammer and Thud Bollocker. I used to play with Gerry And The Pacemakers for six months - we toured Australia - and I've worked as a barman and ran some rehearsal studios. I've never pulled a limb off but I've done the odd digit with nasty or smarmy people. The only horrible thing is the noise when it comes out of the socket." (???????)

COBALT STARGAZER

(Real name Geoffrey, 24) "I've just got my space driving licence - you get it at 24 if you've crashed enough vehicles and I've crashed six or seven. I've got two guitars: Sleazegrinder and Ramrod (Scarab, Son Of Sleazegrinder). I pulled Sleazegrinder out of a rock like King Arthur did. The best place to go cruising is Planet Freak Out but everything is invisible there which is a bit unfortunate. Sounds rather boring, doesn't it?"

ZODIAC MINDWARP

(Real name Mark Stephen Manning, 28) "You could hardly imagine Mark Stephen Manning from The Planet Freak Out, could you? Or Mark Stephen Manning And The Love Reaction? That's why I'm Zodiac Mindwarp. The only proper job I've ever had apart from a paper round was for *Flexipop* (failed pop magazine) as a designer. We're supposed to look like these monsters from out of space because I used to read all these science fiction comics and imagine this great group and what it would look like. And this is what people on the Planet Freak Out look like."

SLAM THUNDERHIDE

(Real name Race Baron, 26, from Canada.) "I used to work in the same restaurant as Bryan Adams - Tom Hawk's. We were both dishwashers - he had really long hair so he had to wear a helmet. My drums are called Earthshakers. I'm the biggest softie on earth."

FLASH BASTARD

(Real name Jan Cyra, 23) "My father was Polish and my mother is Lithuanian but they lived in Yorkshire. I was born on Halloween night. I used to do some studio engineering as a hobby - I met Zodiac there and after a big conversation about fish and chips in Bradford he asked me to join. I've got two guitars - Wimp Destroyer and an Electric Gestapo. I worked in local government for four and a half years as a salaries and wages clerk. It was pretty boring."

HORRIBLE HAIR:

"I had long hair but a friend put loads of chewing gum in it at a party and a lady threw thought it would be funny to pull out half the back of it at the roots while I was drunk."

NECKSCARF:

"It's a Harvey Desvoist one - it used to be on my hair. I was never a new romantic, no, but I'm sure they were nice people and if you give me lots of money I'll say nice things about them."

STUFFED CATS' PAWS ON SHOULDERS:

"Mrs Thunderhide persuaded me to buy them. It was dead already - I checked it out. Anyway, I wouldn't mind a cat wearing my skin once I'm dead and I'm sure I've done far more good things to cats than bed."

HARLEY DAVIDSON T-SHIRT:

"I've had it for ages. It's not really Hells Angel, more Space Angel." (?????)

"CUSTOMISED" JACKET:

"On the back it says 'Sex Pig' at the top. Yeah, sometimes I'm one. A sex pig puts his curly-wurlier about, rolls around in the mud, has a nice 'troughing' and gets his pork about. The fireman's badge is, er, from when I was a Canadian fireman (hem hem) a long time ago. We used to save cats from trees. In fact that's where these paws came from - Mrs Robinson's tree in Toronto. Sorry Mrs Robinson."

"CUSTOMISED" JACKET:

"I did it all myself! The stick-on broken circuit boards are from a calculator and a tape recorder. The pian was to have a complete working recording system on it. I'll catch on but I don't think Simon Le Bon will get into it. He doesn't really have that rough tough image - he's more Salty the Sailor."

AMMUNITION BELT:

"There's only one piece of ammunition at the back that still works but it's really to stick this (produces v. vicious stick with two small pieces on) in. I know it's not very Howard Jones but then I eat meat: (?????) I don't clobber people with it but if someone comes up to me and says 'you eat meat therefore I am going to kill you' I'll be able to defend myself!" (?????)

HORRIBLE HAIR:

"It'd be like David Coverdale's but only if he fell in a pitcher of tar. I don't use conditioner but I do tend to wake up with beer all over it which is really good for it."

HORRIBLE HEADBAND:

"Strangely enough I was thinking to myself that I was Mark Knopfler but then I realised I wasn't. Actually, I quite like some of Mark Knopfler's songs (snaps/wiggles)

"CUTE" BEARD:

"Gee? Thank you. No, it's not that I'm not macho, it's just that I put my head in a press and getting myself out all the hair on the sides ripped off when I crashed the hyperspace vehicle. I am macho! Do have to take you outside and have a look!"

CHAIN ROUND NECK:

"It's a gift tough jewellery because we're tough guys. You won't see us with flower watches. It's kinda like Run DMC except they wear gold chains to remember they're from slavery whereas we simply want to go into bondage. That gets us into heavy girls."

TRousERS:

"These are hard rock'n'roll leather! They're all split. You can't get leather trousers to stay in one place. But then I've got an armload down my trousers (?????) That much of a man!"

▲ TRASH

▲ COBALT

NAZI HAT AT OP HORRIBLE HAIR:

"It's a replica S.S. hat. I'm not a Nazi or anything like that – I just thought it was a rather striking title! My hair? It's just stub diesel oil in it occasionally to give it that greasy look."

BITS OF DEAD ANIMAL ENTWINED IN "LOCKS":

"Horrible? It depends if you're a vegetarian or not [????]. I don't think too deeply about these things – I think if it looks good, use it."

FOX FUR ON SHOULDERS:

"It's an old fox from an Oxford shop. Tasteless??? Well, we're not exactly a good taste group, are we? We're not. Curiosity Killed The Cat."

HORRIBLE HAIR:

"No, I don't wear any hairspray – feel it if you like. My roots are showing – I'll just have to get another bottle of Nice'n Easy."

"CUTE" BEARD:

"I can't grow it anywhere else apart from an odd patch here and there but if I do that it looks like radiation poisoning."

HORRIBLE HAIR:

"I'm the only one in the band who's got curly hair. It needs lots of back-combing and concrete gel. My girlfriend gave me the headband. Like Mark Knopfer? Well, I think he's great. An innovator, know what I mean?"

GEORGE MICHAEL UNSHAVEN LOOK:

"It's a funny thing but this girlfriend I was seeing on and off, when I grew this beard she really fancied me so I thought I'd keep it. For the sex appeal definitely."

CHAIN ROUND NECK:

"It's in case I feel a bit flushed ha ha ha. Oh dear me."

"CUSTOMISED" JACKET:

"The skulls aren't a negative vibe and I don't think about death all the time – I'm just a kinda mean guy. The swastikas are just an Indian fertility symbol. OK, they do have other connotations but I'm not a Nazi in any shape or form. Tasteless? Of course! Completely tasteless!"

TRENDILY RIPPED T-SHIRT:

"This is my weight-lifting t-shirt. I do a bit of working out and that sort of thing to keep healthy." [????]

"CUSTOMISED" JACKET:

"Underneath is a £180 leather jacket from Johnsons. The cross was already on it. Do I linger it in hours of need? Ha ha ha ha. Are you still talking about the cross? [??????]

SEX MACHINE BELT:

"It's a bit of a triumph bike. I hardly need it as I'm wearing my sex shirt today [saced-up open-style] t-shirt that you can't see! – it just makes me feel sexy. I'm feeling pretty like a sex machine now – but it's still kinda early. By the end of the day I'll really be going for it. Kinda wild! Kinda crazy! So the belt is really just the icing on the cake – the cherry on the top."

"CUSTOMISED" JACKET:

"There's just various military badges, fake Iron Crosses, a Deadhead – that's a good word for describing me incidentally – some hippie crap, some skulls, a Sonic Youth badge – not forgetting The Peruvian Mindwarp Snake round my neck – and some creepy stuff! There's also Spiderman – I'd love to be Spiderman swinging across the roof-tops with my web-slinger. Brilliant!"

LEATHER TROUSERS:

"They were £29.99. They make me feel absolutely sexy! Well, I guess you've either got it or you ain't. Have we got it? Of course we have! If we go to gigs the first three rows are girls crawling up our legs. Sol!"

AMMUNITION BELT:

"It's to keep my trousers up, isn't it? Oh, and it's ammunition for my love gun. I'm the God Of Fertility! I'm a Sex God – without a shadow of a doubt! It's quite a strain, you know, thrusting your groin about, fending off those females, tending the Church of the Mindwarp and cleaning out the temple every now and again." [?????]

JEANS:

"I wish I'd worn my sexy tights." [??????]

MĒL & KIM

F. L. M. (DEBUT LP)



INCLUDES THE No.1 HIT
RESPECTABLE

AND THE TOP 5 SMASH
SHOWING OUT



SU-2

ALSO AVAILABLE ON CHROME CASSETTE ZCSU-2 & COMPACT DISC CDSU-2

BONUS TRACKS CASSETTE & CD INCLUDES 12" REMIXES OF RESPECTABLE AND SHOWING OUT

"SHAPPENINGS"



THE CHRISTIANS:

Nottingham Rock City (May 12),
Newcastle University (13),
Edinburgh Queens Hall (14),
Glasgow OMU (15), Redcar
Coatham Bowl (17), Leeds
Polytechnic (18), Birmingham
Powerhouse (19), Manchester
International 2 (21), Liverpool
Royal Centre (22), Leicester
Polytechnic (23), Bristol Studio
(25), Dunstable Queensway Hall
(26), Peterborough Wymra (27),
Norwich University Of East
Anglia (29), Guildford University
(30), London Town And Country
Club (31).

● Please check with venues for ticket details.



THE WEATHER

PROPHETS: Middlesbrough
Town Hall Crypt (April 29),
Glasgow Furry Murrays (30),
Edinburgh The Venue (May 1),
Greenock Subterranean Club
(2), Newcastle Riverside (4),
Leeds University (5),
Wolverhampton Polytechnic (6),
Liverpool Polytechnic (7),
Manchester International (9),
Sheffield Leadmill (10), Treforest
Wales Polytechnic (16),
Cheltenham Pitville Pump
Rooms (17), Bristol Berkleyer
(19), London ULU (22).

● Please contact venues for ticket details.



WELL RED: London Ronnie
Scott's (April 26), London
Wembley Arena (supporting
James Brown) (29), Birmingham
Odeon (supporting The Gap
Band) (30), London
Hammersmith Odeon
(supporting The Gap Band)
(May 12), Manchester
International (8), Chappinham
Goldiggers (6), Deptford Albany
Empire (10).

● Please check with venues for ticket details.



CAMEO (EXTRA DATE):

Oxford Apollo (May 20).
● Tickets are £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50
and are available from the box office
and local agents.



BEN E. KING: Cardiff St
Davids Hall (June 7), Folkestone
Lees Cliff Hall (6), Southampton
Mayflower Theatre (9), Crewley
Leisure Centre (10), Norwich
Theatre Royal (11), Hanley
Victoria Hall (13), Reading
Hexagon (14), Birmingham
hippodrome (15), Manchester
Palace Theatre (21), Hull New
Theatre (23), Lincoln Ritz
Theatre (24), London Palladium
(26), Southend Cliffs Pavilion
(27), Poole Arts Centre (28),
Brighton Dome (30).

● Tickets are available from the box
office and local agents. Please check
venues for prices.



STEVIE WONDER

(POSTPONED DATES):
Due to his recording falling
behind schedule Stevie Wonder
has had to postpone his tour. All
tickets bought are valid for the
new dates. London Wembley
Arena. May 23 tickets are now
valid for August 29, May 24 for
August 30, May 25 for August
31, May 26 for September 1,
May 28 for September 3, May 29
for September 4, May 30 for
September 6 Birmingham NEC
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ROUND THE WORLD (WELL, PART OF IT) WITH ROBERT SMITH

Robert Smith hates traveling by plane; he thinks it's "tedious" and "one of the worst occupations in the world". As if to prove the point, he's paperly pale and baggy eyed and very let-lagged after an exceedingly horrible flight back from South America, where The Cure have just been touring for three weeks. He's off to Athens for a holiday tomorrow, and is therefore spending tonight in a faceless, deathly "international" hotel – slap bang in the middle of a French airport! Even as we speak the jets are a-howling and a-whining down the runway right outside the window: "I was just thinking," muses Robert quakily, "that this is the first day in three weeks that I haven't actually been on an aeroplane. . .". For, as we shall see, there are few places on the globe where this reluctant traveller has not been. . .

IN FRANCE. . .

● THE CURE ARE ULTRA-GIANT MEGASTARS. . .

"People write that, but it seems different to me. We stay in the same hotel in Paris as we always have done – all the fans know we stay there – and when we go somewhere we're not surrounded by security people and limos, so nothing's changed around us. We've achieved an enormous popularity through being normal, and that's what people like about us. I mean, it's like the hairy Spandy arm (i.e. Spandau Ballet and their snoot-"entourage"); I've been in the studios with people like that and I'm horrified by the way they talk and their attitude and their behaviour and everything about them."

● THE TV IS "CACK". . .

"In France, we can afford to do the most absurd things. In about two weeks time we're doing what I think is the worst TV programme in the world that I've ever seen – *Coquerico Boy*. It's a 20 minute programme that's like a children's pantomime and it's supposed to be funny but it isn't. It's like if Jeremy Beadle had to dream up a show with a group every week and these four girl dancers who wear very little so it attracts an audience. . . (completely las for words at the sheer horror of it). . . It's just everything that's cack on telly, all put into this one programme. It's enormously popular, which just goes to show. . . erm. . . (mumbles). . . well, I don't know what it goes to show, actually. Last time I saw it they had the Communards on, and they'd convinced Jimmy Somerville that it would be funny if he was dressed up like Tin Tin (legendary French cartoon character whom Jimmy closely resembles). He was mute and got pushed around all the way through, just so the Communards could do their new single at the end of the show. To ease at your self respect, just for that! I was sweating, because I was embarrassed

When we do it, we're going to present them, with a theme of what we want to do on the show. The people who run the shows loathe us, they hate us!"

● PARIS IS MOST DEFINITELY NOT "CACK". . .

"My favourite city in the world is Paris, and has been ever since the first time I ever came here, on a school trip. Notre Dame cathedral has always been my favourite building. It's one of the few buildings in the world that has an atmosphere; a similar place is the Temple Of 1,000 Buddhas in Kyoto, Japan. There's a kind of reverence, obviously, but it's more that, you're dwarfed by it – there's such a sense of achievement in the buildings that, even if you don't respect what they symbolise, you're awed by their grandeur."

● ROBERT AVOIDS GARLIC LIKE THE PLAGUE. . .

"I'm allergic to garlic – it makes me go all shivery. I can ask for food without garlic in lots of different languages! Mick Hucknall's favourite food is garlic soup, is it! I'm not surprised, haw haw!"

IN HOLLAND. . .

● PRESENTERS SUFFER FROM "GARY DAVIES SYNDROME". . .

"The presenters take it all really seriously. It's like the Gary Davies syndrome – all orange pancake make-up (Gary Davies is a regular pop presenter on European satellite telly). If you manage to take the piss out of them when you're on telly, you know that some viewers – even if it's only one person – will do this under their rubbers their hands with glue. We did this live TV show in Holland last year, and the presenter said 'Robert Smith, head honcho of The Cure. . . I just turned round and said, 'Bog off!' Everyone burst into spontaneous applause. I mean, no one says things like 'head honcho' any more – it's 1974-speak. The next day it was in all the papers – not that I'd sworn, because it wasn't in Dutch – but that I'd cursed this fury by telling the presenter that he was a fool. Everyone knew it, but no one was allowed to say it."

IN IRELAND. . .

● THE PEOPLE ARE "ALIENS" (OR SOMETHING). . .

"I found I had two spare weeks, so I went over to the West Coast of Ireland with Mary (his girlfriend for about the last million years). It was gorgeous. I went there when I was about 10 with my parents and I was really awed by it then. In its own way it's as alien as South America. The whole lifestyle is so slow, nothing matters – once you get into the swing of it it's really enjoyable. I used to think I could live somewhere like that – and I probably will, one day – but whenever I'm anywhere, I wish I was in London. And I don't even come from London, I spent so long living in Crawley. . . I've only had

somewhere to live in London for three years, but I think of it as home now."

IN ISRAEL. . .

● THE HOLY CITY IS "AWASH WITH SEWAGE". . .



"Israel was the dirtiest and most difficult place I've ever been to. We were in Tel Aviv and it was like rubble city! And Jerusalem was just awash with sewage.

People are very defensive and closed, it's a really weird place. You can ask for something in a shop and people will stare at you, not horribly, but just no reaction at all. You could stand there all day, and they'd keep looking at you. But then a lot of my impressions of places are going to be coloured by what I look like, I mean, I was there with The Banishes, and if they walked into anywhere they'd get some kind of reaction!"

IN BRAZIL. . .

● THE CURE ARE V. FAMOUS INDEED. . .



"The concerts in Brazil were brilliant – just like a carnival. Whereas Argentina was wild in a football way, this was wild in a fun way. There were 12,000 people dancing all the time, even when we weren't playing! They have these weird things there called 'darks'. The darks are into punk – Siouxiex, Echo & The Bunnymen – and they're really funny. They do the top half properly, trying to get their hair right and wearing a black shirt, but then you look down and they've got Bermuda shorts and flip flops on! But, at least they're trying."

"It's a bit like French pop music – there's nothing good about it at all. It's Europop – dreadfully banal. And Brazilian pop groups are really odd. The most popular group – I've forgotten their name (Menudo actually – A Latin-American expert) – are five boys, and once they get over 15 or 16 years old they put a new, younger one in. The group's been going for about five years, but it's had 15 different people in. No one cares – they sell millions of records. Even the most 'outrageous' pop is like a watered down Simple Minds – though it's absolutely impossible to imagine Simple Minds any more watered down."

● THE POP MUSIC IS USELESS. . .

"It's a bit like French pop music – there's nothing good about it at all. It's Europop – dreadfully banal. And Brazilian pop groups are really odd. The most popular group – I've forgotten their name (Menudo actually – A Latin-American expert) – are five boys, and once they get over 15 or 16 years old they put a new, younger one in. The group's been going for about five years, but it's had 15 different people in. No one cares – they sell millions of records. Even the most 'outrageous' pop is like a watered down Simple Minds – though it's absolutely impossible to imagine Simple Minds any more watered down."

● RIO IS "CACK". . .

"Everything was covered in concrete, even Sugarloaf Mountain (v. famous mountain shaped like a sugar loaf, whatever that is). It was cack. No, I shouldn't say that; Rio's just very poor. It's not the heart of the city and the beach that has this rich facade. At least we were giving something back, though that's a very dodgy area to talk about."

● THE BEACH IS HORRID. . .

"I've never sunbathed in my life. I don't like the idea of being cooked. I'll go out in the sun – it doesn't scare me, I don't turn to dust – but I don't like dripping in the heat, and Rio was boiling. We went

down to the beach to take some photos, but we hadn't reckoned with the local beach nutters, of which there are an extremely large number. That was my worst five minutes of the whole tour. It was glaring sunlight – unimaginably bright – sizzling on the scorching hot sand, with all these people screaming at us and trying to make us buy things like flowers and plastic bracelets *

● THE JUNGLE IS COMPLETELY BRILLIANT... *

"We spent 10 hours driving through the jungle, from the middle of Brazil right out to the edge, on this narrow road which was just a track in parts. That was my favourite day in Brazil, it was really scary. We could have taken a two hour flight instead, but we wanted to see more of the country. The coach driver thought we were mad – he'd never driven there before, none of the Brazilians with us had. It was really overwhelming: it's a totally dense jungle and there's constant noise. We got out a few times, but they wouldn't let us into the forest – there's poisonous spiders and snakes, though we didn't see any. It was so lush and colourful. But it was quite draining, too – the coach driver was insane, he used to driving in cities and had no concept of braking, so we were hurtling along thinking, oh well, it's better to crash in a coach than it is in a plane... *

limos and television crews and stuff! The hotel was besieged by millions of people, we were signing autographs for about two hours. But they've been repressed for so long that they're bound to react like that... *

● THE CAPITAL CITY IS 'FALLING DOWN'...

We got to see Buenos Aires, the capital, and it's like Megaloc City in 2000 AD (cult comic about a desolate post-apocalyptic wasteland). Half of it was being built and half of it's falling down, but the buildings are side by side. The hotel we were staying in just loomed out of this sort of ghetto. We arrived on Sunday at siesta time (i.e. the part of the afternoon when Latin types like a bit of kip), and it was like the end of the world – newspapers blowing down the street and absolutely no one around.

● THERE'S A "GROTESQUE KIND OF FREEDOM"...

"It's very poor, there's a dreadful economy. And it's so corrupt. The over-riding impression you get of the whole of South America is how everyone's bought off, paid off. They don't see it as corruption, that's the weird thing – the people looked really blankly at us when we talked about it. There's supposed to be a new air of freedom, but it's a grotesque kind of freedom. Everyone's really nervous, through years and years of arbitrary killing. The people that carried it out are still there – and they were looking after us! You can tell – they drive through the streets leaning out of their cars, and people visibly freeze. And people whinge about the police in England... *

● THERE WERE RIOTS AT THE CURE'S CONCERTS...


"We played two shows in Buenos Aires, at a football ground holding 20,000 fans. At the first show they were setting the seats on fire, dancing round camp fires in different parts of the stadium. But they were just having really good fun, I would have been the same. Unfortunately, outside the stadium there were a few thousand people that couldn't get in. The police were called in to disperse them and it turned into this riot. So, on the second night, this football element came up, wanting trouble. They tore the barriers down, they set fire to security men, they killed security dogs, then they turned over a hot-dog stand and the bloke inside had a heart attack and died. I was trying to calm it down – I kept running to the side of the stage and saying 'what's the word!' then shouting 'Calma, calma!' but eventually I got hit by a bottle so we stopped playing and I started to berate them... *

● THE "NORMAL PEOPLE" ARE QUITE NICE...

"The newspapers took it all out of context – they just focussed on the fact that there had been riots, which was a really horrible impression to give because we were there for five days and it was a really good trip which was marred by a few idiots. It was just the football element – the normal Argentinians have no sense of being at war with England. I did a press conference and explained that we had no ill feelings towards Argentina. Everyone was really friendly and nice to us, and we even got seen off at the airport... *

IN BRITAIN...

● THE CURE DON'T WANT TO BECOME 'FLAVOURSOME'...

 "I shouldn't be slagging people off, but I see all these people – Nick Kamen, Curiosity Killed the Cat – who are so desperate for success they'll do anything they're told to do. I've always had a great distaste for people selling themselves, having no pride, and I think I'd rather die than be that person. I would! You don't have to pander and be sticky to succeed. People go, 'Oh, you have to be on Wagon', I wouldn't go on Wagon

for anything! I'm very fussy about what I expose myself to. We could do it, but not if it seemed we were promoting something. I seriously don't care that much about success. I would still rather that people listen to us for the reason that I like us, rather than because we were 'popular'. Once that kind of hysteria surrounds a group, you become very fickle and then you die... *

● 99% OF HOUSEHOLD MUSIC IS "CACK"...

"I haven't heard anything in the last six months that I think is good. Even things outside the mainstream like hip-hop, which I think is dreadful. I thought the Beastie Boys' album – apart from 'Guns' – was awful. I liked Run DMC's single, but their album was awful too. Last month we bought a selection of the Top 50 albums so we could hear what was going on – which we do from time to time – and it was all hopeless. The worst had to be the reformed Deep Purple album. It lasted for one and a half songs, then ended up in pieces against the far wall! We started The Cure because I was so horrified at what I had to listen to when I switched on the radio. And nothing's changed – it's still 99% cack! *

● ROBERT'S GOING TO VOTE FOR THE SDP IN THE GENERAL ELECTION...

"See! You laughed when I said I was going to vote SDP! It's a dreadful thing. But I like Dr David Owen – I think he's the best politician in Britain. I would vote for a centrist government because it's been such a long time since Britain's had one. It's dreadful that Margaret Thatcher's been in power for so long – it's such an inhuman government. Obviously I would prefer a Labour government, but really think they're both dreadful... *

● ROBERT ISN'T IN TAX EXILE (EXCEPT HE IS)...

"At Christmas time I realised I'd been back in England for only six days since July. But the tax exile is a bit of a myth – unless you're out of the country for a good reason, you still have to pay tax. I'm out of the country a certain amount anyway, but I'm not basing my whole life around not paying tax this year. You're only allowed back for a total of 60 days, and I spend three weeks at home this Christmas. I'm conscious of it, but if I felt I had to go home I would. You can't put a price on your mental well-being... *

IN FUTURE...


● ONLY SPOOK-PEOPLE WITH CRYSTAL 'BALLS' KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN...

"I've never been behind the Iron Curtain, but we will go. We're going to play in Poland and also we might try and go to Africa – I've never been to the African continent. Tim Pope (The Cure's mad hippie video director) went out there and he said it was really good – awful and poverty stricken, but the kind of place where you can forget about it for a bit, because there's things you've never seen. I'd like to go to Egypt as well. I've never settled for second-hand experience, which could have been my downfall – sometimes I should have listened to other people! *

- Words: Vici MacDonald
- Photos: Paul Rider


IN AMERICA...

● ROBERT GOT INTO AN "ENORMOUS RUCK"...

 "I loathe America. And I've been there a lot. I like a few of the people, but apart from things like the Rocky Mountains, there's nothing about the place I like. I'm really glad I wasn't born an American. The first time we went to Texas we got exactly what we expected. We were really stupid – we went to a redneck bar almost trying to incite them. And we did – we got into an enormous ruck in this bar. And yet when you go to New York, where they're all supposed to be so aware, they turn out to be complete tossers! *

IN ARGENTINA...

● THE CURE ARE V. FAMOUS...

 "It's like what happened to us in France – we've suddenly become the biggest international group. We were met at the airport by



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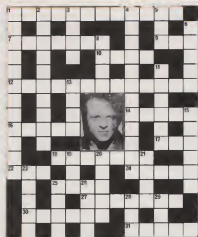
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● ACROSS

- 1 See photo clue (4,8)
- 7 Sam Moore's "Soul Man" buddy (3,4)
- 9 Nellee The Elephant's **Dolls**
- 10 Musical instrument
- 12 How Annie Lennox felt about Tracey? (5,2,2,4)
- 14 and 20 across Skin traders (5,5)
- 16 "I Can ——— It" (Phil Fearon)
- 17 Karshaw's part in 15 down
- 18 Ozy Osbourne took a shot in it (3,4)
- 22 Stewart amid Giorgio Moroder?
- 24 Drum or Virgin Challenger maybe?
- 25 Add Five for a hit group
- 27 "You're My Favourite ——— Time" (5,2)
- 30 When a men loves one, it's e hit for Percy Sledge (1,5)
- 31 Ultravox **Ure**

● DOWN

- 1 Mr Peter Pails becomes **Man 2 Man**'s torso floor-show (snag 4,8)
- 2 Wrestling hold mentairned by **The Jets**? (5,2,3)
- 3 Just Lewis from **The News**
- 4 Book in which Yazoo once entered their day to day doings? (7,5)
- 5 "I Won't — The Sun Go Down On Me" (Nik Karshaw)
- 6 Ike Ry produces **Mr Mister**'s second hit (snag)
- 8 How Gregory Abbott wished to shake you
- 11 Actress Helen who starred in *Cal*, *The Mosquito Coast* etc
- 13 **Bon Jovi** gave love a bad one
- 15 Elton's Russian girlfriend
- 19 How we like our chart **Chocolate**
- 20 See 14 across
- 21 Take **Ms Bush** around (snag)
- 23 A cone for **Billy**? (snag)
- 25 "How — is Now" (**The Smiths**)
- 26 "Take My Breath ——" (**Berlin**)
- 28 MOT in reverse for Robinson and Petty
In short, **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark** (1,1,1)



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Walking the streets in the rain
I turn away from the lights
To find the shadows again

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I feel the touch of her hand
I hear her voice say I need you
I guess I can't understand

Chorus

Radio heart
Play a sad song for me
One from the heart
So she'll come back to me
Radio heart
Send her my love from me

I hear a sound in the night
Could be the turn of a key
And when I switch on the light
It's you I'm hoping to see
Imagination you play a cruel cruel game
Imagination you leave me calling her name

Radio heart
Play a sad song for me
One from the heart
So she'll come back to me

The morning after
I find no inspiration
No love no laughter
Just my imagination
Imagination you play a cruel cruel game
Imagination you leave me calling her name

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PERSONAL

Shane MacGowan

FULL NAME: Shane Patrick MacGowan.

BORN: What? When was I born? On Christmas Day 1957 in Kent but I left there when I was three months old to go to Ireland so I don't actually remember being born in Kent. I moved back to London when I was six.

FIRST CRUSH: My first crush? When was my first car crush? What do you mean? Oh... my first crush. A girl, you mean? It was probably some girl at school... I'm not going to answer this question. Are all the questions like this? If they are I'm not answering any of them.

WHAT TV SHOW WOULD MOST INSPIRE YOU TO FLING THE BOX FROM YOUR HOTEL WINDOW?

There's a lot of them. *The Price is Right?* *Panorama?* I hate both of them, but they ain't the worst. What is the worst? Anything with Larry Grayson in it.

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO GET BUBBLEGUM OUT OF YOUR HAIR WITH PEANUT BUTTER? No. I had to cut some bubblegum out of my hair once with a pair of scissors. Nobody had told me about peanut butter. Does it work?

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT YOU WERE A BUS STOP? Er, no. Well, sort of. One time I went to four or five different bus stops, and never got a bus at any of them and when I tried to sit down near one of the bus stops I fell over. I suppose at some stage during that day I might have thought that I was a bus stop.

WHEN DID YOU LAST IRON A SHIRT? About 15 years ago. I never iron shirts - I used to get someone else to do them. I'd usually find someone I could talk into doing the ironing if it had to be done. It's not that I've never ironed a shirt, I have done it but it was a very long time ago. Have I ever ironed trousers? Nah! That's even more complicated than shirts. I used a trouser press last night though. There was one in my hotel room. You just leave them in the press overnight. It's very easy.

DO YOU AGREE WITH ROBERT SMITH WHEN HE SCOFFS AT FRENCH POP MUSIC AS USELESS? Most of it's useless, yeah. I haven't heard that much. I like Cherie's *Aznavour* (she's French and ageing *French crooner*) and er... (very long pause)... er, that's it. No, hold on. I like this guy called *Bashing*, but I've forgotten his first name now, it's something like *Claude* or *Pierre* or *Jean* or something. *French* - do you know what I mean? But he's very good and he did a video once when we were in *Par-eeee (Le Paris)*. He's alright.

WHAT'S YOUR LIVING ROOM LOOK LIKE? Well, the walls are red and the ceiling's red too. Does the colour drive me bonkers? It does, yes. I've got a few posters on the walls too - a few pictures of people like John Coltrane (deceased jazz sax player) and there's this picture of a Greek sponge diver. I've got a big bullfight poster from Spain and a couple of pub mirrors as well - you know those mirrors they have in pubs. I don't keep the place tidy, I try, but it's never very clean.

WHICH CREW MEMBER OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO TAKE OUT TO TEA? The black bird, what's her name? Lieutenant Uhuru, that's it. Why?? Because she's attractive! And she seems, like, reasonably intelligent. What about *Scotty*? Nah! I wouldn't like to take him out. I certainly wouldn't go to bed with him (?), but like him, I would be mind going for a drink with him.

WHAT'S IT LIKE BEING RELATED TO FILM STAR MARTIN SHEEN? Martin Sheen? Where did you hear that? I'm not related to him! You thought he was my second cousin? No, his mother comes from the same place in Ireland as my mother, that's all it is. And everybody knows everybody else round there. I suppose he could be a really distant relation of some kind, but not that I know of. He's half Irish half Spanish and he goes back to Ireland every year, you know.

ARE YOU UGLIER THAN BEN FROM CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT? That's sort of true in *The Sun* where I was scored two points more than Ben on the ugliness scale. Isn't it? I think Ben's a good-looking bloke, actually, personally, and I think I'm an ugly looking bastard and I don't need anybody in *The Sun* to tell me that, you know?

WHY DO YOU LAUGH LIKE A SICK MAN? Well, I suppose as we so messed up, I suppose. My mouth is a bit weird. It won't shut properly because it's got too many teeth in it and some of them are broken. It's probably something to do with that.

WHAT'S THE SHANE MACGOWAN DENTAL HYGIENE ROUTINE? I wash my teeth every day. What sort of toothpaste do I use? I use anything, *Colgate*, and *SR and Signal* and stuff. When I'm in Europe I just go for the one with the best packet. The most exotic one I ever found was this one in France which was rose flavoured. In France that was about the most basic flavour I could find.

The Poets

Was it horrible? No, it was nice actually.

WHEN YOU WERE A PUNK DID YOUR TEETH MAKE IT DIFFICULT TO SPIT? No, I'm pretty good at gobbing. What? Did it ever dribble down my chin? Nah Nah! Straight out the gob. Got them right between the eyes! Shoot to kill. I only gobbled at the best of them.

WHAT WAS THE MOST HORRIBLE JOB YOU EVER HAD? I worked in a record shop for a while. It was horrible because you get a lot of lunatics in record shops. You have to stand there and be polite to them and play them these really terrible records that they ask for so that they can make up their minds whether they want to buy one terrible record or another. A lot of them would go on and on at you, asking you to play this or that record and eventually I'd just get really angry and throw them out.

FIRST CONCERT: Mott The Hoople in about 1971.

FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: "Voodoo Child" by Jimi Hendrix. He died in about 1970 and it was re-released when he croaked and I bought it. Is Jimi Hendrix trendy again?

DID YOU EVER THINK YOU WERE VAN GOGH EAR YOU HAD YOUR EAR BITTEN OFF AT A PUNK CONCERT? (Van Gogh being a famous mad Dutch painter who cut his ear off — An Art "Expert".) No, not really. I'd given up painting by then. I got an art "O" level, and sometimes I draw, but it's not a talent or anything. I never went to art school but I knew a lot of people who did: a lot of those early punk people were art college people, but I couldn't even get it together to get into it.

DO YOU HAVE A BIG MIRROR IN YOUR BATHROOM? No, I've just got a picture of a chimpanzee in there. My sister gave it to me because she thought it looked like me. It just looks at me while I'm having a bath.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN LEPRECHAUNS? Nah. But... I do believe in the supernatural, and that's where the myth of the leprechaun originally comes from. It comes from the sidhe; that's the Irish for spirits or fairies. I've seen a couple of ghosts — they were just like humans except they weren't there, do you know what I mean? At least, they seemed to be there, but they ran away too fast. One of them I could see was an old woman. Had I drunk lots of pints of Guinness before I saw them? No, this was when I was straight, well, fairly straight, I mean really straight.

"I wouldn't mind going for a drink with Scotty from Star Trek."



"WE BARBEQUE OUR

Goodness gracious! Can this *really* be Five Star talking? And we always thought they were such *nice* people. . .

It's just a normal day for Five Star: up at seven in the morning, make-up on, Lorraine helps their mum make a packed lunch, the five of them pile into a car with their fether Buster and head off to a South London video studio, munching Jaffa cakes and cheese sandwiches on the way (grool). Then they spend the rest of the day – until two o'clock the next morning in fact – making a video for their latest single "The Slightest Touch". Nothing too strange about that, is there?

Sol If Delroy and Lorraine are having a dressing room chat, it's a fair bet that they'll be talking about "normal" Five Star conversation topics – music, useless TV programmes, carp fishing etc. Let's just have a listen. . .

"We used to have a string across the garden with a big knife at the end and if you touched the string the knife would go straight through your head."

Yeauucchhhh! Surely this can't be that nice Delroy Pearson talking????

"You know what we used to do? We used to play out in the street and we used to put cotton across the road and whoever ran into it got their eyes or their head cut off."

Bleugggghhhh! And surely that can't be that nice Lorraine Pearson? Except – it is!

"We had a minefield."

"If you ran through it you got blown up."

What, pray, happens when you get blown up? Delroy looks at me as if I'm stark raving bonkers and have never seen a decent Sunday afternoon film with a minefield in it.

"You're dead!" he explains impatiently. "You're in the air and in pieces all over the garden."

Urrghhh! Can't be very nice for the neighbours to have bits of bodies flying over from next door, can it?

"We have a brick wall up," explains Lorraine practically, "so it just splats against the wall. We clean it up afterwards."

Oh. That's alright then.

"Anyway," continues Delroy, "we invite the neighbours over for a barbeque and say 'let's have a race down the garden'. They all run and then they all get blown up."

"And, we barbeque the bodies," adds Lorraine testefully. Taste nice, do they?



Denise's Bodies



"Yeah."
 "They're not bad," says Delroy, clearly a man with a more discerning palate than his sister. "The one up the road, Isabel, didn't taste very nice did she?" says Lorraine, reconsidering. "She was a bit stringy."
 "And George," she adds, "he was a nice person. It was quite sad when I ate him."
 "Agathe," says Delroy, "was just a big mistake. She came running over one day because she was so happy with Five Star and she ran straight through the mines. We didn't have time to warn her."
 Poor Agatha. So how did they feel bad about it?
 "We picked her eyes ha ha ha ha!" laughs Delroy (presumably this means 'no'). "They're in a jar in the cellar."
 Next to?
 "Just a few fingernails," chuckles Lorraine nonchalantly. "We pull them out of people while they're still alive. We paint them and put them on the wall."

Dear me. This is going to be an interesting day. Already a few things about Five Star are becoming obvious: a) that they've got a stronger sense of humour than most people might suspect, b) that eating Jaffa cakes and cheese sandwiches first thing in the morning makes you go a bit squiffy in the head and c) it's probably not a very good idea to accept invitations from Five Star. It's also very quickly obvious that Delroy and Lorraine certainly don't think they should be talking about decapitation, neighbour mutilation, bottled eyes, etc. – for the rest of the day they seem quite embarrassed by how carried away they got. Instead they concentrate on the video.

The story – such as it is – revolves around Denise. She, along with the rest of Five Star, just happens to be in a fruit 'n' veg market (hence the £55 worth of fruit 'n' veg that one of the video workers had to buy at four o'clock that morning). Denise prances round, looking very fond of herself, then picks up an old man's leaflet about how science can help improve you and goes to him for treatment from a spook machine (actually an "amazing speak generating globe") while the others

laugh at her. And then... well, er, that's about it really. As Lorraine succinctly puts it, "It's just basically a lot of fun and dancing." Five Star are one of the few groups in the universe who claim actually to like making videos and they therefore stay in good spirits for most of the 14 hours they're on location today. When they can, however, they retreat to the dressing room and Mrs Pearson's pecked lunch; when they can't, they clown about on the set.

Deniece runs round feeling people's hands (she wants to know who has the hottest) and trotting Stedman. Stedman practises his tapdancing, cracks his knuckles (not v. nice) and wonders whether he should take one of the large white pillars home. Lorraine demands a chocolate chip ice cream (she doesn't get one). Doris finds a raspberry at the *Splash Hits* reporter (the cheek of it!) and Delroy stends around looking much older and thinner than he did a few months ago, as Lorraine is only too happy to point out.

"I just turned round one day," she laughs, "and said 'Delroy! You've got so skinny! He started looking good in his clothes.'"
 Hmmmm. So how, pray, did he look before?
 "He was fat!" she exclaims. "Don't you remember him being fat? He was so big."

Charming. The conversation inevitably moves onto food, clearly a pet topic of Lorraine's.
 "I've just been on a diet and lost nine pounds," she boasts proudly, before ruining things by explaining her rather suspect diet. "Every day when I wake up I have a cup of tea and biscuits and in the afternoon I'll have a cake or a sandwich. In the evening while my mum's cooking dinner I just eat sweets and biscuits until dinner's ready. And then I always have a bowl of *Ready Brak* before I go to bed at night." Apparently it "keeps your bed warm."

This may all sound a bit odd but Five Star are, it turns out, horrified by other people's eating habits, especially their breakfast ones.

Lots of English people have cereal in the morning, don't they?" says Delroy, looking a mite disgusted at the thought. Though he has "biscuits", Denise joins in with "biscuits" and Denise in particular goes straight for the



sweets. "Sometimes," giggles Lorraine, "we open a jar of chocolate eclairs and then go and play a game of tennis." Or, like this morning, pick themselves on Jaffa cakes.

But weren't they on the cover of *Fitness* magazine only a few months back, giving some very sensible advice about keeping 'it' n' fresh the Five Star way? What happened? "Oh yes," says Lorraine with pride, "those were healthy hints."

Er, yes, but Jaffa cakes for breakfast?
 "Well," says Lorraine, clearly foxed, "I do drink a lot of water and I have an apple every day." Which might have got her off the "hook" if she didn't admit seconds later that she actually places sweet supplies in strategic places "all round the house" so that whenever the urge takes her as she strolls around she "can just quickly take one".

Apparently, these bad habits have only really taken hold since they moved into their posh new home. ("A palace?" says Delroy. "Well, it looks like one.") It's here that they record demos, rehearse, watch the swimming pool being built, peer through the windows at the two gardeners tending the flowerbeds, and feel glad they never have to go to discos or anything.

"We have our own disco in the house," explains Delroy. "We play Sam Cooke music," laughs Lorraine, "and sit round eating chocolate eclairs."

It's here they sit looking at their push cars and feeling glad they'll never have to go on a bus ever again...

I don't miss public transport," says Delroy incredulously. "I prefer to take the Mercedes (his car which he'll start driving if he passes his test in a few weeks), it's easier. I don't think it's very big to tell you the truth. There are bigger and the bigger the better I'd have thought." It's here also that Delroy can go and stare in the fish pond while he moans about having missed the fishing season. "It's not something I do a lot," he says, "just once in a while. When did I last catch a carp? Ha ha. Last year, in the summer. The pond is well-stocked with perchish things – "all different

types of carp, a few goldfish and a few tench" – all transferred from their old house in dustbins. "We just put them in the removal truck."

And it's here that they can also sit round and be believed that they can escape the dizzy world of pop stardom. They're painfully polite about everyone they've met but they clearly see themselves as rather different sorts of people. Lorraine looks utterly bemused at the idea of doing something like having Spandau Ballet round for tea.

"What would I give them?" she wonders, perhaps a little stunned. "A cup of tea And some biscuits." Her true colours show through a bit though when it comes down to the crucial choice of biscuits.

"Well," she says, "my favourite are *Milvies* chocolate digestives – milk – so I..."
 "Would you give them that?" she continues merrily. "I'd probably give them shortcake or something. I don't like shortcake."

Quite.

And so the day ticks on as they whirl and they twirl again and again (the "Slightest Touch" dance routine took them, you will be disgusted to know, just one-and-a-half hours to learn). They chat to an 11 year old fan called Jerry whom the fan club have invited along as an extra ("I fancy Doris," he says breezily to anyone who'll listen. "Too old? She's only 20!"). Delroy even starts cracking "jokes". When he spots the *Splash Hits* "journalist" taking notes he shouts, "Show us your short hand! Apparently, waving a pad in his direction isn't the right response." "You're supposed to go like this," he explains, holding one of his hands very close to his body (short hand, peddle har her har). Oh well. At least they aren't talking about grisly murder any more.

"Why don't we saw his head off..."

Uh-oh, spoke too soon. "... and burn his eyeballs out." Lorraine looks chuffed by the nastiness of her suggestion.

"He'll have to wait till tomorrow," says Delroy sinisterly, "if he wants my backhoe. I'll aim for the heart..."

For the heart????? I think it might be time to slip out quietly.

● Interview: Chris Heath
 ● Photos: Tim Bauer



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**DEPECHE
MODE**

STRANGELOVE

● **Chorus**

Strangelove strange highs and strange lows
Strangelove that's how my love goes
Strangelove will you give it to me
and you take the pain I will give to you
Again and again and push you're there it

There'll be times
When my crimes
Will seem almost unforfeivable
I give in
To sin

Because you have to make this life liveable

But when you think I've had enough from your sea of love
I'll take more than another river full
Yes and I'll make it all worthwhile
I'll make your heart smile

● **Repeat verse 1**

There'll be days

When I stray

I may appear to be consistently out of reach

I give in

To sin

Because I like to practise what I preach

I'm not trying to say I'll have it all my way
I'm always willing to learn when you've got something to teach
Oh and I'll make it all worthwhile
I'll make your heart smile

Pain

Will you return it

I'll say it again

Pain

● **Repeat above twice**

Pain

Will you return it

I won't say it again

Strangelove strange highs and strange lows
Strangelove that's how my love goes
Strangelove will you give it to me

Repeat to fade

Words and music by M.L. Gore
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On Mute Records

DAVID BOWIE



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NEVER LET ME DOWN

INCLUDES THE SINGLE 'DAY IN DAY OUT'

PRODUCED BY DAVID BOWIE AND DAVID RICHARDS



EMI
AMERICA



REVIEW SINGLES



REVIEWED BY GARY NUMAN

DURAN DURAN: Meet El Presidente (EMI)

"Oh I like Duran. They became the band to stog off because they got so big but I always thought they were great. 'Reflex' is one of my top ten singles of all time. People just slag them off because girls like them – which is an insult to girls – and if they're not so tasty – as it's an insult to them 'cos they've done some great stuff. And I can't see why people are offended by what they look like – I don't see why you have to be scruffy or ugly to be right. Most of these opinions are based on what is... street-cred and I've got no time for that. Because at the end of the day every bloke that was ever born wants to be as good-looking as them, as rich as them, and he wants to have as many women and as many cars as them and anyone who says any different is a liar. Hmmm. I don't think this is a particularly good song for them – good, but not great."



WESTWORLD: Ba-Na-Na-Bam-Boo (RCA)

"Aaaaah! She said something nice about me! She said she didn't like my lyrics but she likes the new one. I didn't write it but I won't hold that against her. Hmmm. Well, it's very bright, very up beat... I don't think it's up to me to say whether anything's good or bad anyway! I mean, I might write a song which I think is the greatest song in the history of the cosmos – and the radio don't play it, ha haah! (?! Actually, I don't think it's never written a song that I thought was great. Competitive, maybe, but not great. Well, I don't have to like me own stuff, do I?"

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: Born To Run (CBS)

"This is one of those occasions where I don't doubt that the man has something very special but I have completely and totally missed it. Seems a bit pointless re-releasing it as a live version, too – as less people would buy it to remember the event or whatever. Ffht, I don't like that gravelly rock 'n' roll voice, either."

BEASTIE BOYS: No Sleep 'til Brooklyn (Def Jam)

"They're sexist and racist, are they? Maybe they should be in my backing band haah ha! Mmmm, nah, don't like this very much. It's a bit lacking really – it's all a bit of a con, I think, this rap stuff. I mean, anybody could get a riff and just talk over it. Or screech. People like it though, don't they? Y'see, I think people get more out of records than just music, they get... credibility. It's like the Sex Pistols – if you were remotely hip – trendy you can have the Sex Pistols LP and this is the same sort of thing, I'd imagine. You might not even like it or play it but having it meant you were it."

THE CULT: L'In Devil (Beggars Banquet)

"Hrrmph. The guitar's well back in fashion, innit? Can I just read you these lyrics? It says 'ere (on LP sleeve) 'She come in with an alligator smile/dynamite lover, scorpion smile/she come on with a cyclone kiss/hy there baby you don't never miss!' Ha haah! Now I'm the first one never to knock lyrics but I do find that rather strange. It's just meaningless drivel, without humour. It's not a very good song – it's just a badly-played old guitar style and there's not really much point to that, is there?"

THE SMITHS: Sheila Take A Bow (Rough Trade)

"(Stores witheringly at single sleeve and seethes visibly) 'Now, I must say before you play this record that I do have a certain bias against the man. Why? I just love. He did actually say something about me at one point... er,

nothing. And they've got no right to say I'm this or that when they haven't even met me – there's very very few people I'd want to meet – or admire enough to think they could teach me about life or anything. (Begins to look very miffed off of a sudden) I mean, I've heard people say 'Gary Numan – he's a fascist bastard' a few times and (begins to look decidedly furious) I mean – Paul Weller! And all that 'n touch with the kids' stuff! And he goes on stage with the minimum of lights costing no money



and I look at mine and there's two hundred thousand pounds-worth up there and if I sell out my tour I'll get back a hundred and fifty grand so I'm losing fifty thousand grand! Now I could get that back by charging the fans more – but that ain't fair! It's for them. Why should they pay for my big show? And yet! I'm the fascist bastard – and he's the hero! To hell with it! To hell with the world! I don't wanna be no big bleedin' saviour of the world, and I don't wanna write songs about what people should be doing. I don't wanna change people's opinions. But I won't have people saying I'm ripping people off when I'm one of the few that ain't! It really winds me UP!! (Begins thumping Smiths sleeve.) I've

never understood that, I still don't. It's bloody fascinating – they walk off stage with ten grand in their pocket – I walk off in debt – and I'm bastard. (Fumes silently for several seconds.) This ain't a very good song either."

TALKING HEADS: Radio Head (EMI)

"I think they're extremely over-rated. People say 'Oh Talking Heads are one of the greatest, most innovative bands ever' – now I find it very hard to find something innovative in this. Something innovative makes you think 'Cooo – how did they do that? How could have they thought of that?' Now you can't say this isn't a nice, bright little song, you can't say that it's bad but... it's just ordinary. Unbelievably ordinary. Candy-floss, kids 'n' toffee-applies with big smiles – that's what this is, and that's not inventive, is it?"

LATIN QUARTER: Nomzamo (One People One Cause) (Arista)

"Who are these, then? Huh! If they're so concerned about what they're singing about (South Africa), why didn't they print the bloody lyrics on the sleeve! If you've got something to say to people I'd have thought it'd be in your best interests to write a song that's going to get across to the most amounts of people – which means writing a commercial song and not a dreary, unusual, unlikely song that nobody's gonna listen to. I'm a bit dubious about people like this."

"I suppose they just think it's fashionable. At least I'm honest in my reasons for doing this. All I've ever said is

that if I can let people see how great this all is then it might give them a bit more kick up the arse to try it for themselves – because this is great – look at all this money! Flash tarts' ere, money there, I used to have a Ferrari! Planes, boats, nice house – it's just that my way isn't as popular as others! I mean, you get Paul Weller going on about how ridiculous it is, the amount of money pop stars get paid – well, why doesn't he give all his away then? It's not very difficult to give money away is it? Have I got a chip on my shoulder? I tell you, I've got a quarry on my shoulder."

NICK KAMEN: Nobody Else (WEA)

"I feel sorry for Nick Kamen – he can't help it, it's his good-looking, can he! The gods slagged off for not writing his own songs. I mean, Elvis Presley only wrote a handful of songs – yet he's fine and this bloke's business all of a sudden. It's just another excuse to slag him off – they've just got something against him 'cos he's good-looking and perhaps not very bright. His voice is alright! It's not distinctive but it's sudden. It's the right note – there's a lot of people can't even do that! It's not a bad song – well-produced – yeah, he's quite good."



ZODIAC HINDWARP & THE LOVE REACTION: "Prime Mover" (Mercury)

"Haaaah HA! Whoo! What's this? Bloody screaming guitars again, eh? They go on about sex and death all the time, do they? Hahahahaha! Well, so do I suppose! That's what life's all about innit? Aw, listen to that – swimming in a sea of acoustics! Ffhtth, it's not really a very good song, is it? And I'd imagine they're not trying to be offensive to people like over-grown bloody school-boys when they're not even like that at all. Er... I'll have to go soon actually – I'm going to an acroplane party." (??)

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT



DEPECHE MODE: Strangelove (Mute)

"Nice boys these. I met 'em at Top Of The Pops once – the singer whatsname, the one with the funny chin! Dave Gehan – yeah, we met in the toilet when we were both having a wee! Really nice, honest blokes, Hmmm. This is very much their style, ain't it? They've never really changed that much, which I don't think is a particularly good thing, but I do like this actually. Quite metallic, quite a hard sound. I actually tried, unsuccessfully, to sign them to start off my record label 'cos I saw them in this tiny little club in London where there wasn't even a stage and they were brilliant. So enthusiastic and excited – they were only about 18 then."

“BEVERAGE”

A-fluttering o'er the Review

desk the other day came an intriguing piece of paper with the following muttering... **AT LAST!! 100% NATURAL SOFT DRINKS!! FREE!! of artificial colours! FREE!! of preservatives! FREE!! of added sugar! FREE!! of saccharin! FREE!! of caffeine!** Mmmm, thought Review, they sound absolutely *horrific* – what can possibly be left to put in them, after all But! As the “watchdog” of a nation (or something), I was only fair to put them to the most rigorous tests known to mankind – The Carnaby Street Scandinavian Back-Packers Ahoy Excuse Me Matey Would

You Mind Making An Utter Buffoon Of Yourself For Me Please Vote Of Confidence Thing. And so we did. These drinks are called *Free*, they're made by a company called *Free* (hence the name!), there's four different “flavours” – Cola, Lemonade, Root Beer (1) and Sasperilla (12), they cost between 30 and 35p each, depending on where you live, they only contain “natural” ingredients (whatever that means), they're currently only available in “Health Food”-type places but they'll be swinging out “nationwide” in supermarkets in a couple of months. Right then... (the following “test” is carried out with the aid of a Paper-Bag “Disguise”!! Crafty, eh?)

DAVID BOWIE: Never Let Me Down (EMI) If Dame David is such a bleeding “chameleon”, why, pray, can't he change into something more entrancing than the skin of an ageing rock plodder? This LP is really rather dull, full of contrived studio jams on which guitarists go slow and “Bowie” sings either of larvae (“I'd like to blow you home/I'd like to see your sun”) or of something “meaningful”, as in “I got a bad myrtle that's waited three long years/And the pits that I took made my fingers disappear...” It's all very “polished”, of course, but it's hardly intriguing, and the only time David does attempt to flip his cork – on “Glass Spider” which finds our hero moving a pompous narration about baby spiders living in the “Zi Duung province of an eastern country” (!) above some ponderous filmic music – he ends up sounding merely silly. There is, however, one epic monument of rock supremacy on this LP – the closing track, “Young Gang”. But he didn't write it. It's Ringo Starr's did. **4 (out of 10)** Tom Hibbert

COLA

Simon from Plastow: “Mmmm, This tastes like Diet Pepsi to me. Mmmm, it's alright, yeah – in fact I'd buy it! It's not as good as Pineapple Sodo though. (1) I wouldn't even care if it was pecked with horrible E preservatives an' all that stuff that makes your legs fall off – I'd buy it for the taste!”



Ben Barnett: “Just call me Bill” (7). “Naaaaaaah, this is decidedly flavoured... I'd definitely not buy it. 35p's a rip-off anyway. In fact I wouldn't even buy it if my house was on fire and it was the only thing around to put the flames out with.”



Mickey Mouse (The Phazon Fruit-Seller Of Carnaby Street): “What's this then – a cheap brand of cola? Hrrmmh, it just tastes like watered-down cola to me and I don't even drink cola anyway! Would you like a tangerine?”



ROOT BEER

David Russell and Jackie Pissaro from Brighton: “We're a swoonome and loving couple! Er... it's Pepsi or Cheryade, isn't it? Oh. We've never had root beer before, we usually drink orange juice. Euur, no, it's horrible.”



Ben Mawkins from Barnet: “I know! This is a cross between Lilt and Coco-Cola! I can't stand Coco-Cola but I love Lilt. Mmmm – this is excruciatingly ecstatic actually – I'd buy it even though it's a little bit sweet. Well, what is it then? Yourrght? I can't STAND root beer!”

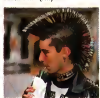


Heldi from Stockholm (12): “This is a bit like ginger beer but not as nice. It's weird. It's root beer? That usually makes me throw-up on the spot! Mmmm. I think it's really good that it's only natural – I always watch my weight personally. I'm very careful about my appearance – you know what it's like in Stockholm, don't you?” (11)



Tiche from Stepney Green, Ramsgate and New Zealand:

“This tastes like coke and something. In fact it's wonderful. I used to buy root beer in New Zealand, y'know. Yeah – I'd buy it. I drink and eat anything anyway. Mind you, I tried to steer clear of anything too healthy – it just makes you sit on the bog for about three days doesn't it?” (7!!)



SASPERILLA

Alice from Cacton: “This is just like that Dr. Peppers stuff – it's alright. I suppose, I'm for more partal to apple drinks actually but it can't afford to buy them very often – it's not like I like diet drinks. I'm sure you can appreciate.” (7)



Sally Cairns: “Lemonade, is it? Sasperilla! Isn't that a type of shoe or something? Or jeans? Er... this is very citrusy... I'd probably buy it though. I like diet drinks – it must be horrible being a monster so I do my utmost not to become one.”



Natallie Howarth from Camden “Town”:

“It tastes like a mixture between strawberry 7up apple chewing gum – how refreshing! I'd definitely part to my 35 small ones for this. I usually buy Pernor and that's 40p! At least it is in my corner shop and I have to put up with a horrible bloke behind the counter keering at me and saying ‘Oooohoo you are on a diet! As if YOU need to be! Maybe buying this wouldn't be so embarrassing’”



LEMONADE

Stuart from Hounslow: “This is either 7-Up or lemon 7up pineapple. I'd say. Well, I wouldn't buy it anyway because I only buy drinks in bars because you get more – waste not want not, that's what I always say”



Jonathan Burdett: “Bloody Nora – this is delicious! What is it? It's even better than 7-Up! It's absolutely marvellous! It's the invention of the '80s, that's what it is! It's the ultimate taste-bud tormentor in fact. You couldn't lend me 10p for a cup of tea, could you?”



THE WOODENTOPS: Live Hypnotic Live (Rough Trade) Last year The Woodentops invented “Giant” – the most suspicious and tongue-swoonway LP ever. This year they've invented what is practically the live version of that LP with a few different cuts and – yaaaar! – this is a superzizz. GONE may be the tinkling and the summery mooching but HERE! is the fastest, most fury-filled, thundering live rendition of pop tunes ever witnessed. How odd. Except it isn't really because The Woodentops are actually brilliant at being thundering – with frantic but taut warblings, fizzling thumping rumberdrums, demented wibbling organs, and deliriously fine actual songs. And there aren't any crackly useless “live” noises either. (Mynterous, no less. 9 out of 10) Sylvia Patterson

THE BLOW MONKEYS: She Was Only A Grocer's Daughter (RCA) Cripes! At last an utterly brilliant LP! From The Blow Monkeys. About ruddy nice too! It's slick, smooth and jazzy of course, but with a bit more of a hip-hop sound than in. And it's got a bit more of a political edge to it – a well with the “Grocer's Daughter” being a reference to the so-called Iron Lady in Number Ten. Dr Robert charmingly draws through a number of sultry melodies, including “I Doesn't Have To Be This Way” and “Ode With Her” and finally launches into some ruddy jazzy lyrics. “When who should walk in but Jesus, Jesus Christ himself! We cried ‘young boy Give us a kiss!’ said ‘where?’, he said ‘where ever you want!’ Well, what else can you expect from a chap who thinks Wayne Hussey is a traffic light!” (their excellences. 9½ out of 10) Joseph Collins

VARIOUS: The House Sound Of Chicago – Volume 2 (Chicago Trax) (London) More traditional in their musical ideas than the hit-mania Chicago International label (who featured in Volume 1), this splendid Trax double LP compilation offers everything from energetic dance tracks through to exuberant soul chants, all thriving on that spartan but computable House beat. Some are simple but naggingly, and some so quirky inventive (like the

Photo: Juan Barrios

electric gurglings of "Washing Machine") and some hilarious like Boris Badenov's "What's Up, Rocky!" (a superb "cut-up" of insults, aimed at the head of DJ International) and Sampson "Butch" Moore's "House Beat Box" (sounds like he's about to gasp his last) which would make brilliant hits. This is fascinating, lively, intelligent music with the personality and energy of Marshall Jefferson, the creativity of Finger Inc., and the polished dance music of Adams being particularly realistic signs to watch out for.

(B out of 10)

Ian Cronin

THE WEATHER PROPHETS: Mayflower (Elevation) 'Tis spring (apparently), the season when a young person's fancy so often turns to pretty and whimsical love songs, and if that's where your particular fancy turneth then you need turn no further than this LP. For it is a quite cho-co-bloo with the lyrics there. You may recall The Weather Prophets as being those long Jonc 'Sho waxes types who almost had a hit last year with "I Almost Prayed." They're what one might call a "guitar band" who strum and pluck those instruments in a very sprightly and rather well-behaved fashion. Their main charm however, lies in the voice of head Prophet Peter Assor who's got a habit of singing very beautifully poetic songs with a put-on American accent and in such a fat, quiet voice that you would fancy he was delivering the tunes right into your lighthouse. It's all very underplayed, restrained stuff, and it's all very good indeed.

(B out of 10)

Willem Shaw

SUZANNE VEGA: Solitude Standing (A&P) In the '70s there was this thing called "the bestie album". People like Leonard Cohen (gloomy, suicidal Canadian poet), Nick Drake (gloomy, dead English happy) and Van Morrison (gloomy, v. grumpy Irish O.A.P.) made bestie albums; they strummed acoustic guitars (gloomy, naturalism) and sang sensitive, literary and deeply, deeply gloomy songs which people could sit in bed with and feel unhappy listening to. Suzanne Vega (gloomy, winsome American songstress) fits perfectly into the mould: you can almost hear the rain pitter-pattering down her grimy attic window as she plinks her moody guitar and muses glumly on "life". It's a good record, but unutterably depressing. So - if you're feeling lonely and love-lorn and want to sit in a darkened bedroom, wracked with self-pity and blubbing along to something like gloomy, this could be the bestie album for you...

(7 out of 10) (if you like feeling really depressed)

Vic MacDonald

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT: Keep Your Distance (Phonogram) Apart from Ben's wheezesome crooning, it's a bit difficult to work out where her Cats are on this album; they do sound a little lost in the midst of one million suave saxophones, one burlesque whistling girles and one cosmopolitan twinkling string orchestras. And as the songs themselves are all extremely similar, they do tend to blur into a soothing, jerry, gant one-mess, pleasure and relaxing but not earth-shatteringly memorable. Basically it's designer background music, the kind of thing you can put on while you're getting up, going to bed, chatting or even having a snooze, because it's quite smoothy but entirely uninteresting. A v. useful record, in other words.

(B out of 10)

Vic MacDonald

CONCERTS

PAUL SIMON Royal Albert Hall, London

Tonight's music," announces the miniscule Paul Simon as the applause dies down, "will be about the music of South Africa." And so it is. Which doesn't please the Anti-Apartheid pamphleteers outside whose leaflets attack Paul Simon's breach of the South African boycott by recording his "Graceland" LP there. And, I suspect, it doesn't really please the audience inside either.

The concert is part of the artfully named "Graceland Tour," which means that Mr Simon is only on stage for about half the time - the rest is taken up by the South African artists who performed on his "Graceland" album: Hugh Masekela, a trumpeter who sings like Grace Jones (but not about parties), singer Miriam Makeba warbling about The Soweto Uprising, and, best of all, the charming Ladysmith Black Mambazo (who gently chanted on the single "Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes"). Both during that song and while softly grunting their own songs in Zulu, they sport grins from ear to ear as they go through their wobbly dance routines and they prove themselves utterly, enchantingly brilliant.

But although the audience put their hands together very politely, they seem a bit baffled by all this "Mbaqanga music from the black townships" as it's described in the not-very-spectacular programme. What they really want is the ageing Paul croaking through the LP tracks (which he does in between hopping on and off stage) or his old hits (only two but at least they're rather splendid). Whatever's happening on stage, it's all very soothing, verging on the snoozesome. When "You Can Call Me Al" is performed, a splatter of rhythmic clapping is the biggest sign of enjoyment all night. Everything is rounded off with the whole ensemble belting out what Paul introduces as the "South African Anthem" and then it's time for the grown-ups to slip back into their anoraks and shuffle off home - doubtless thinking it was all a bit of a swizz.

Lolo Borg



▲ Paul gives a very right-on left handed salute, man.



▲ Whatever's happening on stage, it's all very soothing, verging on the snoozesome.



▲ Ohmgodhowhorribel!

ERASURE Westminster Central Hall, London

Believe it or not, pop geeks, Erasure have one hundred swill-burzwillion utterly odious fans - almost entirely made up of punk "rockers", persons with "fancy" hairdos and blokes who look exactly like Erasure's singer Andy "big boy" Bell: no hair, denim-clad and somewhat "thick-set", as it were. "Interesting" though this may be, it's not half as completely astounding as the fact that Andy Bell isn't a denim-clad sort at all - he is, in fact, a perv-bloke.

Twinking onto the stage tonight he announces these perv-tendencies by way of a bright-red bearded dinner jacket flapping behind him, a blue-perv burrow leotard and a pair of "becoming" black perr-tights. And he doesn't huff put "it" about a bit: groin-thrust here, groin-thrust there, hip-swing here, waist swirl there and generally behaving like a man demoted and all the time singing quite perfectly in his wobblesque soaraway "style".

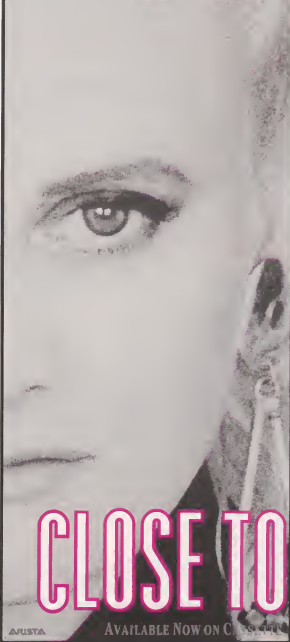
In between thrusking out their hits, semi-hits and utter non-hits of "yester-year", Andy displays a fine talent for impersonation: he impersonates American persons "Aaaaah thayank ya hoosawney!", he impersonates Mancunian persons: "Ah don't usually come down 'ere y'know!", he impersonates a woman: "Ooooh! Let me introduce you to the bassand! Hii boys!" before launching into a ludicrous version of "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend".

All of this becomes slightly worrying when not only does he peel off his jacket to reveal his rippledome "chest" but then proceeds to pour water all over it, then peels his perv-leotard off completely, replacing it with a flimsy "n' lacy woman's" "basque" thinge and then peels that off too. Thankfully, the perv-tights remain on - even after shrieks of "Gerrem off!" from certain perv-persons at the front. An evening of thundering, supremely infectious, brilliant pop pervness to which one can only conclude "It's a funny old world and no mistake. . ."

Sylvia Patterson



THOMAS TWIN



CLOSE TO

ARISTA

AVAILABLE NOW ON C



▲ A horrible fire.



▲ Another horrible fire.



▲ A horrible bloke. Er...no it's not - it's Charlie Sheen, the film's "hero" - about to save the universe (except he doesn't).



▲ A horrible gun with which to send people to hospital for a very long time (i.e. forever).

PLATOON (15, 119 mins)

It's "gripping!" It's "powerful!" It's "the best war film ever made!" So the "critics" have piped upon viewing the multi-zillion Academy Award-winning "war epic" that is *Platoon*. And, for once, they're absolutely right. Written and directed by Oliver Stone (who served in the Vietnam war himself – hence that's precisely the subject of the film), *Platoon* is a horrifically realistic insight into the stress, frustration and blind naked fear of soldiers under attack – leaving no one in any doubt as to what it really must be like – utter utter hell. To achieve this level of authenticity, Oliver Stone actually subjected his somewhat posh actors to real rigorous military training: early-morning calls at 5.30 am, hours of gruelling exercises, 12 km marches and – spreeyol! – canned-food-“style” military rations. “We were told if we disobeyed an order we’d be off the film,” remembers Charlie Sheen, whose character was based on Oliver’s own experiences. “When Charlie arrived for filming,” counters Oliver, “he was still a nerd. Then each week there was a perceptible change and eventually he became a soldier.” Well!

Platoon being a film, however, also transforms Charlie Sheen into a film star through his portrayal of Chris Taylor – a college drop-out who’s fighting this war because he genuinely believes in it and it’s a brilliant study in the loss of his naivety and innocence. The vision of Vietnam, too, with its steamy, jungle, creepy and frightening atmosphere is a riveting backdrop to his transformation into manhood. The story itself begins when Chris is blamed for a cocked-up night-time ambush – one of the most suspense-filled film sequences ever created – after which he must quickly learn to adapt and survive in a world gone utterly bonkers. After a lot of scary, nasty, bloody slaughtering led by a bloke called Pug-nose Kevin (who’s actually the brother of Matt Dillon), Chris finds himself in the middle of the even more frightening war between his two commanders: Sergeant Barnes (Tom Berenger), a scar-faced, blood-thirsty killer, and Sergeant Elias (William Dafoe), a “laid-back” genial-type whose dignity hasn’t been stripped by the war, though this leaves him vulnerable and ultimately doomed. Serniff.

Through all of this Chris takes mighty blows to his body and his soul while he struggles to maintain his humanity and morality in the boiling cauldron of war (or whatever it is).

A very very serious film, then, (unlike the glamorous recruiting video that was *Top Gun*) with thorough good acting, a lesson in history, intensity, emotion, drama and even a moral to its tale. Grizzlingly superb.

David Keeps



▲ A horrible way to “go” i.e. being tickled to death (or something).

VIDEO

NOW THAT'S
WHAT I CALL
MUSIC 9 (Virgin
in Video, £9.99)



▲ “Horny” Nick Huckroll crambling into a “video” that doesn’t have a lead. The clown!



▲ “Horny” Nick Kamen crambling into a “video” that doesn’t even exist. The triple-clout!

This compilation of 16 whizzingly good videos is obviously designed to please just about everyone.

There’s vids to make you drool (by those swoonsome, grooveaway young people Nick Kamen and Curiosity Killed The Cat), there’s perv vids to help you pick the right mini skirt to wear for doing the hoovering (Freddie Mercury’s “The Great Pretender”), there’s other perv vids to show you how to pretend to be a male model and look up girls’ mini skirts without getting your face slapped (Peps & Shirley’s “Heartrate”), there’s handy dance hints vids demonstrating how to remove your head (or something), place it in the middle of the floor and run round it at high speed in an upside down position (Steve “Silk” Hurley’s “Jack Your Body”), there’s old songs done by old people (Jackie Wilson’s “Reet Petite”), there’s old songs done by new people (Boy George’s “Everything I Own”), there’s old songs done by old people remixed by new people (Hot Chocolate’s “You Sexy Thing”). And then after all that there’s Gary Moore, who’s there to remind you that to every silver lining there’s a cloud, or too many cooks spoil the broth, and then there’s (sernauff – Ed.) Derrin Schlesinger

PERSON INS



THE BONE

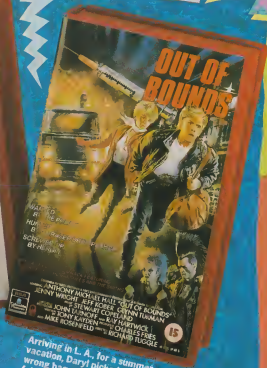
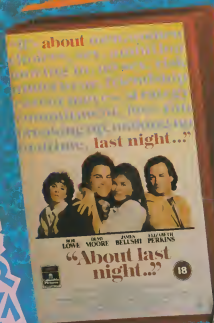
RECORD AND COMPACT DISC

ARISTA

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POSTER
BONANZA



Danny doesn't want to get serious. Debbie doesn't want to be "used". But despite themselves the unthinkable happens, they have a passionate affair and start living together. Amongst the drudgery of domestic life they find that making love is easy but saying "I love you" much more difficult.

Arriving in L. A., for a summer vacation, Daryl picked up the wrong bag at the airport, a bag full of heroin worth millions. Now he's in a fix, has been savagely murdered and Daryl is on the run from the police and a homicidal psycho. In this summer country-hey Daryl learns how low you have to sink to survive.

CLAIM YOUR FREE ROB LOWE POSTER

Take this ad into your local RCA/Columbia Pictures authorised video dealer, and get this sensational Rob Lowe poster free. Hurry, this offer is only open while stocks last.

AUTHORISED
DEALER



THE RAINMAKERS

LET MY PEOPLE GO-GO

Well well
Moses went up to the mountain high
To find out from God why did you make us why
Secret words in a secret room
He said wop bop a loo bop a lop bam boom

CHORUS

I did not put you here to suffer
I did not put you here to whine
I put you here to love one another
And to get out and have a good time now now now
Let my people go go yeah yeah yeah
You gotta let my people go go hey hey
Let my people go go go
You gotta let my people go yeah

Joshua faked a battle at Jericho
He'd tell the boys with the horns
Get down and blow
They rear back aim their bells at the stars
And said beat me big daddy
Eight to the bar

REPEAT CHORUS

What I say

Now Jesus went out for a walk with his mother,
The Scribes and the Pharisees plotting huggie mugger
They locked him up and they threw away the key
He said why's everybody always picking on me

REPEAT CHORUS

Let my people go go go
You gotta let my people go go go
Let my people go go go
You gotta let my people go
Got to let my people go oh

Words and music by Bob Weinstrom
Reproduced by permission Screen Gems-EMI Music Publishing Ltd
On Mercury Records

KIM WILDE AND JUNIOR



ANOTHER STEP (CLOSER TO YOU)

Never ever felt this way before
You are the one that I am craving for

CHORUS

Another step nearer your heart
Another step closer to knowing you
Another step nearer your heart
I'm on my way

I never thought it could happen
Being close to someone like you
But you know this isn't just a minute affair
If we make time and take a lot of care
'Cause I love everything about it
There's such a good feel about it
And I know where I'm gonna be
If you take a step closer to me oh ooh

REPEAT CHORUS

I couldn't even describe it
Though I tried I couldn't find the words
When you're stumbling through life
You know there's one step away
Do you carry on or do you stay
We've got to promise faithfully (faithfully)
To hang on to each other and never leave
That's the way love's gonna be
If you take a step closer to me come on now

REPEAT CHORUS

The only way to deal with affairs of the heart
You've got to jump right in doesn't matter who starts it
Take a step nearer come over here
Together we can make it tonight ooh ooh ooh ooh
Ooh we can make it tonight
A-a-a-another step another step

REPEAT CHORUS

Another step nearer your heart
Another step closer to holding you
Another step nearer your heart
I'm on my way
I'm on my way
I'm on my way

Words and music by K. Wilde/S. Byrd
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On MCA Records



STAR TEASER

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

B S E R O O M M A S E Y M R J R J Q
 E R A N N F P Y E F R U O T U A X N
 T R U M I O R L E R A E R E C C A I R
 B H I C T C T E A N C O S O U I R K
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 E E E R B R U I E O N E K O E E E A B
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 A U E L L D O U L O U R E D E A K B
 J C M A S D R A N U M M O C Y H O J

● Glimpse to your right for the answers

- ALISON MOYET
- AL JARRAU
- ARTHUR
- BEAST BOYS
- BEN E KING
- BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE
- BILLY IDOL
- BOB MARLEY
- BRUCE WILLIS
- COMMUNARDS
- CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT
- CUTTING CREW
- GEBBIE HARRY
- OURAN OURAN
- ERASURE
- ERIC CLAPTON
- EUROPE
- FIVE STAR
- FREDDIE JACKSON
- FREDDIE MERCURY
- GRACE JONES
- JACKIE WILSON
- J M SILK
- JOHN TAYLOR
- JULIAN COPE
- KATE BUSH
- LONE JUSTICE
- LOU REED
- MEATLOAF
- MEL AND KIM
- MICHODISEY
- MORTEN HARKET
- NICK RIDGES
- SAM MOORE
- TAFFY
- THE BEATLES
- THE CULT
- THE RAINMAKERS
- WORLD PARTY
- ZZ TOP

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PUZZLE ANSWERS PRIZE CROSSWORD

No. 27 (25 March)
 ● The winner is Alan Divine
 from Bebrington in Merseyside.
 No. 28 (8 April)
 ● The winner will be announced
 in the next issue, but cast your
 peepers below for the answers:

ACROSS: 1 "Down To
 Earth"; 7 Nelson; 9 Star; 10
 (Against All) Odds; 12 Epic; 13
 Ultravox; 14 "(S)lim's
 (F)ire"; 16 "Shout"; 19
 "Almeaz"; 19 "(No One Is To)
 Blame"; 21 Selie; 22 "No
 Rest"; 24 Anita Baker; 26
 (Percy) Sledge; 26 "Hymn To
 (Her)";

DOWN: 1 Deniece Pearson; 2
 (Vesta) Williams; 3 Two; 4
 Aled Jones; 5 Hot Chocolate;
 6 "Some (Boom) Boy"; 8 Noel
 Edmonds; 11 Sooty; 13
 USA; 15 Street; 17 "Rage
 Hard"; 19 "(Some) Boom
 Boy"; 20 "(Heart) Peltier"; 23
 Sweet

STAR TEASER

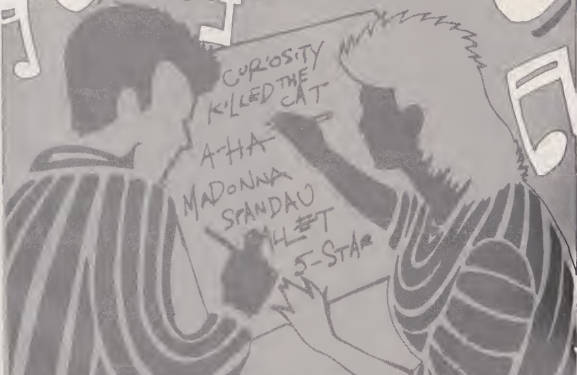
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Young

DESIGNER

COMPETITION



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THE GLUMMEST GR

The Jesus And Mary Chain hate travelling

On the whole the music business is a crappy business to be in. It's great to have records out, but going through the actual process of recording, the promotion, doing the tours, it's horrible. Who wants to be a bloody musician?

Thus speaks the scruffy form of Jim Reid, singer with The Jesus And Mary Chain, possibly the glumest group in the world.

"The reason we get so pissed off with the music business," he is saying in the spooky whisper he always talks in, "is that it seems that there's a hell of a lot of totally insincere bastards involved with it. Sometimes I wonder whether we're cut out for it. Just about everyone you meet couldn't give a damn about you but when you meet them they're wearing this big huge smile and saying 'Hey, your records are wonderful, you know'. That really sickens us."

And now brother William joins in. "Sometimes you feel guilty about complaining about being a pop star, because to people outside of the business it does seem like such an easy life, and maybe it is, but I hate the things like travelling. People say 'Oh it's great! You can travel the world!' But I don't want to travel the world. It's like America was a really good place to go and visit. The first week—I really enjoyed it. But the second week was like 'OK, I've seen it now'."

"Plus," interrupts Jim, "all you see are motorways and hotel rooms and venues. It's not really that exciting when you're driving down a motorway and it looks like any other country in the whole bloody world."

Yes. The Jesus And Mary Chain are back. From humble beginnings as an "independent" group who made lots of very noisy records they became one of the most talked about groups of last year with a Top 20 single "Some Candy Talking".

Jim: "If I got kicked out of the group I'd go and see The Jesus And Mary Chain. They're the only group worth seeing."

In their four year history they've gradually built up a reputation as one of those groups you either think are absolute complainers and snot geniuses or, like Radio One DJ Mike Smith, you froth at the mouth at the very mention of their name.

Just at this moment the Reid brothers are settling themselves down at either end of an enormous grey sofa. It's been over nine months since they graced the cover of *Smash Hits*.

peering out from a photograph that declared them to be "weird, loud and spotty" but was probably "very accurate".

"I don't remember how to do interviews," says Jim. "Do you?"

"No," answers older brother William. "I suppose we could just say that we're brilliant and fantastic," quips Jim unenthusiastically. "and then you could print it all really big."

That, however, would not explain what on earth The Jesus And Mary Chain have been getting up to and why we've hardly heard a peep out of them these last nine months.

"We took some time off," answers Jim vaguely, "because we were getting pissed off with it, just couldn't stand it. It was too much really."

"We were supposed to be doing an LP," explains William. "Uh, basically, what happened was that we wanted to make it a really good LP. We didn't just want to do the one LP a year rubbish. So the LP that should have come out last November was scrapped. We just decided to sit about and do some more songwriting though—it's not just been nine months of sitting on our arse. We've done a lot of business stuff. I mean, we've been to America to do some business with the record company."

"Though," Jim adds drily, looking the other way, "there has been a lot of sitting on our arse."

"The nine months we've had off have been really brilliant," continues William, "because we haven't been doing the touring stuff which I hate."

"I find we're really unprofessional in that way. A group like U2," he says distastefully, "they'll go on tour around the world and probably sell another few million records because of it, but is it worth it? Mind you, U2 probably love playing live, whereas we sort of hate it."

"If we weren't such lazy bastards," William ploughs on morosely, "we'd probably be doing constant trips to Belgium and Germany to try to build up the audience we've got to turn into superstars, but it's such a pain in the arse. We've been talking recently about doing a world tour. I can see us going away for a year and coming back within two weeks," he chuckles grimly.

"The reason why we could never do a world tour," Jim interrupts, "is because—it's a sad fact—but if we did we'd split up. We couldn't go on tour because we scream at each other all the time on tour. A month's about the limit. If it was any longer than that I don't even like to think what might happen," he says darkly.

But they always used to say that they wanted so much to become famous pop stars. Has all this changed since they've had a hit single?

"My attitude has changed since the beginning," admits Jim. "I don't even care if we're pop stars. I'm not really that bothered about it at all. What I want to do is continue to make good records."

"Besides," says William, "pop star is just a byword for 'pile of crap'."

Oh.

hate Curiosity Killed The Cat

hate Ferry Aid

hate being pop star



Photo: Julian Barton

William: "People say 'Oh it's great being a pop star! You can travel the world!' I don't want to travel the world."

COUP IN THE WORLD

hate just about everything actually...

"Grumpy sods" mumbles William Shaw



Jim: "We got asked 'Do you want to do Ferry Aid? It's good publicity. I think Ferry Aid is a totally offensive joke.'"

One of the few things The Jesus And Mary Chain have done publicly this year is play a couple of concerts in London. They were exciting but rather strange affairs. While the rest of the group stood hunched grimly around over their guitars making a bit of a din, Jim writhed around the stage smashing up his microphone stand. The man looked demured.

"I think the word for that was nervous," explains Jim. "That was the first gig in ages and I really didn't know what to do. I forgot what it was like. I just walked on stage and got a fright and thought 'God almighty! Here we are again!' So, having drunk a few cans of beer, the natural thing seemed to be to go mad."

"We're the most under-rehearsed group in the world as well," complains William. "All the songs we played are at least two years old and because we'd been playing them for two years we expected we'd go on and just know them backwards. I made at least five mistakes in every song. I was forgetting the chords and there's only three chords in each song," he giggles. "I'd play another song and be thinking 'Where's the bloody guitar solo?!' It's funny but it's a wee bit too much sometimes because I don't think we've ever played a song all the way through live without making a mistake."

"It's been a bit odd," whispers Jim. "When we have gigs that matter, we blow them. Every time we play in London I think it's been crap, but we go and play in Brighton and it's fantastic. We go and play in Aberdeen and it's brilliant."

"Actually Aberdeen was crap," contradicts William.

"Yeah," agrees Jim. "Aberdeen was crap."

So why do you play so many crap concerts?

"Because gigs are like anything else," says Jim. "It depends what kind of mood you're in. We're not really natural performers - we can only look happy if that's the way we feel at the time."

"You've got to have a lot of showbiz in you to make crap gigs look good," William decides. "I admire people who have that showmanship because it makes everybody sort of happy. But we're not good at it. If we feel depressed we work on depressed. If we feel pissed off then people can see it in our faces."

Standing outside the door of the record company office where this sombre chat is taking place are half a dozen eager gigs clutching pens and pieces of paper ready to be autographed. Are they waiting for Jim and William to step outside the door so that they can beg a signature from them and rip shreds of clothing from their bodies? Nope. They're waiting for Nick Kamen, who also happens to have popped in. "I walked past them," complains Jim, "and they didn't so much as look at me. When you have people waiting outside for you like that - that's when you're a real pop star."

Surely The Jesus And Mary Chain must get recognised in public from time to time? Well, Jim admits grudgingly, yes it does happen. He recalls when he was on a tube train once a girl sitting opposite him had a copy of *Smash Hits* open at a photograph of The Jesus And Mary Chain. She looked up and - lol! there was Jim. "But," moans Jim, "she just giggled for five minutes."

But then, unlike Nick Kamen, Jim and William are hardly the *Levi 501* model type. They are to this day still rather spotty youths and William even carries his own make-up to photo sessions to cover up any unsightly blemishes. And young Jim? "I think my spots just want to be famous," he complains. "They only come out when I have to do photo sessions."

Also, unlike other swanky pop stars, The Jesus And Mary Chain are hardly the types you'll see in some disgustingly posh nightclub, swigging "bubbly" with some rock "chick" on either arm.

"Aye," says Jim. "I don't go out much. I don't like any new groups; there's hardly anyone I'd go and see and enjoy. If I got kicked out of the group I'd go and see The Jesus And Mary Chain. They're the only group worth seeing. That may sound arrogant but I think we make the best music that anyone's made in the last 25 years."

"What's bad about the music scene these days is that it's not just the chart that's shit, it's everything that's not in the charts as well. What new groups have come up in the past year? What happened? Nothing happened and it was a waste of time. What did we miss? Who else was there?"

"The Housemartins!" suggests William wearily.

Jim grimaces in distaste. "Curiosity Killed The Cat? They're crap. Total crap. To me that sounds like someone just sat down and thought 'Let's make a chart record'. To me it sounds like somebody sat down and designed a group. I look down the Top 40 and all I can see is crap. I can't listen to the radio any more. I don't watch Top Of The Pops. And Ferry Aid..."

Ah yes, Ferry Aid. What do the brothers Reid make of all that?

"We got asked to do it," says William. "We said no."

"I think it's a totally offensive joke," Jim explains. "Where will these things stop? Where is it going to end?"

The whole thing's steeped in sentimentality," William continues. "A lot of people died, I'm afraid. That's sad. But basically it's a news item: those people died in one disaster, but people are dying everywhere. I mean, last year in China about 15,000 people went 'missing', presumed dead because the government there are ultra right wing fascist bastards."

"Why are people doing it?" despairs Jim. "We got asked 'Do you want to do Ferry Aid? It's good publicity. What sort of a thing is that?' The music business is shit," concludes the singer of possibly the glummiest group in the world.

Which is, I think, where we came in.

curiosity
KILLED
the cat

THE ALBUM



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Dear Black Type,

I find myself shocked and disturbed that in your last issue (8 April) you printed a picture of Pete Burns of Dead Or Alive posing with what seems to be a belt buckle clearly obscuring sex. This was printed only two pages away from a feature on the AIDS concert and a small column called "AIDS: The Facts". Pete Burns should follow the lead of George Michael, Holly Johnson and others and warn his fans of the horrendous disease whatever his own morals may be.

Everyone should use a condom when having sex - this could save your life!!!
Martin Adams, Canterbury, Kent

Dear Beloved Black Type,

What news! A nation rocks in disbelief!!! And, *Smash Hits* knew about it before *The Sun* and all those other "news" papers!!! Yes, Gar(y) Lux is back! After a period of seclusion, I have yet more exciting news for your innocent readership. The Irish entry has been chosen! And, Johnny Logan is back back back! etc. Yes, the man who won in 1980 (the year before B. Fizz) with the song "What's Another Year?", and a quivering lip, is to return to the Brussels on May 9th with his own "penned production", "Hold Me Now". But, he is reported (a la RTE) to be totally flummoxed at the news that Gar(y) Lux is to be competing against him. "Woe is him."

But! Does this mean that next year we can expect Bucks Fizz to be in there "doin' their stuff" for the UK seven years after they "won"? A nation wonders.

It seems absurd. The reason why good of Britain has not chosen "Un Song Four Europe" yet is that they are waiting to see what the rest of "Europe" chooses and then they enter something completely different. I think you ever seen "something" like Belle And The Devoians representing another Euro-country in the contest?

My theory is that the Euro "juries" (come in Jerusalem, can I have your votes please?) will go for another "cute and cuddly" act i.e. Sandra Kim. So, if this is true, Gar(y) Lux is in for some "competition" from the UK. And what a choice we have!

(1) I don't care and I satisfy with a song written by Ralph "Tickle On The Turn" McTell with the deus hunkus arguing over who should get to pull Jane's swoonsome skirt off.
(2) Gordon the Gofe/Orrville/Roland Rat.

(3) An entry from an Emu or "You should be so lucky" had. That would rock the socks off the Eurojuries with the result "Grande Bretagne hui points".

Doesn't May 9th seem such a long time away? How can one study for O' Levels with all the suspense? All we have are Dave Lee Travis' "preview" Sunday afternoon programmes to look forward to.

Will the Belgians plump for a pension presenter like Ase from Norway or a "young free and single" hostess like Lail Lindfors from Sweden two years ago? (Remember her dress ripping half way through the extravaganza?) All we can do is wait impatiently.

By the sound of things, the

Belgians will have a blackboard or an abacus for the scoreboard. If the UK wins, who will be our hostess the next year - Dame Vera Lynn? Cheryl from "Bucks Fizz"? Who knows?

When Austria come on we have to wave our *Lux Flakes* in the air (and also perhaps one of *Black Type* tea towels) and shout "Viva Gar(y)!" Must love ya and leave ya now.

Yours,
Gay Byrne's No. 1 Fan And The Late Late Show Viewer, Northern Ireland.

Parliamentary Report:
Sir Bertrand Borin-Tye (Con): May I ask the Prime Minister what she is doing to prevent yet another defeat in the Eurovision Song Contest at the hands of Johnny Foreigner?

Margaret Thatcher (Con): I refer the Right Honourable gentleman to the reply I gave to *Smash Hits* magazine in the issue dated 25 March, to wit: "We haven't done terribly well recently but when we won we had a group of four and it was a song about a little girl and because she's only three... Brotherhood Of Man? Lovely!"

Eric Crosspatch (Lab): Does the Prime Minister honestly think that by returning to the Victorian values of Brotherhood of Man we stand an earthly chance? We need, may we must, enter the 20th Century. Step forward Signe "Signe" Spatnick!
Toby Stiff (SDP): Who? I'm a Perry Como man, myself.

The Rt. Hon. Minister For Eurovision Affairs (Black Type): Ha! Fools one and all. If anyone in the house truly believes that there is any way a UK entrant can hope to snatch the crown from "Meester Music" himself, i.e. Gar(y) Lux, they are sorely demented. Viva Il Papa!!!!!!!

(Government cries of "Traitor!");
Opposition cries of "Whitewash!"
Gareth Hunt is a monster of depravity!; SDP cries of "They're doing a frightfully decent port at Victoria Wines this week". The House roars (9.12pm).

Dear Smash Hits,

Re Your letters page correspondence on the recent Mrs. Thatcher feature.

These young people obviously do not understand just what the Conservative Party and the Government are trying to achieve. Unemployment figures merely reflect the overpopulation of the United Kingdom - there are the same number of jobs, but due to the "baby boom" of the '60s, there are too many young people - hence the

Government YTS schemes.

These do work. I myself have become a fully-trained hairdresser, and I was taken on full time at the salon that trained me. Although I had never considered this profession previous to my leaving school, I realised that I had no choice but to accept what was offered. I think this is a duty to the country, and I feel this attitude will put Britain back on its feet.

If there is a June election, Mrs Thatcher will definitely get my vote Sharon Willis, Croydon, Surrey.

Dearest Black Type,

I never knew *Smash Hits* had a resident physicist! I am referring of course (of course!) to the analogy of the PHOTOELECTRIC EFFECT borne on the cover of the issue dated 25 March.

What gave it away was the article "I.e. LIGHT PHOTON. Yes, it was all too obvious! The red rectangle encircling the free stickers was found to contain traces of zinc, and the selfotape holding on the stickers had been cunningly positioned so as to rip off a small piece of the cover. An accident? I think not! No, the mark it left was suspiciously like an electron escaping, having been given energy by the photon.

Not so easy to decipher was the writing "IT'S MORE BRILLIANT FREE TICKETS!" Since this emitted the photon, it had to be the ultra-violet source.

The fact that Margaret Thatcher also graced the cover was further proof; she was a scientist before she became the politician we know and love.

Well, that's quite enough of that. It has to be said that "You Give Love A Bad Name" by the lovely Bon Jovi sounds exactly like "I You Were A Woman And I Was A Man" by Sir Bonnie Tyler.

I'd also like to say that your covergirl, Brazen Hussey, shouldn't draw black love hearts on his face. It just isn't becoming.

Lots of love and kisses,
Two "Eager Young Physicists" who will miss Gordon the Gofe, Midlothian.

Our Resident Physicist writes:

"Hallo. Photoelectric is "marked by or utilizing emission of electrons from substances exposed to light", according to my copy of *Baby's First Physics Primer* by Magnus Pike and Letitia Dean. I wonder what it means, though? Could photoelectric be a pun on "peckery" responsible for the sad demise of Ms Bonnie Tyler's hair, perhaps? Or for the fact that my television screen goes all blurry whenever Five Star come on in their

mountainous applications of lip gloss and other cosmetic sundries? Or for the bizarre dance techniques of Mr Simon Le Bon? Perhaps we shall never know. Next week: How to fashion statuettes of Sir Alastair "T Bone" Burnet and an obscure Brazilian polker using two egg timers and a laser beam."

Dear Dr Robert,

It milk tastes like "rancid phlegm" as you say in *Smash Hits* (8 April) when you eat the cream cake taste like to your somewhat sophisticated palate? Congealed rancid phlegm??? If so, why do you eat them? A contradiction in terms, surely?

Oh, by the by, your records should be regularly featured in *Biz* in "Crack Joke Corner".
A. Cow xx.

Yum! Do you have the recipe? Dame Delia should be told.

Dear Black Type,
Leave Roger Daltrey alone! Peter Townshend, Somewhere

No! I shall create it from the highest tree top till kingdom come. Daltrey is a fish murderer and a monster of depravity!!! A lawyer writes: "Ha ha ha. Only joking, Rog. We at the *Hits* think you're the absolute tops!!"

Dear Black Type,

My brother is a Ben Volauventlumedematanteaspargustpertrinefingnumblackteapoolomterpionterrierfingblackteawpieroet "World Cup" cos both his ears stuck out. And he calls me "tea cup" cos only one of my ears sticks out.
Moena The Mistif, Walsall

"World Cup"? Why, Ben Voluntaryethanasiainforallopstara whorwritelikeskeshootingstars innidhighpastureshanginoncup cloudshenathemoonshiningsun desonmagncarpetstetandandwho createanewsensational"swipee inghenationbywearingtheirstipidcaphethewrongwayroundandwho saymaaneveryotherword Terzine is altogether more concise. Neither of my ears sticks out, yet no one calls me "beaker". I wonder why? Perhaps I should join Big Country. (?????? - Ed.)

Dear Black (R.I.P?)

Amid all the hubbub and kerfuffle over the trendy "Nes" cafe adverts avec vers Gareth "Three Blends" Hunt, Dame Una and Sarah "hey, you all, seen my new coat £2,661,796.21 a snip!" I'll green, ver "honoured" readers of your wonderfully amazing page seem to have overlooked the most "incredibly" "stytish" and "brilliantish" adverts ever. I talk of course, about the *Wink* ads. Ms Maureen "Agony" Lipman's witty remarks about milk pudding and "tea" pots cheer me up on the "down, down, dooby, downest" days. Could you please tell me, has Ms Lipton got a fan club and will there be a compilation video of all her latest "milk" pieces? Maureen "Agony" Lipman's Woolly Telephone Warmer, Birkenhead.

What is this so-called *Wink*? Does it take a blend of no less than

three types of coffee bean to make if? Does it rattle satisfactorily in the palm of the hand? Is it more essential to life than a shag-pile carpet or even a new winter coat? Is it more beautiful than a Beethoven symphony heard on headphones? Is it endorsed by the woman of the '80s, Dame Tina Turner? No, no, no, and no. Be off with you.

Dear Black Type,

After reading pages 18-20 of your magazine dated 28 March, I was seriously considering cancelling my order at my newsgroup for Smash Hits.

You see, I pay 45p for this magazine every fortnight to find out what is happening in the music world, and when I picked up the aforementioned issue I thought that I had picked up an issue of the Sun by mistake.

The first few pages were those of a soap paper, but by the time I got to page 20, I realised that I wasn't reading *Smash Hits*, but a Tory propaganda paper. The pages I am talking about are those which contain the Thatcher interview. This interview (which is absolutely untrue) to do with the vote of today either on the dole or doing a Slave Labour Scheme which is more commonly known as YTS. With four million unemployed I think that she is going to find it very difficult to convince anyone of anything other than that jobs are a thing of the past.

Of course, she thinks that everything is "very nice", so every question is answered with these words. I don't think that our country is in a "very nice" state. Why don't you tell Tony Blair that the cat sells the UK to the Americans and the Arabs like she has with all our major industries?

By the way, yes, I am a very single-minded person, but wouldn't you be if you had to live through one year of the Falkland Islands which was caused by her wanting to close pits?

There are enough newspapers on the stands which spout nothing but Tory propaganda without you having to join them. Please stick to writing about music, and keep out of politics. I like to regard my *Smash Hits* as a friend, and friends don't discuss religion or politics. A 16 year old who is staying on at school in the hope that when she leaves there will be some jobs in this country instead of S.L.S.'s (Slave Labour Schemes), Type and Wear.

My Dearest Black Type,

Please a somebody put the pairs of socks in The Sun's mouth. OK they think of a ideas about the "Let It Be" single, when they keep out of politics and they "saves" I'm a bloody sure Madonna, Elton John and that Tina Turner blake, felt very happy after all that but about them. I betcha it was just to sell the bloody booby news in paper. And all this Michael Wonderful Jackson was to make me get up on the bloody purse all this "caring Michael" and "big hearted Jacko"

WRITERS: The Smokey Mountain Caribou Blues Band, W.V. (P) and the Smokey Mountain Caribou Blues Band and Black Type

WRITERS: The Smokey Mountain Caribou Blues Band and Black Type

they just be telling us what he's gone round the bloody bend. What other peoples would take the says anyway. If ya asking what I says it's the bloody gits and boys that sing who are with the big chest.

I mean they give up all their bloody time in it.

Well peoples better put the bloody cat out, its on fire innit.

Mrs Stavros, Crossway, London.

Quite right too.

My Dearest Mr B. Type,

In response to a "letter" from A. Perv, Hailsham, E. Sussex (*Smash Hits*, 11 March), you will be very pleased to find that in the 28 March edition there were no (n!) (z!)ch (n!)vels to be found anywhere in your v.v. "Cool" mag".
P. Biddle - Someone who wishes to keep up the moral standards of this dear country of ours - Lancashire.

A Publisher writes: I too wish to keep up the moral standards of this dear country of ours and will do so in moral to prevent corruption and moral depravity of any kind soiling the portals of my publishing empire. Now, Miss Pringle, what say you and I retire to a watering hole where we can discuss this matter further in a dilute and to Number 1 and so had to send it for £4.00. A SNIP!!

Dear Mr Type,

A few weeks ago I had my hair cut for £4.00, so I thought I'd write to you and say "I had my hair cut for £4.00. A SNIP!!"

Then I decided to keep this masterpiece of modern wit to myself, only bringing it out at Christmas time to impress Granny. A week later: Mel and Kim made it to Number 1 and so had to send it for £4.00. A SNIP!!

Mark Pugh (Dustin Ahoy), Bolton.

Quite right too.

Dear Black Type,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the similarity between Emyln Hughes and a blabbering idiot? Do you think that by any chance they might be related? Bill "Beaumont", Leicestershire.

Dear Sir Blackford,

I thoroughly enjoyed your "interview" with Mrs Thatcher. There is, however, one small thing I would like to bring up. There, that feels much better. Anyway, when our wonderful Leaderess referred to that great king of comedy and magic, Mr Paul "Unbelievably Skilled" Daniels, I wonder why you

did not take this golden opportunity to ask for her opinion on that other maestro of the flatter, squarer screen, that veritable supremo of the box, the very great Dickie "Dickie" Davies! This colossus of popular entertainment used to "host" *World Of Sport*, you know, and was possibly the only man I know who could make the ITV Seven seem like a life-enhancing experience! RUTH! Dickie has now moved on to pastures new, to *Jigsaw*, you know, and doesn't he keep it going wonderfully well? His line of merry banter is great stuff if you ask me but you didn't so I'll dash off now and leave you to think about it. See you after the break! A Fruicake, Barresca.

Quite right too.

Dear Blackie,

My dog's got no nose! How does he smell? No, she went of her own accord!
The Ghost Of Tommy Cooper.

Quite right too.

Dear Black Type,

That Jon Bon Jovi "person" just doesn't know what he's talking about (*Smash Hits*, 8 April). When Tom Hibbert quite rightly challenged him about the blatant sexism in his songs, the long-haired lout attempted to wriggle out of the question by saying that having a semi-naked "loftress" on the cover of the American copy of "Slippery When Wet" was a lot healthier than if it had been a picture of a man. He also implied that this latter tactic was the sort of thing that "Frankie Goes To Hollywooders" would get up to. Well, so what? I say Mr Bon Jovi is stupid as well as ugly.
(Whoops!!?)
Smedley The Cat, Greasby.

Dear Black Type,

Hear the one about the man, the dog, the threepenny bit, Mick Hucknall, Baspuss and a bucket of herrings? No, neither have I.
David Pearce, Wembley.

Quite right too.

Dear, dear Type,

I was most distressed to see the unwelcome return of the groocuing phrase "Hit songs by..." on the cover of a recent issue. I could almost go as far as to say that this has all the credibility of being a "cover" girl on the TV Times... except I won't.
Unless you ruddy well buck your ideas up and return to normality ("Songwords By") I shall use my expensive influence to make sure that every new record released for the next six years will be by "top" pop-ble Nick Berry, and that his

face appears in more places than Ben Vomithere Pierrot of ver "Curios".

Your co-operation is appreciated.
Andre "My mate" Alex is the undiscussable" Widdows, Norwich.

Dear Black Type,

Remember when you died and then came back again? Well, I would be very interested in knowing what it was like and, honestly, if you ever get the chance to do it again, I would quite like to come with you.
A Spook-Person, Fulham.

Hold tight, here we go . . .

Sir,


An extract from my journal: Bursting intrepidly out of the steaming vegetation, I emerged onto the bleak and forbidding plains of "Beastieland". "Jolly Heck!" I gasped as a tearaway young Beastie with a pile-driver smirked past and bit a chunk out of a tree. Over the far horizon a small troupe of Rock 'n' Roll legends headed by Limah, Leslie "Albert-Oldastehills-From-Bridlington-Come-On-Down" Crowther, the Penge Old Time Dancing Smoothoach Formation Team, Digger Barnes and a John Wren "only the best" pilschard lolloped hurriedly, chased by an ugly pack of howling Beasties with teeth like chainsaws and mouths like an abattoir.

Meanwhile, on the outer fringes of Beastieland, a herd of Beastie roadies swilling Bushmester chewing granite and doing a 95g with an oven-rider rhino snarled at the fistful of flapwag songsters who were watching Boss Hogg Strimble jelly up a Joshua tree while Paul "ho ho ho" Weller twisded fingers from a snigger. Uncle Disgusting Big Band Bonnah garbled the book of Isaiah backwards in medieval Dutch, swanking with smugness.

A couple of devil-my-care Beasties, led by Beastie "Boy" George, went "utterly beastly" Berry muttered into their beards, reached for their wickedly sharp meat cleavers and scattered two Pogues and a Commundar into the 8th Dimension. Then a greasy hippie Beastie with lanksome hair, no teeth and an Ovaltine singing mug approached with a gro-bag and smirked . . .

A giant albatross swooped down upon me, up and up we soared, over a huge sea of Um Bungo - the yelps of howling Beasties pursuing a pack of Nolans echoed off every stone . . . the voice of a Beastie Barker - supreme Beastie of Beasties, the manifestation of all beastliness, growled darkly - the sky flashed, and the Llandovery Orpheus male voice choir warbled softly into the darkness . . .
Rev Dr. Gilbert Fawcett-Green, Birmingham.

You are quite clearly insane. I mean you describe Nick Berry as "utterly beastly" when everyone knows that Mr Berry's ivory tickling splendour is outfoxed only by El Papa (Gar'ry) Lux). This surely singles you out as a madman or international terrorist or both. Take a towel n' towel and never darken my doors again. And on that note, I take my leave. Good bye. And I really mean that.



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TO BE WITH YOU AGAIN

I've been making moves in chairs
 Wrapped around my hollow heart
 The thought of you remains
 I can't replace your face no matter how I try
 And in the night I cry from wanting you
 You know I thought I could not lose
 America was calling me
 You said I must choose
 Between a life of love or visions that will fade
 And now the choice is made I am so lonely

Can you feel me
 Reaching out to you
 I'm so lonely
 Are you lonely too
 I would give anything
 To help you understand
 That I would go anywhere
 To be with you again

Heaven help me if you can
 I remember better days
 But now I understand
 You can't buy happiness love is not for sale
 Here inside my soul I am so lonely

Where are you now
 When I need you so
 I'm so lonely

I need you to know
 I would give anything

(Can you feel me) I would give anything
 (Reaching out to you) to make you understand
 (Where are you now) and I would go anywhere
 (When I need you) to be with you again

I was standing in the rain
 I need to be with you again yeah (baby)

(Can you feel me) can you feel me now
 (Reaching out to you)
 (I'm so lonely) I am so lonely girl
 (Are you lonely too)
 (Where are you now) I will go anywhere
 (Now I need you so)
 (I'm so lonely) I am so lonely girl
 (I need you to know)

(Can you feel me) I would give anything
 (Reaching out to you) to make you understand
 (Where are you now) and I would go anywhere
 (When I need you) to be with you again
 To be with you again

Words and music by R. Gould
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cameo

BACK AND FORTH

Introduction

There's a special kind of person
 Sometimes she's out all day
 You'll only see what she wants you to see
 And before you really know it always seems to go

Chorus

Back back and forth and forth
 Back back and forth and forth
 Back back and forth and forth
 Back back and forth and forth
 Our love goes
 Back back and forth and forth
 Back back and forth and forth
 Back back and forth and forth
 Back back and forth and forth

Take your chances if you will
 'Cause ladies could kill
 It'll make you round and around
 You've gotta know it by now (hey yeah)
 That the truth is you just can't win
 Love's funny like that
 It'll make you blow your cap
 Sacrifice everything and money
 Love has no guarantees it'll always really be

Repeat chorus

As we go

Back back and forth and forth

Repeat seven times

Take stabs dip and dab
 Forever trying to find your way
 It's a sailor's lament for all the love you spend
 You must have thought it was a betwixt and bid
 You can't do it (can't do it) like that (no no)
 Love I'll show you where it's at
 What you put off you'll surely get back
 'Cause there's no other way if you play your game
 Our love goes

Repeat chorus

Love has no guarantees
 It'll always really be

Repeat chorus to fade

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DURAN
DURAN





ARE DURAN DURAN DOWN THE DUMPER?

But things are definitely going a little bit "funny", with John Taylor starting to read hippie-type books, Salty Simon losing his shirt (???) and Nick Rhodes shaving off his moustache(????). Chris Heath "investigates". Photos: Julian "Julian" Barton.

UIt's been too much of a bloody soap opera, this group. It became too much of a Dynasty and it's just got to stop. Not only Andy and Roger leaving but Simon on the boat, me and my girlfriends. . . we really took it to the max. When Simon was on the boat it was really showing it into people's faces. There's millions of people unemployed and we're spending millions on one bloody boat. So that's why we're here, to get out and play and start again. The idea of this one is that Duran Duran is a rock group first and foremost, a rock group that makes music."

John Taylor leans back in his wicker chair and smiles. He knows that even admitting such regrets about the past, even admitting that Duran Duran may have made some rather bad mistakes over the last two or three years is likely to fuel, not dampen, the rumours that Duran Duran are currently facing a crisis. But he doesn't care. The latest LP "Notorious" may have sold poorly by their standards, their last British single, "Skin Trade", - which they reckon was "the best thing they've ever done" - may have only got to number 24 in the chart, the first of Duran Duran's 15 singles not to reach the Top 20, but John Taylor's not worried. "The vultures are circling," he remarks wryly, "waiting to see if we'll survive."

Judging by the general mood backstage at tonight's concert here in Paris, he's not the only one who's showing no signs of panic at all. Everyone seems to have decided it's just one of those sticky patches you go through. Tonight both John and Nick Rhodes will separately make the rather grandiose observation that everyone really long-lasting - David Bowie, Queen, the Rolling Stones and so on - had periods when, to use John's words "they couldn't get arrested". "We know we're going to survive," says John. "It's just we have to go out there and do the leg work."

Which is exactly what they're doing at the moment, whizzing round the world on tour and just five minutes in their company would convince anyone that the main reason they're doing it is because of an almost obsessive belief in Duran Duran as a group who are really "special". It's not surprising then that they were agast when a recent *SN* article carried the headline: "How We Wasted All Our Cash By Duran Hunk John". John Taylor gets steamed up at the very thought of it. "I would never say that," he huffs. "I promised myself that if the one admission I'd never catch myself making was 'well, you know, it's the old story but we took *Concorde* one too many times. . . Anyway," he smiles, "on a financial level we've never had more than we have now. It's just that we don't talk about it."

Tonight John and Nick are positively full of beans and even Simon, who is running round moaning "n' moping about his throat, cheers up a little later on. Talking to John, it's also obvious that they've changed in some other, more surprising, ways. Given half a chance he goes rambling on about his favourite books, all

rather arty complicated things, (much encouraged by his girlfriend Renée who one suspects may be his guru in these matters) and generally seems much more serious and down-to-earth than before. His priorities, he explains, have changed quite dramatically.

"The old ones were exactly what you'd expect from a 20 year old pop star - I can't even remember what they were, maybe that's the problem."

And now?
"Like I say in the tour programme," he laughs, "how old were you when your alarm clock went off? Me? I guess I woke up gradually over the last two years. I think we should all be a bit more responsible now, say a little bit more. We can't afford not to be. There's too much evil in the world."

These days, he goes on to explain, he's a great believer in "positive thought" and "being in control of everything you do". He's actually quite pleased at the idea that this all sounds very '60s and very hippie-ish.

"I think that's happening again, you know," he enthuses. "I really think there's a return to that kind of thinking. Except that, I suggest, most people in retrospect look back at the '60s as a rather sad well-intentioned failure, when everyone was too busy "dropping out" - "picking up good vibes", "seeking out positive energies" and "loving everything and everybody", to actually do anything. What does he think of that?"

"I don't know," he says. He looks a bit taken aback. "I haven't had a conversation before with anyone who's said that to me. I'd say that, yes, I am a very idealistic person and I'd people say 'well it's been proved it doesn't work' then that's negative energy. I'd say 'bollocks'. I'd say 'carry on thinking like that and you'll be working on the milk round for the rest of your life!' It's just negative."

It's a good sign, he reckons, that people are "picking up good vibes" and that there's a little bit of complacency. "Everybody's getting a little bit scared about what's going on. If *Duran Duran* have woken up," he laughs, "then, for God's sake, nobody should have an excuse. . ."

It's not as if Duran Duran have changed completely though. It may be their commitment to every detail that's responsible, but there can be few groups where such a backstage palaver is caused by a single shirt. Simon's shirt to be exact. The problem with it is that it isn't in Paris - it's in London where it's just been finished. "So far on tour," laughs John, "we've had the stage, we've had the equipment, we've had the band - all that's been missing is Simon's shirt."

Instead he's either been borrowing one of Nick's or wearing a four t-shirt. Tonight he'd hoped that his discomfort would be over - especially as representatives from Duran's

record company all over Europe have been invited here tonight and they wanted everything to be just right. So far there's no sign of it. "If it doesn't leave London in the next half hour it won't be in time," frets Simon. Oh dear. This is a shame, as Simon's grumpy enough as it is. As John chats away to me, Simon sits in the inner dressing room, getting more and more annoyed by our mumbblings. Finally he shouts at us:

"How much longer are you going to be?"
"Why? What's the matter love?" chirps John.
"I want to concentrate," snaps Simon.
"Well, why can't you go to the other dressing room?" asks John, unwisely.
"There's people in there," grunts Simon.
"Perhaps, I suggest, we'd better move elsewhere."

"Ooooooh yes," says John, whispering to full dramatic effect. "We better had."

A bit later, when Simon slips into "make-up", I slip back in with Nick Rhodes who is tastefully dressed in a delightfully pinkish suit.

"Freddy isn't it?" he laughs. Also, I suggest, rather like Freddie Mercury's one in the "Great Pretender" video. "Oh, we've something in common!" he says, slightly thrilled. "Well at least I haven't got a moustache."

Neither, I inform him, has Freddie any more. Nick is not the least bit non-plussed.

"We may have that's what we've both got in common - neither of us have a moustache. I must say, I think he'll look better without one - that was a pompiere's, a French policeman's moustache." Nick, quite properly, didn't approve.

As always Nick is quieter than John but probably even more confident about Duran Duran's future. But then he after all has always been the most responsible one - "I don't think the others would really disagree with that." He's also got a fair few moans to share about the old days. He still harks back to their fourth single "My Own Way": "the biggest piece of crap I've ever heard - how that got in the Top 20 and "Skin Trade" only got to 24 I find miraculous."

He still harks back to the Sri Lankan beach videos which got Duran Duran labelled as ecological jet-setters: "If someone comes to you at 18 and says do you want to go to Sri Lanka for the weekend and go running through the jungles, you think that might be fun - anyone would - but I think now that the videos are pretty dumb."

And he still harks back to the recent past when they had managers (they now manage themselves, something they're all incredibly enthusiastic about despite the extra work it involves). "Before," he says, "it was like Chinese Whispers - I'd say to one of our managers 'I want the stage to be black', they'd go and tell a production guy they wanted it darkish, they'd tell someone 'kinda grey' and it would end up cream."

Now they're doing everything slowly, painstakingly and absolutely as they want it. Not it seems, because they think it will earn them bags more money (it certainly costs them bags more) but just because





▲ "Satts" wearing something unappealing



▲ John Taylor sparking his "prank" (or something)



▲ "Er... no thanks"



▲ "Satts" being salty while being ignored by a fortress being forty (five) hair



▲ "Hello, I'm a shady character." (Hair not-very-hair)

of this constant determination to make Duran Duran the best pop group ever. Even the tour programme — for most groups a shoddily put together glossy thing with a few old photos and a boring essay on who the group are — is absolutely brilliant and has obviously taken loads of effort. As for the concert...

"You'll see," says Nick confidently...

As soon as the lights go down it's obvious that, in Paris at least, Duran Duran have got very little winning back to do of their live audience. The whole arena is covered with thousands of lighters held aloft and by the time Duran Duran are on stage the first few teddy bears have flown and the bouncers are already dragging limp bodies out of the crowd for attention. It's three songs — "A View To A Kill", "Notorious" and "American Science" — before any of them speak and by then it's clear that a) they have "beeted" up and made their "sound" a lot rougher and more modern and b) they haven't turned into the horrible rock band with lots of squalling "axe licks" everywhere that John's talk earlier of "the excitement of 1972/1973 Rolling Stones" had suggested. In fact they're very good indeed.

There's a splattering of songs from the new LP, quite a few of their biggest hits (no "Planet Earth", "Girls On Film", "Rio" or "New Moon On Monday" though), one Power Station song — "Some Like It Hot" — and one by Arcadia, "Election Day" ("we all wanted to play them," explained John earlier), lots of brilliant funky brass bits, snatches of other songs like the old "standard" "Louie Louie" and Sly Stone's "Dance To The Music". John and Simon having a fit of giggles as they sing together during "Is There Something I Should Know" and

▲ "This is the national flag of Duran Duran," explains John Taylor. "The idea for it all came from an American magazine article in which somebody wrote 'Duran Duran is a place, it's not a band.'"

In the tour programme John Taylor says he'd like to buy up the entire Holiday Inn corporation and have House Of The Spirits by Isabelle Allende (with of Marxist Chelevo President assassinated in early '70s) on everybody's bedside table.

"I could have recommended four or five things but that book's really good; it really blew me away. If you've ever been intrigued by Amnesty International it's the best book you could ever read. You know things are going on that are wrong and this book is a very narrative way of saying what's right and what's wrong. The reason I mentioned it in the programme and had a go at 'My Way' (he suggests that 'War' is a better song for people to be 'covering' these days than the old 'standard' 'My Way') is that there are all these traditional values — like The Bible as well — which are going to have to change if we are going to move into the modern world. There are things that are far more important than old religions and old values. House Of The Spirits would have a far more profound effect on people if they had that rather than a Gideon's Bible by the side of their bed."

▲ "As for the three symbols which are also in the film we made which we show during 'Save A Prayer', the globe is the world and the star becomes political and punches through the globe and the heart pulls it back together again. It's a sort of '60s vibe. I nearly fell down when I saw the ad for the Prince LP with the heart and the cross and nearly the same thing as we've been using. That's purely lateral thinking — nobody ripped anyone off!"

▲ On the left is Duran Duran's intended sleeve for "Skin Trade". On the right is the one actually released. Nick: "The bum? Well EMI just refused — they said WH Smiths wouldn't stock it so they didn't print them up. It was a very tasteful bottom too. A very nice bottom indeed. A young lady's bottom. I wasn't present at said photographic session, sir, but we did give some reasonably explicit instructions as to how the bottom was to be shot — the angle and so forth. This is getting much too seedy for Smash Hits."

a brilliant bit of trickery involving pictures of Simon live on these banks of TV screens above their heads. By the end, the Parisians — hardly in a quiet-night-at-home-reading-a-book-mood to begin with — are screaming madly as Duran finally disappears to the sound of church bells chiming.

Later on, at a party in a posh Parisian restaurant, Nick Rhodes explains that the chiming bells at the end of the show have a particular significance: "John and I meant to do that seven years ago when we did our first live performance. It's taken us this long to get round to it."

He laughs. It's been a good night for them and even Simon has cheered up, though by the end of the evening he looks just a little worn out by a marginally "tipsy" Yasmin. Renée meanwhile sits laughing happily away with John who has "shaded up" (v. rock'n'roll expression for having surfglasses on, fact fans even though we're inside and it's the middle of the night).

In another corner Nick's wife, Julia-Ann, is sitting having a long intense discussion. Slowly everyone else gets weary but Duran smile on. Nick looks disgusted at his guests' weakness. "It's early," he draws. "It's only three o'clock." Quite. It's hard to believe looking around that a year ago everyone else gets weary but Duran smile on. Nick looks disgusted at his guests' weakness. "It's early," he draws. "It's only three o'clock." Together.

"Basically," says John, "we're starting all over again, but with a much firmer base, a much greater intelligence and a much greater confidence in what we do. We're doing what we believe in. The three of us are now so focussed in what we want. We're going to keep this ball rolling now. We've got at least another 10 years."

He may well be right...

Coca-Cola

EXIT

KILLING JOKE

belouis
some

Coca-Cola

EXIT

SPONSE THE BASSIN

A

Coke is it!



*Coca-Cola and Coke are registered trademarks which identify the same product of The Coca-Cola Company.



Big Love *✶* Fleetwood Mac

Looking out for love
In the night so still
Oh I build you a kingdom
In that house on the hill

CHORUS
Looking out for love
Big big love

You said that you love me
And that you always will
Oh you hoped me to love you

In that house on the hill

REPEAT CHORUS

I woke up alone with it all
I woke up but only for half

REPEAT CHORUS

Just a-looking out
For love
Big big love

Words and music by Lindsey Buckingham ● Reproduced by permission
EMI Music Publishing Ltd ● On Warner Brothers Records



Can't be with you tonight

If my love wasn't here with me tonight
I would leave with you for just a little while
But I love him the same way as I love you now
And I'm sorry I can't be with you tonight

So please understand my situation
I love you but I cannot be with you
If I could be in two places at the same time
Believe me I would share my love with you

Though I want to hold you in my arms tonight
I wouldn't take the chance 'cause it won't be right
Maybe when we meet again some other time
'Cause tonight I'll only share my love with him

Believe me I would share my love with you
Believe me I would share my love with you

Words and music by F. L. Da Silva
Reproduced by permission Reward Music Ltd
On Oriole Records

Judy Boucher



LIVING IN A BOX LIVING IN A BOX

Wah

Woke up this morning closed in on all sides nothing doing
I feel resistance as I open my eyes someone's fooling

I've found a way to break through this cellophane line
'Cause I know what's going on
In my own mind
Am I living in a box
Am I living in a cardboard box
Am I living in a box
Am I living in a cardboard box
Am I living in a box

Life goes in circles around and around circulating
I sometimes wonder what's moving underground I'm escaping

CHORUS

I've found a way to break through this cellophane line
'Cause I know what's going on
In my own mind
Am I living in a box (living)
Am I living in a cardboard box
Am I living in a box (living)
Am I living in a cardboard box
Am I living in a box

Wah

(Living living living)

Ah

REPEAT CHORUS

(Living)

Am I living in a cardboard box
Am I living in a box (living)
Am I living in a cardboard box
Am I living in a box (living)
Am I living in a cardboard box
Am I living in a box (living)
Am I living in a cardboard box
Am I living am I living am I living
Am I living am I living am I living
(In a box)

Am I living am I living
Am I living in a cardboard box
Am I living in a box
Am I living am I living
Am I living in a cardboard box
Am I living in a box

Words and music by Vire Pegat
Reproduced by permission Empire Music Ltd Brampton Music Ltd
On Chrysalis Records



Instructions:

- 1 Stick the above multi-colour net onto stiff paper, card or even brick if you're worried about "insurance" etc
- 2 Carefully snip out, avoiding cutting one's fingers off etc as this can be pretty painful as well as making one a "bad insurance risk"
- 3 Gently fold surfaces A, B, C and D upwards, then bend "tabs" along these dotted lines. Secure these "tabs" firmly with glue or other suitable fixing "agent" - careful not to squabstrate oneself with said "agent" - but one has to go to hospital for a very long time (i.e. forever) and one's "insurance premium" will be astounding
- 4 Close lid (surface E), tack in remaining tabs and... PRESTO! - happy living !!! EY ?

THE SMASH HITS
HOUSING DEPT.
PRESENTS...
How To Build A Box
To Live In!
(an origins special)

WESTWORLD



★ BA-NA-NA-BAM-BOO ★

I've got you in my sights just one of those nights for you
And if you want to be around well let me pin you to the ground bam-boo
All the little boys are into you and all the guys want to rock and roll
We all want to dance it's what you came to do
It's all got to be boy I'll do a swap with you
Ba-na-na-bam-boo

I said come on over here and I'll teach you how nice and slow
Well alright tonight you're gonna pick me up and never let me go
You're just playing at being cool well just pretend you're bad at school
Jump up and twist now that's what you've got to do
It's all got to be boy I'll do a swap with you
Ba-na-na-bam-boo

Yeah

Ooh ba-na-na-bam-boo my shoe
Ooh ba-na-na-bam-boo ma too
Hey yeah yeah there ain't nothing standing in the way

We all want to dance it's what you came to do
It's all got to be boy I'll do a swap with you
Ba-na-na-bam-boo
Ba-na-na-bam-boo

Ah ha yeah ba-na-na-bam-boo
(It's all got to be boy)
Ba-na-na-bam-boo
(It's all got to be boy)

Words and music by Westworld
Reproduced by permission Virgin Music (Publishing) Ltd
On RCA Records

Coincidence. It's a rum old thing, isn't it? Why, you're sitting there on the settee minding your own business and singing the refrain of **Me! And Kim's** spectacular wailing "Respectable" inside your head when who should pop up on the TV screen but... **Me! And Kim!** And they're jiggling around to "Respectable"! Uncanny!! Just look around you, pop snoots - coincidence abounds! And nowhere is this more so than in the glistening world of pop where the fickle fingers of Dame Fate deal strange hands indeed! For instance... Did you know that **Sylvan** the guitarist with wizard "Soul" combo **Simply Horrible**, aka... **Simply Red**, is a Jehovah's Witness - just like **Michael Jackson** (Not much of a coincidence, that, is it? - Ed.). No? Well, how about this, then? **Judy Boucher**, soulstress of "Can't Be With You Tonight" fame, works on a medical equipment production line in High Wycombe - the very same town that **Howard Jones** comes from! Or this... **Terri Nunn of Berlin** says that she doesn't think **Ben Volavolavoparagustip** is very sexy - and neither does **Whitney Houston** or **Shirley**! Or this **Julian Cope** has just been baptised by a vicar who, it turns out, used to teach Julian history at school... Or this **Ruby Turner** says she hates being called fat - and so does the editor of this very magazine!! (I don't think this "concoct" is working very well. Desist forthwith - Ed) Bah! Still it makes you think, don't it? (Not really - **Doris Stokes**). And here's a peculiar thing, **Ozzie Osbourne**, heavy metal scourge and biter-off of bats' heads, has... gone vegetarian!! Yes, it's true, Sir Oswald says he doesn't want to turn into a fat old man of 50 and is insisting on fresh vegetables at every meal. "Yes," confirms Ozzie, "I insist on fresh vegetables as I'm sick of opening packs of frozen peas only to be confronted with an aoud trip in a pan." What can he mean?... Which brings us neatly and tidily to a brand, spanning new **Mutterings** series entitled... **What Can They Mean? ... What Can They Mean? 1: Terence Trent O'Arby!** Apparently, the piano bit at the beginning of his "If You Let Me Stay" fizzler is nicked from the **Jackie Fave's** antique hit "I Want You Back". This "explains" Terence, is a sort of tribute: "It's a bit like using a quote from Shakespeare in ordinary

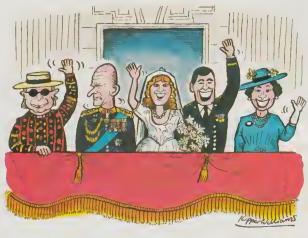
Mutterings

conversation." Altogether now: what can he mean?... **What Can They Mean? 2: Whitney Houston!** Whitney (who is, fact fans, nicknamed "Nippy" by her family) has been talking "frankly" about her love life (or lack of it): "Sod gave me my voice," she says, "and so to thank him I have taken a vow of chastity." Ready now, what can she mean?... **What Can They Mean? 3: Davey Jones of The Monkees!** Apparently, Davey is a bit miffed that two of the other Monkees, Peter Tork and Micky Dolenz, have recorded an LP of old Monkees hits without him. "It is," says Davey, "like drawing a bloody tree on a Picasso..." One, two, three, four; what can he mean?... **What Can They Mean? 4: Helena Sheneil!** This singing coach to such silver-toned legends as **George Michael, Alison Moyet, Annie Lennox** and **Paul Young** - had to do a spot of voice coaching for dear old Frigimask of **Sigue "Sigue" Spatnik** (many last year, and this is what she has to say about it:

Martin Degville has a lovely voice. He can really sing." Let's hear it! What can she mean?... **What Can They Mean? 5: Samantha Fox!** Saucy Samantha has been having a spot of difficulty learning to drive. She's now taken 130 lessons and failed her test three times but she still can't get it right, the idiot! Anyway, she thought she'd enrol for a special £350 "crash" course in driving in North Wales. But at the last minute she changed her mind because she was worried that, when spooling about in the motor car, people might "ogle" her. Dearie us, what can she mean? (Yes, thank you very much for all that - "series discontinued" - Ed.). ... Alright then, has the world gone mad? Probably, if the latest rankings of the normally frisky sensible **Ozzie Osbourne** (again) are anything to judge by: "I love animals," says the loopy born-again-vegetarian, "but it's difficult explaining to the kids that the budgie's wings aren't supposed to come off and that Freddie the goldfish

was not designed to hop, skip and jump across the carpark." Well... And talking of goldfish, here's something about cockroaches. **Swing Out Sister** recently jaunted over to Los Angeles (man) and spent an absolute fortune buying ridiculous nick-nacks like **Roach Motels** (things that cockroaches walk into and die) and dead spoons (i.e. spoons which don't hold anything because they've got three big holes in). How very wacky... Which brings us neatly and tidily to a brand, spanning new **Mutterings** series entitled... **How Very Wacky? (Only if you must - Ed.) ... How Very Wacky 1: The Beastie Boys!** The very first record Ad-Rock ever bought was... "K-Tel Orisco Classics, Vol. 8!" **How Very Wacky 2: The Beastie Boys!** Mike-D's favourite A-ha record, he says, is "Surin Bird" by The Trashmen... **How Very Wacky 3: The Beastie Boys!** Ad-Rock claims that there are many celebrities trapped inside my body and they don't even know. It's amazing, really... It's

Amazing, Really 4: The Beastie Boys! MCA used to have a crush on Minnie Mouse. It's Amazing, Really 5 **Nancy Reagan!** The pop picking first lady, wife of acclaimed lunatic **Ronald "Mad Dog McDonald" Reagan**, has invited **The Jets** to perform at the White House, so taken is she by the singing Tongans' musical flair... It's Amazing, Really 6 **The Jets!** The Jets are very fashionable... It's Amazing, Really 7 **Herb Alpert!** Herb Alpert, famed trumpeter, has made an extraordinary claim, saying that one of his favourites groups of all perpetuity are the **Police** because they can't really do all that amazing when you consider that the Police are on A&M Records which Herb owns and therefore the Police have helped to make Herb even richer than he is (at the last place)... It's Amazing, Really 8 **Robert Smith!** Unlike **Ruby Turner**, Robert doesn't mind being called fat at all. In fact, he says, "Stuixux" wanted to call me the **Pinebury Dough Boy** but it was too long, so she called me **Fat Bob** instead... It's Amazing, Really (Except it isn't) 9 **Lilo Thomas!** When he was at school, the scouter branched the record for the under-16s 200 metres sprint. But, he claims, he only indulged in sports to make his lungs stronger so that he could sing better (which probably explains why **Glen Hoddle** is a useless footballer...???????? - Ed.). ... Which brings us "neatly" and "tidily" to a brand, spanning new **Mutterings** series (**Groan - Ed**) entitled... **Unsavoury Dongs 1: Roland Gift of Fine Young Cannibals!** Roland used to be a male stripper, faking off his garments for housewives for £50 a time. "It was all a bit of a giggle," he "cusses"... **Unsavoury Dongs 2: Mandy Smith!** **Unsavoury Dongs 3: Susanna Hoffs!** She asked recently if she was thinking of having a baby, the diminutive Bangles replied: "We got that we will have Bangle Baby Year in about 1995. We'll have a big party, then all get pregnant on the same night". **Unsavoury Dongs 4: The Stranglers!** On their current tour, the ageing punksters are being supported by a group of female body builders who call themselves **Ladies Of The 80s**... **Unsavoury Dongs 5: Gloria Hunniford!** ... And on that quasse-making note, **Mutterings** takes its leave for another feisty fortnight. What a coincidence. (?????????), indeed. (You'reired - Ed.)



Prince Philip, i.e. the Duke of Edinburgh, is reported to be tumblingly angry with Andy and Fergew for going to Elton John's 40th birthday party l'autre soir - because Elton (given his wonky throat and all) is not the type of fellow that royals should be seen mixing with. (???)

"I wear what I like!"



GIRLS
IN STYLE

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Ages 8-11 yrs. £7.99
Ages 12-15 yrs. £8.99
Jacket.
Ages 8-11 yrs. £11.99
Ages 12-15 yrs. £12.99
Skirt.
Ages 8-11 yrs. £7.99
Ages 12-15 yrs. £8.99
Trousers with braces.
Ages 8-11 yrs. £10.99
Ages 12-15 yrs. £11.99

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