

48p 4-17 NOVEMBER 1987

(Lire 70p inc. IVA, Germany Dm 3, Holland Hfl 2.40, Singapore S\$3.20)

SMASH HITS

PET SHOP BOYS
COMMUNARDS



U2

WET WET WET

T'PAU

STING

BLACK

Posters:

MADONNA • GEORGE MICHAEL • MORTEN HARKET
BANANARAMA • RICK ASTLEY • THE CURE

Contents

PAGE 78-79

Photo: Brian Hill



4-9 BITZ: Where else could you win the Arc De Triomphe as designed by Lord **Frederick** Lucan of **Mercury**? Or ruffle the whiskers of the greatest beards in the history of popular music (i.e. those of **George Michael**, **Rolf Harris**, **Dame David Bowie** and **Pepsi And Shirlee Killed The Cat** have split up and so have **Level 42**? (Boo hoo – except they haven't)... etc. etc. . .

14-15 TPAU: In which "feistily" songstress Carol Decker joins the Great Dollie Debate: which is better – Barbie or Sindy? (Clue: it's not Sindy...)

17 CLOSWORD: It's so intriguing.

21 HAPPENINGS: Places to go if you want your eardrums exploded!

22-23 THE HIDEOUS SMASH HITS POP MONSTER: It's grim! It's grotesque! It's gruesome! It's a pop hybrid puzzler for you to solve!

25 COMPETITION WINNERS: Gurratle news for pop swots!

28-31 U2: Everything you ever wanted to know about Bono! Larry! The Edge! The other one with the specs! Plus – win every U2 "waxing" ever made (and lots of other stuff too...)!!

33 RSVP: "Make the most of your post" (copyright Smash Hits 1983)

36-37 PERSONAL FILE: The Communards.

39 SUPER CONTEST: How to win lots of swish hi-fi "gear".

45-52 WHO'S IN POP'S GRANDEST POSTER TUCKERBAG THIS ISSUE?: **Madonna**, **The Cure**, **Rick Astley** and **Bananarama**, actually. . .

54-55 BLUE MERCEDES: Two blokes named after a colour and a car. Why??

61-63 PET SHOP BOYS: It's a fantastic **Get Smart!** special! Everything you ever wanted to know about Neil and Chris and loads more besides!!

67-68 LETTERS: **Black Type** flips his cork (as per usual...)

72-73 HEARTBEAT: Who are these people who have sprung from nowhere to the very heart of our chart?

78-79 STING: What a preposterous snoot-o-toff he is! Come with us, into the man's palatial toffee-nosed abode!!

85-89 REVIEW: The hills are alive with the sound of "music" – i.e. millions of singles, billions of LPs, **Wet Wet Wet** doing a "gig" and **Dame Julie Andrews** dressed as a billy goat.

92 STARTEASER: It's so difficult, don't you think?

94 MUTTERINGS: All the guff that's fit to huff. (I.e. a load of old gossip nonsense...)

96 GEORGE MICHAEL: Mean and moody, missus.

Songs

- 13 LIVING IN A BOX:** So The Story Goes
- 13 THE COMMUNARDS:** Never Can Say Goodbye
- 18 JESUS AND MARY CHAIN:** Darklands
- 19 TPAU:** China In Your Hand
- 19 STING:** We'll Be Together
- 26 SCARLET FANTASTIC:** No Memory
- 26 MARILLION:** Warm Wet Circles
- 35 THE SMITHS:** I Started Something I Couldn't Finish
- 43 WHITESNAKE:** Here I Go Again
- 57 THE CHRISTIANS:** When The Fingers Point
- 73 HEARTBEAT:** Tears From Heaven
- 75 JANET JACKSON:** Funny How Time Flies
- 77 BRYAN FERRY:** The Right Stuff
- 81 CLIFF RICHARD:** Remember Me
- 90 GEORGE HARRISON:** Got My Mind Set On You

Photo: Brian Baran



PAGE 85-87

Photo: Simon Fowler



PAGE 14-15

PAGE 28-31



Photo: Gern Heery

Photo: Andy Cole



PAGE 61-63

PAGE 36-37



Photo: Paul Hill

Martens
Market
a-h-q



CURIOSITY ARE "DEFINITELY NOT SPLITTING UP"



Oh what a furore! It is true that **Nick Thorpe, Curiosity Killed the Cat's** wayward bass player, had a tantrum on stage and stormed off in front of a huge Japanese audience declaring that he was fed up with the group and he was leaving?

Well, yes, it is all true. He did get a bit wibbly on stage and go a bit bonkers, but only because he was "under a lot of pressure" according to a spokesperson for the group. But all those stories in the so-called "news" papers about the group splitting up are a bit off the mark, because the moment Nick set foot in this country he

decided he didn't want to leave the group after all, and that the other three were really his chums etc. etc. So it's all OK. Phew!

More seriously though, Nick was given a severe wiggling and banned from driving for a year after getting arrested for drunk driving. He apologised to the judge and told the court that he realised he was not setting the group's fans a very good example and said it wouldn't happen again.

Meanwhile the group are still supposed to be busy writing material for their new LP. The world remains poised on the edge of its seats.



Photo: Colin Levy

▲ The Everly Brothers: Morten and Don

RUM THINGS THAT ARE HAPPENING TO A-HA Part One: Morten Harket joins The Everly Brothers!!!

● Rum indeed, pop tumblers, but here we have the pictorial evidence. The grozzled bloke on the right is Don Everly, half of crooning duo yesteryear The Everly Brothers, and the beaming chap on the left is not Don's singing brother Phil at all but, in fact, Morten "Goatherd" Harket!!! Therefore Morten must have left A-Ha and joined The Everly Brothers instead, mustn't he? Unless, of course this is just a snap of Morten backstage at an Everly Brothers concert at the Albert Hall the other day...



▲ Roly Glen (Black Sabbath), John Wetton (Asia), Scott Gorham (Thin Lizzy), Leif Johansen (A-ha), Michael Sturgis (A-ha), Max Beacon (GTR), Mel Galley (Whitesnake)

RUM THINGS THAT ARE HAPPENING TO A-HA Part Two: Stig And Stig get involved in Heavy Metal "concept" project tingie!!!!

● This is jolly rum, too. There's this rock "concept" thingummy called Phenomena II which has just released an LP called "Dressed Runner". There's going to be a "movie" as well which is supposed to make up a "multi media event" not to mention, a/hem, "an adventure in sound and vision". Anyway, the LP features blokes out of Deep Purple and Thin Lizzy and Whitesnake and Black Sabbath plus... Stig and Stig from A-ha! (i.e. keyboard player Leif Johansen and drummer Michael Sturgis) who aren't really in A-ha at all but do play with the fizzing Norwogs on stage...

GEORGE HARRISON: THE STORY SO FAR



▲ George today - a pop phenomenon reborn

and their rough and ready Liverpudlian wit, it was George who uttered the obscure slang word "grotty" in The Beatles' film *A Hard Day's Night*. It instantly became one of the most cherished adjectives in the English language...

When The Beatles started getting a bit weird and turning into hippies, it was George who started growing his hair long, "sporting" a beard, wearing beads and sandals and kaftans etc. etc. ...



▲ Model of George when he was so famous that people would buy models of him.



▲ George (top right) when he was so famous that people used to throw jelly babies at him.

eventually fined \$587,000 by an American court because the song sounded more than a little similar to an old Chiffons tune called "He's So Fine"...



▲ George when he was a complete hippy

During the '70s George was a bit of a recluse, although he did make a few records which didn't sell too well (mostly because they weren't very good)...

George has also dabbled in the world of films. His production company *HandMade Films* was responsible for such works as *Brazil*, *The Time Bandits* and Madonna's film *Shanghai Surprise*. He's quite fond of Sean Penn whom he described as a "heisty youth" but he doesn't think Madonna's got much of a sense of humour... In his spare time George likes to



▲ George, Eric and Eric: they go to cricket matches together, drink beer and have a laugh.

turn his hand to a spot of gardening. He's got 35 acres of land at his Surrey mansion and keeps an impressive collection of plastic garden gnomes... He's now going to be a hugely famous pop star again because his new single "Got My Mind Set On You" is rather brilliant. Welcome back wrinkly!!!



▲ George with Madonna: they don't drink beer together, or have a laugh. And she's probably never heard of cricket.

ARE LEVEL 42 NO MORE?



No, it's not so much that – it's just that half the group have left at extremely short notice. First to go was guitarist Boon Gould, who departed rather suddenly about eight weeks ago. Then two weeks ago his brother Phil, the drummer, announced he was leaving too.

As always when groups split up, the not v. enlightening official reason is "musical differences". However, there had been rumours for some time that the pair weren't entirely happy with Level 42's return to a poppier, less "serious" style of music. Mark King is quick to deny this: "You can't always believe rumours. There haven't really been problems. It's just that we've gone seven years together and we'd done all we could together."

So why did Boon leave? "He'd had enough of touring. He's no spring chicken! He wants to concentrate on writing. Certainly we're going to carry on writing together."

Phil, too, has had enough of touring.

"We knew Phil was going at the end of the year," comments Mark. "But his health broke down, so he's left sooner and gone off to Europe to recuperate. Our relations with each other are still perfectly good."

Nevertheless, all this has left Mark and the other remaining member, Mike Lindup, with a bit of a problem, since they're due to start another grant American tour in November, supporting Tina Turner. They've drafted in an ex-session guitarist called Paul Gendler (who joined at only 10 days' notice) and a drummer called Neil Conti, who's played with Prefab Sprout and David Bowie, and are frantically rehearsing and being extremely brave indeed.

"Having somebody new in the group made us all pull together and add a spark again," says Mark King gamely.

"Whereas otherwise we might have been getting a bit tired at that respect. We're determined to carry on touring, as we're just cracking it in the States."

Or, as a record company spokesperson put it: "Tell your readers there's plenty of life in them yet!"



As keen Smiths watchers will have noticed, a new single from their last LP "Strangeways, Here We Come" is propped up in the record racks



▲ This magnificent stage prop could be yours!!

AS FEATURED IN FREDDIE MERCURY'S NEW VIDEO



It's the musical collaboration of the decade: Lord Frederick of Mercury – pop's most colourful performer, and Montserrat Caballe – opera's comeliest diva! Earlier this year Dame Montserrat requested Freddie to write a song for her and "Barcelona" was the tune that tripped off his pen. Now it's out on disc and a grateful nation has hurried out to the shops to send it scuttling up the charts. To commemorate this titanic meeting *Bitz* has decided to give away the biggest competition prize it's ever offered... A 25 foot high arch!

And gadzooks, what an arch it is! Next to it London's Marble Arch is mere piffle. Berlin's Brandenburg Gate is pathetic, the Arc de Triomphe is weedy and Rome's Arc of Titus is generally not much cop at all.



▲ Marble Arch "piffle"



▲ Arc De Triomphe, "weedy"



▲ Freddie and Montserrat, trilling, beneath the arches

Next to the Mercury/Caballe Arch they are but croquet hoops. It's a proud 25 - 25! - feet high so before entering this competition you may pause to consider where you will put this edifice should you win it. . .

We've also got five incredibly rare copies of the single which have actually been signed by

the amazing Lord Frederick himself PLUS ten copies of the video of "Barcelona" to boot.

How, you ask, do you enter this stupendously big competition? Well, just answer us this: Which of the following are not famous operas? a) "The Barber Of Seville"; b) "Put The Kettle On Mother I'm Parched"; c) "Madame Butterfly"; d) "Rigoletto"; e) "Don Giovanni"? Answers on a doric column to Smash Hits Fallen Arches Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by November 17.



▲ Arch Of Titus "not much cop"



▲ Brandenburg Gate, "pathetic"



▲ Mercury Caballe "gadzooks"

THE SMITHS: WHAT THE JOGGINS IS GOING ON?

of your local disc emporium as we speak. It's called "I Started Something I Couldn't Finish" and the b-side boasts a v. old Smiths song recorded back in 1983 called "Pretty Girls Make Graves" and on the 12" you'll find an extra live version of "Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others".

What's even odder is that they're also re-releasing "William It Was Really Nothing", an old Smiths single which

hasn't been available for yonks. The Smiths weren't allowed to sell the original version over the last 12 months because of a spot of bother they'd got into about the picture on the sleeve. Now it's out again with "How Soon Is Now?" on the b-side (plus "Please, Please Let Me Get What I Want" on the 12").

As for Morrissey – well, he's been a bit of a busy bee, writing lots of new songs. Rumours that he's recorded 18 of them are a

bit of an exaggeration but he has been working on lots of new material with Steven Street, the bloke who used to "produce" The Smiths, and with a chappie called Winni Reilly who used to be in an obscure but brilliant "indie" group called Durutti Column.

Morrissey is also just about to record a session of new "solo" material for the Janice Long Show on Radio One for the end of November.

THE BITZ CONCISE HISTORY OF THE BEARD IN ROCK

Many people think that **George Michael** invented the beard in rock - rare, as will be revealed below, he *has* had rather a lot of the things. However, he is merely one of a vast crowd of hirsute warblers who litter the glittering hallways of fame. Are you sitting comfortably? Then *Bitz* will begin...



Photo: Patience Press

▲ **Rolf Harris** the man who invented the beard in rock as we know it today, influencing countless generations with his cheery exhortations to paint useless pictures and not drown in a big swimming pool



Photo: Patience Press

▲ Not content with copying Rolf's famous beard (which he got a bit wrong), **George Harrison** named himself after him!



▲ **Jethro Tull**: Don't worry girls, he's married (in fact he's probably a great-grandfather by now)



▲ 70s Glam Rocker **Roy Wood**: the only man in the world with a beard all the way around his head!



▲ Determined to go one better than Roy Wood, **Ozy Osbourne** has grown a beard all over his entire body!



Photo: Zippart Heads

▲ Spook-fact a) The only member of **ZZ Top** without a beard is called... Frank Beard! Spook-fact b) no one knows whether they sleep with their beards in or out of the bedsheets!



▲ **Sick Doctor** in a valiant attempt to be fashionable, the leader of the so-called **Medics** has bought a stick-on-beard and put it on the wrong end of his head!



▲ **China Crisis**: you'd think that out of eight beards, at least one of them would be nice, wouldn't you? Well, you'd be wrong!



▲ Is it a dead caterpillar? Is it a piece of wacky crochet? Is it the gateway to another dimension? No...it's **Mick Hucknall's** attempt at a beard!



▲ **David Bowie** and another extremely feeble crop of bum-fluff. Worse chameleon!



Photo: LTM

▲ **Jon Bon Jovi** and yet another pathetic "beard". Fact: this is the most frightening picture ever to be printed in *Smash Hit*!



Photo: Patience Press

▲ **Ben Volpelle-Pierrot** seems to think his pen's a razor! No wonder the chump hasn't got that "clean-shaven" look...



▲ Anne Lannox of **Eurythmics** is so jealous of Dave "Rolf" Stewart's luxuriant chin-growth that she is trying to cultivate some herself!



Photo: LTM

▲ **George Michael** — a man of many beards (and even more hair), **Mk 1**: Stubble ahoj, but the hat's a bit peculiar.



Photo: Patience Press

▲ **Mk 2**: Oooops! Perhaps he should have kept the hat on...



Photo: Patience Press

▲ **Mk 3**: A rare shot with no stubble whatsoever.



Photo: Alpha London

▲ **Mk 4**: An "early Rolf Harris" style



Photo: Patience Press

▲ **Mk 5**: Here we see the Rolf influence at its height...



▲ **Mk 6**: Erm... actually, it's some biker no one's ever heard of out of **The Grumbleweeds** doing a masterly impersonation of George.



Photo: Pearl Road

▲ Finally — a world exclusive glimpse of **Pepsi 'n' Shirlee's** astonishing new image!

Q. Where is the most ridiculous place on the entire planet?

A. Iceland, that's where.



▲ Two Sugarcubes: Emir and Bjork.

Take, for example, those two individuals above – they're from Iceland and they think they're those wobbly weebles who are always falling over but never falling down!! And they're the most rich and famous pop group in the whole world from Iceland which doesn't make them very rich and famous in the least but nonetheless they're called **The Sugarcubes**. They've got a tune out called "Birthday" which is the maddest, clinkiest pop thing you ever did hear with trilly 'n' wobbly vocal teetennings not unlike those of Elizabeth from the "legendary" cult group **The Cocteau Twins**. The Sugarcubes are, in fact, sooooo esteemed throughout the music cosmisphere that 'top pop' notables flock to Iceland to partake of their amazing studio "workouts" – notables such as... Killing Joke! The Fall! Psychic TV! Herimn. And all this from a group whose native land boasts the following characteristics:

- The entire country of Iceland has a mere drabble of a population i.e. 49,000 which is less, for example, than Camden "Town" in London!
- To be awarded a Gold Record in Iceland one's "combo" needs only to sell 5000 copies of a disc. In Britain you must sell 500,000! (I'm off – Bebu's Some.)

- Iceland people think TV and radio is useless and transmit "programmes" for only three hours a day and not at all on Wednesdays!
- This probably accounts for the fact they're quite swotty and have more books and newspapers per head of population than anywhere else!
- There are absolutely no pubs in Iceland and the quaffing of beer is completely illegal! Fish from Harlinton probably doesn't hit Iceland!
- The government there once planted a forest to perk things up a bit and discovered they'd been sold "dwarf pine" trees by mistake and they stopped growing at 4 feet! Prince probably likes Iceland quite a bit!
- There have been 25 eruptions from over 30 volcanoes in Iceland since the end of the last "glacial period", whatever that means, which is probably why nobody lives there!
- The thrifty Icelanders discovered how to tap the piping hot water from the volcanic springs into their homes and thus have free central heating!
- During the summer Iceland has 24 hours daylight and in the winter has 24 hours darkness!
- It's illegal to give children "foreign" names – hence everyone is called Bjork, Frikki, Sigi and all manner of Icelandic lunny noises!
- How ridiculous!

It's a weird pop group called Big Pig!

- Here we see trendy Australian pop group **Big Pig** sporting Down Under's latest mazin' fashion craze (except it isn't) – industrial aprons! Weird!
- It's absolutely festive!
- Which isn't surprising seeing as it would be pretty difficult to be a convincing "axe hero" whilst wearing a flapaway apron.
- They base their sound on vocals and loads of drums – "inspired" by the arty Kodo drum troupe from Japan, who play for hours and whip themselves up into a bit of a frenzy.
- Big Pig don't exactly whip themselves up into a frenzy, but nevertheless their chantsome 'n' bongy first single,

"Hungry Town", is doing pretty well both here and in Australia.

- The bloke who invented the group is called Osh Witter, which sounds more like Serbo-Croat than Australian to Bitz.
- Amazingly enough "Big Pig" in Serbo-Croat is "Brisvochity Czimpopiolopopowska", which in Aborigine means "Oh big ethereal industrial apron in the sky!"
- Even more amazingly, that last fact was a total lib!
- Even more amazing still, Big Pig have never even heard the song "Rudzy Big Pig", the song Rick Astley wrote when he was eight or nine.

BIRTHDAYS

NOVEMBER

- 5 **Bryan Adams** (26)
- 9 **Andy Kershaw** (26)
- 10 **Junior** (i.e. Norman Glascombe) (26)
- 14 **Letitia Dean** (i.e. Sharon Watts of EastEnders) (20)
- Prince Charles**, His Royal Highness etc. etc. (39)
- Alexander O'Neal** (34)
- 17 **Peter Cox** of Go West (32)
- 18 **Kim Wilde** (27)

BITZ

50 SIGNED ERASURE SINGLES PACKS TO BE WON!



▲ This autographed pop artefact could be yours!

◀ Andy (left) and Vince.

What a concept! Vince Clarke and Andy Bell of **Erasure** have dreamt up this little scheme whereby they release three completely different versions of their song "The Circus" and if you buy the lot you can stick them all in this special snoot singles pack which comes free with the third single you buy! It's quite the thing to do these days!

However, to save 50 lucky readers all the bother, we've got 50 – of these brilliant items to give away. And not only do you get three versions of "The Circus" but you'll also end up with live versions of "Victim Of Love", "It Doesn't Have To Be", "Sometimes", "Oh L'Amour" and lots of other ones. But that's not all! These items are autographed by Vince and Andy as well!

So if you want a chance of winning one, complete the following quiz by ticking the boxes you think are correct and then send it to **Smash Hits Erasure Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** by November 17.

Question A Before he formed Erasure, Vince Clarke was the songwriter for another rather successful group. But which one? Was it:

- Motorhead
- Kajagoogoo
- Depeche Mode?

Question B When Vince Clarke was in Yazoo who was his singing partner?

- Bruce Willis
- Alison Moyet
- Montserrat Caballe?

Question C When Vince Clarke was in The Assembly who was his singing partner? Was it:

- Barry White
- Fergal Sharkey
- Reg "Reg" Snipton?

● Cut out this form and send it to **Smash Hits Erasure Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** by November 17.

NAME

ADDRESS

BITZ

CRAP JOKE CORNER

Q What do you call a floor covering that sings dippy songs?

A. Lino Richie.

● Potholes really, isn't it? That 'joke' was sent in by Sean of East Bolden. If you have a similarly embarrassing piece of 'humour' for us, send it to: **Smash Hits Crap Joke Corner, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** and we'll send you nothing in return.

AMSTE

24 hours juv

CULTURE CLUB TO RECORD TOGETHER AGAIN?

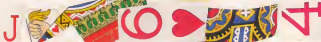


Photo: LFI

Yes, it's true, oh cherished pop viewers. **Culture Club** have decided to forgive and forget, kiss and make up, etc. At a recent swank awards ceremony George and his boys met up for the first

time in two years. And a jolly nice time they seem to have had too. So much so that their record company 'spokes' person* was later able to confirm: "There was talk that evening of them all recording together again, possibly this autumn. There's nothing definite at the moment, but George and Jon patched things up on a personal level a few months back. Of course, Culture Club never actually split, they just took a break from each other, and now they're all on very good terms again."

Culture Club haven't released a record together since 1985.



● "haa?" I'm a rubber perrito, and it's not much of a Ma. I can tell you. You never know where you're going to end up. I've seen some pretty unseemly sights in my time - never been quite the same since glimpsing Larry Backman's codpiece. I can tell you - but this takes the biscuit. One moment I'm hanging in a corner of Uncle Dugout's, Total Privy Emponous, innocently mending my own business - the next I'm gazing up at a pair of menscule leather Y-fronts on some greaser called **Billy Ideal** who's forgotten to pull his thermal vest on. Needs a bit of therapy, if you ask me. I durino maybe I'm gazing a bit old for this pervy lex - should have got a proper job like my dad said. To think, I could have been a pair of waterwings, a hot-water bottle, a non-slip bathmat, the spongy bit inside a Duntzlopki - and I'd cross this. Struffs. Blub... (Snapp?)



Photo: Remix

Break Michael Jackson into little pieces then put him back together again!!!



● Ever wondered what **Michael Jackson** would look like with his ear sticking out of his elbow? Or with one of his eyes where his belly button should be? Well, now you can find out for yourself! For the LP cover of "Bad" is now available as a 250 piece jigsaw and what's more **Bitz** has got 20 to give away. For your chance of winning one, simply give the correct ending to complete this well known "Wacko" saying: "Do not judge a man until you have..." is it **a)** borrowed his wellies to go out trout fishing; **b)** walked two moons in his moccasins; **c)** spent a couple of hours pottering around his private zoo or **d)** seen him in his carpet slippers? Answers to **Smash Hits "Oh No Michael Jackson's Game To Pieces" Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** by November 17.



RDAM! MADRID! ZURICH!

ting giddily around Europe with Colin Vearncombe of Black



"Oh my God, not her again! She's absolutely everywhere. And I just can't face her at this time of day."

Colin Vearncombe seizes the magazine with Samantha Fox grinning cheerily from the cover and carefully positions it back to front on the news stand.

"There," he announces, "that's better!"

Blimey, thinks *Blitz*. Poor Sir Samuel.

And poor Colin Vearncombe. It's a ridiculously early hour of the morning and he's already been turfed out of his Amsterdam hotel bed to catch a plane to Madrid in Spain. The swank limousine which has been hired to ferry him to the airport has had a minor skirmish with a fence on the way. And he's just been perusing the "schedule" for his jaunt to Spain and realised that he's barely going to have time to clean his teeth in the morning, let alone potter about the city and visit the art gallery which, being a bit of a culture buff, he was planning to call in at.

"It's a bit annoying really," says Colin. "You visit all these places which you've always wanted to go to and then all you ever get to see is hotel rooms, TV studios and radio stations. Whenever you do get a bit of spare time you're too tired to do anything. And then there's all the actual travelling round which is okay I suppose but a bit of a pulever. My manager's already lost one of his suitcases - it's probably in Tel Aviv or somewhere by now. We're expecting a post card from it any day now."



▲ Colin trying to remember which angle he's got out in the People's Republic Of Adams.

It's all very confusing for Black (i.e. Colin Vearncombe). Not only is he having to dash all over the shop to appear on TV throughout Europe - but in every country he travels to he seems to have a different single out. What a muddle!

"I've got four different singles out in Europe all at the same time," he says. "In some countries 'Wonderful Life' is in

the charts, in others it's 'Sweetest Smile' or 'Everything's Coming Up Roses' and in England 'I'm Not Afraid' has just come out. So you never know which song you're going to have to perform. I must admit I find it very difficult to listen to 'Wonderful Life' these days. I've done it so often. But when I did the video for 'I'm Not Afraid' the other day I was singing to it and dancing for eight hours non-stop and I still wasn't tired of the song. I was stiff for two days afterwards though."



▲ An old Spanish chap trying to remember why Colin Vearncombe calls himself "Black"

Two and a half hours later and Colin is once again mooching around an airport "lobby". His manager, Steve, is flapping around doing his organisational bit and frantically phoning the record company to find out what's happened to the representative who's meant to be picking them up. Eventually some bloke called Carlos turns up and whisks us all off to a snoot restaurant so Colin can meet the various people who are promoting his records and watch them eat such tempting exotic dishes as octopus in its own ink (yum!) while he tucks into his rather less adventurous salmon cooked in white wine.

Carlos turns out to be quite an entertaining chap and he tells us lots of interesting tales such as how he went horse riding with Janet Jackson and persuaded her to eat red meat even though she claims to be a vegetarian ("Don't tell my dad," she squeaked, apparently) and how he had to drag her away from McDonald's "restaurants" all the time.

And then it's time for Colin to shoot over to TVE, Spain's only TV station, to appear on the pop show. Colin simply ambles onto the stage and mimes to two of his songs alongside two Spanish "musicians", one pretending to play the double bass, the other pretending to play the saxophone. Colin stands up to sing "Wonderful Life" and sits on a stool to sing "Sweetest Smile". The fidgety audience claps politely and it's all over. "Yeah, it was good that one.

The lighting was good for a change and there wasn't quite of an audience which is much a good thing on a TV show. When I did them in Belgium there were all these girls there screaming at me which was a bit unnerving.

After yet another brief stop at a radio station just over the road, Colin finally gets back to his hotel where he spends the rest of the evening sitting in the bar talking to millions of "reporters" who've come to interview him.

"The question these journalists always ask me," says Colin, "is 'why do you call yourself Black when there's only one of you?'. I always say 'because it's a colour' which is a joke but they don't seem to understand it. (Probably because it's not very funny, eh viewers? - Ed.) So now I just say 'for no particular reason' which is a bit boring I suppose."

Zzzz - er, quits.

"And then you get people who think that because you're called Black, you're going to be a black person. It's all very odd."

The next afternoon Colin is once again sitting in an airport lobby looking a bit wearisome.

"I'm off to Zurich now," he announces. "Then it's back home for three days to rehearse with the band for a tour we're doing and to have a meeting with the record company. Then next week I'm going to Paris and to Italy. I never realised there was so much to do. I thought you just made records and that was it but it's never ending really, the amount of things you have to do. When I come over here on tour I'm going to make sure I get a bit of time to look around all the places I visit. Anyway I'm off now. I've got a plane to catch."

As you can see viewers, this pop lark is a tough old business...

▼ Colin trying to remember what country he's jetting off to next



Photo: James Long



PHILIPS

WHAT'S GREEN AND MUSHY AND SPINS ROUND AND ROUND?

(CARL'S BRAINS AT FULL VOLUME).



THE DB304 TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.



JANET JACKSON



THE ALBUM

CONTROL • THE REMIXES

ORIGINAL 12" VERSIONS OF ALL THE HITS
COMPACT DISC & CASSETTE INCLUDE BONUS MIXES

THE SINGLE

FUNNY HOW TIME FLIES

8" W/ "WHEN I THINK OF YOU"
12" INCLUDES "WHEN I THINK OF YOU" REMIX
7" AVAILABLE AS LIMITED EDITION GIANT POSTER BAG

THE VIDEO

CONTROL • THE VIDEOS • PART 2

SIX BIG HITS ON ONE SENSATIONAL VIDEO



So the Story goes

Every generation has its
own heroes and legends
and the 1980s were no
exception.

From the pop of the
early '80s to the
hard rock of the late '80s,
the decade was a
roller coaster ride.

From the
soft rock of the
early '80s to the
hard rock of the
late '80s, the
decade was a
roller coaster ride.

From the soft rock of the
early '80s to the hard rock of the
late '80s, the decade was a
roller coaster ride.

Living
in a
Box

Never can say good bye

I never can say goodbye
No no no I
I never can say goodbye

Every time I think I've had enough
And start heading for the door
There's a very strange vibration
Percing me right to the core
It says turn around you fool
You know you love him more and more

Chorus

Tell me why (tell me why) is it so
Don't wanna let you go
No I never can say goodbye boy
Ooh no no I never can say goodbye
No no no no no no no no ooh ooh

I never can say goodbye
No no no I
I never can say goodbye
(Never can say goodbye boy)

I keep thinking that our problems
Soon are all gonna work out
But there's that same unhappy feeling
There's that anguish there's that doubt
It's that same old dazy hang up
I can't get by without you

Repeat chorus

Hey I never can say goodbye boy
Ooh baby I never can say goodbye
No no no no no no no no ooh ooh
(Never say goodbye boy)

Ooh every time I think I've had enough
And start heading for the door
There's that same old dazy feeling
Percing me right to the core
It says turn around you fool
You know you love him more and more

Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade

T'Pau

Carol Decker sings with T'Pau, whose "China In Your Hand" single is a-hurting up the charts. She also likes ironing, dancing round her handbag, breaking windows and . . .

● SHE'S NOT A FERGIE LOOKALIKE!

"People do tell me I look like Fergie, but I disagree. It's the hair, not my face. It's an amiable nickname, I suppose."

● SHE USED TO DANCE ROUND HER HANDBAG!

"I hated Wellington – it's just a boring little town. We used to get the bus into Shrewsbury, which was 10 miles away and seemed like the big city. It was quite trendy – it had nightclubs like *Tiffanys* and the *Mecca*. In Wellington they just had dodgy little discos at the local tech. I'm afraid I come from the 'dancing round your handbag' era! In fact the other night my boyfriend said I was moving so badly on stage that he felt like giving me a handbag to dance round!"

● SHE SAYS: "SHOP AT SAFEWAYS!"

"I was born in Liverpool but we moved to Wellington in Shropshire when I was five. My dad worked as a foods trading officer for supermarket firms, so we've always had *Safeways*, *Tesco* or *Co-op* grub. Whatever chain he was working for he was very loyal to, and wouldn't let us eat anything else! *Safeways* was the best. He opened one of the first in this country, in Shrewsbury, and they had fabulous things like sugared peanuts (*blee!*) and pizzas, which you just couldn't get in England before."

● SHE LOVES IRONING!

"I wait until there's a great pile of laundry, then if there's a good TV show on I get a bottle of pink and some nice cheese and iron away. If it's all cosy inside and whipping up a storm outside I love it!"

● SHE USED TO WEAR A SCHOOL BERET!

"I went to a strict grammar school called Wellington Girls' High School. You had to wear a beret, and I remember one horrible prefect called Wendy Powell – print her name because she was an old cow – pinned me up against a wall while her cronies ramm'd my beret on my head! It's lovely to see all the girls who hated me being so rampantly jealous of my success now. I hope they're reading this! I met one the other day – she kept telling me how lovely I looked in my pictures and how I'd 'grown' into my face! What a cow!"



● SHE THINKS BARBIE'S MUCH BETTER THAN SINDY!

"I had Barbie, because she had bendy legs and I used to make her do rude things with my brother Gary's *Action Man*. I don't think she fancied him, but we're talking pre-Kon here and the only alternative was Sindy's boyfriend Paul. Sindy was ugly – she had such a fat face, and Barbie had these amazing boobs which pointed upwards to the sky. And she was made of nice rubber and Sindy was tacky plastic. Oh, and I had Trexy with the growing hair. Barbie had bendy legs, Trexy had growing hair, and Sindy just had Paul. Poor old Sindy!"

● SHE SPITS ON DONNY OSMOND!

"As a teenager I would have died for Michael

Jackson. I loved him when he was a little cherub-faced black boy, before he started butchering his face around. Donny Osmond and David Cassidy? Pthhwaaaaaap! [Pretends to spit.] No way! I was a Jackson Five girl, Michael smiling down at me from my bedroom wall. I remember I was really disappointed because I had to change my copy of his 'Got To Be There' album five times before I got a good pressing."

● SHE'S GOT A BAD BACK!

"When I was 17 I was badly bucked off a horse and injured the base of my spine. She was a feisty horse who used to try to bite my legs and I'm sure she knew I was afraid of her. One day she'd just had enough, and – boooooing! – I was off. I'm quite frightened of horses as a result. I took a lot of knocks on my spine, because I was sporty at school and did gymnastics. So now I get a lot of back-ache..."

● SHE ONCE PAINTED HER BEDROOM WITH HER EYES SHUT!

"I did an art foundation course in Shrewsbury. Any twit can get into art school. You used to get these arty-farty teachers – you could put your finger in mud and smear it on the paper and they'd go, 'Mmm. I can see what you're trying to say, Carol!' Once, we were blindfolded and told to paint our bedrooms. I was saying practical things like, 'but I can't find the paint!', and the tutor said, 'no, feel your room. I want your feelings'. So of course it was like a bloody chimps' tea party. I've only kept one thing, which was my first life study, a painting of a nude lady. It's hanging in my bedroom now."

● SHE DIDN'T HAVE A BOYFRIEND UNTIL SHE WAS 19!

"I was an ugly little sod and I had my first boyfriend when I was 19. I was always plagued with tragic crushes; boys would tell me their problems but they never remotely fancied me. I was always a bit of a tragedy queen. I'd write poems about how unhappy I was, then piss myself laughing and rip them up the next day! I wasn't conventionally attractive, I suppose. Still, all the girls who had 36" busts when they were 14... it's all round their knees now, ha ha! And when I see what some of the people I fancied are like nowadays – eeeurgh!"



● SHE ONCE WROTE AN AD FOR ORAL B TOOTHBRUSHES!

"I once worked for my uncle as a copywriter in an advertising agency in Holland. I had to write about Oral B toothbrushes! I was also a life-guard teaching toddlers to swim at Shrewsbury baths, though I never saved anyone from drowning. The most exciting thing that happened was when a little boy poked his feet up through his rubber ring and got trapped underwater for 30 seconds. The worst job I had was being a barmaid. I'm certainly not one for showing my cleavage – mainly because I don't have one – but you'd get men feeling your bum and stuff. I slapped them, kicked them, punched them... disgusting pigs!"

● SHE "BLEACHED" HER HAIR WITH TALC!

"When I was 19 I asked out this guy I had a crush on, which took a lot of courage. But I did something really really silly. His girlfriend had wonderful short bleached blonde hair, so when she finished with him I went and had my hair cut really short like hers and put lots of talc in it to try and make it blonde! Then I rang him up on the pretext that I knew how heartbroken he was and that if there was anything I could do to help – like put my hand down his trousers, he ha – I would. But every time I moved, this cloud of talc fell in our drinks! He wasn't remotely interested."



● SHE'S "A SHORT-TEMPERED BITCH"!

"My boyfriend Ronnie Rodgers (who writes the songs with Carol for T'Pau) – eugh, he hates his name – is an extremely talented and a very nice person and I love him, but we fight a lot. Fortunately for him I'm a bad aim – a couple of window panes have suffered instead. I'll throw whatever's closest to hand, especially if it's something he treasures. 'Ahaa, your favourite mug! Smaaaash!' I don't know if it's an old wives' tale about people with red hair, but coincidentally I happen to be a short tempered bitch!"

● SHE'S BEEN SICK IN A COWBOY BOOT!

"Drinking sometimes makes me terribly sick – I've fallen asleep with my head down a toilet many a time, and Ronnie's helped me throw up into a bucket. When I was younger I threw up onto this guy's brand new cowboy boots on our first date! I thought I'd never see him again but we ended up engaged for a while. I'm trying to cut down on the drinking now because life is getting to be a bit of a blur..."

● SHE HASN'T GOT A HURRICANE STORY!

"Erm – I slept through the whole thing, actually. The next day I thought the bomb had dropped!"

● Words: Vici MacDonald
● Photos: Simon Fowler



eighth wonder

WHEN THE PHONE STOPS RINGING



NEW SINGLE ON 7" AND 12"

NOW AVAILABLE IN LIMITED EDITION POSTER PACKAGE

PHONE 01 CBS

THE SMASH HITS * HMV PRIZE CROSSWORD

★ WIN HMV'S TOP TEN LPs



- 1 **Sling** - Nothing Like The Sun
- 2 **ABC** - Alphabet City
- 3 **Bruce Springsteen** - Tunnel Of Love
- 4 **Fleetwood Mac** - Tango In The Night
- 5 **Pet Shop Boys** - Actually
- 6 **Michael Jackson** - S&W
- 7 **Bee Gees** - ESP
- 8 **Wet Wet Wet** - Popped In Souled Out
- 9 **Terence Trent D'Arby** - Introducing The Hardline According To
- 10 **Curiosity** - Keep Your Distance

★ HOW TO ENTER

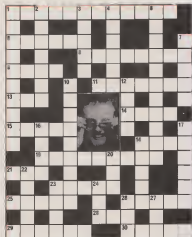
- Complete the crossword grid and fill in your name and address
 - Snip out the coupon (including the crossword grid), stick it in an envelope and send it to the following address (to arrive by November 17)
- Smash Hits Prize Crossword Competition Number 43,**
14 Holkham Road,
Orton Southgate,
Peterborough PE2 0YJ.
- The first correct entry out of Sue Miles' Doc Martens (oo-er) gets HMV's top ten LPs (at the time of going to press)

● ACROSS

- 1 He revealed all about Valene (5,7)
- 6 Sea log for some musical fliers? (anag)
- 8 Was it **Starship** built? (4,4)
- 9 **Cleopatra** in **Then Jerico**?
- 11 It was new for **Kirsty MacColl**
- 13 A tree just like **Leelle**
- 14 **Marvin** who heard it on the grapevine
- 15 Are **Five Star** really as strong as they?
- 18 **Medonna** asked him not to preach
- 19 Cure handy to provide another group? (anag 3,3,3)
- 21 **Pete Townshend**'s old group or TV's most famous doctor
- 23 **Nick** in **Chaka** mention
- 25 Alone, like **Alexander** (anag)
- 26 **Gabriel, Cetera** or **Gunn**?
- 28 The first woman in **Level 42**?
- 29 Casanova's mates
- 30 Cassettes

● DOWN

- 1 See photocuv (5,5)
- 2 Language broken for a group
- 3 "My Favourite ---- Of Time" (**Owen Paul**)
- 4 Those **Meeter Boyz** build a house on it
- 5 Just a normal 24 hours for **Curiosity Killed The Cat** (8,3)
- 7 and 17 Dr Ian Cuple reveals his true colours (5,6)
- 10 Just the jacket for **Mead & Goulding** (4,5)
- 12 **Queen**'s radio station in conga Gap Band led?
- 16 **Pseudo** sound
- 17 See ? down
- 18 **King** linked it with love
- 20 **Dirty Watts** from Albert Square
- 22 **Chrissie** the great Pretender
- 23 **Gang** who taught you to respect yourself
- 24 "Keep Your --- On Me" (**Herb Alpert**)
- 26 Animal sold by those **Shop Boys**?
- 27 --- Of The Paps



NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____



LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS MAINSTREAM



NEW COMPACT DISC LP CHROME CASSETTE
 833 891-2 LCLP 3 LCMCS

Jesus and Mary Chain

Darklands

I'm going to the darklands
To talk in rhyme
With my chaotic soul
As sure as life seems nothing
And heaven I think
Is too close to hell
I want to move I want to go
Oh I want to go

Oh something won't let me
Go to the place
Where the darklands are
And I awake from dreams
To a scary world of screams
And heaven I think
Is too close to hell
I want to move I want to go
Oh I want to go

Take me to the dark
Oh God I get down on my knees
And I feel like I could die
By the river of disease
And I feel that I'm dying
And I'm dying
I'm down on my knees
Oh I'm down
I want to go I want to stay
Oh I want to stay

Words and music by [redacted] and William Red
Reproduced by permission Warner Bros.
Music Co.
© [redacted] and Negro Records

Photo: Paul Rider

It was the theme she had on a scheme he had
Told in a foreign land
To take life on earth to the second birth
And the man was in command
It was fight on the wings of a young girl's dreams
That flow too far away

Chorus

Don't push too far your dreams are china in your hand
Don't wish too hard because they can come true
And you can help them
You don't know what you might have set upon yourself

China in your hand

Come from greed never born of the seed
Took a life from a barren hand
Oh eyes wide like a child in the form of man
A prophecy for a fantasy the curse of a vivid mind

Repeat chorus

China in your hand
In your hand
Your hand

Repeat chorus

And you shouldn't push too hard no no

Repeat chorus

'Cause they're only dreams
And you shouldn't push too hard no no

Words and music by Carol Decker/Ron Rogers
Reproduced by permission M15 Publishing/Virgin Music
Publishers Ltd
On Siren Records

China in
YOUR HAND T'PAU



STING

I see me with you and all the things you do
Keep turning round and round in my mind
Forget the weather we should always be together
And any other thought is unkind

To have you with me I would swim the seven seas
I need you as my guide and my light
My love is a flame that burns in your name
We'll be together we'll be together tonight

(Together) we'll be together
(Together) we'll be together
(Together) we'll be together (together)

I see you with me and all I want to be
Is dancing here with you in my arms
Forget the weather we should always be together
I'll always be a slave to your charms

Repeat chorus

Call me baby
You can call me anything you want
Call me baby call me call me

I see you with me and baby makes three
I see me with you and all the things you do
Forget the weather we should always be together
I need you as my guide and my light
My love is a flame that burns in your name
We'll be together we'll be together tonight

(Together) we'll be together (together)
(Together) we'll be together
(Together) we'll be together (together)
(We'll be together tonight) (together)
(We'll be together tonight)
We'll be together (together)

(We'll be together tonight) (together)

Repeat last two lines ad lib to fade

Words and music by Sting
Reproduced by permission Magnatonic Publishing Ltd
On A&M Records

WE'LL BE TOGETHER

PRETENDERS



THE SINGLES

STOP YOUR SOBBING
KID
BRASS IN POCKET
TALK OF THE TOWN
I GOT TO SLEEP
DAY AFTER DAY
MESSAGE OF LOVE
BACK ON THE CHAIN GANG

MIDDLE OF THE ROAD
2000 MILES
SHOW ME
THIN LINE BETWEEN LOVE AND HATE
DON'T GET ME WRONG
HYMN TO HER
MY BABY

Also includes
I GOT YOU BABE
(performed by UB40 with Chrissie Hynde)

16 TRACKS ON CD · LP · CLEAR CASSETTE

INITIAL QUANTITIES OF ALBUM INCLUDE
LIMITED EDITION COLLECTORS' POSTER

PRETENDERS

THE
SINGLES



"HAPPENINGS"

CHICAGO JACKMASTER HOUSE

TOUR: Derby 20th Century Complex (November 14), Brighton Top Rank (18), Watford Paradise Lost (19), Hull University (20), Bradford University (21), Birmingham Powerhouse (22), Bournemouth Academy (23), Stockton The Mall (25), Glasgow Fury Murrays (26), Manchester International (27), Sheffield University (28).

● Artists appearing are J.M. Sisk featuring Keith Nunnally, Derry Pandy, Full House, Joe Smooth, Chip E and Frankie Knuckles. Tickets are available from the box offices and usual agents. Please check venues for prices.



NIGHTLY LEMON

DROPS: Glasgow OMC (November 14), Liverpool University (16), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (17), Cardiff University (19), Exeter University (20), Southampton University (21), London Town And Country Club (22).

● Tickets available from box offices and usual agents. Please check venues for prices.

EDWYN COLLINS:

Leeds Warehouse (November 17), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (18), Edinburgh Queen's Hall (19), Glasgow QMU (21), Aberdeen Venue (22), Manchester Hacienda (24), Leicester Polytechnic (25), Liverpool Polytechnic (26), Farnham Arts Centre (27), Portsmouth Polytechnic (28), Northampton Five Bells (29), Bristol Bier Keller (December 1), Wales Polytechnic (2), London Kilburn National Ballroom (3), Brunel University (5).

● Tickets are available from box offices and usual agents. Please check venues for exact prices.



THIS WAY UP:

Birmingham Powerhouse (November 7), Glasgow Fury Murrays (8), Nottingham Ritzy (9), Stratford The Coliseum (10), London Hammersmith Palais (11), Bolton Ritzy (12), Norwich Ritzy (13).

● Tickets available from box offices and usual agents. Please check venues for prices.

AC/DC: Birmingham NEC (March 8/9), London Wembley Arena (11/12).

● Tickets are priced £10 and £9 and are available from the box offices and usual agents.

JONATHAN BUTLER: London Hammersmith Odeon (December 21).

● Tickets are priced £7 and £8 and are available from the box office and all West End agents.

MOTLEY CRUE:

Edinburgh Playhouse (January 11), Wembley Arena (13), Birmingham NEC (16).

● Tickets are available from the box offices and usual agents priced £8.50 and £7.50 for Wembley and Birmingham and £8 and £7 for Edinburgh.



T'PAU: Norwich UEA (December 11), London Hammersmith Odeon (12), Birmingham Powerhouse (13), Nottingham Rock City (14), Gloucester Leisure Centre (16), Manchester Apollo (17), Newcastle City Hall (18).

● Tickets are available from the box offices and usual agents and are priced £6 for London and £4.50 and £5 for everywhere else.

WHITNEY



So Emotional

THE NEW SINGLE
REMIXED BY SHEP PETTIBONE

LIMITED EDITION
FOLD OUT CALENDAR POSTER
FREE WITH 7" INCH

12" INCH & CD SINGLE
INCLUDE EXTENDED DANCE MIX
PLUS LIVE VERSION OF
"DIDN'T WE ALMOST HAVE IT ALL"

BMG
RECORDS UK, LTD.

ARISTA

POP MONSTERS!

If you are of a nervous and/or squeamish disposition you should immediately turn the page – but for those of stout hearts and sturdy stomachs here is a puzzle sensation that's bound to sweep the nation: the **Smash Hits Pop Monster** scrabblette! A team of top genetic engineers, using the limbs, torsos, heads, untoward clothing and other bits of leading pop stars, have created three extremely creepy Pop Monsters. . . **The Weed** (left), **The Prat** (centre) and **The Macho "Man"** (right). But can you tell which part of each monstrosity belongs to which pop star? It's as easy as 1-2-3. Except it's not. . . (Answers below)

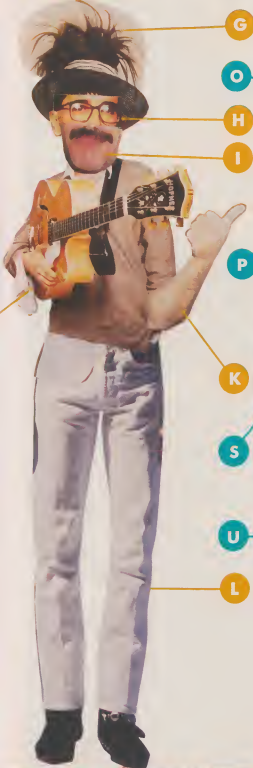
ANSWERS

"THE WEED"
A. Ben Vojelere-Pierrot's fisherman's hat; **B.** Madonna's spook glasses; **C.** Bruce Willis' smrk; **D.** Boy George's badge-adorned jacket; **E.** Andy Bell's perv-sports; **F.** Shirlie's (of Poptil And Shirlie) leg.
"THE PRAT"
G. Mel and Kim's explosion hairdo; **H.** Star's (of The Housemartins) glasses; **I.** Freddie Mercury's moustache; **J.** Mark Shaw's (of Then Jencol) lally attire; **K.** Paul McCartney's "Wacky Thumbs Aloft" arm; **L.** Terence Trent D'Arvy's legs.
"THE MACHO-MAN"
M. Jimmy Somerville's (of The Communards) flat top; **N.** George Michael's earnings; **O.** Rick Astley's face; **P.** Marti Pellow's (of Wet Wet Wet) cheeky grin; **Q.** Mike D's (of The Beastie Boys) VW necktie; **R.** Billy Idol's chest; **S.** Fish's (of Marillion) tartan arm; **T.** Demee's (of Five Star) waist; **U.** Chris Lowe's (of The Pet Shop Boys) leg; **V.** Michael Jackson's leg.

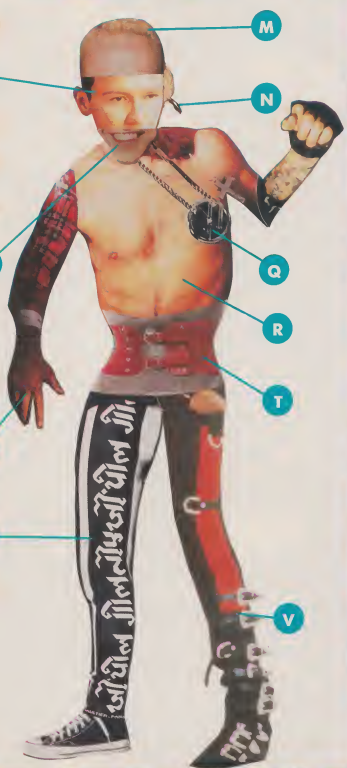


"THE PRAT"

THE MACHO "MAN"




- G
- O
- H
- I
- P
- K
- S
- U
- L



- M
- N
- Q
- R
- T
- V



THE ALARM

EYE  OF THE HURRICANE

THE THIRD ALBUM

FEATURING THE CLASSIC SINGLE
RAIN IN THE SUMMERTIME

ON RECORD • CASSETTE • COMPACT DISC
PRODUCED BY JOHN PORTER AND THE ALARM
ENGINEERED BY TONY PLATT
MIXED BY DAVID LEONARD



COMPETITION WINNERS

La Bamba (August 12)

- Correct answer: b) Richard Valenzuela.
- Five winners of a jacket and soundtrack LP are: Tracey Mastare, Bude, P. J. Quigley, Micel Trafford, Sharon Emilay, O'Leary, Robert Lindsey, Mitcham, Amanda Lowe, Southampton.
- The next five win the LP: Melanie Webb, Bilson, Lisa Moran, Burlington, K. Barnes, Chester-le-Street, Jane Burt, Torridge, Erika North, Ipswich.

Twix (September 9)

- Correct answer: Jimmy Somerville
- Ten winners of a personal stereo and a compilation tape are: Loreline Green, Lower Vw, Patrick Dilver, Moseley, Katharine Bantelridge, Eastleigh, Maxine Dickinson, Umston, Loyole Goodman, Wareham, Scott McGeech, Pashley, Andrew Robson, Droydick, Lorna Green, Norton Lees, Lindsay Hamlyn, St Helens, Andrew Midmeant, Salford.

ABC (September 9)

- Correct answer: c) To fell off your pigboard with a bit of a bump.
- Ten winners of a skateboard are: Aileen Rocha, Millstreet, Gary Lancaster, South Shields, Paul Atkinson, Bushy Heath, Emma Blaisell, Choptonham, Alan Forstar, Coventry, David Blemson, Ipswich, Dorothy McRobba, Ards, Simon White, Mappery Park, Lisa Donnelly, Woolach, Rod Small, Chingford.

Samantha Fox (September 9)

- Correct answer: b) Cards.
- Ten winners of a video are: Mandie Broadley, Thomson Heath, Mandie Treasurer, Wipston Harcourt, Michael Morrow, Glasgow, Francis Caffrey,

Ballymacduff, Steven Stanton, Stratford, John Fulham, Droghda, David Edwards, Borewich, Gavin Smith, Concarer, Patrick Nulty, Ocasais, J. Williams, Hertlepool.

New Order (September 9)

- Correct answer: c) Bernard Albrecht.
- The writers of the video costume and a t-shirt is V.S. Dowling from Alerton.
- The next 10 win the t-shirt: Mark Barnes, Bingham, Jackie Dilton, Balesaton, Fiona Burns, N. Stanley, G.A. Coullis, Fleet, C. Newton, Rospaly, Anthony Reddy, Darwen; Lorraine Dixon, Witon, Vicky Waatlake, Neath Hill, K.D. Young, Aberdeen.

Wet Wet Wet (September 9)

- Correct answer: b) HFO.
- Twenty-five winners of a picture disc and wet record are: Joanna Kamp, Spendon; Gemma Roberts, Wincobster; Diana Woodie, Banford; Kellie Jones, Minkham, D. Thomas, Dumfries; Simon Prescott, Leigh; Maureen McAulley, Cypselberg, Julia Holmae, Langley, Elizabeth Kavanagh, Ballygally, Rita Greenan, Tullyallen, Annmaria Jenkins, Rhymsay; Lisa Thomas, Rasca, Debbie Jones, Cowden, Lisa Baines, Claydonia Woods, Sharon Warren, Coze, Jenny Powles, Histon, Marie Clark, Wishaw; Nina Fulford, Knowle, Ayoji Gwalia, Wingerworth, K.D. Young, Aberdeen, Vicki Broad, Leeds, K. Smith, Lancaster; Faye Purkiss, Shirley; Linda Christie, Edinburgh, Charlotta Macdonald.

Talking Heads (September 9)

- Correct answer: c) a term used in the

media to describe a TV presenter who is filmed from the chest up.

- Fifteen winners of a True Stories video are: Emma Rose, Hiccod; Sharon Roberts, Barrow, Michael Allerton, Reading, Desmond Rush, Deobala; Gary Stephens, Ballyvaughan, Helen McNaught, Hasselt, T. Walnwright, Havford West, Terry Gallagher, Horwich; Adele Johnston, East Sheen, Linda Brighshaw, Borewich; T. Harwood, Twickenham, T.M. Evans, St. Fagans; Emma Davis, Thraydon Ross, Mark Taylor, Alveston, R. Groves, Lawn.

Raleigh Bike (September 9)

- Correct answers: a) unicycle, b) tricycle and c) tandem.
- The winner of the bike and a Raleigh t-shirt is Cathy Molyneux from Orford in Warrington.
- The next nine win the t-shirt: Rachel Nurse, Leamore, Tracey Spink, Dundee, Mark Jordan, Dorset, A. Murphy, Muckle Passat, Amanda Hall, Haughton, M. Bradshaw, Conber, Amanda Burnett, St. Cyrys, Alice Colling, Gmnoy, Tracy Clegg, Caerlewell.

Michael Jackson (September 9)

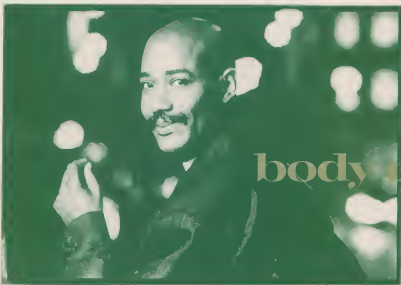
- Correct answers: Louis the llama, Muzsica the python and Bubbles the chimpanzee.
- Twenty-five winners of a sweatshirt and a badge are: Patsy Harrison, Remogate, A. Robson, Droydick, Stephen Burton, Downard, Kathryn Ros, Northampton; Pamela Newall, Ayr, St. Albans, M. Turner, Patricia, Sarah Scandan, Swords; Siân Adlam, Yate, Diana Holden, Farnham, Paula D'Amico, Denbigh, Nick Martin, Baffledown, Killy

Hickman, Inverue, C. Dickson, Bridgdon, E. Langford, Tollydale; Clare Meehan, Lanchfield, Katharine Wells, Adenstrot, Sarah Bottomley, Barmzholme, Debbie Golding, Hopton; Paul Dobson, Long Ashton, Graham Andrews, Amersham, J.L. Collinson, Crossens, Joanna Allitt, Backpool.

Bruce Willis (September 9)

- Correct answer: c) swimming
- Fifty winners of a video are: Julia Kerr, Fozzkerby, Claire Scourragh, East Bowling, Sean Wood, Bethal Green; Owen Green, Cernbridge, Steve Bess, Thornton Heath, Michaela Cheelham, Morton, Melanie Hill, Walsall, T. Fabian, Lenham, Tracey Campell, Fenton, Rachel Finlay, Portsmouth, A. Mauer, Waterloo, Gillian Miller, Laburn, Jane Taylor, Old Sooby; Carol Hartham, Illeston, Maria Tyma, Desborough, Tara Trost, Gwent; Anna Danielle, Churchbroughton, Roger Kirman, Walsall; Heather Barnes, Moseley Hill, Wendy Bentley, West Bridgford; Lucinda Darlington, South Millord, Debbie Hardman, Longlay Middleton; Shirley Allison, Cheltenham; Graine Saunders, Wealdstone, H. McCartney, Tetterhall; Diane Dakley, Belser, Marlene McGuade, Co. Tyrone, S. Forbes, Petermad, Amnetta Beck, Puginon; Fiona Walker, Parth, Claire Geddes, Monfeth, Hilary Crompton, Daventry; Rachel Gourde, Kerpley, Loma Home, Peterborough, Lisa Eave, St. Asaph, J. Green, Bourth, Paul Langridge, Fawham, Carole Lawson, Fingringal, Jessica Bruce, Taveham; C.A. O'Flaherty, Dover, Vicky Anchar, Maidstone, B. Russell, Radley, Michaela Murphy, Walls, Zoe Crockett, Gurney, Beverly Knight, Johnston, Nigel Johnson, Hollywood, Balbinder Basl, Hounslow, L. Bown, Pothnewydd, Julia Newman, Basseale, Sam Budden, Shrewsbury.

error brown



back brown

THE NEW SINGLE
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3 TRACK 12 INCH

wea

scarlet fantastic



No memory

Ooh I'm not satisfied oh
We get so fed up fed up with the whole town
We dream of desert and fast motorbikes
Aha ha ha ow ow ow ow
And just call me shiny as I disappear into sunset

Chorus

We have no memory tonight (no memory no memory)
We have the sun in our hair
Moon in our eyes

We just don't give a damn 'cause we're free
No memory

Wake up wake up in the middle of the night
Ooh wake up wake up to the sound of rain
(Rain rain rain rain rain rain rain)
On the roof ah just get me back
I want to see

Another sunset another sunrise ooh ah ooh

Repeat chorus

No memory no memory (no memory)
Ahhhh free

Just sitting here in the pouring rain
Never said I would but now I am
Just get me back to that beach
I've got to see another sunset oh oh
And another sunrise ooh ahhh ooh

We have no memory tonight (no memory no memory)

We have the sun in our hair

Moon in our eyes
We just don't give a damn 'cause we're free
We have no memory tonight we sing destiny
We have the sun in our hair

Moon in our eyes
We just don't give a damn 'cause we're free
We have no memory tonight we sing destiny
We have the sun in our hair

Moon in our eyes
We just don't give a damn 'cause we're free
No memories we sing destiny no memories

Words and music by M. El. Moudrik, P. Jovan
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On promenades where drunks propose to lonely arcade mannequins
Where ceremonies pause at the jewellers shop display
Feigning casual silence in strained romantic interludes
Till they come to a halt on the sea-scented journey home

And the pool player rests on another cue

Last night's hero picking up his dues

A honeymoon gambled on a roulette

She's sitting at the bookstalls at the holidays

Chalking up a name in your hometown

Standing all your makes to another round

Laughing at the world till the barman wipes away

The warm wet circles

I saw teenage girls like gaudy moths a classroom's shabby butterfly
Firt in the glow of stranded telephone boxes
Flaming white lace, waddling from saturated hearts
And token proclamations rolled from stolen lipsticks

Across the razored webs of glass

Sharing cigarettes with experience with her gazing jealous confidantes

She faithfully traces his name with quick bitten fingernails

Through the tears of condensation that'll cry through the night

As the dancing headlights of the taxi bus kiss adolescence goodbye

In a warm wet circle

Like a mother's kiss on your first broken heart

A warm wet circle

Like a bullet hole in Central Park

A warm wet circle

And I'll always surrender to the warm wet circles

She nervously undressed in the dancing beams of the Flura lighthouse

Giving it all away before it's too late

She'll eat a lover's tongue movements like a sweet circle

Giving it all away showing no shame

She'll take a woman's kiss on her first broken heart

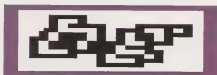
A warm wet circle

She'll realize that she plays her part

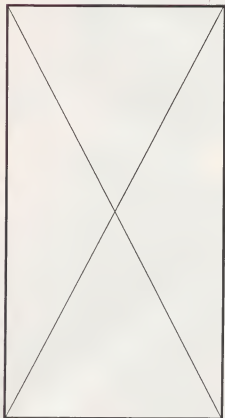
In a warm wet circle

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Once upon a time...

U2



U2 are monstrosously successful, have devoted fans all over the world and are deeply sincere about what they do. But who are these four blokes called Larry, Adam, Paul and Dave? Chris Heath finds out...



I was one of those kids who was impossible to be down from the very beginning," recalls Bono. "People used to – and family people still do – put up the cross (i.e. make a cross sign with their two index fingers) whenever I came in. They used to call me the Antichrist."

Paul Hewson was born on May 10th, 1960, the second child of Bobby and Iris Hewson (their other son, Norman, was born seven years earlier). Paul can hardly have been a blessing – when he was born he cried incessantly, so much so that when his father would come home from his job at the Post Office he'd prefer to stay in the car so that he could read the day's newspaper in relative peace and quiet.

The strangest thing about the family was that Iris and Bobby were different religions – she was Protestant, he was Catholic – still fairly rare and frequently frowned upon in Ireland.

"Their love was illicit at the time," Bono recently reminisced, "but I don't mind anything to them. They just faced the flak and got married."

The way he tells it, Bono – or rather Paul Hewson as he was still then called – was slightly unusual from the beginning. His father remembers him once announcing the "made friends" with a bee, while another time after a row he churchily left a banana skin on the floor to send his dad a-tumbling.

Day in day out he was apparently in a dreamworld of his own, early on preferring activities like painting to football, though he wasn't exactly, er, quiet. He cheerfully remembers his response when, on his first day at school aged four, a bloke bit the ear of his friend James Mack. Bono simply "took that kid's head and banged it off the iron railing."

At St Patrick's Secondary School things finally came to a head. After growing less and less fond of his Spanish teacher he decided, rather unwise, to take direct action – he simply lobbed a lump of dog pooch over a hedge onto her. Shortly afterwards, you may be surprised to learn, he left.

After the Spanish teacher incident young Bono was sent to a new school called Mount Temple – a modern experimental school where Catholics and Protestants mixed and where school uniform and petty rules were seen as less important than the pupils' "personal development". There,

things got much better.

Then, suddenly, his world was torn apart. In September 1974 his mother's father died – Bono's mother took it very badly and had a brain haemorrhage on the way back from the funeral. She died four days later. Legend has it that when Bono was told what had happened he went upstairs and strummed his guitar in misery. "That house was no longer a home," he says. "It was just a house."

In Autumn 1976 things took a turn for the better. One of the other pupils, Larry Mullen, put a notice up on the school board asking if anyone else fancied forming a band. Bono reckoned he was a pretty fine guitarist so he went along. After a while, despite the fact that he was pretty soon discovered to be an abysmal guitarist and didn't have a brilliant voice, he became the singer. For one thing, he was overflowing with enthusiasm. For another he looked as if he was a pop type – he'd become the school's first punk with his spiky haircut, purple trousers, pointy boots and a chain from his nose to his ear.

Outside the band though his behaviour got more and more bizarre. At home he rowed with his dad, one time hurling a kitchen knife that whizzed past Bobby Hewson's head, sticking into the kitchen door behind. He also formed a

collection of friends who lived in a secret imaginary place called Lypton Village where they all had names like Dick, Strongman, Pod, Guggi and so on. (His own name Bono Vox came from a hearing aid shop called Bonovox.) One day he caused a public disturbance with them by deliberately dropping his trousers and bending over in the middle of a road.

At school there was the affair of the classroom fire and the stolen exploding rivets, and of the tantrums where he walked out overturning his desk. But there was also his serious membership of the Mount Temple Christian Union and a growing friendship with a girl called Alison Stewart. This bizarre combination was taking its toll – more and more he'd suffer from blackouts and nosebleeds.

Slowly, however, the band – at first called Feedback, then The Hyppe, then U2 – became more and more successful. At first Bono tried a couple of jobs as well but they didn't quite work out. He took a post as a petrol pump attendant, the theory being that in the quiet hours he'd write songs. As luck would have it it was then that the worldwide oil crisis erupted.

"We had these queues for miles and the cars just kept coming so I quit."

As U2's fame grew – first in

Ireland for their "Out Of Control" EP, then all over the place for the "Boy" LP, Bono started to become more and more religious. Pod and Guggi from Lypton Village joined a group of charismatic Christians called The Shalom and soon Bono, Larry and The Edge were also attending twice weekly meetings in the Shalom. Eeven even got baptised in the sea.

By the time of their second LP, "October", pressure was being put on them to choose the church over music.

"We thought U2 might break up. I just lost interest," says Bono. "I thought 'rock 'n' roll was a bit of a waste of time.'"

Three of them even announced their decision to finish the band to their manager – he persuaded them that they should at least honour the tour they had booked already and eventually they left The Shalom group. Bono is still very religious though he prefers as a rule not to talk about it except in song and person-to-person. "I am a Christian but I feel very removed from Christianity," he did say recently. "The Jesus Christ I believe in was the man who once turned over the tables in the temple and threw the moneychangers out... there is a radical side to Christianity I am attracted to. I think without a commitment to social justice it is empty."

Now married to his long-time girlfriend Alison Stewart and living in a converted tower near Dublin, Bono now spends his time just trying to work out how to cope with being a very famous pop star without turning into the "unimportant" famous pop stars U2 don't like.

For a few years, to fit in, he says he "drank too much and did far too many things out of this odd weird reverse guilt." Now, he says he's starting to feel the value of being irresponsible. "You read about the excesses of rock 'n' roll stars of the 70s – driving Rolls Royces into swimming pools. Well that's better than polishing them, which is the sort of yuppie pop star ethic we've got in the '80s."

Sometimes, though, it's not that much fun and he got people who want to kill me, people who want to make love to me so they can sell their stories to the newspapers, people who want to hate you or love you or take a bit of you. So you end up going back to your room and even if it's a suite in the finest hotel... it's almost like a prison cell. But, hey," he says mysteriously, "if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen..."



Photo: Arthur Cartwright

he was famous for his excessive politeness at all times. Before he left he told the headmaster "I am going to be a comedian, Sir, when I grow up." At his next school, St Columba's, where he started playing bass, first on a cheap £12 guitar then on a good £52 one he was bought on for him, he fared little better – the last straw there was when he went on a smoking trip with two girls up a mountain.

Subsequently he ended up at Mount Temple and he soon became noticed, partly for the Afghan coat he'd bought on a month's holiday in Pakistan, partly for his sunglasses, worn rain or shine.....

"He stuck out like a sore thumb," remembers Bono. "He used to drink coffee in class and the teachers just got used to it. He got accepted as being really quirky. He wore a kilt."

Adam almost didn't get in the group at all, however, for when he saw Larry's note he ignored it, assuming it to be part of some

official school activity. However, he was then asked personally – he did, after all, have a smart bass guitar and had briefly been in a group called the Max Quad Band at St Columba's. At their first rehearsal though one problem with him was spotted. "People just kept coming up and saying 'there's something wrong' and we couldn't figure out what it was," sniggers Bono, "until suddenly we thought – it's Adam! Adam can't play."

Fortunately he soon learnt. Over the next two years a new problem emerged though – he was becoming more and more removed from the three Christian members. They'd sit together, discuss the Bible together and more or less ignore him: "I think it did send me a bit batty for probably a year or so," he now says.

Anyway, Adam was a bit more interested in the whole pop star lifestyle. "To be candid," he admitted just afterwards, "I would have liked to have been

part of the fashion scene that was going on in London then (when New Romantic clubs were open). Being the weakest member of the band emotionally I wanted to do that but I couldn't."

Personally he still may get up to the odd lark in a few years ago he was banned from driving after being stopped by a policeman to whom he allegedly said "stop messing around with a celebrity" before dragging the policeman 50 yards down the street) but he's now proud of different things:

"We're a bunch of noisy, rough Irishmen," he says, "who are arrogant enough to drag their tails all the way round the world and I think that's something to be proud of....."

And he's proud of his own rather eccentric theory as to why U2 keep getting more and more successful.

"Basically," he explains, "I think we're all nutters but somehow it works. It all comes out in the wash."

Adam Clayton has always been the odd one out in U2 – he's the only one who's not deeply religious, he's the one who's most likely to be out partying and he's the only one with a decidedly snoot English accent. He has the latter because he was born on March 13, 1960, not in Ireland but in Oxfordshire where his parents Brian (an Air Force pilot) and Jo lived at the time (he also has a sister Sarah Jane and a brother Sebastian).

As the family moved into Malahide (just outside Dublin) when Adam was five – three years later he went away to boarding school where he went birdwatching, learnt some music and art and little else although

THE EDGE



The Edge – or rather Dave Evans – was born on August 8, 1961, not in Ireland but in East Barking, London. Soon after, the whole family – his Welsh parents Garvin and Gwenda with their eldest son Dick (a daughter Jill arrived later) moved to Ireland and Garvin settled down as a contracting engineer, became an elder of the Presbyterian church, a keen golfer and founded the Dublin Welsh Male Voice Choir (his mother also went to the Malahide musical society).

By all accounts The Edge was very quiet as he grew up, wandering about on his own and learning a little piano ("I studied it for two years then packed it in at the ripe old age of 13") before discovering with gusto the joys of the battered old guitar his mother had shelled out £1 for.

Even after he had joined the

group at Mount Temple he still, for a long time, wasn't that mated with everyone – he was given a Lypton Village name, Dave Edge, apparently because of the shape of his head and the fact that he was always hanging around the edges rather than being in the centre of whatever was going on, but he wasn't invited to join in their activities. He did get up to the odd jape though with the group – when in June 1973 the band were playing a special "Chris's concert" (rather witty, say viewers?) he turned up at a local radio interview eating an ice lolly and wearing a Santa Claus outfit.

Nevertheless, he's always been if anything even more religious than Larry and Bono – he keenly joined in the Christian Charismatic Christian group, keenly encouraged the lifestyle where the three of them would

rise at 5a.m. to study the Bible, keenly supported the idea that they should stop making pop music after "October" and then announced his resignation once more in 1982.

At that time U2 used to get criticised a lot for their religion – Killing Joke calling them "vile Christian creatures" was only the tip of the iceberg. "People don't understand it," reflected The Edge, "so they lash out. It doesn't bother me though – I'm past caring what people think about our beliefs."

He still feels, however, that it is his Christian beliefs which explain just how good U2 really are. "That's why I can be so arrogant – or seemingly arrogant about what we do, because I really don't think it's us essentially."

He also gets annoyed when people think U2 are a bit

LARRY

It was Larry's fault – he did start it," reckons Bono about U2, truthfully as it happens. Larry apparently put up a very embarrassed note saying he'd stupidly wasted money on a drum kit and if anyone else had been so daft to have squandered some cash on an instrument they might as well console each other by playing together a little. "Yes," reflects Larry, "and I was in charge for about three days."

Larry was born on October 31, 1961 – his father, Larry Senior, had trained for nine years to become a priest before opting out to become a civil servant at the Department of Health and Environment, his mother was called Maureen and he has an older sister Cecilia (another sister, Mary, was born in 1964 but died in 1970). Larry grew up 500 yards from the sea,

smashing a plate glass window with his head when he was four (he wasn't hurt), collecting stamps and coins and secretly listening to the radio.

At first he was encouraged by his parents to try the piano. He wasn't much of it. "The teacher was a really nice lady," he recalls, "but one day she said 'Larry, you're not going to make it'. She suggested I try something else."

Overjoyed, the nine year old Larry announced that he'd like to be a drummer. His mother got him a rubber pad to practise on but said he could only learn if he could raise the £9 for his first term's tuition – he did. He wasn't, however, mad about his teacher. "I carried on with this teacher for about two years," he says. "And I just got bored. This is terrible but he passed away and... I mean, I was only a kid... and I said 'wow! Divine intervention! I don't have to do this any more!' So I joined a

military style band.

He also joined the famous Artane Boys Band. "They told me to get my hair cut," he laughs. At the time it was my pride and joy – you know, shoulder length golden locks. So I got it cut a few inches and they told me to cut it more. So I told them to stick it and I left." He had lasted just three days.

Larry finally got his own drum kit in 1973 – a £17 one that his sister Cecilia had bought and set up in his room when he was 12. By 1976 he was ready to form a group – hence his note. At the first rehearsal for the group that became U2 – held in his parents' kitchen – a crowd of local folk gathered outside the window to see who was performing out these spectacular awful versions of "Satisfaction" and "Brown Sugar" by The Rolling Stones: in the end Larry had to get rid of them by hosing them down with water.

These days Larry Mullen "Jnr"

very very rarely gives any interviews – he says he simply "doesn't enjoy them." In recent times the only statements of note that he's made in public are his assertion in an American magazine that if U2 fans go looking for Joshua Trees in the American Joshua Tree National Parks and take them home as souvenirs "Joshua Trees might be extinct by the time this album is over" and his two statements at a recent New York press conference, firstly that "Abba, they were a big influence on my musical career" (sadly a joke) and then a totally uncharacteristic outburst for several minutes when asked a question about their forthcoming Irish concert at the end of which the flabbergasted audience and the rest of the band give him a round of applause as Larry smiled and said "fair play to me". Apart from that, he's a man of mystery. "Lawrence," says The Edge, "can be so stubborn."



UNFORGETTABLE FIRE: The Story Of U2 (by Eamon Dunphy, Viking £11.95)



Whether you think U2 are the bees' knees (about half of the population) or a little overblown and pretentious (the other half), they certainly make sure that everything they

do they do properly and this biography – written with their consent and help – is no exception. Perhaps because the author doesn't generally write about pop music (he's an ex-footballer and journalist who The Edge once remarked "couldn't tell the difference between the Bee Gees and the Velvet Underground"), *Unforgettable Fire* is far more professional, thorough and soberly written than most pop books. For most of the time Eamon Dunphy sits back and simply unfolds in intricate detail, chapter by chapter, the tale of how four youths growing up in Ireland, each with their own peculiar quirks, got together and formed one of the most successful groups ever, both in terms of record sales and in terms of the strength of feeling they inspire in their fans. Especially fascinating are the middle years as three of them wrestled with chucking the whole pop lark in to concentrate on more Godly pursuits; most disappointing are the last few chapters – anyone hoping for more than a brief aside about Bono's travels to South America and Ethiopia, or in fact about almost anything at all personal in recent years, will be disappointed. But overall as a detailed serious book (with, unfortunately, an equally 'serious' price) that also includes some fascinating early photos – Adam in his choir boy outfit, Bono's parents having a cup of tea etc. – it's a fascinating, and frequently quite moving, yarn.

Chris Heath



▲ The Hewsons on holiday. Left to right: Bono, Bobby and Norman.



▲ Adam Clayton at school – such revealing style!



▲ Larry, 'laying down a backbeat' in his bedroom.



▲ Bono's parents taking tea in a Dublin cafe. 1948



▲ The Edge's at home. (Left to right) Dick, Gwendolyn (the Edge's mother), Gill and Dave (i.e. The Edge)

unadventurous because they're never sick in their slippers. "I hate this idea of U2 as a nice safe band. Maybe it's just because we don't play the rock 'n' roll game. We don't do drugs or get arrested in America or smash up hotels or get our willies out on stage. All that is just conforming to rock tradition."

Eventually, The Edge was persuaded to stay on and is now recognised as one of the world's leading "axemen". He is married with two children, Holly and Pearse and spends most of his time with them and his wife Aislinn who he met at a Buzzcocks concert while he was still at school. She is, he says, the "stabilising force" in his life.

The great thing about her," reflects The Edge, "is she's really not particularly impressed with rock 'n' roll."



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PLUS! We have 10 – 10!!! – copies of the new U2 book *The Unforgettable Fire* just waiting to "wing" their way into your postbag. This splendid tome is full of wonderful stories and pictures of "the boys" looking a complete state (see

above) and will keep you awake for hours at night reading about the antics of Bono and Co. when they were mere "juvs".

PLUS! We have 10 – 10!!! – copies of this special mean 'n' moody Bono poster to hand over. This fab item is one of six portraits by official U2 photographer Anton Corbijn (hence the name).

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● **Hi, my name's Tina, I'm 10 years old and I'm into The Bangles, Sinitta, A-Na and Rick Astley.** I'm looking for penpals from between the ages of 10 and 12 so if you want to be my penpal please write to: 173 Wrentham Road, Rainham, Essex RM13 9DF.

● **Hi, I'm John. Do you enjoy Top 40 music?** Do you have a crazy sense of humour? Then I'm your man! I am looking for penpals from anywhere in the world over the age of 17. All letters welcome at: 344 King Street, North Shields, Tyne & Wear NE30 1BZ.

● **Hi, I'm Billy and I'm 14.** I like swimming, EastEnders, Madonna, Del Lappard, Mei Ani Kim and most other pop groups. I'm looking for male or female penpals aged 13-15, so if you want to write to me my address is: 2A Bertie Road, Norwich NR3 2HA.

● **We are two guys, Mark who is 17 and Dava who is 16 and we would like to hear from anyone out there.** Mark is into all music including Hip Hop and pop and plays guitar. Dava is into the Pet Shop Boys, Phil Collins and other strange people and also plays the guitar. Write to: Mark and Dava, 15 Hermes Crescent, Manor Farm, Dover CV2 1HY.

● **Hi, my name is Pata and I'm 18.** I would like Madonna fans from any part of the world to write to me so if you are interested please write to: 38 Davies House, Sandbank, Blaylock, Walsall, West Midlands WS3 2HE.

● **Hi, we are two girls looking for people aged 13-18 who like The Smiths and hata Mal And Kim and Europa.** If you're interested please write to: Smiths fans, 19 Barnard Road, London SW11 1QT.

● **Hi, I'm a 16 year old boy from Egypt who would like to hear from anyone aged 15-20 who are into Europa, U2 and many other chart acts.** My hobbies are drawing, sports, music and travelling. If you are interested please write to: Isam Wahaba, 3 Abd Elhamid, Eldeeb St., Sarwat, Alexandria, Egypt.

● **Hi, I'm Tarasa and I would like to write to any wacky people out there aged between 15 and 16 years who are into The Housemartins, Billy Bragg, Marillion and The Communards or anyone who hates Iron Maiden, A-ha and Mad And Kim.** If you're interested please write to: 3 Thornham Close, Paekfield, Lowestoft, Suffolk NR33 7HU.

● **Hi, my name is Backy, I'm 13 years old and I love Michael J. Fox and River Phoenix, disco dancing and chart music.** If you are aged 13-15 get writing to me, male or female and I will try and answer all letters: 173 Victoria Avenue, Hill, HUS 3EF.

● **Hi, I'm Clark, I'm 13 and am looking for penpals aged 12-15 who like LL Cool J, Fava Star, Beastie Boys, League 42 and all Hip Hop music.** If you like a good laugh and would like to be my penpal please write to: 107 Lewis Trust, Amhurst Rd, Hackney, London E8 2AH.

● **Hi, my name is Rachael and I am 12 years old.** I'm into Five Star, Mei Ani Kim and Madonna. I would like penpals from anywhere in the world so if you're aged between 12 and 15, male or female, cheer me up by writing to: 88 Ridgeway Way, Toppleway, Northwood W55 9DT.

● **Hi, my name's John and I'm 15 years old.** I'm into Madonna and the Pet Shop Boys and Duran Duran. I would like lots of penpals from anywhere in the world aged between 15 and 25. If you're interested please write to: 86 Severn Road, Blakem, Walsall, West Midlands WS3 1NS.

● **Hi, my name is Donna and I'm 10 years old.** I like Madonna, Mei Ani Kim, George Michael, EastEnders and Neighbours. I would like penpals between the ages of 9 and 12. Please write to: Donna, 5 Forns Walk, Hartlepool, Co. Cleveland TS25 4DB.

● **Hi, I'm bored and I'm lonely U2 fan who seeks penpals from anywhere aged 11 plus.** If you are interested please write to: Sarah, 36 Chestnut Avenue, Holbeach, Spalding, S. Lincs PE12 7NE.

● **Hi, I'm Rupert and I'm looking for penpals aged between 15 and 17.** I'm into Madonna, Sam Fox, Beastie Boys, Pet Shop Boys, Cunniffy Killed The Cat and most other pop music. I like going to discos and having a good time so if I sound like your type please write to: 80 Ashtree Road, Dedy, Leicester

● **My name's Amy and I'm 14 years old.** I would like to hear from any girls or boys of around my age. I'm into Madonna, Cunniffy Killed The Cat, Whitney Houston, Tom Cruise and Neighbours. Please write to: Amy, 24 Belgrave Ave, Coxhoe, Durham DH6 4AJ.

● **I'm a 18 year old boy who is looking for people who are into Rock, especially Def Lppard, Quasi and Led Zepplin.** If the sounds like you then drop a line to: Karl, 9 Eastfield Gardens, Dagenham, Essex RM10 6DX.

● **Hi, I'm a 15 year old girl who would like to write to Hip-Hop lovers from Britain or America aged between 14 and 17.** Write to: Vanessa, 49 London Rd, Wembley, Middx HA9 7EU.

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The lanes were silent
There's nothing no one nothing around for miles
I doused our friendly venture
With a hard-faced three-word gesture

CHORUS

I started something
I forced you to a zone
And you were clearly
Never meant to go
Hair brushed and parted
Typical me typical me typical me
I started something
And now I'm not too sure

I grabbed you by the guided beams
That's what tradition means
That's what tradition means
And I doused another venture with a gesture

That was absolutely vile

REPEAT CHORUS

I grabbed you by the guided beams
That's what tradition means
And now eighteen months hard labour
Seems fair enough

REPEAT CHORUS

I started something
I started something
Typical me typical me typical me
Typical me typical me typical me
Typical me
I started something
And now I'm not too sure

Words and music by Morrissey/Morr. Reproduced by permission Warner Brothers Music Ltd as Rough Trade Records

I started
something
I couldn't
finish.



THE SMITHS



Richard Coles

Personal

Full Name: Richard Keith Robert Coles.
Born: 23/6/62 in Northampton.
First crush: Captain James T. Kirk of the *Starship Enterprise*. He was just so handsome and masterful and so calm and in control. Five hundred souls under his command boldly going where no one had ever gone before! He could have boldly gone where he'd never gone before with me! I thought he was gorgeous. I was so jealous of Nurse Chappell! I hated her! But Kirk's gone a bit tubby now. I went to see *Star Trek IV* and I couldn't tell the difference between him and the whale.
First record ever bought: Beethoven's 'Symphony No. 7 Opus 7 in A' by The London Philharmonic Orchestra. I was seven years old.
First concert: Beethoven's 'Symphony No. 7' at The Royal Albert Hall, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra this time. I was eight by then and I went with my dad. Apparently I caused some trouble because I got up on my chair and started conducting and singing along. My dad really liked that kind of music and my grandfather was a pianist, so I just heard it when I was very young. I was very into the Beethoven Symphonies and in fact I still am. The first pop concert I went to see was the Sex Pistols at the County Cricket Ground in Northampton before they were famous. I didn't go for the music - I went because I really fancied this boy who went there. I don't remember the Sex Pistols but I do remember the boy.
Nickname at school: Bogbruah. It was because I was tall and thin with frizzy hair.
Have you lost any money in the Great Stock Exchange Slump? Well, we don't have large portfolios. All I can say to the people who have lost money is "HAI HAI HAI".
What would you do if you were invisible for a day? I'd go to every football changing ground in the country. I think it would be Newcastle called's first - I once shared a sauna with them in the Newcastle Holiday Inn! Either that or our record company's weekly sales conference - to see who's in favour and what really goes on.
Has Bono ever told you any good jokes? Who's Bono? Oh, him. Does he tell jokes? He doesn't strike me as a very humorous person but I don't know him at all, so...
What's the worst thing about Jimmy? Oh crikey! Have you got an hour? His worst habit is forcing him something which has a moving part in it because he'll always return it broken.

(Jimmy: "Oh, that's just so untrue.") Never ever lend him a household appliance, a camera or a Walkman because you'll never get it back in one piece.
Who does your washing? Rose in the Kilburn High Road - she's the lady in the launderette. I don't have a washing machine which is stupid - I really should have one. So I leave it with Rose who's really nice.
What's the worst thing you've done after a couple of drinks? I think being sick over my Great Aunt Phyllis at my cousin's wedding. I was about 12 and unfortunately they let me have some champagne. Poor Aunt Phyllis - I lurched over to her and she was trying to keep me away but I was sick all over her taupe coat dress. It was rather soiled unfortunately. She never ever spoke to me again after that. I can't really say I blame her.
Where do you keep your credit cards? Here! (holds up neat wallet). I've got an Access. (Jimmy: "Oh yes? Just an Access? What about the colour?") I only got a gold one because it means you can have free bank charges! Anyway, I never like to be far from a credit card in case I'm passing a Next. I'm thinking about getting a Next Charge Card. Ohh, I'm obsessed with Next at the moment. I don't buy all of my clothes there, but this is Next (puts at jacket). I love it! I love the shop! The first thing I do when I go to a town is go shopping and find a Next.
What are you reading at the moment? 'The Wilderness Years' by Tony Benn - it's a volume of his political diaries which is wild. It's really good. All the dirt on the Wilson Government. I always read before I go to sleep. I have to read for at least an hour. Jimmy gets in his room and he's in bed and asleep like that (snaps his fingers) but it takes me hours.
What's the most truly horrible thing you've ever worn? Ooooh - I had a Wrangler jacket that I must have got in about 1974 which had long lapels that came to about there (indicates knees) and long things that came down to mid calf length - it was blue denim but the edge was like something out of Edgar Allan Poe (19th Century horror story writer). It was the most hideous garment you could ever imagine and I used to wear it with flares, a cheesecloth shirt and do you remember those shoes called Sharkys with serrated soles? Those - and a big bushy beard like the Beatles about the good side of each side of his head) and it looked absolutely hideous.



RICHARD:
 "I was sick all over my Great Aunt Phyllis at my cousin's wedding... she never ever spoke to me again after that. I can't say I blame her."

• Photos: Paul Hilder

Jimmy Somerville

JIMMY:
 "I've got a poster of
 Larry Mullen up in my
 kitchen. I'm not really
 a fan of U2 but I just
 think he's so
 wonderful."

Full name: James William Horsburgh Somerville.

Born: 22/6/61 in Glasgow.
First crush: Well, I don't know whether it was Captain Kirk or Lieutenant Uhura. I think probably Captain Kirk awakened tingles up my back, but Lieutenant Uhura - I just think she was so fab because she just used to have to sit there with her legs crossed and that thing in her ear and press keyboards all day. I loved her.

First record ever bought: The first record I remember was Nancy Sinatra's "These Boots Are Made For Walking". Me and my sister used to listen to it before we went to school. My mum bought it for us. She used to always buy records and she used to buy one for us maybe if we were good, and on Sundays she would put them on and dance away in the kitchen whilst she was making our dinner. The first one I bought - God! I think it was Donna Summer's "Love Trilogy".

First concert: The B-52's. Well, I saw the Bay City Rollers before that in a carpet showroom which they were opening, but they weren't really singing which was sad. So it's the B-52's. I was 16 and it was just as I had moved down to London. It was fab because it was so mad.

Nickname at school: Summy, which is a bit boring. But sometimes I used to be called Dolly. (Richard: "Simply because he was as camp as Christmas!")

Have you lost any money in the Great Stock Exchange Slump? I think all that is a bit unsound. It serves them all right if they lost money for buying something that they already owned anyway.

What would you do if you were invisible for a day? I'd go to Buckingham Palace to see if the Queen really does go to the toilet and I'd follow her into the bog. Or I'd spend a day with the Queen Mother - that could be quite camp. I'd look through her wardrobe. You know how camp she is - she's mental. That would be really fab - a real giggle.

Has Bono ever told you any good jokes? I think Bono's a bit of a joke. But then, Larry Mullen - that's another story. I've got a poster of him up in my kitchen. I'm not a fan of U2 but I just think he's so wonderful.

What's the worst thing about Richard? He smokes too much. That's definitely got to be the worst thing. He smokes like a chimney - it's just shocking.

Who does your washing? I do. Sunday is usually wash-day. It's fab! It's great because with a washing machine you don't have to worry about service washes - you just grab it all, throw it all in the machine then sit down and have some cornflakes. I love doing the laundry! I love taking it out and folding it up. I used to be really pernickety and iron everything but I've stopped now. Yes, I even used to iron my underpants - I used to iron everything.

What's the worst thing you've done after a couple of drinks? Oooooohh! I've honestly done so many

terrible things I can't even try and recollect! I always get in trouble after a few drinks. I've got a couple of friends - one called Morag - well, his real name's Paul but he's Scottish so we call him Morag - and when me and him are together it's just wild. We're like demons. (Richard: "Vodka's the worst. If you ever see him drinking it, just leave the room.") Oh yes, if Richard sees me in a bar and he thinks I've had one too many he won't even talk to me. But now I drink Guinness and for the past few years I've been really good. I usually get over-excited when I drink and I always get into trouble. (Richard: "Jimmy, you always cause trouble.") So I can't even think of the worst thing. It would be construed anyway.

Where do you keep your credit cards? Ooooooh goodness knows! I've only got one - it's an Access - and it's usually somewhere. I did tear one up once because I thought, "oh this is ridiculous", because I just used to spend on it all the time, so I decided they were not a good idea.

What are you reading at the moment? I never read. Richard brings books on tour, but I usually just bring my wee Walkman and a pile of tapes and constantly listen to music - all kinds of pop. I'm such a pop fan it's awful. Anything that's trashy I love. I've been listening to Rick Astley recently and quite a bit of M&J and Kim because I still like their album. What else? (Richard: "That bloody Diana Ross video!") Oooh yes! Have you seen the video for "Chain Reaction"? She's got this big fur coat on and this silver dress and she just trips down these stairs and every drag queen would just give their right leg to be able to walk in such a tight skirt and fur coat, walk down stairs and dance at the same time. It's just brilliant. It's a fabulous video. I just like trash like that - my mind doesn't stretch as far as being able to read.

What's the most truly horrible thing you've ever worn? I'm trying to think... the most embarrassing thing ever was when I had my perm. It was really long as well. It was wild. It came all the way down to here (indicates chest) and everyone used to think I was a girl because I used to always have long hair when I was young. I never, ever had short hair. And then when I first came to London I had a permed wedge! My clothes! (gasps in horror) Oh don't! I remember once I was going out and my dad was hanging out the window and screaming at me to come back in the house because there was no way a son of his was going to stand at the bus stop where the neighbours could see him dressed like that. All the neighbours were at the window anyway because he was shouting so loud! I had my perm, I had one of those huge great jumpsuits with a bit round my waist, really tight, light light ankle-choker jeans, really pointed shoes and this bag like a gas-mask bag - it was really wild. I just looked s-o-o-o-mental. I looked like a drag queen. My dad was so horrified that I was going out like that!

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Here I go again

No I don't know where I'm going
But I sure know where I've been
Hanging on the promises in songs of yesterday
And I've made up my mind
I ain't sweating no more time

Though I keep searching for an answer
I never seem to find what I'm looking for
Oh Lord I pray you give me strength to carry on
Cause I know what it means
To walk along the lonely street of dreams

CHORUS

And here I go again on my own
Goin' down the only road I've ever known
Like a drifter I was born to walk alone
And I've made up my mind
I ain't sweating no more time

I'm just another heart in need of rescue
Waiting on love's sweet charity
And I'm gonna hold on for the rest of my days
Cause I know what it means
To walk along the lonely street of dreams

REPEAT CHORUS

But here I go again
Here I go again here I go again
Goin' baby baby yeah

And I've made up my mind
Ain't sweating no more time
And here I go again on my own
Goin' down the only road I've ever known
Like a drifter I was born to walk alone
Cause I know what it means
To walk along the lonely street of dreams

END OF SONG TO FARE

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● Photos: Adrian Green

BLUE MERCEDES

They've worn shorts, smocks, fertiliser sacks, tiger tails, rags, wigs and blue eyeshadow and yet their first single is still shooting up the charts. "How can this be?" wonders *Vivid MacDonagh*.

The first time I met Dunc I was wearing a pudding-bowl haircut, red eyes, blue eyeshadow and long hair sticking up on. He has heehee!!!"

David Titlow from Blue Mercedes is one of the shiny shorts, collages with musical notation. "I used to wear rags, smocks with rag wigs, and once there was a picture of me in *Top Shop's* window. I was wearing big satin flares with blow-dried hair and Fair and John Lennon glasses. I was a dodgy that Boy George would totally like as a pool owner!"

David's partner in crime, Murray, Duncan Millar, he of the glasses, is a bit of a weird thingie, has an equally eccentric taste in wardrobe tale, as David's partner once came onstage once in a pair of blue plastic fertiliser sacks, a white collar and a mane of about 100 hair ties, tails flying out of the neck. "I was wearing a wig that I found like so, and I was a bit of a showstopper. What it was, it was a wig."

The oddly named pair have now known each other for two and a half years. Dave, who's 23, formed a group called Duck You Sucker and hired Duncan, then a session musician, to play keyboards.

Duncan, who's 24, comes from Kent. He lived in Paris for a while, studied music in America and became a session musician, whereupon Duck You Sucker hired him to play keyboards. The group eventually broke up, but Duncan and Dave started writing songs together, chucked all their horrid clothes away and – boing! – Blue Mercedes was formed. The name itself comes from one of their songs, a slightly dodgy ditty called "Money Is The Root Of All Love".

"It was a really cynical song about how girls are only interested in, erm, money," says Dave, looking suitably ashamed. "It was a good song, though – there was a line

that went, 'when you cruise around just like a son from *Hades*, in your bell-bottoms, button-back blue Mercedes' – erm, it sounded better sung – and I thought, 'well, it was a good name...'

Since they were doing poorly – struck when they started off together, Duncan financed them by playing piano in a swanky Italian restaurant. "It was very dodgy, and I was the spook-pianist, he had



▲ Ditty (left) and Dunc: 'No dodgy dressed bits'

Neil, well-off showbiz people like Pete Murray and President Reagan's daughter went there – apparently it's her favourite haunt in London. I can't imagine why. I see Dawson was a regular too – he sat right next to me one evening and burped all the way through the meal!"

Then one day a rich customer gave their demo tape to Wham's ex-manager who liked what he heard. "Literally the next day he phoned us," says Dave. "We went round that evening and that was it: he took us on. When we got in the car afterwards, we were going, 'here we go lads, caviar and champagne all the way' – and nothing happened for about 50 years!"

Actually, they only took one year of playing in extremely dodgy clubs and now here they are with a record in the charts. They've been accused of sounding remarkably similar to ABC, which they don't deny – they both say "Lexicon Of Love" is the best LP ever made. "Apart from that, it's a real nature that we sound similar!"

Mystifyingly, they describe the sound of "I Want To Be Your Property" as Street Latin Wolf. Duncan "explains": "It's based on a dream I had. I dreamt we were in New

York and I was playing the sax, still saying the Mercedes thing, and I met Latin Wolf: he was Mexican. Paul McCartney was like a Latin Wolf group, and there was a picture of David in a suit and tuxedo! It's not to be the truth – but we make up something so ridiculous, there are even people who remember Duncan singing 'I Need You' in the group suit made up," says Dunc. He declines and got the shorts instead, ha ha! He's back on his favourite subject again, i.e. clothes. "I'm a bit worried about the shorts – they're too easy to pull off. I'll have to start wearing two pairs – I've got 10 pairs altogether, in various colours. They all say 'Frank Ass' at the moment, but we might be appearing on *Blue Peter*, so we'll have to

change a bit. 'Frank Ass' or something," says Dunc. "Frankie, has a real dose of ordinary people's" which is why he's so popular. His particular trademark is the two-pair thingy: a double-bass keychain that he had especially made, although the one in their video is a single pair smock-up. "It is a bit embarrassing," he admits.



▲ The Duck You Sucker (Frankie's, Frankie's)

Change a bit. 'Frank Ass' or something," says Dunc. "Frankie, has a real dose of ordinary people's" which is why he's so popular. His particular trademark is the two-pair thingy: a double-bass keychain that he had especially made, although the one in their video is a single pair smock-up. "It is a bit embarrassing," he admits.

Then a row of tents you might think of, who's by far the more popular. "I'm really garrulous and I make a lot of noise. Dunc gets quite a bit of noise from a bottle of, erm, whisky. He did a rain dance on the night of our first gig. There was something about the glass was going to rain. He didn't make it rain, either."

Duncan describes himself as "very garrulous, creative, good-looking...". He says: "Hoo hoo hoo hoo...!" It's probably the more sensible one. Dunc seems not entirely convincingly. They've been receiving their fair share of attention from passionate girls of late. "Dunc always seems to get these really weird girls, all year old weird women talking to him, they pounce on him in hotels and tell him their life story." "What kind of fans do they want, then?" says Dave. "Anyone! Grannies, wives, they're all... we don't care at all!"



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 You're the man with no choice
 Yes it's been decided you've done wrong
 And there's no single voice that will stand up and say
 Oh just what has he done
 For they all read the news
 And it's surely proof enough for them
 And they flatly refuse to consider oh
 Was he really to blame

Chorus

'Cause when the fingers point oh
 It's too much to take
 (Too much to take too much to take too much to take)
 And when the fingers point yeah
 It makes your heart break

Now you're moving away
 For you cannot take it any more no
 No amount of explaining can alter their views
 It's all happened before
 (But where did you go)
 But where can you go

Where the evil eyes won't follow on
 And the curtains won't move every time you walk by
 Boy just what have you done

Repeat chorus

Ooh ooh ooh too much to take
 (Too much to take too much to take too much to take)
 So you found a new home and a new place to hide
 Where there's peace and shelter from the poison outside
 But before too long there's someone staring at the stars
 And don't kid yourself son it's just a matter of time

'Cause when the fingers point oh oh um
 (Fingers point)
 Oh when the fingers point
 It makes your heart break

Repeat chorus

(Too much to take too much to take too much to take)
 It's too much to take
 (Too much to take too much to take too much to take)
 (Too much to take too much to take too much to take)
 (Too much to take too much to take too much to take)

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**She used to do smack
for a laugh.**

**Now, she'll do anything
for smack.**

Suppose you try smoking smack just the once, just for
a laugh?

It won't turn you into a prostitute just like that.

But if you get further into it, it'll cost you more and
more money all the time.

Which will turn you into a liar, a scrounger and a thief.

If you get really desperate for money, you might even
sell your body.

Or, you may be tempted to share a needle or equipment.

You probably swore you'd never do either. (Like you
probably swore you'd only try smack once.)

Both these things can put you in danger from AIDS.

And as anyone who's got it will tell you, there's not
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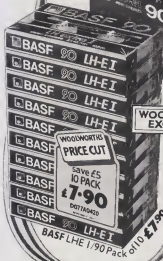


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Pet Shop Boys

get smart!
special



Dear Get Smart!

Chris Lowe recently remarked that his flat was (to put it lightly) a real mess. Is the photograph on the cover of "It's A Sin" in his flat? PSB Brother, Slough.

● "No," says Chris. "The 'It's A Sin' shots weren't taken in my flat. In fact the place where they were taken – actually the back room of an old church in East London – is tidier than my flat!" Yeuchhhh!

Dear Get Smart!

I wonder if you could help me find out something that's been bugging me no end. I've been staying with my brother in London and all the time I was dying to see Neil or Chris from the Pet Shop Boys. Then I did see someone very like Neil in a shop but I didn't dare ask if it was him or not. So please ask him if he was in Liberty's, down Regent Street on August 26 at about 2pm wearing blue jeans and a light blue t-shirt. If it was Neil he got into a lift.
Rachel, Hull.

● Oddly enough, after checking his diary, Neil can confirm that it was him. "I was supposed to meet Chris at 2pm in the bookshop," he says, "but we misread each other. I was getting into the lift to check if Chris was in the furniture department." In fact Chris had been waiting inside but was convinced that one of the security guards thought he looked suspicious so he went to wait outside and they didn't meet until 3pm.



Dear Get Smart!

Could you tell me if Neil Tennant really wears glasses (as in issue 9-22 September) or is he just trying to look intelligent?
Rachel Savage, Lowestoft.

● Well? "I am really shortsighted," explains Neil, "but I think I look intelligent anyway without glasses." Voila!

Dear Get Smart!

I've recently become a Pet Shop Boys fan and I've been puzzling over "Paninaro" as all the spoken bits don't sound like Neil. Is it a guest vocalist? I'm on the verge of tearing my hair out through utter not-knowingness. From someone who will go bald if this question isn't answered soon, Birmingham.

Dear Get Smart!

What is the line after the very imaginative line "New York New York etc." in "Paninaro" that goes something like "Armani, Armani"? Please answer as it's spoiling my enjoyment of a very trendy song. Neil Tennant (??????), Stockport.

Dear Get Smart!

I recently bought a cassette called "Disco" by the Pet Shop Boys which is very good but I came across a song called "Paninaro" during which there's someone saying "I don't like country & western, don't like rock music, don't like much really, do I? But what I do like I love passionately." Please could you tell me who it is? Is it Chris Lowe by any chance? Pet Shop Boys Fan, Gosport.

● These are just three of the thousands of perplexed viewers who've written in about "Paninaro". Yes, the spoken bits are by Chris Lowe. The line after "New York etc." goes "Armani, Armani, Versace, cinque" Armani and Versace are trendy designers, while "cinque" is the Italian word for "five". And the piece of speech (which actually ends "what I do like I love passionately") is also Chris Lowe and is taken from a foreign interview where he was asked what music he liked.



Dear Smarty Pants (????)

On flicking through the *Smash Hits Yearbook 1983* I came across a lot of strange-looking people "modelling" some equally strange t-shirts. "Blimey! It's Neil Tennant!" I exclaimed, spotting the bloke in the Friend Or Foe t-shirt. Anyway, my question is: is the chap in the Sex Pistols and Talking Heads t-shirts Chris Lowe? Helen F, Stockton-On-Tees.

● Indeed it is. Neil was working at *Smash Hits* at the time but the photos were taken when the two of them popped into the photographer Eric Watson's studio on the way to a recording session. Incidentally the person in the Wah! t-shirt is Krysis, who now runs the Pet Shop Boys information service.

PHOTO: GUY WATSON





Photo: Anagnath

Dear Get Smart!

In *Smash Hits* (Aug 25 – Sept 9 1986) Neil Tennant wears an American Air Force jacket with "Posh Boy" written across the back. Please could you tell me where I could get one? PSB Fan, Ireland.

Um, well, sort of. It's actually from a shop called Posh Boy in Tokyo, Japan. Incidentally, Chris bought the Posh Boy t-shirt he wears on the "Suburbia" sleeve there at the same time.

Dear Get Smart!

Can you please tell me how many brothers and sisters Neil "gorgeous blue eyes" Tennant has? And is Neil the oldest? Also, I know he has a sister-in-law, so which one of his brothers is married? Thanks a million. Francis, Hull.

Neil isn't the oldest – he has an older sister Susan and two younger brothers, Simon and Philip. Simon is married and has just had a baby girl called Alice, making Neil an uncle for the first time. Chris though is the eldest – he's got a brother Tim, then a sister, Vicki, and finally another brother Greg.

Dear Get Smart!

On *Love Me Tender*, the tribute on television to Elvis Presley, the Pet Shop Boys sung a song called "Always On My Mind". Is it possible to buy it on record? Pet Shop Boys No.1 Fan.

When they originally recorded it for the programme they thought at most they'd put it on a b-side but now they've decided they're so pleased with it that it'll be out as their next single. It's scheduled for November 30 and they'll be recording a new b-side for it when they return from their visit to Japan.

Dear Get Smart!

Are the Pet Shop Boys planning to tour this year or not? Devoted Pet Shop Boys Fan, Coventry.

Oh dear. Sad to say, they're not. Though they're forever mentioning going on tour but never doing it (just like Bananarama), they now say "we are thinking of touring after our third album in 1989. Up till now we haven't toured because the kind of show we want to put on would be in small theatres and very theatrical and has proved too expensive." Instead, though, they've been making a 75 minute film at the seaside, featuring music from both "Please" and "actually". This features actress Barbara Windsor as a seaside landlady, Joss Ackland as a priest and Nescafe advert "hero" Gareth Hunt as a "comic figure", and during the film Chris gets chased down the Clacton sea front by Hell's Angels and Neil dresses up in a gold leather outfit as "The Rock Star" and gets wet in the sea. It was going to be called *Actually*, and then it *Couldn't Happen Here* but now the title is "undecided". It will be available on video in December and hopefully either on TV or in the cinemas in January.

Dear Get Smart!

Could you find out if the Pet Shop Boys are releasing a remix album of their "actually" LP, as I thought "Disco" (their last remix album) was well rare?

Neil Tennant's Socks, Basingstoke.

Neil and Chris are staying rather non-committal about this – "might be, not sure" is their answer – though if they do it definitely won't be until next year.



Photo: Eric Wiseman

Dear Get Smart!

Could you please tell me where Chris Lowe got his flip up lid sunglasses he wore in the "Suburbia" video? Also is it true that the Pet Shop Boys said they weren't going to make any more records but then released "It's A Sin" and the new record because they ran out of money? Daniel Gibson, Newcastle Upon Tyne.

The glasses in question again come from Tokyo – a designer called Issey Miyake – though they can be bought in London. As for your "theory" about their retirement they both just laughed about it and said it was most definitely a complete and utter fib...



Dear Get Smart!

There's a picture of Neil and Chris in the *Smash Hits* magazine (Sept 9 1986) with Neil wearing a gold leather outfit. I'd like to know where I could get one? I'd like to know where I could get one? I'd like to know where I could get one?

They're called Raydon Mirored Avulcher Smacres and need to belong to Chris who bought them around the time "Opportunities" first came out in 1985.

Dear Get Smart!

I have some questions for you about the Pet Shop Boys: Is Neil Tennant taking helium to make his voice higher, and can you buy the video for "It's A Sin"? Neil Tennant's Stetson, Glasgow.

"No," says Neil, he definitely doesn't take helium or anything to make his voice higher. As for the video of "It's A Sin" they "might be" putting together a second video collection to follow up *Television*, their first video collection (which includes TV performances and all their videos up to "Suburbia") but they're not sure yet – if they do it certainly won't be for a while.

Dear Get Smart!

How many records have the Pet Shop Boys made? Everytime I go into my local record "emporium" they have all sorts of odd ones there – it's a pepping very confusing. Duncan Gettermcor, Cheshire.

Something like the full selection is shown on the right. Everything is included except for imports – i.e. records released in different countries – which are only included if they contain music you can't get in the British versions. As for what's still available you should be able to get all the LPs, all the 7"s and the first 4 versions of the *British 12"s* if you scout around (except for the original versions of "West End Girls" and "Opportunities", that is); the others you'll probably only find in second hand or specialist record collector's shops...

SINGLES



OPPORTUNITIES: (July 1985) Reached No. 116

- 7" "Opportunities (Let's Make Lots Of Money)"/"In The Night" (not shown)
- 12" (left) "Opportunities" (Dance Mix)"/"In The Night" (Extended)
- Second 12" (right) "Opportunities" (Version Latina)"/"Opportunities (Dub For Money)"



WEST END GIRLS: (Oct. '85) Reached No. 1

- 7" "West End Girls"/"A Man Could Get Arrested" (not shown)
- Picture disc: same as 7"
- 12" with big label: "West End Girls" (Dance Mix)"/"A Man Could Get Arrested"
- 12" plain sleeve - same as above 12"
- 12" yellow label: "West End Girls" (Shep Pettibone Mastermix)"/"West End Dub" & "A Man Could Get Arrested"
- 10" "West End Girls" (another untitled mix)"/"A Man Could Get Arrested"



LOVE COMES QUICKLY: (Feb. '86) Reached No. 14

- 7" "Love Comes Quickly"/"That's My Impression" (not shown)
- 12" big label: "Love Comes Quickly" (Dance Mix)"/"That's My Impression" (Disco Mix)
- 12" Boy cap sleeve - same as above
- 12" "American Version" with name on (released later): "Love Comes Quickly" (Shep Pettibone Mastermix) & "Love Comes Quickly" (Dub)"/"Love Comes Quickly" (Dance Mix) & "That's My Impression"
- 10" with gigantic poster: same as first 12"

OPPORTUNITIES: (May '86) Reached No. 1

- 7" "Opportunities" (new remix)"/"Was That What It Was?" (not shown)
- 12" "Opportunities" (new dance remix) & "Opportunities" (Reprise)"/"Opportunities" (original dance mix) & "Was That What It Was?"



SUBURBIA: (Sept. '86) Reached No. 8

- 7" "Suburbia"/"Paninaro" (not shown)
- 7" doublepack: "Suburbia"/"Paninaro" & "Love Comes Quickly" (Shep Pettibone Remix)"/"Jack The Lad" & "Suburbia Pt. 2"
- 12" single sleeve: "Suburbia (The Full Horror)"/"Paninaro" & "Jack The Lad"
- 12" double sleeve: same tracks as above
- Cassette single: same tracks as 12" (not shown)



IT'S A SIN: (Jan. '87) Reached No. 1

- 7" "It's A Sin"/"You Know Where You Went Wrong" (not shown)
- 7" double sleeve: same tracks as above (not shown)
- 12" single sleeve "It's A Sin" (Disco Mix)"/"You Know Where You Went Wrong" & "It's A Sin" 7" version
- 12" double sleeve: same as above
- 12" video sleeve: "It's A Sin" (Remix)"/"You Know Where You Went Wrong" (Rough Mix)
- Cassette single: same tracks as 12" (not shown)
- Compact disc single: same tracks as 12" (not shown)



WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS?: (August '87) Reached No. 2

- 7" "What Have I Done To Deserve This?"/"A New Life" (not shown)
- 12" "What Have I Done To Deserve This?" (Extended Mix)"/"A New Life" & "What Have I Done To Deserve This?" (Disco Mix)
- Cassette single: same tracks as 12" (not shown)
- Compact disc single: same tracks as 12" (not shown)



RENT: (Oct. '87)

- 7" "Rent"/"I Went A Dog" (not shown)
- 12" "Rent" (Extended Mix)"/"Rent" (Dub) & "I Went A Dog"
- Cassette single: same tracks as 12" (not shown)
- Compact disc single: same tracks as 12" (not shown)

ALBUMS

PLEASE: (March 1986)

- "Two Divided By Zero"
- "West End Girls"
- "Opportunities (Let's Make Lots Of Money)"
- "Love Comes Quickly"
- "Suburbia"
- "Tonight Is Forever"
- "Violence"
- "I Want A Lover"
- "Later Tonight"
- "Why Don't I Live Together?"

DISCO: (November '86)

- "In The Night"
- "Suburbia"
- "Opportunities"
- "Paninaro"
- "Love Comes Quickly"
- "West End Girls"



ACTUALLY: (September '87)

- "One More Chance"
- "What Have I Done To Deserve This?"
- "Shopping"
- "Rent"
- "Hit Music"
- "It Couldn't Happen Here"
- "It's A Sin"
- "I Want To Wake Up"
- "Hear"
- "King's Cross"



EARLY SINGLES

(Singles released before the early recordings they made with New York producer Bobby O'Connell, then signed to EMI.)



- "West End Girls" (original Bobby O'Connell version)"/"Pet Shop Boys" (Extended Version of "West End Girls" on 12") (1984)



- "One More Chance"/"One More Chance" (Remix) 12" (Europe, 1984)



- "West End Girls"/"One More Chance" (America, 1984)



- "West End Sunlasses" (a mix of "West End Girls" and "Sunlasses At Night")"/"One More Chance" (Dub) (1985)



- "West End Girls" (Remix '85)"/"Theme For The Pet Shop Boys" - by The Hurricanes (1986)



- "One More Chance" (Hurricane Mix)"/"Theme For The Pet Shop Boys Part 2" by The Hurricanes (1986)

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Dear Blackie,

Where the hell is music going? I've just been watching that interview on Channel 4's Network 7 with so called "Wild Child" Emma Rodley. Apparently she has just been given a record deal. Hasn't all this happened before - under age sex, pervert men, News Of The World, a "song"? Ah yes, her name was Mandy Smith, wasn't it?

Honestly Blackie, I know a few people who are incredibly talented and devoted musicians, but they're about as near to a recording contract as I am to Bangkok.

Why should the likes of Mandy Smith - musically talentless and pretentious - be given the chance to make songs when some real entertainers are left to sit and wait for their big break which will probably never come?

Miss Smith and Miss (whoops, I mean MRS) Rodley are obviously attractive so why can't they stick to being models or something instead of trying to sing and making their way into a business where they can't win and will be unemployed. Let's leave modelling to models and leave music to musicians, eh? Yours, (with odds to no one)

Rac, a keyboard player, West Mids

Dear Black Type,

I'm gonna tell you somethin' I bet you've never heard of yet on the MARRS record "Pump Up The Volume" and after the "put the needle on the record" bit, you hear an Arabic old song called "Hahab Yabul Zilol" which means "... er... no/hni" actually, but the words mean "We packed our bags and went to visit our parents, but when we got there, we didn't find them, so we got very upset and disappointed". That's all ackchelet. Not much of a song, right? Anyway I just felt like telling you, you S. Chaabban, Amman, Jordan.

And I'm very glad you did, sir, very glad indeed! Take a token 'n' towel for your acute powers of observation (not to mention translation). Bilko!/?

Dear Black Type,

After purchasing a copy of the Wet Wet Wet album "Popped In Souled Out" I noticed something strange about some of the lyrics. Although I hadn't heard the songs before I knew some of the lyrics especially those to "Angel Eyes" and "Let's Get Away". I'm sure I hadn't played the Squeeze LP "Cos Fan Tufti Fruit" that I realised why. In "Heartbreaking World" on side two of the Squeeze LP are the following lyrics:
"The saddest thing I've ever seen, was a football fan dying for his team. The toughest thing I've ever known, was a soldier boy who never made home. The greatest thing I've ever seen, was a newborn child looking up at me. The greatest thing I've ever heard, was that baby's cry in this wicked world."

On side one of the WWW LP there are the following lyrics:
"The saddest thing I've ever seen on my TV screen is a dying man who died for his team. The toughest thing I've ever heard, was that newborn scream in this wicked world".

OK, it could be a coincidence but

LETTERS

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

also WWW's second single "Sweet Little Mystery" contained four lines from the Van Morrison song "A Sense Of Wonder". I do think that WWW are a good band, but they'd be even better if they wrote their own lyrics instead of ripping off other people's.

A quick word to any new bands out there: don't steal any WWW lyrics as most are second hand to begin with. From a devoted Squeeze fan who prefers the original version of their songs.

Dear Black Type,

I wish to express my view on Mick Jagger's latest song 'Let's Work'.

I feel it is a nasty way of pointing out the misfortune of the unemployed. I also feel that it is biased because of Mr Jagger's immense wealth and the fact that he thinks because the unemployed are worse off than himself, that they are all lazy and not bothered to find work, which he knows isn't true. I feel that stars like Mr Jagger should do something to encourage these people e.g. "Don't Give Up" By Peter Gabriel and Kate Bush.

I do hope other people see my point of view.

Yours sincerely
Miss Kim Palmer (Aged 15)

Dear Mr Type,

I thought I'd send you some handy hints and useful suggestions as to what you can do with the carboidate frenzy in the middle of any ordinary household toilet roll.

1. Use it to put salad cream in when the bottle smashes.
2. Affix red light bulb to the top, place on head and run around the house shouting "I'm an ambulance/fire engine" (you can even use appropriate noises to add to the effect).
3. Make a model Joshua Tree (as shown on Blue Peter).
4. Show it to everybody and say "Look what I found in the toilet".
5. Use it to help mum with the housework.
6. Send one to that poor Mr Tebbit to cover up his head.

If you have quite a collection of these useful items here are some suggestions for you.

1. Write a name on each one, e.g. Colin, Julian, Andrew, Alexander and place on the front window for all the neighbours to see.
2. The ribbons around them and give them to the dustbin men as Christmas cards from the toilet.
3. Use them as extensions for electrical appliances and hose pipes.

4. Arrange them on the bookshelf after giving them suitable titles e.g. The Illustrated Edgar Allan Poe or

Small Dreams Of A Scorpio
Astonish visitors with your literary knowledge
5. Attach to your fingers and go about hitting without leaving any finger prints.

I hope you appreciate these ideas!
Yours with extreme sincerity,
Fredrika Mercedes

Mmmm. Just the sort of thing I find most useful for occupying any spare time at the end of a long tiring day. I shall certainly try out your little "experiments" the second I arrive in Type Towers this very evening!

B.T.,

While doodling around on the front cover of Smash Hits, I came up with the following anagrams of BLACK TYPE. Ok, so they don't make the slightest bit of sense, but nor do most of your letters.

TYAL BECK

PLATY BECK

PLACK BYTE

PECKY BLAT

PATLY BECK

APPLY BECK

TACK FLY BE

PECK ALTY BY

PACK LET BY

LACK PET BY

KEPT CAL BY

KELP CAT BY

KELP ACT BY

BECK FLY AT

Nally Brown's Left Earlobe In Outer Mongolia, Kent

Fascinating. Any advance on 16, shipmates?

Dear B.T.,

I'm pleased I am sure that many other people are miffed too. Hopefully, I speak for every Welsh, Irish and Scottish person when I say that we are being snubbed by the entre (almost) pop universe.

People like Madonna speak in interviews of touring Britain, when all they really do is play two venues in England and then clear off to France (or somewhere similar). That, while being great for people in London, Leeds, Birmingham, Liverpool etc is a bit bloody inconvenient for the rest of us.
I was reading Ireland suffer most. I know that as countries go neither of them are incredibly big, but there are thousands of potential concert goers living here with no concerts to go to.

So, a message to all groups going out on tour:

The little blobby bit to the left of England is called Wales, the big bit on top of England is called Scotland and across a bit from Wales is a

place called Ireland

People live in all of these places. Kindly stop ignoring them.
Mr Angry's Nephew

Dearest Type of Blackcurrant,

The world is round so that we can get the news from America in time for our morning papers.
The Cougar, Camberley.

Indeed it is, Cougar, indeed it is. Why, if the world were in fact flat, then we wouldn't have to put up with either of the major afflictions of our time, namely The Great Stock Market Crash and The Big Wind, both of which emanated from that land across the pond. My own Big Wind story is really rather interesting. There I was, just about to (Siiiiiiii!)

Dear Black Type,

Some people have no feelings. Terence Trent D'Arby - yes sir, that's who I'm talking about. Some of us are on the one, you know, so what does Terence "very socially conscious" D'Arby do - only spend \$50 on maggy hippie nonsense, £136 on fancy boutique books, £213 on compact discs (compact discs) all washed down with post ice cream and Partner wrote you hope he chooses on it. Love can't be a dandelion all the time, you know? Mel & Kim's tardus, Cheltenham

Dear Black Type,

As Britain is still recovering from the Queen Of Sissie, Madonna, I would like to give you a few facts:

1) Madonna did not invent the beauty spot! Adam Ant did!

2) Madonna did not invent the showing of her belly button! Adam Ant did!

3) You've probably forgotten who Adam Ant is. Well, that's a famous, gorgeous singer from the early '80s who brought out v. Brill records like "Stand And Deliver" and "Prince Charming" and "Puss 'N Boots". Remember them! His spirit will never die!
Sarah, Altrincham

Never, Sarah, never! Why, who can ever forget that immortal refrain "a-rump-a-dump-a-rump-a-dump" from, er, whichever one it was... Or even "fa diddy du du du" from, er, that other one...
Viva Adam!

Dear Sirs,

Mike Peters of The Alarm has finally revealed himself as the goon - I believe that is the word you use nowadays for oafs - I always suspected him to be. For years his awful group have berated us with their "antiems" - songs that are supposed to be oh so "committed" and "spiritually uplifting" and even "political" in the way U2 songs are "political". But when it comes to real politics, Peters reveals himself as a nitwit and an ignoramus.
I am referring of course to the Mike Peters Personal Film in Smash Hits (21 October - 3 November). You ask the singer - flippantly, I suspect - whether he is going to buy any BP shares and, although he has the sense to say he's not, he goes on to say that he thinks "all this privatisation and selling shares in these big companies is a good opportunity for people

For which people, Mike? For the glibly yuppies in the city getting

LETTERS

rich on funny money, perhaps For anyone else? I think not. British Telecom, British Gas and the rest belong to us all until the Thatcher government sold them off. Then two things happened: 1) Services deteriorated (we won't go into all that but whilst the last time you tried to obtain satisfaction from a phone box?); 2) The Government has created a host of new devoted Tories who so worried about protecting their puffing little shares profits that they'd never dream of voting Labour again.

Unless, of course, the stock market collapsed and exposed the whole notion of "popular capitalism" as the sham it is. Well, the stock market has collapsed - and serves all the greedy mongrels right. I say. (Much less money around to waste on wretched albums by The Alarm too, ho ho.)

"Is just Tory bribery?" you sensibly ask. Peters of the BP shares scheme. His reply? "I wouldn't really know about that." No, he wouldn't, would he? The man is a buffoon.

Il Papa, Norwich

Dear Black Type

An ode for you entitled *Ode To The Lady In The Fray Benito Ad Who Goes Into The Butcher's Shop And Buys A Can Of Mince Except She Doesn't Pay For It*.

Ode To The Lady In The Fray Benito Ad Who Goes Into The Butcher's Shop And Buys A Can Of Mince Except She Doesn't Pay For It

Oh, lady in the Fray Benito Ad. Three questions:

1) If you only wanted a can of mince why did you go into the butcher's shop. And why (items are more normally found on the shelves of all fine supermarkets?)

2) Do you realise that shoplifting is punishable by going to prison for quite a long time?

3) Or are you just "carrying on" with the butcher in which case I strongly suggest you have your eyes tested or something.

FIN
Nestor, Marthenspike Hill

Very pertinent indeed, Nestor. O-er, I do believe I feel one coming on...

Ode To Lester Piggot

Oh, Lester
You have made a mess of things

Have you not?
Lester (or the "Long Fellow" as we lovers of the turf used to call you (rather an odd nickname, really, as you are quite tiny))

Oh, Lester
Not more will we see you bumping and boring in the straight (a bit of horse racing parlance there, viewers - further proof, were it needed, that my pages are education indeed)
Carrying seven pounds overweight and getting fined for overuse of the whip
You ever were the "housewives favourite"

Even though you were a grumpy old sod
Unlike our lovely Lucinda Prior-Palmer
FIN

Dear Black Type

Here are six 'suzzlers' taken from my copy of '100 Jolly Interesting Facts For Pop Snoots Of All Ages' written by the drummer of *It Bites*.

1) If you sing the latest "Seacy" Sammie Fox number in your local high street, you look a complete bumbo

2) Owen Paul invented rock 'n' roll (except he didn't)

3) Your publisher is really Uncle Dagnatig

4) J.P. Hartley played bass on the latest W.A.S.P. waxing

5) Peter Cook! Phew!

"Pop facts aboyer" - Um Oeller Yours, Spook-Person, Neaurult

- 1) Indeed you do
- 2) Except he did
- 3) Rumbled!
- 4) And on the new "No Luck Dad" LP
- 5) Ronnie Barker!

Anyway, Teir Ddu (Welsh for Dear Black Type).

Here is one of the greatest mysteries of our world today. Why is a 12-inch single called a 12-inch single and a 7-inch single called a 7-inch single when today's younger generation are more used to metric distances?

I demand that all 12 inch records be renamed 30 centimetres (or 300 millimetre) singles and 7-inch records be renamed 18 centimetre (or 180 millimetre) singles. Which record company will switch to metric first and cater for the young? Five Star Fan, Swansea.

A Publisher Writes Take a letter Miss Pringle Dear Five Star Fan, What a splendid idea! I have myself been thinking along the same lines for some time, and I was only just saying to Miss Pringle (my secretary, you understand) that it was time to do some market research on the proposed money-spinner, ahem, scheme to benefit youngsters. Now that I have received your letter, however, I feel we should strike while the iron is hot, so to speak, and get in there immediately. Shall we say that you provide, say 95 per cent of the "capital" and I provide the experience gained from my many years in youth publishing. I shall expect a large cheque by the end of the week Yours, I say, Miss Pringle, what would you own "measuresments" be if we all converted to metric? Something like (Be off with you perv-king! -B.T.)

Dear Blacketh Type

Good day to you, my little black friend. Being the sort of chap that I am, I thought that I would write and tell you of my amazing claims to fame

1) You remember that chucking old dog belonging to John Noakes called Shep? Well, yes, I have actually pulled that famous mutt!

2) You remember that unforgettable furthest of furbals Bagopus? Well, I only have a feline object (i.e. a cat) of the very same

name! Yes, I thought you'd furr!! Incidentally, what has the so-called-famous-so-called-Chinese-astrologer got to say about Virgo? *Murray The Cougar, Arran*

As-So-Called-Famous-So-Called-Chinese Astrologer Writes:

Your stars
Virgo (May 12 - Joe Bugner): This is the time of year to really clean out that coal scuttle. Rising Saturn at the back of the house means extra work for you on Friday. Lucky colour: black'n'decker.

Taurus (Bob Holmes - July 19): Nosebleeds all round on the 7th. Lucky stone: Jimmy Tarbuck. (?)

Dear Black Type

Thank you very much for the four free postcards you sent away with the last issue of *Smash Hits*. They're very useful indeed! I've used two of them to stop my desk wobbling, one to bring up the draught in my window and the other one - the one of Camosity in fact - is hiding a nasty rip in my wallpaper. Could I have five more please? *Fred The Goldfish, Worthing*

No.

Dear Black Type

Robert Smith as without doubt two coupons short of a toaster (i.e. mad). In his singles reviews in *Smash Hits* (21 October 3-3 November) he describes Rick Astley's voice as "weird" and "incredibly bland". Furthermore he says that Mel And Kim are "a million times more attractive" than gorgeous Rick. Methinks the cat calleth the kettle black. Robert Smith's own voice is a dreadful warble and as for his looks, might one say that his figure is nowhere near as swifite as Rick's jet alone Mel And Kim? Robert Smith says he prefers The Jesus And Mary Chain, that Petrol Erection and PIL to Rick Astley. The man is clearly demented. *Gunny, Belfast*

Dear Black Type

I am glad to see that at last you are beginning to pay proper homage to the king of rock 'n' roll, the granddaddy of 'em all, the maestro I refer, of course, to Sir Rolf Harris, who was mentioned in despatches during your Bananarama interview in New York feature (*Smash Hits* 7-20 October). I see that one of the "truds" in the group refers to a certain Dave Stewart as "Rolf" throughout your article. Who is this Stewart fellow? Has he ever serenaded us with a version of "Sun Anise"? Has he ever so much as emitted an "o-oo-oo-chukka-chukka" to the world? Has he bogrolled? (*Rolf Harris' Biggest Fan, West Bromwich*)

Has he bogrolled indeed! And for your further delight, please turn to these pages for the verdict at Sir Rolf's seminal place in the history of the beard in rock! Aye, cobber!!(?)

Dear Black Type

I like many others do not take the splitting up of The Smiths as lightly as Arundel Sweater of *Slag (Letters*, 21 October 3-3 November) If you had any knowledge of the

group and the recent events you would know that the split was amicable. I fear that now there will be no group to match The Smiths, it was a sad day when they split. I wish people like you could learn to be a little more open minded and stop trying to deride everything they do. *John Marx, Chesterfield*

Dear Black Type

I am writing to express my concern about *Smash Hits'* initiation with "spook" things like palm readers, fortune tellers, doodle analysts etc. All these people are obviously complete charlatans who make a fat living out of superstitious gullible mugs such as Terence Trent D'Arby and indeed your good selves. As well as being a bit of a con, don't you think that dabbling in spiritualism and mysticism etc is a wee bit smuster? *A Concerned Reader, Basinstoke.*

Dear Black Type

I note that in a recent issue of *Smash Hits* (21 October 3-3 November), a young chap called Rick Astley talks about a song he once wrote called "Ruddy Big Pig" I wonder if by any chance this could be the same ditty as "Ruddy Big Pig", a record released back in 1964 when I myself was, let us say, slightly more au fait with the world of popular music. I have tried looking everywhere for a copy of this original "Ruddy Big Pig" but - alas! - no luck. Oh well, never mind. Dad, as some of your younger readers might say. If you do happen to come across a copy of "Ruddy Big Pig", as I say it was released in 1964 and the artist's name is J. P. Hartley, Thanking you in anticipation. *J.P. Hartley, The Old Cottage, Mr Kettering.*

J.P. Oh yes, I remember the song in question. Let's see uow.

"Ruddy big pig, high and low, ruddy big (Oh clear out Type - Ed.)!!!!!!

Dear Black Type

Considering your formidable wisdom and your well known crusade to educate your dear readers via the sentiments on your page/pages (and could I just add at this point that a mere three quarters of a page of letters is an insult to your good self, the way you write) I would appreciate your help over a small dispute I am having at the moment. I refer to the piece in *Smash Hits* (21 October 3-3 November) entitled "What The Juggins Is This Dirty Instructor Malareay All About?". Well, what exactly does the word "juggins" mean? I am convinced after much etymological research and hours spent scouring linguistic tomes that it is in fact an Anglo Saxon exclamation first used in that literary classic *Bonwill*. My mum, however, says that you just spell "jiggins" wrongly. Could you please settle this dispute once and for all? Yours, *A Literary Coon, Bristol*

Minum. Let me see, Goon, let me see. Ah yes, "Joggins"; "nice woolly sweater worn by peasants in the green growing region of France." There. That's that one "cleared" up. (??)

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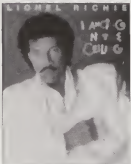
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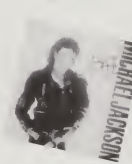
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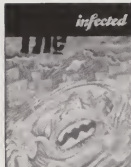
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Most pop stars, we know, are a rebellious bunch of people, forever shocking the older generation with their goatish antics, getting squiffily swilling champagne in posh night clubs, toasting TVs out of hotel room windows, having affairs with billions of boyfriends/girlfriends etc. etc. So it comes as a bit of a shock to find that a group called Heartbeat have just pounced into the charts while telling us that they're "trying to put God back onto the agenda in Britain."

Heartbeat, you see, are not your common or garden pop group. They believe that God has given them a bit of a mission, in fact they sometimes refer to themselves as "missionaries". They believe that the traditional church has let Britain down, they say they disapprove of pre-marital sex, they announce that homosexuality is a sin ("a third of all vicars are gay and it's terrible") and they claim that when they play their "gigs" they can sometimes "heal" members of the audience who are feeling poorly. Some would call them religious oddballs.

It's all a bit weird actually: in their head office and recording studio, their leader Rey Goudie explains how the group have been travelling up and down the country for the last seven years since he founded it with his wife before she left to bring up the children. Their shows are a mixture of wholesome pop concert and religious meetings: Rey talks in between songs and afterwards they'll try to persuade members of the audience to get in touch with members of their local Evangelical groups. And they claim to be quite successful at it too.

On the wall in Heartbeat's office (they're based in a Wiltshire school) there's a map that's dotted with hundreds of pins which indicate all the places this "missionary" group have played and where they've established contact with local people. And now they've got their first single out called "Tears From Heaven", which they hope will get them in touch with a whole new audience. It's already shot

into the chart without hardly any airplay at all, thanks to the "fans" they have all over the country.

What's it all about? says Ray. "Well, we believe that God looks down upon the land and he sees us like lost children, and as a father he's crying and telling the nation to come back to him. We think millions of people in this country are going to turn back to God."

Ray believes that other pop musicians haven't been much cop when it comes to showing people the correct "moral path":

"I think there are sections of the pop industry which are quite disastrous and irresponsible in the kind of lifestyle they try and display," Ray pronounces rather gravely. "They're not the only people who are to blame, but they must be partly responsible for the fact that a lot of you lot are sleeping around. Since the '60s they've promoted this 'do your own thing' idea..."

Ray and his chums are actually quite an odd bunch of people. They're all intensely dedicated to the group and turn up every morning before rehearsals at quarter to nine to start the day with a prayer. Prayer is important to the group. If they're after a new group member, for instance, they'll pray to ask God whether someone's the right person for the job. But however dedicated they are (and some of them even gave up promising careers to join Heartbeat), aren't they just using pop music to lure unsuspecting fans towards what many would think of as extremely dodgy religious views?

"What we're trying to put over is good and wholesome," insists Ray. "It's funny how people could regard that as being bad, when you compare what we're singing about with what some people in the pop industry are promoting. Parents of people who buy our records might be worried and think we're a cult, but once they realise we represent true Christianity they'll see we're not trying to brainwash people..."

How strange it all is.

"WE THINK T COUNTRY AR

Heartbeat are seven fanat homosexuals are sinners a pop group wi

HAT MILLIONS OF PEOPLE IN THIS E GOING TO TURN BACK TO GOD."

ical Christians who call themselves "missionaries", believe that
nd intend to convert us all to their way of thinking. They're also
a record in the charts. William Shaw investigates. . .



Photo: Paul Hester

Clockwise from left: Ian Townsend, Sue French,
Su Reeves-Bassett, Steve Bassett, Dave
Barkhead (centre), Roy Goulde and Steve
Shaw.



Feeling the fear of tomorrow
Hurting inside from all the sorrow oak oak oak
Running from the call that we live in
God sees our land like children lost
Heaven knows the pain
He sees the scars our freedom's cost
Crying as we turn away

Tears from heaven breaking his heart
(Tears from heaven) tears from heaven
Breaking his heart

Tired of these hurts without healing
Lunging to ease this empty feeling oak oak oak
Flaming from the hell that we're living
God sees our land like children lost
Heaven knows the pain
He bears the scars our freedom's cost
Crying as we turn away

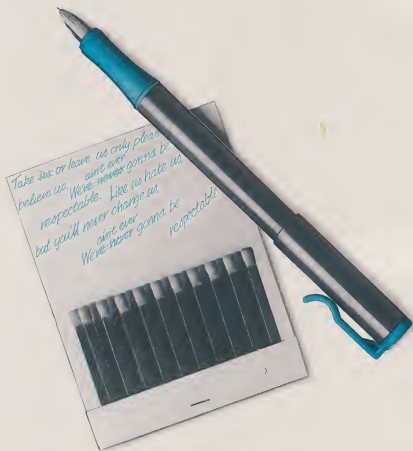
Tears from heaven breaking his heart
(Don't go breaking breaking his heart)
(Tears from heaven) tears from heaven
Breaking his heart breaking his heart
Breaking his heart breaking his heart
(Breaking his heart)

God of love crying out
Please return to me
He sees our land like children lost
Crying as we turn away

Tears from heaven breaking his heart
(Don't go breaking breaking his heart)
(Tears from heaven) tears from heaven
Breaking his heart breaking his heart
Tears from heaven breaking his heart
(Don't go breaking breaking his heart)
(Tears from heaven) tears from heaven
Breaking his heart breaking his heart
Tears from heaven don't go breaking his heart

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Janet Jackson

Funny How Time Flies (When You're Having Fun)

Il me plat le temps avec toi
Je ne suis pas vieille
Le temps s'en fut
Oh je t'aime mon cheri

Funny how time flies when you're having fun
Ooh baby
Funny how time flies when you're having fun
Oh baby

I don't know where it all went
Time passed us by
Just when it seemed the fun began ooh

Funny how time flies when you're having fun
Funny how time flies when you're having fun

But time never ends
Let's find the time
To get together once again
Some day soon

Funny how time flies when you're having fun
Ooh yeah ooh

Funny how time flies when you're having fun
Don't you ever leave

Funny how time flies when you're having fun
Don't you ever go

Say you love me so
Funny how time flies when you're having fun

Funny how time flies when you're having fun
When you're having fun yeah

Funny how time flies when you're having fun

Je ne suis pas vieille
Le temps s'en fut

I really don't know where all the time went
I really have to go
It's tough it's tough
Oh I really have to go
Oh I really have to go
Oh je t'aime mon cheri

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
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the
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Got your money on the table
And the devil in your eye
Who is that woman with the crooked smile
You got to go with what you feel
A little loving is a dangerous thing
Black is the ocean a burning sky

Chorus

Her nature's wild hard to beat
The right stuff
It's mountain high river deep
The right stuff

Got your pearls on a string
And your skin's so bare
Over your shoulder there's a world out there
You got the nerve you're gambo win
Boy you're playing with a dangerous thing

Repeat chorus

So it goes without saying
She's the Queen of the Nile
Lon woman with crooked smile
You got the nerve who's gambo win
Boy you're playing with a dangerous thing

Repeat chorus

Send me the woman on bended knee
Emerald eyes in a desert heat
She's mountain high river deep
The right stuff
(Right stuff right stuff right stuff)

Send me the woman to fight for me
Nature's wild hard to beat
She's mountain high river deep
The right stuff
(Right stuff right stuff right stuff)
(Right stuff right stuff)



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"I only listen to

So says Sting, former teacher, former singer with The Police, and now a full-time toff. William Shaw visits him in his London snoot-mansion. . .

Up on the top of a big hill in one of the leafiest parts of London there's a posh building that Sting calls his "terraced house". It's where he lives whenever he's not staying at the apartment in New York where he writes his songs, or ripping off to the sunny Caribbean isle of Montserrat to record LPs, or lying around the world on tour.

To get to Sting's house, you first have to find the quiet little street packed full of BMW and Mercedes cars. Sting's abode is down at the far end, the one with the Range Rover parked outside. Walk up the path and you'll find yourself in front of a panelled-entrance hall choc-a-bloc with dozens of small pictures, old prints, a photo of Sting and his girlfriend Trudi, and some framed signatures which appear to be by famous old toffs like Thomas Hardy the novelist, and Vaughan Williams the classical composer. Co-er. Very snoot.

Go through another hefty oak door into the massive kitchen (strewn with copper pans and ladles and bits of ancient-looking "antique" furniture) and you'll find Sting sitting at one end of a monstrous dining table where he's quaffing his cup of morning coffee. At one end of the room there's a huge glass patio door which looks out onto an immense lawn surrounded by massive old trees.

"Yes, it is a nice house, isn't it?" says Sting. "I've had it for three years now. Unfortunately don't spend much time here these days. Would you like a coffee or an orange juice?"

So here we are in the posh world of Sting's London *peed-a-terre*, and ruddy expensive it all looks. On the wall behind his head hang hundreds of rather swanky looking paintings, some of them looking somewhat familiar. . .

"Yeah," assents Sting, glancing up at one such oeuvre, "that one is famous. The one next to it looks like it's a Dali (famous old artist who painted wonky watches) but it's not. Why do I like paintings? Well, this house is quite big so it needs a lot of paintings to cover the walls. I quite like a lot of them but they're not something that I really care about. If the house was on fire I'd save the books first. . ."

My, my. As fans of the former singer and bass player with The Police will know, Sting likes to be thought of as quite a bookish gent. His library, he says,

contains somewhere around a thousand tomes.

"Books," he announces seriously, "is the only thing I collect. I keep the most dog-eared paperbacks from my university years that are covered with all the notes that I made in them. I never throw them out. I steal books too. I'm a terrible book stealer. I borrow them from friends and never give them back. I love books."

What a bookworm! But then you only have to take a glance at his new LP "Nothing Like The Sun" to see what a swot he is. For a start, the title is a quotation from a sonnet by Shakespeare, and then he's covered the back in sleeve notes about his favourite authors and jazz musicians and composers. But could all this not be thought of as just a teeny weensy bit, er, pretentious?

"Well, I do read," blunts a slightly miffed Sting. "I mean, the sleeve notes aren't there for cosmetic reasons. When I read a book and it becomes the inspiration for a song, it's my duty to name my sources. If someone buys a book because of those liner notes then I'd be more than willing to take the flak of being called pretentious."

After all, he says, lots of the songs he's written before have referred to famous old people like Jung (*mad psycho-analyst who invented a theory about "Synchronicity" which Sting wrote a song about*), Arthur Koestler (*loony philosopher who wrote a book called "Ghosts In The Machine" which Sting wrote a song about*) and Nabokov (*was Russian author who wrote Sting sings songs about*).

"A lot of people have read Jung because I called an album 'Synchronicity,'" boasts Sting. "I can't see any harm in it. I can't allow people who think it's pretentious to affect how I present my work. . ."

It's not too big a surprise to discover that Sting reckons most of today's pop music isn't much cop at all. "I only listen to classical music," he pipes, trotting off the name of Messiaen, an *avant-garde* composer that he's particularly partial to. In the next few months, he informs us, he's got plans to appear as one of the narrators on a LP of classical music by Stravinsky alongside actors Ian McKellen and Vanessa Redgrave.

"I can't remember the name of the band we're doing it with," he

classical music now...



says, absent-mindedly. "Oh yes, it's the London Sinfonietta..."

What a swank old world it all is for Gordon Sumner, the Newcastle lad turned English teacher who gave it all up to dye his hair blond and join a punk group called The Police who nobody thought were much good at first. When, for instance, was the last time Sling nipped down to Woolies to buy a single?

"I haven't done that for years," he admits, "but my life is perfectly normal when I'm staying here. I mow the lawn. I go to the pub across the road. I go to the betting shop... Do I ever win much? Well, once I had a really good year — about three years ago I won an awful lot of money. Unfortunately I lost it all the next year. That was when I owned some race horses and they did really well one year but they were costing me an awful lot of money on vets' bills and training bills and things. I was pouring all this money down into this big financial hole... so I sold them. But I still like going down the betting shop."

I t's now nearly ten years since Sling left his teaching job in Newcastle. He got a sharp reminder of those days, however, just a few weeks back when he nipped up north for a quick visit.

"I was staying in a hotel there and this big guy — about 6' 8" — came up and said "Do you remember me?" and I went "?????". The last time I saw him he was this high in short trousers. It was frightening."

But much water has whisked under the bridge since then. The Northern lad seems to have turned into a bit of an English country gentleman, has he not?

"Well, every boy who comes from the North does have a streak of that in him," he says lounging in his wooden armchair in front of his neatly mown lawn. "I mean, the alternative is to have thick pile carpets and glass tables and wear gold chains. I mean, you can be wealthy and have a sense of style or you can be wealthy and have no sense of style. This house reflects... well, it's beautiful!"

"As for the country bit, I tried living in the country once but it freaked me out. I'm not much of a country type. I like living in cities in terraced houses. I've always lived in terraced houses, and this is a terraced house."

Sling suddenly stops, realising that calling his house a terraced house when it is probably worth several quillion pounds is a bit odd.

"Yeah, well," he laughs, "it's an expensive terraced house, but it's still a terraced house..."

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CLIFF

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Maybe you feel this world is to blame
You've been crying
Only only inside will you know
But still you wonder sometimes
Where can where can you go (can you go)

CHORUS

(Remember me) oh when you feel this way
And you need someone to lean on
(And if you're ever) ever too far away
(Remember me) I am the one
(Remember me) I am the one
Remember me I am the one
Who sees in your eyes
Remember me I am the one
Who sees in your eyes

(Remember me) I am your guardian angel
And I'll never let you fall
And if you're ever in fear or danger

RICHARD



(Remember me) I am the one
(Remember me) I am the one

Who will turn all your darkness to light
In the morning
You'll learn when you're too hard on yourself
You can call me

REPEAT CHORUS

Remember me yeah

Remember me I am the one
Who sees in your eyes
Remember me I am the one
Who sees in your eyes
I can see you yeah
Remember me I am the one
Who sees in your eyes
I can see you yes I can yes I can
Remember me I am the one
Who sees in your eyes

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WASH-IN



WASH-OUT

REVIEW SINGLES

REVIEWED BY RICHARD LOWE

THE SMITHS



THE SMITHS: I Started Something I Couldn't Finish (Rough Trade)
Ah, how The Smiths shall be sorely missed. Those warty, witty and wonderful lyrics that made you think "that Morrissey, what a wag eh!". Those finely honed guitar "licks" that made you think "that Johnny Marr, what a tunesmith eh!". Those enigmatic "cover stars" on the record sleeves that begged the question "who the devil's that?". And now they're parted forever and this is their final glorious swansong. Except it isn't because it's possibly the most undistinguished single The Smiths have ever released and the weakest song on the LP by miles. Makes you wonder "why didn't they choose a better one instead?"

MEATLOAF: Bat Out Of Hell (Arista)
Back in the 1970s there was a large bloke called Meatloaf who made an LP called "Bat Out Of Hell" which sounded a bit like Bruce Springsteen and a bit like Elton John and it stayed in the charts for about a million weeks until everybody in the world had bought it. Meatloaf's a bit slimmer these days, perhaps because his records don't sell as well, and this is a live version of "Bat Out Of Hell" for those of you who haven't got the proper version or those of you who like it so much that you can't get enough of it. And, yes, it's really quite good if you like that sort of thing...

JANET JACKSON: Funny How Time Flies (A&M)
What a saucy little devil Janet is! There's quite clearly enjoying off here and Janet's rather enjoying it. She simpers seductively, means rather suggestively and chuckles naughtily before calling a halt to all the hanky panky by saying "I really don't know where all the time went, I really have to go." Off to sweat-up on her language studies it seems, for the rest of this song is in French (and translation I'm afraid is not

part of the service). It's all as delicate, charming and sweetly alluring as the darling herself.

LL COOL J: Go Cut Creator Go (Def Jam)
LL rambles on about his "posse", there's a chorus of "Go Cut Creator Go", there's little snippets of that familiar old guitar "riff" that tends to kick off proceedings on those old "50s rock'n'roll records, there's no tune to speak of and it's all a bit of a witless, graceless row which lots of people will pretend to like because it's fashionable to do so.

BOY GEORGE: To Be Reborn (Virgin)
When it comes to "hairdos" George has always been a versatile chap. Will it be bleached blonde or red? Will it be in braids, festooned with ribbons or brutally cropped? When it comes to ballads, though, there's only ever been one style for "our" George - the one that starts off with a bit of pretty piano, then the drums join in to get things going a bit and a bit later on the strings enter stage left to sweep it all into a rousing chorus and George gives a stirring vocal performance throughout. One of them was called "Victims and one was called "Mistake No. 3". This one's called "To Be Reborn".

BROS: When Will I Be Famous (CBS)
Well, boys, you really must be patient. You may be a trio of handsome young devils with rips in your jeans in all the right places, make good poppy white funk music and generally fulfill all the requirements of the modern pop sensation, and even though your first single "I

Owe You Nothing" was rather good and should have been a hit, if you follow it up with second rate songs like this it may not happen at all.



JOHNNY HATES JAZZ: Turn Back The Clock (Virgin)
It's uncanny how some people sound the way they look. Take The Jazz for instance. By no means ugly but billing them as "handsome" would be generous, yet they make up for it by wearing decent tops and generally looking quite agreeable. And their tunes are exactly the same! Not particularly special, but lovingly scrubbed and polished and pleasant enough on the ear once you've heard them enough on the radio. This one's as "good" as all the others (i.e. fairly) but a bit slower.

ZODIAC MINDWARP AND THE LOVE REACTION! Backstreet Education (Phonogram)
I wonder what "Zodiac" and the boys were like in their "formative" years! I suspect they were awkward, pimply youths who were never much of a hit with the girls. This would explain why they've now reinvented themselves as wild, macho "sex gods" and make a beastly racket singing about rumpo in the back of cars and

how they could teach any foxy young "chick" who came their way a thing or two. It's a bit pathetic really, but quite amusing if you take it all with a hefty pinch of salt.

EDWYN COLLINS: My Beloved Girl (WEA)
Poor old Edwin. Such is his gift for knocking out brilliant tunes with slightly quirky lyrics that he's been threatening to be a pop star for years both when he was in Orange Juice and now as a solo "artiste". But he's only ever had one hit! This one deserves a place of its own in the charts - it's a spirited thing with some meaty guitar in it and lots of "oooh"s and things all over the place but it'll probably be ignored which is a bit of a shame.

MARILLION: Warm Wet Circles (EMI)
Bit of a poet old Fish, is he not? This song is basically all about getting drunk. You see, the warm wet circles are the rings left on the bar by the beakers of beer that Fish and his pals have been quaffing. Marillionie stumbles home in a dizzy daze when they're a bit tiddly, but not Fish. He sees visions. Visions of "drunks proposing to lonely accord monnequans" and girls who "flirt in the glow of strangled telephone boxes." Perhaps it's because he drinks more than most people. Or perhaps it's just because he's a rum old trout.

GLORIA ESTEFAN (And Miami Sound Machine's) Betcha Say That (Epic)
Back in the days when they were called Miami Sound Machine, Gloria and her chums had a massive hit with a song called "Doctor Beat" (which wasn't very good), then had a very small hit with

"Bad Boys" (which was absolutely brilliant). Now they're called Gloria Estefan (massive letters) and Miami Sound Machine (very small letters) and this is a work of genius, so who cares what they're called? It's got a solid stomping beat which even the most flat-footed oaf could jig along to, it boasts an immensely whistable tune and it has lots of bells in it (always a welcome addition to a pop tune).

EARTH, WIND & FIRE: SYSTEM OF SURVIVAL



EARTH, WIND AND FIRE: System Of Survival (CBS)
Back when "disco" was all the rage Earth, Wind And Fire had lots of hits with such works of monumental brilliance as "Boogie Wonderland", "September" and "Let's Groove". Then they went a bit weird and split up. But now they're back with a thumping great funk thing called "System Of Survival" which is all about what a terrible place the world is and all that and how strutting one's "stuff" is quite a good way of enjoying yourself despite it. All just to make it modern and "trendy" they've got this bit with someone talking on the radio on it and it's going to be a roaring success, which is only right and "proper".

JOHN "COUGAR" HELLENCAMP: Cherry Bomb (Phonogram)
John "Cougar" is one of those American rock'n'roll types who's a bit like Bruce Springsteen except he wears nicer clothes. American rock'n'roll types don't like to sing about love and romance all the time (a bit slushy and weedy, you see) so they tend to sing about a how wonderful rock'n'roll is (or b) what a ripping good time they're having when they're young, what with driving round in a car and "knowing" lots of girls. Johnny's last hit "R.O.C.K. In The USA" was all about how wonderful rock'n'roll is. This one's all about what a ripping good time... etc. and quite good it is too because it's got fiddles and even a spot of accordion in it!!

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT



THE COMMUNARDS: Never Can Say Goodbye (London)
That The 'Nards would one day do a version of "Never Can Say Goodbye" was what's known in betting circles as "a dead cert" and I'm prepared to have a little flutter on this being as big a hit as their last revamp of a '70s disco favourite, "Don't Leave Me This Way". It's a bit of a cop-out doing a version of a song that has already been a hit for both The Jackson 5 and Gloria Gaynor but who cares when it's a work of such splendour and vigour as this? In fact they really should do this sort of thing more often. How nice "Dancing Queen", "Yes Sir I Can Boogie", "You Make Me Feel (Mighty Real)", "Take Good Care Of Yourself"... (Sniff!)

(a Review "Geerks! Who'd have believed it!" special)

THE WORLD'S MOST GIGANTIC PARSNIP WAS NEARLY 12 FEET LONG!!!*

(*Interesting pop fact, a mere quarter of an inch shorter than two Morden Markets laid "end" to "end"!!)



Gulp (haw haw!) 11 feet, ten and three-quarters inches long to be precise. What a humdinger, eh? And this truly enthralling piece of information

with which to win friends and influence people is a mere one of the captivating trifles contained within this year's edition of the most brilliant book ever invented: The Guinness Book of Records. Did you know, for example, that Madonna has now officially become "the most successful singer" in the whoooooole world? She's ousted "Bing" Crosby! Surpassed Elvis Presley! Suppered Spruce Springsteen! Paped a resounding pphrrrrrr! to U2! Yes indeed, under her official title of "Most Successful Singer" it says (from here) adopts hoighty official voice). "Madonna's album 'True Blue', with sales of over 11 million, was a number one LP in 28 different countries – a totally unprecedented achievement." Triple jings! But never mind all that – did you also know...



● The highest body temperature of any mammal is that of the Mexican Hairless Dog whose blood temperature is a piping hot 104°F! Its nick-name is... Hot Dog! Fancy that!!!



● The smallest fish ever to win a competition was a weedy Smelt which weighed a mere one-sixteenth of an ounce! What a tidder!

● The official full name for Bangkok is Krungthep Mahanakhon Bovorn Ratanakosin Mahintharayutthaya Mahadolokpop Noparatchathani Burirorn Udomratthanvetmahasathan Amornpiman Avatamsathit Sakikacharavasinukampratt! How thoroughly useless!!



● The world's fattest man weighed over 100 stone and needless to say had to go to hospital for a very long time! He had to use two hospital "lups" and it took 13 people (lups) roll him over! What a porker!!

● The world's most useless golfer took 168 shots at one "hole"! She swiped her shot into the river where it floated so she decided to spring onto a boat and hit the ball while on the river! This wasn't a very good idea – the goon!!



● The record for the longest guitar solo ever is "held" by a bike-wielding Vincent Paxton who spanked his plank for 300 hours! (Spruce Springsteen writes: I wuz robbed...)

● The longest snake in the world is the Reticulated Python (whatever that means), one of which was found measuring 32 feet 9½ inches and somebody shot it! (What a shame... – Absolutely no one.)

So as you can see the Guinness Book Of Records is a work of genius. So much so, in fact, that if you put all the copies of it that have ever been sold on top of one another you would have 163 stacks each as high as Mount Everest! And in honour of most marvellous of publications, Review has 25 – 25!! – of the 1988 edition to give away in the most generous competition in the entire universe. (Universe: page 68 – The Universe: "Outside the Milky Way Galaxy (our very own galaxy) there are 10,000 million other galaxies.") Guap!

Here is a question: **Who is the world's nippiest tap dancer!** Is it: **a)** Fred Astaire; **b)** Freddie "Parrot-Face" Davies; **c)** Roy Castle; **d)** Roy Hattersley or **e)** "Morten" Mick from Yer Style Council!

Answers on the world's most expensive tooth (which belonged to Sir Isaac Newton and "fetched" £730 in an auction in 1816) to **Smash Hits/The "Dedication," That's What You Need Competition, \$2-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to get here by November 17 or you will instantly turn into a gigantic squid (approximately 57 feet, ber/er).

COMPETITION

Encyclopedia Of Rock (Macdonald Orbis, £19.95)



It's the answer to all our prayers! Yes, no more being caught out by tricky Btz competition questions. No more perplexity when boring old hippie uncle Jazzy (real name Gerald) starts going all misty-eyed and blathering about Spooky Tooth's first album and Steeleye Span's amazing clog dancing (!?) and you don't know

what the joggins he's gabbering on about. Well, Encyclopedia Of Rock has the answer. Nearly 500 pages and right biographies of just about every rockular group that's ever been invented, this is a "must", as they say, if you're really concerned about all those people that time forgot (i.e. the Electric Prunes – hurrah! – Vanilla Fudge – hurrah! – the Thompson Twins – how do have! It's a swish volume. It's "up-to-date" (A-ha, Madonna, Wham!, about a billion words on Duran Duran), and it smells quite nice. And Review has 10 – 10!!! – copies to give away. All you have to do to stand a chance of winning, is

solve this pop puzzle:

What was Spooky Tooth's first album called? No, no, don't fret, winners, that was just Review's little "joke". The actual question is: Here are the opening words of an entry in Encyclopedia Of Rock – just fill in the gaps: "US mainstream rock band ???!!!!" and The ???! joined the multi-platinum set when the album "Sports" (1983) sold over six million copies...". Answers on 22 volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica to **Smash Hits Know Your "Onions" Competition, \$2-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to arrive by November 17.

WET WET WET

Hammersmith Odeon, London

Ladies and gentlemen – Marti Pellow!! Wet Wet Wet's keyboard player Neil Mitchell announces the arrival of their glorious leader to the audience, who proceed to let out a rather loud, i.e. deafening, "Yowwwweeeell!" of appreciation.

"Hellooooo Hammersmith," hollers Marti to an auditorium full of (mostly) female pop pups, who're now going gooy-eyed and hysterical at this first sighting of their hero. Grabbing the microphone, Marti leaps up onto a raised podium-type thingy at the back of the stage, wiggles his hips saucily, discards his sheepskin jacket and grins that well known cheesy smile, thus earning another enormous "Aleeecceoww!!" And he hasn't even sung a note yet, by crickey!

As the "Wets" launch into a two-weeking set of songs from their brilliant first LP "Popped In, Souled Out", Marti flings himself into a non-stop jamboree of dancing, prancing and generally clowning around. He is not the most, ahem, graceful of performers as he runs around with arms akimbo, cheesy smile intact, and the look of someone who's just scored a goal for Scotland. With all this going on, even doing smoochy souful ballads like "The Moment, You Left Me" and "I Don't Believe", the effect is a trifle unerving. It's all the more remarkable then that Marti manages to keep those consoling fluttering at perfect pitch and to such spin singing effect.

After less than an hour on stage, bass player Graeme Clark announces that the following song "Tempestation" marks the end of the show. The place erupts into a collective "Booooo!!" of annoyance at the brevity of the concert, so it's no surprise when the group come back for an "encore" that's not only almost as long as the first "half" but it's also remarkably similar, namely containing lots of ballads. While beautifully executed etc, the whole thing does become a bit samey and boring after a while.

Then, just before the end, Marti orders the spotlights to be turned onto the punters. Suddenly he notices several rows of people sitting down and looking as though they aren't quite having such a great time as he thinks they should be. Marti says something rather unprintable before storming off for a moody moment, which is a bit stupid really as it's all been quite fun up until now. Humph!!

Sue Dondo

Slam Dance

(15, 100 mins)

This is a "Murder, Mystery, Suspense"-type film which is rather funnier than the typical "whodunnit" guff you see on TV. The good-looking "hero" is a bloke called Droop (Tom Hulce) who's a very trendy Denis the Menace type cartoonist. He returns home one evening to his nice studio flat (which is very interesting because it used to be a swimming pool) to find that

CONCERT



Photo: John Baskin

▲ Which one is the mascot?

▲ Marti Pellow and his amazing singing fanq.

WHAT THE VIEWERS SAID



Penny, 15: "We're not really fans – someone gives us free tickets – but it was good. Marti Pellow – which one's that? The lead singer! Ooh, yeah. YEAH! He's nice, really nice looking. Cor!"

Sharon, 15: "The show was a bit short, but that bloke who was singing – what a lovely bottom!"



A. Rob, 20: "It was alright until the end, when got a little bit boring. I wouldn't see them again."

Laura, 20: "I only know two of their records, but Marti Pellow's adorable."

Steve, 20: "I've always liked 'Sweet Little Mystery'. I can go mad at discos so it... the rest was a bit slow and boring, too many ballads."



A. Karen, 18: "Booring! Booring!! I thought Marti Pellow's dancing was pathetic – he just made an idiot of himself. And all those little girls screaming at him – I think he's got a horrible bum too, personally. It's all fat and pudgy."

Vanessa, 18: "Marti Pellow is vile – someone who loves himself. He's all teeth. I still like their music, but after seeing Then Jerico this lot are pathetic. They've got no go in them at all."

Ashley, 17: "It was a bit screambopperish, and Marti Pellow's backside's awful. It really fills his pants – eugh – but I suppose all the little girls go mad over him."



A. Denise, 15; Holly, 15; Helen, 15; Cheryl, 16: (All jumping about and shrieking at the same time) "Brilliant! Amazing!! Ooh, Marti – Aweeeee!! – he's so cute, he's so lovely... his teeth, that smile, his hairstyle (!?), the dancing, those eyes, all crinkly round the edges, his bum. (continued page 374)"



A. Susie, 15 today: "Fantastic, amazing. I didn't used to like them until tonight, but once I saw them, that was it. And Marti's got a nice bum."



A. Heather, 15: "They were good but not as good as the last time we saw them live here in London. There was less atmosphere here tonight."

Mandy, 14: "I like Graeme, he's just gorgeous. And Tom is the most fantastic drummer ever."

Louise, 14: "Marti's just wonderful, really sweet. Swoon."

Shana, 14: "Michael Jackson, awwwwoooooah!! He's just gorgeous." (Pardon – Ed.)

Kelly, 15: "They are a fantastic group and Bruce Willis is amazing (??). 'Sweet Little Mystery' is the most fantastic song on earth. We were all singing, we know all the words."

Together! (Singing in perfect pitch) "My love is taking a tumble." (Sneez!!)

Janet, 15: "I liked Marti's shirt – all tartan. He's the most fancible human being on earth."

Caroline, 15: "... No he isn't. Marti. Staw from Then Jerico it..."

Diane, 15: "... And Brother Beyond! Oh my God, that lead singer is so nice. And Johnny Hates Jazz. And The Alarm... much better looking (???????)"

FILM



▲ Drod and his "estranged" wife pretending to like each other

someone has broken in and left it in a bit of a mess but, mysteriously, nothing is missing. He then gets baffled by a hiding thug named Buddy (Don Coppers) and finds himself in the back of a car full of more thugs wizzing up the highway where – zing! – the suspense begins as demented Drood leaps out of the car and straight under an oncoming juggernaut, the clown. A very close squeak.

These mishaps have befallen the innocent chap because he had a bit of a fling with a rather beautiful, gun-



▲ Adam Ant as 'Jim' and not wearing any Dlux on his nose

toin' floozestress called Yolanda (Virginia Masden) who's since been murdered and the unfortunate Drood is one of the suspects. Hence, he decides to become a rather useless, amateur detective – searching for the connection between the murder, the thugs and himself.

Adam Ant (ex-extremely famous 'n' good-looking pop-star who used to wear Dlux on his nose) appears for about two seconds as Jim, a "cool" Los Angeles (man) nightclub owner, which gives him the

opportunity to wear some mighty horrible suits and tell some completely unfunny "jokes".

Drood then pretends to be dead (!) and is finally reunited with his "estranged" wife and seven year old daughter and it's all very touching in the end, sob, sob, etc. etc.

Slim Dond has some very odd characters and a ludicrous and confusing plot, but is nevertheless a funny and entertaining snoot-thriller, and Adam Ant is still extremely good-looking.

Josephine Collins

REVIEW VIDEO

THE EXTRAORDINARILY LARGE 'N' VIDEO COMPETITION SP



▲ Tony Hadley spurring his perv-breaks for his perrys instead.

SPANDAU BALLET: Through The Barricades, Across The Border Tour (CBS/Fox, £9.99)

...rums, it's The Spandau rockin' it at the Birmingham NEC last December, complete with one billion glimmering lightbulbs, backing singers with Mel And Kim hats, several thousand sponking hit tunes and Tony Hadley's horrible leather perv-breaks. What "muhah". And to tell us how splendid this video is, this week's special guest presenter is Tony Hadley himself!

"Cooool, feel a bit rough after last night... (!) Out with a few friends, drunk a bit too much... heheh. Er, you wanna talk about the video! Uur, well, I suppose I'll have to. It's about... us. We filmed it over two nights at the NEC because you don't wanna put all your eggs in one basket, do you? Cost a lot of money... seven or eight cameras, editing £100 an hour, over 600 hundred lights... and we had these hydraulic, moving computerised hydraulic trucks (!) and things like that, whooooo... But it sounds good, looks good, I think it's exciting and it was worth it for a little piece of Spandau history on tape. What about my trousers? What about them? Tight? Yeah, I suppose they were really, weren't they? They're a bit perry! Unwearable, well, I don't really look at myself in that light. I just put them on, thought they looked good, wore 'em and that was it. Is that the talking point at *Smash Hits* then? Well, I hope it didn't put anyone off. Do I miss the old days when we used to wear tea-towels on our heads? No!"

Thank you, "Tony". So! We have 20-20!!! - copies of this videophonic spanker to give away and what's more they'll be signed - SIGNED!!! - by every single member of the Spandau! Pheroy. To be in with a "chance", merely answer us this: From which Spandau tune does the following "classic" Gary Kemp line come - "Take your sea-side arms and rewrite the next line"? Answers on a tea-towel to **Smash Hits/The "Oh How The Barricades Do Wither And Sway Eh, Lads! Or Something" Competition, £2-55 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PF** by November 17.

THE CURE: In Orange (Polygram, £14.99)

The Cure are the world's top pop guitar spanglers but also a bit demented, which is why this "live concert video" takes place in the Theatre Antique D'Orange in Provence, France - a gigantic amphitheatre

which consists of ancient crumbly bricks, doddery pillars and lots of old blokes in chariots with pillow-cases on and twigs in their hair (or something). Apart from the odd lark in their "dressing" room, the wearing of a wig by Robert Smith and the climbing of an old statue (not a very good idea seeing as it's very teetering 'n' expensive 'n' historical), The Cure simply play their most famed sparky jinglings ("Boys Don't Cry", "In Between Days" etc) for nearly two hours, choke a bit on the "mist" and look very deranged and brilliant.

THE QUESTION

From which kind of orange is marmalade made? Is it a) jaffa; b) Seafewys "Big 'n' Juicy 15p Each A Snip"; c) Seville; d) Jimmy Savile or e) Lemon? What did the chick say when the hen was sitting on an orange? "Look at the orange mama laid!" Marmalade - gedd! (Snip!!!) Ahern. Answers on a Cox's Orange Pippin to **Smash Hits Not Particularly Purple Competition, £2-15 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to get here by November 17.



▲ Count Andrew Eldritch: "horrible hair"

SISTERS OF MERCY: In Concert At The Royal Albert Hall (Channel 5, £9.99)



▲ Walk this waaaaayyyy!!!

RUN DMC: The Video (Channel 5, £9.99)



▲ The Cure goodies for balancing on your elbow and pretending you're an 80-craft fanter (1992)

THE PRIZES

● 20-20!!! - copies of The Cure In Orange!

● 1-1!!! - utterly exclusive, incredibly huge, framed, glass-encased Wall Hanging feature The Cure In Orange video poster - a "package" worth £50!!!

● 20 The Cure In Orange video posters not worth anywhere near £50 but they're completely swank anyway!

● 20-20!!! - extremely rare, "chest-huggin'" black and luminous orange Cure t-shirts!

● 20-20!!! - copies of the magnificently swifdering new Cure LP "Kiss Me Kiss Me Kiss Me"!!!



▲ Robert Smith trying to prise his head off because he's a bit mad, really



▲ Robert Smith's expression of a poney-gamer



shimmerings, demerated audience arm-failings and 13 very brilliant "Mercy" rumblings ("Walk Away", "Alice", "Body And Soul" etc). All you can see

his is the "original" Sisters Of Mercy (Count Andrew Eldritch, Wayne Hussey, Craig Adams) live at the Albert Hall in June 1987 - a cosmofrific gothic swarf of dry-ice, creepy red light

of the group is a few mouldy hats, some horrible hair, the spiralling smoke from Count Eldritch's "gasper" and the whole thing's a gloomic stunner. Review has 10 copies to be won and here is a question: What does Count Eldritch wear in his horrible hair these days? Is it: a) a fruit-bat; b) talcum powder "to fox" the grease; c) baby-oil or d) a pretty pink ribbon? Answers on a wrinkle-picker to **Smash Hits Goths Ahoy! Competition, £2-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** by November 17.



recommended is The Run's famed "duet" with crusty old rockers Aerosmith which is presented as a bit of a duel with The Run's babb'n' away and scratching in one room and The Smith laying down the "licks" and generally being very "mutha-ish" next door.

his first ever Run DMC video collection contains both the hit singles ("Walk This Way" and "It's Tricky") plus "King Of Rock", "Rock Box" and "You Talk Too Much". Especially

"It's Tricky" is a bit of a laugh, too. The Run's sort out a pair of shady card-tricksters who've conned a "chick" chum of theirs out of her horrible jewellery, and then turn up at their "gig" later on only to find the very same tricksters onstage impersonating them, hee hee. The Run's look very mean 'n' tough throughout, it's all richly entertaining and Review has 10 copies of this opus to give away!!! For your chance of winning simply jot down the names of all three members of Run DMC on something good and send it to **Smash Hits Incredibly "Hard" Competition, £2-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** by November 17.

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Got

Chorus

I got my mind set on you
I got my mind set on you
I got my mind set on you
I got my mind set on you

But it's gonna take money
A whole lot of spending money
It's gonna take plenty of money
To do it right child

It's gonna take time
A whole lot of precious time
It's gonna take patience and time
Mmm to do it to do it so do it
To do it to do it to do it right child

Repeat chorus

And this time I know it's real
The feeling that I feel
I know if I put my mind to it
I know that I really could do it

I got my mind set on you
(Set on you)
I got my mind set on you
(Set on you)

Repeat first and second verse

Repeat chorus

Repeat third verse

Repeat first and second verse

(Set on you)

Repeat last line and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Rudy Clark
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my mind set on you





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Photo: Brian Aris