

45p 18 JUNE - 1 JULY 1986  
(Germany Dm3, Singapore S\$3)

# SMASH HITS

SPECIAL COSMIC ISSUE

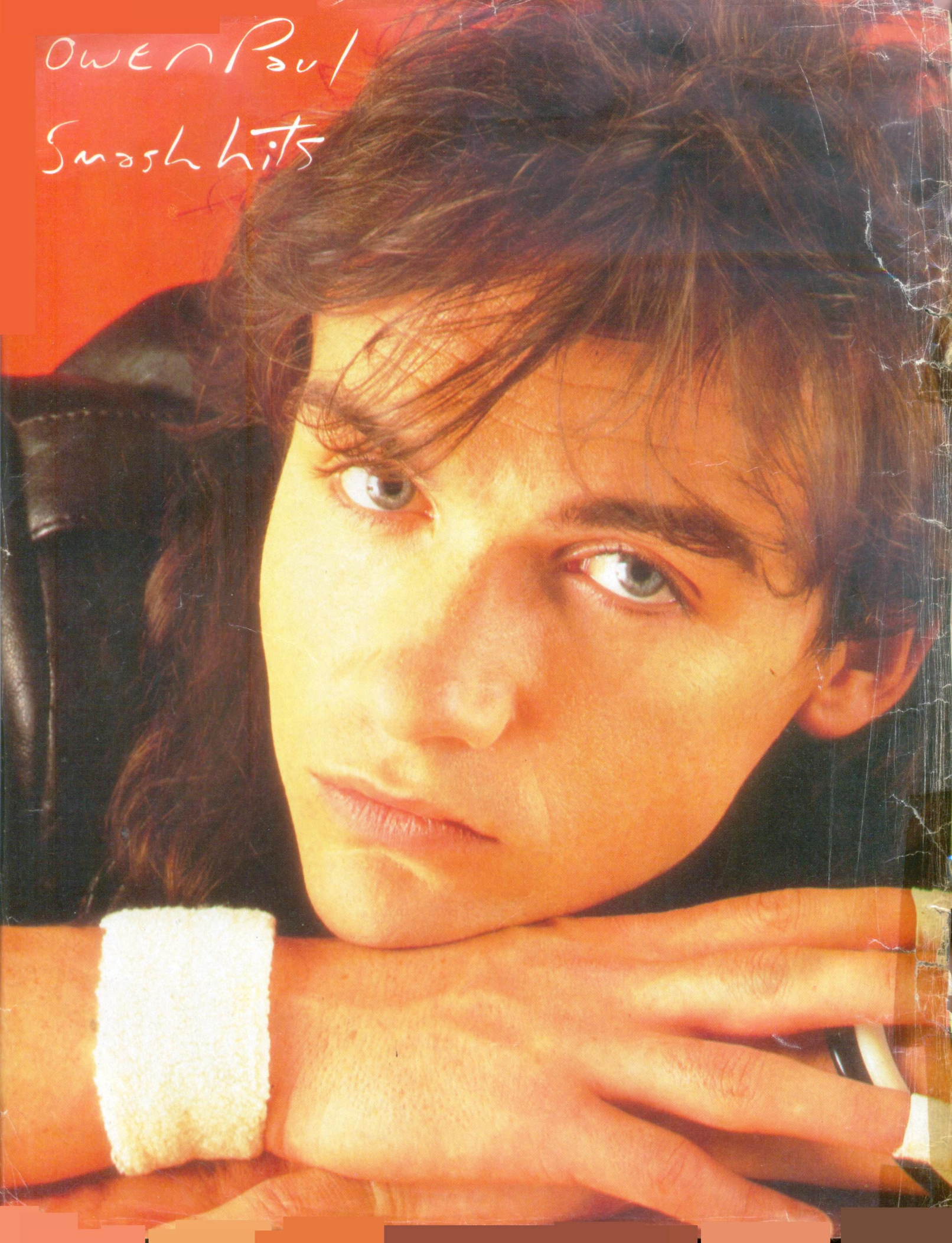
George Michael:

Why Wham! Had To Split.

THE HOUSEMARTINS + BANANARAMA + B.A.D. + DURAN DURAN + GENESIS  
PLUS 4 PULL-OUT POSTERS: DAVID BOWIE + MORTEN HARKET + ELVIS PRESLEY + BIG COUNTRY



Owen Paul  
Smash Hits





# FEATURES

- 12-13 THE HOUSEMARTINS:** Drinking and swearing -- introducing the "Bible Benders"!!!
- 14-15 BANANARAMA:** Who was that blond bloke who climbed into the shower with them? Where *did* they look???
- 24-25 IS THERE LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS? The Doctor.** **Signe "Signe" Sputnik** and **Patrick Moore** are just some of the "stars" (geddit?) answering this important question.
- 32-35 GEORGE MICHAEL:** Will he become "a cross between Barry Manilow and James Last"?! A nation waits. . .
- 48-49 GENESIS:** Were they really formed when the world began?
- 68-69 BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE:** Why wouldn't Mick Jones want no hippies tromping all over his cows?

# PLUS

- 4-9 BITZ:** *Bitz In Space* brings you news of all the latest cosmic happenings, tracks down assorted space debris (like a dodgy old **Madonna** song and **The Woodentops** and **Lovebug Starsky**) and charts the history of interstellar groups!
- 18 SPOT THE FISH!** Win a fish! Win a Sony Walk"man"! Cosmicly scaly competition.
- 22 RSVP:** Hi! I'm an alien with 18 legs and six bottoms and I'd like to write to someone similar.
- 26 EXCITING NEWS** of an exciting free gift in the next exciting issue of **SMASH HITS**!!!
- 39-46 Shockingly good PULL-OUT POSTERS** of famous people. **Elvis "The Pelvis"!** **Morten "Harket"!** **David "Bowie"!** **"Big" Country!**
- 53 SINGLES: The Bangles, Billy Bragg, Paul Hardcastle** and a whole party of new releases.
- 54-56 REVIEW: A-ha** live in Australia, some new videos from **Marillion** and **Kate Bush**, a book about **Les Sputniques**, a film about **Sting** and lots of LPs.
- 61 STAR TEASER:** Find a brain cell and get to work.
- 63-65 GET SMART: Duran Duran** special -- absolutely *everything* you could ever want to know about them in the entire universe.
- 67 HAPPENINGS: The Damned** have a giant "tea party" with **Doctor & The Medics**, and **A-ha** play some sensible concerts.
- 73-75 LETTERS:** Poison pen meets **Black Type**. Grrrrrrrrrrrr. . .
- 77 COSMIC CROSSWORD:** Well, pretty hard anyway. . .
- 78-79 MUTTERINGS:** All the cosmic clutter of the pop universe -- a galaxy of megastars and The Great Mutterings Cartoon "Caper".
- 80 MIDGE URE:** Beamed down to the back page.

# SONGS

- 13 THE HOUSEMARTINS:** Happy Hour
- 20 FALCO:** Vienna Calling
- 21 EURYTHMICS:** When Tomorrow Comes
- 21 QUEEN:** A Kind Of Loving
- 31 GENESIS:** Invisible Touch
- 31 LOVEBUG STARSKI:** Amityville (The House On The Hill)
- 34 WHAM!** The Edge Of Heaven
- 40 DAVID BOWIE:** Underground
- 58 PRINCE:** Mountains
- 59 AMAZULU:** Too Good To Be Forgotten.
- 59 BANANARAMA:** Venus
- 59 JANET JACKSON:** Nasty
- 71 BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE:** Medicine Show
- 71 SUZANNE VEGA:** Left Of Center



**BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE PAGE 68**

These men actually *admire* Signe "Signe" Sputnik!



**EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL "DEBATE" PAGE 24**

Bleepbleep frzzzxxx. . .



**A-HA IN AUSTRALIA PAGE 54**

"We want Dag. . . we want Dag. . ." Pardon?



**DURAN DURAN GET SMART SPECIAL PAGE 63**

Lots of interesting "things".



**THE HOUSEMARTINS PAGE 12**

They're quite good.

Photo: Reina

Photo: Pictorial Press

Photo: Ross Barnett

Photo: Russell Young

**T**ake a long, hard look at this photograph of **Owen Paul**. Peruse those silken skin-tones, those curls, those cascading locks, those woeful baby blues, that . . . er, sweatband. Doesn't look much like a punk rocker, does he? (*No -- reader's voice.*) Well, that's because he's not! But he *used* to be -- for *four* whole years. Four years of jumping up and down in his darkened bedroom pretending to be a bass player and sometimes playing with completely unfamous Glaswegian punksters The Venigmas. Well, *playing* is perhaps a mite strong -- *sometimes* he just used to mime because he didn't know any of the chords! And he only became a singer in the first place because the resident vocalist fell into a sheep-dip (or something) and didn't turn up one day!

Needless to say, though, Owen got a bit fed up of all this punk rock non-professionalism so he threw in the "towel", threw off his safety pins and jaunted off in search of stardom himself. And lo! After two tailed singles last year, he's finally found it with "My Favourite Waste Of Time"! And to *think*, he wouldn't have recorded this song at *all* if it hadn't been for Bette Midler (outrageous American actress singer foxtress). . .

"Yes, I saw her singing it in a video and I thought it was brilliant!" croons Owen. "I played it 60 times in one night -- then two days later I recorded my own version. . ."

Twenty-four year old Owen always reckoned he'd be a bit of a star, though -- leaving his home in the Gorbals in Glasgow for the "bright" lights of London six years ago. Now he lives in a one bedroomed flat in Twickenham. "It's all I need. I'm not very homely."

What he *is*, though, is sporty -- he was once a "soccer" apprentice with Celtic (woorah! . . . cheers! . . . boo! . . . we wuz robbed. Brian . . . I'm sick as a "parrot" etc. . .) and now he's footer for some outfit called Nanna Studios (?!). And when he's not running around fields (regretting the fact that he smokes 40 cigarettes a day gasp wheeze) he likes nothing better than to tuck into a big plate of pasta, listen to his Barry Manilow records and think about his much-cherished pet turtle, Tam.

He's the only animal I can relate to because he's slow and unobtrusive," states Owen. (*Take the Turtle writes: I've just noticed how much my owner looks like David Cassidy!*) Well, observe! Tam.

Several feet from space (back) if the sun (down) up 85 you will be missing this "leaf" you actually about it for 8.3 minutes -- that's how long it takes for the sun's light to reach the earth. And then you'd be evaporated. instantly.



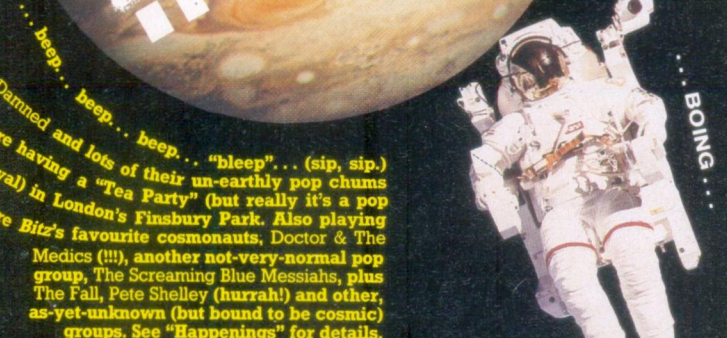
# BITZ IN SPACE

BLEEP

... beep... beep... beep... beep... (sip, sip.)

The Damned and lots of their un-earthly pop chums are having a "Tea Party" (but really it's a pop festival) in London's Finsbury Park. Also playing are Bitz's favourite cosmonauts, Doctor & The Medics (!!!), another not-very-normal pop group, The Screaming Blue Messiahs, plus The Fall, Pete Shelley (hurrah!) and other, as-yet-unknown (but bound to be cosmic) groups. See "Happenings" for details.

BEEP



... where am I? ... who put the lights out? ... where's the floor gone? ... HELLPPP!

BOING

## BOOK OF LOVE

**A**aaaashyoo! Sniff... Oh no! New York pop swanks **Book Of Love** have caught a galactic virus on the way to Bitz's rendezvous in space!

"We're all ill..."  
 "God, this is drudgery..."  
 "Misery..."  
 Ted (25), Susanne (24), Lauren (25) and a bit and Jane (25) are *not* very sprightly today. In fact they're utterly "pooped".

"We've just done a *massive* tour of Europe with Depeche Mode," peeps Susanne wheezily. "And before that we toured America with them *and* we're doing another one this summer."

Jings! What's it like to spend so much time with four pervicious "sex" "bombs" like Depeche Mode?

"Well, we tend not to think of them like that... Dave is sexy, though. And Martin's... er, weird!"

That's Lauren, Book Of Love's keyboard player and... "Oh no! We're *all* keyboard players - all four of us. We all do bits of the singing, too. We're a sort of romantic keyboard band," sighs Susanne. "It comes from going to art school. We all went together and did painting and photography... *anything* arty, basically."

Well! And they reckon their new single "I Touch Roses" will appeal to "anybody who likes keyboard music and nice harmonies - Depeche Mode fans certainly seemed to like us. But hopefully we can stand up for ourselves now!"

Good for them.



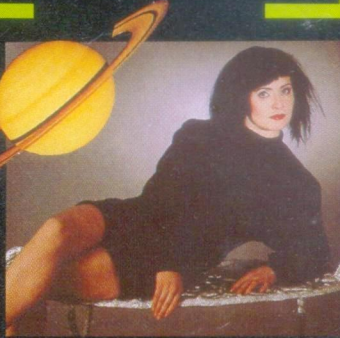
▲ Book Of Love (L-R): Susanne, Lauren, Ted and Jane.

## "WAAAAHHH!!!"

**GLUBLUBSLOBBERGLOB.** I am *not* Morten Harket, lead singer with A-ha, I am, er... Adam Herbert, dentist's assistant and Snakes And Ladders champion of West Byfleet... All I want is a quiet life!!! I am *not* the prettiest boy in the whole world, and I *don't* have 13 cosmillion gurlies screeching at me whenever I pop out for a bag of lemon 'bon'-bons! What do you mean, the pressures of rising from the level of a squirly thing that lives under a stone to that of the most exalted swoonlicious mega-star has made me a little potty? What am I doing on this stage? Why is everyone looking at me? Who are all these people in white coats with nets and a straight jacket???

**GLURB SLOBBER HOO-HOO-HA-HA-YAROOOO!!!!!!**

*A sensible person writes: This is Morten Harket of A-ha and he's pulling a funny face because the group have just swizzled around the British dates of their world tour. Full details of the revised dates are in "Happenings" on page 67.*



... and this week's Most Inspired Single Title Ever Award goes to... **Ellie Warren** for "SATELLITES"! Is this woman a genius or what? (*What - Ed.*) So it's a big slap round the shoulder blades to Ellie, Scottish backing vocalist to the "stars" (**Gloria Gaynor, Edwin Starr**) gone solo. "I've always been talented as a singer," chirps 29 year old Ellie. Talented? *God-like no less!!*

## "STAR" STYLE...

**S**pace. It's a funny old "concept", isn't it? So funny, in fact, that absolutely nothing is known about it except that it's possible to play a round of golf on the moon. Little wonder, then, that outer space and the infinity of the cosmos is a topic that has captured the imagination of pop music pioneers since time immemorial. Why, just look at this astonishing list of artists who have been "inspired" by the mysteries of space...

● **Tornados** - Useless instrumental "combo" who had a ginormous hit in 1962 with "TELSTAR" - Telstar being the first satellite to "beam" TV pictures through space. The Tornados had a dyed-blond bass player called Heinz who pretended to be German for some bizarre reason.



▲ The **SPOTNIKS** - brilliant instrumental dervishes from Sweden who used to perform wearing nothing but ill-fitting space suits.

● **Keith MOON** - madcap drummer of The Who, renowned for driving Rolls Royces into swimming pools and being very "zany" in general. (No longer with us.)

● **Freddie MERCURY** - "the preposterous popinjay of pop", as he was known to his billions of fans, beguiled the world with his vocal antics as "frontman" of Queen.

● **Atmosfear** - entirely forgettable British "outfit" who had an entirely forgettable hit in 1979 with "Dancing In OUTER SPACE".

● **David Bowie** - totally obsessed with astronomy. Not only was his first hit called "SPACE ODDITY" (geddit?), but also his second was called "STARMAN", his backing band used to be called The Spiders From MARS and he once "acted" the part of an alien in the film *The Man Who Fell To Earth*.

● **SATURNALIA** - loopy hippies who made the world's first ever picture disc LP.

● **Sigue "Sigue" SPUTNIK** - country and western group from Belgium (or thereabouts) who nobody can remember much about.



▲ **Bill Haley And The COMETS** (geddit?) - practically invented rock'n'roll.

● **Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band** - "comedy" troupe whose only ever hit was called "I'm The Urban SPACEMAN".



▲ **Freddie STARR** - TV "funnyman" whose only ever hit was called "It's You". (Noted for eating people's hamsters.)

● **Ringo STARR** - big-nosed drummer with the Beatles.

● **Randells** - silly American novelty group of the '60s who tried to have a hit with "MARTIAN HOP".

● **MOONTREKKERS** - silly English novelty group of the '60s who tried to have a hit with "Night Of The Vampire".



# HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO...

## JUNE

- 18 Paul "Fab Macca Wacky Thumbs Aloft" McCartney (44)
- 19 Blair Cowan of Lloyd Cole & The Commotions (26)
- 20 Brian Wilson of The Beach Boys (44) and John Taylor of Duran Duran (24)
- 21 Mark Unpronounceable Name of Big Country (29), Ray Davies of The Kinks (42) and Leo Sayer (36)
- 22 Anna of Amazulu (29), Jimmy Somerville of The Communards (25), Cyndi Lauper (33), Derek Forbes ex-Simple Minds (30) and Green of Sritti Pointi (30)
- 23 Adam Faith (46)
- 24 Astro of UB40 (29), Curt Smith of Tears For Fears (25) and Andy McCluskey of OMD (27)
- 25 George Michael (23)
- 26 Georgie Fame (43), Mick Jones, ex-Clash and now of Big Audio Dynamite (31) and Tony Hadley of Spandau Ballet (26)
- 29 Stedman Pearson of Five Star (22), Colin Hay of Men At Work (33) and Ian Paice, Deep Purple and Whitesnake (38)
- 30 Adrian Wright of The Human League (remember them?) (30)

Monumentally famous hippie rock guitar "hero" Eric Clapton is playing a concert in Britain this summer at the Birmingham International Arena on July 14! And even more monumentally famous rock drum "hero" Sir Phillip Collins is playing drums for him! And the details are in "Happenings" (if it hasn't been sucked into a black hole and imploded and turned into a dwarf white star, that is.)

... GROO! ...  
... HELLO, IT'S A BLACK HOLE!



**RED ALERT!!** *Bitz* in space brings you bits of babies and meat, modelled rather decoratively by those four mop-topped "lads" from Liverpool (Earth), **The Beatles**, during the so-called "swinging" sixties. In those days they were not only the most famous and rich people in the universe but also v.polite, cuddly types that everyone's mum and granny liked. Well, that got a bit boring so they posed for this completely "decadent" and "controversial" picture to promote their single "Paperback Writer" and frighten old ladies (hee hee). But when they used it on the cover of their American LP "Yesterday And Today" there was such a public outcry that the record company had to withdraw every single copy from the shops and slap giant-sized stickers over it. (The original LPs with cover carefully revealed now fetch about £200, fact fans!!!)

"Paperback Writer" was first released in 1966, and, as The Beatles' old record company re-release all of their old singles the second they become 20 years old, they've just bunged out this one (the 19th) as a picture disc using the "offending" pic. As far as *Bitz* can tell, this is the first known example of "designer violence", so "poooh!" to you, Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik.

● **SPACE Monkey** – silly American novelty person of the '80s who tried to have a hit with "Can't Stop Running".

● **ZODIAC Mindwarp** – silly English novelty group of the '80s who tried to have a hit.

▼ **Pink Floyd** – totally obsessed with astronomy. Works have included "ASTRONOMY Domine", "INTERSTELLAR Overdrive", "Set The Controls For The Heart Of The SUN", "The Dark Side Of The MOON", "We Come From OUTER SPACE And We Are All Mad" etc. etc.



● **Elton John** – be-spectacled piano player who had a hit in 1972 with "ROCKET MAN"

● **PLUTO Shervington** – non-be-spectacled piano player who had a hit in 1976 with "Ram Goat Liver".



▲ **Sarah Brightman (centre)** – Andrew Lloyd Webber's vixtress who assaulted the charts in 1978 with her dance troupe Hot Gossip "singing" "I Lost My Heart To A STARSHIP TROOPER".

● **Moody Blues** – Cosmic blokes who assaulted the charts in 1967 with "Nights In White SATURN". (It was called "Nights In White Satin", actually. This column ends here. – Ed.)



# KEEP YOUR COSMOS TIDY!!

**D**earie, dearie me. Tsk tsssk. What a state space is in these days, pop pips. All this so-called "space debris" hovering about – spiky old boulders and comets and bits of useless rockets. In fact, there's so much of it up here there's hardly any space left at all! Ha ha not-very-ha. Just look what *Bitz* has found a-whizzing about. And this is only a third of it – the rest has drifted off to the other *Bitz* pages! What a mess. Messier than the *Smash Hits* "office", in fact. So *Bitz* has gathered up all this debris and decided to give it to you. Just answer the questions next to the stuff you'd like to win and send your answers on an inter-galactic postcard, marked with the correct prize number, to *Smash Hits Keep Your Cosmos Tidy Competition*, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF, Earth to get here by stardate June 30 1986.

### ▼ SPACE DEBRIS No. 1

Twenty-five copies of **The Smiths** new LP "The Queen Is Dead" plus 25 posters the size of craters (almost).

Q: Who gets their nose burnt in The Smiths latest song "Big Mouth Strikes Again"? Is it: a) Joan Of Arc; b) Paul "you'd need a flame-thrower to set light to this 'nose'" King; c) Andrew Ridgeley?



### ▲ SPACE DEBRIS No. 2

Twenty-five copies of "Beat Runs Wild" (the compilation LP including tunes from such earthlings as Hipsway, Love And Money, Pete Shelley, Wet Wet Wet etc.) plus 25 t-shirts and 25 posters.

Q: Which legendary group of old did Pete Shelley once sing with? Was it: a) The Buggles; b) The Buzzcocks; c) The Bonzo Dog "Doo" Dah Band?

### ▼ SPACE DEBRIS No. 3

Twelve fantastically rare and unavailable-in-the-shops versions of **Dire Straits'** "Brothers In Arms" compact disc (kindly jettisoned into space by HMV) plus 25 12" copies of the "Your Latest Trick" single.

Q: What did Mark "horrible headband" Knopfler used to practise his "riffs" on when he was a sprog i.e. quite young? Was it: a) a cardboard cut-out of a guitar; b) nothing – he just "imagined" one; c) a tennis racket?



### ▲ SPACE DEBRIS No. 4

Twenty-five double 12" special edition gatefold sleeve versions (pause for oxygen) of **Big Audio Dynamite's** new single "The Medicine Show" plus 25 t-shirts and 5 videos of the single.

Q: What's the name of the famous punk venue that Mick Jones' old group The Clash used to "perform" in? Was it: a) The Anarchy Ballroom; b) The 100 Club; c) Our Mothers Don't Think We Look Very Nice Club?



### ▲ SPACE DEBRIS No. 5

Twenty-five 12" copies of new pop persons **Scarlett & Black's** single "You Don't Know" plus five big, black'n'swanky shoulder bags.

Q: Who played Scarlett O'Hara in the film *Gone With The Wind*? Was it: a) Julie Andrews; b) Vivien Leigh; c) Vyvian from *The Young Ones*?

BIP BIP BIP

... RING ...



# SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

FIG 1



FIG 2



Here we see two identical drawings of poutlicious foxy vixtress Sam Fox. However, if you look closely enough at fig. 2 you'll see that our "artist" has made a deliberate mistake. Can you spot it?

ANSWER: In fig. 2 our "artist" has forgotten to draw out called that too! It's a cosmic old cosmos, ain't it? (No - Bitz). And the funny thing is she's got a record which are saying, "Do Ya Do Ya (Wanna Please Me)". In her quaint little spectacles thus showing her eyes

Oh look - it's swanky duo Scarlet & Black swirling about in front of some space flowers. They're two Londoners called Robin Hild and Sue West and they wouldn't even exist if it weren't for Doctor & The Medics! "Sue was one of the original Anadin Brothers (the Doctor's spooky female backing singers)," chirps Robin, "and the band came to see me to use my multi-track recording studio (toff) and that's when I met Sue. Not long after that she left The Medics and we've been writing songs, doing vocals and keyboards for other bands for the past three years now." Now though, they're doing their own stuff - the first single "You Don't Know" is out now. "We think our songs are rather happy - music should put a bit of happiness into people's dreary lives, don't you think? And the record's doing quite well for a first single - we're big in Clyde y'know! Radio Clyde really likes us!" Funny - so does Bitz.

## SPACE DEBRIS No. 7

Five Five Star "Luxury Of Life" videos plus 25 copies of the "Luxury Of Life" LP.  
Q: Which pop person would Doris Pearson most like to marry? Is it: a) Shane McGowan of The Pogues; b) Michael Jackson; c) Midge Ure?



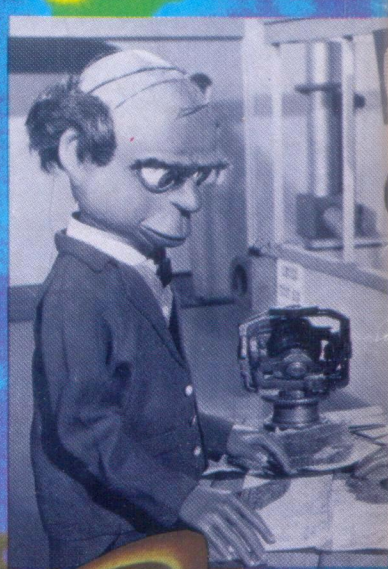
Artists Against Apartheid are doing two rather splendid shows this summer to help raise money for the suppressed black people of South Africa. The first one's in Brixton in London on June 20 - with **Madness, Working Week, Tippa Irie** and his rapping pal **Pat O'Banton** (I think you'll find that's **Patto Banton** actually - Ed.) and ska-buffs **The Potato Five**. Then, on June 28 at Clapham Common in London the stage will be "graced" by **Big Audio Dynamite, Maxi Priest, Communards, Roddy Frame** of Aztec Camera, **Gary Kemp** from Spandau Ballet, **Sting, Boy George, Helen Terry** and quite a lot of other people. Good, eh? (Full details in "Happenings".)

Cooooeee! See that big, black rain cloud? Well, that's where **Bitz** is right this very second and it's very wet'n'wispy in here. Anyway, those four lads on the ground are **The Chameleons**. They're from Manchester, they "specialise" in squealie guitars, they've got a new single out called "Tears" and it's ruddy good. Ta ta.



## FAN CLUBS

- BANANARAMA**  
c/o Anne Witchard, 40 Weymouth Street, London W1
- BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE**  
95-99 Ladbroke Grove, London W11
- GENESIS**  
PO Box 107, London N6 5RU
- GEORGE MICHAEL**  
George is still receiving fan mail through the old Wham! fan club (PO Box 1AP, London W1AP), but only until June 28. After that, you should write to Epic Records Press Office, 12 Soho Square, London W1
- And now the really important, cosmic, interstellar, out of this world fan clubs:
- STAR TREK**  
c/o Mrs Farey, 30 Woodcote House, Queen Street, Hitchin, Herts
- DR WHO**  
Dr Who Appreciation Society, 38 Hazeldene Road, Harlesden, London NW10
- GERRY ANDERSON**  
(The man behind all those epic space type TV puppet programmes such as *Fireball XL5*, *Thunderbirds*, *Captain Scarlet*, *Joe 90*, *Space 1999* and *Terrahawks*).  
Fanderson, c/o Helen McCarthy, 147 Frances Road, London E10 6NT

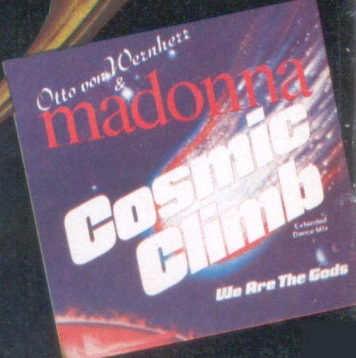


**SPACE DEBRIS No. 6**  
Twenty-five slithery 'n' slimey swimming caps (?) plus 25 copies of **Furniture**'s single "Brilliant Mind".  
Q: Which item of household furniture does ancient croonster **Doonican** sit on 24 hours a day (practically)? Is it: a) a kitchen stool; b) a rocking chair; c) a rocking horse?

Gladioli-ahoy! **The Smiths** are doing a very short tour in July and "Happenings" has all the details.



**STOP "PRESS"**  
A lonesome voice (Rick from Solihull) has peeped o'er rock's lost cosmos to tell **Bitz** that it's a complete bumbo (i.e. **Balaam & The Angels**'s new single is not "She Knows" as "stated" last issue. It's "Slow Down" Oooptin!)



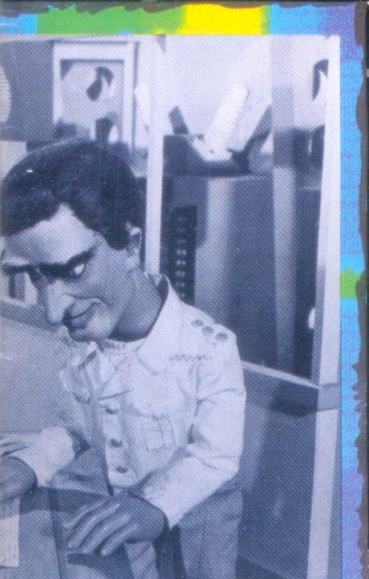
BZZZT





**SPACE DEBRIS No. 8**

Everything **The Pogues** have ever recorded!!!! (Well, 10 copies of their first LP "Red Roses For Me" plus 10 copies of their second LP "Rum, Sodomy & The Lash" plus 25 copies of their last EP "Poguetry In Motion") and 5 t-shirts!!!  
 Q: Which pop person is Cait from The Pogues getting married to quite soon? Is it: a) Shane McGowan; b) no-one - it's a "trick" question; c) Elvis Costello?



▲ Two fantastically realistic puppets from the v.v.v. ancient Garry Anderson series Supercar

**C**ripes! Look what's just materialised on the *Bitz* space station! It's a 1982 record by the universally ever-so-famous, the impossibly, ginormously successful (yes, you've guessed it), the one and only **Otto Von Wernher!** Oh, and there's also a very dodgy bit of so-called "singing" on it by somebody called **Madonna.** It seems that this Madonna person went on to *much* better things (they couldn't be any worse) and poor old Otto Von Wernher has completely disappeared, probably through the black hole in the middle of this absolutely appalling record.



**I**t can't be true! Lovebug Starski's "Amityville (The House On The Hill)" single comes with "a free black hole"! Which means it's truly the best record ever created! *Bitz* must speak to this icon! Beam him up, Ed! Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz. Here he is! Hello... er, er...

"You can call me Lovebug or Starski or Skee!" (Ooover. *Not* admitting that his real name's *Kevin Smith* - hee hee.)

OK, Skee. Thanks for the free black hole.  
 "The free what? Free black what? I don't know anything about *that* - I'm just an artist!"

Drat! Still, you are the man who invented hip hop, aren't you?

"Yeah, I am! When I was a DJ in New York about ooh, ten or thirteen years ago I just used to rap on top of disco songs by people like Gloria Gaynor. Then one day I missed the mix and just started

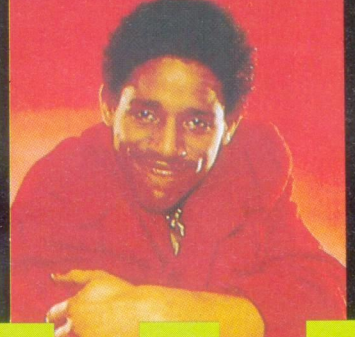
**LOVEBUG STARKY**

saying 'hip hop de hubby de hop de hop de hop hahaha!' And people *liked* it and it just got big! Now I'm really famous."

So how come "House Rocker" (the LP from which "Amityville" is taken) is your *first* one if you've been doing all this for ages?

"Well, you know what they say - good things come to those who wait! I do *everything* on it - well, apart from the scratching which is done by DJ Brucey Bee. I do the beat-box (*drums*), the trumpet, piano and the singing. 'Amityville' is a horror song. A halloween record. It was *my* idea to put *Star Trek* on it - I'm a member of the fan club. Captain Kirk is *so cool* - the best one was when he fell in love with the green girl, ha ha! He kisses *anybody*, man. The girl could be orange and he'd still fall in love with her! And Spock - it's a twenny first century phenomenon captain! Now that's *cool*."

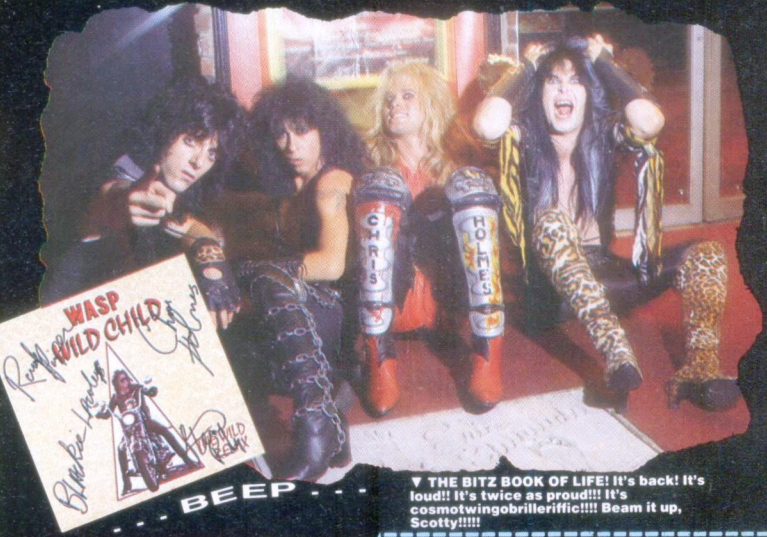
There speaks a true fan.



BLOCKS WITH HIGH "Heartache" out and there are five tunes on it. V. generous. Pete Murphy is off on tour next month to show off his new group (who, no doubt, will have high cheekbones and look poutful and doomsome as well). (Details in "Happenings")

**SPACE DEBRIS No. 9**

Sick bags aaa-hoy!! See those pervogusting leopard-skin boot objects on the lead singer from hoary old metallers, *Wasp*? Well, they've just been through an entire tour of America and now he wants to give them to you! Poooo!! And a pair of chipped 'n' chewed drumsticks (hidden behind a super-nova) autographed by drummer Steve Riley. And 50 SIGNED 12" copies of their new single "Wild Child" (Make that several sick bags ahoy - Ed.)  
 Q: What is the name of Wasp's lead singer? Is it? a) Blackie Lawless; b) Ronnie James Van Cougar Osbourne Loaf; c) Cecil Smythe?



▼ THE BITZ BOOK OF LIFE! It's back! It's loud!! It's twice as proud!!! It's cosmotingobrilleriffic!!!! Beam it up, Scotty!!!!

**SPACE DEBRIS No. 10**

Ten **Mantronix** t-shirts plus 25 12" copies of "Baseline".  
 Q: What does Mantronix stand for? Is it: a) absolutely nothing; b) a cross between "man" and "electronics"; c) the name of the world's first ever "singing" robot?



**GREAT CHIMPANZEES WEARING HATS IN POPULAR MUSIC**



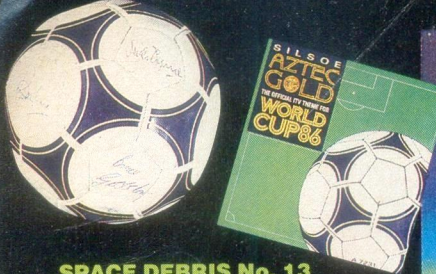
**Part One**  
 ▲ "Punk" rock group The Ramones with a chimpanzee which is wearing a hat.



**Part Two**  
 ▲ Some bloke called **Greg Egan** who's something or other in the US record "biz" accepting a "Grammy Award" with a chimpanzee which is wearing a hat.

(Series discontinued.)





**SPACE DEBRIS No. 13**

Wooooarrghhh 'ere we go 'ere we go cheers boo we wuz robbed yeah Brian I'm over the moon and sick as a "parrot" etc. etc. etc. Just in case you haven't noticed (i.e. you've spent the last month wrapped in brown paper in the middle of a tropical rain forest), The World Cup is in full "swing". So here's a football. Not just any old football, but one autographed by lots of famous football types like Brian Clough, Kevin Keegan, Saint 'n' Greavasy (ahem), Brian Moore, Ron Atkinson - in other words all the people currently on the ITV "celebrity" panel watching people kicking footballs about and analysing it. And there's 25 7" copies of the ITV World Cup theme "Aztec Gold".

**Q:** What did people use for a football in the "olden" days? Was it: a) sheep's bladder; b) a Ye Oldee Corneree Shoppee "e" brown paper bag with suet in it; c) someone's head?



**SPACE DEBRIS No. 11**

Fifteen rather cosmic Housemartins "Happy Hour" picture discs plus 15 12" copies plus 15 Housemartins "Lucky Bags" including badges and postcards with the infamous words "The Housemartins Are Quite Good" on them.

**Q:** Where do housemartins make their nests? Is it: a) in Hull; b) underneath railway bridges; c) under the eaves of houses?

**SPACE DEBRIS No. 12**

Fifteen "Upfront 1" t-shirts plus 24 "Upfront 1" compilation LPs featuring Princess, Joyce Sims, Total Contrast, George Clinton and other dance/disco/hip hop types. There's also a FREE 12" dance single with it. Hey!

**Q:** Who once had a "monster" hit single with a song called D.I.S.C.O.? Was it: a) Gene Loves Jezebel; b) Billy Connolly; c) Ottowan?

**MEDICAL DICTIONARY**

Part Two

**D**

**Death:** The permanent cessation of all bodily functions, usually caused by Spontaneous Human Combustion or being run over by a traction engine or something else.

**Draughts Syndrome:** Irresistible urge to sleep caused by being forced to play a certain type of board game with one's intensely boring Uncle Reg.

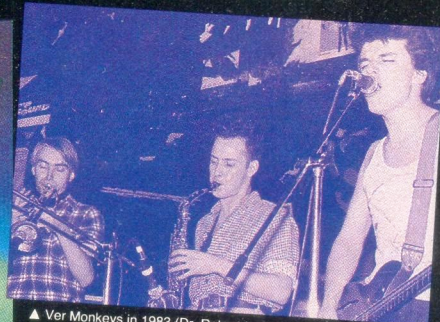
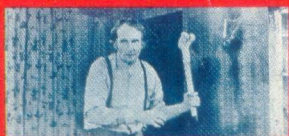
**E**

**Elephantitis:** See Darts Syndrome.

**Esther Rantzen:** Incurable swelling of the teeth causing all potatoes to look like willies.

**F**

**Fencing Elbow:** Painful swelling of the central arm joint caused by being struck by a length of clumsily erected fencing.



▲ Ver Monkeys in 1983 (Dr. Robert is on the right).

**O**h look - it's Barry from *Auf Wiedersehen, Pet* (above, left) when he was in a jazzed-up punk group playing in a horrible old club which cost 1p to hire but they needn't have bothered because no-one turned up anyway . . . (Barry writes: *Ackchullaaay, it's not me at all! I'm mooch too sophisticated for popular music, me, y'know. No, it's really a photograph of the Blow Monkeys when they were completely skint and totally onofamous, like.*)

▼ Ver Monkeys now . . .



**"NO-ONE KNOWS US FROM A HOLE IN TH**

Oh dear. Jim from pop people **Furniture** is tweetering on the satellite cosmophone about not being very famous. He is, of course, quite correct. Never mind though, they're the creators of a rather fine new tune called "Brilliant Mind" - so who needs fame, eh? (*Us - Furniture.*) They're three blokes and two lasses from West London and they're all old friends.

"Tim and I have known each other since we were born - our mums were friends! Hammy went to school with Tim, and Sally and Maya were friends of Tim's younger sister. We started forming really *chronic* groups when we were 15 - just mucking around. Then about four years ago we stopped forming chronic groups and formed Furniture instead."

In between all that Jim was a D.J. in . . . er, a biscuit factory. "Yeah, United Biscuits in Hounslow had its own radio station which broadcast to the workers in its factories all over Britain. I was the D.J. when I was a mere sapling of 17 in 1977! I just played whatever the work-force wanted to hear - mostly Asian film music and punk. I got to interview people as well - Jools Holland, Stewart Copeland (*The Police*), Kate Bush. They weren't famous at all then. Kate Bush hasn't changed, though - even then she was all 'wow' and 'amaazing' and 'all my ideas come out of the air!'"

Snigger. But why call yourselves Furniture?

"Oh . . . er, well it seemed a good idea at the *time* . . ."

. . . beep . . . beep . . . beep . . . beep

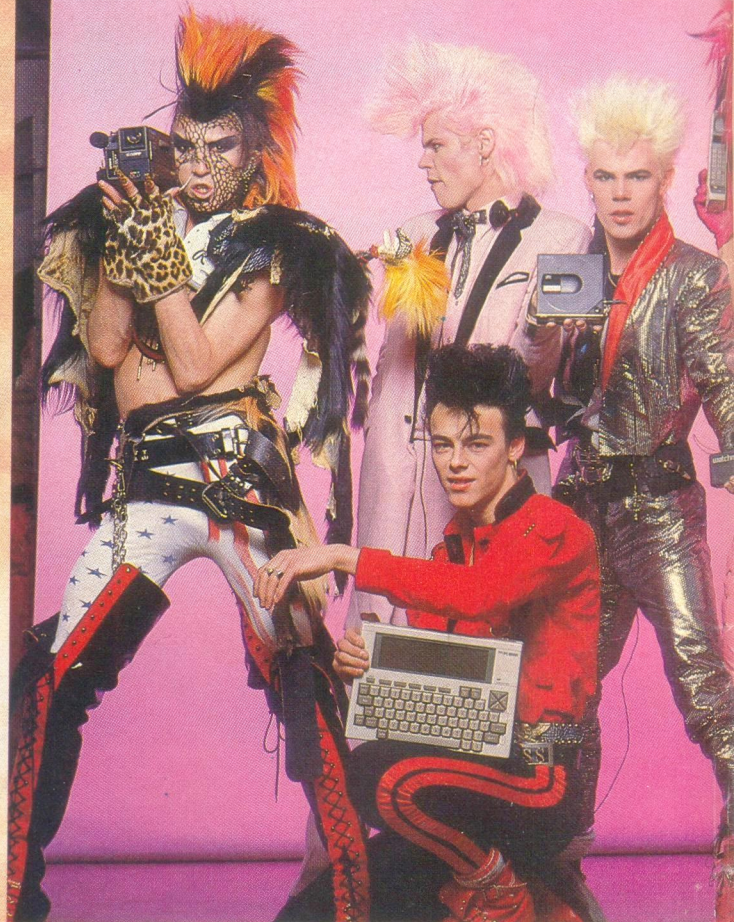
"Hello! *Earth Bitz* here! Wait till you hear *this!* Nick Rhodes has started a new group and they're called *5TA* (right) and they've got their first single out called 'My Brilliant Career' and they say their music 'has nothing to do with fish or shoes' . . .!"

Oh. *Bitz* has just gone off them . . . [The *Earth Ed.* writes: *You blithering bimbo. It's not Nick Rhodes from Arcadia - it's another one and that's him with the leather jacket on. Yug.*]



**THE WORLD'S FIRST SILENCE - FREE RECO**

**Y**ou know those few moments of silence you get between the songs on an LP where you can pause for a second and reflect on the wondrousness/abysmalness of what you've just heard or contemplate the key to the universe/where you've put your bike clips or whatever? Well, they're doomed to extinction. Gone. Never to be "heard" of again. According to Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik, that is. Yis, latest wheeze of Tony James is to *sell* the spaces between the "songs" on their new LP "Flaunt It" to companies who can then drone on about how much you need to buy their products. These products will be approved by Les Sputniks themselves so they'll be things the group "identify with" (like video cameras and frightnets and spookwigs). No-one will let on as to how much the ads will cost or who's interested in buying them, but the group's intention is to get back in advertising fees all the money they've dished out on making the LP. In other words, they *really* want to be pop stars for nought pee. And Tony James reckons this could start off the beginning of v.cheap LPs and "drastically change the record industry". *Bitz* doesn't think it will, but "Flaunt It" - the world's first entirely silence-free LP - will be out at the beginning of July. (At least there's some nice, soothing silence up *here* in space. . .)



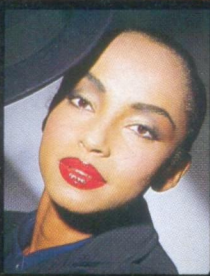
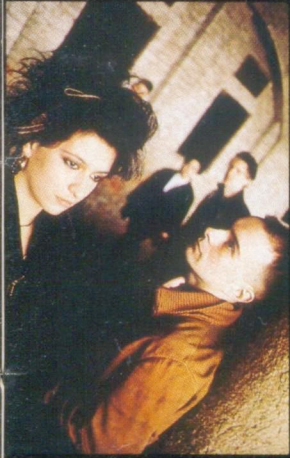
▲ The Sputniks advertising various Sony products. Have these men no shame? (No - Tony James)

EEEEK . . . EK . . .



GROUND ..."

... QING ... QING ...



**SPACE DEBRIS No. ONE SQUILLBILLZWILLION.**

**Gnnnnngggng!** Tsk. What's *that* bunging up the *Bitz*mobile motor and making it go all wibbly? (*Floats out of Bitzmobile "port hole" and inspects motor.*) It's a tea-towel. (*A tea-towel? This illustrious, most precious piece of cloth belongs to none other than chicful silksome songstress Sade!* It's true! So you'd better look after it - Ed.) Jings! Better beam it down to earth then, lest a space "monkey" scoffs it. In fact, *Bitz* will send it to one of you, dear readers, so you can look after it 'till *Bitz* returns to earth. Just answer *this* and you might get it:

Q: Where did Sade *get* this splendid tea-towel? Was it: a) on her last visit to Venus; b) in a supermarket in France; c) she knitted it?

**STRANGE BUT TRUE SPACE FACT:**

● In between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter there was once a planet. At some time during galactic history, something very scary indeed happened: it broke into about forty thousand pieces, of which scientists have so far named only two thousand.



**A**ren't Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik daft? Not only do they sell all the quiet bits in between the "songs" on their LP (see left) and wear frightmasks and spookwigs but they also do extremely odd things like review a song called "Heaven (All I Need)" by Picnic At The Whitehouse in *Smash Hits* a couple of issues ago when *everyone* knows it's not even a single and that they *should* have reviewed "East River" which will be out on June 30. Silly Sputniks, eh? No wonder the duo who make up Picnic At The Whitehouse (above) look so miffed . . .



Photo: George Bodnar

**THE WOODENTOPS THE SHORTEST GROUP IN THE WORLD**

"I got booted out of the education process at a very early age - I've got pretty well no qualifications whatsoever and I'm *completely* useless as a normal human being. I suppose I'm a bit mad really - but at least I'm polite!"

Rolo McGinty, 25 year-old lead singer with the very nifty **Woodentops** is running up a very large bill on the satellite cosmophone, rambling on and on in his *very* polite, rather posh BBC "spokesperson"-type voice. Which is a bit odd considering The Woodentops aren't a very BBC-type group at all - it's taken them three years to get day-time Radio 1 to play their rumbly 'n' folksy dance tunes but it's been worth the wait: the entire musical galaxy is now shrieking "brilliant!" and "the group of '86!". Their first LP is out at the end of the month and it is, as they say, a beezee.

"Yes, it's . . . er, it's . . . it's brilliant! I was entirely devoted to the making of that LP. I've lost over a stone in weight - all my clothes keep falling off! It was an absolute obsession. I suppose when I care about something I care the whole way. I think *nervous* is more my description, though. God - nerves! I just can't *help* it! Even now when we play live you could put a microphone near my knees and they'd be knocking in time to the drums!"

Poor old Rolo - things haven't got much simpler from when they were a dodgy old busking group counting the coppers on the street corners of London. . .

"Sounds pathetic doesn't it? 'Oh yeah, we were a busking band. . . ' The thing was we were *awful* - we couldn't play, we couldn't sing, we couldn't keep the beat. . . In fact, we're only just getting there now! The five of us (*Rolo, Benny, Simon, Alice and Frank*) were all on the dole together living in squats and cheap housing. Then we got the chance of hiring this room for a pound an hour - just what we needed! And we had the cheapest instruments - castanets, acoustic guitars and the tinniest drum kit. . . we

weren't very good. . ." Eventually, though, they started improving and began "playing and playing and playing!" anywhere that would have them - children's parties, teensy halls, absolutely *anywhere*. Then, one day, they played as support act at a dingy London club called Dingwalls - et voila! One record deal, tours with Julian Cope and The Smiths, Everything But The Girl and Janice Long sessions and the hallowed title of The Shortest Group In The World. . .

"Well, we *would* be, but Frank blows it for us a bit - he's over 5'6"! I'm 5'4" and Benny is even shorter!"

So are these weeny warblers now looking forward to hiding behind their big guitars on *Top Of The Pops*?

"You know something," sighs Rolo, "I'm a musician and I'm *ashamed* to watch that programme - the charts are just so absolutely appalling. I *can't* watch it. People are totally brainwashed into buying rubbish - brainwashed by the radio and the music papers - and there's all those things that go on to make sure certain people get massive publicity. At least if we were in the charts we'd have the place that somebody useless *wouldn't* have."

Rolo and his crew reckon their music is extremely "happy" and all they really want to achieve is "being of some use - just giving people some optimism. A lot of people will say 'prat!' for saying that, but I say 'wally!' to them. I hate people who are always putting a damper on things. I'd like to kick their heads in."

Pardon? Can this be the same gentle soul who's been known to cry with happiness at concerts?

"Don't be ridiculous! Oh well, O.K. - it has happened. . . The last time was when I was standing in an empty hall watching the support band on the last day of our last tour. Suddenly it just hit me how much fun it had all been - and the next thing I was standing there with tears pouring out of my eyes! Still, it wasn't *that* much of a boo. . ."

*Bitz* should think *not*.

... bep ... bep ...





**CHARLOTTE HEARD**

*Unemployed. Likes Brookside, pubs  
and The Associates. Hates gameshows.  
Makes her own clothes. Or gets  
them from the jumble sale or  
Miss Selfridge.*

R E A L G I R L S





**ABIGAIL HEARD**

*(Yes, they're twins.)*

*Likes James Brown, vegetables and Brookside. Gets her clothes from the same place as her sister.*





# THE HOUSEMARTINS ARE QUITE GOOD

Despite the fact that they describe themselves as "Bible Benders" and go on and on about crisps and chocolate and try to become the world's most boring people. . .

**T**HE HOUSEMARTINS are wondering if the reason we're meeting in a photographer's studio and not at the *Smash Hits* "office" is because everyone thought they'd make off with the 1986 sticker collection. (No, *actually* - Ed). Still, there's plenty for them to do here: first there was posing round for pictures, now guitarist Stan Cullimore has disappeared up some ladder. Drummer Hugh Whittaker is attacking the coffee machine, Norman the bass player is looking at his spots in the mirror and singer P.D. Heaton is holding an animated discussion about chocolate.

Half an hour later, he's *still* on the subject of *Ripple* bars. The group, who either describe themselves as "quite good" or "bigger than the Beatles" (depending on their mood), "all like talking about dull things."

"I think that's why we stick together," says Norman. Apparently, another of P.D.'s favourite subjects is crisps: "The study of crisps - how they're made, where they come from and all the flavours. Might sound like quite an interesting little hobby but after two hours it does get very tedious," Norman sighs.

"Hugh can talk for hours about Frank Sinatra."

"Oh yes," agrees Hugh. "That's boring, and I also read poetry and that's pretty dull. It's Stan though, who is on a quest to be the most boring person in the world; unfortunately he has flashes of humour."

"What you do," says Stan proudly, "is you conceal the dullness behind quite a chirpy front, and sit on the edge of your seat. What you're saying is actually stupendously boring but you lull your victim into a false sense of security because you look excited."

According to P.D., Norman represents the more "WOAAA! Go for it!" side of the group. "If ever there was a band pin-up, Norman would be

it." Norman doesn't look happy.

"This is all getting to be a bit much," he says. The others titter. "Before, when we'd get just one letter and it would say 'I think Norman's fabby', I'd dance round the room. Then I used to revel in the fact I got the most letters. But last night when we were playing and people were screaming and shouting my name, it was really embarrassing."

"I think what Norman's trying to say," says Stan, "is that being a sex symbol is very difficult."

"Let the punters shout what they want," says P.D. "But can't they shout my name? Just *once*?"

**T**HE HOUSEMARTINS have been playing concerts up and down the country for months, and now, with the wonderfully jubilant "Happy Hour" (their third single), bounding up the charts, live performances are getting more and more rowdy with much singing and dancing about on stage from group and audience alike. But occasionally there's the odd hitch: "like last night," recalls P.D., "we went off after the encore and came back on - but in another part of the building."

"We got lost," adds Stan.

"We found a door," says Norman, "and went bursting into what we thought was the auditorium, but it turned out to be the fire escape."

Their overnight accommodation on tour is provided by fans through their ingenious 'Adopt A Housemartin' scheme. "We've met some real nutters," says Norman. "*Very interesting people*," corrects P.D. "It's very nice. It makes you remember places a lot more. When we're 75 we'll go back to the places we stayed at, like they do on D-Day, and we'll take pictures outside people's houses. . ."

"And we'll have sticks and moustaches," adds Stan. "We used to give everybody plaques of the Humber Bridge to stick on the wall, but we've

run out."

**T**HE HOUSEMARTINS are "quite good" for a laugh - but there is a reasonably serious side to them, too; in fact, their songs raise both moral and political issues. . .

"We're socialists," says P.D. "We're made very angry by the news - things like American imperialism and the intolerable racism. We can't stand it. These things heat up the contents of the lyrics and spice up what we say in between songs. I suppose it will be a lot clearer when the "London Nil, Hull 4" LP is out, because *that* has a lyrics sheet."

Believe it or not, all four members are also somewhat religious and they even do some acapella Gospel numbers in their "repertoire."

"The early Gospel stuff we did was inspirational," says Norman. "None of it mentioned Jesus and stuff, but we've had a good reaction from it, got a bit more confidence and we now sing more directly religious songs."

"I'd say that we are Bible benders," adds P.D., "in that we've emphasised certain parts of the Bible that we believe to be good. We've got a Christian approach."

"But then again," interrupts Norman, "we still get drunk and do non-Christian things."

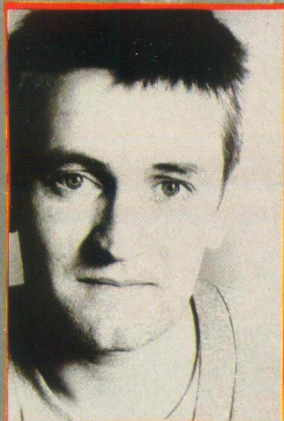
"That's just it," says P.D., "I don't believe getting drunk is non-Christian. The Devil doesn't own beer. We made it and we're going to drink it - lots of it."

"There's lots of Christians who say you can't get drunk and things like that, but they'll support the army and killing," Norman points out, "and to me that's wrong, whereas I don't see that drinking or swearing, or farting in public is wrong."

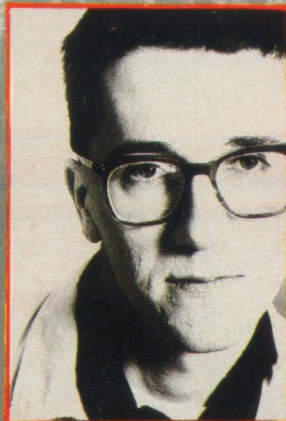
". . . Or sex before marriage. . . or even sex after marriage," says Hugh, "as long as there's love in it. . ."

". . . Or picking your nose" says Stan. Absolutely.

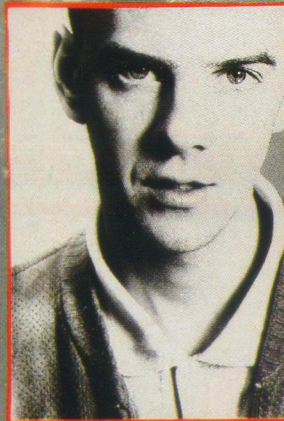
PAUL HEATON



STAN CULLIMORE



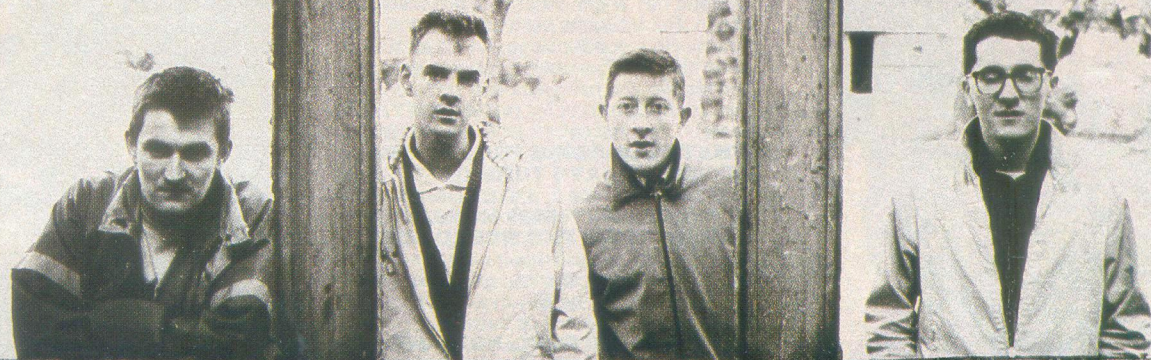
NORMAN COOK



HUGH WHITTAKER







## THE HOUSEMARTINS • HAPPY HOUR

It's happy hour again  
I think I might be happy if I wasn't out with them  
And they're happy it's a lovely place to be  
Happy that the fire's real the barman is a she  
Where the haircuts smile and the meaning style  
Is a night out with the boss  
Where you win or you lose and it's them who choose  
And if you don't win then you've lost

### CHORUS

What a good place to be don't believe it  
'Cause they speak a different language  
And it's never really happened to me (it's happy hour again)  
Don't believe it oh no  
'Cause it's never been happy for me no oh oh oh  
(It's happy hour again)

It's another night out with the boss  
Following in footsteps overgrown by moss  
And he tells me that women grow on trees  
And if you catch them right they will land upon their knees  
Where they open all their wallets and they close all their minds

And they love to buy you all a drink  
And if we ask all the questions  
And you take all your clothes off  
And back to the kitchen sink

### REPEAT CHORUS

What a good place to be don't believe it  
'Cause they speak a different language  
And it's never really happened to me  
Don't believe it oh no  
'Cause it's never been happy for me (it's happy hour again)  
Don't believe it don't believe it don't believe it  
(It's happy hour again)  
(It's happy hour again) and again and again  
(It's happy hour again) and again and again  
(It's happy hour again) and again and again  
(It's happy hour again)

Words and music by Cullimore/Heaton  
Reproduced by permission Go! Disc Music  
• On Go! Discs Records



# PERSONAL FILE

# B a



**FULL NAME:** Siobhan Maire Fahey, but my confirmation name is Deirdre!

**BORN:** September 9, 1961.

**WHERE DO YOU LIVE?** Kentish Town, London.

**FIRST CRUSH?** I suppose it was a boy called Kevin Whalley. All the girls fancied him because he was very funny. We used to lie in a cornfield and try to snog, only I didn't know how to do it and nor did he. I also had a crush on Pete Duel from *Alias Smith And Jones*, but he killed himself.

**WHAT TIME DO YOU GET UP ON SUNDAYS?** I wake up at about half past eleven, but I stay in bed to watch *Weekend World*.

**HOW WOULD YOU SPEND YOUR IDEAL WEEKEND?** I'd start with a really good party on Saturday night, and "veg" out on Sunday in the sun. Except we never get the sun. I've got a sun terrace, but I've never had a chance to use it yet because of the horrible weather.

**WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE TIME OF DAY?** I start to perk up at about eight o'clock in the evening - I can wind down from the day and think about what I'm going to do that night.

**HAVE YOU GOT A BOYFRIEND?**

Yes. His name's Bill. He's six foot six, with cropped hair and most people are scared of him. But his looks belie his tender nature! He's good-looking but his crop ruins his face. I've been going out with him for two and half years and he's had this skinhead haircut for two of those years... it's not fair.

**WHAT TELEVISION PROGRAMME DO YOU ALWAYS TURN OFF?**

*Crossroads* - I hate it. *It's disgusting!*

**IS THERE ANYTHING MORE BORING THAN THE WORLD CUP?**

Yes, loads of things - I quite like the World Cup. I've seen most of the games so far, and when one of the British teams play, I really get into all the mob hysteria.

**WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE JOKE?**

It's... um, er... actually, it's unprintable.

**WHY ARE YOU DRESSED AS THE DEVIL IN YOUR VIDEO FOR "VENUS"?**

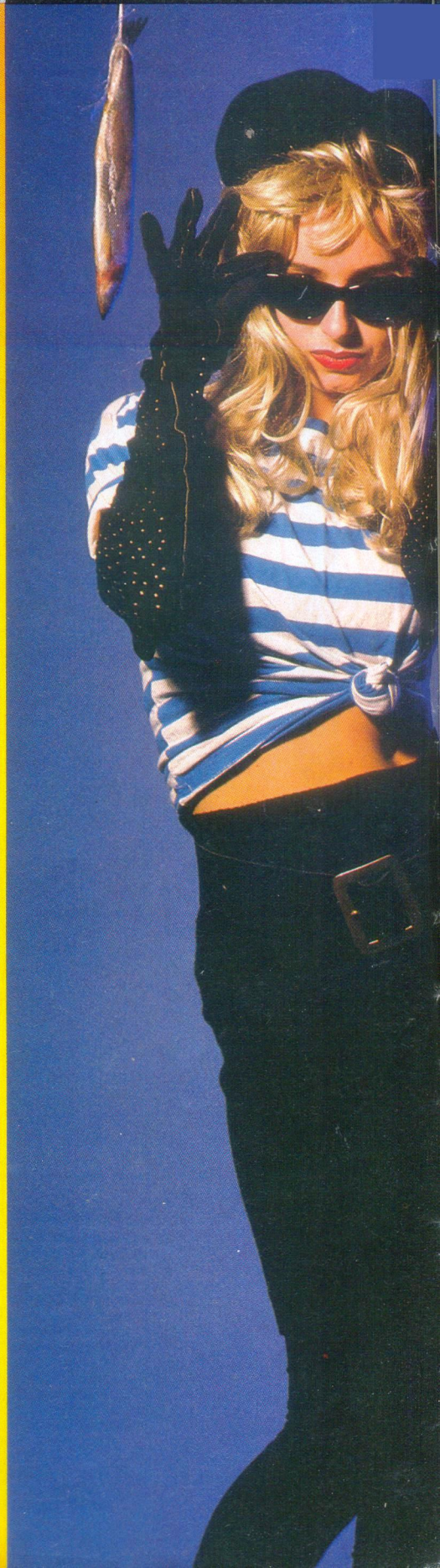
It's a fantasy of mine, but the reality was quite disappointing - I couldn't move very well, I couldn't lift my hands above my elbows... I felt like screaming after a few minutes in these six-inch stilletos! So I was feeling vulnerable, instead of feeling really *strong* and *evil*. It was also a classic image of a certain kind of woman that you always get in fairy stories, like the old wicked witch. In fact, when I was 11 I was the wicked witch in *Sleeping Beauty*. The trouble is I got carried away with being evil and swore in front of the teacher.

**WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE SCIENCE FICTION FILM OR TELEVISION PROGRAMME?**

*Bladerunner's* really good - it looks *fabulous!* I liked *The Time Tunnel*, and I loved *Lost In Space* as well. I saw it in Australia last year and it's hysterical! Dr Zachary Smith was really camp, which I didn't realise when I was little because I didn't know what "camp" was.

**IS THERE LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS?**

It would seem logical that there is, but I don't think we'd see them because they're bound to have a totally different chemical make up to ours. I don't think I could cope if they were really grotesque.



Photos: Amanda Searle



# n a n a r a m a

**FULL NAME:** Keren Jane Woodward.

**BORN:** April 2, 1963.

**WHERE DO YOU LIVE?** I live next door to Sarah, and just round the corner from Siobhan. She moved away from the same street as us two, but she couldn't bear to go too far!

**FIRST CRUSH?** A boy called Andrew Stone who lived two doors down from me but he moved away when I was five. It was the first time I was upset over a boy . . . and probably the last.

**IF YOU COULD TRAVEL BACK IN TIME, WHERE WOULD YOU GO?** I would quite like to have been a teenager in the '60s but I couldn't have coped with having to be that straight-down shape to fit into those clothes – I'm too busty.

**WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE SANDWICH?** Bacon and fried onions with vinegar and tomato sauce.

**HAVE YOU GOT A BOYFRIEND?** Yes, his name's David and he's asked me to marry him. And I said "yes" in case you haven't been reading the papers who keep going on about it. He's quite quiet – except when he's had a few drinks – very helpful, a good housewife and a good cook. He was a model, but now he's learning to play a trumpet that I bought for him, and that's his next ambition. He's also my housekeeper.

**HAVE YOU EVER POSED IN FRONT OF A MIRROR PRETENDING TO BE SOMEONE ELSE?** Yes, usually pulling gruesome faces and being people that are really ugly. Sometimes we try to be like the "gurning champions" that Les Dawson does.

**IS THERE ANYTHING MORE BORING THAN THE WORLD CUP?** Cricket is far more boring than football and so is golf and so is horse-racing . . . except the Grand National. I bet on two horses the other day, and they were the first two to fall!

**WHAT WERE YOU DRESSED AS IN THE "VENUS" VIDEO?** I played a French tart throwing this defenceless man about. And I also played a female vampire. I liked what it looked like, but the teeth were a bit hard to come to terms with – they were obviously made for Christopher Lee or someone. Actually, the coffin which I laid in was used in one of his films! I was supposed to look seductively into the eyes of this Bavarian Prince as I rose out of the coffin, but I just kept laughing! The funniest bit in the video is where I'm freaking out and being swung round by this blond, oiled hunky male model, who actually came in and showered in front of us afterwards. He was trying to impress us, I think. I just didn't know where to look! I should have just pointed and laughed, I suppose . . .

**WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE SCIENCE FICTION FILM OR TV PROGRAMME?** I don't like science fiction at all. I even hate *Star Trek*.

**IF THE MOON WAS COLONISED, WOULD YOU LIVE ON IT?** No. Anyone who wants to go up in a rocket must be mental!

**FULL NAME:** Sarah Dallen.

**BORN:** December 17, 1962.

**WHERE DO YOU LIVE?** In a townhouse in Kentish Town, North London near the other two.

**FIRST CRUSH?** I suppose it was, erm, David Essex.

**WHAT TIME DO YOU GET UP ON SUNDAYS?** I get up at eleven o'clock to do the cleaning – it's the only day off I get and I have to do the house-work! But that's a real lie-in for me.

**IF YOU COULD TRAVEL BACK IN TIME, WHERE WOULD YOU GO?** I would quite like to have lived in Roman times and been Cleopatra or someone glamorous like that.

**HAVE YOU GOT A BOYFRIEND?** Yes, Terry Sharp from The Adventures (*Irish pop group*). He's got black hair, he's very nice, and he's very intelligent – much more than me.

**WHAT TELEVISION PROGRAMME DO YOU ALWAYS TURN OFF?** *The Paul Daniels Show* or 3-2-1. They're terrible.

**WILL YOU BE GOING TO SEE WHAM!'S FAREWELL CONCERT?** I was going to go, but we'll be working in America at the time which is a shame.

**WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE JOKE?** I hate jokes. I like funny situations and laughing at people.

**WHAT WERE YOU DRESSED AS IN THE "VENUS" VIDEO?** One outfit was that of a Paramount film goddess – all long and white and flowing with white branches growing out of me and a bird in my hand. Another outfit was like Morticia of *The Addams Family*, with a long black cloak like bat's wings with poles in it so I could cover all these naked men!

**DID YOU ENJOY COVERING NAKED MEN WITH YOUR BAT'S WINGS?** No, not really. It was the most uncomfortable thing I've ever had to wear. I had a plastic PVC corset strapped round me and all those men huddling round the flames in front and I was really boiling! I enjoyed being Morticia, though. She looked good and was a really strong, dominating woman who bossed her husband around.

**WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE SCIENCE FICTION FILM OR TV PROGRAMME?** Actually I hate space films, but if I had to pick one it would be *Star Trek*.

**IS THERE LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS?** Yes, but I don't think that aliens would look like human beings though. If they all looked like Terry Sharp I'd get confused.

**IF THE MOON WAS COLONISED, WOULD YOU LIVE ON IT?** Yes, so I could float!





# SPOT THE FISH

AND WIN A SONY WALK "MAN" AND LOTS OF STUPID FISH THINGS LIKE A FUZZY FELT LOBSTER AND A SALMON-SHAPED BOOTLACE TIE AND A PLASTIC CRAB AND SOME SEAWEED (URGH) ETC.

# COMPETITION



**Fish are simply splendid creatures, don't you agree? There they are a-swimming around the oceans and rivers of the globe, a-grazing on plankton and utterly minding their own business – and then some heartless hunter of the deep whisks up behind them with flippers (cheat!) and a harpoon. . .**

Next thing you know, our be-scaled friends are feasting 'twixt a pair of half-buns in a so-called fillet-o-"fish" at the nearest McDonalds "eat"erie. Which is a slight surwizz when you think of all the perfectly respectable cows, beetroots and packets of Puffa Puffa Rice that human kind has already amassed for feeding purposes here on terra firma. The other "thing" about fish is that – fact! – there are some 30,000 species occurring worldwide in seas and fresh waters. And they're all *entirely different!* Why, there's even one species that jumps out of the water and lays its eggs on a tree leaf (as seen on Dayid Attenborough's nature programme, *That's Life*, or whatever it's called). Just think of it – 30,000!! Small wonder, really, that a few of the squillions of fish in the world should have landed up in this very issue of *Smash Hits*. Yes – nestling somewhere in these august pages, are *three* fish. And if you can locate them, you could win an unbelievable beano fiesta of fish-oriented "things". Like: a plastic crab, a fish sponge, a stupid fuzzy-felt lobster on a twig, a stupid fuzzy-felt octopus on a stick, a salmon bootlace tie, a blow-up fish with a bell in it, a fish made out of chocolate, a fish "kite", a couple of wind-up swim-in-the-bathtub fishes made out of plastic, a weeny swim-in-the-sink fish (also made out of plastic), a fish in a snowstorm, a fish tank with plastic seaweed in it and some fish food as well, a fish shirt and some fish shorts. And we've got 25 copies of the Cure compilation album "Standing On A Beach" which has fish on the cover, 5 copies of the Cure video

"Staring At The Sea" which has fishes in and, fishiest of all, 10 waterproof Sony Walk"man" personal stereos. (Actually, only one of them is *genuinely* waterproof – the yellow portholed "sports" model – but the other nine have been cunningly "protected" from the damp by slipping them into plastic bags. Clever, non?) Anyway, all you have to do for a chance at winning all this stuff is find the three hidden fish. They could be a-swimming around *Bitz* or nestling up to George Michael (yuk!) or spooking about on the crossword, but *none* of them are on this page. Then, on the back of a postcard, tell us exactly where you found them. For example:

Fish A: On page 31, sticking out of Paul King's nostril (size: large).

Fish B: On page 47, squirming beneath a Black Type tea towel.

Fish C: On page 58, with its tail sticking out the bottom of the drummer of REO Speedwagon's skirt. But remember – the fish on *this* page don't count.

Send your answers to *Smash Hits Spot The Fish Competition*, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ to arrive by June 30. The first correct answer gets all the fishy things, plus the genuinely waterproof Sony Walk"man" Sports and the Cure LP and vid. The next four get the Cure vid, Cure LP and D.I.Y "underwater walk"man" (including plassy bag and rubber band!). Next five get the LP and the walk"man". The final 15 get the LP. Glug!



# THE SMITHS

*The Queen Is Dead*

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## OUT NOW

AS FEATURED ON THE  
FORTHCOMING SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AND TAPE  
OF THE JIM HENSON FILM

# Labyrinth

EMI  
AMERICA

VIENNA CALLING  
FALCO



Oh oh hello Vienna calling  
Oh oh hello Vienna calling  
Talking about

Stella sitzt in Rio Stella liegt in Tokyo  
Männer fragen sie nach Feuer nach den anderen sowieso  
Sugar Chris dich sehr vermisst dein Bein und dein Gesicht  
Du kannst auf mich verzichten nur auf Luxus nicht

Chorus

Wien nur Wien du kennst mich up kennst mich down du kennst mich  
Nur Wien nur Wien nur du allein wohin sind deine Frau'n

Oh oh oh operator so alone am I

Oh oh oh operator

I need you home tonight

Hello oh oh Vienna calling

Hello oh oh Vienna calling

Womit spielen kleinen Mädchen heute

Hier und dort und da und in Tucson Arizona Toronto Canada

Repeat chorus

Two one zero der Alarm ist rot Wien in not cha cha cha  
Vienna calling oh oh Vienna calling oh oh

We hope your stay in Vienna will be a pleasant one  
Welcome to Vienna

The pride of Austria our very own Falco

(Hello oh oh Vienna calling oh oh)

(Hello oh oh Vienna calling oh oh)

Hello (hello) hello (hello) Vienna calling

Canada Vienna calling hello

C-C-C-Canada Vienna calling

Hello oh oh Vienna calling

Hello oh oh Vienna calling

Hello oh oh Vienna calling

Hello oh oh Vienna calling

Hello oh oh Vienna calling

Hey

Words and music by R&F Bolland/Falco  
Reproduced by permission Island Music Ltd/Copyright Control  
On A&M Records



**WHEN TOMORROW COMES**  
EURYTHMICS



Underneath your dreamlit eyes shades of sleep have driven you away  
The moon is pale outside and you are far from here  
Breathing shifts your careless head untroubled by the chaos of our lives  
Another day another night has taken you again my dear

Chorus

And you know that I'm gonna be the one  
Who'll be there

When you need someone to depend upon

When tomorrow comes (wait until tomorrow comes yeah yeah)  
When tomorrow comes (wait until tomorrow comes yeah yeah)  
When tomorrow comes (wait until tomorrow comes yeah yeah)  
When tomorrow comes (wait until tomorrow comes yeah yeah)

Last night while you were lying in my arms  
And I was wondering where you were  
You know you looked just like a baby  
Fast asleep in this dangerous world  
Every star was shining brightly  
Just like a million years before  
And we were feeling very small  
Underneath the universe

Repeat chorus

Oooh yeah

And you know that I'm gonna be the one  
Who'll be there

When you need someone to depend upon

When tomorrow comes (wait until tomorrow comes yeah yeah)  
When tomorrow comes (wait until tomorrow comes yeah yeah)  
When tomorrow comes (wait until tomorrow comes yeah yeah)

I can't wait I can't wait I can't wait

When tomorrow comes (wait until tomorrow comes yeah yeah)  
I can't wait until tomorrow baby

Ooh when tomorrow comes

(I wanna be with you when tomorrow comes)

I wanna be with you when tomorrow comes

Repeat to fade

Words and music by Stewart/Lennox/Seymour  
Reproduced by permission RCA Music Ltd/EMI Music Pub Ltd  
On RCA Records

**FRIENDS WILL BE FRIENDS**  
QUEEN



Another red letter day  
So the pound has dropped and the children are creating  
The other half ran away  
Taking all the cash and leaving you with the lumber  
Got a pain in the chest doctor's on strike what you need is a rest

It's not easy love but you've got friends you can trust  
Friends will be friends

When you're in need of love they give you care and attention  
Friends will be friends

When you're through with life and all hope is lost  
Hold out your hand 'cause friends will be friends right till the end

Now it's a beautiful day  
The postman delivered a letter from your lover only a phone call away  
You tried to track him down but somebody stole his number  
As a matter of fact  
You're getting used to life without him in your way

It's so easy now 'cause you got friends you can trust  
Friends will be friends

When you're in need of love they give you care and attention  
Friends will be friends

When you're through with life and all hope is lost  
Hold out your hand 'cause friends will be friends right till the end

It's so easy now 'cause you got friends you can trust  
Friends will be friends  
When you're in need of love they give you care and attention  
Friends will be friends

When you're through with life and all hope is lost  
Hold out your hand friends will be friends right till the end

(Friends will be friends)

When you're in need of love they give you care and attention  
Friends will be friends

When you're through with life and all hope is lost  
Hold out your hand 'cause right till the end

(Friends will be friends)

Yeah

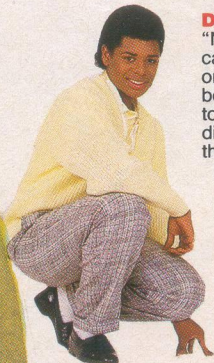
Words and music by Mercury/Deacon  
Reproduced by permission Queen Music Ltd/EMI Music Pub Ltd  
On EMI Records



# IS THERE LIFE ON C

**LORRAINE (Five Star)**

"I'm not sure, but I used to look up at the moon and see this table in there and a man and a lady sitting down eating their dinner – honest! I'd see it so clearly. That was about two or three years ago – I can't see it anymore."



**DELROY (Five Star)**

"No. Though from watching cartoons with little green men on Mars I suppose there could be. But I don't think it'd be right to go up there and try to disturb them. It's nicer to let them live their own lives."



**DENIECE (Five Star)**

"Probably, Doris has these dreams about this alien and that there's something inside her bed! She hears a really loud noise – she doesn't know how other people don't hear it. One time she was sleeping and suddenly she saw this light in the bedroom and was feeling this hand inside her bed!"

**GARY GLITTER**

"I'd like to think there was in some form – surely we can't be the only ones. Actually, I'm looking out onto my garden at the moment and it's just amazing – there's a whole load of daffodils just come up! And then you look up at the stars and you think 'why haven't they discovered anybody?' I wouldn't mind believing that when we die we go to another planet and live there for a while . . ."



**PETER GABRIEL**

"Yeah. I think it's an incredibly arrogant assumption for anyone who's spent more than 5 minutes looking up at the stars to assume that we're the only planet with life on. What would they be like? I think insects could handle a planet pretty well. But in many ways I'm not that interested – because if you look under a microscope at the atomic level at something like rock then it seems alive too. In one sense nothing is dead, or at least inanimate."



**NIK KERSHAW**

"There's got to be. Our galaxy is miniscule in comparison with the universe. And I can't believe that somewhere in the universe there's not a planet an equivalent distance from an equivalent sun, which is all you need to sustain life. And I daresay it's a bloody sight more intelligent than ours! I don't think they'd be mad enough to have pop groups, unless they were at a very low evolutionary state . . ."

**ROBERT SMITH**

"Yeah, statistically I do. I hold no romantic ideas of meeting them or visiting them but, though you can't prove anything, I would imagine there would have had to have been the right combination of ingredients for life-forms to have evolved elsewhere. I would be very surprised if they hadn't. I've always imagined they'd be very vast, planet-sized things, not on the human scale they're always presented as."

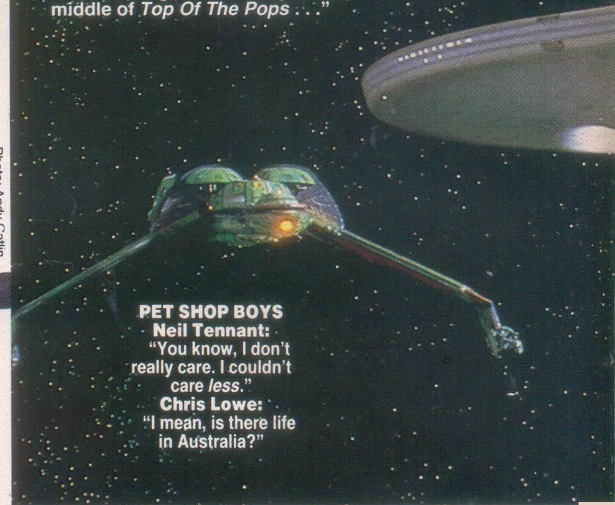


**STEVE BRONSKI (Bronski Beat)**

"To be honest I'm not really bothered whether there is or not. I would like to travel through the universe, though – I'd love to be Mr Spock and have pointy ears. I'd love to be able to make people unconscious by putting my finger on their shoulder – the things you could do to people . . . And I could get beamed up in the middle of Top Of The Pops . . ."

Photo: Industrial Light & Magic

Photo: Andy Callin

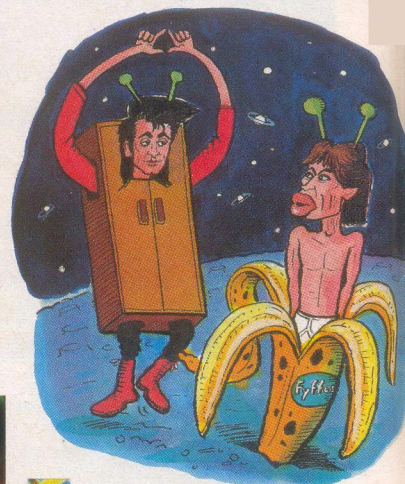


**PET SHOP BOYS**

**Neil Tennant:**  
"You know, I don't really care. I couldn't care less."  
**Chris Lowe:**  
"I mean, is there life in Australia?"

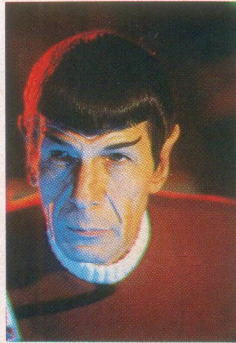
**STRANGE BUT TRUE SPACE FACT**

● While you are reading this, you are travelling at a speed of 1035 miles per hour even though you're standing still! Scarey paradox? Not at all, space chums; 1035 m.p.h. is the rotation speed of the earth. The Sun rotates at 4519 m.p.h., Venus at a weedy 4 m.p.h. and Saturn at 23,240 m.p.h. (bleeurrh!)



**THE DOCTOR (Doctor And The Medics)**

"Well, working on the theory of infinity, which has been proven to be wrong for the universe, but let's imagine for a second, for the sake of the question, that the universe goes on for infinity, and look at probability (Eh? – Ed.). That means that the chances of us being here are one in infinity, therefore there's an infinite chance that there's an infinite number of planets just like this one. Therefore, there's an infinite number of planets on which we're doing this right now. There's also an infinite number of planets whereby we did this five seconds ago. So I'm talking to you on an infinite number of planets but I have my knee up here (sticks knee in the air) or my feet are on the ceiling and every permutation of every situation has a planet where it's actually happening. There's a planet where Paul King is walking round as a chest of wardrobes but that's OK because Mick Jagger's a banana. So when you sit down at home and think 'oh I'm so unsuccessful!' it's OK because on Kningsblom you're actually the King of Uruguay."



**JAKI GRAHAM**

"Yeah! I was watching Star Trek last night – of course there is! There's so many planets, maaan, there's got to be something somewhere. It wouldn't surprise me if there was a sort of twin planet – like a mirror of ourselves, where everyone has a double."

Photo: Steve Rapoport

● If Demis Roussos was tied to a rope and suspended over Jupiter, he would weigh twice as much as A-ha and Shakin' Stevens put together.

**STRANGE BUT TRUE SPACE FACTS:**

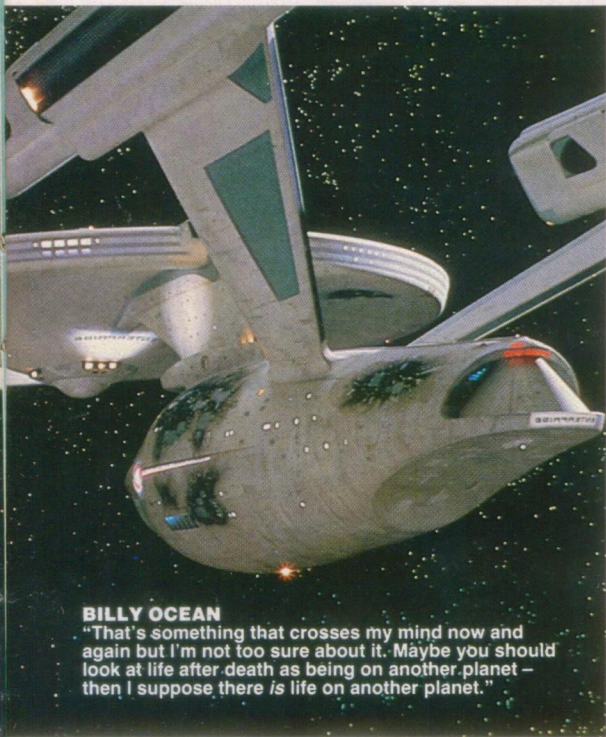


asks that age-old question:

# OTHER PLANETS?

STRANGE BUT TRUE SPACE FACTS:

● The most exciting item brought back from the Moon was Pyroxene: it's a yellowish brown rock, and, if you throw it hard enough at the ground, it breaks.

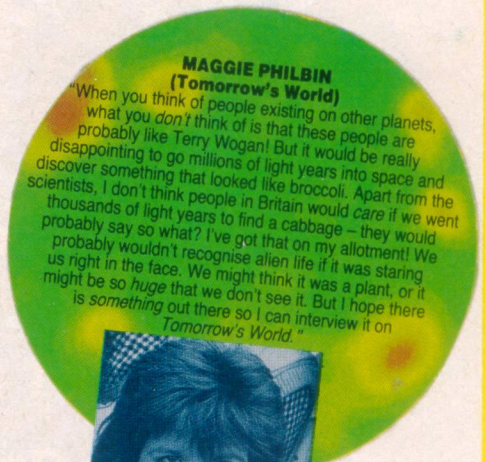
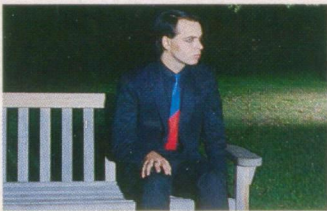


**BILLY OCEAN**

"That's something that crosses my mind now and again but I'm not too sure about it. Maybe you should look at life after death as being on another planet – then I suppose there *is* life on another planet."

**GARY NUMAN**

"Yes, I'm well into that sort of stuff – anything out of the ordinary except for God. God knows (*har har – Ed.*) what it'd be like, though. I've always been quite a believer in the Von Daniken theories about God being an astronaut from another planet. One of the friends I work with, who's got a doctorate in cybernetics and physics, says that considering how long the universe has been here and how quickly we've evolved in the last 20 years, the chance of two life forms evolving closely enough together is impossible to conceive, so I don't know. I find it mind-boggling and fascinating – we have these endless conversations in the studio when we're working..."



**MAGGIE PHILBIN**  
(*Tomorrow's World*)

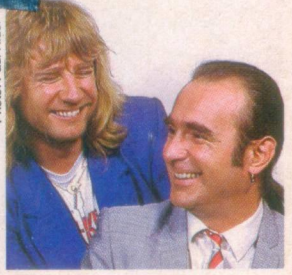
"When you think of people existing on other planets, what you don't think of is that these people are probably like Terry Wogan! But it would be really disappointing to go millions of light years into space and discover something that looked like broccoli. Apart from the scientists, I don't think people in Britain would care if we went thousands of light years to find a cabbage – they would probably say so what? I've got that on my allotment! We probably wouldn't recognise alien life if it was staring us right in the face. We might think it was a plant, or it might be so huge that we don't see it. But I hope there is something out there so I can interview it on *Tomorrow's World.*"



**LOVEBUG STARKS**  
"Yeah but I don't wanna meet 'em! Let them live their lives and let me live mine... I think I would be scared of them but I bet they'd be scared of me, too! I don't care what they look like – I just don't wanna see 'em!"



Photo: Paul Ficker



**STATUS QUO**

**Francis Rossi:** "I can't see that in this 'great' universe that we're the only planet that's inhabited. I think they'd be more intelligent. And, yes, there'd be entertainment. Like Sigue 'Sigue' Sputnik? Nah – I said 'entertainment', not rubbish."  
**Rick Parfitt:** "If they're like Sigue 'Sigue' Sputnik I hope there *isn't* any life at all, and actually I don't think there is. But I'd like to think there was – I'm fascinated by rocket ships and science fiction."

**MARTIN DEGVILLE** (*Sigue Sigue Sputnik*)

"Yes there is. A certain planet 50 million light years away from Venus is inhabited by *Sputniks* – you can spot them running around in fishnet stockings and... frightmasks! A frightmasked race of people from another planet! And they're coming to Earth to take it over – a step forward for mankind – they're going to inject some fuel-injected glamour into this planet. And the *Sputniks*' planet is situated in a huge sphere of pink neon – with glowing, glitter-pink palaces. And after they destroy the Earth we're going to go back with them to our planet – with all the money ha ha!"

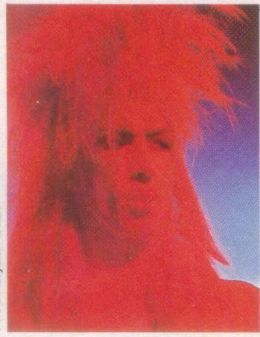


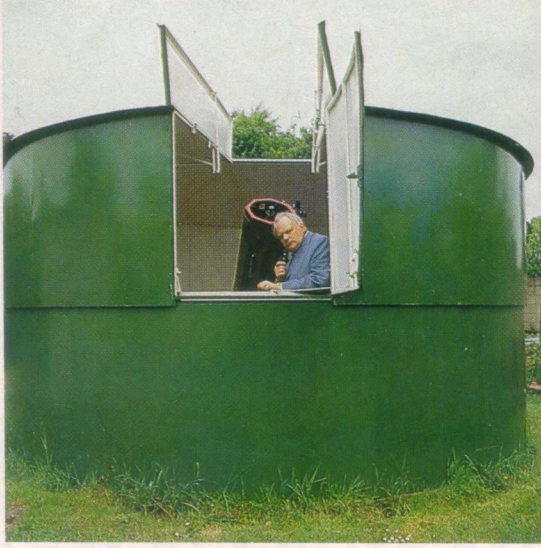
Photo: Zbyssu Rodak



**EIGHTH WONDER**

**Patsy:** "Definitely – little green men going *mna-mna-mna-mna-mna-mna*. They'd be very nice, be very good dancers and eat *Macdonalds* filet-o-fish."  
**Alex:** "They'd speak Swedish and wear their underpants outside their trousers – we've got it pretty well sussed..."

Photo: Brian Moody



**PATRICK MOORE** (TV "boffin" and presenter of *The Sky At Night*)

"Well, in our own particular solar system there is no intelligent life, except possibly on the earth and I'm not particularly sure about *that!* But our sun is a perfectly ordinary star – it's one of a hundred thousand million stars in our galaxy alone, and I refuse to believe that out of all those stars *our* sun is the only one to be surrounded by an inhabited planet. I would say that there's every possibility that where life *can* appear, life *will* appear – only it's going to be basically *our* kind of life because we can show, and this is fact not theory, that the only kinds of atoms that can build up into life-giving molecules are those of carbon. Once you start talking about alien forms of life, you're right in *Star Wars* and *Dr Who* and *Lord Darth Vader*, and although we can't prove that these things called 'bug-eyed monsters' don't exist, all the scientific evidence is against them. So my guess is that there *is* plenty of life in the universe, but it's very difficult to prove it because, if you believe Einstein and you can't travel faster than light, it would take you *years* to get to the nearest star. So if you send a message out now in 1986, and it gets to the nearest sun-like star in, say 1997, you'd probably get a reply in 2008 – a total delay of 22 years. And that's nearly as slow as the Post Office."

STRANGE BUT TRUE SPACE FACTS:

● If you wanted to build a wall seven bricks high stretching from the Sun to Pluto, you'd have to use one hundred and eighty trillion (i.e. 181,000,000,000,000,000) bricks, and the cement mixer would have to be the size of Jupiter.

...s Heath, Sylvia Patterson and Duncan Wright. ...ald. Cartoons by Kipper Williams.





# FREE

In The Next Issue Of **SMASH HITS**  
**A GIANT DOUBLE-SIDED POSTER**

On One Side A Souvenir Of

# WHAM!



And On The Other Side

## THE SMASH HITS VIDEO POSTER

FEATURING BILLY IDOL, DEPECHE MODE, A-HA, MADNESS,  
MICHAEL JACKSON, FIVE STAR, SIGUE "SIGUE" SPUTNIK,  
MADONNA AND MILLIONS OF OTHERS

### SMASH HITS ON SALE JULY 2



# LOVEBUG STARSKI

## AMITYVILLE (THE HOUSE ON THE HILL)

(Amityville Amityville Amityville house on the hill)

Well I was going to a party at Amityville  
 Matter of fact it was the house at the top of the hill  
 I wouldn't of never went for nothing in the world  
 Except I got an invite from one of my girls  
 When I got to the house and crossed over the fence  
 The atmosphere all around was keeping me in suspense  
 So I rang the doorbell like there ain't no thing  
 And this gruesome guy came and said

Hello Starski I understand they call you the Lovebug  
 What a cute little bug  
 I'd like to put you between my fingers

(Amityville) It's the house on the hill  
 (Amityville) Amityville  
 (Amityville house on the hill) House on the hill

So he grabbed me by the collar  
 Picked me off my feet  
 And all I could hear was this spooky beat  
 And when he finally put me down  
 My heart felt like stopping  
 But it wouldn't stop because the house was rocking  
 The bass was kicking and the house was loud  
 And let me tell you it wasn't your average crowd  
 You had this guy on the mike  
 He was dressed in black  
 He had a messed up face with a hunch on his back

(Amityville) It's the house on the hill  
 (Amityville) It's called Amityville  
 (Amityville house on the hill) House on the hill

(Amityville) It's the house on the hill  
 (Amityville) Everybody goes to Amityville  
 (Amityville house on the hill) Hill  
 (Amityville)

I'm Captain James T Kirk of The Starship Enterprise  
 Scotty beamed us down here by mistake  
 Spock you've got to get us out of here  
 Aye Captain I'd like to but we cannot get a fix

Spock the people here are dressed so strangely  
 Strange 20th century life form  
 There's an actual lovebug walking around  
 Spock analysis please  
 Yes Captain Lovebug 20th century phenomenon

(Amityville) It's Amityville y'all  
 (Amityville) You wanna go to the house on the hill  
 (Amityville house on the hill) Amityville house on the hill

Drac walked up with no kind of class  
 Drinking something that was bubbling  
 From out of his glass  
 So I panicked and I hit the deck  
 'Cause I swore he was coming straight for my neck  
 Then he said  
 You're Starski there's no need to fear  
 Didn't you read the invite you're the star of the year  
 All the monsters came from miles around  
 Just to hear you rap because you get down

(Amityville Amityville Amityville)  
 (House on the hill)  
 (Amityville) You wanna go come on  
 (Amityville) There's enough room we can all go to  
 (Amityville) You didn't understand me I said  
 (Amityville) Amityville (house on the hill)  
 To the house on the h-h-hill  
 (Amityville) It's the house on the hill  
 (Amityville) You make the left then you make the right  
 then you go  
 (Amityville) Amityville house on the hill  
 (Amityville) Amityville Amityville  
 It's Amityville Amity Amity Amityville  
 (Amityville) Oh yes  
 (Amityville) We got to go there man  
 I'm serious we got to  
 It's the house on the hill  
 Amityville (Amityville Amityville)

Words and music by S. Loeb/K. Blow/M. Rhymes  
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 On Epic Records



# GENESIS

## INVISIBLE TOUCH



stations  
**Heart Go?**  
**“Wham! R**  
**weeks tim**  
**last conce**  
**Stadium. 1**  
**up ...**

**O**pen  
 suit  
 in a  
**Chatting a**  
**finished re**

Well I've been waiting waiting here so long  
 But thinking nothing nothing could go wrong  
 But now I know she has a built in ability  
 To take everything she sees  
 And now it seems I'm falling falling for her

*Chorus*  
 She seems to have an invisible touch yeah  
 She reaches in and grabs right hold of your heart  
 She seems to have an invisible touch yeah  
 It takes control and slowly tears you apart

Well I don't really know her I only know her name  
 But she crawls under your skin  
 You're never quite the same  
 And now I know  
 She's got something you just can't trust  
 It's something mysterious

And now it seems I'm falling falling for her

*Repeat chorus twice*

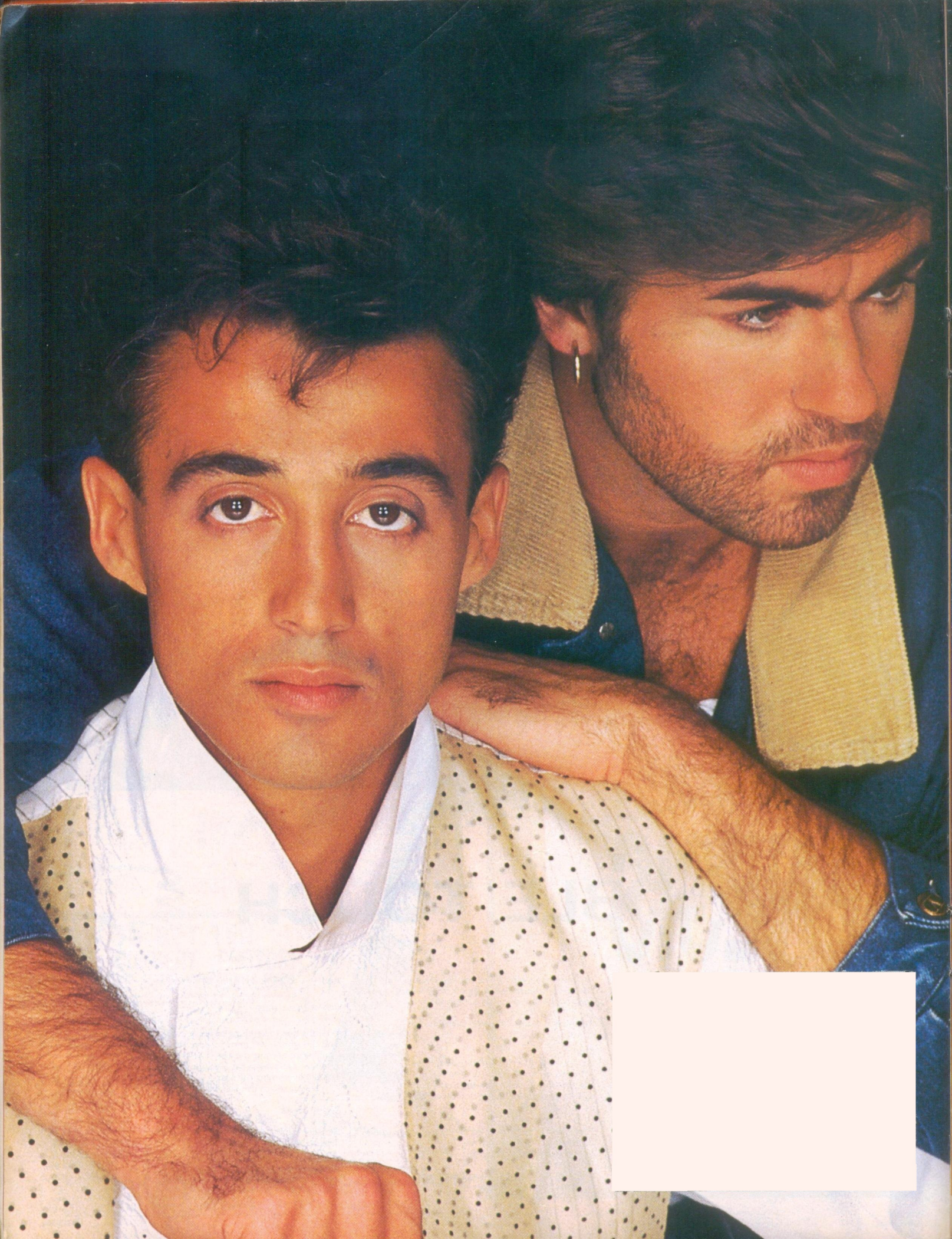
Well she don't like losing to her it's still a game  
 And though she will mess up your life  
 You'll want her just the same  
 And now I know she has a built in ability  
 To take everything she sees  
 And now it seems I've fallen fallen for her

*Repeat chorus*

She seems to have an invisible touch yeah  
*Repeat and ad lib to fade*

Words and music by Banks/Collins/Rutherford  
 Reproduced by permission Hit And Run Music Ltd  
 On Virgin Records







# “ANDREW KNEW HE WAS THERE FOR A PURPOSE.”

After their farewell concert in a couple of weeks, Wham! are splitting up for good. “I’ve worked my arse off trying to keep this band at the top,” says George Michael, “and it’s about time I had a breather.” So Andrew is off to “act” in Hollywood films, while George puts his feet up. But not before a seagulls egg sarnie and a chat with Peter Martin . . .

To think, it was only eight months ago that I was sitting in this very hotel, the swish Blakes of Kensington, doing what would turn out to be the last ever Wham! interview. Andrew was lolling around in something extremely fashionable, getting bored and making the odd “cheeky” remark while George was being professional and deadly serious. It was obvious the two had drifted apart – Andrew into his motor racing and gallivanting, George into his work. And now the inevitable has happened. Wham! have just released their final single – an EP featuring four songs, “Edge Of Heaven”, “Battle Stations”, “Where Did Your Heart Go?” and a re-mix of “Wham! Rap” – while in two weeks time they play their last concert, at Wembley Stadium. Then they split up . . .

Opening the door of his suite, George seems in a rather good mood. Chatting about the song he finished recording last week in Detroit with soul “legend”

Aretha Franklin – a track for her LP called “I Knew You Were Waiting” – he orders some food from room service. Although he can’t seem to stop chattering on about Ms Franklin, he’s not quite so keen to talk about the record he’s *supposed* to be making with Michael Jackson just in case it doesn’t come off. He has *met* M.J. though. So, is he a real loony?

“That’s what everybody said about him, but I got none of that weird stuff. He was perfectly nice.”

So where did you meet him?

“In his house. But luckily I wasn’t shown around. I hate that. I mean, can you imagine what it’s like if you don’t like what you see? You have to go around grinning like a loony, saying it’s all wonderful. I can do without *that*.”

Room service arrives with the food – starters first.

“What is it?” enquires George.

“It is seagull eggs,” offers the waiter. “Is good, try one.” “Urgh!” says George. “Actually, it’s funny . . . the minute you think ‘seagull’ you think of the poor little thing that laid it. But it is just

an egg after all. I mean, an egg is an egg . . .”

Nonetheless, we leave the eggs firmly in their shells and move onto more serious subjects – like Andrew. How *will* George be able to manage without him, I ask. George giggles. “Well, obviously it’s not going to damage my musical output.”

What a cad! Doesn’t he feel a bit guilty about saying things like that?

“No, I think the pair of us have always been honest about that, Andrew more than me. There have been times when I’ve slightly twisted things because I’ve felt protective towards him, but he’s always just come clean. Andrew’s always felt perfectly confident because he knew he was there for a purpose and he had every right to be there. If I hadn’t needed him, or I hadn’t wanted to work with him any more, he knows it would have ended years ago.

“It’s simple,” he concludes, “we’ve achieved what we wanted to achieve and we’ve now been given the opportunity to finish it off better than anyone ever before.”

So how does he feel about the claim of his ex-manager

Continued over





**“People will say ‘oh, “Wake Me Up” . . . wasn’t that that pair poncing around in shorts?’.”**

Continued from previous page

Simon Napier-Bell (who continues to manage Andrew) that Andrew will be the face of '87, with his acting career and his motor racing, while George will disappear into the studio, never to be seen again?

“Well, he’s just trying to stir things up. But yes, in a way, that *is* what’ll happen next year. Andrew is going to Hollywood, and I *will* disappear for a while. I’m writing my solo LP now, but I’m not starting to record that till next year. And then after that I think I’ll be taking things easy. I’ve worked my arse off for years trying to keep this band at the top and now I think it’s about time I had a breather.

“Also I think it would be good in career terms to leave a space between Wham! and the solo career, so the public’s perception has a chance to change. It would appear a little incongruous if I just went straight on as a solo singer. Also it would look like I couldn’t wait to get rid of Andrew, which isn’t the case.

“And after the concert’s over I want to buy a house. I think it’s about time I invested in something. I don’t really want anything

**“All Wham! were ever about was saying ‘we’re here, this is all there is, enjoy it.’ And people couldn’t take that. They just thought we were prats.”**

grand, but I do think it’s about time I got a proper place.”

He goes on to explain the state of his last flat. “It was a real tip! It would have made a great centrespread in the papers – ‘This Is The Tip Where George Michael Lives!’ I’ve never been that

bothered by my surroundings but when people came round I used to look at them and I could tell they were thinking I was mad. I mean, the furniture was really old and falling to pieces and the hot water didn’t work and even the curtains had fallen off the rail in my bedroom! The one I’m in now (*in central London*) is nice, but I think it’s time I bought somewhere.”

He’s also promised himself a new car next week, but

life what I earn is out of proportion, out of perspective, unfair, but I don’t feel guilty because I clear my own conscience by giving a lot of it away. I don’t make donations and then ask for it to be publicised. I just do it when I think there’s an urgent need for something. I’m not doing it so that people think I’m the most generous person in the world. I wouldn’t be a pop star if I was. I’d be out there trying to solve all the things

‘we’re here, this is all there is, enjoy it.’ That’s all. And people couldn’t take that. People just thought we were prats. We were the first group since the days of The Beatles who didn’t relate their personalities to their music. And people didn’t understand that. They thought that bloke poncing around in the pretty blond hair with the shorts and the teeth was me! They couldn’t understand that it was me trying to be the ultimate

## THE EDGE OF HEAVEN

I would lock you up  
But I could not bear to hear you  
Screaming to be set free  
I would chain you up  
If I’d thought you’d swear  
The only one that mattered was me me me  
I would strap you up  
But don’t worry baby  
You know I wouldn’t hurt you ‘less you wanted me to

It’s too late to stop  
Won’t the heavens save me  
My daddy said the devil looks a lot like you

You take me to the edge of heaven  
Tell me that my soul’s forgiven  
Hide your baby’s eyes and we can  
You take me to the edge of heaven  
One last time might be forever  
When the passion dies  
It’s just a matter of time before my heart is  
Looking for a home

I’m like a maniac at the end of the day  
I’m like a doggie barking at your door  
So come and take me back to the place you stay  
And maybe we can do it once more

You say I’m dangerous  
But don’t worry baby  
I get excited at the things that you do  
And there’s a place for us in a dirty movie  
‘Cos no-one does it better than me and you

You take me to the edge of heaven  
Tell me that my soul’s forgiven  
Hide your baby’s eyes and we can  
You take me to the edge of heaven  
One last time might be forever  
Please don’t tell me lies  
It’s just a matter of time before my heart is  
Looking for a home

I ain’t got no more worries  
I’m gonna spend some time with you  
Loving you takes such courage  
And don’t you think that I know it I know it I know it

(Filthy)

You take me to the edge of heaven  
You tell me that my soul’s forgiven  
Hide your baby’s eyes and we can  
You take me to the edge of heaven  
One last time might be forever  
Don’t you tell me lies because believe me baby  
One day you’ll wake up on your own

I ain’t got no more worries  
I ain’t got no more time for you  
Loving you takes such courage  
Everyone’s got their eyes on you

I ain’t got no more worries  
I ain’t got no more time for you  
Loving you takes such courage  
And don’t you think that I know it

● Words and music by George Michael ● Reproduced by permission Morrison Leahy Music Ltd ● On Epic Records

only if he passes his driving test. “I want a Mercedes. It’s not too flash. Andrew doesn’t seem to mind whizzing about in a Ferrari, but I couldn’t stand all the stares. That kind of car just says ‘look, I am a star’. I’d hate that. I don’t feel wealthy – you don’t unless you flash it around and this car is really the first proper thing I’ve bought.”

He could have bought loads of things with all the money he’s made, surely? Doesn’t he ever feel guilty about all that cash?”

“Well, like a lot of things in

that are wrong with the world. But I’m too selfish to do that.”

**S**o what does George think Wham! will be remembered for: the songs or the suntans?

“Ha! In terms of the group I think we will be remembered as an entity. People will say, ‘Oh, “Wake Me Up” . . . wasn’t that that pair poncing around in shorts!’.”

Have you any regrets?  
“No. Not really. All Wham! were ever about was saying

performer, reflecting what I saw as the ultimate pop song in the only way possible. No, what I do regret is that some people have misconstrued our efforts along the way, confusing my personality with that of the group. And that can be quite annoying when a whole nation thinks you’re a prat!”

“In a way,” he elaborates, “that was why I knew last year that I had to get out. That four or five months, around ‘Go Go’ and ‘Freedom’ we became the all-time ultimate pin-up band. And that was what I thought I



wanted, but as success has a tendency of doing when it finally comes round, you find it wasn't really what you were after and you have to re-evaluate. I could easily have carried on like that, I think I am a good enough actor to have pursued a solo career *and Wham!*, but we felt 'why should we?' We proved that we did it better than anyone else so why bother carrying on an image that wasn't suited to you any more? I mean, I'm a

Corner' was the most honest thing I've done so far. It was very true to me. In fact it was so personal – and I didn't realise I was doing it at the time until someone pointed it out – I couldn't look the camera in the eye. It was like, you can watch me going through this but I can't acknowledge that you're there, sharing it. It's weird, isn't it?"

After that we decide it's time to open the seagulls eggs. "Urgh . . . go on then, you do it." And so, hands trembling, George cracks the little speckly shell in two. We decide that it's obviously some post-Chernobyl creature and should most definitely *not* be put anywhere near the mouth.

And so to the final concert. Is he excited?

**"I know exactly what everyone will expect of me . . . to become a cross between Barry Manilow and James Last!"**

"Well, yeah. I just think it marks the best possible end for a group *ever*. And it marks something I thought *Wham!*, or for that matter any other pop group, could achieve in this day and age – to actually become part of the fabric of every day life. The last people to do that were The Beatles, who were treated like politicians or public figures at the end.

"But on that Saturday, the two people you've either loved or hated for the past two or three years, through the papers or on the radio or on the telly, will play their final concert at Wembley and everybody will know about it. That's the thing I like most about the idea. We've transcended the idea of a pop group with this concert, we've become more like an event, a tiny part of the fabric of society. I couldn't think of a better way of going. I just hope," he laughs, grimacing at the prospect, "that it doesn't chuck it down all over us."

more serious person now. I have got *rapidly* older and I know we could have got away with it, but why bother? It's much better this way."

So what will George Michael, solo artiste, be like?

"I know exactly what everyone will expect of me . . . to become a cross between Barry Manilow and James Last! Well, the thing is I'm not. I think I can now play about with my success to a large degree. I've got two audiences that are both prepared to accept me and so I've more or less got a free reign. 'A Different



## LAUGHING AT THE PIECES



The Debut Album From  
**Doctor & the Medics**

Featuring The Number 1 Hit  
**SPIRIT IN THE SKY**

Available Now on Record & Tape











ELVIS PRESLEY • SMASH HITS



# DAVID BOWIE

## UNDERGROUND

No one can blame you

For walking away

From too much protection

No love injection

Life can be easy

It's not always swell

Don't tell me truth hurts little girl

'Cause it hurts like hell

But down in the underground (oh oh oh)

You'll find someone true (underground)

Down in the underground (oh oh oh)

A land serene and crystal blue (oh oh oh oh)

But it's only forever

Not long at all

Lost and lonely

That's underground underground

Daddy daddy get me out of here

(Heard about a place today)

Ah-ha I'm underground

(Nothing ever hurts again)

Heard about about a place today

(Daddy get me out of here)

Nothing ever hurts again

(Gonna go underground)

Daddy daddy get me out of here

(Gonna go underground)





Ah-ha I'm underground  
(Get me underground)  
Sister sister please take me down  
(Daddy get me out of here)  
Ah-ha I'm underground  
(Gotta go underground)  
Daddy daddy get me out of here

No one can blame you  
For walking away  
From too much rejection  
No love injection

Repeat third verse

It's only it's only forever  
It's not long at all  
But I stand here lonely  
That's underground underground

Daddy daddy get me out of here  
Heard about a place today  
(Heard about a place today)  
Nothing ever hurts again  
(Nothing ever hurts again)  
Daddy daddy get me out of here  
(Daddy get me out of here)

Ha ha underground  
(Gotta go underground)  
Sister sister please take me down  
(Gotta go underground)  
Ah-ha underground  
(Get me underground)  
Daddy daddy daddy help me

(Heard about a place today)  
(Nothing ever hurts again)  
Ad lib to fade

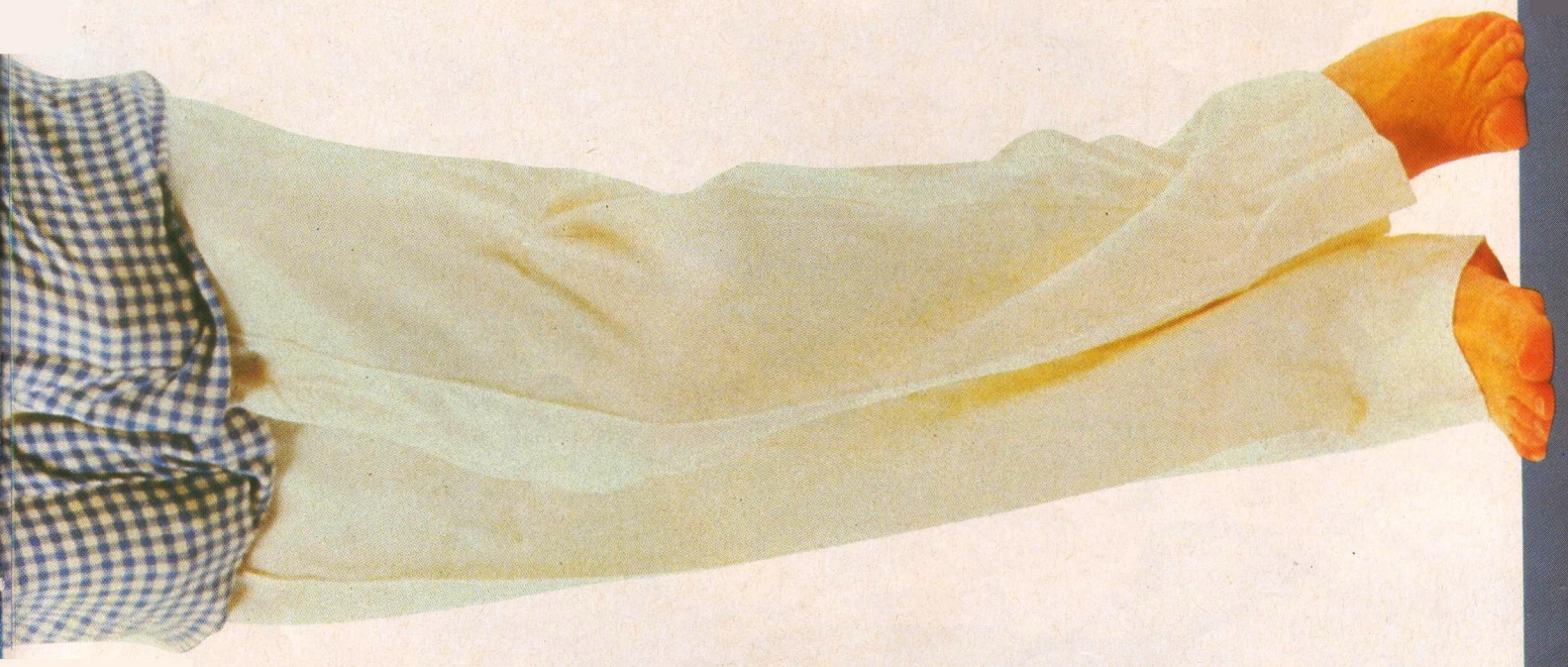


Photo: Davies And Starr

Words and music by David Bowie  
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On EMI America Records



Morten Harket  
Smash Hits









**BIG COUNTRY / SMASH HITS**



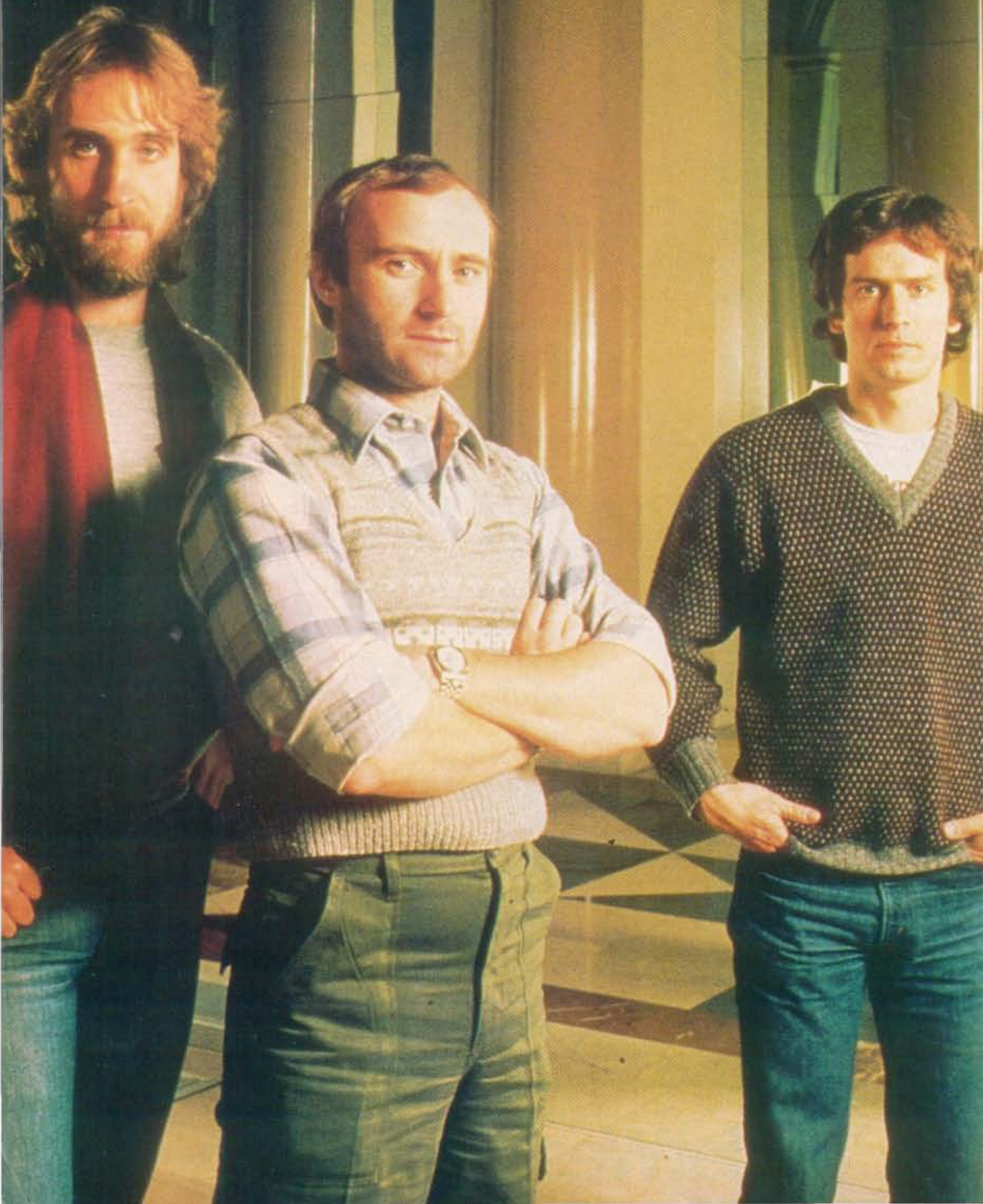








# GENESIS



**Z**zzzzzz. . . This is the life – spending a lovely hot Spring morning wandering around the grounds of a posh Surrey farmhouse. Down past the pond, around the old well and over to the lawns where two scruffily dressed men are keenly mowing the lawn. Oh, and here comes a third, ambling over from the cowshed, doubtless about to “pot” some seedlings or prune some roses. Funny looking bloke too – short, not much hair, a little plump and with his shirt tails flapping. . .

“Hello, I’m Phil Collins.”

Fancy that! A gardener with *exactly* the same name as Phil Collins, the extremely famous and multi-talented pop star I’m here to see with the rest of his group, Genesis. Hang on. It is the extremely famous and multi-talented pop star. No wonder he’s leading me into the farmhouse, through the kitchen and into the posh sitting room where a pleasant-looking bloke with short hair and a funny black and blue sweater is sitting. Surely this can’t be Tony Banks, the Genesis synthesiser “wizard” who used to have fantastically long straggly hair?



▲ Genesis looking an utter state in the early '70s (L-R): Tony Banks, Phil Collins, Peter Gabriel (with fright mask), Steve Hackett and Mike Rutherford.

“Hello, I’m Tony. . .”

Crikey! It *is*. Next they’ll be telling me that the vase on the table is actually Mike Rutherford, the third member of Genesis. But they don’t – Mike can’t be here today because he’s rehearsing for an American tour with his other group Mike & The Mechanics. But then the members of Genesis are always working on several thousand different projects at once. And, in fact, before making their new LP (called, like the single, “Invisible Silence”) they hadn’t been together for a year and a half. There was even considerable speculation that, after the enormous success of his last solo LP “No Jacket Required”, Phil wouldn’t bother to return to Genesis at all. But he did.

“Why we still do Genesis,” explains Tony, “is that we feel we can do something different with the four of us writing together to what we do as individuals.”

“Um,” says Phil, a touch embarrassed, “the *three* of us. Tony’s still in 1976 (*the last time Genesis did have four members*).” It’s obviously been a *long* time since these three have had to be interviewed as members of Genesis. . .

◀ Genesis now (L-R): Mike Rutherford, Phil Collins and Tony Banks



# IS

They were discovered by Jonathan King and became one of the most successful “progressive” “rock” groups of the ’70s despite the fact that their singer, Peter Gabriel, wore a lawnmower on his head. And, talking of lawnmowers . . .

Phil, Tony and Mike have been making pop music for a long time now. Eighteen years to be exact – ever since Tony, Mike and couple of other posh public school “chums” got together in 1968 and formed Genesis with Peter Gabriel as the singer. Phil joined as a drummer a couple of years later, the group was “discovered” by dodgy pop singer and general media person Jonathan King and they became one of the most successful “progressive rock” groups ever (which means they sung very long complicated songs about mythical

“I must admit I’m incredibly ignorant of the charts. I sometimes look at the Top 30 and don’t know one song in it.”

– Tony Banks

creatures with daft names and Peter Gabriel pranced around on stage with a lawnmower on his head).

“Yes,” sighs Tony, “looking back, some of our songs haven’t survived that well, but some of it does. But pop music should be contemporary – it’s for now and it should appeal to people who are around now. It’s important that a lot of young people should like what we do.”

Certainly they did all those years ago. Until, that is, Peter Gabriel walked out in 1974. Everyone assumed that Genesis would sail straight down the dumper without their strange, charismatic singer. But far from it. After extensive auditions to find a new singer they eventually settled on Phil Collins (who carried on drumming as well) and started writing more long complicated songs, still mostly about mythical creatures with daft names. And, though over the years the songs have become shorter, the tunes less complicated and the lyrics more sensible, Genesis have carried on being a very, very successful group. In fact they can only see one thing that might get in their way. . .

“We’re crowding the airwaves a bit,” chuckles Tony, “with Genesis and ex-Genesis ‘product’. There’s ‘Sledgehammer’ in the Top 20, Mike & The Mechanics doing well and Phil’s ‘Take Me Home’ is still in the charts in the States. I’m just worried if there’s going to be enough room for ‘Invisible Silence,’” he laughs. “That’s the only one I’m really worried about – the others can all go to hell.

“The thing is,” he says, “it proves what I’ve thought for a long time – there isn’t really enough competition in this particular area of music – songs with perhaps just a little bit more thought in. Apart from someone like Kate Bush, there’s not many other people doing it. . .”

You could be forgiven for thinking that Genesis don’t think too much of today’s pop music.

“I must admit I’m just incredibly ignorant of the charts,” says Tony. “I sometimes look at the Top 30 and don’t know one song in it. If I listen to the radio I usually listen to Radio 4 – when I do turn on Radio 1 it’s usually only for two or three songs. I just find it a bit too formulaised.”

Hmmmm. But Phil Collins produces or plays drums on just about every record in the charts – surely he’s a little better. . . informed.

“Er, no. I’m not. . .” he says, hiding his face in his hands. “If you worked in a garage or an office or as a commercial traveller you’d listen to the radio all day, but when I go home from this,” he waves his hand towards the cowshed where their studio is, “you don’t want to listen to music. I collect records – I’ve got thousands of them and hundreds of CDs. But I buy them saying ‘one day I’m going to listen to that’ and I never do.” He grimaces. “I. . . er, sort of think of The Police as a new band.”

But he has heard of A-ha. “I’ve met Morten a couple of times,” he says hesitantly, “he seems, er, very nice. What do I think of them? Well, it’s terrible to say what you think without abusing people but I really don’t like them. They’re Swedish, aren’t they? There’s just something about them that doesn’t have any. . . balls. I like Tears For Fears because their records have a lot of substance but some bands are just sort of. . . flat.”

He also reckons that “no slight on their ability” but it was luck that got them there with “that video”. Videos, you see, are something

“I’m quite happy to be a short, dumpy bloke in a comedy film.”

– Phil Collins

that Genesis seem to rather frown upon as one of the necessary evils of being a pop star in the ’80s.

“We’re not in this business to make films,” explains Tony, “we’re in it to make music”. But having said that, Phil is planning to pursue his new career as an actor following his recent appearance in *Miami Vice*.

“I spoke to them yesterday,” he reveals, “and they’re writing a script for the new series where the

spiv (the character played by Phil) returns. I enjoyed doing the first one tremendously – I thought I was good in it and I’m my own best critic. It was a big step for me to act again after doing it as a teenager – I had a couple of bad experiences then and I thought ‘I don’t need this’.”

He’s investigating all sorts of possible film roles including one about the ’60s great train robbers. But he’s determined not to repeat the mistakes of most pop stars who decide they want to be film stars.

“With people like Bowie,” he says, “there’s a glamour thing, whereas I know what I’ve got to work with. I’m quite happy to be a short, dumpy bloke in a comedy film.”

“A Bob Hoskins reject,” sniggers Tony.

A part from acting, Phil says his only other hobbies are watching the TV, having a quiet drink before popping off to bed in the evening and seeing his two children (from his first marriage) over the summer holidays. But even that presents problems.

“It’s really hard to do kids’ things,” he says, explaining that ever since his photo appeared on the sleeves of his solo LPs he’s been recognised everywhere. “It’s really hard to go to the beach or Disneyland because you always have to be rude to people. And I’m actually afraid sometimes to go into a pub because I know that if I go in on my own someone is going to come up and talk to me and all I want to do is have a drink.”

“I’m virtually never recognised,” Tony says, “and I wouldn’t like to be. I love playing music and writing music and that’s why I’m in this business – not to be recognised.” In fact, he says, he likes a very simple life – getting up at seven o’clock each morning to have breakfast with his children then maybe taking them over to play with the little Rutherfords. Or just pottering around the house or garden. Or working on a film score (he’s just released an LP of the best bits of his two scores so far including collaborations with Fish from Marillion, Toyah and Jim Diamond). And generally ignoring what’s going on in the pop business.

“The whole thing carries on regardless of us and we carry on regardless of what’s happening,” says Tony. “I think it’s because of that contrast that we’re popular. People are looking for things that aren’t part of the latest fashion.” And, they say, it doesn’t matter two figs how old they are or if they could be mistaken for the gardener.

“There’s lots of pop stars older than us,” says Tony. “I was told that one of the Pet Shop Boys was rather old the other day. Anyway,” he smiles, “we’re still younger than the Rolling Stones.”



▲ The many “faces” of Peter Gabriel: Number one: the Fish of Marillion “look” . . .



▲ . . . the utter hippie . . .



▲ . . . the singing chrysanthemum . . .



▲ . . . the, er . . . dressing up as Britannia in New York near the Statue Of Liberty . . .



● Photos: LFI

▲ . . . the, um, putting a stupid red thing on your head “look” . . .



● Photo: Andy Cattlin

▲ . . . and – eek! – as he is now.



# REVIEW SINGLES



REVIEWED BY DUNCAN WRIGHT

## SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

**THE BANGLES: Going Down To Liverpool (CBS)** I love The Bangles: they hardly do anything and yet they're hugely successful. They don't write their own hits, they don't always play very well "live" and when they do play they look soooo "nonchalant." But they do make wonderful popicious singles and that makes all the difference. "Going Down To Liverpool" is a re-released flop but so what? — it's a lovely, bangly, jangly pop song that makes you feel that we might actually get some "summer" at last (if only in three minute bursts).



**JAMES: So Many Ways (Sire)** James are a bunch of enthusiastic, cheerful and dedicated Manchester "lads" who don't seem to give a tinker's cuss whether they have hits or not. "So Many Ways" is a kind of modern folksy dirge with an uplifting chorus built from layers of vocal harmony. Unfortunately, their fresh "live" sound and total lack of slick production will probably prevent them from getting out to the new Radio 1 shrunken swizzaway "play"list. Shame.



**AURRA: Like I Like It (Ten)** Medium-paced cocktail bar nightclub disco, skipping pleasantly but unimaginatively across the dancefloor, and slinking unmemorably over the edge.

**VAN HALEN: Dreams (Warner)** Van Halen used to be the immaculate overkill "rock" group, featuring a "marriage" of the clever whizzy guitar bits of Eddie Van Halen and the ridiculous but admirable balletic pouncing about of the entertaining David Lee Roth. Sadly, the charismatic Mr Roth has left,

and Van Halen have become just another rock dinosaur. But they do make an effort to be exciting on "Dreams", and Eddie Van Halen is still the only proper rock guitarist who is amusing to listen to. Er, not my cup of tea, of course...

**PAUL HARDCASTLE: Foolin' Yourself (Chrysalis)** The singer on this (Kevin Henry) has got quite a nice snappy voice, and the beat is brisk, tight and crisp — good dancefloor qualities, but being a Paul Hardcastle song the singer sounds like he's not quite allowed to let rip and steal the show, and like all Paul Hardcastle songs, it never really takes off.

**TRACIE YOUNG: We Should Be Together (Polydor)** Tracie Young used to be just "Tracie", a young thing nurtured into teenage semi-stardom by the benevolent "uncle" Paul Weller, but here she is with a much lower (and much improved) voice, singing a pretty reasonable, sprightly chartbound-type "number". Not bad, not bad.

**BILLY BRAGG: Levi Stubbs' Tears (Go Discs)** For a long time, Billy Bragg has been about the only politically motivated English singer not to trip over a soapbox every time he opens his mouth. And all he's ever needed is his voice and a guitar. But here he has added some percussion, keyboards, a bit of harmony

and some "production" — and (hey presto!) the coarse strength of his old approach is gone. It seems a shame, especially as his gruff old voice is a bit swallowed up, but the words and subject matter (about the lead singer of the Four Tops) are not as strong as usual anyway. Oh dear.



**DRUM THEATRE: Home (Is Where The Heart Is) (Epic)** Looking like the kind of pretty boys who formed a group to "be famous" rather than to make any particular kind of music, Drum Theatre have "drummed" up a surprisingly groovy tune. This one digs in earnestly and builds up and up, piling on the momentum. Never mind the contrived ethnic outfits, this record could well be a hit.

**INXS: Listen Like Thieves (Mercury)** A steady rocker this one. All drums and guitar, slogging along at an unbelievably dull pace, providing plenty of opportunity for some hideous macho posing on the video. "The pits", as macho rockers go.



**BIG COUNTRY: The Teacher (Phonogram)** Another very Scottish guitar anthem, monstrously epic and a definite case of Stuart Adamson taking himself too seriously once again. From the guitar overkill in the beginning, middle and end, to the cringe-worthily predictable shout of "Hah!" halfway through, Big Country sound as though they've just wheeled out another ode to their own majestic tediousness, and are really becoming a bit of a pain.



**TALKING HEADS: This Must Be The Place (Sire)** Talking Heads now have a different British record company, so the old one are predictably trying to make some cash from the old stuff. This could mean endless tired old re-releases, but in the case of a chestnut like this one, who cares? It's absolutely ruddy marvellous! A dreamy little holiday of a song that transports you away on funny bendy notes, interesting choppy beats and charming lyrics and is just... yummy.

**PETE MURPHY: Blue Heart (Beggars Banquet)** A long time ago, the world was flat and Pete Murphy sang songs about vampires and things in a chilling, doomy band called Bauhaus, who were followed around by a whole tribe of "gothic" punks. Nowadays he sings the same kind of songs, only slightly funk-ed-up, and they sound extremely empty and pointless. Someone should put a stake through his heart.

**LOVE & ROCKETS: Kundalini Express (Beggars Banquet)** This is the rest of Bauhaus, and what a nasty little grinder of a guitar record they've turned up with here. "Kundalini Express" sounds like a Chas & Dave version of The Beatles "Magical Mystery Tour", as the old '60s clichés are trotted out in the most idiotic of ways. Straight down the dumper with this one.

**KATRINA AND THE WAVES: Sun Street (Capitol)** Yuk! A horrible tum-ti-tum rhythm barely carrying along some very dumb sentiments about the simple things in life making Katrina feel "free". (Just cheap, really...)

**FORCE M.D.'s: Here I Go Again (Tommy Boy)** A great big swoony croonerama of slush this, and listening to it is a bit like drinking gallons of MacDonald's so-called milk-shakes i.e. very sweet, and bound to make you sick sooner or later (unless you have an unquenchable appetite for lipsmacking lurve songs and milk-shakes...)



**BOX OF FROGS: Average (Epic)** Featuring old Jack-the-lad cockney lan Dury, gratuitously slagging off Mr and Mrs Normal in suburbia for no particular reason and with no particular wit. A bit of a smug cliché in its own way really. Average (tee hee).

**ROBERT PALMER: I Didn't Mean To Turn You On (Island)** Well, it's old smoothie features himself, singing — guess what? A smoothie song with pervy overtones, about how he "accidentally" caused some "lady" to really fancy him (must have been his modest charm), but he won't come up with the rumpy-pumpy. What a vain cad! Still, it's all pretty slick and probably destined for high places.



# REVIEW

# ALBUMS

**QUEEN: A Kind Of Magic (EMI)** It's hard to believe this is Queen's fourteenth album, although "A Kind Of Magic" proves that they've changed very little since the mid-'70s. There's the traditional over-the-top theatrical rock anthems, but also a couple of orchestrated ballads and a brilliant Tamla Motown tribute called "Pain Is So Close To Pleasure", which could have come straight from Diana Ross. The album falters slightly with some ludicrously self-indulgent heavy metal bits and very silly lyrics (about "princes of the universe", "immortality", and "having the blood of kings") but apart from that Queen are still riding on the crest of a wave after Live Aid. And, judging by the mad scramble for concert tickets this summer, they don't seem able to put a foot wrong. **(7 out of 10)**

Simon Braithwaite



**PETE SHELLEY: Heaven And The Sea (Mercury)** Pete Shelley used to be "frontman" for the Buzzcocks, one of the most inspired groups to emerge in the late '70s and, unlike other angry young men of that period, he hasn't become slick and sophisticated, just a little less brash. His third solo album is a collection of lightweight jangling melodies and quirky love songs, hugely enjoyable except when they occasionally lapse into the odd monotonous dirge. "Endearing". **(7 out of 10)**

Colette Campbell

**STING: Bring On The Night (A&M)** Usually I can never see the point of live albums. They rarely capture any of the thrills and spills of a performance, but this one is a definite exception. Sting works his way through some gutsy vocals, jittery jazz keyboards, slinky rhythms and driving drums. All his best Police and solo songs are here, from "We Work The Black Seam" to "Demolition Man". **(7 out of 10)**

Deborah Sippitts

**THE HOUSEMARTINS: London 0 Hull 4 (Go! Discs)** Quite possibly the brightest band in Britain, The Housemartins' jingly, jaunty tunes and no-nonsense lyrics make this, their first LP, a complete and utter joy. Sprinting pop this is – the Hull boys whizzing along with sprightly guitars, manic mouth-organ and the sweetest of harmonies – wrapping their worker's party opinions in some of the happiest sounds ever made. And they sing ballads – gospel ballads – and sheer inspiration they are as well, just trillsome-voiced Paul Heaton, a piano and a lot of soul. My Housemartins badge now says "The Housemartins are quite brilliant". **(9½ out of 10)**

Sylvia Patterson

**THE WOODENTOPS: Giant (Rough Trade)** "Giant" is one of the best LPs ever made. It's one of those ones that, the second you put it on, you feel instantly...um, better – even though you weren't particularly miserable in the first place. There's a bigger variation of noises here than at Whipsnade Zoo: flamenco guitars, chainsaw guitars, tootsome trumpets, organ bleeps, wheezing accordians, mad drums and the chirpy clippity clop of their famous wooden skulls (the name of an instrument...). Their tunes are jingly, tingly, rumbly and breezy – and for once the lyrics are happy. Genius has come among us... (and I'm off now before I embarrass myself completely...). **(9¾ out of 10)**

Sylvia "P.S. I Am Mad" Patterson



**THE SMITHS: The Queen Is Dead (Rough Trade)** "I had a really bad dream/It lasted 20 years 7 months and 27 days/Never had no one ever". Who else but Morrissey? Befuddled, beleaguered Morrissey? Here he comes again, caterwauling in his inimitable fashion, "singing" about loneliness, a past lost forever, despair, the futility of stupid religion, death, that sort of thing. Johnny Marr seems to write the music from a completely contrary viewpoint, as always: "Never Had No One Ever" sounds like a sweet lurve song, "Cemetery Gates" a fragile "ballad". All deliberate, no doubt. The guitars are great; some of the words are marvellous, others like scratchings on a Fifth Form desk (Morrissey = half genius half buffoon). The Smiths aren't like anybody else. The Smiths are quite good. **(8 out of 10)**

Tom Hibbert

**GENESIS: Invisible Touch (Virgin)** Appearing in *Miami Vice* must have gone to Phil Collins's head because the new Genesis LP sounds like a collection of theme tunes from boring American TV programmes. Ideas were bound to be short for their umpteenth album, but that's no excuse for producing a collection of songs – about trying to save the world, the human race and relationships before it's too late – which are more like rejects from Phil's solo work. Average. **(5 out of 10)**

Helen Mead

# VIDEOS

**MARILLION: Marillion 1982-86 – The Videos (PMI, £14.99)**

"Hullo evrrybuddy out there in videoland" peeps Fish rather embarrassingly, sitting in front of some TV screens and introducing his very own video collection. "These videos might seem like an Agatha Christie movie – The Case Of The Missing Hair." He jests not. This sorry tale of a barnet's downfall begins in 1982 with "Market Square Heroes" when his locks positively flowed. And yet by "Lady Nina" of this year they're mere wisps of their former selves – obliterated by four years of "popdom". In between, of course, there's some tunes'n'scenes – from when Marillion wore dodgy make-up and straitjackets to gate-crashing posh garden parties to the kilted, bearded and dewy-eyed "angst" of "Lavender". All these eight videos have their own misty touches, far too much slow motion, some very horrible close-ups of amaz' fretwork and are very arty (i.e. you don't know what's going on half the time). And each is introduced by one member of the group making an appropriate "witticism" while the others hover about in the background trying to look as if they're enjoying themselves. Finally, back comes Fish to sigh wistfully "just what did happen to all that hair...?" Never mind, oh watery one, soon you'll not only sound like Phil Collins – you'll look just like him as well.



Sylvia Patterson

**KATE BUSH: The Hair Of The Hound (PMI, £9.99)**

Whether you like this or not probably depends on whether you're interested in the "Mysterious One" prancing about in a leotard, togged up in dungarees or "givin' it loads" encased in what appears to be 20 yards of Bacofoil, or fancy attempting to figure out the obscure storylines. I don't so I'm probably a bit of a spoilsport to point out that this collection contains only four videos – the singles from the "Hounds Of Love" album.



Colette Campbell

# FILM

**Bring On The Night (PG, 97 minutes)**

"We wanted to make a film about the beginning, the formation of a group of musicians from different areas," says Sting, but in spite of this intention his new film is really just about... Sting. There are lots of bits of his group rehearsing and a fair amount of concert footage, but huge chunks are taken up with Sting's pregnant girlfriend, the birth of their child and snippets of various people saying what a brilliant chap he is. The "live" stuff is pretty reasonable but the way that Sting is portrayed throughout "Bring On The Night" is so flattering that one word springs instantly to mind. "Ego".



# BOOK



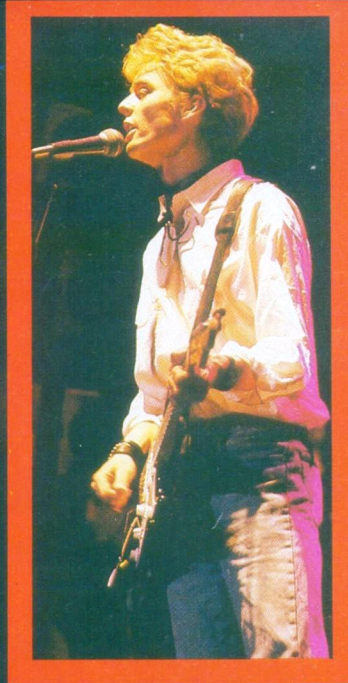
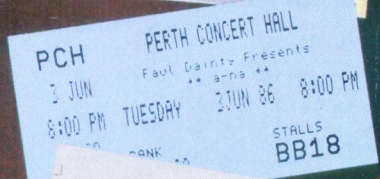
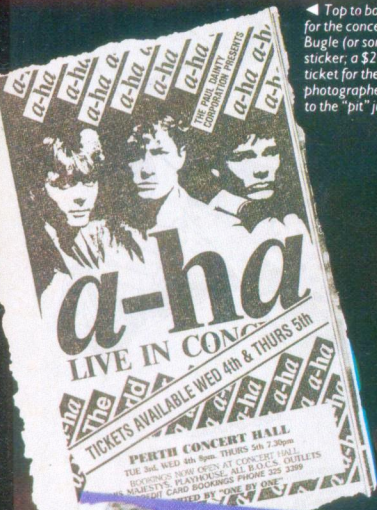
**Ultra (by Peter Paul Hartnett, Virgin Books, £3.99)** This is pretty good going: **Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik** have only had two hits and already we have the official book. And, as you might suppose with such a new group, it's not "War And Peace." Instead there's hundreds of Polaroid snapshots of them and their friends, fans and assorted weirdos interspersed with a load of waffle about Sputnik clothing factories in South East Asia and the future of rock 'n' roll. These blokes are having a giggle at someone else's expense.

• **Weird but true space fact:** Pluto is not always the outermost planet. Once, during each of its orbits of the sun, it crosses the path of Neptune and, at some time in the distant future, it is very likely that the two planets will collide. Normally the collision of two planets would result in massive destruction, leaving the scientists with millions of new bits of rock to name. In this case, however, thanks to Pluto's pathetic stature in comparison to Neptune's vast bulk, the result of the collision would be akin to a moth hitting a brick wall.



# REVIEW CONCERT

◀ Top to bottom: an advertisement for the concert in The Perth Daily Bugle (or something like that); a sticker, a \$24.80 (i.e. about £10.50) ticket for the show and a photographer's pass (allowing access to the "pit" just in front of the stage).



▲ Paul...



▲ Two of the "official" A-ha badges on sale at the concert.





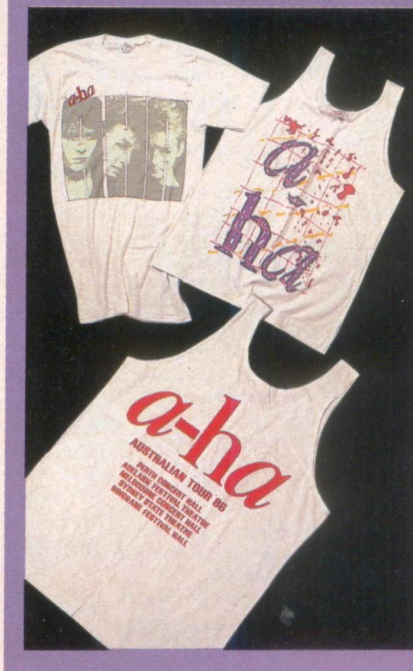


▲ ... and Mags "delivering" a pretty "tight" "set". (Quite good, actually.)

### A-ha Concert Song List

- Train Of Thought
- Love Is Reason
- Living A Boy's Adventure Tale
- Gry Wolf
- The Blue Sky
- Manhattan
- The Sun Always Shines On T.V.
- Driftwood
- Here I Stand And Face The Rain
- Whales
- And You Tell Me
- Hunting High And Low
- Dream Myself ALive
- Scoundrel Days
- ENCORE: Take On Me

▲ A-ha's song list. (Groups often tape a copy of a list like this to the back of speakers, under their "keyboards" etc. So, when they forget what song comes next, they can cheat.)



▲ The official (and rather horrible) A-ha tour t-shirt and "hunky" singlet (front 'n' back view).

Photos: Ross Barnet

# A-HA IN AUSTRALIA

It's just after 3.00 a.m. on Sunday June 1 at Perth Airport. In the "lounge" a ginormous gaggle of persons are clutching banners and confessing that usually they'd be fast asleep at this time on a Sunday morning. But not today – because at any moment a very famous pop group from Norway are expected to come a-waltzing through customs and the fans are determined to give them a welcome befitting the beginning of this, A-ha's first World Tour... Someone's coming through the gate now! "SquurreeeeeEEEEEEEEEEK!!" Oh, hang on... that's not Pål – just some business bloke "down" "under" for his hols... "SquuuuuurrrrrEEEEEEEL!" ... Hmmm, that's not them either...

Finally, after an hour's wait and a hundred such false alarms, the Scandinavian trio emerge and everyone goes currazzeeee. Flash-guns pop, persons squeal their heads off, banners are waved like billy-o – but A-ha are looking very weary indeed and so only a few autographs get signed before the chaps are whizzed off to their hotel and bed...

For the next couple of days (the first concert is on Tuesday), the group keep a low profile. Morten and Mags seem to spend most of their time snoozing off their "jet lag",

**"We haven't done any songs live on stage before," announces Mags in mock apology and a bra lands on stage nearby...**

while Pål is slightly more energetic, taking a longish stroll with his American girlfriend to a Perth park to take in the panoramic views of Australia's third largest city.

Come Tuesday morning and things are beginning to stir in the A-ha "camp". They hold an impromptu press conference (but as this is for the Norwegian press contingent, no-one else can understand a word they say), and after that they and their three backing musicians (bass player Leif Karsten Johansen, drummer Michael Sturgio and keyboard player Dag (rather an unfortunate name, here, as "dag" is Australian slang for a sheep poo) Kolsrud) do a spot of very serious rehearsing'n'soundchecking. Finally it's time for the concert...

It is essential for your own safety to remain in your seats!" booms a stern voice over the P.A. at the Perth Concert Hall. This only encourages the 1,700 fans gathered here to witness A-ha's first ever live performance to scream even louder. It's 8.58 pm. A banner is waving from the balcony proclaiming "We Love U A-ha – Take On Us", while at the front the massed fans seem ready to storm the barricades. Three minutes later the house lights dim and, as the curtains draw back revealing a group of figures swathed in reddish clouds of dry ice (man), there's the most gigantic roar ever created by mankind. Yus! It's THEM!! Two of the figures move slowly to the front of the stage. The smoke clears. It's Mags and Pål. With a couple of bounds, Morten

leaps down to join them and – banza!! – a shower of soft toys and roses flung from the audience rains down upon the three as they burst into "Train Of Thought". Blimey! For their first ever concert, this lot don't sound too bad. Not that the quality of performance seems to matter very much to this audience: every time Morten so much as blinks, he sets off another round of delirious squeals and swooning throughout the auditorium. And when he takes off his denim tour jacket during "Living A Boy's Adventure Tale" to reveal a black A-ha singlet and a pair of "bulging" "biceps"... Well!!

The hordes are lapping it up and Morten is revelling in the adulation: during "Whales" he leaps into the photographers pit to lay his hands on the front row of fans. Meanwhile, Mags has left his keyboards and is bouncing about the stage like a kangaroo – Pål with a rose strapped to his microphone is more subdued, but perky nonetheless. "We haven't done any songs live before," announces Mags in mock apology and a bra lands on stage nearby. Corks! "How many people speak Norwegian here?" asks Mags and a forest of hands shoots up, several waving Norwegian flags. "I don't believe you!" he yells.

The group finish with "Scoundrel Days", a new song (rumoured to be the title of their next LP) and immediately return for an encore.

"You probably haven't heard this song before," quips Mags as the group launch into "Take On Me". The crowd go utterly bonkers, Pål and Morten go utterly bonkers, dicing with death down in the pit once more, Mags goes utterly bonkers, doing handstands all over the place and... "Thank you and goodnight." They bound off and that is it.

Three hours later, 2.00 am on Wednesday morning, Morten is still looking remarkably jaunty as he chats in the foyer of the Orchard Hotel.

"Tonight was brilliant!" he exclaims. "You come out on stage and you find these kids screaming and that's what it's all about. They pay their money and they come along to enjoy themselves." He's absolutely right.



▲ Backing group Dag, Fag and Bag... oh, sorry – Dag, Leif and Michael.

● Weird but true space fact: The planet Mars has a large cross to bear... its moons, Phobos and Deimos. They're so useless they cannot even be given a standard diameter, due to the fact they resemble giant potatoes.

◀ Biceps a-bulgin', Morten tries to make himself heard over 1700 screams and screeches.



# Prince - Mountains

Once upon a time in a land called fantasy  
Seventeen mountains stood so high  
The sea surrounded them and together they will be  
The only thing that ever made u cry

U said the devil told u that another mountain would appear  
Every time somebody broke your heart  
He said the sea would 1 day overflow with all your tears  
And love will always leave you lonely

### *Chorus*

I say it's only mountains and the sea  
Love will conquer if u just believe (oh yeah)  
It's only mountains and the sea  
There's nothing greater ah ha than u and me

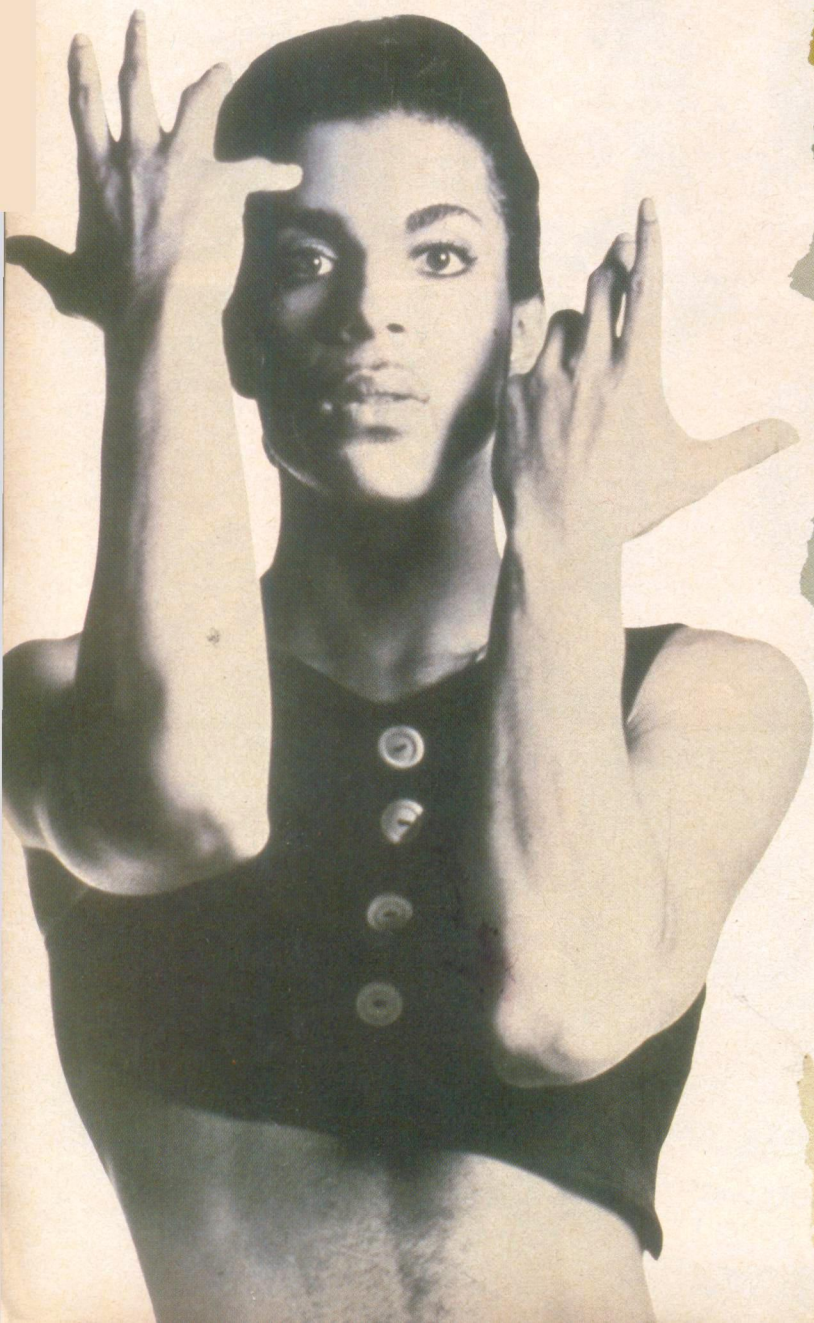
Once upon a time in a haystack of despair  
Happiness sometimes hard to find (yeah)  
Africa divided hijack in the air  
It's enough 2 make u want 2 lose your mind

### *Repeat chorus*

Guitars and drums on the one huh (oh)

It's only mountains (oh yeah) and the sea  
And the girls say  
There's nothing greater ah ha than u and me

Words and music by Prince And The Revolution  
Reproduced by permission Warner Bros Music Ltd  
On WEA Records



# Too Good To Be Forgotten





# otten-Amazulu

Too good to be forgotten  
Too good to be forgotten

Benny was a boy I met  
While walking home one day  
He made me forget my marbles  
He said he had another  
Now what more can I say  
Just one of the reasons  
Why I've got him by my side today

**Chorus**  
He was just too good to be forgotten  
Now what more can I say  
Too good to be forgotten  
No I'll never let him get away  
One in a million people  
Shout it from the highest steeple  
He's just one of the few  
Got my mind  
Got my life wrapped up in love

Well his hair was shiny long and black  
It smelled so sweet and bright  
I thought of him and dreamed of him  
All night after night  
I love the ground he walks on  
The very air he breathes  
I ain't never gonna leave him  
'Cause I'm as happy as I can be

**Repeat chorus**

He was too good to be forgotten  
Now what more can I say  
Too good to be forgotten  
No I'll never let him get away  
**Repeat last four lines**

He was too good to be forgotten  
Now what more can I say  
Fifty million reasons  
Why I'll never let him get away

He was too good to be forgotten  
Now what more can I say  
Too good to be forgotten  
No I'll never let him get away  
**Repeat to fade**

Words and music by E. Record B. Acklin  
Reproduced by permission Intersong Music Ltd  
On Island Records



## Bananarama - Venus

GODDESS ON A MOUNTAIN TOP BURNING LIKE A SILVER FLAME  
SUMMIT OF BEAUTY AND LOVE AND VENUS WAS HER NAME

**CHORUS**  
SHE'S GOT IT YEAH BABY SHE'S GOT IT  
I'M YOUR VENUS I'M YOUR FIRE AT YOUR DESIRE  
WELL I'M YOUR VENUS I'M YOUR FIRE AT YOUR DESIRE  
HER WEAPONS WERE HER CRYSTAL EYES MAKING EVERY MAN MAD  
BLACK AS A DARK NIGHT SHE HAS GOT WHAT NO ONE ELSE HAD

**REPEAT CHORUS**

(VENUS)

**REPEAT CHORUS**

GODDESS ON A MOUNTAIN TOP BURNING LIKE A SILVER FLAME  
SUMMIT OF BEAUTY AND LOVE AND VENUS WAS HER NAME

**REPEAT CHORUS**

(VENUS WAS HER NAME)  
YEAH BABY SHE'S GOT IT  
**REPEAT TO FADE**

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ROBERT LEEUWEN/REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION ISLAND MUSIC LTD/ON LONDON RECORDS

## GREAT NEW COLOUR POSTERS

36"x24" ONLY £2-25 EACH PLUS POST & PACKING



## Janet Jackson - Nasty

Give me a beat  
Sitting in the movie show thinking nasty thoughts  
Better be a gentleman or you'll turn me off  
That's right let me tell you

**Chorus**  
Nasty nasty boys don't mean a thing  
Oh you nasty boys  
Nasty nasty boys don't ever change  
Oh you nasty boys

I don't like no nasty car I don't like nasty food  
Ooh ooh yeah  
The only nasty thing I like is a nasty groove  
Will this one do  
Uh huh I know I said

**Repeat chorus**

Nasty nasty boys give me a nasty groove  
Oh you nasty boys  
Nasty nasty boys  
Let me see your nasty body move  
Oh you nasty boys

I could learn to like this listen up  
I'm not a prude (no) I just want some respect (that's right)  
So close the door if you want me to respond (ooh yeah)  
'Cause privacy is my middle name  
My last name is control  
No my first name ain't baby it's Janet  
Miss Jackson if you're nasty (nasty)

**Repeat chorus**

Nasty boys don't mean a thing  
Oh you nasty boys don't mean a thing to me  
Nasty don't mean a thing  
Oh you nasty boys  
I love this part

Hey who's that thinking nasty thoughts (nasty boys)  
Who's that in that nasty car (nasty boys)  
Who's that eating that nasty food (nasty boys)  
Who's jamming to my nasty groove (nasty boys)  
Ladies nasty boys don't mean a thing  
Oh you nasty boys

Words and music by James Harris III/Terry Lewis/Janet Jackson  
Reproduced by permission CBS Songs Ltd/ On A&M Records







# DURAN DURAN



From every nook they came – a-fluttering and a-muttering onto the *Get Smart* desk; one zillion pieces of paper with questions about the croonsome fivesome on them. No longer can we ignore their mounting presence – so, at last, we bring you, **The Answer To Every Duran Duran Question Ever “Posed”** (well, a few of them, anyway).

## Could you tell me where Andy Taylor’s restaurant is and what it’s like?

*Simon le Bon’s 14th eyelash on his left eye, Newcastle.*

● Well, it’s called (ahem) “Rio” and *Get Smart*, ever thorough in its pursuit of knowledge (i.e. being nosy), sent along starving “reporter” Lola Borg and photographer Tim Bauer to find out if it was any good . . .



by Graham Jenkinson, the chef and co-owner of Rio. “I’ve known Andy since he was 17,” said Graham (who claims to be 18¾, ho ho). “We met at a social club. He was going around boasting about how he’d just drunk ten pints.” They played together in a group called Action until Andy replied to an advertisement in a music paper for a guitarist. He got the job and joined Duran Duran. And, talking of that lot, had they ever been to the restaurant?

“Yeah, once,” said Graham. “They were filming for *Razzmatazz* up the road in Newcastle and they all came in with their managers and some other people. There was about 15 of them. They had their meal and then they didn’t pay the bill! I was dead miffed!”

## After I sent in my favourite Duran record list I thought “Hot Diggity” (You thought what? – Ed.). Could you find out what the favourites of Duran themselves are?

*Jill Young, Perthshire.*

● We scoured the high roads, we scorched the low roads, we swam o’er seas and flew o’er trees and managed to “locate” Simon and Nick on this one – so here’s their favourite Duran Duran records in order:

### Simon

- 1 “View To A Kill”
  - 2 “Is There Something I Should Know?”
  - 3 “The Chauffeur”
  - 4 “Careless Memories”
  - 5 “Like An Angel”
- (He also “quite liked” “Secret Oktober”, “Seventh Stranger”, “Union Of The Snake” and “Wild Boys”)

### Nick

- 1 “The Chauffeur”
- 2 “Secret Oktober”
- 3 “Seventh Stranger”
- 4 “Union Of The Snake”
- 5 “View To A Kill”

We asked you to write in and tell us what you reckoned were the *best* and the *worst* Duran Duran records ever made. And here are the results . . .

### THE BEST

- 1 “Save A Prayer”
- 2 “Wild Boys”
- 3 “The Reflex”
- 4 “View To A Kill”
- 5 “Girls On Film”
- 6 “The Chauffeur”
- 7 “Is There Something I Should Know?”
- 8 “Rio”
- 9 “Planet Earth”
- 10 “Careless Memories”

### THE WORST

- 1 “Wild Boys”
- 2 “Union Of The Snake”
- 3 “Tel Aviv”
- 4 “View To A Kill”
- 5 “Careless Memories”
- 6 “Tiger Tiger”
- 7 “The Seventh Stranger”
- 8 “The Chauffeur”
- 9 “Nightboat”
- 10 “New Moon On Monday”

**Is it true that John Taylor sang one of the songs on the Power Station LP? I’ve listened to it loads of times**

**and I can’t tell which one it could be.**

*Duran fan, Liverpool.*

● That’s probably because he didn’t sing on it at all – it was Andy! And the song he sang is called “Harvest For The World”.

**When will there be a new Duran single and album? And is there no chance of Roger staying in the group?**

*Karen H. Kai.*

● The new tunes will be out in late autumn/winter, “definitely”. There’s no sign of Roger spooking back to join the merriment. “He’ll always have a place in the group if he wants it,” is the official Duran statement, but as that seems unlikely they’ll just keep on using various session men in the meantime.

**I’m a sailing freak as well as a Duran fan so I’m very interested in Simon’s yacht *Drum*. Is there anywhere I can get some information?**

*Corine Cupen.*

● If you can wait a bit, the official book all about *Drum* – the race, the crew and the whole “adventure” – will be coming out in October. It’s to be published by Sidgwick & Jackson and will be written by Simon *himself* (along with crew member Neil Cheston, ha!) There will also be a film documentary all about it later on in the year and probably a video too. Hurrah/glug!

**I was looking through my parents’ record collection the other day and came across a Cissy Houston (Whitney’s mum) LP called “Think It Over”. I think that the cover of Duran’s “Rio” must be based on Cissy’s LP because they’re very similar. Could you find out?**

*Someone who loves Neil Tennant a lot, Berkshire.*

● The “Rio” sleeve is definitely an original – designed by a famous fashion illustrator called Nagel. Nick, being the arty one, was a big fan of Nagel’s and drafted him in especially for the cover. As for Cissy’s LP, your parents must be the only people on the planet to have a copy because we’ve hunted high and low and in and out and

● Weirdest true space facts: If the sun blew up as you were reading this “fact”, you wouldn’t know anything about it for 8.3 minutes – that’s how long it takes for the sun’s light to reach the earth. And then you’d be vapourised. . . instantly.

Located slap in the middle of Whitley Bay seafront and painted in rather sickly “pastel” colours, The Rio Restaurant And Wine Bar looks more like a huge Italian ice cream than a pop star “haunt”. “Andy Taylor?” said the bloke outside cleaning the menu board. “We’ve only seen him three times in three years.” Still, we picked our way past the burly “bouncers” and into the wine bar. Decorated in pale pinks and greens, there’s lots of neon signs, the waitresses, dressed in summery clothes, were teetering around on very high stilettos and the place was packed. “It’s a good place to pick up lads,” confided the barmaid as we made our way up to the restaurant section.

Upstairs the restaurant looked more like a Berni Inn than the sort of swish eateries you associate with Duran Duran and, even though it’s 9 o’clock on a Saturday night, the place was empty. We sat near a window overlooking the bay and ordered our starters – prawn cocktails (£1), which turned out to be tiny, rubbery and rather tasteless. But when the main courses arrived – a Pizza Funghi (i.e. a mushroom pizza, £2.25) for me and a Sirloin Steak with “Bar-B-Q” sauce (£5.00) for Tim – they were delicious.

As we finished the main course, the restaurant began filling up with people, one of them being Andy Taylor’s brother Ronnie, who looked more like a pop star than most pop stars and is something of a regular.

During dessert (chocolate fudge gateau with cream, 80p) were joined



▲ Rio’s manager Cameron Haggie (left) and chef/co-owner Graham Jenkinson.



But Graham doesn’t see an awful lot of his business partner these days. As he said: “Whitley Bay is a long, long way from Malibu.”

*The Rio Restaurant is at 57 North Parade, Whitley Bay, Tyne and Wear NE26 1NX. At the moment it’s only open on Friday and Saturday nights, though the wine bar downstairs is open every day. Booking is not always necessary.*



and (*That's enough places where you've looked for Cissy's LP - Ed.*). Probably it's just the style of the drawings that are alike.

**On the sleeve of Arcadia's "So Red The Rose" LP there are three rather strange drawings of Roger, Nick and Simon (I presume!) and underneath are these numbers - 50, 44, 28, 24, 50/42, 32, 20, 36/52, 32, 40, 44, 42. Am I right in saying these spell Roger, Nick and Simon? And the other numbers on the cover spell Taylor, Rhodes, ie Bon and "So Red The Rose"? And the ones on the single spell "Election Day"? Has anyone else thought of this? Do I get a prize?**  
Jackie Bates.

● No - but you're quite right. These numbers are a wheeze "invented" by Arcadia so they would have an element of anonymity (i.e. no-one would guess who they were - some chance) and they wouldn't just be cashing in on Duran fans. Certain numbers correspond with certain letters but no-one is spilling the beans as to what the code is. So here is an instant *Get Smart* competition: Crack the code and three packets of the new flavour *Hubba Bubba* are yours.

**Why does John Taylor not get to speak on "The Making Of Arena" video? Even Andy gets to talk!**  
Duran fan 18311.

● Why indeed? Was he thrown out of the group for a fortnight? Or covered in spots? Or had he been sent to Coventry after some foolish prank? "No, no, no," says a Duran spokesperson. "John wasn't in the country at the time and when they phoned him up in Los Angeles he said he wasn't too bothered and that they could make it without him." And so they did. But he is fully present in all of Duran's other vids. Which are? Well, as we're being very "factual" today there's:

■ "DURAN DURAN" - a compilation of the videos for the first eight singles (up to "Is There Something I Should Know?") as well as "Lonely In Your Nightmare", "Nightboat" and the rather naughty one for "The Chauffeur".

■ "SING BLUE SILVER" - an 85 minute documentary from their 1984 tour with lots of "live" songs.



■ "DANCING ON THE VALENTINE" - the videos for "The Reflex", "Union Of The Snake" and "New Moon On Monday".

■ "ARENA" - a 60 minute "film" (i.e. with a story) including lots of music from the "Arena" LP.

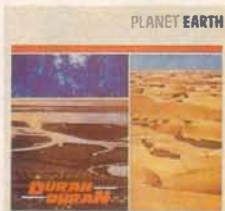
■ "THE MAKING OF ARENA" - a 50 minute film on how the Arena film was made, including interviews with all of the group. Except John, that is.

● **Weird but true space fact:** Many scientists believe that Pluto (the boring planet) isn't really a proper planet at all. The theory is that it was once a moon of Neptune, the next planet in towards the sun. Neptune, in

# THE COMPLETE (WELL, AL

# SINGL

## PLANET EARTH



▲ "Planet Earth"/"Late Bar" 7" - released Feb '81



▲ Planet Earth (Night Version)/"Planet Earth"/"Late Bar" 12"

## SAVE A PRAYER

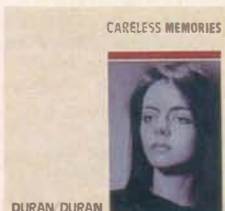


▲ "Save A Prayer"/"Hold Back The Rain" (remix) 7" - released Aug '82

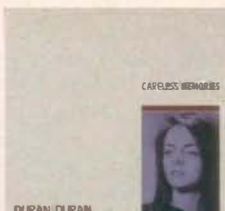


▲ "Save A Prayer"/"Hold Back The Rain" (remix) 12"

## CARELESS MEMORIES



▲ "Careless Memories"/"Khānādā" 7" - released April '81



▲ "Careless Memories"/"Fame"/"Khānādā" 12"

## RIO



▲ "Rio"/"The Chauffeur" (Blue Silver) 7" - released Nov '82



▲ "Rio (Part 2)"/"Rio (Part 1)"/"My Own Way" 12"

## GIRLS ON FILM



▲ "Girls On Film"/"Faster Than Light" 7" - released July '81



▲ "Girls On Film (Night Version)"/"Girls On Film"/"Faster Than Light" 12"

## IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW

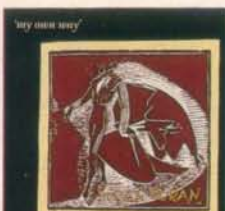


▲ "Is There Something I Should Know"/"Faith In This Colour" 7" - released March '83

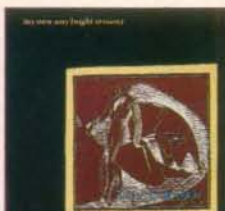


▲ "Is There Something I Should Know (Monster Mix)"/"Faith In This Colour" 12"

## MY OWN WAY



▲ "My Own Way"/"Like An Angel" 7" - released Nov '81



▲ "My Own Way (Night Version)"/"Like An Angel"/"My Own Way" 12"

## UNION OF THE SNAKE



▲ "Union Of The Snake"/"Secret Oktober" 7" - released Oct '83



▲ "Union Of The Snake" (12" Version)"/"Union Of The Snake"/"Secret Oktober" 12"

## HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF



▲ "Hungry Like The Wolf"/"Careless Memories" (live) 7" - released May '82



▲ "Hungry Like The Wolf (Night Version)"/"Careless Memories" (live) 12"

## NEW MOON ON MONDAY



▲ "New Moon On Monday"/"Tiger Tiger" 7" - released Jan '84



▲ "New Moon On Monday" (12" Version)"/"New Moon On Monday"/"Tiger Tiger" 12"



# MOST) DURAN DURAN DISCOGRAPHY

ES

ALBUMS

## THE REFLEX



▲ "The Reflex"/"Make Me Smile (Come Up And See Me)" 7" - released April '84



▲ "The Reflex (Dance Mix)"/"The Reflex"/"Make Me Smile (Come Up And See Me)" 12"



▲ "The Reflex (Dance Mix)"/"The Reflex"/"Make Me Smile (Come Up And See Me)" 12" picture disc

▶ "The Reflex"/"Make Me Smile (Come Up And See Me)" 7" poster sleeve



## WILD BOYS



▲ "Wild Boys"/"I'm Looking For) Cracks In The Pavement" 7" with, clockwise, Simon le Bon, John Taylor, Andy Taylor, Roger Taylor and Nick Rhodes sleeves - released Oct '84



▲ "Wild Boys"/"I'm Looking For) Cracks In The Pavement" 7" group sleeve



▲ "Wild Boys (Wilder Than Wild Boys)"/"Wild Boys"/"I'm Looking For) Cracks In The Pavement" 12"

## A VIEW TO A KILL



▲ "A View To A Kill"/"A View To A Kill (That Fatal Kiss)" 7" - released May '85

▼ "A View To A Kill"/"A View To A Kill (That Fatal Kiss)" white vinyl 7" gatefold sleeve



object boredom, must have "let it go".

V1



- 1 "Duran Duran": "Girls On Film"/"Planet Earth"/"Anyone Out There"/"To The Shore"/"Careless Memories"/"Night Boat"/"Sound Of Thunder"/"Friends Of Mine"/"Tel Aviv" - released June '81
- 2 "Rio": "Rio"/"My Own Way"/"Lonely In Your Nightmare"/"Hungry Like The Wolf"/"Hold Back The Rain"/"New Religion"/"Last Chance On The Stairway"/"Save A Prayer"/"The Chauffeur" - released May '82
- 3 "Seven And The Ragged Tiger": "The Reflex"/"New Moon On Monday"/"I'm Looking For) Cracks In The Pavement"/"I Take The Dice"/"Of Crime And Passion"/"Union Of The Snake"/"Shadows On Your Side"/"Tiger Tiger"/"The Seventh Stranger" - released Nov '83
- 4 "Arena" (Live album): "Is There Something I Should Know"/"Hungry Like The Wolf"/"New Religion"/"Save A Prayer"/"The Wild Boys"/"The Seventh Stranger"/"The Chauffeur"/"Union Of The Snake"/"Planet Earth"/"Careless Memories" - released Nov '84

## IMPORTS & FLEXIS

● Imports are foreign singles and LPs, usually featuring the same versions of songs you can get in Britain, but often made up into weird compilations and always in different sleeves. No-one is ever sure (including the record company) exactly what is available by a group on import, so it's usually down to browsing around as many big record stores as you can. (And paying a small fortune for something when you find it.) Here's what *Get Smart* found in a couple of shops in London's Oxford Street...



▲ "Tiger Tiger" (Japanese disco mix album): "The Reflex"/"Union Of The Snake"/"New Moon On Monday"/"Is There Something I Should Know"/"Tiger Tiger"



▲ "DMM mega-mixes" (German Mini LP): "Planet Earth (Night Version)"/"Girls On Film (Night Version)"/"Fame"/"Khānādā"/"Save A Prayer (Night Version)"



▲ "Duran Duran" (Japanese version of the first LP): The same as the British LP except it also includes "Is There Something I Should Know"



▲ "The Reflex" 12" (Spanish Version with different sleeve but the same versions as British 12")



▲ Flexi Disc (including excerpts of "Girls On Film"/"Rio"/"Hungry Like The Wolf"/"Save A Prayer"/"The Chauffeur"



▲ Interview Flexi-Disc given away free with *Smash Hits* - Sep '85



▲ "The Reflex" 7" (American poster sleeve)



● Sleeves courtesy of Assorted Images



# "THE CLASH WERE BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE

So says Mick Jones, ex-guitarist with old punks The Clash and now singer with B.A.D. And he has pretty strong views on everything else, too. From hippies ("I'm into chasing them out of town") to football commentators ("they're all sychophants") to Doctor & The Medics ("yuuuuk!!"). So what does he like? asks Lola Borg. "Sigue Sigue Sputnik – they're wicked and crucial." Phew!

The first thing that strikes you about Mick Jones is how thin he is. Painfully thin. Why? "Let's just say it's because I don't eat meat." Well, neither do I, but I don't look like a matchstick with the wood scraped off. He's also a self-confessed hypochondriac: perhaps that's why Big Audio Dynamite's new single "Medicine Show" appears to be all about a miracle cure of which "just one sip will make you well."

"I'm ill all the time, but I've got no time for doctors," says Mick.

Don's not crazy about them either. "Just being in a doctor's waiting room is bad enough for me," he says. "And the magazines are always so old! *Country Life*. . . and *Town And Country*. Yuk! I say take *Smash Hits* up to all your local doctors, folks!"

But whether he likes the medical profession or not, Mick clearly has an obsession of sorts about doctors. Why else should he suddenly start singing, for no obvious reason: "How would you like to be/On Emergency Ward Ten with me?", (to the tune of a famous yoghurt advert)? "What I would give for a moment or two/Under the plaster of Paris with you-hoo-hoo-hoo". Well! He follows this by humming a few bars of the theme tune from *Doctor Kildare* (weedy US TV doctor). "Dada da da-da-da. . . But *Ben Casey* is much hipper than *Doctor Kildare*," he proclaims.

And just who, exactly, is *Ben Casey* when he's at home?

"He was the competition to *Doctor Kildare*, but he was much wilder," he explains. Like Marcus Welby MD (a third weedy US TV doctor), you mean?

"Huh! Marcus Welby was soft in comparison to where *Ben Casey* was at. *Ben Casey* was the hardest screen doctor – ever!" shouts Mick.

"*Ben Casey* would give the kiss of life to AIDS victims," says Don.

"Yeah!" chimes in Mick. "He didn't care where he went or what he did. You can

still see *Ben Casey* in America sometimes in the afternoons. What we're going to do – because we remember these things – we're going to phone up Channel 4. Since they ain't going to show no pop videos they should show *Ben Casey*. So everyone can see it then. That's doctors and nurses for you."

Apart from watching medical programmes of a dubious nature on television, Mick and Don are also watching the World Cup. Or trying to. Mick is watching it on video and is three days behind. He doesn't have a terribly high opinion of football commentators, though.

"Football commentators! They're all awful. They're a bunch of sycophants and losers. Definitely. They should get a load of syrup of figs. (?) But in Brazil, they go 'GOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!" (he and Don shout and scream in unison) which is brilliant. Why can't they do that here, is all I can say." (Because we never score any goals probably.)



▲ The Clash on the cover of *Smash Hits* in December, 1979. (Mick is third from the left... snigger.)

Doctors. Football commentators. Who else doesn't Mick Jones like?

"Hippies. I'm not into hippies. I'm into chasing them out of town. I wouldn't want no hippies tromping all over my cows. I think they should all





# E ABOUT THEN, ARE ABOUT NOW...!!



Photo: Liam Woon

become New Romantics."

Does Mick Jones like The Clash (famous "punk rock" group he was in eons ago)? He becomes bashful, and attempts to skirt round the issue.

"They were about then, and we're about now. What I did always reflected my environment. That's how I always did it and it's the same now. What I'm into doing right now is getting a Super 8 camera and walking out — just there — (he means London's Soho) and pressing a trigger and making our next promo film. It's just great. You go out there and it's just great. Except it's the centre of the film industry and everyone would laugh at you if you walked down Wardour Street with a camera.

"But I really am going to make a film," he continues. "A home movie. A little baby one, just for myself. For my birthday. I like the idea of making a home movie into your promo. I'm going to do it and Don's going to show me how because I don't know. Ha ha ha."

Don is a dab-hand behind the lens, as a matter of fact; he's had something of a "distinguished" film "career", actually.

"I made a thing called *The Punk Rock Movie* which was shot on Super 8, like a home movie," he says modestly. Actually, it's quite a famous film and "stars" the Clash, the Sex Pistols and lots of other "punk rockers". He's also done squillions of videos. He produced all of the videos for the Clash, as well as some for Public Image, Musical Youth, Eddy Grant, The Pretenders and even one for Bob Marley.

"Then in about 1981, Mick said 'Look Don, don't waste time doing all those stupid videos. Come and join B.A.D. and make videos for us.' So I did."

But he doesn't make videos for them — he plays keyboards. He and Mick think up the ideas and then delegate the video work out to someone else. Now he doesn't even make horrible videos of people playing beach-ball when he goes on holiday.

"I never go on holiday. I get bored of sun, sea and sand. And anyway, I try to film something a bit more exciting than that. I like neon lights and police sirens and carbon monoxide and 24 hour noise. What I've stopped doing is making bad — oops! — I mean terrible videos for terrible groups. But if Prince turned round

and said, 'Don, make a video!' I'm sure I'd consider it."

Don and Mick are both rather keen on Prince, and are a tinge scathing about the rest of the charts.

"What's Number One?" asks Don. "Doctor & The Medics? Euuuuuuuuk! Do you know that Norman Greenbaum (old hippie who recorded the original version of "Spirit In The Sky") started a goat farm in America with the money he made from that one record and now he's famous for Greenbaum's Goat Milk? Doctor & The Medics could be some of his goats."

Surprisingly, they're not too keen on Chas and Dave's "Snooker Loopy" either.

"I've got to admit it's got a catchy tune," says Mick "But do I like it? No."

"I personally don't know who's buying these records," says Don. "Do you know anyone who's got it? No, neither do I. These records get high in the charts, and yet try and find someone who's got it. They're probably all at Butlins."

"I only like us and The Sputniks," Mick proclaims. Don agrees that the Sputniks are "wicked" and "crucial." "I like them because they've got good lyrics — all about watches and things."

What about B.A.D.'s lyrics? "Mick writes most of them and I'm his apprentice," says Don. And the weird bits on your records? "They're intelligently stolen from the media. We see the media as an instrument of the '80s. Where some people would stick in a guitar solo, we put in a bit of dialogue."

What about the fact that, in spite of all that, John Lydon thinks B.A.D. are a load of old codswallop?

"Well, that means we're good," says Don emphatically. "That's the new street-speak. It's double-speak. I definitely take that as a compliment."

Really? Time, I feel, for a change of subject, and it's back to the World Cup.

"My brother Desmond says Mexico's going to win and he's got 50 quid on it," says Don. Mick, though, wants England to win. It doesn't exactly look hopeful though, does it? "Never say die." He grimaces.

"Do you know what Oscar Wilde's last words were?" he suddenly asks for no apparent reason. Of course I do. "I suppose I shall have to die beyond my means." "No! 'Either that wallpaper goes or I do!' \* Ha ha ha."

Big Audio Dynamite: B.A.D., mad and dangerous to know. Ho ho.

\* He was right.



# Suzanne Vega

If you want me you can find me  
Left of center off the strip  
In the outskirts and in the fringes  
In the corner out of the grip

## REPEAT ABOVE

When they ask me what are you looking at  
I always answer nothing much not much  
I think they know that I'm looking at them  
I think they think I must be out of touch but I'm

Only in the outskirts and in the fringes  
On the edge and off the avenue  
And if you want me you can find me  
Left of center wondering about you

I think that somehow somewhere inside of us  
We must be similar if not the same  
So I continue to be wanting you  
Left of centre against the grain

And if you want me you can find me  
Left of center off the strip  
In the outskirts and in the fringes  
In the corner out of the grip

When they ask me what are you looking at  
I always answer nothing much not much  
I think they know that I'm looking at them  
I think they think I must be out of touch but I'm

Only in the outskirts and in the fringes  
On the edge and off the avenue  
And if you want me you can find me  
Left of center wondering about you

And if you want me you can find me  
Left of center wondering about you  
And if you want me you can find me  
Left of center wondering about you

Wondering about you  
Wondering about you

And if you want me you can find me  
Left of center wondering about you  
And if you want me you can find me  
Left of center wondering about you

Wondering about you  
Wondering about you

*Words and music by Suzanne Vega/Steve Addabbo  
Reproduced by permission Rondor Music (London) Ltd  
On A&M Records*



# Big Audio Dynamite

Covered wagon medicine show  
Take you to a place where  
The healing flows oh oh  
Weak in spirit we got the juice  
Won't save your soul it'll shine your shoes oh  
Treated king to kangaroo  
Santa Fe to Timbuktu oh oh  
Don't be fooled by imitation  
This is the stuff that cured a nation  
We took the tube and the high plains too  
Never stopped long just passing through  
A drop of the laughter of the maids of France  
Makes a hopeless cripple dance oh

## CHORUS

It was really vile weather  
When we got tarred and feathered  
You could hear the six guns sound  
As they chased us out of town

Oh oh in India we're all the rave  
Discovered that it's great as aftershave oh oh  
Dropped in the sea just off Japan  
Swapped twenty bottles for an aqua walkman oh  
Immunity from ridicule  
Improves your brains if you're a fool oh oh  
And I read in the Middle East  
They traded some for a hostage release  
Now if you're bald it'll give you hair  
If you got straight trousers it'll give you flares  
Feeling up you'll get depressed  
Out of style here's a brand new dress oh

## REPEAT CHORUS

The stuff we sell is just the best  
Passing all consumer tests oh oh  
Days of heaven nights of sin  
Voodoo stick and sharks fin  
When all around you seems like hell oh oh  
Just one sip will make you well  
Multipurpose in a jar  
If you ain't ill it'll fix your car  
In days of yore for all bad feelings  
Washing socks and stripping ceilings  
Nowadays it's used medicinally  
For all known human malady oh

## REPEAT CHORUS

Oh oh

*Words and music by M. Jones/D. Letts  
Reproduced by permission Bad Songs Ltd  
On CBS Records*

Left  
of  
Center



# Medicine Show

THE ART OF M-M-MAX...



# 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).

Dear **Black Type**,

My ambition is to walk through the centre of Boston wearing flared trousers whilst listening to Neil Diamond on my ghetto blaster.

I guarantee I will do this if you print my letter and tell the world about the Fabulous Bingo Brothers. *Maria Spadafora, Boston, Lincs.*

**The Fabulous Bingo Brothers are ... erm ... "fabulous". Right. Altogether now - "Song sung blue, everybody knows one/Song sung blue, tum-ti-tum-ti-tum-tum ad-lib to fade - haw haw you are now the laughing stock of Boston. Toodle-oo."**

Dear Paul Rider, c/o **Black Type**,

I find myself having to sit down and write this little letter to you after your cover photo on the issue May 20. Tedious though it may be, I have to explain your MISTAKE. OK, so you thought it would look good if there were a couple of fish actuerrly swimming across the titles. So, you used your "expertise" and hey presto ... ! What a wally!! The two fish at the top are COLDWATER FISH, which means they live in cold water, whilst the fish surrounding that bloke "Smithy" are TROPICAL FISH, which means they live in hot (well, warm) water. Now, if you still can't see a purpose in my letter - (let's face it, neither can I really - although a record token wouldn't be unwelcome ...) I'll explain - it is

extreeeeeeeeeeemly raaaaaare to find coldwater and tropical fish in the same tank; so you see, to us fish-loving readers (and our Dads - my Dad spotted it first) you appear rather foolish! Agreed?  
*From Someone whose Dad knows more about fish than Paul Rider, Lisa Grimes, Exeter.*

**If you cannot, by now, tell the difference betwixt a freshwater fish and your Dad, then I feel very, very sorry for you.**

Dear **Black Type**,

I have a complaint. Yes I do. In your 20 May "fish", sorry, "ish", on page 47: "Coming soon!!! No fish; Guaranteed 100% fish-free!" Well, in your 3 June "tissue" (oops) on page 63, what do I see in the top right hand corner but Robert Smith (huh?) in a "fish" tank, and what else in a "fish" tank do I see? (a) The rest of The Cure (b) Fish (c) Drum? Answer (b). So! Well, what do you think about that then (ha)!? Can't answer me, can you?

*A person who is going to see Simple Minds in concert and is loyal to the Thompson Twins, U2 and Tear For Fears, Ireland.*

**If you cannot by now tell the difference between a fish i.e. smelly thing with ten trillion bones and poppy eyes that seem to say "Pleeeeeeese don't eat me, Mister" when it's lying on one's plate - yum! - and a photograph of a fish i.e. orange blob with gills in Britain's Brightest Pop Magazine, then you are quite clearly, um, ahem. ... seem to have lost the "thrust" of my argument here, viewers.**

Dearest Mr **Black Type**, Sir,

May I ask that cartoonist chappie who works with your good self, Kim

or Kitty or whatever his name is (**Kipper akterchooerrellement**), to take a good look at a Renault Four and draw them properly in future. They are, of course, rather bubbly and uniquely rectangular in shape and not at all "aerodynamically" "slopey" as in the last issue. *Love from someone who was dead impressed by the fact that Sir "Bryan" of Roxy once owned a Renault 4, Essex.*



*A Kipper Williams not v. well drawn Renault 4*



*A Black Type "properly" drawn Renault 4*

Dearest **Black Type**,

After reading some of the poetry on your page I have decided to send you one of my many masterpieces. This particular one is to the sweetheart of my dreams - John Craven.

*John John John John John  
Craven Craven Craven Craven  
Craven*

*Why don't you read Newsround anymore?*

*Roger Finn doesn't read it like you*

*Do*

*Love,  
KC, Banbury, Oxon.*

**Astonishing. Vaguely reminiscent, in its way, of one of my own humble "verses" e.g. my ode to that muscle-bound glory of the miniature screen i.e. Chris Quinten i.e. "Our Brian" of Coronation Street. Here we go, then ...**

**Chris Chris Chris Chris  
What is this  
About your wife and a bit of malarkey with an Aussie?  
Is it because she  
Looks  
Like  
A  
Camel?**

**Pher-whoooo, eh? "Raunchy" stuff!**

My petit papillion **Black Type**,

I am a very observant person. I noticed lots of things in your Montreux Festival "report".

Observation 1.

Five Star could not be compared to the Von Trapp family for three reasons:

1) There were seven children in the Von Trapp family; Lisl, Friedrich, Louisa, Kurt, Brigitta, Marta and Gretel.

2) The Von Trapps lived in Austria, not Switzerland.

3) The Von Trapp Family sang at the Vienna Song Festival, not the Montreux Pop Festival.

Observation 2.

The Pet Shop Boys bear absolutely no resemblance to Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer! Why, 'tis near a mortal sin to compare them! Beside Neil Tennant's peach-like bottom, Chris Plummer's sagging blubber pales into insignificance. *Trix, whose mother bought both the 1969 and the 1980 edition of the Dairy Book Of Home Management.*

**Poo. If you had the slightest inkling whatsoever you would have delved long before now into that essential study of the Von Trapps i.e. *Edelweiss: The Lost Years* by A-Man-With-Very-Stern-Spectacles-And-Ink-Blotches-On-The-Lapels-Of-His-Harris-Tweed-Jacket-With-Leather-Patches-On-The-Threadbare-Elbows. In this masterwork of a "tome", one gleans the following snippets. ...**

1) After a row with "Commandant" Christopher Plummer (i.e. Papa Von Trapp), Louisa left the family fold and wound up as one quarter of those Netherlandic warhorses of "song", Frizzle S(w)izzle, who were so outrageously "trounced" in the 1986 Eurovision Song Contest (not the Vienna Song Festival, you complete juggins!!)

2) After a "disagreement" with Sir Judith Andrewson (i.e. Step-Mama Von Trapp, or whatever she's called), Kurt left the family fold and ended up singing backing vocals for the evil Count Roland D'Orzabal and a kangaroo in world famous pop duosters Sport For All (or something like that).

3) The remaining five children retired to Romford where they pursued careers as gentle Carp fisherfolk and Mr Byrite salespersons.

4) Anyone who has not noted the amazing similarities betwixt the Pet Shop Boys' current dancefloor "waxing" i.e. "Opportunities" and Sir Judith Andrewson's latter-day turntable "hit" i.e. "High On A Hill Lived A Lonely Goatherd" by Norman Greenbaum is quite patently "deranged".

5) I rest my case.

WAX ON  
ON  
... MAX





# LETTERS

Dear Editor,

I found your article on the Montreaux Pop Festival both disgusting and abhorrent. No less than six flippant references were made, below photographs, to the recent Russian disaster at Chernobyl, all of which were in appallingly bad taste and obviously thought up by someone with an extremely immature, sick mind.

I cannot really say enough how sick it made me feel – in particular the reference to Chris Heath "suffering from terminal radiation sickness". Yes, it is "very sad" – sadder still when there are people like yourselves laughing at the very real and terrible misfortunes of others.

Rebecca Griffiths, West Wickham.

Dear **Black Type**,

Correct me if I'm wrong, but I was under the illusion that *Smash Hits* was a music magazine, not a propaganda magazine for the Labour Party. I am referring, of course (of course! – **B.T.**) to "The 'Great *Smash Hits* Nuclear 'Debate'". Debate? Debates are where both points of view are expressed to aid the public to make up THEIR OWN minds. I have never read anything quite so one-sided and deliberately biased before. Only two popstars provided an alternative point of view.

In view of all this bias, perhaps I should present the alternative viewpoint, though I do not favour politics in pop. Unilateral disarmament is national suicide. It is the SINGLE thing that prevents us from being invaded. Our conventional army is petrified compared to Russia's. Multilateral disarmament is a fool's dream. Of course we can trust the Russians to disarm. Can't we? Oh.

Of course, if you don't print this letter, it will be another example of your appalling bias. I suppose I shall get half a ton of abuse from all the budding Marxists of your readership, but it's worth it to present the other point of view.

Hugo Cawthorne, Cookham Dean.

Dear **Black Type**,

I just thought I'd write to add my "two penn'orth" concerning the "*Smash Hits* Nuclear Debate" (17 June). If I was a Russian "politician" after reading that article I'd be rubbing my hands with glee.

Let us consider for a moment what these "socialist" artists want us to do: scrap our nuclear weapons and hope to God the Russians are fairminded enough to do the same. These musicians would have us risk being at the mercy of a Government who only weeks ago thought nothing of keeping neighbouring countries AND THEIR OWN PEOPLE oblivious to the fact that a huge disaster had occurred and they could be in grave danger. Kiev townfolk had no idea for almost a week that they might be dying. Are these the sort of people YOU want running this country?

I wouldn't describe these musicians as naive – plain bloody

ignorant is more like it. How long do they think they'd last in a Communist society? There are two things the Russkies don't like: People expressing their opinions, and those who don't conform (nobody has pink hair and ripped jeans in Russia). (*Been there, have you? – Ed.*) Nuclear weapons, though costly and potentially devastating, have managed to keep the peace for a long time. Andy McCluskey of OMD summed it up: Just imagine Gadaffi with the Bomb after we've all disarmed in the name of Peace!

Please note that not all of your readership are screaming lefties. Some of us are quite clever. . . .  
Michelle Smith, Edgeware.



Dear **'Blackie' Type**,

I didn't know Level 42 concerts were this bad.

Kieron Donoghue, Sanderland.

Dear **Black "Type"**,

The "Club 18-30" – type lechery occasionally displayed by Gary "Gazza" Davies and Peter "Peter" Powell on their respective shows was well in evidence when referring to R. Palmer's appalling vid for "Addicted To Love". "Have-you-seen-that-video?" Pete intoned. Yes, Pete, I have. I saw that the ageing Mr Palmer had surrounded himself with a bunch of expressionless "models" pretending to play some "instruments", which not only looked laughably bogus but is actually an insult to real, hard-working female musicians (even if they are few and far between). Said models were all made up to look exactly alike, thus making them look less like humans, and more like DROIDS. The camera lingered too long over one of the droids' "boobs". The droids themselves were not "sexy" so much as aridly SEXLESS. The video as a whole seemed to deny basic human individuality: the droids as the female slaves of a totalitarian state dedicated to the precepts of *Vogue* magazine.

Palmer's vid was yet another example of the way a consumer society uses the female body to sell The Product, whether it is a trashy "newspaper" or razor blades. Rock videos are too often among the ideas, musically as well as in the art of video making.

By way of contrast, the brilliant "Sledgehammer" video doesn't need to resort to boring sexism.  
Miss L.A. Brook, Huntingdon.

**For the first time ever in the history of my supremeliciously auspicious "pages", I award a**

**token'n'towel to a "controversial" letter. Why? Because otherwise it looks like I'll never get a word in edgewise this "ish". Boo/Avanti!**

Dear **Black Type**,

I am totally disgusted with the singles review. Sigue Sigue Sputnik would choose their single to be the single of the fortnight! Some of the reviews they gave other people were terribly unfair especially the one for D. C. Lee. It should not matter if they hate Paul Weller and as for saying they hate her records – well, how do they know they hate that one if they hadn't even heard it? This to me is unfair judgement.

I am a Bucks Fizz fan and have been for quite a long time. I don't care what anyone says – they still have the quality they used to have. They must be the most courageous group around since their coach crash in 1984. At least they can sing! Would Sputnik have thought of their fans as much as Mike Nolan did, wanting to go back singing even though not 100% fit?

Even though they have not had a hit for a long time this doesn't get them down and they still manage to dress smartly. The boys, Bobby Gee and Mike Nolan, dress like men and don't wear high heels as I have seen Sputnik wear. So, if Sputnik want to slag off someone else they should try looking in the mirror and listening to themselves first. And if anyone wants to slag off Bucks Fizz I think they should think of December 1984 and think of the courageousness shown by this (more fizz in my bum, as Sputnik put it) group.

Mike Nolan's sexy legs, Redhill, Surrey.

Dearest Sir **Black**,

I was reading the May 21 issue when I had the misfortune to turn to the singles reviewed by Martin Degville and Neal X of Sigue "Sigue" Spunkit (sic).

Neal's comment on "Vienna Calling" by Falco made me fall about laughing and if I had not been wearing my corset I fear I would have split my shades. He said quote "He's singing in German which is quite clever, but records sung in German are never hits in England" unquote. Where has he been for the last few weeks to have not heard of "Rock Me Amadeus"? 'Nuff said. I rest my case. Dish cloth please?  
Clyde, A Hound Of Love XX, Lancashire.

Dear **Type "Noir"**,

I can go one better than Andre Widdows (this is my "friend's" name – I want to embarrass him, arf, arf), Norfolk, of your May 21 issue. We used to have an extremely wonderful Mickey Mouse windy-uppy thing. His legs went flip flop, flip flop! He could also belly flop and splash rather a lot. So there, pooh-sticks to Andre Widdows' "friend".

Au revoir!  
Sarah Hickmand, Bucks.

**That's nothing. I used to have a wind-up Emlyn Hughes (stupid football person) frightmask which lit up, made a squeaky voice and was extremely horrible to anyone from South America. (Actually, I didn't, but it's the thought that counts, ain't it?) Byeeeeeee!!!!**

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- 2 **Dire Straits** Alchemy Live
- 3 **The Cure** Staring At The Sea
- 4 **Kate Bush** Single File
- 5 **Phil Collins** No Ticket Required
- 6 **Queen** Live In Rio
- 7 **Queen** Greatest Flix
- 8 **Roxy Music** The High Road
- 9 **Siouxsie And The Banshees** Once Upon A Time
- 10 **Madonna** Virgin Tour

## ★ HOW TO ENTER

- Complete the crossword grid, fill in your name and address and tick whether you'd like a VHS or Betamax video.
  - Snip out the coupon (including the crossword grid), stick it in an envelope and send it to the following address (to arrive by July 1):
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14 Holkham Road,  
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- The first correct entry out of the matter transporter gets HMV's top ten videos (at the time of going to press).

## ● ACROSS

- 1 and 3 down See photo clue (4,6)
- 3 and 7 That 'come on down' TV game-show (3,5,2,5)
- 7 See 3 across
- 8 and 6 down **Bronski Beat's** double plea (4,4)
- 9 TV newsreader Ford
- 13 Mary Mouni provides a hit for **Wham** (anag 2,4,3)
- 14 "Would I --- To You?" (**Eurythmics**)
- 15 Brooks found in "What Have You Done To Me Lately"
- 16 Type of chameleon that proved lucky for **Culture Club**
- 17 Madame Butterfly, for instance
- 19 "Nothing ----- Just Buggin'" (**Whistle**)
- 21 Glad tidings that accompany **Huey Lewis**
- 25 Where **Sister Sledge** once got lost (2,5)
- 28 An angel just like "Sledgehammer" Peter?
- 29 **Kirsty MacColl** wasn't looking for a new one
- 30 Dream seat of learning headed by **Nick Laird-Clowes**

## ● DOWN

- 1 Did **Spitting Image** get clucky with this one? (3,7,4)
- 2 Was it produced for **Queen** by Paul Daniels? (1,4,2,5)
- 3 See 1 across
- 4 **U2's** man in **Sister Sledge**
- 5 Mrs Fairclough, as educated by Michael Caine
- 6 See 8 across
- 10 She helped the **Toy Dolls** to an elephantine hit
- 11 Soul queen Franklin
- 12 An odd title for a **Patti LaBelie-Michael McDonald** duet (2,2,3)
- 18 Diana and I provide **Status Quo's** Francis
- 20 A happy chunk of reggae **Culture**
- 21 Did Rod Hull get the bird with this?
- 23 Once famous Swedish supergroup
- 24 "---- To Tell" (**Madonna**)
- 26 Small magazines in **A-ha**



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# CARTOON 'CAPER' CONTEST — THE RESULTS

**D**raw a cartoon featuring a pop celebrity (or celebrities) of your own — that's what *Mutterings* asked, putting up as bait four original and utterly priceless works of "art" by *Smash Hits* very own, entirely wingorilliant Kipper Williams as first prize. And — blomey! — your drawings and assorted scribbled "wit" came a-spooking in by the vat-full. Tony Hart, eat your heart out, murmured *Mutterings* as it waded through more than 2,000 bits of portraiture which ranged from the awful to the demented to the... entirely brilliant. And now, following a solemn, exhausting judging session conducted by a team of "experts" (i.e. *Mutterings* and Kipper Williams in person) the results are in. One jumborilliant first prize winner (below) and a morass of "runners-up" (who each receive a *Mutterings* Neat'n'Handy Senior Artists Kit as a "consolation" prize). Well! So here, with "comments" from K. Williams himself, is the final score.

## THE WINNER

Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik by **Chris Sykes**, Pangbourne, Berks.



"This is the ideal combination of a good joke, good caricatures and nice details like the bottle in the microphone stand and the writing on Tony James' glasses (it says "I can't see with all this writing"). A very cynical cartoon which doesn't flatter them in any way or pander to accuracy but still works. It's a very original way of drawing their hair — Tony James' looks like a cross between a Christmas tree and a spaceship."



▲ Madonna by **Fiona Coleman**, Chatham.

"She's exaggerated all the right bits — the heavy lids, the 'full' lips, and I love the nose: it's all snubbed up and makes the mouth look like a big, red cavern. It gets Madonna's toughness across, her flooziness, her common tartness... I think Madonna would hate it. Sean Penn certainly would."



▲ John Taylor by **Gary McGillivray**, Liverpool.

"This is a very accomplished drawing, though I wonder if he's made the face quite fat enough. The mouth is just right and the eyebrow's good — though it's more of a Roger Moore-type eyebrow than a John Taylor one. The joke's not that brilliant, but you can't have everything."



▲ Phil Collins by **Anon**.  
"This is really funny because it looks nothing like Phil Collins at all except for the head. Phil Collins has got a little, pointy nose and this has got a fat, stubby nose. I think Phil Collins would take great exception to this which is always a healthy sign".



Bono by **Janine Winterburn**, Weston-Super-Mare.

▲ "This is quite a good joke because it makes you think back to that one incident last year — and it's sort of possible that this could have actually happened. This is quite a good caricature, too. Bono's not a particularly easy subject. He has small eyes. They're quite big here but that's alright because he's supposed to look surprised and horrified."



◀ Eurythmics by **Nichola Mostart**, Kilburn, London.

"This has got a silly feel about it: I think she didn't know what Dave Stewart's body looks like so she covered it with that stupid, enormous guitar. I like his feet — they make him look like a wobbly toy. It makes him look silly and her look assertive — with those broad shoulders — as if it's her that wears the trousers."



▲ Cliff and The Young Ones by **Richard Evans**, Nottingham.

"This is alarmingly good of Cliff and the way he's so bronzed makes the others look really unhealthy. The spots on Vyvian and Rik are good — they've got yellow heads on them and you can imagine them being squeezed. It's not so good of Rik — he looks more like Kenneth Williams — but Cliff is uncanny because there's something slightly unnatural and disturbing about him. He's like one of Frankenstein's monsters: there's something creepy about him in real life, and this captures it. The artist has put a nice touch of modesty in the corner too: 'A very unfunny cartoon', it says."



