

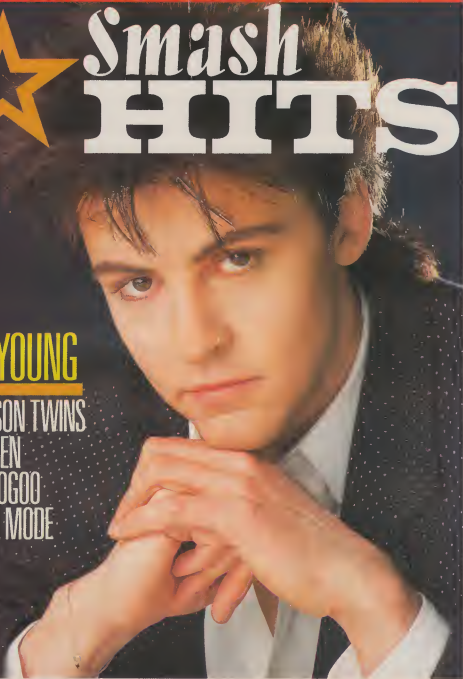
FREE INSIDE | **FREE STICKER ALBUM**
+6 FREE STICKERS



Smash HITS

PAUL YOUNG

THOMPSON TWINS
VAN HALEN
KAJAGOOGOO
DEPECHE MODE



S M A S H H I T S • R O B E R T S M I T H





Welcome to Page Three. If you've got this far you must have successfully prised open the plastic bag and extracted YOUR FREE STICKER ALBUM. Have a look at the first page — it tells you all about the 144 full colour pop stickers that build up into THE SMASH HITS COLLECTION and how to get your hands onto them. Also, nestling snugly down the bottom somewhere, you should have found the FREE PACK OF STICKERS that'll get your collection off to a good start. More mixed stickers packs are now up for grabs in all good newsgagents and there's even rumours of MORE FREE STICKERS on March 29 (see page 71)! Have fun.



PAUL YOUNG — 10/11
One man, his band, two concerts, three days and an awful lot of German fans screaming their heads off.

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COVER: PAUL YOUNG BY ERIC WATSON



KAJAGOO — 48/49
Steve and Nick lift the lid (ouch!) on vegetarian cookery. They even wash up afterwards.



DEPECHE MODE — 64/65
Fast cars! Holidays abroad! Expensive clothes! And you though all they did was twiddle with synthesizers.



BANANARAMA — 54/55
They've been pushed about. They've been "manipulated". Their lives have been made a misery. What happened?



WIN A FAMILY HOLIDAY IN HOLLAND — 47
Another big, BIG competition.

HERE
HOME
CLASSICS



DEBUT
LONG PLAY

THE
STYLE
COUNCIL

CAFÉ
BLEU

NENA

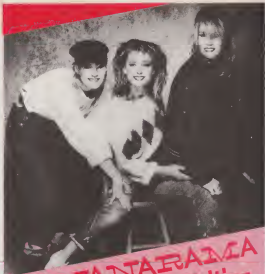
NAME Gabriele Susanne Kerner
BORN in a little town in West Germany called Hagen — like Niagra Hagen — on March 24, 1960
SCHOOL the Christian Rohlf College Gymnasium in Hagen. I did English but not so well and geography — stopped school after the Eleve Year when I was 17 years old
NICKNAMES Yes, Nena. Nene is my nickname. Officially Nena since I was three years old. It came from my parents and Spain. I comes from La Nina — that's Spanish for "little girl"
JOBS I learned a job for four years — goldsmithing — doing the jewelry — rings and chains. I did that for four years and afterwards I decided to make music and so I did a lot of crazy jobs — was a secretary in my manager Jim Rakete's office in Berlin.
HOME I've been living in Berlin for two years. The part I live in is called Schoenberg.
FIRST RECORD BOUGHT It was from Neil Young's Van Morrison — can't remember which one right now

know the Madder Men? I've been skiing there for 15 years but I've never broken my bones.
WERE YOU A PUNK? No, don't like that. I guess it's a fashion trip like any other ash or trip but I don't like it so much.
WHEN DID YOU LAST SPEAK TO YOUR MOTHER? Today. She called me and she asked when I'm going to leave Berlin to do our European tour. I told her tomorrow I'm going to England to do a special on the BBC and then to do a European tour. She was very sad because I have no time for her right now.
FIRST CRUSH The first person who I really fell in love with was Rolf, her girlfriend. We've been together five years now. And the other love affairs have been only for two or three days.
STRANGEST GIFT FROM A FAN No, nothing strange, only normal things, like a little ash tray. Oh, yes and sometimes they bring balloons to the concerts.
DO YOU BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION? No, don't think about that kind of thing so much. But I would like to come back as a flower

PERSONAL FILE

LAST RECORD BOUGHT The new Rolling Stones album.
FIRST CONCERT ATTENDED I guess I was 13. Burdon six years ago in Germany in a town which is called Siegen. It was a normal concert without any special effects. It was great.
WHAT DID YOU EAT FOR BREAKFAST TODAY? One egg, one cup of coffee and a little bit of bread.
DREAM HOLIDAY I prefer to go skiing in Switzerland. Do you

COLOUR OF BEDROOM WALL White! Every wall in my apartment is white.
FAVOURITE CAKE Strawberry cake.
FAVOURITE SPORTS Swimming and skiing.
THE HARDEST THING ABOUT BEING FAMOUS In Germany all the people ask me "How do I handle my success?" and the difficult thing is that all these people want to do interviews and we have to do music too.
FAVOURITE RECIPE I don't have recipes. Ach du lieber! Legumes — vegetables, put them in a pot of water and a special effects.
CAR I don't want to say the name but it's a black car, a cabriolet.
PETS I have a dog named Baby, but he's a very big dog, you know, black and white and very large.
WHAT TIME DO YOU GO TO BED? 11 o'clock. When I'm touring I go to bed after the concert, between jeans.
FAVOURITE DRINKS Milk and soda water. Sometimes a little bit of champagne.
FAVOURITE EURYTHMICS RECORD I don't know them by name. It's not my taste so much — but I'll tell you my favourite song by Van Morrison. It's



BAITANARAMA Robert de Niro's Waiting

Hopes dashed to the floor
 Like shattered teenage dreams
 Boys living next door
 Are never what they seem (ooh)

A walk in the park
 Can become a bad dream
 People are staring and following me
 This is my only escape from it all
 Watching a film or a face on the wall

Chorus
 Robert de Niro's waiting talking Italian
 Robert de Niro's waiting talking Italian
 Robert de Niro's waiting talking Italian (talking Italian)
 Robert de Niro's waiting

I don't need a boy
 I've got a man of steel
 Don't come any closer
 I don't wanna feel (ooh)

You're breathing you're touching
 But nothing's for free
 I never want this to happen to me
 Don't try to change me
 You're wasting your time
 Now I've got something much better in mind

Repeat chorus

Talk talk talk talking
 Talk talk talk talking ooh

A walk in the park
 Can become a bad dream
 People are staring
 And following me
 This is my only escape from it all
 Watching a film or a face on the wall

Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade

Words and music Jolley/Swain/Delany/Fahy/Woodward
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 On London Records



MUTTERINGS

It's a small world. The vicar who married Elton and Renate Johne in Australia is the uncle of Jimmy Lee of Glade. The Hedleys, Tony and Leonie, have named their new baby, Thomas... Tracie Young has been offered £3000 to appear in an advert for a certain brand of sanitary towel. She talked it over with Weller and they decided that it wouldn't be in keeping with her image. "I don't even use the stupid things," says Tracie, "but I was tempted by the money. It's more than I took home in a year for my old job." Captain Benable, on the other hand, has been spotted on TV advertising Weetabix.



The Captain on breakfast TV

People are still talking about the "Relax" ban. John Peel told a student newspaper that "the full affair has left Radio 1 looking very foolish". The Sun meanwhile unearthed some rude pics of Mike Read with a topless model... Simon Le Bon went to see his Mum when D'ran passed through Miami. She moved there three years ago... Mick Kern and Pete Murphy are working together in the studio. Sounds ominous... Loads of Michael Jackson mutterings, as ever. He is going to play the title role in Stephen Spielberg's movie of Peter Pan. He weighs less now than when he was 15 because of his fruitry diet. He's just signed a deal worth over half-a-million to publish a book of glossy pictures of him which Jackie Onassis will edit. And Michael Jackson's "Action Dolls" are now on sale in America (so are Stig Jolie, for that matter). Wasn't that



Michael Jackson's Sporting Image

caricature of him on the *Splitting Image* TV show crucial?
Spotted: Feargal Sharkey at one of Thomas Dolby's shows at the Dominion, London... Business as usual: The Thompson Twins cancelled one of their HammerSmith Odeon concerts because they preferred to appear on a German TV show. "The group felt that the German date was more important because it is so hard to break into the European market," commented a spokesman... The new thing in New York: mugging. break-dancers [you have to be very agile to grab someone's wallet when they're spinning round on the pavement]... Been a bit of a crime wave recently. Marilyn had his handbag nicked from a restaurant while he was having his dinner. Mike Almond's New York flat has been burgled and the Thompson Twins' tour manager had his briefcase containing £4000, hotel vouchers, passports etc. nicked backstage at Oxford... George Michael is in Hazel O'Connor's "Don't Touch Me" video... The Eurythmics have been touring France where their tour bus was bashed about by those irate French lorry drivers. Dave and Annie weren't in it at the time... Spotted: Nik Kershaw on Brewer Street in Soho. Spike Milligan spotted there too... The Sunday People very nasty about Whistl's appearance on the *Rock And Pop* Awards, saying George Michael looked like Benny from *Crossroads*. Maybe they've got a point.



Benny



George

What Kate did. Prince Andrew's girlfriend, Katie Rabett, used to go out with Ryan Paris. Some taste in men, eh? Ryan Paris's next door-neighbour is The Pope, by the way. (Well, his flat in Roma overlooks the Vatican, anyway)

Howard Jones' three brothers play in a band called Wheel Of Change. "Funky American stuff, nothing like me," says Howie. They might support him on a few dates on his tour, though... Milligan of Fashion's got a black eye. Last month he had conjunctivitis and Fashion's single is still called "Eye Talk"... Mick Jagger and Terry Hell's new baby daughter has her father's lips... Tracey Ullman got down a storm in America. Not only is "The Don't Know" a hit there but she bewildered famous chat-show host, Johnny Carson, by revealing her knickers on his *Tonight* show. Incidentally, the Ullmans/Kinnock video was a bit of a let-down, wasn't it? (Except as a publicity stunt. Tracey 'n' Neil got onto every TV news programme and into every national newspaper)



Tracey and Neil

Spotted: Malcolm McLaren strolling past The British Museum in London... Jim Keen voted Most Eligible Bachelor In Scotland by the readers of a leading Scottish newspaper... Phil Collins and American girlfriend, Jill Tavelman, are planning an August wedding. Billy Joel and Christy Brinkley were planning a June wedding. All of a sudden, they've split up... Dionne Warwick has turned down an offer of over 1,300,000 dollars to appear in *South Africa*. She's campaigning against entertainers appearing before racially segregated audiences there and has even persuaded Frank Sinatra not to perform there... Nana and her boyfriend Rolf want to have a baby. "We'd like to start a family and we seem to do it soon," she whispered. That hasn't stopped her chucking crockery at Rolf when the pair argue... Spotted: Jeffrey Deniel behind the wheel of a White Rolls Royce in Wardour Street, Soho... Flying The Weather Girls over from America to promote "The Raining Man" cost their record company a lot of money. They're an large that need two air plane seats each. Coffee's supposed to be bad for you so an American consumer group is annoyed that

David Bowie has endorsed the poisonous brew in an American TV commercial. They're demanding that he withdraw from the ad... Rockwell's father is Benny Gordy, founder and boss of the legendary Tamba Mstown label. Guess what label Rockwell's on... The label in the middle of the new *Style Council* LP is a picture of a cup of cappuccino... A wazook model of Boy George will go on display (along with David Bowie and Elton John) in Madame Tussaud's London at Easter... Spotted: John Moss in Fiorucci on Chelsea's King's Road buying a pair of flared jeans. Marilyn walked into the same shop a few hours later but didn't buy anything... Spotted: Steve Strange having dinner at the Camden Palace with film star Jack Nicholson... Some people

will do anything for publicity. Marilyn, for instance. First she tells 19: "Have you heard of that horrible disease, AIDS? Well, I keep thinking I'm getting it! I do—it's true!" Then he announces in *The Sun* that he wants to have a child with Kate Garner: "I feel like that girl in *Thom Birds*—I want something to be of a person I love. I want a baby. With my looks and Kate's I think we will produce something sensational..."





Yes, it's Peter Powell and Simon Bates (above). Radio 1 had a Leap Year Night Out Disco Show at the Lyceum in London on February 29 to raise money for the Variety Club's Sunshine Coach Appeal. Powell appeared dressed up as Boy George, Bates did his Gary Glitter



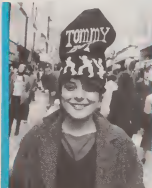
impression, Tony Blackburn attempted Tracey Ullman (above top) and there were all sorts of fun and games. Peter Powell got so excited that he took off his trousers (above bottom) but resisted Janice Long's attempts to make him go further. Just as well.

START

These wiggly articles of headgear (below) are called Pyramid Lids and are positively The Latest Thing in New York. Tommy Boy records of New York sent us ten of them so *Start* dashed out into Carnaby Street with a camera, demanding that unsuspecting passers-by model them. They also sent us ten 12-inch copies of their new Afrika Bambaataa single "Renegades Of Funk", the idea being that you dance to the disc

while wearing a Pyramid Lid. If you win one, that is. Now's your chance. Afrika Bambaataa's group is called: a) the Funkateers, b) the Soul Council, or c) Soulsonic Force? Jot down the answer on a postcard and rush it to: **Smash Hits Pyramid Lid's Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.**

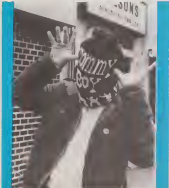
A Pyramid Lid and 12-inch could be yours.



GOING



GOING



GONE!



Out next Monday

The new single from **THOMAS DOLBY**

I SCARE MYSELF

Available on 7" edited version 7 8067
and 12" long version 12 8067

Taken from the album

THE FLAT EARTH pes 2408341





A LOVE
WORTH WAITING FOR
SHAKIN' STEVENS

If you should ever want to be set free
If you're not certain your future lies with me
I'll let you go you go girl
Until your heart is sure
It's a love worth waiting for

Now I won't stop you from leaving 'cause I know
The way to keep you would be to let you go
And I'm prepared to wait a thousand years or more
It's a love (a love) worth waiting for (worth waiting for)

If you should leave me oh please remember
In my heart there's a fire (there's a fire)
A flame of desire for your charms
I'll keep alive this glowing ember
A love that will burn until you're back in my arms

Chorus

You know my darling I need you here with me
But only to stay because it's where you want to be
'Cause I'm prepared to wait a thousand years or more
It's a love worth waiting for

In my heart there's a fire (there's a fire)
A flame of desire for your charms
A love that will burn until you're back in my arms

Repeat chorus

It's a love worth waiting for

Words and music Sulsh/Leathwood
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On Epic Records



They never fail to provide fantastic concerts and they've made it just about everywhere around the world. Especially in Germany

where their singer gets mobbed every time he pokes his nose outdoors. Dave Rimmer spends a few days travelling with . . .

THE PAUL YOUNG



Six dates into his German tour, in a little room backstage at Hamburg's Congresshalle, the venue he and his band The Royal Family will be playing tonight, Paul Young is being interviewed by German radio.

"Will you tell me please, how's goes a typical day on tour for you?"

Paul shrugs. He's already fielded deep and meaningful questions like "What's your favourite record?" and (this one twice!) "Do you promise to come back and appear live on our TV show?". There's not much to say. "Well, we get up. Have breakfast. Maybe swim if there's a pool or go for a run. Then we drive to the gig, have something to eat and do a soundcheck. After that I'll probably do a couple of interviews like this one and then it's usually time for the show."

"And after the show?" The interviewer edges his microphone closer.

"We get in the coach and go back to the hotel. Then we have a drink in the bar or go out to eat. Sometimes we might go to a club. But we always like to relax together for an hour or two."



Put like that it doesn't sound much fun. Especially not when you literally can't step outdoors without being set upon by hordes of autograph hunters, when "driving to the gig" usually involves a few hundred miles on the coach and when you've just spent the whole of your one day off stuck in a massive German traffic jam. But, of course, there are compensations. For one, there is nothing Paul Young loves so much as singing and playing live. For another, The Royal Family are a sort of family. They're very close, make the best of any situation and never seem to tire of each other's company. Over the two days I'm with them, I don't even hear one small argument. "This is a good bunch of lads," says tall Cardiff-born bassist Pino Palladino, "and that's the main thing."

They are all also well used to this kind of life. "Oh, I've been on the road for years," laughs 36 year-old keyboard player Ian Kewley, "The Rev", as he's known in the band. He means it too. He was last in Hamburg a full 14 years ago, playing French horn with a "classical rock jazz" group called Samson. A former member of Q-Tips, he's been working with Paul for five years now. They all have lengthy pedigrees. Pino Palladino, for example, has worked with Jools Holland, Gary Numan ("say no more about that!") and Nick Heyward. Singers Kim and Maz or The Fabulous Wealthy Tarts as they were christened by Jools Holland ("we're still not sure whether we like it"), began in pantomimes and Soho floorshows about ten years ago and have since worked on and off with so many bands they have trouble remembering them all for me. This becomes a standing joke, with Kim rushing up every now and then to add another bit of their history: "And we worked with Tracey Ullman" . . . "And The Piranhas and J.B.'s Allstars" . . . "And we both had six months operatic

training" . . . "AND we turned down a world tour with The Police to work with Paul!"

And Paul, just how many gigs has he played in his life? This takes some working out. About 750 with Q-Tips . . . a mere 300 with Streetband . . . "Counting pub and club gigs at the beginning, it must be about 1,300".

1,300? And he still enjoys them? "Yeah," he chuckles, "incredible, isn't it?"

That night in Hamburg, the 1,301st goes well. The band, all clad in grey suits, run on to the theme from *The Avengers* (or *With Umbrella*, *Charm And Melon* as it's known in Germany). Paul follows in a coat-of-arms top (royal, godditt! — it's actually the Young family crest) and tight black trousers that make him look like some dashing young knight. The first screams ring out. Down the front the average age is about 13; at the back around 30. It's a seated venue and local rules, enforced by finger-wagging bouncers, forbid even standing up. But as the show gathers pace, soon everyone but the old 'uns are on their feet and heading down the front. By the end, so many flowers have been passed on stage, the place looks like *Interflora*.

After two encores everyone dashes out to the coach as chuffed and exhilarated as the 4,900 fans who win. "Why have we got all this after 'No Parlez'?" wonders drummer Mark Pinder. Guitarist Steve 'Bolts' Bolton just laughs: "Can I give up my day job now?"

The German charts are currently choc full of English groups. Duran, Culture Club and Kajagoogoo are all over the pop papers; Limahl won all last year's polls. Of the native acts only this dewy-eyed balladeer called Nino de Angelo and, of course, Nena seem able to compete. If anything, Paul Young is even more popular here than he is at home. "Come Back And Stay" was the German Number One for 8 weeks, the "No Parlez" LP for 15 weeks.

Why so? "There's a big gap here between the underground, all your Einstürzende Neubautens, and the pop scene. Maybe we bridge it a little," Paul reckons. Whatever, he gets recognised wherever he goes, even by the East German border guards the next day as we wait to cross their country to the walled-in island that is West Berlin.

"Ah, die Paul Young gruppe, ja?" asks the eager young border guard who has come to collect our passports. Paul's a autographed a pile of LPs, to be used to bribe our way through any difficulties. Pop albums are near impossible to come by in East Germany. Autographed ones are probably worth a month's wages.

The guard is nervous when we offer one. What if his colleagues see? It's not allowed. He disappears with the passports. In front is a coach full of German schoolchildren, also waiting to go through. They've recognised Paul too and crowd excitedly at the back to laugh and wave.

The guard returns. Ja, he will take an LP.



(Top) Paul, The Royal Family and The Fabulous Wealthy Tarts. (Second from top) Paul, (Third) Maz and Kim. (Bottom) Young Hamburgers go for it.

GRUPPE

Instead of searching the coach, like he's supposed to, he hides in the middle, carefully stuffs one down his trousers and buttons his tunic over the top. Does it look all right? OK. He departs, stiff and nervous, to let the barrier up.

"It'll probably fall out as soon as he's inside," cracks Paul, and we all laugh. But it was sad too, somehow.

An hour later, at the only cafe between the border and Berlin where coaches are allowed to stop, we pull up to find the school party lying in wait. They knock on the windows and crowd round the door. Poor Paul, who's just woken up, now has to sign 30 autographs before he can join the rest for a sandwich.

"I enjoy the appreciation," he says, "but I don't always enjoy the attention."

Later we get chatting about life on the road. After 1,301 shows, it's something Paul knows a lot about. These days he reckons it takes him just ten seconds to judge the mood of an audience. "Sometimes I think 'right, I'm going to turn this lot on', other times 'my voice sounds good tonight so I'll do some vocal gymnastics'. Last night I thought 'this'll be easy.'" And he's right.

He and Martin, who now does their merchandising but was formerly their "personal" (assistant), spend quite a time reminiscing about their years of driving around in little transit vans with the Q-Tips. "Oh, we had some great times . . . No pressure, there was a real team spirit." Surely, there is one still! "It might sound funny, but you cannot compare it to Q-Tips. Then it was a real laugh, now it's deadly serious." Would he like to go back to all that? A long pause. "If I thought I could make a living out of it, I think I would."

But of course Paul Young is too big a solo concern now. After Germany, it's off to America and Hawaii. After that, it's back to Paris to finish his second LP. In May sometime there's a new single. There are photo sessions to be done, videos to be made, TV appearances to record and hundreds upon hundreds of autographs to be signed. The happy days of transit vans, cheap hotels and anything for a laugh are probably gone forever.

"It's quite depressing actually," Paul says suddenly. "Can we change the subject?"

Berlin. Another soundcheck, three radio interviews and only 45 minutes to relax in the hotel before running back to play before 5,000 people at the *Essenporthalle*, a vast skating rink.

Although most of them got a little kip on the coach, the band are all really tired. But once settled in on stage, everything clicks and they play what is generally agreed to be "a blinder".

Another two encores, another mad dash out to the coach, a fan hands Paul a message written on a potato. "What a great audience," says Mark. "A round of applause for the audience."

And as the coach pulls out of the car park, everyone begins to clap. That makes 1,302.



Paul on stage in Hamburg



It's those tarts again: Maz (left) and Kim

THE ICICLE WORKS

BIRDS FLY [WHISPER TO A SCREAM]

Love come down upon us
Do you flow like water
Burning with the hope of ineight
Feathered look they're coloured
With a bright elation
Stolen in the sight of love

Chorus

We are we are we are but your children
Finding our way around indecision
We are we are we are ever helpless
Take us forever a whisper to a scream

Birds fly in the eye of the faithless daughter
Broken at the bitter end
Wasted sacrificed for a new nirvane
Nighttime sends us our way

Repeat chorus

A whisper to a scream a whisper to a scream
A whisper to a scream a whisper to a scream

Repeat chorus

We are we are we are we are we are
(Whisper to a scream)
We are we are we are we are we are
(Whisper to a scream)

Repeat chorus three times to fade

Words and music I McNabb
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Chappell Music Ltd
On Beggars Banquet Records



Photo: Frank Gough Ltd



MICHAEL JACKSON P.Y.T. (PRETTY YOUNG THING)

YOU KNOW YOU YOU MAKE ME FEEL SO GOOD INSIDE
I ALWAYS WANTED A GIRL JUST LIKE YOU
SUCH A P.Y.T., A PRETTY YOUNG THING OOH

WHERE DO YOU COME FROM BABY AND DOH WOYD YOU TAKE ME THERE
RIGHT ANWAY WOYD DO ME BABY TENDEROH! YOU'VE GOT TO BE
SPARKIN' MY NATURE SUGAR FLY WITH ME

DON'T YOU KNOW NOW IS THE PERFECT TIME
WE CAN MAKE IT NIGHT HIT THE CITY LIGHTS
THEN TONIGHT EASE THE LOVING PAIN
LET ME TAKE YOU TO THE MAX

CHORUS

I WANT TO LOVE YOU (P.Y.T.)
PRETTY YOUNG THING YOU NEED SOME LOVING (T.L.C.)
TENDER LOVING CARE AND I'LL TAKE YOU THERE (GIRL)
REPEAT CHORUS

(ANYWHERE YOU WANT TO GO) YES I WILL OOH
NOTHING CAN STOP THIS BURNING DESIRE TO BE WITH YOU
DESIRE TO BE WITH YOU GOTTA GET TO YOU BABY
WOYD YOU COME IT'S EMERGENCY
COOL MY FIRE YEARNIN' HONEY COME SET ME FREE
DON'T YOU KNOW NOW IS THE PERFECT TIME
WE CAN OOH THE LIGHTS JUST TO MAKE IT NIGHT
IN THE NIGHT HIT THE LOVING SPOT
I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THAT I'VE GOT

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

YES I WILL

PRETTY YOUNG THINGS REPEAT AFTER ME
SAY NA NA NA (NA NA NA NA)
NA NA NA NA (NA NA NA NA)
SAY NA NA NA (NA NA NA NA)
NA NA NA NA NA (NA NA NA NA NA)

I WANNA TAKE YOU THERE

REPEAT CHORUS

TAKE YOU THERE TAKE YOU THERE

REPEAT CHORUS

TAKE YOU THERE OOH TAKE YOU THERE

(P.Y.T.) OH BABY (T.L.C.) OH BABY OH DARLING
YOU KNOW I THINK YOU'RE... NICE (P.Y.T.)
YOU AND I CAN YOU KNOW JUST GET TOGETHER (T.L.C.)
YOU'RE SUCH A P.Y.T. PRETTY YOUNG THING
OH BABY OH BABY OH BABY (P.Y.T.)
OH BABY (T.L.C.) PRETTY YOUNG THING
AD LIB TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC JAMES INGRAM/DIWHYCY JONES
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HOWARD JONES

— HUMAN'S LIB —

THE FIRST ALBUM

UK TOUR DATES

M A R C H

17 Sat LEEDS, University
18 Sun NEWCASTLE, City Hall
19 Mon GLASGOW, Apollo
20 Tues LIVERPOOL, Royal Court
22 Thur BELFAST, Queen's University
23 Fri DUBLIN, SFX
25 Sun MANCHESTER, Apollo
26 Mon SHEFFIELD, City Hall
27 Tue HANLEY, Victoria Hall
29 Thur NOTTINGHAM, Royal Concert Hall
30 Fri BIRMINGHAM, Odeon
31 Sat BRISTOL, Colston Hall

A P R I L

1 Sun CARDIFF, St David's Hall
2 Mon GUILDFORD, Civic
3 Tues 4 Wed LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon
5 Thur SOUTHEND, Cliff Pavillion
6 Fri SOUTHAMPTON, Gaumont
7 Sat AYLESBURY, Friars

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COMPACT DISC RELEASED IN APRIL

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jeffrey DANIEL

The single
AC/DC

from
Starlight Express
on 7" and 12"



Please please tell me now. Is that girl on Simon la Bon's motorbike in the Duran video for "New Moon On Monday" actually Simon's girlfriend, the famous Claire Stensfield? I'm also dying to know why Nik Kershaw picked up DD's award for Best New Group at the Rock And Pop Awards. Charley, Preston.

● Duranes from all parts of Europe have written in asking the same thing — here's the answer! It wasn't Claire on the bike but a Polish model (now working in France) called Patricia. The lads obtained her through a local model agency and no doubt she earned a seveny penny for her part — especially considering the nature of the work involved. And there's a simple explanation for Nik Kershaw collecting the award — Duran were unable to as they weren't in the country, so the BBC picked him due to the fact he's an "up and coming artist, and also looks the part". Now isn't that just as we all guessed?!

I haven't heard anything about The Armoury Show for ages so could you please tell me if they're still together and whether Richard Jobson still writes poetry? Steve Brown, Edinburgh.

● Following dates in Holland this year, The Armoury Show returned to the studio to prepare some demo tapes, with a view to signing a major record deal. In the very near future! Retaining the same line-up of (see left-right in photo) John Doyle (drums), John McGeoch (guitar), Russell Webb (bass) and Richard Jobson (vocals), they're presently in the middle of a UK tour taking in Hull (March 15), Birmingham (16), Sheffield (20), Treforest (21), Oxford (22), Kingston (23) and Leicester (24), with other dates to be confirmed. Jobson's collection of verse "gets bigger by day", I'm told, and he's toying with the idea of taking his own show on the road nearer the summer. His office also said that Jobson's acting career has "been put out to graze" lately... in other words, he's very much open to all offers. Jobson was never shy, was he?



The Armoury Show: Jobbo's on the far right

When did Howard Jones learn to play the synthesizer, and which of his singles does he consider the best? Does he have any bad



GET SMART



habits like biting his nails or using bad language, and does he use make-up? Finally (!), what instrument is used to make the nice melody at the beginning of "Hide And Seek"? Kim Butler, Weymouth.

● He bought his first synthesizer about three years ago, but has played piano ever since the days he used to sport short schoolboy trousers (just imagine those knobby knees!). When he joined his first group Warrior (a classical rock band) aged 15, he switched to playing electric piano and he stuck with this instrument through punk outfit Bicycle Thieves and rockers Skin Tite. He claims not to have any really bad personal habits, and gave up his one vice — smoking — last New Year's Day. And he doesn't swear either, although the occasional "Blimey!" — it grieves me to tell you! — just tumbles out every so often. He's not such a bad lad really. He doesn't spend much money on make-up except to use some foundation, blusher and mascara when on stage, television or when he's doing a photo session.

His proudest achievement to date is the latest single "Hide And Seek" on which only two instruments were used so, presumably, the oboe-like sounds at the intro to that record were produced by his synth.

I recently saw UB40 in concert but was unable to get a tour programme. Do you know if there are any left? Also, is the singer Ali Campbell married, as I read that he has a two year old son. Fan, Coventry.

● The UB40 office couldn't quite decide whether or not they had any left-over copies of the programme, but suggest that if you write to them, they would reply with details of all merchandise available at that specific time. Contact them at: UB40 Merchandising, PO Box 117, Birmingham B5 5RD, enclosing a

stamped addressed envelope.

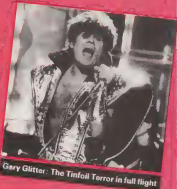
But to return to the personal details: Ali, who celebrated his 25th birthday last month, does have a small son also called Ali, but hasn't yet married his long-standing girlfriend

Could you give me a U2 discography and, also, tell me the title of the U2 song which goes: "And you can get three too! And you can go go go go" I'd also like to know if it's still available. Julie, London E4.

● U2 singles were: "U2 Three" (Dec '79, Eire only), "11 O'Clock Tick Tock" (May '80), "A Day Without Me" (Aug '80), "I Will Follow (Oct '80), "Fire" (Jun '81), "Gloria" (Oct '81), "A Celebration" (Mar '82), "New Year's Day" (Jan '83) and "Two Hearts Beat As One" (Mar '83). Albums to date: "Boy" (Oct '80), "October" (Oct '81), "War" (Jan '83) and a live mini-album "Under A Blood Red Sky" (Nov '83). The lines you mention come from "A Celebration" but unfortunately this, along with most of their other singles, has since been deleted, and doesn't turn up on any of the LPs either. Suppose you'll have to wait and see if it's on the inevitable "Greatest Hits" collection. "A Celebration" scraped to Number 47 in April '82.

Could you tell me if there is any way I could get hold of a Gary Glitter "Greatest Hits" LP, as I've been looking for one for ages. Angela, Gmsby.

● Although the Baccofil Bulk (as he's been unkindly called!) is been with tons of different record companies, most of his output has been deleted. However, CBS retain a "best of" package issued through their "nice price" series. Appropriately titled "The Leader", it features those classics we all love and hold dear to our heart (well I do anyway) — "Oh Yes! You're Beautiful!", "Do You Wanna Touch Me (Oh Yeah!)", "I Love You Love Me Love" and all the rest — and should be easily available. At that "nice price" too.



Gary Glitter: The Tinfoil Terror in full flight

A MIDNIGHTY THUMBS-up to all those kind readers who sent in copies and offers of readers of The Tories' hit "I Only Want To Be With You" in response to Sally Andrews of Torquay's recent desperate plea. If Sally could send me her full address, I'll pass a copy on to her. And return all spare copies. Thanks again,

Get a question about absolutely anyone or anything to do with music? Linda will get you the answer (well, try). Write on a postcard to: Get Smart, 52-53 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

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17 - Reading University, 18 - London Victoria Palace, 19 - Falkstone Leas (Cliff Hall)

mel Brooks TO BE OR NOT TO BE (HITLER RAP) PART ONE

(HEIL SEIG HEIL HEIL SEIG HEIL HEIL HEIL MYSELF BRO HEIL)
(HEIL SEIG HEIL)

I WELL IS THERE PEOPLE YOU KNOW ME
I USED TO RUN A LITTLE JOINT CALLED GERMANY
I WAS NUMBER ONE THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE
AND EVERYONE LISTENED TO MY AMBITIOUS VOICE
MY NAME IS ADOLF FROM ON THE MAKE
I'M GONNA RIP TO YOU THE STONE OF THE NEW THIRD REICH
IT ALL BEGINS DOWN IN MARCH TOWN
AND PRETTY SOON THE WORLD STARTED GETTING AROUND
SO I SAID TO MARTIN BODERMAN I SAID HEY MARTY
WHY DON'T WE THROW A LITTLE NAZI PARTY
SO WE HAD AN ELECTION I WELL KINDA SORTA
AND BEFORE YOU KNEW IT HELLO NEW ORDER
TO ALL THOSE BROTHERS IN THE SAUTISLAND
I SAID ACHTUNG BABY I GOT ME A PLAN
SAID WHATTA GOT ADOLF I SAID ACHTUNG
I SAID HOW ABOUT THIS ONE

TO BE OR NOT TO BE OH BABY CAN'T YOU SEE
WE'RE GONNA TAKE YOU TO THE TOP YOU'RE MAKING HISTORY
AND IT FEELS SO GOOD TO ME OOH DARLING PLEASE DON'T EVER STOP
DON'T BE STUPID BE A SMARTY COME ON JOIN THE NAZI PARTY (PARTY)

LIKE HUMPTY DUMPTY OFFA THAT WALL ALL THE LITTLE COUNTRIES THEY BEGAN TO FALL

HOLLAND BELGIUM DENMARK POLAND
THE TROOPS WERE RICKING AND THE TANKS WERE MOVING
WE WERE SWINGING ALONG WITH A SONG IN OUR HEART
AND DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLES WAS MAKING THE CHANT
WE HAD A NEW STEP CALLED THE GIGGLE STEP WE WERE MARCHING TO
WELL IT'S SORTA KINDA LIKE A GERMAN BOOGALOO
I WAS GETTING WHAT I WANTED BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH

AND I SURROUNDED MYSELF WITH SOME UNUSUAL CATS
THERE WAS SPINNY LITTLE GIRL AND OLD OLD MR FATS
LET'S NOT FORGET OLD HANMLER AND HESS
YOU BETTER BELIEVE WE MADE A HELL OF A MESS
SAID HEIL HEIL REGETTY HEIL WE'RE GONNA RIP IT ON THE PEOPLE TESTIMONIC STYLE

TO BE OR NOT TO BE OH BABY CAN'T YOU SEE
WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT TO THE TOP
YOU ARE OUR DESTINY THIS THING WAS MEANT TO BE
WHY DON'T WE DO IT 'TIL WE DROP
BO YOUR BOOTS AREN'T BLACK AND YOUR SHIRT AREN'T BROWN
GET BACK JACK YOU CAN'T GET DOWN

(DO IT ADOLF DO IT)
I DRANK WINE FROM THE SHINE WITH THE FINEST LADIES
AND DID IT IN THE SACK OF A BLACK MERCEDES
I WAS ON A ROLL I COULDN'T LOSE THEN CAME ON DAY THE BIRTH OF THE BLUES
YANKS AND THE BRITS STARTED RAISING CAJN
THOSE GUY'S WERE PICKED THEY DROVE ME INSANE
PEOPLE ALL AROUND ME STARTED SWALLOWING PILLS
LET'S FACE IT FOLKS WE WAS GOING DOWNHILL
BERLIN WAS CHUMBLING WE WAS UNDER THE GUN
TIME TO LOOK OUT FOR NUMBER ONE
SO I GRABBED A SLONKE AND A CASE OF BEER
SAID THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING LET'S GET OUT OF HERE

TO BE OR NOT TO BE OH HONEY CAN'T YOU SEE
WE HAD TO TAKE IT TO THE TOP
YOU SUJIE MADE HISTORY AND IT FELT SO GOOD TO ME
OOH SCHLUTZKY PLEASE DON'T EVER STOP
AUF WEIDERSEHEN GOOD TO SEE YA GOTTA ONE WAY TICKET TO ARGENTINA
TO BE OR NOT TO BE OH BABY CAN'T YA SEE
WE GOTTA TAKE IT TO THE TOP

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SIOUXSIE and the BANSHEES

SWIMMING HORSES

FALLING IN YOUR FALLING IN YOUR
 IN YOUR ARMS IN YOUR ARMS
 FISH ON A LINE
 LEARNS TO LIVE ON DRY LAND
 THROWN BACK AGAIN TO DROWN
 KINDER WITH POISON
 THAN PUSHED DOWN A WELL
 OR A FACE BURNT TO HELL
 FEEL THE CRUEL STONES BREAKING HER BONES
 DEAD BEFORE BORN
 WORDS FALL IN RUINS BUT NO SOUND
 SHE'S DYING OF YOUR SHAME
 SHE'S MAIMED BY YOUR PAIN
 HE GIVES BIRTH TO SWIMMING HORSES
 HE GIVES BIRTH TO SWIMMING HORSES
 FISH ON A LINE WALKING ON DRY LAND
 OUT BACK IN THE WATER TO DROWN WE DROWN
 FLOATING IN SKY
 HE GIVES BIRTH TO SWIMMING HORSES
 HE GIVES BIRTH TO SWIMMING HORSES
 TAKE A RIDE ON THE TIDE
 WITH THE ASSASSIN AT YOUR SIDE
 THIS WEIGHTLESSNESS UNDER WATER
 FORGETS IN SLOW MOTION
 AND WASHES POINTLESS TORTURES
 HE GIVES BIRTH TO SWIMMING HORSES
 HE GIVES BIRTH TO SWIMMING HORSES
 FLOATING IN THE SKY
 LIKE FISHES CAN FLY
 THROUGH YOUR ARMS

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SADE

Sade *Proper noun.*
 (pronounced *Shar-day*.)
 Young jazz/soul singer
 currently doing rather
 well with her single
 "Your Love Is King".
 (Origin: London via
 Colchester and Nigeria).

"It all started with the hairbrush in the mirror routine," reckons Sade. "I always knew I wanted to sing — no matter what I was doing I always knew I'd end up as a singer."

This kind of determination always reaps rewards and in Sade's case it's meant a rather lucrative deal with Epic Records. Her first release is "Your Love Is King", a silky soul number that'll have them smooching away in the discos like nobody's business.

Not a bad start for this Essex-bred 24-year-old, born in Nigeria where her father taught Economics at a local University and her mother was a trainee nurse. In fact Sade Adu (pronounced Shar-day though it's rumoured her real name's Helen) was born on the campus of the University. At the age of four she moved to a little village outside Colchester, later moving to the coastal resort of Holland-on-Sea. After doing a foundation course she went to St Martin's School Of Art to study fashion for three years. "I knew that whatever I studied I wanted to work at later."

And she did, going through a year of self-employment, "making and selling one-offs, mainly to men." She even shopped off her clothes at a fashion show in New York around the time when Spandau Ballet first fell over there. But it seems she never really felt a part of all that Blitz club scene.

"I was never one of the army. Never in the first time, so to speak. After being at college all day with those people I didn't want to go out with them at night."

About two years ago she gave up fashion for music and became one of the backing singers in a group called Pride. At the same time she formed an offshoot group with a few of Pride called Sade. After a year of running both at once it was apparent that Pride had to go.

Now she feels that her time has come. "There's a feeling in the air towards jazz. Although I'd never continue to being part of a jazz band that feels definitely in line with current taste."

So what position would she like to be in a year from now?

"Well I'd like to be able to maintain the respect we've got now and not let our principles be changed by anything that's happening in music." — Peter Martin.

YOUR LOVE IS KING

CHORUS
 YOUR LOVE IS KING
 CROWN YOU IN MY HEART
 YOUR LOVE IS KING
 NEVER NEED TO PART
 YOUR KISSES RING
 ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND MY HEAD
 TOUCHING THE VERY PART OF ME
 THAT'S MAKING MY SOUL SING
 TEARING THE VERY HEART OF ME
 I'M CRYING OUT FOR MORE
 YOUR LOVE IS KING
 CROWN YOU IN MY HEART
 YOUR LOVE IS KING
 YOU'RE THE RULER OF MY HEART
 YOUR KISSES RING
 ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND MY HEAD
 TOUCHING THE VERY PART OF ME
 THAT'S MAKING MY SOUL SING
 I'M CRYING OUT FOR MORE
 YOUR LOVE IS KING
 I'M COMING NOW I'M COMING
 YOU'RE MAKING ME DANCE INSIDE

REPEAT CHORUS
 TOUCHING THE VERY PART OF ME
 THAT'S MAKING MY SOUL SING
 I'M CRYING OUT FOR MORE
 YOUR LOVE IS KING
 THIS IS NO BLIND FAITH
 THIS IS NO SAD OR SORRY DREAM
 THIS IS NO BLIND FAITH
 THIS IS NO SAD OR SORRY DREAM
 YOUR LOVE IS REAL
 (GOTTA CROWN YOU WITH YOUR HEART)
 YOUR LOVE IS KING
 (NEVER NEVER NEED TO PART)
 YOUR LOVE IS KING (OH TOUCH ME)
 YOUR LOVE IS KING (I'M COMING)
 YOUR LOVE IS KING (MAKING ME DANCE)

WORDS AND MUSIC
 SADES MATTHEWMAN
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Photo: OAP

The man pictured above is **Nelson Mandela**, the subject of the new single by **The Special AKA**. He has been

imprisoned in South Africa for 22 years because he is the leader of the African National Congress, the black South African movement which fights against the apartheid system in South Africa. Under apartheid the white government (which represents less than one-fifth of the population) rules the black majority who have no vote and whose political parties (like the African National Congress) are outlawed. The Special AKA's single, "Nelson Mandela", is their tribute to him and the other political prisoners in South Africa. The Special AKA's LP, which has been years in the making, should be released at the end of April, by the way.

FAN CLUBS

(Always enclose an s.a.s.)

Madness
P.O. Box 75
London N1 3BA
Big Country
Country Club
23A Crawford Street
London W.1.

The American disc jockey, **Gary Byrd**, who presents the new *Sweet Inspirations* show on *Radio 1* on Sunday evenings is the same Gary Byrd who had a hit with "The Crown" last year.

"Strive" is **Gloria Gaynor's** follow-up to "I Am What I Am". It's out now (and so is her new LP, "I Am Gloria Gaynor").

IT MUST BE LOVE

Three down. Three to go. **Lee Thompson** is the latest member of **Madness** to plight his troth. Last week he married Deborah Fordham in the *Hard Rock Cafe* in Los Angeles. Matthew Setumph, the group's manager, gave Deborah away and everyone celebrated with champagne and hamburgers. It was hardly a sudden decision as the pair had been going out for ten years. They even have an 18-month-old daughter called Tuesday. At present they're honeymooning at home in Kentish Town before Madness start work on writing their own TV series, building a studio and starting a new record label.

The political/funk band **Gang Of Four** are splitting up. They're playing at the Hammersmith Palais, London, on April 15 and it looks as though that will be their final show.



The World's Famous Supreme Team, they of "Hey D.J." fame, are two 25-year-old New Yorkers who met while selling things on the street. Justice (left in the photo above) was trying to log perfume while Divine (right in the pic) was selling bags. They got together and became DIs on a local radio station WHBL. When **Malcolm McLaren** (middle in the photo) heard their show he asked them to participate in his "Duck Rock" LP. On "Buffalo Gals" you can hear them on the "It's a pity that she's so dirty" bit which also crops up in their own single. Now they're recording their own LP. Malcolm McLaren has also got two new LPs planned out and is soon to fly to Los Angeles to record one of them.



"Just A Dream" is **Wena's** follow-up single to "99 Red Balloons". It'll be out on April 9.

GRAMMY RECORDS

"Thank you, America. You've got taste, you've got style and you know a good drag queen when you see one!"

That's what **Boy George** said in a live broadcast from London on U.S. television when accepting **Culture Club's** Grammy Award for Best New Group. The Grammy Awards are the American record industry's equivalent of the Oscars and this year, although British acts had dominated the nominations, it was **Michael Jackson** who actually won most of them. He was awarded eight Grammys, the most anyone has ever won in one year. (And he's now collected more Grammys during his 15-year career than anyone else.)

The Police also won four awards, including Best New Song, "Every Breath You Take", and **Duran Duran** won a couple—one for Best Video Album and another for Best Short Video.

Michael Jackson attended the ceremony in Los Angeles with **Brooke Shields** and **Annie Lennox** caused a bit of a stir by appearing dressed as a man (like in the "Who's That Girl" video), complete with fake sideburns.

POPPING BACK



"I've always wanted to be an all round entertainer and at the moment I'm closest to fulfilling that dream." **Jeffrey Daniel** explains in his soft American accent. You see, at the moment Jeffrey's rehooking for *Starlight Express*, the new Andrew Lloyd Webber musical. In it he plays the part of an electric train called, rather inventively, Electra. It's his first real project since *Schlammer* signed up late last year. Apparently, he got this part through a "best friend" who encouraged him in no uncertain terms to go for a part in the production.

"It was like the part was made for me," beams Jeffrey. "You see the whole

extravaganza—and that's the only word for it—is set on roller-skates and I've been skating since I was this high. (Points at knee.) I used to go round collecting bottles for the deposit money so I could afford to go to the rink."

Starlight Express opens March 27 at the Apollo Victoria theatre, but before that they're doing a special performance for the Queen. And to coincide with the premiere is the release of Jeffrey's first solo single (on which he sings but plays no instruments), "AC/DC", taken from the cast album of *Starlight Express* due for release in late spring. And if that's not enough he makes his silver screen debut around the same time in **Fred McCarren's** film, *Give My Regards to Broad Street* (which Tracey Ullman also appears in).

"That's all about Paul's real life versus his unconscious dream life. I play myself in one of the dream sequences."

And so to the future. "Well I'm signed up to *Starlight Express* for an entire year. But I've got studios in my blood so I'll be doing some recording."

And how about the hypopops? "Well as regards dancing I've got a few surprises up my sleeve but you'll just have to wait and see."

Billy Bragg's just finished a big tour of his own but he's not resting. Instead he can be found competing the **Style Council** Questions show which is airing now. Busy talk.

Radio Merseyside DJ, Coa McConville, is so crazy about Liverpool combo, **It's Immaterial** (they of "A Gigantic Raft (In The Philippines)" fame), that he had 'e'd clean the steps of his radio station with a toothbrush if their first single, "White Man's Hat", wasn't a hit. Needless to say, the record stilled and the other week the steps outside Radio Merseyside were given a long, and extremely slow, clean.

Over the next couple of weeks **The Fall** will be touring in Scotland. Here are the dates: Dundee Trovers (March 15), Edinburgh Niteclub (20), Edinburgh Buster Browns (21), Glasgow Penthouse (22), Ayr The Pavilion (23). An hour-long Fall video cassette has just been released with the rather radical title, *Perverted By Language Biscuits*. Doesn't know what it means either.

BIZ

Nick Wilding of Chaddesden, Derby, has written in to chastise *Biz* for missing a very important entry out of our *Happy Birthday* column last month. **Howard Jones** was, of course, 29 on February 25.

After its five weeks at number one (invalving "Karma Chameleon"), **Frankie Goes To Hollywood's** "Relax" has now sold over 930,000 copies in the U.K. alone and is currently number one in Germany and Belgium. The follow-up single "Two Tribes" has now been recorded with producer Trevor Horn and will be released in a month.

The **Cure's** tour starts in Newcastle on April 25—(full details in *Nightsout*, page 60). The line-up will include **Phil Thornally** who worked with **D'ran** on their "Ragged Tiger" LP. There'll be a new Cure single on March 25 and an LP, "The Top" on April 20. Robert's also to be heard on the new Siouxsie single and LP and will be touring with her in Europe next month as well.

NODDY HOLDER: SLADE'S FIVE MOST DISASTROUS GIGS



WHEN WE WERE TOURING AUSTRALIA back in the early 70s in the middle of their summer, we played in a place where they hadn't had rain in three weeks of the year for 20 years. We did a big gig at a racecourse and it poured down with rain the whole day and we had to play in a thunderstorm with rain beating into the stage. The crowd were fabulous but it was a bit dodgy electrically.

IN BELGIUM at the Forst National Stadium, Brussels, some rival promoter sabotaged the electrical plug points in the hall and cut the power off in two shows in the same point at each show. The PA and everything went off. We ended up just trying to shout to the audience. I'm afraid our road crew almost murdered the guy who did it.

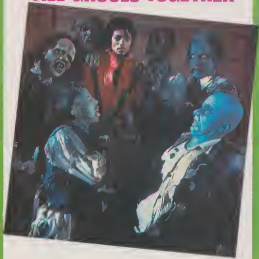
WE WERE PLAYING THIS FESTIVAL IN FINLAND once and we hired a private plane to take all the equipment

and all the bands who were playing at the festival. It was an old plane, 25 years old, and this was its last flight. We actually took off from the runway and the back door fell off the plane! That made us a bit late for that show because we had to come into land again so they could not the door back on.

IN FRANCE, BORDEAUX, our crew had set up the PA in this gigantic sports arena. We thought during the day that the floor was a bit dodgy. We asked the promoter about it and he said it would be alright. The show started and all the crowd were bouncing up and down and the entire floor caved in. The PA and everything went through the floor!

ONE ST PATRICK'S NIGHT WE PLAYED IN DUBLIN at the boxing stadium, and we arrived there and the stage hadn't even been built. Everyone was still in the pub. So we dragged them back to build the stage, the show went on late, but what they'd done was build a stage at one end of the hall for the band and another stage at the other end of the hall for the equipment! When they finally got the two stages put together there was foam rubber about six inches thick on the stage and so it was all bang! bang! we were bouncing about. We said "What's all this?" and they said "Ah, it's to stop you getting electric shocks, boys." They weren't used to rock concerts in those days.

ALL GHOULS TOGETHER



Michael Jackson's Thriller is the rather self-explanatory title of a new hour-long video cassette to be released on March 30. It's a fascinating film which contains the full 14-minute "Thriller" video and then goes behind the scenes to show Michael having layers of gruesome make-up applied to his face, rehearsing with dancers, indulging in horseplay with director John Landis etc. There are also excerpts from the "Beat It" video, a home movie of The Jacksons performing when Michael was knee-high to practically everything, and film of his sensational performance of "Billie Jean" at the Tamla Motown 25th Anniversary TV Special which has never been seen in Britain before. Needless to say the video is already the biggest-selling music video ever in the USA and *Biz* has acquired live to give away.

Here's the question. The director of "Thriller" was John Landis. Which of these lecture films did he also direct? a) *Blood Of Dr Jekyll*; b) *An American Werewolf In London*; c) *Zombie Flesh Eaters*; d) *Blade Runner*.

Answers on postcards by March 28 to: **Smash Hits Thriller Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. Go to it.

Steve Levine is the man who produces *Culture Club's* and *David Grant's* records. Now he's making his own LP with some of his famous friends. His first single, "Belovin' It All", was co-written with **Boy George** and will be released at the end of this month. Other guests on the LP will include *David Grant* and *Rita Marley*, the widow of the late Bob Marley.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Clare Grogan 22 on March 17
Terry Hall 25 on March 19
Peter Wyllie of *Wah!* 26 on March 22
Arthe Franklin 42 on March 25
Elton John 37 on March 25
Steve Herman (right) of *Spandau Ballet* 24 on March 25
Treacé Young 19 on March 25
Diana Ross 40 on March 25
Susann Sulley of *The Human League* 21 on March 26



Photo: Eric Wastell

JIMMIE JIMMIE

HEAVENLY FATHER WATCHING US FALL
WE TAKE FROM EACH OTHER AND GIVE NOTHING AT ALL
WELL IT'S A DOGGONE SHAME
BUT NEVER TOO LATE FOR CHANGE
SO IF YOUR LUCK RUNS LOW
JUST REACH OUT AND CALL HIS NAME HIS NAME

CHORUS

YAH MO B THERE (UP AND OVER)
YAH MO B THERE (UP AND OVER)
YAH MO B THERE (UP AND OVER)

WHENEVER YOU CALL

NEVER BE LONELY LOST IN THE NIGHT
RUN FROM THE DARKNESS LOOKING FOR THE LIGHT
'CAUSE IT'S A LONG HARD ROAD
THAT LEADS TO A BRIGHTER DAY HEY
DON'T LET YOUR HEART GROW COLD
JUST REACH OUT AND CALL HIS NAME HIS NAME

REPEAT CHORUS

YAH MO B THERE YAH MO BE THERE (UP AND OVER)
YAH MO B THERE (UP AND OVER) EVERYWHERE
YAH MO B THERE YEAH (UP AND OVER)
YAH MO B THERE (UP AND OVER)
YAH MO B THERE

YAH WILL B THERE

YOU CAN COUNT ON IT BROTHER
CAUSE WE'RE ALL JUST FINDING OUR WAY
TRAVELLING THROUGH TIME
PEOPLE GOT TO KEEP PUSHING ON
NO MATTER HOW MANY DREAMS SLIP AWAY
YAH WILL B THERE

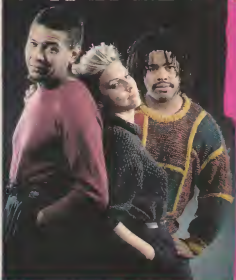
WELL IT'S A DOGGONE SHAME
BUT NEVER TOO LATE FOR CHANGE
SO WHEN YOUR LUCK RUNS LOW
JUST REACH OUT AND CALL HIS NAME
JUST CALL HIS NAME

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

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CARMEL



MORE MORE MORE

WHAT YOU DOING TO ME YEAH
WHAT YOU DOING TO ME NOW
YOU LEAVE ME DRY YOU LEAVE ME DRY
I SAID GIVE A BITTY BITTY OF YOUR LOVING
I SAID GIVE A BITTY BITTY OF YOUR LOVING
I WILL TAKE A BITTY TIME OUT FOR ME BABE
OH JIMMIE JIMMIE JIMMIE GIVE ME MORE YEAH

CHORUS

OH GIVE ME MORE MORE MORE MORE MORE
NOW GIVE ME MORE MORE MORE MORE MORE
AH GIVE ME MORE MORE MORE MORE MORE
NOW GIVE ME MORE MORE MORE MORE MORE
GIVE A BITTY BITTY (GIVE A BITTY BITTY)
OF YOUR LOVING (OF YOUR LOVING)
I SAID GIVE A BITTY BITTY (GIVE A BITTY BITTY)
OF YOUR LOVING (OF YOUR LOVING)
AH NOW TAKE A LITTLE TIME
(TAKE IT TAKE IT TIME)
OH JIMMY JIMMY JIMMY GIVE ME GIVE ME MORE

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE AND AD LIB TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC PARIS D'ARBY McCOURT SAUNDERS
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SINGLES

reviewed by



PETER MARTIN

PROPAGANDA: Dr Mabuse (ZTT) While a lot of music seems to be taking the soft option these days, ZTT come up with an ideal successor to their last release, Frankie Goes To Hollywood's "Relax". "Dr Mabuse" is bold, striking, exciting and totally enjoyable. It's all about "selling your soul" with lots of Germanic voices sounding mysterious over a dynamic Kraftwerk-style driving rhythm. Trevor Horn's production gives it an epic quality, while the German group around the whole thing in drama and mystery. Totally over the top, it deserves to be Single Of The Fortnight.



DEPECHE MODE: People Are People (Mute) This time they've gone all radical with a distinctly metallic sound. But instead of jarring the nerves it tends to induce movement in bodies that normally wouldn't be seen dead on a dancefloor. The

lyrics are good, too—about "getting along awfully" and not understanding hate. Makes a change from all this unrequited love business. Easily their best yet and this harder direction is bound to spawn bags of imitators.

MICHAEL JACKSON: PYT (Pretty Young Thing) (Epic) I've had just about enough of this so-called "Peter Bloody Pan Of Pop". I see one more picture of him with Brooke Shields collecting an award, I think I'll scream. This is about the 643rd release from "Thriller", which I've had for about a year and a half anyway and, quite frankly, I'll be pretty glad when he decides to record something new.

SIMPLE MINDS Up On The Catwalk (Virgin) I've already played this to death as it's the best track on the "Sparkle In The Rain" LP. It perfectly highlights their skill in combining a delicate melody and a sense of mystery with a determined power. Glassy keyboards, restrained guitars and thunderous drums are all jack-knifed along by Jim Kerr's stream-of-consciousness lyrics. Apparently it's all about the "hypocrisy of Britain" but with lines like "Michaelangelo, Robert de Niro, Nastassia Kinski and Martin Luther", I'm not quite sure how he came to that conclusion.

LIONEL RICHIE: Hello (Motown) Lionel, weak with emotion, gives a right old tug to the heartstrings on this classic weepie tale of unrequited leechery. Your Mum's bound to make you turn it up when *Top Of The Pops* is on.



MADONNA: Lucky Star (Sire) Twangy bass, shiny guitars, a pumping beat and seriously sexy vocals all go to making this a pretty jolly disc outing that sounds a bit like Shalamar. And since when has that been a bad thing?

WHODINI: The Whodini Electre EP (Jive) "Magic's Wand" is the best known track on this New York electro mini-EP. Produced by Thomas Dolby it charts the rise and rise of rapping from the year dot. Still it sounds very much like Last Year's Thing when compared with the likes of "Type-Arter".

JEFFREY DANIEL: AC/DC (Polydor) Taken from the forthcoming musical *Starlight Express*, Jeffrey Daniel's first solo effort is rather unorthodox. A disjointed, clanking electronic rhythm and voice are all there in the song which, I'm sure, will make more sense when accompanied by some extravagant video.

SHAKIN' STEVENS: A Love Worth Waiting For (Epic) This sounds as though it's about 30 years old. A flimsy song all about overlasting love with plucked strings and warbly vocals a-go-go. A real sickener.



JULIAN COPE: The Greatness And Perfection Of Love (Mercury) If Shaky sounds as though he's from the '50s, we all know where Julian's head must be at—the hoodsey '60s. Jangly guitars, shaking tambourines and bouncy drums all back his "ba ba ba" chorus and knowing, yet wistful, public school voice. A hit of a gem, this one, but sadly probably not a hit.

THE ICICLE WORKS: Birds Fly (Whisper To A Scream)/In The Cauldron Of Love (Beggars Banquet) In which *The Works* go all conceptual. "Birds Fly" is something of a joyous pop song, full of wondrous open-eyed optimism while "In The Cauldron Of Love" is far more moody. And not a hint of psychedelia in sight.

TRACEY: Soul On Fire (Respond) She sounds much more confident now, as does the song. In fact, at times she reminds me of Madonna, while the song has tinges of Wham! and JoBoxers about it. A big hit if you ask me.

CHE: What You've Been Through Is Love (Heresay Like A Swift) (Decca) This first single from Liverpool singer Alex is really pretty fab. He's got a sweet soul voice and the song is pocked with fifty little hooks that I find myself humming at his stops. The sign of a good pop song.

ZEE: Confusion (Harvest) Richard Wright from Pink Floyd and Dave (used to be Dee) Harris (ex of Fashion) haven't done themselves any favours with this, their first single. It's a fairly boring—nay, very boring—

workout that has lots of nice sounds on it and everything just slips by quite happily. Much ado about nothing.

JOE FAGIN: Why Don't We Spend The Night (TowerB2) I really hate this. From the opening screechy guitar right down to the gravelly vocals this song is hauntingly awful. Still it won't stop your Dad stinging along to it in the bath on Sunday mornings.



THE SPECIAL AKA: Nelson Mandela (2-Tone) This song simply wants to "Free Nelson Mandela", a black, South African political prisoner (there's more about him in *Blitz*). Helped out by Elvis Costello, General Public and Lyraal Golding, it's a slightly chaotic Latin American hew that's worthy but probably won't get played on the radio.

DEAD OR ALIVE: That's The Way (I Like It) (Epic) If Pete Burns doesn't have a hit with this one, he might as well pack it in. It's a fast and furious reworking of the old KC & The Sunshine Band hit that's got desperation stamped all over it. I mean these boys will do absolutely anything to have a hit: dress up like Marilyn and Frankie Goes To Hollywood, say rude things in the press and get swimmer Sharon Davies in their videos. I just say good luck to 'em.

THE ALARM: The Deceiver (IRS) This sounds like The Bluebells and look what happened to them... not a lot. Still, a lot of people have got their hopes pinned on The Alarm and, so far, they've been able to live up to their promises. Just can't see why so many people hate them.

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES: Swimming Horses (Wonderland) I hope this grows on me because I don't think much of it up to now. It's got a sort of staccato piano rhythm backing Siouxsie's powerfully gliding voice and it's all punctuated by a scratchy echoey guitar, much like the one on "Israel". I suppose it fits in well on the new album, but by itself I think it's one of their weakest singles yet. And for Heaven's sake don't ask me what "he gives birth to swimming horses" means.

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April's Computer Choice is out now.

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ALBUMS



THE STYLE COUNCIL: Cafe Bleu (Polydor) Paul Weller "once said a couple of words on behalf of his generation", according to the cheeky sleeve notes, but now, along with Marko Mick, he's made an LP that flies in the face of fashion, and his die-hard Jam fans. Bittersweet ballads, stinking jazz numbers and crucial disco/funk tracks all bustle for attention. There's plenty of surprises here but no obvious singles: Paul clearly wants to win fans not reputation but on musical worth. Me, I never really liked The Jam but this, it's *so* magnificent. (3½ out of 10)

Peter Marler

SOFT CELL: This Last Night In Sodom (Some Bizzare) Out with a bang. For their final LP together Marc Almond and David Ball have put together a hot-rocker collection of new songs about sin, scandal, suffering etc. The rock 'n' roll rhythm of "Down In The Subway" is restricted to that track; several others, particularly "My Self Destruct" could be listed with ease. Others are steeped in a lushness, Spanish, jazz-conscious, hot and sensual, with richly textured synthesizers and a twangy guitar. A triumphant farewell. (8½ out of 10)

Neil Tennant

ROCKWELL: Somebody's Watching Me (Motown) Hey, this is good. Rockwell has obviously thought long and hard about what he wants. The songs are all strong and the producers, Curtis Anthony Nolen and the man himself, have chipped out a sound that's hard and smooth at the same time. The only drawback is when Rockwell puts

on a silly accent — like the dodgy British voice on the otherwise wonderful "Somebody's Watching Me". There are plenty more singles here. Like the old Beatles' number "Taxman" or "Obscene Phone Call" (despite the title). (7 out of 10)

Jan Birch

NENA: Nena (CBS) You'll be disappointed if you expect anything vastly superior to '89 Red Balloons" (of which there are two versions here) from these German popsters. Side One, sung in English, justifies itself with some moderately pleasing melodies but Side Two remains irritatingly lightweight with neither change of pace or mood. Singer Nena Krause's good looks will no doubt ensure some degree of success for a while, but then this noise-sounding Euro-pop isn't built to last. (4½ out of 10)

Kimberley Lestait

PREFAB SPRUIT: Sweet (Kitchanware) I've had a tape of this for two months and, until now, I haven't liked it. Today, reading the lyrics and listening more carefully, it shows signs of obscure genius. The sound is delicate, airy, jazzy, acoustic, but the ideas in the lyrics are complex and very strange. Another 30 plays and I'll get the hang of it. (7 out of 10)

Johnny Black

GLORIA GAYNOR: I Am Gloria Gaynor (Chrysalis) If like me, you were hoping to hear a brace of chest-swelling stompers like "I Am What I Am", you'll be in for a disappointment. It's not that the LP's bad; it's just that it craves for safety. The songs sound either like watered-down Michael Jackson or the less interesting smoochers from a Broadway musical. It's all very adult and after-hours. (4½ out of 10)

Jan Birch



CARMEI: The Drum Is Everything (London) Ideally this lot should be heard in a small dark smoky jazz club with the gentle clinking of white wine glasses in the background. Then you wouldn't have to give Carmel's rather hard-edged voice your undivided attention (which would be fair because it does tend to grate on the old ears

after a while). Instead you could concentrate on the horns, double bass and three backing singers who bring a controlled and softer aspect to the whole thing. Maybe it's your glass of Leibnizmilch but it's not exactly nice. (5 out of 10)

Lisa Anthony

WANG CHUNG: Points Of The Curve (Geffen) Not as bad as I'd feared from the single which I've only heard a million times on the radio, but still a bit precious, self-conscious and underated. Some tight, tough drumming but the production doesn't do it justice. Competent, uninspired, vaguely Oriental pop which might do well in America. (3 out of 10)

Johnny Black



MARILLION: Fugazi (EMI) A big grand sound, achieved by lining the bass with steadily galloping drums, filling the middle with ribbons of spitting keyboards and a covering of hot guitars, all brought to the surface by Fish's theatrical, spitting vocal. But you can't overlook the similarities between what Marillion do on this and what Genesis used to do years ago. Still, I don't mind it. (6 out of 10)

Linda Dull

RE-FLEX: Politics Of Dancing (EMI) Another of the current plague of seamless synth acts (produced with America in mind) currently blighting the country. Both lyrically and musically Re-flex are really very ordinary, but by virtue of keeping things simple and direct, they just about succeed — as on the moderately ace title track. The slower material exposes their lack of depth, but postmarks for effort. (3½ out of 10)

Jan Channa

MATTHEW WILDER: I Don't Speak The Language (Epic) This album seems to alternate between smaltzy love songs with cooling backing singers and very Billy Joel-ish tales of "rockin' and makin' love". To say that the lyrics are cliché-infested is rather like saying the Eiffel Tower is in Paris, but even I have to admit they all have the same infuriating catchiness as "Break My Stride". So be careful — you'll probably find yourself bawling them off the bus stop. (4 out of 10)

Lola Borg

DEPECHE MODE

Chorus
People are people so
Why should it be
You and I should
Get along so awfully
People are people
So why should it be
You and I should
Get along so awfully

So we're different colours
And we're different breeds
And different people
Have different needs
It's obvious you hate me
Though I've done nothing wrong
I've never even met you
So what could I have done

I can't understand
What makes a man
Hate another man
Help me understand

Repeat chorus

Help me understand
Help me understand

Now you're punching
And you're kicking
And you're shouting at me
I'm relying on
Your common decency
So for it hasn't surfaced
But I'm sure it exists
It just takes a while to travel
From your head to your fists

I can't understand
What makes a man
Hate another man
Help me understand

Repeat chorus

I can't understand
What makes a man
Hate another man
Help me understand
Repeat seven times to fade

Words and music Depeche Mode
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PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE

Van Halen are professional maniacs. They've broken more bones leaping off loudspeakers than you've had hot dinners. They've actually parachuted on stage. They make even the most over-the-top heavy rock bands look and sound like the Nolans. Brian Harrigan describes the subtle art of staying...

ONE JUMP AHEAD

■ Up there on the people-making factory in the sky, God was creating a creature called David Lee Roth. Baby Dave stood still long enough to get his correct quota of eyes, ears, arms and legs but then he got a bit bored. When it came to the hair section he mischievously asked for a double portion.

And when God reached into the box marked "Modesty", young Dave was long gone. He was next door, gazing lovingly at himself in the mirror.

David Lee Roth is the lead singer with Van Halen — one of the loudest, most raucous hard rock bands on the planet. They look as though they're next in line to become heavy metal masters of the universe thanks to their current album, "1984", and the single "Jump" which appears to be making a permanent little homestead for itself in Top Tens round the world.

Of course, it wasn't always like this — not even for Van Halen. No, once upon a time Dave Lee Roth hadn't even met the other three chaps in the band nor had he had the chance to expose his wonderful self to umpteen millions of fans.

That was in the mid-'70s and Roth was experiencing what he called "a hyper-active youth". Then he met a chap called Michael Anthony (bass player) and two brothers Edward and Alex Van Halen (guitars and drums) who had emigrated to America from Holland. It was the work of moments to form a band and then get themselves out there, bashing the earholes and eyeballs anyone who

would listen or look.

And it was always Roth who made them different to all the other bands knocking about at the time. Maybe it was the spray-on Spandex trousers that he managed to pour himself into. Perhaps it was the shaggy, just-out-of-bed hairstyle. Or maybe it was the curious acrobatics he indulged in that made him seem somehow... you know, different.

Then again, it might have been the subtle way he insisted on falling over every great he was. Say that enough and people start to believe you. Especially when you make music as hard rocking as Van Halen.

Subtlety was never the band's strongpoint. For example in 1977 they found themselves down the bill at a big open air festival in Anaheim Stadium in California. To attract the attention of a big crowd competing to be afraid to leave nothing to chance, they parachuted — that's right, parachuted — into the stadium and, having successfully failed to kill themselves — played a thrashing set and got a deal with Warner Brothers.

Oddy enough one of the first times they came to Britain they did a support tour with Black Sabbath (no sniggering at the back there) and actually seemed to be a modest, charming sort of bunch. The drummer, Alex Van Halen, in particular seemed to spend a lot of time listening with ill-concealed admiration as the Sabbath regaled them with wonderful stories about "Gigs We Have Done", "Young Ladies We Have Met" and "Hotel Rooms We Have Re-decorated". They all seemed a bit puzzled though when bass player Geezer Butler started going on about jolly japes they'd pulled — like filling the drummer's favourite sneakers with mayonnaise and him (tee hee) not noticing!

Then Van Halen would go out on stage to try and win over the Sabbath audience, the most single-minded in the world. Usually they succeeded, turning jeers into cheers by the end of the night.

It should have been obvious, even then, that the band's character on stage was far nearer the truth than their character off-stage — particularly in the case of David Lee Roth.

You know how famous concert pianists insure their fingers and deaf film stars insure their fags or other bits? Well, Dave has taken out a very special insurance policy indeed. It's to protect him from young ladies claiming that he is the father of their child — or, indeed, children. Roth has always insisted that this wasn't a publicity stunt but a very practical measure since his favourite after-concert activity doesn't appear to be making model aeroplanes.

It's not all been a bed of roses for David, though — he's suffered for his art, particularly due to his craze for leaping about the stage rather like a scalded jack-rabbit.

His greatest injury was in Rome when he decided to treat the audience to a truly spectacular leap. He took off like the Space Shuttle heading for the stratosphere but what he didn't know was that someone had lowered a mirror ball over his head. Bounce and ball tried to occupy the same space and the result was a busted nose, a short stay in an Italian hospital and a quick flight back to the States.

In an album sleeve photo-session, he tried another of his extra special leaps. It ended with the oil the grace of a sack of spuds, fracturing a foot.

I mean, what more can you say about Van Halen, and Dave Lee Roth in particular? Even the legendary Ted Nugent, who reckons he's the most lunatic and over-the-top heavy metal performer on the globe, has said he'll never share the same bill as Van Halen or be of being "upstaged". Dave Lee Roth says he "couldn't care less" apparently.

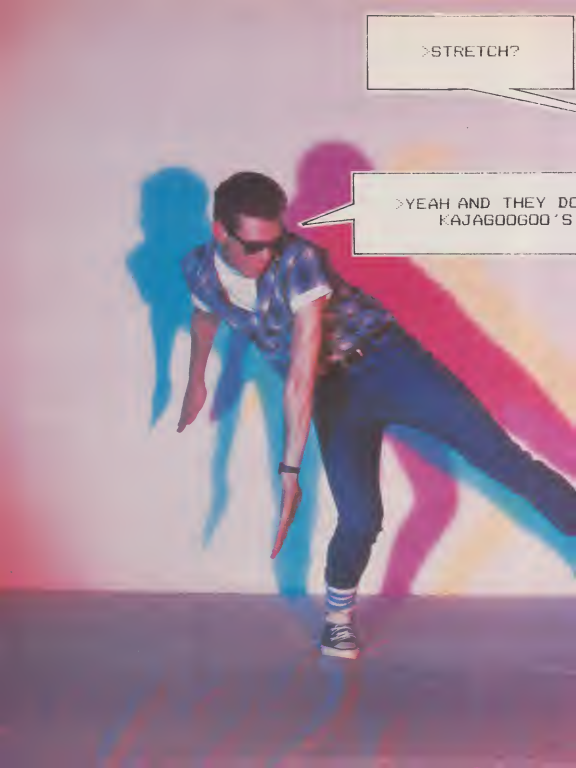
Believe me, there's never been much lacking in the confidence department.



ARE THESE MEN POSERS? (YES — ED.) VAN HALEN (LEFT-RIGHT) ALEX VAN HALEN, DAVID LEE ROTH, EDDIE VAN HALEN, MICHAEL ANTHONY

>STRETCH?

>YEAH AND THEY DO
KAJAGOOGOO 'S



N'T

Wrangler
THAT'S WHAT'S GOING ON

What's the Latin for "Let There Be Light"?

A: FIAT LUCK



AND — would you believe! — Ian Ditch thought it was something to do with Italian sports cars

Flat cover: David A. Collier/Steve Kellner

We want to promote internationally acclaimed megastars and live on Mars," cackles Ian Nelson, younger brother of Bill (that veteran musician who has helped out the likes of Mick Jagger, Gary Numan and a Flock Of Seagulls) and one third of Flat Lax.

No really, he continues, sounding positively like a starchy Channel 4 presenter. "The general consensus is that we're difficult to categorize. We cover a lot of ground stylistically—from dance to lolita to avant-garde. It's a valid form, why should we keep our hands off it?"

Actually everything about Flat (Channel 4, Ian, David Crickmore and Steve Wright (absolutely no relation to that Radio 1 DJ) look very 'indian' with their radical clothes and pots of hair-gel.

For the last two years they've been playing music that's wispy and well-meaning as their three singles ("Feels Like Winter" "Secrets" and now "Blue Emotion") show. They've toured with Blancmange and Howard Jones and are big favorites of Peter Dinklage.

They even have a name that is Latin for "Let there be light", Ian cackles again. "Everyone asks us why. But the sentiment

is completely appropriate. It's thought-provoking, as you said in the Bible, but many people realize that God spoke in Latin! And it doesn't date easily. It doesn't belong to punk or post-punk and it rolls off the tongue easily. Not like Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark."

They also drop in the odd cheeky detail like the one on the front cover of "Secrets".

"Look at the bottom right hand corner, tempt us."

"What for?" / ask.

"A picture."

"Blowed if I can see anything. What's there?"
"Now that would be telling."

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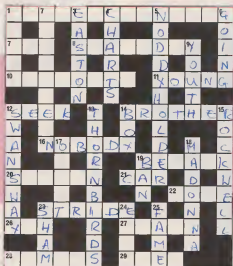


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- 7 and 8 Ultravox's wee 24 hours (3,5,3)
- 10, 22 and 27 What The Tourists said when they returned in 1980? (2,4,2,2,4,4,5)
- 11 Youkful like Paul?
- 12 What Howard Jones does beside hide
- 14 What Michael is to Jermaine and Robin is to Barry
- 16 Who told John Lennon?
- 19 See 10 across
- 20 Candi girl
- 21 Madness went driving in one
- 22 See 10 across
- 23 Matthew Wilder requests that you break his
- 26 ... Mo B There' (James Ingram)
- 27 See 10 across
- 28 Very well known — like Cliff Richard nearly was!
- 29 Untruths told by the Thompson Twins

DOWNS

- 1 See 1 across
- 2 Rene Verge turns into Hazel Dean's colourful hit (anag)
- 3 Her other name is Sheena
- 4 Everyone wants to be top of them
- 5 Slade mainman (5,6)
- 6 ... underground (The Jam)
- 9 A musical sort provided 'Pass — The Dutchie'
- 12 Currently they're riding on a soul train (5,3)
- 13 TV series that provided two Answers on page 52
- 14 A lad like George
- 15 Motown man who claims that he's spied upon
- 17 T. T. Coe can provide an eight-piece group (anag)
- 18 She gave us all a holiday
- 19 The Beeb slapped one on Relax
- 23 These hams formed Jimmy Pursey's band (anag)
- 24 ... Falconer — UB40's titled member?
- 25 Where those TV kids from recent hit themes (5,5)



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DAY TO REMEMBER

HOLLY JOHNSON

"THE DAY FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD GOT TO NUMBER ONE"

“

I woke about 8 o'clock. I was staying with some friends in Stoke Newington in London. I don't sleep very well on Monday

nights anymore because we get the new chart position on Tuesday morning.

I rang up Zang Tumb Tuum, our record label — it's like a Greek Palace — and they said, you're Number One! I started singing and dancing round the room. I was with me friend Jed. Jed works behind the bar at a club and is just an old friend from Liverpool. Sometimes he cuts my hair.

I didn't have time to eat anything. I had no clothes with me because I'd been out to the pub the night before and I was looking a bit scruffy. But I thought, it doesn't matter, I'm Number One. I can wear scruffy clothes if I want to!

I ordered a cab and came down to the Columbia Hotel where I had a shower and changed into some new clothes — the clothes I wore on Page 2 of the last *Smash Hits*. We did that photo session on that day.

Anyway I rushed to the studio and did about five interviews on the telephone while the other members of the band did photo sessions in the other room. And we were preparing to go to Europe the next day. We were really manic with hard work. Then it was over to Covent

Garden to do another photo session with a huge buzzard for a German magazine. They're really vicious birds and everyone was a bit frightened to do it. You should see those beaks! They also set us in this gothic fantasy scene — a kind of fairy castle. People often ask us to do strange things like that.

Then we were rushed headlong back to Z.T.T. to do some more interviews. Oh, on the way, I did drop into the clothes shop *Paul Smith* in Covent Garden to get a waistcoat and shirt. They're like hunting gear with little pheasants and men with guns. The waistcoat's red, the shirt's black.

By this time it's 7.00 in the evening. We're back in the studio and I'm getting really annoyed because we've been working so hard and Island, who distribute our records, hadn't laid on provisions for us. I thought that was really a bad show. I rang them up and was really rude to them. Also I'd heard they were celebrating their first Number One in years with champagne! So they rushed over four bottles of champagne and lots of McDonald's. That's why I've got such a mean expression on my face in that *Smash Hits* picture. I'm starving to death.

I did get time to ring me Mum and Dad

then. They were really pleased that we'd knocked Paul McCartney off the Number One spot. Me Dad drives a cab and me Mum works as a nurse in a children's heart clinic.

After the photo session I staggered to the *London Apprentice* pub in the East End for a quiet drink where I met my friend Jed again. I said, lad I'm exhausted, let's go home. So we did and started to chat and after that went to sleep.

The next day we went to Europe and there were lots of photographers at the airport. It was exactly like that — being a Hollywood star. But all that slowly died off. When you're in that position, the record company tends to overwork you to keep themselves in a job. You're pounced upon. It's good fun but very hard work.

Because the record was stolen I thought the glory had been snatched slightly because we weren't able to do *Top Of The Pops*. So I was glad we went to Europe. Doing *Top Of The Pops* is part of the enjoyment of being Number One.

Mike Read? I thought, thank-you Mike Read.

”

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD (left to right): Peter Gill, Paul Rutherford, Brian Nash, Mark O'Toole, A.Buzzani, Holly Johnson.



Photo: Michael Putland/UP

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| ● DURAN DURAN | ● MARILLION | ● STYLE COUNCIL |
| ● ELBOW BONES | ● MARILYN | ● SWANS WAY |
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| ● FASHION | ● MATTHEW WILDER | ● THOMAS DOLBY |
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| ● FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD | ● NENA | ● ULTRAVOX |
| ● HOT CHOCOLATE | ● NIK KERSHAW | ● VAN HALEN |
| ● HOWARD JONES | ● QUEEN | ● WANG CHUNG |

The names above are hidden in the diagram. They run horizontally, vertically or diagonally—many of them are printed backwards. But remember that the titles are always in an uninterrupted straight line with the letters in the right order, whichever way they run. Some letters will need to be used more than once—others you won't need to use at all. Put a line through the names as you find them.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 57

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



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AND HAVE WE GOT NEWS FOR YOU
YOU BETTER LISTEN
GET READY ALL YOU LONELY GIRLS
AND LEAVE THOSE UMBRELLAS AT HOME
ALL RIGHT

BABY IT'S RISING (RISING)
BAROMETER GETTING LOW (HOW LOW GIRL)
ACCORDING TO OUR SOURCES (WHAT SOURCES NOW)
THE STREET'S THE PLACE TO GO (WE'D BETTER HURRY UP)
BECAUSE TONIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME (FIRST TIME)
JUST ABOUT HALF PAST TEN (HALF PAST TEN)
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY
IT'S GOING TO START RAINING MEN (START RAINING MEN)

IT'S RAINING MEN HALLELUJAH
IT'S RAINING MEN AMEN
I'M GOING TO LET MYSELF GET ABSOLUTELY SOAKING WET
IT'S RAINING MEN HALLELUJAH
IT'S RAINING MEN EVERY SPECIMEN
TALL BLOND DARK AND LEAN
ROUGH AND TOUGH AND STRONG AND MEAN

GOD BLESS MOTHER NATURE
SHE'S A SINGLE WOMAN TOO
SHE TOOK ON THE HEAVENS
AND SHE DID WHAT SHE HAD TO DO
SHE BROUGHT EVERY ANGEL
SHE REARRANGED THE SKY
SO THAT EACH AND EVERY WOMAN COULD FIND THE PERFECT GUY

IT'S RAINING MEN (YEAH)
BABY IT'S RISING BABY IT'S RISING
BAROMETERS GETTING LOW (IT'S GETTING LOW NOW)
ACCORDING TO OUR SOURCES
(ACCORDING TO OUR SOURCES ACCORDING TO OUR SOURCES)
THE STREET'S THE PLACE TO GO
BECAUSE TONIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME (FIRST TIME)
JUST ABOUT HALF PAST TEN (HALF PAST TEN)
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY
IT'S GOING TO START RAINING MEN (START RAINING MEN)

IT'S RAINING MEN HALLELUJAH
IT'S RAINING MEN AMEN
IT'S RAINING MEN HALLELUJAH
IT'S RAINING MEN AMEN
IT'S RAINING MEN (IT'S RAINING)
HALLELUJAH IT'S RAINING MEN AMEN
IT'S RAINING MEN HALLELUJAH
IT'S RAINING MEN
TALL BLOND DARK AND MEAN
ROUGH AND TOUGH AND STRONG AND MEAN
HALLELUJAH IT'S RAINING MEN HALLELUJAH

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RCA

Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with a few words about yourself so people can get in touch. All cards to: **RSVP, Smash Hits, 52-53 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.**

● **Two 15 year old girls** would like to write to fit lads aged 16-1. Likes include Prefab Sprout, Fat Lux, Swans Way and Echo & The Bunnymen. Photos if possible to: Rachel and Norma, 13 Birkdale Road, Widnes, Cheshire W40 9RW.

● **Boy wants to write** to male or female aged 12-14. Into Big Country, The Stads, The Alarm, The Jam and most groups. Likes swimming, hates Duran's. Contact: Tony, 39 Ben Nevis Way, Eastfield, Cumbernauld, Glasgow G68 9JA.

● **I am rolling on 13** and would like a penpal. Into Wham!, Duran Duran and Thompson Twins. Hobbies include roller skating, rding and dancing. Write to: Lisa Robinson, 32 Ashleigh Road, Kendal LA9 4SS.

Hey you, don't read that! Read this! I'm a 20 year old rude boy and into all ska groups, including Special AKA. If you're into rock and roll, disco, heavy metal or soul—don't bother. All other girls, write to: Zuki, 31 Nazzarene Street, Sliema, Malta.

● **14½ year old female**, really into M. Jackson, Marilyn and Duran Duran, wants penpals. Likes: pop/mobility classes. Dislikes: heavy metal and

punk. Write to: Michele Tennant, 7 Hain Delyn, Holyhead, Gwynedd, N. Wales LL65 2TE.

● **I'm a 12 year old boy** and mad about Culture Club and Wham! I dislike Duran Duran, Status Quo and heavy metal. Send pics if possible to: John, 41 Parklane, Hazlemere, High Wycombe, Bucks.

● **17 year old Art student** called Gina wants males aged 17+ to write to. Likes include Grace Jones, collecting junk and parties. Write now to: Gina,

Lorenzo Verderi, via Lanci 19, 20152 Milano, Italy.

● **Stan from California** wants to write to Jam fans and Style Co-ordinators, especially if they're girls! It doesn't matter what age you are, but I'm 16. Send pic if possible to: Stan Frazier, 2939 Catalpa, Newport Beach, California, 92660, USA.

● **My name is Bernie** and I am 14. My favourite groups are Wham and Culture Club, but I dislike Paul Weller, hippies and big heads.

RSVP

14 Fulwith Drive, Harrogate, N. Yorks HG2 8HW.

● **I'm aged 11**, male, and into Paul Young, Japan, Thompson Twins and David Bowie. Any girls aged 10-13, please write to: Paul, 17 Riversideley Road, Battersea, London SW11.

● **Hi, we're two nutty females** named Marg and Liz. Marg likes Culture Club and Liz likes Duran Duran. Males/females aged 12-25, get writing to us at: 9 Wells Crescent, Westlea, Seaham, Co. Durham SR8 8HH.

● **18 year old Italian male**, interested in Billy Joel, Queen, Eton John, Culture Club and more. Looking for females aged 16-20. Write to:

Contact: Bernie, 70 St Anthony's Road, Walker, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE6 2ND.

● **I'm Jo**, aged 12, and into Wham!, Duran, Tracey Ullman and more. I'd love to hear from anyone aged 12-14 (mostly males!). Send pics and letters to: Joanna Swan, 90 Hallowell Road, Northwood, Middlesex HA6 1DS.

● **Two lonely girls** want penpals to write to them. Susca, aged 13, likes Culture Club, Duran, Marilyn and Paul Young, as well as birdwatching and other hobbies. Mel, aged 18, likes Limahl, Duran Duran, discos and most other things. Both dislike heavy metal and punk. Write to: Bec or Mel, Hollin Bank, Cokayne

Avenue, Ashbourne, Derbyshire DE6 1EJ.

● **I'm a 16 year old girl** into David Bowie, Duran Duran and Nena. I'm looking for boys and girls from all over the world. Contact: Robena Scherflinger, Stenfeld Str 20, A-8670 Knechtach, Austria.

● **I'm a super-cool Amy** boy, into Wham!, Michael Jackson and jazz funk. I would love to write to anyone at all. Contact: 34662006 J Dur Spalding, Clayton Troop 57 Sqn., J.L.R. R.C.T., Azmghat Barracks, Colerne, Chippenham, Wilts SN14 8QY.

● **Fancy getting in touch** with two zany 15 year old females! We're into all kinds of pop music, especially Big Country and Paul Young. Dislikes include school, punk, heavy metal and DJ Mark Page. Contact Jo and Marie at: "Dunelm", 24 Priory Road, Bickmore, Essex CM3 4EY.

● **I'm male, aged 16**, and into all kinds of music. Favourite groups include Duran, Culture Club, Big Country and others. Specially interested in trendy gear and posh cars. Any girls interested, write to: John Wainwright, 144 Oxley Moor Road, Oxley, Wolverhampton WV10 6TX.

● **I'm Stuart and I'm a teddy** boy. I'd like to get in touch with nice teddy girls aged 16-18. Likes include Chuck Berry, Stray Cats and Elvis. Also interested in Art and song writing. Write to: Stuart Walker, 17 Torrinn Walk, Ballybeen, Dundonald, Belfast BT16 0DN, N. Ireland.

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MIDDLESBROUGH. TEL. 234893 NEWCASTLE. TEL. 327470 NIDA WICH. TEL. 25490 NOTTINGHAM. TEL. 02048 OLDHAM. TEL. 633733 PLYMOUTH. TEL. 20663 PORTSMOUTH. TEL. 829678.
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WHY be HERE....when you could be HERE?



A typical afternoon at Tedium Towers, Atlasleep Avenue, Dulwich (i.e. a bit on the boring side).



A typical afternoon at 3rd Park Bench On The Right, The Park, Amsterdam, Holland (i.e. a lot more fun).

WIN a FAMILY HOLIDAY in AMSTERDAM!

PLUS loads of FREE records!

There's nothing on telly. The record player's on the blink. Someone's trodden on the trannie. The cat's had the fish and chips. Is there, you're wondering, more to life than this?

Well, in a word, yes. Being absurdly kind-hearted people we've cooked up a competition that only a complete nutcase could ignore. And we've had a bit of help from those nice people at K.P. who are currently giving away free Top 40 records with those bags of rather tasty potato snacks called Hula Hoops.

Here's the prizes: The *First Prize* is a FREE family weekend in Amsterdam. Free flights. Free comfy hotel. Free breakfasts. The works. Even £100 free spending money chucked in. PLUS the winning family gets the Top Forty singles of the week we judge the competition. And 10 Runners' Up Prizes of the Top Ten singles that week and a case — that's 48 packets — of Hula Hoops.

OK, here's how to enter. Tell your parents what a great idea it is to have *Smash Hits* regularly ordered at their newsagents. They will, obviously, agree. So just snip out the form, take it down to your newsagents and get him to sign it to certify that *Smash Hits* is on a standing order with your household. He'll be happy to do this as — of course — the newsagent of the winning family gets a free holiday too. When he's

signed it, get one of your parents to sign it, fill in all the names and addresses, answer the mind-numbingly difficult question below and send the whole form off to: *Smash Hits Holiday Competition*, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 8UF and get it to us by April 11. First right answers out of the sack get the prizes.

The holiday's open to four people: that's you, your Mum and Dad plus a brother, sister or friend. Or you, Mum or Dad and two others.

And here's the question: four songs — a) "Destination Zulu Land"; b) "A Night in New York"; c) "Holiday"; d) "Club Tropicana". And four groups — 1) Madonna; 2) Wham!; 3) Elbow Bones & The Racketeers; 4) King Kurt. Which group recorded which record? Match the numbers with the letters on the form.

Go! Go! Go!



YOUR NAME: _____

AGE: _____

YOUR PARENTS' NAME & ADDRESS: _____

PARENT'S SIGNATURE: _____

NEWSAGENT'S NAME & SHOP ADDRESS: _____

NEWSAGENT'S SIGNATURE: _____

ANSWER:

A: 4 B: 3 C: 1 D: 2

COOKING WITH CONFIDENCE

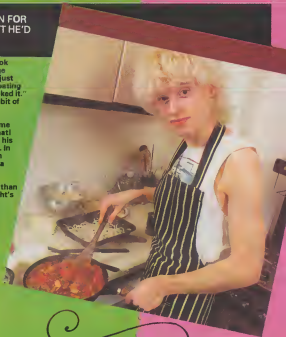
KAJAGOOGOO'S NICK AND STEVE ARE WELL-KNOWN FOR THEIR VEGETARIAN MEALS. PETER MARTIN THOUGHT HE'D SAMPLE A THREE-COURSE SPECIAL.

"I've been a vegetarian for four or five years now," explains the new-look Nick Beggs (he's got rid of those beads at last). "It all stems from college when I was an activist hippie — much like Neil from *The Young Ones*. I just couldn't bear the idea of killing animals even though I'm not averse to eating meat. Then again, I did try a bacon sandwich last week and, er, I quite liked it."

I had a bacon sandwich last week too. In fact I had five or six. Being a bit of a hamburger hog, it was with a certain amount of trepidation that I approached Nick Beggs' and his flatmate Steve Askew's apartment in Cricklewood in North London. You see, they'd promised to cook me some real food with, you know, vegetables and horribly healthy things like that!

But, fear not, they're not too serious about it. Nick admits that one of his favourites is McDonald's Filet O' Fish. Phew. A man after my own heart. In fact, an hour before I showed up the people in the upstairs flat had been down to complain about the trail of McDonald's wrappers leading to the Kejas' front door. But it's all right — the pair are moving in a couple of months.

And when not eating Filets O' Fish, Nick and Steve like nothing more than a slap-up three-course home-cooked vegetarian meal. And here's tonight's menu:—



Menu

Starter: Stilton & Peaches

Main Course: Bean Bake

Dessert: Kiwi Sorbet

INSTRUCTIONS

And here's how to cook it (well, near enough):— For the starter you need a big slab of Stilton, 1 large tin of peaches and a brown (of course!) loaf. Then you just sort of shove it under the grill. No problem. Next we have the main course:— boil up some spaghetti, fry (in corn oil and butter) some mushrooms, tomatoes, onions, green peppers and some tins of butter beans, kidney beans and tomatoes, stick the spag in a baking tin, chuck the rest on top along with some chasa, bung it in the oven and bake it 'til the end of *Top Of The Pops* (for theseabouts) — a real pot pourri! Oh, and the pud. Well, that's easy — go out and buy it.

And if you want to see how they do it, grab an apron and head for the other page . . .



1 The famous Beggs Five-Fingered Chopping Technique ...



2 ... er, sorry, make that Three-Fingered



3 No modern methods here, mate. This is the patent Askew Mushroom-Slicing Machine



4 Nick Beggs viciously attacks the defenceless dish with a large tube of tomato paste ...



5 ... but the onions fight back



6 One man and his bean bake



7 These Stilton & Peach starters have only seconds to live!



8 Seconds later: It's all over bar the shouting



9 And now it's the Bean Bake's turn. Steve shows it no mercy



10 Nick's not quite so confident



11 And so to the Kiwi Sorbet ...



12 Steve tries the extra 'natural' through-the-nose method



13 I washed last night, claims Beggs. Askeew considers clocking him with a frying pan



14 For heands that wash dish-es ...



15 Indigestion? Take Bicolol ...

THEY'VE PLAYED TO AUDIENCES OF ONLY EIGHT PEOPLE! THEY'VE APPEARED ON LIVE TV AND FORGOTTEN TO PLUG IN THEIR INSTRUMENTS! AND THEY'RE STILL GOING! THEY'RE CALLED . . .

BOURGIEBOURGIE

"It's a Gladys Knight & The Pips song from '78 that we really liked," Ian Burgoyne, rhythm guitarist, explains how a bend could come across the name Bourgie Bourgie. They're five young Scottish blokes who, in the space of less than one year, have gone from a first concert to critical acclaim to a major record deal, and have just released their first single, the rather grandiose and overblown "Breaking Point". It's accompanied by a very strange video with singer Paul Quinn — he of the incredibly wide grin — rolling around looking rather engulfed on a bed and also flying past a window.

"It's possibly not quite what we expected and the song itself is not very representative of how we sound, but we're still pleased with it. Generally our live sound, and certainly our live sound, relies much more on guitars than the single."

And it was this reliance on guitars that was the source of their first disaster.

"It was on Channel 4's *Switch* and it was our first ever live appearance. It was so embarrassing. Poor old Michael (Slaven, lead guitar) broke a string, which is almost unheard of on TV, and it took ages to replace, and when it was done, he rushed forward to play and he'd forgotten to plug his guitar in. I could have died."

Paul, with another really broad smile, painfully remembers the incident. He speaks in soft highland lilt, almost a whisper, that is in marked contrast to his big, booming vocals that stand out from the single.

Successive live appearances were not entirely trouble-free either and, soon after a support slot with Orange Juice in front of 1500 people, they played to an audience of eight in a small club in Gourrock, "and six of those were on the guest list. Not only that, but they were building the piece around us as we arrived. What a nightmare!" Ian shakes his head in disbelief.

Despite these early setbacks, they have now come through to the point where they are well into recording a debut album and soon go on a short 13-date tour. "Surely nothing else could go wrong," Paul muses, with yet another smile.

Don Perretta

Bourgie Bourgie: left-right: Kalth Band, Paul Quinn, Ian Burgoyne and (sitting) Mick Slaven and Kenny McDonald.

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STAR TEASER

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 38



CROSSWORD

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 35

CROSS: 1 and 1 down: My Ever Changing Mood; 7 and 9: Do Small Day; 10, 15, 22 and 27: So Good To Be Back Home Again; 11: Paul Young; 12: Hide And Seek; 14: Beethar; 16: Nobody (Told Me); 20: Candi Staton; 21: (Driving In My) Car; 23: (Break My) Stride; 26: 'Yah (Mo R' Ther)'; 28: Famous; 29: (See) **DOWN:** 2: Evergreen; 3: (St) Paul; 4: (C)ross; 5: Madly Housar; 6: (G)ing (U)nderground; 8: (M)usical; 9: Youth; 12: Swan's Way; 13: (Th)orn Birds; 14: Boy (George); 15: Rockwell; 17: Octet; 18: Madonna; 19: Ban; 21: Sham (69); - (F)alcher; 25: (K)ids From Farm.

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The magazine that has become the centre of information and entertainment for every Bowie fan in the world has reached its tenth issue.

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Julian Cope

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CYNDI LAUPER COMPETITION (February 16), Correct answer: b) "She's So Unusual". Posters and 12" copies of "Girls Just Want To Have Fun". go to: Neil Jackson, Rotherham; Mark Dowling, Bansha; L. Lusgrove, York; Anne Deakin, Lostock; John Driscoll, Thorpe Bay; Una Carolan, Castletknock; James Smith, Southdome; Michelle Wright, Balham; Jo Browne, Alcester; Malcolm Glendon, Moredon; B. Ampslett, Redhill; Catherine Parry, Waltham.

JULIA & COMPANY



BREAKING DOWN
(Sugar Samba)

SAY HEY BABY WHAT YOU DOING TONIGHT
I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU FEEL ALRIGHT
IF YOU JUST GIVE ME THE CHANCE
SHE SAID I TELL YOU THIS YOU CAN'T RESIST
YOU GOTTA GET UP AND DANCE
BREAK IT DOWN SHAKE IT AROUND
SHE SAID I TELL YOU THIS YOU CAN'T RESIST
YOU GOTTA GET UP AND DOWN
SHE SAID HEY SUGAR THE MOVES YOU MAKE
MY BODY'S ACHING WHY DON'T YOU GIVE IT A BREAK
AND THEN SHE SAID NOT A CHANCE
SHE SAID I TELL YOU THIS YOU MUST RESIST
YOU GOTTA KEEP ON AND DANCE
BREAK IT DOWN SHAKE IT AROUND
SHE SAID I TELL YOU THIS YOU MUST RESIST
YOU GOTTA KEEP ON AND DANCE
FINALLY HE SAID HEY BABY BEGGING YOU PLEASE
YOU'RE MOVING SO NAUGHTY
MAKE ME WEAK AT MY KNEES
YOU JUST GOT TO GIVE ME THE CHANCE
SHE SAID I TELL YOU THIS YOU CAN'T RESIST
COME ON AND LET'S ROMANCE
AND THEY WERE BREAKING IT DOWN
BREAK IT DOWN BREAK IT DOWN BREAK IT DOWN
BREAK IT DOWN BREAK IT DOWN DOWN DOWN
BREAK IT DOWN BREAK IT DOWN BREAK IT DOWN
BREAK IT DOWN DOWN DOWN DOWN
BREAK IT DOWN BREAK IT DOWN BREAK IT DOWN
BREAK IT DOWN DOWN DOWN DOWN
BREAK IT DOWN BREAK IT DOWN BREAK IT DOWN
COME ON BREAK IT DOWN BREAK IT DOWN
BREAK IT DOWN GOTTA BREAK IT DOWN
COME ON (WO OAH) BABY
BREAK IT DOWN SHAKE IT AROUND
CHORUS
SHE SAID I TELL YOU THIS YOU CAN'T RESIST
YOU GOTTA KEEP ON AND DANCE
AND THEY WERE BREAKING IT DOWN SHAKING AROUND
REPEAT CHORUS TWICE
BREAK IT DOWN DOWN DOWN
SAID I TELL YOU THIS YOU CAN'T RESIST
YOU GOTTA KEEP ON AND DANCE

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"WE ALL BROKE DOWN AND CRIED"

The last eight months have been a "nightmare" for Bananarama. Ian Birch finds out what went wrong.

"A couple of months ago we all broke down and cried," sighs Keren. Bananarama are talking about a grisly bout of group depression that's only just coming to an end. "Things got really strained," continues Sarah. "We were living in a small council flat and we couldn't get away from each other. Bananarama — morning, noon and night, I always thought I was strong but then I felt I was going mental."

Siobhan couldn't agree more. "We'd get up in the morning and go to the record company. Then the accountant and thrash out business. Then meet possible managers. Then go home and try and write songs. Always in each other's company. You can never relax, never switch off in a situation like that." Back to Sarah: "And lying in bed you'd be thinking about all those meetings you had to go to the next day. You'd think, 'is this what music's all about!'"

Surprised? You could have knocked me down with a feather. The last eight months have transformed Bananarama. Out goes the 'zany'; in comes the 'thoughtful'. Say hello to 'independences': wave goodbye to 'manipulation'. The trio yearn for respect and, this year, are hall-bant on winning it.

But what happened in those eight months to bring about this change of mood? The short answer is everything. The longer is that a string of events has made them look long and hard at both their personal lives and their careers.

The most horrifying was the death of Thomas Reilly, younger brother of ex-Stiff Little Fingers drummer Jim and a close friend of the band. So close, in fact, that he slept on the girls' settee for six months while looking for work and a flat in London. Sadly Thomas was a victim of 'the troubles' in Northern Ireland. He was shot by a soldier last August in Belfast. Bananarama have written a

song about his death called "King Of The Jungla" (which will appear on their yet untitled second album).

"The song's about," explains Siobhan, "how ridiculous it is that 18-year-old boys are given guns and are endorsed by the government to go out and kill people."

"It was so humiliating at the time, I felt silly being in a pop group. I felt like I was wasting my life and that I should be doing something worthwhile."

Normally the girls overlap each other in conversation, one picking up where the other left off in an infectious jumble of words. But at this point Sarah and Keren fell silent.

Siobhan closes the subject. "I know a lot of people say this after somebody's died but it's absolutely true. Thomas was one of the most truly good people you could ever meet. There wasn't a bad thing about him. It just seems like those people are the ones to suffer and evil people thrive."

This incident made them think about the way they appeared to everyone else.

"Until then," reckons Siobhan "we'd always maintained that we didn't have an image. We've never tried to come over either as intellectuals or as sex symbols. But we were so disgusted by the funeral service that we had another look at ourselves."

"People always say, 'why do you play on the girl next door or the three pretty girls image' but WE DON'T. We have been manipulated into that image. Possibly by the record company, possibly by the kind of photo sessions we've done."

"It's difficult to see how they did it but they've succeeded and now people have the wrong impression."

There's almost a shrill note of desperation here. Bananarama are sick and tired of being seen as touzle-haired puppets who can't write, dance or sing but who do look snazzy.

"I feel embarrassed by all that," snaps Keren. "Take that bloke from Frankie Goes To Hollywood on Roundabout the other week. The first thing he said about us was, 'take three girls, dress them up, put them on Top Of The Pops and you've got a hit'. For someone to think that's all we've got is really embarrassing."

And Top Of The Pops has done a lot to create this impression. Almost every time they appear, are the girls, they're bathed in balloons and streamers. It's very Butlins Holiday camp.

"And don't forget glitter," breaks in Keren.

SIOBHAN: "I felt silly being in a pop group. I felt like I was wasting my life and that I should be doing something worthwhile."

"They always pour a ton of glitter over us."

"Half way through the song, wallopi!" laughs Siobhan. "You spit it out of your mouth and pluck it out of your eyebrows." Sarah says rather darkly: "They don't put glitter on Echo And The Bunnymen. Yes, it is sexist."

Sexism is something else they're battling against. Being a girl, they argue, means being treated like a scatterbrain.

"I just cannot believe," erupts Siobhan, "that people say, 'oh Jolley and Swain our producers, were the our sexists' but IT'S NOT TRUE. They've got no basis to say that on bar the fact that we're girls."

"People are often worried," says Sarah, "about the way we behave. We're not like the classic woman star who wears low-cut dresses that are all silky numbers in satin and sequins."

"We don't pose or act sophisticated. We bob about and talk to each other which is so unprofessional," she adds with a snarl in her voice. "We've been told off for that. And I've even been told off for my braces hanging down my side and not being over my shoulders!"

All this is making Bananarama increasingly tough, as Siobhan agrees. "You just become hardened and battle your way through. You scrutinise now far more. You learn to judge people better..."

SARAH: "We're not like the classic woman star who wears low-cut dresses that are all silky numbers in satin and sequins."

But they've also learnt the art of 'compromise' after arguing your case — especially with Messrs Swain and Jolley. They often write songs with this duo and the shouting can last for hours.

The new single "Robert da Niro's Waiting", for example, began life as a disturbing story of rape and escape into fantasy.

"It was very bloodthirsty, I know," says Siobhan, "so we toned it down. The girl now wraps herself in a fantasy world where Robert da Niro's her guy."

But why's he 'talking Italian'? "We hated that line. That was a Steve Jolley line. He said, 'Italians are romantic so let's have it in.' We did it that way so there wouldn't be any more arguments."

If all this sounds profoundly depressing, the girls have also shared a few laughs. Like their recent disco tour of France where the "Crush Summer" single has just gone gold.

"We were having a cup of cocoa," laughs Siobhan, "in Sarah's hotel room before hitting the sack when there was this knock on the door."

"In walked our two 'protection men' who were there to make sure we got paid every night. They just had their knickers on. You know, G-string briefs. It was so funny. It was the last night and they were getting desperate as we wouldn't look twice at them."

"We just pointed and screamed with laughter. They were embarrassed although we laughed 'til the tears rolled down our cheeks. They sat there for about ten minutes and then just left."

While in France they also went horseback riding, in the romantic, wind-swept plains of the Camargue. Sarah hated every second of the experience.

"We thought we were going for a gentle walk. Then we went into a trot and then a full gallop. I was clinging on for dear life, shouting and screaming, I wanted to jump off into the hedgerow. I refused to get back on until I got an old, fat, slow horse."

Keren wasn't too happy either. "And the bruise! I made the mistake of wearing old jeans which had two big holes where they rub and I was raw!"

"She had to sit on cushions for days," roars Siobhan. "But she's all right now."

And that, for now, is the nearest we'll get to a happy ending.





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The Fraggles



FRAGGLE ROCK

Chorus
Dance your cares away
Worry's for another day
Let the music play
Down at Fraggles Rock

Attention Doozers

Work your cares away
Dancing's for another day
Work your cares away
Down at Fraggles Rock

Repeat chorus

Look out a Gorg

Repeat chorus twice

Down at Fraggles Rock

Hey look out there goes a Fraggles

Come on let's get out of here

Repeat chorus three times

Down at Fraggles Rock
Down at Fraggles Rock
Down at Fraggles Rock

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DATES

Check locally before stepping out. A Lisa Anthony production.

The Alarm: Leeds University (May 14), Birmingham Odeon (15), London Lyceum (16-17).

Alesei Sayle: Newcastle The Jesmond (March 18/19), Loughborough University (21), Leeds University (22), Lancaster University (23), Liverpool Playhouse (25), Manchester Polytechnic (31), York University (April 1), Chatham Central Hall (5), Poole Arts Centre (6), Brighton Dome (13), Oxford Apollo (14), Birmingham Hippodrome (15), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (26), Slough Fulorum (27), Nottingham Theatre Royal (29), London Dominion (June 3).

The Cura: Newcastle City Hall (April 25), Edinburgh Playhouse (26), Apollo Glasgow (27), Birmingham Odeon (29), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (30), Liverpool Royal Court (May 1), Manchester Apollo (2), Bristol Colston Hall (4), Oxford Apollo (5), Portsmouth Guildhall (6), London Hammersmith Odeon (8/9).



Nik Kershaw: Southend Cliffs Pavilion (March 24), Ipswich Gaumont (25), Guildford Civic Hall (26), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Chippenham Golddiggers (28), Leeds University (30), Edinburgh Playhouse (31), Glasgow Pavilion (April 1), Hanley Victoria Hall (3), Burnley Cat's Whiskers (4), Newcastle City Hall (5), Doncaster Gaumont (7), Liverpool Royal Court (8), Manchester Apollo (9), Birmingham Odeon (11), Oxford Apollo (12), Nottingham Royal Centre (14), London Hammersmith Odeon (18).

Orange Juice: Sheffield University (March 23), Leeds Polytechnic (25), Glasgow Pavilion (26), Leicester Polytechnic (28), Liverpool Royal Court (29), Manchester Hacienda (30), Birmingham Polytechnic (31).

Thompson Twins: London Hammersmith Odeon (March 6, changed from March 3), Southampton Gaumont (March 7 changed from March 6).

Photo: Andrew Green



Dolby as himself



Dolby disguised in new "Look Ten Years Younger" Headcube!



Dolby disguised in new "Look Ten Years Older" Gillan wig!

THOMAS DOLBY LONDON

The Thomas Dolby Appreciation Society are an interesting breed. Knots of solidly-built males in sweaters smoking expensive French cigarettes mingle with couples draped around each other, and Dolby lookalikes seem to be a pretty regular fixture (about one in every row). Quite a spectacle.

As the group tune up behind the safety curtain, a few of them start to bite their nails in nervous anticipation but, eventually, 9.30 comes around. The show begins with the wiry vision of a cracked professor looming down from three circular video screens. "But The Earth is flat!" declares a face, while a shadowy figure causes more hoots and wails as it casually shuffles towards the centre of the stage.

"Thomas I Love you!" screams one girl. "Ah, shut up!" comes the rather unsocial reply, quick as a flash, from just about everyone else.

Flanked by three single red lights, he seems a really endearing character. His baggy white suit

with knuckle-length creased sleeves makes him look a bit like a comper for *Come Dancing* as he softly nudges his way to and fro across the boards.

The lights flare and the sound — from Henry II (as Dolby calls his Fairlight synthesizer) plus a big seven-piece band — is absolutely crystal clear. "Friends have often asked me why I'm sensitive about my height," he croons plaintively during "The Flat Earth" and things get a little misty as everyone settles back to enjoy the evening. Any ice between artist and audience has most definitely been broken.

Every number is greeted with the same rapturous applause which isn't to say that Dolby doesn't surprise. On "Communication Breakdown" he dashes off only to return, seconds later, smothered by a weighty Ian Gillan-style black wig and headbanging furiously while playing a plastic keyboard. On removing the wig he looks a little like a scarecrow with small tufts of hair sticking up all over the place!

My only disappointment was that he repeated "Hyperactive!" for the second encore when many fans were still yelling in vain for unplayed favourites.

Linda Duff

GENESIS BIRMINGHAM

In case you didn't know, the National Exhibition Centre is a massive corrugated metal aircraft hanger in the middle of nowhere. As I approach in the pitch dark, it's a very good thing that there's a series of signposts marked "concert" to guide me on what seems like a ten mile hike from the car park.

Inside there's stalls for sarnies, popcorn, drinks and the obligatory merchandise including a programme that would set you back £3. Confusion reigns as people mill around trying to find their block-row-seat number. From behind, the hall has a futuristic look with seats piled high on great scaffolding contraptions. It might have looked like a set from an episode of *Star Trek* but I'm sure the *Starship Enterprise* had comfier seats than the reinforced plastic efforts provided. Still, cushioning my posterior with my coat I brace myself as the lights go down.

A band that's been going for nearly 14 or 15 years is bound to attract a varied crowd. There's the die-hard maniacs who demand the really stone-aged tunes, the middle period converts and the recent crop who know them through their chart appearances. And the band cater for all of them, playing it safe and including the old material with their current blend of middle-of-the-road pop. It seems their days as a Thinking Man's Band are severely marred with meaningless fodder such as "Illegal Alien" taking over their more long-winded stuff. Still, if you got bored you could always watch the extremely impressive lights and dry ice show which were vital to the mood and atmosphere of some songs.

Inevitably, the finale saw a return to the Golden Oldies. "Los Endos" from the 1976 LP "A Trick Of The Tail" finished the show.

Now they don't write tunes like that any more.
Claire Sheaff



Phil Collins as Star Trekker (top) and Illegal Alien (right)

Photo: Andrew Cahn

DEAD OR ALIVE SHEFFIELD

First of all, a mention must be made of the support act Seething Wells. A skinhead poet (they do exist), armed with a notebook and a can of lager, who delivers a stream of well-aimed darts at subjects as wide and unconnected as Radio One to Post-Nuclear Tetley Bitterman, pausing only to take a swig from the can, consult his notes and insult the audience. Keep an eyeball peeled for him.

Dead Or Alive (or Dead On Arrival as Wells would have it), on the other hand, are a bunch of slinky PVC-clad boys these days and certainly put across a better sound live than on record. The music is something like bump and grind disco meeting 3000 boot boys, a sort of Punk/Motown with an infectious thumping beat.

But the crowning glory is front man Pete Burns whose natty little black number and tidal wave of crimped hair gave him an air of being, perhaps, Boy George's alter ego or Marilyn's naughty younger brother. He has an excellent line in pouting poses and smouldering glances, delivering every line as if it were a proposition.

An offer that many would find hard to resist.

Claire Sheaff



Pete Burns: your mother wouldn't like him.

Photo: Robin Henry


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ALEXI SAYLE

'Ullo John Gotta New Motor?

CHORUS

'ULLO 'ULLO 'ULLO 'ULLO 'ULLO

'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR 'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR
YER GOAT'S MADE A MESS OF THE CARPET YER GOAT'S MADE A MESS OF THE CARPET

HE LOST HIS BOTTLE IN BARNSELY HE LOST HIS BOTTLE IN BARNSELY
HE'S AN AVON REPRESENTATIVE HE'S AN AVON REPRESENTATIVE
'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR 'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR
'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR 'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR
AH HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

MOTOR MOTOR MOTOR MOTOR MOTOR MOTOR MOTOR
'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR 'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR
THEY PUT ME IN A SPECIAL HOSPITAL THEY PUT ME IN A SPECIAL HOSPITAL
IS THERE LIFE ON MARS? IS THERE LIFE ON MARS?
IS THERE LIFE IN PECKHAM? IS THERE LIFE IN PECKHAM?
WHAT'S THAT SWITCH OVER THERE FOR? WHAT'S THAT SWITCH OVER THERE FOR?

AN AN OUV AN AN AN OUV

'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR 'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR
HE CAN'T HALF PLAY THE BONGOS HE CAN'T HALF PLAY THE BONGOS
HE'S GOT A RECORD BY BILLY JOEL HE'S GOT A RECORD BY BILLY JOEL
THEM LOCKS ARE EASY THEM LOCKS ARE EASY
HERE'S MY CALLING CARD (WALLOP) HERE'S MY CALLING CARD (WALLOP)
THAT'S A PIECE OF BALSA THAT'S A PIECE OF BALSA
YOU CAN MAKE A MODEL OUTTA THAT YOU CAN MAKE A MODEL OUTTA THAT
HE STUCK HIS HEAD IN A OUSTBIN HE STUCK HIS HEAD IN A OUSTBIN
AND RAN THROUGH THE LAUNDERETTE AND RAN THROUGH THE LAUNDERETTE
'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR 'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR
'ERE JOHN DO YOU LIKE THE SUIT 'ERE EH EN? IT'S A LOVELY SUIT INNIT?

WANT A BROWN ALE? 'ERE WANT A BROWN ALE

'ULLO JOHN GOT A NEW MOTOR 'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR
MINE'S A LIGHT AND BITTER MINE'S A LIGHT AND BITTER

'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR AN AH

HE WORKS ON THE THAMES BARRIER HE WORKS ON THE THAMES BARRIER
(I KEEP TROPICAL FISH) I KEEP TROPICAL FISH
IN ME UNDERPANTS IN ME UNDERPANTS

'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR 'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR
HE WALKS AROUND WITH AN 'AT ON HE WALKS AROUND WITH AN 'AT ON
'ULLO JOHN YEAH HE'S THE INTELLIGENT ONE — HE WORKS IN THE POLICE FORCE!
YEAR RIGHT 'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR 'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR
BEEN TO MIAMI! LOVELY MIAMI PACKAGE TOUR IN MIAMI

YOU CAN'T GET A LIGHT AND BITTER

CAN'T GET A LIGHT AND BITTER IN MIAMI

YOU CAN GET ONE IN BERMUNDOSE THOUGH

THAT'S A NICE SOUND AS WELL BERMUNDOSE

YOU CAN GET A LIGHT AND BITTER AND IT SOUNDS NICE
LIGHT AND BITTER THAT SOUNDS NICE TO LIKE A LIGHT AND BITTER
AH CHEERS THANKS A LOT OH NICE ONE YEAH ALRIGHT
WHAT YOU 'AVING? WHAT YOU 'AVING? EH?

PIÑA COLADA? LOVELY 'ERE YOU MUST BE SOPHISTICATED

REPEAT CHORUS

'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR 'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR

'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR 'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR

'ULLO JOHN GOTTA NEW MOTOR

'ERE THAT'S A NICE THREE PIECE SUITE

I LIKE YOUR MUSIC CENTRE

ERE GOT ANY BERRS ROUSSOS

I LIKE HIM, BARRY MANILOW, I THINK HE'S TERRIFIC OH I LOVE HIM

I LOVE BARRY MANILOW, OH I GO ALL WEAK

WHEN I HEAR BARRY MANILOW I GO ALL WEAK

WORDS AND MUSIC ALEXI SAYLE

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION RAINBOW MUSIC (LNU)/SPRINGTIME SONGS
ON SPRINGTIME RECORDS



LIONEL RICHIE



HELLO

I'VE BEEN ALONE WITH YOU INSIDE MY MIND
AND IN MY DREAMS I'VE KISSED YOUR LIPS A THOUSAND
TIMES
I SOMETIMES SEE YOU PASS OUTSIDE MY DOOR
HELLO IS IT ME YOU'RE LOOKING FOR

I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES
I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR SMILE
YOU'RE ALL I'VE EVER WANTED
MY ARMS ARE OPEN WIDE
'CAUSE YOU KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO
AND YOU KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO
AND I WANT TO TELL YOU SO MUCH I LOVE YOU

I LONG TO SEE THE SUNLIGHT IN YOUR HAIR
AND TELL YOU TIME AND TIME AGAIN HOW MUCH I CARE
SOMETIMES I FEEL MY HEART WILL OVERFLOW
HELLO I'VE JUST GOT TO LET YOU KNOW

CHORUS

'CAUSE I WONDER WHERE YOU ARE
AND I WONDER WHAT YOU DO
ARE YOU SOMEWHERE FEELING LOVELY
OR IS SOMEONE LOVING YOU
TELL ME HOW TO WIN YOUR HEART
FOR I HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE
BUT LET ME START BY SAYING I LOVE YOU

HELLO IS IT ME YOU'RE LOOKING FOR

REPEAT CHORUS

WORDS AND MUSIC LIONEL RICHIE
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ON MOTOWN RECORDS

lick that on your head," says Dave Gehen, offering me his Walkman. "Do you like it loud?"

I nod. With an evil grin he pushes the volume level to ten and blasts me with "People Are People," the new Depeche Mode single. I'm impressed. Their best in a long time, with more hooks than Jack Chertlon's fishing programme. But wait! Isn't there a track on the last Paul Simon album called "Cars Cars"? Let's hope it isn't the start of "Deffs Are Deffs" by The Smiths, "Heirdryers Are Heirdryers" by Queen Duren and similar statements of the obvious from all end sundry.

While my ears are re-bored by Dave's personal hi-fi, the band is busy demolishing a huge package of sweets which have been sent to their Bayswater headquarters by adoring German fans. Dave sticks a Twix bar in my gob and wanders off chomping on something sweet and sickly.

They're all looking a bit more prosperous than when I last met them, over a year ago at Dave's mum's house in Besidun. The clothes are in the same casual style, but look more expensive. Dave tells me that the new motorbike he was so proud of last year now sits in the garage, while he zips round in his Escort XR3. His fene finally got to them?

"I don't think so," says Alan Wilder, the band's newest member. "We just went back to a studio we haven't used in two years and the engineer was groaning that we're exactly the same, still telling the same dreadful jokes. Martin still stealing Fletcher's glasses..."

"But I find better places to hide them now," laughs Martin. For almost five years, Depeche Mode's stender studio emusement has come from picking on Andy Fletcher, whose short-sightedness means he can barely see the audience when playing live.

"It's not always a bad thing," he explains. "Especially in Germany where we get some right nutters headbanging in front of the stage, but if friends come to see us end they're weving like mad, I never see them so they think I'm ignoring them."

The latest variation on the spectacles theme involves Daniel Miller, their extremely slim producer and head of Mute Records, whose glasses look identical to Andy's. "We swep them so when Fletcher puts them on he can't see a thing. He gets engrier every time." And I'd heard that this lot hed *metured*.

As lunchtime approaches, we teke to the streets in search of a "legendary local pastry" shop to find a bite to eet. En route we pass two black girls, one of whom points and steege-whispers, "Are they Depeche Mode?"

I nod vigorously. She swoons against her friend. "I've got to sit down," she sighs. The group wanders on, oblivious to the fluttering hearts left in their wake.

In the pestry shop on Moscow Road, the food isn't as good as we remembered and Alan, a vegetarian, is horrified to discover bits of chicken in what he thought was a mushroom vol-eu-vent. Still recovering from the shock, he says,

"I suppose we have *metured* a bit, but the songs are a bit more serious now."

Adjusting his now famous spectacles, Andy adds, "we virtually grew up in this business. Dave was seventeen end me end Martin was eighteen when we started. Now we're in our twenties. We spend more time thinking about our music, our artwork end our shows wherees at first we were so excitable we just rushed into everything."

A fairly dremetic change in Martin Gore's lyrics was obvious on their last album, "Construction Time Agein", where he moved from dance end romance to greed, warfere and sheme. The change was summed up best by the lyric of their hit, "Love In Itself", where Dave sang Martin's words, "Now I find that most of the time, love's not enough in itself".

"But I don't agree that they are more serious topics," Martin argues. "A love song, if it really means something to you, can be just as meaningful, just as serious."

"People Are People" finds them still in thoughtful mood, condemning menkind's cepecity for crudity, but they have no plans to

Depeche Mode: (left-right) Martin Gore, Alan Wilder, Dave Gehen and Andy Fletcher (still desperately looking for his specs).

ARE THESE MEN REALLY MISERABLE?

Believe it or not, they aren't. Depeche Mode still haven't quite made The Big League but they don't seem to mind much. They're huge in Germany, drive rather pricey cars and still have time to go fishing. Johnny Black likes the sound of it.



become embroiled in benefit gigs for peace. "Things like CND," explains Andy, "we're not totally agreed on as a group. The others are for it, but I think there's an argument for nuclear weapons as a deterrent. If we did a benefit, I'd like it to be for something where you could see that your money was doing some good, like a local hospital, or anti-vivisection."

The maturity of their new lyrics is matched by an increasingly sophisticated approach to their sound. "We used to use a lot of pre-set sounds on the synths, but now we create our own by sampling natural sounds, such as running water or creaking doors, and electronically recreating them through a computer, so that you can play them on a keyboard."

When a new sound is created, the band have to give it a name, or mixing their records would become impossibly complicated. On the new single, for example, there are such delightful sounds as Bucket Of Sick (which we won't go into detail about) and Henk (an acoustic guitar plucked by a coin, electronically distorted and played on a synthesiser in the style of Henk B. Marvin of The Shadows).

Although the band is now virtually one of the old brigade and although their singles invariably enter the charts, Depeche Mode has never had a Top Five hit.

"We really don't mind," says Dave. "It gives us something to look forward to. We actually sell more records in Germany now, where the last album has done a quarter of a million, double what it did in Britain, although we got a gold album here. And we've never even had a Top Twenty single in Germany."

For the moment, they're more than content with their level of success. "We just had a meeting about America," Dave continues "and we decided not to worry about it. If we really wanted to be incredibly wealthy, we'd be over there trying to cash in on the new British invasion, but we don't see the point. Our sound is too English for American radio, and we're not prepared to change it just to have hits over there."

With ten chart entries under their belts, it would be simple to cobble together a compilation, as Madness did, to help crack the American charts, but they've decided not to yet.

"If we wait a little longer, we can still put together something better," says Dave, and I begin to get the feeling that Depeche Mode will be happy to have international success when they feel the time is right, but right now they're reasonably well off and there's still time to go fishing on the river Chelmer.

"Stupid hobby, really," says Dave. "You wait five hours to catch a fish, then you catch it, then you throw it back. I really don't know why I bother."

As we pay the bill, our waitress recognises Andy and ends for autographs.

"At least she knew who we were," he grins happily, as we wander back towards Mute Records. "They usually think I'm Howard Jones."

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TERROR BENEATH THE EARTH

RIGHT,
I'D BETTER WATCH OUT
FOR MEANIES.
WHAT'S THAT?
...A FYGAR!!!

HIS FLAMES
WON'T BOTHER
ANYONE
AGAIN.

ZAPPOO

JUMPING
JEHOSOPHATS
THE GHOSTS
ARE BEHIND
ME...

DRA!T!
ANOTHER
FYGAR...
I'LL BLOW
HIM UP.

THAT WAS A CLOSE
SHAVE... LUCKY THAT
BOULDER WAS HANDY.

NOW
TO GET
THE
PRIZE

OH NO!
A POOKA...

NOW
RUN...

HE'S FOLLOWING
ME... THAT'S IT,
A BIT CLOSER,
CLOSER.

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Dear **Black Type**,
Q. What has an I.Q. of 80?
A. 120 Mods.
Annie Lennox's Fake Leopard
Skin Hat.
P.S. Does anyone know where I
can get a non-mod hudge?

Q: What do you call a seven
foot tall and very muscular
Motorhead fan on a big
motorbike?
A: Sir (Kills me, that.)

Basic requirement for a pop star
— must have an I.Q. of a single
figure.

At last the terrible truth
disclosed! On what grounds you
scream? For a start there's a live
chat shows with interviews that
last little more than five minutes,
i.e. Saturday Superstore — poor
Mike Read desperately trying to
squeeze more than one word
answers out of them, but to no
avail. Interviews in a magazine
are easier — memorise a written
biography, play latest single
and remember something
profound and useless, like "we
believe in freedom for deprived
whales", which has no obvious
connection with lyrics which
state "Happy in the sun/T'm so in
love etc".

Why I ask? So the record
company can completely
manipulate them? So they're on
a level with their fans? What will
become of super hairy people
like me? Or even average
intelligent ones? Help!
Toni Martin, Bristol.

**I, The Black Type, invisible
being and writer of scary
comments on the Letters
page, also have a very high
IQ (link Quote) and have
the mad and rather brilliant
idea. Seen writing lyrics,
you see, to slog to pop
groups desperate for a
readily 'concerned' image.
My first little composition's
called "Hey Baby Don't
Drop Nuclear Bombs" —
rather a catchy little
number — and the second's
called "Eating Veg Is Good
for Ya (Rap)". No-one seems
to be too interested at the
mo. Dunno, why.**

Could you please inform the BBC
to change the name of the British
Rock And Pop Awards to
something like Who Can Spend
The Most Time Out Of The
Country Awards?

Did you notice that Duran
Duran weren't there, neither
were Tracey Ullman, Paul
McCartney and Paul Young. In
fact the only group there was
Culture Club. Shouldn't the
categories be changed to The
Person Who's Been A Tax Exile
The Loneliest, Who Can Be Filmed
At The Most Exotic Place or,
maybe, the whole programme
could be called How Many
Winners Can We Not Have Live
In The Studio This Year. I mean
look at Duran Duran — they're
tax exiles. Being in Britain for



Write to: **Smash Hits Letters**, 52-55 Carnaby Street,
London W1V 1PF. The best letter gets a £10 Record Token.

only three months each year is
hardly what I'd call British. So
come on all you bands out there,
spend more time over here.
Angry, Morecambe.

Well it's awards time again, I
see. Eagerly we all waited the
results of the long publicised
British Rock and Pop Awards.
Sounds Posh. In fact it lasted a
meagre fifty minutes. *Meagre?*
Perhaps, looking back on it now,
fifty minutes was enough.

Firstly we take Modern
Romance (You take them, I don't
want 'em). Yes, boys, you too can
howl dry the Lady Di style. Last
year we had THOSE dancers,
this year we had a couple of
herks on bikes and some erotic
robotics (just what is the
connection between B.M.X. and
I.O.U. or should I not ask?). And
as for the Freeze keyboards
player who demonstrated
playing your keyboard by ear.
Well frankly he should be locked
up.

Then along came Duran
Duran. Yes, lads, I thought for
once you were being sensible,
letting Nick and Roger do all the
talking, but no, you came on a
second time and John opened his
mouth. However, I would just
like to ask what is the connection
between Nik Kershaw and Duran
Duran?

How poor Alf must have
shuddered and cringed to hear
The Flying Pickets butcher "Only
You". And there was dear old
Bonnie Tyler. Just loved the
American Football padded
shoulder look, dear.

I end with a quick
impersonation of Kid Jensen: "My
favourite record of the year was
of this weird and wonderful
group which I know but I bet you
unhip creatures haven't even
heard of, so here's Tommy with
some other records that even you
must know the names of."
P.S. Enjoyed the show really.
Every minute of it. One of the
best comedies since the general
election.

George Darling,

I do wish you'd sort yourself
out. I mean if you really want to
be the most outstanding pop
personality that's fine by me, but
don't go knocking bands who
want to be known for their music,
OK? At the Rock and Pop
Awards, you said how great it
was to win the *Daily Mirror's*
Outstanding Pop Personality
award two years running. Well
I'm sure it was, but don't you
think winning the Best Group
award is more important? Your
catty remarks about Duran
Duran were just sheer jealousy.
Is that any way for an
outstanding pop personality to
behave?
John Taylor's "Merry Christmas
Mr Lawrence/The Oshima Gang"
T-Shirt, Liverpool.

Having watched the British Rock
And Pop Awards, all I can say is
what a shambles! It was
advertised on Radio One as
being "a night out with the
stars". What stars?

On David Jensen's Radio One
Show he said that he hoped Billy
Bragg would be popular enough
to win an award next year, but
not too popular not to go there
and collect it. I think this just
about sums up the Rock And Pop
Awards.

There were eight awards
given, but hardly any of the
winners were there to collect
them. D'ran got two (totally
undeserved) — unfortunately
they were in America. Also there
was Ms Ullman who got one.
Paul Young was in Germany.
Paul McCartney was on holiday.
That leaves two, Culture Club. If
they hadn't turned up, everyone
might as well have gone home.
And what has Sarah Kennedy
got to do with music? I suppose
the BBC are abowing her off
because they got her from ITV.
And why stick Annie Nightingale
out in Germany, when the
should have been there instead?

The Rock And Pop Awards was
advertised on Radio One as the

"major music event of the year".
It would have been just as
exciting if they had read out of
the winners in a list. I realise, of
course, that now the winners are
all so famous they're very busy,
but couldn't they or the
organisers make a bit more of an
effort to get more winners there
in person?
Kit, Godstone.

Oh my god! I have just seen the
Rock And Pop Awards. Well most
of it . . . I needed several visits
to the hog at the sight of the
Flying Pickets. Modern Romance
and — what's his name? —

Ronnie Tyler (who forgot his
trousers, I noticed), Paul Young,
Tracey Ullman, Paul Mac and
Duran Duran didn't bother to turn
up. At least Culture Club were
grateful, whereas Duran looked
as if they couldn't care less. The
Irving Davies Dancers, not
content with writing for us like
last year, decided to wear just
their undies this time and the
"glitter" and "glamour" the BBC
tried to create was a joke.
The only good hits were the
little clips from songs by Paul
Young, the Eurhythmics and the
brief appearance of Nik Kershaw
(I loved his trousers), but I felt
quite sorry for him having to
collect an award for Duran
Duran.
Founder of The Weird People's
Club, Mars.

**Don't look new but I think
there might be a candidate
for this club of yours coming
right up . . .**

Sezi!

Now I've got your attention I
would like you to know
something of National Interest. I
am me.

A First-Class Idiot, Bury.

**Suppose it's better than
being a second-class idiot.**

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I saw your "Advert" in *Letters*
sent in by Alison Waite
(February 16) for John Taylor's
Funeral Services. I thought
you might like to see this one
(see cutting above) from our local
newspaper. Gets around, doesn't
he?
A Stuffed Snowflake, Rochdale.

Look what I've just found in the
Blackburn Times. Now we know
who Simon le Ban learnt his fifty



LETTERS

movements off.
Madonna's Fluorescent Yellow Nail Varnish (Andrea To Her Mum), Blackburn.

Is there anything this man can't do?

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 STARTING TUESDAY
 28th FEBRUARY
 7pm - 8pm
 Admission 80p.



10% off John Taylor's clothes?
T. Gleeson, Dublin.

Apparently he's got yet another job in some pop group. D'reenan something or other. Sounds great. In fact it sounds double great.

How to get from the top of a flight stairs to the bottom without touching any in between?

This is how it's done:— 1) Buy a copy of *Smash Hits* (dated January 19 to February 1); 2) Turn to pages 40/41; 3) Attempt to read fab article on Echo & The Bunnymen aloud to friends while walking along a school corridor; 4) Completely forget the approaching flight of downward stairs; 5) Lose consciousness upon seeing a picture of the wonderful Mac McCulloch; 6) Get your friend to pick up the pieces at the bottom of the stairs.

I know it works — I've tried it myself. I'd appreciate some

compensation for my painful research. Next time please issue a Government Health Warning.
Disjointed, Bristol.

You, Disjointed, are obviously not, as they say, dealing from a full deck. If there's one thing that does need a Government Health Warning, though it's this...

Please find enclosed a wrapper from the latest product to hit the market. I've heard people say that Stuart Adamsen is tasty but this is ridiculous.
Frankie Arrives At Hollywood, Fenton.



You wait. There'll be King Kurt-flavoured Fu-Man-Chews next. Then Tracey Ullman-flavoured Topics. But if they lay a finger on Lion Bars I'm writing to my MP.

After pondering over our school dinner, we have decided that there is only one solution for it. Yes, Alanach Currie will just have to marry Tim Rice. That, will therefore, give us Currie and Rice.

Yours hungrily,
Sam & Kirsty, Harrogate.

There always used to be this theory that, if the actress Tuesday Weld married the Emperor March The Third, she'd be Tuesday March The Third. Duff, if you ask me.

Seeing all your letters from people claiming to be 'Superfans' and having everything to do with their idol, I thought I might honour your page with a letter from my noble self to inform you that superfans are a real pain.

We have, at my school, two 'Bowies'. Together they have about 100 tapes, all of them David's. They have each bedecked their studies with innumerable posters, programmes, record covers, adverts and reviews. True it is OK to like (although I think these two love) an artist, especially such a fine one as Mr Bowie, but these two address each other as "Ziggy" and "David" and they think they look and act like 'him'.

Each week when the music magazines arrive at school, they skip up hand-in-hand to the newspaper table and start

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ripping out any article about David. They also get very offended if anyone tries to degrade their idol, so much so that one of them fractured their finger hitting someone over the head defending the name of 'David Bowie'. Anyway they are really annoying and my advice to all you *Smash Hits* readers is — Don't Become Obsessed. *Fish-Face, Cirencester.*

Did you say your name was Fish-Face, or am I a bit hard of hearing? (Get on with it—Ed).



I came across this (above) in an old magazine. The thing is, who's going to tell Dave Gahan? I'll let you do the honours, *Julie, Islington.* P.S. With all these "fix-its", do you think you could fix it for me to star in the next James Bond film with John Taylor? I'll write the script.

Think I've read some of it already. Isn't it called something like *The Spy Who*

Spent Rather A Lot Of Time In Islington?

To all wingers,

OK, that's til I've had enough of all you wingeing away about British pop shows. You should thank yourselves lucky. Over here in Australia — home of Vegemite and Men At Work — we have to put up with an atrocious show called *Countdown*. OK, there are no Zoo-type dancers but there is... MOLLY. That's right, Molly. The man who called Prince Charles "luv", The Queen "yer Mum" and Bucks Fizz "good". Molly, the man whose Number One predictions don't even chart. The man with the grottiest dirtiest hat around (which he actually wears).

So if you think you're hard done by, think of us in Perth. And what's worse is that, for most of the year, *Countdown* is the only Australian pop show we see. Plus we have to put up with an American show *Solid Gold*. Not the new ones, the old ones — where The Human League are still Number One. Yuck!

I was only 12 when I left England but the distant memories of *TOTP* still seem better than the shows we get here. So stop wingeing. You ain't seen "bad" til you've seen *Countdown*. *Perth's Biggest ABC Fan Who Can't Understand Why No-One*

Likes 'Beauty Stab', West Australia.

After hearing about everyone's trendy grandparents I thought I'd tell you about my Mum. She's totally unenthusiast. Last Christmas I asked for Yazzoo's 'Upstairs At Eric's' and my Mum and Aunt went round looking for a shop called Eric's to go upstairs at to buy a record called "Yazzoo's". So beat that! *Roger Taylor's Cute Little Black Bow-Tie.*

That's nothing. The Black Type's Aunt still can't work out which ones are record shops. Think Van Halen is a way of flagging down Ford Transits. Talking of Roger Taylor, I got two Roger Taylors in my first pack of stickers. Swap anyone?

I don't know how many other poor people are suffering in silence out there while they try — they try — to listen to that fab new LP by Culture Club, "Colour By Numbers".

The reasons I say "try" is because several friends and I have each bought this LP but — alas, to our horror and dismay — each of them has a fault. They jump continuously on many tracks. So we took our LPs back to the different shops we got them from and, fair enough, the

assistants changed them for us. However, once home and tucked up in bed with my Horlicks and toast, I prepared to listen to the LP but my pleasure was short-lived as, after the first song, it began to jump again. I could have screamed. I phoned up my friends and discovered their LPs were just the same. In the end one of my friends had to resort to buying the tape as her LP was so badly damaged. Yet even this was damaged and had to be taken back!

It just seems a pity that such good groups with such loyal fans should be let down by bad pressing. If I want to listen to "Colour By Numbers" I have to sit with my finger permanently on the needle to stop it jumping. *A Very Annoyed CC Fan.*

Little known fact: The Black Type is a staunch supporter of the Society for Clearing Records And Tapes of Crackles and Horrible noises (or S.C.H.A.T.C.H. for short). Have a £10 Record Taken.

One day, when I'm incredibly rich and famous, you'll be glad you printed this. *A Nearly Incredibly Rich And Famous Person, No Fixed Abode.*

Sounds like my kind of person.

THE ALARM

THE DECEIVER

B.W.

REASON 41



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GHOST OF LOVE

I can't believe all the things you say to me
 I just can't believe all the things you say
 I'm standing straight
 I see no malice in your eyes
 I'm standing straight
 And in time I'll realise

Chorus
 Hate that ghost of love
 Hate that ghost of love
 Hate that ghost of love
 It's you he's thinking of

Forward! In step there is no time to sit and wonder
 Go forward in step breaking things I can't afford
 You lose and you win as the years erode the hair
 I lost and you won the recipes to separate

Repeat chorus

Never thought my life was easy
 But you said it all the same
 Though it's not in your mind it's in your eyes

Never thought my life was easy
 But you said it all the same
 It's not in your mind it's in your eyes

Repeat chorus four times to fade

Words and music Patterson
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A lot of people think we're mad. You know, giving you one entire and rather wonderful free pack of stickers with this very issue. But NOW they think we've gone completely and utterly loopy. And why? Because, with the next Smash Hits, you get ANOTHER FREE PACK OF SIX STICKERS. It's a fact. Straight up. No word of a lie.

The first six stickers we gave you should now be snugly installed in the spaces reserved for them in your free sticker album so, with another six, you'll be well on the way to building up the full Smash



Hits Collection. All packs are mixed (so you won't necessarily get the six stickers you see in the picture) and they're now being stocked by all good newsagents. For a few pence you can get a few more stickers and then get down to the really serious business of swapping them with your mates — half of UB40, all of Kajagoogoo and Annie Lennox for Duran Duran, three-fifths of Spandau Ballet and Francis Rossi from Quo. That kind of thing.

Get to it. Oh, and see you next issue.

...WITH SMASH HITS ON MARCH 29

THE SMASH HITS COLLECTION: STICK WITH IT

PLUS NIK KERSHAW, SCRITTI POLITTI AND MUCH MUCH MORE

SMASH HITS
CARMEL

