

Smash HITS



SADE

DAVID SYLVIAN
BLANCMANGE · MADNESS
BOY GEORGE · THE BLUEBELLS
JOHN TAYLOR · BOB MARLEY · SHAKIN' STEVENS

HIT SONGS BY WHAM! · HUMAN LEAGUE · STYLE COUNCIL

BANANARAMA

THE YOUNG DON'T GROW UP
WELL NOT IN THIS LIFE
BIG MOONS AND MONEY
WIN EVERY TIME
BOY BEATS GIRL
WHILE THE SNEAKY AND SMIDE
TAKE ALL YOUR MONEY
TAKE YOUR PRIDE

CHORUS
INNOCENT PEOPLE WALKING BY
NO TIME TO SMILE BEFORE THEY DIE
DON'T CALL THAT JUSTICE
CHILDREN ARE STARVING ON THE STREET
ANOTHER ONE DISAPPEARING EVERY WEEK
DON'T CALL THAT JUSTICE

KING FOR A DAY
BUT THEIR KINGDOM GROWS COLD
THEY'LL NEVER GROW UP
BUT THEY'RE BOUND TO GROW OLD
I REMEMBER THE PAIN AND HUMILIATION
AND I'LL SHOW THEM ROUGH JUSTICE
THE WAY THAT THEY DID

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

BOY BEATS GIRL
WHILE THE SNEAKY AND SMIDE
TAKE ALL YOUR MONEY
TAKE YOUR PRIDE

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

INNOCENT PEOPLE WALKING BY
DON'T CALL THAT JUSTICE
CHILDREN ARE STARVING ON THE STREET
DON'T CALL THAT JUSTICE (JUSTICE)

WORDS AND MUSIC JOLLEY SWAIN/
FANEY WOODWARD GALLIN
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION
J & S MUSIC IN A BUNCH MUSIC
ON LONDON RECORDS

ROUGH JUSTICE

SONGS

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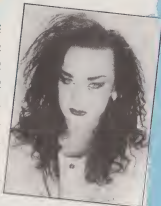
SADE — 10/11

What's she like? How does she live? Who does she live with? Anything else you want to know?



THE BLUEBELLS — 18/19

Is Bobby Bluebell really dead? And who is Robert Hodgens?



"MAY THE BEST MAN WIN!" 36/37

Mind your backs, fight fans, it's another chapter in The Great Debate. Boy George thinks everyone's copying him. Pete Burns says George is "phony", Marilyn is being incredibly nice (for some reason) and who on earth is Tasty Tim?

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BLANCMANGE — 47/47

The agony, the ecstasy, the laughter, the tears... of a O&A.



DAVID SYLVIAN — 28/29

Retired Japanese gentleman takes polaroids, likes travel and red guitars. Sincere parties only need apply.



JOHN TAYLOR — 54/55

What does he wear in bed? (No idea, but here's A Day To Remember anyway).



BOB MARLEY — 62/63

20 years of popular culture on the back of a postage stamp. Reggae's Ruler remembered.

BLANCMANGE

NEW ALBUM AND CHROME CASSETTE

MANGETOUT

"SOMETHING TO WHET YOUR APPETITE"



INCLUDING THE HIT SINGLES 'BLIND VISION'
'THAT'S LOVE THAT IT IS' AND 'DON'T TELL ME'

TOURNEE 5TH MAY GLASGOW QUEEN MARY S COLLEGE 6TH EDINBURGH, PLAYHOUSE 7TH YORK, UNIVERSITY 8TH
LEICESTER, UNIVERSITY 10TH NEWCASTLE CITY HALL 11TH MANCHESTER, APOLLO 13TH BIRMINGHAM ODEON
14TH HANLEY, VICTORIA HALL 15TH NORWICH, UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA 16TH LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT
18TH LEEOS, UNIVERSITY 19TH OXFORD POLYTECHNIC 20TH BRISTOL, STUDIO 22ND NOTTINGHAM, ROCK CITY
24TH LONDON, HAMMERSMITH PALAIS 25TH BRIGHTON, DOME 26TH PORTSMOUTH, GUILD HALL 27TH PLYMOUTH
SKATING 28TH GUILDFORD CIVIC 30TH DUNSTABLE, QUEENSWAY HALL

RED STRIPE (OF THE FLYING PICKETS)



NAME. Stripe. It's Red Stripe on my Equity card but everyone calls me Stripe.

BORN: March 4 1946 in Manchester.

FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: I didn't have a record player so I just used to listen to other people's. Johnnie Ray singing "Little White Cloud" is the first one I can remember listening to.

JOB: Fire eater, razor blade

personally, no, because I could never remember the words. I don't think I did a single performance without forgetting something. When you do it every night you begin to wonder why you're doing it for a living. I sometimes forget the words of songs, too. My mind just goes blank. I think it was probably that piano. **HAVE YOU EVER BEEN ON A PICKET LINE?** Yes, I was involved in the civil rights movement in Queensland. And I've been on the miners' picket line quite recently. It was at Snaith, near Goole and it was a very peaceful picket line. There were only two policemen there. **ARE YOU A VEGETARIAN?** No, but I eat less and less meat. I mainly eat fish and chicken and not much red meat. It's not like a moral thing, I find meat a bit heavy, that's all. I mean heavy to digest.

IF YOU HAD A HOTLINE TO MARGARET THATCHER, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO HER? I'd ask her: "How does it feel to be

PERSONAL FILE

exier, escapologist, night porter, actor, P. E. teacher in Manchester (I'm not going to tell you which school) and North Queensfend. **WHY DO YOU SHAVE YOUR HEAD?** I was in Australia with the Flying Pickets and I went for a haircut at a barber's in Port Headland. He didn't make a very good job of it. There were so many holes that at the end he said: "Have you ever thought of having your head shaved?" So I said: "Yeah, all right." That was early last year and I've been shaving it ever since.

FAVOURITE DRINK: Champagne, I think. **EVER BEEN IN HOSPITAL?** Yes, once when I was in the Boys' Brigade in Moss Side Congregational Church Hall I dived into a piano. It was my first contact with music. I cracked my skull open and had to go to hospital to get it all sawn up.

DO YOU RINSE THE MILK BOTTLES BEFORE YOU PUT THEM OUT AT NIGHT? Cartons, mate, certons. I save up the milk bottles in case there's a civil disturbance.

DO YOU MISS ACTING? I don't

the mother of a thousand dead? **WOULD YOU EVER BECOME A TAX EXILE?** Would that I could! I don't think it's possible because our work's based here and in live performance. And although we're fairly successful abroad I think we'd have to stay here. I think humour's very important and our humour's very English. **WHO WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE STUCK IN A LIFT WITH?** It's terribly arrogant, but I can't really think of anyone. I was once stuck in a lift in a tower block in Salford with seven television technicians from Granada TV. That experience has soured me for life.

FAVOURITE SHAKIN' STEVENS RECORD? I couldn't even tell you the title of a Shakin' Stevens record. I thought his last video was awful, but it was surpassed in awfulness by that Lionel Richie one.

BEST THING ABOUT BEING A POP STAR? Meeting other people in the music business. Lika, UB40, they were all right. And Val Doonican.

DOES YOUR HEAD GET SUNBURNT? Not in the studio, no. In Australia I used to cover it with zinc cream.

THE HUMAN LEAGUE



THE LEBANON

SHE DREAMS OF NINETEEN SIXTY-NINE
BEFORE THE SOLDIERS CAME
THE LIFE WAS CHEAP ON BREAD AND WINE
AND SHARING MEANT NO SHAME
SHE IS AWAKENED BY THE SCREAMS
OF ROCKETS FLYING FROM NEARBY
AND SCARED SHE CLINGS ONTO HER DREAMS
TO BEAT THE FEAR THAT SHE MIGHT DIE

AND WHO WILL HAVE WON
WHEN THE SOLDIERS HAVE GONE
FROM THE LEBANON?
THE LEBANON

BEFORE HE LEAVES THE CAMP HE STOPS
HE SCANS THE WORLD OUTSIDE
AND WHERE THERE USED TO BE SOME SHOPS
IS WHERE THE SNIPERS SOMETIMES HIDE
HE LEFT HIS HOME THE WEEK BEFORE
HE THOUGHT HE'D BE LIKE THE POLICE
BUT NOW HE FINDS HE IS AT WAR
WEREN'T WE SUPPOSED TO KEEP THE PEACE?"

CHORUS
AND WHO WILL HAVE WON
WHEN THE SOLDIERS HAVE GONE
FROM THE LEBANON?
THE LEBANON
THE LEBANON
FROM THE LEBANON

I MUST BE DREAMING
IT CAN'T BE TRUE
I MUST BE DREAMING
IT CAN'T BE TRUE
REPEAT CHORUS

WORDS AND MUSIC CALLIS/DAKEY
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SOUND DIAGRAMS/WARNER BROS. MUSIC LTD
VIRGIN MUSIC PUBL LTD ON VIRGIN RECORDS

MUTTERINGS

Naughty. The original, "Hello" video had a nude shower scene, but clean-living Lionel Richie didn't think it was "suitable". The fact that it would also have made the clip difficult to get on TV had, of course, nothing at all to do with it being out. ... **Slick** boy, **Simon Bates** fell off his horse and broke his ankle over **Eastor Terry Wogan**, meanwhile, hurt his big toe playing tennis. ... **Jonathan King** has a sign over his bed which reads: "All artists are jerks". The pot calls the kettle

Arden eyes shadow ads. ... **Club** thras. In Detroit **Heien Terry** snuck out to see **Van Halen** on her night off. After three numbers she tried to escape, but is seen here being promptly escorted back into the hall by two Detroit cops. ... And speaking of **Van Halen**, they've a clause in their contract to appear at **Castle Donington** this August which states they have to have a large bowl of **Smarites** backstage — with all the brown ones removed! Once they pulled out of a US

Because it's full of sex? Violence? No, it shows **Cliff** dancing on a railway line. ... **Del Lppard** have become tax exiles, moved to Ireland and taken up golf. ... **Michael Jackson** on his fans: "Some of them are real vulgar. A lot of girls are real educated ladies with wisdom but others get real funky." What? ... **MJ** Two. The lad now wants to step into films and is looking for the right script. "I want to take a turn and surprise people. It'll be futuristic and very different. I'd like to do something that hasn't been seen before." ... Like his next video perhaps. This is apparently for a song called "Tingle" and goes like this: **Michael** and girlfriend go to boutique. **Girl** tries on boys' clothes. **Michael** tries on girls' clothes. **Michael** then leaves shop wearing a long, purple, acquainted evening gown singing "I'm not like any other guy." Gown then bursts into flames. We'll believe it when we see it. ...

Spotted, **Robert Görl** in expensive London clothes shop, **Woodhouse**. ... Half way through his live show, **Ozzy Osbourne** has a tray of drinks delivered on stage by a henchman clad in full medieval armour. ... A £40,000 bronze statue of **The Beatles** was unveiled by **Mike McCartney** in Liverpool the other week. **Mike** then burst out laughing; the statue was so "artistic" that he didn't even recognize his own brother. "It's a disgrace," fumed **Sam Leach**, a promoter who worked with the **Fab Four** in the early days. "The only one I can recognize is **Ringo** — and that's because he's holding drumsticks." ... **Police 5**, **Alan Daxley** in **Fashion** had £500 worth

still limping when he got home. **Simon** is **Bon**, meanwhile, hurt his arm playing baseball. ... **D'ran** dau, **Nick Rhodes**, whose mustered knot-tied with **Julianne** looks pretty definite now, is looking for a flat in New York. **Simon** has already bought one in Canada. ... **D'ran D'ran**, **D'ran**, **Andy Taylor** spent a whole morning recently answering the phone at **EMI** and pretending to be the group's press officer **Suzie Rome**. The keen car of **Mutterings** was apparently the only 1978 in the of the discipline.



Detroit police drag Heien Terry back into a Van Halen concert.



Imaginative, about dressing

black, that. ... **Nik Kershaw's** drummer, **Mark Price**, used to be the little boy in the **Hovis** TV ads. ... **Spotted**, **Mari Wilson** and her new hairdo being turned away from a Chinese restaurant in **Mayfair**. It was full. ... **Rick Springfield** is apparently rather partial to millet, ie budgie food. ... German punky singer **Hime Hagen** "often takes trips into the fifth dimension." She claims that while there she's become close personal friends with deceased German film director **Rainer Werner Fassbinder**. ... **Astral** plane 2, **Howard Jones** apparently reckons he was a Tibetan monk in a previous life. ... The latest American disco craze is mechanical bull-riding. These machines have ten computerized speeds and spins and buck at random. Seems they're already appearing in gay clubs over here. ... **Melanie**, a lounge get loose on a gay night at London's **Hypocrome** the other week. Everyone ran for it. Wouldn't you? ... **Positively** stacks of **Culture Club** US tour mutterings. In **Charlotte, Alabama**, **Boy George** lookalike **Jill Tampieman** strolled into the band's hotel and signed autographs for one whole hour before anyone realised she was a fake. ... **Club** two, **George** is now taken alongside female sex symbols like **Sophie Loren**, **Andray Hepburn**, **Barbra Streisand**, **Marietta Dietrich** and **Brooke Shields** in **Elizabeth**

show because this hadn't been done. ... Back in **Blighty**, **Cultura Club** have been voted Europe's top group by an international poll of TV magazines from nine different countries. ... July 14 is the date set for the **Stave Wright** vs **Depeche Mode** football match. "It'll be a game of two halves, **Brian**," muttered our sports correspondent. "But it won't be over until it's over." **Police**



£100 Leach exchange sunglasses.

getting lots of death threats, **Victoria Principal** has splashed out £70,000 on laser equipment to protect her own. This will fry any intruder to a crisp. ... **Banned**, Saturday **Supertaster** returned to show **Cliff Richard's** "Baby It's Dynamite" video.

of leather gear awired from the back of his car the other weekend. Two new **Bluebells** have just been enlisted — **Craig Gannon** (late of **Aztec Camera**) and **Bobby Harry**. ... **Slick** boy, **John Taylor** gashed his foot on some broken glass in **San Diego** so badly that he was

and guess the true identity of the impostor. ... Incidentally, **Boy George** and **Siouxsie** have also been known to imitate their press officers. ... And **D'ran** four. **Duranians** waiting outside the **BBC** while **Simon** was on radio within left so much graffiti on the walls the **BBC** reckon it'll cost them thousands to remove it. ... **Spotted**, **John** and **Maggot** of **King Kurt** causing havoc on the dogdome on **Brighton Pier**. ... While on tour in **Gdansk**, **Elton John** took a couple of hours off to talk to **Lech Walesa**, former leader of the banned union **Solidarity**. The pair exchanged autographs and talked about football most of the time. **Walesa** later went to **Elton's** **Gdansk** gig. ... **Paul Young** & **The Royal Family** are, appropriately enough, to appear at this year's **Prince's** **Trust** concert. Also on the bill are **Sade** and **Imagination**. ... **Money**. Soul singer **Millie Jackson** is having a special **London** cab made for her by a firm in **Brixton** and shipped to **New York**. It has fur covered seats, a bar, a TV, a video and a hi-fi system and is costing her a mere £35,000. ... **Elton John** splashed out even more having a tram shipped back from **Sydney, Australia**. ... While **Blancmange** were filming in **Manchester**, **Neil Arthur's** mum zoomed into the studio on a **Honda** **250cc** motorbike carrying a package. Why? What was she bringing? One of **Neil's** favourite potato pies, of course, hot from the oven.



Panic at Heathrow the other week when Duran and Culture Club flew back into the country. Seems to be the thing these days to get harassed by customs officials — it happened to Jon (who was strip-searched) and Mikey. Both were held for six hours. The same fate — to a lesser extent — lay in store for George who exchanged heated words with one particularly obnoxious official but didn't brand them "pigs" (as reported

in some papers). George was greeted by a gaggle of fans who'd camped at the airport for three days. If they'd hung around a few more days they might have caught a glimpse of Duran who, not to be left out, also got mobbed and also received the same old going over from the Customs & Excise. And, then, before you could say "hop on me, Froggy", JT was round at the *Ear Say* studios (see page 54).

START



A bit of a silly name, Belouis Some (pronounced *bell-louissim*). But if you're called Neville and you're a 24-year-old Londoner who's spent the last six years working "on the project" of which you're the only member, then it'd have to be a bit wiggly. You may have seen him on the recent Nik Kershaw tour, but if not you may be interested in knowing he's got a single out, "Target Practice", on May 28, with an LP, "Some People", to follow later in the year.



"We're a very close family," says Jermaine Jackson. And to prove it The Jacksons have just re-formed. Jermaine, y'see, left eight years ago and stayed at Motown as a solo artist. Anyway, there's now a five month Jacksons US tour in the offing (dates in Europe maybe to follow). He lives in Beverly Hills, California with his younger brother Michael nearby. How does he feel about his success? "We all started out together and his success is our success." What a family.

BREAK MACHINE



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Records

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AND ALL GOOD RECORD SHOPS

Van Halen



PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTOFEST

Panama

Jump back what's that sound
Here she comes full-blastin' top down
Hot shoe burning down the avenue
Model citizen zero discipline
Don't you know she's coming home with me
You lose her in the turn I'll get her

Panama Panama Panama Panama

Ain't nothing like it
Shiny machine

Got the feel for the wheel
Keep the moving parts clean
Hot shoe burning down the avenue
Got an amp coming through my
bathrooms

Don't you know she's coming home with me
You lose her in the turn I'll get her

Oh Panama Panama Panama Panama

Yeah we're running a little bit hot tonight
I can barely see the road
For the heat coming off it
I reach down between my legs
And ease the seat back
She's blinding I'm flying right behind his
Rearview mirror now
Got the steering power steering
pistons popping
Ain't no stopping now

Panama Panama Panama Panama
Panama Panama Panama

Words and music: E. Van Halen/A. Van Halen/
M. Anthony/D. Lee Roth
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Music Pubs on WEA Records

THE STYLE COUNCIL

YOU'RE THE BEST THING

OH YEAH COULD BE DISCONTENT
CHASE THE BANDWAGON'S END
I MIGHT WIN MUCH MORE BUT LOSE ALL THAT IS MINE
I COULD BE A LOT BUT I KNOW I'M NOT
I'M CONTENT JUST WITH THE RICHES THAT YOU BRING

I MIGHT SHOOT TO WIN AND COMMIT THE SIN
OF WANTING MORE THAN I'VE ALREADY GOT
I COULD RUNAWAY BUT I'D RATHER STAY
IN THE WARMTH OF YOUR SMILE LIGHTING UP MY DAY
THE ONE THAT MAKES ME SAY

CHORUS
'CAUSE YOU'RE THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED
TO ME ON MY WORLD HEY HEY YEARS
YOU'RE THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED
SO DON'T GO AWAY HEY

I MIGHT BE A KING AND STEAL MY PEOPLE'S THINGS
BUT I DON'T GO FOR THAT POWER CRAZY WAY
ALL THAT I COULD RULE I DON'T CHECK FOR FOOLS
ALL THAT I NEED IS TO BE LEFT TO LIVE MY WAY
SO LISTEN WHAT I SAY

REPEAT CHORUS

FROM THE ADULT OF ME
YOU'RE THE BEST FOR ME
COME AND ROB MY DREAMS
BUT TAKE THIS CHANGE ON ME

OH YEAH

REPEAT CHORUS

'CAUSE YOU'RE THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED
TO ME ON MY WORLD HEY HEY YEARS
YOU'RE THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED
DON'T GO I SAID DON'T GO
NO NO DON'T GO AWAY AH HEY HEY

WORDS AND MUSIC PAUL WELLER
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While Sade's pouting and purring for the camera inside Sheila Rock's quiet West London studio, she seems unweary of all the excitement going on outside in the blistering heat. A crew of around 30 technicians are busy filming a scene for a new series of *Minder*. Arthur Daley's there, looking resplendent in tweed suit and matching trilby, silver chain end pocket-watch twinkling in the sun. And so is a car, mysteriously sitting under a canvas sheet — part of one of Arthur's dodgy little deals no doubt. But Terry's nowhere to be seen.

It strikes me that Sade, with her dark, exotic looks, could easily figure in an episode of *Minder*. She could be a top flight gangster's moll, or maybe an African princess, kidnapped by ruthless criminals and mysteriously spirited away to London's dockland, only to be rescued by our Tel. Or then again, maybe not.

"Oh yes, my ultimate ambition is to be an actress," she jokes, knowing full well it's one of the biggest clichés in the book. "No really, my ambition is to be one with the world, just like Morrissey!" For The Smiths, one of her least favourite groups. She bursts into laughter once again.

In fact she's had a lot to be happy about lately. Her first single, "Your Love Is King", made it to Number Six in the charts. And she's just finished recording her first LP, tentatively called "Diamond Life", which is taken from a short line in her song, "Smooth Operator". "The line refers to a life with sparkle. One that still retains a hard edge."

In fact the description can also fit her music. "Soul with a hint of jazz is the feel that runs through the LP. Some of the songs are very gentle, some are really sexy."

Seems the photo session's nearly over. Just one more shot with the famous scraped-back hair untied. "If I comb it down the centre it makes me look like Max Well. I can also do a good Michael Jackson and Jeffrey Deniel."

We all agree it's time for a drink. Along with Stuart, her saxophone player, we trundle off to a pub situated next to a canal. It seems surprising to me that she's not recognised by anyone.

"I get recognised most days, at least once," she explains without the usual pop star erogenous. "On the whole it's nice. Most times they wish me luck, as if they were an old friend. A lot of them just come to see me, as do the band. But it did bother me once," she says, unusually stern, "when I was on holiday in the Canary Isles a while back. It was only on a holiday resort. Anyway it was a bit irritating because there I was covered in sand and oil, just trying to escape all of that."

But despite the autograph hunters, all the champagne since her hit record in Sade's bed. "I bought a new one with a heavy duty mattress — ready for action," she smiles cheekily.

She's certainly taking success in her stride. For instance she wasn't exactly overwrought by her first *Top Of The Pops* experience. "I absolutely hate all that wetting around. I live in fear of wetting. But she really enjoyed being on the actual show. I think we looked different. Very different."

And that difference is most definitely noticeable on the radio or on TV. "We don't do it for lots of effects and gimmicks. It's more honest that way. And we can write proper songs, really simple songs."

Unlike people like The Smiths who, as Stuart points out, "do write their songs on a Morse code key. *Da de de, da-de, da de*



WHEN AM I GOING TO MAKE A LIVING

When am I gonna make a living (oh)
It's gonna take a while before I give in
See the people fussing and feeling
What a shock so whining and desiring
Gotta look up and tell yourself
There's no end to what you can do
(What you do is up to you)
They'll waste your body and soul if you allow them to
This is the time (ah) to start believing in yourself (oh ah)
Put the blame on no one else

When am I gonna make a living (oh)
It's gonna take a while before I give in
See the people fussing and feeling
Too many lies no one is believing

Haven't told you before
We're hungry for if life we can't afford
There's no end (no end) to what you can do
If you give yourself a chance to prove

We are hungry but we won't give in
Hungry but we won't give in
Hungry but we won't give in
Hungry but we won't give in
We're hungry but we won't give in
Hungry but we won't give in
Hungry but we won't give in

Oh there's no end to what you can do
They'll waste your body and soul if you allow them to
Oh start believing in yourself
Put the blame on no one else
(Start believing)

(Hungry but we won't give in)
When am I gonna make a living
It's gonna take a while before I give in
Yes it's a sick and tired of scratching & living
I am hungry but I'm not gonna give in
Hungry but we won't give in (never gonna give in)
Hungry but we won't give in (oh)
Hungry but we won't give in
Hungry but we won't give in (gonna win)
Hungry but we won't give in (never gonna give in)
Hungry but we won't give in (oh oh)
Hungry but we won't give in
Hungry but we're gonna win

Words and music: Sade & Matthewman
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deed". Sade agrees. "I think our music should be very refreshing."

Unlike a lot of pop stars, you get the feeling when you talk to Sade that she's not desperately trying to project an image, make herself out to be something she isn't. She just acts naturally and speaks her mind. But that doesn't stop her from being perticular about how she answers some of my questions. Especially the ones about her journalist boyfriend Robert Elms. At the moment he's working on the official Spandau Ballet biography. "The true story," es Sade puts it, no pun intended. So what's he like?

"Entertaining. He doesn't try to be, he's just funny. One of the world's few happy people. I met him two and a half years ago in New York. He was over there with Spandau and I was showing some of my men's clothes designs at a fashion show. He'd run out of money and told me he'd eaten all day every day. So I bought him a meal."

The pair of them live in a flat over a Fire Station. She describes the inside as "clean and simple". There's extreme nice things in it like a black leather sofa... next to it is a bare, plastered wall in need of attention."

Apparently the place is full of "old, solid furniture", books and records with the occasional modern gadget thrown in, to boot. No cheap ones, mind. "If I bought a telly it'd have to be a Sony with a giant flat screen and perfect definition. But I can't afford it yet so, instead of compromising and buying a smaller one I'll wait. I can't stand gimmicky things. I don't believe in compromise."

I can't help wondering — as they seem to be, more or less, the perfect couple — are there any plans for overpop? "Oh children?"

"I don't believe in marriage. I'm not really religious. My mum used to take me to church but I was glad we stopped going because the lady next to me, Mrs Green, used to stink of cough sweets! But as I was saying, there's no plans for marriage. We're both young and feirly independent, there are no ropes around us. And anyway the neighbour's wife has got a beard and two teeth missing and he's too fat so there's no chance of going off with them! And as for children, I used to want them when I was 12 but I must have grown out of it now. I haven't really got time for 'love children'," she says with a wry smile.

So what do you do in your spare time? She doesn't have much spare time, she says. Well, anything at all? Things like cooking?

"Well I can but I don't have the time."

Keep fit?
"This boy Spike was going to teach me squash over Ester but I chickened out. There's nothing wrong with being healthy but my style just isn't suited to it. I've been given the occasional tippie and I know it's a really bad example to set but I actually enjoy smoking. But I'm sure there'll come a time when I seriously will have to give up. It doesn't help my voice at all."

One of her favourite things, she eventually reveals, is "ice-ravoursing. Cruising. In my 1958 Wolseley. Anywhere as long as it's sunny. Incidentally," she adds, a little sombre for a change, "I've just been in a crash. But I don't really want to go into it now."

It seems she's also had a stack of expensive equipment stolen from the band's rehearsal rooms. "But after a lot of shouting over the phone I got it back," she smiles. "But the incidentally," she adds, after this led finally gave me the stuff back he had the cheek to tell me he'd bought my single. But you he won't buy the next one."

DE WITH SADE

That's a line from a Sade song called "Smooth Operator". It's what she's all about — she's 24, writes "proper songs", can't stand "gimmicky things" and reckons music should be "refreshing". So does Peter Martin.



GOING DOWN TOWN TONIGHT

STATUS QUO

I'm going down town tonight
I'm gonna find myself a dream
I'm gonna dress up right
And be the best they've ever seen
You can tell from their eyes
You can tell from their eyes
That they're never impressed
That they're never impressed
From the way they walk round
From the way they walk round
They are used to the best
They are used to the best

Chorus
Going down town tonight
Going down town tonight
Going down town tonight
Going down town tonight

Why let them break you with
Their self-sophisticated grace
Just when the cards are low
You see the smile come on their face
If you speak the right words
If you speak the right words
They will hear what you say
They will hear what you say
They will take your attention
Just take your attention
And then turn away
And then turn away

Repeat chorus

Just one thing before you go

My ladies of the night
Just one thing I have to say
I've got you and you're
Confident and debonaire
You move between the stars
Hungry for those staring eyes
That feed your waking hours

Going down town tonight
Going down town tonight
Going down town tonight
Going down town tonight
Going down town tonight
Going down town tonight

The place has all run dry
With lonely echoes of the night
And some walk home alone
While others find and hold on tight

If you speak the right words
If you speak the right words
They will hear what you say
They will hear what you say
They will take your attention
Just take your attention
And then turn away
And then turn away

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music Johnson
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
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Ocean Rain 

Just in

WHSMITH

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■ *Dancing with tears in
my eyes* ■ ■ **Ultravox**
The new single 7" and 12"

TAKEN FROM THE NEW ALBUM AND CHROME CASSETTE ■ LAMENT

 Chrysalis

11

Looking through some 1981 Smash Hits, I read about Thomas Dolby releasing an independent single "Urges"/"Leipzig" on Armageddon. How can I obtain a copy? Also where can I write to him?

Jodie Brough, Seaforth, New South Wales.
 ● This single was the subject of a recent court case when Armageddon were prevented from re-releasing it. EMI now own the rights to it and you can find "Leipzig" on the UK 12 inch version of "Europa And The Pirates Twins" (EMI R 6051) while "Urges" will be the 'B' side of Tom's next single "Disidents".
 You can write to Tom c/o his Information Service, PO Box 200, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 4NH who can also supply details of all his various British and American releases. Remember to enclose an SAE when writing.

Whara can I contact the grossly underrated Joe Jackson?

Sharif, Knuzden, Blackburn.
 ● You can write to Joe at Basement Music, Trinity House, 6 Pembroke Road, London W11.



Yep, it's Phil Fearon Esq. in 1979 in his Kandidera days. I mean, really, would you look at the state of his hair...

Is it still possible to get hold of Bob Marley & The Wailers' "Three Little Birds"?
Stephen Eks, Barking, Essex.
 Could you tell me where I can get a copy of "New Year's Day" by U2?
Louise, Bridgend, Perth.

Where can I get "Fantasy Real" by Galaxy?
Deve Brooker, Crystal Palace, London.
 ● "Three Little Birds" can still be ordered by asking for Island WIP 6641. It's also on the "Exodus" album and the forthcoming "Legend" compilation. Likewise "Fantasy Real" can be ordered by quoting Ensign (12) ENY 507; it'll also be on the "Phil Fearon & Galaxy" album due out in June. U2's single has unfortunately been deleted but you can still find it on their "War" album. You could also try Island/Staff Mall Order, who sometimes still have odd copies of deleted records. Apart from Island and Stiff, this service also covers distributed labels like Ensign and Zang Tuum. For details, send an SAE to them at 22 St. Peters Square, London W6.



It's this — at Alanash Currie after winning the points, as Linda Duff after winning the points, exclaim "Cranna doing Linda Duff's job while she's on hols? Write your answer on a postcard and throw it away."

GET SMART

I would like to know what the Gaelic words on Ultravox's "Man Of Two Worlds" mean and how you spell them. Thanks.

C. Reed (Midge's moustache), Bristol.
 ● Oh, it's a moustache! I always thought it was a dead caterpillar. Anyhow, the translation goes thus: "Hand in hand, taste the past/As I drink in this gift to me/Hand in hand, taste the past/As I drink in this gift to me." And if you'd care to send your real name and location, I'll send you the written version which is too long (and too complicated) to print here. Altogether now, "Taobh ri taobh..."

Now that Duran Duran have returned to this country, could you ask John Taylor where he got his infamous "Oshima Gang" t-shirt?
Sarah, Brighton, Sussex.
 Please help! I'm slowly driving myself mad trying to work out what that person with the strange voice (surely not Simon?) is saying at the end of "The Chauffeur" on Duran's "Rio" LP. What does it mean?
Highly-strung Duran Drooler, Dereham, Norfolk.

● JT to the rescue! He says he acquired his t-shirt when he went to the Australian premier of *Merry Christmas*. Mr Lawrence in Sydney — he got it from one of the stewards in exchange for posing for a photo! What did he think of the film? "I enjoyed it a lot. I was bored for the first half hour and then I got deeply into it!"

As for the mystery voice, John says that it is in fact a BBC sound effects record of a man talking about butterflies! The idea apparently came from Nick "Man Of Mystery" Rhodes. *It thought as much — Ed.*

Could you please tell me where and how I can get hold of a Janice Long and a Peter Powell t-shirt without entering any competitions?

I'm desperate to complete my collection of t-shirts.

Carol Moore, Gretna, Nr. Carlisle.
 ● I don't know what kind of collection you've got there, but Radio One say they only do Peter Powell and Steve Wright t-shirts — each bearing a "Hello, mates!" or "Get some therapy" slogan — so there's no Janice Long t-shirt at all. *That makes me so angry! I could throw the phone down!* Anyway, to get a t-shirt, send a P.O. for £2.95 plus 30p post and packing to Radio One Offers, PO Box 275, Portlhead, Bristol BS20 8SG, and don't forget to tell them which size you want — or your name and address!

Could you please tell me where I can get information about Nik Kershaw? Is there a fan club?

Nik Kershaw Fan, Glasgow.
 Please help me! I've tried everywhere but I can't get hold of a Nik Kershaw snood, and I want one! Where can I find one?
'Bogart', Driffield, N. Humberstone.
 I saw Nik Kershaw at Southampton Gaumont and he played some songs I didn't know. Has he had an album out before "Human Racing"?
Catherine Richardson, Marchwood, Hants.
 ● The good news is that there's now a N*k*K*rsh*w Fan Club. The lady about to be swamped is Rox Fleetwood at 45 Kerridge Court, Balls Pond Road, London N1, and don't forget to send an SAE when writing.

I must say! I find it hard to envisage Humphrey Bogart in a snood, but I hear that the specialist here is a shop called Jones in the Kings Road, London. And finally Nik did once play in a band called Fusion, but MCA (his label) say he made no records before joining them.



Three men in search of a river... The Blue Nile (left to right): Robert Bell, Paul Moore and Phil Buchanan.

I've recently heard The Blue Nile on the radio and also seen the video on Saturday Superstore and thought they were great. Have they had any other records out and could you tell me a little about the group?
Julia, Coldean, Brighton.

● The Blue Nile are songwriters Paul Buchanan (vocals) and Robert Bell (bass) together with Paul Moore (keyboards). They've been writing songs for many years now — much to the frustration of their friends! — in their native Glasgow. Before their current single ("Stay") and album ("A Walk Across The Rooftops" — see reviews) both on Linn/Virgin, they had just one single out — the now deleted "I Love This Life" on RSO in 1981.

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music

II

Nena · Frankie Goes To Hollywood · Culture Club ·
David Bowie · Queen · Tracey Ullman · Thompson Twins ·
Eurythmics · Paul McCartney · Howard Jones

SIDE ONE

1. QUEEN
Rocks To Go Girl
2. NIKI KERSHAW
'Wouldn't It Be Good'
3. THOMPSON TWINS
Told Me How
4. MATT RIANO
'Get Out Of Your Lazy Bed'
5. CAMEL
'More, More, More'
6. MADNESS
'Michael Cather'
7. FLYING MONKEYS
'Only You'

SIDE TWO

8. NENA
'We Belong'
9. CYNTHIA LAUPER
'Talk A Little To Me'
10. TRACEY ULLMAN
'My Gay's Mad As Me'
11. MATTHEW WILDER
'Break My Stride'
12. JULIA & COMPANY
'Smiling Down
(Sugar Smiling)'
13. JOE PAGAN
'That's Living Alright'
14. HOT CHOCOLATE
'I Gave You My Heart
(John's)'
15. SMOKEY WHITE
'Wild Of Paradise'

SIDE THREE

16. FRANKIE GOES TO
HOLLYWOOD
'Relax'
17. EURYTHMICS
'Here Comes The Rain
Again'
18. HOWARD JONES
'What Is Love?'
19. THE SMITHS
'What Difference Does It
Make?'
20. FICTION FACTORY
'Pleasure Heaver'
21. BE-FLEX
'The Politics Of Dancing'
22. THOMASDINKLEY
'Hymnbook'
23. CHINA CRISIS
'Wanted Thinking'

SIDE FOUR

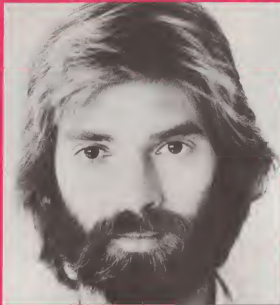
24. DAVID BOWIE
'Modern Love'
25. CULTURE CLUB
'It's A Miracle'
26. ROLLING STONES
'Undercover Of The Night'
27. BIG COUNTRY
'Wonderland'
28. SLADE
'Run Runaway'
29. DURAN DURAN
'New Moon On Monday'
30. PAUL MCCARTNEY
'Pipes Of Peace'

For double album or cassette.
Subject to stock availability.



THE BEST FOR LESS

FOOTLOOSE



I been working so hard I'm punching my card
Eight hours for what? Oh tell me what I got

I got this feeling that time's just holding me down
I'll hit the ceiling or else I'll tear up this town
Tonight I gotta cut

Verse 1
Loose footloose
Kick off your Sunday shoes
Pleasee Louise pull me offa my knees
Jack get back come on before we crack
Lose your blues everybody cut footloose

You're playing so cool obeying every rule
Dig way down in your heart you're earning yearning for some

So sorry to tell you that life ain't passing you by
I'm trying to see you to edit if you don't even try
You can fly if you'd only

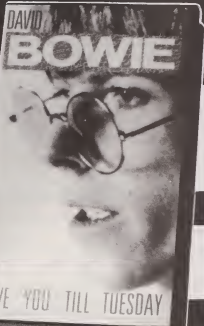
Verse 2
Loose footloose
Kick off your Sunday shoes
Oswen Marie shake it shake it for me
Whoo Mile come on come on let's go
Lose your blues everybody cut footloose

Chorus
Cut (cut footloose) cut (cut footloose) cut (cut footloose)
You got to ~~pinch~~ ~~grind~~ and put your feet on the ground
Now take a hold of your ~~hold~~ ~~turning~~ it

Bridge
Repeat chorus and all to fade

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FROM **CLASSIC** | **CLASSIC** | **ODEON**
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Bobby Bluebell is dead.

So says Robert Hodgens, and he should know, because they're both the same bloke. (What he actually said was, "He's dead. Ah've shoarhim dead," but for the benefit of readers with strange southern accents, I've translated Robert's fine Scottish tones into BBC Newsreader English.) Robert is the inventor and leader of The Bluebells whose fourth single, "I'm Falling", has finally given them the hit they've long deserved.

Sitting in a relatively spacious dressing room under the floor of Studio Three, Television Centre, Shepherd's Bush, with a Top Of The Pops rehearsal in full swing above, Robert says, "It's funny. A lot of younger groups in Glasgow think we're boring old farts now, but it took Altered Images three singles to have a hit, and Orange Juice took about ten."

But wait. Let's nip back fifteen years and peek into a bedroom in Glasgow. What do we see? "You'd see me, wearing make up, dressed in a pink tutu, dancing to 'I'm A Believer' by The Monkees," admits Robert to the amazement of the other Bluebells. "I wasn't a transvestite. I was nine, and me and my friends had a club, The Dr Who Club, and we used to dress up as monsters." In pink tutus?

Robert, at 26, is the old man of the band. Drummer David McCluskey calls him "our '60s correspondent", but to find the skeleton in Dave's cupboard we need only nip back ten years. "When I was eleven, I really thought Jimmy Osmond was brilliant. I had a huge, heart-shaped Jimmy badge, and I used to dance like him in front of the telly, singing 'Long Haired Lover From Liverpool'."

Not that Ken, now The Bluebells' vocalist, was displaying much good taste either. "I wore high-waisted flares, Doc Marten's with twelve holes and yellow laces, matching yellow braces and feathered hair. I thought I was dead gailus." (The nearest English equivalent is something like "rather spiffing").

The mists of time swirl onwards to the days when punk hit Glasgow, Aztec Camera, Altered Image and Simple Minds used to hang around in The Mars Bar. "It was the first punk pub," recalls David. "Really dumpy. Owned by gangsters who kept a machete under the counter."

By then, David and Ken were in a punk group, Real Deal. They thought their first break had come when The Mars Bar's manager offered a regular Saturday night gig for six weeks. "We arrived the first night and the place had been blown up," he laughs, making it sound like a normal daily occurrence among Glasgow's gangland club scene.

But all was not lost. Before it burned to the ground they had met Robert Hodgens, a fanzine writer who had created so many imaginary groups to fill the pages of his paper that he now felt obliged to turn some into reality.

"The first was just myself, but I called it 007," says Robert. "I borrowed a tape machine and bass from a local band. Endgames, and recorded this stupid song with words from a 1950's magazine Teenbeat."

To his astonishment, months later, sitting in Edinburgh with Alan Horne, owner of Postcard Records, his song turned up on a compilation tape. "I burst out laughing—it was so bad, but Alan thought it was the best thing on the tape."

007 vanished, was briefly replaced by The Oxfam Warriors and finally became The Bluebells we know and love. Almost. Today's group is a three piece, but there were originally two others, Lawrence Donegan (bass) and Russell Irvine (guitar). "They had to go, not because they couldn't play or we didn't like them, but their style just didn't fit with ours. It's a shame, but I've still friends and Lawrence is doing well in Lloyd Cole And The Commotions."

It was this five piece that played one night at Hamilton Holy Cross School, where Dave was still studying. Also playing that night were The Jazzsters (now Bourne Bourne) of whom the music teacher, Mr Melvin ("We called him Melvin Stardust") apparently said, "What is that rubbish?"

Orange Juice were there too, but during The Bluebells set, someone cut the sound wires. To entertain the audience, Edwyn Collins of Orange Juice made up a rhyme, "Bobby Bluebell came to play, but someone took the sound away." Not exactly Shakespeare, but the name stuck.

Robert Hodgens sighs. "I quite liked it for a while, because it was like Joey Ramone of The Ramones to whom he bears an uncanny resemblance, but really, who wants to be called Bobby Bluebell for the rest of his life?" So it's goodbye Bobby, hello Robert.

Things started moving when the original five piece, via a demo, came to the attention of one Elvis Costello, who offered to produce them. That creative liaison has now ended, because, "He's great, but not what we need as a producer." And they can point to a hit single to prove it.

The Bluebells have shown uncommon good sense all along the line. They've faced up to difficult decisions, like firing their friends. They've refused to make an album until they had a hit single. They've written so many songs that the album, now underway, is certain to be a winner. How long do they estimate until their first platinum disc?

"Aw, cheggy Chan o' the Chan Clan," says Dave. (Roughly translated this means "Chance would be a fine thing.") "Jack of the Norseman Lager," laughs Ken. (This means "What you have suggested lies in the realms of fantasy.")

Hoping that no-one will notice, I crawl away. No-one notices.

GOODBYE BOBBY BLUEBELL

Hello Robert Hodgens. He's changed his name, see. And The Bluebells have finally had a hit. And he's got the world's broadest Scottish accent. Sounds like a job for Johnny Black.



Three men, but only one frayed denim jacket: The Bluebells (left-right) Ken McCluskey, Robert Hodgens, David McCluskey.

TWINSET AND PEARLS



Cocteau for three: (left-right) Simon, Elizabeth, Robin.

The Fab Four's most unlikely new recruits in a very long time, **The Cocteau Twins** break every rule in Pop. Their tunes are not instant, you can hardly make out the words and the whole production is anything but slick. Ignoring fans and critics alike, the Cocteau Twins make their dark, spell-binding music entirely for themselves. Yet here they are, rubbing shoulders with their very opposites — The Thompson Twins — in the best-selling racks.

So who are these people? Inspired by punk, the Cocteau Twins were formed in late 1980 in Glasgow (a petro-chemical port in central Scotland) by Robin on guitar and his best mate Will Heggie on bass. Legend has it that they recruited lyricist Elizabeth Fraser — she of the amazing voice — in a disco on the sofa basis of her dancing abilities. (Before the Human League, this.) The name, by the way, comes from a very early Simple Minds song.

Bassist Will was sacked in what Robin described as a "traumatic experience" after an exhaustingly lengthy tour with OMD, after which Robin and Elizabeth carried on as a duo, though they have just taken on a new permanent bass player in Simon Raymond.

Awkward in interview and uncomfortable on stage, the Cocteau Twins are happiest in the studio where they create their unique blend of mysterious images and stately rhythms, concentrated passion and spacey surroundings. So far they've recorded two LPs ("Gardenia" and "Head Over Heels") and three EPs ("Lullabies," "Peppermint Pig" and "Sunburst And Snowblind") for the independent 4AD label.

Under the guise of *This Mortal Coil*, they also recorded a wonderful version of Tim Buckley's haunting "Song To The Siren".

Now, championed through the years by John Peel and adopted by those looking for something deeper than disposable pop, our bemused anti-heroes find themselves propelled into the charts by the growing ranks of admirers. Yet even now The Cocteau Twins shun the limelight by declining to do interviews and even refusing us permission to print the words to "Pearly Dewdrops' Drops".

Traditional show-off popstars they are not. But then they don't need to be.

Just released are "megamix" versions of two "Hi-Energy" classics: **Miguel Brown's** "So Many Men So Little Time" and **Eartha Kitt's** "Where Is My Man". Ms. Brown, by the way, had a horrid car accident just before Christmas and had to spend five weeks in hospital having a heart pacemaker fitted. She's better now, though.

Bourgie Bourgie are busy busy. Having just released their second single, "Cameles", they are now fleeing the country to record their first LP in, of all places, Bavaria. That should be out in the autumn. Meantime, while they are touring in June. See Dates for details.

Bamboo is a fanzine devoted to the four ex-members of **Japan** and its first issue — containing an interview with David Sylvian, articles on everyone including Masami Teshuya and various reviews including one of a concert Steve and Richard did in Japan with Ippu-Do last year — is out now. You can get a copy by sending a £1 cheque or postal order (made out to Howard Sawyer) to 320, Wrexham Road, Slough. Don't forget to include a 9" x 6" s.a.e.

Aaaaargh! **Twisted Sister** are coming back. They'll be playing a few selected shows in the first half of June. You'll find the details in Dates.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Bone Of U2 (24) on May 10
Stevie Wonder (24) on May 13
David Byrne of Talking Heads (23) on May 14
Brian Eno (26) on May 15
Mike Oldfield (31) on May 15
Giles Gregory of Heaven 17 (26) on May 16
Patrick White of Musical Youth (16) on May 16
Tayeh Wilcox (26) on May 18
Martyn Ware of Heaven 17 (28) on May 18
Warren Cann of Ultravox (32) on May 20
Nick Heyward (23) on May 20
Lee Szyer (26) on May 21
Junior White of Musical Youth (17) on May 23



Photo: Paul Sneyd

Listen out for the debut single by a group called **Branski Beat**. It's called "Small Town Boy" has been produced by Mike Thorne of Soft Cell fame, is released on May 20 and, in the humble opinion of *Bizz*, is very good indeed.



Musical Youth, who've just released a new single called "She's Trouble", are currently sunning themselves and recording at Eddy Grant's studio in Barbados. After that they're doing an "island-hopping" tour of the Caribbean. You know, sunning themselves and playing shows in places like Trinidad and Antigua and so on. All right for some, eh?

When you've got a minute, take a look at the **Matt Bianco** thing on pages 36-7. See that rather finely-tailored blazer that Danny is wearing? What we're offering is one specially-tailored Matt Bianco jacket just like it and a "Sneakin' Out The Back Door" 12" single. What's more, ten extremely fortunate runners-up will also get a 12" each. Question time:

What group were several members of Matt Bianco once members of: a) Modern Romance, b) The Chevaliers Brothers or c) Blue Rondo A La Turk?

Answers on a postcard or **Smash Hits Matt Bianco Competition**, 32-33 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1FF. Get them here by May 23 and don't forget to include your chest size.

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(Always enclose an s.a.e.)

Sade
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 17-19 Soho Square
 London W1

Biancaneige
 BCM Biancaneige
 London WC1N 3XX

David Sylvian
 c/o Virgin
 17 Gostfield St
 London W1

MEET YOUR MAKERS

"The pressures of being Bob Marley's children?" 16-year-old Cedella Marley furrows her brow. "When I was younger I'd say there were none. But now? I'd have to say yes. Since he's gone (he died in 1981) people expect a lot of us. They expect us to be the new Bob Marley, but we are **The Melody Makers** and we want people to like us for what we are and for no other reason."

Although it's not unusual for the children of famous pop stars to make records — Kim Wilde, Julian Lennon, etc. — it is unusual to have four of them in the same group. Sisters Cedella and Sharon, 19, got together five years ago under the supervision of their mother Rita Marley — who herself was a member of the I-Threes (Bob Marley & The Wailers' backing singers) — with brothers Ziggy, 15, and Steve, 12. Rita got them a deal with EMI America, and also managed to get Steve Levine to produce them. He produces one of their favourite groups, Culture Club.

They describe their first single, "I Met Her On A Rainy Day", as "lover's rock". Cedella explains that their "music does carry on in the reggae tradition of our father, except for the hard preachings. We might get into that when we're older but now we just want to make music that makes people happy".

To follow the single in June, they're going to release their first LP, simply called, "Children Playing". She describes that as "hard reggae".

"I never knew this business was such hard work," she sighs, "I just thought you made the record, sat back and waited for the money to pour in."

But there are perks. Guess who she met yesterday? "Oh Duran Duran! How'd you find out about that? Well, it was Andy and Simon. They were really nice, really down to earth as far as I could see. I was pleased because I thought they were snobbish. When I get back to Jamaica I'll rush down to the radio station — 'cos I know all the DJs — with my 12" 'The Reflex' and they can play it for me. I can't wait to get home," she says excitedly, "and anyway it's back to school on Monday."



The sons (and daughters) of Jah: (left-right) Ziggy, Sharon, Steve, Cedella.

Their legal difficulties settled, **Wham!** now have a new single out. It's called "Wake Me Up Before You Go Go" and the B-side of the 12" also contains a "special version" of "Ray Of Sunshine" (best track on "Fantastic" former office love etc. Meanwhile the boys are holidaying in Miami, but more of that next issue).

Fiction Factory, now beavering away to get their first LP finished, will support OMD on their May tour.

This fortnight **Streetsounds** are bringing out "Streetsounds 9", one of their straightforward soul compilations. This one contains terrifyingly recent stuff by **The Gap Band**, **Real To Reel**, **The Jones Girls** and, needless to say, many more.

GIVE 'EM ENOUGH SOAP

Trouble seems to just follow **King Karl** around. In Spain they had all sorts of bother with the local polizia after "playing around with some fire extinguishers" in their hotel. They had to pay £500 damages for that, then had their van tyres slashed and then there was a bomb scare at the TV show they were to there to appear on. Back in Blighty they're having even more trouble getting venues for their "Duty Dick Tour" (so called because the band intend neither to wash nor even to remove their clothes or boots for the whole trip). Seems most places won't allow them back because they "made such a mess last time round".

When not appearing with Sandie Shaw, **Johnny Marr** of **The Smiths** is to be found playing some guitar on "2 From Quando", an ep by Manchester band **Quando Quando**.

Sixsies & The Bananahs will be embarking upon a June tour of this accept'd isle (ie Britain) before disappearing off to the USA for a while. See *Dates* for details.



An awful lot of famous folk turned out to see **Nik Kershaw** at the Hammer-smith Odeon the other week. Apart from **Andrew Ridgeley** (above with Nik at the party afterwards) there was **Jay and Mike from Bucks Fizz**, **Stewart Copeland** and **Andy Summers of The Police**, **Deany Ozmond** and former **Led Zepplin** guitarist **Jimmy Page** (whom, apparently, Mr Kershaw was especially thrilled to meet). Meanwhile Nik has a special re-mixed 17 picture disc version of "Dancing Girls" out in the shape of a big "K", and it just so happens that we've got 20 signed copies of it. Got 20 rather colourful Nik Kershaw posters too. This of course means — **yea!** — another **Blitz** competition. Ah, we feel a question coming on.

What was the title of Mr Kershaw's very first single? Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits Nik Kershaw Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF to arrive no later than May 23. First 20 out of the bag get a poster and a signed picture disc each.

NICK RHODES: MY FIVE FAVOURITE ARTISTS AND DESIGNERS



Photo: Dave O'Keefe

We discuss things and work very closely with him. He has a great understanding of graphics and is the only man I know who can put two totally clashing colours together and make them look great. Again, he's original.

Roy Lichtenstein. Pop art is probably my favourite period and he is one of the best. His comic book pieces are striking, bold, loud, witty and aesthetically great. Brilliant colours.

Kandinsky. Russian constructivism being one of my other favourite periods.

His work involves the best colours, unusual shapes and is graphically very clever. To actually stand next to one of his large original canvasses is a stunning experience.

Andy Warhol. Pop art at its best and most famous. Perfect subject matter (everyday people and objects like Marilyn Monroe and Campbell's Soup tins) and silkscreen is a great medium to work in. Amazing colours and the original concept and ideas being the most important of all.

Patrick Nagel. He's the guy who did the painting on the "Rio" cover. He's also done exhibitions all over the world and did a lot of illustrations for Playboy. I like his work because it is distinctive, original and fresh. He died recently, though, which was very sad.

Malcolm Garrett. He's worked with us from day one when he did the "Planet Earth" cover (which is actually one of his less interesting pieces of work) right up to the "The Reflex".

THIS ISSUE'S INCREDIBLY WONDERFUL COMPETITION

10 STYLE COUNCIL
SHIRTS 10 HOWARD
JONES T-SHIRTS



10 MADNESS BADGES



10 OLYMPUS CAMERAS



10 BMX BIKES

10 BOWIE VIDEOS
10 THOMPSON TWINS
CASSETTES



10 KING KURT APRONS



OK, we'll admit it. We've gone mad. We have. Start staring raving barking mad. Probably the best. Does funny things to you sometimes. You see, instead of giving away one prize in this issue's big BIG competition — or, possibly, two — we're giving away NINE of the blessed things. And ten lots of each of them. Prizes so unbelievably wonderful that only someone in urgent need of medical attention would not be desperate to acquire them.

★ **BMX BIKES:** 10 of those neat stunt bikes for doing all sorts of impressive trick pedalling. A must in every home
★ **OLYMPUS TRIP 35mm CAMERAS:** 10 extremely modern pieces of snapping equipment that'll ensure that

all your holiday photos are actually in focus for a change. And exposed right.

★ **DAVID BOWIE'S "SERIOUS MOONLIGHT" VIDEOS:** 10 copies of the excellent 11-track live video from his 1983 tour which features everything from "Let's Dance" and "China Girl" to "Life On Mars" and "Heroes".
★ **STYLE COUNCIL SPORTS SHIRTS:** 10 extremely casual little numbers complete with The Style Council logo. Make your friends tetch with envy.
★ **HOWARD JONES T-SHIRTS:** 10 hard-wearing shirts with a picture and printed dates from the recent British tour. A real collector's item.
★ **BANANARAMA BILLBOARD POSTERS:** 10 colossal (5' x 3.5')

posters that aren't for sale mainly 'cos it's near impossible to find a shop big enough to stock them. They're brilliant.
★ **KING KURT APRONS:** 10 rather tasty garments fashioned especially for the amateur food preparer. They come complete with "Super-real" fake bloodstains. Breaks the ice at parties.
★ **THOMPSON TWINS CASSETTES:** 10 copies of "Into the Gap" plus a whole side of extended romances. Vary fab.
★ **MADNESS BADGES:** 10 neat 1" enamel lapel badges with a rather topical 'Olympic' motif. A winner.
Now we've got 10 packages to give away, each pack age containing a bike, camera, video, s... its shirt, r shirt, gant poster, apr... i, cassette and

badge. And here's how to get one — Here's four LP titles — a) "Kissing To Be Clever", b) "Sparkle In The Rain", c) "Touch", and d) "Dare". And here's the four groups who released them — Simple Minds, The Human League, Culture Club and Eurythmics. But which band recorded which LP? Jet down the groups' names — in the right order — on a postcard (or the back of an envelope) along with your name and address and aim it straight for **The Smash Hits Big Competition**, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF to get there no later than May 23.

Well that little lot and you might just find you're in for a rather full summer

WHAM

Wake me up before you go-go



WHAM

the new single on 7" & 12"

out next week

Epis



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This is how much hiss you'll hear from a Sony BHF tape.



Whatever you play them on, Sony tapes are music to your ears even at full volume. Unlike ordinary tapes.

SONY

Whatever will they think of next?

SINGLES

reviewed by



DAVE RIMMER

DAVID SYLVIAN: Red 4 (Virgin) The first result of all that beavering away in the studio with musicians from all over the shop that David Sylvian's been up to for the last several months, and one that suggests he's been spending his time well. By all accounts one of the least weird tracks on the forthcoming solo LP, this is quiet, un-Japan-like, almost jazzy and utilizes the talents of trumpeter Jon Hassell to an effect that's both relaxing and uplifting. Can't honestly say that I understand what the song's about, mind, but I do know that it's a Single Of The Fortnight.



SADE: When Am I Going To Make A Living (Epic) A classic, and Sade makes singing (and writing) one sound positively effortless. A cheering song of optimism in the face of

hardship with a chorus — "We're hungry but we won't give in" — that should be sung from the rooftops. Only beaten to Single Of The Fortnight after a photo finish, I can tell you. As to the question of the title, I don't think you'll have any problems now, girl.

THE STYLE COUNCIL: You're The Best Thing (Polydor) Mr. Waller's moods may be ever changing but his singles are all beginning to sound a bit the same. That said, I've been listening to this on a sunny Sunday afternoon. French (nature/element) windows open on to the garden, birds singing etc and it suits my mood perfectly. Even the next door neighbour's dog — a vicious mutt at the best of times — is wagging his tail.

IMAGINATION: State Of Love (R&B) It beats me why Imagination — an utterly brilliant group whether you take them as soul songsters or slaves to showbiz or both — ever stopped having hits. This joggled rhythmic track from their "Scandalous" LP is as sweet and as liable to sweep you from your feet as anything they've done. I strongly urge you to go out and buy it without further delay.

VAN HALEN: Panama (WEA) The excellent "Jump" took its time to convince me it was worth the bother and this may yet do the same. But for the moment — despite a nod to some typically fab Eddie Van Halen guitar-playing — this just sounds like a rather dull racket which succeeds only in making the next door neighbour's dog foam at the mouth. Not that the horrid brute needs much encouragement to do that.

DIVINE SOUNDS: What People Do For Money (Sire) Well, by **DOMINATRIX: The Dominatrix Sleeps Tonight** (WEA) These two were being played in all the New York clubs when I was over there with Dran. I brought both home and promptly hunged them on my currently party tape. The first is a death-defying "Message" sort of rap with both a sense of humour and a beat that urges you to your feet. The second has a silly but enticing sort of tune, whipping noises and lots of men going "ow" in rhythm. Both are worth crossing the road for.

MARI WILSON: Ain't That Peculiar (Compact) And a warm welcome back to the former Junior Dive Board Champion for the London Borough of Brent, now sporting a hairdo that looks not unlike the back end of a chicken in a strong cross-wind. In fact Mari both looks and sounds great on this frisky new version of a fearfully old song. A hit, I hope.



MUSICAL YOUTH: She's Trouble (MCA) A fairly raw, non-reggae dance song that you might have heard in its un-remixed form on the "Different Style" LP. It's good, but somehow this particular different style doesn't really suit them.

ULTRAVOX: Dancing With Tears In My Eyes (Chrysalis) Once upon a time Ultravox had some bright ideas. Now they just seem to be re-running them rather badly. "Weeping for a memory/Of a life gone by," goes part of the chorus, appropriately enough. It's also, tears in your eyes or not, damned difficult to dance to.

PIL: Bad Life (Virgin) A sort of high-pitched, sneering war chant with a whole lot of pounding going on in the background. "This is what you want/This is what you get," declaims Lydon in typically arrogant form. After a few plays I discovered to my surprise that maybe it was what I wanted. The B-side, on the other hand, sets my teeth on edge and makes the next door neighbour's dog howl its ugly head off.

MARILLION: Assessing (EMI) And what does "assessing" mean? Beats me. A clever-cloaky pun, perhaps. Or maybe just something your average assassin does from time to time. All I can tell you is that on one point Fish does indeed appear to be screaming "I assessing the collector" along with a lot of other stuff that sounds suspiciously like the harmless ravings of a hopeless maniac. This, by the way, is an "edited version". The full-length one probably takes up about six 12" singles.

STATUS QUO: Going Down Town Tonight (Vertigo) The problem of what to say about successive identical-sounding Status Quo singles is one that has plagued record reviewers since Rossi, Parfitt And Co. first mastered these particular three chords some two decades ago. I've just about given up on it, except to note that this sounds, if anything, even more like classic Quo than usual.

THE SYSTEM: I Just Wanna Make You Feel Good (Polydor) Not as dynamic as last year's "You Are In My System", but a sharp dance record all the same.



ORANGE JUICE: What Presence?! (Polydor) From shaping up into being a fine pop group, Edwyn Collins and Zeko Manyika (they're all that's left) have gone back to being a bit of a shamblers. Wholly vocals, an American sound and precious little presence that I can detect. A shame.



JERMAINE JACKSON: Sweetest Sweetest (Arista) A record with an appealingly clear sound, a robust song and a fine voice to sing it. All Jermaine lacks — the comparison is inevitable, I fear — is the magical spark his brother Michael seems to possess. But there, most people lack that. Darned good.

WHAM!: Wake Me Up Before You Go Go (Epic) An absolutely dreadful comeback in which George and Andrew ditch everything they do well in favour of a feeble foray into Shakin' Stevens country. Sounds like Darts or some similarly weak '50s impersonators. Awful. My copy took one look at me, hung its head in shame and slunk off to hide under the bed, as well it might.

WAS (NOT WAS): Professor Night (Geffen) The unifying tale of a professor who hangs around in a bar where, for some doubtless very sound reason, there are "two chicks to every guy". The B-side is called "Bow Wow Wow Wow". Well, you can imagine what the next door neighbour's dog has to say about that.

BEYOND THE PALE A single.

on tour
with **Psychedelic Furs**

May

9th CHIPPENHAM Colington
10th GUILDFORD Civic Hall
11th CARDIFF Eskandar
12th AYLESBURY Friars
13th BOKKNEBROUGH Academy

15th SHEFFIELD University
16th LEEZS University
17th EDINBURGH Caley Palace
18th GLASGOW Queen Margaret
University
19th LIVERPOOL University
20th BIRMINGHAM Odont

22nd BANLEY Victoria Hall
23rd NOTTINGHAM Rock City
24th MANCHESTER Apollo

26th ST AUUSTELL
CORNWALL Colocostm
27th BISTONN Studio
28th HAMMERSMITH Odeon
29th HAMMERSMITH Odeon

PASSION PUPPETS



VIP
records

ALBUMS

IN

GUE

THE HUMAN LEAGUE: Hysteria (Virgin) Obviously it would be an understatement to say this follow-up to "Dare" — the definitive pop LP released three years ago — must have caused the group a few problems. Apart from the gawky funk cover "Rock Me" and a

coattured crocodile-tears ballad "Louise", the rest of the songs sound like they've come from a rather plodding, second-rate "Dare". But they haven't lost their flair for coming up with a nifty little synth line or an irresistible vocal harmony. And "Life On Your Own" might even give them another number one, but overall they seem to have found themselves in the same position as ABC who, when faced with following a classic LP, hardened their image ("The Lebanon"), dropped their "home" producer (Martin Rushent) and toyed with different styles of music. And we all know what happened to ABC. (5 out of 10)

Peter Martin

BLANCHMANGE: Menge Test (London) Blanchmange verge on a healthy sort of madness and on this LP nothing is as it seems. On first hearing it's fairly lightweight. Play it again and you begin to notice subtleties in the melodies, nifty keyboards, horn sections and native influences from the two Asian percussionists. There is even a remnant of Albee's "The Day Before You Came" as well as the infectious "Don't Tell Me". It sounds as though they really enjoyed themselves. Great! (8 out of 10)

Lisa Anthony

THE BLUE MILE: A Walk Across The Rooftops (Linn/Virgin) Straight into a leagous of their own comes a

major new talent with this very adult and personal album (perhaps best appreciated by those with a few battlescars). The songs are superb — imagery at its best (evokes a perfect capsule), sung with passion and a touch of weary melancholy over inventive, modern arrangements — it makes Culture Club, Dusan etc look like services. Only this production merits a fabulous debut. (9 out of 10)

Jan Chastey



BRUCE FOXTON: Teach Sensitive (Arista) Bruce has had a raw deal since The Jam broke up. Everyone expected Paul Weller to be the survivor, dusting Bruce and Rick Buckler under the carpet. While Rick still has to prove himself, Bruce amply shows here that he's a talented singer, songwriter and player. The Foxton sound moves steadily between the chunkiness of Big Country and the former gentle swagger of Simple Minds

(actually, they all share the same producer — Steve Lillywhite). Just watch Bruce slowly but surely become extremely famous. (6 out of 10)

Ian Birch

NONA HENDRYX: The Art Of Defence (RCA) Apart from being Eurythmic Dave Stewart's fiancée, a former member of early '70s "glam-soul" group Labelle and the possessor of one of the strongest voices around, Nona Hendryx is also one of the few female disco artists who actually writes all her own material. Her "Nona" was one of the best undiscovered albums of last year. This one, although not quite up to that standard, has a similar diamond hard production and a clutch of quality songs. Worth getting to know. (8 1/2 out of 10)

Dave Rimmer

BERMAINE JACKSON: Dynamite (Arista) It couldn't be easy making a new solo album when your kid brother is the world's biggest superstar. But Bernaine has come out swinging. This is a revitalizing LP full of strong and varied songs, kooky energy, swirling melodies and that Jackson family feel for innocent enthusiasm. And — surprise, surprise — Michael appears on one track, "Tell Me I'm Not Dreamin' (You Gotta Be True)", which is an obvious single. (7 out of 10)

Ian Birch

MELODY

THE NEW SINGLE

ON 7 INCH AND 12 INCH

MET HER ON A RAINY DAY

PRODUCED BY STEVE LILLYWHITE FOR NORTON LANGE PRODUCTIONS

"What have I been up to? I've been enjoying myself!" smiles David Sylvian.

Come again?
"Well, partly enjoying myself." The smile explodes into a beam. Beneath that suave exterior nestles a flinty sense of humour.

David's back with a new package on offer. There's his first solo LP, "Brilliant Trees", which should be out very soon. There's a single "Red Guitars", which like all good chesnuts gets better with every nibble. It's a soothing and stately performance which slowly reveals more and more hidden delights.

"It's quite a good commercial for the album," says David. "Red Guitars" symbolises art in a way and art is my means of expression. The chorus just says, 'It's my vice and my virtue.' It's something that will pre-occupy my life and give it the most pleasure and the most pain. It's that simple."

There's also an exhibition of polaroids that Mr S has taken over the last few years which opens on June 18 at London's Hamilton Gallery (at 3 Curzon Place). There's a companion book (as yet untitled) which will be published in the next few months by his own company Opium (Arts) Ltd. Not bed for someone who confesses to be a profoundly "lazy" person.

that gradually build up a complete view. What interested him now was not what you see but how you take it and he spent weeks taking pictures of the church from different angles, at different times of day and in different lights. The result should be in that exhibition. He began to listen to music again but none of it was pop. He became fascinated by jazz and classical works. "I always felt there'd be a time when I had time to appreciate classical music and it seemed to be that time. And jazz. That was mainly through Yuka's influence."

What's more, the people he listened to were the people, he decided, he wanted to work with. They're an international crew of musical oddballs — like trumpeter Jon Hassell, German experimentalist Holger Czukay, New York funk junkies Wayne Braithwaite and Ronnie Dreyton plus his old Japanese chum Rūichi Sakamoto.

It was 'Ru' (as David calls him) who snapped him back into making music. Sakamoto not only acted in, but also wrote the score for, the David Bowie film, *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence*. He asked Sylvian to write lyrics for one of his pieces and Sylvian just happened to have some words that coincided perfectly. The result? The excellent "Forbidden Colours" single.

"I thought it was such an important step for

take too long doing it. He wanted a lively improvisation that would capture very special performances.

Side One, he says, is "more jazzy, guitar-based and structured". Side Two is "more ethnic, keyboard-based and more like pieces of music."

"It reminds you of pieces but you can't pinpoint any one in particular. It has the flavour of a mixture of cultures and that is the greatest achievement of this album."

He's in full flight. "Lyrically, I could say it's a self-portrait but I know that would put a lot more people off. They think it's based on ego rather than the value of discovering yourself. Actually, the lyrics are so personal that I really would feel embarrassed playing a couple of the songs in front of people. Even in the studio I felt a bit uncomfortable and that was with the people who played on it."

"The lyrics question a lot of things but without any answers. Religion crops up now and again. With 'Forbidden Colours' I felt a need, a pulling to be involved in some way with the Christian religion. I don't know why. It was very confusing."

Sylvian has also discovered the wonders of nature. It was partly sparked off by recent visits to France, Switzerland and Nepal.

THE HEART OF NOISE

What's David Sylvian been doing since Japan broke up?

Taking Polaroids, travelling, organising an exhibition — oh, and making a new record.

"Art is my means of expression," he tells Ian Birch.

But this period of activity took a long time coming. Talking about the last couple of years, he constantly uses phrases like "personal difficulties" and "a period of learning and self-discovery".

A lot of this uncertainty sprang from the break-up of Japan in 1982 which he describes as "probably the worst year" of his life. When you're so close to a project as David was to Japan, its collapse leaves you feeling horribly insecure and lonely. He decided not to write anything because he couldn't separate himself from what he'd done with the group.

He turned briefly to drawing and painting until he discovered the wonders of a Polaroid camera. He bought his camera while on a visit to Japan in '82 to see brother Steve play with Yukihiko Takehashi. There everybody seemed to own a Polaroid and would frantically take pictures of everyone else (frantically taking pictures).

The Polaroid was a perfect solution. It's easy to operate, exciting and gloriously instant. "I'm incredibly lazy with cameras," laughs David, "because I never get the film developed. I'm a complete amateur in everything and that's why I like the Polaroid. Anyone can use it and why not? It's the same with musical instruments. If it's a live performance, I often can't do it whereas if it's in the studio I usually can."

He started experimenting with the Polaroid, taking scores of self-portraits and then distorting them to find a variety of effects. One of these is "stretching" which is exactly the same principle that lies behind many disco records at the moment.

"You take a pen or a blunt instrument and scratch the surface of the picture," adds David. "The liquids inside move around the picture and you can create a new pattern."

Japan finally over, he spent a lot of time with his girlfriend Yuka Fujii in their topfloor London flat which happens to face an imposing old church.

One day he photographed a section of the church but it was so small that "it meant nothing". He hit on the idea of a photo-montage — a collection of polaroids

me that I said, now I'm ready to do something. The lyrics weren't disguised as I'd done before. I was so close to giving up on myself and I achieved it in a way I'd never done before. Yes, I did it and I did it right."

He booked a studio in Berlin. "I thought the album should have more of a European feel than America. Berlin I felt was a neutral place to work. Everyone came to a place they were unfamiliar with so it was like an adventure."

David's idea was to act like a film director, treating his songs like a loose script and letting the other musicians interpret them as actors would. They could ed or take away but the important thing was that they didn't

"I think that Nepal did it because the feeling there was so strong and my enjoyment of it was so positive."

It's hard to pinpoint but you feel an affinity with the environment that you're in. You're able to exist within it without yearning to be back in the city or with people. I wouldn't know one tree from another. No, it's just feeling something which is indescribable — a total peace within it."

David recalls some of those more peaceful moments. Like in Nepal when he and Yuka drove out of the city of Katmandu ("actually it's like a dirt track full of wooden and mud huts end about three miles wide") and into the surrounding countryside.

"I can't remember why we stopped — maybe it was a temple — but we walked along a hillside end I sat down under these trees and there was an extraordinary view that commanded the whole landscape."

Again in Switzerland when they were staying among the mountains. "It was very hot and luckily off-season. Absolutely nobody was around. I was sitting on what do you call those things — a pier?"

"I was there for hours end over the lake were these blue mountains and I felt at peace."

Does he ever do anything in these places? "Oh no. I think that's a moving too fast. The first thing is just to be there. Learning too much too soon is a bad thing."

"When I go back to a country, I go back to the same place — the same restaurants and see the same people. That's where you get the true experiences from. You only ever start learning about places after you've got bored with them."

Sylvian isn't bored with music at the moment. His batteries are re-charged and there are plenty more plans in the pipeline. Like an EP of "up-tempo, attacking music" and a "mainly instrumental" LP before a "possible tour" early next year.

David grins. "As usual, I may do none of them or something else might take my interest. I'm terrible at that."

RECOGNISE NO METHOD OF LIVING
THAT I KNOW
I SEE ONLY THE MATERIALS I MAY USE
IF YOU ASK ME I MAY TELL YOU
IT'S BEEN THIS WAY FOR YEARS

CHORUS
I PLAY MY RED GUITAR
IT'S THE DEVIL IN THE FLESH
IT'S THE IRON IN MY SOUL

REPEAT CHORUS


I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE FACING PROBLEMS
INSIDE YOU
A CERTAIN DIFFICULTY OF BEING
THAT I KNOW TOO
YOU MAY ASK ME WHY DO I FAIL
JUST WHEN I'M NEEDED

REPEAT CHORUS THREE TIMES

IF YOU ASK ME I MAY TELL YOU
IT'S BEEN THIS WAY FOR YEARS

WORDS AND MUSIC: DAVID SYLVIAN
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A man wearing a plaid shirt, sunglasses, and jeans is captured in a dynamic dance pose. He is leaning forward with one leg extended back and arms reaching down. The background is a wall with large, colorful, abstract shapes in shades of blue, pink, and yellow. The floor is a dark, reflective surface. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text.

>STRETCH?

>YEAH AND THEY DO
KAJAGOO600'S

N'T

Wrangler
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And they're FREE these badges. They cost in fact, the massive sum of three "badge offer tokens". We gave you the first two tokens with the last couple of issues and — yes, lounging almost cheekily over there on the right — there is the third one.

Acquiring this utterly brilliant set of badges is Very Easy Indeed. Do as follows: snip out the third token, then bung it in an envelope along with the other two tokens plus a sturdy stamped addressed envelope and aim it in the direction of: *Smash Hits Button Badge Offer*, PO Box 57, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ. The offer's open to anyone in the UK.

That done, all that remains is to sit back and wait (for no longer than 28 days you'll be relieved to hear) and your stamped addressed envelope will come winging its way back to you fully furnished with your six free badges.

And if you've missed a token along the way, don't start wrecking the furniture or sobbing uncontrollably or attacking the badge with a large blunt instrument — we'll be printing an extra token next issue (May 24). You can complete your set then. Help yourselves.

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Seventeen.

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THE CAPTION COMPETITION

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The entry with the largest chuckle factor wins the Top Ten UK 7" singles on the day the entry closes — May 21. Answers next issue.



LAST ISSUE'S WINNER

Ian Stephens, you of Kingswinford, West Midlands, are — ta-da! — this issue's lucky winner of the top ten singles. Made us weep, that caption down below. Loads of great runners-up, too — like 'Russell: What do you call a man with a pile of leaves on his head? Sting; Russell: (Thanks, Steven Turner, Gusslewy) and 'Russell: Hey, Sting, I wish my records did as well as yours. Sting: But, Russell, I thought you had a big hit with Grace Jones'. (Paola Simoneschi, Plymouth). Now have a crack at the one on the left.



Let me introduce you to Sting and here again women guess from the pop world

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BLACK

NEW SINGLE

HEY PRESTO

7 JULY 1987

A P R I L

(AS GUESTS OF THE PALE FOUNTAINS)

FRIDAY 27 PRESTON CLOUDS

M A Y

(AS GUESTS OF ORANGE JUICE)

THURSDAY	3	ABERYSTWYTH UNIVERSITY
FRIDAY	4	SWANSEA UNIVERSITY
SATURDAY	5	OXFORD POLYTECHNIC
SUNDAY	6	LONDON LYCEUM
WEDNESDAY	9	NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR
THURSDAY	10	ABERDEEN RITZY
SATURDAY	12	DUNDEE UNIVERSITY
SUNDAY	13	EDINBURGH CALEY PALAIS

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"MAY THE BE"

THAT'S BOY GEORGE'S OPINION. MARILYN? PETE BURNS? TASTY TIM? "THEY'RE ALL IN MY SHADOW," HE

BOY GEORGE

Do you want to know what my mother said about Pete Burns on *TOIP*? She said, 'Oh my God, son — if you ever went on TV like that, with everything hanging out, I'd disown you!' She thought it was the most disgusting thing she'd ever seen. She wasn't shocked like 'a parent'; she just thought it looked really terrible.

"What I think is people can accept anything as long as it's well done and there's a lot of had versions of things around now. Like Pete Burns, Marilyn, and this other guy Tasty Tim — they are all people who are definitely, completely in my shadow. Even when you look at that Queen video — do you know what I mean? And, whether or not people will give me credit for it, I've given a lot of people confidence about the way they look. When I met Freddie

Mercury he said I was very brave and everything and he admired my attitude, and then he goes and makes *that* video! — which I think is brilliant as it's a send-up. It's laughing at yourself.

"But there are certain things... like Pete Burns saying I've ripped off his look. It's completely ridiculous. I know he's been around for years but I remember what he used to look like. He wore punk clothes, he never wore dreadlocks. And if you look at the cover of the "It's A Miracle" 12", I've got rubber gloves on, and that was taken three or four months ago. No, what I think is, May The Best Man Win! That's my attitude. I think Pete Burns has got a lot more talent than Marilyn, but by the same token, he's not a very pleasant person. It's one thing being honest, but it's another being disgusting. I can say I'm bisexual but then I don't make a



Photo: Andrew Collins

MARILYN

Let's face it, we're all doing the same thing — making music. And we all look a bit prannysah at times, you know? There's so much hatred going on between the three of us — Boy Georgina, Pete Burns and me — that I've sort of stepped back out of it because I've had enough.

"I used to think, when the three of us started getting publicity, that people's attitudes would change. But people don't

"BOY GEORGE THINKS I'M TRYING TO GET IN ON HIS ACT — IT'S RUBBISH!"

change actually. When I go to Bradford or somewhere like that, I get abuse. It's very fashionable to hate me at the moment. I frighten people. All girls think I want to steal their boyfriends and all boys secretly fancy me and hate themselves for doing so. But I believe in doing what is right for yourself and, if that sets an example, that's great.

"I think Boy George makes excellent records and I admire him for what he's done but if he thinks I'm trying to get in on his act or whatever, that's just ridiculous boring rubbish. It's like saying there's not enough

room for Diana Ross and Aretha Franklin to both be singers in America. It's just rubbish. The thing is — without meaning to sound self-centred — I'm sort of classed as 'good looking' and Boy George isn't. Because I'm good looking, when I do an interview, all the wisecracks get printed and all the serious stuff gets thrown out the window. Because Boy George isn't good looking they concentrate on his voice and the music, whereas with me they concentrate on what

eyeliner I'm wearing and whether I got hit in a gay club. It's a joke really.

"It's all so ridiculous, all this 'who did what first'.

"Tasty Tim? I'm not even going to slag him off... but if you're going to do something, you should do it and believe in it. Just to put on ridiculous curly wigs and platform shoes is tantamount to insanity. In the end, it's talent that shines through. I'm interested in what I'm doing and if people like me, then great. Thanks for asking me."

ST MAN WIN!"

RECKONS. IAN CRANNA ASKED THE FOUR OF THEM ABOUT THE WAY THEY LOOK AND WHAT PEOPLE THINK OF IT.

comment like Pete Burns last week, in the *News Of The World*, saying 'I'm dying to be caught with 50 nude sailors'.

"I think if you educate people, you can educate them in a good way. Like that Frankie Goes To Hollywood thing, OK? That video that got banned was absolutely disgusting. What it said is 'being gay is dirty'; not 'being gay is normal'. And I think people like Frankie Goes To Hollywood are stupid. They call me an idiot but what I'm doing is opening people's eyes. I'm making people aware of reality.

"Tasty Tim I've met a few times and he does look very pretty. He looks more like a girl than Marilyn. Marilyn looks like a cross between Tarzan and Jane and a brick shithouse. And Pete Burns hasn't exactly got the tenderest thighs I've ever seen either. I mean (laughs), neither have I but I don't wear a swimsuit! But Tasty Tim's got a bit of style. Also, he hasn't been rude about me yet so I've got no reason to dislike him.

"But it's another thing when the



"I think Frankie Goes To Hollywood are stupid. They call me an idiot but what I'm doing is opening people's eyes!" — *Boy George*.

monster attacks the maker, though. Like Marilyn went around telling everyone my 'bedroom secrets' when everyone knows he's never been in my bedroom. What I'm saying is—I've said it a million times—I don't mind if people copy me, but then to copy me and then slag me off and start saying 'I'm an idiot. Do you know what I mean?' These people think they're outrageous because they show their bodies off. People have been doing it for centuries. It's not revolutionary any more. It's dull.

"I look back at my childhood and people who were fat got picked on. People who'd got glasses got picked on. People with big noses. People who were Jewish or Italian or French or whatever. I'm not really accepted. But people like me. There's a certain way to do something in an intelligent way. Surely that's more outrageous than any of the things any of these other people are doing because I've made people accept outrageousness. I've made people bring it into their homes

and make it a commodity. And that's never happened before in such a unique way."



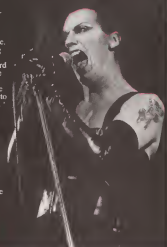
Queen in "I Want To Break Free": "When I met Freddie Mercury, he said I was very brave and he admired my attitude. And then he goes and makes that video!" — *Boy George*.

PETE BURNS

Since the coming of Boy George, there's been not that much aggression to someone of my appearance actually. It's made it much better. People are less ignorant, a little more tolerant. You don't have to go around with a chip on your shoulder the whole time. "But I think what George is doing is very phoney. I still don't believe that anyone can make a crappy record like 'Karma Chameleon' and believe it is, really. It's just for money. Marilyn I feel quite sorry for because people seem to be really quite nasty to him. He's very much out on his own. But Tasty Tim—not in my view but

"GEORGE IS VERY PHONEY."

in the public's view; that's a little bit much. To the general public it's an out-and-out transvestite thing. I just think things like that are the more extreme end of this kind of 'fashion movement' as it's become and people won't accept that. Obviously this movement will go to the point where it won't be palatable any more. I mean, at the moment anything goes, but you can definitely only push it so far."



TASTY TIM

"MARILYN? IT ALL LOOKS TOO SERIOUS TO ME."

You see there's, like, the four of us and everyone keeps comparing us. I suppose it was going to happen. George and Marilyn are acquaintances, really, not very best friends or anything. All this thing about Marilyn trying to be Marilyn, that sort of thing all looks too serious to me. Whereas my image is so over the top it can't be taken seriously. It's a dressing-up game really. Is Pete Burns outrageous? You mean with the shorts? Yes, I suppose he is. I just looked at the hair and thought... hmmm, looks like the sort of thing George did a couple of years ago. But I do like the clothes. With me most people think I'm a girl. They must be blind 'cos I never wear

women's clothes or anything. But I think it's good in a way, lots of people dressing up. There's room for plenty more, for people to express themselves a bit more, put a bit of fun back into pop music. That's my comment."



Tasty Tim — London club DJ.



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● **Anyone out there into Space Monkey, Jimmy The Hoover, Aztec Camera, Steve Strange and Marilyn?** Do you also like going to gigs and clubs and dressing weird? And if you also dislike Marc Almond, Janice Long, Jonathan King and Zoo, write to: **Boy Marilyn's Pink Lipstick**, 123 Vivian Road, Sketty, Swansea, S. Wales SA7 0UP.

● **I like Culture Club, Paul Young and many others.** I'm 14, female and looking for penpals. Write to: **Yvonne Hamilton**, 55A Stevenage Road, East Ham, London E6 2AU.

● **Relax! Smart boy from Hong Kong (19)** likes Duran Duran, Japan, Stray Cats and wants someone to write to. Enclose photo to: **Gann Lam**, 1233 Block 11, Upper Ngau Tau Kok Estate, Kowloon, Hong Kong.

● **I love Thomas Dolby, Steve Jenson and Steve Wright.** Other likes include Fiat Lux, Japan and David Bowie. Hates: heavy metal. Interested? Then write to: **Lara**, 15 St. John's Road, Leatherhead, Surrey ET22 8SE.

● **15 year old female**, into Michael Jackson, The Weather Girls, Rockwell and Tracey Ullman. I also like reading and cooking. Please write to: **Cheryl Commodore**, 22 Kirton Road, London E13 9BT.

● **I'm a 17 year old guy from Singapore** by the name of Joseph Ng. I love New Order, Depeche Mode, Manchester United and lots more. Please write to me at: **1 Cypress Avenue, Bukit Timah Road, Singapore 102T**, Republic of Singapore.

● **Heavy, aged 16**, into Ozzy, Sabbath and Quo. Hates Spandoo's and Kajagoolies. Write to: **Simon Thomson**, 7 Wentworth Close, Worle, Weston-Super-Mare, Avon.

● **I like badminton and collecting rubbers.** Fave groups include Nik Kershaw, Thompson Twins and Culture Club. I'm aged 11, so anyone interested, please write to: **Susan Dixon**, 2 Longlands Avenue, The Mount, Coulsdon, Surrey CR3 2QJ.

● **Modette, aged 13**, would like to hear from others. Likes include all mod groups. Contact: **Grace Townend**, 20 Hadfield Drive, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire LE13 1TQ.

● **Oy! You lot up there!** Now let's get down to business. We're two zany girls called Sue and Lou and we're into Passion Puppets, Zu Zu Sharks, M.J. and Kool And The Gang. Males, females aged 16+ wanted. Don't waste time and write now to: **Sue and Lou**, 36b Shefford Road, Meppershall, Beds SG17 5LS.

● **Hi ya guys and dolls!** This guy would like to hear from dolls who like Wham!, Kim Wilde, Eurythmics, dancin' and drawing. The doll would like to hear from guys into Duran Duran, Culture Club, Bananarama, dancin' and "mucking about"! Write to: **Sophocles-George (male)** and **Effie (female)** at: 25 Leondiou Macheria Street, Limassol, Cyprus.

● **I'm into body-popping, Michael Jackson, Wham! and Howard Jones.** I'm aged 14 and male and looking for females aged 13-15. Pics if possible to: **Alex Johnson**, 136 Kenilworth Road, Edgware, Middlesex HA8 8XF.

● **I'm into Wham! Duran Duran, Bananarama and Nena.** I dislike heavy metal and punk. Hobbies include playing squash, swimming and reading Smash Hits. If interested, write to: **Julie Etchells**, 30 Waltham Crescent, Nuneaton, Warwickshire CV10 9JG.

RSVP

Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with a few words about yourself so people can get in touch. All cards to: **RSVP, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 4PF**. And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.

● **My hobbies are swimming, running and roller-skating.** I like Duran Duran and Culture Club but dislike Marilyn and Michael Jackson. Interested? Then write to: **Tracy Creaves (12)**, 38 Guilthwaite Crescent, Whiston, Rotherham, South Yorkshire S60 4EX.

● **I'm a 12 year old boy into U2, Paul Young, Big Country, Eurythmics, Howard Jones and Bowie.** Dislikes include Duran and heavy metal. 12-14 year old girls and boys, please write to: **James McCartney**, The Oast House, Chart Farm, Seal Chart, Sevenoaks, Kent.

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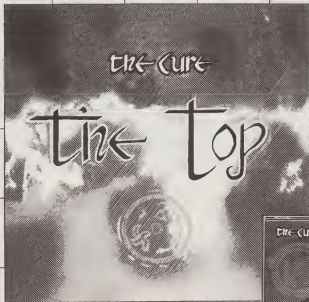
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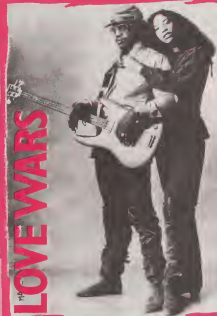
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BUT IT'S TAKING ME UNDER SINCE YOU'RE NOT HERE
OH I FEEL SO ALL ALONE NOW DARLING
IT'S BETTER WHEN IT'S HARD TO GET BUT THIS HIDE AND GO SEEK
IS MAKING ME WEAK OH I'M WEAK ALL OVER NOW
I PROMISE TO STOP BOXING YOU ROUND
SO DON'T SCRATCH MY FACE END OF ROUND EIGHT
OH THE FIGHTING'S ALL OVER NOW

WE NEED TO GET OUR ACT TOGETHER
TAKE IT OFF THE STREET
BRING IT ON HOME AND DROP THEM GUNS ON THE FLOOR
LOVE WARS (WE DON'T NEED) (NO MORE NO MORE) LOVE WARS

THE TALKS WE HAVE DON'T CHANGE A THING
THEY ONLY BRING RAIN ON TOP OF PAIN (PAIN)
(OH IT'S PAINING IN MY HEART NOW)
FLASHBACKS AND UNCOVERED TRACKS
FROM WHEN YOU LEFT WITH MY BEST FRIEND

WE NEED TO GET OUR ACT TOGETHER AND TAKE IT OFF THE STREET
BRING IT ON HOME AND DROP THEM GUNS ON THE FLOOR
MAKE LOVE FOR PEACE IN THE NAME OF NEVER CHEAT
VOW TO BE STRONG AND LET THE BAND ROLL ON
AND STOP THESE LOVE WARS
(WE DON'T NEED) (NO MORE NO MORE)
LOVE WARS (LISTEN NOW) LOVE WARS
AND WE CAN'T STAND NO NO MORE LOVE WARS (OWW)
LOVE WARS WE DON'T NEED (NO MORE NO MORE) LOVE WARS
(NO NO NO NO) LOVE WARS I WANT IT TO BE ALL OVER NOW
(LOVE WARS)
(COME ON BACK HOME DARLING)

LOVE BOMBS EXPLODING IN AIR
YOU THREW THE LAST ONE I DON'T CARE
I REMEMBER LOSING MY HEAD AND CALLING YOU THINGS
LIKE DIRTY NAMES (OH LINE UP A FERTHY COP NOW BABY)

WE NEED TO GET OUR ACT TOGETHER TAKE IT ONTO THE STREETS
BRING IT ON HOME AND DROP THEM GUNS ON THE FLOOR
MAKE LOVE AND PEACE IN THE NAME OF NEVER CHEAT
VOW TO BE STRONG AND LET THE BAND ROLL ON

LOVE WARS (OWW) (NO MORE NO MORE)
(WE CAN'T STAND NO)
LOVE WARS (IT'S ALL RIGHT) NO MORE
(WE GOT TO QUIT IT)

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Hide and Seek

When Neil Arthur first met Stephen Luscombe, he thought he was "a bit strange". When Stephen first met Neil, he thought he was "a right wally". When Dave Rimmer met the pair of them they made him laugh a lot. Here's what happened...

Things are warming up for Blancmange. With a single in the charts, a British and American tour about to begin and an album ready for release there's a lot to be done. Neil and Stephen have just surfaced from a marathon bout of interviews with the foreign press. And there's still more to go.

The two members of Blancmange are to be asked the same questions, separately.

"You go first," says Neil.

"No, you go first," says Stephen.

Stephen wins.

What is your favourite Olympic event?

Neil: Water polo, because I used to play it and it's not shown much on television. My dad coaches Darwin water polo team — good luck to him. I also like the 1500 metres. I love watching athletes running.

Stephen: I haven't got one. I can't stand the Olympics. I hate sport. The only exercise I get is having a good cough in the morning.

Where do you live?

Neil: South London. Kind of Peckham-ish. I share a rented old Georgian house with four other people.

Stephen: I don't. I don't live anywhere. I'm trying to buy somewhere and I can't move in. I'm having to stay in this sort of serviced apartment block in Chelsea and it's costing me a bloody fortune.

What was the last record you bought?

Neil: Two albums by Jon Hassell (experimental trumpeter who plays on David Sylvian's new stuff. It's not background music exactly but I find it quite relaxing. And I also got the double album of Fats Waller's piano solos.

Stephen: "Don't Tell Me" by Blancmange in a chart return shop. No, it was an album of North Indian folk songs. Indian Indian, not Red Indian. I got it in New York.

Where did you first meet the other one and what was your first impression of him?

Neil: I think I first met Stephen at a Wayne County concert at Harrow College. We were introduced by a mutual friend, anyway. The first time I remember having any impression of him was earlier than that. I heard this... rumble coming from

the bar and I looked in. It was Stephen's band. Mine. He was sitting at this keyboard. I wish this like doctor's jacket on and there were all these kitchen utensils round him. I thought: "I wouldn't mind meeting him. He looks a bit strange."

Stephen: It was at the Harrow Arts School pantomime *Wizard Of Oz*. I was the conductor of the orchestra and he was either The Straw Man or The Metal Man and he was through a plate glass window. I thought he was Scottish actually. He looked like a right wally and I thought we'd probably get on

What's the worst holiday you've ever had?

Neil: I haven't really had a bad holiday. My worst experience on holiday was going to the Seychelles last Christmas, travelling 12½ hours and then being told by my courier at the airport that my hotel hadn't been booked. It was quite upsetting at the time. But I always enjoy holidays: no matter where I go.

Stephen: Going to Warners holiday camp near Cleaton when I was about seven. My dad broke his leg playing football. My mother got food

terrible. And memorable **Stephen:** Going to The Parrotbe Grange (very trendy in Leighton) club! It was brilliant. The music's brilliant and the sound's amazing. Like being inside the speakers. I met this really funny black drag queen and we talked for hours. He was really sweet.

Who cuts your hair?

Neil: A barber called Steve in Peckham. I always go there. £1.20. I ask for a Neil Arthur cut (laughs). I take a picture of myself in the mirror.

Stephen: Well, the last time it was a lady barber in Queenway called Mrs Z. Charles. I like having my hair cut regularly. It's really therapeutic just sitting there while they do it.

Best concert?

Neil: Gary Glitter at Watford Bailey's. It was on my birthday about four years ago when he made his comeback. It was brilliant. The real scampi and chips audience with him really sending himself up.

Stephen: Kraftwerk at The Roundhouse in 1975. I haven't seen anything since that was anywhere near as good. Then all in suits with short hair and their computers and all these hippies sitting watching.

Do you carry any lucky charms on stage?

Neil: I always wear this Gemini medallion. It's Norwegian silver with these two little enamel men on it. And we have a little secret thing we do before going on stage. We get everyone who's playing together in a room and we do this little ceremony. But I won't tell you what it is because then it won't be good luck any more. **Stephen:** I've taken me little plastic madonna on once or twice, like a good Catholic boy. That's about it.

What TV programme do you always turn off?

Neil: Cricket. I can't stand cricket. And *Dynasty*. I hate *Dynasty*. **Stephen:** Anything from America. *Darts*, too. All those fat men with big bellies.

Is there anything you've never dared admit to the other one?

Neil: I like the Thompson Twins. **Stephen:** Well it was I wouldn't tell you, would it?



like a house on fire

If you had to write an RSVP for the other one, what would you put?

Neil: "Don't write to me."
Stephen: I'd have to write it anyway because he can't spell. I'd put, "Dyalctic seeks kiccolloprishalb"

What's your biggest worry?

Neil: Margaret Thatcher makes me sick. I don't like her anyway, but looking at her actually makes me feel a bit sick. I mean she is a worry just being there.

Stephen: I've got a spot coming up at the moment which is really horrible. This hotel I'm living in is really dry because of the central heating, so I got some Nivea which is all they had in the shop and it's made me come out in spots. But I haven't got dry skin any more

poisoning. My hrotes jumped in the swimming pool and nearly drowned and my dad had to jump in with his broken leg and save him. It was a disaster from beginning to end. I hated holiday camps and I loathed every minute of it.

What was the most memorable thing about New York?

Neil: Probably going up the Statue of Liberty. I'm really scared of heights, you see, but because you walk up inside I wasn't frightened at first. And then I came to the top and suddenly saw outside and I just grabbed hold of the rail. There were six old ladies just trapped behind me while I was going (gritted teeth). "I'm not bloody moving!" And they were saying: "Gee these English guys are so funny when they get up here." I was just going, "Whimpers." I want to go do-o-own!" It was



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WEIRD AL YANKOVIC EAT IT!

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DON'T WANT NO CAPTAIN CRUSH DON'T WANT NO RAISIN BRAIN
WELL DON'T YOU KNOW THAT OTHER KIDS ARE STARVING IN JAPAN
SO EAT IT JUST EAT IT

DO YOU WANNA ARGUE I DON'T WANNA DEBATE
DON'T WANNA HEAR ABOUT WHAT KINDA EGG YOU HATE
YOU DON'T GET NO DESSERT 'TIL YOU CLEAN OFF YOUR PLATE
SO EAT IT DON'T YOU TELL ME YOU'RE FULL JUST EAT IT
(EAT IT) EAT IT (EAT IT) GET YOURSELF AN EGG AND BEAT IT
HAVE SOME MORE CHICKEN HAVE SOME MORE PIE

IT DOESN'T MATTER IF IT'S BOILED OR FRIED
JUST EAT IT (EAT IT) JUST EAT IT (EAT IT)
JUST EAT IT (EAT IT) JUST EAT IT (EAT IT)

YOUR TABLE MANNERS ARE A CRYING SHAME
YOU'RE PLAYING WITH YOUR FOOD IS IT SOME KINDA GAME
NOW IF YOU FART TO DEATH YOU'LL JUST HAVE YOURSELF TO BLAME
SO EAT IT JUST EAT IT

YOU BETTER LISTEN BETTER DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD
YOU HAVEN'T EVEN TOUCHED YOUR TUNA CASSEROLE
YOU BETTER CHOW DOWN OR IT'S GONNA GET COLD
SO EAT IT I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE FULL

JUST EAT IT (EAT IT) EAT IT (EAT IT) OPEN UP YOUR MOUTH AND FEED IT
HAVE SOME MORE YOGHURT HAVE SOME MORE SPAM
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF IT'S FRESH OR CANNED

JUST EAT IT (EAT IT) EAT IT (EAT IT) DON'T YOU MAKE ME REPEAT IT

HAVE A BANANA HAVE A WHOLE BUNCH

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU HAD FOR LUNCH

JUST EAT IT EAT IT EAT IT EAT IT EAT IT EAT IT EAT IT EAT IT

EAT IT (EAT IT) EAT IT (EAT IT) IF IT'S GETTING COLD REHEAT IT
HAVE A BIG DINNER HAVE A LIGHT SNACK

IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT YOU CAN'T SEND IT BACK

JUST EAT IT EAT IT GET YOURSELF AN EGG AND BEAT IT

HAVE SOME MORE CHICKEN HAVE SOME MORE PIE

IT DOESN'T MATTER IF IT'S BOILED OR FRIED

JUST EAT IT (EAT IT) EAT IT (EAT IT)

DO NOT MAKE ME REPEAT IT

HAVE A BANANA HAVE A WHOLE BUNCH

LYRICS AND MUSIC BY JACKSON/NEW LYRIC A KISS OFF
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State of Love



Imagination

IN THIS STATE OF LOVE
IN THIS STATE OF LOVE

YOU'VE BEEN FOOLING ME
WITH ALL YOUR LIES
ALL I SEE IS LAUGHTER
IN YOUR EVIL EYES

LYING HERE IN VAIN
(IN THIS STATE OF LOVE)
YOU'VE BEEN DRIVING ME INSANE
(IN THIS STATE OF LOVE)
ALL OF THIS
(IN THIS STATE OF LOVE)
AND SO MUCH MORE
(IN THIS STATE OF LOVE)

NOW I'M WALKING AWAY
I'M WALKING AWAY
WALKING AWAY WALKING AWAY
NOTHING THAT I CAN DO
TURNING MY BACK ON YOU
IN THIS STATE OF LOVE

SEARCHING IN MY HEART
(IN THIS STATE OF LOVE)
YOU'VE BEEN TEARING ME APART
(IN THIS STATE OF LOVE)
YOU LEAVE ME SO CONFUSED
(IN THIS STATE OF LOVE)
SHATTERED AND ABUSED
(IN THIS STATE OF LOVE)

CHORUS
NOW I'M WALKING AWAY
(IN THIS STATE OF LOVE)
WALKING AWAY AWAY
(IN THIS STATE OF LOVE)

TELL ME WHY SHOULD I STAY
(WALKING AWAY)
IN THIS STATE OF LOVE
NOTHING THAT I CAN DO
TURNING MY BACK ON YOU
(IN THIS STATE OF LOVE)

IN THIS STATE OF LOVE
IN THIS STATE OF LOVE

NOW I'M WALKING AWAY
I'M WALKING AWAY
WALKING AWAY
NOTHING THAT I CAN DO
TURNING MY BACK ON YOU
IN THIS STATE OF LOVE

RIP VI CHORUS

IN THIS STATE OF LOVE
IN THIS STATE OF LOVE

TOO MUCH LYIN'
(IN THIS STATE OF LOVE)
NO DENVIN'
(IN THIS STATE OF LOVE)
COMPROMISIN'
(IN THIS STATE OF LOVE)
KEEP US FLYIN'
(IN THIS STATE OF LOVE)

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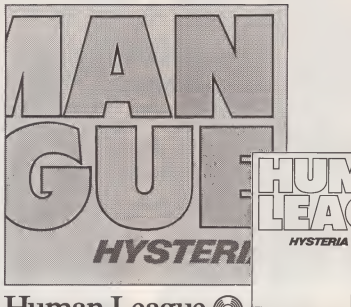
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
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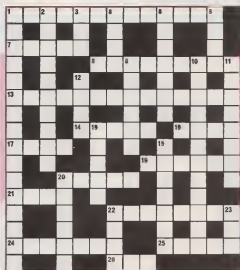
at No.1 in our Hit List.

WHSMITH



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CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 With which The Weather Girls forecast a male monsoon (3,7,3)
- 7 A nine is required for Ms Lennox (anag)
- 8 Just Wang Chung's sort of days (5,4)
- 13 The Cure's creepy-crawly success (3,11)
- 14 and 12 down Feline rockabilles (5,4)
- 16 Turner who recently needed help

- 17 DJ Mike
- 19 Patrice's forget-me-nots flowered in 1982's Top 10
- 20 Organisation joined by Simon Le Bon's mate
- 21 Chilly gang man
- 22 4 down had 89 red ones
- 24 Dr Dawes becomes either Alton or Dennis (anag)
- 25 A mainman of Madness
- 26 Repeat three times for that McCartney-Jackson hit

DOWN

- 1 Queenly ditty about shedding all chains? (1,4,2,5,4)
- 2 She's hand in glove with The Smiths (6,4)
- 3 Just the guitar for making a few cuts
- 4 Anne becomes a German rock star (anag)
- 5 Phil Collins' biblical band
- 6 Distort line for Blancmange's Arthur (anag)
- 9 Bates once hailed in song by Landscape

- 10 Richie hit that came accompanied by a great dance video (3,5,4)
- 11 She once provided a hit for Bad Manners
- 12 See 14 across
- 13 Swans Way rode a soul one
- 18 Group once formed by Trevor Horn and Geoff Downes
- 20 Neil Kinnock's Tracey
- 22 Stringed instrument
- 23 Just Be Good To Me' band in distress (1,1,1)

ANSWERS ON PAGE 69

Carol Kenyon



NEW
7" & 12" (Extended Club Mix)
SINGLE

Dance With Me



DAY TO REMEMBER

We did a lot of close-ups of Roger and Nick then because when we're actually on stage playing it's often difficult for cameramen to get at them. So probably most of the shots of them aren't 'live' whereas most of the ones of me, Simon and Andy are 'live' because we're at the front of the stage.

What was strange was that we were making the video to the new Nile Rodgers re-mix of 'The Reflex' but we'd been playing the album version on stage for about 40 shows. So we got a bit confused. Especially when it came to that 'scratch' part. Everybody went, 'what do we do now?'

JOHN TAYLOR "THE DAY WE MADE THE 'REFLEX' VIDEO"



Photo: Paul Fisher

This man has danced on vodka bottles and lived!



Photo: Paul Fisher

JT fails miserably to merge into the background.

We finished this filming about 7 when they had to open the doors and let the audience in. We went back to the hotel for a wash and some more make-up and then it was back on stage before 15,000 people — which is like two Wembley stadiums rolled into one. The audience was great. It always is in Toronto.

In fact, there are two reasons why we did it in Toronto. First, it was the only time we had to fit everything in and second, it was the first place that we sold out anywhere outside Britain. Canada is very in tune with new music. Toronto fans are very hip indeed.

There's not a lot of difference in the way they dress here. There are a lot more guys in the audience though — a lot more tribbies on blokes than girls! The blokes are into good, white clothes — circa *David Live* — with short jackets, baggy trousers and tribbies. The girls are more of a hotch-potch of styles — just like here.

When we walked on stage and told them they were being filmed for our next video, you could say there was much cheering. There was one girl in the audience who

really stood out to me. She's the one who's got some tears in her eyes and she's really pretty.

By the end we were just totally knackered. And we had to go through the whole thing a week or so later in San Francisco where we filmed the whole concert this time for an hour-long film.

And, yes, I did my foot in again there. I got 20 stitches from dancing on broken vodka bottles. I had to go to hospital and have seven injections. It gives you an awful feeling. It's like your body leaves you and you have to keep breathing deeply to stay OK. I felt as if my soul was pinned to the ceiling. It's the worst I've ever been. You've never seen me like that.

Anyway, after the Toronto show, I was incredibly tired. Usually I just went to a party and however tired I am on stage, nine times out of 10 I come off saying, right! — where's it happening? But that night it was straight to bed.

Not much happens in Toronto on Monday nights anyway. So it was back to the hotel, a cup of hot chocolate, a big pizza and turn on MTV. **»**

MARK'S INSTANT UP
FIVE NEW DANCE STEPS

QUICKSTEPS AND SIDEKICKS

BACKFLIPS? FLOORSPINS? THE SPLITS? NOTHING'S TOO MUCH FOR THE ALL-SINGING ALL-DANCING MATT BIANCO. DON PERRETTA GETS TIRED JUST WATCHING.

Things have been going rather well for Matt Bianco lately. Their second single, "Sneakin' Out The Back Door", has followed the first into the charts and it's smiles all round. The trio—singers Mark Rially and Basia, and keyboardist Danny White— are happy and naturally their record company's happy too. But it's not been a complete accident. Together Mark and Danny have known the pain and disappointment of being in a band (namely Blue Rondo A La Turk) that failed to make the big time through a combination of bad planning, a string of unlucky breaks and a lot of missed opportunities. "I was determined that no way was Matt Bianco going to end up like that," affirms Mark with a grave nod of the head. So, in the eighteen months between splitting from Blue Rondo and releasing "Get Out of Your Lazy Bad", Mark and Danny spent long hours formulating a style and a sound that they felt was sure to hit and that fitted in with the music that most inspired them. So they came onto the scene as a finished package—perfectly kept hair, finely-cut monogrammed and matching outfits and a bouncy, foolproof blend of pop, swing and latin jazz. Basia has come a long way since her days singing with Poland's answer to The Nolans. "Yes, I suppose that's a pretty



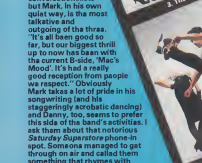
1. The Drop-Kicker



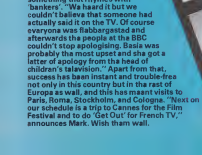
2. The Tightrope-Walker



3. The Crowd-Cleaner



4. The Trouser-Ripper



5. The Get-The-Stretcher

accurate description of what we were like," she says with a gorgeous accent. None of Matt Bianco make exactly stunning conversationalists but Mark, in his own quiet way, is the most talkative and outgoing of the three. "It's all been good so far, but our biggest thrill up to now has been with the current B-side, 'Mac's Mood'. It's had a really good reception from people we respect." Obviously Mark takes a lot of pride in his songwriting (and his staggeringly acrobatic dancing) and Danny, too, seems to prefer this side of the band's activities. I ask them about that notorious Saturday Superstore phone-in spot. Someone managed to get through on air and called them something that rhymes with 'bankers'. "We heard it but we couldn't believe that someone had actually said it on the TV. Of course everyone was flabbergasted and afterwards the people at the BBC couldn't stop apologising. Basia was probably the most upset and she got a letter of apology from the head of children's television." Apart from that, success has been instant and trouble-free not only in this country but in the rest of Europe as well, and this has meant visits to Paris, Roma, Stockholm, and Cologne. "Next on our schedule is a trip to Cannes for the Film Festival and to do 'Get Out' for French TV," announces Mark. Wish them well.



Matt Bianco: (left-right) Basia, Danny White (getting his ear bent), Mark Reilly.

POINTER SISTERS



AUTOMATIC

LOOK WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO ME
I'M UTTERLY AT YOUR WHIM
ALL OF MY DEFENCES DOWN
YOUR CAMERA LOOKS THROUGH ME
WITH ITS X-RAY VISION
AND ALL SYSTEMS RUN AGROUND
ALL I CAN MANAGE TO PUSH
FROM MY LIPS

IS A STREAM OF ABSURDITIES
EVERY WORD I INTENDED TO SPEAK
WINDS UP LOCKED IN A CIRCUITRY

CHORUS

NO WAY TO CONTROL IT
IT'S TOTALLY AUTOMATIC
WHENEVER YOU'RE AROUND
I'M WALKING BLINDFOLDED
COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC
ALL OF MY SYSTEMS ARE DOWN
DOWN DOWN DOWN

AUTOMATIC (AUTOMATIC)
AUTOMATIC (AUTOMATIC)

WHAT IS THIS MADNESS
THAT MAKES MY MOTOR RUN
AND MY LEGS TOO WEAK TO STAND
I GO FROM SADNESS TO EXHILARATION
LIKE A ROBOT AT YOUR COMMAND
MY HANDS PERSPIRE AND SHAKE
LIKE A LEAF

UP AND DOWN GOES MY TEMPERATURE
I SUMMON DOCTORS TO GET SOME RELIEF
BUT THEY TELL ME THERE IS NO CURE

THEY TELL ME

REPEAT CHORUS

AUTOMATIC (AUTOMATIC)
AUTOMATIC (AUTOMATIC)

AUTOMATIC AUTOMATIC (AUTOMATIC)

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BROCK
WALSH/MARK GOLDENBERG

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JITTERBUS JITTERBUS JITTERBUS JITTERBUS

YOU PUT THE BOOM BOOM INTO MY HEART
YOU SEND MY SOUL SKY HIGH WHEN YOUR LOVING STARTS
JITTERBUS INTO MY BRAIN (YEAH YEAH)
GOES BANG BANG BANG TIL MY FEET DO THE SAME
IF SOMETHING'S BUGGING YOU
IF SOMETHING AIN'T RIGHT
MY BEST FRIEND TOLD ME WHAT YOU DID LAST NIGHT
LEFT ME BEETING IN MY BED
I WAS DREAMING BUT I SHOULD HAVE BEEN WITH YOU INSTEAD

CHORUS

WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO GO
DON'T LEAVE ME HANGING ON LIKE A YO YO
WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO GO
I DON'T WANNA MISS IT WHEN YOU HIT THAT HIGH
WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO GO
'CAUSE I'M NOT PLANNING ON GOING SOLO
WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO GO
TAKE ME DANCING TONIGHT
I WANNA HIT THAT HIGH YEAH YEAH

YOU PUT THE GREY SKIES OUTTA MY WAY
YOU MAKE THE SUN SHINE BRIGHTER THAN DORS DAY
TURN A BRIGHT SPARK INTO A FLAME YEAH YEAH
MY BEATS PER MINUTE NEVER BEEN THE SAME

WHAM!



WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO GO

'CAUSE YOU'RE MY BABY
I'M YOUR POOL
IT MAKES ME CRAZY WHEN YOU ACT SO BRIEFLY
COME ON BABY LET'S NOT FIGHT
WE'LL BE DANCING EVERYTHING WILL BE MIGHT

REPEAT CHORUS

BABY WHOA (JITTERBUS)

CUDDLE UP BABY MOVE IN TIGHT
WE'LL GO DANCING TOMORROW NIGHT
IT'S COLD OUT THERE BUT IT'S WARM IN BED
THEY CAN DANCE WE'LL STAY HOME INSTEAD (JITTERBUS)

WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO GO
DON'T LEAVE ME HANGING ON LIKE A YO YO
WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO GO
I DON'T WANNA MISS IT WHEN YOU HIT THAT HIGH
WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO GO
'CAUSE I'M NOT PLANNING ON GOING SOLO
WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO GO
TAKE ME DANCING TONIGHT

WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO GO
DON'T YOU DARE TO LEAVE ME HANGING ON LIKE A YO YO
'CAUSE I'M NOT PLANNING ON GOING ON SOLO
WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO GO
DON'T WANNA MISS IT WHEN YOU HIT THAT HIGH
TAKE ME DANCING BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM
WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO GO

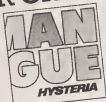
'CAUSE I'M NOT PLANNING ON GOING SOLO BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM
WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO GO YEAH YEAH YEAH
TAKE ME DANCING TONIGHT YEAH YEAH

MUSIC GEORGE MICHAEL. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION MORRISON LEAFY MUSIC LTD
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Madness	Keep Moving	£3.99			
Marillion	Fugazi	£4.49			
Queen	The Works	£4.49			

THE BEST FOR LESS

DATES

Check locally before stepping out. A Lisa Anthony production.



Black

Black: Aberdeen Ritz (May 10), Dundee University (12), Edinburgh Caley Palais (13).

Bourgie Bourgie: Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (June 2), Edinburgh Caley Palais (3), London Lyceum W1.

Billy Joel: Wembley Arena (June 7 & 9).

The Pale Fountains: London Goldsmith's College (May 11).

Prefab Sprout: Leeds Polytechnic (May 10), Essex University (12), Bristol The Studio (13), Bournemouth Upstairs At Eric's (14), Nottingham Rock City (15), Birmingham Odeon (16), Newcastle Mayfair (17), Norwich University Of East Anglia (19).

Siouxsie And The Banshees: London Braxton Academy (June 8/9), Birmingham Odeon (11/12), Manchester Apollo (14), Glasgow Barrowlands (15), Edinburgh Playhouse (17), Newcastle City Hall (18), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20), Cardiff St David's Hall (21), Brighton Conference Centre (22), London Hammersmith Palais (24/25).

Twisted Sister: Newcastle Mayfair Surla (June 1), Oxford Apollo Theatre (2), Nottingham Rock City (13), Norwich University Of East Anglia (14), London Hammermith Odeon (15).

Stevie Wonder (extra dates): Birmingham NEC (June 22), on London Eerls Court (30 matinee & evening performances), Brighton Conference Centre (26,27), Wembley Arena (7/8).

Womack & Womack: London Dominion (June 10/11).



Siouxsie and Steve Severin

NIGHTS SOUTH

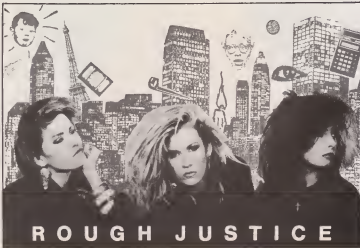
COMPETITION WINNERS

SMASH HITS: SONY POLL COMPETITION (April 12) *Smash Hits* prize was awarded to: Michelle Palmer, Kensington who wins a Gold Walkman, plus an invite to the Sony Radio Awards. Six runners-up each receive a Sony WMFS: Paul Reeves, Dunstable; Ursula Martin, Lincoln; Tanya Watson Soham, Andrew Fry, Fairwater; Joanne Wolf, Wigan; Andrea Firth, Afonwen. Six more runners-up each receive a Sony WMS: James O'Neil, Coatham; S. McHale, Liverpool; Debbie Brown, Spital; Paula Thomson, Walton; Elaine Campbell, Bearsden; Mathew Anderson, Melbourne. 500 runners-up each receive a blank C-60 Sony cassette.

MUSIC VIDEO COMPETITION (April 12). Correct answer: b) The Lion's Mouth. The following prize winners each receive a copy of "Now That's What I Call Music II" video: Nicholas Nice, Bromley; Karen Hornby, Witton Gilbert; K. Tittle, Redhill; Nick Zalinski, Wheathampstead; H. Burgess, Hurworth; Neil Morrow, Ash Vale; Angela Atwell, Farnham; Stephen Connolly, Monkstown; Carmen Paul, Longsight; G. Ash, Kensington.

RICK SPRINGFIELD COMPETITION (April 12). Correct answer: a) Dr Noah Drake. 10" picture discs of "Jessie's Girl" and posters are on their way to: Lesley Keast, Kendal; Christine Strong, Meadow Nook; Karen Stewart, Aboyn; J. Stepton, Kitt Green; Caroline Murray, Gifford; Sean Mason, Greystones; Margaret Miranda, Wimbledon; Dawn Ash, Bexley; Jane Martin, Edinburgh; Jenny Holroyd, Shipley.

BANANARAMA



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BOB MARLEY

It's three years since the death of the man who made reggae music international. Mark Ellen looks back at his life.

Robert Nesta Marley has been called a great many things and most of them were true. "The first Third World Superstar" was one; "a revolutionary artist" and "the most important cultural figure of the 70s" are two more. One thing is certain: between his birth — in a tiny house off a Jamaican backstreet — and the state occasion that marked his funeral 36 years later, he did alter the course of pop music.

When Bob Marley was born, on February 6 1945, life in Jamaica was sharply divided. People were either comfortably rich or appallingly poor. The rich were mostly town-dwelling white folk who worked for the government; the poor were mostly the tough independent race of black people — descended from African slaves — who were attempting to grow crops and tend fruit trees and livestock in the sweltering tropical heat.

So Bob's background was an unusual one. His mother, Cedella, was an 18-year-old black farmer's daughter and his father was a white wealthy army captain who was almost 50. The pair got married rather hastily just before the half-caste Bob was born, but it was an impossible arrangement and they saw less and less of Captain Marley as the days went by. Bob spent much of his early life wandering barefoot through the lush countryside herding his grandfather's goats, living on roast yams, mangoes and fish tea, and becoming more and more absorbed by the island's folk music.

By '59, Bob had moved to a shanty town in Kingston and spent the long evenings among the cardboard shacks with schoolfriend Neville "Bunny" Livingston, harmonising to American soul groups like The Drifters that were a regular fixture on the national airwaves. Some days, when the wind blew from the North, Bunny's portable radio picked up something even more intoxicating — the bold, rolling sound of rhythm and blues from New Orleans. Local musicians soon began to merge this with their native calypso and the result was a joyous hopping dance beat called "ska".

By '62, Jamaica had been declared independent and a whole new generation of tough, sharp, insolent black teenagers had appeared, prepared to take no stick from anyone. They called themselves "Rude Boys" and the new ska beat seemed tailor-made for them. Working as a welder by day, sleeping on rooftops at night, Bob identified with the new movement too. He, Bunny and a third friend, Peter Tosh, rehearsed their close harmonies and entered talent contests. As the Teenagers and, later, The Wailing Rudeboys. Soon after, Bob walked into a producer's shop, sang unaccompanied in front of all the customers and was awarded a record deal.

In '63, the trio auditioned for another leading producer, Clement "Sir Coxson" Dodd. He thought they were rubbish. Tosh insisted they sing one more song, one they'd written themselves called "Simmer Down". It was aimed directly at the fiery-tempered Rude Boys in a language they'd understand. Coxson loved it, recorded it, released it and, in January '64, the song went to Number One and stayed there eight weeks. He gave the group a new name as well, though no-one knew why — The Wailing Wailers.

The Bob Marley that was emerging was a forceful individual, at times quite ruthless in his quest for success. In '64, Bob Marley & The Wailing Rude-Boy Wailers (as they were sometimes known) would even perform in gold lame Beetle jackets and polka-dot shirts in the hope of making their raw ska tunes seem a little more acceptable for national radio. Increasingly they weren't, and their newer, starker, ruder material could be heard, instead, crackling from the tea-chest speakers of the 'sound systems' on ghetto street corners.

Bob never let up. He composed constantly, absorbed as much new music as he could and put the group through rigorous rehearsals to the point where it drove them round the bend. And he had such an enquiring nature that no-one was surprised, in '66, when a new breed of street rebels appeared and Bob embraced them with open arms. Quieter, more reflective than the Rude Boys, they called themselves "Rastafarians" and firmly believed that the then Emperor of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie, was "the Living God" (proven by numerous 'signs' in the Bible), and that he would free the black people of the world. They adopted the Ethiopian national colours (red, gold and green), they ate strict vegetarian diets, they twisted their hair into dreadlocks and they smoked vast quantities of the illegal marijuana herb to aid their meditations. And, naturally, they required a less hectic beat than the relentless ska. Sure enough, in the scorching summer of '66, a more measured, cooler, brassier rhythm began to filter through the ghettos. They called it "rocksteady".

1966-68 was a lean time for the Wailers. Peter Tosh was in jail (for smoking 'the herb') and Bob — who'd recently married Sunday School teacher Rita — began exploring the new rocksteady sound along with American funk imports and the loose electric guitars of The Jimi Hendrix Experience. By '69, with the help of an alert young producer named Lee Perry, Bob uncovered a rhythm that would soon carry far beyond the Jamaican shoreline. Propelled by a "rebel bass", its dark, primitive sound suited the more spiritual lyrics Bob was now writing and — best of all — it made absolutely everyone dance. People called it "reggae" and, in '71 with the stirring reggae beat "Trench Town Rock", The Wailers were back on top of the Jamaican charts.

Bob was convinced his music could travel further. He laid his wares before Island Records' boss Chris Blackwell who had currently struck gold with the fast-expanding "rock" market. Recognising reggae's potential, he signed Bob, producing an LP laced with the familiar electric guitar and even sped up some of the tapes for fear the rock fans would find the songs too slow. When "Catch A Fire" was released in the winter of '72, the Wailers ventured out on a bleak tour of the UK, playing old cinemas and black dance halls. Hating the climate, starving from lack of vegetarian food, they pulled out and went home. Bunny left the group, but Bob soldiered on, astounded by the difficulty of breaking through to a wider audience.

The moment, when it came, was completely unexpected. Onetime member of the 'supergroup' Cream, Eric Clapton released a

version of Bob's "I Shot The Sheriff" in '74. Rock fans, many of whom referred to Clapton as "God" for some strange reason, sent it to Number One right around the world. Almost overnight, Marley's music had become acceptable. His tours began to sell out and his reputation spread rapidly, to the extent that, with his later work like the polished "Kaya" LP, Jamaican fans were to claim he'd sold out.

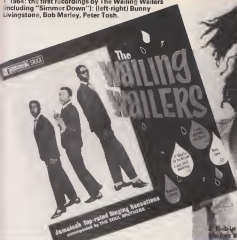
Though some of his later work did become a little too smooth for comfort, nothing dented the force of his lyrics. Indeed, his concerts were a strange spectacle to audiences used to arrogant rock bands. Bob's small wiry figure would appear, swirling his huge cables of hair, and declare "Greetings in the name of His Majesty Emperor Haile Selassie I Jah Rastafari!" to baffled expressions but riotous applause. "The Mick Jagger Of Reggae!", the Americans called him. "The Dreadlocked Sorcerer Poet!" White audiences sensed there was real magic in his words though they weren't entirely sure what they meant.

Though Bob Marley & The Wailers' ascent to international stardom seemed inevitable by now, there were two appalling incidents that put a spoke in their wheel. The first had been in '78, two days prior to the Jamaican Peace Concert, when masked assassins had sprayed machine-gun fire into the group's rehearsal room. One bullet hit Bob's chest, narrowly missing his heart. No-one knew it there'd been a political motive. "Just jealousy," Bob suggested. Against all advice, he played the concert, left the next day and spent over a year in exile. The second incident, in mid '77, was the discovery of cancer in his foot, after he'd complained of an injury in a football game. He had an operation, continued touring to promote the enormously successful "Exodus" and "Survival" LPs. His epic "Tuff Gong Uprising" Tour reached a million people in 12 countries in only six weeks in the summer of 1980. Eventually he collapsed while sunning in New York; again, cancer was diagnosed — this time in the brain, lungs and stomach. Despite his protests that the tour should continue, he was sent to a special German clinic for treatment, was told on May 9 '81 that he was dying and headed home for Jamaica. He never made it. He died midway, in Miami on May 11

What kind of a person was he? An idealist, certainly. A man who took everything to extremes. He was always giving his money away to friends in need — sometimes at the rate of £100,000 a month. He fathered (at least) 10 children by 8 different women (one white, another a former Miss World). His finest hour, he believed, was playing at the Independence Ceremonies in Zimbabwe in front of 40,000 people (he always believed Africa was his spiritual home). His most treasured possession was said to be a ring — the Golden Lion of Judah — given him by Emperor Haile Selassie's grandson.

But what of his music? At the time of his death, his singles and 10 LPs had already sold to the tune of £100 million and, in one sense, they've been selling steadily since. He produced that rarest sound of all, one that's original but still popular. Asked to describe it once, he was unusually brief. "King music," he said "that what reggae means."

1. 1964: the first recordings by The Wailing Wailers including "Simmer Down". (left-right) Bunny Livingston, Bob Marley, Peter Tosh



2. Bob in the early '70s after realizing he'd never cut his hair again



3. '78: after being awarded gold discs for the "Kaya" and "Exodus" LPs.

4. Mick Jagger turns up on Bob's '78 American tour.



5. Bob in 1983. Note the Rasta colours — red, gold and green.



6. Preaching and proclaiming on stage.



8. May '80: the last photo of the Wailers (Bob's second left, bottom row).



9. The King of "King Music".



The Wailers were always passionately addicted to football.

HUMAN LEAGUE

HYSTERIA

New Album

Virgin
V2316



The Skiff Skats — a rare moment when they're not playing in the loos.



Rockin' types suffer acute appendicitis



The local rockabillys fight back in the foyer.



Skiff Skats back in the toilets (where they belong).



Skiff Skats in the foyer (get everywhere, this lot).



A Bluberry Hellbilly with shirt on (merchfully)

THE ALTERNATIVE COUNTRY & WESTERN FESTIVAL

Kenny Rogers? No. Glen Campbell? No. Dolly Parton? No again. This is Country but with, er, a difference. This is The Alternative Country & Western Festival at London's Electric Ballroom. Seeing as how, around these parts, there seems to be something of a movement going on — punks in frayed leather jackets, rebel hillbillies, etc. — the time's right to gather together nine new 'country' bands and let them loose from 4 'til 12 midnight and just see what happens.

And what happened was you got skiffle bands setting up in the toilets. You got people playing double basses in the foyer. People playing tea-chests in between the Space Invaders machines. Some even played on stage! And you got an audience full of rockin' types — boys with

flat-tops, girls with college jackets, Levi 501s and huge quiffs. And you got some bands with unbelievable names. Try The Bluberry Hellbellies for size. All of them weigh in at least 14 stone, their songs are about the joys of drinking cider and — instead of asking for a favourite number — their fans shout for them to wobble their colossal beerbuts. Or perhaps you might prefer Pogua Mèhone: they've already been banned by the BBC for having songs full of rude words. Or The Gleesome Threesome — more blokes with accordions; or the wonderfully titled The Men They Couldn't Hang; or even Last Bid For The Recess. Or Cut Loose. And then there's The Skiff Skats who include Lee from Madness and are permanently encamped in the loos.

And if was to tell you that Wendy, the singer in The Boothill Foot Tappers, got something chucked in her face, was carted off to hospital but still turned up to sing halfway through the band's set, you can probably see what this country stuff is all about.

They're not quitters, these people.

Lisa Anthony

MACK THE KNIFE



KING KURT

Oh the shark has pretty teeth dear
And he shows them pearly white
Just a jack-knife has old Mack Heath dear
And he keeps it out of sight

When the shark bites with its teeth dear
Scarlet billows start to spread
Fancy gloves wears old Mack Heath dear
So there's never never a trace of red

On the side walk Sunday morning don't you know
Lies a body just oozing life
Someone's sneaking round the corner
Could that someone be Mack The Knife

There's a tug boat down by the river don't you know
With cement bags just dropping on down
That cement is just just there for the weight dear
I will get you 10 old Mack is back in town

Louis Miller he disappeared dear
After drawing out his hard-earned cash
Now Mack Heath spends just like a sailor
Could it be our boys did something rash

Lotte Lenya and Lucy Brown Zuki Denver and Matty Tawdry
Now the line falls on the right dear
Now that Mack is back in town
Now the line falls on the right dear
Now that Mack is back in town

Words and music Kurt Weill/Berthold Brecht
English lyric Marc Blitzstein
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On Stiff Records

ULTRAVOX

DANCING WITH TEARS IN MY EYES

CHORUS

DANCING WITH TEARS IN MY EYES
WEEPING FOR THE MEMORY OF A LIFE GONE BY
DANCING WITH TEARS IN MY EYES
LIVING OUT A MEMORY OF A LOVE THAT DIED

IT'S FIVE (FIVE FIVE FIVE) AND I'M DRIVING HOME AGAIN
IT'S HARD (HARD HARD HARD) TO BELIEVE THAT IT'S MY LAST TIME
THE MAN (MAN MAN MAN) ON THE WIRELESS CRIES AGAIN
IT'S OVER IT'S OVER

REPEAT CHORUS

IT'S LATE (IT'S LATE) AND I'M WITH MY LOVE ALONE
WE DRINK (WE DRINK WE DRINK) TO FORGET THE COMING STORM
WE LOVE (LOVE LOVE LOVE)
TO THE SOUND OF OUR FAVOURITE SONG
OVER AND OVER

REPEAT CHORUS

IT'S TIME (TIME TIME) AND WE'RE IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS
IT'S TIME (TIME TIME TIME) BUT I DON'T THINK WE REALLY CARE
(TIME TIME TIME TIME TIME TIME TIME TIME TIME)

REPEAT CHORUS

DANCING WITH TEARS IN MY EYES
WEEPING FOR THE MEMORY OF A LIFE GONE BY
DANCING WITH TEARS IN MY EYES

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SH1

Greetings from Uranus!

What's wrong with my home planet? It's not warm, we have cinemas every eighth of a mile, there are ten huses to each person, and we have a hushing vat of inpluton lava on the dresser! Last word — you apelt 'Aaaaaaaab' wrong in your April 12 issue. It should have 12 'a's. Stuart Adamson's Great Grandad, Uranus.

Greetings to you, too. Regular visitors to *Letters* will of course be well aware that I, The Black Type, have quite a lot mail from weirdos in other galaxies. *Smash Hits* seems readily available in Thery (and only 2631 stils a copy!). You can get it occasionally on Zypitan though it's the devil's own job to lind a newsgast selling stickers. Noyds from the planet Kruil quite often send in R5VPs, too, though god knows how they get lord the postage. Anyway, keep 'em coming. Up Uranus, that's what I say!

Dear Public,
I only need two more stickers for my album, so will anyone please swap Peter Shilton and Charles Nicholas for Kevin Keegan?
The Smiths' Blue Van.

Who's Kevin Keegan? Must be one of UB40 or something.

Hello. Boring Facts To Dwell Upon. Volume 9.
1) Bread is the staff of life but toast is a western decadent luxury;
2) Sado-masochism means never having to say sorry;
3) If the human brain were simple enough to understand we'd be too simple to understand it.
Mr Angry, London.

And 4) Anyone who goes to see a psychiatrist needs their head examined; 5) Is a sleeping lish a kipper? Lost a lot of sleep over that one, me.

About *Top Of The Pops* on April 12.

After playing guessing games with my Mum as to whether Scritti Politti was male or female, Dead Or Alive came on to do their song, 'That's The Way (I Like It)'. I had heard it on the radio and thought it wasn't quite so hot. But when I saw them I thought David Aitchborough's programme had come on early.
I hope you don't look anything like that.
Paula Bailey, Strood.

I do a bit, actually. Been known to groove down Carnaby Street in nought but a papier-mache cod-piece, two lalse eyelashes and a sock. Trouble is, nobody takes a blind bit of notice. Pete Burns, eh? Dear me. Most of the time he has nothing on but the radio.



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

God! What is the world coming to? If the BBC think they can ban F.G.T.H. then why do they let that naked zombie from Dead Or Alive prance around on *TOP* in a, uh, well, jockstrap? I expect you'll get quite a few responses to this but you'd better print this as I'll get my hamster onto you. A *Howie Fan* Somewhere on Earth.

Hel I can handle a hamster (well, a small one).

A wee note just to tell you that I absolutely loved Pete Burns and Dead Or Alive's performance on *TOP*! Last night, REALLY!!! He liveness things up didn't he? Well that's the way I like it! By the way, my mother wouldn't like him (quote from *Nightstout*, March 15) so you were right!
On the subject of parents — untrendy ones at that — how's about this? To quote my Mum — oh my god!!! That Boy George or the other one haven't got a look in... is it a man?!? Well that's what parents are for, isn't it? Paul Young's *Y-Fronts (Anal)*, Dingwall.

By the way, Y-Fronts, Pete Burns & Friends account for themselves on pages 35 & 37. It's what The Ed calls "a red-hot read" (whatever that's meant to mean).

I've just got to vent my feelings about *Top Of The Pops*; it's so awful I hadn't seen the said programme for several weeks and had forgotten how bad it is... Tonight there was Nik Kershaw prancing around looking so stupid with all the posers prating about in the background, followed by OMD with Mr Humphreys bashing two drumsticks together like some kid who can't do much else. Mind you, at least Mr McCluskey did away with the mike when it fell over. It's such a farce. They ought to forget the mikes altogether. No wonder almost every band does a video now rather than perform "live" on *TOP*.

Bring back real music, that's what I say. (Mind you, since

when have I been taken any notice of.
El Rip, High Wycombe.

I decided to write to you concerning the information contained in *Mutterings* (April 12) about the banning of Culture Club records by the University Of Utah. It said the records were banned until the Mormons there could decide whether or not Boy George was encouraging people to be gay. The article also mentioned that the Mormons "are a weird religious sect". I do not think that you have any right at all to make comments about other people's beliefs and practices. You certainly should not make remarks about things you obviously know very little about.

I am a Mormon and totally disagree with the claim that I belong to a "weird religious sect". We are certainly a lot less weird than many other people I can think of.
Paul Young's *Spare Microphone*, Norwich.



Continuing the search for the DJ with the trendiest hairstyle, here's a picture of the one who's still a kid at heart, found in an old (or rather ancient) *Blue Jeans* annual.

Vicki Beaumont, London.

Hey, wow! The clock on the wall says there's time for

just one more from The Farmer's Boys. Tomorrow night, Placebo in session and (Get on with it — Ed).

As I was reading through *Smash Hits* (April 12) I noticed someone from Norfolk loved the trendy hairstyles that the DJs wore. Just look at this!
A Queen Fan, Gwent.
You should see Jonathan King when he gets dressed up. Dear oh dear.



I am a reader from Down Under and, although I would under many circumstances be proud of this, I am afraid to say that this is not the case this very day.

You've probably all heard the news about Marilyn being hushed by a man during his stay in Australia. Believe me, he not only received physical abuse but also various forms of emotional abuse from the media. The bashing in Sydney absolutely hlew me up. I have written this letter as an apology for the treatment he received. However I do hope he keeps in mind that all his fans (and the numbers are increasing) really do care for him and would be thoroughly disappointed if he did not return for a tour.

He did state after the violent incident that it did not affect his future plans to return to Australia. However, after having heard about his response when he returned to England, I am no longer sure. Is it true that Marilyn accused the Australian people of being "brutes" and "animals"? If this is true I certainly hope he was specifically referring to those who wouldn't give him a chance and not to Australians in general. (I personally would have a hard time relating to those names as I am sure many others would.)

On behalf of the Marilyn supporters in Australia, I would like to congratulate him for his genuine personality (a quality very rare in the music industry). I also hope that it is a case of cry and be free, Marilyn.
Vicky (S.O.G.F.A.) *Supporters Of Genuine People Association*, Melbourne, Australia.

Thanks, Vicky. Very nice letter. You'd have got a piping hot Exzi-Swap £10 Record Token if it was any use to you. Thanks, anyway. Don't forget, Max has his say on page 36.

Anyways... so Marilyn goes up to Heaven and sees Peter.
"Ere Peter, Boy George isn't up 'ere is he?"
"No."

"Good." And he passes through the gate. He's sitting on a cloud reading *Smash Hits* when he sees another cloud go by fitted with drums, guitars, a make-up bag and multi-coloured hair ribbons labelled "Boy George". So he goes up to Peter.
"Oy, I thought you said Boy George wasn't up here."

"Oh, that was Boy George, that was God. He thinks he's Boy George."

Simon Le Bon's Smoked Salmon Sandwiches. Redbridge.

I remember you in the old days. You were just plain old cheese and chutney back then.

Thank you to The Special AKA for bringing Nelson Mandela to everyone's attention. I, for one, had never heard of him before. The song may not be an unforgettable classic but the message must be one of the most important ever put across by a record. I stood in *W. H. Smiths* reading the back of the sales record, a practice to be recommended to anyone with an ounce of compassion. Maybe someday, when the younger people of South Africa have some power, they might do something about it. Hope it won't be too late. Lucy, Norwich.

Dear Tom Hibbert (Singles, April 12).

You described the Dolly Mixture single as capturing the spirit of the early '90s — a direct, deliberate flash-back — and implied the same. Yet, two reviews later, you refer to Marillion as being on a "backward path" when they remind you of the spirit of the early '70s. This time you imply such reminders of the past eras are not welcome, and it seems to me like a case of double standards. (Unfortunately I can't argue about the 'progressive' tag, because I can't remember it).

It's all a question of taste, of course, but it makes me wonder if in a few years time you'll be all extolling the virtues of the early '70s and getting embarrassed about your present convictions. By then Marillion will have been re-tagged "ahead of their time". Such is fashion. Crystal, Carlisle.

I recently read in some mag some girl complaining about the prices of albums and singles in England. Well when she hears this, she'll think they're almost being thrown at her for half nothing.

Albums in Ireland are £6.99, 7" singles are £1.99, 12" singles (which are v. rare) are £2.50 and the new T. Twins pic disc (v. v. rare) is £4.50. Ross, Cork.

Calling all Anti-Weller fans. Half of you don't know what day it is, never mind what kind of a person Paul Weller is. He and Mick Talbot are the greatest of guys and I have the evidence to prove it.

One day I stopped off at some studios which, I was informed, were being used by Paul and Mick for practising in for their British tour. I stood outside hoping to see them or maybe get a photo, when one of the roadies asked me if I would like to come in. I accepted and ran straight in. There before my eyes was Paul and Mick having their lunch by their famous organ.

Straight away they called me over and offered me a sandwich. We then started to talk and Paul then offered me tickets to see them at the Dominion on the 15th. I accepted them with great pleasure. At the end of the day, I came out of the studios with signed pictures, tickets for the concert and photos of me with them. I was a great day. Thanks a lot! Lol!

Now how many groups would do that!
Tony Spratt (A Faithful Style Council Fan), Preston.

Thanks for writing in about it all. Being a rather generous sort of person, and easily moved by heart-warming notes such as this, you can have a £10 Record Token as well.

I wonder if any of you notice that most pop stars go out with a rare breed of twit, commonly referred to as a mode?

Take my mate, Koot Dag. Ugly as a cow's hump and hasn't two both to his name, though still a great musician. But do you see any six foot model dressed in erotic toys groping all over him? No! But in a year or two when he's made a mil and is on the cover of every *Flash* mag, they'll be huzzin' around him like mozzies at a barbecue.

So I'd like to know just how many of you rich and famous lads hung out with models when you were broke, unknown and lived in bags! Come on, show yourselves!
Jo, Mt. Isa, Australia.

Great name that, your mate's. I can see it right now — "Tonight, in concert, The Smiths! The Human League! The boys themselves — Duran Duran! The mighty Culture Club! And, yes, for one night only, the man himself, the big one, liver than live, you know him, you love him, ladies-angenehmen — Koot Dag! Should go far, I reckon.

A conversation between two Banabosers.

Robert sits in the room all alone, staring at the nothingness

which stares back at him. Steve comes in. Steve — what a funny name. He steps cautiously across the room, trying not to squash the dreams and images which are invisible to his eyes.

"Robert?" he asks, his voice shaking for fear that the walls may come in around him.
"Robert? Are you okay?"

The silence pierces the brightness of the sun, which comes through the window with all its power. Robert's deep blue eyes stare a stare of true fear. His hand starts to shake and, slowly, this spreads all over his body. By now he is shaking violently. Sweat drops form on his forehead and trickle down his face.

The air around him is very still, daring not to move. His eyes are raging with fear. He stops still, terrified of the dreadful thing which lies ahead of him. Will he be able to hear it?

"Don't worry," assures Steve. "I'm sure Stourisse doesn't look that bad with no make-up on".
Rebecca, Stockwell.

We're not at home to Miss Catty, thank-you.

After reading Johnny Black's review of *Starlight Express*, I was appalled at his narrow-minded view on the young energetic performance.

I enjoyed the show and I'm sure it'll be a great success and, as for being sexist, he obviously ignored the freight trucks who were played by men. Bruce, Wimbledon.

Noticing how you seem to enjoy anything trivial and naïf, I was going to suggest you listen to a Duran Duran record. But would I do that? Of course not. Instead I decided to send you some mucked-about names. Mike Kenaway — We Kink Kink; Spandau Ballet — All Panda Tubes; Depeche Mode — Deep Hen Code; New Order — Red Or New; Dead Or Alive — Vile Road Ead; Nick Heyward — Rick H Yawned; Big Country — Grin But Coy; Howard Jones — Jow Drones "Oh".

The Person With The Mis-spent Childhood (A. K. A. Joals). Gateshead.

Go on, try Frankie Goes To Hollywood.

Dear Black Type,

We are pleased to inform you that your monthly fee payment is now needed. It amounts to £10, preferably paid in record tokens which I know you have a large supply of.

Yours sincerely,
The Inland Revenue.

Hey wait. No, come back. I need that sofa. No, not the chairs. Anaghgy. Please! Anything but my new Human League album! I'll pay, I'll pay! Just give me two weeks...

Smash Hits

52-55 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PP
Telephone: 01-439 8801
Editorial:
Editor: Mark Ellen
Features: Ian Birch
Bite Staff: Neil Tennant
Design Editor: David Bestock
Design: Kimberley Loston
Research/Get Smart: Linda Duff
Lyrics: Lisa Anthony
Reviews: Peter Martin
Reception: Samantha Archer

Special thanks this issue:
Dave Rimmer (Editorial)
Lola Borg (Design)

Writers
Johnny Black, Ian Cranina
Tim de Lisle, Fred Dellar
Tom Hibbert, Dave Rimmer
Claire Sheriff, Deborah Streets
Mark Wells

Photographers
Peter Ashworth, Andrew Castle
Jill Furmanovsky, David Levine,
Steve Rapoport, Paul Rider
Virginia Turbett, Eric Watson

Assistant Ad Manager:
Carole Harris
Ad Assistant: Petra Ekan
Ad Production: Tina Atkinson
Managing Editor: David Hepworth
Projects Editor: Steve Bush
Head of Ads and Publicity:
Zed Zawada
Publisher: Peter Strong

Circulation Department
EMAP, Brenton Court, Brenton,
Peterborough PE3 6DZ.

STAR TEASER

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 61



CROSSWORD

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 53

CROSS: 1 "It's Raining Men"; 7 Annie Lannox; 8 "Dance Hall Days"; 12 "The Caterpillar"; 14 and 12 down Stray Cats; 16 Time (Turner); 17 (Mike) Reed; 18 (Pet) Ruzhen; 20 Union (Of The Snakes!); 21 Kool (And The Gang); 22 '89 Redi Baitone's; 24 (Alton) Edwards; 26 Supps; 26 'Siv (Siv, Siv), DOWN: 1 I Want To Break Free; 2 Sandie Shaw; 3 Axe; 4 Nena; 5 Gramps; 6 Neil (Arthur); 9 Norman (Bates); 10 All Night Long; 11 Lorraine; 15 (Soul) Train; 18 Buggles; 20 (Tracey) Ullman; 22 Bess; 23 SOS (Bendt).

THE FLYING PICKETS

Spring in the air
Filled with love
There's magic everywhere
When you're young and in love

Life seems to be
Just a dream
A world of fantasy
When you're young and in love

Each night seems just like
The fourth of July
With stars that spengle the sky

The moon at night
Shines so bright
Seems to shine twice as bright
When you're young and in love

Chorus
Dreams can come true
Try a dream
If you believe they do
When you're young and in love
So many teardrops



Are bound to fell
True love can conquer all
When you're
When you're young and in love
Trust and you'll find
There's no mountain
You can't climb
When you're young and in love
So many teardrops
Are bound to fell
True love can conquer all
Spring in the air
There's a magic everywhere
When you're young and in love

Repeat chorus
Young end in love
Repeat to fade

Words and music Van McCoy
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WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG AND IN LOVE

Why does this crate never work
when it's supposed to?
TRANSPORATION? HEAVENS,
BETSY! Ah've cleaned the spark plugs,
Ah've even replaced the Capri's big
end and still the old jalopy won't burn
rubber. I jes' had about enough to
drive me outta mah tree! Looks like
that dirty, low-down car dealer done
sole me a lemon...

I mean HOT DAMN! What am ah
gonna do? The nearest newsagent is
100 miles away. How'm ah gonna get
with SMASH HITS? Why, I hear those
boys have got a whole heap of
finger-lickin' good items on all mah
favourite pop stars. There's stuff on
DEPECHE MODE. There's stuff on P! and
MADONNA. There's a day car with
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN and there's
WHAM! in Miami. PESKY VARMINTS,
how'm ah gonna live without it?

Ah know, I jes' led Huckleback at
Black Cat's and could give me a lift. It
isn't what mah friend got all. Trouble
is, me an' the Huckleback boys is still
in a dither.

SMASH HITS
The finger-lickin' good!

OH
MAH
TUBE
BONE!

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK

'Junk Culture'

A new album, chrome cassette,
(and compact disc released 21 May).
Features the single 'Locomotion'.



ON TOUR

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- 26. Glasgow Apollo
- 27. Liverpool Empire
- 28. Manchester Apollo
- 29. Newcastle City Hall
- 30. Birmingham Odeon
- 31. Derby Assembly Rooms

June

- 1. Cardiff St. David's Hall
- 2. Leeds University
- 3. London Hammersmith Odeon

Limited quantities of the album contain an extra one-sided single for O.M.D. fans

SMASH HITS ■ SHAKIN' STEVENS

