

WHAM!
IN CHINA
OMD
LOOSE ENDS
GO WEST

PAUL HARDCASTLE

Smash HITS



ANGRY!

THE STYLE COUNCIL WANT TO HAVE WORDS WITH YOU...



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COVER: THE STYLE COUNCIL BY SNEILA ROCK

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George has a sauna! Andrew sticks one in the back of ver net! A sub-continent applauds!!
54/55/56/57



Mock executions, Clint Eastwood impersonations, smelly clothes, and more!!
40/41



No Cortinas or furry dice for us, thank you matey!
50/51

Join The: A.S.F.C.W.D.I.H.A.P.O.G.A.R.L.C.A.S.S!

(That's the Adopting Small Furry Creatures Who Don't, Like, Have Any Parents Or Get Any Real Loving Care And Stuff Society actually.)

● When Bizt read (in a certain newspaper) the joyous news that **Paul Young** had joined a growing list of pop folk in adopting a creature in the London Zoo, we lost no time in zipping up to Regents Park to get a red hot exclusive scoop interview with the fortunate mammal in question.

Pausing only for the briefest of chats with Gregory the Peccary (adopted by **Sloouse** and **Budgie** of **The Creatures** for £30 a year), **Limah's** Fairy Bluebird (adopted for £30 a year), **Mike Oldfield's** Cheetah (£500 a year) and **Leo Sayer's** 30 (count 'em) Nile Rats (£10 a year each), Bizt scoured along to the bat house to meet P.Young's **Fruit Bat**. He was asleep. Bats are nocturnal, you see, but undaunted, Bizt rapped sharply on the glass of the bat cave and F. Bat opened a weary eye. . .

"Scouse us, Mr Bat, we're from the press and we'd like a few words from you regarding the immense honour of your recent adoption by immensely famous singing person Paul Young.

"Huh!" coughed the Bat after a lengthy pause. "Who told you that? Paul Young has not adopted me and neither has anyone else. I am still a poor wee orphan with no-one to love me. I don't even have a name. . ."

As the tears began to roll down the be-winged one's fluff, Bizt felt "choked", "guttled" and all blubbery. "It's not much fun being a Fruit Bat, you know," spluttered our subject between sobs. "For instance, do I ever get to bite any necks like what the vampire bats do? No, I jolly well do not! All I ever get to peck is bits of rotten old banana. It's a right swizzle, specially when people point at you and say 'Eugh - look at that spooky old thing', it's enough to drive you batty. That's a joke, by the way."

Shaking with emotion, Bizt tumbled for its wallet and drew out three crisp £10 notes. "Do not worry, Mr Bat, we, **Smash Hits**, shall adopt you and give you a name!"

And so it came to pass that Britain's Brightest Pop Magazine acquired a Fruit Bat in London Zoo. And this is where you come in. You see, we still haven't thought of a name for our creature and want you to do it for us. Send us your suggestions, on a postcard or the back of an envelope, to **Smash Hits Fruit Bat**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. And the reader whose suggestion we choose will win a free day trip to London, a free lunch with - swoon! - members of the **Smash Hits** staff, plus a free trip to the Zoo to meet our Bat in person!!! So get cracking - wing those names in by June 4.

??? The Fruit Bat. We challenge you to name this poor wee orphan.



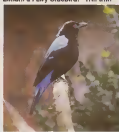
A scurry (collective noun) of Leo Sayer's Nile Rats: "Squeak squeak!"



Mike Oldfield's Cheetah: "Ruff ruff!" (? - Ed.)



Limah's Fairy Bluebird: "Trill trill!"



Gregory the Peccary: "Zzzzzzz!"



● Ex-Duran Duran member in dodgy comeback shock! **The Bumbites**, led by one **Time Duran** clarinet player **Andy Burchell**, are described as B.O.R (baby orientated rock). They also feature a heavy metal drummer and some gospel singers. And they've just released their first LP - "Bottoms Up" on Vindaloo Records. Sounds, er, **Duran**. Who needs boring old Duran boys anyway?

● "The Dream Of The Blue Turtle" is a) a children's book, b) a TV **Surviva!** special, c) the new LP by **Sting?**
Answer: c) the new LP by Sting.

● The Best Of **Smash Hits**, dear reader, is a brand spanking new book full of the cream of **Smash Hits** features over the past six years. Just think, once more you can gasp with delight at the legendary **David Hepworth Sex Pistols** exposé. Or be completely gob-smacked by the sheer literary genius of Neil Tennant's **Frankie Goes To Hollywood** piece. Or, heh be blown down by a feather at **Dave Rimmer's** jaunts around the world with **Culture Club** and **Duran Duran**, not to mention **Sr Thomas Hibbert's** gallingtants with **Prince** in Detroit. Like hey wow rock 'n' roll, it's a bitch!

And then there's **Mark Ellen's** almost God-like **Michael Jackson** interview and **Peter Martin's Band Aid** "we was there" job. It's all too much to take in really, the sheer gargantuan genius behind it all (Oh shut up - Ed).

Anyway, it's 224 pages long, has a very cosmic introduction by none other than **John "phew, rock 'n' roll" Taylor** and costs about the same as six pounds of lard and a packet of Quavers - £2.99. Available from all shops that sell things like books - now!

FAN CLUBS

OMD
White Noise Ltd
132 Liverpool Road
London N1 1LA

Duran Duran
273 Broad Street
Birmingham B1 2DG

Style Council
Torch Society
45-53 Sinclair Road
London W14

● "Is **Jesse Rae** completely bonkers, or what?" is the question on almost everybody's lips these days. **Bitz**, as always, has the answer... Yes.

Well, perhaps not completely bonkers, but certainly a little, er, strange. A ferociously petnolic Scot, **Jesse Rae** makes music that combines heavey funk with Highland-type sounds – check out, as they say, his just-released single "Over The Sea" if you don't believe us. Plus he never goes anywhere without his Scots warrior helmet and pigrantic Claymore sword. Very rum.

- And here are just six more curious facts about this uncanny Scot
- He has such a low opinion of England that he refuses to perform there!
- His "Over The Sea" video features New York "kids" break dancing in kiltis!
- He once recorded a tribute to Liberal leader David Steel!!!
- He has laugh his pet dogs to sing!!!
- He once appeared on the gruesome US talent programme *The Gong Show*!!!!
- One of his biggest fans is Ronald Reagan!!!!

Hoots, mon!!!!!!!

● **Chaka Khan's** "This Is My Night" is a new live video featuring excerpts from her early '85 London shows. Including "I Feel For You", "Eye To Eye" and all her hits, it has loads of close-ups and, um, other things. Super.

WEIRD, OR WHAT?



Flesh For Lulu – it's like punk happened...

● This sh's weirdie name award goes to new record label **Hybrid**. Featuring London gothic whatnots **Flesh For Lulu**, they also have Australian nutters **The Lime Spiders**, **The Beasts Of Bourbon**, **The Spikes**, **The Vandals** and the well dodgy-sounding **Guadalcanal Diary**. Nice one (?)

● **Vicious Pink** try again with their dancefloor hit of last summer, "CCa'n't You See". And it's been re-mixed for good measure, of course.



Photo: Linda Maxwell

● Don't waste time, do they? The **First Chapter**, a 'vid' featuring all four **Bronks Beat** hits, is already in the shops.

● **Lone Justice**, one of those hipper-than-hip-but-er-bit-boring American cowboy bands have just released their first single, "Ways To Be Wicked". Hot on the heels of **Los Lobos**, **Jason And The Scorchers**, **The Long Ryders** and **Rank And File**, they're being hailed as the Next Big Thing but **Bitz** reckons it's all dead old-fashioned and sounds like dodgy bands you hear in a pub. So there.



STARS ON 45



Five Star – Lookin' good n' feelin' great!

Five Star describe themselves as a middle-of-the-road pop group. Which, amazingly enough, is exactly what they are. They're a family from Romford, Essex: two brothers, **Stedman** (20) and **Delroy** (15), and three sisters **Dons** (18), **Lorraine** (17) and **Denise** (16). In fact, you could probably call them an English equivalent of DeBarge and The Jacksons. (Stedman even won a Michael Jackson lookalike competition once! Gosh!)

Five Star formed in 1983, and now that "All Fall Down" – their third single – is nipping up the charts, **Bitz** decided it was time for a chat.

"It was Mum's idea for us to sing together," Stedman told us. "Our Dad's a singer and he was sent a demo of a song, and we decided to record it. Even Dad was surprised at how good it turned out. Now we do practically everything ourselves. I design our clothes, Dons and Lorraine work out our dances – we're going to have a different routine for each single. Delroy, who's still at school, plays lots of instruments. On our single Denise sings but really we're all getting prepared. At the moment we are doing lots of P.A.'s in clubs and people are actually queuing to see us."

All well and good but don't they ever argue? "Yes, we do tend to – but only in the usual brother and sisterly way. Actually families are a great thing. We're together, everybody gets on. We all belong under the same roof. We've always wanted to sing together, really it's like all of our dreams come true!"

● Zhang Zhenyuan, 26, is the first Chinese singer to be signed to a major label in the West of the 21st century to perform live. **Art Of Noise**, **Propaganda**, **Anne Pigalle**, **Instant** and **Andrew Poppy** – all FGT – will be on air and 20 more acts are coming... The **Value PP** – featuring music production. Slapped at 11:30pm... The **Arbiters**, after the 11:30pm, on the 11:30pm of **The Moulders** at 11:30pm... **May 11: 11:30pm**... **Sundays**, extra radio show... Saturday... As the say, tapes will be offered... songs will be sung... message... its will proceed... la... will be... because... after... people... need... people... the... again... very... would... they... would... they?



● **Bryan Ferry's** new LP is called a) "Sophisticated Ladies" b) "Boys And Girls" c) "I'm A Bit Boring". **SPIN** BUY FROM: **3** **1** **1** **1**

● They have thrown it all on the table and are going to do it right now. It's a new record from the band of **Smash Hits** competition. It's just what you need to get you. **Green** and **Scritti Politti** has done it. It's a new record from the band of **Smash Hits** competition. It's just what you need to get you.

Er, where's the word? Oh yes **Scritti Politti**... well, it's, we've just been inundated with lots of rather teen-green-type items, e.g. a group called the new **Smash Hits** single. The **Wink** are a bit attractive and a bit of the **Wen** Harry system. It's a new record from the band of **Smash Hits** competition. It's just what you need to get you.

● **China Crisis** have just released a six track video with a rather uncommon name — "Showbiz Absurd". It's 28 minutes long, costs around £12 and features the vid for "Black Man Ray". And, yes, it's well arty

● You can now help to save a life in Africa by making a telephone call. Just dial any one of seven centres around Britain, then a record is played to you over the phone (artists change every week). The artists have waived all royalties, and British Telecom use the extra revenue from the calls to make donations to the neediest areas in Africa. The scheme was organised by Africa and Overseas Relief Trust (AORTA).

Ring any of the following numbers to take part: **London** 01-482 3282, **Birmingham** 021-777 8933, **Cardiff** 0222-399688, **Manchester**: 061-246 8067, **Leeds** 0532-435500, **Glasgow** 041-204 2040, **Belfast** 0232-234333.

● **Starzine**, the magazine devoted to **David Bowie** is back out. Issue 14 features loads of "Serious Moonlight" four pictures of David doing the kind of things people like him do — i.e. looking intense, thoughtful/moody/dead arty — and interviews with his pals. Costs £1.50 mail order from Starzine,

PO Box 225, Watford WD1 7QG. In The City is another fanzine — the "UK's longest surviving" — apparently — this time featuring hipsters like The Associates and Nick Cave. Cost £1.40 (includes P&P and free single) from c/o Compendium Books, 234 Camden High St., London NW1.

TALES OF THE BAZAR...



up, it's hyper-optimistic, it just makes you want to go out on the street and top and go 'yeah!' Crickey!

Apart from spending most of the latter part of '83 and early '84 writing songs and "more important, learning the craft of writing", she also did some producing for other artists including a single for Stephen 'Tin Tin' Duffy (which might come out later this year) and an LP for a group called Papparazzi. "They were really nice ladies when we started out but they just turned into monsters. I just couldn't communicate with them."

And before that she formed an advertising jingle company, who did an ad for Bisto gravy (which wasn't used) and one for New Zealand Airways (which was).

More recently her work with film has encompassed considerably larger and more glamorous spheres like the big US teen movie *Grease*. She has recorded the title track while *Frankie Goes To Hollywood*, *Bronski Beat* and *Nik Kershaw* supply the rest of the soundtrack.

● In 1982 **Dollar** were the perfect pop band: pretty, blond boy/girl, cutie-pie, wholesome, never sulky, squeaky clean purveyors of bright, shiny pop discs. Produced by Trevor Horn, they made such classics as "Hand Held In Black And White" and "Mirror Mirror". But in the summer of 1983 **Thereza Bazar** and David Van Day split up. A nation mourned.

Three years later and she's back with a single called "The Big Kiss" produced by Arif Mardin — who's currently working on the new Culture Club single. What's her "disc" about? "It's just about making a great pop record," she quips. "Lyrically the sentiment is quite lightweight but the vibe is so

All in all it's a bit of a "big deal" and bodes well for Thereza's own "prospective" film career: "Say when I was 50 years old I would like to think I could support my family or whatever through purely writing songs for other people. But I don't want to rule out the prospect of a film career. Ideally, I'd like to think I could be a success at both things but, I suppose, success is a bit of a double-edged thing."

Never a truer word was said.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

- **Morrisey of The Smiths** (26) on May 22
- **Bob Dylan** (44) on May 24
- **Neilen Terry** (29) on May 24
- **Paul Weller of The Style Council** (27) on May 25
- **Cilla Black** (42) on May 27
- **Sloouise** (28) on May 27
- **Glady Knight** (41) on May 28
- **Steve Strange** (26) on May 28
- **Francis Rossi of Status Quo** (36) on May 29
- **Wendy Smith of Prefab Sprout** (22) on May 31
- **Alan Wilder of Depeche Mode** (22) on June 1
- **Mike Joyce of The Smiths** (22) on June 1
- **Tony Hedley of Spandau Ballet** (25) on June 2
- **Suzi Quatro** (35) on June 3



TV'S "MISTER POP" BOWS OUT!!

● When first he entered the portals of Carnaby Street in 1981, clutching his treasured collection of signed Incredible String Band albums to his eager breast, he was just another keen 'n' green young cub reporter. Four years later and he is known around the globe as TV's "Mister Pop". He has become a close personal friend of, and advisor to the stars — from Clifford T. Ward to Tolo Coelo — and his *Chiswick* commune dwelling is one of London's major tourist attractions. We are speaking, of course, of **Mark E. Smith** who, this issue, announces his "retirement" as skipper of the flagship *Smash Hits*. Oh misery! Oh relentless gloom and despondency!!

Whither Britain's Brightest Pop Magazine now, without the guiding beacon of the man who personally masterminded the careers of Jimmy The Hoover, Matt Fretton and other giants of pop? Without Ellen's inspirational cries of "This is without doubt the most brilliant record ever in the history of the world and anyone who disagrees is wrong!" whenever a new Hazell Dean disc finds its way onto the office turntable, without the invigorating sight of that well-worn "Roy Harper Welsh Tour 1973" t-shirt to brighten up the place, without those mysterious memos written in his inimitable, undecipherable hand, things will never, can never be the same again. Pray join us, readers, in observing a minute's silence.

Alright, that's enough. And now before you all rush off to the newswagents to cancel your order to our gleaming Pop Mag, here is an exciting announcement. Who, you are asking, will now step into Mark 'Sir Henry' Ellen's sturdy editorial boots?? Step forward the trim, perfectly-formed and mightily talented figure of **Mr Steve Bush!** The Editor is dead — long live the Editor!

EXTENDED DANCE VERSIONS OF 20 SMASH HITS

THE 12" MIXES

N O W

D A N C E

PHILIP NELSON
Move Closer

EURYTHMICS
Would I Lie to You?

ADOLE EKLUND
Friendship On A String

THE RAH BAND
Climb Across The Moon

THE POWER STATION
Some Like It Hot

T.C. CURTIS
You Should Have
Known Better

LITTLE BENNY AND
THE MASTERS
Who Comes To Boogie

BBOLDSOME
Imagination

WAR
Granity

CURTIS HARRISON
I Want Your Lovin'

WELF BAILEY
ONE COLUMN
Say Love

DEBARGE
Vision Of The Night

JASMINE JACKSON
Do What You Do

DESHON TINDAL
SUDRY
This Me

KIDY & THE SOUL BAND
Throne From Shaft

MUO THOMAS
Kick Down

THE COOL NOTES
Loving The Night

ALURA
Live Like It

LUCKY BROWN &
THE SOUL SEARCHERS
Bustin' Loose

ALSHARD & SIMMONS
Kool

THE ALBUM YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING OF.
2 HOURS OF WICKED MIXES
TO KEEP YOU MOVING ALL NIGHT LONG.

ALSO AVAILABLE ON DOUBLE CASSETTE.

"Some kids" read this and think 'O, this is boring, I just want to read about John Taylor's green socks . . .'"

Over the last 18 months, The Style Council have got involved with a lot of political activities. They've played benefits for CND, they've put out a single, "Soul Deep", in support of the striking miners, they've become closely associated with International Youth Year and the Youth Trade Union Rights Campaign. And now they are donating the royalties for the B-side of their current single to the Bristol Defence Fund for anti-bloodsport activists. "You see," Paul Weller and Merton Mick tell Tom Hibbert, "pop music and politics can NOT be disconnected . . ."

A stupid question, perhaps, but what is it that gets your goat about fox hunting?

Paul: Well, I think of it as being a class thing, that's not to say that it's only upper class people who go hunting – there are Labour MPs who do it as well, so it's equally bad. But generally, it's a class thing and ultimately it's just such a waste as well. It's like a lot of establishment things – just because people have been doing it for hundreds and hundreds of years it's supposed to make it okay. But it doesn't.

What do you think of the reasons given for preserving the hunt?

Paul: Hunters claim to preserve the countryside – but they destroy a lot of it too. And a lot of their arguments – that they're keeping down foxes etc. – well, they just don't hold water if you look at the facts.

Have you ever met a huntsman?

Paul: No, but there have been some of them on TV over the last couple of years, discussion shows with huntsmen involved. It's unfair to stereotype people, really, but they are stereotypes, archetypal reactionaries. And most of them are . . . I don't know . . . most of them are Tories!

What would you say if you did meet one of these huntsmen?

Paul: There's nothing you can say to those people. You can't raise any reasonable arguments with people like that. I don't know what you can do with those sorts of people, I suppose the only way to deal with them – not just because they go hunting but because they are reactionary and won't listen to reason – is to get rid of them. I don't know what else you can do but shoot them.

But in resorting to violence, wouldn't you be sinking to their level?

Paul: Well, of course it would be preferable to change things peacefully but you can't anymore because no-one listens to the people anymore. This government doesn't listen to the people so the people have to resort to what the press calls "extreme methods". The government doesn't take notice of petitions anymore; they don't take much notice of demonstrations anymore, so what else can you do? Surely the whole point of a government is to look after its

people's wishes? And that includes young people who can't even vote

So what should young voteless people be doing?

Paul: Well, the people who read Smash Hits are the ones who need to protect their rights from now. Recently we've been involved with the Youth Trade Union Rights Campaign which was brought about because the government have cut supplementary benefit for 16 and 17-year-olds which leaves school leavers with no option but to either stay on at college and struggle with the poxy grant they're getting, or otherwise to go on a Youth Training Scheme for equally crappy money, working proper hours with no union rights or proper rates of pay. £26 a week is obviously not enough money for anyone to live on these days. So it's important for kids to voice their dissent and try and do something about it. And things like Smash Hits should be helping. The thing is to get away from the point of view of "well, Smash Hits is a pop mag so there's no room for politics". You know, how can you disconnect the two? How can you disconnect politics from anything?

Yes, well, that's a criticism that could be levelled against you –

"You're only a pop star so what are you doing ranting off about politics all the time?"

Paul: Well, I don't understand that argument at all. Maybe people judge me by other pop groups and their standards. It's like us going on *Top Of The Pops* and doing "Soul Deep" surrounded by coloured glittering lights and dancers and stuff. It renders it useless, really, that's the crappy side to pop music but if you don't do that, no-one gets to hear your music. We do what we're best at, you know, and what we do is play music. So our ideas and our politics go into our work.

There's a song on your new LP called "Come To Milton Keynes". What's that about?

Paul: It was "inspired", if that's the right word, by those TV commercials with all the balloons and the people gathering round like on some horrible American coke ad. It's the new town myth – there's something a bit creepy and a bit ominous about those places. I hate the Americanisation of England

that we're going through and I think those Milton Keynes TV ads really sum it up with all that false community spirit. It's all crap. How can you have any real community spirit when all you're preaching is capitalism and monetarism? This Americanisation thing frightens me. Bit by bit anything we have got in England is being swallowed up by Americans. American nuclear weapons are only the tip of the iceberg. I think it's a shame to lose any identity we might have.

But some of England's identity is based on traditions such as fox hunting . . .

Paul: Yeah, well I was thinking more from a working class point of view. The miners' strike showed up exactly where this country stands in terms of the working class community spirit. The TUC's crappy lack of involvement – that just wouldn't have happened 30 years ago. People are frightened of losing their jobs and you can't knock them for that, but at the same time if people could realise the power they've got, if they chose to join together in using their power, then they'd win because no-one could beat them down. Mick, because of the state of the country people have to become more aware. Not every teenager in the world is a trainee jet-setter or whatever *The Sun* might have you believe.

Paul: The thing is, politics has got to lose its stigma of being boring and serious. It's like I can imagine the sort of heading you'll give this interview – "The Serious Style Council" . . .

Mick: . . . "The Serious Ageing Style Council" . . .

Paul: . . . and that's not the point. It's maybe like some kids'll read this and think "oh, this is boring, I just want to read about John Taylor's green socks . . ." But if you meet young Socialists, youth CND, people like that, they're not boring people. They look great, their ideas are exciting, their characters are exciting. That's why it's important to de-stigmatise politics. In interviews it's always one thing or the other – the "serious" interview where we talk politics or just total trivia, which I don't mind either. But there's got to be room for both. I like sort of talking about socks.

You're not wearing any socks.

Paul: I know. A "serious" statement of some sort. . . .



PRINCE
& THE REVOLUTION
PAISLEY PARK

PAISLEY PARK • THE NEW SINGLE BY PRINCE AND THE REVOLUTION • OUT NOW



Distributed by **WGS** Records Ltd © A Warner Communications Co



MADONNA

WORDS

Talk to me don't be to me
Save your breath
Don't look at me don't smile at me
Just close your eyes
I was so impressed by you
I was running blind
I would tell her every trick
Every twist of mind

Heaven is cold without any soul
It's hard to believe
I was so in love with you

Don't say your prayers don't build your hopes
Just walk away
Don't phone me up don't call around
Don't waste your time
You were so in awe of me
You were an divine
You would do just anything
To still be mine

Chorus
Heaven is cold without any soul
It's hard to believe (hard to believe)
I was so in love with you

All the things you said to me
I was an obsessed (don't cry)
You were always talking talking
God I did my best

Heaven is cold without any soul
It's hard to believe
I was so in love with you
I was so in love with you

Repeat Chorus

I was so in love with you

Repeat chorus

I was so in love
I was so in love
I was so in love with you
So in love with you

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ON VIRGIN RECORDS

SO IN LOVE

Swaying round as the music starts
Strangers making the most of the dark
Two by two their bodies become one
I see you through the smoky air
Can't you feel the weight of my stare
You're so close but still a world away
What I'm dying to say is that

Chorus
I'm crazy for you
Touch me once and you'll know it's true
I never wanted anyone like this
It's all brand new you'll feel it in my skin

I'm crazy for you crazy for you

Trying hard to control my heart
I walk over to where you are
Eye to eye we need no words at all
Slowly now we begin to move
Every breath I'm deeper into you
Soon we two are standing still in time
If you read my mind you'll see

Repeat chorus

You'll feel it in my skin because

Repeat chorus

I'm crazy for you crazy for you
Crazy for you crazy for you

It's all brand new I'm crazy for you
And you know it's true
I'm crazy crazy for you
It's all brand new
I'm crazy for you
And you know it's true
Yeah I'm crazy for you
I'm crazy for you baby
I'm crazy for you
I'm crazy for you baby

Words and music: John Bettinson/Lind
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Or Geffen Records



★ HOME IS WHE

★ **Record Sleeves:** "I do all the artwork myself. The credit on the sleeves, S.A.J.D., stands for Stephen Anthony James Duffy."

★ **Magazines:** "I do like them. Don't you? Vanity Fair is probably the best but I also always got Harpers & Queen, Vogue, The Tatler, *N-D*, The Face, Blitz, Passion and Interview. I like the writing. (sarcastically) actually I just rip them off to write my songs as I have no imagination myself whatsoever."

★ **Cassettes:** The Dream Academy LP – "it's very very good"; Joni Mitchell – "I'm a big fan, 'Blue' is such a classic"; Noel Coward – "I'm very fond of pop stars from before the age of pop. Laurence Olivier, Dylan Thomas, Noel Coward – they all had screaming teenage dementia."

★ **Picture:** "Killed By Poetry" by Dr Calculus was going to be a single and this was going to be the sleeve." (Dr Calculus is Stephen's avant-garde side project with two ex-members of Pigeon.)

★ **Lunchbox:** "I got it in a shopping mall in Los Angeles. It has a nice little flask for tea. It's really cheap! It's seminal! It's like what Barney Rubble and Fred Flintstone hold when they're off to work. It's got cigarette papers, a rolled-up £10 note and some cassettes of new songs in it. You say I should also have a little duffel bag with groups' names written on it? What a good idea! I'll buy one immediately!"

★ **Sofa:** (guiltily) "Yes, it's leather. But it's secondhand so that's OK."

★ **Rug:** "I got it in Transylvania. Well, Harvey Nichols actually. It's going to go next door where the sleeping artist is. I wanted a quiet little carpet – this one is obviously based on a Chinese design."



HERE THE ART IS



*** Picture:** "It's the actual animation from the "Kiss Me" video. I'm not sure who did it. I think it's in the style of... oh, I'm getting totally out of my depth here... (Matisse, suggests Simon Potter, the photographer)... yes, that's it! Matisse! It matches the carpet."

*** Books:** "I love them. James Joyce, Noel Coward, Allen Ginsberg, Bertold Brecht, Virginia Woolf, Jack Kerouac - classic, isn't it?"

*** Picture:** "That was one of the ideas for the sleeve of the "Kiss Me" double pack single. It was done like that by a girl called Valerie Wicks."

*** Hearthbrush:** "I got it in a jumble sale. Well, actually that's a lie - it just turned up. It's rather nice, isn't it?"

*** Records:** Tom Waits - "a hero. I got really turned on to him"; The Rolling Stones - "my favourite group of all time - not so much the music but David Bailey's photos... just everything about them really"; The Beatles - "I love them"; Kate And Anna McGarrigle "Brilliant, I remember seeing them in 1972".

*** Dead Flowers:** "A bit Morrissey, isn't it? They were alive. They're from my bass player. He missed a plane and everytime you do something wrong within the band you have to buy flowers. And if you make a mistake in the studio you have to buy the rest of the band champagne. It keeps everybody on their toes."

*** Champagne buckets:** "Why has it got flowers in it? Because I'm a truly decadent slob. No, they're not in champagne though. The bucket was a present from an admirer."

*** Incredible String Band LP:** "They were the first band I ever saw, when I was eight. I had flowers in my hair - severe hippie parents! They took me to Birmingham Town Hall. My mind was blown!"

*** Marzipan Danish Pastry:** "Mmmm, it's lovely."

And home, for Stephen 'Tintin' Duffy, is an elegant top floor flat in North West London. The record player left with his last girlfriend, but he's not that bothered - "I hate having any belongings at all". Chris Heath sits through his books, paintings, dead flowers, lunch-boxes ...

Chhtttrrrrraakeraakeraak : 0

Outside the rumble of the train slowly swells to a deafening roar. Inside Stephen Duffy cowers into the sofa and clutches firmly onto his cup of tea ("Earl Grey, thank you"). Eventually the vibrations stop and the noise recedes into the distance. "I bought the place," he reveals a little sheepishly, "without looking out the back window. There's about 5,000 train lines out there." Not that he minds. "It's pretty funky," he says, smiling.

Hold on. This is all a bit much for me. It's only 9.30 in the morning and I'm sitting in a pop star's flat, trains whizzing past the window, dead flowers on the floor and listening to expressions like "pretty funky" as they tumble off Stephen Duffy's lips. He's already at full steam, but then he's been up since the crack of dawn doing a photo session. "You do feel silly walking round with half an inch of make-up on your face at 9.30am," he complains.

I sympathise and he turns his attention to the latest issue of a music paper. There's a rather old photo of him looking rather suave and sophisticated. "That," he points, "was my Rupert Everett phase - before my current Go West look." Before I can ask him quite what he means, he disappears into the kitchen to make a cup of coffee.

"This is the first time I've ever lived alone," says the thin 25 year old. "I've been here just over a year. I bought it when I came back from America - I was about to make an album and it's in the middle of the studios."

A far cry, he reflects, looking at his current smart surroundings, from when he was 18, just out of art college and on the dole.

"I lived in Hackley Heath, Birmingham," he remembers, "under the flyover in a rented damp matchbox. That was awful - my squelch period. I listened to Leonard Cohen on a Dunsnett and lived with a blonde ex-student."

"Girls" appear to have been around

Photos: Simon Potter

young Stephen's whereabouts for 1000 next few years. Fod up with the damp and equaler he "fell in love with this girl from King Edwards School for Girls. She lived in the next road to my mother's. So, to my mother's surprise, I moved back home.

"After that I just wandered round that area, moved in with various unsuspecting females, signed to Warner Brothers and became a ridiculously unknown singer." In England that is.

After "Kiss Me" was first released, he received lots of offers to work with songwriters in America "because my lyrics were so dandy".

So off he went for 18 months to Los Angeles ("a bit like Birmingham with sunshine") to "be on the beach with a rhyming dictionary", before getting bored, coming home, living in a North London squat and finally purchasing his current home. He lives here alone without a TV or even a record player though he has hundreds of records. "I did have one," he explains, "but it belonged to my last girlfriend. She no longer lives here."

So it's a lonely life is it? Apparently not. "The trouble with living alone is that you never actually do. People come and stay with you."

As if to prove his point he gestures to a door down the corridor behind which apparently lies, fast asleep, an art student friend from Birmingham.

"Typical rock star stuff, isn't it?" he grins. "Artists crashed out all over the gaff, throwing kitchen units out the window."

So he doesn't live a life of artistic solitude, sitting up burning the midnight oil, writing long intricate poems?

"Of course," he lies. "You sussed me out."

How as everyone knows it's very much the done thing in the pop business to have pets. Michael Mayet's got her hens, Michael Jackson his llamas, Nick Rhodes has Sebastian the cat - even Smash Hits has a fruit bat of its own. But, try as I may, as I prew round chez Duffy I can't detect even the most measy bit of dog hair on the rug, clucking in the wardrobe, not even the gentle gurgle of a solitary goldfish. Doesn't he have any pets at all?

"No," he confesses, "though the odd artist wanders through. Pets would die. My magazine collection's enough trouble."

Stephen, you see, isn't really very keen on possessions at all - "they get in the way". Apart from magazines, records and books, he just keeps a few photographs of the past. He letters.

"No," he smiles, "it's a bad idea to keep letters. People find them."

He says his record company keeps the flat tidy, as people are always coming round to interview him there: "I ring up and say 'Gee, my flat's dirty; I couldn't possibly have a camera in here' so they send round fleets of ex-ballet dancer cleaners."

But surely they can't do it all the time? What about those desperate moments in between 'at home' interviews? Does he hover the carpet, mop the floor, clean the loo?

"I have been known to," he replies with very little enthusiasm.

Bit of a trial then, is it?

"I'm 25!" he exclaims in mock indignation. "I do know how to iron shirts and clean the loo, you know!"

As Stephen's press officer hands out the Danish pastries, he brandishes his *National Trust* quarterly magazine ("I'm a life member," he boasts proudly), reminisces about going to watch Aston Villa win the League Cup ("Were you there too? Boring, wasn't it?") and outlines his instructions to be carried out after his death.

"I want to be cremated," he says with a spiteful look in his eye, "and then have all my ashes chopped up and force my enemies to inhale them."

So saying he waitzes over to the grape bowl, shoving off a little. "Oh I'm so very ill," he pretends, touching his brow. "I must eat a grape". Presumably the record company gets these too?

"Oh no," he replies. "I walked down to the bottom of the road myself it comes quite easily. One thinks - henger . . . grapes! I eat nothing but grapes and dead flowers."

Of course not, Stephen. By now I'm despairing of getting much more sense out of this extremely charming but rather weird pop star. Suddenly he starts talking me about the new LP he's currently recording.

"It's called 'Cocksure'," he claims, "after a song called 'Headstrong And Cocksure'. It's more raunchy . . ."

Chhtrrrrrrr . . .

Oh no! Here comes another train. This time Stephen's reaction is, to say the least, odd. He doesn't cover his ears or scarpers behind the sofa. He - he slowly starts composing poetry.

As he launches into his latest verse epic, doubtless to be called something like "Illuminations On The Subject Of A Train", I reckon it's time to be off. Nice bloke that Timin, I decide, as I bound down the stairs, his poetry echoing in my ears . . .

"There goes the train
Hear how it rumbles
Perhaps

It is going to Mummies
But maybe not . . ."



★ "I have no belongings at all. They get in the way. My past - it's all here in my head. I remember everything."



★ Stephen takes cover as another train goes by. The book is about deemy '60s cult rock band, The Velvet Underground.



ROBERT PALMER



JOHN TAYLOR



TONY THOMPSON



ANDY TAYLOR



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8th Saturday BIRMINGHAM, Odon
9th Sunday BRISTOL, Hippodrome
13th Thursday MANCHESTER, Apollo
15th Saturday NOTTINGHAM, Theatre Royal
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19th Wednesday BRIGHTON, The Ounce
22nd Saturday LONDON, The Dominion Theatre
23rd Sunday LONDON, The Dominion Theatre

D U R A N • D U R A N

Meeting you with a view to a kill
Face to face secret places feel the chills
Nightfall covers me
I know the plans I'm making still
Could it be the whole earth opening wide

A sacred why
A mystery opening your side
The weekend's why

Until we dance into the fire
That fatal kiss is all we need
Dance into the fire
To fatal sounds of broken dreams
Dance into the fire
That fatal kiss is all we need
Dance into the fire

Oh how for you is a view to a kill
Between the shades
Assassination standing still
The first crystal tears
Fall as snowflakes on your hair
First time in years
To drink your skin with lovers' lips stain
A chance to find a phoenix for the flames
A chance to die
Until we can dance into the fire
That fatal kiss is all we need

Dance into the fire
To fatal sounds of broken dreams
Dance into the fire
That fatal kiss is all we need
Dance into the fire
When all we see is a view to a kill

WORDS AND MUSIC BY DURAN DURAN AND JOHN BARRY
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A VIEW TO A KILL



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SINGLES

REVIEWED BY



SIMON O'BRIEN

(DAMON GRANT
IN CHANNEL 4'S
BROOKSIDE)

MADONNA: Crazy For You

(Geffen) Madonna can sing!

That means she is perfect after all. This is a really slow, smoochy number bearing no relation at all to tracks like "Maternal Girl" or "Lucky Star". After this she might be taken seriously and not just ogled at by morose men (such as me). Taken from the soundtrack of Vision Quest, which is pretty good as well.



EVERYTHING BUT THE

GIRL: Angel (Blanco Y Negro) Excellent. The record sets out to depress you — and it does. Good lyrics well sung, and good backing.



THE MONOCHROME SET:

Wallflower (Blanco Y Negro) Quite pleasant. The track did not offend my ears, but then again it didn't make me tap my feet. Even my girlfriend Lizzie, who liked the previous single, "Jacob's Ladder", could find nothing in this track to inspire her. However, if you like The Farmers Boys etc., this is a must.

PRINCE: Pelsley Park

(WEA) Very alternate! This track is boring. It has none of the power that his previous singles (such as "1999") had. It starts and it finishes — not much more to say.

TOM ROBINSON: Prison

(Cestwey) This guy can sing about anything and it sounds as if he means every word. This track is no exception. It is a good powerful track. Nice one.

FRANCIS ROSSI &

BERNARD FROST: Modern Romance (Vertigo) You know when all the relatives are round the house for a family reunion and you want to put on some 'pop music' but don't want to offend Auntie Mavis... well, this track is perfect (and it's been on Wogan so she's probably already heard it). Keep going boys — someone buys them.



STRAWBERRY

SWITCHBLADE: Who Knows What Love Is (Korewe) This record is mellow. It is for lazing around in the sun doing as little as possible to. The lyrics are great! With such lines as "I got myself a glass of milk and a colour magazine" they won't move the people to revolt, but they are about day-to-day happenings.

A TASTE OF HONEY:

Boogie Oogie Oogie (Capitol) Anyone who liked this track first time round will like the 'special remix version'. The remix in this case means a guitar solo in the middle (common these days) and the background clap is replaced with an electronic thud. But I liked it first time round so I'm happy.

THE ICICLE WORKS: All

Father's House (Beggars Banquet) Very trendy title lads. Just another great piece of music to come out Liverpool. Plenty of power, good lead vocals and good use of brass. It probably won't get to number one but then again this music is not for the masses! P.S. Nice trousers, Chns.

SISTER SLEDGE: Frankie

(Atlantic) Not the usual Sister Sledge, but all the same it's a catchy, happy (even silly) tune. The oldest theme in the world — "they met at school... does he still remember her?" etc. — but done in a new way.

NICK HEYWARD: Laura

(Arista) If you go out with some one called Laura and it's her birthday then buy this for her. If your girlfriend is called Laura then don't. As with all his records it's well produced, well played and will go into the charts (and on Top Of The Pops). So if you like Nick, don't listen to me.

GRANDMASTER FLASH:

Girls Love The Way He Spins (Atlantic) If you like body popping (or like trying to body pop) then they don't come much better than Grandmaster. However, if you want to sit and listen to music you'd have to be a pervert to put this on the turntable. Plenty of raps and 'scratchin' but not much melody.

GLENN FREY:

Sexy Girl (Geffen) The girl on the cover is sexy; the record is monotonous. That's all I can say. **LOVE AND ROCKETTS: Ball of Confusion (Beggars Banquet)** Really sound. Good lyrics backed up with a really steady beat and loud noises.

MARVIN GAYE: Sanctified

Lady (CBS) I'm afraid that, as far as my opinion goes, this track will not be remembered as one of Marvin Gaye's greats. It has no depth and relies on the synth to keep you dancing.

THE BOOTHILL FOOT-

TAPPERS: Too Much Time (Mercury) Dead sound. This single is 'jolly'. The banjo made this track — it's different but not over the top. Not much to be said about the lyrics because you don't listen to them, you listen to the whole sound. Just one more thing — if the sleeve is anything to go by these people are as mad as their music.

THE JESUS AND MARY

CHAIN: You Tug Me Up (Blanco Y Negro) This track cannot be properly listened to through your average household equipment because it loses all its power at low level. It should be blasted through about 20K of power to get the full effect of the screaming guitars which back the whole track. Thankfully, not many people have amplifiers which push out 20K or this track might go far. Definitely new wave punk creeping back.



CHINA CRISIS: King In A

Catholic Style (Virgin) These boys just keep turning out good tracks. This is a good lively tune with a real nice beat. You may think I'm biased towards Liverpool bands and you'd be right. However, all bias apart, this one really is worth 'getting into' (and I told our Rich, "Atlantic And White" was a one-off).

O.M.D.: So In Love (Virgin)

Nah, silly. Whatever happened to the sound of "Red Flame, White Light"? This went in one ear and out the other, and no matter how loud I turned it up, it still sounded like it was creeping through next door. Give us another "Enola Gay", lads!

THERESA BAZAR: The Big

Kiss (MCA) A happy medium somewhere between Madonna and Cyndi Lauper. I like this track for some unknown reason. Everything in it has been done before but it fits nicely somehow. Really catchy.

JERMAINE JACKSON:

Dynamite (Arista) The name of the track suggests what could be done with the whole stock of this record. I don't like it. However, not everything about this single is bad — there is a lovely picture of Jermaine on the sleeve...

REBECCA STORN: Widow's

Tears (Blanco Y Negro) A very strange record. It's nicely sung and played in a moody style but I don't like it. It's rather repetitive and the talking seems rather unnecessary. A pity, as the TV series (Widows) is so strong.

SHRIEKBACK: Nemesis

(Arista) A very raucous record. Very hard to define this one — they don't quite sound like anything. It's sort of a footstomper with lyrics all about cannibals and the dead. Very jolly!

DAVID BOWIE: Loving The

Alien (EMI America) If you like Bowie then you'll like this. If you don't like Bowie after 1978 (like myself) it'll sound like the usual boring Bowie (I don't think I'll bother him by writing that).

TALKING HEADS: Lady

Don't Mind (EMI) This track is nowhere near as good as "Stippery People", in fact it's only... very good! Talking Heads can turn out genius every time. This will be another of their tracks which brings the ward dancers onto the floor of trendy nightclubs up and down the country, MacMillans in Liverpool being the first!

RECORDS

What if the *lull* about the music they found as though they've missed around finding strange sounds and then applied them to fairly conventional musical ideas. There's spaghetti-western drama on "Elegia," raggedly energetic on "Suboutines," and sophisticated, world-weary disco on their new single, "Perfect Kiss." And the songs are much stronger than usual — not just doozy electronic workouts but memorable melodies with a sense of humour (taking in the words "8 out of 10")

Neil Tennant

WOMACK & WOMACK: Radio M.U.S.I.C. Man (Elektra) To lighten the current-music resurgence, you might expect *Womack & Womack* to be up there at the top, especially after their irrevocable "Love Wars" album. Unfortunately, this new-up-a-by contrast, a bit of let-down. Cecil and India's voices are admittedly amazingly nice but that alone is not enough when the songs are so bland, almost everything is a slushy, aimless spoonful of laid-back soul. Only "No Relief" and "Bones and Joints" come up with anything approaching inventiveness. **6 out of 10**

Paul Mathis

DEBARGE: Rhythm of the Night (Motown) This stormy storm of perky, synthesised, funk pop makes a very solid statement in America. *DeBarge* rock and sound like a whole family of young Lionel Beliers, with ultra-brilliant smiles. They sing nauseatingly catchy Latin tinged party numbers like "Rhythm of the Night" and movie ballads like "Who's Holding Donna Now" but only really get funky on "Come Tumbling Down" (otherwise pretty ear-catching unless you happen to live in Philadelphia, California or somewhere equally funky). **4 out of 10**

Simon May

DAVID CASSIDY: Romance (Arista) Remember the leads David on his first LP in ten years. Ah, dear boy, how could we ever forget? So what if you never had two decent tunes to rub together? So what if our older brothers dismissed you as a newly rubbish in a work of cheesy grins and singing teeth, you shone out with genuine charm. The charm's still there, but his face is in better shape than ever (no more youthful skin problems) and the voice is as it always was: breathy and urgent and this is the best album he's ever made (not that "Cherish" or the others were exactly works of top genius). Shifting between lo-fi power pop — sort of Rick Springfield meets Bucks Fizz — and soppy ballads (which get a bit saucy when a girl starts breathing in French), "Romance" is a pleasant and eatable collection — nothing more — or less than the world's greatest living second-generation dreamboat. **7 out of 10**

Tom Hibbert



THE STYLE COUNCIL: Our Fantastic Shop (Polydor) Or this, The Style Council's second LP. Paul Wester has polished the knack of wrapping a bitterly cynical lyric in the most tuneful of melodies. There are a few love songs, but mainly he's writing about the effects of unemployment, destruction of communities, drug addiction and so on. Not exactly heart warming stuff. The music's tougher too, a bit like Paul's old band, The Jam, but overall, a lot less jazzy than *Carefree*. In fact, it's all rather lean and mean, even *Leigh Henry's*

work on record as 'old poetry' (except political lyrics, which — sorry — are tough if they're based on experience) quantified in Jamaican patois, and set against a seductive reggae backing. LKJ is a kind of thinking man's Smiley Culture, but he's been around a lot longer. Highly recommended. **8½ out of 10**

Maureen Rice

STEEL PULSE: Reggae Greats (Island) Birmie Gram-based Steel Pulse play an infectious mix of complex reggae rhythms, brilliant vocal harmonies

and a commitment on racism. Even so, just as I'd like to know they aren't a complete bunch of misery guts, the album finishes on the cheerful note of how we can "emash the system" if we try hard enough after all. Yeah. **7 out of 10**

Maureen Rice

REGGAE GREATS: The DJs (Island) The reggae DJ's a master of inventive rhythmic patter and this is an illustrative example including some tracks new to me. The occasional from Scooby's "Draw our names" from *The Harder They Come* soundtrack to 1984 and the arrival of native British talent — Papa Levi's powerful "Mi God No King" — also included are such secondary wonders as Li Roy, "Manger," Papa Michigan and General Smiley and the incomparable Eek A Mouse whose wonderful "sing-jay" biddily joy-bong doing style "Wa Do Dem" is worth the money alone. More of this sort of thing, please. **7½ out of 10**

Ian Cunniff



TOOTS & THE MAYTALS: Reggae Greats (Island) Another chapter in Island records' Reggae Greats series, featuring the legendary Toots & the Maytals, one of the longest standing trios in Jamaican reggae, the first group to use the word "reggae" in a song title, and winners of the classic "Pressure Building." Although they have been in names in Jamaica for more than 20 years, the Maytals' success in Britain has been largely limited to a devoted but steadily declining following. Buy this series, like all the very best in soul, pop, blues, rock and see what you've been missing. **9 out of 10**

Maureen Rice

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON: Reggae Greats (Island) You may recognise LKJ (as he's known from Radio 1's series of the history of Jamaican music which he narrated. He describes his work on record as "old poetry" (except political lyrics, which — sorry — are tough if they're based on experience) quantified in Jamaican patois, and set against a seductive reggae backing. LKJ is a kind of thinking man's Smiley Culture, but he's been around a lot longer. Highly recommended. **8½ out of 10**

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Ian Cunniff

RICK SPRINGFIELD: Too Richtig This (Island) This is the trumping, big sound of lean soul and stage opera star Rick Springfield — the sound of gut-wrenching vocals, high-lifts-punching-the-air and spirited, mid-tempo rock. Backed by a score of famous names and expensive computers, the album tends to suffer from a fuzzy, over-production that obscures the track's either into the next without any discernible difference. Despite this, however, odd songs do manage to inspire. And he's certainly no worse than Bryan Adams. **5 out of 10**

Linda Durr

DEAD OR ALIVE: Youthquake (Epic) Irrefutable fact: You Spin Me Round is a work of genius and the best pop record of the year so far. It's frustrating, therefore, to find this LP coming so close to matching it but just failing because the production too often relegitimates the songs, nothing startlingly original but plenty of good tunes and with plenty of humorous, non-grotesque lyrics — and Peter Burns' glorious voice to the background in favour of emotionless clattering computer rhythms. Played loud, virtually any track could be a dancefloor favourite or potential hit, played at some, the songs take ages to come through their insympathetic surroundings. It's all highly recommended but it could so easily have been more. **8 out of 10**

Ian Cunniff

DIRE STRAITS: Brothers In Arms (Vertigo) More spanging guitars, wasteful flutings and bitter-sweet dambles against MTV (don't let the hand that feeds you?) and other *Modern Horrors* from *Brothers In Arms*, the group that proved conclusively, all those years ago, that punk never ever happened. If you love Dire Straits, you'll adore this. (If not, it's all a bit useless). **10 out of 10**

Tom Hibbert

Queen.

QUEEN



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FLIGHT INTO PERFECTION



PERSONAL FILE



TOYAH

FULL NAME: Toyah Ann Willcox
DATE OF BIRTH: 18.5.58
HEIGHT: 4' 11"
REAL HAIR COLOUR: Black
DO YOU THINK THAT YOU'RE A GOOD ACTRESS? Not a good actress, no, not yet. I'm still very much a beginner, and I know I've got a lot still to learn. The actors I most admire are Martin Sheen, Greta Scacchi, Miranda Richardson and Billy Whitelaw.
HOW COME YOU GET ASKED TO DO SO MANY NUDE SCENES? I've only ever done two! I had to take my clothes off in *The Tempest* and *The Black Tower*, but in *Jubilee* I was about the only person in the whole film who kept their clothes on - I was quite proud of that. I don't really like doing nude scenes unless I absolutely have to and, I don't like the fact that I don't like doing them - it's an old inhibition. I'm trying to fight.
ARE YOU A FEMINIST? Yes, but by my definition and not by anyone else's. I'm not a traditional feminist. To me, the real meaning of feminism is to be as unlike a man as possible, which is why I don't think cropping your hair and putting on men's suits is a very 'feminist' thing to do. I think Madonna is the ultimate feminist because she exploits everything she has to the maximum, so every man wants her but no man can have her.
ARE YOU SURPRISED THAT YOU'RE HAD ANOTHER HIT WITH YOUR NEW RECORD? Yes, kind of, but it was a very pleasant surprise. I have a very loyal, hard core of fans, so I know that I'd have a semi-hit. I didn't feel negative about it, but

I wasn't that worried whether it was a big success. If it went Top Ten, then I'd be really surprised.
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW A SPIRIT? I know why you're asking me that. Ages ago I met someone from *Sinatra 70s* and we discussed things like that but it wasn't spirits, it was Martians. There's a cult in California that believes that only half the people on this planet are human, and the other half are Martians. I was very interested in that theory for a long time, and I'm still sure there's something in it. I think it came about through a group of aliens colonising earth and mixing with humans. Not all the Martians even know that they aren't human. If a Martian male and a human woman have a child, that child will just grow up believing it's a normal human. Nina Hagen (German punk shocker) thinks that David Bowie might be one of the aliens, but I'm not so sure.
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT YOU BEING IN SOME WEIRD RELIGION? I studied Black Magic and Satanism when I was younger, and I'm glad I did, because it made me very much more aware of the Good as well as the Bad forces and made me appreciate Good things. If I'm anything, I'm a practicing Buddhist.
DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GO TO HEAVEN WHEN YOU DIE? I don't really believe in a Heaven, I think if you lead a good, positive life, you go on to another, higher plane. Otherwise you just stay earthbound.
DO YOU STILL SLEEP IN A COFFIN? No! I stopped doing that about seven years ago!
HAVE YOU EVER DONE ANYTHING YOU'RE ASHAMED OF? Well, kind of. In my early teens I was a street fighting girl. I used to go around in a big gang in Birmingham, and I was very violent. It was a pointless thing to do - I never enjoyed it.
ARE YOU STILL GETTING MARRIED? I don't really know. I think I'd only get married now if I was having children.
DO YOU WANT TO HAVE CHILDREN? Genetically yes, but instinctively, I don't feel any need for them at all just now. I think I'll probably have them quite old - the older the better, actually. I can already see a generation gap appearing between me and a 16-year-old, so imagine the difference when you're 40. I think it can be very positive, though, the generation gap. It can keep you young.
DO YOU TALK TO YOUR PLANTS? No, but I'm very aware of them. I like being with them, and just checking that they're OK.
WHAT WOULD YOU CALL THE SMASH HITS FRUIT BATT? (see page 4) Squidge, because that's what goes in them and that's what comes out.



china crisis

king in a catholic style

Wake up wake up
 King in a Catholic style
 With your man
 With your man make up
 And your big money
 Business smile
 Cut 'em up cut 'em up
 Crucial to every child
 With a mind with a mind made up
 And your man man
 Confidence smile

Chorus
 The residential area is sag band
 They rose up out of a sinking sand
 The Presidential elect man said
 For what you want make the hymnal

Wake up wake up
 Exercise your every right
 With your plan
 On line up and up
 And your big money
 There is in sight
 Cut 'em up cut 'em up
 Physical in every way
 Tough enough tough enough
 Fame up
 And blew your body blues away

Refrain chorus

Refrain first verse

Refrain chorus twice

Wake up wake up wake up

Wake up wake up wake up

Words and music: Garry/Eddie
 Reproduced by permission Virgin Music Pubs Ltd
 On Virgin Records

SCRITTI POLITTI

TO DO WHAT I SHOULD DO
 TO LONG FOR YOU TO HEAR
 I OPEN UP MY HEART
 AND WATCH HER NAME APPEAR

A WORD FOR YOU TO USE
 A GIRL WITHOUT A CAUSE
 A NAME FOR WHAT YOU LOSE
 WHEN IT WAS NEVER YOURS

CHORUS
 OH DO DO DO DO
 THE FIRST TIME BABY THAT I CAME TO YOU
 I'D DO THINGS THAT YOU WANT ME TO
 THE SECOND TIME BABY THAT I CAME TO YOU
 OH YOU FOUND MY LOVE FOR YOU



THE THIRD TIME BABY THAT I CAME TO YOU
 OH OH OH I KNEW
 THE LAST TIME BABY THAT I CAME TO YOU
 OH HOW YOUR FLESH AND BLOOD BECAME THE WORD

A NAME THE GIRL OUTGREW
 THE GIRL WAS NEVER REAL
 SHE STANDS FOR YOUR ABUSE
 THE GIRL IS NO IDEAL

IT'S A WORD FOR WHAT YOU DO
 IN A WORLD OF BROKEN RULES
 SHE FOUND A PLACE FOR YOU
 ALONG HER CHAIN OF FOOLS

REPEAT CHORUS

**OH HOW YOUR FLESH AND BLOOD
 REPEAT TO FADE**

Words and music: Green/Garnson
 Reproduced by permission 1985 Chrysalis Music Ltd
 On Virgin Records

THE WORD GIRL

KATRINA

They're "rather posh", they're half-American/half-English, have a hit single called "Walking On Sunshine" and are fronted by a girl who claims: "I'M NO SEX KITTEN!"

I should ruddy well hope not, says Tom Hibbert.

"I think it's astonishing what's happening with women in rock today," says Katrina Laekanich, her nostrils flaring somewhat. "Women seemed to be getting progressively more advanced — there was lots of the sex-kitten-type thing in music. But then somebody comes along and sets the whole thing back — like your Cyndi Lauper or your Madonna who's just a little girl with her shirt pulled up."

Strong words, indeed, but Katrina makes no apology for not being your average poultling sex bomb rock 'n' roll chick, nor for the unselfconscious, almost non-existent image of her band The Waves.

"Our low-key image isn't a deliberate reaction against pop glamour or anything, it's just a perfectly natural thing — I mean, look at my tennis shoes. I could never pull off the old thing of going up to the guitarist, hanging onto his leg and wiggling my earrings. I've always laughed at that sort of thing..."

Katrina And The Waves were formed in 1981 by bass player Vince De La Cruz, drummer Alex Cooper, guitarist Kimberley Rew and Katrina. Vince and Katrina are Americans who found themselves in England some

nine years ago when their respective fathers, US military men, were stationed here.

Kimberley and Alex are "rather posh" ex-Cambridge University students. Kimberley used to be a member of bizarre and brilliant "cult" band The Soft Boys — and it's he who supplies The Waves with their radiant "pop sense", writing songs like current hit "Walking On Sunshine" and playing an eccentric guitar.

"Kimberley's a bit of an odd fish, I suppose," says Katrina. "I'd have to say he's a true eccentric. He absolutely lives for the music in every way, whereas the rest of us are more preoccupied with golf."

Golf??

"Yes, I'm a golfer. I play with Vince and he's really good so I always have to conveniently lose my score card after the third hole because I'll be doing so appallingly and he'll be doing so good. But I'm going to really master it this summer — she says knowing she won't have any time to play golf. Or snooker."

Snooker??

"Yes, I'm a big snooker player. My top break so far is 27."

Go on!

"But my absolute downfall is television. I love to watch television. Horrible. It's so good

in this country; the two BBC channels with no commercials — that's luxury. I just wish it was on 24 hours a day, then it'd be smashing."

Smashing. Now, where were we? Oh yes, the image...

"Well, we always say the image is the music — which is kind of a flaky thing to say. It doesn't answer the question 'what is your image?'"

Indeed it does not, but no matter. Where does Katrina see herself fitting into this glittering firmament of pop?

"Well, on one hand you have people like Chrissie Hynde and Pat! Smith who seem to be a bit mad at the world — their whole thing's aggression — and on the other there's more glamorous people like Pat Benatar and Kim Wilde. I suppose I come somewhere in between — more like the girl next door."

Pat! Smith got married in tennis shoes, you know.

"Is that right? That's amazing! Madonna would never do that! Madonna's so over-rated — but people need Madonnas. Men need that kind of thing like they need Pat Benatar. It's not my cup of tea by any means. I like my music to be a bit more... wholesome!"

"On one hand you have people like Chrissie Hynde — their whole thing's aggression — and on the other there's more glamorous people like Pat Benatar and Kim Wilde. I suppose I come somewhere in between."

"Women seemed to be getting progressively more advanced, but then somebody comes along and sets the whole thing back — like your Cyndi Lauper or your Madonna who's just a little girl with her shirt pulled up."

Katrina And The Waves (clockwise from top left): Kimberley Rew, Alex Cooper, Katrina Laekanich, and Vince De La Cruz. Kimberley Rew is a bit of an odd fish, I suppose. Alex Cooper is a big snooker player. Katrina Laekanich is a bit of an odd fish, I suppose. Vince De La Cruz is a bit of an odd fish, I suppose.



D THE WAVES



WALKING ON SUNSHINE

I used to think
Maybe you loved me
Now baby I'm sure
And I just can't wait
'Til the day
When you knock on my door -
Now every time
I go for the mailbox
Gotta hold myself down
'Cause I just can't wait
'Til you write me
You're coming round

Chorus
Now I'm walking on sunshine
I'm walking on sunshine
I'm walking on sunshine
And don't it feel good
Hey all right now
And don't it feel good hey yeah

I used to think
Maybe you loved me
Now I know that it's true
And I don't wenne
Spend my whole life
Just a-waiting for you
Now I don't want you back
For the weekend
Not beck for a dey no no no
I said baby I just want you beck
And I went you to stay
Oh yeah

Repeat chorus

All right now
And don't it feel good
Walking on sunshine
Walking on sunshine
I feel alive I feel the love
I feel the love it's really real
I feel alive I feel the love
I feel the love it's really real
I'm on sunshine baby
Oh yeah I'm on sunshine baby

Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade

*Words and music Kimberley Rew
Reproduced by permission
Screen Gems/EMI Music Pubs Ltd
On Capitol Records*

LOOSE ENDS



MAGIC TOUCH

OH I LIKE YOUR MAGIC TOUCH
NOW I LIKE YOUR FEEL SO MUCH
OH I LIKE YOUR MAGIC
JUST A LITTLE TRAGIC
OH I LIKE YOUR MAGIC TOUCH

WHATEVER YOU DO YOU'RE ALWAYS DOING IT RIGHT
I LIKE YOUR FEEL BABY
BUT WHEN I'M WITH YOU THERE'S ALWAYS A FUSS OR A FIGHT (DON'T PUT ME DOWN)
ALTHOUGH YOU TRY TO PUT ME DOWN
YOUR DISGUISE IS HOT TO MY SURPRISE NO
WHY DON'T YOU STOP PLAYING AROUND
YOU'RE SOME KIND OF WILD GUY

CHORUS

OH I LIKE YOUR MAGIC TOUCH (OH)
NOW I LIKE YOUR FEEL SO MUCH
OH I LIKE YOUR MAGIC
JUST A LITTLE TRAGIC
(YOUR TOUCH YOUR TOUCH YOUR TOUCH)
OH I LIKE YOUR MAGIC TOUCH

MAYBE YOU'RE THINKING THAT I'M TRYING TO CHANGE YOUR PLANS
YOU'RE JUST PLAYING MAGNO MAN
BUT DON'T GET SOLD ON THE IDEA THAT I'M JUST A FAN
ON THIS IS TRUE LOVE I'M GIVING
NEVER EVER LET ME DOWN
'CAUSE YOU'RE ALL I EVER WANT AROUND HERE
YOUR LOVE MEANS SO MUCH TO ME
A LITTLE MAGIC IS ALL I NEED
ALL I NEED

REPEAT CHORUS

SEEMS TO ME THE ROAD IS HARD TO SEE
YOU GOT NOTHING TO PROVE
YOU GOT TO MAKE A CAREFUL MOVE ON
I LOOK IN YOUR EYES (LOOK IN YOUR EYES)
I SEE MANY GUYS

WHAT I'LL KNOW IN TIME IS IF THE MAGIC IS YOURS HOT MINE ON

OH I LIKE YOUR MAGIC TOUCH
HOW I LIKE YOUR FEEL SO MUCH
(OH I LIKE YOUR MAGIC TOUCH)
OH I LIKE YOUR MAGIC
JUST A LITTLE TRAGIC
OH I LIKE YOUR MAGIC TOUCH
(MAGIC TOUCHING ME TOUCHING ME BABY)

AD LIB TO FADE

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five star

ALL FALL DOWN ALL FALL DOWN ALL FALL DOWN

I USED TO WAKE UP AT NIGHT
FEELING SO LONELY BEFORE I KNEW YOU REALLY LOVED ME
I USED TO CRY IN MY SLEEP WITH TEARS ON MY PILLOW
I DON'T KNOW YOU WANTED TO KNOW
BUT NOW YOU'VE CHANGED MY WORLD
I'M WHOEVER HOW TO KEEP MYSELF FROM FALLING OVER
YOU'RE A SPECIAL ONE MY BABY
AND WHEN YOU TOUCH ME

ALL FALL DOWN
HAPPY MAKES YOU FEEL THAT WAY
IT'S TAKING ME UP TO THE HIGHEST LOVE I'VE EVER KNOWN
ALL FALL DOWN
I'M DIZZY WHEN I THINK OF YOU
IF EVER A STAR WAS THE BRIGHTEST YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN LEAD ME 'HIGHER
HIGHER HIGHER YEAN

USED TO BE SO UNSURE
AFRAID TO DISCOVER YOU WANT A FRIEND AND NOT A LOVER
BUT THERE'S NO FEAR IN MY MIND
'CAUSE HOW WE'RE TOGETHER
OUR LOVE KEEPS GROWING BIGGER AND BETTER
I COULD JUMP FOR JOY YOU SWEET THING
SEE ME WALK ON AIR WHEN PEOPLE STARING
THEY'RE LOOKING AT A MYSTERY
AND WHEN WHEN YOU SMILE AT ME

ALL FALL DOWN
HAPPY MAKES YOU FEEL THAT WAY
IT'S TAKING ME UP TO THE HIGHEST LOVE I'VE EVER KNOWN
ALL FALL DOWN
I'M DIZZY WHEN I THINK OF YOU
WHEREVER YOU GO I WILL FOLLOW
'CAUSE YOU CAN LEAD ME NOME
HIGHER

YOU'RE MAKING ME DANCE MAKE ME SING
ANYTHING AS LONG AS YOU ARE HERE WITH ME
I'VE FOUND I CAN'T TOUCH THE GROUND
YOU KNOW YOU MAKE MY INHIBITIONS
ALL FALL DOWN

H-H-H HIGHER N-N-H HIGHER N-N-H HIGHER

ALL FALL DOWN
HAPPY MAKES ME FEEL THAT WAY
IT'S TAKING ME UP TO THE HIGHEST LOVE I'VE EVER KNOWN
ALL FALL DOWN
I'M CRAZY WHEN I THINK OF YOU
(HIGHER) IF EVER A STAR WAS THE BRIGHTEST
YOU KNOW YOU CAN LEAD ME NOME
ALL FALL DOWN

HAPPY MAKES YOU FEEL THAT WAY
TAKING ME UP TO THE HIGHEST LOVE I'VE EVER KNOWN
I'M DIZZY WHEN I THINK OF YOU
(BABY) WHEREVER YOU GO I WILL FOLLOW (BABY)
BECAUSE YOU CAN LEAD ME NOME
ALL FALL DOWN

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ALL FALL DOWN



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THE WAR

In 1954, Vietnam was divided into two: a Communist government controlled the North; a Western supported government controlled the South.

In 1955, the American government began sending troops to South Vietnam to advise the government to take a stand against the North Vietnamese. America was worried about the Communists taking over South-East Asia.

In 1956, North Vietnamese soldiers began raids into South Vietnam and, in 1961, President Kennedy sent 300 American pilots to lead the South Vietnamese. They didn't actually fight, but were described as "military advisors".

In 1963, President Johnson pledged US military aid to Vietnam. Over the next 10 years, a total of 2.5 million Americans served in the Vietnam War.

APOCALYPSE



THE FACTS

● The war lasted a grand total of 30 years – longer than all the other major wars of the century put together.

● A third of the troops who served in Vietnam were "conscripts". They were forced to join the army (or were "drafted") by the government.

● Many of those who were "drafted" tried to get out of it by pretending they weren't physically capable of fighting, or that they were mentally unstable or socially unacceptable. Bruce Springsteen, for example, tried to convince the authorities he was homosexual, but he was lucky enough not to be selected anyway.



● Service in Vietnam usually lasted 12 months. In that time, combat soldiers could be exposed to violent fighting and extreme danger every single day.

● Many of those that fought in Vietnam found it difficult – if not impossible – to readjust to normal life. Depression, suicide, drug-taking and alcoholism were high amongst Vietnam veterans.

Photo: Neil Fretwell

● Over 55,000 tonnes of "defoliating agents" were dropped by the Americans in the Vietnam War. These chemical bombs destroyed all plant life – the idea being to remove the thick jungle cover in which the North Vietnamese soldiers used to hide. By the end of the war, "defoliants" had severely damaged 32% of the total land area of South Vietnam; 3% of the land area was "totally devastated".

● 70% of veterans took further education courses when they returned home, but only a few finished them.

● At the end of the war, the Vietnamese Ambassador to the United Nations declared: "There is at least one dead or some wounded, in every single Vietnamese family."

● 57,000 Americans died in the Vietnam War (as many as died in World War 1). So did over 2 million Vietnamese.

● The terrible conditions and intensity of fighting had appalling effects on those that fought there. Today – 12 years after the American troops withdrew from Vietnam – 1,750,000 soldiers still need some kind of psychiatric help. As one veteran said: "Any man who fought there is going to his grave with that war."

● The financial cost of the war was staggering. It cost the American nation an estimated 26 billion dollars.

● In World War 2, the average age of a soldier was 26. Among the American troops in Vietnam, it was 19.

● The popular image of Vietnam veterans as 'drug-cracked lunatics with severe emotional problems' meant that they were often regarded with fear and suspicion. Many of them found it hard to get decent jobs when they returned.



A scene from *Apocalypse Now*

● Two major films about the Vietnam War came out at the end of the '70s. *The Deer Hunter*, starring Robert de Niro, was a particularly harrowing account of some of the ordeals American troops underwent when captured by the North Vietnamese.

Apocalypse Now, which starred Marion Brando, struck a familiar chord among war veterans with its use of music by rock groups like The Doors and The Jimi Hendrix Experience. Their songs had become anthems for the American teenagers who'd protested against the war in the late '60s.

● It's estimated that 436,000 South Vietnamese civilians died in the war; a further 1,000,000 were wounded.

● 2,500 American soldiers are still officially listed as "missing in action". Their bodies have never been found.

● Over 6 million tonnes of bombs were dropped by the American forces.



● Two-thirds of the population of South Vietnam had to be moved from their villages to avoid the US bombing.

● On November 15, 1969, 250,000 people gathered together at the Washington Monument in Washington D.C. to protest against America's involvement in the Vietnam War. President Nixon watched them on TV. He then intensified bombing to encourage the North Vietnamese to negotiate a settlement.

● In 1968, President Nixon was elected after vowing to withdraw American troops from Vietnam. Instead, the war lasted another 7 years, cost a further 50 million dollars and another 20,000 lives.

● None of the returning troops received a hero's welcome.

● Some American soldiers are still living wild in the Vietnam jungle today, completely unable to face the journey home or return to normal life.



A Neil Tennant/Maureen Rice/Chris Heath Production

THE RECORD

Paul Hardcastle is a 26-year old ex-hi-fi salesman from East London who, as well as his solo work, also produced the recent hits by Change and Third World. The idea for "19" struck him when he saw a London Weekend TV special, *Vietnam Requiem*, about three months ago.

"I just thought it was quite a powerful subject and no one had really said much about it before. And I was really struck by the fact that the kids' average age was 19 – it's such a young age for people to be sent away to have their heads blown off.

"The song's just to let people know that this is something which happened ten years ago and it shouldn't really be forgotten. Because they have been forgotten, haven't they?"

"When they came back from Vietnam, as it says in the record, none of them received a hero's welcome. They'd been thrown over there, and when they came back everyone was looking at them as though they had a disease. So I thought I'd make that point come across too."

Paul's adamant that the record wasn't released to cash in on the 10th anniversary of the war's end. "It was supposed to come out a couple of months ago," he explains, "but there were legal

wranglings with the production company in America", the problem being to get permission to use the voices of the narrator and some of the actual war veterans in *Vietnam Requiem*. However, he does admit gratefully that "it being the 10th anniversary it seems to have slotted in quite well."

He doesn't pretend to be any great expert on the war – "when it was happening I remember hearing bits of it on the news but not knowing much about it" – but, from what he's since found out, he reckons there's plenty of war he can learn from the experience, even here today in Britain.

After all, he says ominously, "the same thing could have happened in the Falklands, couldn't it?"



Paul Hardcastle: "Vietnam shouldn't really be forgotten".

It's 10 years since the end of the Vietnam War. The average age of the American soldiers was 19; for many of them, the experience was so terrible that they still feel – today – that they'll never fully recover. That's the theme of Paul Hardcastle's single, "19". We asked him why he made the record, and then looked at some of the facts and figures.

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STARMAN

PG

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SIDCUP ABC
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MELTING ON A PLAYGROUND WALL
DO YOU REMEMBER DAWN ESCAPES
FROM MOONWASHED COLLEGE HALLS
DO YOU REMEMBER THE CHERRY BLOSSOM
IN THE MARKET SQUARE

DO YOU REMEMBER I THOUGHT IT WAS COMPETTI IN OUR HAIR
BY THE WAY DIDN'T I BREAK YOUR HEART
PLEASE EXCUSE ME I NEVER MEANT TO BREAK YOUR HEART
SO SORRY I NEVER MEANT TO BREAK YOUR HEART
BUT YOU BROKE MINE

KAYLEIGH IS IT TOO LATE TO SAY I'M SORRY
AND KAYLEIGH COULD WE GET IT TOGETHER AGAIN
I JUST CAN'T GO ON PRETENDING
THAT IT CAME TO A NATURAL END

KAYLEIGH OH I NEVER THOUGHT I'D MISS YOU
AND KAYLEIGH I THOUGHT THAT WE'D ALWAYS BE FRIENDS
WE SAID OUR LOVE WOULD LAST FOREVER
SO NOW DID IT COME TO THIS BITTER END

DO YOU REMEMBER BAREFOOT ON THE LAWN
WITH SHOOTING STARS

DO YOU REMEMBER LOVING ON THE FLOOR IN BELBIZE PARK
DO YOU REMEMBER DANCING IN STILETTOES IN THE SNOW
DO YOU REMEMBER YOU NEVER UNDERSTOOD I HAD TO GO
BY THE WAY DIDN'T I BREAK YOUR HEART

PLEASE EXCUSE ME I NEVER MEANT TO BREAK YOUR HEART
SO SORRY I NEVER MEANT TO BREAK YOUR HEART
BUT YOU BROKE MINE

KAYLEIGH I JUST WANT TO SAY I'M SORRY
BUT KAYLEIGH I'M TOO SCARED TO PICK UP THE PHONE
TO HEAR YOU'VE FOUND ANOTHER LOVER
TO PATCH UP OUR BROKEN HOME
KAYLEIGH I'M STILL TRYING TO WRITE THAT LOVE SONG
KAYLEIGH IT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO ME NOW YOU'RE GONE
MAYBE IT WILL PROVE THAT WE WERE RIGHT
OR IT'LL PROVE THAT I WAS WRONG

Words and music Marillion

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Kayleigh

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4

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SMASH HITS · GO WEST



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ARE YOU A WINNER?

Check the number of your **QUATRO CARD** (inside the May 9th issue) against those listed below. If your number appears, either individually or within a sequence, **YOU'VE WON** whichever prize is printed above your number! **CONGRATULATIONS!**

5 ALBUMS OF YOUR CHOICE

652099
850261
400222
740617
733677
134084
802013
744949
351893
452561

SONY WALKMAN

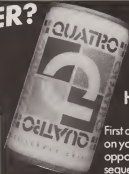
331883
540698
502032

QUATRO T' SHIRTS

232479-232498
842097-842116
741647-741666
823467-823486
152625-152644
314358-314377
314766-314785
310902-310921
171406-171425
703454-703473

QUATRO WATCH/WALLET

361550-361569
812241-812260
110500-110519
460302-460321
472868-472887
504970-504989
751128-751147
120026-120045
731859-731878
823533-823552



QUATRO

HOW TO CLAIM YOUR PRIZE:

First carefully check that the number on your 'Quatro Card' is printed opposite or comes within a sequence shown!

Now send your 'Quatro Card' with your name and address (BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) on a separate piece of paper to: 'Quatro Winning Numbers', P.O. Box 135, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8NB.

If you are a winner of 5 Albums of your choice, state clearly the name of the Albums and the performers; if you're a winner of a Quatro T-Shirt, state the size required, small, medium or large.

Please allow 28 days for delivery of your prize; your 'Quatro Card' will be returned to you with your prize.

Winners must claim their prize before 1st August 1985

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LW304 £11.95 (RRP)

Casio digital watches are specially dressed for summer in the latest fashion colours - carried right through from the watch to the strap. And they're practical as well as pretty.

The LW30 shows you time, day and date at a glance. It's water-resistant too, so you can wear it for swimming and most other sports. Even the price is appealing - only £13.95.

With the slim and attractive L40F, you simply press a button to see the date. That's a pretty neat watch for just £8.95! And just part of the Casio range of fashion watches you'll be seeing this summer.

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LW302

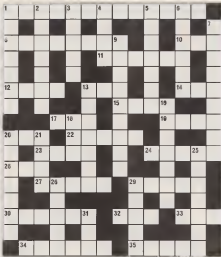
L40F £8.95 (RRP)

L40E4

L40E2

A CROSS

- 1 A 'universal' hit for those U.S. superstars (2,3,3,5)
- 6 Anne Moic provides a big independent chart hit for The Redskins (anag 4,2,2)
- 10 Doonican, the old folks love
- 11 Sort of boy that proved successful for Central Line
- 12 Phil Collins' relative?
- 13 ABC Martin
- 14 Nik Kershaw wouldn't let it go down on him
- 15 Eurythmics' antruths
- 17 Looks like food provided half a hit for Sarah and Paul
- 19 "Let's ---- # For The Boy" (Deniece Williams)
- 20 A band in distress (1,1,1)
- 21 Dead Or ----
- 23 and 29 down "Mickey" taker (4,5)
- 24 and 29 across "Between The Wars" EP maker (5,5)
- 26 Sayers' iron sign
- 27 I gape around for Elaine (anag)
- 28 See 24 across
- 30 Never-ending storyteller
- 32 --- For Africa (1,1,1)
- 33 In short, Public Image Limited
- 34 Their recent single was liethish
- 35 Ramsey or Jerry Lee?



DOWN

- 1 The Frankies' Pleasure Dome hello
- 2 Learning establishment at which they dream?
- 3 "---- And Ivory" (Wonder and McCarty)
- 4 Religious song
- 5 Shaky's song for The Sound Of Music Andrews? (2,5)
- 6 "---- - A Battlefield" (Pat Benatar)
- 7 Reg F Lytne becomes an ex-girl at girl shared by the two Philis? (4,5)
- 13 REO Speedwagon couldn't light this
- 16 Is she the belle of St Mark? (6,1)
- 18 Bunnymen McCulloch
- 20 Lala S.O.S. for bald-headed pop star (anag 3,4)
- 21 Jona Lewis requested you did this to the cavalry
- 25 Footloose Kenny
- 26 Band you'd like to clock?
- 29 See 23 across
- 31 David --- Roth

ANSWERS ON PAGE 46

CROSSWORD



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

Hey! you're missing one major thing in your life - me! I'm 19 and heavily into Brian Auger and Trinity's most chart music. So you gorgeous girls out there get scribbling to me Tony, 8 Dimes # Hard Stylphurst, Tordington, Cox Hx12 9SU.

Wanted: Limah/Kaja fans 16-20. Male or female from anywhere in the world. Get scribbling to: Jackie, 463 Dley Old Road, Cooledge, Leeds LS15.

I am a Canadian girl who lives in Ireland and a girl named Madrina and Michael Jackson. If you are between 12 and 14, get cracking and write to Sylvia Sammesback, 9 Hearty Street, Herbert Road, Bray Co Wicklow, Ireland.

Hello, I'm 9 years old. I like Wham!, Duran Duran, Status Quo, Breakdancing, sport and karate. I would like to hear from somebody with near enough the same interests. Dawn Scott, 22 Augusta Street, Poplar, London E14.

I'm Kay, I'm ordinary but not boring! I'm looking for anyone aged between 14-16 who likes Rush, Rainbow and most chart music except Duran Duran, Wham! and Culture Club. So write to: Kay, 6 Erskov Drive, Eagleside, Glendon-oh-tes, Cleveland 1516 OH.

Right girls! Crazy about Wham? - Well never mind everyone has their problems! If you're into Queen, Top 10, Rick, Shade, Rush, the Young Ones and Monty Python, then get writing to two completely gals (Right girl), scunchy, anarchic, 16-year-olds, Freddie Mercury's Lull King! and Roger Taylor's Drum Stick 13 Oak Drive, Histon, Lancaster, Lancs, LA2 6JZ.

Boo! That woks you up didn't IHTH? My name is Jenki, I love TFF, Spandis and Paul Young, Frank CAD, worms and dressing things. If you're male female or is better write to: Jane, 7 Postrose Walk, Yaxley, Nr Peterborough, Cambs PE 3 9JZ.

I'm against cruelty to animals, aged 12, live Howard Jones and Paul Young. You must be 12 and over to write and like Wham! Write to: Louise Kerran, 41 Sares Ave, Denny, Stirlingshire, Scotland FK8 5BS.

Greetings fair youths and wenches! I am a maddie of 15 years and Adele Carrera does suit me well. My ears do react to the sounds of The Associates and Julian Cope. I'd enjoy it reading, sport and attending popular music concerts. Please send scribbles to the address: Sacha Baker, 3 Meadow Close, Witham Chase, Nr Southampton, Hants SO3 2NL.

G'day! I'm crazy about S. Ballet and P. Young. I'm a French boy aged 15½. I'm into every kind of music except Punk and Hard Rock. Write to: Blot Oliver, 51 Rue de Poissy, 02780 Lesdins, France.

Hallo! I'm a very lonely Thomas Dolby fan. I would like other Thomas Dolby fans to write to: Sony to all Wham! and Madonna fans. I am 14, 15 in July. I interested write to: Julie, 24 Birch Rd, Coppull, Nr Chorley, Lancs, PR7 5BG.

Hiya, we're two pleasant girls looking for guys aged 14 - to write to: Likes include Duran, Nik Kershaw, Spandis Ballet, Paul Young and Madonna. We're both 14 and can't wait to hear from you! so send letters to: Harrie and Niki, 23 Box Lane, Hemphelsted, Herts, HPS 0DN.

Wanted good-looking guys 15 - a young teen and simple talents interested. More details write to: Jaglin & Michelle, 31-32 Ford Crescent, Dillworthville, Margate, Kent, CT9 1SH.

Hi there, I'm a hunky-dory male called Jal. How you girls have been managing without me I just don't know - I'm so handsome!! I'm into Boy George, Morryn and Bruce. My hobbies include horse riding and dancing. So write to me now - you just don't know what you're missing! To: Jal Jackson, 250 Lower Higham Rd, Gwessend, Kent DA12 2NP.

If you're not into the Mike Smith/Keith Chegwin fan club and you're into Bruce Lee, Depeche Mode and Kitaro, write to me: Steve, [The Small Town Boy], 114 Aylesford Drive, Gungahlin, South Yorks CN2 6GB.

Hi! My hobbies are collecting earrings and pop posters. My name is Holly and I'm 11½ and read as Wham! F014 and Madonna. Write to: Hayley, 117 Knowle Hill Road, Netherton, Dudley, West Midlands D12 0HW.

Hey, all you lucky guys, sweet and fair, and they're looking for good conversation. So all you intellectually don't mess out on their Write to quickly. I like now, or you'll miss out, ha! ha! Write to: Becky & Knowles, Harford House, Southport, Merseyside, P.O. Box 15 and like Tears for Fears, Japan, Prince and the Bushelers. DN and also get Billie!

We're 14 and 15-year-old girls who are in need of boys to write to (15-1). In Prince, Howe, U2, Depeche Mode, Stylo Council, etc. All Mods, Hippos, Weeds welcome. Write to: Karen and Sarah, 531 Chieve Rd, Winstar, Croyde, Cheshire CW2 5PY.

Just 1777 Young free, single, affectionate and looking for into girls aged 17 to 21! How France, Bob Marley and UB40? Cheer me up and get scribbling to: Jeanette Glasgow, 2D Drummond Road, Drumchapel, Glasgow G15 7TJ.

My name is Pandora (Allison) and I am mad on John Taylor. I like the Backstreet Boys and Boyz II Men. Anyone between 12 and 16 scribble to: Pandi, KDC, 11 Melbark Road, Chilton Park, Aylesbury, Bucks HP21 7NU. P.S. I love Wham!



Got a question about pop? There's nothing (well, almost nothing) that Linda can't find out for you. Send her a card: Linda, Get Smart, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

Please can you tell me what type of blue hair-dye Gary Numan uses, and where to get some?

Loyal Numan Follower, Accrington.
 ● Well, first a teeny word of warning from Gaz's Mum Beryl: "It's supposed to wash out but it doesn't really. It kills the pillowcases. . .". If you're still interested, dye manufacturers Renbow aim to entice by offering four pots of colour dye for the all-in cover price of £6.90. Their "pretty incredible" range of colours includes Pinkissimo, Vermilion Red, Cyclamen Red, Lavender, Emerald Green, Pine Green, Canary Yellow, Sunshine Gold, Sky Blue, Peacock Blue and Gary's colour! - Capri Blue!! Make out cheques/postal orders to Renbow International Limited and send off to them at: 1a Waterloo Terrace, London N1 1TF.



G. Numan - another pillowcase takes the dust

Can you do me a really big favour and find out about session singing? The really big question is: What is the pay like? Nobody seems to know the answer.

Carol, Manchester.
 ● The singers' union Equity have set the minimum rate for a three-hour "gramophone recording session" (studio work) at £50, while a lead vocalist singing live in a pub

or club should really be taking home £80-£100. Sounds really great. In theory, doesn't it? However, Equity spokesman Jack Elliott warns us that there are really only two ways to get into session singing: either become a classically trained singer or go out and sing with a group until you're "discovered". He'd strongly recommend you take up the first option. "The latter", he snarls, "is the cause of such a lot of noise on our radios and televisions." Steady on thar, Jack. . .

After reading the interview with the Coteau Twins (April 11), I was wondering if you could do me a favour and list all their releases on the 4AD label. Also, have they made any videos?

A-Soon-To-Be-Shattered, Sepulchral-Shard-If-I-Don't-Know-More, Firwood. (Get all kinds here). Disregarding their work with the 4AD "musicians' collective" This Mortal Coil, the Twins' catalogue goes something like this: "Garlands" LP, catalogue no. CAD211, (May 1982); "Lullabies", 12" EP (BAD213, Sep 82); "Peppermint Pig" 7" and 12" single (BAD303 Feb '83); "Head Over Heels" LP, (CAD313 Sep '83); "Sunburst And Snowblind" 12" EP (BAD314 Nov '83); "Pearly Dewdrops Drops" 7" and 12" single (BAD405 Apr '84); "Treasure" LP (CAD412 Nov '84), "Aika-Guinea" 7" and 12" single (BAD501 Mar '85). (If ordering a 7" single, omit the B prefix.) The Coteaus have also put out three cassettes: 1) the "Garlands" LP backed with 3-Track John Peel session (CADC211); 2) the "Head Over Heels" album coupled with "Sunburst And Snowblind" (CADC 313); 3) "Treasure" (CADC412). Everything listed is still available, except for the 7" max of "Peppermint Pig". Finally they've made two videos - for "Pearly Dewdrops Drops" and "Aika-Guinea". Sepulchral shards, indeed. . .

Could you please print a picture of the Radio 1 'new boy' Graham Banerman, and tell us where he comes from? What other jobs has he had? [We have reason to believe one was something

to do with double-glazing!]

Two Bannergurs.
 ● "Nah," denies the fresh-faced Graham, "I was only ever into Hi-Fi sales and videos. . ." Born April 25 1963 in Colchester, Essex, he went to the Philip Morant Comprehensive School before joining Radio Orwell at the age of 19. So what's the new job like? "I'm going to have the TIME OF MY LIFE!!!" whoops the lad. A big fan of Steve Wright ("he's . . . a legend") and Noel Edmunds, his own show goes out on Saturdays at 7.50pm. "The idea is," he explains, "that by listening to the show, you can have a great night out even if you're staying in." Oh, I see



G. Banerman - double-glazing? Not me, matey!

In your Frankie in Italy feature there was a picture of Nasher wearing a great Mickey Mouse T-shirt. Where on earth did he get it?

Rosena Sherwood, Oxford.
 ● I daresay he's asking himself the self-same question. . . However, an eagle-eyed press officer spotted him paying good money for a bit of the actual Disneyland souvenir shop in California. Forcucc used to market the same T-shirt some years back but your best chance of getting hold of one of these days would be to try mail-order catalogues.

In February, me and my mates went to see The Boomtown Rats in

Birmingham, and they said they'd be releasing a 'Greatest Hits' album called 'Trapped' together with a new single. Could you advise what's happened?

Steve O'Brien, Codsall.
 ● Although the Rats (they used to be called that by people 'in the know'. . .) label Phonogram expect it to be released through Telstar, a rather frosty voice from that office declared the 'was not at liberty to give any comment whatsoever'. Goodness me. However, it appears that Geldof and his cohorts are busying themselves in the States where their single "Dave" is a big hit on the college circuit. So plans for a UK hits package have been momentarily shelved.

What's this? Smash Hits In False Information Shock?!

You see, we think a major error has been made in not placing the Cornwall Coliseum at no. 13 in the list of the 15 largest venues in the UK. Cornwall may be 'in the wilds' as far as London is concerned, but it has a capacity of 3,576, are where it's at you are, of course, and we would like to see for yourself what a fab and groovy LARGE place this is.

Chris Balock (Operators Manager), Cornwall Coliseum.
 ● Chris - can you ever forgive me. . .?

We wondered if you could tell us if Dennis Smith of The Krew (Nik Kershaw's band) ever belonged to a group called Secret Affair. If so, could you list all their singles and print a picture of him. Finally, did Tim Moore of The Krew play with anybody equally famous? Snudge And Sam, Annan.

● Formerly with 'punk combo' Advertisng (signed to EMI but no hits!), 'as true that Dennis did go on to become one of the 'ace faces' in mod group Secret Affair and who were actually pretty good for a few minutes. Signed to Arista, singles were "Time For Action" (chart placing 13), "Let Your Heart Dance" (32), "My World" (16), "Sound Of Confusion" (45), "Do You Know" (57) and "Lost in The Night" (didn't chart). Fellow Krew keyboard player Tim was also signed to a '60s-style band called Heartbeats, but they didn't have any hits at all, poor things.



D. Smith - 's like mod never appeared

**ONE CARD
THAT WILL
ARRIVE IN
TIME FOR
YOUR 16TH
BIRTHDAY.**

If you're nearly sixteen, you will be among the first to receive the new plastic National Insurance Numbercard like the one below.

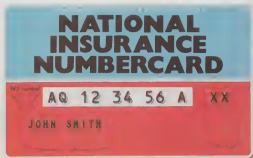
Look after it.

Because you'll need the number if you ever have to claim benefit money from the DHSS.

And when you start work, your employer will need it to make sure *your* contributions are paid into *your* National Insurance account. (Otherwise you might not get all the benefit you're entitled to.)

So remember, when your card arrives through the post, put it somewhere safe.

Unlike most other birthday cards, this one should be kept forever.



Issued by the Department of Health
and Social Security.

ORCHESTRAL MA "DAY O"



A Screaming skulls - very "strangely occultist"...

Painted skulls clatter around, someone's driving about in a "huge great blancmange", someone's kipping in a cemetery. And someone's hanging from a gallows. What is going on? Oh, it's just OMD shooting a new video in Spain: "The Images we're using have been lifted from Mexico's 'Day Of The Dead' festival," they tell William Shaw.

Crikey . . .



A Andy McCluskey (left) and Paul Humphreys - no fresh clothing and only the cemetery to sneeze in...

NOEUVRES IN...

OFF THE DEAD



Andy McCluskey arrives in southern Spain on the early morning flight — which is more than you can say for his baggage. He has just flown from Ametca, where he was visiting his girlfriend, and his luggage has gone astray somewhere on the way. Jer-lagged, unshaven and with his only change of clothes thousands of miles away in a missing case, McCluskey looks remarkably calm — even with the prospect of 15 hours of filming for the video of OMD's new single, "So in Love", ahead of him.

The location for the video is a ridiculously picturesque mountain village called Alhaba — all whitewashed houses, dark bar rooms and winding alleys built around a dominating church. "God!" says Andy, surveying the scores of people running around with cameras and clip-boards. "What a massive crew!"

The other group members, Paul Humphreys, Martin Cooper and Malcolm Holmes, greet the new arrival. Martin and Malcolm aren't in this particular scene, but Paul's been there all morning, driving up and down for the cameras in an old white Cadillac the size of a swimming pool. Very nice. "Yes, isn't it?" says Paul. "It's not unlike driving a huge great blonchmange."

The village seems to have used the event as a excuse for a holiday, and a large crowd has gathered in the square to observe the goings-on. Much to their amusement, some are recruited to take parts in the film, and Antonio, the village policeman, dons his uniform for the first time in weeks to make his acting debut.

The square is decked out with flags and flowers, crucifixes and brightly painted skulls. Andy explains the decorations. "Some of the images we're using have been lifted from Mexico's 'Day Of The Dead' festival. It's their sort of Halloween where they celebrate their ancestors and the spirits of the past. I'm hoping that, when it's edited, it isn't going to look too heavy or strangely occultist or anything."

But what has all this mumbo jumbo got to do with the single? "So in

Love" wasn't conceived with the idea of 'The Day Of The Dead' in mind at all," he giggles, rubbing his hands together under his chin. "This has been sort of gratuitously superimposed on top of it at a later date."

Even given the £30,000 odd that it's costing them to make the video these things can be a bit of a hit and miss affair, but Andy seems more than happy with the way it looks. "It could well turn out better than I imagined. When you plan something like this in southern Spain your mind runs not with possibilities but then you think 'Hang on a minute! What on earth are we actually going to end up with? But I think what we're getting on film is pretty stunning."

To complicate it all there's another film crew there making a documentary about Orchestral Manoeuvres, snatching interviews whenever there's a free moment. "It takes a bit of getting used to," says Paul. "You're just getting ready to do a shot and suddenly there's other cameras and microphones thrust in your face."

Gone midnight and they're still at it. A deadbeat McCluskey snatches whatever sleep he can get between takes by curling up in the local cemetery.

The next afternoon there's a break in the schedule so we decide to drive out to a place called Yucca City, the place where they made all those Clint Eastwood spaghetti westerns. It's a permanent film set built in the middle of the Spanish mountains — bar-rooms, stables, pubs, banks, Mexican villages and tee-pees all perfectly constructed in the middle of nowhere.

The car journey there gives Paul and Andy the chance to talk about the state of OMD play. "So in Love" (rated by Andy as "a powerful song, be it just a variation on the end of love theme") is taken from a forthcoming LP — their sixth in as many years — called "Crush". A simple title, explains Andy, "because we're so fed up with spending three hours exploring what we call our LPs 'Architecture And Morality' or whatever."

Much to their relief, they've finished the final stage of mixing it now. "The writing and recording is a real giggle," says Andy. "The mixing is always absolute agony."

Because when you get to the mixing stage, there's that sense of finally, continues Paul. "We get nervous then."

After their least successful outing a couple of years back with the messy "Dazzle Ships" LP, OMD spring back last year with the bouncy "Junk Culture" and the single "Talking Loud And Clear". "Junk Culture," says Andy, "was a direct reaction against what had happened the year before and it was almost consciously jolly and bright. And we were consciously wearing bright Croila shirts to break from the boring bank clerk image we had."

Yes. In the past Orchestral Manoeuvres have sometimes come across as a pretty serious bunch. "But I think a lot of that is down to the fact that we've covered some pretty serious topics," says Paul.

Andy interrupts. "... so you tend to come over like really bloody serious people. Which we are. We have quite strong ideas and they're important to us. But at the same time we have a good laugh, a giggle. I must admit that I wish people did think that we were a lot more funny and normal than they think we are."

Discovered at the end of a dusty track, the old western film sets all look vaguely familiar. While Martin does a passable Eastwood impersonation in a stonion he's found, Andy makes for the saloon and gleefully pushes his way through the swing doors, fulfilling a lifetime's ambition.

The ever-present documentary crew find a galloos and suggest that the group arrange themselves around it so they can film a scene. Diego, the barman from the saloon, is recruited as hangerman in a mock execution. Paul grins. "I've waited five years for this!"

As the rope is placed around the long-suffering McCluskey's neck, his suitcase and fresh clothes are still somewhere thousands of miles away




▲ The village folk of Alhaba enjoy an unscheduled holiday...



▲ Andy and Paul do some not a good Clint Eastwood impersonations in Yucca City...



▲ "This town ain't big enough..." chuckles Diego, McCluskey says his prayers.



THE SUN BECAME AS BLACK
THE MOON BECAME AS BLOOD
THE REVELATION HAS BEGUN

"YOUTHQUAKE"

DEAD OR ALIVE

STAGE 1: THE ALBUM

- A). FEATURING 'YOU SPIN ME ROUND'
& 'LOVER COME BACK TO ME'
- B). RECORD – GATEFOLD SLEEVE
LIMITED EDITION
- C). CASSETTE – EXTRA TRACKS

LETTERS

instants, put my japan record on and hoped for inspiration
 Ah! I will snap a £10 note, methinks, as in said fab feature I dug into my pockets and found 53p in loose change. It didn't look the same, somehow. Then I fashed away at the telly screen
 Unfortunately as I live in supreme deprivation, I've only got a black and white set, so it rather spoiled the effect. Then I got a picture of the Tesco pet plant on top of the telly. Then I actually managed to get a picture in focus but (excuse me while I wipe away a tear) I didn't look to see what it was. Instead of Marilyn Monroe I got the Harpo Bleachmaned ad closely followed by fab tizoo of local TV presenter.

In a last ditch attempt, I tried to get a pic of someone with an outrageous image. Problem was I soon found out that my little brother bore no resemblance whatsoever to Tok, what with his school trousers and Mr Byrds anorak. So here I am, chum, on this cliff, tears blinding mes yez.

Hang on a mo! I've just had inspiration. Yes! You, oh handsome and courageous **Black Type**, can save me. I've thought of the perfect subject for my photos - a £10 record token! I could gain international acclaim yet!

Hold on thar, Confused, Don't do it! A £10 record token's in the post right now! (Alright, call me a stupid old soffe, I don't mind...)

Dear Black Type,
 I need help desperately. You see, I can't stop lying and saying

things that are utterly ridiculous. Things like
 Simon Le Bon is good looking, can sing and is thoughtful.
 Madonna looks like Marilyn Monroe and has a high IQ.
 The American Band Aid song is a great song, is sincere and all the Americans involved were thinking of the Ethiopians as they sang it.
 Paula Yates never makes any cock-ups on the television.
 Masi Vici is the only TV programme not to have featured the famous shirt worn by George Michael and David Bowie.

Billy Bragg is too image-conscious.
 Paul King is ugly and can't sing for toffee.
Black Type ain't going to give me a £10 record token.
 Sarah E. London

Never fret, Sarah, we all tell outrageous fibs from time to time. Take me. Why, only this morning I found myself saying "Max Bygraves is a talentless old goat". I can't imagine what brought that on. And what about this for a whopper: "Yon, Sarah E., have won yourself a £10 record token". Dear oh dear, I'll have to wash my mouth out with soap and water...

Dear Black Type,
 Many people seem to be under the impression that Frankie stole the words to "Welcome To The Pleasure Dome" from Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poem "Kubla Khan". This is a tall story. I alert your attentions to the stunning musical film Xanadu during an early scene of which, veteran tap-dancer Gene Kelly is

religious backgrounds. Northern Ireland would be quite a nice place to visit if people like YOU didn't give it such bad publicity.
 A.S. Northern Ireland

I despair. But what else should I expect? Peter Martin's ill-informed report on Belfast. So what else is new? The cry of retaliation against Martin people saying Belfast is actually the swinging capital of western Europe. What a sick joke. The war drags on, someone once said. And the war isn't just guns and blown-up buses and Rusties and the IRA - it's Peter Martin, all those who speak out against him and, yes, ME. **Everybody** We are the world and we'll never grow up. Don G. West Belfast (Or East Belfast, Who Cares?)

Dear Black Type,
 Please help me! I'm suicidal and I've heard what a warm and understanding typeface you are. Thing is, after reading the Neck Rhodes photo competition feature (April 24), I decided to go all trendy, hoping to increase the number of people who speak to me to two.
 I bought my 99p film from Sainsbury's, loaded it into the old

trying to think up a name for his night club when the ravishing Olivia Newton John whisks in on her magic roller skates and, for no apparent reason, says "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a Pleasure Dome erect"
 So much for the influence of dead 18th century poets on the development of modern popular music!
 Lord Shooey And His Pals, Diddot

Is there no end to lovely Livvy's genius? She, it was, who discovered gravity when a pomegranate fell on her head in the Australian outback. And now, it seems, she invented rock music, as we know it today, as well. As Olivia herself might put it: "Apres moi, rock n' roll." Amazing!!!

Dear Black Type,
 Do you always hand out precious £10 record tokens with such gay abandon? I am, of course, referring to the great "Morrissey Is Pinguar" scandal so sensationally highlighted in your Letters page (April 24).
 If your correspondent Jesus And Mary Chastitators had not been such an anti-Smiths bigot, he/she might have noticed that the line which follows the offending "ramble my bones all over the stones" couplet goes
 "Oh see how words as old as man fit me like a glove"
 Thus in effect means "I know that I have culled the preceding couplet from a well and famous poem by Thomas Noel but as it seemed to epitomise the deep sense of despair and worthlessness which I am experiencing at the moment. I

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could see no harm in using it to illustrate my feelings." Or words to that effect. Thus Morrissey absolves himself from an and dispels all suspicions of plagiarism.

So, **Black Type**, next time some travelling patternape decides to do a News Of The World-type exploit on another innocent pop star, make sure that the wool isn't so easily pulled over your eyes or Record Token snatched from your clammy little hands.

Morrissey's Spiritual Sister, Liverpool.

Whoopee-a-daisy. Seems like I've been a weeny bit caught with trousers down regarding this one. What can I say except "I am human and I need to be loved just like everybody else does"? (Just made that up. Quite good, eh?)

Dear Roland Orzabal.

I have just read your review of The Beatles single "Ticket To Ride" (April 24) and I'm disgusted. "Do I think they pose a threat to Tears For Fears?" Naah, one of them's dead" was a totally snick and disgustingly tasteless thing to say Joanna Cole, Colchester

I am writing with reference to your cruel slur in The Hit Video Competition (Bizz, May 8). I would like to make it clear that I do not have, and have never had, a beard. The vicious remark comes at a time when we have problems enough at the Motel, thank you very much. Not only as David Hunter (he of the pistol-packing ex-wife and

international terrorist son) about to swan off, but also Major International Hotels are sending some dirty nutzy or other to message things in his cruelly enforced absence. And on top of that, one of my ex-husbands (not the Bigamist or the escaped army convict by whom I had a baby or my half-brother with whom I had a very-nearly incestuous relationship) has turned up on my doorstep.

So, as you can see, we are absolutely fraught with problems at King's Oak. Is it any wonder that Ira Scott is snivelling or that Glenda's test tube baby is bawling her poor little eyes out? *Jill Chance, Crossroads Motel, Major International Hotels Plc, King's Oak, Nr Heathbury, Central Televisionland*

Goodness, gracious, your majesty! I am awed and overcome by your presence in my humble pages! I have so many questions, I do not know where to begin. When is your present husband going to shove off that ridiculous moustache? Why was your half-brother with whom you had a very-nearly incestuous relationship played by the son of "Sir" Donald Sinden (fact)? Who will win the 3:15 at Worcester? That's just for starters. . .

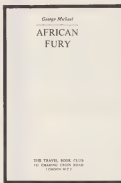
On *Top Of The Pops* on May 9, after showing Paul Hardcastle's "19" video, John Peel uttered the remark "Sorry but you're 15 years too late, Paul."

"But there has been 'official' peace in Vietnam for 10 years now but - 15 years 'too late' or not, Mr

Peel - '19' is a short, sharp reminder of the hell-hole war in South East Asia. And it is NEVER TOO LATE to pay our respects to all those who lost their lives or minds in a fruitless conflict of somebody else's making.

I don't think what I am writing is making much sense and it's getting a bit heavy anyway, but all the same

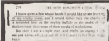
An Elephant That Never Forgets, Nottingham



It would appear that old George has found time in between writing, singing and producing well lab records, touring China, keeping Andrew under control and rescuing all those shuttlecocks, to write a book! About hunting in Africa, no less! Proof? Here I have for you the title page, plus, on page 219, a

confession of his real feelings about Dams!

Must go. I've just got to an interesting bit in Nik Kershaw's book about bottle packing. *The First Wham! Rockworm Since Sliced Bread, Worcestersture*



Whatever next? "A Life On The Ocean Wave" by Simon Le Bon, or, yet more preposterous, a book of Nick Rhodes' polaroids? Who can say?

Dear **Black Type**,

Did you know that my Mum uses Sensodyne toothpaste (for sensitive teeth)? And that this brand of toothpaste is made in Hertfordshire - the very same county that George Michael was born in? What an amazing coincidence! *Roger Taylor's Solid Gold-Plated Toothbrush, Wimbome*

Coincidence is, like, a very double-edged thing. For instance, my friend Tarquin (well, his real name's actually Dominic but he changed it for obvious reasons) once purchased a tube of Crest in Bristol - birthplace of . . . Nik Kershaw! And what is even more uncanny is that Tarquin's never had a filling in his life! There must be some logical explanation for all these riddles of coincidence, but I'm dashed if I know what it is. So many questions! So little time! Which reminds me . . . Byeecene!!

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COMPETITION WINNERS

Frankie Competition (April 11). Correct answer: b) Jed. The following prize-winners each receive a Frankie Goes To Hollywood book, 1st and signed 12" single 'N Dharma, Dear': Sonya Sheen, Dossie; Caroline Wilson, Ulverston, Julie O'Leary, London NW1; Miss J Hallworth, Middleton, Manchester; Lorne Thompson, Barnstaple, Carl Simmonds, Egham, Sharon London, Runcorn; Ann Geraghty, Felkewfield, Mark Howell, Blacon; G Wilson, Sale; Nerys Parry, Gwynedd; Claire Docherty, Ross-on-Wye, Carol Dinnage, Southport; Nicola Carne, Nelson; Sharon Bradley, Lancaster; Louise Bryan, Leeds 13; Devin Burkinshaw, Sheffield; James Booth, Leigh-on-Sea; Julie Bellis, Baines; Miss P Smith, Liverpool 27; Vicki Green, Ormskirk; Katherine Wright, Chorley Wood, Herts; Cathie Coughlan, Sidcup, C Thompson, Caelethorpes, Karen Harding, Hounslow; Sharon Smith, Fochabers; Nick Royle, Warrington; Eliza Berman, Reading; Andrew McEvoy, Nottingham NG2; Lillian Swainey, Manchester 14; Semantha Rosher, Ipswich; Beverley Scates, Bow, Michael O'Reilly, London E11; Darren Bineley, Bolton; S Anderson, Sheffield; English: H Chedgley, Mickover; David Taylor, Wimet; Andrew Knight, Portsmouth; Kelly Owen, Gosport; Ernie Godfrey, Hachin; Sharon Wood, Clonfil; Nicola Sitt, Dover; Gertrude Smith, Cheltenham; Paul Rogan, Blackburn; Laure Finnegan, Edgobaston; E Cooke, Mansel Lacy; Robert Harwood, Benlisle; Lee Humphreys, Brodgar; Eileen Fox, Boffle

Too Late For St. Patrick's Day Competition (April 24). Correct answer: c) Paul McCartney & Wings. Winners: Gavin Smith, Cumberley; C Marshall, Cycetbank, Mel Hunter, Alfreton, K Riddington, Southsea; Nigel Smith, Shirley; Eleanor O'Kane, Wembley; Cal Smith, Waterloo, Liverpool; Gairne Parker, Dunderran; Anne O'Shea, London SE1; Jacqui O'Kelly, Acton; R Belcher, Tadcaster; Debbie Richardson, Dublin; Martin Hindley, Leigh; John Lewison, Fakenham; John Byrne, Dublin. Each of you gets a mint-aramb, to pin and signed 12" single!

Eurythmics Competition (April 24). Correct answer: a) Tourists. Winners: Andrew, Torquay; Matthew Davis, Warsash; Paul Wilkinson, Langsett; Andrew Walsh, Preston; Rechal Walker, Southport; A Whiteside, Belfast; Miss Deanne Woolgar, Hove; Nick Brown, Baskin; Miss H M Gregory, Winchester; Miss J Wright, Wednesbury. 12 Sweet Creams books are on their way.

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STAR TEASER

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 31



CROSSWORD

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 35

ACROSS: 1 'We're the World'; 6 'Linn On Me'; 10 'V' (Down); 11 'Nature (Boy)'; 12 'Mmm'; 13 (Martin) Fry; 14 'I Won't Let The Sun Go Down On Me'; 15 'Lies'; 17 'The (Jazz)'; 19 'It's a Haze (I For The Boy)'; 20 SGG (Band); 22 (Dead Or) 'Ally'; 23 and 29 down Tom Bask; 24 and 26 Billy Bragg; 26 Leo (Singer); 27 (Elaine) Morgan; 32 Lemaitre; 32 US; (For Alinc); 33 PIL; 34 Darned; 35 (Jury Law) L. wit

DOWN: 'Welcome (To The Pleasure Dome)'; 2 (Dream) Academy; 3 'Elmore (and honey)'; 4 Hymn; 5 'Chuckle'; 6 'Love Is (A Battlefield)'; 7 Glenn Frey; 9 'Easy Love'; 13 ('Can't Fight This) Feeling'; 16 Sheila E; 18 Ian (McCulloch); 20 (S) Bob; 21 'Stop (The Cavalry)'; 25 (Kenny) Rogers; 26 Alarm; 31 (David) Lee Roth

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SATURDAY NIGHT BENEATH THE PLASTIC PALM TREES

The doors are open, the BMWs are parked outside, the music's loud and so are the shirts . . . in other words, Loose Ends are in town. Is it all Cortinas and furry dice? "No way," they tell Simon Mills. "All that 'wally' stuff that's been associated with soul music is dying out now."

"If there's anyone here tonight called Yvonne Wilson, could she please go to the reception area

Youth Club sort of atmosphere and no age restrictors due to the recent loss of the bar licence. Sonya is a 19-year-old computer operator. Last week she came here to see The Cool Notes and earlier this year she enjoyed a show by Sister Sledge, but tonight she's here especially to see Loose Ends, the polished but unpretentious South London soul trio who brightened up the charts recently with "Hangin' On A String (Contemplating)". Sonya loves music like Chaka Khan and Maze and likes to dress up in baggy shirts and damante brooches. She can't talk for long though, because the DJ's playing one of her



"Soul music always comes through when there's nothing else exciting going on. Look at the charts at the moment – Steve Arrington, Curtis Hairston, Phyllis Nelson – all virtual unknowns but successful because of the quality of the music."

where her mother's waiting for her."

It's a chilly Saturday night in Leicester. Situated on the roof of the town centre's shopping complex is Mr Kriess's. It's not a particularly glamorous venue, there's chewing-gum stains and cigarette burns all over the carpet and the lighting rig and decor is starting to look a bit dated. There's even a large fluorescent sign on the door which proudly boasts: "This club is not closed!"

Nevertheless, there's a great

favourites and she zips off to join her mates on the dance floor.

There are lots of people like Sonya here tonight. Young hairdressers, shop assistants and, of course, many unemployed. They don't care about the drab surroundings or the fact that there's no alcohol available. They're just here to enjoy and dance to the music they love . . . and to see Loose Ends.

This is the kind of fanatical loyalty you only find in soul music (and perhaps Heavy Metal). The three

members of Loose Ends, Steve Nool, Carl "Macca" McIntosh and Jane Eugene are all well aware of it. A few years ago they were doing the same sort of things as many of the regulars at Mr Kiesa's. And, just like Yvonne and Co., the trio's busy conversation is punctuated with soul jargon like "heavy" and "well senous". They're delightfully enthusiastic about most things and very chuffed when it's suggested that they've developed a definite look for the fans to mimic. Jane explains:

"Black groups aren't known for setting trends in clothes but, because we're from London — a fashion-conscious city — we've always tried to look fashionable, and I suppose it's rubbing off on people who see us. It's even been known for guys to go into a hairdressers and ask for the same cut as Steve" (Grace Jones-style, shaved back and sides).

Growing up in Peckham, they came together from very different backgrounds. Macca went through a series of no-hopie groups, including the bizarrely named Flying Padovans, Jane worked as a beauty consultant which involved, among other things, spraying samples of after-shave on unsuspecting customers, while Steve attended the Guildhall School Of Music where he studied subjects like conducting and arranging. He went on to play trumpet on The Jam's "Gilt" LP. Loose Ends have been together over three years now

"It did start to get a little bit de-aerating when our singles would get into the Charts but not make the Top 40," recalls Steve. "I think the first 30,000 sales are down to the hard core of soul fans; after that it's the record-buying public in general."

"Yeah, that's right," agrees Macca. "There's always that body of soul fans who buy records all the time. That's why soul music always comes through when there's nothing else exciting going on. I mean, look at the charts at the moment. Steve Arrington, Curtis Hairston, Phyllis Nelson — all virtual unknowns, but successful because of the quality of the music."

The Loose Ends live show proves to be an unusual but interesting performance. Because of their sophisticated sound, they find it necessary to rely heavily on backing tapes, but these are pepped up by live percussion, keyboards and occasional bass. They dance and tease the crowd without appearing in the least self-conscious. It's all great fun and there's some wonderful moments when Jane offers the microphone to selected members of the audience during "Hangin' On A String". Instead of the usual throaty screams through the PA system, they actually sing in tune. One girl in particular imitated Jane's breathy vocals perfectly. Are these the same kids who drive around in old Cortinas with furry dice in the windscreens listening to Shakatak cassette?

"No way," disputes Steve. "For a start, most of them aren't old enough to drive and, anyway, I think all the 'wally' stuff that's been associated with soul music is dying out now. We went to Caister



One by one Leicester's computer operators, shop assistants and hairdressers join the queue at Mr Kiesa's.



recently (South-Eastern holiday resort and scene of the famous annual soul weekend) and all the guys are driving Bad Man Wagons (BMW's) and listening to Loose Ends cassette.

One of the LPs sampled on the ghetto-blasters this summer may well be "So Where Are You?", the second Loose Ends long-player. It's very mature and (some would say) too easy and laid back. But for those long, warm July evenings spent kissing and cuddling in the back seat of your Cortina — sorry, BMW's — it can't be beaten.

"We're all really pleased with the new album, especially as we played all the instruments this time. On the first record we had to use some session musicians from Philadelphia, but we were determined not to do that again. So I had to learn to play the guitar properly," laughs Macca.

Read any article about a black American soul act and you're more than likely to learn that they grew up on gospel and sang in the local church choir at the age of six. Loose Ends, and other English groups like them, have not had the benefit of such fortunate roots. Their first experience of music was probably listening to James Brown on big brother's transistor. No wonder, then, that they lack the pretension and hunger for show-biz glamour which ruins so many of those American acts.

Meanwhile, back in the reception area at Mr Kiesa's, Mrs Wilson is getting a bit fed up of waiting for Yvonne. After half an hour she appears, clutching her free Loose Ends t-shirt. She'll probably go to Mr Kiesa's again next week... if her Mum lets her.



The parents yawn as Saturday night at Mr Kiesa's draws to a close.



In they go to a world of chewing-gum stains, cigarette burns, baggy shirts and diamante bracelets.



Evening events are over while Steve's mandatory brew-winner does his stull



Then go a bit bonkers when Loose Ends appear.



The band on stage: "we've always tried to look fashionable."



Macca and Jane loose the woad.



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'CAUSE I REMEMBERED I LOVED YOU SO MUCH
WAT BACK WHEN WE WERE FRIENDS
GOING TOGETHER BUT THEN YOU LEFT ME

FRANKIE DO YOU REMEMBER ME
FRANKIE DO YOU REMEMBER

YOU WERE FIFTEEN AND I WAS TWELVE
IT WAS SUMMER WE WERE SO IN LOVE
MYSTER LOVED ANYONE THIS MUCH
LOOK AT ME I'M THRILLED TO YOUR TOUCH
HEY FRANKIE DO YOU REMEMBER ME FRANKIE DO YOU REMEMBER ME
ON HOW YOU BROUGHT ME DOWN (DOWN DOWN)
ALL I DID WAS RUN AROUND (AROUND)
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVED YOU
FRANKIE DO YOU REMEMBER
DO YOU REMEMBER ME FRANKIE

YOU WALKED ME TO THE DELI THEN
WE SAT IN THE BOOTH WHERE IT ALL BEGAN
I LOOKED INTO YOUR EYES AND
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DO YOU REMEMBER ME
FRANKIE DO YOU REMEMBER ME
(DO YOU REMEMBER ME) ME
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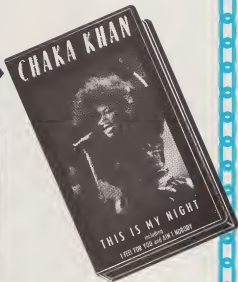
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DAY 3

3.00pm, Monday April 8: thousands of feet above China on CAAC flight Number 1301, something is going terribly wrong. Roars of pain erupt from the back of the flight cabin. Startled, stomachs sinking fast, the passengers cautiously peer down the aisle. A man is having a fit. His screams get louder, his body wracked in pain. I'm only two seats in front - I can see a small knife in his hand, poised in front of his stomach . . . and it looks as though he's about to stab himself.

There's a horrible, consuming air of panic now. The flight crew are rushing around trying to calm the passengers. Members of the Wham! party - they're all here apart from George and Andrew and the two managers - look at one another anxiously, not quite knowing what to do.

Now the man is being restrained by the two Wham! minders, Ronnie and Dave. They've got the knife and are holding him by the arms and neck. His spasms get more violent, his screams more demonic; he's like a man possessed. Shirlee and Papsi, who were sitting next to him, are standing on the window seat and holding onto one another nervously.

Suddenly the plane dives.

Stomachs churn, heads spin. The plane begins to creak. It actually sounds like it's cracking up. It looks like we're turning back. Diving, diving, diving, we've just broken the clouds.

Land comes into vision like a zoom lens snapping into sudden focus. Meanwhile the noises from the back of the plane get more and more distressing - he sounds like the girl in *The Exorcist*.

With a loud bash we're down, the plane reeling as each side of the undercarriage hits the tarmac. One last mighty screech and we stop, dead. The aircraft then taxis to the terminal. Eventually a Chinese doctor comes on board to give him an anaesthetic. The screams subside and he's carted off in an ambulance, leaving the rest of us feeling completely shell-shocked.

But who is he? It turns out he's actually Raul D'Oliveira, Wham!'s 33-year-old Portuguese trumpet player. Apparently he just suddenly flipped. Talking to members of the band later, it seems he'd been acting a bit weird for the past few days, thinking he was "the devil", and then suddenly - without any warning - he just cracked up mid-flight. Tomorrow's newspaper reports will go completely overboard about the incident - one will say the pilot was attacked by a mad hijacker; another that he tried to commit "hara-kin"; another that the plane crashed and "all the passengers died". It's not that disastrous but it's still a pretty shaken bunch of people who settle back into their seats as the plane turns round and heads for Canton once more.

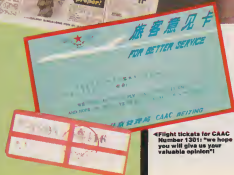
First keyboard player Mark Fisher collapsed in Hong Kong ("exhaustion" - it's been a seven month tour), now Raul's out of circulation and Wham! are reduced to a 10-piece. Coupled with this the Wham! film director Lindsey Anderson fell while walking on The Great Wall and is now confined to a wheelchair. People are starting to think the whole venture's jinxed or something.

Talking to Shirlee in the Canton hotel disco later that night, she says, "I just think what we're doing here is bad. I don't want to sound funny or anything but I just don't think it's right that we're playing here. People here are sad, they want freedom but they're not allowed to have it and, in a way, we're giving them a taste of something they can't really have. I just think it was awful the way that boy was taken out of last night's concert and beaten. That wouldn't have happened if we hadn't come here. It was just so sad. I just want to go home."

And that, I'm afraid, is the general opinion of all the 70-strong Wham! entourage at the moment. Spirits have to be raised so we pile into the hotel next door to see if their disco's still open. It isn't. That means it's a fridge party or nothing. This turns out to be the standard night out for the rest of the week; bit of sightseeing in the daytime, get depressed by the obvious poverty and hardship so many Chinese have to endure, go for a drink, go bowling, have more drinks, go to the disco, go to the bass-player Deon's room and bring the contents of your hotel drinks' fridge with you. And go to bed around 5.00am. Look ill the next day and start all over again. Pretty rock 'n' roll, eh?

Who's halfway through Wham!'s historic tour of China - the first ever by a Western pop group. Peter Martin (words) and Chalkie Davies (photos) joined the group in Peking, where they played their first shows - to a mixed reaction - and started filming their documentary. They're now en route to Canton, but all is not well . . .

▼ Worra pesarr! Andrew at the soccer game.



✈ Flight tickets for CAAC Number 1301: it's not you'll give us your valuable opinion!"

DAY 4

Tuesday is a free day so most of the party go to market. Here they see skinned dogs strung up in rows, headless cats in bins, eagles in cages all ready for eating. Rats, ant-eaters, ants, armadillos, pigeons, sparrows and even tigers are sold for the same purpose. You can even buy "boiling frogs" by the dozen. Colonialists here joke that the "Chinese would eat anything with legs as long as it's not a table or chair".

M! IN CHINA

R T W O

DAY 5

Things are brightening up. George Michael and Andrew Ridgeley are here and we're all off to a football match: the Wham! band vs. the Wham! Chinese road crew. It's an 11-a side to be played on the ground of the Chung Sahn Memorial Hall where Wham! will play their final Chinese concert tomorrow night.

Andrew turns up in a proper kit - Tottenham, I think. George turns up late (10 minutes into the game). The film crew are here, of course. The Fleet Street reporters have gone home, apart from the Daily Star and Daily Express journalists who're still in Peking but have been invited up here because 'they've been the best of a bad bunch' (and, I suspect, because it would really annoy The Sun and the Mirror who weren't quite so well behaved).

Anyway the game's a bit of a shambles, most of the players just booting the ball as far away from themselves as possible. Andrew, posing like no-one's business, ends up scoring two goals. Paul, the other trumpeter, scores four and that's only half-time. The team decide to "let the others try and catch up - otherwise they might not unload any more equipment!"

By the second half, the crew's team have put away a couple of goals, and a large crowd is gathering at the surrounding wrought iron gates. The Wham! team score two more making it 8-2. 10 minutes from the end, George comes off for a drink. Chatting to him by the coats they're using as goalposts. I casually point out that there's someone behind him with a ball and it looks like they're just about to score. He just turns round and wellies it down the other end, drink still in hand, saving the goal (what a hero!).

The whistle's just gone and 8-2 is the final score. The winning team line up for a photo, the film crew are dragged back to do a shot of 'cheerleaders' Shirie and Pepsi with a bunch of terribly cute children. And then it's back to the hotel.

8.00pm: there's another banquet, this time thrown by the Chinese Culture Exchange Centre, Guangdong branch. It's here where George gets dragged up to help with the after-dinner entertainment, the magician. He has to be her hands and she has to get out of it - sophisticated stuff, eh?

According to George, "the food was awful. I hadn't eaten all day and I was starving hungry after the football match and all we got was a cold buffet!"

Back at the hotel George heads for the sauna - the football match has done his back in again. He gets filmed in there, apparently 'pouring his heart out to the camera about being a superstar and things like that', according to



A Spot the ball: we can't see it anywhere.
► Cheerleaders Shirie and Pepsi on the steps of the concert hall. "There's an-lee-yee wassam Andrew Ridge-Lee...!"

A George 'over the moon' as the Wham! team head for a crushing 8-2 grandlam.





▲ And for his next trick... George gets roped into the after-dinner magic act.



▲ George and Andrew (dead impressed) watching a bloke juggling with swords.



▲ ... and then drinks with the one of the officials from the Chinese Culture Exchange Centre...



▲ ... and more gifts: "Auntie Vi's going to love these too!"

DAY 6

Thursday is the day of the concert. It's also the day when the underlying reason for the trip is revealed at a press conference. George and Andrew stay in bed and leave it up to the managers to tell the story. It seems that two Wham! tapes will be released in China. One, on April 18, will feature the best of the "Fantastic" and "Make It Big" albums.

Then, on May 1, a second cassette will be released. On Side One it will feature five Wham! songs by Wham!; on Side Two it will feature five Wham! songs by



▲ At the press conference: Simon Nepler-Bell is in the middle.



▲ Another presentation — for playing the concert in Canton.



▲ The Chung Shun Memorial Hall where Wham! played the concert.

DAY 5

producer Martyn Lewis. He also gets filmed while having a massage. A massage here, incidentally, means getting walked on by a Sumo-wrestler. If that ain't do his back in, nothing will. And, according to Lewis, in this scene there was even a "hint of buttock". We shall see!

And then it's back to the bowling alley. George can't play, of course — the bad back again, instead we sit and watch the others. Andrew, as usual, is doing his utmost to steal the show — this time he's wearing a proper bowling glove and "throwing a few shapes". That doesn't stop him forgetting to let go of the bowl and ending up flat on his back in the next alley. Tee hee.

"Good excuse isn't it?" smiles George. "Having a bad back can come in handy sometimes. I think I'd be useless at bowling and I don't think I want to find out — well, at least not in front of this lot."

He goes on to talk about the first concert.

little disappointed. In a sense I thought we'd failed because only the Westerners were getting into it. But that wasn't entirely the case. It was only afterwards I discovered there had been that "dancing is disallowed" notice. I just take that announcement as an insult to Wham! It's like the authorities were saying you could only observe Wham! and not take part, which was not the premise on which we came. That just wasn't the point.

"In a way, I think we've been exploited by the authorities here. Okay, we've exploited it for publicity but they've taken us for a lot of money as well. The result of all this, I think, will be that they won't let anyone play here again. After Wham! I think pop music in China will come to an end."

That said, we both try to think of who else could possibly get invited. "Culture Club, purely in terms of music and presentation. I suppose," he says, adding that Boy George's old transvestite image wouldn't have gone down a storm. "Frankie are too much of a threat. Spandau are too rock and roll."

Queen and Duran Duran, he reckons, wouldn't be accepted because the British papers are always trying to cook up scandalous stories about them.

"They want a group who, I suppose, have a clean reputation — wholesome — and that's kind of why they chose us."

So how did the Chinese react to the Wham! concerts? What were the reviews like?

"They were so funny. We wouldn't allow any local photographers in so they decided to kind of stitch us up. They put things like "Wham! failed because there weren't enough solos", and that our films contained "Wham! propaganda". It's all so stupid."

He's not exactly in love with Canton, either. "It's very close, humid. Apart from that I haven't experienced much of it yet I suppose."

Now we're getting to the crux of the problem. The humidity, it turns out, is making George's hair go funny. His normal bouncy bio-wave is being reduced to a damp, wavy mess by the condensation. As a result he's bunged a load of wet-look gel on it to make it look properly curly. Very Kevin Keegan. But the problem is that he doesn't want to be filmed close-up when he's in this state.

So he's hit on a plan: to take the film crew back to Shepperton Studios in Surrey to do all the Canton close-up shots. The cost is undisclosed but it could run into hundreds of thousands — all that for a hair-do. That tops the one about him wanting to re-shoot the

"Careless Whisper" video because he'd just had his hair cut and liked the new style better. Pop stars, eh? What can you do with them?

Cheng Fang Yuan, China's most popular female artist. She will sing all songs in Chinese. The tapes are being pressed in China on an initial run of 500,000. It's all done in association with the Chinese Culture Exchange Centre and International Yamagen (a Hong Kong company) and they expect it to sell at least two million (the amount Cheng Fang Yuan sells every time she releases a solo tape). In China, there are 400 million people between the age of 14 and 35. The potential market is staggering.

7:00pm: we all head for the concert hall, built over a 100 years ago and entirely constructed of wood without the use of nails. Here George and Andrew meet Cheng the Chinese singer (and get filmed and photographed with her).

Andrew's Dad Albert thinks she's "lovely". He's also dead pleased to

be here. "I'm very proud of our son and I'm very pleased that he's been kind enough to invite us out here to see him perform. I consider it a real privilege."

George's Dad is equally pleased to be here and appears totally fascinated by China's strange culture.

"I think it's much more westernised here in Canton than in Peking. I suppose that's due to them being so close to Hong Kong. It was amazing - I met this Chinese man today who spoke perfect English. He learnt it from a dictionary and from the radio. He claimed that people here are 'for the west'. In fact he said 99.9% are ready for the change, almost looking forward to it. You'd never guess by looking around."

After the photos, Cheng goes onstage to introduce Wham!. "I am their devoted fan," she tells me.

"Young people here will like them very much. Their music is very loud, though. I think the people of China will go crazy for them."

Chatting to the audience, many little girls, it seems they all like Spandau Ballet, Culture Club and Duran Duran, "but Wham! are best".

This time, when the lights go down there are screams, and lots of them. And people actually stand up! But again they are physically forced (very politely, of course) to sit back down, which they do, for now at least. As the concert goes on, all the hits - familiar to most - are reeled off. A mass of screaming, standing girls emerges in the middle of the hall. They cannot be forced to sit down. George sees this and really turns on the pressure, pulling out all the stops.

Slowly, more and more people

stand and clap and cheer, even dance. By the end over 50% are joining in. The concert is undoubtedly a resounding success. Manager Simon Napier-Bell leaves the hall with these words: "The last 30 minutes have been the greatest of my life."

A few encores later and they're off, leaving the audience still begging for more.

Later, George seems just as satisfied.

"It was only just before the end I realised it was our last concert in China, the thing we've come all this way and gone to all this trouble over. I had to make it work if it was the last thing I did. Thankfully it turned out a success. Now I'm just looking forward to going home. I can't wait for a nice cup of tea - the milk here's terrible."



▲ Andrew and George meet Cheng Fang Yuan, China's most popular female singer.



▼ George: "I had to make it work if it was the last thing I did."

▼ George gets something off his chest.



▼ People actually standing at the concert.



▲ An unofficial Wham! t-shirt bought in Hong Kong: "Up Yours" is a kind of pidgin English for "Thumb up" or "Bottoms Up", apparently.



▲ Simon Napier-Bell: "I can't wait for a nice cup of tea."

POETRY CORNER
ODE TO SMASH HITS



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And ever rising prices
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Everton forever

We are on our way together
 Getting stronger every day
 We are winners all the way

Repeat chorus

We're the new sensation
 We're the talk of all the nation
 We're so proud to wear the blue
 And share this magic day with you

Repeat chorus

Here we go here we go here we go
 Side by side as we sing along together
 E.V.E.R.T.O.N.
 We're Everton and will be Everton forever

Repeat chorus

E.V.E.R.T.O.N.
 We're Everton and will be Everton forever

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D R E A D A T T H E

L O N D O N

"All Dayers" have been going for years. They're marathon sessions of dancing to reggae and soul records with live appearances from the singers who made them. People arrive in "posses", prepared for 9 hours of non-stop wiggling out. Our man with the whistle and liver pate sarnies: William Shaw.

The sky is grey, the rain is coming down in a thin drizzle and the wind is cold and sharp: it's another Great British Bank Holiday weekend. On days like this you could find yourself sitting with the family on the prom at Blackpool freezing to death with a soggy bag of chips... or you could be at an All Dayer.

All Dayers have been around for quite a few years now and they've become a big part of Bank Holidays in the cities, with hundreds of people coming together for a marathon session of dancing to reggae and soul and watching the scores of acts who put in an appearance as the day goes on.

On this particular windswept Sunday the venue is London's *Hammersmith Palais*. Standing on the door looking over the crowds as they file in is a huge man by the name of Steve Walsh who's helping to organize the event. For soul devotees he's one of the most highly respected DJs around, appearing on Radio London and in clubs up and down the country. Along with Capital Radio reggae DJ David Rodigan he's hosting today's goings on.

Walsh reckons that about 3000 people will be turning up for the day. They'll mainly come to dance and meet up with a few mates who come regularly to All Dayers. A few just come to pose, standing around in trendy suits and hats, or paisley shirts and diamond jewellery. But the main idea is to arrive with a gang of friends - 'a posse' - and move straight on to the dance floor.

The only essential item to bring with you is a whistle - because you don't clap at All Dayers. If you hear a record you like, or want to show you like one of the acts, you just blow your whistle - loudly!

So when Steve Walsh takes the stage behind the turntables at about 5.30, he's greeted by shrill blasts. "This one," he announces as he puts on another record, "is by Paul Hardcastle. It's at Number 4 this week and next week it's going to be Number 1." A deafening shriek of whistles shows the crowd's approval. Hardcastle often puts in an appearance at these shows, so his single "19" is a favourite.

But it's the reggae that most people have turned up to listen to today, as the South London funk band *The Cool Notes* find out when they take the stage to play an hour and a half of slick and lively soul.

Some of the reggae diehards in the crowd are put out by the fact that when they started nine years ago *The Cool Notes* used to be a reggae band. They only started doing the sort of funk that's got them into the charts a

couple of years back, but some of the regulars haven't forgiven them for the change. "Let's hear you clap!" singer Lorraine shouts to the audience. A voice comes back: "Why should we? We don't even like you!"

But after nine years in the business they don't give up easily and by the time they've played their single "Spend The Night" they've begun to win them round. Afterwards, back in the dressing rooms, singers Lorraine and Heather shrug it off with smiles: "it wasn't an ideal audience. We usually go down better than that."

Smiley Culture, on the other hand, takes the stage to yet more strong whistle-blowing. With his long experience of appearing in the dance halls, he's in his element singing and chatting away to specially made backing tracks known as 'dub plates'. He's got his own brand of humorous verbal gymnastics and hip swivelling down to a fine art. It's sometimes a bit difficult to understand what he's singing about because he uses a lot of Jamaican slang, but as he explains backstage: "There's a lot of things I say that might not be direct from the dictionary, if you know what I mean, but after a while people catch on. If you listen to it a few times you could understand it."

There's a host of others who take the stage too, including the strangely-named woman *Bionic Rhona*, Pate who's a larger-than-life reggae singer, Smiley Culture's partner *Asher Senator* with his two hundred-words-a-minute loasting, not to mention the vocal soul group *Five Star*, a set of brothers and sisters who look like they're all cloned from Michael Jackson.

As the evening draws on there are a few slumped exhausted in the seats, but for the rest the pace of the dancing keeps up. One thing that stands out is that for an event of this size it's a friendly affair. Steve Walsh is proud of the fact that people come here to enjoy themselves dancing and having a laugh rather than to cause trouble. "There's a big following which goes to all the All Dayers," he says, "so the 'posses' all know each other. They all join up together and there's never any trouble."

So how do you find out where and when there's an All Dayer? "Well," answers Steve, "they don't happen regularly because we like to keep them rare and special, one-off. I always end my spot by saying there will be another one coming up. Listen to the local radio, look in the press. Just keep your eye out."



Outside the Hammersmith Palais



Inside The Hammersmith Palais; a "posse"



Warming up their whistles for the day ahead



First things first - a nice nutritious meal



Steve Walsh, the man who arranged the whole event, spins a few discs

CONTROLS

DATES



The Cool Notes hand out signed photos



The Cool Notes in the flesh



Photo, the first reggae toaster of the day



Five Star



Before Smiley Culture, on comes his swift-talkin' partner Acher Senator



Smiley gets his head together in the draeeling room afterwards

PHOTOS: ANDREW GALEY

Check locally before stappin' out. **A Lisa Anthony** Production

Steve Arrington: Birmingham Odeon (July 16), Ipswich Gaumont (11), London Hammersmith Odeon (12).

Damned: Coventry Polytechnic (May 26), Bredford St Georges' Hall (July 4), Chester Northgate Arana (6), Northampton Dengata Theatre (7), Chippingham Goldiggers (9), Swansea Mayfair (15), Woolwich Coronet Theatre (11).



Deed Or Alive! Edinburgh Playhouse (June 23), Newcastle City Hall (24), Liverpool Royal Court (26), Manchester Apollo (28), Nottingham Royal Centre (29), Birmingham Odeon (July 1), Bristol Hippodrome (2), Brighton Dome (5), London Hammersmith Odeon (9)

Telet Works: London Marquee (May 23), South West London Polytechnic Whitelands College (31), Portsmouth Polytechnic (June 1), Cambridge University (7), Coventry Polytechnic (8)

O.M.Ds: Oxford Polytechnic (June 8), Warrington Spectrum Arana (10), Norwich University



of East Anglia (11), Chippingham Goldiggers (12), Loughborough University (13).

The Redskins: Newcastle Tiffanys (June 12), Edinburgh Coeslars (13), Blackburn King Georges Hall (14), Leeds University (15), Leicester University (17), Birmingham Powerhouse (18), London Historical Ballroom Kilburn (19).

The Truths: East Shean The Bull (May 25), Blackburn King Georges Hall (29), Leeds Polytechnic (30), Edinburgh (31), Dudley J.B.'s (June 1), Brighton Richmond Hotel (2), Cardiff New Ocean (5), Bath Moles (6), London Clarendon Ballroom (7), Bristol Granary (8), Manchester Gallery (12), Ciescherpes Winter Gardens (13), Colchester Woods Leisure Centre (14), Middlesbrough Town Hall (15).

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MUTTERINGS

GOES TO MONTREUX

Montreux, Switzerland is the setting for the biggest pop extravaganza on TV. Beamed to 32 countries (including China) it'll have an estimated audience of 400 million and will be screened as three one-hour specials on BBC 1 on Sunday May 26, June 2 and June 9 at 10.30pm. This year it features **Frankie Goes To Hollywood**, **Duran Duran**, **Culture Club**, **Elton John**, **Paul Young**, **Warc Almond** and **Broski Beat**, **Sting**, **Bryan Ferry** and **Go West**, among others.



▲ **Boy George**, of course, stole the show. Apart from creating his own cocktail out of a hail of lager and bits of fruit, he was apparently mouching off about ITV's Spelling Image. "They can make a fool out of me because what I do is based on humour," he explained, "but including Margaret Thatcher is bad for the morals of the country". Oh it is, is it? So war isn't stupid anymore? Anyway, after the show he collapsed – a larynx problem was the diagnosis. Mutterings blames it on all this hob-nobbing he's been doing lately. Apart from appearing at the Molwyn thingy in the Apollo Theatre, Harlem (New York) with **Stevie Wonder**, **Rod Stewart** and **Wham!**, he went to **Diana Ross'** place for tea. Her new protégée **Marilyn** was there, of course, as was the fab American comedy star **Woody Allen**.

▼ Apart from making **Go West** squat in the head, **Jon Moss** has been sending off allegations from Fleet Street about Culture Club being down the dumpster (yawn). "Not having a hit did us a lot of good. We were in a rut and that shook us out of it. It made us want to fight harder. Last year our problem was that we tried too much. Anyone who thinks we are finished is crazy." Right on.



▲ **Bryan Ferry** made his first stage appearance here since Roxy Music split two years ago. He was backed by four models who, for some reason best known to Sir Bryan, were all exactly the same height. Two of them, Julie and Alicia Branwell were from Liverpool while the others were from Sweden and France, the latter modellette being only 17 years old. So what's the idea then Boy? "I thought it would make quite an interesting experiment!" Yeah, pull the other one mate, it's got balls on it. Back home, Sir Bryan is hotly tipped to perform at the 21st birthday party of Charlie Althorpe, Princess DI's brother. The party is rumoured to be costing a cool £100,000 and will take place in their £20 million London mansion. Makes you sick, dunnit?

► **Duran Duran** at last! The ugly truth has been revealed. To get given the plum job of the new Bond soundtrack, John Taylor claimed he was aided and abetted by the demon drink. He met Bond producer Cubby Broccoli at a party in Sydney and used his dutch courage to enquire as to whether Duran might do the next Bond soundtrack – the answer, much to JT's astonishment was yes. Should have more confidence in yourself, lad.



● **Roy Hay** and his wife **Alison** have just been on their second honeymoon somewhere in Europe. For a present he bought her a blue glass chandelier for £5000. Like to have seen him wrap that one.

● **Elton John** stayed for only three hours to perform a duet with raunchy American disco chick **Millie Jackson**. His new single "Act Of War" has then whizzed back to London to trash his LP which will feature **Nik Kershaw**, **Mel Gaynor** from **Simple Minds**, **Roger Taylor** from **Duran** and this geezer called **George Michael**.



◀ **Sting** announced his plans to make a feature film about his new "jazz" group named, obviously in flash of sheer inspiration, **Sting**. A Hollywood crew will film the chaps in rehearsal in Paris and will go with them on their proposed tour of Japan, America and Europe later this year. Sounds, er, really, interesting. But first things first. He's going home to London to escort girlfriend **Trudi** to Paris on the Orient Express. Hens she will have her second baby. Why the fancy train ride? Because she's so close to dropping said spog no airline will risk taking her.



● **Simon Le Bon** sporting his new haircut (snigger). Very Elvis, we must say.

THE UNTOUCHABLES



Photo: Stefan Kozler