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SMASH HITS



THE MADONNA STORY



THE MONTREUX POP FESTIVAL + SIMON LE BON + SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK



A-HA + THE BANGLES + IAN McCULLOCH + SADE + DOCTOR & THE MEDICS

Zerillions of
pop stars at...



The Montreux
Pop Festival
on pages 60-64



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And



A bunch
of complete
purrs on...
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Smash Hits / A-ha

JANET JACKSON

One girl, six famous brothers, ten million "exot"



a beautiful and talented daughter," it says. No mention here of all Joe and Katherine's other beautiful and highly talented offspring - Jackie, Tito, Jermaine, Marlon, Randy and Michael (The Jacksons!), and the sisters, Meureen and LaToya ... But that's because Janet - the youngest child (going on 20) - is determined to do things "on her own terms".

"I've learned from my mistakes and I've learned from other people's mistakes," says Janet. "I've changed so much over the last two years (following the break up of her marriage to James DeBarge - whom, she now realises, she married far too young) and on 'Control' I wanted to touch base with each and every woman in the world. It's a very aggressive album ..."

But don't get her wrong. Janet is not trying to distance herself from her fellow Jacksons. In fact: "The family is my most treasured possession. Without a family I would feel so lonely. I'm so proud of my Mum and my Dad and my brothers ... " Janet talks quite a lot about "love" and "pride" and "family".

"I remember when I was small, my brothers were away from home a lot. That made me sad. But I was a big Jackson 5 fan. I remember being in pyjamas every Saturday morning to watch the Jackson 5 cartoon on TV. That was funny. And Bugs Bunny and Roadrunner and Woody Woodpecker. And the Osmonds. I enjoyed the Osmonds ..."

"Michael and I were like the closest of all the children and we used to have pillow fights in our pyjamas. Did I win? You're kidding - I lost every time. Do we still have pillow fights? Sure!

"When I was a little kid I wanted to be a horse-racing jockey. I started riding when I was five and I still love to go bare-back riding. It was my Dad who suggested that I start singing. I wasn't too sure because, being such a little kid, I thought I would

● PSSSSSSST! Hey, girles! Have you actually thought about ... er, ahem ... BOYS these days? You have? Horrible aren't they? All they do is press their noses (which they never blow) up against windows peering at useless BMX bikes and collect bits of card with pictures of dodgy football people with perms (see the *Bitz Book Of Life*). And they hardly ever wash or knit or take their dollies out in miniature push-chairs. And all they seem to listen to is creepy old heavy metal bands because they like pretending that they're really tough and can "play" the guitar. Not to mention trying to "smog" all the time and ... well, grooo! So here's something for the finer things in life (i.e. girles) - a double-album compilation of



entirely boy-free records by such nice people as Whitney Houston, Alison Moyet, D.C. Lee, The Pointer Sisters, Sade etc. Now that's more like it. Oh - and it's called "The Girles' Cheers" and all you fortresses out there can have the chance of winning one by answering this:

Who recently had a byooogee hit with a song called "Girлие Girles"? Was it: a) The St. Johns College Choir And The Band Of The Grenadier Guards? b)

"Grace" Jones? c) Sophie's George? d) Russell Grant And The Starlettes or e) A boy?

Answers on a pair of false eye-lashes to *Smash Hits Blockz Can Win This LP Too Bitz Was Merely "Jeeting" Competition*, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF to get here by June 3.

● A Vixen writes: "Hello, boys. Have you actually thought about them (the 'newest' bitz) yet, or is the catnip because it's hot as all hell? Because all you ever do is diggle and fiddle and lie about as before about and like 'boyz' playing WED. Only My Little Pony and something about adolescent boys who actually wear trousers and boots, at the end. Brerol Back onto the rigger post immediately!"



... TWITCH ... FUMBLE ...
SCRATCH OF THE EAR ...



▶ "Hello pop chaps. Prince Charles here. Um... it gives one immense pleasure and oodles of honourhood to announce the most special guests of all at my rather spendid... er... oh yes "Birthday Party", that's it. Yes, it's my birthday on March 48th and to celebrate this momentous occasion my lovely wife, David, and I are going to dress up as Paul Young and Madonna and have a bit of a giggle with all our pop chums like... um, oh what's his name? Oh yes, Howard James. And Mike Knopfler. And Tina Turpin. Mmm... my favourite! See you there then chas... Woocooops!!!! Just slipped off the old 'rostrum' there...



● (A sensible person: in other words... There's a massive concert on June 20 at Wembley Arena to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the Prince's Trust. Called "The Birthday Party", aspirational of famous pop artists will be appearing - Howard Jones, Elton John, Level 42, Tim Turner, Midge Ure, Jean Armstrong, Eric Clapton, Paul Collins, Mark "horrible headband" Knopfler, Status Quo, Paul Young and Suzanne Vega. Tickets cost £25.50 (it is a charity) and £15.50 which include a donation to the Trust plus the booking fee, and they're available now by post. Send a cheque or postal order, made out to The Prince's Trust, and a stamped addressed envelope to "The Birthday Party", PO Box 2, London NW1 6LP. No more than four tickets per applicant will not be accepted.

▲ Suzanne Vega and Sammi Beal at their... the incident occurred years ago over... (Details in "Sensory")



"Hello my darling! Conker, oh! The lings one does for 'money when one's a child' is... about for many years. I talk about boy? I've done the granddaddy's scene from Heaven with dear, dear Sir Larry Oliver at the Old Vic. I've 'conkered' on stage with poor old David Bowie. I've been on the road with The Damned, and one time I'm doing a publicity 'tour' for some puns about called Children. Apparently, they've got two more angles out - "Baby I Love You Sir" and "The Official Children World Cup Anthem" - but I won't beard them myself as a matter of being to me. It's a good thing too, I reckon. Pop music - it's enough to make me turn in to one's grand! I talk you!!!!"

"ASTONISHING" "FACT" "SPECIAL" "411"

"Hi y'all! We're the Force MDs and we look very toothsome and "jazzy" don't we? Anyway we've just had a very massive hit with a very slow tune sawing called Tender Love". Good, eh? And here we are to tell you some astonishing facts about ourselves... (Exaggerate ME!) I think you'll find that's my department...
Astonishing Fact 1: Here we go then... **Astonishing Fact 1:** They all come from Staten Island in New York...
Astonishing Fact 2: Two of them are brothers and they're all aged between 21 and 33...
Astonishing Fact 3: They started off as a rap band... **Astonishing**

"Fact 4: They used to "specialise" in adapting TV series theme tunes like The Brady Bunch (American clean-up-can-be family) and The Adams Family (American spook family)..."
"Astonishing Fact 5: Medical Dr. (M.D.) stands for Medical Doctor (M.D.).
Astonishing Fact 6: Their names are Antoine Maurice Landy, Steve Landy, Jesse Leo Daniels, Trisco Pearson and Charles Nelson...
Astonishing Fact 7: They wear rings on all of their fingers (see picture for "evidence")...
"Astonishing Fact 8: Er, well... there aren't any more, aackbeats..."



▶ The Force MDs are... (Details in "Sensory")

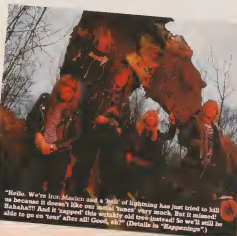


What we have here, pop chickens, is a "host" of the most famous, adored "f" lurved people ever to come from New Jersey in America. (A reader's voice: "I don't recognise any of them.") Oh good, because Biz didn't either, aackbeats. BUT - they're very famous in New Jersey and this gathering has come about for the recording of yet another "Aid" record. They've called themselves Jersey Artists For Mankind - they include Nils "boing boing" Lofgren, Southside Johnny, Ceryline Fias and most of the E. Street Band, and there's two records in "question": "Save Love, Save Life" and "We've Got The Love" - and Baron Bruce Springsteen (being New Jersey's most famous "son") does a solo on the latter "platter". There's also plenty under way for LP and a Christmas LP by J.A.M. (to give them their full title), and all royalties will be donated to the Community Food Bank Of New Jersey as well as to other charity organisations all over the world. Applause!



The Attack Of The Fifty Foot Woman.
 ● Fred Schneider was so opposed to meat-eating that he formed a "vegetarian patrol" and drove around Athens looking for "burger bogs". Whenever he saw one, he'd let off an old police siren strapped to the roof of his car.
 ● "Rock Lobster" was first released on the group's own Bootland label in 1978.
 ● It's taken eight years to become a hit.
 ● More's the pity.

The B-52's, left to right: Keith Strickland, Cindy Wilson, Kate Pearson, Fred Schneider, and the late Ricky Wilson.



"Hello. We're from Mankind and a bolt of lightning has just tried to kill Bahah!!! And it's supposed this wackily old tree-bush is so we'll still be able to go on 'ours' after all! Good, eh?" (Details in "Sensory")

LAN

He's back! Back! Simon is



▲ The Drum crew out of a "teevee" zone

I feel very proud and I want to go to bed." Simon le Bon is an exhausted man. He has just arrived back at Portsmouth with his yacht *Drum*, having finished third in the Whitbread Round-The-World Race. So he can be forgiven for looking a little curly round the edges. He hasn't slept for two days and he hasn't eaten for five. It's 6.30 a.m. on a chilly Sunday morning and he's already drunk rather a lot of champagne.

"I'm very buzzed-up," he says. Sorry?

"I'm very buzzed-up, and I'm knackered, but I'm a very happy man."

"Tired and happy? What better time than this for *Bitz* to step forward and present Simon with the coveted "Smash Hits Saily Skipper Trophy For The First Yacht Past The Post With A Pop Star Called Simon On Board." *Bitz* steps forward. . .

"This trophy is presented to you, Simon le Bon," pipes *Bitz*, "for your outstanding achievements in the world of all things nautical!"

The "gleaming" artefact is handed over and Simon - choked with emotion - gratefully receives the prestigious prize. . .

"Hold on," he mutters, "this isn't a sailing trophy. It's got *GOLFERS* on it!"

Um. Ahem. Yes, it is rather true that the figures on said trophy look



▲ Hoorah! The crew aplice the maintenance with a sogg of minimum (jager, to be entirely accurate)



Bitz

Isn't it time you placed your piggy bank?



up your interest.



A statement folder and pen to keep your account in line. On Line. What are you waiting for?



National West
 147 LOWER STREET
 UPPER DOWTON
 WORTHFIELDS
 SOUTH YORKSH.
 WF16 5AB

Lockbury, London EC2P 2BP. Account is available to anyone under 19. A minimum of £1 opens an account, of which £1 goes towards the cost of the opening pack and the remainder is credited towards the account opening pack. Calculator made in Taiwan. NatWest reserves the right to change the specification of the calculator. The one you receive may not be the one illustrated.



Born 26 years ago in Clacton, Helen Folasade Adu spent a lot of her childhood watching Scooby Doo and Charlie's Angels, throwing stones at cars, bullying grown-ups and doing "the worst paper round in the world." But these days Sade is only ever referred to as "cool" or "sophisticated" and her picture appears on the covers of the poshest magazines. So, does this mean she's incredibly snooty? Tom Hibbert "investigates" ...

Sitting demurely behind an "executive" - styled desk, toying with a cake, Sade looks as cool as a cucumber, as relaxed as a radish, as ... well, not at all like a woman who supposedly "cracked up" a few weeks ago and fled a German stage in floods of tears, that's for sure. What really happened? Well, she did go a bit tired and emotional for a spell and she did walk off stage - but it was not the grand seeping exit of a star-crossed lover that the "news" papers splashed all over their pages. Sade doesn't read the "news" papers anymore ...

"Once I died of a heroin overdose - I wonder if I'll die again?"

"It's all so bizarre," she says with a shrug of her shoulders, "but that's the way the papers are these days - there's not much truth in anything you read in the tabloids. Once I died of a heroin overdose - I wonder if I'll die again? Stories like that did upset me at first but it's got so far and so ridiculous that I can just laugh at it now. No, I'm not planning to retire to the Outer Hebrides with a halacaava and wellington boots ..."

Well, that's a relief. Sade may be a bit temperamental but she's not about to go off the deep end. Even the ultimate in public "recognition" - getting on the front cover of international news magazine Time, as she recently did - hasn't gone to her head: "It's only a magazine - a piece of paper, it's not as grand as being on the cover of *Smash Hits* ..." And as for people gawping and staring where e'er she walks ... Pooh! "I'm fairly recognisable because my forehead is so big and my knees are particularly knobby, to tell the truth, so I do get recognised a lot, but it's not too bad - just inconvenient. People do have an uncontrollable urge to look and you do feel under scrutiny - it's a bit like having a hitchhiker - but I'm probably guilty of the same thing. If I saw Reginald Bosanquet or a

news presenter in the street, I wouldn't be able to turn my head away. (Not surprising, actually, as Reginald Bosanquet has been dead for several years.) Anyway, I've only been abused once in three years - when a young hotel porter came up and said 'Why did you do such a shit version of "Why Can't We Live Together"?' - so things could be worse."

Indeed they could. After all, Sade is a highly wealthy woman these days. Pots of money. Not bad for a girl who used to do the worst paper round in the world. Thanks to the miracle of human memory, we now go swirling back into Sade's past ...

"It was horrible that paper round. It was in Holland Haven (in Holland-on-Sea - near Clacton - where she lived) and every house was a good 50 yards from the next one because that's where the rich people lived and it was on the cliff top and the wind would whip off the sea and blow my bike over because I didn't have a Dad to put on the proper stand, and when it rained people would get papier mache shoved through the door and I was screamed at quite a few times ... it was a disastrous paper round." Her step-father was a hatcher, so Sade did a meat round, too ...

"I'm fairly recognisable because my forehead is so big and my knees are particularly knobby ..."

"I turned practically vegetarian because I don't like seeing the carcasses banging in the shop and this sweet, sickly smell of meat that used to waft into our flat above the shop ... ugh ... you can get McDonald's sausage hurgers in Germany now, you know. Everything's got sausage in it Germany. You order pea soup and you get sausage soup with a few peas in it. Everything is made of pig ..."

Really? Where were we? Oh, that's right - Holland-on-Sea ...

When I was 11 and my mother first remarried, I used to get home from school and

just read, I read a book every day - silly books from Enid Blyton's horsey ones to Charles Dickens. That lasted about a year and then I started acting less like a disturbed child and started getting more normal, watching television all the time. I watched TV consistently every night for three years - Scooby Doo and Wacky Races and all that cartoon stuff. I could do a perfect imitation of Penelope Pitop (does perfect imitation of Penelope Pitop). And then I'd watch things like *Charlie's Angels* - I love that for its naif qualities. I loved dodgy things like *Crossroads* - I wouldn't want to go on holiday with anyone in *Crossroads*, would you? And then there was *Blue Peter*. I made a snowman once

"I wouldn't want to go on holiday with anyone in Crossroads, would you?"

out of a *Fairy Liquid* bottle and sticky tape. And I once made this Christmas tree out of coat-hangers, but I never finished it. I never finished anything because you know that there must be children somewhere in England who had all the right implements in their house - like their parents would have strong glue and sticky back plastic - but I was always whining 'But you can't stick a toilet roll to a *Fairy Liquid* bottle with flour and water, Mum. It doesn't work! Boo hoo!'

So why don't you go and play outside, dear, her mother would say ...

"I'd go out with my friends and be terrible. We were tomboys and we used to go into people's back gardens and climb up the swings and wrap them around the top and we'd lie on top of my friend Alison's dad's garage and throw stones at cars, and we'd bully grown-ups, knocking on old people's doors and you get running away and knocking all their flower pots over. We were pretty obnoxious. But then we all started going out with boys. Except me. I was the only one without a boyfriend. The only person I thought was good-looking was David Essex."

These days, I'm glad to say, Sade does have a (much-publicised) paramour - and just about everything else that a person could desire. Like ...

A CAT!!
"I've got a remarkably ugly cat called Cylinders - my Mum's looking after her now. When I first met her she was a little disturbed and she was pregnant and that's why she's called Cylinders." (7)

A CAR!!
"I'm a bit fiery behind the wheel. When I first passed my test, I drove to Clacton in a Morris Minor and the police spotted me. They were in a modern Rover but I was going so fast it took them ten minutes to catch up. But I had such a bad cough they let me off."



A HOOVER!!
"Hoovering isn't very therapeutic because you have to calculate which nozzle you're going to use for different bits of the room so it starts getting a bit complicated and tuxing. Putting stamps on things is much more therapeutic."

A BATH!!
"I hate my bath. It's pink and I'm very embarrassed about it. It was pink when I moved in and it's still pink and whenever I come home, I remember how horrible it is. I've got a cream entryphone with a brown cord that I hate, too. I had a man round to look at it and he said 'Hmmm, I often deal with celebrities. My wife is, in fact, a celebrity. She's a belly dancer.' He was a marvelous man - but he ... never changed the entryphone ..."

SEVERAL TEA TOWELS!!
"I haven't done washing up for a long time to be honest with you, but I do have a tea towel collection. I've got one very good tea towel that I got in a supermarket in France. It's a woven thing with lovely colours on it and I think it might be in the washing machine now."

And ... A CAKE!!
"Would you like one of my cakes? No, I don't blame you. They're not very nice."



THE RULES & REGULATIONS S

WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX AND

WE'RE GONNA USE IT

You gotta go to school follow the rules
 De what people say and don't make a fool of yourself
 Work your brains until your head bursts
 Pass all your exams leava school
 And go to work in a place
 Where they know you by a number not your name
 You're stuck in a rut
 And there's no-one but yourself to blame

Chorus

There must be more to life
 There must be more than this
 There must be more to life
 Than rules and regulations to command and obey
 Rules and regulations to command and obey
 Obey obey away

Just keep your mouth shut tie your hair up in a bun
 Wear a beige skirt and polo necks
 Just like your Mum said you should
 Get married by eighteen
 Leava your job have some kids
 It's always been your only dream to iron his suit
 N makes you feel so proud though he's chained you up
 And tied you up so you're housebound

Repeat chorus

Get a divorce a few years later on
 Your husband found you boring
 And ran off with the nearest blonde
 So now you're left devoid of faith and hope
 Nothing matters now
 You wonder whether you can still cope
 When your kids are old enough you know they'll escape
 You're left on your own to rot and decay

Repeat chorus

Rules and regulations to command and obey
 Rules and regulations to command and obey
 Rules and regulations to command and obey
 Rules and regulations to command and obey
 Rules and regulations to command and obey
 Obey

Words and music by We've Got A Fuzz Box
 And We're Gonna Use It
 Reproduced by permission / Major Songs/Warner Bros Music
 On Vindaco Records

Woah...
 Ooh it's sinful it's tragic
 It's sinful it's tragic
 Ooh hey Joe
 I got the news tonight
 Well should I laugh
 Or should I cry
 Or should I stay end fight
 It's sinful (sinful) so true
 Hey Joe
 I know I sound confused
 But did you ever
 Get the feeling
 That you're being used
 (Sinful sinful) so true
 Boo hoo sing
 Ooh it's sinful it's tragic
 It's sinful it's tragic
 Ooh hey Joe
 I never understood
 When the elders
 Are so wicked
 Why should we be good

SINFUL

Chorus

Snooker loopy nuts are we
 Ma and him and them and me
 We'll show you what we can do
 With a load of balls and a snooker cue
 Pat the reds then screw back
 For the yellow green brown blue pink and black
 Snooker loopy nuts are we we're all snooker loopy

Now of Mee we all know he's got loads of dapper suits
 London bred and he keeps his head
 Though he's got Italian roots
 Emotional and he keeps his cool
 Till he reaches the final
 Then whether he wins or whether he don't
 TONY MEO: I always pipe me eyeballs

Now our friend Den hours he'd spend
 Down the snooker hall
 On the old green knee meta he'd smash
 With his skills with a snooker ball
 But them long shots he never ever got
 Why the old mind boggles
 Nowadays he got the lot
 DENNIS TAYLOR: 'Cause I wear these goggles

Repeat chorus

Now Terry the Taff was born in a gall
 In the valleys of the land a song
 And as the reds he puts to bed
 He likes to sing along
 N I win he says with a grin

N can only help me can't N

I'll celebrate and buy another eight
 TERRY GRIFFITHS: Hairbrushes for me barret

But old Willie Thorn his hair's all gone
 All his mates all talk the rive
 His opponent said cover up his head
 'Cause it's shining in my eyes
 When the light shines down
 On his bare crown

It's a cert he's gonna walk N
 It's just not fair giving on that glare
 WILLIE THORN: Perhaps I ought to chalk N

Repeat chorus

Steve last year come vary near
 To winning the snooker crown
 But he never got to put N on his ginger nut
 'Cause the black ball wouldn't go down
 His manager and all said sod that ball
 But it helped him make his mind up
 Now he don't care who was this year
 STEVE DAVIS: 'Cause he's got the rest of us signed up

Repeat chorus twice

Snooker loopy nuts are we we're all snooker loopy
 Snooker loopy nuts are we we're all snooker loopy

Words and music by C. Hodges/D. Peacock
 Reproduced by permission Chas/Dave Music
 On Rockney Records.

They're sinful (sinful)
 So true
 Don't cry
 Don't let it get you down
 Hey Joe we ought to try
 And turn the world around
 It's sinful (sinful)
 So true hoo hoo

(It's sinful) sinful it's tragic
 Ooh it's sinful ooh
 It's sinful it's tragic
 Tragic it's tragic

Don't you believe me
 I know it's true
 I can say that I've seen it
 Can you?

Don't you believe me
 I know it's true
 I can say that I've seen it
 Can you?

(It's sinful) it's sinful
 Repeat and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Pete Wylie
 Reproduced by permission
 Call The Music/Warner Bros Music
 On MCM Records

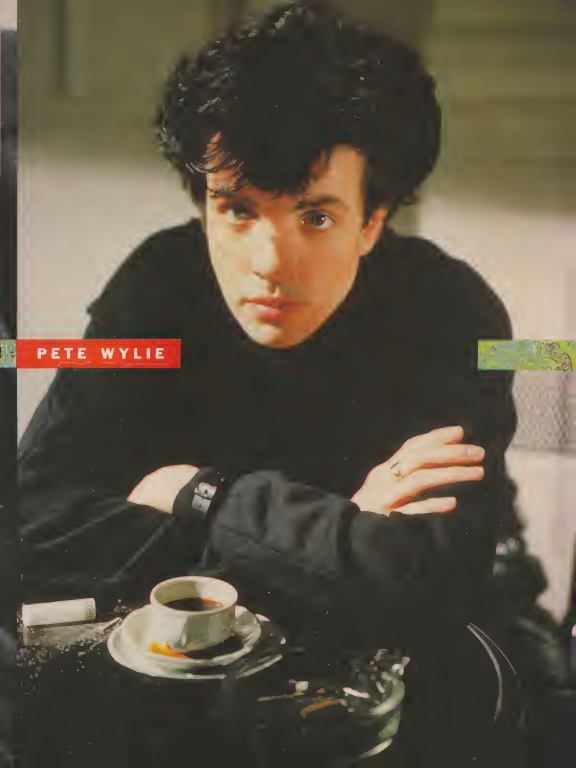
THE MATCHROOM BOYS

CHRIS 'DAVE' AND

SNOOKER LOOPY



4 Lots of "hunny" snooker
 players, left to right: Steve
 Davis, Dennis Taylor, Terry
 Griffiths, Willie Thorn and Terry
 Leo. Minn man: The dodgy
 looking geezers behind are, in no
 particular order, "Chee" and
 "Dave", Groo!

A close-up photograph of actor Pete Wylie. He has dark, curly hair and is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. He is wearing a dark, long-sleeved shirt. His hands are resting on a dark table in front of him. On the table, there is a white coffee cup on a saucer with a small orange garnish, a lit cigarette in a glass ashtray, and a small white container. The background is softly blurred, showing what appears to be a window with blinds. A red horizontal bar with the text 'PETE WYLIE' is positioned across the middle of the image. There are also some green and white patterned decorative elements on the right side.

PETE WYLIE



STEVE

VOM

WENDI

DOCTOR

COLETTA

WOMAN & THE MEDICS!

RICHARD



"We are the band that's taken sex appeal out of rock 'n' roll. We look like a cross between Valerie Singleton and a slug."

Way back in the mists of time, a new group called Doctor & The Medics created their first ever single called "The Druids Are Coming", with "The Goats Are Trying To Kill Me" on the B-side. These song titles just about sum them up: they're not very "normal". Their music is a spooky, psychedelic, manic, '60s-inspired riot, they look rather strange, their singer (The Doctor) is a 6' 5" lunatic and they've just had their first ever hit single with a cover version of Norman Greenbaum's ancient "Spirit In The Sky". And they don't take interviews very seriously...

Doctor: "I was created in Liverpool and recent surveys have found that I've got almost as many chromosomes as a pig. Apparently, I'm the missing link between the slug and the human being.

Richard (bass player): "I was found in a basket by the River Thames.

Steve (guitarist): "I was born in Greenwich. My parents came down from Glasgow so I could be born as close to the Meridian as possible, for religious reasons. And we found Vom (the drummer) lying in a gutter in Southend when we went there for a day trip. We'd just sacked our last drummer for being a Vivaldi Sassoon and we needed a new one. We just got off the train, heard a noise, looked down - and there was Vom!"

Doctor: "And - this is true - Richard made him beg on his knees to be in the band! For five minutes! People think Vom's short but it's just because we haven't let him get up yet, ha ha! And The Anadin Brothers (Collette and Wendy)... well we don't know where they came from - they just materialise before each concert and then disappear again. There always seems to be a phone box around though. They say

"We're just going to make a phone call" and they both go out the box and don't come out again. Very strange. Then they materialise again when there's food around. Or money. Rumour has it they may not be men, but that's all we know. Haw haw.

Doctor: We're all incredibly unfashionable - always have been. Mind you, the people I feel sorry for are Medics fans. Being a Medics fan is almost as unpopular as being Samantha Fox. We keep seeing these big red signs everywhere with a picture of a Medics fan with two bottles of cider in each hand and a big black cross through it with 'No Medics Fans Allowed' and 'Please Leave Your Medics Fan Outside'. Our fans tend to be an across-the-board range of freaks, basically. We've always sided with the freaks because that's who we feel sorry for - people like myself. I mean, I'm still growing you know! There was a time when I was going to have my spine pinned together to stop me growing. I've always been incredibly tall and this brought me a huge amount of ridicule when I was young - and that's what turned me into the complete socially outcast devout manic psychopath that I am these days. Getting my hair to stick up like this is a very complicated process involving The Anadin Brothers, a small dog called Spot, 18 feet of elastic bands and three cans of Extra Hold For Difficult To Control Hair hairspray. I don't actually spray my hair. I just put the three cans on my head and wrap my hair round it, hee hee! I haven't had a haircut for three years and I'm never having one. But who cares? We only formed this group (four years ago) so we could record 'Spirit In The Sky'. So now we've done that we can split up. In fact, just watch - we'll split up now."

Steve: "I'm leaving."

Richard: "I've left."

Doctor: "Right... When we used to be in this group called Doctor & The Medics we always wanted to do 'Spirit In The Sky' to give Norman Greenbaum some exposure because he's brilliant and not just some old hippie who only ever sang one song. So it's quite nice that we've had a hit for him. Let's face it, though, a band that's been on the go for four years before it has a hit record must be pretty dreadful. And we played all over the world - Sheffield, Bradford... We got arrested in Italy for eating a bag of crisps! We were just walking down the street eating our crisps and the Polizei came cruising up in their car, got out and pointed their machine guns at us saying 'Psprrts'. Then they said 'Ah Inplayzecek! In ze car!' And they took us off to the station and I was the only one interviewed in front of a massive desk with a bloke standing beside it with a truncheon. They thought Richard was a little boy and kept on saying 'Who ez zees little boy?' and 'Why are you in Eetaleek?' They weren't very pleased when we said we were in a group. They had to let us off though, saying 'Next time you play in Eetalee you get work perments! Can't blame them, though, as we are the band that's taken the sex appeal out of rock 'n' roll. We look like a cross between Valerie Singleton and a slug. Do you realise, by the way, that I was turned away from every single medical school in the country when I applied! I'm getting my own back on them - my aim in life is to disgrace the medical world, that's why this band is called what it is. Mind you, if you had a heart attack right now or Richard was to accidentally stab you in the throat 18 times with a stiletto knife - I could help you out! I'm a fully qualified St. John's Ambulance First Aider - and that's TRUE!"

Interview by Sylvia Patterson

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- 8 **Kate Bush** *The Single File*
- 9 **Iron Maiden** *Live After Death*
- 10 **YES** *90125 Live*

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- Complete the crossword grid, fill in your name and address and tick whether you'd like a VHS or Betamax video.
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● ACROSS

- 1 See photo clue (5,4)
- 6 Just **The Beatles'** sort of Monday
- 9 **Duane Eddy** helped them make an art of it
- 10 **Dead** -- **_____**, like **Pete Burns'** group (2,5)
- 12 **Mrs Penn**
- 13 **Jimmy Seville'** favourite group? (1,5)
- 17 **St _____** **flap**
- 18 " -- **The World"** (USA For Africa) (2,3)
- 19 **The size** of that pop country
- 20 **Jennifer Rush** made a ring out of it
- 22 Hit that provided little sleep for **New Model Army** (2,4)
- 24 **Paul** who know "Spies Like Us"
- 27 **Disintegrates** like **Julian Cope's** tear drop
- 28 **Live is liars**
- 29 What you ate to me, according to **The Real Thing**

● DOWN

- 1 **Big Audio** is explosive bit
- 2 Produced out of a hat by **Queen?** (1,4,2,5)
- 3 Record label had artist **Tracey Ullman**
- 4 **Le Bohème** or **Madame Butterfly**, for instance
- 5 **Wally Tompson** makes a hit for **Bronski Beat** (anag 5,4,3)
- 6 Where the sun always shines for **A-ha** (2,1,1)
- 7 **Mac** forms a well known record label (anag 1,1,1)
- 10 **Yoko** (i.e. Mrs Lennon)
- 11 Record label to be found in **Simple Minds** (1,1,1)
- 14 **Eurythmics** claimed there must be one (2,5)
- 15 TV presenter and wearer of horrible "jumpers" **Mr Edmonds**
- 16 **Toothsome Mr Rentzen**
- 19 You pulled up to it for **Greta Jonas**
- 21 An invitation that once came from **Debbie Harry** (4,2)
- 22 As read by **Nussy Lewis?**
- 23 Overly bashful, like **Kajagoogoo** used to be (3,3)
- 25 **Beer** or **Pendergrass?**
- 26 TV series that starred **Michael Elphick**



NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____

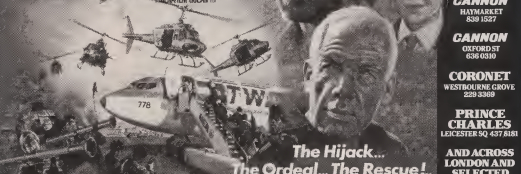
● Tick kind of video required
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15
 MENAHEM GOLAN



The Hijack...
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get smart

● There is absolutely *nothing* that *Smash Hits* doesn't know about (apart from gardening and the Industrial Revolution), so if you've got a "query" write to: Get Smart, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

Please can you tell me all the singles and albums that The Cult have made and everything they recorded when they were Southern Death Cult and Death Cult. A. Nonymous, Kent

● Righty 'n'

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT



▲ Southern Death Cult (L-R) Ian Astbury, Buzz Avey and Sam.

Singles: "Fat Man/Moya" – double A-side 7" and 12" (Nov '82)
Albums: "Southern Death Cult" (May '82)

DEATH CULT



▲ Death Cult: Ian Astbury (front plus L), R. B. Kelly (left) and Sam and Ray Winst.

Singles: "Brothers Grimm" – 12" only (July 83)
"God's Zoo" – 7" and 12" (Dec '83)
Albums: (3) ... they didn't actually have one!

THE CULT



▲ The Cult: L-R, James Shaw, Billy Duffy, Iqbal Azeem and Les Manley.

Singles: "Spirit Walker" – 7" and 12" (May 84)
"Go West (Crazy Spinning Discs)" – 7" and 12" and poster bag 12" (Aug 84)
"Resurrection Joe" – 7" and 12" (Dec 84)
"The Sells Sanctuary" – 7" and 12", remix 12" and a cassette single (June 85)
"Rain" – 7" and 12" (Sept 85)
"Revolution" – 7", double pack 7", 12" EP and a cassette single (Nov 85)
Albums: "Disminution" (also available as a limited edition picture disc and on cassette) (Aug '84)
"Love" (also available on cassette) (Oct '85).

And that's the lot. There's also zillions of bootleg live recordings and John Peel and Janice Long sessions on the "go" but these are, of course, completely illegal and the above "discs" are the only ones officially released on their label, Situation Two.

FAN CLUBS

BADE
Suite 13 C
1-3 Wortern Street, London W1

MADONNA
Madonna Information Service
30 Edwards, "Wimlandia"
37 Stone Squares, London W1

ECMO & THE SUNNYHEM
PO Box 81, Liverpool L69 8BB

DOCTOR & THE MEDICS
Medication & Information
53 Green Street, London W1

JANET JACKSON
Jackson World Club
EMMC, 7025 Fulton Avenue
N Hollywood,
California 91695, U.S.A

SIGUE "SIGUE" SPUTNIK
c/o Vicky
392 Harrow Road, London W9

THE BEATLES
Beatle Floor, International Club
Swirel Edge, Church Road
Rotherhithe East,
East Sussex, The SJA

WIN
c/o London Records
19 St George Street,
London W1R 9DE

Please could you tell me which songs on Depeche Mode's LP "Black Celebration" are sung by Martin Gore?

A very devoted Depeche Mode fan who thinks that Dave Gahan's bum is the best thing on his earth (apart from Alan Wilder's, that is), Devon.

Martin sings three songs on "Black Celebration": "A Question Of Lust", "Sometimes" and "It Doesn't Matter Two". Dave Gahan sings the rest with Martin "providing" backing vocals.

Mike Cole



Photo: Lee Walker

Please could you tell me when The Beatles split up? And what was their last single and when?
Simon Wilkins, Cheshire.

● The "fated" day was April 10, 1970 when Paul "Fab Macca Weasy Thumbs Aolt" McCartney told the world he was officially leaving the group. This was followed by a court case legally "dissolving" The Beatles. Their last single (other than re-releases) was "Let It Be" released on March 6, 1970. The B-side was "You Know My Name" and if you're "on the search" for it the catalogue no. is Apple R 5833.



▲ The Beatles in the early '60s when everyone liked their (L-R) Paul "Fab Macca Weasy Thumbs Aolt" McCartney, Ringo Starr, John Lennon and George Harrison.



▲ The Beatles in the late '60s when only 400,000 had them (L-R) Ringo Starr, Paul "Fab Macca Weasy Thumbs Aolt" McCartney, John Lennon and George Harrison.

'd like to know if Duran Duran put any of their famous songs on their original demo tape, and which record companies did they send them to?

A Duran Duran fan, Manchester.
● On that first tape they recorded the original versions of "Planet Earth", "Girls On Film" and "Careless Memories". They sent them to EMI and CBS – i.e. two of the very biggest record companies in the world – eventually deciding they'd stick with EMI after both companies showed huge amounts of interest. And they didn't even have the demoralising experience that most groups have of being rejected completely by about one million so-called record companies before finally "making it". Alright for some, eh?

recently bought the 12" version of "Sheep" by The Mousmartians and would now like to get hold of their first single "Flag Day" – but I can't find it anywhere. Where can I get it, and are there plans for an LP?

Jackie Hawkins, Dumfrieshire.
● Well, we can't have that! You should be able to order "Flag Day" from any record shop by quoting the catalogue number: the 7" is GOD 7 and the 12" is GOD X7. Just in case there's any "problem", their record company is Gol Discs (distributed by Polygram). Their "debut" album, which they haven't got a name for yet, should be released "in June or July."



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What in the world's come all over me
 I ain't got a chance of one in three
 Ain't got no rap
 Ain't got no line
 But if you'll give me just a minute
 I'll be feeling fine

I am the one who can fade the heat
 The one they all say just can't be beat
 I'll shoot it to you straight
 And look you in the eye
 So give me just a minute
 And I'll tell you why

I'm a rough boy I'm a rough boy

I don't care how you look at me
 Because I'm the one and you will see
 We can make it work
 We can make it by
 So give me one more minute
 And I'll tell you why

I'm a rough boy I'm a rough boy

*Words and music by Gibbons/Hill/Bourd
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The lights are on but you're not home
 Your mind is not your own
 Your heart sweats your body shakes
 Another kiss is what it takes
 You can't sleep no you can't eat
 There's no doubt you're in deep
 Your throat is tight you can't breathe
 Another kiss is all you need

Chorus

Oh you like to think
 That you're immune to the stuff oh yeah
 It's closer to the truth to say you can't get enough
 You know you're gonna have to face it
 You're addicted to love

You see the signs but you can't read
 You're running at a different speed
 Your heart beats in double time
 Another kiss and you'll be mine
 A one track mind you can't be saved
 Oblivion is all you crave
 If there's some left for you
 You don't mind if you do

Repeat chorus

You might as well face it you're addicted to love
 You might as well face it you're addicted to love
 You might as well face it you're addicted to love
 You might as well face it you're addicted to love
 You might as well face it you're addicted to love

The lights are on but you're not home
 Your will is not your own
 Your heart sweats your teeth grind
 Another kiss and you'll be mine

You might as well face it you're addicted to love

*Words and music by Robert Palmer. Reproduced by permission
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ROBERT PALMER



Addicted To Love



with a classmate to meet Christopher Flynn, a dance teacher in his late '40s. "He had a ballet school in Rochester," she recalls. "I really loved him. He was my mentor, my father, my imaginative lover, everything." They used to practice dance during the days and explore seedy gay discos at night, Christopher all the time insisting that the place Madonna needed to be was New York. "He was the one who said I could do it if I wanted to."

In fact, she went to New York briefly almost immediately after graduating. She'd just been on a six-week dance course at Duke University, North Carolina and there she won a scholarship at the famous Alvin Ailey school. But after the summer in New York she got another scholarship at the University of Michigan and so came back to study ballet and modern dance for the next year and a bit. There, she used to belch in class, rip her leotards, hold her rights on purpose, wear safety pins, and spend her evenings in dodgy discos like The Blue Froggie. It was there one night that she was entranced by a black waiter called Steve Bray. "For the first time in my life," she laughs, "I asked a guy to buy me a drink." They had a brief "fling" and then she packed in University and moved to New York for good. But she didn't forget Steve — nor that his ambition was to become a professional drummer.

Madonna enjoys telling a rather romantic version of the story of how she arrived in New York for the first time as a naive 17-year-old with just \$35 in her pocket, with a satchel full of tights and dance shoes under one arm and a giant baby doll under the other. She never explains how she just "got into a taxi and told the driver to take me to the middle of everything" which turned out to be Times Square. And how, puzzled by this strange girl with a suitcase wearing a winter coat in the middle of summer, a stranger began talking to her and ended up giving her a home for two weeks. But, even if the story is largely true, Madonna certainly didn't (as she's often inferred) just turn up in New York on the off-chance — her Alvin Ailey dance scholarship was already arranged. Likewise it's likely that on her second visit, this time for good, she'd already arranged her return to the dance school she remembers as being like "a production of *Fame* — *eroyes* wanted to be stars".

Still there's no reason to doubt her story that she was horribly hard up and "lived



▲ One of Madonna's early boyfriends — musician Dan Gilroy

on popcorn — it's cheap and it fills you up". She had a succession of part-time jobs — in *Dustin's*, *Donuts*, *Burger King*, *Aey's* (a Greek fast food chain), and as a coat-check girl at the "Russian tea rooms" — and lived in a horrible flat at 252 East 6th Street.

"When my father came to visit, he was mortified," she recalls. "The place was crawling with cockroaches. There were wines in the hallway and the entire place smelled like stale beer." *Yesssss!* Still, things weren't all bad. Later she'd romanticise "the first two years in New York" as a time when she'd found the place so intimidating and been so poor and lonely that she'd "go to Lincoln Center, sit by the fountain and just cry. I'd write in my little journal and pray to have just one friend." The truth, however, seems to be that she fitted in fairly well right from the start. She quickly found herself going out with a graffiti-shirt designer, Norris Buarozouba, and when they split up she met a musician called Dan Gilroy at one of Norris's parties.

"She was wearing these clothes that looked like a clown outfit," says Dan. "She didn't make a huge impression because she seemed draggy, like depressed or something." Until, that is, she demanded at the end of the evening "aren't you going to kiss me?" He obliged politely, and within days she'd moved into the abandoned Synagogue he shared with his brother Ed and started learning all she could about music.

That didn't last long, though. Madonna had been auditioning for just about any

"entertainment" job that came along and one day she tried for a part in a song and dance revue to be fronted by singer Patrick Hernandez (who'd just had a massive worldwide hit with useless Eurodisco ditty "Born To Be Alive"). Hernandez's managers were so impressed by Madonna that they offered to fly her to Paris, give her a voice coach, a maid, her very own apartment and turn her into a big star.

"I was in seventh heaven," Madonna recalls. "I kept thinking 'I can't believe it, somebody noticed me!' It seemed too good to be true, and it was. When she arrived she got the promised flat and pampered life style but they couldn't be bothered to sort out her career. Instead they ignored her, wouldn't speak English and, everytime she complained, simply 'gave me more money.' The song they had planned for her, 'She's A Real Disco Queen', remained untouched. But by hit Madonna began to hate

▲ "King" of the European disco "scene" — Patrick Hernandez

this life of posh meals and introductions to horribly swanky French youths — so instead she started to "hang out with Algerian and Vietnamese guys who didn't have jobs, who just drove round on motorcycles and terrorised people. I've always been attracted to people like that because they're irresponsible and challenge the norm. I try to rehabilitate them. I'm just trying to be the mother I never had..."

NEXT ISSUE: THE MADONNA STORY PART 2
Madonna sees her "nightlife" on fire, ears some chips out of a dustbin and takes ALL her clothes off!



Photo: Bob Peiris



Photo: Peiris



Photo: Peiris



Photo: Jean-François

Photo: L.F.I.



Photo: Helms



Photo: Deborah Frank



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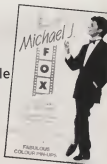
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The Chicken Song



Hold a chicken in the air



Stick a deckchair up your nose



Paint your left knee green



Then extract your wisdom teeth



Skin yourself alive



Learn to speak Arapahoe



Eat a Renault 4



Wear salami in your ears

It's the time of year
Now that Spring is in the air
When those two wits gits
With their girls curly hair
Make another song for meretric holidays
That taste-as-ate-ate
In a million different ways
From the shores of Spain,
To the coast of Southern France
No matter where you hide
You just can't escape this dance

Hold a chicken in the air
Stick a deckchair up your nose

Buy a jumbo jet
And then bury all your clothes
Paint your left knee green
Then extract your wisdom teeth
Form a strong quartet
And pretend your name is Keith
Skin yourself alive
Learn to speak Arapahoe
Climb inside a dog
And beboid an Eskimo
Eat a Renault 4
Wear salami in your ears
Casserole your gram
Disembowel yourself wita spears

Words and music by Grant/Naylor/Pope Reproduced by permission

Spitting Image



▲ Buy a jumbo jet



▲ And then bury all your clothes

© Cartoons: Kipper Williams



▲ Form a string quartet



▲ And pretend your name is Keith



▲ Climb inside a dog



▲ And behead an Eskimo



▲ Casserole your gran



▲ Disembowel yourself with spears

CENSORED

The disco is vibrating
The sound is loud and grating
It's truly nauseating
Let's do the dance again

Hold a chicken in the air
Stick a deckchair up your nose
Yes you'll hear this song
In the holiday disco

And there's no escape
In the clubs or in the bars
You would hear this song
If you holidayed in Mars

Skin yourself alive
Learn to speak Arrapehoe
Climb inside a dog
And behead an Eskimo
Now you've heard it once
Your brain will spring a leak
And though you hate this song
You'll be humming it for weeks

Hold a chicken in the air
Stick a deckchair up your nose
Yes you'll hear this song
And then bury all your clothes



ROLLIN' HOME ● STATUS QUO

I left my home one day
For the sake of better pay
In a foreign land twelve centuries back in time
Where the sun keeps burning down
On the holes drilled in the ground
And I dream of the girl I left behind

We'll signed on the dotted line
And I thought in a few years time
I'd be home and we could start a brand new life

But everything went wrong
And I just don't know how long
They will make me stay and pay for my crime

Chorus
And I wish I was rollin' home rollin' home
Home to the place I long to be
Wash rollin' home rollin' home
There's someone waitin' there for me

There's a law that rules this land
But I just didn't understand
I didn't know that I was doing wrong
But they don't seem to care
And they'll do it when they're over there
But here you face the justice of their God

Repeat chorus

All the money that I've saved
To pay for better days
Just can't make up for how I make you so
There's no consolation prize
Oh but when I close my eyes
I'm dreaming of you in our new home

Repeat chorus

Rollin' home there's someone there for me
Rollin' home there's someone there for me

Words and music by John Dwyer. Reproduced by permission Warner Bros Music Ltd On Varjo Records



ROCK LOBSTER ● B-52's

WE WERE AT THE BEACH
EVERYBODY HAD MATINEE TOWELS
SOMEbody WENT UNDER A DOCK
AND THERE THEY SAW A ROCK
IT WASN'T A ROCK IT WAS A ROCK LOBSTER

ROCK LOBSTER ROCK LOBSTER
ROCK LOBSTER & ROCK LOBSTER

MOTION IN THE OCEAN (OOH AH)
HIS AIR BOKE BROKE (OOH AH)
LOTS OF TROUBLE (OOH AH)
LOTS OF BUBBLE (OOH AH)
HE WAS IN A JAM (OOH AH)
HE'S IN A GIANT CLAM (OOH AH)

ROCK ROCK ROCK LOBSTER
DOWN DOWN
LOBSTER ROCK LOBSTER ROCK
LET'S ROCK

BOYS IN BEKINS GIRLS IN SURFBOARDS

EVERYBODY'S ROCKING
EVERYBODY'S FRUGGING
TWISTING ROUND THE FIRE HAVING FUN
BAKING POTATOES BAKING IN THE SUN

PUT ON YOUR NOSERHEAD
PUT ON THE LIFE GUARD
PASS THE TANNING BUTTER

HERE COMES A STINGRAY
THERE GOES A HANTA-BAY
IN WALKED A JELLY FISH
THERE GOES A CAT FISH
CHASED BY A CAT FISH
IN FLEW A SEA BORN
WATCH OUT FOR THAT PERANHA
THERE GOES A NAUWAL
HERE COMES A BEIN WHALE

ROCK LOBSTER ROCK LOBSTER ROCK
LOBSTER ROCK LOBSTER

* Introducing new fish cut: The Nautical is an entire
dishes with a good thing on its rear Fancy that!

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LRR SK 28/5

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BEEN DOING
THEIR HOMEWORK.**



R S V P

★ Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with a few words about yourself so people can get in touch. All cards to: **RSVP, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.** And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.

● **Hi! My name is Kirsty Jones, I'm English and I would like a Norwegian penpal.** I am 13 years old and would like somebody of around the same age to write to me. You can be any sex so please write to me at: 10 'Red' Close, Northway, Tewkesbury, Glos GL20 6TS

● **My name's Rob and I'm into most short music including Ultravox, Eurythmics, U2, YF and Depeche Mode but I hate Wham!** So any girls out there aged 14-16 please write to me at: 4B Brook Drive, St Sankey, Warrington, Cheshire WA5 1RY.

● **I am 20 years old and I would like to write to anyone from abroad, male or female aged 17-26.** I like most music especially U2, TFF and Eurythmics. So please write to: Russell Morgan, 24 Fern Lane, Longdon-on-Tern, Nr Lelford, Shropshire TF6 6LL.

● **Anyone interested in writing to two young girls from the sunny island of Cyprus?** We're both interested in chart music, dancing and anything else interesting. Don't waste any time - get scribbling to: Natassa (15) and Georgia (16), 18 Homer Street, Ayios Dometrios, Nicosia, Cyprus

● **Hi everyone!** Well, Madonna fans anyway. My name is Ryan, I'm 10 years old and I am looking for a female aged about 10-12 years old to write to me. Hope to hear from you soon: Ryan Davy, 6 Bestwater, Inve, Ayrshire, Scotland.

● **My name is Pete and I'm 20 years old.** I would like any Madonnas, TFF, Duran, Arcadia, Power Station fans to write to me at: 85 Coltham Road, Short Heath, Widenhall, West Midlands WV12 5JF.

● **Loopy person wants to write to someone the same.** I'm 17½ and I like The Reading Boys, A-ha, Rin Tin Tin, The Dream Academy and Stephen Duffy but I hate Duran and Wham! Please write to: Michelle Ampomah, 6 Bathgate House, Lifford Road, London SW9 6TT (Please send a photo if possible).

● **I'm Stephen, I'm 15 and looking for a girl of around the same age to write to.** I'm into Madonna, Dire Straits and most other groups. Please write to Stephen Smith, 24 Sutton Way, Widdershrough, Cleveland TS4 3HQ

● **I would like any 16 plus males to write to me.** I am a 17 year old female and I like Howard Jones and most other music. I also enjoy going to parties and discos. Please send a letter and a photo to: Nico Smith, 109 Leigh Park Road, Bradford-on-Avon, Wiltshire BA15 1TD

● **Hello, I am 10 years old and would like to hear from any girls, anywhere aged 10-11.** I like Madonna and A-ha so please write to me, Claire at: 13 Conrge Close, Melksham, Wiltshire SN12 6HA

● **Is anyone out there a U2 fanatic?** Yes? Well get writing to me! I also like Simple Minds, Depeche Mode and Billy Idol. Write to: Diane Polkey, 47 Winterbourne Road, Abingdon, Oxon OX14 1AL

● **My name is Andrew Escalona and I am 23 years old.** I like The Beatles, all 80s music and most chart music. I also like EastEnders, Top Of The Pops and Radio One DJ's. I'd like a female penpal, so if you're aged 16-22 please write to me (especially if you look like Sharon Watts), 12 Denons Park Crescent, Wimbledon, London SW20

● **Hi! My name is Jessica and I'm 11.** I'd love to hear from anyone aged 10-14 who loves Wham!, King, Five Star, Go West, A-ha, Eurythmics and EastEnders. I hate "We Bosa" and Dire Straits. Get writing to me at: 25 Trevanion Road, St Austell, Cornwall PL25 4RZ.

● **My boy! 18 year old Gothic lad would like to hear from any female Japanese goths or punks.** into The Cure, The Cult, Gene Loves Jezebel, The Skeletal Family etc. All Love Cats send me some Japanese whispers. Post: Treowmount, Tintern, IL, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs DE13 9SD.

● **I'm a 14 year old girl from Crawe.** I would like a penfriend from USA, Hong Kong, Australia, UK and Canada. My interests are all sports and breaking music and my favourite group is A-ha. You can be male or female and aged 13-16. Please send a letter and a photo to: Jenky Gracott, 27 Talbot Road, Crawe, Cheshire CW2 8QA.

● **We're two 16 year old girls looking for male penpals.** Our interests include Simple Minds, Dur and Ultravox. We also enjoy sport so if you're interested please write to: Alison and Lynne, 26 Russell Ave, New Balderton, Newark, Notts NG24 3BT.

● **Hi! I am a 19 year old boy into Japan, Menem and Alesandri.** I'm visiting London later in the year so I'd like to get to know some people. Other interests include Dads Car, Boy George and Ardy Warhol. Write to: Kirs Scothmans, Keatsweg 2B, 7441 bb Nyverdal, Holland.

● **Is anybody out there wondering why life is so boring?** I'd like penpals from anywhere in the Universe, especially from the Edinburgh area. I'm into Kate Bush, Madonna, Duran, A-ha plus lots more, so if you're aged 14-16 please write to: Andy Eschinger, 129 Lambton Road, Grove Hill, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS4 8RA.

● **I'm Shelley, I'm 17 years old and I like TFF, Phil Collins and most Motown music.** My interests are going to discos, writing letters and generally having a good laugh. Anyone interested, boy or girl, write to: Shelley Goddard, 55 Gloucester St, Upper Eastville, Bristol BS5 6ZF.

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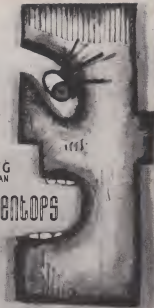
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WIN

The video for Win's new single "Shampoo Tears" features children dressed in nappies and cowboy hats, a piglet and a couple of turkeys having rumpy pumpy. It's a funny old world, ain't it?

Words: Sorrel Downer. Photo: Steve Rapport.

I'll buy a hairdresser's shop. I've always wanted to be a hairdresser - 'cuppa tea, madam?' says Win's singer Davey. 'And I'll buy a shoe shop. And a big house and a big car and a new pair of Cuban-heeled boots and a gold toothbrush.'

'I'll get my teeth fixed,' says Ian, pointing to a wonky one. 'We'd like enough money to buy a cup of coffee,' says Russell the drummer, 'We're skint.'

Win are sitting in a rather grotty café deciding what to do "when" they get to number one with "Shampoo Tears", their third and most poppy single. Davey's winking and nodding and waving his arms around in a flamboyant sort of way. Russell and Ian are more restrained but grin a lot.

Win is Russell and Davey's third group together. "We always wanted to play in a band," says Russell, "ever since we saw The Beatles on TV when we were three. She loves you yeah, yeah, yeah..."

So a few years ago they joined a punk group called The Dirty Reds ("We wanted to be the baddest and the worst - and we succeeded!"). Then they formed The Fire Engines and wrote wonderfully happy, bounding songs like "Candy Skin" before splitting up due to - surprise, surprise - "musical differences" on New Year's Eve, 1981.

Ian, meanwhile, had been in an orchestra playing percussion (including the triangle - 'you had to wait a whole half hour before you did your piggyp') before deciding to go into the pop biz with Win.

At the moment Win all live in Edinburgh ("I live with Mumsy," says Davey, "so does Ian. Russell lives with his madder, his fish and Simon") but once they've got to number one they'll probably become tax exiles. But of course you can't get to number one without a flashy video. Win's "vid" sounds pretty "different"...

"Watch it with sunglasses on," says Davey. "There's a lot of heavy duty rain, elements and stuff flying at us and we're holding this massive fridge on a big shipyard rope, and there's these wee cherub-like kids dressed in nappies and cowboy hats filming each other, and filming the contents of this fridge, which in turn is a shrine to consumerism."

Oh. And we've got this wee piglet running around and a couple of turkeys - they say never work with children and animals, but it was great! This big male turkey and a female turkey come on the scene, and the male turkey's feathers go up in the air and he... (long description of springtime rumpy pumpy follows...)

We want to keep making positive and up sort of celebratory sounds - dead hopeful songs, because we feel there's a disgusting apathy hitting Britain and it's horrible and it's sickening." For once Davey looks earnest.

"Personally," he continues, "I don't see the point of getting down about anything. It's a waste of time, a waste of energy, it's negative and it affects your body."

But there's got to be something that makes him "get down and feel fed up" There is "Margaret Thatcher, Saatchi and Saatchi" (the super-posh advertising people), "Rae'san's policies on South America, Rae'san's policies on Scotland, the general state of the world," he pauses, "and Barry Norman, though the Spitting Image puppet's great! I've started liking Paul Daniels because of that new quiz show, Every Second Counts. That and Blockbusters - they're good."

Not that he gets much time for lounging round watching TV: "Less and less. I spend a lot of it drinking and I do a lot of carpentry work. I've got a carpentry business with my Dad and I work for a dentist as well. We do renovation work on people's mouths" (Pats on very "genuine" look). "And then, of course, we spend a lot of time going about getting to number one."

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Broadsystem Ltd, 13 Hawley Cres, London NW11 9NP



◀ Left to right: Ian Stoddart, Davey Henderson and Russell Burns.

● SHAMPOO TEARS

There's no protection
There's a high rate of infection
There's no protection
Just your ownselfage reflection (reflection)

Don't protect your families
(Goo pee eyes)
From top American (heart spies)
There's no protection
(No no) just your ownselfage reflection

(Shampoo tears) there's no protection
(Shampoo tears) there's no protection
(Shampoo tears) there's no protection
(Shampoo tears) there's no protection

Listen to what the doctors (doctors say)
Doctors of efficiency (rips me away)
There's no protection (no no no)
There's a high rate of infection (infection)
Don't protect your families
The pee pee eyes

(Shampoo tears shampoo tears
Shampoo tears shampoo tears)

Bar striped tears cause shampoo tears
There's no protection in sugar spoons

Repeat three times

There's no protection
There's a high rate of infection
(Shampoo tears)
There's no protection
(Shampoo tears)
Just your ownselfage reflection
(Shampoo tears)
There's no protection
(Shampoo tears)
There's a high rate of infection

Repeat to fade

Words and music by Henderson/Morison
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IMAGES CHANGE



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Avanti: (Italian) Hurry Up, Faster, Ahead.

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KATE BUSH

The Big Sky

They look down at the ground missing
But I never go in now
I'm looking at the big sky
I'm looking at the big sky now
I'm looking at the big sky
You never understood me
You never really tried

This closed that closed it looks like Ireland
Come on and blow it a kiss now
Quick 'cause it's cheating in the big sky
It's cheating in the big sky now
We're looking at the big sky
You never understood me
You never really tried

This closed this closed says Noah
Come on and hold me an ark
So come on jump 'cause we're
Leaving with the big sky
We're leaving with the big sky

We're leaving with the big sky

We're looking at the yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yo
We're looking at the yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yo

And we guess for the jet bag bag in the big sky
We're looking at the big sky
You want my ngy what was the ceasefire
Yeah I was looking at the big sky

Big sky yeah
I'm looking at the big sky
We're looking at the yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

(Rolling over like a big big closed)
(Waking out in the big sky)

Repeat and ad lib to face

Words and music by Kate Bush. Reproduced by permission Kate Bush Music Ltd/EMI Music Publishers Ltd. On EMI Records.

HIPSWAY

Ask The Lord

(Pray for me ah he oh God
Pray for me pray for me)

I asked the Lord and he said no
I say why Lord
I hear you're happy but it does not show
Where wild things are I dare not go
I say why Lord I say why Lord I say why

Gimme strength gimme patience
Gimme will to survive
Where wild things are I dare not go
At first they make you happy
Yeah this I know
But then they make you feel
So low so low so low so low ah low

Yeah black money pays for suffering
I don't need it I don't need it I don't need it

I may be happy but it does not show
Where wild things are I dare not go
I say why Lord I say why Lord I say why

(So low) I've seen the fire and I've touched the flame
(So low) And give the cheese I'd go right back again
(So low) Hot summer rain burn me on the wheel
(So low) Baptize me with fire

Yeah black money pays for suffering
I don't need it I don't need it
Yeah black money pays for suffering
I don't need it I don't need it I don't need it

I say why Lord I say why Lord
I say why Lord I say why

Yeah black money pays for suffering
I don't need it I don't need it
Yeah black money pays for suffering
I don't need it I don't need it
Yeah black money pays for suffering
I don't need it I don't need it
Black money pays for suffering
I don't need it I don't need it I don't need it

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2
SONS

BANANARAMA

VENUS

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Black Competition (26 March)

Swag 1 (Latin Quarter)

● Correct answer a) Black. The five winners of a sweatshirt and LP are: **A. Haines**, Maseley; **B. Hitchcock**, Crawley; **C. Steward**, Farnham; **D. G. Haines**, Gillingham; **Rushden**, **G.M. Benloch**, Ashford

The next 45 with the LP: **J.P. Freeman**, Aberfeldy; **Simon Kempton**, Kingwood; **Linda Selim**, Blackpool; **Carole Robertson**, Metchley; **S. Fahay**, Cambridge; **Julietta Sulgan**, London W1; **Lucy Owens**, East Kilbride; **Suzan Chaudry**, Bedford; **Dawn Barry**, Zetland; **Angela Taylor**, Kew; **Clare Heddley**, Tacknham; **Peter Wilkinson**, Lathkew; **Janie Drummond**, Cume; **K. Wright**, Portsmouth; **Michael Sampson**, Biddport; **Clare Hodgson**, Chatterham; **Deva Deening**, Doydson; **Andrew Smith**, Harborough; **Fiona Brockles**, Burton; **Paul T. Rogers**, Elly; **Joanna Hawley**, Macclesfield; **Debbie Rowson**, Walsal; **Zoe Ross**, Helios; **Lorraine Egan**, Bredington; **Michelle Suttell**, Reading; **Jayne Waller**, Gyle-Need; **Sue Margaret Bevelin**, Gosholme; **Clare West**, Cuckfield; **Richard Acconington**, Hill Sturton; **Batterson**, **Jane Anundale**, Winslow; **Clare Alder**, Sandhurst; **Ina Rowlett**, Cane; **Matthew Cook**, Gilling; **Janica Parker**, Greenock; **Andrew East**, Braintree; **Lisa Palmer**, Ford; **Lisa Kensington**, Chesham; **Janet Greenham**, Michelle Simon, Barton M; **Carroll**, Galway; **Sharon Eddy**, Stapleton; **Helen Martin**, Gough; **Rex Spawton**, Broom; **Simon Chiswick**, Edinburgh; **Mark Watkins**, Edgworth

Swag 2 (Hipsway)

● Correct answer a) Six. The five winners of a sweatshirt and a 12" single double pack are: **Zediac**, Mablethorpe; **T. Todd**, West; **Sophie M. Dorewell**, Farnham; **Clare**, Dingleton; **T. Harrison**, Radcliffe-on-Trent

The next 15 with the single: **Debbie Driffith**, Hitchin; **Paul Tibbles**, Tibby; **Kirelle Johnston**, East Kilbride; **Noreg Russell**, Anson; **Victoria Barnett**, Shirely; **Sally Leeks**, Loughran; **L. Pontill**, Whitland; **Catherine Bates**, Gloucester; **Tessa Monina**, Farnham; **M. Waters**, Gifford

Swag 3 (Damned)

● Correct answer b) Damned Damned Damned. The five winners of a jacket, LP and 12" single are: **Andrew Drenn**, Leicester; **Adrian Calman**, W. Midlands; **Mark Dodd**, Shydeale; **Sara Cull**, Repton; **Paula McDowall**, Rushden

The next 20 with the LP and single: **Alison Gray**, Farnley; **B. Greaves**, Seckford; **Neil Weaver**, Bedford; **Arthur Scargill**, Malwood; **Clare Kelley**, Chester; **P. Penzance**, London; **Lee Greenwood**, Gillingham; **Michelle Humphreys**, Rainham; **J. Todd**, Surrey; **Alison Thomson**, Greenford; **Les White**, Inceby; **Jason Rowland**, Titchfield; **A. Hennysmu**, Newton; **Rowena Butt**, West Bradford; **Tracee Mitchell**, Bampton; **Austine Barrow**, Sherborne; **St John**, Louisa Orton; **Barbara Cox Parker**, Harrow; **Kevin Turley**, Clacton; **The Slack Smartie**, Gloucestershire

Swag 4 (Culture Club)

● Correct answer: b) Culture Club. The five winners of a sweatshirt and a 12" single of "Move Away" are: **Hell Newman**, Netherton; **Kara Walmsley**, Scarborough; **Adina Williams**, Darford; **Alison Watt**, Bournemouth; **Robert Pringle**, Titchfield; **Clare Wardle**, Colchester; **R. Rowton**, Judd; **Helen Lomenster**, Daxbury; **Milly**, Exeter; **Emma Bl**



A piece of each vinyl disc, kept as a memento. And they're not all as good as postcard! (Photo)

The next 15 with the single: **Emily Harris**, Trowbridge; **Rox**, Sunny; **Ninette Briggs**, York; **Rachael McDory**, Chalfont; **Alison Bradnor**, Chalfont; **Lorraine Williams**, Lorraine; **Carroll**, Newry; **Carl Bryant**, Bury; **Sandra Simpson**, Swindon; **P.S. Fischer**, Kew; **Emma Gilroy**, Warrington; **Sakal Tomes**, The Netherlands; **Jason Coleman**, Warrington; **The Fell**, Gillingham; **Georgina Seabrook**, Tewkesham; **Edwin Usherog**, Ireland; **Lisa Britton**, Plymouth; **Monica Egge**, Scarborough; **Sam Small**, Essex; **Marina Rank**, Devon; **Stacie Prusky**, Tisbury; **Shelia Burroughs**, Ruchington; **Frank Cole**, Wymondr; **Alison Taylor**, Leeds; **Suzie Powrie**, Jo; **Cramp**, Fife; **Debbie Rowson**, Walsal; **Media Sewell**, Farnborough; **D. Welch**, Walsal; **Sarah Afdale**, Aberystwyth; **Lee Anderson**, Salford; **Tina O'Neill**, Hackney; **L. Vertova**, Wills; **Steve Saunders**, Wilmshurst; **C. Morgan**, Oxford; **Vanessa Rowell**, Wals; **Treacy Miller**, Alderley; **Edmund Lynch**, Embsay; **Ashley Shadlock**, Epsom; **Tracy-Lee Lyng**, Walsby

Night Beat Competition (26 March)

● Correct answer a) Moon. b) Court Deauville. c) Worewulf. d) Vampire (bars 5 & 6) Night Buzz. Twenty-five winners of a

Fillingham, Essex; **Anthony Miller**, Corwen; **H. Miller**, High Wycombe; **P. Haines**, Merton

25 winners of the original novel: **Niki Broadfield**, Isle of Wight; **Robert Fallon**, Sheepshead Bay; **A. Gorasia**, Worsley; **Emma Ross**, Co. Green; **Rob Cummins**, Farnham; **Chris Heed**, Farnham; **J.P. Davis**, Newbury; **Tao Stanley**, Kent; **P. Tucker**, Maidstone; **Alex Robinson**, York; **S. Banham**, Peterborough; **Deette Little**, Newmarket; **Stephanie Talbot**, Pethy Hill; **Vanessa Nuttall**, Chesham; **Nicola Coyne**, Strathgus; **Paul Shawah**, East Ham; **Sarah Phillips**, York; **Sara Wilson**, London; **Tim Marshall**, Northwich; **C. Parry**, Worcester; **Dave Taylor**, Darvel; **Samantha Bennett**, Bolder; **Dawn Martin**, Wellingborough; **Liz Sommerville**, Berkshire; **Stephen Burton**, Bristol; 25 winners of a poster: **Alan Gray**, Boreas; **Sean Grundy**, Boreas; **Alison Woolley**, Nottingham; **Thomas Douglas**, Belper; **Tim Richardson**, Clifton; **Sharon Coombe**, Norfolk; **Clare Roberts**, London; **Kevin Hughes**, Wolverhampton; **Sarah Marchant**, Aylesbury; **D. Baldwinson**, Brighton; **Kevin Smith**, London; **Clare Christopher Poole**, Essex; **Hill Paewere**, Swaine; **Thomas Pinnoer**, York; **Sara Wilson**, London; **Rachael Burnett**, Leics; **Ruth Northumbard**, Sally Johnston, Gremby; **Jane Mahoney**, Gough; **Craig Fraser**, Gough; **M. Arman**, Gough; **Peter Carloti**, Maseley Hill; **D. O. Hama**, Leeds; **Kath Downing**, Derby; **Andrew Brown**, Derby; **Clare Chizz**, Walsby

50 winners of the Absolute Beginners soundtrack LP are: **James Johnson**, York; **Sara Wilson**, London; **Maya Creamay**, Gillingham; **D. Aars**, Corby; **John Birch**, Cheshire; **Danny McKie**, Mopett; **Frank Chizz**, Walsby

Patron Jackie Taylor, Perthshire; **Stephen Smith**, Worcester; **Camell Dolven**, South Hetton; **Helen Roberts**, Oakworth; **Shelto Jenkins**, Gwent; **Emma Wilson**, Berkshire; **T. Swan**, Boreas; **Metalia Rutledge**, Boreas; **R. Archbold**, Whitley; **Sy. Claire Gallop**, Daxbury; **Anna-Marie Wicks**, Daxbury; **Anna-Marie Wicks**, Daxbury; **Dary 32 Edmunds**, David Gray, Bedford; **Nigel Rayner**, Blackpool; **R. Daga**, Co. Wick; **Nottingham**; **Katrina Mann**, Gillingham; **Ruth Robbins**, East Devon; **A. C. Wington**, Puncroft; **Lynnda Biddiph**, Stafford; **Jerrine Powell**, Hereby; **Nicole Peck**, Nottingham; **Michelle Bandy**, Stapleford; **Louisa Perrow**, Royaston; **Robert Anderson**, Stafford; **Gary Watts**, Cambridge

L. Nicholson, London. Boston wins the socks and Dominic Ford from Melkham wins the Highway Code book



Kids Aid Prize Raffle (January 29)

● The sum raised by the raffle, organised entirely by pupils from St Barnabas School in Colchester, is now a hefty £58,000. The money will be going directly to help relief work in Africa, and Kids Aid would like to thank everyone who took part in the success of the various man pages as follows: A meeting with Paul McGarvey; **Emma Freece**, High Wycombe; A meal with Susan Penzance; **Helen Roberts**, Oakworth; **Buzzard**; A day with the cast of EastEnders; **Belinda Chisham**, Inver; **Stoddard**, A day with the cast of Grange Hill; **S. Dalvaers**, Elm Ethen; London; A day on the set of *Who Mrs P. Brennan*; **Colchester**, A day on the set of *Dempsey and Ian Mackapee*; **Babban Williams**, Walsby; London; A 10 day holiday in the South of France; **V. Buchanan**, Nottingham; A long weekend in Sherwood Forest; **C. Leeson**, Reading; A Parashute Day drug course (P.M.); **M. Field**, Colchester; A visit to the Wogan show **The Smith Family**, Chichester; A 12-hour recording session; **The 1st Year**; **St Barnabas School**; **W. Wyn Davies**, Birmingham; A £200 Co-op voucher; **M. McDonald**, Colchester; Autographed photos of Franka Gotte to Hollywood; **C. White**, London; A day at the Great Big Office; **L. Lebrun**, Surrey; A dinner cooked on a Tornado; **Therese Shapiro**; **R. Gals**, Slough; A Snooty Theatre; **Form 3d**; **St. Barnabas School**; **Stockport**; A day at Radio Orca; **Mr. O'Brien**, Colchester; A Bose music system; **L. Nulle**, Wales; A year's subscription to Zap 6 magazine; **L. Mace**, Croy; A Yamaha guitar; **C. Black**, Jersey; Two badminton racquets; **The 4th Year**; **St. James High School**, Stockport; An autographed Liverpool football; **T. Brennan**, Stockport; A three foot teddy bear; **The Hewton Family**, Edinburgh; A day at The Daily Mail; **T. Brennan**, An autographed book; **King and I**; **Janet Barnes**, Stockport; **Andrew Kent**

WINNERS

Night Beats LP are: **Karen Hurdston**, London; **S. Davida**, Essex; **G. Ridge**, London; **Claire Sweeney**, Salford; **Alko Anderson**, Leic; **John Kama**, Cheshire; **Ara**, Ashford; **A. Jackson**, Dorset; **V. Bernali**, Shirely; **Emonn Coughlan**, Norwich; **Jonathan Wratton**, Wotton; **Lisa Mundy**, Paris; **Joanna Smith**, Norwich; **T. Clerke**, Severn; **Jason Todd**, Great Yarmouth; **C. Light**, Birmingham; **Emonee Little**, Braintree; **Dave Stofery**, Baffers; **Troy Black**, Nottingham; **Jackie Adgey**, Walsby; **Liz White**, London; **Caroline G. West**, Marseilles; **D. Tate**, Breda; **Adam Murgue**, Andriy; **S. Hitchcock**, Crawley

Vespa Competition (April 9)

● Correct answer: b) Vespa. The lucky reader who takes home the vespa is **Tim Meek** from Lutlington in Peterborough. The rest winners up of a David Bowie 1-ster are: **Paul Champion**, Hayes; **Reacy King**, Wilmam; **Tina Hooper**, Telford; **Mia Jones**, Walsby; **Lisa Markham**, Kew; **Karen Hill**, Ewston; **Louise Bell**, Great Bedford; **Nancy Jones**, Stockport; **Wendy Woodall**, Walsby; **Debbie Butcher**, Southampton

25 winners of an Absolute Beginners CD are: **Darran Smith**, Barbary; **Nicola Lyons**, Hereby; **Vicky Jones**, Newport; **Fiona Henry**, Curdnie; **Diane Sutherland**, Port Elizabeth; **Jonathan Jones**, Canby; **Wood T. Janssen**, Koksmeer; **Kissmermer**; **M. Jones**, Stourbridge; **Wendy Watts**, Chatterham; **Bill Sneyd**, York; **Paula Jones**, Colchester; **P. Woodfield**, Lechliff; **S. Epington**, W. H. Ford; **Liam Richard Rogers**, Duxtable; **A. Hethon**, Hord; **H. Deegwe**, York; **Bueller Collins**, Canby; **Berch Lancelfield**, Wolvehampton; **Catherine O'Connell**, Hillingdon; **Glenda Johnson**, Edmonstone

Deborah Moore, Dorset; **Alan Wood**, Bromsbury; **Leanna Apple**, Ashford; **Noel Hall**, Castler; **Lois Stratton**, Loughborough; **C. Miller**, Gillingham; **Angela Nolan**, Gough; **Sadie Gardner**, Lymington; **Wayne Searis**, Woking; **Clare Taylor**, Boreas; **Emma Johnston**, Seavey; **Kathrina Murray**, Epsom; **Stephen Hall**, Sharon; **Wend**, Corby; **Jo Harwood**, Chipping; **M. Aarony**, Ealing; **R. Davidson**, Warwick; **M. Christie**, Newcastle upon-Tyne; **Nicola Cairns**, Wakeley; **Natlie Kerns**, Boreas; **Paul Burton**, Essex; **B. Dizon**, Hampshire; **Wendy Williams**, Southend; **N. Weber**, Rufford; **Allison Sanchez**, Warrington; **Clare Swaffer**, Dorset; **Laura Mainert**, Wotton; **T. Dimes**, Coventry; **Way**, Walsby; **Maghanah**, Warrington; **Wendy A. Speakman**, Walsby; **Deborah Wyles**, Darford; **M. Turnbull**, Bedford; **Dave Drimshaw**, Devonport; **Melanie Milson**, Boreas; **Ryan Slone**, Gillingham; **Julie Eastwood**, Gillingham; **S. Lerner**, Torree; **Hell Lerman**, Telford; **Bryan Fallow**, Dorset; **Devi Coe**, Surbury; **Alison Hill**, Walsby; **Julie Rowland**, Kent; **Karen Standring**, Bournemouth; **Clare Marzetti**, Coventry

50 winners of an Absolute Beginners Guide book are: **Liz O'Hara**, Leic; **Vicky Dorden**, Warrington; **Wimon Byles**, Dor; **John D. Jones**, Dor; **Alana Jones**, Bune; **Walter**; **Trevor Sums**; **Graham R. E. Lake**, Peterborough; **S. Pauer**, Warwick; **R. Lillywhite**, Boreas; **John Jones**, Walsby; **Peter Bull**, Boreas; **Trevor Milner**, Altonham; **S. White**, Woking; **Veronica Haman-Bain**, Kent; **Janet Dill**, Kent; **Helen Roberts**, Eastbourne; **Keren Williamson**, Dorchester; **Sarah Humphreys**, Walsby; **Tracy Handy**, Walsby; **Michelle Cassels**, Southampton; **Heaven Swan**, Kent; **Ian Denham**, Shirely; **M. Harris**, Kew; **Corrina Benge**, Spalding; **C. Keating**



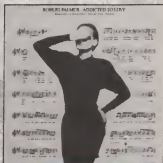
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THE MONTREUX POP FESTIVAL

What really did happen the other week when hundreds of pop stars gathered together in Switzerland to take part in this huge international TV festival? Did A-ha really "face death" as their plane was struck six times by lightning? Did Frankie Goes To Hollywood really go on an "orgy" of destruction that caused hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of damage? Did Five Star really have a pillow fight in the girls' room after lights out? And did *Smash Hits* "reporter" Chris Heath really chat to almost every single pop star there...?

TUESDAY

Montreux is a small picturesque town in Switzerland where, for 51 weeks of the year, it is, by most accounts, beautiful but boring — the home of rich and reclusive people like David Bowie and producer Giorgio Moroder. But for one week every May famous pop stars swim in their dozens to mime a few songs in a small TV studio as part of the Montreux Pop Festival which is transmitted to an audience of anything up to five hundred million people. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday's concerts are recorded for countries to choose their own highlights — Saturday's is broadcast live.

But this year's Montreux Pop Festival seems to be going seriously wrong. To start with, most of the expected American acts have pulled out because they're scared of terrorist reprisals after

the bombing of Libya — those Americans who are coming are not so much brave as prepared to put up with being terrified because they need the promotion. And lots of the other biggest "attractions" have pulled out for one reason or another. The **Thompson Twins** have suffered a series of mishaps (see *Blitz*), **Whitney Houston** has been "ordered" to stay in the studio and get on with her new LP, **Cultura Club** say they can't make it because of George's recent "illness", the BBC say **Spandau Ballet** can't play because they didn't have enough new songs, and **Propaganda** have opted out, according to their record company, because they couldn't agree whether to play old songs or new ones. It has been rumoured, however, that Propaganda (like many of those who have come) are worried by all the reports of radiation levels in Switzerland being a hundred times higher than normal following the disaster at the Russian Chernobyl nuclear power plant.

So it's rather uneasily that **Eurythmics'** Dave Stewart jokes "we're all terrified of drinking the water" and **Billy Ocean** offers "have a grape with me — I don't want to die alone". And a lot of pop stars are taking elaborate steps to avoid drinking the water or milk, or eating fresh vegetables or getting caught in the rain.

"It's pretty posh here, innit?" says Mark Unpronounceable name from **Big Country**. They've just flown in and Mark is wandering up and down the shore of the lake with Bruce Watson in ludicrously silky popstar outfits admiring the spectacular view of the immense snow-capped mountains across the deep blue lake. In fact, they're so spellbound that they nearly get run over by the little red train that runs sightseeing tours along the path. They're still alive that evening though, with the rest of the band in the downstairs bar of the Hyatt Hotel where everyone gathers

throughout the week. Tonight there's **Big Country**, **ELO** and **Eighth Wonder** (without Patsy Kensit who's skipped off to get her beauty sleep). **Five Star** are also in bed in another hotel, the boys in one room and the girls in another.

"We always share a room," laughs Dons, admitting that there's nothing they like more after lights out than a friendly pillow fight. "Of course we have them," she smiles. "Who wins? Moi, of course..."

Also missing are the **Pet Shop Boys**, who are up on the balcony in Chris Lowe's room, sipping champagne to celebrate "West End Girls" reaching number one in America and giggling about Neil's "boob" earlier on.

"We were flying in," he laughs, "and Chris said, pointing to the lake, 'is that Lake Geneva?'. I said 'no, I think it's called something else, I don't think there is a Lake Geneva' "Chris just looked at me. He said 'it's in the song!' From *Lake Geneva to the Finland Station*. He did have a point..."



▲ The von Trapp Family sing a new rousing chorale from "The Sound Of Music" (it's Five Star with their suits and all) (see *Blitz*, p. 62)



▲ The Sex Pistols perform.



▲ Sir William Ocean holds out a paper counter (bouncing dipped as he thinks)



▲ Joe Andrew and Christopher Purpura advise the "journey"

"It's all a bit disorientating for me," admits **Big Country's** Stuart Adamson, shaking his head and tucking into one of the many Cokes he drinks these days (he gave up alcohol last year). He's not that keen on events like Montreux – "I find it really hard to be witty and chatty because I'm pretty serious about what I do and I'm really bad at making jokes on TV". And he's even less keen today because the virus that he, his wife Sandra, son Callum, daughter Kirstin and just about everyone else he knows all got is coming back again. "It's like the flu," he snuffles, "all shivery, and sore limbs and tired."

Even so, he's still enjoying life a lot more than at the end of their last tour. "I was heartily sick of the travelling and spending so much time being away from home – I drew a hell of a lot of inspiration from my home life." So Big Country stopped for a while (and, it was rumoured, may even have split up for a short time) while Stuart started doing all the things outside the group which he values – "a bit of fly-fishing, supporting the local football team, going to the motor-cycle racing and shopping with my wife and kids." And, eventually, writing a few songs.

"I think I'll always write songs," he explains, "to communicate the way I feel about things and to show a little about the culture I grew up with." In particular, the area of the Scotland where he grew up and still lives and where people treat him "just the way they always have".

Finally, having gathered enough songs together and taken long enough off to "create a bit of an aura around the band and make this album something special", the group met up and recorded their new LP "The Seer".

"It's named after the album's long track, 'The Seer,'" says Stuart. "It's based on a tale of a Scottish woman called the 'Bramin Seer' – I don't know how you spell it. She was like a Scottish Nostradamus (medieval/French bloke who predicted lots of 'things') in drag, and the song's about some of her prophecies coming to fruition. We asked Kate Bush if she would come and sing on it and she agreed – she was just amazing." And now he's ready to start all the promotion for the LP, and the travelling and touring that he grew to hate last time. He's already beginning to miss home: "I still phone my wife twice a day... at last," he admits shyly. "I love her, you know. She's my favourite person."

But he also says there's almost nothing better than running onstage with Big Country.

"I still get a rush up the spine every time we play together. It's become very unhip to say 'I love to play live' but I do. That's why I wanted to be a musician in the first place. And I can't think of a better band to play in," he grins. "It's not embarrassing. I find it very spiritually uplifting and I'm not afraid to admit it."



WEDNESDAY

On Wednesday the festival really begins. Throughout the afternoon the groups who'll appear at tonight's concert – **Big Country, Eighth Wonder, ELO, Joe Jackson, Pet Shop Boys, Status Quo** and the **Art Of Noise** – run through their songs. Because the show won't be transmitted for a few weeks, several acts perform their next single as one of their numbers ("Show Me" for Five Star; "Peranormia" for the Art Of Noise). Eighth Wonder, however, also have to do their British flop, "Stay With Me", which, even though it's been number one in Japan and Italy, Patsy admits, "makes her sick." "She doesn't really sound like Minnie Mouse on helium,"

points out Eighth Wonder's keyboard person Alex, "and we're not pathetic pouring pop puppets". Their critical reception in England, explains Patsy (who was last in Switzerland age 7 liming a German car advert), has so far been terrible – a squeaky-voiced girl in mini-skirts singing flimsy tunes.

"I understand why people get fed up with me," she admits. "If I read half the things I've read about me I'd think 'bloody hell, she ought to be shot'! I imagine people think I run up and go 'hi-I'm-Patsy-Kensit-I'm-17-and-ooooh!' And I'm really not like that."

Actually, she seems quite nice,

and Big Country are rather less, er... "precious" than you might expect as well. They grimace understandably when a TV crew from America's 24-hour video station MTV makes them read out

"We are Big Country in a big country rookin' Montreux Switzerland." But as soon as the "interview" finishes, they steal a ball of some bewildered French children, deposit some of their posh designer clothes on the grass as goalposts and cavort round merrily playing football. And they look just as happy that night racing through three songs from their new LP, "The Seer", completely unaware of the drama that's carrying on in the sky above... "Stars Cheat Death As Storm-hit Plane Plummetts," reported the Express of the BAC 1-11 flight from

Gatwick that Wednesday. In a terrifying tale of how a "billion pound pop carno" was nearly lost, they reported **A-ha's** Morten as saying:

"It was the most terrifying moment of my life. We're not ashamed to say that many of us started to pray when things got rough. The whole cabin became an intense white light and we feared we might be knocked out of the sky. We could only put our trust in the pilot's skill and we will always be indebted to him."

Which is fair enough, except that many of the passengers, including Morten, don't seem to recall the BAC 1-11 actually being hit by lightning six times and plummeting to the ground before landing, or A-ha leading a standing ovation for the pilot. What they did recall is

that, after 40 minutes on the Gatwick runway, they were told that the plane was still being fixed up after being hit by lightning on the way to England (at which **Elvis Costello** and **Roger Daltrey** stormed off). But, though they did go through a fair old storm themselves, nobody mentioned "intense white lights" or "the most frightening moment of my life". And when Morten turned up for a brief visit to the Hyett bar it was only to chat with Pet Shop Boy Neil Tennant about the "pressures" of reaching number one in America, before being chased away by the hordes of British photographers and journalists looking for a story.

But many of the reporters happily returned to their drinks, chattering openly about what story they could "make up" next...



▲ The Art Of Noise prop up a severely irradiated Quince Eddy



▲ Patsy Kensit does her world 'hardest Mickey Mouse on helium impression



▲ A candid water-tight shot of Patsy Kensit again

THE MONTREUX POP FESTIVAL



A-ha get all Montreux in the local Alpine "setting." (Mortén: The air is lovely; (guy) is like a rainbow cloud or boy)

THURSDAY

And before the next record... "Eh? What is going on? The sun has just risen and there's this blond-haired bloke sitting in the foyer of the Hyatt Hotel surrounded by loads of electrical equipment saying things like 'it's just coming up to two minutes past eight... when it's quite obviously 22 minutes past nine...'

...and you're listening to Mike Smith...

Oh, That explains it. The "wonderful" Breakfast Show has somehow transferred itself to Switzerland for a couple of days so that Mike Smith can get loads of pop stars out of bed and ask them questions. Some, like the **Pet Shop Boys**, refused to be disturbed and taped their interviews the previous day, but **Five Star**, after another wholesome early night and pillow fight, don't mind at all.

A couple of hours later **A-ha** surface from their rooms one by one. Pål rushes into town to buy some socks while Mags "spills" the "beans" about their shock-horror-death-fight ("we were bumping up and down... our drummer kept going 'have we landed yet?'" and casts his eyes admiringly over the landscape.

"It's really beautiful here," he sighs. "I like this sort of brutal landscape, it's like the West of Norway."

And then he's off, not reappearing until the afternoon when the group run through the four singles they are to play at tonight's concert. On stage Pål looks rather fed up at all the photographers, but Mags is his usual lively self, flapping his arms and pretending to take off at the point in "Hunting High And Low" when a bird, in the video, does the same. Mortén smiles a lot and sticks his bum out at the photographers as he walks off stage.

That night the audience, one of their biggest ever ("It was bigger at the American Grammys," explains Mortén, "but they were sitting down"), go fairly mental as A-ha

mime away. Meanwhile, backstage in the seedy strip club that's been converted for the week into dressing rooms and the "artist's bar", Annie Lennox from **Eurythmics** (tonight's headlining group) is "limbering up" by dancing about manically and singing along to some music or other on the Walkman she's wearing. Then she slips on the gloves her assistant has been "wearing in" all day and the Eurythmics troupe on stage to play three songs — all especially good because the mimed bits are linked with little musical interludes played live.

Afterwards Annie returns to chat to her Mum in the bar — A-ha briefly appear as well, only to race off because they've left a guitar somewhere behind the stage. But while the others seem to insist on privacy, Mortén determinedly feeds the mob of smiling "news" paper journalists digging for juicy stories in the Hyatt bar. They don't get any, but he does reveal that the A-ha ten club now gets 15,000 letters every day ("it's getting out of hand") and that the best letter they've ever had was from "some Norwegian girls".

"It said 'we're eight and we'd like to meet you because we think you're cute but we've got to grow up and get pretty first'."

Mortén also reveals that he still strolls round London quite freely ("you just have to keep from catching people's eyes. Anyway, I can walk faster than most of them can run") and that he often walks miles home from the centre of town late at night — "I really love walking in the dark". But he soon tires of the interrogation and when one reporter rather stupidly asks him to "say something in Norwegian" Mortén snaps "if you throw me a peanut first" and leaves.

Mortén gone, the antics of the press in the bar get sillier. One "news" paper apparently discover a good story — "Elvis Costello Lashes Out At Reporter" — except that it hasn't happened yet. So they set about provoking Elvis with a barrage of insults and, "It is rumored", succeed in getting him to lash out in the gent's toilet in sight of his hidden photographer.

▼ A-ha "sawyer" a built-in "set" (not appearing really because they're missing)



"I'm pretty sordid and very personal," smiles Annie Lennox mischievously. She's sitting with Dave Stewart explaining (or rather not explaining) why the new **Eurythmics** LP is going to be called "Revenge".

"When you're an outgoing, friendly kind of person," says Dave, "people take advantage of you. It's to do with that."

Not that the Eurythmics have been either very outgoing or friendly as a "duo" over the last year or so. Annie explains that's because of all the horrible things happening in her throat which have stopped her singing. "I had to be very quiet," she says, "and try not to talk to people. It was really difficult and very boring. People think you're being reclusive — I had to go away and pretend not to be Annie Lennox."

Meanwhile Dave Stewart has produced loads of songs for Faergel Sharkey (who lives round the corner from him), American "rocker" Tom Petty (who doesn't), Bob Dylan (in whose house Dave is now building a studio so that they can swap tapes) and Daryl Hall. He's also just recorded the theme music for a film called **Ruthless People** with Daryl Hall and Mick Jagger. And he's had Bob Geldof (who he may also be working with) staying with him in his flat in Paris ("He was playing the acoustic guitar a lot and I was trying to go to sleep") and written a song for Patsy Kensit's group Eighth Wonder.

"I saw a video of them ("Stay With Me") with a girl on a motorcycle and it just reminded me of a whole period of music, so I just went downstairs to my basement and wrote this song for them."

All this sounds like rather hard work...

"I tried to have a holiday," he apologises, "but after about two months I started wriggling around on the beach. In any case," he points out, "if when I was at school the teacher had gone through the class and said 'you, you're going to work in this factory', you, you're going to work in that factory" and then said "Dave, you're going to go round the world and make a fortune and play music..." Hmmm, in fact he reckons if he'd to do something else he'd "shoot" himself.

Annie, meanwhile, is going on about how she'd like to be a midwife and saying that they've been hardened by pop stardom so that they're "moving into the leather period and getting away from vegetarianism." And she jokes that, now that the Eurythmics are working together again (they're just about to go on a world tour that will last until next spring), Dave Stewart is forbidden from seeing any of his other friends.

"I'm keeping Bob Dylan away from him," she laughs, "and as for that Faergel Sharkey..." she grimaces, "I've got no time for that guy et al..."





▲ Annie Lennox gets all chirmy with her glove maker. (I think you'll find it's Dave Stewart, actually — Ed.)

By Friday you can't wander for more than five minutes in any direction without bumping into at least a couple of pop stars. The headline group for tonight's concert are **Genesis**, who give a dreadfully tedious press conference (all about tour dates, backing musicians and why Peter Dinklage left the group 12 years ago) which is only livened up by Phil Collins' puzzling admission that "some of us are women in our spare time".

Depeche Mode run round tiredly — they've had to fit in their performance at Montreux between two dates on their European tour.

Bonnie Tyler twitters about the scenery. Michael Hutchence from **INXS** gets accosted by swooning girls and moans about **A-ha** ("I suppose they're trying their best," he sighs, "but I thought kids had got past little blond fluffy bits"). **Bronski Beat** clown about unsociably and offer to take their clothes off for "live grand" and **Billy Ocean** explains that he's not going out on a boat because

"they said Billy Ocean shouldn't go on the lake" (new haw). They all run through their songs for tonight's concert, but the whole thing is somewhat overshadowed by the arrival of **Frankie Goes To Hollywood**, tomorrow night's "headliners". That night in the bar they get straight down to business. Everyone else is being quite sociable — **Paul Hordcastle** is bopping along to the pianist, **Belouis Some** is signing autographs, **Simply Red**'s Mick Hucknall is wandering round waving a wooden stick — but Franke (minus Holly, who seems to spend very little time with them at all these days) simply corner off a circle of chairs and settle down with a whole crite of beer. Once they've finished that, they get another. And another. . .

"To make room for the empties," explains Belouis Some the next day, "they thought they'd put their empties in a pile and, er, somehow a few of them got broken and a window got smashed." Damage was estimated at around £1,000. . .

CONTINUED OVER ▶



▲ Two members out of Genesis with a Sydney bridge puppet. (I think you'll find it's Phil Collins, actually — Ed.)



▲ Martin Gore, Alan and Andy of Depeche Mode looking at something

"I'm not so much the reduction that bothers me," explains Andy McCluskey, looking out of the hotel window, "but the half truths that float around. I'm actually a believer in the theory of nuclear energy as an alternative to fossil fuels and I just find it amazing that governments manage not to tell you the truth. It'd be much more honest if they said yes, this is a risky business, these are the plusses and the minuses, whereas they're all just 'nothing's wrong, everything's fine. I've gone green and I've got two heads but everything's fab'. It's so shortsighted."

He lets out a deep breath. It's exactly this sort of thing that he and Paul Humphries get really worked up about. In fact it's these sort of topics that they're busy writing about for their new LP, to be called "The Pacific Age". "The title song is, without sounding too boring, about the socio-economic changes going on in the world at the moment."

The what?!

"Europe has had its day," he explains. "It's gone right past America and now you're looking at Japan, China and South East Asia as the next economic base. It sounds like a really boring subject, doesn't it?"

Yes. But it's a really great song. It's a romantic song."

Romantic?!

"Listen, pet," laughs Andy, "we write romantic songs about oil refineries! We can get away with it."

"We've written a romantic song about bombing Hiroshima," says Paul. And they sometimes even write normal songs, like their current single "If You Leave", which is from an American "teen film called *Pretty in Pink*."

"They gave us the script," explains Paul, "so we wrote this song that fitted really well and then three days before we had to go on tour with the Thompson Twins we had a meeting with them and played them this song — called 'Goddess Of Love' — and they told us that they'd completely changed the ending of the film and the song didn't make any sense whatsoever. So we wrote and recorded 'If You Leave' in two days!"

And now it's in the American Top Ten end they're very happy indeed, even if, like most of their recent singles, it hasn't been a big hit over here as well. Still, they say, they're not about to run away to "live in America and buy a Beverly Hills mansion" — they'd rather write romantic songs about socio-economic changes in the world.

Though, admits Andy, "If I had the money, then sitting by a pool drinking champagne is definitely preferable to most things I can think of. . ."



▲ Bonnie Tyler posing in a boat



▲ INXS camp the waters of Lake Geneva. Come on it, it's barely (po or lake a dead fish or two)



▲ Larry Steinbach of Bronski Beat with his new brass. Aren't they cute?



▲ Belouis Some



▲ Mick Hucknall's waving stick

THE MONTREUX POP FESTIVAL

SATURDAY

Ped has just dropped his trousers in the foyer... **Belouis Some** frowns. His friends, **Frankie**, aren't exactly behaving too well. Nevertheless, he smiles, "I'll always defend them because a lot of things they do, they do out of goodheartedness. They don't mean to be vile — it just turns out that way."

Which is exactly what **Bonnie Tyler**, another friend of theirs (believe it or not), was saying at breakfast. "They'll hate me saying this," she chuckles, "but they're really lovely guys. I know they love all the bad publicity but they're so sweet."

Aaaaaaah. And, sure enough, Holly does look rather "friendly" this afternoon, sitting out on the restaurant balcony with his German friend Wolfgang, occasionally sticking his tongue out and sending people who ask for autographs over to **Belouis Some**. Soon he's joined by Paul Rutherford, and they both lope off to rehearsals to play their new songs, "Rege Hard" and "Warriors Of The Wasteland" (one of which will probably be Frankie's new single).

Saturday night is supposedly the highlight of the whole event — fourteen groups from all over the world broadcast live throughout Europe. Some of them, like **Marilyn Martin** and German superstar **Sandre**, are, frankly, rather tedious, but they're more than made up for by the **Blow Monkeys** and **Simply Red**, the latter being especially good because Mick Hucknall sings live and does a rather brilliant job of it.

"I love doing it like that," he says later, "and it's also a way of telling anyone who hasn't got the ability to do it live to jump into the lake."

Then it's the turn of **Frankie** — Holly looking as bewitching as ever, Paul bouncing around without his moustache, Neshler looking unbelievably healthy, Mark showing off his new brown-red hair and Ped, er, looking like Ped. At the end of the second of their rather heavy-metalish songs, Holly removes his gloves and hurts them into the audience. The group turn on the huge banks of amplifiers, speakers and the drum kit behind them and... demolish the lot. The audience love it.

So, of course, do the press. The Express claimed a couple of days later that it was "a £100,000 rampage" — not strictly true as the

whole thing had been planned and the amplifiers were fake.

The "news" papers also reported **Frankie** "bursting into" the party **Queen** threw after the concert on the boat (fake moored on Lake Geneva — but in fact they simply walked on with the other invited guests. Nearly everyone who'd played at that night's show is there, as well as all of **Queen**, **Freddie Mercury** holding court upstairs with some very important record company "executives" and **Belouis Some**, who'd peculiarly impressed him at the show.

The guests mill about over the two decks, dancing and quaffing vast amounts of free drink. Neshler certainly looks a little the worse for wear as he wanders up to **Level 42**'s Mark King.

"Hey, Kingy!" he splutters. "Kingy! Is that what your parents call you?"

"What do your parents call you?" retorts Mark.

"They call me **ithead**!" laughs Neshler. "Anyway, our Mark," he blurts (referring to **Frankie**'s bass player **Mark O'Toole**) "is on your trail. He's brilliant. He just can't slap it yet."

Mark King smiles dubiously. Meanwhile **Ped** and **Mark O'Toole** are trying to keep out of trouble, so much so that when two "strippers" bare all they walk ewwy. Until, that is, they're blocked by a posse of British photographers who can smell a good story. "You lost your bottle," tease the photographers. "Frankie are finished!" Quick as a flash the two of them turn on their heels, head straight for the girls and start doing all manner of unspeakable things...

At around two o'clock in the morning the boat is cleared and, while **Belouis Some** pops round to **Freddie Mercury**'s piece for a quick drink, everyone else trails off to the Hyatt bar again. Paul Rutherford amuses himself with a bizarre game involving a pineapple and two sticks of asparagus, while **Mark** announces he's "going off to puke" and claims that **Trevor Horn** won't be producing **Frankie**'s records anymore because "we're better".

Then **Mark** practises a few ballet routines with some friends and explains rather proudly how he's taken the black and white Polaroids of the group to be used on their next adverts. **Mark** has a chat with **Julian Lennon**, telling him not to worry about his Royal Albert Hall concert in a couple of nights — "they've paid their money, haven't they?" Finally, a just after four, everyone slips off to bed...

Observer, **INXS** are having a drink or two at the bar and **Frankie** (again minus Holly) are ponning over the Duty Free Swiss watches. Then it's on to the plane for the flight back to London (during which there's not one "blinding white flash" in sight). **Frankie** sit thoroughly well-behaved throughout the whole flight, not even undoing their seat belts until the air hostess says they can.

The plane loughes down at Heathrow Airport and, once **Ped** has been stopped by customs men (hee hee), we all traipse off home.



▲ The Blow Monkeys looking rather "wrestling"



▲ Paul Rutherford wearing the latest in anti-radiation "headwear" (space helmet)



▲ Frankie "bears" a few "insects"



▲ Christopher Plummer and Julie Andrews "rock" "turf"



▲ Frankie "bass" the stage in their remarkably "rebellious" style (i.e. all the equipment is lost)



▲ Mark O'Toole jabs Sir Freddie Mercury and Ped (Sandra a cube jabs)



▲ Ped jabs a Blow Monkey & rock "turf"



▲ Level 42 not talking any jokes

SUNDAY

Sunday is the final day and **Queen** are rehearsing for the final show with **Julian Lennon**, **Paul Hardcastle** and **Level 42** (who are moaning good-humouredly about Spitting Image's "Chicken Song" spoofing "Lessons In Love" from airport). Most of the other pop stars are hanging around Geneva Airport. The **Blow Monkeys** sit leafing through The



▲ Garcia "hangs" four to five "Apple nuts"



▲ Smash Into "Smashback" Chris Heath suffering from terminal radiation sickness, which is cured by it and it all. It's very sad



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Dear Black Type,

There is no case for concern: I can assure you that this is a genuine letter. I have just recovered from my favourite event of the year - The Eurovision Song Contest! HURRAH!! I have only one complaint: where were the "thanks"? I was most disappointed here. Do some people think the Eurovision's all about music or something? And I know that Austria would be foundering without Garry "Gorgeous" Lax. Ah well, I'll go and listen to my Chad Brown single (the "junk" whom "Song For Europe" made a mockery of).
A Herreys And Garry "Luscious" Lax Devotee, Manchester.

You have just recovered? Well, I greatly fear I shall never recover from this year's gross debasement of what was once the most uplifting universal celebration of melodic spirituality the globe has ever known. Belgium? I ask you! A 2 year old tot in a how to with lipstick on piping on about how much she loves life and clouds and candyfloss. Errrrr. How they could award the coveted garland d'Europe or whatever it's called to this brazen mix when those Netherlandic warhorses in no shoes e.g. Frizzle Sizzle were also in the running is quite beyond me. And as for Austria's fine effort (e.g. Garry's Lax posing as a posturing loveletter in a jet-black spookwig) - this could have changed the course of Eurovisual history with its rousing refrain "Vor hoot my monodie ees smeared in golden treacle blossom tra la bing bong". Bat, of course, the so-called international "juries" elected to place this masterpiece! I'da Rip off'm! I can only concur with the Italians who didn't even bother to enter. The whole thing's an utter, ruddy farce. Ryder?
Goooooooooooooooooooooo!

Dear Sir Or Madam,

I'm an old lover of Smash Hits and I'm still buying it today. Well, I took my Aunt to a Glimmer Band gig (that's without Gary). We both really enjoyed ourselves. My Aunt remembered all their hits but

LETTERS

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

doesn't remember what they looked like, back in the '70s with long hair and high heeled boots. I would be very grateful if you could put a good picture of the Glimmer Band in Smash Hits. Especially for my Aunt Gerry.

Thank you very much.
Jenny, London.

Likin' the way they look'n'look'n' the way they like, here are the "lads" in archival stylish pose!



Dear Black Type,

Re. "An Annoyed Woman's Letter" (e.g. just as sexist as the men she labels sexist, Letters May 7).

I'm sure that if it had been a female "pop" star labelling men she'd slept with as "third rate", she wouldn't have mandated at all, probably condoned it in fact. Any woman who wants to get a bit of the limelight by bagging around and sleeping with male pop stars deserves to be called third rate, just as any man who acts in this manner with female pop stars deserves to be called third rate. Oh, and to include everyone, the same can be said for gay relationships involving pop stars. It's

too easy to say that people will do anything for attention (and a large cheque from a "news" paper in return for an "exclusive sex romp story").

(Thank you, A.C. Cobra (anti male and female chauvinism).)

Dearest Sir Blackford,

Here's a claim to fame that'll make your comrades throw a wobbly! My Mum thought that classic piece of literature, The Diary Book Of Home Management compiled by the one and only Neil Tennant! Pshaw! Spooky or what? A nation steps back in utter amazement. Someone who doesn't like Ian Carrara because he slipped off Pet Shop Boys and Culture Club's singles. Herts.

Cerky o'orky! Bashi bazonki! Bad luck and hard cheese there, Someone. Why, no doubt, these days, your Mum stands in the kitchen preparing profliteroles dressed in a long, black overcoat and a ridiculous cap looking very, very moody indeed and never EVER smiles whilst dusting the Spode china (whatever that might be).

OK people, so South Africa does have very horrible "government" policies, but so do lots of other countries. If Queen had gone to Russia yonks and yonks ago, would they have been "totally condemned by the 'humanitarians' of the world"? I doubt it. They'd probably have been given a nice big award for "strengthening the bonds of human friendship." Blah blah blah. So just leave Queen alone! They happen to be musicians (and are rather good at what they do) not politicians (who are

generally less good at what they do anyway). Listen to their music, instead of voicing stupid narrow-minded opinions all over the Letters page.

Someone who thinks Daryl Hall is about as sexy as Dennis Thatcher on a bad night, Scotland

Dear Smash Hits

Having just flicked through Btz (May 7), my tale is now in nana. Your article on Barbie And The Rock Stars is the cause I am on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and am contemplating jumping out of my Sindy doll's house.

The reason? Barbie has deserted Ken. How anyone could possibly desert "Tim and Terrific Ken" for a second rate pop group is beyond me. Especially one with a naff-looking singer. Please say that you have made a mistake and that Dive accidentally is really Ken with a different hair style.
Mistika Puddlesmarsh, Belfast

You haven't looked at the "naff-looking" Derek very closely, have you Matilda? Why he is patently Ken posing under a pseudonym. Why Ken elected to call himself "Derek" instead of something catchy like Stan Trousertrust or, um, um, Tony Hadley is one of the great unsolved mysteries of the spooniverse. Blomey!

Dear Black Type

and the rest of the narrow-minded Smash Hits staff, Well, you've gone and done it again, haven't you? Any chance to slag off real talent and advocate rubbish and you do it, don't you? In your May 7 issue, you ran articles on people like Dire Straits (man), Five Star (oh God, another family group), Gary Numan (when was he in the charts last? 1987?) and Hipway (who?) - oh, and that small and highly insulting bit about the Marvin Gaye "classic" "Heard It Through The Grapevine". Well, as far as I and many of my comrades are concerned there is only one "classic" version of the song, the very one which you chose to slag off. If you actually sat and LISTENED to the Flying Pickets' version, maybe you could start to appreciate the hours of planning.

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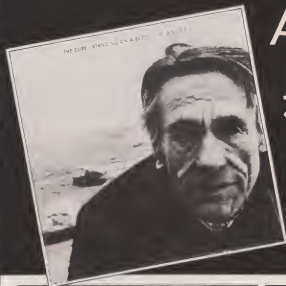
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LETTERS

preparation and rehearsal...
Kim Pawley (*Pickler Lane 1407 and writing for Brian to ask me to marry him*), *Milton Keynes*

This letter has been edited (quite a lot).

Dear Black Type,
 Whilst "leafing" through your scrumptious brilliant "bit" (*April 23*) I noticed a certain "plastic" deep sea diver on Page 9. It rather reminded me of a very similar article I had a few years ago. It was a darker blue, had yellow oxygen tanks and used to float at different "levels" in the "bath" when I pumped this air pumpier thing. Just thought you might like to know. They don't make them any more.

Bob
Andre Widows (that is my "Friends" name) I want to embarrass him, arf arf, Norfolk

Ah, me, those were the days, eh, me spittoons de pop? Do you remember when you could get things like that e.g. puff-up deep sea divers, cardboard mouse code "flashers" and super "sleuth" "kits" (i.e. wonky magnifying glass and cut-out decraltaker) out of cereal packets? No, neither do I because I'm not nearly old enough and all you get these days are bits of the tins of your Coco Pops is stupid plastic "models" of Darth Vader or whoever the current sci-fi monster might be, useless out-of-focus "pop" stickers of groups no-one's ever heard of e.g. *Pinkpan Ballet* and things that look ridiculous like *Mr Perkins* toe-nail clippings. *Groo Swizz*. Poel!

Ayup Black Tip,
 I was most amused by the letter from "Caroline Evans - a true patriot" (*April 23*). She honestly believes that a country that gave us *Shakin' Stevens*, *Harry Secombe*, *Steve Strange*, *Richard Burton*, *Ruth "Hi De Hi" Madoc* and *Bonnie Tyler* has a valid contribution to give to Britain? Surely she jests. I believe I could assemble at least a thousand who would willingly state that they did not want *Shakin' Stevens*, *Harry Secombe*, *Steve Strange* etc. in the first place. These people are a violation of "all things decent" *Ric Leeds*.
 P.S. I don't want a £10 record token or a tee-towel or a badge or an autographed photo of *Tony Bassett*, just print this letter!

Dear Smash Hits,
 You know, I used to hate you! Thought that would bring some attention... well, actually, I disliked you intensely, the reason being that the contents of your magazine offended my sound musical taste by extensive coverage of "suey-cheek-boned bands" like *Duran* and others of their like. I thought your readers to be smug, insular wee nerds and "Sharon's who were too narrow-minded for their own good. But, my goodness me! I take

back everything Wonderful coverage of top pop stars and lots of it, lots of colour, and exciting layouts. Yeah yeah yeah I think you convinced me that pop music is FUN again. So in return I'd like you to be aware of independent bands I know that had a reputation of doom and gloom, singing about anarchy and doing funny things with cats' bonoms but now it's all changed and my fave favourite pop magazine should be featuring bands like *THE BUN BRIDES*, *THE PASTELS*, *THE SHOP ASSISTANTS*, *THE WOODENTOPS*, *THE BMX BANDITS*. Perhaps you could review the indie page or a wee column - like you had a feature on the groovy *Housesmartus*. More, more, more. Honestly, they're worth it if only you could help widen their appeal!
Love from Madocans Penn in Chicago.

Dear Mr Type and associates,
 A proper biscuit speaks it as typical of certain pop music journals (namely yer *Hits*) to discriminate crudely between dog "biscuits" and we members of the (proper) biscuit brigade. (*Letters, April 23*).

To amend this sorry fate we have undertaken numerous stringent scientific tests into the ability of ourselves to withstand a dunking in a 10m aqueous solution of sodium chloride (salt/water to you, mesty) at approximately 73/34°C.

Results:
Pennywise "Lincoln" Biscuits - 43 seconds
McVines "I drink too wet without one" Rich Tea - 14 seconds
Bourbon chocolatey things (cream) - 23 seconds
My mum's Digestive biscuits - 0.34 seconds
Jacob's hot rolls - indestructible

Conclusive stuff, eh? This proves our worthness (except my Mum's Digestives) as your "mame".
J Pennywise, Huntepton

A Ginger Nnt writes: "What do you call a 'singer' with a ginormous chin and a biscuit on his head? **Lionel Rich Tea** how how. What do you call a doddering old thespian who wobbles about dressed up as an asteroy guy saying 'Dear, dear, dear *Jazmy Dodger*, I know him well?' Lord 'Sir' **Larry Bath Olivier**, how how. What do you call... (**Black Type** writes: *Time, I think, to dunk G. Nnt in my refreshing mug of Sengens. Yum!*)

Dear Black Type,
 Please tell that "King Diamond" twt that he talks through his "hat" I am referring to the "Do You Believe In God" feature (*May 7*). If he's a so-called Satanist, then he has to believe in God.
 God represents the good in the people and Satan the bad, so it's impossible to believe in one and not the other.

I've believed in God for ages but only just become a Christian, and naking showing it down people's throats, becoming Christian was the best thing I've ever done.
 So, King Diamond, put that in your Danish pipe and smoke it. Someone *Who's Going To An A-ha Concert Next January And Loves Den Watts* From EastEnders *Brentwood*

Dear Black Type,
Bitz has made a fool of "Buzselt" in the *Bitz Book Of Lute* (*23 April*). Under the heading of "Batman", *Bitz* said the theme went "Da, da, da. When anyone who is anyone knows it went *Dinner, dinner, dinner, dinner, dinner, dinner, dinner, dinner, Batman*" thus enabling anyone to crack the old joke "How does Batman's mother call him in for lunch?"
Morten Harker's Leather Necklace

Quite clearly Batman's mother has not been studying Ms. Delia Smith's epic "Home" 1001 Jolly Good Ways To Call Your Children Into Lunch. It quote "Open the window and chirrup to the 'kids' down in for lunch now children. It's *Loobies* Biscuits Souffle Avec *Pettis Pois Au Gratin* Bouillabaisse Thermidor and all the trimmings - your favourite! Works every time!" (If this doesn't work, consult the *Dairy Book Of Home Management*, how how how).

Dear Black Type,
 "This is it! It'll be HUGE, bigger than *Star Wars* (a famous sci-fi film from the 70s), higher than *Superman*, shorter than *Game With The Wind*, easier to understand than *Rambo* it's... *Deep Sea Diving In Borneo* - The *Morne*, *Joseph's Champness* *Pyrrhoid* P.S. If anyone has a script they don't want, I'll be greatly appreciated.



Have a token tea towel, and count me in for the premiere.

Dear Extremely-Dark-Coloured Type,

I am disgusted!
 What am I disgusted about? That there are CHEATS who read *Smash Hits*, and also to you, **BLACK TYPE**, for printing the cheats' letters. Why are some readers cheats, I hear you cry? I'll tell you why! All these so-called "literature mastpieces" entitled "Deep Sea Diving In Borneo" that are being printed in your legendary *Smash Hits* Scandal! Outcry! In case anybody is not as observant as "moi", it says in the *Smash Hits* Scrapbook that this v story story is to be written in AUGUST! Not now! So what are people cheating for? I suspect that if they don't have anything better to do than CHEAT, they should find out where their nearest pot-holing club is! And to show that I'm not a cheat, I have written the poem for *April* entitled "The Human Condition".

The Human Condition
 Is very bad.

Thank you,
Smash Hits Fanette Who, If You Notice, Hasn't Got Any 'Names' Between Any Other 'Names'

Says it all really. Avante. A'dien'. Catch 'ya' later. Bye. Bye. Bye.

SMASH HITS

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PUZZLE ANSWERS

PRIZE CROSSWORD

Number 3 (April 23)
 ● The winner is Paul Cronin of Liverpool. Yippe!

Number 4 (May 7)
 ● The winner will be announced in the next issue. The winners are:

ACROSS: 1 Cliff Richard, 2 A-Ha, 3 "Secret Lovers", 11 (Dawn), 12 "Fly", 13 "Rocky", 14 (Chi) Egan (Ind), 15 (Neil) Daniel, 17 and 30 Cliff Adams, 18 and 29 "Down", 19 "Run To You", 20 Ian McCulloch, 23 Kim Wilde, 24 "Love", 26 And (Voice), 29 "Peter Dinklage", 31 (Paco) Collins

DOWN: 1 "Chan Reaction", 2 "Magnificent 7", Foster (And. Alan), 4 "In My Car", 5 and 10 "Secret Act Of Noise", 6 Different (Comer), 8 "Che Guevara", 13 "It's Making It's Own Shoes", 16 Sade, 19 "Rock (Shades)", 21 Liza (Shades), 22 "He-Wa", 25 (Whistle) Teer, 27 "Skull Deep".

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When I die and they lay me to rest
Gonna go to the place that's best
When they lay me down I die
Going on up to the spirit in the sky
Going on up to the spirit in the sky
(Spirit in the sky)
That's where I'm gonna go when I die
(When I die)
When I die and they lay me to rest
I'm gonna go to the place that's the best

Never been a sinner I've never sinned
I've got a friend in Jesus
So you know that when I die
He's gonna send me up with the spirit in the sky

Going on up to the spirit in the sky
(Spirit in the sky)
That's where I'm gonna go when I die
(When I die)
When I die and they lay me to rest
I'm gonna go to the place that's the best

Prepare yourself you know it's a must
Gotta have a friend in Jesus
So you know that when you die
He's gonna recommend you to the
Spirit in the sky (spirit in the sky)
Going on up to the spirit in the sky
That's where you're gonna go when you die
(When you die)
When I die and they lay me to rest
I'm gonna go to the place that's the best

Repeat last few lines
Go to the place that's the best
Repeat to fade

Words and music by Norman Greenbaum
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Tender
Love



Here I lay all alone
Tossing turning longing for
Some of your tender love
I'm waiting for the right moment to come
So I can thank you for
(All the tender love you're giving to me)

Chorus
Tender love (tender love)
With love so tender (love)
Pulling me close to you
Baby I surrender

Candles they light the dark
Now I see how lovely the feelings are
(All the tender love you're giving to me)
I want you more and more
Can't resist you ooh then I feel your touch
Tender love

Loving me straight from the heart
Hold me nearer please let me be a part
(Of the tender love you're giving to me)

Repeat chorus
Ooh yeah I surrender baby

Repeat chorus
Ooh ooh ooh yeah
I surrender baby
Oh tender love
Oh oh ooh oh oh tender love

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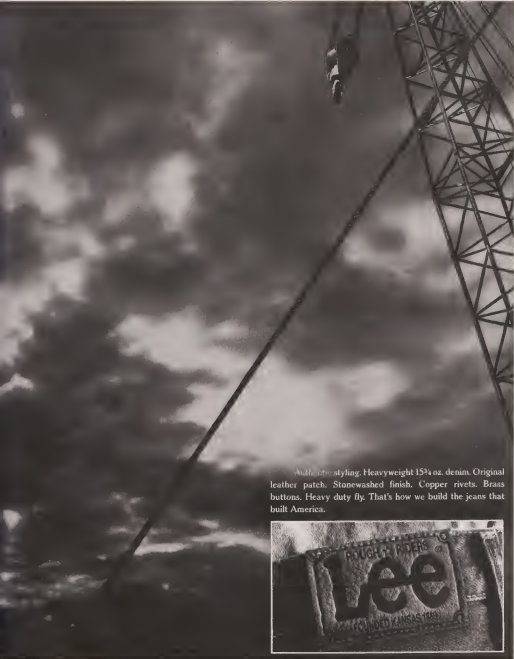
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REVIEW SINGLES

REVIEWED BY

MARTIN DEGVILLE AND NEAL X

OF SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK



BUCKS FIZZ: *New Beginnings* (Polydor)

Neil: "New Beginnings" is right – they've got a new girl and she's even dopier than Jay Aston. I don't think she's got the tonal quality and range of Jay, haw haw. I can't understand a single word of their singing – terrible diction. This sounds as if it's backwards – like a miserable summer. Jay, of course, was always the stylist, wasn't she? Bucks Fizz are Martin's favourite group, actually. **Martin:** I've got more fizz in my bun.

GRACE JONES: *Private Life* (Island)

Neil: This is about four years old – and who wants to dwell in the past? It's a bit of a clop-out doing a Pretenders song and not changing it. The Pretenders did it better, actually, but she's sexier and she wants to get rich... **Martin:** She has good taste in men. But Dolph Lundgren (Grace Jones' boyfriend) isn't as good-looking as me.

JANET JACKSON: *Nasty* (A&M)

Neil: Her last record was fantastic. This is a bit like "Nasty Girls" by Vanity 6 but not as good – it doesn't really have a tune. It's like a 13-year-old trying to do "Nasty Girls" but she's not really dirty enough to sing this sort of stuff. Too clean living. I imagine she's very fat in real life: she looks like a dumpy 40-year-old. **Martin:** Who is she?

PICNIC AT THE WHITEHOUSE: *Heaven* (All I Need) (CBS)

Neil: Poor boys; they might have got someone fair and unbiased and they end up with the Sputniks. It's got the same beat as Janet Jackson's and just about every other record I've heard in the last six months. They'd probably like to be American but they come from Newcastle or Leicester, I reckon. Martin Degville, rudest man in pop, what is the verdict? **Martin:** Sounds like a bowel movement. **Neil:** I think we can safely say this is the least I've ever heard of this group. Sorry, Picnics.

JULIAN LENNON: *This Is My Day* (Virgin)

Neil: It's about time Julian got his come-uppance. This is a bit nauseating. It lasts over thirty seconds but there's no tune. **Martin:** I don't think it would even get anywhere in the Eurovision Song Contest. **Neil:** Frighmask speaks! **Martin:** I hate music. I'm the peevish man of pop. Let's burn it. (Snaps record). **Neil:** Poor Julian. He only sells records on the strength of his Daddy's name.

THE SMITHS: *Bigmouth Strikes Again* (Rough Trade)

Neil: Sounds like it was recorded in 1967. Frighmask! Your comments on this one! **Martin:** Sounds like it was recorded in an abattoir. **Neil:** It's not very inspiring. **Martin:** It's depressing. That voice is so dreary – very Manchester. But I suppose if you come from Manchester – which is the drabdest town anywhere in the world – you have to make drab records.

BANANARAMA: *Venus* (London)

Neil: What's this song called? Venus! It's an old song, isn't it? Yes. "Venus" was a hit for Dutch "combs" Shocking Blue in 1970 – A "Pop Buff" Oh, girls! Learn to sing! It's a great song but they've destroyed it. Sacrilege! **Martin:** It's completely boring and they've got boring hair. I can't understand why they have eyebrows on their face. Who wants hair growing out of their face? I have three things to say about Bananarama: they are completely unblemished by brain cells.

MIDGE URE: *Call Of The Wild* (Chrysalis)

Martin: Midge Ure is receding. He needs to get a wig. **Neil:** This sounds a bit arctic and classy. The squeaky guitar solo's quite good – very Van Halen. This has got "the" stamped all over it. It'll probably be number one. We can't be too rude

about Midge.

Martin: Yes we can. I hate music. I never listen to records. This is not going to stop World War IV and I would not buy it.

MARC ALMOND: *A Woman's Story* (Some Bizzare)

Martin: Oh no. Marc Almond was his Suicide/Soft Cell days. This sounds like he's regurgitating. **Neil:** It doesn't make me feel very summery at all and... **Martin:** Let's take it off. I've had enough. It's boring and I can't think of anything interesting to say about Marc Almond – he's so unimpressive.

LEO SAYER: *Real Life* (Chrysalis)

Neil: Leo Sayer. I have to say, probably the least sexy person ever to be involved in rock'n'roll. Oh God – that voice! Oh dear, oh dear. It's a bit bland, isn't it? Comments, Frighmask? **Martin:** Asking me what I think of Leo Sayer is like asking a tree what it thinks of a dog.

GENESIS: *Invisible Touch* (Virgin)

Martin: Neil likes Genesis. **Neil:** Genesis? I always hated them. But, actually, this sounds better than most of their records – at least they've got a bit more modern. **Martin:** It's diarrhoea. I hate it. Phil Collins is a bit of a geriatric case, really. He's bald, isn't he!

FALCO: *Vienna Calling* (A&M)

Neil: He's singing in German which is quite clever, but records sung in German are never hits in England. But this is the stuff those disco kids will like: it sounds like a cross between The Cars and M. **Martin:** It sounds like a traffic jam. I'm getting bored. I knew I'd just hate every single record you played me – I've got no interest in music whatsoever. Whoooooooooo! (Howls like a werewolf). I'm bored.

DEE C. LEE: *Hold On* (CBS)

Neil: We're not listening to this because we hate her music and we hate Paul Weller.

S.O.S. BAND: *Borrowed Love* (Tabu)

Neil: My girlfriend will love this. It's very inventive soul music. I'd probably buy it because this is the sort of crap I buy nowadays. **Martin:** Exactly.

CHAIK! *Big Hot Blues* (MCA)

Neil: This one is unbearable. They come from Sheffield. I suppose that's not their fault, but do they have to inflict it on the rest of the population? Listen to that "cosmic" Saxophone. I've already had enough. Do you want to hear any more, Frighmask? **Martin:** No. I have the name Chalk and that makes me want to listen to it. It's an awful name. **Neil:** I nearly bought a Chalk record once because I misread the label. I thought it said Chaka Khan. The only reason I'd ever buy one of their records would be by mistake.

LOVEBUG STARSKI: *Amityville* (House On The Hill) (Epic)

Martin: That sounds like they're strangling a cat. **Neil:** Yes. It sounds like a Big Audio Dynamite record. **Martin:** Take it off. Take it off. It's a mistake they were ever born.

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK: *20th Century Boy* (Parlophone)

Martin: This record will stand the test of time. It has the sweet sound of success and the singer is the immaculate conception. The singer is so fabulous – he is sex personified. Yum yum! He should, Leo Sayer, all the way to Mars and back. He is Elvis 1990. The ultimate product. The new religion. The second coming. The... **Neil:** The producer must be Giorgio Moroder, I'd say at a wild guess. He's Limah's producer, you know. **Martin:**... sale of the century. The definitive rock'n'roll record. Everything that music should be. Single Of The Fortnight. Single Of The Century. The most immaculately fabulous... (SNIIIIIIIP)





23 ENVELOPE POSTERS

Pop posters are getting pretty damned "artistic" these days, aren't they? Gone are the plain 'n' simple pictures of pop stars looking "attractive" and windswept, eh? And there's one design company in particular which has got itself a bit of a name for doing very arty posters with lots of swirly splotchy bits all over them (e.g. those four you can see above). The company's called 23 Envelope, they design posters for all sorts of trendy groups like The Cocteau Twins, Colourbox and this Mortal Coil and have just issued a special package of 15 of their favourites - The 23 Envelope Posters.

Wrapped up in a post-looking folder, the whole lot will cost you around £10 but Review's got 10 left to give away. Simply answer this question correctly and your bedroom wall could be arty than... um, some place that's really, er, arty: what is the name of the Cocteau Twins' winsome and weird songstress? Is it a) Elizabeth Windsor b) Barbara Windsor c) Elizabeth Fraser d) Ronald Fraser e) Ronald "Mad Dog McDonald" Reagan? Answers to a postcard to **Smash Hits 23 Envelope Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by June 3.



AFTER HOURS (15, 97 mins)

There comes a point in *After Hours* when the exhausted, harassed Paul (Griffin Dunne) goes down on his knees in a New York street in the middle of the night and, raising his arms to the heavens, pleads "Why me? What have I done?"

What he's done, in fact, is to accept an invitation from a girl he's met in a coffee shop, Marcy (Rosanna Arquette - Roberta in *Desperately Seeking Susan*), to come over to her place on the other side of town (even though it's already v. late) because she's got "problems". Alas, not only does he lose all his money on the way there but things also get very spooky indeed in the arty loft bar which Marcy shares with kinky sculptress Kiki, so Paul flees also the night. Of course it's now pelted with rain and, because he's got no cash to get home, he takes shelter in a bar. And that's when his terrible night really begins as he lurches from one ill-fated mishap to the next, attracting trouble and weirdos like a magnet, from the '60s time warp waitress who fancies him to weapon-wielding, burglar-hunting, neighbourhood vigilantes led by a woman in a Mr. Whippy ice cream van. "Occasionally it gets a bit like *Fowly Powers* as you wish that, just this once, he'd do the simple thing and not bring any more trouble down on his head, but mostly it's a neat, swift "street" comedy not unlike *Desperately Seeking Susan*. And if you liked that then you'll certainly go for this.

lan Grama



▲ Fergusson takes on a mission: Capture the enemy. What a 'chap'.

▲ 'Oh dear, I've just been struck by lightning, and Jim, the producer is over.' The star recalls the 'joke' about to be repeated back to him. "That's alright then."

BIGGLES (PG, 92 mins)

Poor old Jim Fergusson (Alex Hyde-White) – he doesn't know what's going on. One minute he's an ordinary, overworked New York businessman in 1986, the next he's standing in a muddy field surrounded by rickety old "bi"-planes face-to-face with legendary fictional character Biggles! And it's 1917! Well! Jim is understandably v. stunned, but helps Biggles out of his plane just before it blows up, and then... SWISH! He's back in 1986, covered in mud and looking a mite bewildered.

It turns out that Jim is Biggles' "time twin" and whenever either of them are in mortal danger their "twin" falls through a hole in time to rescue the other. Of course Biggles (Neil Dickson) needs the services of his "twin" quite a lot because he's right in the middle of fighting the First World War almost entirely single-handedly and trying to destroy the Germans' secret weapon, a "sound machine" which makes people and things disintegrate.

The best bits are when Jim gets whisked back in time just as he's doing something really embarrassing like dressing up in a nun's habit, having a shower or snogging with his girlfriend. And there's lots of "amusing" banter between Biggles and his chums Bertie, Aily and Ginger – you know, "Tally ho chaps, jolly spiffing wheezes this, what ho!" etc.

Whether the Biggles character does justice to the original books I know not, but the film is full of lovable characters, "topping" Biggles-And-Co-versus-the-Germans action and is rather chucklesome throughout. V. jolly stuff (old bears).

Sylvia Patterson

▲ This is Marcy (Frances Anagnost), a girl with problems and the start of all Paul's...

▼ Paul thinks he's making "socratic" education Kulu from Kulgum when actually he's introducing a sort of musical 'beat' very 'silly' range. It's not sort of a sign.



VIDEOS



CURE: Staring At Cecilia – The Images (WEA, £19.95)

Create the filthy tide, this is surely a "music" through the Cure's history. 13 singles and 100+ tracks ranging from "Killers in Arab" in 1978 up to "Dissect Me" in 1985. The album tracks are arranged in the original order, but the tracks are arranged in their original order, so in the end you have Robert Smith changes from a fresh-cut youth into the mopey, unkempt figure of today, which is a bit of a weird "trip" (man). It's most interesting that the early ones are a bit boring, although things perk up in 1982 when loony director Ian Pope turns up and starts showing the group into underwater wardrobes etc. (well, it's through, is the opening track, magnificently woozy, and it's the most taken by Robert Smith's "Crown of Thorns" in 1977 (where some of the group were still wearing flares), which sums up perfectly The Cure's surreal stageness. Perhaps they should give him a job...

Yvonne MacDonald



PHIL COLLINS: No Ticket Required (WEA, £13.95)

The most monstrously embarrassing moment ever committed to video tape crops up half way through this concert recorded in Dallas. You see, Phil decides to introduce his group to the audience, which is all fair and good, but he's decided that it would be a bit of a "jape" if he pretended to be a TV game show host. So, for a full ten minutes he makes a complete divvy of himself by asking each musician to "come on down", with the most corny gestures and weedy "jokes" imaginable.

It's a shame because when they stick to neat, straight-down-the-line pop songs like "Against All Odds", "Susudio", "Behind The Lines" and "In The Air Tonight" you can't really fault them.

Wilhelm Show

FEARGAL SHARKEY: Feargal Sharkey (Virgin, £9.99)

Here we have the "Feargal Sharkey And His Hit Singles" video collection. And guess what? Yep! They're exactly the same videos that were released with the singles – no new fancy bits, no new versions, no gimmicks. There's "Fearg" boogieing round a snooker table, wandering round a creepy old windmill, sitting amidst the blue beam of a spotlight looking very misty, and depending on the song, he looks either happy 'n' jolly ("Listen To Your Father", "A Good Heart"), sad 'n' wistful ("Never Never", "Loving You") or angry 'n' a bit tortured ("You Little Thief", "Someone To Somebody"). Adventurous it isn't, "classy" it is – but take away that brilliant voice and you're left with some pretty average pop tunes.

Sylvia Patterson



REVIEW ALBUMS

PHILIP BAILEY: Inside Out (CBS)
Philip Bailey is a rather good singer but he's not much cop at writing songs or even choosing them – some of the overlong, half-baked, tuneless stuff on this LP took up to six people to co-write (including Phil Collins and Ray Parker Jr.). The simpler songs are the best – especially his coded gospel ones – but trendy producer Nile Rodgers has given the whole thing a very-slick-but-cluttered sound, resulting in over-busy, brassy synthesiser-funk that does nothing but obscure the fact that Philip Bailey is a rather good singer. **(4 out of 10)**

Jon Cranno

JOURNEY: Raised On Radio (CBS)
Journey are one of those American West Coast clapped-out "rock" bands – all very bland and "laid back" – that are just the job if you own a massive, flashy open-topped car or a portable compact disc player. If you don't, they are no fun at all: they produce "earnest" songs about broken hearts and broken dreams and so on and so on, just because their

records – all by the careful in the States doesn't mean they're "interesting" – just safe and very boring. **(2 out of 10)**

Colette Campbell

FLOY JOY: Weak In The Presence Of Beauty (Virgin)
The title track is a gorgeous "Every Breath You Take"-type ballad (which should have been a huge hit) but sadly only one other song – the equally lush Tania Mottown "oilde" "Ask The Lonely" – is as good. Elsewhere, Floyd Joy's attempts to blend the gritty, Northern lyrical realism of Michael Ward and Peter Clarke with the husky, soft-soil voice of their new black singer Desy Campbell is less successful, the computer rhythms plodding and the songs simply less memorable. **(6 out of 10)**

Jon Cranno

GRANDMASTER FLASH: The Source (Elektra)
Back in 1982 Grandmaster Flash zonked our feet and bonged our brains with the spine-tingling, definitive rap of "The Message". Now they've re-hashed all that and

produced "The Course" – all bump and claps and boring "Songs" include things about being the Kings of Rap, ladies in lace, chides in skirts, how utterly wonderful Grandmaster Flash are and more things about being the Kings of Rap. "The Message" broke new ground, "The Source" doesn't break anything at all. **(2 out of 10)**

Deborah Sippitts

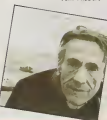
HITLIST: Good Evening Yugoslavia (Virgin)

Groups who write songs about "life on yer road, (mooson)" have usually been around for one million years and run out of anything else to say. Hitlist want to be up with the "good old" "big" boys so badly that their "debut" LP sounds like the work of tired old musicological dinosaurs. A bit of "tasteful" synthesiser here, some tame, white "reggae" there. Plop plop formula stuff with v. dodgy lyrics as on their almost-a-bug-hit "Into The Fire", the only surprise on this album is how Japan producer John Punter stayed awake long enough to record it. **(2 out of 10)**

Chris Schuler

THE CURE: Standing On A Beach – The Singles (Fiction)
From the sparse and wily, plinky-plonky punk of "Killing An Arab" and "Jumping Someone Else's Train", through the throbbing atmospheres and gloom of "Charlotte Sometimes" and "Primary" (the most glorious "sound" ever conceived), to the quirky "perfect pop" of "The Caterpillar" and "Close To Me", it is all here – a splendid career in 13 easy pieces. The Cure remain impervious to criticism, they stand the test of time, they are voices for the '80s... etc. etc. Not much more to say, really. You've probably heard them all before. And here they are again. Hurrah! **(Brilliant)**

Tom Hibbert



BOOKS

GARY MOORE

"Gary Moore," it says here, "can attack his guitar with all the frenzy of a heavy metal showman, scorch up and down the fretboard with all the dazzling speed of a jazz rocker and caress the strings with tender care." Phew! Gary Moore's biography by Chris Welch (Bobcat, £3.50) tells us all about what a piping hot "axe" person he is, but it doesn't tell us much else about this one-time member of Thin Lizzy and general guitar hero. In fact it's another of those quickly swizzled together bits of nonsense with cheapo photos that you can read from cover to cover in less than 20 minutes.

William Shaw

THE CARS

With their monstrously huge hit "Drive" The Cars finally became one of those very successful groups who people write terribly serious books about. *The Cars* by Philip Kamin and Peter Goddard (£6.95, Sidgwick & Jackson) takes the group extremely seriously indeed, going on about how they're a meeting place for "pure pop and pop art", about how all their songs are very poetic, and how The Cars are an "intelligent" group. But at least the authors have gone to the trouble of actually interviewing the group properly, and they've even included all sorts of "interesting" snap shots and photos, which makes it much better value than most pop star "biographies".

Chris Heath

« Bob Geldof in 1972. A song? What would Prince William say?!



« Schickel Ball in a song? Is he made of wax?

« Schickel Ball doing a film instrument in 'Gilbert and Sullivan operas'.

BOB GELDOF

Bob Geldof may be an arrogant old so'n so but he's a "darn" good writer, and his autobiography, *Is That It?* (Sidgwick & Jackson, £10.95), is not the usual hacked-together-in-two-and-a-half-seconds-"rags-to-riches"-story but a proper BOOK. From childhood in Dublin, through July 13 1985, to a brush with Margaret Thatcher and her "death-ray glare", this proper BOOK is sometimes hysterical, sometimes depressing, always intensely readable.

We are spared none of the gory details in an account of what seems to have been, at times, a pretty sordid existence. Bob has his first sexual encounter at the age of 13 (grim). Bob "rips off" French tourists, selling them hot dogs at £10 a throw. Bob sets fire to his Dad's house during a bout of "spontaneous" rumpo. Bob goes barny on drugs and tries to top himself. Bob gets a job in an abattoir and... (not at all nice, this bit). Bob becomes a top pop star and meets Paula who unseats his trousers in the back of a motor car. And then Bob sees a news report about famine in Ethiopia on his television...

The final 150 pages (of 350) are devoted to the Band Aid saga, but Geldof doesn't get all saintly and pontificating as expected – he takes the edge off the gloom with many a fine anecdote such as what the ghastry Prince William said when he saw Bob at the Falaise. What did Wills say? "He's all dirty... He's got scruffy hair!" Correct!

One of the best books ever written about a pop person. The best ever written by one.

Tom Hibbert



BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE (Manchester Hacienda)

A backing tape is switched on, four billion people surge towards the stage and a recorded voice asks "Do you like music?" Another recorded voice bips "Leave It Out - This Is Big Audio Dynamite", and here they come... keyboard player Don Letts with dreadlocks a-swinging as he belts out the first notes of "The Medicine Show" (their next single) on his cowbells... Mick Jones (ex-guitarist with The Clash - "seminal" punk rock group of old) sporting a white housewife's coat and dodgy sideburns and not looking very young at all. And the audience all sing along as B.A.D. (to give them their full title) perform nearly all of their quite brilliant LP "This Is Big Audio Dynamite", "laid-back" rhythms and loads of percussion over



"Mick fellow Americans," pipes a befuddled Mick Jones.

"This is the finger that practically invented punk rock when I was in my class."

Most of the audience seem to be wearing very big woolly "Fair Isle" jumpers and would get v. hot indeed if they went bananas. . .

backing tapes of gun-fire noises and spookified American-voiced "speeches". Even so, the crowd don't seem very impressed - bobbing politely and getting hot at all "raucous". Perhaps it's the fact that the group never stray far from their medium-paced, reggae-ish beat. Or it could be that most of the audience seem to be wearing very big woolly "Fair Isle" jumpers and would get v. hot indeed if they went bananas. Still, B.A.D. return at the end for an encore of their own fifty version of Prince's "1999" which sounds exactly like the original (apart from the voice) but doesn't do much to cheer up the audience.

Big Audio Dynamite have got a pretty good "image", they can actually play their instruments and they've written quite a few fine "tunes". All they need now is a bit of SPARKLE.

Sylvia Patterson



"This is the band that assembled Queen's brightest new pop combo e.g. B.A.D. . ."

"And this is the bum that's getting quite hot on the presenters' hot line."

CONCERTS

BIG COUNTRY Newcastle City Hall

A few weeks ago Big Country played a concert in this very hall, but the show was so beset with technical problems (i.e. wonky equipment) that the group decided to give everyone in the audience a free ticket to come back and see them play "properly" tonight. That's nice - so, unsurprisingly, everyone's in a very good mood as we hear. . .

A skirl! A screech! And the "lads" trot on stage in front of a giant, smoky backdrop of a ruined Scottish castle. They pluck one string and - whoosh - a billion people hurt themselves towards the stage, leaping and punching the air and bawling the words to "Wonderland". And then it's "Fields Of Fire" - and the audience leap even higher as seats are up-rooted and the bouncers look a mite anxious. . .

Big Country are in high spirits this evening, with Stuart Adlamson and

"This is a song about having a sense of humour in times of adversity - It's called 'Touch Me I Want Your Body'. Ha ha!"

Bruce Watson sprinting all over the stage wielding their guitars and doing monumental leaps and thumbs up signs at the end of every song. And no wonder because the place is packed - and the lads can do nowt wrong.

They belt out their "classics" (letting the crowd do most of the singing), they belt out their new songs, and Stuart looks as if he's going to die of thankfulness at every end-of-song roar; when suddenly - "This is a song about having a sense of humour in times of adversity - it's called 'Touch Me I Want Your Body'. Ha ha!" Of course he's fibbed - in fact, it's a very long version of "In A Big Country" which stops and starts and slows and speeds up while a lot of the audience in the aisles thump'n'kick each other (but only for "fun"). And there's encores aplenty with skirly guitar versions of "Tracks Of My Tears" and The Rolling Stones' (man) "Honky Tonk Woman" - "This is something we don't even know!" Well!

Tip, they've rocked, they've rolfed, they've made a lot of people jump up and down for two hours and even though they are a teeny bit predictable, they do, as the Scots would say, "fair put a skirl in yer pipes".

Sylvia Patterson



"I say, Bruce, when you're in a Big Country, it's important to be a bit of a scunner, play guitar, and be a bit of a scunner."



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KEEP BOTH EARS TO THE GROUND



AVAILABLE IN THE LONDON (01) AREA ONLY CALLS CHARGED AT NATIONAL B RATE (IT'S CHEAPER AFTER 6 AND AT WEEKENDS)

WHAT WOULD THEIR



▲ **Zeko Marylike** shows "hands" with his marriage **Steve** and a couple of ladies who have accidentally "fallen" over



▲ **Rob Halford** of **Judas Priest** in leathery **Black And Decker "stunt"**



▲ **Catholic Girls**. ♀, Most extraordinary



▲ **Charming** A lowly pathetic "image" from **Vicious Pink**



▲ Some "bitch" called **Sean Purcell** pretends to top himself in the **Hot Kot** mode. *Somehow, not right.*



▲ Dear oh dear **Vulcan Death Grip** create a public nuisance.



▲ **Bretney And The Boys**. ♀ Cynouser and outcouser!



▲ **Franz Fawcett Macon** grows a "beard". Oh, sorry, apparently it's some bloke called **Hewcher** who actually takes himself as "The Most Beautiful Man In The World". *Funny chap.*



▲ **Rip On!**. Adorable.



▲ **Naughty But Nice**. Yes, that, astonishingly enough, is what they call themselves.



▲ **Pleasure And The Beat!**. What a lovely pair of "trousers"

Photo: EMI

Photo: B&B

Photo: Chris Cooper

Photo: Richard Pines

Mutterings

THE MUTTERINGS MULTIPLE CHOICE POP "GOSSIP" QUIZ

Here are loads of piping hot, 100% true pop "scoop" Mutterings. . . But they are all secret (posh word for "hidden") amongst a load of total and utter *flots!* Using your vast knowledge of "pop" (hem hem), simply decide which is the correct bit. Then see how "brilliant" you are by checking the panel below!! (Ooeeer. . .)

● **Peter Gabriel** has just purchased a video synthesizer and he thinks it's really fab. Why? Because it . . .
a) Looks like a lawnmower and decapitates people whilst they're playing croquet, b) Plays "The Chicken Song" and shows pictures of the Spinning Image Phil Collins puppet both at the same time, c) Allows him to grab still pictures of the TV and draw moustaches on Selma Scott?

Answer: b) Diverse is a new high technology - a new kind of puppet.

● **Mark Knopfler** has just cancelled a Dire Straits concert in Ayers Rock, Australia. Why? Because . . . a) He's so worried about getting radiation poisoning from the Chernobyl disaster that he's building a space rocket to send him away from the planet Earth for the foreseeable future, b) He doesn't want to offend the native Aborigines to whom Ayers Rock is sacred territory, c) Under a local by-law Compact Disc players are banned within a 30 mile radius of Ayers Rock. Why?

Answer: b) Apparently, Ayers Rock is an ancient Aboriginal hunting ground and despite the fact that the world's satellite network didn't do the ground control would have been involved in a two billion dollar operation.



● **Michael Jackson's** Walt Disney mini-film *Captain Jack* has run into "problems" with Disney executives. Why? Because: a) it includes a scene in which

Michael dresses up as a girl and does a provocative dance routine, b) Michael has been paid several million dollars to appear in each scene swigging a can of Pepsi Color, c) It includes a scene in which Michael dresses up as a graffiti and does a provocative dance routine? (Michael's in the class.)

Answer: b) Diverse is a new high technology - a new kind of puppet.

● **Elaine Paige's** love/vibe phrase is what? a) "Put the kettle on, mother, I'm parched", b) "Diddle diddle dee!", c) "Don't soil your carpet, Tigger"

Answer: b) Well, it's not a recent magazine "article" as per the question according to a recent magazine "article".



● **Mike "Smitty" Smith** says he won't get married to **Sarah Greene**, his long-time "lover". Why ever not? Because: a) He thinks she wears terrible horrible pants and has a silly hair "style", b) The tax law makes it "inconvenient", c) It's a "divorce" which is not allowed in his home country?

Answer: c) Divorce is a thing.

● **Bob Dylan** is taking the two old "rockers" who were seen at Live Aid on his American tour this summer. Who? a) Mel Smith and Griff Rhys-Jones, b) Dennis Waterman and Rula Lesea, c) Daryl Hall and John Oates,

d) Keith Richards and Ron Wood, e) John Taylor and Nick Rhodes, f) Sir Frederick Lucean and Elton John?

Answer: d) Yes, it's the performance by the band Yes during the Live Aid concert. Some two old buffers who were seen at Live Aid.



● What has **Mortie Markat** of A-the secretly been doing at the All Souls Church of England church in London? a) Teaching the vicar's wife how to ferment golf's cheese yogurt, b) Praying, c) Recording an L.P. with Cliff Richard?

Answer: b) Fascinating!

● D.J. **Tony Blackburn** recently accused **Five Star** of "stabbing me in the back". Why? a) Because Stodman, Delroy, Doris, Lorraine and Denise stabbed him in the back, b) Because Stodman, Delroy, Doris, Lorraine and Denise called him a "smutty old coot" on a Dutch television show, c) Because Stodman, Delroy, Doris, Lorraine and Denise failed to turn it up at a Radio London's "Soul Awards" ceremony?

Answer: c) Tony was very angry because he thought they were "stabbing" him with their very smutty pop songs. He was angry because he thought they were "stabbing" him with their very smutty pop songs.

● What was **Simon Le Bee's** yacht *Drum hit* by, 800 miles from the finish of the Whitbread-Round-The-World Race in Portsmouth? a) A backing shark, b) A tubilla of drunken Duran Duran fans, c) A collection of tea cups whisked off board a

passing luxury liner by a typhoon?

Answer: b) The typhoon.

● **Gloria Estefan** of Miami Sound Machine has turned down a part in a certain TV show because she does not want to be associated with drugs. Which show? a) *Drugwatch*, b) *Grange Hill*, c) *That's Life*, d) *Miami Vice*? (Gloria Estefan has been featured playing in a drug-related TV show.)

● What do **Steve Harley**, **Alvis Stardust**, **Kate Bush**, **Scott Walker** and **Devo** (old "talk" singer) have in common? a) They've all been sick in hotel rooms in Bolivia, b) They've all agreed to perform songs on the LP of **Mike Read's** forthcoming "musical", *Teddy Bear To The Nation*, c) They've all done voice-overs for Japanese magazine advertisements?

Answer: b) Goodness!

● A bike called **Frank Evans** from Salford, Lancs, plans to raise £5000 for **Band Aid**. How? a) By recording a version of "We Are The World" standing on his head in a clump of cowpats, b) By appearing at a charity bullfight on the Costa Del Sol, c) By walking across the Alps with a load of elephants?

Answer: b) Frank Evans is a very brave man.

● What did a 13-year-old Japanese girl in Osaka recently trade her 3-month-old twin babies for? a) A signed photograph of Sigee "Sigee" Sputnik, b) A ticket for an Iron Maiden concert, c) A framed programme from the "hit" stage musical *Time*?

Answer: b) Time.

● Which "personality" is taking over from **Julie Walters** in the forthcoming series of *The Growing Pains Of Adrian Mole*? a) Lulu, b) Sandra Kim (petite), c) Ewan Morrison (Scottish winner), d) Sarah Greene, e) Roger De Courcy and

Nookie Bear, e) Jim "nick nick" Davidson, f) Trick question - Julie Walters isn't leaving how how.



● What did **Patsy Kensit** think of the recent *Smash Hits* cover showing her face covered with a packet of absolutely free pop stickers? a) It was quite funny, actually, b) It was a ghastly printers error, c) It was an outrage to decency?

Answer: b) Goodness!

● What does **William Shatner** get every two weeks as part of his contract for playing *T.J. Hooker* in the TV "cop" show of the same name? a) A brand new 3000 dollar toupe, b) A crate of exotic Burmese shellfish, c) A plastic model of the USS Enterprise?

Answer: c) It's very nice. He uses it to put up with the rest of the USS Enterprise.

● What happened during *The Art of Noise's* **J.J. Beccalilli's** recent interview for the post of Sigee "Sigee" Sputnik producer? a) One of the Sigee "Sigee's" set his own hair on fire with a cigarette.

Answer: b) Nothing.

HOW DO YOU RATE?

16-17 correct answers: Either you spend your whole time hobnobbing with the big girls (perhaps you're John Taylor) or you are Boris Beccalilli (or some such person) of the "classroom" persuasion.

12-15 correct answers: Quite good 8-11 correct answers: Not bad 2-7 correct answers: Not much good

0-1 correct answers: Congratulations! You are a highly paid pop columnist at our so-called "news" magazine!



501s by Paul Smith.



the bangles
SMASH HITS
Photo Larry Williams/Scope