

SMASH HITS

★ Inside: Pull-out posters of Queen and Samantha Fox

JESUS
+ MARY
CHAIN

loud, spotty and weird!

Five
Star

The Royal
Family (?)

Max Headroom

The Bangles

Motorhead

Haywoode

Arcadia

The
Smiths

Billy
Bragg



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● *Smash Hits* Vol. 8 No. 18 ● Cover: Jesus And Mary Chain by Andy Catto

h'look! It's Mark Rogers. Who? Mark Rogers - the one and only member of spendidly moodesque new rock "group" Hollywood Beyond. "What's The Colour Of Money" (*brown, silver, blue and a sort of mossy hue if you're quite rich i.e. happen to have a £50 note, actually - a Treasury spokesman*) is the title of his new single and it's quite good. Mark seems to think it's quite good too...

"It's modern, it's '86, it's challenging!" be announces in a haughty timbre. "It's 'pop' but not 'pap'. It's artistic without being intellectual, it's vibrant without being blasé, it's unique without being original. There are lots of influences on it, but those are intentional! It's like a film, which always leaves you with your own interpretation, always leaves you with a question... the influences on it are varied because I love different types of music and I don't see why I should have to stick with one type. My parents brought me up on blue-beat and jazz and reggae, my friends at school were into rock music, my friends out of school were into soul music and heavy metal, and I learned classical piano. I got to a very high level without even being able to read music properly. I learned to play just by listening and watching what my teacher was doing. I taught myself to play by ear and I was into heavy metal guitar. It was all part of puberty really, all that macho strutting. I bought myself a guitar, practised all my Jimi Hendrix stances and posed in front of the mirror, but I couldn't quite get it right. But I did teach myself to play classical guitar."

Crikey! Don't he go ON, pop snoots?

"Well," pipes Mark, in haughty defence, "in my business I have to be egotistical, but it's an egotistical business. I wouldn't be in it, I suppose, if I wasn't egotistical. Actually, I'm not the easiest person in the world to get on with but I guess it's not my problem. Well, actually, it is my problem because... (*Sniiiiip! - Ed.*)"

What a card!

HOLLYWOOD
BEYOND





A Morley and Bruno in "we can both do the same with our arms" exposé!!!

It's one! Frank Bruno, the burly 'n' brawnsome Heavyweight Boxing Champion has made a record!! And it's called "Where's Harry?" (i.e. Harry Carpenter, the world famous sports commentator) and there's some other people in it called The Contenders (Harry Jiggs? Who can this be on the "hot" list?) "Hello, I'm Tony Morley and I'm one of The Contenders."

So, Tony, can Frank Bruno sing for toffee? "Oh he doesn't sing on the record at all - I do the singing. Frank just speaks and my song is interspersed with him saying some of his catchphrases like "Where's Harry?" and "Know What I Mean?"

Oh. Who are you then? "Well, I'm a session singer - I've worked with all sorts - Cockney Rebel and Slade! And I'm a guitarist, keyboard player, drummer... the other Contender is Steve Overbury who's the producer and song-writer. It's a great song - sort of a cross between Dead Or Alive and Frankie, I'd say."

Mmm. So what, pray, possessed you to make a record with a boxer?

"Well, why not? Frank's a good boxer." (U - Ed)

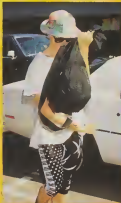
S T A R " S T Y L E "

© Number 646

How To Hide Your Face In Public When You're Toweringly Rich And Famous And You Can't Really Be Bothered With Photographers Sticking Their Lens Up Your Nose - starring... MADONNA!!!!



One: With a hat! (Nope - stars not right - there's still the hint of a rosebud lip there - An "anonymity" expert.)



Two: With a big black bag! (Nope - there's still a cheekbone show.)



Three: With a big grey bag! (Completely useless - the entire right side of the "face" exposed.)



Four: With a hand! (Pathetic - the entire right side of the "face" exposed again!)



Five: With a block! (Glorious - forehead seen a-planting.)



Six: With a coat (aided by a "hubby") (Tsk tsk, still a peeksome eyebrow.) Not much good at this is she, pop coots?



GerrrrrOFF!

Do you mind? Stop looking me this instant! Goo-or-barmy - it's a hard when you're a pop star's ear and especially when you're Shelley from Bucks Fizz's ear and all the rest of the band are v. wicky-wacky 'n' loopy 'n' zany 'n' a bit of a "fun" and like nothing better than poking their fingers into their colleagues' ears. Sigh - Ah well, at least they're all so busy getting wax on their fingers (Sick bag aloo!) - Ed.) that they don't have time to enquire their very own rather snippy competitors, thus leaving the honours to me. And here it is: 10 wicky wacky 'n' zany 'n' goofy (except they're not really) rather exclusive picture discs of "New Beginning" plus 25 "normal" 12" copies. And so to the all "important" question: Who is the famous dead artist who only had one ear? Is it a) Herbie Van Loobessis b) Rolf Harris c) No-one - it's a wicky wacky 'n' loopy 'n' a bit of a "fun" trick question or d) Vincent "Van" Gogh? Answers on a hearing aid to Smash Hits Life Must Be Quite Interesting When You're A Pop Star's Fingers Competition. £2.50, Carnaby Street, London. WIV IFF to get there by July 29



STUPID SPORTS OF THE WORLD

● Number One American Football.

American football is a particularly stupid sport for six very good reasons.

- 1) Nobody except Americans (and not very many of them) can understand the rules.
- 2) Nobody except Americans (and not very many of them) plays it – and yet they still refer to their cup final as the World Series.
- 3) Nothing ever happens except a lot of bruises tripping over each other.
- 4) You have to be about 6 foot tall and 175 lbs wide to play and even then you have to stick great jumbo shoulder pads on.
- 5) The players "wear" stupid Spaznik style tight helmets.
- 6) Central American football players are often found posing as photographers with members of British gloom combos e.g. **The Cult** (see evidence below).

Ridiculous.



Here is a photograph of Helen Terry. But why is it here? It is, because one came to do a bit of crooning with Roy George. It is because she's got a few singles out called "All Of Me" or "I" because she's a really fine most ridiculous "bitch" ever to grace our pop airwaves! Well, it's featured if it really is here, right?

(fisty codins)... and here we have the lovely Miss Sensible resplendent

tonight in crisp, white tuta, silk-woven fishnet tights and shiny Doc Martens. Who'd have guessed that only ten years ago this vision of loveliness was a horrible punk rocker in a group called *The Damned* and that they once "performed" at her birthday party in London and their "set" was recorded by their record company? And what's more, their record company have decided to release that "recording" as a live LP called "The Captain's Birthday Party - Live At The Roundhouse" by The Damned just so they can reveal her musty past and prevent her from winning tonight's coveted title of Perflumptions Legs Of The Year. But it won't work.

... you ever really thought what it must be like to be a jacket?

Surrounding yourself with a pherogating plethora of unsightly sweat-soaked "shapes", being sat on inside out in the park so the owner preserves their favourite pair of orange and green fluorescent trousers, being screwed up and tossed aside – a forgotten rag in the bottom of rock's lost wardrobe – and then you can't even take yourself off when it's completely boiling and your stitching's starting to smoulder – and you can't even have a drink 'cos you've got no mouth. What an existence. Just look at the poor blighter down below for example. Today a pristine pastel vision aboard the shoulders of the divine Ms. **Patti LaBelle** – tomorrow... your Dad's new car cleaning cloth. Unless, of course, you take it home and look after it because you readers are the nicest people that ever existed, aren't you? (No – quite a few readers). In fact, we've got 10 of these for you to look after as well as 25 copies of **Patti LaBelle's** new LP "Winner In You" as well as 15 really cheap copies of her brand new single "Oh People". What you have to do is tell us in not more than 20 words "How I Will Preserve My Jacket And Not Leave It To The Ravages Of The Unnecessary "Things", At The Bottom Of My Wardrobe And/Or My Dad's Car's Rusty Bits". Send your essay on an iron to **Smash Hits Adopt A Jacket Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 6FV to get here by July 29.



THE CHAMELEONS



▲ Left to right: John Lever, Mark Burgess, Reg Graham, Dave Fielding, some "atmospheric" lighting and a not-very-effective curtain stain.

... we're all flaking out 'ere! We haven't been in bed for two days – been on the beaches in Cornwall. I look like an over-ripe tomato – all red and blotchy.

Doo! Mark Burgess from rather good walsome guitarists **The Chameleons** is on the blower recounting the "joys" of summer. Mark and the other three braves in the group, Dave, Reg and John, are relishing their first holiday for ages – they've just finished their second LP "Strange Times" (out in September) and are feeling a little pleased with themselves because their latest tune "Tears" is doing rather well – even being played on – gasp!! – daytime Radio 1!

"I'm actually a pop star now!" chirps John, grabbing the phone from Mark. "I'm having whisky for my lunch!"

"Er... that was John," burbles Mark, "he's completely and absolutely stark raving mad."

Oh, these four lads in their mid-twenties from Manchester are somewhat sprightly today. They've known each other since the days when they were "completely skint and on the dole – jumping up and down in front of our bedroom mirrors with guitars with no strings on. I'd rather have been doing that, though, and getting me £18 a week, as it was then, than getting £50 a week to pack vinegars. I never wanted a proper job. I never wanted to grow up, either. In fact, I'm still 16 in my head. Who wants to be grown up? Bills and children... no thanks."

The Chameleons eventually got it together to be a group around 1981. And they've got rather a lot to thank John Peel for.

"I always say, if it wasn't for Peete we wouldn't be making records. We sold everything we had to get the money to make a demo-tape, then we sat outside the BBC waiting for him to come along. He said he'd have an hour with it – and he had it! Then we did a session and got paid £80 for it – that was great! You get paid every time it's repeated as well! It was really weird – we went from the dole to a record company bedroom in three months. We hadn't even played live then! And when we did I was so nervous it was all running down the legs!"

That's quite enough of that! Nowadays, the chaps travel about all over the world – once supporting Simple Minds in Germany.

"We never met Jim Kerr, though, you couldn't see him for the bodyguards anyway, so we nicked all their champagne and got drunk instead, heh, heh. Touring's not real travelling, though, is it? All you see is hotel rooms. I remember once they booked us into this chain of hotels in Italy – that was a real freak out. You checked out of one, got on the bus for six hours, into the next and there'd be the same uniforms, the same reception area, the same rooms, the same paintings on the walls, the same people! Did you 'ead in, that did."

Back at home, they all live "in shoeboxes" in a suburb called Middleton – "John's is the best, he's got a garden with rhododendrons!" – and spend most of their time not explaining what their music's like. "I know, these blokes always come up to us in the boccer and say 'Euse what kind o' music's this band o' yours is then?' and I can't tell them. I can't! I suppose if it's come out of the bands like I-Rax and Alice Cooper and everything we listened to when we were tea-pots.

Are your pardon?

"Tea-pot lids, kids!"

Oh.

"Hello, I'm Dave!" says Dave snatching the phone for no apparent reason. "Did you know, that Reg has just found out he's related to the bloke downstairs from him?"

No. "He does the family tree stuff and he's also called R. Smith!" And his uncle was in The Game Of Waterloo – so that means Reg is famous! (No it doesn't – Er.) This uncle out someone's ear off! And he buried someone alive! And he turned his back on Napoleon – a traitor! And he horse-whipped someone too and... (Snwip! – Er.)

(P.S. Can you spot something rather unlikely in this historical snippet, archive buffs? We can!)



Inez and Cherie FOLX: "Crazy" US quitters whose only ever hit, "Mockingbird" (1966), was authored jointly (courtesy by The Bible Stars, whoever they might be)

FOX: Not entirely famous group of the mid-'70s whose signature hit, an utterly squishy social "yule" and who had two top ten hits, "Only You Can" and "S-S-S-Single Best", before disappearing off the face of everything.

FOX The FOX: Unlucky Euro-disco "act" that no one's ever heard of, luckily enough.



▲ Bruce FOXton: Bass player with The Jam whose bass was ever a vocal "lead" and whose solo "career" has been a blazing inferno of silence.

James FOX: Not a pop star at all, but a post-actor who was once in a so-called film with Mike Jagger.

Michael J. FOX: Some bloke. Not a pop star either.



▲ A FOX?

And that, weadily enough, is the entire history of rock end roll as ter as the name "Fox" is concerned.

On July 1 1986, pop history was made. For the first time over, the number 12 end number 23 "slots" in the British singles charts were both held by recording artistes called Fox!!!!!! Yes, this is true. The "great" "Sam" Fox end the, er, "great" Sly Fox were the melodious pair (well, trio, actually, because there's two blokes in Sly Fox) (and that was not supposed to be some incredibly unfunny Benny Hill-type innuendo). And about time too. For is not the lush quiltwork that is popular music strewn with the tiny, appealing name, Fox? Um, well, no actually — all we can come up with et the mo is... .



▲ John FOX: Glorious old singer with Ultravox who failed to grow a panel mousetrap so they replaced him with Midge Ure

Dark n' doomy n' quite good goonsters The Mission have got a new single out! Well, it's only had "new" acknowledged as it's a double A-side (featuring "Garden Of Delight" plus a cover of ancient hippie rock mouth organ "hero" Neil Young's "Like A Hurricane"). And they're going on tour not-very-soon (details in "Weppeninge").



▲ The Mission — proving once and for all, that their major "influence" is, in fact, Paul King

▶ THE FALL HAVE GOT A NEW SINGLE OUT THIS WEEK C KEEP YOUR "WARDROBE" TIDY



▲ The Men They Couldn't Hang and a boat

Aye-eye me hearties! Spice the main brace! All hands on deck! Steady as the goes! Top the mainsail! Ration my rant... (That's quite enough "nautical" phrases thank you - Ed.) Hanging about on deck here, are popsters The Men They Couldn't Hang, who are not men at all, but four mere sprouts, barely out of grey shorts and sandals, and one gurdy. Who wants Blitz to tell a little story of how they got their full name, then? (Silence). Ahem, ahem, weelll, it all started a long time ago (Blitz gets out pipe, long stick-on beard, and rocking chair), when Blitz was young and good looking (just young actually - Ed), about 100 years ago. A man called John Lee was supposed to be "hung by the neck until dead" for sneezing in public, or wearing flares or something. The authorities strung him

up and pulled the bolt on the trepdoor, and... nothing happened! Thrice they tried to send him to strangledom, and thrice the door of death wouldn't open — for no apparent reason! Gasp!!! So they gave up trying to top him and named him The Men They Couldn't Hang instead. So it seemed like a good idea for the name of a band... .

It also seemed like a good idea for a group with a name like that to give away racks and racks of gold coathangers (pedit?) with their name on!! Oh yes. Now you may think that coathangers are very useless and only fit for hanging coats on (see fig. 1) but you're WRONG. In fact, there are 100 modes of "uses" for these items and here, as if by magic, they are! (As demonstrated by some very foolish people found lurking outside the Hits "office".)



1 : WRONG!

2 : A "fashionable" accessory!

3 : A "fashionable" hat!



4 : A not-very-comfortable shoe-horn!



10 : A treasured hair accessory!



11 : A lovely Inca Of Mercury mousetrap!



11 : A not-very-mustache and dial



18 : A scarcely-dial pencil catcher



19 : A "through" nose-pick!



Priest looting around that **Biz** was going to sell for a swizzaway springtime profit to hapless Scandinavian tourists in Carnaby "Street".

Oh well, you'll just have to have the loot then, as per usual, readers. Go on - take them! Take 10 t-shirts, take 10 picture discs of "In The Springtime" as well as 25 12" copies. But only if you answer this:

A Springtime is just another ordinary insect apart from the fact it has two things missing. Which two things are they without? Is it a) a Maxi Priest t-shirt and picture disc b) eyes and wings c) a knife and a fork or d) knees and lungs? Answer on a creepy crawl to **Smash Hits We Had Joy We Had Fun We Had Seasons In The Sun Competition**, S2-S8 Carnaby Street, London. W1V 1PF to get here by July 29 or next Spring, whichever comes first.

Ah the glorious Springtime budding bluebells, gambolling lambs, the dewdrops nestling 'twixt the cracks in old Uncle Herbert's rock garden... don't you just wonder at the 'marial' sproutings of good old Spring? (No, and by the way, it's now Summer you utter, mind-bread - Ed.) Oh. Oh dear. Um... and there's all this Maxi



▲ Clearly, the way they were it. Look! A complete and new size and wearing fringed tight (is that their motto?)

You know that Renault 21 TV ad where some rich snoot-bloke gets in his motor car and swishes off down country lanes while some other bloke goes "dum dum dum dum dum dum I feel freeeee"? Well, they've just re-released the original version of the song in question, "I Feel Free", and so here are just four mildly diverting facts about it.

- It was recorded 20 years ago by hoary "power" trio Cream.
- Cream's drummer, Ginger Baker, didn't have many teeth and was often sick into a bucket on stage.
- Cream's bass player, Jack Bruce, had a remarkable collection of Highland words.
- Cream's guitarist was Eric Clapton. (No, not very diverting at all, that fact, was it? Sorry.)
- The promotional film for "I Feel Free" was banned in the U.S. of A" because the group were wearing kaftans and thought to be taking the "mickey" out of monks. Fancy that!



Born in a mill middle in Tucson, Arizona, Gini Pridmore to give her the full name, Ann discovered wiggling her legs in a lewd factory and scored to replace Marlene Dietrich with her devil-eyed beauty. (Gini: Marlene 'You Should Hear My Rainy Cries' before doing a cocaine-puff-and-taking-to-the-'road', doing 'provocative' imitations of a sea-slashing donkey, and ending up in Hollywood with his stamens in a string of tea office romances such as Lizzie Minnely. Yes. These Mucksters in which he posed again in a bikini on the lips and said "An' shucks me an' such a girl. This trash she is known about. The shovels phenomenon.")

By: Bob O'Jay '88



▲ Gums ahoy! This petite dweasel doo geeily is Catrina Lee and she's a mere 17. And she's just left school to become a pop star! She's done a hit some cover of the old Patsy Cline tune "Born To Late". Whichever next?



▲ Gutes morgen me hearlies, as they say in Germany. We are **Talking Drums** and don't we look completely miserable? (Yes - Quite a few readers). Anyway, our new single is called "Pretend A Stranger" which doesn't make very much sense, does it? (No - Quite a few readers.) And what's more our names are Dot Reid and Carole Moore, which aren't very exciting names at all are they? (No - Quite... (Snip - Ed.))

ILLED "LIVING TOO LATE" AND IT'S COMPLETELY GOOD



6 - An 'Exp-Track' back-scazzler!



9 - A not very inshore-free water drinker!



6 - A whizzaway teacupper!



7 - A cricket bat and/or golf club!



8 - A Paul King Eight-nose!



12 - A Cressida Hook-like book!



12 - A Paul Esherford apple bag!



14 - A rhapsode that doesn't work!



15 - A Victory sign!



16 - A nude sign!



20 - A not-very-considerable head tree!



21 - A not-very-good-in-outsp-peak-with speed!



22 - ... w... moose's act!



23 - A quizzer that doesn't play!



24 - An lover that you can steal!

25 . . . well, I'm afraid our model hanger's been nicked so we can't show you the other 77 "uses" but don't despair! The Men (to give them their full title) have 100 - one hundred!! - to give away to one "lucky" reader so he/she can practise all their "uses" all at the same time! And there's 25 12" copies of their splendid new single "Gold Rush" to be snaffed too! What you have to do is answer us this: Who was the last woman ever to be hanged in Britain? Was it a) Sandie Shaw b) Marilyn? c) Queen Victoria d) Ruth Ellis or e) Margaret Thatcher?

Answers on a piece of rope to **Smash Hits Not An Electric Chair Competition**, S2-55 Gurnaby Street, London W1V 1PF to get here by July 29. Phew!

▼ The Men They Couldn't hang and a girl



BITZ

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Greetings readers! Birthdays is back! Back!! With an even bigger list of wrinkles than ever! Back!! With a suntan 'cuz it's been on its heels! Back!! With a broken leg 'cuz it's went sking in Bavaria and didn't notice there wasn't any snow! Back!!! (Get ON with it! - Ed.)

- July
- 2 Mick Anker of The Blue Moccasins (26)
 - 3 Vinca Klaika (25)
 - 6 John Kaabla of Scandal Squad (27)
 - 7 Ringo Starr (46)
 - Andy Fletcher of The Rembrandts (25)
 - Marc Almond (30)
 - Jim Kary (27)
 - 8 Ronnie James Dio (37)
 - 11 Pete Murphy (29)
 - Lawrence Daneegan of The Commodores (29)
 - 12 Stewart Copeland (ex-Police) (24)
 - 16 Nigel T'neal of The Asahi (26)
 - 18 Brian May of Queen (26)
 - 20 Paul Cook (ex-SEX) (32)
 - 23 Michael McNeill of Simple Minds (28)
 - David Estess (28)
 - 24 Mick Karn (28)
 - 26 Roger Taylor of Queen (32)
 - 27 Martin Gore of Depeche Mode (25)



At last! After years of hooding the globe, a pop star has come among us that is actually a posse (i.e. a postman)!!! And it's the American bloke Willie Collins whose groove-some song is called "Where You Gonna Be Tonight?!" What's it like being a posse? "Oh, I love my job. I'm an MVD which means a Motor Vehicle Operator." Oh no! So you don't actually carry any massive bags around and get chased-up and down paths by dogs and get bitten on the buttocks?

Oh no NO - (As for that to the camera - that always happens to them, but not me because I'm safe in my van ha ha! I'm on leave at the moment so that means I'm not getting paid = I hope the record does well!)

Jings! Did you know there was once a very famous British pop star called The Single Possum?

No, I didn't. That's cool. Er, quite.

QUITE A LARGE GROUP

We have three lead singers, a lead guitar, rhythm guitar, bass guitar, drums, keyboards and a synthesizer which plays horns, sax, trumpets, flutes and most of us do backing vocals too - we're a big, big-sound band!"

Well! Bo Watson, the keyboard player from Midnight Star, is blabbing on about what's made his band one of the most famous of all the soul groups in America these days - and he reckons a lot of it's down to blasting their audience with one million different sounds - as witnessed on their hit "Headlines". They've been nine groovesters since the dawn of time (i.e. 10 years ago) when they were spotty 'n' swotty students at Kentucky "State" University.

"We were all studying The Music Business. There was a course for musicians and they taught you anything from which note was which to orchestration, how to write music and how not to waste your money if you made any! Those were great days - we used to play at the University balls and things - they were our real break."

And in those days all mine of them used to durr in one house together. "We sure had our hassles then. We couldn't get away from each other and we argued! We loved each other really though. Except for when they stole your doughnuts. If you went to buy eight and have one - you can guarantee that the others would be stolen. All you'd hear was "Who stole my doughnuts? Was it you?!" I once hid mine under my bed!"

Yum-not-very-yum. ...



THE GREAT SMASH HITS "MEET QUEEN" COMPETITION!!!



It's true, YOU can't hope to win THESE tickets! YOU can't wish THOSE amazing hits close-up! YOU can't touch THAT majestic Albert "Oh Aaaaah" Star, either famous group Queen will be playing at Knutsford on their "Magical Mystery" tour. And two readers with a little piece have the chance to meet them there, go for a cup of tea with them, have a chat about the stains that coffee cups leave on dressing tables when they're hot (i.e. something) and then you can sit on the ground and watch them, sitting and teetering on stage!

So! As well as a chance to meet Lord Frederick Lucan of Mercury and we have three CDs copies of Queen's new LP "A Kind Of Magic" as runners-up prizes. And here's The Question:

Under what name did Freddie Mercury record his recent solo single "I Can Hear Music"? Was it a) Larry Lures; b) Lily The Seagullhead; Queen; c) Gary (Gilder or d) Morrissey?

Answers on a postcard to: The Great Smash Hits "Meet Queen" Competition!!! 25-55 Canary Street, London W14 7PF to get here by July 25.



"Coo-ee viewers! A dog here. There I was - a sniffing round the local park looking for a discreet place to carry out my "business" when I was mercifully accosted by these four weirdo brothers. Where's life, eh? Don't know where they come from but the names they call themselves! Kjeel, Guavald, Eakon, a barney, or what? And that one on the left - whose name I can't remember but which is probably ridiculous as well - is some pop group called Bee Mee or something pathetic like that. Ah, how I remember the days when groups were called decent things like The Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band and Bow Wow Wow and Three Dog Night and Bowhans and (I'm Aorren Harker and his brothers actually and stop making pathetic "puns" this instant! - Ed.) Grrrrrr!! Rumbled again...

THE REAL ROXANNE

I love Bugs Bunny. He's my favourite rabbit!
Brimley — it's **The Real Roxanne** (bitching on about her new
film "Bang Zoom! Let's Go Go!" which stars the world's most
famous rabbit himself). Well, it's really Howie Tee impersonating
him — Howie's my DJ who does all the scratching and some of
the rap too. It's a party record, y'know — (starts rapping) where ya
wanna go go is it to a show show — it's about having — goooooed
tassam!

Oh. That's alright then. The Real Roxanne is a rather gigglesome
soul from Brooklyn in New York who is also a mere striping of 19
Wet. In fact, that's all a complete lie because it's really Joanne
Martinez we're talking about and The Real Roxanne is a bit of a pop
"concept" and not really a person at all. "Yeah, The Real Roxanne is
a — er, person that I happened to fit. What happened was," she
explains glibly. "I was working as a waitress when I left school 18
months ago and Paul Anthony from Full Force (quite famous American
soul group) was my customer — a cheese omelette I think he was
having — I was just humming and singing, going about my business and
he said to me, 'Can you sing?'" I thought he was being a wee-cov 99
turned around with this really snotty attitude and said, "Yeah, why?"
and he was, like, "Wow, this is the kind of girl I like..." just thought
why is this weird guy talking to me like this? And he asked me to sit
down for a talk — while my boss was looking at me as if to say, "Um
Heeelo! You should be working" and he told me that I was a good fit
for the part of the girl in his idea for a group called The Real Roxanne
who was to be real snotty.

And that, readers, is how one becomes a pop star (some) man.
"Bang Zoom!" is Roxanne's first single and, along the way, one zillion
people have attempted to cash in on her rather popular avire.

Yeah, there's a lot of wanna-be's. Fake-outs. So many people have
called themselves things like Roxanne's Grandmother and Roxanne
Father and Uncle and Sister and Parents and "The Original Roxanne and
Roxanne Shanle and Roxanne's A Man..." y'know they even tried
Roxanne's Doctor. But there's only one Real Roxanne!

One of the reasons for her stardom has been her passion for
dressing up like a genie — modelling herself on

Barbara Eden (who?) She used to be in this TV series called
Dream Of Jeannie about a genie and her master — and the master was
Larry (J.R.) Hagman — how 'bout that! It was long before the Dallas
days, though. I thought Barbara looked great! The belly-dancing
clothes with the baggy pants and poufy shoes and poufy — take-up
she wear my make-up like that — the genie-look is definitely my
favourite!

Roxanne — er, Joanne reckons she's got a bit of class, and
prides herself on wearing rather expensive and hand-made (by herself,
no less) clothes. And the finance for this "habit" comes not only from
her records, but also from world famous, completely mad boxing hero
Muhammad Ali.

Yeah, he's my sponsor. He just likes to help out some kids that he
thinks have got some talent — and I'm one of them. I thought he'd be
real weird but he's just a nice, ordinary guy, y'know. A real laugh —
lets y'all all the time!

In between making rap records and laughing at Muhammad Ali's
jokes, Joanne spends a lot of time "designing" her apartment which
she shares with her brother, his wife and daughter, and one fat man.
"And my daughter!"

Daughter?? But I knew nothing about this!

"Oh yeah! I had my daughter!" and I was in love. It was not usual
story, y'know. I met this guy in a pub and I really fell in love with him
I had a child. It didn't last but he was a good, honest guy — we're still
friends. My mother helped me a lot at first and now I just get on with
my life — just me and my kid. You've got to be positive, haven't you?
You've got to make the best of what you have, don't you?"

Er... yes.

"But let me tell you about my apartment it's real weird. My
living-room is really big and I wanted to give it the tropical-look so it's
full of huge rubber plants and ferns and all this green. My
daughter's room is very pretty — done in peach, and also built
teddy-bears all over the walls, he-he! But my room — now that's art!
It's imperial red with pink rock trimmings — streaks and dots done in
black with loads of red, white and black leathers next to my bed which
has a very expensive oriental bedspread. And there's a huge picture of
a piano in front of my dresser and there's designer mirrors in arty
shapes on one side of the wall and a little table with candles on it and a
space light. That's great — it's one of the lights with a weird kind in
it and floating in there crystals and rocks from the moon and it has
these sparkie things in it and when the wind gets hot it moves the little
sparkies round and they create all sorts of crazy colours and lights.
I think my room describes the real me, y'know — it's my personality!"

Completely mad?

"Ha ha ha!"

(Note: she didn't cough it)



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TWIN



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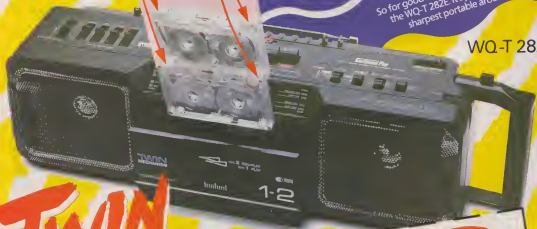
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LESS BUCKS MORE FIZZ

WHAT A LOV



HAYWOODE

It's 10.15 in the morning at the CBS record company offices. In stagers Sharon Haywoode (known to her friends as "Sid", a nickname she earned on account of her tomboyish nature). She is clutching her head and looks a touch wibbly.

"Hi! Sorry I'm late. God, I had about two hours' sleep last night - do I look alright?" Without waiting for an answer, she starts running around looking for a mirror, some coffee, a telephone... but there's no time for any of that nonsense, so we bundle into the waiting car to be whizzed off to our first destination.

10.30 Sid "does" her face in the car while she mutters on about the "public appearance" last night, miming to her current hit single, "Roses", at a Gary Crowley disco.

Ah, the hectic life of a popstar. But where did it all begin? Strangely enough we're just about to find out, as round the next corner is the Corona Stage School, where, years ago, Sid learned to dance, act, and sing.

"I'm terrified of seeing Miss Muriel, my old teacher," she says. "She never used to smack me, but she used to shout at me. She had bleached white hair and she taught tapdancing. And she was 60 then!"



▲ Sid (in the area with) her former Miss Muriel (middle) of the, well, and Miss Knight (stage school principal, right) (Hull)

11.00 We pull up at the Corona Stage School and - oh no! - Miss Muriel is waiting. "No photographs" she snaps, but eventually she relents. We go into the school's theatre and Miss Knight, the principal, tells us about all the famous people who have come from the school, like Denis Waterman from *Minder* and Nicholas Lyndhurst from *Only Fools and Horses*. Suddenly lots of schoolchildren burst on to the stage and go into a really complicated dance routine which they are practising for the highly intellectual TV programme *The Pink Windmill Show* starring Rod Hull and an emu (stuffed). Sid waits back on a wave of nostalgia to the days

ELY DAY



▲ Sid does a lovely pose – completely unaware that behind her an infant whooping convulsions and convulsions are jangling their (fine) threads of nature. Highly dangerous.

when she used to do such prances routines herself. She was in the very famous film *Superman* when she was still at school.

"I was in this bus, which falls off the San Francisco bridge," she laughs, "and then Superman comes and catches us and saves us. I was supposed to say 'gee thanks Superman!', but after about 20 takes they decided to cut it out because I couldn't sound American – I had this Ee-oo-op Yorkshire accent. That's how I remember Nicholas Lyndhurst. He was the first person to take the piss out of my accent at school..."

11.30 We leave the school – and the glowing Miss Muriel – and head for the Richmond Buddhist Centre. Sid was converted to Buddhism just over a year ago and now has to chant regularly 'Nam-myoho-renge-kyo', which apparently means "I dedicate myself to the mystic law of cause and effect".

"When you chant," she explains, "you think of something you really want, such as good health." It helped her give up smoking and you can, she smiles, even chant for money – "though not for 20 Mercedes because you don't need them... It's cliché time I'm afraid, but my life has just changed – all the negative things like envy and aggressiveness and intolerance have gone. I used to be depressed at least once a month. I was always thinking 'Oh yeah,



▲ Don't know what's going on here (something connected with the sounds and vibrations of the universe), apparently, it's banging a 'long' (quite loud actually).

when's the next depression going to come?" I also used to have a really bad temper. If anyone looked at me walking down the street, I used to say "What the hell do you think you're looking at?" and I was always getting thrown out of taxi cabs for behaving badly. I was really terrible.

12.30 We slip into a nice cosy café and Sid, whose waist is about as big as the average wrist, tucks into a massive cottage pie with a mountain of vegetables. She talks about birth signs ("I'm a Scorpio who used to have a deadly sting in my tail"), explains how much she's looking forward to playing a Greenpeace benefit concert, and munches very fast – we're going to be late for our next stop – a meeting with Sid's friend Julie Roberts (who sings in the band Working Week, and presents *Soul Soul* on Channel 4).

1.00 Phew! Here we are, whisking along to Townhouse Studios – where the new Working Week LP "Compromises" is being recorded. "I met Julie a couple of years ago through Jane from Loose Ends," explains Sid. "We all went backstage at the DJ's convention at the Hippodrome. Loose Ends were there, and Whitney Houston and myself, and so on. There was this wet T-shirt competition and Julie was just sitting there in this chair with total shock all over her face, and she really made me laugh.



▲ Sid and Julie of Working Week seem to be having a not particularly inebriated with a gipsy-style microphone.

The close friendship between the two girls becomes obvious as soon as we enter the studio and the pair begin nattering on and on about, ahem, "men" – completely ignoring present company. Then they start playing in a rather, ahem, suggestive fashion with this enormous microphone and... Blush blush, Crickey! Fortunately it is soon time for Julie to get on with mixing her record and we have to bid "adeuu", thank goodness...

3.00 *Sainsbury's* she's shy! No, we're not off to do some mundane grocery shopping. Sid has been going on all day about how she

Doing Buddhist chants, avoiding grumpy old tap dance teachers, chasing paper boys and guzzling loads of pink champagne... We spend a day in the company of a girl called Sid.

fancies some pink champagne – her favourite kind – and finally we're given in and pop into the nearest supermarket to buy some. Sid seems to be very thirsty indeed because she grabs hold of not one but two bottles of the stuff, muttering some not entirely convincing excuse about wanting to celebrate getting into the Top 40 with "Roses". Oh, well...



▲ Anest! Sid's baby's... I wish some champagne (pink) and next I'm... OOOOOOOO.

3.30 "Stop the car!" yelps Sid. Why? What's happened. Have we run over a pigeon? Have we been flagged down by an angry "bobby"? No. We're on our way to Sid's flat – a council job in South London that's just been "done up" – to guzzle some of that champagne, when we pass her local newsstand where she buys "news" papers each and every morning. Sid wants to jump out and say hello to the lads, so she does.



▲ Sid looks nervous very good at all. (It's 'Ratun Day' whenever the best newsboys always bring.)

4.00 We pack up Sid's two younger sisters – Sandie, who is a clothes designer, and Emma, who sings in their dad's band, The Fantastics (who had a hit in the '70s with "Something Old, Something New") – from Sandie's "pad". Bit of a crush in the carby now, but finally we arrive at Sid's flat, and drink tea and have scones with cream and jam while the champagne cools. Sandie tells us about a club she went to recently called "Skin 2", in which customers dress up in the strangest leather garments and watch people being whipped, or even join in if they want to.

Pervy or what? Then it's time for *Top Of The Pops*, and everybody drinks pink champagne as we see Sid's very brief appearance in the top 40 run-down. Sid videos it, and we watch it a few more times, because she is so thrilled to even be in the top 40.

Everyone is getting a bit jolly, especially as Sid has started pouring out brandy and cokes. The three Haywoode girls even manage to keep a good sense of humour going when they tell me about the prejudice (they are black and Jewish) they had to put up with when they were young. They all remember the time when somebody picked on them and threw their school bags over a wall, and, when their father complained, he got a brick thrown at him and then the police came round to arrest him. All the women fought to defend a tape recording they had made of the policemen's visit, while their father (six feet, four) just stood there in handcuffs, unable to move. "And the worst thing



▲ Sid has some learning blockers with lobby for a Christmas.

about all that prejudice," says Sid, "is that all the white Jews really bated us going to their school. They tried to stop us getting in, but my mother fought and fought until we were allowed to stay."

After these less than pleasant memories, Sid and Sandie (who is also a Buddhist) decide to go up to Sid's special chanting room to have their evening top up. Sid begins to explain the chanting "Theorum" one more time. "It's like a chip," she says in all seriousness. "You don't know what a chip tastes like until you eat it." Absolutely (???) Everybody collapses into hysterical guffaws at this extraordinary "philosophical" remark and then, before Sid and sister have actually had time to slip upstairs to "save" some "mystical" chips, who should pop in but Dad Haywoode – Ren – and so Sid just has to start the video machine again and show her wenny *Top Of The Pops* "appearance" a few thousand more times.

Words: Duncan Wright
Photos: Paul Rider



wham rap! (enjoy what you do?) 12 VERSION

young guns (go for it!) 12 VERSION

bad boys 10-VERSION

club tropicana

wake me up before you go-go

careless whisper 12-VERSION

freedom

last christmas 12 VERSION

everything she wants 12 VERSION

i'm your man (extended stimulation)

blue (armed with love)

a different corner

battlestations

where did your heart go?

the edge of heaven



THE FINAL — *double album*
EPC 0081
double cassette
40 8001
compact disc
CO 8001

WHAM!

epic



FIGHT FOR OURSELVES

Spandau Ballet



Everybody we've gotta fight for ourselves
 Everybody we've gotta fight for ourselves
 Everybody we've gotta fight for ourselves
 Everybody we've gotta fight for ourselves

So many people so many problems
 There in the pretty city lights
 Where we've thrown it all away
 Well it life is here before my eyes
 Then I find it hard to see
 How the methods that we're told to use
 Are gonna make us free
 Until then I say

Everybody we've gotta fight for ourselves
 Everybody we've gotta fight for ourselves

All through the mystery
 All through the heartache
 She's got the only angle thing
 That I'd never throw away
 Oh when lightning strikes
 For the second time
 You'd come and pull me through
 It's a battle that we all must make
 So show me what to do
 And you said

Everybody we've gotta fight for ourselves
 (We've gotta fight for ourselves)
 Everybody we've gotta fight for ourselves
 There's a feeling growing

That is in this land
 There's a soul that's burning
 And it's in your hand
 Everybody we've gotta fight for ourselves
 Fight for ourselves

Oh so many people and there's
 So many problems
 There in the pretty city lights
 Where we've thrown it all away
 Well it life is here before my eyes
 Then I find it hard to see
 How the methods that we're told to use
 Are gonna make us free

Everybody we've gotta fight for ourselves
 (We've gotta fight for ourselves)
 Everybody we've gotta fight for ourselves
 Oh there's a feeling growing
 That is in this land
 There's a soul that's burning
 And it's in your hand
 Everybody we've gotta fight for ourselves
 Fight for ourselves fight for ourselves
 We've gotta fight for ourselves

Everybody fight for ourselves
 (Everybody's gotta fight for themselves)
 Everybody fight for ourselves
 Everybody fight for ourselves
 Everybody fight for ourselves
 Everybody we've gotta fight for ourselves

Words and music by Gary Kemp. Reproduced by permission Reformation Pub. Co. 1986 Ltd. On CBS Records

HIGHER LOVE

Steve Winwood



Think about it there must be higher love
 Down in the heart or hidden in the stars above
 Without it life is wasted time
 Look inside your heart I'll look inside mine

Chorus

Things look so bad everywhere
 In this whole world what is tear
 We walk blind and we try to see
 Falling behind in what could be
 Bring me a higher love
 Bring me a higher love oh
 Bring me a higher love

Where's that higher love I keep thinking of

Worlds are turning and we're just hanging on
 Facing our fear and extending out there alone
 A yearning and it's real to me
 There must be someone who's feeling for me

Repeat Chorus

I could rise above on a higher love

I will wait for it

I'm not too late for it
 Until then I'll sing my song
 To cheer the night along

Bring It

I could light the night up with my soul on fire
 I could make the sun shine from pure desire
 Let me feel that love come over me
 Let me feel how strong it could be

Oh (bring me a higher love)
 (bring me a higher love oh)
 Bring me (bring me a higher love) oh
 (bring me a higher love) oh e higher love

(Bring me a higher love) your love
 Bring me a higher love
 (Bring me a higher love oh)
 Bring me a higher love
 (Bring me a higher love)
 With that love bring me higher
 (Bring me a higher love) oh
 (Bring me a higher love)

Ad lib to fade



THE GRAND SMASH

bid-farewell-to-launders



Jesus + Mary Chain



LEVEL 42



Mipsway



DEPECHE MODE



MAX HEADROOM



SEX PISTOLS



SIMPLE MINDS



SIMPLY RED



BILLY BRAGG

★ *Spandau Ballet*

Fight For Ourselves

7" + 12" Extended Remix

CBS

• REFORMATION •

COCK ROBIN

The promise you made



If I laid down my love
To come to your defence
Would you worry for me
With a pain in your chest
Could I rely on your faith to be strong
To pick me back up
And to push me along
Tell me

Chorus
You'll be there in my hour of need
You won't turn me away
Help me out of the life I lead
Remember the promise you made
Remember the promise you made

If I gave you my soul
For a piece of your mind
Would you carry me with you
To the far edge of time
Could you understand
If you found me untrue
Would we become one
Or divided in two
Please tell me

Repeat chorus

Could I rely on your faith to be strong
To pick me back up
And to push me along
Please tell me

Repeat chorus

Remember the promise you made
Remember the promise you made

Words and music by P. Kingsley
Reproduced by permission Chappell Music
On CBS Records



UB40

Sing our own song

The great flood of tears that we've cried
For our brothers and sisters who've died
Over four hundred years
Has washed away our fears
And strengthened our pride
Now we turn back the tide

We will no longer hear your command
We will seize the control from your hands
We will fan the flame
Of our anger and pain
And you'll feel the shame
For what you do in God's name

Chorus
We will fight for the right to be free
We will build our own society
And we will sing we will sing
We will sing our own song

When the ancient drum rhythms ring
The voice of our forefathers sing
"Forward Africa run
Our day of freedom has come
For me and for you Amensia A wethu"

Repeat chorus to fade

THE ACTION BANK · THE ACTION BANK · THE ACTION BANK · THE ACTION BANK · THE ACTION BANK

Now anyone over fourt
can take their savings



Have you noticed that most of the people who queue up at Servicetills are

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THE JESUS + MARY

SOME CANDY TALKING

I'm going down to the place tonight
To see if I can get a taste tonight
A taste of something warm and sweet
That shivers your bones and rises to your heat

I'm going down to the place tonight
The damp and hungry place tonight
Should all the stars shine in the sky
They couldn't outshine your sparkling eyes

But it's so hard to be the one
To touch and tease and to do it all for fun
But it's too much for a young heart to take
'Cause hearts are the easiest thing you could break

And I talk to the 9th and I walk to the door
I'm knee deep in myself but I want to get more
Of that stuff (of that stuff)
Some candy talking some candy talking (talk)

And I want (and I want)
Some candy talking (some candy talking)
Some candy talking (some candy talking)
Some candy talk some candy talk some candy talk some candy talk

I love the way she's walking
I love the way she's talking
It's just the way she's walking
It's just the way she's talking

And I need all that stuff give me some of that stuff
I want your candy I want your candy
And I need (give me some) of your stuff (give me some)
I want your candy I want your candy I want your candy I want your candy
I want some

Words and music by Janice & William Reid
Reproduced by permission Warner Brothers Music
On license of Negro Records

y CHAIN

- Loathe Radio 1
- Can't stand A-ha
- Hate badly-arranged hotel towels
- Don't believe in happiness
- Think their records are "wonderful"...

Two spotty brothers from East Kilbride blow their top!!

- Interview: Chris Heath
- Photos: Andy Catlin

William Reid from the Jesus And Mary Chain is sitting in his manager's office looking very fed up indeed. His brother and partner Jim is sitting next door looking even more fed up. Both of them grunt reluctantly when I arrive and William slopes unwillingly through the doorway towards Jim, sits down on the sofa and stares solemnly at his knees. Jim sits on the desk and gazes aimlessly out of the window. There's obviously some very serious sulking going on here.

"We're both in a really funny mood," says Jim eventually, so quietly that he can only just be heard. "Because we've just had a big argument." They won't say what about, except that it's the first argument they've had for a month and that they never argue about the group, just about "stupid things like who's getting the taxi fare."

"We've got a typical brother love/hate relationship," explains Jim, grimacing affectionately at William. "Obviously I find him incredibly irritating like today and obviously he does with me too. When I was younger, I used to pour boiling water over his back. Children are incredibly cruel," he says, as if to excuse himself, "they're little Nazis. Then you grow into a civilised Nazi..."

This is, of course, exactly the way the Jesus And Mary Chain are supposed to behave - lots of sulking, rudeness and tipping boiling water over people. When they appeared last year with their first three raucous singles, "Upside Down", "Never Understand" and "You Trip Me Up", they were branded as "the new Sex Pistols" and lived up to the reputation by being as horrible as possible, swearing at people, playing 15 minute concerts with their backs to the audience, scowling a lot and generally being rather rebellious. But, in fact, they're not like that at all and now the two of them - who look as if they wouldn't say boo to a goose - wish they'd never pretended they were.

"We've said a million times that bit was destructive," winces Jim. "And, most embarrassing of all, it was stupid. We don't really want to talk about it because you just get apologetic and we've probably apologised to everybody in the whole world by now."

"It was mostly to do with inexperience - we'd never been in a group before and we didn't know what we were supposed to do. We thought 'any publicity is good publicity' and 'oh look that's our name up there' and just went along with it and things were said supposedly by us, by people we'd allowed to make statements for us which we shouldn't have."

"Art la terroristam!" squirms William, remembering one of the worst. "That was embarrassing."

"We'd do an interview," remembers Jim, "and whatever you said, you'd come out as a guy that threw the TV out of the window as soon as he walked into the room."

"I couldn't even lift a TV," laughs William. "We've never been amash-up-hotel-room-types," agrees Jim. "If I go into a hotel room and the towels aren't properly arranged I complain."

Even though they did indulge in lots of "rock'n'roll clichés" for the first few months, they soon realised that it was "downright undignified". They also decided that these singles covered with squealing "feedback" (the horrible noise guitars make when you put them too close to the speaker) weren't the way to be successful. "I can't imagine what went through our minds," says Jim, shaking his head, "when we thought 'You Trip Me Up' was going to be a hit. You play that on your record player and that destroys it."

However they have got a bit mellowier. Their very brilliant fourth single, "Just Like Honey", was almost a ballad and for their new single, "Some Candy Talking" - a relatively mellow and normal song by their standards - they've taken a lot of care to make it sound much "cleaner" so that they can at least try to seriously challenge the current crop of superstars". Even though Jim says he doesn't want to be famous - "I don't like to be pointed at or recognised or stared at as if I was a real pop star." Not that there's much chance of that, they both point out rather bitterly, because of the way the "record business" works.

"When we make a record," fumes Jim, "it should go to number one. Our records are as good as any others that have got to number one this year but



records don't get to number one because they're good, they get there because certain people in certain positions have chosen that it'll be played to death on the radio. It only has to be half-catchy and have a modern 'chart production' and you've got a number one single because people hear it non-stop."

William agrees. "Our records aren't irritating enough to get in the top ten," he says. "To get in the top ten you've got to write a nauseating, obnoxious record, something like the Housemartins or Dr And The Medics." The Housemartins, in particular, are quite plainly not William's favourite band.

"I don't know how you could stay sane after seeing the Housemartins' video more than four or five times," he sighs disgustingly. "And as for listening to the single – if you're at work and the radio's on, you're going to hear the Housemartins about ten times a day." He pauses to consider how unappealingly horrible that would be.

"... If I was working with the radio on," he declares, "I'd write to my MP." Redio 1, they both seem to agree, is the biggest culprit of all. The group's incredibly wonderful LP, "Psycho Candy", has sold 200,000 copies worldwide and "gone silver" here but still they never hear their records on the radio.

"It's not just us," says William. "It's also people like New Order, Echo & The Bunnymen and The Smiths. The Smiths have got a number two LP but you never hear The Smiths on the radio. Steve Wright said 'people don't want to listen to The Smiths in the afternoon'. That's absolutely pathetic! How does he know?"

"The BBC is supposed to be a public company and we're all supposed to have a share in it but it's obviously a dictatorship and those people shouldn't have that power. No doubt some producer or disc jockey will read this in *Smash Hits* and decide they're not going to play our new record – well, they shouldn't be

offended that we've slagged the BBC. They aren't the BBC, the BBC just pay their wages. I'm as much a part of the BBC as them." This sort of thing gets the Jesus and Mary Chain very hot under the collar.

"Why do people like A-ha so much?" explodes Jim. "Because they're force-fed it. They've got no alternative. If you switch on the TV there's a good chance you're going to see A-ha. If you turn on the radio there's a good chance you're going to hear them. You don't have a choice. The only way not to hear A-ha is not to switch TV or listen to the radio. If we were force-fed we would be awful – that is a fact. A-ha are painful. Terrible. I don't even know what any of them look like – they're just these non-descript grey guys whose names I don't know but everybody assures me they are superstars. At least I knew who Simon La Bon was and I could recognise the members in Duran Duran. I didn't like them but they had a certain, er, charisma..."

"Steve Wright said 'people don't want to listen to The Smiths in the afternoon'. That's absolutely pathetic! How does he know?"

He pauses for a breath and realises that it sounds as if the Jesus And Mary Chain do nothing but moan. "Listening to us go on," he concedes, "we must sound paranoid but we are talking from experience. I've seen all our singles very well covered in the press but completely ignored by radio and TV. That's a not parenola, that's reality."

It's obvious that when the two spotty brothers from East Kilbride decided to be in a pop group, they never realised it would be this hard. For one thing, it's put years on them. Last year they told *Smash Hits* they were both 19. And now?

"I'm 24," blushes Jim. "It's no longer a secret. The reason I'm telling people is that when it was a secret, people were guessing

incredibly unkind things like '32.' And William? He admits he is older but won't say any more.

"My birth certificate has been lost," he lies.

Whatever, he says, it's not that they're terrifically ancient that makes them go on about lots of famous artists from years ago. "A lot of people have articulated us for our influences," says Jim, "but I think it's a terribly healthy thing to go back and look at the past because you've got 20 years of pop and rock'n'roll to examine, to use. I like the idea of telling all the young kids listening to our records, to also listen to the Rolling Stones, Sonny and Cher..."

"Eddie Cochran, The Doors, Dusty Springfield, Sandie Shaw," pipes William.

"... the Birthday Party," Jim adds.

"... Bob Dylan," says William enthusiastically. Bob Dylan? The boring bloke who dived on at the end of Live Aid and who goes on boats with Dave "horrible haircut" Stewart?

"All you see of Dylan these days," explains William, "is him singing on the *Whistle*. Tact with Tom Petty and he's big, fat, bloated and talentless. But at one time he was the most talented person on earth."

Once they've started, The Jesus And Mary Chain can chat on and on about their favourite groups (William even admitting "a soft spot" for "Careless Whisper") for ages and ages. In fact, so much so that one begins to suspect that this is all they ever do. Is there anything else they think about?

"Tea, toast and a biscuit," chirps William mysteriously.

"Making home videos," offers Jim. "I make pretty amateurish documentaries of all the places I've been to on video tape – I just like to keep a documentary of my whole life."

Hmmm. And William also likes to spend time with his girlfriend in his North London one bedroom studio flat – "especially filthy," he boasts. "It looks like it's been ransacked – there's magazines and videotapes and records everywhere as if someone's come in and emptied drawers." Jim is rather less forthcoming about his personal circumstances except to say that he lives alone in "a dump" in South London and that he believes "without trying to sound pretentious, but happiness is a lie – you don't ever get it." Especially when people don't buy your records.

"I'd just like to say to *Smash Hits* readers," announces Jim, "that I remember when I was 14 or 15, I used to buy the pop records of the day and never really think why, and the things I've bought never stood the test of time. I'd buy things and then a year later they'd be in the bin and I'd think why the hell did I buy that? Because I'd fallen for that gust of nonsense. I'd like more people to realise that there are other things going on – look elsewhere for good music. If you're content with background noise, then that's alright, but if you're interested in finding something a bit different, then experiment. Go elsewhere. Don't rely on Radio 1. That's all I've got to say."

And as for the future of the Jesus And Mary Chain? Jim and William are glumly pessimistic. "We are up against a bit of a brick wall," sighs Jim, "and all we can do is try and climb it. But the fact is," he says chattering up a teeny bit, "when the group's gone, we'll have left behind these wonderful records and they will always be remembered. They might not get into the charts but so what?"

And rather pleased by the thought, the two of them almost look happy. ...





THE SUMMER ALBUM

30 ORIGINAL SUMMER HITS

SIDE 1

1. **THE YOUNG RASCALS**
Groovin'
2. **THE ISLEY BROTHERS**
Summer Breeze
3. **THE BEACH BOYS**
Do It Again
4. **BILL WITHERS**
Lovely Day
5. **10cc**
Dreadlock Holiday
6. **ASTRUD GILBERTO**
The Girl From Ipanema
7. **BOBBY GOLDSBORO**
Summer (The First Time)

SIDE 2

1. **CLIFF RICHARD**
Summer Holiday
2. **THE BEACH BOYS**
California Girls
3. **EDDIE COCHRAN**
Summertime Blues
4. **THE KINKS**
Sunny Afternoon
5. **THE DRIFTERS**
Under The Boardwalk
6. **MAMAS AND PAPAS**
California Dreamin'
7. **SCOTT MCKENZIE**
San Francisco (Be Sure To Wear
Some Flowers In Your Hair)
8. **THE BEATLES**
All You Need Is Love
(from the film "Yellow Submarine")

SIDE 3

1. **LEVEL 42**
The Sun Goes Down (Living It Up)
2. **KATRINA AND THE WAVES**
Walking on Sunshine
3. **KC & THE SUNSHINE BAND**
Give It Up
4. **HAIRCUT 100**
Fantastic Day
5. **ELTON JOHN**
Island Girl
6. **MARTHA AND THE MUFFINS**
Echo Beach
7. **BARRACUDÀS**
Summer Fun

SIDE 4

1. **THE BEATLES**
Here Comes The Sun
2. **CLIFF RICHARD**
The Day I Met Marie
3. **MUNGO JERRY**
In The Summertime
4. **THE SMALL FACES**
Lazy Sunday
5. **THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL**
Summer In The City
6. **THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL**
Daydream
7. **THE MONKEES**
Daydream Believer
8. **JERRY KELLER**
Here Comes Summer



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THE SMASH HITS



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- 2 Keri Kush The Hair Of The Hound
- 3 Marillion The Singles 1982-85
- 4 Dire Straits Brothers In Arms
- 5 Bucks Fizz Less Bucks More Fizz
- 6 Dire Straits Achy Luv
- 7 Rainbow The Final Cut
- 8 Savie Nicka I Can't Wait
- 9 The Cure Staring At The Sea
- 10 The Pointer Sisters Go Exotic

HOW TO ENTER

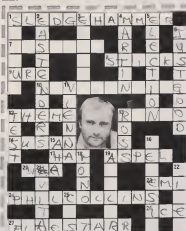
- Complete the crossword grid, fill in your name and address and tick whether you'd like VHS or Betamax videos
- Snip out the coupon (including the crossword grid), stick it in an envelope and send it to the following address (to arrive by July 29) **Smash Hits Prize Crossword Competition Number 9, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ.**
- The first correct entry out of Ed's "duffin" bag (pencil) gets HMV's top ten videos (at the time of going to press)

ACROSS

- 1 Did **Peter Gabriel** smash his way up the charts with #2?
- 7 Body spell footwear for those 'I Can't Wait' hitmakers (2,5)
- 8 Pieces of wood that come in handy for drummers
- 9 Midge Udd's band **Culture Club**...
- 10 Sort of story that **Limahl** once told to **Giorgio Moroder**? (5,6)
- 12 Miami Vice's was written by **Jan Hammer**
- 13 ... (You) (**Bryan Adams**)
- 14 She was desperately sought in **Madonna**'s movie...
- 17 Part of **Jaki Graham** that's good enough to eat
- 19 Leaps around for TV man **Michael** (anag)
- 20 It stands for **Wamen-Elektro-Aryum(T,T,T)**
- 23 Record label amid **George Michael** (1,1,1)
- 24 ... See photo (see 14,7)
- 26 **Jennifer Rush**'s ring was made of it
- 27 They can't get by without you (4,5) **α**

DOWN

- 1 Rather naughty - like **Pete Dinklage**?
- 2 TV soap set in London's **Albert Square**
- 3 See of turned into a hit for **The Damned** (anag)
- 4 Fry, Kemp or Shaw?
- 5 Just the sort of day for an **Arcadia** hit
- 6 ... **Friends** (TV series featuring **Paul Nicholas**)
- 11 City that's been asking for **Felco**
- 12 Whodunnit (TV novel - "star")
- 13 Drama who started a chain reaction in the charts
- 15 Band found amid 'It's A Hard Life'
- 16 Group with an invisible touch
- 18 Not stereo
- 19 Al Ayton provides a hit for **Roxy Music** (anag)
- 21 Hit music show written by **Andrew Lloyd Webber** and **Tim Rice**
- 22 **Marilyn Martin** and 21 across led separate ones
- 25 ... (Me Down) (**Lloyd Cole**)



NAME

ADDRESS

DEBUT ALBUM

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THE WOODENTOPS



arcadia

THE FLAME

Straight to the heart
Straight for
This precious shining
How can you steal my flame

I don't feel the breeze
Blowing change
Blowing through my doorway
Warm and restless
Just as you walked by
Jagged of smoky halls
A circle drawn
And voices call
To raise some magic wind
In my world

Strange coincidence
Each time you look my way
This sinking feeling
Scares me
Knows my weakness
Call it de ja vu
Never put my trust in fate
Surprises do arrive in time
Why should I be
Surprised by you


CHORUS
Straight to the heart
Straight for
This precious shining
How can you dare
Steal my flame
One from the heart
One for
This precious shining
How can you steal my flame

Sometimes cards are drawn
And the tables turn
The waiting game is over
Take this dealer's hand
And steal away the dawn
Never give me any chance
To wander back
From this innocence
Don't give me
Any chances at all

REPEAT CHORUS

Straight to the heart
Straight for
This precious shining
How can you steal my flame
One from the heart
One for
This precious shining
How can you steal my flame

Words and music by Taylor Hawkins
Demotape by Sean Tyree
© 1991 Records



JANICE WICKS

*Works — clerk by day, club by night.
Likes body-building and the men
who do it. Is going to be a famous
singer (one day).*

R E A L G I R L S

REAL GIRLS



DEBBIE RONDEL

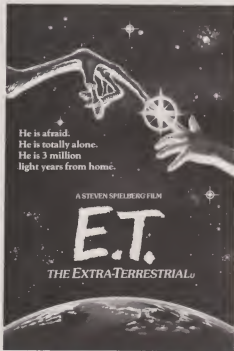
UB40 user. Likes going on holiday. Doesn't dislike anything much except alcohol. Wants a clothes shop of her own.

W **weAR** 17



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"HAPPENINGS"



AMAZULU: Worcester The Pavilion (July 17), Wellingborough Gables (18), Stoke-On-Trent Ritz's (21), Cardiff Ritz's (30), Cheltenham Eve's (31), London Baronial Rooms (August 1).

THE MISSION: Leicester Polytechnic (October 29), Norwich U.E.A. (31), London Town and Country Club (November 2), Leeds Polytechnic (4), Newcastle Tiffans (5), Edinburgh Coasters (6), Glasgow University Queen Margaret Union (8), Ayr Pavilion (9), Manchester Ritz (11), Liverpool University (12), Keele University (13), Cardiff University (14), Bristol Studio (16), Brighton Top Rank (17), Sheffield University (22), Birmingham Powerhouse (23), Nottingham Rock City (26).



CHRIS REA: Edinburgh Playhouse (December 1), Newcastle City Hall (3), Manchester Apollo (5), Liverpool Empire (7), Sheffield City Hall (8), Portsmouth Guildhall (10), Brighton Dome (11), Ipswich Gaumont (12), Oxford Apollo (14), Bristol Hippodrome (15), Hanley Victoria Halls (17), Nottingham Centre (18), Birmingham Odeon (19), London Royal Albert Hall (27).

● There will be no support act on the tour and shows will start at 7.30pm prompt on each night. Tickets are on sale now from all box offices and all usual agents priced £5 and £5.50. London, though, is more expensive - tickets for the Royal Albert Hall are priced £7.50, £5.50 and £5.50. Snoot!

CASTLE DONINGTON

1986: (August 16).
● "Headlined" by Ozzy Osbourne. Other groups confirmed for the event are Motorhead, The Scorpions, Del Leppard and Warlock. Tickets are available now and are priced £14 by postal application from Amcarve Ltd, PO Box 123, Aldridge, Walsall, West Midlands, W29 9XV. Applicants should enclose an SAE and send crossed cheques or postal orders for the exact amount made payable to Amcarve Ltd. All those sending cheques should allow 28 days clearance so postal orders are preferable. A credit card "hot-line" is also in operation (all tickets subject to a snook booking fee) on 01-741 8989.

UPPER BUBBLINGTON VILLAGE FETE:

August 10 (Tickets 20p from Ronnie and Madge, Cucumber And Spongebag public house, The Green, Lower Bubblington). Main Tent: Reg "Reg" Snpinton & His Banjo Gals; Twizzle; The Complete Bastards; The Yodelling Gondoliers; Pepe & Lord Alfred; Firecracker Sweet; Doom; Reg "Reg" Snpinton & His Banjo Boys; Mad Goths; Herman in A Bucket; The Rita Gorm Experience; Virgin Prunes. Village Hall: "Papier Maché For Infants" (a talk with slides by the Rev. Dons Toobody); "Flower Arranging And The Feminist Experience" (group activity orchestrated by Dame Margot Riviera); "Skegness Observed" (exhibition by local artists Hector and Eunice Babbage); "My Interesting Collection Of Bits I Have Cut Out Of The Local Newspaper Viz The Bubblington Bugle Over The Years" (talk by Reg "Reg" Snpinton); "Scotland The Brave" (caber tossing and sword dancing with your host Ian "Jock E." Cranna); Staffs; Tomba; Guess The Cake; Raffle (strange glasses and trifle); Strangle The Monkey; Throw A Coconut At Reg "Reg" Snpinton; Get Completely Ripped Off For Some Useless Home-made Flowerpots by Dame Margot Riviera etc. etc. (Note. This event has now been cancelled owing to lack of public interest.) (No it hasn't. You just made the whole thing up to fill up some space because there are hardly any groups doing "gigs" at this time of year - Ed.) (Bahi Rumbled! - "Happenings".)

Midnight Star



head lines

Extra extra read all about it
He it

Hot off the press
For everybody here
We're gonna do our best
To make you holler make you somam
I heard it on the news
It's an incredible scene
I just got the word
Our jamming is connecting with
Everybody I heard
To make you party make you sweat
You're even gonna feel it
Through your TV set

I said the headlines
Headlines
Have you heard it
Headlines
Headlines

Special report
It's rocking in the funny paper
Jamming the sports
It makes your body soaking wet
A devastating rhythm
That you'll never forget
I just got the news
Get it printed in the paper
Everything that you do
You wanna party rock and roll
That's a hot news tip for your radio

It's the headlines (telling everybody)
Headlines (read all about it baby)
Headlines (headlines)
Headlines (let it)

Here's the dirt
Extra extra read all about it
(Extra extra read all about it)
We got the best
And we're gonna shout it
(We got the best)
And we're gonna shout it)

It got down to the part
Where it was rough and raw
Said you gotta do something
'Stead of nothing at all
Because there's people you desire
People you admire
You wanna go places
Fore you get too tired

We want the truth about
What's been going on
So we chatter chatter gossip
On our telephones

Well now now time is running out
We ain't got forever
Everybody wants a piece
Of life-long pleasure

Oh yeah yeah
Headlines (read all about it)
Headlines (headlines)
It's in the streets
Headlines (headlines)
Headlines (let it)

Everything that you do
Is written in the paper

Turn to the classified
Searching through the lost and found
Hear it from a little body
Told me what was going down
'Bout your business in the streets
I came across a sexy ad
That said you like to mess around
That's what I knew you were
Sneaking out all over town
I read it in the headlines

Headlining the news
Midnight Star's fresh new beat
Conquers the world
The bits wouldn't pin it
Not only when it blows forty million
I wish it could on me
Today's weather hot and steamy
I gotta go have a great day
You got the best
You gotta shout it

We want the truth about
What's been going on
So we chatter chatter gossip
On our telephones
Well now now time is running out
We ain't got forever
Everybody wants a piece
Of life-long pleasure

Headlines
(Everybody's talking 'bout it)
Headlines (Tell me have you heard it)
Headlines (A front page story)
Headlines (headlines)

Repeat and ad lib to taste

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CHRIS SUTTON

DON'T GET ME WRONG



NEW 45 RPM 7" AND DOUBLE SWEET 12"
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"I'M NOT THE ONLY SPOTTY PALE AND UNLOVED PERSON IN THE WORLD"

Billy Bragg, big-nosed boy from Barking, opens his heart. Sylvia Patterson wipes away the tears.

I look like an over-grown, monstrous school-kid!" chirps a short-trousered Mr William Bragg, quite correctly, skipping down the path to a sun-soaked park in East London. "Oh well, people have accepted my nose, they'll just have to accept my legs now!"

He likes a bit of a laugh at his own expense, does Billy. And like most people who've learned to laugh at their own... er, "misfortunes", he knows a thing or two about misery—in fact, he's a bit of an expert. On the surface he's the jolly jester, the larkabout bloke—but underneath it all, as he says himself, "I'm a tortured soul—which everybody is, really, aren't they?" Sniff! Still, as just as well for us he is, otherwise he probably couldn't begin to write such wonderfully weepsome songs as his latest, "Levi Stubbs and You".

He wrote that on a cross channel ferry when I was with Kershaw—Andy, not Nick!—and we were really bored," he tells us, sprawling all over the grass, the sun reflecting off his snow-toned legs. "I just sat down with a pen and an idea and wrote it straight off, sort of like a poem. "I wanted to put across the idea of loneliness being alleviated by music, because I'm someone who really loves music and it brings out certain emotions in me. So when I get depressed or feel sad, I play a particular music and that'll not make me happy again, but sort of sum things up, or bring out the sad feelings quicker. Levi Stubbs (singer of old soul group The Four Tops) has this great emotional cry in his voice—he expresses with his voice the sadness and frustration the character in my song is feeling—and she has to turn to him because she hasn't got anybody else. She's left home, nicked her Mum's coat—so she won't be talking to her!—and she's been mutilated by this complete bastard that she ended up marrying. It's a very sad song, but it's also a very true song.

"For a lot of people, violence in their relationships is a reality—not just something that happens on *Brookside* or whatever. Half the time you can talk to the man next door about the weather or something and he's a wife-beater, y'know? And you hear the raised voices coming through the walls late at night and you know what's going on, but people find it difficult to talk about these things, don't they? So again people can turn to music for solace, and in any way that songs can comfort people in the way that, say "Bride Over Troubled Water" (seepple old tune by Simon & Garfunkel) did for me, then that's everything to me. That's better than half a dozen gold discs or whatever. That's job fulfillment, just to let people know that they're not alone in their sadness, which they never are. I mean, what would I do if I didn't have the great soul songs there to tell me that I'm not the only person in the

world who's spotty and unloved and pale?" Surely he can't mean that?

"Yes, I do! I was unloved—for a very long time..."

Billy looks out mistily over the trees and I do believe he's gone all wistful... "Yeah, when I was between about ten and 18, I felt very unloved. I failed completely to communicate to girls and women—I became withdrawn and uncomfortable in their presence. And all I wanted to do was love them one hundred percent and for them to love me one hundred percent, as if nothing else mattered in the whole world. But it wasn't like that. And when it wasn't like that, when it wasn't all fireworks and violins, I was really bitter and disillusioned and angry... as if somebody had lied to me. And that someone was Matt Monro (possibly old balladeer of the early '60s)!"

And it was Nat King Cole (smoothly old balladeer of the '50s) who sang "When I Fall in Love It Will Be Forever"... Will it hell! He lied to me, I'm telling you! And Frank Sinatra lied to me. Even The Beatles lied to me! Smokey Robinson didn't lie to me though! Smokey told me... "The Tracks Of My Tears", "The Tears Of A Clown"... Smokey, SMOKEY! Thank God you're out there! You saved me! God, I thought having it off would solve all my problems! The biggest disillusion of them all, that was..."

Calming down a little, Billy continues in this melancholy vein.

"When I was 17 I loved a girl... I loved her and loved her and loved her, but she didn't pay any attention to me whatsoever... Looking back it was a very trivial relationship but at the time it meant everything to me. But you learn, don't you? You learn there's no such thing as the perfect woman or the perfect man. The other great thing that music taught me is that until your heart has been completely broken and smashed on the rocks, you'll never really understand what love is and how precious it is. I mean, if you fall in love with the first person you meet and love them forever and they love you forever I should imagine that would be really boring. How boring! What would you be like about in bed? Every one always talks about the other people they've ever been to bed with in bed, don't they?"

"That's the thing, y'see: I'm not much good at relationships—it's more a case of thinking about them all the time rather than doing 'em! The experiences that I sing about in my songs have usually been nicked from other people. I get them round to let them pour their hearts out, stay up all night with them and then, when they've gone, I reach out under the bed for me pen and pad. I'm not joking! I've got a pen and pad under my bed! Some of them happen to me personally though—God, if all of them did I'd be dead by now!"

Aw—poor old Sir William, it must be such a strain being meaningful all the time.

"Well, I can't write any other way! It's the only thing I've ever been any good at—I'm useless at everything else! People shouldn't take it too seriously though. There's nothing worse than playing to an audience when they're all very reverent and silent—the thoughts of Chairman Mao or something. I hope they're listening, obviously, but sometimes I just want them to shout out 'Piss off big nose' or just anything! I mean, I take what I do very seriously but I don't take myself seriously. I mean, look at that (grabs weedy, white thigh)—could you take those legs seriously? I can't!"

He's back to having a laugh again, is Bill. But how easy is it I wonder for a Socialist to look out over the blue beyond of popdom and see his first million rolling in?

"Well, I find it very easy to be sensible about money. I still haven't forgotten what a huge amount one thousand is. If I made a million—and I'd be very pleased and very proud to do so—I'd stick it in the bank so that when I'm 50 I won't be back where I started again. Don't get me wrong—it's not that I think it could bring me happiness—because I know it can't. I tell you one thing that rich people know that poor people don't... rich people know that money can't change anything. The disappointment of luxury is a terrible discovery. Poor people at least still have the hope that if they won the pools or something it just might lift them out of all the shit they're in. Rich people have been there, done it, seen it and they know that it can't. So therefore they're much more miserable people—money makes you miserable."

"I should imagine most people reading this would like the opportunity to find out, but they'd be foolish to think that they can only be happy when they've got it, because they won't be. Any money that I make is just over and above being lucky enough to do what I love doing and getting me wages paid for it—and that's the difference. I've got all the success I need—it's success on my own terms."

He's 28 now, is the sprightly lad from Barking. Will he go on being successful on his own terms till the end of time?

"Y'know seriously, I'll do this until I stop getting the letters, because if they stopped, that would mean no one is listening any more. As long as people still write to me saying 'you're great' or 'piss off back to Russia you raving Commie' or whatever, I'll still feel of some use. The day I'm ignored is the day I'll just... disappear."

And off he goes to play on the roundabouts with the local and rather amused kiddies—the wisest, most over-grown and monstrous school-kid in the land.





LEVI STUBBS' TEARS



With the money from her accident
 She bought herself a mobile home
 So at least she could get some enjoyment
 Out of being alone
 No one could say that she was left up on the shelf
 It's you and me against the world kid
 She'd mumble to herself

Chorus

When the world falls apart some things stay in place
 Levi Stubbs' tears run down his face

She ran away from home in her mother's best coat
 She was married before she was even entitled to vote
 And her husband was one of those blokes
 The sort who only laughs at his own jokes
 The sort a war takes away
 And when there wasn't a war he left anyway

Repeat chorus

Norman Whitfield and Barratt Strong
 Are here to make right everything that's wrong
 Holland and Holland and Lamont Dozier too
 Are here to make it all okay with you

And one dark evening he returned home from the sea
 And put a hole in her body where no hole should be
 It hurt her more to see him walking out the door
 And though they stitched her back together
 They left her heart in pieces on the floor

When the world falls apart some things stay in place
 She takes off the Four Tops tape
 And puts it back in its case

When the world falls apart some things stay in place
 Levi Stubbs' tears

*Words and music by Billy Bragg
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Gene Loves Teazel

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CHAKA KHAN

Produced by Arif Mardin,
Green Gartside & David Gamson

Her Latest Hit

· LOVE OF A LIFETIME ·
On 7" & Extended 12"



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PEOPLE WHO OWN

SPOT THE FISH (18 June)

Correct answer: 1) page 5 on the Boatlist And Black bag 2) page 14 behind Karst from Baramanua 3) page 25 on the Lovebug Stinky quiz or 4) on the July 1st on page 76. The winner will get the following: the waterpooft Walkman Sports and the Cure LP and via a Matsika Murray from Richmond. The next four get: The Cure LP and LP and non-waterpooft Walkman. **Mark Hayes**, Neil Hill, **Michael Thornton**, Glasbees, **Liza Yasuli**, Aubrey De la Zucht, **Sara Beaden**, Rothham. The next five got the non-waterpooft Walkman and the Cure LP. **Mark Howard**, Norwich, **Emma Foster**, Erdington, **P.C. Daly**, Chesholt St Mary, **Heather Barnes**, Leicester. **Eather Rumlin**, Colerne. The next three got the LP: **Emma Shearer**, Ikeilham. **Ann-Marie Courtney**, Blackpool. **Judith Phipps**, Leeknash. **Mary Tasa**, Denton. **Rachel Gillett**, Hall Green. **Katy Strong**, Bolton. **Tina Collins**, Blackburn. **H. J. Speckmans**, Ashford. **Katherine Clark**, Prestbury. **Barah Syme**, Lower Wick. **L. Bates**, Colchester. **C. Hoaks**, Crawley. **Catherine Hayes**, Mythen St. **M. Simons**, Clapham Hill. **Harris**, Great Barr.

SPACE DEBRIS (18 June)

Correct answer: Alan of Arc twenty five winners of a poster and "The Queen Is Dead" LP are: **Jennifer Leack**, Strie, **Andy Collier**, Dordun. **James Abraham**, Swindon. **Stephen Goodwin**, Hemborough. **Alison Frost**, Welford. **John Leaver**, North Creake. **A. Phytian**, St Helens. **Chris Rose**, Adzington. **Tracy Garner**, Llandudno. **D. Bell**, Garwood. **Terrquin Hesecore**, Clanc. **Anthony Gueyle**, Leek. **Kevin Thomas**, Garsington. **Jeekie Cox**, Hartington. **Kathy Farr**, Shepperton. **Neil Billings**, Blackpool. **Sheron Phillips**, Kedington. **Carol Archer**, Norwich. **Kathryn Peal**, Davering St James. **D. Palmer**, Colington. **Lesley Banks**, Leath. **Petrick Maloney**, Newport. **Steven Bourne**, Stoke on Trent. **Leanne Bows**, London SE15. **Margaret Gill**, Chesham.

Beat Stars Wild

Correct answer: B) The Buzzcocks. Twenty five winners of a "Beat Stars Wild" hour LP and poster are: **A. Whiteside**, Taughanought. **Lovonne Kiss**, Inver Hill. **Lanz Powan Chung**, Carlisle. **Jason Dizon**, Myford. **Nicole Keshell**, Hove. **Heather Taylor**, Derby. **Berthelmead**, Beverley. **Ben Newson**, C. Hill, Oxford. **Tina Rogers**, Alton. **David Matthews**, Halesburg. **Bereth Jones**, Abertall. **Heather Lynn**, Tranterdon. **Claire Dowbury**, Radwinth. **J. Smith**, Radwinth. **H. Jayasinghe**, London SE9. **Chris Wood**, Westcott. **Carol Lindsay**, Westcot. **Paul Marshall**, Kintley Edge. **Steve Summers**, Walsby. **Cassian Hamilton**, Thamestead. **Peter Finch**, Chalmers. **Lia Seward**, Romford. **David McDonald**, Pader. **J.P. Fletcher**, Plymouth. **Ros Harris**, Bedford.

Dice Strata

Correct answer: G) A tennis racket. Twelve winners of a very rare compact disc and a 12" single of "Your Latest Trick" are: **Wika Harns**, Glastonbury. **Ray Mitchell**, Dundee. **John Anderson**, Wexham Green. **Steven Jones**, Radford. **Peter**

Squith, Weymouth. **Paulius Orment**, Weymouth. **Jodie Watton**, Dorchester. **Melissa Ames**, Dover. **Terry Weather**, Oxford. **Charles Davin Johnston**, Leatherslip. **Beth Brown**, Looch. **Clare Stanley**, Dudley. The next 13 won the same LP: **Yvonne Bramall**, **Christine Hayes**, **Bilgin Christopher**, **Lufford**, **Argique**. **Philip Briggs**, **James East**, **Bobbi Howard**, **Stephen Le W**, **Bradford**, **Elizabeth Holden**, **Leepool**. 18: **Liam McGrath**, **Repton**. **Angela Powell**, **St. Neots**. **Edward Beaton**, **Pontefract**. **Ban Dunbar**, **Harrogate**. **Anita Gaspar**, **Mosley**. **Julia Gillson**, **Harwell**.

Big Audio Dynamite

Correct answer: B) The 100 Cub. Five winners of a video, t-shirt and a double 12" single of "The Medicine Show" are: **Steve Clark**, Perth. **P. Scott**, Glasgow. **Sally King**, Fife. **Ruth B. Baloch**, Wythenshawe. **Gary Raba**, Perth. The next twenty won the single and the t-shirt: **Rumalda MacIntosh**, **Hebborn**. **Paula McEwen**, **Fife**. **Jane Lee**, **Norfolk**. **Su Baker**, **Redburn**. **Matey Edrington**, **Ed. Dava Cad**, **Liverpool**. **W. S. Gales Murphy**, **Doole**. **Neil Woodgate**, **Walsford**. **Barrie McCullum**, **Brymner**. **S. Gould**, **Garage**. **Clare Haidy**, **South Essex**. **Joseph Perera**, **Harrogate**. **R. Parsons**, **Clacton-on-Sea**. **Abdul Sheik**, **Bradford**. **Roh Johnson**, **Stockport**. **Edella Burdred**, **Liverpool**. **O. Saunders**, **Alverston**. **A. Mitchell**, **Stockport-on-Tees**. **S. Turnbull**, **Alerton**. **Simon Dova**, **Bedford**.

Scarlett and Black

Correct answer: B) Vivian Leigh. Five winners of a skouder bag and a 12" single of "You Don't Know" are: **Janie Imerson**, Runcorn. **Jane Richmond**, Doncaster. **Suzanna Evans**, **Salford**. **Colin Evans**, **Accrington**. **Sarah Heme**, **Widmash**. The next twenty won the single: **Douglas Law**, **Aberdeen**. **Clare Lindsey**, **Polynopol**. **Janine Chantelle**, **Thornbury**. **Sharon Lewis**, **Barnon On Sea**. **Rachel Musson**, **Farnfield**. **Clare Coulter**, **Leeds**. **Janine Baxby**, **Ruffin**. **Sandra Bennett**, **London SW8**. **Kathryn Winter**, **Oxley**. **Stephen Marshall**, **Widmash**. **A. Whiteside**, **Bedford**. **Jackie Bourke**, **Baldock**. **Debbie Moors**, **Cliffington**. **Jo Chatterton**, **Oswestry**. **R. Ray**, **Oxford**. **Amende Burns**, **Stonemadoc**. **Michele Burnett**, **Balsall**. **Rudi Bushby**, **Worthing**. **C. Halesled**, **Falstone**. **Ivonne France**, **Langland**.

Furniture

Correct answer: B) A rocking chair. Twenty five winners of a swimming cap and a 12" single of "Smooch" are: **Suzanna Hayes**, **Thornth**. **Josephine Brock**, **Pyrmouth**. **Julia Beard**, **Codring**. **Judith Smith**, **Widmash**. **Jayne D'Sullivan**, **Widmash**. **Julie Foden**, **Kilburn**. **Jo Wilkinson**, **Bosmore**. **Tina Wells**, **Market Deeping**. **Julia Lewis**, **Kings Lynn**. **Suzanne Braden**, **Hayes**. **Christa Lange**, **Beaston**. **Vikki Sullivan**, **Comfen**. **Declan Duffin**, **Walsbury**. **Tracy Bennett**, **Al. B. Bea**. **Caroline Austie Payne**, **Cambridge**. **M. Chambers**, **Suzanne Cookery**, **Falfield**. **Emes**, **Milton Keynes**. **Bartel Burnham**, **Harpenden**. **John Fletcher**, **London SE16**.

Five Star

Correct answer: G) Michael Jackson. Five winners of a "Luxury Of Life" video and LP

are: **Gaynor Evans**, **Uxley**. **Gary Pursey**, **Collier Row**. **Haniff Doragan**, **London**. **Shirley Eastham**, **London**. **Tina Buckley**, **Whitby Wood**. The next twenty won the single: **Alfi Ridgway**, **Manchester**. **Steve Birrell**, **Gordon**. **Marion Woodard**, **St. Michaels**. **The Sixth Star**, **Budon**. **M. Wilson**, **Hoghrs Hall**. **David Saunders**, **Chesham**. **Clare James Raies**, **Colombia**. **John Moon**, **Orskington**. **Kate Hookham**, **Ricinusworth**. **Lynne Sharratt**, **Camden**. **Jane Chickens**, **Leicester**. **James Henderson**, **Salford**. **David P. Page**, **Marshall**. **Bhaz Bah**, **Rushden**. **Heather Davidson**, **Coventon**. **Hezi Mackay**, **Widnburgh**. **Wendy Parca**, **South In Ashland**. **Dawn Brown**, **Oldham**. **Rana Rumbuth**, **Colingham**. **Kellie McCaughy**, **West Ham**.

Wasp

Correct answer: G) Backs Lovers. The winner of a pair of kumble boots, a pair of dunks and a 12" single of "Wild Child" is: **Christine Spar**, **London**. The next forty one won the single: **Louise Nixon**, **Nybridge**. **Andrew David**, **London NW2**. **Ian Ashcroft**, **Kirkcaldy**. **Garvins Strickland**, **Leeds**. **Carol Sarah Vly**, **Worley**. **S. De Massis**, **Little Paxton**. **Ernie Wisman**, **Tarnworth**. **Wesley Harvey**, **Kenilworth**. **Tracey Grant**, **Frinton-on-Sea**. **Mark Burton**, **Seacroft**. **Andrew Hart**, **Gmsby**. **Paul Kirkham**, **Ripley**. **D. Hassan**, **Killing**. **J. Bloddy**, **Kenilworth**. **Peter Turner**, **Morpeth**. **Ruth Weston**, **Worsley**. **M. Newbury**, **Oxford**. **Tara Garrett**, **London**. **Great Street**. **David Bruce**, **Kewport**. **Kevin Hourihan**, **London NW9**. **M. Pollar**, **Bedford**. **Anna Searcy**, **London**. **Andrew L. Williams**, **Amble**. **Angie**, **Widmash**. **Mark Perry**, **Abertall**. **Debbie Coles**, **Far Colton**. **Vicky Duncumb**, **Coatbridge**. **Julie Johnson**, **Widmash**. **Paul Baroo**, **Genestown**. **Clare Monaghan**, **Co Derry**. **David King**, **Hendon**. **Cega Chas Taps**, **Kington-Upon-Thames**. **Kate Riddan**, **Quidford**. **Cassandra Downes**, **London SW10**. **Tilo Das**, **Harrow**. **On The Hill**. **Tim Madison**, **London SW16**. **Wendy Trapp**, **Guildford**. **Chris Osmond**, **Drayton**. **Senia Boyce**, **Broughshane**. **Lisa Pail**, **Kent**. **John Dusham**, **Widmash**. **Dawn Payne**, **Brigden**. **James Young**, **Kington-Upon-Thames**. **Simon Wetta**, **Regent**. **R. Tevelin**, **Gmsbury**. **Stephen Whitehead**, **Chesham**. **A. Butler**, **Maestly**. **Sharon Ryan**, **South Redditch**. **Philipo Moore**, **Newcastle-On-Tyne**.

Mantronix

Correct answer: A) Across between man and electronics. The ten winners of a 12" single, "Smooch", and a t-shirt are: **Karen Hill**, **Craydon**. **H. Waddington**, **Walsford**. **Grady Sells**, **Bradford**. **Andrew Elkie**, **Chesham**. **Paul Clark**, **Stonehaven**. **Amande Gibson**, **Fife**. **S. Mitchell**, **Widmash**. **J. Harvey**, **Worcester**. **T. O'Connell**, **North Keston**. **B. Kaitiah**, **Widmash**. The next seven won the single: **Andrew 4AD**, **Johnston**. **Karen Nolen**, **Stockport**. **John Anderson**, **Widmash**. **Roby Bae**, **Humberston**. **Leithworth**. **Barret Panday**, **Lecce**. **Freda Chahalehi**, **Chesham**. **Geoffrey Allen**, **Coventon**. **Tony Pears**, **Barking**. **P. Simpson**, **Thornth Lodge**. **Rash Wise**, **Darlington**. **Stephanie Hills**, **Buzent Estate**. **Carlina Mitchell**, **North Ham**. **Anthony Knox**, **Dunpaul Hill Estate**. **Steven Bradley**, **Southwark**. **Handy Jones**, **Eltham**.

The Housemartins

Correct answer: A) Under the aaves of

houses. The three winners of a spody bag, 12" single and picture disc of "Happy Life in the Double D's" are: **Robert Marlon**, **80245**. **Irishoven Juddy Lyle**, **Kings Lynn**. **Karen Thompson**, **Widmash**. **Elizabeth Giddings**, **London**. **L. Sage**, **London**. **Steve Morrison**, **Abertall**. **R. Bennett**, **Janine Steve Borden**. **St. Abbas**. **Michael Brennan**, **Cole**. **Sarah Catherine Dunne**, **Enyng**. **Debbie Ward**, **Bough**. **Sally Duff**, **Rotham**. **Karen Lee**, **Dormsid**. **Dien Davies**, **Blackpool**.

Up Front

Correct answer: G) Chetwin. Fifteen winners of a t-shirt and an "Upfront" 11" LP are: **A. Kasch**, **Hornchurch**. **Jenny Clay**, **Chesham**. **Jayne Richards**, **Robral**. **Tina Cullin**, **Widmash**. **Katie Baxter**, **Welford Estate**. **Jane Hughes**, **Rochdale**. **Katherine Stone**, **Dovaston**. **Karen Fraser**, **Blackburn**. **Jacqui Jay**, **Highway**. **Mary Lynn Simpson**, **Bebbington**. **Pamela Ellis**, **South Street**. **Chris Pickie**, **Widmash**. **Late April**, **Blackburn**. **A. Allot**, **Mewon Elm**. **A. L. Hawksworth**, **Mackworth**. The next ten won the LP: **Emma Davis**, **Southampton**. **Jason Gault**, **Basford**. **John Fletcher**, **London SE16**. **L. Farrington**, **Skilton**. **N. Boyd**, **Ipewich**. **Michelle Dunsell**, **Cyre**. **Sarah Goddard**, **Antover**. **Tracy Hill**, **Chesham**. **Way**. **Paul Marshall**, **Akeley**. **Edge**. **Wendy Laver**, **Lincoln**.

The Football

Correct answer: A) Sheep's bladder. The winner of a signed football and a 7" single of the World Cup Theme, **John Ryan** from Warrington. The next twenty four won the single: **M. Theophanis**, **Liverpool**. **John Newport**, **Oxford**. **Susan Wils**, **Gorton**. **M. Grant**, **Bothy Park**. **Jean Bancroft**, **Tramere**. **Gayle Jean**, **Walsburg**. **Nevi King**, **Leeds**. **Wendie Swann**, **Stockport**. **John Leahy**, **Rednal**. **Stephen Burgess**, **London ECU**. **Tracey Warren**, **Taffon**. **John Bond**, **Widmash**. **Pauline McCartney**, **Rathfriland**. **J. Sair**, **Southampton**. **Sarah Perkins**, **Burtonwood**. **Andrew Emmanuel**, **Widmash**. **Paul Cooper**, **Glenham**. **David Walla**, **Dorsted**. **Sharon Boddy**, **Boughton Heath**. **Hein Smith**, **Hopton**. **Ernie Handley**, **Queens Cove**. **Clare McHilly**, **Huddersfield**. **Cheryl Forrest**, **Darenty**. **A. Hunt**, **Elsworth**.

The Pogues

Correct answer: G) Elvis Costello. Twelve winners of a t-shirt, "Turn Soddy And The Lamb" LP, "Bad Boys For Me" LP, and the EP "Rogues in Motion" are: **Aileen McDonnell**, **Kingerrig**. **Barth Pugh**, **Widmash**. **Sally Ayrery**, **London SE17**. **N. D. Duffell**, **London**. **John Leaver**, **Fakenham**. The next ten won the two LPs and the EP: **Lee Anderson**, **London**. **Sharon Hayes**, **Martin Mason**, **Histon**. **Sibben Chur**, **Walsby**. **Darren Bowers**, **Sukbury**. **Upton Thames**. The next seven won the EP: **Caroline McGuirk**, **Hadenham**. **Thames**, **Gwerke**. **Cathy Dearden**, **Blimey**. **Ed D. Davies**, **Palsler Park**. **J. McMason**, **Talling**. **Lisa Pedro**, **London SE17**. **H. Duffell**, **Stony Ridge**. **Griffiths**. **Susan Rafferty**, **Newbridge**. **Lesley Benson**, **Lynn**. **Affie Buckley**, **London SE17**. **H. Duffell**, **Stony Ridge**. **Liam Kelly**, **Monksen**. **Jon Carr**, **Stockport**. **Sean Lally**, **Sydenham**. **Michele Brenson**, **Billygate**.

Saddle

Correct answer: B) in a supermarket in France. The lucky winner who gets the new **David Bowie** LP is **David Lambert** from Middleburgh.



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SONY

SHOULD WE SCRAP

NIK KERSHAW

Will I get excited about the wedding? Not particularly, to be honest. I wasn't asked to design the dress and I haven't been involved.



▲ ANNIE LENNOX

I sometimes think there's an awful lot of sick fantasy among the Royal Family that wants to make me king. I really hate all of that. I love my Queen, but I find it a bit strange, that kind of patriotism.



▲ ROBERT SMITH (The Cure)

I would have hated to be born into the Royal Family. It's a cushy number compared to being a fringe. I suppose but it has serious disadvantages. I hate very extreme — that's why I wouldn't like to be a real pop star and really famous, you're better in the happy medium. The Royal Family are laughable. I suppose people see them as something that stays stable as everything else changes but I'm sure that even the Royal Family are quite fed up being the Royal Family. The last Royal Wedding we watched in San Francisco but these two (Andrew & Fergie) are a really gruesome couple. He's really obnoxious and she's really ugly...



▲ SADE

I don't get at all excited about the Royal Family. I think that they perform a function, which is to entertain the world and to keep Britain glamorous and grand and regal — but I wouldn't want to be one of them. I can't think of anything I'd rather be less. I honestly pity them because it's like being born in Piccadilly Circus with everyone watching. I think they're very unfortunate to be born like that.

SUSANNAH HOFFS (The Bangles)

I think they're great. I just think it's great to read about them and hear about them. It'd be a very weird thing to suddenly become royalty like what happened to Diana and it's happening to Sarah — I'd be so weird to have to learn all the protocol and all the rules and regulations. Would I like to marry Andrew? Only for a year or something and you can't really do that way, can you? I think I said to be more of a free spirit and I'd be really hard for me to have to conform to the rules they live by.

They must go really wild when they're alone, though.



▲ BRONSKI BEAT

Larry Shure: I can't say I'm pro-Royal, myself. At a Royal Tournament once I didn't stand up for the National Anthem and I got cast away by the special police who thought I was a weird commie who was going to throw a bomb or something. I think my main objection is that they come out of the class system of the middle ages whereby they took money from the poor, kept them poor and had a good time — and they wouldn't exist today if it wasn't for that initial situation. Obviously they're not as bad as that these days but it still gets to me a bit. They do help to sell Britain abroad and all that but I just find them a bit boring. I mean, what do they do? They get married and have kids. They're a positive thing for the image of Britain but then, personally, I don't like the image of Britain. John-John: I love the Royal Family. They give Britain a sense of unification. It's great when they have birthdays and all that and everyone can come out and celebrate in the street. Any excuse for a party! I think they do some very good things — especially Princess Anne with the children, she's brilliant. Of course, they do cost a lot of money — but then so do nuclear weapons, and the Royals are a lot more worthy cause. But then there's things like the health service, having to close down hospitals and all that kind of thing when there is so much money being poured into the Royals — but then they give a lot of pleasure to people and a lot of hope as well. With Britain being in such a mess at the moment, we need as much of that as we can get.



Steve Bronski: I don't see why — it's tradition, isn't it? We are a Kingdom after all. I think they're a bit of a waste of money, they're rich enough without being given more and more all the time — but they don't get up my nose or anything. Besides, Prince Andrew's quite handsome. Am Prince Edward, I really like his bald patch — I'd like to kick it someday...



▲ NICK HUCKNALL (Simply Red)

They get paid too much, but they attract tourists and keep people — in a way that's completely beyond me — "happy". They don't particularly offend me — at least they're quite amusing.



Buckingham Palace spokesman

I'm afraid I can't answer that sort of question. We're not here to give opinions, merely to provide factual answers to specific questions. There are books written about the current functions of the Royal Family, but it's not something I can put into five sentences to you over the telephone. No, if you want, we answer questions about members of the Royal Family, and particularly about their involvement in public occasions, but we don't give opinions. Thank you, goodbye.

▲ JERUS & MARY CHAIN

Jim Reid: I've got no time for the Royal Family at all. I think the whole thing is ridiculous. Williams: I agree. Everyone always says they do a job and they're good for exports and they're good for the tourist trade — well, why don't we just give them a wage and make them cook in every day and not call them the Royal Family, call them the head of the tourist board of Britain? They're too exalted. I really do suspect that the Queen is retarded — honestly — because I don't ever remember seeing the Queen talking, having conversation. She doesn't seem to have any strength to anything. Jim: I'd like to see the finish of the Royal Family — I don't wish any violence on anything but I'd just like to see them dethroned. Williams: I also hate the way everyone glosses over them. Like Diana, she's a pretty girl but she's not beautiful, she wouldn't get in Vogue if she wasn't Diana Spencer and I don't like those less about the Royal Family. It's not a crime to be plain and it's not a crime to say so. Jim: I get depressed when people go on about the Royals. You kind of lose faith in people's intelligence. It's like the Falklands. Williams: They're a disease really, the same way religion's a disease.



To-Cut-Out to Keep Department Presents: THE ROYAL FAMILY?

Photo: Andrew Eccles

▲ Prince Charles and Princess Anne in Charles' fourth birthday



▲ **MICK JONES** (Big Audio Dynamo)
I'm afraid I'm all for them. I'm interested in history and they are part of history. The Royal Wedding is rubbish though. The Americans sell us Dallas and Dynasty. The Royal Wedding is our exportable thing.



▲ **THE DOCTOR** (Dr & The Medlocks)
No. (Adopts a cockney accent) Gawd bless 'em gurl! I don't think there's anything wrong with it - people always say 'what about the money?' but let's face it, they're not that expensive compared to other ridiculous things we spend money on in this country. I like reading about them! All tary stories - marvellous. If it wasn't for them running the country we'd only have someone like President Pasagan. Yeah - Gawd love 'em an' bless 'em! Anyway, I can't be horrible about the Royal Family because if I'm nice about them they might let my parents out of the dungeons soon.

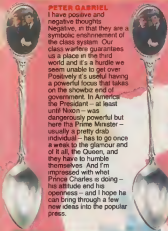
NICK RHODES
What do I think of the Royal Family? Charming.



▲ **GARY NUMAN** ▶
I'm literally in labour of the Royal Family - for the prestige they bring the country and the amount they do for the country. People who want to get rid of the Royal Family should be shot, traitorous scum! I'll be watching the Royal Wedding - I watched the last one all day. The whole tradition and the pomp is flamboyant and symbolises everything I'm proud of. The money that they get, isn't that much; they can have as many nissas as they like as far as I'm concerned.



▲ **PRINCESS**
I like Anne (she's my mother at school) and I'm quite positive about them but I won't be particularly excited about the Royal Wedding. I've never thought about being a princess myself because I love it a real princess anyway.



▲ **PETER GABRIEL**
I have positive and negative thoughts. Negative, in that they are a symbolic endorsement of the class system. Our class warfare guarantees us a place in the third world and it's a burden we seem unable to get over. Positively it's useful having a powerful locus that takes on the showbiz end of government. In America the President - at least until Nixon - was dangerously powerful but here the Prime Minister - usually a pretty drab individual - has to go once a week to the glamour and of it all, the Queen, and they have to humble themselves. And I'm impressed with what Prince Charles is doing - his attitude and his openness - and I hope he can bring through a few new ideas into the popular press.



Photo: Alan
▲ **MALCOLM** ▶ It's a nice way to watch young people with a gun for anything.

▲ **FALCO**
Please don't ask me - we've got our own problems here in Austria. Everyone keeps asking me 'did you vote Mr Waldheim too?' (Despite persistent rumours that he was a Nazi in the war, Kurt Waldheim has just been elected President of Austria.) I always say that's not my thing because Mr Waldheim never broke any rock charts so let's talk different things.



▲ **OMD**
Paul Northrup: I'm not a Royalist by any means. Let's just say that the wedding? I'll be taking it of course. To burn.

Andy McCluskey: I'd be quite happy to see them all an' extra - they should all get married to American divorcees. Actually - nice Pam! Nuke the Royal Family! Actually, I can't say that I hate them - I just think they're completely unnecessary. I find it sad that people can derive so much interest from them - I think it says a lot about the one-dimensionalness of some people's lives. That extends to soap operas too - I find it sad that people have to watch Crossroads and Coronation Street and Emmerdale Farm - those people must have such boring lives that they have to fill it up with some other make believe ones.

▲ **MARK KING**
I like them but I don't like them. I like them because they're a symbol of a country but I don't like them because I like the idea of a monarchy. I don't want to be a monarch and with a monarch - I prefer her in a white dress and a tiara like that. It's particularly British.



▲ **JARVIS**
Jarvis: My last favourite member of the Royal Family has to be Prince Diane. **Jarvis**: You don't like her? **Jarvis**: No, she's a pain in the neck. And who's that other one. **Princess Anne's husband**? Mark: In my - he seems a bit of a stick in the mud. **Jarvis**: I like him. I like Princess Anne as well - she's my favourite member. My least favourite must be the corgis because I hate animals.



ative Survey)



JANET JACKSON

I don't talk about politics. Princess Diana? Oh, Lady Diana is real beautiful. The Queen is a nice lady. I think



A MORRISSEY

The writers and designers of Spitting Image should be unmercifully sued for making the Royal Family seem generally more attractive and intelligent than they actually are

► DR ROBERT (Blew Monday)

That's something I'm in full agreement with Morrissey over. I think the Royal Family are taking the piss. They're undeniably privileged, worthless, idle, trivial, antiquated. I look at them with a certain amount of horror – they're taking the piss out of society. And society's funding that. That could only happen in Britain because there's never been a revolution in this country, a massive movement of underprivileged people getting together and doing something about it. That's why here we are in 1986 and we've still got the Royals living on their £180,000 a year – and that's only the Duke of Wexat.



PHOTO: LPT

◀ SPANDAU BALLET

Gary Kemp: It's a very dated and patronising part of British society and I do think that less money should be spent on such traditions, but I don't think there's much chance of getting rid of them. On the other hand, I think it's very good what Charles is doing, connecting himself with young people through charities like the Prince's Trust. I hate Andrew, he's an absolute wanker, but I do like Charles; he's quite a spritful person and I think he'll make a much better King than she has made a Queen. In principle the whole thing is ridiculous, a figurehead that lives in splendour end is paid a fortune – that stinks.

Tony Hadley: Gal, that's bollocks. You know it's a lot more involved than that...



▲ Tony Hadley

▼ Gary Kemp



STATUS QUO

Rick Parfitt: I've always been a Royalist – I like the Queen and I think she does a great job. I don't think for a minute it's an easy job – being in the public eye to our extent is difficult, so what they must have to go through. And having met Charles and Di – Charles is a bit of a mess – on layman's terms he's a smashing bloke. He's cu-ed up on about just about everything. In fact I've got nothing but praise for all of them. Except Mark Phillips – I'm not mad about him.

Francis Rossi: The Queen has to do so much. They send her off to Umbungo land and they dump something in front of her and she thinks 'I've got to eat this'. They're the hardest working band in the world.

Rick: The wedding? I'm really looking forward to it.

Francis: I (whispers) Can't stand weddings and funerals...



◀ OZZIE OSBOURNE

I suppose what you're really trying to ask me is if I've ever bitten off one of Prince Charles's ears, right? Ha ha. No, not yet, but I'm working on it... He's into Status Quo, innit?

► THE MARRIAGE

Margaret Thatcher:

Well, we've said things in the past like they should be set on fire and cut up into little pieces but we're fed up not being taken seriously so this is our official statement on the subject. Whilst there are waiting lists on the NHS, people without jobs, people permanently on low wages and people suffering directly from imperialism, we find it, as socialists, impossibly hypocritical to support a group of people who pay no bills, who wait in no queues and who, apparently, live lives of privilege in direct contrast to ordinary members of society. And that's a Sill, though if Buckingham Palace was set on fire there wouldn't be very many tears shed on our part...



PHOTO: PAUL HENN

CLAUDE UNDER

I think they are very good

WEDDING

Sammy: Well, one doesn't like to put down the Royal Family but I'm sure Andy could have done better than that. It is interesting to see if Fergie can get the measurements down in time for the wedding. Otherwise there isn't going to be much room for Andy at the altar.



A FIVE STAR

I couldn't I don't see what they're doing actually but I think they're right. What do I think of the Royal Wedding and all that? It's alright but when I get married it's going to be bigger than that. Honestly I'm going to make sure it's everywhere because we're going to be very famous. That's what I like, being famous, and when I get married it's going to be in every paper.

Paul: It's nice to have someone important – when the queen is on TV a load of people tune to watch it and are happy to see her. The wedding is just like Charles and Di's – I think it's nice. I can't say I wouldn't like to be Prince Andrew but then I can't say I would. Charles I think it's a good thing – it gives the population something to look forward to end respect. Especially for children to grow up and have a King I never think

of making a big fuss out of things like the Royal Wedding but as soon as it comes on the TV I'm really excited. It's a bit boring how they drag it on for weeks though. Would I like to marry a prince? No, I wouldn't I don't think – I was just talking about that last night to Denise actually – maybe. If he was the right kind of a person. If he was one of those foreign ones with loads of other wives I'd be disappointed.

Sam: It's good to look up to someone – to see the way they dress and keep the old traditions running. I got quite excited about the last Royal Wedding. I'm not sure about this one. I'm very fashion conscious though and I'm looking forward to seeing this dress. **Denise:** It's OK. Would I like to marry Prince? No. Oh, a prince? No – they're (whispers) ugly.

◀ PET SHOP BOYS

You can't ask us that! We should do away with the Royal Family. They should be publicly executed. Homosexuality, of course.

Neil Tennant: I think they represent everything that is wrong with Britain. They sit on top of the whole pile of class consciousness, snobbery, supposed "tradition" that really holds Britain back. I really think they're a very bad influence on British life. Their Christmas broadcasts are now like soap operas where you see them behind the scenes at weddings and things being a bit "super". I think they foster publicity because they've obviously decided that's how they're going to carry on the role of the monarchy.



WAGN'S FIZZ

Cheryl Baker: We won't do a word said against The Royals we will name it Wag'n'ganz!

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● **Hi, my name is Emme and I'm 13 years old and I would like to correspond with anyone in America who is in love with Culture Club and Fava Star.** Dancing and gymnastics are my hobbies so if you're aged 13-15 please write to: Emme Thomas, 110 Yarnfield Road, Tyseley, Birmingham, B11 3PJ.

● **My name is Darran Daurby and I'm 14 years old.** I would like to write to anyone of about 14 plus who likes all pop music but especially Madonna, A-Ha and Wham! My other interests are badminton and swimming. If you're interested please write to me at: 4 Merca Avenue, Higher Grimspeall, Manchester, M6 6LE.

● **Hi, we are two 16 year old lamas and we are willing to write to anyone, anywhere anytime.** We're into Whitney Houston, Spandau Ballet, Madonna and Paul Young. Please write to: Luce and Phil, 70 Cowbury Road, Luton, Bedfordshire, LU3 2HH.

● **Hi, I am a 16 year old male who is bored.** I am interested in writing to anyone, so if you write music, fashion (weird) and parties, write to me: Brendan Sheridan, 156 Cappaghmore, Clontarf, Dublin 22, Ireland.

● **Hi, I am a girl of 11 looking for a boy or girl aged 11-13 who likes A-Ha.** If this sounds like you then please write to: Angie, 119 Highfield Road, Burnwood, Stots, W57 9QA.

● **We're two young man aged 18 and 19 into U2, Dapcha Mode and David Bowie.** If you're female aged between 17 and 21 write to: Steve and Marco, 8 Holland Street, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham, West Midlands, B72 1WR.

● **21 year old lamaa seeks male/female pals living in The United States or Italy.** My interests and hobbies are traveling, art, reading and music. Please write to: Missie Bogard, Boys 'U' Tinsompt 10, 10 55 JA Amsterdam, Holland.

● **Hi, I'm a 14 year old boy living in Hong Kong who wants penpals from Great Britain interested in A-Ha, Paul Young, Julian Lennon, Sheila E, Whitney Houston, Cyndi Lauper and chart music.** Please write to: Eric Chow, Flat 7, 1/F, Block 2, Housing Dept. Staff Quarters, Junk Bay Road, Kwan Jong, Kowloon, Hong Kong.

● **Hi, my name is Peul Kalleher and I'm 13.** I'm into Queen, Ore Strats, Frankie Goes To Hollywood and Bronco Beat. If you're interested why not write to me at: Mount Mussy, Macroom, Co. Cork, Ireland.

● **Hi I'm an 18 year old male living in India who wants female penpals interested in Wham! A-Ha, UB40, Duran Duran and Phil Collins.** Please write to: Shouk Kazer, Lus Belle 2nd Floor, flat 202, 109 Road, Banera, Bembey - 400500.

● **Hi, I'm Beth, I'm going on 15 and I want to write to any crazy lads and lassies from anywhere in this wee world.** I'm crazy about Ore Strats and Arden Queen (y' good-looking 'bella') Please write to: Beth Apocata, Broadlands, Temple Street, Lisnordend Wells, Powys, Wales, LL15 0DP.

● **Hi, I'm a 13 year old girl into A-Ha, Nik Kershaw, Big Country, Fava Star, Go West and Whitney Houston.** I also like writing letters and reading. I'd like a girlfriend from the U.S or Norway. Please write to: Emma Levy, 80 Arlesbury Grove, Gurdram, Dublin 16 Ireland.

● **I am a 13 year old boy into Madonna and Fava Star.** I'm looking for female penpals aged between 12 and 15 years. If you're interested please write to: 66 Wentworth Crescent, Bell's Garden Estate, Peckham, London, SE15 5UG.

● **Hi, my name's Andy and I'm 15.** I'm into Madonna, The Jags, Janet Jackson and lots of other pop music. I would like to correspond with anyone, anywhere in the world aged 14-16. If interested please write to: Andy, 7 Springbank Street, Flat 3/2, Glasgow, G20 7FF, Scotland.

● **Hi, my name is Lynn, and I'd like to write to any males or lamas/aged 13-16 and into Simple Minds, U2 and Bruce Springsteen.** No heavy metal fans please. Write to me now: Lynn Stephen, 21 Woodlands Avenue, Fern, Fortar, Angus, Scotland, DD3 3RD.

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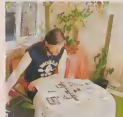
▲ Lemmy "lazes" on the patio (very posh!) Is this the ugliest man in pop? (Yes – Several readers)



▲ Pete has a spot of breakfast – mussels and lashings of Flora margarine (yum!) – in the "garden" Can you spot the scorchered weeds, weeds? (No – Several readers)



▲ Pete has a spot more breakfast – tinned peeps and lashings of Flora margarine (yum!) – in the "garden" shed. Can you spot the implements of torture, listeners? (Oh shut up – Quite a lot of readers)



▲ Lemmy reads a newspaper in the somewhat "civilised" breakfast room. Very Barbara Cartland

A torture chamber, some decapitated weeds, four ugly blokes and a fridge full of margarine... What else lies behind the portals of the heavy metal abode? Nick Kelly (words) and Paul Rider (photos) investigate...

"Come in."

Motorhead's rather disgusting-looking drummer Pete Gill opens the door of a dingy terraced house in North London, stares out down the scruffy unkempt path and examines the sheepish looking Smash Hits "reporter" in front of him. He sighs and leads me through the dim posh-limed hallway and out onto a small "patio" (very posh) where three bodies are lazing in the early afternoon sun. Motorhead's two guitarists, the rather disgusting-looking Phil "Taffy" Campbell and the rather disgusting-looking Wurzel, and of course their singer Lemmy, who is probably the most disgusting-looking and downright ugly man in the whole of pop music. If they look slightly surprised to see a "reporter" strolling around, then there's a very good reason for it. After years of pounding out the loudest, gruncheiest, most basic and most raucous records ever – things like "Ace Of Spades", "Beer Drinkers And Hell Raisers" and "Killed By Death" – Motorhead have just had a couple of years out of the limelight which they did very boring things like squabble with record companies and each other.

But now they're back – back! – loud, scrunchy, raucous and disgusting as ever with a very noisy single, "Death Forever". And so, naturally enough, Smash Hits has decided to pop in on a visit to chez Motorhead (where Lemmy and Wurzel live all the time and the other two live during the week) to, um, see how the typical pop megastar lives these days. Starting with the so-called "garden". Except that it's not really much of a garden at all, just a huge six foot barrier of angry-looking weeds. Lemmy, who obviously rather resents having his "breakfast" (a large bourbon and coke) interrupted, grudgingly admits that it are the green rings responsible for the "landscape". He points proudly at four or five weeds which have clearly been recently decapitated.

"I cleared that with some scissors," he boasts, clearly aiming to impress.

"That," pipes Wurzel, continuing the tour by pointing at the small shed just visible several yards away through the jungle. "Is the torture chamber. The kids next door play in there sometimes." He screws up his face into an evil grimace. "We practise on them."

Um, yes, well that's quite enough of the torture, thank you. How about the kitchen? The escorts me into a large room

strewn with cutlery, beer cans, staple guns ("for people who give us bad singles reviews") and broken washing machines.

"A friend of ours used to take care of the house for us, but I don't know where he's gone," says Phil, shaking his head sadly. "He's disappeared for the last couple of weeks." However, the "friend" did leave a useful list of "fridge commandments" ("Respect Your Shelf", "Be Good To Your Shelf", etc.) on the side of the fridge.

"As you can see, we've got a shelf apiece," explains Phil, opening the door to reveal a sparse interior – just Flora (margarine for real! not ham ham), tinned peeps, humous and barley water. Not a dead bat in sight. How disappointing! Next we "retire" to the living room where "giry" mags and books about Nazi Germany are strewn all over the coffee table, a squadron of model warplanes hangs from the ceiling, and the walls are a patchwork of posters, cartoon strips and rubber face masks. One side is almost entirely given over to horrible Samantha "Sam" Fox "Page 3" pics. *Blotting...*

"That wall's mostly created by Lemmy," Phil tells me, "during his 'horny period.' How lovely." Sam's a personal friend.

"That's why I stink her up." He points to one cutting. "There's one of us together, at a spaghetti-eating contest."

Apparently he's even a fan of her so-called "singing".

"It's very good," he says, "better than anybody thought it'd be. It really pissed a lot of people off that she was good, all those people that insisted on categorising Sam as a brainless pair of tits. I love it that she made it in singing."

Lemmy's also responsible for the meticulously painted models (Avfix models, that is) which dangle round everybody's heads.

"They take three days," he explains enthusiastically. "It depends how keen I am on doing it. When I was a kid, I never used to paint them at all, I just stuck them together and put the transfers on them. But when you get older, you get much more into doing them properly."

Coc-ee! This isn't what you'd expect at all. Do Motorhead really sit round sticking on fiddly wing-pieces on Avfix planes and eating Flora? No outrageous parties? Apparently not. "I don't have parties," Lemmy says firmly. "I've been to Art no more parties to want to throw any."

The next room is the small, civilised "Barbara Cartland" breakfast room, with its potted plants, miniature Venus de Milo (famous statue with one arm missing) and sensible furniture. This must be where Motorhead sit to, read the morning papers and think "beautiful thoughts", right? They nod, though Phil points out that "when you say they're the morning papers, in fact they don't get read till about three in the afternoon here." Which presumably means that they spend all morning upstairs snuggled under the duvet in their "heavy rock" bedrooms. Pete leads the way.

"This is Wur's room," he says, showing me into a veritable museum of trivia. "He collects memorabilia – anything – he's a craziologist. Hotel writing paper, matches, hats..." And what apparently may be the world's largest collection of backstage passes. Fascinating, eh?

But then Wurzel does have some strange obsessions – like sending postcards. "I send them to all sorts of people," he reveals. "It's nice to get postcards, y'know? People are always saying 'I send you a postcard' and then they never do. But I always do."

Aaah. What a nice boy.

Phil's room is just like a hotel room and Pete's has – gasp! – a well-made bed, neatly folded clothes and not so much as a glimpse of leather or a whiff of decadence.

"You see, I'm a civilised man," he says apologetically. "I just play great heavy metal drums and I write great heavy metal songs. After that, I'm not bothered what I look like or what I do. I think you'll find a lot of that stuff about heavy metal musicians is just myth."

Are you quite sure about this? Well, I did once smash up the premier dressing room of the Hammersmith Odeon, "he whips confidently, "I ripped every snk out of the wall. I broke every stick of furniture, and I threw it all through the window."

Now, that's more like it... but never again. It cost me too much money. They had to completely re-do it. Actually, the room's very nice now. We used it the last time we played there.

And now, at last, it is time to inspect Lemmy's bedroom. But wait! What is this? He won't let us in?!? Why ever not? What is he hiding in there? Samantha Fox? Barbara Cartland? A gaggle of aviators left over from the Second World War? Four guinea pigs as good as mine, readers... For, sadly, we shall never know.

MOTORHEAD!!!



A Phil displays the fridge commercials.
No 3 "She's awareness is the key" Very
coarse.



B Wurzel demonstrates how not to do the
washing up e.g. with a colander on one's head,
which is quite stupid, and a cigarette in one's
mouth, which means she will die of lung cancer
in a jiffy.



C Lettrey exhibits ten million snaps of a
hered! Je g. Ma Samantha Fox! What a perv,
eh?



A Lemmy exhibits his meticulously painted
squadron of Arts aeroplanes. Very, um,
vintage.



B E A C H H I T B L O N D E .
FOR THOSE T LAZY HAZY
CRAZY DAYS OF SUMMER.
IT LIGHTENS THE YOUR HAIR
WITH OR THE WITHOUT
THE SUN. IT'S A NATURAL
FOR EVERY B SHADE OF
B L O N D E B E OR LIGHT
BROWN HAIR A C H AND WON'T
F F F F A D E A W A Y .



ONE OR TWO THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT. . .

THE SMITHS

Whenever I read an interview with Morrissey [swoon swoon] he starts "blithering" on about his hero Oscar Wilde. I know that Oscar Wilde was some famous writer thousands of years ago, but that's all I know. Can you supply me with further "info", please? The Only Smiths Fan In Basingstoke, Berks.

● Absolutely. Oscar Wilde – Fingal O'Fisheries Wills Wilde, to give him his entirely correct name – was born in Dublin in 1854, and, within moments, was dazzling London literary society with his poems (*Poems*, 1881), fiction (*The Picture of Dorian Gray*, 1891), social comedy plays (*Lady Windermere's Fan*, 1892; *A Woman Of No Importance*, 1893; *An Ideal Husband*, 1895; *The Importance Of Being Earnest*, 1895) and "wit" (example: when he went to America, he told customs officials "I have nothing to declare except



▲ Oscar Wilde in his prime

my genius". . . haw haw). Wilde was a leading figure of the British literary and artistic movement, the Aesthetic Movement – slogan "Art For Art's Sake" – along with the illustrator Aubrey Beardsley (quite rude, actually). But in 1895, Oscar was ruined when his rather, erm "friendly" relationship with a younger man, Lord Alfred Douglas, led to a two year prison sentence for homosexuality. On his release he lived in exile in France, where he wrote his last and best-known poem, *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*. He had a wife but she wasn't very pleased when he went to chokey and he died all alone near Paris in 1900. It's all very sad. . .

Morrissey was introduced to Wilde's work by his (Morrissey's) mother, an assant librarian, when he was 8 and has spoken of how, as he "blundered through" his late teens, Oscar Wilde was his companion – "if that sounds pitiful, that was the way it was. I rarely left the house. I had no social life."

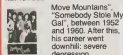
Later, when he formed The Smiths, Morrissey took to stuffing bunches of gladioli in his back pocket – a habit that was inspired by Wilde's love for the very same flowers (Wilde once began a speech to some restless, uncouth American miners with: "let me tell you why we worship the daffodil"). Two years ago Morrissey admitted that "as I get older the adoration increases. I'm never without him. It's almost Biblical. . ."

Why does Morrissey sometimes wear a hearing aid in his ear? Is he really a herd of hearing or is it just a "fashion" accessory like the flowers he used to have in his trousers?

James Kettle, *Rotherwick Hants*.
 ● Morrissey is not remotely deaf, we are glad to say. The hearing aid is merely an "affectation" and was originally "inspired" by one of Morrissey's lesser heroes, Johnnie Ray, who was an immensely famous pop star of the 1950s and the first singer ever to have teenagers screaming at him (apart from Frank Sinatra who doesn't count because he had to pay girls to scream). Johnnie Ray was deaf – in the right ear, quite severely – hence the hearing aid. But this did not prevent him from having a "string" of very big hits ("Faith Can



▲ Morrissey as he appears in his 1961 book, *New York Dolls*



worsening hearing and age (he was born in 1927), all contributed to his disappearance from the pop stage. It's all very sad.

By the way, it isn't quite fair to say that Morrissey's hearing aid is "merely an affectation", because after he started wearing it, he found that it actually helped his singing –

for when guitars and drums are bashing about all over the shop, you can hear your own voice much better if you block up one of your own ears. Folk singers do this with their fingers all the time. Fancy that!

One of my friends told me that Morrissey once wrote a book. I expect my friend is lying [she does quite a lot of that] but if not, can you please tell me what the book is about and where I might get hold of a copy? Shakespeare's Niece, *Shelfield*.

● For once, your friend is not lying. Morrissey has actually written two books, one about his heroes The New York Dolls (trashy US group of the '70s who used to wear lots of lipstick and leeler about on high heels a la S. "S". Sputnik), the other about James Dean



▲ Morrissey trying to look marvellous in his 1983 book on James Dean



(mumbling US "method" actor of the '50s who died in 1955 at the age of 24 when his Porsche crashed and who "reappeared" on the sleeve of The Smiths recent "Bighorn Strikes Again" single). The first book is called *New York Dolls* by Steven Morrissey and was published by Babylon Books in 1981. In fact, Morrissey only wrote a bit of it – it consists mainly of old articles about the group reprinted from various "rock" publications. Morrissey isn't a very good speller ("Manhattan", "forgotton") – but the writing style is really quite "sharp". . . "They were downed out highschool toughs posing as bisexual psychopaths. They were this, they were that. Their music was unflinching gall-fused garbage. . ." As a footnote inside the back cover Morrissey explains he discovered the New York Dolls while watching *The Old Grey Whistle Test* in 1973: "I was thirteen and it was my first reel



▲ The Smiths (L-R): Mike Joyce, Morrissey, Johnny Marr, Craig Garran, Andy Rourke

emotional experience. The next day I was twenty nine. Being devoted to the Dolls ruined my education. I was thrown off the track and football teams at school for turning up to games in desperately self-designed Dolis t-shirts. The teachers were very worried and expected me to turn up for Maths in drag. . ." And he dedicates the book to one James Maker "who lives it! – spookily enough James Maker was later to



▲ '50s pop star Johnnie Ray shows off his hearing aid

dance onstage at early Smiths performances and now sings in the rather good band Raymonde who – gasp! – sound rather like The Smiths.

James Dean & Dead was published, also by Babylon Books, in 1983, by which time Morrissey had dropped his Christian name completely. In a vivid, but surprisingly straightforward manner it tells the story of the young actor who made just three films (*East Of Eden*, *Rebel Without A Cause* and *Giant*) before his death, and reveals the true oddity of the Dean "legend", from his traumatic childhood and schizophrenic sexual behaviour, to the times after his death when fans would pay to view the wreckage of the fatal crash (25 cents to see it, 50 cents to sit behind the wheel and 50 cents to touch the bloodstained steering wheel). Charming.

As for where you can get hold of the books – well, that's a bit tricky as they've been out of print for ages, though scouring the second-hand and "remainder" stores might, as they say, "yield" fruit.

Could you tell us all the records The Smiths have made?

Bobbi & Shona, Churchill, *Worce*. ● Here we have. . . the complete works of The Smiths. . .



SINGLES

The
Smiths

Hand in Glove (London: Devil) (Vinyl 7" - released May 03 - reissued No. 75)



Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now (Suffo Little Children 7" - released May 04 - reissued No. 32)
Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now (Capitol/Island: Little Children 12" - reissued May 04)



That Joke Isn't Funny Anymore (Mud & Mole: Devil 7" - reissued July 85 - reissued No. 49)
That Joke Isn't Funny Anymore (Epic: Devil: Stretch Out And Wait (Vinyl) (Shakespeare's Sister Press) (Mud & Mole: Devil 12" - reissued July 85)



This Charming Man (New York: reissued Sep. 83 - reissued No. 23)
This Charming Man (London: This Charming Man (London) (Asylum: Wonderland: No. 52)
This Charming Man (New York: reissued) (The Charming Man (Unshredded) 12" (Some sleeve-boat had sticker attached))



William It Was Really Nothing (Fiction: Fiction: Please Let Me Get What I Want 7" - reissued Aug. 88 - reissued No. 17)
William It Was Really Nothing (New York: Let Me Get What I Want 12" - reissued Aug. 88)



The Boy With The Thorn In His Side (London: 7" - reissued Sep. 85 - reissued No. 27)
The Boy With The Thorn In His Side (Rubber Ring: Reissue 12" - reissued Sep. 85)



What Difference Does It Make? (Back To The Old House: The Rough: Laba Tote 12" (original sleeve featuring actor Terence Stamp))



How Soon Is Now? (rebut version) (Well: I Wonder 7" - reissued May 88 - reissued No. 24)
How Soon Is Now? (Well: I Wonder: Occidate: Wildly 12" - reissued May 88)



Panda VCIA In A Taxi 7" - reissued July 85
Panda VCIA In A Taxi (The Dease: 12" - reissued July 85)



What Difference Does It Make? (Back To The Old House 7" - reissued Jan. 84 - reissued No. 12)
What Difference Does It Make? 12" (same as other cut with new sleeve with Moby-Dick "releasing" (revised sleeve is cover after Stamp had observed to the use of his photo))



Shakespeare's Sister (Vinyl: Sals 7" - reissued March 85 - reissued No. 27)
Shakespeare's Sister (Vinyl: Sals: Stretch Out And Wait 12" - reissued March 85)



Bigmouth Strikes Again (Money Changes Everything, reissued May 86 - reissued No. 28)
Bigmouth Strikes Again (Money Changes Everything) (London: 12" - reissued May 86)

ALBUMS



- The Smiths: Real Around The Fountain** (You've Got Everything Now: Mescalero: Little Child: The Hand That Rocks The Cradle: Sid In Glove: What Difference Does It Make? I Don't Care You Anything: Suffer Little Child) - reissued Feb. 84
- Meat and Drink** (Mescalero: I Wish I Wasn't Nobody: What Difference Does It Make? These Things Take Time: The Charming Man: How Soon Is Now? (reissued) Devil/God In Glove? (Vinyl) Shakespeare Knows I'm Miserable Now: This Night Has Claimed Me: Eyes You've Got Everything Now: Knees! (reissued) Mescalero: To The Old House: Live Around The Fountain: Please Please Let Me Get What I Want) - reissued Nov. 84
- Head in Mind** (The Headmaster Ritual/Rainbow: Ruffalo! Wait The One I Can't Have/What She Said/That John Isn't Funny Anymore: Mescalero: Faithful/ Wonder: Satanism Begins At Home/Well Is Murder) - reissued Feb. 85
- The Queen Is Dead** (The Queen Is Dead/Trains) In Sherry's Room It's Over/Never Had No One Ever/Gammy Gears/Bigger Than You: The Boy With The Thorn In His Side/Vinyl In A Taxi/There Is A Light That Never Goes Out/Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others) - reissued June 85

WEIRD THINGS

As with any group, there's a surfeit of confusing foreign releases, DJ-only records and other "bizarras" oddities which come in different sleeves, are usually almost impossible to get hold of and cost one spoillion pounds if you do. None of these, however (apart from the Sandle Shaw "disc" which you can still buy) have any music on which you can't find on the normal British releases.



Barbarian Begins At Home (Edi) (Edi: Barbarian Begins At Home 12" - Cd version)



Sandle Shaw (The Fountain/Please Please Please Let Me Get What I Want 12" - German)



Barbarian Begins At Home (Savoy: Savoy: A Sander Stretch Out And Wait 12" - German)



You've Got Everything Now (S&W 7" - UK only)



The Headmaster Ritual (Western: Fast (Vinyl) Stretch Out And Wait (Vinyl) (Shakespeare's Sister Press) (Mud & Mole: Devil 12" - Dutch)



How Soon Is Now? (Fiction: Please Please Let Me Get What I Want 7" - Dutch)



The Headmaster Ritual (Occidate: Wildly 7" - Dutch)



Sandle Shaw (Don't Care You Anything?/Hand in Glove) (Don't Care You Anything/Leave 12" - all the songs are Smiths songs and The Smiths are the backing band)



How Soon Is Now? (Edi 12" - Antwerp)



(Same as other cut)

SEND OUT
SHOCKWAVES.



Use Shockwaves Wet Gel for a glossy hold that looks wet but isn't.
Or get creative with the phenomenal lift and hold of Super Firm Gel.

WELLA

WHATEVER NEXT?



chris de burgh

the lady in red

I've never seen you looking
So lovely as you did tonight
I've never seen you shine so bright
I've never seen so many men
Ask you if you wanted to dance
They're looking for a little romance
Given half a chance
And I have never seen
That dress you're wearing
Or the highlights in your hair
That catch your eyes
I have been blind

You were amazing
I've never seen so many people
Want to be there by your side
And when you turned to me
And smiled
It took my breath away
I have never had such a feeling
Such a feeling of complete
And after love
As I do tonight

Repeat chorus

Chorus
Is dancing with me cheek to cheek
There's nobody here
It's just you and me
It's where I wanna be
But I hardly know
This beauty by my side
I'll never forget
The way you look tonight

I never will forget
The way you look tonight
The lady in red
My lady in red
My lady in red
My lady in red
I love you

Words and music by
Chris De Burgh
Reproduced by permission
Rondor Music (London) Ltd
On A&M Records

I've never seen you looking
So gorgeous as you did tonight
I've never seen you shine so bright

rod stewart



every beat of my heart

Through these misty eyes
I see lonely skies
Lonely road to Babylon
Where's my family
And my country
Heaven knows where I belong

How I miss you now
In my darkest hour
And the way our arms entwined

Repeat chorus

Pack my bags tonight
Here's one Jacobite
Who must leave or surely die
Put me on a train
In the pouring rain
Say farewell but don't say goodbye

And we'll drink a toast
To the blood red rose
Cheer a while the Emerald Isle
And to the Northern Lights
And the swirling pipes
How they make a grown man cry

Repeat chorus

Chorus
Seagull carry me over land and sea
To my own folk
That's where I wanna be
Every beat of my heart
Tears me further apart
I'm lost and alone in the dark
I'm going home

Every beat of my heart
Tears me further apart
I'm lost and alone in the dark
I'm going home
I'm going home

Words and music by
Rod Stewart/K. Saviger
Reproduced by permission Cardinal
Music Ltd (Carlin)/Island Music Ltd
On Warner Brothers Records

One more glass of wine
Just for Auld Lang Syne
And the girl I left behind

SOME CANDY



TALKING E.P.

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

LIMITED EDITION DOUBLE PACK SINGLE INCLUDES ACOUSTIC JOHN PEEL SESSION

A BLANCO Y NEGRO RECORDING DISTRIBUTED BY WBB RECORDS LTD © A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY

REVIEW SINGLES

REVIEWED BY SAMANTHA FOX

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

PRINCE: Anotherloverholeinyohead (Paisley Park)

I've always been a great fan of Prince's and I used to buy all his early stuff, which wasn't a hit. Some of it was really rude! My mum used to have a stall in Holloway Road in the flea market and she used to sell second-hand stuff and the stall next door used to have second-hand records and tapes and I got them there. One of them had "Little Red Corvette" on and the other had this song where he drives a girl to his house and... it was really rude. I really liked it! In this song I like the way he changes the pitch in his voice—probably his trousers are too tight. I didn't see him on that BPI Awards thing but he got bad publicity didn't he? Still, he sells a lot of records and that's all he cares about, isn't it? Actually, he's just so into God, isn't he! I just think all he thinks about is if God likes him. I think God will go out and buy this one.



PAUL McCARTNEY: Press (Parlophone)

I like it. I think he's terrific for his age. He's grey but my Dad's grey and Michael Aspel's grey—and think of all the women who fancy him! I was brought up with the Beatles by my Dad, he's a big fan and likes every record Paul McCartney does. I think this'll be a hit—it's catchy.



THE SMITHS: Panic (Rough Trade)

I'm sorry to say but I find them very depressing. The lead singer's voice sounds like he's in pain—is that Morrissey? It says in the song "hang the DJ"—but where would they be without them? If you don't like DJs, you still like them because they play your records and that's what sells records. I don't think they'd like to hang Janice Long or John Peel, would they? I wouldn't play it, though—he can't sing, and it gives me a headache. In all his interviews he's Mister Nasty too and goes moan moan moan.

DR AND THE MEDICS: Burn (IRS)

I like this one. It's very commercial, a great disco

number and another hit. I like "Signs In The Sky," but I preferred the original. They remind me of Wizard (jazz group of the '70s) with all the make-up and stuff. I wouldn't have my hair done like that but I suppose the pop business is to entertain people, isn't it? And when you're watching Top Of The Pops he makes you laugh, don't he? This single is sort of folksy and there's a lot more singing from the two girls—they're very weird aren't they?

ARCADIA: The Flame (Parlophone)

I used to like Duran Duran—my favourite song was "Girls On Film". I didn't have their picture on my wall because I never really did that—the only ones I had were Tina Turner, and when I was 7, I think I may have had David Cassidy. And when I went through the Mod stage, I used to have the Specials and Madness. This song sounds like a Gary Numan record to me really, the effect he has on his voice. It doesn't sound very Simon Le Bon. It's not as good as Duran Duran. My sister, Vanessa, she's 14, and she loves them—she's more interested in them than their music, though.

ARCADIA



SPANDAU BALLET: Fight For Ourselves (CBS)

So obviously Spandoo—I've missed them and I'm glad to see them back. I was on their album cover for "Parade"—me, Patsy Kensit, Sarah Greene... I know them because we're from the same area and I used to go to Anna Scher's theatre and they used to go there too, earlier. It's a brilliant drama school. After that we moved to Crouch Hill so I went to Mount View Theatre—they tried to teach me to speak posh there. This song isn't that good though—it's rockier and with more backing vocals—and I've never been that mad about the music or bought any of their records. They're much better live.

FIVE STAR: Find The Time (RCA)

They've got a great image and they're a beautiful family, like something out of Hollywood. I think her voice is a bit drowned by the production on this song but it's very catchy. It's sort of uptempo but not really, really fast. My sister loves them—she likes their clothes. Steadman makes them? That's brilliant. He should design me something.

SIMPLY RED: Open Up The Red Box (WEA)

Ooo, I think he's really big-headed. I've heard from people and he's tagged my record off—because I was pushing his out of the top of the charts. I'll say one nice thing: I love "Holding Back The Years"; but he compared me to Su Pollard. I love her but I'm finding her like—my neighbour likes Su Pollard

records. On his single the only lyric I can understand is "Open Up The Red Box"—apart from that I can't understand what he's going on about. I got their album but it's very repetitive.

DEON ESTUS: Spell (WEA)

This is very easy listening, another slow one and I like it. Some people will say he's Wham!'s bass player and he's just trying to jump into the bandwagon but so what? It's nothing like Wham! It's more like a mixture between Rose Royce and Earth Wind & Fire.

IT'S IMMATERIAL: Ed's Funky Diner (Siren)

It's immaterial? Is that the guy who's got long hair and keeps sweeping it? Well, I don't like this—he sounds like he's trying to sound like George Michael on this. It's very run-of-the-mill.



THE FALL: Living Too Late (Beggars Banquet)

I didn't like this at all—it's really cruddy. And it's got a Duane Eddy guitar bit—and you know, what's it called? Sister Gunn?—ripped off. And he sounds like he's been having yodelling lessons. It seems to me that it's the fashion at the moment to like The Smiths and these sorts of groups, and to me the lyrics are really depressing. I heard one the other while I was in Kensington Market trying on some jeans and it gave me a headache. The Smiths, it was singing "oh my God, I can't get a job, what am I going to do?" As for this song I listened to the first half and I had to turn it off. My mother was in the other room and she shouted "nah, I don't like that one—get it off!"

FALCO: Jeanny (A&M)

It's an obvious follow-up—after two fast ones comes the ballad. It could be romantic but I couldn't understand a word he was saying. Pity it's Austrian, isn't it? I don't like it very much. I thought that "Vienna Calling" should have been Number One.

JULIAN LENNON: Time Will Teach Us All (EMI)

This is really boring. The best bit is when Steve Wonder comes in on backing vocals right near the end but then it finishes. I haven't seen the musical Time, but if this is the sort of stuff what's in it, I don't think I'll be going.

BRYAN ADAMS: Straight From The Heart (A&M)

Bonnie Tyler recorded this as well and this version isn't as rocky. But I like Bryan Adams and the b-side ("Fitz Ya Good") is brilliant. He was recording in the same studio as us a few months ago and no-one would tell me because they know I like him and they thought I'd go and disturb him. I'd have wanted to listen to his album and ask him if he really was going out with Tina Turner. I don't fancy him though—he's not my cup of tea, looking-wise.

NU SHOOTS: Point Of No Return (Atlantic)

She's got a lovely voice, just like velvet. This track's unusual. I think it'll grow on me. It's not as good as the last one though. I like their success story—that they've been struggling for years and the two of them are married. It's romantic, innit? The way they can mix business and pleasure. I've always been told not to.

DEE C. LEE: Hey What'd Ya Say (CBS)

It's one of those late night records, cheek-to-cheek—who need say any more? It's very romantic. I haven't liked any of her other records and I don't like The Style Council—they're too political for me. She's like that too, isn't she! I just think there's enough politics on the news and in the newspapers without singing about it. To me, singing's having fun and dancing and being happy. It's entertainment.



Love
Samantha Fox



VARIOUS: Sid And Nancy (Love Kills) (MCA) Here we go again, sliding down the history slopes of rock's lost bin-liner, this time stopping for a squirt at the tragic tale of Sex Pistol Sid Vicious and his girlfriend Nancy Spungen – both dead, through drugs and murder “respectively”. This is the soundtrack to the film of that tale and it stars such folk as Joe Strummer (proving he can still write a decent rock tune). The Pogues (proving they can write a decent love song) and a lot of unknowns (proving that they’ve no talent whatsoever) with their clichéd punk rock howling and boring dirges). Perhaps it’s because of the nature of the film that this LP is depressing, but it’s still no excuse for a vast amount of very uninspired music. **(3 out of 10)**

Sylvia Patterson

COCK ROBIN: Cock Robin (CBS) I suppose Cock Robin's single, “The Promise You Made”, is harmless enough, all sweet losses, twee keyboards and summer fun. But a whole album of their tunes is an entirely different matter. The vocals consist of various combinations of male and female warblings that grate on your nerves as they sing endlessly about love and unsuccessful relationships – hardly enough to break the tedium of the sickly thud-thud-thud of drums and soaring guitars that haunt the whole LP. **(1 out of 10)**

Helen Mead

DIANA ROSS AND THE SUPREMES: 25th Anniversary (Motown) While a lot of '60s music now sounds incredibly dated, the best Motown records (the American soul/pop record label that churned out hits for Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder, The Four Tops, The Temptations etc.) still sound very good indeed. People are still copying them like nobody's business and even Diana Ross herself can only get a hit today by making a record (“Chain Reaction”) that sounds exactly how she used to 25 years ago when she was in the Supremes. This “anniversary” collection gathers together all their big hits, some unreleased songs (surprisingly good), a CoCo Cola commercial (rather ridiculous), an interview (a bit annoying) and a booklet telling their story and showing lots of ludicrous pictures of them dressing up as nuns. A triple album, it will set you back a reasonable £9. **(8 out of 10)**

Chris Heath



MADONNA: True Blue (Sire) “This album,” says Madonna on the inner sleeve, “is dedicated to my husband, the coolest guy in the universe.” Which is all very well, except that, what with spending lots of time swoonin’ n’ spoonin’ with “the coolest man in the universe” and larking about making films, Madonna perhaps didn’t devote quite as much effort to making this record as she should have. It turns out it’s not the “Madonna-Goes-Adult” album you might have expected from “Live To Tell” (the only ballad), but there’s also very little left of the mindless abandon of her best songs like “Holiday” and “Into The Groove”. Instead, Madonna runs through a collection of pleasant, even-paced tunes along the lines of “Papa Don’t Preach” – some of them good (“White Heat”, “Where’s The Party”), some less so (the annoyingly twee Cyndi Lauper rock’n’roll of the title track). Definitely enough to keep her fans in the short term, but I doubt it will do her long term reputation much good at all. (Except with Sean, that is.) **(7½ out of 10)**

Chris Heath



BANANARAMA: True Confessions (London) There is something sooooo heart-warming and touching about Bananarama. Is it the fact that they really can't dance for colles? Is it the fact that they don't dare try to harmonise and so all sing exactly the same notes at the same time all the time? Is it the jackets? Can't quite put my finger on it. Whatever it is, they make “interting” pop – and can even sustain the charm across an entire LP. In fact, it's the hit singles “Venus” (grouped) and “Do Not Disturb” (mildly irritating) that stand out as “not-much-good” here. Elsewhere we find the “Rams” getting moody and “obscure” (“True Confessions”, “In A Perfect World”), drowning in Swain & Jolley's production tricks (“Hooked On Love”) and generally pouting out. Like badly-pasted flock wallpaper, the “Bars” float huskily down, entangling you within their glutinous grip. Undeniably, convincingly listenable. A proper pop album. **(8 out of 10)**

Tam Hóbert

SAMANTHA FOX: Touch Me (Ivive) Here she is – the perv's response to Bonnie Tyler – the “raunchy” mix with the scrawly voice and “ripped” jeans – the dumpty cross betwixt Suzi Quatro and Madonna (the enthusiasm of both, the talent of neither). Once our sauciest confidante herself to simulated spooning with David Cassidy on picture discs, but now she has grander ambitions and has made a long player of her very own. The hit singles (“Touch Me (I Want Your Body)” and “Do Ya Do Ya (Warms Please Me)”) were brutally efficient efforts – sub-heavy metal rampages with doses of breathy trillolion – but a whole album! No. The tuneless, discord clank-outs squelch eventually into total forgetability, so yawningly identical are they. Apart, that is, from one ravaged, sprawling blast of high-camp 1970s decadence: “He's Got Sex”. A sultry disco “queen” “Sammy” will never be – but a bawling “hard rock” urchin (yelping not crooning): that's another matter. Pull yer socks up, little lady, why don't'cher? You could be the next Meatloaf. **(5 out of 10)**

Tam Hóbert



PETER MURPHY: Should The World Fall To Fall Apart (Beggars Banquet) Pete Murphy enjoyed a brief burst of fame with Bauhaus, but is probably best remembered for being the poseur with the amazing cheekbones on the Maxell advert. This album is very “gothic” (i.e. lots of spooky noises) and a teeny bit pretentious (arty-farty lyrics, sometimes – gasp! – in French). But despite sounding uncannily like early Simple Minds, and very much influenced by David Bowie, it's really not bad at all. Definitely a “grower”. **(7 out of 10)**

Calette Campbell



ERASURE: Wonderland (Mute) The great thing about Yazoo was the chalk'n'cheese contrast between Vince Clarke's simple, bippy synthesiser tunes and Alan Moyet's arresting, emotional voice. Andy Irel (Vince's latest partner, who sounds not unlike Alf) simply doesn't have that same urgency, with the result that – apart from the brilliant Eurythmics-like "Who Needs Love Like That?" (which should have been a HUGE hit) – the pleasantly poppy songs hit all the right notes but lack that vital cutting edge of excitement. Nonetheless, good songs and a definite "grower". **(7½ out of 10)**

Jon Cramo

HAYWOOD: Arrival (CBS) Haywood (or Sid, to give her her full title) seems bound to become quite a successful soul (hah not-very-haw). Her songs do sound rather a lot like Princess, though, from the sick 'n' glossy production to the energetic, dance-style soul; thus it all becomes a mite predictable, the nearest she comes to a "surprise" being a cover of Prince's "I Wanna Be Your Lover". But with the infernally catchy "Roses" jaunting up the charts, she looks set to be around for quite a long time. **(6 out of 10)**

Simon Brothwaite



STEVE WINWOOD: Back In The High Life (Island) Steve Winwood started out as keyboard "whizzkid" with the Spencer Davis Group in the '60s, then "jammed" with psychedelic popsters Traffic and horrible "supergroup" Blind Faith before going solo in the late '70s. Back then he was sometimes quite exciting but this is a collection of cook-as-you-listen songs: ideal American rock background for perfecting paella or getting the rigatoni to separate properly. Only "Higher Love" stands out with its clonky, clippy rhythms (brrr dum burrell) and Chaka Khan "giving it all" on backing vocals. **(3 out of 10)**

Deborah Soppitt

DEE C. LEE: Shrine (CBS) When not being a member of The Style Council, Dee C. Lee has established herself, alongside Princess, as one of the best British soul singers for years. So it's a shame that her first album doesn't follow in the footsteps of the glorious "See The Day". Instead, there's far too much screaming brass, too many speedy tempos and a throw-away Hall and Oates cover version ("She's Gone"). The best songs are the four she composed herself, whose soaring and beautiful melodies show Dee at her peak. **(6 out of 10)**

Helen Meod

IT BITES: The Big Lad In The Windmill (Virgin) This is such a happy, energetic sound, packed with "uplifting" sentiments like "It's a whole new world/it's a brand new day", that you feel they are absolutely determined to enjoy themselves. Now, this may be bearable in (very) small doses but after about 60 seconds worth of It Bites' unbearably jolly cross between Go West and some terrible '70s "pomp" rock group, you just wish they'd put a sock in it. **(2 out of 10)**

Catette Campbell

WHAMI: The Final (Epic) It's a tribute to just how good Wham! were that they can release a double album of greatest hits after a career of just four years, including well over half the songs they ever recorded, and it can still be this brilliant. Andrew may be rather terrible at driving and George may be completely useless at shaving but these songs – all their singles (including George's solo ones), the three new songs from "The Edge Of Heaven" EP and one excellent swoonsome b-side, "Blue (Armed With Love)" – show just how good they were at being pop stars. **(9 out of 10)**

Chris Heath



BOOK



SPANDAU BALLET: The Authorised Story (by John Travis, Sidgwick & Jackson, £6.95)

This is one of the most swizzly pop books ever "written". Not only is it an outrageous £7 for 64 pages (i.e. about the same number as the average copy of Smash Hits) but it's a load of rubbish too. The Spandau Ballet "story" is skimmed through so briefly that you can read it in 20 minutes or so and, strangely enough, most of the interesting "quotes" bear a stunning similarity to ones from old Smash

Hits interviews. As for the pictures, it would have been fascinating to see snaps of the band from the days when they wore kilts and table cloths but, in keeping with the rest of the book, there's just a few half decent new photos and some appalling live ones. Apparently, there is some dispute over whether this really is an "authorised" biography at all – let's hope not.



VIDEO



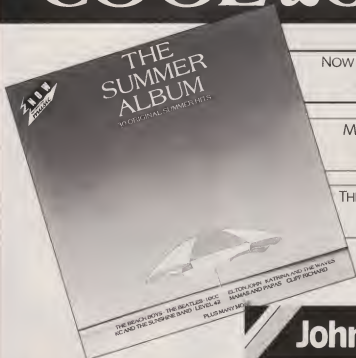
FREDDIE MERCURY: Video EP (PML, £9.99) For

once a video that is better than the records themselves, Freddie Mercury's solo recordings, like the four included here ("I Was Born To Love You", "Made In Heaven", "Living On My Own" and "Time") aren't really any great shakes, but apart from "Time" (when Freddie just sits there and sings rather sedately) these videos are brilliantly and ridiculously over-the-top. On "I Was Born To Love You",

Freddie twirls dementedly around with the top button of his trousers undone, chases round the girl who is supposedly the object of his affections, takes his top off, starts frolicking on a bed – and that's only in the first minute or so. "Made In Heaven" is just as ludicrous and in "Living On My Own", he's "desporting" himself with lots of strange-looking people of various sexes at a party. Except that this time it isn't some ridiculous video set at all – it's actual film of Freddie's 39th birthday party in Munich last October! And the video was considered so "racy" by Freddie's record company that originally they banned it! Hardly surprising, because it gives some idea of what a strange "lad" the man they call Lord Frederick Lucan of Mercury really is! Well!!



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
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- COME ON EILLEN
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- CRAZY FOR YOU
- CRUEL SUMMER
- CRT BOY CAT

★ Don't look right... that's where the answers are...

PUZZLE ANSWERS

PRIZE CROSSWORD

Number 7 (June 18)

● The winner is Gregory Young from Sutton, Surrey who is quite obviously a complete and other genius.

Number 8 (July 2)

● The answers are below. Def-concise - you'll have to wait till next issue to find out if you've won. Patience is, as they say, a "virtue".

ACROSS: 1 Maktoum Mo, 7 and 8 Robert Palmer, 9 and 10 Robert De Niro, 12 (Gy) Who, 13 Duke (Of Hazard), 14 (Absolute Beg) Jimi (Hendrix), 15 'I'll Get It Go For That', 17 Elvis, 19 (Love) West, 21 Brody (White), 23 'Would I Lie To You?', 25 'Vince' Lombardi, 29 'Tutti' (Eclipse Of The Heart), 31 (All Street) Blues, 32 BOB Bird

DOWN: 1 Martin Scorsese, 2 and 16 'I Want To Break Free', 3 Herp, 4 Mame, 5 'On My Own', 6 Art Company, 9 (Gy) Dan, 11 'Hunger' (Or) 'A Strip', 18 'Verano', 20 'Come On Eileen', 22 'The S' (We) (Way), 24 'Shrout' (His, 26 Bob (Hendrix), 27 'True', 28 'Rise', 30 CBS

STAR TEASER



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Special Thanks this issue:

Editorial Ian Connor/Duncan Whyte
 Design Nazim Davies/Steve Joubert

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Ian Connor/Fred Jackson/Scott Downer
 David Keppeler/Martin Dave Rennie

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Circulation

EMAP Frontline, Bushfield House, Orion, Peterborough PE2 0JW

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SUSANNA HOFF'S
THE DAMOLES



PERSONAL FILE

NAME: Susanne Lee Hoff
BORN: 17/1/61
FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: I think it was James Taylor's "Sweet Baby James" - it was either that or Joni Mitchell's "Ladies Of The Canyon". I think I might have bought both of them on the same day.
FIRST CONCERT? Oh yeah, this is a weird story: when I was really young my family was having dinner next door to the Troubadour (interie in L.A. man) and we just happened to walk by and for some reason we just happened to wander in for free and it was Judy Collins ('80s folksass). It was great!

HAVE YOU EVER SPOONED AT A DRIVE-IN "MOVIE"? Spooned? What's that? Kissin' and a-cuddin'? At a drive-in? Um, for some reason we don't go to drive-ins any more. I have in a regular movie theatre - does that count? The film was Das Boot (v. long German film about submarines) - maybe I was bored. It was an empty movie theatre so it was very, er, convenient.

ARE YOU A GOOD SURFER? I've never been on a surfboard - even though I grew up in Southern California somehow I never learnt how to do it. I can bodysurf, though.

ARE YOU UPSET ABOUT WHAM! SPLITTING UP? Not really. We wanted to open the show at their farewell concert but... I think they're a really good group and George is a really good singer and that they have good songs but it's not like when the Beatles broke up.

DOES PRINCE KNOW ANY GOOD JOKES? Know any good jokes? Er, I've never actually heard him tell a joke. Wait a minute... yes, he did tell me a joke once - it was funny, Prince telling an actual joke. I can't remember it though. What's his laugh like? Well, his speaking voice is pretty like his singing voice - the same resonance, timbre and tone so I guess his laugh is just what you'd expect - not really outrageous or hysterical.

WHAT COLOUR IS FRIDAY? Blue because I usually think of Friday night when the sky is dark blue and you're out having a good time...

DO FLOWERS SCREAM WHEN YOU PICK THEM? I don't really know - probably. I don't really feel that great picking flowers, especially as you usually pick them from someone else's lawn and you're killing them. But most experiences I've had with flowers have just been receiving them or looking at them when they're in a vase.

DO YOU THINK HAMBURGERS SCREAM

WHEN YOU EAT THEM? Mmmh, probably. I don't really like eating them very much.
OOES YOUR MOTHER PLAY GOLF? No! She's never been tempted. No-one does - we're just definitely not into golfing in our family. Miniature golfing is a lot of fun though. Does that count? (No - Ed.)

WHAT'S THE MOST HORRIBLE THING YOU'VE EVER FOUND IN SOMETHING YOU'VE EATEN? Probably a bug. I don't remember but I'm sure I've had a bug in a salad.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO A PSYCHIATRIST? Um... yeah, my father's a psychiatrist. That's all I'm going to say.

WHAT WOULD AN IDEAL EVENING BE LIKE? Probably just going with friends and maybe going to see a really incredible movie that changes your life and totally stimulates you and inspires you or maybe going to a great concert or something and making sure that you absolutely didn't have to be up early the next morning and just hang out and have a good time and maybe do something that you didn't think you would normally do and have some kind of adventure that was special or that (Smile! - Ed.)...

WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO GO TO LIVE/POOL WITH: A) JOAN RIVERS; B) FALCO; C) LIONEL RICHIE; D) ANNE FROM AMAZULU? I don't know who Amazulu is - I've never heard of them. Of the other three... er... no. Can you think of someone else? (No - Ed.) I suppose I'd like to go with Joan Rivers - I think she's funny and seems kinda interesting and we could probably have a fun conversation. She'd be a bit nosey but I could be nosey back and find out a lot about her. I don't think Felco's too interesting and we're in very heavy competition with him on the chart and we aren't very big fans of his music. I like the real Amadeus better. Lionel Richie? It would probably be alright but not exactly... antantising. A bit like his records.

HAVE YOU GOT ONE OF THOSE KEYS THAT WHISTLES TO HELP FIND YOUR KEYS? No. I think it's probably a good thing to have but I'm one of the few people I know who never loses their keys. I'm really organised.
IF YOU WERE MARRIED TO FREDIE MERCURY, WOULD YOU LET HIM KEEP THE MOUSTACHE? No. I'm not into that - I like really clean-shaven guys for some reason. I always have and always will.

They have one more lesson to share about the price of honour and the power of friendship.



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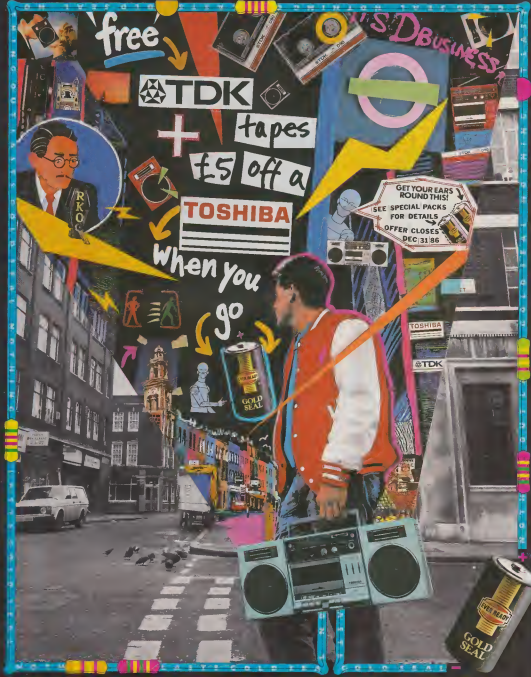
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Dear Hugo Cewthorne and Michelle Smith (Letters, 18 June)

The reason why there were so few alternative opinions expressed in the "Great Smash Hits Nuclear Debate" was probably that out of the random "smash" interviewed, most of them just happened to be pro-nuclear disarmament.

I disagree totally with the statements you two make in your letters so I will now put them right

Hugo says that unilateral disarmament is national suicide, that nuclear weapons are the only thing preventing us from being invaded: the bomb itself is no defence against an army Britain could have a strong defence using defensive anti-tank and anti-aircraft missiles that would make it very difficult for any attacker - this is the sort of sensible defence that countries like Sweden, Switzerland and Yugoslavia have. You also make a point about our conventional army, but Russia only has more troops if you count the Polish, Hungarian and Czech armies. And remember, the Russians would have to keep an army back to keep East Europe in line, so the advantage disappears.

Michelle says that nuclear weapons have managed to keep peace for a long time. That reminds me of the man who said "I've smoked cigarettes for 38 years and I've not had lung cancer so it's obvious cigarettes prevent lung cancer".

We have nuclear weapons as a "deterrent". I will leave you with that thought you can't "deter" an accident - Chernobyl showed us that all too clearly.

Helen Kewley Liverpool

Dear Black Type,

I would just like to compare some points from the True Blue letters you have received with solid facts concerning the "Smash Hits Nuclear Debate".

1) As Hugo says, "Only two pop stars provided an alternative point of view". Unfortunately this is unavoidable - unless you decide to print only the comments you agree with. It just shows that more people are showing some intelligence.

2) "We can't trust the Russians to disarm". Oh no? It wasn't the Russians who said no to a nuclear freeze, was it? It was our "friendly" "defenders", the Americans.

3) "The Russians covered up Chernobyl". Ever heard of Sellfield? It used to be called Windscale but after a few radioactive leaks and a fire, the Government changed the name as a cosmetic cover up. (None of the leaks were officially announced, of course.) Sellfield also pollutes the Irish Sea so that people can't swim in it safely.

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).

4) "Russia = Enemy number 1". There are other dangerous people in the world, you know. Like the senile old American ex-film actor who controls our Cruise missiles - yeah, the same one who bombed the civilians of Libya.

5) "Nuclear disarmers are ignorant". I think you'd better consider this one again. Lucy "I've never read Marx and don't particularly like Neil Kinnock" Hyde, Cheshire

Dear Black Type,

You may have tested your old proverbial (i.e. "case") regarding the Von Trapp "debater" (Letters, 18 June) but I have not. If what the man-with-very-stem-species-and-ink-blotches-on-the-lapels-of-his-Harris-weed-jacket-with-leather-patches-on-the-shoulder-elbows (this sounds like a cross between Michael J Fox and Mr Halkin, a scruffy Geog teacher who is always snarking) says is true, how come the remaining Von Trapps include only 1 boy and five Star has 2 boys? And why have they not aged since 1936 (or whenever)? Vikki Rhodes, Cheshire

Glad you asked that, Vikki! The reason that Papa Von Trapp and his multifarious "offspring" have managed to maintain their youth and beauty throughout the ravages of time is simplicity itself: coming from the mountainous regions of Austria - the coldest climes on the entire planet - they have, as it were, been living in a state of suspended animation (i.e. Romford) throughout perpetuity! QED: they are ageless! As for the 1 boy? 2 boy "syndrome", might I

draw attention to another filmic entertainment of yesteryear? I am referring, of course, to *Victor/Victoria* in which Dame Judith Anderson played the part of a woman... who dressed up as a man! So there we have *It's a Wonderful Life* - this is the age of the "gender" "bender" (whatever that might be). Now turn to page 73 where you will find the Von Trapp Meisterstingers ready to sing you a selection of their timeless "laves". Avanti!

Dear Black Type,

I send you a script from my favourite television programme "Paint the whole world with a Rainbow".

Geoffrey Hello everyone! Today we're having a picnic, aren't we Bungle? (Cut to fat, furry thing scolding a cream bun)

Bungle Splutter Mmmm, yes Geoffrey And (Wipes brow) PHEW! It's really hot too!

Geoffrey That's right Bungle! Oh look, here's Rod, Jane and Freddie! Bungle: Are you going to sing us a song?

Jane Yes, and we want you all to join in for the chorus! Geoffrey: Ooo and you can join in at home! Ready everybody? Here we go!

R&F "And it's good when everything is spinning, now I feel like I am nilly waving" "Everybody now!"

Everyone: "Na na na na, na na na na na, we're all living on SUN STREET"

George Wasn't that a fun song, everybody?

Geoffrey That's right, George. It sounded just like Katrina and the Waves! (Heaps of jolly laughter) Michael: Sheeie's yeachie dress, alas Tracey: Field, Dover Beach xxxxx (my tympis gone haywire)

Gosh, you're absolutely correct, Yeachie, Katrina And The Waves are a complete and utter rip off of our glorious beaming trio of

smiles and melody i.e. Rod, Jane and Freddie. And what greater compliment in the grandiose cosmos of pop is there than that, might I enquire? (P.S. where, oh where is George?)

Dear Miss LA Brock Hartington (Letters, 18 June),

I'm not suggesting that your letter (about the Robert Palmer video) gave a slight tone of jealousy or anything - but I bet you wrote it with a green pen on green paper. Don't get me wrong, as a member of your own sex, I don't condone the lingering looks of the camera etc, but do you seriously think the video intended to portray your so-called "crouds" as the female slaves of a totalitarian state dedicated to the precepts of Vogue magazine? Give it a rest if you looked like any of those models and made the same amount of money as them, would you be so quick to crouse or complain? I very much doubt it! At least there's no plagiarism involved. Have you ever looked closely at the Talking Heads "Road To Nowhere" video? In which David "Sweet" Byrne's hair undergoes most of the same effects as seen in the more recent brilliant (?) "Sledgehammer" video. Miss MH Douglas: Glasgow PS Give me a good old Smiths song anyway

Dear Black Type,

I have been admiring your pages for a while and noticed odds to John Craven, Susanna Hoffis (Bangles) and a few others I have noticed no one has written an ode to Black Type so yours truly has done so

Ode to Black Type

Oh Black Type I love your colour

There are oh so many duller You give away zain cloths To all us pop toils Who think we can write poetry

The Spurt In The Sky, Surrey

No I don't. Haw haw. But it's the thought that counts.

Dear Black Type,

Who do the Bangles think they are? What gives four sun-drenched Californian girls who are doing 'very nicely' thank you' out of the British public the right to sing about

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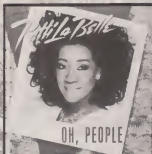
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The KMX125 is a spanking new addition to the Kawasaki stable and is, we believe, the most complete trail 125 on the road today.

All in all, Kawasaki make 10 learner legal bikes, each with a twelve month unlimited mileage warranty, special insurance, finance and extended warranty scheme.

Just ask our dealer to deliver your new bike directly to a 'Star Rider' training centre, where we will pay for four hours of expert riding tuition.

With a little swotting, you'll soon see why Kawasakis come top in their class.

For further information on the 'B6' range of learner legal Kawasakis, post the coupon to: Kawasaki Motors (UK) Ltd, Freeport, Slough SL1 6BR.

Please send me the new full colour Kawasaki brochure.

Name

Address

Postcode Age

Type of licence held

LPM SH 187

**WHO CAN CATCH A
KAWASAKI?**

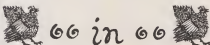


**LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE
BEEN DOING
THEIR HOMEWORK.**



"Do! A deer, a female deer! Ray! A drop of golden suuuuuuuuuuu! Me! A name... cough... cough... Alright children, simmer down whilst me (Dame Judith Andrewson) und your dear – but stem! – vater, Papa Von Trapp tell all the kind und patient readers some fings concern the, achtung, pardons, "goings on", ho ho, in the next tissue oot *Sermash Hits* magazund. Yawohl! . . . cough. . . coool. . . Hallo und greetings readers oof die *Sermash Hit* magazund. Wie bist die Von Trapp Famalund Singers here all the way ferom "sunny" Orstria. Yus indeedy. Und apparentlund in die next tissue of your magazund very own e.g. *Sermash Hit* lss many many things gut for to

read about being. English excuse me very bad. Spandau Ballet is for one ting – most strange, Spandau being ein prison haus from mein own schloss i.e. "castle" not a stone's throw away. Ho ho. Also to read much "mayhem" of Herr Ozzie Osbourne ein collekter of. . . bats? Blimey, as we are saying in die hinterlands! Yodelleee-heeeey!!! Und Paul McCartney? Who might he be possiblung? Also to be ein bloke calling of name quite peculiar Hollywood Beyond. Never 'eard of him mesel. Sounds a bit dodgy, don't 'e children? . . . Yes papa! High on a hill lived a loneleeeeee goatherd yodelleeeeee. . . Oh DO put a cork in it, mes enfants."



SMASH HITS

on sale July 30



"Great watchable cast, particularly C. Thomas Howell"

19 MAGAZINE



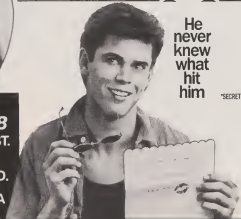
"A funny, witty film ... go and see it!"

LIZ SYLVESTER-MIZZ

SECRET ADMIRER[®]



He never knew what hit him



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"SECRET ADMIRER" Starring C. THOMAS HOWELL LORI LOUGHLIN
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LEIGH TAYLOR YOUNG and CLIFF O'RYLING
Music Composed and Performed by JAY HAMMER
Director of Photography VICTOR J. KEMPER, A.S.C.

Executive Producer C.O. ERICKSON

Written by JIM KOLF & DAVID GREENWALT

Produced by STEVE ROTH Directed by DAVID GREENWALT

Original Motion Picture Screenplay by JIM KOLF and DAVID GREENWALT

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Max Headroom

PARANOIMIA

Art of Noise

with Max Headroom



Relax you're quite safe here

Dum dum dum dum

A-s-a-m I dreaming?

No

Where am I in bed?

Well what am I doing

T-t-t-talking to myself?

Look I must have a star on my door

Or better still a door a door a door

Swing door ah

O-O-OK doors

Swing

Parrrr paranormers

Swing

Parrrr paranormers

Swing

Now I know I'm dreaming

(Dreaming dreaming dreaming

Dreaming)...

How do I get to sleep?

I'll count those bars on the window

One two three sleep

Parrrr paranormers

Parrrr paranormers

(Paranoimia paranoiomia paranoiomia)

Parrrr

(Paranoimia paranoiomia paranoiomia)

Paranormers

(Paranoimia paranoiomia paranoiomia)

Parrrr

(Paranoimia paranoiomia paranoiomia)

Paranormers

How can I get how can I get to sleep?

Please let me sleep

P-p-poetry that'll work

'Come sweet slumber and shroud me

In thy purple cloak'

It doesn't even rhyme

Is that my bedside?

Paranormers

I can't stand lee

Parrrr... normers

(Paranoimia paranoiomia paranoiomia)

Parrrr

(Paranoimia paranoiomia paranoiomia)

Paranormers

(Paranoimia paranoiomia paranoiomia)

Parrrr

(Paranoimia paranoiomia paranoiomia)

Paranormers

(Paranoimia paranoiomia paranoiomia)

Paranormers

(Paranoimia paranoiomia paranoiomia)

Parrrr

Happy Harry's nightclub

How am I going to get to sleep?

Trust me trust me trust me

Trust me trust me

Words and music by Dudley "Mickie"

David Hansen (Real Gone)

Reproduced by permission

Warner Bros Music/Perfect Songs Ltd

On China Records



PRINCESS

Tell me Tomorrow

Given time I always find love hee let me down
 f think I see why history says the wheels go round and round
 And all the love that you can see in every magazine
 Only makes me lonely leaves me lost and lonely

I don't agree that you can be in love for ever more
 You can't believe that somehow it will stay faithfully yours

And if you can find that you've got the time
 For making love with me
 'Cause tonight I'm feeling lonely I need you just to hold me

Chorus

And if you don't really love me tell me tomorrow
 And if you don't really need me save me the sorrow
 And I don't want to hear the truth that ain't the way to start
 And I don't want to hear no lies 'cause they would break my heart
 And if you don't really love me tell me tomorrow

With a passion strong I carry on with romance on my mind
 Even though I've got to know the saddest of goodbyes
 And just in time you get to find love was just a lie
 Because I'm feeling lonely I just want you to hold me

Repet chorus

And I don't want to hear the truth and I don't want to hear the truth
 On no oh no oh no

f don't want to hear the truth and I don't want to hear the truth

And if you don't really love me tell me tomorrow
 And if you don't really need me tell me tomorrow
 And if you don't really need me save me the sorrow
 And if you don't really love me tell me tomorrow

Words and music by Stock Aitken-Waterman

Reproduced by permission All Boys Music on Supreme Records

PANIC

Panic on the streets of London
 Panic on the streets of Birmingham

I wonder to myself

Could life ever be the same again

On the Leeds sidestreets

That you slip down

I wonder to myself

Hopes may rise on the Gasworks

But honey pie you're not safe here

So you run down

To the safety of the town

But there's panic on

The streets of Carlisle

Dublin Dundee Humberaide

I wonder to myself

Burn down the disco

Hang the blessed DJ

Because the music that they

Constantly play

It says nothing to me about my life

Hang the blessed DJ

Because the music they

Constantly play

On the Leeds sidestreets

That you slip down

On the provincial towns

That you jog round

Hang the DJ hang the DJ

Hang the DJ

Hang the DJ hang the DJ

Hang the DJ

Hang the DJ hang the DJ

Repeat to fade

Words and music by Monassey-Man

Reproduced by permission

Warner Bros Music

On Rough Trade Records



the SMITHS



Have an iced



day.

When the heat is on, be cool.
Mix yourself a *Nescafé Frappé...

1. Take two generous teaspoons of Nescafé and two of sugar, plus half a pint of cold water (or equal quantities of milk and water).
2. Shake it all about.
3. Pour into a tall glass with tons of ice.

You have just made...

Nescafé Frappé.





Free! Nescafé Frappé shaker!

On the previous two pages, you've seen how to make Nescafé Frappé—(if you missed it, turn back IMMEDIATELY!)

Now, you can make Nescafé Frappé without its special shaker, just as you can saw logs with a nailfile.

But since this shaker's free with just one Nescafé jar-label, as illustrated, send off for it today. And have an iced day soon.



Have an iced day...

To Nescafé Frappé Offer, PO Box 30, Krautfröd, Chesham WA16 6JX
Please send me a Nescafé Frappé Shaker I enclose a label from any size jar of Nescafé featuring the red mug as illustrated.

I have read and accept the conditions of offer printed on this advertisement
Signed _____

Mr./Mrs./Miss _____ (BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

Address _____

Town _____ County _____ Postcode _____

Closing date for receipt of applications September 30, 1986 SM 1

CONDITIONS OF OFFER: Send your Nescafé label (of any size but only the red mug label is illustrated) and the application form or Nescafé Frappé Offer, PO Box 30, Krautfröd, Chesham WA16 6JX. The closing date for receipt of applications is September 30, 1986. We reserve the right to accept bulk applications from the trade or from any commercial supplier. It will then not be applicable. Please allow 28 days for delivery. Offer open only while stocks last. This offer is guaranteed by the Nescafé Promotions Centre, PO Box 30, Krautfröd, Chesham WA16 6JX. (Tel: 045-940 740)

*Nescafé is a registered trade mark to designate Nestlé's instant coffee.



SMASH HITS / 5 STAR