

SMASH HITS

inside: **Cyndi Lauper** •

• The Mission • Spandau Ballet •
• Frankie Goes To Hollywood •
• Huey Lewis • Part 3 of The Book of Personal Files •
• Jazzy Jeff • Five Star • Oh, and this broke too... •
• Fresh Prince and Jazzy Jeff • Iron Maiden •
• Jim Kerr • Paul Young • P-ha •
• David Bowie • Gannex •
• Kate Bush •





NICK KAMEN/SMASH HITS



GAAASPI! It's HIM, the bloke who made boxer shorts and a certain type of jeans dead "trendy" by taking his trousers off in a launderette in *THAT* ad on the telly (the clot!).

And now — a nation holds its breath — he's made a record. (*So what's his name, then? — A few girls.*)

NICK KAMEN! Shout it from the rooftops! Sing it in the valleys!! Serious swooning is now in order!

For not only has Nick wrapped his vocal chords around a tune, he's also gone and had it *written* and *produced* by *Madonna* herself! Is there no limit to this man's good fortune? (*No — Nick Kamen.*)

Quite apart from the rather extraordinary fact that Nick was born in Harlow, Essex, his other main claim to fame is that the launderette escapade is now generally considered to be the most successful and brilliant ad in the history of the entire universe.

The "great" man is right now in a recording studio finishing off his LP, while the single, "Each Time You Break My Heart", is already doing rather nicely, thank you.

Nick, 24, has two brothers, both of whom are in very obscure pop groups, and he proudly declares himself to be "footloose" and fancy-free and generally having a jolly good time thank you very much.

Which is all well and good, but what on earth will Sean Penn do when he finds out?! And what's more... who cares?!?!? ●



THINGS

- 4-9 BITZ:** Sheke in your shoes as Dracula spooks *Five Star* in a scary "vid". **Paul Young** battles the elements on a windsurf board, **Tom Cruise** gives away his sun glasses and **Debbie Harry** returns from the "grave".
- 12-14 CYNDI LAUPER:** She's street wise! She's sassy! She's sussed! And she's having a chat on a beach in Hawaii with a sparrow (?). . .
- 20 RSVP:** Something nice to do with a pen.
- 22-23 THE MISSION:** They're Goths! They're hippies! They's Goppies (?!) And they're having a chat in a field in Surrey with a bush (?). . .
- 28-30 BOB GELDOF:** He's a "sant"! He's a knight! He's making a pop singing come back! And he's having a chat in a room with a bloke in a horrible sweater (???) . . .
- 33 CROSSWORD:** Something difficult to do with a pen.
- 36 MASSIVE COMPETITION:** Something even nicer to do with a pen than RSVP i.e. write down the answer to a question and win ten million TV sets (or something) . . .
- 40-41 CAMEO:** They're American! They wear revolting cod-pieces! They're... um... a group! And they're having a chat in a city with a person (?????)
- 42/47 JIM KERR:** A poster in two "parts".
- 43-46 PERSONAL FILES:** Part three with "comments" from **John Taylor**, **Jimmy Somerville**, **Paul Weller**, **Morten Harket**, **Michael Jackson**, **Chris Lowe** and **Holly Johnson**.
- 50-51 FRESH PRINCE AND JAZZY JEFF:** They're "rappers"! They're quite sensitive souls really! Except they're nothing of the sort (???)
- 53 HAPPENINGS:** True fact! It used to be called *Steppin' Out*. How haw haw!
- 54-55 HUEY LEWIS:** He's a golfer! He is (or was) a fuzzy doll salesman! He is (or was) a landscape gardener! And he's having a chat in Bettessea power station with a tub of yoghurt (????)
- 63 COMPETITION WINNERS:** Some things that people have won.
- 65-67 LETTERS:** Some things that readers have done with pens i.e. written incomprehensible nonsense to **Black Type**
- 69 STAR TEASER:** Something difficult to do with a pen and a ruler.
- 71 SINGLES:** Meet a drunken Irishman i.e. the new "ed" and read what he has written with a pen about **Bucka Fixz Ultravox** (or U-Vox to give them their full title), **Huey Lewia** and more
- 72-75 REVIEW:** A-ha on stage in America, **Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik** on stage not in America, **Simon le Bon** getting drowned (almost) in a book, **Frankie Goetz** to Hollywood blithering on about their new LP and mustaches end **Wickxy** and **Boris Gardiner** and things like that... and lots more.
- 76 ALBUMS:** "I'm just a prisoner of rock'n'roll" **Springateen**, **Cocteau** "what is rock'n'roll?" **Twina**, **Bucks** "it's a goggle mint gang?" **Fliz** and willkons more like **Limahl**.
- 80-82 IRON MAIDEN:** They're "metal muthas"! They're history buffs! They're trout fishermen! And they're having a chat on a milk train with a book about the Royal Navy (???????)
- 86 MUTTERINGS:** Something to do with a poison pen.
- 88 FIVE STAR:** Something to do with Romford.

SONGS

- 17 KATE BUSH:** Experiment IV
- 18 SPANDAU BALLET:** Through The Berricades
- 24 BERLIN:** Take My Breath Away
- 34 BOB GELDOF:** This Is The World Calling
- 34 BON JOVI:** Livin' On A Prayer
- 35 DAVID BOWIE:** When The Wind Blows
- 39 CUTTING CREW:** I've Been In Love Before
- 48 SHAKIN' STEVENS:** Because I Love You
- 48 KIM WILDE:** You Keep Me Hangin' On
- 51 DJ JAZZY JEFF AND FRESH PRINCE:** Girls Ain't Nothin' But Trouble
- 56 SWING OUT SISTER:** Break Out
- 59 CATHERINE STOCK:** To Have And To Hold
- 59 MEL AND KIM:** Showing Out (Get Fresh At The Weekend)
- 78 PETER GABRIEL & KATE BUSH:** Don't Give Up



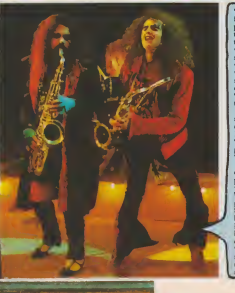
GREAT MOMENTS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE: PART ONE
Biz whisks back the shuffling curtain of popular history to reveal... *swillisk!!* - **bashful** young pop hopefuls *Depeche Mode* caught in a gripping "Photo Love" story some time before they became famous.
 Let's we should forget...



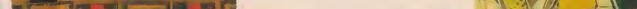
The inspiring scent of the ocean eased the spasm of the splinker (behavior that is so we plough through the 20 foot waves) The stamp of the sailor-flapping in the Forum E gate! The roosting (bleed) emotion of our proud vessel as we battle the elements! The ocean of the mast as someone goes horribly wrong! The grub grub grub as we all go down to Davy Jones! Locker became somebody forgot to pack the lifeboats. Ghoul if you ask Biz, all yachtsmen are stark staring bombers and the closest you'll find just to a yacht is on Sunday evenings when the crew more more love in to witness the gurgles-on steam in the boatyard with the flippers. Why going why, sorry, are we talking about yachts, anyway? Well, you see, we've just been given rather a lot of copies of a book called *Drum* and it's all about the high seas exploits of Sally Simon and it's written by Neil Cheston and Simon himself and it makes Biz distribute just tooating at it - all the sea and foam and drinkin and stuff. Bleughhhhhh! You can read all about it in *Review* if you wish but before we've a few more copies of these 26 copies (yes, 26 posters, 26 Drum brochures and 25 Drum badges) off our hands before we have an unpopularity session. The question is: what happened to *Drum* during the 1985 Fashion Show? Did it get bump into a hooverball and get disintegrated, or sink with all hands, or turn completely upside down or do get blown off course by a hurricane and end up on the beach at Bournemouth? Answers on a *Mailbox* to *Sunday* at *Home*, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.



Gor blimey, stone ver crows, viewers, *Derik Janison* 'ere! Strew! It's a game, innit? Vere you are one minute editing lots of newspapers like ver *Mirror* and ver *News Of Ver World* - I'm ver geezer what put birds wivah't no cloves on into Fleet Street, gawd bless 'em - and ver next minute what dyer know, you're a Radio 2 disc jockey wakin' up ver entire nation wiv ver appalling gravelly Cockney tones. Gor! Yer got to larf, ain't yer? Uom, apples and pears - stairs. Goo, and guess what, me ole china plates - I've only gorn and made a pop record of me own. It's called 'Do They Mean Us?', it's got the same 'tune' as that hoary old Cockney chestnut of yesteryear 'My Old Man's A Dustman' and it's a bleedin' disgrace!! I reckon I should be shot, don't you?!"



"Hello! I'm a pair of very horrible flapaway flares and here we see a photograph of me in 'action' and very tasteful it is an' all. Which is more than can be said for that geezer wot's wearing me - some Doctor bloke from something called **Dr & The Medics** - who has DARED to attempt a cover version of quite the most stunningly swirlesque piece of melodrama ever created in the history of history - 'Waterloo' by Scandinavian Gods of the '70s, Abba. I'm horrified. And, by way of 'proof', witness this scene from the video, which is a so-called 'funny' version of the events of 1974 that revolutionised western 'civilisation' as we know it i.e. Abba's glorious victory in the Eurovision 'Song' Contest. Bah! And they've even kidnapped original hostess - **Katie Boyle** - to present it and that bloke in the picture with the flowy way spook-beard - **Roy Wood** of '70s gives 'Wizzard' - for a guest test of the 'sax' - and **Captain Sensible** and **Lemmy** from **Motorhead** and a bloke who looks like **Rat Scabies** from **The Damned** but probably isn't and quite a few others to give them not very many 'pwan' on the 'celebrity' panel. Is nothing, absolutely nothing sacred? (Yes, I am a cockle-bro - a crew that belongs to a Hindu in India.) Oh."





◀ Mmmm, he's so dreamy. Meet... **Ivo Pogorelich**. Who? Ivo Pogorelich, budding popstar who's got a brand new LP out called... "Jobane Sebastian Bach: Englische Saiten Nos. 2 & 3". Crazy name - crazy guy!!!!

Oh... Apparently, Ivo isn't a pop star at all but - ahem - "the most charismatic classical pianist in the world". And what's wrong with that? Seeing as how *Rit* has gone all snooty and cultural lately, what with Luciano Pavarotti and all, we thought you might like to know some interesting things about... Ivo!

● He was born in Yugoslavia, educated in Moscow and lives in London (i.e. he's quite a "cosmopolitan" sort of geezer).

● He is 28.

● According to the sleeve notes of his piping hot new album, "with unbounded élan Ivo Pogorelich executes the semiquaver (16th note) patterns which make up the 164 bars of the Prelude in the Suite in A minor". (Not too sure what this implies, actually, but it sounds quite impressive, doesn't it?)

What a toff!

NOT QUITE SHAKIN' STEVENS



▲ Oh look - Shakin' Stevens has turned into a balloon and all his hair's fallen out... er, no he hasn't - it's world-famous bald balloon and "comedian" Mel Smith trying to look like Shakin' Stevens because he's got a tune out called "Tremblin'" that's much more like 'n Shakin' Stevens tune than Shakin' Stevens' very own current "weepster"...

"Yes, it is indeed like a Shakin' Stevens record," Mel "explains" in the fastest speaking voice in the history of caracha. "In fact, I don't know why he hasn't done the bloody thing quite honestly, I don't know if you know but it comes from a film called 'Nights in Emeralds' and... er, well, I don't know much about the film at all actually - I do know it is something to do with a marching band competition in the Midlands (?) but that's about it. "Er... anyway, this song is included in the film because there's an old teddy boy in it and he hears the song on the radio and kind of goes berserk and barmy end dances around to it. And the odd thing is that I was asked to do it! Which surprised me as much as anyone it's probably because I'm a big hair and reckon I can have a go at anything... so why the bloody hell not? So I did and thoroughly enjoyed it. It's great doing something that's kind of, like real and a real pro-job instead of something that's piff-piff-piff (makes extremely strange noise) and yes, well, exactly."

Minn. (?) What's the song about then?

It's basically about a bloke whose body is burning up and falling to bits because he's got the hota for somebody, a fairly straight-forward scenario really, not too sensible and definitely not opera, obviously, hmm hmm.

So can we now expect a "humorous" video to illustrate these "events"?

No! And I'm e bit pissed off about it too. It was suggested, then I just didn't hear any more about it - I was quite looking forward to shaking my legs about a bit too, I can only assume that the record company think it's complete rubbish!

Z... after more than BONG! Harrri! Brr here at the controls of a high-powered US Air Force jet fighter and we're just "downin'" another of these peace convicts' airplanes. Take that, Russia! We do not appreciate the tone of this bit as far - Rather a lot of sensible readers who find dumb anti-Russian sentiments offensive and don't particularly care for Ronald "Mad Dog McDonald" Reagan, if it comes to that!

Oh, sorry about that, sensible readers! We were only thinking, actually. Thing is, Brr is wasting these extremely expensive suit operators \$35 a pair - a snip! at the moment and not only are they ready the same kind of "inades" as sported by Tom Cruise in that riveting film of aerial combat - Top Gun, but they are also the kind of suit pieces that are approved by the US Air Force - because they're Rip-San Aviators!!!!

But we've just remembered - Brr is a socialist. So we'll just have to pay the sunglasses to some warmongerin' reader or other. We have four pairs to give away, as a mark of fact, plus 25 copies of the Top Gun soundtrack LP plus 25 12" copies of Kenny Loggins' "Danger Zone" (as featured in Top Gun) plus 25 12" copies of Berlin's "Take My Breath Away" (as featured in Top Gun) plus 25 lovely paintings of compassionate Tom Cruise and sophisticated Kelly McGillis (as featured together in *Top Gun* Great Mouse Detective) with album, we mean Top Gun! A question!

Which of the following are not types of animals? (1) A Bitter (2) A Spitter (3) A Slinger (4) A Slinger (5) A Slinger (6) A Slinger (7) A Slinger (8) A Slinger (9) A Slinger (10) A Slinger (11) A Slinger (12) A Slinger (13) A Slinger (14) A Slinger (15) A Slinger (16) A Slinger (17) A Slinger (18) A Slinger (19) A Slinger (20) A Slinger (21) A Slinger (22) A Slinger (23) A Slinger (24) A Slinger (25) A Slinger (26) A Slinger (27) A Slinger (28) A Slinger (29) A Slinger (30) A Slinger (31) A Slinger (32) A Slinger (33) A Slinger (34) A Slinger (35) A Slinger (36) A Slinger (37) A Slinger (38) A Slinger (39) A Slinger (40) A Slinger (41) A Slinger (42) A Slinger (43) A Slinger (44) A Slinger (45) A Slinger (46) A Slinger (47) A Slinger (48) A Slinger (49) A Slinger (50) A Slinger (51) A Slinger (52) A Slinger (53) A Slinger (54) A Slinger (55) A Slinger (56) A Slinger (57) A Slinger (58) A Slinger (59) A Slinger (60) A Slinger (61) A Slinger (62) A Slinger (63) A Slinger (64) A Slinger (65) A Slinger (66) A Slinger (67) A Slinger (68) 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"Here's 1) the smallest topic in existence and 2) the best to tell you something very interesting about Jonathan King. We've got these 10 things interesting about Jonathan King which is 1) it just takes to tell you about "The Very Best Of Entertainment From The USA... and it's not even close." "American" came on it like Bruce "The Very Best Of Entertainment From The USA" and we've got to be sure now. For a chance of winning one "stamp" and an something interesting about Jonathan King is not more than 2 words (three days). Answer on a sheet to reach His Jonathan King to The Land Interest in The Universe Competitions. 50-50 Drawing Street, London W1P 1ST on line by November 18 1991."



Here is a photograph of some foxtrous who calls herself Cher Perrix. But why is it here? Is it: a) because she's got sparkly white quashers; b) because she's not wearing any 'ears' apart from two hits of string and a pair of ear-rings or c) because she's been "discovered" by Simon Nesper-Bell - who invented Wam! - so one might expect her new tune "I Wanna Dance" to display some sign of talent except it doesn't? Correct! It's b) (Except it's really c) haw haw.)



(P.S. And if she doesn't make Simon Napier-Bell rich beyond the dreams of mortals, even though he is already, then the bloke above's hair-do just might. Witness one Matt Belgrano, recently "signed" by the very same Bell geezer after being spotted pouncing money from the Scandinavian back-packer in Carnaby "Street" in exchange for for a "souvenir" photograph when they could buy a postcard with his hoo on for 1p from Uncle Harry's Useless Trinkets Stall For Sentimental Americans just round the corner all the time. Anyway, he's made a single called "Here's Looks! At Te" which is a ripped-off utterance from Humphrey Bogart - and it also features that bloke with the flexuous muscles who used to "shock" the girls by thrusting his groin lither and thither as a "member" of "outrageous" dance "combo" Hot Gossip. Has Simon Napier-Bell no shame? (No - Simon Nesper-Bell.)

GUTENBERG NOVEMBER

- 5: Bryan Adams (27)
- 7: Art Garfunkel (26)
- 8: Richard Jobson (ex-Studio 54 of the Anatomy Show) (25)
- 9: "Junior" Giscombe (25)
- 11: Carmel (23)
- Andi Parridge of XTC (20)
- 12: Moll Young (recently signed) (21)
- 15: Joe Loss (ex-Thompson Twins) (20)



Here we view five blokes called (ahem) Glass Tiger, currently zapping their way up the long-way charts with their "jantunes" single "Don't Forget Me When I'm Gone". Mmm. That wasn't very exciting was it? (No - The entire universe except Glass Tiger). BUT - "interesting" pop just shy! - they're all Canadian apart from the lead "singer" Alan Frew (centre) who's... Glaswegian!! So just HOW can this be?? "My family moved to Canada when I was 15," pipes Alan in his Glasgow trill (except he says things like "heavy" and "big" and "sensual" at times). They just lurked round one day and said "Finish your dinner, we're going to Canada." Well! Fancy that! And he's now been a rather famous pop star with The Tiger in Canada for four years and been number one there and number two in America with the tall-same above-mentioned tune!! But surely he must miss something about that supreme garden of "delight" they call Glasgow? "Football. Definitely. Absolutely. One of the reasons I'd really like this band to be successful is that I'd be able to fly home whenever I wanted to see the Rangers." Oh. Erm... Glass Tiger isn't really a very good name for a group, is it? "Well, I've always believed that the music decides whether or not the name is acceptable," he snaps. "I mean, one of my favourite bands in the whole world is Simple Minds. Now, the first day I ever heard of them I thought 'Simple Minds? ... that was the most delicious name I'd ever heard in my life. But when I started listening to them and talking in love with them... their name became... perfect! I just wanted a name that had a double-edged side to it. We were going to call ourselves Skate The Empire..."

Oh dear.

The "Stupid" TEACH YOURS



A1: Find suitable lake-side village in Italy where the natives are known to be "friendly" (i.e. supply the odd liplock to "steedy" beginners' nerves).



A5: Wear sail on head. Er... not too sure about this one, viewers...



A9: Attempt an upright position, pull sail gingerly towards one's "nose", but get harrassed by lurksome, bowaway "buoy".



A13: [Spert!ATTN!] Make an utter fool of yourself. (A philosophical lurksome, bowaway "buoy" writes: Smug 'n' swankiness before a fell!)



World Sports Of The World™ Dept. presents. . . LEFT WIND-SURFING THE PAUL "YOUNG" WAY!



A 2: Consume seven rather large mugs of cappuccino coffee (i.e. quite a bit of froth) and two pots of tea because you've over-indulged in the odd tippie that two more bottles of tippie because your nerves need "steadying" eyes.



A 3: Slip into jaunty 'n' skimaway wind-surfer's "suit", wait till the local expert goes off into the bushes for some nesses or other and sniffle his sail (or something).



A 4: Find lake and try to look like you know what you're doing even though you're completely clueless really.



A 5: "Miraculously" discover a surf-board floating towards you! Attach sail to the hole in the surf-board - which doesn't sound very leak-free, does it? (No, heh heh!) - A shark.)



A 7: Venture into the "depths" and try to look more 'n' moody 'n' muscular 'n' "cool" when you'd rather be at home watching the darts with a nice cup of tea and a packet of Fishermen's Friends.



A 8: Try to get on it using The Left Leg Aloft Grip 'n' Grip 'n' Don't! Look A Complete Bimboed method - whilst avoiding the lurksome, bowway "bwoy".



A 10: Keel over not-very-elegantly. (Guffaw guffaw!) - The local expert on the shore whose sail was scuffed.)



A 11: Regain upright position - trying not to look too flushed around the "gills".



A 12: Find the wind, swish along for a couple of seconds feeling . . . quite good! . . . and feel rather smug 'n' swanky.



A 14: Give up due to acute embarrassment and haul cursed contraption to shore.



A 15: Emerge from lake without sail because you're feeling a mite "bembocoid" at the moment.



A 16: Relocate sail, drag it back to where you found it and get a punch in the nose from the less-than-chuffed local expert her her. . . (I don't care because I haven't got a nose in my nose!) - Paul "Young".



THE JACKSON "FIVE" N



It is 11 am on an average weekday morning. Suddenly, the flow of popular music from your radio grinds to a halt to be replaced by some extremely blubbery flute riffs and the groovy tones of a DJ (Simon Bates - the very same!) reading a listener's sob-stained letter.

"It all began when I fell under my hover mower and chopped off my legs. I woke up in hospital to find my wife having a snog with the doctor. I'm leaving you, you dearie old soot!" she announced. When I arrived home several months later, I found that my 13 children had all starved to death and the dog had defiled the sofa. Later that same day, the world was eaten by a giant moth. That was the last straw. Soot, you mustn't grumble, must you, Simon?"

Such is the tone of Simon Bates' "Our Tune" spot. It's enough to make you scowl out for a fresh sock bag, isn't it? And to add insult to injury, Bates has seen fit to release an LP of the most requested "Our Tune" songs - handkerchief-wringing jobs by **Dire Straits**, **Billy Ocean**, **10cc**, **Elton John**, **The Moody Blues** and lots more. According to Simon in his so-called "sleeve notes", these songs are "music that in a few short moments can re-live for one person a whole lifetime..."

Oh dear. Oh dear.

Sit ye down, pop fluff, and think hard - just what has been missing from your existence for the past two years? It is of course... **Wang Chung!** Yes, the very dandee duo who brought us those glistening (sans de popdome "Dance Hall Days" and... er, that's about it) schlockol - but they're back! Back! Back! With a mind-bogglingly "catchy" thingle called (ahem) "Everybody Have Fun Tonight!" Mmmm. What an embarrassing title for a tune. Let us ask "Wang" person Nick Feldman to explain himself...

"Embarrassing? Ex... well, if it is, I think that's perfectly balanced by the second half of the chorus which is 'Everybody Wang Chung Tonight' ha ha!"

Oh. (??) And what, pray, does that mean?

"Oh, that's up to you."

Swirl! Tell us the truth.

"Ah but y'see it defies language - you could Wang Chung in any country at any time, anywhere and you don't need to be able to speak any language at all. (?) Just Wang Chung! In America it's already become a figure of speech!"

Er? Like... they baby! It's do some groovy wang changing this evening?"

"Exactly! I think eventually it'll be added to the Oxford English Dictionary as a verb - to Wang Chung."

Oh dear.



A: Nick Feldman and Jack Bass not looking very miserable.

Now don't have that a new tune out called "Bizarre Logo Entrance" which will probably be slightly better than this photograph and consists of either a lot of legs, if heads, but wouldn't be attached to a big black shape and a face with a largeish shadow on it. (A photographer writes: "Art, haan, please art.") Baby...

SPOOOOOK!!

The Star. What a band. Not only have they just invented their 98th single of the year "If I Say Yes", are appearing in Miss World next Monday (as "singers", not "beautiful" "foxtruss" haw haw) BUT they've made a spook-video as well - starring the mystical villain we've come to know as... ta-ra! Brrr! etc. - **Dracula**. (Sniiip! *Blitz* cuts a hole in the lush stripey tapioca they call "time" and stares into the green future...) And this is what it looks like...



A: 1: (Trot trot cartter cartter) The Star whinney to a halt in a snoot horse-drawn carriage to have a look in e swars. manition because they're nosey perkers.



A: 2: Stedman and Deiry prove what a couple of jesses they are by having second "Thoughts".



A: 3: Deiry admires a spooky old thumbs-shy Devil sign and Dracula can't quite see it properly so he has a closer look (helt het).



A: 4: Democo is so "over-whelmed" she goes for a quick kip



A: 5: The Star slip out for a squint at the moon - and so! - the first known sighting of Stedman's teeth!!!

How peculiar the music be when you are LaToya Jackson. Not only do you have to share a house with a chimpanzee in pyjamas (Bubbles), a girl who sleeps with snakes (Bubbles) and a boy who sleeps in an oxygen chamber (Michael), but you also have to come to terms with the fact that you are one of only two of the several million Jackson siblings who isn't particularly famous (the other, an infamous Jackson child is older sister Rebbie).

However, compared to some people (the bass player of Roman Holiday, the bloke who designed the credits for The Menzies Programme, people like that), LaToya is quite famous, we suppose.

After all she did need to tap dance with her celebrated singing brothers, and she did appear on The Jacksons "Victory LP" and she has had a couple of hits of her own in America and she does design her own line of suede and leather wear. And, quite soon, LaToya Jackson could be very famous indeed - if, that is, you, the voters, make her so simple. "Oops Oh No", an absolutely massive hit.



A 3. Inside it's extremely boring so they have a birrova "jam" round the chandeliers' ballroom that looks innocently like their "living" room in downtown Bofford.



A 8. Dracula accosts someone who doesn't look like she's in Five Star because she isn't.

QVASINOVAMISTAREINTRODVGLXHOIR POTVSCGITETSIVAMMANTAINHAGCIVITAT



Is the universe or is the universe not, pop poopos, nary stream with the "truths" of man's deese to spend the rest of his days in perpetual slumber? You Tave a square around the lush green silk-worm they call "Tale" and witness the mounting presence of the mountebank being known as... the labour-saving device: microwave so-called "ovens" will explode your beards in 1/2 minute crumble, electric tooth-brushes for endless gum shredding, skate-boarders for smacking into wayward parking meters and going to hospital for a very long time and worst of all - the electric blanket!

Ah, how Bizt recalls the heady days of trotting to the arkside in one's fagway shirt tails and nightcap, while merrily filling one's hot-water bottle with luffy cover, and then snuggling merrily bed-wards. What is an electric blanket by comparison? A polky tick of a cold plastic unpluggable switch that you forget to turn off and thus waste up on fire and go to hospital for a very long time again. Pathetic. And only this very morning did three brand sprinking new Walkmans descend on the Bizt desk which would be all very well if they don't feature... the auto-reverse button! Careful! No more turlin' 'n' burnin' to turn your tape over or dropping your tape and being very embarrassed when the world expects that you're listening to the Len Enight Combo.

Oh no... there's no such excitement with these three Sansui Auto Reverse Repeat Stereo Cassette Players With Headphones. Just one extremely life less flick of a button and - you're over to the other side.

Well, since Bizt won't "entertain" these monstrosities, it's giving them to you for now so you can pulp them with a shoe-horn in disgust (or something). But not before you've answered that question. Which of the following labour-saving devices is most likely to slice your hand off and assure you to go to hospital for a very long time once again? Is it: a) a very noisy new "Tub" automatic washing machine, b) a Rise 'n' Shine Automatic Tox-Maker With In-Built Make-Up "Smiff", c) an electric carving knife or d) a fish slice? Answers on a household robot to Smash Hits/Wa Are All Going To Die Of Doing Nothing In A Jiffy If We're Not "Careful" Competition, £2-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF to get here by November 18. First three correct answers out of the kitchen sink are the unlucky "win"ners.

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A 4: SPOOK! The Star all down for a breather and a flasher appears! Er... he's got his "gear" on so it must be Dracula - not that they look very perturbed by this.



A 9. Everything goes awfully and the world turns into a gigantic perforated fig-leaf. (Or something...)



A. The only known photo in the entire universe of Steve "Bush".

And so another era in the shifting tableaux of publishing that is Smash Hits has come to a halt. Bush? It's almost too tragic but the diminutive genius clad in black, Steve Bush, the editor, has left the ranks of our esteemed magazine.

Why oh why did he go, this man who lived only for Buletage and the hope of one day winning a Bandy Budy and who thought pop music was for cry-babies and who had extremely wanky theories about Jennifer Bush (i.e. she was the great white hope for rock) and Marc Almond (so was he)?

Oh, well, no use crying over it now. He's gone, GORNI! So as the petite Eibury flies through the glittering portals into Carnaby "Street" for the last time, Bizt hastily presents...

Ode To Steve Bush
Dear dear old Steve Bush
Did you resign?
Or were you given the push?
(I have), I have,
I really do go to think up
"projects" for our publishers
(I have)!

Oh, Se, dear reader, you are probably wondering who new springs spittle-like into the unprinted editorial space? Stop forward Bury McElroy's earringed Irish person and friend to the stars (Shane Mc-Gowan, the Bury's Journalism et al). All together now - top of the morning-to-you, Bazzzz!!!!



Our "STUDENT" "MUSIC" EDITOR, BRIAN McWHITTAKER (MILLED) (artist's impression)

FAN CLUB SPOOK-CORNER

"Hooch" Aha have finally got their fan club sorted out. It is true. The Official Aha Information Service has cleared the backlog of (approx) 200 000 letters and if you write to them enclosing a 10p stamp (3 International Reply Coupons if you live outside the United Kingdom) they'll send you a 1000-word information leaflet (subjected that means including "news and reviews", colour photos, "factfiles", a complete discography, a brief history and a word-for-word transcript which sounds like a tinny "sm" does it not?) the address is The Official Aha Information Service, Whitehead Beach Express, PO Box 203, Watford WD1 3YA.

And, by some strange "quirk" of fate, Madeline too has finally got a proper fan club of her own. It is in America (which means you need a 40p postage stamp and should include an International Reply Coupon) and its address is The Madeline Fan Club, PO Box 1406, New York, U.S.A.





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Take a closer look!





ALOHA ALOHA! ALOHA!

... That's what they say in sunny Hawaii, where the sky is blue and the natives are friendly. Except when Cyndi Lauper goes there and then it starts to rain and this bloke called Ian Collins asks lots of nosy questions! This way to the tropics.

HELLO, pop tart! Well, here we are in Hawaii – and guess what? It's raining! Nice one! God, I must say. Apparently it rains quite a lot in Hawaii – something to do with the lush green mountains which rear up dramatically all over the islands and being in the middle of thousands of miles of Pacific Ocean – but never for very long. Mostly it's frazzlingly hot – sunshine, impossibly blue sea and skies, genuine colourful tropical fish pootling about among the boats in the marina, and like bronzed Polynesian youths playing in the white-capped surf.

But, lest we forget, this is also America. Which – at the other end of the scale – means old Coke cans and plastic bags floating in – with the tropical fish – at several McDonald's and mile after mile of "souvenir" stalls (selling umpteen variations on garish beach towels, shell necklaces and assorted cheap tourist tat), and grotesquely overweight Americans with grizzled grey wavy hair dressed in tasteless crimplene "sunning" themselves on the sandy beaches. It's an "interesting" combination.

Anyway, this particular island is called Oahu and it's where *Magnum* is filmed. It's also where Cyndi Lauper is stopping off to play on the marathon long haul between Australia and Japan (she's number one in both countries) and the mainland of America (where she's also number one with "True Colors"). And talking of things both American and colourful, here's Cyndi!

The Hawaiians – 8,500 of them packed into the Neal S. Bleasdale Center – are crazy for Cyndi Lauper. They scream and cheer madly as she opens the show, dancing across the stage, a-swirling and a-twirling in her festive leopard-skin plastic mac, black dress and red plastic sandals. They go politely potty when any of her singles are played, and they go positively nuts when she touches on anything Hawaiian, like gathering up the garlands and flowers which rain down on the stage or using the word "rainbow" (as in "True Colors") – this being the Rainbow State.

Cyndi herself is pretty awesome, as she and her band play for nearly two hours.

Shedding the plastic mac, she paces about the stage, from time to time running up the stairs at the side and along the catwalk at the back so that everyone in the arena can see her, all the time giving out with this incredible voice. Where does it all come from? You half expect there to be a huge explosion in her midriff with the smoke clearing to reveal her crumpled remains on the floor.

In between songs there are

little entertainments, like dances with the band members or jokes with the audience. "We love you!" bellows one audience member as she launches into one such story. "Wait till you hear the punch line," she quiips right back. "You might change your mind!" Finally there's a last encore of Cyndi singing "True Colors" all alone – rather touching actually – and everybody goes home.

Well, not quite everybody. Cyndi still has work to do – greeting the local music business people in diplomatic fashion and then getting made up all over again for a local TV appearance. It's after 4 am before she finally finishes, still suffering from jet lag.

Small wonder then that next day she's looking a mite pale and tired as she sits beneath a beach umbrella on a stretch of plastic grass near the pool of her v. swanky hotel. Minus most of her stage make-up and garish yellow hair dye, she's very simply dressed and looks much more delicate and genuine than her photographs would ever suggest. And despite her goofy screwball image, she obviously takes things Very Seriously. Indeed as she sips her Perrier water – no large fruity tropical cocktails for her – and nibbles on some Hawaiian cooked bar snacks of chicken and fish – she doesn't eat red meat.

Her famous sense of humour is never far from the surface as from time to time she slips into her exaggerated cartoon voice to make some joke (often self-mocking) but it's quite clear that Cyndi Lauper is no fool. She talks in great detail about vocal-training and protection, and worries about the dividing line between "art" and commerciality. This is the attention to detail of a true perfectionist.

Of course it hasn't always been like this for Cyndi Lauper. A native New Yorker, she's been singing as long as she can remember, having grown up in a house full of songs from musical shows. She wrote her first song around the age of 11, performing in the basement of her home with her sister on guitar and a girl friend on drums. She then went to art school for a while, before meeting up with a man called John Tuohy who introduced her to Elvis Presley and real rock'n'roll. Cyndi was floored by it and together they formed a group called Blue Angel who made one solitary album before fading out.

After that she went solo and found herself a new manager and boyfriend in David Wolff, himself formerly a musician. David – who looks like a "hippie" relic and is in fact a v. good chap – still recalls the time they spent in a tiny New York



CYNDI LAUPER

apartment and how to book the phone and his typewriter into the loo so he could work without disturbing Cyndi, who'd be sleeping in the other room. Eventually they worked out a "plan" and got their present record deal. Now, after the huge success of her first LP "She's So Unusual" (which, with the help of her crackly video, is incorporating people like her mother and David, gave her four straight Top 10 hits in America, including "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" and "Time After Time"), she's back! Back with "True Colors" which is already number one all over the place. But what about the years in between? What on earth has she been up to? Where has she been?

Well, for a start, round about 1988 there was the whole Rock and Wrestling shebang. This started out with well-known American wrestler Lou Albano appearing in the "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" video as Cyndi's dad and escalated, via a series of well-publicized insults and grudge wrestling matches and rematches, into Cyndi managing the female world wrestling champion, Wendy Richter, for two years. The wrestlers concerned even made a lovely horrible musical LP and the director, David and the mysterious (hem hem) Mona Flame.

"There was a lot of terrible goings-on that I had to right," says Cyndi rather evasively, "and Wendy was a real pain in the ass, so that stuff with... Of course Lou and I had our fights and then we became co-chairmen of the Multiple Sclerosis Society Stakes, which I'm still an honorary member of. Lou goes to the bars - it's like an Ugly Bartender contest and he'll take pictures and charge \$15 a shot. But because we have to pay for security I just can't do those things," she sighs wistfully.

"Initially this was all thought of as an entertaining diversion to break up the treadmill of record making and promotion, but when the whole thing began to take off in America (and Australia and Japan), Cyndi and David (who was largely responsible in the first place) decided enough was quite enough. Besides, a new project beckoned. Famed film maker Steven "E.T." Spielberg had asked Cyndi to be musical director for his latest project, *The Goonies*, a children's film about lost treasure.

"That took up a lot of time," she says resignedly. "Perhaps more than it should have. It was just that it was my first movie project and I wanted to make a really perfect thing for Spielberg. And I was excited to do it because I was going to be able to act on a real Hollywood set. It was a beautiful set, that boat, and

that's what I did it for." As musical director, Cyndi was responsible for choosing and working with artists contributing to the soundtrack, including the then largely unknown Bangles.

"I wanted a real fair type of soundtrack with equal representation between black people and white people and women. Because I hadn't seen that. Oh hello - how cute!" This last remark is addressed to a sparrow which has alighted on the back of an adjoining chair and is thoughtfully eyeing Cyndi's bibles.

"I wonder if this bird eats this stuff?" she says. "I'm afraid to give it fried food! You just don't know!" she giggles as the sparrow flies off. "I thought it was going to do a little dump in front of us!"

"Um. And artists I really liked," she says returning to the subject in hand. "And I thought the Bangles had that street element, the newness and the freshness. And they reminded me a lot of myself when I first started - very new, very raw."

Cyndi ended up putting a lot of work into *The Goonies* - a lot of work in fact, as she ended up in hospital.

"I neglected myself," she admits. "I got obsessed with the work because it's not like 'work' - it's creating something. I worked every single day, 12-hour days. I had very neurological problems. And I kept working through it, thinking it was going to go away. It didn't and I went into the hospital thinking I was going to go on vacation the next day, and they said, 'uh uh'."

After a minor operation, Cyndi is now in perfect health again but with a more realistic view of how to work and pace herself. But wait - we haven't finished yet. In the middle of working on *The*

▼ A lot of Hawaiians going positively nuts.



▼ Lauper and a positively lovely (stanco) (quite funny) n' (slovak) actress!



▲ Cyndi in a positively lovely beach hat she stole from a donkey.

Goonies there were two important interruptions. First came the American Music Awards (Cyndi picked up two) where she decided to show the American public that she wasn't just some goofy airhead.

"I did this concept piece where I was going to try to dance and paint and sing - like performance art - on a real straightforward show. I figured everybody else is going to be doing their hits so why don't I do something extra special? So I built this sculpture, and there were shoes and there was a clock and there was a frame free-hanging - it was really interesting. And there were these arches and they were made from shoes, and there were stairs and a little column in front.

"For me it was great because I was always an art student so it gave me the opportunity of doing my art and some form of dancing. I don't know what you'd call it - I'd call it very free form!" she laughs.

And from there it was straight on to (ta ta!) USA For Africa. "Bob had contacted me that Christmas and asked me if I wanted to get involved. And I said I'd do it and he wrote this letter and it was *hahah*. I thought at first that no one was responding so it was his frustration. But when I first saw that "Da They Know It's Christmas" video, I was so moved by that - I thought it was the most beautiful thing. And I enjoyed seeing everybody, all the different stars. The only thing that bothered me was that it was all men taking the solos but I figured, well, that's OK. And when we did our thing of "We Are The World" I was glad to see there were many women. There were some great women singers in that room - my God! That was one of the most incredible experiences in my whole life. I was in awe of the people. Were you there?"

Er, no. "Oh, you would have shit if you were there! Tina Turner! Dionne Warwick, Diana Ross - I mean, every hero in the world. And of course Bob Dylan! And I was such a lunatic that day because I was so tired. And I was upset because I didn't have time to wash the mouse out of my hair from the American Music Awards.

"And I heard the song and I thought it was gospel and everything but I wasn't sure how it was going to go. And I said I wanna sing on the bridge of the song at least - if I'm gonna go there, use me, you know? So I walked in and I'm standing there

and all of a sudden it hit me what it really was. When they all started singing, then I said 'Oh my God! Now I get it!' It was beautiful, it really was."

"I remember Dionne Warwick was singing over my head and I was freaking out 'Oh my God! Should I sing with her? Maybe I'll sing a little with her. No - I'll wait till she's finished then I'll sing. Oh my God!' And I looked next to me and there's Billy Joel and Bruce (Springsteen) - they kinda have that New York-New Jersey air so I wasn't really thrown by them, because they're very unassuming.

"And they were talking to me and Billy was saying, 'Himm - yellow and red!' So then I had to take my coat off. And then I saw Michael (Jackson) and Michael wore his torador coat, and that was like my Italian general coat and I realised that was too similar so I took it off and I had all the bracelets and everything - because I was trying to dress up the outfit because I couldn't really change. And one thing led to another and I ended up having to take off all the jewellery anyway.

"But it was a beautiful thing!"

Phew! And so, finally, Cyndi Lauper gets round to making a new record. But wasn't putting out a ballad like "True Colors" after such a long gap a bit of a gamble?

"It was a gamble and I was nervous, but we felt it was worth taking the risk because it was such a great song. And it was a very real performance - very intimate. It's worth every once in a while in a large sea of pop records and commerciality to throw in something that will penetrate the surface. It means so many things to so many people. It's like 'Girls Just Wanna Have Fun' except the other side."

"I didn't write this song. It was a great, great song that needed to be sung. I'm in for the end result, I'm in this for the duration!"

▼ Cyndi has a kiss up with a positively ragged old beach hippie (oh, it's alright, it's her boyfriend David...)



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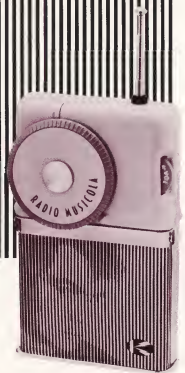
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K A T E B U S H



E X P E R I M E N T I V

We were working secretly for the military our experiment in sound was nearly ready to begin
We only know in theory what we are doing music made for pleasure music made to thrill It was music we were making here until

CHORUS

They told us all they wanted was a sound that could kill someone from a distance
So we go ahead and the meters are over in the red it's a mistake in the making

From the painful cries of mothers to the terrifying scream we recorded it and put it into our machine

REPEAT CHORUS

It could feel like falling in love It could feel so bad but it could feel so good
It could sing you to sleep but that dream, it your enemy

We won't be there to be blamed we won't be there to finish Just pray that someone there can hit the switch

REPEAT CHORUS

And the public are warned to stay off

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

SPANDAU BALLET



THROUGH THE BARRICADES

What's this? Spandau Ballet go all political! Gary Kemp talks his way through the barricades.

Mother doesn't know where love has gone/She says it must be youth/That keeps us feeling strong/I see it in her face that's turned to ice/And when she smiles she shows/The lines of sacrifice ♪ And now I know what they're saying/As our sun begins to fade/And we made our love on wasteland/And through the barricades ♪ Father made my history/No fight for what he thought/Would set us something free/They taught me what to say in school/I learned it off by heart/But now that's torn in two ♪ And now I know what they're saying/In the music of the parade/And we made our love on wasteland/And through the barricades

♪ Born on different sides of the/But we hear the same/And feel all of this strife/So come to me when I'm asleep/And we'll cross the lines/And dance upon the streets ♪ And now I know what they're saying/As the drums begin to fade/And we made our love on wasteland/And through the barricades ♪ Oh turn around and I'll be there/Wall there's a scar right through my heart/But I'll bare it again/OH I thought we were the human race/But we were just another border-line case/And the stars reach down and fall us/That there's always one escape ♪ Oh I don't know where love has gone/And in this troubled land/Desperation keeps us strong/Friday's child is full of soul/With nothing left to lose/There's a very thing to go ♪ And now I know what they're saying/It's a terrible beauty we've made/As we make our love on wasteland/And through the barricades ♪ And now I know what they're saying/As our hearts go to their graves/And we make our love on wasteland/Oh and through the barricades

♪ Words and music by Gary Kemp
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"I wrote this just over a year ago when we were in Ireland — this sounds really corny but I remember getting up in the night to write the lyrics. I'd been to Belfast a few times and I couldn't believe it was part of Britain.

There'd be young kids going to school with their parents and young kids on street corners with guns; what I hated even more was the sectarianism between Protestant and Catholic. Instead of working class people fighting against the system and the state for having put them in such a terrible position, they're using all their energies to fight each other.

The song itself was just an observation of the frustration that might occur in a mixed race relationship — something I was also thinking about because my girlfriend's sister was going out with a black man and was under a lot of pressure from some of her family and friends at the time.

It's more about Protestants and Catholics, I suppose, though it doesn't actually put its finger on it. The reference to a 'terrible beauty' gives it away as being Irish though, doesn't it? That was how George Bernard Shaw described Ireland. I know that sounds as pretentious as Sting putting 'Nabokov' in a song but in my case it's hidden away and it's a good line anyway.

One day we drove to the outskirts of Belfast and saw these wastelands which were like a no-man's land, all burnt out cars, and I had a fantasy that that was where you'd run to escape it all. From then on the line 'we made our love on wasteland' became a key one. It's not a political song though. It just makes a point. It's easy to write a love song but you've got to put it in a situation that's original and interesting. So I put it there."

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R S V P

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

● **Hi, my name's Vivienne, I'm 10 years old and I would like a female penpal of around my own age.** I like A-ha, swimming and most chart music so get writing to: Vivienne Palmer, 12 Lime Tree Road, North Walsham, Norfolk NR29 9DY

● **Hello, I'm a 17 year old Italian boy seeking penpals from anywhere.** My favourite groups are U2, Simple Minds, The Cult, The Alarm, Dire Straits and Jimi Hendrix. If you are interested please write to Nando Bocciazo-Vareto, Via Gropello 28, 10138 Torino, Italy

● **Ahoy all fellow Gothics with Robert Smith hair-dos!** We're two outgoing lasses of 14 who need cheering up. If you like The Cure, The Damned, The Banshees, black clothes and anything alternative then put down your horseyard and get and get writing to: Ali and Hui, 43 Lyndon Ave, Gorforth, Leeds, West Yorks LS25 1DZ

● **Hi interested in writing to a 16 year old Northern Irish "bloke" who is very much an existentialist nihilist? (Phew!)** I'm also into The Smiths, U2, The Mighty Lemon Drops, Echo and New Order? Get writing to Schmek, 290 Bomber Road, Duntonald, Belfast BT16 6UR

● **Two 15 year old Depeche Mode fans want anyone to write to (well, almost anyone, no Duranisms, Madonna or Wham! fans thank you). Writing for your masterpieces are: "Tara and Jeremy, 25 Wheatley Drive, Carlton, Nottingham NG4 1FE**

● **My name is Emme and I'm looking for a male penpal.** I'm 14 and into Bryan Adams, Go West, Simple Minds and loads more. If you're 14+ please write to: S E Strain, Sheepshead, Shrewsbury, Gloucestershire SY3 9DF

● **Hi, I'm a 17 year old boy from Malaysia who is looking for some penpals.** He or she can be any colour, any race, any age and from any country that exists in this universe. I'm into Wham!, Duran Duran, Samantha Fox, Modern Talking and any group/individual who makes good music. I have lots of hobbies so if you're interested please write to: C, No 4 Jalan 14/15, 46100 Petaling Jaya, Malaysia

● **Hi, I'm a 13 year old girl called Kerry.** I would like anyone, male or female, aged 13-16 to write to me. I like Five Star, UB40, Paul Young and having a good time so please write to Kerry Lynch, 2 Derwent Road, Lancaster, Lancs LA1 3ES

● **Hello children! Dom here, and I'm looking for someone to write to and you could be perfect for the job.** If you're between 13 and 16 and of the female persuasion and into such musical delights as Adam Ant, Bauhaus, Bogshed, Gee Mr Tracy, The Smiths and all things groovy then write to me Dom, The Groovy Train, 63 The Horseshoe, Llewellyn Green, Hemel Hempstead, Herts HP3 3DS

● **Hi there all you music lovers,** I'm a 12 (nearly 13) year old female who's into Madonna, Five Star, The Karate Kid and V. Anyone, any age from anywhere in the world please write to me: Jayne Martin, 33 Porton Road, Larches Estate, Ashton, Preston, Lancashire PR2 10D

● **Calling anyone 14+ with a sense of humour,** I like UB40, Prefab Sprout, The Style Council, The Eurythmics and Billy Idol. Please scribble to me: Dilva, 27 Laburnum Street, Wollaston, Stourbridge, West Midlands DY8 4NX

● **Are you interested in writing to a 15 year old girl who's into Phil Collins, A-ha, letter writing and Smash Hits?** If you are, get that pen moving and drop a line to: Mary, 41 Arundel Drive, Orpington, Kent BR6 9JF

● **OK! I'm a weirdo who likes black clothes and going to really weird parties.** I'm male and looking for 16-18 year old female weirdos to write to. I'm heavily into The Cure, The Jesus and Mary Chain, Depeche Mode, New Order, The Damned, The Smiths and any other indie groups but not much other chart stuff. So get scribbling to: R. Aho, 53 Rayfield, Epping, Essex CM16 5AD

● **Hi, my name is Marc and I'm a zealous fusion jazz devotee desperately seeking female jazz fusion fanatics from all over the world.** I love aquatic sports and sun-bathing so get scribbling to me at: Bedok Reservoir Road, #15-385, APT B1K 104, Singapore 1647, Singapore

● **Hi there, I'm a 13 1/2 year old male into Madonna, Kate Bush, Sting, The Eurythmics and all Motown.** If you hate Wham! and Duran Duran and are aged 12-15 then get writing to: Alan Rudkin Jnr, 18 Regency Road, Featherby, Melton Mowbray, Leics LE13 3YN

● **We are two lads seeking two female penpals aged about 16-21.** We like American dance music, Robby Vincent and Solid Soul, so if you're interested please write to: Robert Stanforth, 15 Alexander Street, Thorne, Nth Doncaster, South Yorkshire DN8 4EE

● **I am a 17 year old girl looking for male and female penpals aged 15+ from anywhere in the world.** I like Paul Young, Bryan Adams, Billy Idol, A-ha, The Bangles, Simple Minds, Dire Straits, Charlie Sexton, Menicoin and Duran Duran. Anyone please write to me: Nicola, 26 Muirhead Avenue, Perth, Scotland PH1 1JL

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THE 12" MIXES

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We Don't Have To
- 3. CHEYENNE BROS**
Don't Leave Me This Way
- 4. FIVE STAR**
Can't Wait Another Minute
- 5. MIDNIGHT STAR**
Midst Touch
- TOTAL TIME 32:59

- 1. OWEN NUTT**
Ain't Nothin' Goin' On But The Rent
- 2. FABLEY - "BOOMMASTER" FLINK**
Love Can't Turn Around
- 3. DREX SNOXAL CLUB**
Rumors
- 4. JONAS BROS**
All And All
- 5. CASHIERS**
Mine All Mine
- TOTAL TIME 33:04

- 1. ARETHA FRANKLIN**
Who's Zoomin' Who?
- 2. TAVARÉ**
Heaven Must Be Missing An Angel
- 3. PAUL HARDCASTLE**
Don't Waste My Time
- 4. JAY DEAN**
Breaking Away
- 5. GRACE JONES**
Fall Up To The Bumper
- TOTAL TIME 32:48

- 1. SUTTA**
So Macho
- 2. BROSNI BEAT**
RR That Perfect Beat
- 3. M.C. MIKER "G" & DJEJAY SVEN**
Holiday Rap
- 4. PHIL PEARSON**
I Can Prove It
- 5. BARRY CARONER**
I Wanna Wake Up With You
- TOTAL TIME 32:06



OVER 2 HOURS OF SMASH DANCE HITS
DOUBLE ALBUM OR CASSETTE



● The Mission might have a big hit with "Stay With Me", but they still can't afford their own make-up bags – so they have to borrow one from *Smash Hits* "reporter" Sylvia Patterson! And then they try to turn it into a hat... (??)

Somewhere in the midst of "swinging" London there's a record company interview room with a very horrible plastic bat dangling above the doorway – while the door itself is emblazoned with the scribbly words "Goth City". This, apparently, is to make The Mission "feel at home" – and they also find it very amusing.

"Well, you've got to have a sense of humour, haven't you?" sniggers lead "singer" Wayne Hussey (who sniggers rather a lot), "cos as far as we're concerned this is Carry On Goth!"

Well! In fact, the four blokes who make up The Mission are all having a birrora laugh today – being waited on by various record agents to bring them any amount of chicken sandwiches, tuna sandwiches, packets of gaspers and rather a lot of wine for a Thursday lunchtime.

"Fame!" muses Wayne, taking an extra large swig of wine. "Well, it'll never change us – we'll still get drunk!" It's true – they are, after all, high experts at "enjoying" themselves. The Mission have been together a mere 10 months – releasing two extremely successful independent singles, "Serpent's Kiss" and the double A-side "Like A Hurricane/Garden Of Delight" before they signed to a rather large record company and "Stay With Me" swirled its way up the flingway charts.

This "instant" success, however, has quite a bit to do with the band members' previous paths of "glory". Wayne and Craig Adams were once in quite famous and very brilliant group the Sisters Of Mercy – which Wayne now reveals was "one big joke – that nobody got! And we're another joke that nobody's going to get... They were good days, though, great days... until they split up rather mysteriously last summer. In fact Wayne was in another band for a while – the very famous Dead Or Alive, though he's dead chuffed he got out before they became "embarrassing" and is rather pleased he's still got the hat that Pete Burns gave him "for services rendered". Mick Brown was in another quite famous and rather brilliant band called Red Lorry Yellow Lorry, while Simon Hinkler was in... er... a band called Artery.

"A not very famous but brilliant band called Artery!" corrects Simon, a trifle miffed but looking somewhat embarrassed anyway. But then – spiralling mists!! – the ever-pokesome

finger of life that is FATE! thrust our hapless heroes together...

"In a toilet in a warehouse. Honest!" pipes Wayne, not looking very honest under his darkened spectacles. "We met in a toilet – all the best people do, y'know. And now we've got the world at our feet and that's... er, about it!"

Mimmm. So much for history then viewers. At the moment The Mission "lads" are frolicking around in their interview room and they'd much rather talk about... shampoo.

"I bought some shampoo yesterday for the first time in bloody ages," reveals Craig for some reason.

Simon: "What kind of shampoo did you buy, Craig?"

Craig: "I got some good stuff with conditioner in" that. Well, it was expensive so it must be good... cos, y'know, you can't be too careful..."

Mick: "It was probably beer shampoo, knowing you!"

Craig: "Yeah, just bang some lime in and it's stillirrrrrrr! Ha ha!"

Wayne: "I bought a new make-up bag yesterday..."

Craig: "I could do with a new make-up bag actually – mine's split." Well – spook upon spooks! – it just so happens I've got a spare one in my bag. (Produces very humble plastic quilted-"effect" green make-up bag.)

Craig (quite delighted): "Ere! It looks like one of them hats. One of them hats except we could dye it black! Y'know, sort of like a cosack hat. (Wears spook-up bag on head – very fetching.) Aw – it's too small. But merrr like one! No, really we've been discussing the possibility of getting some of these for ages – I tried to get one yesterday but they were all too small. I'm sorry – we don't have any in your colour, sir!" Ha ha!

Wayne: "I bought a new coat yesterday an' all. That one there. (Points to black 'n' billowy spook-coat hanging on the back of the door.) A hundred quid."

Eh? A hundred smackers for a coat?

Craig: "That's what I said..."

Wayne: "Y'eah – I'm rich! (Smirks widely, though he smirks widely most of the time anyway.) Yeah – today I'm getting a cheque for 1300 quid – that's my bonus – me wages for two weeks. Actually it's just for the weekend ha ha! No – 750 quid a week – I'm rich and it feels... fine!"

Mick: "We get 25 quid a week and as much semolina as we can eat har har..."

Wayne: "I mean, all those indie

▼ The Mission, left to right: Wayne "Hussey", Mick Brown, Craig Adams and Simon Hinkler.



SSIO



bands with their martyred attitude... living for your art and starving – that's bollocks. Get rich!"

Surely, though, as ones who began "life" in the "indie" scene (man) they must quite like some of the music?

Wayne: "Aw God, no – it's all this pseudo 'cavy metal' stuff, innit! All these young bands trying to do guitar solos when they can't even play the guitar... er, who's a good example!"

Craig: "I don't listen to any of 'em."

Simon: "I don't listen to anybody."

Mick: "I'm deaf."

Wayne: "I bought the new 5-Star album the other day..."

Simon (wisely horrified): "You bought a 5-Star album?"

Wayne: "Yeah... it's a good album! I really like the singles off it so I bought it! It's just good songs y'see – that's all that matters. Good songs. They're a bit weird then, aren't they (i.e. 5-Star)? They're meant to be really shy and all that. I do like Deverce I must say... (swoons a bit...) I like Madonna too!"

Mick: "Oooh – come 'ere baby!"
Yes, well, that's enough of that. You are fascinated by dodgy old '70s bands, though, aren't you?

Wayne (rather snippily): "By good '70s bands. There were a lot of good songs from them – 'When The Love Breaks' by Zeppelin (i.e. Led) and Deep Purple, The Doors..."

And "naturally" enough at this point, in strides their manager Tony and proceeds to light very '70s joss-sticks all over the place letting off an almighty musty reek. I thought you lot were gods and not hippies?

Wayne: "We're goppies! Actually, Simon is a hippy – he's the only genuine hippy we know!"

Simon: "Well, everyone says I am so I suppose I must be..."

Craig: "You've got favourite trees and bushes and stuff!"

Simon: "What are you talking about?"

Craig: "He has, y'know! We recorded our album down on a farm in Surrey for three weeks and he had a favourite bush..."

Mick: "Yeah, we recorded the album on a 24-track milking machine bar har..."

Craig: "Yeah, his bush – it were about this big (heeps up in demonstration) about shoulder height – sort of like a big Tardis... and he were leant over it going 'Karma! Karma! You told me it were your favourite bush!"

Simon: "Er... well, me memory leaves a lot to be desired... it must have been purely phallic – the earth's energy, y'know..." (?)

Yes, well, anyway, The Mission are now "very proud" to present to the

universe their first ever LP "God's Own Medicine", which is rather splendid and not-at-all the doomesque piece of melodramatic misery most "goth" types are often accused of. **Wayne's** "Y'know, that's exactly what we're not," he states boldly. "We're not one of those 'orrible bands with po-faced... faces. I can't believe those people who come to gigs and just stand there in their black clothes being miserable – they've just no sense of humour and they've got totally the wrong idea of what it's all about – I mean, we're good time boys out to enjoy ourselves... we're the new wild men of rock, y'know!"

You write very grand lyrics, though "Grand!"

Well, it's not exactly 'thy baby git on down with me'-type stuff, is it?

"Yes it is – it's just more subtle ha ha! Y'see, I just like words... words like... precious and... sunshine... beautiful words. I'm very sweet, me, really y'know."

Er... did you know you'd become a sex symbol?

"Really? Aw, that's nice. I get all me jewellery from girls now, y'know! And they send us all clothes too."

Craig: "Buy nothing!"

Mick: "He (Wayne) got mistaken for Boy George once, y'know! Yeah – we were coming back from Spain or somewhere and we were on one of those moving pavement things going one way and these girls were going the other going 'Is it? Is it? It is! Boy George!' Ha ha!"

Wayne: "It's happened a few times, though obviously – I'm much better looking than him! Better legs an' all – don't forget the legs. You must admit, though, we have got good legs – just look around – there's four good sets of paws 'ere..."

Craig: "Oh yeah – tree trunks!" (Stands up to display his tree-trunks.)

Wayne: "Well, we just aim to cater for every taste, y'see... I tell you, I was in this club in Sheffield the other week and I walked past this group of girls and they started screaming 'aaaah! aaasah! Like that! Really! So I walked past again!"

Simon: "Yeah, you went to the toilet 20 times that night, didn't you! (Snigger.) I was in a club the other night and about ten girls went 'eeeeeh! eeeeeeh!' and started chasing after me. So I walked a bit quicker!"

Wayne: "I would have just lain on the floor and let them have me!"

Ah yes, but as 'rumour' has it, you're not exactly fussy, are you?

"No..."

Simon: "Yeah – that could be the title on the page – 'Hussey's Not Fussy' ha ha!"

(I think not – Ed.)



BEN



MIG



JU



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BERLIN

take my breath away



Watching every motion in my foolish lover's game
On this endless ocean finally lovers know no shame
Turning and returning to some secret place inside
Watching in slow motion as you turn around and say

Take my breath away
Take my breath away

Watching I keep waiting still anticipating love
Never hesitating to become the faded ones
Turning and returning to some secret place to hide
Watching in slow motion as you turn to me and say

My love
Take my breath away

Through the hourglass I saw you in time you slipped away
When the mirror crashed I called you and turned to hear you say
If only for today I am unafraid

Take my breath away
Take my breath away

Watching every motion in this foolish lover's game
Haunted by the notion somewhere there's a love in flames
Turning and returning to some secret place inside
Watching in slow motion as you turn my way and say

Take my breath away
My love take my breath away
My love take my breath away my love
My love take my breath away my love

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NEWS



No we don't like to be beside the seaside.



Win Dee Day nearly goes over the top.

Motoring Associations warned "skinnies" against driving open-top cars in high winds after a young lady, Ms Win Dee Day, was practically blown out of her sports car yesterday.

As she recovered from her ordeal, she bravely spoke to reporters: "It's a good job I hadn't started that diet I'd been meaning to go on. It was only the excess weight that kept me in my seat."

People stayed away from British seaside resorts in droves this weekend owing to the adverse weather conditions. Ice cream salesmen had their profits frozen, amusement park workers were not amused and deckchair attendants said that business had completely folded.

WEATHER OR NOT

Madame Rosa, Palmist & Clairvoyant to Show-business Personalities, forecast more of the same for the foreseeable future, or at least until next weekend.





Goose pimples are breaking out all over the country. It's feared that we could be in the grip of an epidemic if the freak weather conditions persist.

Experts are convinced that winds would be the highest ever recorded if the wind recording equipment didn't keep blowing about in the wind.

**SHIVER ME
TIMBERS, IT'S
GOOSY LUCY.**

High winds put gust up pilot

A trainee helicopter pilot caught in 60 mph winds was forced to land in a Bradford woman's garden yesterday.

Mrs Gayle Fawcett saw the incident from her kitchen window. She said: "I had just hung out my husband's long Johns to dry. Maybe the pilot mistook them for a windsock."

Blow me down It's Hurricane Haddock!

Trawlermen in Grimsby were amazed to see a shoal of flying fish yesterday. Not the South Sea variety, but **HADDOCK!**

The freak phenomenon was caused by gale force winds whipping up the waves offshore and literally flinging the luckless creatures into the air. Dozens of the fish landed on the nearby quayside.

Said one startled fisherman: "I've been catching haddock for years, but never in my arms before."

METEOROLOGISTS are forecasting freak winds over the North East of Scotland over the next few days.

Local men have been advised not to wear kilts out of doors as these could prove embarrassing if blown over the head.

Recommended headgear is the sou' wester tied with a double reef knot and two half hitches instead of the usual bow.

NEWS IS NEW

News is a Superstrong Styling Mousse, a Superstrong Gel, both with built-in conditioners. A Longlasting Wet Gel with special conditioner and sunscreen. And a Superstrong Fixing Spray. From Schwarzkopf. In chemists and beauty counters. That's the News. Now, here is the weather forecast.

NEWS - F

NEWS - L

NEWS - S

NEWS - G

HAIR RAISING NEWS

Schwarzkopf

BOB GELDOF:

Photos: Paul Rubin

"I'M PROBABLY THE LEAST COOL PERSON ON THE PLANET"

What? How can this be? He's the hero of half the world. He's a best-selling author. He's back making pop records. And, he trumpets, "I am the 34th most stylish person in Britain". "Uncool" Chris Heath investigates.

◆ **Bob Geldof stares round the photo studio with half-open eyes. He looks dreadful. Not just the normal Bob Geldof dreadful—unshaven face, scruffy hair, unironed shirt and slouchy posture—but genuinely dreadful. Over the last few weeks he's been up all hours to finish off his first solo LP and he's also been trying to fit in as many interviews as possible.**

This morning his manager had to wake him twice before he got up and was forced into his clothes. Half an hour later she found him, undressed again, back in bed. He got up again, not because he wanted to—"as you can see I don't like all this bollocks"—but simply because the success of his new career is, he admits, "of vital importance to me".

"Partly for financial reasons," he confesses, "but mainly for the good of my self-respect, because I think I can write songs and I want other people to confirm that to me."

He says all this in the slightly-concerned voice of a man whose group the Boomtown Rats had their last proper hit in 1982 and then followed it up with an enormous string of flops.

"People tell me 'This Is The World Calling' will be a hit because the circumstances are right—which they weren't for the Rats' singles which I thought were just as good," he sighs, "but I'm taking no chances. People are going to be very sick of me by Christmas." By which he means that, as well as the cover of *Smash Hits*, he's on the cover of *TV Times*, the cover of *Cosmopolitan* (only the second man ever after Boy George and only the first man who, ahem, was dressed as a man) and on the radio and TV every other second of every day. In fact, he's now starting to worry that all this exposure might be as bad as none at all.

"I've gone through that whole period of people being sick of me before—do you remember when I was the Boy George of my period?" he asks, harking back to the days when the Boomtown Rats ruled the charts and he had a reputation for being big-mouthed, obnoxious, arrogant, unshuttable, outspoken, bitchy and so on. These days of course, after two years of Band Aid, meetings with just about every important person in the universe and honorary knighthoods, things seem very different. In fact he's now pretty worried about whether people will be able to accept the whole idea of him being a pop star again.

"It's hard," he frowns, "because I don't feel up to trying to sell myself or an image. I think people would find it preposterous if I did because they know me through TV now and there's never been any pretence about what I am or what I think."

"I was watching Chrissie Hynde on Wogan the other night being 'a pop singer'—well, if I was to start bloody jumping about

like that, people would just laugh. They don't associate me with that. I can't talk about dying people and then someone goes 'And now Bob's going to sing his new song'."

"But the fact is, where I get my satisfaction from is by writing a good pop song, even though I realise people will find that really stupid. People will probably be expecting this great integrity and gravitas in what I do and it's a problem."

"What happens if I just want to sing 'yummy yummy yummy, I've got love in my tummy'?"

"What indeed? Of course, even though he's tired, even though he's unsure about how directly he should go out and "sell" his new record, and even though he swears that he doesn't like interviews at all, some things about Bob Geldof just never change. It's still hard to think of a subject which he isn't prepared to spout on about at great length in his thick Irish accent with a liberal sprinkling of swear words in every sentence.

In the space of an hour and a half I'm lucky to squeeze in more than one question every five minutes or so, and often after an inquiry into something like "whatever happened to the Boomtown Rats?" there's plenty of time to do the weekend shopping, fill in a couple of crosswords and invent the spinning wheel before he's half way through the answer. (For the record, they have split up, too and his disappointment.) Just mention something like his two mysterious marriages to Paula and he's off...

"The Las Vegas marriage wasn't mysterious at all. Paula was born in America with The Tube and I was with Dave Stewart from the Eurythmics, and I'd always said that if we got married it would be on the spur of the moment and we'd go somewhere great just for the laugh of it. And in 1978 when the Rats went to Los Angeles we went to Las Vegas for the weekend because it's such a weird place and I'd bought tickets for a Liberace show."

"Paula was absolutely convinced I was going to marry her then because there's nothing in Las Vegas apart from casinos and 24 hour neon heart churches. So she took all bloody day getting ready—I kept saying 'we're going to be bloody late', and she was sure this was the big one. I was getting really cross—I don't care what your hair looks like—and eventually she came out of the bathroom and I went boooof with the tickets—'Liberace!'—and her face dropped! It wasn't until about a month



later that it came out what she's really expecting."

He goes on . . .

"In fact there was no special justification for us getting married when we did. Basically it's a nice day for her, she gets to wear a new frock and it's a good excuse for a party, but as for the notion that it's somehow legitimises our life for each other by signing a piece of paper — well, I absolutely reject that."

And on . . .

"Anyway what happened was that Barry McGuigan was fighting in Las Vegas (when he lost the world title), and we know he was like boxing so we said 'let's go for the weekend' and Annie and Dave said they'd come so I thought 'let's do it'. Basically, Paula wanted to be Lady Geldof."

"So we booked The Little Church of the Prairie and checked into Caesar's Palace in the Bridal Suite — it's lime green with a white grand piano and a white bed with a scallop shell as a headboard on a raised dais with classical pillars with guaze around them and a jazz and a mirrored ceiling. It was so romantic, it was wonderful! It was a laugh which is what it should be."

"Paula had bought a \$15 frock at a second hand shop in L.A. and Annie went and got this gold halter top, lurex, with gold hareem pants and gold platform shoes. Dave, Billy — Annie's boyfriend — and we went to this tuxedo joint and got us the purple, the white, the white, polyester fares and white patent leather shoes with pink frilly straps. Dave liked his so much he bought it. And I'd forgotten the ring, so about 10 minutes before we found this jewellers in this shopping mall who just had three rings and I bought the least tacky one for \$100."

And on . . .

"When we got to the church we had to wait because there were huge queues so we went over to this little delicatessen and had corned beef sandwiches and coffee and cake, then went back in. It lasted about five minutes

"I can't talk about dying people and then someone goes 'And now Bob's going to sing his new song.'"

then we went back to the delicatessen. Annie had this cake saying 'Viva Las Vegas.' Dave made this obscene speech, Annie played some songs at the piano and Phil danced on top. A wonderful day. In fact the only thing wrong was that we couldn't book a flight to Reno and get divorced on the same day."

And on . . .

"The idea was that we'd then go to the other extreme and have a very traditional English country wedding and then when we were married afterwards we'd put on the video of us sitting down before so that everyone goes 'Well, heh . . .'"

And that's just the shortened version of what he said. Pretty much the same thing happens when he's asked about the bit in his autobiography where he says that there's nothing more embarrassing than parental attempts to understand their offspring: "the generation gap should be embraced and enforced by legal statute" and whether he'll really stick to that in bringing up 3½ year old Phil Trixibelle Geldof?

"Absolutely I will," he begins. "Whatever the latest fashions are, I'm not even going to attempt to understand them, and if music comes on and I think it's crap I'll say it's crap. I'm not going to say 'mmm that's a good record, let's go out and buy a record together and I'd like to meet some of your friends' — spare me!"

"Of course I'll be upset if she brings home really horrible blokes or when she wears a preposterous outfit or is listening to some crap, but I won't be like her own mum who'd go on about the Stones 'oh I can hear the beat' 'I like to see off, you know?' You can be friends but you don't have to attempt this ludicrous understanding . . ."

And off he goes again for absolutely ego. It's quite obvious that he's the sort of chap who has rather a lot to say for himself in any case and these days he quite a few pressing matters slouching around in his head that he can't stop thinking about.

GELDOF

Like the fact that, as he puts it, "I've been canonised" — i.e. people refer to him as Saint Bob all the time and imagine he's some amazingly moral bloke who wears a halo 24 hours a day. He admits that he's often tempted to make "a token kick against the pricks" just to show that he's not like that and also admits that the frankness of his autobiography (which hardly makes him out to be the nicest or most holy of people) was partly so that he could publicly state "I'm no saint" before someone else did.

"Last year I was told that there was an offer of £20,000 from a newspaper for anyone who could knock me off my pedestal," he explains wryly. "I could visualise 'Geldof's Nights Of Cocaine-Crazed Sex' appearing very shortly and with the book I could pre-empt that. I wasn't embarrassed by things like that but I wanted to be able to put it like it was part of a life so you could see how it happened."

Nevertheless, he knows that he still hasn't succeeded in dashing most of the public's expectations about him.

"By and large," he says, "people who walk into the room are disappointed in that you're far less charismatic than they expect."

"In that he doesn't glow in the dark?"

"Exactly," he agrees. "Or else they're overcome by what they read. Or else they think you're a schmuck



who's in it for his own good. Or else that you're this naive simpleton, this ridiculous idealist. And believe me," he says threateningly, "the idiot grip of ideology doesn't hold me very tight."

He does admit, though, that even he was rather overcome by his newfound reputation when he sat down and tried to write some songs again. To begin with he felt he simply couldn't write "yummy yummy yummy I've got love in my tummy" at all, but eventually he realised that it would be just as bad to write every song on a "momentous" theme as it was "Do They Know It's Christmas" Part 26. So, despite what some people have suggested, "This Is The World Calling" isn't about Band Aid at all.

"To be honest," he smiles, "I don't know what all of it is about but it sounds like it means something to me." Some of the other songs on the album do touch on things he saw over the last two years — he launches into a detailed description of when he "saw a man in an insane asylum trying to chew through the bars around his call literally inches from my face and as I watched him the people who were with me were laughing" — but mostly he's steered clear.

"I don't talk about people dying of hunger or emaciated children for two reasons," he explains. "One, it would be extremely boring and predictable and, two, it would be exploitative."

The main problem he seems to have had making his album is having to turn down an embarrassing number of offers of help from famous people. Even as it is, it features Dave Stewart, Midge Ure, Eric Clapton, Alison Moyet and Annie Lennox — and he decided not to use one song — "No Tomorrow Like Today" — on which he's backed by

U2 because "I don't think the track quite makes it from my point of view."

"It sounds like terrible namedropping," he says, "but I actually tried to avoid what might appear to be Live Aid on record."

The point is that he now wants to get back to being a "normal" pop star, get back into the swing of being really competitive about the whole thing, like his other pop star friends.

"Again, this sounds like namedropping, but often the Kemps might be down at our place and Le Bon is there at the same time and there's a certain tenseness, because even though we're very good friends of both bands, they're rivals. They probably hate each other's music, they probably go 'look at Le Bon in that picture he looks a complete prat' . . ."

Fact: Bob Geldof hasn't the slightest bit of guilt about being a pop star and earning lots of money again.

"I just accept it. If society chooses to overcompensate pop stars for the rather mediocre talent of being able to dream up a few whistling tunes then I'll take it. To hell with it. It's like working on a building site and somebody says we're going to pay you a royalty for every car that passes over your road. Do you think they'd feel guilty? No way!"

That's not to say it's turned his back on Band Aid. He still goes to the weekly meetings and now it looks as if they'll continue past the planned finishing date at the end of this year. And if it happened again . . .

"I know my priorities were correct then," he says, "and I know that if something happened now I would drop everything — the book, the album — and do it. I bought that absolutely."

You'd have thought that Bob Geldof would be a pretty happy man after all this — an international hero who's done more in two years than most people can hope to in their life, a pop star, a successful author, a happily married man with a daughter and a

"I'm not seeking contentment. I think discontent is the point of being human. All you can do is make life a bit better."

couple of hours. Apparently not.

"I don't feel any more contented now," he grunts. "And, as I said in the book, I don't think it's part of the plot. I'm not looking for or seeking contentment — I think discontent is the point of being human. All you can do is make life a bit better. I simply don't believe in the bright future — the future will be precisely the same as the present and the past only with different circumstances."

And with that cheery thought he ruffles his hands through his already dishevelled 'hairstyle' and gets ready to have his photo taken.

"Am I fed up that I've never been cool?" he laughs. "No, I'm not fed up but it's absolutely true. I'm probably the least cool person on the planet. I can't be cool because I've got no mystery."

"For a record I do think maybe I should dress more like a pop star, but then I thought 'I can do that — it just won't wash any more'. People are so used to seeing me in whatever I've got on. I'm chronically scruffy and I can't help it. I've tried to spruce myself up but it's no good. I've known that from ages ago — I remember being shoved into a suit when I was about 10 to meet the King and Queen of Belgium — a very old man is Belgian — and looked ridiculous then."

"My hair grows all over the place and I've got a very droopy baggy face and when I don't sleep it shows and . . . it's just never worked. I actually look better in Sloppy Joe clothes. Still, I do get lots of letters saying how terrible I look."

So the people and him nice clothes? He looks horrified at the thought.

"No! In fact," he beams, "I am the 34th most stylish person in Britain and I've even been invited on a gold-trimmed invitation to meet Estee Lauder as one of the hundred most handsome men on the planet. So thank you very much — you can all go and stuff yourselves!" ♦

SONY



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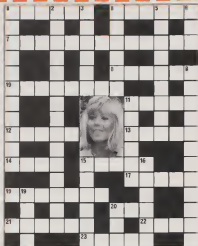
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ACROSS

- 1 They advised us all to 'Walk This Way' (3,1,1,1)
- 4 His other name is **Faltermeyer**
- 7 and 18 **Boris Gardiner's** wish for early morning (1,4,2,4,2,4,3)
- 8 **Nik Kershaw's** human was doing this
- 10 Drag hare around for a **Frankie's** hit (anag 4,4)
- 11 Say it twice for 1983 **Haysi Fantayese** hit
- 12 ~ - - - Love' (**Bronski Beat**) (1,4)
- 13 **Lauper** noted for her true colours
- 14 **U2** member discovered in 'Sledgehammer'
- 15 Doctor that **Thompson Twins** wouldn't mess with
- 17 Aural, like that singing Branigan (anag)
- 18 See 7 across
- 20 **Nick Heyward** wore a blue one for an azure day
- 21 Sob Don and find **Anita** from **EastEnders** (anag)
- 22 "Would - - - To You?" (**Eurythmics**) (1,3)
- 23 Half of **Nick Nolte** turns into that man from Watford (anag)

DOWN

- 1 And now the weather forecast from **Five Star!** (4,2,5)
- 2 Add 'Way' to complete a recent **Communards** No.1 (4,5,2,4)
- 3 **Peter** who's into the glory of love
- 4 This **Jones** once spent his life in one day
- 5 **Ives'** onion provided a hit for **Queen** (anag 3,6)
- 6 --- International (**UB40's** record label)
- 9 See photocube (6,6)
- 11 The sort of club that gets rumours going at Times
- 15 One din, not the sort of sound you get from **Ms Warwick** (anag)
- 16 Could be Fry or Pamela Sue
- 19 Billy hidden amid **Bon Jovi, Dollar** and **Amazulu**
- 20 Like **Ian Botham**, every band tries for a big one



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BETAMAX



Peter Cetera & Amy Grant

THE NEXT TIME I FALL

The Beautiful New Single From
The Voice On 'The Glory Of Love'
& Chicago's Biggest Hits



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BOB geldof

I hear a heartbeat
It's ringing out across the universe
It sounds so fast and lonely
Someone came from somewhere deep inside of us
And the operator says
(All is calm and all is quiet)
(Close your eyes and sleep tonight)

This is the world calling
(All is calm and all is quiet) this is earth
(Close your eyes and sleep tonight)
This is the world calling
(All is calm and all is quiet) this is us
(Close your eyes and sleep tonight)

I'm on a train now
I'm moving through the yellow fields of rape
There's so much beauty
I wish that I believed enough to pray
And the operator replied
(Spinning round you're wrapped in blue)
(There's no one looks as good as you)

This is the world calling
(Spinning round you're wrapped in blue)
This is us
(There's no one looks as good as you)

Repetitions

And it goes on and on
What we going to do because we can't go on
So what we going to do because we can't go on
So wrap me in your arms
And let me keep me warm tonight
What we going to do because we don't go on
So what we going to do because we can't go on
So wrap me in your arms
And let me keep me warm tonight

This is the world calling this is us
This is the world calling this is us
This is the world calling this is us
This is the world calling God bless us

And it goes on and on and on
(All is calm and all is quiet)
(Close your eyes and sleep tonight)
This is the world calling
(All is calm and all is quiet)
(Close your eyes and sleep tonight)

This is the world calling
(All is calm and all is quiet)
(You look beautiful tonight)
This is the world calling
This is the world calling
(Spinning round you're wrapped in blue)
(There's no one looks as good as you)
This is the world calling
(All is calm and all is quiet)
(This is the world calling)
(Close your eyes and sleep tonight)
(This is the world calling)
This is the world calling

Words by: Peter Dinklage
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this is the
world calling



BON JOVI: LIVIN' ON A PRAYER

Once upon a time not so long ago

Tommy used to work on the docks until the union was on strike
He's down on his luck it's tough so tough
Gina works the diner all day
Working for her man she brings home her pay
For love for love

She says we've got to hold on to what we've got
'Cause it doesn't make a difference if we make it or not
We've got each other and that's a lot
For love we'll give it a shot

Chorus

Oh we're half way there oh livin' on a prayer
Take my hand we'll make it I swear oh livin' on a prayer

Tommy's got his six string in heck
Now he's holding in what he used to make it talk

So tough it's tough
Gina dreams of running away
When she cries in the night
Tommy whispers baby it's okay someday

We've got to hold on to what we've got
'Cause it doesn't make a difference if we make it or not
We've got each other and that's a lot
For love we'll give it a shot

Repeat chorus

Livin' on a prayer oh we've got to hold on ready or not
You live for the fight when that's all that you've got

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by: Bon Jovi
Reproduced by permission: Famous Music Co., Inc. NY, NY

DAVID bowie

So long child
I'm on my way
And after all is done
After all is done
Don't be down
It's all in the past
Though you may be afraid

So long child
It's awful dark
And I've never felt the sun
I dread to think of when
When the wind blows
When the wind blows
When the wind blows
When the wind blows

Life burns a savage wound
Angry and wrought
Trusting a twisted word
You'll run run away

You'll take him on home
You'll spin a tall tale
But they won't believe you
No matter what you say

So long child
It's awful dark
I've never felt the sun
I dread to think of when
The wind blows
When the wind blows
When the wind blows
When the wind blows

*Words and music by David Bowie
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when the wind blows



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3

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PSST! Heard the one about the man, the lion and the dishwasher? Neither have we, so let us move on presto to a rather fascinating piece of information. My dog has no nose. Jamaican? No, he smells of his own accord! Bong!

Sorry about that, but as you can clearly see times are hard here in the workhouse. The merry season of Cymbeline draws nearer all the time, the sun sets over Carnaby Street and there'll always be an onion. Oh yes! Fings ain't wat they used to be!

Still, there are at least a few kind souls around, the sort of folk who wouldn't see a poor walf starve without at least making sure they had it all down on video.

Those kind people of ToshibaLand are giving away lots and lots of "goodies" to entertain your eyes and ears over the hard winter

months, so let's get cracking as they say in Bettsashirell!

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Right then, me hearties, is Alexei Sayle a) a piece of yachting equipment; b) a very fat "alternative" comedian; or c) a quite pleasant little village in West Sussex?

Answers to the ghost of Christmas past to "Smash Hits" Toshiba Competition: 14 Holkham Road, Orton Spalding, Peterborough, PE2 6UY to pop through the letter "box" by November 15 at the very latest. OK me old tosh!

NICK KAMEN



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CUTTING CREW I'VE BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE



Catch my breath close my eyes
Don't believe a word
Things she said overheard
Something wrong inside
Hits you in a minute ooh
Then you know you're in it ah

Chorus

I've been in love before
I've been in love before
The hardest part is when you're in it
I've been in love before
I've been in love before

Just one touch just one look
A dangerous dance
One small breath can make me feel
Like running away
You can't say you're in it no
Until you reach the limit

Repeat chorus twice

I've been in love
The hardest part is when you're in it
I've been in love
I've been in love before

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Maxi Priest

A BRAND NEW SINGLE
CRAZY LOVE
B/W PRETTY LITTLE GIRL

7" TEN 136 AND EXTENDED 12" TENT 136





" I A M A



Oh. That's funny, we could have sworn you were the bloke with the "codpiece" from Cameo. **Larry**

Blackmon (for it is he) announces his plans for world domination.

Words: William Shaw

Photos: Andy Catlin

How's this for a bit of a big boast? "I plan to do a blitz on the music business over the next two years that will never be forgotten. It will go down in the annals of music history!"

The man making this somewhat grandiose promise is sitting in a recording studio in Atlanta, Georgia in the USA. He's Larry Blackmon of Cameo, the man who sang "Word Up" sporting that splendid red codpiece. And as far as he's concerned, the success of that single "Word Up" is only the

beginning for Cameo and for the music biz empire which this *fantastically* ambitious chap with the flat hairdo has been building. "Am I ambitious?" he says. "Yes. That's the thrill of it all."

Because not only is Larry singer and songwriter with Cameo, but he also does a considerable amount of record producing *and* what's even more important, he's head of Cameo's record company, Atlanta Artists. These days, Larry estimates, the label boasts some 13 acts, including Cameo themselves, a rap group called Buffalo Soldiers

WARRIOR

and Cashflow, the soul group who've already had one top 20 hit in the UK with "Mine All Mine" which was co-written and produced by Blackmon. Larry Blackmon, we deduce, works like a complete *lunatic*.

He reckons that he can easily find himself spending 50-odd hours in the studio a week, just apart from all the other bits of business he ends up looking after. "We work REAL HARD," he insists. "I don't know any other group who works as hard as we do. Other groups go out partying: we've done all that. How many times can you do it? It's the same thing all the time, the same smells, the same sensations.

"Right now what we're concerned about is financial success, so to the hake! Once you've sacrificed as much as we have, you don't want any of that nonsense any more. You can go out partying till the cows come home and never have anything to show for it ten years from now. I rather make my life what I can make it now and then decide if I want to screw it up. We're workaholics and we like it."

Yes indeed. Of course this work-obsessed life does occasionally take its toll: "There have been times when I've been really crazy because I worked very hard, but when you get hold of something you want to make it so good. It's an obsession. Sometimes I'm forced to take a holiday because of my state, the state you get into from working too hard."

Some Chinese food arrives at the studio where this interview is taking place and where Larry is producing a group called Organised Grims. Larry tucks in to the copious heap before him while a session guitarist continues to add fidly bits to the song. All the food is vegetarian. "It's been proven that meat is not good for the human body," Larry explains earnestly.

Atlanta, Georgia, is the home of Larry Blackmon's HQ. He moved there and set up Atlanta Artists a few years back, escaping from the bustle of New York where he'd grown up and started out in the music business.

It's a southern American city, where people say things like "Hi y'all!", and where everywhere seems to serve southern fried chicken. It's the sort of place where at least half the radio stations play mournful, whining country and western songs all

the time, and where, in the poorer areas, people still live in old traditional shacks and sit out on the porch. (As a matter of fact, if you've ever seen the blockbuster weepie film *Gone With The Wind*, Atlanta is the town that gets burned down to the ground in it). But what makes Atlanta special as far as Blackmon is concerned is that the large black population of the city has a far better say in running the place than it does in most American cities.

"Atlanta is an old southern city," says Larry. "I forget which General burned it down in the civil war but Atlanta's a completely rebuilt city. It's old, but it's a very cosmopolitan city as well, very progressive as far as the black/white ratio in government goes. It's nice to know that your voice can be heard here, whereas in New York you'd be like a cockroach amongst giants."

So Larry and Cameo moved down here and now he lives in a place which he describes as "an estate - no, it's not a ranch" with his wife and his child. "But that's very personal... I don't want to talk about that..."

His idea of relaxation is zooming round on his Honda 750. He loves motorbikes (quite a big one) or going out for a trot on his pet horse, Amber.

But aside from music, Larry Blackmon's main obsession is keeping fit. He steers clear of meat and drinks alcohol only when it's champagne and he's got something to celebrate.

"Alcohol is a no-no for the mind and the system," he advises.

And apart from the hour he spends in the gym with the other members of Cameo, he's also a keen on ballet. Quite peculiar for a strapping lad like him? "Well, it's the ultimate athletic skill, ballet. It's not the easiest thing to become motivated to do, but once you get into it, and you see how your body responds to it, you're hooked..."

Though the general public may only have become aware of Cameo quite recently, with singles like "Word Up" and "She's Strong", Larry Blackmon has been working away on his musical ambitions for years. As a teenager he was absolutely bonkers about soul music and used to nip down to the Apollo Theatre in New York to see people like James Brown play. He wrote his first song at the age of 14 on a toy guitar which his parents had given his

sister for Christmas.

"It was a plastic guitar, with plastic strings," remembers Larry. "I took a liking to it, and I wrote the first thing of mine that you could call a song. Amazing."

It wasn't until eight years later, though, that Larry really took up songwriting in earnest and by then he had already been a member of all sorts of groups with names like The Mighty Geas and East Coast. "What did they sound like? Pheeeuuu!" Larry says by way of explanation, assuming the face of someone who has just smelt something unpleasant.

Even when the standard of the groups got better, Larry still found himself more or less penniless. "I was living in an apartment with some musician friends of mine... we were all broke; there were plenty of days when we couldn't afford the electricity. I think everybody has to go through that to know what it's about, struggling for your career goals. I've always thought that suffering was part of the 'gig'" he muses. "You can get into the 'self-doubties', your parents telling you to go back to school, which can tear your heart out. But I really got a lot and tried to get poised, and eventually it happened."

As a matter of fact, Larry remembers the exact time that he realised that "it" had "happaned". It was keeping the money coming in by working at a clothes shop. "I was just fitting a customer for a suit and I heard Cameo's first single come on the radio: it was on the slot where they played it every three hours so when that happened I knew we had a hit. So I just said to this guy 'Excuse me!' and got my stuff. 'Adios! Being a salesman was not my thing."

"Of course, that was just the beginning of a whole new level of suffering, just trying to get the record played, all the ass kissing and hand shaking you have to do. But if you look at it this way, that's minor if you want something really bad."

And now, according to Larry, he is poised on the edge of his mammoth megastardom, and he is producing just about everybody's records, directing his own videos, and jetting all over the place. He popped over to Britain recently by a few dates, and says he liked it, but reckons "it's a country of over-indulgence. The structure between the rich and



the poor is too strong - there's very little middle ground at all."

The number group on Atlanta Artists is growing all the time too and now they're even hoping to bring out a special Cameo range of clothes by the group's designer, Toyce Anderson, the man responsible for the codpieces. Whatever next? Cameo codpieces in *Mr Byrne?* Who knows? The ambition of Larry Blackmon is limitless.

"I am a warrior!" he declares. "I have to do what I have to do. You know what I mean?" Absolutely.



j i m k e r r o s m a s h h i t s

HOLLY JOHNSON

(FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD)



NAME: William Holly Johnson.

BORN: February 9, 1960 in Khartoum, The Sudan.

FIRST CONCERT: David Bowie at the Liverpool Empire. The date was June 9, 1973. Oh it was fab.

FIRST CRUSH: Miss Scholefield, the intant teacher. She used to wear those really woolly jumpers and fab perfume.

WHO WOULD HAVE A TOUGH CHILDHOOD? Oh, incredibly. Doesn't anyone born in working class England? And then there's the brainwashing of an English education and all the power struggles of being a child.

NICKNAME AT SCHOOL: Joyful Hooligan, I was such a happy child.

PREVIOUS JOBS: Pizza chef, labourer and a little bit of theatre.

PREVIOUS BANDS: I was in Big In Japan between 77 and 78. Then I went solo, releasing a couple of singles. Then I joined the Dancing Girls who turned into the Sons Of Egypt who were then whittled down into Frankie Goes To Hollywood.

WHAT'S YOUR ULTIMATE GOAL? Success. I'll go to the end of the earth to be a success. If you reach for the stars you can always land on the moon.

WHEN WAS THE FIRST TIME YOU TRIED ORRESSING UP? I was a chorboy. But only because I used to love dressing up in cassocks. It was fab.

I used to go on choir outings and you used to get experience a show. You did? It was like being in the theatre. Later on, I got into Judy Garland. That was fab. A great big D A, (har-do) with a huge peak and I used to wear Forties' jackets with big shoulders. I didn't last though. I was only about 14 then. I used to walk around singing 'Rock-A-Bye Your Baby With A Dixie Melody'

WHAT OTHER POP GROUPS DO YOU LIKE? I don't like any pop groups. I don't class what I do in the same category.

DO YOU WATCH BROOKSIDE? Some friends of mine are in Brookside. I know some of the kids and Petra who was kicked out is a friend of mine. I think it's getting better all the time.

WHAT MAKES YOU CRY? The thought of my mother and father having a bad time. That's worth crying for.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT PEOPLE CALLING YOU OUTRAGEOUS AND SHOCKING? People shouldn't take all this too seriously. It should make people laugh - the folk a outrages are the ones we are laughing at.

WHAT WAS "RAGE HARO" ALL ABOUT? Have you read the poem? Do Not Go Gently into That Good Night by Dylan Thomas? It was kind of inspired by that. It's an incantation against death and lethargy, and it's supposed to encourage lots of creative idealism in the listener.

DO YOU LIKE HAVING LOADS OF MONEY? I used to say when I hadn't any money that I wasn't into material things, and I did things like throw the television out of the window. As soon as I experienced money though, and I could buy some of the things I liked, I started to enjoy that. And, whatever people think, I'm not a millionaire or a half-millionaire or even a quarter-millionaire. I'm not stinking rich because I'm not the greatest business man on earth.

HAVE YOU DONE ANY PAINTING RECENTLY? Some flowers, the head of a statue, a blue man, and a woman with her head coming out of the waves.

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP? I'd like to be Jean Cocteau. I always want to do something creative, to do with colouring something from nothing.

DO YOU MIND HAVING TO SIGN AUTOGRAPHS? People who ask for autographs can be a bit horrible because they're not always your fans. Some idiot in Liverpool the other day asked me if you in Frankie Goes To Babylon? and in Holland I was mistaken for the lead singer of the Pet Shop Boys. I laughed me hell off.

HAVE YOU GOT ANY NICE CROCKERY? I got a nice hand-painted tea set. It's lovely - it's got cornflowers and poppies on it. I use it all the time.

DO YOU EVER HAVE THE OTHER MEMBERS OF FRANKIE ROUND FOR TEA? I haven't asked the lads round for tea because I don't think they'd care. That's not their idea of a good time they'd break the place! Well, they wouldn't, but I think they'd get pretty bored if I don't have any blues.

DO YOU SOCIALISE WITH THE OTHER LADS IN FRANKIE? We only meet up for work. I think it's disgusting to stick together the whole time. Each of us has his own private life.

FAVOURITE TOYS: My yellow and black leather throne. I've also got an Action Man which I like and a Superman pop-up book. I've also a black Porsche.

FAVOURITE ITEM OF CLOTHING: Brogue shoes and I mustn't forget my pair of red roller-derby shorts which I bought in the States.

BEST THING ABOUT LIVERPOOL: The people. The place is just full of really strong characters.

WORST THING ABOUT LIVERPOOL: The unemployment.

WHO WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE CAST ON A DESERT ISLAND WITH? Hanson Ford. And Sophia Loren.

PETS: No. I did have a Venus fly trap but that died.

WOMEN

(A-HA)



NAME: Morten Harket.

BORN: September 14, 1959 in Kongsberg, Norway

HEIGHT: 182cm

PREVIOUS GROUPS: I'm very much a dreamer and I've had big visions about bands that were very much just being gone on in my head. This is the only band that I've been in that works. The others? One was called Mercy, another Laeta Ancoys which was a kind of church, And a soul blues band called Scudder Blue.

PREVIOUS JOBS: I worked at a mental hospital for a year to get money for my band.

FIRST CRUSH: What does that mean? Oh I think it was probably my teacher at school in my first and second year. I was six and she was 20-something.

She had this very long, blond, beautiful hair. I'm still in love with her! No. I get madly in love with other girls and I still have the ability to fall in love.

DO YOU HAVE A NICKNAME AT SCHOOL? Yes, the Norwegian for woodpecker, 'Hakkebaketta' because of the resemblance to my name Harket.

ARE YOU RELIGIOUS? I'm religious, yeeh, though it really depends on what that means. I believe in God. I'm a Christian. I go to church when I can - but I also keep the church in my inferior, you know? And I read the Bible - not as much as I'd like to, though. I read it because it's interesting - it always makes me think. There's always new angles, new shades of understanding, and I keep you growing. But I don't think I can tell everyone to believe what I believe. I can only inspire people to find the same. I don't want to shove it down people's throats.

WHAT WERE YOUR SCHOOLBOYS LIKE? A total disaster. I couldn't differentiate between fantasy and reality. For instance, I once said I had captured a mouse in the woods with a lesson when I was seven years old - no one believed me and that really hurt my feelings.

WHAT ARE MAGS AND PÄL LIKE? Pål has unbelievable self-discipline and is a workaholic. He can keep working on what appears to be the same

thing over and over again. I go crazy when I have to go over a song hundreds of times, but he can still do it for hours, trying to find exactly the right mix to achieve the sound he wants. Pål is really the driving force behind A-ha. Mags is ingeniously childish and childishly ingenious. He is talented, spontaneous and impulsive. He does everything recklessly and with so much energy. In contrast to Pål, Mags is totally disorganised and has no self-discipline at all. The third of us, he's the one who knows how to live to the full. Everything Mags does around Mags is primarily to learn an awful lot from being around him.

DO YOU LIKE HAVING YOUR PICTURE TAKEN? We hate studio sessions. It's such an insult to my creative talents. I don't understand why people want these sort of pictures anyway. I think I look like a meatball in most of them. I just don't like glossy pictures because there's nothing to them. I'd like to be photographed going out in the street, walking about, going to a cafe, hanging out in some sort of environment.

HOW HAS SUCCESS AFFECTED YOU? Success really narrows your ability to move about. You can't go to the shops because you're always going to have people coming up to you. You can't get away from it, it's always there. It's like a big poster on your back. I mean, it means it's always in your position, but you have to learn to deal with it. It's hard.

IS IT TRUE THAT YOU NEVER DRINK? I can't take it, but I hate any kind of drugs because they dim your brain and you're emotions as well. I can tell you how much I hate it - it takes away your ability to live and take life in.

WHAT IS YOUR MUSICAL AMBITION? To get back to the moment that the Beatles had.

ANY BROTHERS AND SISTERS? The oldest one is Gunvild, he's 28 and a doctor. Then there's me, then Hako who's 24. He studied philosophy and now works as a journalist.

WHAT DO YOUR PARENTS DO? My father's a doctor and my mum was as a housewife until the five years ago when she started to study this course including physics, mathematics, biology, environment and cooking, and now she's a teacher.

WHAT'S THE WORST THING ABOUT ENGLAND? There's so many bad things about England that I don't know where to start. Your problems are very much to do with your pride but then your pride is what gets you going. The nearest problem is the nice problems and they're probably going to get worse.

WHAT'S THE BEST THING ABOUT NORWAY? Probably the nature. It is outstanding. We live on the edge of a city and I can be in the woods in 10 minutes. I like the sea-fishing, the lakes, the highlands, watching rander and all types of wildlife.

WHAT MAKES YOU REALLY ANGRY? Injustice. I feel it very much in my early days at school. I'd get picked on by teachers' stupidity because they didn't see what was going on, they had no guts. I have a very hard time for many years, it was hard.

MOST TREASURED POSSESSION? Something material? Probably my camera. I got it a while ago. Am I going to do a book like Nick Rhodes? I didn't know he'd do one.

Jimmy Somerville

(COMMUNARDS)



■ NAME: James William Horsburgh Somerville
BORN: June 22, 1961 in Glasgow
HEIGHT: 5'11"

FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: Donne Summer's 'Love Trilogy.' It was with my first home stereo.

FIRST CONCERT: The B-52s at Hammersmith Palace when I first came to London, round about '79.

WHAT IS LOVE? A dirty mind.

WHY DID YOU LEAVE BRONSKI BEAT? I just decided that I had had enough. From the very beginning, we'd done it as fun, and I wasn't having any fun any more. Why should you do something if you do it for fun but it isn't fun any more?

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD? No.

ARE THERE ANY HARD FEELINGS BETWEEN YOU AND THE BRONSKIS? I never see them, really. I suppose in a camp queer sort of way, when I get together with some of the people who knew us in the old days I do sometimes have a good old bitching session about them. But apart from that...

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OTHER GAY POP STARS WHO DON'T "COME OUT"? I don't think it's right to be that selfish. I've no time for that sort of ambiguity now, especially in gay pop stars. It's different if you work in a shop or something, where you're in danger of getting sacked if you express yourself. But for somebody in a pop band who's actually making a lot of money and has some security, they have no excuse for not speaking out, for hiding behind some kind of shield. If they were just up front about it, it would give so much encouragement to other gay people.

WHAT WOULD BE YOUR DREAM NIGHT OUT? Oh, I think I just want to go to a club that played the bestest, fabbiest dance music you've ever heard in your life, where you just couldn't sit down, you had to dance.

WHAT IS THE NEXT SONG YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE A COVER VERSION OF? Actually, I've got my heart set on doing the ultimate disco megamix version of The Sex Pistols' 'Pretty Vacant' with backing vocals and screaming from beginning to end and horns and strings and sequencers.

DO YOU GO SHOPPING OFTEN? I'm terrible

when I go shopping. I just get a basket and throw in the most useless rubbish. I buy all this stuff you can add to things but when I start cooking I realize I've got nothing I can add it to.

FAVOURITE SINGER: I've got loads. Marc Almond, Sylvester, Aretha Franklin... loads of women because they put so much emotion into their voices. Brenda Lee is fab. So is Dinah Washington.

WHAT MAKES YOU CRY? Um... frustration onions... and the lab video by Elton John that was banned. I don't know what it was called but it was for a song by Tom Robinson. It was called two boys at a public school. This boy has a crush on an older boy and he gets pushed around and victimised. I saw it after we'd made 'Smastlow' boy and the two songs had so much in common. The first film I ever cried for was... what's it called? *The Invention Of Him*. It ends with this girl running after her mum's coffin. It's so sad. That must be every queer's favourite film.

ARE YOU A COMMUNIST? Actually, I'm more or less the same in my political views as I was when I was with Bronski Beat and that means I'm definitely not a communist. Anything but.

WAS YOUR CHILDHOOD IN GLASGOW A HAPPY EXPERIENCE? Let's just say I made do. It wasn't the most wonderful of environments.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE WHAM!

SINGLE? What? I don't know about singles but Andrew's got brilliant legs! I liked 'Young Guns' and 'Wake Me Up Before You Go Go.' 'Young Guns' has got a social conscience and a sort of awareness and I really think they should re-release it now. Now they just do wet love songs but George Michael still has a really lovely voice.

FIRST CRUSH: Oooo. This boy called Denny who used to work in a hospital laundry. He's probably be dead embarrassed now because he's married with two kids!

BEST THING ABOUT SUDDENLY BEING A POP STAR: Well, I was able to go out and buy a washing machine and a tumble-dryer and pay cash—that was one of the best things.

AND THE WORST THING? Well, we were doing this pop festival in Rotterdam, and this other band shouted something horrible out at us. Something about us being 'queer.' It made me so angry and it made me realise that everything we're doing is worthwhile.

NAVE YOU EVER HIT ANYONE? If I told you, you'd be shocked! My mouth gets me into so much trouble but it's always been for good reasons, it's all been justifiable.

WHY DID YOU RECORD "DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY"? I just love that song. I love Thema Houston's version and I love Howard Melvin & The Buencortos' version. I hate music andos who resent, you doing a totally different, off-the-wall electro-dance thing with an old song.

DO YOU FEEL GUILTY ABOUT NAVING POTS OF MONEY? For a whole year I was gull-nidden about the idea that I was actually going to make money. But then one day I just said to myself, 'Oh yes, tomorrow I would give it all up. I'd take up arms for the revolution. I'd end it all over and I'd be quite happily simply getting paid a wage, just like someone in a factory. But the way things go, it just doesn't work like that.'

MICHAEL JACKSON



■ NAME: Michael Jackson
BORN: August 29, 1958 in Gary, Indiana.
DO YOU LIKE ET? I love ET, because it reminds me of me. The whole story, you know, someone from another world coming down and you becoming friends with them and then this person's like 8000 years old and he's filling you with all kinds of wisdom and he's magic and he can teach you how to fly. It's that whole fantasy thing that I think is great. I mean, who doesn't want to fly?

DO YOU HAVE A FILM HERO WHOM YOU'D LOVE TO MEET? Well, I wanted to meet Walt

Disney but he died. And I wanted to meet Charlie Chaplin but he died too. There's nobody left I would really want to meet.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE? We live in the valley of California. It's got lots of orange trees and lots of lemon trees. The whole valley used to be an orange grove so anywhere you look there are orange trees.

WHAT KIND OF MUSIC DO YOU LISTEN TO? I like all music, from classical to country to pop. I love Paul McCartney's early solo stuff.

DO YOU GET ON WELL WITH YOUR BROTHERS? Very well.

IS IT TRUE YOU ONCE SWAPPED JACKETS WITH ADAM ANT? Yes. I was buggering him for a long time about his jackets. We talk over the phone a lot. I've never met him, but we're phone friends. Whenever he's here he calls me. When I'm in England I call him and we talk, like we've known each other for years, but we've never actually met or seen each other eye to eye.

DO YOU LIKE RUPERT BEAR? Yeah. He seems so innocent and charming, like, no matter what, he's OK. He's real charming. He always reminds me of Winnie The Pooh.

WHAT KINDS OF BOOKS DO YOU LIKE? I love fairy tales. I like fantasy a lot, science fiction. I like magic. I like to create magic. It doesn't matter what you do. It's got to be magic.

DO YOU EVER GET MOBBED BY FANS? Oh, yes. They start kissing you and pulling you and tearing your clothes and tearing the hair out of your head. I've gone to certain countries and I'll walk along and there's a man and she'll go, 'Oh my God... and she'll show me a piece of hair in her wallet and say 'I took this piece out of your head two years ago!'

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE BEATLES SONG? My favourite Beatles song is Paul's favourite Beatles song. 'Yesterday.' It always touched me the most. It was always special to me. I think it's wonderful, the melody and the music and the whole feeling.

WHAT DO YOU DO AT CHRISTMAS? Actually, I don't celebrate Christmas. We just sit around the fire and watch the parade or whatever. We don't really do anything special. We just enjoy the weather. I mean it's 70 or 80 degrees at Christmas out here. We just don't do anything.

WOULD YOU SAY YOU CAN LIVE A NORMAL LIFE? Ah, no. I can't say that.

ARE YOU ANY GOOD AT VIDEO GAMES? I'm good until some little kid comes along and beats me.

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE NOT MAKING MUSIC? I don't know really. It's hard to take a break, because I'm always creating stuff, songwriting, and that's mainly what I do. I'm interested in films and acting and that sort of thing. I don't really get involved in sports or any of that stuff.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT BEING "STITCHED-UP" BY NEWSPAPERS? I know it's not true so I don't let it bother me.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE WAXWORK OF OF YOU IN MADAME TUSSAUDS? Lovely, very lovely.

NOW COME YOU SHARE YOUR LIFE WITH TWO TAWNS, A SHEEP, A LLAMA, A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR AND AN AVIARY? I just love all animals. I think they're sweet. I like to pry into their world and watch the way they move about. I just stare at them. They're gorgeous.

Chris Lowe



NAME: John William Weller
BORN: May 25, 1958 in Woking

HEIGHT: 5'7"
HOW DID YOU CHIP YOUR TEETH? This brelled hit me in the mouth. Somebody pushed it down this hel and I tried to catch it – no, it was a tin drum – and it smashed into me mouth. I was about 10. Probably playing Batman or something like that. Not many people know that.

WHAT DAILY NEWSPAPER DO YOU READ? I don't read any. We just buy the Standard for the belly. **ARE YOU VERY RICH?** I suppose I am quite rich, really, especially considering how old I am. I'm not a millionaire though.

IF YOU HAD FOUR MINUTES TO LIVE WHAT WOULD YOU DO? GO TO BED WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE PRIME MINISTER? No. Wouldn't be any good at it at all. I could probably give them some good ideas – like some kind of special adviser or something – but when it comes to economics and finance I ain't got a clue.

HAVE YOU GOT ANY PETS? Yeah. I've got a dog actually, a black and white one. It's called Fry. I named it after Martin.

ARE YOU REALLY A MISERABLE OLD SO? Well, yeah, I am a bit of a miserable old. I don't enjoy it. I don't like all professions out of it. I hope for a period when I'll be happy all the time, but the fact that I'm not is not my fault. It's just the way I am. It's just my character. I don't want to bring anybody down but at all the same time I don't want to find them any bullshit about how wonderful and joyous and happy we all are. Isn't that way?

DO YOU EVER RIP OFF OTHER ARTISTS' MATERIAL? I do it all the time. I do it because I love music. Whatever I listen to I probably use, if I like it – whether consciously or subconsciously. It's what it is there for. Let's not be too precious about it. It is most, when you get nervous your mouth goes dry used, but it's how you use them and what you put into them that counts.

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT BOYS WEARING MAKE-UP? I'm all for it. Depends on how it's used. I wear eye make-up sometimes. It looks really effective, really brings your eyes out. **WHY DO YOU CHEW GUM ON STAGE?** Well, it's something you have to work at. Keeps your mouth moist. When you get nervous your mouth goes dry. Actually, I used to get drunk a lot to overcome my nerves but since I packed up drinking I don't get nervous any more.

WHAT'S YOUR IDEA OF A GOOD DAY? Maybe a train journey or something. Like I went on holiday to Italy, right, and I came back on The Orient Express. Great decor. Nice train, shame about the people. That's probably my idea of a perfect day – travelling through Europe on a train.

DO YOU SUPPORT CHD? Because of all the movements it's really free. It's only the image that puts people off – all the sandals and the beads and that. I think it's a waste of time the English having nuclear bombs. You only need about three or four strategic bombs on this tiny island and you're finished anyway. We're in America's launching-pad, that's the way I see it.

DO YOU THINK THERE'S LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS? I suppose there must be, yeah. I'd prefer to believe it than not believe it. It's like the Loch Ness Monster and – what's that other thing they've got in North America? – the Sasquatch, I believe in them. If there is life anywhere else, then hopefully it'll be better than this.

WHAT WERE YOUR SCHOOLDAYS LIKE? I don't like school. **DO YOU LIKE THE BEATLES?** I've always been a Beatles fan since I was about eight or nine. I was pretty choked when John Lennon died. I thought a lot of his ideas were misplaced, but his intentions were good.

HOW HAS FAME AFFECTED YOUR LIFE? I don't know how success affects me, it's hard to say. I don't think it affects me an egotistical way. Whenever I say that people think I'm being pompous about these things, talking too much in my mind, but I'm not. Actually, I find fame embarrassing.

DO YOU LIKE WRITING POETRY? We used to get all the crap at school, Wordsworth and that, all the wrong aspects. I never realised that Shelley was a revolutionary or an anarchist. If they ever used Shelley at school it would just be a love poem or something. His stuff is really strong; a lot of it still makes sense today.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE FOOD? Indian, Hailan, Israel. I don't eat meat or fish. I like those three types of food because the vegetarian food they have is a lot more interesting.

WHO'S YOUR FAVOURITE AUTHOR? George Orwell. I like his politics. I like his version of socialism. I don't also think he had a lot of just basic common sense.

WHO MAKES YOU LAUGH? Laurel and Hardy. They're timeless and universal as well. And they don't have to rely on any props.

HAVE YOU MELLOWED WITH AGE? No. I don't want to mellow out. I want to become more direct. I'm an angry young man!

DO YOU SEND VALENTINE CARDS? No. When I was younger I sent one to a girl at primary school. She was the most popular girl in the playground – she had scratches on her knees.

ARE YOU GAUL? No, not in the conventional sense, but I can appreciate people of my own sex as well. **WHY DO YOU HATE FOXHUNTERS?** Well, I think it's so being a class thing. That's not to say it's any other class people who go hunting – there are Labour MPs who do it as well, so it's equally bad. But generally it's a class thing and ultimately it's just such a waste as well. It's like a lot of establishment things – just because people have been doing it for hundreds of years it's supposed to make it OK. But it doesn't



NAME: Christopher Sean Lowe
BORN: October 10, 1959 in Blackpool

DID YOU BUILD ANYTHING WHEN YOU WERE AN ARCHITECTURE STUDENT? I once built a staircase in Milton Keynes.

PREVIOUS BANDS: One Under The Earth. There were seven of us. **WHY DO YOU LOOK SO MISERABLE ALL THE TIME?** The thing is, in all of those situations where the public sees me – being photographed or making videos – I am genuinely miserable. I can't smile mainly so I just let my face be natural. A lot of people through my entire life have come up to me and said 'Cheer up' – it might never happen, which really lends me out. I've just got one of those faces that look miserable.

WHAT ARE NEIL'S FAULTS? He's a bit bossy. He's too loud and if you've got to do something he realises you've got to do it, whereas if I say 'I'm not doing that' he has a sense of obligation. From my point of view that's a bad thing though it's quite a good thing really.

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER GO ON: A CLUB 19-30 HOLIDAY, BI THE MAGIC BUS TO WARRAKEEN OR G) PONY TREKKING IN WALES? I'd rather go on a Club 19-30 holiday. I like the whole package holiday thing – it's just a good laugh. I went pony trekking once in Wales when I was young with the family. It was good but scary. The ponies would learn over those big drops to eat some grass and I was like 'eyowww'.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD? You can't ask me this. I don't want to answer.

WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS ON NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT? I think we should totally disarm – not just nuclear weapons – have no army, no military anywhere in the whole world. I don't think the police should even have torches. I am a total pacifist. I also think there should be a lot of censorship of violence on television. The Pet Shop Boys say more sex, less violence.

WHO WAS THE FIRST PERSON YOU

Chris Lowe

(PET SHOP BOYS)

KISSED? My first kiss? On the mouth? Oh... naw, how... her name was Lesley Duffy. I think it was in the library and I was 10.

DO YOU THINK THERE'S LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS? Well, I mean, is there life in Australia? **WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE ROYAL FAMILY?** Well, I think they should be executed. They should be publicly executed – non-violently, of course.

WHO'S COOLER – YOU OR NEIL? Neil. All I ever wear is jeans and a t-shirt, a sword-shirt and a nice coat. Neil wears different clothes and I think he looks really good – especially in those light black cycling trousers. I'm not a cool person. I like wearing people's clothes.

WHAT DO YOU DISLIKE ABOUT SUCCESS? After a while you get sick of hearing your music all the time.

DO YOU COME FROM A MUSICAL FAMILY? My grandfather was one of The Nitwits. They were a sort of comedy jazz group and he played the trombone. He had a beard and he used to wear a wig and he had this big gold bandage over his foot and people were always tripping over it.

TELL US A SECRET ABOUT NEIL: A secret? All of them are too horrible to say... He's got an Action Man. It's dressed in combat uniform and he keeps it on his bookshelf.

DO YOU EVER DANCE TO YOUR OWN RECORDS WHEN YOU GO OUT TO A CLUB OR PARTY? There's no need. I dance to Pet Shop Boys records all the time in my bedroom.

ARE YOU A DIFFICULT PERSON TO WORK WITH? It's part of my basic nature that I have to throw a spanner in the works every now and then. Sometimes we can argue about something that really isn't very important and I might even know Neil's really not won't say – that really annoys them.

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD VOICES IN YOUR HEAD? I've heard voices that Tchaikovsky could compose through me, and it worked.

WHAT'S THE NICEST THING ABOUT NEIL? His generosity. And also his sense of humour. He's very good at being someone's a good person, if their intentions are good. And if there's a charity thing he'll always want to give money.

WHAT'S THE BIGGEST ARGUMENT YOU'VE HAD? Well, we argued about the level of the vocals on the 12-inch version of Love Comes Quick. Neil didn't think they were loud enough and I thought they were too loud. We took them down in the end. We also had an argument about the level of the record, if there's presens should be allowed to make vast amounts of money out of publishing their stories. My argument was that I didn't see why they should. I was angry as a paying the price of their crime by being in prison. Neil didn't agree.

HAS NEIL CHANGED AT ALL SINCE YOU BECAME FAMOUS? The man thing that has changed is the way he dresses – he has become a lot more stylish. But other than that I don't think he's changed at all. He's still a jolly decent chap.

DO YOU ENJOY YOURSELF ON TOP OF THE POP? The first time I was asked, I hated it. The lighting was really terrible, but by the third time around I thought we looked pretty good.

WHAT WILL YOUR LIVE SHOW BE LIKE? It's going to be really theatrical with lots of entrances and exits. Just wait and see.

GARY KEMP

(SPANDAU BALLET)



NAME: Gary James Kemp.
BORN: October 16, 1959 in London.
FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: 'Apnerne' by The Kinks. And the first album I bought was 'Electric Warrior' by R. Flex.

FIRST CONCERT: Slade at the Palladium in 1972. Everyone was wearing mirrored hats. It was great. Steve Norman was there too.

WHY DID YOU FORM SPANDAU BALLET IN THE FIRST PLACE? Basically it came out of us being live fish greasers who liked having their picture taken and wearing clothes to be looked at. And we thought the ultimate must be to get up on a stage and have everyone in the club looking at you.

WHAT WAS IT LIKE REACHING THE TOP OF THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN NORTH AFRICA? It was a fantastic feeling with the ice axes and helmets and base camp at 2,500 feet. On one side you had the Atlas Mountains with snow and ice and on the other the Sahara desert.

WHAT DO YOU WHISPER IN MARTIN'S EAR WHEN YOU'RE ON STAGE? It's normally 'get out of the way because you're blocking me from the camera'. No, the real reason is we're having a good time. You know me, I've got verbal diarrhoea. I can't stop talking. Plus Martin and I have become very close. He's not only my best friend - he's my conscience. He knows when I'm lying to myself and vice versa. It's quite powerful.

WHY DO YOU DRIVE AROUND IN LIMOUSINES? We don't. I don't like those kind of cars. We fly into the airport and cars are arranged for us. We normally have Rovers and Granadas, just cars that take us around.

ARE YOU A MILLIONAIRE? I don't think so. Obviously I have an amazingly comfortable amount of money, I don't deny it, but I have discovered that material things don't make you a better person. I'm much more of a spiritual kind of a person in the sense that I've discovered the most important thing is how comfortable you are as yourself and being in a band and having the opportunity to say what you think and do what you like. That is more satisfying than all the money.

ARE YOU CLOSE TO YOUR FAMILY? It's a typical working class family, very close, do anything for your mum.

DO YOU HAVE ANY WORRIES? You worry if your name is ever going to be remembered, because what we're all after as artists is immortality and I don't think anyone can deny that. You're after some kind of immortality and that's why you write songs, because

when you write a song, you take a little chunk of yourself out that has a date stamped on and will live at that age forever. That's what I like about these ceramics I collect, because someone made them thousands and thousands of years ago and that person has rotted in a grave now, and I've got them. And when I'm rotting in a grave they'll still be as beautiful as they are now.

WHAT IS LOVE? Probably the most overused word there is. In Greek they have eight words for love - we have only one. The language isn't very expressive as far as love's concerned. People use 'love' a lot and they mean it on different levels for cheap things. There are so many different kinds of love, they're hard to express.

WHAT ARE YOU LIKE AT SHOPPING? I'm terrible at buying things. I walk in and I always end up buying bread, cheese and milk and go home and sit there thinking 'what can I make?' I'm no good at buying stuff at all. My brother Martin is brilliant. He's got Marks & Spencer's sweet shop inside his fridge. Everything! His fridge is like a Marks & Spencer food counter.

WHAT WAS IT LIKE APPEARING AT LIVE AID? It went very quickly. The greatest moment of my life, and it just lasted by. Normally you come off stage and loads of people are giving you towels and drinks and things. I fell off the stage and nobody gave a toss.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE ROYAL FAMILY? It's a very dated and patronising part of British society and I do think the less money should be spent on such things, but I do think the Queen's much chance of getting rid of them. On the other hand, I think it's a very good what Charles is doing, connecting himself with young people through charities like the Prince's Trust. Into America though, he's an absolute prat, but I do like Charles; he's quite a spiritual 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 and is paid a fortune - it's a waste.

WHAT WAS THE WORST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED WHEN YOU WERE ACTING AT ALMA SCENERE THEATRE? One time we were singing in Deptford and being a North London boy, I was well out of my depth - didn't understand the natives at all. We were filming on this building site - me and Martin always used to get parts as Cockney and I got suddenly a great deal of beatniks came flying over us, thrown by all these local boys. They only just missed us. The film was called *Hide And Seek* starring Liz Fraser, Alfred Marks and Roy Dotrice and we went to the Royal Premier at Shaftesbury Avenue and met the Duchess of Kent. The best thing was that we got six weeks off school while we were filming it and with the money I earned I bought my first guitar.

DO YOU EMPTY YOUR OWN HOOPER BAG? No, I must admit I don't. I found it very difficult to live on my own without a mum. I have someone who comes round to do the cleaning. I'm sure she finds some disgusting things in the bag.

DO YOU DO BINGO IN A DAILY NEWSPAPER? I do not! No way! It's absolute crap. There was a ridiculous quote from me in *The Sun* about how I buy it every day for the page three 'lovelies' I was on the point of saying 'I'll buy you, just made it up. I think they did it because I refused to pose with one of those bingo cards in my hand.

John T



NAME: Nigel John Taylor.
BORN: June 20, 1960 in Solihull, Warwickshire.
HEIGHT: 6' 11".
PREVIOUS BANDS: Shock Treatment, 262, Dada.
FIRST CRUSH: Jill St John in *Diamonds Are Forever*.

FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: 'Maggie May' by Rod Stewart.

FAVOURITE BREAKFAST: Bacon, sausage, eggs, beans, tomatoes with Silver Shield marmalade on Kellogg's waffles.

PET HATE: Bad photos of me.

WHAT'S THE BIGGEST MISTAKE YOU EVER MADE? Staying on at school.

WHY DO YOU GO TO EXOTIC LOCATIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD TO MAKE YOUR VIDEOS? Too many bands think the music scene ends at the English Channel and they seem quite happy in that knowledge. We have never thought that way. It's fun to put on a cosmopolitan air. Everyone likes to do that if they tell the truth, it's like leaving your airline stickers on your suitcase. You see a multi-million pound James Bond film and in the first 10 minutes it takes you to 20 different locations - from Switzerland to the Nazari desert and back to London.

You don't say 'how indignant'. You enjoy it. We also want to present something special on every video.

WHO WOULD BE YOUR DREAM DATE? Tanya Roberts from *Charley's Angels*. I've always wanted to go out with a *Charley's Angel* and she might be able to fill me in on some detective work.

Uncharacteristically, she's not blond. We'd go to a jazz-club in a penitentiary overlooking New York. We'd have good food and vintage champagne.

WHO WOULD YOU GIVE YOUR LAST ROLO TO? I don't like Rolos! My favourite sweet is Thornton's Continental but I can't afford them very often (??). I'd go for Galaxy instead. I'd give my dad the last square.

HOW DID YOUR PARENTS REACT WHEN YOU FIRST STARTED WEARING MAKE-UP? The same as now. They tell me I don't need it. I tried to convince my mum it was for dramatic purposes only, which it was really. I started with a white face

and black eyes. I don't bother with it much now - unless I have a particularly bad spot.

HAVE YOU EVER MILKED A COW? No, but I'm working on it.

IS IT TRUE THAT YOU WEAR YOUR HAT IN THE BATH? Only on Fridays! No, I've given it up. It was becoming too predictable. And it was starting to curl up at the edges with the soap on it. Really, I've never worn it in the bath.

IF YOUR HOUSE WAS ON FIRE WHAT THREE THINGS WOULD YOU SAVE FIRST? My bed, because it's a very important part of my life. A bag - about 6' by 6' - and you can lie either way on it. The video. And my pet stuffed lion, Leonard, without whom none of this would have been possible. We've been given so many cuddly toys and I kept the cream of them. But Leonard's my favourite. He was given to me in Finland and he looks a bit like Parsley the Lion.

WHY ARE YOU A TAX EXILE? I see no reason why, with a career that may be at best last five years, I should give away 70% of the money I earn now to the government when I may have to last me for a long, long time. Yes, it's a very desirable job and all that, but it's not a very stable or a steady job.

WHAT DO YOU FIND ATTRACTIVE IN A GIRL? Very initially, physical attraction. It's got to be. You know, when your eyes meet with somebody.

It's the same with anybody. And then it's a bit - personality, can you have a conversation with that person?

WHAT WOULD YOU CHANGE ABOUT YOUR APPEARANCE? I wouldn't be so knock-kneed.

WHAT IS LOVE? Putting up with all my moods.

WHAT'S THE BIGGEST LIE YOU'VE EVER TOLD? Those type of questions bring out the biggest lie because you don't tell the truth but you try to think of the wildest answer instead.

WHAT WERE YOU IN A PREVIOUS LIFE? I don't believe in previous lives, but if I was something I suppose it would be something like a Labrador dog.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE LIME FROM A SONG? I blew up your body but you blew my mind. It's from the Bryan Ferry song 'In Every Dream Home I'm So Close'.

WHAT'S YOUR LEAST FAVOURITE EXPRESSION? I'm on a health kick, mate. Or 'You should really take more care of yourself. I hate people who are oppressed by health and start telling me I should be fatter'.

DO YOU EVER WORRY ABOUT YOUR WEIGHT? Yes, a little bit. I sometimes gain weight around my face and a bit round my stomach.

IF YOU WERE A DOMESTIC APPLIANCE WHAT WOULD IT BE? A vacuum cleaner. Or a fridge so I could stay cool.

ARE YOU SCARED OF SPIDERS? Yes, Well, not really scared of them, but I don't like them. I've really scared of cockroaches. I saw a film once called *Damnation Alley* set in the aftermath of a nuclear war, Cockroaches are the only things really living and there's an awful scene where there's lots of cockroaches crawling over your guy's face. I've had a real phobia about them ever since.

DID YOU PASS YOUR CYCLING PROFICIENCY TEST? No, I don't and I should be very sorry because it was brilliant. It was a real boon of contentment at the time. I could do fantastic wheelies but they didn't seem to think that counted for much.

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU

If I got down on my knees
And I pleaded with you
If I crossed a million oceans
Just to be with you
Would you ever let me down

If I climbed the highest mountain
Just to hold you tight
If I said that I would love you
Every single night
Would you ever let me down

Well I'm sorry if it sounds kinde sad
It's just that I'm worried
So worried that you'd let me down
Because I love you love you
Love you so don't let me down

If I swam the longest river
Just to call your name
If I said the way I feel for you
Would never change
Would you ever fool around

Well I'm sorry if it sounds kinde bad
Just that I'm worried
I'm so worried that you'd let me down
Because I love you love you
Love you love you

Well I'm sorry if it sounds kinde bad
Just that I'm worried
I'm so worried that you'd let me down
Because I love you love you
Ooh I love you love you love you

Words and music by Gordon Campbell
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SHAKIN' STEVENS



KIM WILDE

YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON

(Keep me hangin' on)

Set me free why don't you babe
Get out my life why don't you babe
'Cause you don't really love me
You just keep me hangin' on

Set me free why don't you babe
Get out my life why don't you babe
(Ooh ooh ooh)
'Cause you don't really need me
But you keep me hangin' on

Why do you keep a-comin' around
Playin' with my heart
Why don't you get out of my life
And let me make a brand new start
Let me get over you
The way you've gotten over me yeah

Set me free why don't you babe
Get out my life why don't you babe
(Ooh ooh ooh)

'Cause you don't really love me
You just keep me hangin' on
No you don't really need me
You just keep me hangin' on

You say although we broke up
You still just wanna be friends
But how can we still be friends
When seeing you only breaks my heart again
(And there ain't nothin' I can do about it)

Wash wash wash
Wash wash wash wash
Wash wash wash wash
Wash wash wash wash

Get out get outta my life
And let me sleep at night
'Cause you don't really love me
You just keep me (hangin' on) hangin' on

You say you still care for me
But your heart and soul needs to be free
And now that you've got your freedom
You wanna still hold on to me
You don't want me for yourself
So let me find somebody else

Set me free why don't you babe
Get out my life why don't you babe
(Ooh ooh ooh)
'Cause you don't really love me
You just keep me hangin' on

Why don't you be a man about it
Set me free (ooh ooh ooh)
No you don't care a thing about me
You're just using me hangin' about me

Get out get outta my life
And let me sleep at night
(Ooh ooh ooh)
'Cause you don't really love me
You just keep me hangin' on
(Ooh ooh ooh)

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SENSITIVE, ROMANTIC SOULS!!

"Oh no they're not," says Sylvia Patterson!

A fart spray! He had a fart spray called "PheW! Ha ha HAH!" Oh leader, American "rap" personage Fresh Prince is getting a little carried away "explaining" how he and DJ Jazzy Jeff formed their first band of true friendship . . .

"We met for the first time at this house party where Jett was the DJ and we were just running around like total fools spraying this spray and laughing how fast the people ran away ha ha! So, you know, we'd had such fun we exchanged numbers - kinda realised we had something in common! So we got together, decided to do some songs and that was it!"

Well! And that, viewers, was almost two years ago. Since these first "fan" billed days, they've performed over 25 million concerts, been "discovered" by some producer bloke called Geoman, won very "prestigious" rap and DJ competitions . . .

... became "one of the very very famous" in America and "extremely famous" in Philadelphia where they came from - and now they're become slightly lemons here too, courtesy of their first ever proper single "Girls Ain't Nothing 'Bout Trouble", Mmo. What a heart-warming tale of sparkling fortune, eh?

Er . . . no it isn't schtefel - for there's a birrowa "blot" on the seashore (or whatever it is) and it's to do with what they actually sing about. Williams right the lyrics of "Girls Ain't Nothing 'Bout Trouble" - a glorious tribute to the eternal squeal "sexist piss!" - a tale of two romance-free "encounters", one with a "dumb bread" who gets Fresh Prince charged with assault, the other with a foxtrox called "Sheila" who is so impressed with his "charm" that she drops him off to her bedroom only to be "interrupted" by her less-than-cherished boyfriend.

Sexist swines? Let us investigate, Fresh Prince, at the "grand old age of junk-turned-10 is irreflexion" in his room in a swank hotel in London, attempts to "explain" himself, while Jazzy Jeff (21) is lurking in the background with some other bloke making "choice" comments and a general nuisance of himself.

So, do you see, is it or is it not the most sexist song ever invented? "Aw - no way!" he screeches, a huge gleeful grin smirking round his face, "the lyrics are not whatsoever sexist! He hal (?) They tell a story - in fact they tell two stories of

personal experiences in my life from around two years ago . . .

Er? True stories? From where you'd just lumed 10?

"Oh yeah. I've lived a short, full life! Well . . . they're brushed up a little bit - bits put in and bits taken out . . . like I wasn't in bars and in the second one she wasn't driving and things like that, but basically they're true. The first one is exactly as it occurred. I took this girl out and she lost her mind he hal! I didn't know what was happening - she was definitely giving me the big come-on and she just went crazy!"

Er . . . perhaps it might have a smidgen to do with the fact that you punched her in the chin?

"Aw no - I didn't hit her - I just ran away."

Maybe she thought you were a genuine lumatic then?

"She did! [It is] I did! I did! I hit her with the fresh-can! And I didn't get convicted either but I was stopped and questioned by the police - I thought it was funny! Uh . . . well, it wasn't lueey at the time but when I sat down and thought about it it was. I mean, I consider myself charming and quite worthy of her come-on."

You're a wee, arrogant, conceited swine.

"Well, that's the image I'm trying to be! That's why it's in the record! However - it's there because people are supposed to know that it's all in a joking-type manner - I'm supposed to be a big arrogant-type personaeity, but it's not my personaeity, not myself!"

Oh yes - so you're really (cough) a very nice, sensitive romantic soul?

"Yeah! Oh not was a good description! A sensitive . . . romantic . . . soul."

Jeff [in the background giggling like a maniac]: "Me too!"

Mmo. Do you think some people would rather you appeared to be a sensitive romantic soul than as arrogant, selfish, sexist swine then?

"Hold on, hold on . . . [avoiding the 'issue'] . . . do you have what's that? . . . uh . . . Blake Carrington and all them . . . oh yeah, Dynasty? You do? Well, I'm on the same vibe as . . . do you know . . . uh . . ."

Jeff: "Aloxis."

"Yeah - Aloxis! Now do you see how Aloxis is portrayed as a cold-hearted villic? People love that. 'I know people love to see things that are

different from themselves. People love to see people that don't care about anything, you know, so I've played on that same human urge - people wanna see that thing! So just like Aloxis - that's my character. But not, of course, the real life!"

"Oh no no no - when people meet me they see that I'm really a sensitive kid-hearted . . . oh so romantic soul. I'll have to write that one down he hal!"

Yes, well, that's the song of that. The second hall of the month - is that all true then?

"Yeah! Now let me think . . . we were actually in the schoolyard playing basketball or something . . . and . . . gosh . . . yeah I met this girl . . . well, I already knew her for a while and . . . it happened so fast! I took her out and we went to her house . . . and, well, it wasn't her boyfriend that came in - it was her father he hal!"

And you jumped out of the window with no clothes on?

"Well, I didn't jump because the window was open but I climbed out and fell into the snow."

With no clothes on?

"Oh now that part of the story is one hundred per cent true. Stark naked! My birthday suit and I'm not joking! I lived about 20 doors away from this girl and I had to hide outside for about 10 minutes because her father was running around looking for me - so I guess you could say I was freezing! [Jeff and Co. are at this point on the floor with hysterics.] I actually ran along those 20 doors with no clothes on - but I don't think anyone spotted me!"

How did you manage to sneak past your parents when you got in?

"My dad saw me! But I was laughing too hard to explain myself. My father was laughing too - for five whole minutes! Then I was on punishment for two weeks . . . he kept me in and made me do little chores and things so I'd learn to keep my clothes on. I had to wash all the clothes in the house to remind me to keep them on he hal!"

And have you learned? "Oh yeah, definitely! You know in the past I'd never pay any attention to rules or regulations or anything - I just did what I wanted to do and well . . . I dunno . . . have I learned guys? [Screech, wail, gurgle etc.]. Well, I'm working on a new song at the moment called 'I'll Never Learn'

ha ha HAAA! I've got another one that's coming out soon too about one time when I was in class and I louched a girl on her behind and got suspended for it ha hal!"

Huh! What did you expect?

"Aw . . . I dunno - I guess I was hoping the teacher didn't see . . ."

How do you think the girl felt?

"She lumed round and stamped my face! I deserved it though - I was young then! It's just one of those times when your body takes over your mind ha hal! There's a line that goes [begins "rapping"] The teacher lumed around while my arm was extended - she looked me in the face and said "Prince you're suspended!" Well, it's like I say: you can't live with them and you can't live without them . . . and that goes both ways. I'm kind of difficult to live with."

What's that then?

"Uh . . ."

Jeff: "He's arrogant and conceited and a male chauvinist!"

He's just saying that

Jeff: "No I'm not!"

I tell you one thing [springing to his own defence], in my perfect woman none of the qualities are physical - I mean that. They're emotional and mental - as long as I'm on the same wave-length as her I'm easy to get along with."

Let's see you're not!"

"Aw come on Jeff - you're not a woman! I like quiet nights by the candlelight and I like my back massaged when it's feeling tight."

[Spot the "rap", viewers.]

Ahrrm. Have you had even more advances than usual since you're zigzaggy stordom then, leeds?

"Oh yeah. We really do get mobbed, you know! Aw . . . it was like at first to have all the screaming and yelling but after a while it starts to be annoying . . ."

Jeff: "Well for me!"

[Ignoring him]. You know . . . on stage it's nice but it's no fun being grabbed and pulled end . . ."

Jeff: "Yes it is!"

. . . and them leaving all the wails on your body and stuff . . . well, I suppose a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do . . ."

Dutie. So what else do the pair of you do apart from . . . all that?

"Uh . . . cothin'!"

Oh. So you just chase women all over the place and that's it?

Yeah. You're kidding! Not any more!



GIRLS AIN'T NOTHING BUT TROUBLE

Listen old boy don't mean to bust your bubble
The girls of the world ain't nothing but trouble (trouble)
So next time a girl gives you the play
Just remember my rhyme and get the hell away

Just last week when I was walking down the street
I observed this beauty boy that I wanted to meet
I walked up to her I said hello
She said hey you're kinda cute I said yes I know
But by the way sweetheart what's your name
She said my friends like to call me Lantic Etoile
I said my name is The Prince then she said why
I said man I don't know I'm just a believe guy
But enough about me let's talk about you
And all the wonderful things that you and I could do
Apart from trashing a little bit of time
I showed some cash and the girl was mine
I took her on the town I wine'd her and dine'd her
She asked me was I sexy I said yeah kind of
All of a sudden she jumped outta coat
I revealed me up by my wrist and took me out to the street
She started grabbing at over me kissing and hugging
So I punched her in her chin I said you better stop hugging
She got mad looked me dead in my face
Threw her hands in the air and yelled out Freak Freak
I got scared when she started to yell
So I hit her with a brick and ran like hell
I was ducking through alleys right and left
But when the cops caught up they almost beat me to death
Now I'm in prison charged with aggravated assault
But I didn't do nothing it was the dumb broad's fault

But nevertheless don't mean to bust your bubble
The girls of the world ain't nothing but trouble (trouble)
So next time a girl gives you the play
Just remember my rhyme and get the hell away

I was in a her one Friday night
Chilling out watching the Sugar Ray light
I was kinda laid back sipping a beverage
When this girl walked up she said hi my name is Sheila
I responded by saying hello
She paid for my drink and then said let's go
Her boyfriend bought it I thought that that was polite
So I walked out with her I said what's up for the night
She said just get in the car and oblige
About twenty minutes later we pulled up in her garage
She parked the car gave some heavy looks
She started walking in the house I said I'm with you Toots
We went into her bedroom thinking of one thing
Took the phone off the hook to avoid the annoying ring
I caressed her head then I kissed her cheek
That's when I observed those Gucci bed sheets
She wanted me to be her one and only
She said hey damn baby don't I'm getting lonely
All of a sudden out of the blue
A door slammed and a voice said baby where are you
I reactively panicked my heart full of fear
She said that's my boyfriend baby better get outta here
Her boyfriend burst in he primed an evil grin
He said hey I'm a tear your suit limb from limb
I was scared as hell where was I supposed to go
I just yelled Giovanni and jumped out the window
Just my luck we were in a snow storm
I didn't even have my underwear on to keep me warm
And to top the night off I had to break in my place
Because my keys were in my pants back on Sheila's bookcase
I was done sneezing and coughing etchoo
I hope this doesn't happen too often

But nevertheless don't mean to bust your bubble
The girls of the world ain't nothing but trouble (trouble)
So next time a girl gives you the play
Just remember my rhyme, just remember my rhyme
Take heed to my rhyme and get the hell away

Yeah but man girls are nothing but trouble man
Yeah well you can't live with 'em
Can't live without 'em

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HOLLYWOOD BEYOND:
Leeds Polytechnic (November 20), Sheffield University (21), Birmingham Alexandra Theatre (22), Leicester Polytechnic (23), Glasgow Rooftops (25), Edinburgh Coasters (26), Aberdeen Ritzy (27), Newcastle University (28), Liverpool University (29), Cardiff University (December 1), Reading University (2), Brighton Coasters (3), London Astoria Theatre (4), Exeter University (8), Burton Upon Trent Central Park (9), Bristol University (10).

● Tickets for all shows are £4 on the door and £3 in advance except for London where they are £5 on the door and £4.50 in advance. Aberdeen where all tickets are £4.

DR AND THE MEDICS:
Newcastle Riverside (December 18), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (19), Doncaster Gaumont (20), London Hammersmith Palais (22), Manchester Ritzy (23), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (27), Birmingham Powerhouse (28), Bristol Studio (29).

● Tickets are available from the box office and all usual agents and cost £5 for London and £4.50 elsewhere.

THE DAMNED (RESCHEDULED DATES):
Dublin Top Hat (November 14), Tralee Horans (15), Limerick Savoy (16), Belfast Ulster Hall (18).

● Please note that these dates were originally set for earlier on in the tour but have been put back due to late "mass" on the forthcoming LP. Tickets are available from the box office and usual agents. Please check venue for prices.

COCTEAU TWINS (EXTRA DATES):
London Town And Country Club (November 16/17), London Kilburn National Ballroom (18).

● Tickets are £5.50 and are available from the box office and usual agents.

BEN ELTON:
Dundee University (November 14), Glasgow University (15), Hull New Theatre (16), Liverpool University (17), Nottingham University (19), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (20), London Royalty (21/22), Lewisham Theatre (23), Exeter University (24), Croydon Fairfield Hall (25), Dartford Orchard (26), Canterbury University (27), Norwich

University Of East Anglia (28), Cardiff University (29), Bath Theatre Royal (30), Warwick Arts Centre (December 1), Sheffield University (2), Newcastle Polytechnic (3), Salford University (4), Reading Hexagon (5), Wolverhampton Grande (6), Leicester University (7), Aston University (8), Leeds University (9), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (10), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (11).

● Tickets are available from the box office and usual outlets and are priced £4.75 for London and between £3.50 and £4.50 for everywhere else. Please check box office for exact price.

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD:
Manchester G-Mex Centre (January 10), London Wembley Arena (12/13), Birmingham NEC (19), Glasgow SEC (22).

● Tickets are available from the venues and usual outlets. More dates are to be announced. Please check venue for prices.

HUMAN LEAGUE:
Crawley Leisure Centre (November 26), Loughborough University (27), Carlisle The Sands Centre (30), Glasgow Barrowlands (December 1), Leeds University (2), Norwich U.E.A. (3), Margate Winter Gardens (4), Birmingham Odeon (January 7), Poole Arts Centre (8), Cardiff St Davids Hall (9), Cornwall St Austell Coliseum (10), London Hammersmith Odeon (12/13), Newcastle City Hall (15), Liverpool Royal Court (16), Manchester Apollo (17), Nottingham Royal Centre (18), Sheffield City Hall (19).

● Tickets for the November-December dates are £5. The January dates are £6.50 and £5.50 out of London, £7 and £6 in London. Tickets are on sale now.



OWEN PAUL (EXTRA DATES):
Glasgow Pavilion (November 3), Aberdeen Ritzy (4), Sheffield Polytechnic (6).

● Please note that the Glasgow date has been arranged instead of the Glasgow Zanabaz so that all Owen's younger fans can buy tickets as the Pavilion isn't a licensed bar. People who bought tickets at the original date can get a refund at the point of purchase. The other two dates have replaced two Irish dates. Dublin SPX Centre on the 4th and Belfast Ulster Hall on the 7th. Tickets for both new dates can be bought from the box office and usual agents and are priced at £4 and £5 on the door for Aberdeen and £3.50 and £4 on the door for Sheffield.

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SPINNING TO THE TOP

"MIDAS TOUCH" MIDNIGHT STAR	161
"EVERY LOSER WINS" NICK BERRY	162
"IN THE ARMY NOW" STATUS QUO	163
"THE WIZARD" PAUL HARCASTELE	164
"WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN" BANGLES	165
"DON'T GET ME WRONG" PRETENDERS	166
"YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON" KIM WILDE	167
"TAKE MY BREATH AWAY" BERLIN	168
"NOTORIOUS" DURAN DURAN	169
"GIRLS AIN'T NOTHING BUT TROUBLE" D. J. JAZZY JEFF & FRESH PRINCE	170
RECORDS CHANGE ON MONDAYS FOR THE NEW LIST—CALL 0080600—	142
ALBUM REVIEW LINE THIS WEEK BILLY IDOL "WHIPLASH SMILE"	157
*RECORD OF THE WEEK	158
PRIZE LINE WIN * WIN * WIN	159

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THIS MAN USED TO BE A Yoghurt Salesman

... and a carpenter, a chauffeur, an encyclopaedia salesman, a house painter and about 300 other things. Now he's a pop star and plays golf all the time.

Huey Lewis has the deep American drawl of a Walter Matthau and the brushed denim suit of a, er, Huey Lewis. And cowboy boots. Here we are up on the 14th floor of a luxurious London hotel, gazing out at the commanding view of the city. Huey points southward. "There's Battersea power station." Full marks Huey Lewis knows his London and that's because he lived here 20 years ago, when he was a 16 year old with "wanderlust", and again 10 years ago, when he was "paying" his musical "dues" (i.e. being highly unsuccessful) in a clapped-out American rock combo. He looks back on both periods of London living with "fondness" which is quite peculiar because they both sound entirely horrible. . .

The first time. . .
"When I graduated from high school I took my harmonica with me and hitch hiked through Europe. I had long hair and in Spain with long hair you could wait eight hours for a ride. It was pretty hairy stuff (haw haw). . ."

Eventually he made it to London: "I lived in Earls Court like we all did. There were *Vibe* magazines and I ate them every day. No, I don't remember it as being disgusting - I remember it as being pretty good. I got a job as a chauffeur and I'd never driven a right-hand-drive car in my life, so - boom! - I got in an accident my very first day trying to park. The guy I was driving for was gay, actually, and he tried to get off with me a lot. That was very strange so I quit that job in a day."

"Then I sold encyclopaedias for three days and that gave me such a bad taste in my mouth I went back to the three people I'd sold them to and said 'Cancel! You still have three days to cancel!' I only managed to sell them because I had an American accent. It was such a despicable thing to be doing. And then I sold those little fuzzy dolls in Oxford Street. Thank God I don't have to do that stuff any more. . ."

The second time. . .
In 1973 he'd joined a group in San Francisco called Clover. . . and for five years we kept trying to make it and pay the bills and we came to London when punk was starting and we made two albums that didn't do anything and we got gobbled on tons and the whole mess and got basically booted off every night. We made £30 a week and there were eight of us living in two rooms in a dingy Queensway

hotel with a bathroom down the hall - four in each room with little thin single beds and linen once a week.

"I still look back on it fondly though because we always thought we were going to make it the next day. Isn't that funny? See, when you're on stage and you get in the pocket (?), the song begins to play itself and it's like a wave that you ride and you're just grooving and that is the most exhilarating feeling in the whole world. All I ever wanted to do was be in a great band because it looked like the coolest thing in the world."

It's all Bob Dylan's fault. It was Dylan that first got Huey "Cooee" Lewis "hooked" on this music thing and is, therefore, indirectly responsible for making Lewis the international artist of radio and video that he is today. Or rather, it was Lewis's mother's fault, for it was she who brought home that Dylan album (when Huey was 12) in the first place.

What, you might wonder, was an all-American mom doing buying Dylan LPs in the early '60s when the holy old mouth-organ puffster was widely considered to be nothing of a rebel and a "beath"? Well, Mrs Lewis, it seems, was not a conventional woman herself.

"She was born in Poland. She was an artist and she escaped in the war and travelled extensively and lived in Brazil for a long time, then moved to New York and married my dad who was then a jazz drummer and a medical student and they moved to California early on and split up when I was 11 and she hung out with a boyfriend - for want of a better word who was a poet poet (i.e. his poems were all about jazz and death and didn't rhyme) called Lou Welch. . ."

Well! Very "bohemian". . .
At school Huey "had an aptitude for maths, somehow. Isn't that funny? Because all I ever wanted to do was be a pop star and that is the complete antithesis of having a head for maths. All I wanted to do was play harmonica and write poems. . ."

So he took his mouth organ around Europe, to Earls Court and back again - to university in upstate New York. "I went to University for a year and a half but I only attended class for three minutes because I'd joined my first group. We were called Slippery Elm and we were desperate. Slippery Elm - it was kind of a tree - the rural stuff, that was our vibe. . ."

Then Huey got homesick for San Francisco, went back and joined Clover for five years of rock'n'roll oblivion. How did he exist in these five years in a group making absolutely no money? Simple really: he worked as a carpenter, he worked as a house painter, he worked as a landscape gardener. . .

"Well, I was more of a weed puller. We called it 'landscape' but all we really did was pull weeds. We had a pick-up truck and a few hoes and rakes and we pretended we were knowledgeable landscapers. It was a scam. . ."

Finally, he became a rather successful. . . yoghurt salesperson. Of course! Chuck and Ken Kesey (famous American writer - he wrote *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*), their father owned a farm and a creamery in Oregon and when he died he bequeathed the farm to Ken and the creamery to Chuck. They started this stuff called Nancy's Yoghurt and I got the idea of bringing it down to California so I'd drive up there nine hours, fill up the van, drive nine hours back and distribute it straight away because we had no refrigeration. It was like a 36-hour day. It was very, very good yoghurt - European style - live yoghurt - it's not yangy (? - it's not like most American yoghurt. . ."

I'm rather partial to blackcurrant-flavoured Sit, myself. . .
"You eat Sit? That's laced with sugar and gunk, man!"
Indeed.

Eventually the yoghurt salesperson retired to further bad times in London and when Clover split up Huey Lewis And The News were born. Hurrrah! And after a bit they were famous in America, and after a bit more, i.e. "The Power Of Love", they were famous in England too.

In fact Huey became so famous he got a wesy "cameo" part in *Back To The Future*.

"Once we'd done 'The Power Of Love' for the movie, they thought it would be fun if I was in it and I said 'Well, I will if you'll disguise me and not give me any credit so people won't know it's me' - but of course everyone knew it was only in it for seven seconds so it's not really acting, is it? It's silly because I have been pursued - I have been offered major film roles and stuff and apart from seven seconds on the screen, I have absolutely no experience whatsoever. They only did great out-of-work actors all over Hollywood and they want me - that

just shows you how silly Hollywood is. . ."

I imagine you'd make a better job of screen acting than - ahem - David Bowie. . .

"You said that, didn't you, Tom? I didn't say anything about David Bowie, did I? But, um, I agree - some rock stars have not exactly made a smooth transition. . ."

Huey was so famous he was asked to sing on the USA For Africa single, which he did - only to get a bit of a press wigging when he declined to appear at Live Aid. His reasons for doing so, however, seem quite valid:

"Over here in England, it was a wonderful thing because Geldof was there to tell them what it was all about and make sure they did appropriate songs and everybody got into the spirit and shared sinners' rooms. . . It was a wonderful thing. But in Philadelphia, it was more like a big ugly rock concert. There was Standard Oil subsidising everything and there were Esso signs and big corporation signs all around the stage and people were fighting to get into the rooms. . . I think Mick Jagger was doing it or because Hall & Oates were doing it. There's nothing consciousness-raising about a benefit concert for famine victims when you turn on the TV and there's somebody doing their new hit song. I saw all that coming and I felt somebody needed to ask the question. . ."

Yes. But already that seems hundreds of years ago. Today Huey Lewis And The News' new LP, "Fore!", is selling very well, thank you. It is their fourth album and Huey likes golf. That is why it is called "Fore!" Do you get it?

"I took up golf a couple of years ago because you get so sick of being in hotel rooms and you get out there and there's no phones and very few autographs and it's out of doors and a wonderful waste of time - and it beats exercise. I'm probably a 17 handicap but if I was going to play one of those tough courses in Scotland, I'd be lucky to break 100. I'm not a golf fanatic - but we've done some of these European shows wonderful waste of time - and it's just untrue, you know. Every time there's immediately sets of golf clubs all over the stage! . . ."

Have you ever played croquet? "Croquet? No, but I'm just about to get a croquet set for home. You may see some over and play some time. . ."



●Tom Hibbert hits the fairway.



Huey Lewis



**MINT-COOL
STOPS YOUR MOUTH
FEELING LIKE A...**



BREAKOUT SWING OUT SISTER

break-out

Whoo! you know what it's sense
When you're not your's wrong
You're not the girl you're
A girl you're not
The girl you're not
Mint-Cool's the girl
- Break-out

CHORUS

Don't you know
Now you're found in a way to find
You're not to find a way
So what you want to say
Break-out

When you're not your's
Don't you know
Don't you know
What are you waiting for
The time has come to find the girl
Break-out

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

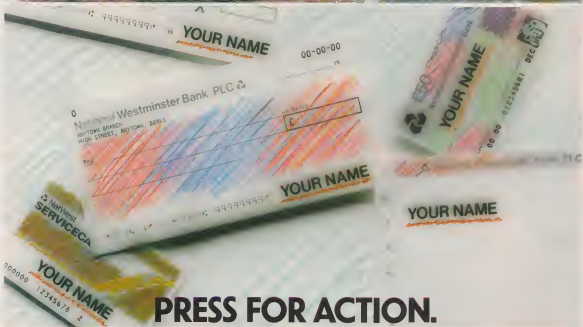
Some people stop at nothing
If you're searching for something
Lay down the law
Shout out for more
Break out and show
Day in day out
Break-out
Break-out

REPEAT CHORUS AND AD LIB TO FADE

Words and music by [unreadable]
Produced by [unreadable]



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WED - 12
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SAT - 15
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SUN - 16
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MON - 17
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WED - 19
HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
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TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

Someday there's a
Got to be
A heart that
Beats for me
I can hear it now
Too long to be alone
When someone of my own
Seems a dream somehow

Chorus
To have to hold
To know that
I'll be told

That someone in my life
Belongs to me
To laugh to cry
And know the reason why
Is someone born of love
To have and to hold

And watching
This love grow
I'll take my time
Although
It's high time to live
Discovering on the way
That the price
I had to pay
I was glad to give

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music
by John Worth
Reproduced by permission
1988 Standard Music Limited
On Sarna Records

**CATHERINE
STOCK**

MEL AND KIM

SHOWING OUT (GET FRESH AT THE WEEKEND)

(Show show show show show show show show show show show show show)
(Showing out showing out showing out showing out showing out)

Get trash at the weekend (showing out showing out) get trash at the weekend (showing out showing out)

You'd better live in love than luxury it's alright and don't go dishing out on too-lah dreams every night
It only takes a moment to feel alright

Get trash at the weekend (showing out) get trash at the weekend (showing out showing out showing out)

We can't afford to wear diamond and pearl that's OK wouldn't want to be that kind of girl anyway
It only takes a moment to feel alright

Get trash at the weekend (showing out) get trash at the weekend (showing out showing out showing out)

(I can supply you things I can provide everything if it's the man's hand that pays the price then you belong to me)
(Only only only oh only only only only only only only only only oh)

Can't afford to buy finer things that's alright we won't lose our heads for anything any time
It only takes a moment to feel alright

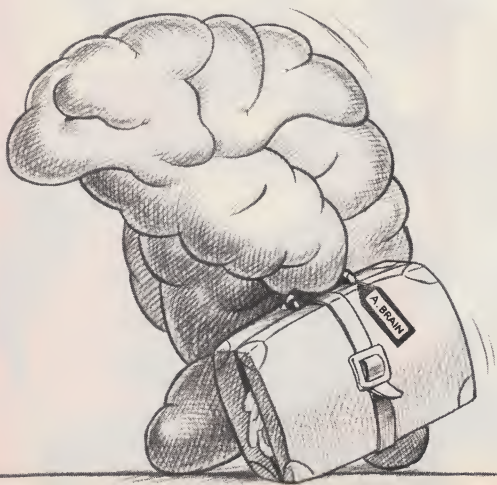
Get trash at the weekend (showing out showing out) get trash at the weekend (showing out)

Get trash at the weekend (showing out showing out showing out)
Get trash at the weekend (showing out showing out)

Repeat to fade

Words and music by Stock/Aiken/Waerman/Reproduced by permission All Boys Music/On Supreme Records





Rubik's back

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Dear Sir,

I was turning the pages of your recent issue (November 4) and was frankly astonished when I came across a double page advertisement headed 'The Best Army Needs The Best 16 Year Olds' which included, amongst other things, a picture of a group of soldiers welding rifles and bayonets, a picture of a soldier among a bazooka, a couple of tanks and a load of sick-making copy about battle tactics, field-craft and 'you'll also be handling some of the most sophisticated and powerful weaponry in the world'. Frankly, I am appalled that a magazine dealing with pop music that is aimed directly at the teenage market should have sunk to carrying such a disgraceful advertisement. Many school leavers, given today's awful unemployment figures, might look at an advertisement like this and be tempted to join an institution whose sole purpose is to train people to kill. The army is not like that, any more, people might argue, people don't get killed these days. Rubbish. It is merely four years since we were plunged into the Falklands conflict and who do you think is still patrolling the streets of Northern Ireland? This 'Best Army' as seen in the pages of 'Britain's Brightest Pop Magazine'. Do you feel no responsibility towards your readers, or do you really feel that encouraging them to enlist in this dangerous and evil institution - the best bunch of mates you'll ever come across - pal! - is a healthy thing to do? I am exceedingly disappointed in you and I have cancelled my subscription. *Roger Hewson, Bridgend*

Loved the Army recruiting ad in your last issue. Fab! Can we expect a 'Vote Conservative' one soon or a 'Buy South African Goods' campaign? Let's jolly well hope so! *Tony S. Smethwick*
P.S. I am a complete Fascist.

I quote from Blitz in your November 4 issue - re Alice Cooper blitzlet: 'he's going on tour in a jiffy'. You do not go on tour in a jiffy, you go on tour in a tour bus. The very thought of Alice Cooper being squeezed out of a yellow plastic thing onto one of my burnt-to-a-turn 'pan' 'cakes' is enough to make anyone speezyou

LETTERS

WRITE TO: Smash Hits, 82-83 Canary Street, London W1V 1FF.
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).

Yours completely and utterly sincerely,
Jenny, Meerbrook, Sheffield

A boring postman writes: You would appear to be in a state of some confusion regarding the utilisation purposes of the Jiffy. The Jiffy, in point of actual fact, is a sturdily padded envelope suitable for the despatch and mailing of all items of fragile nature. This even includes transportation of ageing American rock stars such as Mr Cooper, though one would have to find a Jiffy of extremely large proportions - say 7 x 4 - and the postage costs might prove

prohibitive. The Jiffy you refer to is, in fact, Jif, a proprietary brand of lemon juice which comes in a small, round plastic container and is thus unsuitable for Her Majesty's postal services as stamps do not readily adhere to said container's body. Always remember to use your post code and (Oh do shut up, you dreary old postal operative. - B.T.)

To people who read this magazine I read Karen Brown's letter (August 12). "That concert (free concert which took place on June 26 at Clapham Common) was to thank the people who had taken part in the Anti-Apartheid Rallyes.

Let's hope that South Africa gets the sanctions it needs."

I have to tell you something, I am a white South African. I admit South Africa has problems. I know that apartheid is wrong. I know that racism and discrimination are wrong. But sanctions, I must tell you, are wrong too. Ekobull (that's how South Africans say it), here is a concrete example of what has happened in this country as a result of sanctions. Black Mozambicans (Mozambique is a neighbouring country) came into South Africa to find work because there is no work in their country. Now, because there is no longer enough work for our own people, they have been kicked out of this country back home. So they have suffered.

I can't really understand the point of the Clapham Common concert in helping those suppressed by apartheid. Perhaps it was to make you aware of apartheid, but you knew about it anyway. If you think about it, nobody really benefited from the concert.

Artists Against Apartheid are prepared to preach sanctions to the world. Granted they don't give concerts in South Africa, but they sell their records here. They make a profit from those sales. A bit ironic that they identify with sanctions when they don't practise sanctions themselves.

I can think of only one group that no longer sells their music in this country - Spandau Ballet. Quite frankly, the majority of Artists Against Apartheid are just jumping on the bandwagon and identifying with a cause for publicity and recognition. *Michelle Bizmenau, South Africa*

Dear Black Type,

Just recently I have noticed the word 'foxtrass' creeping into the Smash Hits vocabulary. I think we should be told what qualifications a girl needs to become one of those creatures. Is it necessary to come from Belgium, wear a pink bow tie and sing out of tune about 'loving life'? A nation of world-be 'foxtrasses' queues to the left to find out. Someone who thinks GL is Wunderbar! Crews PS Would an encounter with a 'foxtrass' in the offices of Smash Hits stop Mr Perkins being 'The Most Boring Man In The World', do you think?



Sir William Bragg with his X-ray spectrograph by which he revealed the structure of crystalline solids.

Dear Black Type

I found this in my history book whilst I should have been doing homework. It is a very boring history book. Rock'n'roll? Phew! *Jeremy Wagstaff, Knotty Ash.*

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 - 25 LEEDS POLYTECHNIC
 - 27 RILACKBURN KING GEORGE'S HALL
 - 28 NEWCASTLE POLYTECHNIC
 - 29 SUNDERLAND POLYTECHNIC
 - 30 REDCAR THE REDCAR BOWL
- DECEMBER
- 1 LONDON ASTORIA THEATRE



LETTERS

An "etymologist" (i.e. bloke who knows everything about words) writes: *Mmn. Let's see... (flicks through weighty 'tome')... Foxtress n. a female humanoid aged 8-69, designed to be of ill repute i.e. wears frocks that don't even reach the knee thus showing "off" black-pink fringed-tights with holes in. Natural habitat: Walthamstow, ping pong night at Youth Clubs and American "Ham-burger "Bars" - seeking out young prey (boys) to "bise". Habitual users of cascading lock toes. (See also foxxy fixies.)*

Mr Perkins writes: I don't like being "kissed". It tastes of sardines.

Dear Sunset In The Jar (Letters, May 6) e an extremely long time ago).

Sadly, I had the misfortune to miss Flintlock's greatest achievement (i.e. the mention in *Biz* in March 26 ish)

However, last October my mate, my sister and I went to see Joseph and The Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat at Leeds Grand Theatre and guess who was billed as Joseph? ONLY Mike Holloway, that's who! And when Joseph came on, we did the "Woah! He turned into a bit of alright an' no mistake" but because we remembered the heady days of Flintlock and (dare I say it) The Tomorrow People

Anyway, it turned out that it wasn't Mike Holloway at all, but a bloke called Chris Corcoran (or something) which probably explains why he was so blummin' gorgeous

Amazing or WHAT?
Catherine, Huddersfield

Definitely "what".

Dear Sir Blacky de Typesville
Whilst enjoying a break from another "epic" episode of Coronation Street (i.e. while watching the adverts), I was shocked by an event of cosmic proportions concerning our beloved Lady Una de Nescafe. She has been kidnapped by some vile

villain, snatched from our sets, never to ratle "three different types of beam" again. The cunning culprit (could it be Mike "Smuty Smuty Smith"?), has replaced her with none other than that winsome foxtress - Sarah "knickers on head" Greene!! GASP!! I noticed the difference although Dame Diana of Keen didn't, neither did Sir Gareth of Huntington. Cool! What is the world coming to?? First Miss Greene replaces Lady Margaret Philbin-Osweyn on Saturday Superstore. She then snatches Lady Una Stubbsville from us!

I must speak out! Who will be next? Lady Miriam Stoppardville? Princess Judith of Hann or even (shudderrr) Dame Bonnie of Luffordly!!
Katherine Ellis' Lacrosse Stick, Fleet

It is a disgrace! A national scandal! Jeffrey Archer should be told immediately! I mean, just who does this Sarah Greene think she is, this slovenly woman who so delights in torturing innocent young contestants in the Superstore Superstar contest by grilling them with fiendish questions like "Were you very nervous"? "Poo! Mind you, to look on the bright side, at least Dame Una is now safe from the evil clutches of ghastly Gareth and the horrors of his (gulp) trophy room!

Dear Joanna from Exeter (Letters, October 21).
So you think you are having too much anti-religious propaganda rammed down your throat? Have you ever noticed the amount of pro-religious propaganda we innocent atheists get rammed down our throats? It starts off at school (provided your parents are not religious, that is) where you get religion "rammed down your throat", in the form of R.E. lessons and assemblies if you do not pray and take part in the religious ceremonies you are classed as 'odd', and often teachers can take a dislike to you because of this. When you are that young, you tend to believe the things your parents, teachers and elders tell you, and that usually sticks, which is why there are so many religious people in the world. They get so much religion rammed down their throats from so many different sources, it is hard not to believe

I agree, Joanna, that there should not be anti-religious propaganda anywhere, but I think it is only fair that someone fights back from our side

Your anti-religiously,
Hilary Loftmark, Lampeter.

The Albanian Missus Scene:
Albania of Turkish background, turned independent in 1912 and has been producing good music ever since. Having travelled around the world three times, I have experienced many cultural differences in the local 'rock' scene, but this People's Republic is definitely the place to be for great music

Unfortunately, thanks to the Albanian government cutting off diplomatic relations with the rest of the world, we in Britain aren't able to indulge in this musical fantasy

After inventing the Vespa in 1928, they discovered Mods living wild in the lime soils of the north. These 'people' clubbed together and formed some rather good groups, like The Jam, The Who and The Kinks as well as various other "conceptions"

Deciding to shave their heads (note Alexei Sayle connection), they invented Rock'n Roll. Rocking at the "Z" e's club, in the capital Tirana, was the 'In thing', and all the young fanatics flocked from miles around. The first major rocker was Prince Goldblond of Arabacca, who later changed his name to Cliff Richard and achieved political acclaim in England.

Nowadays, unfortunately, like the British music scene the good groups, the immortals, have disappeared down the drain and earlier this morning Albania itself was destroyed by a stray boomerang from Fosterland
By Phoenix Maclean

Well! You learn a little every day, don't you?

Hard times. Type, hard times, what what with being walled up within the dusty confines of university and surrounded by trillions of people making Tesco adverts! All around me are hurrying footsteps and searching eyes staring over mind-numbingly cosmic pages of the Guardian and the Financial "zzzzzzzzz" Times. White haired cobwebby professors stop and whisper to each other in the

clustered corridors deep within the heart of the education system. What are they waiting for? Why do doors keep closing behind me? In desperation, I lurch forward in my bag for inspiration. Doorhandles turn. I can bear it no longer. I pull out your magazine

Lads! Ladies! Guardians and Observers are torn squabily in rage. Doors fly open. Fifty thousand pairs of eyes burn red all around me. A muted yell bursts out from far within the depths of the ancient institution "AAAAARRGGGSHH!!" it screams. "SMASH HITS AT UNIVERSITY!!" In the holy name of Bamber 'The Almighty' Gascoigne, what can we do?

"Get him!" they scream. A monstrous net is brought in. Ten squillion bands reach out for me. They drag me to the top of the highest tower and fling me off. As I hurtle to the ground, God cries "Feed the World, it's a Rat-Rat- and Satan cackles "What D sounds like death?" Round and round I spin. Abba croon softly. "Yes, I love you," I moan. This is the centre of the cosmos... THUD

And if only you stuck a punk cover on your mag with extremely boring international share indexes all over it, I wouldn't have been the only one, true martyr to Smash Hits
Nashun the Harrow, Cornwall

A gilt-edged record token and splendid presentation towel is yours, 'Hum. Rest assured, I shall in future be turning my esteemed pages over to stock market reports, "commodities", share prices, "futures" (whatever they are) - all printed nonsensically on flimsy pink paper. By the by, wasn't the "Big Bang" exciting?!? Hang on a mo, there is someone at the door... No! No! YOU!!!... Why are you giving me that funny look?... Oh, no, don't hit me with that gigantic picnic table... aifeeeeeeKLAARRRRRING

A Doctor writes: Oh, dear. Better call an ambulance... sigh... too late. There's nothing more that can be done for him, poor fellow. He's... gone.

A Policeman writes: If there are any witnesses to this brutal slaying please call the Crimewatch UK studios where the lovely Nick Owen is waiting to deal with your call in the strictest confidence. Toodle-o.

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★ STAR TEASER

● All the names on the right are hidden in the diagram. They could run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Some run backwards. But remember that the words are all in an uninterrupted straight line whichever way they run.

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

- A-HA
- BAND AID
- BARBARA DICKSON
- BRIE GARDNER
- CHAKA KHAN
- CHRIS OF BURGHI
- CLIFF RICHARD
- COMMUNARDS
- DEAD OR ALIVE
- DR AND THE MEDICS
- ELAINE FAIGE
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- FALCO
- FEARFUL SHARKEY
- FOREIGNER
- FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD
- GEORGE MICHAEL
- JENNIFER RUSH
- JIM DIAMOND
- LIONEL RICHIE
- MADONNA
- MICK JAGGER
- MIQUE URE
- NENA
- PAUL HARCCASTLE
- PET SHOP BOYS
- PHYLLIS NELSON
- SHAKIN' STEVENS
- SISTER SLEDGE
- SPLITTING IMAGE
- THE CROWD
- THE YOUNG ONES
- USA FOR AFRICA
- WHITNEY HOUSTON

★ The answers are having a funny "lure" on the right. . .

PUZZLE ANSWERS PRIZE CROSSWORD

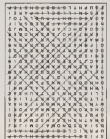
Number 15 (October 8)
 ● The winner is **Pauline Flavall** from Stevenage, Herts.

Number 16 (October 22)
 ● The winner will be revealed in the next issue (unless the word is eaten by a giant moth), but here are the answers.

ACROSS: 1 (Kool And The) Gang; 7 and 8 down Leska Grantham; 9 (Louise; 10 (Purple) Rain"; 11 (Bryan) Adams; 12 (DeeJay) Sven; 15 and 24 "Round And Round"; 18 (Rebecca) Storm; 19 (B) Panda (u); 21 (Phantom Of The) Opera; 25 Abba; 28 "Teecross"; 30 (S) A-Ha (u); 31 Tom (Robson); 32 DeBarge; 33 "Eat (It)".

DOWN: 1 "Holiday Rap"; 2 and 1 across "Hard Race"; 3 "Venus"; 4 Aliens; 5 George (Michael); 6 "Human"; 13 "One Vision"; 14 plus 27 and 28 "No One Is To Blame"; 16 "Ti (Um) (Around)"; 17 (Jim) Diamond; 20 Areas (Linn); 22 Adam Ant; 23 "Lessons In Love"; 28 Ted (Rogers); 29 RCA.

STAR TEASER



SMASH HITS

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Writers
 Lola Borg/Jan Graham/Rod Dellarri
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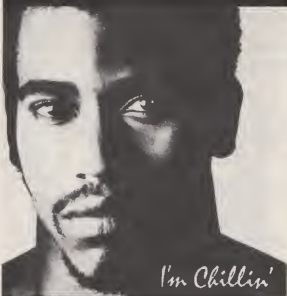
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KURTIS BLOW



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SINGLES

REVIEWED BY BARRY McILHENEY

NICK KAMEN: Each Time You Break My Heart (WEA) Beautiful boy from laundrette ad in his record shock! Yes, luscious, pouring Nick Kamen, he of designer jeans and boxer shorts fame, teams up with Her Royal Highness Madonna in an alliance that will undoubtedly see the Harlowe heart-throb up there at the top alongside his even more famous mentor. "I know how it feels to be the talk of the town," purrs young Nick and I give it about three weeks before this confident prediction becomes all too true. Somehow the weekly wash will never seem the same again.



BILLY BRAGG: Greetings To The New Brunette (Go! Discs) Gentlemen may prefer blondes, but the big-nosed boy on Barkling passes his greetings on here to all brunettes in general and one called "Shirley" in particular. Sir William Bragg is perhaps the only man on earth able to sing "we are joined together in the ideological cuddle" and make it sound like a perfectly natural pop lyric. More than that, he also comes up with the line of the year in "How can you lie back and think of England when you don't even know who's in the team?!" Bill Bragg I Rest Of The World.

KATE BUSH: Experiment IV (EMI) The peculiar squeaks of La Bush haven't really had the same sense of mystery ever since she did that v-funny duet with Rowan Atkinson for the utterly, utterly hilarious Comic Relief show a few months back. More to the point, there isn't really a clue anywhere to be seen, and Kate Bush without a tune is a sorry sight indeed.

PAUL McCARTNEY: Pretty Little Head (Parlophone) Thumbs down for Fab! Macca! This fairly dull little "ditty" was co-written by Eric Stewart, the man who used to be in 10CC who once had a big hit with a song called "I'm Not

In Love" which, I'll have to quote you, is the most popular recording of all time on Simon Bates' "Our Tune" slot. There is very little chance of "Pretty Little Head" suffering the same fate.

CUTTING CREW: I've Been In Love Before (Siren) And haven't we all! The strangely-named Nick Van Eede sings as if the whole experience wasn't that much fun at the time and even more painful second time around. "I've been in love before, the hardest part is when you're in it" (f), he whispers, and the whole thing sounds not unlike "I Just Died In Your Arms" but without the big chorus. What all this means is that it will get into the Top 10 and I will turn off the tranny every time it comes on.

WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX AND WE'RE GOING TO USE IT: Love Is The Slug (Vindaloo) No, not "Love Is The Drug", by Roxy Music, but "Love Is The Slug" by the splendidous Fuzzboxes. Imagine the Glitter Band backing The Ramones backing The Ronettes and getting the rowdies at the back of the bus to come forward and sing. Quite a fab and ought to make Uncle Bryan Ferry rock out in his bathtub.

BUCKS FIZZ: Keep Each Other Warm (Polydor) Bucks Fizz have never been the same since the dual tragedy of the coach crash and the Great Jay Aston Affair. "Keep Each Other Warm" is their best effort yet beside the new line-up, but set aside the sheer genius

of, say, "Land Of Make Believe", it doesn't really cut the cake. Watch out for its inevitable appearance on TV in a few weeks time as an ad for how you should always come home to a real fire.

MEL SMITH: Trembling (10) Mel Smith of Alas Smith And Jones fame and fortune! Fraud so, only here the v-fat one tries his hand at sounding like an ancient rock 'n' roller and ends up sounding like... Shakin' Stevens! Does this then mean it will be Numero Uno by Christmas? Er, probably not.



KOOL AND THE GANG: Victory (Phonogram) Just how many hits have Kool And The Gang had to date! It is: a) 5; b) 14 or (hmm) I don't know either (be21) but "Victory" should certainly add another one to the collection because it is quite simply what they do best. "Let the party begin," instructs "Kool" as he celebrates some historic victory in his life. Or maybe he's just come back from lunch with his bank manager.

NEW ORDER: Bizarre Love Triangle (Factory) New Order's singer Barney Sumner can't really "sing", yet here he puts the rest of the fortnight's tonsils to shame. New Order's bass player Peter Hook is one of the grumpiest men in the Western World and here he plays a little bass bit at the end that makes me

bounce round the room with joy. New Order are supposed to be a dull rock band from Manchester and "Bizarre Love Triangle" is the best dance single in the pile. Funny old world, eh?

HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS: Hip To Be Square (Chrysalis) And so the former yoghurt salesman comes clean and admits he's hung up as a "conscious" and "rebell" lifestyle for good and now settles down in front of the fire where it's hip to be square and nobody will mention the "Swinging Sixties" any more. Quite right too. Not as catchy as "Stuck With You" or even "The Power Of Love", just steady par' golf from the Peter Alliss of pop.

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS: My Biggest Thrill (Blue Guitar) If, by any chance, you've been wondering what Echo And The Bunnymen have been up to lately, they've actually gone into hospital and been transplanted into something called The Mighty Lemon Drops. The only problem is that The Lemons (The Droppies?) forgot to borrow any of the better songs and are thus left with a far amount of egg on face.

DEREK JAMESON: Do They Mean Us (Polydor) Quite extraordinary. The man they call Sid Yobbo has done a lot of funny "tings in his time, such as introduce "bingo" to national "news" papers, host Wagon for a week and generally turn Cockney rhyming slang into the hippest lingo this side of Run DMC. "Do They Mean Us", however, really does take the proverbial biscuit, as our Delboy warbles on about everything and everyone from Derek Hatton to Mrs Thatcher herself. Just in case anyone's in a party mood, the chorus goes "hang about,

leave it out, do not make a fuss, show your British bottle and say, 'do they mean us?'" all set to the tune of "My Old Man's A Dustman". It is, of course, quite dreadful and will be a big hit and everyone involved in it should be taken outside and publicly flogged.

U-VOX: All Fall Down (Chrysalis) Whatever happened to the "Ultra" bit? Probably got lost around the same time as Midge Ure decided he was fed up with being a pop star and wanted to be a serious human being instead, just like David Dimbleby or Sir Bob Geldof. This is always a big mistake and poor wee Midge has to sing lines like "Look in the mirror and what do you see, an American, Russian, a soldier or me", and make them sound important, but naturally it doesn't work and just sounds ridiculous instead. It's obviously meant to be a major comment on the stupidity of war, which is all very well and good, and can best be compared with, er, Rolf Harris' "Two Little Boys".

JERMAINE STEWART: Jody (10) Talk about wearing your heart on your sleeve! Chin Of The Year Jermaine gets all worked up about fellow former Stalwart chanteuse Judy, going on about "the way she moves her hips" and how "everybody wants a piece of Jody". From anyone else this doesn't work and just sounds about as good as a record as called "We Don't Have To Take Our Clothes Off", it really is quite bizarre.



COURTNEY PINE: Children Of The Ghetto (Island) So this what he sounds like! The most talked about new British jazz blah blah sensation actually peaks his head out of the wardrobe to blow a bit on the sax in the background and really make that instrument "talk", as they say. The real star here though is guest vocalist Suzaye Greene, and the real news is that this song was co-written by Chris Amoo, who is also singer with The Real Thing and the owner of a dog called Viscount Grant which won top prize at last year's Cruft's Dog Show. Not many people know that.

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT



DEBBIE HARRY: French Kissing (Chrysalis) She's back! Back, BACK! (You're getting the hang of this nicely - "Reviews" Ed.) And back in spiffing form too with this addictive little shuffle between France and America, sort of Paris, Texas set in a late-night disco "groove". Why, I was just saying the other day, "What the world needs now is the return of Debbie Harry", and lo and behold here she is, sounding just as brilliant as she did 250 years ago with Blondie. Listen with eyes firmly closed and tongue in cheek for best effect. Naughty but v.v. nice.



▲ Whitney: "Hello London, you're beautiful"

WHITNEY HOUSTON

Wembley Arena, London

To sell over three million copies of your first album is impressive enough, especially when you're still only 23. To go on and fill Wembley Arena four nights in a row puts you in the George Benson/Diana Ross league, and it's a measure of Whitney Houston's extraordinary leap to fame that she managed to rise to the occasion.

When she eventually came on stage with her seven-piece band and four backing vocalists, all in swanky black ties, she launched straight into Michael Jackson's "Get To Be Started Something". The audience, a curious mixture of soul boys and BMW-driving "yuppies" showered her with applause at virtually everything she did. Throughout it all, Whitney, standing alone on a revolving circular stage smack bang in the middle of the stadium, was a picture of supreme self-confidence.

Obviously she sang all her famous hits ("Saving All My Love For You", "How Will I Know") but best of all were the smoochy duets ("Hold Me", "Nobody Loves Me Like You Do") sung with her brother, Gary Garland.

Unfortunately, Whitney tended towards the old "Hello London, you're beautiful" routine which was at times cringingly embarrassing and she was met by a chorus of wolf whistles whenever she said anything even remotely provocative.

Indeed, the whole evening was a bit like a Las Vegas cabaret but, contrary to what you might have read elsewhere, there was no slow handicapping tonight. This audience just loved Whitney, and at a hefty fifteen quid a ticket it's hardly surprising everyone was determined to have such a good time. They weren't disappointed.

Simon Braithwaite



▲ Whitney: It's a beautiful coat.

► Whitney: Still in a beautiful coat. Fancy that!



▲ Knitting needles also! Martin Degville demonstrates how to turn those unwieldy "compact" discs into a leeching (then hem) "tee" cloth

SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK

Royal Albert Hall, London

Well, Tony James' boasts of a mere eight months ago rag rather hollow now. Four million pounds from the record company! A "multi-national corporation"? The "fifth generation of rock'n'roll"? Do me a favour.

If it was all meant to be a joke (which is very likely), the laugh's on Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik now. Tonight's concert is the only date salvaged from a giant British tour which got cancelled because, it is rumoured, of poor sales, and even The Royal Albert Hall — now a safe venue, by any means — is barely half-full. People have clearly stayed away in droves: it seems the Spartans don't even have curiosity value any more.

Which is a pity, because Sigue Sigue Sputnik do try. In fact they try too hard, which is part of the problem. Let's face it: neither Tony James nor Martin Degville are spring chickens any more, and they look rather foolish in their over-the-top panto outfits. At least Frightmask wears his spook-loincloth (which appears to be constructed from knitting needles speared through compact discs) with conviction, but Tony James is, alas, deeply uncomfortable — as if he can't wait to get home, rip off the pineapple wig and plastic brocade, and smuggle up with a mug of Horlicks and Dame Jane Street—"Porrrrrr". A faint tinge of embarrassment hovers around him — it's a bit like watching your dad do a fancy-dress turn at Christmas.

As a nod towards "technology", there's a bank of TV screens at the back of the stage, flickering images of musclewomen, helicopters, atom bomb explosions and, for some reason, the Nine O'Clock "News". It's something to look at when the group cease to be interesting — fairly soon actually, as they don't really do much except pout a bit.

So, that's the "image" down the dumper — but what about the music? Strangely enough, it's actually... quite good, especially the piercingly distorted guitar which literally shakes you in your seat. True, all the songs sound much the same — two notes and a lot of screeching — but it's much more powerful and a lot less scrappy and gimmicky than on their records. Nevertheless, the audience remain extremely unentertained throughout (bar a handful of fans not getting very crushed down the front) and ironically it's the un-asked for encore, David Bowie's "Rebel Rebel", which gets the best response of the evening. Only trouble is it's the first song the Spartans have played which possesses a tune (or more than three notes, come to that), and therefore it suddenly becomes blindingly obvious that a) Frightmask can't sing for toffee and has a horrid voice and b) the rest of the group aren't much *cap* either. When the caterwauling finally comes to a halt, the entire audience hurtles gratefully towards the exits, which is the biggest display of enthusiasm anyone's shown all evening. Tragic, really.

So is this the end of Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik as we know it? Are they just a dropped sequin on that glittery coat which is known as "pop"? Who knows. One thing's for sure, though: as my old granny never used to say, "pride comes before a fall". There endeth the lesson.

Kiki MacDonald



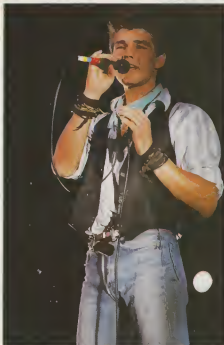
▲ Frightmask and Tony James trying to look as if they still sit home in guinevere's back (and having diarrhoea)



▲ New X "mister" "turn" to his "ass"



Photo: Andy



▲ How to be a Norwegian sax symbol: 1) Tie some leather shoelaces round your wrists. 2) Sing into a microphone. Bong! You are Morten



▲ How to be a Norwegian pop phenomenon: 1) Come from Norway. 2) Stand on stage in America. Bong! You are A-ha.



▲ How to be a Norwegian synth wizard: 1) Get your own pink spotlight. 2) Play some drinky keyboards. Bong! You are Mags



▲ How to be a Norwegian sax hero: 1) Play some amazing riffs on your guitar. 2) Er...that's it. Bong! You are Pål

A-HA Radio City Music Hall, New York

There have been rumours that A-ha have had to cancel some of their American concerts due to poor ticket sales. Their new single "I've Been Losing You" and LP "Scoundrel Days" haven't made the charts here yet. But to judge by the crowds packed inside Radio City Hall tonight, the Norwegians are still a highly popular "proposition".

The sound of 6,000 chipmunks being strangled might equal the din raised when the lights go down. Six shadows (which one is Morten?) do a ridiculous side to side dance step. (How To Dance Like A-ha: 1) Jump with both feet from right to left; 2) You are now a Norwegian superstar.)

The spotlight searches for a moment and then Aaaah! it's Morten!!! Eeeeeek! It's Mags! Oh! There's Pål. Though the shrieking is mostly Morten-motivated, it's only Mags who's featured at the front of the stage, getting his own pink spotlight, and doing all of the talking.

Mags and Pål share elbow-in-the-ribs type looks while Morten stands in the middle of the stage. In between songs (mostly from "Hunting High And Low"), Mags grins beatifully as the shriekettes shriek on.

Morten's main contribution is standing there looking as though he doesn't really feel very well. (How To Be Lead Singer Of An International Mags-Group: 1) Stand at centre of stage. 2) Move hips leebly from side to side; 3) Look uncomfortable.)

Mags and Pål live it up, meanwhile, romping to centre stage and grabbing each other's ankles instead of hands (how very amusing) during "Cry Wolf". Screams. Mags introduces Pål, Morten and himself as "the three goons". More screams. Someone coughs. Even more screams.

"You all know this one!" Mags shouts in his "charming" Norwegianish voice as his drinky keyboards tap out, er...oh it's "The Sun Always Shines On TV". Morten again manages to come up with the amazing special effect of - wait for it - removing his vest.

The last and only encore is, surprise surprise, "Take On Me" which goes down like a house on fire but fails to start any flames in my small intestine. But what's my opinion worth? It's time to ask the ones who have expelled their tonsils all over the floor.

Shari, 17, said it was "great". Lisa, also 17, called it "absolutely incredible". And 16 year old Laura said it was (ahem) "totally awesome". There's even an entire Norwegian family here! My favourites though are the "letter people": Dawn from Long Island and her team of boys (yes, there are a few masculine types here). Each member of Dawn's troupe has a sign with a letter on it. Hold 'em up together they spell out: "WE LOVE MORTON! MORTON!"

Some mistake here, I fear...
Suzan "Colon"

REVIEW BOOKS

DRUM by Simon le Bon and Neil Cheston (Sidgwick & Jackson, £8.95)

It's unlikely this book would even have been written if one of Drum's crew – Sally Simon herself – wasn't a very famous pop person; after all, Drum did only come a rather modest third in the Whitbread Round The World Yacht Race. For the same reason, the whole idea of this book seems a little confused – half the time it's the story of a pop star's japes out on the high seas and the rest of the time it's a fairly specialised account of a sailing adventure. Never mind – both sides are fairly interesting.

Simon rattles on (and on) about how he became determined to go once he was told "people come back nicer people", how everyone was only allowed one bagful of possessions (except that he was allowed two), about how all the crew got "spotty bottoms" from the salt water (though in his case, thank heavens, there was "not a spot to be seen"), how on the final leg following a pioneering strip by Simon they sailed "in the buff, spotty bottoms and all", how they had riotous "Simon throwing" competitions and how, in a rather boyish "Initiation ceremony" he, was smeared with a mixture of fish guts, molasses and bran as they crossed the equator. Mmm.

Neil Cheston, the co-author, gives a rather more sober account of a fairly gruelling ordeal, showing that beneath all the frivolity, Simon le Bon's achievement was a genuinely impressive one.

Chris Heath



▲ I time this ship The Spotty Bottom™

▲ Sally Simon crosses the equator and gets covered in "guige" (!)

A-HA ON TOUR by James Manning (Omnibus) £3.50

As this glossy, picture-packed "spectacular" is written the editor of Smash Hits Australia, it should be frightfully good but I'm afraid it is not. It's not really James's fault; it is just that... A) the Norwegian wretches have refrained from giving any interviews (apart from boring press conferences) during their "debts" whirl around the world and so the author is a bit stumped for "hot" material: the boys go for a swim, the boys do a sound check, the boys do a show, the boys go for another swim... um, um, um, the boys go for... a swim etc. B) when you've seen one photograph of the boys on stage in pink spotlights, you've seen them all... They might sound brilliant in concert, possibly, but their stage show is far from studded with whistling robots, exploding kangaroos or anything of that visually enticing nature. And so the book's designers have had to pad the pages out with trivia like Australian concert ticket scalps and tour date itineraries – Sat. 15 October: Munich, Mon 17 October: Mannheim etc. – which is all about as fascinating as reading a Stockport to Winchelsea train timetable. There is a poster in the middle. Sorry janes. Tom Hobbitt



THE UTTERLY UTTERLY MERRY COMIC RELIEF CHRISTMAS BOOK (Collins/Fontana) £3.95

Three main problems here. First of all – people like The Young Ones and Lenny Henry can't really be properly represented in a book. Rick Vyvyan, Mike and Neil are just plain boring as photographed with speech bubbles, and the svelte humour of Lenny's big-headed perv singer Theophilus P. Widebeeste seems like silly smut when reduced to print.

Secondly, writers such as Sue Townsend (The Diary Of Adrian Mole) and Douglas Adams (Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy) really need a whole book instead of three or four pages to build their plots and introduce their characters properly.

And thirdly, some of the contributors here seem to have been included just so their names could be added to the cover. Spitting Hinge's contribution, for instance, is simply a photo of two puppets.

There are, though, as one would expect, some good bits: a few new "Heroic Failures" from Stephen Fife, two Rowan Atkinson "Frescher" sketches which work well on the page, even though they would be more appropriate delivered by his Nostriphile, some excellent Private Eye-style pieces and a really funny alternative version of "Good King Wenceslas" which isn't credited.

Overall though, were it not for the fact that the profits from this book will be going to help famine victims in Ethiopia and young British people in need, this book would not really be worth buying.

What would make more sense is if you shelled out instead the considerably higher price of £9.99 for "The Utterly Utterly Rude Comic Relief Christmas Video" which is not only utterly utterly rude but also utterly utterly hilarious. More laughs for you, more money for Comic Relief, more famine relieved and more problems solved all round.

Nick Kelly

● Surely not! Paul Ruthe "Warriors Of The Wasteland"

Paul: This is our next single... it was going to be the title track of the album. It was meant to be the "big comeback". It was the first one written and everyone said, "it's brilliant! It's going to be mega!" But we got really bored with it in the studio, and then we decided it was the worst track on the album.

Mark: We nearly kicked this one out. It sounded so like Spinal Tap (spoof/heavy-metal film) that when we wrote it we thought "stuff that! We're not doing this! But then we got a different groove, so to speak, for the song. What's it about? Well, I can't really go into it because I might upset Holly. They're his lyrics. I think the lyrics are good and it doesn't really bother me that I don't know what they're about.

"Rage Hard"

Paul: It stuffed at four in the charts Boris Gardiner was at number one! BORIS GARDINER!! That was really hurtful, but it was bound to happen. Until "Rage Hard" we hadn't even had a near miss. We had three number ones and a number two – you can't complain about that. But I think we should always be number one. We're better than anything in the charts. We're even better than Wicky!

Mark: I originally got the idea for this from a Led Zeppelin song, if you know Led Zeppelin (an ancient hippie group) you'll know where it's been ripped off from. Led Zeppelin are brilliant. Well, it's a bit trendy to say they're brilliant. They're alright.

But when I listen to any Frankie single next to anyone else's, ours always seems a mile apart. I couldn't really imagine anyone else getting away with bringing out a single like "Rage Hard". If Duran Duran brought "Rage Hard" out people would probably say, "What do they think they're doing?"

Paul: When we did "Rage Hard" on Top Of The Pops we just didn't know what to do, but we thought "We've got to do something mad, because this show is just so boring." (They wore shorts, stockings on their heads and had money stuffed into their clothes when they threw out to the audience.) We just decided to do it that afternoon.

The toy money was from the props department at the BBC. We decided to become Robin Hoods for the day, giving money back to the people. That's what it was all about. It was also really sinister.

We kept thinking about these kids, crying their eyes out, seeing these horrible flaks singing to them with stockings on their heads. I bet they were horrified! We thought, "it would be so funny! We didn't tell anyone and they nearly died when



WE'RE ALL HIPPIES AT HEART"

Paul and Mark O'Toole spill the beans about Frankie Goes To Hollywood's new album "Liverpool".



▲ Paul Rutherford (left) and Mark O'Toole.

we came on. All those people at *Top Of The Pops* were like... (he adopts a horrified expression).

"Kill The Pain"

Paul: This was going to be called 'All Climb Up To Heaven', but we thought that was a bit too nice-nicey. I mean, heaven's okay if you can get there, but it still seemed a bit wet.

This is the one I get least excited about. I don't know why because I do like it. The lyrics are brilliant. They're very romantic.

There are lots of mentions of Heaven and God on the whole album. The lyrics are very baroque. Maybe Holly was going through something when he wrote them. Maybe he's going spiritual. I know they're better than (starts singing)

I want to wake up with you-
I couldn't ever be bothered
writing lyrics myself. If Holly ever came up and he'd written 'Hey Baby, Hey Pretty Lady,' we'd tell him where to go. But he wouldn't do it, he's not that sort of bloke. And he trusts us not to make a bland disco song.

There wasn't any great influence behind this — it was just a series of chords that sounded nice. We wrote it in Jersey — we got so bored in Ireland we went there.

We hired a hotel in Jersey. We set up our equipment where they used to have the hotel disco and there was a public bar there, so people used to get half-pissed and come and stand by the window and watch us write songs. We'd be going 'Go on clear off!' and they'd

be standing there going, 'Oooh-arrrrr!'

"Maximum Joy"

Paul: It used to have a lot of guitars in it... and now there's none. I kind of miss them a bit. The demo we did of this was just the best! — it was completely off its bonce. But I like this version. Every time I hear it I think of Lionel Richie and 'All Night Long' — I don't know why.

Mark: Yeah, there are a couple of lines in this that are quite pconfied, I like the lyrics though because they sort of... roll. No, they're not rude. It really does my head in when people ask 'What's this song about or what's that song about?'

"Watching The Wildlife"

Mark: This is basically a story of someone going through their life doing the things they normally do — like the girls putting out the washing and stuff like that. Seeing the same faces on the bus every day. Everybody goes through that sort of thing, don't they? Well... alright. I don't see everyone on the bus everyday. I don't think I know how much it costs to get the bus now. 10p! I miss getting the buses though.

Paul: I really hated this at one point. But now I really like it.

"Lunar Bay"

Mark: Sounds a bit drunk-orientated this, doesn't it? Most of them are. We were totally drunk when we recorded all of them. And

when we wrote them. Why? Well, if someone is buying champagne, we'll drink it. I'm from Liverpool, for God's sake!

It's not that we don't take all this seriously! But we just get pissed at the same time. Ha, ha! (?) Is there a place called Lunar Bay? Yeah. It's where you go when you're done in Ha, ha!

Paul: I think this title is lifted from a film. What's it called? That Nick Roeg film, *Eureka*. Lunar Bay is an imaginary place in the film, and that's where it came from I think.

This song is most like the old Frankie Goes To Hollywood. Well, it's most like 'The Pleasurezone' — that's what I should be saying. It's mad. It's just there. It just is.

"For Heaven's Sake"

Mark: We were in the studio in Holland and we were really drunk. We were sitting there, me, Fred and Nash, just playing — 'jamming', I think it's called in the business. Steve Lapsen (the producer) had switched the tape recorder on, and he taped all of it. The next day we sobered up and listened to it. It was good.

It's quite obvious what it's about, this song. If someone was on the dole and they listened to the lyrics they'd be quite refreshed in their outlook.

Paul: This is the best. Everyone in the band loves it. I play it all the time. It's so good I'm shocked by it.

"Is There Anybody Out There?"

Mark: This was written in Ireland. I had a double bass I'd just bought so I said to Nash, 'Come on, let's write a song so I can use my bass.' We just sat down, bevvied and did it in 10 minutes. **Paul:** It's a bit ham, but I like it. What's it about? Well... the world's in such a state, there's so much crap happening, it's got to get better. There's got to be something beyond that. I'd love at some point to bow out of the 20th century. I like the good things — like modern technology — but there are all these really negative things like Star Wars, which is completely out of control.

I sometimes feel I'd like to get away from it all and go and live on a farm somewhere. I'm sure it would be kooky — you'd get choosed off with the pigs and the cows. It's really idealistic, but that's the way I feel. No matter how 'hippie' it sounds, we're all hippies at heart.

The cover design

Mark: I like the front, but the back looks a bit tacky. It's funny, I looked at it this morning — I was sitting there and I went through all my other album sleeves thinking 'This looks like an album sleeve — why doesn't ours?' I can't say why it looks like a '12' single sleeve, but it does, doesn't it?

These credits... there's a really good one in here if I can find it. 'Pete Dick in the parmesan duck.' Pete, he's a mate of mine and Ped's. We were in Pizzisland in Liverpool and we said to him, 'I bet you a fiver you won't stand up and stick your willy in the parmesan cheese.' He did. So we thought we'd give him a credit on the album for a laugh.

Paul: I don't think the cover is as brilliant as it should be. I loved the last one. The title? It just made sense. We all came from Liverpool, even if we don't live there now. I suppose it's just being a proud Liverpoolian. And, in a way, it's also saying 'Thank You.'



ARETHA FRANKLIN:

Aretha (Arista)
Aretha Franklin isn't stupid. She revived a flagging career by joining the Eurythmics for "Sisters Are Doin' It for The Bombas," thus exposing herself to a new generation who didn't know who on earth she was but who all agreed she had an amazing voice. And this, her new album should make her even more popular.

Slick, raunchy soul with no less than three more duets! There's a cover of the Rolling Stones' "Jumpin' Jack Flash" with Keith Richards, "I Knew You Were Waitin'" with George Michael, and another with Larry Graham of Sly And The Family Stone fame. With a sleeve package designed by Andy Warhol this has to have something for everyone and at the same time proves that it's not a bad idea to have a few friends in high places. **(B out of 10)**

Simon Brathwaite

ELTON JOHN: Leather Jackets (Phonogram)

Elton John doesn't hang about. He releases more albums in a shorter space of time than Status Quo make "comeback" tapes. Everyone you now knows what to expect—a ballad, followed by some over-the-top rock anthem, followed by a ballad and so on. The thing is, he does it so well and he's now so much of an institution there's no reason why he shouldn't go on doing it till he's about 75! "Leather jackets" is absolutely no different from any other Elton John LP in the last five years. There'll be the usual variety expense videos and I'll be back in six months with a new album. **(B out of 10)**

Simon Brathwaite

KIM WILDE: Another Step (MCA)

Kim Wilde's cover the bars her midriff...very Madonna. And on the record she's very, um, Kim Wilde. Nothing, really, has changed. Apart from the brutal massacre of the old Supremes classic "You Keep Me Hangin' On", Kim remains firmly entrenched in her old "Kids In America" style—coldly efficient pop, courtesy (usually) of brother Ricky, done in that steeple, piping noise of hers that rarely comprises up a twinkle of emotion (except for half way through "The Thrill Of It" when she turns into Michael Jackson for some peculiar reason). There's nothing more of very nice say except that she has very rest her. **(S out of 10)**

Tom Hibbert

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Tom Hibbert



DON JOHNSON: Heartbeat (CBS)

Goodness, I was expecting one enormous dud. I mean, TV actors aren't usually given to releasing anything other than complete and utter rubbish when they decide to take on the pop world, are they? And Don Johnson is a worse TV actor than most. In fact, the only thing he seems any good at is modelling himself as the lowly designer stubble. Until now, that is, for—gasp!—Don can actually sing rather convincingly. And though this LP is by no means a masterpiece it's certainly above average American rock radio fare. A pity slight better than Survivor, anyway. It sounds as if it cost about a billion dollars to produce—which, of course, it probably did—and it's really not too bad in a Dan Hartman sort of way. **(B out of 10)**

Tom Hibbert

THE COCTEAU TWINS: The Moon And The Melodies (4AD)

"The Moon And The Melodies"? What melodies! All Cocteau Twins records sound much the same: swirly guitar, "ethereal" vocals, music sophisticated, polished and absolutely no time whatsoever. This new LP varies a little from their usual LP in that it's a collaboration with Harold Budd, a so-called "experimental" pianist who tinkles and tinkles a lot and doesn't know any good tunes either. As a result, four of the eight tracks here are swathed in his weedy ambient piano wanderings, and don't feature Liz Fraser's sugary wail at all. To compensate for this the rest of the songs sound exactly like every other Cocteau Twins "oeuvre" in the history of the universe, and can therefore be interpreted, depending on your viewpoint, as being either: a) incredibly deep, moving, meaningful and soulful or b) painfully "nice", twee, insubstantial and imitating. Me! go for b), with knobs on; as this is nothing more than "credde" wall-paper music for cry-baby toffs. **(4 out of 10)**

Vic MacDonnell

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE: No.10 Upping St (CBS)

BAD's mentor Mick Jones is back on songwriting terms again with his old pal Big Audio Dynamite (both with the Clash until, um, "disagreement"), and "No.10 Upping St" is all the better for it. There's more than a "credde" in some vein as their "debut" last year—a more blistering, cut-up, media bits and a few Troufleurfunk cowbells—but it's

got a lot more good tunes. Side two leaves the barbers at home and serves up brilliant, soulful, inventive pop. BAD finally make GOOD. **(B out of 10)**

Deborah Spepper

OWEN PAUL: As It Is (CBS)

Owen Paul has got a bit of an identity crisis. He can't really decide whether to be a grile pop darling or a hoary old rock 'n' roller. Half the songs on this LP are chirpaw, skipaw, throwaway pop ditties ("Christie the clipper, she colours my hair"/"Micky and Margie make the clothes that we wear"/?), but this teeny-weeny teen dream, who as at one moment gives us a multitude of infatuated, catchy hook lines, bits of clapping and even the odd whistle (must be his football background), just can't help sneaking in humming keyboards, frantic drum solos and even every head-banger's dream, the lead guitar "break". All very confusing and not very good. **(4 out of 10)**

Derm Schlessinger



PAUL YOUNG: Between Two Fires (CBS)

Paul Young makes perfect who bar music sophisticated, polished and utterly colourless. This album is full of variations on the single "Wonderland", although some tracks like "War Games" and "Some People" are at least a bit "funky". Others, like "Wasting My Time" are fairly "soulful" ballads. Nothing really awful then, just downright unexciting. **(S out of 10)**

Claire Campbell

KATE BUSH: The Whole Story (EMI)

There's something rather odd about a Greatest Hits collection drawn from only four uncompromising arty LPs stretched across eight years, but here it is, from the vocal acrobatics of "Wuthering Heights" (No.1 at the height of punk) through a sum (then) binocularly—the original 70s militarism ("Army Dreamers") and nuclear war ("Breathing") to the rhythmic experiments of "Sit on Your Lap" before arriving at the fully-fledged genius of "Hounds Of Love" last year. The only serious omission is the brilliant "The Big Sky" in favour of the new single "Experiment IV", but no complaints about the individual songs which pass the test. "The Big Sky" is particularly remarkably well in its jumbled-up order here. **(B&A out of 10)**

Ian Cromie

THE STRANGLERS: Prestige (Epic)

Over the years The Stranglers have completely done away with the ice-picks, sewers and rats which they were once so fond of, and have developed a neat line in silky-soft harmonies and enchanting melodies, though the slightly sneering vocal lead singer Hugh Cornwell do retain a faint hint of their less-than-pleasant past. This gradual shift in direction has been the good. As "Punks" The Stranglers were always a bit too uncool and played their instruments a bit too well to be convincing. "Dreamtime" captures perfectly something they do about 20 times better—writing clever, commercial, slightly bony tunes. **(B out of 10)**

Nick Kelly

NEW ORDER: Brotherhead (Factory)

Somehow New Order are just a bit too cold and clinical to be a really good poppy band. Occasionally, though, they do hit upon a melody so rifty that you can overlook the rather characterless singing and playing. On this LP "Parade" and "All Day Long" are certainly very hummable, and "Every Little Counts"—usually slow and quiet for this bunch—is quite brilliant, and even features singer Peter Hook bursting into peals of laughter. But basically, if this record was a "debut" by an unknown band, nobody would be less amused about it. **(S out of 10)**

Nick Kelly

BUCKS FIZZ: Writing On The Wall (Polydor)

How can you possibly hate the Fizz, eh gang? They are so tremendously uncool—more so now that they've dumped vixen-in-charge Jay Aston—that you have to admire their brave ideological stance, don't you, eh gang! And as for their music—well, of course, it's awesomely brilliantly conceived pop music performed with such and enough slick production tricks to distract attention from their vile clothes. "Yes, these songs—"New Beginning", "You And Your Heart So Blue", "I Hear Talk"—are thoroughly ranshing, prissy popular music. Grand. Bucks Fizz are an angry street cred, aren't they, eh gang? **(S out of 10)**

Tom Hibbert

KRAFTWERK: Electric Cafe (EMI)

Without the influence of cover songs like "The Human League" and Depeche Mode to Duran Duran and Ultravox. Sad to relate that this new LP is frankly mind-bogglingly wrong (it knows what took them so long to complete just six tracks of minimal phrases like "the number you have dialled is wrong" or "maybe perhaps yes"?) (repeated in various languages) over minimal synthesised dance beats with minimal melodic relief.

One can only assume it's an intellectual exercise for their own amusement—hence minimal praise. Goodd garbage music. **(S out of 10)**

Ian Cromie



THE MISSION: God's Own Medicine (Phonogram)

The Mission aren't just another bunch of face-painted doomsters warbling in their boots trying to look as if mystical whorls they do it, but anyway. This is an LP of supremely hummable actual tunes, whisped around by spiralling, swirlence guitars and wackerily bland in the world of popular music: unbelievably boring, spring-along twerble noise, slipping and slipping and tooting and limping on and on about "staying" with some stuff in their ears and generally being the person most worthy of the time-worn "stages". "Six Bags Ahoy!" **(0 out of 10)**

Sylvia Patterson

LIMAH! Colour All My Days (EMI)

This LP is all that is dull, completely without imagination and wackerily bland in the world of popular music: unbelievably boring, spring-along twerble noise, slipping and slipping and tooting and limping on and on about "staying" with some stuff in their ears and generally being the person most worthy of the time-worn "stages". "Six Bags Ahoy!" **(0 out of 10)**

Sylvia Patterson

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN & THE STREET BAND: Live!1975-85 (CBS)

So. One sturdy box with pleasing cover. One 36-page booklet, very simply designed, containing a picture of "Bruce" and band through the 10 years in various locations, b) recording details, from club nights to huge stadiums, and personal credits, aren't the lyrics to most of the 40 songs (including seven previously unreleased) contained in the five LPs (35 of them, plus five covers, including "War", his next single), Oh yes, and three hours and 10 minutes of live music. The Human League's rock 'n' roll needs to be a byword for outdated, overblown ideas.

So, it's worth £25? For the 5LPs (35 of them, plus five covers, including "War", his next single), Oh yes, and three hours and 10 minutes of live music. The Human League's rock 'n' roll needs to be a byword for outdated, overblown ideas. So, it's worth £25? For the 5LPs (35 of them, plus five covers, including "War", his next single), Oh yes, and three hours and 10 minutes of live music. The Human League's rock 'n' roll needs to be a byword for outdated, overblown ideas. So, it's worth £25? For the 5LPs (35 of them, plus five covers, including "War", his next single), Oh yes, and three hours and 10 minutes of live music. The Human League's rock 'n' roll needs to be a byword for outdated, overblown ideas. **(7½ out of 10)**

Ian Cromie

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Peter Gabriel with Kate Bush 'Don't Give Up'

In this period land we grew up strong
We were wanted all along
I was taught to fight taught to win
I never thought I could fail

No fight left or so it seems
I am a man whose dreams
Have all deserted
I've changed my face
I've changed my name
But no one wants you when you lose

Don't give up
'Cause you have friends
Don't give up
You're not beaten yet
Don't give up
I know you can make it good

Though I saw it all around
Never thought that I could be afflicted
Thought that we'd be last to go
It is so strange the way things turn

Drove the night toward my home
The place that I was born on the lake side
As day light broke I saw the earth
The trees had burned down to the ground

Don't give up
You still have us
Don't give up
We don't need much of anything
Don't give up
'Cause somewhere there's a place
Where we belong

Rest your head
You worry too much
It's going to be alright
When times get rough
You can fall back on us

Don't give up
Please don't give up
Got to walk out of here
I can't take any more
Going to stand on that bridge
Keep my eyes down below
Whatever may come
And whatever may go
That river's flowing
That river's flowing

Moved on to another town
Tried hard to settle down
For every job so many men
So many men no one needs

Don't give up
'Cause you have friends
Don't give up
You're not the only one
Don't give up
No reason to be ashamed
Don't give up
You still have us

Don't give up now
We're proud of who you are
Don't give up
You know it never been easy
Don't give up
'Cause I believe there's a place
There's a place where we belong

Words and music by Peter Gabriel
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“I GO FLY-FISH



ING FOR TROUT"

Can this really be a "wild man" of Iron Maiden talking? Nick Kelly goes out "on the road". Paul Rider takes the pictures.



▲ A so-called heavy metal "muth" (i.e. Bruce Dickinson of *ver Maiden*) prepares to blow up a jolly interesting book (or something).

laser fight with singer Bruce Dickinson in the middle of a song. The second is a huge inflatable Eddie who suddenly balloons under the drummer Nicko, lifting the whole drunk about 30 feet into the air. Meanwhile, Bruce capers about, looking not unlike Robin of Sherwood in his v. trendy waistcoat and britches, making jokes, playfully tapping the stern-faced bass player Steve on the head with his microphone, falling on his bottom several times and generally not being very serious. Interesting fact number one: Iron Maiden concerts are a bit like a Christmas panty with lots of audience "participation", and plenty of flashes and bangs to keep you, um, amused . . .

Interesting fact number two: all *Ver Maiden*'s road crew are about 8 feet tall, 6 feet across and carry a little pouch around their necka. "What do you keep in there?" I ask one of them, after the show. "Earplugs," he replies.

Nicko and guitarist Dave Murray sit down with some of the crew and start chatting quietly about something. Chief guitar "hero" Adrian Smith is leaning alone up against the bar, looking good'n mean. Keen for some insights into the lifestyle of your average guitar hero, I

approach him. "Hey, Ade, man, tell me about some of those wild things you get up to 'on the road'. What's the most 'rock'n'roll' thing you've ever done?"

"Emm . . . I can't really think of any."

What? He, a certified "metal mutha", hasn't any stories about crashing cars into swimming pools? Or grotesque "peatimes" of any sort?

"Well, I go fly-fishing for trout." Eventually, we find ourselves in the hotel where Maiden are staying. By now it's about 2.30 a.m., but everyone decides to have "just one more"

"refreshment" before retiring for the night. Who should be sitting there, sipping a beer, but Bruce. He's just been on a stroll, he tells us, and he met this policeman who's writing a thesis on the similarities between The Beatles and UB40. They talked at length about the PC's thesis, says Bruce, who obviously enjoys a bit of a natter. And after they'd spoken about the Beatles-UB40



▲ A lot of booze on 'proceeds' prepares to blow up . . . um, actually this is what *ver Maiden* like to info on the road. (We thought you'd like to know.) (7)

connection, their conversation moved onto other issues, such as whether plants would be able to prevent the otherwise-inevitable destruction of the world by producing a certain compound . . . Dave is sitting in the bar too, still smiling. Dave, it transpires, acuba-dives in his spare time and never, ever throws a television set out of a hotel room window.

"I think you'll find all that stuff's exaggerated," he informs me.

At which point, Bruce joins us and an animated discussion starts on the subject of tanks in general and the Battle Of Kirk in particular. At 4.00 a.m. we decide to call it a day.

The next morning, the hotel receptionist tells me that neither Bruce nor Nicko are about. They have, I'm told, gone off looking for antique books. At about 1.30 they return laden down with their purchases. We're

supposed to be getting the 2.30 train to Bradford where tonight's concert is being held. Suddenly, Bruce sits up, with an excited expression on his face: "Why don't we catch the 1.30 train instead of the 2.30?" As the station is apparently only two minutes away from the hotel, and we've got eight minutes until the train leaves, this seems like a really good idea. We load into two cars and set off for the station. Unfortunately, the station has been very cleverly hidden by someone, and it takes three circuits of Nottingham town centre, and half an hour, to find it. Bruce is unperturbed, though, and enthusiastically studies railway timetables: "If we take the 2.10 to Sheffield, and change at Derby, then we can pick up the 3.18 which gets to Bradford at 4.10. Oh no, that's the Sunday service. Well then we could always try the 2.19 . . ."

After Bruce has worked out the best route, we retire to the buffet by the platform to examine Bruce's newly purchased antique books until the train arrives.

"I won a competition with Zoom ice lollies when I was eight," Nicko reminisces, "and the prize was that I travelled to Edinburgh on the *Flying Scotsman* on one of its last trips." Wow.

Nicko was, it seems, an avid train-spotter when he was working up. Unfortunately, what with Bruce reading us fascinating extracts from *The Wonder Book Of The Royal Navy* and Nicko, who just happens to be fully-licensed aeroplane pilot, explaining just how difficult it is to get an ordinary aeroplane licence, let alone one for a World War II



▲ A very interesting "back stage" photograph by our man Paul Rider (he's so talented)

Meserschmidt 109, and that he very much doubted whether Lemmy of *Motorhead* would really be able to fly to a concert in one himself . . . nobody spots either the train we're supposed to catch, or the one after that. We eventually have to catch three trains, and arrive in Bradford at 6.10. Is this a record?

● "Y'all right, Nottingham?" bellows Bruce Dickinson. And to a huge

answering roar of "YEAHHHHH", Iron Maiden are off. Smoke billows from every corner of the stage, neon light flash on the fabulous futuristic buildings painted on the backdrop, showers of sparka drop from the ceiling and the huge overhead "lighting racks" begin to descend towards the stage. Pretty impressive stuff really. Even those people who absolutely can't stand heavy metal normally might just find themselves enjoying an Iron Maiden concert. "Maiden", as they are known to their fans, are probably the most popular of all the "metal" bands and they sell millions of records every year. They spend up to a year at a stretch "on the road", taking their show all over the world, playing a concert almost every night.

The star of these epic productions is Maiden's mascot, Eddie. Eddie is basically a croak between a robot and a not-very-fresh dead body. Eddie is to be seen on the cover of every Iron Maiden record, usually about to do or having just done something unpleasant to some unfortunate mortal. Though his essential personality remains the same, Eddie does undergo "image" changes from LP cover to LP cover.

Tonight Eddie makes two appearances. The first is in his new guise of space-age gunslinger, a ten-foot tall Eddie robot marching onstage to have a

▼ A so-called wild man of rock (i.e. Nicko McBrain - crazy name! crazy guy!) of *ver Maiden* prepares to blow up a fruit machine. Angel! Rock'n'roll 'Phew' (etc.)



▼ A so-called rock'n'roll "outlaw" (i.e. Nicko McBrain - agent) prepares to blow up an Inter-City Saver



IRON MAIDEN

Our leisurely rail tour of little-known corners of England does, however, give us a chance to talk a bit about heavy metal music (and also to glean some further precious pieces of knowledge from *The Wonder Book Of The Royal Navy*).

"I actually think that heavy metal fits somewhat uneasily into the world of pop music. It has more in common with more traditional entertainment like theatre or pantomime," says Bruce. "We go out and we work bloody hard, we do a two-hour show, we really give good value for money. That's our ethic, really. We don't have any significant designs on changing the world. There's a goal to be realised each night, which is



▲ Var Maiden's horrific mascot Eddie in yet another grey incarnation. (Actually, it's Bruce Dickinson fencing - Ed) Oh.

how can we make it a better performance than last night. To bring yourself to the peak without going over the top; if you can do that, then that night you can say that you've been reasonably successful. Next day, you're a beginner again. When people ask me about ambition, that's the only ambition I can give."

How do you feel about the press slagging off metal, and people who listen to it?

"If you find something, believe in it, whatever, then you should be able to listen to it. There's a no reason whatsoever why anybody should feel the need to seek to prevent anybody from listening to any kind of music they want to. You can only say I personally don't like it - you're entitled to your own opinion."

What kinds of things do you get thrown up onto the stage?

"In England, harmless things... like fish! In America, sharp, pointy dangerous things. Half sticks of dynamite, live ammunition, full bottles of Jack Daniels (a v. rock'n'roll make of whisky), half bottles of Jack Daniels, ball-bearings, batteries, shot-gun cartridges..."



▲ Var Maiden sign up for a special trout fishing expedition on the River Kwis.

These are your fans you're talking about?

"Yeah, I was only talking about sharp pointy things though. You do get knickers. The thing about brass is that they're very difficult things to throw a long distance. You could sail one, perhaps... or align it, like David and Goliath..."

The station in Bradford is next door to the concert-hall, and by the time we arrive, it's really getting quite late so we make our way directly to the concert rather than to the hotel. The station and the street outside are teeming with members of the "Maiden Army". Bruce speeds up his pace as heads start to turn and the murmur goes round "It's 'Im!'" Soon about 50 of Bruce's fans are more or less chasing him up the street. With relief, Bruce reaches the side door and slams it behind him shutting the "Army" out.

"We're now standing in a small lobby, with a glass reception window and another door into the building proper. Except it's locked. Bruce raps on the glass window to attract the attention of the old man in the office behind, who seems none too keen on letting him in. "But we're the band!"

The old man shakes his head and says "You'll have to go round the front way."

"Why?" asks Bruce.

"Because this isn't the concert

▼ Sporang! A deranged young man "gets down" to the Maiden sound in Nottingham. (NB. Real curtains are de rigueur in Nottingham concert halls these days).



▲ Bruce Dickinson does a spot of on-stage fencing. (Actually, it's Eddie the mascot - Ed) Oh.

hall - it's the building next door." 20 minutes later, I'm standing in a backstage corridor in the concert hall. Bruce and Nicko have both gone to make preparations for starting the concert early, because word has just come through that Steve Harris' wife is on the verge of having their second child and Steve wants to leave for London as soon as possible.

But who is this strange creature coming down the corridor in a white jacket and a beekeeper's helmet, and carrying... a sword?? It's a Bruce, that's who, in his fencing gear. You see, Bruce, as well as being a singer, an ex-soldier, and a collector of fine old books, also happens to be extremely proficient at the ancient skill of foil-awing. Here he is merrily drawing the fine steel blade to and fro through the air, as is his wont. Not too keen on the playful way he jabs at a passing member of the road crew, I attempt to distract him by asking him what sort of "rock'n'roll" things he goes in for. TVa through hotel windows?

"No, never."

Bitting heads off wild bats?

"No, no, sorry."

Sawing guitars in two?

"Sawing guitars in two? No."

Oh come on, Bruce, there must

▼ Rockin' Bruce gets eaten alive by a spooking! (Should have tied harder in those fencing lessons 'naw haw).



be something. Please?

"The old food fight every now and then. But even that's fading away now, because we've got to know the caterera."

There is now just one Maiden-member to be met - father-to-be, Steve Harris. Steve, as the band's main songwriter and founding member, is the man responsible for all those songs about goblins and albatrosses. Where does he get these ideas?

"Quite a lot of it is from films. And I'm really interested in, like, whether there's a life after death."

But could you not make do with less weird topics such as love, and life on the dole, and American foreign policy, like everyone else?

"I'm probably not very romantic, I suppose. I dunno. It can be a bit boring if you write about bonking or being on the road all the time."

Indeed so. And on their new LP, "Somewhere In Time" Steve, once an architectural draughtsman, has surpassed himself in the epic "Alexander The Great". This song of songs ends with possibly the



▲ A pair of guitar heroes about to be buried alive by a hoggober (or something).

greatest last verse in the history of popular music: "Alexander the Great/His name struck fear into hearts of men/Alexander the Great/He died of fever in Babylon."

"Well, I'm a bit of a history buff," explains Steve. "I quite enjoyed it at school. And it's really interesting to write about something you enjoy, I suppose."

Unfortunately, we cannot discuss this brilliant work in greater detail: it's Tuesday evening, it's Bradford and it's time once more for Iron Maiden to do what they do best.

"Y'all right, Bradford?" ...

Tina Turner

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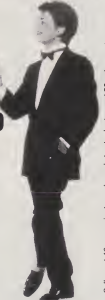
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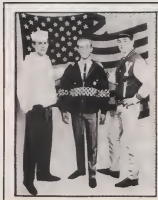
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