

H3 HCHIA 43

SMASH HITS



Swing Out Sister

FREE
inside



**GIGANTIC
DOUBLE SIDED
POSTER OF
DURAN DURAN
& BILLY IDOL!!**



**AGE OF CHANCE • DEAD OR ALIVE • THE BANGLES • JOEY TEMPEST
CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT • SIOUXSIE • ROBBIE NEVIL • THE MISSION**



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Shoplifters of The world Unite

Learn to love me
Assemble the ways
Now, today, tomorrow and always
My only weakness is a list of crimes
My only weakness is well, never mind

shoplifters of the world
Unite and take over
Shoplifters of the world

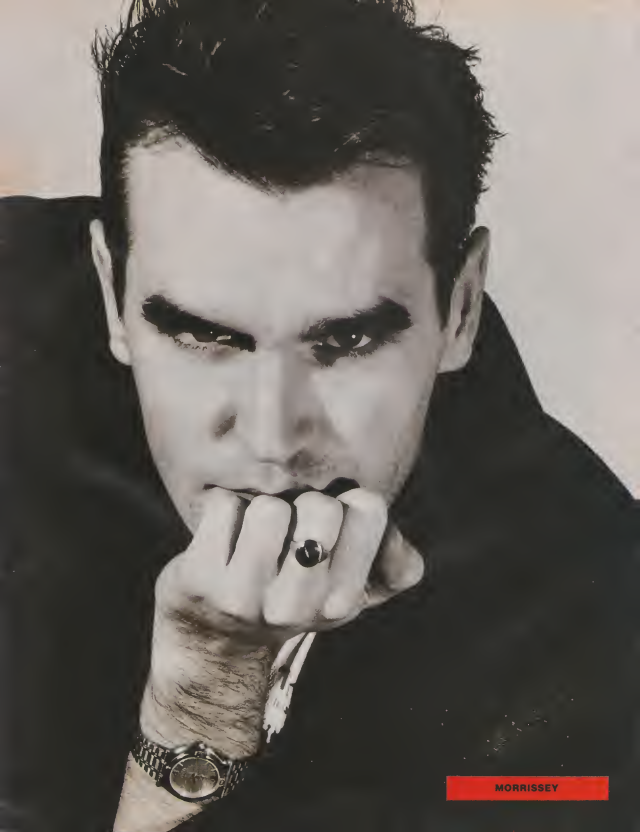
Hand It Over
Hand It Over
Hand It Over

Learn to love me
Assemble the ways
Now, Today, Tomorrow and always
My only weakness is a listed crime
But last night the plans of a future war
Was all I saw on channel four

Shoplifters of the world
Unite and take over
Shoplifters of the world
Hand It Over
Hand It Over
Hand It Over

A Heartless hand on my Shoulder
A push - And its over
Alabaster crashes down
(Six months is a long time)
I tried living in the real world
Instead of a shell
But I was bored before I even began
I was bored before I even began
Shoplifters of the world
Unite and take over
Shoplifters of the world
Unite and take over
Shoplifters of the world
take over

Words: Morrissey music: Johnny Marr
© Warner Brothers music on Rough Trade Record.



MORRISSEY

(i.e. a bloke and a pig)



▲ Dr Robert of The Blow Monkeys. "Quite sensible at the time of year."

Lookin' mean, moody and thoroughly miserable, it's Dr Robert of The Blow Monkeys and he's back! (BACK etc.). After disappearing off the face of the universe over the last few months he has returned with a spanking new single called "It Doesn't Have To Be This Way." So, yes, let's take a peek at Dr Robert "fact" file . . .

- His real name is Robert Howard.
- He went to boarding school in Norfolk where he earned his nickname through being nice and "caring".
- He used to be completely bonkers about sport; he played cricket in the England schoolboys team and once

- signed up as an agonised football player for Norwich City.
- In 1978 he moved to Australia with his mum.
- Jobs he's had include pop journalist, trawlerman and professional snooker player.
- "Blow Monkey" is racist Australian slang for an Aborigine, because Aborigines play a bow-like instrument called a didgeridoo (as made famous by Rufus Harris).
- In spite of releasing lots and lots of singles he's only had the one hit with "Digging Your Soles".
- He spilled up from his wife Linda last year.
- He's quite good at sucking his cheekbones in.
- He's wearing a macintosh, which is quite sensible of this time of year.



▲ Harrah! From left: Dave Forsterhouse, Paul Harman, Tim Hughes. "Perfectly overrated."

When these three chaps were but pipers they formed a group called The Green Eyed Children. Luckily they thought better of the name and changed it to 'Harrah!' and ever since then they've had a "cult indie following". Now they're about to release their first ever LP which bears the curious name "Tell God I'm Here". Want to know more? (A reader's voice) Mean him, Yes PLEASE! O.K. reader! Here goes!!! They all live with their mummies and daddies somewhere outside Newcastle, they sometimes wear leather trousers, they like Indian food and they're all "perfectly normal blokes". Tish! They're going on tour too: see "Happenings".



THROWING DOWNS — worragroup, eh! Completely unheard of just a few weeks ago, it was the "Thoughtful Imbalance" that Sir Maggie Thatcher deemed worthy of FOUR big points on the Saturday Superstore Video Vote-type thingie with the inessential utterance "Oh I do like the guitar on this one, it's so colourful . . ." So did Mr. Doctor kick over with pride and emotion and utter disbelief at her "revolution"?

"Er . . . well, we were embarrassed initially" chirps their lead singer, Kevin Foreman. "My first reaction was 'What am I going to say?' Nah, 'nah, it would be all too easy and predictable to just say 'Oh God, Maggie likes it so we're really pissed off.' I don't care who likes it as long as they do."

Do you think she noticed it had an anti-nuclear message?

"Well, the video was deliberately anti-nuclear even though the song is a bit ambiguous, so I would imagine she was trying to show she's got an open ear when it comes to subjects she publicly disagrees with. Without any doubt the whole thing was public relations, wasn't it? Appealing to all young voters. Really, I think she liked it because it's got a lot of blue in it! She probably missed the little missile sitting on our piano player's lap — too busy looking at the blue, huh, heh!"

It doesn't really have any message anyway, you know, because it's just sort of saying "Don't mess with the world. I mean, she then goes 'I know the world is flat, don't tell me that, it's round! I know the world stands still, don't try to make it spin around' 'cos your beautiful imbrodience will let you down'. [?] Er . . . it's just a way of summing up the way the world always seems to avoid blowing itself to pieces really! Quite cynical, I suppose."

What are you doing cavorting with a pig in the video?

"Ah well, you see a lot of the song is actually about an unobtainable woman so well so we decided to put a little pig in there as well. (?) I had to hold it in my arms . . . very strong back legs! I can tell you. A smell! Oh no, they'd cleaned it up for me — it was lovely! Er . . . we weren't in any way trying to compare a pig to a woman at all, you understand, it's just that we were trying deliberately not to put in loads of good-looking girls like Duran Duran or something because all this really says is 'Hey! Look! We can get loads of good-looking girls in our videos!' So we decided on a pig instead. Very nice."

And are you all opposed to nuclear weapons then?

"I think we are, yes, I mean, take that Jerry that crashed the other week — that's the sort of thing that irritates me. I'm more frightened of that because I do believe man is sane enough not to use them for war. But, yeah, we are against people putting highly explosive devices in the middle of the country when they're very likely to blow us all to pieces one day. I don't think anyone's relatively humane can say 'Yes, I really and honestly believe in these weapons.'"

What did you think of Lord Margaret's actual "performance" on the programme?

"I didn't even see it! I still haven't seen any of it. I was asleep at the time. Just because Margaret Thatcher's reviewing our video doesn't mean I've got to get up and watch it! I was much more enjoying my sleep. And when I got up I had to try and unblock my pipes which had frozen overnight. I mean, I can't be worried about what Maggie's doing when I've got frozen pipes, can I?"

THE MOST HORRIBLE THING IN BITZ



The girl who all thoroughly fed us of hearing about (i.e. Mandy Smith) who seems to be any famous for having no talent at all, except for an ability to croak with max. 50 decibels here and there. She's recorded that stuff on a video cassette (she's a singer who she's recorded on a thing called "Just Got War"). Biz says: that's a quite the most depressing thing I've heard in a long time.

◀ Mandy Smith: "no talent at all"



● a Bizt so-called "logo" meda from a dandelion stem (except it isn't!)

IT'S ABOUT STEWART
 He never has a shower until he's brushed his teeth because he always sings to himself when I'm in the shower and I counting if I still had my early-morning bad breath. Oh no. That's not the small in the shower - I use combi? do it." (Spice 1000?)
 P.S. His new single is a morning-wester called "Don't Ever Leave Me" but it's not nearly as interesting.

NOT-VERY-SURPRISING THING OF THE FORTNIGHT

POPS STARS have got a new single out!! And it's called "Day Out Of My Life!!!"



QUITE SURPRISING THING OF THE FORTNIGHT

For the first time ever it's written by a member of the group and that member is... Puppy the kitten!! (Except it's not, because it's a Denouee!!)
 And it's been assigned up as the theme tune to a new Channel 4 series called *How-Bare*. You know which one is the coarser he knows anything - including Channel 4 who poked "Oh dear, We've never heard of it before!"
 And they've moved from Ramford - smut - to a leafy lane in Berkshire where they all have a bedroom each!!!, a HUGE!!!! dance studio and a MASSIVE!!!! driveway which could park one hundred burlesque cars that they haven't even got!!!
 Once again the nation responds with the heralding cry: "Five Star... what a band!"
 "So do it, miss" - Boris Becker

ONE OF THESE PEOPLE HAS A MONSTROUSLY HUGE MIT
 (Clue: It's not the bloke on the left)



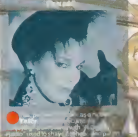
The chap on the right is the mysterious Steve "Silk" Hurley - the men who vanished off the face of the planet just as his hit, "Jack Your Body" was topping up the charts. Steve is this man credited with practically inventing the so-called "House" sound - the style of dance music which started in Steve's native town of Chicago, as in Fertie "Jackmaster" Funk's "Love Can't Turn Around".

Steve Hurley first made his name in Chicago as a DJ at a trendy club called The Warehouse, and then he went on to team up with that chappie standing on the left, Keith Nunnally. They formed a group called J. M. Silk (which stands for Jackmaster Silk) and had a couple of "House" hits with "Music Is The Key" and "I Can't Turn Around". And what of the mysterious disappearing Steve "Silk" Hurley? Well, he's been "found" now, and he's putting out a new single with Keith Nunnally under the name J. M. Silk called "I Just The Music Take Control". By the by, if you're wondering what all this "Jack" business is about, to "Jack" is the "House" term for going bonkers on the dance floor, hence "Jackmaster" - one who makes people go bonkers on the dance floor.



● **Hugh Cornwell** - very old and swasther with The Stranglers - has a new single out called "Bica And Figures" and it's a part of the soundtrack for the grim 'n' grizzly and rather good animated film about nuclear war, *When The Wild Blues*.
 "The song wasn't intended for the film at all," he says in matter-of-fact tone. "It'd written it already and the record company asked if they could have it for the promotion of the film. To be honest, I couldn't see what the connection was until I realised there was a reference to the wind blowing in the song. I've always been against nuclear weapons ever since I started reading about it about ten years ago so obviously I was happy to be involved."

THIS WOMAN HAD TO BE A SEXY LINDSEY DOWNHILL CALLED KATY MIT NOW SHE'S AN ITALIAN DANCE DRESSER CALLED TUFFY



On the sleeve of this tune are some very very bleak faces and figures about Russia and America's nuclear arsenal in America. Liter. Conventional Ballistic Missiles - 1017, Russia. Stockpile Warheads - 2300, The Price Of A Medium Range Bomber Aircraft is \$650 million etc. One of Hugh's whoppers? "Oh go, that was added on by the record company presumably - they're very interesting though, aren't they? I'd had hope that Hugh would've well seen none of them and start thinking seriously about the thing because it matters. It'll only take one or two more Chernobyl-type disasters for people to realise that the fact these weapons exist really is an absolute horror." Brrrrrrrr.

POP STARS SITTING ON FURNITURE COVERED BY CLOTH WITH PAINT ON
 Parts 1 and 2, Paul Young and Level 42.



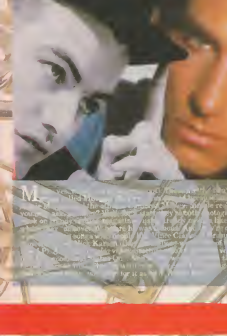
● The best single ever invented by anyone ever in the history of time itself - which is a pretty long time considering time is a never-ending circle - is Back Back! Back!! Your -dearly young black-clad towns-anny speakers *The Backs* have re-released their first ever, *the masterpiece* "A Way and a Reason" on "Why Not? Games". And if it isn't a hit this time, it's going to ask to be eaten by a squirrel for something.
 P.S. The lads called "Back Back Back!!" which is a good coincidence, is it not?



L.S. **Paul Young** has a new single out called "Running In The Family" and they're going on tour in a squirrel. Bye.



"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"



THE BODINES

What five specimens of humanity. Not only are they four blokes from Glossop (i.e. a not-very-big place near Manchester) have a brand spinning through single out called 'Theresa' (which is their third single re-recorded) they're actually not-very-fad-in-the-flesh (i.e. quite good). Their lead singer is a forthright young gentlemans-called Mick Ryan who happens to be on the Biz 'blower' this very instant and apart from all that...

They named themselves after a certain Greek-wearing-god-calling American bloke!

His name's Jerry's Bodine from The Beverly Hills, it's an American series about this family front the ticks who get loads of ol' on the territory and they go to Beverly Hills which is, like, really posh. It's from the '60s... they repeat it all the time, you know? Er... well, they're on Grandzland anyway. It's the only thing we watch really. TV's pretty pathetic, isn't it? We only watch that and Breakfast, I HATE EastEnders... it's full of Brookside, isn't it? I think London's really horrible - a really unfriendly place.

Mick has a permisthing fringe that he can't see his nose!

It's very thin though, he can see through it. The bottom of it don't need to be very much anyway. I like it 'cause it tickles his eye-lashes. It suits me, you know?

No one in the universe knows how old they are! (except they do now)

I'm 20, Paul's 20 and the other two are 21. You see, there used to be this thing at our old record company, Creation, that they'd pretend all their bands were about 15 when they were really 30 - like the Jesus And Mary Chain who are actually about 26 or whatever. We were young though so they didn't know what to do with us. So we really are 20 and 21 - that's true.

Yeah, I'm in love right this very second. I'm not telling you who wish! I've been going out with her for ages and ages - I got stuck early. I'm fairly used to being in love now, it feels quite normal to me. I definitely like being in love, it's really good. I'm very romantic-really. I don't really do anything romantic, I

just sort of feel romantic. I think rows are horrible, really stupid. Er... I suppose I'm not that romantic after all, am I? If my girlfriend ever said, 'I love you', I'd say 'I'm not practical'. Does she build shoes? Er... yeah!

He hasn't got a coat and he's freezing!

I lost it. I'm so freezing. I got stuck in a bass drum that was taken back to the hire shop when we were in Canada and never got it back. Been freezing ever since. That was the time I never did a passport. We were supporting New Order out of our - really exciting. We were in a stretch limousine that was really fancy. They wouldn't let us drink in it though which I didn't like. And the jet-lag - no, never had that before! I was so knackered, fell asleep in a club in Montreal - I was sat there with my head on the table. They must have thought I was a drunken fool.

He's a criminal!

I robbed our record company's offices once when I was really plastered on the day we signed with them. I got loads of records and posters and a bottle of wine. And I got this great black and white photograph of David Bowie and our manager confiscated it. We've been told we'll have to give it all back but... well, we haven't quite got round to it yet, heh heh. I stole a load of cutlery once too... I don't know why. I really, I just feel like stealing something and that's the only thing removable from this party we were at. I think I gave them back in the end - had to turn up, 'cos it was my friend's cutlery. I'm pretty straight really - I've never done anything really illegal apart from stealing cutlery. That's not too bad is it?

He doesn't want to be chased down by little strikers trying to couch his fringe!

I certainly do not want to get chased down High Streets by little girls trying to touch my fringe! Er... it's a wig! Oh God, no. What do you mean, The Housemartins get mobbed? In Ireland? Says a lot for the Irish, doesn't it? God... I'd have to get really drunk if I was famous - not that I'd not would be too much of a problem. Oh well, I'll live with it if it happens I suppose, heh heh.

He's never done a day's work in his life (almost)

I've never worked actually - was on the dole for four years. Oh no, I worked for about a week in Paul's dad's factory - painting machines. But I jacked

that in 'cos it was too horrible. I went to college for a while to get some A-levels but I jacked that in 'cos it was too boring as well. And that's when I started the band. What do you mean, did I sit in my darkened bedroom and write songs? My bedroom isn't darkened! It's very sunny actually, very bright and breezy! I'll have you know.

He wants to be really, really rich!

I'd love that, yeah. Then I could buy a house in Manchester - I just live with me parents at the moment 'cos... well, I'm never there and don't mind me own place. But I'd like to have me own house maybe next year if things keep going well. It'd be great - a proper house... windows, doors, the lot! And if I had loads of money I'd go round the world too. Go to Amsterdam 'cos that's great. Er... I know I said I hadn't been abroad before but Amsterdam's not really abroad, is it? Well, it even have to have a proper passport for it! Just a messy piece of paper. It was great though, I just got really drunk and sat in coffee bars. The red-light district was a bit horrible though - one big black guy offered to kill us (!) but away from all that it's really nice. Didn't see any tulips or windmills though which was a bit disappointing. Can't have everything though, can you?

He's a pop star!

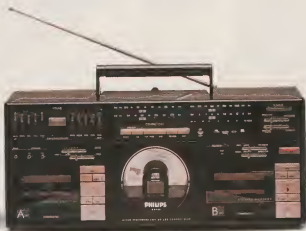
A pop star! I'm not a pop star! (Sounds well muffed) Pop star! I don't like that at all actually! People like Freddie Mercury are pop stars - I certainly don't class myself as Freddie. Marcy, Oh God, I mean, we never thought we'd get anywhere you know, we never thought we'd be pop stars. I don't know, maybe you're right... maybe... pop stars... (Came on in this fashion for several chattering ears.) They're not! It's jangly guitar bands!

They're not! It's jangly guitar bands!

We're not that jangly. There's much janglier people about than us. I suppose the old jangle singles in there sometimes but... well, on our second single we cut out all the guitars and put a piano instead - you can't call that jangly, can you? You can't have a jangly piano band. A jangly cello, heh heh. You're not going to put we're jangly, are you? It's pop music, isn't it? NO, it's rock and roll, heh heh. It's a bit, it's a bit, it's not poney pop music. I know that much. I'd like to go on Top Of The Pops. I'd grow my fringe for half an hour beforehand and go on and fling it about a bit. Hours of endless fun with this fringe, you know. I suppose it's a bit of a substitute pet really, heh heh.



Take



a



close

look!

PHILIPS



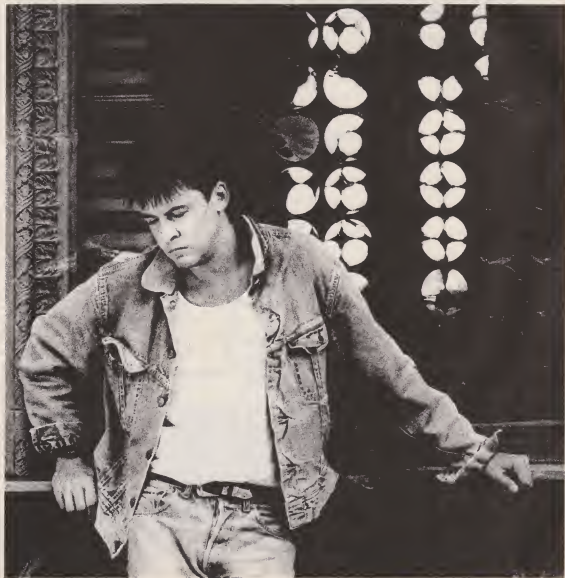
Carl felt slightly sorry for his flatmates
now he had the 24 watt Philips D8958.



PAUL YOUNG

Why Does A Man Have To Be Strong

NEW SINGLE ON 7" AND EXTENDED 12"



YOUNG 3-YOUNG T3

RANDY CRAWFORD

She only smiles
He only tells her
That she's the flowers
The wind and spring
In all her splendour
Breathe surrendering
The love that innocence brings

Chorus

Almaz pure and simple
Born in a world where love survives
New men will want her
Cause life don't haunt her
Almaz you lucky lucky thing

New I watch closely
And I watch wisely

Words and music by Paul Vance and Tom Bell. Produced by Jamieson. Copyright © 1968. On Warner Brothers Records.

ALMAZ

I can't imagine love so rare
She's young and tender
But will life bend her
I look around is she everywhere

Repeat chorus

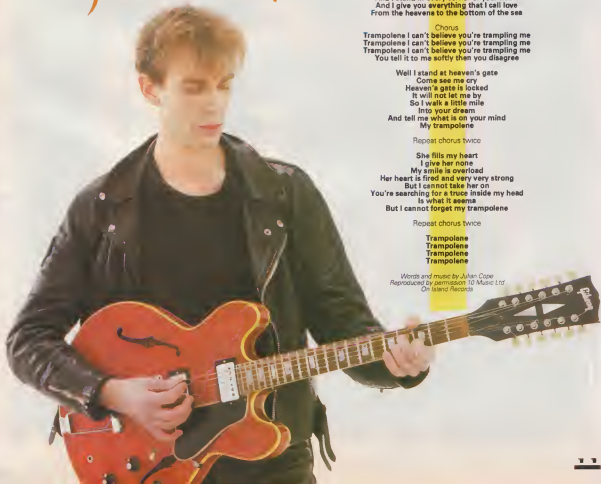
He throws her kisses
She shares his wishes
I'm sure he's keen without a doubt
With love so captive so solely captive
I ask if I could play the part

Repeat chorus

Almaz you lucky lucky thing
Almaz lucky lucky thing



Julian Cope



trampoline

Trampoline from the heavens
To the bottom of the sea

Well I stand at every corner of the world
And I stand in every corner of your heart
And I give you everything that I call love
From the heavens to the bottom of the sea

Chorus

Trampoline I can't believe you're trampling me
Trampoline I can't believe you're trampling me
Trampoline I can't believe you're trampling me
You tell it to me softly then you disagree

Well I stand at heaven's gate

Come see me cry
Heaven's gate is locked
It will not let me by
So I walk a little mile

And tell me what is on your mind
My trampoline

Repeat chorus twice

She fills my heart
I give her none

My smile is overload
Her heart is fired and very very strong
But I cannot take her on
You're searching for a truce inside my head
Is what it seems
But I cannot forget my trampoline

Repeat chorus twice

Trampoline
Trampoline
Trampoline
Trampoline

Words and music by Julian Cope
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On Island Records



The Bangles: Vicki Peterson in a very nice red dress with a medallion; Debbie Peterson in a very nice jumpsuit with roses on and a red necklace; Michael Steele in a very nice black coat and a cravat; Susanna Hoffs in a very, um, "nice" bodice and a skirt with a zip up the front.

HOLIDAYS IN BANGLEONIA!!!

So what have The Bangles been getting up to on their holidays? Have they been:

- abseiling with Gyles Brandreth
- eating Milky Ways in showers
- growing parsnips in a gumboot
- running away from cougars
- reording an acapella album inspired by Mike Read's "poetry"
- putting twigs in their ears and pretending to be trees or g) wiggling out at Thrashing Doves concerts?

No. Actually, they've just been popping down to the Fluff 'N' Fold and turning into "couch potatoes". (1) "How extraordinarily ordinary," pipes William Shaw.

The Bangles are on their holidays. After a year when they became quite famous, had some hit records, and zipped all over the planet playing concerts, they've decided that now it's time for a few weeks off. So what do they do? What they do, fact fans, is stay at home, and, erm... do their laundry. "Yes," says guitarist Vicki Peterson, at home in Los Angeles with her parents. "I've just been doing a spot of laundry this morning in fact."

Anyway, the idea is that The Bangles should all go home to L.A. (man) and do as little as possible for a while. "Yeah," says Debbi. "We're trying to rest. It's very difficult. Something always keeps popping up..."

Actually, Michael Steele, the bass player, hasn't spent much time in Los Angeles at all. The first chance she got she swanned off to Australia where she's rumoured to be seeing a member of The Hoodoo Gurus—a long-haired loud and punkish sort of Australian group. She popped back to Los Angeles the other week clutching a tape of one of The Hoodoo Gurus' songs and the Bangles interrupted their holiday to nip into the studio to sign backing vocals on one of the songs.

And The Hoodoo Gurus aren't the only group The Bangles have been helping out either. The other night



they all clambered on stage with Elvis Costello And The Attractions and sang a version of "If She Knew What She Wants" to the Los Angeles crowds.

As for Susanna Hoffs, well, she's also been busy these few weeks starring in a film called *Cutting Loose* which opens later in the year. It's co-written and directed by her mum, the curiously named Tamar Simon Hoffs, who used to be a bit of a painter but who's now turned her hand to filmmaking. "She's been my main inspiration since," says a little kid, exclaims Susanna. "The story is about these five kids who've known each other through college and the movie

takes place during the last 24 hours before they graduate."

Susanna spent six weeks filming at the end of last year, playing the lead part of Molly, a milk-drinking college kid. And, during her "time off", she's going to be trying to find the time to write some new songs for The Bangles next LP. "We want some of the songs to be more rock 'n' roll," she decides. "We started in a garage. We're a garage band. We also have a lot of folk roots—acoustic guitar, real simple. I hope there'll be some acapella songs (i.e. just voices o lo Housemartins)."

Meanwhile, back in the flat desert outskirts of L.A. (man) where she's staying in her parents' house, Vicki is moaning about her lack of free time even on a holiday.



"It hasn't really been much of a holiday so far," she says glumly. "The only way you can get a holiday is to literally go out of town and not tell anyone where you are."

Right now she's sitting by the phone waiting for a call from London: the Bangles have just been nominated as Best International Act in the BPI awards and Vicki has been elected as the group's spokesperson for a little acceptance speech. "As you can see," she says dryly, "I obviously haven't been very successful at not telling people where I am."

"I need this time of peace, you know, with all this white noise going on in your brain when you're touring. I have to be alone to get ideas in order to write, so we really needed this time off. I don't know how much travelling you do, but it is very physically and emotionally straining. Your whole life becomes very chaotic, so this is a time to straighten that out and relax."

Relax? I should ruddy well say so! It's midday now, and Vicki's only just woken up!

"What do you mean that's terrible! Not at all. I very often don't go to bed till 7.30 in the morning," she announces. "I'm a night person. I do most of my thinking and my writing at night. It's more private than the daytime. I usually feel more... stimulated. I'm writing some short stories, bits and pieces. Nothing I would show to anybody yet..."

And apart from that, she's been watching millions of films on video: "This is the first time I've been able to sit back and unwind, to think about what's happened with a bit of perspective. Up to now we've been running around and concentrating so hard on 'What we are going to do', 'What's the next step?'. A constant barrage of 'The next thing'."

"The most horrible thing is that when I got back to Los Angeles, it just didn't feel like home. It felt like another town. I guess that's because we flew into so many towns that flying into L.A. was like just coming into any old town..."

And however hard they try to get away from it there's still all these little bits of work to be done. Like they've been catching up with their mail.

"On these short visits to Los Angeles we get the mail piled on our laps," says Vicki. "It's really wonderful, because we do get quite a bit of mail and most of it's real positive, real healthy, with girls saying they're going to start their own bands and things like that, which we love. Obviously we get the odd weirdo letter, but everyone does, right?"

Debbi, for example, admits to getting "loads of strange letters these days. We get weirder and weirder ones as we go along. You know, like 'Come on over and I'll fix you spaghetti and give you some cheap wine and we'll have a good time and I'll kiss your neck' and I'm thinking 'What's going on?!'"

"Some fans get kind of ridiculous. I can understand why they're doing it. I just can't understand why they're doing it to me! You know, like the typical fans who kind of drool and slobber all over you and stare at you—you think 'What are you looking at?'... I've been on the other side of the fence as well—I don't really drool and slobber—but I admired people a lot, and I just can't believe this is happening to me."

Like her sister, Debbi prefers to get up in the afternoon.

"Er... I'm not a morning person. Some people are like, 'hey go lucky in the mornings'... I'm not. I like lying in bed and feeling warm and snuggled. I enjoy that feeling, and I don't really like to be interrupted."

At the moment she's having to content herself with feeling warm and snuggled in other people's houses though because she's found anywhere of her own to live. She's had



to spend her time on people's couches and in their spare rooms.

"It's an unsettled feeling," she complains. "Coming home and not having a place to live is horrible. I'm trying to organise my living situation now. It makes me feel weird when I'm disorganised like this..."

So what with all the bits of Bangles business and her being so disorganised, she hasn't had much of a holiday so far, except for sitting down and watching the telly.

"I turn into a couch potato for a while."
Beg your pardon?!
"I just sit around, try not to worry about anything then! I wait till the



energy gets flowing again."

"Couch potato! An American phrase!"
"Well," says Debbi. "I don't know. It's a phrase around this house."

Oh yeah... says sister Vicki, "she's staying in this house that breeds couch potatoes. She really is. It's their major crop." (11)

Aside from turning into a root vegetable, Debbi's also appeared in a TV advert for a type of fruit juice called Slicer, which apparently involved her sitting in a stream drumming, while lots of water was poured over her head, next to another woman drummer who was also having water poured over her head. How very odd. "I was on the set," says Vicki. "It looked... um, pretty amazing."

So what else have these four loveletters been doing on their hols?

Says Vicki: "The thing we miss most are those little things you never get a chance to do when you're on the road. It gets to the point when you're actually looking forward to doing your laundry. Like I said, I was doing some earlier."

"I'm not full on domesticity," says Debbi. "But when you're on the road you only have five seconds to do your laundry so you take it to the Fluff 'N' Fold."

Fluff and Fold?!
"Yeah," she continues. "You must have them. It's where they do the laundry for you. I mean, there are good sides to touring, like you don't have to worry about cleaning up, the maids do that. You know you make a total mess of the bathroom and you don't care. And you don't have to worry about cooking. I mean, cooking is a real drag after a while... But it's kind of nice, like, cooking like you doing some ridiculous things like laundry. I was doing some just now as well. Was it fun? Not exactly fun, but nice."

THE SMASH HITS [★] HMV PRIZE CROSSWORD

★ WIN HMV'S TOP TEN VIDEOS



- 1 **Whem!** The Final
- 2 **Kate Bush** The Whole Story
- 3 **Police** Every Breath You Take
- 4 **Now That's What I Call Music** 8
- 5 **Dire Straits** Alchemy Live
- 6 **Hits 5** Video Selection
- 7 **Cameo** Video Singles
- 8 **Five Star** Luxury Of Life
- 9 **Level 42** Video Singles
- 10 **Whitney Houston** The No.1 Video Hits

★ HOW TO ENTER

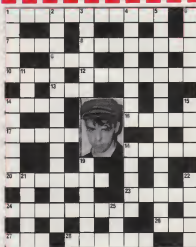
- Complete the crossword grid and fill in your name and address.
 - Snip out the coupon (including the crossword grid), stick it in an envelope and send it to the following address (to arrive by February 10):
- Smash Hits Prize Crossword Competition Number 23,**
14 Holkham Road,
Orton Southgate,
Peterborough PE2 0YJ.
- The first correct entry out of Sylvia Patterson's new harrot ("a bit of carpet on the head") gets HMV's top ten videos (at the time of going to press).

● ACROSS

- 1 See photo clue (4,7)
- 7 **Art Of Noise's** Peter
- 8 Hit that came from **Billy Ocean** in an instant?
- 9 It's short for Digital Audio Tapes – the next big thing (1,1,1)
- 10 Three piece group
- 12 Bet-chewing **Ozzy**
- 13 It was big with **The Gap Band**
- 14 Record label found in **Bowie** picture
- 16 Whose **Midnight Runners**?
- 17 end 4 down How a **Jeki Graham** hit spun on the turntable (5,3,5)
- 18 **David Sylvian's** old bend from the East?
- 20 Use rear to find a bend sometimes (oneg)
- 23 A sweet one from **Cameo**
- 24 and 1 down **The Communards'** evening weather forecast (2,4,3,5)
- 26 **Victious** once sought by British Gas share buyers
- 27 Land in which **Debbie Harry** received French kisses (1,1,1)
- 28 Just the sort of addict preferred by **Five Star**

● DOWN

- 1 See 24 across
- 2 **Genesis** crazy mixed-up country (4,2,9)
- 3 A stone turns around for **Shoene** (aneg)
- 4 See 17 across
- 5 Oh no! Texas person providing wind instruments (aneg) (5,10)
- 8 **Weller's Council** has plenty of this
- 11 **M.C. Miker G.** helped provide a holiday one!
- 14 Their countdown proved final
- 15 "The Heat –" (**Glenn Frey**) (2,2)
- 18 The drinkable part of **Oren Jones**
- 19 Night that once proved popular for **Kids From Feme**
- 21 Birds housed emitt! Brookside
- 22 Her other name is **Lauper**
- 25 The sort of record that every group wants



NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____

● Tick kind of video required:
 VHS BETAMAX



EUROPE



ROCK THE NIGHT

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7" AND 4 TRACK 12"

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(CONTAINING MANY COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS)
AND EXTENDED 12"



BOBG 102 and BOBX 102



Real wild child (wild one)

Johnny Pop



I'm a real wild one wild one wild one
Wild one wild one

Well I'm just out of school
like a real real cool
Gotta dance like a fool
Got the message that I've gotta be
A Wild One

Ooh Yeah I'm a wild One
Chorus

Gonna break it loose
Gonna keep on moving wild
Gonna keep a-swinging baby
I'm a real wild child

Gonna meet all my friends
Gonna have myself a ball
Gonna tell my friends
Gonna tell them all
That I'm a wild one
Ooh Yeah I'm a wild One

Repeat Chorus

I'm a real Wild One
and I like wild fun
In a world gone crazy
Everything seems hazy
I'm a wild one
Ooh yeah I'm a wild One

Repeat Chorus

I'm a wild One
I'm a wild One
I'm a wild one
Ooh baby I'm a wild One
Repeat Chorus

Words music by J. O'Keefe/J. Greenan/D. Owens
Reproduced by permission Southern Music Publishing Co Ltd
On A&M Records

I LOVE MY RADIO

I can't wait another day
Without you I'm crazy
In the morning I can't work
In the night I can't sleep

Now my life is in the dark
Deep inside I'm aching
In my bed I hear a song
Playing on the radio radio

And now the radio is my mind's new video
Because your memories are revived there only so
And now the radio is a film of my love show
My mind goes back to all the good times I recall

I love my radio
My DJ's radio
I love my radio
My DJ's radio

Radio plays another song
And your voice reminds me
It's crossed my mind a thousand times
In my mind confusion

And now the radio is my mind's new video
Because your memories are revived there only so
And now the radio is a film of my love show
My mind goes back to all the good times I recall

Chorus
Woh oh oh my guy
The DJ up to midnight
Woh oh oh my guy
On the goodtime radio
Woh oh oh my guy
The DJ up to midnight
I love my radio
My DJ's radio

I love my radio
My DJ's radio

Repeat chorus twice

I love my radio
My DJ's radio
I love my radio
My DJ's radio

*Words and music by C. Cecchetto/P. Bozzetti/G. Pegeraro
Reproduced by permission EMI Music Ltd
On Transglobal/Rhythm Kings/Mute Records*



TAFFY



the mission Wasteland

There's a crystal view
From my window
And I can see
For years to come
I live for the burn
And the sting of pleasure
I live for the sword
The steel and the gun

Chorus
Over this land
All over this wasteland
Over this land
All over this wasteland

You can touch
But please keep your distance
You're innocent and pure
And with no shame
The spirit is willing
And the flesh is craved
You tease and you taunt
With the pleasure of pain

Repeat chorus

Over this land
Over this wasteland

Heaven and hell I know them well
But I haven't yet made my choice
I'm feeling scared
'Cause I'm shouting loud
And no one can hear my voice
I'm walking a tightwire
Can't look down
Strung out high above you all
Faithful wind
Blows through this land
Howls my name heralds my fall

Repeat chorus twice

*Words and music by
Adams/Srewn/Hinkler/Hussey
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On Mercury Records*

STAY OUT OF MY LIFE

STAR

5



NEW 7" & 12" SINGLES

*Theme from the Tyne Tees Television
series "How Dare You"*



RCA

RSVP

★ **Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with your name and address in BLOCK CAPITALS plus 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, I'm Aaron, I'm 15 and would like to hear from any girls aged between 15 and 17 especially if they like Madonna and Depeche Mode. Please write to: Aaron Birns, 48 Cummeham Park, Mabe, Penryn, Cornwall TR19 9HB**

● **Hi, I'm Stephanie and I'm 19 years old. I'm into Boy George and Culture Club and I also like The Housemartins, Go West, Lloyd Cole, The Smiths, Paul Young and some others. Please write to: Stephanie Massocco, Le Bourg Argentevres, 18 140 Sancerre, France**

● **Hello, we're two 16 year old girls looking for any 16-16 year old males to write to. We like most chart music including Billy Idol, A-ha, Bon Jovi, Bananarams, Five Star and many more. If interested please write to: Karen and Sharon, 59 Wolsey Court, Sherburn-in-Elmet, North Yorkshire LS25 6DH**

● **I'm a 16 year old American girl who is seeking a male penpal from the UK who is 15-19 years old. If you're into The Smiths, U2, Simple Minds, The Monkees, going to the movies, skateboarding and stuff like that then get writing to: Lisa, PO Box 4186, West New York, New Jersey 07093, USA**

● **Hello, I'm a 22 year old male who's into Queen, A-ha, Shakin' Stevens, Cliff Richard, Howard Jones and quite a lot of other chart music. I like going to the pictures, playing pool and travelling. I would like to hear from 17-22 year old girls so please write to: 44 Furze Road, Thorpe St Andrews, Norwich, Norfolk NR7 0AS**

● **Hello, I'm 16 years old and looking for a British penpal. I'm into music from the '60s like The Beatles, Jimi Hendrix, Velvet Underground and David Bowie. I'm also into Dire Straits, John Lennon, Nick Cave and the B52's. My other interests include modern art and the UK. If you're 16 plus please write to: Anna Marie de Jong, Noorzoom 6, a316 cq Marknesse, The Netherlands.**

● **We are three boys looking for female penpals. Mark who is 20 is into Japan, Sputnik and Cameo. Nick who is 20 is into The Cuts, The Cuts, Siouxsie and Sputnik. Kef who is 18 is into AC/DC, Crue, Tygers and Cive Lizard. Rik who is 18 is into heavy, reggae, weird and rap. If any of you are interested then get writing to your choice at: 17 Scotchman Close, Morley, Leeds, W Yorkshire LS27 0BH**

● **Three bored 15 year old boys would like to write to three 15-16 year old girls. Our hobbies are playing snooker, going to wild parties and trying to escape from our boarding school. If you're interested please write to: Chris Hoard, Carlos Cracknell and James Hawkins at: Whitstone Head School, Whitstone, Holsworthy, Devon EX22 6TJ.**

● **Hi, I am 17 years old and would like to write to anyone aged 17-21, I like most music but especially The Housemartins, Dire Straits and Pet Shop Boys. Write to: Samantha at: 12 Abbey View, Mill Hill, London NW7 4PB**

● **Hi, I'm a 17 year old boy looking for a female penpal aged between 15 and 16. My main hobby in life is listening to music especially Queen. It doesn't matter what kind of music you're into, just get writing to: Les Wilton, 322 Manchester Road, Heaton Chapel, Stockport, Cheshire.**

● **Hi, my name's Matthew. I'm 11 years old and my favourite groups are Genesis, Queen, Level 42, Marillion and Go West. My hobbies include playing drums and sport. If you think that Phil Collins is a genius and you're 11-13 years old then write to: Matthew Speedy, 30 Silver Walk, Nuneaton, Warks CV10 7LY.**

● **I am 16 years old and love writing to people so if you're 16-18, like most music, hate punk and jazz and are slightly bankers then write to: Barbara, 262 Barcroft Park, Newry, Co Down BT35 8ES.**

● **Hi, I'm a 12 year old girl and I like all pop music. I would like to write to me and am aged between 12 and 14. My name is Emma Clark and I live at: 17 Sycamore Street, Ashington, Northumberland NE63 0BB**

● **Ceiling all cool dudes!!! How would you like to write to me? I am 17 and into all kinds of music. I love traveling and would love to hear from people out there. Please write to: Timothy Brimble, 26 Pen-y-fal Road, Aberkentig, Bndgend, Mid Glamorgan CK32 9AA**

● **Are you a Tom Cruise lookalike? If not it doesn't matter! We are two females who love Pet Shop Boys, Paul Young, Tom Cruise and cats. So if you would like to put pen to paper, write to Shaz and Masy, 1 Chatsworth Court #04-21, Singapore 1024.**

● **Hi there, my name is Kevin. I'd like to hear from 16-19 year old girls interested in A-ha, Talk Talk, Howard Jones, Frankie Goes To Hollywood and most other chart music. I also like going to the cinema, playing pool and computers. If you're interested please write to: 45 Mile Cross Road, Norwich, Norfolk NR3 2DZ**

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and 'MYSTERY'

7" Features
'CAUGHT UP IN THE RAPTURE'
and 'MYSTERY'

The Album 'RAPTURE'
Includes 'SWEET LOVE' &
'CAUGHT UP IN THE RAPTURE'

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I . O . U



F R E E Z E

A-E-A-E-I-O-U-U I sometimes cry
A-E-A-E-I-O-U-U I sometimes cry

Oh tell me that you love me every day
When we're alone I really feel it move
But when we're together I don't change
You kiss me soft I feel like a special treat

I want your love I want your love
Give me your love girl (give me your love)
That's how I feel I want it to be real
I want your love I want your love
Give me your love girl (give me your love)
I need your touch and I owe you so much

A-E-A-E-I-O-U-U I sometimes cry
A-E-A-E-I-O-U-U I sometimes cry

Do you realize some things I know
I know you do it makes me so sure now
I'm sure this ain't no easy ride but I should be
Let's get it right in front of God to see

I want your love I want your love
Give me your love girl (give me your love)
That's how I feel but I want it to be real
I want your love I want your love
Give me your love girl (give me your love)
I need your touch and I owe you so much

A-E-A-E-I-O-U-U I sometimes cry

VERSE 2: CHorus

Girl I really feel sorry I really care care care
Girl I really care I really care I really care care care

Girl I know I owe you so much
But can't I pay you with just with just with
Love girl I know you care
I'll never love another to that I promise

A-E-A-E-I-O-U-U I sometimes cry
WHAT IS FREE

Words and music by Arthur Baker
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On Egoists Banquet Records



Spandau Ballet



HOW MANY LIES?

REFORMATION



OUT NEXT WEEK

NEW SINGLE
AVAILABLE ON 7" & 12"
7" INCLUDES FULL COLOUR PHOTO INSERT
EXTENDED 12"

CBS
SPANS C2 SPANS T2

HOW TO BE POP STARS BY MISTAKE . . .

- 1 Call yourselves the Age Of Chance
- 2 Go down the disco and listen to "Kiss" by Prince
- 3 Buy a copy of *Smash Hits* and learn off the "lyrics"
- 4 Make a birrova racket
- 5 Talk to Chris Heath on the phone
- 6 Bingo!(!?)

"I like Prince. He's great. He's a bit short though."

"I think his trousers are morally unacceptable."

"I think he's out of his tree."

"He's off his trolley."

"He's a few bob short of the full shilling."

"His lift stops a few floors short of the top."

"He's not got enough oil in his lamp."

This is Age Of Chance blabbering down the telephone about Prince, whose "Kiss" they've just released as a single in a rather peculiar and twisted form. It's a bit difficult to tell precisely who is blabbering what - Jeff (bass guitar), Neil (guitar) and Steve (singing) all talk at once and their blunt northern voices are virtually indistinguishable - the only member who doesn't say anything at all is drummer Jan, mainly because she's out shopping - apparently for some industrial drums to make some more of the very "sensitive" percussion sounds she specialises in. The three others meanwhile are busy explaining exactly why they decided to record such an eccentric version of "Kiss".

"We heard it down the disco," says one mystery voice, "and we all dance with extreme prejudice so rather than having Prince doing his polite wieniebar Hollywood version we thought we'd do a kind of industrial version i.e. a lot harder with a lot of metal sounds. Basically we just take a song and Age Of Chance it."

"I.e. totally ruin it," pipes another mystery voice.

So did they pop out and buy a record to copy from? No they ruddy well didn't. Rumour has it they just stole the words from *Smash Hits*.

"We didn't steal them exactly," objects one of them. "First we worked out the music because we all knew the record and then we kind of decided that the best way to work out what the lyrics were was to read *Smash Hits*. I think you could take that as some sort of endorsement."

"No," snaps another voice "jokingly", "we get paid for endorsements."

"Yes," agrees the first voice, "speak to our lawyer about that."

These days Age Of Chance joke about "speaking to lawyers" and "making money" rather a lot, probably because after recording three independent singles (two of their own songs, "Motor City" and "Bible Of The Beats" and then "Kiss") they've just got themselves a big fat record contract, though they're rather coy about the details.

"We want to be like Michael Jackson - start keeping llamas in our bathroom and have our eyelids tattooed," says one of them. And off they go . . .

"I want to put a deposit on the Indian Ocean."

"I'm buying Manhattan."

"I'm buying Lancashire."

"I've got my name down for a hovercraft."

"I'm getting a chopper with ballast wheels."

"I'm getting a silver invalid car."

"We're kind of grubby rich," they chorle. "When we've become millionaires overnight we always become lightheaded."

Quite. It's quite hard getting them to be serious even for a moment. But what are they really like?

"Nasty pieces of work," sniggers one.

"That'll do," agrees another.

"Hard but fair," says the third.

"We've all popped out of the same jelly mould," muses one of them philosophically.

"Yeah, we've all been hewn from the same granite," agrees another. "Only Jeff actually looks like it."

"Are we the most important group ever?" they debate. "Of course we are."

"We get on a lot of people's nerves but that's good."

"We're not very nice people so we're bound to get some stick."

And so on. In between they explain that they come from Leeds and have been together for two years, that they used a lot of noises from the iron foundry beneath the recording studio when they made "Kiss" but they won't say exactly what.

It's like you can never find the ingredient X that makes Coca Cola or *Kentucky Fried Chicken* or *Cadbury's Chocolate*. We're like those only a bit nicer. Like Uncle Joe's mintballs - what makes them so minty?

Quite. And with that they criticise *Smash Hits* for a bit ("it should be more messy - we want our photo really blotchy"), murmur something about actually being very serious and rather left wing, then they burst into giggles again and demand to be asked something really stupid". But of course . . .

Have you ever thought you were a city centre?

"Er . . . that's really deep."

"I'm more a pedestrian precinct."

"I'm an office block."

"I'm an invalid toilet."

Do you do your own Hoovering?

"We haven't got a floor."

"We live in the streets."

"I like to Shake'n'Vac a bit."

Have you ever been abseiling with Gyles Brandreth?

"I'd like to put that man on a guillotine."

"I hate that man's glasses."

Anything else?

"Er . . . I don't think we're going to do a phone interview again."

KISS

You don't have to be Prince
if you want to dance
You just have to get down
With the Age Of Chance

You don't have to be beautiful
Rich handsome or strong
You just have to use a brain cell
And tell right from wrong

You don't need experience
To work it out
You just leave it all up to us
We're gonna show you what it's all about

Chorus
You don't have to be rich
To be my girl
You don't have to be cool
To rule my world
Ain't no particular sign
I'm more compatible with
I just want your extra time and your KISS

You've got to know how to talk
if you wanna impress me
And it would help if you can walk
I know how to undress me
I don't sing about fantasy aah
The real world suits me fine
You just leave it all up to us
And we can have a good time

Repeat chorus

Women and men this is our intent
You're equal but different
So act your age not your shoe size
Now maybe we can make some sense
You don't have to watch Dynasty
To have an attitude
You just leave it all up to us
We'll sing it like we should
Sing it kids

Repeat chorus

Words and music by Prince And The New Power Generation
Reproduced by permission Warner Brothers Music
On FOW Records





AGE OF CHANGE

SMASH HITS

T-H-E ICICLE WORKS

new single

Evangeline

four track 12" single includes
poster in the first 5000

february

fri	13	Colchester	essex university
sat	14	Cambridge	guildhall
sun	15	Norwich	university of east anglia
mon	16	Nottingham	rock city
wed	18	Bristol	berkley
thu	19	Manchester	international
fri	20	Leeds	polytechnic
sun	22	Sheffield	polytechnic
tue	24	Birmingham	powerhouse
wed	25	Crew	victoria centre
thu	26	Edinburgh	coasters
fri	27	Aberdeen	venue
sat	28	Glasgow	strathclyde university

march

sun	1	Redcar	the bowl
wed	4	Southampton	university
thu	5	London	town and country club
fri	6	Leicester	polytechnic
sat	7	Liverpool	university

the icicle works on tour

"SWAPPINGS"

THE CHRISTIANS: Sheffield University (29), Leicester Princess Charlotte (31), Croydon Underground (February 1), Brighton Polytechnic (2), Leeds Warehouse (4), Liverpool Polytechnic (5), Birmingham Polytechnic (6), Manchester International (7), London Chelsea College (14).

● Please contact venues for prices.



SIMPLY RED: Dublin SFX (February 24/25), Belfast Maysfield Leisure Centre (26), Leicester De Montfort Hall (March 1), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (2), Bristol Hippodrome (3), Birmingham Odéon (5/6), Liverpool Empire (7), Glasgow SEC (9), Edinburgh Playhouse (10), Newcastle City Hall (11), Manchester Apollo (13), Bradford St. Georges Hall (15), Brighton Centre (17), Portsmouth Guildhall (18), Cardiff St. Davids Hall (19), Swindon Odeon Centre (21), London Hammersmith Odéon (23/24/25/26).

● Tickets for London cost £8 and £7, £7 for Glasgow, Brighton, Cardiff and Swindon and £7 and £6 for all the rest. All tickets are available from the box offices and usual agents. Tickets for the Glasgow show are also available by post from MCP Ltd, PO Box 134, Walsal, West Midlands, W59 8DX. Cheques or postal orders should be made payable to MCP Ltd enclosing a SAE and a 50p booking fee for each ticket.

MIDNIGHT STAR:

Manchester Apollo (February 7), Croydon Fairfield Hall (8), London Hammersmith Odéon (9/10), Ipswich Gaumont (11).

● Tickets for Croydon and Hammersmith cost £8.50, £7.50, £6.50. For Manchester and Ipswich they cost £7.50 and £6.50. All available from the box offices and usual agents.

LEVEL 42:

Birmingham NEC (March 24/25), Manchester Apollo (April 2/3), London Wembley Arena (6/7), Edinburgh Playhouse (11/12), Newcastle City Hall (14), Brighton Centre (15).

● Tickets for all shows are on sale now and are available from the box office and usual agents at £8.50 and £7.50 for all shows.



HOWARD JONES: Sheffield City Hall (March 17), Edinburgh Playhouse (18), Manchester Apollo (19), Cardiff St. Davids Hall (20), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22), Portsmouth Guildhall (23), London Royal Albert Hall (24).

● Tickets are priced at £6 and £5 and are available from the box offices and all usual agents.

THE MISSION:

Glasgow Barrowlands (March 21), Nottingham Rock City (23), Bristol Studio (24), Manchester Apollo (26), Birmingham Odéon (27), London Brixton Academy (28).

● Tickets are available from the box offices and usual agents. Please contact venues for prices.

MURRAM:

Glasgow Furry Murrys (January 29), Aberdeen The Venue (31), Dundee Fat Sams (February 1), Edinburgh The Venue (2), Newcastle Riverside (2), Middlesbrough Polytechnic (4), Durham University (5), Lancaster University/Sugarhouse (6), Sheffield Leadmill (7), York University (9), Leeds University (10), Huddersfield Polytechnic (11), Liverpool University (12), Manchester University (13), Wolverhampton Scrapia (15), Bristol Polytechnic (17), Treforest Polytechnic of Wales (18), London Astoria Centre, Cross Road (19), Brighton Zieg Club (20), Warwick University (21).

● Please contact venues for prices.



RED WEDGE TOUR:

Swansea Leisure Centre (January 29), Barry Memorial Hall (30), Newport Caerleon College (31), Weylis Bath and West Showground (February 1), Exeter St. Georges Hall (2).

● Billy Bragg will be headlining the tour which will be encouraging young people in the run-up to the General Election to register to vote. Ticket prices range from £3-£4 with concessions for UB40 holders (see local press).

CHINA CRISIS:

Manchester International (February 5), Newcastle Polytechnic (6), Carlisle Sands Centre (7), Glasgow Pavilion (8), Edinburgh Queens Hall (10), Liverpool Royal Court (11), Redcar Bowl (12), Leeds University (13), Cardiff University (14), Bristol Studio (15), London Town and Country Club (16), Warwick University (18), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (19), Kent University (20), Oxford Polytechnic (21), Croydon Fairfield Hall (22), Nottingham Rock City (24), Loughborough University (25), Norwich UEA (26).

● Please contact venue box offices for ticket prices.

● KOOL AND THE GANG

VICTORY



People get ready/It's time to show what you got/Players take your places/There's only one way to the top (you must) ● Steal that victory/Release that energy/And run like the wind/With fire in your eyes/Shake those butterflies/And do the best that you can/Victory (sweet)/Victory (ooh ooh)/Let the party begin uh huh huh/Victory (sweet)/Victory (ooh ooh)/Let's do it again/You are the best/You seem to stand out from the rest ooh/Your intention's to be more than an honorable mention/You must ● Steal that victory/Release that energy mmmm/And run like the wind/Fire in your eyes/Steak those butterflies/Go ahead and go for the wind now/Victory/Victory (ooh ooh)/And let the party begin uh huh/Victory (sweet)/Victory (ooh)/Everybody can win/ 'Cos it's the same way in life (same way in life)/Inside the tunnel see the light/Perfect balancing you must find/It's the same way in life (Victory victory victory)/Victory (sweet) ooh ooh/Victory (sweet)/Victory (sweet) oh/Can you feel it/Victory (sweet)/So sweet so sweet ● There's only one way to the top/If you really want it you can never stop pushing/For the victory/Go ahead go ahead/Players take your places/Go ahead steal that victory/Release that energy mmm yeah/So sweet/To the top go ahead go ahead/Players take your places to the top ●

Words and music: Khalis Bayyan/James Taylor
 Reproduced by permission Planetary Nom (London) Ltd
 On Club Records



CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT

DOWN TO EARTH

Shooting stars in midnight pastures
 And hanging out on clouds beneath the moon
 Hitching rides on magic carpets
 It's a fairy tale to me but you're in tune

You're shattered by the final frame of the movie scene
 That generates your every aim
 You ain't no bird and so for what it's worth
 Gonna bring you straight back down to earth

Chorus
 Straight back down (come down)
 Come back down (come down)
 Straight back down (oh)
 Straight back down to earth

In times when you're in need of assistance
 You're looking for a lead and in the distance
 You hear them calling come back down again
 But you don't know how
 You don't know where and don't know when

You're shattered by the final frame of the movie scene
 That generates your every aim
 You ain't no bird and so for what it's worth
 Gonna bring you straight back down to earth

Repeat chorus

Don't wanna wanna be misled (come down)
 Don't wanna fall on a razor's edge and
 You feel at ease you're begging please
 Don't take me down for nothing

Repeat above

You're shattered by the vital pain that is needed now
 To fall you not to go insane
 You're tempted by I say the cooling breeze
 That will bring you down oh come back please

Repeat chorus

Don't wanna wanna be misled (come down)
 Don't wanna fall on a razor's edge and (come down)
 You feel at ease you're begging please
 Don't take me down for nothing

Repeat above and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Curiosity/Anderson
 Reproduced by permission
 Curia Sounds/Chelsea Music/Warner Bros Music Ltd
 On Mercury Records



They hit girls over the head with bits of wood. They make up words like 'woogahumpftma'. They change from Gnomes to Fairies. Their fathers pretend they're dead. They chew straw and knock people off cycles with snooker cues. Chris Heath uncovers the terrifying world of . . .

SWING

MARTIN



"I was always into experimenting with things," titters Martin Jackson, thinking back over the various daft things he's done since he was born in Manchester 31 years ago. "I got walloped my first day at school for playing with the soot in the chimney. And when I was about four and a half I remember this little girl running towards me in the playground and I had this piece of wood in my hand and I hit her on the head. It wasn't malicious – I just wanted to see what happened."

And? "There was pandemonium." Martin soon gave up attacking innocent toddlers with large pieces of wood and at 15 found a new obsession – drumming. He'd thump away to the records his brothers had on his £20 drumkit, intent on destroying any part of his body that had survived his delinquent years. "My hands," he sighs, "I've still got the scars."

He persevered, became a punk for a while and got jeered at in his local pub for wearing straight-legged jeans. He also started to shift equipment for a local band called Warsaw who later changed their name to Joy Division and then New Order) and turned down an offer to play with them as he never really thought they were much good.

"I thought they had no chance," he remembers. "They were terrible." Used to feel quite sorry for them actually.

In the period after this initial job offer, he had quite a few ups and downs. First he answered an ad on the wall of Manchester's Virgin Records shop and found himself as drummer with rather trendy cult band Magazine. Magazine didn't sell very many records but all of a sudden he was a minor celebrity, especially in Manchester – where there were some very odd music fans . . .

"Everyone used to know about Morrissey, this bloke who was always going on about the New York Dolls. He had very lank straight hair and this long (he points to his shoulder), ridiculous black-framed National Health glasses and he just looked completely lost. He looked like the class drip. In fact I think he was. He was just a fan of anything that was around at the time. I used to see these little adverts he'd put in music papers to form groups with people but I don't think anyone took it seriously. If someone had told me that today he'd be a major pop star I'd have laughed. Ha! The same with Hulfund though."

By this he means Simply Red's Mick Hucknall.

"I've got these videos of Magazine gigs and at every one there's this young bloke at the front with a fat face and ginger hair. He's the only one I can remember because he always stood at the front with his mouth open. He was

just a gawky little kid with a fat face. I've met him recently but I find it hard to talk to him now he looks like *that*. It's not necessary. He's not very popular in Manchester now because he went back and posed around with a cape on and that bleedin' cane. People don't like it. Northerners are too blunt for all that."

After one Magazine album, "Real Life", Martin had one too many disagreements with the singer and was sacked so he went to Israel for a fortnight. "I hate to say it changed my life but . . ." he insists, going on to explain how his life was changed by the "strangeness" and "beauty" of Jerusalem. When he returned he couldn't find a drumming job he liked so he worked in a food warehouse, carrying round bags of sugar.

"I realised I hated that even more. I couldn't stand the football mentality of the people. It was just round the corner from the Manchester United ground and if United lost they'd all beat up their wives. It just completely sickened me. You end up talking like a moron yourself after a while; you adopt that persona of being a loudmouth."

So then he went back to Israel and got a job farming in the Sinai desert with two Bedouins 50 miles from the nearest town. Unfortunately, after a month he got malaria and, after recovering in Britain, agreed to take a drumming job with a band called The Chameleons. After seven months he decided he "didn't like rock drumming and didn't want to play in these kind of toilets any more." He "got into" hip hop and electro and decided to work alone. Then he met Andy Connell and the two of them recorded some "demos" for the Streetwave label, which, to their immense surprise, got released as an album called U.K. Electro – supposedly a

compilation of a huge blossoming British electro "scene" including Zer-o, Rapologues, Broken Glass, Forereaction and Synchbeat – all of which were Martin and Andy. They weren't paid a penny, however, so they gave that up as a bad job, tried to find a singer, and eventually discovered Corinne.

Then, just as things were going well around Christmas 1984, Corinne fell off a horse and fractured her skull. They sat around for a few months while she got better ("Did we visit her in hospital? No, no, no – we weren't *that* sympathetic"), released a jazzy single called "Blue Mood" which flopped, released it again, it flopped again, and then they had huge hits with "Breakout" and "Surrender." It's the last bit that Martin finds hardest to believe.

"I've not actually met anyone who's bought them. *Who* is buying them?" He shrugs his shoulders. "Nobody knows." Still, the three of them do seem to work rather well together, even if it is quite an odd combination.

Corinne was born in the wrong century," he says, trying to explain her slightly eccentric air. "I think she's definitely nineteenth century. It amazes me that she's survived so long in London because I often think that the technical age has passed her by completely. It's not stupidity. I think it's probably just her upbringing – I've got an auntie who's the same."

"She'll kill me for this but the other day she saw this GB sticker on a car – it isn't stupidity, she just doesn't have a grasp – and she said 'they're French' –



"He was just a gawky little kid with a fat face who always stood at the front with his mouth open."

they've got a GB sticker from France'. It's a perverse sense of logic.

"As for Andy, he's much more the blunt Northerner though he's quite shy underneath. In the band he's much more the technical mutual brain. Also I think he'd like to be an intellectual. He likes to be seen sitting there with *The Guardian* crossword. Whenever he does it I say to him 'woogahumpftma' or 'gazanabmlat' or some nonsensical word because I reckon that's what he's actually putting down as the answers."

OUR SISTER



Photo: David Dwyer

Until about six months ago I think my family always despised of me," laughs Andy Connell. "I've always been completely penniless and they don't see a musician as something for a grown man to be. Suddenly though when I was on *Top Of The Pops* it was eminently respectable and my dad started telling his friends. Before I think he'd said 'er, he's left the country' or 'he's dead.'"

While he didn't indulge in cracking young girls over the head with lumps of wood, Andy did have a rather odd childhood. When he was little his bedroom was plastered with photos of Manchester City footballers, aeroplanes and Lotus cars. "I think everyone's into computers now but when I was growing up everyone was aspiring to the James Bond syndrome. I think it summed up everything everyone wanted to be and everything I did was geared to getting out of tight corners in fast cars. Nobody seems to think like that any more."

The shame of it. Nor do they go cycle-snooker cue-jousting????? . . . "We used to have a cycle . . . instead of having a motorcycle gang because we only had cycles - and we'd have these capes and snooker cues and cycle round having jousts and stuff. It was a little bit strange, I'd say."

And so would probably the entire population of the universe. Indeed it must have seemed like a blessing to Andy's parents when he buckled down



Photo: Richard Dwyer

"Everything I did when I was young was geared to being James Bond, to getting out of tight corners in fast cars."

and did his music practice. He played piano which he hated but was quite good and he was also supposed to play trombone in the school orchestra but he just used to pretend. "I can still fake playing it," he says proudly. Music only really got interesting when he started buying records and formed a "sort of power pop fake Beatles tunes" school group called The Immediatees for which he played "cheesy organ".

His motives weren't exactly pure. "I suppose everyone thinks at 16 (puts on posh voice) 'Oh that'd be a good thing to do to get lots of girls.'" And?

ANDY



"It did work," he laughs, "but mainly out of sympathy. We were so bad that they'd come up afterwards and go (consoling) 'Oh, it's alright . . .'"

After school he went to Manchester University to study philosophy. "Some of it was good," he says, "but imagine going in at 10 o'clock on a Monday morning through the snow and discussing whether the table is actually the table or the space around the table." Nevertheless he stuck with it until, after two years, he was asked to play keyboards with A Certain Ratio, a large messy jazz/funk/pop/just about anything else band who were part of "the adventurous post modernist funk thing". It was while playing with them and their jazzier spin-off band Kalima that he took the band's vocoder round to this little studio where he met Martin Jackson.

"I thought he was a bit crazy. He still looks a bit weird now but then he had this dyed blond hair with the roots coming out and big leathers. The studio was very dark and poky and he was like a mad professor playing with all these buttons."

And a while later they met Corinne . . .

"She'd come down with Jerry Dammers and all her trendy mates to Riverside where Kalima were playing. I was always really suspicious of those sort of people, and we went into the bar as these ignorant northerners and there were all these really 'casual' people sitting around having 'discussions' about Nicaragua or something. But Corinne was talking to Martin and being quite reasonable. It was quite refreshing."

"I think it's probably because she's from Lincoln," he considers. "She's got a bit of earthiness. I mean, if you think about it, it's like a part of the country that you never hear about and I'm sure

there's weird goings on there like you get in the middle of America. And there's definitely something weird about Corinne. She doesn't think normally - she thinks parallel. She's sort of charmingly naive. Did Martin tell about the GB sticker?"

"She'll do daft things like, if she's with you she'll take in all your habits. When she stays at our house in Manchester I watch TV and listen to the radio all the time so when she comes back to London she'll do those things for a while but then you'll go back and see her a week later and the TV will be in a cupboard or something. She'll have forgotten she's supposed to watch it. When she's on her own she seems to stop everything. She sort of just sits motionless. I've even seen her do it with people around. I don't know what's going through her mind . . . something bizarre. I don't want to sing her praises too much but I've never before come across that . . . purity. I'm sure she'll take this the wrong way but it's almost like dealing



Photo: Richard Dwyer

"Martin knows things like what's going on in the Iran/Iraq war at the moment . . . and he'll just tell you in conversation that some guy in Tangiers has had his left ear replaced by a carrot. How does he know that?"

with a child. You know the way they think - it's almost completely nonsensical."

As for Martin . . . "He's a complete animal. He's the other side of it. I'm really ashamed of Martin," he jokes. "He tends to throw wobblers and he goes completely mad. He gets this glazed look in his eyes and wanders round looking like he's going to break things."

And apart from that? "Well, he's really into war things, which is pretty weird. I think it's because he's that bit older (Andy is 25). And, like, he really knows what's going on in the Iran/Iraq war at the moment - I don't really know how he finds out, because I read the papers and there's nothing there and then he says '4,000 more got killed'. I'm sure he's got some Reuters (spook news agency) thing in his bedroom - he always finds out these little weird things like he'll just tell you in conversation that some guy in Tangiers has had his left ear replaced by a carrot. How does he know that?"

CORINNE

My mum once told me that when Cliff Richard's *The Young Ones* came out – which was 1961 so I was two – I used to shuffle along on my potty and sing it."

As her two partners in Swing Out Sister readily point out, Corinne Drewery isn't the most conventional of people. It seems she's been a touch strange ever since she was born on September 21, 1959 ("I must have been conceived over Christmas – I wonder if I was planned?"). She puts at least part of the blame on her "stars".

"I'm a Virgo," she beams. "I find that I get on with other Virgos but that they're the only people I can really disagree with – like Martin. Virgos are supposed to be perfectionist – ruthlessly clean and tidy down to the last detail.

I'm like that. Sometimes I'm a real mess for a while but I think that's only so I can make my cleanliness even stronger. You can get so finnickily that you become a real bore. Martin and Andy get so fed up with waiting for me. I'm always adding the last shine to my shoes or making sure I've got a spare outfit in case somebody spills gravy down my shirt. I like to be prepared. It's the Brownie motto and I think I've had it instilled into me from a young age."

She was in the Brownies, she explains, but got kicked out because she "wasn't prepared enough". "I was a bit sloppy. Also I kept arguing with the Sixer because I thought I should have been the Sixer and I got moved to The Fairies from The Gnomes and I wanted to be a Gnome."

For the first seven years of her life she lived in Nottingham but then her parents decided "to get away from it all, make a fresh start, get back to nature and all that." But her father didn't like it so he "dumped my mum in a small Lincolnshire village" and he went on to take his joining and building skills to Grimsby where he still lives. Corinne would save up her pocket money to stay with her auntie or grannies in Nottingham in the holidays, "to go to the big city and the shops and buy Barbie dolls and records."

"Even from a very young age," she remembers, "I thought 'these people in cities, they're having more fun than me'. Now I've seen the other side of it I find myself really longing to be back in the countryside chewing a piece of straw and having a lift on the back of a tractor. All the style and the complete sickness of the city doesn't come into the lives of countryside people who work in muck and squalor. That's your job and you don't think 'Oh, I've got a speck of dust on my jacket.'"

Or, if any rate you're not supposed to, though Corinne recalls always making sure she had sparkling clean wellies before going potato picking.

Corinne finally moved to London when she was 17. At first she hated it. "Everyone had been to see the hip films and they'd read all the hip books. I didn't know what they were talking



about half the time. I'd say 'Jean Paul Sartre – 'ooo's 'tee? Is he a fashion designer?' (He's actually a French existentialist philosopher who went on about how useless life was – Ed.)

Soon, though, she settled in, working quietly during the day and singing for various bands in the evenings. Then she and two friends started their own textile printing and clothes making business which lasted for the next three and a half years before going bust. "I'm still paying off the debts to this day," she says wryly. After that she got a job working for the



"My mum told me that when Cliff Richard's *The Young Ones* came out I used to shuffle along on my potty and sing it."

Courtside's textile giant, designing for *Marks and Spencer* but after about a year she decided that she'd rather be a singer anyway. She started pretending to be ill or at the dentist and scooting off to audition after audition – she made the last two out of 150 but was pipped by Julie Roberts as Working Week's singer – before sloping home to her flat. There was this bloke living downstairs who always had these two other blokes staying over and he was supposed to be "managing" them, but Corinne never thought much of it.

"I used to say (puts on a snooty voice) 'who are these two?' because they were always sleeping on the floor. I thought they were ill or something." Hardly surprising then that when the idea came



"If I wasn't me I'd think I was like Joyce Grenfell, a bit of a Brown Owl, St Trinian's, very old fashioned."

up that she should audition for them, neither side was particularly keen. "When I went up," she giggles, "it was sort of 'oh hi' – I could see them thinking 'this is the girl we wanted to ignore and she's coming to sing with us and she probably can't sing for toffee!' I was so embarrassed because I knew that's what they were thinking." No matter. Even through the door they heard enough of her singing "Dirty Money" (laier the B-side of "Breakout") for her to get the job immediately.

"They'd describe me as a bit daff," she laughs. "Scatty... dippy. I tend to act a bit silly sometimes to fob people off. If I wasn't me I'd think I was like Joyce Grenfell (rather eccentric nice old lady who used to be on *BBC2* a lot – Ed.), a bit of a Brown Owl, St Trinian's, very old fashioned."

So what's she really like? "Very sensitive and quite shy really. But if you show that side of you to the public you get swallowed into the ground."

And apart from that? Well, she's almost obsessively devoted to mashed potato.

"I can't make it at the moment," she says dolefully, "because the water's frozen up so I can't wash any pots out. But if I think of all the nationalities of food available – Japanese, Indian, Italian, French and so on – when it comes down to it I think my favourite food of all is mashed potato. Maybe it's because I've been brought up in Lincolnshire, the potato-growing county, and have picked many a potato in my mispent youth in the summer holidays to buy records..."

And now she sells records to buy potatoes.

"Yes! I wouldn't have thought of it that way but it's true. For Christmas I bought myself a sack of potatoes. One week I ate ten pounds because it was so cold and it's really good filling food and so when this was done round and said 'do you want to buy a sack?' I said 'yes'. It was only £3.75 which I think is quite cheap when you think how much they cost a pound and in a sack I think there are four stone. Is that a kilo? (????) No, I'm thinking of a kilogramme. (????????) I'm not very good at these metric conversions. Almost a third as heavy as me! (?????????) I'm a very meaty person! (?????????????)"



eighth wonder

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UH! (Uhl-uhl-uhl-uhl)

(Bing bong bing bong etc.)

WOOOOO!! (Wool-wool-wool-wool)

(Diddle diddle etc.)

Jack (Jack-Jack-Jack-Jack)

(Ping pong diddle diddle etc.)

Ah! Ah! Ahah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ahah! Ah!

HUH! (Huh!-huh!-huh!-huh!)

CHORUS

Jack-Jack yo-Jack yo-Jack your body!

Jack your bod-Jack-Jack-*yo-Jack your body!*

Jack-Jack yo-Jack yo-Jack your body!

Jack your bod-Jack-Jack yo-Jack yo-Jack yo-Jack your body!

HRRRR! (Hrr!-Hrr!-Hrr!-Hrr!)

(Bing bong diddle diddle etc.)

HAAAAARRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!!

(Bing bong bing bong etc.)

HURI! (Hur-hur!-hur!-hur!)

(Rather a long bit where it goes bing bong diddle diddle a lot, and then sort of dum ds dum...)

REPEAT CHORUS

Jack your bod-Jack-Jack-Jack-Jack-Jack yo

Jack your bod-Jack-Jack your bo-Jack

Jack-Jack your bod-Jack-Jack-Jack-Jack

Jack your body!

Ja-Jack your body!

Jack-Jack your body!

Jack-Jack-Jack your body!

Ja-Jack your body!

Jack your body!

Jack-Jack-Jack-Jack-Jack-Jack-*your body!*

Jack-Jack-Jack-Jack yo-Jack your body!

Jack your body! Jack yo-Jack! Jack!

Jack-Ja-Jack your bo-Jack-Jack-Jack-Jack

Jack yo-Jack yo-Jack your body! Jack-Jack

Jack-Jack yo-Ja-Jack yo-Jack-Jack-Jack

Jack-Jack your body!!!!!! (or something like that)

JACK IT UP OUT THERE!

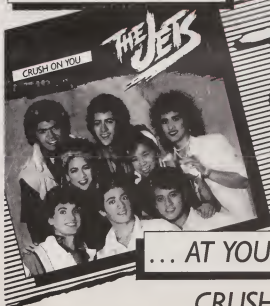
(Out there out there out there out there)

JACK IT UP OUT THERE!!!!

(Out there out there out there out there out there out there)

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Lido di Comacchio.



He owns a dog called He's in love with his

(WHO?)

Just who is Robbie Nevil? And what on earth is he doing perched near the top of the flingaway charts with "C'est La Vie", not only here in "Britain", but all over the ruddy planet! (Ask him, why don't you? — Quite a few readers.) Alright then. Turns out though that Mr Nevil is just as shocked as the rest of us.

"I can hardly believe that I'm a chart success in Britain. It's all happened so quick. My record company were so excited about "C'est La Vie" that they released it before schedule. The next thing someone called me up and said: "Hey Robbie, you're number one in Denmark!" I didn't even know the record had been released in Europe! Wow, it's incredible!"

"Gosh. Still, he had to be a little worked rather hard to make "C'est La Vie", his first single, such a massive success. Born and raised in Los Angeles he concentrated on songwriting straight after leaving school.

"In my earlier years I got into instrumental fusion" (i.e. making a lot of racket). "I suppose you could call it my high-intensity teenage fervour, and then I learned how to write pop tunes!"

Somehow these "tunes" were overheard by the ears of established singers who then called upon Robbie to write songs especially for them. The result he penned "Comin' In" for the Pointer Sisters, a track on the "S.A. Africa" LP, and a Sheena Easton "number", while lately he's been busy working with Alison Moyet who he describes as "wonderful. Oh is she wonderful! A real sweetie! It was brilliant to work with her!"

Now, however, he's got to settle down into the limelight himself, something which he doesn't seem too keen on.

"I don't consider myself a pop star, just a person who has a record at the top of the charts. If I can come back in five years after having 20 hits then maybe, technically, I'll be a pop star. All it takes is a bad year and I'll be back playing the nightclubs."

Robbie prefers the simple life, living with his wife and their two dogs, Basil ("named after your English digestives") and June ("a pretty ridiculous name") (E) in North Hollywood.

"I've got a simple house with a neat back yard. My dogs are really good company, I really get a kick out of them. I like a house where you can come in and put your feet up on the desk without feeling uncomfortable, a place where you can walk around in your socks. Some houses you go into — well, you automatically go to the fridge because you sense a sorta homeliness. That's really cool. They say, "ask me, help yourself", and you say, "already help! You just know it's cool. Part of it is the vibe and the people that live there. I can't stand people that have plastic covers on their couches. Can

Biscuit! He's dead pally with Alison Moyet!! fridge!!! (?) WHO?!!

ROBBIE NEVILL



you believe those people are for real? I've seen it! 'Fact-y'

Robbie is very fond of his own fridge. "I think there might be something special in there as we speak. Every time I open the door it smells like a science project. I tend to eat out a lot cause I hate to clean up. I like foods you can eat fast like egg barmotes" (pronounced barm-tee-toes) "which is like a pancake, or what we call a tortilla" (tor-te-o, food fact fans) "throw in some beans, eggs and hot sauce and just wrap it all up and you've got breakfast."

"I've sampled some English food: I had bangers the other day and roast beef but I've never had kidney pie. I think I'll steer clear of that! Fish and chips? Boy, that sounds good."

"I have to try that before I go home."

"At the moment, though, Robbie's busy spending his time out 'looking for girls'. Perdomo obhy?"

"No! I just need some backing vocalists for the video to my next single. We're going to film it outside at night so it'll be moody but I'll be freezing my butt off! Today I had to watch all these girls trouping past me, singing and dancing. Boy, was it embarrassing! I told the director, 'I said, 'Hey man, this is embarrassing' but how else can you do it? I need girls that look believable. That I can just look at and say 'MEAN!' and know they mean what they're singing. Out of the whole lot we found only one."

"After the next single, next video and LP, Robbie goes out 'on the road'. He sounds slightly apprehensive.

"I've had some amazing offers from big English bands to open for them, sorry support them. I can't even speak English properly! Someone told me that Europe is very lucky - you can't just get up there if the audience only know one song. They'll boo you off."

"Still, Robbie is used to such embarrassing scenes.

"I've had some situations in my life, I can tell you. Once I was due to play six nights at a club, four sets each and each set was 45 minutes. On the way to the first show my car's engine blew up and I eventually at the 'gig' my amplifier started smoking. And, o

all that, do you know how much I got paid for the whole lot? Five dollars! At that point my cooer only make a joke of it. I just laughed. Nobody ever cries for the love of a vic... [You're kidding, Rob?]

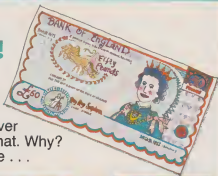


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Heart of the Sun



Heart of the sun
Circular one
Oh you're never going to die
Acting out scenes
Telling of dreams
A party a party
Pushing for space
Paint on the face
A party

Chorus
(Ah ah contrasting ceremonies)
The circle and the square
(Ah ah contrasting ceremonies)
The circle and the square
(The circle and the square)

Child and the gun
Heaven and hell
You're never going to die
The sun and the shade
Marquees and jade
A wedding a wedding
Feast and the dance
Solitary chance
A wedding ding dong ding day

Repeat chorus

Six to start a journey full of grace
To circumnavigate the human race
And who's to say that we have found our places
You don't look the same as me
Are you with him and who is she
Un deux drei vier five six chi ba ah

(Ah ah contrasting ceremonies)
The circle and the square
(The circle and the square)

Heart of the sun
Circular one
You're never going to die
Child and the gun
Heaven and hell
Aye aye aye aye aye aye aye oh

(Ah ah contrasting ceremonies)
The circle and the sun
(The circle and the sun)

Repeat and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Simon Toulson (Clarke/Dutton) Chorus
Reproduced by permission Warner/Bass Music Ltd
On Site Records

Once bitten twice shy

Your name is Dracula
You suck the life right out of me
With a sting called reality
Why did I fall for you
You took my space and made it yours
Now my mind's playing tricks on me

Chorus
Who's to blame
I'm having a dream
I can't wake up that's what I keep telling myself
Oh oh oh oh
There's no sharing in losing control
I'm cracking up that's what the doctors keep telling me
I keep screaming once bitten twice shy
Keep one eye open for the bad guy
I keep screaming once bitten twice shy
And be suspicious when the moon is high

Your eyes are cold as ice
I feel them staring straight through me
With a hint of intensity (oh)
Why must it be this way
Why am I here tied up today
In a room full of ecstasy

Repeat chorus twice

Once bitten twice shy
Once bitten twice shy
You took my love and made me crazy
Now everything's so crazy
Once bitten twice shy
Oh you know you're no good you're no good
Once bitten twice shy
Once bitten twice shy
Your name is Dracula

Words and music by Vesta Williams/Dan Grant
Reproduced by Rondor Music (London) Ltd/Island Music Ltd. On A&M Records



Why is Siouxsie still a SNAKE coiled round her

Because we made her...

Oh no. No really I'd rather not... er, I don't mind them - I can touch them - but, well, that's another thing...

Oh dear. Siouxsie Sioux - the woman who practically invented grizzly 'n' spookified Gothic music - is cowering wide-eyed in a corner. Ver Hills thought she might like to visit London Zoo and have her photograph taken wearing a five foot boa-constructor for a larik. Ver Hills was most mistaken.

"Ooooh...," she squirms, viewing the snake coiled lovingly round its keeper's arms. "It's just that I saw this programme once where the handler was bitten right in the arm!" she grimaces, clutching her arm.

"Oh go on," pipes her drummer Budgie, patting the snake. "I've held them that's it's alright really." "I don't think I would..." sniffles her well suspicious "bass" player Steve Severin.

The keeper, however, is a patient man. "There's absolutely nothing to be frightened of - they don't attack unless provoked and this one's very used to being handled blah blah..."

For the next half an hour Siouxsie probes the keeper with such questions as "Do they recognise their prey?" (i.e. squash the living breath out of them - answer "Yes"), "Do they recognise people?" (answer: "No"), "Would it wrap itself around my neck?" (answer: "Maybe"), "Is it true there's an anaconda in South America that's 75 feet long who murders people?" (answer: "I doubt it"), "Aren't snakes very temperamental?" (answer: "Yes"). In other words, Siouxsie Sioux is not being entirely convinced of her safety. BUT in a moment of weakness she relaxes and suddenly... swirl... the snake is coiled slowly round her extremely thin arms.

"Ooooh my God it's heavy," she cheeps and looks a mite perplexed. A few photographs are nastily "snapped" and the dreadful reptile is whisked away. "I can still feel it," she shivers five minutes later on the way out from the reptile house. "It's sort of... continually undulating on my arm. It was just the heaviness that surprised me but it because I already knew they were warm and dry, but... ooooh you could feel every muscle in its body sort of waving along. Strange. I'm glad I did it though!"

That's alright then. For the moment, we're off to the aquarium because Siouxsie rather wants to

have her photograph taken with some fish.

"It's strange the way people have these irrational fears, isn't it?" she ponders on the way. "A lot of people are scared of rats and things but they don't bother me at all - I can quite happily hold them. And frogs. Oh yes, if there was a frog indoors (?) I could quite happily catch hold of it and take it outside no problem. And I've just gotten over being able to remove spiders from the bath. I still can't do it with my hands though - I get a long glass because before I used to use an envelope and they could always crawl up your arm, but with a long glass you can just scoop it up! I suppose I've got a lot of unreasonable fears really..."

The aquarium looms and Siouxsie is high ecstatic, sinking from glass case to glass case husking. "Ooooh there's some great colours in here" and peering inches away from the tropical shimmerose fish who ignore her curiously.

I wonder if they've got any of those fish with the huge flat bit coming out of their faces like platyfishes... they're great. I wonder if there's any sea-horses... etc., etc. But wait! What of the famed Gregory - Siouxsie's very own sponsored London Zoo peccary?

"Oh, he's gone to Whipsnade now - he was a bit bad tempered and nobody liked him. But we've got Amy now, she's our sponsored armadillo. When we came down to sponsor her we got to stroke her under-belly - it was brilliant!"

Oooh. Unfortunately, Amy and her chums have been whipped out of the public eye because it's a mite chilly (ie. 486 below freezing (or thereabouts). In fact there aren't many animals-a-frolicking in the zoo today at all: three penguins and two seals to be precise.

"Aw, look at the penguins!" squawks Siouxsie, espying them perched on a stone ledge gazing at the ice-bergs in their "w" delight. "Oh you must get a picture of me with them! Aw... they should make a chute for them, shouldn't they? Just imagine them..."

"Yeaaaahhh!" (mimes fingering herself down a chute as if she was a penguin). Aw! They look like they're frozen in that position... Aw... etc., etc., for quite a bit longer.

Trudging over the icy wastes of the Zoo we decide we're going to die of hypothermia as a jilly and thus retire to a cosy office where Siouxsie reveals that as well as

being pop music's greatest lover of the non-human creature...

SH E LIVES ALONE IN A GOTHIC FLAT IN LONDON!

"It's a basement flat in West Kensington and it's gothic alright! It's got its cold patches I can tell you - all wooden floorboards. I only go there for sanctuary - to be alone. It's mostly white and red and black with arms coming out of the walls holding candles. (?) Well, if you're going to do a place yourself you might as well get what you want! A friend of mine made a plaster-cast of his friend's arm and made loads of them - so I stuck them to my corridor walls. It looks wonderful. A few of them have fallen off since though."



A Siouxsie "Aw" 2000th 000! Where's a mummy's babies, dear? Aw. Two Penguins. "Stand woman"

THEY'VE DONE A COVER VERSION OF AN ANCIENT HIPPIE SONG! (Bob Dylan's "This Wheel's On Fire")

Steve (who has now sealed himself down too): "It's not an ancient hippie song! It doesn't sound anything like an ancient hippie song. We can't tell you what the other cover versions on the new album are either" (looks huffed).

Siouxsie: "We want it to be a surprise for the people who are going to buy it. People will think doing covers is a cop-out, of course, but then they usually think that no matter what we do anyway. We've always wanted to do this since 'Dear Prudence' so now we are. We're just doing what we like - like we've always done."

SH E'S NOT BOTHERED ABOUT BEING "OLD!"

"I'm 30 years old at the end of May and it doesn't bother me in the least because I can look at an 18 year old and they look and behave like they're 45 years old. Er... you know, a good wine is a good wine and some get better as they get older and some turn to vinegar. I

certainly don't feel like a bottle of vinegar. It's only when people ask me what I feel that I think about it and it's quite hard to answer really. I don't feel that different from when I was 18. I don't think so anyway."

Steve: (extremely sarcastically) "The thing is, when you get to our age you tend to lose your memory."

Siouxsie: "Ha ha ha! Well, I mean, all these people keep saying 'Ooooh you've been going 10 years' gasp horror and all that and, well, there's a lot of people have carried on well past 10 years, perhaps not in the same guise or in the same band, but they're still around. It just doesn't occur to me or worry me - why should it?"

THEY RECKON THEY'RE VERY SOPHISTICATED!

"We were never up sophisticated. When we started we were the most glamorous group around. In fact, we always were and still are demused by being called a punk rock group. We started out in the first place because we didn't want to be a rock group or a blues group or a punk group or a reggae group - we hated those brackets that people got jumped into. It's pretty ironic that we went down in history as one of the first punk rock groups. Do we think we invented Gothic music? Nonsense!"

Steve: "Pttphhh! That's just the people who look at the pictures who think that, isn't it? If we ever did want to influence people it would be to go out and do something in exactly the same way as we did. Not by doing what we did but by doing something completely different - doing what they wanted. Being selfish."

THEY'VE JUST SPONSORED A MEER CAT THIS SECOND!

Budgie (slicing his head round the door): "Does anyone fancy sponsoring a Meer Cat?"

Siouxsie: "Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! And I'll look after the kittens!"

Budgie: "It's only got a few sponsors you see. It's Abyssinian!" Siouxsie: "Aw! Can you get some pictures? Are they the ones that are sort of... (mimes being an Abyssinian Meer Cat i.e. holds her hands up like a begging dog and jolts her head from side to side).

Budgie: "Yeah - like a possum!" (and swings off to sign the sponsor form).

Siouxsie: They come out of the ground and look around like that (mimes being an Abyssinian Meer

here
?

Cat again. They're brilliant. I've always wanted to sponsor a Tasmanian Devil actually (murderously vicious dog-like thingie with massive teeth) - maybe that's next! As long as they don't have too many sponsors already - we try to sponsor the ones who don't have many, the unloved ones."

WHEN THEY GO ON HOLIDAY THEY GO TO FUNERALS!

"We've only had two holidays in the past 10 years. Real holidays, as in no work. One was in Bali, which was fab, and the other was the Canary Islands which was... *comme çà comme çà* (French for 'not much cop'). I went to the Canaries mainly to repair my leg after I broke it last year and... it wasn't even that warm! Overcast most of the time - not what I expected at all. But Bali was brilliant. I went to a brilliant traditional funeral there - wonderful. They're Hindus in Bali you see, and depending on how wealthy or respected you are (i.e. were, I saw not-very-how) you're put inside this giant bull - a straw bull. And it's taken through the streets and loads of flowers and gifts and things are put on it and everyone's dancing and singing and there's loads of music. And finally they get to this one spot and turn the bull around and around and around to disorientate the evil spirits and burn the bull so the person's soul can go up to the sky. Brilliant!

"I saw my first shooting star there too - just looked up and there it was trailing along with its beautiful long tail. Ah... definitely one of the best places I've ever been to."

SHE'S A SPOOK-PERSON!

"Yeahhahargh!" (lunges forward bearing her teeth and pretending to have claws - this is actually extremely creepy). "I am! Ha ha! Well, if people want to think of me in that way it's preferable to them saying 'What a boring old bitch'. You know, I think that's why I started thinking Prince is so brilliant. He was getting so much slagging for being anti-social and weird and kooky that I thought that he must be alright. Even if it's totally unfounded it's great that he can create that doubt. Really I couldn't care less what people think about me one way or the other - I'd much rather they were out there just having fun."

■ Interview: Sylvia Patterson



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THE BANSHEES



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IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THIS WAY

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MICHAEL
AND
ARETHA
FRANKLIN**

I Knew You Were Waiting (For Me)

Like a warrior that fights
And wins the battle
I know the taste of victory

Though I went through some nights
Consumed by the shadows
I was crippled emotionally

Mmm somehow I made it through the heartache
Yes I did I escaped uh huh
I found my way out of the darkness
I kept my faith
I know you did
Kept my faith

Chorus
When the river was deep I didn't feeler
When the mountain was high I still believed
When the valley was low it didn't stop me no no
I knew you were waiting
I knew you were waiting for me

Uh huh

With an endless desire
I kept on searching
Sure in time our eyes would meet

And the bridge is on fire
The hurt is over
One touch and you set me free

No I don't regret a single moment no I don't
I know you don't
Looking back uh
When I think of all those disappointments I just laugh
I know you do
I just laugh

Repeat chorus

So we were drawn together through destiny ooh boy oh
I know this love we share was meant to be oh oh

Knew you were waiting
Ooh yeah
Knew you were waiting
I knew you were waiting
Knew you were waiting for me

Oh I didn't falter
I didn't falter no
I still believed

When the valley was low
It didn't stop me
Nothing can stop me no
I knew you were waiting
Knew you were waiting for me
I didn't falter

When the mountain was high
I still believed
Oh when the valley was low
It didn't stop me

No it didn't stop me no
I knew you were waiting
Knew you were waiting for me
I didn't falter oh oh yeah
I still believed oh I still believed

It didn't stop me you know it couldn't stop me
I knew you were waiting
Someplace somewhere someplace somehow for me
I didn't falter
The valley was low
I still believed
I still believed

Words and music by Simon Clunie/Dennis Margart
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TOM CRUISE



CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT

JOEY OF EUROPE

SWING OUT SISTER

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LETTERS

Dear **Black Type**,

Have you got a grudge against David Bowie or is it my imagination? During 1986 his act was criticised several times, firstly in a Genesis interview when Phil Collins (hypocrite) said he thought it was ridiculous how many pop stars attempted to act and failed miserably just like Davie Bowie. Then criticism of Bowie's acting was not too subtly introduced into a Huey Lewis interview even though Huey Lewis hadn't even mentioned Bowie's name. To top the lot you gave his acting in *Labyrinth* the most awful review. Even the serious papers like *The Telegraph* and *The Guardian* who review real art rated him highly. To quote *Smash Hits*: "Since this film stars David Bowie you'd expect it to be weird, arty, not very well acted (ie like all the other films he's appeared in)." What is that supposed to mean? *Absolute Beginners* may have been a flop but *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence* and *The Man Who Fell To Earth* were highly acclaimed. I think it's wrong to not appear in a film you would have to criticise that! What's the matter? Is his popularity too much for you? 1986 was the "Hate Davie Bowie's Acting Year" in *Smash Hits*. I wonder who you'll pick on this year. *Ziggy's Two Bangles*, *Wizral*

It's so very hard to tell, isn't it? We're so spoiled for choice. But, at a rough guess, I'd say that 1987 is the year we pick on that bloke who introduced BBC's new "censorship" programme *Open Air*, whatever his name is. He's almost as bad as David Bowie (haw haw - just my little "jest" you understand).

Dear **Black Type**,

1. I am writing a protest about one of the most utterly horrible things ever to have happened to pop music i.e. *The Housemartins*. How can a normally level-headed and tasteful magazine like *Smash Hits* continue giving over-the-top coverage to a group who:
 1. Have spots (try Clearasil, boys?)
 2. Have members called Norman, Hugh and Stan?
 3. Sing preposterous songs about a caravan of love when anyone knows that caravans are a useless form of transport that can't even move without a car pulling them and so consequently sit in people's driveways all day round held up by piles of bricks looking thoroughly pointless?
 4. Have a member who wears glasses - horrible glasses at that?
 5. Keep going on about Socialism when they've obviously got more money than the rest of the universe?
 6. Come from Hull - not a very nice place because it's in the North where everyone just sits around all day buying greasy food with their

ole money and getting it?

7. Like gangsters?
 8. Take their name from useless birds who make nests under the drainpipes of my parents' house and deposit yucky Housemartins droppings (e.g. "Happy Hour" haw haw) all over our nice clean patio?
- I rest my case.
Phil Oakey's white trousers, West Braintree

Dear **Black Type**,

I am writing to ask if *Smash Hits* could possibly explain what it has done to cause the present Government to regard its readers so dubiously. In your poll issue the spokesperson for the Department of Education and Science clearly implied that he/she believed *Smash Hits* readers to be mentally subnormal on account of their dislike for school. This belief it appears, is also backed by the Ministry of Defence and is demonstrated by their placing of army recruitment advertisements among the pages of recent issues. To cap it all, the Department of Health and Social Security has kindly informed us that we are the promiscuous drug abusers of our permissive society who are at risk from catching AIDS (see AIDS ad Dec 17-30 issue). Presumably this cynical interpretation of the behaviour of *Smash Hits* readers will continue as long as they vote A-ba as the top group, which clearly implies mental subnormality and a generally depraved lifestyle. *Eurythmics* Fan in Thatcher Oppressed Britain, Crews

Dear **Black Type**,

I was very disappointed to read in the review of 1986 in your magazine what Rik Mayall of *The Young Ones* said about Cliff Richard. Cliff is brilliant and fab. He ought to be called Sir. It definitely isn't an insult to knight him. Emperor doesn't sound as good as Sir. Cliff is definitely the best pop star of all time. *A Very Annoyed Cliff Fan, Aylesbury*

Hear hear! I've said it once and I'll say it again. *Smash Hits* is in the face (hint hint, your so-called Majesty of the stinky rapier) - "Arise, Sir Clifford!" It's a national disgrace. I mean, fancy bestowing a peerage or whatever on someone like Sandy Lytle who is a golfer of all things not to mention his extremely horrible trouserwear, when the most worthy is right under her nose, appearing daily in the rip snorting "rock" musical film. **Gracious me. I think that little problem with Edward's naming away from school or whatever it was has quite turned her head (but don't tell Mrs Perkins I said that for Gawd's sake).**

Dear **Black Type**,

Hi everyone! The lonely Spanish Dictionary is amazing! I just wanted to put things right. In the 19th November issue Nick Kamen said that in Spanish "bolitas" means "les". Sorry to tell you, but you're wrong. Mr. Trouserless. The Spanish colloquial word for "les" is "bolcks" which is very different, and its literal translation could be "whoppers".

And to all Ascidia fans the Spanish words at the beginning of "The Flame" are: "Venigo de la tierra del fuego. Ten cuidado cuando llamas mi nombre", which means "I come from the land of fire. Be careful when you call my name". Thank you for your attention. Now you can go back to what you were doing.
The Now-Not-So-Lonely Spanish Dictionary stranded on a bookcase, Madrid.

Mr Perkins (the most boring man in the world) went to Spain once and thoroughly enjoyed himself apart from his holiday tummy but Mrs Perkins won't let him go again because, she claims, they don't show a proper respect for our Royal Family in Spain. Why, the Perkins went to a floorshow (flamenco, castanets, all the trimmings) and our national anthem i.e. "God Save The Queen" was not played once all evening! Besides which Spaniards don't know how to peel potatoes properly, she says.

Dear **Black Type**,

You know when that American bloke Pat Boone called Duran Duran "satanic" after Live Aid for the "lure" dance into the fire? Well, I've been thinking about it and it's not really satanic at all, as it's just stupid. I mean, if you dance into a fire you'll get hurt, won't you? No wonder Simon Le Bon's boss captioned *Shakatak* fan, *Yorkshire*

Dear **Black Type**,

While doing the crossword in the last issue of *Smash Hits* in order to win HMV's top ten LPs I noticed that to enter this particular competition you were required to tick a box to show whether you preferred VHS or Betamax. How very odd.
Nana Mouskour, London

?????

Dear **Black Type**,

Please correct me if I'm wrong, but I thought that *Smash Hits* was a music magazine, not a motorcycle or hospital magazine. On your June 18 1986 on page 62 you put magazine on Kawasaki Motorcycle, and I don't know if the *Smash Hits* is a hospital magazine because on the same date magazine on page 51 you put magazine on a medicine to combat hair fever named *Aller-eze*. Of course, if you don't print this letter it will be another example of your appalling bias. I suppose I shall get a letter from all the budding Marxists, your readership, but it's worth it to present the other point of view *Vinay Luchman, Mauritius*

????????????????? I fear I may be appearing one of my funny (not very funny at all, actually) turns. Perhaps this might be a good time to take advantage of that great example of modern engineering i.e. the office door and fly from these portals - to beat and into the arms of Morpheus. Yes. Byecccc! Or not as the case may be . . .

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

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

- ADDICTED TO LOVE
- ANYONE CAN FALL IN LOVE
- CARAVAN OF LOVE
- EASY LOVER
- ENDLESS LOVE
- GLORY OF LOVE
- GREATEST LOVE OF ALL
- HIGHER LOVE
- HOUNDS OF LOVE
- I FEEL LOVE
- IS THIS LOVE
- LASER LOVE
- LESSONS IN LOVE
- LOVE ACTION
- LOVE AND PRIDE
- LOVE CAN'T TURN AROUND
- LOVE COMES QUICKLY
- LOVE GAMES
- LOVE LIKE BLOOD
- LOVE ME
- LOVE PLUS ONE
- LOVE WARS
- MODERN LOVE
- ONLY LOVE
- PART TIME LOVER
- PENNY LOVER
- SECRET LOVERS
- SLAVE TO LOVE
- SWEET LOVE
- THAT OLD DEVIL CALLED LOVE
- THE POWER OF LOVE
- WHAT IS LOVE

• The answers are covering about on the right.

No. 20 (21 December)

• The winner is C. Sains of Portsmouth, Corky a-rory!

No. 21 (14 January)

• The winner will be announced next issue; meanwhile the answers are a-stirring below.

ACROSS: 1 "Sometimes"; 6 "I Feel Love"; 9 "Him"; Countdown: 10 "You Keep Me Hangin' On"; 11 "Rai Dio, 12 "Koches" (Tah); 14 "Kiki" Bush; 17 "Walking In The Air"; 18 Iron Maiden, 23 and 3 down "Slave To The Rhythm"; 25 "Too Good To Be Forgotten"; 27 George (Michael); 28 (Kerry) Everet

DOWN: 1 "So Cold The Night"; 2 (Nana) Mouskouri; 4 "Clouds Across The Moon"; 5 "Smile, 6 and 13 across Debbie Harry; 7 "Always There"; 10 "French Kisses In The USA"; 16 "I (Ring O) la"; 19 "Glory Of Love"; 20 (Gregory) Abbott; 21 Des (O'Connor); 22 "Every (Loser Wins)"; 24 "I Would I Lie (To You)"; 26 "I I Say (Yes)"

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Editor's Secretary: Josephine Collins
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Editorial: Ian Cooney
Design: Naomi Davies/Sarah
Haberstro/Simon Jowers

Writers

Lola Bony (Janet Cranford Detail)
David Keppie (Mike Macdonald) to Newton

Photographers

Julian Sartori (Tom Baser)
Andrew Cahn/Mike Purnell/Paul Rider

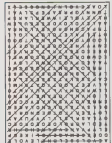
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- 4. THE BEATLES - I AM A WALKER
- 5. THE BEATLES - I AM A WALKER
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Presented by Bruno 'Chartbuster' Brookes
Top 40 Chart Sounds Daily

B.B.C. Discline

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Wayne Hussey *The Mission*

REVIEW SINGLES



REVIEWED BY WAYNE HUSSEY

MORGAN McVEY: Looking Good Living (CBS) How can anyone with a name like Morgan McVey be allowed to make records? Listening to this just confirms my belief that Morgan should change his name and retire gracefully, never to set foot again in a recording studio. It's just horrible pop music – pointless.

● **"I can't understand how anyone who wears trainers can be allowed to make records."**

BLOW MONKEYS: It Doesn't Have To Be This Way (RCA) My old partner in crime (i.e. Andrew Eldritch from The Sisters Of Mercy) used to like this lot – that was one of the reasons we went our separate ways. Having heard this I feel justified in doing so. Nice line in shades though, Robert.

MIDNIGHT STAR: Engine No. 9 (MCA) Why on earth do people bother making records like this and why do people bother to buy them? I like lots of disco music but I hate disco that's mindless. This starts off at the beginning going "boooooom" like an engine noise. Shameful.

● **"Spandau Ballet – jerks, one and all."**

PAUL YOUNG: Why Does A Man Have To Be Strong! (CBS) Trying desperately to be like-Bryan Ferry/Roxy Music around the time of their "Avon" album and failing miserably. I can't understand how anyone who wears trainers can be allowed to make records.

TOM VERLAINE: A Town Called Waiker (Fontana) A return to form for the ultimate guitar hero. He plays his "axe" like Maradona plays volleyball. Wonderful stuff and welcome back, Tom.

SPANDAU BALLET: How Many Lies (CBS) Tony Hadley sings without passion or soul and he also wears leather trousers. Jerks, one and all. This is a predictably manicured and mid-mannered song with god-awful sentiments. Horrid. "How many lies"??? The biggest lie of all is that Spandau Ballet make good records.

THE BEASTIE BOYS: Fight For Your Right To Party (Def Jam) A wonderful record and a wonderful sentiment. A heavy metal record with rapping on it, with a "riff" that even AC/DC would be proud of and with nearly the same degree of humour. This almost made Single Of The Fortnight.

XMAL DEUTSCHLAND: Sickie Moon (Phonogram) All the typical Xmal elements are here – Manuela's guitar burns especially brightly – but it's not a classic song. If they're nice though I'll write them one.

SIMPLY RED: The Right Thing (Elektra) I detest this kind of white soul, particularly when the singer has red hair. Only the Fuzzboxes should have red hair. Americans once did this sort of thing so much better and The Christians are now doing it so much better. Save your money for The Christians.

● **"I detest this kind of white soul especially when the singer has red hair."**

GWEN GUTHRIE: Good To Go Lever (Boiling Point) A touch of the Morgan McVey's here. How can anyone be in a group called Gwen Guthrie! "Those who feel no shame, neither can they feel dignity." I just made that up.

THE STAGE: Nothing Stranger Than Today (IRS) Again it's the boring vocals that spoil an otherwise mediocre record. Very lifeless. Shame really, because it almost sounds lifted from The Mission songbook. But then I'm not a boring singer.

● **"How can anyone be in a group called Gwen Guthrie?"**

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: Fire (CBS) What's all the fuss about? Just another song about highways, cars and girls. If he came from Bradford he'd stand guilty and have to face the media ridicule he so justly deserves.

EIGHTH WONDER: Will You Remember! (CBS) Patsy Kensit has glorious eyes but she can't sing and she can't act. Inspid. The cover is for voyeur's only.

BANANARAMA: A Trick Of The Night (London) Congrats to Keren on her recent arrival – shame about this record though. Their usual pop swagger is not evident here and after the brilliant "Venus" this is just standard Americanised disco fodder. If this is what happens to you when you have babies then I think I'll hide my time and wait for the right man.

GEORGE BENSON: Teaser (WEA) I have nothing to say about this record except that it's crap.

NEW MODEL ARMY: Poison Street (EMI) On hearing this it's easy to understand how the Americans turned New Model Army back for "lack of musical merit" (New Model Army were once refused temporary work visas for this reason) – but is that good or bad?

● **"I believe Europe are Swedes – which is no excuse."**

THE DAMNED: Gigolo (MCA) I quite like The Damned and Rat Scabies is a fine human being but they've lost their melodramatic pop sense on this little ditty. Dave Vanan came to our first ever gig and stood laughing – understandably so – at the side of the stage all the way through. Well, now the laugh's on him, but he's always welcome in my coffin.

GEORGE McCRAE: Rock Your Baby (CBS); EUROPE: Rock The Night (Epic) George McCrae's song is a wonderful idea for a re-release but it's completely destroyed by the modern remix and lost all its original charm and panache. I remember dancing to this at the local youthclub disco and having my first kiss in the field outside. Rosaline, where are you now? Still, I'd rather "rock your baby" than "rock the night" which is the follow up to "The Final Countdown". This is awful. It has no sense of humour, which is essential in any heavy metal. I believe they're Swedisch, which is no excuse. Bon Jovi have a lot to answer for.

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT



WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX AND WE'RE GONNA USE IT: What's The Point! (Vindaloo) I went to see them once and picked up some good dress tips. They're wonderful and so is this. It slips along complete with those fuzzy girlie harmonies. I love their attitude and their gaiety and Mags is my current heroine. How about a drink sometime, luv, when we can discuss favourite lipstick shades?

REVIEW

CONCERTS



▲ Berlin's Terri Nunn: "bouffant hairdos that a Housemartin would not be seen dead under".



▲ Frankie's Nasher: "runs about all over the place".



▲ Mark and Paul: "dressed in classic Man From U.M.C.L.E. suits".



▲ Holly: "does a brief Hills O'Gden impersonation".

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD/BERLIN G-Mex Centre, Manchester

A deep American voice booms out across Manchester's new swank G-Mex centre: "Ladies and gentlemen... here they are ["oooh!"]... for the first time in England... ["Ooooh!"]... from Top Gun... ["OOOHHH!"]... BERLIN." "SKERWEEEEEEK!!!" And with one swift movement a mighty horde of Frankie fans jump out of their seats and cluster rather excitedly at the front of the stage. Off we jolly well go, and - stap me - if Berlin don't sound almost but not quite exactly unlike they do on "Take My Breath Away". If anyone was expecting lots of "tasteful" distant synthesizers and winsome love-gone-wrong melodies they get a bit of a shock when they hear a rock band behind the very, erm, captivating Terri Nunn. Really, this all a bit shocking and very American, i.e. lots of big gee-arr and girly bouffant hairdos that a Housemartin would not be seen dead under.

Surprisingly enough (or maybe not the Frankophiles lip it all up, going positively bonkers on the - yes THE single!)

"YAROOO!" they cry when the sad synth bit at the start of "Take My Breath Away" rings out. But hang on, where's our Terri! Cork! Here she is right in the middle of the audience! A star in our very midst! Yes, Terri makes slow, weepy progress through the crowd and the bouncers have to hold them back lest they try to add her to their souvenir Frankie teacup set (£4.95 + P&F). Then she scoots back onstage sharpish for a whistly number that we all clap to (wrongly) and whistle to (badly) and then she disappears and then the lights come up and then they go down again and then it's time for Frankie.

The plonkety bit from "Warriors (Of The Wasteland)" starts up and then WHOOOOMMMF! The biggest chuffing explosion outside The A-Team heralds the return of the Frankies!

Warriors ahoy! What a group! They're all dressed in classic Man From U.M.C.L.E. suits and naturally enough Paul Rutherford soon gets rid of most of his. Mark O'Toole and Nash run about all over the place - Ped dufts up the biggest shiniest drumkit in Christendom! While Holly, ever the cheeky chappie, says "Hello Liverpool!" and gets a roof-splintering cheer anyway!

And what a stage set! It's a sort of luminous green Rubik cube thingy with a massive big Frankieist (red) in the middle, more lights than Blackpool Tower and more hidden tricks than Jimmy Savile's chair on Jim'll Fix It. Flame-throwers for "War"? Goteem! Secret passageways? Goteem! Very impressive and extremely dangerous looking descending ceiling with spooky strobe lights for "Rage Hard"? Goteem! You could play with this stuff for weeks.

Everybody goes "oo ha" on "Welcome To The Pleasuredome", everybody whoops along to "Kill The Pain" and everybody gets a lump in the throat and sways about a bit during "The Power Of Love". The rest of the set is new stuff but there is one thing that Frankie Goes To Hollywood will never shake off... so they finish the show with it. Holly introduces "Relax" as "a blast from the past", Frankie go completely mad and then they dash off into the darkness. Gosh!

Holly saunters back onstage and does a brief Hills O'Gden impersonation. He gets us all to chant "LIVERPOOL!" and then ver Lads are off and it's again. Yikes! It's Bruce Springsteen's "Born To Run", the song Holly used to dedicate to the place in Liverpool where he grew up. Mark, Nash and Paul have changed their "duds" and are wearing black rubber vests! Paul rips his into tiny shreds, exposing some rather unpleasant chest hair before producing a rubber guitar which he uses to trade "licks" with Nash and Mark on "Two Tribes". KER-BANG! The biggest and final explosion, and they're gone.

Phew!

Andrew Hornson



▲ Susan and Joanne: "dance so incompetently they make all three of Bananarama look like Michael Jackson".



▲ Phil Oakley: "rethor nazi".



▲ Joanne Catherall: "sexy".



▲ Susan Dillery: "a white cap and very little else".

THE HUMAN LEAGUE Hammersmith Odeon, London

This is a little odd. Most big concerts nowadays are pretty similar with their lavish stage sets, over-the-top lighting, perfect choreography, dazzling costumes and so on. By those standards, even after five years of success, The Human League are still as utterly useless as ever. Apart from the odd arched window and the occasional feeble puff of smoke, the stage is completely bare so there's nothing at all to distract you from The Human League themselves. And they, as usual, look a complete state.

The girls are both in black trousers and dreadful non-matching tops – Joanne's a slightly crinkled pink cut-off "thing", Susan's a rather disgusting glittery gold job – and Phil Oakey is "sporting" an equally awful designer jacket knotted at the front and the tightest pair of white trousers ever. It all looks bad enough when they're standing still but when they actually start jiggling about – so incompetently that they make all three of Banarama look like Michael Jackson – it really is almost unbearably naïf. But, strangely enough it just doesn't matter.

The Human League, you see,

have always been rather naïf and if anything it's quite refreshing to see a group, who look like they've just been pulled out of the audience of *The Price Is Right*, messing their way through a collection of completely brilliant pop songs – things like "Don't You Want Me", "Mirror Man", "Human", "Together In Electric Dreams", "Love Action", and so on (though not (sniff) "Louise"). And, unlike their recent live Tube performance, the music itself is actually very good – Phil Oakey almost sings properly these days, the band is very "tight", indeed and the girls' voices only occasionally wobble rather painfully.

Good as they are though, the audience only seem to get excited by the old hits and didn't seem too familiar with the songs from the new LP. They do finally get a bit fired up, however, for the encores when the group return with a change of clothes – Phil Oakey in a dinner jacket and undone bow tie, Susan in a white cap and a very little else, and Joanne in a ludicrous blonde frightwig and "sexy" black underwear. They then proceed to trot their way through "Keep Feeling" Fascination" and a ridiculous version of Gary Glitter's rock rock classic "Rock 'N' Roll". Strange behaviour, but, like the whole evening, completely brilliant. How very odd.

Chris Heath

Y Phil Oakey: "the tightest pair of white trousers ever".

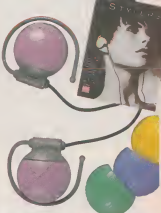


THINGS TO

The Review Department Of Bothering People With Awkward Questions In The Street Asks:

"ARE THESE TRENDY NEW HEADPHONES ANY GOOD?"

They're brand new, they're called "Stylers", and they're designed to give you "music with style" – at least that's what it says here on the box. And what's so special about them? Well, they come with different colour clip-on "trims", that's what. In other words you get these little bits of plastic which clip on to the headphones and transform their appearance – ZING! – into a "fashion" accessory. (Or not.) Each pair comes with four different "trims": there's yellow, pale green, pale blue, and a mauish-pink sort of colour. Not only that but their makers have designed them specially so they fit onto your ears somewhat like a pair of spectacles, so you don't have a headache messing up your hair. And what's more they come with a petite grey carrying case too. And it's all pretty trendy really. Or is it? Review went out to discover whether they were all they were cracked up to be.



Heidi, a 17 year old music student from Norway who doesn't think much of A.A. "If I had the money I'd buy a pair. I love the yellow colour, it fits me. It's a colour that reminds me of you turn it up a bit AHHHHH! Maybe they sound a bit sharp, but they're better than mine. It says 'no headphone to disturb your hairstyle'. I don't have a hairstyle."



Peter, a 22 year old art student who likes jazz: "Minimum, I think I'd go for the yellow. It looks good with the red I'm wearing. Well, looking at them, the first thing I'd say is that there's a really bad connection where the wire goes into the ear piece. I had a pair which had a design fault like that and if you keep bending the wire the connection breaks. Now, let's see. Can you wear them with glasses? Yeah. They feel a bit awkward and they sound a bit tony. They don't hold much bass. I think they look good, but they're not much good as headphones."



Sean, roadworker: "The unique stereo headphones specially designed for the modern girl on the move? That's not really me, now is it? I don't use Walkmans anyway. Do I think they make me look really 'up and trendy'? Er, no."



Gini (left) and **Sami**, heavy metal fans, both 14: "Ward, aren't they? I can't get them on. They keep falling off. Are you sure I'm supposed to wear them like that? Yeah, the colours are alright. I like any colour really. They're not bad. Can I listen to my Bon Jovi tape on them? Would I buy them if I had the money?"

Sami: "I chose the blue colour. What does the colour blue mean to me? It means cold! Suggs... (Tries to change the pink trim for the blue) "It's all a bit fiddy, an't it if this breaks my rails I'll kill you. God, it's far too cold for this. It's not staying on. I can't get this blue bit to stay on. Have I broken it?... Would I change the colours to go with my clothes? Yeah. They sound better than my headphones. Mine are rubbish. I got them free when I bought 10 tapes..."



Garry, who prefers to be called "L.A.", (wear) and is a soul fan: "Ow! They don't fit my ears. Yeah! They look alright. They'd be OK if they fitted my ears. Look, the fash'n's come out of the garage – they're broken."

("Stylers" are made by Ross and cost about £9.)

A Camera that's only 2½ inches long!



...and only costs about £5. It's probably the most basic camera you can buy at the moment; all you get is a sort of lens and a button to press. You just clip an ordinary 110 type film in the back and you're off. The only problem is that - as you might expect of a camera that only costs a fiver - it only takes good photos under ideal conditions (i.e. bright sunlight). And if you're a complete nitwit then it doesn't take very good photos at all. . . Review thought it would try out this marvellous new invention and though we hesitate to use the word "genius", we think you'll find these snaps most artistic. . .

◀ ACTUAL SIZE



▲ Sledge of The Banthees, taking a photograph (probably a crap photo at that)



▲ Skousae's back (or front).



▲ Skousae tramping through the snow. . . er, we think.



▲ Some of American songstress Rose Vela's face



▲ Legendary '70s "axe" hero Jeff "Skunk" Bunker (???)



▲ Curiously Killed The Cat. Criskey girl! Aren't they handsome?



▲ Some of Wayne Hussey.



▲ The editor's brother.



▲ Nature at large (part one): A dog. (It's that light blob in the middle of the picture).



▲ Nature at large (part two): "A winter scene" (we think)



▲ Swing Out, Sister, from left Corinne, and er.



▲ Nature at large (part three): Three penguins. . . er, we think.

TIMEX SOCIAL CLUB:

Violous Rumours (Cool Tempo) "Hello, I am a brilliant rumbustous pop tune and I am being smothered to death by one zwilfon American funk/rap/disco/remix thingles just like the ones on this Timex Social Club LP. This is actually very grim. Especially when all the tunes sound uncannily similar to their lingo-way chart moocher 'Rumours' and are all swathed in re-mix twiddles and 'scratches' and 'overdubs' which apparently makes them very 'hip 'n' 'groovy' just like all the other American funk/rap/disco/remix groups. Especially when die from suffocation by these persons I'm off to look for a gigantic moth to be eaten by 'Farewell'."
(3 out of 10)

Sylvia Patterson (on behalf of a brilliant rumbustous pop tune)



ORAN "JUICE" JONES:

juice (Def Jam) Oran "juice" Jones is the sort of cool/d dude who wears a full length fur coat, dips with jewellery, has sultry vixens sprawling at his feet (see LP cover) and sings all about "Juice". Trouble is that on this LP (which has been out for a while but is being re-promoted due to the recent chart success of 'The Rain') the songs are either slushy, bland and forgettable or have incredibly dodgy lyrics. When you've got to listen to Oran's cregewority speaking voice demanding back from his "ex" his \$700 fur coat, diamonds and apartment, his threatening to "do a Rambo" on her (only refraining so as not to mess up the above mentioned fur coat), and his boasting about his Mercedes Benz, well I'm sorry, but try as you may to like it, it just makes you want to fight the LP right down the dumpster.
(3 out of 10)

Derrin Schlesinger

ELVIS PRESLEY: Essential

Elvis Presley (RCA) When Elvis invented rock 'n' roll way back in the 1950s he had this mad manager who didn't think that this pop "fad" was going to last very long. Films, he thought, were the future, not this music malarkey. So Elvis found himself making scores of simply dreadful movies whose only redeeming feature was that they included the occasional brilliant song. This is a compilation of songs recorded for the first three of those films, from the absolute classics like "Jailhouse Rock" where Elvis demonstrates exactly how a old invent rock 'n' roll, to weepie masterpieces like "Love Me Tender", and the mawkishly sentimental tunes like "Loving You". Which some songs never previously released included here, this is a genuine collector's item for all true Elvis fans.
(7 out of 10)

William Shaw

JACKIE WILSON: 15 Classic Tracks (Portrait) "Classic"? Well, perhaps "Reet Petite" does have some of the makings of a one-off novelty hit, but when you listen to the mix here of energetic rhythm & blues, bounding rock 'n' roll, operatic ballads and tear-jerky slow songs – all tightly arranged in the best old-fashioned way – there's plenty more where that came from. A joyful and inspiring singer, Jackie Wilson handles them all with exuberant energy and awesome passion so it's not hard to see why tired old superlatives like "classic" get trotted out once again – only this time they'd be right. It's a pity that there's no information or sleeve notes though.

(8 out of 10) Ian Crossin

ZERRA ONE: The Domino Effect (Mercury) Sign. The record is thoroughly astringent. Zerra One are one of those bands so full of their own unfounded self-importance that they fail to see that plinking along on their would-be swirly guitars and beautifully dribbling on about following winds and feeling one's face in the middle of the night for some reason is not only a pile of over-blown pompous guff but boring, depressing and meaningless. I feel sick.

(microdot out of 10) Sylvia Patterson

PSYCHEDELIC FUNS: Midnight To Midnight (CBS) Don your weird shades and your Bowie-like pom! The Funs have said "Yes, they're back (back) BACK!" with yet another album of doom, gloom and puzzling lyrics. This somber collection of songs, accompanied by thumping drums, squealing guitars and sultry saxophones, includes both "Pretty In Pink" and "Angels Don't Cry", while dear old Richard Butler grows away some pretty strange lyrics which will leave you none the wiser. This may not be The Psychedelic Funs at their best, but it is still quite brilliant.

(8 out of 10) Josephine Collins

DEEP PURPLE: The House of Blue Light (Polydor) Oh dear, Deep Purple have been "rocking" out for some 15 years now and haven't really changed very much at all as it is. It's a pity, because both Jon Bon Jovi and Joey Tempest have shown that this sort of "hard" and heavy rock can be done with some style and wit but "Purple" have obviously been locked up too long in the Tardis to notice. There's really nothing even half-way decent here – Ian Gillan still sings like a man in extreme pain, guitarist Ritchie Blackmore still displays all the subtlety of a brick in the teeth, and songs called "Hard Lovin' Woman" and "Mad Dog" sound exactly the way you would imagine. Oh dear...

(1 out of 10) Barry McIlhenny

SURVIVOR: When Seconds Count (Scotti Bros) Survivor are a brilliant rock act. They write brilliantly inventive songs! Their crashing synthesizers leave me speechless! Their wiggly guitar bits make me shiver! This is a fantastic LP... er... well, no it's not. It's awful actually. Like their singles "Eye Of The Tiger" and "Is This Love", Survivor do tend to write pompously anthemic identikit American "adult orientated" love songs. They are kumpy, tedious and completely uninspiring. Their singer uses the same anguished warble on every single one of these ten songs and what's worse, every member of Survivor looks like a hairdresser. (A hairdresser writes: Don't be ridiculous!) **(½ out of 10)**

William Shaw



THE STYLE COUNCIL: The Cost Of Loving (Polydor) When Paul Weller splits up The Jam to form the Style Council, one of the main reasons he gave was that he wanted to play soul music, properly and, on and off, that's what he's been trying to do ever since. On "The Cost Of Loving" he tries harder than ever and in an unfortunate way he actually succeeds. Unfortunately, because this LP is just like far too many soul LPs – one good single ("I Didn't Matter"), one good ballad ("Love

Les Waiting"), one poor cover version (of Anita Baker's "Angel"), one extremely messy "disco" "thing" with about a million people all shouting very funky things at once but with no tune to speak of ("Right To Go") and a few pleasant but unmemorable fillers, it all smacks of someone desperately trying too hard – maybe The Style Council would be better going back to the more straightforward pop songs they used to be so brilliant at. **(6½ out of 10)**

Chris Heath

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Welcome, "readers", to a special "illustrated" edition of *Mutterings* put together with the "help" of the utterly fantabulous spook-camera stolen from *Review* on page 52. (Yippeee! - Lots of "readers".) And our first photo is, as you can all see, of **George Michael** spotted out carol-singing near his parent's home around Christmas



(What an excellent photo - The entire population of the universe) Could have shaved first, eh? ... Which is almost as strange as the completely unmissed fact that **Tori**

Nunn of **Berlin** turned down a seven year contract to star in *Dallas* years ago which would have given her the part of the utterly useless Lucy Ewing. "Thank God I wasn't," she pipes. She did however appear as a five-time killer in *Law Grant* and ended up in the electric chair. (How "shocking" - A *crap joke* that's wandered off from *Blitz*... Even stranger and perhaps even more unrelated is the fact that the first of **Howard Jones'** vegetarian restaurants - a £100,000, 80-seater place in New York's East Side - opens in March. It's called by the very name of *Newsweek*, presumably so that people can be very droll and say "Where am I going tonight? Oh... Nowhere". (Ha ha - Not very many people!)

Miamville, **Brace Jones** has just opened her New York restaurant, called *La Vie En Rose*. And now for the Return Of "Astonsishing" **Facsimil**. **Astonsishing Fact 7** **Morten Harket** is secretly addicted to custard tarts (i.e. he probably ate one once).

Astonsishing Fact 2 **Duran Duran**'s rumoured live concert in Hyde Park this summer is now rumoured to have been cancelled.

Astonsishing Fact 3 **David Bowie** walked into the disco the other day at the Steigenberger Hotel in the trendy Swiss ski resort of Gstaad and made the DJ play a "song" from his new LP!

And what, pray, happened next? Everyone stopped dancing, that's what.

Astonsishing Fact 4 When **Madonna** recently won an international video award for "Papa Don't Preach" (a rather strange idea in itself) she sent a typed message saying "That's great - wait until I tell my dog." And here, in beautiful magico-techni-swizzled colour is a picture of Madonna being looked by the very same dog...

Mutterings



Very "arty", eh "readers"? (I? - Some readers.) Photography any? And now - **Astonsishing Fact 5**

David Cassidy (dreamy old poo star - i.e. he used to be dreamy and now he's old) is making a film! & **Whitney Houston** is making a brother of mine. And it's called *The Bodyguard*! And she co-stars with **Clint Eastwood**. **Astonsishing Fact 7**

Meatloaf is making a film! And it's called *Skyp Tracer*! And he ends up imaged on a miniature version of the Empire State Building! - **Astonsishing Fact 8** **Robbie Nevil**'s "C'est La Vie" was written for **Kool & The Gang** but they didn't like it! The club! **Astonsishing Fact 10** **Dave Stewart** from **Eurythmics** (who is rumoured to have swizzed off to Barbados with **Siobhan** from **Bananarama**) has bought a \$1.5 million home in Encino, Los Angeles right next to **Michael Jackson**'s home!... Talking of, the strange one! (i.e. **Michael Jackson**, not **Dave Stewart**), he was recently overseas

having a conversation in the first class area of a plane from Los Angeles with someone who started taking some pills. It went like this:

"Fardon, but what are those you're taking?"
"Oh, they're just multivitamins."

"Right, I guess they're real good, aren't they?"
"Yes. Excuse me but I'm a friend of **Jermaine Jackson** - aren't you a brother of his?"

"No way. Jermaine is a brother of mine."

So now you know. **Michael** also announced while shooting his new Pepsi commercial (featuring a new song called "The Price Of Fame") that his chimpanzee **Bubbles** is learning to roller-skate. And here, indeed, is the world's only snap of **Michael** and **Bubbles** performing a roller skate version of **Torville & Dean**'s *Fire And Ice*:



Good eh? (?????) - Several million "readers". And now... a *Mutterings* Pets special. **Pets 1** **Cheryl Baker** from **Bucks Fizz** went to feed some goldfish

the other day in her friend's garden shed but when she got there they were frozen solid! - **Pets 2** **Bran**

"**Juice**" **Jones** - an ex-claimant who boasts of once having stolen \$17,000 from a jewellery store in 20 minutes, once had a dog - a German Shepherd crossed with a collie - called **Boss** (probably because it used to hum "Gangin' In The Dark" in its sleep) until one day a "business venture" of his "turned sour" and someone burnt his house down with **Boss** inside. (What a horrible man - The entire population of the universe). - **Pets 3**

Old you know that in the film *Round About The World In Eighty Days there are 8,552 creatures - including 2,448 bottlers? - And now for the question about which the world has been a quivering with excitement - what would **Gene Louis Jazebel** put on a dream playlist? "Little jillybeans, bananas, luns and biscards!" says Jay.*

"Avocado, passion fruit and Swiss cheese," says the other one. Well, fancy that! And now for some very useless "news" paper stories. First, "The *Star*" have "exclusively" revealed that only 24 hours after **A-ha** keyboard player **Q** (?) tore some ligaments skating at an ice rink, their drummer **Mags** needed "urgent

treatment for elbow strains caused by too much drumming". The class... Almost as daff. The "Sun" "revealed" that **Debbie from The Bangles** had a horrible accident with a match and her eye the other day. Rather a coincidence, "readers", considering the very same thing happened the other day to **Susanna Hoffs!** They couldn't possibly be suffering from the common

"news" paper disease known as "looking awfully-silly-when-you-actually-with-the-wrong-name-in-it" could they? - **Aled Jones** has retired from his singing career, partly because his voice was breaking and he was "starting to creak" and partly because he "wants" to concentrate on his "O" levels. - **U2** may play Wembley stadium in late June or early July. - **David Bowie** may tour this year.

The **Communards** are re-recording "You Are My World" for their next single, apparently with a "safe sex" rap on the 12" and are planning some Country & Western concerts. (???)

Mel of Mel And Kim has a slipped disc! - **Boy George** - whose first solo single will now apparently be a version of **Ken Boothe**'s "Everything I Own" - has just spent \$500 on a painting by famous gangster **Reggie Kray**, has \$1,800 worth of mirrors around his bathroom, a kitchen with a chair and table stuck upside down on the ceiling and a toilet covered with pictures of **Marilyn**. "It's so boring to keep him in there," says George with customary friendliness. - And talking of friendliness, **Elton John** and **Lionel Richie** are rumoured to be rather mild with each other. Following his throat operation **Elton John** has been staying in the £450 presidential suite in Sydney's **Sebel Town House Hotel** - to the town of **Lionel Richie** who apparently reckons that "being the biggest star" he should have priority.

Children, please. And finally, thanks to the miracle of modern technology here is a photo snapped by *Mutterings* at 23,000 feet above the Dover coast last Friday of **Morten Harket** hang-gliding while sucking from a three gallon can of **Um Bongo** (they drink it in the Congo) strapped to his waist! Just fancy that!

On draft *Mutterings* forgot to put the film in. *Gurssel*...



For their disposal backstage at their recent Wembley concerts **Frankie Goes To Hollywood** apparently "required": 100 cans of **baked beans**, fresh **asparagus**, 10 bottles of **Polish vodka**, one **football**, **Susan George**, a variety of **motorcycles**, 30 hand puppets, one **tomato**, 17 **David Hockney prints**, two **kittens**, two cases of **beer**, one of **Perrier** and one round of **bacon sammies**...

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