

SMASH HITS

*SEXY ADE
EDMONSON!*

~~HOWARD JONES~~

- Cocteau Twins
- Bon Jovi
- A-ha
- Prince
- Spandau Ballet
- The Smiths
- Little Richard
- Duran Duran
- Run DMC

*How to get on
the cover of
Smash Hit
without making
a fool of
yourself!!*

PLUS THE SMASH HITS BOOK OF PERSONAL FILES AND THE 1986 READER'S POLL

CONTENTS

4-15	BITZ: The Housemartins not being very good at playing "bootee" Red Box being "back! Back! BACK!" Iggy Pop invading punk "rock" Sinitta being "strange"! One hundred zefifik competitors!
21	RSVP: Who to write to if you can only afford "inland" postage rates
22-24	BON JOVI: Hurling round the universe in a bus with "Females Wanted" on the front and not being a shoe-lifter because of Bruce Springsteen. Curses!
28-29	HOWARD JONES: Being delirious with happiness because he witnessed all the squoody bits at his son's birth (spooeyooo!) And being killed by Ade Edmonson (haw haw)
30-31	LITTLE RICHARD: It's HIM! The "living" "legend" who was perky 30 years before Prince! Used to wear an escalator on his head! Invented rock 'n' roll! (This time it's true!)
33	COMPETITION WINNERS: Some people whose lives are now "complete"
38-41	"FASHION" (7): Some not-very-ugly people dressing up in swank-togs and snogging in record shops in the sumptuous Smash Hits "Fashion" "Special" (Ahem)
42-43	READERS' POLL: So soon? Yess! Your chance to change the course of pop history as we "know" it.
47	NAPPENINGS: Where to go to avoid the washing "up"....
50/55	PRINCE: In "glorious" colour (yellow)
51-54	PERSONAL FILES: Part 2 of your snip out 'n' keep booklet of strange remarks. This issue stars Madonna, Midge Ure, Dave Gahan, Nik Kershaw, Morrissey, Mags from A-ha, Sir Bob Geldof (T5B) and... ta-ra! Salty Simon!
57	CROSSWORDS: Not for bullfoons.
62-63	COCTEAU TWINS: Some dodgy spook-warblers who won't talk about themselves, music, "life", belly-button fluff, spiders' knee-caps, noctias or corduary pantaloons. Bah!!
64-66	A-NA: A pictorial "stunner" from America - featuring ver "lads" flapping around with no clothes on, spooning with some foxtresses (hiss!) and... gasp! Mortan waving his legs in the air!
75	SINGLES: Tunes by the likes of Shakin' Stevens, Duran Duran, The Smiths, Janet Jackson and more.
76-77	REVIEW: Nik Kershaw's track-by-"track" guide to his new album plus some other albums and The Housemartins in "concert".
78-80	SPANDAU BALLET: Looking at fillips and windmills and bits of spook-cheese in Holland (or something)
83-91	ADE EDMONSON: How To Become A Pop Star Without Making Any Records And Being Completely Useless by Ade Edmo... mrat tal tal plioooooee!! (Gaw-fine ahoy!) Bmiuzzzzzzzzzz! (Chansaw ahoy!) "Die you utter utter utter" (Snup! Oh dear - he's dropped in for a "chat"....)
92-93	LETTERS: Rather a lot of complete blethers!
99	STAR YEASER: Très difficile, as they say in Japan. Er...
100-101	NICK BERRY: Yet another non-pop person making a sniff-gusting "weepster" - and succeeding! (Bub boo burrah spew!)
102	MUTTERINGS: Truths, half-truths and a fair number of "porkers"!!
104	RUN DMC: Looking "del" and "ill" and "squoobly"



2	THE SMITNS: Ask
16	THE POLICE: Don't Stand So Close To Me '86
36	THE MISSION: Stay With Me
44	BORIS GARDINER: You're Everything To Me
48	DURAN DURAN: Notorious
58	THE PRETENDERS: Don't Get Me Wrong
51	THE STRANGLERS: Always The Sun
71	GWEN GUTHRIE: Close To You
72	BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE: C'mon Every Beatbox
82	NICK BERRY: Evary Loser Wins
85	PRINCE: Anotherloverholerythead
101	LETITIA DEAN AND PAUL MEDFORD: Something Outa Nothing

The Smiths Ask

Shyness is Nice
 And shyness can stop you
 from doing all the things
 in life you'd like to
 Shyness is Nice
 And shyness can stop you
 from doing all the things
 in life you'd like to

So if there's something you'd like to try
 If there's something you'd like to try
 Ask me
 I won't say no
 How could I

Cyness is AKE and
 Cyness can stop you
 from doing all the things
 in life you'd like to

So if there's something you'd like to try
 If there's something you'd like to try

Ask me
 I won't say no
 How could I

Spending warm summer days indoors
 Writing frightening verse
 To a buck-toothed girl in Luxembou'g

Ask me ask me ask me
 Ask me ask me ask me
 Because if it's not love

Then it's the bomb the bomb the bomb the bomb the bomb
 The bomb the bomb that will bring us together

Nature is a language can't you read
 Nature is a language can't you read

So ask me ask me ask me
 Ask me ask me ask me
 Because if it's not love

Then it's the bomb the bomb the bomb the bomb the bomb
 The bomb the bomb that will bring us together

If it's not love
 Then it's the bomb
 Then it's the bomb
 That will bring us together

So ask me ask me ask me
 Ask me ask me ask me

words and music by Murray/Marr
 Recorded by permission Warner Brothers/Music
 On Rough Trade Records



B I T Z



Just look at the state of this bloke. Not only does his eye-liner go so askew that it's coming out of his mouth, his hair goes so squibbly it looks like *Bitz's* fluffy hot-water bottle cover and his Carnaby-style red coat-piece looks like a shuntie "cock" without the stringy bits BUT he's also got an eye growing out of his chest too. *Bitz* *departs*. And THIS, pop pups, is a "living" legend. . . Just listen to what some "luminaries" have said about him o'er the years. . .

"He's great." (Some bloke out of Elvis Costello and The Attractions.)

"He's really good." (Jon Ashton of The Psychedelic Furs.)

"He's brilliant but we gob better than he does." (Some dodgy American "rappers" called The Beatle Boys.)

"He's alright, I suppose." (Somebody that *Bitz* can't remember.)

Yes viewers, for it is HE - Alice Cooper. The very same rock'n'roll rampart who brought us such classic ballads as "Schools Out", "Elected", "Only Women Bleed", "Hello Hooray It's A Hol Holiday" (or whatever it was) and one or two others that *Bitz* can't quite recall. But NOW at the "grand" old age of 78 (or thereabouts) he's back! Back! BACK!! With a new single called... "He's Back!!!"? SuuWIZZI. (P.S. He's going on tour in a jiffy and "Happenings" has the details.)

THE BITZ "FASHION" DEPT. PRESENTS: MAN AT C & "A"

... and here we see the gorgeous Darren (18, blue eyes, 6'2 1/2", inside "leg" 9") resplendent in this autumn's latest winner... the big mac. Darren sports the beige version (1987/88, catalogue number G.R.O.O.) complete with flaposome 'n' wayward "lapels" and cardboard "jeans" with turn-ups (sewn in by mum) plus white shoes with mud on (model's own) and what an embarrassment they are as we... (GRITTY! Stop pretending to be a fashion "expert" this instant! - Ed.) Curses! Shakin' Stevens has got a new single out called "Because I Love You" and he's doing a not-very-big "tour" quite soon. Details in "Happenings".



RED BOX

They're back. Back??? BACK!!! But why oh why oh why did *Red Box* go away for so long (i.e. 10 whole months) without so much as even the teeny-weeniest follow-up to last year's hum-in-the-bath monster hit "Lean On Me"? What have you been doing with yourselves? Cultivating a new strain of rose? Walking around the world on your hands? Lying in bed?

"We've been recording our album ever since 'Lean On Me', actually," says Julian Close, one half of the group (the other being Simon Toulson Clarke). "While 'Lean On Me' was in the charts we started recording."

But, we mean to say, you know, 10 whole months???

"Well, we had planned to put out a single before Christmas (1985, he means), but when we'd finished it we didn't feel it was right. So we decided it would be best to carry on and finish the whole album before releasing a single, since we'd have to take breaks for promotion and television, all that sort of thing. The original intention was not to take 10 months, but we tried a lot of different ideas and it took a long time to get it how we felt it was right."

Yes, it's a pretty hectic life being a member of *Red Box*.

"We work very disciplined hours," says Julian. "Unlike most groups we work from nine in the morning to seven in the evening, Monday to Friday." But they do take time off at the weekends: Simon sails and Julian spends quite a lot of time standing on an ironing board off the Devon coast.

"Surfing's my little avenue of pleasure," says Julian, who turns out to be a bit of a chicken when it comes to decent-sized waves: "When they're very big I don't like them, because I get frightened. I just sit in the car instead." Swizz!

Anyway, the new single is finally ready and it's called "For America". Hmmm. Is this some sort of message or something?

"The way we like to answer that question," says Julian coyly, "is that it's really for people to make up their own minds about what the song's about... (dramatic pause)... but as a clue, I'd say it's not the kind of song that John Wayne would have been singing in the front line of Vietnam (oh? Why) and I care say President Reagan won't be humming it when he rocks good old Nancy to sleep in the evening."

Quite.



Ksnooky... it's Phil Collins reading a book upside down... Her, her, just a little jest there, gentlemen - it's really a book reading! Phil Collins upside down he he he... (Gee! ON with it! - Ed.) Ahem. This is a "scene" from a brand new full length animated film thingy called *When The Wind Blows*, based on the "famous" book by some bloke called Raymond Briggs. This so-called "trag-com" is all about - gulp - nuclear disaster and it's made by the people who made the all-time worst cartoon film ever created - *The Beatles' Yellow Submarine* - and the quite magnificent annual Christmas weeper, *The Snowman*. So what's *Wind Blows* got to do with it, we hear you how? (Sigh - Lots of readers.) He wrote the theme tune and it's out next week as his new single - i.e. "When The Wind Blows"! And so well as Denis Davis's "aHorta" the film also features songs by Genesis, Paul McCartney, Hugh Cornwell of The Stranglers, Scuzz and some other people as well! All these songs were specially written for the film so they're all about the impedes that befell Jim and Hilda Bloggs (that's Jim doing the Phil Collins impersonations) whose route are made a bit of a misery by The Big Z. (i.e. bombs). The film is out in January and it's predicted to be extremely brilliant and horrifically bleak. Bang! Ouch...

THE HOUSEMARTINS

By jingles – Madonna's gorrie a bit wrinkly round the armpits has she not?

Ooooo! It's not Madonna at all but that veritable goddess of the base-free tune and the sexless acting – *Sir Pollard Hervey!* And not only is the "posturing" here as a sequined vision of grimey groove but she's got a new record out called "Wives Will Always Be The Last To Know"! And she's doing a British tour some time in the spring next year! (Oh good – Nobody.)



▲ Oh look, it's that weirdo *Man Johnson* who calls himself *The The*. But why does he look less than thrilled with his existence? Is it a) because his specs have steamed up to "magically" form the words *The The* and he can't see anything, b) he woke up at the other end and he'd turned into *Man Johnson*, "horrible headband" Knopfer, c) he's about to be strapped to that place behind him in a bold impersonation of that bloke who does the *Pollyda* adrent or whatever it is? YUZE! It's c) and it's to illustrate the "point" he's making in the video for his new single "Indicted".

Martin. Let's take a decision at what he's on about shall we? (Sput...) "When desire becomes an illness instead of a joy and pain's necessary that's gotta be destroyed..." Of course!!?



● "Blitz! You've been working so hard lately [hem hem] that we've decided to give you the day off." [Blitz feints.] So go to Sheffield and watch a football match instead." – Ed.

Errm... (coming "to") *Blitz* hetes football with a vengeance, archheliol... .

"Well, you're going anyway. Goodbye!" – *Evil Ed*.
 ("Trundle trundle pshpsh trundle...") Here we are then viewers, orf on the 8.23 Inter-City "Sever", orf to watch some blokes booting each other's shins and pretending to aim for a piece of bouncy leather then kissing each other on the shoulder blades and eil manner of unseavoury "gesture"s. *Blitz*, et least there'll be no dodgy old pop stars and horrible old famous-type individuals. Bliss!!!... (Some time later)... . *Blitz* is sitting in a very greesequing football "ceff" heving "breakfast" with some famous pop people (i.e. *The Housemartins*) and is thinking to itself "Surwizz upon SURWIIZZES!!!". For this so-called "football match" is really a "star" "studded" Testimonial Match (for the retirement of some bloke or other called *Tony Currie*) 'twixt the original Sheffield United 1971/72 Promotional Squad and (ehem) *The Dennis Waterman Showbiz XI* (another ehem). Not only are *The Housemartins* "performing" (i.e. playing instruments and crooning and things) but lead singer *Paul Heaton* is... playing in the football match (i.e. with bere "legs" and things!!!!!!)



▲ "Breakfast" over, they zip out for a quick pee outside the football ground and Paul springs off for a quick inspection of the "H" bag – complete with shin-pads and specially aligned "spikes". What a professional.



▲ "I'm playing against my childhood heroes today," sighs Paul. "I've been coming here since I was five. I first came with my dad and when he said 'Two please' they said 'It's alright, you don't have to pay for the little ones.' So I sat on his knee..."



▲ The newly revived *Morn* has by this time found a real-life, honest hero – legendary footballer extraordinaire *George Best* himself! Complete with blowwing epoo-board! He gives *Morn* a demonstration of the well-known "accents" not made him extremely famous before his fall from "grace" (i.e. he drank a few pints and blazed some vittages or something). Poor old *Morn* is in high ecstasy, but manages to make it back to the bit of grass where the group are willing to do their "bit".



▲ "They won't let us in the changing rooms," gripes Paul. "I suppose they think we'll rip the shower heads off or something." He's only really here because the match promoters saw me on the *Whiffs* Test with my Sheffield United top on."



▲... And Paul pretends to be a fan logo and chases Billy Bremner and gets chased by the bald bloke and gets nowhere near the ball!



▲... And it's up "in" under "an"... erm, sorry, wrong game... and Paul shows off the pectorals (or whatever they're called) to the crowd because he's got nothing else to do because he can't hit the ball!

Just why is Dame *Bob Geldof* (TSB) cowering in the corner of a not-very attractive boudoir? Wrong! He's waiting for the post! He's rather a bit bowled over and rather a lot of money will come zinging his way through the letter-box and if he was standing up he might be bowled over and fit his bonce on one of those rather pointy "picture" frames and go to hospital for a very long time which wouldn't be very good news for the universe at all. And for the first time in quite a number of weeks, all the money's for him!

It's true. His rather splendid book "Is That It?" has just become *Sigwick & Jackson's* "biggest selling autobiography of all time" – selling nearly 100,000 copies so far! And the paperback version had orders for nearly half a million even before it was on sale and looks set to be not-very-much of a failure in the least! Well done, ma'am. So it's with a smirk playing about his "lips" that Dame Bob is ecstatic to announce – a record! A real record! At last! It's a "solo" tune (i.e. *The Backstreet Rite* wasn't on it) and it's called "This Is The World Calling".

BIRTHDAYS

OCTOBER

- 24 Bill Wyman of *The Rolling Stones* (62)
- 27 Buffy Sainte-Marie of *The Graces* (65)
- 28 *Norm Macdonald* of *The Graces* (65)
- 30 Stephen Laucombe of *The Graces* (65)
- 31 Johnny Marr of *The Smiths* (65)

NOVEMBER

- 1 Mega Furthestman of *A-ha* (34)
- 10 *Boyz n the Moor* of *The Graces* (37)
- 11 Adam "Ant" (32)
- 12 Ian McEwan of *The Graces* (34)
- 13 *Marlie* of *The Graces* (34)



ARE QUITE GOOD (BUT NOT AT FOOTBALL)



▲ At the moment, though, this group are indulging in "breakfast" (Puffin "Rice", two pines and a big roll - speeyool!) and Hugh is being very embarrassing by writing a "love" note/letter to some lassie or other. But who?

"Mind your own business!" snips Norman snipily.



▲ "He'll be writing to a fan," snicks Stan. "He gets letters from people who are after his body, hah heh." Enough! Messwhite, Paul abuffs his face with a "fibbers" pile of fried eggs, Bacon and - choke - beans in preparation for the big match.



▲ Stan, however, sniffs the help of Mrs Higgins, our cheery "cat" hostess, to find his slates because he can't see due to being a poser and wearing sun specs (hah ha).



▲ Stan and Norman amble over for a squirt at their heroes' boots and, after a lot of fiddling about with some red thing, they're deemed "alright". Hurrah!



▲ Mere seconds later, though - boof! - the excitement has taken its toll on young Norm, for suddenly there's a loud TWINGE! It's Norm's old "war wound" (whatever that means) doing his stin in again. But - cheera! - the over studly St. John's ambulance men (and women) are on "head". Off with those breaks (L.A. trousers) On with that towel to cover his "modesty". After a few pokes fither and thither all is sweet again (he no not-very-ha) so it's autographs ahey for their pens.



▲ Outside by the "pitch", Stan is concerned with far more important matters - "A welcome sign from the fans". Stan is an utter utter fibber.



▲ "This must be our biggest concert ever," decides Norman. "We should get everyone on the pitch to sing and dance, ha!"

"On yeah!" snorts Stan. "We'd get the groundsmen on with a shotgun to splatter 'em." "Froo, it's going to be great playing religious songs to 50,000 Sheffield United fans." And the whistling is ceased because they're off! Off! Off! And the crowd go bonkers and the group go bonkers and everyone sings and jigs and smirks and looks quite chuffed.



▲ And then - SWILL! - they're off! Off! And Paul leaps into a telephone box (for something) and reappears as - la deeah! - Paul Tweedon International Singing Superstar And Dodgy Knees Andy Legendary Footballer Extraordinaire!



▲ He joins his team of "stars" including... Dennis Waterman! A Bokie from Def Leppard! Billy Bremner (a famous Scottish footballer!) Chris Quillen (a "actor" Brian Tillyay from Corvivalion Street!) Some bold blokes! Some other blokes! PEEEEEE! And they're off...



▲ ... and Paul finds the bell and boots it straight into the crowd. Then, suddenly - PEEEGEEEGEE! It's the final "whistles" and no one seems to have a clue of the score but it doesn't matter anyway at a "testimonial".



▲ "He seems to have played very well," sniffs Hugh solemnly. "We're all very proud of him. (SWIT) Funny I'd be his, football, though. No time for it, myself." "Is that Max Wall in goal?" pipes Stan, who's a bit "oblivious" at the moment.



▲ Off comes our hero, puffin' in wheeatin' in gaaipin. "That was brilliant!" he whoozles. "Did you see me tackle Curtis?" Erm... no. And there's good old mum - bare to gaze proudly on her fine "figure" of a son. 'Tis a moving, tearsome moment, viewers, so not wishing to interrupt its poignancy, Bliz looks to the east at Sheffield Station and is, as they say, OFF...

© Puffin Books, Tom Brown



PAULA ADAMS

Hairdresser who hates girls who look like Madonna. Loves boys who wear make-up. Buys one pair of seamed fishnets a week and wants to meet David Sylvian.

REAL GIRLS



MARIE COOPER

Says she's Paula's friend but thinks she looks like Janet Street Porter in her glasses. Her ambition is to eat Paula's last Rolo.



WHY WANT

They're all at it

This is getting just a teensy bit mad isn't it? By our count we're up to about seven *EastEnders* singles now, and there are another couple already on their way.

Releasing the theme tune was far enough, but then there was Angie (Anita Dobson) trilling away with "Anyone Can Fall in Love", and at the moment you can hardly get away from "hunky" Nick "Wicksy" Berry crooning "Every Loser Wins" and emboling about in that horrid video.

And Wendy Richards, who plays Pauline Fowler, recorded her version of "Come Outside" a while back; then there was Pete Beale (Peter Dean) with his England World Cup football song earlier this year which was a bit of a flop. And what about Lofty recording that terrible version of the Bob Dylan song "Subterranean Homesick Blues"?

What's worse is that it's not just the *EastEnders* stars who are doing it. Don Johnson and Philip Michael Thomas of *Miami Vice* are both having a crack at becoming pop stars. Thomas made a rather useless LP, "Living The Book Of My Life", earlier this year and Johnson's just put out a new "song" called "Heartbeet". And just about everyone in *Dalies* seems to have popped into a recording studio at some time or another. It's all a bit disturbing. . .

So why on earth don't actors stick to acting and leave the pop star bit to pop stars? Letitia Dean and Paul Medford have just put out yet another *EastEnders* single "Something Outa Nothing", which was supposed to have been "written" by the so-called "group" The Banned who've been appearing in the soap opera.

"Why should actors just act?" answers Letitia (who plays Sharon Watts) tartly. "I don't think you should just stick to acting if you enjoy singing."

After all, she goes on, like most young actors these days, she was training to sing for years before she turned up in Albert Square. She's even recorded a couple of singles in her own right - a "solo" effort and one with a group called Young World, but, she says "both times the record companies went bust, which didn't exactly boost my confidence."

As for Paul Medford (who plays Kevin Thingle), he says his ambition has always been to be a singer anyway, and if you go to stage school you get taught singing, dancing and acting. (Extraordinary coincidence: Paul went to the same school of acting as Nick Berry!) "If

NICK BERRY

DO ALL ACTORS TO BE POP STARS?

these days: TV personalities (and almost everybody on *EastEnders*) making pop records. Isn't it all getting a bit out of hand? asks William Shaw...

you're an actor you've got to sing and dance these days," he says, "so that you're available for all the parts that come up"

Which is all fair enough, but doesn't Paul think that releasing bucketloads of singles from just the one soap opera is just a little bit over the top?

"Umm, well," Paul pauses, "if I was a member of the public, I'd agree with you... OK, I'll be honest. I do think it's absolutely ridiculous, but it's kind of out of my hands. They were building the story line around The Banned because they knew we both came from musical backgrounds, so it was a bit of a surprise when all these other singles came out before ours, but then the BBC works in mysterious ways..."

Nick Berry says he was actually chosen for the part because he could play the piano: "It was just another audition," he says. "My agent phoned me up and said, 'I don't think you're right for it but go along anyway'. They wanted somebody who could play an instrument"

"I used to play keyboards in a band, which is what I told them, but I think they wanted a pianist. As it is it's worked out alright."

So was it really his ambition to become a pop star, rather than an actor? "Nope," he says flatly. "I didn't fancy it."

The bloke who's been largely responsible for this rash of *EastEnders* singles is composer Simon May. He co-wrote the theme tune to the series and actually performs the thing with The Simon May Orchestra, and he's been in the business for quite a while: the theme from *Howards' Way* is one of his tunes, and, back in 1981, he provided another soap opera actor with a hit. Kate Robbins was in *Crossroads* playing Adam Chance's floozy when she had a number two hit with Simon May's "More Than In Love". So what does he think about all this malarkey? "Smiling" pop records just be left to pop stars?

"That's a very good question," answers Simon. "My answer to that is really that if you take out the word soap, what have you got? 'Opera'. So why shouldn't you put music into soap opera?"

(A philosopher writes. And if you take the word "opera" out of soap opera, what have you got? Erm... "Soap". And from that we deduce... not very much. Fiddle dee dee...)

Oh well, so do Letitia and Paul actually like the song that Simon May wrote for them? Paul says he does, though it's not really the sort or record he'd buy. And Letitia can't really make up her mind.

"Oh dear," she says. "I think it's quite a catchy number. I think it's quite danceable... But then I have to say that, don't I?"

Yes.

Photo: Personal Photo



▲ The apparently "handsome" Don Johnson of *Miami Vice* - zwinging his way to... at, somewhere with his single, "Heartbeat"



▲ The other bloke from *Miami Vice* - Phil Michael Thomas, failed miserably with his "LP" (album) "Living The Book Of My Life"

Photo: BBC



▲ Tom Watta is a Lobby of *EastEnders* did a lousy "version" of ancient old happy anthem "Suburbanese Homesick Blues"

Photo: BBC



▲ Anita Dobson is a Angie of *EastEnders* actually "succeeded" with the "single" "Anyone Can Fall In Love"

LETITIA DEAN AND PAUL MEDFORD



Something Outa Nothing

Close your eyes and watch the music playing on the radio/Listen to the colours that are running from your stereo/When you come to all your senses/You can read between the lines/And you'll jump the fence that seemed so hard to climb @ Chorus @ We're gonna make something outa nothing/Gonna turn a spark into a flame/We're gonna make something outa nothing/You have to take a chance to win the game/And suddenly s no one (somebody new)/Will be someone special to you @ They say don't try to beat the system/It's a fight you'll never win/But we know where we're going/And we know we're going to fit in/ 'Cause there's always strength in numbers/And that's just what friends are for/So let's turn the key and open up the door @ Repeat chorus @ Gonna leave our bridges burning bright/Set this world slight/London town is falling down tonight/Something outa nothing/Something outa something outa @ Repeat chorus @ Something outa nothing

© Words and music by May/James/James/Reproduced by permission Simon May Music Ltd/On BBC Records

THE No.1 MUSIC STATION ON THE PHONE.



NO. 1 SINGLE 0898 12 13 01

NO. 2 SINGLE 0898 12 13 02

NO. 3 SINGLE 0898 12 13 03

NO. 4 SINGLE 0898 12 13 04

NO. 5 SINGLE 0898 12 13 05

TOP 3 SINGLES MIX 0898 12 13 12

DAILY HITLINE 0898 12 13 13

LIVEWIRE GUIDE 0898 12 13 14

CHATBACK LINE 0898 12 13 15

SINGLES REVIEW 0898 12 13 16

COMPETITION LINE 0898 12 13 17

RM DANCE LINE 0898 12 13 18

KERRANG METAL LINE 0898 12 13 19

Presented by Mike Smith and Janice Long

If you want a direct connection to the latest chart sounds, Livewire puts you straight through to the best in music on the phone.

It's great for keeping up to date with the top singles. Music news. New releases.

And DJ's Mike Smith and Janice Long keep it all going every day with news, reviews and guests.

So get on the Livewire line any time day or night. And dial the number you want for the music you want to hear. No hang-ups.

L I V E W I R E

0 8 9 8 - 1 2 1 3 1 4

A call to Livewire costs 46p per minute peak and standard rate, and 23p per minute cheap rate ☎



**RUN
DMC**
KING OF ROCK

RUN DMC
SMASH HITS



compact

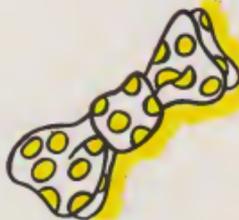
disc

Philips

watt

25

The



The D9954.

PHILIPS

Spread

Tony



all

over

his



bedroom.



Take a closer look!



A QUITE EXTRAORDINARY COMPETITION

ou couldn't find a more delightful selection of items on any two pages anywhere, could you? (Not even in an Argos catalogue, hem hem.) And if any of these superb, hand-picked free things takes your fancy, then you have qualified to enter this competition. Just "find" a postcard and write upon it a) the answers to the question at the bottom of the page, b) which particular stuff you want to win [e.g. if you want the Run DMC knick "knacks" write 4, Run DMC) and c) your own name and address. Then send the card off to: Smash Hits Quite Extraordinary Competition, 62-66 Canary Street, London W1V 1PF, and make sure it gets here by November 4. The first correct entries out of something extraordinary will win the various prizes.

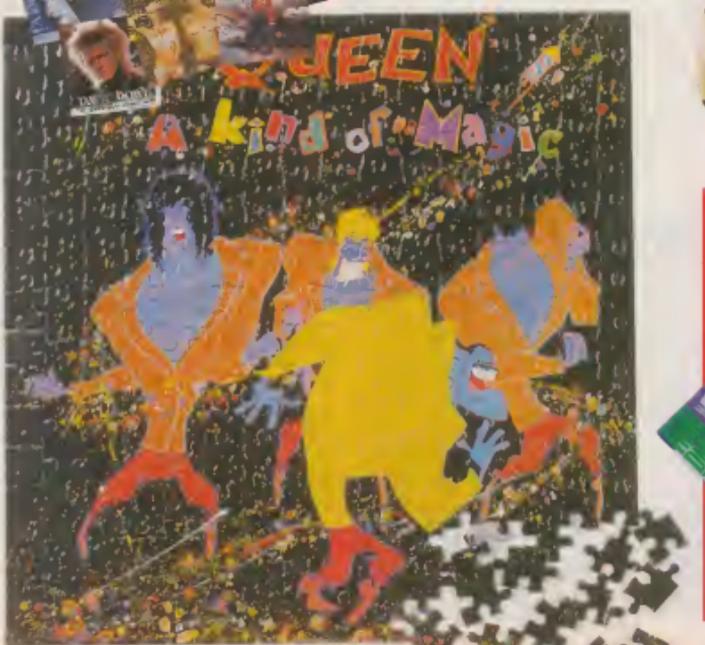
THE PRIZES

- 1. THE POLICE**
Heavy! Apply at once for one of 20 free copies of their compilation LP "Every Breath You Take". ALSO! 10 copies of their video compilation of the same name! (very requested).
- 2. JIBSAWS**
Someone's discovered that if you put an LP sleeve into lots of pieces you can spend hours and hours indulging in "harmless" family fun trying to put the nuddy thing back together again. So a company is now producing jigsaw puzzles based on famous record sleeves by the following people: **Queen, David Bowie, Tears For Fears, Madonna, Sam the Fox, Dion DiMico, Roxy Music** and **Madonna**. They sell in shops like HMV for £3.99 each, but we've got 25 sets of the 10 jigsaws to give away.
- 3. KILLING JOKE**
What we have here are 10 very nice T-shirts, in a size especially designed for **Killing Joke** by Shades of Swindon. ALSO! 25 copies of the group's new 12" single "Sandy" (though what they know about that topic heaven only knows now here). ALSO! Five swanky black canvas Killing Joke shirts.
- 4. RUN DMC**
They're why they're ohhhhhhh! They're, um, y'c-some! They are, in other words, v.v. brilliant! **Run DMC** shirts and DMC's going live of them away! ALSO! Five copies of their LP "Raising Hell" AND! 25 12" copies of their single "Walk This Way".
- 5. RED BOX**
Get your "head" around this: one **Red Box** are giving away 30 red boxes! (What a stupid idea — The entire nation 1 A1, but these red boxes contain special Red Box spoils: notepaper! ALSO! 25 copies of their new 12" single "For America".
- 6. IT'S IMMATRIAL**
FREE MONEY! It's true. It's immaterial are giving away 10 crisp blue notes, mounted and framed and actually signed by the bloke who designed them. ALSO! 25 copies of it's immaterial strategy filled yet immaterially good single "Space He Called From The Kitchen".
- 7. IRON MAIDEN**
You! A watch which features a picture of **Iron Maiden's** mascot Eddie (a "hat revolved green thing" on it. And we've got 10 of these quality items. ALSO! 25 Iron Maiden 1987 calendars. AND! 25 copies of their lovely new LP "Somewhere In Time".

- 8. THE 12 TAPE COLLECTION**
Your Cassettes containing five 12" max of angles, i.e. the long versions but of wobbly bits which you never get to hear on the radio. There are 10 tapes in the set, one by each of the following scrupulous **Paul Young, The Stranglers, The Clash, The Psychedelic Furs, Wham!, King, Michael Jackson, Cyndi Lauper, Meat Loaf** and **The 505 Band**. And BIC are giving away three whole sets of all 10 cassettes. Phew!

THE QUESTION

How many times does the word "five" (including the number "5") appear on a five pound note? Don't count the "serial" number, as they're always different (unless you've got a forgery haw haw).



3

1

2

D



5



6



7



4



8



THE POLICE

DON'T STAND SO CLOSE TO ME

Young teacher the subject
Of schoolgirl fantasy
She wants him so badly
Knows what she wants to be
Inside her there's longing
This girl's an open page
Book marking
She's so close now
This girl is half his age

Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand so close to me

Her friends are so jealous
You know how bad girls get
Sometimes it's not so easy
To be the teacher's pet
Frustration frustration
She won't make him cry
Well how stop she's waiting
His car is warm and dry

Don't stand so close to me

Don't stand so (don't stand so)
Close to me

Don't stand so (don't stand so)
Close to me
Don't stand so (don't stand so)
Close to me

Loose talk in the classroom
To hurt they try and try
Strong words in the staff room
The accusations fly
It's no use he sees her
He starts to shake
He starts to cough
Just like the old man
In that famous book
By Nabokov

Please don't stand so
(Don't stand so) close to me

Repeat and ad lib to fade

BOB GELDOF

After a long time away from the recording studio organising *BAND AID* and *LIVE AID*, Geldof is back making records again

His first solo single is now available
as a

7" (BOB101) and extended 12" (BOBX101)



"THIS IS THE WORLD CALLING"

Geldof's autobiography
IS THAT IT?
is available as a
Penguin Paperback



January



IMAGES CHANGE



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

Avanti: A new collection for fast dressers.

Avanti: Don't get left behind.



Jacquard sweater. S.M.L. £12.99

Black/purple/green, black/royal/orange or black/turq./red.

Shirt and trousers from a range.



Where value is always in fashion

SPANDAU BALLET

THROUGH THE BARRICADES

SINGLE OUT ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 27

7" + 12" +

7" GATEFOLD PICTURE BAG
(LIMITED EDITION ONLY)

U.K. TOUR DECEMBER 1986

6: SECC, GLASGOW, 10: BRIGHTON CONFERENCE CENTRE, 13,
14: BOURNEMOUTH INTERNATIONAL CENTRE, 16, 17: NEC,
BIRMINGHAM, 19, 20: G-MEX CENTRE, MANCHESTER, 22, 23,
24, 26, 27: WEMBLEY ARENA

CBS
REFORMATION





● I HAD THIS SPIN! Robert Palmer has in search of penpals aged 18-17 (actually my name's Paul Robert Palmer but who cares?) I'm into The Pet Shop Boys, Madonna, Five Star and the man himself so all you females get writing to Paul, 96 Sandpiper Road, Ipswich, Suffolk, IP2 9HT.

● Hello! I'm an 18 year old who's into The Smiths, Spear Of Destiny, The Cars, New Order, Echo, J&M, Hell Men Hell Biscuit and some reggae. If you are about my age and have similar tastes please write to: Fionn, 5 Mill Race, Swanland, North Ferry, North Humberside, HU14 3PW

● My name is Ian and I am 17 years old. I like Madonna, Five Star, Owen Paul, A-ha, Level 42 and much much more (apart from heavy metal). My interests include sport, disco and travel. Interested? Then write to: Ian, 54 Dallingford Road, Condon, Coventry, West Midlands, CV6 1CE

● Hi! We're two crazy girls and we're into A-ha, U2, Go West and Madonna. I am 19 yrs or girls feel like writing to us, then drop us a line. By the way, we're both 13. Claire and Elaine, 7 Park Road, Navan Road, Dublin 7, Ireland.

● My name is Paul Moran. I'm into The Eurythmics and would like to hear from 17-19 year olds who like them too. All replies answered so if you're interested please write to: 77 Bute Crescent, Dykehead, Shotts, Lenziehire, Scotland, ML7 4HC

● Hi! I'm a 12 year old less from England and I would like to hear from any guys or girls who aren't English. I'm into A-ha so if you are too please write to: Carla Harrison, 23 Richmond Street, Clokeathorn, W. Yorks, BD19 6EK.

● I'm Wicky, I'm 16 and looking for a female around the same age who looks like Janet Jackson or Whitney Houston. I am also mad about Wham! and A-ha so if you're interested then please write to: Craig Wychman, 55 Albert Road, Morley, Leeds, LS27 5PL

● Calling all Madonna fans in the USA. I'm an English girl who's into Madonna and would like an American penpal. I'm just 21. Write to: Tracey, Alma Cottage, Tickton, N. Beverley, N. Humberside, HU17 9SH

● My name's Paul and I'm 13. I'm into all rapping music, A-ha, Paul Hardcastle and Depeche Mode. I would like anybody who is 12 or over to write to: Paul Durn, 5 Foulds Close, Bacup, Lancs, OL13 9FN.

● Hi! I am a 15 year old female and my name is Amanda. My interests are Five Star, UB40 and Madonna. Any male or female from any part of the universe can write to me. Amanda Sharpe, 62 Seaven Tower, Cromwell Street, Northails, Birmingham 7, SBE

● 13-15 year olds, here's your chance! Write to a fun-loving female with an ear for most pop music. Male or female, English or French or any other nationality, write us anything with anything to: Angela Busin, 10 Stony Lane, Ripon, N. Halifax, W. Yorks, HX6 4PN

● I'm Andy, I'm 23 and I like Tears For Fears plus others. I would like female penpals to write to me at: 18 Ravenswood Road, Hoxton, Newcastle, NE6 5TU

● I'm a 15 year old girl called Sarah. I would like to write to anyone from anywhere in the world, especially if you're into Duran Duran, Madonna and Five Star. Please write to: Sarah Sauchan, 115 Rockford Way, Walmton-on-Naze, Essex, CO14 8SP

● Hi! Here's I'm a 15 year old boy into Bowie, Japan, Sylvian, Bauhaus and OMD. I'd like to hear from anyone, anywhere so write to: Jason, 13 Clady's Way, Copleston, Hants, PO8 5HS

● My name is Kim and I'm 18 years old. I like George Michael, Madonna, Janet Jackson, Prince and Sade as well as other music. I would like an American, Canadian or Australian penpal. If you're

interested please write to: 73 Fern Street, Bow, London, E3 3PT

● I'm a 13 year old male and I'm looking for a male or female penpal of the same age. I love Dina Strain, U2, Madonna and Simple Minds but I hate A-ha. If you're interested please write to: David Wall, Church Street, Eastcumbry, Co. Clare, Eire.

● My name is Craig Heats and I'm 14 years old. I love A-Basket and Betty Wright are brilliant and I like many other soul and jazz singers. If you too enjoy great music then write to me at: 13 Peterbrook Close, Oakenhaw, Redditch, Worcestershire, B98 7TF

● Hi! My name is Steve and I'm 18. I'm into Queen, Huey Lewis and generally enjoying life, and would like to correspond with any fun-loving girls. Steve Brown, 17 South Bailey, Durham, KH1 3EE

● I'm Roland and I'm into music that moves my feet - funk, soul, Simple Minds, U2, Sly Fox, Yello, T.F.F., I'd like any male or female penpal in England or abroad. Write to: 1 Stanchard Rd, Thornton Heath, Surrey

● Is there a special in your life that makes you feel like a volunteer? I'm a 15 year old British female, desperately seeking a penpal anywhere in the world. I like most music but my favs are The Cars, Boyz II Men, A-ha and UB40. If you want to know more about me then write to me. My name is Michelle and I live at: 54, Paul Park Crescent, Little Hulton, Worsley, Manchester, M28 0EU

● My name is Heidi and I'm into Beatnuts, Sex Pistols, Fuzzbox and PIL. Any male out there with the same interests write to: Heidi, 4 Hurlingham Road, Trinity Fields, Salford, S18 1GW

● Hi! My name is Britan and I'm into Dire Straits, Jannaranna, Queen, Robert Palmer and Madonna. I want lots of penpals and will reply to all letters - so if you're 16+ reply to: Brian Dax, 59 Botham House, Deckett Street, London E1 4RT

● Fishnet fans - if you like SSS then please write to me. Your age, sex or country doesn't matter, just as long as you write to me. Nic, 654 Avon Cottage Drive, Avoncliff, Nr. Ringwood, Hants, BH24 2BE

● Hi! I'm a 17 year old boy who's really into rock music and the horror writer Stephen King. I would love to write to fellow King admirers all over the world, especially North America. Write to me: Nick Siddons, Luffield Post Office, Lightcliffe, Halifax, West Yorkshire, England, HG8 2HT

● Hi! My name is Keith. I'm 18 and into fab groups like Japan, DD, Dire Straits, The Smiths, Ultravox and many chart songs. I like partying to disco and having a good time so put pen to paper all you pop fanatic girls aged between 18-20. Please write to: Keith Rees, Caley House,

YMCA Hostel, Kilwinning, Ayrshire, Scotland.

● Help! My letter box is going to starve if it does not get any letters soon. If you are a female from USA, Canada, France, Paris, UK, The World and you are into singing out, disco and just having a good time, please write to: Nail, White Gables, Mar Crescent, Deaux, Pictouville, Scotland, FK16 8DA

● Hi! Young male, 21 years old, will write to anyone about anything. Favourite music: Thompson Twins and Human League (remember them?) Write to: Mitch, 82 Wadda Grove House, Harcliffe, Bristol, BS13 0RY

● I like A-ha, Madonna and Ralph Macchio (The Karate Kid). I'm 13 years old and would like to hear from boys aged 13-15. My hobbies are listening to pop music and I like most sports. Claire Bryson, 10 Hetherly Ave, Crook, Co. Durham, DL15 9TW

● Hi! Yes! If you're a male, male, young, free and single, aged 14-17 and into A-ha, UB40 and other chart music, get scribbling to me! Rosemary Hunt, 30 Station Rd., Lower Standon, Hemel, Beds, SG16 6W

● Is there any male punk out there, 15-17 and longing to write to a 15 year old punkette into Bowie, Iggy, Siouxsie and most punk groups? If so, with contact Jo at: 123 Berry Lane, Washwood Heath, Birmingham, B6 2AJ

● Hi! I'm a little Gwyneth girl, my name is Sarah Louise. I'm 14 and I'm not into any group in particular. I just listen to whatever's on the radio so anybody out there put pen to paper and write to me at: 1 Badgicks Close, Mooth Farm, Luton, Beds, LU3 3NG

● Hi! Are there any loony American males out there? I thought so! If you're aged 13-16, and you fancy writing to a 14 year old female loony who is absolutely desperate to pizza, then write to: Rachel, 131 Osbourne Rd, Upper Belvedere, Kent, DA17 5NR, England

● Hi! I'm Claire and I'm 14 years old. If you are male, aged 14-19 and into U2, AC/DC, Level 42, UB40 and heavy metal, put pen to paper and write to me: Claire Brett, Tymar, La Saline Road, St Sampsons, Guernsey, Channel Islands

● DESPERATELY SEEKING MADONNA FANS. Must be female, fun-loving, 15-16 years old and hopefully addicted to Madonna. To be my 'Partner', write to: Jonathan, 18 Merton Close, Freshwater, Isle Of Wight, PO40 9NG

● My name is Sharon. I'm 16 and looking for a crazy male and female beings on the planet earth like Sade, Prince and Stan Ridgway and about anything else. Write to: 16B Nightingale Place, Johnstone, Renfrewshire, Scotland, PA5 0TB



"We get on the bus. We get off the bus. We don't know where we are. We don't know what we do. We don't know what *Smash Hits* is."

BON JOVI

Interview: Lola Borg Photos: Andy Catlin

Indianapolis, Indiana, is a city that's not really anywhere — neither East or West Coast, North or South. It's just slap bang in the middle of America. It apparently has the lowest crime rate of all the major cities in the USA and it definitely has the fewest loonies wandering around. In fact, the Indianapolis people, or "Hoosiers" (?), are so unused to foreigners that just being English is enough to make you something of a celebrity.

"I've seen English people in films before," said one local man. "But I've never actually met one. It's a privilege." And he shakes my hand.

And here in the tastelessly decorated "Fleming Bar" of Indianapolis' poshest hotel, the Hyatt, the people skulking around even look like they live in Nowheresville, USA. Except, that is, for a cluster of girls ordering drinks. They've got blonde hair (either of the shaggy or sticky-up variety), tight jeans, leather jackets and lots of make-up. These are Bon Jovi fans and it stands out a mile. And they are lurking here because this is the hotel where Bon Jovi are staying.

"Here comes another one," I observe to the group's press officer sitting next to me, as another "chick" with blonde shaggy hair and a leather jacket trots in.

"Actually, she replies, "that's Jon Bon Jovi."

"You've just heard of me in England," says Jon Bon Jovi. "But I've been humping the streets for three years." Er, quite.

We're talking in his hotel room but it's obvious he doesn't particularly enjoy being interviewed. In less formal situations — whether it's with the group as they throw paper seroplanea off the 20th floor of the hotel at people below, or downing tequilas in the bar — he's noticeably more relaxed. At the moment he's twiddling with his foot, fidgeting on his chair and tapping drum rhythms on the table. He even turns on the TV half way through, happens on an American football game and shouts at the screen.

"You probably think I'm a shitty interview," he apologises. "The reality is that I'm not going to act like you know everything about us. We're not the kind of band that you just walk in and we spill our guts."

It's true: most people in England don't

know much about this group, but Bon Jovi are huge in America. A recent competition on a New York radio station prompted literally millions of entries. Their LP is number four in the charts and, as we already know, girls in tight jeans hang around in bars waiting for them.

So who are they? Well, Jon Bon Jovi is 24 and comes from Bruce Springsteen Land — New Jersey. His mother is a florist, his Sicilian father's a hairdresser.

"Sure he does my hair," says Jon. "The rest of the band? Sure. If anyone needs a haircut and he's got a pair of scissors..." (But not, it seems, the keyboard player. He's flown to Canada today to get his hair done.)

Jon started playing the guitar when he was 15 or 16, and didn't bother going to college.

"All anyone ever does at college is get drunk and live in these shitty little Frat houses (college rooms). And I'm not that kind of person. I'm a loner."

He took a succession of jobs, in a junk yard, a fast-food store and a shoe-shop. They didn't last long. Take the shoe-shop, for example.

"It was a family store," he explains. "I was only 16. You had to wear a jacket and tie. But my jacket was this sort of stone-washed, lime-green denim. I had long hair, I'd wear sunglasses and I'd try and wait on people. It was 1978, and Springsteen was closed yet, and when Springsteen came on I turned the set way up. People jumped back. The guy came up to me and said, 'Hey, rock star, you're fired!'"

In 1983 Jon made a single, "Runaway", which was picked up by a local radio station DJ. From there it got played on a chain of stations in 15 cities, but at that time he was "without a band, without a manager, without a record company. No nothing. Just me." So he decided to form a group.

"I figured I'd let the song fizzle out and play a couple of clubs in Jersey, keep writing and get a deal someday. So I put the band together, and told everybody 'No money. We're just going to play for a couple of weeks!'"

That was four years ago and Alec John Such (who plays bass), Tico Torres (the drummer), David Bryan (the keyboard player who gets his hair done in Canada) and guitarist Richie Sambora are still with him.



"We're best friends," Jon insists. "That's more important to me than being the best player or great looking. We always socialise. We even go on holiday together. The band is my family. That's it. I got the band, the band got each other. That's what we got and we dig it."

In England "the band" have a reputation for being very "rock 'n' roll". One of the British "news" papers ran several Don't-Trust-Them-With-Your-Daughters type stories. Another story recounted an evening the group spent at a dodgy London restaurant where the waitresses dress up as schoolgirls and "spank" their customers should they not eat up all their food. The group allegedly took two waitresses back to their hotel room, the details reached the papers and the girls were sacked.

Jon won't say very much about this episode except "I was there". So what about the story in the press?

"I heard the girls got fired," he says. "I was really upset. I felt terrible. But nothing happened like that newspaper said."

"So it was completely innocent then, was it?"

"Nothing in this band is ever innocent. But it was not what the paper said, and it was not a night of drinking and sex and everyone in the hotel room together in a big orgy. Basically, I was so drunk I fell asleep, you know? I left the restaurant, went back to the hotel and then a bunch of people banged on my door. I had a couple more drinks and fell asleep. I heard about it in the papers. I felt real bad that they got fired because they were real nice kids."

He also seems at great pains – too great perhaps – to point out that the group are not a bunch of rampaging romeos.

"You're in my hotel room, right? Do you see anything?"

"We try to be perfect gentlemen," he says. "We like to be nice guys. You guys have seen too much pop. You think we're the devil. We're not the devil. We're just a rock 'n' roll band."

Jon talks about "rock 'n' roll" a lot. For a start, that's how he describes their music. But he maintains, he does not act like a "rock star".

"At eight o'clock every night, I take that guy out of the road case, put him on, and at nine o'clock I put him back. He's me, but I'm not a flamboyant rock star with the entourage and the sunglasses and the hairspray and the make-up. I don't do it. I even had a nice shirt on today to go in my wardrobe girl's mother."

But it's an undeniable fact that Bon Jovi do conform to the classic image of an American rock band. Richie has a hideous ring designed for two fingers with his name emblazoned on it and set with diamonds. And the rest of the group give the impression they wouldn't be seen dead without a pair of squeaky tight denims. Jon, wearing a pair of snakeskin cowboy boots and a cluster of things round his neck which can only be described as the rock and roll equivalent of a medallion, says in

on stage, unless he's in a major city like London or Japan, he hasn't got the foggiest where he is. The name of the town he's in is always written on his microphone.

"We get on the bus. We get off the bus. We don't know where we are. We don't know what we do. We don't know what Smash Hits is. I don't know! I know England's that way (he points). OK? Hesthrow's the airport. OK? I know that. And the pound ain't worth what it used to be to the dollar, so I'm in trouble!"



▲ Bon Jovi, left to right: David Bryan, Tico Torres, Jon Bon Jovi, Richie Sambora, Alec John Elias.

"We try to be perfect gentlemen. We like to be nice guys. You think we're the devil. We're not the devil..."

all seriousness he's a "not fashion conscious".

"I went out to dinner today so I had to be a nice guy. Otherwise I'd be walking around in sweatpants. Yesterday I had on these moth-eaten sweatpants, yellow socks and a baseball cap." On stage he wears such items as purple palsey lycra trousers. And playing live, he in aiais, is what the group is all about. Which presumably is why they tour so extensively – Indianapolis is only one stop on a tour that will last at least eight months and will include Britain, Japan and Europe as well as America.

"I like this," he says of touring. "You don't know where you're going and you don't care. Wherever I can plug in a guitar..."

Jon claims that he had no idea he was in Indianapolis until he saw a picture of Abraham Lincoln (a famous US President who used to live here) and that whenever he's

jumps about, runs on the spot, bounds onto the upper stage to bash the drums and generally acts like someone having a minor fit. And he keeps it up for 45 minutes.

The guitarists, meanwhile, make sure that everyone is getting down to some serious rock 'n' rolling. The audience go quite bonkers – especially the girls. However much Bon Jovi try to play down their appeal to women (and they do, Jon claims, even to the extent of not having their photo on album sleeves) there's not very much that can do about it. After the show there are some frightened-looking girls lurking around by the stage door waiting to pounce. There are even some banging on the windows of the bus shouting "We want Bon Jovi!"

After the escape in the tour bus, Jon relaxes in his hotel room.

"I'm going to do everything in my power not to go drinking tonight," he resolves, "because I do that every night." Last night he had "a couple hundred tequila's". Tomorrow if I early and off to another show in Evanston, wherever that is. Tonight he's tired. Not surprising really, but he's quite happy to chat away about the group's plans for their next video.

"It starts with the bow at the end of the show and it takes you to the bus, the hotels, the truckstop. To show all the bad parts of being on the road. I want the kids to know who we are. Because the guy who gets off that stage doesn't get in the road case. He goes to a hotel room, he goes down to maybe try to get something to eat and he goes to the bar and has a drink with his friends. And the kids want to know that... And I can't have 50,000 of them in my room every night so they can watch it on TV."

"I've done eight videos now.

Eight? No, seven. And these directors try to make movies out of my songs!" he says in disgust. "They can all die! I say 'No, no, no. You film us. Done. This is what we do on stage. We have fun.'"

Isn't it rather difficult to go on stage and "have fun" when you're dog tired and you've been having a kip beforehand?

"Not when you hear 15,000 kids going bananas. I don't care if I had a broken leg, I'd go out there and... I broke a cymbal in my hand one night. I punched the hell out of it. I busted it right down the side because I was just having so much fun. I had so much energy. Did you see when I turned the houselights on? There's 15,000 kids out there on their seats. That is like the coolest thing. It beats... 'He pauses for a moment. "It beats Kinney's."

Kinney? a?

"The shoe store."

Oh.

THEY'RE BACK

THEY'RE

NOTORIOUS

THEY'RE

DURAN DURAN



THE NEW 7" AND 12"

DDN-45  12-DDN-45





IT'S IMMATERIAL

“We made
‘Life’s Hard’
with a DX
and an
80 year-old
banjo player.”

Hardly an obvious combination, but obvious this band isn't.

John Campbell and Jarvis Whitehead were first shown around a DX by Jerry Harrison, keyboards man with Talking Heads, but the style is all their own.

On 'Life's Hard And Then You Die' they linked a DX with a banjo player who'd made his first record in the year dot on a cylinder disc. "He recorded at Abbey Road during the Blitz."

And they've even tried a DX with marimbas and a Chilean nose flute, of all things.

"We're not technobrats," says Jarvis. "Anyone can use one."

A DX, that is. Not a Chilean nose flute.



HOWARD JONES HAS HAD A BABY

A little boy, to be exact. He's called Osheen (!) and, at 12 weeks old, has already flown in a plane 11 times and been backstage to meet the Eurythmics. "I have been known to change nappies," says Howard. "I really enjoy wiping his bum." Yes, yes, says William Shaw, but what about your new album. . . ?

Howard Jones has just been confronted by this life-size picture of himself that's been stuck up at the bottom of the stairs in his record company.

"Oh look," he giggles. "It's Howard Jones. He's got a new image! People are always saying that to me. . . He's got a new image! Every week!"

Howard Jones has got a new image. That's to say he's snipped his hair a bit and, he says, it looks like someone's plonked a bowl on his head and cut around it.

He's just stepped off the plane from Dublin, where he lives in a two bedroomed flat with his wife Jan, and he keeps insisting that he don't have to worry because I don't not going to talk about all those usual Howard Jones-sh things like, er, vegetarianism.

He sits himself down, removes a very posh pair of dark glasses and leans forward.

"So, I'm getting on the cover?" he enthuses. "That's fantastic! And like the idea of Ade (Edmondson) being in it too. I've loved everything The Comic Strip have ever done. I met him once too, when I was doing that Comic Relief thing with The Young Ones, so I saw them in their absolutely raw form. There's no holds barred when they're doing that sort of thing. I was laughing for about four hours solid."

So anyway, what has Howard been up to this last six months? Well, he says, he's been recording his LP. . .

"It's been really intense," he explains. "Because I wanted to get everything right. I wanted the lyrics to be really happening, to reflect what I've learnt in the past year. Much more intense than the last two. . . And then I flew to New York to mix the record. . . and I've been doing videos and doing TV shows. . ."

In fact, only the day before he's been recording *Top Of The Pops*. And he says that he absolutely hates looking at himself on TV. He's got a whole collection of his appearances on video.

"I think they're all terrible," he

admits. "I can barely watch them. I force myself to in case there's something I can learn from them, but it's agony."

But apart from recording his new LP and embarrassing himself a few times on television, what else has he been doing?

"Well," Howard pauses.

"... that's about it."

Ern. . . hasn't he also become the "proud" father of a baby boy?

"Oh yes!" says Howard loudly, sounding a bit like someone who's forgotten to put the milk bottles out. "That's right. . . yes! I had a baby!" he laughs.

And the fact that it was a boy must have come as a bit of a surprise to Howard, because the last time he spoke to Smosh Hits he'd been quite confident in announcing that it was going to be a girl and he knew that because he'd been twiddling a pendulum over Jan's pregnant belly and had - apparently - divined its sex by the way the odd device swung around. . . or something. Anyway, they've christened the boy with an Irish name, Osheen.

"Yes, it is a bit unusual, but then I don't think that parents give their children names that are unusual enough. There are all these great names and they don't get used."

And did Howard sit nervously biting his nails outside the delivery room while waiting for the birth? No, he certainly didn't. He went in and witnessed the birth.

"Yes, I was there! It was, er. . . pretty horrific. I think you've got to witness it though," he adds, going all "goosey". "It's a miracle. . . the closest thing I've ever seen to a miracle."

Osheen is 12 weeks old now, and already he's had to accustom himself to a "rock'n'roll lifestyle", he's been on a plane 11 times and he also popped along to see The Eurythmics playing live in Stockholm.

"He's got a backstage 'Access All Areas' pass on his cot!" quips Howard.

And he enjoys listening to his dad plonking away at the piano.

So is Howard Jones a domesticated father?

"Well, I've been feeding him. . . I give him pear sauce, which he likes, and winter vegetables which he gets all over himself. (Speeoo!) And I have been known to change nappies. I really enjoy wiping his bum. He's a real sweet child."

And that's quite enough of that horrible subject, thank you.

What else has Howard been getting up to? Well, he's been going to nightclubs a lot, since it is one of his favourite pastimes.

"I went to the Limestone the other day (swanky new London club mode out of an old church), but I can't say that I thought much of the music they were playing there. Any excuse and I'll go to a club: when we travel around I try and go to a club in every place we visit. I love dancing all night."

"No," he admits, "I'm not very good at it, but that doesn't put me off. I'm learning. I get lessons from Adrodsiac (the backing singers that Howard uses when he's on tour).

They teach me a new dance step every time I go out with them."

And, according to a report in one "news" paper, Howard has been toying with the idea of opening a restaurant.

"Yes," he says. "It's an ambition of mine, but I haven't got it together yet. . . It'd be really good to open a chain of fast food veggie burger shops, that'd be great. I don't know if I'd have the time to do it, but wouldn't it be good? A rival for McDonald's."

"Did you know?," he says, coming over all serious for a second, "that 480 million animals a day die in Britain for food? 480 million! That's a lot of death. That's a lot of violence. . ." Howard suddenly stops when he realises he's got on to that subject again.

"Aoorgh!" he says, putting his hands around his neck and trying to strangle himself.

"I met Chrissie Hynde the other day," he announces. "Did you know that she's been a vegetarian for 17 years?!"

Er, no I didn't, actually.

THIS MAN LOVED

Little Richard was wearing make-up and singing pervy songs and shocking "I'm a living legend!" he tells



1955: A singer called Little Richard from

Georgia in the USA turns up at a recording session. He's got a reputation for being a bit weird, wearing exceptionally loud clothes and appearing on stage plastered in make-up and false eyelashes. His hair is combed up into an outrageous peak on the top of his head. Up till now he's been earning money performing as a female impersonator, playing piano and singing in small dives around the southern United States, and recording the occasional minor hit.

One of the songs he records that day is a cleaned-up version of an obscure little ditty called "Tutti Frutti" which starts with Little Richard screaming at the very top of his voice "A-wop-bop-a-loo-mop-a-lop-bam-boom" before he begins thumping away widdly at the piano. Earnest historians of "rock" music will tell you that that moment marked



▲ The 50s: The "cheek" goes into over Little Richard's "Tutti Frutti" (it is his heart)

the true birth of "rock'n'roll". It also marked the launching of quite the weirdest career in pop's history

Thirty-one years later Little Richard is sitting in a London hotel and reminiscing about his bizarre career. He's still plastered in make-up but he looks fantastically young for his 53 years. And he's still completely over the top.

"I created this music," he announces loudly. "I was the innovator and then everybody jumped on the bandwagon. What you got to remember is that when I started it was so DARING, so DANGEROUS that I was completely rejected by every system in the country. Everybody thought I was loony burlesque. They didn't want their kids to have anything to do with me. 'This guy's crazy! He's a MUTT!' They just thought I was the craziest. They didn't like the make-up or the powder I put on my face. My family thought I was a disgrace. They thought I was the worst look that's been since

B-KO
PRODUCTIONS

present

GO WEST



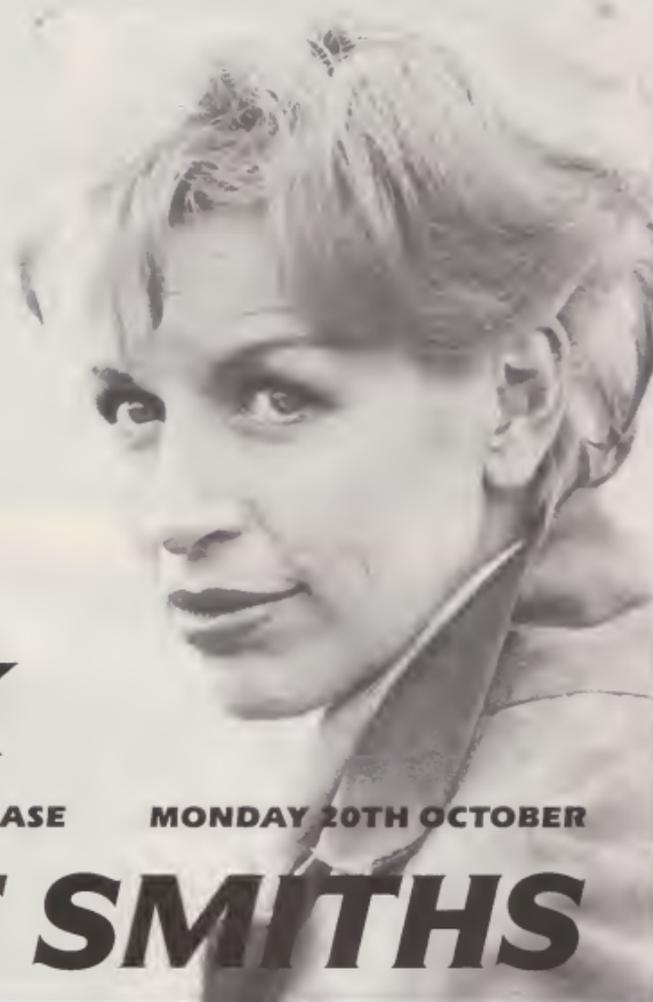
Sheffield City Hall	3rd March 1987
Sheffield City Hall	4th March 1987
Newcastle City Hall	6th March 1987
Newcastle City Hall	7th March 1987
Manchester Apollo	9th March 1987
Manchester Apollo	10th March 1987
Liverpool Royal Court	12th March 1987
Edinburgh Playhouse	15th March 1987
Birmingham Odeon	18th March 1987
Birmingham Odeon	19th March 1987
Birmingham Odeon	21st March 1987
Brighton Centre	24th March 1987
Ipswich Gaumont	27th March 1987
Ipswich Gaumont	28th March 1987
Nottingham Royal Centre	2nd April 1987
London Hammersmith Odeon	5th April 1987
London Hammersmith Odeon	6th April 1987
London Hammersmith Odeon	8th April 1987
London Hammersmith Odeon	9th April 1987
Bournemouth International Centre	11th April 1987
St. Austell Cornish Coliseum	12th April 1987

This tour replaces the November and December shows.
All tickets already purchased are valid for the new dates,
please check your box office for precise details.
All show tickets are now on sale at theatre box offices and the usual agents.

NEW SINGLE ON 7" & EXTENDED 12"
HEARTBREAK BEAT



PSYCHEDELIC FURS



ASK

THE NEW RELEASE

MONDAY 20TH OCTOBER

THE SMITHS

7" (RT 194) BIW CEMETRY GATES

12" (RTT 194) WITH EXTRA TRACK GOLDEN LIGHTS

**ROUGH
TRADE**

DISTRIBUTED BY THE CARTEL

THE MISSION ✠ STAY WITH ME

Books and covers and part time lovers
Sneaky rooms in cities of rust
I'm stranded struck out on this line
Of smoke and fire and steel and wire
And glass and spire and dust
On the floor at dawn with lips tart and drawn
Sleepless nights I've spent with angels heaven sent

Chorus

Stay with me lay with me lay down by my side
Stay with me lay with me take me deep inside
Lay with me stay with me lay with me stay
With me stay with me

Born of the sign of air and the twins
Speak of days and another place
I wander as the pygmy under a beckoning moon
Speak of time and another face
A wayward and feral cry a rising and fervid sigh
From the cradle to the grave a love to desire and crave

Repeat chorus

I'll tough for you and I'll dance for you
But don't ask me to shed any tears when I have to go
You are a joy and a pleasure to love and to hold
Your promise is as pure as the driven snow
Passing ships in the night a touch disorient and light
Eyes that brightly shine your love tonight is mine

Repeat chorus

Stay stay with me
Stay stay stay with me

Words and music by Muzzy Adams-Walker/Dawn
Reproduced by permission RCA Music
© Mercury Records

I'M TALKING

DO YOU WANNA BE

FIRST SINGLE
AVAILABLE FROM 13TH OCTOBER
ON 7" (LON 114) &
12" EXTENDED DANCE MIX
(LONX 114)

ARE YOU LISTENING?



PAUL



P E D



“have all that you desire”



liverpool

(z i t i q 8)

N A S H



the second frankie album
on record, cassette and compact disk



H O L L Y

It's frankie, *and frankie only*



liverpool



M A R K



A SMASH HITS 'FASHION' 'SPECIAL'

i.e. how to look completely brilliant for not very much money in four entirely different record shops while someone you've never met comes over and snogs with you (or something) . . .

● Styling: Cath Murphy ● Photos: Chris Craymer



■ Rather a lot of puerile and highly unattractive "spooring" outside **Reckless Records** (specialists in rock n roll records, "rarities" and the like), 30 Berwick Street, London W1.

HIM: ● Jacket with sleeves not as too short - £34.95 from "branches" of Hennes. ● Stripy "hoop" that you can only see the sleeves of - £19.99 from Top Shop. ● Jeans with Shaven Shaver's "style" (sweat suit with wide turn-ups - £18.99 from C & A).

● Gymnast's (in converse boots) with an "arc" (sweat suit) - £24.95 from Londale, 19 Brewer Street, London W1.

HER: ● Checked jacket - £39.99 from Scruffs (Hem here) in "Top" Shop. ● Red jumper (not you can't see the pattern) - £22.99 from Hennes. ● Checked skirt which has the worrying tendency of sticking to bottom (price - £19.99 from Scruffs in Top Shop). ● Black shoes that you can't see properly cos they merge into the pavement but they're very nice - £39.99 (a "sneep") from Top Water in Doris. ● Bucket of cold water . . . ok, sorry, wrong caption.

RECKLESS RECORDS



HIT MAN RECORDS

Some very embarrassing and shame-faced "inter-twining" inside Hit Man Records (specialists in all sorts of soul, go-go and rap "waxings"), Lexington Street, London W1.

HIM ● Blue Adidas jacket with red bits on it that's meant to make you look quite "fit" - £60 from Olympus Sport, 301 Oxford Street, London W1 ● Black top that you can't see, very well - £22.99 from Hennes ● Blue "prouser" with red bits on - £20.99 from Olympus Sport ● Adidas socks - £3 from Olympus Sport ● Chains you can just see a glint of - £3.99 from Fenwick, 13 New Bond Street, London W1

HER ● "Bovver" hair - £1.99 from Hennes ● Shiny black jacket - £20.99 from Scruffs in Top Shop ● Adidas "sweat" shirt (and no wonder with a jacket like that on her hair) - £42.99 (well) from Olympus Sport ● Skirt (no trousers or fly) - £13.99 from Esprit in Hupper Hyper, 25-43 Kensington High Street, London W8 ● Stripy "leggings" which have the worrying tendency of wringing themselves round sporty blakes. Trousers - £12.99 from Top Shop ● Adidas boots with laces in the Run GMC would beat them up 4 their "paths" (crossed) - £36.99 from - surprise! - Olympus Sport



the
HMV
 sho

■ A brief intermission from swoonin' n' moonin' in wonder round the Treccardis so-called "shopping centre" in London's Leicester Square and ... look at some records in HMV! (Thank God for that!) - The manager of the HMV shop.

H&B: ● **Snag 'n' coxy jacket with hood** (i.e. an anorak) - £73.99 (so if you buy this you won't be able to afford to put the bin on so it will be well r'n' shop 'n' copy) from Herway. ● **Blue "jumper"** with a furry pattern on - £42.90 from Benetton. ● **Crinkly "breeks"** (i.e. trousers) with "w'd" - grass burn-ups - £24 by Levis from Jean-Jacques. ● **Soft 'n' springy ped-about shoes** with jiggly tassels on - £26.99 by Roland Cartier from Saxe.

HER: ● **Red duffel coat** with "oggles" and fapose lapels - £59.99 from Top Shop. ● **Jumper** with a furry design on - £15.99 from Top Shop. ● **Stripy 'n' Rowsay carigan** - £19.99 from 'C' & A. ● **Stripy shirt** - £14.99 from 'C' & A. ● **Suede shoes** (same as the last ones) - £29.99 by Top Toe from Dolci.





■ Oh good, they've fallen out. If... er, no they haven't, they're best trying to look a bit cool because they've "maraculously" transformed themselves into a pair of posers! Time for a squirt at the "winds" records in **On The Beat**, 22 Honey Street, London W1. (All sorts of "Independent" and rare records - write to them, enclosing an S.A.E. if you've been difficulty finding a particular "disc".)

HIM ● **Folly shirt** (very nice - except for a forgotten to back it into his pockets and if he neither sees fastidious he'd get a big slap round the back of the knee) - £13.99 from **Horrid**

● **Michie jumper** (a nice little hearse the "shit") - £29.99 from **Top Shop** ● **Pigeon coat** (like the one Drew Pearson of The Damned wears to look "screaky") - £44.99 by **Scruffs** from **Top Shop** ● **Tight black "business"** (Woolworth)

● **Black "business"** (Woolworth) etc. etc. - £28 from **Johnsons**, 49-53 Kensington Market, London W8 ● **Pointy boots** for administering punctured stile to "understraps" - £22 from **Johnsons**

HER ● **Jackie** with pure "rock" zip - £24.99 from **Horrid** ● **Yellow jumper** with "bugle" - £29.99 from **Top Shop** ● **"Biscuits"** with slipaway tist - £18.99 from **Scruffs**

in **Top Shop** ● **Black shirt** (with in-built "belly") - £14.99 from **Top Shop** ● **"Doc" Martens** with reinforced rubber soles for doing prancing "boobies" in a "gig" - £22.99 from **Shekely's**, 159 Oxford Street, London W1.

● **Black "business"** (Woolworth) etc. etc. - £28 from **Johnsons**

● **Black "business"** (Woolworth) etc. etc. - £28 from **Johnsons**

● **Black "business"** (Woolworth) etc. etc. - £28 from **Johnsons**

● **Black "business"** (Woolworth) etc. etc. - £28 from **Johnsons**

● **Black "business"** (Woolworth) etc. etc. - £28 from **Johnsons**

● **Black "business"** (Woolworth) etc. etc. - £28 from **Johnsons**

On the Beat

MUSIC
MACHINE

7UP

CASSETTE OFFER

**BRYAN FERRY • KATE BUSH • MARILLION
PET SHOP BOYS • ARETHA FRANKLIN
TALK TALK • FIVE STAR**

£2.49



IF you would like to get hold of the most refreshing sounds around just send a cheque or postal order for £2.49 payable to: 7UP Music Machine '86 - with a 7UP bottle label or 7UP can ring pull to: 7UP Music Machine 80 Cromer Street London WC1H 8DJ.

To 7UP "Music Machine" Offer, 80 Cromer Street, London WC1H 8DJ.
I would like to obtain a copy of the 7UP Music Machine cassette and enclose my cheque/money order for £2.49 plus one proof of purchase of 7UP.

Name _____

Address _____

It's back! It's true, on that never-ending spiral, that swirling mat that is called "time", a very important point has once again been reached - Smosh Hits Readers' Poll time. One "short" year ago, Duran Duran won just about everything. Whom? Well just about everything else, and lots of people who've been rather quiet of late - e.g. Go West, Tears For Fears, Scritti Politti, King and the Thompson Twins - did quite well. Since then Whom don't seem to know whether they exist or not, and loads of people who were merely a twinkle in last year's poll - e.g. The Housemartins, The Pet Shop Boys, Five Star, Prince and The Communards - have done very well indeed, not to mention some Norwegian troupe called A-ha (last year's "Most Promising Newcomers", fact fiends!). In other words, things have changed quite a bit in the last 12 months.

So, to make your mark on the lush candelwick bedspread that is "pop" (not to mention the never-ending spiral etc., etc. that is "time"), merely fill in that thing on the right (for it is the 1986 Smosh Hits Readers' Poll form), snip it out, and post it to the address of the bottom of the form by November 5. The results will be printed in the New Year issue - unless the world gets eaten by a giant moth first - but to pass the time until then here is a "list" of some of the past year's personalities (useful for those who are a trifle short of memory cells, e.g. the "Ed").

- Five Star • Pretty In Pink • The Style Council • John Peel
- U2 • Blue Peter • Rock Around The Clock • Pete Dinklage
- Wham! • Margaret Thatcher • Depeche Mode
- The Cure • UB40 • Jewel Of The Nile • Alison Moyet
- Razzamajazz • Brother Beyond • Shanghai Surprise
- Button Moon • Sigur "Sigur" Spunk • Suzanne Vega
- EastEnders • Mike Read • Sly Fox • The Tube • Prince
- ZZ Top • Crossroads • Hill Street Blues • Spandau Ballet
- Cobra • Rainbow • The Smiths • Paul Young
- At Close Range • Bay Group • Cyndi Lauper • Annie Lennox
- Reward • The Pogues • Miami Vice • Madonna • Amazulu
- The Housemartins • Hollywood Beyond • Top Of The Pops
- The Chart Show • Run DMC • Queen • Sid And Nancy
- It Bites • Big Audio Dynamite • Cameo • Bruno Brookes
- Go West • Bob Geldof • Tina Turner • Coronation Street
- Status Quo • Rad Stewart • Under The Cherry Moon • Wagon
- Nu Shaaz • The Pet Shop Boys • Elton John • Chrs De Burgh
- Doctor And The Medics • Samantha Fox • Stan Ridgway
- Neil Kinnock • Dempsey And Makepeace • The Bangles • Falco
- Billy Idol • Solid Soul • Cliff Richard • Madam Talking
- Psychedelic Furs • Similla • Anita Dobson • Teen Wolf
- Owen Paul • Genesis • Boris Gardiner • Claire And Friends
- Howard Way • Bruce Springsteen • The Communards
- We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It
- Blind Date • Ban Jai • AC/DC • Su Pollard
- The Mautaux Rock Festival • The Damned • Spitting Image
- The Jesus And Mary Chain • The Blow Monkeys • A-ha
- Janice Long • Frankie Goes To Hollywood • The Stranglers
- Talking Heads • Duran Duran • Rebel • Simply Red
- Dee C Lee • Level 42 • Saxon • The Grange Hill Cast
- Korote Kid • Haywaade • Jaki Graham • Big Country
- Gary Numan • Top Gun • The Human League • Robert Palmer
- New Order • Janet Jackson • Highlander • Howard Jones
- Nik Kershaw • Whistle Test • Lloyd Cole • Branski Beat
- Dead Or Alive • Brookside • The Power Station • Ultravox
- Gary Davies • Hipsway • Whitney Houston • Simon Bates
- Huey Lewis • Arcadia • Mike Smith • Iron Maiden

REVIEWS

Smash Hits Readers' Poll

BEST GROUP

WORST GROUP

BEST MALE SINGER

BEST FEMALE SINGER

BEST SINGLE

WORST SINGLE

BEST LP

BEST VIDEO

WORST VIDEO

BEST MUSIC TV PROGRAMME

BEST NON-MUSIC TV PROGRAMME

WORST TV PROGRAMME

BEST DJ

WORST DJ

BEST FILM

BEST TV AD

WORST TV AD

BEST DRESSED PERSON

WORST DRESSED PERSON

MOST PROMISING NEW ACT

MOST FANCIABLE PERSON

MOST VERY HORRIBLE THING

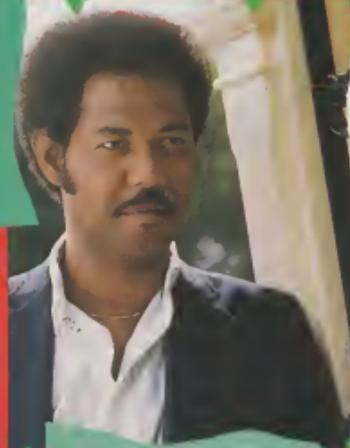
MOST COMPLETELY USELESS PERSON

POST YOUR COMPLETED FORM TO: SMASH HITS READERS' POLL, 27 TRESHAM ROAD, ORTON SOUTHGATE, PETERBOROUGH PE2 0SG.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

scribble!!



BORIS GARDINER

You're Everything To Me

I touch your skin and warm my fingertips
 I feel something burning when I touch your lips
 I'm gonna make at least a billion trips back to you ooh

You brighten my world if it's rain or shine
 You touched my life and got it back in line
 Sometimes I can't believe you're really mine I love you

Chorus

'Cause you're everything a woman ought to be
 Sweet and kind and pure of mind and beautiful to see
 Yes you're everything that I could ever need
 You are everything to me

Oh baby

You lit the fire that burns deep in my heart
 You smiled at me and made the music start
 I never dreamed I'd hold a work of art such as you
 Such as you

Repeat chorus

Woah you're everything to me yeah

Oh baby

You brighten my world if it's rain or shine
 You touched my life and got it back in line
 Sometimes I can't believe you're really mine I love you

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Ben Peters

*Reproduced by permission The Welk Music Group Ltd
 On Creole/Revue Records*

CHART MAIL LTD.

Official Calendars, PO Box 658, Acton, London W3 9HS, UK

The 1987 Official Calendars are here! They cost only £3.99 + 26p postage. Order 3 or more and postage is free. Send your cheques, postal orders or cash (no coins please) made payable to Calendar Offer, to the address above. Calendars will be dispatched within 14 to 21 days (allow 28 in the UK). Order early, demand will be great (tell us the calendar you require, and write your name and address and postcode clearly, saying it is from the Official range). Order 5 get the 5th FREE.



Order from a company you can trust
 We only advertise what we have in stock.

Also US: Buddy Holly, Nik Kershaw, Kiss, Madonna, Barry Manilow, Miami Vice, George Michael, The Stones, Wham, Paul Young, 1987 Men, Doors, Arsenal, Celtic, Chelsea, Everton, Liverpool, Manchester United, Rangers, Spurs, West Ham, Sharp Cars, Merlino, Simple Minds, Dire Straits, Spandau Ballet, Tears For Fears, Max Headroom. All these calendars are 114 x 162 mm full colour PLUS at £3.99 + 50p — Dapcbe Moda, 5 Star, Transformers, Miss, Miss Best Friend featuring Wicked Willie, My Little Pony and Thomas the Tank Engine.

Please send me the following official calendars ...

Name (Mr, Miss, Mrs)

Street

Town/City

Country/State

Country

UK £ US \$ OFFICIAL: HSMASH



EVERYBODY HAVE FUN TONIGHT

gungy.gunw

The Great New Single



Out Now!

On 7" & Extended 12"

Distributed by  WUSA Records Ltd
 © A Warner Communications Co

• PRINCE •

AND THE REVOLUTION

ANOTHERLOVERHOLENYOHEAD
B/W I WANNA BE YOUR LOVER

New 7" & 12" Single

Initial quantities of 7"
available in superb poster bag.
Featuring pictures from
Wembley 1986

12" Includes
Extended Version



Little Richard



Operator

**HIS NEW SINGLE
OUT NOW!**

**FROM THE FORTHCOMING ALBUM "LIFETIME FRIEND"
PRODUCED BY STUART COLMAN. A ROCKMASTERS PRODUCTION.**

DISTRIBUTED BY UNI RECORDS LTD. © A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY.

"APPEALINGS"

VAN MORRISON: London Hammersmith Odeon (November 10-11), Crewry Leisure Centre (14), Birmingham Odeon (19), Manchester Palace (16), Croydon Farfield Hall (17), Bristol Colston Hall (19), Poole Arts Centre (20), Cornwall St Austell Coliseum (21), Hull City Hall (23), Harney Victoria Hall (24), Liverpool Empire (25), Harrogate Royal Hall (26), Glasgow SEC (27), Aberdeen Capitol (28), Edinburgh Playhouse (30).

● Tickets are £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50 for Manchester, Hammersmith and Croydon; £7 and £6 for Cornwall; £7.50 and £6.50 for Glasgow, Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Hull; £8.50 and £7.50 for Harrogate and Poole; £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50 for Crawley and £7.50 and £6.50 for Harney. All the rest are £8.50 and £6.50. They are available from box offices and usual agents.



GO WEST (RESCHEDULED DATES):

Sheffield City Hall (March 3-4), Newcastle City Hall (6-7), Manchester Apollo (9-10), Liverpool Royal Court (12), Edinburgh Playhouse (15), Birmingham Odeon (18-19-21), Brighton Centre (24), Ipswich Gaumont (27-28), Nottingham Royal Centre (April 2), London Hammersmith Odeon (5-6-8-9), Bournemouth International Centre (11), Cornwall St Austell Coliseum (12).

● If you bought a ticket for the old dates, they will be valid for the new ones (at the same venues).

THE FALL: Bristol University (November 5), Wethermslow Assembly Hall (7), Woodwich Coronet (8), Birmingham Powerhouse (9), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (11), Southampton University (12), Leeds Polytechnic (13), Hull University (15), Salford University (16), Nottingham Rock City (18), Huddersfield Polytechnic (19), Blackburn King Georges Hall (20), Burton-On-Trent Central Park (21), Milton Keynes Woughton Centre (22), Warwick Polytechnic (25).

● Tickets available from venues and usual agents. Please check at box offices for prices.

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE: Belfast Whita Hall (October 30), Dublin SPX (31), Manchester Apollo (November 2), Liverpool Royal Court (3), Glasgow Barrowlands (4), Edinburgh Playhouse (5), Newcastle Mayfair (6), Bristol Studio (9), Nottingham Rock City (10), Birmingham Powerhouse (11), Brighton Top Rank (12), Leicester De Montfort Hall (14), London Brixton Academy (15).

● Tickets, priced £5, are available from the box offices and usual agents (JH80 holders will receive a 50p refund at each venue on presentation of their cards).

STATUS QUO (EXTRA DATE):

DATE: Cornwall St Austell Coliseum (December 19).
● Tickets are £8.50 and £7.50 and are available from the box office and usual agents.

SHAKIN' STEVENS (EXTRA DATE):

DATE: London Palladium (December 7).
● Tickets are available from the box office and usual ticket agencies and cost £9.50 and £8.50.

THE POGUES:

Bristol Studio (December 7), Hammersmith Palace (8-9), Leeds University (11), Glasgow Barrowlands (12-13), Newcastle Mayfair (14), Manchester International 2 (15), Birmingham Powerhouse (16), Burton-On-Trent Central Park (17).

● Tickets are available from the box office and usual ticket agencies. Please check box offices for prices.

BON JOVI (EXTRA DATE):

Ipswich Gaumont (November 9).
● Tickets cost £7 and are available from the box office and usual ticket agencies.

WHITNEY HOUSTON (EXTRA DATE):

Wembley Arena (October 26).
● This concert will start at 7pm so that people from outside London will be able to get home after the show. Tickets costing £15, £13 and £11 are available now from Wembley Arena Box Office (Telephone 01 952 1234). There is also a credit card booking line on 01 952 1234 (subject to an administration fee on each transaction), or on 01 741 8888 (subject to agency booking fee). Tickets can also be bought from usual agencies.

BIG COUNTRY (EXTRA DATES):

Dublin RDS (November 27), Cork City Hall (28), Galway Leisureland (29), Limerick Savoy (30), Derry Templars Leisure Centre (December 2), Belfast Alcorn Leisure Centre (3).

● Dublin, Cork and Galway tickets are £9.50 (in Irish pounds). Limerick tickets are £9.50 and £8.50, and Derry and Belfast tickets cost £9.00 Sterling. They are available from box offices and all usual agents.



KOOL AND THE GANG:

Wembley Arena (December 13/14), Brighton Centre (16), Birmingham N.E.C. (19).

● Tickets for Wembley are £10, £9 and £8 and are available from the Wembley Arena Box Office or by post from 31 Talent, P.O. Box 2, London W6 8LX with an additional 50p booking fee added to each ticket. (Please also enclose an S.A.E.) A credit card "hot" line is in use on 01 741 8888 and the usual agencies will also be selling tickets. Tickets for Birmingham are either £10 or £9 (inclusive of booking fee) and are available by post from Kennedy Street Enterprises, PO Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire, WA14 2JQ (enclose a S.A.E.) Cheques should be made payable to Kennedy Street Enterprises. Tickets for Brighton are £9.50 and £8.50 and are available from the box office.

FALCO

LP & CASSETTE

EMOTIONAL

THE SUPERB NEW ALBUM

INCLUDES

'THE SOUND OF MUSIK'

&

'EMOTIONAL MAN'

• WX 75 • WX 75C



Distributed by MCA Records (UK) A Warner Communications Co.

GOT IT?

it's

new



Cassette or LP
£5.29

WE
HAVE.

WHSMITH



Subject to availability. Price correct at time of going to press. Available where you see this sign.



SMASH HITS
PRINCE



ALPHA

(A - H A)



NAME: Magne Furuholmen
BORN: November 1, 1952 in Oslo, Norway
HEIGHT: 186cm (6' 2")
PREVIOUS GROUPS: Pål and I have been in all the same ones. Our first band, when we were about 10, was called Spider Empire. The most together one was Bridge. When we were about 14 we were interviewed in a local newspaper and said we were going to go abroad and become internationally famous pop stars. In Norway that was unheard of, so they all laughed at us at school. We've still got the clipping, which is nice.

HAVE YOU GOT ANY BROTHERS AND SISTERS? I've a younger sister, Line (pronounced Leon) who's 21 and two half-brothers, Thorstein and Trygve, 12 and 14. My brothers think my job is great because they get all the A-ha t-shirts, watches and jackets.

PREVIOUS JOBS? I worked in an arts centre - interesting but boring - and in a mental ward, the same one as Morten. At the beginning, the fact that there were people my age with those problems was so depressing that I couldn't help. You have to be a "normal factor" in a sick environment and I wasn't strong to start with. In Norway we get dretted and I refused to go into the military, so I'll have to do some social work and I might go back in the mental ward.

PAÏ was a conscientious objector too. WHAT DO YOUR PARENTS DO? My father died when I was about five years old in a plane crash. He was a musician. My mother was a teacher for 20 years and she now works as an information secretary. She married again - he's in the hi-fi business - but they're divorced now.

MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT: When I was a kid I was trying to impress a girl and I was swinging on a clothes line as if I were a gymnastic high bar and I fell down and broke my arm. I guess that was pretty embarrassing but when I came back to school with a huge plaster cast, that was pretty impressive!

FIRST CRUSH: Yeah, my first girlfriend. We were in the same school band marching in the streets. She was in the dining company that walks in front - wearing short skirts and stuff - and it was hard

walking in the front row of the band watching her. **WHO WAS THE FIRST GIRL YOU KISSED?** I had this weird girlfriend when I was about 13 who didn't know what to do. I had a hard time trying to get a good kiss: I had to hold her nose so that she would open her mouth? That's pretty cool, isn't it?

DID YOU HAVE A HICKNANE AT SCHOOL? Yeah, like Maccs, Macros, Macsromos. **SAY SOMETHING RUDE IN NORWEGIAN...** Erm... dra on sau i balla. What does it mean? Well, I don't think you should print the translation. Okay, then, if you're quite sure... "Sheeps bolts to you, mate." **WHOSE PHONE NUMBER WOULD YOU MOST LIKE?** Bugs Bunny. We're on the same record label.

DO YOU EVER HAVE WEIRD DREAMS? I do have two dreams that I get again and again. One is falling off a specific bridge that I used to pass every day on my way to school. I always tried to walk on the outside of the railing and just hold on with my hands. In my dream I fall off, though I never did in real life. The other dream is driving in a car very fast and coming up to a crossroad with cars going by each way. I go full speed towards it and I don't know whether I'm going to be hit by a car or go straight through without a problem because I always walk up just at that moment.

DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOOD LOOKING? Er, I think I can look good in some pictures but I don't think my looks contribute anything to the band. My girlfriend thinks I'm good-looking and that's the most important thing. I get depressed if I look in the mirror. **WHAT POP STARS REALLY MAKE YOU CRINGE?** I don't want to mention names but I think it's very easy to spot whether bands have honest intentions. I like groups who have a musical impact and something to say - when The Smiths came out I thought they had it.

WHAT'S THE BEST THING ABOUT NORWAY? It's a good place to grow up. It's a fairly well regulated society and wealth is fairly evenly distributed, anyway. I don't want to be heavy taxation.

WHAT'S THE WORST THING ABOUT ENGLAND? The worst thing about the English music scene is its supercilious and scepticism about foreign bands. It's hard when you're foreign - we haven't made any friends in the music business.

DO YOU LIKE BEING GIVEN PRESENTS BY FANS? I like being given presents - especially if they've spent any money on it, though if they've spent sometimes on it or made a drawing or something, that's nice.

WOULD YOU EVER LIKE TO MOVE BACK TO OSLO? No, although I do like it there now. I've moved away. It's quite a small place, very close, with a lot of young people, aged 16 to 20. They walk the streets all day and night. It never sleeps. It is quite exciting. But I feel quite at home in England, thank you.

WHAT MAKES YOU REALLY ANGRY? Intolerance. It's the root of a lot of the misery in the world. Also cynicism, though I enjoy talking to cynics because they're usually very witty.

IF YOU COULD CHANGE ONE THING ABOUT YOURSELF, WHAT WOULD IT BE? Um... er... I'd like to be more decisive about things.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE AWAKE AT NIGHT THINKING ABOUT? I don't - I always fall straight to sleep. I guess I must have a pretty clean conscience, eh?

midgeure.



NAME: James Ure
BORN: October 10, 1953 in Cambuslang, Glasgow.
HEIGHT: 5' 7"
PREVIOUS GROUPS: Stumble, Silk (formerly Savannah), The Rich Kids, Thin Lizzy (briefly, during their 1978 US tour). **Yessie**

FIRST MEMORIES: Watching a post office sign flapping when I was lying in my pram, seeing a miniature railway at a holiday camp when I was about two.

FIRST RECORD: "My Mind's Eye" by The Small Faces. I still like it.

FIRST CONCERT: Black Sabbath, Family and Chicken Shack - the three bands played on the same tour. I wanted to see Black Sabbath because my brother had just bought their last album but they didn't turn up, so Family topped the bill who I thought were incredibly boring. I quite liked Chicken Shack, though it must have been about 1970.

FIRST PERFORMANCE: When I was in the Cubs or Scouts. I had a spot to myself in the Gang Show singing "I'm Into Something Good" by Herman's Hermits.

FAVOURITE TV PROGRAMME AS A CHILD: *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* I was a member of U.N.C.L.E. with a card and a number.

BIGGEST THRILL AS A CHILD: Christmas. I just remember it being a really good time, even though we never had anything. The Christmas times. I remember the best were when we were really scraping the bottom of the barrel, living in two rooms in Glasgow. **DID YOU SIT AT THE BACK OR THE FRONT OF THE CLASS?** A bit of both. The more I'd done something bad, the back it I'd done something good in. **THE ONLY THING I WAS ANY GOOD AT WAS ART.** **FIRST RECORD MADE:** "The Boogie Band in Town" with SIA. It was horrific, awful. I sold about

500 copies in Scotland. I've still got a copy of it somewhere. **WORST RECORD MADE:** There was one Silk recorded in 1977 which we had to record because of our contract called "The Kid's A Punk". The opening line was "Hey, hey, hear what you say, he looks just like James Dean."

FIRST DATE: Her name was Linda and it was her that I dated me. When you're 13 or 14 you just don't want to show any interest and at the party she kept messing about constantly so she ended up getting a cream pie in the face. It was a terrible thing to do but it was quite funny at the time. **WERE YOU A HIPPIE?** Well, I had really long hair in the '70s. It was highly fashionable at the time, though I wince now looking back at it now. But that was the fashion - I think if I'd be much worse looking back on it I'd think "my God, I look a specy dunder" with glasses, unfashionable clothes and a short back and sides which your mum used to comb at the front. At least it was the fashions that were in - not me. **WORST CONCERT EVER PLAYED:** One in Germany where only 18 people turned up.

FAVOURITE TIME OF DAY: Evening. I like dusk it's the atmosphere.

FAVOURITE PLACE: It doesn't matter where as long as I'm enjoying myself.

HERO: Rod Astaire for his style and his ability to do what he wanted to do incredibly well.

DO YOU LIKE BROOKSIDER? No, Brookside is a bit too squeaky-clean for me because they do it all on video inside Barry's houses, but I like EastEnders.

DO YOU WORRY ABOUT GETTING OLD? Obviously it's a bit of a worry, but my God, I enjoy music so I can't be too old. I think age is irrelevant, actually. I've always thought it incredibly stupid that people in the music business have to be like that age. I don't see the point in lying about your age, if Jean Collins can be a sex bomb at 50, so can I.

HAS MARRIAGE CHANGED YOU? I don't really think it's changed me - though people say I've become less naive, more aware. I'm not naive because I can go on holidays and things I couldn't ever really go on holidays before because I didn't want to go alone and I'd never go with anyone in case they became too attached. Actually I'm a great romantic. I've just never really had anyone to be really romantic with before.

WHY HAVE YOU BEEN SO SUCCESSFUL? Because I'll move heaven and earth to get what I want. I'm a very pensive character and I'm a bit of an optimist.

MORRISSEY

(THE SMITHS)



NAME: Steven Morrissey
BORN: May 22, 1959 in Manchester
HEIGHT: 5' 11"

NICKNAMES AT SCHOOL: I'm afraid I was deprived of a nickname. And what did my parents call me? Steven of course, with a v, not a ph, please.
WHAT WAS THE BEST EXCUSE YOU USED TO GET OFF P.E.? I never wanted to get off P.E. — it was the only intellectual subject in school. It was the only thing I was good at and I used to love it completely. The 100 metres was my reason of life. Yes, I won everything. I was a terrible bore when it came to athletics. But I did used to get off all the other subjects. I just used to be constantly ill — general mild depression mainly. They just had to take one look at me and that was enough.

FIRST CRUSH: I'm waiting for that to happen.
WERE YOU BULLIED AT SCHOOL? I was never bullied at any point. I must admit, I was never picked on, never pushed around and that's that. It's not very interesting is it?

WHEN DID YOU START WEARING GLASSES? Seriously when I was 13. I needed to wear them much sooner but glasses had this awful thing attached to them that if you wore them you were a horrible green monster and you'd be stuck in the middle of the street for hours. I was forced to wear them at 13 and I've stuck with them ever since.

WHAT DO YOUR PARENTS DO FOR A LIVING? Very respectable jobs. One was a librarian and one worked in a hospital. Who did what? Elizabeth, my mother, is a librarian, Peter, my father, works in the hospital.
DID YOU ARGUE WITH YOUR PARENTS? Incessantly. It was the only real basis of our relationship. I couldn't think of anything else to do with them.

FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: "Come Stay With Me" by Marianne Faithfull in 1965. I demanded this record from my parents. Of course we were too poor so I had to go into hibernation for weeks until I got it.

WHAT WERE YOU LIKE AS AN ADOLESCENT? I never had an adolescence. I went straight from six to 45. Quite depressing really. I

missed out on all those things like discos at Christmas. I suppose I've now regretted, but I wouldn't call it a second childhood, because it's my first.
FIRST BOY WRITTEN: Shamane. I don't remember No. To be perfectly honest I can remember but I don't want to tell you. Oh, it was so wonderful. It was about bringing flowers to some maiden on a hideous island, only six, but that's no problem.

WHEN DID YOU LEAVE HOME? I left spasmodically and I returned home sporadically for years. I was never very good at it. I think the first time was when I was 17 and the last when I was 23. I just went to the usual folk, except bedists that simply crush your imagination.

WERE YOU EVER A PUNK? Not in the traditional sense. I did like lots of it. I did see most of the important groups and I was incredibly aware at the time (but a punk as far as style goes I never was).
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP? Oh, I'm afraid I always wanted to be a librarian. To me that seemed like the perfect life: solitude, absolute silence, tall, dark librarians. But then they started to become very modern, you know, these little pre-fabs and they had no romance whatsoever. So I suddenly had no fascination for me.

WHAT'S THE WORST ILLNESS YOU'VE EVER HAD? Probably being on the dole. I always consider that to be an absolute illness. A physical illness? I've not really had anything.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE SHOP? Hymans, the stationers. To me it's like a sweetshop. I go in there for hours, smelling the envelopes. As I grew up I used to love stationery and pens and booklets and binders. I can get incredibly erotic about blotting paper. So for me, going into Hymans is the most extreme sexual experience one could ever have.
ARE YOU FRIGHTENED OF GROWING OLD? No, not to any degree. I was never happy when I was young so I don't equate growing old with being hysterically young. To me old age doesn't mean sorrow, despair and defeat. There are lots of people I know in considerably advanced years that I find fascinating.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN AN AFTER-LIFE? Not really. I can't think of any reason why I should. You're not a thing, you're a person. That's the difference.
IF YOU WERE AN ANIMAL WHAT WOULD YOU BE? I'd probably be a cat. I think. Mainly because I'm very fond of them and they can lead a relatively luxurious life. There are also independent beings — not like dogs who need persistent attention. I'd like to be an alley cat. No, a toby.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE ROYAL FAMILY? The writers and designers of Spelling Image seemed to be completely sued for making the Royal Family seem generally more attractive and intelligent than they actually are.
HAVE YOU EVER PLACED A LOVELY HEART'S ADOPTER? I'm dying of loneliness and need to be rescued else I'll sink into obscurity — which I did. I also put it that I was mad, ugly, spotty and totally odorous. No reply.

THE BEST THING ABOUT BEING A POP STAR? The best thing is, one way or another, that people respect you. It just boils down to fame. No matter what you've done in the past — people will forgive you. People in the past who've done you are quite forgiving. It's two-faced, of course, but it gives me a great deal of satisfaction because it's an enormous sense of achievement. It can't be surpassed, really.

BOB GELDOF



NAME: Robert Frederick Zenon Geldof.
BORN: August 5, 1954 in Dublin.

HEIGHT: 6' 2"

PREVIOUS GROUPS: Mark Suid And The Y-Fronts

PREVIOUS OCCUPATIONS: Pea-canner, water, navy, freelance photographer, hotel salesman, English teacher in Spain, working in an abattoir, working in a bookshop, journalist.

IF YOU WERE STILL A "ROCK" JOURNALIST WHO WOULD YOU LIKE TO INTERVIEW? Well, I actually I like to interview people like New Order — that to me is tedious. And I think The Smiths are awful. I saw The Beatles in Dublin in 1965 — that was an awful racket. I wouldn't have wanted to interview them.

WHAT IS YOUR ULTIMATE MUSICAL AMBITION? What I'd really like most is to have a 70 year old couple in x years time listening to the radio and for the DJ to go, "And now a Golden Oldie on our Videogram!" and he plays "I Don't Like Mondays". And the couple think back to the summer of 1979 when they were young.

DID YOU HAVE ANY STRANGE HABITS AS A YOUNGSTER? I would arch my back and, placing my hands by my feet, I would scuttle like some demerited crab about the house. I did this for about a year. I did it in public too, occasionally even going up and down the stairs of the bus this way. I probably did it to get noticed, but mainly I did it to irritate people. It was also very useful in that it prevented me from doing a lot of chores I would otherwise have had to do. My father and sisters

thought the best way of dealing with it was to ignore it.
WERE YOU A TEENAGE ROMEO? I was extremely uncomfortable with girls. I preferred not to approach them and make a fool of myself around a bar, catch their eye and then look away. I'd catch it again to make sure they were really interested. I'd go through the business 10 or 12 times and then on the end still not get a blow.
HOW DID YOU THINK OF PEOPLE WHO CALLED YOU SCRUFFY? It always staggers me that it bothers them so much and me not at all. I still never nor anything. I simply don't think about it and even if I did I wouldn't be bothered with what seems to be an unnecessary task.

HOW DO YOU THINK UP THE NAME "THE BOOMTOWN RATS"? I had been reading Woody Guthrie's autobiography, *Bound For Glory*. I had read the part where, at the age of about 11, oil was discovered in his home town in Oklahoma. Teams of casual labourers moved in and the place became a boom town. A split had developed between the native kids and the children of the newcomers. Excluded from the existing gangs, the new kids formed their own. It was called The Boomtown Rats.

DO YOU HAVE ANY GOOD STORIES FROM THE PUNK ERA? Once we were sharing recording studios with Queen, who were in the studio next door. It was about two in the morning and Freddie Mercury was listening out on a piano in the glow of a single blue light. In lurched Sid (Vicous, the Pistols late bass player and subject of the recent Sid And Nancy film), out of his mind on something or other, and he can't get up. He's had a hand on the shoulder in his most uncertain time. "Oh, Freddie. There was a pause as he slumped against the door. "They tell me you're bringing ballet to the masses."

WHEN WAS THE FIRST TIME YOU SAW YOURSELF AS A PIN-UP ANYWHERE? One night watching television, Coronation Street. And there was me, stuck to the bedroom wall. I had got used to seeing photographs of myself in the teen magazines and the pop press, but I had never seen myself flicker across a television screen. But here I was as a factual pin-up on a fictional television's bedroom wall. "I'm on Coronation Street," I thought. "It's a bit of a compliment."

HOW DO YOU REACT WHEN YOU HEARD YOU'D GOT YOUR FIRST EVER NO.1 SINGLE? I was in bed, I'd slept, quite literally, not a wink. I was in a daze. I kept all around the house screaming with delight.

WAS IT EASY GETTING ALL THOSE STARS TO PERFORM AT LIVE ALOT? Some people were a bit reluctant at first. The argument which swayed them was when I said "I couldn't care less myself if you get up and play — the only point is that if you do, people who like you will contribute thousands of pounds to help the poor."

AND HOW DO YOU THINK OF PRINCESS DIT? I like her, she's a laugh.
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF LIFE? The purposes of life must be more than going to work, being a bit reluctant at first, then going to bed. The only way your 70 years seems to me to be about discovering what your brain and body are capable of. Seventy years is nothing so you may as well push yourself right to the very extremes of your capabilities.

ick Kershaw



■ NAME: Nicholas David Kershaw. David because I was born on St. David's day which is March 1, 1958. I was born at home in Bristol, it was about 7lb something or other

HEIGHT: 5' 2"
WHAT WAS THE FIRST RECORD YOU BOUGHT? "Your Song" by Elton John. I've always been a sucker for a good ballad and I just thought it was a lovely song. My dad had just got a decent record player so I thought I'd better get a record. We had a lot of Beethoven and Debussy and quite a lot of choral stuff because my father used to like classical music. Actually I still listen to a lot of classical music myself. My favourite piece is Vaughan Williams' "Fantasia On A Theme By Thomas Tallis", it's great Wonderful!

DO YOU EVER GET CAMEL IN SCHOOL? No, but I did get the slipper a few times. I kept out of big trouble. I remember getting the slipper at primary school for being generally obnoxious and swearing in class.

WHAT'S THE BEST APRIL FOOL PRANK YOU EVER PLAYED? The best one I've ever played on someone is when we got a ton of manure delivered on one of our teacher's drives when we were at school. It was really easy – we just phoned up the manure company, gave the address and said we'd be out but could they leave it in the drive.

WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST CRUSH? Orange, har har. No, it was Janice Wilkes at school in 1964 when we were both six. I kissed her at my birthday party when we were playing Postman's Knock and it was a very big thrill for me... I was absolutely convinced that I loved her. I suppose she must have been wonderful looking otherwise I wouldn't have bothered but I don't really know what your emotional fees amount to when you're six.

FIRST CONCERT: Rory Gallagher at the Gaumont Ipswich when I was 14 or 15. I imagine he got indeed "lay down some heavy loads" though I couldn't hear it because the sound was so bloody awful. I still really enjoyed it, though.

WHAT'S THE BEST PRESENT YOU'VE EVER BEEN GIVEN? When I was about four I got the enormous red crane. The reason I got this is because I didn't know it was my birthday. In fact, my parents didn't realise it was either end suddenly, as we were sitting down to breakfast, some geezer on

the radio read out the date and my parents went into hysterics

DO YOU GET SENSITIVE ABOUT BEING SMALL? Not any more. I suppose I used to when I was a kid, but there's nothing I can do about it so there's absolutely no point in getting sensitive about it.
WHAT WOULD YOU BE IF YOU WEREN'T A POP STAR? I worked in an office for three years but now, having done this, I can't imagine doing a nine-to-five job again. I was very ritzy in acting when I was younger but I tend to take things as they come so much that I may end up being an astronaut.
DID YOU PROPOSE TO YOUR WIFE SHERI OR DID SHE PROPOSE TO YOU? It was a democratic effort, actually. Over a period of time it just happened.

WHAT'S THE STUPIDEST THING YOU'VE EVER HAD ON YOUR HEAD? That'd be when I was a skunkhead. I had two very stupid things on my head – one was very little hair and the other was a trilly hat which I used to nick off my dad when he wasn't looking. I haven't got photographs unfortunately, though of course if I had you'd be most welcome to them. Actually I've had some very silly hair cuts all down the line.

DO YOU THINK THAT FLOWERS SCREAM WHEN YOU PICK THEM? No I don't because most of them grow below.

DO YOU THINK THAT HAMBURGERS SCREAM WHEN YOU EAT THEM? No I don't. It's a sore subject in our family, because I'm not a vegetarian and Sheri is. I've never noticed a chorus coming out of a McDonald's or anything. Most people are hypocrites when it comes to this. I happen to like meat but I wouldn't actually go out of my way to see someone killing a cow.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE? In Essex in the country. It's a regency house in the middle of a sort of wood, about four acres. It's got everything – the garden's beautiful, it's got a billiard room, there's no golfish pond but we're going to do something about that. There are one loads of rabbits and foxes and moles – if anyone out there knows how to get rid of moles please let us know. We've tried everything.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE FLAVOUR CRISPS? Flavored halibut gablet flavour.
HAVE YOU EVER NAD BUBBLEGUM STUCK IN YOUR HAIR? Yeah, I used to have very long hair and it always indicates hallway down last (stitch) and I was a celtic like that. On a windy day your hair has a mind of its own and ends up in your mouth along with the bubblegum.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE GUITAR SOLO? Good, there's a lot of choices. I've always liked called Allen Holdsworth and it's on an album called "Metal Fatigue" and it's the third track on the first side. I can't remember what it's called because most musicians have totally ridiculous titles that no one ever remembers. It's impossible – no one else on this planet could play it – and it's beautiful. My second favourite one – I wish we asked for it now – is a track called "Child In Time", by Ritchie Blackmore – I shouldn't be telling you this. On Deep Purple's "Live In Japan" ("Made in Japan" actually – Ed.), I was my first guitar hero.

DOES YOUR MOTHER PLAY GOLF? That's a really odd question to answer. No one in my family plays, though I'd love to play. My manager plays extremely badly so I'm told. Would I like the trousers? No, I'd like to wear a nice tulu.



■ NAME: It's really Madonna, Madonna Coccone. I never became aware that it was such an unusual name until I moved to New York and started getting my name on programmes; people assumed it was a stage name.

BORN: In Detroit, Michigan. What year? Why do I have to tell everybody that all the time? It was August 16, 1958 actually.

HEIGHT: 5' 4"
ANY NICKNAMES? My father called me Nonny – I think that's how I said my name when I was little. I gave myself a graffiti tag too: "Boy Toy".

FIRST CONCERT: David Bowie at Cobo Hall in Detroit, Oh. It was the most marvelous thing I'd ever done in my life! I was punished severely for going.
FIRST CRUSH: The first boy I ever loved was Ronny Howard in the 11th grade class. He had real white-blond hair and sky blue eyes. He was so beautiful. I wrote his name all over my sneakers and on the playground. I used to take off the top part of my uniform and chase him around.

PREVIOUS OCCUPATIONS: Before this blasphemous job? I worked at Burger King and McDonald's and was a Wiegand adult scooped ice cream. I was once a painter's model. I took all my clothes off and they pretended to draw my body artistically. I posed for nude photos, too. You got paid 10 dollars an hour versus a dollar fifty at Burger King. I kept saying "it's for art".

WHAT WAS THE FIRST RECORD YOU BOUGHT? Citrus "Incarise And Peppermints" by the Strawberry Alarm Clock or "The Letter" by The Box Tops – I can't remember which.

WERE YOU A REBEL AT SCHOOL? Yes. I wanted to do everything everybody told me I couldn't do. When I'd go to school I'd roll up my uniform shirt so it was short. I'd go into the school bedroom and put make-up on and change into nylon stockings. I was incredibly flirtatious and I'd do anything to rebel against my father. I wore the most colourful sexy underwear. I'd hang upside down on the bars in the gym just so they could see my undies.

WHY DO YOU WEAR ALL THOSE CRUCIFIXES? Crucifixes are sexy because there's a naked man on them. They're something left over from my childhood, like a security blanket.
HOW DID SEAN PENN PROPOSE TO YOU? I was jumping up and down on the bed, performing one

of my morning rituals and all of a sudden he got this look in his eye and all of a sudden I'll like I knew what he was thinking. I said "Whatever you're thinking I'll say yes to". There was no chance. She's popped it. **IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO CHANGE ABOUT YOUR BODY?** I always wanted to be taller. I feel like a shrimp!

IS THERE ANY ITEM OF CLOTHING YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO WEAR IN PUBLIC? Well, underpants. I wouldn't wear just sexy underpants in public. I have to feel really comfortable and that my clothes look good, but not that I obviously tried to make them look good.

WHAT'S YOUR MOST TREASURED POSSESSION? A picture of my mother when she was young and she was riding on a horse and smiling and laughing. She didn't give it to me. My mother died when I was real young and when I moved to New York I stole it from my father.

WHAT'S YOUR IDEA OF A DREAM HOLIDAY? One where I'm not arguing with anybody. Somewhere where it's warm but not disgusting hot.

DO YOU DO ANY EXERCISE? I swim 1000 laps every day. That's over a mile.

WHAT IRRITATES YOU MOST? I hate polite conversation. I hate it when people stand around and talk to me. I hate cars. I hate news that I have any reason or meaning. Also I hate it when people smoke in elevators and closed-in places. It's just so rude.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF SIR WILLIAM IDOL? Who? Oh. I was considering doing a song with Billy Idol, if you can believe it. That would have been good because we're both white and plastic and blonde.

DO YOU THINK YOU'LL EVER WRITE A BOOK? Maybe. I'd write a lot. It would be a searing love story, probably semi-autobiographical, you know, because it's best to draw on your personal experiences.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF PRINCE? I can relate to him. He has a chip on his shoulder. He's competitive, from the Mid-West, a screwed-up home and he has something to prove.

HOW DO YOU SEE YOURSELF IN 30 YEARS TIME? Hopefully I'll be incredibly mellow and wise with age. Not mellow, but very wise and still just as mischievous, cheeky and wondering as I am now.
WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE KIND OF ICE CREAM? I don't like ice cream, but if I made a sundae it would have vanilla, chocolate chip and coffee ice cream with hot fudge topping and whipped cream. I chose her because she was the face of Jesus, which I thought was really dramatic.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU COULD BE INVISIBLE FOR A DAY? I'd go to my record company and listen to all the people saying what they're going to do with my next record.

IF YOU HAD TO CHANGE YOUR NAME, WHAT WOULD YOU CALL YOURSELF? If I had to change my name I'd use my confirmation name I guess. I chose her because she was the face of Jesus, which I thought was really dramatic.

WHAT MAGAZINES DO YOU READ? I read anything – anything except Playboy or Penthouse.
WHAT'S YOUR WILDEST AMBITION? I'd love to be a memorable figure in the history of entertainment in a sexual come-tragic way. I'd like to leave the impression that Marilyn Monroe did, to be able to arouse so many different feelings in people

Simon LeBon



NAME: Simon le Bon
BORN: October 27, 1968
HEIGHT: 6' 2"
PREVIOUS JOBS: Photographic printer and developer, warehouse, hospital porter, tractor driver, tree surgeon, lumberjack, professional actor
FIRST CONCERT: Genesis at Earl's Court
FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway by Genesis
DESCRIBE YOUR FIRST KISS: GRRRREAAAT! It was on the school field behind a tree. I'm not going to tell you what her name was because if she found out it would be really embarrassing as she's probably married now and her husband would go, "What's this? You mean you kissed somebody before you married me?"

DO YOU EVER HAVE WEIRD DREAMS? I used to have loads of recurring dreams when I was a kid, usually falling dreams—blue sky falling dreams. They weren't scary—they were really great. I never hit the bottom—when I got to the bottom I'd go straight through, like going through ice or glass or something. I don't know what it all stands for, but I don't believe in all that Freud rubbish—the was so wrong. He was just a paranoid-oidipal-complex-case himself (uh, he fancied his mum and was a bit bonkers generally) and he thought everyone else was like him.

HOW DO YOU GET ON WITH YOUR PARENTS? Very well. Dad's doing something hush hush in St James, London. Don't ask me any more questions about that. It's something I don't even know about. Perhaps he's a spy although he probably works for the water industry. His business is always locked and it probably has a concealed gun in it.

ARE YOU WEALTHY? Yes, I'm incredibly wealthy because I'm doing something that I want to do. Whereas other kids wanted to be scam drivers, I always wanted to be a pop singer. And I'm getting paid for it. And I'm surrounded by people I love. I feel strong and alive and I love life. I wouldn't want to change a thing. It's everybody's dream.

WHY ARE YOU SUCH A SHOW-OFF? I decided when I was young that I wanted lots of attention. Being a show-off got me involved in drama and the pop group business and that then got me new girlfriends. So I thought, "I stick at it." **IS IT TRUE THAT YOU APPEARED IN A PERSIL AUTOMATIC TV AD WHEN YOU WERE FIVE?** It wasn't Persil Automatic—

automatic probably hasn't been invented then! It was just Persil. (Remember the ad with a child in a grey shirt and one in white? I was the kid with the polo-white shirt. I used to do that sort of thing a lot. My mother needed the money and so she sent me into the studio.)

WHAT'S YOUR IDEAL SUNDAY? A 24-hour sleep! My ideal is often what I do when I'm at home. I wake up late, have plenty of cups of tea and start picking at the food being made for Sunday lunch. I watch *University Challenge* and then the film *Fall Asleep* and then take Saem my dog (he's a Tibetan Shitzu) for a walk in the woods.

WHAT ARE THE MOST HORRIBLE TROUSERS YOU'VE EVER WORN? A pair of pink trousers! I don't know where they are now, though. I look so many things. They were very light—quite uncompromising, in fact.

DID NEARLY BEING DROWNED WHEN DRUM SANK LAST YEAR CHANGE YOU IN ANY WAY? It's not often one stays into the ugly black socks of the big suit, the big D. Drown, but when you do, it has a profound effect. Things like money, money and fame sink into they like mud, not being anything really, not next to that Yassem would have killed me. I'd do anything.

IS THERE ANYTHING APART FROM SAILING THAT YOU'D LIKE TO DO? I would like to be able to fly. No, not like, "Hey, I wish I could just jump out of the 26-storey window and fly over Hyde Park." I mean I'd like to be by helicopters and I fully intend to learn. Then I can go around saving people's lives like they saved mine.

DO YOU THINK MAN WILL EVER COLONISE MARS? Not if he keeps putting off his money into weapons and all his expenses. **IF YOU WERE A FISH WHAT KIND WOULD YOU BE?** Oh, dolphins aren't fish, are they? But I'd love to be a dolphin. I would be a dolphin. That makes me sound like Paul King, doesn't it? But they are brilliant, dolphins. As sea I've been followed for a whole day by a school of about 30 of them. And they come up and see what you're like. You can sing to them and you can slap the water and they come. And you can hear them talking to each other. They are definitely trying to communicate.

WHAT'S THE WEIRDEST EXPERIENCE YOU'VE HAD WITH A FAN? The strangest one I've seen was with me but Nick. I wish it had been with a girl—I would have done my ego a lot of good. This girl in a Manchester nightclub asked me back for a kiss. He gave her one and she kissed over. Bang! She cracked her head open. I've had some amazing presents though—like tape recorders, silver rings and lots of Thomson's continental chocolates.

Somebody once sent you a fan club a box about 4' 3" x 2' and it was full of sand!
HOW DO YOU TAKE INSULTS? Very well. It doesn't worry me at all. *Korring* magazine once called me "a Las Vegas Elvis Presley," and in that case I think they were quite justified. I wasn't in very good shape. It actually inspired me to work harder on stage and not eat so many tattering sweets—of which I am so fond.

IF YOU HAD JUST 5¢ SPENT IN THE WORLD, WHAT WOULD YOU SPEND IT ON? A cultural suit and a bottle of sleeping pills. No, I'm only joking. Actually I think I'd put it in the bank and live off the interest, how I put it.



NAME: (no name)
BORN: May 6, 1965 in Chipwell, Essex.
NICKNAME AT SCHOOL: Gawayne
FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: It was either David Bowie's "Space Oddity" (when it was re-released in 1972) or something by Blade "C'm On Feel The Noise" or "Gladly T'Jame," one of those. I never bought any albums when I was that young.
FIRST CONCERT: Probably a park concert in 1977. We used to go up to Chelmsford Chancelor Hall a lot. It could have been The Damned, The Clash, the Bananettes or 999. They all used to play together there. The Damned were my favourite band at that time.

DOES POP STARDOM EVER GET TOO MUCH FOR YOU TO DEAL WITH? I think it does you good to break out every now and then. I almost did at one point. I was moving house and then I had a bad car accident and at that point I thought "That's it, it's over." I eventually came through it with a lot of grief and lots of drugs from my doctor.

HOW DID YOU PROPOSE TO JO? We'd been going out for years and I just got up one morning and asked her and she sort of said "yeah, alright." It was that casual.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE CHILDREN? I just think it would throw a whole new perspective on life. Having to bring up a child totally puts aside all the things that were important to you before. Things like being in a band would become secondary. **IS IT TRUE YOU DO A LOT OF FISHING?** Yes. Stupid hobby, really. You see, fish hooks to catch a fish, then you catch it, then you throw it back. I really don't know why I bother. **DO YOU SPEND MUCH ON YOUR "STAGE WEAR"?** You wouldn't believe how much money I spend on clothes. I got looking well every night and the leather (off his leather trousers) goes all band. Five gigs and they're ruined.

White Gahan

(DEPECHE MODE)

HAVE YOU HAD ANY INTERESTING DREAMS RECENTLY? Most of my dreams have been about sex on the road. Usually everything goes wrong, which isn't surprising. I've only had a couple of sexual dreams and they're quite good. I must admit.

WHY DID YOU CALL YOUR LAST LP "BLACK CELEBRATION"? It's got nothing to do with black magic like most people seem to think—it's actually about how most people in life don't have anything to celebrate. They go to work every day and then go down the pub and drown their sorrows. That's what it's about, celebrating the end of another black day. I think it's tragic that you have to compress by just getting drunk, though I don't think there's anything unnatural about it. After all, we do it all the time.

DID YOU EVER HAVE A ROCKING HORSE WHEN YOU WERE A CHILD? I never had a rocking horse. I had Action Man, about six of them. And my sister had a Sindy doll. I'd set up my camp in my bedroom and she'd set up her camp in hers and I used to take her out. My Action Man would go around in his jeep and knock on her door and then Sindy would come out in my jeep. We'd play for hours. Sindy had a horse and I had a jeep and a tank—all the he-man stuff. I learnt a lot about going out, shut-up times like "Heeeeey, I'll come pick you up later (my tank). It was much better than Sindy's. That was a bit stupid. It took hours. I had action—taking Sindy out. I learnt a lot more from Action Man than I seem to remember.

HAVE YOU HAD MANY WEIRD THINGS THROWN AT YOU ONSTAGE? Yeah, in America we get everything thrown at us—brat, suspenders, wigs, trinkets and even ashtrays. After the concert in New York about 40 shoes on stage and there were no pants! Imagine all those people hopping home!

MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT: Once, it was at Brighton Jazz Station. I was thrown out of the dressing room with no clothes on, only my pants, and found myself lying in the middle of the gig. I was banging on the door and all these people were asking for my autograph. They let me back in after a while.

WHAT HAVE YOU OOT IN YOUR POCKET? About 50p in change, a front-door key, a handle and two needles: one's for a cheque from Granada TV (£125 for doing *Get Set Go!*), the other when I paid in for the bank this morning. The other is for a copy of Genesis *Fido* bought at WH Smith's.

WHAT MAKES YOU ANGRY? Disorganisation. I hate things when they're disorganised, whether it's work or just going out with friends. I like everything to be sorted out. Other than that, ignorant people and a lot of journalists.
EVER FEEL LIKE MOVING OUT OF BASILDON? I will one day. I want to sort my life out. I've got a flat, but I want to do it and where I want to go. Maybe somewhere abroad. I've liked a lot of the places we've visited—Japan and Thailand particularly.

WHICH HOME PHONE NUMBER WOULD YOU PAY THE MOST FOR? David Bowie's, I suppose. I really respect him, have got all his albums and have always followed him. I saw him in Berlin just recently and really enjoyed it.

Peter Gabriel

don't give up

Kate Bush

The new single 7" PGS2 and three track 12" PGS212

The Verve logo, a stylized signature of the word "Verve" in a cursive script.

* WIN HMV'S TOP TEN VIDEOS



- 1 **Wham!** In China
- 2 **Dire Straits** Alchemy Live
- 3 **Now That's What I Call Music 7**
- 4 **Queen** We Will Rock You
- 5 **Whitney Houston** No. 1 Videos
- 6 **Level 42** Video Singles
- 7 **Five Star** The Luxury Of Life
- 8 **Bucks Fizz** Greatest Hits
- 9 **Fraddie Mercury** Video EP
- 10 **The Jam** Video Snap

* 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 November 4):
Smash Hits Prize Crossword Competition Number 15, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ.
- The first correct entry out of the bottle gets HMV's top ten videos (at the time of going to press).

● ACROSS

- 1 See 2 down
- 5 **Keel** followers from Blystone?
- 7 and 8 down See photo (6,8)
- 8 Australia's igloo band
- 10 It drenched **Prince** purple
- 11 Sad Ma about **Bryan** (anag)
- 12 **M.C. Miker G's** DJ buddy
- 15 end 24 across How a **Jaki Graham** hit spun on the turntable? (5,3,5)
- 18 Tempest that followed **Rebecca** "The Show" girl
- 19 Cuddly bear found amid **Spence** Ballet?
- 21 Phantom Of The — (new **Andrew Lloyd Webber** musical)
- 24 See 15 across
- 25 Part of Ali Baba that came from Sweden? (anag)
- 28 This was a weeper one for **Shakay**
- 30 Norwegians in the Sahara?
- 31 Could be **Petty, Robinson** or **Bailey**
- 32 Black flag to find a Motown family group (anag)
- 33 "— It" (Weird Al **Yankovic**)

● DOWN

- 1 Dora **Philly** provides a hit for 12 across (anag 7,3)
- 2 and 8 across It provided the **Frankias** with their first hit of '86 (4,4)
- 3 **Benebra**'s planetary success
- 4 Discover a **So-Fi** film in seal (anag)
- 5 **Boy** or **Michael**?
- 6 See 7 across
- 8 Part of **Human League** that brought them a hit
- 13 **Queen** had just one of them
- 14 plus 27 and 28 down How **Howard Jones** proclaimed that all were innocent (2,3,2,2,5)
- 15 Jar hidden amid "Love Can't Turn Around"
- 17 Kind of jewel that A&M's Jim is?
- 20 A nine for **Ma Lenoxx** (anag)
- 22 Singing insect (4,3)
- 23 "Lessons — ——" (**Level 42**) (2,4)
- 26 See 14 down
- 27 See 14 down
- 28 **Nugent** or 3-2-1 **Rogers**
- 29 **Modern Talking's** record label (1,1,1)



NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

● Tick kind of video required:

VHS

BETAMAX



cutting crew^c

i've been in love before



the new 7" and 12" single from the forthcoming album, cassette and compact disc "broadcast" siren LP7 - C7 - CD7

limited edition poster available with the 12"

SIREN 29 SIREN 29-12

ON TOUR

NOVEMBER

- 4 STOKES HELLEYS
- 5 BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY
- 6 OXFORD POLYTECHNIC
- 7 STAFFORD NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE POLYTECHNIC
- 8 MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY
- 9 SWANSEA UNIVERSITY
- 10 BRISTOL POLYTECHNIC
- 11 BRIGHTON SUSSEX UNIVERSITY
- 13 CHIPPENHAM COLLEGES
- 16 UXBRIDGE BRUNEL UNIVERSITY
- 15 COLCHESTER ESSEX UNIVERSITY
- 16 NORWICH UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA
- 18 FOLKESTONE LEAS CLIFF HALL
- 17 TUNBRIDGE WELLS ASSEMBLY HALL THEATRE
- 18 COVENTRY LANCHESTER POLYTECHNIC
- 31 HATHFIELD POLYTECHNIC
- 22 GUILDFORD SURREY UNIVERSITY
- 23 NOTTINGHAM UNIVERSITY
- 24 OULBURN UNIVERSITY
- 25 LEEDS POLYTECHNIC
- 27 BLACKBURN KING GEORGES HALL
- 28 NEWCASTLE POLYTECHNIC
- 29 SUNDERLAND POLYTECHNIC
- 30 REDCAR THE REDCAR BOWL

DECEMBER

- 1 LONDON ASTORIA THEATRE



THE PRETENDERS

DON'T GET ME WRONG



Don't get me wrong
If I'm looking kind of dazed
I see neon lights
Whenever you walk by

Don't get me wrong
If you say hello and I take a ride
Upon a sea where the mystic moon
Is playing havoc with the tide
Don't get me wrong

Don't get me wrong
If I'm acting so distracted
I'm thinking about the fireworks
That go off when you smile

Don't get me wrong
If I split like light refracted
I'm only off to wender
Across a moonlit mile

Once in a while
Two people meet
Seemingly for no reason
They just pass on the street
Suddenly thunder showers everywhere
Who can explain the thunder and rain
But there's something in the air

Don't get me wrong
If I come and go like fashion
I might be great tomorrow
But hopeless yesterday

Don't get me wrong
If I fall in the mode of passion
It might be unbelievable
But let's not see so long
It might just be fantastic
Don't get me wrong

Words and music by Chrissie Hynde ● Reproduced by permission Hynde House Of Hits/Dive Banks Music ● On Real WEA Records

Face up to spots with Acnidazil*

Most people suffer from spots at sometime in their lives and it can be very distressing. If you suffer, try Acnidazil cream – it's really different.

Acnidazil (Ack-nee-day-zil) is the only spot treatment that contains miconazole, a special ingredient that can help Acnidazil work where others have failed.

Acnidazil is specially formulated to reduce dryness and irritation. It rubs in easily, doesn't smell and won't leave your face shiny. You'll find Acnidazil is ideal for use whether you're male or female.

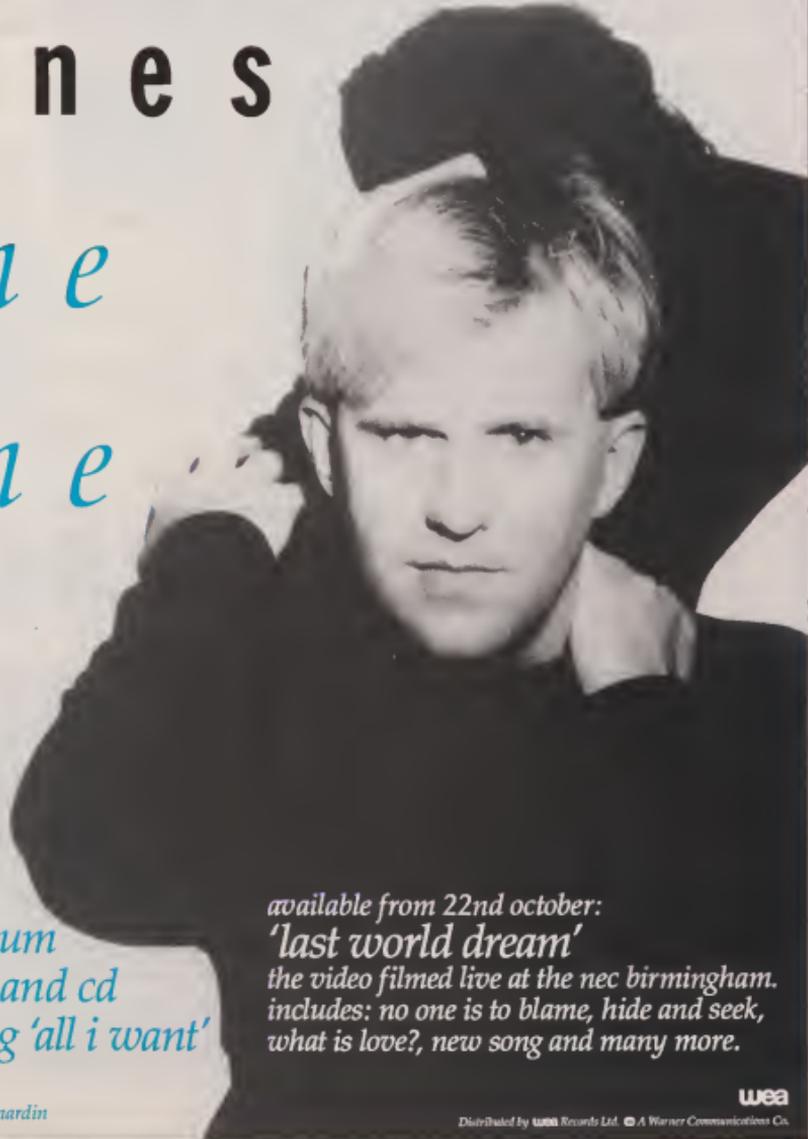
Ask your chemist for Acnidazil. At £3.99 (20g) or £1.29 (starter pack), it costs more but you'll find it's worth it.



*Trademark



h o w a r d j o n e s



o n e
t o
o n e

*the
new album
cassette and cd
including 'all i want'*

produced by arif mardin

available from 22nd october:

'last world dream'

*the video filmed live at the nec birmingham.
includes: no one is to blame, hide and seek,
what is love?, new song and many more.*

wea

Distributed by **W&M** Records Ltd. © A Warner Communications Co.

JANET JACKSON



"CONTROL"

THE NEW SINGLE

ON 7" & SPECIAL 4 TRACK 12"

12" INCLUDES

JAM & LEWIS DANCE & DUB MIXES



JANET JACKSON

"CONTROL"

THE ALBUM

INCLUDES THE HITS

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR ME LATELY"

"NASTY" & "WHEN I THINK OF YOU"



The Stranglers



Always the Sun

How many times have you woken up
And prayed for the rain
How many times have you seen
The papers apportion the blame
Who gets to say
Who gets the work
And who gets to play
I was always told at school
Everybody should get the same

How many times have you been told
If you don't ask you don't get
How many times
Have taken your money
Your mother said you shouldn't be
Who has the fun
Is it always the man with the gun
Someone must have told you
If you work too hard you can sweat

Chorus
There's always the sun (always the sun) um
There's always the sun
Always always (always the sun)

How many times have the weather man
Told you stories that made you laugh
You know it's not unlike
The politicians and the leaders
When they do things by half
Who gets the job of pushing the knob
That's what a responsibility you draw straws for
If you're used enough

Repeat chorus five times
(Always the sun always the sun)
Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by The Stranglers
Reproduced by permission Pizzazz/Chis Songs Ltd
On Epic Records

THE SINGLE SENSATION OF '86

NEW SINGLE

ARETHA



JUMPIN' JACK FLASH

Played on and Produced by
KEITH RICHARDS

7" + Special
STREET MIX 12"

From the Album-Cassette-Compact Disc
'ARETHA'

ARISTA

NOW AVAILABLE AS A **FABULOUS**
7" PICTURE DISC





Cocteau Twins

Can't Not Say Anything?

The Cocteau Twins won't talk about their records ("We don't know anything about our music"). They won't talk about themselves ("We're not particularly pleased at the thought of people knowing everything about us. It's rude, isn't it?"). They won't even talk to each other ("Because we're such a bunch of miserable gits"). "This sounds like a promising interview," says Chris Heath.

You must think we're complete bastards," sighs Liz Fraser, the Cocteau Twins' singer, standing hopefully into her cup of coffee. She's fed up, her partners Robin Guthrie and Simon Raymonde are fed up and I'm fed up. So far this "interview" has been a complete disaster. We've tried to discuss nearly every subject under the sun and the Cocteau Twins have decided that they don't really want to talk about anything. Not about their records, not about themselves as people, and not about what they think of anything else that goes on in the world. At one point Liz turns in despair to the other two and asks with bewilderment, "Why do we keep doing interviews? There's no reply.

It all started well enough that morning. The three of them turned up in Robin's old car and, even though they sulked a bit about having to pose for photos, they seemed chirpy enough. Robin teased Liz (who he lives with) about this and that and even set his trouser leg on fire with his cigarette lighter. And they still seemed fairly jolly whilst zipping round London looking for a location quiet to do the interview, settling eventually for a cafe in leafy Holland Park. But, even before the questions start, they begin making jokes between themselves about how they hate this sort of thing.

"This is nice," says Robin sarcastically. "Let's not say anything," laughs Simon. Then, for a brief moment, Liz and Robin start chatting away quite naturally. Liz reveals that she shares her birthday with Michael Jackson and that this should come as no surprise to anyone because "We're both a pain in the arse." Robin thinks for a moment about disagreeing.

"I think she's very nice," he says in his strange Scottish purr. Liz looks at him accusingly. "Is that what 'shut up your dirty pint' implies?" she asks. This is apparently how Robin addresses her.

"It's because he's a male chauvinist pig," laughs Simon. "He likes to see women weep."

"It's all done in the best possible taste," chuckles Robin, without denying any of the accusations. Then he leans forward menacingly. "We're not having any of this personal chat that in the interview," he says.

So we talk about their new single, "Love's Easy Tears." Or at least try to.

"It's a tasty little number," "jests" Liz. "A wee cooapper."

"I like it," agrees Simon. And that seems to be all they really want to say on the subject — in fact they appear genuinely horrified that anyone should dare pry any deeper. I suggest that the title, "Love's Easy Tears" seems a lot more straightforward than many of their other songs (things like "Sugar Hiccup," "Gress Spangled Frantically," "How To Bring A Blush To The Snow" and so on).

"I don't like the sound of that," snaps Robin, murmuring that the titles are thought of months after the songs are recorded. The three of them respond even more forbiddingly to enquiries as to what Liz's brilliant warblings actually mean.

"Are they about anything? I don't know — probably," says Liz evasively.

"I do even know what she sings about," says Robin. Obviously there's going to be no prying in this direction — but then the Cocteau Twins are the only group in the history of the universe to refuse to allow Smosh Hits to print their lyrics so perhaps it's not that surprising.

"Ask some proper questions," moans Robin. How about their backgrounds? Well, for a while they're quite forthcoming. Robin explains how he

was brought up in Fahirk, Scotland — "of refineries and chimneys" — and was "the sort of person who had a big brother and would slap myself in the face and then run down and tell my mother that he'd hit me." Simon was brought up in Tottenham, North London, had "a really average childhood" and got "quite excited" by a couple of Gary Glitter songs. Liz (who, according to Robin, is "still going through her childhood") was also born in Scotland, was stabbed by one of her sisters in the thigh, had strict parents — "They did overbeat us, I think" — and used to play at "pop stars" with her four sisters and brother.

"We used to use a clothes peg with a piece of string tied to it. They had these *Top Of The Pops* albums and we used to put them on on Sunday night." But, after revealing these snippets of pertinent information, the Cocteau Twins suddenly decide that they don't enjoy talking about themselves much, either.

Why is it, "asks Simon, "that everyone wants to know what people in music do on their spare time?"

"People shouldn't want to know about our childhoods," explains Robin. "People should just go out and smash up telephone boxes and have a childhood of their own." Suddenly, Robin starts playing around with a book of matches, with two consequences. First he discovers that on one side, printed in large italic letters, is the motto "Tell 'Em Nothing." From now on, whenever there's a question they don't want to answer (i.e. nearly everything) he flashes the message at the others who bite their lips and start giggling. It hardly helps. Secondly, proving the truth of that sensible adage "playing with matches is quite dangerous and could result in a table going up in flames (haw haw)" he manages to cause a mini-explosion with the remaining matches, dropping them onto the table where they burn two or three unattractive black marks. Liz is furious:

"Robin! That's just not amusing at all!" "It was an accident," he apologises.

"Well, I don't want anymore beatings in this lifetime," she says seriously, "so I'm leaving the premises now."

Robin doesn't budge, and just gives her an "I know you're right but don't make a mountain out of a molehill" look.

She continues her harangue. "That table's burnt, Robin, and that's tragic."

"I don't think there are going to be very severe repercussions," he laughs gently. "I don't think we're going to burn in hell."

"But those marks weren't there when we started out," she frets, "and I'm sure the water knows that." So we move onto the subject of other pop stars. Liz and Robin deny ever having met anyone famous.

"We met a cardboard cut-out of George Michael," says Robin. "You probably get a better conversation from the cardboard cut out," bitchies Robin.

Simon, however, sheepishly confesses that he has met David Bowie — when he was a drunk 17 year old at an early Human League concert. He recalls passing "Bowie" a date note and getting a piece of paper back signed "Bowie 76".

"And then," he sighs, "I lost it. I won't tell you what happened to it because you'll think I'm a div."

And on they chat about how most pop stars "must be perverse to go along with all that nonsense... *Top Of The Pops* and stuff. They just prostitute themselves." They mean people like Paul King.

"He's the one who wants to be a star so bad that he'll dress up in Ronald McDonald trousers," according to Robin. "I don't think that's sick. He's got no self-respect whatsoever."

And then? It's not predictable... "We don't want to talk about that. You're just trying to get us to slag off other pop stars..."

You don't like interviews much, do you? I remark "perceptively," Robin shrugs.

"We've got no great message to tell the world," he says, "and we're not particularly pleased at the thought of people knowing everything about us. It's rude isn't it? We don't find it easy to talk about ourselves. What makes us happy? It's obvious to a blind person that what makes us happy is just doing it — writing the songs and making the records — it's all the other crap that goes along with it that is a pain in the arse. There's not much to talk about. If we were good talkers we wouldn't make music — we'd talk."

"We've led pretty unremarkable lives and we don't know anything about our music," admits Liz, "so what can we talk about?"

"Well, what do they talk about at home?" "We don't really talk to each other often because we're such a miserable bunch of gits," snaps Liz. Oh, instead, she reads lots of "wordy" books (quite possibly to fill in the silences), but as usual she'd rather not talk about them.

"It got embarrassing... it's personal... I don't like discussing these things."

Nevertheless, they do skim a few more topics. They talk about their new LP, "The Man And The Melodies," a collaboration with the elderly avant garde American keyboard player Harold Budd. They talk about how Robin has produced groups like the completely brilliant Feist (Robin is often producing more than one or two records for someone because then it stops enjoying their records because I've had something to do with them"). And, reluctantly, Robin has one last go at explaining the Cocteau Twins.

"We're just the sort of people who get on with it. We work long hours and we work quite hard. But because you make records, you're expected to appear on a TV show."

Basically we're talking to Smosh Hits not because we want to but because we'd like people to hear this single. If they like it they might listen to some more. But it's demeaning to be in any music paper, if we weren't doing this we could be in the studio doing what I class as more important work.

"We're at our most comfortable," explains Simon, "when we're on our own doing something connected with music."

It's difficult to argue: they're certainly much, much better at making music than at talking to people. Maybe it's time I let them get on with it...



The Cocteau Twins (left-to-right) Robin, Liz and Simon

A SMASH HITS PICTURE SPECIAL

A-HA IN CALIFORNIA



▲ The Moten howler: "Look at The Way You Like And Like! The Way You Look" Workout for him funny "muscles".
1. Lift your legs up in the air



▲ ? Pull a stupid face



▲ Oh dear Mads and his girlfriend Heidi taking a bit of a dip in the shoot pool of a hotel in "downtown" San Francisco only they've both left their wetclothes on (how how)



▲ "Sigh" seeing Laurin (Pål's girlfriend), Mads, Heidi and Pål snoodle around the bit of San Francisco that's near all the shops and things.



▲ Snoodle snoodle smooch etc: Mads, Heidi and Laurin have a cuddle. But what's their creepy island in the background? Spoiler! It's the famous Alcatraz Prison only Steve McCQueen "hardened" criminals used to be locked up of feathers but he flew too close to the sun or something

A SMASH HITS PICTURE SPECIAL A-HA IN CALIFORNIA



▲ Two bikes from A-ha not quite on a trolley bus and—interesting fact—not being mobbed by about three million screaming girls.



▲ Off in Los Angeles (near) on the official tour bus which has a very funny pose on top of it.



▲ Think back. Think back, think...



▲ THWACK! Our post-haw haw! A "horrid" game of ping-pong before the soundcheck before the show at the Los Angeles (near) Universal Amphitheater.



▲ Not many people turned up did they (how low)? Actually, it's the soundcheck—PW makes sure all the um, things and wotits are all...er, OK on his "instruments".



▲ When Morten checks that the bike who slicks down the little white crosses that Morten stands on has done his job properly.



▲ The big night! (Well, one of two big nights in Los Angeles, actually.) The busicians look fed up, Morten "snoozes" and the lads go barmy. Huzah!

SEND OUT
SHOCKWAVES.



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

WELLA

WHATEVER NEXT?



Rubik's back

The new Billy Idol album is only £5.29 at HMV.



Billy Idol's latest release 'Whiplash Smile' is now available on album and cassette for just £5.29.

It includes the new single 'To be a Lover' and it's available at all HMV Stores.

The free poster is only at HMV.



And there's a free 30" x 30" limited edition Billy Idol poster with every album or cassette you buy.

But this special offer is exclusive to HMV and stocks are limited, so make sure you pick it up from one of the stores listed below before it's too late.



The World's Best Music Stores.

STORES IN: OXFORD STREET, TROCADERO, PICCADILLY, BEDFORD, BIRMINGHAM, BLACKPOOL, BOLTON, BRADFORD, BRIGHTON, BRISTOL, CARDIFF, COVENTRY, DERBY, EDINBURGH, ENFIELD, EXETER, GLASGOW, GLOUCESTER, GUILDFORD, HULL, LEIS, LEICESTER, LIVERPOOL, LUTON, MANCHESTER, MIDDLESBROUGH, NEWCASTLE, NORWICH, NOTTINGHAM, OLDHAM, OXFORD, PETERSBOROUGH, PLYMOUTH, PORTSMOUTH, PRESTON, SHEFFIELD, SOUTHAMPTON, SUNDERLAND, SUTTON, SUTTON COLDFIELD, SWANSEA, WOLVERHAMPTON

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE C'MON EVERY BEATBOX



Hey there's been a brainwave at the radio station
Old ideas from the Woodstock generation
Calling all the kids from across the nation
In some that brings out love in others termination
Love and unity
Don't worry 'bout the power we got a generator
And publicity
Betteries for rent you can pay us later

Get your digital watches in synchronization
Producer of the show's got a selfish motivation
It's the place to be and we got a location
Another gold disc for an album compilation
Bring the family
Everybody's welcome there'll be no discrimination
Take a tip from me
In case there's a problem bring identification

Chorus

C'mon every beatbox In the place to be
C'mon every beatbox we got ramelizee
C'mon every beatbox let's party and how
C'mon every beatbox let's party right now
Party right now

Watch me I got it wetch me

So the holy smokes ere coming we got a confirmation
Centre of the city been a major transformation
Gandhi got a shock and he took a vacation
Check the wild life it's a reel fascination
Hope they stay in line
Raiders posse British born but still they're Jemeican
Dialing 999
Selt 'n' pepper people stirred not shaken

Repeat chorus

Knights of St. George dressed for aggravation
Heerd about a party and they sent a delegation
The bulldog crew don't need no provocation
Got a strange idea about the country's liberation
B A D. and little Sippo
Help keep the peace don't need no lawbreaker
No one can stop the show
Good promoter didn't book no undertaker

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Jones Letts ● Reproduced by permission BAD Songs ● On CBS Records

CHINA CRISIS



arizona sky

a seven inch single vs 898

the twelve inch single vs 898-12 contains
a limited edition free full colour poster



BERLIN

TAKE MY BREATH AWAY
(LOVE THEME FROM "TOP GUN")



**SPECIAL
3 TRACK 12"**
FEATURING - THE RIGHTeous BROTHERS
'YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVING FEELING'

THE No. 1 U.S. SINGLE

TAKEN FROM THE ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK ALBUM



ON 7" & 3 TRACK 12"

A7320



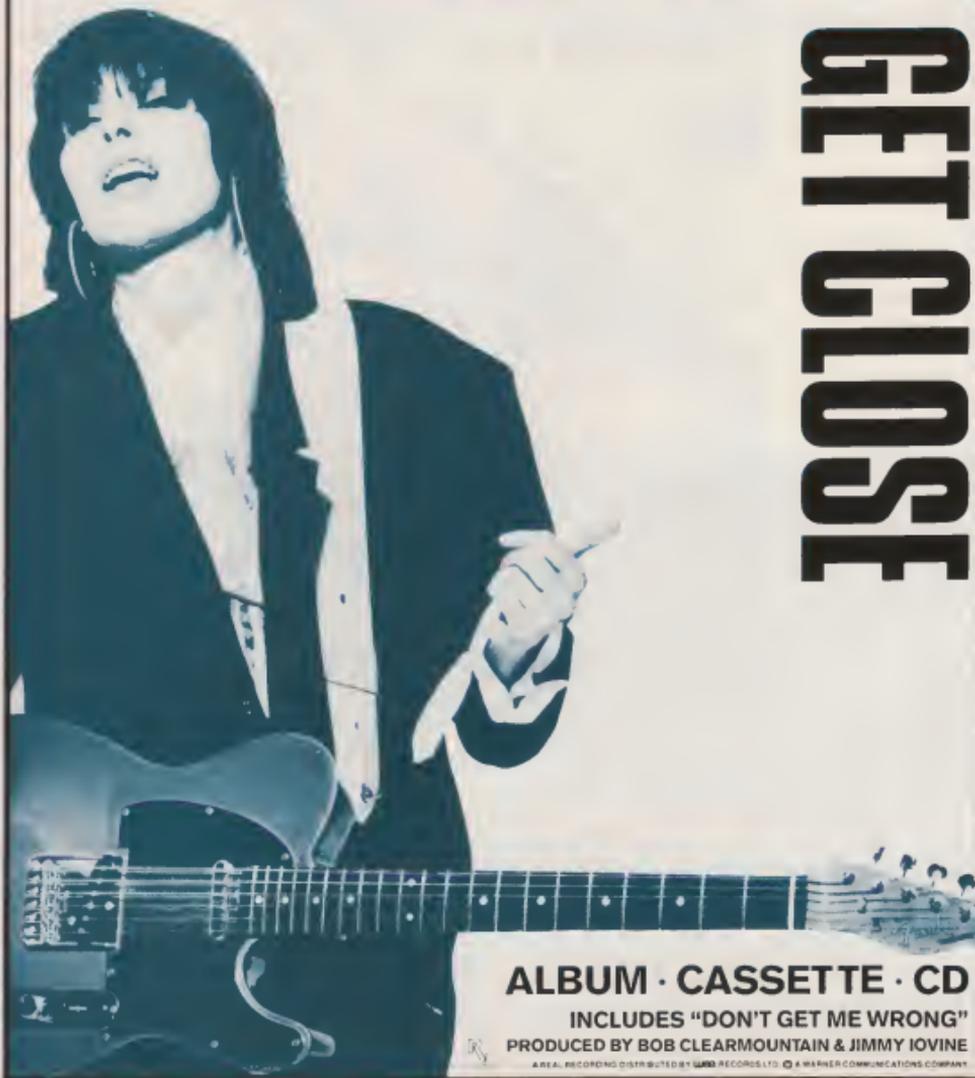
TA7320

73

73

THE PRETENDERS

GET CLOSE



ALBUM · CASSETTE · CD

INCLUDES "DON'T GET ME WRONG"

PRODUCED BY BOB CLEARMOUNTAIN & JIMMY IOVINE

A REAL RECORDING DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER RECORDS LTD. A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY

REVIEW SINGLES

REVIEWED BY SIMON MILLS

Duran Duran

"Notorious" (EMI)
They're back. Back! BACK! Remember when Duran Duran used to say they wanted to sound like a cross between '70s funk group Chic and The Sex Pistols? Well they've given the Pistols the elbow and they now sound exactly like Chic! I mean, this is well "funcky". Bass, drums, piano and guitar locked in the same simple "riff" with lots of "n-nineteen" style vocals – the best Duran single since "The Reflex".

Spandau Ballet

"Through The Barricades" (CBS)
Here come Spandau Ballet sounding about as "profound" as Nick Berry and dressed with about as much style as Wicked. And what a preposterous name for a song – even The Banned's Hurry "Trotty", who uses phrases like "selling out to the establishment" would hesitate before calling a song "Through The Barricades". What has happened to Spandau Ballet? I can remember when they used to make brilliant records like "Chant No. 1", wear dead smoggy gear and say things like: "We want this band to be the most contemporary statement possible." This is all about the troubles in Northern Ireland with references to being "born on different sides of life" (Protestant and Catholic?) and "making love on wasteland" all tinged with a vaguely Gaelic, acoustic feel. I'm sure it's all very sincere and significant – I just can't stand it.

Spandau Ballet



Prince & The New Power Generation

"Anotherloverholenyohead" (Paisley Park)
Prince is such a complete pop star, don't you think? He's enormously talented, extraordinarily handsome, occasionally outrageous, annoyingly enigmatic, probably very normal and definitely very weird (!) "Anotherloverholenyohead" is funky, "sexy", spooky, drummy, poppy and you can dance to it. I gave my love, I gave my life, I gave my body

and mind" he sings and I believe him. I believe in Prince. Prince is God. (Are you feeling alright?) – Ed.)

Sci-Fi Sex Stars "Rokit Miss USA" (Who M II)

Who M II? Well you don't need to be able to complete a successful 20 second "gold run" on Blockbusters to deduce that Sci-Fi Sex Stars are actually... S'igwe "S'igwe" Spunkin are diguise! This becomes even more evident when you peel the sticker off the front of the sleeve to reveal a "photo montage" of some dodgy looking "chicks" with... wilies (!). The record itself is much like the last two S.'S.'s. "vinyl outings" and I find it rather charming, really. There's a bit of movie dialogue about a "machine wrapped in flesh", a lot of synthesizer gubbins and an "ad" at the end of side one for the group's concert at the Albert Hall which happened quite a long time ago now.

Tina Turner "Two People" (Capitol)

It sounds like Tina Turner was bored to tears when she recorded this song. That apart, it's a very simple, very catchy and is much the same as "Let's Stay Together" except that it's not quite as good.

Bob Geldof "This Is The World Calling" (Mercury)

I suppose Bob's first solo record had to be a sort of "global concept". After all that very admirable charity work he couldn't really have called it "Gettin' Beered Up And Snoggin' With Me Bird", could he? Well actually I wish he had because this song – a weight-of-the-world-on-my-shoulders U2-style affair – is soaring. The lyrics refer to

the tragic famine in Ethiopia and you feel like putting an arm round the poor chap and saying "Look, luvvie, you've done all you can, why don't you forget about everything else for a couple of days and do something selfish for a change!"



David Bowie "When The Wind Blows" (Virgin)

"Bowie" has become very accessible over the past few years, hasn't he? It seems that nowadays he'll do a duo with any dodgy old pop star or write a soundtrack for or "star" in more or less any old film that comes along. I wonder if people still see him as a "style guru" and search through his lyrics for hidden meanings? Probably not. But having said that, "When The Wind Blows", from the soundtrack of an excellent animated film about a nuclear war which is based on the book of the same name, is rather grand and has a nice "classical" feel to it. Well!

Shakin' Stevens "Because I Love You" (Epic)

It's quite possible that, with this record, Shaky has at last ended his run of about 12 million hits. It's not one of his rock'n'party tunes and it's not one of his Elvis style smoochers. Chuffin' edd! It's a "serious" song! You keep thinking it's suddenly going to all jivey and toe tippy...!

but it doesn't! It sounds a bit like Paul Young. But there again I suppose it is probably owing to be a big hit.

Owen Paul "One World" (CBS)

I really hate to bring an old chestnut out of the closet but this one really has got more than a touch of the Rod, Jane and Freddie about it. It's very jangly, brassy, punchy and generally "up" and it starts off with these jolly words: "One world, it's our world yeah, yeah. When I walk down the street I feel glad I was born, music causes a ringer! out of every door. I see people I know and they give me a sing, we've got something between us and it feels alright". Maybe he's not the new David Cassidy after all, eh?

The Smiths "Ask" (Rough Trade)

This time "it's the bomb that'll bring us together" according to that steaming great woman's blouse Morrissey. (That's a sexist – a woman's blouse.) I really never feel miserable enough to have to listen to a Smiths record. Perhaps I don't "think" enough or something. We've all spent days on end locked up in our bedrooms crying desperately to convince our parents that we're depressed and we've all gone through stages of being enamoured by James Dean or Oscar Wilde or someone or other, so what's so flippin' marvelous about Morrissey who makes a living out of doing the same. I "ask" you!

Smiley Culture "Mr Kidnapper" (Polydor)

Like all Smiley Culture's records this is a one-man, quick fire cheeky cookery wide boy versus ranking rasta toaster chatting song. This

time about rotters who pinch kids for a living, it's brilliant. Give the bloke a TV series or a comic strip at least. By the way "Mr" is pronounced "Mahter" not "Mister", so there.

Madness ("Waiting For) The Ghost Train" (Zarjaz)

The maddest group in all the world. How could they do this to me? Split up I mean. They keep saying that they were all getting too old to be wacky and nutty all the time but it didn't particularly matter. I actually preferred their more recent "serious" songs like "Yesterday's Men" and "Tomorrow's Just Another Day" which have a rather cute Beatley sound. Their "fawreel" single is more of the same dodgy stuff about an unfortunate bunch of folk who are all waiting for this train that never comes. Life's not that isn't it!



Peter Gabriel "Don't Give Up" (Virgin)

"It's one o'clock and it's time for tea. Turn to turn it turn. In the town you can hear them talk. Me! I'm just a lawn mower you can tell me by the way I walk!" sang Peter Gabriel a few years ago when he was being Phil Collins in Genesis. He's come a long way since then. While his old pals in Genesis, though very successful, are frequently accused of being boring old "dinosaurs", Peter is enjoying rather a lot of credibility as an "artist". He takes years at a time to record moving "laments", like this one with Kate Bush which is all very nice but some of the singing is so quiet and faint it's barely there at all!

Janet Jackson "Control" (A&M)

The beginning of this record sounds like a "transformer" toy banging its head against the wall and the rest of it sounds even better! When she sings "First time I fell in love I didn't know what hit me" there's this noise like a car screeching off, burnin' some "rubber" and then crashing into a fence! Nasty!

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT



Kurtis Blow "I'm Chillin'" (Phonogram)

"Transformers! Robots in Disguise!" What can you say about a record that starts off with an advert for toy robots eh? "King" Kurtis has once again "married" hip-hop rap with Go-Go and the result is once again totally devastating. Layer after layer of drums, cowbells and percussion merge with Kurtis' perfectly pronounced raps. This is the real art of noise.

CONCERT



THE HOUSEMARTINS

The National Ballroom, Kilburn, London.

They've come quite a way, have The Housemartins. A couple of years ago they were just four skin-broke from Hull, trundling round the country with their instruments and soundtrucks poking out of ripped plastic bags. Even one year ago they were playing dirty 'n' pish-gusting halls with 30 or so people down the front, gog bananas and the rest shuffling around looking a mite bewildered (and begging for floors to sleep on with their "Adopt A Housemartin" scheme).

A couple of his singles later and - ZWING! - the very large 'n' grand ballroom in North London with "expressive" carvings all over the ceiling is gone, stately steaming with fresh, (fanciful) followers here to see their heroes - four blokes from Hull, not quite so skint and a lot more famous. Which was inevitable, really.

All around the hall bodies are being thrust against the barriers, and on the "dance" floor one swiftness (antics) with social tendencies are twinging and seething (and they're already soaked with sweat) when... they're ON! Deafening roar! Shrieking and hollering! Quite a few collapsed sections of the audience! This, viewers, is known as "pandemonium." Paul, Sean, Norm and Hugh grab their instruments, smink widely and off they go, bobbing up and down, jiggling 'n' flailing from one side to the other, twinking their toes and sounding even more sparky than they do on record. And in between songs we discover that they're a right bunch of bletherers.

"We must stop meeting like this!" pipes Paul after a slightly slower than usual version of "Think For A Minute" (to which some folks managed to pop!). He knows for a fact loads of the audience have seen the group before; they know exactly when to start the "spontaneous" clapping, they know all the words, they know Paul's going to bark "wants very much ta" after most of the songs and they know that any minute now he's going to start going on about... Kevin Keegan! And how "any Tory Party supporters in the audience can..." (Er... "get lost" is more or less the point, there.)

And on they zap, flinging through their choppy 'n' springy guitar songs, then mesmerizing the entire universe with their beautifully sung religious acappella (i.e. no instruments) tunes. The slightly wobbly version of "Happy Hour" turns the crowd into a bunch of crazed punk "rock" degenerates (and one must reflect for a moment that it's quite an amazing feat that these four be-cards'd "visions" who look like they've just popped in on their way to the chippy can cause such manic hysteria). They nip off, then bounce back for the encore.

"Do you want to hear a poem sent to Hugh by a fan?" quips Sean. Yes please. "Ahem. Oh Hugh Hugh Hugh Hugh baby, Hugh Hugh Hugh Hugh dear, oh Hugh I love you, please say you love me too, Hugh. Jar Jar 'n' Poor old Hugh - the group's "scape-god". This, in fact, The Housemartins' pantomime 10 minutes with rather a lot of "oh yes he is" and "oh no he isn't"s and general yapping about until... Hugh gets his chance to sing "Drops Down Dead" and gets a huge, rather uncharitable "boo" for his efforts (even though he's actually good).

There follows some more that about being "top pop stars or total wifie noses" before launching into The Housemartins' "party" "trick" - taking the drum-kit apart and stomping off stage playing their "biz" at the end of a spectacular hp-nooping thingie, just leaving time for an acappella version of "We Shall Not Be Moved" "Fare-WEELL!" they sing "GOOD-NIGHT!" They take a majestic bow and leave (while the crowd search in vain for some oxygen).

The Housemartins are completely and utterly, supremely and totally brilliant. Slypho 'n' quite like the Housemartins' Patterson



THE POLICE: Every Breath You Take - The Singles (A&M)

This is a long overdue greatest hits collection from what must be one of the most successful (and one of the richest) groups in the world. All the big hits are here: "Roxanne," "Message In A Bottle," "Invisible Sun," "Every Breath You Take" and the re-recording of "Don't Stand So Close To Me" (which is actually better than the original). The Police singles were always far better than their albums and, although they could be embarrassingly pretentious at times, "Every Breath You Take" proves what an imaginative and clever group they really are... er, were. (9 out of 10)

Simon Bralshaw



FALCO: Emotional (WEA)

What would you expect a song called "The Kiss Of Kathleen Turner" to be about? Sharing a tongue sarnie with a famous film actress, perhaps?

Apparently not: "I'm talking about... not the first kiss of my life... I'm talking about... our planes," sings Falco. Well, it could be world destruction, but it's difficult to tell what he's on about as he rants on in at least five languages (and all at the same time). None of this really matters, though, because this album is packed with outrageously catchy tunes and ridiculous titles like "Kamikaze Cappa", all given the Falco continental rap treatment. And the multi-lingual approach is really cute, us appealing... (7 out of 10)

Colette Campbell

MICHAEL McDONALD: The Best Of... (WEA)

In the '70s Michael McDonald was making wonderfully syrupy, soulful pop (for driving around California in a convertible car) so as one The Doobie Brothers. And it's an old "Doobie" song - "What A Fool Believes" - that really stands out here; the rest is just middle-of-the-road slop. There's the very slushy "Our Love" and "I Can't Let Go Now", the mega-slushy duet with Patti LaBelle, "On My Own" and the current hit "Sweet Freedom". Blooig! (4 out of 10)

Deborah Sippitts

THE PRETENDERS: Get Close (WEA)

They've certainly had their ups and downs: a string of hit singles (including the brilliant "Brass In Pocket" in 1979), some great LPs and the unfortunate death of two members of the group. But Chrissie Hynde carries on here with a new line-up, occasional help from former Pretenders drummer Martin Chambers and a handful of wonderful songs. "Get Close" is the perfect Pretenders LP - jingly, jangly guitars, crisp production and Chrissie's voice crunching over the beat. "My Baby" and "Don't Get Me Wrong" are pure genius. (8 out of 10)

Deborah Sippitts



BILLY IDOL: Whiplash Smile (Chrysalis)

Ah, Sir William Idol - what a chap. 30 years of age, still one of the best-looking people on the planet, still creating quite sumptuous squealaway rock pop tunes and still with the only sneer in rock you can actually hear. Nothing toweringly new here from Sir Bill, but some thumping great guitar songs blustering along rock's lost highway with a few almost turning into - gasp! - punk rock (but not quite)! He does dwell a mite too long on his mean 'n' moody 'n' mellow (man) tunes, sounding like he's gargling in the bottom of a

swamp, but there's enough "stoters" here to forgive him. His least commercial LP for a while, "Whiplash Smile" is nonetheless... a birrova stormer.

(8½ out of 10)

Sylvio Patterson



THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG: How Green Is The Valley (MCA)

The Men They Couldn't Hang are some bitches and a female from London who make quite magnificent countrified Irish/folk/punk songs (ahem). This is their follow-up to their brilliant debut LP "Night, Of A Thousand Candles" and it's at least as good as that. There's chantsome tunes, mostly concerning "colourful" historical characters and dastardly deeds of yore, zwinging around in a swirl of thrashome guitars, a mad mandolin-type thingie and screechaway violins. And one of the most beautiful sobful "weepsters" ever invented (sniffle etc.). - "Parted From You". Fair warns yer "cockles" (or something...)

(9 out of 10)

Sylvio Patterson

GENERAL PUBLIC: Hand To Mouth (Virgin)

A few years ago The Beat were having lots of hit singles with their stirring blend of pop and reggae. But then they broke up. David Steele and Andy Cox formed Fine Young Cannibals who became quite big in Britain with their soulful pop, and Dave Wakelin and Rankin' Roger forming General Public who became quite big in America with a sound that was really just a blinder version of The Beat. Clichés like "bouncy", "uplifting" and "infectious" occasionally spring to mind whilst listening to this LP but, upon contemplation, it's all rather tawdry and unoriginal.

(6 out of 10)

Colette Campbell

"MY RECORD COMPANY WOULD RATHER I WROTE ABOUT 'THIS BIRD WOT I MET DOWN THE LIMELIGHT'."

● Nik Kershaw explains what all the songs on his new LP, "Radio Muscicola", are about...

"Radio Muscicola"

"This is about business and what happens when it gets hold of anything. When big business gets hold of food you get McDonalds, drink you get Coco Cola, clothes you get Marks & Spencer and pop music you get everything set to a formula and sounding like everything else. It didn't need to be like this - it's only got hold of music in the last ten years. The song is about the constant fight between the artist and the business. I don't feel it too much, but it's there. They frighten you by saying 'this isn't commercial enough, this isn't a pop song, people are going to forget you'."

The reference to being like Joan in the song refers to Joan Mitchell (very famous hippie songstress) because she was explaining on the TV programme how she did exactly what she wanted and suddenly did this jazz LP. Can you imagine me turning round to MCA (Nik's record company) and saying 'I'm going to do a jazz album!' I also say in the song 'I've got political inclinations to announce' because that's another thing you're not supposed to have. You should have the freedom to say what you want whether you're AC/DC, The Sex or Joseph Stalin. I'm sure my record company would much rather I wrote about 'this bird wot I met down the Limelight...' etc. It'd be much easier for them to sell."

"Nobody Knows"

"This is having a go at certain portions of the press that are living prying into people's private lives. The chorus is about a relationship where a person's saying 'nobody knows what you do to me' because it's private. The verses are scenarios involving this peeping tom in his dirty raincoat going round photographing people in compromising positions. Even the geezer who made my video had trouble with the law 'automobile nowhere steer' - the point is that the peeping tom is up Lovers Lane where there's all these parked cars and he's waiting for 'sums must do clear' - the sums are actually the steered up car windows."

I don't think it matters that it's hard to understand. It's like that Henken ad. 'I walked about a bit on my own' Everybody knows what that means but Wordsworth's 'I wandered lonely as a cloud' is better. All the way through my lyrics I want to be a little alone. If it's all written down in black and white then nobody's got to think about it. Like 'touch me/ouch me! want to feel your body' - that's about the French Revolution, is it!

"L.A.B.A.T.T.D."

"It stands for Life's A Bitch And Then You Die. It again uses a technique I use a lot - the chorus is saying something and the verse is saying the opposite. The verse talks about very transitory things like cassette players and the short time we spend on this planet and the chorus is saying 'I think there's something else, it doesn't all end like that - either you have another go or go to another dimension or domain' That's what I believe. If you come back it doesn't matter what you come back as, just that you come back. I happen to be walking about in this body at the moment but it could be a Ford Cortina. I could even (makes horrible face) come back as a Smash Hit reporter."

"What The Papers Say"

"This is supposed to be quite humorous. We bought this paper in the States called



The Sun - I don't know if it's any relation - and most of the silly headlines in the song appeared in it. 'GIRL GIVES BIRTH TO ALIEN BABY', 'DINOSAUR FOUND ALIVE TOGETHER!', 'NASA PLANS SEX IN OUTER SPACE!'

"Life Goes On"

"This is a soppy old love song. I haven't written one before and there isn't anything true in it so I really haven't much to say about it. It's about what I'd imagine it'd be like if one was to split up with one's spouse - a depressing thought, but there you go."

"Running Scared"

"This was written for that new film Running Scared but it's, er, not in the film. Why not? Because they didn't like it, that's why. They wanted two songs - a sort of Lionel Richie thing with I said I couldn't do - and the track which this was supposed to be. I sent it and simply heard nothing. I don't care. I think it's a really good track. What happens in the film is that there's two cops who get themselves mixed up in very horrible things like drugs and getting shot at and then go to Florida for a holiday and then come back and clean up the streets of Chicago. This song's about the rubbish and violence that's going on and about having to get away from it. The film's meant to be a comedy but I don't know if it'll be funny. The script wasn't."

"James Cagney"

"A familiar theme to me, this, because I wrote a song on the first album called 'Bogart' which was basically about the

same thing - about how films influence people. The chorus says you've got to be tougher than James Cagney, smarter than Charlie Chan and as good a lover as Valentino or you won't be a man - that's what the movies were saying at the time. The song is just saying 'stuff all that, do what you want to do'."

"Don't Let Me Out Of My Cage"

"It's about energy and the different ways you can use it - negatively or positively. It goes. 'Don't let me out of my cage because I might kill somebody' - means pent-up aggression - and they 'don't let me out of my cage' I might strangle somebody because you can also channel that energy into something good and constructive. People should let their own energy but they should realise that there are alternative ways of using it - they don't have to go and beat up someone's granny."

"Violet To Blue"

"Basically an anti-drug song. A bit gory actually - it goes. 'On the day the turned violet to blue'. There was an article years and years ago in the Observer colour supplement about a mother coming down from the bedroom and finding her daughter dead. She'd died of drugs and when you die of drugs quite often it's from oxygen starvation - she choked on her own vomit - and all your extremities turn blue. He real name wasn't Violet but I thought it would be pretty neat if it was, so that it could be 'on the day she turned from violet to blue'. She was turned blue by all these idiots who can round the streets being 'nice' and giving her drugs."

SPANDAU BALLET IN HOLLAND



"IT'S LIKE A BUNCH OF BLOKES GOING TO BENIDORM!"



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDY CUTLER



Spandau Ballet get on a tiny executive jet, have a drink, eat all Paul Young's sandwiches, fly to Holland, get off the plane, have another drink, record a TV "spectacular", celebrate Martin's birthday (with a few more drinks), wander round Amsterdam's red light district, have a drink and come home again. And they find time to have a drink... er, chat with Chris Heath.

Martin Kemp gives a slightly dazed but contented glance around Spandau Ballet's dressing room. It's around 3.30pm and he's been awake for just two hours. As he says, "Martin Kemp in the morning is not a pretty sight. . . Or in the afternoon."

Today is his 25th birthday; last night he was celebrating in an Amsterdam club till around 4am. In a few hours he's got to go on stage and mime two songs - "Fight For Ourselves" and "Through The Barricades" - for a huge Dutch TV "Gala". He's not concerned: "You can be half asleep and still mime on telly," he grins.

Spandau Ballet are here doing some European promotion and, even though they're extremely professional, it's not something they take terribly seriously. "It's like being a packet of soap," explains Gary.

"It's a complete farce," adds Martin, "but it's all part of being in a band. You come over, see all your mates, have a drink, wake up with hangovers and go back again."

"When we're at home we never really all go out together for a drink on our own because there's other people with us, girlfriends and stuff. But when we're all locked up together in a dressing room it's a laugh: 'C'mon boys, let's have a drink!'. It's like a bunch of blokes going to Benidorm. You get the Lear Jet over. . . it's like an expensive busman's holiday!"

This "busman's holiday" all started the day before. The group met at Heathrow airport, stopped to have their photos

taken with the faithful handful of fans who follow them everywhere and then slipped through customs. . .

The plane itself is rather a shock. It's tiny. There's just eight seats crammed in the back and the pilot and co-pilot are an arm's length away in front. But Spandau Ballet don't seem bothered. As long as there's some rock'n'roll mouthwash. But. . . there isn't any - just a few piddling cans of beer! Their faces plummet and, a touch grumpy, they get stuck into the beer and the two trays of sandwiches which have been "thoughtfully" provided, and start chatting away.

"Have you seen that band Half Man Half Biscuit?" asks Tony, idly flicking through a copy of *Smash Hits*.

But there's no answer, for the others have made a momentous discovery - there is a "booze" cupboard, packed full of a distressing variety of rock'n'roll mouthwashes. John Keeble laughs with undisguised glee.

"There's going to be some trouble now!"

Then, as if things weren't getting "debauched" enough, their minder produces a "naughty" magazine. They all lean over. Gary spots an advert for "Swedish Adult Mags" and starts giggling.

"Look," he says pointing at it. "One of A-ha is in here." (*Mags - geddit?*)

The pilots then make the mistake of revealing that they're flying Paul Young back from this TV festival the next night. This provokes a flurry of activity from ver

continued over page

SPANDAU BALLET IN HOLLAND



▲ Tony and Martin relaxing - then beer about their heavy mood.



▲ A view from inside the waiting taxi in Amsterdam airport.



▲ Ocean blips or whatever they call Indonesian rice-into-ship's 'spice' lunch with Paul Young.



▲ "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you." Martin's cake - a present from the Dutch TV company.

leads as they determine to leave the plane in as much of a state as possible.

"Where's the other sandwiches?" giggles Gary. "Let's eat Paul Young's going back sandwiches!"

"Let's drink all the drink," suggests someone else. There are no dissenters.

Fifty minutes later the plane touches down in Holland and everyone bounces ("boong!") off the plane into the cars waiting on the tarmac. John and Martin still clutching their in-flight drinks. Gary smirks the air.

"It's great, this country," he smirks. "It's the most decadent in Europe - it's made for pop groups."

We're driven straight to the TV studio where the group have to rush through a rehearsal.

All goes well, and as soon as they've finished, the group dash into town to an Indonesian restaurant where we find Paul Young and his group.

"We just drank all the drink on your plane back," chortle Spandau. Still, that doesn't stop Paul Young from joining in when, at midnight, Martin is serenaded with a rousing chorus of "Happy Birthday", much to his embarrassment. Birthdays, he reveals later, aren't a highspot of his life.

"They're always more fun for the people around you than for the person whose birthday it is. It's like having a party in your house - you never enjoy it because you're too worried about what's going to happen!"

The next day Spandau Ballet look a touch weary. It's well past midnight when they appear, recovering from sitting in a nightclub for hours, followed by

a riotous romp through the deserted streets of Amsterdam singing "Happy Birthday". But now they've got to get down to business and do some interviews.

After two hours of press "chats" conducted in pairs the final interview is for the TV station TROK who are putting on tonight's gala, the biggest pop show in the Dutch year. And they obviously expect their interviewer - a chubby, curly haired chap who makes Mike Smith look young and good-looking - to ask them a few interesting and probing questions. It doesn't get off to a good start...

"Tell me. Where did you get your name?"
They gawp. "I can't believe it," fumes Gary. "For six years we've been asked that question. Everyone knows the answer!"

"We actually chose the name Iron Maiden," says John drily, but someone else had it first."

After a few more useless questions, Martin is given a huge birthday cake (with candles in the shape of a question mark because they haven't bothered to find out how old he is) and the Spands are they're free to go until the show that evening. They decide they want to spend their spare time going to have a look at Amsterdam's infamous "red light" district which consist of dozens of lit up windows where prostitutes sit in not very many clothes trying to entice men inside and endless sex shops full of films and magazines that wouldn't even be allowed on British soil. Spandau wander around for a bit, get a quick bite to eat at a cafe then wander back to the TV studio.

The show itself must be hell to watch. Paul Young and Tina Turner are there but apart from that there's an appalling variety

of entertainers - folk "star" Roger Whittaker, band leader James Last, soul group The Commodores, Chris Rea and several horrendous Dutch inventions. Spandau come on directly after René Shuman, a remarkably naff Elvis Presley impersonator who makes Shakin' Stevens look like an artist of considerable integrity.

Spandau don't look that jampacked with integrity themselves actually as they make their entrance rising up from the middle of the stage, so that for the first half of "Fight For Ourselves" you can only see their heads. It looks very very silly indeed but the audience don't care - in fact it seems that they don't care much for Spandau whatever they do because they're mostly smartly dressed 40 or 50 year olds - Roger Whitaker and James Last, fans, one suspects.

The only real fans here are a group of about six or seven girls holding up a banner saying "MEET THE SPANDAU GANG: HAPPY BIRTHDAY KEMPS". They rush up to the stage, put roses at Gary's feet and leave their banner there. It turns out they've travelled from the south of Holland to be here, and they like Gary in particular because "he is interested in politics."

"They're much more politically aware over here," observes Gary later. "Very anti-apartheid and anti-nuclear. I think it's sad that most people in Britain don't even understand what the political parties are about, because they immediately think they're all crap. They are crap but at the end of the day you've got to choose the best of three evils."

Work over, it's time for some more serious partying. On the way out they meet a gaggle of fans, one of

whom endears herself by handing a bottle of Jack Daniels whisky through the car window.

"They know," laughs Steve approvingly. "They're trained!"

Before going out Gary sits in his hotel room for a while reflecting upon his career. He's concerned to point out that he's got no intention of suddenly packing in being a pop star - not for a long time yet, anyway. I believe him: one thing that's sure from watching Spandau Ballet over the last two days is that they're not going to suffer the same fate as their main competitors from a couple of years ago.

"It takes a toll, being in a band," explains Martin. "What we go through in one year is like a lifetime of experience and it's hard to keep a band together. With Culture Club it was drugs... Wham! just got really bored... Duran lost their friendship - whenever I talk to one of them he's always slagging another one off... but we've survived because we're so close."

Which is exactly what most pop groups say before they sneak off, with no intention of seeing each other for a few months. But in Spandau's case, it really seems to be true - there's no way five people could or would want to fake getting on as well as this lot.

"We enjoy each other's company and have a laugh with each other," says Martin, before getting to work on the final killer hangover of this busman's holiday.

"Occasionally we do have arguments," agrees Tony, "but there's a special bond between us that I can't really put into words. It's just that we love what we do - we eat Spandau Ballet and we drink Spandau Ballet every day. It's what we always wanted from the start."



▲ Red light district and naughty girls here we come!



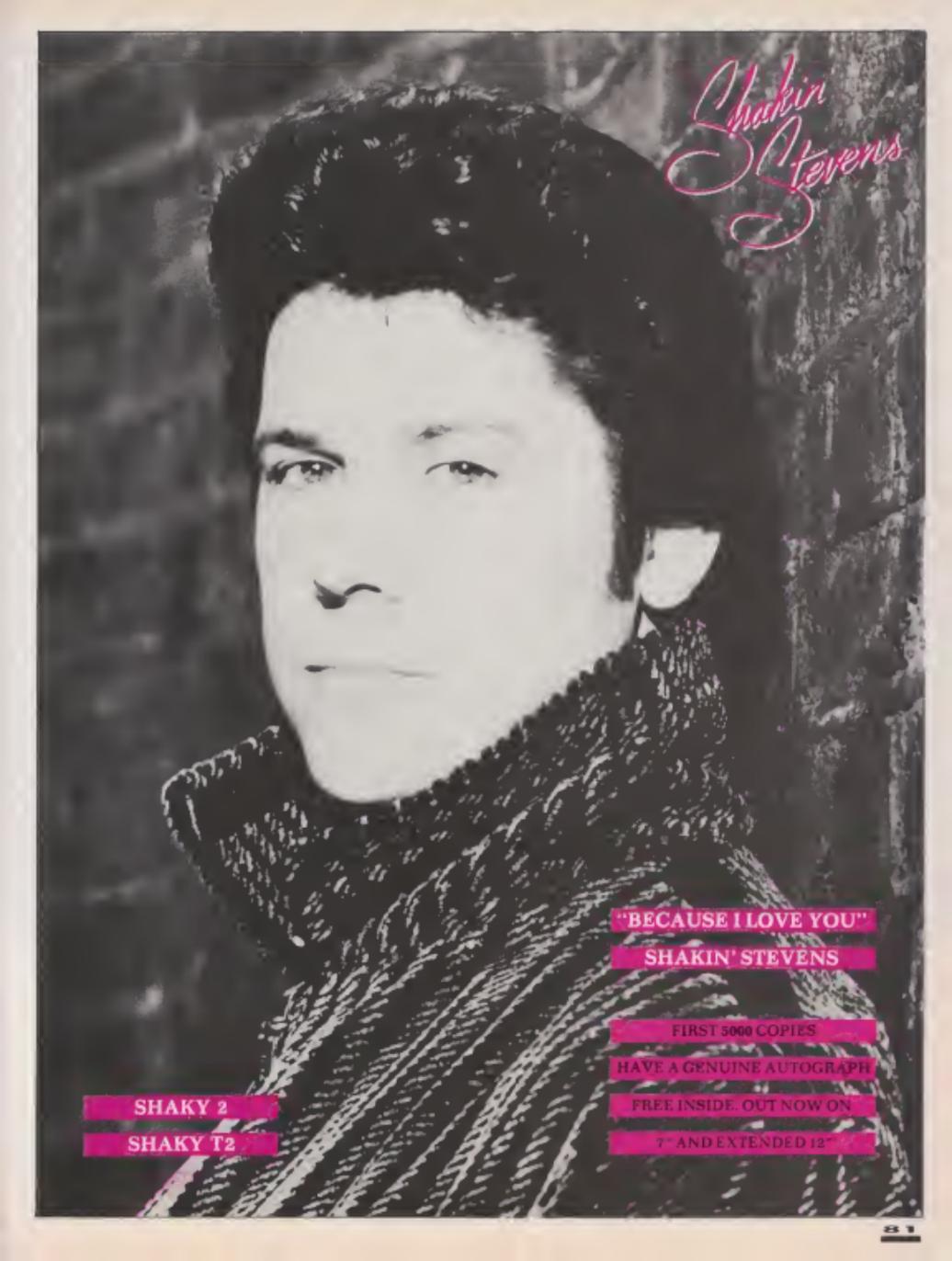
▲ "Garry's 'come 'home' 'home' 'home' on the audience."



▲ Spandau Ballet "Amsterdam, we love you" Audience call over 80 and story most "Zorro"



▲ Steve met face at last. Thanks!



*Shakin'
Stevens*

"BECAUSE I LOVE YOU"

SHAKIN' STEVENS

FIRST 5000 COPIES

HAVE A GENUINE AUTOGRAPH

FREE INSIDE. OUT NOW ON

7" AND EXTENDED 12"

SHAKY 2

SHAKY T2



Active Diamonds. The latest fashion for ears.

The Active Diamond is the latest from Wharfedale, makers of Britain's most famous loudspeakers.

They're called Diamonds because they're a walkman's best friend.

And 'Active' because hidden away in each pair is an (extremely) active 20-watt stereo amplifier.

So you just plug your personal

stereo into the Active Diamonds and you've got yourself a hi-fi system.

Since they're based on the most successful small speakers in Britain, Active Diamonds do much more than just let you share your walkman with all your friends.

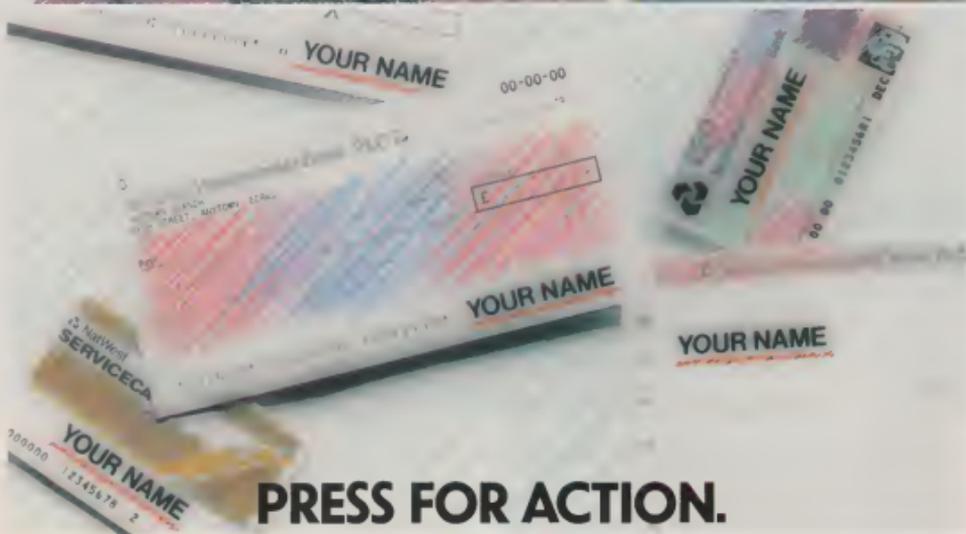
They make it sound better than many a conventional hi-fi.

(And they're equally happy partnering portable CDs, stereo videos, TVs and keyboards.)

Sound too good to be true - and too expensive? Active Diamonds cost no more than many ordinary speakers that give you less.

Try them for size at a Wharfedale dealer. Earing is believing.

LIKE THINGS WITH NAMES ON THEM?



PRESS FOR ACTION.

If you're about to start your first job and like to keep up with all the names, here's one to remember - NatWest.

All you need to do to join is pop into your local branch with some sort of identification and sign a simple form.

This is what you can have in return:

A Servicecard and cheque book. A cheque

card (once you put your first pay cheque in).

Over 2,400 cash dispensers open day or night.

None of the normal charges as long as you keep a penny in your personal current account.

But above all, plenty of free advice about opening your account. And it'll come from someone near your age (not your father's).

So drop by for a chat. You know the name.



PRINCE ● Anotherloverholenyhead



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

Ooh oh ooh ooh oh hay
(Woo) hay hay oh oh oh oh oh oh

I gave my love I gave my life
I gave my body and mind
We were inseparable I guess I gave u all of my time
And now u plead insanity and u don't even know the score
Why can't u learn 2 play the game
Baby don't u know that u need more (more more more)

Chorus
U need another lover
Like u need a hole in yo head baby baby
U know there ain't no other
That can do the duty in your bed

We were brothers and sisters
United (united) all 4 love
Now all of a sudden (all of a sudden)
U try 2 fight it (u try 2 fight it)
U say you've had enough (u say you've had enough)
Even though we had big fun (even though we had big fun)
U want another someone (u want another someone)
4 yo happily ever after be
(Sure as there is a sun) sure as the sun
(I'm gonna be the 1) I'm gonna be the 1
(And if u don't understand) and if u don't understand
(Face 2 face) face 2 face
Baby I'll tail u down on my knees yeah yeah

Repeat chorus

So low so low ooh oh yeah ooh yeah
Ah ha ah ha ah ha oh lord
U need another lover u know there ain't no other
U need another lover
Like you need a hole in yo head
Ah darling yeah oh (hole in yo head)
(You need another lover)
(Like u need a hole in yo head)

W
O
O
H
O
O

JERMAINE
STEMART



NEW SINGLE

FROM THE ALBUM "FRANTIC ROMANTIC"

TEN 143  TEN143

It's. quite good!
It's the

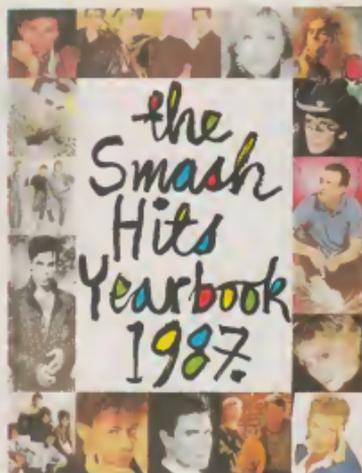
Smash Hits Yearbook

and inside it you'll find:-

- Madonna ● Paul Young ● The Housemartins ● George Michael ● Paul King ● Billy Bragg ● Paul Weller ● Andrew Ridgeley ● Sique "Sique" Sputnik ● A-Ha ● Prince ● Phil Collins ● Ian MacCulloch ● Fish ● Simon le Bon ● John Taylor ● Elvis Priestley ● The Pet Shop Boys ● Bob Geldof ● Stuart Adamaon ● Nik Kershaw ● The Smiths ● Howard Jones ● Fergal Sharkey ● Five Star ● Spandau Ballet ● The Bangles ● The Weather Prophets ● Cliff Richard ● Midge Ure ● Marc Almond ● Hollywood Beyond ● Tears For Fears ● Pete Burns ● The Communards ● Amazulu ● Nick Rhoades ● Phillip Oakey ● The Woodentops ● Bananarama ● Depeche Mode ● John Lydon ● Jim Kerr ● That Patrol Emotion ● UB40 ● Bruce "Springsteen" ● The Cure ● Sade ● The Jesus And Mary Chain ● Bronaki Beat ● lots and lots of other people (most of them famous) . .

Only £2.95

A snip! . . . And it really is quite good.



PHAZE

FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

WHOLESALE ENQUIRIES WELCOME

★ SEND £1.00 CHEQUE/P.O. NOW FOR YOUR COPY OF OUR NEW, BIGGER, BRIGHTER CATALOGUE! ★

WRAPAROUNDS
BLACK PLASTIC WITH SHOKED LENS
ONLY £1.99

FLUFFY JUMPERS IN WILD COLOURS!
RED, GREEN, BLUE, YELLOW OR WHITE, WITH BLACK HOOPS.
ONE SIZE FITS ALL.
ONLY £10.95

BONDAGE TROUSERS
BLACK OR TARTAN ZIPS AND D-RINGS
SIZES 26-34 £19.95

ALL AVAILABLE FROM...

FIFTIES STYLE SHADES
BLACK OR TORTOISE SHELL FRAMES, SMOKED OR MIRROR LENS £5.95

HOLY JUMPERS, BATMAN!
HAND KNIT, TOP QUALITY

HOLEY MOHAIR JUMPER
BLACK ONLY. ONE SIZE FITS ALL. £14.95

BLACK CANVAS JEANS £10.95
SIZES 26-34

P.V.C. JEANS
BLACK, TIGHT FIT. LEATHER FEEL.
SIZES 26-34 £17.95

PHAZE (Dept. H), 44/48 High Bridge, Newcastle upon Tyne NE1 6BX

Please add 95p P&P on orders of up to £15. (£150 on orders over £150)
Overseas add 30% of order value. Delivery in 7-21 days. Cheques at payable to 'Phaze'. Problems? Ring Judith (0632) 816065. Remember to state your size. NO CASH IN THE POST PLEASE. Thanks!

DISCO

GIVE • G I V E • G I V E

SINGLE ON 7" & 12" • OUT NOW

'While people are still in need we should never tire of giving'

Steve Wall # X
Dec 10 1985

WRITTEN BY STEVE MACINTOSH - PRODUCED BY PAUL HARCADSTE

FEATURING
JAKI GRAHAM KENNY G JEAN CARNE EDWIN STARR
ODYSSEY SINITTA RUBY TURNER LENNY HENRY SHEILA FERGUSON
PHIL FEARON THE COOL NOTES AND MANY, MANY OTHERS!

THIS SPACE KINDLY DONATED BY SMASH HITS

BARCLAYS SUPERSAVERS CLUB

GETS YOUR SAVINGS OFF THE GROUND

Competitions with Travel Prizes

Join Barclays Supersavers Club and things start looking up. Because it isn't just a great way to save, it's great fun too. There's a free Club magazine with Club news and articles on fashions, sport and money matters. Plus some great competitions. And you can take part in Club activities like tennis, orienteering and basketball, so you'll meet other Supersavers too. To join the Club just save £1, and you'll get a free account opening pack with a membership card and paying-in book.

So join Supersavers now. And prepare for take-off.

Only £1 to join

Regular Free Magazine

Free Account Opening Pack

Club Activities

BARCLAYS

Supersavers CLUB

Just fill in this coupon, cut it out and take it, together with £1, to your nearest Barclays branch. (Over 400 of them are open on Saturday mornings.) I would like to open a Supersavers Account.

NAME CAPITALS
Name _____ BR2210
Address _____
Postcode _____ Date of Birth _____

For every young child in a family we'll help on their behalf to the next of adult. They will not be eligible for Club membership in the magazine and they reach the age of 17. Your account must be held in a branch in Paul Worm, Barclays Bank PLC, 1st Floor, James Street, 96 St. Paul's Churchyard, London EC4M 8RT



How To Get On The Front Cover Of Smash Hits Without Making Any Records Or Wearing Poofy Clothes And Girlie Make Up Or Anything...

by "Sexy" Ade Edmonson



1. Track down location of suitable pop music magazine.



2. Engage receptionist in conversation:

Me: "Excuse me little girlie, I'm a complete bast ar, I'm a very important person and I'd like to see the editor please!"

Receptionist: "I'm sorry, sir, he is in a high level meeting."



3. Shoot receptionist.



4. Locate Smash Hits staff.



5. Kill them.



6. Kill Deputy Editor.



7. Kill Editor.



8. Sneak away.

▶ How To Get On The Front Cover Of Smash Hits Without Making Any Reco



9. Track down location of very important Smash Hits cover photo session.



10. Kill pop star.



12. Me: "Oh dear, I seem to have broken the camera. . ."



13. Me: "Hang on, what is this? . . ."



14. Find handy automatic Polaroid camera and take raunchy self portrait snaps.



... Or Wearing Poofy Clothes And Girlie Make Up Or Anything ...



11. Kiki photographer.



15. Put own picture on front cover of Smash Hits, become an international pop star and get lots of girls screaming at you and wanting to touch your bottom.

THE LOVER SPEAKS



**NEW ALBUM & CASSETTE
INCLUDES THE HIT
NO MORE 'I LOVE YOU'S'**

AM
MUSIC

LETTERS

WRITE TO: Smash Hits, 51-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PP.
The most splendid letter gets a £10 record token and a **Black Type** tea-towel. Everyone else gets a commemorative pendant (i.e. a badge).

Dear **Mr Type**,

Cop a load of these!! Proverbial expressions never to be forgotten.

- 1) A bird in the hand is worth soot all unless it's extremely rare and can be sold to an ornithologist for pots of money
- 2) Beauty is in the eye of anyone who's looking at Bruce "Do bees be? Do bears bear?" Willis naked through a telescope
- 3) One man's meat is another man's meat if the first man stole it from the second man's carner-bag when he was coming out of Safeway
- 4) Blondes have more hair than bald people
- 5) A Rolling Stone gathers millions and millions of pounds from sales of naff records then swans off and becomes a tax-exile
- 6) Leopards can't change their clothes at Marks & Spencer without a receipt
- 7) Where there's a will, there's a slimy solicitor telling the deceased's relatives, "cheer up, there's a tidy sum coming your way"

Can I have the money now.

Love from a lonely teatowel, in dire need of company

Dearest me. I was going to respond to your "letter" with some witty proverbs of my own but I seem to have mislaid my copy of **Terry Scott's Bumper Book Of Witty Proverbs And Assorted Jokes About Vicars Getting Drunk At Tea Parties And That Sort Of Thing (You Get The General Idea) - £4.95 - a snip!** - and the only proverb I can actually "glean" off the "top of my head" at the mo, as it were, is "an apple a day keeps the doctor away" which is rather a silly proverb in this age of hospital "cuts" and Dame Edwina Currie, don't you think? I mean, when was the last time the doctor actually came to your house, apples or no? Remember the time Mr Perkins fell off the washing line and sprained his hip? Well, when I phoned the doctor all I got was a smooty receptionist telling me that the doctor didn't pay house calls unless you were already dead!!!! (Just slipping a bit of "political" comment in here, readers. . . Goodness knows why. . . Best hurry on to the next letter, eh? . . .)

Dear **Black Type**,

As a Pretenders fan for some years now, I was incensed by Chrissie Hynde's comments in your October 8 issue. What a hypocrite. She certainly did "blow her top" as you put it in the headline - pry that

all she was blowing was hot air. To take just one of her absurd arguments - "Advertising is crap," she says, "any consumer product is obviously going to be hurting somebody if it's only there for sense gratification"

How slytic. Tell me, Chrissie, what are records for (including your new LP)? Sense gratification. Why are you doing an interview in *Smash Hits*? To advertise your new LP. Some contradiction here, is there not? And when you go on about all these consumer products mucking up the environment, well what are records actually made from? Oil - which is dug from the ground and thus mucks up the environment. So everytime you sell a copy of your new LP you are helping to "wreck my world"

I shall do my little bit for ecology by not purchasing a copy of your LP. Let's hope THAT makes you feel better. Grandma. Ex-Pretenders Fan. Woolwich

Dear **Black Type**,

I was shocked and stunned when I heard some of the lyrics from Five Star's latest "waxing". Are these not the pride and "joy" of Romford, whose characters are thus far blemsch-free? The same siblings who "lurve" each other and never get up to any muschse? Thought so! Now, consider the offending lyrics for one moment "Cut me a heart on a tree" such wanton and senseless vandalism I could scarcely believe our own sweet Doris would sing such a thing. Doesn't she know what permanent damage this could inflict on the poor tree? How would she like it if someone carved a heart on her trunk?

I think I shall report the lot of them to the Conservation Society. Serve them "olly" well right. I say *like O of The Shell (who is very distilluonced) The Big Toadstool Under The Spreading Oak, Dingly Dell. In The Haunted Forest, Near Crewe Station*

A sapling writes: Too ruddy right, mate!

Dear **Black Type**,

Whilst watching *Top Of The Pops* the other "evening", I nearly choked on my dingo-flavoured Wotsits. There - in the middle of the Five Star "video" - was none other than (guess) BAGPUSSES! Yes, the "hallowed" one herself, as smelly and shapless as ever. It's amazing what some people will do in order to sell records. What next - Rod, Jane and Freddy in the next Iron Maiden vid? *The Toy Darts Champ, Assaiger, Cheshire*

My memory has been somewhat

THE LOVER SPEAKS

out of sorts ever since the
gigantic picnic table
episode... Who or what, pray, is
Basspass?

Dear Black Type,
I've just finished reading the last
issue of your great magazine and I
must admit that I was disgusted
with the single reviews by Gary
and Martin Kemp of Spandau Ballet

Out of a total of 18 records they
only gave good reviews to three of
them. I must admit that I am a Marc
Almond fanatic but that does not
mean that I slag off everyone else
OK, they didn't like Marc's new
record but couldn't they have just
given their views on the record
itself and not kept slagging Marc
off? The only thing they said about
the record was that it had a chorus
(but deal)

Among the other records on
review were some of the most
talented people in the music
business, i.e. Mark Knopfler, Cliff
Richard and Elton John, yet still
they found reasons to slag them off

If I wanted to read about Marc
being recklessly camp saying
out of tune and being completely
talentless I wouldn't have picked
your magazine off the shelf. Why
don't they read some of the lines in
Marc's songs? Perhaps then they
will realise he's not writing lyrics
that are chronic and he isn't crap
which is what these two Bambo
lookalikes think

I'd like other fans of Marc to
know that we must always stick up
for him no matter how much he's
slagged off and usually this is every
time a new record is released
Joanne Fair, Essex

Dear Black Type,
I have just discovered the band
I shock the world! Soon their
mighty croonings will be known
worldwide!

YES Under our very noses, over
the past two months the very
foundations of rock 'n' roll have
been shuddering at their existence
Never before has the music world
experienced such awesome
competition. Their astounding line-
up is that a nation waits with bated
breath.

That sexy, carnivorous songstress
Sammy Fox under the pseudonym
Sharon Watts!

The one and only "Sir" William
"Idol" supping the "guitars" "licks",
suspiciously disguised as a pink
feather duster!

The Rasta his very self Eddy
"who doesn't like dancing very
much" Grant appearing on backing
"vocals" complete with "Grow Your
Owm" wig!

Lord Philip of Collins uncannily
appearing as a puny teenager
"How does he do it?" - ageing pop
isn't everywhere)

Ms Nick Rhodes and his
performing dog studs on portable
Boutempi keyboard - squillions of
pounds from Duons - a snip!

Last, and by no means least, the
biggest and best megastar of rock,
hero of the unmythologised man of
the many - Billy "The Almighty" Bragg!
Delivering his radical leftist
comments in the form of the deeply
meaningful "Venus"!

'Tis true to say you could not find
a group of more compatible
musicians on the globe. They are
beyond all classification. But they
thought they could keep their talent

secret until they were
unscrupulously filmed against their
will as DOG MARKET on the
famous "stag" opera! EastEnders!
Their cover was blown and the
world sat back and laughed. BUT
THEY WILL RETURN! Yes, the
renamed band, Banned, will again
prove to the world what they can
do and do best - act as the most
pathetic and unrealistic bunch of
prats trying desperately to appear
as a struggling "pop" "combo"

Try again, Michael Grade
Sarah Brookside is better! S of
Harrow

**For your "information", Ms Nick
Rhodes has now quit the group
following an unseemly squabble
with Billy "The Almighty" Bragg
and is now reduced to playing
"Roll Out The Barrel" in the
Queen Vic and having number
one hit singles under an unlikely
pseudonym (Nick Berry - pah!
Pull the other one, shipmates!?!?)
And, anyway, do you honestly
believe that Brookside is better?
Go, do you remember "Gay"
Gordon's execracting synthi-pop
band? That was years ago, of
course, before he whinked off to
France and had a head
transplant, but they were one
hundred times worse than the
so-called Banned, in anyone's
book!! Never mind, have a token
'n' towel to ease your
"sorrow"...**

Dear Black Type,
The Adventures of an Anta
Dobson Fan

I was camping outside my local
record store waiting for the arrival
of Anta Dobson's debut album. But
then came the first bit of bad news
NO ALBUM!

So I collected my belongings and
set off to the Birmingham Odeon. I
pitched my tent on the pavement to
the amusement of passers-by and
sat and waited. Why, I hear you
ask, am I camping outside the
Birmingham Odeon? I'm writing for
confirmation of Lady Dobson's
world tour!

A whole week I camped there.
Then I was finally told the second
bit of bad news. NO WORLD
TOUR! I felt so depressed -
suecids!

I slowly walked down to the
nearest "news" agents and bought
Smash Hits (August 13). I saw two
fat little pigs talking on a bench.
One pig said the next edition,
(August 28) would be "stuffed" with
interesting and famous things
like ANITA DOBSON! I then
pitched my tent outside the "news"
agents.

And there I waited for two weeks
for the delivery of the next issue of
Smash Hits. It finally came. I
skrummed through it looking for just
the slightest bit about "Dobby"
"Third bit of bad news. Absolutely
ZILCH!"

I am now camping on a big piece
of paper in the centre of the
Atlantic Ocean.

A very-very-very-near-to-drowning
person who once lived in Walsall

**That's quite enough about
EastEnders, thank you VERY
much. Oh, look, they've
sanitised my space. So with that
I bid a fond farewell to my
snooring, um, I mean adoring
public. Ye!!!!!!!**



ees
sooty

**NEW ALBUM & CASSETTE
INCLUDES THE FORTHCOMING SINGLE
EVERY LOVER'S SIGN**

AM
MUSIC

THE BEST ARMY NEEDS THE BEST 16 YEAR OLDS.



Have you got what it takes to be a Professional?

Life in the Army has never been a soft option. Nor will it ever be.

And in the first few weeks, you'll probably ache in places you didn't know existed. (You'll be surprised how quickly we can get you fit.)

But there's more to the Army than building up muscle. The Army is about training. About a career. About being a Professional at whatever you do.

That doesn't mean you need a pile of examination certificates to get in.

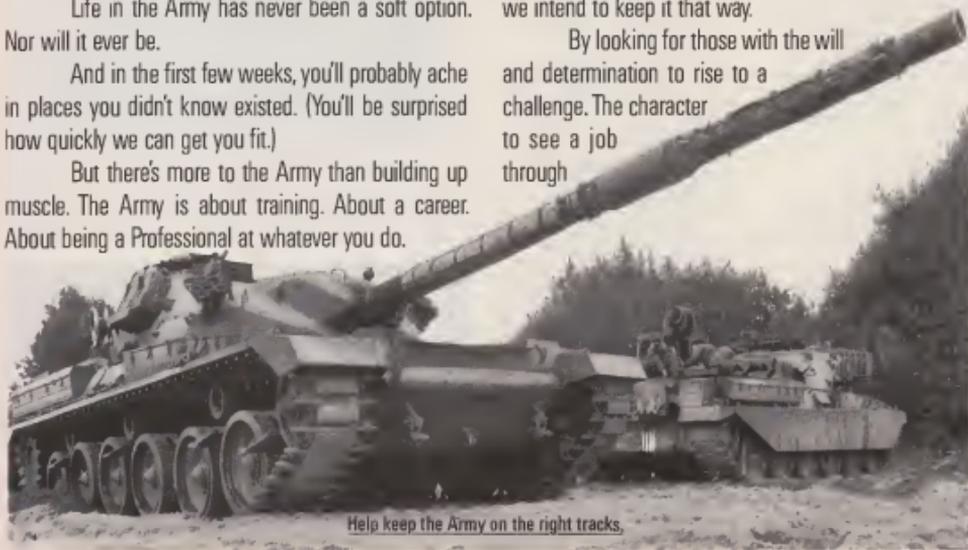
In fact, you don't need any.

(Unless you want to be a Technician Apprentice, for example, in which case we prefer you to have at least 3 'O' levels or their equivalent, including Maths, English and a Science subject.)

But that doesn't mean we take just anybody.

The British Army has the highest standards of any in the world. And quite frankly, we intend to keep it that way.

By looking for those with the will and determination to rise to a challenge. The character to see a job through



Help keep the Army on the right tracks.



Getting back in one piece could depend on you.

to the end. Even when the going gets tough.

Qualities that no exam certificate will ever give you.

As a Junior Soldier, you'll not only learn battle tactics, field-craft and nightfighting.

You'll also be handling some of the most sophisticated and powerful weaponry in the world.

And you'll soon discover that it takes more than brawn to take a tank out from 300 metres with a hand-held anti-tank weapon. (Don't worry, you won't be doing anything you're not fully trained for.)

If you join as a Junior Leader (those with the potential to become Corporals, Sergeants and even Commissioned Officers early on in

The Army starts at 16.
Could you?



A chance to travel and work abroad.

And probably the best bunch of mates you'll ever come across.

But more importantly, you'll be rewarded with confidence, self-respect and a pride in what you do.

So by the time you've finished your training, you'll not only have a head start in the Army, you'll have a head start in life.

And where else is a sixteen year old going to find that these days?

Fill in the coupon or call in at

any Army Careers Information Office. The address is in the 'phone book under 'Army.'



What are you aiming for?

their careers) you'll be expected to take responsibility most 16 year olds would bottle out of.

Responsibility that'll soon become second nature.

Which is all very well, but what do you get in return? As you might expect, the rewards are good.

Full pay while you're training.

Good promotion prospects. (The Army has never been slow to recognise potential.) Good sports facilities with the time to use them.



THE PROFESSIONALS

I am between the ages of 16 to 17 years old and I would like to know more about the Army.
 Junior Soldier (16½ to 17 years) — Junior Leader (16 years 11 months to 17 years, 16 years 8 months in Scotland) — Army Apprentice (15 years 8 months to 17½ years)

Name _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____

For further details send to: Army Careers Service (Dept SHISD), PO Box 115, London SE1 8HG

GET SINGLED OUT!



SINITTA
FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME



BILLY IDOL
TO BE A LOVER



BORIS GARDNER
YOU'RE EVERYTHING TO ME



BON JOVI
LIVIN' ON A PRAYER



BILLY OCEAN
BITTER SWEET



ALICE COOPER
"HE'S BACK"
(THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK)

**THE BEST SELECTION OF 7" & 12"
SINGLES AT POCKET MONEY PRICES**

available in record departments at selected branches subject to manufacturers release date and availability.

WOOLWORTHS MORRISON MARTIN



Woolworths Morrison Martin

Buy a Young Persons Railcard now and get money off money off.



£5 OFF

$\frac{1}{3}$ OFF

Don't suppose there's any chance you could splash out £12 before the end of October, is there?

If so, you won't only get a Young Persons Railcard and be able to travel for at least a third (often a half) off the normal fare for twelve whole months... Wow.

You'll also be able to take advantage of a voucher which gives you another £5 off any rail journey you like within the first month.

For the full fascinating facts, ask for our special offer leaflet. Off off down the station then.

 We're getting there

