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SMASH HITS

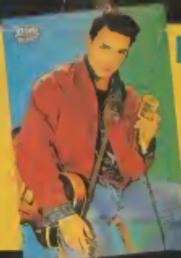
U2 DAVID BOWIE A-HA DEAD OR ALIVE DR. ROBERT
MEL & KIM FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY



JON BON JOVI

"I'd kill my mother for rock and roll!!!!"

★
Free



**BRILLIANT GIGANTIC
POSTER OF
NICK KAMEN
+
CURIOSITY KILLED
THE CAT**



★
GEORGE MICHAEL LIVE! FERRY AID: The Inside Story

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THE CURE

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Photo: Paul Rider

"Hello! I'm a potato sculpture by David Bowie!" (No you're not. You're Robert Smith of The Cure – Ed.) Oh. Really? Well, shouldn't I make a new record? I haven't released one for ages. (Yes you have, your triple cd! It's called "Why Can't I Be You" – Ed.) Are you sure? (Of course I'm sure. The lyric is printed below – Ed.) Oh. Have I recorded an album then? (Of course, but you're not releasing it for a bit – Ed.) Oh. So what else have I been doing? (Well, you've just toured Argentina and Brazil where The Cure are superstars, and inspired extensive rioting – Ed.) Oh. That must have been fun. Anything else? (Yes. You've just made a video for the single in which you're a teddy bear, Simon is a crow, Boris a vampire, Lol a bag of some sort and Porl an African hunter – Ed.) Oh. Golly! I never realised my life was so exciting. Yippeee! I'm in The Cure and we have fun!!!

WHY CAN'T I BE YOU

You're so gorgeous I'll do anything
I'll kiss you from your feet
To where your head begins
You're so perfect you're so right as rain
You make me make me make me
Make me hungry again

Everything you do is irresistible
Everything you do is simply kissable
Why can't I be you (why can't I be you)

I'll run around in circles
Till I run out of breath
I'll eat you all up
Or I'll just hug you to death
You're so wonderful
Too good to be true
You make me make me make me
Make me hungry for you

Everything you do is simply delicate
Everything you do is quite angelicate
Why can't I be you (why can't I be you)

You turn my head when you turn around
You turn the whole world upside down
I'm amitten I'm bitten I'm hooked I'm cooked
I'm stuck like glue
You make me make me make me
Make me hungry for you

Everything you do is simply dreamy
Everything you do is quite delicious
So why can't I be you
(Why can't I be you why can't I be you)
Why
Why can't I be you why can't I be you
Why can't I be you why can't I be you
Why are you simply elegant

Words and music by Smith/Gallup/Thompson/Williams/Tolhurst
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On Fiction/Polydor Records





HOUSEMARTINS "SPLIT"!

● **BOO AHOO HOODOO!!!** (WHIMPER). Sniffle. Tis gnm news Bitz imparts, pop blubs, for Hugh Whittaker (the man with the rubberiest face in pop) has left **The Housemartins**. GORNE! to "study music" at college. "He'd always wanted to study music seriously," parps a "spokesperson," "and he always said he would still go to — even after the success of The Housemartins. We're all very proud of him — good for him!"

Wimfle. And in Hugh's place comes his pal from Hull, David Hemmings — who used to be in local Hull band The Velvetones. But who — WHO! — is going to do Hugh's ridding "low bits" of singing in their tunes now? "Oh! Er... I hadn't thought of that. I don't really know, I think it could be Norman... we'll have to wait and see." A new "low bit" 'trape (probably) Hoosas single will be out in Mey. Life, viewers, as we know it... has ceased.



▲ The Hooses as you will never see them again.

Photo: Andy Cullen



▲ Waving goodbye to the world of showbiz.

BOOSOMPHONK! BANG!



Photo: Paul Baker

● **Crkeley!** Don't they just look so mean? Why, wonders **Bitz**, are A-ha doing a very poor very-dangerous-acetate-agent-with-a-loaded-gun impression? Well, actually **Bitz** doesn't wonder at all because **Bitz** knows all the details actually! (i.e. they told you — Ed.) Yes, Morten, Pal and Mags are "advertising" the fact that they've just come to Britain after a jolly good holiday to work with famous film-music person John Barry on the theme to the new James Bond film, *The Living Daylights*. It will "receive" its Royal World Premiere in London on June 29 and be on show at a cinema near YOU just seconds later! Meanwhile A-ha are thinking about their third LP which they'll record later in the year. Wild!



▲ From left, John Barry ("film-music person"), Karen Seberg ("actress"), Morten Marsal ("doing a poor impression"), Pal Weastar ("also 'doing a poor impression'"), Pam Gardner ("actress"), Mags (also "doing a...") and Frank ("actress").

NEW FIVE STAR FAN CLUB!!!

Not only do those singing siblings have a new house, and a new single (i.e. "The Slightest Touch") but they've also got a new fan club and its' rather good. Members get a Five Star card wallet, a membership certificate, a stack of photographs, cigarette cards, a poster, stickers, a badge, postcard and a Five Star 'news' sheet! My, what a haul. To get an application for the club send a v. large stamped addressed envelope to Five Star Fan Club, 513 Fulham Road, London SW6 1RH.



BITZ HEROES OF THE UNIVERSE PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS:

TOBY THE WONDERDOG

(And some group called The Rainmakers)



▲ Toby and ver 'Makers, from left, Steve Phillips, Bob Walkenhorst, Rich, Pat, Tomes.

This is the true story of Toby, bull terrier superhero who travels everywhere with American group The Rainmakers, those raps who sing that "Let My People Go Go" dirty. Hold on to your socks, viewers, for a tale of canine heroism. Once upon a time the group's singer Bob Walkenhorst pretended he was Huckleberry Finn and wanted to float down the Missouri on a raft. Unfortunately, the clot didn't choose a very good raft and it fell apart in mid-stream. Heavens! But just when things looked bleak, Toby swam to the shore and barked a bit, thus alerting a nearby fisherman who hooked Bob out of the river. What a pooch!

SOME OTHER WEIRD BUT TRUE STORIES ABOUT THE RAINMAKERS

- They all claim to be sons of "fundamentalist" preachers and say they met an evangelical "record burning", i.e. when their parents were ritually destroying copies of "an-Goddy" records!
- The group used to be called Steve, Bob and Rich, but they changed their name to The Rainmakers when drummer Pat Tomes joined!
- They wish they hadn't called themselves The Rainmakers because wherever they go now they're plagued with bad weather. At a recent outdoor concert in Florida their soundman, Dwight, was struck by lightning, the poor fellow!
- When Bob was 15 he met Rolling Stones guitarist "Keith" Richards who gave him a plectrum (one of those fiddly bits of plastic you use to "pluck" guitar strings). Bob still uses it today!
- Bob claims to be a member of the magicians' society The Magic Circle and he always wears a black top hat. When The Rainmakers concerts aren't doing too well he perks up the show a bit by performing tricks with his topper!
- What a queer lot they are.

CRAP JOKE CORNER

Q. What do you call an Irish pop star with a beard who's woody in the middle and leafy round the outside and stands by the side of fairs?

The Edgs.

(P.S. U2 have added another date to their UK tour: on July 1st they'll be appearing at Eiland Road, home of Leeds United Football Club. You'll be able to buy tickets from agents in the that area, but you can get 950 get them by sending £14 plus 30p booking fee to U2 Leeds Box Office, P.O. Box 124, Aldridge, Walsell, West Midlands W59 8XX. Cheques and postal orders must be made payable to MCF Ltd. For credit card bookings ring 01 741 8989 (subject to booking fees.)

Bitz

FAN CLUBS

● CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT

P.O. Box 44L
London W1A 4AL

● THE CULT

The Cult Information Service
P.O. Box 227, London SW15 3PG

● BRYAN ADAMS

c/o Bruce Allen
Apt 405, 60 Water St
Vancouver, Canada

● BON JOVI

Bon Jovi Secret Society
P.O. Box 4843, San Francisco
CA 94101 USA

A FEW THINGS YOU MIGHT WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE SMITHS



- They've got a new single coming out on April 13.
- It's called "Sheila Takes A Bow".
- The b-side's called "Is It Really So Strange?" and on the 12" you get another song "Sweet And Tender Hooligan".
- They're currently "in the studio", recording an LP which will be released later in the year.
- The LP, they say, is going to be called "Strangeways Here We Come".
- "Strangeways" is the name of a horrible prison in Manchester. Does this mean that The Smiths are all going to prison? Probably not.
- What Mancunian scamps they are, eh?

NEWSWIRE On THE OTHER SIDE OF THE UNIVERSE...

THINKS: Will people recognise me now I've had all my hair cut off? Will people remember that I'm Paul King who used to be in a group called King who used to sing odd songs about having soul on my boots and things? Will Superboy (The Boy Of Steel) arrive in time to stop the Empire State Building from toppling over sideways?



(I.e. Paul King is back and he's got a new solo single out and it's called "I Know".)

BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKASKREKKSREKK

ARE THE BEASTIE BOYS POSH TOFFS?

Odd though it may seem, those scruffy Beasties are – it turns out – not exactly the products of a deprived childhood. As *Bitz* discovered they actually all come from very well-to-do swank American families. Peruse the facts for yourself.

MIKE D'S MUMMY:

Is a swank interior designer called Hester Diamond who wears posh fur coats. "I was at this party the other night and this man went on and on about how the Beasties had ruined Western Civilization for the last 20 years. I listened for a while and finally said "If you had problems with them you ought to hear my son's band", she says. And does Hester worry that her son might have turned out a bit of a hooligan? No siree. "If Michael had been my oldest child, I think I would have died of anxiety, but when he is your third child you have a different point of view... You understand that there is a curiosity to explore and that they will eventually grow up."

MCA'S DADDY:

Is a 56 year old toff architect who used to be an "abstract artist" (?). When quizzed about his son Adam he frothed: "The funny thing is, when I was Adam's age I came to New York to be an abstract painter and my parents didn't have the foggiest idea of what I was trying to do with my life. They thought I was nuts. I look at Adam now and the whole thing seems to be history repeating itself."

MCA'S MUMMY

Is an administrator in New York schools. "Rock hasn't made Adam a different person," she chuckles. "I've always had faith that he knows the difference between good and bad. If



Photo: Carol Bernstein

▲ Beastie Mom Hester Diamond and son Mike D in N.Y.C.

parents had the chance to sit down and speak to Adam I think they would be very impressed."

AD-ROCK'S DADDY:

Is a v. famous playwright and film script writer called Israel Horowitz. "I am delighted beyond description," he piped on the phone from a toff site in the Bahamas where he was on holiday; "It's like a kid taking



Photo: Scoop Feature 85

over the family store. You just sit back and try not to show too much excitement because you don't want to deter him from what he is doing. But I have enormous respect and admiration for what he has done."

Ad-Rock, too, thinks his daddy a bit of chap. "He does the same kind of stuff we do – not as vulgar though," he chirups. "He started off writing serious shit then got into comedy. Now his plays have gone really weird, he's got really into this workers' struggle thing. He's like Paul Weller or something. But he likes us a lot and he's really cool."

WIN THE BEASTIE LP AND A WONKY PLANE!

"Everything about this LP is on the side of the angels," boasts Ad-Rock's posh playwright dad Israel Horowitz, who reckons "Licensed To Ill", The Beastie Boys' album is "brilliant." Doesn't he find it just a bit "rude"? "If people can't see the humour and satire in the record I don't know what to say to them. I think what makes the record so good is that it shows a real understanding of people, maybe not an understanding of 49 year olds, but certainly one of 17 year olds. Their album reaches out to kids and gives them a type of comfort."

Yes, well, *Bitz* would love to stay and discuss the "unconscious sub-text" of the Beastie Boys LP with a v. famous playwright, but we've got to mention that you can win one of 25 copies of "Licensed To Ill", 25 yawn posters of the toffsome threesome and five famous "Wonky Plane" v. exclusive Beastie Boys shop displays!

To win your Beastie "kit" try answering the snoot question which of the following are not famous playwrights! (a) John Osborne, (b) Oscar Wilde, (c) Richard Brinsley Sheridan, (d) Samuel Beckett; (e) George Bernard Shaw, (f) Delroy Pearson or (g) Ronald Pump-Engine-Farmington! Answers on a bus of William Shakespeare to 8pm at Hite Text Playwright Competition: 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by April 21.

BEASTIE BOYS
LICENSED TO ILL
FIGHT FOR YOUR BUDGET
100% CASH ON DELIVERY

POETRY, GROANING AND MILLIONS OF FOXY CHICKS

Well, just the one foxy chick actually

● These are but a few of the things that Whitesnake's David Coverdale "chats" about in *Bitz*.

Whitesnake – worraband. David Coverdale – worrasnoot-bloke. YUS! For it is he – the "legendary" one-time lead singer with '70s rock "icons" Deep Purple, the man who invented The Snake in 1978, the 35 year old "hero" who has "lived the rock 'n' roll lifestyle to excess", the man who looks like what Jon Bon Jovi probably will when he's 278 – who has invited *Bitz* to sit in a record company swank office for a "chat". Pheryooooee and no mistake.

But who is this "seminal" being? Where did he come from? Why does he exist? David Coverdale, in-between caressing his lossaway locks, saying "delighted" every three seconds exactly like Prince Charles and being unspcakably posh, "explains"...

"I'm from Cleveland originally – I'm a true Yorkshreman."
"What happened to your accent? (Looks miffed) Not everyone goes 'Eeeehh bloody 'ell asaaah! y'know! I was raised in a very conservative little town called Saltburn-by-the-Sea and from the age of seven all I wanted to do was paint and draw – my whole ambition was to go to art college. I just wanted to express myself – express my inner fantasies with a paintbrush or a pencil."

What fantasies?
"I just wanted to be an artist."
Jings – David Coverdale is a very serious not-very-young man. He proceeds to tell *Bitz* all about "being an artist", snootling on and on utterly pause-free about how he trained to be an art teacher but gave it up through "disillusionment", until one fated day he suddenly started "bursting into song – that was my way of telling people whether I was happy or sad without having to explain the way I felt through a strange painting or a surrealist sketch."

And that's when he began "taking my writing more seriously – because before I'd always just fatted around with poetry."
You wrote poetry? How romantic.
"Yeah, anyway, but with alcohol and cigarettes I'd bastardised my voice somewhat and eventually came to sound more and more like



Photo: Julian Barrow

▲ The man has been "craged" by the wild excess of rock and roll!

my influence which was the sound of the American negro. And I began working with musicians who were more mature than I was and learned from them – because I never work with anyone or in fact do anything if I'm not going to learn something from it. I'm like a sponge – I soak everything up."
Ooo-er. And then he did loads of horrible jobs.

"No I did not! I worked in a wood factory. But I was never there because I was out gigging 'til four in the morning. And I didn't want to compromise myself – and still don't – by cutting my hair. (?) So I

worked in a friend's boutique where I could keep my hair. And now I've had long hair for a hundred years."

Quite. And it was in that very boutique that David first heard the "strains" of Deep Purple – courtesy of "the beautiful beautiful woman" that he worked with. And – lol – there appeared in a "serious" music paper an advertisement for a new "Purps" singer.

"It said 'Deep Purple: we're still looking for a new singer and considering an unknown.'"

Which was you?
"Seriously unknown. So I sent them a tape and picture of me

when I was a boy scout – as a sort of fingers up to them saying 'what's image got to do with music anyway?' – and they found it highly amusing."

"THUS! the 'job' was his and THUS! three years commenced of "globe-trotting". Presumably it was "wild" was it? "Oh yes. And it still is. It was a phenomenal time. Let's just say it was all about excess. But then came 1976 and – "blub" – The Purps split up. David spooked about with "serious musicians" until 1978 and The Snake were born – bringing to the universe such global wonders as "Fool For Your Lovin'"!! And... er, quite a few more a bit like that. But, alas, the spiralling career of The Snake has been a dogged one. Dogged by the horrors of "management, divorce and line-up changes basically. It's like God has always looked down on me and thought 'You're not having it all your own way.'"

The latest "career interruption" has been for the past year.

"I've been seriously ill. I lost my voice. I really thought it was all over... (goes all misty-eyed and wobbly) But – snip! – an operation ensued and David miraculously discovered that "my voice was more powerful than ever. I got my balls back."

Er... HENCE! The Snake are now back. Back! BACK! And so to their new tune – "Sitt Of The Night". It's a perv-song, isn't it?

No! (withering glance). It's a predator's song. It's a love-hunt song and there's a lot of subliminal effects in the video. It was very expensive to make."
Why are there millions of foxy chicks in it?

"There's only one! And she's my girlfriend. She's a very well-known American actress called Tony-Kitan... that's T.O.W.N.Y.K.I.T.A.N."

You do a lot of non-thrusting and groaning in the video, don't you?

"Pthphtpht! I'm afraid to do – I do it in the studio too – and at home, huh huh. There's a lot of groaning because I've got a seriously deep chest and the thrusting is just an extension of my physicality. Weeell, I mean, you get on a stage and set yourself up to be criticised or applauded, don't you? Snakes – you love 'em or you leave 'em!"

Snakes??? Is that what you call yourself?
"Yeah. The Snakes."
Hey!

● Quite an odd phrase, is it not? Actually it's the name of the brand new single by those Westworld rascals, due out any minute now.

POOM
BA-NA-NA-BAM-BOO!

This round item is **The Bitz**

Badge – and one can be yours for nothing! Just collect three Bitz Badge Coupons (there was one in the last issue and there are three more still to come) than fill in the coupon below. Don't send them to the address printed with last issue's coupon – that was an "error". We're clots!

BIRTHDAYS

APRIL

- 8 Julian Lennon (24)
- 9 Mark Kelly of Marillion (26)
- 11 Stuart Ademson of Big Country (29)
- Delroy "Carp Crazy" Pearson (17)
- 12 David Cassidy (37)
- Will Sergeant of Echo & The Bunnymen (29)
- Derek Dick i.e. "Fish" from Marillion (23)
- Tony James of Sque "Sque" Spivak (25) (them ham)
- 13 Al Green (41)
- Richie Blackmore of Deep Purple (42)
- 15 Samantha "Cronos" Fox (21)
- 18 Les Pattinson of Echo & The Bunnymen (29)
- 21 Robert Smith of The Cure (28)
- Iggy Pop (real name James Osterberg) (40)

... 5 INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT 10 ZULU WHO'RE MATES OF PAUL SIMON...



▲ **Vee Mambazo**: what a cheery looking hard they are.

They're Ladysmith Black Mambazo, the South African vocal group who sang such tunes as "Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes" and "Homeless" on Paul Simon's chart topping LP "Graceland". And... hold on to your hats – here are the "interesting" things about them:

ONE! They're from Ladysmith (hence the name), the South African town famed for being the site of a peculiarly named battle, The "Relief" of Ladysmith, in the Boer War in 1900.

TWO! Mambazo means spear in Zulu – hence the name!

THREE! They're famously famous in South Africa and they've already released 26 LP's and all of them have "gone gold" as they say in the beady world of pop.

FOUR! They're releasing their 26th LP right this very minute called "Shaka Zulu" and it's produced by their mate Paul Simon and features their spunky Zulu harmonies.

FIVE! They're all grinning a lot in their picture, aren't they by crapes?!!

COUPON

Hold. I'm a Bitz Badge Coupon. Simply scribble me out, and send me and two other Bitz Coupons and a stamped addressed envelope to **Smash Hits, Free Bitz Badge Operations, Nerve Centre, 14 Holtham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF** by June 12th and those nice people will send you the indispensible style accessory of the century, P.S. Don't forget your name and address when you send me!!!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT ON CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT

I.e. we ask them what they think of each other

MIGI

▲ "Wants to hit things"



Nick "He's a very emotional person and he makes decisions more by his heart than anything else, though he'd never admit it."

Ju "He's got a typical drummer's character – reasonably moody. I think you have to have a certain mentality to want to hit things for the rest of your life. It goes against my non-violent attitude."

Ben "Very self sufficient... stylish... rock steady drummer... and gets angry very quickly."

NICK

▲ "We had to call an ambulance"



Ju "He's a really warm person but I find that I can have a bit much of him sometimes and I won't see him for a couple of days. I think he'll be quite a family man when he calms down but at the moment he does stay out a bit and likes a drink. He's just really bubbly."

Migi "He likes to go and have a go – head first into everything. He went through a right patch at one stage. When we had our first rehearsal with our producer, Stewart Levine, he didn't turn up then suddenly he came in out of his brain and collapsed on the floor. We couldn't wake him so in the end we called an ambulance to show him up a bit. He said, 'I've just drunk two bottles of whisky woooooh woooooh'. He was upset – I think he went through a stage where he thought we weren't consulting him enough. We kissed and made up."

Ben "He's sort of lighthearted but not in a bad way – he just doesn't seem to get down."

BEN

▲ "He's laid back and mellow"

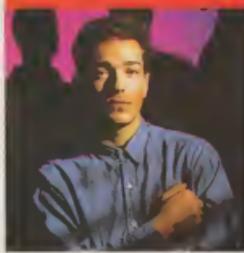


Ju "He'd better watch out because he's going to be a star and I just hope he can cope with it. There's a side of him that's really extrovert and if there's a stage he'll get up on it. He's totally impossible to organise in any way. Sometimes he seems in a completely different world. He's always thinking about three steps behind where he is."

Migi "He's laid back and mellow and does everything in his own time. If I told you about his strange habits he'd probably get arrested."

JU

▲ "He's very anti-possibilities" (?)



Nick "He's sort of quiet but not quiet. He does strange things and he's very anti-possibilities. Like if he can take a limo somewhere he'll still take the tube instead."

Ben "He's intelligent and aware but he keeps a lot to himself. He's very good musically, very witty, very sarcastic and very English."

Migi "He likes to eat bags of crisps a lot – that's about all I can say about Ju. Salt'n'vinegar – acetic acid – are his favourite."

Photos: Paul Rider

SUDDENLY, FOUR AVENGERS OF DOOM STEPPED FORWARD FROM THE MISTS OF TIME...

Er... Hullo. My name's Pete Shelley and I'm afraid I look a bit of a state. I just dropped by to say that I used to be in a group called The Buzzcocks and we were the group who wrote "Ever Fallen In Love" which Fine Young Cannibals are having a hit with at the moment. Of course our version came out nine years ago and was rather more punky. And... er... that's about it... (Series most definitely discontinued - Ed.)



Photo: Adrian Booth



● Messrs Hodgkins, Swank and Toff - Estate Agents to the filthy rich - are pleased to announce the sale of this desirable luxury Spanish-style residence, situated in exclusiva (i.e. no nasty poor people for miles darereeeings!) Malibu Beach, just a stone's throw from Hollywood - a simply delightful neighbourhood, just across the road from Bangle Susanna Hots' nummy. This charming Spanish-style domicile boasts a swimming pool (jacuzzi etc. etc. plus several million "reception rooms" whatsoever the riggers they may be Yours at a snip for \$2.2 million. (Doope! Sorry property magnates, it seems that this property has already been snapped up by a couple calling themselves Madonna and Sean Penn, this being an aerial photograph of their "ova nast").



● Messrs Hodgkins, Swank and Toff are also happy to be handing the sale of this delightful abode, in nearby Los Angeles. Amenities include several zillion reception rooms, several swimming pools, a llama stable, a chimpanzee gymnasium and a snake pit. How very queer. (Alcheholi it's a snip of the Jackson residence, where Michael and Janet find their many siblings reside with their mum and dad and it's not for sale at all - Ed.)

Photo: Fictional Press

THE POLITEST MAN IN ROCK!!

● **Yus! He's back! BAAAACK!! Bryan Adams, the "nicest" bloke in the entire wibbliverse has returned! And he's here right now being supremely polite about every molecule that ever lived. Like...**

HIS NEW TUNE CALLED "HEAT OF THE NIGHT!"

"I think my new single has a sort of nightmarish quality to it, y'know. (It) was inspired by a 1940s film called *The Third Man* which stars Orson Welles and which is quite a deep and dark and mysterious film about a guy being chased through the sewers of Vienna and the song kind of reflects the mood of what the guy's feeling. It's very moody. Do I think it's brilliant? Er... I hope so!"

A BLOKE CALLED PETER GABRIEL!

"Basically all I've been doing for the past year is the Conspiracy Of Hope tour for Amnesty International in America with Gabriel (that's Peter Gabriel - Ed), Sting and U2. We spent a lot of time on the same plane together - I even did a couple of interviews with Bono - we've done a lot of things together. What did I talk to him about? Er... what he had for breakfast! Oh, y'know, it was what we could do to promote Amnesty and what the next date would be like - all sorts. It was a very interesting and informative time for me. Is Peter Gabriel mad? I beg your pardon? Oh, no, he's not mad at all - I find him very serious about his work and very determined and he's a really sweet guy."

A PRINCESS CALLED DIANA

"How do I feel about Princess Diana fancying me? Oh... um, what can I say to that? I think obviously it's a load of complete rubbish - a fabrication by the press in Britain after I did the Prince's Trust concert - I mean, Di (I - Ed) never said anything to me really. Just sort of 'Hello' and she was very polite and I certainly don't recall any flirtation on her part."
 "Would you like to have been fancied by her?"
 "Oh gee, well, I mean she's a princess, y'know, and... I'm just a singer. Oh I don't know what to say - I'm a little bit embarrassed here... Do I think Charles is a lucky man? Oh indeed."

A VIVITRESS CALLED TINA TURNER!

"Oh, all that was just rubbish too - what can I say? I've done a lot of work with Tina - we've made two records together... but I mean, she's got a son that's my age, y'know! It was all just really silly."
 "Didn't you swoon in the presence of her legs then?"
 "Um... well, it's really just the performance aspect. I've enjoyed with her - she's a really great singer and that's about as far as it goes. I'm afraid, so no fainting at her legs, no! Many a man would faint - yes moan!"



Photo: Brian Aron



Photo: City Synchrovision

▲ Did Di really "firt" with Bry? ▲ Did Bry gasp at her legs! ▲ Does this man really chop down trees!

BEING NOTORIOUSLY "NICE"

"Oh thank you... um, I don't know what to say to that. I just have my own way of approaching things - some people like it and some people don't, ha ha! I have I ever done anything horrible?
 "Er... well, maybe but I wouldn't want to discuss them. I don't really think about horrible things much really."

THE BLOOMS IN HIS GARDEN!

"I live in a two-bedroomed house overlooking a cliff in Vancouver - it's quite dangerous. It's a pretty plain, modest house - I don't have much furniture. My kitchen is all made of wood - wood floors, wood counters and it's really pretty - very much like out of a picture book. The garden especially is beautiful - all kinds of flowers - roses and daffodils, beautiful. I spend as much time in the garden as I can. I don't speak to my flowers, not I dig the weeds, that sort of thing - good therapy. I suppose you

could say I was quite a serious person. And when I want a laugh I go out with my friends for a few beers, or to the Indian! Do I play golf? I go cycling quite a bit which is good fun and I train a couple of times a week also. I like to keep fit but I have to force myself to get out of bed full stop. How would you like to get out of bed at 8 o'clock in the morning to run round the block in the pouring rain? Ush uuuah!

LOOKING LIKE A LUMBERJACK!

"Uh, I don't recall ever being compared to a lumberjack! Er... I know I wore checked shirts in the past which is a characteristic of a lumberjack - if you think I look like a lumberjack then that's fine! I'm not wearing a checked shirt today - it's a plain brown one. What a disappointment! Not really - it's nice. Uh... ha ha!"

BEING THE POLITEST MAN IN ROCK!

"Oh geeze, I don't know what to say! Uh... thank you ma'am!! (????)

IMAGES





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FERRY

What really happened? Why is Boy George singing along to an old Beatles single? Why has "horny" Nick Kamen joined Bananarama? What have the very dubious Sun "news" paper got to do with all of this? And who is Stephanie Lawrence! . . . Chris Heath spends three days watching the recording of "Let It Be".



Photo: Syndication [G]

The Bizarre office inside The Sun building at Wapping is the place where a group of "journalists" sit around day in day out cobbling together a mixture of scandal and rumours for The Sun's daily "pop" column. It isn't exactly the first place you'd expect to find charitable thoughts of any kind. Over the years they've fought hard to earn a reputation for printing the most unscrupulous, un factual and often hurtful pop music stories in Britain but on the afternoon of March 11 they had an idea that, for once, might do much more good than bad.

The previous Friday night, the ferry

Herald Of Free Enterprise, leaving Zeebrugge port in Belgium, had overturned, killing nearly 200 people. Some of those were people taking advantage of a special offer in The Sun allowing them to make the crossing for just £1. Why not, suggested one journalist, organise a benefit record? Another - Garry Bushell - decided "Let It Be" would be the most appropriate song to record "just because it was anthem-like - 'times of trouble' and all that". Producers Stock, Aitken and Waterman (responsible for Mel & Kim, Princess, Dead Or Alive, Bananarama's "Venus" and so on) agreed to produce it and

donate their recording studio free of charge. All they needed now were some pop stars. . .

The only problem here was that The Sun aren't exactly on the best of terms with many pop stars. "By Thursday night," whispered one of those involved, "they hadn't got anything together. They were hopeless. They had Chas And Dave and a couple of other people. They said to me 'we can definitely guarantee Stephanie Lawrence'. Who is Stephanie Lawrence?"

Exactly. Luckily a few other people chipped in. Boy George was persuaded through his brother David,

a Fleet Street photographer. The producers got people like Bananarama and Mel & Kim, while Music Box, the European Cable TV station joined forces and roped in most of the other big stars who eventually turned up.

More and more people gradually agreed to get involved, even though it proved a bad move printing a phone number for celebrities to phone in and announce their participation. Within hours they'd had "Eddie" Bon Jovi phoning reverse charge from Southend and someone with a Brummie accent saying they were "Prince". Neither, strangely enough turned up. . .

SATURDAY

On Saturday morning it's all quiet outside PWL Studios in South London. The one smart fib in *The Sun* reports over the last couple of days had been to suggest that all the recording would happen that Sunday. Consequently there's only a couple of fans hanging about as most of the man stars come and go. Level 42's **Mark King** is first, shooting over to thwack his bass and sing a bit directly after Saturday Superstore, before most people are even out of their slippers. He's supposed to be followed by **Boy George** but, as usual, he's late. Or, fret all the people from *The Sun* starting to look a bit despondent, maybe he's not coming at all. Instead **Mike Peters** from **The Alarm** arrives, followed by **Keren and Sarah** from **Bananarama** (Sibhan is in Japan with **Dave Stewart**), and then **Taffy** and **Nick Kamen**. But still no George. . .

Finally he swears in at around three o'clock, to massive sighs of relief. "I was sleeping," he laughs, "and anyway I didn't think I was supposed to be here until three." He smiles cheerily when it's pointed out that people have been nagging him on the phone all day.

"Er, well—I had to get ready. Also there were all these people outside my house and I had to explain where this was and how to get here."

Quite. While he "readies" himself Nick Kamen is nominated as the third member of **Bananarama** and they swoop in to sing their bit. "It was really strange," observes Sarah, "because we've never sung with a bloke before. He's really pleasant though and we all had the same uniform on—black tops and Levis and black boots."

Nick Kamen meanwhile scrounges a toffee off someone (who then proceeds to swoon around deluged at the thought that she'd selflessly given her "last toffee to Nick Kamen") and only looks slightly embarrassed when reminded that Boy George keeps going on about how "horny" he is. "Why not?" Nick smiles. "We're good friends. I've known George for a long time."

By now George is in the studio singing a huge long chunk of the first verse (he's actually singing along to Paul McCartney's original version—the actual record is slung in the corner of the studio). There's a couple of people and cameras everywhere and

even in the singing booth there's a whole crowd of people surrounding George as he sings. It doesn't matter — George's voice is still — spellbindingly brilliant, at least 1000 times better than on his recent single.

I attempt to ask him a question but it all goes horribly wrong. "What, pray, does he think of the song?" is what I ask, but somehow he thinks I've said "what do you think of *The Sun*?" — not a very tactful question as several million *Sun* journalists are within earshot. He mutters "nothing," they all burst out laughing and he suddenly realises what the question was.

"I thought you said *The Sun*," he cackles. "I wrap my fish and chips in *The Sun*! The song is really nice. I like Aretha Franklin's version best. I was trying to put a bit more dirt into it than *The Beatles* version."

And with that he goes downstairs and does an interview with Music Box in which he says what he really thinks about the "news" paper who announced about six months ago that he had eight weeks to live.

"Even this week," he explains, "they did a story on the four times saying 'back from the dead' which just made me so upset. I was horrified. They can't help themselves... they're just nasty about everybody. Even when I'd come out of the house feeling really good they'd say 'George's looking haggard and ill. You can't win.'"

George obviously isn't alone in feeling this way about *The Sun*. Everyone has been persuaded to go round wearing badges with 'FERRY AID' — 'THE SUN' on but by Saturday night at least half the badges simply say 'FERRY AID' and there's just a white splotch where the words *The Sun* used to be.

The last person to turn up tonight is **Ben** from **Curtains** by **Killed the Cat**. After complaining that the song is "too high—not my range" and pointing out that he prefers singing with "rather less lights" (?), he sings his bit in a very tuneful laid-back groan that surprises nearly everybody in the studio. "I love the huskiness in your voice, dear," says Mike Stock from behind the recording desk. "Natch," says Ben. "It comes natch... whisky and cigarettes." Hmm. Still, even he seems quite pleased with how "natch" the end result is — though sadly the really mellow bit, where George "let it be yeeeahhhhhhh", eventually gets left off the record.



Photo: Paul Preece

Mark O'Toole (Frankie Marks & Toole)

"It's important because it could have been anybody's friends on the ferry. We've just finished a tour and all our crew have come across on the ferry so it's close at heart. The only reason 'Let It Be' is a good song is because everyone knows it and everybody will buy it. And because it's the only song I can play on the piano. I don't think it says much about what's went on though."



Photo: D.O.A.

Gary Moore:

"I think the record can raise a lot of money but it's not going to bring anyone back. I do half the solo—I think Mark Knopfer does the rest. It took me about 10 minutes. My only reservation about doing it is the same as most people's — *The Sun* — but I'm not letting that get in my way. It's more important to do it than to hold a grudge against some silly newspaper."



Photo: D.O.A.

Mel & Kim:

"We cancelled a TV show in Frankfurt to be here. It's a struggle and the least people could do with a bit of support to get back on their feet financial-wise. The song's the perfect song — it's got a kind of free feel. I can't imagine anything else being sung for it."



Photo: D.O.A.

Nick Kamen:

"I flew back from Stockholm last night to be here. This can't make up for what happened but if we can raise money then at least that might do something for the people involved. Singing with **Bananarama** it was nice."

SUNDAY

Sunday morning and the crowds are out in force. Most of them are there for Boy George — certainly when **Erasme's Andy Bell** turns up they don't even recognise him. Inside he shuffles round very shyly and uneasily — partly because he is shy and partly because he quite clearly loathes



Photo: Syndication Int'l

▲ Andy Bell: "quite clearly loathes *The Sun*."

The Sun. Even when someone asks to take a snap of him for themselves he says seriously "as long as it's not for *The Sun*."

Soul singer **Edwin Starr** turns up to whoop and holler over one of Ben's lines. **Pepsi** and **Shirley** sing over some of what **Andy Bell**'s just sung while **Jaki Graham** bubbles round doing her bit, calling everyone "baby" all the time and making dreadful jokes with the cameramen as the sips her cuppa: "'Let It Be' ha ha ha."

Soon there's a motley crew of people who've arrived early for the six o'clock chorus and **The Christians** utterly ruin their "sober" reputation by leading people like **Ruby Turner**, **Julie Roberts** (from **Working Week**), **Hazel O'Connor**, "**Drum**" **Theatre** and so on through gospel singalong versions of "Lean On Me" and "Let It Be."

From here on, it's complete and utter chaos. Not only do most of the main stars reappear (Boy George is standing outside the men's toilet being interviewed by **Simon Bates** and explaining that he exercises by "jogging round my gold discs") but there's an almost unbelievably "odd" selection of people — some of whom stretch the term "celebrity" to breaking point. There's **Cutting Crew**, all of **The Alarm**, **Mike Read** (who arrives late, as usual), **The Tube's Felix Howard**, **Gloria Hunniford** (various members of **EastEnders**, **George Hill** and **H-De-H**, including **Su Pollard** in the most spookgusting mini-skirt ever), **Alvin Stardust**, **Lizale Year**, **Maxi Priest**, **Nik Kershaw**, **Richard Drummie** from **Go West**. **Steve**

FERRY AID



▲ Kate Bush: "It's for the cause."

Strange, Imagination, far for too many "Page" "Three" "Girls" and a great many people so not-famous that no one seems to know who they are.

Mark O'Toole stands round drinking orange juice rather self-consciously, "I'm driving," he "apologises". "I think I'd better fill up a Carlsberg can with orange juice, walk round with that and pretend to look drunk."

Eventually the downstairs basement is ready and everyone is led in and positioned on a platform just as if it was a school photograph being taken.

Suddenly they're off and running through chorus after chorus conducted by producer Pete Waterman. Doubtless because he's the most



▲ Mark King: "Up before most people are even out of their slippers"

famous person there, the moving film camera above their heads keeps swooping in on Boy George, to his obvious annoyance. A couple of times he gestures very rudely indeed in its direction – the cheaky V sign in the final video is only what he does after he's exhausted the more obscene possibilities.

Everyone runs through their parts a few more times, the B-side is made up on the spot thanks to some improvised "gospel" singing, and then the producers decide to call a halt to what has been a very long day.



Ben (Curiosity Killed The Cat):

"I think it's worth doing the record if it's going to make anybody more alert in their jobs and not be so blasé, do you know what I mean? It might be boring closing the doors as they leave port – if I was working there I'm sure I'd have done the same – but it's a bit out of order when you're dealing with so many lives."



Pepsi & Shirlee:

Pepsi: "We heard about it while we were on holiday together in Marbella – we were so horrified." Shirlee: "I suppose it'll give some compensation and I hope the people affected will feel some warmth from it, from the fact that all these people are helping them. Money can be very cold at times."

MONDAY



▲ Boy George and "Holly" Nick Kamen: "Friends for a long time"

Arriving back in the studios on Monday afternoon everything is quiet again. Gone are the crowds of minor celebrities, the sandwiches and bagels, the empty beer cans and cigarettes, the singing in the corridors. This morning everyone has shot over to another studio in London where

Mark Knopfler has been recording his guitar solo (he refused to be at the original recording). After all that trouble people seem a bit disappointed by the result – the word "boring" is muttered more than once.

Indeed, everyone seems much fonder of the squealiness which **Gary Moore** has just dribbled all over the song. There's only three more singers to come now. **Paul King** is coming this evening and will, rather unfortunately, cover up half of Boy George's part. **Mel & Kim** are just about to whip up a few harmonies but first in is **Kate Bush**.



▲ Ver Lads From Frankie: "pretending to look drunk"

Everyone had given up hope that she'd ever appear but she phoned that morning and explained the only reason she hadn't been there earlier was because she'd been ill over the weekend. It's obviously rather an ordeal for someone like her – a perfectionist who typically takes several centuries to make an album – to tip quickly into a studio and sing something. Because of that she's the first person to have the studio cleared and she also refuses all interview requests. "It's for the cause – it's not what I've got to say," she explains reasonably enough.

Later that afternoon everyone sits round in the TV room discussing what to do with the record. No one from The Sun is there and consequently they come in for quite a lot of stick. The sleeve, for one thing, has been announced in The Sun as a picture of the overturned Ferry with The Sun Zeebrugge Fund written in huge letters beneath and it's with great relief that everyone now hears that the producers have persuaded them to change it. "Next week," says one of them, "now The Sun has shot its bolt, it won't be The Sun's Ferry Aid – it'll just be Ferry Aid."

And so, over the next few days, it slowly turns out.

The finished version is played on Tuesday. The video, including Paul McCartney's contribution which he filmed on his own £30,000 camera at home, is finished by Saturday and by Monday the records are in the shops. The next Tuesday "Let it Be" by Ferry Aid enters the charts at Number One.



Boy George:

"I watched the disaster on Breakfast Time – I was up so early because it was when I went to number one. I just think it's sad. Really horrible. When I was in Australia I went to do some photos on this island and on the way back the boat went haywire and everyone was terrified – I can remember lying clutching to a bed vomiting – so I can imagine what it must be like to go over in a boat."



Mike Peters:

"I think everyone feels they could have been on the ferry – especially being in a band. We've travelled on that ferry when we toured Europe. It's stupid that it happened. You don't hear of a jet plane taking off with the doors open, do you? It just shows what an upside down kind of world we live in. It's a tragedy – that's all you can say."



Kim Wilde:

"I didn't think, when I heard that this was a good thing to do. Making a record wasn't the first thing that sprang to mind. I was very upset by what happened and I didn't think it was appropriate to sing about it. I'm doing it because I've been told the families need the money but I feel very strange about it."

Photo: D.O.A.

Photo: D.O.A.

Photo: D.O.A.

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I'm a 12 year old girl who is looking for a boy of my age to write to. I like any pop music and watch Top Of The Pops. Surfing page and other comedy programmes so if you're interested please write to: Angie Ouel, 7 Oak Close, Chiddingfold, Nr Godalming, Surrey GU8 4JA.

Hi, I'm John and I would like to write to anyone who likes Status Quo, Europe, Bon Jovi and most MM. Anyone aged 12-14 with similar tastes get something to John: 40 Kinlan Road, Diomore Co Down, Northern Ireland.

Hello everybody, I'm an Italian girl aged 16. If you are looking for the right person to correspond with then write to me: Laura Sarata, Via De' Orsacani 219, I-00171 Rome, Italy.

Hi, my name is Gavin Malona and I am 13 years old. My hobbies are horse riding and I also enjoy electronics. My favourite singers are Madonna, Five Star and The Struts. If you are interested in writing to me then please do: 2 Chilmington Close, Shankill Co Dublin, Eire.

Hi there! We are two females called Nicola and Louise. We are aged 15 and are looking for any males aged between 15 and 17 to write to us. We like all chart music so write to: Nicola Sherman, 32 Camarston Street, Holford, Ilkley, Leeds LS18 3PW.

Hi, I'm searching for a panpal aged between 12 and 15. I'm into One Direction, Boyz n the Band, A*Te, Europe and more. I like swimming, playing tennis, sailing, rugby and basketball. Please write to: Nick Clarke, 13 Grange Drive, Eccleston Hill, St Helens, Merseyside WA10 3BS.

I'm a bit of a crazy lass who's into A-ha, Madonna, The Housemartins and Bon Jovi. I also like swimming. If you're aged 11-14, from UK, Norway, America or France get scribbling to: Marinca Keane, 35 Summersgrove Drive, Thompsons Hill, HUI2 9QL.

Hi, I'm a 15 year old girl into Europe, Bon Jovi, Madonna and Five Star. If you are 15-17 years old please write to: Menag Shaw, 15 Hill Grove, Conna, Dundermine, Fife, Scotland KY12 9XF.

Hello to all girls over 16 into Robert Palmer and Madonna. I'd like to hear from you so send a letter to: Robert 2 Backline Mews, London SW9 7HZ.

Hello, my name is Nasse and I'm 15 years old. I like most chart music especially Billy Joel and Cindily. I like The Cat. I would like to hear from anyone of any age so please write to: Vanessa McManus, 147 Hand Ave, Braunstone, Leicesters LE3 1SD.

Hi, I'm a hyper casual Gordon boy. My interests include Madonna, Sam Fox, The Bangles, Pet Shop Boys and Pepsi. And Shirlie Jo please send a letter to: Scott Campbell, 38 Eastbourne Ave, Walker, Newcastle Upon Tyne NE6 4DS.

Hi, I'm a 16 year old girl who would like to write to mees aged 15-19 from anywhere in the world. I like all '90s and most chart music. I do all sports, going out and having a good time. Please write to: Di Chandler, 6 Farnes Avenue, Wickford, Essex SS12 0BX.

Are you a Sam Fox lookalike? If not it doesn't matter. We are two twelve year old boys looking for two 11-13 year old girls. We like Queen and other music so please write soon! William Bauer and Alistair Francis, Prior Park College, St Peters, Bath BA2 5AH.

Hi, I'm looking for American penfriends. I'm 15 years old and I love A-ha, 1450 Me Madonna, Five Star Swing Out Sister, The Bangles and most music in the charts. If anyone the same age as me is interested please write to: Gemma Williamson, 11 Short Gardens, Temple Herdwyke, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire CV33 0UD.

Hi, I'm a 16 year old crazy person who is very bored and looking for penpals from all over the world especially Japan. I like Huey Lewis, I like Star but not The Cure. Interested? Then write to: Adam Parsons, 4 Manor Lane, Gullington, Chertingham, Gloucestershire GL52 4JG.

Hi, I'm Jackie and I'm 19 years old. I would like to hear from anyone who is into '70s and '80s music. My favourite groups are: The Beatles, Eric Clapton, Duran Duran, The Bangles, Level 42, Madonna and loads more. So drop a line and write to: Jackie, 60 Goldthorn Road, Kidderminster, Wores DY11 7JD.

Hi there! I'm an 18 year old male from N. Ireland who would like anyone from anywhere to write to me. My pop interests include Madonna, A-ha, Five Star, U2, Kate Bush, Eurythmics and many more. Please write to: Michael Gibben, 10 Glynnview Ave, Larne Co Antrim BT40 1BT, Northern Ireland.

Help! I am a 15 year old girl stuck out here in Singapore. If there are any males out there who are into Madonna, Depeche Mode, Pet Shop Boys, A-ha, Spice and any punk (although I'm not one) and you are aged between 14 and 16 please write to: Georgina Chah, 133 Duchess Ave, Singapore 1026, Singapore.

Hi there, I'm a 18 year old led seeking panpals worldwide. I am going out and love all chart music especially A-ha and Paul Young so if you are interested please write to: Alan Craig, 6 Portessa, Northbar, Eskine, Renfrewshire PA8 6DR.

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AHOY!!" QUIZ...

Or that the best time to replant your begonias is in fact mid-April?
be a rotten bit of use here, matey!...



Corks! Look at the state of *this* lot! These are all "snaps" of famous pop stars in their less swoonsome days. But who the jiggins are they?



1. Pop stars, eh? Not only do they have very draft names but they write songs with completely and utterly preposterous titles as well. Who is responsible for these rather obscure abominations?

- a. I Kissed The Spiky Fridge
- b. La La La He He Hee
- c. A Man Inside His Mouth
- d. Rock Me Again And Again And Again And Again And Again (Six Times)
- e. Who Needs The Lmelight?
- f. 70 Cities As Love Brings The Fall
- g. Eat The Poor
- h. Eggs And Their Shells
- i. "17 Days (the rain will come down, then U will have 2 choose, if you believe, Look 2 the dawn and U sh... never lose)"

ANSWERS

- 1. a. I Kissed The Spiky Fridge
- 2. b. La La La He He Hee
- 3. c. A Man Inside His Mouth
- 4. d. Rock Me Again And Again And Again And Again And Again (Six Times)
- 5. e. Who Needs The Lmelight?
- 6. f. 70 Cities As Love Brings The Fall
- 7. g. Eat The Poor
- 8. h. Eggs And Their Shells
- 9. i. "17 Days (the rain will come down, then U will have 2 choose, if you believe, Look 2 the dawn and U sh... never lose)"

WOT

Swing Out Sister

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THE GO-BETWEENS:

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CURIOSITY KILLED THE

CATs Southampton Mayfair (Apr 26), Bristol Studio (27), Cardiff University (28), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (May 1), Sheffield University (2), Manchester Rizy (3), Glasgow Barrowlands (5), Edinburgh Coasters (6), Newcastle Mayfair (7), Leeds University (9), Northampton Derrigate Centre (10), Brighton Top Rank (11), London Town & Country Club (17-18)

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



THOMPSON TWINS: Liverpool Empire (May 14), Birmingham Odéon (15), Manchester Apollo (16), Newcastle City Hall (18), Edinburgh Playhouse (19), Sheffield City Hall (20), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (21), Bradford St Georges Hall (23), Bristol Hippodrome (24), Southampton Mayflower (26), London Hammersmith Odeon (27)

● Tickets, available from the box offices and usual agents, are priced £8 and £7 for London and £7 and £5 for all other venues.

MENTAL AS ANYTHING:

Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (Apr 29), Bristol Bier Keller (30), Manchester University (May 7), Newcastle Polytechnic (2), Redcar Bow (3), Coventry Polytechnic (5), Birmingham Aston University (6), London Town & Country Club (7), Brunel University (9), Norwich University of East Anglia (10)

GENESIS (EXTRA DATE):

London Wembley Stadium (July 4)
● Tickets are available from the box office, usual agents and from the Wembley box office section at Tower Records, P.O. Box 495, London W1A 4RS. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Harvey Goldsmith Entertainment Ltd and you should add a 50p booking fee, include a SAE and allow 28 days for delivery. Tickets are £15. A credit card "hot" line is also in operation on 01 748 1414 and 01 379 8433 where tickets are subject to a 50p booking fee. Bookings are limited to a maximum of six tickets per person.

THE ICICLE WORKS:

Huddersfield Polytechnic (May 8), Newcastle Mayfair (6), Cardiff University (8), Harley Victoria Hall (9), London Astoria Theatre (10-11), Southampton University (13), Manchester International 2 (14)

● Contact venues for ticket details



SUZANNE VEGA:

Brighton Centre (May 17), London Hammersmith Odeon (18-19), Guildford Civic Hall (20), Bristol Colston Hall (26), Sheffield City Hall (28), Birmingham Odéon (29), Manchester Apollo (30), Newcastle City Hall (June 1), Glasgow Pavilion (2), Aberdeen Capitol (3), Cardiff St David Hall (5), Poole Arts Centre (6)

● Tickets priced £7 and £7 (£8.50 and £7.50 for London) are available from the box offices and usual agents

LUTHER VANDROSS:

Birmingham NEC (June 28), Wembley Arena (July 1/2/4/5)
● Tickets for Wembley available by post from L.V. Tickets, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to L.V. Tickets and cost £15.50, £13 and £10.50 which includes a 50p booking fee. Enclose a SAE, allow four weeks for delivery and state which night you prefer. They are also available from the box office, all branches of Keith Prowse and a credit card "hot" line where tickets are £15, £12.50 and £10 subject to a booking fee. Birmingham tickets are available from the box office and usual outlets

DAVID BOWIE:

London Wembley Stadium (June 20)
● Tickets available from the box office and from usual agents at £16 and also available by post from David Bowie Box Office, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH. Enclose a SAE, add a 50p booking fee and allow 28 days for delivery. A credit card "hot" line is also in operation on 01 748 1414 subject to a booking fee.



BRING ME BACK THAT SPARK

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LIMITED EDITION 7" GATEFOLD
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AUTOGRAPHED SLEEVE

ENTIRELY NEW RECORDING—PRODUCED BY ROBIN MILLAR

OWEN 6
OWEN 26
OWEN G6

Epic

CBS



help Juan Blason

Still of the night Whitesnake

In the still of the night
I hear the wolf howl howl
Sniffing around your door
In the still of the night
I feel my heart beating heavy
Telling me I gotta have more

In the shadow of the night
I see the full moon rise
Telling me what's in store
My heart start aching
My body start a-shaking
And I can't take no more no no no

Chorus
Now I just wanna get close to you
And taste your love so sweet
And I just wanna make love to you
Feel your body heat
In the still of the night

In the still of the night
Over here man

In the heat of the day
I hang my head down low
And hide my face from the sun
Through the light of the day
Until the evening time
I'm waiting for the night to come
Ooh baby

In the still of the night
In the cool moonlight
I feel my heart is aching
In the still of the night
Ooh baby ooh baby
Can't keep away
Need you closer
I can't keep away
Can't keep away
Can't keep away
I can't keep away no

You gotta give me love
You gotta give me some loving everyday
Can't keep away ooh yeah ooh oh

Repeat first verse

Ooh mama

Repeat chorus

Ooh yeah in the still of the night
I will be sniffing round your door
In the still of the night

Words and music by Coverdale/Sykes
Reproduced by permission Whitesnake Music Ltd/
Warner Bros Music Ltd
© EMI Records

Ooh
Something told me it was
It was over babe yeah
When I saw you and that girl
You were talking

Something deep down in my soul just said
Go and cry now girl
When I saw you and that same girl
You just walk on by

And I would rather be blind babe
Than to see you walk away from me
No no no no no
See I love you so much
I don't want to see you leave
But one more thing and a one more thing
Don't wanna be free no Lord

I was just I was just I was just
Sitting here thinking
When the reflection in the glass
That I held in my hands now baby
Revealed the tears that were on my face
Baby baby baby

I would rather be blind boy
Than to see you walk away from me
I would rather be blind boy
Than to see you walk away from me
Don't go

I was just I was just I was just
Sitting here thinking your kisses and your warm way
But I would rather go blind boy
Than to see you walk away from me
Baby baby baby

I would rather be blind boy
Than to see you see you leave me babe
No no no no no babe
I love you and I can't do without you boy
No no baby

Please don't go boy
Oh I would rather (rather be blind)
Lord I would rather (rather be blind)
Oh I would never (rather be blind)
Rather be blind
Hold on hold on hold on don't go

Words and music by E. Jordan/B. Forster
Reproduced by permission The Jewel Music Co. Ltd
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I would rather go blind Ruby Turner





NEW



7"



P KING I

12"



P KING TI

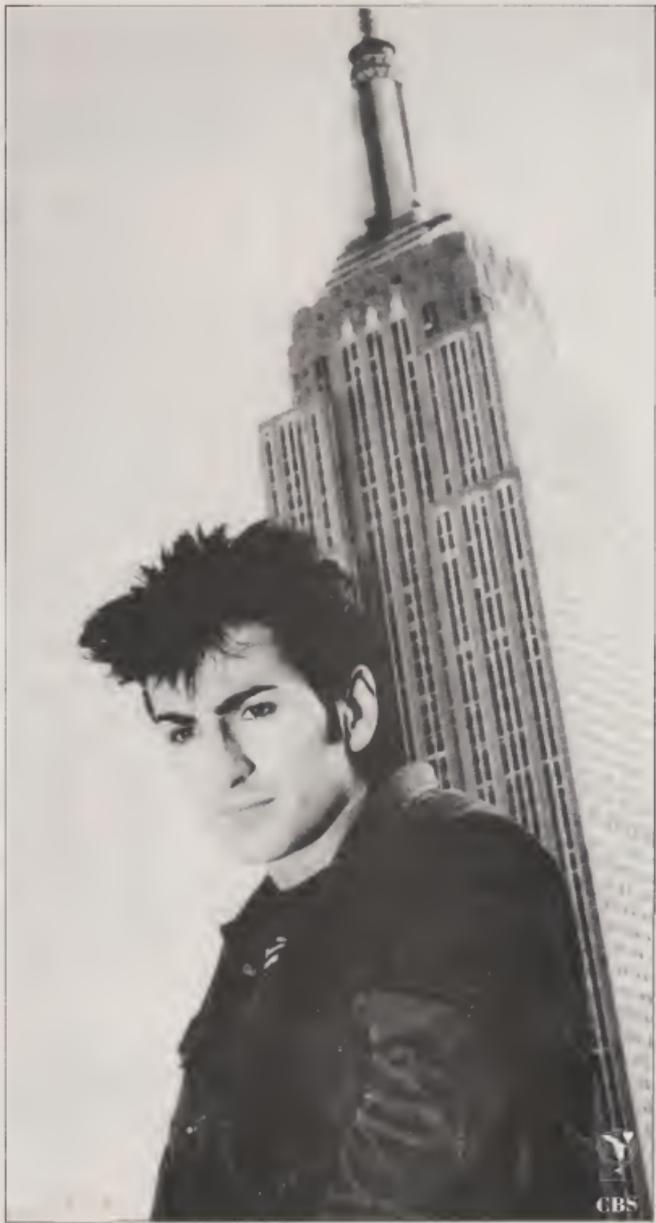
LIMITED EDITION
7" GATEFOLD



P KING GI

i know

PRODUCED BY DAN HARTMAN



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WIN HMV'S TOP TEN VIDEOS



- 1 Various Now 9
- 2 Janet Jackson Control
- 3 Level 42 Live At Wembley
- 4 Cameo Video Singles
- 5 Hot Chocolate The Very Best Of
- 6 Tina Turner Break Every Rule
- 7 Bananarama Video Singles
- 8 Eric Clapton The Concert
- 9 Five Star Luxury Of Life
- 10 Kate Bush The Whole Story

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 April 21): **Smash Hits Prize Crossword Competition Number 28, 14 Wolkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ.**
- The first correct entry out of Dr Robert's crazy bed gets HMV's top ten videos (at the time of going to press).

ACROSS

- 1 Back on the ground like **Curiosity Killed The Cat?** (4,2,5)
- 7 **Phyllis** in Trafalgar Square?
- 9 Nats back for **Mr Ridgway** (anag)
- 10 **Phil Collins** was against them all
- 12 **Georgia Michael**'s record label
- 13 **Midge Ure**'s group
- 14 "St ---- Fing" (**John Parr**)
- 16 Just a yell from **Lulu**
- 18 Napalm Aztec hides **Randy Crawford**'s recent hit
- 19 "No One Is To ----" (**Howard Jones**)
- 21 You might get your records cheaper in one
- 22 Toners that supplied **New Model Army**'s sleepless hit (anag 2,4)
- 24 Take Brain A and find a classy singer (anag 5,5)
- 25 **Percy**'s form of transport
- 26 "---- Her" (**The Pretenders**) (4,2)

DOWN

- 1 See photoclip (7,7)
- 2 **Vesta** who was once bitten
- 3 Number hidden by **Clint Eastwood Jones** (anag)
- 4 Dale in which you'd find that choirboy **Jones** (anag)
- 5 They claimed you were a sexy thing (3,9)
- 6 and 19 **Westworld**'s noisy lad (5,4,3)
- 8 Leon turns for TV presenter **Edmonds** (anag)
- 11 Dallas, **Brookside**, **EastEnders** etc.
- 13 **Dabbie Harry** went French kissing there (1,1,1)
- 15 In which **Bowie** and **Jagger** went dancing
- 17 Heard rag about a **Frankie** hit (anag 4,4)
- 19 See 6 down
- 20 Rleet tittle like **Jackie Wilson**'s success
- 23 Like the **Eurythmics** dreams and **Michael McDonald**'s freedom



NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

● Tick kind of video required.

VHS BETAMAX



B A N G L E S FOLLOWING



THE NEW SINGLE

LIMITED EDITION 7" INCLUDES FREE FULL COLOUR BADGE SET
12" INCLUDES 14 MINUTES BANGLES HITS MIX

PRODUCED BY DAVID KAHNE

BANGS 2
BANGS T2

CBS



Jon Bon Jovi!

No, you're not – you're Jon Bon Jovi and you “only came to rock and roll” (or something like that). “Woooah!” screams Tom Hibbert.

Pictures: Paul Rider



WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE

It's all the same only the names will change
Every day it comes we're wanting away
Another place where the faces are so cold
I'd drive all night
Just to get back home

I'm a cowboy on a steel horse I ride
I'm wanted (wanted) dead or alive
Wanted (wanted) dead or alive

Sometimes I sleep sometimes it's not for days
And the people I mad always got their separate ways
Sometimes you left the day
By the bottle that you drove
And times when you're alone all you do is think

I'm a cowboy on a steel horse I ride
I'm wanted (wanted) dead or alive
Wanted (wanted) dead or alive
Alright

I'm a cowboy on a steel horse I ride
I'm wanted (wanted) dead or alive
And I walk these streets a loaded old string on my neck
I play for hours 'cause I might not make it home
I've been everywhere (oh yeah) still I'm standing tall
I've seen a million faces
And I've rocked them all

'Cause I'm a cowboy on a steel horse I ride
I'm wanted (wanted) dead or alive

Words and music by Jon Bon Jovi/Brian Setzer/Philips
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On Verano Records



The Mayor of the city has declared it “Bon Jovi Day” here in Atlanta, Georgia, USA, the place is crawling with “mosh’im mulhas” in satin strides, and on the city’s premier rock radio station, the DJ – a husky-voiced, ditsy number named Kate – is going Bon Jovi barmy. Between each track she bathers about the beauty of ver Bons and takes calls from listeners who say things like “Hi, Kate! I’ve got a ticket to tonight’s show and I’m sitting in row 1100C!” To which Kate replies “That is gurratle! You’ll see everything from there and I’ll let me tell you the show is amaaaaaaazing!”

Then she sticks on another cut from the Bon Jovi LP “Slippery When Wet” and we in the car speeding gigward go “Goodness!”

It’s the third month of an eight month long tour; Bon Jovi have reached Atlanta, Georgia for two sell out shows in the 17,000 seater Omni arena; their LP has sold seven million copies thus far – the fastest-selling album of all time, apparently – and they are big, big, big. BIG! And why not? But despite his superstar status Jon Bon Jovi still can’t get a meal in the city’s restaurant because he doesn’t conform to the dress code of sober slacks, sports coat and tie to be worn at all times in the outrageously snooty and pretentious Ritz-Carlton. “Stupid!” is Jon’s verdict on the hotel’s rules for “guest attire”. They just judge the book by looking at the cover, they don’t open the cover and look inside.

Quite right.
Not one of the 17,000 “folks” seething inside the Omni tonight would ever make it inside the portals of the Ritz-Carlton. There are stacks of girls in splendidly-tipped jeans sporting Heather Locklear-type bouffant hair-dos and wild southern accents, “y’all”, swooning at the very thought that soon – very soon – Jon Bon Jovi will be mounting the podium to kill them with his charms. There are stacks of boys – some as young as 10 – in sneakers and Bon Jovi t-shirts just bursting to do some serious head-shaking and chant along in unison on their favourite choruses. . . . And . . . And . . .

SPLOOOK! Some gigantic sparkler devices at the fore of the stage explode majestically to announce the arrival of Bon Jovi and the entire auditorium is on its feet – cigarette lighters alight – squealing, screaming, cheering and going crazy apeshit in general. David Bryan in the spotlight strikes up some impressive, churchy organ. Richie Sambora splings his guitar, Tico Torres and Alec John Such make a bit of a racket and – bong! – there he is in some slinky jeans and, believe it or no, a U2 t-shirt. Squeal. Squawl. And the first of the evening’s many pairs of knickers flies through the air to land at the feet of Jon Bon Jovi.

Down in the audience, all is adulatory mayhem – fists punching the air to the very “tight” hard rock beat, policemen legring

guitar solos on their night-sticks (American for “truncheon”), and people clambering up on seats and falling off in an exultant mass. Jon stalks the stage, he prances the catwalks, he introduces “You Give Love A Bad Name” with a lengthy, “humorous” rap about falling in “lurve” with a “lady” who consequently betrays him in the arms of another. He poses, he pouts and he prattles with gusto – his every move greeted with a hail of further screams.

And then the piece de resistance: “I can’t hear you at the back,” says Jon, “I guess I’ll have to come and take a closer look.” Upon which ropes and handles come down from the ceiling and, holding on, Jon is winched slowly over the heads of the bawling throng to a mini-stage mid-auditorium where he straps on an acoustic guitar to perform “Silent Night”. Upon which the entire female population of Atlanta just faints away . . .



The next morning finds JBJ yawning into a cup of tea up on the 19th floor of his creepy hotel.

“There were a lot of knickers last night, weren’t there?” he says sleepily. And someone threw a sheet. Ha! But knickers are better than bottles – you can bet your ass on that.”

You surely can.

Jon takes a delicate sip from his teacup. The sunshine waits in through the window, trickling through his hair and it becomes disgustingly evident that this man has not been beaten with the ugliness stick. He is simply ravissant, my dears – a fact that, perversely, dogs him. Jon Bon Jovi does not enjoy his status as a rock ‘n’ roll sex symbol.

“I hate it, I don’t like it at all. I won’t speak to the ‘teen’ mags because all I want to talk about is hair spray and stuff and it’s all just a crock of sht and I don’t want to sell the band on that.”

But you’re such a dreamboat, Jon . . .

“Well, I don’t want to go out and run into a brick wall or nothing, but I don’t want to play it up with hair spray neither. I’m trying desperately to grease my hair back – that’s why I’m letting it grow. I’m just going to grease the whole thing back and get as low key as possible. I’m letting my hair grow to death because I don’t want to be too cool for school.” (??)

Jon Bon Jovi is a major pop star – hit singles and regular TV exposure coast to coast testify to that; but he’s not a comfortable pop star because he feels “he only came to rock ‘n’ roll” and he wants to let his music and his shows do the talking. Yes, he’s that kind of guy.

“We’re just a rock ‘n’ roll band – that’s all we ever claimed to be. We never set out to change the world – rock ‘n’ roll to me was always entertainment, it wasn’t a place to be talking about politics or nuclear holocausts. As much



"I am Superman!"

CONTINUED

as I love U2 and Little Steven's my idol, it's like you write about that stuff, I ain't concerned.

"This is just the beginning. I've fought hard to get to this plateau so I'm not going to go down. There's Jagger and Bruce and Dylan to chase and Bowie and Genesis and about 18 other bands. I ain't done yet. I'm not satisfied, not at all. I would give anything. I would sell my soul—that's a pretty sick thing to say but I've said some pretty weird stuff to myself, you know. Like I'd give a day of my life for every day I can sing good—that's pretty sick but I've said that to myself. That's how much I dig it. I dig it so much I'd give up everything and everyone I know. It

is bad. I want it so bad that there ain't nothing I wouldn't do to get it. I love my family dearly, of course, but I'd kill my mother for rock 'n' roll and that's sick. It's the weirdest sensation."

Indeed.
"We're the people's band. We're the kids' band and when I fly out over them there's a lot of smiling people out there—and they're having fun and no matter how tired I might be, I am Superman! I'm gonna kill somebody to put on the best show I can because that is better than any drugs or any alcohol or any money—anything. I'd give up all my money for that sensation. Sick as it sounds, it's true."

Such rare intensity of commitment has resulted in an awful lot of money for Jon Bon Jovi to give up if he should feel like it.

Look at the record sales, look at the eight months of sold out venues, look at the private plane that ferries the band from city to city, look at the huge Jon Bon Jovi entourage that is—even as we speak—stalking the hotel in defiance of the dress code. Jon Bon Jovi is doing alright—and a few years ago I couldn't even buy beer"—though life on the road (man) is taking its toll:

"It drives you crazy and I'd be lying if I told you I didn't. It's really exciting to sneak over to a

shopping mall and buy a new album and be a normal person again. Yesterday I snuck out and bought my 17th copy of 'The Animals Greatest Hits' and that was a good feeling." (??)

Does he alleviate hotel boredom then a la Beastie Boys by indulging in destructive antics?

"I know absolutely nothing about the Beastie Boys, and it's great because they know all about us and so long as they keep reading those articles and watching us on TV, that's fine. Didn't they cut a hole out of the floor in the Holiday Inn? Well, that's great but I'm wondering how they could afford to pay for it. We can afford to pay for it but we don't do it any more because of security."

"Once we used a blow torch to write our names on a desk and when people would leave their shoes out in the hallway to get shined, we'd mix them all up and throw the rest out the window. We've done all that, sure, and I've smashed a few things myself—it's just boredom. What did I smash? Oh, I smashed people. People in limousines. But I don't want to talk about it. If you get in a fight, you get in a fight but I'm not a fighting person. I'm a happy drunk."

He is indeed a man who likes a drink but not, apparently, partying on down in clubs because "all that Hollywood shit is boring and I can't be nice to people I don't like. I'm not a politician. I don't go to the clubs in L.A. I don't go to the clubs in New York. I don't even go to the clubs in London. I've never been to the Limestone or the Hippodromes or whatever you call 'em."

"I'd rather... I was going to say I'd rather watch TV but in England all they ever do on TV is play darts. It's true. And snooker. Hey, if I want to see snooker, I'll go down the pool hall and watch 'em play. Why do I want to sit there and listen to some guy whispering 'and he's about to shoot the red ball into the side pocket'? Men, really! And TV shuts off there at midnight.

Jesus, I go crazy in England with TV but I love London. Why? Because you can go to the pub or something or you can go to McDonalds..." (??!!!)



The tea's all gone and it's almost time for Jon Bon Jovi to cruise down for the soundcheck at the Omni where tonight,

more, he'll face the flying ligene, trundle the stage decked in an American flag, provoke and tease the grilles even though he's not a sex symbol (hem hem). But before he slinks off, let us ask him one serious question. Are Bon Jovi, or are they not, sexist finks?

"Well, I've heard that we're sexist—probably because of the album cover (the American cover of 'Slippery When Wet' shows a foxette in a wet t-shirt; the British version, thankfully, is more refined) but that wasn't sexist at all. It was much better to put a picture of her on the cover than a picture of a guy on the cover, isn't it, Frank? You'll never find that problem in this camp, you know? One thing we're not is Frankie Goes To Hollywood or whatever..."

Indeed they are not. For they are Bon Jovi and they only came to rock 'n' roll...



★ NICK KAMEN ★

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A black and white photograph of a man with short hair, wearing a dark turtleneck sweater with a red flower pinned to the chest. He is looking down and to the left. The background is a solid, bright pink color.

johnny hates **JAZZ**

NEW SINGLE **SHATTERED DREAMS**



7" (VS9-48)

12" (VS9-48-12)

A black and white photograph of two people. On the left is a man with a mustache and sunglasses, wearing a light-colored shirt. On the right is a woman with short, blonde, wavy hair, wearing a dark top and large hoop earrings. She has her hand near her face. The background is a solid, bright yellow color.

kim
WILDE AND
junior

WHY'D YOU STEP CLOSED TO YOU?
WHY'D YOU SMASH HIT

MCA RECORDS

JANET JACKSON

OUT NOW

Photo: Julian Barton



Let's Wait Awhile

There's something I want to tell you
There's something I think that you should know
It's me that I shouldn't really love you
Let's take it slow

Let's wait awhile
Before it's too late
Let's wait awhile
Before we go too far

Remember that special night
When all of the stars were shining bright
We made our first endeavour
To stay together

We made our very first promise
To love to share and be real honest
But on that very first night
It wasn't quite right

Let's wait awhile
Before it's too late
Let's wait awhile
Our love will be great
Let's wait awhile
Before we go too far

I didn't really know not to let all my feelings show
To save some for later so our love can be greater
You said you would always love me
Remember! I said the same thing too
You don't have to be frightened with my love
Because I'll never give up on you

Let's wait awhile
Not before it's too late
You know you can't rush love love
Let's wait awhile ooh
Before it's too late
Let's wait awhile (wait awhile)
Our love will be great
Let's wait awhile
(Wait awhile ooh)
Before we go too far
Oh oh let's wait awhile
Let's just take our time
Before it's too late
Let's wait awhile
So good shouldn't rush it
Let's wait awhile
Better slow it down
Before we go too far ooh

Words and music by Jackson/Horns III/Leavitt/Andrews
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On A&M Records

STAR

5



THE SLIGHTEST TOUCH

The Shep Pettibone Remix

7" and 12" Singles



7-871485
4245

TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY

"I'm the conquering wolf-boy, the lone wolf of pop."

Terence Trent D'Arby is, as you can see, quite definitely *bonkers*. He also has a serious non-ugliness problem which is about to set a thousand knees a-wibbling up and down the country. Which is all fine by him. "I've waited all my life for this to happen. As long as they don't put my picture up alongside Joey from Europe. Man, that thought frightens me . . ."

So what exactly has led this pop upstart with the over-sized almond-shaped peppers all the way from New York via a strict religious upbringing, a career in boxing and a dispute with the US Army, to a four of Britain with Simply Red and a hit single with the quite spectacular "If You Let Me Stay"?

Well, according to Terence, it's all to do with an "Itch I had to scratch", being a birwa genius, needing lots of attention, a little bit of outside help from some musical heroes, destiny, some spooky old mystic influences, being stark, staying off his rocker and because . . .

He's A Musical Wolf-Boy . . .

"There was this man who used to deliver milk, and on his days off, I think it was Thursdays, he'd work for the lost and found. One day he was doing his duties in the neighbourhood and he was walking past this mailbox and he heard a noise inside. He stuck his hand in and found this box with a rat inside. There was a note as well which gave him directions to go the animal shelter. At the shelter

▼ "Hello, I'm a pop person who's a wolf and I'm completely mad."



Illustration by Robert Williams

there was another box with another note directing him to the town dump, where another note told him to go to the woods. And apparently in the woods he found this baby that was being raised by wolves. He took the howling baby to the hospital where they clarified that yes, this was an authentic case of a musical wolf-boy. And that was basically how I came to be. Is my singing based on imitating a wolf? Yeah, and also a hound-dog, because at that time I didn't want to be nothing but a hound-dog. But we don't like hound-dogs and I wasn't supposed to like that record, so I rebelled against my wolf-parents."

He Likes Rod Stewart . . .

"There was this guy back in the old neighbourhood called Johnathan Wolf. He was the fastest, coolest wolf. He was the first wolf on the block to wear Ray-Bans ("trendy" sunglasses). I wanted to be like him because he had all the coolest records: Sam Cooke, Marvin Gaye, Frank Sinatra, Johnny Cash,

Stevie Wonder, Michael Jackson and Rod Stewart. Rod Stewart used to be brilliant before he went to Hollywood and his mentality got all screwed up. Do I think he's sexy? What a question to ask a wolf-boy! Would I wear trousers as tight as his? No, because I'd be too ashamed to show my attributes."

He Had To Shout "I'm An Idiot" 100 Times When He Was In The Army . . .

"I'd been in college studying journalism and I'd dropped out. There was nothing for me to do except maybe flip hamburgers. I was bored and I was boxing at the time and thinking about becoming a professional boxer. They told me they could make me a better boxer so I talked myself into thinking I needed order and discipline in my life and that the army would instil that in me. And I was wrong. For the first year and a half I was a very good soldier. I'd brainwashed myself into thinking it was working. Then I woke and found I'd been in a trance and I was back to my old self again. So I started skipping out, I ran away and went AWOL (absent without leave) for 18 days and was put in jail. After that I kept having to do really horrible details like marching up and down the barracks a hundred times shouting "Sorry Sergeant, I'm an idiot" with my full back pack on. They would send me to prison for five years and the only reason they didn't succeed was because I had a brilliant lawyer who got me off with a very, very passionate speech about how I had an unspeakable talent and should be sharing it with the world. Did he say I'd gone bonkers? No, he didn't but my psychiatrist did. Did I have to pretend? No, I had gone bonkers."

He Didn't See The Ghost Of Elvis Presley Even Though He Was In Elvis' Old Regiment . . .

"There was a ghost there but I don't think it was Elvis. How do I know? Because every time I sang he would haunt me — he hated it."

He's Got A "Muse" Who Writes His Songs For Him . . .

"I have a muse. She brings me stuff. I used to worry about it because I didn't understand how she worked. She could come and for three months I'd be really prolific and then for another three months I could wait and nothing would happen. But now that I understand how she works it's fun. I trust her, I have a sense of destiny and she always shows up when she's meant to."

He's Training Himself To Write Songs In His Sleep . . .

"What I'm trying to do now is get them written in my sleep, so that when I wake up they're there. I've been trying for a year and half and now it's actually starting to happen. I've written a couple of songs in

▼ "Hello, I'm a pop person who's asleep and I'm completely and utterly mad."



▲ "Hello, I'm a pop person who's a caraway seed bun and I'm completely and thoroughly superbonkers!"

my sleep and I know they were brilliant while I was dreaming them but on waking I forget them. So the next stage is to be able to remember them."

He's Got A Guardian Angel . . .

"I've nearly died five times. The first time was when I was six and I was playing underneath this trailer — it weighed something like two tons — and it fell on my legs and by all accounts they should have been shattered. There was this woman of roughly six or seven stone who picked up the trailer with one hand and pulled me out with the other. I just had a bruise. Then another time I drowned — I was technically dead and brought back to life. And I had three car accidents. Do I think I've got a guardian angel? Sometimes I wonder."

He's The Best Thing Since Caraway Seed Biscuits . . .

"I'm the best thing since the bread with little sesame seeds. I think I'm the best thing since . . . not necessarily since sliced bread because that's something else. No, you know those biscuits with caraway seeds, I'm the best thing since biscuits with caraway seeds on."

He'd Quite Like To Have All His Clothes Ripped Off . . .

"If I didn't want people to think I was wonderful I wouldn't have gotten into this business. Ninety-nine per cent of pop performers perform because they want the attention, the adulation, the affection. They're lying if they say different. What will I do if people try to rip my clothes off? I'll wear tearaway clothes."

He's Going To Cut His Elbow Off . . .

"I am for greatness and, I mean, most great artists are in another dimension. Will I cut my ear off like Van Gogh? (v. famous Dutch painter who was bonkers as well — Ed.) Well, I was thinking about it but it's been done and I was taking too long deciding which ear to cut off. I'd cut off my elbow. You see, you only have an elbow when you bend your arm so if you stop bending your arm you don't need an elbow."

He's Completely Bonkers . . .

"I'm going to be mega-famous and then I'll probably go bonkers. So I look forward to being thoroughly off my head, losing my marbles and having deep and philosophical conversations with Morrissey. Do I admire him? No."

Interview: Derrin Schlesinger





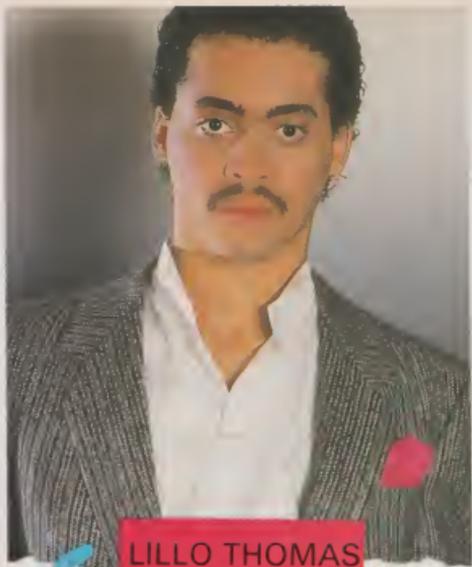
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COMPACT DISC

FEATURING THE HIT SINGLES
"WEAK IN THE PRESENCE OF BEAUTY"
"IS THIS LOVE?"

PRODUCED BY JIMMY IGVINE

CBS



LILLO THOMAS

Sexy Girl

Sexy girl girl girl girl
Sexy girl sexy girl

Can I please talk to you
I just love the way you shake your booty
(Girl you drive me crazy)
Caring as I do I'm in love with you
(Really really crazy)
I completely freak at my self control

Sexy girl sexy girl

(Sexy girl you're so fine)
(I just can't get you off my mind)
(Sexy girl you're so fine)

Please let me take you home
So that we can get much more familiar
(Baby let me touch you)
Please baby please baby baby please
(Really really touch you)
Just a little touch would mean so much

Chorus

(Sexy girl you're so fine)
(I just can't get you off my mind)
Sexy girl (sexy girl you're so fine)

Sexy girl sweet sexy thing
Sexy girl
Sweet sexy thing sweet sexy thing
Sexy sexy sexy sexy
Sexy sexy sexy sexy

Repeat chorus

Sexy girl sweet sexy thing
Sexy girl sexy girl

Words and music by Laurence Allen
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MINT-COOL
STOPS YOUR MOUTH
FEELING LIKE A...

LICENSED To Ill



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**THE CRASH HIT SINGLE
'FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT'**

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THE BEASTIE BOYS ON TOUR
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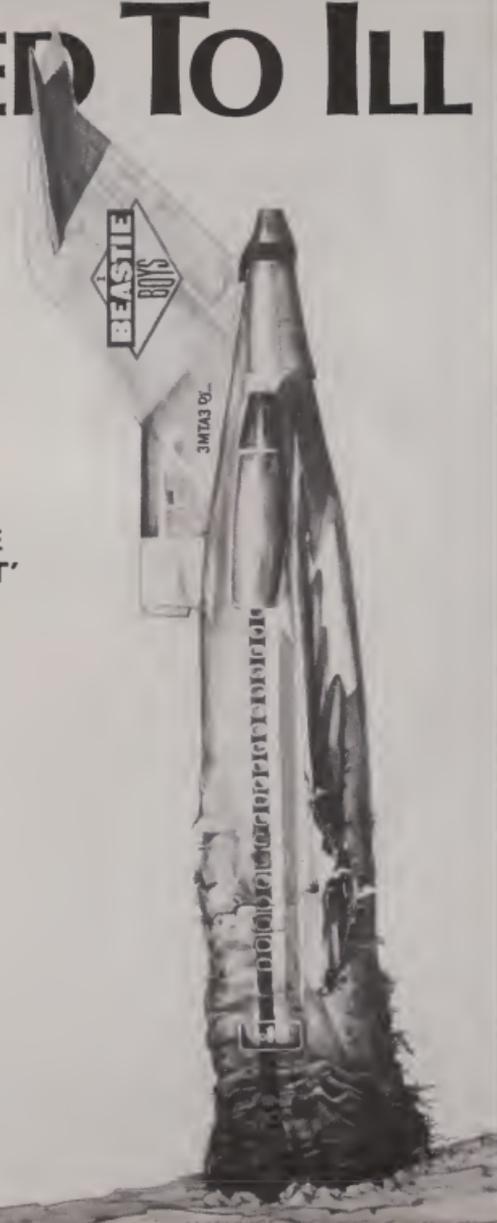
24th MAY
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SMASH HITS

Photo: Colin Harty





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SMASH HITS

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THE JETS



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Paul McCartney When I find myself in times of trouble
Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom
Let it be
Boy George And in my hour of darkness
She is standing right in front of me

Bananarama and Nick Kamen Speaking words of wisdom
Boy George Let it be
Paul King Let it be let it be let it be let it be
Boy George Ooh wisper words of wisdom
Mark King Let it be
Merk and Jaki Graham And when the broken hearted people
Living in the world agree

Taffy There will be an answer
Andy Bell Let it be
Andy and Jaki Graham For though they may be parted
There is still a chance that they will see
Peppi And Shirlee There will be an answer
Let it be

Mel & Kim, Jaki Graham and Dr & The Medics Let it be let it be let it be let it be
There will be an answer
Let it be
Let it be let it be let it be let it be
There will be an answer
Let it be
Oh yeah yeah oh oh oh

Jaki Graham Oh yeah yeah oh oh oh
Kim Wilde & Nik Kershaw And when the night is cloudy
Edwin Starr There is still a light that shines on me
Shines until tomorrow
Let it be

Ben Volpelière-Pierrot Then I wake up to the sound of music
Edwin Starr Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom
Let it be let it be

Kim Wilde, Nik Kershaw, Edwin Starr and Dr & The Medics Let it be let it be let it be let it be
Whisper words of wisdom
Let it be
Ruby Turner, Edwin Starr and Dr & The Medics Oh let it be let it be let it be let it be

Ruby Turner Whispering words of wisdom
All Let it be
Kete Bueh When I find myself in times of trouble
Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom
Let it be

Grand choir Let it be let it be let it be let it be
Whisper words of wisdom let it be
Let it be let it be let it be let it be
Whisper words of wisdom let it be
Let it be let it be let it be let it be
There will be an answer let it be

Repeat last four lines 4 times

Words and music by Lennon/McCartney
Reproduced by permission ATV Music Ltd
On CBS Records

So says Andy Cox, the one with the wobbly legs in FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS. "Well, you don't," says Lola Borg.

Oh, alright then, I'll sit down," says Fine Young Cannibal David Steele grudgingly. But he doesn't. He decides firstly it's too cold (we are in an exceedingly draughty studio) and secondly his shoulder hurts too much. So he and fellow group member Andy Cox circle my chair, hands in coat pockets, shoes squeaking on the bare floorboards, in a most disconcerting fashion. Singer Roland Gift, luckily, prefers to wodge himself in a chair - he's dog-tired from the previous night's reveling in a Greek restaurant - and he even wants to lie down to have his photo taken. Yes, the Fine Young Cannibals are very odd indeed.

They won't even reveal where they live - or at least Andy and David won't for fear of attracting the same sort of perv-like attention as the last time they made such information public.

"People used to ring up all the time and ask if I had chesse and how many different types of chesse I like," complains David.

"Then people used to put cucumbers and things through my letterbox," says Andy.

But never mind where they live, where exactly have the Fine Young Cannibals been since their last hit -

"Suspicious Minds" - way back in the swirlaway mists of time? Why, we'd almost completely forgotten the apocryphal warblings of singer Roland and the strange, gangly dancing of the other two and then - PRESTO! - back back back they bounce with their hit version of the Buzzcocks' "punk" classic, "Ever Fallen in Love With Someone?"

I always thought I danced like Michael Jackson," says Andy ruefully. "Then people told me I didn't. In which case, Michael's got a lot to learn. I'd like to dance like Prince, but I've got these knees that bend backwards."

He gives a quick demonstration whilst pacing the floor. David's theory on his dancing is "it must be all these accidents I keep on having". David Steele is a trifle accident-prone. He morosely admits he's had "hundreds of accidents". The last of these was being hit by

a car right outside his record company offices about a month ago when he landed on his head in the road and "then these Malaysian air hostesses came along and held their umbrellas over me until the ambulance came. I'm lucky to be alive."

But why bother resurrecting a song that's now nearly nine years old? Well, apart from the fact that they've been including the single in their live shows for ages, FYC had to release it now to coincide with the American release of the film it's from, *Something Wild*, which Andy describes as "a crap film. A bit like *Desperately Seeking Susan* only with no good actors in it. The song has nothing whatsoever to do with the film except it happens to be in it for these seconds."

They've also done four songs and the entire score for another film, *The Tin Men*, "but this one's really good," explains David. The group also have what is known as a "cameo" (i.e. blink and you'll miss it) part in this film.

To confuse matters even more, Roland is acting (for the first time ever) in yet another film, *Sammy And Rosie Get Laid*, in which he plays neither Sammy nor Rosie but a character called Danny Boy.

"It's not a sequel to *My Beautiful Laundrette*," (v. "controversial" film recently shown on Channel 4 - Barry "Barry" Norman), he sighs as though he's been through this a million times before, "but it is made by the same people and it's set in London."

Any laundrettes in it then? "Not a single laundrette. No dirty washing either."

Modelling which is one of the other things he's been doing - in particular at the recent London Fashion shows where he slunk along the catwalk for the swerk designer Katherine Hemmett. He gets a bit defensive about this. "I did it for a laugh," he grumbles. But not as defensive as he gets when he's told that his voice does sound increasingly girly these days.

"Gurgy? Well, you really know how to talk to singers, don't you? I can't answer that because I don't know what you mean! That's how I sing because that's how I sing. Er, that's alright then!"

ht I danced like Michael Jackson!"

■ EVER FALLEN IN LOVE ■

You spurn my natural emotions
You make me feel I'm dirt and I'm hurt
And if I cause a commotion
I'll only end up losing you and that's worse

CHORUS

Ever fallen in love with someone
Ever fallen in love in love with someone
Ever fallen in love in love with someone
You shouldn't've fallen in love with

I can't see much of a future
Unless we find out now just what's to blame
And we won't be together much longer
Unless we realize that we're both the same
That's what I'm saying

REPEAT CHORUS

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

Much worse

REPEAT CHORUS

Did you ever fall in love
Did you ever fall in love
Did you ever did you ever did you ever
Did you ever fall in love
Did you ever fall in love
Did you ever did you ever did you ever

Words and music by Peter Dinklage
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*
* Fine Young
Cannibals



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The Irish Rover



On the fourth of July 1806
I set sail from the sweet Coth of Cork
We were sailing away
With a cargo of bricks
For the Grand City Hall in New York
It was a wonderful craft
It was rigged fore and aft
And oh how the wild winds drove her
She stood several blasts
She had 27 masts
And they called her The Irish Rover

We had one million bags
Of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of stone
We had three million aldes
Of old blind horses hides
We had four million barrels of bone
We had five million hogs
Six million dogs
Seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million balde
Of old tummy goats' tails
In the hold of The Irish Rover

There was old Micky Coote
Who played hard on his flute
When the ladies lined up for a set
He would tootie with skill
With his sparkling quiddle
When the dancers were flattered and hot
He was smart with his talk
He was cock of the walk
And he rolled the dame under and over
They all knew at the dance
When he took up his stance
That he sailed in The Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee
From the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Jimmy McGuck
Who was scared stiff of work
And the man from Westmeath called Malone
There was Sluggie O'Toole
Who was drunk as a rule
And fine Bill Tracey from Dover
And yer man Mick McCann
From the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper of The Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years
When the measles broke out
And the ship lost its way in the fog
Then the whale of a crew
Was reduced down to two
Just myself and the Captain's old dog
Then the ship struck a rock
Oh Lord what a shock
The boat it was turned right over
Turned nine times around
And the poor old dog was drowned
And I'm last of The Irish Rover

Words and music by The Pogues and The Dubliners
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**THE POGUES
AND THE DUBLINERS**

NICK KAMEN

"My brother-in-law used to call me Shirley. I don't know why."



NAME: Nick Ivor Kamen. Ivor's Welsh but most people think it's Russian. I don't know why. Is there Welsh blood in my family? No.

BORN: 15/4/62 in Epping. I was pretty big 'n' bouncing. I wasn't fat but I was kinda kickin'. (????)

FIRST CRUSH: I was four and she was a girl called Maureen at school. I just knew that I fancied her and I'd go behind the bicycle sheds with her when I was about four and a half. I don't remember how it ended.

FIRST RECORD: "Ride A White Swan" by T. Rex. I think I haven't heard it for a while but I liked Marc Bolan a lot. He wrote great songs and had a great voice. Dr Robert was in love with him, was he? Well I never was - in fact I hated the way he looked, though I did have some purple loon pants - they were gross. I got out of them quickly.

WHAT WAS THE LAST BOOK YOU READ? I've just finished a play by Sam Shepard called *Foot For Love*. It's about a couple living out in midtown America... it's just a romantic love story about these two crazy people in Texas. I liked it a lot. I could read more - I'm getting into it - because I can't say I did it enough as I was growing up.

DID YOU HAVE A NICKNAME AT SCHOOL? "Kamen" - they just used my surname. I didn't mind it at all. My brother-in-law used to call me Shirley. I don't know why.

HAVE YOU GOT A BIG MIRROR IN YOUR BATHROOM? Well, I suppose it's pretty big. It's thin and long and goes down the door. I can see all of me in it. No, I don't stand there looking at myself - I haven't got time. The rest of the place is kinda small - I'm actually looking for a new place now, somewhere bigger and easier to live in. There's this photo I had taken in a hotel in Amsterdam in an Egyptian room with marble pillars and everyone's saying that's my bedroom. The truth is a lot more modest - I don't like to live out of my means.

WHEN DID YOU LAST HOOVER UNDER YOUR BED? My bed's on the floor, so it's been a long time - too long. It's probably six months since I lifted everything up. I hate to think what's growing under there now. I do keep the rest of the flat very tidy but under the bed.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE RUMOUR ABOUT YOU AND MADDONNA? That I punched Sean Penn or Sean Penn

punched me or that I dived in between them and stopped them fighting and I got hit or something - some ridiculous rumour. Luckily when all those rumours were happening I was out of the country so I didn't really see it. The good thing about newspapers is they only last for a day.

IF YOU HAD TO SHARE A UZ GATEFOLD SLEEVE ON YOUR HEAD, WOULD YOU PREFER IT TO BE WITH:

a) **Boy George**, b) **Bruce Willis**, c) **Gyles Brandreth**, or d) **Mikhail Gorbachev**? Um... I'd share it with George. I'd give him the back half and I'd take the front cover. I always check a front cover before I check the back cover. Bruce Willis? I don't really know him but I fancy enough I could. Moonlighting last night in the hotel room - I haven't ever watched it before. I thought he was quite good actually but I didn't really understand what was going on. I'm amazed it's such a big hit. The clip is so tacky though - I'd like to see him in a film. Gyles Brandreth? Who is he? On Gyles? I met him when I was on *TVam* - he was very nice to me. I never watch *TVam* and I'm sure he could get obnoxious if you watch it every morning though. Yes, he was wearing a horrendous sweater, but he was very polite to me. I'd like to meet Gorbachev though he probably wouldn't have anything to say to me. Maybe we could have a drink together and talk about the weather.

WHAT'S THE BEST WAY OF GETTING IN. MARKS OUT OF YOUR CLOTHES? I quite like leaving them in there. I'm a bit of a rebel? Yeah! Anyway I just bleach everything - if I end up totally in white what's wrong with that? I love white.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT YOU WERE A BUS STOP? Er... no, No. I've never ever thought I was a bus stop. Sometimes I feel like I'm a tower block because people look at me strangely. It makes me feel like a building - or a tree even.

AREN'T YOU RELIEVED THAT LORD FREDERICK BUCHAN HAS SHAVED OFF HIS MoustACHE? I think he looked better with the moustache - I think it suited him. It worked especially in that "Great Pretender" video - that was great.

WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING PIECES OF WEAR IS THE WORST: BEN FROM "CURIOUSITY" S BACKWARDS GREEK FISHERMAN'S HAT, JOEY TEMPEST'S HAIR OR YOUR DEPUTY DAWG HAT? Joey Tempest's hair. I hate that "rollers" - style hair - he must set it every night. Ben looks great in his hat - it's really suits him and my Deputy Dawg hat I love. It keeps my head warm. It's very practical. It's actually a Russian hat with flaps in the sides - I got it in New York for about six dollars.

ARE YOU ANY GOOD AT POTATO SCULPTURES? No. I used to do sculpture in butter but not in potato. I'd do little people and things. My mother wasn't very pleased.



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OUR FAVOURITE

Im all" whimpers the very late, make-up-free and thoroughly flummoxed vision of Dr Robert. The chief Blow Monkey is here, pop tarts, to tell the universe of his all-time least favourite things, but the poor boy is obviously not at all well.

"I've got the flu. I'm in the process of moving flats so I've hardly brought anything with me," he continues helpfully, "and I've only just thought of my least favourite things on the way here in the taxi - so they'll probably have changed by next week."

What a complete swizz!
"Naaaah, actually, thinking about it, most of these things I do genuinely really, really loathe."
Well that's alright then.

My bed

"Your bed should be like a place of refuge and fun and the one I've got is a painful nightmare - it sags in the middle. It's because I've just moved into this new flat and it's quite depressing really because a bed should be a sanctuary. Every day when I wake up I walk around in a strange position because of that bed. Why don't I get a new one? Er... I suppose I will but I don't know how you go about getting one. Well, I suppose you just walk into a shop, yeah, but it just seems such an awful... well, you've got to get rid of the old one and beds are big things and I live on the fourth floor... I could use a board? Yeah, I could. Yeah - that's a good idea! I might try that and I'll let you know how I get on."

Blue rinse

"It's one of the most appalling inventions ever. And Margaret Thatcher's got one. And I had an auntie who was a Tory who had one and I really hated her too. So a blue rinse is always synonymous with Tories for me which strikes detestation into my heart. So when I see little ladies with blue rinses walking down the street I always bash them up, heh heh..."

Marzipan

"Marzipan I really hate - it makes me throw up, it really does. And it always just sneaks up on you when you don't know it's in a cake. The taste and the texture... eeur, well, there's not a lot I can say about marzipan really - I could try to be poetic but in essence (!) I just think it's appalling. Genuinely makes me throw-up - I remember especially when I was a kid and everybody would be passing round the marzipan at parties and that and I'd be throwing up. I also hate chocolate eclairs for the reason that I like them so much also. In fact it's painful for me to watch other people eat them."



D.W. Botha, President of South Africa

"You know why I hate him. Because he's a pig and a fascist and he's Afrikaaner and all those things put together make for an awful type of a person. Oh, you know why? He's just a particularly dangerous person and I think if I ever met him I would shoot him. Really, I don't think I would even talk to him - just shoot him because I think that's what he would understand. And you can quote me on that!"

Cardiff, Wales

"I've been there three times with the Blow Monkeys and every time it was raining. And because we were poor then we had to stay in these awful bed and breakfast places with the beds full of pubic hair and things like that. I apologise to the people of Wales because I do like Wales but as far as I'm concerned Cardiff's got nothing going for it. There was nothing remotely pretty about the place - apart from the signs which said 'Out!'"

Rod Stewart's "Sailing"

"My most hated record ever is 'Sailing' by Rod Stewart which somebody gave me as a present because of my well known dislike for him. It's a lot to do with the record as well though - it just reminds me of 18-20 holidays and drunken football supporters. I think it's quite good but it's been re-released for the Ferry-Aid fund - if it makes money that's fine. Even though I don't like it. I don't like 'Let It Be' as a record either but it's a good cause. I do think it would have been better if these pop stars had just given money out of their own pockets though instead of getting together and making an awful record. I would have been quite happy to be on the b-side."



Puberty (!!!)

"I'll tell you the thing I least liked about childhood itself! It was reaching puberty - it was just the loss of innocence I think and that's... er, enough said! Er... am I talking about sex? Yes! Er... I lost my virginity when I was 14 and that, for me, signified the loss of innocence and the beginnings of a lot of trouble. I suppose you just... feel like a different person after that, don't you? You do, don't you? (Looks perplexed) Oh, I don't know!"

"I was trying to be quite spiritual there if you see what I mean, and it's just that all the things I had enjoyed previously about childhood suddenly became less important and for most of my teenage years all I thought about was having sex. Obsessed, yes. And it was very frustrating. When did the frustration stop? Last Tuesday!"

"Around the same time as reaching puberty my father died too so I wasn't overjoyed to say the least - all my security just suddenly went."



Milk

"I hate milk. In anything. For no other reason than it tastes like rancid pshleg. Haaaaah HAAA AAAAH AHA HAH So there you go! I've thought that from an early age. And if anyone gave me something to drink with milk in I'd throw up - I'd be literally poisoned. I can't stand it. Not even on cereal. I use hot water instead. I do! It's dead good - you should try it. It'll go to a pulp! Yeah - it's like porridge - delicious. Especially good on Shredites. Luke warm water on Shredites - it's great."

The TV show Night Thoughts

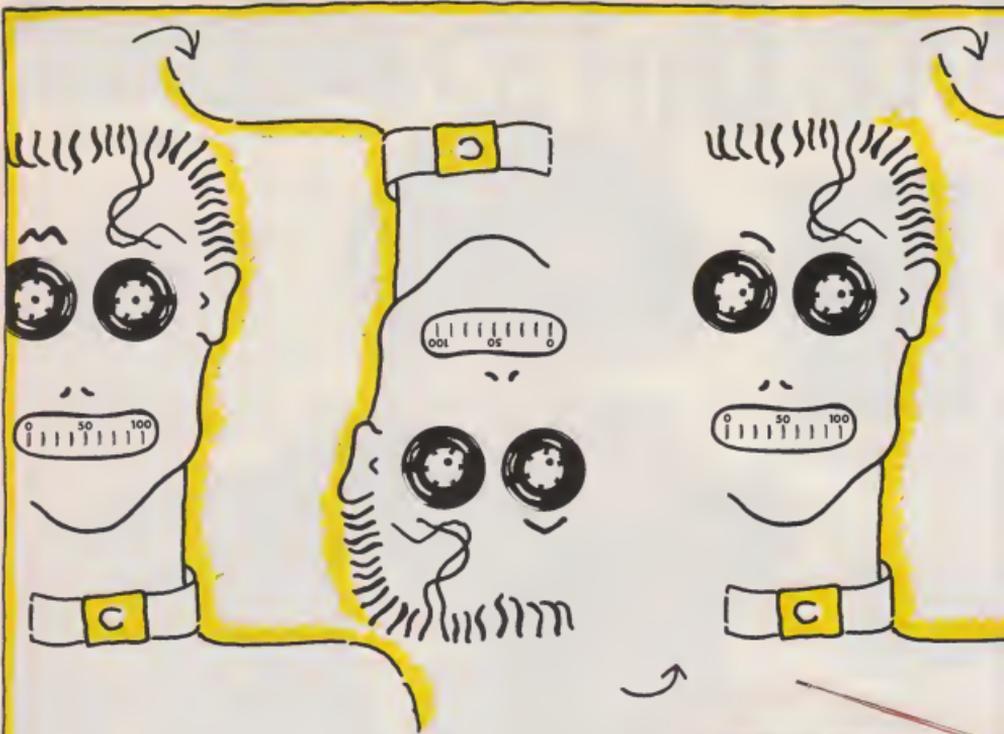
"My most hated TV programme, apart from all the game shows which I hate, is Night Thoughts. It's always the last programme on with some priest sending you off to bed with a 'thought'. And I always manage to get in just in time to see it. I really dislike the way TV ends at midnight in this country - I wish they had films on all through the night. I mean, there's people who work all through the night and by no means everyone goes to bed at 12 o'clock, do they? Don't I have a video? Er... no! Ooooh, it's just another one of those things that you have to go into a shop and buy - takes a bit of thought. I'm not lazy! (Looks miffed). I just... don't like shops much. I often get nauseous in supermarkets - all those products being forced down your throat with all their special offers and... well, I just go dizzy and have to get out. Marks and Spencer is alright though! Yeah, they do good boxer shorts. (??) Do I always wear boxer shorts? Er... I take them off at night! I'm going to be really hip here and say I've been wearing boxer shorts since I was five heh heh..."



A dream comes

"Because I like them so much and feel really lucky when I eat them. I try to look after my body, you see, because no one else does. I'm thin enough anyway! I could be thinner! I'm paranoid about it really. And I hate sausage rolls too - it's just the whole idea of them, you know? (??) I don't like food in general - I'd rather just take a pill. I'm not one for sitting down and enjoying a good slap-up. Well, I enjoy a good slap-up - but not a meal, heh heh... " (purr statement ahoy...)





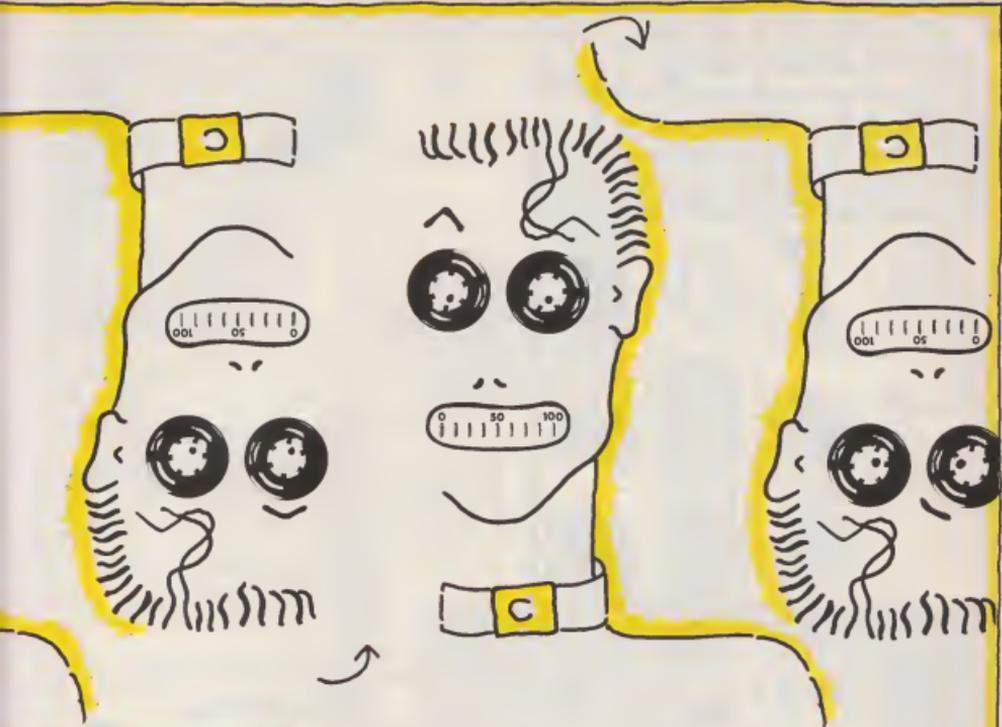
Tony pushed Carl's head
into 'tape B'
and pressed Record.



The D8678.

Take





closer

look!

PHILIPS

Terence Trent D'Arby



IF YOU LET ME STAY

Sweetheart listen I know the last few days
 just haven't been good for the both of us
 And I've caused you a lot of grief
 But put those bags down OK
 Before you make a decision like that
 Please just listen to me
 'Cause I don't want you to leave
 I definitely don't want you to leave
 Just hear me out ooh

Honey don't leave me now
 With my head on my shoulders wrong
 Have I done something wrong for you to leave ha
 I know I've been careless girl
 And I must apologise
 I'll try better next time baby
 If you let me stay

CHORUS

If you let me stay
 (I'll say what I should've said)
 If you let me stay
 (I should have said that I love you)
 If you let me stay
 (And I should have said it from my heart)
 If you let me stay

How can I compensate
 For my indiscretion dear
 Tell me it's not too late that I'd love to hear
 'Cause if you walk out on me
 You will see a grown man cry
 I didn't miss my water 'til my well ran dry

REPEAT CHORUS

Your predictions am for gullible fools
 And now who needs you anyway
 I'll get my answer that
 I taught at school
 You will regret it someday (someday)

If you let me stay
 (I'll say what I should've said)
 If you let me stay
 (I should have said that I love you)
 If you let me stay
 (And I should have said it from my heart)
 If you let me 'cause I need you
 I'm not a man without you baby ooh
 Oh yeah hey ooh

If you let me stay
 (I'll say what I should've said)
 Good God
 If you let me stay
 (I should have said that I love you)
 Ooh if you let me stay
 (And I should have said it from my heart)
 If you let me 'cause I got to need you baby
 I can't do without you baby baby baby
 Let me stay
 (I'll say what I should've said)
 Ha ha if you let me stay
 (I should have said that I love you)
 If you let me stay
 (And I should have said it from my heart)
 If you let me oh

Words and music by Terence Trent D'Arby
 Reproduced by permission Virgin Music
 On CBS Records



Time out world in a hurry
 There's more love than money changing hands
 Lights out thinking out loud
 Turn your back on the world outside
 Night thoughts no one can share
 As darkness breaks through another day

Secrets talking out loud
 Silence waits just a dream away
 Forget lonely crowds unfriendly faces
 They'll soon become familiar places
 Before too long before too long

CHORUS

Don't be fooled by love songs and lonely hearts
 You're living in a twilight world
 Don't be fooled by love songs and lonely hearts
 Don't give in to the twilight world

Time out world in a hurry
 There's more love than money changing hands
 Lights out thinking out loud
 Turn your back on the world outside
 Forget lonely crowds unfriendly faces
 They'll soon become familiar places
 Before too long before too long

REPEAT CHORUS THREE TIMES

Words and music by Swing Out Sister
 Reproduced by permission Virgin Music
 On Mercury Records



SWING OUT SISTER

THE SMASH HITS TIME TRAVEL DEPARTMENT PRESENTS

A PEEK THROUGH THE MYSTIC CURTAINS OF THE FUTURE
AT THE NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH HITS!

Jump in your Tardis, pop goats, we're off!!

FREE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH HITS!!!!

A monstrously bur-rilliant double-sided special poster of

PET SHOP BOYS! + JON BON JOVI!

And yes, journeying further through the swirling mists of time, what do we see?

FIVE STAR

Any sign of that elusive
carp for young Delroy?

DURAN DURAN

Is there a doctor in the house?

MADONNA

What on earth's she up to?

THE CURE

Why, we ask, has Robert Smith gone
completely off his trolley?

**THE JESUS
AND MARY CHAIN**

Are they still very horrible?

You'll just have to buy the next issue of Britain's Most Spinkling Pop Magazine to find out!!

SMASH HITS
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Warts have an annoying habit of popping up when least expected, usually on the hands, knees and feet

But beware! Warts are very contagious and if you pick, bite or scratch them they may spread

So try **Compound W**! It dissolves warts quickly and painlessly, without cutting or cauterizing. Just apply one drop to the wart each day...

... and after a few days the wart will begin to dissolve. The last few pieces will gradually disappear when you wash

Before long your skin will be soft and smooth again. So, if warts suddenly play you a wart, call on your chemist for **Compound W**.

* Trade Mark

★ STAR TEASER

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

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

- ALISON MDVET
- ANEENA FRANKLIN
- BANANARAMA
- BEN E KING
- BERLIN
- BOB JOVI
- CAMEO
- CARLY SIMON
- COMMANDERS
- CURIOUSITY KILLED THE CAT
- DURAN DURAN
- ELOE BROSKE
- ERIC CLAPTON
- EUROPE
- FIVE STAR
- GENESIS
- HOT CHOCOLATE
- JACKIE WILSON
- KATE BUSH
- MANTROUSE
- MENTAL AS ANYTHING
- MICRODISNEY
- PEPSI AND SNIRLIE
- PERCY SLEDGE
- QUEEN
- RAZE
- ROBBIE NEVIL
- ROSIE VELA
- RUN DMC
- SIMPLY RED
- SWING OUT SISTER
- TAFKY
- THE BLOW MOKNEYS
- THE CHRISTIANS
- THE GAP BAND
- THE SMITHS
- VESTA WILLIAMS
- WESTWORLD

● Glimpse to your right for the answers

SMASH HITS

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PUZZLE ANSWERS PRIZE CROSSWORD

No.26 (11 March)

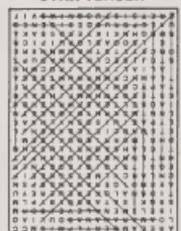
● The winner is **Abi Walsh** from Liden in Swindon

No.27 (25 March)

● The winner will be announced in the next issue, but cast your peepers below for the answers:

ACROSS: 1 Tom Cruise; 8 Five Star; 5 Europe; 11 "Washed" Years"; 12 "Material (Girl)"; 13 "Train (Of Thought)"; 15 "C'est La Vie"; 16 Rosie (Veis); 18 "Vixi Cars"; 22 "Is This Love?"; 23 Herbie Hancock; 25 (Paul) Simon; 26 (Duane) Eddy
DOWN: 1 Telly; 2 "Move Away"; 3 "Roses"; 4 Sire; 5 "Hi Ho Silver"; 6 (My Camera) Never Lies"; 10 (Pict) Line; 13 and 7 across "The Boy With The Thorn In His Side"; 14 New Edition; 17 Star; 19 Age (Of Chance); 20 "So Macho"; 21 Howard (Jones); 23 "Cry (Wolf)";

STAR TEASER



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2. The Rolling Stones - Painted Ladies
3. The Who - My Generation
4. The Kinks - You Really Got Me
5. The Small Faces - Itchy Feet
6. The Yard - Overture
7. The Jam - In the City
8. The Sex Pistols - Anarchy in the UK
9. The Clash - London
10. The Police - Roxanne
11. The Stranglers - No More Heroes
12. The Vipers - The Vipers
13. The Faces - Stayin' Alive
14. The Pretenders - Back In The U.S.S.R.
15. The Suede - Beautiful People
16. The Libertines - Time to Face Facts
17. The Libertines - The Libertines
18. The Libertines - The Libertines
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39. The Libertines - The Libertines
40. The Libertines - The Libertines

SAILING

ROD STEWART

**IN AID OF THE
CHANNEL FERRY
DISASTER FUND
OUT NOW**

Sometimes in our lives
We all have pain we all have sorrow
But if we are wise
We know that there's always tomorrow

Lean on me when you're not strong
And I'll be your friend (I'll be your friend)
I'll help you carry on
(Lean on me) for it won't be long
'Til I'm gonna need somebody to lean on

Please swallow your pride
If I have things you need to borrow
For animals can fill
Those of your needs that you won't let show

Repeat chorus:

And call us one breath or when you need a hand
We all need somebody to lean on
I just might have a problem that you'd understand
We all need somebody to lean on

Lean on me when you're not strong
(When you're not strong)
And I'll be your friend (I'll be your friend)
I'll help you carry on (lean on me)
For said it won't be long (won't be too long)
'Til I'm gonna need somebody to lean on

We be jammin'

Repeat line two

(Just call me) when you need a friend

(Call me) when you need a friend
(Call me) when you need a friend
(Call me) when you need a friend
(Call me) when you need a friend
(Call me) when you need a friend
(Call me) when you need a friend

Words and music by Mick
Dr. Demetrius C.

CLUB NOUVEAU



LEAN ON ME

HARD ROCK TODAY. HARD OF HEARING TOMORROW?

A sharp stereo can sound pretty dull if you get a build up of earwax. Don't turn the volume up. Turn to Earex instead. It helps clear unwanted earwax. No problem. It won't hurt and it could save the discomfort of syringing. When earwax leaves you hard of hearing, Earex will upgrade your stereo for around £1.



Clearer ears for sharper hearing

Dear Black Typas,

Why don't you get yourself the new Argos catalogue (£0.00 from your nearest store - we go to the one in Hanley), flick through the pages to the "toy" section and lo and behold you will find, hidden amongst transformers, the rather beautiful Jen and the raunchy Holograms. Using my burrilliant brain, I have worked out that Jen is really smoochesque Debbie Peterson and the rest of the Holograms are really the other Bangles.

I can also reveal that Barbie is Bonnie "Frightwig" Tyler (even though she doesn't come with free "music tape") and Action Man is really Jimmy Somerville. Ken is really Daddy-Pop of the Heart Family and Jon Bon Jovi is not Hugh Whittaker of the world's worst "group" (or shambles) whose name I cannot even bring myself to utter and thus bore the great British public.

Percy The Pige, Staffordshire.
P.S. Let's have more "predictions" by the "World Famous Astrologer"!!!!

A World so-called Famous so-called Chinese Astrologer writes.

Your Stars
Scorpio (Best before: April 6). Be particularly careful this week when putting out bread crumbs for the birds as a golden eagle might very well swoop down and make off with your bables.
Sagittarius (Salliliiiiii!)

Dear Smash Hits,

I must warn the nation of a phenomenon more fearful than that of a Mike Smith rude awakening, worse even than Simon Bates on *Top Of The Pops*. It's the biggest threat to the sanity of the United Kingdom since the introduction of something really insane. It is...

NEIGHBOURS hailed as an instant knock into the lives of a few Aussie "mme's a XXXX sport" so-called families, it is now being exposed for the danger it is. Examine the facts:

Fact 1: It's got a dog called Basil. It's funny name for a dog, more likely to be a Russian spy. We all know that Basil is just an anagram of Bona with a few letters changed, a weak link in their so-called story.

Fact 2: It's about Australia but there aren't any kangaroos in it so it obviously isn't really about Australia at all.

Fact 3: It's about Australia, but

LETTERS

WRITE TO: **Smash Hits**, 92-94 Canham Street, London W1V 1PF.
The most splendid letter gets a £10 record token and a **Black Type** free-stick. Everyone else gets a complimentary postcard (i.e. a badge)

Roll! "Oohahuhah" Harris isn't in it either, another failing.

Fact 4: Daphne the former stripper is an oblique reference to famed Welsh "funny" person Max "Oggy Oggy Oggy" Boyce
Daphne = Daffodil = Wales. This combined with fact three means that the writers think that Sir Max is funnier than Roll which isn't true.

Fact 5: It's about Australians but none of them have got those funny hats with bits of cork hanging off, nor do any of them keep koola bears as pets, choosing dodgy dogs instead. See fact one.

Fact 6: Danny and Scott are both going out with the same person, Shane's supposed to be after Daf (hands off), Des is after somebody from a dating agency, everybody else is getting divorced and there's absolutely no other storyline.

Fact 7: It's only on for 25 minutes but you get it twice every day, including all the black bits where the Aussies have their lager commercials.

I think that just about proves it. So I'm off before this wozzrrrr processor breaks again.
Above The Clouds, Reading, Berks.

A few facts to add weight to your already convincing argument:

Fact 8: It's about Australia but Olivia Newton John isn't in it - and nor are her magic roller skates!! A grave mistake.

Fact 9: It's about Australia where the kangaroos come from but Roland Orzabal isn't in!!! A fatal error.

Fact 10: It's about Australia but it doesn't have anyone singing "sons and daughters love and laughter tears and sadness and happ-i-nesses" in glorious harmony at the end!! An absurd gaffe.

Fact 11: It's about Australia. The evidence is overwhelming, is it not?

Accept this token/towel by way of thanks.

Dear Mags Thatcher,

After reading that "marvellous marvellous" interview with you (*Smash Hits*, 25 March), I have one or two points to put across. First of all, you say that Bob Geldof was not rude to you and was in fact asking "what can I do as a person?" Well, if that's what you think then you are wrong. Wrong!

This is what Bob Geldof said to you (as written in his book): "I was reading the other day that you were planning to spend ten million pounds to dispose of EEC butter. Don't you think that that is ridiculous?" He then went on to say, "I don't think the possible death of 120 million people is a matter for charity. It is a matter of moral imperative that we do something." That doesn't sound much to me like "darling Mrs Thatcher, what can I do as a person?"

You are right about one thing though. I've never met you. So perhaps you'd like to go round to my bed's room? We can have a good old natter over a cup of tea. Maybe you can explain why your government is one minute telling me to get on my bike and go and look for jobs and the next minute telling me to go home. For example, I was almost forced out of a job when my room mate (who happened to be of the opposite sex) became unemployed. After two weeks we were told that they were treating us as a 'couple' and as we did not have a cooker (I must add here that we were not given any meals either) we were registered as 'board and lodging'

i.e. two young layabout scrangers having a jolly old holiday. Perhaps you would like to do hotel work for mediocre pay and see what a good laugh it is? Luckily, after a few weeks I did manage to find another place (with a cooker!), a struggle though it was. If not, I would have had to leave my job and move to another area.

Anyway, I'm flattered to hear that you "trust" me. Like you say, "If you take everything away from people in taxes it's because you don't trust them." So when I'm at the end of a four year waiting list for a hospital bed, my kids are receiving a poor education because all the good teachers have left the profession because they're sick of the pay, and my granny has been beaten up but there aren't enough police to even try to find the attackers, I can sit back and say "Well, at least I've got Maggie's trust."

Of course, rich Tories will get an even better deal because not only will they have your trust, but their kiddies are privately educated, and should they fall ill they can simply go private. Who would welcome a cut in taxes more? A few will get a hundred if not a few thousand more pounds a year. While millions of others will be better off by just 45p a week and they are the ones who will suffer the actual damage - a decline in the living standards which we have come to expect in Britain.

A 'Rebel' (I've yet to "gradually become more realistic"),
Bournemouth

Dear Black Type,

re Super Maggie Thatcher interview...

Black Type: I'm honoured to meet your Royal Blueness. May I begin this interview by asking, do you think the Government's televised AIDS advertisements have been effective?

Prime Minister: Well, you see, television is a very powerful medium invented by John Logie-Baird, a wonderful British man. Now there was a trained man, and isn't training of any sort, a wonderful thing? I don't think I would be where I am today without my training.

Black Type: Yes, but the AIDS advertisements...
Prime Minister: Like I said, television is a wonderful thing and, yes, of course they were effective. Why, already trained medical

Mentals as Anything

you're so Strong

THE NEW SINGLE ON
7" & 12" (Any 2 & Any 12)

Also on Limited Edition
7" Gatefold (Any 82)

Capic

experts believe that more safe, boy/girl relationships are arising - like that lovely song by that wonderful British singer Percy Sleigh - now there's a really well trained professional - amazingly skilled, you know.

Black Type: Yes, but your pearly necklessness. . .

HA!
Penguin, Essex

Dear Black Type,

In the 11 March issue of *Smash Hits* there was a mention of "carps" on page five. Now my father just happens to run a carp fishery in Albourne, Sussex. So you see, I know a thing or two about carp.

This is why I write to inform you that the plural of carp is carp, not carps as you put it. My dad also just happens to be chief secretary of the S.C.C.G, that's the Sussex Carp Conservation Group. So you see, he really *carps* to know. Candy Rice, Portsmouth.

So should Roger Daltrey, trout farmer extraordinaire. And look what happened to him. (?? - Ed.)

Dear Black Type,

So Another series of the splendid *First Class The Video Quiz* with the sizzlin' Ms Debbie of Greenwood comes to an end - week days will never be the same again! Why, it seems like only yesterday when Debs chirruped that immortal opening line: "Hello and welcome to the *First Class Video Quiz*. Scores tonight are being kept by our very own Micro computer Eugene. Eugene are you ready? Eugene's saying he's ready to play" etc.

And now it's all I have to look forward to is the wonderful advertisement on our television sets i.e. "Are you ready? Feeling good? Bounce to the beat! And hit it! (You've got it made with new *Bachelors Summer Soup*) Sir to the left/Sir to the right/Now let's taste it/Richer, tastier than ever before/40 calories that taste like more!" etc. What is there left to live for (except Clifford's knighthoodship???)
Jamie Johnson, Watford, Herts.

That's a jolly preposterous way to prepare soup if you ask me! Most inadvisable - as anyone who has had the pleasure of reading Dame Dilla Smith's

mouth-watering tome *1001 Jolly Nice Things To Eat Especially Soup* will know. Turning to page 196 of this handsome volume, we find the following tip: "Sir the broth slowly in a clockwise fashion - never from left to right as this can upset the saucepan resulting in an unsightly mess on and around the cooking hob, and should any of your dinner guests spy said mess, they would be well within their rights to say 'Well! A poor excuse for a cook, you are. I very much wish I had never accepted your invitation and I am beginning to find your company unacceptable - even loathsome. Goodnight' . . . Season to taste." And there we have it.

Dear Pinko Commie Mad Dog of the Middle Of London,

Me and Nancy were recently sent a copy of your publication by our good friend Princess David. Having read the mag and glanced at the sticker book, we shipped them off to Iran and tried to find the free pack of five stickers (worth 25p) to start you off. Alas, there was no sign of it: all we found was an envelope for photographers(?), a postcard for a free shopping catalogue(?) and an invitation to join a beauty club(???)! Whilst I heartily applaud such blatant signs of a thriving capitalist economy, WHERE ARE OUR STICKERS?

Yours Nukingly,
Ronald Reagan.

Be off with you, you doddering old goat! Why, it should be obvious to anyone of the meaneast intelligence what has happened to your stickers. Someone in the royal household snaffled them. But who? Perhaps we shall never know though my moneys on that Phil The Greek. . .

Dear Major Pale R
Floweretanotoppe, (*Smash Hits*, 11 March)

You say a full scale nuclear exchange will mean only casualties as bad as World War Two and that simple precautions will mean 41 million survivors in Britain. Let me put you right.

Yes, you will survive if you are not instantly blown up from being under the bomb. From miles away you will see the impact and if your eyeballs are not melted away by looking at it, you will be alright until the earth's crust starts to move

and all buildings collapse. Then a whirlwind effect will start dragging buildings, trees and people to the centre. If you survive this, you may well be burnt to death by gas pipes etc breaking and fires consuming huge areas.

Then very soon radiation will cover the whole of the landscape, causing radiation sickness and death and if you survive this by being underground in a lead lined room you will die of lead poisoning and if you lined the room with another material besides lead you will survive if you can survive underground for a few years without dying of starvation, thirst, lack of oxygen and then if by some strange chance the mushroom cloud has not totally blocked out the sun causing the earth to die because there are no plants, then yes, 41 million people may survive. And don't think that you will be safe in Australia if Europe is bombed. Because the world wind system will carry radiation down there contaminating crops and animals causing many people to die young. Somebody who doesn't want to be fazzled up by a nuclear bomb, Rossendale, Lancs.

Dear Black Type,

Ode to Georgina Hayes (*Grange Hill*'s resident foxy vixen).
Oh George, George, George!
So near yet so far,
The distance between us is like a gorge, George

How would you like to forge
A meaningful relationship with me, George?

Oh Georgina, Georgina!
I have never seen a
Foxter chick than you
(Except Laura Regan Perhaps?
Hunton - it's a close "thing"
anyway)

Oh Georgina Hayes, Georgina Hayes!
Just one glance leaves me in a daze

My rival in love is Ant Jones
Who everyone in the
"spooniverse" says
Is a gorgeous "hunk",
Except me, of course, I
personally think he looks like a
cassell.

But then I would say that,
wouldn't I?
Kenny The Kangaroo, garoo, garoo,
Cleveland.

That was adorable, Kenny. But not quite as adorable, I beg to suggest, as my ode to the girl in the *British Airways* ad who helps the lady who is having a baby when her husband faints. Which runs as follows:

Ode To The Girl In The *British Airways* Ad Who Helps The Lady Who Is Having A Baby When Her Husband Faints.

Oh girl in the *British Airways* ad who helps the lady who is having a baby when her husband faints

How quick witted and resourceful you are!
Though you uniform isn't as nice as the *British Caledonian* ones if you don't mind me saying so.
FIN.

Dear Mr Type,

I can't write anything because I still don't exist!
Zircon, your friendly non-satellite.
PS: I'm watching you. Tidy your desk.

A Publisher writes: Take a letter Miss Pringle: "To Her Majesty's Government . . . Dear Government, I am in no way to be held personally responsible for the contents of the above letter and should you find it to be in contravention of the Official Secrets Act, it will give me the utmost pleasure to dismiss the entire staff of *Smash Hits* and testify against them at their trial. I remain, yours etc." There. That should do it, Miss P. By the by, Miss P, have I ever told you how fetching you look in . . . (Sniiiiittip! - BT)

I want Morgen Liseber **Black Type**, I guess to get a **Black Type** tea-towel and a record. But my problem is: I'm a German girl and I can't speak English very well. And because of that I don't know what a splendid letter is. Is it a crazy letter? Or nice? Perhaps a splendid letter is a long letter with no mistakes? And about what have I to write? About pop stars or stars in general? Shall I tell you what my favourite pop stars are? I don't know what to write any more because I don't understand the sense of your letter page.
A confused girl from Germany.

You don't understand the sense of my letter page? Who does, dearie? Byeeeeeee!

the
mighty
lemon
ropers

Chryslis



NEW SINGLE

7 & 12"

'out of hand'

B/W 'GOING UNDER'

AZUR 4/AZURX 4

12 EXTENDED VERSION INCLUDES
TWO EXTRA TRACKS
'ALL THE WAY' (LIVE) &
'MY BIGGEST THRILL' (LIVE)





REVIEW SINGLES



REVIEWED BY SHANE MACGOWAN (THE POGUES) (listening in: Sylvia Patterson)

LEVEL 42: To Be With You Again (Polydor)

Level 42 jolly good. They did one of the classic 'trashy trysts of all time, didn't they?' Yeah — "Chinese Way" — that was great. I do think their earlier stuff was better... but I don't blame them 'cos we're pretty crappy now compared to what we used to be! I mean, I think we might have been better before... nahah — we're not crap — I'm not saying that! (?) Er... this would probably sound alright very loud in a club or something, but even taking that into account it's a bit on the... er, yeah it's boring. Well it's not... yeah it is. Get it off!

PAUL SIMON: Graceland (WEA)

Oh I know this LP. I haven't got it though — I've just heard it a lot. (?) It's great. Which one's this? I really like this. It's good music basically. He's a good song-writer, it's good music and that's what it's all about it. But Level 42's good music too — I just didn't like that song. I'm not even that impressed with this one actually — s'alright. There's much livelier stuff on the LP than this but it's nice. It's tranquil. It's good-time music. I wouldn't dance to it in a club though — basically 'cos I'm not a very good dancer — sort of... erratic.

WIN: You've Got The Power (London)

Hmmm. It's pathetic pop but it's a good disco record. Disco is, like, the beat's the most important thing but pop can be all sorts of things... like it's the tune and the sentiments an' that. But really good disco records say something too and this one doesn't really. Naaaaah, it's boring. Off!

TIMBUK 3: Hairstyles And Attitudes (IRS)

Who are they? Sssss! I still laugh like a rattlesnake! Sssss! Yeah, well, I'm trying to give all that up 'cos it's a pain in the arse. Everybody I meet goes "ssss!" but I'm not going to laugh any more, sssss! I'm thinking of starting to go "HEH!" instead of "ssssss!". Are this lot American? S'alright, yeah. It's nothing like as good as that (points to *The Petrol Emotion* single) but it's all the same things that I like about it. It's got guts, it's human, it's good music, it's not pretentious and it's not moronic and it's made by people who've got some respect for their music. Basically this is country music and I like country music. I'd

imagine they'd be quite good. Sometimes.

CHRIS AND GLENN: Diamond Lights (Record Shack)

(Tune made by footballers Chris Waddle and Glenn Hoddle from Tottenham "Hot Spur") You're asking. Are you joking? Hoddle And Waddle? Hgckhgckhss! Is that what they're called? Oh NO! They've thrown away a brilliant title by just calling it "Chris And Glen"! Instead of Hoddle And Waddle! What's it called — "It's A Doddie"? Sssssss! Er... it's not that bad really. I quite like it — it's a football dirge. Football songs are usually quite catchy, aren't they? I don't support Tottenham anyway — I support Arsenal. Well, I used to — I'm not as interested in football as I used to be. Make sure you don't put me down as a Tottenham supporter, will you!



TOYAH: Echo Beach (Virgin)

(I like Toyah. She's done "Echo Beach", has she? (originally written by Martha & The Muffins). I didn't like the original so you might as well take this off. Mmmm — it's actually better than the original — it's quite good! I like this a lot. Really! She's

made some great singles. Well... not great but really good — "Thunder and Lightning" is my favourite. She looked better when she had short hair and boobs and was a bit plumper though. This is bound to be a hit, isn't it? If it goes 50p I'd buy it sssss!

FALCO: Emotional (WEA) This is Julio Iglesias or something? Who is it? I like it. They're a Euro-group, aren't they? Well, for a Euro-group band it's brilliant! Sssss! He sounds mental — that's what I like about it. It's a smoochy-record. I still smoochy you know — it's about the only thing I can still do. Yeah, this is a reasonable smoochy. It's not a good smoochy though. I'd smoochy to this — a few beers, a few whiskies... er, no bronides... yeah! Julio Iglesias is only about 42 you know! Julio's great — he's brilliant. I'd even buy his records. And I'd buy Dennis Rossos records and I've even got a couple of Charles Aznavour records! "She" and a French one that I can't remember — but he's great an' all. But Julio, I mean, he can speak seven languages, he's a good footballer, he's a brilliant singer, he's wildly attractive to women and he's rich. Brilliant! "Begin The Beguine" is fantastic — and he's got good taste in clothes... for a crooner. And he's not even that fat!

OMD: Shame (Virgin) Orchestral Manoeuvres? Is it real? It's not very good, is it? Coooo, take it off! I don't want to knock these guys but... it's crap. It's crap because it hasn't got a tune and he isn't singing it properly and it hasn't got any feel or any guts. And it's bland. The Falco record's got much more balls. I think they should cover one of my songs

sssss! Christy Moore's ("legendary" Irish folkster and one of Shane's heroes) covered one of my songs! Yeah — "A Pair Of Brown Eyes". I haven't heard it yet though but it's brilliant, great. I'm very proud. Sssssss!

HEAVY PETTIN': Raineees (Polydor) Heavy Pettin'! Yeeeeeessss — put it on! Heavy Pettin'? Fffhffh! Heavy Pettin' with an apostrophe on the end! Sssss! This is a finalist in "A Song For Europe", is it? Yeah! Er... I don't like this. Good name! Er... nah, that's one's beyond me actually. It's not even good enough for Europe sssss! Hgckhgckhss!

JULIAN LENNON: Midnight Smoke (Virgin) Foooo, take that off. Don't like that at all. It's wimpy. Most of the stuff you've played has been wimpy compared to, say, the Sex Pistols or the New York Dolls or James Brown... Neeeh, I just don't like this guy's stuff at all. It really annoys me. Take that off please.

BEN E. KING: Spanish Harlem (Atlantic) Oh I like this. You've got the whole LP here! Aw! I can have it! Thanks! (Looks utterly chuffed). This is the original this... it's great. Does my dad sing this when he's drunk? Naaaah, you're thinking about "Spanish Eyes" — he sings that when he's drunk sssss! I really like good soul, I know, and this is. There's a lot of soul in our music too — it's dance music but it's emotional music and it's got soul. I think I'd sound pretty good singing it this one actually. I wouldn't be as good as him though. Er... uh, I'm not saying I'm a good soul singer

here you know! Make sure you don't say I think I'm a better singer than Ben E. King. Bloody 'ell!

THE CURE: Why Can't I Be You? (Fiction)

This sounds like Dexy's Midnight Runners! Yes it does! What — don't you like Dexy's or something? (No — S. Patterson.) WHAAAAAT? (Looks ghostly) Heeee! I like your wife away The Cure but I quite like The Cure too. This is just the same as... what's it? "Lovecats". It's not a release is it? I like it, yeah, it's white soul with burst — I like that. Do I think this is the worst singing he's ever done? Er... I wouldn't be able to judge something that subtle sssssss! He's a good singer. Don't like his hair much though. Still, it's his hair innit? Sssss!



THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN: April Skies (Blanco Y Negro)

This is bloody GREAT! (Fings legs on the air as he's lolling on the floor in squiffy "mode" by this time.) All their records are bloody GREAT! Maybe they're the future of rock 'n' roll! I'm sure they don't want to be thought sssss! It's bloody GREAT! It's a smoocher! It's really really good... it's poetry. It's natural, it's exciting. To me what's good is poetry I suppose. Yeah — it's GREAT! Put another one on!

JUNIOR GEE & THE TEAM: The Terminator (Island)

(Snatches record from box with "prop" records in.) This looks good — Terminator! Sssss! This is BRILLIANT! It's tongue-in-cheek, isn't it? I don't think it's really telling people to go out and kill each other... it's Sssss! It's just saying "This is America" — and it's a really good heavy American rap record. It's got guts and it's got soul and it's hard (comes in in this vein for several million euros)... Brilliant! Er... I'm not very good at explaining things really, am I? Sssssssss!!

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

THAT PETROL EMOTION: Big Decision (Polydor)

This is the best thing you've played me so far. It's brilliant. D'you want me to be more sort of "this is good" or "this is crap" or something? (That'll do nicely, sssss!) — S. Patterson) Well, this is good, I like this. You don't have to play any more, I like it. Two of them used to be in the Undertones, didn't they? (Yes, brothers Damien and John "Seam" O'Neill actually — S. Patterson) This has got a really good tune, it's got a good beat, it's got a good sound, it's got guts basically. A pop rock tune. Thumbs up for that! In fact this is the Single Of The Fortnight.





THE JETS: Crush On You (MCA) More musical families! The jets, all eight of them (with more on the way apparently) look like they were weaned on a diet of Jackson Five records rather than baby food. The result: all white teeth, wholesome smiles, squeaky-clean looks and a first LP full of nine very pleasant but none too adventurous poppish songs. There's the hit single and title track, "Crush On You" and eight others... well, eight, other delightful but painfully similar tunes. A good effort but if you're wondering if they're the new Five Star the answer is: most definitely not. **(7 out of 10)**

Mark Solobay

THE CULT: Electric (Beggars Banquet) On their last LP, "Love", The Cult were all doom-laden and ponderous, like some wizened ghost of mid-70s Led Zeppelin. Jolly dull it was too. The time they've scampered farther back into the past, halfway to the late '60s and a time when fuzzy wah-wah guitars squeal skambo, voices growl about "revolution", and everyone mistakes as much noise as they possibly can. This is an altogether more satisfactory state of affairs. "Electric", as messy and dumb and complexly marginal as it is, far does the head in. Ian Astbury croaks melodramatically about aphrodisiac jacksies (I) and dogs and flowers. Billy Duffy goes utterly mad on his guitar (a-s-l-i-w-e-e, a-s-q-u-a-r, a-s-i-w-e-e), there's a version of Steppenwolf's hoary old biker classic "Born To Be Wild", full of damn-fool lyrics about "heavy metal thunder", and the huge racket just goes on and on. The worst moment is that stupid bit in "Love Memory Machine" where everything speeds up for no obvious reason. The best bits are ruddy marvelous, if you like that sort of thing. **(7 out of 10)**

Tom Hebert

WHITESNAKE: Whitesnake (EMI) Bleating screech-roars! This album is rather noisy and very boring too. Still, amongst the crailing blur of nine monstrous rackets along foley rock 'n' roll checks, bad boys and lurkin' in the night are two most likeable ballads. "Soil Of The Night", still a little noisy, and "Straight For The Heart", sung in a Van Halen-esque type manner and embarrassingly catchy. Nevertheless, such good efforts are essentially spoilt by the savage bursts of soaraway guitar breaks which seem to go on for several centuries. Harder than Bon Jovi yet more glamorous than Mötörhead, Chief "Snake" David Coverdale certainly knows how to turn out the type of racket which may tempt you to pick up that invisible guitar and strut your stuff. **(4 out of 10)**

Josephine Collins



Photo: S. Wiegman/D. Wainwright

▲ Sally Simon. "Hello, I'm an interior decorator" (or something)

THE SECRET POLICEMAN'S THIRD BALL The London Palladium

"Sorry about this," chirrups a confused Kate Bush as she stands on a silent stage during the night's umpteenth "technical failure", "but it is for a charity."

That's something you had to remind yourself of during this long, messy and very strangely put-together pop jamboree. It was for a charity, and in particular for Amnesty International, the pressure group which campaigns for the release of "prisoners of conscience" around the world.

The problem is that when you get all these scores of pop playmates generously offering their services to help raise money for Amnesty you do end up with a bit of a "mixed bag". And as tonight's host Paul Gambaccini — who's dressed in a tuff suit for the occasion and looks unpleasantly like Bob Mankelhouse — says, "this is the evening of 1000 equipment changes."

But let us not carp: to do so would be most churlish. It was for a charity and there were after all the highlights, like Duran Duran's "acoustic" renditions of "Skin Trade" and "Save A Prayer". Simon Le Bon was dressed as if he'd just popped in from a bit of interior decorating, the group were shamefully under-rehearsed and sounded pretty ropey, but they were quite brilliant nonetheless. Simon wiggling around

the stage most energetically to make up for the group sounding a bit weedy.

And the sight of Peter Gabriel and veteran rock legend Lou Reed (a man who can't sing for toffee but who sounds utterly brilliant in spite of it) making up a song called "Voices Of Freedom" as they went along was truly something to behold.

But of course what you like in a show as varied as this depended very much on what you'd come to see.

And all sorts of people, young and not at all young, had come along to see all sorts of things. As ever, Sir Bob Geldof KGB is a popular chap at these occasions. He strolled on with some chums for a spirited version of "This Is The World Calling" and a couple of songs by late reggae person Bob Marley.

There was Dame Kate Bush of course warbling away to "Running Up That Hill". She was helped out by two old persons from erstwhile rock mammoths Pink Floyd — guitarist Dave Gilmour and drummer Nick Mason — who played very loudly indeed and all but drowned out Kate's trilling with their terrible racket. To finish her act she decided that her own version of the Ferry Aid anthem "Let It Be" would be the appropriate thing to do. Pffm.

There was Nick Kershaw, curiously enough the only person to be



▲ "Confused" Kate Bush, "unsmothered" Dave Gilmour and an invisible singer which might be Madonna but it isn't Er

allowed to do a proper "set", being terribly rugged with his group and demonstrating that he's a genuine rock artist, not a pop star, and that he can really play some searing axe "riff". Unfortunately this new change of "direction" just makes him sound like 100 other genuine rock artists who are rather dull.

There was Mark Knopfler playing an "acoustic set" with Chet Atkins, a guitar legend who used to play with Elvis Presley and who is very old but still manages to have a lot more hair than Mark. The pair of them twiddled their fingers over their fretboards at magically fast speeds for a flowery version of John Lennon's hippie anthem "Imagine", which is the sort of tune that someone always has to play on these occasions.

There was Mel Smith and Griff Rhys-Jones who did one of their funny bits which involved calling Mark Knopfler Mark Knopfler and wondering who on earth Chet Atkins was, and that sort of thing.

There was World Party doing their funny-hippie bit with songs like "Private Revolution" and "Ship Of Fools". There was the youthful figure of violin virtuoso Nigel Kennedy who looked about 12, wore a horrid gold shirt and who played rather (hem hem) pretentious "jazz rock".

And there was an awful lot more, before finally, in true Band Aid

tradition, there was The Big Song At The End. The cause being Amnesty International, the stars chose Bob Dylan's very old song about a man in jail, "I Shall Be Released", and one and all crowded round the microphones to wait to take a line each (with the exception of Duran Duran that is, who I mysteriously disappeared off somewhere).

As a fundraising event it was apparently a big success, as a concert... well, it was a five hour mish mash with some good bits in between rather a lot of boring waiting around. It'll look a lot better on the film which Amnesty are planning to release, when they can snip out all those dodgy bits.

William Shaw



▲ Peter Gabriel, Kate Bush, ex-Juan Acemistanding and some old foggys — all wibbling for freedom. Hurrah!

Photo: Jack English



▲ Terence "Trent" D'Arby and a spookified soul-devil hat-shape.

SIMPLY RED/TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY
Hammersmith Odeon, London

Terence Trent D'Arby (the man with the swooniest "peepers" in pop) is a very demented "dancer". He literally LEAPS! all over the stage, swivling his hair higher and higher, tries to fling his legs off, does some very risky-looking splits, flaps his knees, break-dances, throws some spooky hand shapes and fiddles with his ankle when it's three feet in the air – all at the same time!! How very odd.

Just as well then that his crumbly and grizzly voice is really, truly magnificent – even if his moodling soul tunes are somewhat average. BUT! with better tunes and a bit of string tied round his knees (or something) he just might, one day, be completely brilliant.

Simply Red, however, are much more "cool" – especially Mick Hucknall. He swans and glides, he bops his shoulders to the bugle-away trumpet, flaps nothing but his fringe and the dangly hanky a-timping from the pocket of his baggy 'n' creasy "suit".

BUT! – Mick's wobblingly wonderful voice can shriek, bellow, wimper, soar, pierce and whisper – and it's always in tune and always mightily beautiful. Worrappop-swo! And behind him his group parp and tinkle and strum and croon and smirk and... er, swivel their hips (Janet The Foxtress, that is) and prove what a highly professional bunch of persons they are.

They smooth through their new tunes, slink through their old ones ("Holding Back The Years" – swoon! "Jericho" – groove! "Money's Too Tight (To Mention)" – legs akimbo! (or thereabouts), "Heaven" – gasp!) This is actually the most transfixing piece of singing in opposite extremes ever ever ever seen on a stage. Triple gulp, in fact. Tonight was 20 songs, two hours and three encores of pop delirium.

And then I fainted. (Except I didn't har har...)

Sylvia Patterson



▲ Mick Hucknall and a semi-spookified soul-devil hat-shape (shaw haw).

VIDEO

LEVEL 42 "Live At Wembley"
(Polygram, £9.99)

Featuring... the remarkable flying thumb of Mark King! The extraordinary high-pitched squeaks of Mike Lindup! The cheeky grins and winks of drummer Phil Gould! And the, er, "solid" guitar style of brother Boon "Boon" Gould! Oh yus! And all "captured" live during the group's recent marathon stint at Wembley Arena. As always, it all starts off with the familiar strains of the theme from Thunderbirds. Mark King does the countdown and then – WHOOSH! – it's straight into "Fashion Fever". Mike Lindup wears his funny pilot's headset from start to finish and the only time things go a little bit wonky is on "The Chant Has Begun", which is far too complicated for the masses to sing-alongwith. Unlike "Lessons In Love", "Running In The Family" or any of the other old "chestnuts" which are accompanied by lots of jolly audience participation and the occasional outbreak of pandemonium when The Fastest-Thumb-In-The-World goes completely crazy!! Definitely the best group ever to have come out of the Isle Of Wight.

Barry McHenry



▲ Boy George "very colourul"

CULTURE CLUB "This Time"
(Virgin Video, £9.99)

The music on this video compilation is, by and large, very, very good indeed – for the two or three years when Culture Club were one of the biggest groups in the world they were also one of the best. Their videos, by comparison, are disappointingly dull. When their first hit, "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me?", went to number one, videos were still quite a novelty, consequently the first few here show nothing much apart from Boy George spooking around in dreadlocks looking very colourful while the others skulk merrily in the

background. Indeed, the most entertaining thing is watching George's hair change – from dreadlocks to the red curls through to the slick-backed short look for "Move Away". There are even four videos here that few people will ever have seen before – a slightly dodgy live one for "Black Money", ones for "I'll Tumble 4 Ya" and "Miss Me Blind" and one for "Love Is Love" (a song they did for the soundtrack of the film *Electric Dreams*) which doesn't even feature the group at all. None of them though are really much cop.

Chris Heath

Was *Star Trek* not the most glorious, spenkerrilliantly wondrous television series that ever "materialised" (haw haw)? Yes it was. So thank cravens the "team" is... **BACK!** Yaroo!! Back with *Star Trek IV*, back with one-zillion wrinkles apiece and back with one billion tons of "middle-aged spread" between them (999,999,999 of which belong to Scotty).

But who cares! They've still got style! They've still got each other! Aw!! They've still going to save the universe!! Quadruple hurrah!! But how are they going to do it this time? With whales, viewers, hump-backed whales.

(Greetings to the 23rd Century...) Admiral Kirk is not a happy man. The *Starship Enterprise* is limp and lifeless. Spock's gone completely off his rocker and can't remember how to "feel" any more. Starfleet Command is miffed with the "team" for ignoring previous orders (rebellion!) and now — of all times! — the Earth is about to be pulped by a gigantic Cadbury's Mini-Roll in the sky (or something).

But wait! The gigantic Cadbury's Mini-Roll is sending out some spooky old signals! And it's in the "language" of the hump-backed whale! And only if it gets a signal in "whale-speak," saying "bog off mazy — we don't want you to pulp us ackcheleoi please" will the Earth be saved!

("Why don't they get a hump-backed whale to croon a bit to the psychotic Cadbury's Mini-Roll then?") — A viewer: Because they've now been extinct for 200 years, you buffoon!

Hence!! This film is all about doing a mighty superwining round the sun to "time-travel" back to San Francisco in 1987, beaming up two hump-backed whales (not very easy), superwining back to the 23rd Century and persuading the whales to flummox the gigantic Cadbury's Mini-Roll.

And what japes they have in the process! And as if that wasn't enough there's... **QUIPS!** as the "team" slag each other off for being useless every three seconds. **GASPS!** at the vision of real-life whales spilling about most mysteriously.

CHEERS! BLUBS! as "Kirk" finally returns to his beloved, illi-fated *Starship Enterprise*. Yes, viewers, true to form, it's a good-natured, not-particularly-spectacular load of complete and utter nonsense — and thoroughly, wheezingly brilliant!

Sylvia Patterson

▲ Admiral Kirk looking ancient. Er... no it's not — it's the dreaded Klingons wondering why there aren't any whales on Mars (or something).



▲ Spock, a ridiculous "dressing gown" and Admiral Kirk looking for a whale. "There's no whales in my van mazy?" — a foreshadow.



▲ The "team" looking for a whale in a "news" paper stand. The clots!



▲ The "lazz" looking for a whale in the vet. Hurrnrr?



And NOW! as a tribute to the most most glorious, spenkerrilliantly wondrous television series that ever "materialised" (haw haw) (Oh get ON with it!!! — Ed)... er, we present

THE MAGNIFICENT SMASH HITS "BEAM THE KETTLE UP MOTHER I'M PARCHED" COMPETITION

in which you have a chance of winning the following zapaway items:
 ● **FIFTY GIGANTIC WARP-AHOY MODELS OF THE USS STARSHIP ENTERPRISE!!!!**
 ● **TEN BAGAWAY SUPERSPOOK STAR TREK T-SHIRTS FOR WEARING ON YOUR EARS!** (Iron-cars — geddiz!) (? — The entire *cosmaverse*)
 ● **TEN RIPPELESQUE COPIES OF THE GENIUS-FUL BOOK: STAR TREK: THE VOYAGE HOME!**
 And the question is this: What does the "T" in Captain James "T" Kirk stand for? Is it a) Tarquin; b) Torquill; c) The; d) No one knows it's a mystery of the universe; e) Toff or f) Tibbers?
 Answers on a space-kettle to **The Magnificent Smash Hits "Beam The Kettle Up Mother I'm Parched" Competition, £2-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to get here by April 21. The first ten correct entries out of the black hole get a model, a t-shirt and a book, the next 40 get a model.



AIDS: IS IT THE END OF THE WORLD?

No, but it's the disease that's serious enough to make a lot of people very very concerned. George Michael and Andrew Ridgeley, Boy George and Elton John are just a few who turned out for "The Party", a concert to raise awareness about AIDS and money for AIDS patients and research.



Jimmy Somerville whizzes triumphantly!

Just three days ago it all seemed to be heading for certain disaster. Only half the tickets (£25 each) had been sold, the air was thick with rumours that the concert would actually be cancelled and it seemed like "The Party", as this AIDS Benefit had been named, was going to be an embarrassing flop. Nobody seemed to know anything about it, there were a distinct lack of big "names" to support the main line-up of **George Michael, Boy George and Holly Johnson**, and it looked as if the whole programme of AIDS

RICHARD COLES (THE COMMUNARDS): "It's important that everyone's aware of the dangers and how to avoid contracting the disease, but it's also important to remember that 90% of the people who've died so far are gay men. And they're the victims, not the cause and that's crucial. People must remember that AIDS is a disease, it's not the Invasion Of The Bodysnatchers, it's not The Plague. It's not the hand of God. It's just a disease—a horrible disease."

benefit concerts was going to set off to a dreadful start. Even as the first group—reggae band **Aswad**—start up tonight at 7.30 to a less than half-full Wembley Arena, people backstage are running around fearing the worst—it seems as if even the late addition of **Elton**

John to the bill hasn't persuaded people to trek to the outskirts of London one Wednesday evening after all. After all this though, they needn't have worried. Because—hurrah!—four and a half hours later it's a packed Wembley Arena that's chanting through a twenty minute "all-star" singalong version of "Stand By Me".

From the very beginning "The Party" is a very strange concert indeed. For one thing, condoms—usually an "embarrassing" contraceptive that people ask for under their breath in the chemist's after they've bought four tubes of toothpaste—are absolutely everywhere. Helpers are running around, with buckets chock-full of "packets of three", rattling them in the aisles and asking for donations in exchange. Celebrities—even Mike Smith—are hurling them with gusto off the stage in between acts. And overhead inflated condoms float

auditorium. There's no way that anyone here is going to forget exactly why this is all happening—primarily to raise money for AIDS patients and research work into the virus and also to raise general awareness about AIDS throughout the entire community.

After Aswad comes '60s songstress **Sandie Shaw**. She plays one brilliant song, "Anyone Who Had A Heart", with the Communards' **Richard Coles** on piano then she's joined by a ten-piece a capella choir she's



Holly Johnson: Biz jockey show!

AIDS: THE FACTS

What is AIDS?

● AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) is a virus that attacks the body's immune system—the thing that helps you fight all diseases from colds to cancer or whatever. Without your immune system functioning, you become extremely susceptible to all sorts of diseases and will usually die within a matter of months.

However, if you are carrying the AIDS virus, it does not necessarily mean you are going to die immediately for the virus may remain latent for years.

How do you get AIDS?

● The virus is only found in blood, in male semen (white fluid that comes out of the willie and makes babies), and in female vaginal fluid (stuff that helps semen swim up a woman and meet an egg and make babies). Thus you can catch it by sharing injecting needles with someone who's got the virus (because the needle might have infected blood on it) or by having sex with an infected person. The virus is particularly easily transmitted through anal sex (i.e. putting a willie up someone's bottom—a love-making technique particularly common amongst gay men). There have been NO cases of people catching AIDS by snogging, sharing cups or face flannels etc. etc. though sharing toothbrushes is inadvisable because gums bleed easily.

How can you avoid getting AIDS?

● Firstly, if you must inject drugs, never share a needle. Secondly, when it comes to sex, a man should always wear a condom (or a rubber johnny, to give it its slang name: it's a thin rubber contraceptive thing that completely covers the willie and keeps the semen in. These are openly available over the counter at the chemist's) during sex whether with a woman or another bloke. Thirdly, best limit the number of people you have sex with because, obviously, the more different people you "do it" with, the greater the chance you'll catch the virus.

put together of fellow Buddhists to sing an even more brilliant "Lean On Me".

Next up are the **Communards** themselves but before that some "health education" bloke from London's Capital Radio comes out and, in defiance of stupid myths that you can catch AIDS by holding hands, gets everyone to hold hands. Later on he tells everyone to kiss the person on either side of them. Everyone does!

The Communards are clearly big favourites, whizzing their way triumphantly through six songs including "You Are My World" and a rousing "Don't Leave Me This Way".

Next is a fleeting glimpse of **Kim Wilde** with her brother **Ricky** and father **Mart** skipping through Elton John's "Sorry Seems To Be The Hardest

HOLLY JOHNSON:

"The main point for me is to raise money to find a cure and also to take away some of the gloom'n'doom from the image of AIDS. The government campaign has been so maudlin; depressing as hell. As for myself I'm into monogamy—whether it's gay monogamy or straight monogamy."

Word", then veteran gay rights campaigner **Tom Robinson** screeches through an updated version of his anthem "Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay" with Level 42's **Mike Lindup** (who also squeezes in a song of his own). After that, you can't blink lest someone famous scampers through a song or two.

First is—tara tara!—the man who **Paula Yates** introduces as "so gorgeous and so wicked that everyone here tonight will want to bonk" (hem hem), **George Michael**, naturalfilm. The curtains rise, and with his back to us **George** slowly croons the first lines of "Everything She

CONTINUES



GEORGE MICHAEL:

"You can't pretend people are just going to stop having sex. Sex is one of the best things about life if not the best thing about life and it's certainly the thing that's on most people's minds most of the time. But the thing you must impress upon people is that while the only real answer is a vaccine, for everyone's personal safety, monogamy (only having one partner) is the best policy in the meantime. I've always really believed in monogamy anyway and I think most people do deep down — they just find it difficult to cope with. If I was 15 now I'd be terrified — it must be exhilarating just getting excited about the possibilities with all this happening — but that's why my generation mustn't be a generation whose kids ask us in years to come why we didn't do anything to stop the spread of the disease in the mid '80s. So if people are frightened now, that's awful, but it's better that they're frightened now than dead in a few years."

AIDS

CONTINUED

evening and word for word it fits perfectly for this occasion" and with that launches into a quite glorious version of a Stevie Wonder ballad called "Love's In Need Of Love Today". Cripes! Sniffle even!

A programme autographed by all the stars is then raffled by compere Mike Smith for a staggering £6,500. Elton John plays two swoonsome songs at the piano to rapturous applause and then it's time for the "supergroup", a backing band staffed by squillions of famous "rock heroes" like **The Who's John Entwistle**, **The Police's Andy Summers**, keyboard legend **Herbie Hancock**, **Elvis Costello's** pianist **Steve Nieve**, **Ringo Starr's** son **Zak Starkey** and so on. **Bob Geldof**, the first guest singer, rolls through Bob Marley's "Redemption Song" and a song of his about AIDS called "In The Pouring Rain."

"This is the first time I've sang onstage in 2½ years," says a slightly nervous looking Boy George before sweeping exuberantly into "Everything I Own" and a fast reggae thingle



Boy George and Elton John together again!

called "Freedom" (possibly his next single). Then comes a surprise to virtually everybody. Literally about 15 minutes ago Boy George had met George Michael in the dressing room and had got chatting about the £50 George Michael owes him, as mentioned recently in *Smash Hits* much to George Michael's embarrassment. George suggested going onstage during Boy George's performance to give him the money, they sing "Everything I Own", together downstairs to plan his entrance and then George Michael suggests that instead of that

ANDREW RIDGELEY:

"People have said to me that the promotion of awareness of AIDS over the last few months has been over-the-top but it's got to be rammed down people's throats because it's an evil disease. I was thinking this evening that it's important to get rid of it so that my children will have a feeling of choice on their part. Though some people may think that sleeping with lots of people is not right I think a lot of people go through it. I certainly found it character building in many ways. And now AIDS is taking away our freedom of choice."



George and Andrew together again!

instead they should do an extra song, a **Culture Club** "oldie" he knows off by heart called "That's The Way". Only trouble is no-one can play it on the piano except for Culture Club's **Roy Hay** who happens to be in the audience. So, to his surprise, he's whisked onto the stage and they all go through a completely unheard version to thunderous applause.

BOY GEORGE:

"I'm here because I sleep with men and I enjoy doing it. I've never made any bones about that. Obviously it's also a problem for heterosexuals now too, but not such a big one. I've had the same lover for three years now so I'm happy but if I was going to go to bed with someone different now I'd make sure they'd had the AIDS test - if I cared enough to give my gorgeous body to them then I think that's fair enough! I've taken it three times - I knew I hadn't got it but I did it more as a social statement."

"It's difficult though knowing that it can kill you. I still look at people in the street and think 'cor! they're really gorgeous!' And I don't know about this 'safe sex' thing - condoms. I've never used one myself. But I think there's a few things people should realise. You can't get AIDS from kissing. I know several people - really close friends - here tonight who've got AIDS and I kiss them quite freely. It doesn't frighten me. Also, you can't catch AIDS by giving people love and consideration and being caring."

"Still, obviously people won't stick to cuddling. It's a bit like war. Until the bomb lands on your doorstep you don't take any notice. But I think one thing that should definitely happen is Margaret Thatcher should give a lot of money to AIDS research. I'm sure she gets horny. She has a sex life. She's got children hasn't she?"

By now it's getting late and things start winding to a close. Soul singer **Bobby Womack** sings a couple of songs. Holly Johnson sings an amazingly transcendent "Power Of Love" and a "rip-roaring" "Born To Run" and **Meat Loaf** entertains the crowd with a rock 'n' roll medley.

Then it's the finale. Millions of people, including **Curiosity Killed The Cat** and **Shirley and Pepsi**, sing a literally never-ending version of "Stand

By Me", led by Boy George and Bobby Womack. As usual, Ben Volavent-Terrine does his "inspired" dance routine and generally hogs the attention but nobody cares by this stage and

JIMMY SOMERVILLE (THE COMMUNARDS):

"Apart from Tom Robinson we're the only two outspokenly gay men up on stage tonight singing songs about love. Love songs between two men etc etc. And at a time like this when everyone's hearing about the crisis and how it's affecting people we've got to realise that we must never forget love and desire. They're the most important things in gay men's lives, and though they're trying to take everything away from us they'll never take that away."

anyway, there's still another 15 minutes of "Stand By Me" to go, with various stops, restarts and finally, a full stop. Even then, nobody's had enough so Boy

BOB GELDOF:

"It's critical to influence people who are just beginning to probe their way into their own sexuality and to rid them of the notions that my generation imbued them with - the idea that sex is OK, the idea that you shouldn't feel guilty, just rid yourself of all your inhibitions and enjoy yourself. It's a wonderful notion but unfortunately it's no longer acceptable. You have to take on the responsibility yourself not to harm other people otherwise they're going to die."

"The other danger is that what is a physical evil will become a moral evil so it's important to talk about AIDS without implying that people affected by it are intrinsically evil. I did a couple of ads myself for The Terence Higgins Trust (AIDS helpline organisation). One of them simply said 'stick one of these' - a rubber Johnny - 'on your dick'; the other said 'some people say these things (i.e. condoms) will kill your sex life - when your sex life is killing you what choice do you have!'."

Wants. Everybody goes completely bananas! He spins around and off the song starts a-proper. But there's more! Midway through he announces "ladies and gentlemen, a friend of mine!" And it can't be! But it is! **Andrew Ridgeley** bounds on and for a few wondrous minutes **Wham!** are together again! Naturally, no-one can quite believe any of this is happening but it turns out that George phoned him last week and he was delighted to come. "For those who paid £25 to see me," explains George "I thought it would be a nice bonus." After that George does a duet with his bass player Dion Esous on an old hit "1-2-3" by some bloke called Len Taylor then announces it's "time to get a bit serious now."

"The next song," he says, "is to reflect how I felt about this

George conducts the crowd through an a capella version until finally everyone else has slipped off the stage.

Five hours ago most people had expected a rather dodgy evening's entertainment for a "good cause". In fact it turned out to be exactly "the party" the organisers promised. Hurray!

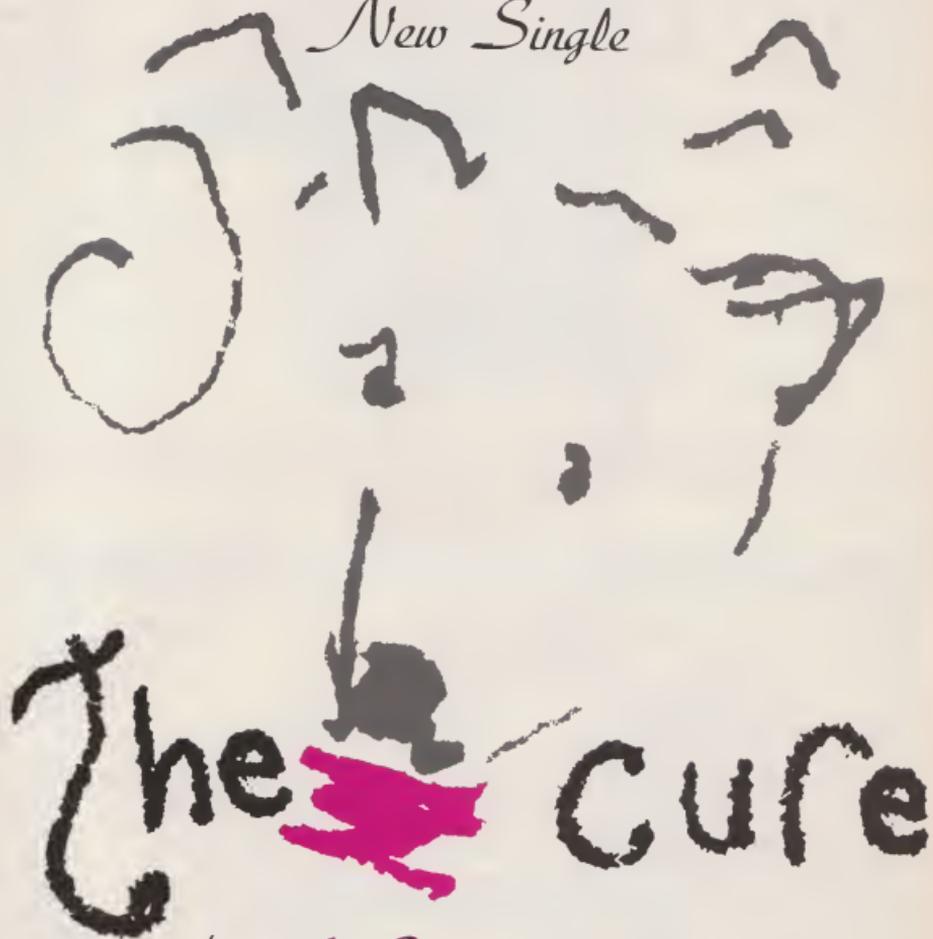
Words: Chris Heath and Sylvia Patterson

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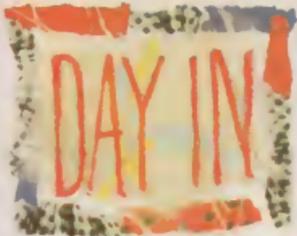
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DAVID BOWIE



CHORUS
(Day-in) day-in (day-out) day-out
(Stay-in) stay-in (fade-out) fade-out
(Day-in) ooh ooh (day-out) ooh ooh ooh

She was born in a handbag
Love left on a doorstep
What she lacks is a back-up
Nothing seems to make a dent uh uh
Gonna find her some money honey
Try to pay her rent
That's the kind of protection
Everyone is shouting about hey hey

REPEAT CHORUS

First thing she learns is she's a citizen
Some things they burn out right
When you're under the USA
Someone rings a bell and it's all over
She's going out of her way
Stealing for that one good rush-uh

(Day-in) day-in (day-out) day-out
(Stay-in) stay-in (fade-out) fade-out

She could use a little money
She's hangin' on by a arm like a cheap suit
She's got no money honey
She's on the other side
Oh come on little baby
Late night big town police shake down
Ooh ooh ooh ooh

(Day-in) day-out stay-in fade-out
Ooh ooh ooh ooh (day-in) day-out stay-in

She's got a ticket to nowhere (stay-out)
She's gonna take a train ride (stay-in)
Nobody knows her or knows her name (stay-in)
She's in the pocket of a home boy (stay-in)
Oh she's gonna take her a shotgun pow (stay-out)
Spin the girl spin the drug (stay-in)
She's gonna make them well aware (stay-out)
She's an angry gal and

(Day-in) day-in (day-out) and day-out
(Stay-in) you stay in or you (fade-out)
You fade out fade out
(Stay-in) you fade-out (fade-out)
Into fade-out fade-out

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THE JETS

"CRUSH ON YOU"
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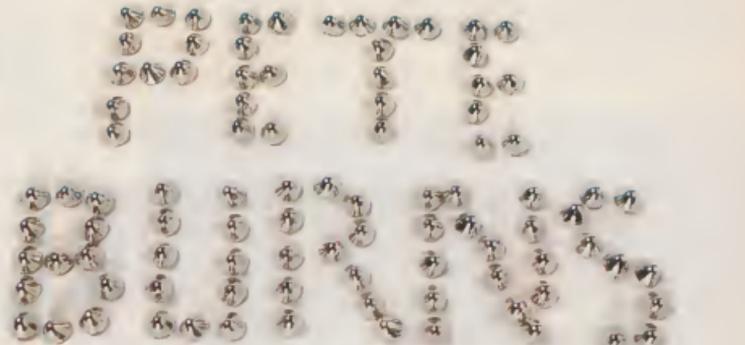
FEATURING THE FORTHCOMING SINGLE
"CURIOSITY"
& THE MASSIVE HIT
"CRUSH ON YOU"

MCA RECORDS

DEAD OR ALIVE



He gobbles vitamin pills by the dozen. He's had four nose jobs and wants to live to be 185. He spends thousands of pounds on contact lenses. But he's not Michael Jackson. He is, in fact . . .



What were you saying about Wayne? Pete Burns' natural curiosity for gossip has alighted on the mention of Wayne Hussey, the former guitarist in Dead Or Alive who's now soaring into the nation's heart as leader of The Mission. Feeling slightly guilty about having slagged Wayne off in a moment of frustration elsewhere, Pete is plainly delighted that Wayne had kind things to say about Pete in his recent *Smash Hits Personal File*. "Why? What did he say? Did he say I was a natural blonde?"

Although the two didn't part on the best of terms, Pete is happy to show there's no bitterness now by recalling some of Wayne's finer moments with Dead Or Alive. "Wayne deserves success. He should have been with us in our success because he would have been our rock'n'roll casualty. He would have been like, you know - diving into the swimming pool, throwing holes out of windows - he would have done all that. We would have found him upside down in the wardrobe with a nude groupie, dressing up - he was outrageous for that."

"He was pretty outrageous then, when he did some amazing hairstyles, really outrageous. We would think up these silly hairdos and he would do it! We weren't doing it to be nasty - we would just all be howling our heads off and he would think it was marvellous. He was quite into the effect of his appearance - he used to stop traffic if he was in the right garb."

As a member of Dead Or Alive, however, Wayne Hussey had one major weakness - he cared about what people thought.

"He listened to outside opinions and one of the rules of being in this band is that you don't listen to outside opinions. In fact, as far as possible you *hit* people for their opinions. And Wayne used to have this crowd of little girls in pinnies and big hairbows who would run around after him. So he had me in one ear saying 'you play this, you will string your guitar upside down', and in the other he got 'kick that singer out of the group' and he couldn't because it was my group."

And at that time we had just discovered coffee percolators. (He means the "repeat" button on the synthesiser - Ed.) We would have sequenced our wee-wee if we'd thought we could possibly do it. Wayne was a very sensitive, open, artistic person and we stifled it. He was very frustrated. But I do

miss him in the group."

And what of Pete's other famous friendship with Morrissey? Not a lot heard about that these days is there?

"We're still in touch. We're still friends." Pete hesitates and his wife Lynne, leaning quietly through a magazine on the adjacent couch, shoots him a reproachful look. Pete has sworn not to say any more on this particular subject, but still . . .

"Once it got into the glare of the public eye, that cheapened it really," he sighs. "We were getting people from all over the world wanting to do interviews with the two of us - you'd think we'd got married or something!"

"The sad thing about Morrissey is that everybody around him has too much say in what he does and how he's shown. Everybody makes him worry and I don't think the people around him - the brown rice brigade - approved of his friendship with me. I think they thought it smudged up his snow-white image and he worries about that, because they're all his got. He takes the printed word very much to heart, whereas I just think 'today's news, tomorrow's bum-wipe'."

"I still think he's very talented and has a lot to say. I think he's very important - the fact that his records get to number 12 on about three airplays and hardly any promotion is a sign of real power. I love the records. I'm quite excited every time they release a record - I don't sit and wait for a free one, I go out and buy it. And the funny thing is, the coincidence, whatever chart position we stop at, so do The Smiths."

"Something In My House" stopped at number 12 and "Shoplifters Of The World Unite" stopped at number 12. I keep a chart on the wall for them."

But Pete Burns grows restless - he doesn't care to have his name linked with other people in the press, and it's high time we moved on to find out what's been happening to the man himself . . .

These are changed days for the Burns household. A far cry from their old cramped Liverpool flat with its extravaganza of dried ferns, leopard skins and general clutter of kitsch objects, the spacious new London living room boasts tasteful cream walls with large expanses of mirror and leafy green potted plants. Chrome fittings, long black leather couches and two well-led cats (Pookie and Pickle)

complete the scene. The stylish decor is the work of Pete's wife Lynne - having managed to talk Pete out of the tacky Hollywood pink and gold effect that he'd originally wanted - while Dead Or Alive drummer Steve (who shares the flat) did all the handyman work.

"Our neighbours automatically think we're going to be unconventional," grins Pete. "But we're never noisy - we never even play music loud. In fact, one of the stipulations when we look for a place to live is, do old people live in the building? If so we'll have it because we want un-noisy neighbours."

"The worst neighbours we ever had were in Liverpool. We had one neighbour who put an axe through the door. He called the police and said we were witches, and then he implored the police not to go in there because we'd suck their blood. We've had every clichéd neighbour problem in the past but since we've moved to London the neighbours have been great actually."

There are, however, one wall decoration that is startlingly out of place amid the discreet art deco lamps - a violin with a large, broad-bladed kitchen knife stabbed menacingly through its sides. "That," says Pete drily, "is my statement on the music business."

Pete Burns, it seems, is at almost constant war with his record company. In fact, Dead Or Alive's new LP "Mad, Bad And Dangerous To Know" has been finished for well over a year now, with the group sitting round in frustration while various legal wranglings with the company were sorted out. Even then, the company underestimated the demand for "Brand New Lover" which resulted in it being unavailable at a crucial time and thus only half a hit. Then, incredibly, the company didn't want "Something In My House" released as a single at all and this was followed by rows over the new versions of the latest single, "Hooked On Love."

All of which infuriates Pete who, while easily wound up at the best of times, is also extremely determined and keeps a very close eye on what happens to the group. Despite all the wear and tear on his nerves, however, he's in a high old good humour, chattering away nineteen to the dozen in his usual impish way about what he's been doing in his year of enforced idleness.

Apart from moving down from Liverpool to an area of London already fairly heavily

Apart from moving down from Liverpool populated with showbiz types – "It's like *Celebrity Squares* in our supermarket" – to keep a closer grip on the group's business, Pete has had a fourth nose job –

"to straighten it, so it wasn't turned up" – and received £100 in three new sets of contact lenses to change the colour of his eyes to blue, green or black.

"I have a great optician," he enthuses. "He's the first person I've ever been to who hasn't looked at me like I need psychiatric counsel. I just arrived there, saying I've got to change my eyes to blue. It was just a whim but I am quite fascinated by the possibilities of cosmetic surgery and things like that."

This is actually a favourite topic of Pete's – the pursuit of his idea of beauty and how people would really be much better off if they spent their money on plastic surgery instead of Valium.

"I've always been interested in these things," he reveals. "I've always looked after myself as much as possible. Basically, I'd like to live until I'm 185, you see. So I'll try anything to maintain health, life or youth on any level. I'm not interested in growing old at all. I'm trying to stay healthy because of the stresses this job entails. I'd be dead if I didn't. I take about 30 or 40 vitamin tablets a day – at least. I actually study it."

This is true. Across the hallway in the spotless white kitchen there's a whole cupboard stacked with bottles and plastic containers bursting with all kinds of health-giving pills and capsules. And – oh no! – what's this in the corner? An exercise bicycle?! Does he, like Madonna, ever keep the neighbours awake riding it? ...

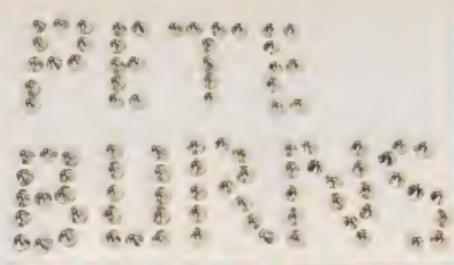
"I usually do eight miles on my exercise bike at four in the morning," he laughs. "I even bought running shoes. I just put them on and I feel better already." So you don't actually bother with the running?

"No. I just thought it must be good if Madonna does it, but I could never be bothered."

And believe it or not, the man who once quipped "you are what you eat" and who wants to be a lettuce? "has become a vegetarian."

"Not because I feel sorry for the animals," he adds, "but I was reading about all the drugs they were putting into meat and all the things that go into yogurts to make their breasts big, and how people are dying more dead. I just couldn't eat it any more and I haven't missed it at all. And I feel healthier."

It's not difficult to see why Pete Burns doesn't do many interviews. Although his manner is cheerful and tone of voice humorous throughout, his penchant for making jokes out of taboo subjects and his complete lack of knowledge where to draw the line makes him the easiest of targets for anyone with even half an eye for e "stitch up". If Pete Burns has become a vegetarian, you can safely bet that he won't be getting up on a soapbox to pronounce on topics like "Meet Is Murder" or



tests on laboratory animals, even though he does feel sorry for the unfortunate creatures.

"I mean, doing things like make-up tests on rabbits... I still say if I was a rabbit and they were coming at me with the latest Revlon hot pearl pink, I'd be absolutely delighted. You must feel so trumpy in that hatch..."

A sick joke?

"No – I'm irresponsible but what can I do? It's a schizophrenic thing, isn't it? I can see the humour but I can also see the tragedy. I like to be irresponsible, to say irresponsible things, not because I think they are going to gather great praise or appreciation from the masses – I just like to say them. I like to get them out. I mean, you can get me on any subject at all and I can bend myself in 18 different ways. I do have a certain amount of serious conscience about things, but they don't last long."

So what does Pete Burns worry about?

"I'm a born worrier but I don't actually worry about day to day things. I worry about all my teeth falling out and losing my hair, and everyone else giving up. I'm such a strain on everyone. I worry about that. What else do I worry about? I worry if I've left the bath running when I go to bed, trivial things like that. I go to bed, I get up in the middle of the night to check everything, to check all the doors,

the locks, everything. I'm a terror to live with."

One thing that Pete Burns is seriously concerned about, however, is AIDS. He's still fuming about being kicked off a benefit TV programme with Whitney Houston in America at Christmas because of the "implications" of the name Deed Or Alive – especially as the group had already quietly donated money to AIDS research charities.

"I'm really angry about that, really angry. I think whoever engineered that should be held personally responsible for all the AIDS victims' deaths that month. I'd like to go and ask AIDS victims if they're worried about that, a bend called Deed Or Alive doing stuff for their research? Obviously there was no way we could cure the AIDS thing singlehandedly but I just thought it was awful, that kind of block – highly irresponsible."

"It just distressed me greatly seeing the spread of the disease and I thought that the campaign they're doing is bloody awful. If they put as much money into advertising AIDS or AIDS research as they do in selling shares in British Gas it would be a different story. But I thought the campaign looked like Spandau Ballet videos. I think those adverts should show the victims."

"I don't know what young teenage kids who are having their first sex education must feel like now – they should be horrified. If you

sleep with the wrong person, your legs drop off – that's what it's got like. So there's this horrible fear, just when people were being more free in their attitudes."

"Then I see all these pop stars get together to do a show on it, and I thought 'God, pity you didn't come forward two years ago.' It's a good thing but two years ago it would have been a different story, but it didn't concern them. Had Band Aid been like AIDS Aid – imagine what the impact of that would have been. There should be more money given to research and kids should be better educated about it."

Although Pete Burns can get worked up about what he sees as the suppression of people's sexuality in the backlash against AIDS (or even something like the crank phone calls Victoria Principal has had since Joan Rivers gave out her private phone number live on the air), things like the plight of starving Africans, Live Aid and similar good causes don't move him at all.

"I mean, 90% of the reason for doing benefits is so you look good, I think, and I never wanted to look good. I'd rather people didn't know I was a big softie. I'd do things but I won't make a song and dance about it. You know why? It only makes me out to be a saint and I'm not interested in being a saint. I want to be a devil. Really, I'd much rather be Cruella De Ville than Mother Theresa!"

Ah, that's more like it! Pete Burns going soft? Not at all. And just as there are two sides to Pete Burns, so there are two sides to Deed Or Alive – one making instant dance records – "it's not that easy to write a good pop song, you know," he claims – "it's a much underrated art" – and the other deeply serious about what they do, never wanting to become a safe, respectable pop package.

"I think our records are too brutal for mums and dads," Pete offers. "I've always thought the generation gap should be enlarged as widely as possible. My dad loves Ultravox, he loves the charts but he can't take our records. I play my records to my dad and he really has that heart attack, and to me that is a monitor how I'm doing the right thing. I never did want to make anything anyone wanted to hear while they were jogging. I'd rather make records that make people hit a red string on the needle charts, just as a reaction. I've always liked strong reactions."

"I think things need to be mucked up a bit again. It's time for voyeurism and the only thing that voyeurs are going to enjoy looking at is a muck, so get me some charts. There are so many groups who are like the Von Trapp family (sickly sweet "stars" of *The Sound Of Music - Eds*). It's ridiculous. We are suffering from a gross overdose of morality and cleanliness, and all this spotly, you know, we'll wait behind their ears and who have fallen for getting a glamorous image – it should all be thrown in a bin. They just need wiping out."

You have been warned.

● Words: Ian Crauna
● Photos: Paul Cox

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