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BRONSKI BEAT
LEVEL 42
BIG COUNTRY

Smash HITS



WHAM!
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INSIDE

**FREE
POSTER**



BOY GEORGE

MONSTER BEDROOM WALL MIX

FRANKIE

32" MEGAPRINT



B I L L Y
IDOL

SMASH HITS

SONGS

FREEDOM WHAM!	5
LOVE KILLS FREDDIE MERCURY	8
SHOUT TO THE TOP THE STYLE COUNCIL	17
EAST OF EDEN BIG COUNTRY	17
NO MORE LONELY NIGHTS PAUL McCARTNEY	28
THE MEDICINE SONG STEPHANIE MILLS	33
WE DON'T WORK FOR FREE GRANDMASTER MELLE MEL & THE FURIOUS FIVE	33
BLUE JEAN DAVID BOWIE	34
PURPLE RAIN PRINCE	40
FLESH FOR FANTASY BILLY IDOL	46
RIK! DON'T LOSE THAT NUMBER TOM ROBINSON	46
IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN UB40	58
THE WAR SONG CULTURE CLUB	71



CULTURE CLUB - 48/49/50
On location for the making of "The War Song" video.



LEVEL 42 - 52/53
You'd look like this if you'd been through... One Day Of A Smash Hits Interview!



HOLLY JOHNSON - 6/7
One man and his flat.



WHAM! - 18/19
"We're no con!"

CONTENTS

FEATURES & COLOUR

BILLY IDOL: POSTER	2
DAVID JENSEN: DECLARING WAR ON RADIO 1	15
WAY BACK WHEN: AN EMBARRASSING SNAPS SPECIAL	36/37
WHO SAID WHAT ABOUT WHO?: HAVE A GUESS	45
DEPECHE MODE: POSTER	72

PLUS

PERSONAL FILE: ALISON MOYE	4
BITZ: APOLLONIA 6, RAY PARKER JR., SISTER SLEDGE	10/11/12
BITZ COMPETITIONS: POLICE VIDEOS, UB40 VIDEOS, APOLLO 9 STUFF	10/11/12
SINGLES: BY VICI MACDONALD	23
ALBUMS: HEAVEN 17, BILLY BRAGG, DAVID BOWIE, DEPECHE MODE	25
GET SMART: SHIRTS, KERSHAW KLUB, PAUL YOUNG, IRON MAIDEN	27
STAR TEASER: ONE WORD NAMES	34
RSVP: SPECIAL DELIVERY	35
CROSSWORD: A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK	38
MUTTERINGS: GALLONS OF GOSSIP	43
THE BIG COMPETITION: BOWIE LPS AND VIDEOS	55
COMPETITION WINNERS: H. JONES, CHELSEA FC	56
DATES: CULTURE CLUB, U2, MEAT LOAF, DEPECHE MODE, MARILLION	60
NIGHTS OUT: MARC ALMOND, DAVID BOWIE VIDEO	61
LETTERS: PLEASE! PRAISE! PINEAPPLES!	67/68/69



BIG COUNTRY - 64/65
The fearsome foursome in focus.

**YOUR
FREE
STICKERS!**

YOUR FREE STICKERS!
How to get all 50 FREE pop stickers.



BRONSKI BEAT - 30/31
Turning America upside down?



PRINCE - 40/41
Centrespread.



when the wild calls
when the wild calls

"new 7" excerpts (ph9) & 12" full length (ph912) singles"
When the fight and the follies Take you further from home And there's nothing
that comforts you In any popular song Boys on the block Run with the sun

way
Swans

PERSONAL
FILE



Photo: Peter Ashburner

ALISON

NAME: Genevieve Alison-Jane Moyet.

BORN: June 18 1961 in Billericay, Essex.

MOST TREASURED RECORD: Oh bloody hell. Bloody hell. "The Best Of Billie Holliday", that's my favourite record. I don't feel that possessive about my record collection, actually. My rarest record is "A Song Of The Street" by Sham 69. It goes: "What have we got? F*** all! What have we got? F*** all!" The B-side is blank and it was a give-away at one of their gigs. I had two but I gave one away.

DID YOU EVER BUNK OFF SCHOOL? Yeah, just because it was the thing to do. I used to go to the churchyard and think. Or sometimes I used to go home and sit in the back shed until it was a feasible time to go in the house.

FIRST CONCERT: Well, the first one I nearly went to was Tom Robinson at the Hope & Anchor (London pub) in 1978. I was working in a hairdresser's at the time and we didn't finish until 8.00 so, to get off early, I told them my father was ill and I had to go and see him in hospital. Then the bloke who was supposed to give me a lift decided to go somewhere else instead so I went home after waiting around for a while. My parents had got a call from the hairdressers' and were waiting for me to arrive. I got a real bollocking and then they told me the facts of

life for the first time. I think they thought if you do things like lie to your employers then you're likely to be frivolous sexually.

WHERE DID YOU MEET YOUR HUSBAND MALCOLM? We went to the same senior school and I got to know him down the pub. He was a painter and decorator and I quite fancied him so I asked him to paint my house for me. That was three years ago.

DO YOU EVER HAVE NIGHTMARES? Well, I dream a lot about all sorts of things. I had one the other night where I was working in an arms factory that was being bombed by tiny pellets that bounced through the window and exploded. This man jumped on my back and then he got blown up. Then I was running out with some gelignite in my hand. I gave it to these guys on the door who gave me a jar of pickled gherkins in exchange. And I don't even like pickled gherkins.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD? Um... yeah, in a way. I don't believe in religion and I don't believe in churches but I do believe in God. I think it all comes from within. We all have our good and evil sides and it's just a question of how you control them.

DO YOU PUT UP YOUR OWN SHELVES? I don't but I've just built a chicken shed and a chicken run. A lot of digging, it was three days' work. I've got six Red Warrens and I get about six eggs a day which is good production.

DO YOU EVER SEE VINCE CLARKE? I haven't seen him since the last day we walked out of the studio. He sent me a congratulations card when the single got to Number 10, which was a surprise.

WERE YOU SURPRISED "LOVE RESURRECTION" WASN'T BANNED? No, not really. I always write with innuendo but it wasn't meant to be a sexual record. It really wasn't. Now, "State Farm", that was a *disguising* lyric but "Love Resurrection" happened not to be.

WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR FATHER? Last Sunday. I always spend Sundays with my Mum, my Dad, my brother, his wife and their baby, my sister, her husband and their baby and me and Mal but not the chickens. It's a very traditional thing for us.

LAST BOOK READ? The Dark by James Herbert. That kind of thing is all I read. I'm quite obsessed by occult horror.

IS IT TRUE YOU'RE ON A STRICT DIET? I'm on a very strict health thing at the moment—I work out most days—but I keep slacking.

No, not really. I've given up smoking and drinking and I don't eat sweet things or fried stuff. I need to get a bit fitter for the tour.

DO YOU EVER FEEL LIKE JACKING IT ALL IN? Yeah, sometimes. Usually when I'm doing promotion tours and you spend all your time travelling and never get home and see your family and you're stuck in some grubby hotel room with no bath and you have to do ten interviews when they told you there was only going to be five, then you feel like jacking it all in and saying "bollocks".

FREEDOM



EVERYDAY I HEAR A DIFFERENT STORY
 PEOPLE SAYING THAT YOU'RE NO GOOD FOR ME
 SAW YOUR LOVER WITH ANOTHER
 SHE'S MAKING A FOOL OF YOU OH
 IF YOU LOVED ME BABY YOU'D DENY IT
 BUT YOU LAUGH AND TELL ME I SHOULD TRY IT
 TELL ME I'M A BABY AND DON'T UNDERSTAND
 BUT YOU KNOW THAT I'LL FORGIVE YOU
 JUST THIS ONCE TWICE FOREVER
 'CAUSE BABY YOU COULD DRAG ME TO HELL AND BACK
 JUST AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER
 AND YOU DO OH

I DON'T WANT YOUR FREEDOM
 I DON'T WANT TO PLAY AROUND
 I DON'T WANT NOBODY BABY
 PART TIME LOVE JUST BRINGS ME DOWN
 I DON'T NEED YOUR FREEDOM
 GIRL ALL I WANT RIGHT NOW IS YOU

LIKE A PRISONER WHO HAS HIS OWN KEY
 BUT I CAN'T ESCAPE UNTIL YOU LOVE ME
 I JUST GO FROM DAY TO DAY
 KNOWING ALL ABOUT THE OTHER BOYS
 YOU TAKE MY HAND AND TELL ME I'M A FOOL
 TO GIVE YOU ALL THAT I DO

I BET YOU SOMEDAY BABY
 SOMEONE SAYS THE SAME TO YOU
 BUT YOU KNOW THAT I'LL FORGIVE YOU
 JUST THIS ONCE TWICE FOREVER
 'CAUSE BABY YOU COULD DRAG ME TO HELL AND BACK
 JUST AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER
 AND YOU DO OH

I DON'T WANT YOUR FREEDOM
 I DON'T WANT TO PLAY AROUND
 I DON'T WANT NOBODY BABY
 PART TIME LOVE JUST BRINGS ME DOWN
 I DON'T WANT YOUR FREEDOM
 GIRL ALL I WANT RIGHT NOW IS YOU

CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'RE HURTING ME

YOU'RE HURTING ME BABY HURTING ME BABY
 YOU'RE HURTING ME BABY HURTING ME BABY
 BUT YOU KNOW THAT I'LL FORGIVE YOU
 JUST THIS ONCE TWICE FOREVER
 'CAUSE BABY YOU COULD DRAG ME TO HELL AND BACK
 JUST AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER
 AND YOU DO OH

I DON'T WANT YOUR FREEDOM
 I DON'T NEED TO PLAY AROUND
 I DON'T WANT NOBODY BABY
 PART TIME LOVE JUST BRINGS ME DOWN

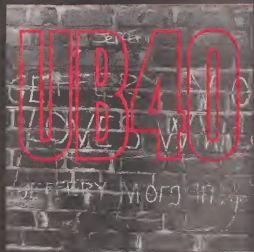
I DON'T WANT YOUR FREEDOM
 I DON'T WANT TO PLAY AROUND
 I DON'T WANT NOBODY BABY
 PART TIME LOVE JUST BRINGS ME DOWN

I DON'T WANT YOUR
 REPEAT EIGHT TIMES

WORDS AND MUSIC GEORGE MICHAEL
 REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION MORRISON LEAHY MUSIC LTD
 ON EPIC RECORDS

WHAM!

A NEW ALBUM OF NEW SONGS



LP DEP 6

RELEASED MONDAY 8th OCTOBER

W.K.C.

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 'IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN'

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 CA DEP 6 DEP CD 6

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 you're doing
 Geffery*

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*9M
 2/51*



ALSO AVAILABLE NOW
 'LABOUR OF LOVE'
 THE FILM
 ON VIDEOCASSETTE
 VHS 051

At home with **HOLLY JOHNSON**

Holly collects things. It was just a few odds and ends in the Liverpool days when he was trying to be an actor and didn't have much money, but since he's moved to London with Frankie Goes To Hollywood his new flat's been filling up rather fast. There's medals, mirrors, masks, hats, walking sticks . . . Jacqueline Bedley gets the guided tour. Mike Putland takes the photos.



"Come in and have a look. Isn't there just a slight difference between this and Toxteth?"

Holly Johnson—cap on head, silver-topped cane in hand, medals pinned to shirt pocket, his rust-torn Liverpool roots now far behind him—nudges open the heavy pine door to his spacious Knightsbridge apartment with a gesture that suggests you're about to be impressed.

Which you are, of course. You're invited into a cool suite of rooms with high ceilings and mostly white painted walls all dotted with a select array of prints, *objets d'art* and old bits of furniture. Apart from the fact that there's a kettle boiling over in the kitchen, it's the kind of effortlessly stylish town residence which you'd expect to belong to some affluent art dealer. Which is also the case. The bloke who owns the flat buys and sells prints, pictures and furniture and rents out the two other bedrooms—one to an architect, the other to the singer with Frankie Goes To Hollywood. All of which is perfect for Holly who's always shared his landlord's ravenous appetite for scoring old junk shops and auctions for antiques. He knows a lot about it, still reads books on the subject, visits museums when he has the time, and sees the place as something very separate from his life with the group.

"We only meet for work," he says between endless cups of coffee. "I think it's disgusting to stick together the whole time. Each of us has his own private life."

And Holly's, you can't help but feel, is a rather exclusive one. When he's home ("not often"), he plays records, reads stuff on history and philosophy and ruminates around in his collection of odds and ends. There's the *papier mache* actor's masks from Liverpool (left over from the time he was trying to do drama) plus piles of paraphernalia acquired "since I had money—not very long". There's the massive assortment of hats, bits of '30s furniture, Picasso prints (actually owned by the art dealer), medals and mirrors. There's even a little plaster sailor that sits on the stairs, possibly Holly's favourite among all his possessions and the one that has most sentimental value. Why did he bring it all the way down from Liverpool?

"Well, he brings me luck. And he makes the plate seem like home."



The *papier mache* actor's masks. "I got them in Liverpool—really cheap"



A '50s art deco mirror from a London auction. "Very proud of this one." He's also got over two dozen hats.



Holly's keyboards—there in case of emergency (i.e. sudden ideas for million-selling singles, double albums etc).



An extremely trendy '60s sideboard. They're not cheap.



In the kitchen. Gary Pearson and Holly Johnson.



"The medals are from places like Lawrence Corner in Camden Town and markets in the Kings Road. I had a real crate about them before 'Two Tribes'. The canteen's my favourite - a silver-topped building which I got new from Harvey Nichols."



Holly and the sailor. "A cheap little rubbishy thing but I love it."

BIG COUNTRY



THE NEW SINGLE
EAST OF EDEN
AVAILABLE ON 7 & 12 INCH

Freddie Mercury



LOVE KILLS

LOVE DON'T GIVE NO COMPENSATION
LOVE DON'T PAY NO BILLS
LOVE DON'T GIVE NO INDICATION
LOVE JUST WON'T STAND STILL

LOVE KILLS
DRILLS YOU THROUGH YOUR HEART
LOVE KILLS
SCARS YOU FROM THE START
IT'S JUST A LIVING PASTIME
RULING YOUR HEARTLINE
STAY FOR A LIFETIME WON'T LET YOU GO
'CAUSE LOVE (LOVE) LOVE (LOVE)
LOVE WON'T LEAVE YOU ALONE

LOVE DON'T MAKE NO RESERVATION
LOVE IS NO SQUARE DEAL
HEY LOVE DON'T GIVE NO JUSTIFICATION
IT STRIKES LIKE COLD STEEL

LOVE KILLS
DRILLS YOU THROUGH YOUR HEART
LOVE KILLS
SCARS YOU FROM THE START
IT'S JUST A LIVING PASTIME
BURNING YOUR HEARTLINE
GIVES YOU A HARD TIME
WON'T LET YOU GO
'CAUSE LOVE (LOVE) LOVE (LOVE)
LOVE WON'T LEAVE YOU ALONE

PLAY WITH YOUR EMOTIONS
OPEN INVITATION TO YOUR HEART
HEY LOVE KILLS
PLAY WITH YOUR EMOTIONS
OPEN INVITATION TO YOUR HEART
TO YOUR HEART
LOVE KILLS (LOVE KILLS) HEY
LOVE KILLS (LOVE KILLS)
LOVE KILLS (KILLS)

LOVE CAN PLAY WITH YOUR EMOTIONS
OPEN INVITATION
LOVE KILLS HEY
DRILLS YOU THROUGH YOUR HEART
LOVE KILLS
SCARS YOU FROM THE START
IT'S JUST A LIVING PASTIME
RULING YOUR HEARTLINE
WON'T LET YOU GO
LOVE KILLS HEY
DRILLS YOU THROUGH YOUR HEART
LOVE KILLS TEARS YOU RIGHT APART
IT WON'T LET GO IT WON'T LET GO
LOVE KILLS YEAH

WORDS AND MUSIC
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QUEEN/MUSIC
ON CBS RECORDS

PAUL McCARTNEY



NEW 7" + 12" SINGLE

**NO MORE
LONELY NIGHTS**



taken from the forthcoming album of the motion picture -
'GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROAD STREET'
also available on cassette & compact disc



WOULD YOU TAKE THIS MAN . . . ?

Photo: Syntex/Amersal



Discipline: August 1988 **Location:** A registry office somewhere in south London. **Occasion:** A wedding. **Man:** Stuart, hard-working, clean-living art student. **Her:** Carol, his blushing bride.

The future looks bright and rosy, but then it happens! Stuart starts getting into punk rock, dressing in funny clothes and snarling on stage. In no time at all he's selling billions of records all over the globe, changing the face of modern music as we know it and being generally rather incredible and megahit. Strange but true: Who on earth can he be? Stumped? Well, you won't be if you turn to page 68 for the amazing truth.

Manitow: will be playing a clutch of Christmas concerts including three nights at Hammersmith Odeon. Dates have the details. They're also going to have a live mini-LP out for anyone who feels brave enough to sample their live show more than once.

BITZ!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Mark Wilson
Bono, Matt Bianco
Mike Rutherford Genesis
Sting



Philip Oakey - The Human League
Robbie Jaymes - Modern Romance
Jimmy Savile
Nina Hendry
Chris Lowe - Pet Shop Boys
Bob Geldof - The Boomtown Rats
Lee Thompson - Madness
Richard Jobson - The Armours Show
Kevin Godley - Godley & Creme
John Cougar Mellencamp
Justice - World's Famous Supreme Team

Space Monkey the chap who released an excellent first single called "Can't Stop Running" about a year ago, has finally got round to making a new record. It's called "Come With Me".

Looks like Dalí's Car the musical liaison between Mick Karn and Pete Murphy, will have an LP ready for autumn release. They'll also be touring around then.

U2's first studio album since the hugely successful "War" last year, is released in October. Called "The Unforgettable Fire", it is produced by Daniel Lanoan and eccentric legend of the studio, Brian Eno. And once the LP is nicely settled in the shops, the group will be taking on the concert halls of Britain. Details in Dates.

Recent converts to the musical magic that is Tina Turner get a chance to "check out" the singer's past on a new compilation album just released on EMI. "Tough Enough!" contains material from the years 1960-1989 when Tina and her then-husband, Ike were teaching the world the meaning of the phrase "dynamic soul duet". **Bitz say** - a rockin' good listen.

Steve Grant last seen in Tight Fit prancing about in a scanty leopard-skin with a pair of female playmates singing the jungle-sque chart-topper "The Lion Sleeps Tonight", has a new single out called "Run For Cover". According to a spokesperson, the disc "heralds the arrival of a brand new kind of music - Dance Orientated Pop".

UB LUCKY

Thumbs aloft from **Bitz** for something new in pop videos! Incorporating clips from the videos for "Cherry Oh Baby", "Red Hot Wine" and "Please Don't Make Me Cry", **UB40's** "Labour Of Love" is a 30 minute love story set in a run down inner city area. The band play scrappyard workers with Robin and Ali Campbell literally battling it out over the girl!

From the opening scenes where Brian Travers and Norman Haasan are attempting to steal a car to an uncomfortably realistic run in with the police, "Labour Of Love's" gritty realism (it's shot in black and white) makes a welcome change from the beach fantasies of the idle rich.

It also happens to be very funny, with Ali in particular a natural in the lead role of the cocky street lod and sax player Brian Travers (who produced it) stealing a scene or two as usual with his deadpan humour.

The soundtrack to all this is none of the songs from UB40's hit "Labour Of Love" album and it's in the shops on 27 September. £15.00 is the price, but here at **Bitz** we have ten copies to give away (that's zero pence etc etc).

Photo: Pat Rafter



UB40's Brian Travers labours for love.

If only we had a question - what luck! Here comes one now. Robin and Ali Campbell are twins - true or false? Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits UB40 Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1. First ten correct entries out of the bag on October 10 each win a copy of the video.

THE FAMILY WAY



Sister Sledge: (left to right) Joni, Kathy, Kim and Debbie.

Debbie Sledge hasn't got a great deal to say about Sister Sledge's current hit, "Lost In Music". It's an old track, a hit back in 1979. Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers of Chic wrote and produced it—like their award and produced the Sisters' other big British hits, "He's The Greatest Dancer", "We Are Family" and "Thinking Of You". Nile Rodgers also re-mixed "Lost In Music" without the Sledge family having anything at all to do with it. They haven't even met Simon Le Bon and Andy Taylor, who contribute "additional backing vocals" to the disc.

"Hopefully when we get to London we'll meet them," shrugs Debbie, 30 the oldest sister. "But it's an exciting thing to us having a hit from a previous LP. We take that as a compliment, that our music is sold."

Debbie, Kathy, Joni and Kim have been singing together since they were all at school. There was a fifth sister, Carol, but when the going got professional she chickened out to become a high school teacher. The rest of them get on fine. Just as well, seeing as they spend 80% of the year touring together.

When they're not "on the road", Debbie ("I'm the quiet one") lives in Kentucky with her husband and their five children. Kathy (who's into music, dancing and having fun) is married with two children and still lives in Philadelphia, where the Sledges all grew up. Kim, single and "sort of intellectual", still lives in Philadelphia too but may soon be moving to Boston. And Joni, "the kind of person who goes from being very depressed to very exhilarated", lives on the West Coast.

"It's a whole different thing at home," purrs Debbie. "I'm no longer a singer. I'm a mother and a wife."

With five kids, Sledge suggests, she could start another family group. "I could," she replies doubtfully. "They do sing a lot around the house."

Heard of **The Art Of Noise**, pet project of **Trevor Horn** and makers of some super-amazing 12-inchers? Well, now meet **The Noise Of Art**, a grand mucky-take by musical computer buffa, **Mainframe**. The record's called "Into Trouble With The Noise Of Art" and it's on Ying Yang Yumm records.

The Fall, one of the strangest groups in pop's rich history (e.g. they do things like "siphon noise into aerosol mists" and are generally rather odd) release a new album on October 5 called "The Wonderful And Frightening World Of...". Producer John Leckie describes the disc as "unlike anything you've heard before". Chilling words, indeed.

Imagination are doing a couple of London concerts at Christmas. See Dates for dates.

Shakata will be touring England during November. You'll find the details in Dates.

Jesse! Meuk! and tasteful rock combo **Twisted Sister** have just released a video called "Stay Hungry". It goes on for an hour and is packed with all your favourite "Twisted" songs: "nunts in gruesome color-ar. Don't forget the cat muffs, Mum.

Grand old trouper **Alvin Stardust** has a new single, "I Won't Run Away", out on September 28.

The Hip-Hop compilation LPs just keep on coming. **Street Sounds** are now up to "Electro 5" which, like its four predecessors, is chock full of unscissably recent sounds that even the *It's Hip-Hop* deck hasn't heard yet. Meanwhile, out comes "Street Beats Vol. 1", a collection of tracks from the Sugarhill label (including the award-winning "White Lanes (Don't Don't Do It)", Expect Vols. 2, 3, 4 etc in the not too distant future.

As everybody knows, September 3-9 is **Buddy Holly Week**. This year **Paul McCartney**—who has always been nuts about his music and now owns all his songs and organizes the celebrations—decided to have a competition and asked people to send in portraits of the late '50s singer. A 75-year-old chap called **Albert Victor Campin Walter** won and his picture, along with some of the runners-up, now adorn the sleeves of ten re-released **Buddy Holly** singles. Very nice they are too. They come individually, or in a box.

The British handkerchief industry is expected to do booming business in November when **Barry Manilow** 'yets' in for some concerts. Details in Dates.

FAN CLUBS

enclon an S.A.E.

Level 42
PO Box 81
Cobham

Surrey KT 11 2HD

Thompson Twins

Twinks
PO Box 458
London SW10 9AW

Big Country

The Country Club
36-40 St Andrews Street
Northampton
NN1 6HY

Last issue we reviewed **The Sany Tape Rock Review** and remarked that, given the shaky contents, it wasn't terribly good value at £3.95.

Promptly in the post came a letter from a miffed Sony person, pointing out that for £3 you can get a copy with four C-90 tapes stuck to the cover. Better value, we agree. Silly of them not to tell us in the first place.



With his new single "Apollo 9", **Adam Asta** has whizzed off into space to boliday go where no man has



"Hello, viewers. Floppy Bunny here.

That's me up there being manhandled by a doc-eyed toddler about 30 years ago. The things I had to put up with back then! I mean, the little monster used to think that smearing Marmite soldiers in my whiskers was a great joke! But these days he's far too busy tonking about in his v. famous pop group to even bother with the likes of me. So here I am back in the toy cupboard, forlorn and forgotten. Charming!" (To discover the identity of the rabbit owner, curious readers, turn to page 68.)

Seven years on from his total motor-car accident, **Marc Bolan**, the prince of glam pop, returns. Not literally you understand, but in video form which is the best thing.

"**Marc On Video**" features the elfin singer at his peak, performing such notorious pop gems as "Telepatin Sam" and "Jeepster with guitar on his cheeks and a post on his lip. The 80 minute video is released at the end of October.

gone before, and back on planet Biter we're keeping our fingers crossed for a safe return. Before blasting off, **Adam** left in our care a unique moment of his historic journey in the shape of the "Apollo 9" plaques, pictured here, signed by him and his three crew members. It's the only one of its kind in the entire universe and so we've decided to give it away to one of you for safe-keeping in another easy-to-enter **Biter** contest. PLUS we're also throwing in 15 signed copies of the "Apollo 9" 12" single. The astronomer-inspired question is: Who was the first man to walk on the moon: a) Yuri Gagarin; b) Neil Armstrong; or c) Sting?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits Adam Ast Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PT. Get them here by October 10. Minus ten and counting...

AZTEC CAMERA *Knife*

Schlitz

Beer presents

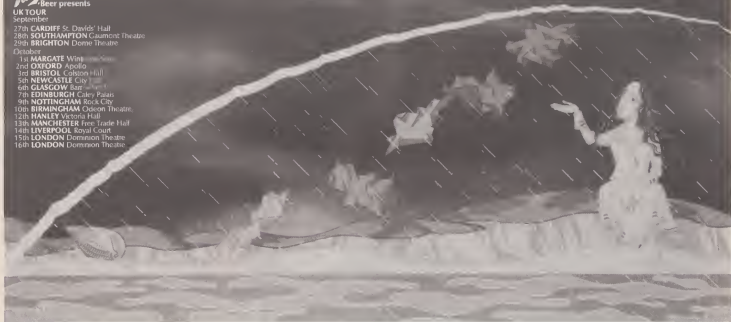
UK TOUR

September

27th **CARDIFF** St. Davids' Hall
28th **SOUTHAMPTON** Gaumont Theatre
29th **BRIGHTON** Dome Theatre

October

1st **MARGATE** Winton
2nd **OXFORD** Apollo
3rd **BRISTOL** Colston Hall
5th **NEWCASTLE** City Hall
6th **GLASGOW** Sage
7th **EDINBURGH** Caley Palace
9th **NOTTINGHAM** Rock City
10th **BIRMINGHAM** Odson Theatre
12th **HANLEY** Victoria Hall
13th **MANCHESTER** Free Trade Hall
14th **LIVERPOOL** Royal Court
15th **LONDON** Dominion Theatre
16th **LONDON** Dominion Theatre



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W E L C O M E T O T H E

A L T E R N A T I V E

T O P F O R T Y S H O W

Pirate radio has certainly shaken things up but at least Capital is rising to the challenge.

After his "sudden" departure from Radio 1, David Jensen's had a whole summer to recharge his batteries. In preparation for his new 9-11.30 morning slot on London's Capital Radio. An integral part of the station's reshuffle, David will also be presenting their new *Network Chart Show*. Starting on Sunday, September 30, it will be transmitted on 41 local commercial stations between 5 and 7pm, "taking on Radio 1 at its strongest" - in other words in direct competition with Radio 1's *Top Forty Show* which has a regular audience of six to seven million.

Put together by the market research company MRIB, the chart will use the sales from 300 record shops nationwide in conjunction with local radio airplay (including what stations call 'climbers', or records of the week). David is confident the show will "be more accurate than the existing BB C chart. Gallup over-represents some types of music and under-represents others, like that of the independent labels. We hope to rectify that."

There's even talk of a TV show to go with it, but at present talk is all there is.

Born in Victoria, Canada, 34 years ago, David Jensen has been involved in broadcasting since the age of 16. His first job (apart from delivering papers) was on a local classical station. But he soon moved into less high-brow circles. Tapes were sent to Radio Luxembourg - then home of Noel Edmonds and Paul Burnett - and he was immediately summoned.

"They said I had 96 hours to get there, but first I had to get the required note of permission from my Mum" (he was only 18 at the time, making him Europe's youngest DJ - hence the 'Kid' tag). He stayed there for seven years.



"London's got the most exciting music scene in the world and this station should be the flagship for that."

6-7 million people in Britain listen to Radio 1's Top Forty Show every Sunday evening. Now it's got some competition. Starting on September 30 (at exactly the same time, 5-7pm), London's Capital Radio will be broadcasting a nationwide show based on a different chart which, they think, gives a fairer picture of what singles are actually selling. And the show's hosted by the bloke who's just fled from Radio 1, David Jensen.

Words: Peter Marlin Photo: Paul Rider

David Jensen at Capital Radio: "It's a far more free-wheeling than Radio 1."



"Itchy feet" eventually took over and he took up Granada TV's offer of presenting *Rock On 45*, which featured people like Bowie, Marc Bolan and the Bay City Rollers. Around the same time he was working on Radio Trent on the advice of the head of Radio 1, Derek Chinriery. After 14 months in Nottingham he got the "big come on down from The Beeb". Also during that period he presented Yorkshire TV's *Pop Quiz* (an early version of *Pop Quiz*).

After a year on the Radio 1 Saturday morning slot, then taking over D.L.T.'s feature show (on which he had early sessions from bands like The Police and The Pretenders), he was "interrupted by megabucks". By this he means a stint on the WTBS Atlanta-based TV station, in Georgia, USA. He presented a news magazine show. "It was like Disneyland - swimming pools, a couple of cars. But wanderlust set in. I missed home, friends, the dearth of culture, the music scene and I just felt my existence was a little shallow."

After a year and a half he came back, once again to Radio 1, this time to do the now famous 8-10 evening show.

"I'm very proud of that show. I formed a valuable friendship with Peel and was given the chance to play bands like Culture Club and Frankie for the first time on national radio. But in the end I felt I'd gone as far as I could go with it." Again it was time to move on, this time to Capital.

"I wanted to get back to working in the daytime and also, on secret visits, I found I really liked the atmosphere in Capital. It was far more free-wheeling than at Radio 1, and also I like the fact that everyone here moves as one, all trying to regain Capital's rightful place as London's biggest and best station." He adds, getting quite passionate at this point, "I want the station to be like those in New York - to give off energy and make you feel the city's a great place to be in. After all, London's got the most exciting music scene in the world and this station should be the flagship for that."

WHAM!



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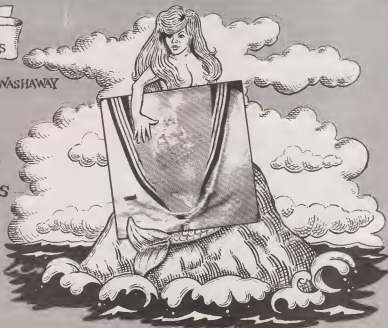
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THE STYLE COUNCIL



SHOUT TO THE TOP

I was half in mind
I was half in need
And as the rain came down
I dropped to my knees and I prayed

I said oh heavenly thing please cleanse my soul
I've seen all on offer and I'm not impressed at all
I was half way home
I was half insane
And every shop window I looked in, just looked the same
I said sow seed me a sign to save my life
'Cause at this moment in time
There's nothing certain in these days of mine

Chorus
It's a frightening thing when it downs upon you
That I know as much as the day I was born and
Though I wasn't asked I might as well stay and
I promise myself each and every day that

When you're knocked on your back
And your life's a slop
And when you're down on the bottom
There's nothing else but to shout to the top
Well you gonna shout to the top
We're gonna shout to the top
Oh we're gonna shout to the top

Hey we're gonna shout to the top

Repeat chorus

We've gonna shout to the top
We're gonna shout to the top
We're gonna shout to the top
We're gonna shout to the top
We're gonna shout to the top
We're gonna shout to the top

(Shout to the top shout)
When you're knocked on your back
And your life's a slop
(Shout to the top shout)
And when you're down on the bottom
There's nothing else but to shout to the top
(Shout to the top shout)
Oh we're gonna shout to the top shout
We're gonna shout to the top shout

Repeat 16x64e

Words and music: P. Miller
Reproduced by permission EMI Music Pubs
On Polydisc Records

EAST OF EDEN

I feel the way the wind blows
It tells me where you've been through
I watch the way the sun sets
Until the night's inside you

Some days I just don't worry
I let it walk through me
Some days I need to bury
The very depths of me
So out here to the east of Eden
I let salva-bee be

Chorus
I was waiting
I was watching
Would it ever be before me
And I found that hope
And a lucky card
Wore all I had to walk with me
(Had to walk with me)

I watch the way the crow flies
I know it always seems so easy
But I see it is a grey sky
Can I be sure
About the way it leads me

Some days I just don't worry
I let it walk through me
Some days I cell upon
The very depths of me
So out here to the east of Eden
I watch your soul run free

Repeat chorus twice

Some days will stay a thousand years
Some pass like the flesh of a spark
Who knows where all our days go
Out here we lie together
Outside the thunder gathers
Why care about the weather
It always eeds to derk

I looked west in search of freedom
And I saw slavery
I looked east in search of answers
And I saw misery

Some days I just don't worry
I let it walk through me
Some days I walk into
The very depths of me
So out here to the east of Eden
I let my conscience be

Repeat chorus

Words and music: Adamson/Buller/
Bashkin/Watson
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On Mercury Records

by
BIG COUNTRY



GEORGE MICHAEL



ANDREW RIDGELEY



> HEY...WOW...CRITICAL...FABEROO



I...

Wrangler
THAT'S WHAT'S GOING ON.



Handle without care.

STRETCH
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JACKET · LOT NO. 709 ·

SINGLES

reviewed by



Vici MacDonald

CULTURE CLUB: *The War Song* (Virgin) George has come to the fore with a profound conviction that both war and people are stupid, and since he delivers the message in just about every language except Lithuanian and Swahili, he obviously feels it's important. Still, true lyrics aside, the song's so infernally catchy that I've been whistling it all weekend (although I can't quite manage the "Aaaaawwwright!" in the middle yet), and it's got to be Single Of The Fortnight. Whether I'll feel quite the same when everyone from the neighbour's budgie to the weird bloke downstairs is whistling it too is another matter, of course. Oh well, I can't wait to see the video.

DIVINE: *In So Beautiful* (Proto) Divine's already beaten Gary Glitter's long-standing record for Most Sequins Needed To Cover One Human Being and now he pops up with a song which could easily have been written for the Great Spangled One himself. In other words, not a lot of tune, but much chanzing of "I'm so beautiful" and other tenderly blatant lies. I expect Divine had to have his tongue surgically removed from his cheek after recording this.

THE STYLE COUNCIL: *To The Top* (Polydor) Once more Mr. Weller plunders the past to give us yet another passable imitation of those baggy-trousered soul stompers of yore. Personally, I've never been able to understand why he spends so much time and energy attempting to emulate something that's already been done - and far better - before. Must be all that capuccino.

SURVIVOR: *The Moment Of Truth* (Casablanca) Taken from the film *The Karate Kid*, this horrible example of American pomp-rock tempted me to try a spot of the old martial arts myself. One swift chop of the hand and - BLAM!! - the vile slice of vinyl was reduced to dust. (Actually, that's not quite true - I had to hit it loads of times with a hammer before it broke).

JANET JACKSON & CLIFF RICHARD: *Two To The Power* (A&M) Realising that he's the only person left in the entire cosmos who hasn't dined with a member of the Jackson family, Cliff has attempted to rectify the situation by nabbing the youngest of the clan, namely Janet. However, since the song is so weak he needn't have bothered really.



BILLY IDOL: *Flesh For Fantasy* (Chrysalis) Billy's passionate devotion to "rawkanroll" normally leaves me cold, but here the buzz-saw guitars, mighty drumming and snarled vocals all combine to produce a powerfully driving record with about 19 times more energy than anything else released this week. The tune's pretty good too, which isn't surprising seeing as it's lifted almost wholesale from Simple Minds' brilliant "Up On The Catwalk".

BARRY GIBB: *Shine Shine* (Polydor) It's difficult to take Barry Gibb's singing seriously - he always sounds as if he's being shaken vigorously by the throat in a giant wind-tunnel, whilst wearing a pair of trousers far too tight for comfort. But despite his weedy warbling, this proves to be a pleasantly bright and tuneful affair, enhanced considerably by some nifty salsa-style brass.

M.E.F.F.: *Never Stop (A Message)* (Respond) Paul Weller produced this lame attempt at jazz-funk, and he's clearly no Quincy Jones. The whole thing fairly lumps along, lacking both the punch and sparkle needed to lift it above the mundane. If it weren't for the Weybridge Wonder's involvement in the project, the record surely had been dumped in the 'boring' box long ago.

KIM WILDE: *The Second Time* (Rak) Rocky and Mandy Wilde (her brother and Dad) always manage to build a classic indie pop song around Kim's vulnerable falsetto, yet for some reason she doesn't do as well

in the charts as she used to. I've got most of her singles, but it's a sad fact that they were all found in bargain bins.



BIG COUNTRY: *East Of Eden* (Mercury) The production on this record is truly awful. The instruments blur into one muddy, thrashing mass, completely submerging any hapless tune which might be struggling to escape. (It sounds the same on the radio, so I know it's not my stylus.) The B-side, a brutally massacred version of Roxi Music's wonderful "Prairie Rose", is even worse. Yuck!

FEARFUL SHARKNEY: *Listen To Your Father* (Virgin) This man has got one of the best voices around - yearning, plaintive and woefully sweet. I'm not ashamed to admit that, when performing *The Undertones*' perfect pop songs, he could bring a tear to my eye. What, then, is he doing on this foul pub-rock thingy? It sounds as if Chas 'N' Dave are in there somewhere. A terrible waste! I had to go and play a few Undertones records to console myself after listening to this.



PRINCE & THE REVOLUTION: *Purple Rain* (Warner Bros.) This consists almost entirely of Prince and his mates chanting the title, while a fuzzy guitar plunks moodily behind them. Gradually they all get a bit worked up about something or other until, by the end, the guitar's going completely mental. Prince's mates are in an utter frenzy and Prince himself is in such a state he sounds as if he's about to expire at any moment. I know it's all supposed to be desperately sexy and steamy but, me, I remain unconvinced.

BONAVENTURA: *When Malynydy Sings* (TLO) I put off listening to this for ages - the sleeve's naff attempt at trendiness led me to expect something hideously pretentious

from Jeremy (Hayzi Fantazyse). Healy's new group. How foolish! This turns out to be really enjoyable, a lazy, summery jaunty which owes more than a little to late 70s disco (Silver Convention, Cerrone etc.). Apparently it's based on a 200 year old slave song, but you'd never guess.

QUEEN: *Hammer To Fall* (EMI) When people start referring to their musical output as 'product' - as Freddie Mercury did on Radio 1's *Saturday Live* the other day - it's a sure sign that the tinkle of cash registers has become more important than artistic integrity. This time it's Brian May's turn to put a bit of money in the bank and, although his song's about as modern as his stage outfits (i.e. prehistoric), it's bound to be a monster hit. How depressing.

GETTING THE FEAR: *Last Salute* (RCA) Choo-fall of the ancient art of 'heavy synth riffing', this has got a touch of chorlines about it, as you'd expect from a group who used to be part of Southern Death Cult. At first it seems to go on a bit, but you soon find yourself whistling it in the bath (which sounds very ghostly). An excellent record.

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL: *Native Land* (WEA) Although the lyrics are quite challenging, this jazzy, late-'night' music is perfect to 'mellow out' and 'get laid back' to. The only jarring note is the suspiciously out-of-tune harmonica in the middle. What's wrong with a lick bit of flute?

TIK & TOK: *Higher Ground* (Survival) The weird bloke downstairs has got a synthesizer and at 2am he often feels the urge to play it in an extremely loud and tuneless manner. His singing is in much the same vein, and he's never happier than when murdering some 'Golden Oldie'. This reminds me of 'him.



FREDDIE MERCURY: *Love Kills* (CBS) Ace German producer Giorgio Moroder's such a big fan of the revered silent film *Metropolis* (excerpts from which you might have seen in a recent *Kelly Girl* TV ad) that he's recorded a whole new soundtrack for it, of which this is a part. It's hard to believe, but Freddie starts off sounding just like Nik Kershaw, and things go rapidly downhill from then on. I can heartily recommend the film but, if this is anything to go by, a pair of earplugs might come in handy.

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ALBUMS

TOM ROBINSON: Hope And Glory (RCA) This is not the album of the week, but it is a gem. "Radio Don't Lose Your Religion" is sort of "War Baby." If you're not into that, you'll like this - and for good reason. It's a fine-tuned, words and melody machine, with that sax blaring up and up your spine. The overall sound might be slightly old-fashioned, but it's a low in tech it's high on heart and soul. TR delivers strong feelings without getting too emotional. One to soak in. (8½ out of 10)

Phil Sutcliffe

LET'S ACTIVE: Cypress (IRS) Mitch Easter was the brain behind American rock-flops The Seekers in the 60's. Then he started producing R.E.M., who sold some discs in America and made him a million or more. Now, with a couple of girlfriends, Faye Hunter and Sara Romweber, he's got an independently financed career of his own. And

they're so good. Sparkling guitars, supreme vocal whines, tingling, layered production, above all superb songs that aren't afraid of the past. It's just the best LP I've heard all year, and proves that not all American twangsters have been driven stupid by MTV. (9 out of 10)

Tom Hibberd



HEAVEN 11: How Men Are (Virgin) The trouble with this lot is that I doubt anyone but Owen, Maryn and Ian really know what they're on about. Although "How Men Are" is apparently full of jokes and "political implications" (all royalties from one track go to CND), after a weekend's furious listening I feel safe in saying only that this is a very weird LP. More relaxed than on their last two, the music tends towards an odd no-person's-land that is neither balladry nor funky but a bit of both. There are no even remotely interesting vocal variations, say, the routing "Crushed By The Wheels" or the romantic "Come Live With Me". I mean, what's "Shame On

"The Rocks" when it's a theme that even when it's down the disco? These men are baffling and, frankly, I love them for it. (8 out of 10)

Dave Rumner

FRIENDS AGAIN: Trapped and Unwrapped (Phonogram) Comparisons with Arctic Camera for the Glaswegian Friends Again are inevitable, even though they easily hold their own with a stylish first album of clean cut pop. Beautiful acoustic guitar arrangements, sultry vocals (singer Chris Thompson sounds like a young David Bowie) and a definite country and western feel to certain tracks all add up to a very smooth and classy performance. Although a bit has so far eluded them, this album deserves to be huge. (8 out of 10)

Simon Braithwaite

DEPECHE MODE: Some Great Reward (Mute) Opening with what sounds like an vibrating brain scanner, the LP ends with a human breath. What lies inbetween is a complex interaction between a metallic, computerised rhythmic core and more organic sounds, ranging from sparking to spinning tops, like "I Construction Time Again" it analyses politics, power and the more ideologically unsound aspects of life. Framing all of this in sturdy pop songs riddled with intoxicating melodies. One word of warning: it sounds wrong on an old-fashioned cassette. (8½ out of 10)

Peter Martin

DAVID BOWIE: Tonight (Mercury) America! David Bowie is at his best when he's playing some outrageous character or when a collaborator inspires him. Neither seems to be happening on "Tonight", instead it's an uneasy bumper collection of mixture of styles. It's a somewhat lightweight program of "Here I Go Again" to the slow motion "Dancing of God Only Knows" (a Beach Boys number) and the moody, harsh rhythms of "Tumble And Go". You get the feeling that the album's main aim might be to irritate you, and it is giving the "Tonight" album the same songs that sound like they were made are the two winners. "Dancing of God" and "The Bus" give it a bit of life, and the chilly sweep of "Tonight" is a bit of a still. David Bowie does have a habit of sneaking up on you, and "Tonight" is no exception. It might be harder to get into than "Tonight". (8 out of 10)

BILLY BRAGG: Brewing Up With Billy Bragg (Geff) Bragg is a folkie mystic without many mystics. The sound of frantically plucked strings, the odd folk instrument and that really abrupt ending make one man band who is one of the most people in the world. "Brewing Up With Billy Bragg" is a folkie mystic with more of the same, but it's raw, clipped, wry, so go on. Love life, politics, the press, and love personally. It's about as far from an RLO as you can get. No bad thing. (8 out of 10)

Mark Ellen



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5 DUBLIN SFX Centre
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12 BIRMINGHAM Odeon
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14 BLACKBURN King Georges Hall

16 GLASGOW Barrowland
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I've been looking everywhere for a "Shout!" top as worn by the Shillelagh Sisters on *Hold Tight* (August 8). Where can I get one?

Jacky, Sunny Cleethorpes.

● Singing Sister Jacqui actually made the top with her own fair hands, using an old grendad shirt, a stencil and a can of spray cer paint. She advises that once the shirt's been sprayed, it's best to leave it for four or five hours before making any attempt to move it. In between miking clothes and working late nights as a receptionist in a West End club, she also makes records and they release a new single "Passion Fruit" this week. The Shillelaghs also plan a tour of 'alternative' venues and are currently working on persuading property owners to allow them to play in their swimming pools.



An artist's impression of a Shillelagh Sisters' shirt. (It's by band member Jacqui, actually)

In the "Is There Anybody Out There?" feature some weeks back, I was surprised to see that The Strenglers had not been included. Have they split up or are they just having a rest?

● As mentioned in *Blitz* a couple of issues ago, they release their first single for 13 months this very week. Titled "Skin Deep", it's to be followed by an album "Aural Sculpture". The group have spent much of the past year writing songs and rehearsing - although keyboards player Dave Greenfield also found time to develop a new computer adventure game. Based around the "search for an ear", it's designed to fit into a Sinclair Spectrum computer, and Epic have plans to include it on the cassette version of "Aural Sculpture". Also, did you know that The Strenglers celebrate ten years of being together this month? Neither did I.

Please supply a list of all Iron Maiden's singles and albums. Also, I was looking at the sleeve of "The Number Of The Beast" and noticed a credit for a Howard "Hawk Eye" Jones. It's not him, is it?

Maiden Fein, Bishop's Stortford.

● On EMI, the singles were: "Running Free" (February 1980), "Sanctuary" (May '80), "Women In Uniform" (Oct '80), "The Twilight Zone" (Mar '81), "Purgatory" (Jun '81), "Maiden Japan" (live EP, Sep '81), "Run To The Hills" (Feb '82), "The Number Of The Beast" (Apr '82), "Flight Of Icarus" (Apr '83), "The Trooper" (Jun '83) and "Two Minutes To Midnight" (August '84). Albums: "Iron Maiden" (Apr '80), "Killers" (Feb '81), "The Number Of The Beast" (Mar '82), "Piece Of Mind" (May '83) and "Power Slave" (Sep '84). As for the aforementioned "Hawk Eye", he happens to be the Maiden's kindly solicitor, no less.



GET SMART

Can you tell me how many different languages are written on the cover of the International Re-Mix of Howard Jones' "Like To Get To Know You Well" and, also, what they are?

Gail, Manchester.

● The nine different ways of saying "Like To Get To Know You Well" are written in English, Dutch, Spanish, German, Japanese, Italian, Greek, French and Swedish.

A few Sundays ago I watched a programme called *Father's Day* and noticed that the theme tune was sung by Paul Young. Could you tell me if it's available as a single?

Helena, Derby.

● Unfortunately, it's not. Paul recorded it over two years ago as a favour to the composers Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook, but this was before he'd signed to CBS and it doesn't look as if it'll ever be released now. Incidentally, Paul's next single is a cover of the old live chestnut "I'm Gonna Tear Your Playhouse Down", due out the first week of October.

Please can you tell me when Hezelle Dean's birthday is as I'm mad about her. Also, do you know where she gets her clothes from as I think they look really good!

Claire, Solihull.

● Her 26th birthday's on October 27. Now that Haze has moved to a flat in London, she tends to shop either in Oxford Street or with loads of other pop stars in the more upmarket Kings Road. However, she still has a fondness for Southern's High Street which she used to haunt before all this fame and fortune came her way.

I thought it best to check with you first before I send off to join the Nik Kershaw fan club. Please supply a rating for it!

Kershaw Fan, Kent.

● Her 26th birthday's on October 27. Now that Haze has moved to a flat in London, she tends to shop either in Oxford Street or with loads of other pop stars in the more upmarket Kings Road. However, she still has a fondness for Southern's High Street which she used to haunt before all this fame and fortune came her way.

personal touch" by answering all individual fans' letters once the obligatory stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. Sounds ludicrously commendable. For an application form, send SAE to: Kershaw Club, PO Box 46, London NW7 2AS.

Please supply some information about Redio 1 DJ Mark Pege. I've never seen him and am curious to see what he looks like. I also love his accent.

Paul Young's Tonsils, Barnsley.

● Mark, who describes himself as "a total workaholic and avid meat eater", was born on October 13, '58 in Middlesbrough. After a stint working for Redio Tees, he joined Redio 1 at the age of 23 to present the early morning weekend shows (6-8am) although he'll also be taking over the Friday afternoon show from October 5 (2.30-4.30pm). Living in Darlington, he has to commute by air to London for half the week but he appears intent on retaining the links with his home town. "The north-east is in my blood," he asserts, "and it has taken something very special, like Redio 1, to keep me away for any length of time".



Photo: BBC

'Me' Mark Pege: "a total workaholic and an avid meat-eater"

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PAUL McCARTNEY

**'NO
'MORE
'LONELY
'NIGHTS**



I can wait another day until I call you
You've only got my heart on a string
And everything's a flutter
But another lonely night (and another and another)
'Might take forever (and another 'nother 'nother)

We've only got each other to blame
It's all the same to me love
'Cause I know what I feel to be right

No more lonely nights
No more lonely nights
You're my guiding light
Day or night I'm always there

May I never miss the thrill (and another and another)
Of being near you (and another 'nother 'nother)
And if takes a couple of years
To turn your tears to laughter
I will do what I feel to be right

Chorus

No more lonely nights never be another
No more lonely nights
You're my guiding light
Day or night I'm always there

And I won't go away until you tell me so
No I'll never go away
Yes I know (I know) what I feel (I feel) to be right

Repeat chorus

And I won't go away until you tell me so
No I'll never go away
And I won't go away until you tell me so
No I'll never go away
No more lonely nights no no

Words and music Paul McCartney
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B O Y S K E E P

S W I N G I N G

Top: Bronski Beat laugh unkindly as the photographer falls off the big wheel—(left to right) Larry, Steve, Jimi. Bottom: on Coney Island. "Beach balls are so camp," claims Larry.



Bronski Beat are in New York City—going to dodgy clubs, the beach, the fair, making a video that's full of housewives on rollerskates and trying to find an American record company that isn't "scared to death of three faggots". David Keeps tags along. Nesti Mendoza takes the photos.

The doors to *he Egie*, one of Manhattan's, er, young men's social clubs, swing open and the strains of "Smalltown Boy" spill out onto the street. Jimi Somerville springs forward and slams the doors shut. "I'm not going in there," he gasps. "It does my head in when that happens. It's just so embarrassing."

And so it's crosstown to *The Pyramid*, an "alternative cabaret", to be regaled by punk poetess Lydie Lunch. Pushing our way to the very front, we are treated to the rather curious sight of two insolent blokes engaged in a very strange ritual. One is apparently trying to do himself in with a variety of offensive weapons, whilst the other crouches in front of a bucket and drips fake blood over his naked body. For the finale, the unclothed one convulses and kicks the bucket directly into the audience.

The "blood"—spattered Mr Somerville is not amused. "Who's going to pay my dry cleaning bill?" he bellows. "PUNK IS DEAD!"

Bronski Beat, however, are alive and kicking up their heels in New York City. They've been traipsing around the usual tourist spots like Coney Island and "checking out the clubs" whenever they get a break from putting the finishing touches to their first LP called "Age Of Consent". Working "9 to 5, uninterrupted" seems a welcome change from the London music scene, where even these retiring chaps have to admit that they've become certifiable celebrities.

"When I first moved into my council flat," Jimi recalls, "the neighbours painted 'Glue Sniffers Out' on the walls. They even tried to set the flat on fire, but the other day I opened the door and there was a can of Coke and a copy of *Smash Hits* with us in it sitting outside."

Bronski Beat aren't quite so famous in America, yet. "Smalltown Boy" is selling incredibly well but the lads still don't have an American record deal.

"There are only two companies that aren't scared to death of three feggots," Jimi shrugs, as a heavy metal trussvantele capers across an MTV screen. "But look at her, she's creezy. Compared to that, we're practically normal."

Well, almost. Larry Steinbechek, Jimi teases, has turned into "a pop star, staying at the *Perker Meridien* (a first-class hotel) and hobnobbin' with the snoots and the wealthy." Steve's there too, "because the food is fab." Jimi moved into the famed *Chaisee Hotel*—where Sid Vicious spent his final days—because "it's got character; it's tecky, but it's honest."

They squebble and dish each other like only three very close friends can, but all agree that, "success has made us stronger." "All bends make music," Jimi observes, "but we make politics as well, only we try to make it accessible, and even a bit of fun."

Towards that end, there's that brand new single—"Why?"—that they reckon is likely to be controversial. Why?

"Well, it's all about oppression and prejudice," Larry explains. "It's definitely going to be talked about, because Jimi is singing about kissing a man. If it's banned, then we're prepared to do a version with a bleep on the offending word—which is 'his'—and that would make the censors look pretty stupid, wouldn't it?"

The video for "Why?", which was recently completed at Elstree Studios (home of *Ster Wars*), is described as "a giant production." It sounds like a Judgement Day allegory set in a tri-level department store with "angels, proletariats and housewives on roller skates". "We were going to have Joen Collins and all these sleepy women playing the judges," Larry confesses, "but that would be oppressing women."

Though they expect the video will get a lot of play, Jimi seems more excited about the TV premiere of *Fremed Youth: Revenge of the Teenage Perverts*, the small-screen project about gay youths in London that first brought him together with Steve and Larry. "It won this prestigious John Grierson Award at the Film Institute, which means it's got to get shown on television, but at the same time it's a video nasty, so they have a problem," he laughs. It also features Jimi's first-ever vocal performance on a tune called "Screaming," which according to the wee better is "Just me, a drumbox and my angst."

None of that angst seemed evident when Bronski Beat made an unannounced appearance at *The Pyramid*, and Jimi's bluesy howls were miles away from the "ultimate high energy" effect of "Why?".

"Even I'm not sure that somebody can sit through a whole album of that voice," Jimi demurs. And so there's 'Junk' which showcases the bottom end of his "three, I dunno, maybe four octave" range.

There are other surprises on the LP, too, like a tepid cello-ed percussion to "Meetwewe" and a cover version of *Donne Summer's* "I Feel Love" featuring cellos and a gay male choir. Then there's a "very Radio 2" rendering of *George Gershwin's* "It Ain't Necessarily So" which should make a "reasonably blasphemous Christmas single."

Even without the wiggy, but wonderful embellishments, the live Bronski are riveting. After two sweaty sets this normally blasé New York crowd is still hollering for more. And the band is happy to oblige. The equipment, however, has different ideas, and as they lurch into "Junk" it peters out completely. So much for their New York debut, but as usual, the opinionated Mr Somerville gets the last word.

"Thank you very much," he trills. "Te- ra."



Larry gets stuck into some genuine East Coast health food.



Sampling the family entertainment at the fair. "Reminds me of Southend," says Larry.



"We love amusement parks. They're a squeal!"



The incredibly terrifying Bronski Beat manage to get a whole subway train to themselves.

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stephanie mills



DANGER EYES ARE NO SURPRISE IN STAYING WISE TO YOU
SHADY WALKS AND MIDNIGHT STALKS SHOWED ME WHAT TO DO
KEPT MY COOL THIS AIN'T NO FOOL YOU THINK YOU'RE MISSING WITH
I KNOW HOW TO KEEP YOU AROUND 'CAUSE I KNOW WHERE YOU BEEN

YOU THINK THAT THEY REALLY WANT JUST YOU
BETTER THINK AGAIN BETTER THINK AGAIN
I'M THE ONLY ONE KNOWS WHAT TO DO
'CAUSE YOU BEEN BAD BABY OH SO BAD
BABY AND THERE'S ONLY ONE THING CAN BE DONE
YOU NEED A LITTLE BIT OF THIS MEDICINE JUST A LITTLE TOUCH YEAH
MAMA'S GONNA GIVE YOU SOME MEDICINE JUST A LITTLE TOUCH YEAH
MAMA'S GONNA GIVE YOU SOME MEDICINE

EVERY TIME I THINK YOU'RE MINE YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING NEW
'OOONE ALMOST EVERYTHING TO TRY TO GET TO YOU
ALL MY FRIENDS ARE JUST DEAD ENDS IN HELPING ME ALONG
I JUST KEEP ON WONDERING WHAT AM I DOING WRONG
THERE IS ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO TRY TRY TRY! IT AGAIN OO IT AGAIN
ON THIS CURE I'M SURE I CAN RELY
'CAUSE YOU'VE BEEN BAD BABY OH SO BAD
AND THERE'S ONLY ONE THING CAN BE DONE

YOU NEED A LITTLE BIT OF THIS MEDICINE JUST A LITTLE LITTLE TOUCH YEAH
MAMA'S GONNA GIVE YOU SOME MEDICINE JUST A LITTLE TOUCH YEAH
YOU NEED A LITTLE BIT OF THIS MEDICINE (OH MEDICINE)
MAMA'S GONNA GIVE YOU SOME MEDICINE
MAMA'S GONNA GIVE YOU SOME MEDICINE
'CAUSE YOU'VE BEEN BAD BABY OH BEEN SO BAD
AND THERE'S ONLY ONE THING CAN BE DONE

TAKE YOUR MEDICINE (DOCTOR'S HERE)
TAKE YOUR MEDICINE (THE NURSE IS HERE)
TAKE YOUR MEDICINE (DON'T YOU WANNA GET CURE?)
TAKE YOUR MEDICINE (TAKE YOUR MEDICINE BABY)
TAKE YOUR MEDICINE (TAKE YOUR MEDICINE HONEY)
TAKE YOUR MEDICINE (AW COME ON)
TAKE YOUR MEDICINE (GO ON AND TAKE IT)
TAKE YOUR MEDICINE (GO ON AND TAKE IT)

YOU GOTTA TAKE IT IF YOU WANNA SHAKE IT
MEDICINE YOU GOTTA TAKE IT IF YOU WANNA SHAKE IT
MEDICINE YOU GOTTA TAKE IT IF YOU WANNA SHAKE IT
MEDICINE YOU GOTTA TAKE IT IF YOU WANNA SHAKE IT

YOU NEED A LITTLE BIT OF THIS MEDICINE
MAMA'S GONNA GIVE YOU SOME MEDICINE
MAMA'S GONNA GIVE YOU SOME MEDICINE HEY I GOT ALL MY MEDICINE
YOU NEED A LITTLE BIT OF THIS MEDICINE
MAMA'S GONNA GIVE YOU A TOUCH YEAH
MAMA'S GONNA GIVE YOU SOME MEDICINE
COME ON BABY TAKE YOUR MEDICINE
YOU NEED A LITTLE BIT OF THIS MEDICINE I GOT THE CURE
MAMA'S GONNA GIVE YOU SOME MEDICINE I GOT THE CURE
YOU NEED A LITTLE BIT OF THIS MEDICINE
MAMA'S GONNA GIVE YOU SOME MEDICINE
MAMA'S GONNA GIVE YOU SOME MEDICINE I GOT THE CURE
MAMA'S GONNA GIVE YOU SOME MEDICINE I GOT THE CURE
YOU NEED A LITTLE BIT OF THIS MEDICINE

WORDS AND MUSIC DAVID HAWK WOLINSKI
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ON CLUB RECORDS

GRANDMASTER MELLE MEL & THE FURIOUS FIVE

WE DON'T WORK FOR FREE

In the darkness of eight huh
All the stage lights are shining bright hey
And we work very hard to make you stay
But it ain't no thing y'all
'Cause I know that you can hang
We're not too expensive but you got to pay

Some say that money is the root of all evil
It's not the love but I must admit that it makes me greedy ooh
You say you wanna go for a ride you gotta pay the fare
(So stop) you ain't got no money you ain't got no beat ooh say to you
Got no satisfaction won't you come and work for me
And I say to you can't you see baby we don't work for free

You know you gotta live but what you get is still for free
Man these times are hard hey don't nothing come easy yeh
I just got good news you wanna come with me
Hey let's go uptown I got something you should see
And my friends all say to you they say
Got no satisfaction won't you come and work for me
And I say to you can't you see baby we don't work for free

Fine man city life you gotta work to afford paradise huh
But if you're living in a glass house don't throw no stones rah
Slew trade don't get laid you gotta get paid
If you wanna go places where you've never been before OK baby run

Where you've been before it don't matter with me
I better save your pennies, nickles and dimes
'Cause we don't work for free yeh
I just got good news you wanna come with me
Come on let's go uptown baby because we don't work for free

Heh heh heh heh how we don't work for free
You gotta understand what I mean
Gotta wanna come with me can you find yourself self work for free
Come on now and I don't know what to say

Repeat first verse

Words and music Clayton Savage/Melvyn Glover
Reproduced by permission Four Hills Music/Heath Levy Music Co Ltd
On Sugar Hill Records



THE MEDICINE SONG

BOWIE

BLUE JEAN

DAVID



Blue Jean
 I just met a girl named Blue Jean
 Blue Jean
 She got a camouflaged face and no money
 Remember
 They always let you down when you need 'em
 Oh Blue Jean
 Is Heaven any sweeter than Blue Jean
 She got a police bike
 She got turned-up nose

Chorus
 Sometimes I love life
 (Oh the whole human race)
 Jazzin' for Blue Jean
 (Oh and when my Blue Jean's blue)
 Blue Jean can send me
 (Oh somebody send me)
 Somebody send me
 (Oh somebody send me)

One day I'm gonna write a poem in a letter
 One day I'm gonna get that faculty together
 Remember that everybody has to wait in
 line for Blue Jean
 Look out world oh you know I've got mine
 She got latin roots
 She got everything

Repeat chorus twice
 Somebody somebody
 (Oh somebody send me)
 Somebody send me
 (Oh somebody send me)

Words and music David Bowie
 Reproduced by permission EMI Music Publ. Ltd
 On EMI America Records

STAR TEASER

All the names below are hidden in the slogan. They could appear horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Scan them backwards. But remember that the clues are all in an unbroken straight line which never wiggles (or wags).

ANSWERS ON PAGE 70

ONE WORD NAMES

- ARROW
- BISHOP
- BIRDIE
- CARBID
- CARVEL
- CERVINE
- CHARLENE
- CHIEF
- SARAH
- DILLINGER
- DICE
- FOREST
- FRIDA
- GREEN
- HAYFODDIE
- JINOR
- KASHI
- LIMAH
- MADONNA
- MARBYN
- NATASHA
- NITEL
- ORION
- RICOLE
- PRINCE
- RICHIE
- ROCKWELL
- SADE
- SHANON
- SMAGDY
- STING
- SYLVESTER
- SYRETTA
- TONYA
- TRACEE
- VANGILIS
- YELLYWMAN

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

Kick Off

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WAY BACK WHE

So, how much do you know? You'd probably recognise a photo of some **Incredibly Famous Pop Star** if it was a couple of years old, but what about the really early ones taken when they were just starting out? We've picked out a few classic snaps from ye ancient office vaults – who's who?

Answers bottom right.



Photo: Kevin Connors

1 Back in '77 he wore bow ties without a shirt underneath and was the singer with Liverpool group Big In Japan. Clue: It's not Terry Hall.



Photo: Neil Parsons

4 Pub-rock band Bazooka Joe back in '75. The broke in the castrae with the 'Eddie Noy' t-shirt was about to start wearing kilts and getting all punky. Clue: It was dog-sun-dog even then.



Photo: Virginia Turbush

5 Another day-glo gorilla suit gets an airing back in '79. Clue: Wearbirds.



Photo: Paul Samson

6 November '79 he was known as Bruce Bruce and sang with Samson. Clue: he's now with Britain's No. 1 heavy metal band.



2 Med Revivalists Graduate back in '75, but the two blokes at the front were destined for different things. Clue: think 'haircuts'.



3, More Mods. Five years ago they were called 17, now they've got ahares in fringed jackets. Clue: remember '68 Quas'?



Photo: Paul Bennett

7 Early '81, rarely seen without a New Romantic tea-tray! Buzz across the shoulders. Clue: friends called him Charlie.

N...

Photo: Steve D'Amore



8. 1972, yet another open-air hippie festival. Three years later the band's singer left and this bloke took over, later putting out solo singles. Clue: a lot less hair.

Photo: Paul Stephens



5. '75, supporting The Jam. The two on the right have since discovered the make-up counter. Clue: they've got a thing about strange animals, insects, etc.

Photo: Kevin Cummins



11. June '77, he was in The Spillars Boys. Clue: he's now in a band with the person in Photo 1.

Photo: Kevin Cummins



10. They were billed as the Next Big Thing (after the Sex Pistols) in '78. The bloke second and left decided they weren't — he's since done rather well for himself. Clue: moustache.

Photo: Steve D'Amore



12. Looking pretty undressed back in '79 when he was with Nightmares in Wax. Clue: that's the way he likes it.



13. Back in '78-'79, the bloke on the left looked like a sand-car salesman and the one next to him was pioneering top-sided locks. Clue: they later split into two separate groups.



14. Yet more Mods from '78. Who's showing all the teeth, second right? Clue: he's now got a lot more style.

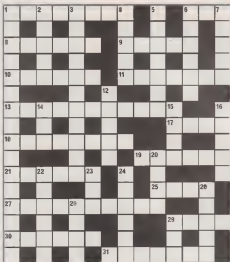
1. Richard Oakes (aka The
 Boy Who Cried Wolf)
 2. Paul Young
 3. The Jam
 4. The Jam
 5. The Jam
 6. The Jam
 7. The Jam
 8. The Jam
 9. The Jam
 10. The Jam
 11. The Jam
 12. The Jam
 13. The Jam
 14. The Jam

ACROSS

- 1 See 1 down
 6 A lad like George
 8 'Sunglasses' Tracey
 9 Bob to be found in Sandy Lane
 10 It was in the well for 5 down (3,3)
 11 'It's ----- Men' (Weather Girls)
 13 Rosanna Slay (anag) - lead singer of The ----- Project
 17 Disbourne who barked at the moon
 18 This Stacey jumped to the beat
 19 See 24 across
 21 Mad Ned easily forms Vanian's band (anag)
 25 Control that Laura Branigan has
 27 How the Quo described their faded denims? (2,3,5)
 29 Just the band the doctor ordered
 30 That 'Love Resurrection' Maye
 31 Ex-Shalamar Daniel

CROSSWORD

- 1 and 1 across Stevie Wonder's reason for dropping by? (1,4,6,2,3,1,4,3)
 2 Jerry's mate
 3 Memory girl (6,5)
 4 Where Men At Work were down?
 5 David who was once big in Japan
 6 and 16 With Shaky she went a rockin' good way (6,5)
 7 Youthful - like Paul
 12 and 26 Mr Raxy Music (5,5)
 14 Susanna's Company
 15 Sounds like football - but it's more like calypso
 16 See 6 down
 20 This Diana had muscley
 22 The late, great Mr Gaye
 23 Bud tuna for this sort of music (anag)
 24 and 19 across Race that Kraftwerk placed on record (4,2,6)
 25 See 12 down
 28 'Wouldn't It Be -----' (Nik Kershaw)
 29 Madness went driving in theirs



Answers on Page 78

DOWN

the questions



a month of sundays

c/w belief.



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"TIE YOUR MOTHER DOWN"
"ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST"
"SHEER HEART ATTACK"
"LET ME ENTERTAIN YOU"
"PLAY THE GAME"
"SOMEBODY TO LOVE"
"KILLER QUEEN"
"I'M IN LOVE WITH MY CAR"
"GET DOWN MAKE LOVE"
"SAVE ME"
"NOW I'M HERE"
"DRAGON ATTACK"
"LOVE OF MY LIFE"
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PRINCE

and the REVOLUTION

Purple Rain

I never meant to cause you any sorrow
I never meant to cause you any pain
I only wanted one time to see you laughing
I only want to see you laughing in the purple rain

Chorus

Purple rain purple rain
Purple rain purple rain
Purple rain purple rain

Only want to see you bathing in the purple rain

I never wanted to be your weekend lover
I only wanted to be some kind of friend hey
Baby! could never steal you from another
It's such a shame our friendship had to end

Repeat chorus

Only want to see you as dawn on the purple rain

Heavy I know I know I know times are changing
It's time we all reach out for something new
That means you too
You say you want a leader
But you can't seem to make up your mind
I think you better close it
And let me guide you to the purple rain

Purple rain purple rain purple rain purple rain
You know what I'm thinking about up here
Come on raise your hand
Purple rain purple rain

I only want to see you only want to see you purple rain

Words and music Prince
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JERMAINE JACKSON
PIA ZADORA



7"+3 TRACK 12" SINGLE

WHEN THE RAIN BEGINS TO FALL

Featured on the forthcoming film "Voyage of the Rock Alien"

ARISTA

MUTTERINGS



Michael Jackson with a mind or two. Seams in New York alone, security arrangements for the Jacksons' tour cost \$375,000. New Yorkers reckon Michael should pay it. Meanwhile, in a recent press conference, M.J. hit out at the press and tried to squelch various rumours. He is NOT gay. He has NOT had hormone treatment to keep his high voice and has had NO plastic surgery on his eyes or cheekbones. His lawyers are currently threatening to sue comedienne Joan Rivers for jokes like "Michael makes Liberace look like the Grand Baretz".

Oh dear. Just got the results for America's MTV Video Awards. Pretty dull they are too. **Cyndi Lauper**, **Herbie Hancock** and **Michael Jackson** ran off with just about everything. So, ladies and gentlemen, in the interests of fair play and a bit of a giggle, we are pleased to announce (fanfare noises etc) The Mutterings Video Awards! The four already coveted categories will be Most Sade-Splittinly Amusing Video, Most Numbingly Boring Video, Most Embarrassingly Arty Video and last and probably least, Just Plain Stupidest Video. That's right. You—the public—will be deciding who carries off those tastefully sculpted cardboard trophies. Just scrawl your votes on a postcard or the back of an envelope and bang it to **Smash Hits Nutterings Awards** 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. All votes for Michael Jackson will go straight in the bin. **Mark King** of **Level 42** has already cast his vote in the Most Numbingly Boring category. **Stevie Wonder's** "I Just Called to Say I Love You" "I need to ring him up to complain about it," muttered King, "but he was always engaged." Following last week's **Steve Norman** With Bingo Card revelations, came an angry call from a **Soundax** spokesperson. She reckons the card was super-imposed onto the photograph by wicked **Sun** journalists. Meanwhile, *The Sun*

asked **John Keeble** for a quote about what he'd do with a million quid. "Buy the *Daily Mirror*," muttered John. And let's get the last Sun muttering out of the way. **George** has dedicated one song on the new **Culture Club** LP to John Blake of that paper. They seem well pleased about it, but George doesn't seem to have meant it very kindly. "The song is called 'Manneguin'," he muttered. "It's about the press. It's very jolly but the words are very cynical—I gave you just a bit of my time. You had and committed a crime. It's dedicated to John Blake of *The Sun*, who's the worst there is." Here's **Dave Gahan** on the sounds **Depeche Mode** sampled for "Master And Servant": "We've got a whip, an air compressor from a builder's nail gun, a water drop, a toy piano and we bang on a builder's hoist, a concrete slab and a rubbish skip. And right at the end you can hear **Andy** being spanked by **Martin**." Not one but two parties currently using **Ray Parker** for allegedly having nicked their tunes for "Ghostbusters". They are **Robin Scott** of **M**, who claims it's filched from "Pop Musky", and **Huey Lewis**, who says it's stolen from "I Want A New Drug". Does this mean Scott and Lewis might also be suing each other? **Tina Turner** is to play a woman warrior in the forthcoming **Mad Max 3**. In between takes for

TV shows, **Shakatak** have taken up test driving cars from local garages. **Roger Odell** has already been seen buzzing around in a Lotus Turbo, a Porsche 9 and an Audi. "It's a lot of fun," he muttered, "and far better than hanging around in the BBC canteen." In between takes on Swiss TV the other week, **Sade** was suddenly introduced to two long-lost half-sisters. "I knew they existed," she muttered. "I had heard about them from my Mum but to actually meet them was incredible." Just in case anyone's got more money than sense, here's how much some people charge for appearing at private parties: **Nari Wilson**, £3000 (plus band etc); **Freddie Mercury**, £9000 (extra for band etc); **Bucks Fizz**, £8000; **Black Lace**, who charge £750 are apparently booked up until February. Hard to think why, as Mutterings would pay at least

is a strong contender." **Malcolm McLaren** won't be offering Nik any parts. "I feel sorry for wimps like him. I can't imagine why he bothers to make records," he muttered in a marathon bout of bitching about all and sundry about **Boy George**. "It's a bit gaudy these days," he's looking more like my Granma." **Whem!** remind McLaren of "a bowl of soggy cornflakes. They are so stodgy and boring. They make me think of dreadful places like Boreham Wood." More of the same in our Who Said What About Who quiz on page 45. **Boy George** is currently causing a bit of a stink by wearing an Order Of The Garter badge on the cover of "The War Song." Only 24 people (including **Prince Charles**, **Prince Philip** and former Prime Minister **Harold Wilson**) are actually members of Britain's oddest order of chivalry. Is George one of them? "Come off it," muttered a



The good, the bad and the ugly? Holly and Divine snipped in a break from filming a German TV show. Not sure who the other chap is, but he's called Muscles.

twice that to keep them away. **Robert Hodgins** got a postcard from **Morrissey** thanking him for his *Singles* review in *Smash Hits*. Meanwhile Mr Hodgins claims that "Cath" is about a schoolteacher who seduced him when he was 17. "I was a silly fumbling adolescent," he muttered fumblingly, "so I wrote the song about her leading me up the garden path, although she can't have been much older than me. I can laugh about it now although it was quite an experience at the time." **Andy Taylor** and **Tracey Wilson** have named their baby boy **Andrew James Wilson**. Taylor: What happened to **Dexy's**? "His mother said that they recently finished recording an LP in Gibraltar, but their record company didn't think it was good enough to release. **Stewart Copeland** and **Sting** now have a spoken to each other for six months." We try to see how long we can all go without talking to each other," muttered Copeland, who recently wrote the score for a classical ballet version of Shakespeare's *King Lear*, "but this is the longest it's been." Meanwhile **Yehudi** has just bought famous violinist **Solomon Mennhin's** old house in Hampstead for a bargain £7½ million. **Police** three. **Manager Miles Copeland** has offered **Nik Kershaw** the starring role in a film called *Headquarters*. Nik's management say: "He's had hundreds of offers for films. We've narrowed it down to ten and Miles Copeland's film

Buckingham Palace spokesperson "That's the dallest thing I've ever heard." George claims he picked the badge up for a few pence in an Australian junk shop. Finally, there's a chup on the corner of Carnaby Street selling plastic-covered pictures from *Smash Hits* (a **Frankie** picture, half of a **Duran** centrepiece, that sort of thing) for a quid each. At that rate, the issue you hold in your hand would cost a staggering £72 **** off. "Was all the bloke would say when we went out to have a little chat with him, 'you bloody ****'." May the curse of Mutterings be upon him.



Beckie Lace fever rules the waves. The dance parlor in the OEZ is called 'The Agadoo Disco'.

THE NEW ALBUM & TAPE

TONIGHT

INCLUDES THE HIT SINGLE
"BLUE JEAN"



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1. "It's a wimp's haircut. Basically it's just a girl's haircut, innit? I mean, God! How can he ponce about with that on his head? It looks like a flippin' back-combed carpet that's had a bit of dirt trodden into it. He's probably been practising scraping it all forward for the last 30 years." This is somebody's opinion of Howard Jones's haircut. Who's talking?

2. "If I was horribly tortured and flogged, I'd admit what my favourite Thompson Twins single is... actually, I think I'd rather face further flogging." Whose words are these?

worrying is that this ridiculous little man is very dangerous because so many people relate to him as a true representative of Black America and he is so far out of touch with what is really happening." U.S. funk star Rick James said this. Who was he talking about?

self-centred - I'm sort of classed as good-looking and Boy George isn't."

7. Who said: "I think what Boy George is doing is very phoney, I still don't believe that anyone can make a crappy record like 'Karma Chameleon' and believe in it. It's just for money."

16. Simon le Bon said: "There's nothing more unattractive in artists than a false sense of importance." Who was he talking about?

18. Who said: "I think people like Frankie Goes To Hollywood are stupid."

19. "Culture Club are obnoxious. They're just geared towards being Number One and that's not great." According to who?

WHO SAID WHAT ABOUT WHO?

3. "I think my six whippets are more interesting than the current music scene." Who says?

4. Who said: "I think Pete Burns has got a lot more talent than Marilyn but, by the same token, he's not a very pleasant person. It's one thing being honest but it's another being disgusting."

5. Who said: "Pete Burns hasn't exactly got the tenderest thighs I've ever seen. I mean neither have I but I don't wear a swimsuit."

6. "He seemed like a robot. Very mechanical. And with serious megalomaniac tendencies. And of course three months later he got to Number One." Jon Moss is doing the talking. Who's he on about?

7. "He's the most contrived, pretentious artist I've ever witnessed. What is most

GET BACK IN THE KNIFE DRAWER PRODUCTIONS LTD BRINGS YOU THE QUIZ TO END ALL QUIZZES! ALL THESE LESS-THAN-CHARITABLE QUOTES COME FROM THE RECENT PAGES OF THIS VERY MAGAZINE. BUT WHO SAID THEM? AND WHO WERE THEY ABOUT? AND HOW DARE THEY? ANSWERS DOWN THE BOTTOM.

8. Who supposedly called Boy George "an over-made-up tart"?

9. "I wouldn't like to be stuck in a lift with him. I'm not one of those people who thinks he's got it messed at all. And what's more, I don't think that, just because he puts a suit on, he becomes Mr Sartorial Elegance 1980's. It doesn't work with me." Tom Bailey talking. About who?

10. Helen Terry described someone as "a man of many talents and none of them visible." Who was she talking about?

11. "As for you poor little cows who buy Duran Duran records, you need serious help because these people are conning you. Making records for people is just because you think that's what they want - to me that's fascism." Who's talking?

12. Who said: "The thing is - without meaning to sound

13. Pete Burns said: "they're just two toothpaste ads with a microphone, aren't they?" Who was he talking about?

14. Who said this about Frankie Goes To Hollywood? "It's alright but it's nothing I haven't heard 15 years ago from Kool & The Gang's 'Jungle Boogie'. It's just gay rock. OK, so they're gay - big deal - but there's no need to spout about it. It's nothing astronomically outrageous."

17. "The only familiar thing about them is that 'Aw-Aw-Aw' noise. I'd hate to be in a group like that!" Lloyd Cole's opinion of who?

20. "Simon le Bon's arrogant because he's got no right to think he's got talent. He's just beefcake." Who says?

21. "Duran overestimate their pulling power. They'll get a shock when we come back on the scene." Who's talking?

22. John Lydon said: "The only people I hate in this business are psects, people who spout that *this* is the only way." Who, in particular, was he referring to?

23. Who said: "Because of my single, Nik Kershaw and Boy George are going to have to try twice as hard. Candy floss like them is all right but people want other things too."

24. Who said: "A drunken Duran could direct a Duran Duran video"?

1. George of King Kurt, 2. The Smiths, 3. Billy Morrison of The Smiths, 4. Boy George, 5. Boy George again, 6. Adam Ant back in '79, 7. Prince & New Power Generation, 8. George again, 9. Paul Weller, 10. George Michael, 11. John Princes/Margaret, 12. Marilyn, 13. Pete Dinklage, 14. Wham!, 15. Wham! again, 16. John Lydon again, 17. Frankie Goes to Hollywood, 18. Boy George, 19. Mac McCulloch, 20. Lloyd Cole, 21. George Michael, 22. The Smiths, 23. Malcolm McLaren, 24. Morrissey.

ANSWERS



There's a change in pace
Of fantasy and taste
Do you like good music do you like to dance oh yeah
Hanging out for a body shop at night
Ain't it strange what we do to feel alright oh yeah
When will you cell I'm experienced oh yeah

Chorus

Face to face and back to back
You see and feel my sex attack
Sing it flesh flesh for fantasy
We want flesh flash for fantasy

It's after midnight
Oh are you feeling alright oh yeah
Turn out the light bebe
Ara you someone else tonight
Neighbour to neighbour door to door
Don't ask questions time for it all oh yeah

Repeat chorus

Same old culture
Father loves his son and mother's daughters too
It's an old old story cries the new world too

Flesh flash flesh for fantasy
We want flesh flash for fantasy
We want flesh flash for fantasy
We want flesh flash for fantasy
We cry flash flesh for fantasy

Words and music Idol Stevens
Reproduced by permission Chrysalis Music
On Chrysalis Records

◆ FLESH FOR FANTASY

◆ Rikki Don't Lose That Number ◆

We hear you're leaving that's OK
I thought our little wild time
Had just begun
I guess you kind of scared yourself
You've turned and run
But if you have a change of heart

Chorus

Rikki don't lose that number
You don't wanna call nobody else
Send it off in a letter to yourself
Rikki don't lose that number
It's the only one you own
You might use it if you feel better
When you get home

(Home home you get home)
When you get home
(Home home you get home)

I've got a friend in town
He's heard your name
He said we could go on riding on the
Slow Hand Road
We could stay inside and play games
I don't know
And you could have
A change of heart

Repeat chorus



(Home home you get on home)

I can tell you all I knew
The where to go the what to do
And you can try to run
But you can't hide from what's
inside of you

Oh you tell yourself
You're not my kind
But you don't even know your mind
And your could have
A change of heart

Repeat chorus

(Home home when you get home)
When you get home
(Home home you get home)
(Home home you get home)
(Home home you get home)
Rikki don't lose that number
(Home home when you get home)
(Home home when you get home)
Rikki don't lose that number

Words and music Becker/Fagen
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On Castaway Records

◆ Tom Robinson ◆

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Footloose

The Music is on his Side



Another great film from the Hollywood studios of Paramount brought to you by CIC Video.

CULTURE CLUB SAY WAR IS STUPID!

They say an awful lot of other things are stupid, too, but all that's over the page. Meanwhile, here's some brand new photos from "The War Song" video. One of those small persons thinly disguised as a 'munchkin' just happened to have a notebook (Peter Martin); another one was carrying a camera (Andre Csillag).

Four teeny "munchkins", weighed down by heavy army fatigues, cumbersome nurses outfits and ridiculous clod-hopper boots, run for their lives. Carrying a broken doll in a stretcher, they're scuttling through the brown squish and over rocky crags, miraculously avoiding nasty bomb blasts on all sides. Suddenly they stop, dead. The Girl Munchkin starts to giggle. Contagious, it spreads to Boy Munchkins. One of them starts kicking the doll around, the little gremmie. "Cut! Reload the shellburst simulator! We'll start shooting again in ten minutes!"

All this commotion is, of course, in aid of Culture Club's latest video, "The War Song". The location is Becton Gasworks, East London, a disused, barren monument to an industrial age gone by. The icy wind perfectly complements the landscape's "post apocalyptic" look. Along with a few local bystanders, loads of extras (from schools, acting agencies, etc) come up as soldiers, models, dancers, general ragamuffins, plus the film crew (led by Russell Mulcahy, director of Duran videos etc) is The Boy himself. Draped in a long black cloak ("not a dress"), he's wearing the same wig he wore on Extraxx, the black 'Siemone' one (actually his hair's currently a shocking pinky red shade, not that you'll ever see much of it in the film as he employs six other hair pieces ranging from snowy white to electric blue).

Some of the street machine and soldier boys are giving him a bit of stick - calling him a her, that kind of thing. Sharp as a knife he instantly retaliates. "I may look like a pooft but don't be fooled by that, dear," he says, with mock bending of muscles. Hitching up his cloak, he nudges over to one of his munchkins. "Will someone wipe this kid's nose? Urgh! If his mother sees him like this on the telly she'll have a fit." The offending article is promptly wiped on the Door manager's t-shirt.

By the second day of shooting, the £100,000 plus film is fast becoming a masterpiece of organised chaos. Yesterday they filmed for 17 hours in the Brixton Academy, a large concert venue. Factory, living-room and sitting-room sets were built, as were parachute backdrops used to stage the "close-up" shots of the band.

Earlier today George, preceded by a procession of 400 children in skeleton outfits and an armoured tank full of band members, paraded around the river bank on Shad Thames, South London. At the moment things are relatively quiet - just a few bombs detonating, the occasional munchkin scrap, sounds of a giant catwalk being built. It seemed like a good opportunity to grab various hand members for a chat. You can see what they said over the page.

Then it was back to the filming, right through 'til 7 (the next morning).

Boy George shows off one-sixth of his wig collection



Four Boy Munchkins in XL boots come over all sly when the camera arrives



Boy George with 400 school children and a tank - we know there's usually someone following him around but this is ridiculous



The "Munchausen Scrap" sequence. This, of course, is just before they're attacked by graphic animated planes in the sky (it says here!)



An excerpt from the "Burning Bride in Bombed Area" sequence

Jon Moxa goes all-out and ancient army uniform. "Stop calling me Napoleon!"



....MORE WAR!

All's not well in the Culture Club camp. George says Mikey's "not pulling his weight", Mikey says "everybody's egos seem to be catching up with them", Jon says he's got to do "a lot of soul-searching over the next year". And Roy's not around much. Peter Martin keeps the peace.

"Simple and sensitive" is the way Roy George describes "The War Song." He reckons it's eight years ahead of the "arty-crafty" sentiments of Frankie Goes To Hollywood's war song.

"Our song is not rebellious. Frankie's for kids who hate their parents. Culture Club are for little girls who've just discovered their freedom. Culture Club is intelligently rebellious."

Sitting in his hairy trailer-cum-makeup dressing room, George chomps on a plate of lasagne. Film all around are wigs of every colour, big bags of make-up and a battery of exotic suits. Perched on the edge of his seat, knees together, balancing his plate, he shows no sign of pressure. In the middle of a \$100,000 video shoot we may be last, to George, it's another small cog in the huge Culture Club machine. For us out of his window at the scenes behind the scenes.

"War is soon forgotten about, like with the Falklands, unless you know kids who went out there or people who lost children. It's a happy song but the lyrics are sarcastic, reflecting the idea of 'after the drama, happiness.' I'm just saying war is stupid and people are stupid. I was sure whether to say that but when I heard the kids singing it, it was so emotive it worked, like with this video. Using children dressed in war clothes is such a potent image—it really gets the point across."

The LP, "Waking Up With The House On Fire" (out in late autumn) keeps to the "harder, tougher" line. The original LP sleeve, which George shows me, features paintings of hermaphrodites (people who show the characteristics of both sexes). Jon, however, considered the end result a little "tasteful" and asked for the art male bits to be removed. They won't appear on the copies in the shops. On the back, there's a painting of George but you'd have to wait and see what he's done to his "offending article" (as Jon puts it).

"Being a pop star," George explains with a hint of bitterness, "like being thrown out of a window naked, hence the title. Everyone wants to scrutinise you, see you naked. You become property, but property. The sleeve symbolises persecution."

This more extreme approach has come about because "only now have we had time to work up success, as it were, seeing it for what it really is."

Which is?

"Not a lot really. I don't even think about it any more. Last year certain things got a bit too much for me, like the kids standing on my doorstep day and night. I was a total wreck. I can't remember 24 hours a day my life in Culture Club and I need time to myself. I'm really good to my fans but if they try that now I'll just drown them with a bucket of water. No, I don't think I'm becoming hard. How

can a fairy become hard? Really I'm just a tart with a heart of gold."

All things considered, George is coping with "the job" remarkably well. Jon and Mikey, on the other hand, are obviously not doing so at home in this endless swirl of promotion.

For instance, Mikey was four hours late for the album cover photo session and completely missed a session for this year's promotional shoes. He was even four hours late at yesterday's video shoot. George "just can't understand it." "Anybody who starts a career in music is a first class show off and if you turn around six months later and say you don't like it, you're a liar."

So are you saying this is what Mikey's doing?

"I don't know what he's doing—I just don't want to know."



George "really is just a tart with a heart of gold."



Mikey: "I'm sorted up with this head"

our make out. You can't keep carrying someone round on a stretcher 24 hours a day. I just everything I've got into this band and if someone's not pulling their weight then it's just really depressing. No, it won't come to throwing him out. I

haven't got that power anyway. It'd have to be a unanimous decision. He just won't be in some photos, that's all."

So what's Mikey got to say about all this? I tracked him down outside. He seems lively despite by the allegations.

"I was here on time yesterday. That's the time they told me to get here. Bad organization, that's all. The other photo session? I was ill in bed that day. No, I'm not mad at



Roy misses a few teeth of hair.



with the band. It's part of my life. I enjoy it, it's exciting."

He goes on to admit that he is slightly worried as regards the "rush for fame" by the other members of the band. "Everybody's egos seem to be catching up with them. Of course we all want our faces in the paper—it's nice to be in the public eye. But suddenly Jon has kept popping up in all the gossip columns and the other day there was a story about Roy just getting back from holiday. I'm beginning to wonder if they set them up or what. I don't know. I'm not slagging anybody but, yes, all four personalities have changed."

Talking to Joe the day before it wasn't difficult to realize that he was on what you might call a bit of a downer. I'm told this was probably due to the fact that it was his 27th birthday, reminding him that he's the oldest member in the band. To start with he showed obvious displeasure at spending so much money on a video.

"100,000 quid's a ludicrous amount to spend. It's like saying if you go to Kuwait it'll cost £30 to fill your car with petrol. ... Fasting for a month

he wants into laughter. 'What a stupid thing to say!'"

"No, seriously, for some people doing videos and stuff is enough but for me...? George's all right, he can take things on a different level but unfortunately I'm quite a deep thinker. To be honest, I think I'm going to have to do a lot of soul searching over the next year. At the moment I just go with it, take it as it comes—things always work out in the end... if you let them. If you push things too far you just mess everything up for everyone else."

He goes on to explain that he's "looking forward to next year because he'll have a lot more free time to do other things, like writing for instance."

"You know, I've probably done more things in 27 years than anyone here. I've been in prison in Turkey, lots of things. It'd actually like to relate these experiences in a book but I can't actually stand writing about myself. So I'll probably invent a character or something. I'm probably paranoid but I'm just worried about slowing down, getting in a rut, even doing nothing."

A definite case of the birthday blues, man! But, that and the nagging boredom that sets in on these epic video shoots (starting at 7 a.m. they filmed solid for 24 hours on the second day).

Roy, incidentally, went home after this morning's scene in the tank, his bits being completed.

So what, you might ask, does the future hold for Culture Club? Well, apart from Jon's writing, Mikey would passionately like to do a solo LP "not for money, but for self-satisfaction." The only problem is that he's worried it might cause ructions in the Culture Club camp. Let's hope not, as George has got exactly the same plan.

"I'm going to do an LP with loads of other singers called 'The History Of Camp.' I can't wait."

In the confines of the band, Mikey thinks there'll be "more room to be adventurous on the next LP." George also "wants to keep changing, to be unpredictable. I just enjoy confronting people. Like I'm on the Christmas cover of Cosmopolitan—the first time to do so. I've also done eight pages of women's beauty in Harper's Bazaar (a posh American magazine)—that's history as well. My ambition is to make the cover of Vogue. I not only want to break down class barriers, I want to break down sexual barriers. I think the most important thing to do is deal with things on a new level—in pop kids calling other kids 'fatty' or 'four eyes'."

"When people become successful they forget where they've come from and start believing in what they've achieved. They start taking liberties. The thing about this band is that we have a good understanding of what we're on a new level—we're not peasants made good... we start. Our idea of wrecking a hotel room is undoing the wrapper on the soap. We know we can't change the world but there's no harm in trying. Like if you go on a nuclear march, it might not change anything, it might just make you feel better."

"Then again if you add up all those petty things, like influencing the way people treat each other on a basic level, well, it's all adding up to a lot. I think we've got a long way to go yet." Let's hope so.



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Level 42 are meant to be in Amsterdam. So are Dave Rimmer (words) and Virginia Turbett (photos). But nobody was allowing for human error, or the weather, or the planes, or buses, or *aaaagh!*—diversions to different countries! Did they ever actually meet? Find out by reading . . .

COUNTDOWN TO CHAOS

Level 42 finally run to ground: (left-right) Mike Lindup, Boon Gould, Phil Gould, Mark King.



The band really enjoying their little wait in Amsterdam airport.

It seemed like a fairly simple job. Fly to Holland with Level 42, watch them do "Hot Water" on a TOTP-style TV show called Countdown, have a good chat with them all, come home the same day, write about it. Piece of cake. See you on Friday then. . .

Things started to go wrong when I realised, half-way home, that I'd left the plane tickets locked in the office. Well, nothing that a couple of phone calls and an hour of waiting in the rain in Carnaby Street for a cab to deliver Ian Birch's keys couldn't solve, and arriving at Heathrow the next morning I felt about as cheerful as I ever do at the ungodly hour of 8.00am.

But where were Level 42? Nowhere near the check-in desk, it seemed, although to be perfectly honest I wasn't sure I'd recognise them even if they came up and beat me about the head with rolled-up copies of *Muso* magazine. Not the most visual of groups, Level 42. Still, photographer Virginia Turbett was certain she'd seen a bunch of chaps with longish hair, leather jackets and guitars wandering about not five minutes ago. Must be on the plane, then.

We scanned the departure lounge. The only familiar face, oddly enough, was that of Culture Club manager Tony Gordon on his way to a Virgin International conference in Amsterdam. We got on the plane. Not a pop star in sight. We shrugged and settled in, reasoning that we could sort it all out with a phone call or two from Amsterdam airport.

But we never got to Amsterdam airport. Thick fog and some unspecified problem with the landing gear caused flight KL116, due in at 10.00am, to hang around in the air for an hour and eventually divert to Brussels. It was midday when we landed.

As we sat on the tarmac waiting

to take off again, businessmen glanced nervously at their watches and I began to wonder whether we'd ever find Level 42. What could I write about? I ran through the few facts at my disposal. . .

I knew there were four of them: the brothers Gould—Boon and Phil—on guitar and drums; Mike Lindup on keyboards; and Mark King, lead singer and bass player. All bar Mike were from the Isle of Wight and once played together in a band called Joe Bear. Boon had worked in an electronics factory, played in pubs and holiday camps and spent three months doing a show a night in a Middle East hotel. Phil had got off the island by getting a place at the Guildhall School of Music to study percussion. There he met Mike, a Londoner who, coming from a musical family, had been studying one instrument or another since the age of six.

I knew that Mark King had been a milkman who dressed up in a cowboy outfit while doing his round. He'd bought the hat and gun while on a trip to New York to try and persuade his hero, drummer Lenny White, to give him a job in his band. Mark was a drummer then too, and only took up bass after lying that he could play one to get a job in a London music shop. He was often referred to as "the best bass player in the world" and was renowned for being, well, a bit of a nutter who played bass so long and hard he often made his fingers bleed and had huge callouses on his thumb.

I knew that the four had all got together in London in 1979, compared influences—they were all mad about '70s jazz-rock maelstroms like Chick Corea and John MacLaughlin—and formed Level 42. They gained a reputation for hard and energetic live performances and, from "Love Meeting Love" in summer

1980, had a string of hit singles to their name, including the classic "Sun Goes Down (Livin' It Up)". I also knew that despite this they'd never been interviewed by *Smash Hits* and, from the looks of things today, probably never would be...

An hour passed and we were still sitting on the tarmac. Businessmen were now pacing agitatedly up and down. Tony Gordon, with whom I'd been chatting much of the time, reappeared from the front of the plane somewhere, announced to no-one in particular that he'd "hired a small aircraft" and dashed off without either offering us a lift or even saying good-bye.

The captain announced that the plane couldn't continue to Amsterdam. We'd be taken the last 75 miles by bus instead. While the bus waited to leave, we chatted to a family en route to Nairobi. Where were we going? To Amsterdam for a day. For a day? Everybody in earshot burst out laughing. I roundly cursed the weather. KLM ("the reliable airline"), Tony Gordon, Level 42 and myself for having suggested the damn feature in the first place.

For the next two hours as we motored through some of the most boring countryside in Western Europe I dozed fitfully, waking up every now and then from some bad dream. I'd look round, remember where I was and then desperately try to get back into the dream again.

Finally, a mere six hours late, we arrived at Amsterdam airport. We changed money, called London and hopped into a cab to the TV studios at Hilversum — only to spend the next half an hour in a nail-biting journey that threatened to cost more than we had between us. In the end, the journey used up every last scrap of Dutch currency in my pocket.

The porter's lodge directed us inside. The people inside pointed us along a corridor. The people at the end of the corridor told us to make for Studio 4. And then,



The brothers Gould.

Mike gets stuck into the Best Drink Of The Day in the Dutch TV studio. (Interesting fact: he's also the only member of the band not desperately trying to chat up Apollonia 6.)

ambling around a corner, came a long-haired chap with a guitar.

"Level 42, I presume," I cried. Boon Gould, for it was he, looked up.

"Oh, hello. We've just finished."

The group gathered in their dressing room (Number 42, as it happened) and listened sympathetically to our tale of woe. Phil had forgotten his passport, our flight had been booked up anyway and they'd got a later plane. UB40, in a small chartered aircraft, had also had fog problems but got down in a landing that had apparently scared the pants off them. Having also finished their bit, they were already off home. Level 42 were going to follow them in half an hour.

I watched Mark King record a trailer for a Dutch radio show: "Hi, this is Mark King of Level 42. We're playing live for Radio Veronica on September 21."

"May I ask you one question?" enquired the interviewer.

"I'm sorry but that's very personal and I'll punch you in the nose," replied Mark.

"How are your thumbs?" the chap from Radio Veronica persisted.

"My thumbs are in good condition, believe me. There'll be no problem with my thumbs."

Later I asked Mark if he thought he was the world's best bass player.

"I don't know. I think I'm very good. At least I'm very good at playing with my thumb," he thought for a moment, and then sighed. "What a naïf way to go down in the history books — because of your thumb."

I tried to chat to the group in the studio canteen, but they were much more interested in trying to chat up Apollonia 6 (see *Bitz*), who'd also appeared on the show. The girls invited Level 42 to a Purple Rain party in Amsterdam the next night. They couldn't go. For the rest of the day, they never stopped moaning about the missed opportunity.

"The three most sexy girls you've ever met in your life rush up and invite you to a party and you have to go home," complained Phil. "The sheer stress of having to watch them wander round in their underwear all day..."

In the limousine back to the airport, I tried to ask a few questions. Why did Mark used to wear a cowboy outfit? "Because I wanted to be somebody." Is their audience primarily the Cortina crowd? "It used to be," replied Mike, "but now I think it's quite a cross-section."

What's "Hot Water" about? A kid who's always in trouble, they explained. What kind of trouble? "What kind do you think?" challenged Mark, clearly in an ugly mood. I didn't know, it could be for nicking apples or something... "That's one part of it," Mark interrupted. Or it could be the, er, dilemma of a generation? "That's another part of it." Mark stared grumpily out the window as we cruised past a lake. "I'm really fed up." That made about six of us.

Later Phil, who writes the lyrics, explained it more carefully. "Until I got into music I was really lost at school, a lone wolf. Music hit me. It totally changed my life. Gave me

a channel for how I felt."

"Hot Water" is about his youth: always being in trouble, the lack of communication, confusion. Phil seems to be the thinker of the band: a member of the militant ecology group, Greenpeace, a chap who, according to his brother, "gets very caught up in the problems of the world."

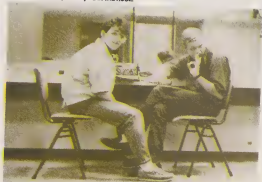
I asked Mike about Boon. "He's a very quiet and tends to hide his light under a bushel, but sometimes the bushel falls over when you least expect it and the light comes shining out."

Then I asked Mark about Mike. "I like him a lot. He's a very talented musician and if he just listened to me a bit more he'd go a lot further."

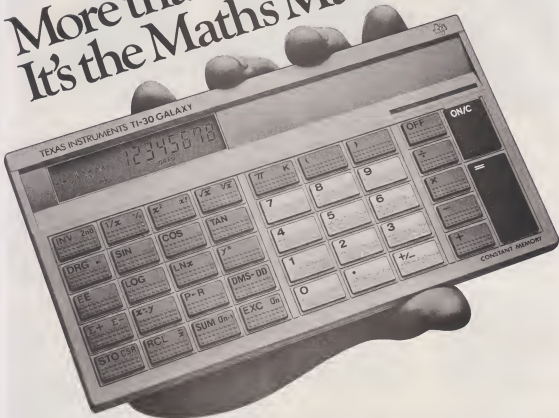
And finally, as we pulled up outside the airport, I asked Phil about Mark. "He's extremely on top of the situation, has a very dynamic sense of humour. He's a very talented guy and is very sure of himself. He's practising to be a legend, I think. I could be wrong, but he may have a death wish. To die young *should* be remembered."

We'd intended to talk a bit more on the plane, but it was so full we all had to sit in separate seats. I sat there shaking in a state of fear and terror, fully expecting to end up in Manchester, or Stockholm, or maybe Lisbon. But funnily enough, we got home all right.

Mark with the bloke from Radio Veronica. "I'm sorry but that's a very personal question and I'll punch you in the nose."



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**COMPETITION
WINNERS**

HOWARD JONES & COMPETITION
(August 30), correct answer: "What Is Love". Signed copies of "Lissie To Get To Know You Well" (12" version) plus large photo are on their way to: Joanne Heath, Solihull; Teresal Sadler, Norton; Traci Bosher, Aberdeen, Neesha O'Connell, Cork; Louise Warkie, High Wycombe; Denise Reed, Birmingham; Susan Porter, Basingstoke; Lisa Balsam, Leicestershire; Julie Manago, Peterborough; Gail Frater, Newbridge; J. Wright, Leighton Buzzard; Craig Shopshire, Gilling; Bryony Webb, Burgess Hill; Cheryl Bowen, Backup; Rosemary Worth, Derby.

IRON MAIDEN COMPETITION
(August 30), correct answer: b) Iron Maiden got their name from a medieval torture instrument. 1st prize of an autographed tour poster plus a signed copy of "Power Slave" goes to Trevor Valentine of Neas, Co. Down. Signed albums go to the following runners-up: Nicola Mear, Falmouth; Renee Macpherson, Aldershot; Lesa Irwin, Carlisle; D. Blunt, Worksop; Lynn Waples, Blackpool; Patricia Leach, Barrow-in-Furness; B. Foster, Newbold; Mark Hardley, North Watford; John Crawford, Chertford; O. Cerris, Dagenham; Richard Turner, Caeppilly.

CHELSEA FC COMPETITION
(August 30), correct answer: b) They had a Top Ten hit with "Blue Is the Colour". Complete Chelsea FC action, plus autographed copies of "Back On The Ball" and signed footballs, go to: Derek Kettle, St. Johns, Sutton Brnkr; Smalley, Mill Juke, Poole; Joanna Lyons, Basingstoke; Graham McBeath, Scarborough; Vic Mohr, Romford; Sarah Clayton, Peasling; S. McCusker, Whitehead; Alison Thomson, Greenford. Q. Fox, Boston.

ELECTRIC DREAMS COMPETITION
(August 30), correct answer: c) Kraftwerk. 1st prize of the computer, console, five software cassettes, digital watch and "Electric Dreams" LP goes to Dave Smith of Wolverhampton. Prizes of a digital watch plus LP go to: F. Sammonds, Kent; Mary Dudar, London W5; Tony Wood, London N15; Joanne Adair, Birkenhead; Catherine Ring, Epsom; Alison Thorn, Grantham; Robert Goodwin, Glasgow; Fiane Bell, Hitchin; Maria McCurdy, Port Glasgow; Colin Salmon, London W6; Jonathan Mayo, Stockley; Steven: Kate, Shrewsbury; Georgina Britton, King's Lynn; Dorey Williams, London NW7; Ian Cadie, Bessing; Sarah Dewar, Broughton; Yvette Sykes, Boston; Joanne Miller, Swindon; Robert Kennell, Birmingham; Jeremy Cook, Uxbridge. Finally, albums were won by: Nigel DeWitt, St. Giles, Brixton; Ed. Frankie Light, Aston; Sonya's Boyz, Peashead; Garen Desiring, Whimnoid; Simone Teger, Colchester; Alan Kemp, Rochester; Alan Kemp, Mappershall; Vanessa Bath, Spelking; Alison Taylor, Woking; Irene Adams, Peterborough; Nigel Miller, Woking; Gillian Rodgers, Colchester; Joanne Rita, Farnham; Graham Brown, Portsmouth; R. Lee, Chedderton; Steven Overton, Milton Keynes; I. Jolley, Leam; Anthony Lloyd, Middlesbrough; Samantha Gilbert, Swinton; Samantha Fish, Buckleburgh; Nicola Anicette, Milton; David Barr, Shrew; Denise Kay, Bradford; Camilla Strain, Bargoed; Alan Taylor, Kingston-upon-Thames; Sharon Gilman, Woking; Helen Chelwin, Chalfont; Lorena Kennedy, Rantree; Andrew Turner, Coventry.

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White Heat", "Station To Station", "Cracked Actor", "Ashes To Ashes", "Space Oddity", "Young Americans" and "Fame". And it's great, as you might imagine. Here's a question: David Bowie's best LP was called – a) "Brilliant Trees"; b) "Let's Dence"; c) "Humen Racing"; d) "Dancing Tight". Stick the enquirer on a postcard (or the back of an envelope) and send it to **Smash Hits Bowie Competition**, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ, to reach us by October 10. Please state whether Beta or VHS is wanted. The first 10 right answers pulled out of the bag that day get an LP plus video. The next 40 get an LP. Oh, and the Who Dares Wine hotline is open **RIGHT NOW.**

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AND I WON'T SAY IT TO YOU SO
I WON'T SAY IT TO YOU SO

YOU DID WHAT YOU WERE TOLD
AND YOU TOOK THE STRAIN
BEEN LEFT OUT IN THE COLD
GOT YOURSELF TO BLAME
BUT BELIEVE ME IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN I'M LEAVING
IF IT STAYS THE SAME I'M GONE
WHEN YOU'RE STABBED IN THE BACK AND THERE'S
SALT IN THE WOUND
THEN IT'S TIME TO MOVE ALONG

REPEAT CHORUS

NO MORE SPANNERS IN THE WORKS
ALL THE WORK'S BEEN DONE
HAD YOUR FACE RUBBED IN THE DIRT
ON SHOW FOR EVERYONE
BUT BELIEVE ME IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN I'M LEAVING
IF IT STAYS THE SAME I'M GONE
WHEN COMPROMISE IS THE SONG THAT YOU SING
IT'S BEEN GOING ON TOO LONG

REPEAT CHORUS THREE TIMES

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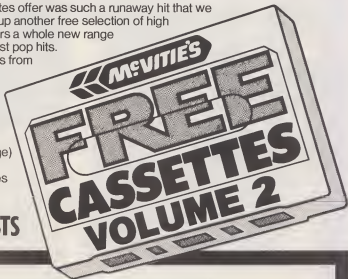
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Thin Lizzy
3. Hold The Line
Toto
4. All The Young Dudes
Mott The Hoople
5. Deadender For Love
Meat Loaf
6. Freebird
Lynyrd Skynyrd

Side Two

1. Washing Well
Free
2. Nights In White Satin
The Moody Blues
3. Nutbush City Limits
 Ike & Tina Turner
4. Make Me Smile
(Come Up And See Me)
Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel
5. Black Magic Woman
Santana
6. Music
John Miles

Love Songs

Side One

1. Heartbreaker
Dorrie Warwick
2. Sexy Eyes
Dr Hook
3. January, February
Barbara Dickson
4. Have You Seen Her?
Chi-Lites
5. Tonight I Celebrate My Love
Peabo Bryson/Roberta Flack
6. Wherever I Lay My Hat
(That's My Home)
Paul Young

Side Two

1. Total Eclipse Of The Heart
Bonnie Tyler
2. All Out Of Love
Air Supply
3. My Simple Heart
The Three Degrees
4. Bird Of Paradise
Snowy White
5. If You're Looking For A Way Out
Odyssey
6. Avalon
Roxy Music

Country Favourites

Side One

1. Galveston
Glen Campbell
2. Behind Closed Doors
Charlie Rich
3. Ring Of Fire
Johnny Cash
4. Forever Young
George Hamilton IV
5. Don't You Believe
Don Williams
6. I Don't Want To Talk About It
Rita Coolidge

Side Two

1. Don't It Make
My Brown Eyes Blue
Crystal Gayle
2. Delta Dawn
Tanya Tucker
3. Sea Of Heartbreak
Don Gibson
4. Your Good Girl's Gonna Go Bad
Tammy Wynette
5. '57 Chevrolet
Billie Jo Spears
6. Georgs On My Mind
Willie Nelson

Pop Hits

Side One

1. Doctor! Doctor!
Thompson Twins
2. Big Apple
Kajagoogoo
3. Watching You, Watching Me
David Grant
4. What Do I Do?
Phil Fearon & Galaxy
5. That's All
Genesis
6. My Oh My
Siade

Side Two

1. Blue Hat For A Blue Day
Nick Heyward
2. Girls Just Want To Have Fun
Cyndi Lauper
3. Your Love Is King
Sade
4. (Feels Like) Heaven
Fiction Factory
5. Wouldn't It Be Good
Nik Kershaw
6. Club Tropicana
Wham?

DATES

Check locally before stepping out. A Lisa Anthony Production.

Culture Club Inghilton Royal Exhibition Hall (December 8), Birmingham NEC (11/12), London Wembley Arena (17/18)



Afrika Bambaataa & Soul Sonic Force Birmingham Powerhouse (October 2), Luton Pink Elephant (3), Manchester Hacienda (4), Glasgow Strathclyde University (5), Bristol Studio (5), Leicester Polytechnic (10), London Hammersmith Palas (11), Nottingham Rock City (14), Brighton Top Rank (15), Southend Pink Touchrubb (16)

Depeche Mode Cornwall St Austell Coliseum (September 27), Hanley Victoria Hall (28), Liverpool Empire Theatre (29), Oxford Apollo (October

1), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (2), Dublin SFK Hall (4/5), Belfast Ulster Hall (5), Manchester Apollo (6), Gloucester Leisure Centre (9), Cardiff St. David's Hall (10), Birmingham Odeon (12/13), Blackburn King George's Hall (14), Glasgow Barrowlands (16), Aberdeen Capitol Theatre (17), Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre (18), Sheffield City Hall (19), Newcastle City Hall (20), Bristol Colston Hall (22), Birmingham Dome (23), Portsmouth Guildhall (24), Ipswich Gaumont (27), Leicester De Montfort Hall (29), Southampton Gaumont (30), London Hammersmith Odeon (November 1/2/3/4)

Imagination London Hammersmith Odeon (December 20/21)

Merrilion London Hammersmith Odeon (December 13/14/15), Manchester Apollo (17), Theatre Royal Nottingham (18), Glasgow Barrowlands (19)

Meat Loaf Glasgow Apollo (November 10), Aberdeen Capitol (12), Edinburgh Playhouse (13), Leicester De Montfort Hall (15), Sheffield City Hall (16), Nottingham Royal Centre (17), Cardiff St David's Hall (18), Portsmouth Guild Hall (20), Cornwall St Austell Coliseum (21), Bristol Colston Hall (23), Southampton Gaumont (24), Oxford Apollo (25), Newcastle City Hall (27), Harrogate Centre (28), Manchester Apollo (29), London Hammersmith Odeon (December 3/4), Liverpool Empire (15), Ipswich Gaumont (7), Brighton Centre (8), Birmingham Odeon (9/10)

Sade London Hammersmith Odeon (November 9)



Barry Manilow Wembley Arena (November 18/19/20), Birmingham NEC (22/23/24)

Shakatak Oxford Polytechnic (November 2), Southampton New Theatre (3), Boston Haven Theatre (4), Doncaster Gaumont (5), Paignton Festival Theatre (7), Poole Arts Centre (8), Basildon Festival Hall (9), Harlequin Forum (10), Croydon Fairfield Hall (11), Northampton Deragate Centre (13), Leicester Mr Kessers (14), Harrogate Centre (15), Slough Fulcrum Centre (16), Bristol Colston Hall (17), Cardiff St David's Hall (18), Norwich Theatre Royal (19), Guildford Civic Centre (20), Chatham Central

Halls (21), Nottingham Theatre Royal (22), Birmingham Odeon (23), Hammersmith Odeon (24), Ipswich Gaumont (25)

The Sisters Of Mercy Edinburgh Casey Pallas (October 6), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (5), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (6), Brunel University Student's Union (7), Birmingham The Powerhouse (9), Manchester University Students' Union (13), Huddersfield Town Hall (14), Newcastle City Hall (16), Nottingham Rock City (17), Leicester University (18), Norwich University Of East Anglia (19), Colchester Essex University (20), Brighton Top Rank (22), Bristol The Studio (23), Cardiff University (24), Hanley Victoria Hall (25), Leeds University (26), Sheffield University (27), Plymouth Top Rank (29), Exeter Riverside (30), London Lyceum (31), Guildford Civic Hall (November 1), Aylesbury Drags (2).

U2 London Brixton Academy Theatre (November 2/3), Edinburgh Playhouse (5), Glasgow Barrowlands (6/7), Manchester Apollo (8/10), Birmingham NEC (12/13), London Wembley Arena (14/15)

UB40 Glasgow Barrowlands (December 5/6), Edinburgh Playhouse (7), Leeds Odeon's Hall (8), Liverpool Royal Court (10/11), Birmingham NEC (12/13), Brixton Academy (15), London Hammersmith Odeon (16/17), Brighton Conference Centre (19), Cornwall St Austell Coliseum (21)



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VIDEO: JAZZIN' FOR BLUE JEAN

DAVID BOWIE

We gave you a sneak preview in the last issue but we can now reveal the truth about the full-length version of David Bowie's new video, *Jazzin' For Blue Jean*.

The mini epic has our David playing two parts – that of Vic, a seriously clumsy Jack-The-Lad figure, and Screamin' Lord Byron, a seriously weedy superstar who needs an oxygen mask to relieve a "teeny weensy headache".

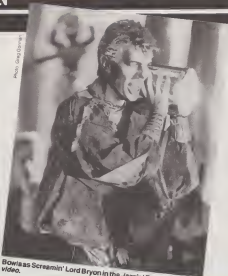
The plot is as old as the hills. Vic, as he puts up a giant poster for Byron, tumbles madly in love with a girl who walks under his ladder. After a quick squirt of confidence-giving mouth-spray, he follows her into the local pub where a fevered 'chat-up' begins. When Vic tells her (tongue entrenched in chaak) that Byron is a close personal friend, she finally agrees to go with him to Byron's concert at "The Bosphorous Rooms".

Vic agonises over what to wear. A track suit? A bondage outfit? A Frankie T-shirt? He settles for a sleek suit that wouldn't look out of place on Bryan Ferry. He gets to the concert but has to grapple with two tricky problems – he has no tickets and he's never met Byron. Still, no worries. Vic's verbal powers not only get him and his 'girlfriend' into the concert but also persuade Byron to say hello after the concert (when "Blue Jean" is actually performed).

But when Byron comes over to their table, calamity strikes. He and Vic's 'girlfriend' are obviously old friends and leave together. Vic is crest-fallen. But wait... there's a trick anding which I'm not raveling (although it's a bit of a disappointment).

The video is good-natured and quite a good fun at times but generally everyone is much too self-conscious and the humour strangely stala. Give us UB40's 30-minute epic, *Labour Of Love*, any day.

Ian Birch



Bowie as Screamin' Lord Byron in the *Jazzin' For Blue Jean* video.

MARC ALMOND & THE WILLING SINNERS

LONDON

Marc Almond: the ancient ritual of Remove The Singer's Shoelaces (While He's Not Looking).




It's not quite the kind of spectacle London's posh Royal Festival Hall is used to – acres of black fabric, gallons of hair dye, make-up slapped on by the bucketful, enough chains to sink a battleship – and that's just the audience. By comparison, Marc himself is looking a picture of restraint: short hair, little jewellery, simple black vest and trousers, his lurid pink sequinned jacket adding the only touch of flamboyance. He needn't have bothered, of course – "Get 'em off!!!" screams a goodly proportion of the audience, and they don't just mean his socks.

Perching on a handy dustbin (such things obviously follow him around), Marc informs us that we'll only be hearing new songs this evening. No need to worry though, for with titles like "Love in the Gutter", "Love Among The Ruined" and "Love For Sale", it's clear his interests remain the same as ever, i.e. sleaze (and lots of it).

Despite being visibly unnerved by the respectable surroundings, Marc throws himself totally into the performance. His fans attempt to do the same, mainly by hurling themselves with alarming ferocity at various sensitive portions of their hero's anatomy. Unfortunately the bouncer takes a dim view of this time-honoured custom, and warns Marc; that the power will be switched off if such shenanigans continue.

This puts a bit of a dampener on the proceedings, but even so Marc's on magnificent form, delivering his torrid tales with a power and a passion perfectly matched by The Willing Sinners' pounding, sexy accompaniment. In one short hour we're taken on a musical tour of dirty doings in seedy side-streets from London to Mexico and back, and by the final encore the forest of his n'ners vertical hairdos is positively wilting with emotion. It's been a much more subdued affair than Marc would have liked though. "Next time," he promises, "we'll choose somewhere we can have a bit more fun!"

Vic MacDonald



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JAY ASTON MARLYN JIM SOMERVILLE NICK HERWARD CATHY THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND SIMON LE BON STYLE COUNCIL

Stuart Adamsen takes a big, men-sized bite of his corned beef "grinder" (sausage shaped sarnie), chews, swallows an Jifris nervously as he ponders the age-old musical question: "What's your new album like?" A few chews and a bit of thought later, he finally confesses himself: "I'm well pleased with it."

"Steel Town" he hopes, will provide proof—if further proof were needed—that Big Country are more than just a group who sport uncut cheek and dirt and make electric guitars sound like beglugs. "Aye, we tried to stay away from the old Scottish gutters this time. The album's got a lot more scope than *The Crossing*."

"I always used to think, can there be any good new music?" adds bassist Tony Butler, "but this LP's turned out so well! The question now is, what can we do after this?"

As the group put the finishing touches to "Steel Town" and prepare to embark on their first British tour for months, it is clear that confidence is fragile at the moment, and no more evidence remains based firmly on

strenuous old-fashioned, remarkably unhip standards of "musicianship" and "technical excellence".

Working in a lively North London public house, statements like "I'm not a pop star—I hate that word; I just want to play me music" (from Bruce Watson) and discussions about the "emazing drum sound" available at Abba's studios in Sweden (where the LP was partially recorded) do battle with the weepie Irish country and western ballads seeping from the rather loud jukebox.

The music of Big Country has been described in the past as "uplifting", "stirring", "emotional", and various other complimentary things like that. Big Country music raises the spirits—but it could not do this, inasmuch as the members are unable to play their instruments with a certain aplomb. So they practise in private, they polish the instruments and treat them with tender loving care, they rehearse for goodness sake.

Big Country are real, DEDICATED musicians. To find out why, we probed into the backgrounds of the foursome who fly fearlessly in the face of fashion.

STUART ADAMSON

When I entered the music business from my Mum's record store, I worked in a record shop, then moved to Birmingham, then to the Stone Valley and Busby Hills areas (both towns) born up in 1968. I got into the leftovers—like a few years ago, lots of mouldy old records, but about, like the Rolling Stones, I did it.

"My Dad was a former merchant navy so, as my Mum was working, I had to go and do my own thing of a Saturday morning. My Mum would give me the money to buy a single and the first I bought was 'Death Of A Clown' by Dave Davies. It was a good one."

"After left school, I started working in a record shop, then doing a research course at Science. After some time the shop and pub business that I had involved me in, I was the only who was taken to be the best was great. He was a real, real, drummer for about a year, western guitar player, was one to lead his own band, but I was four years' worth of class. He used to tell me about himself. He was a brilliant musician."

"When I was then 13 my Mum's brother, a man called Drew, got an acoustic guitar and started messing about on it at my Gran's house, learning 'Daddy Boy' and stuff like that, play at parties. Then I started watching the BBC TV series *Hold Down A Chord*; I can't remember the presenter's name but I owe it all to him."

"One Christmas, my Dad came home from sea and bought me a Woolworth's electric guitar which played like a plank and, in 1973, me and a crazy guy called Louis started a group called Tattoo, playing at dance halls called Statut Duo and Statut stuff. But, eventually me and Willie Simpson, the bass player, got into Roxy Music and Men The Hoople and the other guys were all into Rory Gallagher so we went up. And then the punk thing started."

With Willie and Richard Jobson (now with the Armyure Show), Stuart formed The Skids (Sound) as some punk movers. "If it didn't work and think about The Skids, I remember how crazy it was at times. He got in 1981 teamed up with Bruce Watson to form the first version of Big Country, later recruiting Mark and Tony. And the rest is history."

TONY BUTLER

My mum was a trumpet player and she was the only one to play a big band on the island of Dominique and was a bit of a pop star there before he came to England. When I was still quite young, he bought me a piano and a trumpet but back then I showed no aptitude for music.

"At school in England, I started studying musical theory and tapping the drums in the school orchestra, but I still wasn't particularly interested until one night I saw *Top Of The Pops* and Norman Greenbaum was on doing 'Spirit In The Sky' and there was a shot of a Fender bass close up. To me it was like a pair of legs and I wanted a bass guitar of my own..."

"My cousin was in the army and doing all night and so he bought me a bass and I started to learn. Then a few of my friends at school started to play and this family called the Townshends who were looking for a bass player. So one day I went along to their house and the Townshend mummy came out—and she wouldn't let me in because she thought I was some kind of mugger."

"When I started playing with Simon Townshend, I didn't even know he was the brother of Pete Townshend of The Who. And when I did find out who Pete was this big star loved by millions of people all over the world, I wasn't really impressed. I just thought he sounded a bit weird. I was really green at that time."

"While I was playing with Simon, we were getting nowhere and I had a day job at WEA records doing telephone sales. I broke The Pretenders—sold so many copies of 'Brass In Pocket' to the shops, you wouldn't believe it. And then when I played on Pete Townshend's 'Empty Glass' album, I ended up having to sell that too which was really embarrassing."

"When *On The Air* toured with The Skids, I knew I wanted to play with Stuart. I never seen a group play such simple, effective songs and raise the spirits of so many people under one roof as The Skids did. Big Country do the same—only more so. This group is nothing but an emotional experience to me. Perhaps it's my West Indian blood, my calypso feel—brudder."

MARK BRZEZICKI

"My Dad's a retired singer and dancer, he never got anywhere, he still practices two hours every day. He's one of a rare breed, I've got two brothers and two sisters—I'm in the middle—and he's always encouraged us all. My older brother's a bass player in a group with Tim Attack from Leeds, slightly with my team-mated group of the late '70s, my older brother is DJ on local hospital radio, my older sister's a children's entertainer—she works holiday camps as a magician's assistant. My younger sister, who is 17 and just going into an office job, is the only non-entertainer in the family."

"When I left school, I went into engineering to learn to be an aircraft engineer and at the age of 16, I bought a drum kit off my neighbour. With my brothers, I formed the Flying Brzezickis who performed at various places anywhere. But then I started playing on the working man's club circuit."

"I did the ropes, playing seven nights a week, everything from talent contests to backing drag artists. Doves playing xylophones—I've always needed a drummer, I backed Paul Daniels once—it's weird when you see someone doing their magic tricks from behind because you can see how it's all done. The worst gig I ever did was with those complete idiots called Johnny and The Pie boys with some dirty lads with a huge medallion about 50 singing 'Dellie'."

"When my aircraft engineer apprenticeship was coming to an end there was an ad in a music paper saying 'Drummer required' replied, did the audition, passed, and it happened to be the Simon Townshend Band (subsequently *On The Air*) with Tony on bass. This was about 1977 and the music was very demanding, a cross between Yes and Genesis. Our first tour was supporting The Skids after which we split up and me and Tony formed a rhythm section called Rhythm For Hire."

"I'm committed to Big Country but I still enjoy the demands of session work. I've just done Fride's solo album, it's a bit intimidating playing with someone from Abba, this big mega-band, but she's totally unaffected by it all. I did the artwork for Fride's cover too, I'm clever like that..."

BRUCE WATSON

"When I was born, my Dad was working as a gold miner in Ontario, Canada. He used to take me to bear parks and places like that, which was great, but when I was two years old, he moved back to Scotland where he had grown up as an ordinary coal miner. I went to school in Dunfermline until I was 15 and I got one 'O' level in plasticine—no, it was woodwork to be honest. I'd always wanted to be a joiner. But by then I was interested in music and playing guitar. The first groups that got to me were things like The Sweet, Gary Glitter and Slade. Good stuff, eh?"

"After school I got a job in a laminated factory and then I had a choice of going down the pits like my Dad or going into the dockyards. So I went into the dockyard as a yardboy, cleaning up the mess for two years, and after that I spent six months with a joiner's firm making rope ladders for submarines—which was completely boring. By now, all my friends were getting into Genesis and awful stuff like that but I had seen the Alax Harvey Band and decided I was going to be a guitarist..."

"Me and my mate Raymond saved up all our money and bought some guitars and formed a group called The Delinquents. We got a was guy called Jimmy to play drums and a guy called Boz used to sing. We played church halls and community centres and then, all in one week, we got to support The Stranglers, Wire, Simple Minds and The Skids. It was the most completely brilliant week of my life. The Skids, to me, were unbelievable—the Scottish version of Talisman (rather superb US band of the late '70s)..."

"After The Delinquents sold all my instruments, went to London and squatted for about three weeks trying to get a band together. No luck. I just wanted to see my mum. So I came back to Scotland, formed another no-luck group called Euroact and went on the road. Then I got a call from Stuart..."

COUNTRY LIFE



(Left-right) Stuart Ademaon, Tony Butler, Bruce Watson, Mark Brzezicki.

Don't call them pop stars – “we hate that word”. Big Country would rather be thought of as musicians, thanks. They're a lot more interested in things like rehearsing and eating corned beef “grinders” than any of the more glamorous stuff pop has to offer. Always have been, too – as Tom Hibbert found out.



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Dear Black Type,

Most successful chart songs (and non-chart) are so because of the lyrics and mood of the song. The most successful have subjects that people can relate to like love, hate, happiness and sadness. There are, of course, the odd exceptions like Black Lace and The Twetics whose songs are just plain rubbish and still manage to get into the Top Ten! I mean, just who does buy these records?

Back to the point. There is now one more subject that bands are employing to sell records - Politics. Bands are starting to preach what they think about politics, the bomb and all that. Which is fair enough up to a point because half the time the lyrics used are so loosely connected with politics that they could be about anything.

But when groups start using their position to say what they think is right and wrong through their interviews they could stand to lose a lot of their fans and influence people who think that anything that comes out of their mouths is good enough for them.

For instance, I have always been a fan of Heren 17 but now that they are starting to voice their opinions on the miners' strike, the banning of the bomb, and which political party is right I have been slightly put off. I agree with their music but not their politics.

Everyone has a right to their own opinion and I'm sure that a lot of their fans agree with them, but I'm also certain that a lot of their fans don't and may be put off.

So why don't groups keep their political opinions to themselves and just get on with the music? Politics are boring anyway.

No doubt in the next issue I'll get a good slapping from millions of loyal Black Lace and Twetics fans and the only way I'll be able to recover will be to spend a £10 record token.

Andrew Ridgeley's cut off bit of nose, Bromley.



It's getting worse. After Big Country Wagon Wh heels come a Wham! chew. If they bring out a Paul Young flavoured ice cream I may be forced to complain.

Paul Young's No Parlez And Wham's Fantastic P.S. Holly looks like Norman Wisdom.

Dear Black Type,

Or should I say Fat Type. I've been watching you lately and you've definitely been getting a little chubbier round the capital letters. Mind you, it's not surprising considering all this junk food you've been eating lately. I mean, Cheese Wotsits and Banana Nesquik followed by Midget Cakes is hardly a satisfactory diet. I am therefore enrolling you in our Weight Watchers Club. You will be receiving our new slimline magazine shortly and a diet sheet which includes such wholesome meals as cut outlets, a J&S McCarty, wholesome bread on rye and brown pasta surprise. We will also send you



Write to: Smash Hits Letters, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. The best letter gets a £10 Record Token.

a copy of Peter Powell's Exercise Record which guarantees the loss of ten pounds in one month (if you're not in hospital first)

Alternatively you can send me £10 to get on our new crash diet - this guarantees the loss of £10 in a matter of seconds!

Peter Powell's Lectard, S. Croxson.

Excuse me! Since embarking on my very own 'work out' course, which involves a lot of punishing Daley Thompson-styled Leozade swiggung as seen on TV, the old tum's fatty melted away. The only problem these days is this awful craving for a jambo-sized Wham chew topped with lashings of Paul Young flavoured ice cream. Mmmm, delicious.

Help! My whole family are so 'with it'. My mum thinks David Sylvian is really dinky. Dad's been into Dead Or Alive for years. Aunty Dot wants to support Françoise on their first tour. Gramps wants to 'make waves' with Tina Turner and Granny wants to leave Gramps for Jon Moss! I don't know what to do. I myself am into Shirley Bassey and The Dooleys and I get assaulted every time I try to play 'Ferry Como's Golden Collection'.

What can I do to overcome my family's problem?
Desperate, Liverpool.

Chin up, Desperate! Your family are just going through a rather ticklish phase at the moment. If the Perry Como treatment fails, why not try a spot of Julio Iglesias? This has been known to work wonders on even the most stubbornly trendy old fogey. Then again, some of them seem beyond help - like this sad case . . .

I am writing to you mainly to embarrass my daughters, two Françoise-Love-Carnaby St. 'aces'.

I am reduced to reading *Smash Hits* behind the bathroom door, as, due to my advanced years (40), I am expected to moon over Manlow and sigh over Sintra. However, no more! I am about to confess I am a closet heavy rocker. I have a collection of Quo, Springsteen, Motorhead etc. all cunningly concealed in 'SantalongalMax' covers which I

play when the family is out. And I receive my more Enigbert Humperdink tapes this Christmas I shall go into orbit!
Ginny And Emma's Mum, Borehamwood.

You sound rather a lot like my Aunt Nora - or 'Tockles' Nora as she insists on calling herself. Whenever she comes to stay, no sooner is she in the door than, with a rancous whoop of "Rawk'n'roo'll!", she starts on an Iron Maiden album and sticks doing these frantic invisible guitar solos all over the living room. Next thing you know, she's got the local Women's Institute in for a coffee morning 'jam' session and the cries of "Hallow Lanton! We hurve y'all! Alright!" can be heard in the next street. It's so shaming.

My letter refers to your article on fan clubs many moons back. In its year pointer (under the guise of Linda Hammond) received only a Christmas card from the Soft Cell fan club (Cellmates) and, after complaining to the club, was offered tickets to the band's farewell gig. I admit that this article did put me off joining Cellmates.

However on August 13 I sent my £5 to the new Marc Almond fan club, Gutterhearts. To my surprise I received a lovely package two weeks later containing folder, membership card and holder button badge, 2 concert programmes, a colour poster, 4 good black and white photos of Marc, a huge newsletter, including penpals, Gutterheart Of The Month and a slot by Marc, Gutterheart writing paper, postcards . . . still the list goes on. As well as this parties and conventions in London and north England are in the offering.
So all you Marc/Cell/Mambas fans out there who were put off by Linda Hammond's review of Cellmates, join Gutterhearts, it will be one friendship you won't forget!
Andrea, Gutterheart No 2478, Dyfed.

Dear Louise Crew From Wybaston, (Get *Smash* August 2).
I noticed that you have been desperately looking for a "Like To Get To Know You" T-shirt. Well, since Linda Duff's enquires the fan

club have printed more. Whether they are the same as the previous ones, I don't know but I do know that you have to send your money (£8.50 + p. & p.) with the order. The address is: Howard Jones Fan Club, PO Box 185, High Wycombe, Bucks HP12 2EZ.
G. (Leppy's Best Mate), Suffolk.

It totally agree with Angela Jones of Wrexham (Letters, August 30).
I am nearly seventeen and I am fed up with not being able to see brilliant bands such as The Boomtown Set, Silent Running, Icicle Works, The Armory Show, King etc. because the only disc places where they can play are 18+ nightclubs or universities.

Surely bands such as those mentioned who are not as well known as bigger bands playing all-age Odeons and concert halls need as much support as they can get. By turning away or not encouraging under 18's by playing at these places, they are also turning away prospective record-buyers.

Although there is not enough for the 18+ year old age group to do, particularly on Saturday/Friday nights. But by turning away because they realise this and does anything about it will be 18 anyway so what's the point?

But if someone does do something it will save a lot of 15 - 18 year olds in the future the agony that I and many others have had to go through.

You can help by writing to Charles Burchill's *G String* (On His Guitar!), Birmingham.

Living in a town like Maldon can do strange things to a normally quiet insignificant guy. About six weeks ago a mate and me started campaigning for more local entertainment and finding Angela Jones letter (August 30) was quite a coincidence.

Our scheme involved opening a hall (either community or specially adapted) twice a week for solid non-stop disco music with no alcohol. We got the local paper interested but their two articles have had little response so far.

We asked local businesses to offer financial help to start the scheme and also asked local teenagers their opinions. The council gave us their support and suggested that we form a committee of 'responsible adults'. But it seems, as Angela said, that everyone turns a blind eye toward us and nobody, not even potential customers (and money-makers) are willing to offer advice or help.

I don't believe that Angela's idea is far-fetched and it would work well if only there were clubs in the regions where campaigners are.

Our age group is neglected even though our elders are concerned about future world leaders. We need entertainment that is both good, popular and inexpensive. Where are all the 'generous benefactors' that often appear in clubs?

Don't get me wrong, we intend to continue our campaign with the few people who have offered their support and hope that people in other areas will start similar campaigns or help us if they live near us.

Please help us get off the streets. Nick Parr, Maldon.

Help!!! You being the all-knowing, all-seeing creature that you are.

LETTERS

perhaps you could solve the problem that is puzzling me for weeks. When is that *Stevie Wonder's calling?*

It's not New Year or Valentine's Day or Spring. It's not April, or June, or July or August. It's not Halloween, the birds aren't migrating and the leaves aren't falling. It's not Christmas either. He also says, "no flowers bloom," which counts out most of the year.

I make it either December 29 or January 10. In any case it's not such an ordinary day, is it?
A Confused Apple Tree With Leaf Mould, Cornwall.

Following extensive analysis of the lyric in conjunction with my handy 'n' educational *Bea-Keeper's Day-At-A-Glance Diary* (15p, reduced for quick sale), I can now reveal that the day in question is **February 29, 1983.**

Guess what? In the August 30 issue of *Smash Hits* you lot printed 'yes' 19 times and 'no' an amazing 21 times, which all goes to show what a negative magazine this is! (Well, it is the last day of the hole and I've got nothing else to do).
Paul Weller's Brain (Isn't It Depressing When You're So Small Nobody Notices You?) Swindon.

No, no, no. A thousand times no. You're wrong. This is a *positive* magazine. And as no-one here actually likes *Yes* very much, I'd say that 19 mentions in one issue was pretty generous. Now if you were to start complaining about how few times we'd printed 'Little Jimmy Osmond' or 'Mad Pop', I might start to agree with you.

I've just been investigating the small area of vinyl between the grooves and label on records. Some of them have got funny quotes on them. Here goes—

"Not the way I would have done it!" ("Coffin" 12 - New Order);
"What do you think?" ("Temptation" 12 - New Order); "Dan yer men & Lasher the cake-man." ("Waterfront"

12 - Simple Minds); "Berter than a slap in the face with a wet fish!" ("Just Can't Get Enough" 12 - Depeche Mode); "Tivi Tivi Tivi Tivi Tivi Most success, Tivi." ("Everything Counts" 12 - Depeche Mode); "I think I've got Euthanasia & anyway I've got to go now." ("Love In Itself" 7 - Depeche Mode); "Chas says that natty sound." ("The Prince" 7 - Madness); "Attack! Attack!"

("Bittersweet" 12 - New Model Army); "No-one play that record for a 1000 years, okay." ("Hole In My Shoe" 12 - Neil); "Seven say results not excuses & All the players play a part." ("Our House" 7 - Madness); "Dreams stay with you!" ("The Crossing" LP - Big Country); "Balbo tape one." ("Rupert Sings An Hour Of Nursery Rhymes" - Rupert Bear - my favourite all time LP - £1.40 in the bargain bin at Woolworths); *A Recruit Of The New Model Army, Manchester.*

That's nothing. On the inside of my v. toe-tapping "Mini Pops Christmas Disco" EP is etched the intriguing message: "XL-437-83". What can it mean, I wonder?



There. We've made up for the times you haven't printed his name - now you make up for some of the times you haven't printed his picture!
Valeria & Graella Doves, Brighton.

Alright, but you'll have to wait until we've done the Little Jimmy Osmond centre spread and the Mini Pop Personal File.

Look mate, sorry for butting in, like, but I've made a most amazing discovery! There is something really promising in this *Blue Peter* lark. I mean, how many people do you know who can make a radio out of a shoe box, two elastic bands and a reel of double sided sticky tape (for speed)?

Honestly, it's priceless information! To be able to make a nuclear bomb out of a loo roll, a Squee bottle and some double-sided tape sticky tape (for speed) is one thing. But to be able to make an

'intergalactic lunar module navigation unit' with 'gaseous oxygen tank, thermal shield and radial mapping scanner' with 'detachable retromax radar antenna' all from a coat hanger, a Heinz invaders tin, two sheets of sticky back plastic, a dead mouse, an empty toothpaste tube and some double-sided sticky tape is just out-of-this-world!

So just stop to think as you blow away the old Squee bottle, the *Blue Peter* revolution is on the way! Supplier Of Sticky Back Plastic And Double Sided Sticky Tape (For Speed) To The B.P.S. B.P.F. (*Blue Peter Sticky Back Plastic Federation*), London.

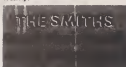
Just for you, I've made this reply out of nothing but a dab of black ink and a piece of paper. Take a pair of household scissors and - taking care not to spear yourself on the sharp edges - cut neatly around the four sides of the reply. Key presto! You now have an easy-to-peep-through Letters page. Not bad, eh?

I was watching George Michael's video on TOT1 last night when I noticed that the continuity girl seems to have made a mess of things. While walking along next to some ropes, standing behind a chain which just happens to be hanging from the ceiling and singing "woah woah!" George's top button on his white shirt is undone. But when he walks over to the mike and sings "I feel so unsure..." the top button has miraculously done itself up.

Well, I thought this was a one-off job, but no, when he walks back to the mike and sings "call to mind a silver screen and all its sad goodbyes", the top button is once more undone. After observing all of this I sat back feeling that my brain had been overworked but, this was not the end. Yes - you've guessed it - the button was done up again. Can it be that the continuity girl isn't very decisive or just that she is unsure about the correct state for a top button to be in? Good song, though. *A Person Who Thinks George Is A Poser Who Has For Once Released A Decent Song, South Humber-side.*

You shouldn't blame the continuity girl. The fact is that George is a bit of a *Blue Peter* fan on the sly and he'd made that shirt himself using nothing but some Xmas tinsel, a couple of corks, a couple of pieces of paper mache and a piece of card (neatly cut from a packet of *Sugar Puffs*). Trouble is, the silly boy

forgot the most essential ingredient of all - sticky back plastic! It's hardly surprising that the buttons started going distinctly wacky.



I don't like to complain but I think your competitors are much too easy to enter. I mean the prizes are really great - who in their right minds would turn down a chance of winning a set of dead trendy clothes, a walkman, a bike, a trip on the TOT7 train or a watch and a computer, not to mention the records! But why not make the questions a bit harder or even have a tie-breaker? 'Lucky draws' to find a winner are alright, but there's a chance in a million (or two or three) of winning. However, if readers use their skill and intelligence to answer a set of pretty difficult questions and a tie-breaker, it might encourage more readers to enter and give everybody a fairer chance. In my opinion it is better to award prizes to people who have used skill and brains and who know a fair bit about pop than to send a prize to the sender of a postcard drawn from a sack who hasn't really deserved it. Let's face it, you don't have to know a great deal about pop to answer some of the questions you set.

A Packet Of Spicy Hula Hoops Who's Sitting Next To A Packet Of Fried Gammon Flavour Hula Hoops And A Packet Of Cherry And Melon Fruitflax, Coventry.
P.S. Did you know The Smiths brush their teeth after every meal? It's a wonder they've got time.

It was a Tuesday morning, and Zang Turb Tuam studios were silent. In one corner of a large office room Holly sat making paper aeroplanes out of a copy of *The Sun*. Opposite him sat Mark polishing his Fender Precision bass for the fifteenth time. His big, brown tolerant eyes looked over his guitar towards Holly who was now waving a piece of paper in the air.

"I've got the chart positions for today here," said Holly quietly.

"I need them like I need a pudding
ANSWERS FROM BITZ
The wedding photo - Adam Ant.
The shot from the cot - Nick Rhodes.

The Circle Works
New Single
'Hollow Horse'
Available on 7" + 12" with extra track - 'Nirvana', live -
Beggars Banquet

bowl haircut," replied Mark. Fed, who was busy chewing a drumstick, spat out the splinters and moaned, "I still can't believe it." Nash, who is in advanced stages of Dementia Precor (Insanity), was huddled against the wall gibbering "Young guns go for it."

Something was desperately wrong. Paul's attention turned to the sound of a door opening. Trevor Horn entered. Paul's eyes glazed as he gazed at the said "Why him of all people? Why not Nik Kershaw, Prince, anyone?"

"I know," said Trev. "Actually I saw George Michael in the Virgin Megastore in Oxford Street yesterday."

"Oh yeah?" said Holly. "What was he buying?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand copies of 'Careless Whisper'." The Orange Co-Mobile, Wigan.

To use as replacement shirt buttons, presumably. Oh, and have a £10 Record Token.

What do you call a woman who's standing between two goalposts? Annexe.

Someone Who Is So Bored She Resorts To Telling Smash Hits Carry Jokes. Penriva.

What do you call a woman who throws her lavatory on the fire? Incanda.

What do you call a chocolate bar which crashes its motorbike? A Careless Wisp.

Mark The Goldfish, Aberdeen.

What do call a motor scooter that's run over its chocolate bar? A Careless Vespa.

TOP TEN ALBUMS

- 1 (9) New! That's What I Call Music - Various Artists.
- 2 (2) Last In Line - Dix.
- 3 (4) Condition Critical - Quiet Riot.
- 4 (1) Legend - Bob Marley.
- 5 (3) The Sultans - The Blue Bells.
- 6 (5) Diamond 121 - Koda.
- 7 (6) Purple Year - Primp.
- 8 (7) Fright Driver - Visa Towner.
- 9 (8) Parade - Spandau Ballet.
- 10 (9) Born in the USA - Bruce Springsteen.

According to the Bangor/Anglesey Weekly News, Prince has changed from being a weather man and calling his LP "Purple Rain" to a surgeon and calling his LP well... see for yourself.

George Michael's Observant Earring, Anglesey, Wales.

We are two great fans (and friends) of Frankie who are really - and we mean really - with the people who insist on spelling Nasher's name with a G. Nasher happens to be a short, lit, hairy, ugly (everything that Nasher isn't) dog who appears in The Beano with Dennis The Menace. Correct us if we're wrong but we do believe that Smash Hits itself spell Nasher's name with a G. We were disgusted - and we mean disgusted - that Smash Hits should make such an undogivable mistake.

Nasher's Hair Gel And Mark O' Toole's Leather Footstrap.

Oodness racious and rovellin a polices! We will never spell Nasher's name wrong again, we guarantee. We wouldn't dream of leaving the Y out of Frankie either...



If you think using Frankie Goes To Hollywood to sell houses is bad (August 2) then look what I found in my local paper. People will do anything to attract customers.

Who's Who is Incredibly Famous, Disgracefully Rich, Amazingly Pretty, Enormously Clever, Still Reads Smash Hits And Lives In Surrey.

Please help me and send me something to cheer me up! I'm suffering from 'Agadoo Push Pinz'.

On Saturday I was playing snooker, with my brother in his room and on the radio came 'Agadoo'. Immediately I started pushing pineapples to the left and to the right and to the knees with the snooker cue in my hand. When I got to the second 'Agadoo', up went my hands and the cue went through my brother's poster of "B.A." plus jewellery and the rest of the A-Team. I sat down laughing while he ran out.

I stopped laughing when I heard the ripping of paper coming from my room. I ran in to find my brother ripping up the last of my Duran Duran posters. After shouting at him, I sat rather heavily on my bed cracking my 'Seven And The Ragged Tiger' album beyond repair. So now you see why I need something to cheer me up! A Pineapple Pushed Too Far, Walford.

Never mind. In the final stages of "Agadoo Fever", as it is clinically termed, the pineapples have been known to take over completely, sprouting palm trees and enacting scenes from Duran Duran's "Rio" video in the victim's bedroom. Judging from your story, I reckon you've got about a week to go.

I am a disgusted Smiths fan. I have just bought a 12" of "William (It Was Really Nothing)" and I rushed home eager to put it on my record player. I sat in anticipation of the delights to come. The first notes sounded, and then the last. Was I mistaken? Had I put it on the wrong speed? No. I looked carefully and played it again. It lasts for two minutes 10 seconds - the same as the 7". So okay there's an extra track on the B-side and all one minute 50 seconds of it were of the expected high standard, but I don't expect to pay £1.14 for an extra one minute 50 seconds no matter how good it is.

For all Morrissey's talk of being too good to his fans, and music being too commercial, this can be doing his back account no harm. This hasn't put me off our music, what it has done is make me think again about Morrissey.

Morrissey's Swiss Bank Account (Numbers Only), Bradford.

As my uncle Sidney, who stood 4'9" in his stockinged feet, always said: "It's quality not quantity that

counts. Short is sweet. The nicest gifts come in small packages... "etc. etc. In the end we bought him a pair of Gary Glitter autographed platform boots just to shut him up.

So!!! Morrissey has a hearing aid does he??? And he's lost it...

How long ago??? That's what I want to know. Being a sympathetic person, I feel that now this fact has been disclosed we can forgive him for his depressing walls - obviously doesn't know what he sounds like but what is his excuse for writhing around the floor with poor defenceless plants??? Has he lost control of his body too???

A Smiths Fan, Temp Le Fortunes, London.

P.S. Please help!!! I am living in a cultural vacuum because I still cannot afford The Smiths album. This is my last chance!!!

Thank goodness Morrissey has never been let loose in the *Blue Peter* Garden, that's all I can say. Actually, the reasons for his unusual stage antics can now be revealed. Yes! It's another nasty case of "Agadoo Fever", as my next correspondent explains...

It has come to our attention that Morrissey has been directly influenced by Black Lace both in lyrical style - love of nature etc. - and in dancing style. Pineapples are obviously the influence for Morrissey wearing flowers in his back pocket, his golden Hawaiian shirt has evident Black Lace connotations and his symbolic

removal of this garment proves his intention to cast aside accusations of this sort.

A Pineapple From Morrissey's Fruitbowl, Forest Hill, London.

Case conclusively proven, methinks. "Book him, Danno!" that skilful actor Jack Lord used to say in the exciting TV adventure series "Hawaii Five-O" (which, by some strange coincidence, featured quite a lot of pineapples and palm trees).

Dear My Darling Hubby (Black Type).

This is your beloved wife, Mrs Red Type, here. Sorry to call you by work but the money for the typewriter keeping is getting rather low and a subsidy would come in handy. I estimate that anything between £5 and £20 would keep you in ink for a week or two. Please would you forward your contribution to our home address or bring it with you when you leave work this evening. Dinner is at 6.30pm, so don't be late home. You've got "Ink In The Well" which doesn't keep very long.

See you later.
Red Type, Your Beloved Wife, Surrey.

Oh no! Not "Ink In The Well" again! But hang on a mol! The only person I know in your neck of the woods is my aunt Rockin' Nora, who is currently on tour with the Guildford Townswomen's Guild's Headdressers Association. And I've never been married to her, I'm thankful to say. Therefore, you must be a forgery. Ta-ra!

FOUR of the following will be in the next issue of THIS magazine:-

- An extract from "The Observer Book Of Watercress"
- Advanced Macramé can be fun!
- SPANDAU BALLET
- Bottle Gardens for Beginners
- PAUL YOUNG
- "I Watched Paint Dry" - The True Life Confessions of John Craven
- A really long piece of string
- OZZY OSBOURNE
- 117 uses for a pair of tweezers
- Black Lace - The Early Years
- Lots of rolls of sticky-backed tape
- BANANARAMA (really, this time).

Find out WHICH in
Smash Hits October 11

SMASH HITS
Depeche Mode

