

MADNESS

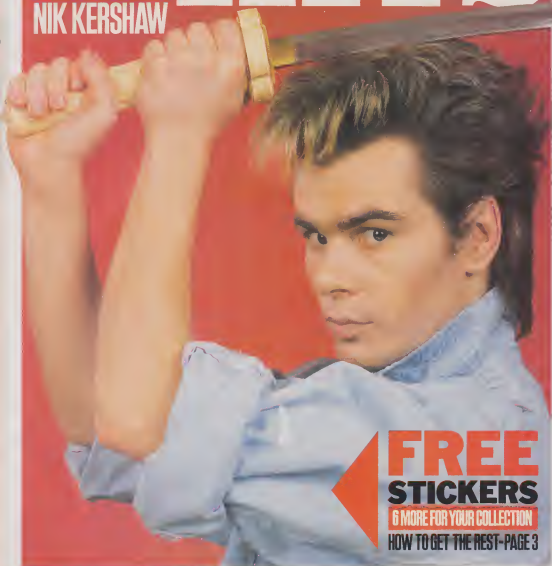
PHIL FEARON & GALAXY

WHAM!

SCRITTI POLITTI

NIK KERSHAW

Smash HITS



**FREE
STICKERS**

6 MORE FOR YOUR COLLECTION

HOW TO GET THE REST-PAGE 3

SMASH HITS
STEVE NORMAN
SPANDAUFALLET



Hello. Page Three here again. Blimey. Bit of an outbreak of STICKERMANIA around these parts. Everyone in the office has gone swapping mad. Anyone with all five of Duran Duran has to keep their sticker album locked up. People are actually offering a week's wages for just two members of Roxy Music. Lucky no-one's told them about this issue — you know, the **SECOND PACK OF SIX FREE STICKERS** we've generously taped to Nik Kershaw's left arm. Be chaos when they find out.

Mixed sticker packs are in all good newsagents so you can get fresh stocks for 20p a pack. And if you're still missing a few, write off to *Minicards* (details in your sticker album).

By the way, anyone got U2's bass player? You have? Wow. Er, look, um, maybe we could come to a little arrangement...



Photo: Sheila Rock

MADNESS — 8/9
What TV series? What record label? Carl & Suggs point a finger to the future.



NIK KERSHAW — 44/45
A cut above the rest.

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Photo: Eric Watson

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He had hits in '79. He's having hits now. So what happened in between?



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Photo: Eric Watson

HOWARD JONES — 37
A day to remember.



Photo: Brian Area/DPA

WHAM! — 32/33
Two blokes. One large photo.



PHOTOS: DOUGLAS AUSTIN

Wanting to be trees: Tim Pope with (left) The Cure, (above right) Paul Young, (below right) Siouxsie.

"I Want To Be A Tree". Video-director Tim Pope, who makes videos for people like Soft Cell and The Style Council, has made a video of himself singing a ditty of his own. With a little help from his friends, of course. "I Want To Be A Tree" is rather silly and catchy song. "It's meant to be banal," he says. "A joke against me." He reckons that, particularly in America, video directors are beginning to get practically as much attention as the stars of their videos and wants to deflate that. In his video, Paul Young, The Style Council, Siouxsie and Budgie, Talk Talk, The Cure and Marc Almond are seen "spontaneously reacting" to Tim's song. Marc Almond clings to Tim and sings along. Weller and Talbot snigger. "I think all the reactions represent the people quite well," says Tim. "I mean, you'd expect Siouxsie to hit me with an umbrella." Needless to say, record companies are now clamouring to sign up Tim and his song. And, as he puts it: "That's an even bigger joke."

START

Their eyes met across a crowded dancefloor. He — Ali Campbell, singer with UB40 — chases after keyboard-player Mickey's girlfriend, Bernadette. And the result? A monumental snog that resembles a rather hefty half-nelson with added open drain sound effects. So what's the reason for all this gallivanting? It's the new UB40 video of course, for "Cherry Oh Baby". Wonder if it'll be banned?



PHOTOS: PHILIP HARRIS

MU

Shoot your shot. "Cockatoo pop star" Howard Jones' car was peppered with bullets from an air rifle when he rounded Birmingham's Spaghetti Junction the other week ... On March 14, Michael Jackson's "Thriller" officially became the biggest-selling record of all time, beating Bing Crosby's "White Christmas" into second place. The LP has now sold a staggering 30 million copies ... Spotted, Rowan Atkinson wandering around outside The Tube's Newcastle studio with a small dog in his arms. Does he never leave Lesley Ann's side? ... Roland Rat is planning to record an LP of Cliff Richard and Elvis Presley songs. Mum's the word. Marilyn confessed recently that he used to be horrid to his mother. "I remember once when we had a row I pushed her down the stairs. She cracked three ribs and had to go to hospital. But I just said: 'Oh don't be so pathetic.'" When he got his record deal he made it up to her by spending £2,000 on some diamond earrings and showering her with £5,000 in one-pound notes ... Marilyn also met Princess Anne recently after a charity concert for the NSPCC. He curtsied. She said: "that was very well done!"



Marilyn curtsies before Princess Anne



Marilyn's mum

By the way Boy George's name for "Cry And Be Free" is "Try And Be Me" (enigger) ... Spotted, Mari Wilson hopping on a Northern Line train at Golders Green tube station ... Nik Kershaw wears a snood. A what? Well, a snood is apparently a cotton tube that's worn round the neck and shoulders. "There are holes in either side to put your arms through," Nik explained, "although most of the fabric remains clinging to your shoulders. Incheon all men will be wearing a snood soon." Small World. Phil Fearon went to primary

PHOTOS: ANDREW HARRIS

INTERVIEWS

school with **Glen Matlock** of the original Sex Pistols. In 1976, the pair ran into each other and Matlock asked Fearon to join the group "He invited me round to the Pistols' rehearsal room," Fearon muttered. "I listened to the whole set and at the end I just said: 'No thanks, you're too weird!'" Spotted, **George** and **Andrew of Wham!** wandering down Soho's Poland Street late one night arm in arm with a mystery brunette... **Gina Shock**, drummer of **The Go-Gos**, is having surgery for a hole in the heart. The Scots lady who says "you're very sensible, Captain" in that Westabix ad is none other than the Captain's favourite aunt, **Sadie Burns**, who lives on the 17th floor of a Glasgow tower block. Students at Bound Brook High School in New Jersey are organising a petition. Why? Because they've been banned from dressing like **Michael Jackson**...

who lives in Southampton during the winter and is available for bookings.



Puppet George

Amongst **Sade's** earliest memories is rolling around in the mud with her brother during the Nigerian rainy season... **OMD** are now tax exiles. They're living in Amsterdam... Spotted. **Dave Gahan** of **Depeche Mode** in Pizzardi opposite the London Palladium... The **Mit** sportswear company are very cross with **Madness**. They supplied all the gear for "Keep Moving", and then the boys appeared on posters wearing, well, ether shoes... Spandau built recording in Germany with producers **Carmal** & **Jolley** at **Giorgio Moroder's** Munich studio... **David Bowie** and **Nick Jagger** are teaming up to make a film. They've approached playwright **Tom Stoppard** to do a script for them... **Tom Bailey**, who has recently, it is muttered, taken to riding round on buses in the hope of meeting "real people" also wants to make a film. It's to be a murder mystery set in India. **Bailey**, who once spent six months studying music in a monastery at the foot of the Himalayas, will finance it, produce it and of course star in it... Spotted. **Simple Minds** in a Newtville am hotel sending someone out to

buy **Venus** cough mixtures... People walking past the **TOYP** dressing rooms the other week were startled to hear these operatic noises from within. Seems **Julia McGirt** of **Julia & Co** isn't a soul singer, she's classically trained... Spotted. **Phil Manzanera** and **Andy Mackay** of **Roxy Music** dining in London's **L'Escargot** restaurant... And spotted. **Paul Weller** and **Merton Mick** dining in the considerably cheaper **Kermans** round the corner... **Slade's Noddy Holder** stepped outside the stage door of a London theatre recently to go to the pub only to be confronted by hordes of pop fans. "There they were: hundreds of teensy opening straight for me," panicked completely," he muttered. "Then I saw this... with **Boy George** in it and I realised it was he... they were cheating..." **Noddy** is also, 'tis muttered, thinking of recording an exercise LP for heavy drinkers. It'll be called "Shape Up And Drink" and will "concentrate on the use of the right arm"... **Bourgie Bourgie's** video shoot for "Breaking Point" had to be postponed for a week after a scene where **Irish** singer **Paul Quinn** swings across the set went wrong. He got rope burns all over his chest... **Howard Jones** has asked his parents to move up from Wales to High Wycombe to take over the running of his fan club from his wife **Jan**. At a Chicago radio station's coast-to-coast phone-in for **Duran Duran**, a staggering 200,000 fans rang in the space of one hour. This is a new record for this type of thing, beating **Def Leppard's** total of 40,000 calls... **D'ran** two. A list of all the stuff the boys ordered to be in their dressing rooms before their show in Toronto: six bottles of **Bollinger 1975** champagne, two bottles of **Veuve Cliquot** champagne, two cases of **Beck's** beer, one bottle of **Stolichnaya** vodka, 12 cans of **Coca-Cola**, 24 sandwiches with butter, smoked salmon and egg salad, tuna salad, chicken, roast beef, cheese, a selection of cheesecakes, trifles and fresh fruit pies, 40 roast beef and fresh seafood dinners for the production crew, flowers in all rooms, 30 full size 100% cotton bathtows, two bars of soap... **D'ran** three. After all that, **Simon le Bon** was seen relaxing afterwards with **Claire Stanfield**. Toronto was where they first met ten years ago.



Gerald O'Dowd, young brother of **George O'Dowd**, has failed in his application to run at the London Marathon. He was going to do it to raise money for multiple sclerosis research... **Nena's** temperamental crockery flinging is worse than **Mutterlings** thought... "Sometimes we have to eat on paper plates and drink out of paper cups," muttered her drummer/boyfriend **Rolf Brendel**, "because all the china is broken"... Spotted. **David Bowie** at London's **Old Vic Theatre** watching a Canadian production of **Gilbert & Sullivan's The Mikado**. As a "fun" cricket match in Australia during his tour there, **Eton John** was bowled out on the third ball, promptly dropped his trousers and bared his bum to the assembled onlookers. These included Aussie cricketers **Denis Lillee** and **Rodney Marsh**... A motion recently tabled in the House of Commons by MPs **Ian Wrigglesworth**, **Jeram Hanley**, **Bryan Gould** and **Matthew Parle**: "This house congratulates **Culture Club**, **Police**, **Duran Duran** and other British stars on their success in the Grammy awards"... He is so sick! Paid £1000 (plus VAT) to appear at the **Gloucestershire & North Avon Young Farmers' Spring Fling** recently. **Steve Wright** engaged all involved by showering them with buckets full of flour, eggs and water... Visitors to **Broadstairs** in Kent this summer may be surprised to find not a **Punch & Judy** show, but a **Boy George & Judy** show. The puppet has been made by **Martin Briddle**,



Simon and Claire

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UP ON THE CATWALK

UP ON THE CATWALK A BIG WHEEL IS SPINNING
IN DOLLARS TO DEUTSCHMARKS AND PENNIES FROM HEAVEN
AND UP ON THE CATWALK THERE'S ONE HUNDRED MILLION
WITH LETTERS FROM THOUSANDS THAT SAY "JUST WHO ARE YOU?"
THERE'S ONE THOUSAND NAMES THAT CAN SPRING UP IN MY MIND BUT
YOU'D CALL IT BLACKMAIL AND THAT'S JUST NOT MY KIND
UP ON THE CATWALK AND UP ON THE CATWALK AND I DON'T KNOW WHY

CHORUS

I WILL BE THERE I WILL BE THERE I WILL BE THERE
I WILL BE THERE I WILL BE THERE

UP ON THE CATWALK THERE'S STREET POLITICIANS
THAT CRAWL IN FROM BROADWAY SAY "THEN WHO ARE YOU?"
AND UP ON THE CATWALK THERE'S ONE THOUSAND POSTCARDS
FROM MONTEVIDEO SAY THAT I'LL BE HOME SOON THEN
GET OUT OF BOMBAY AND GO UP TO BRITTON
AND I LOOK AROUND TO SEE JUST WHAT IS MISSING
AND UP ON THE CATWALK GIRLS CALL FOR MOTHER AND
DREAM OF THEIR BOYFRIENDS AND I DON'T KNOW WHY

REPEAT CHORUS

TONIGHT UNDER THE CRYSTAL LIGHT I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING I NEED
TONIGHT UNDER THE CRYSTAL LIGHT SURRENDER EVERYTHING TO ME

UP ON THE CATWALK YOU DRESS IN WAIST COATS AND GOT BRILLIANTINO
AND FRIENDS OF KIM PHILBY YOU FLOAT THROUGH THE NIGHT TIME
LIKE MANNA FROM HEAVEN BUT WHAT DO I KNOW AND JUST
WHAT DO I KNOW AND UP ON THE CATWALK IN SWEAT THAT GUSTENS
AND I DON'T KNOW WHY AND I DON'T KNOW WHY I DON'T KNOW WHY

REPEAT CHORUS

TONIGHT UNDER THE CRYSTAL LIGHT SURRENDER EVERYTHING TO ME
ANGEL ANGEL ANGEL ANGEL
ONE THOUSAND NAMES THAT SPRING UP THROUGH MY MIND
ONE THOUSAND NAMES THAT SPRING UP IN MY MIND
LIKE DEODATA MICHELANGELO, ROBERT DE NIRO SO MANY OTHERS
NASTASSIA KINSKI AND MARTIN LUTHER
SO MANY OTHERS A WAY FROM ME OH
UP ON THE CATWALK UP ON THE CATWALK UP ON THE CATWALK
I DON'T KNOW WHY
UP ON THE CATWALK UP ON THE CATWALK UP ON THE CATWALK

WORDS AND MUSIC SIMPLE MINDS
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION EMI MUSIC PUBS
ON VIRGIN RECORDS

LUCKY STAR

YOU MUST BE MY LUCKY STAR
'CAUSE YOU SHINE ON ME WHEREVER YOU ARE
I JUST THINK OF YOU AND I START TO GLOW
AND I NEED YOUR LIGHT AND BABY YOU KNOW

CHORUS

STARLIGHT STARBRIGHT FIRST STAR I SEEK TONIGHT
STARLIGHT STARBRIGHT MAKE EVERYTHING ALRIGHT
STARLIGHT STARBRIGHT FIRST STAR I SEEK TONIGHT
STARLIGHT STARBRIGHT OOH YEAH

YOU MUST BE MY LUCKY STAR
'CAUSE YOU MAKE THE DARKNESS SEEM SO FAR
AND WHEN I'M LOST YOU'LL BE MY GUIDE
I JUST TURN AROUND AND YOU'RE BY MY SIDE

REPEAT CHORUS

YEAH

COME ON SHINE YOUR HEAVENLY BODY TONIGHT
'CAUSE I KNOW YOU'RE GONNA MAKE EVERYTHING ALRIGHT
OOH COME ON SHINE YOUR HEAVENLY BODY TONIGHT
'CAUSE I KNOW YOU'RE GONNA MAKE EVERYTHING ALRIGHT

YOU MAY BE MY LUCKY STAR BUT I'M THE LUCKIEST BY FAR
YOU MAY BE MY LUCKY STAR BUT I'M THE LUCKIEST BY FAR

REPEAT CHORUS

COME ON SHINE YOUR HEAVENLY BODY TONIGHT
'CAUSE I KNOW YOU'RE GONNA MAKE EVERYTHING ALRIGHT
OOH COME ON SHINE YOUR HEAVENLY BODY TONIGHT
'CAUSE I KNOW YOU'RE GONNA MAKE EVERYTHING ALRIGHT

YOU MAY BE (YOU MAY BE) MY LUCKY STAR (MY LUCKY STAR)
I'M THE LUCKIEST BY FAR (WHAT YOU DO TO ME BABY)
YOU MAY BE MY LUCKY STAR (YOU KNOW)
BUT I'M THE LUCKIEST BY FAR

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC MADONNA
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION WARNER BROS MUSIC LTD
ON SIRE RECORDS



Lough that's all they seem to do this afternoon. Remarkably, after six years together in Madness, Messrs Graham "Suggs" McPherson and Carl Smyth are still enthusiastic about their group, brimming with ideas for songs, stunts and performances and laughing at their own jokes. As old friends, they've matured together from being North London bad boys to "elder statesmen" in pop music, sipping Earl Grey tea in comfortable homes, without losing interest or confidence in what they do. "We have ambassa upon ambassa," laughs Suggs and that seems to be their new motto. Even, it seems, when it comes to answering my questions.

IS IT STILL FUN BEING IN MADNESS?

SUGGS: Yes, amazingly so. I still really enjoy it and look forward to the future of the group. It's funny now that we're elder statesmen in rock, in a strange way, seeing groups coming up with the same enthusiasm for the business. Enthusiasm for the business — that's what wears off after a while. But, as Chris has said, the fact that we're still together must mean something pretty amazing.

CARL: I think we know where to draw the line with each other; we've known each other for so long.

WHAT WAS YOUR REACTION TO MIKE BARSON LEAVING?

CARL: It was on 4th October, 1982,

We'd just stopped rehearsing and I made some tea. I walked into the room and laid the cups down. And Mike stood up with a very heavy frown. He said, and I quote, these were his words: "I'll be leaving the band after this album, you turds." And we all laughed and said it had been a good run...
SUGGS: We'd had a touch...
CARL: ...and had some fun.

We'd made some cash and had a splash. We'd travelled far, we'd travelled wide. But now the Barson has gone to hide. No, it was good that he had the strength to do it. Things happen to us and draw us together and make us a bit stronger.
SUGGS: It was like what I've read about dying: that your life flashes before you. I remember when he said it that the band's whole career flashed before my eyes.

CARL: We still contact him. He might send tapes over. All the doors are open.
SUGGS: It undermined our confidence for a while, though. For about a month we were like headless chickens.

CARL: But we've still got a few bucketfuls of confidence left.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF TRACEY ULLMAN'S VERSION OF "MY GIRL"?

CARL: Colgate.
SUGGS: We always thought that that it would be a good

song for a girl to do. Robbo (Dave Robinson) was always saying that he wanted someone to do it, as the head of Siffi. So, you know, they've done it and they've tried and it's alright.

CARL: It's difficult to be objective when it's yours. I think it's good that Neil Kinnoch's in the video. It helps the Labour party to get in then all well and good.

WHAT'S THIS TV SERIES YOU'RE PLANNING?

CARL: Oh. It's going to be filmed. It's going to have us in it. It's going to be a bit of a sat com satire about the state of the nation, sort of like *The Monkees*, you know. (Laughs sarcastically.)

SUGGS: I don't think it's particularly because we're a pop band that we'd like to do it. It's just the fact that we could do something funny visually. It's at the written stage now. A few episodes have been written and now it's got to be sold commercially as a package. So there's nothing in the can, man.

WHAT'S YOUR INVOLVEMENT WITH GREENPEACE AND CND?

SUGGS: We rest like them. Greenpeace are ecologists but they do things. They don't have debates, they don't have marches, they just do things.

CARL: They'll put their bodies under nuclear waste which is being dumped in the ocean. They'll chain themselves to tankers which are about to be dropped.
SUGGS: They'll go to Norway and physically try to stop them killing the seals.



CARL: They get no reward except the satisfaction of what they do and a lot of stick from the press. We support them and that's all we're saying. We don't preach.

SUGGS: I'm a member of CND.

CARL: CND's different. I don't know if the way they do things is really positive or is going to get anywhere in the long run...

SUGGS: ... but you can't help but try. They're aiming specifically at nuclear weapons and we support them.

WHY ARE YOU STARTING A RECORD LABEL?

CARL: It seems a natural progression. We've got our own studio and we've met a lot of people who we get on with and who we'd like to be doing something with.

Just work, really. It means maybe we get into engineering or production, just broadening one's outlook, like with the TV series.

SUGGS: And it makes us a bit more self-sufficient. We own the building that it's in.

WHAT DO YOU WEAR IN BED?

CARL: Nothing. Not a sausage.

SUGGS: Nothing.

DESCRIBE YOUR SITTING ROOM.

CARL: It's an L-shaped room. It's at the top of some stairs. It has a black table, two sofas, very little else, a bookcase, a stereo, lots of plants. It has all my record collection which is scratched and abused. It's got some pictures on the wall, one of them of some tulips, another one of a Polish clown and another one of the Irish 1916 rebellion and a picture of me when I was 11 months old. It's got a bookcase which we're looking after for a friend and a little bureau which we're looking after for a friend. And a telephone which is red and which doesn't ring often because I've changed my number and no-one knows it. I don't like spending much time in there, I prefer the kitchen.

SUGGS: Mine has got a wooden floor. It's got a kind of patch in the middle where there was a rug and it's got a hole in my stereo rack where there was a video recorder but there are now a lot of wires hanging out and footprints where a burglar crept in the night before last and stole my video and a rug and my bicycle. It's got a staircase leading up to our bedroom. It's quite small but comfortable. It's very nice. I like it a lot. I divide my time between it and the kitchen.

WHERE DO YOU BUY YOUR CLOTHES?

CARL: These shoes I got in America. These socks I got made by Charlie Allen who's in Upper Street (Islington)—he makes all my socks. This shirt (see photograph below), I got free from the record company. The vast underwear is *Fruit Of The Loom*. They're great—five dollars for three. The scarf's my girlfriend's and the belt I got five years ago from a meta called Emmon who found them in gas mask cases and he put the buckle on. It's from 1917 so I presume it's a First World War belt—it's got 1917 stamped on it somewhere. I paid £1.80.

SUGGS: I got this jacket in America, in Disneyland in fact, and in fact from Fremantle which is a small quarter of Disneyland. The trousers I had made years ago by Andy Roseman. The Southend connection! When we started we seemed to be working with about 12 people from Southend.

CARL: All wanted to sell us motors. Know what I mean?

SUGGS: The boots I got from Holts in Camden Town. The socks I got in Texas. The shirt's from Harvey Nichols.

WILL MADNESS STILL BE TOGETHER IN FIVE YEARS?

CARL: Ah, the old chestnut!

SUGGS: Five minutes silence for that question! Five years' silence!

CARL: I mean—can you envisage us in any other band?

UPWARDS AND ONWARDS!

MADNESS ARE MAKING A TV

SERIES. THEY'RE STARTING A

RECORD LABEL. THEY EVEN WEAR

WARD-SHIRT SOCKS WITH BASS

IT'S CALLED "BROADENING ONE'S

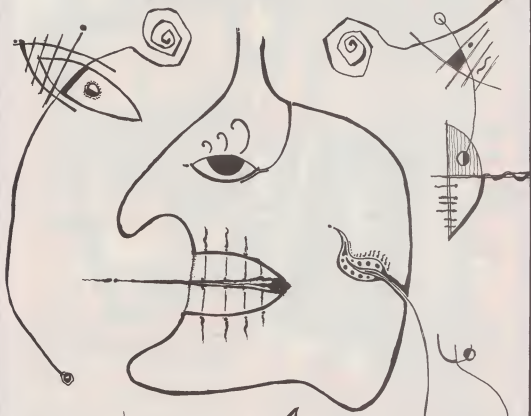
OUTLOOK"

WELL, THAT'S WHAT SUGGS AND

CARL TELL NEIL TERRY



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 DURAN DURAN
 'Is There Something Should Know?'
 US40
 'Red Red Wine'
 LIMAHIL
 'Only For Love'
 HEAVEN 17
 'Temptation'
 MALCOLM MCLAREN
 'Double Dutch'
 CULTURE CLUB
 'Karma Chameleon'
 MEN WITHOUT HATS
 'Safety Dance'
 KAJAGOOGOO
 'Too Silly'
 MIKE OLDFIELD
 'Moonlight Shadow'
 ROCK STEADY CREW
 '(Hey You) The Rock Steady Crew'

TINA TURNER
 'It's Gonna Be a Beautiful Day'
 FREEZ
 'I O U'
 HOWARD JONES
 'New Sensation'
 'I Wanna Dance with Somebody'
 PHIL COLLINS
 'Against All Odds (Better to Have Love and Weep)'
 GENESIS
 'The Carpet Crawlers'
 KAJAGOOGOO
 'Big Apple'
 'Rock Me Baby'
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 'Tonight I Celebrate My Love'

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DURAN DURAN
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DAVID LEE ROTH (VAN HALEN)



NAME: David Lee Roth
BORN: October 10, 1955 in
Bloomington, Indiana.

SCHOOL: I went to high school
starting in Massachusetts and
then transferred over to
Pasadena, California. My family
moved around a lot because my
daddy was in medical school.

NICKNAMES: People have
called me Diamond Dave as far
back as I can remember. There
was this thing called Monkey
Hour when I was a kid. A doctor
had diagnosed me as

hyperactive and whenever my
blood sugars started running
up around dinnertime, I'd start

slade opening for them. They
did that song that Quiet Riot do
now, "Cum On Feel The Noise".
It was as ridiculous then as it is
now. Except I think Slade

dressed a little better
**WHAT DID YOU HAVE FOR
BREAKFAST THIS MORNING?**

The usual health diet. A handful
of Vitamin B, a handful of
Vitamin C, some jalapeño
peppers and a shot of Jack
Daniels.

FIRST STEADY GIRLFRIEND:
She was Jeanine Smith and
this was while I worked at the
stables. She was beautiful
blue eyes, long legs all the way
up to her neck and about
four-and-a-half inches taller
than I was.

LAST TIME YOU SAW A

DOCTOR: I spent six weeks on
a safari touring the Amazon
rain forest back in February. We
went camping in the jungle,
visited some of the Indians and
evidently something visited me
while I was there and I brought
it back all the way through
customs. I spent four days in a
Miami hospital and then got
treated in New York. They

diagnosed it as "arachnoid"
I know what it is, but I'm gonna
bring somebody in to take a

PERSONAL FILE

dancing, telling jokes, singing
TV commercials and in general
just becoming very glittering at
the table. Hence Diamond Dave
— and it's stuck for 15 years.

JOBS: I used to work for a
living, really. One of my first
jobs when I was 13 was
shovelling manure at a horse
stable in Pasadena, also
worked as a night janitor in an
office building. I sold pants at a
store called London Britches
(no kidding!) and I was an
orderly in a hospital for two
years.

FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: The
second Beatles album with
"Roll Over Beethoven" on it. I
bought it because it had all the
cover versions on it, all their
versions of old Motown songs.

HOME: I got a little place in the
heart of Hollywood. You can
tell which one's mine — it's on
the top floor and it looks like
Pottergeist, the place with all
the white light comin' out of
the sliding glass doors.

FIRST CONCERT: I was 17 and I
went to see Humble Pie with

picture of it.
COLOUR OF BEDROOM WALL:
My bedroom wall is actually an
air-brush painting I had done. I
had the girl who did the T-shirts
on our last tour paint a scene
from the beach all around the
room including the ceiling. It's
got a surfboard on it and the
ocean and the sun rising up
from the wall into the ceiling.
WHO DOES YOUR LAUNDRY?
I've got a maid from El
Salvador. Really! When I first
hired her, she asked me if she
could bring her kids over
because they had no place to
play. I came back one day and
they were quietly sitting,
reading all my books and
magazines. Next time they
were watching TV. The next
time, they were watching TV
and eating lunch. I thought,
that's cool. I think I'd join 'em,
I went to change the TV channel
and they screamed "No, no,
what are you doing?" It's a
good thing I'm going on tour.
There's not enough room in
there for all of us.

TALK TALK SUCH A SHAME



LTD EDITION 7" INCLUDES
FREE 3 TRACK SINGLE
THE TALK TALK DEMOS
& FREE COLOUR POSTER

TAKEN FROM THE LP CASSETTE IT'S MY LIFE
EMICOR RECORDS/EMI MUSIC INC. 1984

EMI

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS

HEAVEN



SPECIAL OFFER: FIRST 20,000 7" INCLUDES FREE 20"X30" FULL
COLOUR POSTER OFFER COMPLETE WITH SONGWORDS
"HEAVEN" (LONG VERSION) NOW AVAILABLE ON 12" WITH 8 MINUTE NEW YORK DANCE MIX OF "HEARTBEAT"

NEW SINGLE

Four Germans, a brilliant record called
"Dr Mabuse" and a very strange video.
There's a word for it all . . .

PROPAGANDA

At last! A group that's genuinely different. Propaganda are two boys and two girls from Dusseldorf, Germany. They don't play traditional instruments but, instead, "act as a team to think up ideas, sing and program the electronics".

All this should come as no surprise if you've heard their first single, "Dr Mabuse", or seen the accompanying video. It's a fantastically strange and powerful song that's drenched in European mystery and grandeur. Trevor Horn's production gives it that epic feel, while photographer Anton Corbijn's video (in black and white!) thickens the spooky plot with masses of weird images: monks, abandoned churchyards, banks of fog and a ghostly hand that swoops around attacking unsuspecting bystanders.

It's all in keeping with the image of their record company, ZTT, the people who brought you Frankie Goes To Hollywood's "Relax". So what, you might ask, is it all in aid of? And who is Dr Mabuse? Suzanne, spokesperson for the group — i.e. she speaks the best English — explains.

"He's an evil character from a classic 1920s/30s German film, but we've put him in a modern setting. In those days the character was a warning against Fascist politics, but in

this context he could be businessman, possibly. We think it's sad," she adds, "that European culture has been replaced with that of America. All people can remember about Germany is The War but, before that, there was a great movement with great art, designers and filmmakers. Propaganda is a move back to those sort of roots."

Previously the girls were in a group called Topolinos, the Italian name for Mickey Mouse. Then, 18 months ago they joined up with Ralf and Andreas to form Propaganda — the name means "a small unit communicating their ideas to the masses". And then, "by chance", they signed to ZTT last year. A "fortunate" move for the group who set out to "create a new form of music that will hopefully reach a big audience".

Still, it hasn't forced them to give up their day jobs. Suzanne's a freelance goldsmith (as was Nena), Claudia's hard at it doing the German equivalent of A-levels, Ralf works in a bank and Andreas is a DJ, although he's currently out of work.

"We all like to have work outside music," says Suzanne rather curiously, "because it can sometimes take you far away from reality." She said it, not me!

Peter Martin

DR. MABUSE

Mabuse
Why does it hurt when my heart
Misses the beat

The man without shadow
Promises you the world
Tell him your dreams
And fantastical needs
He's buying them all with cash

Sell him your soul sell him your soul
Sell him your soul
Never look back never look back
Sell him your soul sell him your soul
Never look back never look back
Never look back
Sell him your soul sell him

He's devoted to the devil fascinated by crime
Glorious death is his destination
Eternal passion his gain

Sell him your soul sell him your soul
Sell him your soul
Never look back never look back
Never look back
Sell him your soul sell him your soul
Never look back never look back
Sell him your soul sell him your soul
Never look back

Mabuse
Why does it hurt
Why does it hurt

He's a satanic gambler
With you just the fool
And you've already lost
The chance of your lifetime
So don't be a fool don't be a fool
Kein zurück für dich
(No turning back for you)
There's no way back
Sell him your soul

Tszeprev Galihcs ned Zreh niem
Nnew se tzremhcs muraw*

Don't be a fool

Never look back

Words and music Dorper Their Mergens
Reproduced by permission Perfect Songs
On Zang Tumb Tuam Records

* German for "Why does it hurt when my heart misses the beat" but played backwards!



Suzanne, Andreas, Claudia, Ralf

BLACK CHAT



See any familiar faces in the photo above? Thought you might. Starting at the top (and working round clockwise) there's **Lynval Golding** and **Neville Staples**, once two-thirds of **Fun Boy Three**. Next up are three newcomers from Coventry — **Jes Edwards** who's 21, **Phil Graham** who's 17 and **Wayne Lothian** who's 15. And in the centre? **Pauline Black** who now presents the Channel 4 magazine show **Black On Black** but who, back in the late '70s, sang with **The Selecter**.

So why are they all snuggling up together? Simple. The group's called **Pauline Black And Sunday Best** and next week they release their first single, "Pirates On The Airwaves". Pauline helped write the song.

"What's it about? Pirate radio obviously."

Pauline has a rather frosty manner. Where did she find the group?

"In Coventry where I live. You don't find good things anywhere else. Certainly not in London. Is it a permanent line-up? No, fairly casual. Does she like pop music any more?"

"It's such a transient affair. I don't want to make a moody LP. I'd rather release singles. Let's face it — there's not much around at the moment. Apart from 'Nelson Mandela' by The Special AKA."

What about Culture Club? "They're all right." Eurythmics?

"I personally think Annie Lennox is a bit contrived. I was wearing men's suits five years ago. So were lots of other women."

Wham? "Who are they? Us people in Coventry don't hear about trendy London people. London's overrated. Different places have different vibes. Coventry is like standing in the middle of a field whereas London is like standing in the middle of a factory."

The dates that **Simple Minds** cancelled (due to Jim Kerr's flu) have been rescheduled. They now play Birmingham on May 8 while their seven-night stint at Hammersmith Odeon is from May 12-18. The old tickets are still valid so hang on to them, whatever you do.

Due, as they say, to rather heavy demand, **Whitesnake** have added a few dates to their April tour. These are at London's Hammersmith Odeon (April 1), Nottingham Royal Centre (4) and Manchester Apollo (5). After that, they disappear to Japan.

Now this is all rather complicated. **Shelamar**, who recently replaced Jeffrey Daniel and Jody Watley with three new members, have got two new singles out, both taken from film soundtracks. Both were recorded after the departure of Jody and Jeffrey and before the new members were recruited so only singer Howard Hewett is featured with some session musicians. The first single, "Deadline USA", is taken from the film, *Street Fleet*, while the second, "Dancing In The Sheets", is from the soundtrack of *Footloose*. The new Peabo Bryson single, "DC Cab" also comes from *Street Fleet*. Jeffrey Daniel, meanwhile, is appearing in the West End Musical, *Starlight Express*.

Cooch, he does a nice line in hats, does that **Alexei Sayle**. You know, like that dinky little pork pie thing perched on his head in the "Ulo John" video. He's generous with them too. Given us ten, he has, and as it happens we thought we'd give them all away. Well, we can't wear them all, can we? There are ten 12" copies of "Ulo John Gotta New Motor" to go with them too, each graciously autographed in Mr Sayle's own hand. Want one? Then pay attention because here comes a question.

Which of the following TV programmes has Alexei Sayle never appeared in? a) *Give Us A Break*, b) *O.T.T.*, or c) *The Young Ones*.

Answers on a postcard or the flip side of an envelope to **Smash Hits Alexei Sayle Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. First ten correct ones out of the bag get a 12" and a pork pie hat each. Hat's about it then (ouch).

FAN CLUBS

(please enclose an s.a.e.)

Madness Information Service
PO Box 75
London N1 3R

The Icicle Works
PO Box 182
Liverpool L3 1AA

Only six months ago **Shannon** was hard at work as a book-keeper and office-manager in New York, singing in her spare time. Then her producer played her "Let The Music Fly".

"He said, 'Whoever sings this song is going to be a superstar! I liked the beat, it was a good song,'" she chuckles.

She can afford to laugh now. "Let The Music Fly" has been a big hit for her in the USA and Britain and is currently making the charts and dancefloors of Europe tingle. Her new single, "Give Me The Night", has just been released, along with her "Let The Music Fly" album, and she's recorded a song for the soundtrack of a new film called *This Dream*. And she's no longer a book-keeper.

SABE: FIVE RECORDS I ALWAYS LOOK FOR ON JUKEBOXES



Although the vocals are like gravel it glides along like water. Makes you feel good.

MARVIN GAYE: "What's Going On?" (Motown) This song will always apply. It has a strong message which is conveyed with complete conviction although it's very gentle. Just like Marvin's voice.

CANDI STATON: "Young Hearts Run Free" (WEA) This was the record of the scorching summer of 1976, dancing every night and lazy days listening to this on the radio. Young hearts should run free and they certainly were that year. A record full of good memories for me.

ARETHA FRANKLIN: "Angel" (Atlantic) I've got to have an Aretha Franklin record and this is probably my favourite. But the problem was I didn't have this for years so I'd always look out for it on juke-boxes. Everybody should have an angel.

BILLY PAUL: "Me And Mrs Jones" (Philadelphia International) Reminds me of rainy days sitting in cafes in Clacton where I grew up. "While the jukebox plays our favourite song..."

SLY & THE FAMILY STONE: "Family Affair" (Epic) I first heard this at a beach party and assumed there was sand in the grooves because the production was so dodgy. I still love it.

Marillion have just produced a 30-minute video EP saturating a 17-year (171 minute) anniversary of their classic number "Grendel". And at a mere £12 it's a real bargain. **Shakin' Stevens**, meanwhile, has been frantically putting together all his vids for the **Shakin' Stevens Video Show**, a 35-minute extravaganza that includes favourites like "This Ole House" and "Green Door". That costs just under £20 but Biz is sure it's worth every penny.



Swedish electro disco wizards, **The Quick**, have just released a new LP "International Thing". Since their last LP, they've had a disco hit in America with "Rhythm Of The Jungle", produced records by Linda Lewis and Blue Zoo, and had one of their songs recorded by disco star, Chaka Khan. One of these days they'll have a hit of their own.

Ear Say is a new pop show that starts this Saturday on Channel 4 at 6.00. It promises to mix music, videos and fashion with at least one band playing live in the studio. There are three presenters — Capital Radio DJs **Nicky Horne** and **Gary Crowley** plus newcomer **Lessie-Ann Jones**.

Mick Karn and **Pete Murphy** are working together in the studio on a top secret project. An LP in their records. There have been rumours of late that **Bauhaus** would be reforming with Karn in their ranks but a spokesperson for the pair quashed all such speculation with one word: "Rubbish". It seems Mick and Pete have a lot in common with interests outside music, Karn being something of a sculptor/artist and Murphy interested in dance. Anyway, don't get too excited because the LP won't be released for ages. These things take time.

OOOPS! Our apologies go out to photographers **Sheila Rock** and **Paul Rider** whose credits somehow disappeared last issue. We'd just like to make it clear that it was Sheila who did the **Bananarama** picture, and Paul who did the **Paul Young** ones. Sorry.

Bruce Fordon has a new single out now called "It Makes Me Wonder". His first solo LP, "Touch Sensitive" will be released in May when he'll be touring.

The Cure are playing an extra date in London at Hammersmith Odeon on May 30. Their May 8 and 9 dates there have been sold out.

More awards for **Michael Jackson**. He's become "the first recording artist in the USA to have simultaneous Gold and Platinum certification for a music video programme". What that actually means is the **Making Michael Jackson's "Thriller"** video is the best-selling home video ever in America.

BOUGH-WOW-WOW



If you're planning to see **The Cure** this month, go early and you just might catch **And Also The Trees**, a rather rustic outfit from Birmingham. Their first album called "And Also The Trees" (and why not?) has just been released and it's produced by Cure person **Lol Tolhurst**.

Helen Terry releases her first solo single on April 30. Called — rather intriguingly — "Love Lies Lust" it was written by **Boy George**, **Roy Hay** and **Helen** herself. Another Culture Club veteran, **Sieve Levine**, produced the record. Her solo album should follow in the not-too-distant future. At the moment the band are on tour in America.

Calling all rock fans: The **Castle Donnington Monsters of Rock Festival** is back for its fifth year and **AC/DC** are headlining — their first UK date since late '82. It takes place on Saturday, August 18, and the promoters promise another five of the world's biggest bands. Details will be announced shortly. And talking of festivals, this year's **WOMAD** (World Of Music, Arts & Dance), which specialises in exotic music from all over the world, will be an open-air event in Bristol on July 14-15.

Billie Currie of **Ultravox** 32 on April 1
Marvin Gaye 45 on April 2
Paul Gambaccini 35 on April 2
Keren Woodward of **Bananarama** 43 on April 2
Dave Hill of **Slide** 32 on April 4
Agnete Faltskog of **Abba** 34 on April 5
Colin Ferguson of **H₂O** 23 on April 6
John Oates of **Hall & Oates** 35 on April 7
Brian Setzer of **Stray Cats** 25 on April 10
Neville Staples 29 on April 11
Stuart Adamson of **Big Country** 35 on April 11

Lucky Star, **Madonna's** new single, has just been released and in New York Madonna has just signed ten big colour posters of herself. Why? Because she figured that there might be one or two **Sm40** HiFi readers out there who'd like one. And a 12" copy of **Lucky Star** (which **Biz** thought she was absolutely right and decided to throw a wild competition with the posters and 12"s as prizes. Right now just write Madonna's surname on a postcard and send it to **Smash Hits** **Madonna Campellion**, 52-55 Canaby Street, London W1V 1PF. In her surname: a) Parano, b) Ciccone, c) Orlando, or d) Korczynski? Posters and 12"s will go to the senders of the first ten correct answers plugged out of the mailbag on April 31. You could be lucky.

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT

Two Tons Of Fun. That's what they used to call themselves, but now **Lozra Armstead** (left) and **Martha Wash** (right) have plumped for the more demure name, **The Weather Girls**. You probably saw them on **Top Of The Pops** making a big impact.

"I think we're gorgeous," bawls Martha, the more reserved of the two. "We try to portray a glamorous look for the larger lady. We have lots of admirers," she bubbles. They first met in a church in San Francisco while singing in different choirs, both ending up in a gospel group called **The Now Singers**. Then Martha auditioned for the gay disco singer, **Sylvester**. She passed and was asked if she knew another "large lady". In came **Lozra** and **Two Tons Of Fun** were formed, backing **Sylvester** on his records and in concerts.

In 1980 they recorded two LPs of their own and then they became **The Weather Girls**. "It's Raining Men" was their first single. Initially only a gay disco hit — "Well, we made it for the women but the guys ran all with it. I love it as long as they pay for it!" but it's second re-release has given them their first chart hit.

Biz, being in a frisky mood, wondered what the girls look for in a man? "I look for his cover in the winter, his shade in the summer!" blasts **Lozra**, in a torrent of laughter. Come again? No reply. "I'm attracted by his honesty or personality. There's too much of this phynessiness around."

Martha agrees. "First time we were here they banned our video. Now they've decided to play it and it's taken off. I think it's really bad when people say you can't see this or that. I mean I'd really like to see or hear **Lozra** so I could make my own mind up. Anyway, at least they've come round to our way of thinking in the end."





CYNDI LAUPER

TIME AFTER TIME

LYING IN MY BED I HEAR THE CLOCK TICK
AND THINK OF YOU CAUGHT UP IN CIRCLES
CONFUSION IS NOTHING NEW FLASHBACK WARM NIGHTS
ALMOST LEFT BEHIND SUITCASE OF MEMORIES
TIME AFTER

SOMETIMES YOU PICTURE ME I'M WALKING TOO FAR AHEAD
YOU'RE CALLING TO ME I CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU'VE SAID
THEN YOU SAY GO SLOW I FALL BEHIND
THE SECOND HAND UNWINDS

CHORUS
IF YOU'RE LOST YOU CAN LOOK
AND YOU WILL FIND ME

TIME AFTER TIME
IF YOU FALL I WILL CATCH YOU
I'LL BE WAITING TIME AFTER TIME

IF YOU'RE LOST YOU CAN LOOK AND YOU WILL FIND ME
TIME AFTER TIME

IF YOU FALL I WILL CATCH YOU
I'LL BE WAITING (I WILL BE WAITING)
TIME AFTER TIME

AFTER MY PICTURE FADES AND DARKNESS HAS TURNED TO GREY
WATCHING THROUGH WINDOWS
YOU'RE WONDERING IF I'M OKAY
SECRETS STOLEN FROM DEEP INSIDE
THE DRUM BEATS OUT OF TIME

REPEAT CHORUS

YOU SAID GO SLOW
I FALL BEHIND
THE SECOND HAND UNWINDS

REPEAT CHORUS

IF YOU'RE LOST YOU CAN LOOK AND YOU WILL FIND ME
TIME AFTER TIME

IF YOU FALL I WILL CATCH YOU
I'LL BE WAITING (I WILL BE WAITING)
TIME AFTER TIME

TIME AFTER TIME TIME AFTER TIME
TIME AFTER TIME TIME AFTER TIME
TIME AFTER TIME TIME AFTER TIME
TIME AFTER TIME TIME AFTER TIME

WORDS AND MUSIC C. LAUPER/R. HYMAN
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION RELLA MUSIC/DUB NOTES
ON EPIC RECORDS

i scare myself

I scare myself just thinking about you
I scare myself when I'm without you
I scare myself the moment that you're gone
I scare myself when I lay my thoughts run
And when they're running (when they're running)
I keep thinking of you
And when they're they're running
What can I do?

I scare myself and I don't mean lightly
I scare myself it can get frightening
I scare myself to think what I could do
I scare myself it's some kind of voodoo
And with that voodoo I keep thinking of you
And with that voodoo what can I do?

And with that voodoo I keep thinking of you
And with that voodoo what can I do?

But it's so so very different when we're together
And I'm so so much calmer I feel better
'Cause the stars already created our paths forever
And the sooner that we realise it the better
And then I'll be with you and I won't scare myself
And I'll know what to do and I won't scare myself
And my thoughts will run and I won't scare myself
And I'll think of you and I won't scare myself

It's me I'm scaring It's me I'm scaring
It's me I'm scaring It's me I'm scaring
It's me I'm scaring It's me I'm scaring
It's me I'm scaring It's me I'm scaring

Words and music D Hicks
Reproduced by permission Westminster Music Ltd
On Parlophone Odeon Records

thomas dolby



ENDGAMES

new single *desire*

on 7" + extended 12" vs651

taken from the album *building beauty* (v2287)
(also available on cassette cv2287)



on tour with HOWARD JONES

- march
 17 *love university*
 18 *unconquered city hall*
 19 *forget me please*
 20 *unconquered city hall*
 22 *beloved goddess and beauty*
 23 *chickadee pt.*
 24 *unconquered city hall*
 25 *chickadee pt.*
 26 *chickadee pt.*
 27 *chickadee pt.*
 29 *unconquered city hall*
 30 *unconquered city hall*
 31 *unconquered city hall*
 april
 1 *chickadee pt.*
 2 *chickadee pt.*
 3 *chickadee pt.*
 4 *chickadee pt.*
 5 *chickadee pt.*
 6 *chickadee pt.*
 7 *chickadee pt.*
 8 *chickadee pt.*
 9 *chickadee pt.*
 10 *chickadee pt.*
 11 *chickadee pt.*
 12 *chickadee pt.*

Viper

“From A River To A Sea”



PRIVATE
LIVES
PRIVATE

New 7" & 12" Single

EMU

PRIV 3 12 PRIV 3



GET SMART



Got a question about pop? There's NOTHING Linda can't answer fresh, almost. Send her a postcard: Linda, Get Smart, 82-86 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

time I go to bed I Pray like Aretha Franklin." Green has said the song "reflects white people's appreciation of soul singers, and the effect this has on young people". Knew it all along, me. There's more on page 24.

Could you tell me what Alan Wilder of Depeche Mode likes to do in his spare time, whereabouts in Bristol he once lived, what school he attended and whether he can drive. Also, why hasn't he asked me to marry him yet?

Alan's Red Braces, Bristol.
● I'll start at the beginning. Alan spends any spare moments either watching videos, swimming or messing about with photographic equipment (i.e. his camera). In '76 and '77, he lived in the Redlands area of Bristol but, before he moved there, he was a resident in London where he went to the St Clement Danes Grammar School in Hammersmith. He still hasn't passed his driving test and is not, as yet, the proud owner of any vehicle but, as to your question of why you two getting hitched, I don't know why! Stumped me there.

I picked up a secondhand LP the other day, which I thought was a bargain at £2, but later I discovered it was totally warped. It's a compilation LP of the Associates, Wah!, Echo & The Bunnymen and The Sound and, as it doesn't appear to be in the shops, could you help me locate it?

Jeckia Sajah, Liverpool
● Obscurely titled "Moloko Plus!" (a reference to a type of milk seen consumed in the film *A Clockwork Orange*), it was released in Germany and other parts of Europe in '81 but WEA were prevented from issuing it here as they didn't have total rights to the Associates' material. Import copies were

available up until last Christmas but it is unfortunately now been deleted — so your only hope is to try another secondhand shop! Oh well. All tracks, incidentally, can be found elsewhere: the Bunnymen's "Villiers Terrace" on the "Crocodiles" LP and "Over The Wall" on the "Heaven Up Here" album; "Seven Minutes To Midnight" and "Some Say" on the album "Nah—Poo! The Art Of Bluff"; the Associates' "Tell Me Easter's on Friday" on "The Associates" album and, finally, The Sound's "New Dark Age" can be found on "From The Lion's Mouth" and "Heartland" on their first LP "Jeopardy".

I have searched every shop in Gloucester for a pair of earrings just like the ones Noddy Holder of Slade wears. They're in the shape of musical notes and he always seems to be wearing them, so can you find out where he got them?

Ely Rickleton, Westbury-on-Trym.
● When asked this, our Nod was at first only give a knowing grin and mutter that they were "a present from an admirer" but he did relent to say they were specially designed for him and "worth their weight in gold as regards sentimental value". Apparently, they were in his Christmas box and he constantly wears them as a good luck charm, but he's unfortunately not too sure about the likelihood of you picking up a similar pair. Better enrol in one of those Home Crafts classes! Incidentally, after an absence of ten years, Slade have just departed for the States to make a second attempt at conquering America — the success of Quiet Riot's "Cum On Feel The Noize" has apparently done them no end of good over there.



Kajeagoogo's Nick (right) with a thinly-dinguled Stuart.

My mate Big Tel and I have been arguing about Kajeagoogo's new video "The Lion's Mouth": reckon the person who plays the part of the scientist is actor Trevor Pavey, but she disagrees. Please settle this.

Ruth and Big Tel, Cornwall.
● I don't think he'd thank you for the comparison, but it was actually keyboards player Stuart Neale who donned the round-rimmed glasses and crazed expression for his part in the video. Incidentally, the film was directed by Storm Thorgerson (famed for his work with Pink Floyd), and it took all of four days to make.

Please supply a list of all Van Halen's singles and albums.

Norrie, Greenock

● Kicking off in Mar '78, singles were: "You Really Got Me" (the old Kinks number), "Runnin' With The Devils" (May '78), "Dance The Night Away" (May '79), "And The Cradle Will Rock" (Jan '80), "Pretty Woman" (Feb '81), "Dancing In The Street" (May '82) and "Jump" (Jan '83). Albums: "Van Halen" (May '78), "Van Halen II" (Apr '79), "Women And Children First" (Apr '80), "Fair Warning" (May '81), "Diver Down" (Apr '82) and "1984" (Jan '84).

Could you please tell me who sang the original version of "Ferry Across the Mersey"? It's on the B-side of "Relax" by Frankie Goes To Hollywood and it's been puzzling me for ages.

Jill Marshall, Warrington

● It was a Number 8 hit in December '64 for fellow-Liverpudlians Gerry And The Pacemakers and is still available on the oldies label, Old Gold. For details of all releases on this label, send SAE to: Old Gold, PO Box 42, Ilford, Essex IG4 5BB.

Help me, as I've fallen in love (at first listen) to a song on one of my Dad's tapes. It goes something like "At the local dance at the local county hall", and also mentions something about a "Sergeant Baker". I'll go mad if you don't know as you're the only one who can help me.

A Nut Sandwich, Sheffield.

● That's what I'm here for. The lines you quote are from 10cc's massive hit of '73, "Rubber Bullets", originally released on Jonathan King's UK label. However, it's been included on 10cc's "Greatest Hits 1972-78" and this package also includes such wonders as "Life Is A Minestrone", "Wall Street Shuffle" and "The Dean And I".



10cc back in summer '75: the Dads love 'em.

I'm intrigued by the title of the new Scritti Politti single, "Wood Beez (Pray Like Aretha Franklin)": I'd like to know what "Wood Beez" means and what the whole song is about.

Derek Johns, Bedford.

● Unfortunately, I don't think there are that many people who know what it's all about, least of all the Scritti Politti office! They did say, however, that "wood beez" is a pun on the words "would" and "be" while the "Pray Like Aretha Franklin" bit refers to the line in the chorus of the song which goes: "And each

PRODUCED BY STEVE LEVINE

Believin' it all



New 7" single c/w P.C.M. and 12" version "Dubbin' it all"!

For the first time ever Steve Levine – producer of Culture Club, David Grant and Jimmy the Hoover, is on his own. "Believin' it all" is co-written, played and produced by Steve Levine. With John Alder as featured vocalist. Levine alone. Listen to this single and believe it.

GREEN

That's what he calls himself. He's the singer, the writer — in fact, the only remaining member — of a group called Scritti Politti. And his aim's "to make a record people like the sound of". Seems to have worked with Peter Martin.

"I'm not really sure where I fit in," explains Green, slowly chewing on his gum. "I'm certainly not part of this horribly pompous movement that have given up dallying with black music and have gone back to their old-fashioned rock."

He won't say exactly who but I can only assume he must be talking about people like Duran Duran and Simple Minds. Whatever, it's no wonder he sounds confused.

Six years ago Green started singing in a punk band called Scritti Politti. In time they transformed into purveyors of simplistic yet "scrappy" pop, the results of which can be found on their one and only LP to date, "Songs To Remember" (which came out in the summer of '81). Now he's out on his own, still using the name Scritti Politti — which incidentally means nothing — and hanging out with the *creme de la creme* of the world's disco musicians in New York. A real rags-to-riches tale? Well, almost.

He's 27 years old, a self-assured and rather intellectual type who peppers his speech with long words and will talk about even the simplest thing as if it were part of some complicated University thesis. In fact he says he's even scribbled down all his musical experiences in the form of a novel about *The Mechanics Of Pop* but has since, apparently, "lost the manuscript".

So you probably won't be surprised to find that his new single, currently snaking up the charts, is called "Wood Beaz (Pray Like Aretha Franklin)". You can't help but wonder if all these strange names — "Wood Beaz", Scritti Politti, even Green come to that — along with his subtle image (Merilyn-like hair and hair-cannings, a dash of Bryan Ferry's aquileite dress sense) might seem a bit complicated to potential customers.

"Rubbiel!" he exclaims. "I don't understand what's complicated about it all. It's just a noise. It's just a name. Little kids don't freak out when China Crisis ponder the various possible meanings of their name. It's just errant nonsense. And if you want a complicated image take Boy George, or the song "Karma Chameleon", if it comes to that. His image, his relationship to his music, his sexuality, style and all the resonances of that — they're very complex. I just don't see why any of this should negate the possibility of me being very popular. The only conditions are that you make a record people like the sound of, and it's as simple as that."

And that's just what he's done. But unlike other potential mega-stars — like, say, Madonna — he hasn't earned his reputation on an all-round effort to perform in public — singing, dancing, acting and all that lot. But, then again, he's trying to get away from this

SCRITTI POLITTI

WOOD BEEZ (Pray Like Aretha Franklin)

THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T BE
TO GET TO BE TOGETHER
THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T BE
MY HEART DEPENDS ON ME
THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T DO
INCLUDING DOING NOTHING
THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T DO
FOR YOU TO BE WITH ME NOW SUGAR

CHORUS
AND EACH TIME I GO TO BED I
PRAY LIKE ARETHA FRANKLIN
EACH TIME I GO TO BED I
PRAY LIKE ARETHA FRANKLIN
NOTHING OH NOTHING 'COS BABY-BA-HOO
I'M A WOULD BE
W.O.O.D
I'M A WOULD BE WOULD BE
B.E.E.Z.

THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T DO
TO MAKE YOU WANT FOR NOTHING
THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T DO
MY HEART BELONGS TO YOU
THERE'S NOTHING WE SHOULDN'T DO
TO GET TO BE SO HAPPY
THERE'S NOTHING WE SHOULDN'T DO
OH LET'S FORGET TABOO NOW SUGAR

REPEAT CHORUS

EACH TIME I LOVE YOU
YOU KNOW WHAT I NEED TO DO
AND EACH TIME I NEED YOU
OH BABY YOU KNOW YOU NO-NO NO-NO

THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T TAKE
NOT EVEN INTRAVENOUS
THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T TAKE
TO GET TO BE APPROVED
THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T BE
OH THAT'S THE GIFT OF SCHIZO
THERE'S NOTHING THAT'S NEW TO ME
I'VE SEEN IT ALL BEFORE NOW SUGAR

REPEAT CHORUS

WORDS AND MUSIC GREEN
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CONTROL ON VIRGIN RECORDS

image people seem to have of him as this sort of invisible pop singer who spends every waking hour nodding about with tapes in a studio. For Green even making the video for "Wood Beez" (his first) was a bold move into the limelight.

"Every time I do an interview, I come across as though I'm sitting on the fence deliberating the whys and wherefores of pop, but really I'm not. I want to be a part of it."

And he's certainly got the voice — as sweet and palatable as a Milky Bar — and he even feels he's got "a great deal in common with Boy George and also, if I'm feeling particularly generous, with Morrissey of The Smiths".

All in all I think it would be quite a safe proposition to say Green is something rather special. He tends to disagree.

"At school I was mystified by music because I thought the people who made it must be divine talents — but it's patently not the case. I mean it shouldn't be forgotten, I'm the great pretender. I'm nothing special."

Nevertheless I'm sure some would disagree — especially Virgin who signed him for an undisclosed amount (which usually means Rother A Lot).

But enough of this. It's about time we discovered a bit about the background of this man who calls himself Green. Strohmeier-Gartside (his surname's real, believe it or not). He was brought up in South Wales, moving house about every nine months which was possibly the reason for his "going through a bad patch with the parents. Everybody goes through a bad patch but mine was particularly extended — from the age of 3 to 20!" He became "politicised" at school, left as a protest and changed his name to Green — "Unless you're particularly pleased with your name, I think you're rather foolish not to change it." He worked in a steel mine ("a year of hell"), left to study art at Leeds Poly (the same place as Marc Almond), saw the Sex Pistols, was immediately converted to punk, left Leeds Poly and became a musician. And since then the quality of his music seems to have changed pretty drastically. His first single cost £300 to record, the "Songs to Remember" LP — which seemed quite sophisticated at the time — he now calls "sloppy", so he headed for the precise technical sound offered by some of the New York studios.

"Over there they know what they're doing. They have a better grasp of the kind of music that's the inspiration for what I want to do." So was it worth the effort? "Yes" is Green's unusually simple answer. But he adds, "If you'd played me 'Wood Beez' six years ago I think I'd have spat at it or something. But I like change."



	S	A	V	A	G	E	
P	R	O	G	R	E	S	S



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SPECIAL GUESTS ON THE THOMPSON TWINS TOUR

IO

SINGLES

reviewed by



IAN BIRCH



THOMAS DOLBY: I Scare Myself (Pariophone Odeon) Chipped off his fine album "The Flat Earth", this is something RATHER special. Written by the extremely eccentric songwriter Dan Hicks (ideal for Tom really), it's a stunning song performed with delicate restraint and sung in a way that brings tears to the eyes of grown men (and women). Touches of The Wild West and today's technology have created a haunting atmosphere. Fab. Single of the fortnight.

PHIL COLLINS: Against All Odds (Take A Look At Me Now) (Virgin) One of those epic numbers that sneak out of the record player as the guests leave and a few, struggling couples move silently across the sitting room floor. Bags of atmosphere and crashing drums that will, once again, catapult Mr. Collins into The Top Ten.

CYNDI LAUPER: Time After Time (Portrait) A drastic change from "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun". This is more like "Girls Can Be Sensitive Artists Too". The sound is profoundly American — tastefully liquid guitars, Dunlop-like drums and gently whispered vocals. Surprisingly addictive.



TONI BASIL: Do You Wanna Dance (Virgin) Shall I stick my neck out. Shucks, why not? This, I reckon, will hurtle into The Top Five. Now I know Ms Basil is been responsible for some girly video activity and that several of her previous records have not been what you might term "significant" but this revamp of an early '70s Barry Blue stomper is ridiculously catchy. Undo that top button and dance.

STEVE LEVINE: Dubbin' It All (Chrysalis) For the three people left in the universe who don't know who Mr. Levine is, he is none other than the producer of Culture Club. He's now branching out on his own although Boy George helped write the song and Mikey Craig plays bass. But the superstars don't so much help as hinder. It's too smooth for its own good. All polish and no punch.

CLIFF RICHARD: Baby You're Dynamite (EMI) Cliff's been slipping a little late. The songs are starting to sound the same — professional instead of exciting — and here's another example. Is he finally getting bored with music?

THE PALE FOUNTAINS: Don't Let Your Love Start A War (Virgin) Lots of acoustic guitars, beefy drums and a horn that sounds like it could start a country hunt. Swirling and swarthy, this gets better and better.

NIK KERSHAW: Dancing Girls (MCA) A major let-down after the naggingly neat "Wouldn't It Be Nice?". It sounds like a furious meeting between Gary Numan and Level 42. I keep looking, Nik, but I can't find any tune.

THOMPSON TWINS: You Take Me Up (Arista) There's something instantaneously annoying about Thompson Twins' records. They always

sound as if they should have been left in the oven a few minutes longer. The songs never quite set; the production's often underdone; the vocals are half-baked. This is no exception despite a jaunty harmonica that gives the number a decidedly folksy feel. None of what I've said, of course, will stop it being a monster hit.

RICK SPRINGFIELD: Jessie's Girl (RCA) This has Extremely Successful Record written all over it. Now that Rick (a mega-hunk in America) is finally denting the British charts, his follow-up to "Hummus Touch" is a wise choice. An old number from '81, it still sounds fresh and snappy as it builds around a hurly chorus that screams out for a frantic session of scarf waving.

THE DANSE SOCIETY: 2000 Light Years From Home (Arista) Ancient song by that ancient group, The Rolling Stones. It first appears on "Their Satanic Majesties Request" LP which was their answer to "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" by The Beatles. Pleasantly spooky, this glides along like a well-oiled ghost train.

URBAN COWBOYS: Keys To Your Heart (Debut Records) A favourite of one Mike Read, this is a definite grower. A slightly reedy voice puts up a valiant battle against a chunky accordion that gradually becomes louder and louder.



GLORIA GAYNOR: Strive (Chrysalis) It's one of those weezes when follow-up singles just don't live up to their predecessors. Here we go again. This desperately tries to catch the power and the passion of "I Am What I Am" but, instead, gets tied up in fussy detail. Pity.

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS: Heaven (CBS) Psychedelic? Well, Richard Butler does sing about "a hole in the sky where the sun don't shine". Furs? Well, the sound does lurch towards the fuzzy with plodding drums and whining guitar. If this is Heaven, what must Hell be like?

YES: Leave It (Remis) (A&C) Once you strip away the fabulously lavish effects (they make "Radio Ga Ga" sound like an Alisea Sex Friend song) you'll be hard pressed to spot a tune.

ALBUMS

ULTRAVOX: Lament (Chrysalis) Rather than making music for bopping around to, Ultravox conjure up heroic images of brave deeds, medieval battles and generally winning against all the odds. If you're expecting any major departures from them, forget it; this could be part two of their last album. However, there isn't really a duff song here and at least one of them, "White China", would make a great single. (7½ out of 10)

Lisa Anthony



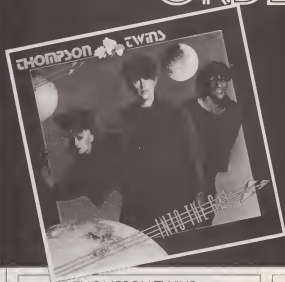
SHANNON: Let The Music Play (Phonogram) A real surprise. I expected this to be one of those cashing-in-on-a-disco-hit LPs where there's one good track and five or six useless ones. But it's not. "Let The Music Play", Shannon's hit, appears in two versions, one short, the other a long remix, while the remaining six tracks are all similar New York disco: melodic songs with a tough, percussive backing. "Give Me Tonight", Shannon's new single, is particularly strong; quite sexy, actually. (7½ out of 10)

Nell Tennant

THE ICICLE WORKS: The Icicle Works (Beggars Banquet) After a couple of promisingly tight and tuneful singles, this attempt at four-minute philosophies is a big disappointment. An odd combination of decidedly hippy lyrics — all mystic, meaning-of-life stuff — and energetic drumming. It never really takes off or convinces, despite some nice touches. More stuff and less nonsense next time, please. (5 out of 10).

Ian Craigmiles

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- INTO THE GAP (Thompson Twins)
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- LEARNING TO CRAWL (Pretenders)
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- NO PARLEY (Paul Young)
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- SEVEN AND THE RAGGED TIGER (Duran Duran)
- SLIDE IT IN (Whitesnake)
- SNAP (The Jam)
- SPARKLE IN THE RAIN (Simple Minds)
- STAGES (Elnise Page)
- THE CROSSING (Big Country)
- THE FLAT EARTH (Thomas Golby)
- THE SENTINEL (Pallas)
- THE SMITHS (The Smiths)
- THE WORKS (Queen)
- TRILLER (Michael Jackson)
- TOO LOW FOR ZERO (Eton John)
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- VICTIMS OF THE FUTURE (Gary Moore)
- WAR (U2)
- WHITE FLAMES (Soozy White)
- YENTL (Barbra Streisand)

The names above are hidden in the diagram. They run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Many of them are printed backwards. But remember that the titles are always in an uninterrupted straight line with the letters in the right order, whichever way they run. Some letters will need to be used more than once — others you won't need to use at all. Put a line through the names as you find them.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 53

T O O L O W F O R Z E R O S V T S L
C A N I N N I A G E E A T M O L A R
V H M S M I N N F E T L I O W B N E
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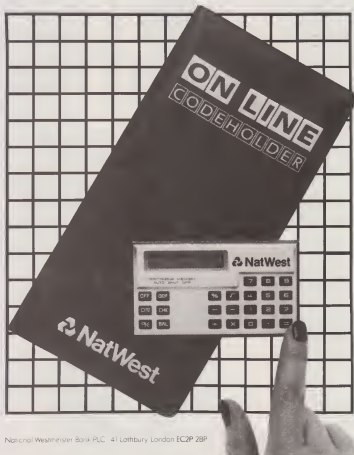


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Howard and his wife Jan outside their house in High Wycombe.

“I’ve got such a terrible memory you’ll have to bear with me. Do you mind if my wife Jan helps me out from time to time? Good!

I’m sure we had cornflakes and eggs for breakfast — we usually do. We were both very on edge. It had taken so long to get to this point that we were still apprehensive about whether it would actually happen. We thought there might be another hiccup. You see we were originally going to sign to Stiff and not WEA but things turned round at the last moment. Also I’d just got back from the China Crisis tour. It had gone really well. Often when you’re supporting someone, you have a rough time but I went down well. So the thought of my own record out and the prospect of making an LP was incredibly exciting.

David, my manager, drove us up to WEA from High Wycombe. What was I wearing? Blimey! Do you remember Jan? Oh yes, my red parachute jacket and zip parachute trousers. When we got there, we were kept waiting downstairs because there was some sort of problem.

It started out as a minor problem but it went on for two hours. I don’t bite my nails but mentally I did then. I thought, it’s all going to be taken away from me. We only got one message down from upstairs — that’s all. I found out later that it was actually quite a complex technical problem. It was all to do with the choice of my American record company.

When we finally got upstairs, the guy who deals with the contracts — oh, what’s his name — welcomed me into his office and said ‘Welcome to WEA’. I said, ‘ta’. I signed the deal with an ordinary Parker pen and then they brought in the champagne. We all had a glass or two. We had champagne on every floor of the building in fact. By the way, I was reading in your magazine recently that I’m

DAY TO REMEMBER

HOWARD JONES

“JUNE 24th 1983 —
THE DAY I SIGNED
MY CONTRACT WITH
WEA RECORDS”

supposed to be a vegetarian and a teetotaler. It’s not true. I’m certainly a vegetarian but I’m definitely not teetotal.

We spent about three hours there and after that we went home with Dave. I phoned everyone up and told them it was finally done. I invited everyone round who is concerned with my music. Like Mike who does the sound. Jeremy the tour manager. Jill who does the vegetarian cooking and helps run our magazine Risk. Singh who helps on the roadie side. And Jed (Holle, his dancer) of course.

We had more champagne. We had this massive bottle — is it called a magnum? — which I opened so badly at the back door that literally half of it went down the drain. After that we went down the pub — *The Dashwood Arms* which is just outside High Wycombe. It’s a fairly modern and tasteful place. Not one of your *qua-qua* or *Mooray Henry* pubs.

Qua-qua? It’s our expression for people who don’t laugh but go *qua-qua*. Jed played the fruit machine because he loves that sort of thing. I remember saying that this is definitely IT! I’m now in the big boys’ world. I’ve moved up a very big notch. Finally, we could do all the things we’d talked about for three years. And say all those things that I’d wanted to say through music.

We stayed ‘til closing time and by then I was feeling rather elated. On days like this I don’t eat very much. Back at home I had some peanut butter on toast before going to bed.

I didn’t fall asleep for hours. My mind kept clicking through all the possibilities. I really enjoy that feeling. The day was like a mixture of happiness and sadness. Happy because you’ve achieved something you’ve always wanted. Sad because you’ll miss all that fun of having worked to get to this place. Something had finished but something new had begun.

EVERYTHI

PHIL FEARON HAD A HIT IN '79 AND THEN... WHAT? A LONG HARD PENNILESS SLOG TO FIND A SOUND THAT WOULD DRAG PEOPLE BACK ON THE DANCEFLOOR. AND THEN CAME GALAXY AND "DANCING TIGHT". THEN CAME "WHAT DO I DO?" AND THEN CAME... DAVE RIMMER!

Hello... you're speaking to him... oh, no, ... not early on Tuesday... hang on a minute, there's someone on the other line... Hello... oh, hello... nice to hear from you... yeah, but I'll have to ring you back in a minute..."

In his small but exceedingly well equipped studio in London's Kensal Rise, home of Galaxy hits like "Dancing Tight" and now "What Do I Do?" Phil Fearon has one phone to each ear and his elbows on the mixing desk. This used to be his bedroom and still stuck in the polystyrene ceiling tiles is a vast badge collection: "Robbie Vincent", "Rock against Racism", "6X6 Disco", "Star Wars". He jiggles about and talks ten to the dozen, the very picture of hyperactivity, while business associates and members of the Fearon family pop in and out.

"The thing about me is that I am an extremist," he gushes breathlessly. "I work 24 hours a day. I can not stop working. Like 'Dancing Tight', I wrote that on New Year's Eve. While everyone else was singing 'Auld Lang Syne' I was sitting in here trying to finish it. People look at me and say: 'You're over the top! They're right. I am. I've never even had a holiday.'"

Except for a brief trip to Malta last year. "What a disaster!" Phil laughs. At the behest of his Maltese backing singer Dorothy, he'd gone over there to record a live TV appearance (to have a few days off). What happened? Well, come the big moment the TV people put the wrong side of the record on. "I tried to mime but I looked a complete idiot. In the end I just walked off. The whole of the rest of the time I was there I thought people were laughing at me."

And then the phone rings again.

Born in Jamaica 27 years ago, Phil has "always been nuts about music." At the age of two he used to pretend to be a juke box. At the age of four he got a xylophone and drove everyone mad with it. "They teased me so much I smashed it up. No, actually I carefully dismantled it to look like I'd smashed it up and then when they'd gone I put it back together again." At the age of six when the family moved to England, he "bashed away day and night" on the piano he found in their new house. Having a studio at home now isn't a problem - his mum and dad are well used to noise.

At school he was "one of the boring, brainy types", nurtured an interest in electronics and built some instruments, sang in two choirs and joined the recorder club. His elder brother Paul ran the 6X6 Disco and Phil used to help him out, later going clubbing whenever he could. By the age of 16 he'd started playing in soul groups. The first was called Dynits; the second, which also included David "You Can't Hide" Joseph, was Hot Wax. But Joseph wanted "to concentrate on American covers" and Phil wanted them to write their own



SONGS CLICKED!

WHAT DO I DO?

CHORUS
WHAT DO I DO
IF I WANNA GET THROUGH TO YOU
NO MATTER HOW TRY
YOU ALWAYS KEEP ME WAITING

REPEAT CHORUS
REMEMBER ME I'M THE ONE YOU DANCED WITH
REMEMBER HOW WE DANCED SO TIGHT
I COULD NOT LET YOU GO
I KNOW IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME
BUT I'M CALLING CAUSE I'VE GOT TO BE WITH YOU
(JUST YOU KEEP ME WAITING WON'T YOU LET ME KNOW)
I'VE GOT TO BE WITH YOU (WON'T YOU LET ME KNOW)
I NEVER TOLD YOU THAT I LOVED YOU
(CAUSE) COULD NEVER TAKE FOR GRANTED
YOU WOULD BE THE SAME
NOW I CAN'T TAKE THE WAITING ANY LONGER
I'VE JUST GOT TO LET YOU KNOW
(JUST YOU KEEP ME WAITING WON'T YOU LET ME KNOW)
YES I'VE GOT TO LET YOU KNOW (WON'T YOU LET ME KNOW)

SO TELL ME
REPEAT CHORUS TWICE
I'VE BET YOU'VE COME TO YOUR CONCLUSION
BUT NOW YOU'RE GONNA TAKE A LITTLE LONGER TO REPLY
EVEN THOUGH YOU'LL KNOW JUST WHAT YOU'LL SAY
I GUESS THAT'S JUST THE WAY GIRLS PLAY
(JUST YOU KEEP ME WAITING WON'T YOU LET ME KNOW)
YEAH THAT'S JUST THE WAY YOU PLAY
(WON'T YOU LET ME KNOW)
SO TELL ME

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE
I WOULD REALLY LIKE TO BELIEVE THAT
IF YOU WERE TO SPEND SOME TIME WITH ME
YOU MAY DISCOVER YOU LOVE ME (DO)
WELL IT MIGHT BE WORTH THE WAITING
OR I WOULD NOT BE SITTING HERE ALONE ALL NIGHT LONG

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stuff. "So I split."
And there goes that phone again. "Hello ... yeah, hi mate ... listen, I'm not so sure this is a good idea now ..."

His first noteworthy group were seven-piece soul combo Kandidate. For a couple of years they clogged around English colleges and German US Air Force bases.

"Terrible," Phil remembers. "There was one time at this base when I said 'we'll just do a couple more numbers' and someone in the audience shouted out: 'Can you make it one!'" He shakes his head. "I'll never forget that voice."

But after a while they got a manager, got a recording contract and got a brace of hits. The biggest of these, "I Don't Wanna Lose You", got to Number 11 in March '79.

After performing his famous somersault (I'll help to have a gimmick!), Phil left them in 1980 and spent the next year "looking for cheap studio time". He'd assemble musicians, pack all the instruments into a van and hang around studios in the middle of the night. If a session finished early, they'd slip the engineer a few quid and slip in to use up the spare time. Often they'd just be left waiting all night in the cold. Amazingly, though, they managed to record a couple of singles this way. One was called "Pay Up" by Proton Plus, another "Eastern Palace" by Ryan.

Clearly, though, it wasn't a satisfactory way of working. Phil and old school friend Laurie Jago decided the only way to do it was to make their own studio. There was a spare room in the family house, so why not? He and Laurie scuttled around looking for ways to do it. Phil approached other groups (I name a British black group and I'll have asked them"), but everyone poo-pooed the idea. Everyone except Eddy Grant, another self-sufficient chap. "We had a good talk. I learnt a lot from him."

For a while, to try and earn some money, they ran an employment agency from the front room. Eventually, by borrowing heavily on Laurie's Access card, they bought enough equipment to start. The demos Phil made were good enough to get a recording contract, with the advance they got more equipment, and now Phil is doing so well writing, producing, arranging, performing and recording his own material that he's busy buying the house next door too. A lot of the groups he approached in the past have come back cap in hand to say: "You were right".

"I'd like to have a proper studio as well as a home one. Like a big company with offices and everything. And then I'll do my good deed to humanity, help out some young talent. I want to set up an academy, teach young musicians about the business and," he laughs, "probably give myself some competition, but after ten years in this game, I think I know my way around it now."

And then, needless to say, the phone rings again. "Hello ... yes I did ... no, we sent them a cheque ..." And then so does the other one. "Hang on ... hello darling ... yes ... yes ... OK ... hang on ... are you still there?"

I wander off home and leave him to it, a phone still jammed to each ear, his elbows still on the mixing desk and a hard day's recording ahead of him.

WIN 50 SIGNED STYLE COUNCIL AND HOWARD JONES ALBUMS!



Headache? Tense, nervous headache? Endless hours tossing and turning between those crisp, white sheets? Thought so. You just can't work out how you're going to be able to afford both *The Style Council* and Howard Jones LPs. Well, worry no more.

This issue's BIG competition has the answer. If you can work out the rather tricky question below, both LPs will be yours. And to make the prize just that little bit more special, we've had them signed, especially for you. So get those thinking caps on. Paul Weller comes from one of the towns below and Howard Jones come from another. Which two are they? a) Knotty Ash, b) High Wycombe, c) Chudleigh, d) Woking, e) Grimsby.

Answers on a postcard or back of an envelope to:

Smash Hits Style Council/Howard Jones Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF. Get them there by April 11, because on that day the first 50 correct answers out of the bag get a signed copy of each.

Go to it, cats.



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BE SPECIAL

*BO BO BEE, BO BEE, BO
BO-BO BEE, BO BEE, BO
I couldn't bear to be special,
I couldn't bear, couldn't bear,
I couldn't bear, right? BO BEE,
BO BEE, BO So don't look at me
and say, that I'm the very one,
who makes the cornball things
occur, the shiver of the far. Don't
expect too much of me, I'm just an
also-ran, there's a mile between
the way you see me and the way I
am. So don't stare at me that way,
of course it gives me pride, but I
won't take on the risk, of letting
down the sweet sweet side. Did
you mean to humble me? So you
did it unsuspectingly! Oh words
are trains, for moving past what
really has no name. BO BO BEE,
BO BEE, BO I couldn't bear to
be special, I couldn't bear, couldn't
bear. So, don't look at me and say,
that I'm the very one, who makes
the cornball things occur, the
shiver of the far, right?*

Lane and Anderson
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couldn't bear to be special
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THE CAPTION COMPETITION

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And — most important! — WHAT ARE THEY SAYING TO EACH OTHER?

You tell us. Go on. Have a look at this scintillating snap of George Michael and Allanah Currie. What little exchange is taking place? Don't bother to cut the picture out; just try and imagine what each of them is saying, jot it down (legibly, mind) on a postcard or the back of an envelope, and send it with all speed to **Bubble & Speak, Smash Hits**, 52/55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. The one that makes us all fall about laughing wins its sender the Top Ten UK 7" singles on the day the competition closes (which is April 11). So get them here as soon as possible. And make 'em funny. Answers next issue.



Photo: Bob Langley

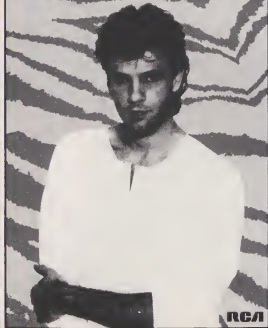
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"I NEVER WANTED TO BE A MUSCLEMAN"

Nik Kershaw wears black underpants, plays chess and suspects some people think he's a wimp. It's amazing what pop stars tell Johnny Black.

Nik Kershaw, standing beside the impossibly muscular Mr Universe, Geoff King, looks like the wimp much of the pop press thinks he is.

The occasion is *The Russell Harty Show* and, while Nik rehearses his number, Russell looks distinctly bored, fiddles with his microphones, then disappears off the set. Apart from Nik and Mr Universe, the show also features a learned psychiatrist, the actress Susan George and the novelist Jilly Cooper. Nodding towards Nik and Mr Universe, I ask Jilly which of the men she finds most attractive. She hums and haws for a minute, then says, "I'd be hard pushed for choice, but I think I'd rather go for the psychiatrist."

Five minutes later in the dressing room, while Nik changes for the dress rehearsal, I tell him about Jilly's dilemma. He looks loudly and pulls off his trousers. I can feel exclusively that Nik Kershaw wears black underpants.

While his face is being attended to by Louise, his make-up lady, he says, "I wish everybody in Britain knows how thin I am, but I've got used to that. I've never wanted to be a musclemen. I mean, that guy's thin has the same measurement as my waist." He whistles through his teeth.

Another thing he never wanted to be was a pop star. "I just kind of drifted into it. I thought of myself as a songwriter, then suddenly I look around and I'm on *Top Of The Pops*. I really didn't think I had whatever it takes to be a pop star. In fact, I still don't know what it takes."

Pop music barely figured in his life until he was about 14 and it wasn't until three years later that he considered making a writing career in it. "I left school with seven 'O' Levels and got a job in an unemployment benefit office, but I always wanted to be something creative."

Well, maybe not always. His first ambition was to be a Chelsea footballer. By thirteen he was taking drama classes and was slated to go into rep at 16. "I gave it up, it would be a hell of a life, slugging round all those theatres doing bit-parts, even worse than this. But if I wasn't doing this, I'd be trying to be a graphic artist, something like that."

To some extent, he acknowledges the accusations of wimpiness, a cross he bears along with Howard Jones. "We're always being compered. I begin to wonder if

somebody is trying to make us into rivals. I've only met him once, at a *Capitol Radio* bash and he was such a lovely guy."

Never having had an enemy in his life, Nik finds it hard to cope with the competitiveness of the music business. "The critics don't bother me because, after all, they're entitled to their opinions. But everybody has ears, they can hear if they think it's wimpy. I just don't like it when they try to set me up as somebody else's rival. Like 'one day I'm

insisting that they wear the clothes she chose. She has found him a marvellous baggy jumper." "I get a lot of his clothes in girls' shops, because that's what he looks best in," she explains.

One outfit she didn't make for him was the suit he wore in his video for "Wouldn't It Be Good?" Again he laughs at the memory. "The most uncomfortable three days of my life was shooting that video. I had to be lowered into the suit, and couldn't bend or go to the toilet."

In fact, there were two suits in the video, made of Scotchline, a highly reflective substance, which was used in *Superman* for Marlon Brando's glowing outfit at the start of the film. It is also ideal for electronically inserting images, which flicker and flash as they did in Nik's video. "The suits cost about £750 each, and they fell apart the same day, but it was worth it, because it has now been accepted for MTV in America which should help the record over there."

If Nik takes off in the States, it will mean even less time to spend with his wife, Sheri, in their cottage in Essex. "She's also a singer and songwriter, and I was worried that she might be jealous of my success, but she's been great. I think sometimes it's harder on her than on me, because when her friends come round, all they want to talk about is me and she'd much rather just have an ordinary conversation."

Although it is no substitute for Sheri, Nik has a way of keeping himself occupied in the tedium of touring. "Sometimes, on tour, I find my brain is swimming, and the only way I can relax is by playing chess. I've played it for years, but the trouble is you can't always find someone else who can play, so I've got myself a chess computer."

It's actually his second computer, because he became too good for the first one and could beat it every time. "This one has eight levels, and the programme is much tougher, so I'm still on the 10th level and even then I can only beat it fifty per cent of the time."

Eventually, with Nik made up and dressed to everybody's satisfaction, the show goes on the air. When Nik appears there's a roar from the crowd, and it seems there are more people here to see him than to see Harty. As soon as the performance ends, Nik changes back into his street clothes and attempts to exit quietly by the rear door.

No such luck. About fifty girls press round, demanding autographs, and he signs as many as he can reach. Finally, after pushing a path to his car, we pull away into the night, heading for home. "That wasn't so bad," he says, sighing with relief. "But after the Rock And Pop Awards they were banging on the roof of the car, battering the windscreen, about two hundred of them. I was quite worried, but the guy who really took it out of me was the policeman who dragged me bed of it. His face was white as a sheet. He reckoned they were worse than a crowd of Chelsea supporters."

sitting reading a paper and I read something that says I was slagging off Duran Duran. I've never even met them, and it would be a complete waste of breath to slag them anyway."

Eyebrows were raised recently when he picked up Duran's award at the Rock And Pop Awards. "Mine too," he admits. "I still don't know why I was chosen to do that."

Louise steps back and he examines her work in the mirror, then disappears down into the studio. While we wait, Louise tells me: "He has a good face to work on, with lovely big eyes, and I wish I had his lips. But I think he worries about the lips, because he thinks they look too feminine."

When he returns from the rehearsal, he pulls off his tuck suit top, throws it aside and switches his attention to Suzanne, his pencil-slim blonde dresser, who has also worked on Duran and is reputed to have reduced Musical Youth to quivering jellies by



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CATERPILLAR GIRL
FLOWING IN
AND FILLING UP MY HOPELESS HEART
OH NEVER NEVER GO

CHORUS
(OH) I DUST MY LEMON LIES
WITH POWDER PINK AND SWEET
THE DAY I STDP
IS THE DAY YOU CHANGE
AND FLY AWAY FROM ME

YOU FLICKER AND YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL
YOU GLOW INSIDE MY HEAD
YOU HOLD ME HYPNOTISED
I'M MESMERISED
YOUR FLAMES
THE FLAMES THAT KISS ME DEAD

REPEAT CHORUS

OH FLICKA FLICKA FLICKA FLICKA FLICKA FLICKA FLICKA FLICKA
HERE YOU ARE
CATA CATA CATA CATA CATA CATA CATA CATA
CATERPILLAR GIRL
FLOWING IN
AND FILLING UP MY HOPELESS HEART
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COMPETITION WINNERS

Fraggles Competition (March 1) The correct answer was **Q** The Mugglets. First Prize of a Fraggie duvet cover goes to Lynn Bowden Camborne, Cornwall. Runner-up prizes of a Dozer Toy and a Fraggles picture disc go to N Willmot, Bristol; C Kelly, Romford, Essex; M Scott, London NW9; J Ballham, Liverpool 25; B Carr, Leichworth, Herts; M Harrgrave, Accomb, York; S Clark, London SE1; T Caplice, Co Tipperary, Ire; K Hobson, Arnold, Notts; L Shorto, Dorchester, Dorset; R Parker, Ventnor IOW; C Jackson, Renfrewshire, Scotland; M Rothwell, Manchester M10; J Kearns, Co Cavan, Ireland; G Chang, Folkestone, Kent; M Blom, Bournemouth, Dorset; S Orford, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne; S Boote, Bournemouth, Dorset; S Purkis, Slough, Berks.

Michael Jackson Competition (March 1) The correct answer was **C** A Boy Constructer. The following win a copy of 'Michael' — The Michael Jackson Story: J Muir, Stirlingshire, Scotland; M Wilson, Co Durham; J Alexander, London NW2; A Yarow, Waterlooville, Herts; M Singh, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne; P Reynolds, Burton-On-Trent; S Mallett, Basildon, Essex; N Garland, Welling, Kent; W Cregory, Worcestershire, D Mornson, Middlesex.

The winners of the Smash Hits 12" singles (February 16) competition who all win 12 12" singles: J Allen, Cwent; K Ashworth, Manchester; T Burke, Peterborough; M Adamson, South Humberdale, K Shute, Chwyd; B Tiltone, Stoke-On-Stroke; R Davies, Bristol; A Stanley, Wors; L Aldwinckle, Leicestershire; P Hadley, Birmingham; E Woolie, Droon; D Fairclough, Lancaster; N Leadbeater, Cheshire; Leigh Beaton, Lincs; Y Craig, Co. Fermanagh; N Howlett, Gillingham, Kent; J Dricks, Cwent; Valene Laing, Lanark; C Overend, Yateley, Surrey; V Hodgson, Stamford, Lincs; K Huggins, Okehampton; J Barnett, Acomb, York; N Wade, Peterborough; J Hamond, Newcastle-Under-Lyme; A Neal, Kent; L Wilson, Dundee; Z Thackery, Stafford; E Sundred, Liverpool; A Simms, Wilts; S Tunstall, St Leonards On Sea; C Walters, Yarm; A Swift, Sheffield; S Ryland, Crawley; S Atkinson, Scarborough; V Hall, Barnet; S Comley, Exeter; J Hood, West Lothian; J Knight, Peterborough; J Harvey, Burton Stone Lane; J Hunt, Sheffield; O Macalpine, South Wirral; P Oumford, Salsbury; L Dyson, Hull; S Murray, Cowes, IOW; S Bowland, Harlow, Essex; O Kennedy, Sheffield; J Willis, London W7; M Coleman, Portsmouth; R Sargent, Rochester; S Turvey, Tefford.

NIGHTS OUT

DATES

Check locally before stepping out. A Lisa Anthony production.

The Cocteau Twins: Cardiff New Ocean Club (April 16), Birmingham Powerhouse Ballroom (17), Liverpool University (18), Newcastle Tiffany's (19), Edinburgh Assembly Rooms (20).

The Flying Pickets: Liverpool Empire (May 24), Newcastle Theatre Royal (25), Harrigate Centre (26), Sheffield Crucible (27), Kendal Leisure Centre (June 1), Edinburgh Playhouse (2), Glasgow Pavilion (3), Inverness Eden Court (4), Aberdeen His Majesty's Theatre (5), Darlington The Dolphin (8), Birmingham Hippodrome (17), Reading Hexagon (18), Plymouth Guild Hall (19), London Hammermesh Odson (21), Ipswich Gaumont (23), Skagness Embassy (24), Brighton Dome (27), Croydon Fairhall Hall (28), Margate Winter Gardens (29), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (30).



None

The Icicle Works: Leeds The Warehouse (March 29), Sheffield Polytechnic (30), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (31), Reading The Coltham Bown (April 1), London The Venue (3), Coventry The General Wolf (5), Dublin The TV Club (13).

Kalagoogo (extra dates): Edinburgh Playhouse (May 6), Glasgow Pavilion (8), Dublin SFX Club (11), Belfast New Victoria (12), Blackburn King Georges Hall (14), Crawley Leisure Centre (31).

Name: Manchester Apollo (May 1), Birmingham Odeon (2), London Theatre Royal Dury Lane (3).

Re-Flax: Sheffield Limit Club (March 29), Birmingham Snobs (30), Hatfield Polytechnic (31), London The Lyceum (April 3).

Ultrafox: Glasgow Apollo (May 16/17), Newcastle City Hall (18/19), Manchester Apollo (21/22), Bristol Hippodrome (25/26), Brighton Centre (27), Southampton Gaumont (29/30), Birmingham Odeon (June 1/2), Nottingham Royal Centre (3/4), London Hammermesh Odson (7/10).

Whitesnake (extra dates): London Hammermesh Odson (April 1), Nottingham Royal Centre (4), Manchester Apollo Theatre (5).

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HOORAH!



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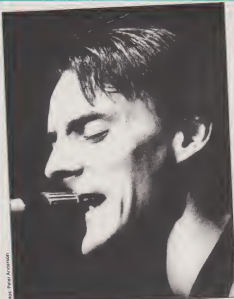


Photo: Peter Anderson

Paul Weller: well he's always been angry

THE STYLE COUNCIL LONDON

Outside, copies of *Socialist Youth* are on sale and touts are trying to buy tickets because they can resell them for twenty quid to those with more money than sense. This is The Style Council's first full show in London and there's quite an evening in store.

First The Style Council troop onstage, Paul Weller berking "People Are You Ready?" into a microphone, then launching into the old Curtis Mayfield song "Something Over Yonder". Apart from Paul and Mick Talbot (looking like a youthful Arthur Delay in his braces, tie and pork-pie hat), there are three brass-players, a synth-player, a girl singer, a percussionist (from The Questions) and a drummer. Between songs there are preuses while musicians wander on or off stage, depending on whether or not they're needed. Peter Martin mutters to me that it's like a Marc And The Membras show with the different musicians and changing styles. "My Ever-Changing Moods" is followed by an almost unaccompanied, close-harmony song, "It Just Came To Pieces In My Hand"; there are instrumentals, "Mick's Up" and the jazzy "Dropping Bombs On The Whitehouse"; and a painful "Long, Hot Summer". To be honest, this first section of the show doesn't gel. It's peaced too slowly and would work much better in a small club than a large theatre.

Billy Bragg dashes on for a manic 15-minute set which is rapturously received and then The Questions dance on, refreshingly colourful and bouncy and genuinely funky. 15 more minutes of Billy Bragg end The Style Council return. This part does gel. "Money-Go-Round" is even more frantic than on record; Mick Talbot's "Le Depart" instrumental with a solo trumpet is beautiful; the brass players dominate a powerful and emotional version of an old soul song, "Hanging On To A Memory". By the time the encores are over there have been three hours of music, confused, varied and finely triumphant; a brave attempt to do "something different" that just about pays off.

Neil Tannant

THE CLASH LONDON

The *Academy* in London's Brixton is a '30s cinema with an air of shabby elegance. Classical Greek statues adorn its alcoves and look positively at odds with the audience below who are drenched in black leather and army surplus.

A Clash concert isn't a suitable place for those of a nervous disposition. When The Clash appear, the rear diehards torpedo to the front and pogo violently. Looking more skinhead than punk, their total hero worship reminded me all too much of heavy metal.

With their new line-up (two new guitarists and a new drummer), The Clash make it immediately obvious that they want to be as mucho-butcho as ever. Joe Strummer (no oil painting in his hideous demi-mohican) is clearly in charge and the band follow his orders.

After a few numbers he stops the group mid-tune and shouts his disgust at the gob raining on his head. "I'm prepared to kill someone tonight," he screams as he plucks a spiky-haired youth from the front row, gives him brutal verbal abuse and chucks him back into the wings.

After this the band continued but the atmosphere had gone — along with the gobbing in fact. What spoilt it for me was the appalling treatment meted out to the fans. They were either left to the mercy of the bouncers or actually kicked back into the crowd by the two new guitarists.

The audience didn't seem at all miffed though and after two encores were still yelling for more. I left with a rather nasty taste in my mouth.

Lole Borg

Joe Strummer: he's back and twice as angry



Joe Strummer: back again and, cripes, nearly four times as angry

Photos: Andy War/Corbis



Marc Almond plus ghoulfriend (Nick Cave, actually)
Fangs, but no fangs



Feeling a bit lacquered
Just another Batcave regular



Two girls with a certain get-up-and-go



Batcave club hosts (Ollie's on the left): "It's a most unusual club"



Aspiring singer Tasty Tim: "God I look a state. Don't take my picture!"



It's only frock 'n' roll (but they like it)



Actress Jill (19): "I just love to dress up"



Day-Glo Ball host Philip: "The Roman Orgy was awen wilder!"

DUNGEONS, DRAGONS... AND DAY-GLO?

Not all nights-out kick off at 7.30 pm and end in time for the reveller to be tucked up in bed before midnight strikes. There's another type of thrill-seeker. The type who's only thinking of going out at this time and positively won't come home before 7.30am. This happens all the time at the *Batcave* which is off Carnaby Street in London. So I dressed for the occasion — all in black and a vertical-roid hair style achieved through two cans of hair spray. I pay my £3.00 and am confronted by great swoops of grubby netting that stretches from wall to wall. The atmosphere's ideal for mere mortals and pop stars to admire each other's white pan-cake make-up and to sway to music by Siouxsie, The Cure, Alien Sex Fiend and such early '70s Glam Rockers as Sweet and T. Rex. Marc Almond stands arm-in-arm with Nick Cave of The Birthday Party. One Dracula lookalike keeps getting his towering hair-do in the drooping netting. Ollie, lead singer with The Specimen and club host, laughs: "Anything goes! It's all fun and very creative."

Next stop — believe it or not — is a *Day-Glo Ball* at Heaven in London's Charing Cross. To get in you have to have not only £3.00 but also a multi-coloured fluorescent saucer badge which is only available to club regulars. Inside the walls glow with crazy fluorescent etchings. Clutches of scantily-clad, painted bodies even dance on barrels in the middle of the floor. It's everywhere: day-glo lipstick, eye colour, fingerless gloves, hair gel and underwear... Sometimes, however, it doesn't look so glamorous. One girl has simply tied a cyclist's safety band around her middle. As the night heats up and the place looks more and more like that final scene from *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*, me and my cotton day-glo socks decide to call it a day. — *Linds Duff*

Dear Jimmy Hill,
Goal c
Goal x
Goal p
Right Gullible Mick Lynn,
Accrington
PS Have I got the right address?

Sadly not I. The Black Type, have always lanced myself as one of those football commentator persons. You know, sitting there in a dodgy suit going: "It's all over bar the shouting, Brian, and at the end of the day it's all about winning. Robson was over the moon when he should have been sick as a parrot and if only Liverpool had scored more goals they might have played them all the park. Sheer magic and a definite maybe, Brian."
Snigger.

As a student nurse of good heading(?) can I just state my absolute frothing fury at Nick Heyward's statement (March 1) about nurses not being intelligent! Blimey he's such as obnoxious little weed. I think every nurse in the country should blacklist Mr Heyward from their wards for saying such an unfair thing! Cute little Nick should be told that you need five or more 'O' Levels and more often than not a couple of 'A' Levels too for SRN training; as well as having to get up at a very early hour and finishing work late which can be pretty frustrating when you want to go out on a Friday night. We don't get paid an awful lot either, but you do need brains because there is a hell of a lot of studying to do these days.

I think Nick should be bled to death by his precious Marion and that she should make the procedure as painful as possible. Oh, and I can think of a lot of other places I can stick a thermometer besides Mr Heyward's big mouth.
A Disgruntled Janine Andrew's Engagemen't Ring, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

In *Bits* (February 16) Tom Bailey commented on teaching. One of the lines read that pupils in his class thought his lesson to be a "soft option". I was one of these pupils and I did not consider the lesson to be a soft option — just BORING!! I hated singing about "Molly Malone", "The Camp Town Races" and not forgetting "Tikky Moor Bar Tar". Kids should not be taught such stupid and boring songs in this day and age. I'm not knocking Tom Bailey as he tried to teach us the way he felt was right. But anything is better than "Mollie Malone". I know the majority of music teachers may not have the knowledge of recording etc, but don't you think a little research would help. At least the kids may find the lesson interesting, and not consider music to be a soft option or even boring!
Nadia, Sheffield.



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

Fascinating fact no. 7?— If you play Culture Club's "Karma Chameleon" backwards it actually says "my underwear needs ironing, whatever happened to the fridge?" Go on, try it!
Someone Who Doesn't Like Culture Club Records, Accrington.

And did you know that if you play Matthew Wilder's "Break My Stride" backwards it actually sounds almost like a good record.

Well well well. *Blue Jeans* strikes again! Guess who's going to be a BJ cover girl? How about if I mention *The Tube* or *Seconds Out* (Robert Lindsay's girlfriend) or even the Minstrel's ad? Yep! You're right — Lesley Ash. But what's happened to her hair — isn't it a greasy mess? (I actually like her hair but I couldn't think how to finish this letter off).
Humphrey's Friend, West Mersea, Nr. Colchester, Essex.



The trouble with God is he thinks he's Weller!!
One of Richard Barber's Considerably Shortened Tresses, Wilmslow.

Back in the knife drawer, you. And as for Ms Getty from Burnham ...

Did you know that Van Halen were inspired to write "Jump" when they saw Paul Weller at the top of the Eiffel Tower? You do now.
Mr Gleeson's Rafflesia, Burnham.

What is the obsession about whether Paul Weller is gay or not? Just because he was quoted as saying "French boys are beautiful", it doesn't automatically mean he is gay or has any gay feelings. A lot of women say Princess Di is beautiful but no one asks them if they're gay. But would it matter if he was? If you really listened to his views you'd really see what an intelligent person he really is. I always used to be the first to slog him off but now I hang my morals high and say well done mate, quote us another.
Vanessa Jones, Bath.

Having just listened to Paul Weller on the David Jensen show, I just thought I'd point out that he said, "Ya Know", thirty-three times. Is this a flat round thing with a hole in the middle?
S. Dixon (Morrissey's Eyebrows) Farnham.

No, a flat round thing with a hole in the middle is a record.

Dear Ian Cranra,
You are a jerk! I mean, who in their right mind would give the fab new album "Human Racing" only 1 out of 10? You're a nutcase, dear.
Nik Kershaw's Luminous Green Snood, somewhere in Britain.

PS I've got a round, black flat thing with a hole in the middle. Is this a record?

Might be. On the other hand it could be a black Polo mint.

Dear Ian Cranra,
You are a boring, ignorant, egotistical, illiterate, perverted, corrupted creep. I presume you listened to "Human Racing" with ear-muffs on and the volume turned right down. In fact, I find myself wondering whether you actually put the album on the turntable or whether you just listened to the turntable going round. I do hope you've gone ex-directory and moved house because otherwise I shall come around and flush you down the toilet.
Nik Kershaw's Luminous Green Snood, somewhere in Britain.

Strongly enough Ian Cranra says he quite enjoys just listening to the turntable going round. Can't say he's ever been a one for ear muffs, though.

How nice and refreshing to read Roger Taylor (cf Queen's) *Personal File*. Not often does one encounter such modesty from a member of such a famous band — "I don't think we're hip enough to have influenced Frankie Goes To Hollywood". Other people would have been screaming "copycat" like a silly school child (as in the Boy George/Jeremy of Hazy Fantasy-esque argument over who started that stupid hairstyle — as though it matters!) Well done Roger Taylor. There's hope for showbiz folk after all.

Yours faithfully,
C. Parks.
PS. I know a 101 things to do with a £10 record token but I've nothing to practice with.

Well I, the Black Type, know about 237 things to do with £10 record tokens but I always end up giving mine away.

Well done Howard Jones for actually appearing live on *TOTP*. I mean it's great having a live *TOTP* but it is not achieving anything. It makes no difference if the show is live when the performers mime. People wait months, maybe longer, to get to *TOTP* tickets and expect entertainment. Once inside all they get to see is half clad walkies obstructing their view. These "professional dancers" congregate around the performers blocking the audience's view, and if that's not enough, the camera crew continually push and shove the so called audience out of the way.

The introduction of live music generates a real atmosphere and brings the viewing audience in closer contact with the stars. The dancers try to tell us . . . wow,

we're having a great time, but it's never convincing. Perhaps live shows and live music would produce a real party atmosphere.

Jo Keep Music Live!

I found this ad in our local paper, it looks as if Bicycle Works are still using their stabilisers! John T's Gold GTI.



Didn't they once support Spandau Ballet? Or was it Vulture Club?

Did you know that the Bard Of Aven was the first rock critic, forerunning even Smash Hits? In Hamlet he mentions the "sleeping soldiers in the Alarm", whose "bedded hairs, like life excrement, start up, and stand one end". Quite a "Declaration" that.

His Majestical Inkship, Wicklow.

You must be right. In the same play didn't he also write something about "To be or not to be"? Speaking of which . . .

On a recent TOPP the Mel Brooks video "Hitler Rap" was shown. Not only did it contain persons prancing around in sex clothing but it has Mel Brooks dressed up as a man responsible for the murder of millions of people. However — Frankie Goes to Hollywood's video just had people prancing around in sex clothing and the BBC managed to interpret the lyrics in a dirty way. Don't get me wrong I'm not a puritan. I wouldn't ban either but I feel more people would find "Hitler Rap" more offensive, plus Frankie Goes to Hollywood are a band. Mel Brooks is a big business. If the decision was left to me I know which one I would ban.

Potski, Balham.

What is the pop world coming to and for that matter your magazine? A year ago Men At Work were at the top of the charts, a very good band with an original song with a good tune. What do you and everyone else say? They're copying The Police. Now amidst a new transvestite craze we have one REAL woman and four REAL men singing an excellent song with REAL drums and REAL guitars on the number one spot. What do you do? Like them to Blondie (Johnny Black's article, March 1 issue). Why is it that to be original now we have to dress up like members of the opposite sex, wear make-up, have long hair, and have affairs with members of the same sex? There must be something very wrong with a man who wants to

dress up like a woman and fancies Sylvester Stallone (Marilyn). These must also be something wrong with the public when they encourage these freaks and think they are gorgeous.

All I can say is I look forward to the day when these immature punts grow up and we can look forward to the return of real music and men going out with women and wearing trousers (shock horror!)

A Heterosexual Sexual Lover Who Fancies Neoa, Hull.

If that's how you feel you'd better not move to France, then.

We are two sisters from Bordeaux in France and we only listen to English music. It's possible in France even if Hervé Selinger (December 8) said he can't. We have a TV show called *Les Enfants Du Rock* with a special part which is called *Rockline*. It only shows English groups such as Culture Club, Eurythmics, Thompson Twins, Paul Young and so on.

We also have a TV show called *Sex Machine* (part of *Les Enfants Du Rock*). It's at 22.00 and they show every clip that the BBC banned for sexual activity. Then we saw the whole video of Bowie's "China Girl", Duran Duran's "Girls On Film" and . . . don't get excited . . . "Relax" by Frankie Goes To Hollywood. As for the other clips, we have three TV shows only dedicated to them. The very new groups we have them a few months later than in England but the well known ones a few weeks later. There is an exception with Duran Duran — we don't see them as they are not really known, but it's to change as a TV show was dedicated to them. As you see we have not to complain.

Amy and Cathy, Bordeaux, France.

I have been noticing that a lot of these silly Top Tens of the garden or the bathroom have been appearing in *Smash Hits* so I thought I'd do one. This is my drinks Top Ten. 1) "Vodka Vodka" — The Thomson Twins; 2) "Fizzy-Cat" — Olivia Newton-John; 3) "Yab-Bo Beer There" — James Ingram & Michael McDonald; 4) "Whisky Thinking" — China Crisis; 5) "Sherry Oh Baby" — UB40; 6) "Here Comes Champagne Again" — Eurythmics; 7) "Rum Runaway" — Siade; 8) "Brandy Girl" — New Edition; 9) "Dear Prunefudge" — Souzise & The Banishes; 10) "Ribena Wow Wow" — Dee C Lee. Well that seems to be all for now. Bye! Your Cousin, *The Grey Type.*

I remember you, Grey Type. You were always the pale and interesting one of the female Top Tens. In New Order's "Blue Nun Day" and imagination's "Gin And Out Of Love" must still be bubbling under (Groom — Ed.).

How to get a letter printed in *Smash Hits*: An Informative Guide. Follow these simple

guide-lines and you can't go wrong:—

1. The most important point to remember is that you should avoid the subject of music (Barry Manilow and Duran Duran are the favourites).
2. Tell a joke (again Barry Manilow and Duran Duran are popular when it comes to jokes). It's not worth submitting a serious well written letter (especially a critical one like this). They're not considered and rarely see the light of day.
3. Get your grandfather to dress up as Boy George, take a photo and send it in.
4. Insult Barry Manilow (who pose (Groom — Ed.) how many times this play has worked).
5. Blackmail the **Black Type** and finally . . .
6. Don't sign your piece with your real name (in the good old days pseudo names like 'Aardvark's Testicle' were used, now the magazine prefers a witty name like 'Boy George's False Eyelash' though occasionally *Smash Hits* will shock readers by printing letters by 'Limahl's Underpants', Mr B. Jarrow, Tyne and Wear. P.S. A 'PS' is pretty cool too.

1. **Make a saucy comment.**
 2. **Ignore it completely.**
 3. **Give the sender a £10 record token. And speaking of which, there's one now winging it's way to you, Mr B.**
- P.S. (Yep, the Black Type is allowed the odd 'PS' too) Will the Very Annoyed CC Fan who got the goods last ish let us know their address or they'll never get it.**

Thank you very much for the free stickers and sticker album. Yours Crawlingly.

The Oard Of Wiz.
P.S. Anybody want six Marilyn Stickers?

Sorry, got that one already but I'll swap you Mark Brzezicki of Big Country for either Dennis of Musical Youth or Eddie London of China Crisis. Everyone's gone sticker mad round here, actually. Start, staring bonkers, some of them. Peter Martin even comes in at 7.30 in the morning so he can peel the ones he wants out of other people's albums. Never normally see him before lunchtime.

I've just bought a record called "Thriller" of a man in dark glasses stood at the corner of my street. He says that the record is extremely rare. Is this true? *Mike Head's Sunglasses, Redhill.*

Get off.

I like Duran Duran. I don't really. I just wanted to get my letter printed.

Boris The Spider.

And it worked, didn't it?

Smash HITS

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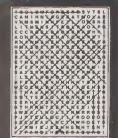
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STAR TEASER

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 29



CROSSWORD

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 30

ACROSS: 1 and 2b: Robert D. Miro; 3: Wives; 4: Duran Duran; 11: 'Ain't No Use of Sunshine'; 14: Lissars; 15: Uniform; 16: One (Small Dill); 19: Wealth; 20: Girls; 21: True Love (Ways); 22: Joan Lord; 24: Joy (Division); 25: S + 1: cross; 26: S D S; 29: M. C. Escher; 31: Phil Every Day; DOWN: 1: '89! Red Ballonee; 2: Gary Byrd; 3: Randy Crawford; 4: Van Halen; 5: Survivor; 6: Altona; 7: Sayo; 8: Time; 9: Assassins Currie; 12: Assembly; 16: Mathews; 17: Matt (Bunco); 20: Rock (Bunco); 23: Jumps (Mighty Numbers); 24: Dumps; 27: 'Only (You); 28: David Kid (Juntas); 29: Del (Lippard)



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Side Kick |
| Chas 'n' Dave | Chas 'n' Dave's Knees Up | UB 40 | Labour Of Love |
| Richard Clayderman | The Music Of
Richard Clayderman | U2 | War |
| Phil Collins | Hello, I Must Be Going | Wham! | Fantastic |
| Culture Club | Colour By Numbers | Paul Young | No Parlez |
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Ragged Tiger | | |
| Duran Duran | Rio | | |
| Eurythmics | Touch | | |
| Genesis | Genesis | | |
| Heaven 17 | The Luxury Gap | | |
| Michael Jackson | Thriller | | |
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THE BEST FOR MUSIC

BREAKING POINT

I STAKE MY CLAIM
 I STRIKE THE VEIN
 CAUSE SLEEPING LATE
 IS ONLY HALF OF IT
 YOU CAN TALK (OH YOU CAN TALK)
 BUT CAN YOU TALK (BUT CAN YOU TALK)
 BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW (YEAH YOU SHOULD KNOW)
 I STRETCH TO BETTER THINGS

CHORUS
 YOU'RE RUNNING PRETTY WILD
 YOU'RE RUNNING PRETTY DEEP
 YOU OUGHTA GET SOME SLEEP
 YOU OUGHTA TAKE YOUR TIME
 YOU OUGHT TO HEED MY WORDS
 AND JUST WAIT UNTIL YOUR SHIP COMES IN

YOU'LL ONLY NEED ENOUGH
 TO KEEP YOU GOING
 SO I'M TOEING THE LINE
 AND WE'RE DOING JUST FINE
 WE'RE RUNNING PRETTY WILD
 WE'RE RUNNING PRETTY DEEP
 YOU OUGHTA GET SOME SLEEP
 YOU OUGHTA TAKE YOUR TIME
 YOU OUGHT TO HEED MY WORDS
 AND JUST WAIT UNTIL YOUR SHIP COMES IN

REPEAT CHORUS THREE TIMES TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BAND BURGOYNE QUINN
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CLIFF RICHARD



EXPLOSIVE SITUATION
 I GOT NO EXPLANATION
 LOVE HAS SHOT OUT OF THE BLUE
 HITTING ME AND YOU
 IT ISN'T JUST ATTRACTION
 IT'S MORE A CHAIN REACTION
 OUR LOVE IS NO RICOCHET
 WON'T GO ASTRAY

CHORUS
 I CAN'T LIGHT THE FUSE AND THEN RETIRE
 LOVE'S GOT ME IN ITS LINE OF FIRE
 OOH BABY YOU'RE DYNAMITE
 THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANOTHER LOVE SO EXCITING
 OOH BABY IT'S DYNAMITE
 YOU'VE GOT THE POWER OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING
 YOU'RE DYNAMITE

YOUR LIPS ARE SO INVITING
 MY SENSES ARE IGNITING
 I KNOW OUR LOVE IS HERE TO STAY
 WON'T GO AWAY

IT'S BIGGER BY THE HOUR
 LOVE'S OVERWHELMING POWER
 IS MOVING IRRESISTIBLY
 THROUGH YOU AND ME
 REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

BABY YOU'RE DYNAMITE
 DYNAMITE BABY YOU'RE DYNAMITE
 DYNAMITE BABY YOU'RE DYNAMITE
 DYNAMITE BABY YOU'RE DYNAMITE
 DYNAMITE BABY YOU'RE DYNAMITE

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BABY YOU'RE DYNAMITE

WANT A ROOM WITH A VIEW?

Take a last lingering look at your favourite wall. A bit of a state, is it? Need cheering up? Are you, by any chance, getting a bit bored with that calendar Auntie Ethel gave you last Christmas — you know, the one with all the poodles on it? Or those fearful snaps of last summer's trip to West Wittering beach that have started curling up at the corners?

Well, the solution's simple. Take the whole lot down and chuck it all in the bin. Why? Because the next issue of this magic magazine comes fully furnished with its very own glossy 22 x 34 double-sided

FREE GIANT POSTER



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