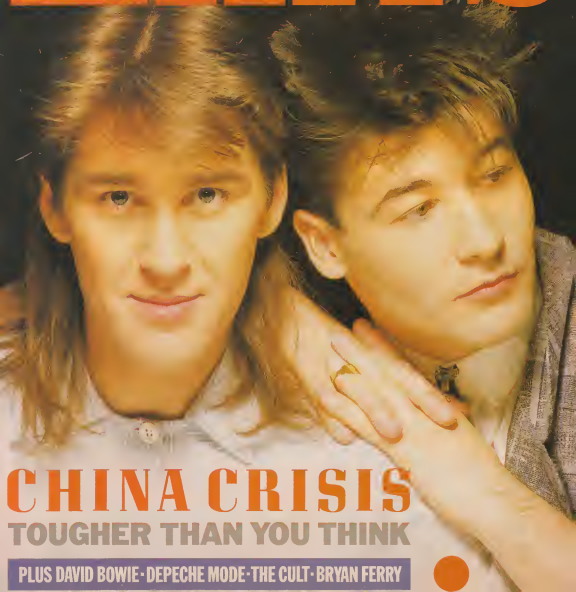


NEW ORDER

**SCRITTI
POLITTI
DURAN
DURAN**

MARILLION

Smash HITS



CHINA CRISIS

TOUGHER THAN YOU THINK

PLUS DAVID BOWIE · DEPECHE MODE · THE CULT · BRYAN FERRY



SCRITTI POLITTI

Whatever happened to Green's Grandad? We reveal the terrible truth...
12/13



Photo: Peter Amersbach



THE SMASH HITS SIMPLY-TOO-AMAZING STATIONERY WALLET OFFER

BRYAN FERRY

Facing up to life at 40 - the pain, the heartache! Would you buy a second-hand tennis-racket from this man?

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Photo: Eric Anziani

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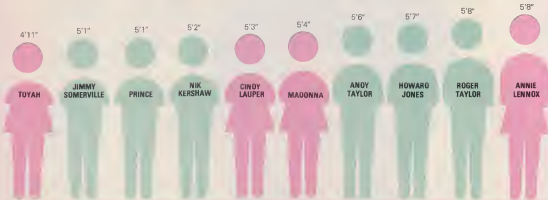
COVER: CHINA CRISIS BY ERIC WATSON

DO YOU WANT TO WIN?

SMASH HITS

DAVID
BOWIE





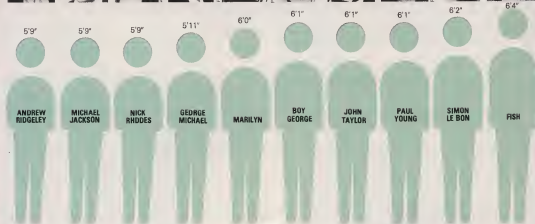
OH! YOU'RE NOT AS TALL AS YOU ARE ON THE TELL

Yes, once again, Smash Hits girlie swot productions bring you the truth about all your favourite pop stars. This time we probe into that uncharted netherworld – pop stars' heights. Discover the real length (or lack of it) of His Royal

Purple-dom Prince. Gasp in amazement at the enormity of Fish. Titter at the titchies. Chortle at the tallies. And see if you can work out which pop stars are fibbing. . .



Toyah's 4'11"
"Gosh! Paul Young's 14 inches taller than me – that's exactly the same length as an average-sized Sea Cucumber!"



ALL AS Y!

Above is the chart with the ever ascending heights of 20 pop stars. But there are, not surprisingly, quite a few others clocking in at similar heights. Like there are loads of 5'10"s — big boy **Jim Kerr**, **Pete Burns** (6'1" in his stack heels), **Paul McCartney** and **Bruce Springsteen** (who'd actually be 5'11½" if he stood up straight and tucked in his derriere). **Shakin' Stevens** steps in at 5'10½", while **Paul Rutherford** is a dashing 5'11" (the same as **George Michael** — must have something to do with all that bum wiggling they get up to onstage). **Paul King**, meanwhile, is a mean 6 foot in his patent leather shoes. **Mark 'O Toole** pops in at an impressive 6'2". But that's nothing compared to ABC's **Martin Fry**, he's one inch short of **Fish** — 6'3". Phew, rock 'n' roll!

On the other hand his chum in ABC, **David Yarritu**, toddles in at a compact 5'0". Rock chicklets **Kim Wilde** and **Alannah Currie** positively tower over him at 5'5", while **Tina Turner** beats them by one inch. **Sade**, who actually does look a lot taller, is only 5'7", as is **Alison Moyet** who looks a lot smaller. Those chaps from **Tears For Fears** are like peas in a pod, both coming in at 5'9", beating **His Royal David Bowieness** by one half of an inch. Makes you think, dunnit?



Paul Young: 6'1"
"Chkey! Toyah's 14 inches shorter than me — that's exactly the same length as 11 chewy Black Jacks placed end to end!"



I PAID £50
FOR THIS SHIRT

posed is the question of the risk incurred by sovereign borrowers. It is important to put this question to both private corporations and banks in other countries in the same way as they do to any other customer. In some cases we have relationships going back over many years involving trade finance. Other successful lendings have resulted from the support of major sports events, whether from the United Kingdom or other countries in which we operate.

The finance required for major projects has also become larger, for instance equipping an airline with a new Jumbo jet and financing costs £45 million and the 747-300 ton tankers now in service cost about £40 million. At the world is becoming a more important than ever market for risk capital.

I think the fear of over-indebtedness is what we probably mean. Of our capital base, 60% is made up of deposits in sterling, 20% in other currencies and 20% in equities. The latter are split between the UK and overseas. In 1980, compared with 1979, we had a 10% increase in our deposits and a 10% increase in our equities. This is a very good result and a further sign of our strength and beyond reach.

Finally, we are now negotiating a number of new £1 billion syndicated loans with a view to raising our total assets to £1 billion.



YOU'VE BEEN RIPPED OFF

Wrangler
THAT'S WHAT'S GOING ON



● Initial quantities of the new **Bruce Springsteen** single "I'm On Fire" will contain a competition to win tickets for his Wembley shows. It seems his six British dates will be seen by over 370,000 people. Impressed? Pah! His last LP, "Born In The USA", has gone double platinum here and in the States it's sold six and a half million. So there!

● If you're really hip you'll already have **Run-D.M.C.**'s first LP, full of their unusual mix of electro, rap and hard rock, which has been available as a prohibitively-expensive import for nearly a year. If not, now's your chance to catch up as it's just been released over here

● **Queen**'s performance at The Rock In Rio festival in January, where they played to over 250,000 South Americans, is now out on video. And, yes, it's called "Live In Rio".



TIRED ANIMOTIONAL

● When she was 14 she was warbling folk songs in London boozers. Today she sings heavy electro-pop music with Los Angeles combo **Animotion**. Her name is **Astrid Plane**. Well, actually, it isn't. . . . "I emigrated to America in 1979 and soon joined this very off-the-wall band Red Zone. We had glittering lights on our jewellery and were very bizarre and that's when I came up with my new name."

Astrid Plane? Sounds a bit like "astral plane". Is this intentional? "What do you think?" she snaps. "You see, I like to play with words." Hence **Animotion**: "We wanted a name to describe what we were. **Animotion** is "an emotion" — a feeling. And it's also "animation" — something you can dance to." Devious, eh?

Animotion were formed in 1983 by Astrid along with Red Zone's keyboard player Paul Antonelli and drummer Frenchy O'Brien. Bassist Charles Ottavio and guitarists Bill Wadhams and Don Kirkpatrick complete the line-up of the sextet who have just sprung from obscurity.

"Like a wild butterfly. . . I will collect you," sings Ms A. Plane on "Obsession". Is she speaking from experience here? "No, I read a lot and that's where I get my ideas for lyrics from. Right now, I'm devouring a lot of metaphysical stuff. I don't collect butterflies — I collect fans. But they don't like being squashed up against the wall very much." Pardon? "And no, I am not a hippie. I went through a phase of that when I was younger but now I'm very forward thinking."

And when Astrid thinks forward, she thinks of little apart from music. It seems: "If I weren't involved in music, I'd die. I've done 200 other jobs in my life and they all made me miserable. Eight years ago I worked for Her Majesty's Government as a Tax Collector. People were so rude and personal! And when I first arrived in America I got a job as a dentist's assistant. I'd be staring down people's mouths and a song would come on the radio and I'd start dancing around with these dental instruments. People were frightened. . . ."

Next question. How old is Astrid Plane? "I've just turned 24 and I'm very health-conscious. No caffeine, no red meat, no cigarettes, no strong alcohol. That's difficult in America because the roads are made of fried chicken and fried fish."

Indeed? But hang on a mo. If she's just turned 24, she must have been a very young Tax Collector. "Er. . . yes, I was."

And now the moment of truth. "Will Astrid Plane reveal her real name?" "No. I like to keep mysteries. . . ."

Just what is this woman trying to hide?

WIN A QUARTER OF A MILLION SWEETS



● Yes, it's true. **Bitz**, in an unprecedented bout of generosity, has laid its grubby little mitts on 250,000 (count 'em!) fat sweeties. **Love Hearts**, those chucky little miracles for the mouth, featuring classic messages like 'Smile', 'Kiss Me', 'Relax' and 'Success Is Like, A Really Double-Edged Thing', are the items in question, and they're just lying there, rather impatiently, waiting to be won by you.

Strawberry Switchblade, who're so sweet they don't have to put sugar in their tea, kindly donated them in honour of their new single, "Who Knows What Love Is?". It seems Jill prefers the yellow ones and Rose the black ones (even though there aren't any black ones — strange girl), but they couldn't be bothered unwrapping a zillion packets to get at them so they decided to get rid of them. So, how about it then? Interested? Just answer this quessie and they could all be yours. "The Sweetest Girl" was a single by: a) Bay City Rollers, b) Scat Politix, c) Depeche Mode, d) Medicine Head?

Answers on a postcard or the wrong side of an envelope (by June 18) to **Smash Hits Love Hearts Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. The first correct answer out of the bag will win the lot.



● Spot the Joe in the divvy looking hat? Yes, it's that sensitive soul **Nick Laird-Cloves** in pre-Dread **Academy** days. It was taken during the first season of **The Tube** when he was one of their occasional presenters. **Hee hee hee. . .**

● **Mark Stewart** and **The Maffia** are on Mute Records. Their single is called "Hypnotised." The B-side is called "The Venice Of Democracy Starts To Fade". Various members have worked with **Grandmaster Flash**, **Mick Jagger**, **The Sugarhill Gang** and fab arch-anarchy punks **The Pop Group**. They are very odd.

● Those little terrors **King Kurt** are back. With the mighty single, "Billy", the b-side features a Thrax and Smag song, "Back On The Dole".

WHEN IS A DO WHEN IT'S A J



● **Yngwie Malmsteen** is a) A Dutch cheese, b) a character in *Return Of the Jedi*, c) a Scandinavian heavy metal person who's just released a song called "See The Light Tonight".

Answer: a) (sirely some mistake)

● Still hobbling around, **Steve Norman's** been revealing the horrors of his leg operation in Los Angeles. Apparently – sit down and bite a pillow if you're queasy – they drilled three holes in his leg, putting a camera in one and "boobs" in the others. Eek! He's even got a video of the whole thing for posterity. Imagine, a video nasty, of yourself. Quelle horreur!



● Did you know that **The Beatles'** "Yesterday" has been recorded by 1,200 different artists worldwide? Or that at the height of Beatlemania in the '60s you could buy bottled "Beatle's Breath" in New York? Or that Paul McCartney wrote "Hey Jude" about Julian Lennon when he was a baby? No? Then you might want a copy of *The Book Of Beazle Lists* by Bill Harry (Juvaville, £2.95) because it's jam-packed with such, er, useful info.

● Shock news! **Happy Birthday** in this issue's knockabout **Bitz** is guaranteed error-free!

OR NOT A DOOR? ARRE

● "Zoology" is, surprisingly, not a new book by David Attenborough – it's the new single from **Jean Michel Jarre**. Rather interesting facts. Jean was the first Western pop/rock musician to perform in China, and this year his dad, Maurice, won an Oscar for the music to the film *Passage To India*. Not only that, Jean is married to "ravishing" film star Charlotte Remping and a couple of years back he released an LP with a limited edition of one – it was auctioned for tons of money.

● Legendary '60s bores **The Doors** have a compilation LP released on June 14. Its incredibly late-wal title is "Classics".

● **Deep Purple**, those v. loud rockers from yesteryear who just won't go away, plan to play the loudest concert in history. On June 22 at the Knabworth Fairs, they will perform on a stage the size of a football pitch and play through the biggest PA system in the history of the universe – over a quarter-of-a-million watts of power!! In 1972 they were in the Guinness *Book Of Records* as the world's loudest rock band and this year they hope to re-enter. **Bitz** wishes them the best of luck.

● **Nick Hayward** rejoins **Haircut 100** Shook! Well, that's not technically true, but free with his new single, "Laura," is a limited edition single remix of the old Haircut fave, "Favourite Shirts" and "Calling Captain Autumn". And what with Nick playing live with his old mates at a charity concert before Christmas – well, it makes you think, doesn't it readers?

● **Paul Hardcastle** is at it again. Not content with doing another re-mix of "19" – called "19 – The Final Story" – he's been doing the trick for a few old records. Old cronies **Ian Dury & The Blockheads'** "Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick" has had the treatment. So's the **Change** single "On What A Feeling" which is credited as "The Paul Hardcastle Remix". Pretty important bloke he's turning out to be. Meanwhile in America, "19" is causing quite a stir. Paul did interviews with NBC and ABC TV, and the song was used as the theme for a parade of Vietnam veterans that took place in New York to commemorate the 10th anniversary of the end of the war.

● **Simply Red**, the group with the prestigious support slot on the **James Brown** tour, release their first single, "Money's Too Tight".

● "Tomb Of Memories" is the new **Paul Young** single. It'll be out late June and it's backed by the **Billy Bragg** song "Man In The Iron Mask". Sounds, er... fun.



A FIELD OF THEIR OWN

● "Wheeeuuugh... "Hell-oo? Phit? Phit-o?" "Scuse for a minute" grows the gravel-voiced one. "But I'm dyin' of hey-fever." Poor little baby. **Bitz** does sympathise.

"Went to see the Doc but he said there's no hope at all. Just to keep away from the wild women." And, pursues **Bitz**, what about the, er, "drinking habit"? "Ah," he gnrs. "I turn deaf when he starts saying that."

When **Thn Lizzy** decided to call it a day in August 1983, it left famous Irishman and star of *Virgin Atlantic* adverts **Philip Lynott** a much-relieved man: "My marriage had broken-up, and **Thn Lizzy** had broken-up, I personally, wasn't in too good a condition either. So the year off allowed me to do lots of simple things, like being with my two kids and being 'Dad'. At least they know now who their Dad is... To me, that means I've salvaged some relationship."

What's even more surprising than his return to the pop charts (with "Out In The Fields"), is that it's a collaboration with "legendary" guitarist **Gary Moore** – the man who literally waked out on **Thn Lizzy** at the start of the American tour which was to "break" them in the States. Broke them alright... "At the time I felt so... angry. I could feel everything just slipping away. There was badness between me and Gary for a long time." Then last year, they met by accident at the Annals Lounge in Heathrow Airport, and "the ice was broken."

"I know," muses **Phis** (as he's known to legions of fans!), "I really thought my career was over until this record but I'm honestly not really over-awed. Now that it's all kicked off again, it's fun. But I know now I won't be forever young." That's true.

● **The Thompson Twins** are back in action. After **Tom Bailey's** recent colapsoation, he had a bit of a rest in Barbados and is now fully recovered. As postponed tour dates will be re-scheduled for autumn and the LP – now to be produced by Nile Rodgers – should be ready late summer. Rejoice!

(enclose an s a e.)

China Crisis
Schoolhouse Management
63 Frederick Street
Edinburgh EH2 1LH

Marillion
The Web
2 West Warwick Place
London SW2

Scriffitt Crush Crew
71 Great Russell Street
London WC1



"Eh, I don't know, our Brian. You hum it, Iuv, and I'll sing it..."

● **Thomas Lee**, one of those intriguing, weirdo-electronic-noise-merchants-turned-pop-star, has a new single, "No. 1". It's nothing to do with the film of the same name. And there's an LP to follow, "The Scale Of Ten". Wonder why boys like him are always obsessed with numbers?

● Lots of new pop books out at the moment.

David Bowie: The Pitt Report (Ornibus £5.95) claims to be "a definitive book about David Bowie's early career, written by his first ever manager".

Steve Wonder: The Illustrated Discography and **Bob Marley: The Illustrated Discography** (both Omnibus, £3.95) are just that - pictures and exhaustive lists of everything those artists have ever recorded (including tracks they've questioned on, co-written or helped to produce).

● Thanks be to God! The B-side of Prince's new "Paisley Park" single is - "She's Always in My Heart" - was previously unavailable!



STAP CRACKLE AND POP

● Ever been kept in after four o'clock? It's not much fun at the best of times, but imagine if you were forced to attend a detention which lasted 7am until 4pm. And that's on a Saturday. HEAVY! That's the fate that faces the five very different characters in the film *The Breakfast Club*. During the nine long hours, the high school hoodlums, which include Emilio Estevez (Martin Sheen's son and star of *Rap Man*), are obliged to write a lengthy essay about themselves. Instead, they end up analysing each other, attempting to solve one another's domestic problems and discussing embarrassing but amusing teenage taboos like virginity.

Sounds dull? Take it from Btz, it's fab. There are some extremely funny parts, including a sort of "Kids From Fame" dizzy dance sequence, some quite touching

● You know that awful drony bit at the start of *Coronation Street*, the noise that sounds like a cat having kittens? Well, now it's out on a record, in full 7" and gasp, 12" glory. By cornet player **Izzy Royal**, it was originally released three years ago but now, surprise surprise, it's been remixed. *Wonders never cease*.

● **Nile Rodgers**, in between producing Duran Duran, Madonna, David Bowie, Diana Ross and Mick Jagger (ohew... rock'n'roll!), has found time to record his second solo LP, "B-Movie Matinee" is released simultaneously on June 3 with the single, "Let's Go Out Tonight".



● Bet you can't guess which pop star this is in his 'formative years' Clip. The pic was taken in Cardiff when he was a youthful 12, and thankfully still had his mum to keep his hair well-trimmed and slicked down. Answer: **Howard Jones**.

TWOOMERANG!!(?)

● In 1981 Australian band **Men At Work** (perhaps the sharpest of all varieties of fine Aussie). Their single "Down Under" a wacky little ditty about wandering men and Vegemite stables, stuck at Number One for six weeks. Then they resampled tours, he fourteen-week pop success performing alongside David Bowie in Edinburgh, went back to Australia and ditched a couple of members - "It was the catalyst for a personal and musical divergence". Now they're back to you, with "Two Hearts" and a sleek "Everything I Need". "Felt like pop boys on a mainstream middle of the road pop band" - review single called "Holy". "They grew sick of us. I grew sick of us. We're going with others on a degree but we're thrilled with the new LP it's a great direction - but it's a lot more interesting. Btz should ruddy well happen."

and one t-shirt, mug and LP could be yours.

Which one of the following is not (or never has been) a real group?
 a) Hot Chocolate b) The Jam c) Chuckie Egg & The Soldiers d) Orange Juice?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits, Breakfast Club Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. Have them here by June 18.



Photo: Picture Credits

THE ODD COUPLE



● Very maley. This unsavoury pair are called **Morgan McVey**. The one on the bottom is **Cameron McVey**, the one on top is photographer **Jamie Morgan**. Together they've styled and filmed dead hip TV ads for Lewis and v. arty mag *The Face*, for which Jamie has snapped various covers. He's also shot loads of album covers like Culture Club's "Colour By Numbers" and Simple Minds' "New Gold Dream". But now they're making their own records. Currently working with Vince Clarke (ex-Yazoo), they wrote the new single for singer Paul Quann (who's also working with Vince on an Assembly type project). Described as "the thinking woman's Wham!" they hope to have something or other out late summer.



● Remember that blond one from *Dynasty* - you know the one, Steven Carrington, son of Blake. Well, you might remember that in the early series he was played by another blond bloke and then, as if by magic, he re-appeared as a Sting lookalike. So what happened to the original blond bod?

Well, we have the answer. His name was, and in fact is, **Al Corley**. And what's more he's back, this time as a pop star. His first UK single, "Square Rooms", is out June 14. It's already been number one in France, selling more than a million and his "Square Rooms" LP has gone gold and platinum in Germany, Scandinavia, Belgium and Holland. As for *Dynasty*, he simply passes it off as a "glorified soap opera". What a cheek!

● "Vital Idol" is a 42 minute mini-LP featuring seven 12" dance mixes of **Sir William Idol's** finest moments: Duran Duran's favourite, "White Wedding", "Dancing With Myself", "Feed For Fantasy" (Below The Belt Mix), gadzooks, they're all here. Long live Sir William, the world's greatest living Englishman.



● **Propaganda**, those sexy German devils, have given **Blitz** lots of records and things featuring themselves with not very many clothes on. There's 15 picture discs, for instance, which, apart from featuring the best song in the history of the known world, "Duel", has this wicked snap of them plastered all over it. As do the 15 mammoth posters - lots of naked shoulders smeared in paint, you know the sort of thing.

And then there's the 15 "Duel" double packs (very rare and featuring a single of - double gasp - **unreleased material**) which has

● "Massive" is the latest of those spate of reggae compilations. This one features **Smiley Cultura**, **Barrington Levy** and **Aswad**.

● "Can't Ignore The Train" is the new single by **American** numbers **10,000 Maniacs**. So how you know.

● So this is why **Cultura Club** have been keeping such a low profile lately. This little snap of **Marilyn** and his new manager **Diana Ross** was apparently taken by **Boy George**. (Hmmm . . . Ed.) Nice one **George**, but don't give up the day job.



● The new **Dead Or Alive** single is called "In Too Deep". Taken from the scintillating album "Youthquake", it's out on June the somethingth.

● Yes, it's him again. **Stava Strange** is back. After **Visage** fizzled out last year Steve concentrated on his new London club, The Playground. But now he's busy rehearsing in London with a new, and as yet unnamed, band. There'll be a record out in the next few months. Can't wait, eh?

● **Pink Industry**, who include **Jayne Casey** (singer in **Holly Johnson's** old band **Big In Japan**) and **Ambrass Reynolds** (who named and was a founder member of **Frankie Goes To Hollywood**) have got a new LP and single out next week. The LP's called "New Beginnings". The single (which has **Morrissey** posing on the cover for some reason) is called "What I Wouldn't Give". Jayne, incidentally, will be hosting the Liverpool edition of Channel 4's new style and fashion programme, **Swank**, which starts on June 14.

● "Head Over Heels" will be the next **Tears For Fears** single. Out late June (aren't they all).

● Those cute American girls **The Go-Go's** have split up. Hurray!

a picture of the singer **Claudia** in a tubular steel vest (and now, alas . . . eek!). But much for the old blood pressure, what? So if you like all things naughty, as those tykes at ZTT seem to, you might like to try and answer this question and win the lot. Here it is:

Which of the following are **not** signed to ZTT: a) **Insectb** b) **The Cult** c) **Annie Paglia** or d) **Keith Chegwain** and **Maggie Philbin**?

Answers on a postcard to **Smash Hits Propaganda Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. Get them here by June 18.



MILLIE - MEET HER

● **Millie Jackson** is terribly outrageous. Onstage she swears like a trooper, makes **George Michael's** "sexy hip gyrations" look like a dog wagging his tail and usually brings the house down. She's like a black, female **Diva**. So it may appear a little strange that she should have made a record with family men (apart from the odd specs and dodgy jewellery) **Elton John**. The song is "Act Of War" - you probably saw them singing it on the Montreux special - and this is how it happened. . .

Millie was in London on business and Elton, a great fan of hers, sent round a demo of the song to her apartment. Apparently it was originally written for **Tina Turner** but she turned it down. Millie loved it, said she'd do it and she reckons it's proved to be "one of the best moves in my career". She'd never met **Elton** before but found him "very nice - no odder than I am".

Tina Turner, incidentally, might have brought about the other "best move" of Millie's career. Back at the Jackson home in New Jersey, it seems, there's a letter from the top film director **Steven Spielberg**. She hasn't seen it yet but apparently it contains an offer to star in his latest epic, about a black woman who works her way up to the top. It's well known that **Tina Turner** turned it down, because it was too close to her own story and "opened closed wounds" or something, so, once again, in steps Millie. "I won't believe it 'til I see it," she bewails, "but if it's true all I can say is keep turning things down **Tina** - you'll make me a star yet!"

KNITTING PATTERNS

● **The Sensible Jerseys** is the latest name for a group this side of **Bibo Baggins** and they've just signed to **Virgin**. Their first single's

called "Right And Wrong" and they hope their first tour will be sponsored by sensible jersey manufacturers **Pringle**.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

- **John Keeble** of **Spandau** Ballie 4 (26) on June 6
- **Ringo Starr** (45) on June 7
- **Andy Fletcher** of **Depeche Mode** (24) on June 8
- **Marc Almond** (29) on June 9
- 'Big' **Jim Kerr** of **Simple Minds** (26) on June 9
- **Peter Murphy** (28) on June 11
- **Chris Cross** of **Ultravox** (33) on June 14
- **Travis Horn** (36) on June 15
- **Stewart Copeland** of **The Police** (33) on June 16



reen Strohmeier-Gartside, to give him his full name, has a strange bunch of ancestors. His dad, like his father before him, was a bit of a lad. Grandfather Strohmeier was German and spent most of his time on ships, sailing between his homeland and America, where he was a cowboy, and occasionally stopping off in Cardiff "to procreate with his Welsh wife".

In time he promised to give up his handy liff after one last trip. Unfortunately it proved to be his last trip. *Final*. The ship was carrying oil and not far out of Cardiff docks it blew up – and it was mighty tragic.

Undaunted, Green's dad followed in Grandpa's slipstream and took to the life of a merchant seaman. "He had this brilliant tattoo on his arm saying 'Man's Downfall' under a picture of a naked woman coming out of the sea. He didn't pay much attention to it though – a definite case of a girl in every port".

Eventually he got married to Green's mum (who'd just got straight out of Clark's Secretarial School in Cardiff) and settled down. Kind of. "He was a young thug, basically. He went on to get a job as a travelling salesman, which he took to because it meant he could again have his girl in every port. Anyway all this led to the eventual decline and dissolution of my family and they were divorced."

His mother then got a job as a lawyer's secretary and eventually fell in love with the lawyer – who was 20 years her senior – and married. Green was 12. Or rather "a boy with one of the top five christian names since the war" was 12. So why the change to Green? "I just said so! This for a game of soldiers and changed it to Green – I was on a train at the time and the land was glowing green. The name's just become totally meaningless now."

Unlike Fred and David's parents, Green's were "viciously

opposed to any involvement with music. I couldn't bring any of my mates into the house with long hair. Any mention of music drove them mad. There came a stage when I wanted my hair like Rod Stewart and my mother threatened me – and I just ran away."

And off he went to find his fortune. But it was no life of womanising for Green; instead he went to art school, became a punk and formed a group. The rest, more or less, is history.

"I much prefer Scritti as a proper group. Like today I was feeling really, really ill – I mean I am really ill, readers, believe me, Green is a sick man – and I came along and I feel just so much better for being with David and Fred. I do get worried for them though, being away from home for so long, getting homesick. I just hope we can see it through, together."

"If people buy our records, then the sky's the limit – we'll feel vindicated in what we've done and be able to continue as we are. We sorely need a vote of public confidence. I mean, we get enough adulation from other musicians – Duran voting for our singles in the polls, and even David Bowie ringing up to say he'd our stuff. Now all we need is the press and the public to follow suit and that's it!"

"We've just got to go on and be disparaging about our contemporaries. I mean, in terms of style or music or whatever – it's all bad, total crap. The shops are full of garbage and nobody gives a monkeys. Last year it was alright wearing your John Galiano waistcoats and hair, but now there's just no point. Scritti Politti has beaten the retreat to rest on the laurels of our music. Anyone with long hair in 1985 is a mega-prat."

"What I say is – cut your hair, retreat to your denims and seethe and plot and rot and get ready to erupt." And who can say fairer than that?

A German cowboy, a thug with a "brilliant tattoo", an editor of Saudi Arabian wallases, an orchestra-conducting park keeper, a "wild" free-form ballet dancer: these are just some of Scritti Politti's immediate ancestors. No wonder the group's a bit weird, says Peter Martin...

THE SECRETHISTORY OF SCRITTI POLITTI

● **Fred Maher's** mum was a lawyer in the City Hall, Cleveland, Ohio which was "a very weird thing for a woman to be at the time". Now she's an "occupational therapist", working primarily with old people. His father was, and still is, a writer. He's had one published novel, *The Distant Music of Summer*, which Fred hasn't read and, much to his shame, has difficulty in even remembering the title. "He's totally infatuated with writing. I mean, he even edited a writer alias of Saudi Arabia. That's his bizzar". Fred says he still stays with his parents when he's in New York, in the "bohemian" 71st Street.

Fred took up the drums when he was 11. "I did want to learn the saxophone but those lessons were on Saturday morning and I was pretty much into the cartoons on the TV so I chose drums – that class was on a Friday."

At 13 he got involved with New York's hive of 'avant-garde' musicians. "I went to my first rehearsal and just bashed out some Led Zeppelin songs." But his first proper group were Material, a weird and influential bunch of "free-form" musicians. He dropped out of school when he was 16 and toured the States with them in a school bus. And it was with Material that he first came to Green's attention, being a bit of an ultra-hip cult thing back in London. And vice versa, "In Material we used to buy all sorts of strange stuff and I got this 7" EP by Scritti Politti in a polythene bag containing two pieces of paper with words scrawled all over it. I liked the name."

But it wasn't until three years later that he actually got to play with Green. That was on the ill-fated "Small Talk" single, produced by Chic-person Nile Rodgers and never to see the light of day. (It was the last thing Scritti did for independent company Rough Trade and a legal wrangle ensued.)

"I'll never forget the first time I saw Green. It was in the studio in New York and he came up to me and said 'hello, I'm Green, I'm terrible'. He'd been out the night before with Marc Almond and he looked a bit the worse for wear."

Since then he's helped out, like David, on all the Scritti singles ("Wood Beaz", "Absolute", "Hynotize" and "The Word Girl") and the new LP, "Cupid And Psyche '85". He now lives in a London flat (with David) and doesn't appear even a mite homesick.

● **David's Gamson's** mother, Annabelle, is the "foremost Isadora Duncan revivalist in America". Isadora was a legendary "free-form" ballet dancer and Annabelle regularly packs out New York's prestigious Carnegie Hall with stylised performances.

Apparently she's a bit of a "wild woman". At the age of 16 she was a chorus girl on Broadway, then she toured with the American Ballet Theatre. And she danced her way through the American depression in an assortment of "Cotton Club"-style ineries. And then came the passion for Isadora Duncan.

His father's claim to fame was as assistant conductor to Leonard Bernstein with New York's Philharmonic Orchestra. Before that he had an opera company in Italy, where David spent his infant years. When the company went bankrupt, the family returned to America, and David's father worked in an ad agency doing jingles, became a conductor and now works for the government – in the parks department.

When they moved back from Italy, the family were given a home by David's grandmother who had come over from Poland and built up a small business. David, when he's not in London being in Scritti Politti, still lives in that house with his parents. It was here, in the suburbs of New York's Manhattan, that the now Scritti Politti were "nurtured". Green stayed there while he formulated the new Scritti in 1983.

David first met Green through a connection with the record company Rough Trade. David was working as an assistant engineer in a studio and he used free recording time to do a demo cover version of The Archies' "Sugar Sugar". This was eventually released by Rough Trade, around the same time as Scritti's "The Sweetest Girl" single. So when David came over to London on holiday he was introduced to "liberate" Green. They got on like the proverbial house on fire and the pair of them came back to New York to do "Small Talk".

David reckons his parents are dead set against his pursuing a career in "pop" – being a bit highbrow and all – hoping that someday he'll see the error of his ways and devote his talent to "serious music". Some chance.



OUT IN THE FIELDS



IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU'RE WRONG OR IF YOU'RE RIGHT
IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE IF YOU'RE BLACK OR YOU'RE WHITE
ALL MEN ARE EQUAL 'TIL THE VICTORY IS WON
NO COLOUR OR RELIGION EVER STOPPED A BULLET FROM A GUN

CHORUS

OUT IN THE FIELDS
THE HEATING HAS BEGUN
OUT ON THE STREETS
THEY'RE FALLING ONE BY ONE
OUT FROM THE SKIES
A THOUSAND MORE WILL DIE EACH DAY
DEATH IS JUST A HEARTBEAT AWAY

IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU'RE LEFT OR TO THE RIGHT
DON'T TRY TO HIDE BEHIND THE CAUSE FOR WHICH YOU FIGHT
THERE'LL BE NO PRISONERS TAKEN WHEN THE DAY IS DONE
NO FLAG OR UNIFORM EVER STOPPED A BULLET FROM A GUN

REPEAT CHORUS

THERE'S NO COMMUNICATION NO-ONE TO TAKE THE BLAME
THE CRIES OF EVERY NATION HAVE FALLEN ON DEAF EARS AGAIN

OUT IN THE FIELDS
OUT IN THE FIELDS
THEY ARE FALLING ONE BY ONE
OUT IN THE FIELDS

NO FLAG HAS EVER STOPPED A BULLET FROM A GUN
DEATH IS JUST A HEARTBEAT AWAY

OUT IN THE FIELDS
A HEARTBEAT AWAY
OUT IN THE FIELDS

DEATH IS JUST A HEARTBEAT AWAY
OUT IN THE FIELDS
A HEARTBEAT AWAY
OUT IN THE FIELDS

IN THE FIELDS

THE FIGHTING HAS BEGUN
OUT ON THE STREETS
THEY'RE FALLING ONE BY ONE
OUT FROM THE SKIES

A THOUSAND MORE WILL DIE EACH DAY
OUT

WORDS AND MUSIC GARY MOORE
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MUSIC ON 10 RECORDS

GARY MOORE & PHILLYNOTT

WATCHING THEM COME AND GO
THE TEMPLARS AND THE SARACENS
THEY'RE TRAVELLING THE HOLY LAND
OPENING TELEGRAMS ON

TORTURE COMES AND TORTURE GOES
KNIGHTS WHO'D GIVE YOU ANYTHING
THEY BEAR THE CROSS OF COUR DE LEDH
SALVATION FOR THE MIRROR BLIND DM

BUT IF YOU PRAY ALL YOUR SINS ARE HOOKED UPON THE SKY
PRAY AND THE HEATHEN LIE WILL DISAPPEAR
PRAYERS THEY HIDE THE SADDEST VIEW
BELIEVING THE STRANGEST THINGS LOYING THE ALIEN
AND YOUR PRAYERS THEY BREAK THE SKY IN TWO
BELIEVING THE STRANGEST THINGS LOYING THE ALIEN

THINKING OF A DIFFERENT TIME
PALESTINE A MODERN PROBLEM
BOUNTY AND YOUR WEALTH IN LAND
TERROR IN A BEST LAID PLAN DM

WATCHING THEM COME AND GO
TOMORROWS AND THE YESTERDAYS
CHRISTIANS AND THE UNBELIEVERS
HANGING BY THE CROSS AND NAIL DM

BUT IF YOU PRAY ALL YOUR SINS ARE HOOKED UPON THE SKY
PRAY AND THE HEATHEN LIE WILL DISAPPEAR
PRAYERS THEY HIDE THE SADDEST VIEW
BELIEVING THE STRANGEST THINGS LOYING THE ALIEN
AND YOUR PRAYERS THEY BREAK THE SKY IN TWO
BELIEVING THE STRANGEST THINGS LOYING THE ALIEN

YOU'LL PRAY 'TIL THE BREAK OF DAWN
BELIEVING THE STRANGEST THINGS LOYING THE ALIEN
AND YOU'LL BELIEVE YOU'RE LOYING THE ALIEN
BELIEVING THE STRANGEST THINGS LOYING THE ALIEN
BELIEVING THE STRANGEST THINGS LOYING THE ALIEN

WORDS AND MUSIC DAVID BOWIE
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MUSIC ON 10 RECORDS
ON EMI AMERICA

DAVID BOWIE

LOVING THE ALIEN



STING



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● **Bronski Beat/Marc Almond Competition** (May 8), correct answer b) Donna Summer. The following prize winners each receive the "I Feel Love" 12" megamix: **Claire Hubbard**, Silsby; **A. Horton**, Studley; **Jaanneta Dakley**, Rockliffe; **Les Saunders**, Eastney; **Simon Wood**, Anderton; **Laura Watson**, Stoke St. Michael, Somerset; **Cerai Sunman**, Penylan; **Shawn Barnatt**, Hull; **Craig Armiss**, Wiskeaton; **Allan Russell**, Atherton; **Paula Midwood**, Hadfield; **Rebecca Volans**, West Heath; **Spill**, Dairda Merrissey; **Kieranmy**, Adrian Griffith; **Dyfed**; **Claire Vanyard**, Redhill; **Paul Todd**, Hoddesdon; **Lynne Holdsworth**, Armitley; **Louise Morgan**, Ery Grais; **Alid Glamorgan**, Slat Thompson, Rainhill; **Brian Nissim**, London NW4; **Nicola Hancock**, Bradway; **Shirley Black**, Bridge of Don; **D. J. Orlar**, Cove; **M. J. Wood**, Uttoxeter; **Frankie Stewart**, Seaview, Isle of Wight.

● **Bryan Adams Competition** (May 8), correct answer e) "Tears Are Not Enough". The following lucky person wins a Bryan Adams poster and a video: **Susan Richardson**, Rainhill, Merseyside. The following people win a Bryan Adams video: **Nick Rayle**, Moore, Sherrill Allan, Kemton; **D. Canhalho**, London ES; **P. Lee**, Edinburgh EH10.

● **The Winner Takes All Competition** (May 8), correct answer of Eurhythms. The winner (who takes all) is: **Sandra O'Reilly**, Great Barr, Birmingham. The next to win a copy of the new Prince album "Around The World In A Day" (1): **Tina Mason**, Quinton; **A. Bickerton**, Sutton Coldfield; **Lisa Webb**, Newcastle-Under-Lyme; **Samantha Ludlow**, Pershore; **Debbie Platt**, Cranbrook; **Tony Marks**, Bow, London; **Stuart Bateup**, Wokingham; **Debra Lloyd**, Hales; **Jaannett**, Hales; **Highfield**; **Kirsti Harner**, Poynnton; **Sharon Moss**, Buzage; **Katrina Williamson**, Edinburgh; **Shirley Maidine**, Selkirk; **Jane Downes**, Busby; **Sharon Whiteaker**, Burdwell; **Martin Stone**, Leicester; **Sally Brown**, Beeston; **David Butterfield**, Wakefield; **Tracey Cropper**, Castleton; **D. A. Taylor**, Palsall; **Helan Booton**, Yerkhill; **Alistair Bray**, Hay-on-Wye; **Liz Hala**, Chert; **Newton**; **Richard Jones**, Ruthin; **Deb Jones**, Hutton; **S. Fuxes**, Featherstone; **Beverley Parkes**, Aughton; **Claire Hill**, Otton; **Debbi Morgan**, Wolverhampton; **D. E. Ties**, Glasdon; **Tania Hayes**, London; **Joanna Armstrong**, West Keel; **Geoff Hodson**, Lutterpool; **Julie Rannison**, Cheddar; **Sarah Lewis**, Werrill; **C. A. Short**, Foxhill; **A. Carr**, Alsager; **Stacey Webster**, Edinburgh; **Eleanor Holmes**, Bengas; **Paula Pittar**, Castle Bromwich; **Moris Davig**, Haydock; **Caroline Dimler**, Ecclestone; **Jayna Osborne**, Halton Lodge; **Dawn Brophy**, Smiththorne; **Robert Lister**, St Ives; **L. Smith**, London SW5; **Jana Anderson**, Fortran; **Riona McLaughlin**, Worsley; **Suzanna Cromack**, Leeds; **Stephan Knight**, Warrington.



* our top ten videos *

THE GOOD THINGS ABOUT VIDEOS ARE:

1. You can spend fun-filled hours watching your favourite artistes perform in the comfort of your own home.
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THE QUESTION: Which pop star made his video debut in Eurhythms? Who's That Girl? Was it a) Marilyn b) Bruce Springsteen c) Dvigne d) Russ Abbot or e) Jonny Slut?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits Top Ten Videos Competition**, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ. Get them in by June 18.

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SINGLES

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Photo: Andrew Cooper

MAUREEN RICE

SIMPLY RED: Money's Too Tight (Elektra) A cover version of a rather obscure but hipper-than-hip song by the Valentine Brothers that first surfaced a couple of summers ago. Simply Red couldn't have chosen a better showcase for their obvious talents — social-comment lyrics attacked by really excellent soul vocals, making a record that's understated but powerful, and impossible to resist. Fitting loosely into the Working Week/Sade school of new jazz/soul, Simply Red are definitely a name to watch out for. Joint Single Of The Fortnight.



LONE JUSTICE: Ways To Be Wicked (Geffen) It's very hard to describe this record to someone who hasn't heard it without putting them off ever wanting to hear it. Lone Justice are American, play old-fashioned gee-tars, cite country music as their main influence, and have chosen a song by Tom Petty (moderately old American rocker) for their first single. They are also young, enthusiastic, charismatic and absolutely wonderful. If you mix the best of pop, rock and — yes — country, you roughly have the song. Mix Madonna, Chrissie Hynde and Dolly Parton and you very roughly have Mana McKee, one of the best girl singers in the known universe. Bury your bias and be prepared to fall in love. Joint Single Of The Fortnight.



STING: If You Love Somebody Set Them Free (A&M) Sting's first solo single casts him in his usual tough-but-sensitive role, but takes him an interesting step away from the very distinctive Police sound, in spite of his characteristic voice. Not so instantly catchy or poppy as most Police singles, he's gone for a deliberately "harder" feel, with lots of bass, drums and girl backing singers. Very grown up, and — gasp! — not necessarily a hit.

ABC: Vanity Kills (Phonogram) Musically, a little more like the old ABC that most know and love, with a middle bit sounding like David Bowie's "Fame" thrown in as well. But the lyrics — considering that they're by Martin Fry, who has written some corkers in his time — are a real disappointment. A case of one step forward, three steps back. I'm afraid.

HOWARD JONES: Life In One Day (WEA) Howard and his synthesiser take a sprightly hop, skip and a jump through some fairly average pop and Howard's personal philosophy. Relax, enjoy life, be happy with what you've got, and don't wish the years away. Howard, you old hippy, you!

PAUL YOUNG: Tomb Of Memories (CBS) Well, you won't catch me saying a bad word about Paul Young, though I do think it's a bit of a swizz taking a fourth single off "The Secret Of Association" LP. Paul sings predictably well on this song co-written by him and featuring Squeeze members Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook on backing vocals, but Laurie Latham's overwrought production is really beginning to grate.



MARILYN: Pray For That Sunshine (Mercury) Somewhere in Manly, there's always been a potentially great talent struggling to get out. In the meantime, he's always had his great looks and good voice to keep him going, which is more than you can say for some people not a million miles away from the Top Twenty. This single rather needlessly exploits his looks, (on the sleeve) and studly buries his voice in a chorus of nine million backing singers and a pantfully cheerful song that sounds like a yoghurt advert. (Maz phoned up to say he's not exactly happy with it either. So there — Ed.)

TEARS FOR FEARS: Head Over Heels (Mercury) Tears For Fears have certainly come of age. Here they are again, living down their old "wimp" tag and singing their hearts out in a single that will certainly follow "Shout" and "Everybody Wants To Rule The World" to make this their third big hit in a row. The song is similar in style to "Shout", and probably deserves its success, but I can't help wondering where they'd be if they had any real competition in the charts.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: I'm On Fire (CBS) I suppose it's a bit pointless reviewing a Bruce Springsteen record. Those that like him love everything he releases, and those that don't hate everything on principle. I'm mad about him myself, but in case here's anyone neutral reading this: This is the third single from his hugely successful "Born In The USA" LP, a gentler, less rocky song than "Cover Me", though not the obvious single that "Dancing In The Dark" was. Flawed, but — well, pretty fab, actually.

PHIL OAKY AND GIORGIO MORODER: Goodbye Bad Times (Virgin) The usual Moroder electro-beat and the usual Oakley monotone make this an oddly old-fashioned sounding disco record. The kind of record people used to do flashily writs to about three years ago, in fact.

FEARGL SHARKEY: Loving You (Virgin) A pretty orchestral opening sequence leads slowly into a song that never quite gets off the ground. The single is slow and laboured, and obviously intended as a vehicle for the Sharkey voice, but the effect is ruined by a puzzling three minutes spent waiting in

van for something to happen. It sounds unrefreshed and is certainly an odd choice for a single.

THE BIG SOUND AUTHORITY: A Bad Town (MCA) A disappointing follow-up to "This House". The S.A. are shagging up to sound like one of the Respond acts they almost became: promising raw material, but a sadly second-rate end product.

VAN HALEN: Hot For Teacher (Warner Bros) More roughly nonsense from Van Halen. An overgrown buff gets a crush on his teacher to a background of frantic guitars and roaring vocals. Kind of heavy metal Benny Hill, really.

MEN AT WORK: Everything I Need (Epic) Remember Men At Work? They had one big hit with "Down Under" about two years ago, then disappeared without trace. Well, they're back — or two of them are — still sounding a bit like the Police in parts. There's none of the frantic zinniness of "Down Under", but a serious love song sung not badly, actually. Not terribly new or exciting, but all right if you like That Sort Of Thing.

DAVID GRANT: Where Our Love Begins (Chrysalis) The very worst kind of bland disco/funk. Very sequinned jacks and sequenced dancing.

IAN DURY AND THE BLOCKHEADS: Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick/Reasons To Be Cheerful/Sex And Drugs And Rock And Roll/Wake Up (Stiff) Four of the best from Ian Dury remixed by the suddenly famous Paul Hardcastle's wrong his producer's hat. The records are chirpy and appealing, though in places Paul Hardcastle's technique of intercutting one record with another is in danger of making this sound like Ian Dury And The Blockheads On 45. Nice sleeve though.

MILES DAVIS: Time After Time (CBS) Very odd and very respected jazz musician Miles Davis with an instrumental version of Cyndi Lauper's hit. It's absolutely brilliant, and you don't even have to buy it — look in your dad's record collection, and you'll probably find he's already got it.

FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS: Johnny Come Home (London) One of those records that people will probably be calling "classic" before it's much older. A haunting tale of parental regret by two ex-Beat members and a staggering new singer, Roland Gift.

10,000 MANIACS: Can't Ignore The Train (Elektra) 10,000 Maniacs mix a kind of Talking Heads' funk with more traditional folk, and clear Blondie-type vocals. The effect is oddly pleasing, though this song takes a good few listens to get you to the humming-along stage.

ALBUMS

SISTER SLEDGE: When The Boys Meet The Girls (WEA) A case of producer Nile Rodgers repeating some rather weak material. In afraid, Sister Sledge were at their best with these seemingly endless dance numbers like "We Are Family" and "Lost In Music." Now they've decided to go all reggy—why, there's even a weak cut called "Poppy." A couple songs stand out, like the Chic-esque "Jagged Edge" which features Rodgers' wicked guitar playing, and "Frankie," with its bouncy jolly rhythms but the rest is only average. "Peer Pressure" even sees the sisters getting rebellious and socially aware, which doesn't really suit them at all. **(5 out of 10)**

Simon Mills

SCRITTI POLITTI: Cupid & Psyche 85 (Virgin) As you'd expect from a bloke who rallies in about obscure French philosophers and things like semiotics, Green's lyrics seem tumbly deep and meaningful, although quite frankly I can't make head nor tail of them. He does go on a bit actually, and each song sounds much like the last—sugary ABC-style soul caressed along with that bizarre little-girl whisper (apparently it's achieved by singing from the front of the throat rather than the back). The overall effect is as unlikable as the white chocolate Green's so fond of—smooth and sickly sweet, but quite enjoyable in small amounts. **(6½ out of 10)**

Viv MacDonald

STEWART COPELAND: The Rhythmist (A&M) According to the sleeve notes, this is a study of patterns that weave the fabric of life—but really it's just a merry jangle by Stewart Copeland into the world of African music. His technique is adding a Police-style rock

kick to conventional African life. He Life music works best when the tribespeople themselves are in charge of the vocals—less successful are the songs exorcising Stevie's own demons like "Serengeti" and "Walk." But he makes up for it all with the great mood atmosphere of the instrumental "Sambura Sunset." **(7 out of 10)**

Paul Matheu



NEW MODEL ARMY: No Rest For The Wicked (EMI) Although this record doubtless holds a couple more hit singles, it's plainly obvious that all the Army present is a re-hash of a punk thrash sound which is now gloriously out-of-date. Instrumentally not particularly exciting, musically hardly innovative, the lyrics which are so vehemently spat out by Slade The Trawler sometimes edge on the ridiculous. Don't let the man from the Gas Board in your daily rather listen to the much madder sound of anarchist independent chart toppers **(2 out of 10)**

Linda Duff

NICK CAVE and the BAD SEEDS: The Firstborn Is Dead (Mute) Now here is a cheery little number. Nick Cave used to sing in the Birthday Party, the Australian post-punk group whose demented music was the critics' choice a couple of years back, and through these days he's a bit more arty, he's certainly no less morbid. Here the most unhealthy, oozing man in showbiz growls and rasps his way through a batch of moody tunes inspired by the darker side of Black American folk music—bluesy negro spirituals. It's all pretty atrocious, I can tell you, but strangely fascinating too. **(7 out of 10)**

William Shaw

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK: Crush (Virgin) In which OMD continue their recent healthy recovery of form (produced by Steven Madam Butterfly Hague, this moves away from the uneasy funk experiments of "Junk Culture" back towards what OMD do best—strong, melodic songs in a more lush, or, orchestral setting while still retaining that distinctive pop sensibility—the addictive "I Love A New Day" is a case in point). It's a pity that there's the usual quota of love songs, wistful ballads and streams-of-consciousness imagery. In fact, it's the

weird, a few of the tracks, particularly "Can't Get On" and "I'm Good," do hear real drums again. **(No Ed) (8 out of 10)**

Ian Cranna

THE MONOCHROME SET: The Lost Weekend (Blanco Y Negro) It's quite a surprise that the Monochrome Set, who used to be so ferociously trendy, have come up with something as blatantly commercial as this. Not that that's a bad thing—surely it's at least better to listen to them in their dark and moody music of a few years back. Musicaly it's a pretty mixed package—gospel, 50s and '60s pop, Latin American and so on—which combine with some wonderfully clichéd lyrics to produce a collection of catchy, if rather superficial, songs. Definitely worth a listen. **(7 out of 10)**

Simon Braithwaite



DEL AMITRI, Del Amtrri (Big Star) A very summary record this. Del Amtrri are four Glasgow youths who sing high-eyed, ope songs crammed with poetic words, breezy melodies and heady guitar tunes that never go quite where you expect them to. It's their first LP, and is sometimes a bit too self-conscious and over-worked for their own good but definitely one of the most intriguing records released this year. **(8 out of 10)**

William Shaw

REM: Fabes Of Reconstruction (IRS) REM were the forerunners of the current invasion of traditional American guitar groups, the originals are still the best. This is their third LP, and like the previous "Murmur" and "Reckoning," the songs are like threads of a story best heard as part of a whole, rather than in individual tracks. The lyrics are both unsettling and exhilarating, drawing on the legends and traditions of the American south. Highly recommended for those who listen to records with their ears, rather than their feet. **(9 out of 10)**

Maureen Rice

JOOLZ: Never Never Land... (Abstract) Don't look now, but Joolz has just recorded the best album of the year. It's a brilliantly observed

pop, but it's not just an album. It's the runaway. The pocket-sized, young genius of the war veteran who talks to himself, the housewife and YOPs both as slave labour, the music protesters, all framed with sympathy where it's needed and scorn where it's deserved. Not only does she score bullseye after bullseye, but she's witty with it. Forget The Style Council. Smiths and other would-be social realists: this is how it's done. **(9 out of 10)**

Ian Cranna



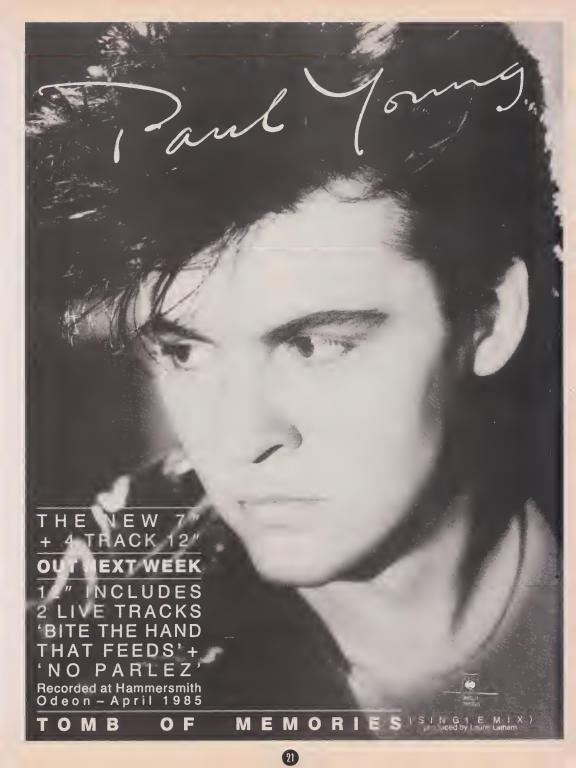
MARILLION: Misplaced Childhood (EMI) In the album charts were full of "progressive" rock groups like Genesis, Yes and Gentle Giant who made very boring, conceited albums full of endless guitar solo and dull mystical lyrics. Marillion are the 80s version of the group, though frankly they've ditched most of the instrumental noodle and even got in the lead with catchy tunes like "Kayleigh" as Fish leads us through an avoided tale about a boy growing up. But can you really hate seriously someone who writes like this? It added in the safety of a pseudo six-kimono album, many miles in the starless shutters of my eyes. **(7 suspect not) (6½ out of 10)**

Chris Heath



KATRINA AND THE WAVES: Katrina And The Waves (Capitol) Hey, you! You rawk! You! Yes-hah! No! You-ear. Katrina has a fine set of pipes and a mistake. P.S. I'm sorry Rew sounds a pretty neat. BUT Why do all these songs sound like rejects from Venus Quo's "Ma Kelly's Sassy So-on?" And Why does the group's one appearance, "Going Down To Liverpool," sound 400 times better when done by The Bangles? Ah, the mysteries of pop! Kular music, Paddy. Pass the Walmesley! Dogen and keep. **(4 out of 10)**

Tom Hoöber



Paul Young

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PERSONAL FILE



JIMMY NAIL

NAME: Jimmy Nail.
BORN: March 16 1954.
FIRST RECORD EVER BOUGHT: "House Of The Rising Sun" by The Animals.
WHY DID YOU MAKE A RECORD? Because I love to sing. I've been in a band for the past 15 years, singing round the pubs and clubs, so it's not just me cashing in on the acting. I've got a follow-up single coming out soon and I'm working on an album as well. I chose "Love Don't Live Here Anymore" because it's a track I've always loved and it's great to sing, but usually I write all my own songs, along with Tony, my bass player.
IS IT TRUE THAT YOU WERE A BRICKLAYER IN NEWCASTLE AND YOU WERE 'DISCOVERED' FOR AUF WIEDERSEHN PETT? No, that's a load of bullshit! The casting lot just rang up my agent and asked if he knew any Geordies who might be suitable. I just went along out of curiosity really, and they made me an offer I couldn't refuse.
ARE YOU LIKE OZ? Well, Oz is more like me, really. Because it was my first role, people tend to think that I'm like him, but in fact, the characters I play are based on me, rather than the other way round. I like playing Oz, and I can certainly relate to a lot of aspects of his character.
DO YOU THINK MORONS FROM OUTER SPACE IS A GOOD FILM? Um, Yes, it could have been a better film, for a lot of reasons, but that's no fault of the writers, Mel Smith and Griff Rhys-Jones. I think it's terrible the way they've had to carry the can for all

the film's failings. I don't think it's a perfect film, but it is funny.

ARE YOU A GOOD FAMILY MAN? Well, I'm not married, but we've just had a baby, so I like to spend a lot of time at home. He's called Tommy, it's hard to pass on any words of wisdom to help him get through life. I'd probably advise "Moderation in all things", just because I've always done everything to excess. Not that I regret it, mind, I just don't think it's especially wise.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD A MILLION POUNDS? I think I've already got a million pounds, actually. It hasn't changed my life in any way that I've noticed — I just got chucked out of a better class of drinking club now.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MADONNA? Birmey! Well, aesthetically I think she's quite interesting. Her singing is OK, but she's not a very good dancer.

HAVE YOU GOT A BEER BELLY? I don't think so. I don't actually drink very much. I lead a fairly healthy life.

WHO ARE YOUR FAVOURITE ACTORS? That's a hard one. I like that bloke who plays David Hunter in *Crossroads*. (The highly-distinguished Ronald Allen — Ed.) I quite like Robert De Niro, too, but he's a bit over-rated, I think. All that noise about what a great actor he was, putting on two stone for his role in *Raging Bull*. Anyone can put on two stone — that's not acting, it's eating!

WHY DO SO MANY GIRLS FANCY YOU? It's absolutely no idea. I think they probably want to clean me up a bit — give me a good wash and a shave. The character of Oz in *Auf Wiederseh'n* is rough, but vulnerable, and I imagine a lot of women respond to that side of him.

IF YOU COULD BE ANY KIND OF CAR YOU LIKED, WHAT WOULD YOU BE? Moncey to Friday I'd like to be a Bentley Mulsane Turbo, and at the weekends a Jaguar V12 E-Type convertible in signal red.

WHAT RECORDS HAVE YOU GOT ON CASSETTE IN YOUR CAR? The demo for my next single and a Chopin compilation. I think the last record I bought was that one by Loose Ends. I like absolutely everything. The only music I can think of that I'm not keen on is some of that Eurovision stuff.

WHAT ARE YOU SCARED OF? Nothing that I can think of. I don't worry about nuclear war because there's just no point. And things like spiders — well, I've got big enough feet to stamp on them. The only thing I'm a bit worried about at the moment is Duran Duran — they're Number 2 and I'm Number 3.

WHAT WOULD YOU CALL THE SMASH HITS FRUIT BATT? Erm... Freddie, Freddie the Fruit Bat. It's got a certain ring to it, hasn't it?



MUSIC HISTORY

CHORUS
**GONNA BURN THE LETTERS YOU WERE SENDING ME
 GONNA BURN THE LETTERS YOU WERE SENDING ME
 GONNA BURN THE LETTERS YOU WERE SENDING ME**
 NOW LISTEN PEOPLE TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY
I REALLY LOVE HIM BUT HE TOOK MY LOVE AWAY (WHY DON'T SAY)

REPEAT CHORUS

**WHEN YOU'RE GONNA FALL IN LOVE
 THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT
 WHEN YOU'RE GONNA FALL IN LOVE
 DON'T YOU BEAT AROUND THE BUSH
 WHEN YOU'RE GONNA FALL IN LOVE
 NOW DON'T YOU TRY TO QENT IT
 WHEN YOU'RE GONNA FALL IN LOVE
 BETTER LET IT GET TO YOU**

**OUR LOVE IS HISTORY (DON YEAN)
 SO NOW IT'S OVER
 HE'S GOT A HEART MADE OUT OF STONE (COULD STONE)
 I'VE LEARN'T MY LESSON
 THAT OAY I FOUND MYSELF ALONE (WHY DID YOU DO IT)**

**OUR LOVE IS HISTORY
 GONNA BURN THE LETTERS YOU WERE SENDING ME
 (BURNING UP THE LETTERS)
 OUR LOVE IS HISTORY**

**GONNA BURN THE LETTERS YOU WERE SENDING ME
 BURN 'EM UP BURN 'EM UP BURN BURN BURN 'EM UP**

**WHEN YOU'RE GONNA FALL IN LOVE
 THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT
 WHEN YOU'RE GONNA FALL IN LOVE
 DON'T BEAT AROUND THE BUSH
 WHEN YOU'RE GONNA FALL IN LOVE
 NOW DON'T YOU TRY TO QENT IT
 WHEN YOU'RE GONNA FALL IN LOVE
 BETTER LET IT GET TO YOU
 WHEN IT COMES TO LOVING
 YOU WILL NEVER KNOW
 ALL THAT I COULD DO WAS WEEP
 WHEN I NEEDED SOME NUGGING
 YOU NEVER EVER EVER GAVE IT
 DID YOU MAKE THE GREAT MAN**

**GONNA BURN THE LETTERS GONNA BURN THE LETTERS
 GONNA BURN THE LETTERS YOU WERE SENDING ME
 OUR LOVE IS HISTORY
 GONNA BURN THE LETTERS YOU WERE SENDING ME
 GONNA BURN 'EM UP GONNA BURN 'EM UP
 GONNA BURN 'EM UP GONNA BURN 'EM UP
 GONNA BURN 'EM UP GONNA BURN 'EM UP
 GONNA BURN THE LETTERS YOU WERE SENDING ME
 OUR LOVE IS HISTORY**

REPEAT TO FADE

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 ON VIRGIN RECORDS

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ROMANCE
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THE BEST



IN SOUNDS

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And here it is - The Smash Hits Simply-Too-Amazing Stationery Wallet. Each wallet contains 20 sheets of Smash Hits printed paper and 10 printed envelopes; and already famous celebrities around the globe are testing the wares in the comfort of their own homes. As you can see, they love it. And so will you. Here are just three of the million-and-one-uses you can put the writing set to: * Scribble a scented



note to your favourites Quizmaster or milkman! * Build an origami wig-wam and live in it! * Draw plans of a nuclear heat-seeking missile and sell it to the Russians for lots and lots of money!

Interested? Well, we are offering these sensational items for the incredible knock-down, never-to-be-repeated price of only £1.75 inclusive of p&p. So just fill in both coupons - the second will be used as an address label - and send them off with a cheque or postal order (payable to Smash Hits Water Offer) to

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BELOW: Three very famous people road-testing the Smash Hits Stationery



Photos: Paul Fisher

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by
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DEPECHE MODE

It's that time of year again. The time when the sun shines, birds sing in the treetops, flowers wave gently in the breeze and we get our annual works-out-to-Blackpool snaps out of the chemists. So imagine our surprise when we opened the packet, fully expecting to see the usual out-of-focus shots of the back of Peter Martin's head and people snoozing on the coach, and found this lot instead. The chemist had given us Depeche Mode's holiday snaps by mistake! Snaps taken by the lads themselves during a recent jaunt around the globe.

Well, they were a lot more interesting than the back of Peter Martin's head; so interesting, in fact, that we thought you ought to see them, too. But not before Maureen Rice had had a word with Dave Gahan and Alan Wilder and got them to explain just what was going on . . .

(Oh, and by the by, if anyone comes across some deliberately-scratched pictures of late-night Blackpool TV and someone being sick over the pier — they're ours, ta very much.)

▼ Taken in the most famous town in the entire world? Dallas, Texas. Fletch looking just the teeniest bit fed up after jumping out of the bath to answer the phone, slipping on a puddle of water and doing his arm in.

▼ Hey, wow — rock 'n' roll! Var lads in typical post-gig-wig-scenes-in-the-dressing-room shock! The grasper! The smashed guitars! The beavers of orange fizz!



▼ We found this wig in an office in L.A. (man). When Martin found out that it used to belong to Devo (cult computer weirdos, famous for plastic wigs and putting flower pots on their heads) he had to try it on. They're nice leaveruns. Oh.



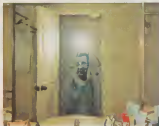
WHAT WE DID ON OUR HOLIDAYS



▲ The weedy arm again. Arty, ah?



▲ What is this? a) A symbol of Japanese culture, powerful, yet fragile; serene, yet passionate? b) A close-up of Depeche Mode's driver stuck at a traffic light?



▲ A behind-the-scenes look at Dave Gahan's bathroom reveals: toothpaste squeezed from the middle, roll-on rather than aerosol deodorant, Vidal Sassoon hair gel (very expensive) and a very dodgy vest.



◀ Alan looking, er, mad, bad and dangerous to know. Either that or he's got a bit of a dicky bun from those airport chaps.



◀ "You are Mr. X and I claim my ES." Morita gets all kushful as Dave prepares to snog him fer postarily in the grounds of a Japanese temple.



▲ A picture of Martin. "He looks a bit bored but he probably wasn't really."



▲ Filming by the East India Dock for the "Share The Dvessse" video. Fleish, Dave and Martin stomp off in a mood as Alan shows off his powers of levitation. Pretty amazing, actually.



▲ Famous art critic Dave Gahan Post-Modernistic contemporary peeling of a backstage get-together. "I admire the way the artist combines traditional lip-lip work with radical joi-the-dots brushwork. A masterpiece."



◀ Dave Gahan and his personalised, illuminated chest expander. (Not really. "It's a canoe you strap on yourself to make everything go all swifty according to a technical expert.")

STING

IF YOU LOVE SOMEBODY SET THEM FREE

FREE FREE SET THEM FREE (OH OH)
FREE (DON'T) THEM FREE (OH)
FREE FREE SET THEM FREE
FREE FREE SET THEM FREE

IF YOU NEED SOMEBODY (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
CALL MY NAME (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
IF YOU WANT SOMEBODY (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
WHY CAN'T YOU BE THE SAME (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
IF YOU WANT SOMEBODY (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
WHY CAN'T YOU BE THE SAME (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
IF YOU WANT SOMEBODY (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
WHY CAN'T YOU BE THE SAME (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)

IF YOU NEED SOMEBODY (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
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WHY CAN'T YOU BE THE SAME (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
IF YOU WANT SOMEBODY (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
WHY CAN'T YOU BE THE SAME (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)

CHORUS

IF YOU WANT SOMEBODY (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
WHY CAN'T YOU BE THE SAME (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
IF YOU WANT SOMEBODY (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
WHY CAN'T YOU BE THE SAME (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)

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WHY CAN'T YOU BE THE SAME (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
IF YOU WANT SOMEBODY (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
WHY CAN'T YOU BE THE SAME (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)

VERSE 2 CHORUS

IF YOU WANT SOMEBODY (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
WHY CAN'T YOU BE THE SAME (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)

IF YOU WANT SOMEBODY (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)
WHY CAN'T YOU BE THE SAME (FREE FREE SET THEM FREE)



FREE YOURSELF

I like to feel like I feel
I like to do what I wanna do
I like to go where I go
'Cause I feel my soul yeah

I said to a friend of mine (friend of mine)
Down all the time (down all the time)
Say it makes me mad just to see him
(Mad to see him)
'Cause I wish you would free him like you did me

Chorus

Free yourself (yes you can now)
Free yourself (like I did)
Free yourself (be a man boy)
Free yourself

Now take a look at me (look at me)
You see I'm feeling like (feeling like)
That's 'cause I'm proud of myself
(Proud of myself)
And pulled it off the shelf (yeah)

And I'm not going back (going back)
And you bet that it's a fact (that's a fact)
I'm going straight ahead (straight ahead)
And I'm living 'til I'm dead (yeah)

Repeat chorus

Good God
Ain't it wicked now

Repeat chorus

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I'm a 14-year-old girl from Finland and I have all heavy metal music - Kiss, W.A.S.P., Led Zepplin etc. hobbies include body-building and sports. Write to: Gini, Kappa/Kan, 10/10/83, 10 P 71, 0930 H K19, Finland. It's true that lots of doctors do say that heavy metal is bad for your ears. But, listen lower, what do these stuff, old fashion doctors know? A lady grade headstrong - under proper supervision - never hurt anyone.

I'm Sex, a "guitar-heart" who'd love to hear from other hearts or anyone who likes Marc Almond, Salt Cell, the Member, etc. I also like the Smiths, The Cure, black and red clothes. The Tube has lots more. Write to me at 3 Lamport Close, Northampton, Middleborough, Cleveland TS7 0GG

I'm Martin and I like nearly all music, apart from heavy metal or anything to do with hippies. Give your 14 or over write to me at 3 Mendips Way, Farnham, Hampshire

I'm young, free and single? Snap! Who needs the Mirror - if you're bright you'll never use it! You fancy yourself as a rock nite (aged 18+) then contact Susan at 214 Promity Road, Easton, Devon. Note to avoid G B H, please mark all envelopes S or J

What's new, your letter is down. Indeed, you write to me now for fun. Shoulder to cry on, eh?

I'm 13 and looking for my little Queen fans. My dislikes include Duran Duran, Culture Club, Wham! and mods. Write to Julie Ward, 4 Limes Road, Blackpool, Lancs FY1 2SE

WHI! Do the words Duran Duran mean anything to you? Well, they do to me - I love John Taylor and Nick Rhodes the most. Oh, and I love drawing all sorts of things, especially WHI! WHI! characters. If you're aged 13-15 and want to know more about a Chinese girl who's now living in Glasgow, write to: Je-ling Chan, 25 Valleyfield Street, Springfield, Glasgow G21 4DH

Why Gary Numan fans out there who'd like to drop me a line? I also like TFF, Depeche Mode, OMD and many more. Contact Jean, 50 Friends Avenue, Aclandsh, Haris.

I'm a 12 1/2-year-old girl who likes Wham!, Tears For Fears, 1001 and trampolining and disco. Hites Boy George? Contact: Lisa, 56 Springfield Road, Incewood, W. Chesterfield, Derbyshire S42 3JG. There's old news, older mail, but very cool. No, I'm not trampolining in my room.

I'm 15 and I like fashion, fitness, dancing, Howie, Frankie and lots more. All topics, especially music, drop a line to: Karen, 68 The Ridgeway, Grimsby, South Humberside

If you like all things white, wonderful and Frankie, write to Andy - a 16-year-old words - at 17 Moorland Close, Hitchin, Herts SG6 2BA

If you all adorable females, especially girls from such foreign lands as Sweden, Norway, Germany, Australia... 1155 Tears For Fears, Chris Real, Box Country, Pace Speedwagon and Simple Minds. Please write to: Dawn Miller, 1 Abercrombie Place, Kilgirth, Glasgow G65 3AW

We're a couple of cool dudes who are into any good vibes - Paul Young, Howard, Paul Hand, Tears and Phil Col. We want to hear from a low ladies aged 13-15. Get sketches to one and Andy at: 12a Bickerton Grove, Shortlands, Bromley, Kent BR2 0JL. Promise me one thing, folks. Please let your GP have a look at your "good refs" soon. You never know, they might be something more serious

IGood morning sunshine... Two comrades, heavily into the horrible Shog Banz, Roids, Barrel and CPA, require correspondence. Any hopes or mad people write to: Ernie and Ursula, 6 Hart Avenue, Bishops Cleeve, Warwickshire CV33 9RE. Don't let Shog Banz! Oh, poor lives, you do have a problem, don't you?

I'm a hard-working, fun-loving 17-year-old Army apprentice and I get boy's army. I like Wham!, Duran Duran, Bryan Adams and Paul Young. Cure my boredom and write to me at Appleton Private S. Baines, Arterias (Platoon A company), R A D C. Apprentices College, Delnalyne Barracks, Deeside Cut, Cambesley, Surrey T 1, 166 S R

I'm a 12 1/2-year-old female and I'm slightly bookish, but a lot of fun. My dislikes include school and mushrooms. I like the Wham! and disco people. Any males aged 13-15, write to: Ezzie, 11 Warden Hill Road, Hatherly, Chesham, Glos GL51 5AU. Please don't think the most, please, but are you bring a press-worthy job, about the mushrooms? Just rub a knob of butter as a pos, lather it over those archery bows, huzzah and pop them in your mouth! Heavenly, dear, it works wonder!

Well-confused sophisticated lady seeks genuine soul-lovers aged 18+. I like Paul Young, Bobby Womack, Loose Ends. So where are you? Contact: Jayne Graham, 31 Balfour Avenue, Parkington, W. Urmston, Manchester

I'm a pretty, 15-year-old Scots lass who's mad about Wham! I'm keen to hear from boys of the same age. Send photos to: Hazel, Carlyle Place, Ecclefechan, Dumfries-shire

Chris de Burgh fan wants to hear from people from all over the world. I'd also like to hear anything on Chris de Burgh? Contact: Claudia Buson, Knickstr 67, 3013 Barsinghausen, West Germany

Hello Earthlings! This is the planet Ketter. Letter calling and we're urgently in need of women aged 14-17 in communion with two of our inhabitants. Less include Prince, FOTR, Madonna. Get scribbling to Ricardo and Wilks at 37 Pinches Street, Boreham, Barmsey, 5 Yorks G75 6ET. We'll send a little fantasy to our lives from now to time. Not over up, folks, in our car on a grassy patch every bit out of hand? Men! Heavenly! Seriously, though, will you please have another look about the planet neowise - will you will you will you? Please? You can do it! For me!

Send in a postcard with a few words about yourself to: RSVP, Street Hix, 52-55 Canney Street, London W1V 1PF. And please include a telephone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.

R
S
V
P

R
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V
P

HELLO, loves, RSVP here, but you can call me ins - it's so much easier. Sliding through all your lovely letters the other day, papers, I suddenly thought, "You know, ins, my gal, what this magazine needs is an understanding Agency Auntie". There are so many problems these days, even at there? But, you know, so often all that's really needed is a jolly good natter. So here I am, luv, at your beck and call!

Calling all Frankie-filles... We are Shari and Ferns and we both over-spend on records, go to lots of concerts, play w/e-ups, never stop dancing. We are like the soul of any party! Write to us at Dove Cottage, 3 Hay Street, Braughing, Herts SG11 2HG. Poor luvies. You are suffering from acute hyperactivity, are you? But cheer up, folks, a liberal insurance of love on the morning. Friends will come just right!

Thompson Twinn? Dead Or Alive? Female? 14-16? Contact: Gini, 1 Teddgate Street, Horwich, Bolton, Lancs BL6 5PT. Your confusion is nothing to be ashamed of, friendsy paper! But in fact, of the seven astounded members of the TT and DOA, only one is female.

I'm a pretty trendy 12-year-old male. Five groups are Howard Jones, Nik Kershaw and Madonna. I am 4' 8" tall. Any gals aged 12-13, write to: Smash His Fan, 34 Newborough Road, St. Asnes, Lancs FY8 3BG

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Got a question about pop? There's nothing (well, almost nothing) that Linda can't find out for you. Send her a card: Linda, Get Smart, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

I was listening to a local radio station when they played "Leader Of The Pack" by The Shangri-Las. The DJ announced that it had been banned when first released so can you tell me why? It's played on the radio all the time these days.

Tears For Fears Fan, Dyfed.
 ● While "Leader Of The Pack" certainly wasn't universally banned, it's true that, in the '60s, great numbers of radio stations saw fit to "impose broadcasting bans" on what were known as "death songs" (i.e. songs telling the story of a motor-cycle crash or suicide etc. The excuse usually given was that they were either "unnecessarily morbid" or in plain "bad taste" — and "Leader Of The Pack" fell into that category. However, all the publicity surrounding the release usually served only to promote sales, and the record climbed to Number 3 in 1965. Other "death songs" records of that era were "Tell Laura I Love Her" by Ricky Valance (Number 1) and "Twinkle's 'Terry' (Number 4).

Could you find out exactly what it is sticking out of Green's back pocket in the poster on page 2 of *Smash Hits* (issue May 8)? It's really bugging me.

Ms. Wotton-Linden-Edge.
 ● Alright. I'll tell you. It's a pink nylon comb (cool, eh?) alongside a slip of paper on which is written the address of the photographer's studio. Well arty, eh?

Do you know if Paul King has Irish origins? Because in some photos of him he's wearing an Irish ring and it's unusual to find one on someone who isn't Irish. Duran Fan, Chaele.

● Very true. So it's no surprise to learn that Paul comes from the West of Ireland — Galway, to be exact, although the whole family moved to Coventry when he was just two. He Dad gave him the ring — commonly known as a Claddagh

Will somebody please tell me what Boy George's mum's real name is? Some places say Dina, others Diane, Diana, Dinah. . . Karen Bence, Ilford.



George with his father Jeremiah and mother Dina.

● The Culture Club office assure us it's Dina. Certainly sounds right — Dinah O'Dowd — but I'd check her birth certificate if I were you. .

Can you tell me the ages of all the members of Killing Joke?

Carole, Southsea.
 ● It's something like this: Geordie's 26, Paul Ferguson's 27, Jaz is 25 while the 'baby' of the group — Raven — is 24. Incidentally, Jaz has just married the love of his life and is honeymooning in New Zealand. She's a trained psychiatrist (She'd need to be — Ed) and doubtless finds the self-confessed 'imperfect species' that is Jaz somewhat absorbing.

I'd like a list of all records released by Paul Hardcastle. Sanyta, London SW12.



● To date he's recorded a total of 11 singles with three different

bands, released on six different labels. The first band Direct Drive issued two singles on the Oval label. "Don't Depend On Me" (December 1981) and "Time's Running Out" (Mar '82) Still on Oval, as a member of First Light, he released a cover of the '70s hippy anthem (snigger) "Horse With No Name" (Jun '82) and "AM" (Nov '82). On London Records, First Light also released "Explain The Reasons" (Jun '83) and "Wash You Were Here" (Jun '84). Braving it alone, he put out "You're The One For Me" (Mar '84) and "Guilty" (Jun '84) on Total Control (a label he set up with DJ Steve Walsh) Change to Bluebird records for "Rain Forest" (Aug '84) and to Cool Tempo for "Eat Your Heart Out" before he signed to a major company — Chrysalis — and released the already-legendary "19" (Apr '85).

Could you please tell me when and where that cute keyboard player in Tears For Fears — one Ian Stanley — was born, and anything else you know about him. Yvonne, Basildon and The Girl Who Cheered The Loudest At CMJ's Pavilion, Essex.



● Cuddly Ian Stanley — the sort of boy you could mother — (sorry, am I being a bit naughty?) Born in established Ho-Jo country — High Wycombe — on February 28 1957, his family soon afterwards moved to Bath where he's lived ever since. A bit of a sensitive chap, he likes melted butter, open fires, reading books by D.H. Lawrence and eating Japanese food. A Notts Forest FC supporter, he sometimes

goes absolutely crazy and wigs out to the Jesus And Mary Chain. Meanwhile, the new TFF single "Head Over Heels" is out June 14.

Having watched the magnificent Sex Pistols film *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle*, I would like to know whatever became of Steve Jones and Paul Cook (we all know what became of Sid, Johnny and Malcolm). Jam-Man, Hemel Hempstead.

● While Rotten went off to form Public Image Ltd, young scoundrels Cook 'n' Jones involved themselves with various "projects" (including a single recorded with Thin Lizzy under the name The Greedies) before launching The Professionals. Even though they managed to get on the cover of *Smash Hits* in July 1980 (we still talk about that one), they didn't have any hits and fizzled out towards the end of '81. Cook has since joined ex-Bow Wow Wow guitarist Matthew Ashman in the Chieft of Relief while Jones continues to sun himself in downtown LA, California (man). It really is like punk never happened!

Having just read the small piece about Howard Jones, Stevie Wonder, Herbie Hancock and Thomas Dolby playing together at the American Grammy Awards, can you tell me whether the song's available as a single? Also, could you find out which of Thomas Dolby's singles in '12' form are still on the catalogue? Dobby Fan, Ramsgate.

● Eager on by the American network, the 'guys' got on stage to perform a medley of four songs one by each of the artists, but to date there are no plans to record the outcome. This is basically due to "other commitments" (i.e. Thomas 'Dimples' Dolby is back in the studio recording another long-awaited solo album, with a single expected around July. Meanwhile, you can still buy the following Thomas Dolby '12' singles "Europa And The Pirate Twins" (catalogue number: 12R6051), "Windowpane" (12VIP5103), "She Banded Me With Sarcasm [US Mix]" (12VIP5105), "Get Out Of My Mix" (credited to Dolby's Cube, 12R6063), "Hyperactive" (12R6065), "I Scare Myself" (12R6067) and "Dissidents" (12R6071).

Can you find out where Roland and Curt of Tears For Fears buy their clothes from? They always look so baggy and comfortable (the clothes, not Roland and Curt!).

Jako, Grantham.
 ● You crazy Grantham people. As with many pop stars, Curt and Roland shop around the Kings Road, London SW3, and in the West End's South Molton Street. Of late, their stage gear has consisted of anything with the sporty Muscle Tag attaché (Curt's rather fetching yellow top is one such example). Otherwise they tend to wear clothes which are "specially designed".

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DURAN·DURAN



Have you heard the latest (you love you)
Have you seen who just walked in (vain vain vain vain)
(Oh look you love you) right over there
She's so vain vain vain vain
Vain vain vain vain

I'm glad you've found someone who loves you
But sad to say that someone is you
And now perhaps you'll both be happy
Gazes that make us live just you and you
Someone who cares so much about you
But does that someone have to be you
Bom bom bom bom bom bom bom bom
Yeah
Bom bom bom bom bom bom bom bom
Yeah

Vanity kills it don't pay bills
Vanity kills you love you (huh)
Vanity kills it don't pay bills
Vanity kills it kills

Vain vain vain vain

So glad I found you gazing in the mirror
Gazing deeply in love's potrae said
Admire the frame survey the scenery
Or are you just inspecting the point
Temptation's strong modesty's so weak
High on yourself humble you ain't

Bom bom bom bom bom bom bom bom
Yeah

Bom bom bom bom bom bom bom bom
Yeah

Vanity kills it don't pay bills
Vanity kills you love you (huh)
Vanity kills it don't pay bills
Vanity kills you love you (huh)
Vanity kills it don't pay bills (oo way)
Vanity kills you love you (huh)
Vanity kills it don't pay bills
Vanity kills it kills

So vain
Vain vain vain vain
You love you
Give it give it an give it an

So vain
So so vain
So vain

Vanity kills it don't pay bills
Vanity kills you love you (huh)
Vanity kills it don't pay bills
Vanity kills you love you (huh)
Vanity kills it don't pay bills (oo way)
Vanity kills you love you (huh)
Vanity kills it (Oh blast don't get you then the fallout will)
You love you

Words and music Mark Fry/Mark White
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VANITY KILLS



Nick Heyward, Lanna.

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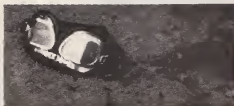
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OFF MY WALLS
THERE'S A MAN OUTSIDE
IN A LONG GREY COAT
SMOKING A CIGARETTE
OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH
OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH

CHORUS

HOW THE LIGHT FADES OUT
AND I WONDER WHAT I'M DOING
IN A ROOM LIKE THIS
THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR
AND JUST FOR A SECOND
I THOUGHT I REMEMBERED YOU

OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH
OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH

SO HOW I'M ALONE
HOW I CAN THINK FOR MYSELF
ABOUT LITTLE DEALS AND S.U.'S
AND THINGS THAT I JUST
DON'T UNDERSTAND
LIKE A WHITE LIE THAT MIGHT
OR A SLY TOUCH AT TIMES
AND I DON'T THINK IT MEANT
ANYTHING TO YOU

OH OH OOOH OH OH OOOH
OH OH OOOH OH



REPEAT CHORUS

OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH
OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH

YOU KNOW I HATE TO ASK
(BUT ARE FRIENDS ELECTRIC)
ARE THEY
MIKE'S BROKE DOWN
AND NOW I'VE NO ONE TO LOVE

OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH
OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH

SO I FIND OUT THE REASON
FOR THE 'PHONE CALLS
AND THE SMILES
AND IT HURTS AND I'M LONELY
AND I SHOULD NEVER HAVE TRIED
AND I MISS YOU TONIGHT
SO IT'S TIME TO LEAVE
YOU SEE THIS MEANS
EVERYTHING TO ME

OH OH OOOH OH OH OOOH
OH OH OH OH

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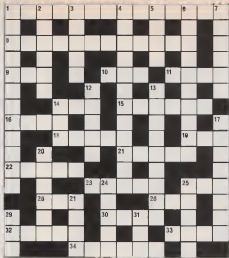
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 What position in the charts did Duffo reach with this
 in 1979?

See page 70 of the new Guinness Book of British Hit Singles.

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A CROSS

- 1 He made 19 into No. 1 (4,10)
- 3 Rather odd advice from Olive (4,4,1,3)
- 9 See 12 down
- 10 Duran Duran's record label (1,1,1)
- 11 Hank changes for Chaka (anag)
- 14 Richard Anthony Hewson's 'initial' band
- 15 Placed across the moon by the above
- 16 Just Agnetha, Benny, Bjorn and Anna-Frid
- 18 World that sometimes provides hits
- 19 Fishy part of "I Feel Love"
- 21 "..... Time You Go Away" (Paul Young)
- 22 Sea that's like Billy
- 23 Roxy Ferry
- 25 Kin around Kershaw (anag)
- 26 Bauhaus' Telegram man
- 28 Heavy band at end of radio
- 30 E-Street Band Lolregan
- 32 "..... Di A Lonely Heart" (Yes)
- 33 Hazell who once went searchin'
- 34 Where Phyllis Nelson wants you to move



DOWN

- 1 Rita's open two form supergroup (anag 5,7)
- 2 This Tracey charled with the aid of sunglasses
- 3 Name that follows the Van
- 4 Nick Laird-Crowes' school for snooters (5,7)
- 5 Servicemen of the New Model kind
- 6 Spandau songster (4,6)
- 7 White man of the charts
- 12 and 9 across - his sort of girls come from Stainsby (5,3)
- 13 Gaffin left hangin' on a string (5,4)
- 14 A rodent, like the Damned's Mr Scabies
- 17 Dark ray of hope for China Crisis? (5,3)
- 20 An admiral like Bill and Phyllis
- 24 and 29 Bryan Adams' sprint in your direction (3,2,3)
- 25 In the chart they're sometimes of the Cool variety
- 27 He supplied the Bronski's Almond flavouring
- 29 See 24 down
- 31 David ... Roth

ANSWERS ON PAGE 60

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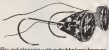
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MEET DEREK:

He wants to live in a 16th century mill house with a wee beautiful wife . . .



"I never went out with anyone until I was 18. Nobody would go out with me so I'd go off to the bedroom and listen to Yes and Emerson Lake & Palmer . . ."

W

hatever you do, don't mention Genesis," they'd told me. Fish, it seems, is heartily fed up with people comparing his group Marillion to Genesis (wonky old 'progressive, concept' group featuring Phil Collins-Ed.). And Fish is 6 foot 4, very bulky and Scottish – definitely not the sort of geezer for a weed like me to mess with. So why oh why do I suddenly find myself saying: "Many critics have suggested that you sound rather a lot like . . ."? Fish groans. "You're NOT going to mention the big G word, are you?" Oh gewd, that's torn it. "Don't worry," he cackles, "I'm not going to hit you." Pheew-ee! Thank goodness for that.

As I soon discover, Fish, despite his awesome bulk, is not a fearsome creature at all. In fact, he's almost menicely amiable (though his habit of jumping up every few seconds to quote one of his own lyrics is a trifle disturbing). He defends Marillion with his tongue rather than brute force. I'm delighted to say: "Why the **** should we want to copy a band like Genesis who took ten years to break through?" he asks. "We have the musical capability to copy any band, if we wanted to. We'd be better off copying The Police or Spandau Ballet. We could do that, no bother. Those lyrics are easy to write. But I like sleeping at night and I like having a clear conscience. We could copy Wham! But I'd have to lose so much weight – and I think I'd look pretty stupid in shorts.

TWO MARILLION PEOPLE

Some as breakdancing; people 6 foot 4 tall were never meant to breakdance.

"But seriously, there's no such thing as an original band. You've got to come from somewhere and our influences just happen to come from the '70s. We're not reviving anything – that music never died. And people say we're an albums band – so how come we've got a single in the charts?"

G

ood point. "Keyleigh" has made something of a pop star of Fish – it's even got him on Wogan. Like most things Fish writes, "Keyleigh" is, erm, 'deeply personal'. She's actually a real person!

"I went out with Key for two-and-a-half years. We split up about five times and finally finished in October 1983. I hope the song doesn't upset her because she's still a very special lady. I've heard that she's actually married now."

What a choker! Another ill-fated romance in the life of Fish – or Derek William Dick from Dalketh, as he used to be . . .

"This is not a cry for empathy but chicks did mese me up a lot when I was a kid," says Fish/Derek. He remembers one 'chick' called Louise: "I got news that Louise had said 'Oooh, I really like him!' There was a party and she was going to be there and I had it all planned. I'd sorted out the record player so there was Andy Williams' "Solitaire" and Elton John's "Someone Saved My Life Tonight" and I'd memorised all the words.

She came in and we started talking 'hah hah hah smile smile have a bit of chocolate cake'. Great great great - I thought I'd got a girlfriend! Next thing I knew she was necking with the captain of the basketball team! I cried my eye out . . ."

Derek oughte eolace in music: "I wasn't involved with the bike shed syndrome and I never went out with anyone until I was 18. Nobody would go out with me so I'd go off to the bedroom end listen to Yes and Emerson Lake & Palmer and say 'I understand! Messagee from different life!' Otherwise, I played the part of the breeh, superconfident adolescent you see in every US teenage film - but that wasn't really me. I was the one who wee always throwing chocolate cake at the ceiling at parties. That was the beginning of Fish."

So whet exactly is the difference between Derek end Fish?

"Fish end Derek are parts of the same personality, it's just that the parametere are wider than normal - mildly schizophrenic. It got quite frightening at one point." All sounds mildly bonkers to me.

"Derek is the lingering aftermath of my father's influence over me and possibly the responsible human being. Derek is very romantic. Fish is more of a debauched romantic. He's the one who screams and throwe cake at the ceiling whereas Derek

LE CAN'T BE WRONG!

gets upset and wants to clean the ceiling. Derek wante e converted 16th century mill house with a vast expanse of land, about four or five children, e renegade jeep, e very fast BMW, e wee beautiful wife that he's totally in love with and lots of time to spend on the patio tapping out novele on a typewriter. Fish just wants to live above e pub."

So who am I talking to? Derek or Fish?

"Don't ask me," says the tall Scotsman. "Derek and Fish play *Trivial Pursuite* with each other - and they *both* cheat. What were George Washington's teeth made out of? Wood. See?"

Er, no, not really . . .

"I muet see an analyst, you know. When I was young I used to paint soldiere. I spent hours painting rank after rank of 15-millimetre lead soldiere in Napoleonic colours end uniforme end I'd go up to the attic and spend egee laying out this battlefield and then throw merbles at them. I think it was something to do with power end manipulation - I wee in charge of all these armies. I used to spend weeks building these model Messerschmitt aeroplanee end T-34 tanke end when I'd finished them I'd blow them up with peraffin. You think I'm weird? You should see the friend I used to play with, burning the modela end blowing them up. He's a fireman now . . ."

While Derek/Fish hee grown up to become something of a pop star. A sex symbol even?

"Definitely not. I will always be throwing chocolate cake at ceilinge. Sex symbole don't do that sort of thing. Sex symbole look cool. And I am not e very cool person."

MEET FISH:

He wants to live above a pub with a huge chocolate cake . . .



"We could copy Wham! but I'd have to lose so much weight. And I'd look pretty stupid in shorts . . ."

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Look at me I'm climbing up a ladder
And I'm halfway bored with reaching for the stars
No, I don't have time to swing, no time for laughter
But a voice inside my head keeps singing to

Chorus

Let it swing and let it rock end roll
Let it swing end let the feeling take control
Ho hi ho (hi ho)
Let it swing end let it rock end roll

There's a guy on top who's sitting fine forever
Got the world end everything that's called the best
Now he don't say much unless there's room for talking
Just a sign above the door to his success

Repeat chorus

Now you don't have time to swing or time for laughter
The voice inside your head keeps singing le singing le

Repeat chorus

Let it swing and let it rock end roll
Let it swing end let the feeling take control
Ho hi ho (hi ho)
Let it swing and let it rock end roll
Swing end let it rock end roll
Swing end let it rock end roll

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LETTERS

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Dear Black Type

I have a claim to fame that will top them all. Here it is: I used to be in a really famous pop group
 Yours sincerely,
 A Ridgekey

Oh, yes? Very likely, I must say! Anyway, if you honestly think that's impressive, get a load of this...

I can play 'Japanese Boy' by Anika on my stylophone (the little musical wonder machine that comes in a box with a pic of Roll Harris on it) Chinese Dirt, Weymouth

Gosh! I don't know whether to believe this or not. I've nearly managed to master the whistling bit on Everton FC's toe-tapping masterwork "Here We Go", but you force me to bow to your superior musical genius. I think I'm going to go all sulky...

Where are Peters and Lee? I never have any friends
 Geese Peese, Birmingham

...On second thoughts, there's always someone worse off than myself. This is the saddest letter I have ever read. Sniffle...

Dear Black Type

I would like to inform you that Morrissey is not even the original pianist of other lyrics Stephen Tintin Duffy uses a far older source

Compare

"Kiss Me With Your Mouth/Your Love Is Better Than Wine" with

"Kiss Me With The Kisses Of Your Mouth/Your Love Is Better Than Wine"

The latter couplet comes from "The Song Of Solomon" from that best-selling blockbuster *The Bible*

New Mr Duffy does not look as if he is 3,000 years old. He leaves me very puzzled
 Luz Taylor, Howth, Ireland

Yes! And what about mister so-called Tintin's latest epic waxing "Icing On The Cake". Why, this is lifted directly from Delia Smith's *Lots Of Very Nice Things To Eat* - a cookbook that is older than time itself! For shame!

I found Tom Hibbert's interview with The Style Council (May 88) very interesting. Congratulations to Mr Hibbert for his extremely pertinent questioning. No congratulations, however, to Mr Weller for his mainly nonsensical and incoherent responses. Before reading the article I supported those against fox-hunting on humanitarian grounds. Like Mr Weller, I have never met a humanist. Unlike Mr Weller, I have never automatically presumed that they are all archetypal, upper class reactionaries who have no reasonable arguments and cannot listen to reason. Perhaps if Mr

Weller was truly democratic in his views, he would visit and listen to humanists before condemning them to death. But it seems that he would rather see 30 dead humanists than one dead fox.

A little further on in the article, Mr Weller damns capitalism and monetarism and says that they are destroying community spirit "we are losing any identity we might have had". However, it appears that the only identity he wishes to preserve is a working class one. Surely if Britain wishes to keep its identity it has to be throughout the strata of society - a society which always has had a class structure and always will (even after a Communist revolution)

I do agree with Mr Weller when he says that politics has to lose its stigma of being boring and serious. But he runs his point by heavily stamping his own views on people surely if he wants others to be more politically aware, he should also want them to make up their own minds?

In bemoaning the fact that "no-one listens to the people anymore" perhaps Mr Weller should realise that this could be because self-appointed "voices of the people" such as himself are so unrepresentative and obnoxious. Joanna P. Furze/mouth

Dear Paul Weller

So you think the only way to deal with fox hunting is to let them do you? How civilized! How tolerant! Being bang - you're dead.
 From *Someone Who Hates Fascists Masquerading As Socialists*

Dun dee dum dee dum ... Oh, hello **Sir Black Type** just listening to my new LP "The Very Best Of Chris De Burgh". Sir Chris is the new pop sensation here at Buck Pal. Mumsie calls him Chris De Royal Burgh. How how how. What a waf! Our Braemar staff call him Chris De Edinburgh. How how how hat hat. It's "brink" pretty trendy ar'nt it with it wouldn't one agree, ya? Hrrumph! Personally, one thinks Duran Duran are a blot on the landscape carbuncle-wise and oops must dash - here comes Di and Wills has just given the coxys a vase/cornia.
 Right Royal Rogards
 Chas W., Buck Pal

Your secret is safe with me, Your Holiness. (Can't vouch for my squillions of readers, however, how how how har har).

Dear Black Type

At last Paul King has outgrown his tartan trousers and his frilly shirts and has gone in for the really groovy "MP Look". But don't you think it's aged him a bit?
Someone Who You Don't Care About 'Cos You've Never Printed Any Of My Letters, Chagwell, Essex

Your Labour Candidate

Paul King



is a Paul King 1 m 2 1/2 yrs old and lives in the City of London. He is a graduate of the University of London. He is a member of the Labour Party.

Dear Black Type


In the past few issues of your mag, I have found many references TV programmes which have "totally changed the music world" such as *Rambo*, *Baggins*, *Burton Moon* etc. But none of these are responsible for the creation of music as we know it today! The programme which started it all is, in fact, *The Magic Roundabout*. Examine the facts

The theme tune of this fantastic programme is almost the same as the last bit on "House Of Fun" by Madness - which was their first ever Number One. The Roundabout tune also appears on "Last Christmas" by Wham!

"Magic Roundabout" was a hit for Jasper Carrott in 1975. It got to Number 5 despite the BBC banning it. This set a trend for Frankie Goes To Hollywood making banned records go high in the charts. Dilca is a quater playing huppa rabbit in the show. Bob Dylan was a guitar-playing hippie and, obviously missing Dilka's style, started off psychodelia and got lots of hits.

Florence is the show's leading lady. Florence was also the first name of "The Lady Of The Lamp" - a Miss Anthony's Anne Nightingale is a Radio 1 DJ whose first name is almost the same as Anelka who got to Number One with "Japanese Boy".

Brian the snail shares his first



ANY OLD IRON.
 When did Peter Sellers have a hit with this?
 See page 194 of the new Guinness Book of British Hit Singles.

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name with Bryan Adams, Bryan Ferry, Brian "Nashie" Nash and many others.
 Emma made in a big pink cow with a flower in her mouth. *Flowers In The Rain* was the first record ever played on Radio 1.

So there. You see. All your programmes are just fakes that don't tell the real story of rock at all. *Garfield In Fiona's Bedroom, Staffs*

A Musicologist writes: Your admittedly well-reasoned argument is deeply flawed. For one thing, *The Magic Roundabout* is, in fact, originally a French programme and France has never produced a single popular singer of note called Brian, unless you count Ryan Paris who was probably an Italian anyway. No, you'll have to look elsewhere to find the TV programme that invented rock'n'roll. I leave you with this thought: Is it just coincidence that David Hunter has been "racked" from the Crossroads Motel just as Bruce Springsteen (or "Springsteen" as he is known to his handful of fans) is about to arrive on British shores? Of course not, they are one and the same person!!

Congratulations to Bucks Fizz on their recent return to the stage. But don't you think Mike should be taking more care of himself? (Actually, I found this in my 1968 July annual. How old is he, anyway?)
 Mandy, Tefford

Suddenly Mike Nolan was seized from behind.



After reading the letter from Prince's Greatest Fan (April 25), I discovered another strangely backwards sounding piece of music towards the end of "Total Conditominer" the last track on

Howard Jones "Human's Lab" LP. If you spin the record player round the wrong way, you will come across the following message:

*He'lli Howard
 He'lli
 He'lli Howard, He'lli Jan
 Now get down Benny
 Now look Howard, you're not well are you
 You've got flu, Howard so
 Straben would like you to get well and
 Andy thinks you should be well as well
 And I think it would be better if you were better
 So can we have you well please
 Howard?*

I bet you didn't know that, did you?
 Miss Marple, Puckey

I certainly did not! So intrigued was I by your letter that I rushed to my trusty Boots music centre (£29.95 - reduced for quick sale, slightly shop-soiled - a snip!) and gave Sarah Brightman and Paul Miles-Kingston's intensely stirring LP "Pie Jesu" a quick backwards spin. Talk about hidden messages! There was this voice saying "Heh heh heh you yus now then now then and fifteen years ago my friends as it 'appens as it 'appens ah-aboooh ahoo yus indeed indeed..." What on earth could it all mean? It was then that I realised, I'd pushed the wrong button on my Boots music centre and was, in fact, listening to the golden philosophy of Mr Jimmy Saville O.B.E. Gave me quite a turn, I can tell you...

Oh, deary me. We have a problem. Harry Tranter is 97.345% correct in inferring that a young kid might steal a car after seeing Frankie's Pleasure Dome video (Letters, May 8).
 In TV detective shows, a car thief is usually caught by the law and left face a, being behind bars isn't too hip. But in Messrs FGTH's video it is hard, straight and cool to make this journey in a stolen vehicle. The whole delicious atmosphere of the song suggests it, the picking up of real girls emphasises it, and the Pleasure Dome sequence climaxes the act.

Television is the most powerful educational medium so if dolls are seen by impressionable young kids to be committing crimes and getting away with them, who knows

the effect?
 Please don't insult Harry as he is a beautiful, warm, affectionate, peace-loving and Captain Swing, Yelverton

Crime Prevention Officer Harry Tranter is absolutely correct in condemning FGTH for glamorising joyriding. It is obvious that the actions of such popular stars such as Frankie will influence some people. After all 'the lad' nacking a car and going for a whizz does look great fun, doesn't it?

It was highly irresponsible of FGTH to do such a thing as research has proved that pop stars actions are imitated. So, catch yourself on Frankie and think about the innocent pedestrians and motorists killed by joyriders next time.
 James Elton, Belfast

Dear Daughter Of Moontrucker,
 I am afraid I must disagree with you about Harry Tranter. You see, I did watch *Burnt Moon* the other day and found it so thrilling that I decided to rocket off to the moon myself. The only difference is that I went in an old Tins list can rather than a baked bean tin with a funnel on the top. Not such a luxurious journey, I confess, but effective nonetheless.
 Burton Moon Fan, Aberdeen

Ah, but if you want a truly luxurious moon shot, you should try it in a Pat Hoodle cartoon. The joy here is that, immediately on "lift off", the craft melts - and so you can go straight back to bed where you would have been in the first place if you'd been even slightly sensible.

Dear Black Type
 Help! I think I've been bitten by The Curse of the Damned (May 7). You see, the other day I came out of school and that dog started following me home! Maybe it was after my beef flavoured craps, but when I got home it sat outside our house for ages.

Then while I was eating my tea (cheese on toast - yum!) a few cups fell off the draining board, scaring the hell out of our cat Fang.

Later that night I closed my windows before going to bed - but during the night they flew wide open!

I've asked Arthur C Clarke but he can't help. You're the only

person left who can help.
 Dave Vainan's *Disturbity Ghoulish Tendencies*, Sheffield

A DIY Expert writes: Honest, squire, if I've heard it once, I've heard it a thousand times. *Wonky Windows! Skew-wiff draining boards! Some people never learn! You'd think no-one had ever heard of self-levelling rust-proof weather-resistant lead-free multi-sealing poly-adhesive draught-repelling semi-toxic non-absorbent anti-caking sima-groat compound!* Works wonders, it does. One dab on a dry, clean surface and, blimey, you won't be bothered by no more stray dogs in a hurry, believe you me!

Have any of your readers noticed the resemblance extraordinaire between the posey and sick-making bass-player in that ghostly heavy metal troupe The Power Station and Duran Duran's very own marvelous, witty, handsome and flawless John "pbew rock'n'roll yah" Taylor?
 Regina, Townbridge

I just wanted to say thanks England for giving us 12 points in the Eurovision song contest. Sid (Not Vicious), Hardanger, Norway

Oh, thank you very much! Rub it in, won't you. If I had my way, there'd be some kind of Government enquiry into the complete swizzle that is called the Eurovision Song "Contest". After last year's debacle in which the uniquely talented Belle And The Devotions were distracted by a lot of Belgians in beards waving handkerchiefs, I did not believe things could get more out of hand! But the sight of our very own flower of song, Vicki, wilting beneath the combined weight of Danish midgets and Turks in pith-helmets was too much to bear! I think the stylish Austrian entry, *Garry Mux*, summed it up best: "Boom boom my piano is drowning in sherry trifle" or words to that effect...

Dear Black Type
 I heard a song on the radio about 3.27 seconds ago and I thought it was extremely brilliant. I did not, however, catch the name of the group or the song. Could you perhaps help me?
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LETTERS

3.27 seconds ago, you say? That's funny; I haven't heard them play Everton FC's highly moving "Here We Go" or Wicket's Eurovision spell-binder "Love Is" at all this morning. But then, perhaps we're tuned to different stations.

Another local paper columnist! Well, well! Not only has the Boy been masquerading as a photographer, but now he's gone in for building society management. Pity he has to wear all that make up to make him look ten years younger. *Someone Who Is Infatuated By Delbert Wilkins, Colchester*

New manager

NICK Rhodes, 31, has been appointed manager of the Colchester branch of the National and Provincial Building Society.

Oh no! Just what has Bob Geldof started. Do they know it's Christmas and "We Are The World" (and all the other Ethiopian anthems) were at least worthy and arguably greatly needed. But now we have Gerry Marsden doing "You'll Never Walk Alone" along with such third-rate "celebrities" as Bruce Forsyth and Kenny Lynch in aid of the Bradford football fire victims.

Of course one feels sympathy with the fire victims but they are hardly so in need as the starving Ethiopians, are they? And now it seems that every time there is a disaster of even minor proportions certain singing groups will see it as an opportunity to leap into the studio and get their "sincere" faces plastered all over the papers and TV. Gerry and his band of

geriatrics can't even sing in tune, for heaven's sake!

I fell off my motorbike the other day and badly grazed my knee. Perhaps Russ Abbot, Paul Daniels, Black Lace, The Goonies, Dance Band, Cyrillic, The Duck, Anita, Harma Lulu, Steve Arrington, Sir Harry Scrimble, "Sir" Donald Sinden, Anne Diamond, Michael Fish, Leslie Cowther, Bruno Brookes and Theresa Baker would care to record some moving song to raise funds for much-needed Ekstaz!?" *Crab Raiser, Swansea*

Dear Paul Young's Secret Association (Letters, May 8)

Who in the name of all that's sane do you think you are? I read your little quiz (?) and in question 5, you had the cheek to say "Why was James Last?" Because he is a terrible jazz trumpeter from Germany."

Would you like to come to Cork and say "Look, Cork City, I'm better than James Last. James Last is no good."

No, I'm sure you wouldn't. A Secret Admirer Of Someone Called Noel Ford.

Perhaps not, but I can think of worse ways to spend a holiday. Like going to Edinburgh and saying "Look, Edinburgh, I'm better than Sidney Devine. Sidney Devine is no good." Or going to Wembley and saying "Look, Wembley, I'm better than Bruce Springsteen. Bruce Springsteen's a useless old goat. Rock and roo!!!" Or wandering round supermarkets saying "hello, have you tried the Pepsi challenge?" Or sailing in a sieve around ... (that's enough terrible ways to spend a holiday, thank you - Ed.)

Dear Black Type

Did you know that since the third of March 1963, Smash Hits has gone away over 3,949 Lps, 1348 12" singles, 1285 cassettes, 686 7" singles, 480 packets of crisps, 342 posters, 319 t-shirts, 311 videos, 268 books, 171 picture discs, 149 computer games, 103 sweatshirts, £1800 worth of Wranglers, £300 worth of Levi's, £200 cash, £50 worth of food, £25 worth of party hats, 93 bags, 50 packs of playing cards, 50 12" cassettes, 30 drawings, 28 Walkmans (Walkmen?), 26 photos, 27 watches, 26 concert tickets, 26 cameras, 25 brushes, 25 writing sets, 25 12" rulers, 21 shirts, 21

marrows, 20 video discs, 30 Hula Hoops, 20 mugs, 20 calendars, 20 record tokens (excluding Black Type's tokens), 20 wristbands, 18 computers, 17 bats, 15 armbands, 15 tie-pins, 13 pairs of sunglasses, 11 pairs of roller-skates, 10 soundbumpers, 10 jogmats, 10 Michael Jackson dolls, 10 gnomes, 10 double dutch kits, 10 keys rings, 10 model cars, 10 footballs, 10 football straps, 10 3D viewmasters, 8 shavers, 2 pairs of trousers, 2 pairs of socks, 2 packets of 21st century 8 pocket games, 6 Bushnips, 6 tracksets, 6 make up bags, 6 day-trips, 5 22 Top Legs, 3 banners, 3 bikes, 3 scooters, 3 TVs, 3 electronic drum kits, 2 video recorders, 2 rucksacks, 2 address books, 2 scarves, 2 Bucks Fizz costumes, 2 chances to meet Nick Rhodes, one pair of Nick Rhodes' shoes, one pair of Steaks' Stevens' shoes, one chance to go on TV with a pop star of your choice, one pair of boxing gloves, one wig, one "Thriller" paperweight, one sun visor, one radio, one sweat cover, one video camera, one pair of binoculars, one Radio 1 goodie bag, one keyboard, one TV game and one holiday and I still haven't won anything?" *N Unlucky Buck Bratski*

Alright, I admit it. Looking through the list of stuff we've dished out in the last two years, one has to confess we've been a bit stingy. But have you seen *Biz* this issue? Yes! The most generous prize ever offered in the history of magazine publishing and civilisation as we know it! Two hundred and fifty thousand delectable sweeties! YUM! Oh, and by the way, you have won something new, Unlucky. A £10 record token is speeding in your direction even as I speak...

Dear Black Type

On your letters page (May 8) you answered five everyday questions - "Parmesan cheese - all the rest are snooker players" etc - but, poo matey, you got one answer wrong! "Roland Orzabal and a Kangaroo" should, of course, have been "Roland Orzabal and two kangaroos". So, stupid, I claim my £10 record token. *Clever Trousers, Oxford*
P.S. Here are three more answers for you

1) Simon Bates - all the rest are DJs
2) Supertramp and Margaret Thatcher
3) Three
Best that!

Beat that? Simplicity itself, oh

Trousers:
1) 745 feet of spaghetti in Simon Le Bon's yachting cap.
2) Bananarama in an igloo with the Chairman of United Dairies.
3) Roland Orzabal and a kangaroo - if you'd listened to the question properly. The other kangaroo was, of course, Ms Janice Long perpetrating yet another rib-ticking Radio 1 Road Show prank!

Dear Black Type

Q What do you call a man with a half-grown moustache who can't sing?

A Nothing. He might set his bodyguards on you.
He ho
Or G! Paul Weller's *Ever Changing Moods*. Cardiff

I don't find this remotely amusing, I really don't. In fact, I don't even understand it. It's actually a rather major printing error for which I apologise most abjectly. (Does "Big Chick" actually read this magazine, I wonder?)

Dear Black Type

What do you call a cat with only one life left? A careless whiskers / *Lowestoft*

Ho ho!

Captain Birdseye is a wizenred old fascal! And I should know. *Captain Funko, Northants*

Ho ho! (I don't get it.)

Black Type

This is a ransom note. We are holding your friend Bagpuss. Send a £10 record token as one or the cat gets it. *A Friend*

Ho ho! What?? Oh no! Where is Crime Prevention Officer Harry Trant when you need him? Must dash, readers! The mighty one and the smelly chuffee needs me!
Cyeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

JAM.
What position in the charts did they take "That's Entertainment" in 1981?
See page 113 of the new Guinness Book of British Hit Singles

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And, as you lose control of your body's health, you could lose control of your mind too.

Until one day you'll wake up knowing that, instead of you controlling heroin, it now controls you.

So, if a friend offers you heroin, use your brain while you still can.

And say no.

HEROIN SCREWS YOU UP.

CRISIS CRISIS

"Everyone accuses us of being real prats just because we don't know what our lyrics mean"

And a lot more people condemn them as "wet" and "wimpy" because they don't write loud angry 'rock' songs. But they're having none of it. "We want to make music to be enjoyed," they plead in defence. "Besides, what's wrong with 'singing out in a field'?" Chris Heath investigates.

"We're not wimpy," groans Chris Crislie's main singer, Garry Daly. He's a bit fed up. Since they first entered the charts three years ago with "Chretien", a mournfully slow acoustic ballad, just about every journalist who's come their way has described their music as "wet" or "wimpy". "Though no-one's ever said it to our faces," fumes Garry, eyeing me with suspicion. "They know if they did, one of us would knock them to the floor."

Sounde e bit nasty, doesn't it? However, anyone busting into their crowded dressing room at Nottingham's Rock City after the performance and expecting to see live fragile couples wandering round with their heads in the clouds, nibbling the odd egg-and-cream sandwich and delicately sipping a cool glass of milk would be very disappointed. Because Chris Crislie aren't particularly wimpy at all: they're just fairly normal blokes who swear a lot and know how to enjoy a drink or two, "it's a piss off because everyone accuses us of being real prats," complains Garry, "just because we don't know what the lyrics mean."

But isn't it a bit weird to write a song and not have the faintest idea what it's about?

Garry tries to explain: "I'll be writing and I'll write a line like, say, 'king in a catholic style' (the title of the new single) and then... I'll just get a picture of something."

"I get up each morning," he continues, "go for a walk and then sing, singing out in a field," he sighs, "it's an amazing feeling. It may sound really dippy and stupid but it isn't, honest to god, I'm sure anyone who's gone fishing or anything like that and who's sat there endung

will know what I mean. It's brilliant!"

Strange, but then Garry and Eddie aren't exactly your typical run-of-the-mill pop stars. They don't wear trendy designer clothes, have spectacularly trendy haircuts or anything like that. Which is why it's hard to believe them when they both claim separately that the only reason they want to earn lots of money is so that they can set their families up for life.

"I like providing for them," explains Eddie. "If they're having a good time then I am too."

But what about for *himself*? Doesn't he want a plink cadillac, a large mansion in the country, iceo champagnes and caviar — all the usual megastar sort of stuff?

He looks genuinely horrified. "I don't do things like that. I mean, I haven't even got a car and I've been driving for seven years."

All he wants to do, it seems, is to get on with making the music Chris Crislie do best — quiet, melodic music which doesn't involve people dressing up in leather and screaming political slogans. "I'm a member of the Labour Party and everything," he points out, "but anybody should think he doesn't care," but music's supposed to be enjoyed, not to be about fighting for things."

"And in any case for all the slack we've got from journalists," echoes Garry, "for not being this or not being that, I wondered if they've ever considered that we don't actually sound like anyone."

"If people think that just because we get called wimpy we're suddenly going to write loud 'rock' songs," concludes Garry, "they're wrong."

EDDIE LUNDON

Eddie Lundon, the youngest of nine children, was also born in Kirkby in 1962. He co-wrote the songs with Garry, as well as singing and playing guitar.

"I wasn't spoilt because I was the youngest," he insists. "If anything I was bought up tougher."

His dad was a rigger on the docks; his mother worked with the disabled. He recalls with amusement the battles he used to have with them:

"I used to be forced to go to church until I was in senior school. I used to find it all a bit of a joke actually and burk off, but my mother's so seriously into it. We'd come home from church and she'd ask what colour the priest was wearing. We'd go 'green' and she'd say 'no! He was wearing purple today!' We got it wrong loads of times."

He still remembers meeting Garry: "He was a bit of a hippie, a strange person. At first we didn't get on. I was supposed to be, like, the tough nut in the class and he was a bit of a scally too so I saw him as a challenger, I suppose."

They started playing together after Eddie got a guitar from a mail-order catalogue; one of Eddie's brothers also got a bass but didn't bother to learn it so Garry started coming round. Nevertheless when Eddie left school a month before his sixteenth birthday with a few C.S.E.s he didn't think twice about what to do.

"The thing in our family was to get an apprenticeship," he explains. "You're good, you're successful if you get one 'cos you're going to be a tradesman someday. So I became a diesel fitter. I was good at it too."

Eventually though he changed his mind. "I said 'I want to be a musician'. My dad said 'Don't be stupid! You

come from Kirkby — no-one's a musician from Kirkby'. He was really heavy. The only look it seriously when we got on Top Of The Pops with 'Christian' — he could have a pint with his mates and point out 'that's my boy'."

"I still live with my Mum and Dad — in the same bedroom I wrote 'African And White' (their first single). I will move out eventually but at the moment, to be honest, we get on better than ever."

GARRY DALY

Garry Daly was born 23 years ago in the Kirkby district of Liverpool, one of six children to a painter-and-decorator father ("he was the artistic one") and a "lully fledged housewife" mother. Orstange he does most of the singing; oftstage he seems the quieter of the two, often looking as if he's drifted off into a world of his own. At school he was "a bit of a rebel on the sly" and did "zero schoolwork", preferring instead to listen to records by rather weird, old fashioned bands like Hawkwind and Gong and "copy Ed's book all the time".

He left when he was 15. First he worked in a beer factory ("a great fun — as soon as the bosses walked out the door we'd set things on fire") then washing bars and sweeping up at a hardresser's. Finally he went to work slating roofs with his brother. "Eventually the ladder snapped," he laughs, "and I broke my arm. So I thought 'now I've got time to do music'."

These days he lives by Sefton Park ("a massive park in Liverpool") with his girlfriend Jean

("What do you call it? Common-law wife?") and her goldfish — when he's home, that is.

"It annoys me I'm away so much but you make a decision," he says. "Whether you want to sit in front of the TV or go out and sing to people."

Like Eddie, Garry seems fairly horrified at the thought of earning lots of money so that

he can have lots of expensive meals and so on. "I just don't enjoy that sort of thing," he confesses. Instead he says he gets pleasure from "my wife, fresh fishes, driving on the beach, getting completely drunk and chocolate".

But not, it seems, from staring at himself in the mirror. He keeps fiddling with his face — "aren't you going to ask me when I'm going to squeeze this zit on my lower chin hero?" — and looks embarrassed when asked why he's grown his hair so long.

"Well, I've been shaving my head up the back for ages and I just got sick of it," he says unconconvincingly, before spilling the beans. "And it's because I've got an extremely big chin," he confesses. "I'm as vain as the next bloke, y'know?"







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HEAVEN

ON THINKING ABOUT ALL OUR YOUNGER YEARS
THERE WAS ONLY YOU AND ME
WE WERE YOUNG AND WILD AND FREE
NOW NOTHING CAN TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ME
WE'VE BEEN DOWN THAT ROAD BEFORE
BUT THAT'S OVER NOW YOU KEEP ME COMING BACK FOR MORE

CHORUS

BABY YOU'RE ALL THAT I WANT
WHEN YOU'RE LYING HERE IN MY ARMS
I'M FINDING IT HARD TO BELIEVE WE'RE IN HEAVEN
AND LOVE IS ALL THAT I NEED
AND I FOUND IT THERE IN YOUR HEART
IT ISN'T TOO HARD TO SEE WE'RE IN HEAVEN

OH ONCE IN YOUR LIFE YOU'LL FIND SOMEONE
WHO WILL TURN YOUR WORLD AROUND
BRING YOU UP WHEN YOU'RE FEELING DOWN
YEAH NOTHING COULD CHANGE WHAT YOU MEAN TO ME
OH THERE'S LOTS THAT I COULD SAY JUST HOLD ME NOW
'CAUSE OUR LOVE WILL LIGHT THE WAY

REPEAT CHORUS

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR SO LONG
FOR SOMETHING TO ARRIVE FOR LOVE TO COME ALONG
NOW OUR DREAMS ARE COMING TRUE
THROUGH THE GOOD TIMES AND THE BAD
YEAH I'LL BE STANDING THERE BY YOU

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

HEAVEN OH
YOU'RE ALL THAT I WANT
YOU'RE ALL THAT I NEED

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ON A & M RECORDS

BRYAN ADAMS

OBSESSION

ANIMATION

YOU ARE AN OBSESSION (YOU ARE AN OBSESSION)
I CANNOT BREATHE (I CANNOT BREATHE)
MY OWN POSSESSION (MY OWN POSSESSION)
UNOPENED AT YOUR FEET
THERE IS NO BALANCE (THERE IS NO BALANCE)
NO EQUALITY (NO EQUALITY)
BE STILL (BE STILL)
I WILL (I WILL) NOT ACCEPT DEFEAT (NOT ACCEPT DEFEAT)

I WILL HAVE YOU
YES I WILL HAVE YOU
I WILL FIND A WAY
AND I WILL HAVE YOU
LIKE A BUTTERFLY
A WILD BUTTERFLY
I WILL COLLECT YOU
AND CAPTURE YOU

CHORUS

YOU ARE AN OBSESSION
YOU'RE MY OBSESSION
WHO DO YOU WANT ME TO BE
TO MAKE YOU SLEEP WITH ME

REPEAT CHORUS

I FEED YOU AND DRINK YOU
BY DAY AND BY NIGHT
I NEED YOU I NEED YOU
BY SUN AND CANDLELIGHT
YOU PROTEST
YOU WANT TO BE SAFE
(THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE)
OH THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE

YOUR FACE APPEARS AGAIN
I SEE THE BEAUTY THERE
BUT I SEE DANGER STRANGER BEWARE
OF CIRCUMSTANCE
IN YOUR NAKED DREAMS
YOUR REFLECTION
IS NOT WHAT IT SEEMS

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

MY FANTASIES ARE TURNED TO MADNESS (TURNED TO MADNESS)
AND NOW MY GOODNESS (MY GOODNESS)
HAS TURNED TO BADNESS (TURNED TO BADNESS)
MY NEED TO POSSESS YOU HAS CONSUMED BY SOUL
MY LIFE IS TREMBLING
I HAVE NO CONTROL

I WILL HAVE YOU
YES I WILL HAVE YOU
I WILL FIND A WAY
AND I WILL HAVE YOU
LIKE A BUTTERFLY
A WILD BUTTERFLY
I WILL COLLECT YOU
AND CAPTURE YOU

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

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BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN S STEVENS J TAYLOR A TAYLOR W TAYLOR TEARFOP TEARS I THINK I'M
LONELY WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

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Photo: LVL



Bryan Ferry (second from right) with Roxy Music in 1972 — such incredible style.



Bryan at 30 — GI blues and a game of snap.

Bryan at (almost) 40 — "I'm not here to be judged on a haircut."



In his day, Bryan Ferry was a very impressive sort of bloke. His group, Roxy Music, made lots of hit records, wore some of the most ridiculous costumes in world history and had millions of fans. Duran Duran, Japan, Adam Ant and your boring old brother were just some of them. But today Bryan is rattling on for 40 and asking himself the age-old musical question

«AM I STILL RELEVANT?»

Don't ask me, matey, says Tom Hibbert.

D

ryan Ferry sits in his record company's offices, staring out onto London's King's Road. He has a lot on his mind. Yesterday his wife Lucy gave birth to their second son. What on earth will they name him? They had enough trouble coming up with Charles Frederick Otis for the first, born in 1983. Then there's his new LP, *Boys and Girls*. "I fret about, 18 months of sweat and anxiety and rather a lot of money have gone into its creation. But will anyone like it? Will anyone buy it? And then there's the Cup Final which kicks off soon. Bryan is a Manchester United fan but at school he was captain of the basketball team and Everton's manager Howard Kendall was one of the players. So who should Bryan support? Oh dear. Worry, worry, worry.

And on top of all this, he's about to be grilled by Britain's Biggest Pop Magazine. Bryan does not enjoy interviews or eye-to-eye contact with strangers. Why? Is he a shifty old codger? No, but he is wary and suspicious: "People say 'Don't worry. All publicity is good publicity'. But I don't know. I've read things about myself which have made me think 'Even I wouldn't buy his records'..."

In September you will be 40. Would you say you've mellowed with age?
I don't know. I think you'd have to ask those around me. I've always felt vaguely the same. When you're about 17 or 18 you start feeling grown up and it's downhill from there...

"It's interesting appearing in *Smash Hits* because it opens up the issue of whether or not I'm still relevant."

You're not regularly featured in gossip columns like you were a few years back.
Well, my lifestyle has changed in that way but contrary to what you might read in some newspapers, I never really courted that sort of press in the first place. I didn't make a conscious decision to stop going to night clubs but I did start trying not to appear at places where I knew the photographers and gossip columnists would be hanging around. Once you've become established, people are always waiting to throw stones. As well as that, I'm now married and so I don't want to go out into the market place of fleshpots anyway. I certainly don't have a night life like I used to. Stop me if I ramble on too far but one thing leads to another and I just keep dropping on...

Unlike other rock stars of your generation, you have never been sidetracked into films. Why is that?
I never felt I was a natural-born actor and nothing ever turned up. And besides, just as the "image" thing—the gossip columns etc.—can trivialise your musical work, going into acting could possibly do the same sort of damage. Particularly if you turned out to be a bad actor. And I'd hate to destroy the credibility that I think I've gained through 12 years of quality work. I'd be tempted by the money of films, though. If somebody came in and banged a million dollars on the table... I envy people like Marion Brando who get two million dollars for a ten minute appearance.

But you're not short of a few job offers?
It depends who you judge yourself by. I'm not on the poverty line, obviously...

But couldn't you stop work today...?
I don't think I could retire... it's a difficult area... I really don't know... I don't think I'm rich at all but that's not a theme I'd like to pursue in an interview, especially in England where there's so many unemployed and it's becoming a poor country. But my records have never sold like hamburgers in America, and that's how rock stars make their millions.

How long can you realistically hope to sustain a career in music?
In Britain, people have always thought that if you're a pop star you're hot for two years and then you fade away—open a shop somewhere or a pub in the country. But I've never subscribed to that. That's why it's interesting appearing in *Smash Hits* because it opens up the issue of whether or not I am still relevant. I know I'm not in there to be judged on a haircut. And there are people who build an entire career on a haircut.

"I wish I had been a professional tennis player. And John McEnroe wishes he was a rock guitarist. Hmmm..."

Isn't that partly the fault of Roxy Music? Their look and their style had a great influence on forthcoming pop generations.
I'm always embarrassed about these things... I hate the idea of looking at the past and saying my past is better than my future (lengthy pause)—I'm trying to deflect the question...

Don't you detect elements of Roxy Music in people like

Duran Duran?
I detect it in a lot of people. I see it more than anyone else. I can see my lyrics in younger bands, the odd word, the odd phrase that must have come from something I did.

Would you care to give some examples?
No. Ha ha ha. No, no. But I suppose it gives me some sort of pleasure (pause)—I'm sure you can think of a better answer than I can.

How do you spend your spare time?
That's the most difficult question of all. I've seen this kind of image building up to me as the 'country squire' which isn't so at all. But when I'm at home in the country in England I do go and feed the chickens.

"No, I don't know any jokes. Someone told me one last week but I've forgotten it."

What would you like your sons to be?
That's I'd like them to be is immaterial because if they're anything like me, they'll go against the grain. Ideally I'd like them to be involved in nature in some way.

Like zoo-keepers?
Ha ha ha. Yes. Or great explorers. Or farmers. I've always had a vague ambition to have a farm somewhere so if they were interested in that, that would be great. But it's so far ahead, the mind boggles.

Would you be horrified if they formed a Wham!-type duo?
Ha ha ha. I could be their ageing manager—"Well, this is how we did it in my day, sons". That'd be quite funny.

What advice from your rich experience of life would you give them?
I'd tell them that whatever you do in life always comes back to you. If you try to be a good person it comes back to you. If you slip the world in the face you'll get slapped back. I mean, I was brought up in a traditional working-class way in which parents live for their children. My parents were both very good people—kind, giving, loving and totally unselfish. It just try to teach my children not to grow up as brats expecting everything for nothing which is a bad attitude. You've got to put something into life to get something out; it's the law of nature, really. The tide goes out and comes in, the sun goes up and comes down, it's a very simple philosophy.

It must be hard to practice that philosophy in the music business. Don't you have to cut a few throats if you want to get to the top?
No. You've got to be ruthless with yourself, that's for sure. And I think if you're a successful business mogul you have to stamp over people—they are not particularly kind

reatures. But I think it's possible to be a successful artist without stabbing people in the back.

Do you have any regrets?
Oh well, yes, in a way (sigh). Little things. I wish Roxy Music had toured more in the early days. If we'd toured America and tried to promote our wares more, I'd be better off today. And I wish I'd learned to play the guitar properly, but fate decreed that that was to be. I've had to live vicariously through all these other guitarists and try to organise their talents to fit my music.

Do you know any good jokes?
I wish I did. That's another thing I regret, not being a great joke teller or master of wit and repartee. I'm not really the life and soul of the party. I do like being around people who are more vivacious than me. No, I don't know any jokes. Someone told me one last week but I've forgotten it.

Have you ever played polo?
No? No, I don't think I could do that. Another regret. I wish I could do everything because you're only here for one life. At school, I had good co-ordination. It would be nice to have an ordered life. I'd love (pause)... it's all coming out now. You should be a psychiatrist. I wish I had been a professional tennis player. And John McEnroe wishes he was a rock guitarist. Hmmm...

Do you know anyone called Tarquin?
No. Why, do you? Should? It's one of those names you find in *Hampstead* like Peregrine...

Have you ever met Archie?
Why? Is he a friend of Tarquin's? I went to see *Purple Rain* and that got a bit much with him swaggering around on his motorbike. I got so hungry that I left half-way through. I haven't met many people in my business. I think that's what keeps my enthusiasm going.

What was the first sentence your oldest son ever put together?
Oh, God. I was playing a rough-mix of one of the tracks of my album to my wife in the car. He was in the back seat on his little throne and when the song finished he said "Hmmm. I really enjoyed that. That was very nice in a weird Exorcist-type voice."

Who do you most admire?
I never sit and think about such things (pause)—I could say Charlie Parker. I could say John Coltrane. I could say Billie Holiday. But it wouldn't mean anything to anyone (pause)—I admire Lester Piggott and Louis XIV.

Who do you least admire?
I've never been asked that before. Knives are out, eh? Hatchets? I was in quite a good mood this morning (pause)—I can't think. Can you give me a clue? Hitler? Well, you have to admire something about Hitler. He was an extraordinary strong person, though obviously crazed. Don't want to hurt anyone's feelings but I don't like those stupid, selfish people you see on TV springing up on middle-aged shows and I don't like most gossip columns (pause)—I hope you don't come across as too world weary...

0 PLAY



Andrew Poppy looking rather serious



The comedian plays with his sausages before lobbing them into the audience



Crowd hysteria reaches new heights!



Or is the Art Of Noise? Paul Morley explains: "a spatterer intrinsically more interesting than Howard Jones"



Is this the Art Of Noise? Three dancers, two huge heads and lots of long words.



Susanne standing quietly at the back



Crucial! What's the new drum sound? Looks

PHOTO: [unreadable]



● NIK KERSHAW
SAN FRANCISCO

Walk into almost any record shop in the world and they'll know who Nik Kershaw is. Anywhere, that is, except for America. Over here no-one's supposed to have heard of him. The American record company didn't even bother to release the 'Human Racing' LP and so his first album over here is "The Riddle" (though the American version contains "Wouldn't it Be Good" instead of "City Of Angels").

Nik's over to promote the LP and tonight he's playing at Wolfgang's club in San Francisco. The capacity crowd of 800 who cram in must want to see him, surely, as well as it isn't the sort of place you'd ever want to visit for the sake of it - it's dark and dirty, the staff are rude, a plate of chips costs £2 and the management insists everyone must buy "two drinks minimum" - that's with a measly Coke priced at about £1.50!

The crowd doesn't seem to mind though - maybe they're used to it. Nik, however, looks a bit uncomfortable from the beginning. Even though they've left all their elaborate ramps and video screens back in Britain, there's barely enough room for him and the Krew to fit on the tiny stage. Nevertheless they battle on - playing more-or-less the same set of songs as on the last British tour - all the British hits and a handful of album tracks. Much to their surprise, lots of the teenage girls seem to know all the songs - later some of them explain they've bought the British albums on import (about £7 each).

"I didn't enjoy it," scowls Nik backstage after a couple of encores, fending off congratulations and handshakes from appreciative American pop stars (well, a couple of members of Journey and someone from Jefferson Starship). (Who? Ed.) Apparently Nik's annoyed because he and the band made too many mistakes.

The fans waiting out the front afterwards disagree. "He's brilliant!" shouts one. "He's so cute. . . and I love the songs," screams another. "He's going to be huge over here." And she just could be right. . .

Chris Heath

Massive

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DAVID RODIGAN - May 1985

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LOCKNEY TRANSLATION
SMILEY CULTURE

ALLO TOSH
PATO

WALK & SKANK
JIM SCRECHIN

HERE I COME
BARKINGTON LEVY

PASS THE TU-SHENG-PENG
FRANKIE PAUL

BILLY JEAN/MAMA USED TO SAY
SHINE HEAD

Side Two

SHOULD I
MAXI PRIEST and Location

NEED YOUR LOVE
JSMILO

RUNNING AROUND
THE BLOLLI

JUST CAN'T GET YOU OUT OF MY MIND
K. J. BROWN

KEEP ON SCREAMING
GLENN RICKS

COTTAGE IN HEBRIL
TYRONE FAYLOW



DATES

Check locally before stoggin' out.
A Lisa Anthony Production

Merc Almond: London The Fridge (June 13/14)

Steve Arrington (extra date): London Hammersmith Odeon (July 13)

Foreigner (extra date): Edinburgh Playhouse (June 12)

Merrill: Dublin SFX (Sept 4,5), Belfast Maysfield Leisure Centre (6), London Hammersmith Odeon (11/12/13); Cardiff St David's Hall (15/16); Nottingham Theatre Royal (17); Sheffield City Hall (19), Newcastle City Hall (20), Edinburgh Playhouse (21); Aberdeen Capitol Theatre (22); Manchester Apollo (24); Birmingham Odeon (25); Leicester De Montfort Hall (25); Bristol Colston Hall (30), Southampton Gaumont (Oct 1).

Meet Loaf: Jersey The Port Regent (June 24), Guernsey Beau Sejour (25)

Robert Plant: Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (Sept 8), London Wembley Arena (10)

The Pogues: Aylesbury Maxwell Hall (June 7), Colchester Essex University (8); Norwich University of East Anglia (9), Nottingham Rock City (10), Birmingham Powerhouse (11), Manchester Hacienda (13); Leeds University (14), Glasgow Strathclyde University (15); Aberdeen Ritzy (16), Stirling University (17); Edinburgh Coasters (18), Glastonbury Festival (man) (21), St Austell Coliseum (22), Brighton Coasters (26).



Sisters Of Mercy: London Royal Albert Hall (June 18).

Sister Sledge: Turbridge Wells Assembly Hall (June 10); Middlesbrough Town Hall (12); Luton Pink Elephant (14); Nottingham Royal Centre (15); Oxford Apollo (16).

The Style Council (extra dates): London Brixton Academy (June 5), Glasgow Apollo (16).



STAR

TEASER

ALBUM PLAYERS

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

All the names below are hidden in the diagram. They could not be guessed, verified or diagnosed. Some may be dead. But remember that the clues are all true and the names are right. How well do you know your way they run?

- ALCHEMY
- ALF
- BEHIND THE SUN
- BE YOURSELF TONIGHT
- BORN IN THE USA
- CAN'T SLOW DOWN
- CHINESE WALL
- DIAMOND LIFE
- DREAM INTO ACTION
- ELIMINATOR
- FACE VALUE
- FANTASTIC
- FLAUNT THE IMPERFECTION
- GO WEST
- HEARTS OF FORTUNE
- HITS OUT OF HELL
- LEGEND
- LIKE A VIRGIN
- LOVE NOT MONEY
- MAKE IT BIG
- MOVE CLOSER
- MR BAD GUY
- NO JACKET REQUIRED
- NO PARLEY
- PRIVATE DANCER
- RECKLESS
- SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR
- SO WHERE ARE YOU
- STEPS IN TIME
- THE AGE OF CONSENT
- THE SECRET OF ASSOCIATION
- TROPIC

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movement.

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movement.

It has been years and
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Pop should be easily, brave
loveable, cross - and a bit soft
compassion with it should
meanly, mixed have a bit of a
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that single CD make me feel
good to be alive. To know that I
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eyes above the sea level and
think. And dare. To be
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concrete and those far away
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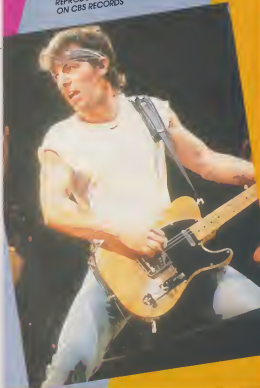
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN I'M ON FIRE

HET LITTLE GIRL IS YOUR DADDY HOME
DID HE GO AWAY AND LEAVE YOU ALL ALONE
I GOT A BAD DESIRE
OH I'M ON FIRE

TELL ME NOW BABY IS HE GOOD TO YOU
AND CAN HE DO TO YOU THE THINGS THAT I DO
OH I CAN TAKE YOU HIGHER
OH I'M ON FIRE

SOMETIMES IT'S LIKE SOMEONE TOOK A KNIFE
BABY EDGY AND DULL
AND CUT A SIX-INCH VALLEY
THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF MY SOUL
AT NIGHT I WAKE UP WITH THE SHEETS SOAKING WET
AND A FREIGHT TRAIN RUNNING
THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF MY HEAD
ONLY YOU CAN COOL MY DESIRE
OH I'M ON FIRE
OH I'M ON FIRE
OH I'M ON FIRE

WORDS AND MUSIC BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION ZOMBA MUSIC PUBS
ON CBS RECORDS



Where can you **Learn** how to do trigonometry, vectors, matrices and lots more squiggly mathematics? **Discover** loads of fascinating things about 18th Century literature? **Read** a 34-part guide to the secrets of the Oriental religions? **Teach** yourself how to grow cress on a soggy piece of blotting paper? Not in the next issue of Smash Hits, matey! We've just got loads of incredibly famous megastars as usual. Y'know —

S T I N G

sunning himself in Paris



Photo: Marc Pellegrini/REX

PAUL YOUNG

in glorious technicolour



STYLE COUNCIL

showing us round their favourite shop



Sorry about that but we just couldn't get all maths and stuff together in time

SMASH HITS

next issue out on

JUNE 19

Here's Sticker Token Number 6. All details about sending off for stickers are in your sticker album. Collect any 5 of these tokens and you can get 25p off your order. (By the way, you can only order a maximum of 15 stickers).

SMASH HITS STICKER COLLECTION
1 TOKEN

TOTP RINGS

Well here we are again, at the page that dishes the dirt, pokes its nose in where it's not wanted, and generally makes a nuisance of itself. Yes, it's time to muller. His holiness **Michael Jackson** is getting one million dollarstones, (as if he needed it), to promote a new brand of American sunglasses. He should give his million to that hard up sailor boy **Simon Le Bon**. Seems the poor lad has lost his million-pound sponsorship from Heineken on his yachting junk. No wonder he's sniffing round British Telecom and mega-industry ICI for the required sponcos. Still, it doesn't seem to have put a fright on the rest of **Duran's** spending activities. 'er lads are spending no less than £375,000 in a new record company called Stylus (good name that... yawn). Putting up the rest of the £1.5

million are insurance company Prudential and the National Coal Board.

Money, Money, Money. **Eton John** who's not short of a few bob at the best of times, has just given his new singing partner **Millie Jackson** a £10,000 Cartier diamond ring. Why? For just being there, right. **Holly Johnson**, meanwhile, was seen buying £1,000 worth of leather handbags with his gold American Express card while on holiday in Ibiza. Come on Holly, only a £1,000? You can do better than that. His Royal Sponkness **Andrew Ridgeley**, apart from sporting another – and rather severe – haircut, got into trouble at the FA cup final. Seems he turned up with a forged ticket – (for which he paid £27,500). He got it, he claims, "from a friend of a friend of a friend of a friend that was! The seat on the

ticket didn't actually exist and the heartbroken **Ridgeley** had to watch the game perched on the cold concrete floor. Hee hee, Man United, won though, so it wasn't a complete tragedy. Talking of which, did you see **Steve Wright's** suit on *Top Of The Pops* a couple of weeks back? Does the man know no shame...? Talking of which, **Boy George** has been showing off again. This time he's been hob-nobbing with "the two greatest singers in the world", **Patti Labelle** and **Luther Vandross**, both of whom he claims to be doing duets with... His drums in Culture Club have been at it as well. **Roy May** has been commissioned to write a song for **Rod Stewart**. He might also do some work with **George Benson** and **Smiley Robinson**. **Jon Moss**, in the meantime, has been having prospective talks with **Sir Michael Jagger** about work on the new 'Stones' waxing job!

Mossie's also managing and producing a new band called **Wow Yeh Yeh**. Whatever happened to sensible names like, er, Strawberry Alarm Clock or, er, the Incredible String Band? Pop stars today, eh? **Stewart Copeland** of The Police is working on the soundtrack for an upcoming US TV cartoon version of *Star Wars*. Like, hey wow!... Four American persons are currently working on something much wendier – a rock 'n' roll atlas they, rock 'n' roll, it's a bitch, etc.] It's taken them five years to put together and they've built up a list of over 200 names. There's Sheena Easler Island, Boy George, Bai Jee, Bolivia Newton John, How about Go West Germany? Or Whismack? Howard Johannesburg? Or then again, maybe not.

Sting was shocked to hear that in the upcoming series of *Spitting Image* he, or rather his foam effigy, was to appear in a tongue sarthe situation with **Margaret Thatcher**. **Sting**, naturally,



Maggots! Disgusting things aren't they? And to think they started out in life as lovely little bluebottles? God works in mysterious ways – just look at the state of **Phil Lynott** and **Gary Moore**. Oh yes, to get back to the port-maggots. When **Sir Michael Jagger** was filming his latest vid for the "She's The Boss" LP he underwent one scene where he ate a plate of the little monsters. Ugh! Makes a change from cheese toadies, s'pose. It's all part of a concept, no doubt, and the word goes that **Jaggie** spat them out after the shot was finished. We should ruddy well hope so...



Pete Burns has been at it again, making himself more beautiful by having his second nose job this year. The first was executed this February, just before his TOTP appearance for "You Spin Me Round (Like A Record)". The second for his appearance at Montreux. "If I could", he pouted, "I'd have something done to my face every day." Why stop at your face, dearie!...

was horrified. Apart from the physical considerations, and the fact that they're both married men, sorry, man and woman, he didn't particularly want to be associated with the person who loved and made a mint out of the Band Aid record. "People will remember that and I'll lose them a lot of votes! I certainly wouldn't vote for her." Right on. On 21 May **Paul Weller** went to the House of Commons to meet party boss Neil Kinnock. David Spivey and various other *Spitting Image* victims in aid of International Youth Year, Weller, being a bit of a 'yout' and 'yout in touch wiv 'er kids on 'er street' as co-president of the Youth Year and he got the leaders of the other parties to sign a declaration on youth issues which will be presented to the government. Double hit on **Bucks Fizz** have been sponsored for a million pounds by Sharp.

Electronics... Apart from doing a version of **Cyndi Lauper's** "Time After Time" on his new LP, legendary trumpeter **Miles Davis** has roared **Sting** in to sing on the little track, "You're Under Arrest". **Sting's** baby does a ractation, in French (the show off), of the troggy poloz caution for when you get arrested. Well, that should come in handy... And last but not least we have, gaaa, another **Pete Burns** mutt... While shopping in Abuzo, Sicily (the was in town for the local pop festival) he got mobbed. Just at the point when it was getting a bit out of hand a 15 stone local stopped in, swept him off his feet and charged out of the shop into the wedding car. The man, **Drazo Giancorno**, an ex-heavyweight boxing champ, was offered a job as a mirror on the spot – and he took it. And they lived happily ever after! Bye!

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UNDER 15

15-17

18-24

25-34

OVER 34

Please allow 28 days for delivery.
Offer open only while stocks last.

Closing date for receipt of application is:

13th JULY 1985



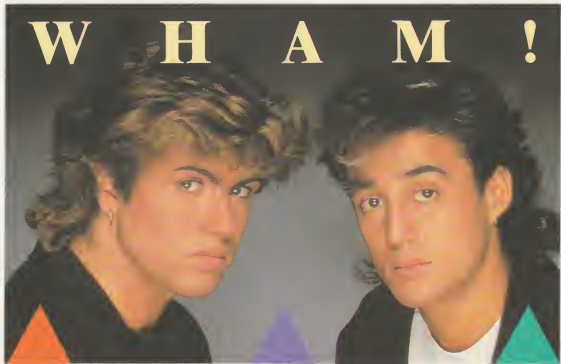
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