

# Smash HITS



**BOY GEORGE  
TALKS HIMSELF SILLY**

**GO WEST ● MADONNA ● THOMPSON TWINS**

**THE CURE ● ADAM ANT ● NIK KERSHAW**



5 STAR  
SMASH HITS

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# MADONNA

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# bitz

**P**ew, Bitz is well choked, frankly. American mega-rock "band" **Ven Heien** are rumored to be spitting up. "I don't know whether it's true or not," claimed someone at their record company whose job it is to deny these things. "They never return my phone calls."

**Newsflash!** David Lee Roth's father, Dr Nathan Roth, has been held up at gunpoint in his California surgery! Masked raiders left empty-handed after holding him hostage for two hours.



111 (over)

**S**he's back! Back! With a record that "captures the vitality of youth, the spirit of summer and looks to the future rather than dwelling on the past" (That's her story, anyway.) Who are we talking about? Tracie, of course. Nowadays she calls herself **Tracie Young**, is still on Respond and her new single is a cover of a '70s soul thing called "I Can't Leave You Alone". The flip is a Paul Weller-Tracie Young number called "19" about n-n-n-nineteen Animal Rights campaigners who are being prosecuted in Winchester for raising laboratories where experiments on animals were being carried out. She's back and she's angry!



## TINA TURNER VIDEO

**F**resh from wowing the world in Philadelphia with her stunning recreation of Bucks Fizz's Eurovision antics (i.e. having her skirt whisked off on stage mid-number), **Tina Turner** is set to assault the universe once more with her role in *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*. In the third of the Australian road warrior lunatic films, Tina stars

## THE SMITHS: COVER STORY

**Y**ou can't judge a record by looking at the cover" is one of the stupidest and most useless adages ever to pop out of the dustbins of rock's lost pavement. Of course you can judge a record by its cover. If it has a moody photo of a lot of blokes sucking their cheeks in, you know the record will be awful; and if it's got a weird graphic design with lots of wiggly lines, you know the record will be awful. Simple as that. The only exception to this rule is records by The Smiths which have ell come in sleeves featuring mysterious human beings in odd situations. But what do the strange faces on Smiths covers signify? Only one man has all the answers and his name is, nature/element, Morrissey... (end don't worry if you can't understand what on earth he's going on about. Neither, quite frankly, can we...)



**"HAND IN GLOVE"** Large nude man with big bum. Some people thought the picture was actually of Morrissey, but experts reckoned otherwise. Morrissey "stiffly" marched from the euthusnic pages of Margaret Walters' *bi*tical *The Nude Male*, here is a body so lined chiroled that the model could only have ul of a poet.



**"THIS CHARMING MAN"** "Cover Star" is actor Jean Marais and the pill is taken from the slightly pony French film *Orpheus*, directed by very hip cult actor Jean Cocteau. Morrissey "Here Jean Marais appears as 'self-lover'. Of course, self-lovers are the only genuine people on this particular planet. Self-adoration should be a compulsory inclusion on all educational curriculum."



**"WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?"** "Cover Star" is rather fat, moody actor Terence Stamp as a still taken from the film *The Collector*. Bit word this one as Tel, as his friends call him, don't like that particular picture of

The Smiths



**Q**uestion: What have these two "scantily-clad" girls got in common?

Answer: they both used to go out

with **Andrew Ridgeley**.  
Question: Who's the bloke, then?

Answer: **Geoff Deane**, former lead singer of Modern Romance and this is his new heat combo. **Geoff Deane & The Tropical Fish**. The girls are Elisha Scott (left) and Jackie St. Clare and they do a bit of modelling on the side. The disc, "Holiday - In" is well in the rowdy tradition of "Ay Ay Ay" and should be setting holiday resorts alight all around the world this summer. Crokey!

**H**ello pop pais! Remember me? Yes, it's your old mate Ian "mmm kinda dreamy" Birch, here. (Kinds sergeant major, if I remember correctly - Ed.) Just dropped in to tell you some jolly interesting news regarding moi and my whizzo new radio prog, "Scaled Sounds Of The Seventies" and you can "catch" it on Sundays on the BBC World Service at 1.30 in the morning (sorry it's a bit late and all that, but it's repeated three times each week). Anyway, on each show I'll be chatting to pop folk like B. Ferry and Toyah and we'll be spinning some "musical memories" from rock's lost decade. Super, eh? So don't forget, miss peeps lovehearts, whatever you do...



## TO BE WON

opposite **Mel Gibson** pictured together way over there on the right and plays Entity, the leader of a tribe of mohawk renegades "clad in Atomic chic", whatever that is. Trouble is, the film isn't actually coming out just yet, so for those of you who are craving to see Ms. Turner strutting her "stuff" right now, Eitz has loan copes of her rather brilliant new video, **Tina Live**

**Private Dancer Tour**, to give away. Recorded live in Birmingham, the "vid" has 13 scintillating "cuts" - including "What's Love Got To Do With It", "I Can't Stand The Rain" and "Private Dancer" - and features guest appearances from **Ryan Adams** and **David Bowie**. Whew!

To be in with a chance of winning one of these almost fabulous-to-imagino videos, just answer this wee question:

What was the name of Ike And Tina Turner's backing vocalists? Was it a) Tony Orlando and Dawn b) Bananarama c) Amatuza d) The Ikettes e) The Man Who Suddenly Fell Over?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits Tina Turner Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 4PF. Get them here by August 13, and state whether VHS or Beta is required.



himself and asked for the sleeve to be deleted, as it duly was. Instead it was replaced by a shot of Morrissey, posing with coon-intruding glass of milk - just like Terry before him. Morrissey "invented and helidly repressed, this picture suggests the mad extantism which stems from repressant. Naturally I speak from experience."



**"THE SMITHS" LP** This is moody old underground actor Joe Nicholson in Andy Warhol's mad-numbly bonny and "amy" (i.e. crazy) look. Posh (covered) by Paul Morrissey - no relation - in 1968). Morrissey "Here is clever Joe Nicholson very busy at a spot of... well, never you mind, just get on with your algebra."



**"HAND IN GLOVE"** (Glenne Shew) Rita Tushingham starring

as Jo in the 1991 film **A Taste Of Honey**. Morrissey "Jo's head, classically beef, hides the shame of poverty and self-loike. "Hand in glove" The good people laugh. Yes, we may be hidden by "rags" But we have something they I never have."



**"HEAVEN KNOWS I'M MISERABLE NOW"** Viv Nicholson the woman who won a fortune on the pools in the mid 60s and proceeded to fritter the money away in a matter of years. Morrissey "Here is world celebrity Viv Nicholson returning to the dreary marsh of her pre-hom home. Many chapters of Viv's life are more lapidary than anything that ever happened in world history."



**"WILLIAM, IT WAS REALLY NOTHING"** This anonymous lumber sitting on a bed with a

disconnected loudspeaker looks well fed-up. Morrissey "Gruftied with pain, this keen musicologist cannot bear to listen to happy songs. Why? Because he doesn't understand them."



**"HATFUL OF HOLLOW"** LP Another moody & anonymous young man. Morrissey "Our Hatful Of hollow friend typifies the tattooed slut. The word 'slut is mysteriously always associated with girls, but boys can be sluts too. The settee here is picturesquely out of focus."



**"HOW SOON IS NOW"** Rather out-of-focus chap in a woolly polo-neck jumper. Morrissey "This pictures a soldier busy in prayer. The rule observer might assume otherwise. People have such BHLY minds these days, I must say."

## THE SMITHS



**"MEAT IS MURDER" LP** An unnamed US soldier in Vietnam taken from Emilio Antonio's 1969 book *The Year Of The Pig*. Morrissey "Let shame be the punishment of those who still roll animals for food. People who still meat have no right to expect this world to be harmonious and peaceful. To eat meat is to condone violence and murder."



**"SHAKESPEARE'S SISTER"** Pat Phoenix (who used to play Elsie Tanner in *Coronation Street*). Morrissey "Pat Phoenix embodies the personalised personification of Statuesque perfection. She is not, I might add, directly related to Shakespeare in this shot. Pat, as goddess Elsie Tanner, gazes poetically towards a moorly Weatherfield skyline and notes 'Bill! I ain't no furly like a woman's cunt...'"



**"THAT JOKE ISN'T FUNNY ANYMORE"** An unnamed lot glowers menacingly at the camera. Morrissey "If ever a human face portrayed such stunted stantlessness - apart from my own - I would surely be this child's. The eyes are encircled with furt and premature weariness, making the poor banished children of Eve seem like snailly smilelines in comparison."



But & Morrissey thinks he's getting away with not having his gonious visage on the front of moorid sleeves as stinky as that, he's got another ink covering.

There's my Smith's faces you never wanted to hear. Throw them away. Morrissey on the lip! "say **Pink Industry** on their sport 'waking 'What I Wouldn't Give' Can't say better than that now, can you?"

It's arrived! The book which answers all those questions about the

**Thompson Twins** you've never dared to ask! Like, for instance what sort of

underpants does Tom Bailey wear and why?

Mr. Bailey: "For quite some time now, I've been wearing boxer shorts except for gigs when they are no good."

What *Bitz* wants to know is why are boxer shorts no good at gigs? Why? This, however, is one of the few omissions in *The Thompson Twins - An Odd Couple* by Rose Rouse, published by Virgin Books at the quite expensive price of £5.95. It's the "official" biography of the Twins and, as is often the way with these books, we've got ten to give away. Yippe!

A question. How many members did the (almost) original Thompson Twins have? a) Two b) Thirteen c) Seven d) N-n-nineteen?

Answers on postcards or backs of envelopes to: **Smash Hits Thompson Twins Competition**, 55-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. The deadline is August 13. Super.

## AMAZULU IN NICE BITZ INTERVIEW SHOCK!

sn't *Bitz* horrible sometimes? There's all these pop stars popping into the *Bitz* office for a chat and a digestive bicy and what do they get, eh? Some snidey little *Bit* asking horrid questions, that's what. Take this for example; so what, exactly, is interesting about your group **Amazulu**? I mean, what are you supposed to say? So, in a rare moment of guilt and prevailing generosity, *Bitz* has decided to be nice just for a change. So here goes:

Hello, you're in Amazulu, can you tell me something interesting about them? "Well, I suppose it would be our backgrounds." smiles singer Anne-Marie. "Like my parents are from China and Jamaica, Sharon (the percussionist) is from Belize in South America, Leslie (the saxophonist) is from Liverpool, Clare (the bass-player) is from Brazil, Nardo (the only one who's not a girl and the drummer) is from St. Lucia and Margo (the guitarist) was born in South

Africa and has Russian/Jewish parents. Freaky deaky eh?" Not 'all! Annie-Marie reckons this all makes for a bit of a "melting pot, all the influences blending into a lovely kind of fusion reggae. It's just an Amazulu kind of sound."

Formed three years ago, they've played about a zillion times ("300, actually") and they're always doing loads of benefit concerts, including one where they supported **David Bowie** in Brixton last year. And now they've even got a hit single "Excitable".

The name Amazulu, she explains, represents lots of things - "women in the amazon rain forests, a strong African queen" - but basically refers to the idea of "strong women". And *Bitz* isn't going to go on about what it's like to be in a band with lots of girls, because it's all a bit boring and sexist. "We are feminists and we are political and if we feel strongly about something we'll put it in a song, but we're just fed up of the idea of ramming it down people's throats, really."

## THE ALTERNATIVE TOP OF THE POPS

**T**he Alternative Top of the Pops is night at The Channel 4 Club, featuring 10 groups (no-one is main) about yet. **Chase**, **Curiosity Killed This Cat**, **Expresso 7**, **The Chicks**, **Raked** - they were all there, **minus** or playing over their new singles (see **scribble** column for Channel 4 (no-one seems to know when it's what it'll be shown) here lots of "it"

remembering **Adam Ant** (and, **Tommy Vance** (and, or, someone who used to be in **Blue Rondo à la Turk**, and anyone, lots of presenters. And in the crowd there were very famous types like **George Michael**, **Boy George** and people who always hang around London clubs and look as though they must be famous but don't actually do anything. I'm really lucky, a bit scrappy, and all in all it made for a fab night.



**Chase** (left) and **Curiosity Killed This Cat** (right) performing on stage.

**Expresso 7** performing on stage.

**The Chicks** performing on stage.

**Hunky "Miami" Steve Rapport** spent literally hours taking brilliant photos at the Live Aid thing the other week, processed them dead quickly for us and then someone forgot to credit him. Also **Bill** at **Scan 4** who worked all night preparing them. **Sorry, sorry, sorry . . .**

## FAN CLUBS

**Adam Ant**  
PO Box 24Y,  
London W1A 2AY

**Thompson Twins**  
Teslat, PO Box 402,  
London SW10 9AW

**The Amoury Show**  
c/o Geoff Picken  
1RSS, PO Box 107A,  
London NE1 5RU

**T**he telly. What a fine invention. Great place to keep your cards on when it's your birthday. Great place to keep your goldfish in when it breaks down. (This is not strictly true - A Vef). You may think things have gone a bit quiet on the TV front during the summer season. But never fear. Normal service will be resumed, as they say, in jig time.

On August 15, Channel 4 are showing a **Tube Summer Special** from 8pm until one in the morning (stars so far confirmed include **Kid Creole**, **Dire Straits** and - swoon - we don't know who acknowledge they're bound to be ruddy famous. The Tube proper returns on October 11. **Saturday Superstore** is back on September 28. **Whistle Test** returns around the same time as does **Max Headroom**. Phew, thank goodness for that, etc. And for all you "humour" devotees, the age-old question "Whatever happened to Tracey Ullman?" will be answered by ITV in the autumn when a "comedy" prog, titled **Girls On Top** flops onto your telly screens. Wow! Keep 'em peeled, as **Shaw Taylor** might say . . .



**Bryan Ferry**, he of the malfunctioning microphone at Live Aid (snigger), has released another single from his "Boys And Girls" LP. It's called "Don't Stop The Dance".

## WIN A NIGHT IN WITH AN ATTRACTIVE MODEL

Fig. 1



**H**ello readers! Welcome to Craft Corner. This week we're going to build a super **ZZ Top** Eliminator motor car (as seen on TV) in which to groove merrily down the rock'n'roll hard shoulder. All you need to build your model is lots of bits of plastic (Fig. 1)

Fig. 2



Now stick them all together with a few dabs of glue and – hey presto! – you have a fully functioning automobile – just like the real thing (Fig. 2). Oh dear. Not very good is it? Never mind. Fig. 3 (which we prepared earlier) shows you how it should be done. And if you really fancy having a go yourself, we have ten of these ZZ Top Eliminator model kits to give away plus ten copies

of the ZZ Top "Summer Holiday" EP (which includes "Beer Drinkers & Hell Raisers" and "Get Me Under Pressure" plus ten copies of the ZZ Top "Summer Holiday" cassette – which is exactly the same as the ZZ Top "Summer Holiday" EP!!!

Pretty sizzling swag, eh? And all you have to do to stand a chance of winning one model car kit, one EP and one cassette is answer this question:

Where do ZZ Top "hail" from? Is it a) Denver, Colorado, b) Houston, Texas or c) Riomford, Essex?

Answers on postcards or backs of envelopes to **Smash Hits ZZ Top Little Plastic Motor Car Kit And Other Things Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. Get them here by August 13. Wroom wroom!!

Fig. 3



## HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO...

**Pete Dinklage** of Echo And The Bunnymen (24) on August 2  
**Kirk Brandon** of Spear Of Destiny (29) on August 3

**Pete Burns** (pictured below) of Dead Or Alive (26) on August 5  
**The Edge** of U2 (24) on August 8  
**Mark Knopfler** of Dire Straits (30) on August 12



**Roy Hay** of Culture Club (24) on August 12  
**Feargal Sharkey** (27) on August 13

**W**ondering why **Frankie Goes To Hollywood** weren't available to perform at Live Aid? Well, according to received intelligence reports, our lads have been rather busy working on a new "outrageous and completely shocking image". And here is the pictorial evidence. Pled and a suitably "bevvied" Nash seem to look pretty normal, but the rest of 'em... cripes! And is that really Trevor Horn in the specs? 'Spouse it must be. (Thanks to Katrina Murray for the pic.)



**A**h! Caught 'em! Two of the most celebrated persons in rock's giddy firmament – **Sir Michael** Jagger and **Baron David Bowie** – in a "compromising situation". Alkchewly, it's just them being made up for their Live Aid video, "Dancing In The Street", but you can't be too sure these days, can you?





# A D A M

## "NOBODY OUT THERE SCARES ME"

**Adam Ant used to have loads of hit records. A few years ago he seemed to be in every single issue of Smash Hits, and he was never off the telly. But then, he says, things got a bit much. "Everyone was sick of the sight of me." So he disappeared to America. But now he's back and he wants to go through the whole thing all over again. . .**

**V**ive Le Rock's just putting down the gauntlet again

because nobody out there scares me," boasts Adam Ant proudly. "Nobody out there scares me at all." Adam's completely oblivious to the stares from the other tables in the posh Hampstead restaurant, as he stirs his iced coffee and carries on proclaiming loudly how badly he wants people to take notice of Adam Ant again.

"Music is very competitive: it's like prize-fighting. The charts are just a race where you see how you're working compared with everyone else."

So even if he gets a record to number 8 in the charts, he feels

like he's being defeated by the seven records above him? "I think I do," he agrees, "I think you have to. I think you have to go to the top spot. If anyone brings out a film they want an Oscar — but for me, if they're telling the truth. For me number one is... it."

Adam should know what he's talking about. In 1980 and 1981 when he unveiled first Antmusic and then his Prince Charming look, his band, Adam And The Ants, hardly ever left the number one spot. He's had the odd hit since, but nothing approaching the hysteria of that time. Obviously he's still hungry for success but does he believe that all that Antmania could happen again?

"I doubt it," he answers frankly. "The British public cannot discover Adam Ant again. They know about me, they know what colour toothpaste I like, they know what sort of trousers I like to wear, they know what kind of girls I like to see."

And what kind of girls might they be?

"I made a rule two years ago that if I went out with someone I wasn't going to talk about my business at all. I'd talk about the grass, talk about the coffee, talk about their skirt, talk about their underwear — anything but my career."

And did it work? He smiles with resignation.

"No."  
After releasing "Apollo G" last autumn Adam took a break from music while he took the lead role in a Manchester production of the play, *Entertaining Mr Sloane*.

"I did the play totally as an actor," he insists, "and I was treated totally as an actor. The only things I took from the music business into the play were leather trousers and the will to survive."

And now he's back, trying to engineer a return to the charts. "There was a T-shirt with 'Vive Le Rock' on which we all picked up on years ago — they used to have them in Sex (Malcolm McLaren's bizarre clothes shop where the Sex Pistols met). I like the spirit of it. It's something 'up', something a bit 'let's go', 'let's do something'. The lyric's almost a manifesto."

He sees his new music as a refreshing change from all other music at the moment. "What you have now is a backbeat which is Donne Summer circa '11 Feel Love", with that very impressive, very accomplished Trevor Horn sound. "Vive Le Rock's" deliberately going against the grain. There's a challenge to it — you're scratching records you won't be scratching mine — don't give me that chish chash in nink drink time."

"Relax" is a great record and "I Feel Love" is a great record," he complains, "but when it becomes 'I love you you love me let's all go to the lavatory' and you can get away with it."

Like who? "I think Nick Heyward and people like that don't produce the kind of records that I'd like to take with me on a desert island. Well," he says, reconsidering, "I might want to make a fruitbowl out of them."

**Words** Chris Heath **Colour picture** Sheila Rock



1. "This is me fighting off a severe case of bad skin. It was done in a flat I was staying in at about 1977 — I hadn't discovered contact lenses at the time — it was my first interview ever I think."



2. "This is the full 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier' look — that's probably the best I ever was. It's a combination of noble savage and noble warrior I read about tribes and learnt the symbolism — the leathers, the line across the nose. This is a war line. I was declaring war on the music business — you've laughed at us long enough, this is it!"



3. "That's me with conjunctivitis in my right eye — the German tour 1981. I think I got a terrible infection because of my lenses."



4. "This is the best tour of America — was it 1981? The branding in my hair is taken from old Bluebeard or Blackbeard — he used to braid his hair up with tapers so that when he came up over the side of the ship he looked like the devil himself. The nips are a prize thing too."



5. "Then I'll get more exaggerated. This is the prince Prince Charming look. The jacket is very Napoleonic, very French revolutionary, cut with the square shoulders and lapelless on the front along with the high rollers. And there's the hair with extensions, beards and platts. It'll get a little bit too precious, a little bit too feminine and I'll get a bark in it halfway through."



6. "Already here I've got much tougher — I looked great in this suit of armour in the 'Ant Rap' video — very Hollywood. The armour's from the film *Excalibur* and though I felt stiff and uncomfortable it did look good."



7. "This is the 'Slip' suit! After dressing up I decide to see what it's like taking it all off. So I do a tour which involved me going on looking like some kind of Christian. Iee and coming off with a pair of cacks on. There was also a big pompas tank of water I went into — I had the idea of water and electrolyte, that I could have died every night."



# N T TALL"

The only things he does like are Jessie Rae ("he's got a good brain"), Spear Of Destiny ("Kirk Brandon's got lots of natural chamsme"), The Cult ("a real punk band"), "the goezer with the moustache, Peul," from Frankie and Boy George ("the last big star we've had"). And, of course, Adam Art himself. "I don't think I've made my best record yet," he says confidently.

"The only thing that can defeat me is if I lose the lust to do it, if I ever lose the love of doing it, if I can ever look at a picture of the people who made me want to be a singer and not feel envious, not feel that I've never scratched the surface of some of the brilliance they've done—that'd be the time to give up. But still I see pictures of Gene Vincent or Sid Vicious or the early Sex Pistols, Morrison, T Rex, early Bowie, Alice Cooper or early Roxy Music and feel it. . . the thought that, in 20 years time, somebody will look at a film of Adam Art and feel the same as I do about those, that's the best driving force of all.

"You know," he says, clearing aside his empty glass and leaning over the table. "I had my tarot done in Italy in 1977 by a woman who couldn't speak a word of English. And her son translated it to me and said 'you're going to get there but you're going to have to fight for everything you ever get.' He gets up to go off to rehearse, looking as determined as he has for the last seven years. "And," he says, thinking back over his past successes and failures, "it's true."




8. "This was for 'Apollo 9', I went to America and saw the film called *The Right Stuff* which really impressed me, not as science fiction but as science fact. I suppose the stuff is a bit bondage—and make-up is to look like I've been beaten up and there's blood running down. The idea was that I'd had a big fight but I was ready to take another one."



HEY GROOVY CHICKS,  
HOW'S ABOUT A DATE?



A vintage advertisement for Wrangler clothing. Two women are shown from the waist up. The woman on the left is wearing a white short-sleeved shirt with a red and yellow geometric pattern on the chest and bright pink trousers. The woman on the right is wearing a white t-shirt covered in colorful, handwritten-style text and bright blue wide-leg trousers. A speech bubble points to the woman in blue with the text 'O.K., ABOUT 1972'. At the bottom right, there is a white banner with the Wrangler logo and the slogan 'Wrangler THAT'S WHAT'S GOING ON'. The background is a textured, light-colored surface.

O.K., ABOUT 1972

 **Wrangler**   
THAT'S WHAT'S GOING ON

Photo: Steve Rappart

this man is per



# perfectly normal

Robert Smith reckons there's *nothing* weird about The Cure taking a sheep on tour with them. He doesn't think it's odd that they once pretended to be domestic appliances either but how about making a video with lots of socks in it? "It all just seems very normal to me," he tells Chris Heath.

Oh dear. It's about 2 pm and Robert Smith is supposed to have been here ages ago. "He's always late — for everything," apologises the woman at his record company. Suddenly the door opens and in falls Robert, a naughty smile on his face. His hair is as usual, all over the place and he's wearing a



▲ "I've got an iron. I've never used it. My clothes just dry crinkled."

crumpled top, crumpled trousers and scuffed training shoes. "I don't have much time to be domestic," he explains in his low murmur. "I've got an iron." So? "I've never used it. My clothes dry like this, they just dry crinkled. Anyway," he continues, looking a bit hurt, "I dressed up for this interview. Yesterday I was wearing cut-off shorts and a Greenpeace t-shirt — very nouveau hippie."

So where has Robert been all morning? Shopping? Playing golf? Cutting the lawn?

"I just got up," he grins. "Just got up? Does he usually get up in the afternoon?"

"Depends what time I get to bed. Last night it was half past four, I never got to bed before three. But sometimes I do get up by 12. Were I left to my own devices," he adds, "I wouldn't get up at all. At least not until it got dark again."

So what's the first thing he does when he emerges from under the covers at the crack of noon? "I wash my face with cold water," he mutters, "and then I go and sit down with a cup of coffee and try to remember what I was dreaming about. I used to write them down — these days I usually discuss their more sordid aspects with Mary [his girlfriend for the last ten years]."

Hmmmmmm. I don't suppose he can remember what he dreamt about last night, can he? "A sandmonster." Oh yes... of course. "He was very nice at first. He was working at the beach... and then?" Then he had an axe because he was chopping wood and he was chasing people but in a sort of sandmonsterly way. "Bit scary, eh? Oh, I knew there was no risk."



▲ "There's no reference to socks in any song we've done ever."

Bit weird, all this, isn't it? What about Mary? "She was an Olympic runner," explains Robert, trying to contain a snigger. "And she had pearl bracelets on end, as she was running, the pearl bracelets burst and the pearls embedded themselves behind her eyes. And then she was trying to pop them out and someone was helping her and said 'that's it, they're all gone' but she could still feel them behind her eyes, even when she woke up. When I left her she was still convinced she had pearls embedded in the back of her eyes."

Where he's left her is in his new London home — a basement flat decorated "white all over" containing



▲ "Would I like to hang out with George Michael? I'd love to hang George Michael."

nothing but basic furniture, a TV, video and stereo, a figurehead someone made in a mental hospital and a black brass 3-faced Buddha which he bought in Hong Kong. Outside, there's a communal garden "shared by about 600 people — it's like sitting on a football pitch." Which is why Robert's looking for somewhere else with his own garden — he misses the joys of cultivation he learnt to enjoy back at his original home in Crawley.

"I still try to get back there when I can — I've still got my own room and bed and toothbrush there. It's really somewhere to escape to — it's impossible for people to get hold of me there if I don't answer the phone because they're not going to travel 35 miles, are they?"

And Robert is the sort of bloke who needs to get away from it all every now and again. Like last year when "I got ratty with everyone because I was just tired all the time." Mainly because he was not only keeping the Cure on the ball but also playing guitar in Slouctse and the Banshaes. Na's better now, and not just because he's lessened his workload by parting with the Banshaes.

"I think I've come through my mid-life crisis. It was the same as anybody's — about



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growing up. The worst part was getting close to 25 because I'd always convinced myself that I'd be dead by then, by somebody else's hand it not my own. It was a romantic idea but had it for so long that it became truth. I even had the date and everything — February 14 last year. I used to have this recurring dream that I was falling through a window and I could feel all the glass going into me."

"So what happened on that terrifying day?"

"I don't remember. It was only when I got into bed that night that I thought 'bastards! It didn't come true'. I was quite disappointed in a way." Still, he does grudgingly



▲ Does it bother Robert Smith that Howard Jones is better at water-skiing? "Not really. He can't do anything else, can he?"

admit that he's had "quite a lot of fun since". As well as a few miserable moments like his water-skiing holiday in the Lake District last year. "Was I good? No," he sulks. "It wasn't even good fun. It just got to the point where I was determined to do it. It was either me or the water. I got cut to pieces — I didn't realise how violent it was. When you actually hit the water at 40mph it's a rather horrific experience. My nose was bleeding and my legs were gashed all down the side. But I thought I'll keep going until I can stay upright for a minute" — as soon as I could do that I stopped."

It all sounds a bit of an ordeal. Nothing at all, in fact, like the pleasant, easy-to-grasp recreational sport Howard Jones described it as in *Smash Hits* recently. Does it bother Robert that Howard's got the edge on him in the water-skiing stakes?

"Not really," he replies, grinning a little maliciously. "He can't do anything else, can he?"

After this holiday Robert took the Cure on a world tour, though he has a bit of trouble remembering where ("Did we go to New Zealand? I think so.") Upon his return

he did what he always does — "got in the bath with a cup of Earl Grey tea and a piece of cheese on toast" — and then, after a bit of a rest, set about making some more music. The first result is the rather brilliant new single, "In Between Days" — "a very ordinary boy/girl, go-away-and-come-back song" that has got a rather strange video. "The basic video's really good," says Robert. "But now it's got socks on it. Tim Pope (the director) warned me he was going to put socks on it but I thought they'd be rather more... abstract-looking socks. But they just look like... socks. There is no good reason for it." He thinks carefully, hand on chin, for a moment. "There's no reference to socks in any song we've done ever."

"In Between Days" comes from their new LP which has "a flamenco song, a Japanese kyoto song and a disco song" and which is called "Head On The Door". By now it won't be a surprise to learn that it comes from yet another dream (maybe all that sleeping does some good after all).

"It was when I was little, he remembers. "Before I was going to get ill with measles or chickenpox I always used to see this horrible grinning man who'd appear on top of the bedroom door and laugh. It was like at both ends of a telescope at the same time — really near but when I tried to push it off it'd be really far away. The last time I had it was when I was 15 and ill with glandular fever. Until, for some reason, a couple of months ago I had a dream about it again and woke up sweating. I thought I was

going to be really ill, but I wasn't."

Odder and odder. But what's all this got to do with the new LP? "I just thought, he explains, "that's a pretty obscure sort of title for a record."

As you've probably gathered, Robert Smith isn't a very normal run-of-the-mill popstar. He shops in Safeway ("no-one recognises me — I don't think Cure fans go to Safeway"), doesn't spend hours having a bevvy with other pop stars ("Would I like to hang out with George Michael? I'd love to hang George Michael"), doesn't batavia in mornings, used to take an adopted sheep on tour with him ("I left it behind in my hotel room once. When we went back they had it behind reception and were trying to feed it grass") and recently recorded an EP of Frank Sinatra songs which he now won't release. But he is very friendly, nice and extremely funny. What strikes you, though, is that he doesn't really believe that other people think the things he does are weird. Like the time he told a magazine about the way he spends his time play-acting little scenes out with Mary at home.

"I don't think it was odd at all," he says, obviously a bit bemused. "Most of the people I know do things like that. Everybody's got really dark secrets. I just go a bit weird sometimes. But he sighs with puzzlement, "It all just seems very normal to me."

## the cure in between days



YESTERDAY I GOT SO OLD I FEEL THE I DOUBT BE  
YESTERDAY I GOT SO OLD IT MADE ME WANT TO CRY  
GO ON GO ON JUST WALK AWAY  
GO ON GO ON YOUR CHOICES IS MINE  
GO ON GO ON AND DISAPPEAR  
GO ON GO ON AWAY FROM HERE

CHORUS

AND I KNOW I WAS WRONG WHEN I SAID IT WAS TRUE  
THAT IT WOULDN'T BE ME AND SHE'D BE  
IN BETWEEN WITHOUT YOU WITHOUT YOU

YESTERDAY I GOT SO SCARED I SWEPTED LIKE A CHIMP  
YESTERDAY AWAY FROM YOU IF PROSE ME DEEP INSIDE  
COME BACK COME BACK DON'T WALK AWAY  
COME BACK COME BACK COME BACK TODAY  
COME BACK COME BACK WHY CAN'T YOU  
COME BACK COME BACK COME BACK COME BACK TO ME

BRIDGE

WITHOUT YOU IN HOW YOU

VERSE 2 CHORUS

PRODUCED AND MIXED BY ROBERT SMITH  
RECORDED BY PERMACON AND MUSIC  
OUR RECORDS



# THE SMASH HITS "IT'S A SWIZZ" •

# QUIZ

## QUESTION 1

The following five wonky phrases are, in actual point of fact, pop stars or group names all jumbled up. (I.e. anagrams). Who are they?

- Bull ate pandas
- She rears bald mice.
- Bogey gore
- Soup
- Recent grubs snipe

## QUESTION 2

The following five wonky phrases are, in actual point of fact, misquoted song lyrics. What should they be?

- Live is Me/Come on stand up and try not to fall over
- I bit off more than I can chew/(And) all my teeth fell out)

- Hey little girl is your daddy home/Oh bother, he is. Well, I'll be off then ...
- The residential Black Sea band/They rose up out of a Tesco's supermarket trolley ...
- To drinch your skin with lovers' rosy stam/A chance to find a phoenix for the fame ...

## QUESTION 3

Here are five rather dodgy facts about pop stars. But are any of them true?

- Roland Orzabal Of Tears For Fears only washes his hair once a month (Ugh!)
- Trace Young once went to a Nick Heyward concert with Smash Hits person Peter "very horrible baseball cap" Martin (Double ough!!!)
- Andy Taylor of Duran Duran once went a bit wibbly after drinking elephant's wee wee. (Triple ough!!!)
- Adam Ant once wrote a

- song called "I Wanna Be Your Lavatory". (Ousduple ough!!!!)
- Francis Rossi of Status Quo wrote their first hit single while sitting on the lavvy'. (Quintuple ough!!!!)

## QUESTION 4

The following ten strange pairings have made records together. True or false?

- Motorhead and The Nolans
- Chiff Richard and Janet Jackson
- Bruce Springsteen and Toyah
- George Michael and Elton John
- George Michael and Andrew Ridgeley
- Marc Almond and Princess Michael of Kent
- Aison Moyet and Martin Gore
- Gary Numan and Bill Sharpe of Shakatak
- Sister Sledge and Simon 'n' Andy of Duran Duran
- Fish and Derek Dick

## QUESTION 5

Which is the odd one out?

- Barry Manlow, Nick Rhodes, Bobby Crush, Liberae, Elton John, Merton Mick, the drummer of REO Speedwagon
- Roger Taylor, Roger Taylor, Sir Philip Collins, the drummer of REO Speedwagon, Boris Becker, Pedro Gil
- King, Queen, Prince, Lords of the New Church, Dukes of Hazzard, Princess Michael of Kent
- (See pictures)



A

## QUESTION 6

Very difficult section this.

- How do you spell Manliion?
- What band is John Taylor of Duran Duran in?
- What band is Roger Taylor of Duran Duran in?
- What band is Roger Taylor of Queen in?
- Which of the following rock 'n' roll terms have never appeared in Smash Hits "Ver lods on ver street!"; "Mmmm mmm, he's so dreamy"; "Rock's lost highway"; "Success is, like, a very double-edged thing"; "Cyndi Lauper"; or "They delivered a really tight set"?

## QUESTION 7

Freddie! Rog! Brit! John! Four talented fellas – but



B



C



D



E

**what is their group called?**

Is it a) ZZ Top b) Spear Of Destiny c) The Durutti Column d) The Guitar Boys  
 Four c) The Herseys f) The Ictle Works g) Toto Ceolo  
 h) Julio Iglesias i) REO Speedwagon j) The Higsans k) The E Street Band l) Curved Air m) The Man Who Suddenly Fell Over n) Bilbo Baggins  
 o) Flinlock p) Var Style Council q) Visage r) Cyndi Lauper s) Amazulu  
 t) Specimen (only they've spit up) u) n) Bobbysocks  
 v) The Flying Pickets  
 w) Still Little Fingers  
 x) Wang Chung y) Ike and Tina Turner or z) Andrew Lloyd Webber?



C



D



E



F

**QUESTION 8**

The following pop stars have their names misspelled. can you spot the mistakes? (Good this, isn't it?)

- a) Johnny Slut
- b) Garry Numan
- c) Bob Geldorf
- d) Cindy Lauper
- e) Paul MacCarfeyn
- f) Phil Oakley
- g) Andrew Ridgely
- h) Cecil Parkinson
- i) Darryl Hall
- j) Bonio

**QUESTION 9**

Rather a lot of pop stars here pretending to be Freddie Mercury. But which one is the real Freddie?



A



B

**QUESTION 10**

The following pop stars have appeared in the following films. True or false?

- a) The Clash in King of Comedy
- b) Adam Ant in Jubilee
- c) Culture Club in Culture Club: Live in Australia
- d) Frankie Goes To Hollywood in Body Double
- e) John Lydon in Order Of Death
- f) Bananarama in Thoroughly Modern Mille
- g) Jim Kerr in Grand Prix
- h) Madonna in Desperately Seeking Susan
- i) Nik Kershaw in Raiders Of The Lost Ark
- j) Barry Manilow in Copacabana
- k) Michael Jackson in The Wiz

**QUESTION 11**

Soap opera special. True or false?

- a) The bloke who plays Mike Baldwin in Coronation Street used to play a second-hand car dealer called Cliff in the 1950s
- b) The very first episode of Dallas Lucy was caught smooching with Ray Krabbis in a hay loft
- c) Miss Elsie, Digger Barnes, Gary Ewing,

Stephen Carrington, Chris Hunter and Tracey Langton-Barlow have all been played by more than one actor/actress

- d) On Dallas, J.R. Ewing once a second-hand car dealer called Cliff in the 1950s
- e) The bloke who plays Mike Baldwin in Coronation Street used to play a second-hand car dealer called Cliff in the 1950s
- f) The voice of the talking bulldogger in Emmerdale Farm was the brother of Tom Hibs
- g) The bloke who plays Elsie Barnes in Coronation Street was married to a real one in real life

**ANSWERS**

- 12. a) Michael Parkinson; b) Annie Price; c) Bungle (from Rainbow); d) Jase; e) True; f) True; g) True; h) True; i) True; j) False; k) True; l) True; m) True; n) True; o) True; p) False; q) True; r) True; s) False; t) True; u) True; v) True; w) True; x) True; y) True; z) True.

**QUESTION 12**

Who is Andy Ridgeley impersonating in these photographs?



A



B



C

- 1. a) Spandau Ballet; b) Michael Des Barres; c) Boy George of Culture Club; d) Paul McCartney; e) The Beatles; f) The Rolling Stones; g) The Who; h) The Jam; i) The Clash; j) The Sex Pistols; k) The Damned; l) The Stranglers; m) The Vengloboes; n) The Pretenders; o) The Police; p) The Jam; q) The Clash; r) The Sex Pistols; s) The Who; t) The Jam; u) The Clash; v) The Sex Pistols; w) The Who; x) The Jam; y) The Clash; z) The Sex Pistols.

**TREASURE HUNT**

- 1. a) Spandau Ballet; b) Michael Des Barres; c) Boy George of Culture Club; d) Paul McCartney; e) The Beatles; f) The Rolling Stones; g) The Who; h) The Jam; i) The Clash; j) The Sex Pistols; k) The Damned; l) The Stranglers; m) The Vengloboes; n) The Pretenders; o) The Police; p) The Jam; q) The Clash; r) The Sex Pistols; s) The Who; t) The Jam; u) The Clash; v) The Sex Pistols; w) The Who; x) The Jam; y) The Clash; z) The Sex Pistols.

LIVING ON VIDEO

TINA TURNER



## WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER HERO (THUNDERDOME)

OUT IN THE RUINS OUT FROM THE WRECKAGE  
CAN'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKES THIS TIME  
WE ARE THE CHILDREN THE LAST GENERATION  
(LAST GENERATION)  
WE ARE THE ONES THEY LEFT BEHIND  
AND I WONDER WHEN WE ARE EVER GONNA CHANGE  
(CHANGE)  
LIVING UNDER THE FEAR 'TIL NOTHING ELSE REMAINS

CHORUS  
WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER HERO  
WE DON'T NEED TO KNOW THE WAY HOME  
ALL WE WANT IS LIFE BEYOND THE THUNDERDOME

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING WE CAN RELY ON  
THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMETHING BETTER OUT THERE  
LOVE AND COMPASSION THEIR DAY IS COMING  
ALL ELSE ARE CASTLES BUILT IN THE AIR  
AND I WONDER WHEN WE ARE EVER GONNA CHANGE  
(CHANGE)  
LIVING UNDER FEAR 'TIL NOTHING ELSE REMAINS

ALL THE CHILDREN SAY

REPEAT CHORUS

SO WHAT DO WE DO WITH OUT HERO  
WE LEAVE ONLY A MARK  
WILL OUR STORY SHINE LIKE A LIGHT  
OR END IN THE DARK  
IS IT ALL OR NOTHING

REPEAT CHORUS

ALL THE CHILDREN SAY

WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER HERO  
(WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER HERO)  
WE DON'T NEED TO KNOW THE WAY HOME  
ALL WE WANT IS LIFE BEYOND THE THUNDERDOME

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# TRANS



Give me light give me action  
At the touch of a button  
Flying through hyper-space  
In a computer interface

Stop stop - living on video  
Stop stop - integrated circuits  
Stop stop - sur en l'alcou de lumeres  
Stop stop - is this reality?

Travelling round the light beam  
Laser rays and purple skies  
In a computer fantasyland  
It is a dream you bring to life

Stop stop - living on video  
Stop stop - integrated circuits  
Stop stop - sur en l'alcou de lumeres  
Stop stop - is this reality?

Living on video

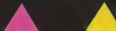
I see your glittering blue eyes  
You look at me with a smile  
It's a computer fantasy  
It is waiting for you and me

Living - living on video  
Living - living on video  
Living - living on video  
Stop

Video living on video  
Video living on video

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# GET SMART

I've heard rumours of a new Divine film but as I didn't like the sound of his other ones, could you tell me if this one is any good and whether it's as rude as one might expect. Stewart Ashby, Leeds.

● Rather cheekily-titled *Lust In The Dust*, it's a send-up of a spaghetti-western with Divine camping it up as a saloon bar songstress in a town full of people desperate to get their hands on some buried treasure. And Divine just happens to have half of the map leading to the missing loot talcoped on his bum! Yes, you get full view. The film will be out in a couple of months.



DIVINE

It feels like years since Madness last had a proper single out. Can you tell me if they're ever going to make another record? Peter Jones, Surrey.

● They're actually locked away in a studio at this very moment recording their 20th single – and their first in 16 months. No life as yet but it's to coincide with the group's sixth anniversary which falls in the middle of August. Rumours are also whizzing around about the possibility of their first UK tour since 1983, apparently happening in September.

On Howard Jones' "New Song", at the end of each chorus, does he sing "Whoop-oo" or is it more like "Whee-ee-ee"? My mate is positive it's the former but I disagree. Also, where can I get the first version of Nik Kershaw's "I Won't Let The Sun Go Down On Me"? Nik Fan, London SW11.

● "I Won't Let The Sun..." was first released under the number MCA 816 but, "as all you lot didn't want to know then," chirps an MCA spokesperson, "it was deleted soon after." Of course it did get re-issued again but this time under the serial number Nik 4 which, incidentally, is still available.



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.

As for the Ho-Jo debate, the Smash Hits Board For Precision In Song Lyrics has decreed that Mr Jones' backing singers actually make a noise more like "Whoop-oh-oo", with that added 'o'. Next?



ROBERT WYATT

I'd like to know why a song on the Tears For Fears album is dedicated to "Robert Wyatt (if he's listening)...". Could you tell me who Robert Wyatt is and why he might not be listening? Ruth K., Gwynedd.

● Hey wow cosmic, etc. The thing is, TFF are very big fans of the esteemed Mr Wyatt, who used to sing and play drums (often at the same time) with early '70s art rock band Soft Machine and, more recently, had a minor hit with Elms Costello's "Shipbuilding". The Tears For Fears track, "I Believe" is not dissimilar to a Robert Wyatt song and the quote "if he's listening..." is merely, they say, "a mark of respect for the man." Aaaaah.

Can you tell me the title of the song which is always playing in the Queen Vic pub in East Enders? It starts "Did you mean it when you said that you loved me..." Is it available on record? If you can answer this, you're a good egg.

East Enders Fan, Cleveland. ● The angst-ridden ballad is actually titled "Kiltn Time" and sung by one Barry James Blood, a direct descendant of that dastardly pirate Captain Blood. Released on BBC Records a few months back (the record, not the Captain), it's still available if you quote the catalogue number, RESL168.

I'm always reading about Spandau Ballet's manager, Steve Dagger, and am interested to see exactly

what he looks like. Also, how did he get into group management?

Al O'Donnell, Liverpool.

● Pictured here in his favourite figure-hugging "skinny white vest", Mr. Dagger is the 16th member of Spandau Ballet. "How it all started off was because I'd always been mates with Spandau Ballet. I was part of the same scene and we first used to go to soul clubs together – this was in 1978 – and then clubs like Baby's and The Blitz started up. Four of us also went to the same school, the Dame Alice Owens in Islington. But then I organised the group's first gig at a rehearsal studio in Islington and I just continued to manage them from there. Incidentally, only 50 people turned up for that first one – and almost all of them were close friends!"

**THE JOB** "You have to do an incredible amount of over-seeing. I have to listen to all their tapes and records and give my true opinions. They'll also hear all my comments. Then I do all the financial deals and handle the group's publishing company as well. I look after the group's diary and work out how much time we can allot to everything. Very important, too, is ensuring that the record company present the artists in their best light. 90% of the time, companies don't know how to do this and I'm ultimately responsible that the communication is done correctly. Records are the tools by which communication is made."

**CLOTHES** "I go a bit mad with clothes sometimes. You see, this job is very time-consuming so every so often, I take a lunch-break and go berserk in South Molton Street (v. expensive and trendy shopping area in London's West End). I'll always go into Yamamoto's for Japanese stuff, I'm really into that at the minute. But I also love wearing skinny, white vests. Absolutely ideal in this sort of weather."



STEVE DAGGER



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# PHILIP OAKEY & GIORGIO MORODER



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FEATURING

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GOOD-BYE BAD TIMES

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TOGETHER IN ELECTRIC DREAMS

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# boy george

ince "The Medal Song" flopped last November, Culture Club have had a bit of a hard time. Everybody from here to Timbuctoo reckoned they were "down the dumper". The papers have been full of daft rumours about Boy George going solo or Boy George getting married , and there was all that fuss about them not playing the Live Aid concert. Then there's all this about George's autobiography, *Parade Of Assumptions*, due out next May, his gallivanting in New York with Marilyn and multi-millionairess Cornelia Guest. It was about time we spoke to the Boy himself about exactly what's been going on. Peter Martin tried to get a few questions in edgeways and Peter Ashworth took the pictures.

# t

he thing you always forget about George is his size. Breezing into the cramped office in Virgin Records he looks absolutely enormous. I don't necessarily mean fat or anything, just kind of, you know, large. He's got great big hands and a big head and he's wearing a huge black, silk dressing

gown. And with his deep voice and that new short haircut he's nothing like how you imagine him to be, it's only his heavy tan make-up and camp-as-a-caravan-site manner that connect with the idea you have of Boy George.

Poised behind the small desk he puffs away like billy-o on menthol cigarettes. "It's only recently I started smoking again. It's horrible, isn't it? It's just hard not to because everyone around me smokes. I should really try to give up." Ever conscious of setting the good example, he looks a bit guilty but carries on regardless.

He looks very at-one with life at the moment. He keeps going on about karma, says "man" at the end of every sentence and generally has a bit of a giggle. He is as bitchy as ever, but not quite so cutting. Since "The Medal Song" flopped badly last November (not even making it onto *Top Of The Pops*) they've "dedicated everything to Culture Club, more or less". More or less meaning George's gallivantings in New York with Marilyn, Jon's production work on that new group Wow Yeh Yeh, Roy's work with a girl called Eugenie,

and Mikey "having a new girlfriend." Apart from that, they've been herd at it in a studio in Switzerland with producer Arif Mardin (who's worked with everyone from Chaka Khan to Scritti Politti, David Bowie to The Rolling Stones). And he's decided to stop taking the bait of the critics like

he did before - he describes this as his "self-destructive phase" - and just get on with things. Next year he wants to do a massive tour of England, "all the way from Land's End to John O'Groats", but first they're playing in Israel, Greece, Japan, Los Angeles, Puerto Rico and

New York. And he wants a single out before Christmas because "everything's happened, Madonna's happened, Prince has happened. And Wham!, Duran and Frankie aren't doing anything. It'd be the perfect time to come back. We've got some brilliant songs... but it could wait 'til next year. We're having a meeting about it after this interview." So we better get on with it then...

### So how've you changed over the past few months?

"I don't think I've changed. I think I've just got back to how I was originally. Before I started Culture Club I was pretty outgoing and I think I'm back to that now. I sort of got to the stage where I suppose, you know, you start doing what people expect you to. And that's when you start getting a bit dissatisfied with what you're doing and it becomes a bit predictable. Like I was just taking the bait of the press all the time. The English press is the most critical in the world, but sometimes that criticism is used for all the wrong reasons. For instance, Prince is praised for all the wrong reasons. I think he's a brilliant musician but he's the worst prima donna that ever set foot on the planet! They just miss what's good about you and talk about all the rubbish. I've sort of learnt to deal with it. Also I've been doing this book which is very therapeutic."

### So how's it helped you doing the book? What has it made you realise about yourself?

"Basically it's taught me that it always pays to tell the truth! That's what I've learnt. First off I decided

CONTINUES OVER >



PHOTO BY PETER ASHWORTH



not to write about any of my boyfriends or any sort of sexual things with men. And in the end the book just seemed... well, it was missing something—the honesty. So I thought 'right, I'll have to put it all in.' But I had to think of a way of doing it without blatantly screwing other people publicly. I've written about lessons with other men and there are certain people who're going to freak out when it comes out. But I've told the truth. I've put it all in, about growing up and... I know I've had a very short life but it's been quite fun-filled and packed with excitement!"

**How has the book dealt with all this "down-the-dumper" business?**

"I've got this chapter where a friend of mine, Fat Tony, is pictured completely naked and he's really fat—he's got like 15 chins and he's got dreadlocks and a hat on and he's covered in food—and it's called 'All I Wanted Was Another Doughnut But They Wouldn't Wait For Me'. It's all about when they started calling me fat and disgusting and stuff. Really I've just sent myself up. It's always a big mistake being defensive. It's like when we did this press conference in Canada around the time everyone was slagging off the LP and instead of laughing at people, which is what I do usually, I started defending myself. It was just one of those days when I woke up and thought it doesn't matter if I lose all my money today. I just thought if anyone annoys me today they're gonna get it. And this guy turned round and said 'where did you get that hat' and I just said 'you people make me sick' and gave this whole speech. I said I've been looking like this for years and we've sold seven million albums in this country and you want to ask me that? What's wrong with you? But I woke up the next day and read what they said about me and I just realised that I'd allowed them to do that to me—I had been totally unprofessional. I had allowed them to destroy me."

**Didn't you say something horrible when you met Princess Margaret?**

"No, I didn't say anything. She said, apparently, that I was an over-made-up tart. But I met her son Viscount Linley in this restaurant on South Kensington and he came sauntering over to my table and said, 'my mother didn't say that about you.' Why would he bother to come over

and tell me that if it wasn't true? Anyway, even if she had said it I shouldn't have reacted. I was just slightly annoyed. I should have been charming and gorgeous and thrilling' but I just said something like 'I don't care what she says about me and the press turned that into something monstrous. It's like when I went to the airport a couple of months ago and George Michael was there, going on the same flight to New York, and he wouldn't have his photograph taken with me. I just think he was in a grumpy mood. And I thought who do you think you are? In a way we're all just a bunch of servants... I mean, anyone can take my photograph. I just thought he was being stupid. He looked fine... oh, I don't know, it's all so difficult to fathom. Like three weeks later I was on Concord with Marilyn and John Taylor comes up and shakes my hand. I was really shocked. He went 'hey, how are you?' and I just thought he really hated me and I told him so. He said 'I don't hate you, I've never even met you before' and it was really weird. You just never know what to believe. You go away and read things but you never really know. I've said loads of bitchy things about groups, but I've also said things like, you know, I just don't care about Frankie, which I don't. Actually that's another one. They apparently wanted to beat me up and I eventually met them in New York in this club, Area. The good looking one—Mark O'Toole—was there and I went up to him and he started giving me filthy looks. And I said 'what's wrong with you?' I thought, if they want to fight we might as well get it over with. Anyway, he said 'nothing.' And then Paul Rutherford's always nice to me, and so's Holly to my face. But the minute you turn your back...

**You know the way you were saying you were like a public servant, well—don't you feel you can go too much that way and end become over-exposed?**

"No, I don't think so. When I listen to the third album I just think it's really prophetic. And so really I think that's the basic problem. I mean, if you have strong material, it doesn't matter what you do. I could go and open a supermarket tomorrow and I would still get the front cover of *The Sun* and they would still talk about what I'm wearing. But that is why I have cut back and kept out of the public eye so much. I can't see it's like Marilyn—she gets a massive amount of press without selling many records."

"Exactly. That just goes to show that people want character. People like character. George Michael could never be what I am because he just isn't like me. He's not an outgoing person. I don't see people chain-smoking and I chain-talk."

**“I used to think Paul Young was a bit too rock 'n' roll—a sort of bums-out-the-car-window-type.”**

**“Roy and myself, we used to really hate each other. We wouldn't speak.”**

**How has your relationship with Marilyn changed in the last year? You seem to have got closer, really.**

"Well, I'm sort of managing him at the moment. So, it's kind of on a different level now. Marilyn was being extremely bitchy for a long time before we went to New York and he was very restless as a person and he was just being so... unbearable. I could see that he was under a lot of pressure, you know. The record company dropped him. The records weren't selling. People were slagging him 'n' unmercifully. He didn't want to graft. And to be a successful artist you've got to be a grafter. It's like if you want to be a carpenter. And I said to him 'I don't think you've got it in you, I don't think you want to work. And if you don't want to work, you better tell me. Because you can't hang around me for the rest of your life.' Marilyn is basically very aggressive. If he could put five percent of that aggression into a record, he could have a hit."



**What did you think of Live Aid?**

"I was looking at it the other day and thinking what's wrong with these people? It's like with Paul Weller—he was going on about all this working class stuff and listen man, those kids out there in that audience work five days, six days a week in boring offices. If you want to do them a favour you go out on that stage and shake your ass and give them a show that they want to see. And that's what I felt like saying when I watched the Band Aid thing. Freddie Mercury to me was like the star of the show. I was sitting there screaming when Freddie Mercury came on. He was unbelievable. He was really good. I really enjoyed it."

**Who else do you think was quite good?**

"I think Paul Young was brilliant. I love Paul Young. I've really changed my mind about him because, having met him now as well, I just think he's

really sweet. Before I used to think he was a bit too rock 'n' roll for my liking, a sort of bums out the car window type. I thought Alison Moyet was brilliant. But I wish she'd sung a bit more. And I thought that Elton John was good with Kiki Dee. And George Michael did okay."

**Did you please any money?**

"Well, yeah, we've given money. But the whole Live Aid thing was, it's a really good idea but... it's so temporary, do you know what I mean? Like, all those kids are still going to be dying in a few years and like David Bowie said, unless we make it an annual thing it's not going to solve the problem. So we're giving them money and saying here's the money and if you people can live for a little while longer then there's going to be more kids born and the problem will only get bigger and bigger. The thing is, is a lot of people slagging off Geldof and he thinks he's it. But whatever you say, what he's done is brilliant."

**Do you wish you'd played at Live Aid?**

"Yeah, course. We really wanted to. We were really upset that they didn't list us in, but..."

**Wasn't it that you applied too late or something?**

"No, it wasn't that. Bob Geldof called me in New York and said 'do you want to do it?' And I said well, Mikey and Roy are out of the country so it would be a bit difficult but I can do it. And Bob never called me back. And that was it. We were rehearsed and ready to do it, and then they called up and said you can have the encore. Alright, I could have gone on with someone else and sung but the best acts on that show were bands and the bands were great, and I wouldn't go on without Culture Club. It wouldn't have been fair and if just wouldn't have been right... and I have to think about personal politics as well as what a lot of other people want. All day we were on the phone to each other saying we should go really it's terrible. But I felt what it was turn up and it's like 'oh, decided to turn up 'cos you've been watching it on TV!' And I thought it's just not a good idea."

**Tell me about Cornelia. What's she like?**

"She's just a friend."

**Everyone's making a big deal out of it and it was even rumoured that you're getting married.**

"She's so stupid! She goes out with Philip Jago, who used to go out with Princess Caroline of Monaco. So she doesn't go out with me at all."

**Did you hear about this "top Hollywood astrologer" who predicted that you would get married in the next 12 months?**

"Unless they invent gay marriages in six years so I have got no intention of getting married to anyone else."

**How much of this are you going to keep for the book?**

"It depends. Really, what I've written about homosexuality is in defence of it... I haven't sort of said 'oh I've had him and I've had her and I've

been with him and I'm going out with him' I've just written about homosexuality and the Catholic Church. I've always said that I sleep with boys and girls, and it's true I do."

**You say you've been out with the same person for 6 years. Are you going to name the person?**

"I think everyone knows who it is anyway! Most of the fans know. I don't care." (laughs)

**Are you going to reveal it in the book?**

"You'll have to wait and see! He obviously there are things in the book that I know the media are going to zoom in on, and believe me, I have thought about that a great deal. And I think, in a way, it's my duty to say what I've got to say - I feel as strongly about what I saying about my mother as I do about what I'm saying about homosexuals or what I'm saying about drugs or the Pope or anything else. Like for someone like Paul McCartney to come out and say it's alright to smoke pot is really dangerous. It's really lethal. Because some little kid might go - 'oh that's alright.' And one thing leads to another. It's really damaging to do that."

**What did you think of your last LP?**

"I didn't sing great on the last album. I didn't put any effort into it at all. I just didn't work. I was really lazy. It was like 'I can't get my own way so I'm not going to contribute.' You get to a stage anyone can go through when you just get complacent and I think it's good to get a kick in the teeth because then you re-think what

● **"Unless they invent gay marriages in England I don't think I'll be getting married!"**

you're doing. If Culture Club have another big record, then that's great for us because we've proved that you can get beaten up and still recover from the bruises."

**How are you getting on with the rest of the group now?**

"The atmosphere in the band in Switzerland was brilliant. Everyone got on so well. I don't think I spoke to Mikey for a year. It was like, 'who? who's Mikey?' And I got on with him really well now. Roy and myself, we used to just really hate each other. We wouldn't speak. We just wouldn't compromise and now I hang out with Roy - I have a really good time with him."

**Is there anything you'd still like to have a go at?**


"I would like to do a film. I would like to do a comedy, a real funny comedy. I would like to be like the Bob Lynch of comedy. I just think that if I ever did any acting that I would want to make people laugh. I could definitely put the bitchy, camp side of my personaity over on film. I've been offered this thing with Eddie Murphy but I don't know whether I am going to do it because finding that faith in yourself to go and do it is the hardest thing. It's like saying 'right, I'll sack my neck out - I'll take eight months off, and let's see what happens...'



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# REVIEWED BY

## REVIEWED BY



**KIMBERLEY LESTON**



**TRACIE YOUNG: I Can't Leave You Alone (Respond)** There's nothing astoundingly original about this typical Respond soul-stomper, but it's so uplifting and danceable it ought to be played at every summer party. Bursting brass, thumping piano, Tracie's voice sounding suddenly grown-up and one of those layered intros that gives you just enough time to down a Snowball and leap onto the dancefloor in time for the chorus. The B-side, incidentally, tells of the horrors of vivisection in '19" rock style and is dedicated to Animal Liberation activists, so it's definitely Joint Single Of The Fortnight.

## SUNSET GUN

### **SUNSET GUN: How Do You Mend A Broken Heart (CBS)**

This is one of those hopelessly romantic ballads you keep in a special pile to play in the dark when you're feeling really down in the dumps. Don't let the fact that it was written by The Bee Gees put you off — it's not goosy slush but beautifully sung (ie: nothing like Strawberry Switchblade) by the Rutkowski sisters against a strong brass and keyboards backing. Smoochy and irresistible. Joint Single Of The Fortnight.

### **BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: Glory Days (CBS)**

Yes, yes, I know Bruce's bum is the eighth wonder of the world but when a girl gives up her entire Saturday to listen to all the hot new waxings and this is what she finds — well, it's a pretty low-down tunk if you ask me. In case you're interested, though, it's taken off the "Born In The USA" album (surprise, surprise) and is mediocre at best.

### **LONE JUSTICE: Sweet Sweet Baby (I'm Falling) (Geffen)**

Even though everyone I know who likes Bruce Springsteen also seems to think Lone Justice are a gift from above, it would be unfair to say this was a bad record just because of that. Actually, it's well raunchy, has a good tune and I loathe it. Probably a huge hit.



### **THE QUICK: Down The Wire (A&M)**

Try as I might, I can't think of a single thing to recommend this record. Virtually no discernible tune, you can't hear the words (even if you want to) for the sound of guitars being brutally ill-treated and there's a nissy scratch bit in the middle that's probably meant to make the whole horrible tin sound terribly modern.

**NEW MODEL ARMY: Better Than Them EP (EMI)** Acoustic "punk poetry" such as this usually grates on my nerves as their self-righteousness always seems to exceed their musical merit.

However, these four songs do have a sort of pulsing reserved energy and the strength of the title track deserves to win at least a few new fans.

### **THE FLYING PICKETS: Summer EP (IO Records)**

I've got an LP of Walt Disney's greatest hits on which small furry woodland creatures contentedly chirrup and sound not unlike these four Summer tracks for the holiday season. The Flying Pickets, though, are saaly beaft of long floppy ears, twitching noses and fluffy tails.

### **BRYAN ADAMS: Summer Of '69 (A&M)**

Bryan "hand me the Fisherman's Friends" Adams has now decided to force his grassy past upon us as well. This is all about how jolly spitting it used to be playing his guitar after school and having a quick snogging session on the porch with his chick. How utterly riveting, and if he was a teenager in 1969 and that was 16 years ago that means he must be . . . .

### **KING: Alone Without You (CBS)**

I can never make up my mind about King — drivy bunch with silly narccus or talented pop combo with silly haircuts? Probably a bit of both and this is much better than the rather plodding "Won't You Hold My Hand". An arresting mixture of driving guitars and butch backing vocals topped with Paul King's customary falsetto. A hit.



### **CHEWY RACCOON: Don't Touch Me (Phonogram)**

I can say with confidence that the future of rock and roll does not lie with Chewy Raccoon (who is actually a lad in rolled up sleeves called David Scott). In fact, the best thing about this thin, sussy-produced record is the dinky cartoon of said pasky varmint on the sleeve.

### **SPEAR OF DESTINY: Come Back (Epic)**

Yet another angle from the perpetually "nearly famous" Kirk Brandon. This time it's a dub mix of a passable song with some nice sax and Strangers-type keyboards that is frankly spoilt by Kirk's intoning half-spoken cockney sparrer vocals. Not a disaster but the fan club won't need a bigger office.

### **DAVID AUSTIN: Kiss And Tell (EMI)**

Intellectual early '70s type pop that bears no resemblance to a good record whatsoever. Will be played in between "The Birdie Song" and Russ Abbot's "Atmosphere" at grly swot Cousin Walter's party



### **EL TRAIN: Action Style (WAR)**

I was never a big fan of rapping at the best of times and this now sounds contrived and dated. Funky rhythm with two not very young looking blokes and a couple of breathy gris jiving on in hammy American accents about guesting on the right side of the law by "pumping it up" in the streets. I presume they mean dancing.

### **KATRINA AND THE WAVES: Do You Want Crying (Capitol)**

Similar thrashing pop-rock to "Walking On Sunshine" but without its energy, this probably sounds better blaring from the radio of a convertible full of surfboards and ruble Californian teenagers than it does from my Walkman on a drazzly afternoon in the laundrette.



### **UB40: I Got You Babe (DEP International)**

Reggae re-work of Sonny and Cher's v. famous '60s duet with The Pretenders' Chrissie Hynde doing her bit as guest vocalist. Pleasant enough, but I don't really see the point as both UB40 and Chrissie Hynde can both do themselves more justice elsewhere.

### **GEORGE CLINTON: Double Oh-Oh (Capitol)**

A strange record with a meaty, fat beat. Mostly made up of pounding drums and an almost chanted chorus of voices, it seems to be all middle and no beginning or end. Not my cup of Nescafe at all.

### **MAI-TAI: Body & Soul (Virgin)**

Jaurty but nonetheless weedy follow-up to the wonderful "History", this suffers from being so lightweight that once played it evaporates speedily from the memory. Shame.

### **THE WEATHER GIRLS: No One Can Love You More Than Me (CBS)**

The throaty boom of The Weather Girls could probably get a three-legged Quaker onto the dancefloor but this, though good by most standards and with a bossy atmospheric backing, lacks the power of their usual showbiz epics.

# OPUS

## THE DAMNED:

**Phantasmagoria (MCA)** Despite the gravestone imagery and punky hangover leanings, The Damned are actually just a rather breezy pop group – and losing the good Cap'n has done them little harm. On "Street Of Dreams," snotty nosed groaners are united with the ghosts of the Beach Boys in an orgy of summery harmonies, and so it goes on through the sub-rockability terrain of "Shadow Of Love," the neo-Bananarama compings of "The Eighth Day," to "There'll Come A Day" on which yer lads reassure me in a... gasp! – The Partridge Family. Good, clean fun and Dave Varian is a Godsent genius. Ripping stuff. **(8 out of 10)**

Tom Hibbert

## SPEAR OF DESTINY: World Service (Epic)

This is a record, which aspires to grandeur, unfortunately it doesn't really make it. The aim seems to be huge, uplifting music in the spirit of, say, U2, but the group rely on stodgy '70s rock clichés too much – wheezing out the strings to signal emotion, playing loudly to show anger – the result is music with no real heart. "World Service" is only saved by Kirk Brandon's voice, an impassioned wobbly wail that touches the parts the rest of the group try to – but cannot – reach. **(6 out of 10)**

Vic MacDonald

## OPUS: Live Is Life (Polydor)

Forget "Live Is Life" (na na na na na). Opus are not jaunty Europeans with cheesy gins and rather awful trousers after all. They are something infinitely more terrible. Yes, it's true, I'm afraid. Opus – Austina's top rock attraction – are suffering from the disastrous delusion that they are actually Superstarmos circa 1974. The wobbly licks, the keyboard meanderings, the peeping high-pitched vocal melodies – it's all down pat and it's all too ghoustly. A terrifying confection (I'll a lie – their trousers are rather awful). **(2 out of 10)**

Tom Hibbert

**POINTER SISTERS: Contact (RCA)** Anita Pointer, the woman who sometimes sounds like a man but nevertheless possesses the most wonderful husky and pleasing voice, almost carries this whole album on that one considerable strength. While the material is fairly evenly divided between pumping disco "work-outs" and sensitive ballads, her voice soars and soars and soars and soars as she delivers her soul-searching vocals. Music to transform your living room into the greatest disco on earth. **(7 out of 10)**

Linda Duff

## ANIMATION: Obsession

**(Mercury)** If you've seen the "video," you'll already know, but in case you haven't, I'll tell you. Animation are not a pretty sight. The sleeve photo is to be believed, the six-piece band had just dunked their heads in a bowl of assorted make-up after a particularly rough night. Perhaps it was making this LP which, it must be said, is not awfully good. The intriguingly catchy "Obsession" actually seems to get better the more you hear it, but the rest of the songs are either dull Euro-pop ("Let Him Go"), "Fun Fun Fun" or dreadful 70s rock ("Open Door", "Turn Around"). One hit wonders methinks. **(4 out of 10)**

Paul Mathu

## FIVE STAR: Luxury Of Life

**(Tent)** There's always something uncomfortably Opportunisty Knocks about farm groups – the fact that they're related always overshadowing the quality of what they do. So it is with Five Star. Their album lacks live producers, unrepentant songwriters (none of them in the band), mixes from Paul Hardcastle and Francis Kervonian, guest musicians like Loose Ends, plus a lot of money in a glamorous image – and none of this gives them any individuality or character. "All Fall Down" is much the strongest track; the rest is pleasant, professional but entirely featherweight stuff that makes Shatakata sound like Motorhead. Have these people nothing of their own to offer? **(4 out of 10)**

Ian Grann

## TOYAH: Mins (Portrait)

How on earth does Toyah, who is a decent sort and a fair actress, manage to make such consistently awful records? Her lyrics are still semi-mystical hogwash or just plain crass. None of her many chosen co-writers can manage a decent tune. Nor is there yet an ounce of sensitivity – in her performance. She completely misses the humour in Alice Cooper's "School's Out" to turn it into a stodgy heavy metal wail and swamps Rare Bird's touching old plodder "Sympathy" with horrible strings. Only the last track – "America For Beginners" (which she didn't write) saves this from instant frsb-ne status. The only difference is that now she can afford chattering synths and robotic drums like everyone else – modern awful instead of old fashioned awful. **(2 out of 10)**

Ian Grann

# PERSONAL FILE

# MADONNA

**"I was once a painter's model: I took all my clothes off and they pretended to draw my body artistically."**



Photo: Neale

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

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

**BORN:** In Detroit. What year? Why do I have to tell everybody that all the time?

**FIRST CONCERT:** David Bowie at Cobo Hall in Detroit, Oh, it was the most marvellous thing I'd ever done in my life! I was punished severely for going.

**PREVIOUS OCCUPATIONS:** Before this blasphemous job? I worked at Burger King and McDonald's and was a life guard and scooped ice cream. I was once a painter's model: I took all my clothes off and they pretended to draw my body artistically.

**FIRST CRUSH:** The first boy I ever loved was Ronny Howard in the fifth grade class. He had real white-blond hair and sky blue eyes. He was so beautiful, I wrote his name all over my sneakers and on the playground I used to take off the top part of my uniform and chase him around.

**DREAM HOLIDAY:** One where I'm not arguing with anybody. Somewhere where it's warm but not disgustingly boring.

**IS THERE ANYONE YOU'D RATHER HAVE HAD YOUR FIRST SCREEN SNOG WITH THAN ROBERT JOY (IN DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN)?** Vince Spano ("hunky" Italian star of *Baby It's You* and *other fine films*). Vince Spano is

such a dreamboat. Or Sam Shepard (*American playwright and actor*).

**DO YOU DO ANY EXERCISE?** I swim 100 laps every day. That's over a mile.

**WHICH TV SHOW WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO STAR IN?** *Dynasty*. I'd like to play the girl who made Alexis feel like a fool. I'd like to trip her up.

**WHAT IRRITATES YOU MOST?** I hate polite conversation. I hate it when people stand around and go, "Hi, how are you?" I hate words that don't have any reason or meaning. Also I hate it when people smoke in elevators and closed-in places. It's just so rude.

**WHAT'S YOUR LEAST FAVOURITE EXPRESSION?** "Where's the beef?" I'm sick of it – please!

**DO YOU LIKE SARDINES?** I love sardines in the can with mustard. But I take their spines out and their tails off.

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

**WHAT'S, LIKE, THE WERIDEST GIFT YOU'VE EVER HAD FROM A FAN?**

I only get normal things like flowers, candy, toys and jewellery, but I get strange letters because of my name. I got a letter from a girl who believes she's the second coming of Christ and since I'm Madonna we have to be together.

**WHAT MAKES YOU LAUGH?** I don't like jokes so much. The things that make me laugh are people's idiosyncracies and expressions.

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

**FAVOURITE HEAVY METAL SONG?** Oh, gee, I don't really listen to it anymore and even when I was little I hated it too.

**WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE HAT?** A sailor's cap in navy blue. I just took it off. I was wearing it all day but it was giving me a headache.

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YOUR ADDRESS?**

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**STAR**

**5**

- DENIECE:** Could you pass me the milk please?
- DORIS:** Here, let me pour. Say when . . .
- LORRAINE:** Doesn't Delroy look handsome in his new suit?
- DELROY:** You say the sweetest things.
- STEDMAN:** You can't beat the **LUXURY OF LIFE.**



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COME ON

CHORUS

GET INTO THE GROOVE  
BOY YOU'VE GOT TO PROVE  
YOUR LOVE TO ME YEAH  
GET UP ON YOUR FEET  
YEAN STEP TO THE BEAT  
BOY WHAT WILL IT BE

MUSIC CAN BE SUCH A REVELATION  
DANCIN' AROUND YOU FEEL THE SWEET SENSATION  
WE MIGHT BE LOVERS IF THE RHYTHM'S RIGHT  
I HOPE THIS FEELIN' NEVER ENDS TONIGHT  
ONLY WHEN I'M DANCIN' CAN I FEEL THIS FREE  
AT NIGHT I LOCK THE DOORS WHEN NO ONE ELSE CAN SEE  
I'M TIRED OF DANCIN' HERE ALL BY MYSELF  
TONIGHT I WANNA DANCE WITH SOMEONE ELSE

REPEAT CHORUS

FD LIKE TO KNOW YOU IN A SPECIAL WAY  
THIS DOESN'T HAPPEN TO ME EVERY DAY  
DON'T TRY TO HIDE IT LOVE HAS NO DISGUISE  
I SEE THE FIRE BURNIN' IN YOUR EYES  
ONLY WHEN I'M DANCIN' CAN I FEEL THIS FREE  
AT NIGHT I LOCK THE DOORS WHEN NO ONE ELSE CAN SEE  
I'M TIRED OF DANCIN' HERE ALL BY MYSELF  
TODAY I WANNA DANCE WITH SOMEONE ELSE

REPEAT CHORUS

SECOND CHORUS  
LIVE OUT YOUR FANTASIES HERE WITH ME  
JUST LET THE MUSIC SET YOU FREE  
TOUCH MY BODY AND MOVE IN TIGHT  
NOW I KNOW YOU'RE MINE

REPEAT CHORUS

ONLY WHEN I'M DANCIN' CAN I FEEL THIS FREE  
AT NIGHT I LOCK THE DOORS WHEN NO ONE ELSE CAN SEE  
I'M TIRED OF DANCIN' HERE ALL BY MYSELF  
TODAY I WANNA DANCE WITH SOMEONE ELSE

REPEAT SECOND CHORUS

NOW I KNOW YOU'RE MINE NOW I KNOW YOU'RE MINE  
NOW I KNOW YOU'RE MINE NOW I KNOW YOU'RE MINE  
YOU'VE GOT TO

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CICCONE BRAY  
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION WARNER BROS MUSIC LTD  
ISLAND MUSIC LTD ON WEA RECORDS



CHORUS  
YOU WANNA LOVE ME  
IN YOUR CAR  
YOU WON'T GET FAR  
YOU ROCK AND YOU ROLL ME  
IN YOUR CAR  
YOU LOVE ME IN YOUR CAR

ON IT WAS A LIGHT AND STARRY NIGHT  
(THE MOON WAS SHINING BRIGHT)  
THE WEATHER WAS COOL AND THE BREEZE WAS LIGHT YEAH  
MY FEELINGS WERE HIGH AND THE MOOD WAS RIGHT  
THE MOOD WAS REALLY RIGHT  
ROMANCING AND DANCING BY CANDLE LIGHT  
OOH YEAH YEAH

OH I FELT SO OOOD (I FELT SO OOOD)  
DRIVING WITH YOU (DRIVING WITH YOU BABY)  
BUT THEN WHEN YOU SAID THE THINGS YOU WANNA DO  
WANNA DO  
THE THINGS YOU WANNA DO

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

NOW WE CARRIED ON AND THE REYS OOT HIGHER (HIGHER)  
BUR DRIVIN' WITH YOU WAS MY ONLY DESIRE OOH  
YOU TURNED UP THE SOUND ON THE RADIO  
THE MUSIC WAS SO OOOD  
BUT I DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOU WERE RARING TO GO (GO)

OH I FELT SO OOOD (I FELT SO OOOD)  
DRIVING WITH YOU (DRIVING WITH YOU BABY)  
BUT THEN WHEN YOU SAID THE THINGS YOU'RE GONNA DO  
GONNA DO  
THE THINGS YOU'RE GONNA DO

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

YOU LOVE ME (MOTORS RUNNING)  
YOU ROCK ME (KEEP IT GROOVING)  
YOU ROLL ME (NOW WE'RE MOVING)  
YOU LOVE ME IN YOUR CAR  
(I'M OVER-DRIVIN') AIN'T GONNA ROCK ME  
(REYS ARE RISING) AIN'T GONNA ROLL ME  
(SO EXCITING) YOU LOVE ME IN YOUR CAR  
(MOTORS RUNNING) YOU ROCK ME  
(KEEP IT GROOVING) YOU ROLL ME  
(NOW WE'RE MOVING) YOU LOVE ME  
IN YOUR CAR  
(I'M OVER-DRIVIN') AIN'T GONNA ROCK ME  
(REYS ARE RISING) AIN'T GONNA ROLL ME  
(IT'S SO EXCITING) YOU LOVE ME IN YOUR CAR

WORDS AND MUSIC BY STEVE MINTOSH  
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# Catch a free packet of KP Skips.



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CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

Want someone to write to? Send us a postcard with a few words about yourself so people can get in touch. All cards go. RSV, Smash Hits, 12-13 Canary Street, London W1V 1PF. And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.

● **I'm Mamba** and I'd love to hear from all punk and new wave girls still alive. If you like The Cure, Siouxsie, Fad Gadget and Marc Almond, then write to me at Kievrifan, 149 2D 23 JE Haarlem, Holland.

● **Hi Darlings, how ya' doing?** Were you sleepy? Oh, I'm sorry but I've really been missing you. I'm a girl, into any kinds of music except heavy metal. I've just moved to Cyprus. Anybody (male or female) write to me: Dameta Kpovaras, Ev Piskariotis 16, Lykatos, Nicosia, Cyprus.

● **Look here all Depeche Mode fans.** I'm a 13 year old girl from Sweden and I just love Depeche Mode. If you want to know more about me, write to Pemilla Tomasson, Odönbarsvaegen 13, 23300 Ölestrom, Sweden.

● **We are two new wave girls** who are a little barmy and into Big Country, The Cure, Simple Minds, Sex William Iron and little rats. If you are a wacky boy and aged 16-19, write to Nobby and Baz Duurstedestraatgo, 4834HM Breda, Holland.

● **We're two brilliant Merillion/ Paul Young admirers, both aged 16.** We write to anyone and everyone with a pseudo silk kimono and sexy handkerchief. Write to: The Forgotten Daughters, 22 Highbury Road, Hitchin, Herts.

● **Yao-ho!** Calling all people. I'm a 14 year old girl who's into U2, Depeche Mode, Madonna, Simple Minds and oh er Duran. I'd love to hear from anyone, anywhere. Write me to: Dune, Lot 4317, JLN SG, Sekamat, BT 13, Lajang, Selangor, Malaysia (Offer expires 1999. Don't miss this golden opportunity - write soon!)

● **Hey... Stop here... Don't go...** I'm a fun loving 15 year old and I'd like to hear from people all over the world. I like Ho Jo, Nk and TFF. Write to: Pam, 10 Hereford Close, Worksop, Notts, S81 0PP.

● **Hello all your computer-mad people.** If you're aged 17 or over, male or female and want to write to me, then scribble a few words and send them to me. Tozo, Thistlewood, Dairy Meadow Farm, Point Clear Road, St Oysth, Essex.

● **Hey, where's everybody gone?** I'm into Wham!, Duran Duran and lots more like that. I am 11½ and I would like to hear from people who hate homework. If you're interested write to: Hayler Rowe, 176 Ray Street, Hearn, Derbyshire, DE7 7GL.

● **I'm a 14 year female,** into Japan, Synth, TFF, U2 and Depeche Mode. Anyone can contact me. Tracey, 18 Bramhall Cres, Kilsman, Waterside, Londonderry, BT47 1HE, N Ireland.

● **My name is Mark.** I live in Hong Kong and buy Smash Hits. I'm a fan of Outan, TFF, U2 and Heavy Metal. I play guitar and have formed a band. Please write to: 2/3 Seymour Terrace, 1st Floor, Flat C, Ca Po Yuen, Hong Kong.

● **Every chead has a silver lining.** If yours is looking grey and you're male and 14-18, hate punk and Duran then write to Laura and Luz at 115 Tudor Way, Rockmansworth, Herts, WD3 2HF.

● **All you caterpillar girls and smalltown boys take notice!** Do your ears wiggle with delight when they capture the sound of The Smiths, U2, UB40, Aztec Camera, GMD, The Cocteau Twins, Ho Jo, or maybe even (gasp) Duran Duran? If they do, then why not give your letter a once in a lifetime trip to America (double-gasp). Write to me, Souzanne, at 2045 South Grant Street, Denver, Colorado, 80210, U S A.

● **Hi Pense!** I'm a 12 year old girl into Wham, Nik Kershaw, Duran, FGH and just about anything. Males or females aged 12-14 send me a picture and a few lines. Kate, 101 Colefield Drive Leighton Buzzard, Beds, LU7 5ON.

● **Calling all Human League fans.** I'm 14 and I'll write to anyone, anywhere. Write to Catherine Chung, 31, 6th Floor, Hing Yang Street, To Kwa Wan, Kowloon, Hong Kong.

● **I'm 16 years old, female and black.** I've just taken (and probably failed) my 'O' levels. I'd love to hear from males (intellectual or otherwise) aged 16+ into U2, Smiths, Depeche Mode and other good music. Kirst, 36 High Street, Lipham, Kent, ME17 2DU.

● **Don't just sit there looking bored - cheer yourself up and read this.** I'm 14 and female, looking for pen pals any age, any sex into most groups and James Dean. Write to: Farz, 4 Tower Road, Sawston, Cambridge, CB2 4FL.

● **I've got writer's cramp from writing in so many times** so if there's anyone anywhere who is 13+ and into UB40, The Clash, The Cocteau Twins, all reggae, The Smiths and Spear Of Destiny write to Linda, 108 Sutton Road, Tempsford, Sandy, Beds, SG19 2AV.

● **I'm a Japanese Girl.** I am very interested in your country, music and fashion. I would like to make friends with boys and girls. I would appreciate it very much if anyone would like to write to me. Junko Nishio, (age 20), 607, Oumeke Sodegaura-cho Kimitsu-gun, Chiba 252-01, Japan.

● **Hi.** My name's Mandy, I'm 14 and into Wham!, Howard Jones, Paul Young and more. Males contact me at: 80 Wheatley Road, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

● **Guys & Hibs are looking for girls aged 13-15.** We are both into Howard Jones, MacDonna, Nik Kershaw, Ultravox and others. We both hate hippies and heavy metal. Send letters and photos to: 294 Churchill Drive, Glasgow, G11 7HB.

● **Hi all you crazy English people out there.** If you want to write to someone who speaks the same language and who likes good chart music and gets it out, drop a line to Ellen Palmer, 2 Berrand House, Latham Avenue, Streatham, London SW16 2JZ.

● **Are you over 15?** Into Springfield, U2 and Simple Minds? Do you dislike Duran Duran, Wham! and Culture Club? If so, send a letter and a photo to: Big O MacKintosh, 106 Holmehouse Drive, Knightwood, Glasgow G13. Photo if possible.



# Billy Ocean

The New Single

# Mystery Lady

on 7" and 12"  
both in picture bags.  
12" contains 2 new 12" mixes  
previously unavailable.



# CROSSWORD



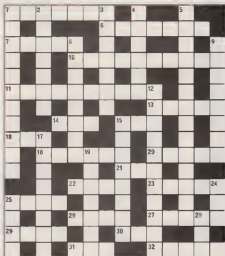
## ACROSS

- 1 Rich she provides a Kool hit (enig)  
 6 end 15 down Sounds like Tie Tin's sweetest success (5,2,3,4)  
 7 Naturally, it's by Herold F (4,1)  
 10 Roland the rodent's chatty chesswinner (3,7)  
 11 Ella the jazz singer  
 13 To sea with Daryl Hall's mate (enig)  
 14 Short Alison Moyet  
 15 Is he the Crime of the pop?  
 16 Band you'll agree with
- 18 Pert of Brian that's home to Fearful Shurley  
 20 "Golden . . . ." (David Bowie)  
 21 "--- It Up" (Orange Juice)  
 22 German bellonist  
 23 Part of Pete Burns' band that's not Dead  
 25 A fight between two members of Propaganda?  
 26 Timmy-sounding Warren from Ultravox  
 27 Type of voice in rotten orchestras  
 29 Duran Duran had a view to it  
 30 One around for this musician (anag)  
 31 Marvin Weah's Michael Jackson rip-off  
 32 Stole Holder who's friend is Big Ears?

## DOWN

- 1 Mad about someone, like Madonna? (5,3,3)  
 2 Rapert or Kenny  
 3 Mai Tai's favourite subject at school?  
 4 In electric dreams he was together with Giorgio Moroder  
 5 Bowie's show of affection for E.T. (6,3,5)  
 6 Rock ceases to be the Nappets?  
 9 Yes, that Julie!
- 12 Dr Tony Alltop becomes a country music star (anag 5,6)  
 15 Cheese, once serenaded by Bad Manners?  
 17 All of once, a hit for Billy Ocean  
 19 Sex 6 down  
 24 Part of Tears for Fears that helps you hear  
 25 A peer - like jazz-bank George  
 28 In short, they were recently "So in Love" (1,1,1)

ANSWERS ON PAGE 46



THE FOLLOW UP TO THEIR  
 WORLDWIDE SMASH HIT . . .

DO  
 YOU  
 WANT  
 CRYING

AVAILABLE ON 7 & 12-INCH  
 FROM THE DEBUT ALBUM  
 ON CAPITOL ALBUM & TAPE



KATRINA AT THE  
 DE

WAITRESSES

# STRONGER TOGETHER

We'll keep climbing till we reach the sky

Stronger together  
Two hearts that beat in perfect complement  
to love forever

We share a love for the life that never ends  
I know some people want our bubble to burst  
So we'll slide back down that mountain side  
But hand in hand we're climbing  
Up to the top back into life  
We're two hearts

Chorus

Stronger together

There's no mountain that's too high

Stronger together

We'll keep climbing side by side

There may be problems hard times

And separate opportunities

I know we'll solve them

If we remember that there's you and me

And if we climb our way to fortune and wealth

There's no losing sight of what we have

'Cause we'll remember

That while everyone else is out for themselves

We'll keep climbing

Repeat chorus

Stronger together

There's no mountain that's too high

Stronger together

We'll keep climbing till we reach the sky

I know some people want our bubble to burst

So we'll slide back down that mountain side

But hand in hand we're climbing up to the top

Back into life

We're two hearts

Baby we'll keep climbing

We'll keep climbing baby

Our love's growing stronger together

We'll keep climbing side by side

Stronger together we'll keep climbing baby

There's no mountain that's too high

Our love's growing stronger together

We'll keep climbing till we reach the sky

Baby we'll keep climbing

Stronger together we'll keep climbing baby

Our love's growing stronger together

We'll keep climbing side by side

Baby we'll keep climbing

Stronger together

We'll keep climbing baby

We'll keep climbing baby

Words and music by C. Joseph & E. Chasin  
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# CONTACT

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WICKED NEW ALBUM

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i n c l u d e s

D A R E M E

---

p o i n t e r  
s i s t e r s

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POINTER SISTERS / CONTACT



**RCA**



Back in the spring, things were going swimmingly for The Thompson Twins. They were about to release a new single. They were about to undertake a massive tour. But then, on March 28, Tom Bailey collapsed and the band's plans had to be scrapped. Was this the end of The Thompson Twins? No. For Tom Bailey is feeling better now. And anyway, he tells Chris Heath:

# DEATH DOESN'T BOTHER ME

## What happened?

On that fateful day? No-one really knows. I fainted.

## Did everything go black and swirly?

Sort of, yeah. It was pretty strange because it's never happened to me before but I've spoken to other people who it's happened to and it looks like my experience is pretty much in line with theirs. It's scary. Obviously I saw a lot of doctors but none of them could really find a solid explanation. The thing that really worried me for a while was that I had no reflexes. You know, when they hit you with a hammer? I wasn't feeling really ill, or anything, just extremely tired. I felt as if I'd like to be in bed for a few days.

## I was surprised, because you were really full of beans the day before.

Yeah. I was. But when it all happened, and I had the time to lie there and think about it, I think I'd been working far too hard. In hindsight, in fact, it's not too surprising really. We were just about to release "Roll Over" as a single but we won't now. Partly because I prefer the other things we've now finished and partly because — though people will call me superstitious — I took it as an omen that my illness prevented the single being released. I went marching into my manager's office afterwards and had a big argument with him about it. And now we're stuck with 120,000 copies of a single that we don't want to release.

## What have you been doing since?

Immediately after I went to France and stayed in my apartment there for about a week. I very quickly began to feel better but they all very strongly recommended that I take some time off before starting working again, otherwise it might happen again or lead to something worse. So I went to Barbados and when I got there Sting was just finishing his solo album and Eddy Grant was doing his album so the three of us hung out together. I sang a bit on Eddy's album and did all the normal island activities like swimming and not getting up too early in the morning.

I was there nearly five weeks and after a couple of weeks I was really bored but I just forced myself to endure the boredom in order to get healthy. By the time I left I felt great. I still do.

Since then I've been in New York completing the new album. It's almost done now. It's sounding utterly brilliant.

The doctors suggested that I was working too hard and taking on too much responsibility so we decided that it would release the burden if somebody on the outside came in. During that time, Nile Rodgers, who we didn't know, got in touch with our record company and asked to produce us, which seemed like an interesting coincidental solution to the problem. And it's worked great.

When you collapsed did you ever think you were going to die?

No. Not really.

## Your life didn't flash before your eyes?

No, no. My career did for a second. When things like that happen at such a crucial point and you suddenly fall down and are told you have to take at least a month off, it throws all your plans to the wind. Although many people were sympathetic a lot of people were predicting doom and despair and that everything would go wrong, that we'd blown it at exactly the wrong time in our career. So that worry sort of added to the upset.

## What would you miss most if you died?

Is this a question you're asking all pop stars? There was a time years ago when I was very, very ill and I thought I was going to die and it's a frightening thing. In the panic I found I was tending to miss all those things that you usually take for granted. I was a long way from home in India — I had three different types of amoebic dysentery — and you suddenly want to be back home with your family, your possessions and all those actually rather silly things that day-to-day you think you can do without. The commonplace things — at that time my record player, my own bedroom. I had this weird feeling that, 'OK, if I'm going to die, at least I want to die in my own bedroom'. I had become totally dehydrated — I couldn't even take any water without vomiting, but luckily I was cured. This was about seven years ago.

## Do you believe in an afterlife?

Yep! I think probably reincarnation is the key word here.

## If you were reincarnated what would you like to come back as?

Oh, a human being. One that could somehow take with it the knowledge of previous lives.

## Have you any idea who you might have been in previous lives?

Not really, no. Sometimes I think I was a duck.

## A duck?

Yeah. Sometimes when I'm singing I squawk.

## Mmm. If you were a ghost who would you haunt?

Oh god! I don't know. I'd probably come back and haunt my old friends.

## Don't be silly! Ghosts are supposed to haunt people they don't like.

No, ghosts are just like people — either friendly or not. If I had to be a ghost stuck in ghostland then I'd want to be a friendly one.

## What if you were a poltergeist? What object would you most like to throw around the room?

Maybe a guitar. It's the sort of thing I'd never dare do in real life, being a meek and mild sort of person.

## When you do die, do you want to be buried or cremated?

Um, well, to be perfectly honest, I don't really mind. Probably I think it's a good idea to be buried because then the nutritional value of your body can go garden in the soil. If I had a house with a garden I'd probably be buried in the back garden.

## That's not very nice. It's hardly very fair on the next people who live there, is it? They're not going to want to plant their roses over you, are they?

It'd be no problem. At the moment I'm living near Washington Square in New York and that's full of bodies.

## What music would you like played at your funeral?

Faure's *Requiem*. And I guess a couple of Thompson Twins b-sides — slow moody ones so that everyone can have a good cry. Ha ha.

## What would you like as your epitaph?

As my epitaph? Oh, you'd have to give me time to write that! It's the sort of thing I can't deliver frivolously — I'd really enjoy spending hours writing my epitaph.

## Whose arms would you most like to die in?

Madonna's? Give me the rest of the choices! No, not particularly. I've met her a couple of times but I've never talked to her so I don't know what sort of person she is.

## Billy Idol?

Billy Idol! He'd probably have me stuffed.

## Keith Chegwin?

I don't think I can really share any great feelings for him. In any case Keith Chegwin will probably die before I do. He works too hard.

## Bruce Springsteen?

Bruce baby! He won't be around when I die. I very rarely go to New Jersey.

## If you made a will, what would you do with all your money?

Well, I already have made a will. But I don't want to tell you that. I would certainly leave Joe and Alannah things pertaining to the band so that Joe and Alannah could carry on. I'd probably leave them a few tips, too.

## Would you mind if they carried on without you?

Death doesn't really bother me — one thing I think is that people are over-reverent about death. You know how when someone dies and they're finishing an album and everyone says 'oh, you can't release the album yet, it'd be cashing in'! Well I've already formally told my manager that if I die, release the album the next day. Because there's nothing wrong with doing that. There's always mistaken sentimentality about death, isn't there?



# U2 40

with  
**CHRISSIE  
HYNDE**

**NEW SINGLE**

**I GOT YOU BABE**  
7" & 12"

**DEP**  
RECORDS

DEP 20/12



*Take me Home*

(ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY)  
 (ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY)  
 (WE'LL HAVE AN ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY)  
 (ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY)

LET ME TAKE YOU SOMEWHERE YOU WILL NOT FORGET  
 SOMEWHERE YOU HAVE NEVER BEEN BEFORE  
 YOU SAY YOU'VE SEEN THE BEST  
 YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET  
 TONIGHT WILL HAVE YOU SHOUTIN' OUT FOR MORE  
 (MORE MORE MORE)

CHORUS  
 WE'LL HAVE AN ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY  
 AN ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY  
 EVERYONE FOR MILES AROUND  
 WILL HIT THE LIGHTS AND PAINT THE TOWN  
 WE'LL HAVE AN ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY  
 AND DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY  
 EVERYBODY COME ON DOWN  
 WE'LL HAVE AN ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY

(ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY)

THE NIGHT IS YOUNG AND SUMMERTIME IS IN THE AIR  
 TURN THE SOUND UP LET THE MUSIC FLOW  
 (ALL NIGHT ALL NIGHT)  
 WE'LL KEEP ON DANCING TILL WE GREET THE MORNING  
 AIR  
 SO COME ON DOWN AND LET YOUR BODY GO (GO GO GO)

REPEAT CHORUS

(ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY)  
 (ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY)  
 (WE'LL HAVE AN ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY)  
 (ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY)

ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY  
 WE'LL HAVE AN ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY  
 EVERYONE FOR MILES AROUND  
 WILL HIT THE LIGHTS AND PAINT THE TOWN  
 WE'LL HAVE AN ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY  
 AND DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY  
 EVERYONE COME ON DOWN  
 WE'LL HAVE AN ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY

REPEAT TO FADE



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# RUSS ABBOTT ALL NIGHT HOLIDAY

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A black and white close-up portrait of Bryan Adams. He has short, spiky hair and is looking directly at the camera with a slight, enigmatic smile. He is wearing a dark jacket over a dark turtleneck sweater. The background is out of focus, showing some light streaks.

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# Letters

WRITE TO: SMASH HITS, 52 - 65 CARNABY STREET, LONDON W1V 1PP  
THE BEST LETTER GETS A £10 RECORD TOKEN

I would like to thank every single person involved in the Live Aid concert. It was, without doubt, the most memorable day of my life. Truly *The* day the remember. *Lisa, London.*

About seventeen trillion letters in a similar vein, akshewelliee. We all seem to be in agreement re this one for once. *Bob Geldof - God bless you ma'am!*

Dear Black Type,

Akshewelliee, akshewelliee is spelt like this: Akshewelliee (oh damn! my pen's slipped) Sorry, I'll start again: Akshewelliee, act 2 welly is spelt like this: Actu (God! this blasted pen which I found in a pot of Pot Noodle - Yum! - has run out). Sorry I WILL START AGAIN! I know I'll write akshewelliee five times to get it right. Right? oh, well, here goes: akshewelliee, actually, akshewelliee, actually, actually. (Actually!!!) I wondered if you know how to spell it - because according to the July 3 Mega-wonderful magazine, you don't! *A Person Who Knows How To Spell Actually, Wigton Fields.*

Akshewellieeellieeee is spelt like this: akkshewellieellieeee. Actually is spelt like this: actually, actually. Now do you understand? (Can't say I do, akcherlieh - Ed)

O.K. peoples, heerrree they are! The long awaited results of the LIVE AID NUMB BUM COMPETITION!!! The undisputed winner was Auntie Eileen who sat through the entire 16 hour extravaganza and who claims a further award for being the only woman in existence to knit a pair of bed socks in time to Spandau Ballet's "Only When You Leave".

Coming in close second was Edna the next-door neighbour who managed an incredible 18 and a half hours before returning home to feed the dog. Horace the garden gnome was third with a time of 15 hours and only retired when Great Aunt Hilda accidentally knocked his head off whilst throwing the cat at the television screen during Tina Turner's "Dg". An early finisher was Uncle Bob who left the room in disgust cos old Charlie didn't perform his famous rendition of "When Doves Cry".

Winners of other categories were:

Eric the paper boy claiming first place in the 'Look my jeans are more flared than Francis Rossi's' competition.  
Gerald the canary running away

with first prize in the Sting lookalike competition.

Rita from the chip-shop winning hands down in the "Swooning over Bob Geldof/David Bowie/Paul Young/Tony Hadley" competition.

Dad (the lad) for an amazing performance in the "I know all the words to every song" competition.  
And finally, Grandma Boggins who whizzed off with first prize in the "How many times can you say 'Ohh, what does he/she/it look like?' competition.

Additional awards go to Alexander the dog for sustained barking throughout Adam Ant's sweet little ditty. And an award for diligence to our dear departed little hamperer, Harold, for dropping dead in the middle of Bryan Adams' painful aware-throat op. exercises *Skinny Minnie And Frumpy Charlie* And my £10 record token award goes to... *Grandma Boggins! What a gent! (It's on its way.)*



Dear Black Type,

Reading through my super super super super super qutie comic, I found this. I wonder where Joe is? *The Fortunato Piano Key That Wasn't Hit By Tom Bailey's Hands, Eire.*

Hey, what's happened to Mummers? I refer of course to the Fact that The Three Dots for Dorothy's to give them their due respect has been replaced by what can only be described as Dirty Great Blob! Cast aside after all these years of faithful service - how insensitive can you get! What next in this New Age of Barbarism - Black Type to be replaced by *Lecht Finck*, or even worse, CAPTIALS? Bring back the Dots! *A Friend Of Dorothy's, London W8*

Humm. Let us see... *Hallo readers'... Urg! Leaves a sort of salty taste in le mouth, that. What about... HALLO READERS!... Eurg! I've gone all wibbly...*

Dear Rolf Harris fans everywhere, I felt I had to write in to warn serious record collectors. On

reading your letters page I stumbled on your subject of playing your records backwards. I immediately tried this out, but by mistake I got out my ultra rare copy of Rolf Harris singing "Sun Arise", then played the record backwards and the record player went "oo-wee fzz fzz BANG" and my ultra rare copy of "Sun Arise" ended up shattered. I'm so heart-broken I don't know how to compensate for my loss, and I write this to advise other serious Rolf Harris Collectors, if there is any.  
*One Of The Last Rolf Harris Fan Club Members In Britain (Unless You Readers Know Better)*  
P.S. Notice how I didn't mention the Live Aid thingy mainly because Rolf was not invited.

Did you know that if you play Rolf's epic "waxing" "My Boomerang Won't Come Back" backwards, it does? Ho ho, (V., "lateral" joke this, shipmates.)

Hey!

You haven't mentioned the French single for Ethioopia, sung by most of our singers, Chanteurs Sans Frontiers with 'Ethioopie' at the moment Number 1 in our charts.  
Another thing I want to say to you concerning the answer you did to Virpi Saarnen (*Lettrax*, June 19), about the Finnish band Dingoo.

1st) This group 'Dingo' (I myself know) has nothing to do with Bobbysock's Fantasies and can easily challenge your best band!

2nd) The Finnish language has no common roots with the other Scandinavian ones, which makes your pun completely rotten.

3rd) Please do not try to have an opinion about what you don't even know.

You, english people always



Marc

Have any of your readers noticed the blood-curdling resemblance between Marc Almond and your very own zoo correspondent Fluffy the Fruit Bat? It's truly amazing, isn't it?  
*Gaterheart, Croydon.*

consider yourself as the center of a musical world. It's time for these blind intolerance and racism to be stopped and for these silly monopoly and protectionism to be nipped in the bud.

Yaaaaa... xKKK... that's what love is... as your superstar Vikki Watson used to sing.

Friendly yours,  
*Dominique DuPast, France.*

Gosh. frightfully sorry about that little misunderstanding. As Garry Lux (Austria's primo superstar) so

applied to it "Ver hoot for wee boy balloons being burst atop the banjo!" (or something like that). Or as the Flower of English Song, Ma Vikki, so fitly wailed: "Taaaaa xKKK roLLL". I.e. "music is an international language", as Lulu so trimly stated. Or as Russ Abbot himself once said... (That's enough stupid comments from wonky pop stars, thank you - Ed.)

Dear Black Type,

This letter may horrify, nay shock you but try to remain calm. I am writing this from a padded cell in the Peter Martin Institution for unbalanced Smash Hits readers. Why, you may ask, am I locked up in here? Well, it is a very sad tale but I am going to relate to you.

Over the past few months, due to scathing remarks by you, Black Type, I have become interested in TV programmes such as *Blockbusters* and *Treasure Hunt*. Well, to cut a long story short, I grew to like these programmes and would secretly watch them when nobody else was around. My secret would have been safe but during a heated discussion one day, I got carried away and in a moment of anguish I admitted to the world that I loved *Blockbusters*, thought *Una Stubbs* should win an Oscar for her amazing acting in which those coffee adverts and that *Enigma* was just a saggy old cloth cat with mold behind his ears.

Of course, as soon as I had let slip my dark and terrible secret I was carted off to this institution where I am forced to eat Cheesy Wotsits all day.

I would love to be cured of this madness. I want to be able to scorn *Blockbusters*. I cannot stand it anymore and if my illness gets



Fluffy

worse, I may even start to enjoy Bruce Springsteen.  
*A Desperate Fingernail On Paul Young's Right Hand, Bude, Cornwall.*

You are in a sorry state, aren't you, young person? Why anyone should wish to scorn his Glorious Respects-and-hisne Saint Bob "Bob" Holmes, who day in, day-out thrusts fearlessly forward into the formidable "waters" of the Gold Run (except that he's on holiday at the moment), is

# Answers

completely beyond my powers of comprehension. Are you sure you aren't getting muddled up with Connections or, worse still, Now You See It (which is entirely in Scottish)?

## Dear Black Type,

What is this terrible thing that has happened to you? While doing the competition for the Duran shirts in *Bite* (July 3) I noticed that instead of your usual address, it had changed to 85-85 Carnaby Street? What's the building shrank? Is it a Government cuss? Is it the cost of feeding Peter Martin? Is it the cost of a television license so you can gaze upon the very revered Bagguss (God bless his bursting seams) while at work? Or was it a nasty horrible, wicked little misprint? I think we should be told, it could affect the future of Britain's Brightest Post magazine! From *Someone-Who-Was-Quite-Rebbed-She-Couldn't-Make-It-To-Glastonbury-Festival-After-Seeing-The-Poor-Sods-Who-Could*.

## Shrank? Hah! That's a laugh!

Why, there's not even room to swing a v. tiny sugar mouse in here, matey, plus my desk is completely covered in *Asda* Bites (10 for 50p - a snip! except that they go wonky after about two secs and all the ink oozes out in your breast pocket if you know worramance), back issues of *Bunty* and review copies of *Delia* "Delia" Smith's 1001 *Jolly Nice Things To Eat*. It's ruddy impossible to work under these conditions and I'm completely browned off - it's a swizz, matey. But hark! Trill trill - my Trimpbone is ringing! Perchance it is a job offer from that deeply suspicious and swanky American glossy *Giltner* (as seen on TV). Sadly, I will never know because said phone is lost beneath a three-year-old layer of fluff...

Dear Ha Ha Ha Hee Hee Hee I'm The Laughing Gnome And You Can't Catch Me (Letters, July 3),

I bet you I can catch you because I came fourth in the West Fife School's Under 15's Girls' 200 metres C race. So eat your words, sweetie

Someone *Who's Letter Better* *Get Printed In Smash Hits* *Because It Took Them 4 1/2 Hours To Type* *Because They Can Only Use One Finger, Dundermine*.

Crikey! But can you play "Space Oddity" on the stylophone (as invented by Rolf "Rolf" Harris). Well, D. Bowie can so yeah yeah to you, matey!

Not so dear Daniel Avenell, (Letters, July 3),

You obviously have no idea what you are talking about. If you did you wouldn't slag off Communists.

You would know that Marx was the man to find out how the proletariat gets exploited and made the workers aware of the true facts. His socialist ideas inspired three quarters of the world's socialists and is the only way of helping the proletariat. Instead of picking on someone like Stalin, abuse Trotsky, the T'ory or Socialist cause or indeed Margaret Thatcher. Socialist/Communist countries have equal rights, powerful trade unions, no classes and full employment. This so called "free and democratic" country can boast some of that

Bagguss. From your description, it obviously isn't a "rod of rods" or a leftie, but a way of planting Thatcherite ideals into the heads of its young, defenceless and influential watchers. *A Vegetarian Marxist-Leninist Paul Weiler Fan, Tooting, London.*

## Oh Bountiful and Generous Black Type,

A Mr B Puss has recently informed me that your magazine is offering a £10 record token as a reward for information about the saboteur at the Live Aid concerts. Tres facie, mes amas. Cest Sir Philip Collins. He was the only person at both concerts and his first name is practically a type of screwdriver. It was the perpetual 3 day ground himself who tampered with Bob Geldof and Patti LaBelle's microphones. It was he who sabotaged the satellite during the fab Who (he used the in-flight laser on Concord). Why did Roger Daltrey fall over? Easy. He tripped over Sir Philip Collins' toolbox. But many questions remain unanswered.

1) Why does Pete Townshend think he's a Ninja?

2) Why does Patti LaBelle think she's a window cleaner?

3) Can the Beach Boys lift a surfboard between them?

4) How did Bob Geldof persuade a stageful of stars to stand up in front of 1.5 billion people in the middle of July and tell everyone that it was Christmas time?

Any answers referring to Roland Orzabal and/or various marsupials will not be accepted.

*Freddie Mercury's Shades, Mansfield.*

- 1) Ask Boris the Spider.
- 2) Because Stan Ogden is dead.
- 3) No.
- 4) Curt Smith and a bush baby.

## Dear Black Type,

You are probably wondering why I am writing this literary masterpiece. What is the deep meaning of this humble attempt at immortality? What is the use of sitting here wasting my time when I could be outside watching my freckles join together? Or revolutionising the pop industry as we know it with glittering strands of melody that tear through the user windows of your mind? Or building a replica of Milton Keynes with a shoe box, half a Fairy Liquid bottle and double-ended sticky tape for speed? Or hanging a picture of Mr

Megabank himself (Prince, of course) in the only place worthy of his Purpleness e.g. Battersea Sewage Station? Or kissing a George Michael poster and being sick three seconds later? Or winning the Nobel Peace Prize? Or reproducing Barry Manilow's nostrils entirely from matchsticks and solder for...  
*Nik Kerabaw's Crunchy Nut Cornflakes, Wron Coldfield.*

Yes, I was wondering, akchewuli...

## Dear Black Type,

Kindly cease this blinkered infantility with American culinary colonialism! I refer of course to your misguided enthusiasm for the spread of the creeping McDonalds madities. As any fule kno, there is only one take-away worth talking about - our very own, health giving Spud-U-Like the nectar of the gods, the stuff of life, the real thing etc. Mine's a Sour Cream With Chives with a side helping of Tuna Salad! Mmmm!  
*Scotland's Only True Flower Child, Hammersmith.*  
P. S. Don't forget the garlic butter!

Spud-U-Like? Mmmm mmmm, add some yeast, Pass the soya-substitute chili con carne sauce, mmm, (plus a side order of Chicken McNaggets, pooreese. Yum)

## Mon cher Noir Type,

After a long and arduous period of study and research I have at last discovered the truth. Look no further Clevver Trousers and Famous Musicologist (Letters, July 3)! Step aside! Rock's lost highway leads neither to the high rise pad of Mary, Mungo And Midge nor to that much-maligned mot (test tube babies et al). No surreal Rock can be traced directly to the Albert Memorial Hospital, home of the Young Doctors.

Voila la preuve:

That theme tune (diddle-iddle er der der diddle-iddle er...) has an uncanny resemblance to that legendary rock ditty by Led Zepplin (or "Led Zep" to give them their full name) i.e. "Stairway To Heaven".

I rest my case.  
*A Clockwork Orange, Carlisle.*

**A Very Famous Musicologist writes: Alright, I give up. What the jiggins is/are Young Doctors???**

## Dahling Black Type (OBE?),

Look, as a pledge of our never-ending love I offer you 20 exclamation marks as the Ed. was moaning last issue. Take them for the mere price of a £10 record token and the warmth of your loving affection.

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
Lots of love,  
*TT, coo Brian Mary's Plectrum, Cheltenham.*

## Ha! You, TT, are a blatant

impostor and a phoney, and due to v. spang use of exclamation marks in my preceding replies, I have ample supplies left, thank you very much. Just watch me! Byeeeeee!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! (That's enough exclamation marks, thank you - Ed.)

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# STAR TEASER

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 31

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# 'NIGHTSOUT' GOES TO THE P

(Our man flicking popcorn over the balcony: Ian Cranna)

## THE LAST DRAGON DESPERATELY

Happily the dragon in question here is not the firebreathing monster variety but instead the final stage in Kung Fu mastery. And if a martial arts movie made by the head of slick Motown Records sounds even worse than the mythical kind, then you'd actually be completely wrong, smartypants

— *The Last Dragon* is in fact HUGELY enjoyable. Set in New York, it finds our hero — the sweet 'n' gentle Leroy (played by newcomer Taimak) searching for the final enlightenment in his chosen way of life that will bring "The Glow". (Nothing to do with *Read! Break!*, I assure you.) He's interrupted in his quest by the big bad Shogun of Harlem, Sho Nuff, who's out to prove his Kung Fu supremacy by provoking Leroy (who's trying to live by the best Oriental non-violent principles) into a showdown.

Leroy (or Bruce Lee-roy as

he's called, because it's that sort of film) is further distracted by getting romantically entangled with Laura Charles (played by ex-Prince protegee, Vanity), a v. big cheese TV video show host who is being pursued by another baddie. Leroy rescues Laura from a tangle with the henchmen and so the stage is set for the two villains to join forces to trap Leroy into *The Big Show* Down.

It could all be horribly corny were it not for the fact that it's done with a wit and general smartness entirely lacking in brainless youth exploitation movies like *Footloose*. Apart from the revolutionary concept that all the main characters are convincing, there are loads of good laughs, clever send-ups and role reversals throughout — like the innocent Leroy begging his streetwise kid brother Richie (brilliantly acted by Leo O'Brien) for advice on girls, or the 3 live-talking break-dancing Chinese guys meeting up with the Oriental-

mannered black hero.

The film does occasionally descend into the corny (especially when trying for the 'cute' youth angle) and the frequent dollops of music are nothing special — lots of characterless Motown acts like Charlene or DeBarge — but they're mainly confined to the disco club scenes and thus not too bad. The spectacular fight scenes, however, are pretty ace — and I speak as one for whom Kung Fu has a high zzzzz-inducing factor — and the final fandango builds into real audience participation time with everyone whooping or wincing with the action.

Looked at sternly, this film is little more than a highly entertaining piece of fluff. You'd have to have a heart of stone not to fall for it, though: *The Last Dragon* is ace — charming, funny, genuinely cheering and not to be missed.

● On general release now. Cert 15.



▲ Wacracracking kid brother Richie attempts to enlighten Leroy on the subject of girls



▲ Sho Nuff demonstrates on Leroy the ancient Oriental art of washing your hair on a Friday night



▲ Well-known Shakespearean actress Vanity — Alas, poor Prince — I knew him well



▲ Leroy in the flesh 'Yum! Er, that's that the peanuts we're talking about

Now I hope you're paying attention here, because this gets complicated. The heroine of the film is actually Roberta (played by Rosanna Arquette) who is a bored and frustrated New Jersey housewife. By way of adding a little romance into her life, she's taken to following the progress of a relationship in which two travelling lovers (Jim and Susan) keep in touch through personal ads in the newspaper. Intrigued, Roberta eavesdrops on one of their rendezvous and is instantly fascinated by Susan (played by Her Royal Naughtiness Madonna) to the extent of buying her green silk jacket with a cosmic pyramid design on the back when Susan trades it in for a pair of sparkly boots. (Got all that?) In the pocket of this horrible jacket Roberta finds the key to the luggage locker in which the homeless Susan has deposited her belongings, so she decides to contact Susan — through the personal ads in the paper, hence, the film's title. (Still with me?)

Now Susan — a v. 'street' type girl who lives on her wits and a lot of cheek — has just extricated herself from a fling with an extremely dodgy gangster-type who promptly gets bumped off. The murderer is now stalking Susan because she's helped herself not only to the gangster's wallet but to a pair of weird earrings (which turn out to be priceless Egyptian antiquities).

But (look, I told you this was complicated) now that Roberta is wearing Susan's jacket, the murderer thinks she is Susan and — after a bump on the head in which she loses her memory — so does Roberta, because Susan's belongings are all she's got to go on. Anyway (pew!), the upshot of it all is that the disoriented Roberta goes through a series of escapades and in doing so finds her real self (mean) while everybody else is out looking for her.

It all gets sorted out (well, more or less) when, through a series of even more complicated twists in the plot, they all meet up at the seedy club where Roberta has taken a job as a magician's assistant.

And that, believe it or not, is the simplified version. We haven't even mentioned Roberta's pig of a hubby Gary



# PICTURES

## SEEKING SUSAN

or his marvellously rude sister or Jim's friend Dez who falls for Roberta (and vice versa) but feels guilty because he thinks she's Susan too or — well, we haven't got time to go into all that now.

So (deep breath) — is it any good and can Madonna act for toffee? The answer in both cases is a qualified yes. After a bad start in which Roberta wins the Cliff Barnes Memorial Award For Hammy Overacting, the film develops into a well-observed, offbeat comedy with some nice lines and v. fab shots of New York City. Madonna clearly has a real rapport with the camera, although it's hard to tell just how much she's acting and how much she's playing herself.

In short, worth seeing.

● On general release from September 6. Cert 15.



▲ Boyfriend Jim jans up the dots on Susan's shoulder



▲ Would you buy these boots? Roberta hesitates — Susan doesn't



▲ One of those people thinks they're Susan (Clue: it's not Dez on the right)




▲ Tarty? Most incredibly rare shot of Madonna (Susan) with her collies on (Misses! Ed) and costar Rosanna Arquette (Roberta)

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# CONCERTS

**David Cassidy:** Cornwell St, Austell Coliseum (September 21), Puckle Arts Centre (24), Brighton Centre (26), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (30), Birmingham Odeon (October 2/3), Manchester Apollo (6/7), Edinburgh Playhouse (10), Newcastle City Hall (13), Sheffield City Hall (16), Apollo 178, London Royal Albert Hall (21/22)

**The Flying Pickets:** New Brighton Floral Pavilion (August 1), Southport Theatre (7/3), Blackpool Grand Theatre (4), Hastings White Rock Theatre (8/9/10/11), Worthing Assembly Hall (13), Saveridge Gascon Craig Theatre (14), Margate Winter Gardens (15/16/17), Jersey Fort Regent (20), Gurnsey Beau Sejour (21), Gloucester Lession Centre (24), Newport Centre (26), Cornwell St Austell Coliseum (27), Poole Arts Centre (28), Peterborough Cressat (29), Lewesitch Spawne s Nest (31), Fiskestone Lees Cliff Hall (September 1)

**The Frank Chickens:** Basdon Gloucester Park Festival For Peace (August 4), Glasgow Three Eye Theatre (6), Oxford Pegasus Theatre (September 13), Manchester Town Hall (18), London Greenwich Theatre (21)

**Gary Moore:** Glasgow Barrowlands (September 14), Edinburgh Playhouse (15), Newcastle City Hall (16), Bradford St George s Hall (18), Caroll St Dene s Hall (19), Birmingham Odeon (20), Blackburn King George's Hall (22), Manchester Apollo (23), Sarnford City Hall (24), Ipswich Gaumont (26), London Hammersmith Odeon (27/28), Leicester De Montfort Hall (30), Bristol Colston Hall (October 1), Oxford Apollo (2)

**Thompson Twins** (pictured below), Brighton Centre (October 13), Newcastle City Hall (15/16), Edinburgh Playhouse (17/18), Deeside Leisure Centre (19), Leeds Queens Hall (20), Shepton Mallet Showring Pavilion (22), Birmingham NEC (25), Wembley Arena (26/27)



Photo by [unreadable]

# STAR LEASER

U.S. No. 1's 1980-85

All the names below are hidden in the diagram. They could run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Some run backwards. Be unimpressed that the list is so long. It is a computer-aided game. The answer is easy. Why not?

- ARIADNA ART
- AFRICA
- BEAT IT
- CALL ME
- CARIBBEAN QUEEN
- CARELESS WHISPER
- CHERRYFORD
- CENTERFOLD
- SONG 'T YOU WANT ME
- FLASHDANCE
- FOOTLOOSE
- GHOSTBUSTERS
- HARD TO SAY I'M SORRY
- HELLO
- JACK AND DIANE
- KARMA CHAMELEON
- LADY
- LET'S DANCE
- LET'S GO CRAZY
- MAGIC
- MANEATER
- MARIJUANA
- MICKY
- MISSING YOU
- OUT OF TOUCH
- PINKALY
- RAUPE
- SARKING
- SAY SAY SAY
- TELL HER ABOUT IT
- THE REFLEX
- TIME AFTER TIME
- TWILY
- WE ARE THE WORLD
- WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT
- WHEN DOVES CRY

CARINEEUQNAEBBIRAC  
AEMLLACOLLEHMKEK  
RMLCALEYUHPILPANGC  
TICALMNGTSKSATRHA  
JFHETLENASOIBEDNOI  
HFAENSITIHFFROYSN  
TOLMLGNSWDFTEATTA  
ISLITGOSDDLOLETBM  
WEAMYNSCLAENLUYIU  
OOSPOEEADRMNLCRST  
DITUHLARWAACHRCXGHP  
ORIEYAFHUEZYOEHCM  
TAMRAPSCRTROSYOEAU  
THAXTSALAEMYSYOAFJ  
OCHFUEMYBAIRTRRLOOA  
GHRDRLOAYCBTENORRF  
EETAOUFASUITITOBURF  
VEKATVSESYHSLMDEET  
OLTILOVTRREAOYDAETS  
LUTFTOECWEOSHAECT  
SRIDDRSOTSHCGEPILIE  
TTRNSTRAECATVNRGR  
A.A.E.L.H.E.A.R.A.O.F.T.A.A.  
H.N.M.D.L.W.J.B.M.M.D.A.E.L.I.M.E  
W.S.E.A.E.C.N.A.D.H.S.A.L.F.S.D.M.W

ANSWERS ON PAGE 16

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# WEST

● Six months ago no-one had heard of them. Just two singles later they were rich, famous and very big news. William Shaw is impressed . . .

● "Since March it has been well mad. It's not a case of complaining about it, it's just that you've got such a lot to do in such a short time," says a dazed Richard Drumma.

It has to be said that 1985 has been a spectacularly good year for Go West, and a busy one too. When you think that they'd known each other for six whole years before they managed to get Go West underway, and that Peter Cox had been massing around in small end - he admits himself - usually fairly bad groups for ten years, all this must have come as a bit of a shock to two people who say they're very good at sitting around end doing nothing.

But since the release of 'Wa Clasa Our Eyes' they seem to have been running around like lunatics. And that's exactly what they're doing now.

They're half-way through shooting the video for their third single 'Goodbye Girl', and, having just jumped into the back of a van, they're being sped across London from one location to another. And just as they're settling down at the rear to have a chat, a familiar tune comes on the radio: their first single. They both look round in amazement. "You're joking!"

From the front seat, the driver who's been hired for the day looks round. "Do you want me to switch it off?"

"Oh no," says Richard. "That's fine."

"That's the kind of music we like," explains Peter.

They sit back grinning. "The thing is," says Peter, "neither of us is very conscious of any great success. We're working all the time. Literally. And I still don't get recognised in the street, so there's not that kind of success to deal with. I just get up, go to rehearsal or to the studio or whatever and we both go home late. We're both conscious that our social lives are taking a bit of a beating, but we're grateful for the opportunity."

Seeing as how they've both decided that being in pop music is "a pretty funny way to earn a living," they don't seem to have rushed out and done all those really wild things that stars are supposed to do. Where are the limos? Where are the luxury apartments? What about the wheezy rock'n'roll nights out?

"Considering the money that's coming in," says Richard, "we're not very flash about it. I bought a second-hand car, he's bought a small flat. I want to know when it's going to stop before I start spending it."

So don't you reckon you may be too down-to-earth for this line of business?

"No, I don't think you can be," says Richard. "Because people always think you're an arrogant and pretentious bastard anyway, so I think you're better off like this. People assume you're a millionaire, your girlfriend will look gorgeous, your car will go faster than anyone else's and your house is full of people having a good time twenty-four hours a day. We're not really like that."

## PETER ON RICHARD



Richard Drumma

● "My first impression of Richard? Well, he was young, he had long hair . . . exceedingly long hair . . . and he had no eyelashes at the time."

No eyelashes?

"Mmm. And he was thin. That was the initial thing of what he looked like. We didn't really get to know each other at the time, but of all the members of Richard's band he was the only one who had showed any interest in the demo tapes that I'd taken down for them to listen to. The rest of the band were pretty cool about it. Very cool. Negative in fact."

Since those days when Patar first met up with him playing in a dodgy local band, Richard has cut his exceedingly long hair to a more respectable length. He's the younger of the pair by a good four years. In Peter's estimation he's a very capable musician, though "not a virtuoso", he's definitely more fashion conscious than Peter and he likes "pratentious music." He's also the one who tends to get things done for Go West.

"He's always the one to commit himself, to make a decision, to jump in at the deep end and worry about the consequences later. He'll always say 'Yes' while I'm going 'er . . . er . . .' By which time it's too late and he's gone 'Yep! Go West will be there' and I'll have to trail along going 'You bastard. I told you I didn't want to do that.' But it usually works out alright. I just can't naturally be that lippy. I just can't do that."

Richard's worst habit? "Well, I think it's no secret that Richard isn't the world's most punctual man. And one of my faults is that maybe I attach too much importance to that. So we do argue about that slight lapse in punctuality every now and then, say maybe four times a day."

The pair of them do have what Peter calls 'loud discussions' from time to time: "But that's because we're both in a position to make all the decisions. But even when we have blazing rows, where it's like 'Right! I'm getting on a plane end going home', within two or three hours the mood changes."

So how has success affected Richard?

"Well, he gets tired a lot."

## RICHARD ON PETER



Peter Cox

● "When I first saw him, Peter was . . ." [asides to Peter: "You don't want me to say this do you?"] . . . "he looked a lot different. He was kind of . . . larger. He wasn't like a balloon or anything, but he was bigger than he is now. Let's put it this way: anyone who saw him that day and hasn't seen him since would go 'My God! You've lost weight.' "I was really knocked out by his demo tape. I was knocked out enough to trace him for a copy of it. I really embarrassed myself phoning people and asking where he lived."

A polite 30 year old, Patar is the less outgoing of the pair. He lives in a flat which he bought with the first money he saw from Go West (but he won't say who he shares it with) and he is, according to Richard, "not at all pratentious."

"His best physical quality is his voice, his best personal quality is his sense of humour, I suppose. We're just like a jigsaw I think. We're very opposita in some things."

If Richard's the more impulsive of the pair, Peter takes things more calmly: "he's got that quite relaxed kind of vibe. Pate's very quiet up to a point and then once he decides he's got something to say he's very sure of it. I'll rabbit on for hours and he'll not say a thing. I know he's thinking about it so I'll wait for a couple of minutes and say 'what do you think then?' And he'll go 'I don't like it.'"

"If we do have a row I know it's coming. It never blows up out of the blue. Recently we've been seeing a lot of each other socially which is quite weird. We go through stages where as soon as we've finished, whoosh! That's it. We just get away from each other."

Does this reserved man ever act outrageously then?

"When he's drunk . . . only when he's drunk. Mostly at the end of parties though. As a rule though he's pratty solid."

"Oh great!" interrupts Peter. "I've always wanted to be solid."

"No," continues Richard obviously, "I would think that he's quite respectable really. You won't find any naked girls in the cupboard at his place."

And Peter's worst habit?

"Shouting at me for being late."

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What have you done?  
Hey little sister  
Who's the only one?  
Hey little sister  
Who's your superman?  
Hey little sister  
Who's the one you went?  
Hey little sister  
Shot gun

Chorus  
It's e nice dey  
To start egein (c'mon)  
It's e nice dey  
For e white wedding  
It's e nice dey  
To start egein

Hey little sister  
What have you done?  
Hey little sister  
Who's the only one?  
I've been away  
For so long (so long)  
I've been away  
For so long (so long)  
I let you go  
For so long

Repeat chorus

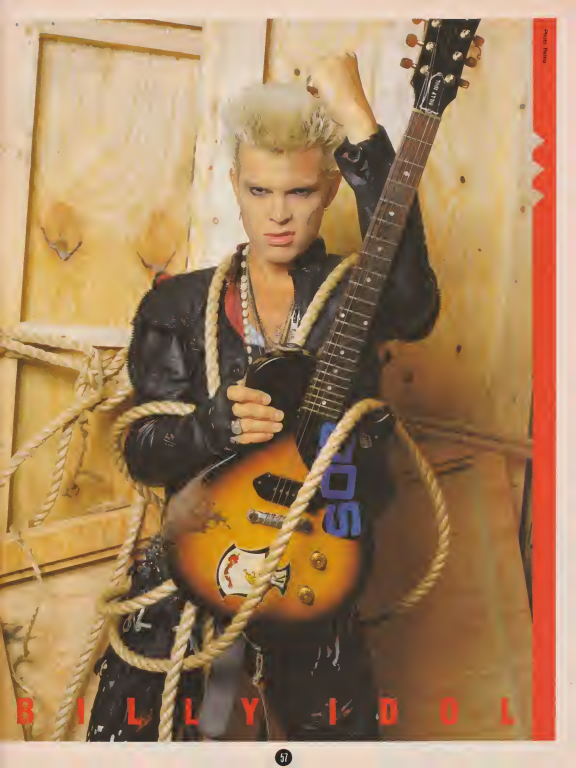
Pick it up  
Take me beck home

There is nothin'  
Fair in this world no  
There is nothin'  
Safe in this world  
And there's nothin'  
Sure in this world  
And there's nothin'  
Pure in this world  
Look for something  
Left in this world

Start egein  
Come on it's e nice dey  
For e white wedding  
Ooch  
It's e nice dey  
To start egein  
It's e nice dey  
To start egein  
It's e nice dey  
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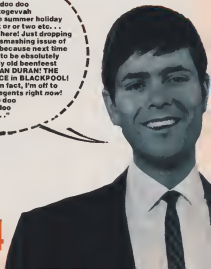
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doo doo doo doo  
doodle doo . . ."



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**N • I • K  
 KERSHAW**

Your mind can play tricks  
 Makes you what you want to be  
 Just like super-heroes  
 You saw them on TV  
 Coast to coast wall to wall  
 Got to go duty calls  
 Here I am here I am  
 Superman Lois Lane  
 Set the world beck again  
 Here I em

In my old red saloon  
 I'm the knight in shining armour  
 If I were asleep  
 Then I couldn't be much calmer  
 Hit the road on the run  
 Faster than anyone  
 Here I am  
 One for all all for one  
 Shake the fist shoot the gun  
 Here I em

Chorus  
 Don Quixote what do you sey  
 Are we proud ere we breve  
 Or just crazy  
 Don Quixote whet do you sey  
 Are we shouting at windmills  
 Like you

Common sense is as good  
 As a cefe on the moon  
 When men and machinery  
 Come to their high noon  
 Redie on the blink kick the cat  
 Hit the drink  
 Here I em  
 Beat the clock punch the well  
 Fixed in no time at all  
 Here I em

Repeat chorus

Here I em

**Don Quixote**  
 We're all men of La Mancha

Words and music by Nik Kershaw  
 Reproduced by permission Rondor  
 Music On MCA Records

**DON QUIXOTE**



Photo: Paul Gooch

# PRINCE & THE REVOLUTION



One two one two three four

I was workin' part-time  
In a five and dime  
My boss was Mr McGee  
He told me several times  
That he didn't like my kind  
'Cause I was a bit too leisurely  
It seemed that I was busy  
Doin' something close to nothin'  
But different than the day before  
That's when I saw her ooh I saw her  
She walked in through the out door  
Out door

Chorus

She wore a raspberry beret  
The kind you find  
In a second-hand store  
Raspberry beret  
And if it was warm  
She wouldn't wear much more  
Raspberry beret  
I think I love her

Built like she was  
She had the nerve to ask me  
If I planned to do her any harm  
So looka here I put her  
On the back of my bike  
And a we went ridin' down  
By Old Man Johnson's farm  
I said now overcast days  
Never turned me on  
But somethin' 'bout  
The clouds and hey mixed  
She wasn't too bright but I could tell  
When she kissed me  
She knew how to get her kicks

Repeat chorus

Rain sounds so cool  
When it hits the barn roof  
And the horses wonder who you are  
Thunder drowns out  
What the lightnin' sees  
Ha you feel like a movie star  
Listea  
They say the first time  
Ain't the greatest  
But I'll tell ya if I had the chance  
To do it all again  
Mannn I wouldn't change a stroke  
'Cause baby I'm the most  
With a girl as fine as she was then oh

Repeat chorus  
Where have all the  
Raspberry women gone

I think  
I think  
I think I love her

No no no  
No no no  
Ad lib to here

*Words and music by Prince and the Revolution  
Reproduced by permission Island Music Ltd  
On WEA Records*

# RASPBERRY BERET

So, the world is still reeling from Live Aid. Pop stars, still in acute shock, have gone into mass hibernation. All is quiet on the Western front.

Mutterings stands its most grueling test yet – to dig up some hot hot poop on the nation's favourite media personalities. For a mere mortal – torgetorabouritabyl! For King Mut! – no prob. For example, like **Madonna** – she who "pulled herself up by her bra-strings" (according to Belle Mulder on Live Aid). Naughty magazine Penthouse is its feature no less than 17 big top twenty pages of Miss Madonna in the noddie. Eek! Taken six years ago, she claims they were done for an art class.

"When I was a model," Yeh, and the other one's got teeth on it, maybe. Ne'ertheless, a new boutique has opened in a New York department store, entirely devoted to selling Madonna merchandise. And it's named Madonna Land, but ser!

● No, hardly be surely reinvented **Madonna** mutterings? Yes, but please don't call me Shirley. Madam, now taking in a something rotten, has decided to go up in the world once and for all by purchasing a dream home for one million big dollars – a 12 room apartment in New York's posh San Remo Tower. Everything was looking fine until – da ra ra naaa! – the residents committee voted against her moving in. It was unanimous – apart from adress **Diane Keaton** (the zippy one in all those **Woody Allen** films) – Madonna was out. One of the residents, a Wall Street broker, looks at it like this. "If we let her in, we'll have to let everybody in." Well, that's very nice. Anyway, we still love you and if you're still homeless by the 1st there's a perfectly good sofa in the corner of the meg-plush Mutterings office. ●

**John Taylor** has none of this trouble, of course. He's finally bought a \$500,000 flat in New York's s'vosh Upper West Side. ● **Aimee Currie**, meanwhile, was half-way through moving from her "groovy pad" in Clapham to a place in Wandsworth, South London when she just had to pop over 'stateside to do the Live Aid thing. While she was over there, giving it loads, some pesky varnishes broke in and cleaned her out. So now she's got nothing to move. Thoughtful of them. ●

It's Mutterings the only whinot of life that thinks **Jaki Graham** sounds exactly like **George Michael**? ● **Faicy Malcolm McLaren** is in Hollywood at present, working on money-making ideas for various film companies. Meanwhile, he's moved in with address **Lauren**. "I used to be the Revlon ad girl and I was America's top pa'd model for 10 years." **Hutton**

No accounting for taste. ● And, while we're being very get back in the knife drawer, Miss Sharp? about things, did you see **Trans X** on **Top Of The Pops**? What a state. ●

**Andrew** "surely he isn't" had another nose job. **Ridgeley** has been banned from racing his insurance brokers have taken away his sports car until Wham's up in court stadium tour is over, just in case he sprays his wrist or something and won't be able to play the guitar. ● **Choc lics** and **Westler's Big Hot Dogs** at the ready, get set for **Cinema Komer**. Hey wow. **Prince**'s new motion picture is called, tentatively (if they say in the biz) **Cherry Rainbow**. And guess who he wants to co-star? That madam **Madonna**, of course. **Capacitina** is the

title of **Bazza** "King Conk" **Manilow**'s first lecture film. It's all about this man with an enormous hooter who goes round the world singing songs about triangles in Bermuda and generally driving the mums of the world crazy. Sounds fab. **Rick** "I'm very big in America, honest guv" **Springfield** has also just made his first big film thing. Called **Hard To Hold**. It's about this rock person who goes around the world singing songs about being assa's a girl and generally driving 'er kids crazy. Sounds even labber. ● **Diana** "doesn't she look good for her age" **Ross**, meanwhile, is going to be in Dallas. To be brought in the next series as Jill's latest bit o' stuff. It will be the first inter-racial affair in a big American soap. Amazing. ● **Cor blimey**, girl! Did you see

those **Style Council** chappies on that dodgy **Matthew Kelly** show. **Ably's Eye**? Doing their wonderful "Come to Milton Keynes" single, they were backed by a mini-orchestra all dressed in monk's habits. Can we use the expression, "What on Earth is Paul Weller up to these days"? Not only that, but there was a well-wear **Style Council** TV ad, too. It showed 'er lads walking, in slow motion, towards a hot stand. And it ends with the words "The Style Council, probably the best group in the world" (or something to that effect) **Phew, rock'n' roll!** ● And now, da daaa! **A Frankie Goes To Hollywood** (remember them?) Mutterings, while playing their last gig in Japan recently, Holly had a bit of a nasty turn. Mid-way

through his moody bit in "Relax", when the lights go all dim and moody, he noticed something was up. Oh go the lights and there are 'er lads, all sitting in the front row laughing their heads off. And behind him? The roadies, all labouring over various instruments making a terrible racket. Worst. Jaff. eiff. ● **But** o nuptio kanner **Simon Le Bon** has, just for a change, changed girlfriends. Old Claire's out, old Yasmin's in. Yasmin, you might remember, is that girl who appeared on the front of **Just Seventeen** and who was pictured around town with Simon late last year. At Live Aid, every one taking part was given one ticket for a guest. His choice? Gail, of course. Double aaaaah! ● And talking of Live Aid, s'about time we had a few updates 'n' stuff. 1.6 billion people watched it worldwide – twice as many as watched **Nellie Armstrong** and on the moon 30 million people saw it in the UK (59% of the total population). So far it has raised £131 million here, £50 million world-wide. Plans to keep the food coming include **Fashion Aid**, **Sports Aid** and even **Summer Aid**. Meanwhile the Ethiopian Government has cut a £20 duty on each tonne of grain being shipped in. Live Aid organisers are understandably furious. "The grain is sent to stop their people dying. We do not insist to his governments." ● **Bob** "St. Bob" **Deitold** has been nominated for a Nobel peace prize by a Labour MP, and Irish Prime Minister Garrett Fitzgerald, has endorsed this nomination. St. Bob has promised that if he gets it, he'll donate all the Nobel Peace money (£160,000) to Live Aid. ● **Bob Deitold** is 34. ● Another **St. Bob** Mutterings. A couple of weeks back he went to the **Queen's** house for tea. He wore a penguin suit for the occasion and brushed his hair with a comb. He said he had a nice time. What is bugging him, though, is his new nickname, of St. Bob. "I'm no saint. I've got test of clay. I've reached the highest point and now the only way is down. It is silly to call me a saint. I can't live up to it." He's still sticking to his guns on not organising another concert, too. "If someone can get one together I'll be there with the Boomtown Rats, but no way will I organise it. It'd probably kill someone. Only time will tell. So just remember, tomorrow is the first day of the test of your life. Catch ya' later!



**Madonna's recent attempt to buy her way into the ultra-exclusive San Remo Tower in New York ended in tears when the Resident's Committee vetoed her. "If we let her in," they said, "we'll have to let everybody in."**

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