

Smash HITS

BILLY IDOL - IS HE BONKERS?

**FREE
INSIDE**



**GIANT POSTER
FEATURING
WHAM!
AND U2**

**MADONNA / PAUL KING / DURAN DURAN / NEW MODEL ARMY
HIT SONGS BY GO WEST / UB40 / PROPAGANDA / BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AND MORE**

Smash Hits Dave Gahan



WIN A JUKE

● Photo: Denise O'Hagan



THE POWER ST

● Photo: [unreadable]
● The boys courtesy of Joe Piel



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PAUL KING
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Photo Sheila Ross

GOING, GOING, GONE

Doesn't it make you sick? Half of Duran Duran are in America, the other half in France, Spandau Ballet are in Ireland, and just about everyone else like Frankie, Culture Club and Tears For Fears are off globe trotting just about everywhere but England (nothing to do with tax, *Bitz* supposes. . .). Now it's Wham!'s turn. From August 27 to September 8 they're whizzing round America and Canada humming a few tunes, throwing a few shapes and doing the odd sexy hip wiggle. Pool!



Here's *Hour in The Shower* — a new group who've made an LP for an independent label, but sent us this picture in the hope that it might get them signed to a major record company.

Daryl ("very dodgy haircut"), **Hail** and **John** ("not quite so dodgy haircut") **Oates** are going to release a live LP with **The Temptations** (legendary Motown group with dodgy haircuts). It's not their recent appearance together on Live Aid but an earlier concert at the Apollo Theatre, New York.

MAX: HE'S GOT L-L-LEGS!

And who is this person not standing up very straight for reasons best known to himself? Doesn't look like anybody particularly special, does he? Actually, he looks rather like Mr Kettle, the bloke who runs the sports shop down the road — but he isn't. So who is he? Give up? Oh alright, we'll tell you — he's **Matt Frewer**!!!!!! (*Is that IT? — Ed.*) Erm, well, Matt Frewer is the Canadian-born actor who plays **Max Headroom**!!! And how does he do this? By sticking rubber hair on his head, plastering make-up all over his face and stuttering a bit, that's how! "I think there's a lot of Max in me and vice versa," quips Matt. And why not?



Photo: People in Pictures



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

- **Madonna** (27) on August 16
- **James Taylor** of *Kool & The Gang* (32) on August 16
- **Kevin Rowland** of *Deeds of Midnight* (Rutgers) (32) on August 17
- **John Deacon** of *Queen* (34) on August 19
- **Robert Plant** (34) on August 20
- **Joe Strummer** of *The Clash* (33) on August 21
- **Roland Orsabal** of *Tears For Fears* (24) on August 22
- **Rick Springfield** (26) on August 23
- **Sobby Gee** of *Booker T & the MG's* (22) on August 23
- **Elvis Costello** (31) on August 25

CRAFT CORNER

15 OMD VIDEOS FOR 0 PENCE

Hallo readers! Welcome once again to Craft Corner. This week we'll be showing you how to make a pop "vid" out of bits of paper. Sounds tricky? Well, it isn't! All you need is a pair of scissors, some sticky gum and some "pop-vid"-type photos — like the ones



FIG. A

here. Start by snipping out the donkey (Fig. A) and gumming it onto a piece of cardboard (the back of a *Good Pops* packet will do). Now cut out the ear (Fig. B), the famous pop stars (Fig. C) and the funny looking things (Fig. D), and gum them alongside the donkey.

Bet you've never seen George or Michael Jackson like this before, how how knowarramean winky wink snigger cccccooooo (and other disgusting noises). But "saucy" this particular *Bitz*, actually; it's all about girls dressing up as pop stars and then taking all their clothes off. You see, in the smutty rarities of "naughty" Paris, "Miss Boy George" and "Miss Michael Jackson" (as pictured here in *German magazine Lu!*) are fairly packing in the leering punters. Ugh! Where will it all end? The "leersaway" *Sun* would call it "kinky", but your "brazzalong" *Bitz* prefers "daff". (Mind you, if any of you "guys" out there have got any snaps of "Miss drummer of *REO Speedwagon*", *Bitz* wouldn't mind having a peekette, how how how (*Enough! — Ed.*)



ohhny. A fairly ordinary boy's name, you may think. But no, think again. Down here on the lost highway of rock the name Johnny bears a very deep significance. It all started out with "Johnny B Goode" by **Chuck Berry** (covered later, fact fans, by the **Jimi Hendrix Experience** and reggae star **Peter Tosh**). "Johnny Rocco" was a song by Kim's dad **Merty Wilde**. Then there was "Johnny Day", by the highly influential musicologist **Roll Morris**, "Johnny Angel" by **Shelly Fabares** and **Patti Lynn**, "Johnny Get Angry" by **Cerol something or other**, "Johnny Will" by Christian crooner **Pat Boone** and "Johnny Remember Me" which, apart from being stuck the middle of "I Feel Love" by **Bronski Beat** and **Merc "The Boss" Almond**, was done by **John Leyton** and those psychobillies **The Meteors**. Not to mention the nice "Johnny And Mary" by **Robert Palmer** or the awful Johnny Friendly by **Jobbers** (who?) Or, more recently, the "Johnny Come Home" job by the **Fine Young Cannibals**. But undoubtedly, most important of all is the new single by the mighty **Marc Almond** - "Stories Of Johnny". The definitive Johnny song, it comes in about a million versions, one on a double pack 7" that features Marc with the Westminster City School Choir. Not only that, the LP due in mid-September is going to be called "Stories Of Johnny" too. Why? Who knows the mysterious ways in which the minds of those on rock's lost highway work...

Now, to complete your video, just wiggle the cardboard in front of your eyes whilst humming selections from **OMD's** *Crash LP* and - hey presto! - it's just like watching *Crash - The Movie* (the latest Virgin video release from **Andy McCloskey** and **Paul Humphreys** i.e. **OMD**). It's so realistic that you definitely won't be interested in the fact that we have 15 copies of *Crash - The Movie* to give away. The "vid" features all ten songs from the group's latest LP and has lots of



FIG. C.

western-type gongs-on shot in Spain (tap-dancing donkeys, deserted, dusty streets, hangings etc.) and in the May 22 issue of this very mag, we had an entire feature about the making of the film. Jolly good it was too, but no matter - you've got your cardboard replica so you really don't give a hoot about the real thing, do you? In fact,

you won't even attempt to answer this question:

Which of the following were *not* hit singles for **OMD**: a) "Joan Of Arc" b) "Enola Chegwinn" c) "Maid Of Orleans (The Waltz Joan of Arc)" d) "Genetic Engineering" e) "Messages" or e) "Joan Bakewell?"

Nor will you write the answer on a postcard or the back of an envelope and send it to **Smash Hits OMD Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1RF, stating whether VHS or Beta is required. The first 15 correct replies out of the brantub on August 27 will win a "vid". But as there probably won't be any replies, suppose we'll be stuck with them.

FIG. D.



FIG. B.



POINTER SISTERS ALBUMS & SWEATSHIRTS TO BE WON!



Bass is the programme on that's usually seen on Fridays on Channel 4, usually reserved for The Tube. Like its counterpart, it features Muni! doggy beats, Gray and lots of dead air, music. The second show, at 10.15 on Friday 16 August, has **Propaganda** being, well, **propaganda**. **Paul King** trying to be as interesting as possible while being guest presenter. **Go West** sitting in a pink tub. **Stephen** The Tall **Duffy** doing something very interesting and **Bananarama** in their latest.



Here are some very interesting facts about **The Pointer Sisters**:

- One of them is a grandma.
- Their parents are preachers.
- We've got 25 copies of their wonderful new LP "Contact" and 25 rather spiffy "Dare

Me" sweatshirts that you could win by answering the following easy peasy question. The Pointer Sisters are actually sisters, but which of these groups are not related: a) The Beverley Sisters b) The Nolan Sisters c) Twisted Sister?

Answers on postcards or the backs of envelopes to: **Bitz Interesting Pointer Sisters Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to reach us by August 27, pur-lease.

POETRY CORNER

The year is 1972 and the pupils of Owen's School, London, have just published another "ish" of their school mag, *Arrow*. One does like to keep in touch with what the young scamps have been up to, doesn't one? And in *Arrow* we can read all about the sporting feats of J. Hitchen (the footer team's leading scorer) and other stars of the old school tie. Sorry to learn that Mr Bunday, the school sec., is retiring – he wasn't such a bad stick, really – and one does wish that Andrew Goodchild of the Fifth would keep his political rantings to himself – he's written another article full of tosh about canings and uniforms being a "fascist plot"! Ruddy pink! But lo! What joy is this lurking 'pon page 20? 'Tis a deeply moving poem from the flowing quill of the Bard of Owen's – Tony Hadley of the First! "A Shining Light" – what pearly dew drops of glistening verse – and again, on page 24, another quivering ode! "Running Stream!" "A stream is full of Nature / Bursting with life . . ." writes our budding Wordsworth! Such elegance from one so young! But – oh, the wretchedness of fate! – the years roll by and Master Hadley becomes not the Poet Laureate to make our once-proud nation lift up its heart! No! The miserable Hadley becomes, instead, a "crooner" in a foppish "rock" combo called, of all things, Spandau Ballet. Oh, cursed be the name of Owen's!! Oh ignominy!! One always said that boy would come to no good . . .

BITZ

RUNNING STREAM

A stream is full of Nature
Bursting with life
Life in a stream is a lovely
and happy one.
But sorrowful and painful for
others.

Each day cool refreshing water,
rubbles and showers over the rocks,
Little fish beg fish escape past seaweed
Until the moment of night
When all is dead.

Tony Hadley 1C/20

A SHINING LIGHT

A beaming light, stands on
The dark mountain, high
The cross a shining hand all
Over the land.
Possibly he comes in the
day
But necessarily he comes to
rock and every mind
At night.

Tony Hadley 1C/20

FAN CLUBS

Black Lace
Washington PO Box 5
TME & Wear NE36 7PF

OMD
White Noise Ltd
132 Liverpool Road
London N1 1LA

Rick Springfield
266 Apollon Avenue
Great Barn
Birmingham B43 5QD

The **Armoury Show**, those hard Scottish "toughbags", have done an LP. Called "Waiting For The Floods", it's obviously heavy with symbolism and vitriol and, erm, what's a "toughbag"?



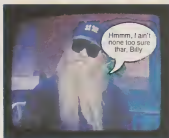
In 'n' modern science wonderful? Take Live Aid - all these pictures whizzing across the world in a zillionth of a second etc.

Okay, so the microphones kept going wonky but even so, it was pretty miraculous, as was this rather "space-age" do that *Blitz* went to the other day - viz a press conference via satellite with a v. famous boogie band i.e. ZZ Top. Yes, as *Blitz* sat in a poky little cinema in London, the two men with the "accents" beards and the other one sat thousands of miles away in Dallas, Texas, on garden chairs. Yet there they were on a giant screen ready to answer any question. You just spoke into a microphone and - hey presto - your voice was whisked across the globe.

The machinery worked perfectly - the only problem was the human beings. Crikey! The assembled "gentlemen of the press" kept asking all these questions about "video concepts", "tour schedules" and other such thrilling stuff while the v. famous boogie band i.e. ZZ Top kept giving answers like "Uh, I guess so. Er, what would you say, Frank?" Quite clearly it was time for *Blitz* to shake things up. "*Blitz* here!"

"Toll me, do you sleep with your beards over or under the bed clothes?" A v. probing and important question, but the answer was most unsatisfactory (something rather smutty featuring "rock 'n' roll chicks", actually). Unruffled, *Blitz* continued: "So, tell us them, can you or can you not sing the theme tune from *The Brady Bunch* (a v. v. awful US TV series)?"

The boogie band, visibly stunned by this poser, sang a couple of lines . . . and then claimed that they'd never seen *The Brady Bunch*!!! Well, that did it! *Blitz* stomped out concluding that this swanky technology was all very well but then so are lots of other things that don't cost a squillion pounds - like postcards . . .



The Woodentops (pictured left) are a) stupid wooden puppets that starred in a very subtle satire on bourgeois family relationships on TV, b) tops that are made of wood, c) a musical group that have just released a single called "Well Well Well"?

Answer a) b) and c) Hal



"Axel very stupid beam F" has another single out from a film. This time it's called "Fletch Theme" and no prizes for guessing what the film's called. Starring Chevy Chase (v. duff American comedy actor), *Fletch* is already a "biggie" (as we film people call it) in the States and it'll be out here at the end of September.

Streetsounds '83" is yet another collection of new 12" disco singles on an LP. But this time as well as the usual obscure imports it includes the recent hits by the **Cool Notes, Change, Steve Arrington, and Atlantic Starr.**

Hold the press! Stop the world! The Icicle Works have just released a video, "Seven Horses Deep", featuring no less than 12 "devastating" tracks!

Pictured here at rock 'n' roll boiler room are **Cabaret Voltaire**, the Sheffield group that have been around for donkey's years doing weird things with sound, and who've just released possibly the heaviest single in the world. And no, we don't mean *Acid* in the cosmic sense, we mean heavy in weight. It's a double 12" pack that costs about \$3.50 and weighs about 6 squillion ounces. Called "Drinking Gasoline", there's an accompanying video that goes by the name of "Gasoline in Your Eye" and that goes on for hours too. It's good, though.



You might have seen this lot touring with **Dead Or Alive**. They're called **Academy**, they formed in 1982 when the singer (the funny blond one) was still working on a building site, and their new single "Stand Up" was out two days ago.



This is **Win, the Scottish lot who used to be that daft group the Fire Engines, and their third single is out soon. Called "Shampoo Tears", it follows one of the best 12's of 1985 - "You've Got The Power" - a record that featured a baby dribbling over a Cadbury's Flake on the cover.**





BITZ

Great! Bit boring, there. But, when I they readers? Do have a little pump - just more the music into the set on the '1, of bit give a little study party and - hey presto! - float off to a better life, join the count down! The is - a pity you for us for the

So miffed are they that "Cl Vinyl Collectors" need an obligatory enormous list of **Black Lace** are missing the all-previous new-issues-right-off-kneeing-hammer-her-! "Oh, all their sides. I can now be found in the other side of a brand, spanning new, a very stupid "band" called "The Speakeasy De Long". The others

27th August will see the publication of *The Live Aid Book*. The only authorised publication, it's crammed with all the official photographs and features an introduction by **St. Seb** himself. It costs £7.95 and all profits go to the appeal. As do all profits from the Global Jukebox poster. Sized 35 x 24", it's available from **WV Smith, Manxias, Virgin, HMV, Lewis's** and other reputable stores (i.e. not a dodgy looking stall that sells stupid mirrors with old pictures of John Taylor on them.) The rest of the official merchandise - the t-shirts at £8.00 plus 70p postage and packing (small, medium and large) and the programme at £5.00 plus £1.75 p&p - are available from The Concert Publishing Company Live Aid, 166-198 Liverpool Road, London N1 1LA. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Concert Publishing Live Aid and you should leave up to four weeks for delivery. So keep it going.

factory, the gruff people from Manchester who look

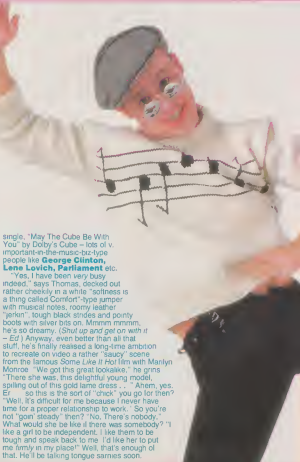
after **New Order** and (ha!) club the Hacienda, have also been beavering away making videos. For the past few years now they've been churning out "visual mastropieces" and "bizarre documents" on all their favourite things (i.e. **Joy Division**, **New Order**, more **Joy Division**, more **New Order** and people who sound like **Joy Division** and **New**



Order. Anyway, they're all really fab in a weird kind of way (i.e. lots of dull camera angles, funny noises and out of focus bits, our favourites being the live **New Order** one "Taras Shevchenko", and the compilation **A Factory Video** - which features early live from **OMO, Cabaret Voltaire** and, surprise surprise, **New Order**). Each video costs £14.00 inc. postage and packing within the UK and you can get them and more information - from **IKON FCL, 86 Palatine Road, W. Dribury, Manchester M20 9JW**

Although **Thomas** "silly hat and daff knewear" **Doby** hasn't had a record out for over a year, he's been far from idle. Last month he appeared in front of one squillion people with His Royal Highness **D. Bowie** on Live Aid. He also produced an LP for **Prefab Sprout** and he's written a film script for **Steven Spielberg**. He's also been working with **Grace Jones** on her new LP. ("She's a lovely girl, and so sweet. Built like an Amazonian. And the most amazing swimmer - like a sea serpent in the water.")

Then there was this little tiffette with **John Taylor** ("He looked right through me when I last saw him, I think he was upset at some things I'd said about their videos. It wasn't meant to be better.") And, of course, there's the new



single, "May The Cube Be With You" by **Doby's Cube** - lots of v. important-in-the-music-bitz-type people like **George Clinton, Lene Lovich, Parliament** etc. "Yes, I have been very busy indeed," says **Thomas**, decked out rather cheekily in a white "softness is a thing called Comfort"-type jumper with musical notes, roomy leather "jerkin", tough black stiletts and pointy boots with silver bits on. Mmmm mmmm, he's so dreamy. (Shut up and get on with it - Ed.) Anyway, even better than all that stuff, he's finally realised a long-time ambition to recreate on video a rather "saucy" scene from the famous **Some Like It Hot** film with **Marilyn Monroe**. "We got this great lookalike," he grins. "There she was, this delightful young model, spilling out of this gold lame dress. . . Ahem, yes, Ed, so this is the sort of "chick" you go for then?" "Well, it's difficult for me because I never have time for a proper relationship to work." "So you're not "going steady" then?" "No, There's nobody." What would she be like if there was somebody? "I like a girl to be independent. I like her to be tough and speak back to me. I'd like her to put me firmly in my place!" Well, that's some-thing of that. He'll be talking tongue some soon.

**ROCK
YOUR
BOX!**





SHARP GF570 LESS BUCKS MORE FIZZ

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NEW SINGLE BE MY LOVER NOW

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EXTENDED TWELVE INCH

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FOR REVELATION MUSIC AG

VS800 VS800-12

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U B 4 O

WITH CHRISSIE HYNDE



They say we're young and we don't know
Won't find out until we grow
Well I don't care if that's true
'Cause you got me and baby I got you

Babe I got you babe I got you babe

They say our love won't pay the rent
Before it's earned our money's always spent
I guess that's so we don't have a lot
But at least I'm sure of all the things we got

Babe I got you babe I got you babe

I got flowers in the spring
I got you to wear my ring
And when I'm sad you're a clown
And when I'm scared you're always around
So let them say your hair's too long
I don't care with you I can't go wrong
Then put your little hand in mine
There ain't no hill or mountain we can't climb

Babe I got you babe I got you babe I got you babe

I've got you to hold my hand
I've got you to understand
I've got you to walk with me
I've got you to talk with me
I got you to kiss goodnight
I got you to hold me tight
I got you and I won't let go
I've got you to love me so

I got you babe

I got you babe

Repeat to fade

Words and music by Sonny Bono
Reproduced by permission Carlin Music
On DEP International Records



GOODBYE GIRL

FOOTSTEPS ECHO ON FAMILIAR STREETS
CROSSING BRIDGES NEVER BURNED
I AM TIRED OF PLAYING NICE AND SEEK
IS THIS ALL THAT I HAVE LEARNED

LOOKING FOR A DIAMOND IN THE DARK
I WAS SURE YOU WERE THE ONE
YOU HELD ME SPELLBOUND WHILE YOU MADE YOUR MARK
NOW THE DAMAGE HAS BEEN DONE

CHORUS
GOODBYE GIRL
IT'S A GAME WE PLAY EVERY TIME WE SAY
GOODBYE GIRL
YOU HYPNOTIZE ME I CAN'T SAY GOODBYE

I'M AFRAID WHEN I TURN OUT THE LIGHT
WORDS YOU SAY WHILE YOU'RE ASLEEP
WHERE YOU WERE AND WHAT YOU DID LAST NIGHT
THOSE ARE SECRETS YOU CAN KEEP YEAH

REPEAT CHORUS

TIED YOU TO BLOOD ON THE WIRE
DON'T YOU KNOW YOU PUSH ME MUCH TOO FAR
JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE
I CAN'T ESCAPE ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME
EVERY TIME I SAY GOODBYE YOU HYPNOTIZE

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

© LB CHORUS TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PETER COX-RICHARD DRUMME
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION ATV MUSIC LTD
ON CHRYSALIS RECORDS

go west

MADONNA

E Everyone knows about Madonna — the rumours, the speculation, the absolute fibs. But what's the real truth? We blow the whistle on the girl who survived a childhood of having eggs fried on her stomach and being hung from the clothes line by her knickers to become the megastar the whole world's gone completely bonkers about...

- Her full name is Madonna Louise Ciccone.
- Her mother died of cancer when Madonna was six.
- Three years after his wife's death, Mr Ciccone married his housekeeper. (Madonna and her stepmother apparently don't get on too well.)
- Madonna was one of eight children. "I was my father's favourite. I knew how to wrap him round my finger."
- Her father made her take piano lessons, which she hated. Later she forced him to let her have dancing lessons instead.
- Her tomboy sister and her older brothers used to hang her on the clothes line by her underpants.
- It was Christopher Flynn, a man she was "involved" with who ran a ballet school in Rochester, who persuaded her to seek fame and fortune as a dancer in New York.
- In 1978 she bought a one-way ticket to New York armed with a satchelful of tights and tap dancing shoes, \$35 in cash and a panty baby doll for company. She had nowhere to stay so she went to Times Square where she met a bloke who put her up for two weeks.



▲ A few weeks after arriving in New York she got a dance scholarship to the Alvin Ailey school but was still skint: "I lived on popcorn; that's why I still love it. Popcorn is cheap and it fills you up."

Photo: Corbis/Bett



A CERTAIN SACRIFICE

▲ To make some cash she appeared in a dodgy sex film called *A Certain Sacrifice*. She played a rather weird woman who dominates three "sex slaves". She got paid \$100.

Photo: Jerrylong



▲ Madonna, 1984 costume designer's "Mickey" for the *Blade*.

● She thought she'd made it when she was flown to Paris to be a backing singer for Patrick Hernandez (who had a hit with the rather terrible "Born To Be Alive") but it came to nothing and, getting pneumonia, she returned home 6 months later.

● She weighs 4½ stone.

● According to Mick Jagger her records are characterised by "a central dumbness".

● Her 'echoes' of Radio City Music Hall in Manhattan this June sold out 12,522 tickets in just 34 minutes.

● She was educated at Adams High School, Rochester, and graduated in 1976.

● Brought up as a Catholic, Madonna believes in God and remembers that when she was little she used to think the Devil lived in the basement of her house. She used to spirit up the stove so she couldn't grab hold of her ankles.

Photo: Corbis/Bett

● After school she won a scholarship in dance at the University of Michigan. She left after 1½ years.

● She recently said that, despite her success, her only possessions were her clothes, a 10-speed bike in New York and a Chinese Rag in Los Angeles.

● Her most treasured possession is a photo of her mother smiling and laughing while riding a horse.

● Her voice has been described as "Minnie Mouse on helium".

● Her parents used to call her Little Nonni.

● When she was 10 she joined the Camp Fire Girls.

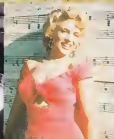
● She is 5' 11½" tall and wishes she was taller.

● Whilst filming *Desperately Seeking Susan*, Madonna would spit out at the end of a scene the food she was supposed to be eating because she didn't want to get fat.

▼ Madonna idolises Carole Lombard (saucy '40s film star), Marilyn Monroe and nuns.



▲ Carole Lombard



▲ Marilyn Monroe



▲ A nun

● She says that if anyone merchandises a Madonna doll it will need the following characteristics: hair which doesn't need combing and a vocabulary including "stop pulling my hair", "leave me alone" and "how much money do you make?".

● One of the two dancers who appear alongside her on stage is her brother Chris Occome.

● The "Like A Virgin" video was filmed in Venice where Madonna nearly got eaten by her co-star, a lion.

● Live, Madonna performs "Like A Virgin" wearing a white silk wedding dress with a 20ft train.

● Her favourite drink is Campari and grapefruit juice.

● She tries to swim 100 laps every day to keep fit.

● The name Madonna is not only her real name but also her mother's – though she's never heard of anyone else called it.

▼ A very early publicity shot



● Madonna got her first Valentine's card from a boyfriend in fourth grade (second-year of junior school) – "a piece of construction paper cut into a heart".

● When she came to England to mime to "Like A Virgin" on *Top Of The Pops*, she wore a bright pink wig and looked a right state.

● Her first proper film was *Vision Quest*. In it she doesn't act, but just sings a couple of songs including "Crazy For You".

● She once said of losing her virginity: "I thought of it as a career move."

"Nuns are sexy"



▲ She started wearing her buckle saying BOY TOY to imitate New York graffiti artists with names like Whiz Kid and Mi Fi. She doesn't wear it anymore.

● When she doesn't like things she says "gro!" (get rid of it).

"I wasn't born with a perfect body."





● Last time she was in London, she went shopping and bought some crucifixes and a pair of Dr Martens boots.

● Madonna's first LP, "Madonna," is dedicated to her father.

● Madonna's boyfriend at college was drummer Steve Bray who, years later, reappeared to co-write four songs on the "Like A Virgin" LP.

● According to Boy George "comparing Marilyn Monroe with Madonna is like comparing Raquel Welch with the back of a bus."

MADONNA

● Madonna's first single, "Everybody," was only released by her British record company on condition that hip DJ Rusty Egan (also in *Visage*) was allowed to remix it. He did, the result was dodgy, the record flopped and the next American release, "Burnin' Up" wasn't even put out over here.

● In the summer of 1983 she turned up in the office of Freddie deMann (Michael Jackson's manager at the time) and told him he had to manage her. He agreed.

"Bruce Springsteen was born to run. I was born to flirt."

● She starred in her first movie, directed by a classmate, in eighth grade (second year of secondary school). In it an egg was tied on her stomach.



▲ She recently admitted that she'd "like to see every teenage girl in America dressed up like me."

▼ Her big break came when she was spotted dancing at trendy New York club by DJ Mark Kamins. After hearing her demo tapes he produced her first single, "Everybody."



▲ Madonna in 1983 when "Everybody" was released



▲ Her first band was called the Breakfast Club. It featured "friend" Dan Gilroy, his brother and Madonna on drums.

● Her next bands were called the Millionaires, Modern Dance and Emmy—they all apparently sounded like a cross between The Prefenders and The Police.

● Madonna posed nude for several photographers in 1979-1980. Now these extremely naughty pictures have been rediscovered and she's a tiny-tiny bit embarrassed about the whole thing.

● She was born only one day apart from her fiance Sean Penn who she first met while filming the "Material Girl" video.

▼ She is marrying actor Sean Penn this month.





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I see you talking on the late late show
Every girl wants to be your friend
Don't you know you're always on my mind
Oh how I've missed you since you've hit the big time
Oh I'm hurting I just can't pretend
We used to be together making dreams making plans
But you left that world behind now I'm asking you

Chorus

Won't you (let me be the one)
Let me be (you give your love to)
The one you need baby baby (let me be the one)
Let me be (you give your love to)
The one that turns your lovin' on

I see the sadness in your eyes
Don't you get lonely baby sometimes
Longing for the love that we had
I'll be waiting when the day comes when you need somebody
Won't you let me be the one
Come to me put yourself in my hands
We used to be together making dreams making plans
But you left that world behind now I'm asking you

Repeat chorus

We used to be together making dreams making plans
But you left that world behind now I'm asking you

Repeat chorus and ad lib to taste

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Loneliness is your only friend
A broken heart that just won't mend is the price you pay
It's hard to take when love grows old
The days are long and the nights turn cold when it fades away
You hope that she will change her mind
But the days drift on and on
You'll never know the reason why she's gone

Empty rooms where we learn to live without love
Empty rooms where we learn to live without love

You see her face in every crowd
You hear her voice but you're still proud so you turn away
You tell yourself that you'll be strong
But your heart tells you this time you're wrong

Chorus

Empty rooms where we learn to live without love
Empty rooms where we learn to live without love
Empty rooms where we learn to live without love

You hope that she will change her mind
But the days drift on and on (on and on)
You'll never know the reason why she's gone

Repeat chorus

(You hope that she will change her mind
For the days with darkness)
Empty rooms where we learn to live without love

Repeat chorus to fade

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**IAN
'JOCKY'
CRAN**

MARC ALMOND: Stories Of Johnny (Some Bizzare/Virgin) God bless Marc Almond! The flower in the dustbin! The fly in the ointment! The... just a minute (screach, brakes) - this isn't the expected Eighth Wonder Of The World but what sounds like a ballad-type thingy left over from his Spanish period. With several certifiable classics to come, we in the Fan Club say: What Gives, Marc? Strangely enough, not Single Of The Fortnight. We'll start again...

PROPAGANDA: P Machinery (ZTT) God bless Propaganda! The flies in the dustbin! The flowers in the ointment! The... hanging on - this isn't even the best track off the LP but another arty, melodramatic German episode which relies more on atmosphere and a brass "riff" which could blow a battleship out of the water at twenty paces rather than a tune, and will therefore have its usual stampee breaking into the Naughty Forty. Pity. Er, one more time...?

SHAKATAK: City Rhythms (Polydor) God bless Shakatak! The - blame! Yer 'taks have gone sensuously latin with a vicious

electronic percussive shuffle which all but blots out the tinkly piano and vocals, sparing only the hook which threatens to break into Van McCoy's "The Shuttle" at any second. Fine by me, but will it be enough to restore Queen Gill of Croydon to TOTT? Where is that Single Of The Fortnight? Ah, of course...

THOMPSON TWINS: Dr Dream (Arista) This is a conspiracy. Under the guidance of Nile Rodgers, the three-headed monster takes a step back towards "Quickstep" territory with an anti-drugs song set to a heavily rhythmic slab of electronic funk with some obligatory Chic guitar, jungle vocals and some brilliant screaming. A good hook but a weak tune and so not Single Of The Fortnight. Oh pull yourself together, Alannah - stop that weeping!

MADNESS: Yesterday's Man (Zarjaz) This mournful little exhortation (big word) to hang on in there - it must get better in the long run - with gentle percussion and varied instrumental weaving must be quite satisfying to record after being so nutty for so long, but it's hardly soul-stirring stuff. Or the biggest of noises to come back with after such a long gap.

KATE BUSH: Running Up That Hill (EMI) Now this is how to return in style! Yet more modern experimenting with pounding, percussive rhythms and electronic sounds, but with its melodic strength, intriguing lyrics (about deals with God) and coolly restrained performance, this sounds not unlike Eurythmics before they went off the boil recently. It's definitely, um, what's the expression? Uh, er - look, I'll come back to you on this one...

BANANARAMA: Do Not Disturb (London) I've never understood the appeal of these three - they always come over like a flat lemonade. This sounds much like any other Bananarama cassette, determinedly weaving their expressionless harmonies around a Jolley and Swan song about short-lived holiday romances and generally sounding as miserable as ever. Probably a hit.



RED BOX: Lean On Me (Sire) An infernally catchy singalong and a thumping shuffle beat which suggest that Red Box may well be the new Tears For Fears. On the other hand, the lyrics pose such deeply puzzling questions as "Are we happy, are we scared?" and suggest that

"Everybody now say 'aye'" so they may only be the new Nicole Works after all.

KATE BUSH: Running Up That Hill (EMI) Er, amazing? No - too obvious. Uh, hang on a mo...

SCRITTI POLITTI: Perfect Way (Virgin) Like all Scritti singles, this sounds like pure candy floss - until its strengths reveal themselves. Even so, this relies more than most of the forceful crash and rattle of its ultra-modern rhythm track for impact - a dodgy choice for a fifth single from an album.

HIPSWAY: Ask The Lord (Chrysalis) There's something a mite too self-consciously posed about Hipsway's clipped, rhythmic style and casual vocals to truly convince, to genuinely excite. Fitly really - they're very nearly there otherwise. Less emphasis on the hip and more on the hips should complete the necessary transition from rhythm to lead.



SLY AND ROBBIE: Get To This, Get To That (Island) These two, on the other hand, could hardly be more natural. Surprisingly this isn't reggae but a splendid, melodic groove - hustling rhythms, neat guitar, beautifully sung and infectious laughing energy. Not necessarily a hit either, mind you, but it does hit that pleasure button dead centre.

EDDY C & THE SOULBAND: The World Turns On (Club) Yay - Big City! This takes over - almost to the note - where "Shaft" left off and could well have been Single Of The Fortnight were it not for the bizarre ending which insists we play Russian Roulette and the fact that the naughty, naughty Soulband say they wrote it themselves - a fact which will certainly come as a surprise to Norman Whitfield who wrote "Papa Was A Rolling Stone" and "War" to name but two ingredients of this delicious dancefloor stew.

KATE BUSH: Running Up That Hill (EMI) ...appetising? No - hey, don't go away...

FOX THE FOX: Precious Little Diamond (Epic) I have no idea who this lot are - Dutch or Belgian, judging by the writing credits - but this gem of European disco only needs one whiff of airplay and it'll be HUGE. The crashbeat, the naggy

simple riff, the moderately tasteful guitar solo, the gorgeous, plaintive tune - all the hallmarks of a summer hit, never to be heard of again. Fabulous.

BEACH BOYS: Passing Friend (Caribou) If you were Boy George and Roly Hay and you had to write a song for this bunch of pensionable crooners, you wouldn't give them your best song, would you? Of course not - you'd fashion some, all-purpose, up-tempo kind of thing and then let them smother what life there was in it with oohs and aaahs, silly old togeys. A quite remarkably useless record.

THE WOODENTOPS: Well Well Well (Rough Trade) Anything produced by England's Resident Genius, Sir Andrew Partridge (Don't be bloody ridiculous, Ed.) of XTC, is bound to be touched with magic. This has more energy than the rest of the releases put together and hurtles along on frantic acoustic guitars and gunfire snare drums. Like XTC, complicated but worth the effort.

KATE BUSH: Running Up That Hill (EMI) provocative? piquant? tantalising? ...

THE PALOOKAS: Clear Day (Prophét) Once upon a time when punk was something to be embraced rather than avoided, there was a group called Swell Maps who created a wonderfully ramshackle racket. The Palookas, containing the Maps' bassist, Jowe, continue this honourable tradition with a 3 track 12" of low slung, thunderous overdrive that makes the Prophetic Furs sound like Russ Abbot.

GLENN GREGORY AND CLAUDIA BRUCKEN: When Your Heart Runs Out Of Time (ZTT) If in that Heaven 17's Glenn and Propaganda's Claudia wrestle unhappily with a dodgy old country song from the soundtrack of *Insignificance*, Possibly the best thing about it is the horrendous mix which manages (perhaps wisely) to drown out most of the struggle. Extremely naïf, ZTT or not.

KATE BUSH: Running Up That Hill (EMI) ... interesting? Yes, that's it - interesting! And therefore it must also be (ta daa) Single Of The Fortnight! Hurray! Don't you just love a happy ending?



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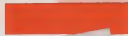
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**S O
S U**

Q: What do Wham! Barry Manilow, The Sex Pistols, Cliff Richard, Madonna and Kevin The Gerbil have in common?
A: They have all had hits with Extremely Horrible "Summer Hols"-type Pop Songs. In this shock survey Tom Hibbert reveals the awful truth about those sinister Sounds of Summer.

Every summer since the dawn of time (well, for quite a few years anyway) people have turned on their radios to check up on traffic conditions on the A33 only to find themselves assailed by disturbingly "jaunty" music that sounds like gangs of Portuguese waiters tap dancing on their radios in their whilst whistling *Um Bongo* fruit juice commercials. Doctors call it the Extremely Horrible "Summer Holidays" Pop Hit Syndrome. It turns grown men into quivering jellies. But how did it all start? Donning protective clothing, our team of researchers delved into the history of this grisly condition...



1963: So! It was Cliff Richard who first set the chilling phrase "Summer Holiday" to music. "We're going where the sun shines brightly/We're going where the sea is blue..." he crooned on his number 1 hit "Summer Holiday". And not content with that, he made a feature film of the same name in

which he - along with gormless backing band The Shadows and glorious "comedienne" Una Stubbs - went for a jaunt sur le continent in a double-decker bus with much sombrero-wearing and castanette-rattling en route. A grim portent of the future.

1964: And here was Cliff all over again singing "Your troubles are out of reach/On the beach..." The nerve of the man! "On The Beach" also appeared in a Cliff film - *Wonderful Life* - in which the singing hero was seen performing the ancient dance ritual known as "twisting" in a sand dune with "actress" Susan Hampshire. Ugh! It would not be until the 70s that anyone would seriously challenge Sir Clifford as King of the Extremely Horrible "Summer Hols" Pop Hit.

1970: Hit of the silly season was "In The Summertime" by Mungo Jerry - dreadful strum-along ramblings about rather hot weather and having "women on your mind" performed by very ugly men in nasty trousers. Reached number 1 in June and was played on the radio several thousand times a day for weeks driving the nation completely barmy.

1972: Hit of the silly season was "Seaside Shuffle" by Terry Dactyl And The Dinosaurs. Diabolical record which, thankfully, no one can remember much about except that it had lots of Blackpool Pier-type accordions on and when they did it on *Top Of The Pops*, the singer sat in a deckchair with a hankie on his head and his trouser legs rolled up.

1974: The year the whole Summer Holiday Pop Scene "exploded", as they say a group called *First Class* had a hit with "Beach Baby" ("Beach baby

UNUSUAL SUMMER of



Boney M

1970: beach baby gimme your love/ From now 'til the end of September... etc.) and were never heard of again. The



The Wombles

Wombles (i.e. grown men dressed up in fluffy costume and trilling away like billy-o) came up with the frightful "Banana Rock" (something to do with having a fizzing time in the tropics), while the very "sincere" American "songsmith" **Bobby Goldsboro** gave us "Hello Sunshine" and grinned extremely wholesomely at the same time. But this was **nothing** compared to the awesome achievement of Swedish songbird **Sylvia** with the Euro-summer pop masterpiece "Y Viva Espana". "Today we're off to sunny Spain - y viva Espana/ We're catching the Costa Brava plane... piped the immortal lyric and when **Sylvia** sang" it on *Top Of The Pops*, she wore a black straw hat (like what *Senoritas* wear in Spain) with the price tag still attached! What could it all mean?



Sylvia

1975: Another vintage year for summer pop misery. A couple of blokes called **Typically Tropical** went to number 1 with "Barbados", a song that captured that magical moment when the aeroplane whisks off: i.e. runway and your ears pop. And then there was that uplifting song "Una Paloma Blanca" (all togeveva now - "una paloma blanca i'm just a something something") which was a hit for wizard Dutch combo **The George Baker Selection** and an even bigger hit for that genius of the absolutely unspeakable record, **Jonathan King**.



Jonathan King

But 1975 must be remembered, chiefly, as the year when rather a lot of people visited the Greek islands for their summer hols and discovered the joys of Grecian singing legend, **Demis Roussos** - the man with the voice of a nightingale and the dress of a lent-maker. "Happy To Be On An Island In The Sun" was the first of many hit ballads for Demis, who made enough money to buy a solid gold bath tub. True!

1976: Demis, firmly-installed as patron saint of package holiday firms, went to number 1 in July with an EP modestly titled "The Roussos Phenomenon".

1977: A mercifully quiet year apart from the bizarre sight (and gruesome sound) of yet another load of summer one hit wonders called **Black Gerilla** "aligin'n'dancin'" to a tune called "Gimme Dat Banana". The **Sex Pistols** "Holiday In The Sun" wasn't a proper holiday record at all but a nasty punk thing with sneering on it.

1978: Hurrah for **Barry "Bazza" Manilow** who thrilled the universe with "Copacabana (At The Copa)" which he would perform in front of millions wearing nothing but a tropical fruit plantation. **Double hurrah** for **John Travolta** and **Olivia "Luvverly Livvy" Newton-John** who had a "amash" from the *Grease* soundtrack with "Summer Nights", a lively romp all about getting "friendly" in the sand and other holiday pursuits.



Bazza



Livvy n John

1979: A year entirely dominated by that popular music phenomenon **Boney M** and "Hooray Hooray It's A Hot Holiday" which seemed to say it all.

1981: **Paul Shene** And **The Yellowcoats** trickled up the charts with "Hi De Hi (Holiday Kick)" from the "rib-ticking" BBC TV series. A Dutch geezer called **Loobo** made a bid for immortality with "The Caribbean Disco Show". Where is he now?

1982: **Chas and Dave** sang "Margate", another "right-olde-knees-up-down-the-boozer" monstrosity which this time featured a day at the seaside, being sick on donkeys etc.

1983: Who summed up the spirit of this long hot summer best? Waa it **Wham!** with "Club Tropicana", Hawaiian ahirta and ferocious sun tans? Or was it that suave 'n' enigmatic French smoothie **Ryan Paris** with the truly touching "Voice Italia"?

1984: "Aaaaagaaaagadoodoodoo push pineapple shake a tree!!!" sang the entire universe as anarchic pop combo **Black Lace** took the galaxy by storm with "Agadoo", lighting off **wealthy** challenges from **Madonna's** stupendous "Holiday" and celebrated TV glove puppet gonk **Kevin The Gerbil** who recreated **Cliff's** "Summer Holiday" in his own inimitable style.

1985: Another year. Another silly season brimful of musical nightmares. And who do we hear a-hokey cokeyin' up the charts? Step forward **Buss Abbot!** Mmmmm mmm! Pass the toffee apples and fizzy keg, mumi

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SHANNON GET AWAY

Shannon's songs that with a symbolically frail out strength to the heart **(8 out of 10)**

Sally Gersh

SHANNON: Do You Wanna Get Away (Club) You know there's something 'til dodgy going on when a soul singer records a version of a Foreigner song. And that's exactly what Shannon has gone and done. That aside, this is an OK sort of album, really. None of the featured vocals come any where near the torturingly hard whooshes and cracks of "Let The Music Play" (a soul classic, as they say in clubland) but tracks like "Do You Wanna Get Away" and "Stronger Together" have a jolly good go. Shannon should make a disc with The Art Of Noise. Foreigner indeed! **(6 out of 10)**

Simon Mills

INSIGNIFICANCE (Shape Of The Universe) Various (ZTT) Not so much an Insignificance soundtrack as, in true ZTT tradition, "a souvenir of music and dialogue" (to accompany the film of the same name). As is the current fashion, the LP contains chunks of desperately "meaningful" conversation from the film, surrounded by extended versions of songs and tunes featured in it. There's the jazzy smooch of "A Day Of A Night" and the bang of "8-29 (Shape Of The Universe)" very "Two Tubs" stand up best to repeated listening. The real gems are on side two. Firstly, star of the film Theresa Russell sways through the tender "Lita Goes On", then there's a fairly bizarre country and western duet "When Your Heart Runs Out Of Time" featuring Clann Gregory and Claudia from Propaganda. Rum, very rum. **(7 out of 10)**

Paul Mather



COLOURBOX: Colourbox (4AD) Hara is a selection of the finest pop songs in a long time. Nothing twee, either. It's a mesmerising display of the most diverse material — ranging from the sweetest reggae and incorporating disco to more traditional ballads like their latest single "The Moon Is Blue". Most outstanding number is "Just Give 'Em Whiskey" — a kind of raucous sci-fi disco thingy which belts along at break-neck speed against a backdrop of old movie voice-overs. But the crowning glory has to be the voice of Lotta Graham, as tough and moody as



THE POGUES: Rum, Sodomy and The Lash (Sire) Some groups can be really brilliant to watch or listen to live, and still make second-rate records. Though there's nothing second-rate about The Pogues, their mix of traditional Irish/Folk tingies and mad, punked-up live performance just doesn't translate onto record. The lyrics are almost poetic, and their number one fan Elvis Costello likes them enough to act as their producer. But without the regular background of sweaty bodies and smoky rooms, they sound flat and confined. The Pogues are a pub band — in the true sense of the term. **(5 out of 10)**

Maureen Rice

DIO: Sacred Hearts (Phonogram) This is Ronnie James Dio, former singer with Rainbow and then Black Sabbath, who now fronts his own band. The album steams into life with the immortal words "He's the king of rock 'n' roll" before the thundering power chords and rather predictable "Yaahhhh"s tell you what this is all about — i.e. hard, powerful and very Led Zeppelin, which is not at all a bad thing. (Maybe they couldn't have avoided the usual rock 'n' roll themes, though. All that "blazing-in-the-dark," "chick-an-of-rock 'n' roll" stuff is utterly nonsensical. **(7 out of 10)**

Linda Duff

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE: Shangri-la (Island) After months locked away in a Philadelphia soul studio Animal Nightlife have come up with an exceptionally good first album, full of sparkling Sunday songs all about late nights and love affairs. "Perfect Match" — waddy topped as a future single — is a prime

example. King Pollack's soul crooning vocal gets comfortably with a strong but subtle melody. The overall result is a clear mixture of jazz and soul styles soothing and stimulating, but mainly just plain danceable. **(7 out of 10)**

William White

DENISE LASALLE: My Foot Toot (Epic) Don't believe anything you've already seen or heard about Denise LaSalle. The novelty single, Tina Turner wig and fluorescent clothes? Huh! (Underneath her cuddly axanthor, if you care to go underneath) you'll find a very classy American soul singer — with songs like "Love Is A Five Letter Word" and "Come To Bed" — as this album definitely proves. Think of Miha Jackson, only twice the size and half as naughty and you get a much better idea of the real Ms LaSalle. **(7 out of 10)**

Lisa Clark

SHEILA E: Sheila E (Warner Brothers) Cranky o'cawks, farts! If the thought of Sheila rattling away on her limbales drives you a bit squibbly, just wait 'til you hear her singing in French! Yaa, men, the foreign-styled deep breathing on the patently-titled "Mein 4 The Speed Of A Mad Clown In Summer" will have you shaking in your shoes! And if that's not enough, there's jazz-rock madness, swirling "rhythms", "lasy" horns a-ootin' and a lot of squeelin' "axa" solos that sound like Eddie Van Halen being trampled to dead beneath the trotters of M. Jackson's llama. In other words, this is either a complete mess or an "intoxicating" "haady" "braw" of "stax", summar "sun", "chicks", eh? **(7 1/2 out of 10)**

Tom Hebbes



PHILIP OAKEY and GIORGIO MORODER: Philip Oakey and Giorgio Moroder (Virgin) Phip Oakey sings with his concious deliberation of a Sheffield coal miner who's half way through an election course. This vocal style sounds a little uncomfortable next to Moroder's smooth Euro-pop synth sound, but on some tracks, like "Why Must The Show Go On" and "Goodbye Bad Times" the two forces mingle perfectly. The best thing about this record, however, is the way the first side doesn't stop (I think they call it sequencing) so you can't tel one track from another. There's also some fine lyrics. "Valene, Valene, Valene, you're killing me" **(8 out of 10)**

Simon Mills

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PRODUCED BY AARON LATHAM
WRITTEN BY RALPH BURNS
EDITED BY KIM KURUMADA
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COSTUME COORDINATOR AARON LATHAM
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JAMES BRIDGES
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DISTRIBUTED BY COLUMBIA PICTURES

IN THE WEST END AND AT SELECTED CINEMAS
ACROSS THE COUNTRY FROM

August 23

ACROSS LONDON FROM SEPTEMBER 13

WHO IS PAUL KING

● A CAREER MAN?

● **Is 1985 the year you'll chose if you're asked to appear in *The Time Of Your Life* with Noel Edmonds?**

I just think this is chapter one. There's a whole book opening in front of us. We've been going for three years and 1985 is the year the door opened up for us, but I'd like to think 1990 is going to be very special for us too.

● **Are you monstrously rich?**

No, not at all. I think the potential is there if I work very hard. I am an incredibly hard worker, the main reason being that I enjoy what I do. In that sense money is a by-product. I'm not doing it to earn money.

● **Why have you had only the one big hit so far?**

We've had an incredibly successful LP, which pleases me in many ways more than the singles, because it means that we're breaking out of the pop market into the album market, which goes to show as we've always said that we are a band who've got more depth than just being a pop band.

● **Has lame gone to your head?**

Some people would probably argue that I haven't changed. I've always had a certain amount of arrogance and confidence - showbiz I call it. I've always said that if you don't tell people how good you are, then they ain't gonna listen. I do believe I'm humble enough to know my limitations and that I'm only part of a team.

● **Does it ever get to the point where you feel like locking yourself in a room and screaming?**

No, not at all. Why should it? I get frustrated and I get depressed as anybody would in any walk of life but I think the day you start believing you're something special is the day that you get messed up and end up in that room screaming to yourself.

● **What's all this about King and dolphins?**

Dolphins have got a lot to do with King. We often ally ourselves with them, with the spirit of them because we're in the entertainment business like a dolphin is in its pool when it actually has the capability to do a lot more, like King do. And if we are that dolphin then we actually create our own hoops to jump through.

As a matter of fact we filmed our video for "All Alone Without You" in Greece at a place called Delphi and that means dolphin.

● **"All Alone Without You". All alone without who?**

It crosses over on two levels lyrically. It can be taken as a love song, but at the same time it's a song about King and its audience - without its audience it would definitely be alone.

● **Do you really take it that seriously or is that just what you say in interviews?**

My yardstick for whether you can still keep a grasp on where you were and where you're going is that as long as you can remember what it's like to be a fan then you'll never lose it. That's what King are. We are fans. Fans are important because without them you are alone.

● **Are you ever embarrassed about having been in *The Reluctant Stereotypes* (the shambling group Paul used to be in a very long time ago).**

Oh yes! Frequently. When I was in Reluctant Stereotypes I believed in it 100%, but we change and we grow up. I'm not ashamed that I was in Reluctant Stereotypes, but there are elements of what I was then and what I said and did which I cringe about.

● **Is Paul King the pop star anything like the Paul King who skulks away in private?**

No.

● **So what's the other one like?**

That's Paul King - private.



PAUL KING?

● A SEX SYMBOL?

● **"Isn't it time I had my hair cut?"** I have had it cut! Can't you see? It's definitely much shorter. Too short on top I think. At the end of a gig it gets all sweaty. It's horrible. It's horrible."

● **"I think my voice is underrated.** A lot of people are surprised when they see us live how strong it is, but I think I've got a good voice."

● **"I actually picked up the jacket** in a flea market in Paris, it cost me about £20. But the other things I wear on stage – the suits – they're usually tailor-made."

● **"This is the black and white Paul King** – it's a move away from the well-known multi-coloured Paul King."

● **"I suppose I am a sex symbol** to certain people. I think it's fun to be quite honest. I don't see any harm in it. If it's not me it's going to be someone else."

● **"King concerts?"** King have entertainment, King have glitter, King have glamour, they have showbiz. They are entertainment with a big 'E', they have music that has balls, and there's something there to stomp your feet to."

● **"I like to move around a lot.** I've never considered myself to be a dancer but I do use a lot of energy and I enjoy what I want to do. I wouldn't consider it dancing in the classical sense. Or even in the 'good' sense."

● **"One of the most embarrassing things** I've done is I used to lift my leg on to the keyboard for one song. It made this great looking shape. We've stopped doing it since the time it got caught there and I couldn't make it back to the microphone. That's the closest I've come to looking stupid on stage."

● **"I don't actually wear the boots** on stage, simply because they're too heavy. They're not practical at all."

● A BIT OF A LAUGH?

● **How old are you?**
25 in November

● **How did you dress 10 years ago?**
Very much like David Bowie in his 'Young Americans' period. I was copying David very much – suits and things. And I had my hair cropped very short.

● **What order do you take your clothes off in?**
First socks, then I start at the top. I always leave the middle bit till the last minute.

● **Do you ever cut yourself shaving?**
Lots of times. I hate shaving. I'm really dark – I've been shaving since I was thirteen. I've been plucking my eyebrows since I was thirteen too.

● **Do you sleep much?**
I don't sleep as much as I should. Five or six hours. I usually like seven or eight.

● **Are you vain?**
Yes.

● **Can you whistle?**
Yes, but not very well. I've just whistled on our new album, funny enough. A track called 'Platform One'. There's not enough whistling on records these days.

● **When was the last time you cried?**
Oh, last week on a plane when I was watching the film Witness. I cry to movies quite a lot.

● **Do you think cricket is boring?**
Incredibly. And golf, and snooker, and darts. I hate darts and snooker. I despise the people they've made into celebrities.

● **Does spaghetti stick to your chin?**
No... I've mastered spaghetti.

● **What are you most frightened of?**
I'm a pretty confident chappie to the point of arrogance. But that's partly a big show. There's a lot of performance and showmanship in that. I'm frightened of disappointing myself.

● **Do you get embarrassed when you see yourself on TV?**
Oh yes, I tend to watch everything I do for the purposes of seeing what I do and whether I like it.

● W. 108: William Shaw ● Producer: Sheila Rock

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PERSONAL FILE

AL CAMPBELL & CHRISIE KERR

"I Got You Babe"? Chrissie always suggested that we do a song together. She said something like 'with my looks and your voice we can't fail!'"



NAME: Alistair Campbell.
BORN: February 2, 1959 in Birmingham.

FIRST CONCERT: I suppose it must have been when I was about three. My dad used to have a group, the Ian Campbell Folk Group, and he always used to take me along. But my first proper concert would have been Michael Jackson — The Jackson 5. They were brilliant. It was at the Birmingham Odeon, around 1973 I think. I was mad on the Jacksons. I had all the stuff, the Jackson 5 insignia on my school blazer, the lot.

WHO DID YOU WANT TO GROW UP TO BE? Well, I never wanted to be anyone else, but my heroes, I suppose, must be Steve Wonder and Michael Jackson. And when I was 11 I got into Bob Merley. But I couldn't really be any of them 'cos I'm white.

MOST PROFOUND THING THAT HAPPENED TO YOU WHEN YOU WERE GROWING UP? There've been so many I can't even think of one. I suppose it must have been getting involved with reggae music. It really gladdens me. It elates me truly, a piece of dub music. Also, it being the newest, freshest kind of music, I got into it by growing up in an environment with Indian people, Africans, lots of different cultures. It used to be great in Birmingham but now it's fallen apart. It's the same with all the big cities during the last decade. Why? I suppose it might have something to do with Margaret Thatcher.

WHAT WOULD YOU MISS MOST IN THE EVENT OF A NUCLEAR WAR? The earth. The trees. Not being alive. Things like that. Did you hear about that new proposal made to US Senete? It suggested taking a quarter of a million American kids and putting them in the USSR to grow up and doing the same with a quarter of a million Russian kids in America, going on the idea that you wouldn't bomb your own kids. It's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard.

HOW DID YOU MEET

CHRISIE? It was about four years ago and she came to see us play. It was a small gig, at the Hope & Anchor, I think. And she asked us to support The Pretenders on tour. They were number one at the time with "Brass In Pocket". Consequently we got to number four with "Food For Thought". We owe a lot to her. Anyway, we met up again last year in Minneapolis and we had a bit of a sing-song, and one of those songs was "I Got You Babe". She'd always suggested that we do a song together. She said something like, "with my looks and your voice... we can't fail!". So when we got back to Birmingham we got the backing track together in the studio and sent her the tape.

Then we got a reply — she liked it — and we went over [about six weeks ago] to record the vocals.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF CHRISIE? Well she's nothing like her image. She's sweet, charming and mysterious. And Jim Kerr? I've never met him. I spoke to him on the phone though — I don't think he liked me very much. But, you know, they're newweds... that always makes you lose your marbles a bit.

ARE YOU MARRIED? No, not at all. Have I got any children? Yeah, a little boy called Ali. I wanted him called that 'cos I'm really called Alistair. It was caused a lot of confusion though, most people think he must be Muslim or something.

WHAT DID YOU THINK OF LIVE AID? The UK one was twice as good as the American. Paul Young was good. We just met him in New York. He's dead nice. He was there having these sex operators. I didn't see Sade but I know she was brilliant. She can do no wrong. It was a shame there was no reggae bands represented, but I suppose it would be a bit ironic with them all singing about going back to Africa and Ethiopia and that. But UB40, now there was the perfect band for the occasion. And where were we? Miles away. I think Bob Geldof must hate us... no, no, I know for a fact he hates us, hates our guts, but still... Anyway, I thought it was brilliant.

WHAT'S YOUR AMBITION? To become a sensimilla farmer. It's a Spanglish word meaning taking a seedless plant. They're beautiful, beautiful plants.

WHEN WOULD YOU LIKE TO RETIRE? When I'm about 29 or 30. I'd like to sit there watching my plants grow while drinking rum punches and zombies. I love watching things grow. But I'd probably get bored of it in a couple of years.

"UB40 are really friendly and warm. Of course, I couldn't understand a word they were saying because of those Birmingham accents."



NAME: Christine Ellen Hynde is my full name, but I've got a married name too — Chrissie Kerr. I don't care which one is used.

BORN: September 7, 1951 in Akron, Ohio.

FIRST CONCERT: I can't remember. It might have been Mitch Ryder And The Detroit Wheels — they were wonderful, a big influence on me. They were kind of like the forerunners of the sort of thing Bruce Springsteen is doing, one of the original American garage bands. One thing I liked about the show was that they had a fist fight. I was so impressed that I got my girlfriends to stay for the second show that night and they had the same light again! I remember being kind of shocked and embarrassed that I had thought it was a real fight.

WHO DID YOU WANT TO GROW UP TO BE? I wanted to grow up to be like one of my guitar heroes — Jeff Beck or Jimi Hendrix.

MOST PROFOUND THING THAT HAPPENED TO YOU WHEN YOU WERE GROWING UP? Remember you're not talking to someone who's 18. I'm 33 years old. Though I can remember things back to when I was 2. I guess the things that had a big effect on me were the bands I saw — Jackie Wilson, Mitch Ryder.

WHAT WOULD YOU MISS MOST IN THE EVENT OF A NUCLEAR WAR? What would I miss the most? What do you mean? That's really a naff question! I don't know — probably all the green stuff, trees and things. I can't come up with some sort of witty pop personality answer to that.

HOW DID YOU MEET ALI? We met in 1979 after The Pretenders had put out their first single. My bass player Pete said I should go and check out this band at the Rock Garden — we wanted a band to go on tour with us. It was UB40 and I thought they were just wonderful. I was really uncomfortable going backstage because I didn't want them to think that I was some kind of bigshot. I went up to Brian

(Travers), who seemed like the most accessible guy, and they were really friendly and warm. Of course, I couldn't understand a word they were saying because of those Birmingham accents. That's why we got on so well.

HOW DID YOU COME TO DO THIS PARTICULAR SONG?

When we started doing it in the studio and it was sounding good, Ali started thinking it had been his idea to do it. I'm sure it was mine. It's just a good pop song — I bought the original (by Sonny and Cher). So did Ali, I think.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ALI? I think he's kind of mad! He's very nice to me but I don't know if someone from outside can penetrate the inner circle of the band. They grew up together and I always feel there's some kind of inside joke that I don't quite understand. But I love that.

WHAT'S IT LIKE BEING MARRIED? I find it really hard to answer these questions. It hasn't changed my life. Has it made me happier? Yeah, in some ways. It's a sort of natural thing. By the time you're 33 and you've got two kids it somehow fits into the scheme.

HOW'S THE BABY? Good, really good. She's only four months old so she does all the things that a four month old baby does, like sleep. I spend all my time with her — I have to get up with her about three times in the night so I'm always half awake and half asleep. It's a hard combining it with work but it's a lot easier than, say, having a drug habit which a lot of people in bands have.

WHAT DID YOU THINK OF LIVE AID? There was a really good feeling about it, very low key. Everyone just had a little trifle to get ready in, it was the way things should be at festivals. There wasn't any of the star thing which I don't think anyone likes anyway. I had a good time. I was talking to Madonna and her boyfriend, congratulating him in giving a photographer a hard time. Madonna was drawing her eyes. I'd just come off stage and she was in a little caravan sitting on a chair doing her make-up. We found we had some mutual friends. I didn't have time to talk to her very long but there was something about her I liked.

WHAT'S YOUR AMBITION NOW? I want to make another album. I'm working on it at the moment — I think I may be coming into my stride now to make a really good one. And apart from that I just want to know moving on.

WHEN WOULD YOU LIKE TO RETIRE? Ideally, I wouldn't like to.

GET SMART

Could you please find out the natural colour of Nick Rhodes' hair? I've seen it a range of varying colours but I still can't find out its real shade. Moira Blair, Nottingham.



● Through the miracles of cosmetic technology, Nick "oh hang on my camera seems to have gone a bit wonky" Rhodes' locks have changed from yellow to red to brown to black to orange to a sort of yellowy-rod-dy-bromy-black and back again. However, close associates inform me that the actual colour is purple with puce sploidges. Oh, alright, brown.

I would like to run a fan club for someone when I leave school but how do people get to be a fan club secretary?
Amanda Young, Essex.

● Well, there aren't any government sponsored fan club sec. training schemes or anything like that, but here's a list of ways in which it can be done:

- 1) Be born into a family that produces a pop star, or, for the more ingenious, actually give birth to a pop star yourself. This method has worked for Mrs Beryl Numan and Mrs Thelma Jones who run their respective sons - **Gary Numan** and **Howard Jones** - fan clubs.
- 2) Become "romantically involved" or, better(?) still, marry a pop star.
- 3) Hang around with a group before they become famous and offer to do little tasks that they don't have time to do or find a bit boring. Things like slapping up posters (they're probably called either The Bizness or A Cauliflower Sleeps), ringing local radio stations to get their "gigs" mentioned, running down to Spud-U-Like when they get peckish etc. Then when they become v famous they should repay your kindness and loyalty by offering you an interesting job and lots of money. The trouble with this



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.

method is they probably won't become famous and then you'll be cheesed off, but the secretaries of the **Duran Duran** and **Cult** clubs got their jobs this way.

4) Persuade a pop star that, if he/she doesn't already have a club going, you are the right person to start one up. Alternatively, if you'd like to work for a particular group who already employ a secretary, swamp the management office with very polite and well-written letters stating you'd be most grateful if you could be next in line for the job, please. You never know when you might get that magic call, that stupendous "It's-for-yooohooooo" feeling to knock you right off your feet, etc., etc.

5) Check the 'Situations Vacant' column of local papers and try the "Creative And Media" pages of the Monday editions of *The Guardian*. The **Queen** fan club secretary got her job through a small ad in the *London Evening Standard*, which read "Top Rock Band Require Fan Club Secretary". Proving it can be done.

Where did Sade get that nifty backless top that she stunned us all with on *Live Aid*?
Anna Johns, London W5.

● The top was specially made for Sade by her resident designer, Anglo-Italian Giola (pronounced Joy-a) Meiler. Unfortunately, Giola doesn't sell her tops to the general public at the mo, though she is "trying to get an exhibition together". (And talking of *Live Aid*

costumery, what did you think of Kerry Loggins' extremely disgusting checked trousers, eh?)

I've gone absolutely mad over that hilarious record called "Germans" by **Udo Lindenberg** (who appeared on the German bit of *Live Aid*). Can you tell me anything about him?
Gary McGill, Bradford.

● A well eccentric 39 year old from Gronau, Westphalia, Udo started playing drums when he was ten, spent his teens traveling around Europe and eventually formed the hugely successful jazz rock group Emergency. He's released a total of 23 LPs back home, but as yet "Germans" hasn't been released there. Which isn't surprising with lyrics like these: "The Blonde German Fräuleins are pretty but want You say Guten Tag and they say Auf Wiedersehen/ They're very hard workers from Monday to Friday/Make love on the weekends and yodel like Heidi...". So is it all a big joke? "A joke?" snaps Herr Lindenberg "Well yes and no. It came about when I met some people in Dallas (the place not the TV show) and they asked me where I was from. 'A little place far away called Germany,' I replied. And they went 'oh, don't they drink a lot there?' 'don't they all sleep in tents?'... I found it so funny that I got them to write everything down, then I put all the clichés into a lyric which turned out to be "Germans".

Please could you find out where **Fish of Marillion** gets his earrings (the fish ones) because I'd like some?
R. Flaunty, Carshalton.



● Even Fish himself can't answer that one. You see, he only has one fish earring - given to him as a present in 1978 - and he's been looking for one to match ever since.

I've noticed that ex-**Stiff Little Fingers** bassist, **Ali McMordie**, is back playing with a new group. Can you tell me what he's been doing in between the two bands?
John Henderson, Dyfed.



● Not a lot, actually. After SLF (to give them their full name) split up in 1981, Ali became a session player but he didn't get much work and nearly emigrated to Australia. Then, two years ago, he answered a small ad in a music paper and ended up joining a group called **Friction Groove** who've just released their debut single "Time Bomb". All's well that ends well.

Kate Bush.

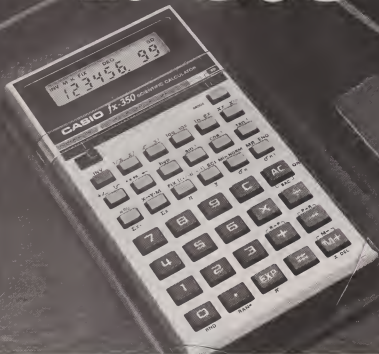


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A MA ZULU

YOU BLOW SO HOT THEN YOU BLOW COLD
WHEN I MAKE ADJUSTMENTS TO YOUR VERTICAL HOLD
YOU HIT THE ROOF THEN YOU HIT THE FLOOR
YOU KEEP ME DANCIN' TILL MY FEET GET SORE

CHORUS

BABY YOU'RE SO EXCITABLE
I DON'T CARE IF YOU GET ME INTO TROUBLE
BABY YOU'RE SO EXCITABLE
WOULDN'T YOU SHARE SOME EXCITEMENT WITH ME TONIGHT

I WANNA STAY IN YOU WANNA GO OUT
I GET NERVOUS WHEN YOU SCREAM AND SHOUT
YOU BLOW YOUR TOP I MEND YOUR FUSE
YOU MAKE ME OFFERS THAT I CAN'T REFUSE

BABY YOU'RE SO EXCITABLE
I DON'T CARE IF YOU GET ME INTO TROUBLE
BABY YOU'RE SO EXCITABLE
I DON'T WANT YOU TO CHANGE YOUR WAYS
I'M HAPPY TO FOLLOW YOUR STAR
I'LL JUST TAKE YOU THE WAY THAT YOU ARE

REPEAT ABOVE

TAKE A LOOK AT THE STATE I'M IN
I'M DROWNING IN ADRENALIN
I HANG ON 'CAUSE I CAN'T LET GO
ONE LOOK AT YOU AND I CAN'T SAY NO

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

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A swish 'n' swanky 'n' terrifically expensive executive motor car that now comes with optional fake leopard skin seat covers and a plastic hook for hanging your James Hunt Rally Gloves on?

NOPE.

Akchoolee, it's your very own *Smash Hits* which from next issue on will be emblazoned with a brand, spanking new logo designed by our team of highly talented "art" researchers at ginormous expense!!!

And, you are no doubt wondering, what other secret ingredients will be going into the next issue of this more-brilliant-than-ever-before fortnightly experience?

A dodderly old cat on a smelly cushion reviewing the new pop "vids"?

NOPE.

A pop-up picture of Julio Iglesias in living, breathing black & white to cut out 'n' keep?

NOPE.

Mono-sodium glutamate?

NOPE.

Akchoolee, we'll be "rapping" with **Simon le Bon**, **Nick Rhodes** and **Roger Taylor**, "checkin' out" **The Thompson Twins** and "touchin' base" with **China Crisis**.

And the most amazing thing about it all is that the price of your **BRIGHTER** and **CRICKET** *Smash Hits* remains exactly the same!!!!

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SMASH HITS on sale AUGUST 26

SMASH HITS

SMASH OR BURN



PROPAGANDA



Power
Force
Motion
Drive

Repeat three times

Propaganda

On joyless lanes we walk in lines
A calm but steady flow
Accompanied by loud commands
Our strength is running low

Another hope feeds another dream
Another truth installed by the machine
A secret wish
The marrying of lies
Today comes true
What common sense denies

Relating wheels of destiny
in flames the city lies
Machines call out for tallowers
Far out into the night
The calls of the machines
Drowning in the steam

Another hope feeds another dream
Another truth installed by the machine
A secret wish
A marrying of lies
Today makes true
What common sense denies

The calls of the machines
Drowning in the steam

On joyless lanes we walk in lines
(A calm but steady flow)
(Our strength is running low)

Another hope
Another dream
Another truth
Installed by the machine

Installed by the machine

Words and Music Mertens/Dorper/
Broken/Frytag
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On ZTT Records



P MACHINERY

I've got a chip on my shoulder with your name on it
(Knock it off)
So don't just stand there foolin' if you don't want it
(Knock it off)
I say you're either a lover or you are a liar
So don't you push too hard you're playin' with fire

Chorus

Baby make your move
Step across the line
Touch me one more time
Come on dare me
I wanna take you on
I know I can't lose
I'll be loving you
If you just dare me

Looks like you're lookin' for trouble
And I'd say you found it
(You found it)

You'll have to come right through me
There's no way around it
(I've found it)

I hope that lean heavy look means what it's saying
"Cause I'm just sittle" on ready ready and waiting

Repeat chorus

Come on and dare me

DARE ME



THE POINTER SISTERS

If there's any truth behind your intentions
This ain't a game and up on fire
(You better believe it)
You better believe it
Ooh yeah
Oh dare me dare me dare me

Repeat chorus to fade

Any time of day
Any day or night
Any way any time

I'll give you all I've got
Come on baby make me move
I'm gonna keep on darlin' you
So big and round

Time is the only way
What you've got
Darlin'

I know I can't lose
With lovin' 'darlin' lovin' lovin' oh oh
Come on darlin'
I wanna take you on

Words and music S Lorber/D Inals
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On RCA Records

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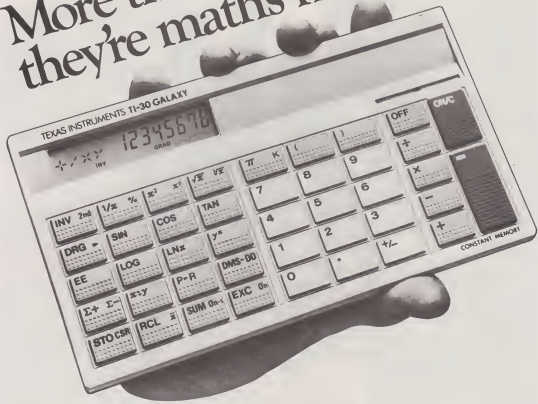
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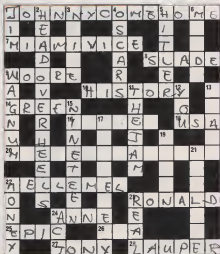
DOWN

- 1 **Simple Minds** (4-4, 4)
 2 **Timmy D'S** TV cop series (7-4, 4, 4)
 3 **Trevor Horn** made an art of it
 4 **Convincer** (6-4)
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ANSWERS ON PAGE 52



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LOVERS THEY SOMETIMES
GET ON EACH OTHERS NERVES
THEY CAN REALLY REALLY BE SO MEAN
PLAYIN' ROUND WITH WORDS
I WANNA KNOW WHY WE DO IT
WHY WE CHOOSE TO BREAK EACH OTHERS HEARTS
WHY WHEN IT KEEPS US FAR APART
AIN'T IT FUNNY THE THINGS WE DO
FOR THE SAKE OF PRIDE
IT DON'T MATTER (DON'T MATTER)
WHO MIGHT GET HURT
AS LONG AS YOU'RE SATISFIED
WE OUGHTA BE RIGHT TO EACH OTHER
DOOH YOU KNOW THE THINGS I'M SPEAKIN' OF
WHY DO WE MESS AROUND WITH LOVE

TOO MANY GAMES THAT PEOPLE PLAY
SOMETIMES TOO MANY GAMES THAT PEOPLE PLAY

TOO MANY PEOPLE THEY GET HUNG UP
ON THOSE "HE SAY" "SHE SAY" GAMES
THEY USN'T CARE WHO MIGHT GET HURT
YOU KNOW THAT'S JUST INSANE
WE'VE GOT TO STOP LOOK LISTEN
AT THE WAY WE TREAT EACH OTHER SO UNKIND
WHY WHEN IT'S JUST A WASTE OF TIME

TOO MANY GAMES THAT PEOPLE PLAY
TOO MANY GAMES THAT PEOPLE PLAY

YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TALKIN' 'BOUT
THERE CAN REALLY BE NO DOUBT
I HOPE THAT YOU AND I CAN WORK IT OUT
THESE SILLY GAMES THAT PEOPLE PLAY

TOO MANY GAMES THAT PEOPLE PLAY
REPEAT TO FADE

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE RADIO ONE ROADSHOW

The Radio One Roadshow has become as much of a part of The Great British Summer as dirty postcards, torrential rain and peeling noses. Since it started in 1973 it's visited nearly every main town and resort in The British Isles and is seen by an average of 500,000 people a year, making it the biggest travelling roadshow in the world. And we spent 24 hours bang in the middle of it, joining Janice Long and the team as they prepared to set off for Porthcawl in Wales . . .

Report by Peter Martin and Paul Rider

2.00pm July 25 1985 and the Roadshow is packing up after the day's stint in South Beach Car Park, Tenby. All the gear is loaded and the 16 strong crew are on board. Janice has just finished signing a squillion autographs and the 17,000 (count 'em!) crowd has scarpared to the beach.



Janice travels in the Radio 1 Range Rover and the rest go in the

trailers. Three hours later we all meet in a sunny Porthcawl at the delightful Sea Bank Hotel, smack in the middle of the promenade. Everyone makes it sharpish to their rooms: Janice has one with a bathroom en suite (poser), the production crew (all seven of them - producer, assistant, engineers and more assistants) have medium-sized rooms and Smiley's people (another seven made up of the road crew and people who muck in at selling on the Goodiemobile) sleep in the "cells" in the motorcaravan, so's to save money (girly swans).



6.00pm and they all meet up for drinks at the bar. I've never seen so many pairs of skimpy white shorts in my life. And brown legs. And rather dodgy promotional t-shirts. I suppose it must be the official uniform or something. Everyone seems to know one

another "really well" and the general atmosphere is, erm, you know, a bit "up". There's talk of a game of rounders before the (cue fanfare) Radio 1 Barbecues. A regular event nowadays, it's organised by Smiley. For tonight he's had to buy 24 "massive" pork steaks, considerable portions of prawns and a hefty plunk of sausages. "The idea", explains Smiley (apparently his real name's Tony Miles but he insists on being called Smiley) "is to get a kind of community spirit going. Travelling round the country with a different set of people every week can be a bit difficult but with these barbecues we all get to know each other. I just think it's great." Smiley looks a bit like One of Black Lace.

Now Janice comes down. She's just to meet the local press. "It's not just the one-and-a-half hours we're on air that's important," reckons producer John Lennard, "the roadshow is a 24 hour a day promotional exercise. Before the show we give things away and the DJ signs autographs. The same after it's finished. Then the night before, we all constantly take requests from people, putting them in a huge barrel ready for the next day. And all day and night the lot of us, the DJ in particular, have got to look quite happy with life. You've got to keep up the image, you can't let it slip. If Janice has too much to

drink and pukes up all over the hotel guests it wouldn't look too good now, would it?"

6.50pm After about three quarters of an hour of daft questions from representatives of local papers called things like the *Evening Sheep Breeders Magnet*, Janice sits back and has her first breather of the day. She seems a mite concerned that the only thing our robust, cigar smoking reporters wrote down was stuff about her "love life". No, she's not going out with "Peter" anymore . . . and so she relaxes with a gin, soda and lime - her latest discovery. It's the first time all day she's had a chance to put her feet up. But no, it couldn't be . . . *deia na naaa* - an autograph hunter is on the horizon. A little chap called



Christian, he's been waiting patiently for ages now, but here's

A DAY IN THE LIFE

OF THE

RADIO ONE ROADSHOW

his big chance. But not only does he get an autograph – on a rolled up copy of *Smash Hits* – he also gets a big frothy beaker of orange juice off Janice Pheew, rock n roll. And what's more, if he "grabs hold" of Janice tomorrow before the show she promises to put him on the radio. Eek!

7.25pm The barbeque's about ready (the game of rounders has been cancelled, for some reason) and everybody troops outside. They all sit on crates and watch a live – on a miniature screen – of Live Aid. Everybody sits round chatting about how many people turned up and how knackering the Roadshow is. Bit weird really, sitting in the middle of a car park at 10.00 at night watching a video on a telly with a two inch screen.



9.35pm The food has been scooped and anyone retires to the bar. Some bright spark comes up with the idea of going to the local disco and the general consensus is "why not?" After all, it is the last night of this leg of the Roadshow, so the lot of them all pile down the now chirily sea-front to Apollo's. But no, it can't be – we're not allowed in! "No shorts, no jeans, no shirts, grants the div at the door. I mean, C'mon, no shirts! I suppose they'd prefer us in frogmen's outfits or something, the pavs. So we pop up the road to another 'nitene' – this time we send Janice in first and get in no problem, free of



charge. The inside resembles a dingy little Christmas grotto with sproglets of soft looking lights and decorations. The clientele, mainly young lads with smart trousers and open neck shirts, all stare at Janice something rotten. When they pluck up courage they run up with faintly written requests, the more daring ask for a dance, and the positively fearless go for a kiss. Lads eh? The local DJ's can't believe their luck and get Janice up to do a turn. Everybody cheers. Meanwhile, the rest of the Radio 1 lot wig out on a V cramped dancefloor. They punch their fists to "ver Boss". They grin madly to Madonna. They bash around to Frankie.

1.25am Everyone's had enough and it's back to the hotel. After all, some of them have got to be up at six to set up the stage.



9.30am and Janice is already up. She's meeting this group called Gene Loves Jezebel for breakfast. Seems they come from Porthcawl and Janice, being a bit of a one for the old indie charts, sees it as a good way of getting them on the show. Sneaky eh?

Anyway, they're not here yet, so we all sit round talking about pranks and things. Everybody's favorite practical wheeze was the one Smiley did on Noel Edmonds. A "revenge" prank, it happened some years back when Noel was doing the Roadshow. He got back to his hotel from a club, went up to his room and opened the door. It

promptly fell in – the hinges had been taken off. Then he sat on the bed. It collapsed – the legs had been sawn through. A bit peeved, he phoned reception – the receiver was full of chicken poo. Then – the piece de resistance, this one – he went in the bathroom to find a cow, a sheep and four goats. Pretty wacky, huh?

This Roadshow series, Smiley has threatened to do something horrible to Gary Davies' Porsche. He had planned to get a helicopter to winch it over the sea but "visibility" foiled his plan. He did manage to hide a couple of kippers in Bruno Brookes' Porsche, though.

10.00am and it's time to go. Gene Loves Jezebel are waiting in reception, everyone checks out of the hotel and they all head for the Saltlake Car Park, opposite the fun fair, where 5,000 people are waiting for the jollies to commence.

10.30am and John the producer takes the stage and goads the multitude into a frenzy. "I'm John, I'm the producer. When I say do something, you do it Right! So cheer! Louder! C'mon you can do better than that!" And it goes on like that for quarter of an hour.



Then Janice gets up. "C'mon, we've only got 15 minutes to go. I want three couples. You, you and you!" The three young couples weave their way through the rather damp crowd – yes, it's just started to drizzle. "Great! Now you've got 60 seconds to swap clothes! Go!"



Oh dear. Not bashful, this lot. One lad's got his trouser's off as fast as a rat up a drainpipe. His girlfriend's not far behind either. Very Clue 18-30's. And the crowd just love it. "Now stop!" Worra state! They all look a bit pulled out and, quite

depressingly, not at all embarrassed. Couple number three get the loudest cheer and so they win the goodiebag (a plastic bag full of Radio 1 mugs, t-shirts, car stickers, stuff like that). Smiley Miley troops on and gives away some OK YAI! t-shirts, then Janice comes back, dancing to "In Too Deep" by Dead Or Alive. "C'mon, give it loads O' welly!" Only a couple of minutes to go. The screams are getting louder. Porthcawl is fair frothing o'er with excitement.



11.00am and the gipsy go Aaargh! Simon Bates does the link and Janice smacks on the jingle with Sir Thomas Vance. "The Radio 1 Roadshow, Today Live From Salt Lake Car Park Porthcawl!! AAAARGH!!!" The noise is quite unbearable. They just don't care. Janice says hello and whacks on Dead Or Alive again. The screams swell and then



subside, welling up for another onslaught during the next link. A few records later and it's time for "The Letter Game". Tracie from Bridgend and some bloke get picked this time. They have to go up and do this rather complicated



game where one of them has to name a group starting with, say, the letter K. Killing Joke. Then the other one has to name a group beginning with the last letter of that group, in this case E. Echo & The Bunnymen. Then they have to do one beginning with N and so on, so forth. Tracey wins and another goodie bag finds a home.

Requests are flying thick and fast now. They're written on everything — knicknocks, car hub caps, bras, flip flops. Toilet rolls — they don't care, as long as it's on nothing sensible



11.44am and Janice whizzes off with an engineer into the crowd. She heads for a bunch of lads perched on top of a jeep. "So hello, who are you?" "Keith, Keith Williams." "And what do you do?" "I'm on a YOP. I work in a graveyard." "What? Really? What exactly do you do then?" "I dig graves." "And you, what do you do?" "I'm unemployed." Not



surprising when you think of where you are, smack in the heart of mining country. Porthcawl, you see, is mainly inhabited by tourists who come from the mining villages, most of which are in decline. A few locals remark that the only reason they come here is because they can't afford to go anywhere else. Unfortunately, that's not a joke.

11.53am and Gene Loves Jezebel stagger on to a decidedly lukewarm response. A couple of chatty questions and they're off. She plays their latest single "Cow"

More records, more screams, more goodiebags and it's time for "Bits And Pieces". This quiz has been with the roadshow for donkeys years. It's the one where four people go up on stage and have to listen to bits of little bits of records and guess who they're all by. Even more goodiebags are dished out.



12.00am Only half an hour to go and 'ver lads' at the front are getting a bit carried away. Someone chucks a rotten great tomato at Janice and it splatters all



down her back. Still, nothing can dampen her enthusiasm. Someone else chucks a bra on stage and game as ever, she duly tries it on to raucous cheering. For about the billionth time she rockets out from behind the console and does a little dance at the foot of the stage, bawling out remarks to the audience — "Eh lad, your bum must be killin' yer, sittin' on that fence!" That kind of thing.



12.10pm and Chrisbar, the autograph-hunter from last night, clambers onto the stage and reads out a couple of requests.



Time's running out. 'Ver lads' have gone a bit nutty and people are getting crushed at the front. John the producer gets up again and sorts them out. "C'mon, all take two steps back. There's people getting hurt down here."

Just a couple more records to go. Janice plays that awful one by Trans X. A desperate last volley of screams and that's about it. "It's a week I certainly won't forget. Wales is a fantastic place, the people are smashing, the beaches are great, it's just great." Janice thanks all the crew in turn and announces that next week the Roadshow will be in



the "capable hands of Peter Powell. Now if you want to see a smashing pair of legs, get down there."

Someone chucks a chicken drumstick at her but it's too late. Newsbear is on the air. That's it. Finished. She drags herself side stage, completely knackered. "I love them like that — rough. They're much more fun," she puffs, red faced. Someone brings in a packet of ring doughnuts for her as a present. Soops! She says she'll eat them later. After a 10 minute rest she bounds off to the goodiemobile to sign autographs



for an hour or so. The queue is about 87 miles long but it's part and parcel of the job. Any anyway she'll be on holiday in St. Lucia in "52 hours". And here's me thinking doing the Roadshow was a bit of a holiday, eh?

2.00pm and the crowds have gone. Janice is off in the Range Rover and another week of the Roadshow is over. And, just think, in 360 days time Wales will experience the whole thing all over again. Bet they can't wait.



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● **Want someone to write to?** Send a postcard with a few words about yourself to people you get in touch. All cards to: *R.V.S.P., Smash Hits*, 32-33 *Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.* And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This way we're published.

● **We are two digestive biscuits, crumbing with despair.** One is mo Spandau, the other has spiky hair. We both reside in Scouse land. If there is any Cuslard Dreams out there, then just write to us. Carol or Doreen (both 18 years old), 37 Farfax Road, Norms Green, Liverpool L11 7BS

● **I'm a very bored 14 year old who needs to write to someone quickly.** I like loads of music - Duran, Howard Jones, Dead Or Alive, Japan and loads more. If you're aged between 14 and 16 and you need someone to write to, get scribbling to Angela Gallagher, 21 Rowland St, Skipton, N Yorks DC232DL

● **Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello.** We're into Paul Young, The Young Ones, Bryan Adams, Wham!, Bruce Springsteen, boys end parties. Just a name from Yvonne, Karen, Clare, Tina or Melanie and send them to 5 Brynhead, Hendreirion, Gilfach Goch, Nr Porth, Mid Glam, South Wales, CF 39 8UT

● **A couple of weird lads would like to hear from female weirdos aged between 14 and 17.** We like The Cure, The Jesus And Mary Chain, Sisters Of Mercy, The Cult and Skeletal Family. Any punks & goths interested write and send pics if poss to: Kev and Andy, 210 Top Road, Galow, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, S44 5TE

● **I'm a 14 year old girl who's extremely into Japan, David's solo music included.** I also love Duran, Roxy Music and Y M O. Please write if you can be anything in contact. *Judy Paske, 321 18th St, NW, Puyallup, Washington 98371, USA*

● **Imaginary boys/girls into The Cure, A.F.O.S. and anything "new" to help a 14 year old female who is trapped in the normal world.** I dislike Reagan, heavy metal and stereotypes. All Love Cais send me some messages! *Andrea Lagno, 19846 Wendy Drive, Berne, Ohio 44617, USA*

● **Looking for a Swedish penfriend?** Here I am! A girl aged 20. I'm into most chart music, especially Duran Duran. Don't hesitate, please write to: *Anri-Chalmr Metso, Toris Vag 8, 15500 Nykvarn, Sweden*

● **Hi! I'm a 13 year old FGTH fan who also likes Springsteen, Madonna and almost anything else.** M or F please write to David Thomson, 53 Edgemont Street, Glasgow G41 3EJ.

● **Aspiring young poet, willing to correspond.** Likes Smiths, Bragg, OMD, Costello and Peas. I could go on. Write to Peter, 174 Abingdon Road, Dooton, Oxon

● **Hi there, guys. If you're wired into Duran, Go West, Spandau, Madonna then you're the one for me!** I also like sport but hate heavy metal, mods, skinheads, and hippies. If possible I'd like to hear from people in Australasia or America, but if not I'll be happy. Get scribbling to: *Becky Mason, 13 Rochdale Avenue, Calne, Wts, SW11 3AY.*

● **Is there a space in your life that needs filling?** Let me volunteer. I'm into Wham!, Frankie Goes To Hollywood and Duran. You can be male or female aged between 14 and 18. So write to *Katrine Gibson, 28 Dale Lane, Bidwirth, Mansfield, Notts NG21 0RG.*

● **Hello, My name is Llimara.** I am 17 and a very devoted fan of Brookside. I am into Marc Almond, Pinco, The Alarm, TT's, Sade and Wham!. I would like to hear from anyone aged 16 and over. Write to: *Llimara, 4 Pollards Oak Road, Hurstgrove, Oxford, Surrey RH8 0JL*

● **Ward - that's me.** If you love groups like The Cult, Scourse, The Smiths, The Cure and Violent Femmes, hate Wham!, Duran and Peas. People and want to know more about me, send letters to me at: *Sam, 31 Regent Court, Bradford Road, Sheffield, S626RR*

● **15 year old British American female desperately seeking U2 fans.** My favs also include Hep, TF, Duran, King and Paul Young. Male or female, any age, please contact: *Party Girl, 309 Hoffman Station Road, Monroe Township, New Jersey 08931, USA. I promise to answer all quickly!*

● **If you don't write to me you're a Neo-Nazi!** I'm twice as off wing as Paul Walter and I'm into Duran, Grace Jones, Japan, The Europeans, The Power Station and Nis Rodgers. Write to *Jukan, Emerald, Guildford Road, Bookham, Surrey*

● **I'd like to hear from German or French girls or boys aged 15 +.** I like any kind of music and I enjoy sport. Write soon to *Joanne Lewington, 4 Sarnage Close, Whyby, Reading, Berks, RG2 8UD.*

● **Calling all Sunny Crockett and Ricardo Tubba lookalikes.** Two fun-loving females into men's shops and clothes. *UZ, Phil Collins, Sistar Reading, Mamee. Write or almost anything except Wham! and Culture Club, want you to write to them! Get scribbling to: C, end Eddie, 10 Kent Road, Luton, Beds*

● **I am an 11 year old boy called Darren who would like to write to someone of the same age.** Male really but if it's a girl I won't mind. I like Prince, Frankie, American Football and drawing. *25 Blarion Road, Tielhurst, Reading, Berks, RG3 8NJ*

● **Help! I need a pen-pal. I never know boredom could stretch so far but not having a pen-pal.** My name is Suzie and I'm a mad Duranite. My favourite is J.T. I am 14 and would like to write to someone aged between 14 and 19, boy or girl. Write to me at: *1 Edenhall Close, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, CW4 7LE*

● **I am 16 years old, into Theatre Of Hate, Skeletal Family, Sisters Of Mercy and Alien Sex Fiend.** If I reply to every letter. Send photos please and write to *Debbie, 15 The Ashes, Glossop, Derbyshire, SK15 7DX*

● **If you love fun you'll love me.** Love Tears For Fears and you'd love me. If you love The Smiths and China Crisis you'll love me, so why not write to me. *Collette, at 25 Nursery Road, Prestwick, M25 7DU.*

● **I'm 17 and into Bowie, Japan, Sadehouse and more.** Anyone please write to me. *Collette, at 25 Nursery Road, Prestwick, M25 7DU.*



TRASH

BOYS AND GIRLS

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

All the names below are hidden in the dog run. They could not normally be verified as dog names, but we have checked them out for you. Write to us if you've found a dog with any of these names and we'll be happy to pay you £100.

- **Bad Boys (Wham!)**
- **Bad Boys (The Police)**
- **Bad Boys (Human League)**
- **California Girls**
- **Dale Lee Roth**
- **Candy Girl (New Edition)**
- **Candy Boy (Bee Gees)**
- **Cry Cry Cry (Blue Zax)**
- **Dancing Girls (Bik Kerestez)**
- **Girls Just Want To Have Fun (Cyndi Lauper)**
- **Girls On Film**
- **Duran Duraz**
- **Girl You've So Together (Richard Jackson)**
- **Good Girls Don't**
- **The (Knack)**
- **Herakham Boys (Sham 66)**
- **Home's Boy (Sax Deane)**
- **Madonna's Boy (Madonna)**
- **My Girl Loves Me (Shalamar)**
- **Nature Boy**
- **On the Border (Little)**
- **Oh Boy (Roxi Royce)**
- **Rough Boys (Pete Townshend)**
- **Silly Boy (Bastardz)**
- **Smash Boys (Brooks West)**
- **Stainby Girls (Chris Rea)**
- **Tania Girls (DMD)**
- **The Boys Of Summer (Don Henley)**
- **The Boy Who Cans Back (Marc Almond)**

CONCERTS

A Sue Miles Production. **Write locally before stepping out.**

Imagination: Cardiff St. David's Hall (September 5).

Paul Young (Two extra dates): Brighton Centre (December 9), Edinburgh Playhouse (15).

David Cassidy (extra date): Portsmouth Guildhall (September 27).

Lloyd Cole & The Commotions: Sheffield City Hall (September 5), Manchester Apollo Theatre (7).

Spear Of Destiny: Chippenham Goldiggers (September 24), Nottingham Rock City (25), Southampton Gaumont (27), Hanley Victoria Hall (28), Liverpool Royal Court (29), Cardiff St. David's Hall (October 1), Bristol Colston Hall (2), Leicester De Montfort Hall (2).



(3), Sheffield City Hall (8), Hull City Hall (7), Newcastle City Hall (8), Brighton Dome (10), Coventry Polytechnic (11), Birmingham Odeon (12), Nottingham Rock City (14), Edinburgh Playhouse (15), Glasgow Barrowlands (17), Aberdeen Capel (18), Manchester Apollo (20), Bradford St. George's Hall (21), London Hammersmith Odeon (23), London Hammersmith Palace (24), Norwich East Anglia University (25).

The Smiths: Living Megrans Leisure Centre (September 22), Edinburgh Playhouse (24), Glasgow Royal Court (25), Dundee Caird Hall (26), Shetland Isles Lerwick Clinkin Centre (28), Aberdeen Capel Theatre (30), Inverness Eden Court (October 1).

Gunge Clinton & The P-Funk All-Stars (With special guests **The System, Dolby's Cube and The Red Hot Chili Peppers**). London Hammersmith Odeon (August 23-24).

THE MADDEST GROUP IN ALL THE WORLD

YESTERDAYS
MEN ▲ A COLL-
ECTION OF WORDS
AND MUSIC BY
MADNESS

IT MUST
▲ GET BETTER
▲ IN THE LONG RUN



NEW SINGLE, JAZZ 5 & JAZZ 5 12

Letters

WRITE TO: SMASH HITS, 82-83 CARNABY STREET, LONDON W1V 1PP
THE BEST LETTER GETS A £10 RECORD TOKEN

Ballo readers! Type here. On me here in sunerific Bourne-mouth Sar le briny! Ooh la plage! Ooh la mer!! Ooooh whatever the French is for sand!!! But hang on a mo, shipmates! "Oh, by the by," says Mr so-called "esteemed" Ed. (just as I'm stuffing the old ruck-sack with hardy Spode and Sweep bucket and spate, v. trendy sun goggles - 89p from Woolies - a snip! - etc.) "There's a sackful of mail here that I'm sure you'll find time to go through during a lazy evening at Mrs Very Stom And Extremely Bad Tempered's Sea View Bed 'n' Breakfast Inne". Oh, brilliant!

So, here I am, soaking up the rays and going through your daff mailings as per usual. Oh well, best get on with it, eh? ...

Before her infamous photographs in *Penthouse* and *Playboy*, Madonna did a photo session for *Scottish Farmer*. As you can see, the results are stunning.

Jennifer Sarah Duncan, Glasgow



Madonna — the Dairy Blackface champion.

Here's a £10 record token to stuff into the woolly beauty's nosebag. Yum!

Dear Black Type,

Rejects! Rejects! We Lincolnites have struck gold! Oh Mighty Heaven rejoice! Yes! Yes! There is a McDonald in Lincoln!
Andy Taylor's Left Nostril, Lincoln

Hah! Chicken McNuggets (yum!) - tasterific as they undoubtedly are - are as nothing compared to the culinary heaven that is a Mister Tastee-Snak jumbo "hot-dog" with lashings of extra smelly and super-oily "onions" in

a "bun" with all the "trimmings", as found down this-away in chic St. Bourne-mouth for a mere £1.99 (plus VAT)! Grood! What a treat!
NEXT:

Hah! Call yourselves a pop journal catering for all tastes? Maybe you haven't noticed but pop began in the '50s, not in 1988. We are, of course (of course) referring to your commentary on Live Aid

Although the whole presentation was called "Live Aid" the only artists who appeared to be in any way living were the veterans of rock and most definitely not the superficial newcomers.

With the exception of Sir Clifford Richard and Paul "Fab" Maccoa'

McCartney, you purposely criticised all the more mature and longer lasting groups. But did you put down such stars (???) as Wham! and Madonna? No you jolly well did not.

Okay, so you throw in the odd sarcastic remark but the cruel comments about the leaders of pop

were totally uncalled for. For vitality, your so-called "old timers" displayed enough energy and enthusiasm to make up for the constant lack of vitality throughout the rest of the show.

How dare you call the Who's performance "doddy" and my opinion 'who are you' to write such biased remarks?
Two Infatuated Who Fans, N. Ireland.

Dear Black Type,

In the issue of Smash Hits, with Bob Geldof and his prophetic look on the front, you ran a review of the Live Aid concerts. This I bought only after considerable hassle when

the packet of flour I had just bought fell onto the floor. Depression aside, I read it and noticed once again the all too prevalent scourge of the press known as "Queen bashing". Every so-called "journalist" seems to "sharpen his pencil" on Queen, every record critic puts the band down for

pretentious music and even their successes are ridiculed. Smash Hits admitted that at Live Aid "the roar from the crowd is huge" and that "everybody seems to be wiggung out to Queen". This evidence of their popularity is further backed up by the recent lack of 36 places by "Queen's Greatest Hits" up the LP charts after their Live Aid appearance.

A Hoary Old Chestnut. Kilmarrack P.S. What does "wiggung out" mean?

What does "wiggung out" mean? Where have you been for the last billion years, matey? "Wiggung out" is, like, getting disgusting bits of yellow-green candyfloss stuck in your hair following a "prang" on "rer" dodgemes in the Bourne-mouth so-called "fun" fair at which they play nothing but so-called "Shakin'" Stevens records at excessive volume. Yes, you pressed it, land-lubbers, I have just "wiggung out". Grood!



▲ I hope you realise the pain and suffering I have gone through in order to send you this (v. lengthy account of the pain and suffering gone through to send me this deleted) but after seeing this v. revealing shot of our friendly, neighbourhood vegetarian whingebag... I think you'll agree it was worth it.
Stephen Adam, Whitton, Middx



▲ Here be us - my favourite singer with his wife and two beautiful daughters. Talking gibberish as usual.
Howie's Strapped The

Dear Black Type,

What is the world coming to? I am, of course (of course), referring to the coverage of the Live Aid concert. For some, it seems, it is not enough that "St Bob" spent half a year preparing for this amazing compilation of the world's most famous pop stars. Other papers slag him off, say his appearance is unsuitable and that publicity was his only motive; others give interviews with intentions of provocation. I must say that *Smash Hits* gave an informative and unbiased report.

One Of The Crowd, Southampton

Dear Black Type,

Where have all the people gone? (Could that be a cue for a song?) Actually, we mean "celebrities". Where were all the promised

"surprise celebrities from the giddy world of pop" - were they so giddy that they all fell down or was the surprise that they weren't there at all?

I am, of course (of course!) talking about your so-called Great (?) Balloon Chase in Glasgow. Scotland (you know, the country joined on to England where the people are supposed to shout "Och-aye-thenc" while running up the glen with kilts a flyin' chasing haggis). In Scotland not good enough for you?



Dear Black Type,

First Joe goes missing - now it looks like Tom is resorting to crime and corruption. Whatever next?
Ian Peel, Newbury, Berks.



Dear Black Type,

Looking through an old annual I found the answer to The Fortunate Piano. Key's question about where Joe Leeway is (Letters, July 31). He's in the bully's bag!
Bono's Bottom Lip, Eps

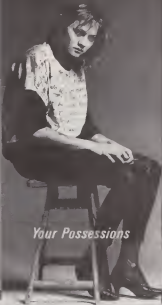
HOW MUCH IS HEROIN LIKELY TO COST YOU?




*It'll Cost You
Your Friends*



Your Looks



Your Possessions



And Your Health

Even if a friend offers you heroin for nothing, there's still a price to pay. Because, once you start, you could soon find yourself unable to stop.

Then your old friends will get fed up with the way it has taken over your life.

You'll sell everything in sight (or steal it) to get more and more money for your habit. You'll look ill, you'll lose weight and you'll probably feel like death.

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

So, if a friend does offer you heroin, tell them you can't afford it.

Even if it's free.

HEROIN SCREWS YOU UP

RED BOX



NEW SINGLE
LEAN ON ME

LIMITED EDITION 7" WITH
FREE SASKATCHEWAN 7"
LIMITED EDITION 2 x 12"
IN GATEFOLD SLEEVE

Produced by Chris Hughes and David Motion

The Smash Hits/Parker Pens Competition

WIN A JUKEBOX AND SQUILLIONS OF SINGLES

FIRST PRIZE

A 1959 Ami jukebox plus the top 100 singles



SECOND PRIZE

100 sets of the top 10 singles



RUNNERS-UP PRIZES

500 Smash Hits Parker Roller Ball Pens



What do the following records have in common: "Save A Prayer" by Duren Duran, "Relax" by Frankie Goes To Hollywood, "Careless Whisper" by George Michael, "Too Shy" by Kajagoogoo, "This Charming Man" by The Smiths, "Agedo" by Black Lace and "No One Quits Like Lardme" by St. Winifred's School Choir? Simple really. They are all exactly the right size (i.e. 7") to fit into the stupendously brilliant jukebox that we are giving away in the Smash Hits/Parker Pen Win-A-Jukebox Competition.

If you answer the question below (and get it right, *naturellement*) then you could become the owner of this superb 1959 Ami jukebox worth literally squillions of pounds on which you can play 100 singles.

"But," we hear you say, "I haven't got 100 singles to play on it if I do win." No problem — we've thought of that too.

As well as the jukebox, the winner also gets the Top 100 chart singles the week the winner is drawn out of the hat. Incredible, eh? Is there any limit to our generosity?

Well no, actually. Because if that prize wasn't enough, we're also giving away 100 second prizes of the Top 10 singles and 500 runners-up prizes of rather super splendid Smash Hits pens created exclusively for us by Parker Pens.

And that's not all! Because each person who enters will receive a special token that entitles you to 50p off Parker Vector pens bought from WH Smith. Has anything more remarkable ever happened?

Well, come to think of it, there was the breathtaking 1966 tiddlywinks final between Luxembourg and ... (shut up and give them the question — Ed). The question is this:

What term did Bob Geldof use to describe the recent Live Aid concert? Was it a) Rebellious Jukebox b) Jukebox Jive c) The Global Jukebox d) That Jukebox isn't Funny Anymore?

Please send your answers on a postcard on the back of an envelope to: Smash Hits/Parker Pens Win-A-Jukebox Competition, 52-55 Cernaby St London W1V 1PF, to arrive by August 27.



FIRST JOB



FIRST PAY CHEQUE



FREE BANKING



CHEQUE CARD



FACILITIES



AT THE MIDLAND

M I D L A N D B A N K



(COME ON ENJOY YOURSELF)
(COME ON ENJOY YOURSELF)

CELEBRATION ALL AROUND YEP YEP
PARTY PEOPLE ROCKIN' THE TOWN YEP YEP
LONG LONG TIME WE HAVE FELT LIKE THIS
SO MUCH FUN A NATURAL WE MISS
LONGING TO SHAKE IT UP
TIME TO MAKE IT UP

COME ON ENJOY YOURSELF HEY HEY HEY
COME ON ENJOY YOURSELF HEY HEY HEY

WHEN LAST YOU WENT TO PARTY
AND THE MUSIC GRIP YOU ON OH
LONG TIME

WHEN LAST YOU IN A PARTY
AND THE HIGHS TRIP YOU ON OH
LONG TIME

WE GO JUMP JUMP ALL NIGHT LONG
MASH UP THE PARTY CRASH THE PARTY ROCK THE PARTY

WHEN LAST WE VENTURE MORNING OH OH
LONG TIME

WHEN LAST YOU PARTY PARTY
AND ONE MORE PARTY OH OH
LONG TIME

KEEP THE MOMENTUM DON'T LOOSE THE GROOVE YEP YEP
PARTY PEOPLE LET YOUR BODY MOVE YEP YEP
PARTY TO THE MAX MAH THIS SESSION TIGHT

ARROW

DEP
F
S

LONG TIME

NON STOP MUSIC UNTIL BROAD DAYLIGHT
BLOW YOUR MUSIC MIND HAVE A ROCKING TIME

COME ON ENJOY YOURSELF HEY HEY HEY
COME ON ENJOY YOURSELF HEY HEY HEY

WHEN LAST YOU WENT TO PARTY
AND THE MUSIC GRIP YOU ON OH
LONG TIME

LONG TIME WE DON'T FRET LIKE THIS
LONG TIME WE DON'T FRET LIKE THIS
RAISE YOUR HAND IF YOU WANT TO JAM
RAISE YOUR HAND IF YOU WANT TO JAM
RAISE YOUR HAND IF YOU WANT TO JAM
RAISE YOUR HAND IF YOU LOVE TO JAM

HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY
HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY

RAISE YOUR HAND IF YOU WANT TO JAM
RAISE YOUR HAND IF YOU WANT TO JAM
RAISE YOUR HAND IF YOU WANT TO JAM
RAISE YOUR HAND IF YOU LOVE TO JAM

HEY HEY HEY

REPEAT TO FADE

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ON LONDON RECORDS

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AS ILLUSTRATED: ELVIS H. JONES, THE JAM, J. J. ABRAHAM, JAMES BROWN, JAP LOVE, JAPAN, KALAMAZOO
KID MANLY ADDRESS IN JACKSON, NICK RAYBOLD, RELAX, SIMON LEON, STATUS QUO, THE SMITHS, DEAR OH
ALIVE, BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, SUTHERLAND, TAYLOR & TAYLOR, T. TAYLOR, TEARS FOR FEARS, T. TAYLOR, GINO
KING, ULTRAVOX, WHAM!, YACHT, WHAM GROUP, ILLUSTRATED, NEW WHAM, SUCCESS, SYNCHRO WIDE, Z. Z. Z.

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OR BANK DRAFTS OR CASH (NOTES) OF YOUR OWN CURRENCY. CUSTOMERS FROM S. IRELAND PLEASE
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SIZE(S) _____

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FRONT & BACK £2.50

2 SHIRTS PRINTED FRONT £3.00

2 SHIRTS FRONT & BACK £5.00

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COLOUR(S) _____ 2nd _____

SIZE(S) _____

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FRONT & BACK £4.50

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2 SHIRTS FRONT & BACK £9.00

(minimum order 500 units for all)

BILLY

Once upon a time he was just another washed-up punk singer. Everybody thought his career was finished, but today he is one of America's biggest rock idols. And that's why he's got this magnificent sneer...
A Keeps/Fricke/Hibbert Production

"The biggest misconception people have about me," says Billy Idol, "is that I'm stupid. They think that I'm made up by someone else." Stupid?? Heaven forfend! However, "made up by someone else?" — well, yes, he does sometimes seem to be not a real person at all but a particularly brilliant "rock 'n' roll" invention. He wears tons of really dangerous looking jewelry, he gets through something like a pint of Aqua-Net hair spray a day, he has the most magnificent (and apparently permanent) SNEER known to man. But the most remarkable aspect of Sir William is his inexorable rise from washed-up singer with clapped-out British punk band Generation X to absolutely hugely famous rock idol of America ("vids" on MTV about a trillion times a day, mega-selling LP in "Rebel Yell" — fans going bonkers at concerts, etc.).

As he beavers away in a New York studio, finishing off a follow-up LP to "Rebel Yell" and prepares for his forthcoming film debut as a "hellish hit man" in *King David*, Sir W. Idol ponders the wonder of it all.

The first record William Broad (his "real" name) ever bought was *The Beatles' "She Loves You"* — but it was his dad, William senior, who had the most telling effect on the young Billy: "My father was my biggest influence really, because he hates music. It's great to have someone around who hates what you like. And it really helped me choose what I liked, thank God. Because he didn't believe in music, that proved its worth to me."

And so by 1976, Billy was following the Sex Pistols around at their early "punk" gigs in London. He got lots of leather. He cultivated that sneer. Finally, he ended up "singings" with a punky group of his own — Generation X.

The band started out more as a joke than anything else: "Basically it grew out of the fact that we were bored and when I first started with Generation X it was because punk was so extremely unpopular. We were the absolute antithesis of Led Zeppelin, Foreigner and Journey

and the funny thing is we didn't even think there was any money in it. It was a massive joke to us when we were playing the Roxy (*shabby London punk niterie*) and there were all these record company people giving us their cards. We didn't give a damn, but these people wanted us so much we could pick and choose.

And so Gen. X (as they were known to their many anarling fans) got a record deal, pogoed about a bit on *Top Of The Pops* (their one Top Twenty "amaah" was "King Rocker" in 1979) and then went horribly wrong. Punk splattered to a halt and so did yer X. Life's like that, sometimes...

But though "punk is dead", as they say, Billy remains a firm believer in his ideals: "A lot of punk rock was a violent outburst. It can be very violent music — but it's better to bang on a guitar than to thump on someone you hate or to shoot somebody in the head — which is so easy to do here in America. Punk is ("is", you notice, not "was") about controlling your own destiny."

And so in 1981, punk Billy took control of his destiny, secured the services of music-mogul Bill Aucoin (manager of HM cartoon group Kiss) and moved to America. What prompted this move? "Well, for one thing, if I'd stayed in London, I'd have always been 'Billy Idol of Generation X'. Like that geezer in Big Country, Stuart Adamson. It's always, 'Stuart Adamson, formerly of the Skids', or 'ex-Beatle Paul McCartney'. Hell, I did Generation X for four years. I've already been solo as long — and it will last a lot longer."

And for another thing? Well, the musical climate in Britain in the early '80s was becoming a wee bit stuffy for our man: "See, England is very anal and they revel in the frustration of being held captive — they love that feeling of 'Aaah, we're all being held down'. I didn't want to walk about with that feeling. I wanted to get rid of it." Not that he succeeded in that overnight: Idol's first year in the States was one of "pure hatred and frustration", but finally, after releasing the mildly successful

"Don't Stop" EP, he linked up with super "whizzo-skull-cracker" guitarist Steve Stevens and fings began to fall into place.

To Americans unaware of his punk background, Billy Idol comes across as a heavy metal supremo — possibly because of all the SPPPPRRRRRAANGGRRREAAAAARRRRR guitar noises provided by Stevens. But Billy doesn't take to the HM tag one jot: "It's very difficult for people who don't know a lot about rock and roll to distinguish between punk and heavy metal," he says.

"But my music never plods. Heavy metal always plods — it's a dinosaur ignoramus music. Those other groups are so boring — how can they have let music get so dull? The great thing about punk was that it opened the door for all types of music and I'm trying to make things exciting again. I mean, the guitar is five or six hundred years old. They electrified it 25 years ago and already it seems quite out of date. But put Steve Stevens on guitar and it won't be boring."

And God protect the one who dares to contradict: "What am I supposed to say to people who say they hate rock and roll and guitars? Am I supposed to be nice to them? These days with music it's all 'if you slag me off, I hate you!' Whereas in the 1700s, all these guys had different ideas and they sat in a room and talked about them." Eh? 'Fraid he seems to have lost us there for a moment. It couldn't be that, rattling on towards his 30th birthday, the punk trouper is going a bit, ahem, hippie, could it? "Now, a hippie would lay down in the road and let a car run over him. If I laid down in a road, I'd have a bomb concealed so I'd blow that car to smithereens at the same time," he declares with a gargantuan SMILER forming on that frankly "gorgeous" top lip.

Thank goodness for that. Sir William Idol remains a punk at heart and, as he'll tell anyone within earshot, he "came to rock and roll". And as for that popular "misconception" about him being "stupid" well, "it's a nice idea to be a total idiot," he says, "but it doesn't work..."



Photo: Steve Feingersh

That tattoo! That junky jewelry! And — Gawd bless us all — THAT sneer!



Photo: Steve Feingersh

Billy wir ver lads from Gen. X. A complete and utter stumbing idiot, they called him. They were WRONG!



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PRINCESS



SAY I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE

(OOH WOAH WOAH)

SAY I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE
I ONLY WANNA GET NEXT TO YOU (SAY IT SAY IT SAY)
SAY I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE (YOUR NUMBER ONE YOUR NUMBER ONE)
'CAUSE YOU KNOW I'LL BE GOOD TO YOU (SAY IT SAY IT SAY)
SAY I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE
WOH'T YOU

THEY SAY I'M CRAZY THEY SAY THAT I'M A POOL
AND I FEEL SO HELPLESS BECAUSE LOVE CAN BE SO CRUEL
BUT I'M JUST WAITING AND BURNING UP INSIDE
COME TOMORROW COME TOMORROW WILL YOU STILL BE MINE

SAY I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE (YOUR NUMBER ONE YOUR NUMBER ONE)
I ONLY WANNA BE CLOSE TO YOU (OOH WOAH WOAH)
SAY I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE (YOUR NUMBER ONE YOUR NUMBER ONE)
'CAUSE YOU KNOW I'D BE GOOD TO YOU (SAY IT SAY IT SAY)
SAY I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE
WOH'T YOU

YOU MAY BE TEMPTED AND SOMETIMES LED ASTRAY
BUT I KNOW BUT I KNOW YOU'D REGRET IT THE VERY NEXT DAY
I SIT AND WONDER WHENEVER WE'RE APART
WOULD YOU DO IT WOULD YOU DO IT
OR WOULD YOU GO AND BREAK MY HEART

SAY I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE (YOUR NUMBER ONE YOUR NUMBER ONE)
I ONLY WANNA BE CLOSE TO YOU (OOH WOAH WOAH)
SAY I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE (YOUR NUMBER ONE YOUR NUMBER ONE)
'CAUSE YOU KNOW I'D BE GOOD TO YOU (SAY IT SAY IT SAY)

TELL ME THAT NOBODY ELSE WILL DO
SAY IT SAY IT SAY IT YOUR NUMBER ONE (YOUR NUMBER ONE)
I ONLY WANNA BE WITH YOU
(OOH WOAH WOAH)

SAY I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE (YOUR NUMBER ONE YOUR NUMBER ONE)
I ONLY WANNA BE CLOSE TO YOU YEAHHH
SAY I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE (YOUR NUMBER ONE YOUR NUMBER ONE)
YOU KNOW I'D BE GOOD TO YOU (SAY IT SAY IT SAY IT)
SAY I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE (YOUR NUMBER ONE YOUR NUMBER ONE)
I ONLY WANNA BE CLOSE TO YOU (OOH WOAH WOAH)
SAY I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE (YOUR NUMBER ONE YOUR NUMBER ONE)

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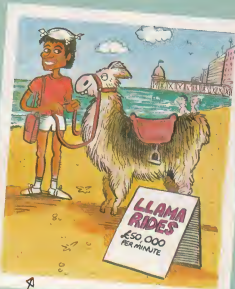


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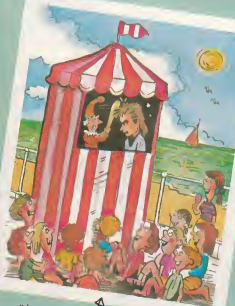
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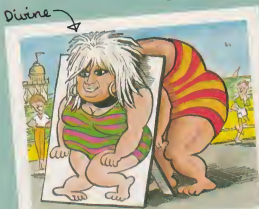
↑
George Michael



↑
Michael Jackson



↑
Nik Kershaw



Divine



Where were we?

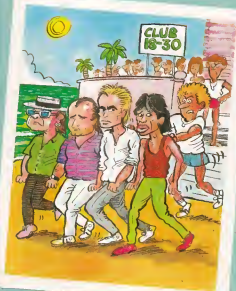
(rather dodgy "polaroid" of John Taylor by Nick Rhodes)



↑ Prince



"John Taylor"
by Nick Rhodes



Elton, Phil, Sting and Sir Michael Caine



↑ Andrew Ridgeley



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GLORY DAYS

I had a friend was a big baseball player
Back in high school
He could throw that speedball by you
Make you look like a tot boy
Saw him the other night
At this roadside bar
I was walking in he was walking out
We went back inside sat down
Had a few drinks
Bet all he kept talking about was

Chorus
Glory days well they'll pass you by
Glory days
In the wink of a young girl's eye
Glory days glory days

Well there's a girl
That lives up the block
Back in school she could turn
All the boys heads
Sometimes on a Friday I'll stop by
And have a few drinks
After she put her kids to bed
Her and her husband Bobby
Well they split up
I guess it's two years gone by now
We just sit around
Talking about the old times
She says when she tees like crying
She starts laughing thinking about

Repeat chorus

Rock it now

Think I'm going down
To the well tonight
And I'm going to drink
Till I get my fill
And I hope when I get old
I don't sit around
Thinking about it
But I probably will
Yeah just sitting back trying
To recapture
A little of the glory of
But time slips away and
Leaves you with nothing mister
Bet hearing stories of

Repeat chorus

Well they'll pass you by
Glory days
In the wink of a young girl's eye
Glory days

Well alright ooh yeah
Well alright come on now
Well alright ooh yeah
Well alright come on now

Alright boys
Keep it rockin' now
Keep on going
Ad lib to fade

Words and music by Bruce Springsteen
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In an old rickety theatre, just past the Diggity Dawg hot dog stand and just before Ron's Souvenir Ashtray Shop, a world famous supergroup are about to take the stage...

BLACK LACE ● BLACKPOOL



Summer Showtime in Blackpool isn't much different from a bad Saturday night's telly – the choice is between comedy variety of

the 3-2-7 kind or noisy quiz shows hosted by men in double-breasted jackets. This season, you can see the Cannon & Ball Summer

"Spectacular", or Leslie "come on down" Crowder in a stage version of the thrilling game show *The Price Is Right*, or Derek Batey in the even more thrilling game show *Mr And Mrs*, or a pair of "funnymen", as seen on Russ Abbot's *Madhouse*, with "special guest" Vince Hill. Or, on the Central Pier, for the "young at heart", there's "Partytime 85" with Black Lace. Mmmm mmmm – sounds like our kind of show. So with



● G. Lace are united with New York Gold in the ancient ritual of "Doing The Conga"

rising spirits, it's down the pier, over the foaming briny, and into the rickety old theatre...

Kiddowinks growling on green sticks of rock, mums'n'dads in seaside party hats,

grants looking well grumpy... Yes! It's fun time for all the family as the whooping theatre organ shakes up a purty air and the curtains swish aside to reveal the opening act... New York Gold. This madly merry

Meanwhile, 5000 miles away in an old rickety theatre, just past the Choc'ee O Nuts breakfast bar and just before Uncle Disgusting's Very Horrible Porno Shop, a world famous supergroup are also about to take the stage...

THE POWER STATION ● NEW YORK



After a nation recovered from the shock of Robert Palmer dropping out of The Power Station tour, all the usual

life 'n' death questions get bandied about furiously. Would the Power Station still tour? Should they? Who is Michael Des Barres, anyway?

Judging from this "secret gig" at *The Ritz* (best run for the "Get It On" tour), it would be a dull world indeed if they didn't tour. As for Mr Des Barres (veteran of bands like Detective and Silverhead), it's obvious that being in The Power Station is the most important thing that's ever happened to him



● The heavy metal "attack" of the Power Station... totally awesome! ©CBS

is no backing band, instead, pre-recorded tapes). On "Superman", the audience "stretches", "swims", "ski" and "spray" under their arm pits as one person – and on the pivotal line: "Sound your horn!", they shriek "hero beep" like some celestial, slightly deranged choir. Then comes the anthem: "Agádo" which sees the youngsters in the audience crowding the front of the stage to perform the secret "religious" rite of "pushing pineapples" and "grinding coffee" with untrained gusto. "El Vno Collapso" is also accompanied by symbolic dance and hand movements. To

in the background, Alan steps to the microphone: "We're going to finish off now" he announces, and the audience groans sorrowfully. "Well, I say we are, but when we finish the song, we walk off, you cheer and we come back on again." Roars of approval for a refreshing touch of honesty within the jaded frame of rock'n'roll!

A melody of "Sailing" and "You'll Never Walk Alone" struts up mass swaying in the aisles and one tiny girl, no longer able to contain her emotion, actually screams for her ados. "The cheque is in the post," quips



● When ver Lase "trade fiery looks", grown men weep

threeome – two "lasses" and a "belle" – sing in dance'n'beam like billy-oh, backing us back to the '50s with a rock'n'roll "medley" and whizzing us on through the '60s with a frantically jolly version of "Wake Me Up Before You Go Go". Their seeth gleam dangerously. Then they are gone.

Next up are Cliff Barnes (not the one from Dallas) and Winnie Cadman, a comely duo who aren't very funny at all, and after them Mike Bernes (a ventriloquist) and Chic (a dummy) who aren't very funny either. Chic calls Mike a "poother". This is his only joke. But now, at last, the moment we've all been waiting for – flashing lights, smoke bombs, Black Lace! Hurrah!

For workmanship, vitality and almost spiritual powers of communication, ver Lase can be compared only with Bruce Springsteen. Their backing band is awesomely "tight" (possibly because there

● The massed Lase devotees hail their conquering heroes (actually, they're "grinding coffee" or something)



● Before the "gg", "Alan" and "Colin" relax on the per with a hula melody

the untrained eye, these appear to be absolutely identical to the pineapple pushing and coffee grinding of the previous song. And that's because they are identical further proof of the Lase mystique – as is the keen guitar solo on "Hi Ho Silver Lining" which Alan and Colin continue to perform completely out of tune and out of time with the backing tape. "Squidly squoddy" it goes cunningly in enigmatically fashion.

As another weedy puff of smoke billows

Alan, wrinkling at the hysterical lot

Finally, finally, comes the encore, what else but the lustrious, thematic "romp" of "Do The Conga" which soon has everyone who's not actually of pensionable age (I re about half the audience) linked in a human train and scampering around and around the aisles of the dimly-lit theatre.

It seems mere seconds, but more than forty minutes have passed since the blessed Lase took the stage. Now they are gone – but an aura of celebration still hangs in the



● Is this the gate to "rock n' roll heaven"?

air as the spectators, drained but uplifted, file into the night.

Black Lace's music has spoken to one and all – but what has it been saying? The message, I think, is this: "We, friends, are complete and utter rubbish. We know it. You know it. And anyone who doesn't like it is a lollie-nosed git. Hallelujah, shake a tree."

So there we have it: I have seen the future of rock'n'roll and it is disguised as a gigantic pineapple. (Are you quite certain about this?)

Tom Hibbert

● The triumphant twosome celebrate encores show with some "rock n' roll mouthwash" (That's Diet Pepsi to you, matey)



● New boy Des Barnes does his world famous sensitive balladeer impression

He acted like the *Top Of The Pops* audience when they discover that the camera is on them. "Look me! I'm in The Power Station!"

This is understandable, but imitating Robert Palmer's unique vocal style breath for breath is not. He'll gain much more

respect if he takes a hint from that ancient Duran Duran proverb: "I've got my own way"

Enough of that. It now comes to light that Andy Taylor is, surprisingly, a fantastic musician. Not only did he display a deluxe model singing voice on "Harvest For The World" but also whopped up guitar solos so hot they could reheat old faasi. John Taylor's bass backdrop was solid and never too heavy and Tony Thompson's drumming is too good for words.

Acc covers of "Dancing in the Streets", "Obsession" (remember Michael wrote it with Holly Knight before it was a hit for Annetou) and "The Raker" left the crowd

● John T – of whom people used to say "John never, he's a bit daffy" – "Strange but true"



● Tony Thompson breaks down in dressing room, wondering how on earth he got into this mess

● Michael has a backstage "breakwave" and announces plans for yachting a expedition (he did correct? – Ed)

gawping. The end result? Michael Des Barnes may have to shift a lot of issues into the large shoes he has to fill but the smooth manship of The Power Station is a far cry from the expected Power Failure.

Susan Cohen



Hurrah! The summer's over! Rejoice! Pop stars are back from holiday! They're getting thrown out of clubs again! They're having weird thoughts! They're having amazing rumpus! So let's get stuck in... **Madonna** is getting married. This week! Aaaaaaah! I mean, have you ever tried killing yourself by eating eight hundred thousand *Swizzles* in one minute? But seriously, is life worth living? Suppose there's always the prospect of the divorce rates going up, especially amongst the pop star fraternity of North America. A squation broken hearts aside, Her Holiness had a bit of a party the other night. Her new big mate **Alannah Currie** was there, along with lots of other groovy chicks. Alannah gave Madonna a leather whoop as a wedding present. Dirty devil.

(Wonder what old Sean thinks of it...?) **Did you know that Simon Le Bon** backwards is Nob El Nomis? In any case, he's called his yacht *Drum* (which is *Murd* backwards) and it's just won a race. That was a 41 mile, five-race series around the British Isles. He was not on board, though. **Simon's** also got a new girlfriend. She's called Yasmin. In fact, she's not new at all. He went to see some film premiere with her yonks ago. "Yasmin hasn't met *Drum* yet, but she'll have one hell of a shock when she does," reckons Simon.

"It's a yacht and a half. She loves me, not my yacht, but she's really looking forward to looking *Drum* over." Bet she is. **Simon**, as you know, is also "heavily involved" in one of those "off-shoot project" things. You know, the one with **Nick and Kevin** oops, **Roger**. Well, guess what they've called it? **Taylor, Rhodes, Le Bon**. Good eh? Pretty imaginative and all that. Still, if it was going to be called **Arcadia**, so thank your lucky whatnots. Their single should be out any week now. Whoopee! **John Taylor**, meanwhile, has been spotted wearing girly shorts while on tour with that **Power Station** lot in America. Urgh! **Jody Watley**, who used to be in Shalamar, has been "telling all" about her Christmas fling with John "I feel a bit of a wreck, actually" Taylor. Apparently he spent Christmas Day round her house and bought a big teddy for her two year old daughter Lauren. Hurrah! But he was soon gallivanting again with "model" Rachel Byrd. Boo!

Mutterings

Ms Watley, quite rightly we feel, gave him the Big E. Ne'ertheless, the spit was described as "amicable" and now they look set to get together once more. He's invited her to see the **Power Station** in Los Angeles. "We've had lots of happy times together," signed Jody, "and I'm looking forward to it - no matter how it turns out." All say aah! **That group Culture Club** have just recovered from getting stoned in Athens, Greece. Playing at a festival there with **The Cure**, they got about a zillion pieces of stone and coins hurled at them by some local anarchists. Anarchy! Yeah! "?!? Anyway, it was nothing to do with anti-gay demonstrations or anything and **Robert Smith** thought the whole thing was fab. "They weren't stoning him for the reasons I would stome him, the obvious ones, but it was great. They set police cars alight and everything!" All escaped relatively unhurt and a new

Culture Club single will possibly be out in October. **There should be a new Spandau Ballet** single by **Crimbo**, that one they did at Live Aid. Meanwhile, somewhere in Ireland - whoosh! - The Spands are well and living in a priest's house in Dublin. They're rehearsing there, writing new songs and trying to get asked for their autographs. They're also playing a lot of cricket, we're told. **Expect an Echo & The Bunnymen** greatest hits LP for Christmas. It's a short LP, about three minutes long (snigger). **Can't get away from them. Those Power Station** boys are to appear in *Miami Vice*. It seems that JT's only line goes something like this: "Let's get the heck out of here!" Still, at least he should be able to remember that (ooh, get back in the knife drawer Miss Sharp, a saucer of milk for Miss Cathy, etc.) **If you play the new Propaganda** single backwards it says dog me!

God forwards. (What are you going on about? - Ed.) **The Cult** have got nd of their drummer. He was called **Nigger**, after all. That's why he was replaced in the video and on *OTTP* by Mark Ungroundcablename from **Big Country**. They're looking for someone as we speak. **Tears For Fears**, not content with being number one in just about every single country with "Everyone Wants To Rule The World", are kind of doing it again with "Shout", which is number one in the States along with their "Big Solo" thingy LP. **Did you hear New Order**'s "Blue Monday" on that earth-shatteringly awful **Gonnie** programme? It was used as the music for a terrible fashion show sequence. There's also a short 10 minute film of theirs doing the rounds. Called *The Perfect Kiss*, it was directed by Jonathan Demme who did the new **US40** **Chrissie Hynde** one and last year they helped fund a widrap attempt on Linda. Publicised at the time, it's only now the full story has emerged. Seems this bloke in a pub in Sussex was bragging out loud, saying he would widrap Linda. Take her onto a boat, frighten her with explosives and then ask for a princely ransom. Acting on a "tip off", police found the boat, which indeed contained explosives, along with plans of McCartney's property and details of all his family's traveling plans (routes to school, times etc.) Murfet's SAS lot searched the McCartney mansion grounds and found a well-hidden observation post that had a clear view of the house. Creepy. The man in the pub was subsequently arrested along with two mates, but charges were not pressed and McCartney insisted on letting the whole thing blow over, unpublicised. As they say, now's queer as folk. Especially folk with a million, seven-hundred pounds in the bank. **And that, my little diggerdooos, also wraps it up for this session of muttering. Just remember, a watched Por Noodle never boils, and keep those shirts over if...**



Poor old Boy George. Not only do we put a picture of him on the cover looking all cross-eyed, he trots off to Greece to play at a pop festival and the 35,000 crowd stone him. Kick him when he's down, you cads! Anyway, Culture Club finished their set and they miraculously left the stage unharmed. Phew, rock 'n' roll!

16-22 YEAR OLDS

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