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SMASH HITS

HIT SONGS BY EURYTHMICS, KATE BUSH, MADNESS & MANY MORE

SIMPLE MINDS

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES UB40
PAUL HARDCASTLE GO WEST HOWARD JONES
DURAN DURAN: THE FILM



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PRIZE QUIZ:
 And tonight's
 star prize
 is... an
 entire library!
 (whooooo...)
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SMASH HITS • LLOYD COLE



Queen have just released their first single of 1985. It's called "On Vision" and it was apparently "inspired" by the Live Aid day. The single sleeve features a David Bailey photo taken on the day, but, (bit fishy this) none of the proceeds are going to the Live Aid Trust. Added to the fact that Queen are getting some well-deserved stick for playing South Africa's wretched Sun City complex - a holiday resort for rich white "folks" where black people are banned - they should be heavily in the running for Biggest Prats Of The Year Award.



Cocteau Twins are releasing a couple of four track 12" records - "Tiny Dynamine" is out November 15 and "Echoes in A Shallow Bay" is out a fortnight later. Cor.

Cosmic! "Streetsounds 14" is out now with lots more "hot" dance tracks by people like Five Star and The Three Degrees. Street Sounds have also just released an LP called "Jazz Juice" which features loads of old jazz songs which are currently v popular "in the clubs". Oh, are they?



AAAARGH! The Style Council are on tour! They're playing Wembley Arena! A nation revolts! Has the worm turned? Is this the end of the

revolution? Does this mean Paul Weller will vote Conservative at the next election? Will Karen from Brookside ever change her hairstyle? See Concerts (page 40) for all the answers. .

Oh look - Andy Ridgeley's found himself a rather attractive "chicklet" to kiss 'n' canoodle with in public. He dragged the poor girl along to smelly old Silverstone race track the other week, and was so eager to get back to her that he crashed his "racing" car after only one lap so they could have lots of sturpy tongue sarnies in the "pits" (horrid oily place where cars are mended.) She's called Doria (why do pop stars' girlfriends always have such stupid names?), and - very spooky, this - Bits reckons she and Andy look incredibly similar.

FAN CLUBS

- **UB40** PO Box 117, Birmingham B5 5FJ
- **A-HA** The Post Office, High Street, Headly, Hants.
- **ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN** PO Box 61, Liverpool L69 8BB.
- **SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES** c/o Billy Houlston, 127 Aldersgate, London EC1A 4JQ.
- **IRON MAIDEN** PO Box 1AP, London W1 (The address we printed last time was, um, wrong. Sorry).



Photo: Dickson Press

TALKING HEADS VIDEOS & PICTURES DISC TO BE WON

Bit of a weird competition this. It's all about these Talking Heads' "Road To Nowhere" vidos and picture discs which could be yours! But only if you can answer the question at the bottom. Only trouble is, the question's very hard so to help you our *Biz* is going to tell you that the answer is b). (Hat Caught out all those "breadheads" who go straight to the bottom to see what they can win!)

Yes, yes, yes but what's the question? Well, it all ties in with the fact that Talking Heads are a rather trendy American band who started in the mid '70s and have made lots of records and are named as an "influence" by just about everybody and that their singer, David Byrne, once shaved his beard off with beer and ... well, actually it's nothing to do with that at all. How many fingers is *Biz* looking at? Is it a) one b) two c) three d) five?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits Talking Heads Competition, 52-55 Carnaby St., London W1V 1PF** by November 22. The first five correct answers out of the bag get a vid and a picture disc, the next ten get the picture disc.



MADONNA

Last year, when Madonna (pictured above) wasn't quite as famous as she is now, she sang a couple of songs in a film called *Visions* which never got shown in Britain. Now, of course, Madonna's very famous indeed so the film's been re-titled *Crazy For You*, is described as her "major motion picture debut", and will be released in Britain in mid-December. You still won't be able to see it down at ye olde local flea pitte, though – if's coming out on "vid" only. Review will be giving its verdict nearer the release date.



These two look a bit squiffy in the head, don't they? *Biz* suspects that this may be something to do with the fact that: a) they're German b) they used to be called Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft (though these days they answer to just **D.A.F.**) c) they're called Gabi Delgado (left) and Robert Gori (right) and their rather "stark" "synth" pop was very popular before they split up a couple of years back d) while they were apart Robert made an LP which Annie Lennox warbled on and the two were strongly rumoured to be "walking out" together e) they've just reformed, recently released a very fab single called "Absolute Body Control" and now have another one out called "Bothers".

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! **Dexys Midnight Runners** are going more squiffy by the second. Not only have they changed the name of their tour – from "Park St. South" to "Dexys Midnight Runners Coming To Town" – they've now decided to release a single. What a sell out! Breadheads! (A nation listens to itself and blows its nose.) The 7" double pack will feature "an extract from 'This Is What She's Like'" and "This Is What She's Like (Finels)" – i.e. one of the long tracks from the LP out into two bits. Cor. Wow. Hey.



Groo! Meet the spooky **Das Euphony Kiks** (how do they come up with these names?). They haven't got a record out yet but we thought we'd just show you the kind of thing people in new groups feel they have to get up to get noticed. Sigue Sigue Sputnik have got a lot to answer for.



Bleeeeeeuggghhhhttttthh-hhhheeeeeuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu Sorry, don't know what came over me. What *Biz* meant to say is that this is a picture of legendary "gothic" rock group, **Bauhaus**, as they looked in their "prime". Why is it here? Well, an LP of all Bauhaus' finest songs like "Bela Lugosi's Dead", "Ziggy Stardust" and "She's in Parties" has just been released. It's called "Bauhaus 1979-1983" (well, it would be, wouldn't it?) and comes in a "limited edition" of 50,000 copies. And just in case anybody's wondering what they're up to nowadays, three of them are now called **Love And Rockets** and have just released their first LP, "Seventh Dream Of A Teenage Heaven", and the singer **Pete Murphy** (who was in the not-terribly-wonderful Dali's Car with Japan's Mick "very horrible sculpturer" Carr) has his first solo single, "The Final Solution", out next week. Yippee!





Sonic Youth make very loud music, do lots of "outrageous" things and are American. Now they're coming over to play some "concerts", including a free one on November 9 at 9pm on Brighton beach which will include a "guest" appearance from Godzilla - you know, that "monster" thingie. It will also be filmed for a video. Who could stay away?



Pet Shop Boys is the name of the group. And yes, that's them up above. Mmmm, they're so, er... so, er, dreamy! Yes, that's the word. Dreamy. And they want us to have 20 of their nice new skirt thingies (pictured below). And 20 of their brand new 12" singles "West End Girls". Interested? Well, answer this question anyway, just to be a smarty pants. Which of the following can't you buy in a pet shop? a) a puppy b) Trill c) cuttlefish d) a Pershing missile e) a pet f) Alannah Currie. Answers on a tin of catfood to **Smash Hits Pet Shop Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.** Have them here by November 19 and you might win a top and a record. Yippee.



● The evil Dr Duran does away with two more Duranes - this time in someone's dirty bath water.



● JT finds a new use for one of his many cars - this one's a chair.



● Ver fans waiting to get soaked with water and attacked by tigers.



● Cool! Nick Rhodes after a late night. How how how. Aachowwehwey! It's the lead dancer in the "Wild Boys" vid.



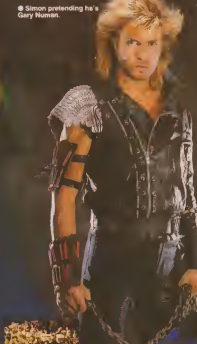
● Aaargh! Simon & Garfunkel's Simon makes up on. How how how. Aachowwehwey! It's one of the new tracks in the "Wild Boys" vid.



● Uwe! Here's Nick Rhodes in a cage. Why? It's a concept, silly.

● Roger pretending he's actually one of Go West.

● Simon pretending he's Gary Numan.



● Ver fans waiting to get soaked with water and attacked by tigers.



● Cool! Nick Rhodes after a late night. How how how. Aachowwehwey! It's the lead dancer in the "Wild Boys" vid.



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DURAN DURAN

ARENA VIDEO

Arena: An Absurd Notion is the Duran Duran film we've been hearing so much about in *Mutterings* lately. Made around the time of the *As The Lights Go Down* film (which was shown on telly last Christmas), it features live footage intercut with "conceptual" scenes from under and around the "arena". And yes, there's a plot. The evil Doctor

Duran (the original character from the film *Barbarella*, again played by actor Milo O'Shea) returns from the "fourth dimension", drawn by "signals" carrying his name through the atmosphere (i.e. lots of fans cheering Duran Duran all over the world). A battle for world domination ensues between the two Durans, the evil doctor doing things like kidnapping fans and dipping them in horrid tanks of creepy liquid. It may sound a bit far-fetched (probably because it is) and as a feature film it leaves something to be desired (acting, a script - things like that) but it has to be one of the best live videos ever made by at least a squillion decimetres.

A nation gives a wacky "thumbs aloft".



● Nick after an accident with his left tips.



● Hero's a flying thingie fishing Simon out of the dirty bethwater.



● Andy Taylor pretending he's Annie Lennox. Haw haw haw. Ackshewaley it's a nutty extra from the wild.



● The evil Dr Duran being wicked at the funny stiffs.

● Andy after his bike gets a puncture.

25 COPIES OF ARENA TO BE WON!

Right then. Looks pretty good, eh? So, I suppose you're wondering how you're going to see it then? Well, it'll be available on video for £14.99 from November 11, but we've got 25 SITTING RIGHT IN FRONT OF US! Eek! There they are, in their cute little plastic cases, just waiting to be won. Interested? Well, answer the question then, mateyboots. Who played Barbarella in the original film? a) Irene Handl b) Dame Una Nescafe c) Kathleen Turner d) Jane Fonda e) Sheila Steafel. Answers on the back of something interesting to Smash Hits Duran Duran Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. Have them here by 19 November.



● John with a very horrible scar on.

The Appendix. Brrr, it's a creepy old internal organ, isn't it? Loafs uselessly around in your tummy doing absolutely nothing for years, then all of a sudden - vroom! - it goes red and throby and hard and has to be whipped out pretty sharpish by an evil-looking so-called "surgeon" in a spooky white coat. Bleagh! Anyway, **Mark Almond** knows all about it because it recently happened to him - and just as he was about to go on tour, too. He's back on the rock 'n' roll road to recovery now (*Hoorah! - Ed*), so his "gigs" have been rescheduled; see *Concerts* for full details.

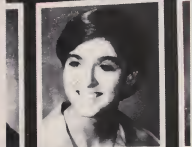
Doctor Unusual writes: Spooky "biological" fact - the adult sloth has 19 appendices, one of which is located up its nose!

Editor writes: That is complete and utter rubbish. Shut up Doctor Unusual.

MADONNA



sharon caruso



madonna ciccone



Tee hee. Cop the bootrace! The little piggy nose, the horrible centre parting and THOSE GLASSES! Pur-lease. **Madonna** certainly has changed since her high school days. Oh. Hang on. Someone's just whispering something. What? It's not her! Swizz! Oh, Madonna's the one in the middle? How haw hew. Bit of a laugh, eh readers? Well, in any case, she's still not exactly a "beauty", is she? And what about that picture down below, eh? Ms Ciccone (in the middle) being very "goofy", "wacky", "zany" and cheerleader-ish in another rather embarrassing high school photo. Crazy rock 'n' roll chick or what?

But whatever happened to Sharon Caruso? A nation has a think and a scratch . . .



STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN THE HORRIBLE TRUTH

It was written by legendary "dinosaur" rock group **Led Zeppelin** and appeared in 1971 on their fourth album (which, for some spooky reason, doesn't have a title, just some very "cosmic" symbols on the sleeve). They never released it as a single because they didn't "believe" in them. ● Throughout the '70s *everybody* (especially if they had long hair and wore denim) used to memorise the words which were supposed to be of great "mystical significance" and very very important indeed (E.g. *If there's a little in your helter-skelter don't be alarmed now/It's just a spring clean for the May Queen. Wowwww!*)

● When **Led Zeppelin** "reformed" at Live Aid (without their drummer, John Bonham, who died a few years ago and without their keyboard player John Paul Jones) and played "Stairway To Heaven" it was, according to most American magazines, the highlight of the whole event. (Actually, it was a bit of a mess and the singer, Robert Plant, had to have the words written on a piece of paper in front of him.)

● **The Far Corporation**, who are responsible for the terrible version now in the charts, are made up of anonymous members of horribly boring American bands like **Toio** and **Foreigner**.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

- Prince Charles (37) on November 14
- Joe Leeway (28) (Agan? Ed.) on November 15
- **Uncle Disgusting** (53) on November 16
- Kim Wilde (25) on November 18

MATT BIANCO

You know how Matt Bianco used to be two boys and a girl called **Basia**? Well, now they're not. They're just singer **Mark Reilly** with a few of his "session" musician chums. **Basia** has gone solo and signed to CBS Records and **Danny**'s stepped back out of the "limelight" to write and produce for the band. So what happened?

"**Basia** was only on a one-year contract anyway," says **Mark**. "And she simply wanted more out of the band than we could give her. So she left. It was a mutual decision." Aren't they all? Apart from that, what have **Matt Bianco** been up to for the past yonk and a half? "Promoting our last LP in Europe - it's sold a million in all and lots of TV and stuff. It's funny, we go to Italy and get chased in the streets and over here hardly anyone bothers us. We haven't exactly been spoiled by success. But we've always got a hit in at least one country in Europe, so it's quite encouraging."

Incidentally, why have you got a black eye (a real shiner it is, readers . . . the white of his eye has turned all red). "I got it in Munich." How? "I'd rather not say." Oh go on. Bet there's a girl behind it? "No. Honestly, I can't say." Very mysterious. He quickly changes the subject. "I took my first singing lesson today. It was a killer. I had to do all these scales - va va va va va va va va. We're going on tour after the next LP (released in January) and I don't want my voice blowing out after only one week."

Sensible chap. And with that **Bitz** sneaks out and lets him get on with his precting . . .





Jigsaws, right, are really boring. Horrible wiggly bits of cheapo cardboard that don't fit together properly even if you stamp on them, and if you do manage to complete the stupid thing (which takes about a squall-bullin years and drives you utterly bonkers) it turns out to be a useless photo of a yukky Swiss mountain or a mangy old dog in a sock which only someone who's about 100 years old would think was "sweet".

And there's always a piece missing. Pahl! If only you could get your hands on one of these really modern jigsaws, with cubic exact-fit pieces that re-arrange to form the cover of Simple Minds' new LP "Once Upon A Time", and - sigh - maybe even a copy of the LP to listen to while you're doing it. Well, you can't just answer this simple geometrical "poser": how many sides does a cube have? First 10 correct answers out of the 4-dimensional tetrahedron get a jigsaw and and LP. Answers on the back of a parallelogram to **Smash Hits Geometry Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1FF to get here by November 22.

Crikey 'o riley! Duran Duran AND Culture Club, together, in the same room almost touching! The two groups have been booked to play a rather large concert for... **LOTS OF MONEY!** On 27th December in Anaheim, Los Angeles, they'll appear in the first of a series of special TV concerts to be satellite'd all over the world. No details yet on which channel will be showing it here.



What's happened to *Top Of The Pops* lately? It's a complete swizzle. Half an hour (didn't it used to be 40 minutes?) of DJs wittering on over the same boring old video clips you saw last week and the week before and the week before that, running down a bit of the charts, showing about 17 clips of Miami Vice etc. etc. and sometimes, if they can fit it in, an actual pop "artist" comes on to perform their latest "waxing" (though anybody who's not in the top 20 might as well forget it). But prefer The Tube (where at least they play wds all the way through and have more music than talking), so here's a list of the groups who'll be playing live on the programme (Channel 4, Friday, 5-30pm) this month: **November 4:** Elton John, Marc Almond **The Fall** **November 15:** The Communards, Virginia Astley **November 22:** Nils "Boing boing" Lofgren, Hoodoo Gurus, Katrina & The Waves. **November 29:** Nona Hendryx, The Cult. **Games.**

What qualities does a successful cat-walk model need? A slim-but-muscle physique? A slick, versatile hair style? A silly walk? Well, **Boy George** has none of these particular assets (apart from the silly walk) but that didn't stop him from swishing down the stage at the *Body Map* show during the London fashion shows the other week. Apparently *Body Map* - who make rather rude "dobber" like trousers that have huge holes in the seat so everybody can see your bottom - were approached by George on the day because he "just wanted to do it". Other "celebs" spotted at the shows included **Pete Burns** and the drummer from *Dead or Alive* who were both sporting rather divine flowing Japanese outfits. **Simon Le Bon** and **Yasmin**, and **Frankie's Paul Rutherford**, who was probably on the look-out for stock for his new clothes shops, *Rutherford's*, which are to open in London and Liverpool next year.



SHARPER

PERSONAL STEREO

LESS BUOY



HP-8B

HP-8B

XS
MORE FIZZ



SHARP
AM-FM STEREO CASSETTE PLAYER

SHARP
FM STEREO CASSETTE

SHARP
AM-FM STEREO CASSETTE PLAYER

SH





S I O U X S I E

"LIFE IS TERRIBLE... PEOPLE ARE ROTTEN!"

Crikey. Who's in a bad mood, then? Well, you'd be too if you'd just dislocated your patella *and* had the inner label of your latest single banned because it was "rude"...

● Interview: Peter Martin

A strange day, October 24. There was Siouzele, perched in her swanky London hotel room, being a bit provocative about this and that and the next minute - bang! - she's a flat on her back on the edge of the Hammermith Odcon with a dislocated knee. Eurgh! She's "rushed" to hospital where her patella is snapped back into place and she's kept in for the rest of the night under heavy sedation. Early the next day the specialist reports no permanent damage and so, like a real trooper, she decides to go on with the tour.

But here comes the strange bit: just hours before her accident, Siouzele had been drinking tea out of a cup and telling me that the "worst possible thing that could happen to a singer on tour is to catch a cold. It's a real nightmare... any second you might croak or squawk. I had a real bad one last week and I'm just about shaking it off"...

And then she goes and bange her knee! Bizarre, eh? But then The Bananees are often getting into scrapes. Their latest single "Cities in Duet", for instance, has caused a bit of a stir - the inner label (of all things) has been banned. "It's all so stupid," says Siouzele. "The picture we used was over 3000 years old. It's of a man and a woman together and all those tuddy-duddie at Boots and Woolworths have decided to put black blobby stickers over the 'offending' bit. But it's really funny because you can still see exactly what's going on. It's so pathetic.

"What I find really annoying," she seethes, "is that people find a bit of titillation perfectly acceptable. Like, it's alright to

say 'bristole', but 'breasts' is offensive. They just can't take real life or facts, but innuendo is fine. It's almost like they're trying to ban biology."

But the mystery around the single doesn't end there. There's all these "unnatural" "coincidences", you see. "Cities in Duet" could easily be applied to the Mexico disaster," reckons Siouzele, "or even the situation with the riots here. But the song was written well before any of that. People write in to the Bananees' office with cuttings from papers all the time, showing coincidences between our lyrics and current events. It is a bit weird, I must admit."

But does she think there's anything deeply significant about all this?

"No. Not really," she replies, keen not to be drawn into an area where she might come across all supernatural and pretentious. She's far too mature these days for that. But you can tell by the glint in her eye that, *anxiously*, she'd like to think there was something more to it...

Taking another sip of tea and cloeing the door of her bedroom to block out the noise of the TV (The Bananees are in the next room watching snooker), we get talking about the subject currently blazing in America - censorship.

"To think, some of our records might end up with an 'X' certification. Like all the fugee over Arabian Nights' single with the line about 'orifice'. It was only a new way of describing something... something natural, physical. It wasn't emuty or ruda. Just imagery... but they don't like that."

But doesn't she think some



Banabee lyrics just go out of their way to shock?

"No. But," she adds secully, "we do see how much we can get away with. Sometimes." Gassy or not, The Bananees do take their music very, very seriously. "You've got to think or hope that your music helps people get through the day."

So do most bands share that kind of attitude to their music do you think?

"No, I'm sure they don't. I don't think they think like that at all. I've got quite a brutal attitude, I suppose. I get up in the morning and look in the mirror and think 'I'm not going to let you down'. I don't even know how most pop stars can even look themselves in the mirror at all, some of the things they come out with."

What else does she feel really strongly about?

"What makes me angry at the moment is all this child abuse. Children being left in drawers to die. If there's one thing that makes me go 'saargh!' (she screws herself up into a ball) it's that. I can understand people lashing out in the heat of the moment but that, long, slow cruelty - it just appalls me. A big dilemma for me is working out if

these people are mad or just plain bad. It's difficult. If someone starves their child or deprives them of light until they're blind... well, that's just wicked. But capital punishment? I don't know. There's so many complications. Is it worse to lock them away for life? If I had a four year old daughter and she were molested and left dead in a ditch then, honestly, what would you think? Of course you'd want that person dead. You just couldn't help yourself."

Calmng down a mite, she collects her thoughts and takes a deep sigh. "I've just got to the stage where I go through life thinking most people are rotten. If they turn out to be nice then it's a pleasant surprise. Actually I think it's quite a cheerful way to look at things.

"All I know is that life is terrible and you better live with it and stop moaning."

A few hours later she'll be flat on her back in hospital with her leg in plaster. Life can be pretty bizarre...

Yaaaaaaaawn. It's Sunday afternoon round at Uncle Disgusting's. The oldsters are a-snoozin' in their armchairs, the rain's drumming monotonously on the "You only fit double glazing once, so fit the best... Everest!" French windows, and the only thing on telly is *Antiques Roadshow* ("mmm, lovely bit of furniture this, I've seen 'em go for

thousands but this one's got a scratch so it's only worth 5p"). *Zzzzzzzz*... it's sooooo boring. If only there was something to pass the time - e.g. an utterly brilliant quiz-type thingy with loads of fab 'n' interesting prizes. Well - ta daaa - there *is!* Just look down there at that sea of colour and intrigue. It's known to its friends as Derek, but we prefer to call it...



THE SMASH HITS PRIZE QUIZ

10 FIRST PRIZES

● The first 10 winners will each receive this set of a dozen "incredibly useful for cribbing the answers to pop quizzes" books:

- *Guinness British Hit Singles* ● *Guinness Hits Of The Seventies* ● *The Guinness Hits Challenge 1* ● *The Guinness Hits Challenge 2* ● *Like Punk Never Happened* ● *The Mega Pop Trivia Quiz Book* ● *The Virgin Rock Yearbook* ● *London's Rock Landmarks* ● *The U2 File* ● *Madonna - Like A Virgin* ● *30 Years Of Rock* ● *The Best Of Smash Hits* ●

25 RUNNERS UP

● The next 25 people will get a v. swish 'n' trendy *Smash Hits T-shirt*. Yum!

QUESTION 1

● True or false?

- A. Dave Vanian of The Damned once saw e ghost in a raincoat in his mother's house
- B. George Michael lost his two front teeth playing rounders when he was seven
- C. Madonna made her first stage appearance in a school play wearing a frock made out of fried eggs stapled together
- D. Freddie Mercury was born with e moustache
- E. Bob Geldof has only got one 'O' level
- F. Tears For Fears' tour bus used to have leopardskin rock'n'roll seats and belong to Ven Helen
- G. Paul Young once swallowed five raw eggs still in their shells for a bet

QUESTION 2

● Each of these pairs of TV programmes has one person in common. Which person?

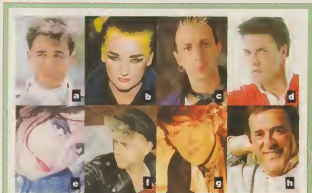
- A. *Ster Trek & T.J. Hooker*:
 - e) Leonard Nimoy
 - b) William Shatner
 - c) Heather Locklear
 - d) Keith Chegwin
- B. *T.J. Hooker & Dynasty*:
 - e) Heather Locklear
 - b) Larry Hagman
 - c) Joan Collins
 - d) Stig
- C. *Dr Who & Worzel Gummidge*:
 - e) Leo Van Cleave
 - b) Una Stubbs
 - c) Jon Pertwee
 - d) Zippy
- D. *Worzel Gummidge & Give Us A Clue*:
 - e) Lunel Blair

- b) Christopher Biggins
 - c) Jon Pertwee
 - d) "Dime" Una Stubbs
- E. Give Us A Clue & All Star Secrets:**
- e) Michael Aspel
 - b) Michael Parkinson
 - c) Norman Parkinson
 - d) Norman Wisdom
- F. I Dream Of Jeannie & Dallas:**
- e) Victoria Principal
 - b) Lee "Van" Cleave
 - c) Larry Hagman
 - d) Jim Bowen
- G. Play Your Cards Right & The Generation Game:**
- a) Derek Batesy
 - b) Ted Rodgers
 - c) Bruce Forsyth
 - d) Uncle Disgusting

QUESTION 3

● The following pop "legends" have all appeared "on celluloid" (in films to you, metasyboots). But which ones?

- A. Madonna:**
- e) *A Certain Sacrifice*
 - b) *The Devils*
 - c) *The Singing Nun*
 - d) *Desperately Seeking Susan*
- B. Prince:**
- e) *Purple Haze*
 - b) *Purple Rain*
 - c) *Purple Loon Pants*
 - d) *Snow White And The Seven Dwarves*
- C. Sting:**
- a) *Mad Max II*
 - b) *Dune*
 - c) *The Bride*
 - d) *Police Academy*
- D. David Bowie:**
- e) *The Hunger*
 - b) *The Man Who Fell To Earth*
 - c) *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence*
 - d) *The Alien*
- E. Franka Goes To Hollywood:**
- e) *Letter To Brezhnev*
 - b) *Body Double*
 - c) *Drifter Killer*
 - d) *Stad In Flame*



QUESTION 4

● Who said what? Match the face to the quote.

- A. "Sometimes when I'm singing I squeak."
- B. "I wouldn't go shopping in a dress but if I go out to a club I usually wear one."
- C. "You can't send up Crossroads because it's like kicking a cripple."
- D. "I used to have a fetish about clean hands but now I only wash them about every five minutes."
- E. "I've got a stuffed two-headed cat."
- F. "It's not often one stares into the ugly black sockets of the big D, death, but when you do it has a profound effect."
- G. "There's no reference to socks in any song we've done ever."
- H. "Unless they invent gay marriages in England I don't think I'll be getting married."

QUESTION 5

● Here are some well-known couples - match up the bleaks with their "chicks".

- A. Mick Jagger
- B. Keith Chegwin
- C. Prince Charles
- D. Jim Kerr
- E. Bob Geldof
- F. Maggie Philbin
- G. Jerry Hall
- H. Princess Di
- I. Chnsie Hyde
- J. Paula Yates

QUESTION 6

● The theme tunes from the following TV programmes have all been chart hits. Match the TV shows to the pop "artists" responsible:

- A. *Conne*
- B. *Miami Vice*
- C. *Cover Up*
- D. *Top Of The Pops*
- E. *Auf Wiedersehen Pet*
- F. *The Secret Diary Of Adrian Mole*
- G. *Minder*
- H. *Howard's Way*
- e) Dennis Waterman
- b) Phil Lynott & Midge Ure
- c) Ien Dury
- d) Rebecca Storm
- e) Bonnie Tyler
- f) Jen Hammer
- g) Joe Fagin
- h) The Simon May Orchestre

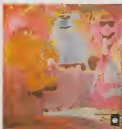
QUESTION 7

● All these "celebrities" appear in TV ads. Match them up with the products they advertise.

- A. Dame Una Stubbs
B. Leslie Crowther
C. Nanette Newman
D. Severiano Ballesteros
E. Alan Whicker



QUESTION 8 ● These poky old gonks all appear in ads. But which products do they advertise?



QUESTION 9

● Which songs do the following lines come from?

- A. When we all give the power we all give the best/Every minute of an hour don't think about a rest
B. Jane was in her turtle neck / I was much happier then
C. When I am king dilly dilly you will be queen
D. And if I only could / I'd make a deal with God
E. Hay little sister / Who's your superman?
F. Here I am here I am / Superman Lois Lane

QUESTION 10

● Match these v. famous popsters with their not v. famous previous groups:

- A. Billy Idol
B. Curt Smith
C. Nik Kershaw
D. Madonna
E. Midge Ure
F. Paul Young
G. Sade
- a) Half Pint Hog
b) The Breakfast Club
c) Generation X
d) Streetband
e) Graduate
f) Pride
g) Slik

PRIZE QUIZ COUPON

● Phewee! Bit of a sticky old quiz, eh? Still, nothing ventured nothing gained, as Uncle Disgusting always says (mind you, he's completely bonkers). So write ver answers in the boxes provided, use out the couponette, and send it to **The Prize Quiz, Smash Hits, 52-55 Cornaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to arrive no later than November 22. First 10 correct coupons (or, if no-one gets it right, the nearest attempt) out of Uncle Disgusting's smelly walrus (ugh!) win a set of books each, the next 25 get Smash Hits T-shirts. Mmmm mm, they're so creamy etc. etc.

QUESTION 1

● Write **TRUE** or **FALSE** against the letter provided.

- A. _____
B. _____
C. _____
D. _____
E. _____
F. _____
G. _____

QUESTION 2

● Write the **correct letter** (a, b, c or d) in the box provided.

- A. B. C. D. E.
F. G. H.

QUESTION 3

● Write the **correct letter(s)** against the letter provided.

- A. _____
B. _____
C. _____
D. _____
E. _____

QUESTION 4

● Write the **correct letter** in the box provided:

- A. B. C. D. E.
F. G. H.

QUESTION 5

● Write the **correct letter** in the box provided:

- A. B. C. D. E.

QUESTION 6

● Write the **correct letter** in the box provided:

- A. B. C. D. E.
F. G. H.

QUESTION 7

● Write the **correct letter** in the box provided:

- A. B. C. D. E.

QUESTION 8

● Write the **name of the product** against the letter provided.

- A. _____
B. _____
C. _____

- D. _____
E. _____
F. _____
G. _____

QUESTION 9

● Write the **name of the song** against the letter provided:

- A. _____
B. _____
C. _____
D. _____
E. _____
F. _____

QUESTION 10

● Write the **correct letter** in the box provided:

- A. B. C. D. E.
F. G.

NAME: _____ AGE: _____ ADDRESS: _____



**Trying to play all the games you can get for the Sinclair
(About 5,000 times.)**



ir Spectrum could kill you.

How would you like to be blasted out of the sky by anti-aircraft guns?

Or perhaps you'd prefer to be vapourised by a Thargoid starship.

Or eaten for breakfast by mutant rats.

Well, you have all this and more to look forward to, if you get a Sinclair Spectrum +.

Because there are more games available for the Spectrum + than any other home computer.

(About 5,000 the last time we counted.)

Not all of which lead to such sticky ends, we might add.

You may, for instance, rather battle it out on the chess board with a Russian grand master. Or cross swords with Nick Faldo on the golf course.

You won't just have the pick of the current titles either.

You'll get first shot at the new ones too. Because most of them become available for the Spectrum + before anything else.

And because there are so many other Spectrum owners there are more books and magazines and clubs to join.

So if you get a Spectrum +, you may well end up in a Grand Prix pile-up.

And your chances of being killed by Gremlins are very high.

But you'll never die of boredom.

sinclair



KATE BUSH

I still dream of Organon
I wake up crying
You're making rain
And you're just in reach
When you and sleep escape me
You're like my yo-yo
That glowed in the dark
What made it special
Made it dangerous
So I bury it
And forget

Chorus
But every time it rains
You're here in my head
Like the sun coming out
Ooh I just know that
Something good is going to
happen
I don't know when
But just saying it
Could even make it happen

On top of the world
Looking over the edge
You could see them coming
You look too small
In their big black car
To be a threat
To the men in power
I hid my yo-yo in the garden
I can't hide you
From the government
Oh God Daddy I won't forget

Repeat chorus

But every time it rains
You're here in my head
Like the sun coming out
Look your sun's coming out
Ooh I just know that
Something good is going to happen

I'm cloudbusting Daddy

Your son's coming out
Your son's coming out

CLOUDBUSTING

Words and music by Kate Bush
Reproduced by permission
Kate Bush Music/EMI
On EMI Records

Slave to the rhythm
I'm just playing around baby

G R A C E S
J O N E S

Work all day
As men who know
Wheels must turn
To keep the flow
Build on top
Don't break the chain
Sparks will fly
When the whistle blows

Never stop the action
Keep it up keep it up
Never stop the action
Keep it up

Work to the rhythm
Live to the rhythm
Love to the rhythm
Slave to the rhythm

Axe to wood
In ancient times
Man machine
Power line
Fire burn
Hearts beat strong
Sing out loud
The chain gang song

Never stop the action
Keep it up keep it up
Never stop the action
Come on keep it up

Breathes to the rhythm
Dance to the rhythm
Work to the rhythm
Live to the rhythm
Love to the rhythm
Be a slave to the rhythm
Rhythm ah

Live to the rhythm
And you work to the rhythm
Love to the rhythm
Slave to the rhythm

And now ladies and
gentlemen here's Grace

Slave to the rhythm
To the rhythm

S L A V E T O T H E R H Y T H M

Words and music by Grace Jones
Reproduced by permission
Bruce Woolley (Music)/EMI
On Island Records

MIDGE
URE



That Certain Smile

NEW SINGLE OUT NOW

LIMITED EDITION 7" GATEFOLD SLEEVE AVAILABLE

URE 2/URE X2

 Chrysler

What is **PREFAB SPROUT?**



... **PREFAB SPROUT** make

"...some of the most beautiful and
rewarding music ever to be laid
down in the name of pop..."

MAT SNOW NME

PREFAB SPROUT

AT LAST...THE HIT SINGLE
WHEN LOVE BREAKS DOWN

7" + 5 TRACK 12"

SK21 SK21 12

Prefab Sprout on LP/Cassette:
SWOON (KWLP1)
STEVE McQUEEN (KWLP3)



SEE
PREFAB SPROUT
ON
TOUR

GET SMART

● Got a burning question?

Write to Linda Duff, Get Smart, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.



As **SUGGS** of **Madness** seems to be interested in young 'uns, could you tell me the

names of his children and any other names he likes?

Al Taylor, Birmingham

● A man with somewhat unconventional tastes when it comes to names, Suggs has lumbered his children with the names **Scorlett** and (poor baby) **Viva**. His ten favourite names for boys are (in no particular order): **Lofly** (like the bloke with specs in *EastEnders* who takes his trousers down at darts matches); **Einstein** (like the bloke who invented the atom and produced the first Landscape album); **Giscard D'Estaine** (like the bloke who was president of France); **Spock** (like the bloke with ears who writes books about nappy rash); **Neddy** (like the bloke with a little red car and a hat that jingles); **Egbert** (like the bloke with whiskers that your Mum's got lots of horrible old records by except his name's 'Engelbert'); **Elijah** (like the bloke in the Bible who fell down a hole in his dressing gown except his name was 'Joseph'); **Popa** (like the Polish bloke who works in the Vatican); **Dave** (like the bloke who used to play drums in The Dave Gick 5); and **Middan-Faca** (don't know what that one's like, actually).

IS HOWARD JONES HAVING A BABY?



As far as I know, nobody's ever mentioned where **MARC ALMOND** gets his hair cut. So, where?

Steve Roland, Derby

● Ver "wiling sinner" has his bamet thoroughly seen to every six weeks by Scottish snsperson **Graham Stawark** who is a friend of the legendary Jane at Some Bizzare and specially flown down from Aberdeen for the job! Cor.



Can you find out where **ROBERT PALMER** buys his gorgous suits from? I want my boyfriend to look like him -- at the moment he looks like a poor man's **Robert Smith**!

L. Gibson, Exeter

● These days Robert shops almost exclusively in Milan, Italy, where he buys from posh 'n' swanky designers like **Gian Franco Farroe** and **Barbas** for just under £1000 PER SUIT! Ruddy heck! But why Italian? "Well, they're timeless. They have the most flattering tailoring and they're made of exquisite materials." Far enough.

Is it true that **HOWARD JONES**' wife **Jan** is having a baby? Also, where is Howard?

Claudia, Mitchelstown

● Apparently, Mrs Ho-Jo is not pregnant. "But," adds a helpful "spokesperson", "I wouldn't be surprised if she announced she was some day soon..." What can the spokesbody mean? Eh? As for Howard's whereabouts, he's busy touring America at the mo, where he's just released "Like To Get To Know You Well".

Can you find out if **MADONNA** reads any magazines and if so, which ones.

Alan Westleigh

● Madonna says she'll "read anything". That is, "anything except *Playboy* or *Penthouse*." (Snigger.)

HAS MIDGE URE GOT ANY FRIENDS?

Could you tell me who **MIDGE URE**'s famous friends are?

D' Deane, Colchester

● Midge is, I can reveal, a Libran! Oh... that wasn't the question, was it? Sorry, went a bit squibby. Well, his close "personal" friends include **Mark King** of Level 42 (who played bass on "If I Was"), **Nick Baggs** of **Kaja**, **Stava Strange** (remember *Visage*, pop "pckers"?), **Phil Lynott** and, of course, **Sir Robert "Bob" Geldof**.



Steve Strange



Nick Baggs



Mark King



Bob Geldof

**ELEVEN
TIME LORDS
YET TO
CRUSH
THE
ROBOT
STARSHIP
ATTACKED
THE
KING FIRST**



**VERY
E
OU
OSS
HE
OAD
OP**

**E
ERB.**





Spandau Ballet 'The Singles Collection.'

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Also available, limited edition 6 track
12" album only **£6.99**.

Pick up a copy of *The Beat* magazine
free with any album or cassette.



The World's Best Music Stores.

madness

uncle sam

HERE THEY COME AGAIN
HOP SCOTCHING UP TO MY DOOR
ONE BY ONE AGAIN
KNOCKS'Y KNOCK KNOCKING UPON MY FLOOR

SWINGING ON MY OARS
THEY DARE ENRY BY THE YARD
PULLING AT MY HAIR THEY SCREAM
PAINT YOUR THOUGHTS UPON MY CARO

CHORUS
BUY HOY YONIGHT I'VE GOT STUDIES TO EXAMINE
YOMORROW I'LL BE WATCHING
ALL THE QUEENS MEN
A VALENTY CONTEST ON MONDAY
WIYH MY UNCLE SAM
WHO NOW YAKES UP ALL OF MY TIME
HE GIVES ME YIHOS YO DO
'CAUSE HE'S A WONDERFUL MAN

BUT I'M SAILING ACROSS THE SEA
YO SEE MY UNCLE SAM
I'M SAILING ACROSS THE SEA
YO BE WIYH MY UNCLE SAM

SILLY LITTLE SHIOGERS FROM THE WOMEN LIBRATORS
BUY I'LL STAND AND HOLD MY POBY
POLISHED BUTTOMS AND ERECT I'LL RAISE THE FLAG
I'LL SHOW THOSE WOMEN WHO'S THE MOST

REPEAT CHORUS

BUT I'M SAILING ACROSS THE SEA
YO SEE MY UNCLE SAM
I'M SAILING ACROSS THE SEA
TO BE WIYH MY UNCLE SAM

I'M SAILING ACROSS THE SEA
TO SEE MY UNCLE SAM
I'M SAILING ACROSS THE SEA
YO BE WIYH MY UNCLE SAM
I'M SAILING ACROSS THE SEA
YO SEE MY UNCLE SAM
SAILING ACROSS THE SEA
YO BE WIYH MY UNCLE SAM
SAILING ACROSS THE SEA
YO SEE MY UNCLE SAM

WORDS AND MUSIC THOMPSON/FOREMAN/THOMPSON
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION NUTTY SOUNDS/WARNER BROS MUSIC LTD
ON ZARLAZZ RECORDS

ECHO

AND THE BUNNYMEN
BRING ON THE DANCING
HORSES

JIMMY BROWN
MADE OF STONE
CHARLIE CLOWN
NO WAY HOME
BRING ON THE DANCING HORSES
HEADLESS AND ALL ALONE

SHIVER AND SAY THE WORDS
OF EVERY LIE YOU'VE HEARD

CHORUS
FIRST I'M GONNA MAKE IT
THEN I'M GONNA BREAK IT
TELL IT FALLS APART
HATING ALL THE FAKING
AND SHAKING WHILE I'M BREAKING
YOUR BRITTLE HEART

SILLY STANDS
ALL ALONE
SHRINKING SAND
SKIM AND BONE
BRING ON THE DANCING HORSES
WHEREVER THEY MAY ROAM

SHIVER AND SAY THE WORDS
OF EVERY LIE YOU'VE HEARD

REPEAT CHORUS

BRITTLE HEART
BRITTLE HEART
BRITTLE HEART
AND MY LITTLE HEART GOES

JIMMY BROWN
MADE OF STONE
CHARLIE CLOWN
NO WAY HOME
BRING ON THE DANCING HORSES
WHEREVER THEY MAY ROAM

SHIVER AND SAY THE WORDS
OF EVERY LIE YOU'VE HEARD

FIRST I'M GONNA MAKE IT
THEN I'M GONNA BREAK IT
TELL IT FALLS APART
HATING ALL THE FAKING
AND SHAKING WHILE YOU'RE BREAKING
MY BRITTLE HEART

BRING ON THE NEW MESSIAH
WHEREVER HE MAY ROAM

REPEAT TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY SERGEANT/
MUCH/LOCH/PATTINSON/DE FREITAS
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION ZOO
MUSIC/WARNER BROS MUSIC LTD
ON KOROVA RECORDS





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B

D

"don't feel guilty about making money. I want a lot, but not too very much."

retty weird statement for UB40, the band who six years ago named themselves after the code on unemployment benefit forms. But these days they claim they're "boring old farts", admit that often they "couldn't care" about unemployment and think most pop musicians (including themselves) are "basically talentless". Chris Heath can hardly believe his ears. . .

"That ashtray's TOO SMALL!" screams Brian Traves, pointing down in horror at the offending item. Everyone in UB40's dressing room looks around. What on earth is he on about? "You can't fit Afro wappies in it," he explains. "Is this man serious?"

No, actually. He's just acting out a scene from *Spain's Tap*, a film from a couple of years back that sent up the ludicrous things that pop stars get up to. But the point he's making is that sometimes "being in UB40 is a bit like being in *Spain's Tap*". More and more, the band are beginning to find the whole business of being a pop group rather ridiculous. Brian notes to the mugs on the table - a rather nice "UB40 British Tour" mug with a lake gold rim. "Can you believe that?" he splutters. "It's like being in *Yes or Genesis*, isn't it?"

It's been six years now since UB40 started playing round the local Birmingham pubs and released a single, "King 'Food For Thought'", which became the first ever top ten hit on a small, completely independent record label and set them on their way to become the biggest reggae band in the world. Then, remembers Brian, it was all really exciting. And now?

"Now we're in a different position," he sighs. "I'm only speaking for myself here but I think the others would agree - if you're in this business for more than five years you become a boring old fart. These days I actually don't care one bit if someone likes what we do - I don't care that much about pleasing people. So when we go out to work now we want to make some money."

"I'm not saying we don't want it to be good - of course we do, for our own self respect - but it gets harder and harder. I think it's an inevitable thing that happens to every band - you've gone round, done all the things to show that you're a real hard-working band with the right intentions and the desire to make fabulous records - and it becomes really boring."

Isn't he sad, then, that they've lost the enthusiasm they used to have? "No," he answers, "but we're boring old farts now." There's several reasons, he says, why it happens. One is that, in the music business, honest hard work and determination doesn't always pay off. "It's really frustrating," he says "you can put everything into this three minute song and then some girl will come along dancing in a glitter outfit and sell a billion times more records and be taken a million times more seriously." But there's worse. "The constant paranoia - that's the

worst thing," he explains. "There's about a million different types. For instance your own mental state - 'am I going crackers?' - because you're always in a hotel room and it seems like you're going crazy - and the fact that you've left your wife at home and are these 56,000 babies round there every night with her?"

Brian Brian and Ali Campbell consistently refer to money in their conversation. As Brian points out, that's hardly surprising - pop stars have to spend far more time thinking and talking and than about catchy songs and "sane drum sounds". "It's hard to talk about business," he admits, "because you get condemned for selling out." But he's adamant they want to make as much money as they can while they can.

"I don't feel guilty about making money," agrees Ali. "I want it all, thank you very much. It's people that have grown up with money that feel guilty about having it because they think it's romantic to have none. So you get all these middle class kids living in poverty for a laugh because they think it's romantic. But they soon find out it isn't and go back to mummy."

UB40 have spent this year concentrating on "breaking" America, the place where the really big money is to be made. They've toured there three times in the last few months, and are finally seeing "I Got You Babe" go up the charts, only their second American hit ("Red Red Wine" was the other). America, says Brian, quite suits their current frame of mind:

"If you're making a little dough, America's like heaven. The culture is built around the star thing - if what you do has any value, they'll make money out of it and it'll be the respect it deserves."

Still, after America, coming home is quite a shock according to Ali. "Each time I come back to England," he reflects, "it hits me how revolting and ridiculous it is English people are under the misapprehension that they've got a good standard of living but we're just one of the worst in the Western world next to Southern Spain. England really is a shithole and that hurts. Even though I love it."

Another source of disillusionment for UB40 over the last year has been the failure of their label, Dep International. The idea was to put out records by other reggae artists - Wilson Reedy, Echo Base and Miley Droad - and introduce

the music to a wider audience. But, so far at least, they've all flopped disastrously.

"We are destroyed by that," sighs Brian. For one thing they lost a great deal of money. "The money we made from our 'Labour Of Love' LP," he explains sadly, "got spent on this pathetic new idea that we could further reggae music."

Despite the setbacks UB40 are still determined to champion reggae music, which is why their new album, "Bogga'dim", mostly consists of old UB40 songs "loasted" over by Birmingham reggae artists. And they're going to continue their own label, but now as a specialty reggae label which can make money without the records reaching the national chart.

And though Ali, for one, seems like he would rather make "harder", more uncommercial reggae music, he's quite happy to compromise to sell lots of records. "Of course I mind," he says nonchalantly, "but such is life."

"We'll make a record and get another pop star singing on it if I think it'll go to number one," admits Brian, though he says that doing "I Got You Babe" with Chrissie Hynde wasn't, in fact, a calculated move. "I thought the record was alright," he says. "It's not anything worth remembering."

Is there anyone else Ali would like to do a duet with? "I don't know," he says. "About 2,007 people," he laughs. "Stevie Wonder's one - I met him recently at a Sing concert in New York and hopefully we'll be working live with him in January." How about, say, Madonna? He looks a bit excited.

"Did you see those pictures? (The ones



with not very many clothes on), I think she's really beautiful. In that soft porn film *40 Candles* Sacrificé she looks like an angel. I don't think she can sing though."

Presumably one person Ali definitely won't be dealing with is Simon Le Bon. He remembers when UB40 and Duran Duran, both of them still unknown outside Birmingham, used to rehearse next door to each other at the Rummur club. "I used to watch them," he sniggers. "They went into black leather and charcoal round the eyeballs. We don't know them now as people and I'm sure we wouldn't do it. I find what they say in interviews is offensive - they're apocalyptic and they don't even know what they are because they're stupid. Ali Simon Le Bon does is talk about clothes, lines to sell around the world but sinks in Portsmouth What can you do with that?"

Ali, by contrast, doesn't own a yacht

and isn't the least bit interested in clothes. "You can dress me in anything," he laughs. "and I still look like a bag of potatoes." And he claims to be a bit mystified as to why people fancy him. "I'm the cute one in the band," he chortles, "which means 'buddy' but interesting."

Nevertheless that hasn't saved him from having his clothes ripped off a few times. "I just think it's another part of really tatty boxer shorts down the drain," he sighs. Boxer shorts?

"Yeah. I usually wear boxer shorts with pigs on them - I've got two pairs, one with normal pigs and the other with pigs with wings. I like pigs, you see. In fact I was born in the Chinese Year Of The Pig, though I only discovered that recently and I've had this thing about pigs for a long time. I want to own one of those Cornish White blue piggy pigs, have it curled up in front of the fire in my lounge And, in any case, I've always looked like a pig."

"I don't want to work I hate working," announces Ali cheerfully after tonight's concert to a fairly ecstatic crowd. "I enjoyed tonight but I'd rather be at home." Not quite what pop stars are supposed to say but Brian catches the sentiment. "It was rich," he says, looking up at the huge Birmingham National Exhibition Centre, "do you think I'd be working here?"

And it's getting rich that they're working on, though they still make a point of saying that they're "socialists". So what does the money mean to them? "It's all the people who are still on the dole who he used to be?"

"It always changes," he admits. "Sometimes I don't care at all. That's the truth. I'm not going to pretend - sometimes I really couldn't care. And then when I do care, what should I do? Our money's in a corporation - I've probably got £200 in my bank account. Should I split it four million ways?"

"I'm only excited in this business as a mediocre saxophone player - I'm not any good at all - but I'm not insecure because we're all males and none of us is specially good at anything. If the band decided I wouldn't even look for a recording deal for myself, though I'd hopefully do something with an artistic slant just so I could be a brat and stay in bed all day. There's countless people who don't have any talent but are successful. Nick Heyward for instance. It sounds like I'm puffing him down but those people in a pop music are basically failures."

Bitter, depressing stuff, but UB40 aren't actually miserable people - in fact they seem almost impressively cheerful. It's just that, as Brian puts it, they're lied up with people in the pop business trying to get their motivation for doing things.

"It sounds like I'm being dead mercenary," he admits, "but I don't I'm just being honest." "Me, I want to be Elvis Presley or Michael Jackson. I want to be the biggest group in the world. Because nobody's different - us, Pink Floyd, some hippie band from the '70s or the biggest band around now - it's us that's the same thing. I think it's all crap anyway and if I'm going to do it I'd rather sell a billion records than twenty."

● **Bryan Ferry Competition (25 September)**

Correct answer c) **Jerry Hall**. The following winners each receive a 12 picture disc of "I Stop The Dance": **Linda Smith**, **Grantam**, **Raymond Priest**, **Wood Green**, **David Saunders**, **Bucks**, **Helen Hayward**, **Leicester**, **Tony Russ**, **Woking**, **Kris Philip**, **West Midlands**, **Debbie Hughes**, **Hove**, **Karen Dummer**, **Croydon**, **Julia Hayward**, **Coventry**, **S. Thomas**, **Cleveland**, **Stephen McDonald**, **Liverpool**, **Martin Dely**, **Eire**, **Carl Allan**, **Manchester**, **Jennifer Foreman**, **Stockport**, **C. Taylor**, **S. Devon**, **Haji Smith**, **Shirey**, **Rachel Wallis**, **Rhona Neal**, **Gloucester**, **Sally Cero**, **Worce**, **Gerardine Fagan**, **Coventry**, **Kathleen Rogers**, **London**, **R. Gardiner**, **Suffolk**, **T. King**, **Worcester**, **K.J.J. Moss**, **Manchester**, **S. Ewin**, **London**.

● **Paul King Competition (25 September)**

Correct answer b) **Paul King**. The following each receive an "Alone Without You" postcard (picture disc): **Hell Starling**, **London**, **Tracy Maxwell**, **Tyne & Wear**, **Julie Wright**, **Newcastle on Tyne**, **C. Parsons**, **Worsal**, **Gary Carr**, **Moray**, **Carole White**, **Andover**, **Stephanie Davies**, **Cher**, **Robb Lawrence**, **Telford**, **Ben Birch**, **Kent**, **Simon White**, **Southern**, **Alan Gubbins**, **Wendland**, **Ann Winton**, **Sussex**, **Elizabeth Wright**, **Derbyshire**, **Matthew Brown**, **Surrey**, **Gary Perratt**, **Buckley**, **Beatha Baylman**, **Midlesex**, **Sharon Hurst**, **Nottingham**, **Heldi Hill**, **Suffolk**, **Sharon Kitta**, **Devon**, **Tracy Lambert**, **Northwich**, **Charles McWilliam**, **Greenfield**, **Biantha Coultery**, **Gloucester**, **Aileen Thomson**, **Sewton**, **Esther McEldal**, **Shropshire**, **Samantha Nicholls**, **Barbury**.

● **Gold Seal Competition (25 September)**

Correct answer c) **Are "Friends" Electric?** The lucky winner who receives the battery-operated prize is **David E. Rogers** from **Dorset**. The following each receive a runners-up prize of a Konica "Pop" Camera: **A. Saunders**, **Norfolk**, **Jeffrey Paterson**, **Peasack**, **Glenn Smith**, **Bristol**, **Mark Harold**, **Worsal**, **Diens Green**, **Dorchester**, **S. Morgan**, **Cleveland**, **Elaine Barber**, **Coily**, **A. Gibsons**, **Staffs**, **Suzanne Cockarill**, **Fairfield**, **Richard Green**, **Swindon**. The next lot with a Sony "Playing Card" AMT radio: **Barbara Eason**, **Dorset**, **Hannah Harnett**, **West Sussex**, **Helen Dixon**, **Carlisle**, **Les Taylor**, **Chesham**, **Colin Kennedy**, **Scotland**, **Katie Goods**, **Oxon**, **Caletta Heckett**, **Hounslow**, **R. Kawacole**, **Worce**, **Debbie Sartin**, **Worce**, **Collette Judd**, **Birmingham**.

● **Snails Competition (9 October)**

Correct answer e) **Toshka** (as it isn't very noisy). The following each receive the "Next Is Murder" songbook: **Barah Birch**, **Staffs**, **Shaun Muller**, **Kent**, **Colby**, **Sam Paul Moore**, **Beigate**, **Tim Williams**, **London**.

● **Working Week Competition (9 October)**

Correct answer 86,400 seconds. The winners, who receive a cap, clock and a 12" scope: **John Girard**, **Herts**, **Elizabeth Lewis**, **Devon**, **Lisa Barber**, **Sheffield**, **Paul McManis**, **Liverpool**, **Andie Smith**, **Dorset**. The next lot win a cap and a 12" scope: **Lisa Turner**, **Bridgton**, **Jonathan Harris**, **Worce**, **Wendy Rayle**, **Manchester**, **Margie Jane Heathcote**, **Lancs**, **Cathy Hunt**, **Dorset**.

● **Cure Competition (9 October)**

Correct answers c) **Alannah Currie**, d) a whale & e) a cardboard box. The following each receive a 10 copy CD of "Close To Me": **Mel Susan Gibbard**, **West Midlands**, **Gina Cattarall**, **Lancs**, **Carl Nead**, **Essex**, **John Penny**, **Leicester**, **Barbara Munday**, **Crawley**, **Ruth Hamill**, **South Yorkshire**, **Sharon Russell**, **Dorset**, **W. Clark**, **Stafford**, **A. Alb**, **Cheshire**, **C. Barrett**, **Southampton**, **Julie Burt**, **Northampton**, **Ian Rowlett**, **Cambs**, **David Evans**, **Kent**, **Ceryn Beniston**, **Chesham**, **Aida Matrundola**, **Loth**, **Kay Owen**, **Sheffs**, **Ben Bush**, **Essex**, **Alan Stanley**, **Worce**, **Joanna Selthorpe**, **Chesham**, **K.L. Timmins**, **West Midlands**, **Phil Harwell**, **Essex**, **Arthur Van Root**, **South**, **Lindsay Barnett**, **Surrey**, **Rozalyn Harris**, **Devon**, **Anna Ailsbren**, **Hull**, **Alice Duncan**, **Glasgow**, **Terry Washford**, **Derbyshire**, **Karen Hill**, **Warrickshire**, **Kevin Girling**, **Ipworth**, **Banney Hills**, **Birmingham**.

"A EEEEEEOUFF!"

(I.E. HOW TO BE A COMPLETELY BRILLIANT MARTIAL ARTS EXPERT JUST LIKE LEE VAN CLEEF IN THE MASTER)

COMPETITION



● **1st PRIZE**

It's not much fun being a weedy little seven stone weakling, is it readers? You know, there you are sitting cosily on the beach a-mindin' your own business when this horrid loud built like an oil tanker comes up and kicks sand all over your Observer's Book Of Sea Shells and says "hawhawhaw worra snivelling nancy boy!" Unless you're a girl, of course, in which case he utters some truly disgusting innuendo and leaves you turning. And there's absolutely nothing you can do about it, short of saying "sticks and stones!" rather snootily, going pink in the cheeks and/or sticking your tongue out once his back is turned. Oh, if only you were Lee Van Cleef (wibbly old gent and stunning exponent of the martial arts in *The Master*) and could jump very high and wiggle your arms about with blood-curdling cries of "aieeeeeooooouff!!!" If ONLY you were a Kung Fu wizard! But you're not. Back luck.

Oh, well, never mind: the least you can do as pretend - if, that is, you've got this super new martial arts-type computer game i.e. "The Way Of The Exploding Fist". Yes! Just bundle the knobs on your computer console and - hey presto! - you're giving your loutish opponent a jolly good kicking in the shins. Serves 'im ruddy well right! We've got 100 of said luvverly games to give away - and they are the best runners-up prizes! First prize is a gleaming Commodore 64 computer plus all these brilliant Melbourne House books'n games. Pretty damned unswizzley, eh?

So here's a question. Who had a Number 1 hit in 1974 with "Kung Fu Fighting"? Was it a) Marc Almond b) Shaky And Bonne c) Carl Douglas d) A-Ha e) The Scoffer Bostock Doo Dah Band or f) Eric Burdon, the "Craffy Cockney"?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits Aieeeeeooooouff! Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ**. Get your entries in by November 22 and (just in case you get a runners-up prize) state whether you require a game for a Spectrum, Amstrad or Commodore 64 (whatever they might be).

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
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PERSONAL FILE

SUGGS OF MESS

"I have a little plastic effigy of Hamburglar — you stick a pen up his bottom and hang it round your neck. . ."



NAME: Graham McPherson
BORN: 13/3/61 in Hastings, Sussex.
IS "UNCLE SAM" ABOUT RONALD REAGAN? It's a letter to Ronald Reagan. It's about the power America has over England — obviously nuclear weapons, but also things like Rambo — they have so much influence on the way we live our lives. It's about someone who's obsessed with Rambo and survivalism and joining the American army. It's sarcastic really.
HAVE YOU GOT A RONALD McDONALD TOOTHBRUSH? No, but I have got a little plastic effigy of Hamburglar — you stick a pen up his bottom and hang it round your neck. It was 16p. It's for my daughters, you understand. Mind you, I only let them eat at McDonalds once in a blue moon — it's such rubbishy food.
DID YOU SEE PRINCESS DI ON Telly? No, I'm not a big fan of royalty, though I like the way Prince Charles is saying something about his surroundings. A man without an opinion is no man at all. He's the best royal. I hope he realises that people do listen to the things he says — he can influence people, and that's the most important thing of all. If he supports Greenpeace — which I think will be the next big step — then I'll be 100% behind him.
IF YOU WERE ON THIS IS YOUR LIFE, WHO WOULD YOU LEAST LIKE TO COME THROUGH THE CURTAINS? I wouldn't do it, actually. If Eamonn Andrews sprang up out of the bushes, I'd apologise to all the people concerned and walk off. Your life can't be wrapped up in a TV programme.
DO YOU HAVE FUNNY YELLOW STUFF ON YOUR TONGUE WHEN YOU WAKE UP IN THE MORNING? Yeah, I do, actually. I used to try to get rid of it with a toothbrush — not a

Ronald McDonald one — but it tickled too much, so I gave up.
IN PUBLIC LOOS, DO YOU PREFER HAND DRIERS THAT BLOW AIR, OR ROLLER TOWELS? Oh, roller towels, definitely. You can wipe all the grime off that hasn't been washed off properly, and make sure you've rubbed all that grout out of your skin.

DO YOU COLLECT ANYTHING? Sometimes, but not for very long. I have collected nubs for pens — hand shaped ones, and finger shaped ones — football programmes, and odd socks. I've got a massive collection of odd socks round the world! I've got loads of stuff piled up in this specific room I keep for rubbish I've accumulated. My wife grabs big handfuls of it and throws it away while I'm not looking.

WHAT ARE YOU MOST FRIGHTENED OF? Becoming narrow-minded. It seems a pretty universal thing that happens to people as they get older, and I don't want to be like that.
DO YOU CRY AT SOPPY FILMS? Very rarely. I once saw ET with Lee the sax player and both our wives. They were crying, but I was puking up.

DOES YOUR WIFE EVER SHOUT AT YOU? Yes. It's really difficult to make arrangements, because of the business I'm in. I'm always making arrangements, and then I can't stick to them — which is terrible, really. And she's the one who suffers.
ARE YOU GOOD AT CHANGING NAPPIES? Yeah, although I don't do it a lot. I don't wash them though — we use disposable ones. The trouble with changing nappies is that as soon as you've taken it off, the kid decides to go to the toilet.

HAVE YOU EVER EATEN RAW FISH? You mean sush? Yes, I love it. There's a really good Japanese restaurant in Camden Town where I eat it. It's full of vitamins and protein.
WHAT'S THE MOST HORRIBLE THING YOU'VE EVER EATEN? I had this little package in a Chinese restaurant once. It looked like pastry, but in the middle there was a duck's foot. It wasn't until I was giving it a good chew and took it out and had a look that I realised what it was. It had all the claws on and everything. It was horrific — about the same as eating at McDonalds.

HAVE YOU DONE ANY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING YET? No, but I have started worrying about it. I don't do it until really close to Christmas. I have to do it — I've got quite a few relatives, and then there's my daughters. That's what makes Christmas enjoyable — when you start getting old and cynical, you have kids, and it retains a little bit of the magic.

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■ **CYNDI LAUPER:** "She Bop" too sexy?



■ **PRINCE:** a "purveyor of filth" according to moral guardians . . .



■ **Madonna:** a disgrace?

The Filth An HAS POP MUSIC GONE TOO FAR?

Pop music, eh? Co-er, it's come in for quite a lot of "stick" over the years, and no mistake. Elvis Presley and his wriggling "legs", The Rolling Stones and their disgraceful long hair, The Sex Pistols and their "oh-look-we've-been-sick-on-the-carpet" antics, Boy George and his totally girly frocks, Frankie Goes To Hollywood and "Relax" — all these and many more have caused fair old brouhahas in the past. Parents have got hopping mad, crying "Must we throw this filth at our pop kids?!", and the popular papers have been ever eager to fuel the "furor". Storms in teacups, we all think. Don't we? But doesn't pop star behaviour ever give genuine cause for concern? There's a group of American mums who certainly think it does: they call themselves the Parents Music Resource Center and have been nicknamed the "Washington Wives" because they all seem to be married to US Senators, congressmen or swanky businessmen, which makes them v. powerful indeed . . .

So what, exactly, has got the goats of these well-heeled women? Well, "what we're talking about," says Tipper Gore (wife of Senator Albert Gore and co-founder of PMRC) "is a sick new strain of rock music

glorifying everything from forced sex to bondage to rape."

Pop music, through lyrics that dwell on sex and Satanism, drugs and demon alcohol, is threatening to turn the minds of children to muck and pervert a

nation's youth, reckons the PMRC: therefore they'd like to see a ratings code introduced for records — an 'X' for songs featuring sexually explicit lyrics, a 'V' for those that glorify violence, an 'O' for occult-oriented offerings and a 'D/A' for drugs and alcohol. They'd also like it to be made compulsory to include lyric sheets with all records so parents could scan them for suitability. Examples of offensive material? Well, Prince comes pretty high on the hit list: "I'd heard Prince over the radio," says Pam Howar, another PMRC founder. "One day at the breakfast table my daughter was listening to the music, and I noticed this punk look about her. I started thinking, 'We'd better get a pressure group together.'"

Quite what is signified by a "punk look" is not explained, but it has to be admitted that some of Prince's lyrics are pretty, ahem, "frank" ("I met her in a hotel lobby/Masturbating with a

magazine" he sings on "Darling Nikki" from the "Purple Rain" album). Then there is little Sheena Easton whose "Sugar Walls" (written by Prince) has upset parents' sensibilities with its thinly-veiled references to sexual arousal ("I can tell you want me/You can't hide/Your body's on fire/Come Inside/My sugar walls"). Then there is Cyndi Lauper, whose 1984 hit "She Bop" is — or, at least, appears to be — about masturbation: "Huh yeah I wanna go south an' get me some more/They say that a stitch in time saves nine/They say that I better stop or I'll go blind/Oh she bop she bop".

Also cited by the PMRC as X-certificate stuff are Madonna's "Dress You Up" and Prince protégée Vanity's "Strap On Robby Baby", but the majority of musical items on their list of unsuitable listening for minors are by heavy metal acts — things like Motley Crue's "Too Young



Steve Meisler/Outlander



Chris Warner



■ Vanity: beyond the realms of decency ...

■ Motley Crue: harmful messages?

d The Fury...

To Fall in Love" (for its violence — "Well now I'm killing you/ Watch your face turning blue), Venom's "Possessed" for dabbling in the occult, and Def Leppard's "High 'n' Dry" and Black Sabbath's "Trashed" for going on about drugs'n'booze.

The PMRC have got as far as persuading the US Senate to hold hearings into the matter and whether LPs in the future will come festooned with Government Health Warning type stickers depend largely on the outcome of these. But what "good" will stickers and lyric sheets do? The moral guardians argue that they will assist parental guidance, their opponents insist that they will just draw people's attention to matters that would otherwise go unnoticed. (Take Frankie's "Relax" — would that ever have been such a massive hit without all the publicity surrounding its Radio One "ban"?). Blackie Lawless, lead singer of W.A.S.P.

— another heavy metal band under attack — says he'd actually welcome a sticker ratings system because it would "sell three times as many records for us".

What nobody has mentioned in the debate so far is just who is to decide what is offensive material and what is not. Where song lyrics are concerned, doesn't the sauciness/horror-quotient depend to a great extent on one's personal interpretation? Who can say? The PMRC will not be diverted by such questions, however: "We will be around until there is a satisfactory solution so we can protect our children from harmful messages."

So what do YOU think about it all? Britain's Brightest Pop Magazine invites you to fill in this questionnaire — because, as Hughie Green used to say on *Opportunity Knocks* a million years ago, YOUR VOTE REALLY COUNTS ...

Do you think that pop lyrics avar contain harmful massagas?

YES NO

Would you approve of a ratings system for pop lyrics?

YES NO

Have you ever found a song lyric personally offensiva?

YES NO

If so can you giva axampilas?

.....
.....

Have your parents ever expressad disgust at a pop record?

YES NO

If so can you giva axampilas?

.....
.....

Name: Age:

Address:

Snip out and sand to: Smash Hits Censorship Dabata, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF — as soon as humanly possible please.



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● DUVIE
● DON JOHNSON
● EDDIE MURPHY
● EDVAYN COLLINS
● FERRAL SHARREY
● GEORGE MICHAEL
● HOWARD JONES
● JIM KERR
● JOHN FAUR
● JIMMY SOMERVILLE
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● PAUL WELLS
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● PRINCE
● RICHARD GERE
● ROBERT SMITH
● ROLAND ORZABEL
● SIMON LE ROX
● STEPHEN DUFFY
● STING

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

All the names below are hidden in the diagram. They could run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Some run backwards. All names for the first are all as an uninterrupted straight line whichever way they run.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 50



CAPTAIN SENSIBLE:

Folkestone Lees Cliff Hill
(November 7), Coventry Warwick
University (8), Loughborough
University (9), Princes Lancaster
Polytechnic (12), Egham Royal
Holloway College (13), Swansea
University (14), Beth University
(15), London Queen Mary College
(16), Guildford University of
Surrey (20), Worthing Assembly
Rooms (21), Cheltenham
Gloucester Art College (22),
Birmingham University (23),
Redcar Coatham Bow (24),
Durham University (26), Hull
University (29), Bradford
University (30).

● Move dates are to be announced and
tickets for all shows range from £3.50
to £4.50.

ELTON JOHN (EXTRA DATES):

St Austell Coliseum (November
23/24), Birmingham N.E.C.
(December 23).

FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS:

Edinburgh Assembly Room
(December 11), Glasgow
Barrowlands (12), Hull City Hall
(14), Manchester Maxwell Hall
(15), Birmingham Pavement
(16), London Hammermith Palais
(17).

IMMACULATE FOOLS:

Lancaster University (November
28), London University of London
(29), London West London
Institute of Higher Education (30),
Birmingham The Dome
(December 2), Keele University
(4), Unbridge Brunel University
(6), Ashford Wye College (7),
Coventry Polytechnic (8).

MEW ORDER: Hemel Hempstead
Pavilion (November 8), London
Hammermith Palais (10).

● Tickets for Hemel Hempstead are
priced £4 and Hammermith Palais are
£5. Support act for Hammermith will
be A Certain Ratio.

THE STYLE COUNCIL:

Lancaster De Montfort Hall
(December 3), Gloucester Kings
Centre (4), Blackburn King
George Hall (5), Edinburgh
Pleyhouse (6), London Wembley
Arena (9 & 10).

● Tickets are on sale now and are
available from box offices and all usual
outlets. Ticket prices are £5.50 and
£8.50 except for Gloucester, £6.50, and
Wembley, £7 and £8. Fan club members
can order tickets through the Torch
Society by quoting their membership
number (and telephone number where
possible) and enclosing an SAE.

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H O W A R D
J O N E S



a-ha

TAKE ON ME

We're talking away
I don't know what I'm to say
I'll say it anyway
Today's another day to find you
Slipping away
I'll be coming for a new new day

Take on me (take on me)
Take me on (take on me)
I'll be gone in a day or two

So needless to say
I'm still and still
But I'm slipping away
Slowly learning that life is okay
Say after me

It's no matter to be safe than sorry

Oh the things that you say
Is it like or just to play
My words are away
You're off the things I've got to remember
You're slipping away
I'll be coming for you anyway



SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES / CITIES OF DUST

Water was running
Children were running
You were running out of time
Under the mountain
A golden fountain
Were you praying at the Laras Shrine?

Chorus
But oh oh oh your city lies in dust my friend
Oh oh oh your city lies in dust my friend

We found you hiding
We found you lying
Choking on the dirt and sand
Your former glories
And all the stones
Dragged and washed with eager hands

Repeat chorus

Your city lies in dust

Water was running
Children were running
We found you hiding
We found you lying
Water was running



Children were running

We found you hiding
We found you lying

Your city lies in dust my friend
Oh oh oh your city lies in dust my friend

Hot and burning
In your nostrils
Pouring down your gaping mouth
Your molten bodies
Bleakst of cinders
Caught in the throes

Oh oh oh your city lies in dust my friend

Repeat three times

Your city lies in dust

Oh oh oh your city lies in dust

Repeat to fade

Words and music by Siouxsie and the Banshees
Reproduced by permission Dreamhouse/Chappell
On Wonderland/Polycor Records

Chartbusters

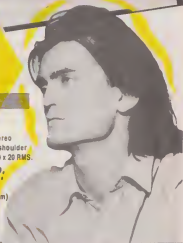
COMPETITION

WIN A BROKEN SHOULDER

Well, not really. But this Sony CFS9000

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arm muscles 'cos it's The Biz!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LISTEN TO THIS MAN



He's Feargal Sharkey, a fast talker from a nation of fast talkers (that's Ireland). He's on the Chartbusters phone line now. Ring 0066 2222 and listen to popsters bimboling on about themselves. Wait for Feargal's bit and we want to know what he introduces. Is it: a) his brother b) his beatmate's pat gerbil c) The Giltzy Bits

(what? or d) his new record? Write the answer on the back of a postcard or sealed envelope and post to: Broken Shoulders Competition, Chartbusters, 8 Harbal Hill, London EC1R 5EJ. Gat 'em in by November 20 and the first correct one out of Feargal's raincoat is the winner. Judges decision final. No EMAP or British Telecom employees.

1ST PRIZE:

Sony CFS9000 portable stereo (r.r.p. £279.95). The latest shoulder breaker from Japan with 20 x 20 RMS.

50 RUNNERS UP:

a Chartbusters T-shirt in everybody's size (medium)

A MAN ▶
(sometimes called Feargal Sharkey)

Chartbusters
0066 2222

LONDON'S 24 HOUR
POP GOSSIP
HOTLINE

OUTSIDE LONDON:

Don't despair at being left out. Chartbusters will be coming to the rest of Britain bit by bit next year. There'll be lots more great competitions ... just watch this space.

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CROSSWORD



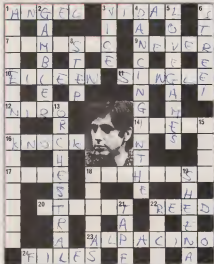
ACROSS

- 1 Madonna hit made re-birth?
 3 "Reddy Alert" Marie
 7 Where **Sister Sledge** were lost in '79 and '84 (2,5)
 9 Repair-lease-for an **Assembly** hit
 10 **Devo's** original, but it's gone on
 11 Unwed, like a **100% Boy**—
 12 Robert De Niro's waiter for **Bananas**...
- 14 and 15 down: Just **Jimmy Semerville** in romantic mood (1,4,4)
 16 You did **Jack Wood** for **Amii**
 17 "Just" the band the doctor ordered!
 18 I edit. See to find a chills-sounding band (anag)
 20 "..... Mission: **So**" (**Brecht**) beat
 22 Date-guys-as-went-for actor **Oliver**
 23 See **plavie** (14-6)
 24 (Date-papers-1st) by TV's **Jim Neekford**?

DOWN

- 1 Resolving and playing soccer—just like **Simple Minds**? (5,3,7)
 2 First female disc jockey, yet another **Madonna** success (5-6)
 3 Kind of crime-you get in **Alaska**?
 4 and 6 **Bowie** and **Jagger's** thoughts
 —Anag (up 11-2-5)
 5 **Beie** and **The Devotions** romantic partners (4,3)
 6 See 4 down
- 8 ...One—**Further** (**Bardi**)
 13 The kind of music **deuces** you perform the disk
 See 14 across
 18 **Widge** live: bit of wacky thinking (2,1,3)
 19 E.E. Nash becomes **No Eastern** (11-6)
 21—A cassette for **mbone**
 22 Music like very horrible cake with bits of dried fruit in

ANSWERS ON PAGE 50



Maitai

*The Rules Of Love
 (Groove Side)
 Am I Losing You Forever
 (Smooth Side)
 Two great new tracks
 on a superb value Single
 Taken from the Album/Cassette
 "History" V 2359/TCV 2359*

RSVP

Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with a few words about yourself so people can get in touch. All cards to: RSVP, Smash Hits, 52-55 Canaby Street, London W1V 1PF. And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.

● **A lonely Gutterheart would like other Gutterhearts to write to.** You can be any age so please write to me. Kathryn Stoddart, 38 Station Road, Seigeheds, Stockton-on-Tees, Cleveland, TS21 2DA

● **Hi people!** We're two fun-loving guys aged 13 who'd like to hear from all girls out there aged 13-14. Likes include DD, Madonna, Nik Kershaw and lots more, so get scribbling to: Andy and Jason, 147 Hedges Moor Road, West Ardsley, West Yorks, WF3 1EJ

● **Hiya!** Duran, DMD, Suburbs, Bowie, Hojo, Japan, Nik, Paul Young, King, Depeche, TFF, Altered Images, Simon Le Bon and sunny California! Need I say more? Julie Nelson, 16330 Oak Canyon Drive, Morgan Hill, California 95037, USA

● **Does anybody need a 19 year old guy as a pal?** I'm into Paul Young, Duran and Baranzama. Please send a letter and photo to: Shafiqe Afrande, 1 Jalan Jambu Berth 43F, 40000 Shah Alam, Selangor, Malaysia

● **I'm 16 and into King Kurt, The Cremps, Spear Of Destiny and the B2's.** I like all chart music and I love The Young Ones and 5th music. I'd like to write to boys aged between 16 and 18. Scrawl away at your leisure to: Gina Hayes, 33 Deanes Park Road, Fareham, Hants

● **My name's David, I'm 14 years old and as a hobby I run a disco.** I'm into all music including H. Jones, G. Norman and Madonna. Anybody, any age, anywhere, write now! David Hether, 15 Chapel Street, Alconbury, Huntingdon, Cambs, PE17 5DY

● **If you're feeling bored and are into U2, Poite, Alarm and most chart music,** write to me. Gill at 98 Hodge Hill Common, Hodge Hill, Birmingham, B36 8AG

● **Wekey wekey everyone!** I'm Steve and I'm 16 years old. I'm into any chart music but I really like TFF and Ultravox. So if you like writing letters write to me. Gill at 98 Hodge Hill in the world and I'd like a photo if possible. Steve Griffiths, 33 Bender Court, Woodchurch, Wirral, Merseyside, L49 5LH

● **I would like to get in touch with any John Foxz fans anywhere.** Please let me know that I'm not the only fan. I'm 23 and am also into Brityloid, Paul Young and Dead Or Alive. If I reply to all who write. Sue Bowen, 12 Day Drive, Dumton, Birmingham, B32 1BE

● **I'm a 12 year old boy called James and I'm stuck in a really boring boarding school.** I like Howard Jones, Madonna and most music but hate heavy metal and hippies. If interested please write to: James Stirling, Worth Junior School, Paddockhurst Road, Turners Hill, Sussex, RH10 4SD

● **Hiya! I'm a 15 year old modette** looking for dedicated mods to write to. I'm into most mod music, especially The Jam, Small Faces and The Style Council. I also love The Beatles. So if you're a dedicated mod then get writing to: Lesley, 54 Portobello Grove, Portchester, Fareham, Hants

● **I'm a very lonely 16 year old Thomas Deiby fan** who also likes DMG, Japan, Sir Philip Collins, An Di Noise and Propaganda. I hate Duran and Wham! and any other teeny bopser rubbish. Any girls 15-17 oh write to: James Turner, 6 Sarbon Road, Newton Heath, Manchester, M10 6UU

● **Help!** I'm a 15 year old German girl and every day I'm locked up in a school with loads of Americans. Any people into black clothes, strange haircuts, Gary Numan, The Cure, Depeche Mode, Anie Clarke, Siouxsie and The Damned, write to me and save me from all these Bruce Springsteen lookalikes. Miriam Bergmann, An den Ergruben 6A, D-6238 Hothelm 5, W. Germany

● **I'm Lisa and I'm feeling very lonely.** No one around here appreciates my music (The Jam, The Beat, Echo or 60s). If you are over 16 and think that Paul Walker is the best thing since sliced beans, write to me quickly! Lisa, 62 Travis Court, Royton Hall Park, Royton, Oldham, DL2 6YX

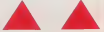
● **My name's John** and I would like to hear from any females anywhere in the world. I like Madonna and Kim Wilde and dislike punk and gothics. Write to: John Stroud, 84 Sherwood Ave., Abingdon, Oxon, OX14 3WA

● **I'm alone without you** so say I'm your number one and I'll be your brand new friend. I'm n-nineteen years old and like most chart music but my favourites are FGH, so if you've finished running up that hill write to me: Richard Topfer, 2 Duchy Ave, Doubestries, Newquay, Cornwall, TR7 3LG

● **We're Jo and Beck** and we're looking for someone to write to us between the ages of 15 and 17 - boys preferably. We're into Madonna and Scritti Politti. Write (with photo if possible) to: 17 Granville Ave, Newport, Shropshire, TF10 7DX

● **If you feel like writing to someone, why not write to me?** My name's Zeli and I'm a 15 year old female. I like most music especially Madonna, Duran and Chaka Khan. So why not put pen to paper and drop me a line? Zeli Fuller, 40 Greenwich High Road, Greenwich, London SE10

● **Hi, My name's Andy and I'm 12.** I'm looking for penpals between the age of 11 and 13 to write to. I like Madonna, Paul Young, FGH, messina about, listening to Radio 1, reading (Smash Hits of course), Saturdays, strawberry milkshakes and sleeping. Write to me at: 42-47 Wester Hailes Park, Edinburgh, Scotland, EH14 3AD



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ON 12' FRESH/MISLED (Special Medley Mix)
and CHERISH (Long Remix)

12 DEX21
7 DE21



LYLOYD COLE & THE COMMOTIONS:

The Lost Weekend (Polydor)
Can this man do no wrong? Well, yes he can, actually — those moody/nergetic James Dean-orientated expressions he's always attempting just do not work with cheeks so chubby. But apart from that he's pretty damned impeccable. And this is lovely — charming guitars steadily jangling and wringing at an idea based on Iggy Pop's "The Passenger" with customary jumbly vocal delivery. It all sounds uncharacteristically merry until one starts to pick up the words which appear to be about contracting pneumonia in Amsterdam, almost dying and then undergoing a religious conversion. I don't think that can be right, can it? I'll just have to listen to it again. (Don't mind if I do...)

MIDGE URE:

That Certain Smile (Chrysalis)
It's the plush, grandiose pop sound of "If I Was" once again, only more so — which can mesh only four things... 1) "That Certain Smile" will be a very big hit; 2) You'll be quite fond of it for a couple of days; 3) By the time it's being played on the radio every six minutes you'll be sick to death of it; 4) If he does those stupid theatrical hand wiggles in the video again you'll scream and scream and hurt the TV set out of the window and it'll land on top of a police car and you'll be sent to prison for a very long time. Bad luck.

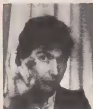
TOPPER HEADON:

Leave It To Luck (Mercury)
If it didn't say right here on the label that the song was written by N.B. Headon, I'd swear that this was a new version of James Brown's "Papa's Got A Brand New Bag" with different words. Hang on a mo, though, didn't Nicky "Topper" Headon, former Clash "sockman" (for it is he!), once get arrested for stealing a bus stop?! Hmm, it's all a bit fishy, if you ask me.

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

THE LUCY SHOW: Undone (A&M)

Guitars nip and chatter while a singer with the sleepy drawl of a British Jack Nicholson gets all sardonic about hanging out on the corner with his stinky friends. Not much of a song, run-of-the-mill, but the sound is dashing, groovy. You can dance to it, you can call it "art," if you so wish — either way it's shimmering cool.



REVIEWED BY TOM HIBBERT

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS:

This Is What She's Like (Mercury)

Kevin Rowland's in the pub with this bloke called Bill who keeps saying "Tell me what she's like" to him, right? "I'm trying, Bill, I'm trying." Kevin replies — trouble is there's this half-baked Irish showband with a dodderly old fiddle player blaring away in the corner so Kevin can hardly hear himself think. And anyway he's getting quite drunk and so keeps losing himself in the middle of sentences and howling along with the showband but not getting the words quite right or the tune for that matter. Bill never does find out what she's like (whoever "she" might be) and Kevin wakes up next morning with a massive hangover and the awful, dawning realization that last night he made this simply LUDICROUS pop disc...

DAN HARTHMAN: Fletch, Get Outta Town (MCA)

Dan Hartman doesn't make very good records, does he?

PHYLIS NELSON: I Like You (Carrere)

"I like you," not "I love you," or even "I like you an awful lot," just "I like you." There's little sign of passion in the song either or of anything much else for that matter. Quite clearly, Phyllis Nelson is one of the great hard-bitten cynics of our time.

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE: Come On Down (A&M)

"Win a holiday for two/or a fluffy kangaroo/Gervane vinyl three piece suite/It will make your life complete..." Yes, Sensible is having a sneer at *The Price Is Right* and similar guesstimate game shows, but he's so jolly and chirpy and inoffensive about it all that Derek Batey, Leslie Crowther and all those other masters of audience humiliation are left without a stain on their characters. In a couple of years, the "very lovely" Maggie Moore will probably be singing this jaunty cockney trot-along to the contestants on *Name That Tune*.

THE ART OF NOISE: Legs (Chrysalis)

In an all-too-rare appearance on Saturday Superstore's pop panel, Ms Delta Smith described this record (an achingly hip "sural tapersy") as "UN-SPEAKABLE" — and who am I to argue with the Queen of the Casserole Dish? On second thoughts, I prefer "UN-BEARABLE".



WHAM!: I'm Your Man (Epic)

I must say, I do like the cut of George Michael's jib. What usually happens once you've become the world's most famous rising pop star is you get complacent and start making useless records, or you go dotty and stop making records altogether. Not George — George cares about pop far too much to let himself become distracted just yet. He's passionate about pop and he's good at it too: not a great songwriter but a stylish "craftsman" and a marvelous singer. On "I'm Your Man" he comes on all broadly and sloppily in a racy pumping romp that's a little bit Motown and quite a lot George McCrae. A dignified hit. G. Michael is a proper star. (Not entirely sure what Andrew does on this but, no doubt, he does it very well too.)

PET SHOP BOYS: West End Girls (Parlophone)

A tumble through Soho in the seedy wee, wee hours accompanied by the kind of jaundiced horns that are more often found on soundtracks of films about Hollywood actresses hitting the bottle and cracking up with mascara running down their faces (*Valley Of The Dolls* springs to mind). Set against this, the electronic bleats and the demi-rap (*Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five's* "The Message" without the baseball bat) create an atmosphere of danceteria sleaze that's almost sinister. Brrr.

SIMONICS: In This Heat (Thin Sliced)

The sound of a trickling, ghostly violin — like those played by toothless gypsies in misty graveyards just before the murderer strikes again and the police inspector goes "Those same marks on the neck! My God! What kind of creature are we looking for!" in crackly old horror films — wafts fitfully while the deep, battle-fatigued voice of a male person moans despairingly about a lost screw hat. Absurd? Course it is but it's also overpoweringly hypnotic qualities will get you anyway. Ber-nillane.

ARTISTS UNITED AGAINST APARTHEID: Sun City (Capitol)

LATIN QUARTER: No Rope As Long As Time (Arista/Rockin' Horse Records)
Another all-star choir (Bruce, Bono, the saintly Bob Geldof and Dylan and many more) raises its massed voice in righteous indignation. This time the target is apartheid, Sun City being the South African entertainment resort where international artists — from Queen to Frank Sinatra — perform for flocks of music-loving South Africans (except for black music-loving South Africans who find it rather difficult to get hold of tickets...). "We ain't gonna play Sun City..." chant the assembled ranks, and quite right too. A fundraising event (all royalties to The Africa Fund) to be applauded, but as a protest song in its own right, "Sun City" seems pretty toothless, any "message" getting swamped in a riot of jubilant trumpeting and dance rhythm fever. A far, far more potent statement about South Africa is Latin Quarter's "No Rope As Long As Time" — a quietly despairing tale of an Afrikaner farmer who sleeps with a gun while his country tears itself apart, beautifully sung. No political sloganeering — just humans.

NEW ALBUM

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C A L E N D A R S

Yep, it's that time of year again. The nights are "drawing" in, the trees in Dingley Dell are losing their leaves, little furry animals are snuggling up in tree trunks for the winter and the sound of sleigh bells can be heard a-jargin' softly in the distance. And, one by one, all the shops in Squibbytown High Street put up their festive signs, switch on their fairy lights and (Shut up and get to the point - Ed). Sorry ... Calendars.



Just one of twelve not very horrible pictures of Duran Duran from their Official Calendar which, together with the U2 calendar, are the only ones which the groups themselves have bothered to have properly designed. As you can see, it's about a squillion times better than the "Copyright Approved" calendar which has got lots of charmingly unflattering and blurred photos like the rather nice one on the cover of Simon and Mick in a record shop with a baby!



U2: The Official Calendar is probably the nicest put together of all of them, with lots of unusual photos of the band leaning against houses and looking y' tough. Its competitor - the "Copyright Approved" one - is, by comparison, a rather unappealing collection of snaps of the band playing live, like the horrible picture of Adam Clayton.

▼ Four of the official calendars ...



This photo of George Michael comes from Wham! 1986. The Official Calendar which has quite a few really good pictures that you'll probably never have seen before. Whereas the small, rather disgusting photo is courtesy the "Copyright Approved" version which isn't all bad, though the best pictures are years out of date.



Madonna: The Official Calendar is actually very good, with lots of new "steamy" pictures of Madonna rolling around on a beach and the "Copyright Approved" one isn't bad either - lots of pictures of how she's changed over the last couple of years.

...and four of the unofficial ones. ▼



The latest "project" of the Comic Strip team is a full length film which includes Axl Edmonson (Key from The Young Ones) having runny pants with with Jennifer Saunders (of Girls On Top), Nigel Planer (that horrible hippie neil) dressing up in women's clothing, and ranting "alternative" comic Alexei Szybe jumping up and down in a policeman's uniform. But is it funny? Vici MacDonald, News at Ten, in the back row of The Oldson ...

The Comic Strip team (minus Rick Mayall who was apparently offered a part but didn't like it) have quite sensibly gone for a simple, unambitious plot for their first "proper" film. Adrian Edmonson plays Dennis, a naive and innocent chap who, eager to impress his would-be girlfriend (Dawn French), boasts that he's a very important drug-smuggler. The police - portrayed as sinister and brutal "pigs" (man) throughout - overhear him in a pub and decide to set Dennis up as a "supergrass", i.e. a police informer.

They give him a fast car, lots of money, an attractive policewoman (Jennifer Saunders) who poses as his "girlfriend", and ship him off to Devon to await a drugs shipment. Dennis, hoping for a free holiday and a spot of amazin' rumpo into the bargain, goes along with it all; the only trouble is that there are a couple of real drug smugglers in the village (one of them Nigel Planer in drag), and that's when things start to get a bit complicated ...

The Supergrass is gentle, slow-moving and beautifully filmed, with a fab soundtrack ranging from the moody jazz of Working Week to Frankie's 'Two Tribes'. There are plenty of very chuckles to be had, but be warned - don't expect to split your sides laughing.

NIGEL PLANER



I L M

THE SUPERGRASS

Rated 15 (105 minutes)



"Simply brilliant!" Dennis "hits" the "sax" with his dream date (and it's not Water Hottie Bortle).

ALEXEI SAYLE

● "Supergrass isn't fancy pooey jokes and stuff like that. It's just real, really. I mean, I don't think a lot of the things *The Comic Strip* did on TV were particularly funny. But what's as important in a movie is a good plot and characters you can identify with. If people do get bored, they're a bit thick really. And there are some good laughs in it — my bit's bloody funny, I laughed as my bit. I'm off to Spain next week — I'm doing a science fiction comedy film with Mel Brooks. It's called *Solar Babies*, and it stars the little boy out of *Witness*, but it won't be out till next Christmas. Actually, I see myself as Britain's Eddie Murphy — Maxwell Hill Cop!"

ADRIAN EDMONSON

● "I play Dennis, who's a bit of a prat really — he's the most naive 25 year old you've ever met. He's desperate to do a bit of naughty stuff, and he invents a lot of stories to get it away. . . You think the film presents the police as complete and utter bastards! Well, they are. They beat up one of my friends only the other day, so there is some evidence they're like that. *Supergrass* is quite serious in a way, but then the best films are. You can be funny as well as being serious. Some people might go along expecting *The Young Ones*. But they'd be mistaken. There are no plans to do anything like *The Young Ones* ever again, but Rik Mayall and I are doing a couple of *Saturday Live* shows for Channel 4. It involves a couple of characters called *The Dangerous Brothers*, which we're hoping eventually to make into some kind of sitcom. It's a similar style of comedy, but it's not *The Young Ones*."

● "I play a criminal from Scotland — I'm a drug-ring drag queen. I'm pleased with the film — I thought it was funny enough. It's not meant to be like a big wacky comedy sketch show, it's a proper story. Maybe it starts a bit slowly, but it gets better as it goes on. It'll be an education for the people who expect it to be like *The Young Ones* — it's a different aspect of our work. I see myself doing more character work — I'm appearing in an episode of this *Happy Families* thing (it's on BBC). Rik Mayall's in it too — everybody's got a bit in it. I'd like to do some more live work too, but I've had to leave a lot to let the dust settle of the new character. Maybe he'll resurface in another film, but not in the meantime. . ."

BOOKS



▲ Oh dearie me, worra state (tee hee). This, in case you couldn't recognise him under all that hair, is a v. ancient and embarrassing "happy snap" of David Bowie gender-bending

back in the days when Boy George was still in short trousers. He's standing in front of the now-demolished Haddon Hall (where he once lived), just one of the many "rock landmarks" whose histories are described in *London's Rock Landmarks* (by Marcus Gray, Omnibus, £4.99). Since the book deals only with London, there's loads about the Mod, Punk and New Romantic club "scenes" (i.e. groups like The Who, the Sex Pistols and Culture Club, who started their careers in the capital), but absolutely nothing about "provincials" like Duran Duran or U2. Still, it's an interesting read, and crammed with fab pictures of famous people in their younger days.

London's Rock Routes (by John Platt, Fourth Estate, £8.95), although it sounds similar, is a completely different kettle of fish. A more accurate title would be "London's Rock Roots", since it's a history of the roots of '60s "R&B" (Rhythm and blues) groups like The Who, The Rolling Stones, The Yardbirds etc. Anyway, it's earnest, boring and terribly expensive, so unless you're seriously interested in the original Mods and their music, give it a miss.



What have David Bowie's "Suifragette City", the Sex Pistols' "Anarchy in the UK" and a few Bay City Rollers' songs got in common? The answer — believe it or not — is that they're all songs that U2 used to play when they started off. It's just one of a collection of interesting facts to be found in *The U2 File: A Hot Press U2 History* (Omnibus £5.95). Basically, the book's a collection of all the U2 interviews and reviews that have ever appeared in Irish rock magazine *Hot Press*. It's U2's local magazine, and so the book includes interviews from long before they even made their first single, right up until this summer. Maybe some of the articles are a bit over the top, but the book does give a better idea of what U2 are like than almost anything else.



The Rock Yearbook VI (Virgin, £7.95) aims to provide a summary of everything that's happened in pop music during the last year. It includes a list of the last 12 months' charts, a summary of what music critics have said about the year's most "important" records, essays on the significance of this year's main pop figures (according to them, that's Wham!, Madonna, Nik Kershaw, Prince, Sade, U2, Billy Idol and — for some reason — Cyndi Lauper). There's lots of other stuff too — video, record sleeves, music TV, fashion — you name it, it's there. If you fancy wading through enough articles to keep you going for weeks you'll find it's a rather good read.

brrrrrd, brrrrd!
brrrrrd, brrrrd!
brrrrrd, brrrrd!
brrrr...click...

“Hello. Is that
Morrissey...?”

It seems you can't do anything these days without coming across a bunch of pop stars. Now they're even on the telephone. Two new services have just started up so that you can phone and listen to short interviews, bits of gossip and music (though, for the moment, only if you live in London).

Chartbusters (0066 2222) is a five minute long tape of interviews that's updated once a week and, when *Review* phoned, it had bits from Bobby Womack, Morrissey, Pete Burns, Paul King, Mark King (from Level 42) and Julie Roberts (of Working Week). From the same service you can listen to the Virgin Megaphone (Madness being very silly when they tried it), Black Trax (featuring new soul recordings), Laugh Lines (comedy) and London Tonight, a guide to what's on in London. The individual numbers are listed on 0066 6666.

LiveWire (0066 0066 - confusing eh!) connects you to loads of different services - you tell the operator which one you want and they put you through. We tried Star interview (Nick Kershaw, Paul Young and someone we'd never heard of), Pop News Hotline (someone stupid revealing bits of "gossip" about Prince, Sting and Dee Snider), Chart Quiz (a rather naïff quiz which offers you a chance of winning a £3 record token), The Tony Blackburn Soul List (which doesn't seem to feature Tony Blackburn at all), The HMV New Releases (which had Cool Notes reviewing their own LPs), and the Feedback line which allows you to leave messages and comments and listen to what other people have said (except that we found a "specially prepared" rap instead).

It's all quite good fun if you fancy hearing what pop stars sound like when they're talking rather than singing, but a) you can't hear them very well down the telephone; b) they're not really given enough time to say much more than hello; c) the presenters all sound terrifically "excited" all the time and d) it's quite expensive. Even at the "cheap rate" (before 8am and after 6pm) *Chartbusters* costs about 30p and *Star Interview* only a little less. Which is maybe a bit of a swizz when you can get words and pictures on the telly for a fraction of the price.

ALBUMS



SPANDAU BALLET: *The Singles Collection (Chrysalis)*

Although released without the band's approval, it's hard to see what they don't like about this. It's a plainly-packaged compilation of every Spandau single to date, from the "heady" days when the band wore very horrible kilts and Gary Kemp played synth on stage (hey!) to the highly-polished present. And it gives everyone an opportunity to appreciate Gary's consistently developing talent as a songwriter. The best may be yet to come. **(8 out of 10)**

William White



ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN: *Songs To Learn And Sing (The Singles) (Korova)*

The Bunnymen have always had a melodic consistency and cohesive strength of a real bond often lacking in their erratic contemporaries. When they're on song there are few to touch them and here are most of those songs - well, the singles, anyway - from the bothered, bewildered early gens like "Rescue", "The Puppet" and "Do It Clean" (the last two not on any album) when simplicity and passion ruled, through the breakthrough hits like "The Back Of Love" and "Killing Moon" to the present and "Dancing Horses" - the best of more recent material where pseudo-mystical flowery imagery and more complex arrangements have dulled some of the brightness. A pretty damn fab collection if you ask me. **(9 out of 10)**

Ian Cranro

COOL NOTES: *Have A Good Forever (Abstract Dance)*

Undoubtedly the gold chain bragged down at the disco are gone to love this and I can see why. It's good to dance and smooth to and it's totally anonymous. "Have A Good Forever" lacks punch or identity, it just plods along aimlessly without raising an eyebrow. Their first hit "Spent The Night" is pleasant and the ballads "Have A Good Forever" and "I Love You" are lush, but the rest sound like everything else spun on the disco floor - quite soul-less. **(4 out of 10)**

Peter Mash

GRACE JONES: *Slave To The Rhythm (ZTT/Island)*

Dragged out over 45 minutes, this is variations of just one song - "Slave To The Rhythm" - with arty-farty monologues ("Incantations echo in the mouth upon erotic sky" etc.), and snippets of mega-dull interviews in which we learn that Grace has a 95-year-old grandfather, lots of French lovers and is aerodynamically designed. "I think we should kill her," says one voice, "then we'll do a film about the life of Grace Jones." Now that might be more interesting. **(3 out of 10)**

Sornel Downer

JOHN PARR: *John Parr (London)*

This kind of formula rock - all glossy guitars and growled clichés - is designed entirely for the soundtracks of films about American teenagers cruising about in automobiles and smogging and expressing themselves through wild pranks because they're young and rebellious and besides that's the only way they can express themselves because they're all totally inarticulate and eating hot dogs. It is not designed for playing in the comfort of one's own home where the music's annoying lack of any spark of imagination whatsoever is very quickly detected. A nuisance. **(0 out of 10)**

Tom Hibbert

THEREZA BAZAR: *The Big Kiss (MCA)*

Ah, me, the world just hasn't been the same since Dollar split up. The way Thereza used to glance at partner David Van Day whenever they were on telly was heart-rending - "I know he's a bit of a bimbo, viewers, but he needs me!" her eyes seemed to say. Without a straight man to bounce her comic ideas off, however, Thereza is stranded. "The Big Kiss" - her recent flop single - was an almost brilliant attempt to recreate the wheezy Dollar sound of "Mirror Mirror", but the rest of the stuff on this LP is stodge except for a new version of Dollar's epic "Give Me Back My Heart" which is hopeless. Perhaps she should join Red Box. **(2 out of 10)**

Tom Hibbert

ELTON JOHN: *Ice On Fire (Rocket)*

The best sort of Elton John song is a slow, sad one that you can snuffle into your hairy kit. But the tracks on this LP - with the exception of "Shoot Down The Moon" and the irresistible and fabulously slushy "Nikita" - are very much like the "rockers" he was pounding out 12 or 13 years ago, and even the "host" of "guest artistes" can't stop them from sounding disappointingly old fashioned. **(5.5 out of 10)**

Steve Bush

LOVE AND ROCKETS: *Seventh Dream Of Teenage Heaven (Beggars Banquet)*

Love and Rockets are three ex-members of "gothic" doomsters Bauhaus, although you'd never guess it from this. The dark, brooding digests of old have been replaced by a lighter, more elaborate mix of influences as diverse as psychedelia, glam-rock and even gospel. The lyrics, too, are more rewarding - thoughtful, often humorous observations on life, love and religion. Maybe the songs go on a bit, but then it's the kind of record to sit in your bedroom with as the long winter nights draw in... **(7 out of 10)**

Vici MacDonald



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DRUM THEATRE NOW ON TOUR WITH KING

Dear Black Type.

Reading the most wonderful interview in your magazine featuring Morrissey and Pete Burns, I was shocked, and horrified when Pete referred to the most handsome one as "Old Mozza". Old Mozza? Its disgusting. I mean, it hardly suits the perfect one. Mr Morrissey, does it? Which brings me on to say, I have noticed how everyone seems to be given these silly names ending in "zza" or "ozza". Anyone called Gary instantly becomes Gazza and even Marilyn becomes Mazza. But there is one good thing about this. It proves what I suspected all along... that Tony Hadley is just a bit Tozza. James (Jazza) Anthony, London

Ciao, listeners! Blazza here, stripped for action and fit as a fiddle! (Well, that's a bit of a fib, actually - in fact, I'm completely tucked out, what with having spent the last few days being chased down streets by eight-year-old laddy boys wielding broomsticks with Waltrade carrier bags slung over the ends squealing "pennyferthingvegetablist!", not to mention my Halloween party. What a shindig that was - spook-ee pumpkin faces, Ms Bonnie 'Brightwig' Tyler on the turntable, and the Jim Bongo who could drink etc. etc! Only slight damper on the evening was that none of my guests turned up due to my neglecting to pop my "Black Type - At Home - 8 Till Late (11pm)" invitation cards in the pillar box. Swizzle! And now I'm stuck with a whole crate of un-drunk Jim Bongo hat, to show there's no hard feelings, I shall award said carton (along with my customary record token) to one of my "lucky" correspondents. What a brick I am, eh?

Dear Black Type.

Is it true that you gave up a promising career as a keyboard player in a French-North African beatnik group, in favour of a cameo appearance in 'Barbarella' as a petrol-pump attendant? The Black Club Lounge, Leamington, Glam

Think you've got your wires crossed somewhere, Lizard. I feel it is high time I cleared up one or two other misconceptions regarding myself. Firstly, the myth that I hate polo. What rubbish! Secondly, I mention whenever I happen to mention that I quite like vegetables, all hell seems to break loose! But what, pray, would a Pot Noodle (yum!) be like without those miraculous slivers of 'instant' carrot? Answer me that! And lastly, this preposterous notion that I dance about listening to Wham! on a Sony Walkman! For one thing Garry Lax doesn't sound anything like Wham!, and for another I haven't got a Sony Walkman. So let us hear no more on the subject, Sir Alastair.

I am shocked, horrified, disgusted, mortified, and livid-d-d to read the scandalous interview in your mag, in which you record the teke-a-teke of "Peter" Burns and that "awfully nice" Morrissey person, pass me the bowl of lentil soup, companioner of animal milk, and the things I've left wing. Well, I am now ready to expose Morrissey for the Wemblee be us

SMASH HITS

WRITE TO: SMASH HITS, 52-55 CARNABY STREET, LONDON W1P 1PF
THE BEST LETTER GETS A £10 RECORD TOKEN

Being a vegetarian myself, I take great care over what products I buy - many have animal derivatives in them, so I always check the ingredients first. And so any self-respecting vegetarian knows all 'hard' biscuits have ANIMAL FATs in them. And what was Morrissey eating in the interview? Yes - COFFEE CREAMS! So, he has been lying to be all these years, and his album 'Meat Is Murder' was merely a pretentious attempt at asserting his capacity to follow the latest trend or fad. Mr Morrissey should be content with locking like an anaemic parsnip, and not professing ideals he is unwilling to maintain. A Born Again Musicroom (With Spots), Bodmin, Cornwall

Dear Black Type.

I had this weird dream the other night. I dreamt I was in prison, reading a list of 'Wham!' and Madonna lyrics which went 'Ooh baby, you're so good, yeah. I'd like to see you again baby-waby shmoosh shmoosh hey' etc. I put it in my *Smash Hits* Scrap Book/Diary under 'Most Boring Dross'. Don't Know What To Put, Weifing, Kent

Your dream sounds positively riveting compared with one I had the other evening: dropping off in front of the telly, I found myself transported to a boatyard where a lot of losh people in anoraks were exchanging "knowing" glances and talking about yachts. It was then that I realised I wasn't asleep at all but was watching *Howards' Way*. OH NO!

Dear Black Type.

I feel compelled to inform all *Smash Hits* readers that they should tune into John 'Bob Bob Ba De De Do Yeh WHIATS ON' Walters, if they want to fully enjoy *Smash Hits* 1 feel that one can only truly enjoy the real meaning of this mag by listening to Radio One at 8pm on Thursdays.

It would be no overstatement to say that Walters' review of this mag is even better than reading it for oneself!

Cosmic condolences to those who don't listen. Margaret A Poguelet, Bristol

Listen to the radio at 8pm on

Thursdays? What, and miss the invigorating television broadcasts of Ms Judith "but-British-entertainers-think-they-may-have-found-the-solution" Hann?? Perish the thought!

Dear Black Type.

I just bought a single from my local record shop I was informed at the counter that singles had just gone up 10p to a ridiculous £1.55

In the Best of *Smash Hits* book introduction, John Taylor calls the record buyer, "the singularly most important cog in the record sales machine, lest we forget" Sorry to inform you Johnny boy, but the various record companies HAVE forgotten.

I don't want to sound like an old fogey and start saying "I remember the days etc." But I DO remember the days when singles were 99p, and I'm only sixteen so it can't have been that long ago.

Who the hell do they think we are anyway? Haven't they heard about the thousands of unemployed school-leavers?

If they would just make records a bit cheaper then people might be able to look out and buy singles a bit more often. And if the record companies want to be really thrifty, why don't they cut out all the art work on the record covers, and just give them plain black wrappers? O K, I admit it would be rather boring, but it would reduce production costs wouldn't it? The only artist who has stood up for us so far is Billy Bragg who states a set price of £1.25 on his single covers. Why aren't there more like him?

Kirstie Macrae, Arnyll, Scotland

Dear Black Type.

I have noticed that you have a "tendency" to put "inverted" commas around certain "words" What is the "meaning" of this? Is it some "secret" code that only "selected" "Russians" "spies" understand? Or is it a "way" of "communicating" with "aliens" from "outer" "space"? Or is it just "another" of your "tricks" to "encourage" people like me to write "dumb" letters to you so that the "Editor" doesn't "hate" you as a "bit" "selected" "Russian" "Sir" William Gold's "Bondage" "Trousers", "Dagenham", Essex "PS" I think it is "infectious" "Help"

Inverted commas are the best invention since exclamation marks, if you ask me. Why, not only can you bung them round words whenever you feel like it, but you can also slip them out of magazines, gum them on your chin and - hey presto! - a foolproof Bob Geldof Disguise Kit. Here are some for you to practice with. * * * * *

I would like to put right some wrong information given by Linda Duff in *Get Smart* (October 5). She told 'Tony Lomax's plectrum' that the gesture in which the two middle fingers are held in the palm and the index and little fingers are out stretched, is a 'spooky old Devil sign'.

This is not true. In Southern Spain and Italy it is commonly thought of as protection against the evil eye, and is often used to scare away beggars! It's British origin was the symbol of certain old pre-Christian gods, who had horns but were in no way "devils". Devils were only invented with Christianity, and the Horned God sign (as we pagans call it) is much older than that.

It was also described as a trade mark for the majority of Satanic metal outfits. That is completely untrue and unfair, as the numbers of genuine Satanic metal bands is very small, and the sign is used by perfectly normal bands in fact it is only extensively used by Ronnie Dio, who is certainly not a devil worshipper, but who used to be the singer in Black Sabbath (which may explain why Tony Lomax used it). I should also add that, despite popular belief, Black Sabbath are NOT Satanists, and a glance through their lyrics will confirm this.

Rebecca The Rocker, Brantree, Essex

You're slipping up again. In your "What on earth does this mean?" section in *Get Smart*, it was said that a certain hand signal was a 'sign of the devil'. Well, I am here to inform you that this sign is used by Marriage Encounter couples (a course run for married people) to say "I LOVE YOU" so Mr Tony Lomax was probably telling his fans that he loves them, and so should be taken as a compliment by all who watch Black Sabbath videos. There ye are now. Bet ye didn't know that. Shauna McDonnell, Dumfries, Ireland.

Dear Black Type.

Whilst putting a pile of yellowed old *Smash Hits* (covered in a V horrible cobwebby mess and lots of creepy-crawly creatures - gross!) stumbled across farthes proof of your remarkable observance of the English "tongue" (second only to the deep and inspiring philosophical meanderings of His Royal Weeness, Saint James Kranko, Esq.) Was it not Sir Hojo "Howard" Jones who, earlier this very year, had us all merrily a-tappin our toes with the "secret" of the "secret" "code" that only "selected" "Russians" "spies" understand? Or is it a "way" of "communicating" with "aliens" from "outer" "space"? Or is it just "another" of your "tricks" to "encourage" people like me to write "dumb" letters to you so that the "Editor" doesn't "hate" you as a "bit" "selected" "Russian" "Sir" William Gold's "Bondage" "Trousers", "Dagenham", Essex "PS" I think it is "infectious" "Help"

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"OUR MUSIC WILL BECOMES

SIMPLE MINDS

When Jim Kerr talked to *Smash Hits* back in July, the feature began "It's been a very quiet year for Simple Minds". Things have certainly changed since then. They've had their first American number one, their biggest hit so far in Britain, recorded and released their eighth LP and started on the American "leg" of a world tour that will bring them back home in February. Somewhere in the midst of all this - New York, to be precise - Jim found time to chat to Tim De Lisle.

Contrary to what some people will tell you, Jim Kerr and his wife Chrissie Hynde don't live in America: the Hynde-Kerrs, as America likes to call them, have just moved to a house on the shores of the Firth of Forth near Edinburgh ("What a place," says Jim. "I mean, what a place"). One way and another, though, they're not there very much. Scotland, it seems, is one of the few places where Jim didn't work on the new album. First there was Nice, where he went on his own to do some writing; then (a shade less glamorous) Esher, in Surrey, where he and Charlie Burchill and Mick MacNeil rented a house for a month and worked out the melodies. Recording was done in London and then it was off to New York State for the mixing, and finally New York itself for a spot of "fine-tuning".

All this work and travel seems to have been worth it, though - Jim is delighted with the "Once Upon A Time" album. "We've better melodies now," he says, "and we're arranging the songs better. I just think it's a glamorous noise - it really uplifts." A touch of arrogance here? "Well, I think we always had a rather nice kind of arrogance. Ten years ago, there were bands doing a lot of talking and all they did was talk and talk, make a few records and die. But we've always had the belief that in the end our music will become so big it can't be stopped..."

We're talking in Jim's room at the moderately swish Mayflower Hotel where three-fifths of Simple Minds are staying. They were at the much swifter Morgan's, the hip new place for pop stars, but they didn't like it. It may or may not be significant that three-fifths of Duran Duran are staying in Morgan's while the only other pop personality at the Mayflower is John Lydon. (Simple Minds like him, "he's really funny".)

Chrissie's at home with the children and Jim is sharing his room with only his suitcases. "I think when the rest of the guys came out here they'd all got a suitcase and a shoulder bag, and I had seven suitcases." The contents of these include not very many pairs of socks but absolutely hundreds of tapes, among them Talking Heads, Bob Dylan and a Russian choir. Jim has a wide-ranging musical taste, it seems. He likes Prince, he likes Dusty Springfield - he even likes Bruce Springsteen. "It's absolutely brilliant that Springfield is so huge yet has almost no sign of ego," says Jim. "It's fantastic 'cause you're brought up thinking, y'know, the good guys don't get it. He makes very big music as well, a very big sound. I think there's a beauty in that size but there's also a fear of pomposity and it's a thin line between them. But I'm not afraid of size, y'know. I remember being a kid and for 18 years I lived in a high-rise block and I used to stand at the bottom of it and look up and wonder, but I never felt in awe of it or anything."

What does Jim think of U2, with whom Simple Minds are so often compared? Well, it is clear that he feels a certain affinity.

"I think we share a vision and we share a clumsiness as well, and we share the same kind of blood. When I first saw U2 on TV, their

expressions looked like the ones I see on stage when I look around me. I really, really admire them and we've become friends - Bono came over and stayed with me in Scotland at New Year. But I think there's also a big difference between us - I think our music has a sort of femininity that theirs lacks and personally I'm really glad about that..."

As Jim pauses for breath, I ask what else he has on those seven suitcases. Books. They aren't rubbishy books, mind, but proper literature, matey - not that he's got very engrossed in any of them. "I've read like the first 30 pages of all of them, but to be honest the past six months I've been absolutely obsessed with the album. In fact, often I've been going to a movie and I've walked out and then gone back two nights later to see the end of it, because as long as I have a verse to finish or something it's very hard to concentrate."

He can't concentrate on films or books and he's not even allowed to read newspapers.

"Chrissie banned them... we didn't want our kids to grow up and open the *Daily Mirror* or something and see that junk. That's the process I'm at in my life just now, eliminating. Good; and bad. I hate those papers. The people who read them are just tranquilised people it seems."

Talk of Chrissie and child leads to my asking whether family life has altered him. Jimponders the question... "I think I've always been conscious of being part of a family, and perhaps I'm a bit more conscious of it now but to me it's all one family, the family I came from and the family I'm now in... I guess it has affected me. I was reading an interview in an American magazine, it was two or three years old and it was with the wife of the Polish Solidarity leader Lech Walesa at the time when he had been taken into captivity. And reading it made me think about women in general, the wives of the miners as well... I began to think what it would be like for me if for some reason I couldn't see my daughter. And I would never have thought about that this time last year. It inspired me to write 'All The Things She Said' (a track on the new LP)."

Chrissie, meanwhile, has been making some rather less serious music - i.e. her Number One duet with UB40, "I Got You Babe".

"That's a great song," says Jim. "But I personally thought they should have made more of it... That's me in the dog house for a couple of weeks!"

Jim tides away his suitcases and gazes out at the New York skyscrapers shimmering in the heat - it reminds him of an Ultravox video, he quips with a chuckle. He is clearly a happy man, and he's not ashamed to say so: "Luckiest guys on earth" sounds a bit gushing, but I really don't think we're far from that. We're so lucky in what we do and the people around us and the friends we've made, and if I decide to go to Jamaica or Moscow, I can, and I love that..."

Jim Kerr's only problem in life right now is a shortage of socks...

SO BIG IT CAN'T BE STOPPED..."

Photo: L.A.



SIMPLE MINDS



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THE WATERBOYS

A GROUP WITH ONE PERSON IN IT WHO WRITES SONGS ABOUT RAINBOWS, UNICORNS, SCIMITARS... AND PRINCE. AND PRETTY GOOD THEY ARE TOO...

"And then it goes woooooos/hhhhh..." Mike Scott is sitting on his hotel bed going a bit nutty. Anyone peering through the window would probably guess he was acting out a particularly action-packed scene from Rambo but actually he's just throwing his arms all over the place and making lots of indescribable noises, trying to imitate "the best bit" in The Waterboys' rather wonderful new single, "The Whole Of The Moon". He tends to do things like this when he talks about his music – and that's because he's so enthusiastic about it.

The fact is he likes writing songs (like the new single) which mention things like rainbows, unicorns, scimitars and "wida oceans full of tears". So what is "The Whole Of The Moon" about?

"Different lines are about different people," he says. "I mean, I could point to the lyric sheet and say 'that bit's about Prince': *with a torch in your pocket / and the wind at your heels / you climbed on the ladder / and you know how it feels to*

get / too high too far too soon."

The point being that he thinks Prince has "discovered" too much and is suffering as a result of it. Or at least he did think that.

"I'm not so sure now," he admits. "When I heard 'Around The World In A Day' I loved it, but I wasn't sure about the things he was doing in his life. There was a lot of publicity about his bodyguards and I just wondered if he'd gone a bit crazy, it had all been a bit too "high-far... soon" for him."

Now he's changed his mind. "I think he's just playing a game with everybody," he says. "I think he's really sane, an extremely sane man."

Getting back to "The Whole Of The Moon," Mike reveals that it's a song about knowledge – knowledge is a "good thing" but it's dangerous to get too much of it too quickly. "It's like, say, if you discovered one day that reincarnation is a fact, you could get completely freaked out with that knowledge. Some of the people who saw the whole of the moon saw it a bit too early..."

Mike Scott could talk for hours about things like this: it's taken a long time for people to sit up and notice him, so now he's making the most of it.

Before forming The Waterboys a couple of years back, Mike was in loads of Scottish bands that never quite made it. (He was brought up by his mother, an English Lecturer, in Ayr.) After the last one – Another Pretty Face – split up, he spent two years "disotoplasting myself with cynicism; they were the most miserable times I've ever had." But nowadays he's an optimist.

He's responsible for writing and singing all The Waterboys songs as well as playing most of the instruments. But the group isn't just him – there are two other permanent members (Carl Wallinger and Anthony Thistlewaite) and he gets in other people as he needs them.

"I started The Waterboys but The Waterboy is a ship," he explains. "I sort of steer the ship, navigate and chart the course, but there are also some crew members, there's a couple of first mates, a bosun, guys in the engine room and some people doing paper work..."

So far the "ship" has produced three LPs ("The Waterboys", "A Pagan Place" and the new "This Is The Sea" and though he says he's "not sure" about success, he would like lots more people to sit up and pay attention.

Suddenly he puts on a tape of one of his new songs – and he's sway again, waving his hands around, making funny noises and getting very, very excited...

Chris Heath

SOLE OF THE MOON

I pictured a catboat
You held it in your hands
I had flashes
But you saw the plan
I wandered out in the world for years
While you just stayed in your room
I saw the whole of the moon
The whole of the moon
You were there in the hammies
With the wind at your heels
You stretched for the stars
And you know how it feels to reach
You high too far too soon
You saw the whole of the moon
I was grounded
While you flew the things
I was dumbfounded by truth
You cut through lies
I saw the rain dirty valley
You saw Jerusalem
I saw the crescent
You saw the whole of the moon
I spoke about wings
You just flew
I wondered I guessed and I tried
You just knew
I slipped
But you swooned
I saw the crescent
You saw the whole of the moon
The whole of the moon
With a torch in your pocket
And the wind at your heels
You climbed on the ladder
And you know how it feels to get
You high too far too soon
You saw the whole of the moon
The whole of the moon, yay yeah
Unicorns and comets
Palaces and piers
Trenches full of tears and treatments
Wide oceans full of tears
Flags raggy Jerryboids
Squalls and snows
Every precious dream and vision
Underneath the stars
You saw the whole of the ladder
And the wind in your sails
You came like a comet
Shedding your trail
You high too far too soon
You saw the whole of the moon
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NIGHTS OUT

GO WEST El Camino High School, San Francisco

The prize in a recent contest sponsored by a local radio station in San Francisco was to have Go West play a special concert at your school. Hoorah! The winners would be the school that sent in the most "love notes". Eurgh! David Keeps turns up at El Camino "High" to meet the lucky winners. . .

"OHM'GOD!" That's American for "Dear me, a terribly famous pop star has just strolled past me!" Here at South San Francisco's El Camino High School the "Ohm'God!"s fly thick and fast as Go West's Peter Cox and Richard Drummie file past a throng of admirers to have their picture taken in front of the school sign. And once the snaps have been done, the duo are faced with a rather large problem - how to get back inside the gymnasium in one piece for tonight's concert. Richard actually manages a good 50 paces before he's surrounded by a sea of hands offering notebook paper and dollar bills to be autographed. Peter, on the other hand, has to sign two or three autographs for every step he takes. Precious "soundcheck" time is ticking away, but do our heroes go for a quick getaway? No, they ruddy well do not. "Ohm'God!" 15 year old Andrea DiNapoli flings her arms around Peter's neck. "I got a HUG!" she shrieks.



● "It's not for me, it's for my sister."

Finally, Go West make it inside the gym, the door closes and a cry rises up. "We love you. . . OHM'GOD!" Backstage things are a little more relaxed. Richard and Peter prowl around a table



● Ohm'god! There's a man with a camera inside the gymnasium!



PHOTOS BY JOHN HARRISON

● "Hey, we love ya. . . um, at El Camino." (Note Peter's very horrible "kerchiel!")

laden with 6-foot sarnies, while a bloke from the local radio station, KMEL, explains all this fuss: seems that KMEL's program director is "very high on this band" (American for "quite likes" them) and so sponsored the contest. After some poor soul counted 7 million entries, El Camino High came up tops with 1,580,000 votes - thanks largely to



● On the lawn of El Camino High School. The students are just about to get very rowdy.



me 7 million cards! I thought it was something someone was telling us to vibe us up. But it's actually true."

The concert at El Camino certainly makes a change from the rest of Go West's Yankee "jaunt". They were supposed to tour with The Power Station but things went wrong and they ended up supporting dreaded Canadian rock band Hearst. One concert, in Dayton, Ohio, was particularly awful: "The audience were booing before we got on and kept it up straight through," says Richard. "So, naturally, we played a few extra numbers for them!"

During this American trip, Richard and Peter have also found time to "pen" a number, "One Way Street", for the soundtrack of *Ricky IV* - which means they've actually met Sylvester "Don't Push Me" Stallone: "I don't know how he heard us," Richard says. "I guess he just listens to the radio like everyone else. He's great, he's very in control of everything that happens." But who cares about America - what Go West are really looking forward to is their first-ever British tour. "It's a weird situation," says Peter. "The Hammersmith Odeon is like the gig for me, the one place I really want to play, so even though it's home, it's more nerve-wracking than anywhere else."

But now it's time for the El Camino show. As a mob of "rowdy" teenagers strain against the human fence of policemen, teachers and dinner ladies, the eight strong Go West band mount the stage and nip into "S.O.S.". Seconds later backing vocalist Carol Keryon rips the back of her gold dress and flees the stage to slip into something more comfortable - a red rubber dress! For the next hour the audience go progressively bonkers as Peter totes his microphone across the stage, working up a man-sized sweat that soaks through his trendy Calvin Klein vest. By 10.30 it's all over, including the shouting, and the group start to wind down in the wrestling practice room that's serving as a dressing room.

"It was great," Richard enthuses, "but I get the feeling sometimes, like, people don't really understand what you're saying onstage. You can't help it, you just talk in cockney or whatever and over here they love the accent, but they're not quite sure what I'm trying to intimate."

Ohm'god!

the efforts of student organisers Michelle Mamerto and John Kobuch. "We're like the least spirited kids in school," they say, "but we love Go West. They're nice, they're not snobs and their music gets you going and you just can't stop."

"I didn't believe it," Richard exclaims. "I laughed. I said show



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Carl didn't know if it was
a new Philips Compo or a Rubik's
cube with detachable speakers.



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delivers a full 10 watts per channel with only
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Said Tony.

'Louder than a pair of fluorescent socks.'

Said Carl.



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A bitrova natter wiv George and Andrew.



MAI TAI

Cor, a "special" "report" beamed live by satellite from Holland!



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One of the most brilliant groups in the entire universe ever answers lots of very "probing" questions.

IN THE SHOPS
NOVEMBER 20

**U B
4 O**

YOU SHOOT ME DOWN IN FLAMES
YOU PUT ME DOWN A LOT
I'M GIVING YOU MY HEART
GO ON TAKE IT
PLEASE BE CAREFUL
NOT TO BREAK IT
JUST REMEMBER
IT'S THE ONLY ONE I'VE GOT
IT'S THE ONLY ONE I'VE GOT

CHORUS

DON'T BREAK MY HEART
DON'T BREAK MY HEART
DON'T BREAK MY HEART

YOU MAKE ME LAUGH A LOT
AND BUY ME SILLY THINGS
AND I'D RATHER BE WITH YOU
THAN ANYONE ELSE
BUT IF YOU MAKE ME MAD
BUT IF YOU MAKE ME MAD
YOU'LL WISH THAT YOU HAD NOT
YOU'LL WISH THAT YOU HAD NOT

REPEAT CHORUS



Photo: Andy Prosser/Photo Disc

DON'T BREAK MY HEART

WHERE ARE THE ROSES
AND WHISPERED SIGNS
WHERE ARE THE COMPLIMENTS
AND DREAMING EYES
IT DOESN'T MATTER YOU SEE
I KNOW YOU LOVE ME
REAL BASIC LOVE NEVER DIES
ON

REPEAT CHORUS

WHERE ARE THE ROSES
AND WHISPERED SIGNS
WHERE ARE THE COMPLIMENTS
AND DREAMING EYES
IT DOESN'T MATTER YOU SEE
I KNOW YOU LOVE ME
REAL BASIC LOVE NEVER DIES

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY UB40
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION
NEW CLAIMS/TV
ON DEP INTERNATIONAL RECORDS

**DON'T BREAK
MY HEART**

**SISTERS ARE
DOIN' IT FOR
THEMSELVES**

NOW THERE WAS A TIME
WHEN THEY USED TO SAY
THAT BEHIND EVERY GREAT MAN
THERE HAD TO BE A GREAT WOMAN
BUT IN THESE TIMES OF CHANGE YOU KNOW
THAT IT'S NO LONGER TRUE
SO WE'RE COMING OUT OF THE KITCHEN
'CAUSE THERE'S SOMETHING WE
FORGOT TO SAY TO YOU
WE SAY

CHORUS

SISTERS ARE DOIN' IT FOR THEMSELVES
STANDING ON THEIR OWN TWO FEET
AND RINGING ON THEIR OWN BELLS
SISTERS ARE DOIN' IT FOR THEMSELVES

NOW THIS IS A SONG TO CELEBRATE
THE CONTEMPORARY LIBERATION
OF THE FEMALE STATE
MOTHERS DAUGHTERS
AND THEIR DAUGHTERS TO GO
WOMAN TO WOMAN
WE'RE SINGING WITH YOU
THE INFERIOR SEX HAS GOT A NEW EXTENSOR
WE GOT DOCTORS LAWYERS
POLITICIANS TOO
EVERYBODY TAKE A LOOK AROUND
CAN YOU SEE CAN YOU SEE CAN YOU SEE
THERE'S A WOMAN RIGHT NEXT TO YOU

REPEAT CHORUS

WE AIN'T MAKING STORIES
WE AIN'T LAYING PLANS
DON'T YOU KNOW
THAT A MAN STILL LOVES A WOMAN
WHEN A WOMAN STILL LOVES A MAN
JUST THE SAME

SISTERS ARE DOIN' IT FOR THEMSELVES

THERE WAS A TIME [THERE WAS A TIME]
AN WHEN THEY USED TO SAY
[WHEN THEY USED TO SAY]
THAT BEHIND EVERY GREAT MAN
THERE HAD TO BE A GREAT WOMAN
IN THESE TIMES OF CHANGE
YOU KNOW THAT IT'S NO LONGER TRUE
SO WE'RE COMING OUT OF THE KITCHEN
'CAUSE THERE'S SOMETHING
WE FORGOT TO SAY TO YOU
WE SAY

REPEAT CHORUS

SISTERS ARE DOIN' IT FOR THEMSELVES
PEOPLE PAY NEAR WHAT WE SAY
STANDING ON THEIR OWN TWO FEET
RINGING ON THEIR OWN BELLS

HERE WE COME NOW
[SISTERS ARE DOIN' IT FOR THEMSELVES]
AD LIB TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LENNOX STEWART
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION RCA MUSIC LTD
ON RCA MUSIC

T H E



E U R Y T H M I C S

Phewzzzzshhhheeee-
EEEEEEEEEEeee Cowky
o'noh!! That was close!
Bonnie night, eh? Dantcha
just hate all those bangs and
stupid charred potatoes that
burn your hands and soup
with fangs in and
Phewzzzzshhhheeee-
EEEEEEEEEEeee Right, that's
it As another stay Brock's
"Super Illumo Skydazzler"
rocket sails past *Mutterings'*
earlobe, we decide to take
shelter behind the settee with
Sooty the cat. Those the
torlouse and Bimbo the boxer
pup - Mmmmm, that's better
Trouble is, there's not much
pup gossip down here on the
shag pile carpet. He
hum dum d dum on
look, Trine's popping her
head out of her shell for a bit
of a chirrup. "Hehe, mmm,
gotta bit of lettuce and I'll
tell you Aaaa pop fifties!"
Okey dokey! Fine away, oh
slow one. "Well, I have
heard tell, nibbiblebble, that
whenever **Iron Maiden** go
on tour they take a wooden
jug with them." On, very
interesting! "Ang on, ang on!"
The heavy metal
supremos also take their very
own *Andesl* washing machine
and tumble dryer!
Fascinating, Trine! On look,
Bimbo's been sick! What ails
the boxer pup? "Sorry
cheat, it's just the thought of
all these non-popstars like
Orville the duck who are
starting to make pop records
Ugh! Take **Derek Hutton**
famous "lethe" and deputy
leader of Liverpool *clubs*
he's just done a "wop" called
"The Derek Hutton
Pop" Baaaan!! Pardon
me! And then there's famous
Olympic track athlete and
Grace Jones-lookalike **Carl
Lewis** who is, even as I
speak, pursuing a career in
the recording business. And
then there's those smarmy
pretend policemen from
Miami Vice, Crockett and
Tubbs. It's "actors" **Dan
Johnson** (the "white" one)
and **Philip Michael
Thomas** (the "black" one)
who've both signed "major"
recording deals for lots and
lots of "bucks." Plus, to
make matters even worse,
Oon Johnson is "to be making
a record with **The Power
Station**." Baaaan!!
Pardon me! Plus - plus -
for a lizzing little
promotional jape, MCA
Records in Canada have sent
out copies of the Miami Vice
soundtrack LP to DJs,
journalists and the like with
new plastic bags attached.
Said bags contain white
powder which looks like
cocaine. Ho ho, what a hoot,
eh? Pardon me while I throw
up all over Trine the torlouse
again. Baaaan!! "Deane
us! Oh look, Sooty's fur's
gone all spiky and he's

Mutterings

making spitting noises! What
vozes thee, oh moe-lived
miracle? "Everylink, snot
you ask." Firsty **Andrew
Ridgely** of **Wham!**, who I
quite fancy, seems to be
quitting Britain to become a
so-called tax-exile, although
he's now denying such talk.
Secretary **George Michael**
of **Wham!**, who I quite
fancy, has had a tape of a
love song which was
specially written for him by
David Cassidy noked out
of a friend's swanky
automobile. Thrilly **Randy
Andy**, the royal personage
who I quite fancy, was on
Wogan only *Wogan* wasn't
there and instead there was
that **Selina Scott**lossene
and she kessed a bit of his
helicopter nine times for
luck. Fourthly, **Ray** of
Culture Club, who I quite
fancy, is expecting a baby by
his wife Alison (Something
not quite right here perhaps?
— Ed) and it's due next June
14 which just happens to be
Boy George's birthday
which is just a bit too spooky
for my liking. Fifthly, **John
McEnroe**, baby! Immi-

smith who I quite fancy, is
expecting a baby by his wife
Tatum O'Neal and they're
not even married! Sootly, in
the video flick "Tears Are Not
Enough", a 90 minute thing
all about the making of the
Canadian Band *And single*,
Bryan Adams, who I quite
fancy, is seen quite clearly
pinching the bottom of
country "n" western croon-
ette **Anne Murray**, and
they're not at all married!
Seventhly, **Morten Karket**
of Norwegian dreamboats
A-Ha, who I quite fancy and
who once studied theology at
Oslo University and grows
orchids in his spare time,
has fallen head over heels in
"love" with the girl who
appears in the "Take On Me"
video. Eighthly, her name is
Bunty. Ninthly, **Sir William
"Billy" Idol**, who I quite
fancy, once went out with
someone called **Karen
O'Connor** who just happens
to be the daughter of singer!
laugher-smith **Des**, tenthly,
veteran songstress **Lulu's**
sister, who I quite fancy,
sings on the *Butcher's
Cup-a-Soup* TV ads, and

eleventhly, nouveau
"superstar" **John Parr**, who
I don't fancy one my wemy
bit, is launching a range of
designer clothes based on
the French/Italian look,
whatever that might be.
Grinn spawwitt! I think I'll
shapen my claws on the
settee now *YAA fmkk* -
Thank you, Sooty, you're a
mine of information and no
mistake. Oh look, Bimbo the
boxer pup's having a bit of a
snooze - Trine the torlouse to
be precise. A tasty morsel,
oh canine wonder! "Not all
Mind you, what I could really
get me grasshops round right
now is a great big tub of ice
cream with lashings of
strawberries and pecan
sauce. That's the kind of
thing they're going to be
serving in the restaurant."
Prince is planning to open
you know. Oh laughing that, I'd
like some *Chicken
McNuggets* from McDonald's
interesting non-pop fact a
new McDonald's "outlet"
opens somewhere in the
world every 17 hours!
Orkay, that is interesting
Bimbo. Reminds me of the

interesting pop fact that **Paul
Weller** has split up with his
long-standing paramour, Gill,
and the even more interesting
pop fact that **Cher** is
recovering a Disabled
Achievement award from
Nancy Reagan because she
(Cher) is *tylosist* i.e. can't
read v well "cause all the
letters got jumbled", and the
slightly less interesting pop
fact that **Dian Sammarco**,
who plays *Adnan Mole* on
the television, *ogs* **The
Cure** like crazy. Oh look,
here comes *Crispin* the
carpet-lose! Tell us, oh
creaky crawler, how has
thou passed the fortnight?
"Cor! Ad a night old shindig
in New York - there I was,
a-quizzin' away on the
Administrator in this swanky
dud of the Palace when
'oo shod walk in but - wait
for it, wait for it - a v
famous pop star who's had
me had hot records (which
sn't very difficult, actually, seeing
as the only thing what I ever
eat is tubs of carpet) e.g. a
Sting." Yaa! Well, old *Sting*
plonks' mpsll gain at this
table (nearly don't my good
sell to death with his *Rush
Puppies*, I might add) and
he's a swiggin' away at the
rock 'n' roll when 'oo ead
shod shod in but even
more v famous pop star e.g.
- wait for it, wait for it -
Mick Jagger!! Bimey!
And guess what, guess
what *Jagger* swiggers
(good that, eh?) up to *Sting's*
table and starts shouling all
the while about a "milk
Car!" Ad to cover me ears, I
did - and I ain't even got
earpl! Anyway, turns out
that Mick was a bit peeved
about this interview what *Sting's*
done in *Playboy* magazine
wher' he says that Mick can't
sing for *folies* or *sunlike* like
that. *Cocooned*! So I hopped
on the first plane home - and
here I am *eeeeeeeeeeeeeee* -
Oh look, Sooty's eelen
Crispin the carpet-lose
What brought that on, oh
lellin' *Trane*? "Boredom,
misadventure! Yaa - I'm bored
bored BORED!" bored
Perzheoooooh! Eugh! not
much meat on *Crispin*, either
- I've chpped a tooth. I wish
we cats had proper dentists
like humans do. Take **Dee
Snider** of heavy metal
downs **Twisted Sister** -
he's got his dentrist to grind
down a couple of his front
teeth into fangs, if you
please! And talking of fangs,
just LOOK at Bimbo the
boxer pup - his choppers are
looming! And he's growling
all funny. *Cumbst* Tim.
Good thinking,
Sooty - *Mutterings* is off
loo *Phewzzzzshhhheeee-
EEEEEEEEEEeee* oh look,
Bimbo the boxer pup's eaten
a *Brock's* "Super Illumo
Skydazzler" rocket!



Shriek! Dee Snider of Twisted Sister has had a couple of his front teeth filed down into fangs!!!



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