

WHITNEY
HOUSTON



The woman who once had the nerve to say that she thought that the Royal Family were a "load of crap" is now going even more over the top. "I had a pretty normal childhood," claims Whitney Houston!

NORMAL? If Whitney Houston thinks she had a "normal" childhood then we'd flipping well like to know what her idea of abnormal is. We mean - talk about glamorous!

For starters Whitney is the daughter of American soul star Cissy Houston, and the cousin of singer Dionne Warwick. Then there's all the "showbiz" friends who used to drop by like Aretha Franklin, whom Whitney calls "Auntie", and Luther Vandross.

At 15 Whitney began singing in nightclubs. Next year she was modelling for covers of very famous US magazines and appearing in all sorts of soap operas, and by the time she was 19 she'd bought her very own luxury flat. What a humdrum existence.

And now the girl all the papers call "leggy" Whitney Houston is 22, simply huge in the States, and has just been voted a better singer than Madonna in the national "Grammy" awards. (So yah hoo to the people of New York who jeered Whitney at a Carnegie Hall concert last year and made her flee the stage in tears. . .)

"I feel that the whole Madonna thing is going to die at some point," she announces, "because I don't see her as a great vocalist and her songs don't really have a catchiness about them. In the long term she will be forgotten, whereas I hope I will still be around."

FEATURES

- 12-15 ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS:** It's a film! It's a book! It's a record! It's **David Bowie!** It's **Patsy Kensit!** It's the cultural experience of the century! It's a swoonsational "sneak" preview in the Hits!
- 24-25 DEPECHE MODE:** It's a group! It's not in a very good mood! It's talking to a rocking horse!
- 30-31 QUEEN:** It's a band! It's a rock'n'roll sensation! Above all, it's a moustache!
- 32-33 CULTURE CLUB:** It's back! It's dreamy! It's a centrefold!
- 40-41 THE POGUES:** It's Irish! It's got no teeth! It bangs itself on the head with teatrays!
- 48-49 A-HA:** It's Norwegian! It's not much good at kissing! It "digs" heavy metal! It's all the secrets of the cradle!
- 58 HIPSWAY:** It's Scottish! It makes girls "faint"! It makes a lovely cup of coffee!
- 60-61 MADONNA:** It talks! It gets snarled at by grimy men from "news" papers! It's not fair!

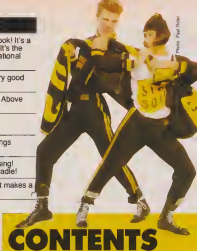
64 BILLY IDOL: In "living" colour. . .



A A-HA PAGE 48 This is the group who used to run home from school with tears streaming down their very own cheeks!

PLUS

- 4-9 BITZ:** Feelin' good'n'lookin', um, reasonable - six "lat" pages stuffed with **Spandau Ballet**, **Coco Pops**, **Echo & The Bunnymen**, a green thing from outer space, **Housamartins** and lovely clobber to win. . .
- 18 GET SMART:** What IS Mark UnpronounceableNameOfBigCountry's "real" name?
- 22 RSVP:** Hya! My names Michael and I'm into sparkly gloves and buying jim-jams for monkeys! Do I sound like your kinda guy?? (No. - Ed.)
- 29 PRIZE CROSSWORD:** You could win the Top Ten Videos! (This is actually true!!)
- 31 PERSONAL FILE:** Who can it be?
- 34 COMPETITION WINNERS:** What have we here? A banana, a pill, a mug and lots of nuclear missiles, actually.
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- 50 FEARGAL SHARKEY** Someone To Somebody
- 51 GEORGE MICHAEL** A Different Corner
- 58 HIPSWAY** The Honey Thief
- V DEPECHE MODE PAGE 24:** This is the group who used to do rude things with their very own sister's Sindy Dolls!





● Why all this stuff why all this stuff you are probably wondering, well, Britz made 'em! Making letters, numbers, and wiggling stuff! Say, Britz checks the business, cafe and public house's egg wash "handicap" in their big steady and girls and very very (really) red! So, mess! Britz is wash with hundreds of questionable cake decorations. Lots of surprises, isn't it?



CHAKA

"STAR" "STYLE"

● Number one equillion



● Oh, nooooo! Britz wants to learn that the new Steve Strathairn single "Why Would I (That's quite enough of being 'upset' - Ed)

Britz could hardly believe its eyes as it read the gold-embossed invitation . . . "Diana Ross and her Norwegian millionaire boyfriend" with a completely unsuitable name cordially request the presence at their wedding of **BITZ**. Bring a bottle. Blimey! Britz was going to the social event of the decade i.e. the silksome songstress's marriage beam! Should be quite a noth-up, we reckoned, so slipping into bib and tucker **BITZ** looked around for a suitable "gift" for the happy couple. And there beneath the desk lurked an ideal present - ten videos and 25 LPs. Yes, that should do. But then, just as we were trimming the "festive" wrapping paper to a suitable size, we spotted something quite embarrassing. The 10 videos and the 25 LPs were . . . all by Diana Ross!! She wouldn't want her own "vids" and LPs for a wedding present, would she? No. And it was too late to dash out for a pop-up toaster or a waffle iron, so . . . *BITZ* didn't go. Typical!!!! Oh, well. Take these Diana Ross "goodies" off our hands, dear reader, why don't you? The "vid" is "The Visions Of Diana Ross" (see *Review*), the LP is "Eaten Alive", and the question is:

Which of the following films did Ms Diana Ross not appear in - a) *Mabogany* b) *Lady Sings The Blues* or c) *The Wiz*? Answers on a wedding bell to Smash Hits Silksome Songstress Le. D., Ross Contest, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by April 8.

WE'LL NEVER FORGET. . . UM, THINGIE. . .

It was long, long ago, in the spring of 1981, that a fresh-faced youth scuttled into the *Smash Hits* office in search of employment. He had just been "dismissed" from his post behind the counter at British Home Stores, he was "into" **Racey**, **Flintlock**, **Paper Lace** and other "top" groups, he came from Chudleigh, Devon, and his name was **Dave Bostock**. How could we turn away this beaming innocent? Within moments the "lad" was ensconced behind the Design Editor's desk, tucking into a lunch of two very, very big sandwiches washed down with a Big Mac that was to earn him the eternal nickname "Scoffler".

Over the years Scoffler waded endear himself to Carnaby Street and the entire pop picking nation, despite his self-confessed penchant for nudes, hatred of "proper trousers", and insistence on wittering on about "drum sounds" at all hours of the day and night. It was he who invented, singlehandedly, the pop phenomenon that is **Nik Kershaw** (it was he who, singlehandedly, revitalised the Australian "rock" scene). It was he who (not content with playing bass in his own "secret" band i.e. the **Scoffler Bostock Duo Dah Band**), singlehandedly, spoke out for the down-trodden underdogs of society in **Talk Talk**.

And now he's gone. Gone! Yes, in a callous volte face steeped in treachery, this sage of style has upped and left us for *Just Seventeen*. What a creep.

HAW! HAW! HAW!

What we have here, shprmaties, is a picture of those "shyft" Spunks, **Martin** "Engrinmask" **DeGwite** (the Czech man of pop) (skit) and his cohort **Tony James** (right) as they used to look in the late '70s i.e. a complete state. Left, for comparison's sake, is how they look now i.e. more wrinkly but still a complete state. (Skip being so horrible, **BITZ** - Ed)



Photo: L.T.

Photo: L.T.

BLACK.

Mmn. Now there's a "thing". Black hole. Black eye. Black market. Blackpool. Black eyes means from

Venue... Yes, many things are black (ME: - Black Type) Gerroff! Many things are black - and most of them are "Items" of black clothing with pop groups names on. And Bitz has got all of them to give away! Bloomin' Nora!

Yees, we've got five black Damned jackets with loads of buckles and unidentified metal objects of no use to man nor beast on! And the splendidous black Cultura Club shirts with no unidentified metal object on st ill! And five black Hipsway sweatshirts on "boogie" the night away and become very hot and sweaty in! And five black Latin Quarter sweatshirts to smooch the night away and get hot and sweaty for "different" reasons in!

Ah, joy and jubilation. Isn't life fun when everything's gone black? In fact, Bitz is in such a good mood now that it's going to bung in some records to go with the clobber. Like 25 copies of last summer's Damned LP "Phantasmagoria" complete with an excruciatingly rare blue vinyl (not nearly as good as black vinyl, though) 12" of "Eloise".

Oh, happiness! And 50 12" copies of Culture Club's single "Move Away". Yahoo! And 15 Hipsway "double packs" i.e. 12" versions of "The Honeythief" and their first single "The Broken Years". Ecstasiness! And 50 copies of Latin Quarter's LP "Modern Times"!

And all you have to do to get the swag of your choice is answer one of these questions (or you can answer them all and have the chance to wear all four "Items" and look very lumpy and "boiling").

Mark your answers SWAG 1, 2, 3, or 4 and send them on separate black "Items" to Smash Hits, *Everything's Gone Black Competition*, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF (before April 8).

1. LATIN QUARTER SWAG

If any member of Latin Quarter were to eat three-quarters of a period banana and leave the last quarter on the kitchen table overnight, what colour would it turn? Is it a) tarten b) black or c) tapoque?

2. HIPSWAY SWAG

What does Hipsway's lead singer, Graham Brown, prefer to be called? Is it a) Stan b) Backie "Slack" Blackford or c) GJ Jersey?

3. THE DAMNED SWAG

What is the name of The Damned's first LP? Is it a) "We Look Very Scary in Our Black Clothes, Don't We?" b) "Damned Damned Damned" or c) "Black Celebration"?

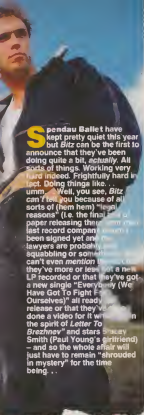
4. CULTURE CLUB SWAG

Where does boy George usually stay when he's not in Spain? Is it a) America b) The Black Hole Of Cuckoo or c) Blackpool?

Photo: Ian M. G. / Optima



◀ Bar Cunningham in a stupid hat



Spendau Ballet have kept pretty quiet this year but *Blitz* can be the first to announce that they've been doing quite a bit, actually. All sorts of things. Working very hard indeed. Frantically hard in fact. Doing things like... umm... Well, you see, *Blitz* can't tell you because of all sorts of (hem hem) "legal reasons" (i.e. the final bit of paper releasing them from their last record company contract). I've been signed yet and my lawyers are probably still squabbling or something but I can't even mention that because they've more or less got a new LP recorded and that they've got a new single "Everybody (We Have Got To Fight For Ourselves)" all ready for release or that they've just done a video for it with the spirit of *Letter To Brezhnev* and stars Shirley Smith (Paul Young's girlfriend) — and so the whole affair will just have to remain "shrouded in mystery" for the time being...

On dear. *Blitz* has just heard that **Echo & The Bunnymen** have split! Finito! Dampierbound! *Trag* trag — a telephone peep.

"They haven't split at all," fumes publicity spokesman Mick Houghton. "All that's happened is that the drummer, Pete De Freitas has left."

Oh. *Blitz* has also heard that Pete went off to America to join a religious sect...

"No. He went over for a holiday and when he was there he obviously thought things out and made the decision. He just couldn't cope with the thought of carrying on doing exactly the same thing. The rest of the band are upset — it was quite a shock — but they're accepting it and just want to get on with recording their new single."

Oh. So who'll be drumming? "Blair Cunningham from Hasret 100." Oh... "He's not joining permanently but he'll be playing on the new single which comes out at the end of April and on the new album, which they are recording in May. They're also playing at the Albert Hall on April 24th as part of the Greenpeace concert."

Oh. And what's Pete going to do? "He's back in Norwich with a new band — the Sex Gods."

Oh. Sounds like the religious sect bit could just be true after all.



▲ Mike [he!] and his rather dubious-looking "mechanics".

Mike And The Mechanics, eh? Who are these men? Well, would you believe it, believe it or not, you'll never believe this — they're actually extremely famous musicians of unparalleled celebrity. In fact, Mike Rutherford is the bass player in Genesis (the band that Sir "Phil" Collins is sometimes in when he's not flying about all over the world picking up awards for his solo "masterpieces")! And the singer is Paul Young (well, it's the Paul Young from Sad Café, but it's still a very famous and handsome name!)! And the keyboard player, Adrian Lee is in Toyah's "group"! And the drummer, Peter Van Hook plays for Van Morrison (v. famous early 70s "hippie rock" songster)!!!! And the other singer Paul Carrack did vocals for chart-topping rock combo of yesteryear Ace!!!!!! Who? Oh well, you can't expect everyone to be "sods". Mike And The Mechanics are the branch of Mike himself (for it is he) but that doesn't mean that he's tied up with Genesis: "This is a project venture," pipes the mechanical one. "Genesis works one year on and one year off — that's the way it's been for the last eight years and it seems to work. Obviously our solo ventures reach different levels of stardom."

So, tell us, "Mike", are you or are you not a hippie?

"Well, I used to be a hippie — but I'm not any more."

So, tell us "Mike", will Mike And The Mechanics be producing lots of songs about people being decapitated while playing croquet, like Genesis used to?

"Ha ha No... Good."

Fine Young Cannibals are going on tour. And — bit of a "concept", this — like the details are in *Tours*. Like hey, wow...



▲ The Rolling Stones — five sexy lads from Liverpool who shook the world. Formed in a show-biz in 1962, the "Stones" are given their full title, rockified to international fame with their debut vinyl output, "Let The Kettle On Mother (I'm Retchin)", after which their seventh issued Brian "Laffy" Richards fell in a pond and was replaced by American Stephanie De Sykes who lived in a lagoon on a mountain in India with Marlon Brando. Or something like that. Guh.



This rather attractive picture has just landed on *Blitz's* desk. Something to do with a group called **Blue Zone** and their single "Love Will Wait", apparently, though the connection seems somewhat obscure. The group, by the way, describe their soul-influenced music as "heart and muscle". *Blitz's* art "expert" describes this picture as "squiggly tosh". Avant!



● This is Steve Rawlins of **Dense Society**, who was once described as "The Face Of '84".

- There are four other people in the group, but he reckons he's "the cutest" (which is why he's the only one in the picture).
- They formed in Barmsey in 1980 and used to be v. doomy n gloomy but now they've gone all sophisticated and admit they "want to be rich".
- Although they've been really successful in the "indie" charts they've never had a proper hit record, though their new single, "Hold On (To What You've Got)" might change all that.
- If Steve Rawlins had a million pounds, he'd "buy a mansion in Barmsey and paint it purple."



▼ Welcome to Part 2 of your cut out 'n' keep *Blitz Book Of Life* — simply snap it out, fold the pages away in a safe place and watch as... brought by bringing it. Loads into a warty big pile of little bits of paper with everything you ever wanted to know about! — with an hour! **Next week:** Part 3: The Wonderful World of Nature and The Nucleus Of A Comet

THE HISTORY OF ROCK 'N' ROLL
Part Two:
THE ROLLING STONES



▲ The Rolling Stones — left to right: Keith Richards, Mick Jagger, Charlie Watts and Bill Wyman.

The Rolling Stones — five sexy lads from Liverpool who shook the world. Formed in a show-biz in 1962, the "Stones" are given their full title, rockified to international fame with their debut vinyl output, "Let The Kettle On Mother (I'm Retchin)", after which their seventh issued Brian "Laffy" Richards fell in a pond and was replaced by American Stephanie De Sykes who lived in a lagoon on a mountain in India with Marlon Brando. Or something like that. Guh.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF "FOOD"

Part Two:
BREAKFAST CEREAL



Ferry morning around the globe people pack up one-only cardboard boxes with cartoon characters to use the fruit, pour the mixture over a mound of cereal plus a certain amount of milk. The boxes are made of paper, which make a popping sound and dissolve into a brown sludge, and they're very flammable when they're lit. This is known as the "breakfast cereal." **Blitz!** But who first devised them? **Blitz!** It was **JOHN HARVEY KELLOGG — CORNFLAKE FINDER!**

- THE FACTS**
- Kellogg was born in 1852 in Battle Creek, Michigan.
 - He was a Seventh Day Adventist (strict vegetarian).
 - He left to set up the Battle Creek Sanitarium where he produced his "breakfast cereal."
 - He believed that the path to health lay in a morning breakfast and so served his patients thick bowls of unseasoned, unspiced and corn meal which he called *breakfast table*.



Photo: Paul Moran © 1990, Getty Images

Katrina And The Waves are going on tour — details in *Tours* . . .

FREDDIE JACKSON



Rock Me Tonight" is Freddie Jackson's first ever single. But he's not letting the fact that he's a bit of a "novice" in the giddy world of pop prevent him from living a superstar existence. No, sir. The single has already been an enormous hit in America and every time the girls spot Fred on the streets of his native Manhattan, mayhem ensues.

"I'll just be doing some shopping in the supermarket," Freddie tells *Butz*, "and I come out with my bags and they see me and they start chasing me down the street and . . . I always drop my eggs." Dear oh lord, perhaps they're muddling you up with *Michael Jackson*, suggests *Butz*. "Michael Jackson?" Freddie deftly sidesteps our little jest. "Yeah, I've met Michael Jackson. All in the last year I've met Michael Jackson, Diana Ross, Quincy Jones, Dire Straits, Whitney Houston, Stevie Wonder, Lionel Richie . . . the list is endless."

Freddie feels that his singing career has been pre-destined since birth: his mother was a gospel singer and she went into labour right in the middle of a concert. "And six or seven hours later, I emerged. She always said 'You better be a real good singer after what I went through.'"

So far F. Jackson has not let his mama down. His first LP, also called "Rock Me Tonight", has gone "double platinum" in the States and Freddie now lives in a highly plush apartment and spends *petit* amounts of money on clothes: "I take my clothes very, very seriously. I would *never* spill broken eggs on my clothes."



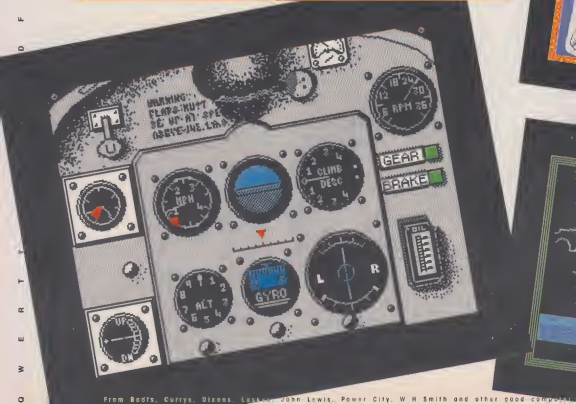
▲ Heeeeey, "maaaaazin, a "visual pun" (man). The windswept bloke above is Brian Atherton of a new group called **The Light**, and the black metal tin can tringle he's wrestling with is actually . . . a light! *Tris* is conceptual, non? There are four other people in the group (two of whom used to be in the Euythmics' backing group), and their first single, "Contrasting Strangers", sounds not unlike China Crisis.



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OR IT'LL KEEP YOU PINNED TO THE EDGE OF
YOUR SEAT PLAYING A GAME CALLED NEVER
ENDING STORY. IT TAKES THREE TIMES AS
LONG AND BECAUSE WE WANT YOU TO SEE
JUST HOW BRILLIANT ITS GRAPHICS ARE, AND
HOW ITS NEW SOUND SYNTHESISER PLAYS
MUSIC AND SPINE CHILLING SOUND EFFECTS,
WE'RE GIVING BOTH TITLES AWAY FREE WHEN
YOU BUY IT BY THE WAY, THERE ARE
THOUSANDS MORE IF EVER YOU DO BEAT THE
PANTS OFF THOSE TWO



ABSOLUTE B

WHO IS THIS GIRL? It's Patsy Kensit, the 17 year old star of the most "talked about" music of David Bowie, Sade and the Style Council, it took two years to make

"If some people had had their way, it would have starred Wham!, the Eurythmics or Duran Duran," explains Don Macpherson, the bloke who wrote the *Absolute Beginners* screenplay, adapting it from the original novel by Colin MacInnes. "And it would have been superimposed to the '80s."

Which is exactly what he, the director Julian Temple, and producer Steve Woolley didn't want when they set out to make *Absolute Beginners*. So they spent four years gathering support to make a film that supposedly didn't sell itself by using completely inappropriate music and pop stars but which actually tried to recreate authentically the atmosphere and excitement of the '50s. They chose the '50s because that was "the first time the kids had money", and also the first time they really had their own music. Colin, the film's central character, sits in the middle of all this as "England's first teenager," explains Macpherson. "Not just England's first teenager but also its only one: the total teenager. An absolute beginner, but with the whole world waiting for him."

"It's an explosion of colour, music, style — a romantic film," adds Temple, "with characters who are larger than life." The music, hopes Macpherson, will "maybe change chart music and open up jazz to a wider audience", even to such an extent that "people might stop listening to Wham!" "I'd love people to go and see *Absolute Beginners*," concludes Julian, "like a James Bond film. I hope it is more about England than James Bond ever was, and just as entertaining. In terms of being educated, I remember that the more laughs, the more filth, the more pornography in history, the more interesting it always was."

So is that how it's turned out? Let's see . . .

The time is the summer of 1958, the hottest summer for years. The place is Soho, the bustling, seedy centre of London. Amongst the strip joints, prostitutes and general chaos are the cafes and jazz clubs where Colin, his girlfriend Suzette and their friends meet up. They're "teenagers". Nothing unusual about that, you might think, except that until after the Second World War "teenagers" didn't really exist as such — you grew



▲ Suzette plays a "sultry" nightclub singer (looking unconvincingly like Sade) when songstress Helen Stacey is

up, you left school, you worked and you got married. Then things changed — for a few years before becoming properly "adult", teenagers had money, very little

▲ Colin takes an "arty" '50s Acker BPP style in seamy Soho



▲ Crepe Suzette displaying her-tilt-tilt style (i.e. Sade)

responsibility and all the time in the world to discover sex and music, to spend money and generally have a good time. The beginning of the film is actually a bit slow — Colin dances round the streets of Soho introducing us to all his mates — Wizard, Mr. Cool, The fabulous Hoplite, Big Jill, Dean Swift and The Misery Kid. And, of course, Suzette. She tells him to meet her for dinner tomorrow night end, in the same breath, to give up his stupid dreams of being a



▲ Dodgy espresso Harry Charms is a brilliant performance by Tony Nigoyla and his equally dodgy protégé, Dicky Dixon

very "arty" kind of photographer. And to help him, she's fixed him up with a photo "session" for Harry Charms, a very dodgy but successful pop manager. Colin should, she suggests, start moving

up in the world like her — she works as an assistant for a fashion designer, Henley, but hopes to eventually sell her own clothes designs. "I may even get to Paris next year," she gushes. "Money isn't everything," means Colin, who isn't too sure about all this social-climbing and ambition. "I know," says Suzette, "but it'll do until everything comes along."

Colin lives in a tiny room of a run-down house in an area of London nicknamed "Napoli" (because of all



▲ The run-down district of Napoli (based on London's Notting Hill) where Colin and Mr Cool live

the Italians there). Also living in the house are his friends Big Jill and black jazz musician Mr. Cool, who warns Colin that trouble is brewing in the neighbourhood among all the different races and religions who live there. But Colin doesn't take much notice — he's far more concerned with getting back into town to take some pictures for Harry Charms so that he can take Suzette out to dinner. His photo session takes longer than he thinks and makes him late for meeting Suzette, and when he turns up at Henley's, he isn't let in. Inside, Suzette is

THE MAIN CHARACTERS



▲ CREPE SUZETTE (Patsy Kensit): Young fashion designer. At the beginning of the film she's going out with Colin but soon deserts him for Henley



▲ COLIN (Eddie Connell): Teenage photographer, in love with Suzette



▲ THE WIZARD (Graham Fletcher Cook): Dodgy teenage hoolier, pop producer and friend (to start with) of Colin and Suzette. Ends up a very horrible racist living of a prostitute



▲ MR COOL (Tony Nigoyla): "Hip" trumpet player who lives in the flat below Colin, mimes a white girl and is set upon by Flicker's mob



▲ HENLEY (James Fox): Gay, boring old fashion designer who employs Suzette and who is also part-financing the Whizz City Development when Suzette's designs catch on, he marries her



▲ DIDO LAMENT (Anita Morris): Scummy gossip columnist who holds rival disgusting parties, and tries to seduce Colin



▲ SALTZMAN (Johnny Shannon): Bane hired by Henley and Flicker, who plays Flicker's gang to clear people out of Napoli (where Colin and Mr Cool live)

GINNERS

about British film in years, *Absolute Beginners*. Featuring the and cost £7 million pounds. So, was it worth it...?

accidentally dragged into the catwalk, caught on the back on one of Hentley's very boring dresses, jumps up in her sinky short black dress and – hey presto! – instantly invents a brand new fashion (i.e. mini skirts! Hentley, who is boring, middle-aged and gay, is impressed and asks Suzette out to dinner.

From then on things get worse and worse for Colin (and the film gets better and better). Suzette meets

him in a cafe, ridicules him for being immature and a "dreamer" and they split up. After a few days apart he gets so miserable that he phones her up again, only to discover to his horror that she's just going out to a party hosted by Dido Lament, a rather scummy gossip columnist. Nevertheless, he turns up there, meets lots of horrible people who treat him – "a teenager" – as a novelty item of interest,



▶ Once Suzette "meets" the director

IN 1958...

- There were 4 million waged teenagers in Britain and they spent a total of £50 million on records.
- Elvis Presley's "Jailhouse Rock" became the first single ever to go straight to number 1 in the UK charts.
- Prescott Reid had a minor hit with "Russia, Russia, Lay That Missile Down."
- 25,000 Britons joined the newly-formed Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament and the first CND march was held.

● The most popular British TV programmes included *Double Your Money* (a barmy quiz show hosted by Hughie Green), *Take Your Pick* (a barmy quiz show hosted by Michael Miles), *The Brains Trust* (a topical discussion show like today's *Question Time*), *Dixon Of Dock Green* (a quaint British Bobby show like today's *Julief Bravo*), and *Come Dancing*.

● Unemployment reached an all-time high of 500,000.

- There were more strikes than ever before (including a seven week London bus strike).

● The first jet air passenger service between Britain and America went into operation.

● You could take a 15-day holiday on the French Riviera for £25.80p.

● A vicar banned Teddy Boys from church for wearing luminous socks.

● Cliff Richard appeared on TV for the first time and was attacked for "obscenity" after wiggling his hips. "I'm always sexy!" fumed Sir Clifford.

● Questions were asked in the House Of Commons after rock 'n' roller Jerry Lee Lewis had visited Britain with his 13-year-old bride. "We have enough rock and rollers of our own without importing them!" spluttered MP Sir Frank Medlicotte.

● The world's first ever pink-haired singer, Wee Willie H Harris, was discovered in London's Soho and launched on the Decca record label.

▶ A so-called "gramophone" (and why?)



▶ Typical 1958 TV and pop magazines. From top: 'Marilyn' (the selling picture), 'Radio Times' (the selling picture), 'TV' (Marilyn's head), 'The Evening Mail' (Gyfford's head), 'Marilyn' (Marilyn).

● Britain's first motorway was opened.

● Stereo record players ("gramophones") were put on the market for the first time.

● Tights were marketed for the first time.

● A hula-hoop craze swept the nation and lots of people bought "The Hula Hoop Song", a terrible record by Georgia Gibb.

● The most popular children's TV programmes included *Robin Hood*, *William Tell*, *Blue Peter* and *Focus* (an excruciatingly dull "magazine" programme including a feature called "All About Money – How A Bank Works – with Arthur Groom").

● The most popular radio programmes included *Housewives' Choice*, *Desert Island Discs* and *Educating Archie* (a comedy show about a ventriloquist's dummy).

● With television sets no longer a luxury item, cinema attendance slumped drastically, but the most popular films of the year included Alfred Hitchcock's *Vertigo*, Elvis Presley in *Kid Creole*, Alec Guinness in *Bridge On The River Kwai* and Albert Finney in *Saturday Night And Sunday Morning*.

● The best-selling record of the year was The Everly Brothers' "All I Have To Do Is Dream".

● 7" singles cost 24p; 7" EPs cost 42½p; LPs cost £1.48p.

● A pint of beer cost 7p; a swanky washing machine cost £15; and you could rent a de-luxe black and white TV set for 36p a week.

● Landlords like Peter Rackman were buying up slum dwellings in West London and renting them out to black immigrant families at exorbitant rates.

● The first ever anti-black immigrant riots flared up in Nottingham and in London.



▶ VENTURE PARTNERS (David Bowie): Advertising executive who persuades Colin to "sell out" and become a commercial photographer. Also behind White City Developments



▶ ED TED (Tempto Tudor): Slicked-out, fashionable Ted who joins Fickler's gang to cheer people, especially black ones, out of Napoli



▶ FLIKKER (Bruce Payne): Gang leader hired by Saltzman to cheer people out of the area. Soon decides, though, that it's more fun killing black people and burning their houses down.

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS

CONTINUED

end finally finds Suzette and – gasp! – her fiancé Henley. Colin goes a bit bonkers – partly because he's drunk (all the people in his teenage circle prefer cappuccinos to alcohol) and partly because he can't bear the idea of Suzette, who he's sure loves him, marrying the creepy Henley just so she can get to Paris.

The next morning Colin bumps into Vendice Partners, an advertising executive whom he had briefly met the night before. Vendice takes him back to his plush offices, shows him all his schemes to make money (including a huge hi-tech model of the White City Development, something Colin doesn't realise is slap bang on top of where he lives) and end convinces

▼ Sharmy old Vendice Partners shows Colin the plans for the massive White City Development



him that it's time to join the rat race himself. So in the blink of an eye Colin decides to "sell out", turn himself into a successful fashion photographer and win Suzette back on her terms.

Bit by bit, though, he begins to realise that nearly everything about "selling out" stinks. So many people are making money out of "teenagers" that the whole thing is being "dropped", the "teenage dream" is



▲ Colin gets all jazzed because Suzette's married (sorry, not really) – and Suzette's a rat too (happy face)

ending. He appears on a TV programme hosted by a bloke called Cobber (who's always saying things like "teenagers are the new economic class

... it's the age of the teenager!"), has his photos of all his friends ridiculed and ends up so disgusted that he wrecks the show. Naturally the TV people loathe him, but all his



▲ Colin gets all jazzed because Suzette's married (sorry, not really) – and Suzette's a rat too (happy face)

friends treat him like a hero and he perks up a bit – that is until he notices a newspaper story announcing that Suzette and Henley have just got married. Utterly depressed, he gets drunk, drives off on his Vespa scooter and crashes...

He's OK, of course, just a bit bashed about, and soon his emotional traumas are the least of his problems – a load of hoodlums led by a thuggish rocker called Flakker have started beating black people up and trying to force them out of Napoli. Slowly it

dawns on Colin that they're being paid to do this so that Vendice Partners' White City Development can go ahead and, by chance, he discovers that Suzette's husband, Henley, is also involved. So he storms up to Henley's country house, finding Suzette in tears because she realises what a mistake she's made, only to get thrown out by Henley...

Meanwhile, the trouble in Napoli continues, the days get hotter and

▼ Ed and his buds prepare for battle



everything bursts out of control. The rocker gangs slowly change the original idea – to get people mostly black, out of the area – to one of their own – to drive black people out of the country. Back then this was the first time in living memory that anything on the scale had happened, with people

▼ The fascist stir up a race riot, and things soon get really ruddy, such as (top) for Colin and the model for a while



DAVID BOWIE



Julian (Temple) sent me the book in 1963," says David Bowie, remembering how he first got involved with *Absolute Beginners*. "I'd never read it

before – I found it fascinating but not a very strong storyline; it was just a list of observations about the '50s.

"Then he sent me the

script and asked me if I would write some music round it. When I read the script I decided I really liked the part of Vendice Partners, the advertising man. So I said 'listen, I'd love to write the music if I can have the Vendice Partners role'. Julian hadn't really considered that before but he thought it was a good idea."

Bowie left particularly well qualified for the part because, way back in the early sixties, he worked for six months in an advertising agency. "I absolutely loathed it," he remembers. "I hated it. Selling things, making drawings for raincoats and slimming biscuits – it was horrible! It seemed an abuse of art. I was very high-falootin' then."

"One man there was a bit like Partners. He was a co-man – he lasted three weeks. He had this most unbelievable American accent that you could cut with a knife. Every time he asked for a cup of tea it would drop off." It was that, he explains, which inspired

him to adopt the "fluctuating between an American and English accent" that he uses to portray Vendice Partners' insincerity in the film. "I don't relate to him particularly but I enjoy playing him because he's such a nasty piece of work."

His favourite bit in *Absolute Beginners* is clearly his song "That's Motivation", which is, he guesses, "a real big number in the old tradition."

"I think that's a joy," he says. "It's got every prop you could think of – we dance off typewriters, words, aeroplanes... it took four days to do. Even though his part in the film is actually quite small, he's clearly interested in the issues that are raised. "I think a lot what is happening now socially," he explains, "has its roots in the late '50s and I think that's the important point."

So what does he think of the film overall? "I'm terrified by it. I think it's a great movie," he grins, "even though I haven't seen it yet..."

PATSY K

"I really enjoyed the film," says Patsy Kensit, "and meeting people like David Bowie. The film isn't the new *West Side Story*. It's just a story about young people going to clubs and having a good time. It also says something. It's not just thousands of people dancing all over the place."

"I originally auditioned for the film when I was sixteen but they said I was too young. Then someone came along to watch the group (Eighth Wonder, the group Patsy sings in), not realising who I was. They liked what they say so they offered me the part."

"It's a very wonderful part to play. They've changed the plot from the book. In the book Crepe Suzette was a real stonker, spending all her time after the black men. When her and Colin finally make love in the film it's a far more moving experience."

Though not quite as

gathering in meeting rooms chanting "Keep Britain White!" and others attacking and beating up black people and burning down their houses. And Colin is caught right in the middle . . .

Predictably most things turn out alright. Even if the story is a bit confusing (it is), even if the beginning is a bit boring (it is), even if the choreographed "light" scenes at the end which turn into a cross between West Side Story and Michael Jackson's "Thriller" video — go on a bit (they do) *Absolute Beginners* is still a rather enjoyable way to spend two hours.

● *Absolute Beginners* is rated 15 and goes on release in London on April 4, and on general release on April 11.

▼ But of course it all ends happily ever after with a kiss of passion — and very "big" jump! Assan!



THE BOOKS

THE ORIGINAL NOVEL

● *Absolute Beginners* by Colin MacInnes (Penguin £2.50)

Not surprisingly, to take advantage of all this sudden attention, a new version of the 50s book on which the film is based has been put out. If you go and see the film and expect the book to be exactly the same you'll be in for a surprise — there are the same characters, it's still set in 1958 during the Notting Hill race riots, and Colin and Suzette still spend most of the time trying to go out with each other — but there are thousands, the plot similarity ends. To start with Suzette is nothing like the innocent thing she is in the film (she boasts of sleeping with lots of black men to make Colin jealous — "not yet a hundred" she says, meaning that she's getting close), scenes like the rather unrealistic one in the film when Suzette's lessons are "discovered" simply don't exist in the book, and huge chunks about Colin and his rather sad and ill father are omitted from the film.

But these are typical gapes about films based on books — and what makes this novel so outstanding is not plot but a fast "modernistic" writing style which — even after all these years — gets to the heart of a tense and turbulent decade. And that is why people like Paul Weller (who wrote *The Jam* single a few years back, "*Absolute Beginners*", after being inspired by the book) have been suggesting you read it for ages.

THE BOOK OF THE FILM

● *The Beginner's Guide To Absolute Beginners — The Musical* (Corgi £5.95)

Containing everything anyone could possibly wish to know about the "movie" — plot, characters, "star style", right down to song lyrics — plus background stuff on what Britain was like in 1958 (vintage ads for girle girdles are contrasted with newspaper headlines about the race riots) plus excerpts from the stylish writings of Colin MacInnes — this must be the most lavish and comprehensive film programme ever. Strangely enough, however, it would be a rather bother product if most of the references to the actual film itself were chopped out. For instance, many of the stills (i.e. Tenpole Tudor pulling another "weedy" lace) are very disposable whereas the "historic" shots of Diana Dors, people in "lightweight" pack-away matts etc. are wonderfully nostalgic. For instance, a staged photo of DJ Alan Freeman in his film role of "Call Me Cobber" bears an otherwise amusing guide to 1958 "teen speak". At half the size (i.e. all photos of David Bowie looking like David Bowie removed) — and half the price — this would make a grand film "companion".

THE RECORDS

● Bit complicated this. There's two different versions of the soundtrack — a single album (called "*Absolute Beginners: The Musical*") of the pop songs and a double album (called "*Absolute Beginners: The Original Motion Picture Soundtrack*") which includes the single LP plus lots more jazzy stuff from the film (and a couple of rock n roll numbers like Ten Pole Tudor's "Ted Am I Dead" which work well in the film but are rather annoying on their own).

Even on the single album there are a few slightly snooty jazz instrumentals but there are also two David Bowie tracks — "*Absolute Beginners*" and "*The Motivation*" (a boss reggae "number" which isn't that good really). Sade's "Killer Bow" is a bit like how Sade always sounds except a bit more lively). The Style Council's "Have You Ever Had It Blue" (a version of "Everything To Lose" from their last LP with different words and "jazzed up" with lots of frantic bossa-nova rhythms) Rey Davies' "Quiet Life" (a sort of 60s pop "romp") and Eighth Wonder's "Having It All" (A slow "bluesy" song which isn't all unpleasant).

when it comes to career moves and I can see *Absolute Beginners* as being the key move for me. All I want to be is internationally famous and on the cover of every magazine."

Not much of an ambition, is it? But then she's always been like that — when she

was at school she told the careers officer she wanted to be a pop star — "she looked at me as if I was mad," she remembers, "but I never changed my mind."

"I don't care about money or anything like that. All I want is to be more famous than anything or anyone."



ENSIT

"moving", she explains, as the film-makers wanted. "At the end I had a big love scene that I was really worried about. It was like a big black cloud hanging over her. They wanted me to be nude but I didn't want to, so in the end we both wore underwear which is probably more erotic anyway. It was a proper love scene, you know, with snogging and tongues in the mouth. Ughhhh!"

Despite all the "romantic associations" she's supposed to have had, Patsy still claims to be rather short on experience of the "birds" and the "bees", and finds the idea of ripping all her clothes off rather disgusting. "If anyone saw me nude," she confesses, "they'd be sick."

She also reveals that, for her, *Absolute Beginners* is just a stepping stone. "It couldn't be a better vehicle." "I've got the band in it and I'm a shrewd person



LOOK AWAY BIG COUNTRY

This time we run this time we hide
This time we draw on all the fire we have inside
We need some time to find a place
Where I can wipe away
The madness from your face

Your name is out our name is known
Our name is everywhere
But who knows where we've flown
I never meant to kill a man
But I will show you how to live like no one can

Chorus

So look away look away
Hide your eyes from the land where I lie cold
Look away look away
From the lies in the stories that were told
Look away look away
From the love that I hide
Way down deep in my soul

I met you wild in a snowed up town
When I was waiting tied and bound
To be sent down
Then I broke loose you weren't around
So I raised banks and trains
Until I tracked you down

Repeat chorus

You followed me when I said no
You lay with me
When there was nowhere safe to go
We made some friends but now it's done
I always knew that we would never find the sun

Repeat chorus twice

Words and music by Adamson/Watson/Bonnick/Butler
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 501s. THE ORIGINAL BUTTON-FLY SHRINK-TO-FIT RED TAB JEANS.

get smart

● There is absolutely nothing that *Smash Hits* doesn't know about (apart from gardening and the Industrial Revolution), so if you've got a "query" write to: Get Smart, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

I would like to know the title and singer of the song used in the Levi jeans advert – the one that goes: "Don't know much about history, don't know much about life" etc. My auntie thinks it's by Johnny Nash and my dad thinks it's by Chuck Berry. It's a great song and I'd like to know for certain. Tracey, Aste, Bucks.

● Well, your auntie and you did know nothing. It's a song called "Wonderful World" and it's by Sam Cooke – one of the great black American soul singers of the late '50s and early '60s.

Cooke was shot dead, in seedy circumstances, in a Los Angeles motel in 1964 but his "legend" lives on, as they say, and his songs have been "recorded" by such auspicious artists as Rod Stewart, Cat Stevens, Aretha Franklin, Dr Hook and, um, um, Dawn... But the good news is that "Wonderful World" (which was co-written by trumpeter Herb Alpert and first released in 1962) has been re-released by RCA in its original form. And the picture sleeve is a photo of the bloke from the ad (James Mardie, by name) in the bath!



Could you please give me a list of all the singles and albums that Simple Minds have recorded? Jim Kerr's bet, Manchester.

● OK Betet, sleeves up, deep breath
ALBUMS

- "Life In A Day"
- "Reel To Reel Cacophony"
- "Empires And Dence"
- "Celebration" (a compilation of the best bits from the first three LPs)
- "Sons And Fascination"
- "Sister Feelings Call" (originally free with "Sons And Fascination" then later released separately – the two of them are still available together on one cassette)
- "New Gold Dream"
- "Sparkle In The Rain"
- "Once Upon A Time" (available as a picture disc and also with limited edition gold gatefold sleeve)

SINGLES

- "Life In A Day" 7"
- "Cheese Girl" 7"
- "Changeling" 7"
- "I Travel" 7" (also available with limited edition flexi-disc)
- "Celebrate" 7" & 12"
- "The American" 7" & 12"
- "Love Song" 7" & 12"
- "Sweet In Bullet" 7", double-pack 7" & 12"
- "Promised You A Miracle" 7" & 12"
- "Glittering Prize" 7" & 12"
- "Someone Somewhere In Summertime" 7", 12" and limited edition poster pack
- "I Travel" (re-released) 7" & 12"

FAN CLUBS

DEPECHE MODE
PO Box 326
London SW5 8RL

**EIGHT WONDERS/
PATSY KENBIT**
Reformation Management
7th Floor
89 Great Portland Street
London W1

ROLLING STONES
PO Box 200
Surrey
Surrey KT6 4NH

THE BANGLAS
Bangles 'n' Mash International
4450 Torrance Boulevard
California 90503
USA

HIPSWAY
c/o Press Office
Phonogram Records
50 New Bond Street
London W1V 9RA

BIG COUNTRY
26-40 St. Andrew Street
Northampton

QUEEN
46 Pentridge Road
London W11

CULTURE CLUB
34A Green Lane
Norwood
Middlesex

THE POQUES
75 Barkus Road
Barnesford
Bucks



Age? Married? Fashion tastes? In fact, tell me anything about any of them! Please! D.M.C., Ipswich.

● Oooer! Bit of a "fan", eh? The lead singer is indeed called Susanna – Susanna Hoffs – and she plays guitar, too. Also on guitar is Vicki Peterson and her sister, Debbie, as on drums, Michael Steele (which isn't her real name and she isn't letting on what I really sit) is the bass player. None of them will own up to their ages but rumour has it they're all around 25. They also don't give out personal details like height, size of feet, etc, but rest assured that none of them are named. They do all have boyfriends "back home", though. Home, then, is Los Angeles (man) where they began the group in January 1981 – coming together through advertisements in the local newspaper for musicians. In those days they were known as The Bangs and released a single on the Down Kiddie label called "Getting Out Of Hand" which was available in America only. Touring round the L.A. (man) club scene took up most of the next year – eventually producing one EP and a change of name. (There was another group called The Bangs who got rather lecherous). The next two years saw them touring with the likes of Cyndi Lauper and travelling all over America making themselves known.

In September '84 they brought out a single "Hero Takes A Fall" followed by an LP "All Over The Place" – which was received by the music press as a "masterpiece". In April they brought out "Gang Down To Liverpool" (written by Kimberly Rew of Katrina And The Waves) and then in December of last year the famous "Manic Monday".

Their days of clubbing in the "underground" scene have left them with a passion for psychedelic, hippie-ish clothes, though their recent gait to those shores saw them much impressed by the "fashionable designs" at Hyper Hyper in London. (Very trendy market place for new designers.)

They release a new single at the end of April called "I See Knew What She Wants" which is a track from their current LP "In A Different Light".

Please tell me everything you know about the lead singer of The Bangles – I think her name is Susanna. Where does she live? Former groups? Previous recordings?

What is Mark Unpronounceable's name? A Tears For Fears Fan, Cambs.

● Many moons ago, when Mark was the mere size of a drumstick itself, he was christened Mark Brzezicki, pronounced "Br-zee-zky".

I've looked in loads of pop magazines for Aled Jones' fan club address but with no luck. I'm a great fan of his, so please help. Natalie Goodwin, Derby.

● The warbling wonder doesn't actually have a fan club as such, but don't despair! His record company will be happy to pass on any mail to Aled himself and the address is Aled Jones, c/o Peter Price, 10 Records, 101-109 Ludbroke Grove, London W11 1PG. A reply isn't guaranteed but since Aled's a nice bloke, he'll try his best

AN ANNOUNCEMENT ... We looked like blundered. We wanted it up in last issue's *Glove* discography we sought to mention that Aled Jones' "The Cure" was the single run-down on "The Cure" releases in 7", 12" picture disc and 12" means will call. Looking at our error we discovered that the Cure are all set to re-release their second single from many moons ago "Boys Don't Cry". In our haste we thought to say this should be and when we saw expect 1 were with the "Cure" from any quarter – but nonetheless we TRIED.

a-ha

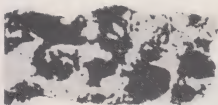
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PERSONAL FILE

BELOUIS SOME

"What do I wear in bed? A silk nightie. . ."



FULL NAME Neville Graham Keighley.

BORN in Westminster Hospital, London on December 12 1959.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE NOW?

All over the place, but at the moment I'm sharing a flat with my brother in Clapham. Temporarily, I hope.

DO YOU LIKE GARDENING?

Yes, I used to like it because I used to get peace and quiet. I was a landscape gardener.

Gardens are nice places, I really like them but I don't really like hard work.

DO YOU EVER THINK YOU'VE GOT A WEIGHT PROBLEM?

My weight fluctuates. Sometimes I have, sometimes I haven't. It's not really a problem, and I'm not worried about it.

DON'T YOU WORRY THAT BLEACHING YOUR HAIR WILL MAKE YOU GO BALD?

I suppose bleaching my hair does make me a potential going-bald person. But the peroxide isn't very strong, and I have it done properly. I don't do it myself any more because I've had it like this for about three years now and if you don't watch it "things" start to happen.

DO YOU USE DEODORANT?

Now you're getting down to the nitty gritty! I use a roll-on underarm deodorant.

IS IT TRUE YOU'RE JOINING MATT BIANCO?

Joining them doing what? Throwing yoghurt? No, I'm not!

PREVIOUS JOBS I did a week as a landscape gardener, I was useless at

that, and I worked for a day in a shop.

FIRST CRUSH I can't remember her name. I must have been about 12... no, 11. As long as I can remember I've had crushes on people.

DO YOU HAVE A GIRLFRIEND?

Yes. Her name's Allison and I met her because she went to school with my brother.

WHAT DO YOU WEAR IN BED?

A silk nightie.

WHY DO YOU DO WEIGHT TRAINING?

I've just started. I went on tour with Frankie last year and after the tour I came back really fit and healthy and I just wanted to keep that way. The only trouble is that when you start doing weights you start looking like an all-in wrestler.

AMBITION To be very successful. . . I think we

better stick to that one.

MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT It was when I sat

in the bath in that

"Imagination" video. . . (i.e. with no clothes on and lots of people standing round.)

DID YOU GIVE ANYTHING UP FOR LENT?

I'm giving up smoking, but I only started this afternoon. I keep trying to give up smoking. I hate it so much, but every time I go away with a band I always end up starting again. It's something I want to give up more than anything.

WHY AREN'T YOUR SONGS HITS FIRST TIME AROUND?

It's a good question isn't it? I don't know. I wish they were. It would be nice, wouldn't it?

WOULD YOU RATHER GO OUT "SPOONING" WITH

a) SAMANTHA FOX, b)

PATSY KENSIT, c)

MARTIN DEGVILLE OR d)

FREDDIE STARR'S

HAMSTER? Didn't Freddie

Star eat his hamster or something? I saw something

about that in a newspaper. . .

I don't know what I'd do with

Samantha Fox's chest but I

think Patsy Kensit is very

pretty.

HAVE YOU EVER EATEN A HAMSTER?

Not a live

one, no.

DID YOU HAVE AN ACTION MAN WHEN YOU WERE A CHILD?

Of course I did

! Everyone did, didn't they? He was a sailor Action

Man.

IT'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES

VAN HALEN

NEW

7" & 12" SINGLE

Why Can't This Be Love



Distributed by WOOD Records Ltd. A Warner Communications Co.

RESPONSE

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 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF**. And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.

■ **Hiella, I'm a 19 year old girl from Flintand.** My hobbies are reading, music, writing letters, dancing and reading poems. If you're a girl or a boy aged 15-17 please write to me Anna Vuolava, Ranscombe 30 92100 Naabe Finland

■ **If by any chance there is anyone else like me, I want to know.** My name is Dave Slesinger and I'm in need of penfriends. If anybody writes in a hour with long hours and are aged 15-20 then I want to hear from you. Please write to me at: 1 Cleve Road, Knowle, Bristol BS24 2JR

■ **Hi! My name's Cheryl and I'm 14 and I'm really in love with A-ha and Madonna (well, not in love with Madonna). I would like to hear from any boys or girls aged 14-16. Please write to: Chen Stephenson, 30 Fourth Avenue, Manor Park, London E12 6JH**

■ **We're two small girls looking for two small blokes aged 11-13.** We're into Wham! and we support Manchester United. Write to: Clare and Debbie, 2 Castlemead Drive, Shaw, Oldham, Lancs OL2 6TD

■ **Hi! I'm Paul. Is there anyone out there into Madonna and about 17-20 years old? Well, I'm willing to hear from you, so put pen to paper and write to me: Paul Rogier, 105 Whitburn Place, Rosyth Fife, Scotland KY11 2TR (Please send a pic if possible.)**

■ **Don't just all there... make someone happy for a change (L.A. me!).** I'm Ian and I'm 18 and unemployed (again). Anyone who's into Madonna, Duran, Depeche Mode and any other groovy music (except Shy), Duran Fitz and other robots) grab a pen and get scribbling. NO WHAM! Drop a line to me at 25 Meadow Way, Walton, Stone. Starts ST15 6JW (Please send a photo if possible)

■ **My name is Ana and I'm 15 years old.** I'm desperately looking for a friend in Canada or Australia. I hate heavy metal but I like the modern sounds of today, e.g. Duran, A-ha, Go West, Bryan Adams etc. If you are interested please write to: Ana Silva, 31 Tell Grove, London SE22 8BN

■ **Hi, my name's Ray and I'm 17.** I love Echo, A-ha, Culture and The Smiths, but hate Ford Capri and breakdowns. If you're female, interesting and different, write to me at: 83a Temple Street, Salford, Greater, D10 9BD

■ **I am a 18 year old female who wants to write to anybody 15-19 who looks like James Dean, Robert Overton or Billy Idol.** but if you're 18 it doesn't matter. Write to me: Suzi, 10 Knapley Close, Birkenshaw, Nr Bradford, W. Yorks, BD11 2NR

■ **I'm a 15 year old female looking for a Morten Markt lookalike.** (But if not, it doesn't matter.) Any boys who are interested in A-ha, Queen and breakdowns, get those pens writing and send a photo if possible to: Julia, 15 Kennel Terrace, Brighthelm, Northants NN6 9DL

■ **Attention all girls!** Two crazy R A F guys sitting in Cyprus want to hear from you. Kevin is into disco and jazz funk. Graham is into Duran and The Power Station. Write to Kevin: Ginkins, Station Amersham, RAF Amersham, BHPD 57 (Please mark your envelopes K or G. Looking forward to hearing from you.)

■ **If you're into cool dressing, messy rooms, GMD, Dream Academy, Hojo, U2, etc., then we'd like to hear from you with all the latest UK gossip!** So, get scribbling to Nancy (16) and Jac (15), 463 6th Street, Riverport, NJ 08077, USA

■ **My name is Mari, I'm from Japan and I am crazy about Culture Club and Stephen Duffy.** I'm also into Go West, DMD, Dream Academy, and Fresh chart music. If you're interested I'd like to hear from any blokes or girls from the Birmingham or London area only. Please write to: Man Kadamoto, 1157 Okura, Otagaki Saito-gun, Hirahara, Japan

■ **Are you an escaped loony who's 15 and into Sting, Mr Mister and A-ha?** If you are, then please write to me: Clare, 21a Carrow Road, South, Weymouth, Dorset DT4 7PL

■ **Hi all you girls aged 13-16.** My name is Keith Armstrong and I'd like to write to you if you like any of the following groups: Go West, Wham!, Arcadia, Ring, All Mickey Mouse has also appreciated. No heavy metal "cheeks" please. Keith Armstrong (16), 5 Maronville Crescent, Edinburgh

■ **Good morning, good afternoon and goodnight** to all you wonderful people in the world of penpals. I'm 14 years old. I'm looking for penpals aged 14-18. I like The Thompson Twins, TFF, Dead Or Alive, Earthquake and Duran Duran. I also love to draw and I like photography. Please write to: Stephen Rishaw, 14 Farley Road, Sale, Cheshire M33 3JN

■ **I'm a Dutch girl and I'd like to write to nice boys aged about 15.** I'm 14 years old and like all groups and surfing. Write to: Irma v. Deist, Saxenborst 21, 5022 CD Golen, Holland

■ **Hi! My name is Peter Sami Marer and I'm 18 years old.** I'm into Duran Duran, Wham!, Madonna and many others. So if you're interested grab a pen and write to: PO Box 2298, Amman, Jordan

■ **My name is Lorna and I'm into U2, Simple Minds, Level 42 and I am crazy about Spenser Station.** Anyone aged 12-14 please write to: Lorna Conacher, 10 Hillside Terrace, Dunfer, Scotland G22 1RA

■ **Calling all Scotland aged 16 - who are into Madonna and The Pet Shop Boys.** Share your thoughts of them with me. Scribble away and send a letter and a photo to: Robert, 2 Bluebird Mews, London SW6 7TU

■ **Hi! My name is Sarah and I'm a David Bowie maniac.** I also like most chart stuff and Mark O'Loole. I would like to write to anyone, anywhere aged 15-18. Write to: 14 Wyobston Court, Eaton Square, Wuxia, Canos PE19 3PL

■ **I'm a 15 year old mod looking for modette penpals.** I'm into The Jam, The Style Council, The Purple Hearts, The Chords, scooters and all other mod stuff. Get pen to paper and write to: Jason, 23 Dgwy Street, Nantyrhoni, Nr Bridgend, Mid Glam CF32 7SA, South Wales

■ **Femola Madonna freak aged 14 who also likes Howard Jones** seeks good-looking blokes aged 14-17 with similar interests. (Any Robert Redford lookalikes extra welcome!) Write to: Jo, 36 Poughmans Lea, East Goswick, Lancaster LE7 6ZS

DAVID GRANT

CLOSE TO YOU
New 7 & Extended 12"
Single

Produced by Derek Bramble

Chrysalis

feargal sharkey



**NEW 7"
SINGLE**

**& SPECIALLY
PRICED 12"**

*someone to
somebody*

7" VS828  12" VS828-12

ONE OF THOSE DA



depeche mode

■ Photos: And

. . . you know, when the alarm doesn't go off and you've got a cold and your radio's conked out and the gerbil's chewed the corner off the duvet and you've got a horrible "spot" on your nose and it's raining and the only thing on TV is *That's Life* and some *Smash Hits* journalist in a disgusting "sweater" called Chris Heath has come round to interview you . . . ? That's how Depeche Mode feel. . .

We're pretty horrible today," grunts Merlin Gore, morosely. He's sipping a cup of tea in Alan Wilder's kitchen and he's feeling rather grumpy. Depeche Mode have spent the last four months locked away in a Berlin studio, they've got just over two weeks to rehearse their "live set" before setting out on a five months tour and Martin has spent the last week in bed with flu. The last thing he feels like doing right now is having a nice jolly chat with *Smash Hits*. Yes, Martin Gore is feeling rather grumpy—but, he muses, "Are we ever that cheerful?" Well, it has to be admitted that Depeche Mode's new LP "Black Celebration," is a rather depressing and that Martin writes lots of songs about how relationships with girlfriends and so on are the only consolation for the general rottenness of the rest of life etc. But is the pop star life really all that terrible?

"Well," says Martin gloomily, "it's a lot better than most jobs. But what I do when I write songs is often to draw upon past experiences like when I worked in a bank for a year and a half dealing with standing orders—that was total boredom."

Cool! He is in a cheerful mood. Maybe there's someone a bit chirper in one of the other rooms. Let's have a peek. . .



▲ Martin Gore having a cup of tea

Alan is in the sitting room putting on a copy of the new PL album. "I've just bought a new record player," he murmurs, "so I've been playing a lot of records recently." And does he jump around the room waving his arms about to them?

"No I don't jump around the room waving my arms about," he answers sternly. "Sometimes I just get on with whatever else I'm doing and sometimes I just sit down and listen." Oh dear, it doesn't seem as if he's a bundle of joy either. Shouldn't a successful pop star like him be a bit happier about life? Not necessarily. "Even in our business—" the glamorous pop world," he explains "you still get into a boring routine." And you also, he means, get strangers wandering round the house. "I think private lives should stay private," he grumbles.

Oooh. He's in a very prickly mood. Better take to someone else. . .



▲ Alan Wilder putting a record on

Andy Fletcher is over by the window fixing up a birthday party for a mate in the pub tonight. How might he be feeling today? "We've all been ill with flu," says Andy. "Me and Dave weren't too bad but Alan and Martin are vegetarians and they don't do as well." Fletcher reckons that eating lots of "red blood" is the way to keep the doctor away—he confesses to eating no vegetables whatsoever and claims that most illness is "psychological anyway". "Like," he explains, "since I've been self-employed in this band I've never been properly ill, but before whenever I was working I used to get colds and I'd hope they got worse so that I could have time off work. . ."

Phew! At least he's not saying lots of depressing things. . . "The new album," he pipes, "if it's not sort of bouncy-bouncy Madonna, is it?"

Uh-oh. I think he's started. . . "We were really fed up that 'Striped' didn't do better," he sighs, "it gets a bit boring. . . it was a million times better than the last single. . . I'd rather it didn't get in the charts at all. . ."

Here he goes. . . "When Martin stops writing good songs," he whispers sadly, "we'll fade as well. We know he's a good songwriter and at the moment with the quality of songs he's writing we can't really fail. But when he stops writing good songs. . ."



▲ Andy Fletcher taking on the telephone.

Yes. Andy's gone all grim now too, and the only place left to shelter is the garden where Dave Gahan's wandering about. Let's just hope he's feeling a bit more chipper. "Black Celebration," he whispers,

"yeah, it's a pretty heavy title. It's got nothing to do with black magic like most people seem to think—it's actually how most people in life don't have anything to celebrate. They go to work every day and then go down the pub and drown their sorrows. That's what it's about—celebrating the end of another black day. I think it's tragic that you have to compensate by just getting drunk, though I don't think there's anything unnatural about it. After all we do it all the time."

He bounces over to a decrepit old rocking horse in the corner of the garden, inspects it and turns away



▲ Dave Gahan inspecting a rocking horse

unimpressed.

"I never had a rocking horse," he confesses. "I had Action Men, about six of them. And my sister had a Sindy doll. I'd set up my camp in my bedroom and she'd set up her camp in hers and I used to take her out. My Action Man would go round in his jeep and knock on her door and then Sindy would come out in my jeep. We'd play for hours. Sindy had a horse and I had a jeep and a tank—all the man stuff."

"I learnt a lot about girls," he laughs, "chat up lines like 'heeey, I'll come pick you up later in my tank'. It was much better than Subotnik (football) 'game' where all the players fall over all the time—I should imagine Fletcher plays that—that was a bit stupid. It took hours. I liked action—taking Sindy out. I learnt a lot more from Action Men than I learnt from all of school."

Not that they teach you anything at school to prepare you for the strange trials of being a pop star—being interrogated when you're feeling a bit grumpy, being chased down the street by fans and getting some very strange things indeed chucked at you when you step on a stage. . .

"Yeah" laughs Dave. "In America we get everything thrown at us—bras, suspenders, belts, knickers and even shoes. After one concert we had about 40 shoes on stage and there were no pairs! Imagine all those people hopping home!"

Hopping home? Sounds like a grand idea to me. Toadie-oo!



John Taylor I DO WHAT I DO

I do what I do to

I do what I do to have you have you
I do it all to have you
I do what I do to have you have you
I do it all to have you
I do what I do to have you have you
I do it all to have you
I do what I do to have you have you
I do it all to have you
I do what I do to have you have you
I do it all to have you

**Do you look the way you wanted to look
Do you feel the way you wanted to feel
Are you happy now that we together**

Chorus

I do what I do to have you have you
I do it all to have you
I do what I do to have you have you
I do it all to have you
I do what I do to have you have you
I do it all to have you
I do what I do to have you have you
I do it all to have you

**Do I teach the way you want to be taught
Have you heard the words you wanted to hear
Is my body beat the right intensity**

Repeat chorus

**Do you look the way you wanted (look) to look
Did you feel (feel) the way you (feel) wanted to feel
Are you happy now (are you happy now)
Are you happy now (are you happy now)
(I did what I did) are you happy now
(I did what I did) did what I did
Are you happy now (are you happy now)**

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Brian Jones, Keith Richards, Mick Jagger, Charlie Watts, Bill Wyman
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
Gold Star Records, New York City, NY, USA
© 1964 Atlantic Records

Photo: Steve

ROLLING STONES



Photo: L.A.

And why beat them: Keith Richards, Mick Jagger, Charlie Watts, Brian Jones and Bill Wyman

▲ In 1963, The Rolling Stones – Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, Brian Jones, Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts – appeared on TV for the first time, performing their hit single “Come On”. With their sulky scowls, long hair and the bubbly lips of Jagger, they made an immediate impression and from then on, throughout the ‘60s, they would be second in popularity only to The Beatles. The Beatles were nice and polite but The Rolling Stones were scruffy and ill-mannered and parents hated them – particularly after they were caught having a wee-wee against a garage wall in London in 1964.

In the late ‘60s they went all hippie and their notoriety was swelled by a string of much-publicized drug arrests and the death of Brian Jones in his swimming pool in 1969. Jones was replaced by Mick Taylor (in turn replaced by Ronnie Wood), and the ‘70s and ‘80s saw the Rolling Stones “maturing” into a “mature” old rock combo who did occasional world mega-tours and made occasional best-selling albums. Mick Jagger, meanwhile, abandoned a disastrous film “acting” career and turned from a loud-mouthed “rebel” into a gossip-column jet-setter who enjoyed nothing more than a jog in the park while his leggy model chum Jerry Hall pushed pramfuls of their babies behind him.

▲ The Rolling Stones (see left to right): Bill Wyman, Charlie Watts, Keith Richards, Mick Jagger and Ronnie Wood

HARLEM SHUFFLE

Do oh

**You move it to the left yeah and you go for yourself
You move it to the right yeah if it takes all night
Now take it kinda slow with a whole lotta soul
Don't move it too fast just make it last
You scratch just like a monkey
Yeah you do real cool
You slide to the limbo yeah how low can you go
Now come on baby (ah come on baby)
Don't fall down on me now
Just move it right here do the Harlem shuffle (eh)**

Chorus

**Yeah yeah yeah do the Harlem shuffle
Yeah yeah yeah do the Harlem shuffle**

**Mitch hitch hike baby across the floor (ooh)
Wash wash wash I can't stand it no more
Now come on baby (come on come on baby)
Now get into your slide
Just ride ride ride little pony ride**

Repeat chorus

**Do the monkey shake
Yeah yeah you shake a tall feather baby
(Shaka shaka shaka shaka)
Yeah yeah yeah shake a tall feather baby (yeah)**

Repeat chorus

Yeah like your mother told you how

Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Neil Nelson
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A DIFFERENT CORNER



GEORGE MICHAEL

THE SINGLE

Gene Loves Jezebel

- SWEETEST THING -

"..TALK ABOUT
IT"

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Mixed - Michael Aston
Mastered - DEMONLY

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BEGGARS @ BANQUET



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- 7 Queen Greatest Hits
- 8 Elvis Aloha From Hawaii
- 9 Doors Dance On Fire
- 10 Queen Live In Rio

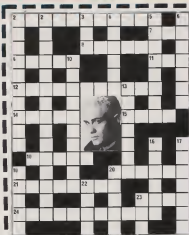
ACROSS

- 1 See photocue (7,4)
- 7 TV series Grant found amid "Cloudslinging"
- 8 Just The **Damned's** sort of girl
- 9 You might attempt this hit with 11 across
- 11 Vehicle parked amid **Paul McCartney**
- 12 Ray or Reg Lott provides a member of **Queen** (anag 5,6)
- 14 "This --- America" (**David Bowie**)
- 15 Where 10 down wanted their baby
- 16 **Nuay** the Newswoman
- 20 Where **Ami Stewart** suggested you knocked (2,4)
- 21 This **Curtis** wanted your lovin'
- 23 Do Si Elmo sit round it to keep warm? "Life --- --- Town" (**Dream Academy**) (2,1,8)

DOWN

- 1 Did this one edge **Madonna** into the charts yet again?
- 2 **James Brown's** Rocky success 6,2,7
- 3 **Jannifer Rush's** ring was made of it
- 4 Sort of "hazy", like Molotov's **Robinson**
- 5 Just the power for the **Light Orchestra**
- 6 That Latin fraction from Radio Africa
- 10 Try chums, i.e. Dave and Anna (anag)
- 13 Was-tern country that provided a hit for **Human Laagaa**
- 16 "Who's --- Who?" (**Aratha Franklin**)
- 17 Those ever-nutty boys
- 19 **Diana Ross's** was more reaction than of the Jesus and Mary sort
- 20 "Down --- Streets" (**Shakatak**) (2,3)
- 22 "--- It up" (**Conway Brothers**)
- 23 A way of cooking like **ABC's** Martin

ANSWERS NEXT ISSUE



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ADDRESS _____

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● Complete the crossword grid. Fill in your name and address and tick whether you'd like VHS or Betamax videos.

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LATIN QUARTER



New Single MODERN TIMES

7" & Extended 12" Mix

Taken from the album "Modern Times"

ARISTA

QUEEN

Were they wrong to play in Sun City? Did they with their single "One Vision"? At last their reply to their critics — and a right old tongue-out to them, too. William Shaw plays Devil's Advoc

Roger Taylor is hopping mad. "People like Paul Weller never stop to think. They see things in such simplistic terms — in such puerile terms," he sometimes, his voice raised. And I get really angry with arseholes like Daryl Hall. He gropes for the word, "hair-dos like Daryl Hall start going on about it when they haven't got a clue!"

Yes, Roger Taylor is definitely a bit hot under the collar. And what's more him so angry is this: Queen have been coming in for quite a bit of stick recently from fellow pop stars over a place called "Sun City" which is a huge concert venue in South Africa. Last year a bunch of stars like Bruce Springsteen, Bono, Daryl Hall and Bob Dylan got together to declare in song that they "ain't gonna play Sun City", to show how much they all detested the system of apartheid there by which blacks are segregated from whites. And a few stars — like Paul Weller and Daryl Hall — began openly criticizing those groups which had played in Sun City. And one of the most famous groups who had appeared there was Queen.

"In a way I do regret playing," Weller admits now. "In some ways I would defend what we did. I mean, basically we play music to people bits of them preferably — and I think a lot of crap is talked over here about things that people don't really know about."

Brian May goes a bit further. "Those criticisms are absolutely and definitely not justified. We're totally against apartheid and all it stands for, but feel that by going there we did a lot of bridge building. We actually met musicians of both colours. They all welcomed us with open arms. The only criticism we got was from outside South Africa."

But the upshot of all this is that Queen have bowed to pressure and announced that they won't play there again. "We've come into line now, like everyone else," says Brian with a touch of bitterness in his voice

about the whole affair.

He's sitting in this very plush recording studio in West London with assorted instruments scattered around the place. It's there that Queen have been putting the very last touches to their new LP which is a spin-off from a soundtrack which they wrote for a new film called *Hightlander* (starring Sean Connery). According to Brian, the plot is about this bloke "who discovers he's immortal somewhere around the 15th century and eventually ends up in New York in the 20th century where the various immortals who've been born around the world come together for a show down."

The new single, "A Kind Of Magic," taken from the film, is noticeably short of the "steering axe work" that used to be Queen's trade mark in earlier days. And the same goes for practically all their recent singles. In Brian's disappointed that no-one seems too wowed so many flashy guitar "solos" these days?

"Yeah," he answers forlornly.

"It's frustrating in a way, but I've come to regard it as a fact of life. Even though I have the opportunity to do what I want with the group, the things that I want to do aren't necessarily the things that sell in huge quantities; but there's nothing I can do about it. Mind you," he says, perking up, "there's some very heavy stuff in the film. It's a very heavy film. *Hightlander*."

While he's talking, John Deacon is sitting still huddled away behind this mammoth mixing desk. Freddie is conspicuously absent.

"He's really shy," explains Roger. "He feels that he's not very good at doing interviews."

What? The man who bounds furiously around stage wearing precisely nothing apart from a moustache in front of millions of people is shy?

"On stage he's not," answers Brian. "But it takes him a long time to get on with anyone he doesn't know. He hates doing interviews and he hates the way they come out. People have such a strong idea of what they think he's like

Cash in on Live Aid Gracious majesties Cashing they give ite...

that it doesn't matter what he says to them, he usually gets misquoted."

Live Aid was definitely the highpoint of last year — Queen came out of it extremely well indeed. Were they surprised at the reaction? "Yeah, I suppose so," says Brian. "Actually, it's only by a narrow squeak that we got involved in it because our first reaction was 'Oh God! Not another one. We'd been involved in quite a few and we were a bit disillusioned as to how the whole business works.'"
"But Geldof's whole thing was magnificent," continues Roger. "He did it out of the purest motives. I cannot believe arseholes like Johnathon King can denigrate something that's done real good when he's done no good to mankind except litter the planet with dreadful records! How dare he? How worthless parasitic specks like him can have a go at something that's so good I don't know!"

But their huge success was tainted a bit by the fact that some people thought that the single "One Vision" was an attempt to "cash in" on the event — especially when a press release from the Queen office announced that the song was "inspired" by the event. They got a bit of a stick for that too.

The whole thing, says Roger, was an embarrassing error. "I was absolutely devastated when I saw that in the press. It was a terrible mistake and I was really annoyed about it. Some public relations person got the wrong end of the stick — went absolutely bananas when I read that."

"We do a lot of stuff for charities," explains Brian, "but 'One Vision' was a way of getting back to what we're doing, and if we didn't run ourselves as a business, we wouldn't be around for the next Live Aid. We're not in the full-time business of charity at all. We're in the business of making music, which is a good enough end in itself."



IT'S A KIND OF MAGIC

It's a kind of magic
It's a kind of magic
A kind of magic

The bell that rings inside your mind
Is challenging the doors of time

(It's a kind of magic)
(It's a kind of magic)

One dream one soul one prize one goal
One golden glance of what should be
(It's a kind of magic)
One shaft of light that shows the way
No mortal man can win this day
(It's a kind of magic)
The bell that rings inside your mind
It's challenging the doors of time
(It's a kind of magic)
The waiting seems eternity
The day will dawn of sanity
Is this a kind of magic
(It's a kind of magic)
There can be only one
This rage that lasts a thousand years
Will soon be gone
This flame that burns inside of me
I'm here in secret barroom
(It's a kind of magic)

This rage that lasts a thousand years
Will soon be will soon be will soon be gone
This is (this is) a kind of (a kind of) magic
There can be only one
This rage that lasts a thousand years
Will soon be gone (gone)
(Magic it's a kind of magic)
(It's a kind of magic)
(Magic magic magic) magic
It's magic
It's a kind of magic

Words and music by Roger Taylor
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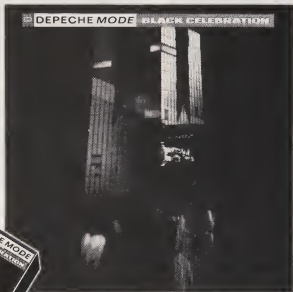
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 P P E A N O S Y R B O B A E P P N

All the names above are hidden in the diagram. They could run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Some run backwards. But remember that the titles are all in an uninterrupted straight line whichever way they run.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 46

★ TOURS ★



▲ The Waterboys



▲ Nik Kershaw



▲ Echo & The Bunnymen



▲ Big Country

SOUND WAVES FOR OPENPEACE! London Royal Albert Hall - Nik Kershaw, Kix, Wide (Apr 27), Lloyd Cole And The Commotions (22), Big Country (29), Echo & The Bunnymen, China Crisis (24), The Cure, The Waterboys (22). Also appearing at the fundraising event are Pamela Stephenson, Michael Palin, Graham Chapman, Spike Milligan, Twigg, Maria Muldaur, Drum Theatre, Jools, Mike Oldfield, Dennis Waterman, Blamame, Mall Innes, David Knopler, Roger McGough, Andrew Sacha, John Olvey, Judie Tzuke and John Williams.

● Ticket prices: £9.50 (standing), £10.50 (balcony), £12.50 (stalls), £15.50 (box seats). All ticket prices include VAT and booking fee, and are available from the Organ Concessions Ltd Box Office, PO Box 85, Severnside, Kent TN32 3YA.

WATERBOYS: Norwich University Of East Anglia (Apr 24), London Royal Albert Hall (25), Aberdeen Ritz (27), Edinburgh Empire (28), Glasgow Mayfair (29), Newcastle Tiffany Ballroom (30), Liverpool University (May 2), Cardiff University (3), Chippingham Goldiggers (4).

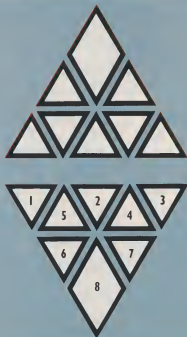
Leicester University (6), Nottingham Rock City (7), Sheffield University (8), Salford University (9), Leeds University (10), Birmingham Powerhouse (12), London Hammersmith Palais (13).

● Please note that the London Royal Albert Hall date is a charity concert for Greenpeace.

FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS: Chippingham Goldiggers (Apr 6), Nottingham Rock City (7), Manchester Ritz (6), Newcastle Tiffany (9), Glasgow Barrowlands (11), Edinburgh Queens Hall (12), Bradford St Georges Hall (14), Birmingham Powerhouse (15), London Town and Country Club, Kershaw Town (16).

KATRINA AND THE WAVES: London, Harenden Mead Focster (Apr 18), Leeds University (29), Sheffield Polytechnic (30), Newcastle Polytechnic (May 7), Manchester University (2), Nottingham University (3), Bristol Studio (4), Birmingham Powerhouse (8), London Town and Country Club, Kershaw Town (7), Norwich University Of East Anglia (9), Cambridge Hornetton College (8), Southampton University (10).

● Ticket prices on application to the relevant venues.



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... a completely and utterly *free* and
veryveryveryveryveryveryveryveryvery

BIG



double-sided and completely and utterly *free* and
veryveryveryveryveryveryveryveryvery



poster starring A-HA (as three Norwegian sauce
pots) and BONO (as himself) and all absolutely

FREE

In the next thoroughly spooked-up edition of

SMASH HITS

ON SALE APRIL 9



YOU TO ME ARE EVERYTHING

I would take the stars
Out of the sky for you
Stop the rain from falling
If you asked me to
I'd do anything for you
Your wish is my command
I could move a mountain
When your hand is in my hand
Words cannot express
How much you mean to me
There must be some other way
To make you see
If it takes my heart and soul
You know I'd pay the price
Everything that I possess
I'd gladly sacrifice

Chorus

Oh you to me are everything
The sweetest song that I could sing
Oh baby oh baby
To you I guess I'm just a clown
Who picks you up
Each time you're down
Oh baby oh baby
You give me just a taste of love
To build my hopes upon
You know you've got the power girl
To keep me hanging on
So now you've got the best of me
Come on and take the rest of me
Oh baby oh baby

Though you're close to me
We seem so far apart
Maybe given time
You'll have a change of heart
If it takes forever girl
Then I'm prepared to wait
The day you give your love to me
Won't be a day too late

Repeat chorus

Oh you to me are everything
The sweetest song that I could sing
Oh baby oh baby

Repeat to fade

Words and music by
Ken Gold/Nicky Dornes
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Screen Gems-EMI Music Publishing Ltd
On PRT Records

He talks to trees, lives with a ghost and once had part of his ear bitten off. And he's one of the most unlikely looking pop stars ever. He's Shane MacGowan of...

THE POGUES

"Whiskey eyes! Ha ha!" A gentlemen wanders into The Devonshire Arms pub in Kentish Town, London, and points an accusing finger in the face of Shane MacGowan, 28-year-old lead singer with The Pogues.

"Whiskey eyes! I can always tell!"

"Gerroff! I've only been drinking wine today," retorts Shane, a trifle indignantly.

The Pogues have just come back from their first tour of America; they've just had their first hit single with "London Girl" and they can now, for the first time, officially call themselves "stars". All this fame, however, can't deter them from their favourite pastime of having lots of drinks in their favourite pub. Which they're doing right now.

"Having a record in the charts doesn't make much difference to us really. What does it mean?" A wide-eyed - or rather wine-eyed - Shane is reflecting on The Pogues' rise to stardom. "We're just the same as we always were."

Perhaps not quite the same as the group of musicians who, four years ago, thought it might be "a good laugh" to stagger their way round dodgy pubs to belt out their very own versions of their favourite Irish folk songs.

"We were all just mates, living in the

same area and we just started... doing it!" grins Shane, revealing his splendid tribute to non-dentistry. "There was no big plan - it just happened," pipes Spider Tracey, the London-born tin-whistle whizz and long-standing best mate to Shane. "We didn't want to be just another boring rock 'n' roll band and because we all liked Irish music anyway we thought we'd base our music on that. We just gave some new spirit to a traditional folk sound."

"We didn't expect it to be commercial, but then we didn't really think about that at all," croaks Shane in his guttural, Irish-tinged London accent (he lived in Ireland till he was six). "We didn't take it that seriously - for a start, I had to be carried on to the stage on our first gig. I didn't even realise I was in a band for the first six months! Ssssssss!" (That's the sound of Shane's "laugh".)

This "spitfired" behaviour was really nothing new to the lads. Most of them had been experts in punk rockery for a good few years by then - Shane especially as singer with his punk group The Nips. Most of his days were spent drinking vast amounts anything remotely alcoholic, leaping up and down a lot at concerts and being sick immediately afterwards. He also had the dubious honour of

getting his ear bitten off during The Clash's first ever concert (well, some of his ear, at least, but then there's quite a bit of ear there to chew on).

Being a bit of a nsughty bunch, when The Pogues first became an actual group they called themselves Pogue Mahone - which means Kisa My Rude Part Of The Anatomy I.e. Bottom (or something like that) in Gaelic. But because of its "bad

Interview:
Sylvia Patterson



Photos:
Andy Catlin

taise" they were instantly banned from everywhere and decided they'd better shorten it to just The Pogues. (Which means they're now called "The Kisses". Cute, eh?)

They recently got themselves a new guitarist, Dublin-born Philip Chevron, which now makes them an eight-piece band made up of Londoners, Irishmen and one Irishwoman. They've stuck to the traditional Irish instruments of tin-

whistles, accordions, fiddle and hand-drums as well as the more usual guitar sounds and set it all to a punk beat, ie. very fast. The songs that Shane writes himself are "stories of London life, no more, no less" and stand alone-side their treasured folk classics, some of which are centuries old. They also do a few ballads which are not at all like your average slush when sung with Shane's grating, tonal-shredding voice. Live, the group can create scenes of complete hysteria and in that sense they probably are still the same group that they were four years ago. So why do they think people go so absolutely bonkers at their concerts?

"I know, I don't really know why," ponders Shane. "I suppose it's because we've got a bit of guts."

"I think it's because of the whole way we approach things," declares Spider. "We treat the audience as if they're as important as us. Which they are. There's no them-and-us situation with this band."

"So what do the group think when the audiences are going so barmy?"

"I think about where my drinks are! Ssssssss! I quite often think about where I can be sick, too..."

"I've only been sick on stage once," says

Spider, proudly. "Just a little bit on the end of my shoe..."

Surprisingly, Shane is a self-coined "romantic." Does that mean he stares out the window a lot?

"Depends on whether I manage to get to the window! Ssssssss!"

And is it true that he, shem, tsike to tree? "Ssssssss! I never said that! Well, I probably would talk to trees if I was drunk enough..."

What did the Americans make of The Pogues?

"America was brilliant! (Adopts American accent.) Hey man! We ain't seen *nothing* like this before! Ssssssss! Nah, they were really friendly - rude, but friendly. It was much better than when we were in Europe earlier this year but maybe that's because I got pneumonia. I thought I was going to die y'know. They showed a paracetamol up my bum! Ssssssss!"

You practically live next door to this pub, don't you?

"Yeah - the flat's just up the road. Very handy. I've got a ghost, y'know?"

"Is that the thing that's in the kitchen?" wonders Spider.

"Yeah!"
"It's a bit noisy innit?"

"Yeah - it's friendly though. Loud but friendly."

Just like a Pogue really.

CALLING AMERICA

SOMEBODY TOLD HER THAT THERE WAS A PLACE LIKE HEAVEN
ACROSS THE WATER ON A 747
YEAH WE'RE LIVING IN A MODERN WORLD

AND PRETTY SOON SHE'S REALLY GOT THE NOTION
OF FLYING OUT ACROSS THE BIG BLUE OCEAN
YEAH WE'RE LIVING IN A MODERN WORLD (OOH IN A MODERN WORLD)

TALK IS CHEAP ON SATELLITE BUT ALL I GET IS
INFORMATION I'M STILL HERE RE-DIAL ON AUTOMATIC

CHORUS
(CALLING AMERICA) CAN'T GET A MESSAGE THROUGH
(CALLING AMERICA) THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID TO DO
(CALLING AMERICA) THAT'S WHERE SHE HAS TO BE
(CALLING AMERICA) SHE LEFT A NUMBER FOR ME
(CALLING AMERICA)

BUT I'M JUST TALKING TO A SATELLITE
TWENTY THOUSAND MILES UP IN THE SKY EACH NIGHT
YEAH WE'RE LIVING IN A MODERN WORLD



ALL I HAD TO DO WAS PICK UP THE PHONE
I'M OUT IN SPACE TRYING TO TALK TO SOMEONE
YEAH WE'RE LIVING IN A MODERN WORLD (OOH IN A MODERN WORLD)

SHE LEFT A NUMBER I COULD CALL
BUT NO ONE'S THERE NO ONE AT ALL
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING GOING WRONG
THAT NUMBER JUST RINGS ON AND ON

REPEAT CHORUS

SAID SHE'D CALL WHEN SHE'D BEEN GONE A WHILE
GUESS SHE'S MISSING ME ACROSS THE MILES
YEAH WE'RE LIVING IN A MODERN WORLD

REPEAT CHORUS

CALLING AMERICA
REPEAT TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JEFF LYNNE
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION CBS SONGS LTD
ON EPIC RECORDS

ELO

LONDON GIRL

A devil moon took me through the alley
Down by the Kardomahs and the Centrale
To the messes running through the backstreets
Where the blacks sell fire and sleep
The devil moon took me out of Soho
Up to Camden where the cold north winds blow
Sweet along by a winter shower
To stand beside you shining tower

This could be our final dance
This could be our very last chance
The sound of your voice

Wherever I may be
Changes everything and then the world's alright with me

Chorus

(You're my London girl) the way that you walk
(You're my London girl) the way that you walk
(You're my London girl) just the sound of your voice
I ain't got no choice

The lights were going out the moon was dying
The night was turning to a fine spring morning
The dogs were barking and the kids were shouting
The sun was splashing in a crystal fountain
When the cold winds cease and find you
Blowing down from the top of a high rise
I'll come and take you back down to Soho
Away from all those madmen's eyes

This could be our final dance
This could be our very last chance
And if you cut me don't you think I feel
Is this body clay is this heart made of steel

Repeat chorus

This could be our very last chance
This could be our final dance
And if you cut me don't you think I feel
Is this body clay is this heart made of steel
(You're my London girl) the way that you walk
(You're my London girl) the way that you walk
(You're my London girl) take the rest of the world

You're my London girl
(You're my London girl)
You're my London girl

Repeat to fade

Words and music by S. MacGowan
Reproduced by permission Jeff Lynne Ltd
On Epic Records

FREE

GIANT POSTER OF
MICHAEL J FOX

April

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DAVID BOWIE
in full colour



TERRY & KEV
from Coronation Street as
you've never seen them
before



DR ROBERT
of the Blow Monkeys

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Just Seventeen

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All you want to know about looking good for those summer shows — in a free booklet with the April 3 issue of *Horse & Pony*.

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GREAT

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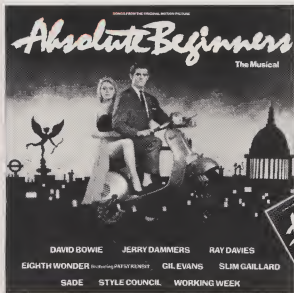
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GOT
IT?



it's
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HAVE.

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WHSMITH 



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**"MY FRIENDS TOLD
ME HOW HIGH I'D GET
ON HEROIN."**



**"BUT NOT
HOW LOW."**

*They didn't tell him that after a while he'd begin to feel like death.
That he'd sell everything in sight (or steal it) to pay for more and
more heroin.*

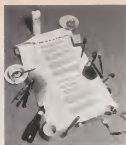
That he'd get the shakes, vomit and feel ill all the time.

*That he'd have to take heroin not to get high any more, but just to
feel normal.*

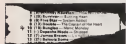
*And that one day he'd wake up knowing that, instead of him controlling
heroin, it now controlled him.*

*Because they didn't tell him what heroin was really like, he didn't say no.
Don't make the same mistake.*

HEROIN SCREWS YOU UP.



Dearest viewers! Ever since announcing that the most "adept" correspondent each "ink" would be rewarded not only with a £10 record token but also with a Black Type Tea Towel, I have been inundated with requests for an "in action" photographic representation of said household miracle. So here it is in all its glitzy glory. More stunning, even, I venture, than those "photographs" of Haller's Comet snapped by that boldly venturing spacecraft Giotto and beamed through the galaxies right into our living rooms! That was a night to savour, wasn't it? As Giotto zipped ever closer toward the uncharted mysterious regions, and James Burke pondered the very meaning of existence, the blood-pressure of an entire nation pumped solidly upward. And then it happened!! The viewing millions dozed off to be awoken, many light hours later, by the sight of Frank Bough's television clock - ticking drowsily round its endless cyclical path. What DOES it all mean? Makes you think, don't it?



Dear **Black Type**,
Hooray! At last our furry friend has a hit, but wasn't poor old George and Zappy be jealous?
Jayne And Lissa, Rotherham

Dear **Black Type**
According to Tony James of Sque Sque Sputnik, a lot of people are coming to hate them because they're not into 'being maseable' and not 'interested in music'!!

LETTERS

WRITE TO: SMASH HITS, 52-55 CARNARV STREET, LONDON W1V 1PF. THE MOST SPLENDID LETTER GETS A £10 RECORD TOKEN AND A BLACK TYPE TEA TOWEL. EVERYONE ELSE GETS A COMMEMORATIVE PENNANT (i.e. a badge).

could also be due to their obvious right wing ideals and their pathetic insistence on enjoying really 'controversial' things like SEX and VIOLENCE - combining to produce a stance designed to both annoy the 'trendy elites' while pleasing the 'Ramble types' (either reaction being good for publicity). This would all be bad enough, but my reason for hating them is that they even fail at their own game by being neither glamorous or exciting (though Neil X, I admit, is extraordinarily ugly). As for their 'crazy', 'outsized' appearance - they look like five lads on a day trip from Lacksville who've blown a months wage in Chelsea Girl thinking they'd found the Kings Road.
Frances McAvannee, London

Dear **Black Type**
Thank God for Sque Sque Sputnik. It's about time something new hit the music business over the head. Okay, so far Sque Sque Sputnik seem to be an attitude band, but does it really matter? As long as they do something to change this dull and boring music business who cares? Alright, so they managed to get a lot of publicity before even releasing a record or going on tour but that's just clever media manipulation. As for Simon Bates and his merry mob at Radio 1, they're just boning old farts who can't be bothered to give anything different a chance. All I'm hoping is that Sque Sque Sputnik don't end up like so called megagroup Frankie Goes To Hollywood. When they started out they said that they didn't want to look like

Spendin' Ballet - and what happened as soon as they made any large amounts of money? They went out and bought flashy designer suits. Well, yah hoo to the lot of them and good luck Sque Sque Sputnik.
Fasty, Fotton, Beds

To those against Sputnik
We are writing to defend Sque Sque Sputnik on behalf of our fellow Sputnik fans of which there don't seem to be many, do there? But then again perhaps there are as many as they got to number three in the charts. All those lucky people who went to see them in concert obviously couldn't stand such an original and brilliant group which is why they went berserk. Do people honestly think that the group would stand back and have things thrown at them? And it can't be said that they're not pleasant because they put up with people gobbing and throwing bottles at them for all that time and only when the girls were getting hot did they retaliate. The perfect gentlemen, don't you think? Ray Mayhew, the drummer, said that the bottle thrown by him didn't hit anyone so it was more likely to have been the violence of the typical students and the crowd that caused one of themselves to have stitches. And neither did Sque Sque Sputnik go unharmed. Martin Devrylle also had to have stitches in his head. So what do all you so called SSS haters, who helped them to get to number three, think about that?
Sque And Sque, Slough
P.S. We don't want any sarcastic comment from **Black Type** please

Oh, of course not. Don't mind me, I'm having tremendous "fun" just staring at the wall and pondering the magnificence of creation (i.e. my signed "pin up" photo of Winsome Wincey Willis grooving to the latest pop vids) so on with this "furious" debate...

Dear Smash Hit
I fail I had to write to you to complain about the most offensive 'pop' 'group' ever to release a record in this country (or anywhere else in the world, come to think of it). They are SQUE SQUE SPUTNIK. Why? Because they are probably the biggest hype in the history of the record industry. There are three big faults: the record, their attitude towards the music industry, and their manners.
1. The record: It is the most boring record I have ever heard in my life. This 'group' clearly have as much talent as my cat AND I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A CAT. Revolutionary? It's just a mash-mash of almost every idea on a 'spacey' record in the past twenty-odd years. The only way this record has got into the charts is through hype. I wonder how many copies the record company bought?

2. Their attitude. Quote: "Music isn't important in the music industry." "Bloody hell. If music isn't important in the music industry, what is?" Why is it called the music industry, then?

3. Their manners. Did you see them on TV-AM? They were so unbelievably rude to Michael Barrymore that I was absolutely disgusted with them. Didn't their parents teach them manners and how to be responsible citizens? A Level! 42 Fan Alhas Sarasntha J Hill Leeds



Dear Great One,
I could have sworn that Simon le Bon's boat was called Drum, and his pop group was Arcadia. Also, it seems I was wrong. But can this little effort really have cost one million pounds?
Philippa White, Dartford

DRUM

WALLINER

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SHOCKWAVES.

New Shockwaves Styling Creme.

Adds all-day gloss and vitality to hair - even when re-styled.

NEW
Shock
waves

**Styling
Creme**

Adds an exciting
"rock" look to your
current style. Styling
creme stays wet all
day long and will
keep it gloss and
vital even when
re-styled.

WELLA

WHATEVER NEXT?

a-ha the s



MORTEN HARKET

Morten was born on 14/9/59 in Kongsberg, Norway to deeply religious parents — father Reidar (now a chief physician in a hospital) and mother Henny (recently qualified as a Home Economics teacher). School, he remembers, was “a total disaster”:

“I couldn’t differentiate between fantasy and reality. For instance, I once said that I had captured a moose in the woods with a lasso when I was 7 years old . . . no-one believed me and that really hurt my feelings.”

He also got beaten up all the time, running home “with tears still running down my cheeks”. “Those were tough years,” he says now. “I think it has made me stronger. Only those who have been exposed to it can understand what a crushing humiliation it is to be teased and ganged up on like that.”

Things started getting better in his teens when he moved from Heggedal Elementary School to Solvatt Secondary School and joined the Christian Union. “It gives me a feeling of safety and belonging,” says Morten of his faith. Certainly it was this that inspired him to go, after a spell at Asker Gymnasium (an “upper secondary school”), to a theological seminary, attracted not just by his love for the Bible but by the idea of becoming a minister with posh robes and really long hair . . .

But, by that time, he was also deeply attracted by music, something that started when, at the age of three, he saw a “marching band” play in Kongsberg. The tiny Morten was “gripping along” so enthusiastically that the band leader pulled him out of the crowd, lifted him onto his shoulders and let him conduct the band. Nevertheless, he stuck to “collecting butterflies and cultivating orchids” until, in his mid-teens, his life was transformed by some records by Uiah Heep (terrible loud group with “mystical” lyrics). He formed a group with his brother Hakon (“I thought we were the only band in Norway”) and eventually joined professional band Scouting Blue (led by a bloke called Arnt) as a singer. But once he’d completed his military

service (something Mags and Pål avoided), he seemed quite happy living with his parents, studying theology and singing only occasionally. Then one day Mags phoned up and asked him to join a band . . .

Pål on Morten:

“Morten is totally different from me. When we first came to London together, he burned all my clothes and dressed me up from head to toe. I didn’t care much about clothes, whereas he’s very interested in them. He has given me self-confidence, encourages me to talk to people, not to be afraid and to use the abilities I have.

Morten is actually the only one in Norway who had as much ambition as I did. I guess we both have big egos. In a way we’re each sitting in our own little world, while Mags is more down to earth. Mags often has to mediate between Morten and me. It’s good that we’re so different and still respect each other — the tension between us is creative.”

Mags on Morten:

“What’s nice about Morten is that he’s so ‘together’. He believes strongly in everything he does. This goes for the band too, and it rubs off on us. He has the courage of his own convictions and cannot be shaken. He’s an expert at always getting the last word in a discussion, whether he’s right or not. Morten is very loyal and he’s fair when it comes to giving people a chance, letting them show who they are and what they’re worth before judging them.”

Morten on himself:

“I flirt a bit too much with too many things, I guess. My self-discipline is terrible when it comes to working. I always have great visions of music and other things which I can see the outlines of, but which I don’t get around to doing anything about. I guess I’m really a dreamer.”

PAL WAAKTAAR

Pål Gamst Waaktaar was born on 8/9/61 in Tonsenhagen but moved to Manglerud, (where Mags lived), when he was one. His father (a pharmacist) and his mother (who works for the telephone company) were both very keen on opera and were always taking him to concerts, operas and ballet. Soon he began composing songs on the recorder and then, after leaving Manglerud school (which he hated) for the all-boys Nordstrend school, he discovered the 60s.

“I wore wide bell-bottoms,” he recalls, “grew my hair long and hung up Jimi Hendrix posters.” He also fell in love with the hippie musical Hair and began dreaming of being a pop star, making up tunes to poems he’d written and building his own set of drums. Eventually he and Mags decided to write their own “rock opera”, spending so much time at it that his school teachers, who rarely ever saw him, called him “the guest”.

Things weren’t that rosy for Pål however. For one thing he and Mags, though the best of friends, used to quarrel a lot. Once, when they travelled through Europe by train they stopped speaking to each other altogether and only communicated through song lyrics they wrote to each other. Also Pål was very worried about girls. The problem was that he never seemed to go out with any: the ones he liked didn’t like him and the ones that liked him he ren a mile from. Apparently he was “convinced he would die a virgin”. He didn’t even get his first kiss until he was 18 — and that was only by default: Mags’ girlfriend, very miffed with Mags, had a bit of a snog with Pål to make Mags jealous — unfortunately three days later she went back to Mags and it was all over.

Still, things were a little better by the time the two of them formed Bridges. “The Bridges album,” he says, “is actually about my first real kiss, about how at last I felt like a member of the human race . . . also about my disappointment when I realised how little she was involved — but how something in me had been awakened anyway.”

Pål finished high school a year before Mags and it was in this year, spent reading “classic” novels and sitting in Oslo cafes, that his writing really progressed as he jotted down impressions,

PART TWO

Did you know that Morten used to tell people he lassoed mooses? Or that Mags used to be an anarchist? Or that Pål didn't get his first snog up till he was 18 (and that was with Mags' girlfriend!)? We did, because we've read the brand new A-ha book *The Story So Far* (published by Zomba Books) which is out this week. And here's the second part of our "sneak" "preview" and your last chance to get the book for £1 less than everyone else...

overheard conversations, words from TV, ideas and observations in his notebook that he carries everywhere. Most recently though, his main inspiration has been his relationship with his American girlfriend Lauren.

"My contributions to 'Hunting High And Low,'" he gushes, "are about really being in love for the first time in my life. They're very romantic, but also realistic. I live in England, she lives in Norway so there's always the underlying fear that it can never last. All the songs on the album were written in an attempt to secure a place in her heart for me. I wanted to put so much of myself into her that she couldn't live without me. I admit I used every musical trick in the book to get her to love me. Every song is a prayer for attention."

Morten on Pål:

"Pål has unbelievable self-discipline and is a workaholic. He can keep working on what appears to be the same thing over and over again. While I go crazy when I have to go over a song hundreds of times, he can sit with it for hours, trying to find exactly the right mix to achieve the sound he wants. Pål is really the driving force behind A-ha."

Mags on Pål:

"Pål is the person who has meant most to me in my personal development, and yet he's the one person who I find it most difficult to say anything sensible about. He has incredible will-power and a watchful eye which is always searching for material he can use creatively. In a way I have idolized Pål for years, and I still depend on him to help me sort out my own ideas."

Pål on himself:

"I like to keep in the background. There are only certain kinds of people I can talk to, feel secure with. In any case, I'm certainly not the pop-star type. I lack some of the characteristics necessary in this business, like enjoying publicity stunts. What's important to me is creativity, musical ambitions; I'm afraid of mediocrity."



MAGS FURUHOLMEN

Magne Furuholm was born on 1/11/62, in a working class area of Oslo called Manglerud. When he was 5 his father, who played trumpet in a dance band called Bent Solve's Orchestra, died in a plane crash and, after a while, his mother Annelise, a teacher, remarried. It was his father who inspired Mags' interest in music from an early age.

During his teens Mags began – much to his friends' bemusement – to listen to people like Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix and The Doors (old '60s "rock" "artists"), grow his hair, become a hippie and a bit of an "outsider". Then, when he was 15, his family moved to the rather posher area of Asker, much to his horror...

"I was an avowed anarchist at the time," he remembers. "My freaky appearance, long hair and taste in music were pretty unusual – I was considered a weirdo." But he soon got used to it, especially as now he and Pål could move their equipment into the basement of the new, bigger house. There they practised for hours at a stretch, five or six times a week, both sharing guitar and keyboards, with Pål also playing drums. Mags – like Pål and Morten – also became very interested in drawing, turning out "grotesque, abstract" creations. (Later, when things weren't going very well in London, he very nearly went to art school.)

But it was music he decided to concentrate on even though, unlike Pål, he had a major distraction: his girlfriend Heidi who he'd been going out with since the beginning of time...

Morten on Mags:

"Mags is ingeniously childish and childishly ingenious. He is talented, spontaneous and impulsive. He does everything recklessly and with so much energy. In contrast to Pål, Mags is totally disorganised and has no self discipline at all. Of the three of us, he is the one who really knows how to live life to the full. Everything happens around Mags. Personally, I've learned an awful lot from being around him."

Pål on Mags:

"Mags is impulsive. Dashes around. Throughout the years I've often wondered: is he a complete fool or a genius? Has he got talent or hasn't he? He can say things which are really dumb, but then he'll suddenly switch on, put things in their place and come up with the idea that we've all been lumbering for. I think he's both a fool and a genius. There has, at times, been a tough competitive relationship between us, which has been a driving force for us both. I have always had great respect for him and belief in him as an artist and musician."

Mags on himself:

"I have always been hyperactive, I've always been told that I waste too much energy on the wrong things, but I think it's better to do everything and rely on some of it being worthwhile."

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FREDDIE JACKSON

ROCK ME TONIGHT (FOR OLD TIMES SAKE)

Ooh girl
Come on and rock me
Ooh girl
Ooh come on and rock me
Ooh girl

Hey girl long time no see
Do you have a little time to spend with me
I want to know what's been going on in your life
Talk to me baby

Your hair perfume you wear
Brings back memories of you and me
You look so fine you blow my mind all over again

So much has happened in my life since we parted
What about you
Now I got myself together and I know just what I want
And right now I know that it's you you

Rock me tonight for old times sake won't you baby
Roll with me tonight for old times sake ooh ooh

Ooh girl I'm gonna love you real good
Come on all ma do it now you know I could
I really miss the way you squeeze and moan
And call out my name
Ooh you can call me baby
I remember you like to take your time
To get in the mood
Ooh ooh yes you do yeah
But once you're in the mood
You like to go straight to the groove
Oh yes you do girl

It's been so long since we had a night together
I miss you
When I get through loving you girl
Fire and desire will burn in you forever more

Rock me tonight for old times sake sake
Won't you baby
Roll with me tonight for old times sake
Oh girl

Words and music by Paul Laurence Jones
Reproduced by permission, EMI Music Publishing
On Capitol Records

FEARGAL SHARKEY SOMEONE TO SOMEBODY

Ooh I have no use in waking
Sleep walking is all I do
I was no-one to nobody
Till the day that I met you
What good were all my dreams
But endless fantasy
Just a heart that had no laughter
Till the day you came to me
Then I looked into your eyes
I knew that love had come to me
So I held out my hand
As I opened my heart and said
Derling please I wanna be

Someone to somebody
And that someone is you
Don't you wanna be
Someone to somebody
Then be my someone too

Ooh what good was all my freedom
With my heart tied up in chains
Though I claimed free expression
There was no way to explain
That I was filled with feelings
No-one to show them to
What I hadn't known was that all along
I had saved my love for you
Now my days are so much warmer
And my nights no longer cold
'Cause you looked at me
And you held my hand and said
Derling I wanna be

Do you wanna be
Someone to somebody
And that someone is you
Do you wanna be
Someone to somebody
Then be my someone too

So I held out my hand
As I opened my heart and said
Derling I wanna be

Someone to somebody
And that someone is you
Don't you wanna be
Someone to somebody
And that someone is you
Do you wanna be
Someone to somebody
Then be my someone

Ooh yeah

Words and music by G. Gooden, M. Zimmerman, T. Dorsey, D. Kane
Reproduced by permission, Jones Music, Inc./EMI Ltd
On Virgin Records

A DIFFERENT CORNER

I'd say love
Was a magical thing
I'd say love
Would keep us from pain
Had I been there
Had I been there

I would promise you
All of my life
But to lose you
Would cut like a knife
So I don't dare
No I don't dare

'Cause I've never come close
In all of these years
You are the only one
To stop my tears
And I'm so scared
I'm so scared

Take me back in time
Maybe I can forget
Turn a different corner
And we never would have met
Would you care

I don't understand it
For you it's a breeze
Little by little
You've brought me to my knees
Don't you care

No I've never come close
In all of these years
You are the only one
To stop my tears
I'm so scared
Of this love

And if all that there is
Is this fear of being used
I should go back
To being lonely and confused
If I could
I would I swear
I swear

Words and music by George Michael
Reproduced by permission, Mercury Music, 1986
On Epic Records





GEORGE MICHAEL



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HITS 4

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SIDE ONE

- A-HA**
The Sun Always Shines
On TV
- FEARGAL SHARKEY**
You Little Thief
- WHAM!**
I'm Your Man
- BANGLES**
Manic Monday
- MADONNA**
Borderline
- THE BLOW MONKEYS**
Digging Your Scene
- BELOUIS SOME**
Imagination
- SIDE TWO**
- DIANA ROSS**
Chain Reaction
- WHITNEY HOUSTON**
How Will I Know?

- ALEXANDER O'NEAL**
If You Were Here Tonight
- FIVE STAR**
System Addict
- PAUL HARDCASTLE**
Don't Waste My Time
- WHISTLE**
(Nothing Serious)
Just Buggin'
- FULL FORCE**
Alice I Want You
Just Far Me!
- SIDE THREE**
- THE DAMNED**
Eloise
- FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS**
Suspicious Minds
- PIL**
Rise
- BRONSKI BEAT**
Hit That Perfect Beat
- EURYTHMICS**
It's Alright

- (Baby's Coming Back)**
PET SHOP BOYS
West End Girls
- MR MISTER**
Kyrie
- SIDE FOUR**
- DOUBLE**
The Captain Of Her Heart
- LATIN QUARTER**
Radio Africa
- MIKE**
+ THE MECHANICS
Silent Running
- (On Dangerous Ground)**
HOWARD JONES
No One Is To Blame
- DEE C. LEE**
Came Hell Or Waters High
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SINGLES

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM SHAW

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

IT'S IMMATERIAL: Driving Away From Home (Jim's Tune) (Siren) It's Immaterial have been around for ages without distinguishing themselves in any particular way, so where did this come from, this glorious, carefree little musical jaunt? It's the story of a drive around Britain in a car from Liverpool (which is where they come from), to Manchester and up to Newcastle and Glasgow. A voice chatters away whimsically about the pleasures of just jumping in and driving away from it all while a melancholy melody swings away in the background. (Apparently they used America's "top" country and western musicians.) It's a little ridiculous of course, but there has to be some hope for a group who manage to mention the M62 in a song.



TIM HEALY: If You Could Read My Mind (Columbia) Great heaven! Dennis from *Auf Wiedersehen Pet* has made a record. And it's absolutely swiffl.

FEARGAL SHARKEY: Someone To Somebody (Virgin) Extraordinary really. Through anyone else's vocal chords, this song would remain a corny, overblown bit of nonsense, full to the brim with too many lead guitars and pompous great string arrangements. But through some people find his change from snoot-nose lovable punk to smart businessman in sharp suits difficult to take, they have to admit that those quavering tones have a strange power to charge an average song into something out of the ordinary.

LATIN QUARTER: Modern Times (Arista) The title track of their first LP in which the group with the UB40-ish "soca" concern" turn in a song that's rockier than any of their previous singles. Their songwriting's as skillful

as before but it lacks the haunting quality of "Radio Africa".

FLOY JOY: Friday Night (Virgin) A thumping little disco tune even though the words are definitely a bit silly; gosh-in-it-tough-on-the-streets stuff. Floy Joy have been almost famous for ages; this could well do the trick.

BRYAN FERRY: Is Your Love Strong Enough (EG) More "sophisticated" balladry from Bryan, crooning away like the old trooper he is while hundreds of musicians doddle away in the background. All those familiar anguished tones. He could do it in his sleep now. Probably did.



NEW ORDER: Shellshock (Factory) A while ago this lot sailed forth from their culty semi-obscure and had a huge hit with "Blue Monday". This one is as good — a nervous but melodious piece of electro that skitters around completely irresistibly.

TUESDAY BLUE: Tunnel Vision (Mother) Bono and all have been going on about their proteges Tuesday Blue for a while now and here they are putting out their single on U2's Mother label. It's not the greatest record ever released, a bit heavy metal-ish actually, with instruments crashing round everywhere and huge anemic vocals, but, erm, it's alright.

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE: E=MC² (CBS) Many years ago now a guitarist called Mick Jones got thrown out of a brilliant "punk" group called The Clash. He was upset at being chucked out, and it took him a while to get back to playing music. The Clash carried on and to everyone's surprise produced one of the most dimly awful LPs ever ("Cut The Crap"). Mick Jones finally formed his own group called B.A.D. and they've just put out this brilliantly mysterious and infectious song and I bet The Clash feel really stupid now.



SIMPLE MINDS: All The Things She Said (Virgin) You can spot a Simple Minds tune a million miles off these days. They've developed their own totally unique style — all that crashing, surging, well-and-true epic stuff. They may have passed their peak a bit now, and this one sounds just a bit, too indistinguishable from all the others, but it looks like they'll carry on respectably enough for centuries now.

BELOUS SOME: Some People (Parlophone) If at first you don't succeed, then carry on releasing the ruddy thing until you do. It took the world about a hundred times before it cottoned on to "Imagination" and now here's another old song out on the shelves again. It's a jerky plinky-plinky disco tune with one of those choruses that lodges in your brain and goes round and round until it drives you happily bonkers. And as surely as "Imagination" finally made it, this one will too.

THE STYLE COUNCIL: Have You Ever Had It Blue? (Polydor) "What a swizzle!" you might say to yourself when you find out that this song is really just "Everything To Lose" from the "My Favourite Shop" LP. Well, you would be wrong. Because Weller has completely souped up the song, with completely different words and a very snazzy and sharp "big band" brass arrangement. And that gives it a sort of '50s feel, which is very handy because it's part of the soundtrack to the '50s-style Absolute Beginners (isn't everything, m'dear!). And it's much, much better than the original.



WE'VE GOT A FUZZ BOX AND WE'RE GOING TO USE IT: X X Sex (Vindaloo) What a "funny" name, and what a disgusting purple-ish blue colour vinyl. Still, that's "punk rock" for you. Actually this lot are an all girl group currently highly thought of on the "indie" circuit who deliver spiky two minute feminist songs which are wonderfully energetic and

undenably charming.

GEORGE MICHAEL: A Different Corner (Epic) George Michael, we all know now, is a ruddy clever songwriter. While so many others are trying to show how desperately sophisticated they are, and what exquisite poetry they can write, George Michael turns up with perfectly effortlessly simple songs. But seeing how he once said that he never wanted to become a sort of new Richard Claydon, what's he doing winning this very goopy ballad? Of course, it'll sell by the lorryload because of the man's prodigious reputation, but all his tortured singing and "haunting" piano tinkling away in the background are just a little too over the top this time. Perhaps not the best omen for his forthcoming "solo" career.

FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS: Funny How Love Is (London) Not the weepy version on the LP where Roland battles it out with a lone guitar, but a beefed up new recording which gives his voice a fine chance to sound really mournful. It's the best thing they've done since "Johnny" and a huge relief after the thoroughly atrocious "Suspicious Minds".

L. L. COOL J: Rock The Bells (Def Jam) What with Whistle and Doug E. Fresh getting into the charts, "hip hop" is more popular than ever these days. The Def Jam label is a growing influence, specialising in the harder sort of "heavy metal meets hip hop" music played by groups like Run D.M.C., The Beastie Boys and L. L. Cool J. Listen to the thunderous beginning to this spintley little dance romp. Ruddy marvelous.

BIG COUNTRY: Look Away (Phonogram) It seems ages since we last heard from this troop, but things haven't really changed a vast amount. Stuart Adamson has found a remarkably successful formula for tunes that swirl along merrily and he's sticking to it. And why not?





● Why, you might ask, is Diana Ross standing in the middle of the jungle wearing a very expensive dress? Simple! She always wears very expensive dresses and she's in a jungle because that's just one of the exotic locations to be found on "The Visions Of Diana Ross" (P.M., £9.99), a collection of her last six promotional videos. Unfortunately nothing — not the amazing locations, not the disgusting musclemen who appear in "Muscles", not even Diana's wardrobe of ridiculously lavish dresses — really makes up for the fact that, with the sparkling exception of "Chem Reaction", this is all remarkably dull.

JOHN LENNON: Live In New York City (P.M., £14.99)

The years go twirling back. It's 1972 and here we are inside New York's Madison Square Gardens, a rapt audience of spectators at John Lennon's last ever "proper" concert. Even so, it's hard to make out all that much as the film "quality" is wonky because the stage appears to be alive with hippies in kaftans and some of the longest hair ever invented, and they're having a bit of a "jam" session. To put it less politely, they're making a dreadful racket and reducing John Lennon's most brilliant songs ("Cold Turkey", "Mother"), to the level of his most awful ones ("Give Peace A Chance", "Imagine"). And as for that woman barking and yelping through the old rock'n'roll "standard" "Hound Dog" ... oh, it's Yoko. Poo.

Video Hits Collection 2 (Wienerswirl) is a bit like Video Hits Collection 1 really. It's only available in Woolworths, it contains a mixture of very famous pop stars (Depeche Mode, Phil Collins), not very famous pop stars (Made In England, Boom Boom

Room), and very tiny pop stars (Nik's "boing boing", Ludgren, Nik Kershaw). And — this is the best bit — it only costs £6.99!

● Full track listing: **Billy Ocean** "When The Going Gets Tough The Tough Get Going"; **Nik Kershaw** "When A Heart Beats"; **Barry Ferry** "Don't Leave The Clones"; **Wain LoPrest** "Remains To Be Seen"; **Wail Train** "Fetide Inhuman"; **Princess** "All The Love In The World"; **Ma Padam** "Singing Together"; **Made In England** "Prospect"; **Sophie George** "Gimme Gimme"; **Depeche Mode** "Simple"; **Boom Boom** "Three Corners The Moon"; **Ruby Turner** "I Fly In Red"; **Uma Coma** "I Wish"; **Simon Johns** "City To Heaven"; **Phil Collins** "Take Me Home".



▶ What an earth can Sony be up to, naming their new **Head Runner** headphones after a dull cartoon bird that gets chased across the desert by a boggy-eyed eagle? I Oh, being on Myke it's supposed to be Road Runner as in "jagging". That's even worse — plodding round the block at a nylon-Milets trackside in the pouring rain while all your internal organs are jiggling about. It's not natural. Still, whatever the headphones are called, they're bright'n cheerful and both look and sound better than you'd expect for £6.99.

■ Photos: Steve Rose/Spot

THE BANGLES
London

There are blokes lurking in every nook and cranny of the Town And Country Club (a chintzy Irish dance hall recently converted for "rock" usage). Blokes squatting on stairs, blokes skulking under tables. They've waited patiently for the support group Wire. Train to finish and the moment to arrive... bing! It's here! The blokes scamper feverishly to the foot of the stage to gawp at The Bangles! Vick!! In resplendent gold tinsel leggings!! Susanna!! In sinisquesque silver glitter mini skirt!! Michael! In bouffant vaguely Laura Ashley-type smock!! And — behind the drums — Dobbit!! In a quite splendid jacket!! Oh, there's a bloke doing "keyboards" too, but who cares? Wasting no time on "pleasantries", the women and the bloke crash straight into the first song, "In A Different Light", and — merciful heavens — they sound brilliant. Sweet clenched harmonies, spangling guitars, bongbonging drums — this, boys, is a proper group.

They're at their best on the greater returns of "September Girls" and ("Thank you for making this number 4") "Hank Monday", when all four voices are swooping about in unison, but The Bangles can rock out too — watch Susanna and Michael doing the Status Quo heads down boogie! And when they do, the boys go beSERK.



▲ Susanna and — gawp — Michael! Pretty soon the stage is awash with fat men in beards evicting fervent fans and generally advising the swarty masses to "cool it". The Bangles just carry on regardless in steamy vein with a neat accapella encore and — phew — a full-scale "jam" session on "Pushin' Too Hard" (an old '60s "number" by Sky Saxon and the best song ever written).

A year or so ago The Bangles were almost as wonky as The Belle Stars but now — they're topping.

Tom Hibbert

O N C E R T S



SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK / Stoke-on-Trent

Repetitious! Tension! Crazy gothic-types leaping up and down! Yes, in a few seconds Sigue Sigue Sputnik will be taking the stage for the most exciting, riotous, spectacular event since the dawn of punk rock... Or so the theory goes... Four billion crimson lights are

blasted on and everyone in the hall becomes partially blinded for the rest of their lives. White lights shoot up from the back of the stage and great white clouds of dry-ice completely asphyxiate the first twenty rows. A taped, spookified American voice bellowes something about sex and horror and closes its speech with "Welcome To The Fifth Generation Of Rock And Roll"... And THEN Ver Spits are on! Scream! Wall! Woooargh! Whistle! Everyone on the dance floor goes absolutely bonkers—punching and leaping and rolling around the floor—as a song that sounds just like "Love Missile" has most of the crowd bawling the immortal first line "US bombs..." But it ain't "Love Missile"! Ha ha! It only sounds like it! Tee hee!

"This is called Twenty-First Century Boy," pants Martin "Frightmask" Devgille at the start of the next tune. "I am The Twenty-First Century Boy."

And this one's exactly the same as "Love Missile" too! Very funny joke!! In all his finery, Martin teeters about the stage, thrusting his groin here, there and everywhere, while Tony James twitches his shoulders and Neal X runs to and fro all over the stage in a most confused-looking manner. At the back, Chris and Ray, being drummers, just drum. And at the side

of the stage stands Sigue Sigue Sputnik's so-called "secret weapon" Yara, the sound effects operator and, supposedly, "the most glamorous person alive." She ain't. She just has loads of long, white curls, wears a lot of make-up and not a vast amount of clothes. Half-way into "set," she and Martin perform some "shocking"

way through many more "versions" of "Love Missile" and the crowd get down from each other's shoulders and do some gentle bobbing instead. The novelty seems to have paled somewhat. Obviously it's time to play The Real Thing... "US bombs..." At last! The crowd go back to thumping each other for about 30 seconds and

at people). Hello Ray. What did you think of the "gig"?

Menacing glare.

Er... can I ask you what you thought of the "gig"?

"Yeah."

Silence.

What then?

"Go on then, ask me."

What-did-you-think-of-the-gig?

"No bottles." Super. Ray stalks off,

swigging his pint and seconds later a pink glow approaches—and one can actually hear the sound of "mincing." Yes, it's Martin "Frightmask" Devgille himself! He stands posturingly before me, staring at his forward-thrust groin as he does up the faces on his pink rubber trousers. (Not very provocative, actually.) "Ooooh, I'm glad they sent a woodman," drabbles Martin as he grabs me round the neck trying to be all seductive. (Not very swoon-inducing, actually.) "I thought this gig, right, was the most boring, right, incredibly tedious, like, gig so far, right, of the tour," he burbles.

"There's been no group, right, y'know, that has emerged, y'know, since us, right, in the last decade, y'know, since right, y'know to have, like, y'know, to like, great ideas, right, have a great... great concept right, about just, like, rock 'n' roll should be, right, via 1990, right, right, and to give ins... excitement, right, and energy, y'know, that every other single, like, person, right, with music, right, is... completely lacking, right, and..."

Outside, everyone's gone home long ago...

The Fifth Generation Of Rock And Roll, eh? Hehmm...

Sylvia Patterson



▲ James (18) "I got a patch in the face today, and that was more or less the last time I've done anything in my life, and I'm really proud. I reckon they're beautiful, aren't they, aren't they?"

▲ Black (16) "All the things went exactly the same, though they were a bit different, but they were all the same, and that's what I like about it."

▲ James (17) "They should get out of the way with the black hair, Chris... he looks so absolutely idiot."

▲ James (17) "They were pretty OK, I suppose. They're not really the best of each other, though, and that's if they didn't have each other they wouldn't have any chance at all. I can't remember to their name up because my hair is still and they were ugly."

simulated sex acts at the front of the stage. They obviously fancy themselves quite a bit.

Things soon get a bit hot for Martin and he whips off his jacket to reveal the bodywork of a sparrow's leg. Strutting and teetering and wiggling and thrusting and putting his way across stage, he continues to drive his

then the group teeter off. And no-one claps. Not a single whoop. Not a solitary whistle.

Well, well. So that was The Future Of Rock 'N' Roll...?

Backstage, I attempt to engage some Sputsniks in conversation. Oh look! There's Ray "Menace" Mayhew (the blond drummer who flings bottles

doesn't even sing on -- "Too Rude" (charmingly sloppy reggae) and "Sleep Tonight" (a charmingly sloppy ballad) -- the whole thing a monstrously absurd. "I don't wanna pop," draws M.Jagger on the aptly titled "Back To Zero," "I prefer to rot." How pathetic.

(3 out of 10)

Tom Hibbert



PET SHOP BOYS: Please (Parlophone)

If there's anyone who still needs convincing that "West End Girls" wasn't a one-off fluke then this should do the job. Here the Pet Shop Boys romp through ten thoroughly catchy songs (including the last three singles) all about dark mysterious love affairs and whispered crimes, all crammed with millions of wonderfully tacky atmospheric sound effects. Most of it's the usual rather moody hi-energy but there's also -- gasp! -- a piano ballad and even that's good. Oh dear -- it doesn't look as if they'll be able to retire for ages yet.

(9 out of 10)

Chris Heath

FREDDIE JACKSON: Rock Me Tonight (Capitol)

Looking for something new and exciting in soul music? Not your day, is it? Freddie Jackson offers nothing new at all. The single "Rock Me Tonight" was simply one of those one-off soul/disco records which chart in the absence of anything more interesting. And this re-promoted LP contains seven more well-groomed but entirely forgettable songs (of which Freddie can claim two co-writing "credits") -- all horrible trikiti-tonkity electric piano, ghostly clichéd lyrics about "gonna carve you more each day" and smoothie "woah-oh-OH-oh" vocals. Bimfof bore, in fact, but at least it's not dedicated to God. **(4 out of 10)**

Ian Cranro



F I L M S



White Nights (PG, 136 minutes)

● The star of *White Nights* is one Mikhail Baryshnikov -- in real life an extremely talented and very highly thought of Russian ballet dancer (even if no-one's ever heard of him.) Mikhail plays a Russian ballet dancer called Nikolai, who has actually defected from the East to earn pots of money and have some of flowers thrown at him.

But in films like this, fate has the habit of dealing a cruel blow and, sure enough, when Nikolai is jetting from Tokyo to London, the plane decides it wants to stop off in Siberia (the spooky part of Russia with lots of salt mines in). Poor Nikolai. No amount of fluting pieces of his passport down the loo will convince the KGB that he isn't Russian born and bred. Anyway, there he is, stuck in the wilderness without his thermals and with only the prospect of spending

the rest of his natural life down a salt mine to keep him going.

Then, just when you think all's lost, he meets up with an American tap dancer (Gregory Hines) and his wife, and discovers that they want to escape from Russia too, so why not do it together?

Simple! But not before they've done a swift soft-shoe shuffle to show off some fancy footwork. And pretty amazing it is too -- old Mikhail might be knocking on a bit legwarmer but underneath it all this man's pure rubber.

Despite the dreadful soundtrack (by Phil Collins, Chaka Khan, Lionel Richie etc) and the fact that *White Nights* has been chosen for this year's Royal Film Performance, it's actually all good, clean "fun".

Red Starlet

CLOCKWISE (PG, 97 minutes.)

"Just looking at John Cleese makes me laugh," says a person sitting behind me. I agree. As the film starts we see John Cleese as Mr Stimpson, the ultra-efficient headmaster of a comprehensive school, standing in his office. Out of the window his pupils wreak havoc in the playground. Already the people around me are chucking and JC hasn't even moved or spoken yet...

After bawling to a couple of the misbehavers over a loudspeaker he turns, and with head held high, paces stiffly up and down like he's encased in iron or his joints badly need oiling. More enters... John Cleese is perfect as the stern Mr Stimpson who's got the running of his school down to a fine art because he's such a stickler for timekeeping and discipline. Even the teachers cop for it and find themselves awaiting the 9.20 ticking off outside his office with several hundred pupils.

It's not until Mr Stimpson discovers he has to go to the Headmaster's Conference in Norwich that the trouble starts. In fact, after missing the train, the fine, upstanding citizen commits almost every crime in the book to get there on time. There's capers involving boxes, ever-smiling monks, irate policemen and basty old women, not to mention an old flame of Mr Stimpson who remembers when he was late for everything.

Mr Stimpson grits his teeth and tries to stay calm but he's soon caving around like Basi Fawcett with legs and arms flapping wildly in all directions.

While you're guffawing at the scrapes he gets himself into, you also feel a rush of sympathy for this man who can't get anything right. Oh how you wish he'd caught that train... but of course, if he had this film wouldn't exist.

Red Starlet



BOOKS



● "Well," declares Bono

"Now we've got all that sappy stuff out of our system, let's go out and make a rock and roll album!" Blimey, eh? What Bono's talking about here is the new LP that U2 are currently working on after all those solo projects (i.e. "sappy stuff" = things like "In A Lifetime" with Clannad and "Silver And Gold" on the "Sun City" LP). They've holed themselves up in the huge house in Dublin (which Bono calls

"Southfork" because it's so big) and are putting together the various "bits" of music that they wrote last year when they were touring around the world.

And while all that's been going on, guitarist The Edge has been sneaking off to finish the soundtrack he's been writing to a new film starring Oliver Reed called *Herese...*

And how do we know all this? Because we've been reading *Pragapanda*, the official magazine of the U2 fan club, and very smart and glossy it is too. The first issue contains an interview with drummer Larry Mullen (all about drumming in fact), the story of U2's own record label Mother, a poster of Bono and an awful lot of information about what they're all getting up to... for instance, why U2 are taking time off later this year to perform benefits for Amnesty International, the charity which campaigns against torture and for fair treatment of political prisoners around the world.

"Back in September we agreed to give them one week," explains Bono, "but in effect it will take us much longer than that..."

Pragapanda comes out four times a year and is sent to all members of the U2 World Service (U2's equivalent of a fan club). To join, send £6 (cheque/postal order only -- UK residents only) to U2 World Service, PO Box 48, London N6 5RU.

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...SPEAKS...

er weeks spent camping out at airports, breaking into hotels
Madonna "stories", they ignore her . . .

Madonna), asking why Sean isn't there ("he's working — he's in more scenes than I am"), taunting her with the suggestion that she's not a trained actress and hasn't "paid her dues" ("What's a trained actress? I think that in living the life I live I've paid my dues") and insisting that she "apologise" for her and her husband's "bad behaviour".

"I have nothing to apologise for," she answers politely but firmly. George Harrison asks "everything in the press has been started by the press — either a photographer sitting on the bonnet of the car, or the girl from Capital Radio who broke in, or the appalling behaviour of one newspaper who stole photographs from the film set." Small wonder that Madonna's not too enamoured with England.

"I think it must be lovely somewhere," she murmurs, making it clear that, thanks to the British press, it hasn't actually been very "lovely" at all. "I haven't had a lot of chance to go walking around because I've been working a lot and when I'm not, I don't really fancy the idea of someone following me in a street with a movie camera or whatever. Though today I did see Windsor Castle — I thought it was lovely."

The remainder of the conference is largely taken up with people from film magazines asking George Harrison boring film questions, though Madonna does spill the beans about her new record in the summer (*Mutterings* has the full

story on p.66).

And that's almost it apart from a quick denial that the scenes currently being shot in a swimming pool are rather "naughty" — "that's something somebody made up — there are no naked women in the movie" — and a rather unpleasant incident where a "journalist" asks the rather scummy question "talking of animals, is it true that Sean Penn has been going round the set giving orders . . . ?" before George Harrison shuts him up. The doors are closed again and Madonna is ushered out.

Outside, the photographers, who have been waiting all this time, are getting itchy for some more photos. Some of them have unsuccessfully tried to storm the press conference by sneaking up the service lift (they got caught), others have

PHOTO: L.F.T.



▲ George Harrison — before, in his early 50s, with "the most successful group in the world, the Beatles, and now as 'executive producer' of *Chicago Surprise*. "These days I'm involved in gardening."

been pretending to charge at Madonna for the benefit of a TV camera who wanted some "authentic footage". All of them now race towards Madonna when she appears in the service bay to get into her car but a police van stops them — or at least tries to. A few photographers break

through and hurl themselves onto the bonnet of the car before being quickly chucked off again by police and security guards. The car speeds off, frantically pursued by rabby photographers.

And was it worth it? The whole point, according to George Harrison, was to "clarify the situation". "What we want is a bit of truth," he pleaded. The next morning *The Star* called Madonna (who seemed rather friendly and nice) "snooty" and said she "sat with her mouth open rather like a guppy". *The Mirror* said she played her role of "misunderstood but terribly talented", that she was "moody" and called her "the scowling superstar". *The Express* (who had the only photo of George Harrison not smiling) said he remained "grim-faced and snapped at photographers". *The Sun* didn't even mention the press conference but revealed "exclusively" that "petulant" Madonna insisted that 500 of water softener be poured in the swimming baths for the film's "sexy bath scene" so that her skin didn't "dry up like a prune". And *The Mail*, — whose "journalist" had asked lots of awkward questions during the conference but was heard to moan afterwards "I was in too good a mood. What I really like is a bun fight" (i.e. a steaming great row) — steaming said "neither of them has much of interest to say".

● Words Chris Heath
● Photos Paul Rider



WHAT THE FILM'S ABOUT . . .

"The movie," explains Madonna, "takes place in Shanghai in 1938. I play a missionary (Glenn Tatrok). At that time in the United States there was a great depression — unemployment was at an all-time high and there weren't a lot of opportunities for young women. So rather than stay home and get married and raise children, or stand in the breadline or work in a sweat shop, I wanted to do something exciting with my life so I go to Shanghai as a missionary."

Originally Madonna got involved with the film because her agent sent her a script (adapted from the book *Faraday's Flowers*) and she really liked it. "Sean and I," she says, "didn't actually plan working on the film together but he'd just finished a film and I'd just finished a record and we were both looking for a movie to do. I got the script, I loved it and I asked him for his opinion. He really liked the male role so we looked at each other and thought 'maybe this would be a good one to do together . . ."

Sean plays Glendon Wasey, "a sharp, brash and street-wise be salesman" who, like Madonna, is after a consignment of opium. She says doing the film is much easier going than *Desperately Seeking Susan* — "I didn't have first-film jitters" — but that she still finds some parts tough. "The most difficult part for me is that my character goes through a transformation in the film. By the end I become liberated through the relationship that grows between myself and the character that my husband plays. But the hardest part as the character I start with because it's someone very removed from how I actually am — someone who doesn't really know how to express emotions that well and wants to say things but doesn't really know how to say them. To me, that was something that was really challenging — it's so opposite to what I'm really like."

And her favourite bits? "My favourite scenes," she blushes, "are the most romantic scenes where we're gazing fondly into each other's eyes . . ." Aaahh . . .



▲ "I'd been talking to Tuder on Monday but my phoning wires"



▲ The "service" used by the film crew and the arrival of policemen called in to proceed.



▲ "From the car, Sean and I in the middle of Madonna's car with photographers. From there, he drives on the bonnet to get a photo."



▲ Madonna, Madonna and George Harrison chase the car through the city of Beijing.

"Hello, living legend here." No, it's not **Muttings** talking sily, it's what **David Bowie** said when he phoned up *The Whole Aware Club* (yes, deadfall, isn't it?) the other Saturday before he zipped off to Los Angeles to record the music for his next disc in Jim *The Muppets*' Hanson's film, *Labyrinth*. Singing with him are **Luther Vandross, Whitney Houston's mum, Cissy**, and a really frightening monster puppet — oh, sorry, apparently it's **Shaka Khan**. And you know that **Martin "Frightmask" Degville** was the only person at his school who didn't do sport? He preferred to hook with the girls. Or that at home he used to "put on my mother's sneakers and frocks and go into the garden to play 'I Wanna Marry You' so beautiful I make the Mona Lisa look like a painting by numbers." Path! Actually, the Mona Lisa, but quite ugly anyway, is even so why can't this man talk a bit of sense like **Marillion's Fish** who recently asked of himself: "Why would anyone fancy a fat balding man?" Good question. And so are these, a **Sade** really going out with "club entrepreneur" Spike Denton? Is the music to the film *Love Affix* about the **Sex Pistols' Sid Vicious** and his girlfriend Nancy really going to be played backwards so that it sounds really depressing? Are the **Jacksons** really going to tour Britain next year? Is **Howard Jones** really going to call the baby Grace if the pendulum was waning and it turns out to be a girl? Dunno, actually, so let's move swiftly on through the shimmering tops of pop where we end **A-ha** finishing off their second album, making a vid for the song "Hunting High And Low" (as seen on *Blue Peter* on Monday) which will presumably be the single after "Train O' Thought".

Boy George is apparently in *Amie*. The "lucky" person is Alice Temple (who has "zoo eyes and the muscles of an international athlete" according to "news" paper *The Mirror*), three million years ago, passions were only entertained a few months back while the two of them were sitting in a club called *The Milk Bar* (in a huge white egg-shaped chair) and they — gasp! — started kissing. Alho, who is 16 and used to be British BMX bike racing champion, says of their love: "I don't mind a bit if he has love affairs with guys" and "George has been to bed with at least one other girl." Crkey! But what can you expect from someone like George who used to live with **Martin "spokes" Degville** in Birmingham when he was 16? George has also been saying that the reason he's pooled in his £100,000

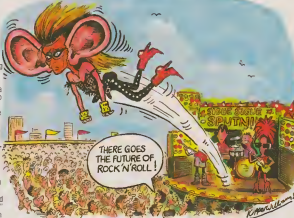
Mutterings

autobiography is that he's "going to write one now while all the sex is in — all the boyfriends and the girlfriends. And I reckon that will make me about £700,000." Very likely. **Madonna**: Can it really be true that she was lurching in a London estere the other day tripping on about how much she loved the **Pet Shop Boys' "West End Girls"** and American songstress **Suzanne Vega**? **Madonna 2** apparently she and **Sean Penn** have bought a 7 million dollar apartment in New York. **Madonna 3** Her new single is called "Live To Tell" (from Sean's movie *At Close Range*) — "and I did", she boasted at her press conference (see pages 60-61). The album to follow probably has the same title. "I've done 2 1/2 months work on it," she said, "but it's not finished yet — after the film I'll be going back to California to finish it off." Amongst the songs are "Popa Don't Preach" (about a girl who gets pregnant), "Spotlight", "Jimmy Jimmy" and "True Blue" (all of which are co-written by drummer Steve Bray) and also "Open Your Heart" which is written by a bloke called Gardner Cole who used to play keyboards with **A-ha** on TV in America! She's also apparently done a "demo" of a song called "Working My Fingers To The

Bone" which apparently sounds a bit like **The Jacksons** old dance stomper "Shake Your Body (Down To The Ground)". That was written for a Walt Disney musical version of Oliver Twist to be called (probably) *Street Smart*. **Madonna** is, *Mutterings* is confidently told, "contracted" to appear as the *Amfil Dodger* and **Tina Turner** will play Fagin. But she says she's got no intention of giving up music. "Even if I do one or two times a year I'll still have time to make a record". **Madonna 4** She was spotted out 'n' about at the film *Letter To Bretnere*, the play *Ophion* and at London Fashion Week (shaking in through the changing rooms) wearing torn jeans, a headband and glasses. **Madonna 5** **Paula Ciccon**, **Madonna's** 20-year-old sister, made her singing debut at New York's Limeight club the other week singing a country & western song called "Mississippi Heart" and wearing a pair of **Madonna's** black stockings for luck. **Madonna 6** **Madonna** is also scheduled to appear at a huge American anti-drugs festival on April 26 in Fort Collins, Pasadena, California along with **George Michael, Mr. Mister, Aretha Franklin, Sheena Easton, Iron Maiden** and **Ozzy Osbourne**, the last three appearing despite

protests from **Ronald Reagan's** wife, Nancy, who thinks they're a corrupting influence. **George Michael** recorded his delicate new single "A Different Corner" all on his own in a recording studio in Paris, playing all the instruments himself. Clever chap. **Astonishing Fact 1** **Grant from Australia** "best combo" **The Go-Betweens**, once found a safety pin in a sausage. **Astonishing Fact 2** **Grace Jones** was so chilled when she won £2,000 at San Remo casino in Italy that she chucked the money into the crowd. **Astonishing Fact 3** **Martin Gore** of **Depeche Mode** has a plastic lion from London Zoo on his key ring. **Astonishing Fact 4** **Frankie Goes To Hollywood** have a new "rustic" look — Paul has clean shoes and a country peasant smock, Holly 'yans, sneakers and baggy jumpers". **Astonishing Fact 5** **John Lydon** claims that his "marriage" to Nora was — her hair — a hoax. But they do live together. **Astonishing Fact 6** **Bryan Adams** and **Tina Turner** are going out — they were spotted "shopping together" and "hugging each other" in Hawaii. **Astonishing Fact 7** **Bryan Adams** and **Tina Turner** aren't going out. **Bryan** is keen to point out that he's still

"spoony" about **Wix Russell** (daughter of Ken!) more terrible Cliff and Elton vids and am quite portly (Russell) **Astonishing Fact 8** **Anne Marie** from **Amazulu** hasn't washed her hair for seven years. **Astonishing Fact 9** **Skin** from **Mipway** has flying ducks and large brass spiders on his mantelpiece. **Astonishing Facts 10-13** **John Taylor** says a) his size 10 1/2 feet are too big and his knees are knobby b) that he and **Andy** very nearly left **Duran Duran** (in August c) that **Roger Taylor** may not return to Hull duty because he hates everything about the pop star (he except being a drummer d) that um! his solo wailing he "hadn't even duned on a record". **Sing and M2** are to headline a ten hour Amnesty International Concert in New Jersey, USA, on June 15, to be broadcast live worldwide. **M2** appeared on Irish TV *Go Go* recently, playing two new songs, the psychobilly "Womanizer" ("it's about this messad we met in America") and "I'm Through Your Wives" before **Bono**, in a black-and-white headscarf and playing harmonica, lead them through the old **Bob Dylan** "chastity" "Knocking Out Heaven's Door". The people who re-edited the **Wham!** film *Freedom* Shazam! *Mutterings* to dispute original director **Limsey Anderson's** account of recent events. Apparently, the new version isn't "like a pop video" but has 30% more documentary footage than the original. **Anderson** did finish his version of the film but was, they say, "removed" because it was "awfully bad". **Michael J. Fox** is a) in **Julian Lennon's** new vid "Stand On It" (full story next issue) b) not in "Teen Wolf 2" (yet). Last time he got paid £100,000 — this time he wants £1 1/2 million c) to be "Just Around The Corner To The Light Of Day". Finally back to **Martin** "youuuuh youuuuh orange sidery stuff ruin my mouth" **Degville**'s lol **Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik**'s next "release" will be a photo of wiles (overs in the shape of a crucifix (very rebellus, "lads") with the line "Get ready for the second coming." "I Christ were here today," he explains **Tony James**, "he would be taking major advertising space. The crucifix is a very strong marketing concept. We're just having a piece of fun." Actually, if Christ were here today, and if he was taking major advertising space, he wouldn't be using **Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik** (so they couldn't even outsize a) loud American loveless who no-one's ever heard of a) **The Bangles** or b) a dirty old US soul queen i.e. **Quana Ross** So there!!!)



Martin "Frightmask" Degville of **Sigue Sigit Sputnik** is so touchy about his great big sticky-out ears that he glues them to his head before going on stage!



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