

SMASH HITS

Style Council

Go West

George Michael

Madonna

Big Audio Dynamite

Samamba Pix

The Young Ones

Julian Lennon

The Bangles

Tippa Irie

Simon le Bon

Faoual Sharkey

Simple Minds

Win a Vespa scooter



Gigantic
double-sided
poster
featuring
Bono and A-ha

CONTENTS

FEATURES

- 12-13 SIMON LE BON:** It's a historical reenactment as Billy Simon takes to the high seas.
- 15 ENORMOUS COMPETITION:** Win a Vespa scooter. Win lots of *Madonna* T-shirts. Win a pair of pink socks and a copy of the Highway Code. Yes please!
- 16-17 THE BANGLES:** Scooting in the "newies", cruising in the "car wazas", cruising around the inner city "automobiles". Is this how they spend their time? Probably not.
- 20-21 BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE:** What is Albert Einstein doing in this music group? (Clue: not a lot)
- 24-25 GEORGE MICHAEL:** "Why was I born so ugly?" — the child's real trauma. G.M. and much, much more.
- 26-28 FEARFUL SHARKEY:** In which our "Fergie" admits that he's really a "tizard". Spooky, eh?
- 42-43 JULIAN LENNON:** Why is he dressing Michael? Fox up as a *plage* boy?
- 54 TIPPA IRIS:** How many hats can one man own?
- 58-59 SAMANTHA FOX:** Britain's foremost philosopher speaks out about Thatcher and the unions and God Almighty and Peggy hats.
- 64 THE YOUNG ONES:** Super!



WIN A VESPA PAGE 15: But don't try to ride it like this silly fellow because that would be very dangerous.

SONGS

- 9 MADONNA** Live To Tell
- 9 NEW ORDER** Shell Shock
- 21 WHITNEY HOUSTON** The Greatest Love Of All
- 21 BRONSKI BEAT** C'mon C'mon
- 31 ATLANTIC STARR** Secret Lovers
- 31 SIMPLE MINDS** All The Things She Said
- 37 FALCO** Rock Me Amadeus
- 54 TIPPA IRIS** Hello Darling
- 55 STYLE COUNCIL** Have You Ever Had It Blue
- 57 SAM GOOKE** Wonderful World
- 57 BANGLES** If She Knew What She Wants
- 59 SAMANTHA FOX** Touch Me (I Want Your Body)



SIMON LE BON PAGE 12: Aboard *Drum*, heaving ho etc. (Don't try this without a life jacket.)

PLUS

- 4-8 BITZ:** It's thrills galore as our "newshounds" discover Art Of Noise, Atlantic Starr, The Krew, Hüsker Dü and Jordan's more loveless, go to a Japanese tea party with a space chimp, and give away — gasp! — a bar!
- 19 PRIZE CROSSWORD:** The Top Ten "vids" could be yours.
- 22 STAR TEASER:** Not a space chimp
- 22 TOURS:** INXS, Floy Joy, Redskins, The Temptations, The Raincoats, Hipway... is the list endless? No.
- 29 PERSONAL FILE:** Falco — he's a bit weird
- 32-33 MADONNA:** Meet this bright pop newcomer on our "celebs-oid"
- 35 GET SMART:** Dave Vanian's dental problems solved
- 45 SINGLES:** Madonna's, The Cure, Sade, more...
- 46-47 REVIEW:** Are Compact Discs completely useless? Are LPs by Prince, The Cocteau Twins, Hipway, Art Of Noise etc. any good? Plus a film about some man-eating yoghurt...
- 50-51 LETTERS:** Boo!
- 53 RSVP:** Shipmates ahoy!
- 62 MUTTERINGS:** The usual guff plus the Great Cartoon "Capers" Contest



SAMANTHA FOX PAGE 58: With all her clothes on (thank goodness)



GO WEST ● SMASH HITS

APRIL

- 9 Mark Kelly of Marillion (25)
- 11 Stuart Adamson of Big Country (28)
- 12 Herbie Hancock (46)
- David Cassidy (36)
- Will Sergeant of Echo & The Bunnymen (28)
- 13 Kim McAuliffe of Girlschool (27)
- 14 Ritchie Blackmore (51)
- 18 Les Pattinson of Echo & The Bunnymen (27)
- 21 Elizabeth Windsor a.k.a. "Your Majesty" (60)
- Robert Smith of The Cure (29)
- 22 George "Arthur Daley" Cole (61)



Just Bryan Ferry's a right old smoothie, and no mistake. Smoother, even, than a melted *Minstrel* and *Butz* should know because *Butz* has just spent an entire day surrounded by 23 12" copies of *Breathly Bryan's* new single "Is Your Love Strong Enough?" and 23 copies of "Street Life" – which is a superb double LP compilation of the best of Roxy Music and Bry's solo stuff, too. And 5 Bryan Ferry sweatshirts – which are as stupendous that we're not even going to show you what they look like. And what's even more, the rarest, most us-ger-your-hands-upon-able AUTOGRAPHED print of the swanky gatefold sleeve of Roxy Music's 1973 LP "For Your Pleasure". Stunning! Yes, surrounded by this vast array of objects de smoothness, *Butz* has come over a trifle smooth itself, and so the whole lot is being given to you. And all you have to do to be in with a chance of winning is answer this:

Which of the following was never a member of Roxy Music? a) Brian Eno b) Andy McKay c) Bryan Ferry d) Mark Unpronounceablenameofcountry or e) Sarah Ferguson?

Answers on a something smooth to **Smash Hits Nothing Is Smoother Than Bryan Ferry Not Even A Melted Minstrel Competition**, 32-35 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. To get here before April 22.



"HELLO. My name is George Clinton and I wear really revolting clothes and I'm absolutely stank roving bankers. Actually I've been making really funky music for at least 30 years now and..."

"I've got a brand new single out called 'Do You Go With That Shit?' and it's really funky and quite soul too. Sell, you have to do something to get yourself ahead these days, don't you?"



REMEMBER

how Nik Kershaw's backing band **The Krew** always used to go on about how they were going to make a record on their own one day? Well, they've finally done it (with a bit of help from two blokes called Steve and Gary who they met in a pub). It's called "Paper Heroes", it's out on April 14 and *Butz* is at last able to bring you the terrible truth about the men they call The Krew.

- **Mark Price**, the drummer, is "very funny", was the original Yorkshire lad in the *Hells* adverts and likes anchovies!
- **Steve Lee**, singer and saxophonist, once recorded a single with the Art Of Noise's Anne Dudley, and played a German with a white flag in Paul McCartney's "Pipes Of Peace" vid – "he signed my guitar!"
- **Keith Airey**, guitar and keyboards, used to play with Jimmy James & The Vagabonds and Mari Wilson & The Wilsontons and, in 1968 or 1969, was "head character" on *Songs Of Praise* singing "Tarry No Longer".
- **Tim Moore**, keyboards, is "a warm genial bloke" and has "a deep-seated infatuation for Henry V".
- **Dennis Smith**, bass, used to be in mod revivalists Secret Affair, is "a bit quiet" and once owned "a duffel-coat with camel-colored wood bits on it".
- **Gary Miller**, guitar and keyboards, owns a blue "sweater", believes in ghosts, has had "a spiritual experience" and once played football with David Essex!



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY WATSON

STAR STYLE

Number: Quite A Lot:
Hüsker Dü



Never in the field of human conflict that is pop music has any one "outfit" been so devoid of "STYLE" as big combo from Minneapolis, USA – Hüsker Dü (unless, of course, you count the twirly moustache on the bloke in the middle). Are they even stars? Well, they've all seen stars because they used to sleep in the desert. Why? Because they didn't have any money. Why not? Because no-one liked their music very much. Why not? Because their music (as on their new LP "Candy Apple Grey") is an unspeakable racket. Why? "Because we like annoying people". Why? "Because people are idiots". Fancy that!

The other morning *Bitz* woke up and felt distinctly arty. Mmm, what can we do with ourselves today, mused *Bitz*? Aah! We'll design a **Culture Club** display board just like the ones you see in record stores and then we'll give them away and be very popular with the readers! What a good idea! So, nimbly we snipped away at our cardboard shapes and then got out our "Pen Pals (geddit?) – A World Of Colour At Your Fingertips Very Large Marker Pens And No Mistake Set" to create this masterful design of unparalleled grandeur. How "talented". And then we made another two exactly the same! How "talented". And then we made 25 copies of Culture Club's new LP "From Luxury To Heartache". V. clever. And now you can have them. Here's the "all important" question. How long did it take *Bitz* to make the incredible, brilliant Culture Club display boards? Was it a) 45 minutes? b) 4 hours and 5 minutes? c) 4 months, 3 weeks, with no food, no water, no playmates and no communication – not even one desert island disc to "gladden" its heart? d) no time because *Bitz* didn't make them at all and they actually are the ones that you see in record stores?

Send your answers on a cardboard pen to **Smash Hits, Culture Club Craft Corner Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF**. To get here before April 22



Oh look! It's Matt "so-called hunk" Dillon and Shane "Sponsored by Colgate" MacGowan from **The Pogues** – together – in New York, no less! Matt as a "raving Pogues fan" and he nipped backstage at one of their "events" in New York the other week to tell Shane just that. And what's more – this was a truly monumental meeting of unparalleled weirdness because one of them's been called The Greatest Sex Symbol Of Our Time and the other one's been called The Ugliest Man In The World. *Bitz*, however, can't remember which one's which...

THIS IS A STAR. IT'S HERE TO TELL YOU THAT HIPPIES ARE PUTTING OUT THEIR VERY FIRST LP AND IT'S CALLED "HIPSWAY" – THEY'RE GOING ON TOUR TOO. SEE...ERM, TOURS.



This is a copy of **Abstract Magazine**. Now it may not look like a magazine, and it may look more like a record, but that's because it is a record – and a magazine, you see? 36 pages of it, with articles about ten indie groups who've each got their name very "swanky" names like Xymox, A Primary Industry, In The Nursery or The Anti Group and the whole package can be found in some record shops for £5.49 – or thereabouts.

The Redskins are playing some "gigs" this month. See Tours.

COMPETITION



Let us ponder that which is strewn constantly over the *Bitz* desk, i.e. "office equipment". Pencils, sticky tape, correction fluid (gallons of the stuff) and pen holders. A pen holder is, of course, something with a pen shaped hole in it. Obvious really, but take a peek at that round shaped thing you can see. Examine it closely. You will observe a pen, but no hole! Uncanny, isn't it? The pen is held there by mysterious forces (magnetism actually, deduced clever though). It's the Julian Lennon "Stick Around" pen holder and we've got 10 of them to give away, as well as 25 copies of Julian's terrific LP "The Secret Value of Daydreaming".

And to be in with a chance of copying one, all you have to do – as ever – is solve one brain-twirling puzzle. Which is:

Who invented the ball-point pen? Was it: a) Sean Penn (how haw – no it wasn't, actually) b) Nick Rhodes c) a medieval monk called Sebastiane de Bail-Pointe d) a Hungarian bloke called Biro?

Answers on items of office equipment to **Smash Hits Pen Holder With No Hole Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** by April 22.



"Can't Wait Another Minute" is the new single from **Five Star** who still live in Romford, and the "B" side is written by **Doris** (who's still the one in the middle). Fancy that!

This man pretending to strum a guitar is called **Mark Shaw**

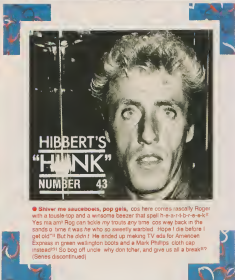
and he's in a group called **Then Jericho** who you may have seen on *The Tube* the other day. There again, you may have not, so here are some "things" you may wish to know about him. He's a male model and earlier this year he was working in Paris modelling some very swanky "threads" and he once spent a night in the cells at a police station after being arrested for graffiti-ing the group's name all over part of London and his favourite drink is Tequila and he once worked as a barman in a club where everyone was supposed to wear slinky shorts but he refused to put them on and he also used to be a window dresser and his girlfriend is a 22-year-old lawyer who lives in New York and his group have a new single out called "Muscle Deep"...

BITZ

Hiss/hooray! Queen are only playing one single solitary concert in the UK this summer as part of their European tour. Mind you, it's going to be the biggest show they've ever done, and it's going to be at the very big Wembley Stadium. Also on the "bitz" are Status Quo (who now only consist of Francis Rossi and Rick Parfitt and who never seem to be able to make up their minds whether they've split up or not) and The Alarm. When? For July 12 i.e. exactly one-year-minus-a-day after Live Aid. Makes yer think, don't it?



Who, pray, are this lot? And doesn't that bloke on the left look a great deal like Rik Mayall? And what is that ungodly red splodge in the background? Not content with having a number one single, Rik Mayall has now gone and helped out not-very-famous South London pop group Circus Circus Circus with the video to their new single "Butcher Bitches". And very distasteful it all sounds as well. But how did all this "come about"? "We were having a drink in a pub," says Circus Circus Circus's guitarist, who – by an amazing stroke of fate – is called Rick, "and Rik came in, looked at us, and said 'hello'. Amazing really."



● **Shower me saucetoes, pop geek,** cos here comes sassily Roger with a tussle-top and a winsome beazer that spell h-a-r-r-i-b-e-r-k! You may not Roger can follow my froots any time cos way back in the sands of time it was he who so sweetly watched... Hoped I'da before I get old!™ But he don't! He ended up making TV ads for American Express in green waxy boots and a Mark Phillips cloth cap (mashed!) So bog off Uncle why don'tcha, and give us all a break!™ (Gents discontinued)

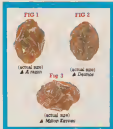
● **Oddest place for a concert so far this year:** the very posh Canadian High Commission building in London's Trafalgar Square. Appearing there on April 17 will be the Dave Howard Singers – a couple of scruffs who turned up in *Bitz* a while back if you recall. How queer! What's almost as odd is the name of their latest single "Goodnight Karl Malden". Karl Malden, fact fiends, is the name of the bloke with the funny nose in *The Streets Of San Francisco*. Whatever next?

ANTIPODEAN

Now there's a swanky word. But what does it mean? Is it a) the name of a person who hates James Dean because he's so po-faced? b) the proper name for the space in between your toes where you find carpet fluff? c) a place on the planet Earth that is diametrically opposite to Britain? Well, it's c) and that can only mean one thing – Australia! G'dai!! INXS, then, are Antipodeans and as well as having that rather grand title they've also got a new single out – called "What You Need". Is there no end to their "achievements"? No – because they're also going on tour all over the Cosmos in May. Well, all over England at least. Details in *Tours*.

Cut it out! Stick it together! Impress your friends with the new facts you have gleaned from the most important thing ever written: *The Bitz Book of Life*. Inclusion by instalment it builds up into the most indispensable guide to everything imaginable. Next Issue: Part 4!

MYSTERIES OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM Part Two DEIMOS



A natural satellite – i.e. a thing that whizzes around a planet for all eternity – of Mars. Deimos is a mere 17.6 KM in diameter. It's not much bigger than Nelson's Column. It never so much appears other than to give people the opportunity to say "I know what the smallest thing in the whole universe is – Deimos!" and improve their friends' IQs before any! Look through a powerful telescope, Deimos looks just like a rock.

THE JOYS OF NATURE



● The Goldfish

It's unlikely you're dwelling on the fact that only two goldfish have been named. But should a ceremony of only two awards? Don't fret! In fact they help to explain why goldfish never seem to get fed in a) they swim around and second a) how all day but with every catch they're forgotten what they've just eaten and so they're always emptying their stomachs in amazement and saying "Look! Look at that amazing, never-ending plastic world of a never-ending goldfish that only rarely ever has any friends and the Golden of my Great Habitat!"

● The Gastric Brooding Frog

It's a special an individual of Queensland. Australia has one unique and remarkably disgusting habit: it is actually seen to vomit as its own stomach and gives birth to its babies through its mouth!

● The Sperm-yed Henky

How is hardly any thing remarkable about this. Black and white come apart from the last bit of their – a black called Laska – was the first ever living thing they mate to go up into space. This was in November 1982. 'Round the Broom –



Who are these leather-cled "vixens"? And who is that man with the ridiculous expression on his face possibly due to the "cut" of his trousers? Cripes! It's Gary "not very young" Glitter, fresh from his "suicide" attempt! (Which consisted of him drinking a few pints of lager and falling over but the swizzaway Sun reckoned he'd tried to do himself in.) And here he is - alive! - with these "toxy" metallers Girlschool! And they've all got together to re-release an even louder version of his '73 "classic", "I'm The Leader Of The Gang (I Am)". But why oh why this strange collaboration? "Ooooh, Gary's always been one of our heroes," croon the ladies, a-swoonin' and a-dribblin' all over the place. Bieee-urgh!

ARE YOU SIXTEEN?

FACT: Exactly 16 years ago something mind-boggling took place. Some people were born! And 15,000 of those people whose birthdays were between 4th-11th April became part of an extraordinary thing called Youthscan, which is actually "the most important study of a complete generation ever undertaken anywhere"! In other words, these people regularly fill in lots of questionnaires about who they are and what they like, and these are fed into a computer to build up an accurate picture of their attitudes and experiences. And absolutely amazing facts emerge, like: one in five rarely have breakfast! And a lot of them like Wham!. And, more seriously, 13% have problems which affect everyday life. Anyway, this year they're all going to be asked about sex, money, drink, jobs and things like that and Blitz has been asked by Youthscan to remind everyone involved so far not to forget to fill in the brand new (and highly confidential!) questionnaires when they arrive at your schools. Oh...and happy birthday!



MADONNA ● LIVE TO TELL

I was not ready for the fall
You tried to see the writing on the wall

Chorus
A man can tell a thousand lies
I've learnt my lesson well
Hope I live to tell the secret I have learnt
Till then it will burn inside of me

I know where beauty lives
I've seen it once I know the warmth she gives
The light that you could never see
It shines inside
You can't take that from me

Repeat chorus

The truth is never far behind
You kept it hidden well
It'll live to tell the secret I know then
Will I ever have the chance again

If I run away
I'd never have the strength to go very far
How would they hear
The beating of my heart
Will it go cold (will it go cold)
The secret that I hide
Will I grow old
How will they hear
When will they leave
How will they know

Repeat chorus

The truth is never far behind
You kept it hidden well
It'll live to tell the secret I know then
Will I ever have the chance again

Words and music by Madonna/Pat Leonard
Produced by producers Stuart Bros Music
© Sire Records



NEW ORDER ● SHELLSHOCK

Made me sit in a corner...
It's never enough until your heart stops beating
The danger you get the sweetest the pain
Don't let it up again until your heart stops beating (oh)

Keep your heart
You call me on the phone
You left me all alone
All I get from you is a shellshock
Anything else goes for me and I do to try
All I get from you is a shellshock

I felt the world and saw my soul
Rain falls down and I feel you
Cold that always within my heart
It tears the earth and my heart

That's the way (that's the way) that I can sit alone
A mother of (oh) is the way that you and me
You've lost the gold (that's the way) you have come from
By causing me changes (let you run) and

Repeat chorus
It's never enough
It's never enough until your heart stops beating
The danger you get the sweetest the pain

Shell's give up again until your heart stops beating on your own heart

When you walk through open doorways
Catching them in one or more ways
We can't find our pieces of mind
And the moment a life of crime
That's the way (that's the way) I call your name (oh)
I come to you (that's the way) I called in vain (oh)
The line in your mind from the end to the start

Repeat chorus
It's never enough until your heart jumps and you get
Mind and heart
Just a moment
Don't your mind!

That's the way (that's the way) that I can sit alone
A mother of (oh) is the way that you and me
You've lost the gold (that's the way) you have come from
The line in your mind from the end to the start

Repeat chorus
It's never enough until your heart jumps and you get
Mind and heart
Just a moment
Don't your mind!



L A
N C M
N G F

ODEON
HAWTHORNE
Wed.
£5.00
ON

HELEN BOLTON

Works for charity. Gets her laughs from Fawley Towers and her clothes from Kensington Market. Likes The Cure, eating fish, and going to the theatre.

R E A L G I R L S

REAL GIRLS



ANNA BARBATO

*Is a VDU trainee.
Likes Echo and the Bunnymen and
black coffee. Hates meat! Clothes
from Camden Market and Hennes.*

W **W**E A R 17



COSMETICS
Exclusive to Boots



DRUM: AROUND THE V



▲ There are sails! Drum decked out in her full glory starts the first leg from Portsmouth under spinnaker (whatever that means).



▲ Our intrepid Nestor has a go at entering Genoa (whatever they are) with rubber inner ear something about the most nesting ch...



▲ Our swashbucklin' sailor practicing his 'helm-ing' (whatever that is) while Yassin makes sure the mast's still OK.



▲ Time for sustain! Simon to radio the coast guard on the VHF radio ('the mast's looking good' and stuff like that).



▲ Simon and Yassin have a bit of a canoodle in the New Zealand sun.



▲ Phew! After an...

WORLD IN 150 DAYS (or thereabouts)



Simon le Bon, "pulling up the mussels" or "showing in the mussels" while a fellow crew member whispers in his ear.



And here's Simon, um, "checking the mood" (whatever that involves).



Yes! It's our merry manner "checking the mood" again!



hard work, time for a breather, says our puffed-out

Drum has just set off on the last leg of the Whitbread Round-the-World Race with Simon le Bon on board still thirsting for victory. What is this strange obsession that lures the "singer" down to the sea to do battle with the raging elements? Doesn't he ever get seasick? Does he drink noggins of rum? Has he got a parrot on his shoulder? And what's this round-the-world caper all about anyway? Kos Evans met up with him in New Zealand.

● Photos: Kos Evans ● Cabin boys: Chris Heath/Tom Hibbert



February 14, 1986: sitting solemnly by the still waters of a swimming pool in Auckland's Regent Palace Hotel, the newlyweds Simon and Yasmin le Bon seem without a care in the world. But do not be deceived; for tomorrow Simon will be out on the ocean taking part in the third leg of the Whitbread Round-the-World Race, aboard *Drum* from New Zealand to Uruguay. Yasmin is concerned that Simon enjoys a safe passage. Simon is concerned that he wins: "We are there to win. I believe we can win. I believe we should win."

But what is this fever that draws Simon le Bon, top pop singer, down to the sea? His interest in yachting, he claims, goes back to when he was eleven years old and "seduced by a woman pirate" on the Norfolk Broads. Then there was an audition at school for a production of Arthur Ransome's weedy yarn *Swallows And Amazons* for which would-be acting participants had to show their "sailing ability." After that Simon became "fascinated by the water". He would sail on a reservoir near his home in Rustlip each Sunday — "It was an alternative to going to church — anything's better than that" — and spend most of his summers in Poole, Dorset sailing on small keel boats.

By 1985, Simon had become so successful and rich with Duran Duran that he was able to pursue his yachting hobby with some seriousness. He was a crew member of the *Yellow Drama V*, which won the first three races in the Swan World Cup, and then began the saga of his own yacht.

Duran saying "Thank God you've got that out of your system." But he hadn't. *Drum* had been specifically designed for the Whitbread Round-the-World Race and Simon was determined to continue. "He must have bats in the belfry," thought his fellow band members.



Yachting is a pretty peculiar hobby for a pop star, Simon agrees, and he finds it difficult to tolerate the "blazer brigade" who wish to keep sailing an elitist sport and who see someone like Simon as "part of a rebel generation which they are not sure whether to encourage or dissuade."

But he damned to what others — his fellow band members, the "blazer brigade", worn fans, even his new bride — may say, Simon will be on *Drum* come hell or high water — and on February 15 came the day of departure. Masses of people gathered in Auckland harbour to see the boats off. There were tearful hugs and kisses from wives and girlfriends, and cheers from the crowd echoed around the dock as the yachts set off for the starting line in the harbour entrance. Once the gun was fired and the 15-strong fleet was off, spectator boats darted across the blue water to say goodbye. The channel became a bubbling cauldron of boat washes through which the Whitbread fleet had to pick its way out to the open sea...



Over one million pounds was spent on the research, design and development of the boat (a "lightweight monocoque Maxi yacht", fact fans!), and the finished product was the largest-ever one-piece, completely-moulded floating structure ever built — 25% lighter than any boat of a similar size afloat today. So why is it called *Drum*? Well, when the bare hull was being towed from Cowes to Hamble to be fitted out, Simon leaped aboard and, wandering around the structure, commented on the incredible sound she made while slicing through the water. "Just wait till you get her in the Southern Ocean," remarked one of the boat builders, "then she'll really sound like a drum." The name was to stick.

The Fastnet race in the summer of 1985 finished disaster when *Drum* capsized and Simon almost perished in the icy waters of the British channel. Immediately after this experience, he received three phone calls from the rest of Duran

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THE QUEST

- 1 **Portsmouth, England.** Reported September 28. Lying 110 degrees west, 11th on handicap (out of 15 boats).
- 2 **Relatively straightforward** at sea until the sudden shock of darkness and the eerie loneliness of being on a deserted coast in an arid desert of water. Good!
- 3 **The Doldrums** — the most boring bit of water in the universe. There are hardly any waves near the equator so everyone gets very bored off.
- 4 **Cape Town, South Africa.** Arrived November 4 being 8th overall, 11th on handicap. Had to have lots of repairs to the "annexation" which came off on first leg. Departed on December 4.
- 5 **Bloody patch.** This *Drum* had to sail into "a vast brown waste of ocean", during which only large animals (called whales) called *The Roaring Forties*, while watching out for orcas (called icebergs) and warning up against the bilious red sulphuric wind. Most of the crew decide to take up today we take next year.
- 6 **Auckland, New Zealand.** Arrived January 2 being 8th overall, 11th on handicap. 12 "honeycombed" sections of alterations in *Cape Town* and green even higher handicap. Departed on February 18 with Simon le Bon on board.
- 7 **Silly piece to sail.** This "Round" (the nickname *Cape Horn*) where gentle breezes can change to vicious gales in the time it takes to have "Union Of The South". No orcas here.
- 8 **All of peace and quiet here,** which progressively means lots of fishing, or swimming.
- 9 **Penia del Bato, Uruguay.** Arrived March 11 being 2nd overall, 8th on handicap. Simon meets Yasmin who's flown out to blow in the legs of their baby.
- 10 **The Doldrums** — yes, the most boring bit of water in the universe all over again.
- 11 **Whooooo!** Back into strong winds again and it's plain sailing (sort of) all the way home. Expected date of arrival in Portsmouth is around May 5.

ONE DAY IN BANGLEONIA



with **Chris Heath** (words), **Paul Rider** (photos),
and four girls from California

"Number seven!!!"

All of a sudden the Bangles are in a rather good mood. Moments ago they were all sitting round having a nice quiet drink in their Boston hotel after a grueling day of radio interviews. Now they've just been told that "Manic Monday" is at number seven in the American charts and is on schedule to reach number one.

Even though it's a Prince song that's given them their first hit, there's little doubt that the Bangles would have been successful anyway. Their new album, "A Different Light", is overflowing with songs that are just as good, especially the new single "If She Knew What She Wants" — another of their "unabashedly pop songs," explains Michael. "We can't help it — we get a little embarrassed about it once in a while but really we have no aspirations to be arty."

And in any case, they seemed to pick up a good few fans with their first album, "All Over The Place", Madonna, for example.

"There's this place called the Jane Fonda Work Out Centre in Los Angeles," says Susanna, whose parents have coincidentally just moved into a Malibu beach house next to Sean Penn and Madonna's, "where Madonna does her aerobics every day. A friend was wearing a Bangles shirt in the same class as her and she went up to them and said she really liked us. I thought that was cool."

Sting's a fan; old Led Zeppelin singer Robert Plant's a fan; even Sique "Sigue" Sputnik were almost nice...

"Two of them came to see us in England," says Susanna, "and were fine. But then at Top Of The Pops," adds Vicki, "they were so competitive. One of the dudes was hanging out in our dressing room boasting 'we'll be number one next week'. We said 'oh, we've got to get dressed now' and he said 'oh, can't I check out the Bangles bods?' I pushed him out the door and said 'come back next week when you're number one and maybe you'll have a chance!'"

And?
"We haven't seen them since."

The day after our drink, the Bangles give a press conference to a roomful of college students. They offer their audience opinions on everything from being girls to German food ("yeuuuuuhhhh — you get ham in everything!"), the early days ("we had to play suburban dives — there were too many of the post new wave skinny-tie lot like Mr Mister") and so on. The "conference" is just one of the more awkward sides of fame... rather like the spooky fan letters they sometimes get. "There are certain dangers, you know," says Vicki. "You hear horror stories — about psycho fans. We worry because we lost one of our heroes to that."

"Yeah," agrees Susanna, "in

fact John Lennon's death was what got us together more or less."

"There were two reactions at the time," explains Michael. "One was 'that's it, it's all over'. The other — our reaction — was 'OK, let's go for it.'"

And so far it's working pretty well. One huge worldwide hit, a successful album and, with "If She Knew What She Wants", another hit on the way. And after "It's the third single will be 'Walk Like An Egyptian' — which was written by a non-Bangle, like the others. That's something they don't really mind — 'they're good songs, otherwise we wouldn't have recorded them,'" explains Vicki. But, she admits, "it would be good to have a hit written by a Bangle."

"Maybe the fourth single," suggests Debbi, "but we haven't really thought that far ahead."

"No," says Michael, wisely. "We take it one day at a time in Banglesia."



▲ VICKI PETERSON

"I was so rowdy and noisy," laughs Vicki remembering her childhood in Burbank, California. Mr and Mrs Peterson, who met at the aerospace corporation where they both worked, would spend all day shouting "settle down, Vicki."

"I always wanted to perform," Vicki explains. "My parents have home movies of me aged three, dancing, bumping into tables getting black eyes." When she was 7, her parents bought her a plastic guitar and she began to strum old folk tunes like "Hang Down Your Head Tom Dooley". By nine she was writing her own.

"The first one," she giggles, "was called 'I Think It's Love — pure crap.'" And from there they got worse — "really bad 'serious' love songs immortalising every crush I ever had."

Meanwhile, in school Vicki was "in all the choirs, the madrigal groups doing tours of shopping malls — wonderful!". Out of school she formed her first band, "a female Simon & Garfunkel" with her English best friend, Amanda. At college they metamorphosed into The Fans (by which time Debbi had joined on drums) but Amanda gave it all up to concentrate on her oenology. Eventually Vicki formed The Bangs, within a few months, they became The Bangles and got offered an American tour with The Beat. Now she could give up all her dead end jobs, like being a bus boy ("someone who clears tables"), a "bagger" in a supermarket and a movie studio

secretary.

What she'd really like to do though, she confesses, is "write a Broadway musical" (until then however she'll keep working on that "sleazy novel" that she and Susanna are conceiving, wearing flared trousers ("I love them — I was very upset when I saw Prince had stolen them for the 'Kiss' video"), being "a devout Catholic", going home to her huge orange and blue John Lennon rug ("very tacky"), knitting and acting in her school's "talent" friends of hers in Los Angeles.

"The new one — Lovedo! Superstar," she pushes enthusiastically, "revolves around the first all-girl band in space. I play Jeanie — first beautiful character full of lovely thoughts who is a teacher in the 'freedom school. I guide the kids in the way of peace and love."



▲ SUSANNA HOFFS

"My father's a psychoanalyst who gets people to lie on a couch and my mum's a painter — and they had this vision of coming to California and having this very Utopian family where all the kids would be artists and they, as parents, would let us say what we wanted, swear if we wanted to, see X-rated films, ask questions about sex and so on."

Apart from all that, Susanna had a fairly normal Californian childhood, full of slumber parties ("sleep-over-parties; little girls get together on a Friday night sitting up telling ghost stories and making cookies") and anxiety about that first kiss...

"I was too scared to actually do it on the lips so I lay my face sort of work its way over and then it sort of happened. It was so great! The funny thing was my friend was in the room and she knew I'd never kissed a boy and she was going 'do it! do it!'"

Susanna's first band — her, her brother and her boyfriend David Roback — were called the Psychrats. "It was an imaginary band, very, um, conceptual. We were going to do things like have 50 minute performances because psychiatrists' hours are 50 minutes long." Later she met the Peterson sisters and loved the fact that they knew about '60s groups, while they loved Susanna's voice.

So, she was soon to discover, did Prince. They first met a couple of years ago when Prince turned up at a Bangles party. "Suddenly one of my managers said 'it's midnight, time to go.' I said 'just like Cinderella, ah?' So what happens?" and he said 'oh, the bodyguards turn to rats.'"

Since then they've kept in touch and this January Susanna and Vicki went to the "Parade" party

(for Prince's new LP) on Susanna's birthday.

"When I got there there was this huge yellow cake in the shape of a guitar with my name on and — this sounds really weird — but he always smells really good, so I went up to him and said 'by the way I just want to tell you you smell really good.' He started laughing and pointed at his present. When I got home I discovered it was all this soap — liquid soap lotion and four large bottles of perfume from some weird store. It was lovely."

▼ DEBBI PETERSON

"I didn't have a lot of friends at school," whispers Debbi. "I'd look at Vicki and she was always the most popular one — she'd be a cheerleader and I was just a drill team person. And later... I wanted to be in her band so badly. I said 'I'd do anything — I'll even play drums'."

She was rather in Vicki's shadow as far as boys went, too. While Vicki was vowing with a procession of "guys", Debbi had her heart set on a boy called Dave Clark — "he was so cute and he had the same name as The Dave Clark Five" — but sadly they were both so shy that they only said hello a couple of times. She'd console herself by listening to Beatles records and soon she was a complete Beatles' fanatic — dressing up in '60s clothes and going to Beatles conventions and watching old black-and-white films of them performing on some magical British programme called *Top Of The Pops*, dreaming that maybe one day she could do the same.

Her parents had other ideas. They fancied she'd make rather a good nurse and at the very least should go to college. To their horror she refused, earning a living "doing clerical jobs, filing, answering phones and all the general yuck that you go through when a band is starting to climb". Early on she even worked in McDonalds — "one of the worst experiences of my life!"

These days though things are looking a lot better. She's been on *Top Of The Pops*. She's not just the drummer but also sings loads of songs (and can play just about everything else — "raw musical talent," says Michael admiringly). And she's having lots of fun, though "sometimes," she admits, "it's hard being in a band with my sister, especially me being the younger and quieter one. She's always more aggressive so she always comes out with the great jokes and I sit there... hurrmmmmpphh! I think that's just something I'll have to grow out of."



▲ MICHAEL STEELE

Michael was brought up first in Pasadena then in the holiday resort of Newport Beach and used to spend her time "in my room reading books, listening to the radio and having a rich fantasy life."

Her mother used to take Michael, then called a more normal but still secret name, to Leonard Bernstein concerts and play her Frank Sinatra and Tony Bennett records. And, being "an adventurous housewife", she'd take Michael flying in her light aeroplane. "We almost crashed once. The engine froze up — somehow she got it going again or the Bangles would have a different bass player."

Michael didn't show too much musical interest until a gulfstream boyfriend Jim roped her into his band. Then, one day Michael was at Jim's house when a bloke called Kim Fowley called, "He said 'I'm putting together this all-girl band.' I said 'hmmmmmm...' Nevertheless, she agreed to give it a go, and became one of The Runaways, who went on to have considerable international success — without Michael.

"After four months I got kicked out. Kim played this song 'Cherry Bomb' to me and I said 'well, I can't sing this, it's stupid.' That was the end of my career as a Runaway. It was a great education — it taught me everything I didn't want to do."

So shaken was she by the experience that Michael gave up music for good. Except that the only job she could find was in a record shop and one day she heard the first album by this group called Cheap Trick — "sort of heavy metal Beatles. I suddenly realised that I wanted to do it again so I moved back to Hollywood, gritted my teeth and started playing in bands." The only trouble was she couldn't find the right one.

"I tried about fifteen," she laughs. "Slow Children, Greg Besty, Elton Clark, Tom and the Movers, The Twisters, Rampage... I was in the eleventh hour, just about to throw in the towel when a friend called me up and said would I like to move into her house?"

So she did and one of the other occupants was Vicki. "I'd go 'good morning, how's the band going,'" remembers Michael. Eventually the hint was taken and she became a Bangle. Her remaining ambitions, it seems, are to be a cartoon animator and to continue indulging in her only truly repulsive habit.

"I like eating Milky Way bars in the shower," she explains. "If you keep them out of the spray they don't melt, especially if you refrigerate them beforehand."

"It's the ultimate sensory experience."



BONNIE TYLER

IF YOU WERE
A WOMAN
(AND I WAS A MAN)

THE NEW SINGLE
ON 7" AND
EXTENDED 12"

PRODUCED & DIRECTED
BY JIM STEINMAN



ARISTA
Music



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NO MORE GRUMBLY BUS CONDUCTORS COMPETITION

(i.e. YOU COULD WIN A SCOOTER)



Study this picture of cinematic artistes, Patsy Kensit and Eddie O'Connell aboard a Vespa motor scooter in the big screen "smash" musical *Absolute Beginners*. What does it tell you? Yes, that's right! The two film persons have not been sweating up on their road drill, have they? In fact, they are committing no less than SIX major traffic offences!!

- 1: They are *not* wearing crash helmets.
- 2: It is night time but they have *no* lights on.
- 3: They are *not* looking where they are going.
- 4: The front wheel of the vehicle is *not* in contact with the road surface.
- 5: Ms Kensit's skirt is in dangerous proximity to the rear wheel of the vehicle.
- 6: Mr O'Connell is wearing pink socks and thus poses a hazard to other road users.

And so, in the interests of highway safety, we have decided to confiscate the Vespa and offer it to someone with a bit of road sense La. YOU. On second thoughts, since Mr O'Connell's obvious neglect of the vehicle has left it in unroadworthy condition, we've gone out and got a brand NEW Vespa worth £900 (that's it down there) - a PX125E with 4 speed, constant mesh, electronic ignition, kick start, helical coil springs and - gasp! - hydraulic telescopic dampers!!!

There are runners-up prizes too, as you can clearly see. And all you have to do to have a chance of winning is answer THIS:

What does the 125 in PX125E "symbolise"? a) It goes at 125 miles an hour, b) It costs £125,000, c) It is made out of spare parts from Intercity 125 trains, d) It has an engine capacity of 125 c.c. or b) the man who invented it was 125?

Answers on a postcard or something like that to Smash Hits Vespa Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ, to arrive by April 22.



THE RUNNERS' UP PRIZES



▲ 10 The Beginners: Code 70 Absolute Beginners books

▼ 10 Absolute Beginners bookback LPs

▼ 25 Absolute Beginners film posters

▲ 10 David Bowie in Absolute Beginners t-shirts

▼ 25 Absolute Beginners t-shirts

▼ Special Record Prize - a pair of pink socks plus a copy of the Highway Code for absolute beginners New Here

25 copies of Absolute Beginners - the original novel by Colin MacInnes



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- 6 **Queen** Greatest Hits
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HOW TO ENTER

- Complete the crossword grid, fill in your name and address and tick whether you'd like VHS or Betamax videos.
 - Snip out the coupon (including the crossword grid), stick it in an envelope and send it to the following address (to arrive by April 22):
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14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough
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- The first correct entry out of the Andrew's Fergie commemorative "mug" gets HMV's top ten videos (at the time of going to press).

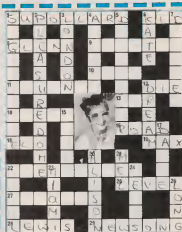
ACROSS

- 1 See protector (3-7)
- 3 A-ha see **Grease!**
- 8 Prey—orange-billed, double
- 9 Instrument with a pee in it blown when just brought?
- 10 **Cult** hit that sounded a bit wet
- 11 See 1 down
- 12 **Over-the-line**—James (Best movie)
- 13 Corporation we met on that stairway?
- 14 "I— That's Why They Call It The Blues"
—**Elton John**
- 16 **Talking Heads** took one that led nowhere,
- 18 **Bono** found at the start of "Cross" (11+11)
- 19 He's completely **flat** and associated with
—**Time Turner**
- 22 See 5 down
- 23 Add **42** for a net outfit
- 27 They reckon heaven must be missing an angel
- 28 **Huey** the **Lawman**
- 29 **Prize** show that provided **Howard Jones** (start to 13,4)

DOWN

- 1 and 11 across: I use Su Png-King puel to form love music makers' (anag 5,5,7)
- 2 **Frankie** once-wedded you to it
- 3 **Clash**—"Losing"—Hooey old punk hit from ver
- 4 Where the Men were from "Down Under" (2,4)
- 5 and 22 across: "Gullies Are ———"
- 6 **Burythrice** and **Aretha Franklin** 4,2,3,10)
- 7 — see around the Bush (re-act)
- 7 **Style Council** who saw the day (3,1,3)
- 12 **WOLFEY** for the Thompson-Lewis **doody**?
- 18 They're like us, according to **Paul McCartney**
- 17 The **Pommes** was of the neuron type
- 20 **Barron** for **Mr Mayer** (anag)
- 21 **Gilgamesh** found at the end of **Caesal**
- 22 Sort of **Contract** needed for a hit sound
- 23 US city that staples TV vice...
- 24 "She — Sanctuary" **The Cult**
- 26 **Not short**, like **Cl Janice**

● ANSWERS NEXT ISSUE



NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____

● Tick kind of video required
 VHS BETAMAX

● LAST ISSUE'S ANSWER ON PAGE 61 ● LAST ISSUE'S WINNER IN NEXT ISSUE (COMPLICATED, NON?)

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GREATEST LOVE OF ALL

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 Re-mixed from the album
 "Whitney Houston"

ARISTA

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE



▶ DON LETTS



▶ GREG ROBERTS



▶ MICK JONES



▶ LEO WILLIAMS

Once upon a time a guitarist called Mick Jones used to be in a very successful "punk rock" group called The Clash. But one day things went horribly wrong and Mick was unceremoniously given the boot. At first Mick was furious, but then he decided to get his own group together, and now they've got a single out with the highly peculiar name "E=MC²". It took Mick two years to find the right people for Big Audio Dynamite, and a right bunch of oddballs they are too, as William Shew discovered. . .

● **MICK JONES:** "I co-wrote 'E=MC²' with Albert Einstein, Charles Mick. (Albert Einstein being the very famous dead physicist who worked out that E=MC² and called it 'The Theory Of Relativity' - see 'fascinating' footnote.) "I much prefer

to work with established professors rather than established musicians, but Albert's not a very good live performer." How raw

Back in the '70s Mick got expelled from Art College for spending too much time going off with The Clash who were busy helping to invent punk rock. His tutors didn't like him anyway because "I was the most happening artist there. They'd say 'Where's your paintings?' and I'd show them shirts that I'd made."

Mick used to say he was in "the greatest rock and roll band in the world" (The Clash); he now says he's in "the greatest rock and roll band in the world" (Big Audio Dynamite). He avoided "established musicians" when forming B.A.D. because they're "not so flexible". But aren't B.A.D. just a bunch of boring old punks? "That's a bit bloody cheeky, isn't it? I think I'm an exciting young punk. I'm not a dinosaur."

● **DON LETTS,** the not terribly good keyboard player: "I've got coloured stickers on the keys so I can see what notes to play, and when the

lights change on stage I can't see what colours they are. It's a real problem"

Letts is also a film director famed for videos of punk groups like The Sex Pistols and The Clash. When Mick Jones asked him to join B.A.D., he thought the idea was ridiculous "but then I realised it was an opportunity to be on the other side of the camera"

Back in 1976 Letts was a disc jockey at the well known punk "night" The Roxy and remembers Mick Jones as "a sort of funny looking white punk rocker." So does he think B.A.D. are just another bunch of old punks?

"I should punch you in the ear for saying that! No! We used to be angry young men - and now we're angry old men."

● **LEO WILLIAMS,** the bass player: Mick Jones claims he discovered Leo a couple of years ago on a dance floor in New York, but this is not, strictly speaking, true. Leo was born in St Andrew, Jamaica, but he's lived in London for the last 20 years

and he's known Mick for ages - "since '77 days". He left school at 16, became a mechanic, and then bass player in an "experimental reggae group" called Basement 5. He once acted in a play opposite TV presenter and one-time singer of The Selecter, Pauline Black. Leo wants to own a house and be comfortable.

● **GREG ROBERTS,** the drummer. He put an advert in a music paper to try and find a group like the same week that Mick put an advert in looking for a drummer. "Kind of ironic," quips Greg. Before B.A.D. he was a "session" musician and played with odd stalwarts like Geno Washington and Desmond Dekker and lots of other people who he'd "prefer not to mention". Once he went to Venezuela to record an LP. In his time he's also run market stalls "buying and selling things" and worked in a trendy clothes shop in the Kings Road, just a few doors along from a shop called Acme Enterprises which was managed by a chap called Don Letts. Greg likes "sleeping" and says he "wasn't one of The Clash's greatest fans".

GREATEST LOVE OF ALL WHITNEY HOUSTON

I believe that children are our future
Teach them well and let them lead the way
Show them all the beauty they possess inside
Give them a sense of pride to make it easier
Let the children's laughter
Remind us how we used to be

Everybody's searching for a hero
People need someone to look up to
I never found anyone who fulfilled my needs
A lonely piece to be
And so I learned to depend on me

Chorus
I decided long ago
Never to walk in anyone's shadow
If I fell if I succeed at least I'll live as I believe
No matter what they take from me
They can't take away my dignity
Because the greatest love of all is happening to me
I've found the greatest love of all inside of me
The greatest love of all is easy to achieve
Learning to love yourself -
It is the greatest love of all

Repeat first verse

Repeat chorus

And if by chance that special piece
That you've been dreaming of
Leads you to a lonely piece
Find your strength in love

Words and music by Michael Masser/Linda Creed
Reproduced by permission Belwin Music Ltd
On Arista Records



C'MON! C'MON! BRONSKI BEAT

We stand here trapped
And so angry
These walls are crumblin'
Down around me
We've never got any money
It never seems to be around
Any more

Chorus
So c'mon c'mon release me baby
Only if you could
C'mon c'mon relieve me darlin'
This boy ain't what he should be
Tonight

This is no big big moment
Can't see a second chance
They'd even stop us
From dancing
And try to end our romance
The emptiness
That surrounds me
This inner city decay
It doesn't stop me from weeping
To live our life our own way

Repeat chorus twice

This boy ain't what he should be
Tonight (tonight)
This boy ain't what he should be
Tonight
Repeat

C'mon release me baby
C'mon relieve me darlin'
(C'mon release me
C'mon relieve me)
Repeat

C'mon c'mon release me
Tonight together we'll fight
C'mon c'mon relieve me
We'll make it tonight

The same the whole world over
No love to save our souls
Some people think it's funny
Already reached their goals
Preaching Victorian values
Now in this day and age
No wonder we're still angry
We can't contain our rage any more

Repeat chorus twice

C'mon release me baby
C'mon relieve me darlin'
(C'mon release me
C'mon relieve me) darlin'
C'mon release me baby
C'mon relieve me darlin'
C'mon release me baby
(C'mon relieve me)

Words and music by Bronski/Jen Stronbecker
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Ltd/Wikim A. Ronv Ltd
On London Records

DAN DONOVAN



● **DAN DONOVAN**, the keyboard player, at 23 he's by far the youngest member of the group. Dan used to work in New York as a professional fashion photographer (his father is the v. famous photographer Terence Donovan) and he was taking shots for B.A.D.'s LP sleeve when he happened to mentioned that he played keyboards, and ended up joining. After leaving school, Dan worked for a year making commercials but then "realised they were ghastly." He used to be a fan of The Clash but, he says, "they don't really even exist now, do they?"

● **A Professor writes:** Albert Einstein (1879-1955), a bank clerk, thought up his "Theory Of Relativity" in 1905, inspired by Planck's notions work on the emission of "quanta" of energy from hot furnaces. The fundamental formula $E=MC^2$ means that under certain conditions matter (things like tables and chairs) can be converted into energy, and vice versa, as the Romans used to say! The amount of energy released (E) is equal to the mass of the object (M), multiplied by the square ("") of the velocity of light ($C=3 \times 10^{10}$ m/s). For some reason because of this, light going near big objects like the sun goes as bendy and people who travel very very fast find that their watches run very very slowly. Amazing! In his later years Albert was often photographed sticking his tongue out.

Photo: Larry Williams



fine young cannibals

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funny
how
love is
A BRAND NEW VERSION

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14th APRIL, BRADFORD
15th APRIL, BIRMINGHAM
16th APRIL, LEEDS
17th APRIL, LONDON

SPECIAL GUESTS ON ALL DATES **WYN**
LON 88 - LONX 88



★ TOURS ★

TEMPTATIONS: London Hammersmith Odeon (Apr 16/17/18), Cardiff St David's Hall (18), Warrington Spectrum Arena (20), Birmingham Odeon (21), Ipswich Gaumont (22), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (23), Poole Arts Centre (24).

RAMONES: London Hammersmith Palais (May 4/5), Brighton Top Rank (7), Poole Arts Centre (8), St Austell Coliseum (9), Bristol Studio (11), Birmingham Odeon (12), Preston Guildhall (13), Newcastle Mayfair (15), Edinburgh Empire (16), Leeds University (17), Manchester Apollo (18), Nottingham Rock City (19).

REDSKINS: Bristol Bierkeller (Apr 9), Birmingham Portland Hall (10), Liverpool Crotchet Community Hall (12), Leeds Warehouse (14), Sheffield Leadmill (15), Nottingham Zhivago (16), Hull Tower (17), Dundee Fat Sams (20), Edinburgh Hoochie Coochie Club (21/22), Croydon Underground (24), Cardiff Neros (25), Portsmouth Polytechnic (26), Brixton Fridge (27).

INXS: Manchester Apollo Theatre (May 13), Leeds University (14), Edinburgh Playhouse (16), Sheffield University (17), Birmingham Odeon (19), Guildhall Civic Hall

(20), Nottingham Rock City (21), Norwich University of East Anglia (22), London Royal Albert Hall (June 24)



A HITS
HIPSWAY: Nottingham Rock City (May 5), Sheffield University (6), Birmingham Portland Hall (7), Manchester International (8), Cochester Essex University (10), London Town And Country Club (11), Brighton Coasters (12), Reading University (13), Leeds Polytechnic (15), Newcastle Polytechnic (16), Dundee University (17), Edinburgh Coasters (19), Aberdeen Ritz (20), Glasgow Pavilion (21).

FLOY JOY: Leicester Polytechnic (Apr 18), Sheffield Leadmill (19), Manchester Boardwalk (20), Buckinghamshire College Of Further Education (22), Newcastle Polytechnic (26), London Raw Club (26), London Ronnie Scotts (27), Leeds Coconut Club (29), Liverpool University (30), Kent Wyo College (May 7)

STAR TEASER

- HUMAN RACING
- JUMP
- LEGS
- NIGHT RUN
- NOBODY WINS
- ONE STEP FURTHER
- REBEL RUN
- RUNAWAY BOYS
- RUN FOR YOUR LIFE
- RUNNING FREE
- RUNNING UP THAT HILL
- RUNNING WITH THE NIGHT
- RUN RUNAWAY
- RUN TO THE HILLS
- RUN TO YOU
- SILENT RUNNING
- START
- STEP OFF
- STEPPIN' OUT
- THE WALK
- WALK AWAY
- WALKING IN MY SLEEP
- WALKING IN THE AIR
- WALK LIKE A MAN
- WALK OF LIFE
- WALK ON BY
- WALKING ON SUNSHINE
- WALKING ON THE CHINESE WALL
- WALKING ON THE MOON
- WALK RIGHT NOW
- YOU TRIP ME UP

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

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

ANSWERS ON PAGE 61

PRINCE AND THE REVOLUTION

PARADE

LP · CASSETTE · CD



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Life sounds better in music.

GEORGE THE STORY

- From fat boy in specs to the
- From the 12th Edgware Sec
- From a purple and blue bicyc



▲ The old days: suits and smirks

▼ The rather suspect "androgynous" look, modified with Shirley



Photo: JLT



Photo: JLT

▲ Cool Furr'n frolics on the beach with Shirley



Photo: Sydeman/Contrasto

▲ That belly button! Those arms!



Photo: JLT

▲ Double cut? That chest! Those swimming trunks! Shirley! Dee C. Lee! The shame of it!



Photo: JLT

▲ That hot! That airt!

George Michael was born on June 25, 1963 in the London suburb of Finchley. Or at least Yorgos Kyrilakou Panayiotou was — exactly the sort of name you get if your father is a Greek Cypriot. "He was the typical Greek," George reminisced years later, "who comes to London and worked 24 hours a day and just sees the kids before they go to bed." Because of that George was never really initiated in Greek culture — "I've really got very little association with the Greeks other than that I'm hairy" — and spent most of his time with his English mother, Lesley.

His first memory is "of the goats at Whipsnade Zoo" when he was four, and his first ambition — a year later — was to be an air pilot "because I had this girlfriend who was going to be a stewardess." But, alas, it wasn't to be. When he was 7 he had his eyes tested and was told he was "slightly red/green colour-blind". He decided to become a pop star instead. The next few years were spent a) larking about in his bedroom with a cassette player his parents had given him and staring at the "sucky green wallpaper", b) frolicking with the cats Whoopsy and Rover, c) visiting the fair at

Birchington (where a friend of his Mum's had a weekend house) with his two sisters Melanie and Yvonne, d) trying to learn the violin (he wasn't very good), e) riding the purple and blue bikes he got for his seventh birthday ("I dreamt about it for weeks before"), and f) toddling off to school. "My first crush," he later confessed, "was on my teacher, Mrs Wilson, when I was about six." To begin with he did well at school, but "I gradually deteriorated as I got older and I was pathetic when I left." But he was, he admits, rather bossy. "When I was about 9, I realised that I was

dominating all the people I went around with and that I felt slightly unpleasant doing it. I just changed and stopped bossing people about." Not that he turned into a complete goody-goody... "I was on holiday in Cyprus once," he remembered with embarrassment years later, casting his mind back to a visit to his father's old village, Famagusta. (Where he also, that year, bought his first record — Carly Simon's "The Right Thing To Do"). "I got caught stealing sweets. It was an awful experience. There was a shop underneath the hotel we were staying in and every day I used to go down

and help myself. One terrible morning I came down from my bedroom and discovered that my parents had found all the wrappers in a jacket. I got a night whack from my Dad and no ice-cream for the rest of the holiday." Perhaps it was in penitence for this evil deed that George joined the 12th Edgware Scout Troop. Every Friday he would trundle off to Morcambe Taylor Hall ten miles away and, under the guidance of scout leader Jack London, would spend a couple of hours going "dib-dib-dib" or whatever. Scouting pals remember him "always screaming for Bourbon

MICHAEL Y SO FAR

Most expensive hair cut in history...
Troup to international celebrity...
Chauffeur-driven limousines...



▲ That moe! (Now where did that disappear to?)



▼ That body!



▲ Those glasses! Another hat!



▲ That donkey!



▼ The laughter! The joy!



▼ The teddies! The ducks with orange beaks!

► The weightlifting! (Actually George modeling some hi-fi equipment for Smash Hits back in about 1974)



biscuits" and "his high pitched voice and giggle in the gang show". Little did they know that they'd just witnessed the first ever stage performance of a megastar-to-be.

At 12 George's life started to change. After months of nagging he finally persuaded his parents to buy him a drum kit. He went to his first concert (Elton John at Earls Court). He briefly discovered literature ("our classroom was in the library and I must have read every single book in it," he later gushed, expressing particular enthusiasm for C.S. Lewis' stories about the fantasy land Narnia). And he went to a new school, Bushey

Meads Comprehensive, where, on his first day, he bumped into a "loudmouth" who'd already been there a year. He was called Andrew Ridgely.

Andrew, then as now, rather fancied himself and was generally recognised as being rather trendy and unapproachable, whereas George was, he says, "such a state". So it seemed rather unlikely that the two of them would hit it off, but, on that first day in break, joining in a game called King Of The Wall, George sent Andrew flying off the wall onto the ground.

"I was a mite peeved," laughed Andrew later, but he

couldn't have minded that much because "I made him sit next to me. I can't remember why. It just developed from there. We were friends pretty much immediately. He looked a bit of a wing in those days, because he had these great big steel-rimmed glasses and loads of curly hair. He was very, very plump and had one eyebrow going right across. He plucks the middle of it now but is used to go right across like a pair of seagull wings!"

"He wasn't exactly God's gift," giggled sister Melanie around the same time. George couldn't disagree.

"I looked absolutely

horrendous. I wouldn't say I'm a swan now but then I was the traditional 'ugly duckling'. I went through that bad phase of puppy fat and stuff... I didn't stand much chance with the girls."

Obviously not. Slowly, though, he sharpened up: he cut his hair, got contact lenses and became a soul boy. "I was the first to wear dungarees in Bushey!" he's boasted.

"Everyone called me a cissy," Seal, that's not as bad as the night in his early teens when he went to a party with Andrew, bursting with pride at the new green trousers he'd just bought down the Kings Road to impress this girl

he fancied. Unfortunately she wasn't interested so instead he got blind drunk.

"It was the first time he'd ever done it," remembered Andrew. "I had to help him back home — he was staggering all over the place, could hardly walk. Then he fell over on the grass and got his new green trousers dirty. He just went (drunken tearful wace) 'No-one said I'd get new trousers. No-one noticed and now I've got them dirty. Wah! I'm so-o-o-o-oo ugly!'"

And he was off, bawling his head off for about half-an-hour about how no-one fancied him and how he'd ruined his green trousers. It was really funny."

GEORGE MICHAEL THE STORY SO FAR



▲ George introducing new partners in China last year. (Are you sure about that? - Ed)

George takes up the story: "I tried phoning my Dad up at three in the morning to ask if he'd pick me up. I was going 'ah, Daard, cannoo comund pickmeeee uppleez!' and he hung up on me." So he slunk back to Andy's where Mrs Rodgeley put out a bowl for him to be sick at.

"That was really funny. She said 'if you want a bowl, dear!' Then in the morning she brought me a glass of Andrews Liver Salts."

Despite his lack of success with the opposite sex, George did manage to lose his virginity – just before his 13th birthday. It wasn't very nice, though. "She was a right old dog." How charmingly put, "I was so young and so absolutely inexperienced... it was so embarrassing bad that I went to school and didn't tell anyone. Sex is a great leveller – for those years between that time and the next, I really thought that I'd been conned. I thought it wasn't just me, but that sex really wasn't that much fun."

Eventually, however, he found his first "real" girlfriend – Lesley Bywater. "She was in the same class as me and we got together after a bit of snogging at a party. I knew she had amorous designs on me because she kept crying on my shoulder!" George was overjoyed, and bought her "Dance Dance Dance" by Chic to celebrate one month together. "She got fed up in the end though and chucked me."

At 16 George and Andrew finally decided to form a band. George sat down and wrote their first song, "Rude Boy" ("If it had been done by professionals it could have been a hit," he said modestly afterwards) and formed a terrible ska band called The Executive. They soon folded but George was bitten, to his father's horror.

"Dad was horrified," remembered Melanie. "He didn't think 'Yog (George's nickname) had any talent. He wanted him to be a lawyer or a doctor and have a real career.' Instead George took part-time jobs to subsidise his music. He worked as a DJ in a sports club, as a building site labourer (which he hated and left after a few days), stocking shelves in British Home Stores."

▼ That shirt again! That hat again! Eeewww!



(Photo: L&L)



▲ Chinese reporter reading 'Wham! The Harcourts' The Belly Button' The Ducka With Orange Beaks!

("So depressed," he complained – he was sacked for wearing a tatty old jumper instead of a collar and tie) and as a cinema usher: "I must have watched Superman II at least 30 times. Working at the cinema heightened my realization that people want escapism and that's what we should be putting into music – not some sort of heavy message – so that people have fun and enjoy listening to it."

One day around this time he was sitting on a bus when a melody came into his head. He remembered it and, with Andrew's "help," worked it into a song called "Careless Whisper". His saturs named it "Tuneless Whisper" but four years later it was to become one of the biggest selling records ever.

But George wasn't to know that at the time. He kept breaking away. Another bouncy ditty, "Club Tropicana," came along easily enough and when, after listening to a Level 42 record and getting the idea of putting a very "un-disco" rap to a funk baseline, he wrote "Wham! Rap" and decided that they were ready. They made a demo costing £30, sent it out to about 30 record companies and... nothing. "It broke his heart," says Melanie.

Eventually perseverance paid. A demo containing 15 seconds of "Wham! Rap," 5 seconds of "Club Tropicana" and 5 seconds of "Careless Whisper," got them a contract with a bloke down the road who had a record company called Intersession, and "Wham! Rap" was released. It wasn't a hit but it got lots of attention (mostly as a very "trendy" song about unemployment – George lying that he was unemployed when he wrote it) and the follow-up "Young Guns (Go For It)" shot into the Top Ten. The re-recorded "Wham! Rap" followed it. Everything was going just perfectly, even if George's dad did keep telling him "this is only going to last six months – don't build your hopes too high". George

responded by having two more Top Five hits – "Bad Boys" and "Club Tropicana", the first of which he explained rather pointedly at the time "is about having your life planned for you. That was very true in my case."

But even the success they'd had so far wasn't enough for George. When they reappeared at the beginning of 1984 (after months of legal wrangling to escape from the terrible contract they'd had with their first company), he announced that that year they'd have four Number Ones. Everyone laughed. At the end of the year "Last Christmas", a song George had written that February while watching Match Of The Day, was at Number Two – only stopped from becoming his fourth Number One (after "Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go", "Careless Whisper" and "Freedom") by the Band Aid single – which George had sung anyway.

It was that year that George began to discover that being a pop star wasn't all fun and games. "Sometimes," he said, "I feel like I'm in a goddamn bowl with the whole world looking in. We've just got to accept it but some days it does get very upsetting." But there were consolations. While shooting the "Careless Whisper" video, George, after auditioning all the prospective models with him wearing just swimming trunks to test their "temperament," decided that he didn't like his hair. "I normally manage to straighten it with a blow drier," he explained, "but in Miami it's so humid it went frizzy and I looked like Shirley Bassey." So

▼ That beard! That chubby "mua" with the glasses!



he got Melanie to cut it and shooting had to start all over again.

"That haircut cost me £17,000!" he boasted. "I've got the most expensive haircut in the history of pop!" (What he didn't mention was that he already held the previous record. On holiday in Cyprus, just before shooting the "Club Tropicana" video, he'd got fed up with his hair and flew back for the day to get it trimmed – a "snip" (har)

har!) at £495.)

Not surprisingly – with attitudes like this – people had been suggesting that Wham! were too much about enjoying yourself with a tube of toothpaste under one arm and a bottle of rub-in instant sun can lotion under the other, and that they weren't "serious" enough. George scoffed; when asked in 1984 whether he minded his records being sold in South Africa he had this to say:

"I don't care really. I don't care where I sell records. I don't want to get involved in their political issues. I actually think it's pathetic the way people are sanctioned for going there. I think people should go and then report what's going on when they come back. All we think is that we're far too selfish and ambitious to want to do something political and risk our careers."

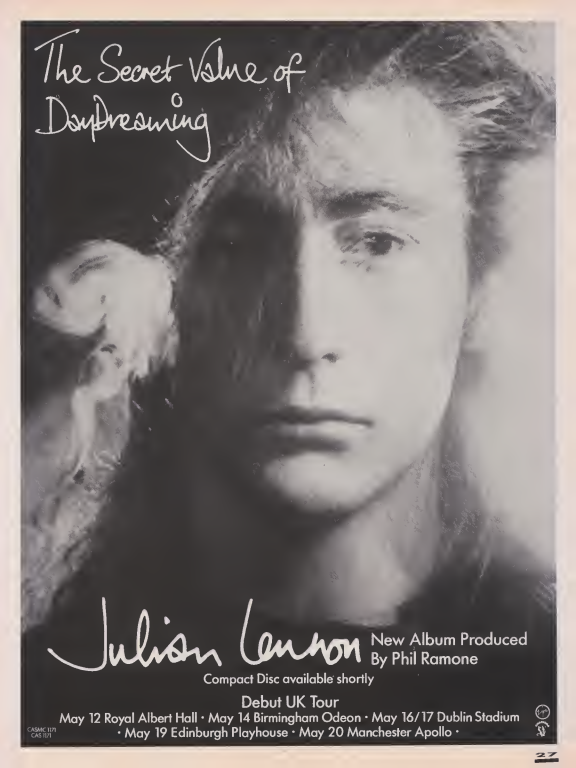
Slowly though his attitudes changed. Later in 1984, Wham! appeared (merging) at a Miners' Benefit concert and throughout 1985 George would constantly murmur how important nuclear disarmament was. And at the beginning of 1986 it was strongly rumoured that George's reason for leaving his management company (preparating the final split in Wham!) was that it had been sold to a company with strong South African links.

And after finally finding success in America with a string of Number Ones and making Wham!'s individual mark by going to China (he readily admitted "the reason was not to introduce our wonderful culture. It was to do something – how many things does a band do that are

of any significance?"), it seemed as if George's ambition was running out. He was beginning to think "very seriously about whether it's worth it... I may well end up being a 22-year-old hermit..."

"Part of me," he says, "feels a bit ridiculous being the centre of all this attention. I know I'm not that fat boy in glasses anymore... but there's always that nagging doubt."

● by Chris Heath

A black and white close-up portrait of Julian Lennon. He has long, dark, wavy hair that partially covers his face. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is dark and out of focus, showing some indistinct shapes that could be other people or objects.

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FALCO

"Is there still a Queen in England?"



NAME: Johann Hoelzel. Johann is like John in English. Why do I call myself Falco? Why not? It sounds better. It means "the falcon" or "two vocals", something like that. I mean, I never thought David Jones named himself David Bowie because of the Bowie knife. Ha ha.

BORN: 19/2/57 in Vienna.

PREVIOUS JOBS: I played bass guitar in a jazz group. I wasn't very good though so I decided to start to sing. I also worked for 5 or 6 years in other different jobs but I didn't wash cars or anything - I was working in "nightlife".

FIRST CRUSH: What? Oh, God, it was a long time ago, when I was 17 or 18. She was blonde and had red fingernails - that's all I remember. What happened? I don't know. Maybe she left me and I decided to play guitar to tell the world my love story.

ARE YOU EXCITED ABOUT THE ROYAL WEDDING? The Royal Wedding? Is there still a Queen in England? You don't have to be a Prince to have fun marrying. I'm not married - though if the mother of my daughter asks me to I'll think about it. My daughter - Katharina Bianca - is only 12 days old.

WHY HAVE YOU WRITTEN A SONG ("ROCK ME AMADEUS") ABOUT MOZART? Why not? He was a son of Austria and worked in Vienna and he's a very good friend of mine. I met him last week in a bar. He's over 200 years older than me, you know. He's got a really good job now in Vienna at the Royal Empire Opera House playing Midnight Showtime for the next 250 years. He plays all his "smash hits" - one of the highlights of the show though is him doing a perfect cover version of "Rock Me Amadeus". That was written by a person called Falco - do you know him?

WHY DID YOU SING THAT MOZART WAS A PUNK

ROCKER? Mozart was a punk. To me, punk is just a word - it means a kind of intellectual working class feeling.

HAVE YOU EVER WORN LEDERHOSEN (DODGY AUSTRIAN LEATHER PANTS)? If you think in Great

Britain that Austrian rock musicians wear lederhosen you are definitely wrong. When I was younger I wore them because my mother wanted me to - I never wanted to. It's sort of "folkierisc" leather and I prefer black leather. At the moment I'm wearing sportswear - I do quite a lot of sports.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE SOUND OF MUSIC? What's that? No I haven't, Julie Andrews? I heard that name about ten years ago - is she still alive?

HOW FAMOUS ARE YOU IN EUROPE? Very, I hope. There's not much "star mania" round here - people are much more introverted because they're not used to having real pop stars. I'm going to make them used to it.

WOULD YOU EVER ENTER THE EUROVISION SONG CONTEST? No, never. It's a big art but it's not for me. The last time I saw it I was eight years old. Garry Lux? I've never heard of him.

ARE YOU POSH? "Posh"? Isn't that a word for German soldiers? (Quick explanation of the word "posh") I see. That's a very "British" word. I'm not the boy next door - I think it's very important to have an image but don't ask me to explain my image because it's coming out of me.

WHERE'S HOME? It's a rented flat in Vienna. There's a lot of Art Deco - I'm very into that. I've got some very fine originals - it's better to spend money on that than on expensive cars or gambling in a casino.

WHAT DO YOU WEAR IN BED? Basically nothing. My daughter is too young to be upset.

WHAT'S THE BEST THING ABOUT AUSTRIA? Seeing Mozart appearing at the opera house and knowing that Falco is now successful in Great Britain.

AND THE WORST? The tax rules - they're almost as bad as Britain.

WHAT'S YOUR MOST DISGUSTING HABIT? Smoking. I've tried to give it up but I'm under too much stress. Would I have acupuncture? No, I don't believe in all that stuff. I believe that when I really want to stop it, I can.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE MADONNA RECORD? She had a record called "Boy Toy", didn't she? Oh no - that's herself, isn't it? In that case I don't know any records by Madonnas.

WHAT DID YOU HAVE ON YOUR BEDROOM WALLS WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG? I had a picture of John Lennon, one of Che Guevara and one of David Bowie. No I wasn't a hippie - I was too young to be a hippie. These days I hang Arabian carpets on my walls.

BELOUIS
some



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ATLANTIC STAR SECRET LOVERS

Here we are the two of us together
Taking this crazy chance
To be all alone
We both know
That we should not be together
'Cause if we're found out
It could mess up
Both our happy homes

I hate to think about us
All meeting up together
As soon as I'd look at you
It would show on my face
Then they'd know
That we'd been loving each other
We can't let them know no oo no
We can't leave a trail

Chorus
Secret lovers yeah
That's what we are
We shouldn't be together
But we can't let go no oo
'Cause we love each other so

Repeat chorus

Ooh you and me are we fair
Is this cool or do we care
Can they tell what's in our minds
Maybe they had secret love
All of the time

In the middle of making love
We notice the time
We both get nervous
'Cause it's way after nine
Even though we hate it
We know it's time that we go
We gotta be careful
So that no-one will know

Repeat chorus to fade

*Words and music by
David & Wayne Lewis
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SIMPLE MINDS

ALL THE THINGS SHE SAID

Don't you look back on a big best world
(Crying out tomorrow)
Don't you look down like the heroes say
(Tell me all about it)
Take me to the streets where the headlights burn
Take me in your arms and I'll fade away
When I hear you say what you got to say

Anywhere you go
You know I'll still be waiting
All the things she said she said
Little darling close your eyes
There'll be no compromising
Of all the things she said she said

Take me to the streets
Where the headlights' beaming
(It's blowing all around me)
To the peaceful revolution
And the police were around me
Tell me 'bout the ocean, meeting in slow motion
I see it glimmer in the sun
Then it's raining in the moonlight
Never look back
Never look back
Never look away

If freedom comes my way
You know I'll still be waiting
All the things she said she said
You've fought the fight so long
No surrender to temptation
All the things she said she said

Stars will fall out for you
Lick with surrender
I'm calling out to you
(Oh to be near you in the first morning light)
I've seen you I dream about you
If I could leave here I would leave here tonight
To do with you I'd stay with you tonight

Anywhere you go you know I'll still be waiting
Of all the things she said she said

Where I looking your eyes
I see a new, dizz'izing
Of all the things she said she said
Through the eyes of love
And I never know what hate is
Of all the things she said she said
She said this is our time
She said this is our place
This is the space my heart wants to be
Little darling close your eyes
There'll be no compromising
All the things she said she said

ASTONISHING FACTS SPECIAL

- Jim Kerr said to have a David Bowie lay-ring, made for him by an ex-boy member of the band, Gwen McCree, while the two of them were in school together!
- Jim Kerr used to go to glam rock concerts wearing big boots, mascara and with painted nails. During the days, working on a building site, he'd be terrified that his workmates would spot traces of his 'vibe'!
- Jim Kerr and Charlie Burchill used to be in a glam band called 'Johnny & The Soul Assassins'. They recorded one single, 'Satan And Sinners', 'Dead Vandal' and split up on the very day it was released!
- The first concert Jim Kerr went to was by... Genesis!
- Jim Kerr's mother works in sweet shops!
- Jim Kerr once admitted he wasn't sure what he was searching for in his songs and asked: 'To it a theory? Is it a God? Is it a new pair of shoes?'!
- Jim Kerr once had his nose broken by a fan!
- Jim Kerr and Charlie Burchill once went on holiday together to India!
- Mitch McNeil, the keyboard player, got no accreditation when he was 8 and started a band with his brother Donny called The Brackets. He appeared in the grassy TV kids' show Junior Showtime winning a hat!
- The 'Minds' ex-band player, Derek Forbes (now with Pogues) once wrote a children's book called *The Adventures Of Sally And Tim Mousamag*!
- Jim Kerr once sang backing vocals with David Bowie on an 1997 Pop record!

*Words and music by Ray Burchill/Mitchell
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On Virgin Records*



MADONNA
★
SMASH HITS

FEATURING
THE HIT
SINGLE
"GIVE IT UP"
BY EYE'N CHAMPAGNE KING

FRIGHT NIGHT

18
















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9

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● 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.



▲ Bryan Adams - *Adams - Paperthin*

at If you'd asked me who Beenbag was - the bloke that always gets thkened on Bryan Adams' LPs - (*Get Smart*, March 12) I could have told you. I asked Bryan that very same question when I met him on Peter Powell's *Breakfast Show* last year. And he told me that he's a very good friend that he likes going to the pub with. Simple, eh?

Bryan Adams Fan, Carmouste.

● Pah! Call that an answer? We still don't know whether he's ever been trapped in the shower with a pylon or been sick in his slippers. Anyway, here are four mesmerising facts about Bryan since we still don't know anything about his "buddy":

1. His girlfriend is Vicky Russell - daughter of "arty" film director Ken Russell
2. He went to see Supertramp in London as "special guest" of Charles and Di and he was late because he missed the bus!
3. The B-side of his single "Heaven" is called "Diana" and is dedicated to "our lovely" Princess herself!
4. He has never ever gone out with Tina "frightwig" Turner!

Could you please tell me what's going to happen to the Wham! Information Service now they've split up? I only joined about three months ago and although they sent me a receipt there's been nothing since. Jayne Singleton, Berks.

● The Wham! "spokesperson" banded around a lot of phrases like "no definite plans" and "everything's up in the air at the moment" and "er" so they'll be spending a while trying to sort themselves out before telling "The Fans" exactly what's happening. They'll try to reply to as many members as possible but you might just have to put this down to Experiencing The End Of An Era.



▲ Dave Vanian and Poole 1985. (Briv then here)

In his recent TV appearances, Dave Vanian of The Damned seems to have sprouted some fangs. Could you tell me how long he's had them and how he... er... "grew" them? Also, what's his real name? He always says "Lamont Cranston" when asked, but that's not it. Also, could you tell me which record The Damned played on *The Young Ones* end ce n I get it anymore?

A person who has been pondering over the answer to that last question for a very long time.

● Mr Vanian has always had his fangs - at least, as long as anyone who's known him for any time can remember. Whether he was actually born with them remains a mystery and he won't admit to how he got them, be it filing or observing a not-very-vegetarian diet. Nor will he tell us what his real name is and takes great delight in lying to people who ask him. The name "Lamont Cranston" is the name of one of Dave's favourite "horror" characters. The song played on *The Young Ones* last year was "Grimly Fiendish", their March 1985 single. Boo!

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Just in case you weren't joining Fan Clubs had gone all awfully these days, we got Pabey Kemsit's Fan Club completely wrong. It is, in fact,

PATSY KENSIT

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▼ Eighth Wonder



▲ Susannah Melvoin - the new "Princess"?

Is Prince planning a British tour? And is it true that he is deting Susannah Melvoin from the group The Family? A Lodge, Wakefield.

● Prince may be doing a British tour. There's no official word yet but there's a "rumour" that he'll play seven nights at Wembley in May and charge £30 a ticket. Even that may come as a surprise to anyone who believed him when he went a bit "queer" last year and said he was never going to perform live again. He's already changed his mind about that: the other week he popped up onstage with Sheila E at the Los Angeles Amphitheatre and enjoyed it so much that the day after he played his own show with *The Revolution*, now including a horn section. As for Susannah Melvoin... who knows? Some reports say that he and Susannah - she's the sister of *The Revolution's* guitarist Wendy and she's also the guitarist on the stool in the "Kiss" video - are already married whereas others say that they, um, aren't! And there's another "rumour" that he's "friendly" with Susannah Hoffs of *The Bangles*! Maybe we shall never know... why don't you ask us about the Industrial Revolution (how!) instead?

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



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WHSMITH 

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Ooh rock me Amadeus
(Rock me Amadeus)
(Rock me Amadeus)
Amadeus

Er war ein punker
Und er lebte in der grossen stadt
Es war in Wien war Vienna
Wo er alles tat
Er hatte schulden denn er trank
Doch ihn liebten alle frauen
Und jede rief
Come on and rock me Amadeus
Er war superstar
Er war populaer
Er war so exalziert
Because er hatte fliar
Er war ein virtuose
War ein rockidol
Und alles rief
Come on and rock me Amadeus

Chorus
Amadeus Amadeus Amadeus Amadeus
Amadeus Amadeus Amadeus Amadeus
Oh oh oh Amadeus
Come on and rock me Amadeus
Amadeus Amadeus Amadeus Amadeus
Amadeus Amadeus Amadeus Amadeus
Oh oh oh Amadeus

Es war um 1780
Und es war in Wien
No plastic money any more
Die banken gegen ihn
Woher die schulden kamen
War wohl jedermann bekannt
Er war ein mann der brauen
Frauen liebten samen punk

Er war superstar
Er war populaer
Er war so exalziert
Because er hatte fliar
Er war ein virtuose
War ein rockidol
Und alles rief
Come on and rock me Amadeus

Repeat chorus

Come on and rock me Amadeus
Baby baby do it to me rock me
Baby baby do it to me rock me
Baby baby do it to me rock me
Yeah yeah yeah
Baby baby do it to me rock me
Baby baby do it to me rock me
Baby baby do it to me rock me

Repeat chorus

Amadeus

*Words and music by R and F Balkand Falco
Reproduced by permission Island Music Ltd
Oh ADM Records*

***Our resident linguist translates:**
Ooh rock me Amadeus
(Rock me Amadeus)
(Rock me Amadeus)
Amadeus
He was a punk rocker
And he lived in the big town
It was in a sausage near Vienna
And he always thought
His hat should be in a Ed-tank
Oh, um, I don't think that's quite right
I never was much good at German
Sorry about that

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● Photos: Andy Catlin

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7" & 12" single



SIMPLE MINDS

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A SIDE: ALL THE THINGS SHE SAID
B SIDE: DON'T YOU (FORGET ABOUT ME) LIVE*

twelve inch

A SIDE: ALL THE THINGS SHE SAID (EXTENDED VERSION)
B SIDE 1: PROMISED YOU A MIRACLE (EXTENDED U.S. REMIX)*
2: DON'T YOU (FORGET ABOUT ME) LIVE*

VS860



VS860/12



JULIAN LENNON

He hob-nobs with Prince! He's matey with Michael J. Fox!! In America he's a very big celebrity indeed!!! But still he comes home for his eggs, bacon, tomatoes, sausages and mushrooms... Yum!!!!

● Interview: Sorrel Downer

"Sometimes when I went to new schools, the headmaster would say 'We've got John Lennon's son with us this term. Here he is. Be nice to him.' It was... oooh, *terrible*."

Julian's squirming at the very thought. And just because his Dad's group the Beatles were about the biggest thing ever in the whole world, "people," says Julian, "would stand and stare at me like I was an animal in a cage."

But only to start with. Pretty soon he'd be in with the "bad kids" and getting up to tricks like slinking off to the pub—but "only during games," he insists. "I used to go to the school bits, but some of the schools I went to were real strict and as far as training and all that stuff was concerned, there was a lot of hard work—running 7 miles and that, and I just decided no way."

Still, Julian looks pretty fit and healthy now. In fact if it weren't for the suntan, "shades," and the fact he says "real" instead of "really," you'd never think that this genial, fresh-faced, slightly scruffy young chap was an international jet-setting pop star—he looks so remarkably normal.

"I didn't want an image," he says, "I'd rather slide around in jeans like I do at home." And he doesn't take much notice of the changing fashions in music—"I don't give a monkey's about what's going on"—which is why, perhaps, he still has a hankering for a bit of the old heavy metal from time to time. "Aah, um," he laughs nervously. "I used to like it a bit, but I'm into *guitar music* these days. It was really when I lived in Wales—that's all the kids listened to there. Every Sunday we'd meet up, race 100 miles on these great big bikes, have a couple of pints then race back and listen to music. I still do like some of it."

Good thing too, isn't it, as his new girlfriend (Fiona Flanagan) is a singer with a penchant for heavy metal? "Aah. Ha ha. Um," he hesitates, playing for time. "I just want to keep quiet about things to do with relationships at the moment. I'm not going to say anything because you never know what might happen tomorrow. By the time this comes out we might have broken up."

Understandable sentiments, because it was the press that sort of messed things up once before, wasn't it? "Um, yes," he says, "I had a girlfriend here called Debbie" (a "bare-abouts-on-beaches" sort of model) "who I was with for 3 or 4 years." Julian leans forward. "And then I met this other girl. There

wasn't anything going on—we were just really good friends but when I came back to London, Debbie started going 'you're sleeping with her, you're doing this, you're doing that...' And the next thing I know, while I was off working, and without even talking to me, Debbie's doing interviews and *News Of The World* stuff—all saying he was having lots of rumpy pumpys behind her back.

"That really broke it off *awfully*," Julian sighs. "It was upsetting—I didn't think she'd do that. It was very stupid. *Parbleu*." He sits back. "So that's why I avoid the subject."

Time to change it then. So, Julian, for an international jet-setting pop star you aren't, um, very *successful* here in Britain, are you? Even though you were voted Best Newcomer in the *Swish Hits* 1984 readers poll? He laughs sheepishly. It's a dilapidated kettle of fish in America though.

"Yeah, things are starting to take off over there. You walk down the street and you get noticed quite a bit."

Actually, he's being very modest because he has bodyguards and you don't have bodyguards for absolutely no reason at all. "Aah, only when I need them. I don't like them. It's just, when you're doing live shows, if there's two hundred people who all want an autograph, they push and shove you. Sometimes they catch on to your clothes. The worst is when they grab hold of your hair and you're trying to run through and *UGGG*." He re-enacts the scene—*er, nasty*.

"That's when you need someone to pull them off." So he's not quite like old Prince then?

Prince has calmed down a lot now," pipes Julian. "He doesn't have bodyguards any more. I met him when I was on tour, and a couple of weeks ago I was walking away to some people in a club—I'd had a drink or two—when someone puts me on the shoulder. I waved him off and said 'yeah, yeah hang on' and he puts me around, and I looked around and it was Prince! He said 'We're playing some basketball at the weekend if you want to come'. I said 'I've got no idea how to play' and he said 'that's alright, we'll teach you.' What a strange little meeting.

He's a very clean living person, Prince. Very clean. He wore gloves, because he didn't like people touching him, but he's changed his ways and now he seems almost normal."

So Julian's moving in very swanky circles these days—and it's not just

Prince he hob-nobs with. When he was filming the video-with-lots-of-saucy-bits-edited-out for his "Stick Around" single in Los Angeles, Julian got on the phone to another good friend—gasp!—Michael J. Fox! He invited M.J., over to join in the fun. "We secretly had a pizza boy outfit made up for him. I didn't think he'd do it but he said 'yeah alright' so he comes on as this pizza boy and gets whisked away by surfer girls."

He and Michael have been mates ever since Julian was on a Los Angeles TV show and, during a break, the TV people offered to take him round the Paramount film set. "We went onto the set of *Cherry* and met the cast," he remembers, "and then on to *Fansy Two* where I met Michael. He's great—he's a good friend now."

In fact, Julian's fallen in love with America. "There's lots of action there and people are very loose and open." He's even got his own place there—"It looks like a little English house!" Back in London, he rents a flat but doesn't get to see a lot of it. "I don't know whether I should keep it. I was planning on selling here so I was buying couches, beds, TVs and I had just about got it finished when I started going to spend a lot of time in New York." In fact, he's not too keen on going near the place just now. "Apparently Debbie has my flat at the moment and I don't want to be involved in arguments and stuff while I'm here. If I bump into her," he smiles, "I'll just say 'thank you very much for the articles...'"

But even if he no longer comes to Britain to see Debbie or his old mates ("I've lost touch with most of them—I only know five or ten now," he still has two very good reasons for popping over:

1. "My mum. She's the main reason I come back whenever I can."

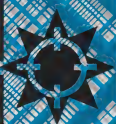
2. Breakfast. The very first thing I do when I get here is go to a shop and get all the ingredients for a good old English breakfast. I flew in last night and I was pretty tired but when I woke up this morning I thought 'Eggs, bacon, tomatoes, sausages and mushrooms', and charged straight downstairs."

▼ J.L. and M.J. having a bit of a love affair



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SINGLES

REVIEWED BY SORREL DOWNER

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

P.I.L. Home (Virgin) John Lydon breaks all the rules and comes up trumps. Here's something more haunting than "Rise" — with its beautifully melancholy keyboard bits and whiney warbling, it's more reminiscent of the early P.I.L. single "Flowers Of Romance" (until you get to the haywire, heavy metal guitar solo, that is). Never a dull moment, you'll love it or you'll hate it, but it's pretty hard to ignore.



THE PRISONERS:

Whenever I'm Gone (Countdown) For giggling at the heartstrings and making me come over all emotional — jiggling about with tears in my eyes after only one tot of the cooking sherry, and that sort of thing — this takes the ginger out. A mighty charging song with booming horns, a quick burst of choppy keyboard, and the voice up front for a change.

THE BANGLES: If She Knew What She Wants

(CBS). Irresistably catchy, worse luck. I know there are some big fans back at Smash Hits HQ, so I'll probably get a beating for this, but really, it's even more drivelly than "Manic Monday," and there's all these nauseating little harmonies just where you'd most expect them. A bit like one of those Tracey Ullman jokey numbers. I bet they're lovely people but they do sing some awfully wet songs. (Shut your mouth — Deputy Ed.)

THE CURE: Boys Don't Cry (Fiction)

Well, this is either a trip down memory lane for Fat Bob Smith, revision for the fogies, or a bit of background information for those that missed out first

time round, because this is vintage stuff from 1979. But it doesn't date; it's still a great song with jangling, jaunty guitar and rather miserable lyrics. Even so, it's not as exciting as "Screw" from their current "Head On The Door" LP.

5 STAR: Can't Wait Another Minute

(RCA) Boo-Boom Slip Boo-Boom Slip and in comes the synthesiser, slowly working up to that "System Addict" sharpness, but so clinically precise one doesn't feel much like dancing...By the time the all-too-perfect vocals come in with "can't wait another minute," I'm in full agreement, and off comes the record.

MADONNA: Live To Tell (Sire)

Like a virgin, HEY! touched...What's this? The ugly duckling's turned into a swan (er, metaphorically speaking, you understand). We've sunk two octaves, dropped the pinky and perky stuff, and moved in to give Lionel Richie a run for his money in the hankies-out-sunny-time corner. Not an area I care to linger in generally, but this is simple and melodic, soft and schingly sad, and I like it.

THE ALARM: Knife Edge (IRS)

First: what's that long, pink and wet, and hangs from Mike Peters' mouth? Well, I don't know. I've been staring at the sleeve for ages and I'm still not quite sure. Next: where's the song? Well, I don't know. Perhaps it's buried somewhere under the bash bash rubble of sound that you could just about head bang to if you were that way inclined.

THE HIGH FIVE: Cold Steel Gang (No Go/EMI)

Echoes of the '60s here in the early Besties-style guitar twangs and overall magic simplicity. This pounds along with clever harmonies and some nifty bits of hesitation, in a no nonsense sort of way, and, like all the best songs, it's very catchy but impossible to sing. The High Five have been around for ages and if it wasn't for their terrible name, I'm sure they'd be huge.

ACADEMY: Keep On Pushing (RCA)

I've not paid much attention to them before, I must admit, but this single's fast, tense and punchy and features just about everything you can do with a voice from mumbling hums and shrieks to the occasional strangled Hah! Which all

adds up to something like Dead Or Alive, and should do similarly well down at the disco. However, all this baring of nipples on the cover is just a bit too saucy for my liking.

WATT GOVERNMENT: Working My Finger To The Bone (Volume)

Close your eyes and you're lying in the sun drinking U2n Bongo. A wonderful dream, cleverly conjured up by an 8-piece "combo" from the frozen north. Here's the sound of summer to see us through the spring: tooting whistles, African drum beat, the lazy twang of guitar, raunchy blasts of trumpet and over it all, Debbie Byron's beautifully flutey voice.

SADE: Never As Good As The First Time (Epic)

Sade's records have always left me a bit cold, somehow. I suppose it's because they're cool, detached, subtle and sophisticated, and I'm not. But I do quite like this, I'm afraid. There are two Sades here — one deep and husky voiced, one sweet and breathy, and through some technological "wizardry" they — gosh — do a duet!! Sade and Sade work their way through a wonky verse, then float off in separate directions for an airy chorus. Quite good.

BALAM AND THE ANGEL: She Knows (Virgin)

The three brothers Morris — who played punk songs in working men's clubs, named their band after a Bible story involving donkeys and limericks, and toured with The Cult — should have had an enormous hit with "Day And Night" which brushed the 40 mark in last summer's charts. I've worn that one out, so I'm glad to replace it with this equally rousing, equally jolly-sounding, crisply-produced limited edition "twin pack" (MC). Songs to sing in the bath.

INXS: What You Need (Phonogram)

Asus's promoters back with a remix (man): a single song with lots of squiggly saxophone and off-beat guitar added in for good measure. It's stretched out and spread thinly over some expensive

effects and a drum beat to make your foot tap in the way that drum beats in songs about rhythm should do. Sharp stuff. Can't give it full marks though, because the singer really does sound like Freddie Mercury.

ANTHONY ADVERSE: The Ruling Class/T-R-O-U-B-L-E (E1)

Yes, well...and now for something completely different. The big band sound, jazz and swing American style, courtesy of Working Week and er, Anthony, who's a girl actually. It's the world of those 1940's black and white matinees — padded shoulders, good manners, felt hats and men who say "of all the gin joints..." HAW!



COMPACT DISCS ~ ARE THEY A SWIZZLE?

Are records "old hat"? Are they going to be replaced by Compact Discs? Is the Compact Disc the most important thing ever? Or is it just a completely pathetic way of making you pay twice as much for your music and a lot more for something to play it on! Are CDs just a load of old codswallop for people who like buying gadgets? Review hasn't got the foggiest, but there are some pretty "exciting" new developments in the CD world these days... For a start there's

the CD single which we've given the once over. Then we tried out these brand new personal CD players. And after that we took a CD player and the singles and tested them on a few people "in the street" ... (Grizzly Fact 1: over 50% of people who own a CD player have at least one compact disc by Dire Straits!!! Grizzly Fact 2: the people we tested our players on "in the street" were offered a choice of listening. They all selected... Dire Straits!!!!)

● THE RECORDS



These are the first three Compact Disc singles ever released in this country: three tracks from **Ruby Turner**, four from **Dire Straits** and five from "folk" singer **John Martyn**. And very swish and "nostalgic" they sound too. And because all the music is stored "inside" the disc and is "played" by a laser beam that's shone on the disc, CDs are virtually indestructible. Scratch them, drop them, bite them and it makes no difference. But £6 each is a ridiculous amount of money to pay for a single. A bit of a gimmick, really.



● THE VERDICT



▲ Patrick and Steve: "Indestructible" I want to see this! [Both try to destroy the disc.] "Phew, Luton—it's playing the same bit over and over again, but! No it isn't. There's nothing wrong with it at all. I'm impressed actually. But they're a bit expensive. People will stick to normal singles."

● THE PLAYERS

▼ A pair of stereo and highly expensive portable Compact Disc players: The Sanyo Discman D20 Mark II on the left, and the Panasonic SLX P7.



▲ SONY DISCMAN

- **Cost:** about £260.
- **Quality:** quite good.
- **Portability:** very light.
- **Features:** even more buttons.
- **Comments:** A bit of a rip off, but not quite so much of a rip off as the other one.

▲ PANASONIC SLX P7

- **Cost:** about £300.
- **Quality:** quite good.
- **Portability:** quite heavy.
- **Features:** lots of buttons.
- **Comments:** Bit of a rip off.



▲ Rashed: "Oh, God! It's not very good, is it? I'd never buy anything like that. I'd rather buy a Walkman. They're not going to catch on, are they?"



▲ Renae, Peter, Tony and Eddie: (Rashed at London Oratory, Jubilee) "It's a bit of a rip off, isn't it? £300! You could buy a stereo for that. It sounds good though."



▲ Anne: "It's quite nice. Good sound quality. I'd be a bit worried about the weight. £300! I don't think that's for me."



▲ Tony: "That's a very good sound, but I bet they cost a packet. The only thing is the price. You might as well get a Sanyo Walkman."



▲ Natalie: "Hold on. There's nothing happening. Are you sure it's working?" "Oh! It's excellent. Bloody good. Mind you I'd never be able to afford one."



▲ Julie and Fiona: "It's a bit loud. Can you turn it down?" "It's a bit so catch on. The price is going to have to come down."



Photo: Bob Fookes

ART OF NOISE: In Visible Silence (China)

Listening to the LP you have a vision of The Art Of Noise leaping on and off mixing desks, poking at buttons, pulling at any lever that looks remotely interesting and then sitting back gleefully to hear what "emerge". What does "emerge", then, is a well incomprehensible "chaire" followed by the piffered backing track to the Star Trek theme tune, lots of throaty "wind"-type noises, some pretty xylophones, a sad piano and loads of "heart-scopping" orchestral blasts à la James Bond. The single "Peter Gunn" comes closest to a "normal tune" — the rest comes straight out of Spooksville and at the very least is unpredictable. Boring this is not. (7 out of 10)

Sylvia Patterson

COCTEAU TWINS: Victrolian (4AD)

If you've ever heard a Cocteau Twins album before you'll have a good idea what to expect here — high fragile whispery vocals, "shimmering" and "sparkling" instruments and songs with titles like "Fluffy Tufts" and "How To Bring A Bush To The Snow". And you'll probably already know what you think of all this strange indulgence — this time quieter, softer and more delicate than before. Personally I love it. But then I'm a cry-baby troll (8½ out of 10)

Chris Heath

PRINCE AND THE REVOLUTION: Parade (Warner Bros/Paisley Park)

Prince is quite possibly the most boring person in the world. Apart from his continuing tendency to spell "you" as "U", he never does things twice. Not more "Purple Rain" guitars-a-squalling, no more "Around The World" psychedelic dips - "Parade" is simply magnificent. From the writhing horns and sonarade of "Christopher Tracy's Parade", through some chundering, weepful ballads and turbulent sex-outs, to the completely unstopable romperama "Anotherierholenhead", this whole creation is shiveringly compelling. Wonderful performances. Wonderful arrangements. Flawless. Blimey! Prince is the pop performer of the decade and so when he walls "scrambled eggs are sooo boring" who are we to argue? **(10 out of 10)**

Tom Hbert

THE BLOW MONKEYS: Animal Magic (RCA)

Without Dr Robert's voice, this band could be the "musicians" that play so "sweetly" for Des O'Connor on his show. There's trumpets here and bongos there, some horrific shrieking through the vocals and a lot of "rock guitar" noises that sound completely ridiculous on what's basically a jazz-pop album. None of the songs have the catchiness or the "soothing melody" of "Digging Your Scene" and what melodies do appear are ruined by over-enthusiastic instrumental jangles. They even turn into a barber-shop quartet at one point - not very inspiring. The best thing about The Blow Monkeys remains Dr Robert's charming cooings and his handsomeness. **(3 out of 10)**

Sylvia Patterson

JERMAINE JACKSON: Precious Moments (Arista)

Michael Jackson's older and not quite so talented brother can turn his hand to some perfectly acceptable up tempo disco "toe-tappers" - definitely alright. So do we really need all these horrible, goey, lumpy, spiky ballads that make up half the songs on the LP? Do we really need, especially, the duet with Whitney Houston - a coverney cry-baby tune. No. **(3 out of 10)**

William Show

JENNIFER RUSH: Movin' (CBS)

At least "The Power Of Love" was different - a strong voice given a chance to shine - but this is quite staggeringly awful. Imagine a whole LP of utterly dull songs composed of predictable American rock clichés about being - sorry, being - a live wire or a sleek killer, set to completely unmemorable tunes over club disco rhythms, with groovy chick Jennifer herself trumpeting away over the top. At best it's like Eurhythmics without the depth or sensitivity. At worst, in the words of radio sage Steve Wright, it's quite simply a hideous din. I cannot imagine anybody wanting this record **(2 out of 10)**

ian Grans

BRYAN FERRY/ROXY MUSIC: Streetlife (EG)

This rather odd double album - not quite a greatest hits - not quite in historical order - follows Ferry from the Roxy hits of the early '70s (all macabre d' manners and gold lame) through his first solo ventures (cover versions in a white dinner jacket) back to the reformed and rather more refined Roxy Music and recent solo work, where he seems to have his world-weary squawking down to a fine art. Roxy saxophonist Andy Mackay and guitarist Phil Manzanera are reportedly less than happy with the implication that Roxy Music was merely Ferry's work - a fair point, but this is still a worthwhile representation of a stylish and innovative career to date. **(8 out of 10)**

ian Grans

SAM COOKE: The Man And His Music (RCA)

Sam Cooke! What a bloke. A writer of absolutely brilliant simple songs, and a singer with a voice that slides effortlessly higher and thither and brings up those little hairs on the back of your neck. A quarter of a century ago this man was the first ever black pop star in the cosmos. Packaged with "respectful" comments from very "famous" people are 28 of his most gorgeous songs from the corny but lovable ones like "She Was Only 16" and "Cupid" to absolute "classics" like "Twisting The Night Away" and, of course, "Wonderful World". Flabbergasting **(Lots out of 10)**

William Show



THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS: Dream Come True (Ive)

A Flock Of Seagulls used to be a bit of a "futuristic" band, making lots of fast dancing records with bleeps and blips in them as well as having a lead singer with the worst "caved-in" hairdo known to mankind. They've now produced an LP of very average synthesised pop with a few squeaky guitar "riffs", an over-powering bass and some violin noises here and there for no particular reason. None of the songs stray very far from a "sleazy dance party" style. Mike Score blethers on and on about lovely girls, heart-beats, crying over you-hoo blah blah. Not very good. **(4 out of 10)**

Sylvia Patterson



MANTRONIX: The Album (10)

"Back by popular demand" (The bandstand!) is the funky fresh track "Whose name begins with M...". "God! Not awfully good, is it, "lyrically" speaking! Still, if you had to review electro records on the strength of just their words you might as well pick up and go home now. Let's stick to the music, which is a great deal more fun. Mantronix's speciality is hard and heavy New York hip hop and there's lots of that here; but like most of their ilk their ideas work best on a 12" single. Given a whole LP they tend to run out of inspiration and begin to dwell on a bit. **(5 out of 10)**

William Show

HIPSWAY: Hipsway (Mercury)

In concert Hipsway are, frankly, a bit of a state - singer Slim "clowns" around all the time and guitarist Phil indulges himself in some dreadfully tedious solos - so it's quite a relief to discover that none of this silliness has rubbed off onto their first LP. Instead we get more of the crisp soulful pop of their three singles - "The Honey", "Ask The Lord" and "The Broken Years" - as well as a couple of swoony "ballads" making this, while hardly anything wildly exciting or original, a very promising start. **(8 out of 10)**

Chris Heath



▲ Guesswork? This is what happens if you eat too much.

▲ Double Guesswork? This is what happens if you eat too much.

THE STUFF (15, 87 mins.)

● You don't eat The Stuff, The Stuff eats you. It's a yummy pink yoghurt that's taking over America and people just can't get enough of it. They scoff it for breakfast, dinner and tea and even sneak down to the fridge in the middle of the night for a quick snack.

Jason (Scott Bloom) is a schoolboy from New York who refuses to be corrupted by this demon dessert. And who in their right mind wouldn't be, when they discover their favourite food crawling across the kitchen table? The thing is, the ones who are already hooked on The Stuff aren't in their right minds. They're completely bonkers. And they're not too happy when The Stuff decides to erupt out of their stomach. Imagine the Grace Jones ad where her jaws open wide enough for a car to emerge, but with tons of blood, gore and pink goo and you've got the picture.

Jason teams up with "Moe" Rutherford, a spy working for an anxious dairy company and together they uncover the strange factory where The Stuff is made. The question is, can they save the world from wanton destruction?

This is a pretty ridiculous "spook" horror film. But hold on - it has a message! According to the director, Larry Cohen, Denver pizzas have up to "six" amount of rats hairs per ounce, hot dogs have a percentage of "bone chips" in them and, well, "People don't care about ingredients."

The Stuff takes things to extremes but just shows the power the "media" has in dictating our eating habits. The next time you fancy a "Big Mac" with "cheese" topping and large "french fries", beware...

Red Starlet

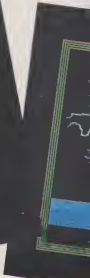


▲ EEEEEEEEEE! Just one of the "casual" portraits of Stuart Adamson in **Big Country A Certain Chemistry** by John May (Omnibus £5.95). The band is "officially bereaved" - it's a rather dry way to fill in fascinating details of Big Country's past - Stuart's dad was a deep sea tanker, engineer and once brought home a shark in a polythene bag and put it in the bath. Mark Unpronounceable=meofbigcountry was once in a band with the drummer who wrote the Ski yoghurt advert, and so on... The back also throws in a few Big Country lyrics and comments from other "famous" people for good measure, but overall it's a rather dull and lifeless affair.

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someone else. Phew, that was a close call ...

Dear Monsieur Type

I am writing to have a moan about the home of so-called "journalism" known collectively as Fleet Street

Dame Samantha Fox, on the whole gets very good press, merely because she flashes her rather large chest on page 3 every so often ... not a particularly intellectual pursuit I think you'll agree. But Madonna is referred to as a "dumb blonde" simply because she isn't eager to let the press follow her everywhere she goes. I also cannot see how a lady who has had 9 top five hits in the last 15 or so months, plus two massively successful albums, was the winner of no less than 4 of the categories in the *Smash Hits* readers poll of 1988 (beating Dame Sam in "most fancible female") and is also an accomplished actress, can be described as a dumb blonde? (Desperately Seeking Susan also won another reader poll category, remember?)

Madonna is not the only one to suffer, mind you. Simon and Yazzam ("We'll call out baby Thames Barner") (ie Ron) have also come in for stick when Simon was seen in a cafe with a model the press decided he was having an affair! ("Coke-O-Biscorn-Roddy" as you might say. Of course others have suffered under the press's "let's embarrass someone famous just for a larf" attitude - Whami and Prince to name but two. But, the really bad bit is that this sort of drivel is printed as front page news when thousands of people are dying in famines and the government is stealing money from the health service to buy nuclear bombs

Phew-ee! I needed to get that off my back. Goodbye
David McDoonak, Paisley

No-so-dear! Black Type

Hi You have been found out! Thought you could fool me, eh? Well, I am another one of Rolf Harris's adoring public (Vive le Papa!) and as we of the R.H. appreciation society are a particularly intelligent race, you were foolish in the extreme to think that you could pull the wool over our eyes (Australia - sheep farms, thus the connection with wool, gedditt?)

Every fortnight after reading your

mag (which rhymes with "Dag" - insulting Aussie word) I used to wonder why the word "Boof" appeared so many times on your letters page. I wonder no more. Many a boring Sunday afternoon I spent on this stinker, in between listening to my R.H. albums. Are you ready for that? I hope so, coz it'll knock you dead

Boo rhymes with Koo, first name of Ms Koo Stark, multi-talented ex-girlfriend of Prince Andrew (he of the Eather Bantzen school of fright-teeth) Prince Andrew is the brother of Prince Charles who is married to Princess Diana. Need I go on? I do? Oh, OK

Mrs Perkins, wife of Mr Perkins who frequents the *Smash Hits* office, is a fan of the aforementioned Diana. As she keeps referring to her as "our very own Princess Diana", it is reasonable to assume that Mrs Perkins is not Mrs Perkins at all, but really the Queen instead, which explains the absence of Mr and Mrs Perkins from the letters page (they're in good luck! Or, instead, some on a pilgrimage to the homeland of R.H.) In that case, Mr Perkins is really H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, right? And seeing as how he's President of the World Wildlife Trust, then that means that you, **Black Type** are really a Great Panda, which also explains your name, right? And it also proves that the Editor is an Orang-Utang. I think. Now hold on a minute. I'm lost. Let's start again. Boo rhymes with Koo Yeah, I'm with you so far
Prince Andrew's Centre-Parcing, Wolverhampton

Rolf Harris! Is that who I am? Oh dear. Let's see if I really am that Australian cartoony gent by drawing a little "doodle" - of - dat's right! It's Bags Banny!



Well! That, if I might say so, is a work of unbridled genius. Quite clearly I am Mr Vincent Van

Googh ... Why, then, have I got two ears? Blimey, this amnesia business is getting quite tiresome.



Dear Black Type

So here we have it! In writing! the real reason why *Wham!* split up!

Honestly, George has got no dress sense. Not really surprising Andrew! Let's go and smash up a car because we think it's really cool! Rudelney didn't want to be connected with him! *Morrayse's Start Trying!* Desperately To Stay On!

Dear oh dear, what is the world coming to? I'm not ashamed to say it but I cried, yes, cried (ie broke out into uncontrolled squealing and squealing) when I read this degrading piece of "literature", demoralising any slim chances left in this desperate, desolate, destitute world. And what's worse, and if the former act was not enough to merit execration, the cunning web of deceit was span to attempt to cover this sack journalist whilst destroying a promising writer's career, and, worse still, the aforementioned promising writer is dead! Hit them while they're down. Nasty tactics, nasty!

For those of you wondering what all this is in aid of, I'll enlighten you. Think back to *Smash Hits*, issued dated 26 Feb 1986. Turn to page 8 and you'll notice that this page is written by a mister *Btz*. Now, one headline, in bold black letters, clearly states, and I quote (as all the ultra-trendy journalists say) "Ode To a Tree", which is credited to one such William *Yore A Tuff* Shakespeare the long departed administrator of fine English literature. If you have proceeded to read this despicable piece of poetry you'll have noticed that a) it's about a tree, and b) it speculates that the price of *Smash Hits* will be raised by two pence. But now you will have reached the part in question, so I'll continue. It says that the tree is a complete

dear I say it yes no my country needs me the sharve though, it's too much no, I'll have to go ahead regardless of the consequences. It says the word "Bastard". Calm down Calm down! (Just think of the little bunnies in Spring, No DON'T JUMP! Thank God, alright, I promise never to mention it again. OH NO! Was it something I said that caused dear Timothy to plunge his Felicity Kendall penknife (51 1/2p from Woolworths - a snaf!) into his heart. Now see what you've done. It'll be seeing my solicitor about this by jove I will. You haven't heard the last of this I can tell you. Goodbye! Name Withheld On Request

Felicity Kendall? Is that who I am? No, I do not own a dream "lookin' good'n'feelin' great" type kitchenette.

Dear Black Type

During one of my nostalgic moods (ie reading old issues of *Smash Hits*) I happened upon a very spooky phenomenon. The first ever *Smash Hits* (November 1978) not only has a posesh photo of Blondie on the cover, but (shock of shocks) is also 29cm tall! So what, you ask yourself (as I then scratches his head and wonders what all this insane rambling is about)? Well the recent issues of *Smash Hits* are only 28cm tall. "Ver *Hitz*" is shrinking! If this trend continues, by the year 2434 your magazine will only be one inch high!! Very eerie indeed *Branly Blitzer's "Frightsaus"*.
Aberdeen

Smash Hits? What is that? I sound vaguely familiar. Who AM I?

Dear Black Type

Could you please answer this question: Is Frank Sinatra really in the charts or am I dreaming? A Socialist Lanark Scotland

Frank Sinatra? Yes, of course! Well, this really takes the biscuit! Old blue eyes - that's me. So if you'll excuse me, ladies, I must dash off. There's a date in "Vegas" and pots of money waiting. And now the end is near and so I face the final curtain. dum-dum-it-tum I did it myyyyyy waaaaaaaayyyyyyyyyyyyyyy! Yes - this is the life!
AVANT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



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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.

● **Hi I'm a 16 year old boy** who would like to write to anybody aged 15 plus if I like various chart music but hate Frankie so if you're interested please write to: Neil, 25 Meadow Way, Longhorn Buzzard, Bedfordshire, LU7 8DN

● **Hi my name is Geraldine Kent** and I would like to hear from any guys aged 15-17 years old. I love Fargal, Shoney, Madonna and Elton John and I'm 14 years old. Please write to me at Ballyene Kilnagh Co. Cork Ireland

● **My name is Merik Hughes** and I'm into U2, Madonna, Bryan Ferry, Phil Collins and A-Ha. I also like McDonalds cheeseburgers, Smash Hits, Virgin Record Stores and Hi-Fi. Letters and blank cheques to: 36 Brookwood Avenue, Worthing, West Sussex, BN14 7RZ

● **Hello all you Smash Hits readers.** Anybody out there seeking a female penpal aged 14 whose interests are listening to pop music of all sorts apart from HIM and likes going out and having a laugh? I don't mind what sort you are, male or female aged between 13-16. I guarantee a reply. Trust Adults, 22 Anson Road, Great Witley, Walsall, WSS 5AU

● **I'm an 18 year old loner** into Killing Jane, Scorpions, New Model Army, Soldiers of Mercy, Bauhaus, Alcaz Sax, Fiend, The Cult, The Cure and lots of punk music. I would like to hear from Gothic, punkettes aged 14-19, particularly in other countries as well as England, so write to Ray, 65 The Foreway, Northolt, Middlesex UB8 4SN

● **Anyone out there in the land of the living** fancy writing to two 15 year old girls? We're Jessica and Fiona and we like Paul Young, A-Ha, Miki Bunko, but hate Madonna, Duane and Henry Mintel. Drop a line to us at: 25 The Causeway, Haslemere, W. Sussex, RH12 1HE

● **Hello, I'm a Yorkshire lad** and I'm searching a lass to write to who thrives for Madonna, UB40 and any other chart toppers are great. I'm 14 years old so write to me, Mike at: 50 Marham Road, Haslemere, Bradford, BD9 5DX

● **Two 14 year old girls** would love to hear from anyone around the world who likes Duran Duran, King and Tears For Fears, but who hates Wham! Contact Janette at: 6 Wellington Road, Birmingham, Cleveland, TS23 3JL

● **I'm 16 years old, male** end into Japan/Sylvian, Siouxsie, Echo & The Bunnymen and - yes - Leonard Cohen. Anyone with similar, or different but similar, tastes - punk, gothic, any type, drop a line to: Trevor, Butterworth, 29 Shankill Way, Salford, Dublin 9, Eire

● **Hi, my name is Christine Moynihan** (13) and I would like a boy or girl penpal aged 13-14. I like all sports and I love dancing and all music except heavy metal. I want a penpal so that I can tell them all my boring tales. Write to me at: 240 Udderley Road, Clifton, Hockley, London E5 0ED

● **Is there anybody out there interested in writing to an American?** Well, that makes two of us but in the meantime if you're 14 plus, female, into most music especially U2, TIF, UB40 and Madonna and like going out and travelling, grab a pen, pencil, 34 hp or anything that disintegrates and get scribbling to me: Jason D'Brux, 57 Kilkerrith Lane, Newton Heath, Manchester M10 6LX. (I'll answer all letters)

● **Hi, I'm a 15 year old girl in the US** and I'd like to hear from everyone everywhere. Some of my interests are wind surfing, Depêche Mode, FGH, TH, FPG and The Pre Shop Boys etc. So if you're aged between 13 and 17 write to: Jennifer, 3031 Osaviva, San Francisco, CA 94123, USA

● **I'm a 15 year old male** end would like boys and girls of 15 plus of all musical tastes to write to me and help to cure my loneliness. Write to: Shelle, 11 Balfour Close, Stone, Gifford, Berks, Avon: BS12 6NL

● **Hi, I'm a 14 year old girl** who is very lonely. I'm into A-Ha, Go West and I promise to reply to all letters. Get pen to paper and write to me: Claire Willey, 3 Soane Cross, The Links, Rogerstone, Newport, Gwent, NP1 0SG

● **I'm a 16 year old Gery Numan fan** who is looking for anybody aged 15 to 18 who is mad about Gery Numan. The Damned, The Cult and Depeche Mode etc. If you're interested please write to: The Madman (Andy), 6 Dewardin Drive, Tracleby, Bradford, BD17 5AN

● **Good day one end all,** my name's Tony and I'm 16. My taste in music includes The Jesus and Mary Chain, Sigur Rós, Spunk, Adam and The Ants (especially early stuff), Propaganda (especially Claudia), and Paté Benito. So if you're male or female, 14-16 years old, black or white, write to: Tony, 85 Stratford Road, Wymouthurst, Northolt, NP18 0NS. (Please send a photo if possible)

● **Hi, my name's Maire** and I'm into A-Ha, U2, Bryan Adams, The Damned, Myk Lewis and The Hours, Simple Minds and Paul Young. I would love to hear from any boys aged 14-17. So send a letter and a photo if you please to: Maire Wallace, 55 Knock Road, Ballymurray Co. Antrim, N Ireland, BT53 6LX

● **Hi from Athens!** I'm Theo, a 19 year old boy and I'm into Prince, The Smiths, Depeche Mode and Duran. All girls aged between 16 and 20 can write to: Theo, Theoclasts, Ortopon 4, 11852 Athens, Greece

● **Two outrageous females** into The Cure, Madonna, The Damned and others are looking for two gorgeous 15 year old blokes. We are 14 going on 15 and we're also into weird clothes and parties. Interested? Well, don't just sit there - put pen to paper and scribble to us. Sam and Tracey, 48 St Albans Close, Westcott, Southroppe, 5, Humberstone, DN17 1DZ

● **I'm a lonely 15 year old girl** who needs someone to write to. I especially like The Smiths, Scorpions and especially The Damned, please to Steph, Forest Town, Forest Road, Skagby, South-East Ashford, Notts, NG19 3BB

● **Hi, my name is Allen** and I would like penpals from anywhere, especially Denmark. My music tastes are Bowie, Talk Talk, Simple Minds and A-Ha. If you're interested get that pen going to: Alan Jay, 37 Ansdal Drive, Dringeton, Kent, BR6 5JF

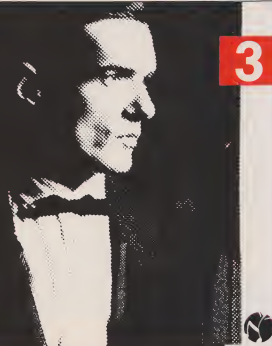
● **I'm a 17 year old American female** who is mad on Culture Club, The Smiths, Banski Beat, Depeche Mode, U2, Feargal Sharkey, The Shop Boys, FGH, Dead Or Alive, Ultravox, Sade, The Beatles, Marilyn and I adore all British music even though it takes so long to get here. Help if I'm into low new wave, dancing, towel, strange clothes and multi-colored punky hair. Please contact me now: Kris Van Sant, 705 E. Cheshire Lane, RD 1, Absecon, NJ 08221.

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3

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AM RECORDS

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"Hello darling!"

● That's the chat-up line new reggae star Tippa Irie uses to "impress" the girls. In fact, on the whole...

● HE'S A BIT OF A "LADIES MAN"!!

"Some people say that I'm a bit shy, but I just let myself go a bit on my song 'Hello Darling'. What happened was I was sitting in the front of a van and this girl walked past and I wound down the window and said 'Hello darlin'!" Then later on I went on stage at this dance and began singing "Hello darling" into the mike. That was about four years ago. If you're a celebrity you get girls chasing you, know what I mean? I know how to keep them at bay because it causes more problems than anything else. But I can chat up a girl."

● HE LIVES AT HOME WITH HIS MUM!!

"I just live at home with my Mum, in a council flat in Streatham, South London. I've got a girlfriend called Karen. I was living on the same road as her for about seven years. I knew her for a long time but we didn't really talk or anything. Then I saw her the other day and we got chatting. So from there things just progressed."

● HIS REAL NAME IS ANTHONY HENRY!!

"Ire" just means "feeling good" (in West Indian slang) and "Tippa"... I got that nickname because when I started out, I used to perform with someone called "Skipper". "Skipper" and "Tippa". I just kept the name."

● HE'S ONLY JUST TURNED 21!!

"I've been performing for about five years now. I like going to a dance hall and just getting up on stage in front of a nice lot of people and just making them

feel good. I really love dance hall music (i.e. where "MCs" or "DJs" chat and sing along to instrumental versions of reggae records). I suppose I'm a very creative person."

● HE USED TO BE A PLASTERER'S MATE!!

"I did it for about a year and a half and I used to be quite good at it. Then I started getting popular as an MC and it got too much for me so I had to stop. I'd have probably been earning a good steady wage on it by now, but lifting cement bags and that sort of thing - I wasn't really cut out to do that!"

● HE DRIVES A VOLKSWAGEN POLO!!

"I don't really want anything really big."

● HE'S A BIT OF A GAMBLER!!

"I like playing pool. I go to a club, and I'm quite good at it. Of course I have to make it interesting, so we might have a silly little game for £5 or £10. At the moment I'm up on my manager and Pató Barton too (reggae singer and friend)."

● HE QUITE LIKES GINGERMUTS!!

"I quite like gingersuts. I wouldn't, like, go out to the supermarket expressly to buy a packet of gingersuts if by you brought me a cup of tea and a plate of gingersuts, I'd probably eat one, yeah."

● HE WEARS HATS!!

"It's a tradition, if you like. All MCs wear hats. I'm glad to my hats but I've only got five that I wear very much. The one was specially made in Birmingham - there's only two of them ever made like this. I've got one and my manager's got the other."

HELLO DARLING

Ah boy now who's that girl over there
I really gotta talk to that chick
'Cause that is one oh sugar candy girl

Chorus

Hello darling eh ha hello good-looking
Hello darling eh ha hello good-looking
Hello darling eh ha hello good-looking
Hello darling eh ha hello good-looking

Well in the USA I was out walking
A little young girl I was seeking
I see a young girl she started smiling
I walked over we started talking
I said hi babe she said how are you keeping
I said I'm cool I'm just doing my own thing
She said her man I hear you are in the thing
You're Tippa Irie from that Season Sound System
I said babe this is my first time in foreign
She said how about we just make it interesting
I said there's one thing I wanna do my darling
We can go home and have a quiet evening
And have a meal you know
That's a very fine thing
And strictly champagne that's what we'll be drinking
Well in the next verse I'll carry on explaining
But right now I want boy and girl to sing

Repeat chorus twice

Now this girl I met her name was Catherine
She had her own piece in downtown Brooklyn
Should we take a cab or do you fancy walking
She said just cool my girl's around the next turning
Well when she said that I started smiling
'Cause me know me find a girl with a few shillings
Jumped in her car and then we started driving
Before I knew it outside her place we were parking
Inside her flat it was devastating
To be quite honest it was truly amazing
I put my feet up and started relaxing
After a while you know I started thinking
What does this girl do for a living
She said Tippa man I don't do nothing
I was left two million dollars by my Uncle Marvin
So I jumped up out the chair blew her a kiss
And said again

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Anthony Henry
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Greennote/Leslie Publishing Ltd 1985
On Greennote/Leslie (Robbers Records)

HAVE YOU
EVER HAD
IT BLUE

Have you ever chased the night
That sailed in front of you
On a boat that's bound for hope
But left you in the queue
With your shouting waving
Teasing flinching friends as crew
Telling you that every lie
You ever heard was true
Have you stood upon that dock
Have you ever had it blue ooh

Have you ever woke to find
The morning didn't come
Undelivered with the papers
Stolen by someone
Found the milkman bound and gagged
And the shackles round the sun
And the holder of the keys
Turns out to be the one
The girl you had your heart set on
Have you ever had it blue
Have you ever had it blue
Have you ever had it blue ooh

Have you ever watched the day
Pressing by your door
Powerless to change its course
Your feet fixed to the floor
When all the people
You thought you knew
Are changing more and more
Even the girl you thought would own
Seems only to ignore
The only love worth fighting for
Have you ever had it blue
Have you ever had it blue
Ever had it blue
Have you ever had it blue ooh
(Ever had it blue)

Have you ever had it blue
So I jumped up out the chair blew her a kiss
Have you ever had it blue
Have you ever had it blue

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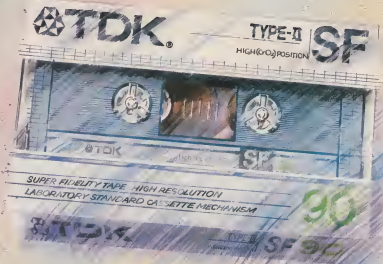
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● Interview: William Shaw

The Style Council



CHROME PERFORMANCE



NORMAL PRICE

► THE NEW SF CASSETTE FROM TDK ◀

BANGLES

If She Knew What She Wants

Chorus
Ooh if she knew what she wants
(He'd be giving it to her)
If she knew what she needs
(He could give her that too)
If she knew what she wants
(But he can't see through her)
If she knew what she wants
He'd be giving it to her
Giving it to her

But she wants everything
(He can pretend to give her everything)
On there's nothing she wants
(She doesn't want to see it on)
He's crazy for this girl
(But she don't know what she's looking for)
If she knew what she wants
He'd be giving it to her
Giving it to her

I'd say her values are corrupted
But she's open to change
Then one day she's satisfied
And the next I'll find her crying
And it's nothing she can explain

Repeat chorus

(Giving it to her)

Some have a style
That they work hard to refine
So they walk a crowded line
But she won't understand
Why anyone would have to try
To walk a line when they could fly

No sense thinking I could rehabilitate her
When she's fine just fine
She's got so many ideas
That's sticking around in her head
She doesn't need nothing
From me

Repeat chorus and first verse

(He'd be giving it to her)
(He could give her that too)
(But he can't see through her)
Ooh giving it to her
Giving it to her now

Words and music by John Duer
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SAM COOKE

Wonderful World



Don't know much about history
Don't know much biology
Don't know much about a science book
Don't know much about the French I took
But I do know that I love you
And I know that if you loved me too
What a wonderful world this would be

Don't know much about geography
Don't know much trigonometry
Don't know much about algebra
Don't know what a slide rule is for
But I do know one and one is two
And if this one could be with you
What a wonderful world this would be
Now I don't claim to be an 'A' student
But I'm trying to be
For maybe by being an 'A' student baby
I could win your love for me

Repeat first verse

Cha cha cha cha cha cha (history)
Ooh ooh (biology)
Woah cha cha cha cha cha (science book)
Ooh ooh ooh (French I took)
Yeah but I do know that I love you
And I know that if you loved me too
What a wonderful world this would be

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There's no strings in my cupboard . . . I'm a normal girl who lives at home with my parents. That's that."

metal – Motorhead and Lemmy. I'm a headbanger. I've got vanned taste in music, see?

Do you believe in God?
Well, that's a hard question. Um, yes I do, 'cos I do say 'oh God' a lot – 'ooh my God' – and if I've got a problem I do pray. I've got very mixed feelings about religion 'cos I started off going to a Church of England school then we moved boroughs and I went to a Catholic school so I got baptised at 10 then I took my confirmation communion – my confirmation name's St. Patrick, um, Patricia – so I was brought up strongly on believing in God. But when I got to secondary school there was so many problems in my family with illnesses and death that I thought 'bimsey, where is he? When something horrible happens, you go 'Why ain't he here?' And no-one's ever taken a picture of him, have they? There's always a picture of Jesus with that thing on his head, but no-one's ever seen a picture of God, have they? And it's like maybe with all these people that die, perhaps it's just to make room for other people. But why can't he just make the world a bit bigger? Put an extension on England? That'd be alright, wouldn't it? Or why don't he make everyone short like me – I've only got size three feet, know what I mean?

Do you mind being so "petite"?
I used to mind, but I find that you get spoiled when you're short, you get treated like a little girl with pats on the head. You get rubbed on the head – 'aaah, isn't she sweet?'. I feel in some ways being short has got me where I am today.

Don't you think big bosom jokes are a bit pathetic?
It don't do no harm – cheers people up. It's better to be open about things like that 'cos I've got friends from school – this friend when she was 16 she went off and got pregnant and when I see her with her pram, I get really choked. It's a shame. And I think 'at least that's not happened to me'.

TOUCH ME (I want your body)

Ah touch me touch me
(This is the night)
Ah touch me touch me
I wanna feel your body

Full moon in the city
And the night was young
I was hungry for love
I was hunting for down
And I was the start
When I saw you there
I didn't need to hesitate

This is the night
This is the night
This is the time
We've got to get it right
(This is the night)

Touch me touch me
I wanna feel your body
Your heartbeat next to mine
(This is the night)
Touch me touch me now

Quick as a flash
You disappeared into the night
Did I hurt you boy
Didn't I treat you right
You made me feel so good
Made me feel myself
Now I'm alone
And you're with somebody else

This is the night yeah
This is the night
This is the time
We've got to get it right
(This is the night)

Repeat chorus

Touch me touch me now
Touch me touch me now

Hot and cold emotions
Confusing my brain
I could not decide between
Pleasure and pain
Like a tramp in the night
I was begging for you
To treat my body like you wanted to
I was begging for you
(This is the night)

Touch me touch me
I wanna feel your body
Your heartbeat next to mine
(This is the night)
'Cause I want your body
All the time
(This is the night)

Repeat above

Ah touch me touch me touch me
(This is the night)
Touch me touch me
I wanna feel your body
(This is the night)
Touch me touch me touch me

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