

SMASH HITS

JIM KERR
EURYTHMICS
MADONNA
BUCKS FIZZ
FURNITURE
AMAZULU
FALCO



ALI AND ROBIN CAMPBELL OF UB40

BROTHERS IN ARMS

FREE INSIDE

GIANT POSTER OF WHAM! & A FULL
REPORT ON THE FAREWELL CONCERT



PLUS THE SMASH HITS VIDEO POSTER

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Tul, tul, tul. Everyone knows that when you're in the countryside you should observe the Country Code and never ever pick the flowers. So Jim and William Reid of the Jesus And Mery Chain are being irresponsible indeed and any minute now will not only have angry farmers chasing after them but probably a "Hippie Convoy" as well, baying for their blood.

"But no!" they cry in protest. "We're not in Little Witherington On The Wold (population 103) or anywhere like that. It's only a smelly old field near Heathrow Airport!" Well, that's alright then - just.

The rapscallions of pop are just about to shoot the "vid" for their new single. To be absolutely correct, the "Mery Chain" don't just have one new single coming out on July 7 but three which is all a bit confusing. Version Number One seven inch disc has Some Candy Talking, Nit and Psycho Candy (as "sung" by Jim) on it. Version Two is a 12-inch, which has Some Candy Talking, Nit, Taste of Cincy and Psycho Candy again, but this time "sung" by William. The third version is the same as the seven-inch, but is a double pack with an extra record featuring acoustic versions of some of their greatest "hits". Phew!

To make things even more confusing, the band are having some slight "personal problems", as they say. Previous drummer Bobby - who was never a proper member of the band anyway - has left to pursue a career with his own band Primal Scream, and has been replaced by someone called John Foster Moore. He's another fly-by-night member, along with bass player Douglas Hart who's more a part of the group than the drummer, but less than the Reid brothers, see?

It's all a bit much for the grey matter, isn't it? A botanical expert writes: Actually, I think you will find that William and Jim Reid are not standing in a field full of "flowers" but tending in a field of oilseed rape, as you probably know, this annual or biennial herb (of the Cruciferae family as it happens) flowers only very fleetingly in the months of May and June, which means these two young lads have got to get a bit of move-on if they want to "feature its blooms in their "videos".

Q: What's got four legs and spills soup on Bob Dylan?

A: EURYTHMICS

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Q: What are these pop people campaigning for?

A: AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

PAGE 22



Q: What's blonde and has been to hell and back?

A: BUCKS FIZZ

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Q: What's pouticious, American and hugely pin-upable?

A: MADONNA

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JESUS AND MARY CHAIN/**SMASH HITS**



BITZ



▲ This week's Best Name For A Band goes to **Roofracks**!! They're not only lsn, but they've got a new single out called "In The Traps"! (They're actually called **Ruefref**. **Embovd - Ed**)

COMPETITION



◀ Oh look - it's the world's flattest TV! Flatter, swan, than the flattest, squarer, whatever it's called... And Wimbledon's on! Gone a bit wicky-wacky this year, haven't they? Red, blue and yellow balls! Mm. Still a bit boring, isn't it? Let's switch over... **Click...**

It's Max Headroom! That means we'll get some wicky-wacky pop persons soon, doesn't it? Ho it doesn't, actually, because this isn't a real TV at all. It's one of those picture discs called "Paranoia" by the Art of Noise. Anyway - **Bitz** has ten of these to give away as well as 25 "normal" 12" copies of "Paranoia". And here is a question: What is the traditional "fara" at Wimbledon? a) strawberries and "cream" b) flapjacks and Bubblegum sarnies [yug!] c) toasted musassals [muscas - gaddit??] or d) ten fish fingers and a bottle of fizzy pop please! Mum? Answers on a linnaman to Smash Hits Thrash Bounce Swap Messed! Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF to get here by July 15).



WAAAAH!

Baa hoo hoo! On the peamp! This needs to be too gym, too gym. Bioncraugh and NO MORE Judo. Arawe... (standing on the 5kgs door-handle or rock) too kitchen. Seems they can't be bothered being "overseer anymore" (Wait, that's what they actually said, our "mistake general" "got" of the match.) Anyway Neil and Stephen are new members of the socs, as they say, careers

Congrats!!!!!!!!!!!!!! And jubilaasasasas!!!! We want the wooooo to know that we're quite pleased for yooooo!!!!!! (Still their nauseating white this vester!! - Ed) Jings! Who's miffed he cage! Mrs. Healy who's miffed to Roy - hence the name! - from Cultura Club has just had her first child! It's an eight pound "bouncer" and it's a girl who they've named Sonny. Not a very practical thing to call your daughter's? (Her name's Sunny, actually - Ed)



What have Queen, Status Quo, The Alarm and INXS got in common? (We don't know - The entire population of the so-called Common "wealth") Dat's right! They're all playing at Wembley Stadium on July 11/12 as part of the zwingsway Capital Music Festival. (Details in "Happenings")

"I'M THE BEST PERSON YOU KNOW, AND I LOVE MY LEGS."

Photo: Mike Hooton



▲ The Mission: c) Mike Brown, Simon Hester, Wayne Hussey, Craig Adams (who is brother of Mercy) and a horrible "guitarist"

Beg your pardon? This Wayne Hussey bloke from The Mission isn't exactly modest, is he? "In fact, I'm perfect." Stop this instant! All his recent success must have made him go a bit goofy. You see, The Mission are the first band ever to go straight to Number 1 in the so-called "independent" charts with their first ever single - "Serpent's Kiss". And that could well be because Wayne used to be in a very dark 'n' doomy 'n' black-clad 'n' rather popular "goth" group called the Sisters of Mercy. And to celebrate his stardom he's on the blower telling us all about himself.

"Well, I didn't exist until I was eight - when I was submerged in water."

Oh no. Why does **Bitz** always get these lying "weirdos"??

"Swoosh! Terrifying that was, I'm a baptised Mormon, y'see! (one of those strange religious types that come knocking on your door for a "little chat" and you pretend you're not in.) Then I became a member of the priesthood when I was 12 and a patrol leader in the Mormon scouts. Very responsible I was. And that's when I wanted to be a footballer. I even had trials with Walsall! And Aston Villa and Bristol Rovers. Very nifty on the old feet I am. Then, when I was 15 we moved from Bristol - 10 miles away. And I had to stay at my old school because I was doing exams and that meant I had no friends to play with when I came home at nights. Nause. Traumatic that was. So I had to start playing the guitar to while away the hours and my parents couldn't stand it and made me play in the garden shed. That kind of thing gives you moral fibre though, doesn't it?"

Er... probably not.

"Then I worked in a kettle

factory, a Co-op and then I did nothing. And got booted out of the house for not going to church anymore. So I decided to become a pop star."

Which he's done! He joined a quite famous group called Pauline Murray And The Invisible Girls, then a very famous group called Dead Or Alive... And I lost just before they became famous. Perfect timing! I didn't have to suffer the indignities of going (stupid voice) that's the way uh huh uh huh" on *Top Of The Pops*."

And he went off to look very bleak and not at all smiley with the Sisters of Mercy.

"This bloke phoned me up and said (another stupid voice, this time very low and foreboding) 'Hellooo. My name's Andrew Eldritch (lead singer of the Sisters) and I've heard you're quite a good bloke. Would you like to come and meet us?' So I did."

And after they released some dark 'n' doomy records they split up. Andrew went off to form his own group and so did Wayne. And they both called themselves The Sisterhood - which wasn't really on. So, after a lot of legal wrangling, it was decided Andrew owned the copyright on the name and Wayne had to find another one. And hey, as they say, presto! - The Mission were born!

So tell us, Wayne, what's it like being a "goth"?

"Goth? I'd rather be a gonk! Goth? I've never been a goth. And I don't just wear black clothes, either! Look at that very bright shirt in the picture!"

Oh yes, you're quite right. Have you ever fallen off the end of the stage because you can't see for the dry-ice?

"No, I haven't! It just chokes you a bit. We used to use strawberry-flavoured dry-ice - that was nice!"

Fancy that...

POETRY CORNER



Hello, dearies. This issue we shall read and discuss the work of a poet. I am sure we shall all agree, must be one of Britain's most promising "young" poets. I am speaking, of course, of **Mike Read** whose slim volume of verses, *The Aldermoor Poems*, has just been published for posterity and the reason at the astonishingly low price of two pounds, ten shillings (or £2.50 in new "dramatic" money). Let us turn to page 50 of said tome where we find some ontological stanzas, entitled "Diesel To Leeds":

ahppppppppp! (I repeat cleaning noises followed by prepart pause)

Diesel To Leeds by Mike Read
(ahpppppppp ahpppppppp etc)
Diesel to Leeds
Diesel to Leeds
Miles fast diminished
The snow scatters down and settles on the ground
Like the T.V. when the episode's finished

No restaurant car
No restaurant car
I've walked through all the carriage -
Saw the Con but never, "nationalised"
much good, as it? Let's try page 49 and "Having Babies"

Never had one - cannot feel
When it's like to be so sweet
Sneezing? Well I M Read can't do
better than this, I suggest, readers, that we of the *Blitz Poetry Circle* give her a little assistance in our own inimitable tradition. Quis alioy????????????????

Writing For The Bus To Cliff's
(a "poem" guest-written for M. Read by the *Blitz Poetry Circle*)

Oh come on red and rumbling thing
Faster than a hot oil wing
Sometimes I can't and wonder if
I'll ever get to play *Amos* today with Cliff
Who you like all our four-ah-headed wagon
Buses? I'm funny like some ancient dragon
Your sounds like the music of *balalaika*
Swinging Turkey

Like Mike how, Big Country or
mid-period indie Works
But soft and for my sorrow and
For what now comes rumbling around
the bend
'Tis the rusted overcoat to take me to
Cliff's home
Hello? And who is this calling Cheryl of
Blacks Fitz on the Security/Superstition
phone? (oh, sorry, got a bit muddled up
in the last line...)

Fancy being slapped in the "chops" with a placidist? (Yes please!) Quite a few parvo zodiacs? Well, you've got even more of a chance than last 'ast' because **The Smiths** are doing one more concert than they originally thought they were! (Details in "Happenings") And while we're at it - **The Smiths** are now permanently five people. **Andy Bourke** has decided to stay alive, and the new bloke's **Craig Gannon** who plays rhythm guitar. And here he, as they say, is.



The 'new' Smiths - L. R. Mike Joyce, M. Johnny Craig Gannon, Johnny Marr and Andy Bourke

Just look at those thrustrusts "pectorals". **David Lee Roth**, eh? Some goater. Not only does he sport the worst "trousers" in rock, but he's releasing his first LP since the days of "Vixen". Eatin this week! And it's called... it's daah!... "**David Lee Roth**". And there's a single from this discoteo on this week too - and it's called... "Tankie Rock". Oh dear. Anyway, the other three hokies in the picture are his hairy hand and they are **Gary Vignaen**, **Billy Sheehan** and... **Steve Vai**??? Surely not the **Steve Vai** who used to play guitar in **John Lydon's** band **PULP**? (For I am, actuallament - **Steve Vai**) Juags.



L. R. Gary Wilmore, Billy Sheehan, David Lee Roth and the Steve Vai

BIG COUNTRY "EXPOSED"!!!



There are one zwillzwillion fascinating facts to be known about the ones they call Big Country. **And Blitz** now brings you... er, none of them, actuallament. **But these completely useless facts (below) are nonetheless... TRUE!!!!**

- **Stuart Adamson** has a scar on his forehead from falling on a lead soldier when he was about 12.
- **When Bruce Watson** gave up drinking recently, he had to convert his horse bar into a video room!
- **Mark Unpronounceable** was so mad on planes in his youth that he could test the make flying over head just by the engine sound - his bedroom was full of "mocked-up cockpit" made out of cardboard boxes and old *Sony* washing up liquid bottles!
- **Tony Butler** claims he decided he wanted to play the banjo when he saw **Norman Greenbaum** perform the original version of "Spirits In The Sky" on *Top Of The Pops*.
- **Stuart** once wrote a song for **Frida** from **Abba**!
- **Calum**, Stuart's son, burst into tears when Stuart wouldn't let him come with the band to film a TV programme at **Alton Towers**!
- **None of Big Country** are really Scottish! **Stuart** was born in **Manchester** and **Bruce** in **Canada**!
- **Stuart** was present at the birth of his daughter **Kirsten** and it was "magic"!
- **Bruce** used to clean the radioactive ballast out from nuclear submarines but gave it up when his boots "started glowing in the dark"!
- **Sandra**, Stuart's wife, is the sister of **Bruce's** school pal, **Raymond**!
- The two other musicians (apart from **Stuart** and **Bruce**) at the Big's first concert in **Dunfermline** in 1983 were **brothers Peter** and **Alan Wishart** - but they got the boot!
- **Stuart** hasn't got very much hair under his armpits!
- **Stuart's** many previous jobs include a) potato picker b) student environmental officer c) production controller in a valve factory d) accountant e) roof tiler f) reader for the **Alarm** (Are you sure about the last one - Ed?)
- **Stuart** sponsors **Ian Duffin** in motorbike races - Ian is the nephew in **Stuart's** local bike shop!
- **Mark** once dreamed in the backing band for ex-toepee-wearing "new-roman" "magician" **Paul Daniels**!
- **Stuart** used to go to **Dunfermline** **Abba**ise football matches with our own man **Jack E. Cranna**!

ANOTHER COMPETITION!!!

ooooooooo! Nudge nudge wink wink werra gorgeous bit of "garb" eh, readers heh heh (*Stop pretending to be Uncle Disgusting - Ed*)! Well **Blitz** meant to say was "Oh look, there's a very tasty pair of donor-shirts with a hand pleaced gently on our buttock in a gesture of "encouragement" to whoever's wearing them". Admire! And there's 5 pairs of these oh-memo items to be given away to YOU!!! And 25 copies of **Genesis**' new LP "Invisible Touch" for some reason... Spook! There's one of those gnm'n' gizzly orange hands on the LP cover as well! This can only mean one thing! The cause of the **Genesis Pimpers** is among us! Leaving his mark here and there on innocent victims and old rockers' LP covers throughout the land! Better do the question quick, lest The Hairs' "oncoed" on innocent **Bliz**! Which Pimpertal once had a firm member after her? a) Old Uncle Wilberforce Pimpertal b) The Scarlet Pimpertal c) The Lime Green Pimpertal d) The Old Curosey Shop?

Answers on something orange (**Blitz**) to **Smash Hits** The Cause Of The **Genesis Pimpertal Competition**, 55-55 Camaby Street, London W1V 1PF to get her by July 15. (What's a pimpertal, you say? - Ed) (It's a kind of giant akcheiv-A "botanical" reader.) GoodBYE!

GREAT PERFORMERS WHO WERE MADE OUT OF BITS OF WOOD

Part One
Captain Scarlet



▲ **Captain Scarlet** making his album.

Ever made out of bits of wood, **Captain Scarlet**, the celebrated "antirealist" popper, strayed the entire universe of popular music in June 1985 when his anonymous three song, issued to an unassuming **Number 88** in the hit parade. Now to be confused with **Captain Scarlet**, **Captain Scarlet** had made his name years ago as the last member of the **Blitz** who was his band's de facto singer along with **griff** (was called **The Myxomora**, rigging about on an instrument that is a type of "scary" poplar cables and saying "It's an old trick... But it might just work in a highly unconvincing American accent).

By Ed of July 15

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF "FOOD"

Part Three
The "Potato" Crisp

- The potato "crisp" is something eaten for granted by several million stovary snack fans throughout the globe who, on a daily basis, taste packets of aluminium-wrapped vegetable-based nibbles and loudly proclaim "Phoooo! Whurrgh! Jee!" these are **SOGGY**, "water". But just what are the facts concerning the slender, cone-shaped snack simply as the "crisp" (unless you're American in which case you'd call it a "chip" for reasons best known to yourself)?
- The crisp was invented in 1853 by **R. B. Bell** after that fellow **Crisp**.
- **Crisp** potatoes are a crop modification are of the **Golden Wonder** variety.
- 5 000 million packets of the cheap "Crisps" are sold in Britain every year.

Continues Over
By Ed of July 22

BITZ

Photo: Paul Cox



(Left to right): Gavin, Larry, Jim and Tim

Who do this lot think they are, being around in an extremely irresponsible manner? Well, actually they're a band called James, and *Bitz* thinks they could be a bunch of yobbos.

"We were a bunch of yobbos when we first met," says Tim Booth, the singer. "Gavin Whelan (the drummer) and Jim Glennie (on bass) were in this nightclub where I was dancing, and I caught them trying to steal my drink! There were too many of them, so I backed down quickly. But they asked me to dance in the group (Tim is a bit of a "wirling dervish" when it comes to moving the old feet about). And pretty soon I started singing. Larry Goli, the guitarist, joined about three years ago and we've been together ever since."

James have a new single out called "So Many Ways", and will soon be releasing an album called "Sluter". They hope that both will do well because at the moment they all get paid the grand sum of £33 a week each (i.e. not exactly a fortune). They don't bother publicising their last single "Just as an experiment" says Tim. Sounds like a bit of a silly idea to *Bitz*. So what happened? "It failed." "Hm, though I might.

Amongst other things, James are friends of Morrissey and The Smiths, who they supported on tour last year. Like the Smiths, they are also vegetarians and can be v. serious.

"Some of our songs have political implications," explains Tim. "We look at how world leaders are invariably the most screwed-up people in each country, and how countries are in a mess because of the systems that let people like that get to the top. But we also look at what makes people in general so insecure and so ambitious, and how to break that down. Some of the songs are about how to become alive and spontaneous and awake, not just a bundle of habits that we call a "personality". We try to uplift with our music, not to depress!" Phyyyyew!!! So what is Tim's greatest ambition?

"To become an enlightened person. To know what life is all about and to become fulfilled."

Crispy? stripey? James aren't just a bunch of yobbos after all—they're a bunch of seriously-thinking yobbos!

WIN THE SHIRT

Blue is a quite splendid colour, don't you agree? In fact, just think of what the world would be without it. No sky. No bluebirds. No Sementhe Fox's denim jacket. (That's enough blue things, thank you—Ed.) Ooops! And no shirts just like the one on the right—with "True Blue" written on it. Which just happens to be the name of Madonna's new LP! And we just happen to have 10 copies of "True Blue" here and 10 of these rather magnificent shirts as well. Answer this "tease" and you could win an LP and a shirt!

Which of the following films did Madonna not appear in: a)

- b) *The Weather Prophets* have got a record out called "Almost Prayed" and it's rather good. And here are some diverting facts about them!!!
- They're four blokes called Pete Astaro (pictured right), Dave Morgan, Olan Letko and Greenwood Golding!
 - Pete and Dave used to be in a group called The Loll!!!
 - They're not religious!!!
 - They reckon glamour is the least important thing in the world!!!!
 - They think "Almost Prayed" is a very "tense" song!!!!
 - They're going on tour quite soon!!!!
 - "Happenings" has all the details!!!!!!



Guess what? (*What? - Everybody in the world etc.*) Five Star have got a new single out on July 14! And it's another one that isn't on the "Luxury Of Life" LP! And it's called "Find The Time"! And you can bet your grandmother's best tea-cosy that it will be on their new LP which comes out in August! And you can bet your grandfather's best white 'n' fluffy pipe-cleaner that they'll be playing it on their first ever tour in the autumn! (And *Happenings* hasn't got any of the details yet but it will have quite soon). "Hoo"ray!

Part Two

Joe 90

▲ A guitar "CORONA"

- The most popular "ring" "diamond" are (1) Plain 2, Cheaper in Chees 3) Salt'n'Veget 4) Pines "Coral" 5) Lins or ring (diamond).
- The little black spots you find at the bottom of crisp packets are recycled tin.
- For this test an appearing in the last line, according to the US Public Health Service of the Food and Drug Administration, if the pasta is made available for "normal consumption", the "ideal" kind of 12 must have in two 100 gram samples is "acceptable". For popcorn the "acceptable" level of "one rotten" kernel" or less per 100 kernels, and for spinach, 50 spins per 100.
- Sub tags demonstrate unnecessary

▲ Some beetles "legs"

Part Two

Joe 90

▲ Joe 90 "making his album"

Especially made out of bits of wood, Joe 90, the obvious interval paper, at present the more world of pop music when his trademark "Joe 90" (as *Dance Man*) inspired on number 61 in the "panda". Not to be confused with Joe Looney, Joe 90 had made his name years earlier as the "hero" of his own TV series in which he was seen reacting about in a car what his current pop had back and doing something with his rage spectacles but no-one can remember quite what.

WIN SOME LEVEL 42 "VIDS"

Greetings! I am Mark King's thumb and I'm very important. If it wasn't for me he couldn't do any of that fancy

slapping'n'beppin' of the bass guitar which has furnished Level 42 to international stardom. So, being the most important member of Level 42, I hereby announce a competition. There's 20 copies of our spiffy new video "Level 42 - Video Singles", 20 12" copies of "Lessons in Love" and 20 posters of us looking utterly delectable (especially moe). And here is a question:

Which pop person has used his thumbs more than any other pop person ever for "hitching" round the

country to play one-man concerts? Is it? a) Paul "Fab Macca Wecky Thumbs Aloft" McCartney; b) Billy Bragg; c) David Bowie; d) Bonnie "Yugwig" Tyler?

Answers on a fimo-print to Smash Hits Level 42 Competition, Box 55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by July 15.

Isn't it time you placed your piggy bank?



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BRO

● Photos: Andy Catlin ● Client clothes: Rowena Luke-King

OTHERS IN A RAS

★ **Ali and Robin Campbell have a lot in common: 1) They've both got the same parents; 2) They both spent almost their entire "youth" stealing crab paste and lightbulbs; 3) They're both in the most successful reggae group in the cosmosphere (UB40); 4) They've both told *Smash Hits* "reporter" Chris Heath all about it. . .**

You bastard!" screams Robin Campbell at brother Ali, who is tittering on the other side of the room. "I've never ironed a sock in my life! I've never ironed my hair, either. How can you say that I'm obsessed with ironing? That's so evil of you."

Ali sniggers wickedly - very much the "cheeky" younger brother. He and Robin have just been recounting how they grew up together as two of four brothers in a rough area of Birmingham, but Ali hasn't been able to resist slipping in a few snide digs about Robin at the same time. Especially about ironing. . .

"He irons everything," explains Ali. "He plays squash and he even irons his squash kit. Not just the shirt - we're talking shorts, socks, even the racket cover! Everything's got creases in it! He's the neatest man in the world - I think he's a pervert. It's a neurosis taking him over. And it's getting worse. He won't let anybody else iron anything because they'll put a tramine in his trousers and then he won't be able to wear them again."

"His neatness," continues Ali, in the tone of someone who is passing on some sad news about a good friend, "has taken over his whole personality. Yes," he luts, "it stands a very good chance of taking up so much of his time that he won't be able to play in the band at all. Still, if he's happy ironing then let him."

"That's not true," insists Robin. "I am quite particular about my clothes. I do do my own ironing and I hate things with crinkles in them but, no, I'm not a fanatical ironer." Anyway, he says, he'd rather be a "smart conservative" dresser than look like Ali.

"He's a total scrouf," sighs Robin. "He'll freely admit it. He has the amazing ability to make a thousand quid's worth of clothes look like they're from a jumble sale." In other words, as Robin said once before, "the stuff he likes wearing makes him look like a sack of ferrets."

"Yeah," agrees Ali, completely unmoved. "Generally we all look useless anyway. If I dress in a suit I look like a bag of potatoes. Or," he adds helpfully, "a bag of ferrets."

It's this difference in appearance that largely explains the nicknames they've earned. . .

"I'm like the old man in the band," explains Robin, "so they call me Des O'Connor. Sometimes they also call me J.R. because I'm the shop steward - if they want anything said to anyone it's usually me who has to do it. Ali, however, is called Piggy - he's got a thing about pigs. And," says Robin, sensing a chance of getting his own back, "he looks like one. He's got the same sort of shape - round - and little piggy eyes. And he smells like one."

Ali (who is rather chubby at the moment - "three stone overweight," says Robin, "largely because of his drinking") is quite happy to confirm at this.

"Yeah, that's right," he snorts. "I am a pig. Pigs are my brothers." He reads *Oink!* (a new comic based around piggy doings) and says he wants to settle down and breed some blue Vietnamese Pygmy pigs at some point in his life.

But just at the moment he'd rather tease his brother some more about ironing. Robin looks a bit huffy and retorts that Ali's worst habit is that he's got "no understanding of logic - he always acts emotionally rather than coolly and calmly."

In fact, he says, "if you mixed the two of us together you'd probably get quite a decent person. He'd be very short and," he adds, looking at Ali, "very fat."

And off they go, still trying to put each other in their place. "I'm just going to iron my car," says Robin caustically. In fact they're only as horrible to each other as any brothers. But get them on their own and they admit what they really think.

"He's useless," laughs Ali. "No, he's great. I love him to bits." Robin agrees. "Yeah, I love him. . . the little bastard!"



"As far as Ali's concerned I'm the older brother and the boring fart who won't get drunk. . ."

I was an exceptional child," says Robin without a trace of modesty. He was born on 25/12/54 and already had one older brother, Dave. The first thing he can remember is "biting my brother's wily in the bath". He was speaking sentences by the age of 12 months and life seemed to be going very well indeed until Robin, Dave and the recent addition Duncan were all shipped off to gran's when he was four. Ali was on the way.

"He was an accident," laughs Robin. "He's always been a bit of an accident - I don't think he's ever lived it down. I remember coming back to the house and our dad taking us quietly into the front room to show us the bundle. He looked the same as he does now - red faced, piggy and with very little hair."

Robin loved junior school - "I was top of the class in English and reading and art and I was always the kid who did the Christmas frieze" - but outside he was already beginning to get a teeny bit tuggish. One day in the park he was practising flinging a stone in his slingshot - as it soared through the air Ali appeared from the opposite direction and ran straight into it. "It cut his head right open above the eyebrow. I thought I'd killed him. There was blood everywhere. I ran into the house crying 'Mum, I've killed Ali!'"

He did, however, have some silly little violent hobbies - Ali lets slip that his brother used to make Airfix planes. "Airfix planes? I'm going to kill

him," grimaces Robin. "Yes, I did used to make them. And we had a Scalextric (racing car set) which we must have played with every day for a year. The secret," he whispers confidentially, "is in the throttle control."

Ali used to play with an Action Man. They didn't last long, though. He actually crucified one - we came in one day to find the Action Man hanging with all his limbs broken and bent in the wrong direction with tomato ketchup all over him and his head on one side. I think Ali eventually burnt him."

Ali's disturbed," he adds. "He's an evil little sod. At school I'd always look after him in a fight but if I was having a fight he'd well hit there was someone down on the floor and he'd come up and poke a pencil in their ear or pull his heel on their fingers."

But then Robin wasn't that nice himself. . .

"I was a horrible kid," he confesses, "a terrible bully. I did some terrible things - no stabblings, though I did hurt a few people quite badly." Apparently this kind of behaviour wasn't so unusual in the area of Birmingham where they grew up.

"I don't want to give the impression that I just went round beating people up. In that neighbourhood it's a natural thing - part of growing up. There's a lot of animals in Balsall Heath. They're brought up as animals, it's where they live, it's their environment and they're constantly having to prove themselves. And I went through a stage when I was an animal myself."

Ali, he remembers, once suffered very badly from getting on the wrong side of this - he got a broken glass shoved in his left cheek when he was 17. He was in hospital for a month and had an eye on 90 stitches.

"They had to give him a plastic retina in his eye - luckily the top eye surgeon in Europe was in Birmingham giving a lecture. But he's still only got about 30% vision in that eye. We call him One Eye because when I was his excuse whenever he misses a shot at pool."

By that time Robin had left school far behind him. "I hated senior school - I never forgave my parents for sending me to grammar school - George Elias - they all had mortar boards and David and I were called Campbell Major and Campbell Minor. When I was 15 they were just going to expel me so

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I demanded a transfer... no-one would take me. The headmaster obviously wrote them letters saying 'the lad's a monster - he'll disrupt your school'.

"My dad said 'you've got to get a trade, son' and he got me a City And Guilds Apprenticeship as a toolmaker. It was for three or four years and I did all but eight months then fell out about doing my one day a week at college - just me being a rebel again. After that I did casual jobs on building sites and went on the dole inbetween - you could get a job when you wanted then. I played a lot of snooker and lived the life of Riley for two years."

That only stopped because he met a girl - he decided to get married and find a steady job. But his two years at Bristol Leyland as a machine fitter "nearly destroyed" him and eventually he walked out on his job and his marriage and tried "selling cars, catering at exhibitions and things like that". About this time Ali made him join in with the group he and some mates were forming.

"They couldn't play and I knew some chords so they asked me to join. But at the rehearsal they wouldn't listen and just wanted to make this ridiculous noise so I left. Ali came back three months later and said 'are you going to be in the band or not?' and I said 'forget it - you're a bunch of wankers.' He said the group was different now and that he, Jim and Earl could play and could I come and listen. So I went to this cellar under Brian and Earl's flat and I was astounded. I said 'I'm in'."

And now, of course, they're all successful pop stars, and though he hasn't got married again he is fairly settled. "I've got a regular girlfriend who I've known for about a year. I always thought I didn't want kids but I'm 32 now and, yeah, I suppose I'm getting broody. I'll have to start soon or I'll be too old."

Still, he's used to being thought of as the older brother. "I am the older one and the sensible one," he admits. "As far as Ali's concerned I'm the older brother and the boring fart who isn't get drunk..." A description he secretly agrees with but would like to add a couple of things to.

"... And, he sniggers, 'who won't get fat and doesn't have an obsession with pigs.'"



"I look useless. If I dress in a suit I look like a bag of potatoes... or bag of potetoes."

"I had a very happy childhood," remembers Ali. He was born on 15/2/59 and from a preposterously early age began "trying to be a real man", hanging round in cafes, playing pinball and beginning to get into trouble. Later he'd go stealing lead off roofs while Robin was busy nicking cars. But to begin with they practised the "art" of shoplifting.

"Most kids did that," he recalls. "We were forever getting caught - I must have had hundreds of cautions. The silliest thing I ever nicked was a lightbulb and a container of crab paste. I got a conditional discharge. I didn't need the lightbulb or the crab paste, I was just stealing it. We were just normal, horrible little kids."

He wasn't that much better behaved at St Lukes Primary School where he succeeded in luring Susan Smith into the biscuit cupboard for his first kiss ("with our mouths closed") and, if he's to be believed, helped himself to a handful of Jammy Dodgers at the same time.

Meanwhile, by the age of 11 or 12, he was already getting interested in music, mainly because Robin was mad about reggae and used to hold rigorous quizzes in their bedroom about obscure trivial reggae facts.

"No," admits Ali, shaking his head at the thought, "that didn't really impress the girls very much."

By secondary school Ali was

following in his brother's footsteps in other ways. Like Robin, those were his "real animal days" and, though he "wasn't allowed to go to Mospley Art School (where Robin had desperately wanted to go) he didn't think much of it." "It just took all your interest in art away from you - you spent all day making things out of eggcups and silver tops - very Blue Peter." So he was as disruptive as possible until the headmaster was driven to a desperate last resort.

"He sent me to a psychiatrist," sniggers Ali. "He said, 'do you ever do things and then black out and don't know what you've done?' and I said 'no' so he decided I was in need of psychiatric treatment. I went to Uffculme clinic. The psychiatrist was this fat bloke with half moon spectacles and he talked to my mum and said to me 'if your dad gave you more pocket money, do you think you'd behave better?' and I went 'yeah' and my old man said 'so'd this' and walked out. I didn't get any more pocket money but I didn't have to see any more psychiatrists either. So the headmaster had to just carry on flogging me."

Just managing to scrape through two O-levels and three CSE passes, he left school at 16 and went on the dole for three years, bar one energetic summer.

"First me and Duncan went up to the Isle Of Skye and worked tossing cabsers, building fences as farmhands and living off boiled potatoes and salt fish. Then we applied for jobs at Butlins and did the full five month season - I was a cleaner, counting up the money on the Mardi Gras, the Pig'n'Whistle and the chip shops."

Back in Birmingham, however, he preferred lying in and hanging round with his mates (most of whom would later be in UB40) and gatecrashing parties. Until, that is, he was told that if he didn't sign off he'd have to go to "a rehabilitation centre to learn how to get up at eight in the morning."

So he was supported by his girlfriend for a while, then worked at Cadbury's Easter egg factory - "the most revolting thing at my life".

"I had to sit in front of this huge tray of millions of chocolate buttons moving very slowly towards me and when two were stuck together I had to separate them. Never again. I had to walk round with this trolley

and pick the scraps off the floor and wheel it to the recycling place - they make the big eggs out of all sorts of bits of chocolate."

With the money he got from his six weeks there, Ali and his mates managed to get UB40 off the ground, practising a reggae version of "House Of The Rising Sun" (because it was all they knew). At the time there was just him, Robin, Earl, Jim and another friend who played a "Roll Harris stylophone" until they threw him out. Within just a few months they were being offered vast amounts of money by big record companies, but decided instead to put out their first single on the tiny Graduate Records label. "Food For Thought"/"King" reached the top ten and they've hardly put a foot wrong since. So, not surprisingly, Ali's brimming with confidence about their new single ("Sing Out Own Song") and L.P. "Rat In The Kitchen."

"We went people to think very hard about what the album title means," teases Ali before revealing that it came from a visit Astro made to Ali's house to demand some more song lyrics. "I said 'so'd your lyrics - I've got a rat in my kitchen' and so we got down and started looking for it. We didn't find it but Astro went home and wrote a song about it."

Apart from chasing rats and putting on weight, Ali spends a lot of his spare time playing with his son, also called Ali ("I'm really called Alistair").

"I draw, colour, go up and down the stairs with him on piggy back and tease the dog," laughs Ali. "I used to be a really good drawer but now I only ever do things for him - mainly cockroaches, earwigs and Spiderman."

Soon Ali and his girlfriend will have someone else to draw for.

"There's another one coming in October," he explains. "I was frightened of having another because of my emotions," he says. "I couldn't imagine loving the other one the same as Ali. And especially if it's a girl I think it will change me. I grew up with three brothers and no sisters and I've never had to contend with having a female around."

In fact, he says, he's really got even more brothers than that. "The eight of us in the band," he says seriously, "we're all brothers, you know, not just me and Robin."



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 knock over a coffee table... in slow motion!!!
 Yus, in "deed". Quite good things videos,
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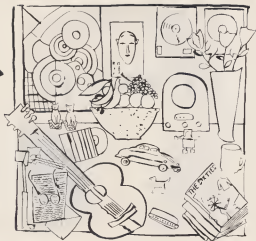


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★ Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with a few words about yourself so people can get in touch. All cards to: **RSVP, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 4PF. And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.**

■ **Hi there to all pop toffs!** If you love Duran, Arcadia, The Power Station and Morley from A-ha, then I'd love to hear from you. Anyone between 14 and 18 can drop a line to: Tracey Bailey, 106 Castle Street, Portchester, Fareham, Hants PO16 9UG

■ **Hi, any girls out there into A-ha?** If you hate heavy metal and are aged 0-100 then write to me. Mark, 139 Byzantine Hill, 51 George, Bristol BS5 8PD

■ **I am an 16 year old male,** I'm into most chart music plus Art, Kershaw, Howard, FGTH, Prince, Alarm, U2, Simple Minds, Manikion, Asia and loads more. If you are interested then please write to me. Chris, 95 Pye Inn Way, Pye, Nr Binstead, Mid Glam, South Wales CF33 6LH

■ **Hello! Calling all girls and "guys" around the world.** If you like disco and pop music letter writing and will start long-lasting correspondence you're just for me. No age limit just write soon to a 13 year old Finnish girl: Marg-Ritta Laurinli, Kõpeneentie 38, 96400 Rovaniemi, Finland

■ **Any Bucks Fizz end/or Dollar fans out there?** Thought I'd get scribbles pronto to Kerry King, Combe Cottage, Nuffield, Oxon

■ **Hi avayona, I'm Kerry and I would love to hear from anyone anywhere.** I enjoy Bryan Adams, Dire Straits, Motown and many others. If you're interested please write to: Kerry Elms, 43 Marshfield Road, Farnpoint, Bristol BS16 49G

■ **I am a French girl aged 16 and I would like to write to a girl in Britain so that eventually we can visit each other.** I'm into The Cure, Siobhan, Bauhaus, Cocteau Twins and Gene Loves Jezebel. If you are a bit "crazy" too then write to me. Mona Remy, 89 Ave de Chamez, 58 500 Mirecourt, France

■ **Hi, I am a 13 year old girl and I am "into" Madonna.** I am looking for a female penpal of about the same age who has the same interests. If she sounds like you then get writing to: Daniel Scholtzki, 38 Brunneweg, Markt Harborthof, Lestershire

■ **I'm a 15 year old English girl living in Luxembourg seeking penpals all over the world.** The groups I like are Dire Straits, Simple Minds, U2, Sting, Bruce Springsteen and Phil Collins. Be if you're between 14 and 18 drop me a line. Vicky, 4 Rue Belair, L8214 Mamer, Grand Duchy of Luxembourg

■ **Anybody out there love Robert Smith's hair?** If you do then write to a girl aged 13 who loves The Cure, Depeche Mode, New Order, GL etc. Send your letters to: Tracy Scarpino, 2251 Santa Fe Avenue, Torrance, CA 90501, USA

■ **My name is Tony Davidson and I am 15 years old.** I am into Phil Collins, Genesis, Simple Minds and Madonna. If you're interested then drop a line to me at: 23 Martlet Road, West Derby, Liverpool L2, Merseyside

■ **I am a 13 year old female and my name is Nicole.** I would like girls or boys of 12-14 to write to me. I am interested in Madonna, Paul Young, Marten Harket and I like a bit of sport. If somebody doesn't write to me soon I think I'll go mad so get scribbling to: 22 Hazelwood, Gosspops Green, Crawley, West Sussex RH11 8DX

■ **Hello,** We are two English boys living in Paris. We are both tall and hunky (6 foot 2+), into Lou Reed, Scott Walker (Humbly-), Dap Ed, The Fall and Jim Morrison. Please write immediately to: c/o Rick B, 4 Rue De L'Abbe Patureau, 75018, France. P.S. Really into spaghetti bolognese and Lenny Bruce

■ **Hi! A German 20 year old bloke calls you.** Are you into Bronski Beat, The Cure, Ultravox, ABC, INXS, Strange Cruise, Heaven 17, Depeche Mode or A-ha? Or do you love black clothes and extending strange and bizarre adventures? Or maybe even the cinema, ZTT, collins, videos, nightclubbing, weird hardos and Smash Hits? Also if you don't like Rambo, Reagan, punk, heavy metal and America then write to me: Robert Perreten, Bannhofstr 37, D-3305 Neuensta-1, Germany

■ **Hi, I'm a 14 year old male who's into A-ha, Ultravox and the BMX/Freestyle scene.** Anyone who's interested please write to: The Flyrig Barona, 7 Catrona Way, Holytown, Motherwell, Lanarkshire, Scotland ML1 4NS

■ **I'm an 18 year old student nurse into Postman Pat, U2, Pink Floyd, Simon and Garfunkel and Westabix adverts.** I am looking for penfriends from anywhere in the galaxy. Clare Searson, 81 Allen Road, Peterborough, Cambs PE1 3BT

■ **Hi, I am a 17 year old boy from Sweden and I would like a female penpal from the London area.** I'm mad about Depeche Mode and also like Simple Minds and Madonna. Please write now to: Michael Larsson, Dahlavägen 8, 653 00 Skoghäll, Sweden

■ **Hi! I'm a 13 year old male.** I'm into most current pop music. I'm also into electronics. If you're interested, please write to: Darren at 33 Dads Lane, Moseley, Birmingham B13 8PG. I will reply to all letters received



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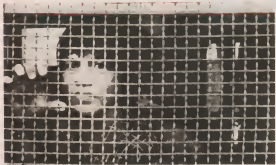
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FREE

A CONSPIRACY



U2, Sting, Peter Gabriel, Madonna and a zillion other pop stars join Amnesty International's fight against political imprisonment and worldwide torture with a series of concerts across America. Steve Korte reports.



▲ Edwin Lopez, Philippines, 1984. Arrested 1982, badly tortured, released uncharged after three years

When the American "Conspiracy of Hope" tour was first announced for the 25th anniversary of Amnesty International, a worldwide organization of devoted to the release of people imprisoned solely for their beliefs and an end to torture everywhere, the reaction was somewhat less than galvanizing. Even with Sting and U2 as headliners and appearances by Peter Gabriel, Bryan Adams, Lou Reed and several others, it proved hard to get people worked up about yet another charity event.

"It's true," Bono admits, "some people have suggested to me 'Can we not just get this charity

business over with?' Get back to rock and roll's redundant behaviour... just go back to our selfish business? I suppose we have a right to do that, but in a way I think that with Live Aid and Band Aid we took the responsibility for world hunger away from politicians who hadn't lived up to their responsibilities. And here again is another political platform for us to stamp on!" He stomps twice for emphasis and adds "We're simply refusing to go back to sleep."

"I think it's one thing to reflect the mood of the time," Sting agrees, "and it's quite easy for pop culture and films like Dumbo... I mean Flambo... to

PIRACY OF HOPE"



▲ Bono, Sting and Bryan Adams explain their "Conspiracy Of Hope" at a press conference

do that. But it's much harder, much more challenging and much more worthwhile to change the times."

And according to Amnesty International's Executive director Jack Healey, this is yet another case where "the times" really do need changing. "One third of the governments of the world torture people on a daily basis, and the pain caused by governments is so deep, so profound..." he explains, passionately. "Do you understand the level of this kind of evil? I'll tell you what they do. They'll take a chainsaw and cut the heads off of people. They take a stick and beat your feet so all your bones in your feet are broken. For women in prisons it's always sexual abuse. Not for a minute, not for a day, but for weeks and months and years! In order to stop that kind of evil it takes a positive force, because the governments that do it never admit to it. The rockers will help to lift that curtain to look at the ugly things that governments do."

The easiest of "the rockers" to persuade to join in was Sting — his involvement with Amnesty International dates from his appearance in a 1981 benefit concert, The Secret Policemen's Ball. However, it was Bono, whose interest in Amnesty followed after seeing a movie of that concert, who agreed first



▲ Punters sign a huge Amnesty petition

when Healey suggested an American tour to heighten awareness of Amnesty International. Then came the hard work of locating musicians willing to give up three weeks of their

lives during the busy summer touring season.

"Yeah, it was sort of Mission Impossible," Bono concedes. "They'll give you a day, but three weeks is difficult. But you'd have to be deaf, dumb and blind... and I have to say a lot of rock and roll stars are... not to want to hit back at the injustice of the world we live in."

"I remember when I was in school reading about World War II and the torture of Auschwitz, and I remember asking myself the question, could this happen again? And the answer I came up with, rather naively, was that it could never happen again. But what Amnesty International is saying is that it's worse now! There's more torture now.

There's more systematic violence! How can you not hit back if you're awake? If you're not deaf, dumb and blind?"

"Every day we're asked to subscribe or give our services to a very good cause," Sting sighs, "and you have to be selective

and say 'I'm sorry, no more...'. But Amnesty International is probably the only thing I would have gotten out of bed for."

One by one they found other musicians who agreed with them — Peter Gabriel, veteran campaigner Joan Baez and Bryan Adams. "I think it's easy for people to understand about someone starving in Africa," explains Bryan, "but this is so very different. It's a cause for individuals who are in human pain that's being inflicted by another human being!"

And some of the performers care even more about this than their own careers. "I was talking to Peter yesterday," reveals Bono, "and someone said that it looked like 'Sledgehammer' was going to be a Number One hit and that this must be a great thing for Peter. And he said 'I suppose it is a great thing,' but then he turned around and said

Continues Over

SET THEM FREE

New Photos



▲ A punter's eye of the New York concert

"You know what I really want to be able to say about my own music after 10 or 20 years is not that I had a Number One record or that I made a pile of money but that maybe I contributed something to making a better world." Bono shakes his head. "I think we're actually jealous that our music is just music. We want to be part of something else."

Even though the concerts are dedicated to lighting torture, there's no danger they are all grim and serious. Sting expects it to be more like Live Aid. "One of the great things then was that we actually met for the first time," he explains. "I had never met Bob George or Wham! or Queen. With the rock and roll style you stay with your little cell, so when you actually meet these people, and they're human beings and they're wonderful, it's good."

Bono agrees: "It happened in Band Aid. Someone whose music I really can't figure out or understand actually comes by to buy a drink and turns out to be a really nice guy. And you don't want him to be a really nice guy. You want to be able to go home and say 'I knew that guy was an asshole!' That's true of Sting

much part of this as Sting and myself," adds Bono. "Because, let's face it, this fascist dictator doesn't know Sting's name or my name. It's Joe Public or Sting or Bono, it's just an annoying postcard for him, but he has to deal with it."

And the overwhelming theme of the concerts? "If you love someone, set them free," smiles Bono.

"In the name of love," counters Sting.

"For years I was held in a tiny cell. My only human contact was with my torturers. My only company were the cockroaches and mice. On Christmas Eve the door to my cell opened and the guard tossed in a crumpled piece of paper. It said 'Take heart. The world knows you're alive. We're with you.' It was signed 'Monica' and had the Amnesty International candle on it. That letter saved my life."

▲ Released prisoner of conscience from Paraguay

The Californian concerts prove to be joyous six-hour affairs with a staggering diversity of music. There's American soul band the Neville Brothers, old folkie Joan Baez joining them for John Lennon's "Imagine", and singer/songwriter Jackson Browne actually singing songs about prisoners in Central America.

Bob Dylan makes a "surprise" appearance in Los Angeles joined by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, and the audience cheers wildly as Peter Gabriel bops around the stage during "Shock The Monkey" and "Sledgehammer" before they fall very silent during his hymn to the

► Madonna and Sean - strides for humanity



murdered South African dissident Stephen Biko. Another surprise in Los Angeles follows with the appearance of two very shaggy gentlemen in sunglasses, Bob Geldof and Dave Stewart, who blast through Bob Marley's "Get Up, Stand Up." And then - gasp!

— on toddler Madonna and Sean Penn. Not to do a duet but to introduce Bryan Adams. Or try to, at least. As Madonna approaches the microphone she's greeted by a surprising number of boos. Finally she prevails after telling the crowd to "shut up," and Bryan Adams can roll through his biggest hits before Amnesty's Jack Hasley gets the biggest hand of the evening so far with his speech which stirs the crowd to a foot-stomping frenzy.



▲ Guest artist, an heavyweight champion of the world, Muhammad Ali

Suddenly Sting is standing there with his jazz/rock/fusion/whatever band, and he leads them through a raging "set", finishing with "If You Love Somebody Set Them Free" which takes on an entirely new meaning tonight.

U2 close the show with a performance so powerful it almost makes the previous five hours seem like a warmup. They come out rocking with Eddie Cochran's "C'mon Everybody" and then perform Dylan's "Masters of War" as Bono hops around and gives

one very happy girl from the audience the hug of her life. They sing virtually all their hits, and are joined by Lou Reed for a scathing "Sun City". Finally the climax comes as all the musicians troop onstage for "I Shall Be Released."

\$35 per ticket seemed a high price to pay for one concert, but the great music and the feeling of solidarity and accomplishment in the audience somehow make it all worthwhile. It's a feeling that money can't buy.

"The mother of Tamara described after they left Chile the treatment her daughter received in detention. They undressed her and whipped her with a leather whip. They put her in a barrel with ice water and held her head under water until she almost drowned. They threatened to rape her. This was repeated four times for four days. At that time Tamara was three weeks old."

From an Amnesty International newsletter



▲ Bono, Sting, Bryan Adams and fellow Joan Baez - free the world



▲ Bob Geldof & Bono on stage in New York Central Park

here. . . . Sting laughs merrily at that, and Bono adds, "No, no, no, it's actually a lot of fun backstage. You've got seven massive egos all agreeing on one thing, and that's extraordinary."

"I can tell you from experience that to be a member of this thing makes you feel better about yourself." Sting insists, explaining that tens of thousands of prisoners of conscience have been freed just because Amnesty International made their suffering public and got their members to protest by writing letters. "It can be a fun thing to write to people who lead authoritarian regimes. . . . to be a pen pal to a dictator and make a complete nuisance of yourself."

"You can actually be just as

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If you want more information on Amnesty International, send off the coupon below as a copy of it. To give you a little encouragement, we have a "Conspiracy Of Hope" tour T-shirt authored by Sting and Bono that we're going to give to one lucky respondent. The winner will be chosen in a random draw on July 28. Send your SASE to Amnesty International, British Section, Robert's Place (off Bowling Green Lane) LONDON EC1R 0QE. Please send me more information about Amnesty International.



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to people saying we couldn't have a name like Eurythmics, as it was just too complicated and no-one would remember it. We were recording in a warehouse, running out of money, and people would come and visit us and say, 'You're mad, completely mad.' The whole project seemed destined not to get anywhere. Well, on that album there's a song, 'Revenge', with the line 'Revenge can be so sweet'. So for this album we went back to the same studio, and for one of the tracks - 'A Little Of You' - Annie sings again the same line, 'Revenge can be so sweet'. You see, we'd been through all this stuff and come out of it O.K. So 'Revenge' is all to do with that, really."

These days Dave's got his own studio - in a converted church at London's Crouch End, of all places. "It used to belong to this sect called, I think, the Agepemonites. They were like a religious group in the 1800s who had all these ideas on free love and sex. They were a bit weird. The people who used to own it were called Bob and John, they made kids' programmes like *Camberwick Green*. Years and years ago they were on holiday together in Dorset when this woman came out of a church and said 'You're the men from Crouch End, aren't you? Come in... They'd never even heard of Crouch End at the time, but they went in and she signed over all the deeds to this church in Dorset to them. They thought she must have been a bit mentally disturbed or something and tried to give it back to her, but it was definitely legal and binding. Apparently she'd been saying for 30 years that she was going to give the church to the right people when they arrived. Anyway, 10 years later these two guys were looking for a big space to make a film, and they heard of another church up for sale... a church in Crouch End. Well, it didn't click with them at first, so they actually bid for the place and bought it to build their sets in. It turned out they were the only two churches in England with the Agepemonite religion. Isn't that a strange story?"

But then, most of Dave's stories are strange - like the time Bob Dylan rang him up: "He rang me up while I was mixing one of Feargal's tracks. A voice on the phone said 'It's Bob here'. I thought it was Feargal larking around and so I was going, 'Yeah Feargal, great, I'm busy you know.' The bloke on the other end was obviously confused. He said, 'No, this is Bob Dylan here'. I thought, no way, then I realised it sounded too much like him, so I had to transfer the call to the bathroom and shut the door..."

As a result of the call Dave directed a couple of videos for the nasal twangster, who then decided he wanted to come and record at Crouch End...

"He used to come over to my house every day at 11 o'clock with his acoustic guitar. The first time, though, he got my address wrong. He went up to this house, rang the doorbell and a woman came to the door. He said 'Is Dave here?' and her husband was called Dave, so she said, 'No, he's at work' and Bob was going, 'He's at work? That's funny, I thought I was supposed to come around here'. She must have almost had a heart attack, because she recognised him. Then she realised he must have got the wrong house. By the time he got round to my place he was really flustered!"

"He's a funny chap though - he's got a vague way of going about things. It's very peculiar working with Bob - no time and no particular dead-line. It's like going into a different time-world."

Dave's at pains, though, to point out that he

doesn't only work with famous people:

"Everybody always talks about Bob Dylan or Daryl Hall or this or that... but I've also worked with loads of people that nobody knows of yet." These unknowns include *State Of Play*, "an off-shoot of *The Eurythmics*", an "underground" Parisian duo called *Queen Mosey* "who sound like a strange mixture of T. Rex and *The Velvet Underground*" and an experimental group called *Lover Speaks* whom Dave discovered in a typically unorthodox manner: "I bought this houseboat, and one of them was pointing it for me. He said his friend had been making tapes, so I listened to them and they were amazing. I immediately started getting them bits of equipment to work with."

On top of all this he's working on a film, too. "It's called *TVP* - it's for kids, though adults can understand it, but on a different level. It's about teaching music to kids in a much more exciting way than they do at school. I mean, who wants to play a recorder anyway?"

Apart from his music, his interests include playing tennis, swimming and all 'outdoor, man' things. "If I thought about music and videos all the time, it'd drive me barmy."

And his other love is the aforementioned houseboat, which is capable of siting through the waves at a magnificent 4 miles per hour. Not quite in the same class as *Drawn* though...

"Yeah, you can actually walk faster. It's great though, because as soon as you're on the canal it's like being on another planet. Everything comes to a stand-still. There's all these old boat people you meet who have been doing it for about 50 years."

And with that, he's off into yet another shaggy dog story...

"Our first trip on the boat was really funny. There were loads of people on it - Bob Dylan was sitting at the front playing his acoustic guitar, me and my friend were cooking soup down below, and my friend was filming it all. We were having a great time when all of a sudden this tunnel comes up, and there's a boat coming up the other way that fills the whole tunnel and the boat's 50ft long - you can't just stop - and we went *crashashhhhh* into the wall and there's soup all over the place!"

"Another time we went all the way to Usbridge on the boat, then cycled on our bikes to a ski centre, practised skiing, got back on our bikes, and then went back on the boat, so we never used any normal transport at all. It took us two days!"

Dave looks set to reminisce about his boat all day, but his personal assistant is hovering around menacingly, indicating that he has for more important things to do than chatter.

Time to wind it up, in other words. So, Dave, are you, erm, *mad*?

"Well, er, I suppose I've got my feet on the ground and my head in the, er, clouds... I know what I'm doing but I'm willing to let myself be taken off at a tangent. And, erm, I have a great time and one thing I'd like to say to *Smash Hits* readers is that when you're at school and you say you want to be in a group and everyone else puts and says that you must think about getting a proper job - well... I wouldn't think about getting a proper job. Because you can have a really brilliant time even if you don't make any money. Even if you have to do mundane things during the day, if you can learn music or do something that takes you away from all these mundane things, and you know that at night you're going round your mate's house with an amplifier, it's great... I'm all for it!"





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OUT NEXT WEEK

Falco: "I am a little bit weirder!"

More like stark, staring bonkers, if you ask *moi*, says Chris Heath



He pretends to go out drinking with Mozart, a composer who's been dead for hundreds of years. He flies teddy bears first class across the Atlantic, treating them to champagne and cakes on the way. Even though he's just become a father, he runs round town spending money on girls and gold watches. He makes dangled records like "Rock Me Amadeus" and "Vienna Calling" in a highly-pigglety mixture of German and English. In other words, to be blunt, there is every reason to suspect that Falco is completely bonkers.

"Completely what?" Falco splutters. "Bonkers. Out of your tree. Mad. Falco bits in disagreement. 'I'm no fess or more mad,'" he says in his hesitant English, "than anyone who keeps working for 365 days a year. I am a little bit weird but not that much." A little bit? Girls and gold watches? "That wasn't me who said that," he says, "it was the Sun newspaper."

Teddy bears on airplanes? "I never said anything like that. I just said that I'd been to F.A.O. Schwartz, the world famous toy shop in New York. Really amazing, yeah? And all I said I'd seen were these little Lamborghini and little Mazarati cars for a seven year old with real fuel engines and everything from a true car — they were about 15 or 20,000 dollars."

No teddy bears? Has he really never offered champagne to a teddy bear? "Please tell that, yes," he sighs. "Next he'll be saying he didn't really meet Mozart?"

"I like telling newspapers weird stories — I know they need something to write about — and that was one of the best ones, about Wolfgang Amadeus. I said it because it was such a stupid question that people kept asking me — 'how did you come to do "Rock Me Amadeus"?'."

Oh, this is disappointing; at least he can't deny he does make records in a highly-pigglety mixture of German and English.

"I think it's the special secret of my success," he confides. "People always said I'd have to do English versions but I kept to my line and," he smiles, "it's worked."

Mind you, it does mean that most British people haven't a clue what something like "Vienna Calling" is all about. Which is?

"It's a story that could happen in any city of the world," he explains. "It's the month in summer when the city is running out of people because everybody is going to the seaside for vacation and the city is just hot and empty. It's the story of a boy called Falco who has to stay in the city for that month, and he's hanging about in fruit-juice bars and is really lonesome. So he picks up the phone and he calls the girls back."

And they come? "Of course," laughs Falco. "There is truth in anything I say."

Of course. Which is probably why he's not forthcoming on what happened in all those years before Falco became a pop star. "I was a single child," he reveals reluctantly, "and my father is a technician. We weren't poor or rich, just middle class. Everything was quite dull to me — I always wanted to be a pop star."

So he left school at 18 and tried to find fame and fortune doing, he says dismissively, "the very normal things — playing clubs, doing this, doing that, saving a little bit of money here and there. And having lots of ups and downs."

"I used to say," he confesses, going all poetical, "that what we human beings do on this planet is climbing mountains. What we sometimes, but mustn't, forget is that we have to come down from the last one before climbing the next higher one. And that," he concludes, "is the thing about the downs in my career."

The first really big "mountain" he climbed was about 5 years ago when he had his first hit with a song called "Der Kommissar" in Europe and America (though not Britain). After that, even though his first two albums did well in Europe, he seemed to be on a bit of a slippery slope. Things weren't helped when last year he refused to appear on the Austria For Kids benefit record.

"It was a very stupid conflict between me and another member of the group," he remembers. "Austria's very small and we have really only two big rock singers — the other? Sorry I forgot his name (he says *blchly*) — and I want to be the organisers and said 'listen, I don't want to sing on the record with him but I'll give you a cash cheque.' Which is what he did, coughing up 4,000 Deutschmarks (about £1,200). And now he regrets not singing, but perhaps not for the right reasons. . . ."

"Public persons are not perfect and sometimes don't do things that one and half years later we would have, in the future," he laughs. "I'd do it. It'd save me the money — you go to the session and sing for 3 or 4 minutes. It only takes half a day. Still," he sums up in his peculiar way, "it was just a storm in a waterglass."

And of course after *that* came "Rock Me Amadeus" and success everywhere, even Britain — "that's the biggest honour — more than than States," he says. "Because Britain is the country of pop music." Hmmm. Next, he reveals, he'll put out a song called "Jeanny" which has already sold 1½ million copies in Germany. Then in October and November, there'll be a world tour which may or may not include Britain.

"We've got a nine piece band," he says, "and a theatre of six dancers creating pictures of Salvador Dali and something like that. . . ."

Oh? Pardon? Dancers creating pictures of Salvador Dali? A little bit weird indeed. . . .

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F U R



I'm at the stage where everything I thought meant something
Seems so unappealing I'm ready for the real thing
But nobody's calling me
Except you and you're saying open up your eyes and see
And let me know

Close
You must be out of your brilliant mind
You must be out of your brilliant mind

You're at the stage want your empty words heard and everybody's rant
They want to know your secrets but you're not telling
You're just gesturing saying open up your ears and hear
And let me know

Repeat chorus

And I'm at the stage where I want my words heard and no one wants to listen
No one wants to listen 'cause everybody's yelling

N I T R E



No, not the stuff you spray Mr Sheen on, but a brand "new" pop quintet who are "not exactly a bundle of laughs". Sylvia Patterson gets out the dust-sheets.

"I've got a flat full of pouffes." "I've got a collection of 16th Century bidets . . ." "I've got a massive early 1960s wrought-iron sofa bed!" New pop persons Furniture are talking about . . . ar, interior "design".

"We don't like nice furniture, y' see - we like velour and nylon," states Sally, their viola player.

"And stretch covers. Mmmn mmmnn!" quips Jim, their lead singer.

"I", pipes Hammy, the drummer all of a sudden, "used to live in a place once lived in by a member of the Gilttar Band! Someone Richards . . . He left some specimen wallpaper . . . and a horrible smell . . ."

Pool Furniture are in rather a giggly mood today - and well may they be pleased with their lot. After 5 years of "knocking our heads against a wall", they are finally doing rather well - courtesy of their moodsome single "Brilliant Mind".

"It's amazing, people think wa's a new band - they come up and say, oh we really like your song - who are you? I wrote 'Brilliant Mind' two years ago for a start!" gasps Jim, "but at least people are listening now."

Furniture are three blokes and two girls who all come from London and who've all been friends for as long as they can remember. "Brilliant Mind" is their fourth single and they'll soon be releasing their first LP. First? After 5 years? "Yeah, I suppose it does seem a bit funny," says Jim, "it's taken so long mostly because we've been so broke. And because we keep changing our minds. One day we'll think a certain song is great and the next day when we hear it we think, oh my God, no. No! It's all wrong. WRONG! Mind you, I think people are going to get a bit of a shock when they hear the LP anyway - every song is different, and a lot of them are nothing like 'Brilliant Mind' . . ."

"People shouldn't want anything the same anyway, should they?" chimes Sally. "I mean, if you love something you love anything about it. If you love McDonalds (grool) you don't just like the lettuce, do you?" (? - Ed.)

"Yeah, 'Brilliant Mind' is the dill-pickle of the album . . ." decides Tim. (?? - Ed.) Mmm. Furniture can't quite cope with the "stardom" that's come with the making of a quite good record and would rather the whole camera-clicking, microphone-welding world of

music "journalism" would leave them alone to get on with writing some tunes . . .

"It should be songs that are famous, not people" is the official Furniture statement.

In the meantime, though, they don't seem to have much choice and reckon the whole thing is a bit of a laugh anyway.

"It is a laugh, isn't it? You either laugh at this business or don't do it. God, we did Razzmatazz last week! With the Housemartins!" recalls Jim.

"Oh they were really funny!" giggles Sally. "Well, I laughed, anyway . . . They sang the 'EastEnders' theme tune for about five hours . . ."

"It was really weird, all these kids clapped all the way through the song. Clap clap clap clap you must be out clap clap or clap clap . . . And after the music was done we were introduced to the audience - 'and now here he is - the voice you've just heard - the vocalist' - and they all went 'Yeecurrrihh! He's horrible . . . Not much of a chance to get big-headed, is there?!"

Still, though, it's better than the days when "we had the King Midas Touch in reverse - everything we touched turned to crap" and especially better than 1985 . . .

"That was a horrible year. Got my heart broken and my appendix removed . . ." sighs Jim. "And, do you realise, there I was lying in my hospital bed, listening to the Janice Long show - when she played one of our records and said 'and I do believe the lead singer of Furniture is in hospital - the things people will do to get their records played . . .' - and there I was - totally miserable and in pain!"

Poor old Jim, ah? Misinterpreted time and time again . . .

"Yeah, people always think wa's some sort of 'bedroom' band, because some of our songs are quite . . . ar, reflective. I wrote 'Brilliant Mind' on a bus coming back from signing on the dole! I suppose the songs are totally different from how we are . . . we're quite lively even though 'Brilliant Mind' isn't exactly a bundle of isughs . . . I remember getting off the bus and rushing home to sing the tune into a tape recorder and then I just wrote the rest the next day. It's a about how we were totally fed up not getting anywhere and that we were mad to be in this business . . ."

Ah - so you think you've got a brilliant mind then? "Oh NO! It's, ar, sarcastic . . ."

About you and yours and how I'd have the answer if I'd only open up
Up up and let you in

They must be out of their brilliant minds
They must be out of their brilliant minds

I said shame shame on you
Shame shame on you
Shame shame on you you you you you you you

Repeat chorus

And they must be out of their brilliant minds
Oh everyone out of their brilliant minds
I must be out! I must be out of my brilliant mind
My brilliant mind

Words and music by Ivan Whittow-Lee-Gill
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"HAPPENINGS"

Neasy...like, WOW!...dramatic! Dig this crazy-assed night show meant All those freaky colours spinning like the web of "Happenings" mind, mean...kinda takes you, like, back to '72, doesn't it? (We - Ed.) You know...groovy drinks and Joe Cocker and Alvin Karpis and free luxurva an' Led Zep an' heavy vibes space Mean, SPACE...an' (Buckwheat - Ed.)



BALAM & THE ANGEL: Leicester Montford Hall (July 3), Lincoln The Ritz (3), Oxford Apollo (4).

● Tickets available from all box offices

MOSTALGIA CONCERT: Grosvenor Fairfield Halls (July 13). The groups playing are **Clem Curtis & The Foundations, The Searchers, The Tremolos and The Frogs.**

● Tickets are available from Fairfield Halls or the Capital Radio foyer



SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK: The first half of the tour has now been postponed until September/October so the following dates have been rescheduled as follows:

Guildford Fiver (September 28), Sheffalid City Hall (30), Manchester Apollo (October 1), Middlesbrough Town Hall (3), Newcastle City Hall (4), Lincoln Ritz (6), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (6), Glasgow Barrowlands (10), Aberdeen Capitol (11), London Royal Albert Hall (13). The following dates remain the same: Birmingham Odeon (July 24), Leeds

Grand (27), Stoke Newington Queens (28), Oxford Apollo (August 1), Gloucesters Leisure Centre (2), Newport Centre (3), Bristol Hippodrome (4), Poole Arts Centre (6), Cornwall Coliseum (7).

The following dates cannot be re-scheduled owing to lack of availability in September/October, and ticket refunds are available from point of purchase: Southampton, Brighton, Scarborough, Preston and Liverpool.

● Tickets are available from the relevant box offices and agents.



THE SMITHS: Extra date: Manchester Salford University Maxwell Hall (July 20).

● Tickets are £4.

CHRIS DE BURG: St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (September 12), Birmingham NEC (14), Edinburgh Playhouse (15), Newcastle City Hall (17), Liverpool Empire (21), Manchester Apollo (22), London Wembley Arena (28).

● Tickets for St Austell and Birmingham are £7.50 and £8.50. London tickets are £8.00, £9.00 and £10.00. All the rest are £6.50, £7.50 and £8.50 and available from the relevant box offices and agents.

FELT: Middlesbrough Town Hall (July 16), Oxford Arts Centre (17), Stockton-On-Tees Dovecot Arts Centre (20).

● Pay at the door for all the concerts

THE WEATHER PROPHETS: Manchester The Boardwalk (July 15), Wolverhampton Goldstone (6), Leeds Warehouse (15), Middlesbrough Town Hall (16), Barrow In Furness (venue to be confirmed) (17), Glasgow Pollock Hall (Anti-Apartheid Benefit) (27), Birmingham Barbieries (28).

● Pay at the door for all the concerts



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- 3 **Queen** *A Kind Of Magic*
- 4 **Pater Gabriel** *So*
- 5 **The Smiths** *The Queen Is Dead*
- 6 **Simply Red** *Picture Book*
- 7 **Bryan Ferry** *Street Life*
- 8 **The Cure** *Staring At The Sea*
- 9 **Dire Straits** *Brothers In Arms*
- 10 **Level 42** *World Machine*

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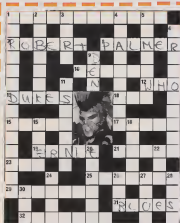
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- The first correct entry out of the "bag" gets HMV's top ten LPS

● ACROSS

- 1 Like **Chas 'n' Dave** they're "Smoker Loopy" (8,3)
- 7 and 8 - Former **Power Station** person who's addicted to love? (6,6)
- 7 and 10 Film star who once waited for **Bananarama** (8,2,4)
- 12 - **Stocky** old **spine** actor Doctor like **Pete Townshend**'s old group.
- 13 - "Fitted" people who live in **Hazzard**? -
- 14 Pub found in **Absolute Beginners**?
- 15 "I Can't" - "The" (**Hall And Oates**)
- 17 Vi able to provide an **Andrew Lloyd-Webber** "show" (anag)
- 19 Mr. **Wiser**, once Eric's partner
- 21 "Bird Of Paradise" **White**
- 23 "Would I - To You" (**Eurythmics**)
- 25 The **B-52's** aquatic creepy crawlies?
- 29 "Total" - "Of The Heart" (**Bonnie Tyler**)
- 31 **H# Street** or **Smoggy**'s -
- 32 The **Innest**, or so they claimed (1,1,1,4)

● DOWN

- 1 See photo clue (5,8)
- 2 and 16 What **Queen** once wanted? (2,5,4)
- 3 Snooty instrument that likes lager?
- 4 I am **EMI**, Vic - TV crime series (anag 5,4)
- 5 It's an odd title for a hit duet (2,2,3)
- 6 Firm that once "serenaded" **Susanna** - **Fast Eddie** - divy character -
- 11 **Loose Ends** were once hangin' on it (1,6)
- 16 See 2 down
- 18 So-called "love" goddess of **Bananarama**'s last single
- 20 **Dax's Midnight Runners** ordered her to come on
- 22 Tiny part of **The Sweeney**?
- 24 **Smash** - - a very brilliant "pop" "magazine" (Extra clue, you're holding it)
- 25 **Marley or Galdof**?
- 27 Huge **Spandau Ballet** hit that proved no lie
- 28 The best big hit for **P.L.L.**
- 30 Record label (1,1,1)



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ARCADIA

EXCLUSIVE FIRST LIVE PERFORMANCE OF THE FLAME
ON EUROTUBE SATURDAY 5 JULY CHANNEL 4



TO HELL AND BACK



BUCKS FIZZ have survived a coach crash, the Jay Aston "scandal" and Shelley's chaotic audition. And they're *still* having top ten hits and rattling on about Blue String puddings, upside-down teddy bears and turning into teapots. *Tom Hibbert is delighted.*

It strikes moi immediately, when I meet them, that Bucks Fizz are a bit like various members of some extended family. Cheryl Baker, the chatterbox of a maiden aunt whose main purpose in life is to be jolly good at cheering everybody up and who probably gets quite disgustingly drunk at Christmas. Shelley Preston, the squeaky little sister who giggles quite a lot and probably blubs when she sees puppies on the television. Bobby G, the wise "old man", kindly, down to earth, never forgets to cancel the milk and papers when the family goes on holiday. And Mike Nolan, the second cousin twice removed whom no-one quite trusts because he's always nicking things out of the fridge and glowering at strangers.

The members of this family clearly adore one another. Witness this warm exchange of joshing and general banter initiated by the maiden aunt (i.e. Cheryl) on the topic of food:

Cheryl: I'm a very good cook but I can't be bothered with all these weights and ally ounces and pounds and all that and I think 'oh, what the heck, dum di dum di dum, that looks like about an ounce of butter - bab it in' and I spill all the flour and the milk and I'm all messy and slapdash and a little bit absent-minded and...

Mike: We tend to refer to her as stupid.

Bobby: I've never eaten her food.

Cheryl: Yes you have - when Shelley joined...

Bobby: No, you ate mine.

Cheryl: Oh, that's right.

Bobby: You came over for Sunday lunch. One of my roasts. And the only thing you did was the Yorkshire Puddings.

Cheryl: My mum taught me how to make Yorkshire Pudding before I was born.

Bobby: Well, you obviously forgot by the time you got over to my place haw haw.

Shelley: I peeled the carrots and the carrots, um, not the carrots, the potatoes and...

Bobby: But I cooked it. That's the point - I *COOKED* it!

Cheryl: Oh, alright, so you've never had to suffer my cooking. It's Blue String Pudding this week, mate.

Shelley: What's that? Spaghetti?

Cheryl: No, it's Blue String Pudding.

Bobby: That's the last lunch I do for you.

Etc. etc.

Chatter chatter chatter. They like a bit of a natter and a chinwag and a skylark do the Fizz...

You'd scarcely recognise the fact that the past eighteen months have

seen the group journeying to bell and back. First there was the coach crash that nearly polished them off for good. Then there was all the scandal surrounding the departure of "saucy" Jay. Then the search for a replacement vixtrix, then a concert tour which was not exactly a box office blockbuster. And apart from all those Sharp advertisements – you know, "Less Bucks More Fizz" – it seemed that the troupe were becoming extinct. To hell and back...

"To hell and back?" booms Bobby. "What are you talking about? We've never been away."

But didn't you ever feel like knocking it on the head?

"Did we feel like knocking Jay on the head?" Cheryl collapses in hysterics as per usual. "Oooh, I was going to say something awful, then, but I better not because you always print things, don't you, *Smash Hits*? No, actually, we have had a difficult time – you do tend to wonder if you're ever going to have another hit single and it's like sitting on a knife edge, definitely. Fortunately it's all turned out for the best..."

Indeed. We now turn our attentions to the Bucks Fizz image. There they sit – Mike in denim dungarees with legs the size of dustbins, Shelley in an "enticing" black leotard bearing the saucelicious legend "Hot Property", her legs all over the place, the other two somewhat more restrained but still bearing a whiff of Eurovision tackiness...

"What are you talking about?" demands Bobby. "Eurovision was six years ago and we've changed drastically. And our fans have grown up, too: they've got walking sticks now."

Did you watch the Eurovision Song Contest this year?

Bobby: Nope.
Cheryl: I did. It was the same as ever. It's very difficult, really, because what they like in Turkey is not what they like here.
Bobby: I like stuffing turkey myself, beb beb.

Cheryl: Yeah, well, you like stuffing anything...
How. And so the Fizz haxter continues...

Bobby: No, we don't get "raunchy" as you put it, on the road. We don't smash up hotel rooms. I don't think many hands do that kind of thing these days. It's dated and everybody looks down upon it. I'd have liked to have been around when they did it, I have to admit, but you just can't get away with it these days. Plus we can't afford it.
Cheryl: Um, what are we talking about?
Bobby: Smashing up hotel rooms.
Cheryl: Oh, wrecking hotel rooms?

The nearest we got to that was when Shelley first joined and we turned her room upside down – her bed, her telly – but we didn't throw her teddy bear out the window. We left it sitting on the bed. Upside down. And...

Shelley: They was always taking the mickey in the first few days. There was a lot of carrot baiting – ooooooarr oooooarr – because I come from Wiltshire.

Bobby: She's a YOP. We're thinking of sending her over to Richard Branson to tidy up the country.

Cheryl: We used to say "you've got an accent, Shelley", and she'd go "Oï avurrrr!" And then she started making fun of us, so we kicked her shins in...
To hell and back? Not blooming likely. And now we find the Fizz beaming and jigging upon our television screens with another boiling hot pop romp called "New Beginning (Mamba Seyra)". Do they actually know, one wonders, what the foreign bits of the song mean?

Shelley: "Nuestro mundo" means "our world" and "mamba seyra" means "new dawn"...
Cheryl: No, it doesn't – it means "I'm a little teapot short and stout, here's my handle here's my spout". In other words "let's all look forward to a new tomorrow because everything can be FUN, can't it, gang, eh? Eh? Eh? Kk, gang?"

Bobby: Oh, shut up.

By this point in the proceedings, Mike Nolan has sidled from the room unnoticed. Apart from calling Cheryl stupid, he has been silent throughout. I was about to ask him about a horrible report in a certain Sunday so-called "news" paper which suggested that the coach crash had left him with brain damage. I can't ask him now because he's gone – but his allies leap to his protection.

Cheryl: If you ever read in a newspaper "a good friend said" or "a spokesman said", then you know not to believe whatever's coming next. It was traumatic after the accident, obviously. It really upset everybody's lives and for what Michael went through, it took a long time for him to get back as he is now. But he's fine – six months after the crash we were on tour and he was brilliant, and so when you read bits like that you just think "why don't people let go?" It's gone now. It happened 18 months ago and it's something that doesn't need to be thrown in your face all the time. It's rotten. It's really rotten, eh, gang?

The gang – Shelley and Bobby – nod in quiet agreement and the Bucks Fizz serial jiving is subdued for just a few brief moments.

BUCKS FIZZ – THE WAY WE WAS



▲ Eurovision "chic". Why oh why has saucetrot Jay (right) got lots of Smarties on her "jumper"?



▲ Perve aho! Why oh why has saucetrot Jay (left) got lots of Smarties on her rumpo suit?



▲ How gen'leel! Why oh why has saucetrette Jay (centre) got a squashed top hat on her "lap"?



▲ How, um, sty'ish! Why oh why has saucetrette Jay (left) got a wok and a badger on her head?



▲ How, ahem, "quaint". Why oh why etc.



▲ How, erm, "bizarre". Why oh why is saucetrette Jay (bottom) sitting atop a dustbin?



▲ How, uhhem, "rustic". Why oh why (fill in something about Jay's shorts here). ?



▲ How, urriehem, "domestic". Why oh why is saucetroperson Jay (below) trying to decorate with chopsticks?



I CAN'T STOP GARY NUMAN

I've been there and seen a
I've been up and down
And I've been fighting for some time now

Chorus
(I can't stop it)
(I can't stop feeling it)
I can't stop for all your stories
And I can't stop for all your young hearts

(Yeah)

Been up on the power
Been down and ashamed
I'm sure I'm guilty of something now

Repeat chorus

(Yeah)

(I can't stop it)
(I can't stop feeling it)
Repeat above three times

(Yeah)

I'm back and I'm proven
I'm back and I'm strong
And I've been waiting for so long now

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Gary Numan
Reproduced by permission Numan Music
On Numa Records

Hit me ● (Baby let's go go)/Are you ready/Get get get on give it to me/(Baby let's go go) ● Well there's no no way I wanna go easy to the show show/Rock it to the beat/Come on let me know I don't want the slow slows if you wanna go go/Come on follow me ● There's Howie Tee/You Look around/So/This whole world listening/Get out of here/No/That's alright/Yeah that's OK/We're gonna rock you anyway/Cause it's happened before the same way/And I think back and then I say ● Drifting on memories (ooh ooh ooh)/Full Force is in the place to be with you and me/Soon you will see/Na na na that I'm rockin' just for you yes I am/Cause I'm rockin' (rockin') 'cause I love you too/And it's time/Work/So ● Me and Howie Tee we're gonna take you out/We're gonna show you what these party people's all about/We're gonna rock from the night to the afternoon/We're gonna bang zoom take you to the moon ● (Hold it I ain't pushing no moon buttons) ● Get busy/(Girl let's go go let's go go to the) ● It makes no difference how you wanna swing it/As long as I got my right foot in it/All you rappers that I am knocking/Mother don't stop me now I'm just rockin' ● So fellas in the place to be you wanna be with me/Or your lady/For the night don't get in my hair just dance Mr Fred Astaire ● (Are you the big noise of this here orchestra)/(Don't be ridiculous)/(Who me) ● (In the place to be) ● It was a little mosquito/In a yellow tuxedo/ Freaking inside the speaker's tweeter/But the only thing that the mosquito needed/Was the lady devastator with the big drum beater ● Sorry wrong beat ● (Baby let's go go) ● Now if you can't do that then stomp your feet/But keep your hands in the air part follow me/We're gonna go go where you wanna go go/I don't want the slow slows come on follow me/If you're such a boss don't know how to go go/Can push nose hit me Howie Tee/Hit it ● Howie Tee if you're up to par make all the ladies go ● (That's all folks)/No it's not 'cause I'm not finished/All MCs I will diminish to nothing/To smithereens and I mean/You the one with the gangster lean/Cause rappers thought they could take me/But on the contrary/Now they're all in the MCs cemetery/Never should have they crossed my territory/That's it/Period/End of the story ● (Whey the rabbit kicked the bucket)/(The rabbit kicked the bucket)/(The rabbit kicked the bucket)/(The rabbit kicked the bucket)/(The rabbit kicked the bucket)/(The rabbit kicked the bucket) ● Words and music by Full Force/The Real Roxanne/Howie Tee/Reproduced by permission Zomba Music Publishers Ltd/On Cool Tempo Records



(Bang Zoom) lets go go
The Real Roxanne with Hitman Howie Tee



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Midge Ure

Outside wild winds are calling
Broken leaves are falling

Outside wild winds are calling
Broken leaves are falling
Like I fall before you

Outside nightfall is returning
Our home fires are burning
Like I burn before you
Wind and rain may blow
Will we watch them come and go

Chorus

Don't go
And in my heart I held you just for a while
Don't go
And in my eyes I see the love of a child
Don't go
You can't deny you feel the call of the wild
(Call of the wild)

In your hand a heart is falling
A howling wolf is calling
And it's calling your name
And before the night is ending
The message that it's sending
Will it all be in vain
Say that you will stay
And we'll watch them come and go

Repeat chorus

As the weeping winds are calling
And the broken leaves are falling
And the magic that surrounds you
I will build a world around you

Don't go
And in my heart I held you just for a while
Don't go
And in my eyes I see the love of a child
Don't go
You can't deny you feel the call of the wild
Don't go
And in my heart I held you just for a while
Don't go
And in my eyes I see the love of a child
Don't go
You can't deny you feel the call of the wild
(Call of the wild)

Words and music by M. Ure/D. Mitchell/C. King
Reproduced by permission Mood Music
On Chrysalis Records



Call of the Wild

Samantha Fox DO YA DO YA (WANNA PLEASE ME)

Are you strong enough give me what I want
Can you please me right now are you strong enough
Give me what I want can you please me right now

Come on

So you know my name now you know my number
Don't the others want you any more
If you're gonna call you'll see I'm stronger
Stronger than the girls you had before

Chorus

Well do you know how to please
Do ya do ya wanna please me
Do ya do ya wanna please me
Do ya do ya wanna please
Please me now oh oh oh
Do ya do ya wanna please me
Do ya do ya wanna please me
Do ya do ya wanna please

Please me now oh oh oh

Tell me how it feels now the table's turning
I could get you underneath my thumb
Have you got a heart is your heart burning
Tell me is it pounding like a drum

Repeat chorus

Please

Give me what I want give me what I need
Give me what I want give me what I need
Give me what I want give me what I need
Give me what I want give me what I need

Repeat chorus end ad lib to fade

Words and music by G. Richardson/M. Biffel
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WHOOINI
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THE CONCEPT
MR D.J.

SUGARHILL GANG
RAPPER'S DELIGHT

WHISTLE
**(NOTHING SERIOUS)
JUST BUGGIN'**

GRANDMASTER FLASH
and MELLE MEL
**WHITE LINES
(DON'T DON'T DO IT)**

THE FAT BOYS
THE FAT BOYS ARE BACK

RUN D.M.C
ROCK BOX

KURTIS BLOW
THE BREAKS

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TWO NIGHTS AND THREE DAYS AT THE GLASTONBURY POP FESTIVAL

Every year since 1971, 80,000 hippies turn up at a farm in Somerset to sit in a muddy field for three days and attempt to catch a glimpse of one of the hundreds of pop groups no-one's ever heard of who are "performing" on a stage about three miles away in the pouring rain! Why do they do it? Are they completely bonkers or is it, like, a deeply moving and wonderful experience (man)? Sylvia Patterson drew the short straw, hired a tent, bought some baked beans and set off to find out. . .

Paul Rider



▲ Would you give a lift to the nearest? (No - most people in the unheated)



▲ Would you live a Yummy Veggie Burger? (No - Most people in the unheated)



▲ You're a Hippie and you always will be. That'll be £1.50 please



▲ Interior decoration for sale. Part 22



▲ Part of Marlon influences Ireland?

and so I find myself, rucksack afloat, dulcimer (essential hippie instrument) in hand, standing in the sunshine on a motorway verge at 11.52 a.m. - not getting a lift. Two hours later, boiling and blistered, I accept a ride from a kindly old gardener from Preston (Are you sure about this? - Ed) and we're off to this £17 a time (!) annual CND benefit, musical "bonanza" and largest pop festival in Europe so far this year. Off we go, through the leafy glades of rural Somerset, through the dunes to a tiny village 7 miles from Glastonbury called Piton and down to Worthy Farm - the actual Festival site. And as it approaches, so do one million peeping and honking cars full of... er, hippies. Drones of them. For two hours we queue and are "entertained" by the wagon-load of pinks in front, who prove, once and for all, that punk rockers have become hippies with bits cut out of their hair. They strum their battered guitars, they sway and croon to some unrecognisable "tune" and look very sad-back (man). It's 6.30 pm - and we're in! I bid the botanist good 'eve and survey the scene. It's a nightmare. I'm surrounded by thousands of very dodgy-looking strangers wandering around or just standing there. Breeze-blown tents are flapping and all around are stalls selling hand-painted wall-hangings and prints, Yummy Veggie-Burgers (yug!), hippie beads 'n' bangles 'n' bags 'n' belts, Glaston-berets (ho ho), and some very suspect "brews". Then there's the hundreds of stalls selling tarot-cards, candles,

Hornblowville variety – and flanking them are all sorts of weirdo “vendors” selling such delights as Child Of The Universe t-shirts (see here), Eru puppets (sold out already), posters of Andy N’ Fergie, which say Better Dead Than Weed, which all sorts of home-made seed cake things in dusty cardboard boxes (no thanks), hippie bikes with long plastic bags hanging from them, and there’s even bikes swathed in loo-rolls. And while we’re on the subject, the loos really are plewgustful! Tin hats that sink beyond mying, your feet poke out at the bottom and they’re always full. What fun.

Over the track we come to the “Fringe Theatre” area. Lots of people are on various stages doing their Margaret Thatcher impersonations or wandering around “acting” on the move, and there’s all sorts of circus-types offering to teach you the “tricks” of their trade. Time for a spot of juggling! A very nice bloke in a bowler hat and nifty neckerchief attempts to teach me the basics. After 15 minutes I fall miserably with 2 balls and he informs me, a bit too honestly, that I’m the worst learner he’s had today. Oh well. I did try... Then we spot a rather young person with an Australian Smash Hits t-shirt on! Are you a reader? “No.” Thank you Yashti, aged 8.

Over at The Workshop Tent* rather a lot of people are making a complete fool of themselves doing some dodgy street theatre “movements”. Oh good. Further investigation reveals that they’re pretending to be “an exaggerated version of themselves” which seems to involve flailing their arms and legs about and looking dermented. Mmm. Lets have a word with the “instructor”. Are these people all nutters? “Not at all!” he snaps, an ordinary-looking man in army treads and t-shirt. “They’re just enjoying themselves. Some people come to the festival just to do this, y’know. They’re just... er, in a good mood.” Well!

Over at stage two the mob are waiting for the sprightly tones of **We’ve Got A Fuzzbox And We’re Gonna Use It**. Suddenly there’s rustlings from a nearby tent and one of the Fuzzbox peeks her head out. Ah! Time for a quick chat...

“Do you like my hairdo?” asks Vix of her multi-coloured tinsel wig.

“Yes, man, it’s really great here, like, no heavy hassle, like,” screeches Mags. “God, there’s hippies everywhere – I didn’t realize it would be this bad,” she confides. “They were all over the motorway as well! Do you like Vicky’s natural look?”

“Actually I’m Cleopatra’s tu-tu!” pipes Vix. “Do you like Maggie’s tu-tu?” She actually saw the Bolshoi Ballet at Christmas, you know!” “I did!” pipes Mags. “Don Quixote?” Surprisingly good that was. Not nearly as boring as I thought it was going to be... ”

What nice girls. Time to let them get on with getting ready now... Round the front of the stage now and lo! It’s Baron



▲ Where’s the can-opener??



▲ “Mastering” the art of juggling



▲ “Yes, I’m Steve from The Waterboys and I’m having a real good time!”



▲ Not “mastering” the art of juggling



▲ How to make a fool of yourself at Glastonbury – Part 30/2



▲ The only useful sort of clothing in sight



▲ We know what you’ve been doing matey!



▲ “Yes he’s hanging loose, mate!”



▲ Two “actors”



▲ Fuzzbox make themselves look peaty

Billy Bragg himself! Wearing a horrible pair of shorts! Hell! I’m from Smash Hits... “Congratulations! I’m from Mars!”

Cheeky so-and-so... “I like these sorts of festivals, don’t you? Full of weird people – that’s what I like about it. Am I staying in a tent? No – had enough of that when I was in the army! We’ve got a mini-bus, we’re staying in a... fabulous hotel with a swimming pool, tennis court, masseur and world cup video replays!”

Can we take a photograph of your legs?

Just at this moment up drives a shiny red mini-bus, jings! There’s pop “stars” in there, too!

Excuse me – you’re **Half Man Half Biscuit**, aren’t you?

“Four voices ppe together!” “Yeah, well... woodooahh!...hello!...mutter mutter...” We’ve never done this sort of thing before... never never ever EVER... and we’re not going to do it again either... where’s the loo?...

“I’m Dave and I’m about music, man, and I’m here because of all the beautiful people and because CND do so much for this country and... er, I didn’t mean a word of that actually... we’ve come 370 miles, y’know! We’re all completely knackered.” Aw, poor Biscuits.

Back on stage it’s **Ted Chippington** – the “singing” stand-up “comedian”. Doesn’t go down too well, does Ted, apart from the odd titter, but after him on come **The Fuzzbox** themselves and everybody jumps up and down and has a great time – at! But up in the heavens, the inevitable is happening. The annual Glastonbury storm is a-brewing. By 9.00 pm big, black clouds are hovering around, wafting.

Waiting for **The Cure** to come on, it seems, because the minute they appear down it comes – a-splish’n’ n’ a-splish’n’ all over the Cure fans – some of whom have been camped down at the front since the afternoon. It’s now middle of the night and, between the billows of dry-ice and the steamy crowd, everything’s gone rather misty and smoky and sinister-looking. The girl next to me is very non-pleased. “I’d rather be in a McDonald’s,” she mutters for some strange reason. Still, The Cure get on with their excellent wall-to-wall and jangly songs which echo all around the hills in a very impressive manner. The lightning crackles above and the laser beams swirl below – both lighting up the sky and showing up the huge wobbly blobs of water: it’s wet but spectacular stuff – and the crowds love it.

After The Cure the sudden masses squelch and splatter their way to their limp and soggy abodes. And so do I. And it’s freezing again...

Twenty past five in the morning and I’m awoken from a huddled slumber by the sound of an abysmal hippie anthem being

strummed n’ wailed by the folks next door. Thinking they wouldn’t over again and still hurled at them, I try to think of it as a lullaby (no chance) and snooze off again. Until 7.12, that is, when I’m re-awoken by the sound of a lone figure enroding the tents, counting his fingers over and over again and still coming up with 12. It’s all been a bit much for the poor chap. Might as well get up, I suppose. Crawling out into the dampness, the sight that lies before me is the closest I hope I get to a post-nuclear holocaust. The site is a barren wasteland of smoking camp-fires, mud and soggy grass. Every can ever invented is here in this field and there’s a lot of very wobbly-looking individuals crawling around looking for a light/the time/the loola water barrel. Dogs are scampering all around, frubees and the most popular pastime for those with any energy left and everyone looks filthy and very, very horrible. Suddenly there’s a screech from our songsters next door...

“John Luan! It’s a beastie! It’s massive! Eeeeeee! It’s all crawling about! It’s massive and black! Eeeeeee! Oooooo hoooo hoooo!!!”

Brrrrr! I look around the tent and feel a mite nervous... I decided to listen in on some other neighbours as a “strawson”. A favourite topic seems to be how many shops there in nearby Bath (verdict: one) but the most popular topic by far is who stinks the most (verdict: Gary). A few hours later, Andy Kershaw is up on stage again offering a £50 award for a 2½ minute pop amplifier that’s been stolen in the night. Then at 11.30 **Amazulu** are on. The girls are quite cheersome but less-than-thrilling and THEN it’s **The Housemartins!** Y’looo! And they begin by telling everybody how boring they are because they’re just standing there looking laid-back (man). Which they are. But they zip into their fiery pop songs intent on enjoying themselves anyway – adding a few “colourful” lyrics to their songs as they go.

“We thought you’d all have long hair and beards and hate us, heh heh!” they quip sarcastically, but the crowd loves them despite the insults – cheering and

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Brrrrr! I look around the tent and feel a mite nervous... I decided to listen in on some other neighbours as a “strawson”. A favourite topic seems to be how many shops there in nearby Bath (verdict: one) but the most popular topic by far is who stinks the most (verdict: Gary). A few hours later, Andy Kershaw is up on stage again offering a £50 award for a 2½ minute pop amplifier that’s been stolen in the night. Then at 11.30 **Amazulu** are on. The girls are quite cheersome but less-than-thrilling and THEN it’s **The Housemartins!** Y’looo! And they begin by telling everybody how boring they are because they’re just standing there looking laid-back (man). Which they are. But they zip into their fiery pop songs intent on enjoying themselves anyway – adding a few “colourful” lyrics to their songs as they go.

“We thought you’d all have long hair and beards and hate us, heh heh!” they quip sarcastically, but the crowd loves them despite the insults – cheering and

strummed n’ wailed by the folks next door. Thinking they wouldn’t over again and still hurled at them, I try to think of it as a lullaby (no chance) and snooze off again. Until 7.12, that is, when I’m re-awoken by the sound of a lone figure enroding the tents, counting his fingers over and over again and still coming up with 12. It’s all been a bit much for the poor chap. Might as well get up, I suppose. Crawling out into the dampness, the sight that lies before me is the closest I hope I get to a post-nuclear holocaust. The site is a barren wasteland of smoking camp-fires, mud and soggy grass. Every can ever invented is here in this field and there’s a lot of very wobbly-looking individuals crawling around looking for a light/the time/the loola water barrel. Dogs are scampering all around, frubees and the most popular pastime for those with any energy left and everyone looks filthy and very, very horrible. Suddenly there’s a screech from our songsters next door...

▲ Half Man Half Biscuit: 60/11 bottom



▲ The Housemartins can't all play the dulcimer!



▲ Norman and Stan from The Housemartins debate Billy Bragg's lugs



▲ Norman and Stan debate peace and kaffeeklatch (peace)



▲ Billy Bragg (pretending) to be a hippie



▲ Arg! They said skulls then! (No, one then)



▲ And they said there'd be no reservations! (It's just...)



▲ Mick Hucknall heads out (well)



▲ A new people watching Mick Hucknall (missing out!)



▲ The pop that's brewed in its bowl (and a little of Pavarotti water)



▲ Carl from Madness (the best jar of shorts ever!)

bopping and even laughing with them (especially when they take their drum-kit to pieces at the end and wander off still playing the bits... Brilliant - heroes of the weekend.) I nip backstage to see if I can find them and they're busily coping with one million autograph hunters...

"That was strange, that..." states Stan. "We were very wary - we've never played anything like this before! We thought we were going to get booted off stage but they liked us!"

"It was just funny because we

a snap of those pins at last, heh heh...) Then he spots the dulcimer... "I can play one of them!" he cheers, snatching it from my grasp. Ping... ping... ping... There's 2 strings missing! "Oops... Eventually, out into the masses we go and the Housemartins aren't too impressed with what they see... "Good, stinks 'ere don't it!" is one of their frequent comments. Then some girls come up and tell them how wonderful they are...

"It's so embarrassing, that..." says Norman, when they go. "I don't mind but they always expect you to be... witty or something!" "Can we go to the market?" asks Stan. "I've got a mate there who's a real hippie - face painted and all that! I used to go out with her sister..."

"This is horrendous..." decides Norman. "I thought it would be alright when I saw the line-up - I didn't think there'd be that many hippies... They don't come for the music at all, do they? Off they shuffle, muttering about beards and kaffans, and I wander back to the man stage where I 'bump' into Andy Kershaw.

"I'm off to see Robyn Hitchcock and The Egyptians! Must go for a slash now, though. Bye!" Oh.

Not much happening, so time for one last 'sight'-seeing spree - up the back of the hill-side to an as-yet-unexplored region. Up here you get a spectacular view of the whole main site - sprawling tents all down and across the hill-side down onto the crowds and along to the stage in the distance. And here are the stalls to bear all stalls.

"Death Products" are sold here - which turn out to be wax skull candles, there's unidentifiable "ornaments", strings of bells, well-worn tackety old army boots (bleee!), Yummy Yummy Popcorn (!), comics, paroxols... there's Bascafarians being out their reggae 24 hours a day, blokes playing their sitar and

trying to "Indian dance" to it, an independent radio station and there's even the Samanzans! Must have a word with them...

"Where do you think you're going!" snips a rather stern young man as I try to get a peek inside their tent. Oh dear. After explaining myself I have a word with two of the officials... "Our branch goes out purely to festivals", they explain. "It can be very lonely in a crowd, you know! We're here for the lonely, the depressed and the suicidal - lots of unhappy people can only tell strangers when they feel like topping themselves and that's what we're here for. 'Ooo-er..."

On the way back to the stage, people have faked out all over the place - snoring away in pathways, curled up beside huge piles of rubbish - all thoughts of hygiene cast asunder... And there's the most magnificent tepee - a land-mark in hippedom!

On stage Simply Red have just come on - and Mick Hucknall is belting it out even more than usual. This man has the most powerful voice of anybody that's played here - and that's still considering it went a mite wibbly towards the end. As the jiggling, capogled 'n' bearded gentleman next to me comments: "he can sing alright, can't he?" The whole hillside is filled with Simply Red's songs and the crowds are going bonkers. Great stuff. Jumping around back-stage, we find Mick shaking the hand of a little five year old fan.

"That was pretty weird, really," he chimes, "there's a lot of musos 'ere. It's like Deeply Bank - a music festival in '78 - that was all tepees an' all..."

And you went? "No - we played! Nothing wrong with that - joy Division played!" And off he skips, welding his precious bottle of Parrier water... Over in the distance

Carl and Suggs from Madness just arrived - making straight for the beer tent - and Carl is displaying a very... er, colourful pair of summer shorts. It's now around 7:00 pm, so I zip off to take the tent down (an emotional moment) and all around the bedraggled masses are doing just the same. A lot of people have already gone by the time Madness come on, which is a shame because they're quite a tonic, really, jolly souls to the last. And Level 42 are, as ever... er, professional.

The sun's going down and all across the hills 'alternative' society is either winding its way back to the "normal" world or deep in slumber. People are furiously writing their destinations on any old bits of card in preparation for The Big Hitch-bike. I manage to secure a lift from the photographer bloke who's been following me around for the past 3 days... (That's not very funny - Paul Rider) and then we're out. Out into the world of restriction and "order" once more, out past the hitch-hikers sitting patiently on wads, out past the cries of "See you next year mate!" from the regulars...

Next year, eh? I wonder if I'll be there... and for some bizarre reason that has no explanation at all I think to myself that I just... might be.

▲ Thomas and Howard bound. "Wow, what a crazy weekend!"



▲ "Don't talk much, does he?" One of the Cums has a brogue!

weren't very confident about doing a stadium at first!" says Norman. "It was a good laugh in the end, though - there's nothing quite like getting out there, running around insulting people!"

And here comes Paul - newly changed into his nifty football shorts. "Look at the muscles!" he beams, pointing at his muscles, "footballer's legs, they are - spindly footballer's legs. God, I fancy a game of football..."

And off he trots to do just that... It's now around 4:00 pm and Norman and Stan decide to go for a walk - and since there's not-very-riveting people on stage next I decide to go with them. On the way out Billy Bragg reappears for a chat with the lads (and we manage to steal

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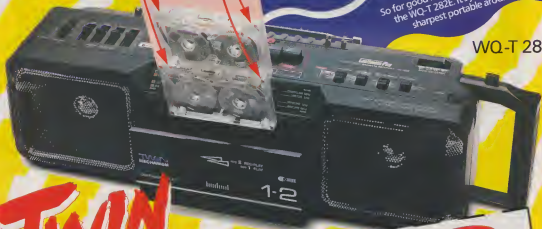
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■ But, quite frankly, she's more concerned with things like *George Hill* and chocolate lorries and scathing notes and playing a leper's wife in the school play.

■ *IT'S 'ORRIBLE BEING IN LOVE WHEN YOU'RE 8½*

■ Photo: Paul Hinder



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★ STAR TEASER

● All the names on the right are hidden in the diagram. They could run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Some run back wards. But remember that the words are all in an uninterrupted straight line whichever way they run.

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

- BABY COME TO ME
- BAD BOYS
- BARRIERS
- BASSLINE
- BEAT IT
- BEAT SUREMOOR
- BEING BOILED
- BEING WITH YOU
- BEN
- BESICKER
- BETWEEN THE WARS
- BIG APPLE
- BIG FUN
- BIG IN JAPAN
- BILLIE JEAN
- BIRD OF PARADISE
- BLACK MAN RAY
- BLASPHEMOUS RHUMOURS
- BLIND VISION
- BLUE EYES
- BLUE HAT FOR BLUE GAY
- BLUE JEAN
- BODY AND SOUL
- BODY ROCK
- BORN IN THE U.S.A.
- BOXERHAT
- BOYS DON'T CRY
- BREAKAWAY
- BREAKDANCE PARTY
- BREAKING UP MY HEART
- BREAK MY STRIDE
- BRINGS ON THE DANCING HORSES
- BROKEN WINGS
- BRAVE NEW WORLD
- BUNDESLIGUE

★ Answers down below

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Frank Bruno with Page 3 Lovely Suzanne Muz

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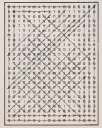
PUZZLE ANSWERS PRIZE CROSSWORD

Number 6 (June 4)
● The 'serenic' is James Thomson, Northfield, Aberdeen (1947)
Number 7 (June 18)
● The winner will be announced in the next issue. The answers, however, are a-weggin' and a-yeggin' just down below.
ACROSS: 1 and 3 down Tina Turner, 3 and 7 The Price is Right, 8 and 6 down 'C'mon, C'mon', 9 Aaaa (Frost), 13 'Tm Your Man', 14 'I Wanna 1 Lie (To You)', 15 Mel Gibson, 16 'Karma Chameleon', 17 Opera, 19 'Nothing Serious (Just Buggin')', 21 'Blue Lady And The News', 25 'Lovers In Music', 28 (Peter) Gabriel, 29 'A New England', 30 (Dream) Academy
DOWN: 1 'The Chicken Song', 2 'A Kind of Magic', 4 (Sister S) Edge, 5 (Educating) Real, 10 'Mellie (The Elephant)', 11 (Arietta) Franklin, 12 'On My Own', 18 (Francis) Rose, 20 Sister (Suzanne) 22 (E) 23 Abba, 24 'Lies (To Tell)', 26 Mags, 27 (Pine) Star

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STAR TEASER



OWEN PAUL

Photo: Andy Cohen



PERSONAL FILE

REAL NAME: Owen McGee.

Paul's actually my younger brother's name.

BORN: 1.5.62, in Gorbals (notorious Glasgow "slum" district), dragged through the dirt they always say, but actually I only lived there til I was three. I moved to the outskirts after that which was worse. Council estates and whatnot. I spent most of my youth there.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE? In London, just south of the river. I moved down six years ago.

DON'T YOU HAVE A FAMOUS BROTHER?

(*Brian* — once drummer with Simple Minds, now with Propaganda) I haven't seen him for some time — he's back home, married with two children. I was never a real fan of Simple Minds but I quite like them. I like Propaganda much more — maybe a bit arty-farty but at least they're not trying to copy anyone.

DO YOU HAVE A GIRLFRIEND?

Not as in madly in love and getting married, but I have a "loose acquaintance", shall we say?

WHEN YOU WERE A

"PUNK ROCKER" DID

YOU EVER STICK A

SAFE PIN THROUGH

YOUR CHEEK? I was never a punk. I'm going to have to slap *Smash Hits*' wrist. I was more glam rock. I was a bit too pretty so I used to get lots of flak in those days and get cans thrown at me on stage, but I never wore a safety pin or plastic bin liners.

WHAT DOES YOUR PET TURTLE TAM THINK OF YOUR RECORD? Hal! Hal! He doesn't think about it a lot. He's an American Box Turtle, you know.

He can go completely inside his shell. It's not just like he pulls his head in. But the thing is they're used to extreme heat and so you can't let them hibernate in this country because if you let them they'd never wake up. He's only about six inches long and he eats dock leaves.

That gives him great pleasure, to go out and spend an evening amongst the dock leaves.

DO YOU THINK YOU

LOOK A TINY BIT LIKE

FAMED SEVENTIES

HEART THROB DAVID

CASSIDY? That's hard! Actually most people think I look like David Essex! My first live review when I was 15 said "Owen Paul struts the boards like a baby-faced David Essex". Since then everybody's always said to me "Do you know you've got David Essex's eyes?" Is that a plus? I must confess I used to think that David Cassidy was the main pop person of all time.

DO YOU PREFER BOXER

SHORTS, V-FRONTS OR

BRIEFS? Well, I've never tried boxer shorts, and V-fronts are something that my mum gives me and they're always too big, so it would have to be briefs

because they basically keep it all together.

HOW MUCH DO YOU

WEIGH? I'm a bag of bones.

I'm just below nine stone, even though I eat like a horse.

WHAT DID YOU THINK

OF URUGUAY IN THE

WORLD CUP? Scotland should have beat them. I was disappointed about Scotland getting knocked out, not because they played badly or whatever but you suddenly realise that we weren't good enough. I watch all the games. I'm obsessed with the World Cup.

WHEN YOU WERE A

PROFESSIONAL

FOOTBALLER DID YOU

EVER "SUSTAIN" ANY

INJURIES? I had a problem with a cracked kneecap, which is never going to go away. And I got a "Glasgow Kiss" (i.e. when someone nuts you) in the middle of a match once. This bloke "tapped me on the shoulder, I turned round and within a few

things I knew I was in the dressing room. 16 stitches.

DO YOU THINK

ANTIQUES ROADSHOW

IS BORING? No! I think it's one of the best programmes I've ever seen. All these people with little vases that they've had in the attic for 19,000 years and they think they're worth 40,000 quid. The look on their faces when they're told the vase is worth six pounds twenty pence... And then there's the ones who say "actually I haven't come here to find out the price, I've come to find out the history but how much is it anyway?" Hal! Hal!

WHAT SHOULD

FERGIE'S WEDDING

DRESS LOOK LIKE? I have absolutely no interest in that.

IS THIS DULL? Not at all. It's exciting. I'm only small but I've got one hell of a serve.

DID YOU KNOW, IN

SMASH HITS 1986

YEARBOOK, SAMANTHA

YOU SAID YOU HAD "A

CRACKING LITTLE

FIGURE" AND LOOKED

LIKE "A YOUNG BRUCE

SPRINGSTEEN"? (Laughs) Nah, I don't think so. I'm flattered!

The thing is, with this success I have got problems with finding a sex object, like Samantha Fox had for a while, but this record got to No.25 without any real exposure so people were buying it because they liked the record, not my face.

DID YOU KNOW THAT

GOLDFISH HAVE A TWO

SECOND MEMORY? Did you know that goldfish drown if they have too much oxygen?

HOW COME IN SOME

PHOTOS YOU'VE GOT

PLASTERS ON YOUR

FINGERS? I have this real problem with my nails because I give my guitar a good thrashing, which obviously goes back to my so-called "punk rock" days. . .



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Our recommendations LISTED TO 10 photos are below:

★ **DEPECHE MODE** (Monday, April 08)
★ **KIM WILDE** (Albert Hall, April 16)
★ **STING** (Kiel Hall, Jan 1982)

★ **GO WEST** (Hammersmith, Nov 83)

★ **GEORGE MICHAEL** ● **TALK TALK** ● **BELOUS SOME**
★ **PAUL YOUNG** ● **CURE** ● **MICHAEL JARVIS**
★ **DYLAN FERREY** ● **U2** ● **SPANDAU BALLET**
★ **BARRY MANLOW** ● **THE CLUT** ● **TEARS FOR FEARS**
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REVIEW SINGLES

REVIEWED BY LOLA BORG



VINDALOO SUMMER SPECIAL: Rocking With Rita (Vindaloo)
A real stomper, featuring some seriously rocking Cramps-style twang guitar, Ted Chippington's drail vocals, The Fuzzboxes' oohing and twitting, and even the Nightgales in there somewhere. Impossible not to wiggle and wobble to.

BELOUIS SOME: Jerusalem (Partiophone)
And did those feet in ancient time... dance to some better tunes than this one? Yes, probably it's smooth 'n' moody, a snare on the pretentious side and sounds as though he's recruited David Bowie on vocals and Sooty on xylophone. And as for the lyrics - what on earth is he going on about? "You paint your face like it's Jerusalem," indeed!



MAXI PRIEST: In The Springtime (10)
When you're lazing in the garden, sucking on Strawberry Mirvi and letting the world drift by, then this is the one to slip on your turntable (if you've got one in the garden, ha ha). With Maxi's soft, velvety croon it's just about perfect for sleepy Sunday afternoons. And anyone who can sing about birds in trees "going tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet" without sounding indescribably naïf scores lots of points from me.

ROD STEWART: Every Beat Of My Heart (WEA)
Rod Stewart is a much maligned chap to my mind. Just because he oozes out of tight leather trousers and swanks about with a bevy of glamorous "models", everyone sees fit to take a pot-shot at him. And he can expect even more stick over this misty-eyed wailing - a cross between his 1975 hit "Sailing" and "The Bonnie Bonnie Banks Of Loch Lomond". Rod appears to

have dredged up the Scots Dragon Guards for a quick tootle on the bagpipes, but quite why he is smooching and pinning over his home land when he lives by choice in smooty old Los Angeles is a bit of a mystery.



ANTONY AND THE CAMP: What I Like (Warner Brothers)
I had high hopes for this one. Antony And The Camp not only have a delightfully dodgy photo on their sleeve with one of them (Antony, possibly?) lounging apparently naked in a jacuzzi, but also the song is produced by "jellybean" who I presume can only be John (ex-close-personal-friend-of-Madonna) Jeffrey Bryan Bentez. But, oh dear. It turns out to be a slightly above-average disco thumper with very saucy lyrics that leave us in very little doubt as to what Antony likes, at least. Perfect for Top Shop on a Saturday afternoon.

UB40 Our Own Song (DEP International)
At least this time it's their own song as they've thankfully resisted the temptation to lift yet another reggae "classic". A simple,

catchy and pleasing song that wears its political heart on its sleeve and manages to do it without once using the words "revolution", "constitution" or "solution".



TOM WATT: Subterranean Homesick Blues (Watt The Duck)

Who could possibly make a very fine song by one of the most talented odd hippies in existence (i.e. Bob Dylan) sound like Chas & Dave's "Rabbit" Lofty from EastEnders, that's who! This is an atrocious record and it's no wonder that Michele won't marry him. But after this, the EastEnders' Christmas knees-up and Pete's appalling "I Can't Get A Ticket (To The World Cup)" single, the question is, whatever next? Dirty Den's version of "My Way", perhaps?

ALED JONES: Pie Jesu (10)
Could somebody please explain why Pie is pronounced "pee-eh" instead of pie as in steak 'n' kidney? No! Well anyway, this version is minus the "talents" of Sarah Brightman and is

much the better for it. But the B-side should definitely have been the A-side as it features a much more talented song-writer than Andrew Lloyd Webber i.e. Handel. So there.



HOLLYWOOD BEYOND: Colour Of Money (WEA)

If you can imagine a troupe of rampaging Apache Indians whooping, yelping and doing an Irish Reel then you'll roughly have the feel of this. It's infinitely hummable, quite irresistible and even has very nice cover.



JOHNNY WAKELIN: Bruno (Chrysalis)

Johnny Wakelin was singing songs about boxers (e.g. "In Zaire" about Mohammed Ali v George Forman) yonks before ever got around to it. But this one is not the song that the "Black Bomber" deserves as it sounds very similar to the theme tune of Rocky IV squashed in with bits of Boyey M's "Rah Rah Rasputin" and has a crowd shouting "Bru-no! Bru-no!" all the way through. The best bit by far is the strange voice over: "Six foot three, weighs 15 nine, 46

inch chest and 27 inch thighs" What more can one say!

MARVIN GAYE: The World Is X-Rated (Motown)
So what if this is a re-mixed leftover from 15 years ago? It's still very, very, good.

DAVID LEE ROTH: Yankee Rose (Yankee Brothers)

His he! his! Since leaving Van Halen, David Lee Roth has lost the few marbles he had in the first place and is actually talking to his guitar! And even more bizarre - his guitar is talking back! He zorks and grinds throughout the rest of this awful dirge, drawing over "an original, good-time gal".

In fact, this is so completely ridiculous that it's a toss-up as to whether it's just simply appallingly bad - or so appallingly bad that it's actually quite good. Either way, he cannot possibly be serious.

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE DUKES: Walk Away Renee (RCA)

This appalling massacre of a truly wondrous song is more than any normal person could stomach. Anyone who imagines they can improve on the version sung by Levi Stubbs and the Four Tops is either very arrogant or a bit dippy. It ought to be law that cover versions such as this should be reserved for live performances only and banned from ever being recorded. (Oh, you don't like it then? - Ed.)

THE BLOOD MONKEYS: Don't Be Scared Of Me (RCA)

This has all the right elements - the swoonsome Dr Robert drooling a sultry melody, tootsoose horns and a swishy production - but somehow they combine to leave me totally non-pleased. Good background music for cocktail parties (if you have them) but a mist too swanky for its own good.

THE KINKS: Dedicated Follower Of Fashion (PRT)

Ray Davies is a songwriter of not inconsiderable talent, but this is definitely not one of his best (even though it contains the lines "When he pulls his frilly nylon pants right up tight! He feels a dedicated follower of fashion". Phew!) Why the record company chose to suddenly re-release this (it was a huge hit in 1966) when they could have bunged out "Waterloo Sunset" (which officially remains the best song Ever Written By Someone Who Was In Absolute Beginners And Called Ray Davies Award) is beyond me.



SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

JESUS & MARY CHAIN: Some Candy Talking (blanco y negro)
How could anyone ever be moved to call Jesus & Mary Chain "the worst group in the world"? Especially when a) there are people like Chas & Dave around and b) Jesus & Mary Chain produce songs as brilliant as this! It may well be filched from a very, very ancient LP by The Velvet Underground (i.e. a lot of moody phrasing and aimlessly meandering guitar) but who gives a flying fish when confronted with something so tragic and melancholy and melodic and utterly delightful?



MONDAY

"I think it should be the most amicable split in pop history." That's what George Michael promised when he officially announced that Wham! were splitting up at the beginning of March. No-one really believed him though – after all, if Wham! were to finish, surely it meant that he and Andrew had fallen out and that any attempt at a "farewell" would be a rather awkward and, well... embarrassing affair.

But then George and Andrew knew that that was what everyone expected and, just as they'd been determined throughout their career to do things better than anyone else, they were determined that their farewell concert would end their life as a pop group in a way that no-one had ever done before...

Preparations started weeks ago – George finished off the "Edge Of Heaven" EP and began rehearsing with the backing group for the farewell show while Andrew, still spooking around in his plush rented Monaco apartment with girlfriend Doris, helped out by doing some of the magazine interviews they'd planned. Everything was timed so that in the week leading up to "The Final", as they'd decided to call the concert, people heard and saw more of Wham! than ever before.

That Monday, June 23, anybody in London who woke up listening to Capital Radio was in for a shock. Wham!, the DJ kept announcing (rather nonchalantly), would be playing a concert tonight at the Brixton Academy, a large South London hall where they'd had their equipment set up for days to rehearse for the Wembley show. Not only that but

▼ Monday's Brixton concert: George 'n' Andrew get 'back' to their 'roots' during 'Bad Boys'

Photo: Graham Robb

▲ Andrew pretends to play the guitar and George tries to get a bit at the Wembley concert.



M! ~ THE LAST WEEK



● They started off their final week on the cover of *Smash Hits* and followed that with the front cover of just about every other magazine in the country. Then they played two "warm-up" shows in aid of charity, "The Edge of Heaven" EP reached number one, they appeared on *Top Of The Pops* for the last time as Wham!, turned up on Radio 1 every day talking to Simon Bates, recorded a Tube special and George celebrated his 23rd birthday. Then, of course, there was the farewell concert at Wembley in front of 72,000 people. Sniffle, blub, etc. . .

tickets would cost – gasp! – just two pounds! It was a "consolation" to those fans who hadn't got tickets for the Wembley show and the profits were to be donated to Capital Radio's favourite charity, *Help A London Child*.

So that night 4,000 rather disbelieving people crowded into the Britton Academy expecting to see a rather "rusty" and ramshackle performance only to find Wham! running through every single song they'd ever recorded bar three – "Nothing Looks The Same In The Light", "Come On!" and "Blue (Mixed With Love)" – as well as something they'd never played before, a version of snooty American singer Carly Simon's "Fly" (rather appropriate, fact fans, as this was the very "artist" featured on the first record ever purchased by George!). And not only was the music incredibly brilliant but George and Andrew also skipped through a couple of costume changes each – George ending up in a fantastically horrible frilly suede jacket and matching brown trousers with a disgusting denim "cool pecker". The two of them seemed delighted to be back on stage (amazingly enough their first British "performance" since Christmas 1984), joking and chatting between songs, especially just before "A Different Corner".

"Some people have suggested," George muttered softly, "that this song is about Andrew – he'd be a bit worried if it was. Suffice to say that the person it's about is here tonight. And," he paused, talking to the mystery woman (or man) concerned, "you've got to get it wrong a few times before you get it right. . ."

▼ Wham! Tuesday's Britton concert and George during the very horrible *Lady Di* bar "to". . .



TUESDAY

The week's Wham! hysteria really got into its stride. "The Edge Of Heaven", which had been kept from the number one slot by Doctor & The Medics' "Spirit In The Sky" the week before, finally made number one, meaning that all of the last seven Wham! or George Michael singles (apart from "Last Christmas", which was only stopped by Band Aid's "Do They Know It's Christmas?" which George sang on anyway) went to number one. Phew! They celebrated by opening the doors of the Britton Academy again, this time not bothering with the costume changes (thank goodness) but with George looking particularly pleased at the chorus of "Happy Birthday" he received when he admitted that at midnight tonight he'd be 23 years old.

At the show George was spotted at trendy London club *Café de Paris* snooty around with Wham!'s bass player Dean Eastus and several chums. He managed to dance to loads of "funky sounds" and sup a few fruit drinks before the autograph hunters cornered him and he left. . .

WEDNESDAY

Last night may have been his birthday but George still had to get up to record *Top Of The Pops* for the last time as Wham!. They didn't just record "The Edge Of Heaven" but also "Where Did Your Heart Go?" – the slow track on the EP – which will be shown this Thursday (July 3) if the record is still number one.

Meanwhile all the "news" papers continued to carry the daily stories about Wham! (like "reviews" of the Britton concert by people who didn't go). The "best" was surely *The Sun*'s interview with ex-Wham! trumpeter Colin Graham (about the squillionth group member to sell his story) who "spit" the "beans" on the night when George got paralytically drunk and tried to wake up Joan Collins in the middle of the night on her yacht. The next morning George was apparently "wrecked with guilt" when he realised what he'd done. Wow! What a scoop!

THURSDAY

Wham!'s final *Top Of The Pops* performance was shown and Colin Graham's story continued in *The Sun*, this time detailing George's relationships with girls. Graham (unlike the other group members who had said that George was a non-stop "womaniser"), reckoned that he'd only seen George with a girl once – disappearing with someone after the "Wake Me Up Before You Go Go" video. Apparently George said the next morning "there was nothing

between her ears to turn me on – a decent mind is better than a decent body any day". According to Graham, George is a "real mummy's boy" and he recounted a birthday "surprise" when a strip-o-gram they sent him went horribly wrong. "She stood there," he explained, "in stockings and suspenders and sang this real naff birthday song we'd composed for him. . . George was absolutely speechless. He went bright red and began stuttering uncontrollably. (Wouldn't anybody? – Ed.) Then he literally turned tail and ran off the stage and hid under the 'd' gone. It was unbelievable. He was a millionaire heart-throb and he was behaving like a blushing schoolboy. . ."

And who could blame him with "friends" like that?

FRIDAY

In the unlikely event that George or Andrew had got hold of a copy of *The Sun* on Friday morning, they wouldn't have been surprised to discover that this "news" paper had been at it again. This time it was the most horrible man in the whole universe, Jonathan King (the one who thinks ex-Ad stinks and that AC/DC make good records) "having his say" on the Wham! split. "They should have called themselves WIMP!" he said "wittily". "For the last few years they've released a rag-bag of frothy and unimportant tunes that most music lovers can't remember. . . Their new single (i.e. "The Edge Of Heaven") consists of the little ruses singing 'Oh yeah yeah yeah wally wally wally'."

Charming. . .

They came out rather better that evening in a Tube "spook", Wham! Wrap (nar har). Sipping drinks on a swanky boat in Paris with Paula Yates, they chatted about the last few years. George categorically denied that he was fat, ugly and retiring when he first met Andrew – "I was very fat and ugly, but I wasn't retiring." He said that over the years "you end up in the same places and you just get a lot more drunk so that you don't notice people," and admitted that the "news" papers' decision last year that he was the nice, clean-cut one while Andrew was the "animal" was all wrong: "It was probably doing something fairly similar in another club somewhere. But it had to be black and white – while Andrew was supposedly raping and pillaging I was at home feeding the cat." He also denied that Andrew and he were to wed.

"We were going to be married," he confessed, "but I discovered we couldn't have children and they were arguing over who was going to be mummy. . ."

SATURDAY



▲ About one-fifth of the audience in front of that curtain.

By Friday night there were already well over a hundred people camping outside Wembley Stadium, playing Wham! tapes and waiting for two o'clock the next afternoon when they'd be able to rush in and claim their positions right next to the stage. By then a good chunk of the expected 72,000 crowd was there as well, trying to decide whether they should buy the cheap but glibly unofficial merchandise – programmes, posters, drawings, t-shirts, carrier bags, mobilees – or the "nice" but pricey official stuff – t-shirts at £8, posters for £3 and programmes for £5!

They didn't look too worried either way – on the train to Wembley squillions of people were singing "Wham! Rap" and a song of their own called "I Love George" (which seemed to go "I Love George! Love George!" etc. etc. for a very long time), and as more and more people arrived the crowd got jollier and jollier. The only people who looked fed up were the ticket touts. Normally at a concert like this they have bought as many tickets as possible for just a few pounds, expecting to sell them outside the venue to unlucky fans for a huge profit, but to spite them Wham! have secretly held back about 2000 tickets to sell on the day. And by three o'clock one depressed tout was prepared to sell a £150 ticket for just £4.50. (Hee hee.)

At four o'clock the show gets under way, for some reason, Gary Glitter. He heaves his mighty bulk around the stage and belts out all his ancient hits. But oh dear. . . it looks as though the audience don't know any of



► them. Still, he does hand out some free roses and no sooner has he trundled off than Nick Heyward appears, but without his old group Hysteria 100 who had been rumoured to re-form for today's show. He starts off with their hit "Love Plus One" and manages to fit in the other two huge hits, "Favourite Shirt" and "Fantastic Day" (twice) before he's finished. And that's when the "We want Wham?" chants start in earnest.

Suddenly the two massive video screens light up on either side of the stage and it's time for the first ever public showing of the "Wham! In China" film *Foreign Skies* (a "Big Boys Overseas" production, the credits tell us). But it's difficult to tell what the film is really like as the few bits of dialogue it contains get drowned out by deafening cheers from the crowd (especially when there's a close up of George), but it does seem terribly tedious – just lots of footage of Wham! having their photos taken with Chinese people and a few live songs. The only bits that stand out are George having a massage (!) and the two of them "talk" about playing football.

At 7.35 the beginning of "Everything She Wants" booms from behind the huge black curtain that has "The Final" written on it in gigantic white letters. Finally it opens to reveal George – the thinnest he's been for ages, dressed all in leather, wearing sunglasses and dancing in formation (and very well, too) with two other dancers. Then on come Shirley, Peps and Andrew. He takes off his long black coat and strolls up the huge walkways on either side of the stage to unpeel, rather dramatically, one black glove at a time. By the time he and George actually start the song the whole crowd is spellbound. But it's not until after "Club Tropicana" that George finally says something.

"This," he shouts, obviously moved, "is the best thing I've ever looked at. (Huge screams) We've got four years of this – you say to this evening. (even bigger screams) ... and I know we're going to enjoy saying them. (Some of the loudest screams ever.) So let's get started!" (A completely deafening roar)

He's obviously really enjoying himself – during "Heartbeat" he makes everyone chant "woah woah" and during "Battledresses" (which at Monday's "warm-up" show he'd confessed was his favourite song on the new EP) he goes up to one of the cameras projecting onto the huge screens and winks at 72,000 people.

Then it's "Bad Boys" in which Shirley and Peps make one of their brief appearances (sporting stupidly huge bouffant wigs) and a brilliant version of soul group the Isley Brothers' "If You Were There". Suddenly a large white piano is wheeled on stage – time for the widely-remoulded appearance by Elton John. Except that the chubby little bloke with the funny specs that everyone's expecting doesn't materialise – instead on strolls this thing with a shiny red fringed wig, a plastic red bobble-nose, a striped red t-shirt and yellow dungarees. It's Ronald McDonald! But hang on a "mo". According to George it is Elton John! They're joined by guitarist David Coverly (the mate who was in pre-Wham! group The Executive) and it's

time for "The Edge Of Heaven". George spies the audience into three sections (24,000 in each!) and gets each part to sing a different bit of the "yeah yeah yeah ..." chorus and then on whenever there's a silence the crowd launches into a stream of "yeah yeah yeah's"...

"This is a song which, if you happened to be passing through Leicester Square tube station seven years ago, you'd have caught myself and Mr Austin busking," explains George before the next song. And they launch into the famous old Elton John weepie "Candle In The Wind". Then it's back to the Wham! songs and the "up tempo" section. George starts the famous "suggestive" dancing (with lots of "pelvic thrusting") that got the "news" papers so worked up at the Brixton shows. The audience get worked up, too.

"Happy Christmas," shouts George. Blimey! '92" in the shade and Wham! are singing "Last Christmas"! George announces he wants the audience to do "The Waves" – everyone holds up the bright side of their programmes and a stunning orange wave sweeps around the stadium as ver lads leap into "Wham! Rap".

"The song," says George, "was composed in our friend Mr Ridgely's front room ..." but the crowd are enjoying doing their "yeah yeah yeah's" so much that George finds it hard to shut them up.

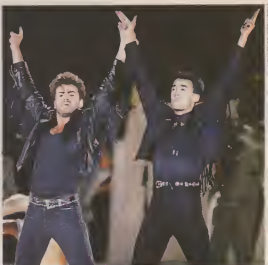
"I did say in the programme," he stutters, "that this was probably going to be the best day of my life but, at the risk of sounding over-sentimental, it definitely is ... you're fantastic!"

Two songs later, after a perfect version of "Freedom", they disappear – two hours after coming on stage. But they're not gone for long. On they "pop" for "Careless Whisper" (which 72,000 people sing along to) and a brilliant "Young Guns". George runs around the stage pretending to be an aeroplane, and then it's "Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go".

The audience won't let them go and they return for one last time to do their final song as Wham! – "I'm Your Man". At first they're alone on stage. George takes off his jacket and Andrew appears in the truly revolting suede outfit with the denim "flies" that George wore on Monday night.

Lasers sweep all over the place and they're joined by a funny short bloke in a pink Mohican. No, it can't be! It's Elton John! And here's a puffy-faced bloke in denim who knows how to sink boats. It's Simon le Bon! And everyone is dancing round, even the police, gang mad as George steps up to the microphone and sings the very last words Wham! will ever sing. "If you're going to do it do it right!" Which of course is exactly what they did.

And that's it – Andrew and George collapse into each other's arms, their embrace being frozen on the huge video screens, and off they go to the £45,000 party they're holding at London's Hippodrome nightclub. Meanwhile thousands of fans snifle into their hankies – they've just been to one of the most incredible concerts they'll ever see and they'll never get a chance to witness it again. You get the feeling they agree with Andrew's closing words in the tour programme: "Thanks, George – I'm going to cry now."



▲ Slightly older guys "going for it"



▲ Peps in 'Short' in the two most intriguing (looking) acts on a stage ever



▲ Peps in 'Short' in the two most pulsation courtesans to appear on a stage ever ever



▲ George asks 72,000 people if any of them have any idea why Elton John is dressed up as Ronald McDonald. (And – 72,000 people)



▲ 'Oh brilliant Andrew. You can stay in 'Wham!' now you've had a complete body and head transplant. Oh! It's Simon le Bon!



▲ George Michael "Goodbye" Andrew Agebley: "I'm going to cry now"

The Wham! special report was introduced by Colin Heath, Vito MacDonnell, Etera Bush, Paul Bicker, Duncan Roberts, L.F.J., Lee Benfield, Brett George and George Berg and Andrew Dean (Photo: Alan...

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CONCERT

The Prince's Trust Tenth Birthday Party Wembley Arena, London

Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome... the Prince and Princess of Wales. In their swish, and 'n't the slinking lovely!' is the murmur from the audience as "Dr" slinks past, toggled up/n'tried in what looks like a bloke's dinner suit.

There's no doubt about it, this is a very swanky concert. Some of the people here have paid £100 for their ticket – and they don't look as though they've had to skimp on the housekeeping, either. Even the programmes have sold out, despite being £5.00 a throw. (In fact, one programme, autographed by all the "artists" taking part, is auctioned off and fetches a staggering £2,500!) It's all for a good cause, though; tonight's proceeds will go to the Prince's Trust, a charity founded by Charles himself to help the young and under-privileged.

Tonight is the tenth birthday of the Trust and to get everyone in the right mood there's a free party hat on every seat. From where I'm sitting – in the posh bit and a mere six rows away from Ver Royals – it looks as though even Princess Di has entered into the spirit of things and put hers on before settling down to watch the evening's entertainment.

In the first half we're treated to short bursts from **Big Country**, **Susanne Vega** (zzzzzzzzzz) and then **Level 42**, which is when things really start to warm up – the audience are waking up and a wiggling and jiggling. Di starts swaying from side to side and even Charles is twitching ever so slightly.

After the interval, though, comes the arrival of what Mike Smith has called "the supergroup" – in reality a parade of the whimsies of pop. **Elton John** is bashing away at a piano. **Phil Collins** is pecking out from behind a pile of drums. **Eric Clapton**, **Midge Ure** and **Mark Knopfler** line up behind their guitars and... crickey! It's **Howard Jones** "on" synthesisers!

Then out struts that sexy temptress **Tina Turner** in a little – very little – slinky "number" and they all get straight down to business. And the saucy postress isn't toring down her wiggling one jot for the Royal twosome. No wonder Charles has to take his jacket off.

The rest of the concert continues at a dizzying pace, with more and more "mega" stars popping on and off

stage, swapping instruments and taking turns at having a warble: **Paul Young** croons a duet with **George Michael**... **Red Stewart** ("fresh" back from Mexico and swathed in leather) gets the entire audience waving their arms like anemones to his old "classic" "Sailing"...

Sting sways around a bit with **Mark** "horrible headband and even more horrible striped trousers" **Knopfler**.

And even who there left among the world's "galaxy" of superstars to be dragged on now? The crowd is wondering **Paul** "Fab Macca Wacky Thumbs Aloft" **McCartney!** Of course! And on he pops, along with those two veteran swingers **Francis Rossi** and **Rick Parfitt** of Status Quo, to give a mighty, rockin' version of "She Was Just Seventeen" which causes every single person to go completely wild – standing up with arms akimbo and – yes – dancing in the aisles! Charles and Di are obviously enjoying themselves in their own discreet, Royal way too, with Di wiggling about, munching on a bag of popcorn and gazing down at the mayhem in the plebs' area below. And even Charles is jittering vaguely in time to this one. (From my superb "Royal spotting" position I can see the silhouette of his "ears" and can clock his every move.)

The audience has now definitely got to the "Well, what's next?" point, assuming that there really can't be anyone terribly exciting waiting in the wings. Then two "mystery guests" are announced. Good grief! It's those two "elder statesmen" of pop **Mick Jagger** and his chum **David Bowie!** They pose and ponce through "Dancing in the Streets" desperately trying to out-dance each other. There is not one stationary rump in the whole of Wembley Arena by this time and even Di is spilling her popcorn in excitement as wily old David shimmies out of his jacket to reveal that he and Sir Michael are wearing matching striped shirts (Man At C&A, £10.99!) And off they go again after much strutting but not an awful lot of singing, leaving **Tina Turner** to do a duet with **Eric Clapton**, and "David" and "Mick" don't even show up for the final bow.

And... that's it. It's all over. Phew! What a concert! The music was good, the Royals were good, the audience were good, the popcorn was good... I wish my birthday parties were like this.

Nathan Ryburn



▲ G. Michael and Y. Young compare their under-arm "perspiration" problems



▲ Sir Michael Jagger and 'Bowie' compare face-fills (not much success, actually)



▲ Fab Macca and Tina Turner "rock" out. ▲ And 'Red' Stewart perves out.



▲ Elton John speaks out

REVIEW

VIDEOS



VARIOUS: Not Television (Routledge, £19.99) – available only at HMV until July 21, then on general release. The idea of "Not Television" seems to be to take a smattering of diverse and rather strange independent groups, lump all their videos together at a "bargain" price and thereby get thousands of people who wouldn't otherwise hear this music to "sample" it. Having said that it's not very likely to work because, almost without exception, the videos are desperately shoddy and dull, even though a lot of the music is rather brilliant (like the songs by **The Smiths**, **Axte Camera**, **Robert Wyatt**, **The Woodentops**, **Microdisney** and **The Fall**).



P.I.L.L. Videos (Virgin, £8.99) – John Lydon has never appeared to being a pop rock cocaine and thank goodness for that. This collection begins with the grimest camera work and the grimest out (Johnny's) you ever did see. No swivelling "artistic" tricks on "Public Image", just a typically burry performance – sissy dancing and saucer eyes (and, of course, one of the grandest pop songs ever inverted). **Plage**. And so it continues from early P.I.L.L. of 1978/79 through the squawkingly unimpressive cluster of "This is Not A Love Song" in 1983, to the present – "Blue" and "Horns". To be frank, none of these six videos would be much cop were it not for the charismatic, powerful and always unapologetically filthy presence of the boy they once called Johnny Rotten. See him stalking like a leucis through billowing sheets, witness him spitting round in an orange rubber room and six years on! The question has there ever been a more riveting performer in popular music! No



VARIOUS: Street Sounds Picture Box (Dance Collection Edition One) (Street Sounds, £12.50) – It must have seemed like a really clever scheme when someone at Street Sounds decided to release a video equivalent of their dance compilation LPs packed with squeals of brilliant dance "tracks" for not very much money at all. The trouble is that dance groups often make really good records (like most of the songs here), but they also nearly always make stunningly boring videos. And it's a pretty weird idea that anyone should sit down and watch this anyway. If it's really "over 50 minutes of non-stop party" as it boasts on the cover, then surely everyone ought to be up wiggling and a-giggling and not taking a blind bit of notice of what's on the TV...

▲ Frank Breeze: **Freddie Jackson** "Walk Me Through", **Chaka Khan** "I'm Every Woman", **Plaza** "Don't Push It", **Frank Jackson** "What Have You Done For Me Lately", **George Clinton** "Do Your Own Thing (The Way It Feels)", **Grubbs** "The New Power Generation", **Rhodes And Chaka Khan** "Don't Nobody", **Marvin Gaye** "I Wanna Be With You", **Princess** "I'll Keep You Loving This", **Brotherhood** "Scream", **Manic Street Preachers** "Mansion", **The Problem**: **Astorian Star** "Secret Lovers".

REVIEW ALBUMS

JAMES STOUTER (Sire)
Every James song is a polished nugget of fantasy and imagination full of mind-boggling details that make you think they must be living in a much more interesting place than the rest of us. These charming tales are carried along by a freshly original sound which never reminds you of anyone else (except, perhaps, a tiny bit like The Smiths). Unusual, refreshing and... good. **(9 out of 10)**

Duncan Wright

ROD STEWART: Rod Stewart (WEA) Apart from the obvious problems he had thinking of a title, this isn't nearly as bad as might be expected from someone who nowadays only needs to cater for the American "highschool" market to be successful. The best track amongst all this slickly produced middle-of-the-road pop rock (recorded with a cast of thousands in "downtown L.A.") is the single "Love Touch", but there's also quite a good cover version of The Beatles "In My Life". Otherwise it's predictable, bland but not unpleasant. **(5 1/2 out of 10)**

Simon Brathwaite



BIG COUNTRY: The Beer (Phonogram) In stark contrast to their second album, "Steeltown", all about industrial recession, comes "The Beer". The usual Big Country trademarks are here: the epic skirling guitar anthems (each song sounding uncannily like the last one), but instead of 1980s Britain this time we have some rather pompous Scottish ancestral lyrics about "kings", "armies" and "heroes in the hills". You either love or hate Big Country but it doesn't really matter either way — they'll always keep bouncing back louder than ever. **(4 out of 10)**

Simon Brathwaite

DAVID LEE ROTH: David Lee Roth (Warner Bros.) The man who walked out as singer with Van Halen finally returns

with a solo LP. In Van Halen he was always surrounded by a million guitar solos so, not surprisingly, his new album is brimming with many more of the blighters. It's not all quite like that though — he takes a couple of welcome breaks from scawling "axes" and songs about "wild women" and "love in the back of a taxi" for a dose of raunchy rhythm and blues and a Las Vegas-type cabaret song complete with brass. Amusingly entertaining. **(6 out of 10)**

Helen Mead

HEAR'N'AID: Stars (Phonogram) Hear'n'Aid is heavy metal's equivalent of Band Aid: loads of long-haired lads screaming in the name of famine relief, trying to prove that they're nice blokes after all and not totally obsessed with the devil and beating the heads off bats. Even so, "Stars" is just a series of deafening, drawn-out guitar solos and tangled lyrics from the likes of Kiss, Dio, Jimi Hendrix and Motorhead that goes on for much too long. **(1 out of 10)**

Helen Mead

SLY FOX: Let's Go All The Way (Capitol) Compared to, say, the simple joys of Nu Shooz, Sly Fox make very hard work indeed of their rather slight songs. In fact it's almost as if the heavy-handed rhythms were thought of first and the tunes had to fit in where they could. There's the odd nice touch but subtlety and imagination take a back seat in a very American record whose crashing, crushing priorities are obviously aimed squarely at the feet. **(5 out of 10)**

Ian Craun



DAVID BOWIE: Labyrinth Soundtrack (EMI America) Approach this with caution — what you actually get are six non-"Bowie" instrumental tracks full of swooning strings (i.e. typical "incidental" film music), plus five new David Bowie songs of which "Underground" is easily the best. Which doesn't say a

great deal for the others, actually; two distinctly uninspired rehashes of the average funk clichés which he's been passing off for the last couple of LPs and two very mediocre ponderous ballads on which he sounds very agitated about nothing in particular and shows off a lot (as per usual). Talk about money for old rope... **(3 out of 10)**



LOVE AND MONEY: All You Need Is... (Mercury) Not so very long ago, James Grant was writing pretty but forgettable songs for a group called Friends Again. All of a sudden he's discovered "soul" but, not surprisingly, the results are a lot less than convincing: the vocals are not unlike Simple Minds' and there's some crude attempts at rousing "funk" but still not a single memorable tune. The slower moments are the best, but the only really interesting thing about this LP is that there's no mention whatsoever of Duran's Andy Taylor's involvement, even though an extremely tiresome and clichéd American-style "rock" guitar keeps cropping up... **(3 out of 10)**

Ian Craun



DIO: Intermission (Vertigo) The sleeve of this record is black, and has a sword on it, and is absolutely swathed in gothic lettering. It's no surprise, therefore, to discover that the record inside is fair chocker with extremely predictable heavy metal. But then, what else would one expect from a group built around someone who used to be in Black Sabbath and Rainbow (i.e. Ronnie James Dio)? On closer inspection this stem turns out

to be a "live" LP and therefore contains even more scuffling guitars, thunderous drumming and aggressive vocals than your normal Dio LP. Super for banging your head to, I suppose, but not much use otherwise... **(3 out of 10)**

Sandra McClean

EURHYTHMICS: Revenge (RCA) Eurhythmics have chucked out the synthesizers and decided to get down to some serious "rawk'n'rawl", so be prepared for heavy guitar "licks" and tiresome harmonica breaks a-plenty. In the process they may have achieved the gutsy raw sound they seem to be striving for but they've also lost a certain amount of finesse. Nevertheless, there's no-one else in the entire universe who can sing like Annie Lennox, and it's her voice, more than anything, that still makes this good. **(8 out of 10)**

Colette Campbell

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL: Discover (Beggars Banquet) Gene Loves Jezebel have been around for ages, but no-one seems to be taking much notice and, after listening to this complete shambles of an album, I can't say I'm surprised. Sounding like the Cult on an off-day, their peculiar combination of wailing guitars and wendy whining vocals make this virtually unbearable to listen to. The really bad news is that the really 20,000 copies are accompanied by a free live album — you have been warned! **(2 out of 10)**

Colette Campbell

VARIOUS: Pretty In Pink (A&M) In America, Pretty In Pink is one of the most successful film soundtrack albums ever — probably because there's absolutely no boring instrumental rubbish on it. Instead, there are rather brilliant songs from New Order, Echo & The Bunnymen, The Smiths, the Psychedelic Furs and Suzanne Vega, plus some reasonable ones from INXS, QUID and Belouis Sea. In fact the only thing that ruins it is an insupportably awful version of Nik Kershaw's "Wouldn't It Be Good" by the useless Danny Hutton And The Hitlers. **(7 out of 10)**

Chris Heath

THE TRIFFIDS: Born Sandy Devotional (Hot) The Triffids come



from Perth in Australia, a coastal town flanked by thousands of miles of barren desert and not the sort of place you'd really expect a pop group to come from. Which is probably why they don't really sound very much like a normal pop group at all. The music sounds a bit like a warmer, more relaxed Echo & The Bunnymen, but it's the words — unbelievably eerie and lonely — that make songs like "Stolen Property", "Wide Open Road" and "Tender Is the Night" so brilliant. **(8 1/2 out of 10)**

Chris Heath

VARIOUS: Live For Life (IRS) It's a pity that just because a record's raising money for a good cause (in this case the AMC Cancer Research Center) it doesn't automatically mean that the music's any good. "Live For Life" is simply a collection of "spare" recordings, mostly live, from people like The Bangles, Sting, The Alarm, R.E.M., Squeeze and Bob Marley but I can't imagine any except their most devoted fans wanting to get this album for the music alone. A good idea, but... **(5 out of 10)**

Chris Heath



BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS: Rebel Music (Island) After Bob Marley's record company put out a greatest hits collection called "Legend", full of his poppiest and most melodic reggae songs, lots of people complained that all his more militant and rhythmic music had been ignored. This new collection is presumably intended to redress the balance and very good it is too — even though, in the long run, I suspect it's the jollier tunes on "Legend" that he will be remembered for. **(8 out of 10)**

Chris Heath

Before buying your first bike, it's well worth investing in a little study.

By law, all 125s are limited to 12bhp, but don't let that fool you into thinking that they are all basically the same.

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If you want a bike that performs equally well on or off the road, then the KMX125 (that's the green one) could be the bike for you.

The KMX125 is a spanking new addition to the Kawasaki stable and is, we believe, the most complete trail 125 on the road today.

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For further information on the '86 range of learner legal Kawasakis, post the coupon to: Kawasaki Motors (UK) Ltd, Freepost, Slough SL1 6BR.

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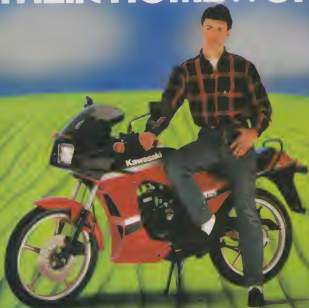
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WHO CAN CATCH A KAWASAKI?



**LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE
BEEN DOING
THEIR HOMEWORK.**



AMAZULU: "WE'VE TO THREE FO



ANNIE



LESLEY



SHARON

It's the day of the year with the most hours of sunshine. It means different things to different people. If you're a hippie it means not being allowed to visit Stonehenge. If you're a snoot-student at King's College, London, it means dressing up, drinking and dancing to Amazulu's jolly bubble-gum reggae at the annual end-of-term do. And, if you're in Amazulu, it means not getting enough sleep for the second night in row.

Lesley Beech, Scouse saxophone player, collapses across three fold-up seats in the lecture hall dressing room after the show. It's two o'clock in the morning and the band are due to play the Glastonbury pop festival eight hours from now. Taking into account post-concert "unwinding", organising the travel arrangements and the three hour drive itself, Amazulu don't look like they're going to get more than two hours sleep.

"The trick is not to undress when you go to bed," murmurs the semi-slumbering Lesley. She opens one bleary eye. "You know, once a year I ring up me dad in Liverpool and cry down the phone at him. I'm very lucky, I've got great parents. Yesterday we were in Manchester doing a TV show, I'd had no sleep the night before and by the time we were finished I just had time for some lunch, a reed of the paper and half-an-hour napping before setting off to come down here. When I was woken up, I just got on the phone and bawled 'Dad, come and bring me home, I've had enough. . .'"

Amazulu ("We're named after a play - originally we were going to call ourselves The Amazons but that sounded a bit, um, heavy metal") aren't exactly an overnight success story;



THEY'VE BEEN TRIMMED DOWN FOR FINANCIAL REASONS"



they've been together for over four years now, slogging around pubs and clubs, not getting much sleep but gaining a considerable "following". There used to be seven of them, but recently they've trimmed down to a trio consisting of singer Anne Marie Ruddock (or Annie, as she prefers to be called), percussionist Sharon Bailey and Lesley. While other ex-members still play with the group live, in "official" terms Amezulu are now just three people. This seems a rather unusual arrangement, to say the least. . . .

"To put it in a nutshell," explains a snoozesome Annie, "we've been trimmed down to three for financial reasons, not because of anybody's fault. The record company called us in one day and basically told us 'either you trim down and you start going a step further, or stay a seven-piece band and always be in debt'. We all went away, we thought about it, we looked back on the figures for the last two years and we realised that it was true. We hadn't really made any money — all we'd done was get ourselves in debt. So we felt that maybe this would be the best thing to do."

Aside from the obviously relevant fact that Lesley and Sharon were the founder members of Amezulu, the three survivors stayed "because the record company felt that visually we looked the best". Surely this didn't go down very well with the other four?

"Well, they felt a bit upset with the record company, but not with us. But I'm not blaming it on the record company. It was all amicably done."

Despite all this squabbling with their line-up, Amezulu aren't, as they freely admit, quite "pop stars" yet. But, with a couple of minor hits under their belts and their current ska-style version of the Chi-Lites' slushy "classic" "Go Good To Be Forgotten" zipping up the charts, they might well be quite soon. So what's the first thing they'd buy if they did suddenly become fantastically rich and famous?

"I've got a farm in the country," says Sharon, "so I'd buy a recording studio to put in it."

"An aircraft shelter in Tobago," yawns Lesley. "Or," sighs Annie, "an aeroplane to Glastonbury."

Now Tony could see all the speakers
on his new Philips compact disc compo.



PHILIPS



'More woofers than Battersea dogs home.'
said Carl.



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PAPA DON'T PREACH

Papa I know you're going to be upset
Cause I was always your little girl
But you should know by now
I'm not a baby

You always taught me right from wrong
I need your help daddy please be strong
I may be young at heart
But I know what I'm saying
The one you wanted me all about
The one you said I could do without
We're in an awful mess
And I don't mean maybe please

CHORUS

Papa don't preach I'm in trouble deep
Papa don't preach I've been losing sleep
But I made up my mind I'm keeping my baby
Oh I'm gonna keep my baby

He says that he's going to marry me
We can raise a little family
Maybe we'll be alright

It's a sacrifice
But my friends keep telling me to give it up
Saying I'm too young I ought to live it up
What I need right now
Is some good advice please

REPEAT CHORUS

Ooh oh

Daddy Daddy if you could only see
Just how good he's been treating me
You'd give us your blessing right now
Cause we are in love
We are in love so please

REPEAT CHORUS

Papa don't preach I'm in trouble deep
Papa don't preach I've been losing sleep
Papa don't preach I'm in trouble deep
Papa don't preach I'm been losing sleep

(Papa don't preach)

Oh I'm gonna keep my baby

(Papa don't preach)

Ooh (Papa don't preach)

Don't you stop loving me Daddy

(Papa don't preach)

I know I'm keeping my baby

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NESCAFÉ T-SHIRT OFFER



You can own one of these crazy, extra, extra large Network Chart Show T-shirts for just £2.99.

There are dozens of different ways to wear them, and they are great for parties and discos.

You can wear them over trousers or jeans and they can even be worn as a dress or night shirt!

They're all one size (HUGE!) and are tremendous value at £2.99 including post and packing.

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NESCAFÉ

WIN COMPETITIONS



1

WIN a Sony '28' system

Our first free to enter competition has a really special first prize: A Sony Compact '28' System!

It features twin-cassette decks, powerful HST 700 amplifier, fully automatic turntable, tuner and comes complete with speakers. There are 5 Sony Walkman for the runners-up!

All you do is complete the chart record titles, and fill in your name, address and age below:

1. Living _____	
2. Lesser in _____	
3. Spirit in the _____	
NAME _____	AGE _____
ADDRESS _____	
TOWN _____	
COUNTY _____	POSTCODE _____
Entries to: PO Box 125, Uckfield, East Sussex TN22 5UZ	
Marked Nescafé Summer Competition	
Closing date for receipt of entries: August 1st 1986	

Every triple entrant wins COMPETITION RULES

First correct entries drawn will be the winners. The cash in lieu of prizes, the entrant will win more than one prize. He/She is responsible for lost, damaged or duplicate entries. No correspondence will be entered into. Closing date August 1st 1986. Winners will be notified by post by September 1st 1986. Allow 2 - 4 weeks for Postal order. Applications on this point or photocopies accepted.

NESCAFÉ

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THE FASTEST MUSIC SURVEY

Listen to David 'Kid' Jensen present the Network Chart Show, sponsored by Nescafé, on your independent local radio station, 5 - 7pm every Sunday throughout the year.



WIN WIN

HERE ARE THREE (YES, THREE) FREE-TO-ENTER SUMMER COMPETITIONS FROM NESCAFÉ

In the first competition there's a Sony Hi-Fi up for grabs plus Sony Walkman for the 5 runners-up; in the second competition you can win a £250 fashion shopping spree; and in the last competition you have the chance to win a weekend in London where you'll visit Capital Radio, meet Kid Jensen and see a West End show! Enter all three competitions and, win or lose, you'll receive a free Nescafé Frappé Shaker.



2


WIN a £250 shopping spree

Do you wish you could buy lots of exciting new clothes? Well, here's your chance as our first prize is a fashion shopping spree with £250 to spend at Top Shop or Top Man. There are twenty-five Network Chart Show sweat-shirts for the runners-up.

Unravel the anagrams to find the titles of three recent chart hits.

Ann Lying Laca	_____
Ymka Yica	_____
Evra Feat Hng Hoad	_____
NAME	AGE
ADDRESS	_____
TOWN	_____
COUNTY	POSTCODE

Entries to: PO Box 125, Uckfield, East Sussex TN22 5UZ
Nescafé Summer Competition
Closing date for receipt of entries: August 1st 1996



3

WIN a week-end in London

Be our guest in London for the weekend! Meet David Jensen at Capital Radio and watch the Nescafé sponsored Network Chart Show being produced; collect the top thirty singles of the week; enjoy lunch in Covent Garden; see a top West End show. You can bring a friend and you'll stay at the Holiday Inn in Chelsea. Answer these simple questions and complete the coupon below:

Where will you find The Royal Opera House?	_____
Where was David Jensen born?	_____
Name the leading lady in 'Chess'?	_____
NAME	AGE
ADDRESS	_____
TOWN	_____
COUNTY	POSTCODE

Entries to: PO Box 125, Uckfield, East Sussex TN22 5UZ
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Nescafé Frappé is delicious, frothy, cool refreshing and coffee made with Nescafé using the special Frappé Shaker.

1. Take two generous teaspoons of Nescafé and two of sugar, plus half a pint of cold water (or equal quantities of milk and water).
2. Shake it all about.
3. Pour into a tall glass with tons of ice. You have just made ... Nescafé Frappé

Plow! That's better! A proper page again. Mutterings is much happier. Life is beautiful, the sun is shining, birds are a-chirping in the trees, the humble hoot of the "bawny" owl is shimmering through the autumn

kaleidoscopic sky (Stop reading Mike Ross'; "poetry" book and say something scandalous - Ed) Um, scandal! He's see Stan from **The Hoosermartins**

collects silver pence? **That's** not very good - Ed) Oh how about Stan from **The Hoosermartins** wants to go out with an accountant

"because I have heard they're very understanding?" (**That's** not very good either - Ed)

Patti Labelle has 2,000 pairs of shoes which she keeps in three walk-in cupboards? (Useless - Ed)

Roger Taylor from **Queen** and his French wife, Dominique, have just had a baby girl called Romy? (**Pathetic** - Ed)

Michael Jackson says his pet monkey Bubbles has learnt to beat time to music? (Tragic - Ed)

Aretha Franklin is doing a TV ad for McDonald's "Hank" burgers (ZZzzz... - Ed) Hurrah!

That's the so-called "Ed" out of the way. Now, did you know that the Italian castle **Paul Young** has been

working it was hit by lightning and two months work on his new LP was burnt in the ensuing fire? Or that **Doctor & The Medics** offered **Wham!** their **Top Of The Pops** slot, when **The Edge Of Heaven** only went in at number two because they've always been big fans of George's Andrew? Or that **Shelley** from **Bucks Fizz** lives with her Auntie Jean and her boyfriend Lyndon Mason (who she met in a cake shop and who is "my first boyfriend and he'll be my last"? Or that **Martin** "Yugmaska" **DeVigne** from **Sigue** "Sigue" **Sputnik** (remember them?) lives in a "palace" which is apparently "completely sprayed with pink glitter, with pink neon strip lighting" and says that he'd never let **Boy George** join **Sigue** "Sigue" **Sputnik** because George "isn't good looking enough"? Or that **Absolute Beginners** director **Julian Temple** got married the other day and **Mick Jagger** and **Keith Richards** from the Rolling Stones and **David Bowie** turned up at the wedding? Or that **Sylvester Stallone** is paying £80,000 for a nuclear oil shelter in the grounds of his £3 million Los Angeles mansion? Or that **Lionel Richie** is going to play a rock businessman in a comedy film called **Serving Time**? Or? Thought not, hee hee. Now... All **Wham!**

Mutterings

seem to have done over the last few weeks is give interviews about why they're splitting up. In **Woman** magazine Andrew, who admitted he's been branded "a 21 carat Olympic champion boob crackbrain" paped "I contribute everything to Wham! that George doesn't". And he revealed that "I have an empathy with George that I don't have with anyone else". And he "confessed" that he'd been considering fatherhood but "it's easy to have the little bleeders but actually to make a good job of it is a lot more difficult". And he said "when I was at school with him (George) I just looked forward... this is awfully romantic... but I always just saw us sitting on a verandah just having a drink, but did, you know?" Aaahh

Meanwhile George, who apparently has earned £13 million from the 36 million records **Wham!** have sold (Andrew has £9 million), says he's going on a long holiday now the Wembley show is over. Andrew is, as he has always said, going to carry on racing and launch his "acting" career. "I feel," he said honestly, "that I have a natural flair for showing off"... Not unlike that, um, "demon" of the airwaves, **Mike Smith** who is scaring his Radio 1 bosses by saloon car racing at weekends. "We know he's not as dangerous as Ridgeley," said a Spooksperson, "but we are still very concerned for his safety"... Also causing concern, if the "news" papers can be believed, is **Michael Jackson**. Does he really never "venture" out without strapping a surgical mask to keep out the germs? And did he really visit Disneyland recently posing as a cripple in a wheelchair wearing dark glasses and with a huge Mickey Mouse sewn on the front of his blazer?

Himmm... **Simon Le Bon** may or may not be in trouble with **Princess Di**. He was supposed to appear at the prince-giving for the Whitehead Round The World Race where **Drum** came third, but he wrote Di a creepy-crawly telegram saying

"Madam, please accept my sincere apologies but due to a minor illness I am unable to travel to London today. I have the honour to mention, Madam, your Royal Highness' most humble and obedient servant". And the "minor illness"? Well, he was "chained to the loo" (I in other words he had a runny bottom.) Except that then his record company said that, as far as they knew, he was recording the Duran Duran album in France and didn't have a runny bottom at all! Later, though, (presumably after a severe licking off from Simon) the record company confirmed that he did have a runny bot

after all! Not that, nor his promise to Yasmin that his sally escapades spicing the mainstay were over, prevented him bouncing back on **Drum** to compete in the all-round trials race. "You change your mind everyday," muttered "She understands" More tales of **Prince's** "antics" in France. Apparently he was shooting a video which involved him driving a Mustang sports car, but it stalled three times so he stomped off muttering about "faulty gearboxes".

Then the video crew discovered he hadn't taken the handbrake off. What a "stirny" (now haw!) And actress **Francesca Annis**, who appears in **Under The Cherry Moon** with his Royal

Useless Divorcedness, has meanwhile been revealing that she'd never even heard of Prince before the film but reckons "you could not wish to meet a more ordinary, nice, quiet guy" - and that she thought he was "a real little sweetie". She does remember his bodyguards being a little weird, though. "They kept shouting 'get back, get back' and nobody was there"... We move onto **Owen Paul** whose "bum", fact fans, used to appear on ads for Falmer's jeans and whose "leg" was badly injured (it needed 11 stitches) when he filmed the vid for "My Favourite Waste Of Time". He was water skiing when the cable got caught round his right leg and he was "dragged underwater for 50 yards and everything went black". But one "kiss" of "his" later he was fine... **Fine Star** turned down the chance to appear as a support act at **Wham!**'s lawrence concert because they reckoned a month wasn't long enough to rehearse.

"We wanted everything to be perfect," said their dad Buster. "We'd rather not play at all than be less than perfect". Are **A-ha** going to play three nights (including New Years Eve) at the Royal Albert Hall? **Mutterings** suspects so... Is **Mick Jagger** writing music for the film **Angel Heart**? Is his hair falling out despite treatment from top "technologists" **Philo Kinsley**? Is he thinking of doing a musical comedy with **David Bowie**? Is "Bowie" producing "cult" "singer" **Iggy Pop**'s new LP? Did **Peter Gabriel** go out with **Rosanna Arquette** from **Desperately Seeking Susan** last year and is he considering a career in films? **Mutterings** has reason to believe in all of these... though none are as true as the indisputable fact that Mike Read is the nation's greatest living poet..."



● **Wham!** Hold the front page!! Stop "press", etc. etc. This is an extremely rare photo of Bono of U2 and... Ms. Bono of U2! Yes, it's the shy and mysterious Alison. She's known Bono since they were both tots, they've been married for yonks and live in what the "news" papers call a "castle" (i.e. it's a rather big "pad" with a pointy bit on top) just outside Dublin and... nobody knows anything about her! How strange...
Photo: Martin Parr/Corbis

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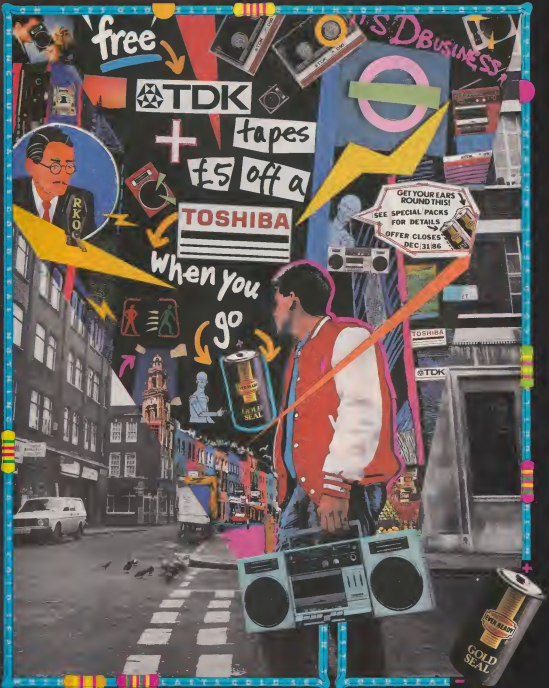
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G O G O G O G O L D S E A L

